

# The Canadian **C**ourier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



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## THE LURE OF THE GARDEN

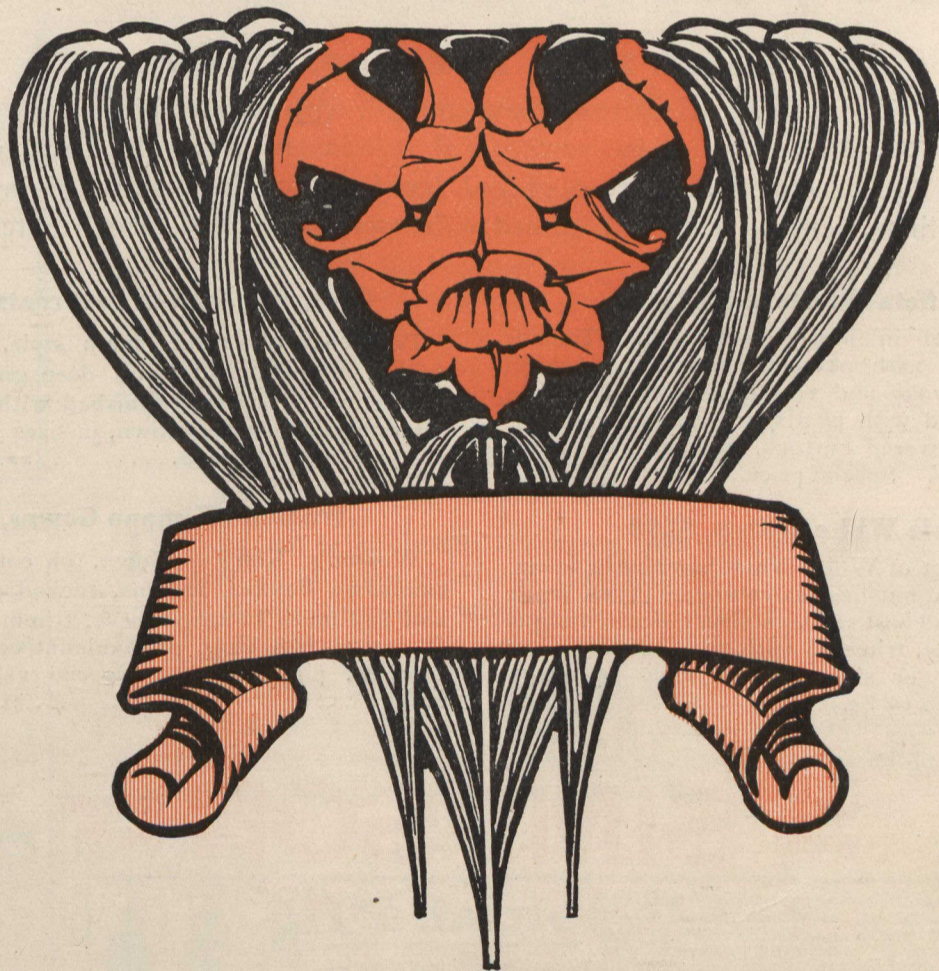
By J. W. WHEATON

## PROGRESS OF CIVIC IMPROVEMENT

By PROF. H. L. HUTT

## THE ART OF A. M. FLEMING

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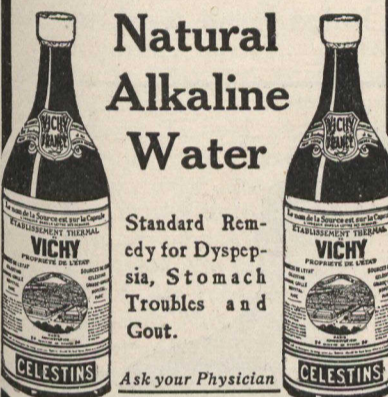
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# The Canadian Courier

## A National Weekly

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### CONTENTS

IN THE DAY'S WORK	5
REFLECTIONS	6
THROUGH A MONOCLE	8
CANADIAN ART EXHIBITION	9
PROGRESS IN CIVIC IMPROVEMENT	10
ARTISTIC EFFECTS IN CANADIAN GARDENS	11
THE LURE OF THE GARDEN	12
THE ART OF CIVIC IMPROVEMENT	13
THE ART OF A. M. FLEMING	14
IMPROVING THE COUNTRY ROADS	14
WORKS OF A YOUNG LANDSCAPE ARTIST	15
AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE	16
WHY HE WAS NAMED ANANIAS, Story	17
DEMI-TASSE	18
PEOPLE AND PLACES	19
MONEY AND MAGNATES	21
FLOWERS AND VEGETABLES	22
MUSIC AND DRAMA	24
FOR THE CHILDREN	25

## Editor's Talk

THE current issue is a special number, in keeping with the season of sowing, upon which we are entering. The garden is treated, from both the aesthetic and practical standpoint, while valuable technical advice is offered on the subject of planting the seeds which are to bear such crops as make glad the Canadian farmer or horticulturist. The matter of civic improvement is ably treated by Professor Hutt, while the improvement of our roads is also dwelt upon by one actively interested in the movement towards better conditions. Altogether, we feel that this number is of unusual pictorial and practical interest.

THERE will be an especial feature in next week's publication dealing with the Dominion Fish Hatcheries, a subject of interest to all Canadians, whether of the Atlantic, Pacific or inland provinces.

AT an early date we shall publish an article by Mr. J. E. B. McCready on that much-needed construction, the Prince Edward Island Tunnel, in which the writer shows the reasonable nature of the demand made by the extreme East.



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## COUGHS, COLDS, "LA GRIPPE"

Every one is familiar with the distressing symptoms of the above-named ailments—although they do not seem serious enough to justify the employment of a physician—remember "a stitch in time saves nine" and that if these ailments are allowed to run on unchecked they may terminate in diseases most destructive in their results, such as Bronchitis, Pneumonia, Lung Troubles, and Tuberculosis.



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E3-4

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It Insures Satisfaction



E3-5. Fine English Worsted Cloths, pure wool, made up into "Eaton Brand" Suits. The colors are fashionable smoke greys, olives and browns, with neat colored stripes running through them, this season's newest, extra well tailored, with considerable hand work on them (made as described at top of this page) with best of linings, as cut E3-4. Sizes 36 to 44. .... **16<sup>50</sup>**

E3-6. Fine Suits for Spring, 1909, very new, nifty designs, made from English fabrics, all-wool worsteds. The colors are olive, smoke greys and browns, colored stripe making very pretty combinations. The suits are "Eaton Brand" with hand-made button-holes, hand padded and hand felled collars, hair cloth right down front of coat, best linings, as cut E3-4. Sizes 36 to 44. .... **18<sup>00</sup>**

E3-7. Choicest English Fabrics, this season's newest designs, made up into Men's Suits "Eaton Brand," brown with purple stripe and fashionable smoke shades with pin colored stripes, clear cut worsteds, all-wool materials, some silk mixed, hand tailored, best workmanship throughout, as cut E3-4. Sizes 36 to 44. .... **20<sup>00</sup>**



E3-8

The "EATON BRAND" cloth is shrunk to the limit before being made up. This prevents the slightest shrinking of the goods while you wear the garments. The cutting is all done by hand, ensuring a neater and more refined finish to the seams and other portions of the garment. Each part of the suit—coat, trousers, vest—is put together by an expert on that particular garment. Specialists also attend to the collar, the shoulders, the pockets and flaps, basting of the edges before stitching, basting the linings, making of sleeves; each doing that one thing the best it can be done. This surely convinces you that "EATON BRAND" clothing is the highest degree of tailoring excellence. Add to this large buying of material, large production and economical selling, and you have first-class clothing at moderate prices.

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# Canadian Courier

## THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



VOL. 5

Toronto, March 13th, 1909

No. 15

### IN THE DAY'S WORK

#### A Big Boston Canadian

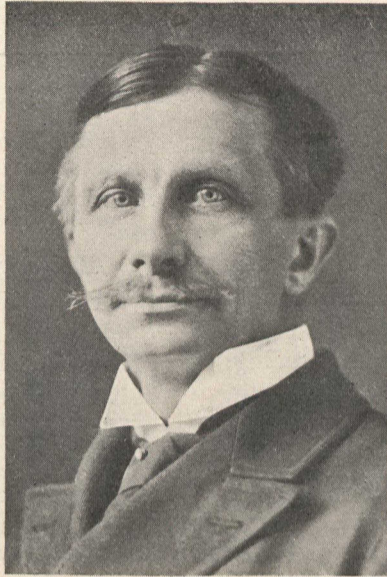
COL. ALEXANDER GRAHAM is the new president of the Canadian Club in Boston. If there is one city more than another in the United States where a Canadian Club ought to flourish it should be in Boston—for in and around that city are eighty thousand Canadians. Of these, Colonel Graham is one of the most prominent. He was born in Hamilton. In Toronto he got his early education in business; was once a member of the Royal Grenadiers and the Queen's Own Rifles; served in the Northwest Rebellion in 1885 and afterwards moved to Montreal, being transferred from the Queen's Own to the Victoria Rifles. Twenty years ago he joined the young men's exodus from Canada and went to Boston where he has been ever since—in the same business. Still imbued with the military spirit, he joined the Ancient and Honourable Artillery of Massachusetts, with whom he made the famous trip to London some years ago, and on his return was elected Lieutenant-Colonel Commanding of the British Naval and Military Veterans of Massachusetts—an unusual organisation made up of British and Canadian soldiers and sailors, some of them from all parts of the earth. In 1901 Colonel Graham headed a delegation to St. John, N.B., and on behalf of his organisation presented the Duke and Duchess of York with an illuminated address. He was largely instrumental in the formation of the Boston Canadian Club, of which he is now the president, having been successively third, second and first vice-president. In accepting the honour the new president gave expression to some very patriotic sentiments concerning Canada and the United States. Speaking as a business man interested directly in the cotton and woollen manufacturing industries of New England, he said:

"Let one of these countries have a great misfortune, and I assure you it means millions of losses to the commercial life of the other. I have always found that business suffers when our customers have misunderstandings, and our mills have to retrench. Therefore is it not wise and good judgment that this club do its utmost to cement the great commercial and social life that has been going on for the past fifteen years?"

\* \* \*

#### Young Horace Greeley

AN exceedingly wise poet once said, "The child is father of the man." That was so long ago, that it is quite certain he was not referring to the precocity of modern children. What he did mean was practically worked out some years ago by a pair of young Canadians—the Pelton Brothers, of Yarmouth, Nova Scotia. These two young men are the youngest newspaper proprietors in Canada—probably in the world. Guy C. is 21; Gerald V. is 20. They are the sons of Judge Pelton of the County Court of Nova Scotia, who represented the Dominion Government at South America a few years ago in behalf of the imprisoned men, sailors of Canada who were seized by the Uruguayan Government off Monte Video. Then years ago, at the age of 11 and 10 respectively, these young men were the publishers and proprietors of a regular monthly magazine, and a publication which attracted the attention of the *Success Magazine*, which at that time contained an editorial on these young editors. The magazine established then is still prospering. Two years ago these same two established a daily newspaper, which has since grown to such an enormous extent that



Prof. Fernow.

there are now employed twenty hands, electric presses and electric motors to bring out this uncapitalised venture. At the ages of 21 and 20 these young men find themselves the proprietors of a successful daily newspaper, started by a couple of young schoolboys without one cent of capital and without financial backing of any kind and in the face of odds under which other dailies of the same town were forced to close up.

\* \* \*

#### The "Curios" of the Trees

TO know both books and trees intimately is not the lot of many men in Canada. Prof. B. E. Fernow, Dean of the School of Forestry in the University of Toronto, knows a good deal about both. But Canada cares vastly more for what the Dean knows about trees than for what he knows about books. Prof. Fernow is doing a great work in Canada. He has been in Toronto but a year or two at the head of the School of Forestry, but he has already said and done a great deal to rouse and convince the public on the subject of forest preservation, which lately has become almost as important as the whole of Canadian politics. Prof. Fernow is an enthusiast. He loves trees. To him trees are very real. He is not a nature poet but a practical man of culture who has become interested in a phase of Canadian life of late sadly neglected. He is a lover of music and of art as well as of literature. But he is working on behalf of the trees of Canada. He is doing a work which long after he is dead will bear fruit in this country, so much of whose grandeur and simple beauty as well as industry and economics come from the forest.

\* \* \*

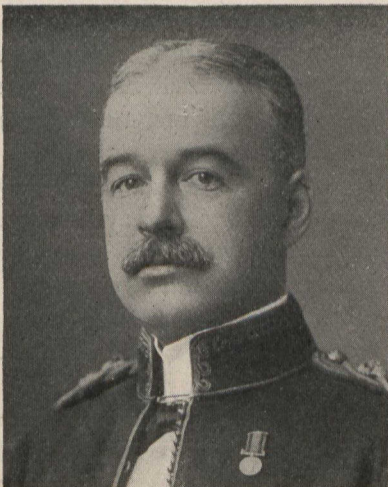
#### A Gridiron Government

THE Government headed by Premier Rutherford of Alberta has just endorsed the policy lately enunciated by the Premier—to guarantee bonds of three transcontinental railways to the extent of 1,681 miles of road, representing an aggregate cost of more than twenty-five million dollars. This is the largest bond guarantee of railways ever undertaken at a single stroke by any Canadian government; it is part of the programme of settlement and development that this Government has undertaken without reference to the Dominion Government, though with the complete sympathy of the Minister of the Interior. Eight years ago in the city where Premier Rutherford holds the seat of power guaranteeing bonds for road enough to span the entire Northwest from Winnipeg to Vancouver, there was not even a railway station. More than half of the proposed lines are to run north and south. Lines are to be extended to the Crow's Nest and to Canmore; also towards the Peace River. On this enormous mileage of gridirons the Government retains as security, first mortgage on the lines, rolling stock and equipment.

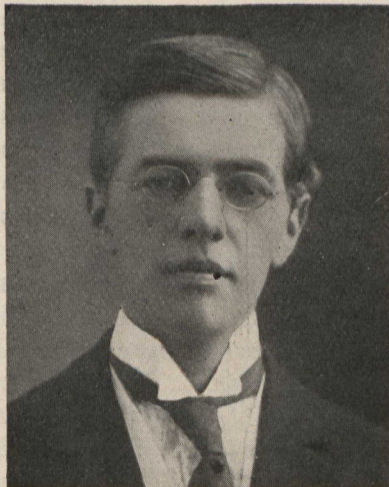
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#### Aeroplanes in Nova Scotia

THAT indefatigable spirit, Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, President of the National Aerial Experiment Association, has notified Cortland Field Bishop, President of the Aero Club of America, to send representatives of the club to Nova Scotia for the purpose of making official records of aeroplane flights that are to be made there by members of the association during the next week. March would not seem to the outsider an ideal month for aeroplane experiments but no doubt the latest aircraft must learn to stand all sorts and conditions of weather. The East with wireless stations and aeroplane regattas, is in the scientific van.



Lieut.-Col. A. P. Graham,  
President Boston Canadian Club.

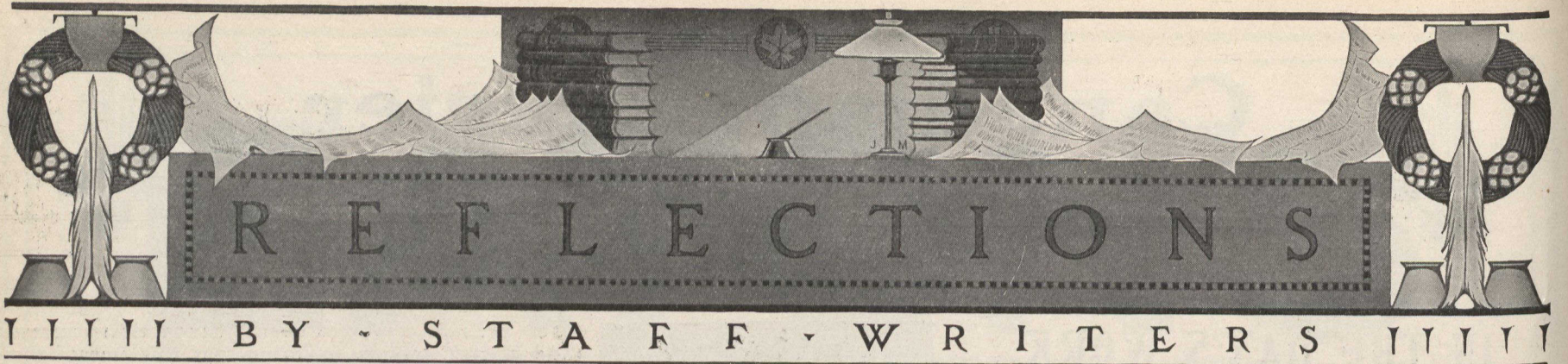


Mr. Guy C. Pelton,

Joint Publishers of the Yarmouth, N. S., Globe.



Mr. Gerald V. Pelton,



### THE RACING SEASON OF 1909

CANADA looks forward to the racing season of 1909 with considerable interest and some apprehension. The moral wave that has swept the horse race out of nearly every state in the Union leads to a conclusion that the sport of kings is not an unmixed blessing, that it has features that it would be well to suppress. But there the trouble begins. For the suppression of the disagreeable features means the death of the sport. No state has yet legislated against horse racing. Each has passed laws against the gambling which either follows in its train or is responsible for its existence.

In Canada, racing has come to us by inheritance from our British fathers. They still race horses and continue to figure that what is good enough for their king is not too bad for common people. And in Canada we figure along pretty much the same lines. We take our racing with its sugar-coating of vice-regal patronage and fashion and close our eyes to the disagreeable pill the coating may cover.

But across the line there has been a large race track following who have made an easy living by trading on the foolishness of people who try to turn a sport into a means of getting rich quick. Will this undesirable element go back to work now that their trade in the Republic has been wiped out, or will they try to find new fields to cultivate, in Canadian race tracks? It is only natural to conclude that the great majority of them will head this way and the coming season will tell whether they can kill the sport in Canada even as they have across the line.

So far as the actual racing goes it should be a wonderful season on the Canadian circuit. While a few of the millionaire American owners have taken their horses to England, the others will have to choose between the non-betting, curtailed meets of the Metropolitan circuit, with their cut stakes and purses, and the open racing in Canada. This means a better class of horses for Canada than has ever raced here before. For after all it is the American horse that makes the Canadian meet. We have our classics like the King's Plate open only to Canadian-breds, that are won by the big Canadian owners with horses of their own breeding, but the other features of the Canadian turf as a rule go to horses from the big breeding farms down south.

Thus racing will be emphasised in both directions and the question to be decided is whether the future of the sport in Canada did not depend on its not becoming too emphatic. Whether the venter of patronage and fashion is sufficient to cover the shortcomings of the sport when it is given in stronger doses. The season of 1909 should furnish the answer to this question.



### THE ALBERTA ELECTIONS

ALBERTA is shortly to have its second general election to select its second legislature. Premier Rutherford seems to have done well and there is no reason to believe that there will be a change of government. It is perhaps unfortunate, but not surprising, that the Opposition is so weak. A strong Opposition usually makes a stronger Government. Any provincial party-in-power which tries to reduce the Opposition to the vanishing point is inviting trouble for itself and for the province over which it rules.

