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Courier
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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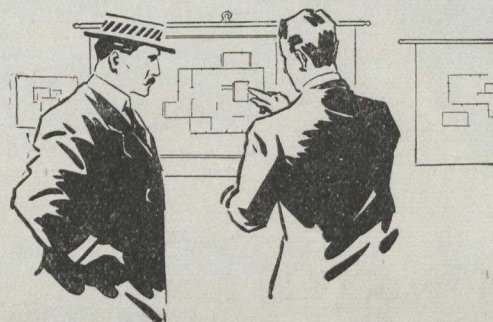
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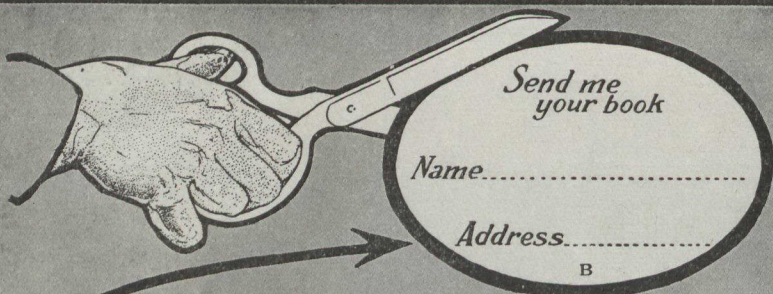
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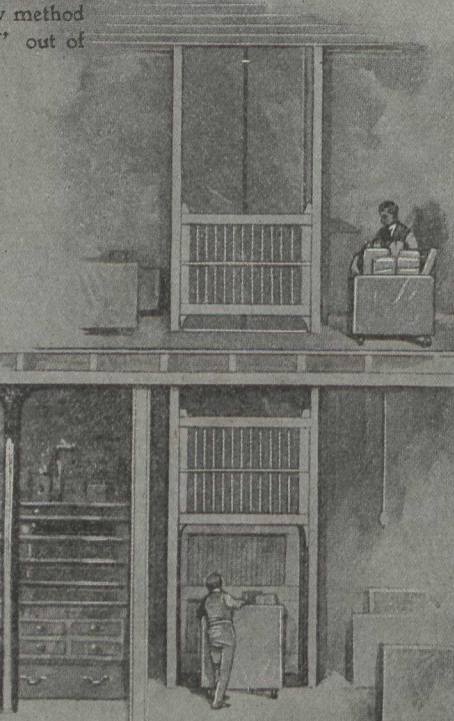
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WINDSOR Table SALT

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Apple Profit

HERE is wealth in apple growing in the Fraser Valley.

HERE'S a fortune for you on a five-acre fruit farm.

HESE are the profits:
apples, \$1,000 to \$2,000 per acre;
peaches, \$800 to \$1,200 per acre;
strawberries, \$500 to \$1,800 per acre;
potatoes, \$500 to \$750 per acre, and

HESE are the prices of land: \$150 to \$350 per acre, \$200 cash, balance over five years.

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The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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VOL. X.

TORONTO

NO. 11

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Editor's Talk

IT is sometimes alleged that a good book might be written about the career of any man or woman, if one but knew all the facts. This is a fallacy. But it is still a fact that the career of almost any respectable citizen is capable of being illuminated by the biographer into a document of interest. In this issue we have devoted a few pages to chronicling some of the worth-while phases of a few characters chosen at random from the rank and file. The selection happens to contain one Cabinet Minister, one sculptor, one scientist, one Liberal Member from New Brunswick, and one Conservative Premier from the West.

This choice has nothing to do with the coming election. In fact it was made before it was certain there would be an election at all. But the hottest campaign since the days of Sir John Macdonald will be given full and free pictorial representation in coming issues, quite regardless of political theories and opinions. Our frontispiece pictures show the two political leaders in characteristic platform poses of the unconscious kind. But whatever opinion the "Courier" may have about the merits or demerits of reciprocity cannot be found in the human interest pictures which we expect to publish as the campaign progresses.

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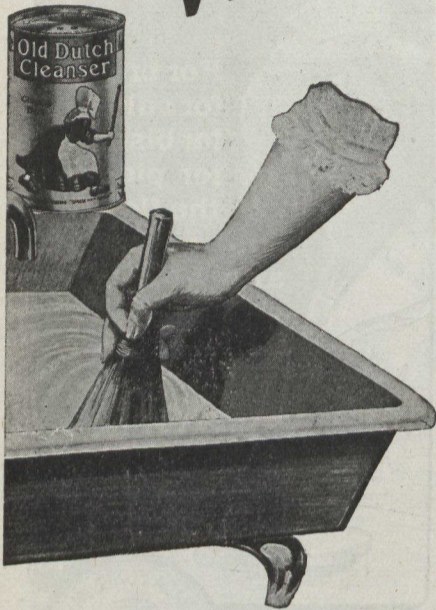


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Because no dirt, grease or grime can withstand its wonderful action. The thick scum which often gathers on the sides and bottom of the sink and defies soap-cleaning, disappears like magic when Old Dutch Cleanser is used.

Sprinkle Cleanser into sink; rub briskly with scouring brush around sides and bottom. Then wash off with clean water. No hard scrubbing or scraping required.

Many Other Uses and Full Directions on Large Sifter-Can, 1 Oc

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Quaint.

A letter from a soldier to his sweetheart closes:

May heaven cherish and keep you from yours truly Patrick McSwiggen.

Jenkins, writing to thank his aunt for a large goose sent him for his Christmas dinner:

You could not have sent me a more acceptable present, or one that could have reminded me of you more pleasantly.

A young lady's letter from Venice: Last night I lay in a gondola on the Grand Canal drinking it all in, and life never seemed so full before.

A bride's letter of thanks: Your beautiful clock was received and is now in the drawing-room on the mantelpiece where we hope to see you often.

Note to a shoemaker: Mister Grean Wunt you let mi Boay hev a Par ov Esy toad shuz.

* * *

Warning.—Teacher—"Arthur, I shall be obliged to detain you again today after school is out."

Arthur (aged seven)—"Of course you understand that if there is any gossip comes of your keeping me after school every day, you are responsible for it."—Boston Transcript.

* * *

The Hired Man's Way.—"Where's the hired man this morning?" asked Mr. Pinkleton.

"I don't know," said Mrs. Pinkleton; "but I presume from the fact that it is a rainy day, he is getting out the hose to wash the sidewalk."—Harper's Bazar.

* * *

Returned Unopened.

Little Timmy Tudor Titus Thought he had appendicitis; Went to bed and owned him beaten, Quite forgot the things he'd eaten.

Mother sent out frantic calls To the nearest hospitals; Ambulances! Ever tried one? My, 'twas fun to be inside one!

Doctors grave and doctors glum Thumped on little Timmy's tum; Recommended but a rope-end; Timmy was "Returned Unopened." —Harper's Magazine.

* * *

In Disgrace. — Mother: Tommy, why don't you play with Frank any more? I thought you were such good chums.

Tommy—We was, but he's a molly-coddle! He paid ter git inter ther ball grounds."—Suburban Life.

* * *

Choice.—"While visiting Georgia last year," says a New York business man, "I encountered a darky fruit-dealer who was not without humour. He had displayed above his wares a sign that struck me as being one of the best I had ever seen. It read:

Watermelons

Our choice 25 cents
Your choice 35 cents." —Lippincott's.

* * *

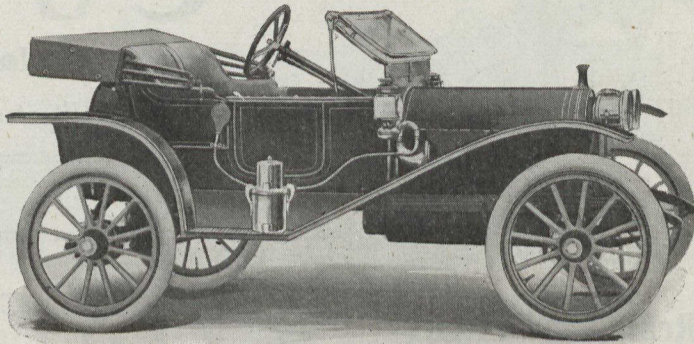
Piper's Paradise.—Senator Depew, at a dinner in New York, said of Strauss' music: "To hear 'Elektra' or the 'Domestic Symphony' always makes me think of the old Scotch piper who said: 'Ah, there's aye nicht I shall ne'er forget. There were nineteen pipers besides mysel' all in a wee bit parlour, all playin' different tunes. I just thocht I was in heaven.'"

* * *

Modern Pharmacy.—"We have a very fine course in pharmacy," says the president of the college to the father of the student who is entering. "I'm glad to hear that. My boy expects to become a druggist."

"Well, we give special lectures on soap, stamps, cigars, perfumery, soda water, candy, city directories, telephone books and stationery."—Life.

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Runabout fully equipped.

Equipment includes top, windshield, gas lamps and generators, three oil lamps, tools and horn. 20 H.P., 4 cylinder motor; sliding gear transmission. Bosch Magneto. Fore-door Touring Car with same equipment as Runabout, shock absorbers in front and 31 x 3 1/2 inch rear tires ---\$1,000 F.O.B. Windsor.

\$850

F.O.B. Windsor.

Hupmobile

GUARANTEED FOR LIFE

Demand for the Hupmobile has never lagged.

People are buying it now in its third year—as eagerly as they did when it was in its first season.

This is best evidenced by the fact that right now—with the motoring season at its best—close to a thousand men are waiting patiently for their Hupmobiles.

Meanwhile, the factory is striving to catch up with orders booked.

There must be good, sound reasons why a man will wait for a car as these men are doing: and, in the case of the Hupmobile, there are.

Every one of these men appreciates that the Hupmobile is, by odds, the greatest measure of value to be had at anywhere near the price.

This, in spite of the fact that there are similar cars, at approximate prices.

Throughout its career, the Hupmobile has been without a serious rival for the high place it immediately took in the esteem of the public.

And the car itself, by its performances, its economy, and its utility, has justified the people's good opinion of it.

Furthermore, the man who buys a Hupmobile does so with the assurance that he can get pretty near its first price if he wishes to dispose of it after a year's use.

These are the reasons why people are buying Hupmobiles as strongly as they did in its first year—though they know delivery will be delayed.

These are the reasons why you should consider the Hupmobile first and most seriously.

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The CANADIAN COURIER

A National Weekly.

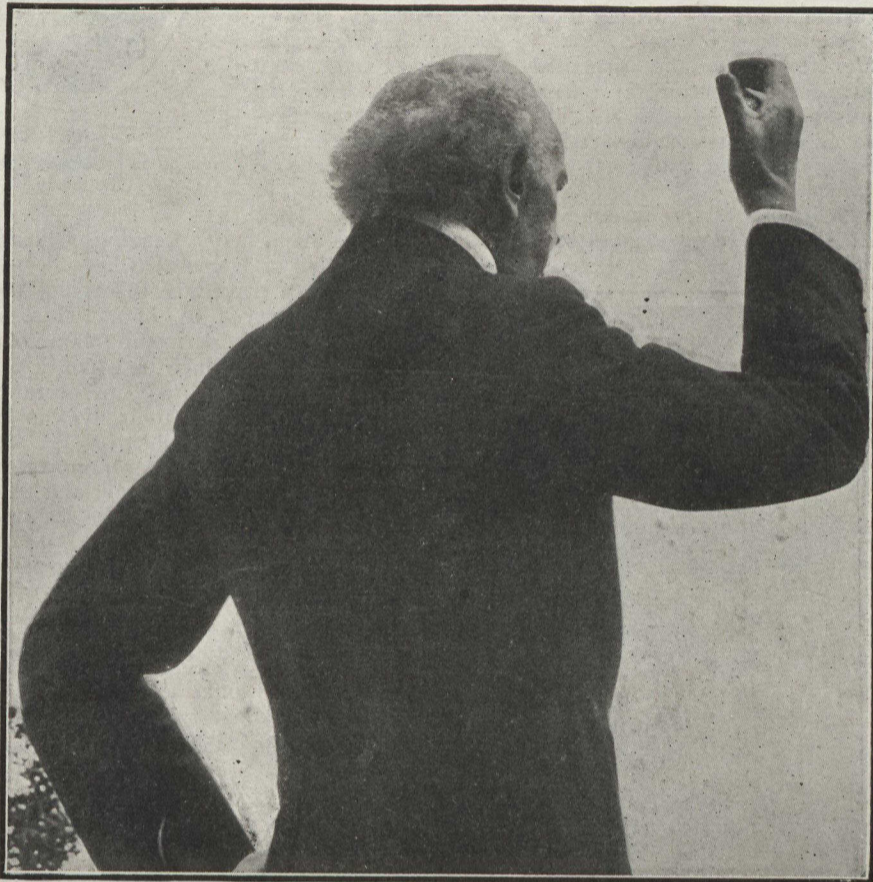
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August 12, 1911

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FOUR PHASES OF RECIPROCITY

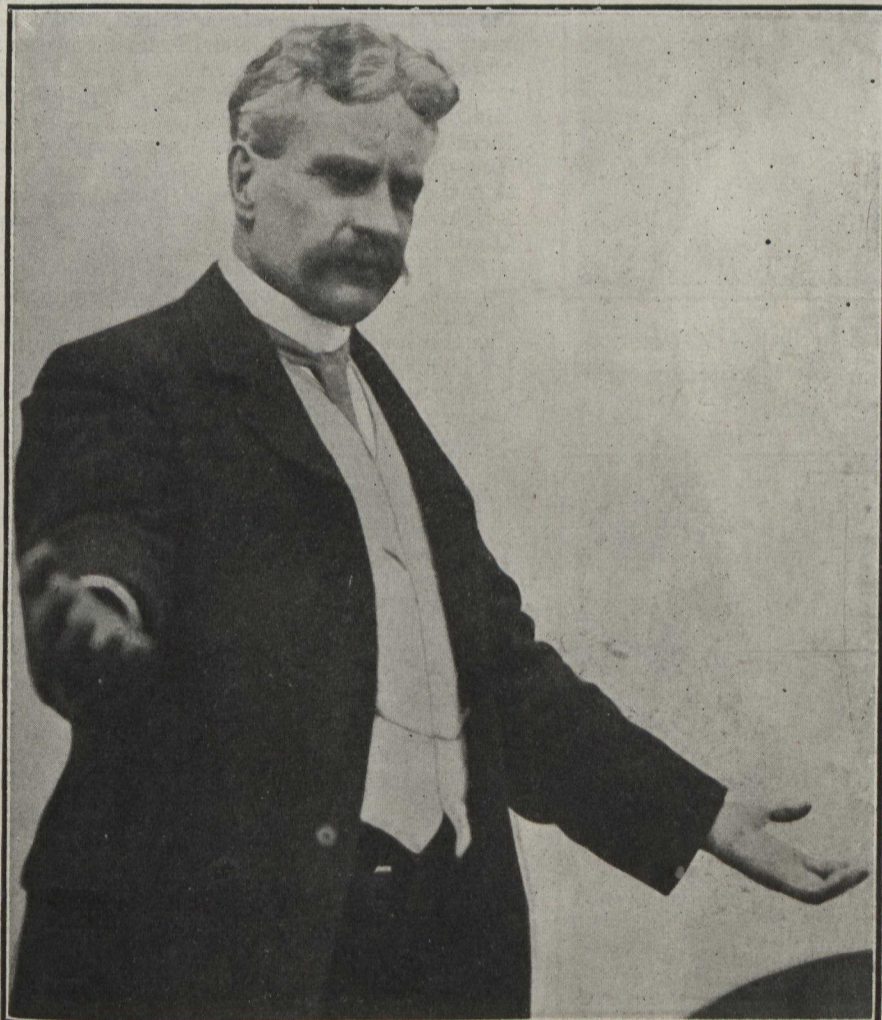
As presented by Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Mr. R. L. Borden



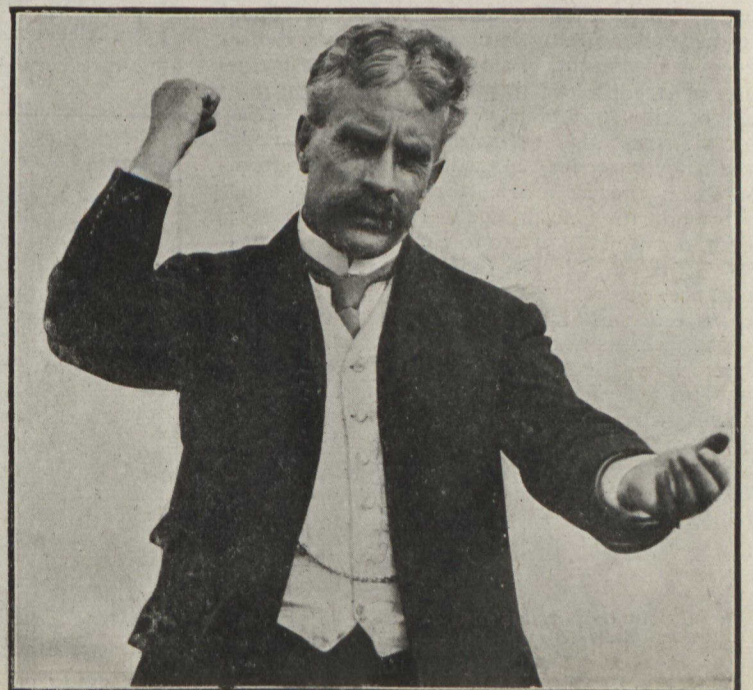
Let those who hinder Reciprocity—beware!



Whereby Reciprocity seems a sweet and reasonable expedient.



When Reciprocity seems plainly as absurd as five wheels on a waggon.

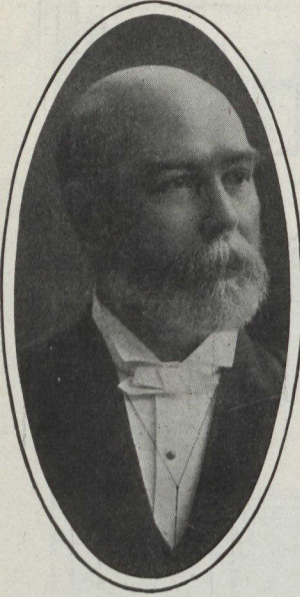


Indeed Reciprocity may be as damnable as treason.

A SOLVER OF LABOUR TROUBLES

Something of the Early Life and Training of the Minister of Labour

By J. SMYTH CARTER



MR. JOHN KING, K.C.
Lecturer on Law and Father
of the Labour Minister.

WILLIAM LYON MACKENZIE KING did not come to his position of Minister of Labour by chance. Tradition and family history gave him a bent towards public affairs. His father, Mr. John King, K.C., lecturer in constitutional history at Osgoode Hall Law School, Toronto, was formerly a practicing barrister in Berlin, in the constituency which the son now represents in the House of Com-

mons. When a leading barrister in Waterloo county, the senior Mr. King was a keen politician and a constant speaker on political platforms. This must have had some effect upon the mind of the youth who heard public questions discussed at table and who occasionally attended a political gathering at which his father was one of the chief figures.

Hon. Mr. King's maternal ancestry is well known. His mother is the youngest daughter of the late William Lyon Mackenzie, and the only surviving member of a household well-known in Toronto in the thirties of last century. To-day she is a connecting link between the greatness of the grandfather and the grandson. The very mention of Mr. King's grandfather, William Lyon Mackenzie, is suggestive of those days when the sword did not remain in the scabbard. Our country was yet as "clay in the hands of the potter." Mr. Mackenzie's efforts of more than three-fourths of a century ago in crushing the family compact are as milestones in Canadian history. Between the annihilator of the old family compact and the present Minister of Labour—grandfather and grandson—there is a likeness and at the same time a most striking contrast. While the efforts of each have been in the interests of Canada, the means employed by the former were war and conquest and by the latter peace and conciliation—each fitting aptly into the spirit of the times.

REMEMBRANCE OF HOME.

BUT although Mackenzie King is widely recognized as a rising statesman, a diplomat of repute, there is one other quality which stands well in the foreground. It is his love of home and home ties. Too often in the career of men—those strenuously engrossed in politics and commercial pursuits—there is to some extent a weakening of the love for their "own" fireside. Not so with the Minister of Labour. While his busy life does not bring him, as frequently as he might desire, in personal contact with his parental home in Toronto, yet the majesty of home affection never wanes, but finds expression in the weekly letter. This strong sense of duty is ever present. And likewise on the birthday anniversary of any member of that home the message of congratulation is not forgotten. Distance or the stress of departmental duties in Canada or abroad never prevent his attention. Once from shipboard, on the Red Sea, a cablegram to his mother brought the glad tidings of health and safety; and again, during his voyage to Europe, in the summer of 1910, a wireless message of birthday remembrance was sent to his father. These little kindnesses, especially in the career of one on whose time there are such constant and increasing demands, are indeed exemplary of real manhood—the very gold of character. Mr. King has a brother, Dr. Macdougall King, of Ottawa, and two sisters, Mrs. Lay, of Walkerton (whose husband, Mr. H. M. Lay, is manager of the Bank of Commerce at that town), and Miss King, at the family home, 4 Grange Road, Toronto.

THE EAR MARKS OF DESTINY.

TO the student of persons and events it is obvious that, even in the youthful years of Mr. King, the finger of fate seemed to point him to just the sort of task he later entered upon. Even during his earlier years he manifested a fondness for books—innately remembering, it was apparent, that know-

ledge is power. His university course was brilliant. In 1893 he won the Blake scholarship in Arts and Law, completing his graduation course two years later.

Even as an undergraduate he manifested a deep interest in labour matters. In his study of economic and social conditions he was anxious to uncover the very kernel of those broader questions, and as a result we find him attending labour meetings, visiting the homes of the working people, and very generally showing a true interest in the welfare of those obeying the biblical mandate of "earning their bread by the sweat of their brow."

Concluding his studies at Varsity the practical task of journalism claimed his attention, first with the *Toronto Globe*, and subsequently with the *Toronto Mail and Empire*. In each instance his articles on sociological questions caught the public ear and called forth much comment.

