

The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly



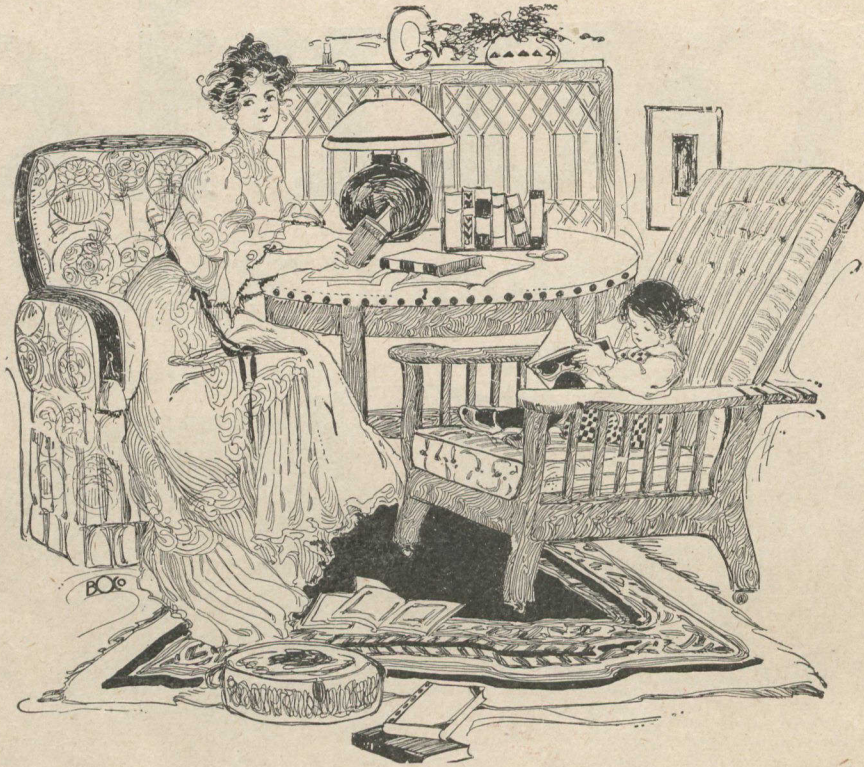
JOHN A. COOPER, Editor
THE COURIER PRESS, Limited, TORONTO

H. H. FUDGER,
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THE **SIMPSON** COMPANY,
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TORONTO - CANADA

FEB. 9, 1907
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THE FEBRUARY FURNITURE SALE



JUST as January is a White Goods month, so February is a Furniture month, and has been in this store for many years. We take pride in printing a summary of the representative goods to be offered at discounts during this February Sale.

\$12,000.00 Worth of Underbought Furniture

and more will be added from time to time during the month. The saving our February customers will effect ranges from 15 per cent. to 50 per cent. The goods we speak of are all freshly arrived in the store, and bought particularly for this sale from manufacturers who had clearing lots to sell below the market price.

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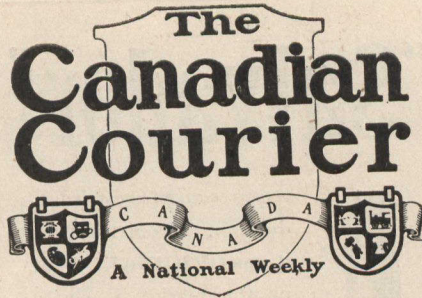
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W. S. DINNICK
VICE-PRES. AND MANAGING DIRECTOR



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81 Victoria Street - TORONTO

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Editorial Talk

During the past week, seven of the largest advertisers in Canada have placed contracts with the CANADIAN COURIER. The original intention was to publish only a 28 page paper; the size has been permanently increased to 32 pages. Perhaps before long it will have to be increased to 36 pages—if the advertising keeps growing. However, we will not make rash promises.

A further mark of confidence in the stability of the paper, has been the increased number of subscriptions received. The office staff has been overworked in keeping up with the rush of names. It pleases them to have so much to do, and if the situation gets more acute, the staff will be enlarged without any unpleasant feeling towards the public.

Next week, there will be a Canadian story by Sir Gilbert Parker, who has written from Egypt, where he is now resting from his parliamentary labours, to wish us every success and to promise co-operation.

We are beginning to get our machinery in working order and all sorts of work for the benefit of the paper is now under way. Three or four artists are working on special cover designs, and as many more on coloured advertisements for our back pages. Correspondents have been secured in nearly all the leading cities, and the best material available will be secured.

THE RESULTS YOU GET

From Artistically Arranged

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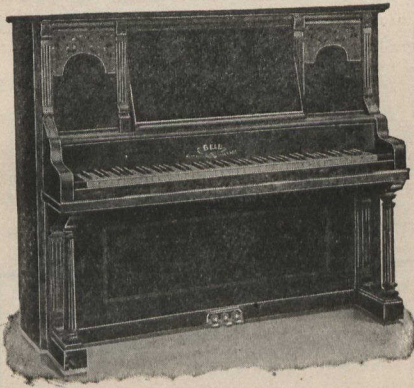
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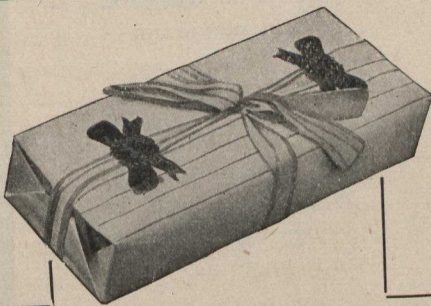
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There's a good reason why. Purity Flour is milled from the choicest Western Canada Hard Wheat by the most modern milling plant in the world. Besides, it is absolutely dependable in the baking—the one really perfect household flour.

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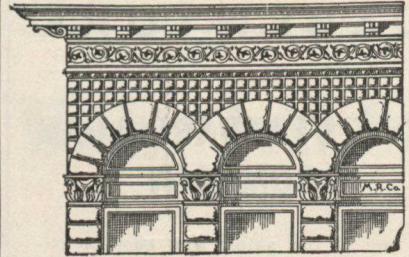
requires no present introduction. From the time it was **ORIGINALLY** put on the market it easily led, so far as a Malt beverage was concerned, in the estimation of the connoisseurs. This lead it still holds, by reason of the fact that the utmost care is exercised in the selection of the several ingredients that enter into

its makeup, namely, the **CHOICEST BARLEY**, the **CHOICEST HOPS**, and **FILTERED WATER**—the utmost cleanliness being observed—all departments being under the superintendence of the **ONLY** Brewmaster who comes from the original "Salvador" Brewery, Munich, Germany, Mr. Lothar Reinhardt, and so we say

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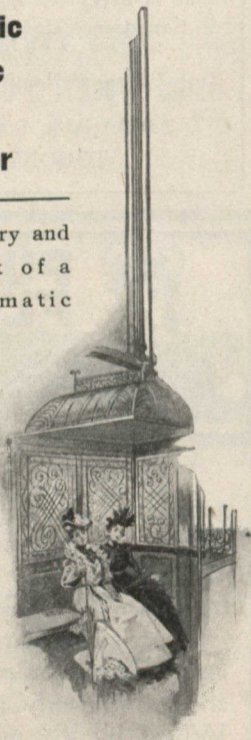
The Valentine Party, ever increasing in popular favor, will be recognized more this year than for many seasons past. All the dainty novelties that go to make the Valentine Party a distinct success are to be found in Diamond Hall's Stationery Department.