Alberta is progressive and progressing. Railways are pushing their long arms here and there through the length and breadth of its enormous area, and yet are unable to keep up with the settler. Its eastern and western boundaries will this year be connected by three transcontinental railways, and its northern and southern boundaries are also being drawn closer together by the same rapid extension of railway communication. The province is now entering upon a policy of guaranteeing the bonds of branch lines of such local significance that the Federal Government cannot be expected to assist. The province has also undertaken to purchase and operate its own telephone

system, eliminating the Bell Telephone Company and other private corporations. It has even gone so far as to establish provincial creameries and to make an appropriation for a pork-packing industry. Shortly, it will possibly go into the business of mining and distributing coal.

The only possible danger is the too speedy widening of governmental and municipal activity along the lines of ownership. Free schools and free text-books are defensible because education is of primary importance. Guaranteeing railway bonds is justifiable as a temporary expedient for increasing the rate of railway-building, without adding to the burden of administration. Operating telephones, creameries and pork-packing establishments is a more doubtful proposition, and it is just questionable if the province is justified in indulging itself in this way. However, that is a policy which may be left safely to the people themselves to decide. If they find it unwise, they will not hesitate about abandoning it in favour of private operation of public utilities.



### THE PUBLIC AND REFORMS

SUGGESTIONS of reforms come from the people and not from the parliamentary representatives who make the laws. This is a circumstance which is too often overlooked. Very few great forward measures originate within parliaments. The member of parliament or legislature is more concerned with vote-getting and vote-pleasing and with party organisation without and within the legislative body to which he belongs, than to initiating reforms in administration. The political worker who is not a member is too often a mere echo of his parliamentary hero; he is seldom found advocating reforms.

It is the business of the public to project and advocate reforms. They must talk and agitate them, write letters to the newspapers, pass resolutions at public meetings, and encourage those leaders of public opinion who are not active members of a party organisation. For example, the reforms in the care of game of various kinds have been advocated by Fish and Game Associations of one kind or another. Improvements in the care of our forests and in the attitude of the people towards reforestation are coming from such organisations as the Canadian Forestry Association. The movement for law reform has not come from within the provincial legislatures but from broad-minded observers on the outside.

The movement for further Civil Service Reform in the federal government and in the various provincial administrations must come from the people if it is to come at all. It is the people, not the politicians, who are in a position to make war on patronage and the spoils system. It is the people alone who may advocate the removal from our public life of that form of bribery which pays for votes or partisan service with employment at the taxpayers' cost. A civil service appointed and controlled by political partisans cannot give efficient public administration. The civil service must be put upon an independent, business-like basis if incompetence, partisanship, favouritism and greed are to be eradicated.

Public service of this kind is a self-denying ordinance. The man who has a business and a family may find that studying and agitating civil service reform is a tax upon his time and energy. Yet his obligation as a citizen demands the sacrifice. If every citizen were to take the selfish view and cease all discussion of public questions, the country would soon go to wrack and ruin. Every state's success depends upon the public spirit of its people. The efficiency of the public service of Great Britain was not secured without great individual sacrifice on the part of many generations of reformers. The great reforms in civil service regulations which have made brilliant the recent pages of United States history have been possible only because of a body of enthusiastic and public-spirited agitators. Those

who wish to see Canada rise to an important place among the nations of the earth must assist in this fight against "incompetence, partisanship, favouritism and greed." Civil Service Reform is not a cure-all, but it is absolutely essential to the creation and maintenance of administrative efficiency, and the purity of public life.



#### LIBERAL IMPERIALISM

TOO many people in this country believe that the Liberal Party of Great Britain are Little Englanders. It is not the business of any Canadian journalist, whether liberal, conservative or independent, to defend or attack any party in the Homeland. Nevertheless it is best that neither of the British party positions should be misunderstood by Canadians generally. This is the reason for the present "reflection."

When the Imperial postage on British periodicals mailed to the colonies was first attacked as being too high, the protests were made to a Conservative government. The change from eight cents to two cents a pound was not introduced until a Liberal government came into power in London. Point Number One.

There has been much talk of giving the colonies power to negotiate their foreign treaties direct. It has long been felt that Canada would feel more contented within the Empire, if she could negotiate her own arrangements with the United States. Under the Liberal Government of Great Britain, more freedom has been allowed Canada in this respect than ever before. If a reciprocity treaty were to be discussed and arranged now, it is likely that Canada would be allowed to conduct all the negotiations, subject only to the assisting and guiding hand of the British ambassador at Washington. Point Number Two.

There has been much talk for many years about an Imperial army, in which the colonists would be represented on equal terms. It has fallen to the lot of a member of the present Asquith Government to work out a scheme for a General Staff which meets with the approval of the Australian and Canadian governments. This staff is the first step in an Imperial army which will consist of a number of distinct units organised on a system which will permit co-operation in periods of "great necessity." This is Point Number Three.

These should be sufficient to show that the Liberal Party as a whole is not anti-Imperial. There are some within its ranks who may be. It is a mistake, however, to believe that the Conservative party, with its attractive platform of preferential trade, comprises all the men who look forward to "The Greatest Empire that Has Been."

Whether this programme can be carried out remains to be seen.



#### DEPARTMENT OF EXTERNAL AFFAIRS

THE Secretary of State's department is to be re-created and hereafter the Secretary will have special charge of external affairs. Ever since Confederation, there has been a sort of fiction that this was the case. It is now to be made a reality. Foreign correspondence will now be conducted through that department subject only to the supervision of the Cabinet and to the nominal supervision of the Governor-General. Any department having relations with foreign governments must conduct its correspondence through this new department — through the Secretary of state for external affairs. This will preserve unity and harmony and provide for continuous supervision.

Whether or not the scheme outlined is the best under the circumstances remains to be seen. Nevertheless it is satisfactory to note that an attempt is being made to give Canada the marks of a nation rather than a colony. The people will not be satisfied until Canada has all the necessary machinery for dealing with her foreign affairs. She has now commercial agents resident in other colonies and in Great Britain. She already has them in France, China and Japan, and will shortly have them in other countries. In some cases these will need to be endowed with consular power under some General Imperial arrangement. Further, Great Britain is allowing Canada a great share in the negotiations with foreign governments, and it is well that all such correspondence should find a repository in one department.

It is simply another step in our development as a nation within an Empire of nations.

#### TWIN BROTHERS OF THE SILVER TRAIL

THERE is silver in Gowganda—how much of it no one knows. The Almighty has blanketed the whole country with abundance of snow, and though the prospector is hither and thither on snowshoes, and in tents cosy with the heat of sheet iron stoves, the

summer will have to come before the wealth of the newest silver region of Canada can be even approximately estimated.

I saw Cobalt in the days when doubting Thomas was a factor there. I have seen some of the veins of Gowganda. The silver in them is as patent as the silver of Cobalt was and is. Only shaft-sinking can determine the depth of the new-found riches. For that purpose, machinery must go in, and men, and supplies. And, while industry will this summer reign where the prospector last summer pursued his lonely search all over the diabase of the Gowganda country, even across the height of land towards Hudson Bay; the prospector not yet become miner, will scour the woods and delve through the overlaying ground in search of dull streaks that will whiten with friction into recognition.

It is hard to say wherein lies the principal charm of this northern territory. Hitherto its silences have only been broken by the wind rustling through myriad trees, and the occasional breaking of twigs by the wary, ponderous moose. Until, in this very year the axe was laid to the foot of innumerable trees to find a road to silverdom direct from the south, only the cruiser, the fire ranger and the Indian had seen the tall timbers that stand between Sellwood and South Gowganda.

To drive seventy miles through the friendly, awesome forest, and across lakes blest with two feet of saving ice, is an experience more than worth while in itself. You can enjoy the solitudes and strengths of the Almighty, free from anxiety as to the hidden truth of claims beneath the snow, and you can watch the prospector and the prospective business man coming in, sometimes on the stage and sometimes with strenuous dog-team and elongated toboggan; and you wonder what they will be like six months hence. And after you have driven three or four or five hours, you come to a road-house, and its cluster of log adjuncts, and find time to discover how a unique record has been established in Canadian winter inter-communication. Perhaps you will be lucky enough to meet one of the Twin Brethren of the Gowganda Road. One of them is known to his friends as Big Archie. The other's familiar name is Jim. As they are in truth the Twin Brethren of the Silver Trail, I think they should be called Gow and Ganda.

Gow and Ganda have, for many years, been railroad contractors in the summer, and have run big bush camps in winter; getting out ties, piles, and all kinds of fibrous transportation material. Gow, otherwise Cowan, built the road from Etoimami to the Pas,—the first stretch of the line to Hudson Bay. This winter he has six hundred and fifty men in the bush, north of Mistatim, on the way to Prince Albert. Ganda—Big Archie—has his hundreds of men and teams around Kashabowie, on the height of land between Lake Superior and Lake of the Woods. They came to their Ontario homes for the Christmas holidays, and as a side line, unexpectedly undertook to handle the transportation for the new road, which was cut by Mr. Alexander Sinclair, for the Canadian Northern Ontario Railway, under the inspiration of the Ontario Government. By this time they have two hundred teams, hauling passengers and freight between Sellwood and Gowganda.

As constructionists they are unique. Driving north with them, we heard that in the early hours of that morning the teamsters' bunkhouse at Burwash had been burned. When we arrived there for lunch, the debris had been cleared away, and the new building was four logs high. Next night it was completed and occupied.

When we reached South Gowganda, we found that the first teams through had reached that point twenty-four hours previously, that where there had been only dense bush, there was a building, thirty-six by twenty-eight, with gabled roof on, floor in, and a stove going. The cook moved in that night, and by the next night doors and windows were finished, the former swinging on wooden hinges; the wall chinks were filled in, and hungry men were being served with a dozen different kinds of food. When we came down the trail, two days afterwards, more stables were going up at each of the stopping places, and at Phoenix, the sleeping-house for the travellers, there were iron bedsteads, wire mattresses, and first-class beds and blankets,—the most luxurious dormitory yet constructed in the bush.

We came flying into Sellwood only three and a half hours out from Burwash, twenty-two miles away, and by the time I am writing this, the relays of horses will be so well organised that it will be possible to leave Gowganda one morning and be in Toronto the next, having come down the 289 miles from Sellwood in a train as good as any on the continent.

Gow and Ganda have put up their buildings and organised the traffic for a season that must end when the rain of April makes it impossible to cross the ice. But before that time comes, there will be quite an abundance of machinery at Gowganda. I overheard the making of preliminary arrangements for taking in one piece, weighing seven tons. The trail of Gow and Ganda will surely be the machinery route. For as Mr. J. B. Tyrrell, who has an unique experience of travel in the north land tells me, it is extremely unlikely that any road through so long a stretch of Northern Ontario can be found with as few hills as this. The ridges run north and south, and the new road keeps close to the water courses, and crosses the height of land between the Wahnapiatae and Montreal Rivers, at a point where the elevation is scarcely perceptible.

As to the store of Gowganda silver—that is a story for the mining man.

## THROUGH A MONOCLE

CAN a fat man lead the "strenuous life"? It looks as if we were going to see one make something of a trial of it in Washington; for, although President Taft won his election mostly through a general belief that, being a fat man, he would take a rest and give the country one, still he does not entirely like the idea that people will forget that there is a president now that Teddy has gone. He does not want to be the "chaser" in the Presidential vaudeville, and disperse the audience collected by the fine Rough Riding act we have just been getting. So he is likely to cut a few cart wheels, particularly on the tariff side of the yard. But can a fat man—that is the question. Have we ever had a "strenuous" fat man in Canada? Sir John Macdonald and Sir Wilfrid Laurier have both been remarkable for their slim and upright figures. Sir Wilfrid is not as slim as he used to be when he stood at the head of a lean opposition; but he has never borne the reproach and burden of "fat".

\* \* \*

MR. BORDEN and Mr. Fielding are comfortable, but as far as possible from fat. Mr. Foster could probably have escaped through the hole that they say Bill Miner could not have used. George Graham is spare; and Rodolphe Lemieux would indignantly—perhaps sensitively—deny the soft impeachment. Mr. Monk, Dr. Sproule, Dr. Pugsley, Mr. Oliver, are all free from too much avoirdupois. There was once a fat man in the Commons, Alonzo Wright, the King of the Gatineau; but he was known chiefly as a prince of good fellows who entertained the members royally at his home and made one humorous speech during a session. Still the Commons would rather have spared many sparer men than its one Alonzo; and they tell of a special journey that Sir John Macdonald once made up to his home to induce him to run on one occasion when the typical "mine host" thought of retiring. It is not thought that he quite "ran"; but he "stood" and was elected. He could win an election "standing" more surely than most folk can by running themselves out of breath. But his greatest flatterer never called Alonzo "strenuous."

\* \* \*

BUT what are you going to do with Sir William Van Horne? He is a human dynamo; and yet he would scarcely pass as a sylph. If he does not lead the strenuous life, he certainly gets strenuous results. Sir William has already done enough for the lifetimes of two or three men. He made a great railway in Canada; and he is making another in Cuba. Incidentally, he is an art connoisseur, having rifled Holland and the picture shops of Europe; and, in addition, he is one of the best living authorities on Japanese art. He has lived a full, round life—exactly like his portraits. He has climbed so far up the hill of fortune that one suspects he must have caught the elevator. But he is not built exactly like Tom Longboat. If he were President of the United States, he would probably hustle that Republic along until even it felt a trifle breathless; but he would not ride fifty miles a day just to show army officers that it could be done, nor would he cripple unsuspecting diplomats by taking them cross-country walks which necessitate a subsequent week in the hospital.

\* \* \*

AND do you know, George Ham is getting a little—well, just a little; and yet George is so active that he has to sit down and wait for the "rolling stone" to catch up to him every little while.

Moreover, there was Senator Ogilvie. No grass grew under his feet—that is, no grass of good judgment. He could not be kept quiet even by the soporific atmosphere of the Senate. It is obvious that the heavy weights are not always to be regarded as good natured, stationary and over-oiled low-power engines—not in this climate at all events. They are sometimes on wheels and can cover territory with the speed and ten times the force of the fine-trained foot-runners who never carry an extra ounce. Still, as a general rule, the men of girth are men of moderation, of good humour and of a fine toleration of the things that are. The world seems a better world to the well-padded person than to the "lean and hungry" Cassius who is eaten with envy and driven forward by ambition.

\* \* \*

DID you ever notice that a fat man can get favours where a spare man asks in vain? There is something compelling about the good nature of a fat man which leads others to strive to keep that good nature unmarred. If I were a commercial house—if you will pardon the preposterous supposition—I would employ fat commercial travellers. They may not get to as many possible customers in a day as the lithe and wiry variety; but they will sell more goods to the customers they do see. People like to fatten up their order sheets. A smile on a fat face invariably looks genial; while one on a lean face is hard put to it not to look artificial. Then there is instinctive consideration for a fat man. We do not mind putting a light and active man to trouble; but we will take pains to spare a fat man any unnecessary exertion. It looks so much harder for him than it does for us. As a lazy man myself, I think a little embonpoint would be a profitable investment. The new gospel should read—With all your getting, get fat. You will see that the Americans will take far more from Taft without becoming ruffled than they ever would from Roosevelt. Taft will travel far; but it will be without friction.

N'IMPORTE

OF all the statesmen I have met, I think the late Lord Salisbury and Mr. Gladstone were the pleasantest companions at dinner. Both had the happy knack of seeming vastly interested in one's conversation, whatever the subject, or however frivolous. There was no condescension or "tempering of the wind to the shorn lamb" about it. At the same time, I must own that my feeling of elation for having had, as one considered, a success was speedily destroyed; for the next woman, whoever she might be, who had the privilege of sitting beside either of these great men, would receive exactly the same courteous attention. As for Mr. Gladstone, having once started him on his subject, an intelligent "yes" or "no" was all that was required. But if you ventured a remark (to which he listened in grave silence), he had a disconcerting way of turning sharply round, his piercing eye fixed inquiringly upon you, and his hand to his ear, with the gesture so well known in the House of Commons. His old-world manner was very attractive, and his urbanity outside the House remarkable. On one occasion I had been at the House hearing Randolph make a fiery attack on him, which he answered with equal heat and indignation. The hour was late, and Randolph and I had just time to rush home and dress to dine at Spencer House with Lord and Lady Spencer. The first person I met as I went in was Mr. Gladstone, who at once came up and said: "I hope Lord Randolph is not *too* tired after his magnificent effort." What an object lesson to those foreign politicians who would look upon it as an insult to be asked to meet in the same house!—The Reminiscences of Lady Randolph Churchill.

## A PICTURESQUE QUINTETTE OF CATARACTS



The Abitibi here breaks into Five Falls, known as the Iroquois Falls.





Ploughing—The First Gleam.

By Horatio Walker, N.A.

## AT THE CANADIAN ART CLUB

WITH TWO NOTABLE CANVASES AT THE CLUB EXHIBITION

"All passes. Art alone,  
Enduring, stays with us.  
The bust outlasts the throne,  
The coin, Tiberius."

strength is before us in the bleak and challenging prospect.

Mr. John Russell's "Mother and Son" is one of the most arresting features in the exhibition and shows a subtle delicacy of line and emotional suggestion which is stimulating and rare. This artist's "Nude Boy with Dog" is thin and trivial in effect, but the "Boy with Pheasant" is a brilliant and piquant picture. The finished graces of Parisian study are evident in these three canvases which the club has been fortunate, indeed, to secure for Canadian exhibition.

Mr. James Wilson Morrice is another Franco-Canadian, whose work illuminates the exhibition, to the extent of eleven paintings, with a cosmopolitan glow. Most of these pictures are of French or Venetian scenes and the dear uninformed public "wants to know" in emphatic voice why the Dominion Government has purchased "Quai des Grandes Augustins, Paris," instead of half a dozen others which have a less vague and misty aspect. The ways of governments are past finding out, either in the matter of wharfs or paintings, but probably Mr. Greenshields had purchased "The Public Gardens, Venice" before the envoys from Ottawa appeared on the scene. Assuredly the owner of the latter picture has an exquisite depiction of an old-world scene, with a treatment of Italian atmospheric aspects which renders the beholder oblivious of all but the light and gayety which spell the South.

The etching is not often seen in Canadian exhibitions; consequently, the corner where Mr. Gagnon's nine productions in this work are displayed is of unusual interest. Old France furnishes the narrow streets, courts and canals of which this artist has made such delicate studies. The range of "feeling" obtainable in this work is a revelation, as one regards the velvety, voluptuous blackness with which the heaviest gloom is portrayed, or the most feathery touches which seem but the reflection of a glancing wing or passing cloud. They are a sheer delight, these gems on Japanese vellum, and Mr. Gagnon has contributed a unique element to the exhibition.