But the "fourth estate," with all its fascination and possibilities, could not induce him to make jour-

nalism a life profession. Other impulses were beckoning him onward. But for a time he must remain a student. The interest already manifested and the efforts put forth in the line of economic research had created a thirst for further knowledge. A post-graduate course at Chicago and a residence in the Hull House Settlement, immediately afterwards, were stepping-stones to greater things. Then something else happened. Leaving Chicago Mr. King had enrolled at Harvard, where he spent two years, and finally a travelling fellowship from that institution was captured by him. This at once opened another avenue, permitting him to spend a year in Europe, during which he came in close personal contact with men of broad intellectual powers—many of whom had spent their lives in the solution of social and labour problems. He sat at the feet of the greatest political economists in Great Britain, Germany, France, Switzerland and Italy. While in England he resided at the Passmore Edward Settlement, in London, opposite the old home of Charles Dickens. Among those greatly interested in the success of that famous seat of learning were Mrs. Humphrey Ward, her husband and family, with whom Mr. King formed a pleasant acquaintance. While visiting Cambridge and Oxford, he had the additional honour and privilege of gaining another excellent friend and adviser in the person of Professor Marshall.

CANADA'S CALL.

IN sunny Italy, that land of ancient power and prestige, he found much to attract. One day, while viewing the historic beauty and grandeur of the city of Rome, a cablegram reached him. It was a message from the Canadian Capital offering him the editorship of the *Labour Gazette*, as well as the head position in the Labour Department then in the alphabet of its existence. Many might think the answer to such a question quite easy. Not so Mr. King. His heart was in Harvard. The position there of lecturer in political economy, under Prof. Toussig, an economist of world-wide repute, had at that time been offered him. After very carefully weighing the several opportunities, his reply to Ottawa was a negative.

But fate, which plays a part in the career of nations, was not willing that the Dominion should be without Mr. King's services. Another message was transmitted asking him to re-consider the matter. This he did. On his return to Canada he came by way of England, to consult with his friend and adviser, Prof. Marshall, and soon thereafter came his decision to enter the government service.

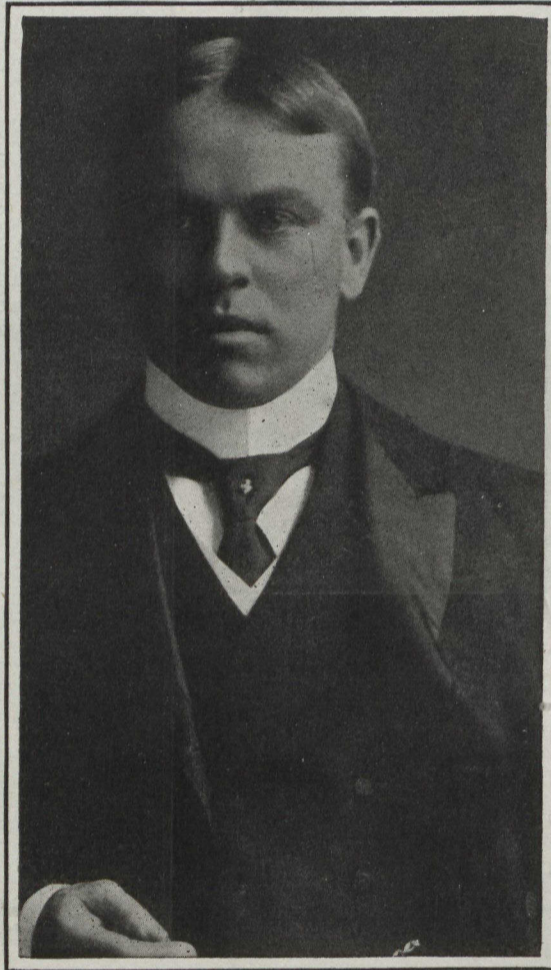
THE LABOUR DEPARTMENT.

IN order to get better acquainted with Mr. King and the work in which he is engaged, it is necessary to unfold something of the genesis and subsequent history of the Canadian Labour Department. The Conciliation Act, the precursor of the Lemieux Act, may be said to be its corner-stone. As is well known the Department was at first affiliated with the Post Office Department, and the then Postmaster-General, Sir William Mulock, became the first Minister of Labour. It was he who saw in Mr. King the ear-marks of a tactful organizer, a gentleman, able and scholarly, possessing those qualities of heart and life so requisite in the proper discharge of duty. Sir William was correct in his conclusions, a fact abundantly exemplified in the subsequent conduct and achievements of Mr. King.

A firm believer in the proverb, that having put his hand to the plough, he should not turn back, Mr. King buckled into the work of the Labour Department in whole-hearted fashion. Even previous to this he had experienced something of public duty,



MRS. JOHN KING
From an oil painting in possession of
the family.



THE MINISTER OF LABOUR.

Hon. Mackenzie King is one of the best-groomed men in the Cabinet.



Hon. Mackenzie King as a baby in his nurse's arms at the old home in Berlin, Ont.

having at the instance of the Federal Government conducted a special inquiry throughout Canada as to the methods employed on Government contracts. One result was the abolition of the "sweating" system, and it may be added that this inquiry, so thoroughly conducted, was the first great awakening as to the need of a Labour Department. Another result was the establishment of what is known as the "fair wages" policy. Thus Mr. King undertook his new task with a certain insight and a determination to make his Department a fit and proper instrument in determining the relative attitude of capital and labour. Canada, moving rapidly into the limelight of industrial prominence at that time, had then and since an average crop of labour disputes and, from coast to coast, the services of the new Deputy Minister were sought. Now at Sydney, N.S., adjusting the existing differences between employers and employees; once more with the factory hands at Valleyfield; again in his home city, Toronto, trying to pacify the telephone operators.

THE PEACE LOVER.

MR. KING'S motto is not only national peace, but international—and even world-wide. In the "Century of Peace" movement, marking one hundred years unstained by war, he has become prominent. The very first public utterance relative to this worthy project came from Mr. King when receiving his degree of Doctor of Philosophy at the Harvard commencement. Since then he has not forgotten to emphasize the value of such an undertaking. In the fact that for ten decades the two big Anglo-Saxon brothers, Canada and United States, have enjoyed peace and prosperity, there is opportunity of teaching the nations of the world a most valuable lesson. Mr. King would have this flashed on the canvas in every corner of the world. His address at the Lake Mohonk Conference, in May of 1910, set the nations thinking. Again, at the annual dinner of the New York Canadian Club, in the Hotel Astor, some time ago, he outlined in brilliant form the great good which must result from properly commemorating the approaching "Centenary." And the recent developments in the arbitration and peace projects have been well in accord with Mr. King's prophetic outlook.

But the peace movement brings forward one incident in Mr. King's student days, which presents a most interesting contrast. It was during the well-remembered strike at the University of Toronto. Sympathy for the outspoken Professor Dale was expressed by the student body. But who was to take the first step in the Torres Vedras attack. It was the future Minister of Labour. He was the mover of the resolution creating the students' strike. Zealous and sincere as he was on that occasion, he was again true to his convictions in subsequently favouring a motion advising conciliation. It was the only a students' strike, but the fact that one of the prime spirits therein became in later years an ambitious apostle of peace gives the picture an interesting setting.

Since accepting the portfolio of Minister of Labour, Mr. King has continued to work in the interests of industrial peace. Although his department is the youngest in the Federal household, and is likewise under the direction of the youngest Minister, it is a model of system. Being himself a past-master in systematizing he has, in addition thereto, been very successful in his selection of capable assistants.

Among the several laws which the young Minister has secured the enactment of was one providing for the investigation of combines, mergers and trusts. In connection therewith his speech on the floor of Parliament was among the most able and scholarly recorded in Hansard. But his greatest work is his constant devotion to the industrial cause. Among his more recent achievements in labour circles was his part in the settlement of the G. T. R. strike, a few months ago. And fortunate indeed is this young country in having a Labour Department, active and alert to the best interests of the country, and under the direction of one who, in his study of social and economic questions and the application of these principles, is ranking well up among the most forceful and interesting figures in Canadian public life.

POWER OF PERSONALITY.

TO know Canada's Minister of Labour is to appreciate him. Readily you read in his very countenance a kindness of heart allied with a strength of purpose. Sincerely, earnestness, sympathy and will-power feature his conversation. There is a quiet, pleasing magnetism about his personality. He impresses you as not only a thinker, but a doer.

His vision of life is a broad humanitarian one. He believes every man wants to do what is right and with that as his golden text he endeavours to arrange the social and economic conditions to meet that principle. That is the corner-stone of his life-work. The golden thread of human interest is running through his every act and effort.

Then lifting the veil from his private life, there are some beautiful touches. In his interesting little book, "The Secret of Heroism," a memoir of his good friend and colleague, H. A. Harper, we learn something of the temperament and noble ideals of the author. Mr. Harper, as is well known, gave up his life, in the winter of 1901, in heroically en-

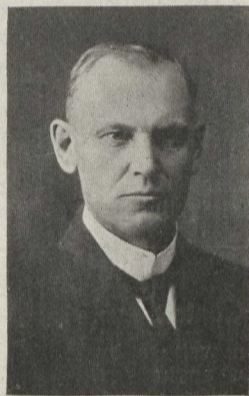
deavouring to rescue a young lady, who had fallen through the ice on the Ottawa River. No Damon or Pythias could do more. His demise brought deep sorrow to Mr. King. They had been close friends, although their initial meeting occurred under peculiar auspices. It happened one Hallowe'en during their undergraduate days at the University. The students, as per their custom, were out in large numbers, one squadron under the leadership of Mr. King, another marshalled by Mr. Harper. The two sections came together, the leaders became acquainted and a bond of intimacy and brotherly feeling developed which was severed by the sad circumstance of Mr. Harper's death.

MOTORING WITH AN M.P.

Sidelights on the Member for Carleton, N.B.

By KATE HAWS MILES

F. B. CARVELL, M.P. for Carleton County, New Brunswick, occupies an important place in the affairs of Canada. He was born at Lakeville, Carleton County, N.B., less than fifty years ago. His father was Bishop Carvell, a farmer of that place, whose peculiar Christian name gave rise to an amusing error in an Ottawa journal. A sketch of the Member for Carleton contained the statement that although he himself was a Methodist his father had been an Anglican—having been the late Bishop Carvell. Undoubtedly the son of Bishop Carvell, farmer, could understand the needs of the residents of Carleton County, and be of more material benefit to them, as he has, far better than could the son of Bishop Carvell, Anglican prelate.



Mr. F. B. Carvell.

Mr. Carvell is a lawyer and a good one. More than that, he is an honest lawyer and has worked up a large practise in Woodstock, where he has lived for the last twenty years. Before studying law he taught school. He is a serious-minded, busy man, and if he had attended strictly to law and left politics alone he would be rich now. But for three terms of Liberal rule he has represented Carleton, working hard for Woodstock and Carleton at Ottawa for six months of the year, and working hard for Woodstock and Carleton in his law offices during the other six months. Practically his only diversions have been, first, a horse, and for the past few seasons an auto. When he can get away from business and the office for a few hours he makes the most of them. The auto is also a great help in getting over the county during election campaigns.

An afternoon in Mr. Carvell's auto, for a sixty mile spin over a portion of the county he represents, gave me an opinion of the man which all the speeches he has recorded in Hansard, or all the newspaper comments ever written of him could not have done. He always runs his own car, and the manner in which he does it, if regarded as a sample of the fashion in which the M.P. for Carleton goes after things, is convincing proof why he gets what he starts out to obtain. It has been said that Mr. Carvell's reckless driving would lose him his re-election, for country people have an aversion to automobiles under the best of circumstances. However, he has never caused an accident, and there is no doubt that much as the farmers may hate motor cars in general, they have a certain pride and respect for this car in particular.

On the afternoon of our excursion, Mrs. Carvell had a parcel to post before we started, so we ran up the hill of Woodstock's main street, to the post-office, only to find that the mail for the rural district had gone. Mr. Carvell decided to deliver the parcel himself. It was five miles out of our way over a newly turnpiked road; but the package contained a piece of silk for a country friend, and she must not be disappointed.

After I had crossed and recrossed that piece of road, newly mounded up with heavy sods, I hoped the good lady who got the silk properly appreciated the trouble the M. P. of the county took to carry it to her.

Our way led through Lakeville, and we stopped for two brief calls before coming to our host's home village. We turned into one gate with a terrific

honk-honk to arouse "Aunt Jane," who, Mr. Carvell assured us, "would give us some of the best apples in the country if she had any left."

"Aunt Jane," who was neat as a new pin in her afternoon wrapper, apologized profusely for her appearance, which, she said, was due to "pickling." She seemed energy and cheerfulness combined and bustled into the orchard, keeping up a running conversation with Mr. Carvell while she collected the choicest of apples from certain trees. Her pride in her nephew was apparent, and it was good to see that honour and prosperity had made no noticeable difference in the nature of the man.

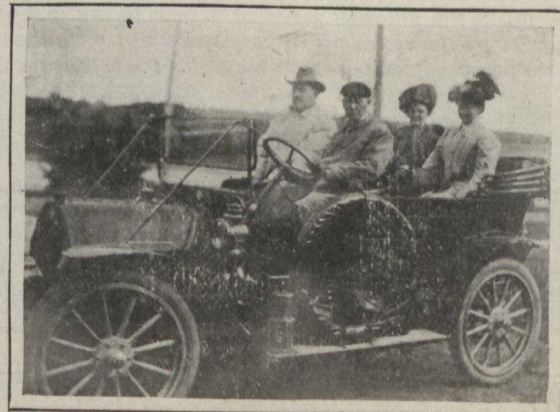
Our second call was on an old man into whose yard we bounded at such a rate that we were in close proximity to the wood-shed door before we had stopped. Our somewhat startling appearance on the scene brought to the old fellow's mind "these 'ere flyin' machines" and "Frank" assured him he expected to travel to Lakeville by that means of transportation before he died. I have not a doubt but that he will.

At Lakeville Mrs. Carvell's early abode was pointed out as we glided up the short street to the little home of the M. P.'s mother. Here again the pride was evident and seemed in no way misplaced. We all enjoyed an hour in that cozy home.

During the whole trip I was amazed to see how very readily Mr. Carvell recognized every lane and crossroad to which we came; how he knew the name of every man we met and the owner of every farm we passed. He knew them all in politics and had settled lawsuits for many of them. We passed the school where Mr. Carvell first taught and as we ran into the pretty little town of Centreville our host pointed out a tiny cottage, far off on a hillside and remarked, "That is where we first set up house-keeping."

As we sped along our attention was drawn to a proposed course of a railway which had been surveyed by the local government. The line had been carried into the neighbouring state of Maine and the grade was in many places impossible. The people in all the counties on the St. John River have waited long for a railroad, and Mr. Carvell is doing all in his power to get it for them by endeavouring to force the local Government either to begin to build the road, or to leave it to the Federal power to construct.

Very often some house would recall to our host's mind a funny incident connected with its owner, either of politics or law. At one place his car had caused the dog of a staunch enemy of his to turn a few somersaults into the ditch. "I stopped to inquire about the animal next time I was passing," finished Mr. Carvell, chuckling, "but its owner was convinced I had tried to kill his dog and had come to crow over him."



The member for Carleton drives his own car.

REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

Again, the British Born.

MR. ARTHUR HAWKES, editor of *The British News of Canada*, has replied to some remarks which appeared in this column. The basis of the charge was that Mr. Hawkes was trying to "arouse the British-born" for certain purposes, and that this is the kind of campaign work which Mr. Bourassa is carrying on among the French-Canadians. It was intimated that if Mr. Bourassa is working against the broader national interests of this country, so is Mr. Hawkes.

Mr. Hawkes states that he is not appealing to "racial prejudice" because he has never written a word against any other "racial element." Neither has Mr. Bourassa. He always has kind words to say of others; but he appeals to "racial prejudice" just the same. Mr. Hawkes' answer is not satisfactory, and he will kindly excuse me if I refuse to accept it as such.

Mr. Hawkes also denies that he is pursuing a campaign of advising Englishmen to buy of Englishmen; that he is trying to unite the British-born for self-protection, or that he is working against a truly Canadian national ideal. These denials are just as evasive and bear as little weight as his denial that he is appealing to "racial prejudice." When he says that he is advertising Canada to the Britisher his statement is satisfactory and I accept. On the other points, his denials he is still charged with a narrow, racial propaganda.

* * *

The Evidence Against Mr. Hawkes.

MR. HAWKES' paper, of June 17th, contains the following paragraph:

British-Born Declare.

Here is a resolution that says something for itself:

"Resolved, that this meeting of the British-born in Oshawa, declares its belief in the policy of increasing the power of Canada within the British Empire, and its hope that the British-born in Canada will unite to secure that end."

Oshawa, thirty-four miles east of Toronto, is a typical Ontario manufacturing town, its factories half hidden behind fine avenues of trees. The British-born in it are strong enough to raise a decisive voice in any question that divides the town. That is true of them in many places. We are just beginning to look at ourselves.

Is not that a straight appeal to the British-Born to get together and control the political and municipal situations? Substitute the word "French-Canadian" for "British-Born" and you have a splendid type of Bourassa resolution. If Mr. Hawkes is right, then Bourassa cannot be wrong.

* * *

And Then Some More.

THE Toronto Globe of August 6th contains a news item headed "The British-Born Enter the Campaign," and reading on one finds that on the previous evening there was a meeting of the Canada-British Association. Mr. Hawkes was chairman and a hundred members were present. It was decided to hold meetings in all the manufacturing centres of Ontario to educate the British-Born on Canadian nationality, which being interpreted, means to vote against reciprocity.

Now Mr. Hawkes has a perfect right to talk against reciprocity if he so desires. Free speech is as much the inherent right of a man living in Canada as of a man living in England. But why should he disguise it under a professed desire to educate the British-born on Canadian nationality? Why should he adopt the hypocritical method which has marked the methods of the nationalist party in the Province of Quebec?

Mr. Hawkes and Dr. Evans are to speak together. What lovely company! Ask the people of the city of Kingston what they think of Dr. J. Gwalia Evans, and you will hear some strange stories. Truly, Mr. Hawkes deserves a better fate.

* * *

And Now the Conclusion.

MR. Hawkes is an able journalist, publishes a readable paper, and is undoubtedly honest in his intentions. It is not too late for him to switch back and get on the main line. Let him go

straight to all the public with his propaganda, fight squarely in the open, and everybody will respect his worth and ability. But he should not adopt any such narrow, sectarian policy of appealing only to one section of the people and basing that appeal on racial differences. Let him appeal to Canadians as Canadians, whether they be British-Born, French-Born, American-Born, German-Born, or Canadian-Born. This country does not desire to see its citizens organized on either racial or religious lines.

The Sons of England as an organisation have never interfered in politics, although their influence has been felt at times in certain places. Why did Mr. Hawkes break away from the ordinary lines of prudence as followed by that organisation? Was it because that society refused to allow him to turn it into a political machine? Was this the reason why he found it necessary to have a society of his own, to be known as the Canada-British Association? Was this the reason why he sent out 3,000 letters and three million leaflets?

* * *

The Homeless City Girl.

ATTENTION is being given by the General Synod of the Church of England to the dangers which beset the homeless city girl. The Committee on Social and Moral Reform propose that in all large centres there should be a female officer or officers whose duty it shall be to meet unattended girls and women coming into the district and give them advice. This would be a difficult task, but it might save some of them. But something else might be done. There might be a committee of women to look after the homeless girl who has already arrived and is living in lodgings

Reciprocity Contest.

Do you think you can write a hundred-word letter better than anybody else in Canada? Then here is your chance. We shall give a small prize to the voter who will send us the best hundred-word letter beginning with either of the following phrases:

"I shall vote Conservative because"

or

"I shall vote Liberal because"

This will not be a test of handwriting nor of literary skill only. Cleverness will be the chief feature for which the judges will look. Not exactly a hundred words, but as close to that number as you can come conveniently. As between two letters of equal merit, the first received will get the prize. Each letter must be signed by an assumed name, but the name of the writer should be attached on a separate slip of paper. The best letters will be published as soon as received. Contest closes September 7th, and the prize-winner announced in our issue of September 16th.

Besides being a contest, we hope these letters will interest our friends during the election campaign. Even if you don't care about the prize, perhaps you would like to give the readers of *The Canadian Courier* your best reasons for the faith that is in you.

or in boarding-houses. Occasionally a girl is tricked at a railway station, but not often. The majority of those who go astray are those who, deprived of home restrictions and the company of relatives, are driven to make friends in the store and on the street. These are the lambs for which the shearers look. Between eight and ten o'clock in the evening, they are found in hundreds on the leading streets of the big cities. They are seeking amusement and company. They find it, and the descent is gradual. This is the numerous class and this is the class which greatly needs advice and protection.

* * *

Canada's Navy Recognized.

DURING the recent imperial conference, the status of the navies of Canada and Australia were defined. That Canada's navy will be subject to the same rules and have the same privi-

leges and restrictions as the Australian navy, shows clearly that the two Dominions are working along the same national lines. This will make it increasingly difficult for any person to criticise the Canadian navy as a "separatist" influence.

That the status of the Dominion navies has been defined with the agreement and approval of the British authorities still further emphasises this point. If the ideas of naval control possessed by the governments of Canada and Australia are satisfactory to the British authorities, there will be no room for local criticism.

An examination of the agreement arrived at reveals the common-sense in the arrangement. Each government controls its own navy, while in its own waters. When a dominion navy goes into other British waters or into foreign ports, it passes automatically under the control of the Admiralty or the nearest senior British naval officer. In time of war, the dominion navies come under the central control as soon as their parliaments give consent. Dominion naval officers will be named in the British naval list and have their seniority according to British rules. In other words they will be British naval officers for all practical purposes. In time of peace, the training will be done at home and will be uniform with British training. When these ships join the British navy for training purposes, they will be merged in the British fleets. The dominions' ships will fly the Ensign at the stern and the dominion flag at the flagstaff.

In short, the Dominion agree to conform in their regulations and conduct to British standards and rules, while the British naval authorities agree to recognise the dominion navies as part of the King's navy at all times, leaving the local control to the local authorities. Autonomy is profitably amalgamated with co-operation and centralization.