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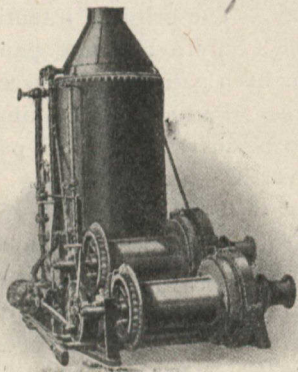
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The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

NEWS CO. EDITION

Subscription: \$2.50 a Year.

Vol. I

Toronto, February 9th, 1907

No. 11

The Man and the Child

THE importance of the child in the eyes of most people, depends upon the name of the parents. If the parents are our friends and have money, the children are "most interesting." If their parents are unknown or are mere labourers in this world of labour, the children are too often "brats" or little "nuisances."

Few of us will admit that we hold such a view. Indeed, few of us are frank enough to look our pet opinions in the eye. We do a lot of blinking in our self-examinations. The greatest need in the way of honesty is the sort that will enable us to look at ourselves, our beliefs, our habits of thought and peculiarities without excusing them.

Not many children in this country need bread, but they all need education, training and culture. The state must give these because ignorance and vice may be eradicated from the human race only while it is yet in the child-stage. The good citizen must be caught young. The hope for the future of any country lies in the training of its youth. Neglect the children for a generation and pandemonium follows.

These are generalisations. To be specific: the systems of education in Canada are not keeping up with the times. They are better than they were fifty years ago, but they are not good enough. The child of to-day is born to turbines, electric generators, automobiles, telephones and gigantic financial corporations. That child has a great battle ahead of him as compared with that which faced us of an earlier generation, much greater than that which our grandfathers faced. The education of one generation will not suit the next. The child of to-day must possess a mental dexterity at twelve nearly equal to that of his father at thirty. I have spent nearly forty years learning something about electricity; my child at twelve knows nearly as much as I do. He was born into the electric age; I was born just before it.

As a producer, the child must have greater skill; as a citizen, he needs even greater mental equipment. As the problems of production become complex, so do the problems of government and statesmanship. We support technical education to get better mechanics; let us support the teaching of civics to get better citizens.

What would happen if the Dominion Government were to set aside one-tenth of all its revenues to assist

in the teaching of civics to future citizens? Would that eliminate electoral corruption, the misuse of government patronage, and the score of political evils from which we suffer? It might not drive out all of these, but it would transform Canadian political life in a generation. Civics are taught now, but only in an elementary form. Neither the word nor the ideas behind it are directly mentioned in the educational programme of any one of the nine Provinces.

Ontario is endeavouring to reorganise its educational system. The older teachers and inspectors of the Province are a splendid set of men but antiquated. With a dozen or so exceptions, they had better all be superannuated. The report of the text-book commission lays the blame for the present disgraceful school books on the backs of these principals and inspectors. For years the claim has been made that Ontario has the finest edu-

cational system in the world. This is not true. It has a very indifferent system if the revelations are to be believed—and the people groan because Dr. Pyne is laying on them the great burden of re-organisation.

The other provinces are struggling with the educational problem, and apparently with just as little sympathy on the part of the taxpayer. The men and the women whose children are grown up and those who never have contributed children to the state are standing back and shouting "faddism," "extravagance," and other terms indicating their own selfishness. Their highest aim, one fears, is selfish aggrandisement, not the good of the state. They have little pride in their citizenship and know little of that patriotism which animates the man who is thoroughly inspired by

an intense and thoughtful loyalty to the institutions, principles and ideals of the nation. What progress would the country make if it were not for the faddist (so-called), the idealist, and the reformer?

Some of these statements may seem strong, but there is need of an educational awakening in Canada. The problem of keeping educational facilities up-to-date is one which is ever present. Higher education is making even more progress than elementary education; those in charge of the colleges and universities have been more progressive and more persistent in their methods of development. It is in the public schools where the needs seem greatest, where efficiency and simplification are most required.



HON. R. A. PYNE,
Minister of Education, Ontario.

REFLECTIONS

BY STAFF WRITERS.

DOWN in Nova Scotia, some remarks made in these pages about the Maritime Provinces have been treated with scant respect. In fact, the publicists of the district down by the sea fail very notably in an appreciation of the importance of any opinion expressed by the writers on this journal. They class us as ordinary journalists and fail to realise that our wisdom is of the gods—and not of Ontario and Toronto. The comment from the "Halifax Chronicle" on another page, gives ample proof of this.

We are not discouraged nor are we dismayed. We shall proceed to give Nova Scotia plenty of free advice as of yore, and if they reply to us at such length they are likely to have a busy year ahead of them.

Just here it seems desirable to mention a despatch which has recently arrived from London, England, to the effect that the Governments of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia are making arrangements to gather in 20,000 immigrants this year. If this be true, we throw up our hats and cheer lustily for the provinces by the sea. The policy meets with our distinct and distinguished approval. It is immigration which has kept Ontario from being depopulated; it is immigration which made Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta; it was immigration which made the Western States.

The stream of immigrants coming into the country via Halifax and St. John flowed on in undiminished volume to Ontario and the West. The Maritime Provinces got little or none of it. If it be true that some of the stream is to be diverted into that part of Canada, a new era is dawning for the provinces by the sea. They have lands in plenty; they have coal areas, fishing resources and other possibilities; they have a delightful climate and great trade opportunities. All they require is more people and more industries, and they will not be under the necessity of going to Ottawa to beg that their parliamentary representation shall not be diminished.

If the rumour be true and the attempt be successful, the writers on the Canadian Courier will cease to shed salty tears for the beautiful provinces of the East.

SIR WILFRID LAURIER has been receiving some attention because of what is known as the Lavergne incident. The Premier is too firmly entrenched in the affections of the people of Canada to worry over the rash remarks of unfriendly newspapers who have magnified this particular event.

THE PREMIER
ON PATRONAGE

The incident, however, is one which throws considerable light on our methods of conducting public business. The people of Montmagny (pronounced Mont-man-ye, with the accent on the last syllable) wanted a wharf at Cap St. Ignace, and they must needs go to see Sir Wilfrid about it. Why? Because Sir Wilfrid is the father of his people. Then, in the presence of the Premier and the deputation, after the business has been transacted, Mr. Lavergne must make a speech and take up some more of the Premier's valuable time. And Mr. Lavergne has a grievance to air about the patronage. Sir Wilfrid remarked in reply that it was customary for the Government to discuss questions of patronage with members

supporting them. Sir Wilfrid stated the case properly, Mr. Lavergne did not dissent, and there the incident ended so far as the principals are concerned.