Mr. Curtis Williamson is a Canadian artist of long foreign experience, with salon triumphs to his credit. Brampton claims Mr. Williamson as one of the "Peel Old Boys" but he has been a resident of Toronto for some time. Mr. Williamson has the courage of his convictions and his artistic culture and utterly refuses to consult the public taste or the "popular" standards—wherefore, the public has a deep regard for his ability. Mr. Williamson is the secretary-treasurer of this new and vigorous club and much of its success is due to the originality and efficiency of this officer. Among the pictures ex-

hibited this year by Mr. Williamson, "A Derelict" has attracted much notice, in its realistic portrayal of an old man—"down and out." The saving grace of restraint is in the artist's treatment of a subject which in lesser hands might have become tritely sombre. There is the suggestion of shipwreck, rather than its fury. Very different is the quaint sweetness and simplicity of "Doris," while "A Vaudeville Girl" just across the gallery is a flaming bit of scarlet audacity with a wealth of vitality.

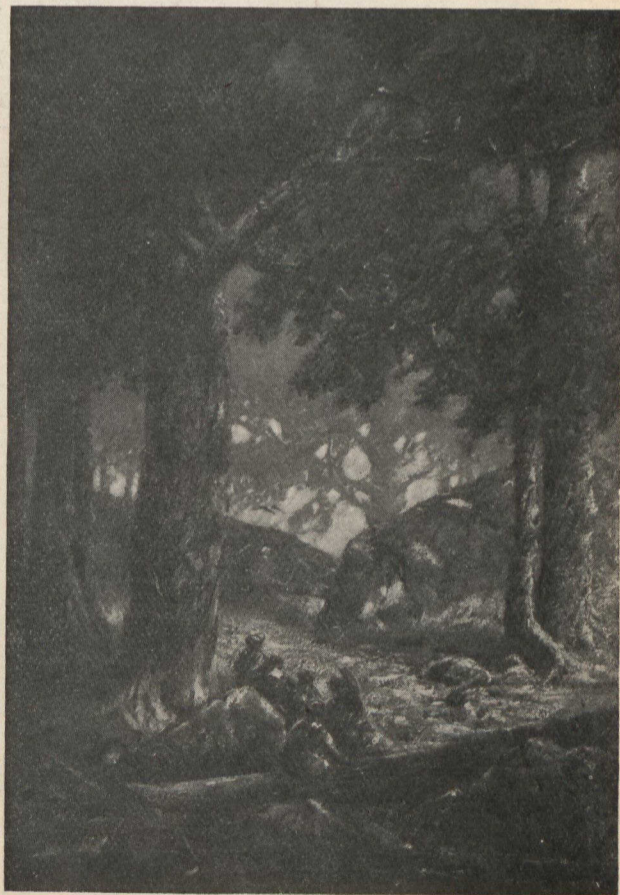
Mr. A. Phimister Proctor makes a double display of water colours and bronzes. The former are nearly all remote scenes of the West, with the "Bison on the Trail, Saskatchewan," easily the best of the group. Among the bronzes is the stately "Indian Warrior," of which a larger model received a gold medal at the Paris Exposition and afterwards at St. Louis.

Mr. Edmund Morris has a brave corner all to himself, where hang such splendid warriors as "Big Darkness" and "A Sauteaux Chief." They are mighty heads, painted with a spirit and dignity which are admirable.

In a far corner is "A Winter Stream" by Maurice Cullen which expresses in wonderful colouring both the coldness and the brightness of a Canadian winter day. The hardness and superficiality which are seen too often in a depiction of winter effects do not mar this delightful study, which deepens at the psychological spot into dark, warm tints which render more crystalline the work of the frost. The most captious Canadian who has ever grumbled over the ice palace or the snow scenes in Montreal "supplements" would be proud to own "A Winter Stream." Mr. Franklin Brownell's "The Winnower" is one of those artistic gleams on humble toil and the day's work which lift it from the commonplace, or, rather, reveal the meaning of the everyday. One does not escape from a Canadian exhibition without a glimpse of October and this we are vouchsafed in a "Smoky Evening" of that month. "Little Puritan" is one of Mr. Brownell's most happy efforts, in the naive severity and dainty colouring of the youthful subject.

Mr. Archibald Browne's poetic treatment of nature's softer moods is most happily represented in four pictures of which "Slumbering Waters" appears to be the favourite. For a comprehension of that sheer witchery of moonlight, which lays upon stream and pool and woodland a spell of silver magic, we have no Canadian artist equal to Mr. Browne—who owns to being a Scot by birth.

Mr. Atkinson's work has been recognised for years as being of unusual quality and finish. He has a striking canvas in "November," in which he pictures vividly the dying tints of the autumn. Here there is a warm touch of rich autumnal colour, then the creeping grey and pallid tones of early winter encroached upon the hillside and one is aware of the chill and gloom.



The Nut Gatherers.

By Homer Watson, R.C.A.

IN the substantial old Municipal Building of the County of York, Toronto, is the gallery of the Canadian Art Club, where the second annual exhibition is now being held. The representative work of the club includes that of nine painter members, two sculptors and four invited exhibitors. Four of the former, Mr. W. E. Atkinson, A.R.C.A., Mr. Archibald Browne, Mr. Edmund Morris, A.R.C.A., and Mr. Curtis Williamson, R.C.A., are Toronto members, Mr. Franklin Brownell, R.C.A., is a resident of Ottawa, Mr. James Wilson Morrice, Societaire de la Societe Nationale des Beaux Arts, Paris, is at present residing in the French Capital, as is also Mr. John Russell, the abode of Mr. Homer Watson, R.C.A., is in the peaceful village of Doon, Ontario, while Mr. Horatio Walker, N.A., has been for many years a New Yorker. The sculptor members include Mr. Walter Allward, A.R.C.A., of Toronto, and Mr. A. Phimister Proctor, N.A., of New York and the four invited exhibitors are all from Montreal—Mr. Maurice Cullen, R.C.A., Mr. Clarence Gagnon, Mr. Robert Harris, C.M.G., R.C.A., and Miss Laura Muntz, A.R.C.A.

The painting which commands immediate attention and to which most spectators return for a parting look is Mr. Walker's "Ploughing—The First Gleam," which won a gold medal at the Pan-American, Buffalo, and also at the St. Louis Exposition. The splendid opulence of auroral colouring which flushes sky and furrow, irradiating the figure of the young ploughman who is urging the oxen forward, is a veritable paean of the dawn. All the finest resources of the artist's technique and training are brought to bear on this primeval scene and the result is an appeal to both critic and layman which leaves the conviction of surpassing power and comprehension.

Mr. Homer Watson's "Nut Gatherers in the Forest" is a characteristic study of woodland life, with effective treatment of forest depths and glades. His "Pioneers Crossing the River" is a picture with a great vigour and breadth—such as make "The Flood-Gates" a memorable depiction of struggle. The "green glooms" of the great unconquered forest, the flickering light of the fire which means man's earliest settlement and the valiant figures making for the shore form a spirited and significant scene. "Cobalt" attracts many observers, for reasons artistic and otherwise, and the "New North" in its width of opportunity and stern demand for

# PROGRESS IN CIVIC IMPROVEMENT

BY PROF. H. L. HUTT, AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, GUELPH

**T**HAT a strong movement for civic and rural improvement has set in on this continent is plainly evident to all who travel, or even to those who depend on the newspapers for their information. Just what it may result in, it is impossible to say at present; but it is safe to predict that this movement is going to have a marked effect on the general appearance and character of our country.

The civic improvement movement has been the outcome of a growing appreciation of art and a desire for real beauty, which naturally has resulted from the prosperity of the times and the tendency to travel. Its origin may, no doubt, be traced to Europe, where many of the towns and cities have become centres of attraction for American tourists. Those who have visited Europe always speak with delight of the architectural and landscape beauties of Paris, Brussels, Vienna, and Edinburgh.

## ITS BEGINNING IN AMERICA.

Just when and where the civic improvement movement first made its appearance here cannot be definitely stated, but like many other movements, its effects were first seen in the country to the south of us. The little town of Stockbridge, Mass., claims the honour of having, nearly fifty years ago, the first organisation having for its object the preservation of natural beauties and the general improvement of the town surroundings.

During later years many such organisations have

undertaken to make Ottawa "the Washington of the North." Whether or not the Provincial Government will assume this responsibility, it certainly deserves credit for the aid already given to such work in those sections of the province where the people have shown by their efforts that they are sufficiently alive to its importance.

There are now in Ontario about seventy organisations known as local Horticultural Societies, which are to all intents and purposes civic improvement societies. These societies receive an annual grant from the Provincial Government based upon their membership and the amount they expend on horticultural and improvement work. The total amount of Government aid to these societies last year was \$8,000. The societies at Ottawa, St. Catharines, and Hamilton ranked in the order named as the strongest, and consequently drew the largest share of the Government grant. It is by no means, however, in the largest places that the most progress is made, for many of the smaller towns and even villages have Horticultural Societies that are doing splendid work in educating public taste in the beautifying of home surroundings and civic conditions.

Nearly all of these local organisations are affiliated with a central organisation known as the Ontario Horticultural Association which meets annually in November in Toronto and is attended by delegates from the local societies all over the province. The annual report of this convention is published

4. In some places where systematic tree planting has been done along the boulevards there are now fine avenues of street trees. But just here is where so many towns have been spoiled because the street planting has been left to the individual property owners, no two of whom have the same idea of what kind of trees should be planted, or where they should be placed on the boulevard. This has rendered it impossible to make a uniform, continuous row of trees, because of the great variety selected and the haphazard method of their arrangement.

The street planting and care of trees in every village, town and city should be under the management of a park board or commission, which can adopt a definite plan for the regular planting of certain kinds of trees on certain streets and see that they are properly cared for.

5. In a number of our cities and most progressive towns, park boards or commissions have been appointed, as provided for by the Ontario Parks Act. This means that much greater progress will be made in such places, and other places will wake up to the necessity of similar action.

6. Within the last few years many of our Ontario towns and villages, to say nothing of the larger cities, have seen the advisability of making park reservations, and have purchased lands for park purposes. In some cases, the development of these has been undertaken by the town council and in others by a park board; but experience has proved that greater continuity of action may be expected from a board or commission which is more or less permanent.

Evidences of progress in the establishment of parks may be seen in such places as Ottawa, Brockville, Havelock, Toronto, Brampton, Hamilton, Galt, Guelph, Berlin, Waterloo, Woodstock, Stratford, Barrie, Orillia, London, Leamington, and no doubt many other places which I cannot now mention.

For a town of its size, I know of no place making greater progress in the establishment of beautiful parks than the town of Galt. It has now three good sized parks and seven or eight small plots and squares about the town which help to make Galt a "town beautiful."

## HOW TO MAKE THE WORK MORE EFFECTIVE.

The civic improvement movement offers an ample field for the best efforts of all public spirited citizens, and the work to be accomplished is so varied that all with talents, few or many, may have a share in it. In this, as in many other lines of work, co-operation is the keynote to success.

The following might be mentioned as a few of the means of making such efforts most effective:

1. By conducting an educational campaign in awakening public interest to an appreciation of the value of neatness, order and beautiful surroundings. To this end it is well to make good use of the local press.

2. By enlisting the support of the rising generation by flower competitions, and also by making school as well as home surroundings as beautiful as possible. Young people brought up amid beautiful surroundings may be counted on in later years to work for rural and civic improvement wherever they may be placed.

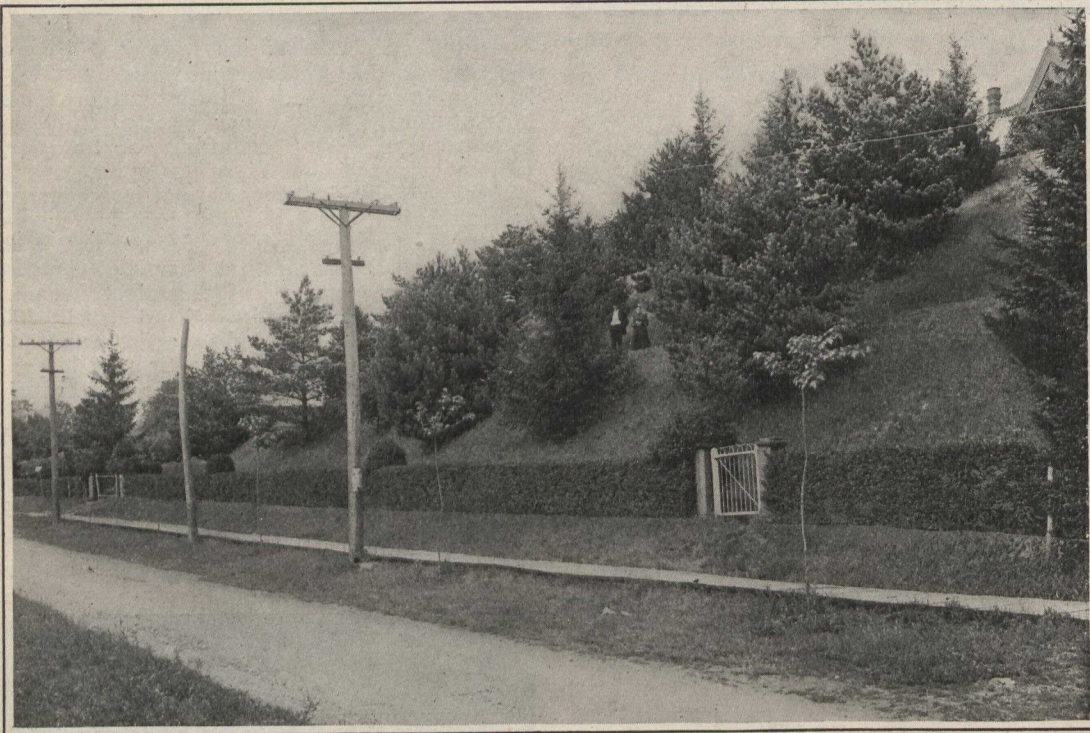
3. By seeking the co-operation of other influential local organisations, such as the town council, board of trade, or school board, which may be willing to assist in making local improvements. In union there is strength.

4. By working for the appointment of progressive local park boards or commissions, and urging such boards to get possession of suitable lands for park purposes while they are cheap. Plans can then be adopted for their gradual development and improvement.

The Ontario Parks Act provides that one-half mill on the assessment may be used by any park board so appointed for such purposes. And whenever such money is judiciously expended, the increased value of adjacent lands will soon pay a good share of the cost of such improvements in increased revenue from taxes.

The park board in any town might also be asked to establish a small nursery, where trees, shrubs, and vines could be grown in quantity for civic improvement work, and could be supplied to the citizens at cost for planting in their own grounds.

5. Every property holder should be encouraged by precept and example to contribute his share to the general improvement of the place by making his own lot as attractive as possible. If every citizen did his share, what a change would take place in the appearance of our country! Tourists from all over the world would come to see Beautiful Ontario.



Showing how a hill may be terraced and planted with trees so as to produce a pleasant and artistic effect.

BY COURTESY WM. RENNIE CO.

been formed, but the one which has been most instrumental in giving an impetus and a national character to the movement has been the American Civic Association. This association was formed in 1904 by the union of two associations which had for years been working along somewhat the same lines, viz., "The American Park and Outdoor Art Association," and "The American League for Civic Improvement." The new organisation was said at that time to represent four hundred and eighty local improvement organisations. By the judicious use of the press, the work of the association has been kept prominently before the people of the whole continent. Last year there were twenty-two Canadian members belonging to this association, and these were scattered all along the line from Halifax to Calgary.

## ORGANISED EFFORT IN ONTARIO.

Of the Canadian provinces, Ontario has so far made the most progress in civic improvement, because of a more general organisation of effort.

There are throughout Ontario quite a number of "Village Improvement" and "Town Beautiful" societies, which are doing good work in their respective localities. In Toronto, the "Guild of Civic Art" has during the past year or so worked out a comprehensive plan for the systematic bettering and beautifying of Ontario's capital city, and it has lately been decided on to ask the Provincial Government to assist in carrying out the scheme in the same way that the Dominion Government has

by the Agricultural Department of the Government, and may be obtained upon application to J. Lockie Wilson, Superintendent of the Horticultural Societies.

## EVIDENCES OF PROGRESS.

As a matter of encouragement to those who may be looking for more rapid changes, it may be well to call attention to the steady and even rapid progress that is being made in many parts of the province. There have been a number of agencies contributing to this progress which may be used to still greater purpose in the future:

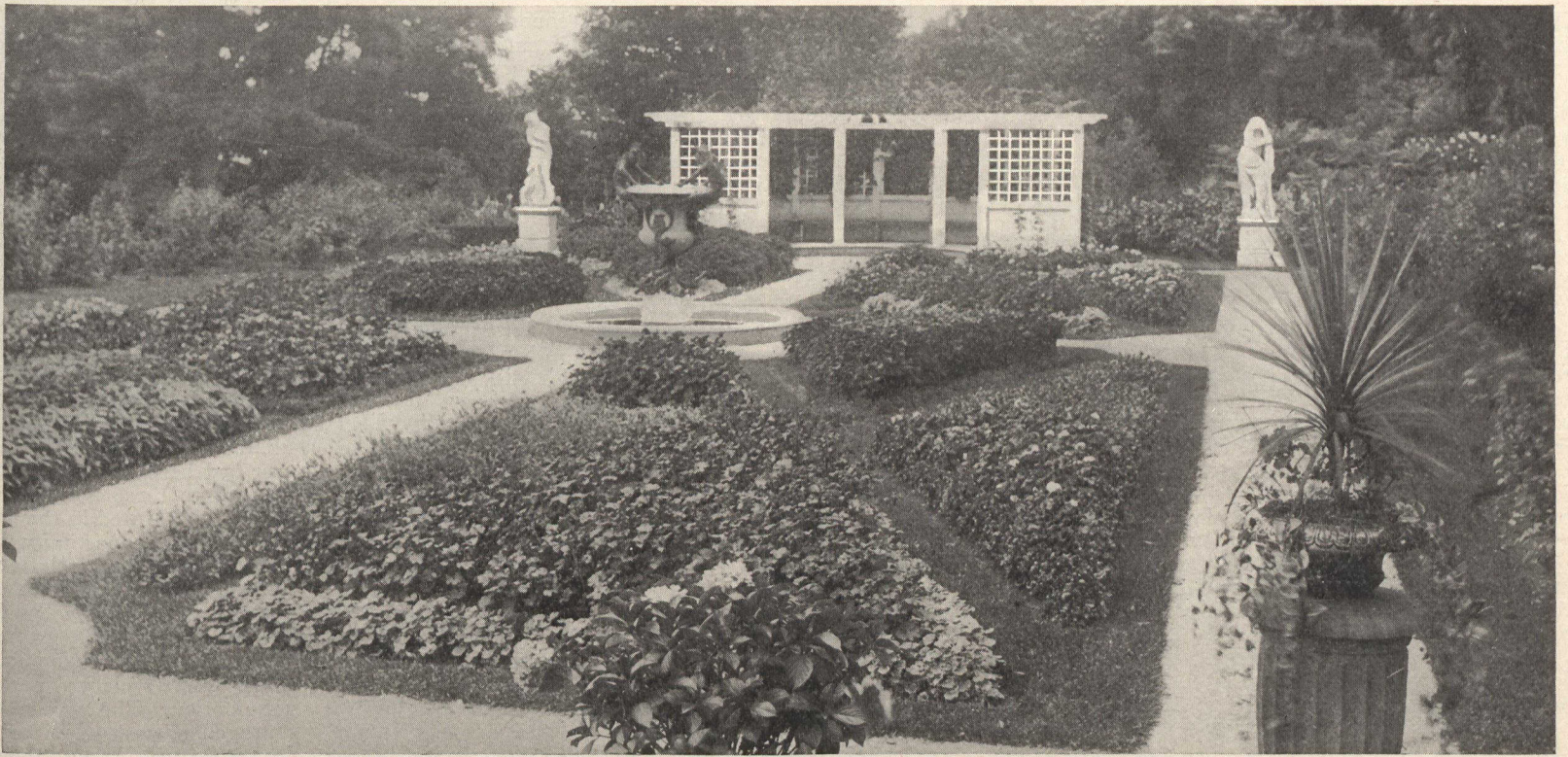
1. The more general use of cement in the making of pavements and sidewalks has had a marked effect on most every town and village in the country. In many Ontario towns cement has almost entirely replaced the old wooden walks during the past ten years.