Even those who feared that autonomy in naval matters meant separation and divided authority must admit that everything in connection with Canada's navy has worked out satisfactorily.

* * *

Concentrating Our Army.

FOR the first time in three years and for the second time in its history, Canada's permanent militia is assembled for special training. Nearly two thousand permanent soldiers are assembled at Petawawa camp for special manoeuvres under General Mackenzie. The Strathcona Horse of Winnipeg and the permanent units from London, Toronto, Kingston, St. John's, Fredericton, and other points are there.

Only about one-third of Canada's army is present at this camp, since the permanent force now numbers between five and six thousand. The country is so broad that it is practically impossible to collect the whole force at one point. However, General Mackenzie will have a fairly large force under his eagle eye and the result must be very beneficial.

Let us hope that Canada will never have any considerable use for this little standing army. It is not much more than a nucleus for an army division should one ever be required for service at home or abroad. Its main present usefulness is to supply drill sergeants for the active or "volunteer" militia in which are now enrolled some 60,000 able-bodied citizens. In so far as it performs this function successfully it justifies its existence.

* * *

Selecting a Fire Chief.

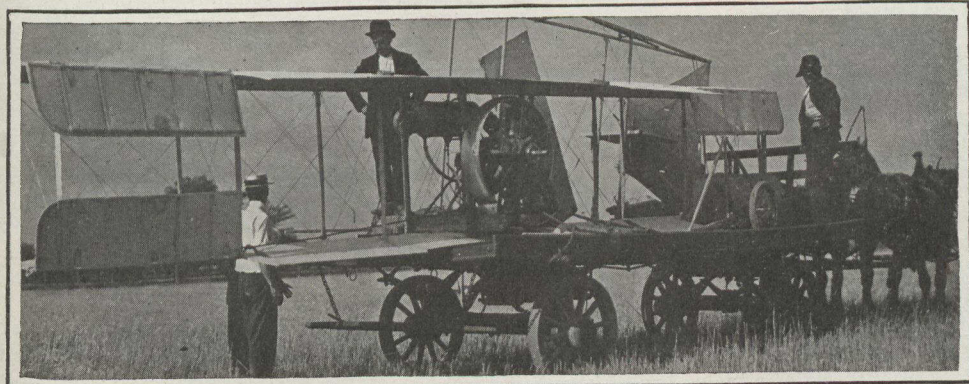
ATTENTION of the editor of *Saturday Night* is directed to the method adopted by New York City in selecting a new fire-chief. They held a test examination and the present deputy-chief got the highest marks. Of course, *Saturday Night* will think such a proceeding childish. "To the victor belongs the spoils" is still the motto of this journalistic opponent of civil service reform. Fortunately for both the United States and Canada, nine-tenths of the press realize that no public service will be efficient if it is bedevilled by the craft and guile of political patronage.

* * *

The Cruelty of Peace.

IF the Germans destroyed the British fleet and starved the British people, the world would stand aghast at the cruelty of war. But when the dock-labourers unions go out on strike, causing starvation prices to reign, and women and children to suffer because food is scarce, then we may also speak of the cruelty of peace. Some of us would choose the tyranny of war rather than the tyranny of unrestrained and unbridled trades-unionism. An intelligent, educated despot is always to be preferred to an ignorant, untrained demagogue. However, peace in the industrial world will come as peace in the political world is coming.

FIVE STAGES OF AN AIRSHIP



Loaded on a waggon and drawn by horses to the place of Aviation.
J. A. McCurdy's biplane on its way from the railroad to the field of flying.



Placed upon the field the tail is adjusted.
McCurdy's machine getting ready for business.

A Canadian Aviator

ON Wednesday of last week, aviators J. A. D. McCurdy, and Charles F. Willard, covered in aeroplanes the fifty odd aerial miles which separate Toronto and Hamilton. Peculiar interest attaches to the feat in that it was the first interurban flight to take place successfully in America, and that a Canadian had a part in it. Leaving Hamilton at 6.13, McCurdy arrived in Toronto thirty-two minutes later. When it is considered that the fastest express train record from Hamilton to Toronto is about 50 minutes, the distance-annihilating speed with which McCurdy travelled may be better appreciated.

Canadians have been following McCurdy ever since he got out of the School of Science, Toronto, and began to build airships along with footballer "Casey" Baldwin, on Dr. Graham Bell's estate at Baddeck, N.S. On Canadian soil McCurdy learned the fundamentals of the flying game. He and Baldwin, with Dr. Bell's assistance, designed and built several machines, "White Wings," "June Bug" and "Silver Dart," in which they had varied adventures. But it was not till within the past year that McCurdy became famous as a flyer. His spectacular ninety mile flight over the ocean from Key West, Florida, to Havana, Cuba, was his first great triumph. It was the longest water flight in aviation history. Last March he followed this up by some expert work at Washington on behalf of the U. S. War Department.

Among the world's leading aviators this young Canadian holds a high place. He has characteristics which differentiate him from certain of his colleagues. For one thing, he is not reckless. Though he is often spectacular, he is no circus performer. His attitude toward the aeroplane is that of the scientist. He wants to demonstrate the utility of the aeroplane—if any. In his experiments, frequently he has carried passengers.

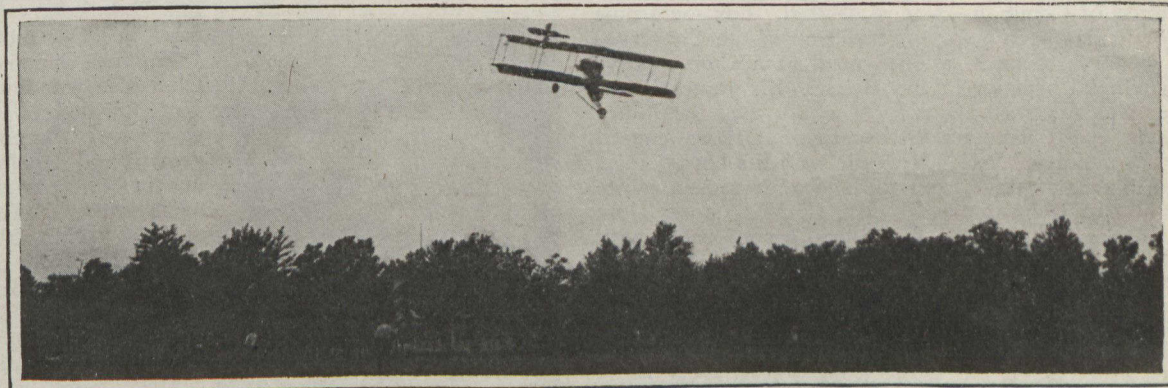
McCurdy is a cool, quiet chap. It's an inspiration to observe the lack of fuss with which he gets his machine going. He climbs the seat, lights his pipe, and like a leisurely rocket leaves the earth below. One hundred yards from the starting point he has been known to make 70 miles an hour. So far he has been remarkably free from accidents. The bad smash, the night after his record flight from Hamilton, when a fall did \$2,000 damage to his machine, is his chief tumble to date.

The College-bred Drama

HARVARD is the first university in America to have a dramatic school, where those ambitious to become playwrights may learn the rudiments of the art. Professor George P. Baker, of the English Department, for some years has encouraged students in the actual writing of plays, as classroom exercise in English. One of his students, Edward Sheldon, has become one of America's foremost playwrights. In 1908, young Sheldon, then twenty-three years of age, and in his final year at Harvard, wrote for Professor Baker, "Salvation Nell," a play dealing with a sociological problem. The success of this play, with Mrs. Fiske in the leading part, is well known. Since then the meteoric triumphs of the young university-trained dramatist exemplified by the records of "The Nigger," and "The Havoc," have created a wide wave of interest in Professor Baker's work at Harvard. No course can create a dramatist, but the university can discover latent dramatic talent and guide it by the shortest route to fullest development.



Steering wheel in hand and feet planted—Ready
J. A. McCurdy just before beginning to ascend at Hamilton, before his flight to Toronto.



Just high enough to get a good perspective of the crowd.
Chas. F. Willard, rival of McCurdy coming leisurely down at the Hamilton meet.



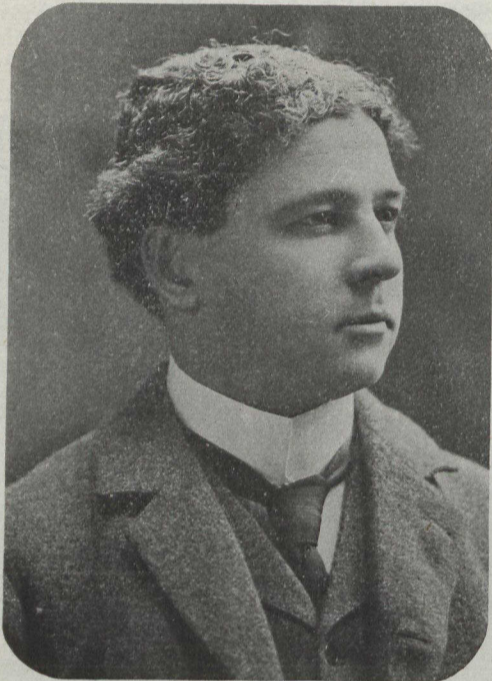
Sometimes the airship comes down with unpremeditated violence.
Trying to dodge a line of motor-cars at Donlands, Toronto, McCurdy's biplane fell and smashed the machinery before it really started to go up.

POPULAR MR. McBRIDE

The Most Talked-About Westerner

By JOHN COLLINS

RICHARD McBRIDE, colloquially recognized as "Dick" in British Columbia, where he was born, has gone through Ottawa like a fireworks "nigger-chaser" through a crowd. On his way back from the Coronation he casually dropped in upon Ottawa—in response to an invitation by wire—to see what was doing in the way of an election. With Mr. Borden he was concealed for three hours. When he came out and went to the Conservative room across the lobby from the Press Gallery room he caused a tumult of cheers. Breaking loose from his Conservative admirers he slipped over to the Press room, where the scribes gave him an ovation—as the Conservative papers



THE PREMIER OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

say, "irrespective of party"; causing, however, one Liberal correspondent to write a column of entertaining "genial insult" concerning the Premier of British Columbia.

The Conservative Pacific Premier succeeded in stopping all the clocks on Parliament Hill during his all-too-brief stay at the Capital. He left a trail of political reflection behind; which may have been the reflex of a coming event that cast its shadow before. There is no doubt that Mr. McBride could swap his Premiership for a seat in the House of Commons if he so desired. For some time now it has been a sort of tradition in the Conservative party to be in alleged need of a Conservative provincial premier in the House. Sir James Whitney was so talked about for a while. But Sir James never could have made the stir in Ottawa caused by democratic "Dick" McBride with the boyish face, the handsome mien and the shock of almost white hair. In the same week Mr. C. W. Cross, late Attorney-General of Alberta, had a conference with Sir Wilfrid.

"I'd very much like to know," said a college mate of Charlie's, "what that interview was about."

But nobody knows—either what Charlie said to the Premier or what Mr. McBride said to Mr. Borden. Charlie came and went as quietly as a weasel; which is a way he has. Not so the Premier of British Columbia, of whom there is still some talk at the Capital and will be till the election is over. It happens that Mr. McBride is the practical dictator of the Pacific Province. Since 1909 his Government has had British Columbia under an enlightened despotism of Conservatism by as big a majority as ever the Liberals had in Alberta.

Since the evanescence of "Fighting Joe" Martin no figure has arisen in the West of such enthusiastic and optimistic proportions as Mr. McBride, who has been Premier of British Columbia since 1903; re-elected in 1907, and overwhelmingly returned in 1909, when his Government went to the Province on a basis of guaranteeing the bonds of a new railway. Clifford Sifton came shrouded in a nebula of political mystery. Of him it was always prognosticated what might happen next; and in most cases it was something else that happened. He shuffled across the prairie stage from Brandon to the Ottawa spot-light in an aura of speculative

mystery. He is still the undefined, indeterminate character for whom there is no hard and fast law of principle or expediency; as much of a thorn to the Government as Mr. Bourassa—who always could be defined in the language of politics.

In the cast of characters from the West also there has been and still is one of large proportions and unmistakable significance; Hon. Frank Oliver, who, though he was not born in the West, as was Mr. McBride, since the early days of the National Policy has stood out as a man prairie-made, an out-poster and trail-blazer whom all men understood. No political aura ever beshrouded Mr. Oliver. He has been a simple, determinate force, whose inclusion in the Cabinet to succeed Mr. Sifton was a tribute to a man who had staked all he ever had in the West and had won by force of character.

But with all his breezy brusquerie and open-eyed enthusiasm about the West, Frank Oliver was never the bundle of bustling, modern optimism represented by Richard McBride. The Premier of British Columbia has as many friends, according to population through the mountains and beyond, as Mr. Oliver has on the prairie. He has friends who do not support him in politics. He is first of all a Westerner. He was born at New Westminster in 1870, and he was twenty-eight years old when he was elected to represent Dewdney in the British Columbia Legislature. For two years he was Minister of Mines in the Dunsmuir Cabinet. In 1902 he became leader of the Conservative Opposition, and the next year Premier.

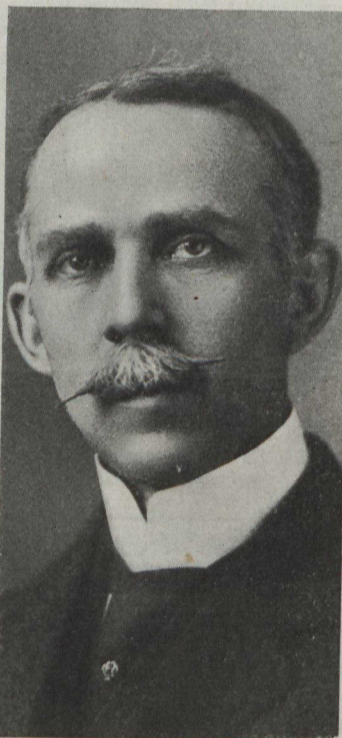
His pronouncement in an interview was peculiarly clear and vigorous:

"I believe that the verdict of the people against this iniquitous policy of Reciprocity will be startling, emphatic, unmistakable, and most satisfactory to us. I can guarantee that the five Conservative members from British Columbia will be returned to the next Parliament and that they will be joined by Conservatives representing the ridings of Nanaimo and Comox-Atlin.

ABILITY TO ORGANIZE

The Author of the Canadian Club Idea

WHENEVER there is a Canadian club and wherever lives a man or woman who has been affected in any way by that movement, there is the influence of Charles Robert McCullough. In the board-room of his business college,



MR. CHAS. R. McCULLOUGH.

in Hamilton, one day in December, 1892, the Canadian Club idea was born. Not full-fledged of course, because growth and development necessarily came later. Nevertheless, to Mr. McCullough and the men who met there to make the first decision must be ascribed the credit.

McCullough is essentially an organizer. He has a penchant for details and for arousing and organizing the public. He wants people to do things. He is to the social world in which he moves what the big financier is in his world. In his native town of Bowmanville, where he was born, in 1865, he organized a football team which was known provincially. When he went to business college at Belleville, he did the same thing. Arriving in Hamilton, in 1888, to take over the business college there, he at once began stirring things up. Four

"I understand that I will be offered the Conservative nomination in Comox-Atlin. I can only say in that connection that while I am always at the call of my leader and my party, yet I have laid upon me certain duties and obligations which cannot be lightly laid aside. I certainly can make no announcement respecting my possible entrance into Federal politics until I have consulted with the Lieutenant-Governor, the members of my Government, members of the Legislature, and the Provincial Conservative party, of which I am the leader.

"Our people are bitterly opposed to Reciprocity and we have a superb organization. Not only will British Columbia place at Mr. Borden's disposal all the seats under her control, but her influence will count for a great deal in the neighbouring Province of Alberta."

Not long ago—but some time before the present election was even foreshadowed—the man-from-Manitoba, the man-from-Dawson, and the man-from-Vancouver met in a Toronto cafe with a number of Torontonians. The talk turned upon the future prospects of the Conservative Party and the Hon. Richard McBride. The Toronto men maintained that Mr. McBride was a possible leader of the Dominion Conservatives and a possible Premier of Canada.

Then a bomb-shell burst. Said the man-from-Manitoba, "The East will never accept a man-from-the-West as Premier." The man-from-Dawson said, "That's right," and the man-from-Vancouver echoed the sentiment. The Toronto men stuttered and stammered, and did a number of linguistic and oratorical stunts in their attempt to deny that any such feeling existed. The atmosphere grew tense and oppressive, but the Westerners gently and quietly held to their ground. The party broke up without coming to an agreement.

The East has probably no such prejudice. Ontario and Quebec have accepted Maritime Province political leaders, university presidents and financial leaders without prejudice of any kind. Ontario and Quebec have done the same with such Western leaders as have come to Ottawa. They would accept a Western leader or premier as they have accepted Sir Charles Tupper, Sir John Thompson, Mr. W. S. Fielding and Mr. R. L. Borden. They will no more cast reflection upon Mr. McBride because he comes from the West than they have upon Mr. Sifton or Mr. Oliver or Mr. Templeman.

years later came the Canadian Club of that town—the first of a long line.

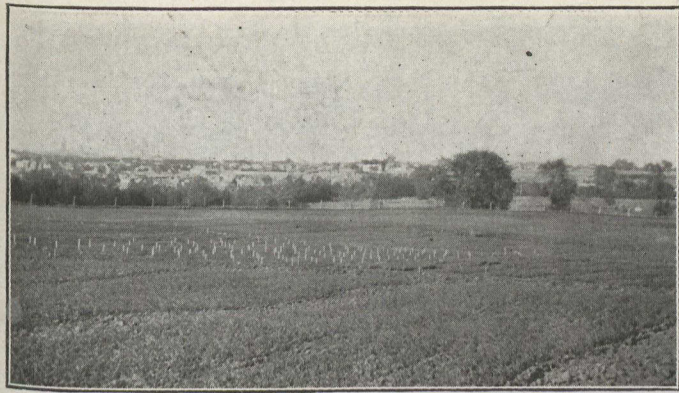
While he was building up the Hamilton Canadian Club, as first secretary and third president, he was also winning prizes as a fancy skater, was keeping up his interest in canoeing, music and in art. He was also founding, connecting and standardizing eleven business colleges, which are operating even to-day under a federation. In 1902, he disposed of his business college interests and promoted a successful engraving company. More recently he became a captain in the 91st Highlanders.

The other day, at Winnipeg, he was given a considerable compliment in being made the honorary president of the association of Canadian Clubs, at its third annual meeting, the greatest gift in the power of the Canadian Clubs of the Dominion. It is a fairly far cry from the little board-room in Hamilton in 1892 to a national gathering in Winnipeg in 1911, but the reputation of Charles R. McCullough has stood the test. The honour was given him in his absence—a fitting reward for an unselfish public service.

What fresh fields will the restless spirit conquer? Possibly he may assist in organizing the peace celebration of next year. He has taken much interest in this, and if he can spare the time, he is the man.

The Three-Session Parliament.

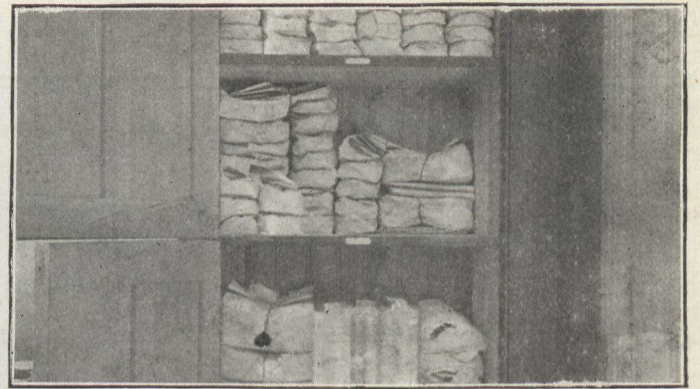
THE Parliament, which has just been dissolved, was remarkable for the few changes which took place in the membership of the House. There was only one death, that of Dr. Barr, of Dufferin, and only three by-elections. These were in Dufferin, where John A. Best replaced Dr. Barr; in North Essex, where Oliver Wilcox succeeded Hon. R. F. Sutherland, appointed to the bench; and in Drummond and Arthabaska, where Mr. Louis Lavergne, appointed to the Senate, was replaced by Mr. Gilbert, Nationalist.



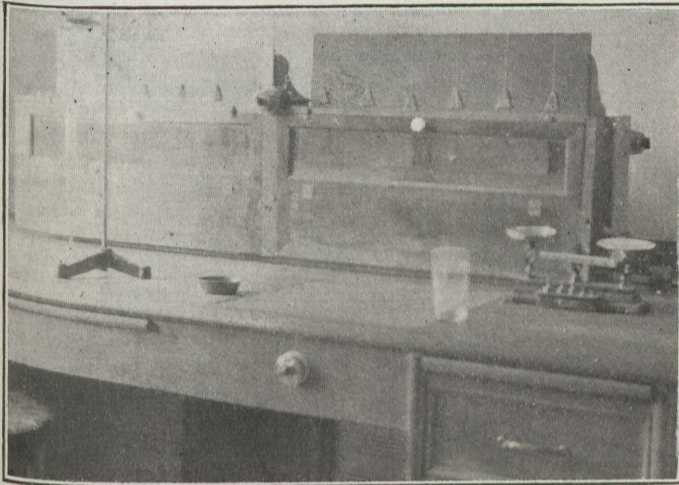
Each peg designates a certain species of unfixed plants.