The Lavergne incident was the occasion for a very frank statement on the part of the Premier. Every person knows that it is customary for the Government to consult the sitting member when post offices are to be built or other favours bestowed on a constituency. If the member is in opposition, the defeated candidate on the Government side is consulted. Yet by his public statement of this principle, attention has been called to it and a discussion has been started afresh as to its regularity and its wisdom.

The constitution sets down no system for distributing patronage. These details of administration are left to the discretion of the men in power. Under our system an opposition member does not expect to be consulted, though in many cases he is listened to regularly if he has anything to say and is a man known to be fair and broad minded. So far as possible, however, it would seem better that most questions of patronage be eliminated from politics. A civil service commission should handle all appointments and promotions in the Civil Service. The engineers and permanent officials should decide about public works and other details. Yet over and above all these, there are questions which the Government of the day must investigate and decide. These are not included in what is ordinarily known as patronage, and should be carefully distinguished by those who advocate reform.

THE Navy League Branches in Canada seem to be making very little impress on the public mind. That Canadian Naval Force of 5,000 men, decided upon in 1898, has not yet materialised. That was to be but a beginning. It ought to be about 25,000 shortly, after nine years—and it has not yet got into the Militia Act, or any other statute.

Then, again, Canada was to buy some of the "inefficient" but comparatively new war vessels from the British authorities to be kept here for training purposes. There are twenty-two of these ships available, but no appropriations for even one, have yet appeared in the estimates.

That energetic Secretary, Mr. Wyatt, had better return and make another flying trip across the continent and put fresh life into the various branches. If these were really in earnest, they would surely be having more effect on public policy.

Meeting together once a year and passing typewritten resolutions will not prove sufficient. There must be agitation of the public mind and of the parliamentary mind.

Membership in the League should mean something more than a paltry social distinction.

THE death of the Hon. A. G. Blair is so recent, and the political controversies in which his later days were involved were so keen that any formal appraisal of his work is at present impossible. When the inner history of the years 1903 and 1904 comes to be written, an interesting page will be contributed to the record of the inner circles of the Canadian Cabinet. But

MR. BLAIR'S
MONUMENT

through all the changes Mr. Blair's friendship with Sir Wilfrid Laurier remained unchanged; for he held that the Premier was too great a man to demand sacrifice of independence as an essential of support. It was in the drafting of the railway Act that Mr. Blair's greatest work was done. When a Commissioner was appointed to investigate rate grievances no instructions, written or unwritten, were given to him other than to find the facts. The ceaseless assiduity Mr. Blair showed in the framing of the legislation was no new characteristic. In his earlier days in New Brunswick he would often, after an arduous day in the legislature, remain at his desk all night; the next day would find him fresh for work. In his legal activities, after his retirement from political life, he tried the energy of younger men. In framing the railway legislation every phase of the situation was canvassed by him. He had no illusions as to the limitations of any regulative legislation. In his open-minded conferences with the railway companies he was willing to meet them on all that was of minor importance; on matters of principle he was adamant. In a generous tribute, delivered a few days before Mr. Blair's death, Mr. Killam said that all that was good in the Commission legislation came where Mr. Blair's advice had been followed: all that was defective where his advice had been disregarded. The exigencies of politics often lead to our Cabinet positions being manned rather from a political than from an administrative standpoint. Mr. Blair came to a field that was new to him. But he never permitted preconceptions to sway his judgment. Shipper and railway man who came in contact with him recognised an adjustability to new conditions which at the same time never sacrificed principle. The part that the regulative legislation, which he devised, will play in the industrial development of Canada will, as the years go on and the acrid smoke of political controversy dies down, form an abiding monument which any public servant might well envy.

OUT in the town of Gladstone, Manitoba, they are making an experiment which promises opposition to the city department stores. A number of the merchants have united and organised under the name of "The Merchants, Limited," with a capitalisation of \$50,000. The president has a dry goods store, the vice-president has a grocery store and the other directors are also merchants. They propose to run all the businesses in the present establishments but under the one company. There were two hardware stores, but one is to be eliminated. Goods will be sold only for cash or under the coupon system. The latter is somewhat typical of the West, where credit is very common. In this case a farmer who wants credit will go to the head office, give a note and get coupons which will be as good as cash in all of the stores under the control of the company.

The experiment begins this week and it will no doubt attract wide attention. Much will depend on the management. If it is determined and relentless in keeping down the expenses of administration and in running the business at the least possible cost, there seems little reason why goods should not be sold more cheaply than under the old system of every man for himself. The trouble usually comes from the inside, not from the outside. Some director (or his wife) interferes and the families get mixed up, and the business falls into hopeless confusion.

The small merchant in the towns and villages has certainly a hard time of it. The department store catalogue is a thing of beauty and a joy forever, with its coloured cover, its magnificent halftone illustrations and its well classified lists. The sending of money or goods by mail has come to be so common and so easy that no person takes risk of loss into account. Postage is low, the cost of money orders and postal notes is

small, the catalogue comes free and why should not the order be sent to the big city store where the "latest" is always obtainable?

It is not likely that the proprietors of the department stores are going to lie awake o' nights worrying over those enterprising merchants in Gladstone, but nevertheless the other small merchants throughout this broad Dominion will watch the experiment with interest. There may be some imitators perhaps. After all it is more a question of men than of system.

COOLED and self-possessed are the usual qualities of the telephone girl. During the past ten days the first of these two qualities has not been much in evidence. She has been engaged in a battle with the Telephone company over the question of the number of hours she should work. It seems a shame that Toronto could not be allowed to have this little drama on the stage without Ottawa and Montreal interfering. Girls were brought from these two cities to take the place of the strikers. That was bad enough, but with them came that authority on strikes, lock-outs and arbitrations, Mr. W. L. King, Deputy Minister of Labour. Mr. King and the Mayor tried to make peace, but the company refused to allow the dove to perch on any of its wires.

At this stage, Mr. King appealed to Ottawa and his chief, Mr. Lemieux, gave him promise of a Royal Commission which is to investigate the whole subject. In the meantime most of the girls have gone back to work.

The dispute arose over the hours of labour. Formerly the girls worked five hours, but now they are asked to serve eight hours a day. They objected to the sudden increase. The company, perhaps, had the right to make the change according to the standards of service in other cities, but they seem to have handled their case rather unwisely. The change was too much of a shock.

The question arises here again, Would it not be possible to have some law which would compel all public service corporations to submit such changes to some authority before announcing them? The point has been mentioned many times but is worth re-stating. It seems foolish to have the business of a great city brought to a standstill because a few girls are dissatisfied with their wages or because a company wants its girls to work an hour or two extra. It is not in the general interest of individuals or the public, and therefore it cannot be beneficial to the company.