2. Accompanying the laying of permanent walks has come the removal of street fences. In many up-to-date Ontario towns and cities we may now go block after block on the residential streets and see no fences, either in front or between lots.

3. Immediately following the removal of fences has come the proper grading of the lawns and boulevards to the line of the pavement, and more attention to keeping the grass nicely cut.

A prominent citizen of Woodstock told me that it was not many years ago that he owned the only lawn mower in the town. Now it would be hard to find the citizen who did not own and use one regularly.

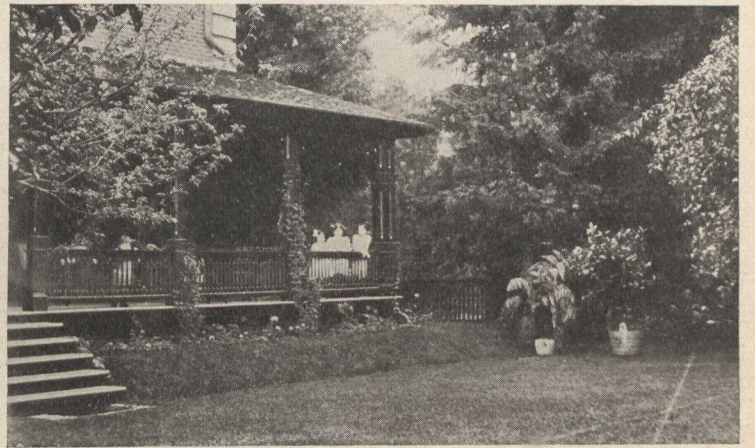
# ARTISTIC EFFECTS IN CANADIAN GARDENS



An effect produced in the Grounds of the late Senator Fulford, at Brockville



The Latest in Asters—"The Crego."



Verandah and Tennis Court.



An effect in Lawn, Shrubbery and Driveway on the grounds of Sir Henry M. Pellatt, Toronto.

# THE LURE OF THE GARDEN

Plant Growing a Source of Pleasure and Profit

By J. W. WHEATON

THE springtime is the glad time. It is more than this. It is the "digging" time. When the balmy southern breezes blow, melting the snow and chasing Jack Frost back to the cold northland from whence he came, some inherent instinct in man turns his thoughts to mother earth. He longs for contact with the soil. Tickle it he must, with spade, with shovel, with rake, or any old thing that will get down beneath the surface. The latent power below attracts him. The moist earth is turned up to the sunlight. It looks good. There is plant food there. It is a wanton waste not to make use of it. Immediately visions of crisp lettuce, juicy flavoured radishes, luscious strawberries and sweet-scented and brilliantly coloured flowers come into the citizen's view. They stimulate his activities. He begins digging for a purpose. The upturned soil is made fine. The lumps are broken down. The whole plot is smoothed over. One space is marked off for vegetables, another for flowers. The identical spots where each tiny seed will begin to consume that plant food is noted. The seeds are purchased and put in their allotted places at mother earth's table. A good start has been made. The citizen rests a spell. He will watch the plants grow. The tiny leaf buds begin to appear and unfurl themselves to the sunlight. Mother earth gradually disappears beneath the green foliage. Already in imagination, fresh vegetables from his own garden are on the citizen's table, flowers decorate his sideboard and the parlour whatnot.

In many instances the picture becomes a real one. But in too many cases it never gets beyond the imaginary stage. When spring changes to summer and the hot days come, the garden loses its attractiveness. Mother earth's drawing powers, which are all-powerful when the snow and the frost disappear, begin to wane. A book, a pipe and a hammock, beneath a shady tree or on some cool verandah, lure the citizen away from his garden. The vegetables and the flowers are left to fight their own battles with the weeds. Mother earth likes to be "tickled" in summer as well as in spring. It does her good. She will provide more food for the plants at her table, if her surface is ruffled a little every week or two. She asks for it in the only way she can. But the citizen has got tired of "tickling." The guests at her table begin to show lack of nourishment. Dry food, with nothing to drink, is as bad for plants as animals. Their growth becomes stunted. That verdant greenness, characteristic of a healthy plant, changes to a pale, sickly substitute for the real thing, and visions of vegetables and flowers fade away. Uninvited guests crowd around nature's table. They supplant those who have a right to be there. With more voracious appetites and a disregard for the kind of food they consume, these newcomers thrive. They soon usurp the places of the rightful guests. A change comes over the scene. Instead of crisp lettuce, juicy radishes, luscious berries and fragrant and variegated flowers, appear purslane, sheep sorrel, pigweed, shepherd's purse and other weeds that are neither ornamental nor useful. The visions of the springtime vanish, and the citizen's table is supplied by the itinerant vegetable vendor at so much per.

And all this because the citizen's good springtime intentions, like New Year's resolutions, vanish after the novelty wears off. He neglects to keep the garden in order. Weeds are allowed to grow at their own sweet will. The vegetables and plants ask for drink and are refused. An occasional shower helps them out somewhat. But with the numerous weeds that have already obtained a foothold, there is not enough moisture to go around. And the latter end of the garden is worse than the beginning. All the planning, digging and planting has been in vain, because the citizen has wearied of the task after the springtime fever has left him.

## DOES A CITY GARDEN PAY?

But let us turn from the more fanciful to the more practical for a moment, if the descent is not too great. Does it pay the dweller in a city or town, with a few square feet of soil in his backyard, to indulge, or better, perhaps, invest in the luxury of

a garden? From the standpoint of strict economy it does not. Vegetables are cheap in the summer time. A few dollars distributed over the season will buy at one's door all the vegetables the average household will consume. If, therefore, the time spent in preparing the garden and keeping it in order, and the money spent in seeds and plants, are taken into account, it is cheaper to patronise the vegetable vendor and leave the green sward untouched in the backyard.

There is, however, a brighter and a better side to this garden question, than the sordid, business-like one we have just mentioned. The garden, whether given up to growing vegetables or flowers, can be made a source of pleasure and profit, second to none which the average citizen has at his disposal to-day. That intense longing for contact with the soil, which comes over rich and poor alike, when spring approaches and gladdens their hearts, can be prolonged through the spring season into the summer time and continued into the autumn by a well-kept garden. A half-hour in contact with the soil, night and morning, will work as great a revolution in the man himself as in the plants and flowers among which he works. It will improve his health, and clear his tired brain, after weary hours in the office. He will return to his daily labours refreshed, invigorated, and better fitted to cope with

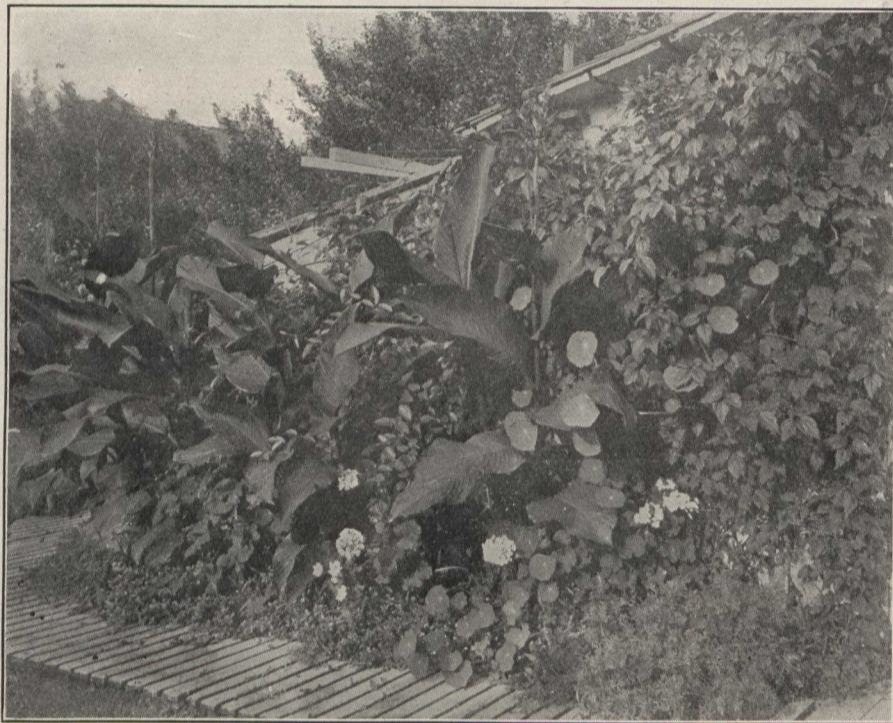
them to watch the plants grow. A search for a seed after it has been a few days in the ground, in order to show how it sends out tiny rootlets in search of food, will not be wasted energy. It will set the inquiring child to thinking. Its interest will be increased and there will be a stronger incentive to watch the remaining plants as they grow and unfold themselves to the sunlight. The parent, who encourages a love of nature and a liking for the mystery and beauty of plant life in the child's mind is developing a side of its character that will be of value in later life. The garden furnishes about the only opportunity the fathers and mothers in cities and towns have of doing this. The country child has the broad acres producing for the harvest, the woods, the streams, the wild flowers, and lavish Nature all about him. The city child has none of this. The well-kept lawn, the leafy shade tree, the ornamental shrub, the hanging basket of flowers and it may be a flower bed here and there make up for it to some extent. If to these be added the backyard garden, where seeds planted in the spring come to fruition, the city child's opportunity for coming closely in touch with Nature is greatly increased.

The distribution of flower and other seeds to children at a low price through the public schools of Toronto is to be commended. Care should be taken, however, that the seeds so supplied are good seeds, with a large percentage of germination. The "grown up" is discouraged enough when seeds planted do not grow. What, then, must be the discouragement a child experiences, when the seeds it buys, and which it plants, one by one, in the garden plot, do not grow. Interest in the garden at once begins to wane. If on the other hand, a good percentage grow and the labour of digging and planting is rewarded by a goodly number of healthy plants, the child is encouraged and with careful leading, its interest in the garden can be maintained throughout the season.

## FLOWER GROWING COMPETITIONS.

In addition to distributing seeds, it might be worth while for the Educational Department or some other branch of the civic service, to inaugurate a competition for the best flowers or flower garden produced by school children from these seeds. The growing of the flowers would of necessity have to be under the supervision of the parents, as there is no room for it in the grounds of the city school, more's the pity. But even so, the benefits would be equally valuable, whether the work was done by the children alone or with the aid of the older people. In the city of London, a few years ago, a competition was started in the best kept lawns and the best arranged and most varied flower gardens. Many citizens entered the contest. In a short while, many of the lawns and back-yards of London's citizens became show places, an attraction to visitors and a real pleasure to its people. Last summer the interest in this work was as keen as ever, and the trouble and expense that some citizens went to to win was surprising. The rarest bulbs, the most expensive plants, were none too good to adorn the back as well as the front lawn.

But we have wandered a little from our text. The garden is the theme just now. We have not said anything as to what vegetables should be grown—what flowers should be cultivated; or how the soil should be prepared. To treat of these in detail would eat up too much space just now. As to the varieties to plant, that had better be left to the citizen to decide. As we have tried to show, it is not so much what is grown as that there is a garden and something is grown, that is of importance. The soil in most of Toronto's back-yards is not the best for plant growth. The ubiquitous land needs something to make it produce in abundance, whether of vegetables or flowers. A good compost, a supply of black earth, will help things out. If these are added in goodly quantities every year, the sandy back-yard if care is exercised in planning the garden, in keeping it free from weeds, in checking insect pests, and caring for the individual plants, can be made a source of pleasure and profit.



How to hide an unsightly out-building and give tone to a rear lawn.

the world's work. It will do more than this. Nature's laboratory furnishes one of the best means we have of broadening one's vision and bringing into play those faculties of mankind which in the ordinary course of business often lie dormant. Ask yourself how plants grow, how the root hairs take up the plant food from the soil, how this food is conveyed through the roots, up through the plant itself, to the leaves; how it is there absorbed, causing new cells to be formed, new leaves to appear; how the waste products are got rid of and how eventually the flowers and fruit appear, and there is opened up an avenue for research that every citizen, who enters thereon may profit by. There is pleasure and profit even in not going so deeply into the intricacies of plant life. Preparing the soil, planting the seed, noting the time that elapses, till the tiny plants appear, their growth day by day, and the more rapid growth when the weeds are kept under, when the soil around the plants is raked or stirred frequently, when water is applied regularly, can be made a source of pleasure and profit during the whole growing process.

## FOR THE CHILDREN'S SAKE.

Then there are the children. If for no other reason every citizen should have a garden for the children's sake. If they are old enough to look after the digging, the planting, the weeding, the watering, and the stirring, so much the better. If not, it will pay the older folk to look after these things for the children's benefit and profit. Mark off a plot for each one. Put it under their care as much as possible, but see that it is kept clean. Encourage

# THE ART OF CIVIC IMPROVEMENT.



The difference between beauty and ugliness, even in a bridge, depends more upon the artistic taste of the architect than on the cost of construction.



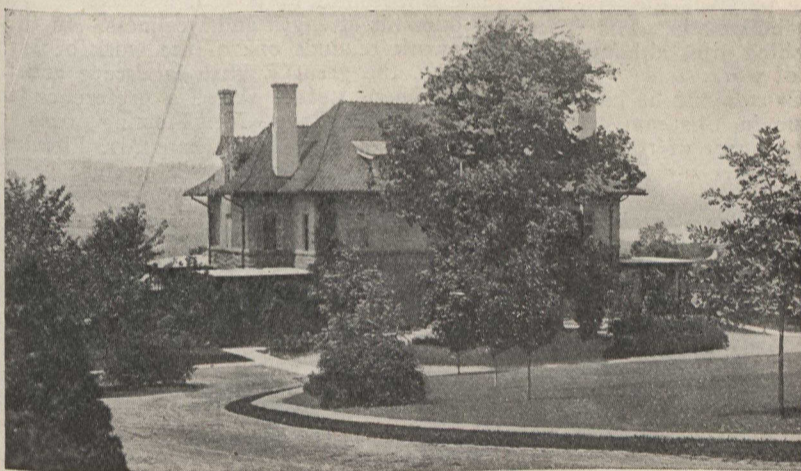
Oakville Harbour. The town or city favoured with a river or lake front should lose no time in securing the free right to such for the benefit of all her citizens for all time to come.



Gore Park, Hamilton. Small park plots such as this in the midst of a busy city afford excellent sites for commemoration, monuments and drinking fountains.



Vansittart Avenue, Woodstock. Evidences of "the town beautiful" may here be seen in the laying of cement walks, removal of fences, grading of lawns and boulevards, and the planting of trees.



Every citizen should contribute his share towards civic improvement by beautifying his home surroundings whether they be large or small.



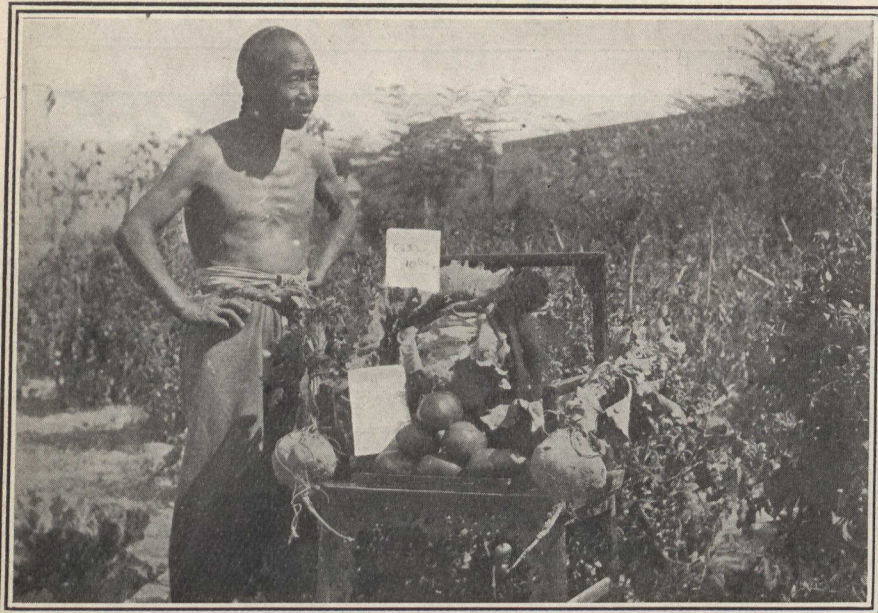
Billboards and advertising monstrosities will continue to disfigure the landscape only for so long as the public will submit to this desecration of its rights.



Court House and County Buildings, Woodstock. Beautiful public buildings, surrounded by spacious, well-kept grounds, such as these, add dignity and character to a place.



Galt Collegiate Institute. If we in this generation would improve and beautify schools and their surroundings, the next generation may safely be relied on to make even greater improvements.



A Chinese Gardener and the Vegetables which he grew from Canadian Seed.



Sugar Beets grown near Belleville—Canada has but made a beginning in this business.

## THE ART OF A. M. FLEMING

CANADIAN Art is beginning to come into its own. The Canadian artists are painting more and better pictures and are finding greater appreciation for what they produce. Until about three years ago the market for Canadian pictures was very limited. A few men, who were patriotic as well as art-lovers, invested small sums in occasional purchases, but an artist who asked more than one hundred dollars for his picture was forced to look to one of the governments for a possible purchaser. Just why Canadians have been so slow in appreciating the pictures which are painted in this country is a difficult question to answer. It is equally difficult to explain why the former state of affairs is passing away, and a new era is dawning.

It is not that there has been a lack of art appreciation in the country since, during the past twenty-five years, hundreds of first-class paintings have been imported from Europe, and thousands of second-class. The millionaires of Toronto and Montreal have filled their houses with fairly good pictures and plenty of them. While making these expenditures and thus showing their appreciation of art and their desire to furnish themselves and their friends with something better than a chromo or a study in photography, they were very timid about Canadian pictures. It would almost seem as if there was a vogue in pictures as well as in dress, literature, and religion. Moreover, when the Royal Canadian Academy of the Ontario Society of Artists held an art exhibition only a few hundreds of people were willing to pay the small admission fee charged. The general public took very little interest in pictures of any kind and still less in Canadian art. It is pleasant to know that during the past five years there has been a marked improvement. It is estimated that over 400,000 people visited the Art Gallery at the Toronto Exhibition last year. It is reported that a Canadian picture was sold the other day to a man in Montreal for \$3,000. It has become quite a common thing for an artist to sell his pictures at a price ranging anywhere from three to eight hundred dollars.