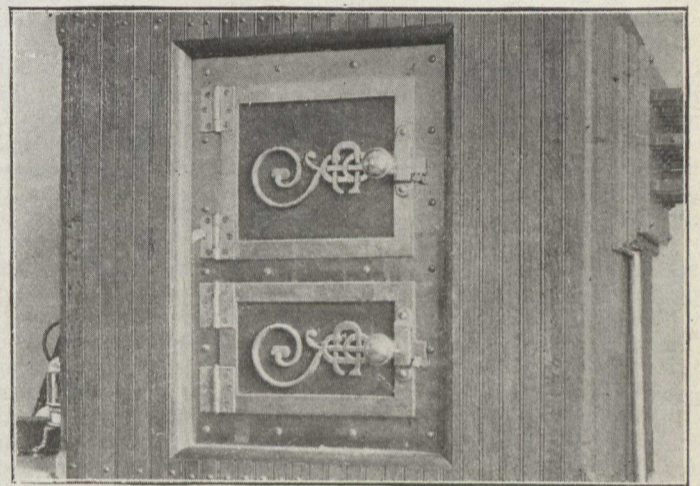
DR. SAUNDERS ABROAD.



Samples of flour used at the scientific bakeshop.



The scientist's bread board and fermenting cupboard.



The ovens used by Dr. Saunders in his scientific bakery.

THE MAN WHO MAKES WHEAT

By MADGE MacBETH

I SHALL always look back upon a particular afternoon spent at the Experimental Farm, with keenest pleasure—which was all the greater because it was so unexpected.

Timid almost to nervousness at the prospect of an interview with a man whose life of recent years has been devoted to issues of tremendous importance nationally and internationally, whose every hour has been used for the furtherance of these issues; prepared to meet somewhat of a misanthropic scientist who would suffer me and my questions with abstraction or intolerance, ignorant to the point of crass stupidity in regard to the nature of the work which engrossed so much of this man's time and thought, I looked forward to my visit to Dr. Saunders with anything but pleasure.

And what did I find?

A kindly, responsive, courteous gentleman, whose tastes are not centred in his scientific work, alone; whose recreations we might call them, are intensely interesting to one unlettered (in wheat and grain of all sorts), who, with infinite patience, explained the A. B. C. of his work and evinced no peevishness when asked the same question twice; who, in short, was a scientist and a human being in one!

Dr. Charles E. Saunders, B.A., Ph.D., is the son of Dr. William Saunders, Director of the Dominion Experimental Farms from the time of their formation until very recently, when he resigned. He was born in London, Ontario, and attended the High School there. At the University of Toronto he took a General Science course, then went to the Johns Hopkins University, in Baltimore, where he took a course in Chemistry, Mineralogy and Physics. For a while Dr. Saunders taught in Kentucky, but found that he preferred his "ain cuntry," and resigned, to the distress of both students and faculty.

The work of cross-breeding wheat was begun by the elder Dr. Saunders in 1888. He soon found that he, himself, had nothing like sufficient time to devote to the work which grew more arduous each year. When, at this important period in the work of the Farm, the younger Dr. Saunders returned to Canada, nothing was more natural than that he should take up his father's work and carry it on. At least, that is the way it was explained to me.

"But," I objected, "how did you know so much about the work, when you had not been especially trained for it?"

"Well, I had always taken more or less interest in my father's work, here, and had helped him from time to time," answered the Cerealist. "I sup-

pose it came to me naturally—" He stopped and I followed his glance to where it rested on his hands.

Delicate, but not effeminate; supple without being restless; white but not artificial—they are the hands of an artist.

"You play—you are a musician," I said, positively.

"Yes, all our family are musicians," he answered. "I could always do any thing with my fingers—when I was a very small boy, I used to make lace just for the pleasure of using them. So when it came to the delicate work of handling grain I was ready for that, too."

Dr. Charles Saunders took hold of his father's work in 1903. In the earlier years of wheat-breeding, when the laws of heredity were not so well understood, the system of selection after cross-breeding was not so thorough as now known to be necessary. The cross-bred varieties, first introduced, were not, therefore, quite "fixed" in some essential respects, and it was the young Dr. Saunders' work to re-select all the varieties of wheat obtained from crosses up to that time. Since then, he has gone on with cross-breeding from the beginning, and now sees a well-nigh perfect wheat—Marquis—as the result. There are about 20 other fixed varieties of cross-bred wheat.

The rapid settling of the far West, and the North-West was responsible, perhaps, for this work. In a country where the summer is short it was necessary to raise an early ripening grain to avoid the deadly frost. Added to that essential quality, there should be a certain character to the straw—not too long, nor too short; productiveness, also, had to be considered; resistance to disease; and very important, indeed, the bread-making qualities.

I was surprised to learn that the colour of the flour had a good deal to do with the sale of wheat, that is, farmers will not raise wheat of a darker colour than is *the fashion*. Bakers want a white loaf, and if the flour itself is not white enough to please them, they bleach it. This applies to two very good flours of a cross-bred variety, namely, Huron and Preston, which have a fairly high baking strength, and are good in other respects (early ripening, for instance), but are a yellowish colour. The Cerealist told me that personally he preferred a flour which was not dead white, but his taste did not influence the market at Liverpool, so white flour was *the fashion*.

The method of cross-breeding is most interesting. Pollen is taken from one parent plant, and dusted

on the other one selected for breeding. This, of course, at the exact state of maturity necessary. The plant is then tied up and set in a little plot where it is carefully and closely watched.

And a year is not sufficient for perfecting the grain. From three to six years, and sometimes longer, Dr. Saunders has found necessary for the fixing of a type. After that is done the variety is propagated for distribution at other farms, and in some cases a small quantity of seed is sold to farmers who are in the habit of growing seed grain for sale, and who are prepared to handle this grain with the unusual care it deserves.

All this grain is, of course, grown under the direct care of Dr. Saunders, and represents the very best methods of breeding and selection.

Of perhaps greater interest than anything else was the bakery. The fermenting cupboard and the oven were built after a pattern entirely original. The bread board, as house-keepers know them, is made of heavy glass under which is an electric bulb, the light from which prevents the dough from getting chilled. The fermenting cupboard is also heated by electricity. The tumbler on the table is what the dough rises in; the tiny round dish is the baking pan. Water is accurately measured when added to the flour as the greatest amount of fluid it will take the better the bakers like it. (The bread will weigh heavier.) The baking requires twelve minutes, and is done four times so that the flour may prove itself, as it were.

Five pounds of wheat is sufficient for milling and baking the four times, leaving ample seed for sowing a 60th part of an acre the following year. Milling is also done under the careful supervision of Dr. Saunders. During the past winter the baking alone occupied his time from about seven in the morning until late in the afternoon, and then everything which he wished to accomplish was not finished, which will not astonish one after learning that in the year 1910 milling and baking tests were made of fifty new, un-named cross-bred varieties of spring wheat and a large number of named varieties as well, and that Dr. Saunders does every bit of this work himself. In the summer he is occupied in the fields and at odd times he attends personally to correspondence often amounting to two hundred letters a day.

In appearance he is tall and slight; a dark beard covers his face, and he wears spectacles. He is a humourist, and both makes and appreciates jokes; intensely interested in his work, yet he realizes that there are other things in the ordinary human being's life beside cereals. He is a photographer of no mean ability and surprised me very much by making what I afterward found to be very valuable suggestions as to some exposures. A scientist, a musician, and a photographer! Isn't that a rare combination for one mortal man?

THE MAN FROM SOUTH ONTARIO

Last week, this writer gave an account of a conversation on Reciprocity as debated on a railway train. The principals are two manufacturers and a farmer from South Ontario. This week, the conversation is continued, other phases of the "burning question" being discussed.

By WILLIAM HENRY

"BY the way, it seems to me," said Mr. Brown, the shoe manufacturer, "that we are stopping here a long while."

"And you will be here a long while longer," said a stranger, poking his head in the doorway. "There is a freight train off the track ahead of us."

"Anyone hurt?"

"No."

"Well I suppose we must make the best of it, but it is very disappointing to me as I have a particular appointment in town and wanted to be on time."

"Speaking about trains, Mr. South Ontario," queried the younger manufacturer, "what are you going to do with our transcontinental roads when all this North and South trade gets going?"

"Why I fancy the railways can look after themselves. They usually do," said the young farmer, puffing blue rings of smoke towards the ceiling.

"Oh, you can't escape that easily," was the reply. "As a citizen of Canada you must bear responsibility for any Government action that affects such great national undertakings as our railways."

"Now surely you will agree that the railways exist for the convenience of trade and not trade for the railways?" was the farmer's answer.

"That is pretty sound doctrine, but between the two of us, don't you think the transcontinental railways would be pretty hard hit?"

"No."

"How do you make that out. You will remember that mother said you could not have your cake and eat it, and you can't carry trade East and West if you send it North and South."

"Certainly."

"Well, for the life of me I don't see how that is possible."

"Did you ever read Sir Donald Mann's statement on the subject?" the young farmer questioned.

"Yes, I saw it at the time, but I don't remember that he explained that point."

"I certainly understood it that way. While I can't remember his exact words, his point was something like this. Mixed farming is necessary to the prosperity of the West; exclusive wheat growing is destructive of the prosperity of the West. Reciprocity will encourage mixed farming in that it will afford a nearby market for certain farm products that at present cannot stand the cost of a long haul. In other words, a part of that which will go south does not now come East. As for the diversion of wheat from East to South, admitting there will be a certain diversion, Sir Donald maintains, if I remember correctly, there will be such an increase of production by reason of increased immigration through reciprocity that it will more than make up for the loss of traffic. And you must remember that with increased population and prosperity in the West will come increased buying power of manufactured goods and consequently increased traffic for the railways. By the way, that is where you gentlemen have your innings. You will be able to sell them more goods since you are left uninjured by the new tariff."

"Sir William Van Horne's statement did not agree with Sir Donald's," suggested Mr. Brown.

"Admitted, but you must remember that Sir William Van Horne has been out of touch with Canadian railway affairs for some years, and in his statement did not attempt to give any reasons for his opinion. So far as I know, Sir Donald is the only railway magnate who has given a carefully reasoned out statement of the case. The stock market, usually sensitive enough to impending danger from threatening warclouds in Morocco or a hailstorm in Kansas, apparently agrees with Mann and not with Van Horne, and has failed to reflect any impending danger to the Canadian Pacific Railway. As a matter of fact, I think you will find that the stock of this company has constantly risen in price since the announcement of the proposed tariff arrangement with the United States."

Imperial Interests

AT this point a stentorian voice interrupted the conversation. "Gentlemen, possibly you will pardon me for taking a hand in this debate." We turned expectantly to the old gentleman with the red face who had sat silently in the armchair during the

conversation and who by these words for the first time showed any interest in the argument.

"I have listened very carefully to your remarks, gentlemen, and I must say that I believe you are both wrong and both right. In my opinion the manufacturers are unnecessarily alarmed for their trade interests. I agree with the man from South Ontario that no harm is likely to come to the manufacturers; as a matter of fact they may in the long run find it very much to their advantage; but for a' that, as Burns would say, I am opposed to reciprocity. Gentlemen, when you get to my time of life you will realize there is something more important than mere money interests. Suppose the farmers do get a little more for their cereals, their hay and their dairy products; suppose the manufacturers do get a bigger and better market for their goods; what does that mean compared with the sacrifice that is being made of imperial interests? Gentlemen, the old Union Jack is good enough for me. I want no truckling to the Yankees. No sir, no truckling to the Yankees." As these last words were uttered the old gentleman half rose from his seat. We remained perfectly still until he had finished his remarks, sat back in his chair, and, becoming somewhat calmer, proceeded to fill a meerschaum pipe.

The silence was broken by the man from South Ontario. This time he spoke very quietly. "Sir, I respect your feelings, and believe me, I am as loyal to the British Empire as any man in the country. The farmers of this country are loyal. If you will excuse me for saying so, and I do not speak in a disrespectful way, the farmers of Canada are not much given to talking about loyalty, but they feel it and on occasion can practice it. Tell me, however, where lies the sting of disloyalty in reciprocity?"

"Parting of the Ways"

THE old gentleman had been visibly affected, but the engaging smile accompanying the question served to disarm him and prevented the rancour in his reply which, judging from his face, lay in his heart.

"My boy, the flag follows trade. Our course of trade lies with the British Empire. At great sacrifices we were compelled to build up imperial trade channels when the Yankees shoved up their tariff walls against us, and by heavens we'll maintain them. When Taft, speaking of the Canadians, said, 'They are coming to the parting of the ways,' he knew what he was talking about. He gave his hand away. The cloven hoof, my boy. He may catch some of you youngsters, but he won't get us old Britishers, not by a — sight." I regret that at this point the old gentleman used language more forcible than polite, which, under the circumstances, I hope the recording angel missed from the Big Book.

"Did you read the context of the parting of the ways statement?" enquired the young farmer.

"No, and I don't want to."

"Well now it is rather important," urged the man from South Ontario. "I have it in my bag; if you will excuse me for a moment I will fetch it." He soon returned and with him a pamphlet.

"This train shows little signs of moving," remarked one of the manufacturers as our farmer friend turned over the pages of the pamphlet.

"Ah, here it is at last," remarked the man from South Ontario. He handed the pamphlet, which was entitled, "Canadian Reciprocity," to the younger manufacturer.

"Read it aloud from page six, commencing at the second paragraph which I have marked."

The young man, who had been addressed as "John," by Mr. Brown, read as follows. We listened intently. I must confess that it was the first time I had heard an accurate account of this famous statement:

"The Dominion has greatly prospered. It has an active, aggressive and intelligent people. They are coming to the parting of the ways. They must soon decide whether they are to regard themselves as isolated permanently from our markets by a perpetual wall, or whether we are to be commercial friends."

"Let me see that book," called the old man of the arm-chair. He read in silence not only the paragraph, but the full letter, then turned to the commencement and looked at it closely. "I see that this

statement is contained in Mr. Taft's special message to the Senate and House of Representatives. The pamphlet is certainly official, for it is published by the United States Government. I am indeed surprised that the parting of the ways expression was used of commerce and not of politics, as is generally represented." The old gentleman spoke deliberately and apparently with some feeling. "The message, when read in full, is a very fair-minded statement. Further on the President says:

"This trade agreement, if entered into, will cement the friendly relations with the Dominion which have resulted from the satisfactory settlement of the controversies that have lasted for a century and further promote good feeling between kindred peoples."

"That sounds reasonable," commented the old man as he handed back the book and resumed his pipe.

"If," continued the man from South Ontario, "reciprocity would cement the friendly feelings between the Dominion and the United States, will it not cement friendly feelings between the United States and the Empire of which we form so important a part? At the present time, with European complications threatened, is it not very much in the interests of the United Kingdom that the outlying dominions, instead of showing constant and irritable hostility to one of the most powerful nations of the world, should cement a friendship and make a gain rather than a loss to British prestige?"

The man of the armchair was apparently impressed. "Your speech sounds fair. Mr. Taft's statement reads fair, but I am afraid I cannot accept either your words or his statement altogether. You see, the British sentiment with me is born in the bone, and intuitively I distrust the Yankees."

"I think," replied the young farmer, "we can trust to their self-interest if nothing more in this matter. They need our farm products and that is why they have given us what I believe to be an advantageous agreement. My ancestors came from across the border—"

"Ah," interrupted Mr. Brown. "That explains it all. 'I thought there was a bit of the Yankee about you.'"

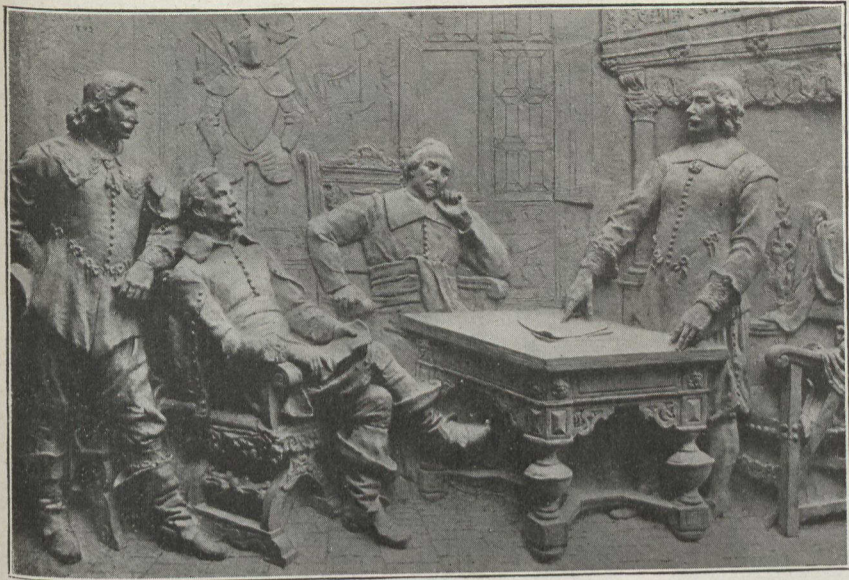
"Just wait a minute," replied the farmer, "until I have finished. They came across the border after the war of the Revolution. They had lost their farms and their friends; they had sacrificed their all for the British Empire. They were one of the many United Empire Loyalist families that moved into this country to brave the perils and labours of a wilderness. What my ancestors did more than a century ago, I and my family are ready to repeat, if occasion requires. But when we make a sacrifice we want to make it for a principle and not at the dictation of jingoistic sentiment augmented by a selfish and unfounded dread of possible financial loss on the part of a small section of the community." The man from South Ontario finished his speech and looked idly out of the window.

Farmers and Annexation

"YOU have finished your cigars," said Mr. Brown. "Will you accept mine?" and pulling a case from his pocket he generously dispensed some irreproachable Havanas. After the cigars had been lighted Mr. Brown resumed the conversation.

"The cry of danger to the British Empire may be exaggerated, but do you not think that the more we trade with the United States and the more friendly we become to them, the more danger there is of a sentiment growing in the country in favour of continentalism?"

"I cannot see why that danger should be particularly imminent just now. Our trade with the United States in the past several years has grown very rapidly. In 1910 we imported some \$376,000,000 worth of goods and of this amount \$223,000,000 came in the form of goods from the United States. There never was a time in which there was less sentiment in favour of annexation with the United States than at present. Within recent years the leading banks of Canada have established branches in the United States, and still, so far as I know, Sir Edmund Walker, Sir Edward Clouston, and all of our bankers are loyal to the British Empire. They have millions of dollars of interests across the border and still remain true in their political faith. Do you suggest that the farmers are less constant than the bankers? If a manufacturer perchance succeeds in producing a product which sells in the United States, we are boastfully proud of the industrial progress of Canada. We do not look upon this trade as a menace to nationalism. But when it is suggested that the farmers should extend their trade into the United States, the spectre of continentalism is dragged forth by the very newspapers who, in their advertising columns, strive to divert trade to the manufacturers of the great American Republic. Gentlemen, I appeal to you, is it reasonable?"



Bas-relief on the Maisonneuve Monument in Place D'Armes Square. Maisonneuve and his associates founding the town of Ville Marie, afterwards Montreal.



Madeleine de Vercheres. Presented to the McDonald Institute.

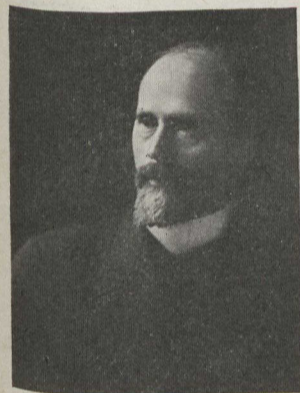
PHILIPPE HEBERT, SCULPTOR

Speaking in Bronze the Story of French Canada.

By M. J. MOUNT

IN years to come, when the history of the rise and progress of Art in Canada is written, Philippe Hebert's name will appear as that of our pioneer sculptor; he may also be called a national sculptor, for few have done as much as he to illustrate Canadian history.

As far back as 1882, we see the interest taken in his work, for, in a weekly newspaper published in Montreal at that time, "Canada First," among "Music, Art and Literature" notes, one reads: "Mr. Hebert, our young Canadian sculptor, whose studio is situated on St. Denis Street, and who has become very well and favourably known through his



Philippe Hebert.

modelling of the "de Salaberry" monument, we regret to learn, will not be represented at our forthcoming exhibition. He is very busy—carving in wood, life-sized figures of the Apostles. It is pleasant to know, at least in his case, that these orders will occupy his full time for twelve months to come."

These statues were for Notre Dame Church, Montreal, where they may still be seen.

Louis Philippe Hebert was born on the 27th of January, 1850; his parents were descendants of Acadians, who had settled in the county of Nicolet after the unfortunate events of 1755. Young Hebert was brought up in the rude life of pioneer farming, and from an early age he took great delight in following his father to the woods, and especially on his hunting trips.

Already, too, his childish mind felt the poetry of solitude, and at the age most boys look for companionship he would often pass hours by himself in the forest, fascinated; for the youth in his imagination pictured it overrun with wild Indians, as in the tales his father read to him.

At school, he took very little interest in anything but his slate, for which he was in constant disgrace by drawings of all sorts of Indians and animals; his evenings were passed by the fireside, drawing and carving toys by the side of his mother, for whose memory he has a tender veneration. To visitors in his studio he shows with pride her portrait that he carved, with the words: "A toi mere" (To thee, mother) in the frame. As a mere boy he was always whittling. One day, when he was about five, finding the root of a small tree which had somewhat the form of a foot, he carved it into a neat looking foot incased in a shoe.

One day, while on a visit to his studio, I noticed the statuette of a youth with a toy and knife in his hands, a baby sitting on his shoulders, holding on with its legs and arms. Such an affectionate look-

ing picture attracted my attention. I asked *le maitre* what it represented, and he told me that when a youth his mother often confided to his care a baby brother. For distraction, as well as to amuse the child, he would place it on his shoulders and go about, whittling toys for the youngster. When older he had made this in fond memory of the days of his boyhood, and of the little brother.

At the age of fourteen Hebert was placed with his uncle, who kept a country store. This stay was brief, however, as he had no disposition for business, and after awhile he was sent back home in disgrace, back to his father's farm, where he lived again a dreamy life until he was nineteen. When the Canadian contingent of the Papal Zouaves went to Rome to place itself at the disposal of the Pope he was one of the first to go. He devoted himself for the time being to this military career, faithfully going through all the duties that were required. Nevertheless, the moments at his disposal were passed in the churches and museums, which were to him marvels of beauty beyond his conception; St. Peter's, St. Paul, the Vatican, the Colona, the Capitol, the Pincio Gardens, were his daily pilgrimages, of which he never tired.

