

The Canadian **Courier**

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



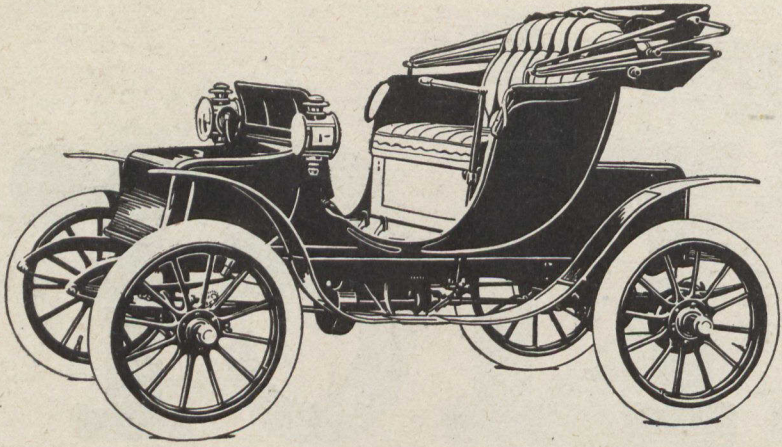
Read in
Nine
Provinces

Sir Wilfrid Laurier among his Compatriots in Manitoba

Full Page Drawing by C. W. Jefferys in This Issue

EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER.

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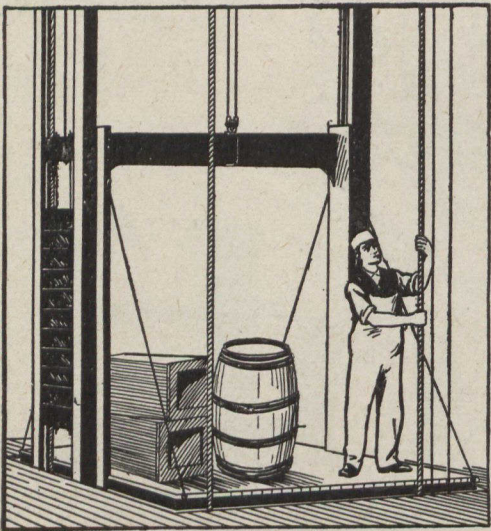
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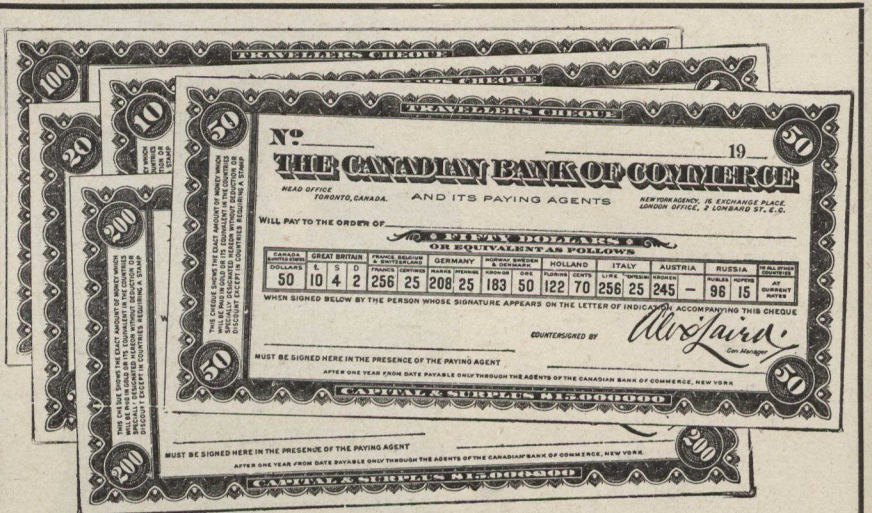
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The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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Editor's Talk



HERMAN WHITAKER.

NEXT week we shall have an unusual array of fiction material. The top-line interest in that issue will be the first of a series of four big Canadian stories by Herman Whitaker, "The Governor's Daughter," illustrated with cover design by our regular staff artist, Arthur Heming. This will be supplemented by another of Charles G. D. Roberts' magnificent animal stories, with incomparable drawings by Charles Livingstone Bull. A good vitalising story by our old friend, W. A. Fraser, will make a third attraction. We shall have more pictures representing the work and play of a big country.

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Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on FRIDAY, the 12th August, 1910 for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails on a proposed Contract for four years six times per week each way, between LAKE CHARLES and OWEN SOUND from the Postmaster General's pleasure.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Lake Charles, Owen Sound and route offices and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT

Mail Service Branch.

Ottawa, 29th June, 1910.

G. C. Anderson, Superintendent

The Season of Sport

UTMOST activity obtains in sporting circles. This week the yachtsmen hold the centre of the stage. The Kingston Regatta promises some exceptionally good sport, and the Sewanaka Cup races at Marblehead, Mass., are attracting attention in both countries. The Canadians have a splendid challenger and may bring back the trophy. In cricket, the Canadian team in England is making an excellent record and incidentally proving that this sport is not dead in Canada. The Ottawa cricket team is on tour in the United States and will play at New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Washington and Brooklyn.

In lacrosse there is much to interest lovers of the national game. The Montreals were defeated at New Westminster on Saturday last by ten goals to four, and it looks as if the Minto Cup would remain on the Fraser River for a while longer. In the N. L. U. the Nationals have an unbroken string of six victories, while the Montreals and Torontos have only four each. It looks as if the champion Montreals would yield only to the Nationals; whichever wins, the championship stays in the commercial metropolis. The Torontos were picked to win, but they have not played to form.

In professional baseball, the two Canadian teams in the Eastern League are as popular as ever with the fans. Montreal, never lucky, is at the bottom of the list, while Toronto is but a poor third. The Western Canada League is in its second series, with Lethbridge a dead-heat contender. Winnipeg and Moose Jaw are fighting it out for last place.

Rifle shots are pleased over the showing made by the Canadians at Bisley. Sergeant Morris came third in the King's, winning a N. R. A. medal and \$200. There were 22 Canadians in the three hundred and nine in the hundred, which is probably the best showing our team ever made. The veteran, Bayles, who goes over independently, made a great win in the Association Cup. Steck was sixth in the St. George's. In the grand aggregate, Steele was tied for first but lost in the shoot-off.

Last week at Winnipeg, the trap-shooting International championship went to Bottgen of Ray, North Dakota, and the American team beat the Canadian. Frank Manning and Tom Brodie won the domestic honours. This week the athletic championships of Manitoba are to be decided at the Winnipeg Exhibition.

The date of the Great Lakes championship race for the E. R. Thomas Cup has been changed from August 27th to August 11th, so as to be held in connection with the rendezvous of the Noval Militia of the Great Lakes at Motor Island, Buffalo.

George H. Barber, Ontario's All-round Champion.

GEORGE H. BARBER, or "Tiny" as he is called, presumably because of his diminutive (?) size—he is 6 feet 3½ inches tall, and weighs 180 lbs.—proved himself the best all-round athlete at the Ontario Championships, held at Woodstock. Barber is well favoured by nature for an all-round performer, and excels, too, in some feats that the majority of men of his stature are seldom good at, and in this respect would have a decided advantage over his rivals.

It is to be hoped that he will, in the near future, essay the task of bringing back to Canada what she has had many times before—although not of late years—namely, the all-round championship of the world.

A STARTLING STATEMENT!

SOMETHING FOR MOTHERS TO THINK ABOUT

We have been endeavoring to draw your attention to the fact that all jams are not pure, and that the use of Salicylic Acid, a preservative, and Aniline Dye (used to make decomposed fruit look like fresh picked) were very detrimental to health. Read this startling statement by one of England's foremost physicians, which is copied from a despatch in the Free Press, in the issue of May 26.

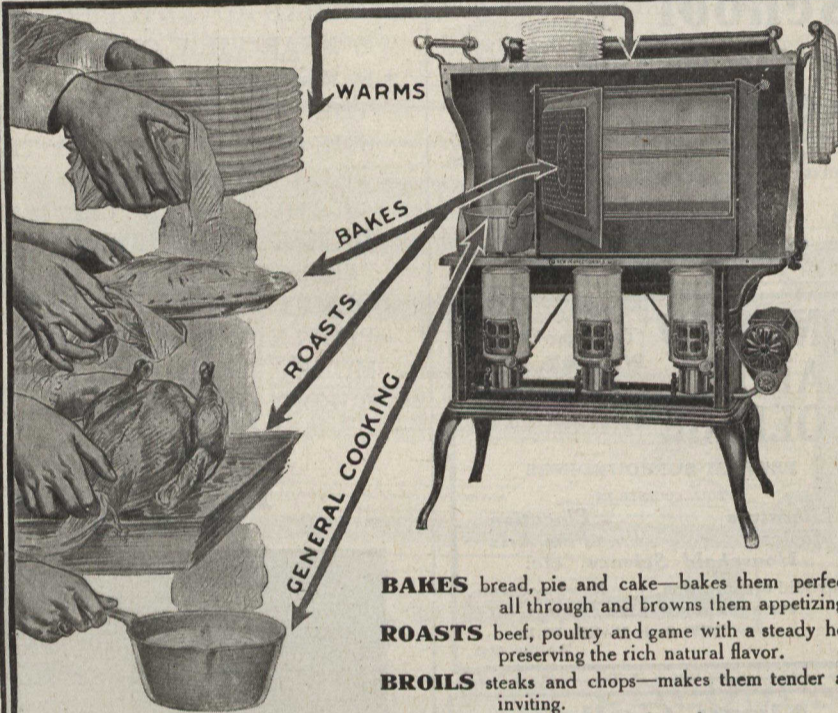
SPREAD OF APPENDICITIS

Is due to use of decomposed foods treated with preservatives.

London, May 26.—A remarkable statement regarding the spread of appendicitis was made yesterday before the Farnham Rural District Council by Dr. F. Tanner, who said: "The increase, general all over England, I believe, is greatly due to preservatives in foods. Not that the preservatives themselves do harm, but the presence of decomposed foods which they disguise does. I have attended thirty cases this year held to be due to this cause."

E. D. SMITH JAMS are assured to you by the Government Bulletin on Jams, No. 194, to be free from preservative and dye, which is the reason we use a sealed package. E. D. SMITH'S are not made to please the eye with Aniline dye, they're made to eat without harmful results.

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TOASTS bread, muffins and crackers.

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New Perfection WICK BLUE FLAME Oil Cook-stove

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Made with 1, 2 and 3 burners; the 2 and 3-burner stoves can be had with or without Cabinet. **Cautionary Note:** Be sure you get this stove—see that the name-plate reads "NEW PERFECTION." Every dealer everywhere; if not at yours, write for descriptive circular to the nearest agency of the

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CANADIAN COURIER, 12 WELLINGTON EAST, TORONTO



THE
Canadian Courier
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



VOL. 8

Toronto, July 23rd, 1910

No. 8



THE MODERN SURVIVAL OF THE MEDIAEVAL KNIGHT LANCERS.

The British cavalryman of the twentieth century prefers driving at a tent-peg to perforating an enemy. This is a view of the recent tent-pegging contest at the Bournemouth Historical Fetes.

Photo by London News Agency.

REFLECTIONS

BY THE EDITOR

PUBLIC sympathy will be with the Grand Trunk Railway in its fight with its employees. Not that people believe that Grand Trunk employees have been getting as much wages as they should, and not that they are opposed to a generous increase. The public has sympathy with the men at a time when the cost of living has seriously increased. Nevertheless, the advance in wages offered by

the railway and refused by the men was large enough to make the people believe that President Charles M. Hays was treating his employees fairly and even generously. When conductors are offered an increase equal to \$25 to \$50 a month and baggagemen and brakemen an increase of \$15 to \$25, there should be little ground for complaint on the part of these employees. There are few businesses in Canada which would not be seriously crippled by a similar increase in the rate of wages paid.

Trades unions have done much to raise the standard of wages, and at this late date few people deny the right of the trades unions to

strike for an improvement in conditions. While this is true, the general public recognise that the growing power of the trades unions may become as irksome as was the stupidity and cupidity of employers under the old regime. In this particular case the trades unions would have scored a great victory had they accepted Mr. Hays' offer. The arbitration tribunal had set forth the conditions and made certain recommendations. Mr. Hays complied with these recommendations and agreed that a further raise in wages should be given not later than January 1st, 1913. He further offered to submit the differences to an arbitration of railway men and to abide by their decision. Surely this was as far as any manager of a railway could be expected to go.

The unions may have some reasons for their actions not known to the public and, if so, these should be disclosed as soon as possible or the entire sympathy of the uninterested public will be with the Corporation and against the Unions.

IS our prosperity affecting our patriotism? When an institution is successful, the people connected with it are usually enthusiastic. It is natural that humans should be proud of their successes. In a general way, Canadians are proud of their country, of its immense breadth and depth, its varied scenery, its wonderful natural resources, its increasing population, and the certainty of its rising greatness. Canadians are as certain that their country will have a brilliant future as that the four seasons will regularly succeed each other in the years to come. The national pride and confidence were never greater.

Yet our recent prosperity is having some peculiar results. One of these is a tendency to slovenliness. When a manufacturer gets prosperous, there is always a temptation to be careless, to turn out goods which are just a little under the standard. The stimulus to improvement is not so strong as when he is building up a reputation for his wares. The same result is seen among retailers, builders, financiers and municipal and other public administrators. This slovenliness is akin to extravagance and at times is indistinguishable from it. The spur of necessity being removed, carelessness or slovenliness manifests itself in many curious ways.

THE other day a manufacturer was boasting of the good quality of his wares, and what a success he had made in the selling of them. When asked if he had a trade-mark, he replied in the negative. He stated that he formerly put his name on his goods, but that he was abandoning this practice so that the retailers could sell his goods as "imported" and get a higher price for them. In other words

he was conspiring with his customers to deceive the public. He had lost faith in the value of "Made in Canada" as the hall-mark of honest goods. He was willing to adopt a slovenly method of doing business, for the sake of a temporary easy profit. He was selling his reputation for a mess of pottage. He was abandoning a sure foundation for a doubtful, insecure custom.

Another case was reported last week, where a manufacturing firm were about to put on this market an article in common use but hitherto manufactured abroad. They had several conferences and thoroughly investigated the question as to whether the goods should be labelled "Made in Canada," but the weight of evidence was against it. They decided to keep their trade-marks indefinite so that the retailers might sell these articles as imported if they wished.

Here then are two cases, and the writer vouches for the accuracy of the facts, which indicate that some Canadian manufacturers are adopting slovenly methods. But the manufacturer is not wholly to blame. The public must be slovenly in its methods of buying if such ideas prevail among the younger manufacturers. Indeed, the public must be remarkably "easy" if the shop-keepers are able to sell them Canadian-made goods at higher prices on the plea that they are foreign made. Our national pride cannot be very great when habits of this kind can get a footing amongst us.

FEW German, British or United States manufacturers are ashamed of their goods. "Made in Germany" is a proud boast of the German manufacturer, "Made in Great Britain" is an even prouder hall-mark in the eyes of the Britisher, while a United States manufacturer who is ashamed of his wares is an undiscovered specimen. In Canada, we have many manufacturers who stand solidly behind their goods and are not afraid to label what they sell. Ogilvie, Purity and Lake of the Woods are three brands of flour which may be cited; McClary, Gurney, Smart and Clare are well-known makers of stoves; Metallic Roofing, Pedlar and Preston Steel are reputable makers of ceilings and roofings; the successful makers of men's wear have their brands in which they take a pardonable pride, such as W. G. & R., Penman's, Hewson, Turnbull, and Chipman-Holton; such cheese-makers as McLaren's and Ingersoll have helped to make this product famous; Cowan's and Ganong's have distinguished Canadian chocolates from all others; Taylors as makers of soaps and perfumes have by courage placed themselves in the front rank; and so on through the list. But, after all, how small it is! The manufacturers have been less courageous than the retailers; who ever heard of a retailer hiding his Canadian identity behind a foreign firm-name or brand or designation? About ten years ago, the manufacturers had a burst of courage, but in these later years there has been a sad falling off.

TAKE another instance in point, even at the danger of prolonging the argument unduly. Who can tell the name of a Canadian manufacturer of carpets? Nobody. Yet there is in this country one of the finest factories on the continent turning out magnificent carpets and rugs—unbranded and unadvertised. Those who do business with the firm know the reputation and success of the Toronto Carpet Company, but the general public never heard of them. The people buy their products, but probably believe they are manufactured in Austria or the United States. Why should not every rug and every yard of that carpet be labelled "Made in Canada"?

AT the Dominion Day dinner in London, Mr. Fielding told the story of Hon. Joseph Howe, who once said to a gathering of newsboys in Nova Scotia: "Boys, do not be afraid to brag of your country. It is a good fault." And Mr. Fielding proceeded to give an exhibition of his mastery of "Joe" Howe's lesson. Sometimes, perhaps, we brag too much, although no one can point to any serious damage done by our over-zealousness. Sometimes, however, we brag too little, and the writer is of the opinion that the Canadian manufacturers might do a little more bragging. It should be mild, sensible, argumentative bragging, of course. They should keep on telling the public about their wares, explaining why they are as good as the foreign makes and why they are cheaper. If they fail to do it thoroughly and well, the people may forget all about that famous "Made in Canada" campaign.

When Sir Wilfrid Laurier reached Port Arthur and Fort William he was taken out through the harbour to see the docks, the railway terminals and the shipping. Why should not our prominent public men and our distinguished foreign visitors be shown through our larger factories when occasion offers?