Among the younger artists there is none who is more promising than Mr. A. M. Fleming, whose home is at Chatham, Ont., and who is a member of the Ontario Society of Artists. Mr. Fleming's work did not attract marked attention until last year when Lord Grey took a fancy to his work and purchased a picture entitled "Morning Mists in the Waning of the Year." He had two canvases at the Toronto Exhibition, and one of these, entitled "Sunset after Rain," caught the popular fancy although his fellow artists were not very enthusiastic over it. It was ultimately purchased by the Industrial Exhibition Association and presented to the City of Toronto for the Civic Art Gallery which is to be. This year he has two pictures hung at the Exhibition by the O. S. A., and one of these, "The Crab Catchers," has been purchased for the Ontario Government, being one of four selected. Photographs of these three pictures are reproduced with this article.

Mr. Fleming's first academical training was received in the Academy of Fine Arts at Philadelphia in 1895, an institution which has been the training ground for a number of Canadian artists. He was a mere youth when he went there but was fired with an ambition, which seems to have animated him

throughout his life, to paint pictures. He says himself he cannot remember ever having the wish to be other than an artist, and that the ambition to succeed in this line has been his sole incentive. After a term there where he met with considerable success and encouragement his drawings were chosen by the faculty for the annual exhibit of the student's work. He then spent a summer season sketching along the Atlantic coast, finding ready sale for his productions among the American tourists. He returned home and pursued his study in Kent county for a couple of years. In 1897 he went abroad for three years and took the usual course of study pursued by American artists. He visited the art centres of Europe and spent many months studying in the public art galleries of Great Britain and at the Royal Academy. Even there he found people willing to purchase his work, which in itself is a rather unusual experience. He spent two summers sketching in the most picturesque parts of England and Wales, and several months in Ireland. His fancy is for coast scenes and fishing life, although he trained himself in all sorts of work.

In 1900 he returned to Canada and he has since worked steadily in his home in Chatham. Three years ago he was elected a member of the Ontario Society of Artists, and has since been a regular exhibitor. He has also exhibited at the Royal Canadian Academy and the Montreal Art Association.

Last year Mr. Fleming again visited Great Britain and spent the summer in Scotland and Ireland sketching along the north coast and in the west Highlands. No doubt this sketching tour will have its results on the pictures which will appear in the near future.

Writing to a friend Mr. Fleming says: "I care nothing for fads, and in all my life I have never cared to depart from nature for my idea of a pic-

ture. I wish to paint of what a poet writes, purely for the love of nature at its best, and the pleasure I derive from it. The commercial value has never a place nor a thought with me. I am willing to take my chances and let the picture sell itself only to the mind who understands. The sun and the air are my greatest friends in nature and in picture. I love to see and to feel them and note all their moods, to feel the charm of nature at her best. I am sure no man can invent better than nature can give us, if we could but transfer it to canvas. To do it in simplicity and in truth will always be my aim; the sun and the air, those everlasting picture-makers, shall be my only guide."

An artist's criticism of Mr. Fleming's canvases will probably be directed towards the carefulness with which he paints. Most artists desire to see effects produced without great effort or without severe detail. The rougher and stronger the brush work, the greater the artist, other things being equal. Mr. Fleming works with a fine brush and his details are brought to a high state of perfection. The smoothness of it, it is perhaps fair to say, is at once his strength and weakness. In this respect his work reminds one of the work of Mr. B. W. Leader, the great English landscape artist. However, where Leader shows a preference for light greens and yellows, Mr. Fleming runs to dark browns and purples. Perhaps Mr. Fleming's work is not great. Perhaps it will be some years yet before he is counted worthy to be enrolled as a Royal Canadian Academician. It may be some years before his pictures will be exhibited at the annual exhibitions of Great Britain and Europe. Nevertheless Canada should be proud of this ambitious young painter and what he has accomplished. If he shows as great progress in the next ten years as he has shown in the past ten he will be in a leading position in Canada and his work will be known among the art lovers of the world.

## IMPROVING THE COUNTRY ROADS

GOOD roads are as necessary to the progress and development of a country as the railways. Where one person will ride on a railway train one hundred will drive over the roadways of the country. All the products of the farms have to be hauled over the roads, before reaching the market. A good, well-built road will enable larger loads to be hauled and thus very materially decrease the cost of transportation. Any agency that lessens the cost of getting produce to market benefits the consumer as well as the producer. This is why every Canadian, whether he lives in the city or in the country, should be directly interested in good roads.

The Ontario Good Roads Association met in Toronto last week. This gathering was addressed by His Honour, the Lieutenant-Governor; His Worship, Mayor Oliver, and representatives of the Toronto Board of Trade. There was a close interchange of views as to the relation of cities and towns to this question of good roads and more particularly of the city of Toronto's interest in maintaining the leading highways of the surrounding municipalities in an efficient state. His Worship expressed himself as being in favour of cities and

towns aiding financially in improving the main roadways leading out from these centres into the surrounding country. Ex-President L. H. Clarke and Secretary Morley put matters in more definite form, when they stated to the convention that the Board of Trade was now circulating a petition, which would shortly be presented to the Board of Control, asking that the City of Toronto make a grant of \$100,000 to the surrounding municipalities, to be applied to improving the country roads leading into the city. The co-operation of the city and country in good roads is thus taking definite shape, and the Board of Trade's action, if it meets with the approval of the City Council, may lead to other urban centres taking an active interest in this movement.

The automobilist's interest in good roads received some attention also. The consensus of opinion of the convention, which was made up of representatives from some twenty county councils in Ontario, was that the automobile license should be greatly increased and the revenue from this source applied directly to the improvement of country roads. The automobile is very injurious to

(Continued on page 17)

# WORKS OF A YOUNG LANDSCAPE ARTIST



The Crab-catchers—Exhibited at the O.S.A., 1909 and purchased by the Ontario Government.



“When the Dew begins to fall”—Kent County Lowlands. These are two of Mr. Fleming’s latest and most striking canvases.



A Mountain Road.



Portrait of the Artist.



A Trout Stream—Caledon Hills, Peel County.



A Wet Autumn—Kent County.



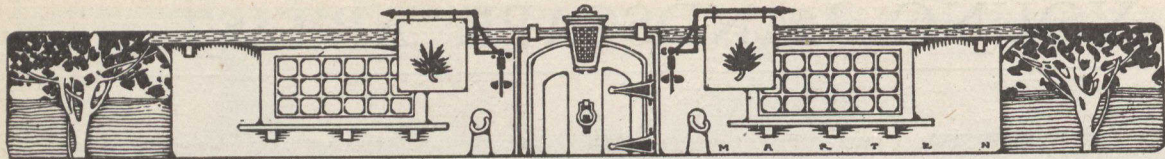
“Morning Mists in the Waning of the Year”—Purchased in 1908 by His Excellency, the Governor General.



“Sunset After Rain”—Exhibited at Industrial Exhibition and purchased by the City of Toronto, 1908.



In the haunts of the Black Bear—Northern Ontario



AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

**The Horror-Monger**

A GREAT deal has been said and preached concerning the scandal-monger, who makes it her (or his) business to spread the news of any unpleasantness throughout the parish. But the horror-monger, although of the same species, is infinitely more depressing. She is more frequently encountered in the small town or village than elsewhere and is never of a high order of intelligence. She revels in disease and disaster and can hardly be induced to take an interest in anything healthy or happy, while a funeral to her is an occasion of the deepest concern and she will recite all details of the final hours of the "dear deceased" with a gusto which leaves her audience speechless, either with admiration or disgust.

But the joy of the horror-monger, the opportunity of her lifetime, is a murder. Canada does not supply too many of such delights and the horror-monger may go all the days of her earthly pilgrimage without such an event for immediate exploiting. In that case, newspapers must fill the void and the sensational details are all too dull for the avid taste of this woman, who dwells upon each mysterious feature with an interest no act of heroism would be capable of arousing in her.

We have just seen an instance of this in the profound interest manifested by thousands in the Hamilton tragedy. The circumstances were so extraordinary that it was no wonder that general public curiosity was aroused. But most of us must wonder what spirit possessed the thousands of strangers who pressed up the door-steps, swarmed on the verandah and even attempted to force themselves upon the stricken family. Such intruders in a house of grief are nothing more nor less than horror-mongers and their ways are not the ways of pleasantness, nor are their paths peace.

\* \* \*

**Songs About Sleep**

A COLLECTOR of American Sonnets remarks on the circumstance that nearly every American poet has composed a sonnet on sleep. This restless age seems to ask from its song-writers many productions of the lullaby class. One of the daintiest of these is "The Inn o' Dreams" by Theodosia Garrison, which appeared originally in *Scribner's Magazine*:

Sleep at the Inn o' Dreams—  
A kindly host he waits,  
And all night long a goodly throng  
Comes softly through his gates.

A varied company—  
Scholar and clown and king,  
Or prince or priest, or great or least,  
He gives them welcoming.

For each he fills the cup  
Where poppy-petals swim,  
Wherefrom each guest at his behest  
Drinks deeply, toasting him.

And old men drink of youth,  
And sad men of delight,  
And weary men drink deep again  
The pulsing wine of might.

And poets drink of song,  
But best and oh, most sweet,  
Above that brim where poppies swim  
The lips of lovers meet.

Sleep at the Inn o' Dreams—  
A kindly host he waits,  
And all night long a goodly throng  
Comes softly through his gates.

\* \* \*

**A Lucky Writer**

ABOUT ten years ago, the story-reading world was much pleased by a collection of tales entitled "Smith College Stories" by Josephine Dodge Daskam. They were genuine stories of college-girl work and fun, with a delightful humour enlivening

all. Since then, several books have been written by Josephine Daskam, who, by the way, has changed her name to Mrs. Selden Bacon. One interesting feature in her career, is that never, never, in her most youthful days did she have a manuscript returned with the editor's regrets. The editors have always gladly used Mrs. Bacon's manuscript and have "paid on acceptance." This sounds almost too good to be true but it has been told by several reliable journals and therefore deserves respectful reading. Mrs. Bacon's unusually happy sketches of child life, such as those contained in "The Madness of Philip," have led to several apocryphal yarns of her own childhood. One of these was to the effect that she once possessed a doll to which she was attached with a most intense devotion, and which she even carried off to boarding-school. Mrs. Bacon has written to *Hampton's Magazine* to deny this rather absurd story and says: "I adore children but I hate dolls. My two children also dislike dolls; so I suppose it is hereditary."

As a matter of fact, there are many small girls who are bored by the dolls thrust upon them by would-be kind friends. If children were allowed more choice of playthings, many a flaxen-haired small person would pass by a wax doll in favour of a woolly lamb or a gingham dog. Perhaps, Mrs.



WELCOME!

Britannia (preparing to introduce United South Africa to Canada and Australia). "Here comes your new cousin."—Punch.

Bacon's great charm, as a writer of stories about children, is that she discards all conventions about the juvenile hero and heroine and allows youngsters to be merely human. Consequently the small girl is, by no means, always a lover of dolls.

\* \* \*

**A Matter of Music**

THERE were several women talking before the fire about a variety of matters, while the March winds howled and shrieked in a fashion which made the glow in the grate all the more comforting.

"There's one thing I envy you," said one of them, turning to a brown-eyed matron, who was busy manufacturing some fragments of lace and muslin into an article called by courtesy an apron.

"What's that?" asked she of the needle-work with curiosity, for the first speaker possessed more of this world's goods than any of the others and also had "naturally" curly hair.

"Your music. How in the world have you managed to keep it up? Tom's always scolding me because I've dropped mine. We might just as well have no piano."

"But you were always away ahead of me at school, Marian. You got the medal in music the year we graduated."

"I know," admitted Marian pensively. "And Tom is ever so fond of music. But I just don't seem to get the time." The brown-eyed matron laughed merrily.

"That's all nonsense, my dear," she replied, with the happy ease belonging to those who have been at school together, "you have more time than any of the rest of us. In fact, it's my belief that a woman has time for anything which she really wants to do. You have time to play bridge three evenings a week and some of the afternoons."

"Oh! That's different."  
"Of course it is. It's something that you really want to do. There's no royal road to keeping up music, but I find it worth while. I'm looking forward to playing duets with Dorothy."

Then they transferred their attention to spring millinery and the subject of music was forgotten. Why is it that most women "drop" their music when they take upon themselves the cares of a home? The few women who do keep it up are such gratifying exceptions that one cannot help wondering that more of their sisters do not make an effort in the direction, even though it should mean fewer "frills." There is such a difference between the household where music is a part of the home life and that from which it is absent, that keeping up her music seems well worth a woman's time and sacrifice.

\* \* \*

**The New Nation**

THE laughter of Time is a silent thing, so one of the poets has informed us. When one looks at the picture in *Punch* representing Britannia, with Canada and Australia, welcoming the new State of South Africa into the British Empire, it seems as if it can hardly be ten years since the Briton-Boer conflict began. Those days in the autumn of 1899 and the winter of 1900, when the Canadian contingents were being hurried to Capetown will not be

readily forgotten by the men who went out or by the women who stayed behind. Canada, therefore, is properly represented as taking an interest in the union of the various states of that troubled territory, for many graves on the veldt mark the resting-place of Canadian volunteers. It was during the Boer War that the association, the Daughters of the Empire, now including thousands in its membership, was formed in Montreal. Canadian women are said not to take as much interest in the political life of the country as their cousins across the Atlantic. While this may be true, there never was a national or imperial crisis when the women of the Dominion were found wanting. We are not a demonstrative people, but it would not be safe for the stranger to take that lack of facile expression for a dearth of emotion. The horrors of war fall more heavily upon the women who wait from day to day for the latest news than upon the men who are in the thickest of the fight, learning the grim companionship of those who face death together. We have travelled far since those black days of defeat and disaster, when the list of young officers killed in action lengthened appallingly before Mafeking was taken. There are varying opinions as to the new South African policy, but no part of the Empire will be more ready to rejoice in a really unified state in that distressed corner of the African continent than will this happy and prosperous Dominion of the North.

CANADIENNE.

**The Foxy Old Ultimate**

Can it be said that in the illimitable and inconceivable there is an Ultimate? Must there not always be infinity beyond?—Goldwin Smith, in the *Springfield Republican*.

THE Ultimate is big game. Theodore Roosevelt has been chasing him around the country for eight years, and hasn't got him yet. He ran a race with him over the principal railroad tracks, and he played hide and seek with him in the halls of Congress. Now Theodore is going to look for him in Africa.

Professor James, of Harvard, has been after the Ultimate also. He invented, or rather adapted a modern trap called Pragmatism, and put some nice words in the entrance for bait, but the old Ultimate is a sly dog. He wouldn't get caught.

Dr. Lyman Abbott has been "beating up" the Ultimate for some years—almost ever since we can remember.

We guess the Ultimate knows his business. But if he is ever to be caught, we suspect that some woman will do it.—*Life*.



# WHY HE WAS NAMED ANANIAS

By A. R. INGALLS

There have been many stories which taxed the credulity of the readers. The Editor ventures to suggest that this story is without an equal in this respect. The author is a Canadian Journalist, and he deserves a medal for having drawn the longest bow in Canadian fiction.



"SPEAKING of ballistics," said George as we finished discussing the Japanese Shitose powder at the club the other day, "did I ever tell you fellows about my friend Ponsonby?"

I saw the far-away look in his eyes, and hastily kicked Fetterley under the table. Fet. looked up and shook his

head hopelessly, but made a noble effort. "Luther Burbank says here that it's impossible to cross the apple with the rose to get a new flavour," he exclaimed, rattling his paper to attract attention. "The—er—the stamnia is—ah—yes, different species—er—pollen—" His voice trailed off into unintelligible mumblings and he gave up. It was really no use, George was staring at him in pained surprise and reproach.

"If you don't want to hear about Ponsonby, why, I won't tell you, you know," said he, looking grieved. So with sundry sighs he ordered a fresh supply of refreshments and settled ourselves to hear the story. We all of us like George and hate like sin to hurt his feelings, but—

"Well, as I was saying," he said, looking pleased at our apparent interest, "Ponsonby he came to me one day after dinner with pure joy just radiating off the top of his bald head and gathering in big drops on his eye-glasses. 'George,' he says, so excited he could hardly talk straight, 'George, it's going to be a 60 horse-power Panhard painted red with blue trimmings!' (I never could find out why he'd call me that. My name's Thomas.) 'Yes?' I says. 'Yes,' he goes on, 'and—and I'm going to have an observatory on top.' 'Top of what?' says I. 'Why, my new house,' he says. 'I had a sort of vague impression that you were talking about an auto,' says I sarcastic, 'but maybe I was mistook.' 'So I was,' says he, 'so I was. I'm going to have one—or two, and a yacht, and—' 'Ponsonby,' says I severely, 'what have you invented now?' 'Why, I thought I told you,' says he. 'It's the greatest thing of this or any age—Ponsonby's Patent Projectile! Say, George,' and he gets me by the arm, 'would you have the sparking plug in gold, or inlaid silver?' 'Now, that was old P. all over. Talk about counting chickens before they're hatched! Say, honest, that man would buy a poultry farm for the hypothetical offspring of his chickens' grandchildren!

"I steered him gently back to his invention, and he told me all about it. I won't try to give you his technicalities, which were fierce, but it consisted of a nest of thin shells made up to the size and shape of a nickel-jacketed Lee-Metford bullet, each one charged with an explosive and a time-fuse, and so arranged that when fired from a rifle the first charge would explode just before the trajectory began to take effect. This would cause the outside shell to act as a rifle barrel, driving the remainder forward as a new projectile. At the end of the next point blank range the next shell would follow suit; and so on till the whole thing was spent, each shell in turn becoming a firearm—something like a relay race. The central core was solid, of course.

"Ponsonby was naturally mighty enthusiastic about it. He claimed it would travel farther than any projectile known, that it was a thousand per cent. more deadly than the deadliest, that—but what's the use? Merely by stating that Ponsonby 'claimed,' I have given you the superlative absolute of claims to the *n*-th power.

"Nothing would do but I must go with him at once and help test the thing. But I knew Ponsonby from of old, and his inventions to boot. Being naturally a truthful man, it went a little hard, but I pleaded sickness, death in the family—a date with a Russian grand duke! Nothing doing. In despair I suggested a drink. He wavered—I almost had him—but no, he was true to his guns—I would say, ammunition. I was dragged off home protesting feebly, where he produced a rifle and the Projectile. This was like an ordinary .303 cartridge with an extra long bullet made in layers—something like one of those big cannon they use on the coast. I fingered the thing and listened while P. spouted a steady stream of superheated atmosphere. At last he led the way out into the back yard and pointed to a big tree two miles away at least.