FOR the first time in the history of the Dominion, the home of the Governor-General is shadowed by the death of a beloved child. The death of Lady Victoria Grenfell has aroused throughout the country a deep and sincere sympathy with the Vice-regal household. In her maiden days, as Lady Victoria Grey she visited her aunt, the Countess of Minto, and made many friends at the Canadian capital. His Excellency and the Countess Grey have resided in Canada for only two years, but during that time have shown themselves so thoroughly in sympathy with whatever makes for the true advancement of the country that there is an unusually warm feeling towards the household of His Majesty's representative. It is known now that Lady Grenfell's condition last week was so serious as to give her family cause for deep anxiety; but, in spite of their private distress, His Excellency and the other members of the household attended all the events of the Dramatic and Musical competition, in order that there might be no public disappointment. In this quiet and unselfish meeting of social and civic obligations, there is a fine example of that "noblesse oblige" which, we should like to think, is typical of those chosen for Britain's positions of responsibility.

W O M E N ON STRIKE

A VILLAGE EXPERIMENT

MOURNING AT RIDEAU HALL

The Victor in British Columbia

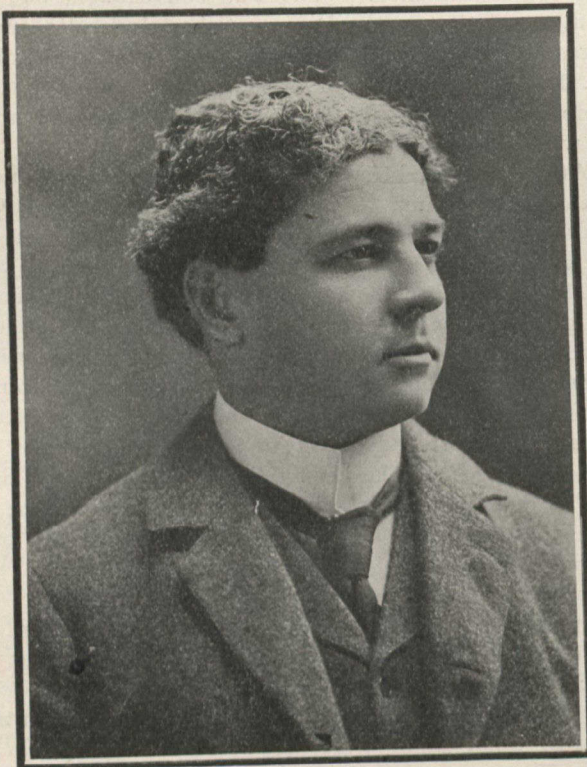
SINCE party allegiance was introduced into British Columbia politics, the issues and conflicts have been more easily understood and followed. Under Hon. John Turner, Hon. Mr. Semlin and the Hon. James Dunsmuir there was non-party administration. It may have been best for the province, although opinion is divided even upon that, but it certainly seemed chaotic viewed from the outside. The Hon. Richard McBride was the first premier to rule as representative of a party, in this case the Conservative party. He believed, with many on both sides of politics, that party discipline was necessary to keep a cabinet together, to prevent shuffling both in the ministry and in the Legislature, and he declared for it. Whether he was selfish in his reasoning or not is outside the issue.

Four years ago the first battle on party lines occurred and Mr. McBride, a native son of the province, became the first party premier. Strangely enough, on that occasion, the City of Victoria, long known as a Conservative stronghold, returned four Liberals. This so weakened McBride's majority, that he was more or less dependent on the small but united Socialist Party. From 1898 to 1903, British Columbia was "a seething cauldron of political unrest," but since then it has had some peace—not profound peace, but simply peace.

When the recent Legislature was dissolved the standing was, Conservatives 23, Liberals 16, and Socialists 3. After the election held last Saturday, the standing will probably be Conservatives 26, Liberals 12, Socialists 4. Victoria has turned over and returned four Conservatives; Vancouver returns five of the same stripe and New Westminster adds another. The smaller towns—Rossland, Nelson and Nanaimo—each return one Liberal.

Whatever the reasons for the result, whether it be good or ill from the standpoint of what is best for the province, the Hon. Richard McBride is premier for another term with a solid support behind him. Not yet forty years of age, he is the youngest of our provincial premiers. He was born in New Westminster on December 15th, 1870, and while still a youth he graduated LL.B. from Dalhousie University, Halifax. At twenty-six he entered upon his first political battle and his first political defeat. In 1898 and 1900 he was more successful, but this time in provincial contests, and with other opponents than the well-known Auley Morrison. In the latter year, he became a cabinet minister, but only for a short period. He remained in opposition until called upon by Sir Henri Joly to form a government of which he is still the head.

Mr. McBride is tall, massively built, boyish-looking, with a grayish crop of curly hair which adds dignity to a dignified and well-groomed figure. He is said to re-



Hon. Richard McBride,

Premier of British Columbia.—Re-elected on February 2nd.

semble somewhat Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who is said to resemble Sir John Macdonald, who is said to resemble Disraeli who—but why carry it further?

Mr. McBride was opposed by Mr. J. A. Macdonald of Rossland, leader of the Liberal party and Mr. W. W. B. McInnes, who resigned his position as Governor of the Yukon to enter the campaign. These gentlemen announced themselves in favour of an eight-hour day and a "white" British Columbia. No yellow race—no dregs from Asia. They complained, perhaps justly, of certain deals in land and certain arrangements with leading railway corporations. They wanted more economical government with few favours to the influential.

Mr. McBride's followers dilated upon the prosperity of the province and upon the inadvisability of a change of government at this time, of the bold way in which Premier McBride stood up for the claims of B.C. at the Ottawa conference of provincial premiers.

The result will be pleasing to some and displeasing to others. It is the way with elections. The Socialists made the poorest showing, thus showing that the insanity which has shown itself strongly among B. C. workmen is beginning to work itself out. British Columbia will soon be able to devote its whole attention to the development of its wonderful natural resources. It is on the edge of a wonderful future—in which one of the greatest features will be a magnificent trade with the much despised Orient.

British Columbia's Problem

By a Special Correspondent

HAVING got over the general election excitement, British Columbia now has time to look its real problems in the face. The greatest of these undoubtedly is the labour question. Is this season going to see a shortage of men like 1906? It is rather early to attempt a definite reply to that query, but the outlook certainly is not comforting to the big railway companies, the canneries, and to the farmer who wants temporary help during the rush season.

Being the real "farthest west," not alone of Canada but of the Empire, it is a case of last come last served with the Pacific Province. Whichever way British Columbia looks for labour it is to the east—the Far East across the Pacific Ocean, the near East on the other side of the Rockies, and Eastward still it must gaze when it directs attention to Europe and the horde of out of work people there.