In those days the old picturesque life of the Eternal City, so dear to artists' eyes, was as yet quite unchanged. It was with some heart-ache that he tore himself away from this artists' Elysium, where he had found the element he longed for—to return to farming for three more years.

In the fall of 1873 he went to Montreal, where he exhibited a small wooden bust of "Beranger," at the Provincial Exhibition. This piece of work attracted the attention of Mr. Napoleon Bourassa, himself an artist, who engaged young Hebert to remain with him. This was the beginning of his artistic career. For several years he remained with his master, devoting his time to drawing, wood-carving, modelling and sculpture; following the courses at the "Arts and Manufactures" two evenings a week. Four years he worked in collaboration with Mr. Bourassa at the statuary and decorations of the Church of Notre Dame de Lourde, on St. Catherine Street. He read extensively, going through piles of literature dealing with art in all its branches, and with the history of art; understanding that the cultivation of the intellectual side of an artist's nature, influenced his work.

In 1879 Mr. Hebert received an order from Canon Bouillon, of Ottawa, intrusting to him the carving of all the statues in the Cathedral of that city. This extensive order occupied him several years. During his frequent trips to Ottawa at that time and later, he has had the advantage of meeting several noted persons who were particularly friendly to him, amongst whom were the sympathetic Benjamin Sulte, and Joseph Tasse, then editor of "La Minerve," through whose influence he was awarded the making of the statue erected to the late Sir George Etienne Cartier, in Ottawa. A competition took place, the Marquis of Lorne, at that time Governor-General of Canada, made the choice, selecting Philippe Hebert's.

Hebert always mentions with pleasure that the different Governors-General whom he had the signal honour of meeting, have at all times treated him with the highest marks of distinction and friendship. The Marquis of Lorne, the Earl of Minto, and Earl Grey particularly honoured and encouraged him on all occasions.

Twice Hebert had to make his home in Paris, where he remained altogether twelve years, to fulfill the many orders which his countrymen had intrusted to his care. There he became acquainted with many of the great French artists, Bartoldi, Rotti, member of the Institute; Paul Dubois, President of the Ecole des Beaux Arts; Henri Dubois, who was always a precious friend to him; Jules Lefebvre, Jules Breton, and Leopold Maurice. His association with these masters, their experience and their criticism combined in forming his artistic education.

A visit to Hebert's studio down one of the little streets of the city, is a treat well worth while. He excels in the delicate and typically French style of *causerie*. His knowledge of Canadian history, its legends and folklore, are subjects with which he delightfully entertains his visitors, and from which he has culled many ideas to immortalize in bronze. His best work has taken shape under the direct inspiration of nature. That is why it is so distinctively Canadian, so racy of the soil, the stream, and the forest.

Many of his statuettes are neither history nor legend nor portraiture, but fancies inspired by his poetical temperament. Such is "Fleur des Bois," a delicate creation of a young lovelorn Indian maiden, on the base of which he wrote the line: "Car son coeur fut pris par guerrier blanc" (For her heart was captured by a warrior pale). Such again are "Le Reve du Fumeur," a man's hand holding the bowl of a pipe, through the curling smoke the form of a beautiful woman; "Inspiration," a vision guiding the sculptor's hand in his work, and many other exquisite miniatures in bronze and terra-cotta.

In one corner of his studio there stands a group, "Sans Merci," representing the struggle between Civilization and Savagery. Two figures locked in a death grapple, the Indian's teeth meeting in the flesh of the settler's arm, the settler with a sickle uplifted over his enemy. This group, and a life-size "Crucifix" of plaster, which he presented to St. James' Cathedral, Montreal, are considered by many his masterpieces.

The most sympathetic artist is always the one who describes his native soil. Race detracts nothing from individuality. It elevates, it broadens, it fills with treasures of ancestral and sentimental thoughts. The artist of his race is the spokesman of departed generations to future generations. It is not the lonely artist, it is the dead of other days who speak and tell of things that will live forever.

Hebert is of the sod. He has illustrated many of the earlier pages of Canadian history, its deeds of heroism, as: "Lemoine d'Iberville," "Martine Messier," "Les Acadiens," (group), a family of exiles clinging to one another in the midst of their meagre possessions, rescued from the wreck of their homes, and "Madeleine de Vercheres." The last-mentioned was lately presented to the High school by a Montreal lady, to be given as a prize for general proficiency. A professor of McGill University also presented one to the McDonald Institute.



Heroic Study in Canadian History.

THE MOST HAZARDOUS OCCUPATION

With Special Reference to "Infantile Paralysis."

By HELEN MACMURCHY, M.D.

The sacrifice of infant life because of the lack of knowledge on the part of parents and nurses is one of the world's greatest annual losses. During the recent hot spell in Canada, the death-rate among infants rose tremendously especially in Toronto and Montreal. In addition to the ordinary causes such as lack of cleanliness, impure milk, improper clothing and lack of fresh air, there has come the disease known as "infantile paralysis." Since its appearance in the United States there have been 20,000 cases, says Dr. Simon Flexner of the Rockefeller Institute of Medical Research. Of this great number, more than 10,000 have become cripples for life. In Canada the total number is smaller, but is proportionately large. There is no specific remedy or cure. Careful nursing may save some cases, and the parents of Canada should know just what this means.

In the following article, Dr. MacMurphy outlines this interesting situation, indicates the earlier symptoms and gives some valuable advice. That infantile mortality is greater in Toronto than in London, England, shows that Canadians have much to learn in regard to the care of infants.

WE are familiar with the idea that certain trades and occupations are more dangerous than others. It is practically impossible for railway employees to get insured from the ordinary life insurance company. The expectation of life for a farmer is much better than for a baker. Those engaged in the manufacture of matches run risks which, as Mr. MacKenzie King pointed out to the House of Commons, ought to be removed by legislation in Canada, as they already are in most other civilized countries.

If one were asked, however, to name the most hazardous of all occupations, there are at least ten chances to one

that the wrong answer would be given. Being a baby is the most hazardous of all occupations, and it is more hazardous in Toronto and in Ontario than in London, England. We all begin life by engaging in the occupation of being a baby, and we stay at least a year in that employment. The sadness of it is that if we do not stay a year in it then we never do anything else at all. And it is not the baby's fault when its apprenticeship to life is cut short. Nature does so much to give every baby a fair start that we are nearly all born healthy. And a baby has a great hold on life, too. It is wonderful what a baby will live through. For it was meant to live. Few people but the father and mother know what grief it is when the baby leaves the cradle before its babyhood is done.



DR. MACMURPHY.

Hygienic Reformer among Children.

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"To bear, to rear, and then to lose," is one of the saddest lines ever written. Often the parents have done everything that skill and science and love can teach—all they know. The baby goes away most often on account of the sanitary sins of the community. The fact that in 1908 (the latest figures available for Ontario) our Infant Mortality rate was 124 per 1,000 births, and in Toronto, 153 per 1,000 births, but in London, England, 120 per 1,000 births means that the sanitary conscience is better in London in spite of all the terrible conditions in its miles of slums. The latest figures available for London are 109 per thousand, a still greater improvement. We are always hearing a little more about how to fight the baby's foes—not only in the first year of life, but in the succeeding years. We must make this most hazardous of all occupations safe as speedily as we can, because the nation depends on it, and because it is the only occupation that we all have to enter whether we will or no.

During the present year much interest has been directed to epidemic polymyositis, oftener called infantile paralysis, and "somewhat has been gained for poor mankind," as Carlyle says. The chief investigator has been Dr. Simon Flexner, and his work was done in the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, in New York. There have been not a few cases in Montreal and Toronto, and

other Canadian cities and towns. It has been thought for twenty-five years or more that this disease might be contagious. Now we know it is, through Dr. Flexner's research. Before 1907, it was rare to see an epidemic of it in America, but since then there have been several. Before that date, however, it was becoming common in northern Europe, especially in Norway and Sweden, and it is interesting to note that New York and Boston (the chief ocean ports) and Minnesota (where many Norwegian emigrants go) were the places where the marked outbreaks of the disease occurred. There were about 2,500 cases in New York alone. The disease is certainly caused by a very minute organism, so small that it is filterable, that is, it will pass through the pores of the finest and densest

CAMPAIGN STORIES

Wanted Quiet Methods

HON. FRANK OLIVER, who has been in the habit of getting elected by a big majority, did not always like the campaign methods of Eastern Canada.

During the campaign for the Dominion election in 1900 the younger Liberals of Edmonton had formed an organization of Young Liberals for North Alberta. They had introduced the machinery of Eastern politics into the West, but it was hard to convince Mr. Oliver of the need of getting out after the vote.

Every night for about a month before the elections the Young Liberals held a meeting, and each time they sang, as a solo and chorus, a campaign song, written by a newspaper man, to the tune of "Hot Time in the Old Town To-night," which was then popular. R. B. Bennett was the Opposition candidate, and the chorus of the song was:

"When you hear that Oliver has won,
When you hear that Bennett's on the run,
You may join our ranks and help us with the fun.
There'll be a hot time in the old town to-night.

The song became a slogan, and the Young Liberals told Mr. Oliver about it when he returned from Ottawa towards the end of the campaign. They had published the song in his paper, the *Bulletin*, and they proposed to him that the song be sung as a quartette at a joint political meeting to be held at Strathcona.

But Mr. Oliver was still opposed to the campaign methods of the East. He looked with his cold blue eyes upon the Young Liberals, stroked his moustache once and said, "For heaven's sake, don't."

* * *

A Political Prayer

DURING a campaign which he conducted in the Maritime Provinces, the late Hon. A. G. Blair saw how strongly the party idea in politics takes hold.

Mr. Blair stopped overnight at the house of a Baptist minister.

"We'll have a word of prayer before retiring," said the minister, who thereupon offered a prayer that was both long and prosy.

When Mr. Blair had almost gone to sleep on his knees, the minister started praying concerning the elections. He called down anathemas on the Conservatives for their corrupt practices. Then he

porcelain filters, e.g., the Chamberland and Berkefeld. Whatever this organism may be, it is very hard to kill, except by heat. It may be frozen and thawed again and still be living and virulent. The incubation period is variable. There may intervene 2 days, or 20 days, between exposure to infection and the first symptoms of the disease. The average time is about 8 or 10 days. Flexner has been able to prove that the infection enters the body, sometimes at least, by way of the mucous membrane of the nose, and it is thought that the nasal discharge of a patient who has the disease is also capable of converging the infection. The disease has two stages. The first is brief. The child is a little feverish and indisposed for a day or two, and then (in the second stage) is found on the third day perhaps, to be dragging one leg, or an arm is found suddenly very weak, then useless. The first stage may be so slight as to escape notice. Nothing seems amiss till paralysis suddenly occurs, and in the fatal cases, death often comes soon. Treatment has improved much during the last few years. Flexner has prepared a serum and from this form of treatment great results are ultimately hoped for. Liquid and simple nourishment, a great amount of quiet rest in bed at first, the ice-cap, if necessary, the most careful nursing, and especially the prolonged hot bath, skillfully administered, with the utmost attention to gentle repeated movements so that the limbs may not become useless or deformed if it is possible to avoid it, and massage and exercises, playing with toys, etc., as well as electricity, give surprisingly good results in many cases, thus rewarding the devotion, affection and skill of the family and those in charge of the case. The knowledge has been gained, the energy, ability and success characterizing the work of Flexner and other investigators, and the opportunities for research afforded by modern medical laboratories give us reason to hope that we shall not always stand helpless before this foe.

made a naive appeal to heaven for condemnation of the Opposition and asked pardon for the Liberals if they should find it necessary to "fight the devil with fire."

* * *

Those Good Old Days

A CANADIAN youth, who is attracted by a political career, was explaining to his invalid grandfather the latest plans for party organization.

"Yes, my boy, it's all very well, and perhaps you know just how to win elections. But it isn't, at all, what it used to be. Why, I remember an election in my young days in Simcoe County, when there were sixteen fights on the market in one morning. One of the Robinson's was running against a Blake and there wasn't a meeting without broken heads. Oh, an election was something like an election in those days"—and the snowy head was shaken wistfully over the degeneracy of modern methods.

* * *

What Did He Say?

SOME Canadians were discussing recently the humour of elections, when one citizen declared that the first Governor-General of Canada, Lord Monck, had been the author of the best bit of election repartee.

During the course of a British election, Lord Monck met his opponent, and the two discussed political issues in an entirely friendly fashion. As they parted, the opposing candidate remarked: "Well, may the best man win!"

"I hope not," said Lord Monck, with a courteous bow.

History does not record the answer to this remark.

* * *

Useful Election Cards

AT the last Dominion election in South Ontario, Mr. F. L. Fowke, Liberal, defeated Mr. William Smith, Conservative. Mr. Fowke has since become quite prominent politically and socially at Ottawa. Not long ago, a gentleman was talking to one of Mr. Fowke's constituents and remarked that Mr. Fowke was a good man and was said to stand well with Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

"Well, now, do you know," said the South Ontario farmer, "I rather thought that was so. During the election they distribute cards around with Sir Wilfrid's picture beside Mr. Fowke's. Yes, I thought then that they must be friendly."

AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

A DEPARTMENT MAINLY FOR WOMEN



M. MICHAEL MORDKIN

A new photograph of the famous Russian dancer whose alleged quarrel with his dancing partner, Mlle. Anna Pavlova has been a topic of general discussion.

The Quarrel in Fairyland.

WITH the conclusion of their engagement at the Palace Theatre in London, England, the stage partnership between Anna Pavlova and Michael Mordkin, the famous Russian dancers, who will be remembered as having visited many of our Canadian cities last season, comes to an end. Professional jealousy and the artistic temperament are responsible for the break-up of this, probably the most noteworthy dancing combination in the history of the art. Two years ago they came out of Russia, one from St. Petersburg and the other from Moscow, almost unknown to the world outside of their native country. In rapid succession they took Paris, London, New York and many American cities by storm. To-day, they are undoubtedly the most renowned exponents of the classical form of dancing.

The two dancers have not been happy together since their engagement at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. Originally of course, Pavlova was the star of the troupe and Mordkin but a subordinate member. But the latter quickly established himself in London and New York and with his increasing reputation he assumed a position equal with that of his partner. This, according to Mordkin, is at the bottom of all the trouble.

Mordkin's wife was a member of the troupe when it appeared at the Metropolitan and was received favourably. This, says Mordkin, was not at all to Pavlova's liking. Mordkin, anxious for peace, declared himself willing to do anything to satisfy his partner, and the latter demanded that Mordkin's wife be left out of the company that was to appear at the Palace Theatre for the engagement that now is drawing to a close. Although Mme. Mordkin had been engaged specially for the Palace Theatre season, she agreed to step down and went off to Russia for a rest.

When the team opened at the Palace Theatre matters went from bad to worse. Mordkin insisted that he was now an equal star with Pavlova and seemingly the management concurred in that belief for the two dancers were billed in letters of equal size on the face of the theatre. Also in the arrangement of the dancers they were given equal chances, having the same number of solos. At first Pavlova raised no objection to this state of affairs, but with the growing popularity of the divinely-formed Mordkin she began to show signs of dissatisfaction. Alfred Butt, the managing director of the Palace, who plumes himself on being a diplomat, attempted to straighten matters out, but only made them worse. Finally there was an open break between the dancers and they refused to dance together. It was no longer possible to keep the fact of a quarrel from the public, and the admirers of the Russians rapidly ranged themselves into opposing camps.

Pavlova, although a small woman, has a will that is bigger and more powerful than her lithe body. "She wants what she wants when she wants it," as the song goes. Much to his discomfiture, Gatti Gasazza, manager of the Metropolitan, once measured his will against Pavlova's, but, try as he



MADAME MORDKIN

Wife of M. Mordkin who also dances magnificently under the stage name of Bronislowa Pajitzkaia, and who is no doubt at the seat of the trouble between her husband and Mlle. Pavlova.

might, he could not get her to attend a performance at the opera house simply because her pet crocodile, which had been presented to her in New Orleans, was showing signs of approaching illness. Pavlova insisted that she must remain at his bedside and remain she did.

This "quarrel in fairyland," as the critics have called it here, has resulted in a great artistic loss to London. Mordkin showed me two great trunks full of special costumes which he had prepared for new dances during the Palace season. Not one of them has London seen because of the unfortunate disagreement.

"I am saving them all for America," he declared, as he exhibited the feather cap and other regalia of an Indian chief, the picturesque costume of a Russian peasant, the shepherd's skin of a Roman youth. "I hope to surprise the United States this time. I am to visit one hundred cities in six



THE ROYAL TOUR

The King and Queen with the Prince of Wales and Princess Mary have just completed an eventful tour of the United Kingdom. Our Picture shows the two young royal people with the Queen on the terrace of Bangor University where their visit was the occasion a most enthusiastic reception.



Mlle. ANNA PAVLOVA

The wilful little danseuse who has broken up her partnership with M. Mordkin because he claimed a share of the honours showered upon them.

months under the management of the Metropolitan Opera Company. I will also visit Mexico, at the invitation of the government, and Cuba. I will have with me my wife, and Madame Geltzer, who has made such a great and instantaneous success during the past few weeks at the Alhambra Theatre. "In the spring I am returning to London to start a school for dancing. I am teaching about a dozen young ladies now, some of whom pay \$25 an hour, and some of whom I teach free because they are poor and cannot pay."

* * *

The People of Dreams.

I DREAM av the good days gone,
Av the luck I still might find;
But the lurin'-most times these eyes look on
Are the years left far behind!

Aroo, how a Kelt heart clings
To the Dreamin' and not the truth!
How it harps on the ould good ways and sings
In the teeth av its wasted youth!

We thravel too early or late
For the shpot where the sunlight glowed;
And its niver the place we watch and wait
That the rainbow meets the road!

—Irish Poems, by Arthur Stringer.

* * *

"The Old Dance Master."

A CHEERFUL and refreshing novel has lately been published by Little, Brown & Co., of Boston. It is called "The Old Dance Master," and the author is William Romaine Paterson, a graduate of Glasgow University. Mr. Romaine has written several other novels under the Nom de plume of "Benjamin Swift," but "The Old Dance Master" is the best that he has yet given us.

We quote some of the philosophic speeches of Herr Habenicht, the quaint old professor of dancing, who, even in the very early chapters of the book, endears himself to the reader by his earnestness, his inborn gentleness, and his very human weaknesses.

In one place Herr Habenicht says:

"I haf dined vith cabmen and vith kings, and haf been happy vith both. I haf worn de goloshes of Fortune and de goloshes of Misfortune, and dey both fit. You say vat is happiness? How could I haf been happy vith all de money and de land gone? Ach ja, read Epictetus. You mention Heine? Heine said he was not large enough to bear humiliation. But I say, Duchesse, dat I am too big for de leetle mousetraps of misfortune. Dey don't admit me!"

And again, to show how little the world has touched him:

"Are you married, Herr Habenichts?" asked Sweffing.

"No," said Herr Habenichts, gravely; "but I haf written a book about love."

A PAGE TORN OUT

A Little Incident in a Scottish Dale.

By J. S. FLETCHER.

IT was very quiet and peaceful in the bar-parlour of the Tun of Malt that golden August afternoon, and the landlord, who was on duty because the young lady who usually presided there had gone to a flower show, was endeavouring to keep awake and at the same time wishing he could go to sleep.

The sound of a step—a man's step, firm and steady—in the stone-flagged hall outside suddenly brought the landlord into the world of actual things again. He had just assumed an upright position and rubbed his eyes when a stranger walked in and looked about him as men look who enter unfamiliar places. He was a tall, well-set-up young man of apparently thirty years of age, of superior appearance, and smartly dressed in a suit of tweed which the landlord immediately associated with the mysterious word London. He had dark, penetrating eyes and handsome features, but there was a curious look of melancholy in his face, as of a man who had known much trouble or sickness in his time.

"Good-afternoon, sir," said the landlord, rising from his easy-chair. "A fine day, sir."

"Oh, good-afternoon," replied the stranger. "Fine weather, indeed. I suppose you are the landlord?"

"I am, sir, at your service. What can I do for you, sir?"

"I suppose you know this district quite well," he said.

"Every inch of it for twenty miles—and more," replied the landlord.

"Then you, no doubt, can tell me something of this advertisement," said the stranger, laying a scrap of paper before him.

The landlord put on a pair of spectacles, and slowly read through the advertisement, murmuring the words half-aloud.

"Excellent farmhouse lodgings in a delightful moorland valley, with every comfort and privacy; good fishing, and a little rough shooting.—Apply Mrs. John Hesletine, Abbey Farm, Daneswold, R.S.O. Nearest station, Hildesbury, 7 miles."

The landlord handed the scrap of paper back. "Oh yes, sir," he said, "I can tell you plenty about that—I know the Hesletines as well as I know my own family. They're very well-to-do farmers, but they've a big, rambling house, and Mrs. Hesletine lets the rooms in summer, and uncommon comfortable she makes people, I've heard say. It's a grand bit of country round there, sir."

"Very quiet, I suppose?" asked the stranger.

"Much too quiet for most folks, sir" answered the landlord. "It's a wild, lonely valley, but as I say, uncommon pretty."

"How can I get out there?" he asked. "I've some things at the station—a couple of portmanteaux, a gun-case, and some fishing-tackle. I suppose one can find a dog-cart?"

"If you'll sit down for half an hour, sir, I'll send my son out with you," said the landlord. "We do a big business here in posting; you see there are no railroads in the smaller dales."

LITTLE more than an hour later the stranger who had been much interested in the road which he had been driven along, found himself confronting a narrow valley shut in between high, heather-covered banks, on whose sides there appeared at intervals great masses of dark rock with occasional plantations of pine and fir. At the bottom of the valley ran a brawling stream, crossed here and there by single-arch bridges of grey stone; far away at the valley head he could see a few isolated houses, whitewashed of wall and grey of roof, standing out against the sky-line.

"Yonder's Daneswold," said the landlord's son, pointing with his whip to these dwellings.