"Set the sights for two hundred yards, George, and I'll shoot at that," he says, "and I'll bet you any-

thing you like to name at any odds that the Projectile will be in the trunk when we go and look. Provided I've shot straight, of course," he adds before I could take him up. 'Is that a fair test?' 'A fair test! 'Provided he'd shot straight!' Were we going to dig a two-mile trench to make sure the thing had not gone into the ground somewhere between here and that tree? And how else could we make sure he'd shot straight? But since inventors—and Ponsonby was a rule that proved all exceptions—are notoriously obtuse in the a b c of logic, I merely hinted delicately that there might be a Projectile in that trunk already, at which he went up in the air.

"Oh, you think I'm a sanctified old fool, eh? You think this is no good, do you?" he snapped. 'Well, mark this one yourself, unravel your body, and then maybe you'll be satisfied,' and he went on growling to himself. (I give you the antonyms of some of what he said.) So to pacify the old duck I got out my nail file and marked a little cross deep in the nose of the bullet. Meanwhile he began fussing around rigging up a frame to screw his gun into so it would shoot straighter. He took the cartridge from me and shoved it into place, aimed very carefully, and finally let her go with his eyes shut.

"There was a little puff of smoke out on the plain, and a second later a shrill screaming sound. Ponsonby's hat was twitched off his head, and the kitchen window went to almighty smash, accompanied by ructions inside.

"Good Lord!" says P., picking himself up gingerly, and white as a sheet, 'that must have been the first shell! Something is wrong, for I figured just how much Ponsonbite to put into each one, so's the momentum of the initial discharge would stimulate the combined—er—the combined solidity of the firearm and the clavicle of the operator, and thus exactly counterbalance the retrogressive impetus ensuing from the renewed flight of the projectile—' and then his breath gave out. I bet that was in the prospectus. 'It was a near thing for me, though,' he went on, gazing ruefully at the wreck of his hat. 'and that sounded like the china closet in the kitchen there.' Then a new thought struck him. 'Come on, quick!' he yells, 'before the wife gets next!' And knowing Mrs. P. indifferently well I lost no time in following his advice and example, and we beat it for the distant tree. 'I'll tell her it was some bad boys stoning a kitten,' he says after meditating a bit. 'That ought to fetch her.' But he still looked scared. I was shocked by such evidence of mendacity in my old friend.

"Your bullet seems to be working all right, though." Then I groaned. I wanted to cheer him up a bit and change the current of his thoughts. I did.

"Now, you old duffer," he says, digging me playfully in the ribs, 'got any scoffs left? What do you think of the Projectile now, eh?' then started to dilate on the things he'd do with his unhatched billions. To tell the truth it seemed to me that I, too, could hear that same money kinder moving a little mite in the egg-shell. However, I was mighty thankful when we finally did get to the tree and Ponsonby had something else to occupy his thoughts. After hunting around a bit he let out a yell and pointed to a little hole in the trunk about level with his shoulder. 'There's where she struck!' he hollers, as tickled as a small boy in his first pants. I had a look, and it was a sure-enough shot hole.

"Now," says he, getting out a big jack-knife with a hand that shook, 'we will proceed to excavate for the purpose of extracting the Greatest Marvel of the Age,' says I, prospecting round the other side, 'it looks to me as though she'd gone clean through!' There was another little hole all right, with the splinters sticking out, and it corresponded to the first.

"Has she, though?" says P., forgetting his finger in an instant. And when he saw that little hole—well, you ought to have seen his face! After a while he quieted down some and tried to squint through it.

"Why, that's funny," he says in a minute, his face dropping about a yard; then tried from the other side. 'I can't see a darned thing.' I put my eye to the hole and moved this way and that, trying to see daylight, but could not. Kind of puzzled, I picked up a piece of stiff wire lying on the ground and tried to shove it through. There

was some resistance about half way through, then out came—the second shell.

"Well, holy smoke!" says I, and went and sat down on a stump to think. Evidently the thing had recoiled square back into the hole it had made itself—unless it had gone off inside the tree. But anyhow it looked as though my old friend had at last made good. I sat there meditating for a while and he pattered round the tree, talking to himself and taking measurements.

"Aw, come on, Pon," I says at last. 'Yon ain't going to stay there all day, are you?'

"All right, all right—wait till I have another look. Straight as a die," he goes on with his eye to the hole. 'Couldn't have been better bored with—' Something went *fffft* by my head, and Ponsonby gave a sort of gasp and crumpled up in a heap.

"I was petrified for a moment, then hurried forward and picked him up. He was quite dead, shot through the head. Well, I won't harrow you with details. But the bullet had a little cross-mark on the nose, almost obliterated, but unmistakable.

"For a long time I sat there, stupefied. What in God's name had happened? What reasonable explanation could there be of the uncanny phenomenon? There was no doubt in my mind as to the identity of the wicked little object I held in my fingers, but where had it come from? It was the same bullet the dead man himself had fired a short time before, but how had it killed *him*? Some statement to the effect that Hiawatha was able to 'shoot an arrow from him and run forward with such swiftness that the arrow fell behind him' came to my dazed intellect. Was that what had happened? Impossible, preposterous! Then suddenly the appalling truth burst upon me.

"Gentlemen, fill your glasses and let us drink to the memory of the greatest genius this world has ever known. Ponsonby's Patent Projectile had travelled right around the earth, and on its return journey, coming of course from behind, it had overlapped just enough to kill its inventor!" said George Washington, solemnly.

We call him "An" now, for short.

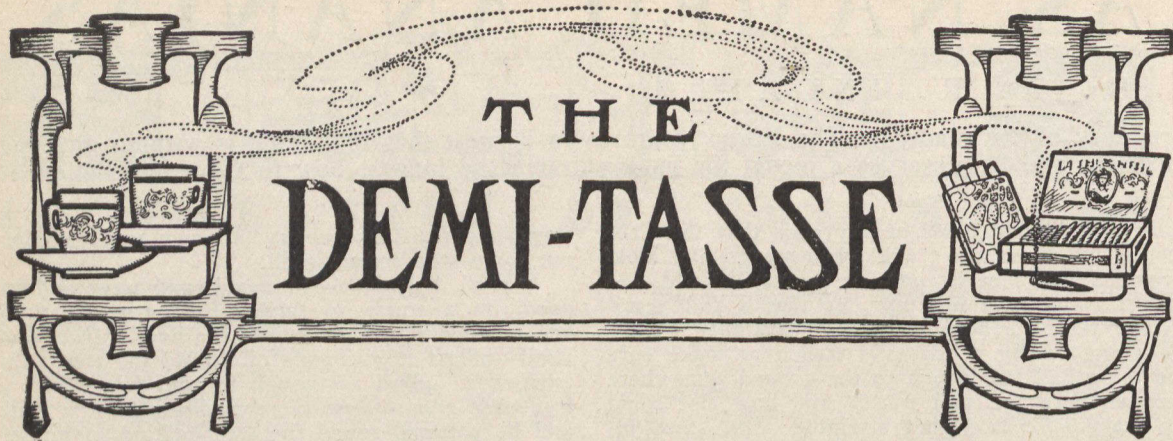
## Improving the Country Roads

(Continued from page 14)

country roads, it is claimed, and as the number of automobilists, who use these roads, is increasing every year, those interested in road improvement believe that owners of motor cars should do something handsome in assisting the work. There is this to be said on this point, voluntary and concerted action on the part of automobilists in rendering substantial assistance in maintaining country roads, might help to counteract the strong prejudice that exists in many rural districts against the automobile. Were motor car owners, and they are among our most wealthy citizens, to cooperate in road improvement, it is safe to say that considerable of this prejudice would be removed, and they would not be so much hampered by irritating legislation and the demands of the people in some sections to keep them off country roads altogether.

Coming to the more general aspects of the question, the addresses and discussions of the convention show that substantial progress is being made in improving the roads of the country. The Ontario Good Roads Act, passed in the early days of the Ross Government, and fathered by the Premier of the day, by which \$1,000,000 was set apart for road improvement, is still doing effective work in this direction. Though modified to some extent by the present Government, considerable money is being expended yearly in road improvement. The Government cooperates with the counties, which adopt and carry out the plans for road improvement laid down under the Act, the former paying \$1 for every \$2 expended by the county. Up to date, \$500,000 has been expended by the Government in this work and plans for improved country roads have been accepted at an estimated cost of \$3,000,000. The aim is to secure permanent roads built after the most approved plan, and as the counties do not care to burden themselves with large debenture debts, progress is somewhat slow. Some counties lay a direct tax on the assessment each year to cover the cost of expenditure under the Act and, therefore, the stretches of road improved yearly are not large. But a permanent system of leading road-

(Concluded on page 19)



# THE DEMI-TASSE

## A LOYAL SUPPORTER.

AN old Kingstonian was telling some "Sir John" stories the other day and happened to mention old Mary McG—, who kept a small hotel, which was famed for its good fare and who won many a vote for Sir John, whom she declared to be the "foinest gntleman that ever stepped." Mary was something of an athlete and it was on record that she had once expelled by force a guest who had spoken unadvisedly regarding her political idol.

At a meeting held some years after Sir John's death, one of the speakers waxed eloquent over the virtues of the Liberal party, casting aspersions on the late Conservative Chieftain. The Kingston raconteur found Mary afterwards in bitter tears and said consolingly:

"Never mind, my dear woman. It's only politics."

"Politics!" she echoed scornfully. "It's wicked lies. Sir John was more a saint than a politician!"

\* \* \*

## A DIPLOMATIC YOUTH.

A YOUNG man who had become disgusted with a fair creature's refusal of candies and theatre parties during Lent recently resolved on a stern course. He remained away from the paternal residence for a week and when he finally met the demure lady by chance he assumed an air of lofty indifference. She tried various feminine devices for discovering what was the matter before she said with hesitation:

"We thought you might be ill. It's quite a while since we saw you." The plural pronoun was carefully used, but the young man's face brightened.

"Well, you see, I've decided to keep Lent, too." "I thought you were only a Presbyterian," said the bewildered little Anglican.

"I'm coming to see that there's a lot in Lent. You see it means giving up something you really enjoy."

"Oh!" said the girl thoughtfully. The next afternoon when he telephoned and asked if she would go to a lecture on "The Earthquake in Sicily" she said "Yes" without a moment's hesitation and made no protest that evening when he laid a pink-ribboned box on the table in the hall.

\* \* \*

## THE WORM TURNS.

"Women," said Mr. Nagsby solemnly, "have no sense of humour."

"That's where you're mistaken," said his wife in a rare fit of repartee, "you'd be surprised if you knew how often we feel like laughing at you men."

\* \* \*



"Get back there can't you?" "Garn, I've got shares in the Company, can't I see my own place burn?"—Punch

\* \* \*

## HIS EXPLANATION.

A CERTAIN Toronto man is telling a story about a prominent Canadian actor which exhibits the latter in a peculiar and impecunious light. The

prominent actor has a comparatively common name—Tom Jones, for instance—and on a visit to Toronto a few years ago, he was staying at a hotel where there was a "permanent" guest of the same name. One morning the latter found among his mail a tailor's account, with a note making a few pointed remarks regarding the actor's delinquency in settling these trifling bills and drawing attention to the fact that the account was of two years' standing. The "permanent" guest returned the note to the office, saying that it was not for him and, as the flap of the envelope had not been securely sealed, the epistle bore no traces of having been opened by mistake.

About half an hour afterwards, he had the pleasure of seeing the actor open the note and crush the merchant tailor's elegant and non-committal stationery into his pocket.

"Bad news, Tom?" asked one of the members of the group in which he had been standing.

"Not at all," was the light reply. "Only these silly women do make me so tired with their crush notes. If you were in my profession, you'd simply hate the sight of a woman's hand-writing."

The other Thomas Jones held his breath and, at last accounts, the tailor's little bill for the matinee idol's garments was yet unpaid.

\* \* \*

## PLEASANT PERSONALITIES.

"I do miss Mrs. Jones. She told me all the news of the parish."

"Oh, that was only gossip—no truth in it."

"Well, there, I liked to 'ear it. Truth or lies, 'twas all news to me."—Punch.

\* \* \*

## HER HAPPY RETORTS.

"I REMEMBER," says Mrs. Cornwallis West (Lady Randolph Churchill), in her recently published memoirs, "having an amusing passage-at-arms with my host (Sir William Harcourt), Sir Charles Dilke and Mr. Chamberlain. My three Radical friends, having been told of my artistic efforts, chaffingly implored me to hand them down to posterity by painting their portraits. 'Why refuse to paint us? Where can you find more attractive or noble models? Come, here is a chance to immortalise yourself and us.' 'Impossible,' I cried. 'I should fail; I could never paint you black enough.'"

This was the reply sent to Lady Randolph by Mr. George Bernard Shaw, whom she had asked to lunch. It came in the form of a telegram:

"Certainly not. What have I done to provoke such an attack on my well-known habit?"

To which Lady Randolph replied:

"Know nothing of your habits. Hope they are not as bad as your manners."—The Wasp.

\* \* \*

## AT LAST.

DIOGENES, lantern in hand, entered the village drug store. "Say, have you anything that will cure a cold?" he asked.

"No, sir, I have not," answered the pill compiler.

"Give me your hand," exclaimed Diogenes, dropping his lantern. "I have at last found an honest man."—Christian Advocate.

\* \* \*

## THE SINGER OF THE SONG.

IN one of his "Breakfast Table" papers Oliver Wendell Holmes says that birds show all the airs, graces and mannerisms of human singers. However, the feathered bipeds can hardly be accused of indulging in the concert-hall twang and throaty quavers affected by some of the unfeathered.

Signor Caruso, the great opera singer, tells of a lady's maid's artless criticism of an amateur singer whose methods were of this strained order. The maid was brushing her mistress' hair when she mentioned that she had heard Miss Evans sing in the parlour the night before.

"And how did you like it?" asked the mistress.

"Oh, mum!" answered the maid, "it wuz beautiful! She sung just as if she wuz gargling!"

\* \* \*

## AN UNHAPPY QUOTATION.

JUDGE HOAR and General Butler were opponents, says the *Argonaut*, in a case of a new trial. General Butler quoted: "Eye for eye, skin for skin, tooth for tooth, yea, all that a man hath, will he give for his life."

To which the Judge replied: "Yes, the devil quoted that once before in a motion for a new trial."

\* \* \*

## SHE.

She broke our big platter—she dropped it—to-day

And she should have been fired for that;

She tells our affairs to the folks o'er the way,

And she ought to be fired for that.

But if she should go what on earth could we do?

We've company here and we must see it through;

She stays out at night until all hours, too;

And she ought to be fired for that.

She scorches the steak till it's brittle and black,

And she ought to be fired for that;

She cooks like a person deprived of the knack,

And she ought to be fired for that.

Last week we declared we would keep her no more;

But illness occurred—it has happened before—

Then she—well, she charged things to us, at the

store,

And she should have been fired for that.

She takes her day off when she can't well be spared,

And she ought to be fired for that;

The rooms in this place are improperly aired,

And she ought to be fired for that.

A month since we vowed that she'd have to get out,

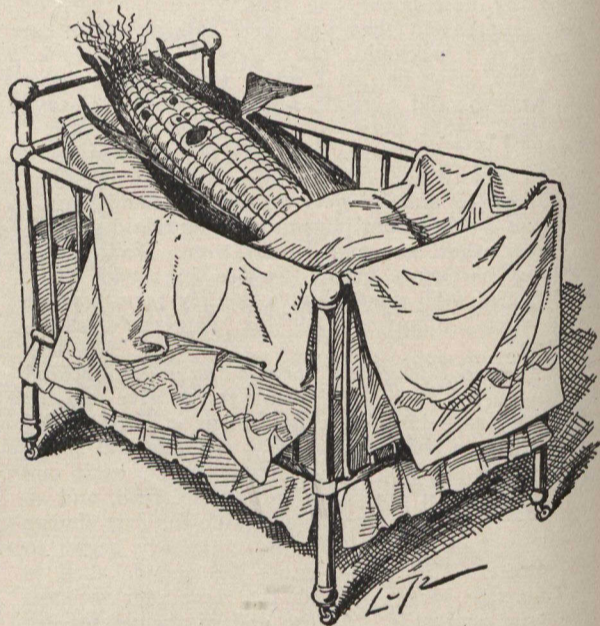
But there was some cleaning—that left it in doubt;

She took some loose change that was lying about,

And she should have been fired for that.

—New York Sun.

\* \* \*



A Corn Crib—Life.

\* \* \*

## BIBLICAL MATTERS.

THE doubt of a University of Chicago professor whether King Solomon, as the husband of seven hundred wives, is the best authority for the world of to-day upon such domestic matters as the treatment of children, reminds one of a story told so often by that great English prelate, Archbishop Magee. A Gloucestershire lady was reading the Old Testament to an aged woman who lived at the home for old people, and chanced upon the passage concerning Solomon's household.

"Had Solomon really seven hundred wives?" inquired the old woman, after reflection.

"Oh, yes, Mary! It is so stated in the Bible."

"Lor, mum!" was the comment. "What privileges them early Christians had!"—Judge.

\* \* \*

## NOT RESPONSIBLE.

Two London cabbies were glaring at each other.

"Aw, wot's the matter with you?" demanded one.

"Nothink's the matter with me, you bloomin' idiot."

"You gave me a narsty look," persisted the first.

"Me? Why, you certainly 'ave a narsty look, but I didn't give it to you, so 'elp me."

# PEOPLE AND PLACES

LITTLE STORIES BY LAND AND SEA, CONCERNING THE FOLK WHO MOVE HITHER AND THITHER ACROSS THE FACE OF A BIG LAND.

## REGINA'S BIG POST OFFICE.

THE largest post office between Winnipeg and Vancouver is at Regina—a new building to be opened very soon; a palatial building meriting a whole column of description in a recent issue of the *Regina Standard*. And as far east as St. John the growing importance of the capital of Saskatchewan is thus recognised by an editorial in the *St. John Globe*, wherein the writer shows his appreciation of how fast matters move in the West:—

"Although Regina is the capital of a province, and has a queenly name, and a post office with an annual revenue of from sixty thousand to seventy thousand dollars, it has not a street delivery of letters. There is now a population of eleven thousand, which is about a thousand less than the minimum of population fixed by the postal department to entitle a place to street delivery. The *Regina Leader* urges the parliamentary representative of the district to move on the Postmaster-General to provide the service. Populations increase so rapidly in those western towns that if the Postmaster-General gave his order on Monday for the introduction of the service the requisite twelve thousand would be reached before the carriers could be provided with their bags and trained for their work. The Regina request is a reasonable one."