Naturally enough the suggestion of Salvation Army leaders that they can bring out a number of immigrants—for a consideration—has given the Province a fruitful subject of discussion. While a great many people would welcome labour, no matter where it came from and what were its antecedents, no small number of British Columbia citizens look askance at the Salvation Army scheme.

The British Columbians are a peculiar people. There is something about the Province which seems to make them, shall one say more particular or more crochety than fellow-Canadians on the other side of the Rockies. Once the barrier of mountains is passed, ideas seem to change rapidly—whether for the better or the worse will be answered differently by the Westerner and the Easterner. A class of people who might obtain a friendly welcome from Eastern Canadians would receive little encouragement on the Coast except from the employer who was desperately in need of help. The Salvation Army scheme is bound to encounter bitter opposition and its success is in doubt from the very start. Already some of the labour bodies have condemned the bare proposal.

Joseph Chamberlain once said at a colonial banquet in London, "Get population and all else will be added unto you." British Columbia, speaking generally, feels that it has got nearly everything else but population and with regard to the latter the majority of the people—the real people as distinct from the merely rich—insist that great discretion must be exercised in the matter of bringing people immigrants here if the British Columbia distinctions, of which Coast residents are quietly proud, are not to be lost. It is expected that General Booth himself will visit the province this spring and will confer with the local government on the subject of state aid to selected immigrants. He may be able to overcome the local prejudice against the type of people he wants to bring out, but it is doubtful if even he will be able to reconcile the majority of the present population to the scheme proposed by his chief Canadian officials.

Electric vs. Steam Power

PROBABLE EFFECTS ON CANADIAN INDUSTRY

By Economist

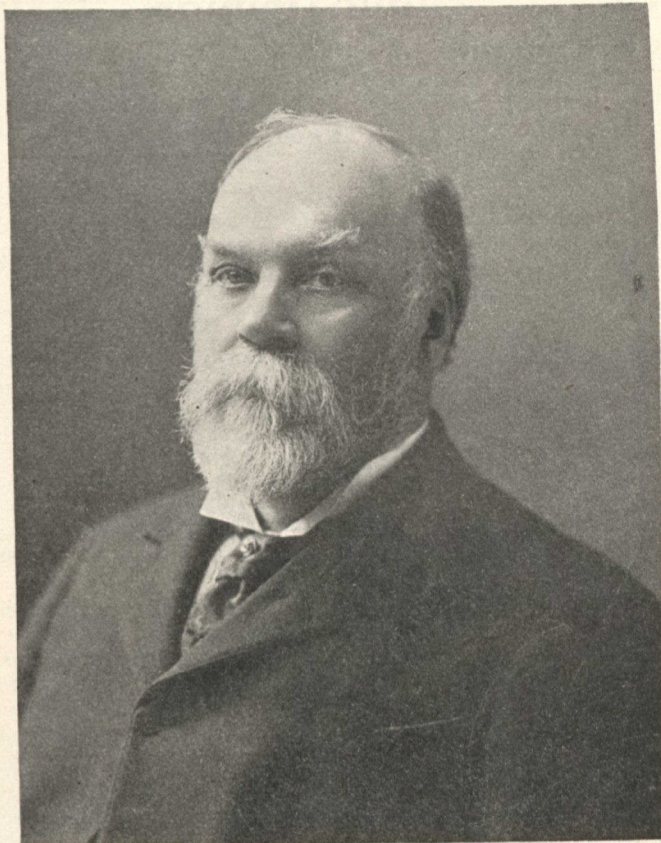
THE question of electric power is one which must be further considered although much has already been said. Its effect upon our industrial organisation and upon the people generally is worthy of serious consideration.

The enormous water powers which have been going to waste in Canada may now be directly and economically converted into industrial motive force. No other country is so well equipped by nature as Canada for utilising such power. A far reaching result of this will be its influence on the distribution of industry. The concentration of population in great cities and the growth of urban at the expense of rural population is a vexing question in all countries. The influx of population which Manitoba has received has, for the most part, gone to the cities and towns. While there are many factors co-operating, the growth of the modern industrial town has been helped on by the fact that steam is a relatively wasteful motive force. A surplus of such power can readily be developed in an industrial plant; but there is no effective means of distributing this surplus. It has therefore proved economical to concentrate industry so as to utilise such power to the full. But whenever it has been possible to utilise electric power, "white coal" as the Italians call it, it has been possible to decentralise industry. In Canada this will mean that the small producing centre will be able to more effectively compete with the large centre. From this will come the advantages of lower wage cost, proximity to raw material and the ability of the manufactured material to stand relatively higher transportation costs.

So far as concentration of population is attributable to the cost and waste of steam power the process will be stayed. This will be an advantage not only to the smaller producer, but also to the farmer since there will be more markets at his doors. A great field of use is in the realm of transportation. To convert coal into heat units and to use this in the creation of steam motive force means that not more than five per cent. of the efficiency of the coal is utilised. Under adequate arrangements electric traction is economical. With the steam engine the load may be said to be always at the maximum; while with the electric traction the load adjusts itself to hourly changes in the demand for power. On short distance service steam locomotives are forced, between stops, to get up to seventy miles an hour, in order to make the schedule. And in this there is much waste; for there is no way of utilising surplus power. The experiments which the railways are making show their appreciation of this. The developments in the transmission of power in Lombardy and in California show how great a territory may be made tributary to a power plant.

Mr. Timothy Eaton

THE greatest retail merchant in Canada passed to his rest on Thursday last after only a few hours' illness. The funeral was one of the most impressive scenes ever witnessed in Toronto, evincing the people's high regard for the successful business man and for the employer of thousands of working people. Its significance was even deeper; it proved that no man is judged of the people by single acts but by his course of conduct over a series of years. Mr. Eaton lived a kindly and useful life, though he took no part in politics and was never known as a "public man." He came into contact with the people quietly and unostentatiously, dispensing hospitality, friendly help and charity with religious zeal and unassuming generosity. In this way he



The late Mr. Timothy Eaton.

became known as a good citizen as well as a generous employer and, when the last word had to be said, the people spoke through their actions with no uncertain voice.

The Eaton business, as it grew from a small departmental store to be one of the greatest on the continent, naturally aroused opposition. The small merchant, with his costly methods of handling goods naturally found it hard to adjust himself to new conditions. After the adjustment was fairly compassed, the resentment passed away and the complaints to-day are few. The department store was recognised as a modern institution which would have come into being in Canada under some other man if it had not been developed by Mr. Timothy Eaton. That it did come through a man of his high ideals and broad sympathies was undoubtedly best. No word has ever been said against his commercial integrity. He played the game hard but he played it fair. He has performed his part, and the account is closed. A strong, determined and successful business man has written his name large on the pages of Canada's business history.



The concourse of people in front of the residence of the late Mr. Eaton, on the occasion of the funeral on Saturday last.