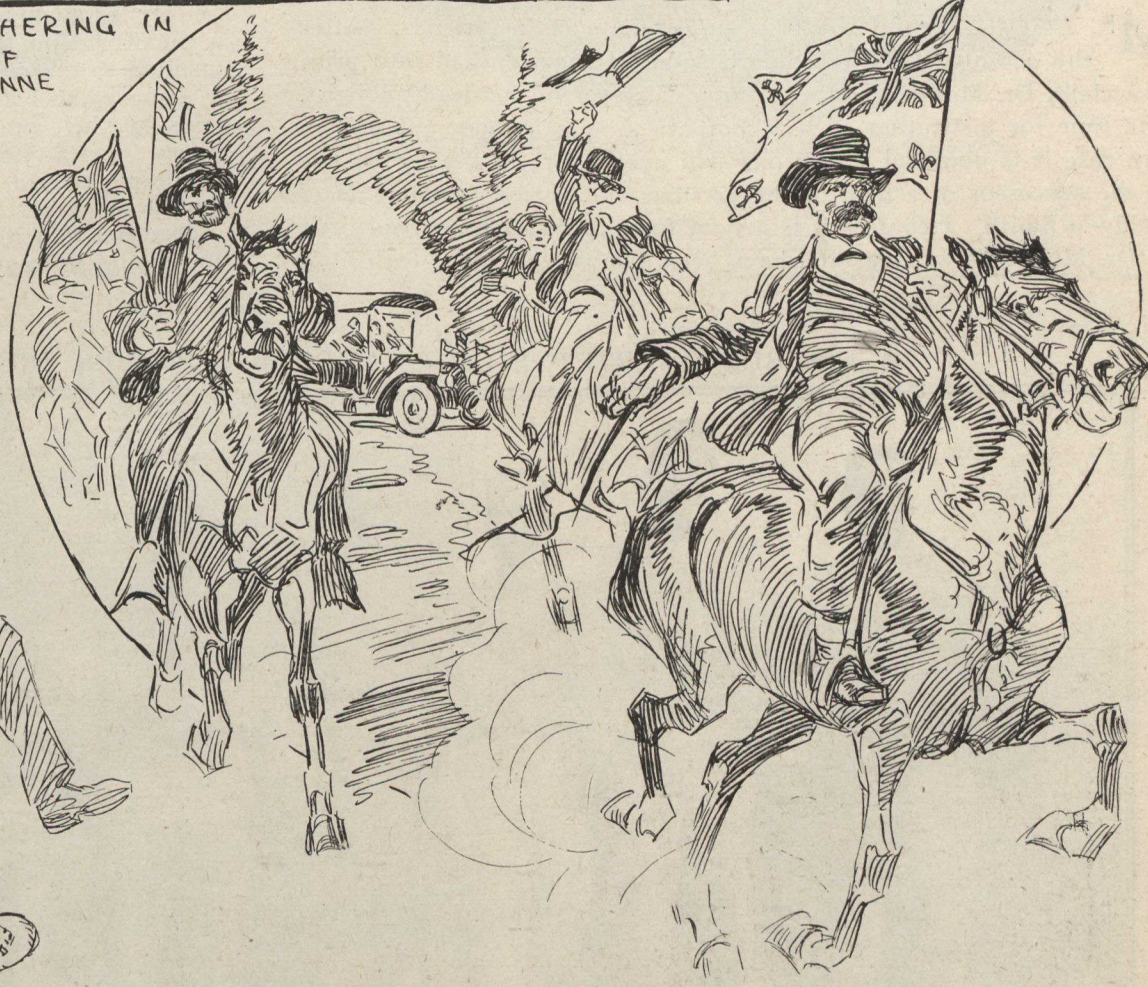
SIR WILFRID LAURIER AMONG HIS COMPATRIOTS IN MANITOBA



SIR WILFRID ADDRESSING THE GATHERING IN THE GARDEN OF M RICHER, MAYOR OF ST ANNE



SOME OF THE PIONEERS



ESCORT OF MOUNTED MEN LEADING THE PROCESSION FROM THE STATION

The Premier Visits the French-Canadian Village of St. Anne des Chenes, Provencher.

"As the head of a democratic government I want to get in contact with the people and see things through their eyes. I am myself of the common people." So said Sir Wilfrid at Brandon last Monday. There are French-Canadians in all the prairie provinces. A few years ago next to the Cree tongue, which was the Volapuk of the West, French was the common language of the plains.

Drawn by our Special Traveling Artist Mr. C. W. Jefferys.

ALL THINGS CONSIDERED

By PETER McARTHUR

HAVE you noticed the number of men who are being written up in the papers? Magazines, weeklies, dailies and publications of all kinds are overflowing with pictures of the great and the still greater, accompanied by biographical sketches tracing them from the cradle to the pinnacles they now occupy and setting forth the cunning ways of their childhood as well as the benevolence of their maturity in phrases that would be fulsome if there were any reason to suspect that these men are not all that is claimed for them. As for myself, I try to believe all the good things I read about my fellow-countrymen and it is a matter of regret that I have on several occasions heard men repeat Robert Buchanan's bitter observation, "I have known too many great men to envy them, and too many rich men to respect them." Still I cannot help thinking that there was policy as well as honesty in Cromwell's instruction to the painter to paint him as he was and not to leave out the warts. People do not as a rule disparage or abuse a man's portrait if it is already a libel on humanity. It is at the combination of Little Lord Fauntleroy, the Admirable Crichton, and Andrew Carnegie that the ordinary man's gorge rises. It is hardly possible that anyone is so good, so great and so fascinating as some of our prominent men are being made to appear—at space rates. In fact there is a danger that these over-luscious biographies may tempt some one to put on record some things that would be better left unsaid. Unpleasant and disquieting as it may be it is undoubtedly true that the historian of the future when sizing up our contemporary great men will scan as earnestly Bob Edwards' *Calgary Eye-Opener* as he will Fred Cook's "Who's Who." This would not be necessary if our great men in revising the proofs of their own biographies would see that things are set down with the honesty shown by good man Pepys. If this cannot be done they should at least try to look at these verbal and pictorial counterfeit presentments of themselves with a normally active sense of humour.

* * *

MR. ANDREW McPHAIL is unfortunate in his friends. After the death of Goldwin Smith, some of them rushed into print to acclaim Dr. McPhail as the natural successor of the dead publicist. The time for instituting such a comparison was inopportune and in any case it is doubtful if any one will ever figure in the public eye as the successor of a man of the peculiar and varied attainments of Goldwin Smith. I confess it is my misfortune that I have read little of Dr. McPhail's writings and have been disposed to agree with little

of what I have read. Having a lively sense of my own limitations and shortcomings I am willing to bear the full burden of blame for this state of affairs. However, I trust I shall not incur the wrath of his friends if I suggest that a sentence like the following lacks something of the cold, intellectual aloofness expected of a great publicist. Speaking of the United States he said: "The population is increasing at the rate of a million a year by immigration; and there must be sufficient increase by the natural process of procreation to offset the number of deaths by lynching, railway accidents, and other methods of destruction." This is undoubtedly meant to be humorous but it has a tinge of spitefulness that suggests the fulminations of an inbred descendant of the United Empire Loyalists rather than the well-considered utterances of a public man. The same article, which deals with the question of Reciprocity, closes with the following paragraph: "Reciprocity is quite unnecessary if each country would follow the sound political rule of considering independently its own interests. If the people of the United States in their own interests desire lower import duties there is no power on earth to prevent them having their own way, excepting of course their own legislatures. We beg of them not to think of us. If we desire lower import duties we shall have them and we shall have them soon, since our legislatures were not constructed originally for the purpose of thwarting the people's will."

Possibly this is also meant as a jest. If it is I have read many a merrier one. If it is meant as a serious utterance I have seldom read a more foolish. Dr. McPhail seems to be labouring under the delusion that the powerful interests that exploit the public for their own benefit are less successful in Canada than they are in the United States. Moreover, he appears to think that Reciprocity treaties are negotiated for the benefit of the consumers—the people who want to buy. It is because they want our markets and not because they want our goods that our neighbours to the south are talking Reciprocity.

* * *

ALREADY reports are beginning to come in from all parts of the country about the manner in which fruit is being packed for the market. Berries of inferior quality are being offered in partly filled baskets and the highest prices charged. This is a continuation of the offences that came to light last season in the packing of apples. Surely it will not be necessary to demand legislation to make the farmers and fruit-growers see the advantage of common everyday honesty in such matters. Ontario produces some of the best fruit in the world but there are indications that the soil and climate are unsuited to the raising of old-fashioned consciences. One would not be disposed to blame the guilty so very much if they made any real gains by their practices. The motto of the age seems to be: "Get money; get it honestly if you can, but—get money." But these people get only a few cents by their dishonesty while they spoil the market for years to come. It is too bad they cannot be made to understand that it doesn't pay. If they once realised that no legislation would be required.

A DOUBLE QUARTETTE OF CHAMPION BOWLERS FROM LONDON, ONTARIO



The Bowling Tournament at Niagara last week brought out some sensational surprises—if Bowling can ever be sensational. In the trophy final the Thistles of London, Ontario, consisting of Messrs. J. Marr, C. Brown, A. Scott and C. Abbott, Skip, combined with another London Four—Messrs. J. Connor, A. Fraser, J. Wood and A. M. Heaman, Skip—to clean up the Tournament and put London at the apex of the Dominion Bowling Association.

TWO STAGES OF GOVERNMENT—RIDERS OF THE PLAINS AND PRAIRIE PARLIAMENTS



Gen. Sir John French with Commissioner Perry, K.C.B., Commander of the Mounted Police, Inspecting Police Mounts at Regina.



The Capitol of Saskatchewan, now Building at Regina.



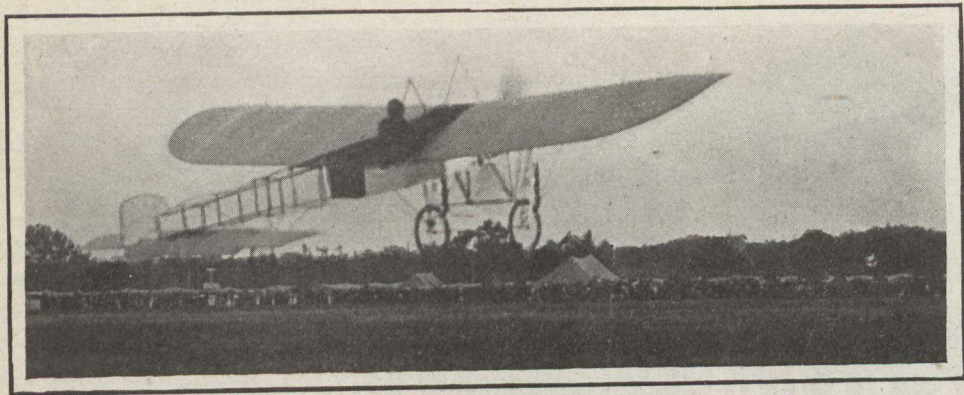
Parliament House of Alberta, Building at Edmonton.

RED RIVER OARSMEN ON THE ENGLISH THAMES



This photograph shows the finish of the last heat for the Steward's Challenge Cup, at Henley, between the Winnipeg Four and the Mayence Four. Photograph by London News Agency.

AERIAL ADVENTURERS AT HOME AND ABROAD



De Lesseps rising from the ground, as viewed from the rear. The fan which draws the machine forward is in front of the planes.

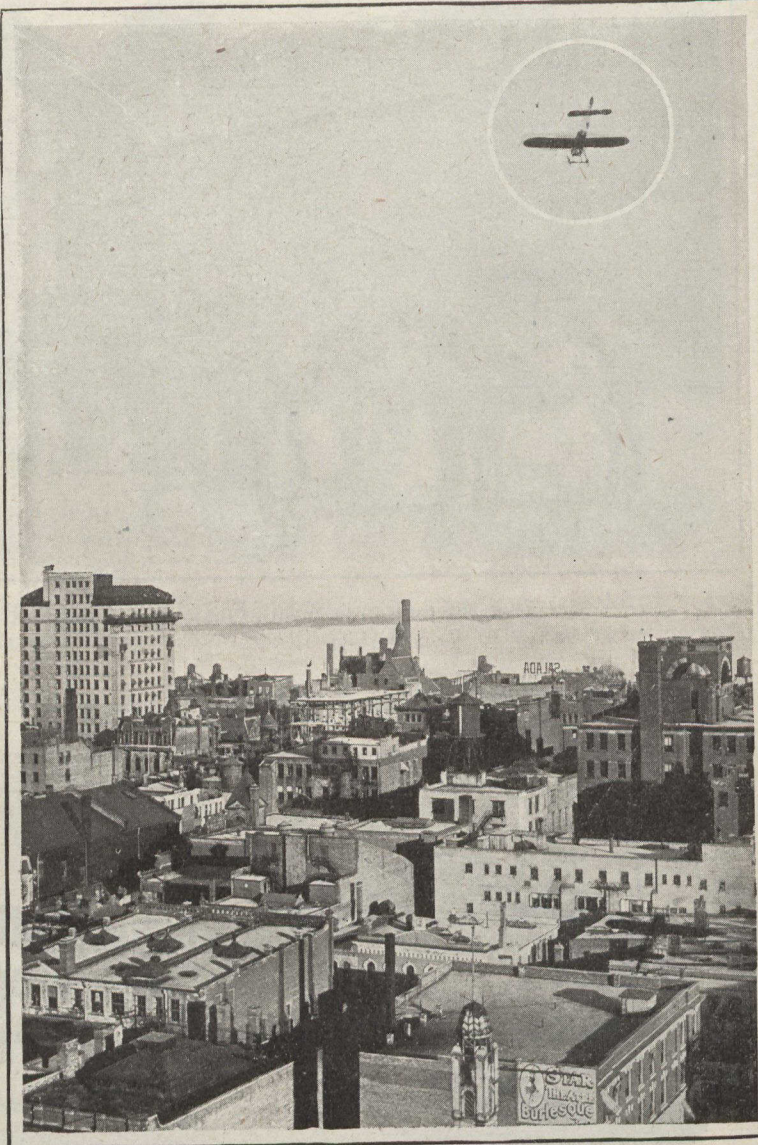


De Lesseps rising over the Aviation Field, as he began his long flight over the city. Note the resemblance to a Dragon-fly.

COUNT DE LESSEPS'

flight over Toronto was the best bit of work yet done in Canada. He used the machine in which he flew the English Channel, and made a longer flight, 24 miles as against 21. The time was 36 minutes, but it was long enough to create enthusiasm and wonder in the minds of a hundred thousand watching citizens.

During one flight of a Wright biplane the machine fell into an air rut; which was nothing more than a pocket of rarefied air just in front of an area of condensation due to a storm. The machine dropped like an automobile over a low culvert, for more than a hundred feet.



An actual photograph of De Lesseps' Machine as it flew over Toronto, inserted in a picture of the city taken by the same photographer a moment later. De Lesseps was heading for the Island which is seen in the distance, but was much higher in the air than shown here.



The Count, his Sister (fourth), Capt. Young, A.D.C., and the French Consul M. de la Sabliere, (both sitting), and friends, all of whom were gracious to the COURIER Photographer.



Ralph Johnstone can do a chair-balancing act which is quite clever. This picture was taken inside the tent which covered his Wright Machine.

THE aviation meets at Toronto and Montreal are over; the promoters are out about fifteen thousand dollars. The Dominion Government should pay this deficit, since these meets must arouse great enthusiasm among possible Canadian inventors, machinists and aviators. The Militia Department must profit immensely by the first-hand information which has been gained.

A Near View of one of the Great Flying Men

Count De Lesseps, Monoplaneist, Man of Culture and Aerial Adventurer, is a Delightfully Simple Soul when on Earth; Talks Interestingly, as also does His Sister, the Countess.

By DONALD B. SINCLAIR.

ON first thought it might be presumed that a flying-man is a different sort of being — from the ordinary human biped. Birds are well known to be far more fickle than most unwinged animals. And as far as literature is concerned the French seem to be most addicted to imitation of birds—since Rostand produced his *Chantecler*; which, however, is a histrionic collection of birds who do more walking than flying.

Count de Lesseps is perhaps the most famous French bird-man in the world. He became intimately known in Canada first at Montreal; later at Toronto; over both of which cities he journeyed in his *Scarabee*; seeing more of Canada's two first cities in birdseye views than has ever been seen before by anybody.

There has been more excitement in Canada over the recent aviations than over any other single kind of sport — though a day at the Woodbine or Bluebonnets fetched out on an average more people and far more money.

For a few weeks lately the grocery parliaments suspended business; forgot the disquisitions of Leader Borden and the itinerant Sir Wilfrid for learned discussions on biplanes and monoplanes. The aviators were much talked about, sometimes a trifle critically, too. As to who was the favourite bird-man — well, ask any one on the stoop; he would probably answer, "Why, the Count, of course." Several reasons for this popularity of the Count. A chap summed them up concisely for me the other day:

"The Count is efficient—never laid up with a broken wing or grouchiness in his engine. You pay your coin and he flies; doesn't keep you waiting two hours, either."

It was especially after that thirty-five mile flight of his over Montreal, covered in forty-nine minutes, that we began to get on good terms with the Count. Some of us dug up old newspapers to find out a few things about the aristocratic aviator; recalled that only a few months ago Count Jacques de Lesseps butterflied over the English Channel, gathering in a prize of £500 offered by Mme. Ruinat and a £100 mug donated by the *Daily Mail* for the feat; also we noted that the Count was a very young man—twenty-seven, and the youngest son of that famous trench-digger, Baron Ferdinand de Lesseps, who built the Suez Canal, and turned some sods of the Panama ditch.

On Wednesday, July 13th, the winged Count conquered Toronto. The three preceding days at the Ontario meet were sceptical. The aviator officials were shaking their heads gravely at the thin gate line-up. But the people were only waiting to be shown. Came Wednesday evening; the Count suddenly trotted out his famous fifty horse-power Bleriot, Le *Scarabée*, did his usual exhibition stunts in the field before the grandstand, then abruptly shot into the evening sky, became a dancing speck before the eye, and then part of the tinted clouds. Ten minutes later,



AN AEROPLANE ARTIST IS COUNT DE LESSEPS.