"Out of the world enough," remarked the stranger, as if commenting on some reflection of his own. "It must be pretty lonely here in winter, isn't it?" he said, in a louder voice.

"Snowed up for weeks they are sometimes," replied the driver.

"How do they get in their food, then?" asked the stranger.

"Lay in a stock beforehand," said the driver, laconically. "There are times when nobody can get in or out of this valley for weeks together."

The stranger continued to show great interest in his surroundings and in the contour of the coun-

try until they came to Daneswold itself. There in the valley was a charming scene of rusticity—a tiny inn, a little church, and on a green sward by the riverside the ruins of an ancient abbey, at the side of which was a scarcely less ancient farmstead.

"This is Hesletine's," said the driver, laconically. "That's the missis at the door."

Mrs. Hesletine, a tall, comely woman, typical of the hardy Dale stock, was thankful that she had donned her afternoon gown and her silk apron, to say nothing of her second-best cap, when she saw a prospective lodger drive up to the stone porch. With old-fashioned courtesy she led him within, and showed the rooms she had to let—a wide-spaced, low-ceilinged parlour, full of antique furniture and fragrant with the scent of flowers, and a bedroom whose quaint old hangings were reminiscent of the eighteenth century, and whose linen was odorous of lavender. From the windows of both rooms there were views of an old-fashioned garden, of the hoary ruins by the river, and of the purple fells which closed in the valley.

"This is exactly the place I wanted to find," said the stranger. "I will take these rooms for, at any rate, a month—perhaps for longer."

Then he insisted on paying Mrs. Hesletine a goodly sum on account, and put it on the table in gold, after which he gave her his name as Leonard Bastable, and told her that he had recently recovered from a rather serious illness, and that his doctor had imposed upon him absolute quiet, moorland air, and a simple life. And Mrs. Hesletine's heart went out to him, and she promised great things for his comfort.

"And I hope you won't find it too quiet, sir," she said. "I've had ladies and gentlemen that found time hang heavy now and then."

"It can't be too quiet for me just now," replied Mr. Bastable. "I've got to be quiet."

HE came downstairs from unpacking a few things an hour later to find a dainty cloth spread on the parlour table and an appetizing odour of roast chicken stealing from other regions. There was a great china bowl full of roses in the centre of the table; the glass was old and good, and so was the china. And he noticed, being a critical man about these things, that the silver was old, too, and as massive as it was old.

He turned to examine an old-fashioned sideboard and its contents—they had caught his eye as he entered the room on his arrival. Mr. Bastable was an expert in many things; he recognized the sideboard as a fine piece of genuine Hepplewhite, and admired it. But he was much more interested in the objects which stood upon it, and he bent closely to scrutinize them.

"By George!" he exclaimed, softly. "By George!"

He had seldom seen a finer array of old silver. It was none of your electro-plate or silver-gilt, but genuine, heavy silver—great salvers, cups, candlesticks, dishes, ornaments. And, looking closer, he saw that all these things had been won—won at horse and cattle shows, a local steeplechase, at point-to-point races, and similar events. The dates of some of the inscriptions went back a hundred years.

Leonard Bastable went out into the garden and breathed in the sweet odours of many flowers, mingled with the heather-scented air which came down from the fells. He took a turn or two about the walks, and went back to the parlour smiling.

"Certainly, nobody would ever dream of finding me here!" he murmured to himself. "There is little in common between Daneswold and Piccadilly. This is indeed out of the world."

Mrs. Hesletine appeared presently, bearing the roast chicken. And behind her came a girl at sight of whom the newcomer felt his pulses give a sudden bound. For she was a tall and shapely maiden, full of a staid prettiness which was very striking to a stranger, and her brown eyes were as full of liquid softness as her brown hair was full of underlying shafts of gold. And at sight of Leonard Bastable her cheeks flushed to the tint of the blush roses in the china bowl.

"Now, Mr. Bastable," said Mrs. Hesletine, in her cheery fashion, "this is my daughter Pansy, and as she always waits on our visitors and attends to their wants I thought you'd better see her at once, and then you'd know her."

Leonard Bastable shook hands with Miss Hesletine.

"I think I should have known your daughter to be yours if I hadn't been told of the fact, Mrs. Hesletine," he said, gallantly. "There's such a resemblance between you."

Mrs. Hesletine set down her dish and sighed reflectively.

"Ah, yes!" she said. "I was considered very pretty when I was Pansy's age."

When the visitor rang his bell Pansy returned alone. He congratulated her on the roast chicken, and watched her as she moved about the table, admiring her lithesome figure and pretty head.

"That's a very fine collection of old silver you have there, Miss Pansy," he said. "You must be very proud of it."

The girl turned her head towards the sideboard almost indifferently. "Father and mother think a lot of it, sir," she said; "but perhaps I don't—there's so much that—well, it seems as common as china or glass. Look here, sir."

She turned to a big oak press which filled almost the whole extent of one wall, and, throwing open the double doors, showed him that it was filled with more silver.

"And that corner cupboard behind you is full, too," she said. Then, with a smile, whose archness seemed to belie her staid prettiness, she added, "It takes a lot of cleaning."

"Most people wouldn't mind that if they had possession of it," said Bastable. "But do you always leave it out? Don't you lock it up at night?"

"Oh, no—it's always left there, just as it is," she answered.

"But aren't you afraid of thieves—of burglars?" he asked.

Pansy laughed. "Nobody ever heard of thieves or burglars in Daneswold, sir," she said. "Why, we never dream of fastening the doors."

Leonard Bastable stared at the girl more than ever. She laughed gently as she saw his astonishment.

WHEN Leonard Bastable met the farmer next morning, however, he did not wonder quite so much at the primitive notions of the family at the Abbey Farm. John Hesletine was a fine specimen of the best type of dalesman—a tall, broad-shouldered man, great of muscle and sinew, whose silvery-white hair, fine as silk, appretinted cheeks, and clear blue eyes told of a long and healthy life on the wind-swept moors. That life had always been as simple as his speech—he and his fathers before him had rarely strayed away from the farmstead where they had reared shire horses, prize cattle, and prize sheep to such a perfection of quality that their names were known as stock-breeders in far-off places.

Leonard Bastable settled down to the simple life of a lonely valley at once. He kept good hours; he ate with a hearty appetite; he spent most of his time in the open air. The old farmer showed him the best places in the river, and gave him the run of his land for shooting—either with rod or gun, there was always some sport to be had. He explored all the neighbourhood, and became learned in matters relating to horses and sheep and cattle; sometimes he accompanied John Hesletine about the farm or across the moors, and heard many a rare tale of folklore and of old hunting days. And at night there was always the rose-scented parlour to rest in, and, last of all, the welcome dreamless sleep that followed a whole day in the open.

His visit lengthened over the month which he had originally mentioned to Mrs. Hesletine. August went, and mid-September, and the first touches of autumn came, and he was still there; and the pleasant friendship between him and the family had deepened. And as for himself, he no longer tried to deceive his own mind on one point—he had fallen in love with Pansy. And because of it he was face to face with the greatest trouble he had ever known; for there was a black shadow on Bastable's life, and he had no wish that those he cared for should be brought within its compass.

But one afternoon, when Pansy had gone to visit a girl friend at a neighbouring farmstead, Bastable took heart of grace and a right resolve, and opened his mind and told his trouble to the man and woman whom he had come to regard as something more than friends. He came out of their parlour an hour later with a heart almost bursting with gratitude and thankfulness, and walked into the fast-gathering twilight feeling unable to contain himself. For the father and mother already knew the girl's secret, and for her sake, and because of his undoubted love for her, they bade him care no more for his trouble for ever.

(Continued on page 23.)

DEMI-TASSE

Courierettes.

Political picnics are the popular recreation for August.

The merger of lake boats is coming on swimmingly.

The Consumers' National League of the United States is considering the question: "What is beer?" It ought to be referred to the Kaiser for final definition.

Sunday ice cream is a burning question once more in Toronto.

Mr. Henri Bourassa will support Mr. F. D. Monk. In spite of this decision, the latter has hopes.

An election is bad enough—but just think of what it must be like in Mexico or Montenegro!

Dr. Orr is trying to arrange for a Laurier-Borden debate on Reciprocity, to open the Canadian National Exhibition. Failing this, he may arrange for a dialogue between Mr. Armand Lavergne and Colonel Sam Hughes.

Mr. Charles Potticary is the Labour candidate in St. Thomas. Hasn't he the fancy name?

The Toronto Globe remarks in lightly optimistic style that Toronto is not really Conservative. This is the most startling news that a Canadian journal has published since the heated term.

The cruiser Niobe has come to grief. That is what comes of naming a boat for the classic lady of lamentation!

It is prophesied that diamonds will be manufactured at Niagara. Then these will be a little radium farm at Queenston.

The smile-that-won't-come-off-until-September-twenty-first is now being worn by each anxious candidate.

Hon. Richard McBride will now come out of the West and show the mettle of his good broadsword.

Patti is coming to America again to sing in vaudeville. O you Home, Sweet Home!

The Boy's Wish.

I want to be a birdman
And with the birdmen fly!
And take, each summer afternoon,
A trip up in the sky.

What He Might Expect.—A young church-goer was complaining to an older and more orthodox friend about the grievance of long sermons in warm weather.

"It isn't fair to inflict a discourse

of forty minutes on the people in summer time. What we want in such weather is a sermonette."
"Yes," said the elder, dryly. "But those people who want a sermonette will get a heavenette."

Her Bathing Suit.

There was a young lady of Lee,
Who spent a short month at sea.
Her green bathing suit
Was certainly cute,
And her cap was as sweet as you'd see.

Many Like Him.—"What does Jones do?" was asked of a man who knew Jones well.

"He's a manufacturer on a large scale."
"What does he make?"
"Remarks."

Bad Writing Again.—When the printer and the proof-reader combine, some funny mistakes get to the public. Such a mistake got into a Toronto evening paper a few days ago. The city of London, Ont., has, for quite a time, been trying to sell its City Hall. The matter came up at Osgoode Hall, and the newspaper started off the news item with a reference to "the application of Mr. John Parsons, a ratepayer of the city of London, for an injunction restraining the City Council from selling the Soudan City Hall."

The Point of View.—A Toronto young man, who has made a reputation for himself as an amateur sailor, has taken up a homestead at Cardell, near Maple Creek. This district is noted for the velocity of the wind across the prairies. Writing home to his sister he said: "Dear Tess, I wish there was some water here. There is a helluva lot of good wind going to waste."

"Raising the Wind."—"Where there's a will there's a way," seems to be true concerning an Edinburgh couple of whom a Scotchman, now in Canada, tells.

One Monday morning this couple, who were addicted to "cocking the little finger," found that they had no money in the house. Both wanted "a livener," and they began wondering how they could "raise the wind."

Suddenly the man hit on a bright idea. Quickly taking off his coat, he asked his wife for an apron. And, putting on the apron, he went to a public-house.

"I haven't any money," he said to the proprietor, but I'm going to a job

and I'd like you to let me have a wet."

He got the drink, and, as he was leaving the "pub," he saw his wife leaving a similar place across the street.

"Did you get your wet?" she asked with a smile.

"Yes," he answered.
"So did I," said the wife.

"How did you manage that?" he asked.

"When you went away with your apron," she answered, "I pawned your coat."

Echo Answers, "Why?"—A Canadian recently heard with great relish a story told by a man not long out from London.

It appears that an American millionaire bought a house in London and furnished it expensively, but not in the best of taste.

The American was very proud of one room, and in showing an Englishman through the house he opened the door of that room with a great flourish, and said proudly, "This we call our 'Louis Quinze' room."

The Englishman glanced about the room and said, "Oh, really. Why?"

A Rush Sale.

There's the sound of eager voices
And the fluttering of skirts,
While the maiden fair rejoices
And the golf links she deserts.
Would you know the mighty reason
Of this thronging from all parts?
Crafty Cupid advertises
"Here's a bargain day in hearts!"

There are hearts with gold all braided,
There are hearts with fatal hurts;
There are hearts, all torn and faded,
Which are quickly sold to flirts.
Swiftly disappear all sizes,
Cupid's counters soon are bare;
Every woman loves a bargain
And these hearts are remnants rare.

Then a grumbling soon arises
And a murmuring begins,
For the buyers find surprises,
While they suffer for their sins.
All those hearts were badly damaged—
Every one possessed a flaw,
There are many tears and troubles,
Wrathful maidens go to law.

But the days go flitting by us—
That was quite a year ago—
And the griefs no longer try us,
They are gone with last year's snow.
Once more, comes a rush for remnants,
And we hear upon the marts—
Crafty Cupid advertises
"Here's a bargain day in hearts!"

Paid For the Privilege.—Some people have a great and clear idea of their rights, and don't fail to insist on getting them.

A Toronto woman was sitting near a front bedroom window in order to watch over her child, who was getting his first natural sleep after a severe illness. Worn out by work and anxiety, the mother fell asleep. She was awakened by an Italian pushcart man, who was loudly calling, "Banana ripe! Banana ripe! Ten cents a dozen!"

Leaning out of the window, the mother put up her hands and begged the Italian to be quiet.

"Aw, what's the matter with you?" he said. "I pay ten dollar fer holler round the streets."

Too Far Out of Town.—On the removal of the Saskatchewan Government offices from their ramshackle quarters to the new capitol, the premises left vacant were eagerly snatched up by a Regina hotel to accommodate in part the hundreds who sleep bedless in that city. These offices are lofty and roomy and connected with the hotel by a long closed-in passageway, but one has to go up one flight of stairs and down another to get to one's room.

A regular customer of the hotel was given a room in the new annex, and next morning he remarked to the clerk that he had a very nice room, but he would rather have had one a little closer to Regina.

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Sozodont

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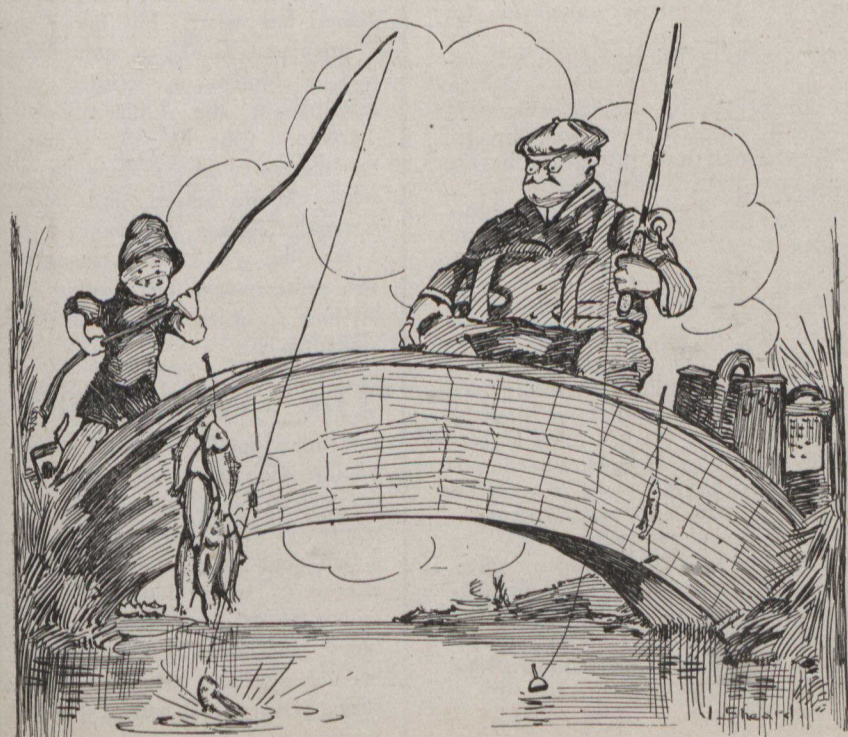
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Fisherman's Luck

THE WILDCATTERS

A Tale of the Cobalt Country.
By S. A. White

A NEW SERIAL STORY

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

CARL GLOVER, "The Prince" of college football days, is called from a study of art to take charge of a Cobalt mine, owned by an uncle who has been injured in a railway accident.

He is initiated into mining and into Cobalt by Freeman, the foreman of the mine, and forthwith becomes entangled in certain mysteries.

Carl was by heredity a gambler—though in the earlier part of the story his gambling proclivities are well concealed under a mask of almost boyish candor and enthusiasm.

CHAPTER V.

THE places of rendezvous for the miners at night were the hotels and tobacco stores, and these were about the only places where men of Freeman's class judged anything was to be seen; so they found themselves, after a short walk, in which the foreman did the piloting, opposite a certain saloon which was named Cobalt Clan, in part of which a blind pig was located.

"Ever drink?" Freeman asked, nodding toward its brilliantly lighted windows.

"Not at all," said Carl.

"Have a cigar, then?"

"Never smoke!" Carl said again, half laughing.

"You don't? Why, I thought all college men smoked."

"Well, nearly all—but I am an exception."

"Queer!" Freeman commented. "I must get some weed, though, for to-morrow. Come along!"

They entered the Clan and found its sitting-room full of various types gathered from many camps. Silver was the prevailing topic for conversation. The smoke saturated air held nothing but Hudson Bay, Foster, King, Crown Reserve, Trethewey, Silver Leaf, Nipissing, Contact, etc., etc. Merits of one location, deficiencies of another, shares, companies, directors, stock, investment, all formed a babel of sound as voiced by men talking in pairs, threes, or larger groups.

Comparatively unknown, Carl passed a greeting with but a few whose acquaintance he had made, and, while waiting for Freeman, fell into conversation with Ridgeley, an owner on the shore of a little lake two miles out. Carl had met him before, and eagerly inquired how he was progressing.

"Fine!" was Ridgeley's answer. "We have three veins uncovered. Good native silver, too! How is yours?"

"Not much reward yet," said Carl.

"How many shafts have you sunk?"

"Two."

"How deep?"

"Fifty feet."

"Any signs?"

"There were fair signs on Number Two, but we haven't found any veins."

"Ever have any experience before?"

"No! I'm absolutely new, but Freeman's a practical man."

Robert Ridgeley winked a knowing eye at Carl. "Sure?" he inquired.

"He is my uncle's choice as boss. He ought to be all right."

"Well," said the mine owner, lighting a cigar, "I have my opinion."

"What is it?" asked Carl.

"Candid?"

"Candid!"

"He isn't worth his salt!"

Carl stared.

"You see," Ridgeley went on, "I know a mining man when I see him at work. I've seen this Freeman down in Arkansas at the lead and zinc game, and I've seen him here, before you came. Take my word—he's a figurehead!"

"But how," Carl objected, "how did he get on foreman with Uncle?"

"Can't say," Ridgeley answered with what Carl thought was studied indifference.

"And it is up to me, an inexperienced man, to develop the place?" he said, rather anxiously.

"Help is scarce. You can't get a boss or even a hand for months yet. I am two men short myself. All you can do is to peg along. When will Graham be fit?"

"Four or six weeks yet."

"Hem! Better go ahead the way you are doing till he can take control. I wouldn't advise bouncing the foreman on your own hook. Anyway you can't get another just at this season. Besides, you have a blind chance of striking it."

"Stone blind," Carl said, bitterly.

"Look here!" Ridgeley said, suddenly conceiving what failure meant to a man of Glover's calibre. "I'll look over this place with you. Say we take a walk through it to-morrow?"

"Thanks!" we will," the nephew assented. "Freeman will object, but he can go on objecting."

"Very well. I shall come round early. Good-night!" Ridgeley went out to seek his lodging near-by, for he was a keen business man of strictly temperate habits.

Carl looked for his foreman. The latter was not in sight, but Giles, the proprietor, said he had just gone into the billiard-room.

"If you are Mr. Glover," Giles ventured, "I am glad to see you. I know your uncle well."

"Ah! I suppose you were both among the first here?"

"Yes. You have been up but a short time?"

"Two weeks. I am trying to manage till my uncle got back to form."

"I wish you luck, Mr. Glover. It is rather an upsetting of his plans and a new duty for you, I presume. Still, you are fortunate in having such an excellent foreman as Freeman. Oh! yes, you were wanting him. Come this way! He went in for a game with one of the Dolly Varden men."

Freeman was not to be seen in the billiard-room, but the proprietor led him along a narrow hallway and opened a panel in the wall. It swung, upon pressing a certain point. The sight that met Carl Glover's eyes was one to amaze him. Here was a miniature Monte Carlo, fitted up in a cleverly disguised part of the hotel. The game was in full swing. Women as well as men crowded round the long tables, staking their faith and earnings on the red or black. In luxury of appointment this place was one to extend a strong invitation. The upholstering, fretwork, paneling, decorating, gilding of ceiling, and carpeting of floor was so done as to blend in a harmony of colours. The animated, well-dressed assembly gave out an aspect of cordiality and good social feeling that was hard to resist. It was like Paris after the mine and shaft-house. Carl felt an uncontrollable desire to enter just to enjoy being with the throng, and when his host touched his arm and went in before as if taking for granted that Glover knew the hall existed, he followed without intimating that he saw it for the first time.

"I don't see him here, either," Giles said. "He must have gone out altogether. However, you can pass an hour among the gathering. You know some, do you not, or shall I introduce you?"

"No, no, don't trouble, thanks! I'll make out. Some I know."

"You will find them all agreeable. We believe in sociability up here in Cobalt. I must leave you, though, for I have a few matters which need attention before closing. You are sure you will be quite content?"

"Quite," Carl answered. "I shall watch the flights of chance."

"Do you never play?"

Carl shook his head and edged through the crowd where he could get a clearer view of the tables.

Luck seemed to favour the public, and they were causing a heavy run on the bank. One English capitalist was trying his utmost to take everything they had just for the triumph of it, then he would lend them funds to begin afresh. While Carl watched, he very nearly succeeded, but suddenly luck changed in a most unaccountable manner, and he was back again where he started. It was now the bank's turn to win, and several dropped away, having tried their last dollar without result. The sight of the green cloth littered with gold, paper money, bank-notes, and even silver nuggets was fascinating. Carl threaded in closer still until he could command a view of the whole stretch of tables.

"By all the gods, if here isn't The Prince," said a loud voice at his right. "Hello!, Prince. Good Lord, it's a long time since I saw you. Shake!"