\* \* \*

## APPRECIATING A SENATOR.

SENATOR WILLIAM MACDONALD, who is one of the best known men in the Maritime Provinces, has come to the notice of the *Utica Globe*. It is not often that Canadian public men get much publicity from the United States press for the good they do. Senator Macdonald, however, has the approval of the *Utica Oracle*, even to the extent of a biographical sketch, part of which is as follows:—

"Senator Macdonald is a son of Allan Macdonald, who came from Invernesshire, Scotland, and settled in the Island of Cape Breton about 1826, being one of the pioneers of that district. Our subject was born in 1837, and received his early education in the district school where, at the age of 16, he was employed as teacher. Later he attended St. Francis Xavier College at Antigonish, N. S. Subsequently he taught school, but realising that the profession was wanting in opportunities for an ambitious young man, he established himself in business in Glace Bay. Later he invested in real estate, out of which he has amassed a large fortune. For several years he was chairman of the Committee on Colonisation and Immigration in the House of Commons. In 1883-84 he urged and secured the first subsidy for the extension of the Intercolonial Railway across the Island of Cape Breton. In 1884 he was elevated to the Senate, where he has continued to promote all legislation that he thinks will be for the good of the public."

\* \* \*

## POLYGLOT SASKATCHEWAN.

OUT in Saskatchewan the mingling of the peoples is beginning to make the editors take notice. Cosmopolitan—as New York or London almost—so many sorts and conditions of people that to find the real Simon-pure Canadian is sometimes a matter for mathematics, at least so thinks a writer in one of the western newspapers, who hits off the situation with a little editorial sketch:—

"There's eight nations represented in this ward of ours," said Mr. Flannighan to his wife on his return from a political meeting. He began to count them off on his fingers. "There's Irish, Frinch, Eycetilians, Poles, Germans, Roosians, Greeks an'—"

Mr. Flannighan stopped and began again: "There's Irish, Frinch, Eycetilians, Poles, Germans, Roosians, Greeks—an' ain't it queer I disremember the other wan? There's Irish, Frinch—"

"Maybe 'twas Canadians," suggested Mrs. Flannighan.

"Sure, that's it," said her husband. "I couldn't think what the eighth could be."

## A SUBMARINE BRIDGE.

NOW while the Toronto viaduct is still a chapter in a fairy tale and the tunnel to Prince Edward Island is largely in the air—a St. John engineer comes along with a scheme to do away with the Quebec Bridge. Mr. J. S. Armstrong, civil engineer, would build a bridge under water. This is a new kind of bridge. Even the late Sir George Reid, *pontifex maximus* of America, might have lost some sleep thinking out a viaduct like that. Mr. Armstrong's bridge would not be under the ground like a common tunnel, but between the top of the water and the top of the ground. In order to escape the necessity of a bridge 190 feet above high tide-water as mooted by the Montreal Board of Trade, Mr. Armstrong would have his submarine viaduct made of a huge steel tube, surrounded by a coat of cement, riveted to the piers—which would not be used to hold the bridge up, but to keep the water from lifting it.

\* \* \*

## HAMMERING THE LORDS.

MR. HAMAR GREENWOOD, M. P. for York in the British House of Commons, has been hammering the House of Lords. In a letter to the *London Standard* lately the oratorical Canadian from the old town of Pickering, seemed to forget that recently in Canada he threatened to marry an

points out, a powerful Fruehling dredge is now on the way across the Pacific to make New Westminster a modern sea port. "At Montreal," also says an authority, "when it was seen that the city must needs be the great eastern gateway of Canada, the city bought the foreshore lands, lands that could be bought cheap at that time, and the city borrowed money to improve the lands bought. With these improvements as security new loans were made at lower rates of interest, and the increased improvements have now reached a stage which places Montreal along with the big ports of the world. At St. John, New Brunswick, the initial work was undertaken by the city, and with the beginning made the city went to the government, which has improved the port."

\* \* \*

## TOMATOES AT EDMONTON.

NOW that the wheat and fruit belt is gradually creeping up towards the musk-ox land, the following letter from a citizen of Edmonton will be of interest:—

EDMONTON, Feb. 2nd, 1909.

To the Editor *The Canadian Courier, Toronto*.

DEAR SIR,—I casually picked up the December 19th issue of your paper to-night, and on page 14 read the paragraph on tomatoes ripening at Haileybury, in the concluding part of which you state that at Edmonton "they have not gone in for grapes, peaches and tomatoes." It is perfectly true that the two former have no footing here yet, but the latter has, for last summer, I grew a large number in my garden at this address, the majority of which ripened on the vine, and but for the fact that I was late in planting them out could have doubled the quantity. I had about 150 vines, planted three feet apart, and upon the formation of the fruit clusters, used the pruning knife ruthlessly, carefully removing all shoots and leaves that kept the sun off, and in most cases leaving only three or four tomatoes on each cluster.

At the end of the summer, when the nights got cool and I feared frost, I covered the vines with anything that came handy, old sacks, aprons, cheese-cloth, etc., etc., and thus kept the frost away, while other vegetables caught it badly.

Yours very truly,  
H. W. HEATHCOTE.

## Improving the Country Roads

(Concluded from page 17)

ways is gradually being evolved, and the value of farm property in Ontario is being correspondingly increased thereby.

The road builders, however, want more money and the convention by resolution asked the Government to increase its share of expenditure under the act from one-third to one-half. The Hon. Dr. Reaume, who addressed the convention, intimated that the province was now paying as large a share as could reasonably be expected of it. In older Ontario the people were in a position to pay a good share of the expenditure necessary to improve the roads. Where more Government expenditure is needed, the Minister pointed out, is in the newer portions of the province, where the people are not able to expend any large amount on improvement.

The Minister's contention, that as the people control the roads, they should pay a large share towards their maintenance and improvement, seems reasonable. On the other hand, when we learn what other countries are doing in this direction, his argument loses some of its force. A few years ago the State Legislature of Pennsylvania appropriated \$40,000,000 for road improvement, and last year \$5,000,000 of this appropriation was expended on the improvement of state controlled roads. Ontario is a wealthy province. Good roads are as essential to her progress and development as they are to the neighbouring states of the Union. The argument, therefore, that the Government might well consider some large scheme for road improvement and maintenance directly under Government control has considerable backing in the way of precedent.

J. W. W.



This Photograph proves that Tomatoes can be ripened in the Open Air at Edmonton. In previous issues similar pictures have been shown of Tomatoes ripened at Saskatoon and at Haileybury.

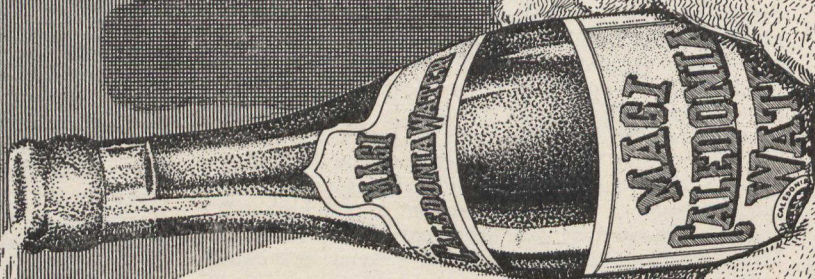
COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPH BY ERNEST BROWN, EDMONTON.

Earl's daughter—not mentioning the Earl. Roused by the opposition of the aristocracy the member for York says:—"Personally, I consider the partisan exercise of the Lords' veto justifies any and all opposition up to the point of rebellion, and if we had a Cromwell in the Liberal party I would gladly join the first troop of his Ironsides. I believe implicitly in real democratic government as the best method of making for national well-being, and I have no regard for—indeed, I detest—the principles of episcopacy and heredity in legislation. And in this detestation I carry with me, at any rate, the self-governing colonies, where noble lords may be popular as possible sons-in-law, but where they would be laughed at as legislators. There is no episcopacy or heredity in any colonial legislation."

\* \* \*

## COMPARISONS ODIOUS.

VICTORIA, B. C., is beginning to have qualms about things more practical perhaps than merely the city beautiful. In that picturesque and artistic city they are noticing the great progress made in the matter of harbour improvements by other cities in Canada. The prospect of elevators in Vancouver looks ominous. Elevators are not beautiful but highly useful. In Vancouver also there are great schemes for bringing railways and docks into closer connection. In New Westminster, as a writer



## See How It Sparkles!!

When you pour Magi Water, take a second to note the glint of life--the radiation of prisoned light. This "aliveness" is a delightful feature peculiar to

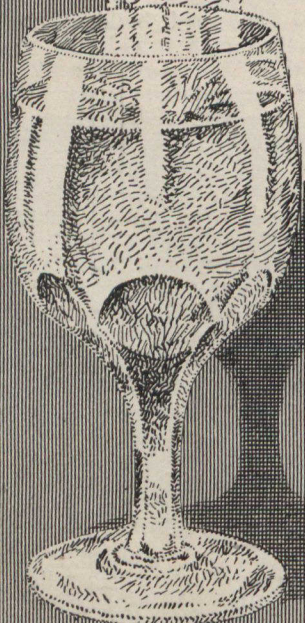
# MAGI WATER

Taste it--your tongue and palate will fairly sense the release of this life and light when Magi Water touches them. There is a niceness--a delicate touch of clean, fresh goodness to Magi Water that no other water possesses.

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## MONEY AND MAGNATES

### Strategic Railroad Work

THE purchase of the Wisconsin Central by the "Soo" Railway, one of the subsidiary companies of the Canadian Pacific, indicates that the Board of Directors of the C. P. R. have made rather a marked change in their general policy.

For many years C. P. R. authorities always stated that they were concentrating all their energies and capital on the Canadian West and were leaving the American West to the Hill and other American railways. This policy was given the utmost prominence evidently with the intention of persuading Jim Hill not to encroach upon the Canadian territory. Then came the time when the C. P. R. was not any longer so afraid of Jim Hill as they had been and when Hill announced his intention of building into the Crow's Nest country it was not long before the C. P. R. had secured an important branch by getting running rights into Spokane over the Spokane International.

And now comes the important announcement that the C. P. R. is to secure a terminal at the head of the American lakes by getting one of its subsidiary companies to take over the Wisconsin Central which runs into Chicago. Not for years has so strategic a move been made in the Western railroad world. True the C. P. R. says it is its own American subsidiary company that is doing the purchasing, but when it is remembered that the C. P. R. owns outright 51 per cent. of the stock of "Soo" Railway, it is easily seen that the "Soo" that will have to provide most of the money if it is decided that the "Soo" should pay for the Wisconsin Central by means of a further issue of stock.

A little inside feature that is of particular interest is that Mr. R. B. Angus, one of the closest advisers of Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, was the first manager of the "Soo" Railway when it was taken over by Canadian interests before the C. P. R. was built. Mr. Angus, although never brought before the public in late years, has always taken a very active interest in Canadian Pacific affairs and no important move has ever been taken by the executive without first obtaining his advice.

Canadian Railway authorities say that the "Soo" with the Wisconsin Central is bound in time to be just as important a line between St. Paul, Minneapolis and Chicago as the C. P. R. is to-day through the Canadian West.

\* \* \*

### Clashing Milling Interests

THE recent bitter contest in Toronto and throughout Ontario over flour rates between the Lake of the Woods Milling Company and the Ogilvie Flour Mills Company, Limited, brings to mind the frequent endeavours that have been made to bring these two big concerns together.

The offices of the presidents of the two concerns, Mr. C. R. Hosmer of the Ogilvies, and Mr. Robert Meighen of the Lake of the Woods, are situated in the same building in Montreal and occasionally they drive up to lunch at the club together. Whenever they are noticed some of the reporters of the local papers has a story of negotiations being again opened for the merger of the two milling concerns because the two leading interests were seen together.

As a matter of fact had it not been for one of these leading interests the merger would have been carried through long ago.

It has always been Mr. Robert Meighen, the president of the Lake of the Woods Company, who has always prevented any scheme being carried out that would result in the two big concerns getting together. Different people have started it at different times but always Mr. Meighen would have none of it.

It is solely as a matter of principle that Mr. Meighen will not agree to any such proposal. He holds that there should not be any monopoly in a line that would affect the price of bread to the entire community but that on the contrary there should always be at least reasonable competition.

Mr. Meighen has all the money he can reasonably make use of in his lifetime and says he is not going to make any at the expense of the people of the country. Some very tempting offers have at times been made him for his holdings, but recognising why the offers were being made he always refused to entertain them. What is more, and I have it from Mr. Meighen himself, there is not much likelihood of any merger as long as he lives. And so there will always be more or less of fighting between the two big rival concerns, for Mr. Meighen will not make any agreement with the Ogilvies as to the price at which flour will be sold.

Thinking it over it would seem just as well that there be competition in the main foodstuff of the people.

\* \* \*

### Pools That Were Successful

ONE of the outstanding features of the business done by leading Montreal brokers during the past couple of years has been the success that has attended small "pools" formed in different stocks by Mr. Clarence J. McCuaig, head of the firm of McCuaig Bros. & Co. Mr. McCuaig is one of the many Toronto men who decided there were chances of bigger financial deals in Montreal than in Toronto, so decided to move his main office down to the older city while still maintaining a branch office in the Queen City.

Mr. Clarence McCuaig is known among his confreres as a most resourceful worker who is always hard at work on new plans. Following the Insurance investigation Mr. McCuaig conceived the idea that it would not be a bad plan to get options on blocks of stock held by some of the insurance companies and then form little pools to market them off. First of all he started off with quite a fair sized block of Illinois Traction preferred stock. On Mr. McCuaig's advice quite a number of the other brokers undertook to take small allotments in the pool, but before the pool was scarcely formed the public got bidding for the new 6 per cent. traction stock that was selling just above 90, and within a couple of days the entire block taken by the pool had been successfully marketed and all the members had made quite a nice little profit.

Then Mr. McCuaig picked up other blocks at fair prices and divided them up between brokers in Toronto and Montreal and in almost every instance substantial profits were shown, while the public got good dividend payers at fair prices. Mr. McCuaig was one of the first brokers to recognise that there was a much bigger market for stocks right here in Canada than most people supposed and that there was no longer as much need of going to London as was the case a few years ago.

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was the net amount of insurance on the Company's books December 31st, 1908, and the year's operations showed that



made very substantial gains in other departments of its business:

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while its ratio of expense to income was smaller than in previous years.

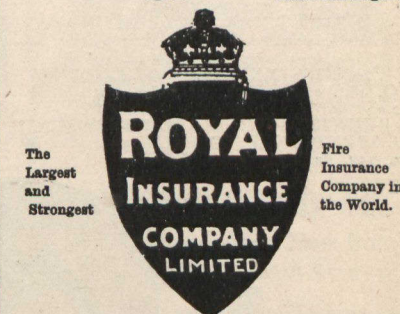
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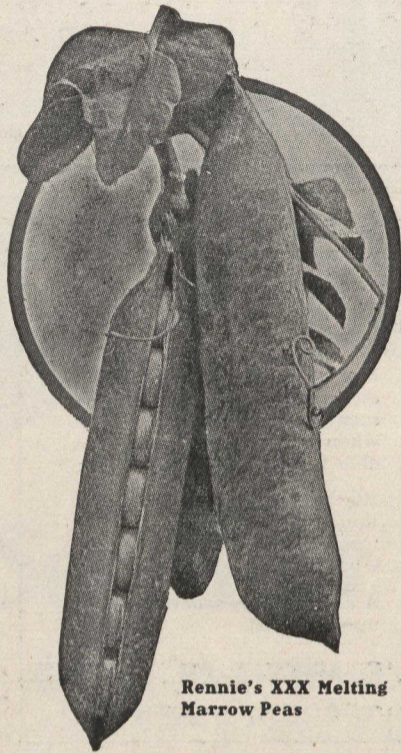


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Rennie's XXX Scarlet Round White Tipped Radish



Rennie's XXX Solid Head Lettuce

## Flowers and Vegetables

SOME NOTES BY AN EXPERT.

### A City Vegetable Garden

WHAT'S nicer than a well-kept garden, furnishing a supply of fresh vegetables when wanted throughout the season. With a small amount of labour and at very little expense an ordinary back garden can be converted into a useful plot to furnish nice crisp vegetables throughout the summer and fall seasons.

For first early use a good supply of crisp lettuce, using the nonpareil and iceberg varieties, and appetising radishes, of which the round scarlet white tipped and French breakfast sorts are the most popular. A little spinach and parsley are very desirable, while mustard and cress are also sought for by certain classes.

A few strawberry rhubarb roots planted in the corner of the garden and an asparagus bed of about fifty roots of the Palmetto variety will supply a small family with these excellent vegetables. Early beets (Eclipse or Egyptian sorts) must not be forgotten, while the little short-horned carrots of the Guerande type and also the Chantenay Intermediate are the best kinds to sow. Nott's excelsior peas are for first early, Thomas Laxton for second early, and dwarf telephone peas for later, are the finest table marrow sorts. A few stringless green pod and extra early valentine beans are also desirable. No garden is complete without a small quantity of Dutch sett onions, which are used for first early green onions. A few plants of Earliana and Plentiful varieties of tomatoes will supply the needs of most gardens. Golden bantam table corn is the most popular among the finer varieties of sugar corn. Cabbage, cauliflower and celery may be planted in June. Plants of these can be purchased from most gardeners. The seeds required for an ordinary city vegetable garden can be purchased from any of our seedsmen in packages at from 10 to 25 cents each. Small packages of the ordinary varieties are worth 5 cents each.

\* \* \*

### A City Flower Garden

THE ideal flower garden in the city must contain the old standard varieties along with some of the best of the newer kinds. Sweet alyssum is beautiful for edging flower beds or borders. The tall branching asters with their large chrysanthemum-like flowers furnish an excellent background. While the ten weeks stocks, verbenas, double and single pinks, dwarf zinnias mignonette, dwarf nasturtiums, Shirley poppies, and phlox drummondii are among the most popular. At least a few of them should have a place in all gardens. One of the most prolific blooming plants and one that gives the greatest amount of satisfaction is the Giants of California petunia. Throughout the entire season the plants are brilliant with their gay flowers and if given plenty of sunshine, are about as satisfactory as any we can recommend. Morning glories, tall nasturtiums and sweet peas must not be forgotten. Sweet peas in particular with the new Spencer types with their frilled edges are very dainty.

\* \* \*

### Beautifying a City Lawn with Shrubbery and Flower Beds

TO make an ordinary city lawn attractive it requires to be nicely laid out, avoiding always straight lines as these are not good taste in gardening. A few fir trees can be grouped with good effect, using Norway spruce, Austrian pine, and American arbutus and for a prominent situation Koster's Blue Spruce. This latter variety is very handsome and should be grown in larger quantities than it already is.

Among shrubs there are a great many varieties which are known to nurserymen as "fads," but the sorts which give the best satisfaction and can be handled with ordinary care are following:—

For flowering in June—Japan quince, flowering almonds, syringa (Philadelphus), fragrant mock orange.

For flowering in July—Spirea van houette, Persian lilacs, Weigelia, rosea, The golden elder (sambucus aurea), with its brilliant yellow foliage and the prunus pissardi with its dark purple leaves are among the best of the ornamental foliage shrubs. Japanese snowball (viburnum pheatium) for flowering in August, and the best of all shrubs, the hydrangea, paniculata grandiflora for September.

These shrubs should be planted in good rich soil with plenty of well decomposed manure as early in spring as the ground can be worked mellow. Do not leave planting until the leaves have commenced to break out. Always give a plentiful supply of water.