Brookins may have gone higher; Curtiss may have a record for long distance speed; but for a combination of altitude, distance, speed and artistic manoeuvres there is no Aviator the superior of De Lesseps, who both at Montreal and Toronto gave exhibitions of graceful bird-work.

people sitting on their verandahs down town, fifteen miles away, heard the faint overhead buzzing of a motor, jumped to their feet, and stared hard at the strange bird-man—thirty-five hundred feet above terra firma! And they were convinced.

It was on that day that I had journeyed out to the Trethewey farm to obtain impressions of the Count, arriving an hour before this record flight of the Frenchman. He was first pointed out to me by a hectic young citizen with a loud, purple tie, leaning over the grandstand fence:

"Humph, looks more like a dude than a flying machine man," he ejaculated, pointing with his cigarette to a group of people coming across the field.

With his assistance I picked out the aviator—a tall, thin young man, in a dark cheviot suit, stock collar, immaculate cuffs, and tourist hat pulled down over his eyes. Certainly he looked nothing strenuous. More than anything else this quiet young man suggested a respectable tutor in a private school; you'd never think that he wore overalls half his time, monkeyed with machinery and oil cans, and bossed mechanics. Surely his place was with the fashionable set who were approaching with him—dancing attendance with the extravagant urbanity of the Gaul.

Later, I watched the Count at work, preparatory to the flight, executing his instructions to his mechanics—a smile here, a nod there; and how they leaped to obey him! He wore his overalls, but he was still the Count.

"Yes," remarked an official to me, "he's the Count first, then the bird-man. Such a good sport! Always the same, not a hint of the snob. It's the public first and himself afterwards, every time. We had a devil of a time getting him to fly on the Trethewey course just because he thought it wasn't safe—for the public. Good sport! He's to get a \$500 prize if he makes Toronto to-night; and do you know, he says he is going to give every cent to his three mechanics. Ah, you're a newspaperman. He won't like you. He's shy."

"Obviously of a poetic rather than a scientific temperament," I remarked. "Maybe, he is a poet after all," said my friend.

It was the day following his record flight over the city of Toronto, that I interviewed Count de Lesseps. The sister, Countess de Bagassière, made a vivacious interpreter.

"Monsieur mon frère he can fly, but he not yet can speak the English," she smiled, apologising for the aviator's linguistic limitations.

We talked of many things; passed from a discussion of the Count's flights in Canada to a debate on the respective merits of the aeroplane and dirigible as a solution for the future airship, touching on the fatalities of Rolls and Erbsloeh, both personal friends of the Count; then swung back to Canada.

"Your impressions of the Canadian people, monsieur?"

"Elegant, the women particularly, charmant! So many people I meet, they both à Montreal and à Toronto speak the French, read French books. C'est extraordinaire!"

"As a result of the aviation meets here will Canadians take an active interest in aviation?"

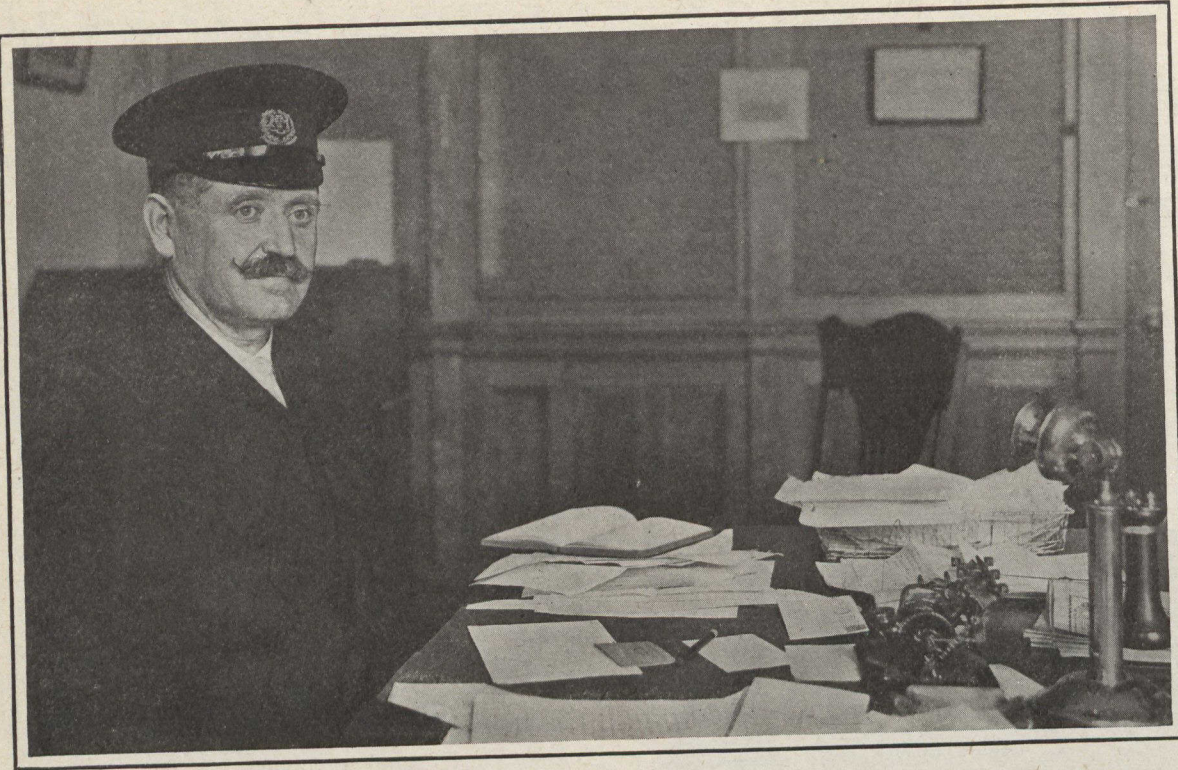
"I doubt not. Some of your millionaires, they have spoken to me of machines."

"I suppose some of our people have begged you to take them for a flight?"

"Ah," laughed the Countess, "une jolie femme aussi! But mon frère he say no."

"Why?" I asked.

"Well, then, he have no eyes for Le *Scarabée*!"



Superintendent Joseph Rogers of the Provincial Ontario Police, is Head of a System that reaches from Niagara Falls to the Hinterland.

THE NEW ONTARIO POLICE

By JOHN COLLINS

IN the offices of the Provincial Police at the Parliament Buildings in Toronto there is a map of Ontario studded with brass tacks. Every tack stands for a member of the new Provincial Police, such as are seen in the lower photograph on this page. The brass tacks are everywhere except in the older parts of Ontario, where the rural constable is still the arm of the law. For the conditions of crime in Ontario are changing. The last few years has seen the opening up of the north and the extension of crude settlements far beyond the line of old communities. Mining camps and prospecting parties, railroad camps and hinterland farmers, Indians and half-breeds just slipping away from the paternal control of the Hudson Bay Co.; "blind pigs" and dissolute wandering women; crooks that cross the border carrying the slimy trail of a bad "rep" from old camps of the United States to new camps in Canada: all the field of operations for the new Provincial Police, who are intended ultimately to replace with a system the rural and village constable.

You know the village constable such as may be found by hundreds in Ontario. He was born in the county where he makes his arrests; may have to arrest the very man he grew up alongside of on the old farm down the line. Tired of farming, he got a job looking after the fire-hall in the little town; became caretaker of the town hall and of the "opera house" over it; janitor of the village church—with his daughter playing the organ; grave-digger and supervisor of the cemetery; path-master with special privileges to cut all weeds along the streets and to impound cattle roaming at large; and in one case known to the writer this same peripatetic factotum kept a store which was run by his wife and daughter. When not too busy with these multifarious vocations "Bill" went out making arrests—and there usually had to be a pretty big disturbance in town or some farmer down the line had the chance to beat the heads off his family before Bill got time to move in the case. Twice in the story of Bill's career in that village the inhabitants were startled from sleep by an explosion that shook the town. Bill rolled over, dreamed it was a Twenty-Fourth of May celebration with an anvil and went to sleep again. In the morning it was found that safe-blowers had been busy at the bank and the express office, thousands of dollars were gone and the boodlers also beyond the reach of law. Which is not an uncommon occurrence in the places where the village and county constable are the sole arms of law; when the constables of one county know not beans about those in the next and none of them directly responsible to any system; and often only when it has become too late the Provincial detective department was called in to co-operate.

Hence the need for a system, organising as far as possible the entire detective force of the province as thoroughly as the license system. To appreciate the character of the new Provincial Police in On-

tario you must first comprehend "Joe" Rogers, the chief inspector of the force; and Rogers is no novice. He has been twenty-six years on detective work for the Ontario Government and long ago was a travelling mate of the late John Murray, the doyen of Canadian detectives.

The field of operations for the new police system extends from Niagara Falls and Windsor to the last outpost on the most northerly railway in Ontario; all under the supervision of "Joe" Rogers with his three inspectors of criminal investigation, his two district inspectors, one at Niagara Falls and one at Cobalt, his forty-two police dotted over the frontiers and the north land—directly responsible to the Attorney-General's department, which has begun to dignify the constabulary of Ontario into a system somewhat approximating to the efficiency of the Northwest Mounted Police.

The system has been in operation since the first of January, 1910. At the frontiers you see the first examples of it. The four men at Niagara Falls on this page are four of the busiest; and their work is largely to look after the transit of undesirables across the border; for we get in this country a large percentage of our worst crooks from across the line; the kind that follow the circus and the mining camp and patrol the country roads as hoboes. The theory is that it's far better to keep out un-

desirables than to try to digest them. Hence at Niagara Falls, Windsor and Sarnia the brass tacks on the map are thickest. This is a species of prevention.

But they will sift in; and up in the north is the place to find the last post of these nomads and camp-followers who help to dirty up the annals of mining camps. Along all the lines of railway in the north are posts of the police dotted as systematically as the outposts of the mounteds on the prairie. None of the men are mounted. They travel on the railway; as far as possible; regularly patrolling the east and west lines of the Canadian Pacific and the Canadian Northern; working in conjunction with the railway detective service; keeping a clean, clear eye on the transit of suspects—so that on every line of travel there is a network of systematised information reporting at the office of Superintendent Rogers.

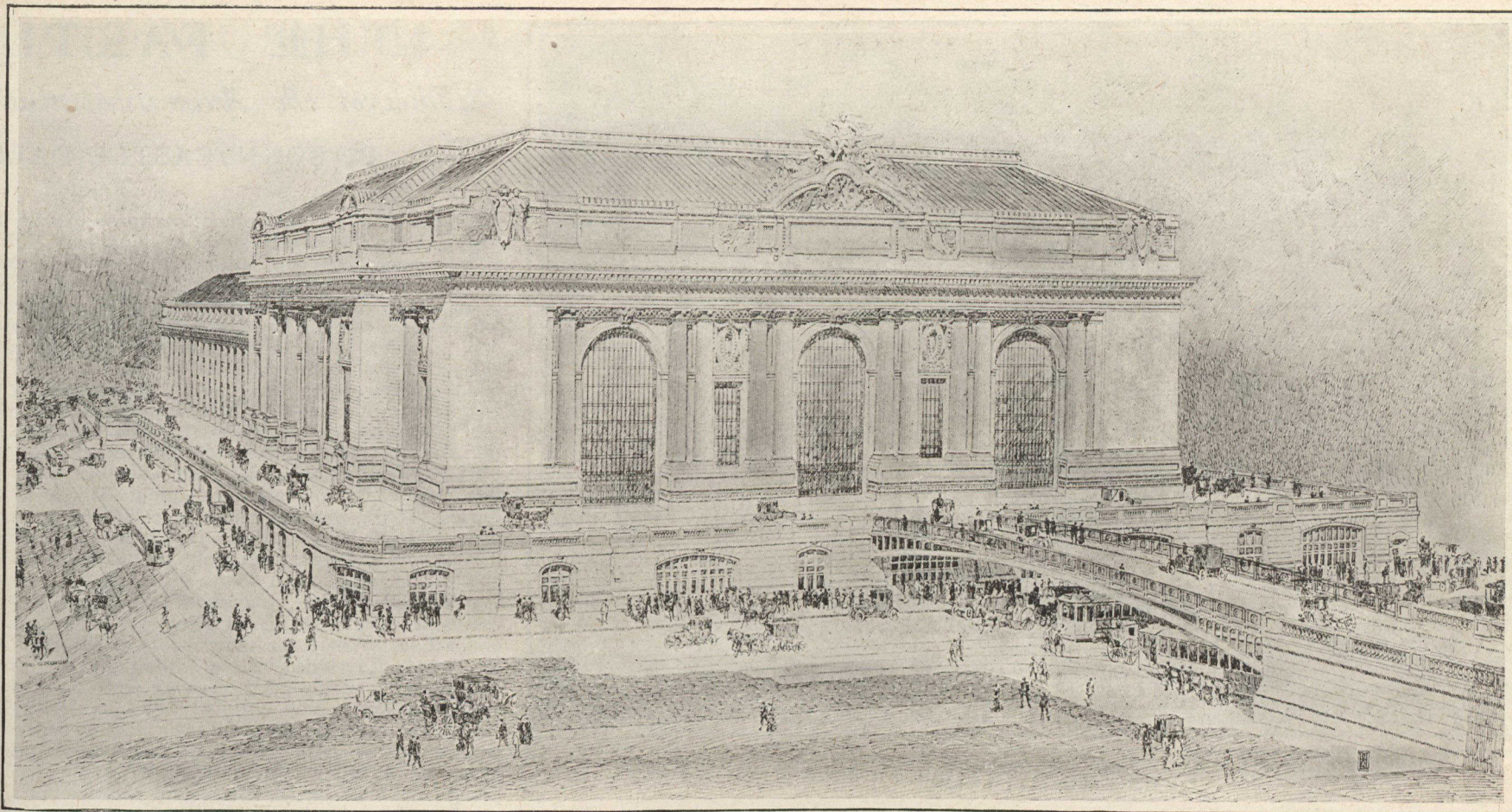
Here at headquarters the system is seen at as near perfection as criminal business can be made. In one corner of the office is a fireproof Pinkerton cabinet containing a photograph gallery; capacity two thousand photos—of all sorts and conditions of criminals likely to or that have already set foot in Ontario. Every photo corresponds to a slip which is filed below and that again to a chart which contains the gradual life history of any given crook or suspect. Another part of the system contains the index to every criminal or suspect handled or shadowed by the provincial authorities. So that any one of the men in the system may send in a name with inquiries and by the mere matter of thumbing up the files get forwarded to him all that is known about a man whom it may be his future business to arrest.

Every week each man in the system reports to headquarters exactly what he has done; all his arrests and his movements from place to place; characters he may be shadowing and so forth. This report is supplemented by a complete monthly statement, one checking the other. Every item of expense is included, with all necessary vouchers. All moneys collected from fines are transmitted direct to the department.

Only the best men are picked for the service. There are now waiting a couple of hundred men, half of whom are up to the standard laid down in the form of application. Every man must be up to five feet nine in height; a naturalised British subject; not convicted of any crime; not subject to certain specific diseases mentioned in the application; able to read and write. The men chosen thus far would be creditable to any police system anywhere. Many of them are married. They are placed usually where they have no acquaintances and may be shifted at any time—in fact are more or less regularly shifted in order to prevent any local affiliations interfering with the discharge of duty according to the system. The salaries range from \$750.00 to a thousand dollars a year by three grades. Both the maximum and the minimum are to be raised. A man may be promoted according to the work he does; not by mere seniority. But no premiums are paid on arrests. Every chance is given to members of the force to earn promotion by good service in perfect compliance with the requirements of the system.



Quartette of Law-Keepers at Niagara Falls: T. D. Greenwood, P. Kelly, M. McNamara and J. A. Pay.



A RAILWAY TERMINUS WHICH WILL COST AS MUCH AS A TRANSCONTINENTAL RAILWAY.

The New York Central Railway is now building a new Grand Central Terminus on 42nd Street, New York, which, with the necessary land for approaches, will cost \$180,000,000. This is from the Architect's Drawing of the Station proper.

THE COST OF BIG TERMINALS

By NORMAN PATTERSON

At the present time Canada's larger cities are greatly interested in their railway terminals. The rapid growth of traffic in these cities is continually forcing expansion and re-building. More tracks are required, freight sheds and railway stations have to be enlarged and general improvements made. It is a safe estimate that ten million dollars is spent annually in Canada on new and improved terminals. This year will be no exception to the rule. For example, the C.P.R. is enlarging and improving its terminal at Place

That the present expenditure of the Canadian railways on terminals is small as compared with what it will be in the near future is amply proven by the experience of the United States cities. On this page are presented some photographs and drawings indicating the extent of the improvements now being made by the New York Central Railway in the city of New York. In 1871 the Grand Central Station was built at 42nd Street and it was then considered to be the finest terminal on the continent. However, improvements were necessary from year to year and in 1900 the station-house itself had to be re-built and enlarged. Now, at the end of ten years, it has been found that the present terminals are utterly insufficient.

Canada is wondering what the new National Transcontinental Railway from Winnipeg to Moncton will cost and the estimates run from two hundred to two hundred and fifty millions. To many people this seems a large sum, but here is one railway spending practically the same amount on improving its entrance into New York City. It is hard for a layman to understand how the New York Central will be able to earn a dividend on that amount of money, spent on an area of about seventy-six acres. Yet the directors of that great railway are quite confident that it is possible.

The general plan of these improvements in New York provides for tracks on two levels. On the lower set of tracks, twenty-five in number, all suburban business will be cared for. On the upper level of forty-two tracks, the general business of



Grand Central Terminus, Built in 1871.