Public Opinion

"BEACHCOMBER," IN THE "HALIFAX CHRONICLE," REPLIES TO SOME "CANADIAN COURIER" REFLECTIONS:

"THE Toronto Canadian Courier says, with that smug superiority and condescension which flourishes in Ontario, and especially in Toronto, as in no other quarter of the habitable globe:

"For forty years the Maritime Provinces have sat back and grumbled. In that period they have lost—what? About half a million of the finest young men and young women ever reared—worth in round figures at least five hundred millions of dollars. If you think the estimate high, work it out for yourself, my friend. A little over ten million dollars a year in young men and young women, given away absolutely without return! Is it any wonder that the population is stationary, that people think that the Maritime Provinces cannot be developed farther?

"If these three provinces would only forget their petty jealousies and unite for a common good, they could get back a hundred million dollars' worth of those people. I have talked with many of these exiles, and they have declared their desire to go back. It is time for a revolution down by the sea—a real, genuine bloodless revolution."

"Is it any wonder' (to employ the cock-sure phraseology of the editor of the Courier) that the rest of Canada feels a desire to run up on deck and hang over the rail whenever a Toronto man begins to speak? The Maritime Provinces have not sat back and grumbled for forty years, or at all. They have been too busy supplying the brains and energy to govern Canada. The distant rumbling sound this Toronto writer heard was disgust of the mouthy 'loilty' and 'Imperialism' which has its seat in that city and which, when assayed, is 99 per cent. clinkers. Toronto howled for years for Canada to do something for the British Navy, and when they got a party of Jack Tars up there to perform at their Exhibition, they fed them on hay with the elephants. At a rough estimate, we should say there are more Pecksniffs to the square foot in Toronto than in all the rest of Canada combined. Our census may be 'stationary,' but if we had as large a proportion of murders as they have in Ontario, we should probably be wiped out altogether. There was a time when there was a large exodus of young girls from these provinces to the United States, but that is about over. Anyway, we are not sure we should not rather see them go away to begin their career across the line than stay at home and make a start by selling other people's baby carriages after having disposed of the baby by throwing it over an embankment—a Toronto patent.

"We do not compare so badly with some other parts of Canada when you come to look up the facts, but they may not appear to the Courier. We have in Nova Scotia the largest steel industry in Canada—but there is probably no use mentioning this because Toronto will come back and say, 'Look at Charles McGill!' In Halifax there is the largest fish exporting house in the world. Toronto merely sniffs and says something about

the Gamey smell in their own air. We are turning out banks and other financial institutions from Halifax to corral the business of Canada.

"The Canadian Courier says: 'It is time for a revolution down by the sea—a real, genuine, bloodless revolution.' If there is ever a revolution in the Maritime Provinces it will be because the people here will want to rise and kill the near-Yankees in Ontario who, born without gumption, have never acquired courtesy or even a sense of humour to excuse their impertinent attitude toward the rest of Canada."—Halifax Chronicle.

Paying Duty on Our Own Sea-Fish

WHEN the Canadian housewife goes to the fish-merchant's in search of sea-food she is in danger of buying cod or mackerel or halibut or something else that was caught by American fishermen, shipped to the United States by rail from a Canadian port, and bought back into Canada for consumption. Of course, that fish pays duty to the Canadian customs. Also, it pays a profit to the American fish trust. These are the solemn facts, averred in the House of Commons by sundry Nova Scotia members and undenied by Mr. Louis Phillippe Brodeur, Minister of Marine and Fisheries.

Truly, we Canadians allow our governments to be the most complaisant, accommodating set of gentlemen that Washington's practical statesmen have ever done business with. And it is only fair to say that both parties are to blame in this regard. If Sir John Macdonald initiated the system of unearned benefits for the Americans, Sir Wilfrid Laurier has perpetuated it. Time and again the Nova Scotians have protested against the modus vivendi. They have been placated with fishing bounties, with wharves and with post-offices. They say they want none of these things. The good old *lex talionis* will satisfy them, and they demand it.

It is safe to say that their demand will go ungratified. Meanwhile the Federal Government will devote \$25,000 to the encouraging of a sea-fish trade with the interior, presumably in the form of securing cheaper express rates on fish caught by our own people. This, of course, is a very superior example of the process of lifting oneself by one's bootstraps. And will the consumer get his fish any cheaper? Hardly. The wholesaler and the retailer will look after that part of the issue. The \$25,000 vote, of course, will be a valuable campaign point when the stumpers are abroad in the misty land of Acadia. The fishermen will see that \$25,000 bulking as large as the Dominion surplus. The citizen of Montreal or Ottawa or Toronto or Winnipeg will not notice that his bank account is any smaller. And his wife will fail to observe that her fish bill has diminished by a decimal of a cent per pound.

More and more it becomes evident that this country must be managed as a self-contained commonwealth. Looking to Washington with expectation has gone out of fashion. Looking to Washington with any kind of fear will never come into fashion if the Canadian people know themselves.

R. K.

COPY OF RESOLUTION ADOPTED BY THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE NAVY LEAGUE, TORONTO BRANCH, 11TH DECEMBER, A.D. 1906.

"That it is not consistent with the true interests of Canada, either from a political or from an economic point of view, that we should continue to neglect all preparation to take our part in the Naval Defence of the British Empire, and that it is a duty we owe to ourselves, to our floating commerce, and to the Empire, that we should lay the foundations of a broad National Maritime Policy, in which Naval Preparation will go hand in hand with the development of a Canadian Mercantile Marine, with the encouragement of the Canadian shipbuilding industry, and with securing for Canada her fair share of the world's maritime transportation."



Photograph by Livernois.

Snow-Shoers Jumping a Fence.



Photograph by Livernois.

Tobogganing Slide, Dufferin Terrace.

THE MERRY PEOPLE OF THE CITY OF QUEBEC.



Lt.-Col. Wm. Hamilton Merritt.

Developing the Citizen Soldier

SOME SUGGESTIONS FOR MAKING OUR SYSTEM LESS
TOP-HEAVY, LESS EXPENSIVE, MORE EFFI-
CIENT AND MORE POPULAR.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL MERRITT has set himself to do a piece of work and he will succeed. He aims to show what difference there is between our militia system and that of Switzerland, and to spread ideas which will prevent the growth of a "permanent" army in this country.

The picture presented with this article might make the reader believe that the Colonel is a blood-thirsty and adventurous individual. It is not so. The Colonel is a citizen of peace-loving disposition. He hates armies, armaments and military autocracies. His ideal soldier is a citizen who can shoot and who knows the elements of drill, but who is prepared to resist war of all kinds. The Colonel believes, moreover, that in order to prevent the growth of a professional army, it is the duty of every citizen to spend some time as a militiaman or volunteer.

He has recently contributed two articles to "The Canadian Magazine," published a pamphlet or two and delivered a number of lectures. In the first of these articles he says:

"In our people at large **THERE IS A PHLEGMATIC ATTITUDE WITH REGARD TO OUR MILITIA WHICH IS APPALLING** when we think that the very existence of our country may depend on the basis of our military organisation as largely as upon the spirit of our people; and that the former may be moulded to influence the latter."