Carl turned and recognized Whitmore, who had failed to finish his college course, at the time Carl himself was

OUR NEW SERIAL

The Wildcatters

A Tale of the Cobalt Country

By S. A. WHITE

Author of "The Stampeder," etc., etc.

Love and life in the mining districts of Northern Ontario is the theme of the new story which is to run in the CANADIAN COURIER during the next fourteen weeks. Rita Theodore, "The Lady of the Clan" is as strong a character as ever has appeared in native fiction, while Carl Glover, "The Prince," is a typical young Canadian with the bloom of a college career still showing. These two and the "wildcatters" of Cobalt are the leading figures in a most original and stirring romance.



A Lover of the Out-of-Doors

S. A. White, the author, was in the first rush to Cobalt and knows the mining life fairly well. His previous story "The Stampeder" described the mining life of the Yukon in its early days. For a number of years he has been contributing outdoor stories to the leading publications of Canadians. His first book appeared last year. His father is a prominent Canadian naturalist, and a brother is lecturer on Forestry at the University of Toronto. Like W. A. Fraser, his literary work is done in a small Ontario village, and fame is rapidly coming that way. For a time, he was both pedagogue and writer; now he devotes all his time to articles and stories of Canadian life.

The Wildcatters

is a strong story and should prove popular with the readers of THE CANADIAN COURIER. It has plenty of sentiment, is full of action, and radiates a sustained interest. The people whom the author creates are real flesh and blood. No anæmic puppets whine in this northern country—only strong, keen, passionate men and women.

attending. Whitmore had never been held in high esteem by the college men and was always looked upon as being a little shady. Rumour said it was something of this nature which had cut short his academic career, but Glover was unwilling to trump up any past reason for not being civil to an old classmate, and he shook hands with ready grace.

"It seems I run into Varsity men everywhere," he laughed.

"Can't keep them down! No, by the Lord, you can't. Didn't ever expect to meet you here, though, Prince! Have you got the fever, too?"

"No. I'm trying to help my uncle out by acting as temporary manager. He is laid up in the hospital."

"Heavens, yes! That smash at Scardon! They say he has a good thing in mines here. Is that your sit?"

"Yes, developing as fast as my experience will permit."

"Turning out rich?"

"Well, not so far. I fancy I am to blame. I shall be glad when uncle gets out. Things will boom then. The place is rich, no doubt, but we haven't found the veins."

Whitmore jerked a hand toward the tables. "Easier mining silver here," he chuckled—"and gold, too!"

"Perhaps for you, but not for me!"

"Never play?"

"Never in my life!"

"Come and try a hand! I'll put you onto the kinks."

"No," said Carl, "it's against my principles."

"Fudge! It is square."

"It is purely chance."

"Like everything else in the world! A man takes his chance against everybody. Why not here?"

"Entirely different!"

"How?"

"In purpose."

"Explain, please," Whitmore said with a good-natured laugh.

"It's too obvious. Life pits you against many a man, and you take your chance on the uphill fight, but every effort made is one for ennoblement, the satisfying of high ideals and worthy ambitions. Here you chance your money and time for the sake of a passion."

"And gain nothing?"

"Nothing but more passion."

Whitmore looked at him through the haze of his cigar smoke. "By gad! Prince," he said, "you're the same out and out chap. Never a change. You always had principles—and some of us, well—had none."

"Where have you been since you quit?" Carl asked, his voice softer, half out of pity.

"Wandering," Whitmore said, bitterly, "wandering God knows where. When a man's cast out without a show, even on his own fault, the devil sticks mighty close. I have been all over the States and Europe. Landed back in old Canada a month or so ago. Lived like this," he added, nodding toward the roulette.

Glover looked at him for a minute, then before he could make any comment a finely modulated feminine voice came across the table. "I never saw you refrain so long before, Mr. Whitmore," it said.

Both men looked up. "Ah! Miss Theodore," Carl's companion said, "it is you. The truth is, I have been renewing an old acquaintance. Allow me to introduce a former classmate, Mr. Glover, better known as 'The Prince.'"

"What a delightful sobriquet," the dark beauty trilled, greeting Carl with a rare smile.

"Nothing but a campus slander," he said, lightly, with an effort to keep back his laughter.

"And a true one I can vouch for," Whitmore declared.

"You see, Miss Theodore, it was football. That's his outdoor forte. He—"

"That's sufficient," Carl jokingly interrupted. "Write it out, Whitmore, or print it and give it to Miss Theodore to read at her leisure. If I mistake not, she is engaged just now."

She had laid some gold pieces out on the green cloth about to wager them on the turn of the wheel. Carl had heard of the refined female patrons of Monte Carlo, but it was his thought at this moment that they could hardly be any more refined, aristocratic, graceful, or attractive than the lady of the gamester's paradise suddenly unveiled to him in the midst of a gaunt, outlying mining camp. They moved round to her side to watch the issue.

Red turned, and she won. A second time, a third, and a fourth. Her delight sparkled out in musical mirth.

"The little gods of fortune are kind to me to-night," she smilingly said to Glover, looking to him with up-turned face. Carl was struck with its perfect symmetry and colour. "Perhaps they will be as considerate to you," she continued, "and you shall use one of the same coins for good luck."

"Thank you," Glover said, "but I never play."

Miss Theodore raised her eyebrows in surprise. "Have you never played?" she asked.

"Never."

"Won't you try now?" The smile was full of sweet persuasion.

"It is most embarrassing to refuse a lady anything, but, really, I cannot. It is a matter of principle with me."

"And you refuse me?" She laid the coin upon the

edge, almost at his hand.

"No, I don't refuse you. I refuse my other self. I cannot play."

"You remind me of Shakespeare," the lady mused, devoting herself to the wheel once more. "Did you ever act?"

"Never. I have not the talent."

"Are you not inclined to art?"

"I do a little on canvas, a very little. The atmosphere of the camp wilds I sometimes feel as a wonderful inspiration, but I have no materials in which to utilize the power. Coming in haste as I did, that was one of the farthest things from my mind."

"I do amateur work myself," Miss Theodore said. "I have plenty of material. You are quite welcome to use as much of it as you want. There are, truthfully, some magnificent landscapes in Temiskaming."

"A thousand thanks," Carl said, "I shall be very, very much indebted, after wishing for that one thing all these days."

She twisted away from the roulette, for it had turned to her loss thrice in succession.

"You have angered the gods," she said in mock pettishness. "They left me after your refusal, and I am tired. I wonder if there is a seat left."

He found an empty divan in a small alcove and they rested there. Carl ordered coffee for two. Whitmore had disappeared some time previous. As they sipped their drink, the talk ran on over art and its various phases, college life, travel, literature, everything in fact but Cobalt. Jointly they seemed to forget that they were in Cobalt. All Carl knew was that a beautiful woman was beside him in an entrancing little alcove. Somehow she exerted a spell over him. It was not love. He knew that. Yet some hidden power drew him, something which made him vaguely uneasy because of its mystery. Vague uneasiness, however, and mystery, both made the tete-a-tete more delicious, and it was with regret, when a thin, elderly man, approached, that she said: "My father! I must go now."

Carl looked at his watch. "Eleven!" he exclaimed. "I didn't dream I was keeping you so long, although it has been a great pleasure. Can you forgive?"

"Freely," she answered, "the pleasure has been mutual. My father, Mr. Glover—he knows your uncle."

"Why yes," Colonel Theodore said—"for years! Painful accident of his in which he has my full sympathy! Excuse my brevity, Mr. Glover, but I am an hour later than I should have been, and I have some business letters to attend to before morning. Come and see us. We shall be glad to see you often. Your uncle and I come from the old land, the same old English soil. Call any time when I happen to be at leisure, and I warn you I am then inconsiderately garrulous. Rita, are you ready?"

"Quite ready," her soft tones assented. "We shall expect you, Mr. Glover."

"Thank you, yes," Carl bowed. "It will be a great privilege."

The last thing he saw that night in the Clan was her smile. The first thing to enter his brain at morning was her name—Rita.

CHAPTER VI.

FREEMAN was not at breakfast, and Carl was pleased with the fact. He ate lightly and hastily, then hurried away to find Ridgeley in order to go over the ground with him. The mine owner he met coming out from his lodging, so they walked briskly toward Graham's property. The Sabbath morning was bright with sunshine. Its level rays coming down over the bluffs, threw the calm valley air into slanting planes of gold. Woodfolk called from deep haunts on all sides as they did at every week's end since then no clamouring noise crashed out to cause them to hide in lair or rift.

"Pretty! Pretty," Ridgeley commented on reaching the spot.

"Magnificent," Carl said. "It is worth something just to have the nature richness of it."

They went to the shaft houses. Ridgeley examined the shafts, ground, and sinkings, while Carl waited expectantly.

"Hem!" the mine owner said at the first, "no signs. How deep did you say?"

"Fifty feet."

"You might go deeper. Run any drifts here?"

"Not yet."

"There might be some chance, but rather slight."

Number Two shaft was no better. Robert Ridgeley pronounced it very uncertain, and Carl knew his experience and reputation was such as to make his opinion valuable.

"You have done well, though," Ridgeley assured the nephew. "The development is above the average, especially on Number Two. That's when you came on, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Carl, with a thrill of exultation.

"Better work! Have you studied mining?"

"Only some manuals since I came here."

(Continued on page 24.)

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Canadian National Exhibition
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REMARKABLE EVOLUTION OF MODERN BREAD MANUFACTURING

The Introduction of Up-to-date Plants Results in Lower Cost of Manufacturing, Higher Grade of Product and More Systematic Plan of Distribution. Canada Bread Company, Limited, with Output of 1,000,000 Loaves per Week, Will be in a Unique Position.

THE VISITOR to the ancient city of Pompeii, as he wanders round the deserted streets, comes at last to an opening in the ruins where are to be seen several contrivances in stone, the significance of which is to him a mystery. Looking up his guide-book, however, he finds that they were used by the ancients for grinding their corn. Nearby are the old ovens, partly repaired. While examining them, it all at once dawns upon him that the business of baking bread is carried on to-day—or has been carried on until recent times—in almost the same way as it was carried on by the ancients. Only in the grinding of the flour can the casual and uninformed observer see any considerable improvement in the process of producing bread. The ovens are much the same as might be many of those to-day after they have become partly ruined. Within the lifetime of thousands of those who visit Pompeii have they seen bread baked in just such ovens.

The business of baking bread is now, however, being modernized and systematized, much as has been the grinding of flour and the carrying on of thousands of other industrial processes with which we are in daily touch. The days of guesswork are drawing to a close in the matter of baking as in the matter of everything else. In all the principal cities of Canada and the United States, as well as of Europe, are now carried on technical institutes of various kinds, both by night and by day, at which the fundamental principles of cooking are taught—domestic science it is called—and the importance of this latest science cannot well be over-estimated. Students are instructed to act in a scientific manner; guesswork must be eliminated. The materials are weighed and measured out; the heat at which the baking shall be carried on, and the length of the duration of the process, are all accurately determined, and the student is expected to turn out batches of cakes or bread of an almost uniform character. For the student to make a failure is evidence that he or she did not fully understand what was being done.

SUCCESS OF MODERN METHODS.

Domestic science, however, would never have reached the stage of being taught in the colleges had it not been that its importance was recognized in the business field. Visit an up-to-date bake-shop to-day and you will find all the processes being carried out in a scientific manner. Nothing is done haphazard. The process naturally begins with the purchase of flour. In this are many points of importance outside the question of price, although that, as is almost needless to say, is essential in the successful operation of business. In addition to this, however, the buyer must be thoroughly acquainted with the general character of the flour which he requires and which is manufactured by the mill from which he is making his purchases. After the flour enters the establishment, the progressive bake-shop has its own laboratory. This varies in size and completeness of equipment according to the size of the establishment and its financial strength; but it does not vary in importance. The successful baker will never attempt to produce good loaves from poor flour. The proposition of gluten, he well knows, is a most important factor, and one of the first requirements of the laboratory is to insure that no flour is accepted which does not contain the proper percentage of gluten and other chemical constituents.

The haphazard bake-shop, therefore, goes wrong at the very first stage of the game. It contains no laboratory, and consequently there is little or no means of ascertaining whether the material of which the loaf is to be compounded has the qualities for producing the type of bread which would be a credit to the establishment.

In the modern establishment, after it has been ascertained that the quality of the flour is up to grade, the flour is emptied into a receptacle from which it is conveyed to a system of screens and sifters. These extract any foreign matter, such as strings, fluff from the bags, etc.

Have you ever, when eating a slice of bread or toast, bitten into a piece of string? Now, it might possibly be that a piece of string could get into the dough in a modern scientific bake-shop; but there is a strong probability that you have been eating the product of a bake-shop which bears a striking resemblance to the ancient institution referred to above.

UNIFORM RESULTS FROM MACHINE.

After the flour has been thoroughly sifted and brushed, it is weighed out automatically and dumped into the mixers. Along with it is dumped the requisite weight of water, which was previously brought to the proper temperature. The yeast also enters the mixer at this point, and the process of making the dough is begun.

It is hardly necessary to make any attempt to describe the mechanism of this mixer. Suffice it to say that it is kept in a state of scrupulous cleanliness. No dirty, sweaty hands are employed in kneading this dough. Nothing is employed save the clean iron and wood. When the dough reaches the proper consistency it is put into troughs and

wheeled into what is known as the "dough room." This is kept at an even temperature, preferably from 75 to 80 degrees. In the course of a short time the dough passes through certain chemical changes and is emptied into a machine known as the "divider." This machine divides the dough into loaves of the requisite size. It is under the control of the operator, who every now and again tests the weight of the dough with a pair of scales. The weights show almost no variation, and of such a fine gauge is the machine that no hand process could possibly equal it in accuracy. The dough next enters the molding machine, where it is rolled into shapes and passed along on carriers for a certain length of time, being aerated during the process. Next it is placed in pans, and the pans are placed in galvanized iron racks which are wheeled along to the "proving room." This is the last process through which the bread passes previous to being placed in the oven.

MODERN OVENS GIVE GREAT RESULTS.

The modern oven is vastly dissimilar to the ovens heretofore employed. The type of

ized throughout, each man having his particular part to perform. Every care is taken to isolate the product from anything of an unsanitary character, and also to insure its evenness in the matter of quality. For this purpose have been instituted systems by which is preserved a record of the conditions under which each batch of bread passes from the unfinished to the finished stage, in much the same manner as experiments are carried out in a chemical laboratory. Thus, in the case of unevenness in the quality of the product, can be ascertained the conditions to which this was due. Only by following a scientific method such as this can mistakes be eliminated.

MUCH CAPITAL REQUIRED.

Modern processes such as this cannot be instituted without the expenditure of money. The Canada Bread Company will, from the start, be in a position to install machinery of the very latest type, and to erect bake-shops of a sanitary character. In taking over its constituent companies, it came into possession of several modern establishments as well as some which it will be its first

naturally has to pay for this extravagance. The Canada Bread Company will begin by mapping out the work of the delivery wagons in such a manner that each wagon will have its own particular route. It may be of interest to learn that the average number of loaves of bread delivered by each wagon in the employ of one of the most systematic bake-shops in Canada is 4,000. The officers of the Canada Bread Company expect to deliver 4,500. This compares with 1,800 to 2,000 loaves per wagon, per week, delivered by an unsystematic establishment. The expense of delivering is one of the principal items in the cost of bread, and it is safe to say that under a systematic management, such as will be adopted by the Canada Bread Company, the expense of delivering can be reduced to 40 or 50 per cent. of the cost of the average small bake-shop.

NEW COMPANY IN STRONG POSITION.

The larger the centre of population the greater, naturally, the advantages to be derived by the modern bread manufacturer. The Canada Bread Company, Limited, in this respect will be in an exceptional position, its

CANADA BREAD COMPANY, LIMITED



VIEW OF A MODERN CANADIAN BREAD PLANT

Their establishment in the different cities will make the bread industry one of the most important in the country.

oven now employed is partitioned hermetically from the fire, so that it is absolutely impossible for any smoke, cinders, ashes or gases of any nature to enter the bread from the fire. Formerly the fire was built in the oven in which the bread was afterwards baked. These fires had to be withdrawn before the bread could be placed in the oven, so that not only was the baker put to the inconvenience of heating his oven up between each batch of bread, but the oven itself was of a necessity left in a condition which was not conducive to the best results. In the modern oven, one batch may follow the other without any intermission.

From start to finish, the process is carried out in a cleanly and sanitary manner. No hands, either clean or dirty, come into contact with the dough. An attempt is made to maintain the various ingredients and the dough, as well as the atmosphere, at an even temperature. The windows are screened, so as to exclude flies. The baker no longer is employed also as fireman, but carries on only the process of baking. The work is special-

effort to supplement with more modern processes. It is the intention of the company to erect buildings specially planned for the installation of the latest type of machinery, and to open these to the inspection of the public. The street windows of the buildings will be fitted up with plate glass in order that the public may watch as much of the processes of kneading, dividing, molding, etc., as possible, and thus assure themselves of the sanitary condition of the bake-shops. By visiting any of the smaller bakeries the public will then be able to make comparisons for themselves.

Not only will modern methods be adopted in connection with the actual manufacturing of the bread, but in connection with its delivery. The present wasteful system will be entirely abolished. As matters now stand, the various rival bakeries of the different cities constantly duplicate the service of delivery. Wagons from each of a score of bake-shops will be seen delivering bread along the same street. Thus the work is multiplied many times over. The public

plants being located in the three largest cities, Montreal, Toronto, and Winnipeg. It is also the intention to erect new plants and to forthwith increase the output to 1,000,000 loaves. Its financial position is being made especially strong by the \$1,000,000 of cash being placed in its treasury. This, in addition to permitting of the erection of proposed plants, will give the company ample working capital.

Included in the new company are Mr. Cawthra Mulock, of Toronto, and, through him, a strong group of Toronto financial interests, while the heads of four of the different companies included in the Canada Bread Company will be on the first Board of Directors of the new company. These are Mr. Mark Bredin, head of the Bredin Bread Company, of Toronto, who will be general manager; Mr. Geo. Weston, of Geo. Weston, Limited, Toronto, known as the "Model Bakery"; Mr. H. C. Tomlin, of the Toronto Bakery Company, and Mr. W. J. Boyd, of Boyd's Bakery, Winnipeg.

PEOPLE AND PLACES

Mr. Jack Johnson.

IN England Mr. Jack Johnson is a spectacular figure just as much as Mr. Lloyd George or Mr. Asquith or Mr. Balfour. He has probably more clothes and diamonds than any of the above-mentioned political gentlemen. The newspapers have commented on that fact to the length of several columns weekly, and Jack's grin breaks forth from the bosom of English journals just as often as the Premier's fighting attitude or the genial listening features of the leader of the Opposition. For a while after Reno the "Big Smoke" owned America. But this continent grew too small for him. His automobile was continually being obstructed. Besides, they have no real aristocracy in America. Jack grew tired of receiving pork packers, coal barons and his other fellow-American monarchs at his swell New York house. Jack went to England this June. Immensely struck with the way the peers arrayed themselves in their gorgeous robes at the Coronation, he votes England the best ever. George V. is the only King, aside from himself, for whom he cares a rap. He has thoughts of yielding the palm indeed to the "Sailor King," calling him "Your Majesty," and, indeed, becoming one of his subjects.

Mr. Johnson has been boxing a little, just enough to keep him in pocket money. The picture on this page shows him signing up for a large purse. English sporting editors have viewed him at the music halls, and they don't like the shape he is in. The Times fears greatly for the stomach of the negro. His weight is ponderous, and he is evidently now not at all the panther of the Reno moving picture films.

Mrs. Jack Johnson is attracting just as much attention as her giant

husband. She is a dainty, flax-haired white woman, with a weakness for diamond rings. She seems not to have as yet entertained projects of penetrating Mrs. Asquith's new thought cult or the inner circles of Her Majesty's court. Tit Bits appears to think well of her, quoting her rare womanly sentiment in these words:

"I'm a home bird myself, and I'm not one for over much gaiety. If folks don't want to know me because I'm a black man's wife, I guess I don't want to know them."

* * *

A Canadian Disraeli.

FROM Montreal comes an announcement of national interest.

In the Parliaments of Canada are English, Irish, Scotch, French and Icelandic representatives of that complexity known as the Canadian people. But did it ever strike you that there are no Jews? Yet there are 125,000 Hebrews in Canada. They are active in all the other activities of the community except that of politics. In Toronto, Montreal and Winnipeg the bearded, dark men are large business operators, many of them. But politically they have never been ambitious. It is said that the Jew has no national sense.

In Montreal a revolution may be on the way. The other night was organized there the "United Hebrew Political Society," which aims at taking part in the coming Dominion election. Reports are that it controls 5,000 votes in one riding, and may put up a candidate.

* * *

The Dean of Culture.

"HE dined at my house last night and we wouldn't let him go till 3 a.m.," a Toronto man said the



Jack Johnson signs a fight agreement with Bombardier Wells.

other night. He was referring to Professor James Mavor, of the University of Toronto, whose forthcoming monumental work on Russia is creating wide interest.

Professor Mavor looks more like Mr. George Bernard Shaw than any other man in Canada. But the resemblance ends there. Mr. Mavor is a tall, stringy, orthodox Scotchman with a beard through which he can talk volubly and endlessly. He is in many ways a striking personality. Since the death of Goldwin Smith he is probably dean of culture in Toronto. His one chief characteristic is a desire to know. The Professor's erudition is vast. Art, literature, history, economics—you will find him lecturing on all these subjects every year to all kinds of people. He's a favourite at women's clubs. His passion for society is a mania. There's hardly a social function in Toronto he misses during the season. For it is at these he gets in touch with peo-

ple of varied interests and ideas, and collars their point of view. He's always in a hurry. The most picturesque sight in Toronto is to see the aged Professor sprinting over the campus on a wet day to a lecture, his wonderful caped rain-coat flowing flamboyantly like a mane behind him. His programme of lectures on economics at the University of Toronto is as varied as the contents of a Sunday newspaper. Students can never crib up his exams. from notes. He may jump from a history of clothes one day to an analysis of the current state of the money market the next. Professor Mavor is a celebrated scholar in his department. Economic study he has pursued from Dawson City to the deserts of Arabia, as a traveller personally investigating diverse civilizations.