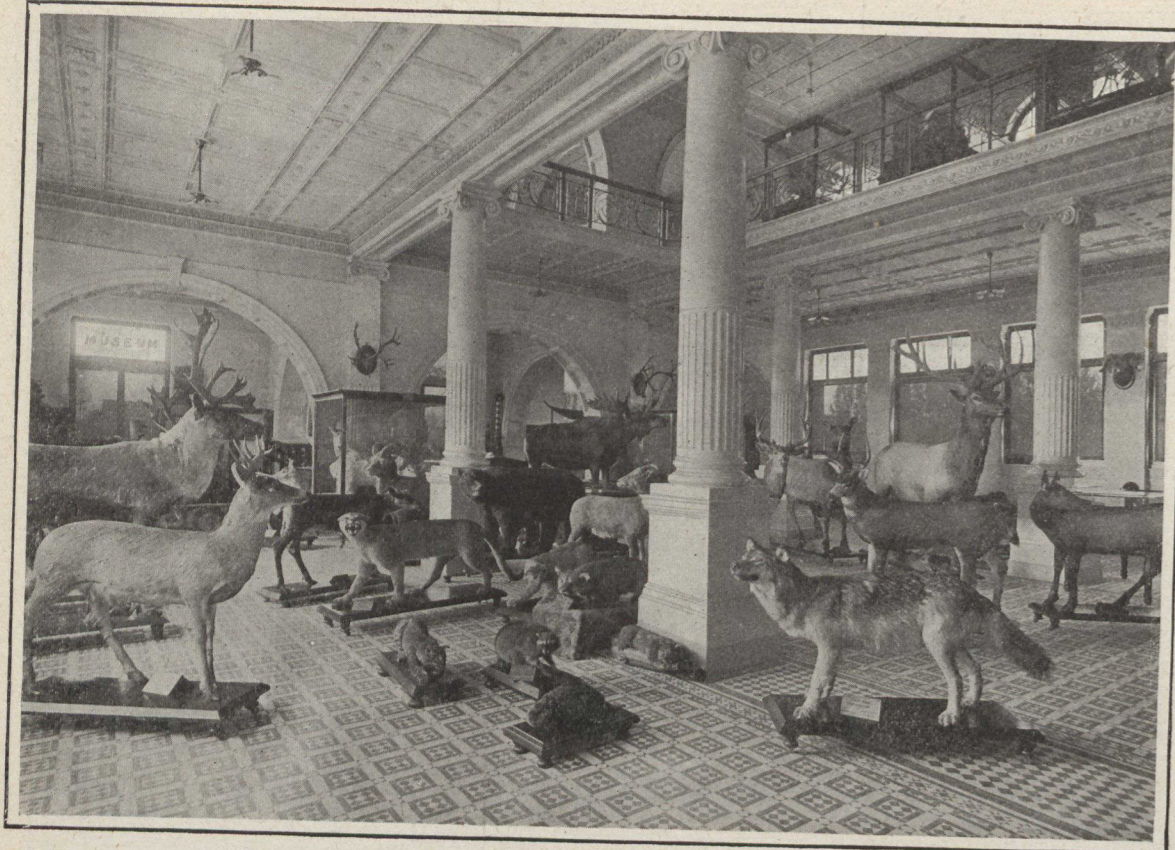
Digging out the Solid Rock and Building the Two Decks of Tracks which carry New York Central Trains in and out of the heart of Manhattan.



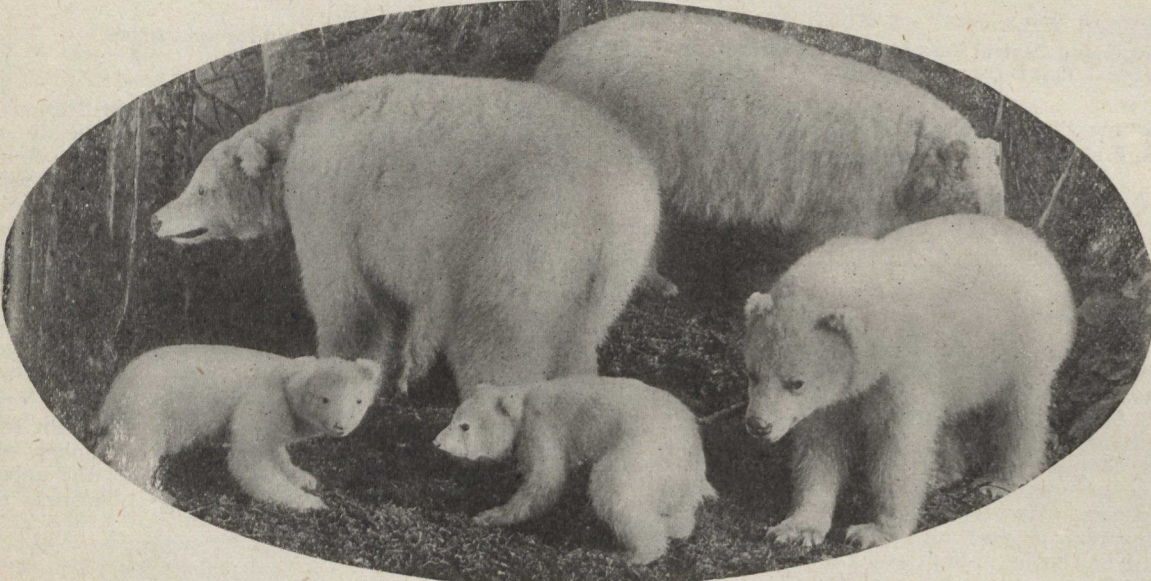
Grand Central Terminus, as Remodelled in 1900.

Viger in Montreal, while its Windsor Station has been enlarged during recent years until it is now the largest in Canada. The Bonaventure station of the Grand Trunk in the same city is almost too small for its traffic and an expensive new terminal is to be built at the other side of the city. The Canadian Northern is also enlarging its entrance to the city and proposes to build a monumental station. What is happening in Montreal is also occurring to a large extent in the other cities. A union station, a viaduct and a general enlargement of the railway yards have been talked of in Toronto ever since the Great Fire which cleared a site on the water-front. These improvements and extensions will cost the three big railways at least ten millions of dollars.

the company will be handled. The old terminal had a capacity of 366 cars; the new will have a capacity of 1,149 cars. At present 700 trains a day run in and out of the Grand Central Station; when the improvements are completed they will be able to handle double that number of trains each day. The station building proper will run 45 feet below the street level, and yet will tower 105 feet above the street level. On the lower level it will be 480 feet wide and 745 feet long. When the value of New York property is considered and the high cost of labour is added, one can easily see that the expenditure must be enormous. When completed, the Grand Central Terminal of the New York Central Railway should be the eighth wonder of the world.



Timber-Wolf, Moose and Elk, Wild-Cat and Mountain Lion, Beaver and Mink—all at home in the farthest west Museum.



This is a species of White Bear named Kermodes (after Curator Kermode).



Black-Tail Deer, suggesting that witchy musical composition of Debussy "The Afternoon of a Fawn."

THE FARTHEST WEST MUSEUM

Studies of the Animals seen in the Provincial Stuffed Zoo, at Victoria, B.C.

By BONNYCASTLE DALE, Photographs by the Author and Fleming Bros.

THE average mind connects a museum with faded, dried shapes in soiled jars and dusty cases. Step into the cool rooms and halls of the compact museum in the Provincial Buildings in Victoria and glance around you. If there is any dust present it is on your own boots, not on the cases. In the first place the building is a very excellent one. Though much too small for its big collections, this is being remedied in the plans for new and enlarged Government buildings now being projected. No man who ever met the genial John Fannin (the first Curator of British Columbia) can gaze upon his picture in the main entrance hall without thinking that his works truly live after him. The present Curator, Francis Kermode, has ably taken up the work and you can judge by present conditions how well he has succeeded. If you want to see our fauna from just a tourist standpoint you will be well repaid; but to the more serious student it offers an illustrated page of our natural history not to be excelled by any museum I have visited in any of our provinces.

Remember while you gaze that all of these specimens represent varieties that are dying out before the advance of civilisation. Where the sharp hoofs of the deer now tear up the mosses in secluded valleys, while the evil green eyes of the long, lithe, cowardly panther watch from the underbrush, will soon be set the humble cabin of the man-at-the-end-of-the-trail. Where the caribou now wander in mighty herds the cattle of the rancher will soon feed. All must pass to make room for the greatest and greediest of all the animals, Man. Grieve though we must on the passing of the mammals, we may at least comfort ourselves with the thought that for every wild beast we have displaced we have raised ten tame ones; so that toiling hosts are fed on beef instead of venison, on pork instead of bear, on corn-fed beefsteak instead of buffalo hump—and never reck the difference.

I present you with a picture of the Curator so that you may see that he is just a good, unassuming sort of a chap, with a very well-selected amount of knowledge of the birds and beasts and fishes above that ready smile of his. The first time I saw him busy with a specimen it was with the very rare one I picture beside him. This very long fish, the riband fish, is as thin as it is long. It wears a dorsal fin on its back that extends complete from head to tail until it got into my friend Rucker's salmon trap. This remarkable deep sea fish from southern waters has the largest eye of any animal I have ever dissected and it has the most excellent suction pump on the top of its long, boney snout you would wish to see. Six feet long and as many pounds and with its six foot riband of a tail missing it is the most curious member of the deep sea zoology in the museum.

Certainly the most rare mammal is the white bear from Gribbel Island. There is a group case of specimens well worth a long trip to examine. Whether this is a variant, as some claim, or a separate species as others think, will long be a moot question, but when you see five specimens it is good illustration that they are not albinos but that our curator has a very rare new *Ursa* named after him. Several other examples of these white bears have been secured for eastern authorities.

If you will just take a run out into the plateaus of northern British Columbia and bring in a first-class specimen of the silver fox, as shown in the illustration, you can make a nice, easy one thousand dollars. I know of a man that has hunted the foxes for half of a lifetime, and has taken them pure white—an albino—of all shades of red, and also many as blue as the delicate blue of the pansy (this rare shade is seen only in the dressed skin). I have seen them almost lilac blue; but although he patiently hunted one dark grey fox, dark almost to blackness, for six weeks, setting his whole string of traps to catch the nimble bank account, he only got a few hairs in a sprung trap.

It is needless to say that both the black and silver are variants of the red fox, occurring often in the same litter; and having no distinguishing peculiarities to make a new species out of. Nor are these blacks and silvers any more watchful or careful than the average fox—as if you watch the common fox puppy asleep outside its den you will find it scan the field carefully every little while from out a half-opened

There is one variety of foxes we have not in this really good collection—the kind the nature fakirs write about; the kind that have such really sympathetic actions that they border on the benevolent. I am very sorry to say that the one great moment, daily and hourly, aye, every moment exhibited by nearly all the varieties of all species, is eat or be eaten. Let us teach the children the truth about the undomesticated animals.

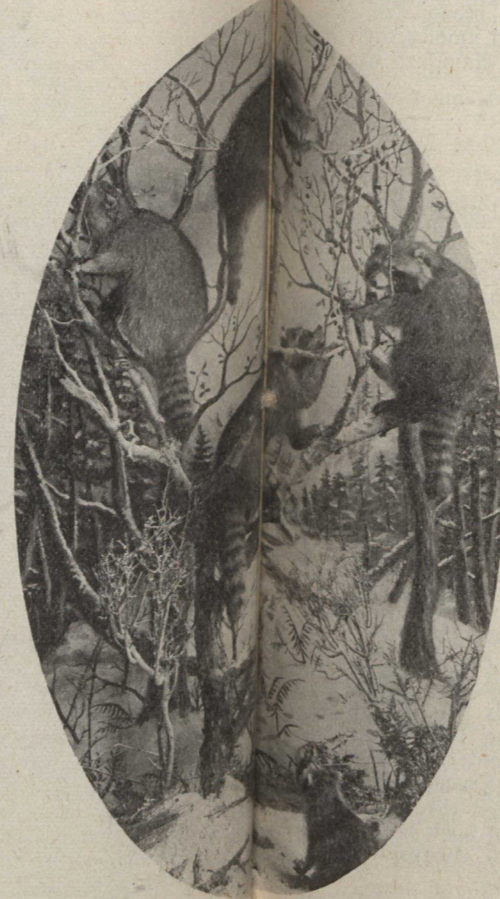
The white bear's full cousin, the common "pig of the woods," the black bear, that horrible monster of the nature does not understand its business. Here they have been writing about its savage nature and terrific assaults, and every time it meets our native women out berry-picking it forgets all the mighty man-killing things it has done in the books and tames itself away when she waves her apron at it. Time after time we have run across it all over the continent and we have never got a record of it attacking man; why, I know of two old lady bears accompanied by their grunting cubs running from my unarmed chum in Washington, in fact one so thoroughly deserted her youngsters that he had time to gallop a mile away for his rifle and ride back and kill them both on the branches of the fir trees to which they had scrambled. Poor harmless things, they eat grass as greedily as I ever saw a cow do, and any little Indian kid of a dozen years can go and kill one with his rifle. So when next you read gruesome tales of savage bears, be sure the chap is not working on the hills and in the deep woods, where every large bear has a bear and all the hills have many panthers on them; we could not scrape up enough weapons along the trail to kill a house cat with. Do not be afraid to come to British Columbia; there is nothing dangerous in all her forests save a falling tree.

One of the cases in the museum the kiddies will especially admire is the one crammed full of "coons." The curator has collected himself here. You ought to see this bright little, heavily furred chap "clamming." The tide only leaves his favourite digging grounds uncovered for a few hours each day, and he prefers to use the night hours, but we have met him when he had to dig in daylight, and dig hard too. We have asked him and he can bring out more clams with his swift-working front feet than my assistant can with spade and foot. We have counted the spoil, disturbed the coon, started the coon to dig, and counted the results. And remember, the coon works both working and eating, for he has quite a few enemies and must be watchful.

In British Columbia we have four species of wild sheep. There is no game that runs that will lead you further afield and higher, earthly speaking, than the bighorn. Seen through a powerful glass they have all the habits of goat and sheep combined. Their scent is as the deer, their eyes as good as any mountain dweller. They usually look below for danger, and they bear a trophy that will compel moments of happiness when seen through the fragrant smoke of the after dinner pipe on the walls of your den; for, while I do not care to kill any of the larger mammals, I do not think it wrong that my fellow sportsman shall, always provided there be no waste nor cruelty. One of the things that drove me closer to my camera and farther away from my gun was the ever escaping wounded creatures. I have found them weeks after and mercifully ended their sufferings.

Let us get back again from the shale-covered sides of our mountains where the bighorn love to roam, to those cool, sweet halls of the museum. Great groups of mammals to examine. Moose that have bellowed on far distant mountain rivers; elk that knew the unexplored passes and valleys of this huge Island of Vancouver; panther and wolf and wildcat that knew the country it must yet take us some decades to thoroughly explore; mighty sea lions that have held court on the barrier reefs and fought off their great, barking, clambering rivals.

Then there are rases filled with the wild fowl and game birds. This exhibit is truly representative of our shore birds and sea fowl and wild duck. Remember, we have a mighty host of these. Individually



Another Musical Note, All Coons Look Alike



This variant of the Silver Fox has a pelt worth as much as a Runabout Automobile.



These "Pigs of the Woods" are so harmless they run away from women, (vide Seton Thompson).



Big Horn Mountain Sheep who toe the crags as near the clouds as may be without wings.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 26.

AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

INTENDED MAINLY FOR WOMEN

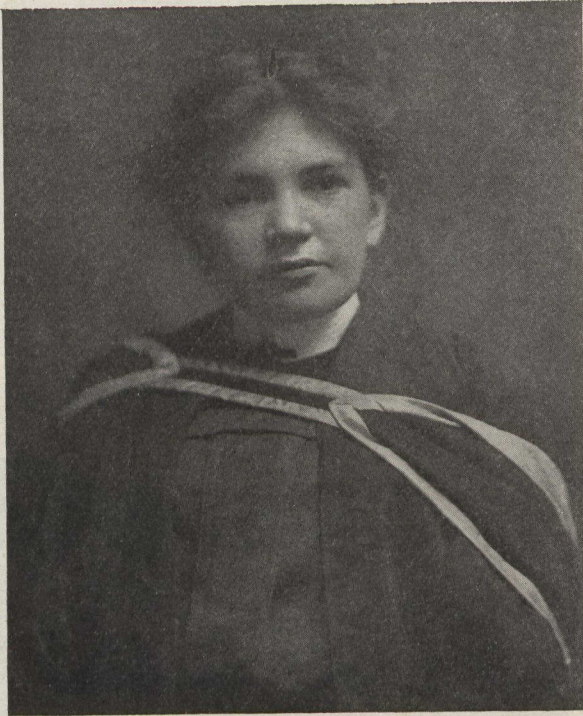
A Woman of Science.

DR. MAUDE ABBOTT is the first Canadian woman to receive an honorary degree from a Canadian university for merit in scientific work. In medical circles her work has long been recognised. An honorary degree from McGill University at its recent Medical Convocation is a public recognition of her high scientific standing. Dr. Abbott's first medical degree was obtained from Bishop's College, which early opened its doors to Canadian women who wished to study medicine. She is as well a graduate in arts of McGill, taking at graduation the Lord Stanley gold medal for first rank general standing. Her training also includes years spent in medical work at the Universities of Zurich and Vienna. She took the Edinburgh Triple Qualification in 1897. Her medical practice in Montreal began in 1898. She was appointed Assistant Curator of the Pathological Museum in 1899, and Curator in 1902. In 1906 Dr. Abbott had won the position of Governor's Fellow in pathology at McGill. A few weeks ago she was given the status of lecturer and the degree of M.D.C.M. honoris causa. Dr. Abbott was brought up by her grandparents in the village of St. Andrews East, Quebec. Her grandfather was the Rev. Wm. Abbott, for many years rector of St. Andrews. He was also the uncle of the late Sir J. J. C. Abbott, Premier of Canada. Dr. Abbott contributed a monograph on "Congenital Cardiac Disease" to Dr. Osler's well-known "System of Medicine." Dr. Osler himself has taken an active and generous interest in her most promising career. Like many others whose work shows uncommon knowledge, Dr. Abbott conceals the fact of her learning under a modest and unassuming manner.