After indicating his belief that every citizen is in favour of some sort of defence force for the country, he says:

"Taking the object of our militia to be for the defence of Canada and not a police force, what then should be the form of its military organisation? * * * This naturally takes us back to those giants of 1812, whose plan of military organisation * * * was that every male citizen, physically fit and not a criminal, should be liable for military service between the ages of eighteen and sixty. They also were of the opinion that an undisciplined, undisciplined mob, not knowing one end of a rifle from the other, was undesirable; they therefore provided by law that all should be compelled to acquire some experience in military organisation and the use of arms." * * *

The Colonel points out how this system fell into disuse and advocates its revival. He believes that every citizen should have a certain amount of military training as is the case in Japan and Switzerland. In Switzerland when the soldiers were mercenaries, the armies were the scum of the population; since the adoption of

compulsory universal service, the armies are as respectable as any other body in the community. Every citizen knows that he contributes some of his time and attention to defence of his home and country and because of this the system is beneficial to the country as a whole and to the individual man. The individual character is developed and the sum total of the moral and material energy of the country is largely increased.

The Colonel does not advocate military service which takes years out of men's lives; he favours only such service as requires a few days each year while men are still almost youths. He favours a volunteer service as against a permanent force.

"Strange to say in our case, in Canada, while situated similarly to the patriotic service countries on the continent of Europe, we have blindly followed the British dollar-system and have been raising a permanent force because it exists in the British service. Of course the more services of any kind with appointments in the hands of the government, the more positions for friends of whichever party happens to be in power; therefore, so long as the tax payer is satisfied, so long will the number of a permanent force continue to grow."

On the other hand, there is no standing or regular army in Switzerland, but in its place a small number of expert instructors assist to train the citizen army. A handful of skilled artisans is kept in each fortress to prevent surprises until the citizen soldiers could rally to the defence.

"For practical results of the two systems it may suffice to say that **FOR LESS MONEY THAN WE ARE SPENDING IN CANADA ON OUR SMALL FORCE, SWITZERLAND HAS AN ARMY OF 280,000 STRONG, better trained, armed and equipped than our militia.** A tax is levied on each man who does not serve."

The Colonel scores a good point on the British and Canadian systems when he quotes from the "Times" History of the South African War which says:

"It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the whole army spent the greater part of its existence in checking its own accounts."

Colonel Merritt closes his second article by saying:

"Finally, it appeals to common sense that the principle of a standing army is totally opposed to the idea of progress and industry in a new and growing country. * * * It would be better if the money were sunk in the ocean, for on the one hand, the false sense of security from the large expenditure it involves, would not be given to the people at large; and on the other hand there would not be the example of enforced idleness which is the result of barrack-life existence."

The gazettement of an eminent Scotch judiciary, Sir J. Macdonald, to the Honorary Colonelcy of the Army Motor Reserve is another link in the association between voluntary military service and the law, quite apart from the membership of the Inns of Court Volunteers (Devil's Own).

The Channel Tunnel is still a source of unrest. The Executive Committee of the Navy League have passed a resolution recording their most emphatic protest against its construction. The French appear to take little interest in the matter and regard it as of no consequence to that important consideration, the "entente cordiale."

Music in Vienna

By a Correspondent

VIENNA, strangely enough, so forward in almost everything else, is singularly behind in art. She possesses splendid galleries but few really good pictures compared with Munich, Dresden, Paris, Florence or Rome, but she does shine brilliantly and alone in orchestral music. The Parisians are particularly proud of Lamoureux's or Colonne's orchestras, the Berliners of Wingartnir's, Boston of her Symphony, but all will agree that the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra led by Schalk is the finest musical organisation the world has yet produced. Anyone who knows this orchestra which interprets not only Wagner and the other Germans, but French, Italian and Hungarian masters as well, may rest assured he has listened to the finest conception of the musical idea. And why not? Vienna was the home, and here were laid to rest, Beethoven, Strauss, Schubert, Mozart, Brahms, Wolf and many others whose melodies will ring down the ages and proclaim Vienna the home and patron of these wonderful minds. Munich can boast more splendid operatic scenic effects and better voices for grand opera; Paris may claim more numerous organisations representing different shades of music; Berlin a heavier and more ponderous style, but Vienna stands alone, according to such men as Kubelik and Mottl with regard to delicate and combined orchestral effects. Every man in that huge organisation is an artist of the first rank and when they visit America next summer I hope Canadians will make an effort to hear them at Toronto.

While speaking of music in Vienna one is naturally reminded of the splendid church music which one may hear every Sunday in any of the seventy Catholic churches, but particularly at the Court Chapel where the orchestra from the Royal Opera and a choir of twenty-five boys and thirty men sing at high mass. This choir is perhaps equalled only by that of St. Peter's at Rome. There are magnificent mixed choirs to be heard at the Church of St. Augustine, St. Stephens, the Votive Church and many others.

The musical treats of Vienna, as well as those of other European capitals, are not enjoyed by Canadian or American tourists as a rule for the reason they visit Europe at the season of the year when all the concerts, operas, etc., have closed. The musical season all over Europe is from October to the middle of March. During these months one may hear the finest music and see the finest actors, but never in the summer, when all artists make it a point to get away from the cities and rest after the long strain of the winter months. I could never understand why Canadians as a rule visit Europe in the summer when there is nothing in particular to see except the scenery, and when they reflect that they have much better at home it seems to me they are spending money foolishly and neglecting chances of greatly improving their minds by not going to Europe in the proper season.

Sir Hibbert's Retort

"YOUNG CHARLEY TUPPER," as he was called until after he was five and forty, had not much humour, but he possessed a mordant wit that he seldom displayed. In the September days when the first Laurier Parliament was sitting some of the back bench Liberals were occasionally rather too jocund in their demeanour. One night Sir Hibbert had a few remarks to make before the motion to adjourn carried, and he proceeded to make them. This did not suit one particular Liberal member, who is now dead. He had been enjoying himself quite liberally and he desired to get down town to enjoy himself some more. And so, while Tupper was speaking,

this gentleman punctuated his remarks with shouts of "Carried! Carried!"

Tupper well knew what was the matter, but finally he paused and, gazing full at the interrupter, he rasped out:

"No; it isn't carried, but the honourable gentleman who is interrupting will have to be carried if he wants to get out of this chamber to-night."

"And e'en the ranks of Tuscany could scarce forbear"—to roar. Laurier, who hugely enjoys a good shot, lay back in his chair and had one of those long, silent chuckles he so much enjoys.

'Rah for Richard

The elections 'way out in B. C.

Surprised some dear folks bitter-lee.

They returned Dick McBride,

Victoria's pride,

And Borden's as pleased as can be.

J. G.

Answers to Correspondents

Footsore.—Try boiling them in hot water, for to boil them in any other kind is a tedious process. (2) Yes, he was the author of "Pilgrim's Progress."