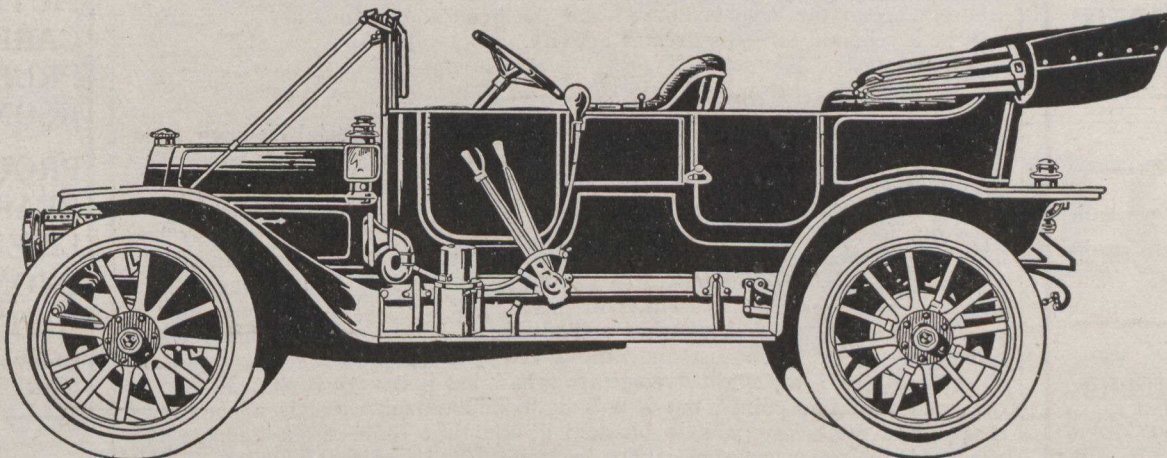
A few years ago the Professor became enamored of an idea that the Canadian West could not produce more than a couple of hundred million bushels of wheat.

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MONEY AND MAGNATES



Pearson Stocks Attracting Attention

NOT for a long time have the so-called South American and Mexican securities, commonly known as the "Pearson Group," received anything like the attention that they have during the past month. Rio Common, Mexican Power Common and Sao Paulo Common have all been in demand, more particularly the first two, both of which touched new high levels for their present movements.

Toronto has been greatly interested in the upward movement in Rio and even some of the MacKenzie and Mann group, who very seldom express an opinion about any stock on the market, have been very confident in their opinion that Rio would sell at very much higher figures in anticipation of the 7 per cent. dividend which the company will likely pay towards the end of the present calendar year.

The activity in Mexican Power was followed by the publication of the company's annual statement, which showed that its position had been very greatly strengthened, and that the plans which had been carried out to ensure additional power, had placed the company in the way of making very much larger earnings than ever before. Owing to the recent troubles in Mexico, Mexican Power stock had been rather neglected, but now a great many shareholders are fairly confident that the 6 per cent. dividend which they thought was coming about two years ago, may be forthcoming in the not distant future.

Sao Paulo has already had quite a sharp upward movement as a result of operations by a prominent Toronto house, and holds firm around 180 in anticipation of an increase in the dividend rate from 10 per cent. to 12 per cent. It is reported in some circles in Montreal that Dr. Pearson, who is at the head of the three industries, has been recommending them strongly to his friends, with a view of enabling them to more than make up any losses they might have sustained in the Rock Island episode of last year.

* * *

Business Still Booming

WHILE business in the United States is flat, conditions in Canada continue excellent. On the Great Lakes, Canadian boats are busy and United States boats are travelling half empty. The St. Lawrence trade continues excellent, and the wharves at Montreal never experienced so great a movement inward or outward.

Bank clearings in the different cities further emphasize the splendid trade conditions. During July, Montreal clearings showed an increase of eleven per cent., Toronto seventeen per cent., Winnipeg seventeen, Calgary seventy-one, Edmonton fifty-three, Vancouver fourteen, and Victoria ten. Only Halifax showed a decrease as compared with last year. The greatest gross increases are in Toronto and Montreal, of course, but the greatest percentage increases are in the prairie cities. If the Western crop doesn't have hard luck, if it is harvested safely, this winter will show the greatest financial and commercial activity ever witnessed here. Manufacturers and jobbers have been holding back a little all year, waiting to see what will be done regarding reciprocity, and this has had the effect of lightening stocks everywhere. When the crop is housed and the general elections are over, there will be a rebound towards greater activity.

* * *

Western Wheat Crop

LAST week's *Canadian Farm* contains the following special dispatch from Winnipeg: "Crop is the all-absorbing topic in the West just now. The Manitoba *Free Press* has just received 150 telegrams from points all over the three provinces and the gist of these messages is that generally the crop is good but late. It has made fair progress since July 13, but the weather has been cooler than could be desired. Very little crop has gone back since July 15, and some of the sections which had suffered seriously from drought have to some extent recovered. Rain is still wanted in a very few sections, but the principal need is for hot weather and plenty of it. In spite of the Chicago bulls there is no black rust and only a few cases of red rust are reported. There has been some slight damage from hail, but it is very slight. Frost has occurred at a few points, but it was light, and though there is a possibility that where the wheat was in blossom at the time some slight damage has occurred, the areas covered cannot be large. The fact that the crop is late is unfortunate, as it will mean that for the next three weeks there will be danger of the financial concerns and the market being to some extent stampered by frost damage reports. The date of harvest will be for Manitoba about the 15th of August, and in Saskatchewan from the 20th to the 25th. If the weather turns it may be slightly earlier, and if it should continue to be cold it might be a day or two later. The *Free Press*, in presenting this report, feels that the West has every reason to be congratulated that up to the present date conditions remain so generally favourable.

"The month of July passed out with extreme quietness and, so far as Winnipeg was concerned, practically unchanged in price for July, October one-eighth higher and December one-half lower. Throughout the week there has been the most determined effort on the part of the American bulls to kill the crop of the Canadian West. While it is difficult to place a finger on any actual evidence to that effect, the situation has all the ear-marks of a very determined conspiracy to inveigle the buying public into paying fancy prices for the fifteen or sixteen million bushels of cash wheat now on hand in Chicago. That there has been serious damage to spring wheat crops in Minnesota, and the Dakotas, there is no doubt, but that there has been any such widespread catastrophe as has been intimated is extremely unlikely. One of the most suggestive factors in the uniformity of the bull news—it is coming in practically the same shape from every big brokerage on the American side and suggests that it is being manufactured in wholesale quantities and largely from whole cloth. Anything more foolish than the attempt to kill the Canadian crop with black rust could hardly be imagined. There has not been a day during the present season at all likely to produce rust of any kind."

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European plan. 150 rooms, with baths
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\$1.50 per day upwards. Restaurant one
of the largest and best equipped on the
continent.

A PAGE TORN OUT

(Continued from page 16.)

Bastable walked up the road, intending to meet Pansy. The murmur of the river running at his side, seemed to have assumed a new music. He was striding along when he heard his name called, and, looking round, saw the landlord of the inn beckoning to him. He turned, and the man came to meet him.

"Sorry to trouble you, Mr. Bastable, sir," he said, "but there's two gentlemen here on a walking-tour that's come over the pass from Martledale on their way to Hildesbury. They don't want to be too late in there. Can you tell them that short cut over the fell, sir? You know it better than I do, for all I'm a native."

"Yes, I can tell them," replied Bastable.

He followed the landlord within the house, and in the entry came full upon one of the strangers, a red-faced, aggressive-looking man in a cheap knickerbocker suit and an imitation Homburg hat, who was smoking a rank cigar. At sight of Bastable this person stopped and stared. Bastable, too, stared at him. And Bastable grew strangely quiet.

"This gentleman can tell you sir," began the landlord.

The red-faced man recovered himself. He smiled disagreeably.

"Ah!" he said. "Perhaps the gentleman'll have a word with me outside?"

He almost shouldered Bastable away as he strolled out; but Bastable followed him quietly. They walked down the road together till the man stopped and faced him.

"Ah!" he said. "So it's you, is it?"

"That," replied Bastable, "seems an unnecessary question."

"Oh, indeed!" said the other. "It does, does it? And I suppose it's necessary to ask what you may be doing here?"

"It is certainly no business of yours," answered Bastable.

"Isn't it, my lad! That we'll soon see," retorted the man. "I'm beginning to understand something. Mr. Landlord there told us of a swell who'd been stopping with the rich old farmer here for some time, and was cutting a big dash and making up to the only daughter. I suppose you ain't the swell, eh?"

"Look here," said Bastable, in a low voice, "you have no right—"

"Oh, then you are the swell, are you?" interrupted the other. "Very good. Then it's my duty to step across there and inform the good gentleman and his lady—and the daughter—that they've got an ex-convict on the premises. That's all!"

Bastable's breath came quick and his voice grew lower. "I know," he said, "that you have always hated me because I reported conduct of yours which led you to be punished by your superior officers; but now—"

"Yes, and now I'll have my knife into you for it!" retorted the other, savagely, turning away. "I know where pa-in-law lives—the landlord pointed the place out. I'll spoil your game, my lad."

BASTABLE let him go and stood irresolute. He wandered a little way along the road by which he believed Pansy was to return, but again stopped, wondering what to do. This irresolution lasted for some minutes; then he suddenly clenched his fists and set off for the Abbey Farm.

He let himself in by the garden door, which gave access to his own sitting room, and was crossing it when he saw that the door between it and the great kitchen was open, and that the detective was already there talking to the old farmer.

"And having been concerned in the case myself, it's my duty to warn you who this man is," he was saying. "You can depend upon it, sir, he's marked you down—he's after what he can get. The landlord across there did tell me as how you've got a wonderful lot of old silver—priceless, he said—in the house; well, it's a marvel he hasn't pinched it, or some of it, already. Now it's no use your look-



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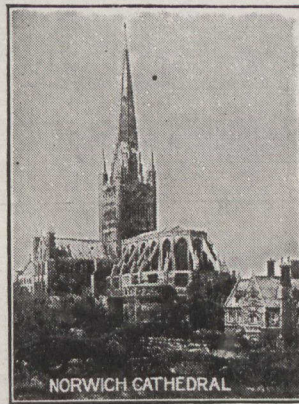
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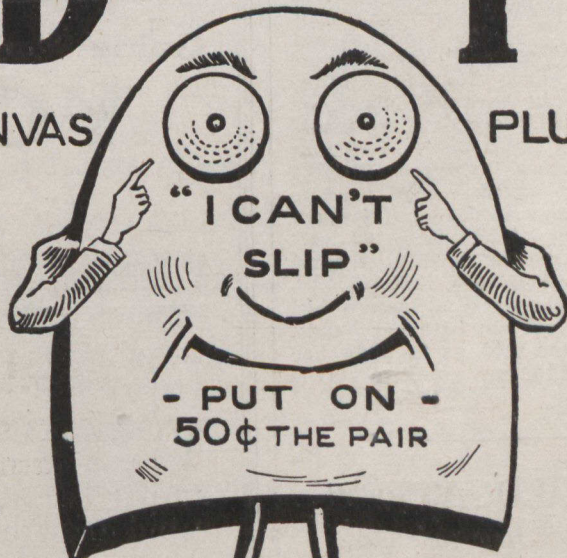
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50¢ THE PAIR

SURE STEP
RUBBER HEELS

ing so frightened, miss; whatever there may have been between you and him, you'll thank me some day for saying—"

Then came old Helestine's voice. "D'ye see that door?" he said. "Get out of it, quick, else I'll lay this ash-plant about you! What! You force yourself into my house to tell me tales about a young man that me and mine's come to respect! Why, od-rabbit you! if he hadn't been an honest lad he could ha' made away with my silver weeks since. Now, then, are you off? Here, lads, there—loose them hounds on this fellow!"

Bastable heard the kitchen-door open and close again with a bang; he heard flying feet on the cobble-paved yard; and then he dropped into a chair in the darkness of the parlour and hid his face in his hands.

FOR Pansy knew now! He had caught a glimpse of her standing staring with horrified eyes at the informer. She knew! And she had gained her knowledge from a malevolent and bitter mouth. The sudden shock must have killed the love which he had honestly believed was rising in her for him.

The door between his room and the kitchen was closed. How long he sat there he never realized. Just as that one black page in the book of his life was about to be torn out, erased, an inexorable hand had been laid upon it.

The door suddenly opened—Bastable looked up and saw Pansy standing on the threshold. Behind her the kitchen was empty.

"Come in," he said. "I—I want to speak to you."

"Listen," he went on. "I was here, and the door was open, when that man was there. I heard all he said. It was no news to your father and mother, for I had told them myself this afternoon. Just as I had meant to tell you. And now—you heard it in—that way!"

"Was it—true?" she whispered. "Quite true," he answered. "Then—why?" she asked.

"This," he replied. "My father was a very poor clergyman who had no chance of saving; he and my mother died when I and my sister were about nineteen. We had to earn our living; she as a typist, I in a bank. Well, she fell ill, and then all depended on my small pay. It was then I gave way, because I had, somehow, to find money. I thought I could make money on the turf, and so I began taking it from the bank. And, of course, I didn't, and in the end there was detection, and then—disgrace."

"That man who was here just now," he continued, "was in charge of the case. He hates me because, in consequence of a complaint made by me, he was punished rather seriously. But on the main facts of the matter he spoke the truth."

"And—your sister?" she said. "She never knew," he answered, in a low voice. "She died before it was found out. So it was all for no good! And, oh! if what happened afterwards had only happened six years before, what a difference there would have been in two lives. A distant relative left me a fortune—a little of it would have saved her. I used to hate that money at first, but I spent it in travelling—I hadn't rested anywhere since getting it until I came here, Pansy. And here—"

She lifted her eyes at last to his, and suddenly put out both her hands. "And here," she said, as he drew her to him, "here you are going to stay—always!"

THE WILDCATTERS

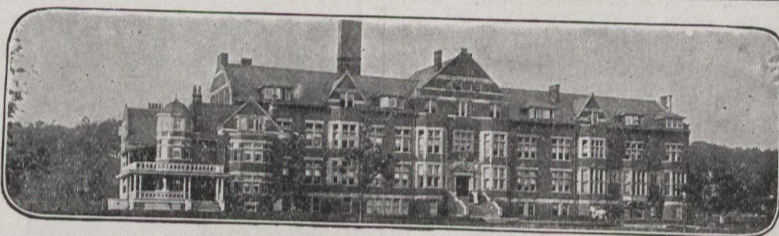
(Continued from page 19.)

"Pretty exact. Much more so than Freeman's work. By the way, where is he?"

"I haven't seen him since last night."

"Well," Ridgeley said, "go on with your third shaft. That is my advice. The chances are against you, but go ahead as your uncle told you. Go ahead till he comes. Then get out!"

"What!"



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POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT, Mail Service Branch, G. C. Anderson, Superintendent. Ottawa, 15th July, 1911.

"Get out!" Ridgeley repeated. "I'm convinced this is a wildcat. Don't get angry," he said, seeing the red flush into Carl's face—"Mr. Glover, I'm a plain man, and I always state my thoughts in a blunt, unvarnished way. I am not trying to insult you or throw any reflection on your uncle's business ventures. You asked my opinion, and I gave it. This is a wildcat. It makes no difference to me whether you develop it or not. Suppose it is shady, intentional, a fixed plan to water the stock and do the public, it makes no difference to me. Only, I like to see a square deal."

"You insinuate then," Carl said with sudden dignity, "that my uncle is aware of its real value."

"I insinuate nothing, young man. I have been in the mining game for fifty years, and there isn't any part of it unknown to me. There is nothing to be gained by insinuating, knocking, or blackmailing anyone's holdings. Wherever there are mining properties, there are wildcats. Take this Cobalt country all through. There aren't above a score of valuable claims in all with a capitalization of about fifty millions. When you count the entire capitalization it aggregates two hundred millions. Look at the amount of money staked for which returns are decidedly uncertain. These places are boomed, boomed to the public. My God! Glover, don't you know there are professional boomers in this very camp, paid to keep various stocks on the upward run? It is done to-day. It's been done always, everywhere. I don't say your uncle's property is being developed in that way, but it looks suspicious. Ground poor, foreman a rascal, an inexperienced man put in to take charge! What have you to say regarding that?"

"I respect your scientific views, Mr. Ridgeley," Carl answered rather constrainedly, "but I cannot entertain any suspicions against my uncle. If you knew what he has done for me!"

"A man might do everything for his own blood, but be a vampire on the public. How much does the average business man care for the public? As much as he can get dollars out of it! You've seen life, Glover, and you know the claws."

"Taking for granted, then, that this is valueless, my work for the next four weeks will amount to nothing. Good encouragement, that!"

"Practice, it will be the best of practice and will stand you in good stead should you ever need to do the like again, the best of training, in fact. I appreciate your work so much that I am prepared to take you on as assistant to one of my foremen should you care to leave your uncle's service when he takes charge."

"Thank you, I am much gratified. I had no idea I had made such headway."

"I feel sorry you have been put into a delicate position. It is probably just as well that you should know the camp looks upon your property as in the 'cat' class; there is no discredit to you, however."

"Does Freeman know this?"

"Undoubtedly."

"And he is simply putting in time to draw his pay?"

"Exactly, or perhaps he is in on the game."

"I decline to recognize any game."

"You will get your eyes opened before you have been in Cobalt a year. Take up any daily paper and you will find columns upon columns of wildcat advertising at fifteen cents, twenty, fifty cents a share, with an engineer's report, list of directors, summary of development made, etc., etc. Get up with your own feet on the silver ground and there isn't a blessed stick in sight where these paper mines are placed. Search those same papers and you won't find the Ridgeley mines blocked out in mammoth letters. No, by my honor, they don't need a well of ink and a mountain of type to voice their worth. They are known to real investors, and they stand right here in substance before all comers."

"But," Carl objected, "once they are developed they invite inspection."

"Certainly. The ore-house is stocked with ore, or there are cars

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PALE ALE

on the track with perhaps some ship-
ping being done. Do you know where
it is got?"

"No."
"Shipped in! Bought by the syn-
dicate behind the scheme! Two or
three cars is plenty, for it is no sooner
shipped out than it is returned again."
"Great Scott!" ejaculated Carl, "and
can't the people see through this
thing?"

"The people are blind. The fields
to them are mythical, dream-like,
laden with riches for the picking up.
Their mine is the reliable newspaper
they gaze upon in their comfortable
cushioned chair, pipe in mouth and
feet upon the hearth. A few dollars
will make them wealthy in the way
they conjure up the picture. Hark!
young man, fortunes were never made
that way. Not by a long sight! Pin
your faith to the man who starves out
on the ridges and lone stretches with
short rations and stony lodgings.
Stake your dollars on the man who
slaved and fought his way to the sil-
ver veins. Then you have a miner,
and a mine!"

Carl could not help but be convinced
by the sincerity of Ridgeley's words
backed by his reputation. "But there
might be a chance," he said, despair-
ingly.

"True!—there is a chance. Some-
thing is often struck accidentally in
a wildcat. Some of the finest mines
to-day started out as that. However,
that doesn't change the principle of
the thing. Should they pan out rich,
the stock is bought back and former
shareholders never get it. First they
water their stock; then they drain it
dry when fertile spots are discovered
and the syndicate reaps the harvest.
Was your uncle rich, Mr. Glover?"

"Not before he made this strike."
"Will you show me what has made
him rich since?"

Carl could not answer, and Robert
Ridgeley continued. "He hasn't got a
dollar from his mines. Instead of that
it has taken thousands of dollars to
carry on the developing that has been
done, and it will take thousands more.
From where is the money coming?"

The question was as unanswerable
as the last.

Despite his fixed resolve never to
entertain the thought that his uncle,
the uncle who had cherished his young
life, was involved in a scheme of this
nature, Carl felt the evidence was in-
disputable. Everything pointed that
way. The only saving element would
be the belief of real value in the prop-
erty. His uncle might have faith in
it, might think the moneyed men, who-
ever they might be, had the same opin-
ion, and were backing him for that
reason. This was the saving hope, and
Carl clung to it. Jacob Graham must
be the tool of others, being innocently
involved.

"I judge," Ridgeley said, interrupt-
ing the nephew's thoughts, "that it is
a veteran acquirement."

"Yes, a reward for service—real ser-
vice it was, Mr. Ridgeley—in the Fen-
ian raid. As chance had it the farm
happened to be right in the heart of
the silver district. When one was
struck in this vicinity, he waited.
Mines sprang up all round, some of
them now the richest. Then when
there was no reason to doubt but his
claims would carry the same riches as
neighbouring ones, he came on to de-
velop. You know the rest."

"Well, it is too bad, but I am afraid
it is worthless. Wildcats are having
a great outing this spring."

While they parted after leaving the
mine, Carl said: "I am confident that
my uncle believes his claims are
wealthy. If they are not, he is un-
wittingly being used as a tool."

"I have neither the ability nor the
wish to discuss that point with you,"
was Ridgeley's reply.

However, had Carl known where
Freeman was at the time, and his
errand, he would not have felt quite
so sure. As it was, one explanation
was given him later. A letter which
Mong Loo had forgotten to give him
in the morning was from the fore-
man. He had suddenly decided to run
down to see the uncle about some
points concerning the third shaft, and
would be back immediately.

(To be continued.)



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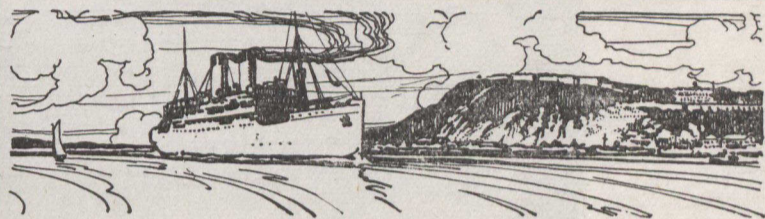
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