The World and Women Do Move.

WHATEVER may be one's opinion of the Suffragette Movement, the progress which it is making cannot be denied. At Halifax the other day the Women's Council voted by a fair majority in favour of extending the franchise to women. In Great Britain the House of Commons has practically declared itself in favour of the same extension. In the United States the subject is being discussed very seriously and it will not be long before Congress must take some notice of it.

The events in London are, of course, the most interesting at the present moment, because it is there the movement is seen in its most militant form. The procession which was held the other day and which is pictured on this page, was one of the most remarkable processions ever seen in London. Even in that city it is impossible to get ten thousand women to take part in such a function without



Dr. Maude Abbott, of Montreal, who, in the Science and Practice of Medicine, has made almost an International Reputation.

drawing on the better elements of the community, and so far as one may judge these ten thousand women represented all classes. No doubt some of them were agitators and seekers after notoriety, but a very large per cent. of them were earnest women seeking to better the conditions of their sex.

On the twelfth of this month the House of Com-

mons gave considerable of its time to a discussion of the Women's Suffrage Bill introduced by Mr. Shackleton, a Labour member from Lancashire. The bill is a moderate one and provides only for the granting of the parliamentary franchise to women who have the necessary property qualifications and who already exercise the franchise in municipal elections. A similar measure presented to the Canadian Parliament giving the Dominion franchise to all women now entitled to vote in the municipalities in which they reside, would not be considered a very radical measure.

Although the House of Commons passed the Shackleton Bill by a majority of one hundred on the second reading, this does not mean that the bill is likely to become law in the near future. The vote merely expresses the general opinion of the House upon the subject. The Bill has now been referred to the Committee of the Whole, which means that it will not be again considered in the House until next year. It is quite likely that the bill will not become law until a general election has intervened. In the case of all such radical regulations the British Parliament takes the stand that the matter must be discussed at a general election before an act is passed. Indeed, this was the express attitude of Mr. Balfour. He favoured the principle of the bill, but contended that the whole country must pronounce definitely in favour of votes for women before Parliament could sanction such a change in the constitution.

Premier Asquith made a strong speech against the bill, declaring if women had the vote they must be eligible for seats in Parliament. This arrangement would not apply in Canada, since the fact that women can vote for aldermen does not necessarily give them the privilege of being candidates for office although one or two women have successfully competed for places on city school boards. Mr. Balfour did not agree with the Premier on this point. He apparently was of the opinion that the franchise might be given to women without at first giving them the privilege of being candidates for office. Mr. Winston Churchill and Mr. Lloyd George both favoured the principle of the bill, but desired to see it amended in certain particulars. Mr. Austen Chamberlain opposed it strongly.

If there is a moral in recent events it probably is this, that woman suffrage can be extended in a limited degree if those in favour of it are moderate in their demands and reasonable in their method of presenting those demands. Sweet reasonableness is, unfortunately, not always found among the women who have been loudest in their clamours in behalf of this and other reforms.

Queen Mary's Treasures.

THE value of Queen Mary's personal possessions in the way of jewellery, pictures, and other works of art, books, and plate is very considerable, but Her Majesty, for reasons altogether apart from the actual value of these belongings, specially prizes some of which she has gathered together in her personal apartments at Marlborough House and York Cottage.

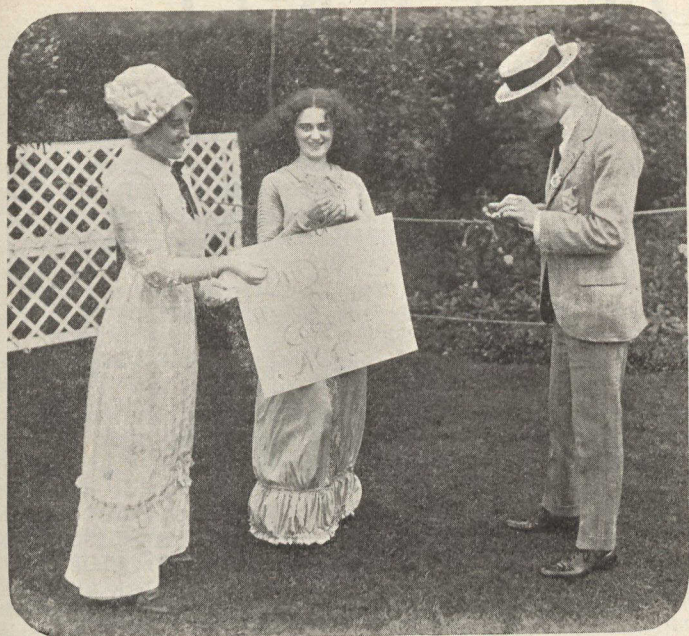
In her boudoir at Marlborough House several of Queen Mary's most valued possessions may be seen. There is, for example, a revolving bookcase presented to Her Majesty, on the occasion of her marriage, by the girls and infants of the London Elementary Schools; the bookcase contained eighty volumes of English standard works, each beautifully bound in dark red leather, and stamped with a York rose. The total cost of this gift was a hundred and twenty guineas, made up of pennies and farthings from the donors. It was presented to Her Majesty a few days before the Royal marriage, on behalf of the London school children, by Lady St. Helier.

The late Mrs. Gladstone's wedding present to Her Majesty was a Bible and an embroidered shawl both of which are highly cherished by Queen Mary. In the Bible Her Majesty has recorded the birthdays of all her children, and the sacred book is one of her possessions which Her Majesty always has with her wherever she may be staying.

Queen Mary is not very fond of jewellery, but she has in her possession a number of enormously valuable gems and jewels. Of these, probably the diamond brooch which was King George's first



A few days ago, the Suffragettes, 10,000 strong, marched through London, from Victoria Embankment to Albert Hall. The part of the procession shown here contained 617 bearers of silver "Broad-Arrows" on wands, one for each conviction of a Suffragette. Their banner was unique. At the meeting in Albert Hall \$25,000 was collected for the cause.—From London Illustrated News.



Miss Sybil Arundale selling a ticket to Reginald Dane of the Lyric, for the Hair-dress Competition.



Two Tea Girls—Mrs. Sam Southem and Miss Kirkham.



The Hat Trimming Booth, at "The Sign of the Big Hat."

A LONDON THEATRICAL GARDEN-PARTY TO RAISE FUNDS FOR THE FRESH-AIR FUND

Photographs by London News Agency.

present to Her Majesty after they became engaged is the jewel Her Majesty prizes most. Queen Mary wears it and the diamond necklace presented to her by Queen Victoria oftener than any other of her jewels. The last mentioned was Queen Victoria's present to Queen Mary on her engagement to King George.

Queen Mary went to afternoon tea with Queen Victoria at Buckingham Palace, and when going away the latter put the beautiful diamonds round the neck of the blushing Princess who had come to tell Her Majesty that she had promised to become the bride of the future King of England.

A very valuable possession of Queen Mary is her collection of the early letters written to her by her children between the ages of four and six. These are kept locked in a Chippendale desk of exquisite workmanship given to Her Majesty by the King shortly after the birth of H.R.H. the Duke of Cornwall. Many of the letters were written in the schoolroom at Marlborough House, and consist of requests for certain toys and other special favours, the envelopes being directed to "Mother" in round, carefully-written letters.

A piece of very finely-executed embroidery covers a small table in Her Majesty's boudoir which she greatly prizes. It was presented to her by the Princess Mary a few years ago. The young Princess worked it herself; it was the first complete piece of embroidery work she did, though she since has done many other pieces which have been sold at various bazaars and other charitable entertainments.

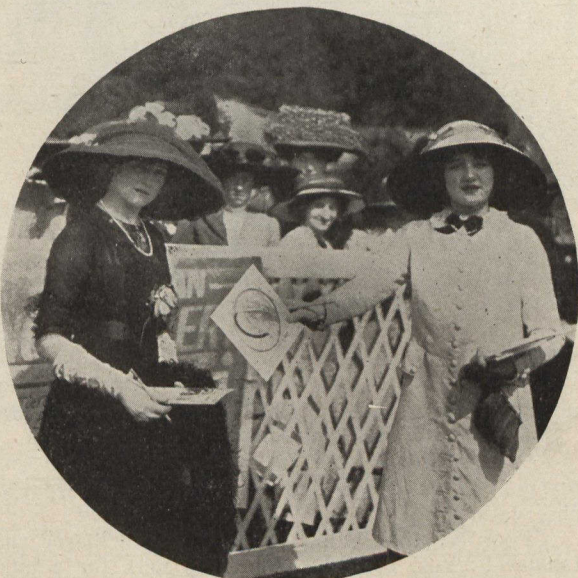
Her Majesty has a lace shawl which she specially prizes, and it is always among the articles of her attire which the Queen takes with her wherever she may go. The shawl was presented to the Queen-Mother shortly after her marriage by Queen Victoria, and was given to Queen Mary by Queen Alexandra on the birth of the Princess Mary. A set of miniature paintings of their four eldest children are certainly among the possessions which Queen Mary specially treasures. These miniatures, which were painted by Mrs. Massey, were a surprise gift from the late King and the Queen Mother to the then Prince and Princess of Wales on the home-coming of their Royal Highnesses after their voyage in the *Ophir*. The miniatures are kept in Her Majesty's private drawing-room at Marlborough House. A beautiful Pilgrim silver bottle, with chain, which was a gift from the late monarch on the same occasion, is also greatly prized by Queen Mary.

The walls of Queen Mary's boudoir at York Cottage are adorned with twenty-five original drawings; these are part of the wedding present given to Her Majesty by the Society of Painter Etchers—there were fifty drawings in all, twenty-five of which are kept at Marlborough House. Her Majesty treasures these drawings very highly, and was much pleased at receiving the gift, all the more, perhaps, because it was so wholly unexpected.

Among the most dearly cherished possessions of Queen Mary is a crayon drawing of her mother, the late Duchess of Teck, which was made a few years before the death of the latter. The drawing was formerly kept at York Cottage, but, after the death of Queen Victoria, was removed to Marl-



Miss Marie Lohr selling flowers to Chanteclair.



Miss Gabriel Ray and Miss Lily Elsie selling caricatures of themselves.

borough House, where it hangs on one of the walls in the Queen's boudoir.

One of the most valuable pieces of jewellery, by the way, in the Queen's possession is the chain of pearls presented to Her Majesty on her marriage by the women of twenty-three English counties. £6,000 was subscribed to buy this beautiful gift, but the cost of it, however, only amounted to £5,000, and the balance of the money was, at Queen Mary's request, given to certain charities. Queen Mary often wears these pearls in the evening.—M. A. P.

*

Recently Sir Richard Solomon, High Commissioner of the South African Union, has added to

Queen Mary's collection by the gift of six splendid diamonds cut from the celebrated Cullinan stone discovered five years ago near Pretoria. This stone was presented to King Edward in 1907 and cut into two large diamonds. Queen Mary's diamonds were cut from the residual fragments.

Actresses and Benevolence.

ACTRESSES are proverbially warm-hearted. The Fresh-Air Fund in London has benefited recently by the eager response made to an appeal for the children of the poor by English stage favourites. Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Maxine Elliott, Billie Burke, Lena Ashwell, Mrs. Brown-Potter, Pauline Chase, Julia Neilson, Viola Tree, Ellaline Terriss and Ellen Terry are among the many well-known actresses who have given the Fresh-Air Fund picture post cards with autographs which are being sold for the benefit of London children. The Theatrical Garden Party given to raise money for the fund, of which unusually attractive photographs appear in this week's issue of the CANADIAN COURIER, went with the gayety and spirit for which those who follow the dramatic life are famous. A successful actress is often a combination of temperament, hard work, and the irresponsible gayety of a child with shrewd business sense and genius. She loves to play the child on a frolic and be a woman of genius on the stage. The hat-trimming and hair-dressing competitions, caricatures and living wax-works suited the holiday mood of the theatrical world. Like Barrie's Peter Pan, "It was all for the sake of a child." A study of the summer costumes of these beautiful ladies of the stage provides a liberal education in the art of dressing. Holidays are nowhere more universally observed than in Canada. Before going on a holiday in Canada the summer traveller might well consider whether something should not be done to help on someone else's holiday. Those whose holidays should be considered first are children in the poorer districts of Canadian cities.

A Successful Pianiste.

THAT most delightful artist, Miss Grace Smith, of London, England, whose charming piano playing gave quite distinct and unusual pleasure to many Canadian audiences the last two seasons, expects to sail for the Dominion again on September 1st, purposing to spend the winter in Toronto. Miss Smith has played by special command before Queen Alexandra and the late King, and is well known in the highest artistic sets and matinee circles of London. She therefore pays us a genuine compliment by electing to reside for a portion of the year in Canada, but then she is a most enthusiastic and discerning soul and has been quick to see and discover for herself the great possibilities of our country. She likes Montreal and Ottawa and the Northwest also, but regards Toronto as a good starting-point and will therefore reside here. Gifted and attractive, she has already made scores of friends in Canada who will be glad to hear of her prospective return. Again we say, a compliment to Canada, when so well known an artist chooses to take up her residence here.

IN THE HOUR OF PERIL

A Tale of the Chinese Invasion of British Columbia

By ALICE JONES

IT was midsummer in one of those years of the twentieth century's second decade when every town in the length of the North American Pacific coast, stood grimly braced in face of the threatening peril of the huge China-Japanese confederation that hung like a black cloud on the horizon. But even then, as in the days before the Flood, men toiled, and feasted and married, and ran after each new sensation in turn, as though they stood in no chance of dying under horrible Chinese tortures, or living, chained to a desk in a Japanese office, or to a machine in factory or mine.

Chiefest and most enduring amongst these sensations, was the recent discovery of the rich Northern Canadian diamond-fields. This discovery sent men in little groups or in utter loneliness far into the north, amid the desolation of boulder-studded lakes and widespread barrens and stunted spruce woods, or west, where the great peaks soar to catch the red radiance of sunrise and sunset, and the valleys keep the shadows for twenty out of the twenty-four hours.

Edwin Hoskin was a prospector by instinct and training, so, it was natural, that when he somewhat imprudently married the pretty Vancouver school-teacher, dowered with little save the smart grey suit and hat she wore at her wedding, he should offer her what was to his mind, the greatest treat available, a prospecting trip into the northern British Columbian Rockies. She was game all through, his slim, big-eyed Nettie. Where other women might have turned dizzy and helpless on the brim of the chasm-skirting trail, she sat very still on her sedate mountain pony, only a blanching of her mayflower tinting betraying her sense of peril.

When after a day of steady rain no dry wood could be found, she huddled in her waterproof and eat their cold food with all an old camper-out's philosophy. For two happy, irresponsible summer months they wandered on, save for an occasional miner or lumberman, seeing no other faces but old Tim Nolan's, their general factotum. A Nova Scotian miner, he had, after the fashion of his countrymen, wandered over half the continent since he left his Cape Breton coal mines by the stormy Atlantic.

Nolan was a many-sided treasure, for beside doing the work he was engaged for, leading the pack-horse, and helping to pitch camp and cut wood, he knew all sorts of dodges for making a camp snug and weather-proof, and was skilled in the snaring of small game, and the concocting of savoury stews therefrom.

Northward, ever northward Hoskin's search drew them. Under shadow of huge mountain bastions they passed by untouched forests and unnamed glaciers, and blue-white streams flowing into some long, land-locked sea-inlet. More than one promising spot of mineral richness was marked on their map and passed, for the lure of the unknown led them on, and every now and then Hoskin saw indications that his supreme goal lay ahead.

IT was a still, sunny evening, when, at the end of three arduous days' climbing over a great divide where it seemed as though they and the hovering eagles had the whole world of crag and ice to themselves, they merged by a narrow split in a smooth-shining slate barrier into a flat, grassy oval, encompassed on every side by sheer, rocky walls. The pastoral peace of the spot, where a clear stream ran by a group of slim cotton-woods, charmed them all the more for the contrast of the surrounding desolation.

"Sure, the Israelites wasn't in it for luck with us," said Tim Nolan, voicing the general sentiment, as the two men hastened to water the weary horses. "An' to my mind, we'd be temptin' the Powers that Be, if we didn't lay up here, an' give the hosses an' the Missus"—he always put them in this order—"a spell of rest. There'll be mountain-trout, too, in that stream, I'm thinkin', an' the Missus needs a bit change of food, while the hosses'll be new made-over critters after a good tuck-in at that grass."

Struck with compunction at his own eagerness, Hoskin scanned the horses' sides where their ribs showed plainly, through coats wet and matted from the day's labours. From them he turned towards

his wife, who sat on a flat stone beside their heap of luggage.

Her hat was off, and if the droop of her whole figure had not revealed it, he could read her fatigue in the dark circles under her eyes, and in the lack-lustre pallour of her skin. It was not like her either to sit so still at the end of their day's march. Usually, no sooner dismounted than she was busy among their bundles, having the dishes and food unpacked and ready by the time Nolan had fetched the water and started the fire.

"Tired, Nettie?" he asked anxiously, as their eyes met. "It's been a hard three days, but we'll take a good rest now, and let the horses fill themselves up on this grass. Did you ever see such a natural little home?"

Nettie sat upright, brightening from her fatigue. "Oh, may we really stay here long enough for me to do some washing? How nice that will be, Edwin."

Her husband looked up at the sheer walls that closed them in, studying the outlines of the glacier-

up among the desolate high places above them. Then, when he saw that the spring had come back to Nettie's step, and that her housewife ardour had abated, he asked if she was game for a day's climbing.

"Of course I am. I've been frightened to death that you'd find your Eldorado without me! I'd never get over it."