\* \* \*

### Plants For Bedding Out

TO make attractive most lawns should have a flower bed or two. The plants should not be set out before June 1st. The following bed can be made at a small cost: For centre—Castor bean; next, tall branching asters; following the asters on outside Giant California petunia with a border of carpet of snow alyssum. These plants can all be grown from seeds.

Another bed which gives a very attractive effect is made up of—Centre of dark-leaved King Humbert cannas; next, caladium elephant ears; outside these, scarlet geraniums with a border or edging of lobelia, sweet alyssum or Madame Selloi geraniums, whichever you prefer.

An ordinary flower bed to give a good effect can be made with scarlet or pink geraniums in the centre; colens (foliage) plants next, and Carpet of Snow alyssum border.

It is necessary that the ground should be well cultivated and not allowed to become "baked" throughout the growing season. Watering should be done in the evening.

\* \* \*

### Making a Lawn

TO the average inexperienced person the making of a lawn is somewhat perplexing. The first problem which arises is shall the lawn be sodded or seeded. Too often the decision is in favour of sodding; yet good sod is hard to get and is very expensive. On the other hand some of the finest lawns in Canada have been made from seed. Seed is less expensive and much more satisfactory in many ways.

In preparing to seed a new lawn the soil should be worked up carefully but in such a way that none of the sub-soil is mixed with it. Probably six inches would be quite enough for the working. The surface should be made

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as fine as possible with a sharp steel rake or a fine toothed harrow before sowing the seed and it should have an application of finely ground bone dust applied at the rate of four to six hundred pounds per acre. The bone dust should be raked or harrowed into the surface before sowing the seed.

It is a mistake to think that seed can be sown only in the spring. It can be sown at any time during the summer or early fall if it is desirable to do so. All that is necessary is that there shall be sufficient moisture at the time of sowing to germinate the seed. Newly sown ground should be watered daily with a fine spray during the dry weather.

To obtain a close, thick sod, seed should be used liberally. It is a mistake to use poor seed. The very best seed from a reputable seed-house should be used and not less than fifty pounds per acre is required and even seventy-five pounds will not make the turf too close. The grass should be sown when the air is still so that seed will fall evenly. By going over the ground from end to end and then again from side to side a more even distribution will be secured. When sowing the seed should be lightly covered with fine soil by going over the surface lightly with a fine rake. If the ground is dry at the time of seeding it should be watered daily with a fine spray. The finer the soil and more thorough the covering of the seed and the better watering the better will be the lawn.

If the lawn is well covered, properly fertilised, and kept closely mown, the sod will improve from year to year, as many of the old English lawns have been established and maintained continuously for over two hundred years. The close, frequent cuttings keep weeds and coarse grass from getting any foothold in the lawn, and if the roots are well and frequently fed with bone and other suitable fertilisers, the finer grasses spread and become more dense, excluding the coarse crab grass which is apt to smother out the fine grass in lawns during the hot summer months in some sections.

Many gardeners think that the grass should be let grow rather taller late in the fall to make a protection for the roots, but that is a mistake, and the lawn should be kept closely mown all through the fall months and until it ceases to grow, for if left to get tall in the fall a great deal of the grass will die out during the winter, and this long, dead grass will have to be raked out by hand in the spring before the lawn can be made to take on a fresh velvety appearance. If it is closely mown late in the fall it will start into growth very early the following spring. When ground is dry on surface, early in spring, a good raking will assist the growth very much.

### Unity in Diversity

LORD MILNER, in his address to the Canadian Club of Vancouver, said that the success of Confederation was due to the combining of independence in local affairs with an effective union for common affairs. This is quite true but it is not the whole truth. It would be perhaps nearer the truth to say that the Dominion by taking away from each of the provinces some of their greatest functions made itself strong enough to impress on each division the danger of trying to quarrel with the central government. If the Maritime Provinces had known how to "break away," they had assuredly done so. Even now they would favour independence if they had the courage to go through the struggle which it would require.

To reverse the picture, it is a question if local independence does not tend to breed local jealousies which work against the general good. Go west, and you will find Manitoba jealous of Ontario, though Manitoba was created by Ontario people, and also jealous of Saskatchewan and Alberta which are larger and developing very fast. British Columbia has been jealous of the assistance given to the three prairie provinces and has long complained that it did not get "its share" of the general favours. The rivalry between Ontario and Quebec is as keen as the rivalry between Toronto and Montreal, and rivalry is a modest term indeed in this case. When the National Transcontinental was being arranged for, the Grand Trunk did not want to go through Quebec and the Maritime Provinces by a new route. The Quebec and Maritime Province representatives, however, forced Mr. Hays' hand and the line was extended to Moncton, via Quebec city. Now Moncton is an inland town, instead of a seaport, and why should it be the terminus of a national railway? Simply because, the jealousies of Halifax and St. John prevented either one being named as the chosen one.

Confederation is solid, however, in spite of these provincial and sectional jealousies. In some ways they work against the federal authority and in some ways they help it to maintain its authority. The Dominion cabinet adroitly plays one section against another, one set of provinces against another set and profits by the dissensions thus created. Moreover, by holding the provinces together for a period of forty years, they have become accustomed to the chains that bind them. Indeed, they have come to love them and admire them. They glory in the larger outlook which their membership in Confederation gives them. They realise that to be a Canadian is to be greater than to be a Nova-Scotian or a British-Columbian. They realise that a strong federal government can do many things which a number of small provincial governments could not do. The rivalries and the jealousies remain, but we are all proud of the federal authority, of the national organisation, of the national name and fame. When the pass beyond the boundaries of our local habitation we are Canadians, not Quebecers nor Manitobans. When the nation is spoken of by other peoples, the nine provinces are forgotten and only the Dominion is remembered.

Perhaps, reflecting on this situation will bring home to some of us, that these local jealousies are weak and foolish, and that we will be a stronger nation as we weaken the force of unsympathetic sectional feeling.

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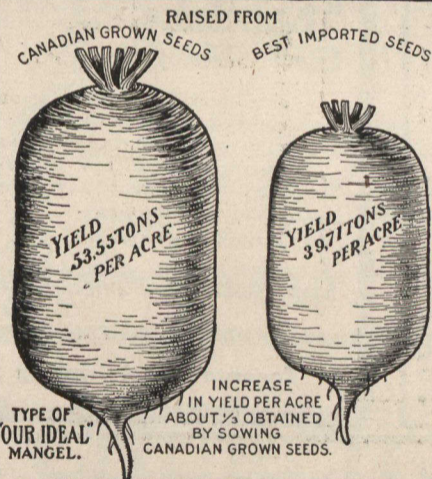
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CHICAGO has been the arena of a good many sensations during the past twenty years. The memory of millions in Canada reverts to the great railway strike headed by Debs; to the great beef strike of five years ago; to the wheat-pit sensation headed by Joseph Leiter; to the spectacular nomination of President Taft last July. To cap the climax the Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto took a trip to the beef and wheat metropolis last week and Chicago got another jolt. Speaking at the last dinner of the Choir at the Auditorium Hotel, the business manager of the Theodore Thomas Orchestra said in concluding his farewell remarks, "Chicago is dazed!" Immediately afterwards a prominent financier who was largely the cause of the famous musical trek, said with great exuberance, "We were walking in darkness. We have seen a great light. The light is going to remain with us—and you ladies and gentlemen are coming back again!" At the last concert in Orchestra Hall the audience, which is used to yawning whenever it hears anything by Chicago or New York or European talent which is not up to the mark, rose like a vast wheat pit and shouted itself into a fine frenzy when the Choir sang its last number. When the singers swung from the first verse of "America" to "God Save the King" they burst into applause that kept up in a crescendo clear through the verse, till at the close it broke in a storm of enthusiasm such as had never been heard in Orchestra Hall, unless at the memorable occasion when the great Thomas took his place first at the desk in the hall built by the citizens of Chicago by subscriptions ranging from ten cents to fifty thousand dollars.

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In flashlight, such is the impression made upon the city of most stupendous development in the world, by the Choir which by the critics of that city is counted the greatest choir in the world. Just how the Choir made this dent on the rock by the singing of three huge programmes has already been told by the Toronto newspapers, six of which had representatives on the trip. What the Choir thought of Chicago has not been adequately penned and perhaps never will be. Two years ago when the Choir went to New York they got experience; plenty of it. They marched into the camp of a cold, critical enemy and left it a host of admiring friends who would pay big money to get it back. That experience was the most remarkable from a sheer musical standpoint the Choir has ever had. But the finest experience in a truly human big way was got in Chicago last week. The Choir went there as the friends and associates of the Thomas Orchestra, who gave them almost exclusive right of way, their hall and most of the stage, and if need be all the limelight. When the Choir got done with the last programme the players struck up the fanfare which is never accorded to any but great conductors. They stood outside shaking hands with all and sundry and hoping to meet again—soon. A more delightful camaraderie was never set up in so brief a time between singers and players. And if the Choir had no other memories of Chicago than the orchestra itself, they would be glad to go back to that windy, paradoxical city and sing it all over again.

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TO-DAY—NOW—IS THE TIME TO WRITE.

But of Chicago itself these Canadians have some very definite impressions such as they never got in New York. In Gotham they sang to a Carnegie Hall clique of critics—and converted them. In Chicago they sang to the people; the warm-hearted, critical, self-centred Chicago-for-ever

(Continued on page 26)



# FOR THE CHILDREN

THE "WATER-BOOK."

By K. H.

MADGE was lonely. She came slowly up the stairs on her way to the nursery, feeling that she should have a long, miserable afternoon. Mother had gone to do necessary shopping, and there was no one at home but the nurse, and she was busy with baby brother.

As she came by her Aunt Jennie's room, she paused and peeped in. The fire was burning brightly in the open grate, and the warm coals sent out a cheer that was not to be found in the nursery. She loved her aunt's room. She liked to look at all the pretty toilet articles, gaze in the bright little silver mirror, and open her ribbon box, that always smelled of violet. She was never allowed to play here when Aunt Jennie was away.

As she stood at the door a thought came to her and told her that she could do no harm just by warming her feet at the grate. This was just the very moment when she ought to have remembered—but she did not. She went in, at first timidly, and then, as she heard no one coming, she sat down on the very edge of the little rocker.

For a long time she was content with looking about, but by and by the wonderful "water-book" seemed to be looking right at her.

She always called it the water-book because there were lovely purple streams in it flowing right past the houses, and then there were red boats with brilliant things draped over their sides, tall buildings of marble, and from the windows gardens seemed to be hanging, while everywhere was the soft, quiet water, and steps leading down to the boats. On Sunday afternoons Aunt Jennie always looked over the water-book pictures with Madge, and told her all about them. She said the city was Venice.

Madge thought it could be no harm to take the book over to the sofa and just look at it a very few minutes. She looked at her hands, and they were quite clean—and anyway, she meant to tell Aunt Jennie all about it when she came home, and she was sure she would say it was the right thing to do when she was so lonely. She hoped she would say that.

Wrong thoughts are like little plants, they grow and grow; and so it was not long before Madge had the book spread out upon the sofa, and was turning the leaves to find a certain picture that she liked so well. Just as she found it, she heard nurse calling. It would never do for her to come in Aunt Jennie's room,—she knew what would be said then,—so she reached out and took the tongs, and laid them across the book to hold it open, and ran up to the nursery. It happened that nurse had a lovely surprise for her in the way of a game and some taffy, and a good time for baby brother, too.

Madge really meant to steal away and put the book back, but she was having a good time, and then mother came home and asked her to help hide away brother's birthday present, and then it was tea-time, and so they were eating supper before she remembered. There was Aunt Jennie smiling sweetly at her, just as if, when she went upstairs, she would not find the water-book with the tongs across it!

Good thoughts are like plants, too, and as she sat there, looking at her aunt, the little seed-thought began to grow and tell her she had done wrong. It seemed to grow right up in her throat and choke her.

She felt that she could not stand it another minute. "Please forgive me!" she cried, and then she left her place and ran to Aunt Jennie and hid her face in her lap. "I want to tell all about it—and right before mama!"

And so the story came out, and Aunt Jennie forgave her on the spot. "I knew you would tell me by and by," she said.

"Why, did you know when I left the table?" asked Madge.

"Of course; I saw the book when I came in."

"And you were just as kind —" Madge could not believe in such forgiveness before the asking.

"I wanted you to tell me yourself." Madge was silent a while. "I tell you, Aunt Jennie," she said, at last, "please put away the water-book for a long time, just to punish me."

"I think that will be best," her aunt said. "Forgiveness is sweet, but the punishment makes us remember." — *The Youth's Companion.*

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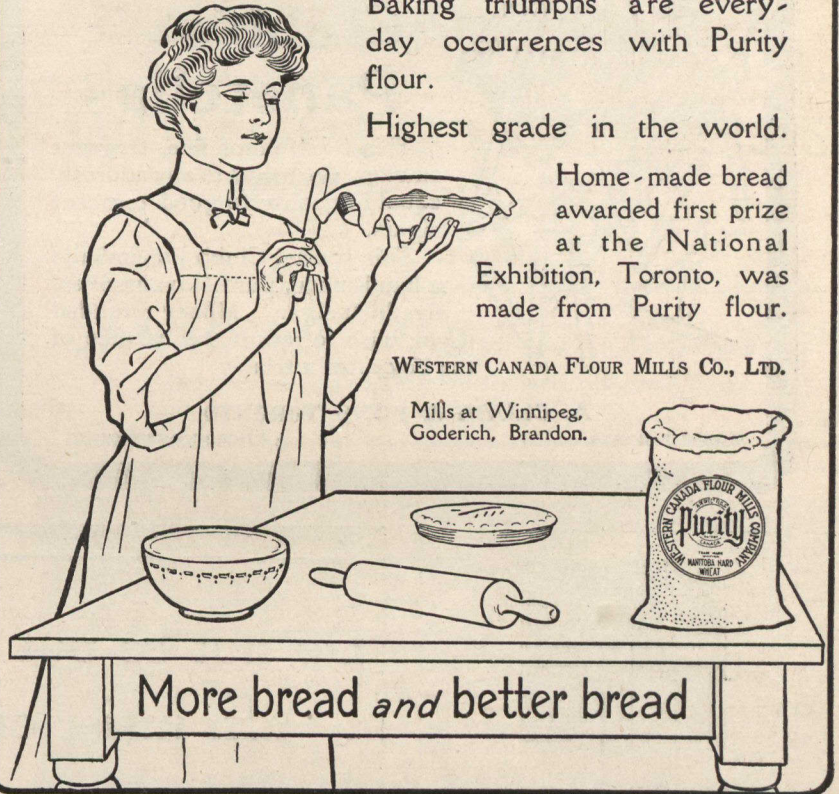
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On my prancing ponies, Black and Blue,  
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And the weather is fine for a ride.  
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When the weather is fine for a ride.  
Come for a ride—my lash will crack  
O'er my prancing ponies, Blue and Black,  
And we're off! to the garden gate and back  
For the weather is fine for a ride.  
M. H. C.

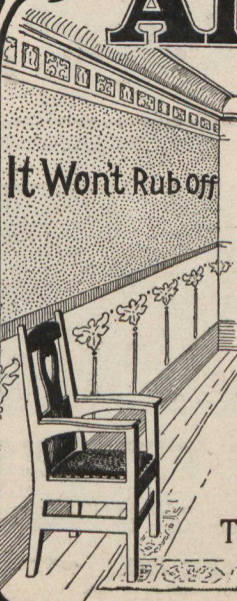
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**Music and Drama**

(Continued from page 24)

people, who have a habit of side-tracking New York in matters of art nowadays, and have got the notion somehow that Chicago itself has become a centre of art—and so it has.

Probably the Choir had a good time. If not they never will in this life. They know what the people of Chicago are like; that is enough. Years ago Max O'Rell went to Chicago to lecture and had the most lonesome time of his life; after a beautiful, sociable time in New York. The Choir reversed this. If it came to a toss-up to-morrow as to whether New York or Chicago should be visited—well, it wouldn't be New York, perhaps. There was nothing in Chicago too good for the Choir. Everything was open to the visitors, from the Art Gallery to the Stock Yards. Some went to both. The Art Gallery being near the hotel and the music hall attracted most; but a special train took a fairly good crowd to the place of slaughter. Mr. Swift issued printed invitations to the Choir and provided the train. This is something of a custom in Chicago. Some of the citizens wish it were not. One of them said to the writer: "Whenever shall we be done taking great pianists and artists and actors to the Stock Yards?" For some years ago Sara Bernhardt went out there and got a glimpse of life that was rather more realistic than anything on the stage. But in Chicago now they have got past the Stock Yards stage. They have Art. They have ideas about art and great expectations of the same. To the most advanced Chicagoan, art is better worth striving for than stock yards. However, those of the Choir who went got some experience—and as in the case of the average hanging, they will never desire to go again.

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And, there are other Colorings that seem to have in them the very microbe of depression.

No one could long be cheerful in a room painted *black*, for instance. And one could long resist the cheering, comforting uplift of a log-fire burning brightly in an open grate.

The dreary color of "A gray day" creeps into one's spirits and depresses them, just as surely as the golden-yellow color of a sunshiny day cheers and gladdens.

\* \* \*

These subtle influences of Color are of much greater importance in making the Home feel cheerful, comfortable and restful, or gloomy and irritating, than we are likely to at first sight suppose.

But, any Home-maker who will thoughtfully read Brightling's new book entitled "Wall-Paper Influence on the Home" is pretty sure to discover a few things on this subject which he would gladly pay many times its price for.

The book, in addition to its chapters on *Color*, covers the Influence of *Design* upon size, width, height, dignity, or cosiness, of a room.

\* \* \*

The subjects throughout have been treated in a simple, untechnical way which makes the information easily understood, and ready to apply toward inexpensive and effective decoration of the average home.

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And if A. S. Vogt has the ghost of a desire to go to Chicago and hang out a shingle—he might get the Mayor of Chicago and the Governor of Illinois for pupils.

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By HELEN NORTHAL DODD.

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Little seeds lie resting  
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While the white snow blanket  
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Then, on cold still evenings,  
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Paints us fairy pictures,  
Freezes all the ground;  
Yes, and turns the water  
Into clear smooth ice,  
Don't you think that winter's  
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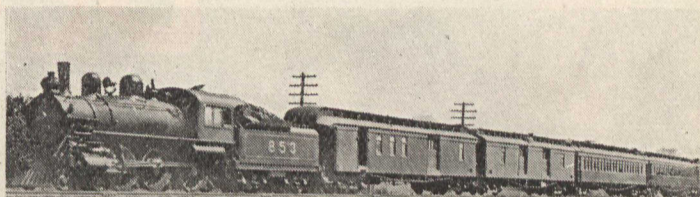
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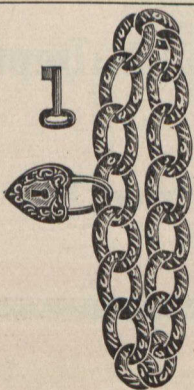
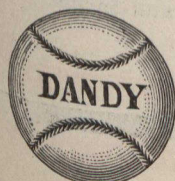
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

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the Cream  
so we  
improved  
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