"If that's the only fright you ever get!" he scoffed.

In the crystalline morning air that set their blood racing till effort became a joy, they climbed the encompassing cliffs by a trail that Hoskins had ferreted out for himself. They rounded crags on narrow ledges where a downward glance would have been fatal. They scrambled amongst giant boulders, and at last paused to contemplate their own green valley, spread out below like a child's toy.

"Our first home!" Nettie said softly. "It's a dear little nook! Why shouldn't we stay here till the autumn, Edwin? We could send Tim out for supplies."

"And how about getting snowed in and never heard of again? Winter comes all of a jump in these regions," he said, but somehow, she thought the idea pleased him.

Hoskin led the way across a desolate plateau, where big masses of fantastically shaped rocks lay strewn as though from some play of giants, towards an arched, funnel-shaped cavity boring the cliff's side. It's uneven floor sloped upwards, dry now, but bearing marks of the turbulent waters that long ago, had worn its channel.

NETTIE was quick-witted, and her two months of watching her husband's work among the rocks had taught her to observe. So her eye was caught by an unusual formation of the smooth slate lines that seemed to have cracked and given before some great force which had driven a blue-grey clay between its fissures to harden there in a substance like mortar, studded every here and there with rough pebbles of various sizes. Hoskin, who had been ahead, stood back, and took her arm.

"Look," he said, with something strange in the quiet of his voice, "here's our Eldorado all right."

On the side of the wall that a sunbeam touched, came a sudden gleam from one of the pebbles, and Nettie understood.

"Oh, Edwin, surely it isn't, it can't be—" she stammered.

"Yes, it is. These pebbles are diamonds, and Heaven knows how much more of them there are. There's light at the tunnel's end, but I waited for you before I went any farther."

"You dear!"

It was better to Nettie than all the diamonds in sight that he should have waited to share his discovery with her.

"See, you can pick the stones out with a knife," Hoskin said, suiting the action to the word. "Here you are, here's your first spoil."

"Oh, let me do some for myself. I have my knife," Nettie cried, and for a few moments they both worked until they had nearly filled their pockets.

"Come along," Hoskin said at last, "what's the good of weighing ourselves down like this. We can loan up on our way back."

"No. I'm going to keep mine. How can I tell which way we'll come back," Nettie persisted.

"Well, there isn't much choice of roads that I know of," he said, but he forbore to unload his spoils.

The tunnel narrowed, then took a sharp turn and it's further opening stood revealed.

As in a picture-frame they saw the dark fir forests on a distant mountain slope, and above them, a shining white peak sharply outlined against the cloudless sky. The sight was awe-inspiring as a vision of the Delectable Mountains in the Far-away Land.

"Listen!" Nettie breathed with a closer hold on Hoskin's hand. "There's music."

"Nonsense! You're as bad as Tim Nolan and his haunts," he answered, though with a creeping inward assurance that she was right.



"A Flotilla of Air Ships hung idly on their moorings half-way to the Cliff's top."

scarred crags, and mentally retracing his yesterday's observations.

"Poor Nettie? What a thing it is to marry an Ishmael! Yes, I think we'll camp here for a bit, so you can get out your soap to-morrow. Only I won't fetch you one bucket of water until you've rested and got rid of those black circles under your eyes."

"Oh, do I look a fright?" she asked anxiously.

He had left the horses to Nolan, whose back was discreetly turned, so that coming across to her he could slip an arm round her waist and assure her that she didn't by any manner of means look a fright.

And so for a whole week they rested by the stream under the cotton-woods.

The horses grew sleek and fat on the valley's tender grasses. Nettie patched and darned and washed, and Nolan had a great overhauling of supplies and what answered, to a spring house-cleaning.

Hoskins spent the first few days wandering alone

Surely, no wind amongst pine forests or rock crannies could so imitate the cadence of human voices or the blare and wail of barbaric instruments. Silently they groped their way forward to the cave's mouth, their treasure-trove forgotten in the new awe that was upon them. They crouched cautiously, close together, Hoskin holding her with one arm, to peer out at what lay below. A barrier of loose stones that had fallen in the centre of the opening gave them a base on which to lean with safety.

FAR beneath lay another such grassy gully as that where they had camped, only instead of being oval, it was long and narrow, so narrow in parts that it seemed as though the beetling crags were striving to meet overhead. These crags, too, instead of forming smooth walls, had been fretted by some primeval force into wierdly detached shapes as of antideluvian birds and beasts, petrified where they perched or clung on the cliff's edge. But the setting, however strange, was ignored in the wonderment of the outstretched pageant below. Their own happy valley had borne no trace of man's passage or abiding. Here, the grass was trodden down and hidden by a dense group of blue-clad men, with flashes of light on steel and brass, on the intense reds and greens of brodered banners that overhung them.

What could this be but an army or part of one? Whatever it was, it seemed massed thus together for some purpose. Yes, there was the purpose facing them in the inscrutable smile, the smile solemn than all gravity, of a large brass Budha set against the opposite cliff, facing these two in their crag-bound peep-hole. Again came the swell of the voices of many men, strengthened by the peal of trumpets, and the chimes of silver bells. Strangest sight of all was that of the wavering shadows cast upon the close-pressed mass, by a flotilla of airships that hung idly on their moorings half-way to the cliff's top.

Used as the two Canadians had become to the sight of air-craft on the great routes between their home cities, they had never seen any like these. Coated with some metallic glaze their wings glowed in the sunshine with iridescent tints, while the richly worked bannerets pendant from their sides caught the light like jewels.

Without an interchanged word, they both knew that, incredible as it seemed, this was an advance guard of the dreaded Oriental invasion, perhaps one of many such hidden away in the waste places all the way from far-off Mexican or Arizona deserts.

A fierce rage, the rage of the invaded, took hold

of Hoskin, leaving no room for the fear for his wife's sake that was to come later.

He scarcely heeded her close pressure and the throbbing of her heart against him; his own was hammering, too, heavily in his throat. With shaking hand he rummaged his pocket. She felt the action and gasped: "Oh, not your revolver!"

He laughed, and his voice sounded strange to himself.

"A revolver against an army! No, it's my glass, I want to know if they're Chinese or Japanese or both!"

"Oh, what does it matter!" in a sound between a wail and a whisper.

Still he did not heed her.

"I don't know why it matters, but I want to find out."

IN those later years, the years of the China-Japanese alliance, whose shadow overhung the Christian world like a threat, the latter had abandoned their European uniforms, and reverted to their earlier official faith of Buddhism, so it was only by smaller details that the difference between the two nations might be discovered.

Steadying the glass on a rock, Hoskin lay flat and peered at the devices of the bannerets.

"They're both," he muttered, "I see the Japanese Sun, on a flag down there, just below us, where the staff of whatever it is, seems gathered, and I could swear some of the devices on those air-ships' flags are Chinese. With this glass one can almost count the stitches in them. Want to look?"

"Oh, no, no!" she shuddered. "Do take care. They're sure to have sentries, and if the sun should flash on your glass—"

"Jove! Yes. Don't be frightened, sweet-heart. Crouch low down, here against me while I watch. I won't use the glass."

"Oh, come away!" she pleaded.

"In a minute, in a minute," he made half-absent answer, his gaze now wandering over the strangely contorted outlines of the cliffs that walled in the hostile band. Twice he leaned so far forward over their concealing barrier to peer to right and left of them and then down directly beneath, that she tried to draw him back with a terrified clutch.

"They'll see you!" she whispered.

"It's all right. They've no sentries I'm sure, and they're busy with their prayers."

As he spoke, he yielded to her grasp, crouching beside her under shadow of their rocky barrier. Staring into his face, she shivered for the change in it that might have been the work of years. Grimly lined and dimmed to an ashen-grey it showed, with eyes that glared fiercely red.

"Listen, dearest," he said in a hoarse undertone, tense with supreme resolve. "If I can manage to check those devils now, it may save the whole country from undreamt-of horrors. Not that there's any if about it, for I've got to do it somehow. If I fail, don't lose a minute but get back through the tunnel and try to make your way down to Tim, and then flee for your lives. Anyway don't let them take you alive. Tim will see to that, if he's with you, if not, for God's sake, do it yourself. Here's my revolver. You can use it all right."

She took it mechanically, her eyes never stirring from his. Then all at once, the spark caught, and the mute despair of her gaze changed to reckless heroism.

"Yes, I can use it. What are you going to do?" she asked, with strange quietude.

"This," he said, and seeing the small brass tube in his hand, she understood.

It contained a portion of the marvellous new soundless explosive that concentrated its powers to so small a space. He drew himself up, pointing to an overhanging crag nearby, that bore the semblance of a gigantic dragon, half upright as though on guard at the cliff's edge.

"Their chief men, staff, whatever they are, are gathered just below that thing. I saw them. This will fling it down on top of them. I can reach it easily, and may get off scot free—if not—I'll have been more use in the world than I ever expected to."

"But their air-ships? They'll take to them and find us at once," she urged.

"Some of the air-ships will be damaged, I hope. Anyway all the harm we can do will be done then."

She scarcely wondered at this strange indifference to her own fate for she, too, was strung to a point above all personal fear.

WITHOUT another word of protest, she watched him crawl on hands and knees from the cave's mouth along a narrow ledge to cliff. Not a pebble had fallen, not a sound betrayed his presence and now he was lost in the sinister shade of the stone monster and she could only wait with sick heart, while she knew that he was laying the fuse. Her icy hands gripped the rock before her until they bled, and great drops rolled from her forehead down her face, unheeded. He was in sight again, he had nearly reached shelter, when the dragon made a lunge sideways with a semblance of drunken gravity, then reeling forward, and with a mighty clattering and rending of stone, plunged out into the abyss, dragging huge fragments after it. A many-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 25.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE"

An Old Newfoundland Fisherman Recalls a Romantic Idyll

By H. M. MOSDELL

HOW entrancing is old Ocean in his peaceful summer moods, when, "beautiful as is the rose in June and fresh as the trickling rainbow of July," his expansive bosom ruffled only by the merest dimples of wavelets, stirred by the warm offshore wind. And once, in far-off Newfoundland, tired of rambling through the dwarfed bushes and over the green stretches of sward that clothed the brow of a low bluff by the shore, I lay on the soft verdure of a tiny knoll and watched him there asleep, musing on his greatness, the variety of his moods and the irresistible power with which at times his mighty billows thundered where now "he fondled with the shore and laid his white face on the sands."

On the one hand were the waters of a fisher haven whereon small black fishing craft lay motionless at anchor, looking like carved ebony models in a setting of glass. Tiny wooden cottages, a mere handful of them, fringed the rocky shore, the rough exteriors smoothed by the distant prospect and mellowed by the warm rays of the July sun. Behind and beyond haven and settlement rose the tree-clothed hills, forming a sombre setting for that fair picture of peace and suggesting the thought that the chill shadow of sorrow seems ever to hover nearest when life's day is most cheerful and sunshiny.

Mute as a thought, but eloquent in its very silence, a low, black, tarred cross stood as the emblem of death by two mounds not far from where I sat. Here, mused I, is striking testimony to the cruelty of yon alluring ocean. Two strangers surely sleep yonder, having been swept in by the boisterous billows after some storm and laid to rest in this lonely spot, far removed from the reach

of hands that would keep the grass trim above them and deck their graves with memory's floral tributes. And far away, maybe, some sad hearts wait hopelessly for the return of the two who lie so still here where the wind sings a lullaby and the wild waves thunder their requiem.

"Good day to 'ee, zur," said a gruff voice, rousing me from my musings, and I faced about to accost an aged fisherman.

He was a bent and grey old man, rough clad, but with a strong, kindly face framed in a profusion of whiskers that almost covered the chest of a heavy blue jersey. His face reflected much of the placidity of the great ocean on whose bosom he had been cradled and reared and in whose companionship he had grown old and toil-worn. For their great foster-mother teaches many things to "those who go down to the sea in ships."

He talked to me in the affable and half-apologetic fashion so peculiar to his people, and after a few minutes' desultory conversation I asked him about these two graves and why they were set there so far from human habitation. Then in his own homely speech and in quiet, serious tone, he told me how one of life's promising romances had culminated in a tragedy attested by two neglected graves in this lonely land and broken hearts across the sea.

"Thirty-five yer ago, it were. A Frenchman comed into th' harbour t' fish. Aboard of 'un was a mayd, th' skipper's darter, an' seemunly she were couried be a man who was comin' out f'm th' own country in another vessel. A little shart mayd, she were, wi' black hair an' eyes, mos' wunnerful

quick an' sharp an' alw'ys singin' or hummin' some toone or other. Arter they'd bin yer fr a week 'r so t'other vessel comed in wi' her flag flyin' half-mas'. Th' mayd's young man had a'died on th' v'yage over. Th' young ooman never made no noise when they told her. She follered the funeral out yer 'is quiet 's if she never minded at all. But one evenin' they missed her off th' vessel an' after sarchin' all over th' place found her yer lyin' dead across th' grave. So we buried her alongside o' he, an' th' French crew put th' black cross be th' head o' th' two graves."

The ocean was growing blacker now, darkened by gusts of wind that had suddenly begun to whistle through the closely set trees on the hillside. A great black cloud was rising from the eastern horizon, betokening the coming of a storm and blotting out much of the bright sunlight.

"Looks like a squall," aid the fisherman, "I'd best be rowin' in t' th' harbour."

He hesitated a moment, as if undecided about saying something.

"They do say as how 'em two meets yer be their graves every evenin' before a starm," he vouchsafed. "When th' grass gits long in th' summer they's allers a narrer path fr'm one grave t' t'other. Some o' th' b'ys rowin' along yer sez they've 'a seed things an' yerd voices. Dunnaw whether 'tis true 'r no. Mebbe. They's queer things happens in this'am lonedly places."

I sat there for some time longer, watching while the breeze became a strong gale and old ocean raised his hoary head from rest. Gone were his quiet, his gentleness, his charm. Before me was the emblem of vastness, motion, change, unsparing power.

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Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on FRIDAY, the 2nd SEPTEMBER, 1910, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years six times per week each way between ALLISTON and ELMGROVE from the 1st October next.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of Alliston, Elmgrove and route offices and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT
Mail Service Branch

Ottawa, 15th July, 1910

G. C. Anderson
Superintendent.



Only the world's best, is good enough for Canadians. We go round the world in our search for the ingredients of Ideal Orchid Talcum Powder. The tale we use comes from Sunny Italy. The exquisite perfume is extracted from Orchids which grow only on the Island of Borneo. "Ideal Orchid" is the sweetest and most delightful Talcum Powder obtainable. If your Druggist cannot supply it, send 25c. for full size box.

SOVEREIGN PERFUMES LIMITED, Toronto.

Cosgraves Half & Half

is as mild as the lightest lager yet it does not have that lifeless taste that causes many to tire of lager quickly. The life and body of the pure malt and hops are there. It stimulates during the hot weather without leaving any drowsy after effects. Keep a few bottles in your refrigerator to be served at meal times, the whole family will be the better for it.

At all Hotels and Dealers.

The Cosgrave Brewery
Co. of Toronto Ltd.

DEMI - TASSE

EARL GREY has said that Canadians are sane, sober and strenuous. Is not that the pleasing collection of sibilants? He might have added Scotch, sombre and successful.

Andrew Carnegie has been asked to be head of a committee for celebrating a peace jubilee in 1914. Johnson and Jeffries will not be on the executive—neither will Kelly and Burke and Shea.

* * *

Sir Wilfrid in the West.

Oh, noble Sir Wilfrid's gone out to the West,
Through all the Dominion, his tongue is the best,
He tells all the farmers he loves them to death
And the farmers just hang on his silv'riest breath.

George Graham's gone with him to see how it's done,
And George is so Irish, he finds the work fun;
The tour will be followed by harvest so great

That the West will "go" Laurier, as certain as fate.

* * *

Lord Rosebery has been scolding the Scotch for their extravagance. The next thing we know, Ireland will be rebuked for its parsimony and its reluctance to go into a fight.

What's in a name? The Bureau of Stationery at Ottawa is thoroughly upset.

Hon. S. H. Blake is worried about the Coronation Oath, but he hasn't written to "My dear Foy" on the subject.

The Toronto *Telegram* is authority for the statement that bakers may manufacture only 1½ and 3-pound loaves. What perfect dears they will be!

A man's hair turns grey earlier than a woman's. That's because he's married to the woman.

An automobile will now be taken as first payment on a monoplane.

* * *

Third-Term Roblin.

Oh, Rodmond Palen Roblin,
Is premier again
Of the golden prairie province,
Where he's ruled for summers ten.
He felled the grave professor
Who went against him hard,
For Roblin has a "way" with him,
That proves the winning card.

* * *

Once more has a dealer been charged with selling adulterated pepper. This is not a charge to be sneezed at. The bird men out at Weston have no association with a cold bottle.

Now they say there's boris acid in the ice cream cones. Why can't the food reformers let us be happy?

* * *

High Old Times.

They's flown so high at Weston,
In Aviation Park.
De Lessep gently went aloft
And seemed a shining mark.
And Johnstone also biplaned
And festively he soared;
Alas, the poor reporters
Were not allowed on board.

* * *

A Toronto man has secured the contract to widen the Welland Canal

at Welland. Probably a Hamilton man will be so lucky as to get the job of deepening the Newmarket Canal.

The Johnson-Jeffries pictures are the most forbidden works of art ever "taken." As studies in black-and-white, they have a "fighting" chance.

* * *

At Last.

There were some aldermen weird
At whose antics the people all jeered.
They hemmed and they hawed
And eternally jawed,
And finally said "We'll have Sheard."

* * *

The One to be Pitied.

A TENDER-hearted little girl was looking at a picture of Daniel in the lions' den. She suddenly began to cry, whereupon her mother said: "Are you crying for the poor man, dearie?"

"No; I'm crying for that little lion over there in the corner. He isn't going to get any at all."—*Harper's Weekly*.

* * *



Cupid: This one I can recommend very highly; an aeroplane and two automobiles go with it.—*Life*.

* * *

Secure Possession.

TALKING of happiness at Holland House, Lord Holland said it depended upon the natural disposition of the person. "There's Moore," he said, "you couldn't make him miserable, even by inflicting a dukedom on him."

* * *

Beyond the Reach of Law.

MR. PIGOU, the Dean of Bristol, has for long had the reputation of being one of the brightest humourists in the church.

One of his stories turns upon the deceased wife's sister. It appears that a vicar of Dr. Pigou's acquaintance had, in ignorance, solemnised such a marriage, and he interviewed the old verger whose business it was to look after such things.

"Yes, yes," exclaimed the old man, "I knowed the parties. I knowed them."

"Then, why in the world didn't you tell me?" exclaimed the vicar.

"Well, vicar, it was this way, you see," replied the old fellow. "One of 'em parties was 83 and t'other was 86. Says I to myself, 'It can't last long; bother the laws and let 'em two wed.'"—*M.A.P.*

* * *

Saving His Life.

A STORY is told of an Englishman who had occasion for a doctor while staying in Peking.

"Sing Loo, gleatest doctor," said his servant; "he savee my lifee once."

"Really?" queried the Englishman.

"Yes; me tellible awful," was the reply; "me callee in another doctor. He givee me medicine; me velly, velly bad. Me callee in another doctor. He come and give me more medicine, make me velly, velly badder. Me callee in Sing Loo. He no come. He savee my life."—*Birmingham (England) Post*.

* * *

The Modern Miss.

A LITTLE miss riding on a Boston trolley car the other day tendered the conductor half-fare.

"How old are you, my little girl?" he queried, gingerly handling her fare.

She pursed her lips for a moment, then calmly opened her purse, dropped two more pennies into the conductor's extended palm, snapped her purse, and demurely replied:

"You have your fare, sir; my statistics are my own."

* * *

The Remedy.

"MY husband is so poetic," said one lady to another in a car the other day.

"Have you ever tried rubbin' his j'nts with hartshorn liniment, mum?" interrupted a beefy looking woman with a market basket at her feet, who was seated at the lady's elbow and overheard the remark. "That'll straighten him out as quick as anything I know of, if he ain't got it too bad."

* * *

Got His Receipt.

HE had run up a small bill at the village store, and went to pay it, first asking for a receipt.

The proprietor grumbled and complained it was too small to give a receipt for. It would do just as well, he said, to cross the account off, and so drew a diagonal pencil line across the book.

"Does that settle it?" asked the customer.

"Sure."

"An' ye'll never be askin' for it agin'?"

"Certainly not."

"Faith, thin," said the other coolly, "an' I'll kape me money in me pocket."

"But, I can rub that out," said the storekeeper.

"I thought so," said the customer dryly. "Maybe ye'll be givin' me a receipt now. Here's yer money."—*Lippincott's*.

* * *

Staff Humour.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier hasn't added to his great reputation as a stage manager by taking to Western Canada his sunny smile when what the Westerners really wanted was a heavy rainfall.

Aviation—the "heavier-than-air" term for flying.

Wheat may threaten to fail, the peach crop is "ruined" annually, but, alas! there's no failure of the strike talk crop.

Some fine day an aviator who has a sense of the appropriate coupled with a wish to get a balky machine up in the air will call his air craft "Price of Flour."

If Mr. Roosevelt will promise to not come over here and lecture us nor try to twist the beaver's tail, we may venture to remark that "Teddy" is almost steady.

Exhibitions of views of the Johnson-Jeffries fight being prohibited in many districts, it looks as if those views will soon be in the same class as the "pictures no artist can paint."

CALOX

THE OXYGEN TOOTH POWDER

Clean Your Teeth With OXYGEN

by using Calox, the Oxygen Tooth Powder. Decay of the teeth is caused by germs, which produce acids that destroy the enamel. Calox contains Oxygen and Milk of Lime. The Oxygen destroys the germs and the Milk of Lime neutralizes the acids, while the powder itself whitens and polishes the teeth.

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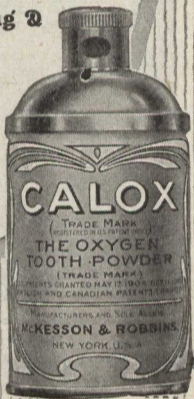
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People and Places

The Story of the Icelanders.

LATELY, there has been history on the Red River. A few days ago, a little party of Icelanders filed out of their church and marched to the big steamer *Winnitoba* for a short excursion. They were a reflective crowd, thinking of the old days. Thirty-five years ago the first men of Iceland reached Winnipeg. From there they pushed out in barges northward to the west shore of Lake Winnipeg. The trip was not very smooth. Sometimes the frail craft grounded; notably when the St. Andrews Rapids were reached. Four days they drifted. At last, the mouth of the river greeted them; then there was a pause till the Colville of the Hudson Bay Company fleet chugged into sight and hauled the lonely foreigners on board. On Sunday, October 20th, 1875, at a jut of land on the west coast known as Willow Point they disembarked from the Colville. Possibly this Sabbath Day was the most depressive that they ever spent in their lives. From the crowded thoroughfares of the East to the trails of the wilderness was rather an abrupt transition. Indians stalked out of the bush and welcomed them with mild wonder. The nights were hideous with the barking of prairie wolves.

That was thirty-five years ago. Willow Point is now Gimili of the Icelanders, one of the prosperous immigrant settlements of the Dominion. To-day there are at least ten thousand Icelanders in Canada—great many assimilated. Icelanders sit in the legislatures, publish newspapers; some of the young chaps have won Rhode Scholarships and played football. Such is the making of Canada.

* * *

Art Treasures in Fredericton.

THAT very keen gentleman, J. Purves Carter, English artist, has sprung another sensation. Last autumn, it will be remembered, he rummaged through an old lumber room at Laval University, and told the academicians that their storehouse was the greatest art gallery in Canada, alleging that it contained, for instance, Ruben's Fruit Garland, also a Gainsborough, a Salvator Rosa, and a Poussin. While a great many people agreed with Mr. Carter, some thought that clever copies had bamboozled him. In fact, the Laval Collection is a mystery yet; no one has been able to quite decide as to the individual merits of the two million dollars' worth of art treasures in the quaint Quebec College. Mr. Purves Carter has given it up, though not his hobby of digging up rare pictures. He has migrated elsewhere, lately to New Brunswick. The other day he journeyed to Fredericton. In the Council Chamber of the Government Building, four courtly figures have for years looked down benignly from their gilt frames. Who they are every high-school boy can tell: King George of Tea Party fame, Queen Charlotte, Glenig, Scottish Earl, and His Excellency, the Earl of Sheffield. As to who painted these pictures, well, no one in Fredericton has been able to recollect.

Connoisseur Purves Carter has come out with his explanation. Arriving from Boston in St. John the other night, he said that the paintings of King George III. and Queen Charlotte were no less than the work of Sir Joshua Reynolds; that the Glenig one was done by Graham, famous Scotch artist, and that John Hoppner, R.A., was responsible for the portrait of the Earl of Sheffield.

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The Inland Revenue Department at Ottawa recently made analyses of various brands of Lime Juice sold in Canada. Seven samples of "MONTERRAT"—purchased in New Brunswick, Quebec, Ontario, Alberta and British Columbia—were analysed and all were found "genuine". See Government Bulletin 197.

One of the great advantages of "MONTERRAT" is that it fits in so nicely with other things. It makes the most delicious cooling drinks—is cheaper and better than lemons—and may be used in cooking instead of lemons with greater satisfaction to cook and guests.

Write to-day for the book of recipes. Your druggist or grocer has the genuine "MONTERRAT".

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35,000 KELSEYS have been installed in homes of all sizes, the finest residences, schools and churches.

The Jas. Smart Mfg. Co. Limited. Brockville, Ont.

MONEY AND MAGNATES

Possible to Assemble Ore and Coke Cheaper at Hamilton than at Pittsburg.

THE official statement brought out in connection with the organisation of the Steel Company of Canada that it is possible to assemble both ore and coke for the manufacture of steel at a lower cost at Hamilton (Ont.) than can be done even in Pittsburg, would surely come in for considerable discussion, if it did not happen that the statement came from officials who had formerly been identified with some of the United States companies and are now connected with some of the companies included in the new Hamilton Steel and Montreal Rolling Mills consolidation which will have its headquarters in Hamilton. The actual difference in favour of the Canadian centre will, it is said, amount to quite a little in the period of a year, but that there should be any difference at all indicates just what possibilities there are ahead of Hamilton as the great steel centre of the country.

Then the question arises as to how the cost of manufacture at Hamilton compares with that at Sydney. Of course the two big Canadian steel corporations, operating one at Sydney and the other at Hamilton, do not conflict in their line of manufacture, as some of the companies included in the Hamilton consolidation are the largest customers of the Dominion Iron & Steel Company, but viewed in a general way there seems to be very little to choose between the two places as far as the manufacture of most lines is concerned. Of course it seems only natural that the Sydney company should be able to assemble their ore and coke even at a somewhat lower cost than can be done at Hamilton, but on the other hand the Hamilton concern has a great advantage over the eastern company by the fact that over 80 per cent. of its total output is marketed within a radius of about seventy miles from Hamilton, while in the case of the Sydney company, it has to ship its products hundreds of miles before they reach the largest customers, and in this way a very much higher cost would have to be taken into consideration by the eastern company than applied to the concern that will have its headquarters at Hamilton.

Men who are in a position to know maintain that with the development that is occurring throughout Western Canada and the increased demand that is bound to be occasioned thereby for all forms of iron and steel products, that the growth of the industries of Ontario that cater to this class of trade will be far greater during the next five or ten years than in any previous similar period. All of which will give Hamilton further claims to the title of the Ambitious City.

* * *

C. P. R. Will Now Handle Million Barrels of Apples.

SOME one has remarked that one of the reasons why the Canadian Pacific Railway purchased the Dominion Atlantic Railway down in Nova Scotia was that somebody had told Sir Thos. Shaughnessy that such a purchase would enable him to handle as much as a million barrels of apples each fall, not only over the railway, but on the C. P. R. steamships to the Old Country. The story is an interesting one and whether it is true or not makes very little difference because the main reason why the C. P. R. did buy the line was that it would be an additional feeder to other lines or departments of the big system. Developments of the last few years have shown that the C. P. R. is practically all the time in the market for small roads, provided they have an established earning power or can fit in with some other lines of the company, but the most interesting feature about the Dominion Atlantic transaction is that it is one of the most striking indications that the C. P. R. group do not intend confining their interests to Western Canada, but are spreading out in every other section in a way that will enable it to handle business direct to and from almost every point in Canada. Besides running through a very beautiful country all the way from Halifax to Yarmouth, the Dominion Atlantic affords the Canadian Pacific a very fine entrance into the city of Halifax.

* * *

Easterners Won in Straight Sets in Scotia Fight.

AS they say in tennis scoring—won in straight sets. This about represents the interesting engagement that took place between what had been known as the Harris and the Forget groups for the control of the Nova Scotia Steel and Coal Company.

The players, however, were at times very closely matched and in some of the sets the scoring was particularly close, but somehow or other the canny Scotchman from Nova Scotia always seemed to have just enough to pull off a victory. The last episode in the protracted engagement occurred the other day when a syndicate, headed by President R. E. Harris and including prominent Montreal, Toronto and eastern capitalists concluded arrangements by which they took over the entire Scotia holdings of Mr. Rodolphe Forget and his friends.

In the end, fortunately, it was found possible to adjust the whole situation in a way that was satisfactory to every one concerned, and Montreal brokers and financial interests were greatly pleased when they saw Mr. Harris in company with Mr. Forget walking down the Wall Street of Montreal to the Montreal Stock Exchange to meet the various members. Of course quite naturally the brokers gave the couple a rousing reception, because it was felt that in a sense the large amount of stock carried by the Forget interests was hanging over the market and now that it had been taken up by very strong people it meant that the general market condition had been greatly strengthened. And so the absolute control of the Scotia Company remains where it always should have been, down in the Province of Nova Scotia, where every man feels that he has a sentimental, if not a financial interest in the development of the industry. Of course it is hardly to be expected that the syndicate that has assumed such a large block of the stock in addition to their already big holdings intend to hold on to all of it, and undoubtedly Canadian investors as they become better acquainted with the earnings that Scotia is now making and the possibilities for future development will absorb a very considerable amount of the stock around present market prices, more especially as there is a possibility of a larger dividend before the end of the present year.

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the following very significant statement was made by the President of the Company, Mr. E. P. Clement, K.C. :-

"We adhere to the opinion so often expressed at our meetings that the **Security of the principal should be the paramount consideration.** As a result of this policy we are able to report that after **forty years of operation we have not lost a single dollar of our invested funds.**"

HEAD OFFICE - WATERLOO, ONT.

In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier

The Scrap Book

A Hot-Weather Broil.

TRULY a hot weather quarrel this recent war between the pen and the city fathers of Edmonton—all over a brick of ice cream. The journal editor is quite wrathful. It seems that in Edmonton stands an institution called Happyland; surely there is nothing remarkable in that. What town in Canada to-day is minus its Elysian Happyland, or Dreamland wonderful banishers of dull care; outside a maze of coloured lights; past the doorkeeper smiling and effusive in his brass buttons the glorious strains of "Has Any One Here Seen Kelly" breaking on the ear? "All for a dime, ten cents," barks the florid proprietor. The performance is served up. You watch Jeffries floor Sam Berger, and while you are figuring out his chances with the Big Smoke, the scene abruptly changes. Exit the fighters; the fleeting pictures are now revealing the awful vicissitudes of Bertha, the Sewing-Machine Girl.

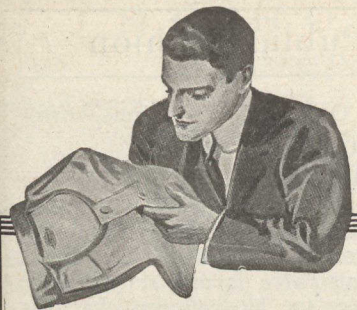
But Edmonton's Happyland, according to press descriptions, has none of these features extraordinary. It is merely a plain unvarnished booth—object to sell ice cream. Charitable mission to the parched throats these days! For many weeks this booth has dispensed the chill confection on every day in the week. Especially on the seventh day did the cones and the sodas disappear—horrible thing! thought someone trailing home from church one Sunday morn. The city council got wind of it, there was a pow-wow, the chief of police was dispatched to the scene—and Happyland on Sunday sells no more ice cream. Exclaims the *Journal*:—"Even in Toronto the good, where the desire to restrict the freedom of the individual runs rampant, the courts have given interpretations to the Sunday observance ordinances which prescribe ice cream as food and admit the right of dealers to sell and individuals to buy the same on Sunday."

* * *

REPLYING to the statements of Professor Osborne, the brilliant young Manitoban who has been criticising the Church in his new book, "The Faith of a Layman," "Presbyterian Minister" writes in the *Canadian Magazine* (July):

"After eight years' experience in the ministry, the present writer is able to read Professor Osborne's indictment of the Church with a sorrowful acquiescence. It would be a difficult matter to confute the majority of his statements. There is considerable apathy among the laity, and a reflex deadness in the pulpit. The average layman will not go to prayer-meeting, will not pray or talk in devotional meetings, is careless as to Bible study, private prayer and meditation, in country districts is disgracefully stingy, and yet with all his spiritual torpor, we believe there never was a time when the church member was so human, so sincere, so generous, or so lovable as he is to-day. We prefer him infinitely to a layman of the John Milton type, holy, austere, censorious, pig-headed, or even to our sanctimonious grandfather, solemn, fervent in prayer, but not a desirable man to live with, who wouldn't even allow the dishes to be washed on the Sabbath."

"But take him all in all, the minister of to-day is a far better example in every respect than the fox-hunting parson of Wesley's time, or even the high-browed, straight-laced, long-winded zeal-of-the-land busy type, the puritanical divine who flourished in the days of the Commonwealth."



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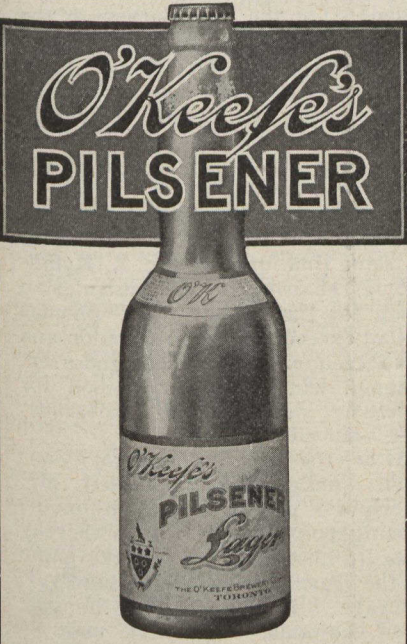
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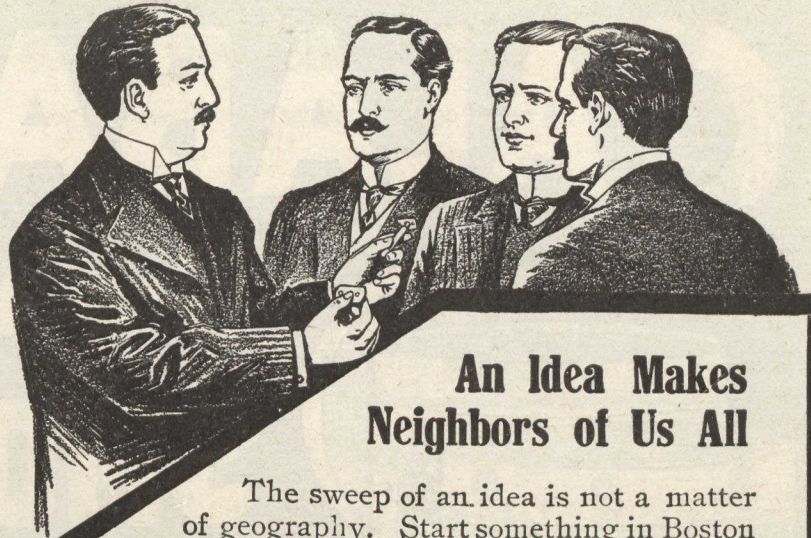
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THE CANADIAN FARM, 12 Wellington St. E., Toronto, Ont.

Public Opinion

Granby, Que., 13 June, 1910.

Editor CANADIAN COURIER,
Toronto:

Dear Sir,—I have read with interest the article by Mr. Justice Longley, "The Power of Edward," in a recent issue, but there is one statement in reference to late Queen Victoria which I think should not be allowed to pass unnoticed, viz., "During her long reign she never set foot in Ireland until she was past eighty." We read in Biography of Queen Victoria, by R. R. Holmes, Librarian to the Queen, p. 112, That in August, 1849 (age 30), the Queen, accompanied by the Prince Consort and four children, sailed from Cowes for Ireland and landed at Cove of Cork. In commemoration of this event, by the pleasure of the Queen, this place henceforth was to be called Queenston. On this trip the Queen visited Cork, Kingston, Dublin and Belfast.

Again, p. 157, On the 21st August, 1861 (age 42), the Queen, with Prince Consort, the Princesses Alice, Helena and Prince Alfred, crossed in the Royal Yacht from Holyhead to Dublin. They landed next morning at Kingston and took up their residence in the Vice-Regal Lodge in the Riding Park. It is said that the Queen, in recognition of the warm welcome which she received from the Irish people on her visit and as a compliment to Ireland, gave the name of Patrick to her next born son, the present Duke of Connaught.

Yours truly,

W. H. ROBINSON.

* * *

Editor CANADIAN COURIER:

Sir,—Journalism in Canada has only one Sir Knight in the person of Sir Hugh Graham, of the Montreal Star, but few know how near another Montreal newspaper man came to a similar honour as a result of the Imperial Press Conference last year.

Each of the delegations selected their own chairmen and secretaries, and on the first day of the conference all these overseas delegates met in the Waldorf Hotel to choose a chairman for the whole overseas contingent. On the sea journey to the Old Land the Canucks had selected Mr. James S. Brierly, of the Montreal Herald, as their spokesman, and Canada being the premier colony it was anticipated that he would be chosen for the chairmanship of the united delegations.

On his being nominated, however, he rose and declined the honour, at the same time moving Mr. R. Kyffin-Thomas, chairman of the Australasian group for the honour. Mr. Thomas was an exceedingly good selection and was thereupon unanimously endorsed, although had Mr. Brierly stood for office, he would in all probability, have been elected.

After the meeting several Canadians indignantly upbraided Mr. Brierly for passing such an honour, it being pointed out that he thereby missed a chance of playing the game for the Dominion. He was, however, obdurate. "I appreciate the honour, boys," he said, "but there may be some decorations coming from this, and Mr. Thomas is a wealthy man who can worthily wear such a distinction. And as Canada already has a newspaper Knight I felt I should not accept."

And so the last honour list contained notice of the conferring of a decoration which makes of the proprietor of the Register of Adelaide, Sir Robert Kyffin-Thomas.

J. N.



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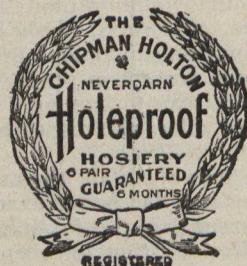
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guarantee that makes
it good."



THE HOUR OF PERIL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19.

voiced cry of despair rose shrill above the crashing echoes, and three or four of the resplendent air-ships, with shattered cables soared up into the sunshine as though in triumph.

Hoskin stood upright and for a moment looked down at his work, then with a leap was at her side in shelter.

"They're crushed in masses," he panted, then, seizing her hand dragged her over the rough, loose stones in the darkness. As they went they heard rocks falling from overhead to block the tunnel's mouth behind them, though ahead the way was still clear.

Out into the daylight at the further end, came the more perilous descent, but fleeing, with the deadly fear of an air-ship's shadow falling on them, they passed with sure-footed swiftness on the edge of heights where at other times they could only have crawled. Down, down they sped, until they stood on the grass of their own valley, the valley where they had longed to loiter until the winter's snows. But they looked on that valley with other eyes now. From a home, if only for a week made sacred to them alone, it had turned into a trap, perhaps a death scene.

For a few moments they rested, to regain breath, close up against the rocky wall, that already sent out its lengthening shadow. Their aching eyes dared not leave that blue strip overhead where at any moment the air-ships might appear. Their horses were grazing happily near the pool, and the smoke of their camp-fire rose in the still air. Tim Nolan had already begun to prepare their supper, and his cheerful whistle added to the serenity of the scene.

"Jove! We must get the fire out," Hoskin muttered, then, "You stay here behind this rock while I run over and help Tim catch the horses."

"But I could be packing the food," she protested.

"No, stay here."

Then she knew how slim he thought their chances to be.

First a dash of water on the fire, then her horse was saddled and led over to her.

"If they come before we're back, make for our old trail," Hoskin said and was gone.

The entrance to their valley was not far from her hiding-place, and she might have managed to reach it unobserved by skirting the open under the beetling cliff's shadow.

Her sturdy brown pony rubbed his nose against her arm and there seemed comfort and promise of help in the warm touch. Her eyes followed every movement of the two men. They were leaving the stores! Surely that meant certain starvation! No, Tim Nolan had flung across his horse a canvas bag that held their tea, bacon and flour, while her husband was loading himself with the ammunition. Thank God, those waiting moments were over, and they were leading their horses towards her at a run. If it were life or death now, it was together, and she could face it. Scrambling on her pony's back, she was ready for them, and in Indian file, they skirted the grass, until the defile took them into it's shadow, without one backward glance at their deserted camp. Then began a nightmare of flight, lasting for days and nights. When it was too dark for mountain travel, and they were too weary to stick on their ponies, they rested, one man keeping watch while the other slept.

No crag or defile, however, pathless or shut in, was safe from the terror that might descend on them at any moment from that bright Sep-

tember sky. It was two days before they dared light a fire, but they kept life in them with some biscuits and meat lozenges which Hoskin had carried in a wallet for their mid-day lunch, and luckily for them, water was never far to seek.

"'Twould be worth going out of our way to get at them tough boys in the mines an' lumber camps," said Tim Nolan who, since breaking up camp had never spoken on unnecessary word until now. He had all his life faced the perils of the wilderness, but the terror of the unknown was on him and chilled his heart.

It was in a mining-camp that they first looked on other faces than their own three haggard ones, and for a moment the nightmare lifted, held at bay by the neighbourhood of their kind. But the responsive blanching of those faces to their tale warned them that the terror was not over-spent. They went on, leaving as they passed, a trail of men, grimly arming themselves, and gathering the few women and children to shelter.

Then at last they had reached their bourne, the nearest station of the Mounted Police, whose increased detachments in these latter days had spread from the great plains into the western passes and so out to the coast.

Night had all but closed in on that little mountainside station when the officer in command, sitting smoking in after-dinner peace, in front of his cabin, noticed a tread of horses and stir of voices down by the men's huts, and strolling thither came on an eager group around two gaunt, way-worn men and one woman.

The major never forgot the droop of that last dark figure against the sunset, the loose brown hair around the wan face, and the shadows of fear in the big blue eyes.

"Are you the officer in command? I have something to report," came quickly from the younger man, who seemed the leader. And then, in brief, tense words was told a tale that set astir the telegraph wires from the Pacific to the Atlantic, and from Hudson's Bay to the Mexican Gulf.

It brought the troopers to their ranks, and sent the great part of them clattering off in pairs into the night.

For a week two great nations stood to their arms in the passive determination only known to those who defend their homes, while north and south, picked bodies of scouts explored the mountain fastnesses.

Then, all at once, the tension snapped, and towns broke out red with flags and resonant with bells, for the great sea-victory achieved by the combined English and American Pacific fleets, a victory that shattered the power of the east for generations to come.

During that week Hoskin lay at the Mounted Police station in a heavy fever. He had broken a rib by a slip on loose stones the first day of their flight, though he had not let his wife know of it. The pain, the strain of fatigue and hunger, and fear for his girl-wife, as well as the terror that he had looked down upon had sapped his strength, and the autumn chill was in the air before he was able to sit at the door and watch the stir of the little camp around him.

It was very good to be alive in the September sunshine, with Nettie sitting on a camp-chair nearby, mending some of their well-worn clothing.

Tim Nolan was within speaking distance putting a patch on his boots.

It seemed as though all that lay between them and their last camp

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NOW, this is *not* a talk about money.

Isn't a contrast between the rich and the poor, for in some things we are all equally rich and there are no poor brothers.

The poorest woman in the land can have just as good bread as the richest. The children who walk can have just as delicious pies and cakes and "goodies" as the children who ride in carriages.

All the money in the world cannot buy better flour than "ROYAL HOUSEHOLD", for there isn't any better.

And the woman who does her own baking can have just as good bread as is served to the Royal Household of England, and *that* is made from ROYAL HOUSEHOLD FLOUR sent to England from Canada.

And then, a barrel of

"ROYAL HOUSEHOLD" produces many more loaves than a barrel of ordinary flour. The bread is better—sweeter, nicer to eat—and more wholesome—has more health and strength in it—makes more delicious pies, cakes, biscuits and doughnuts. Children, whose mothers use "ROYAL HOUSEHOLD" at home, can have just as good baked things as the Princes and Princesses of England.

Although "ROYAL HOUSEHOLD" costs a little more per barrel than ordinary flour it contains so much more nourishment and makes so much more bread of superior quality it is in reality the most economical of all flours.

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26

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"Lait-Larola" is a perfect emollient milk quickly absorbed by the skin, leaving no trace of grease or stickiness after use, allaying and soothing all forms of irritation caused by the sun, winds and hard water. It not only

PRESERVES THE SKIN

but beautifies the Complexion, making it SOFT, SMOOTH AND WHITE, LIKE THE PETALS OF THE LILY.

The daily use of "Lait-Larola" effectually prevents all Redness, Roughness and Irritation, and gives a resisting power to the skin in changeable weather. Delightfully Cooling and Refreshing after MOTORING, GOLFING, TENNIS, CYCLING, ETC.

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ARGO



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50 Cents for 3

124

had been a dream, or rather a nightmare from which one awakes into the blessed daylight.

Before Hoskin was able to leave his bed, the camp had been stirred by the return of the detachment sent north in search of the remnants of that hostile advance-guard.

Not a soul alive there now, airships and supplies had vanished with those able to flee, was the report.

Tim Nolan had listened with grim enjoyment to the account of mangled bodies, to which in many cases death had evidently come with lingering tortures, but the tale was softened down before it reached Nettie and her husband. Even then, it was often enough in their minds, as now, when they sat together in silence.

"What became of your stones, Nettie?" Hoskin asked with the sudden irrelevant curiosity of a convalescent.

"I kept them through it all, or rather I suppose I forgot to throw them away. But yours are gone," she said.

"Yes, cartridges seemed more to the point just then—I flung mine on the grass in camp."

"But we'll never go back for them," she pleaded, paling. She never told him how he had raved of that death-wail under the falling rock, and of the sickening sight he had looked down on, but perhaps he guessed what she meant.

"No. There they can stay. Nolan shall have his third of yours, and we'll realize on ours."

But when Nolan heard the story he thought differently.

"'Twasn't any valley of dry bones an' mashed Chinamen as was going to keep him from dying a millyonnair in New York or London. If Mr. Hoskin would take out his mining rights, he'd get a man or two together in the spring an' work the thing for him, and bring them back the dimons in bagfuls."

And so he did, and the mine became world known as "Dead Men's Bones' Mine."

Furthest West Museum

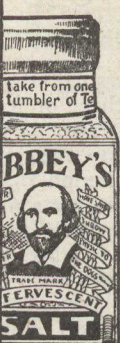
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

no man may number them. I have seen the tiny phalarope fairly darken the scene before which they arose, yet so wondrous is the instinct that the great Creator has implanted that this huge, swiftly flying mass, whirring along with a roar as of a mighty wind, will suddenly, and so certainly and swiftly and surely turn, that it looks like the evolution of one bird, instead of the compact massed flight of a score of thousands. I have often wondered how the signal of this immediate curving in the air is given. The birds fly close together, there is no room for any that make a false motion; but so certain is the movement that while the birds are travelling at some fifty miles an hour in close formation they can instantly turn back on their path and return along it at undiminished speed.

In other cases you will see the woodland birds. This order increases as civilisation spreads. I know of many varieties that simply pass over the northern end of Vancouver Island, dipping down and sweeping off every vestige of vegetation that surrounds the tiny cabin in the clearing, then striking off for some favoured land where man has cleared the fields, and the bugs and flies are many.

Shells and shell fish, insects and birds' eggs, fish and sea mammals are all here in goodly array.

There is one passing race to which you should give good attention. The Coast Indian is rapidly, before our eyes, losing all that was individual of a tribe and a people.



Abbey's Effer-Vescent Salt

A sensible man takes out rheumatic kinks with a morning draught of Abbey's Salt.

What do you do with them?
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A superb Brut Wine of unsurpassed style and flavor.

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Royal Warrants have been granted to Messrs. G. H. MUMM & CO. by
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His Majesty The German Emperor.
His Majesty The Emperor of Austria.
His Majesty The King of Italy.
His Majesty The King of Sweden.
His Majesty The King of Denmark.
His Majesty The King of the Belgians.
His Majesty The King of Spain.



Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on FRIDAY, 19th AUGUST, 1910, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years six times per week each way, between BAYSVILLE and BRACEBRIDGE from the 1st October next.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of Baysville, Bracebridge and Stoneleigh and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
Mail Service Branch
Ottawa, 17th July, 1910.
G. C. Anderson,
Superintendent.



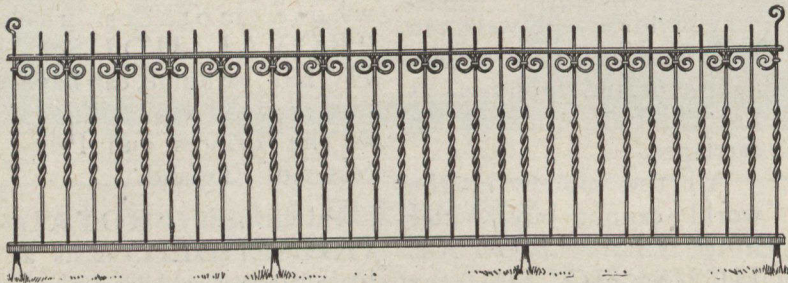
Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on FRIDAY, the 26th August, 1910, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years as required between HAMILTON POST OFFICE and STREET LETTER BOXES from the 12th September next.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tenders may be obtained at the Post Office of Hamilton (General).

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
MAIL SERVICE BRANCH,
Ottawa, 8th July, 1910.
G. C. ANDERSON,
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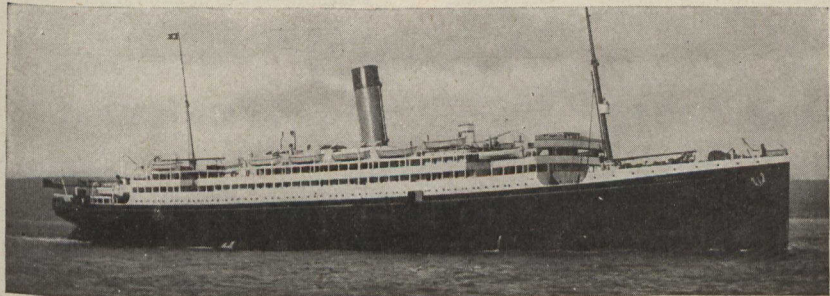
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EATON'S



Chalmers Motor Cars

Announcement of 1911 Models

Prices: "30" Touring Car, \$2275; Pony Tonneau, \$2375; "Forty" Touring Car, \$3750

In announcing the Chalmers Models for 1911, the most noteworthy fact is that in all vital features they remain the same as the cars that have created world's records for efficiency, endurance and speed—such as winning the Indiana and Massepequa trophies—blazing the way from Denver to Mexico City and mapping the path for the Glidden Tour of 1910. Trade papers last year gave the Chalmers the title of "Champion Cars."

The best evidence of Chalmers merit, however, is not the trophies won in tests of all kinds, but thousands of satisfied users, the majority of whom have the means to purchase cars of any kind.

In general, the greatest improvement on the 1911 Chalmers consists in refinement of detail, like the artist's final touch to the masterpiece.

In detail—the curves just back of the tonneau doors have been straightened out, making the low, rakish, straight-lined bodies which every maker strives so hard to obtain. The seats have been lowered, adding materially to the riding comfort.

The tonneaus of both "30" and "Forty" have been made longer and wider. The fenders

have been changed slightly, adding to the graceful appearance of the car and at the same time affording greater protection from water and mud.

The angle of the steering post has been changed slightly so as to allow more space between steering wheel and driving seat.

The brackets supporting the running boards are fastened inside the frame, making the exterior of the car appear perfectly smooth.

The battery box has been placed under the rear floor and a tool box big enough to hold a pump placed on the left running board, a change that every driver will praise.

New style carburetors are used on both motors and their economy and uniformity of operation under all conditions will surprise every buyer.

Complete with a Bosch magneto, big new-style gas lamps, Prest-O-Lite tank, a special Chalmers top and spare tire carrier.

As in former years, the Chalmers principle is not to make as many cars as possible, but to make them as good as possible. Chalmers cars are built on a quality, not a quantity basis.

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