Gladys.—You do not say which kind of molds. There are iron, jelly and facial. The latter are the most distressing, of course. They are a sign of rich blood and are either brown or black in colour. Remove carefully with a hat pin or other sharp instrument; let them stand for twenty-four hours and serve cold.

Young Mother.—Fresh air is good for baby at this critical period, and should be administered through the nose every ten seconds. If this does not prove effective, write again.

Emaciated.—Plenty of fat pork, dripping and molasses. Avoid all exertion and wear a yellow wrapper.

Debut.—The expression certainly was indelicate. He should have said, "The part that got over the fence last." This is not only delicate, but highly humorous.

Public Ownership.—No, Barbara Heck and Adam Beck are two different men entirely.

Student.—Can any of our readers explain to Student the origin of Christmas?

Constant Reader.—The price of the Courier is 5 cents.

Murderer.—You will find the heart on the left side as you go in.

McAree.

The Motor Inn

FOR some time English people who like the old-fashioned highways and hedges have been deploring the noisy and sometimes noisome passage of the automobiles which bid fair to intrude upon the most sequestered vales of the country. It has been urged that they would spoil the repose surrounding those "haunts of ancient peace" which have constituted the Old Country's most alluring charm for those from the busier world.

But it appears that there is another and a brighter chapter in the story of motor progress through rural England. It seems that the automobile is bringing back fortune to some of the deserted inns which had almost lost custom through the railways. As one English weekly says: "The beautiful courtyards in our old hostels, which have scarcely heard the clang of horses' hoofs since the coaches ceased running, are looking young again as the car throbs up to them for rest and shelter." The old coach with its "tantivy" seems more in keeping with the ancient yards but the host is not disposed to quarrel with the modern "landauette" which brings the tired and hungry motorists to his vine-encircled doorway.

Civil Service in Massachusetts

By CHARLES H. McINTYRE

IT is now more than twenty-two years since Massachusetts first adopted the Civil Service Law. In the year 1884 public discussion of the civil service first became active and powerful throughout the United States. The late George William Curtis and Carl Schurtz came upon the stage of action as the bold champions of reform in all appointments to public offices by the United States government. About that time a new impetus was given to the movement by the vigorous messages of Grover Cleveland. "Public office as a public trust" was the shibboleth of the day. In Massachusetts there has always been an active and vigilant public opinion, and this opinion gradually influenced the state legislature in 1884 to pass the law which is the basis of our present civil service principles. It may be well, therefore, to state in simple form the principal requirements of the law in this state.

A commission has been established composed of three persons who are appointed by the governor of which not more than two shall at any time be of the same political party. Each commissioner is paid \$5 per day for actual service and his expenses incurred in the performance of his official duties. The commission is authorized to appoint an examiner who under their direction shall conduct all examinations of applicants for positions in the public service. The commission may also appoint a secretary, registrar of labour and an inspector of the pay-rolls of cities. The salaries of the chief examiner and secretary are respectively \$3,000 and \$2,000 in addition to the expenses incurred in the performance of their official duties. The commission has power to make rules from time to time regulating the selections of persons to fill appointive positions in the government of the Commonwealth and of the several cities thereof, according to certain classifications of employments. These rules are founded on the principle that promotions if practicable must be made on the basis of ascertained merit. The commission also has power to make investigations and to summon witnesses, administer oaths and take testimony.

With certain exceptions, the civil service rules apply to all members of the public service, including members of police and fire departments. Engineers, janitors and other persons having charge of steam boilers in school buildings and truant officers in the employ of the city of Boston must be appointed in accordance with the civil service rules. Every applicant for a position must state under oath his full name, residence, citizenship, age, place of birth, health, physical capacity, business and employment and residence for the previous five years, education and such other information as may be reasonably required relative to his fitness for the public service. The examinations are practical and such as will fairly test the fitness of the applicants, and no question shall relate to, and no appointment shall be affected by, any political or religious opinions.

Applicants for positions in the labour service of the Commonwealth or of the cities shall to the number of five hundred be allowed to register on the first Monday of February, May, August and November in each year and the examination of such applicants shall relate to their capacity for labour and general habits of industry.

No liquor dealer or person habitually using intoxicating liquors can be appointed to any office under the provisions of the civil service law and no recommendation given by any member of the legislature or board of aldermen, except as to the character or residence of an applicant, shall be considered by any person who has authority to make the appointment. The names of all

persons, except labourers, appointed to and discharged from positions coming within the civil service rules must be reported to the commissioners. The only class of persons who are preferred in their appointment and employment to all others, are veterans who have served in the army or navy of the United States during the Civil War and have been honourably discharged, or a citizen who has distinguished himself by heroic conduct in the American Army or Navy and has received a medal of honour from the President of the United States.

Suitable provision is made for the enforcement of the law. Whenever any appointment is made in violation of the civil service rules and notice thereof has been mailed to the appointing or disbursing officers, the payment of any compensation to such employee after the expiration of one week from the mailing of the notice, becomes illegal and must cease until the validity of such appointment is duly established. The attorney general of the state is authorized to take civil proceedings in the nature of quo warranto against employees illegally appointed. Penalties from \$100 to \$1000 are provided against general violations of the law and they may be enforced at the instance of district attorneys like any other provisions of the criminal law. The law is considered to be in force in any town of more than 12,000 inhabitants which has accepted it; and as to the labour service in any city of not less than 100,000 when so accepted. No person employed in the classified civil service can be removed or suspended from office without just cause and for reasons specifically given in writing, and if he so requests he is also entitled to a public hearing and allowed to answer the charges preferred against him either personally or by counsel.

Under the authority of the statute the civil service commissioners have adopted certain rules and regulations which have the force of law. These rules divide the service into two divisions, the first to be known as the "official service" of the commonwealth and the several cities thereof, and the second as the "labour service" thereof. The first division includes such persons as clerks, secretaries, paymasters, copyists, recorders, bookkeepers, inspectors, agents and visitors, stenographers, messengers, cashiers, collectors, storekeepers, proof-readers, turn-keys, watchmen, drivers of prison wagons, persons doing police duty in parks, public grounds, prisons, houses of detention, reformatories and other public institutions and departments of government. It also includes detectives, police inspectors, fire inspectors, engineers, draw tenders, foremen of labourers, superintendents, assistant superintendents, surveyors, draftsmen, architects, and persons rendering similar service. In both divisions lists are established of persons who are eligible for appointment in the different branches of the service as they are needed by public authorities from time to time. The appointing officer, however, must first make requisition upon the commissioners for the names of eligible persons which are supplied under a certificate from the commissioners and the appointment must be made from that number of names standing highest upon the list. Promotions in the first division shall be made by competitive or non-competitive examinations as the commissioners may determine. Every applicant for the labour service must produce satisfactory evidence that he is qualified to perform the labour sought, and the names of all labourers with the kind of work they are doing must be reported to the commissioners.

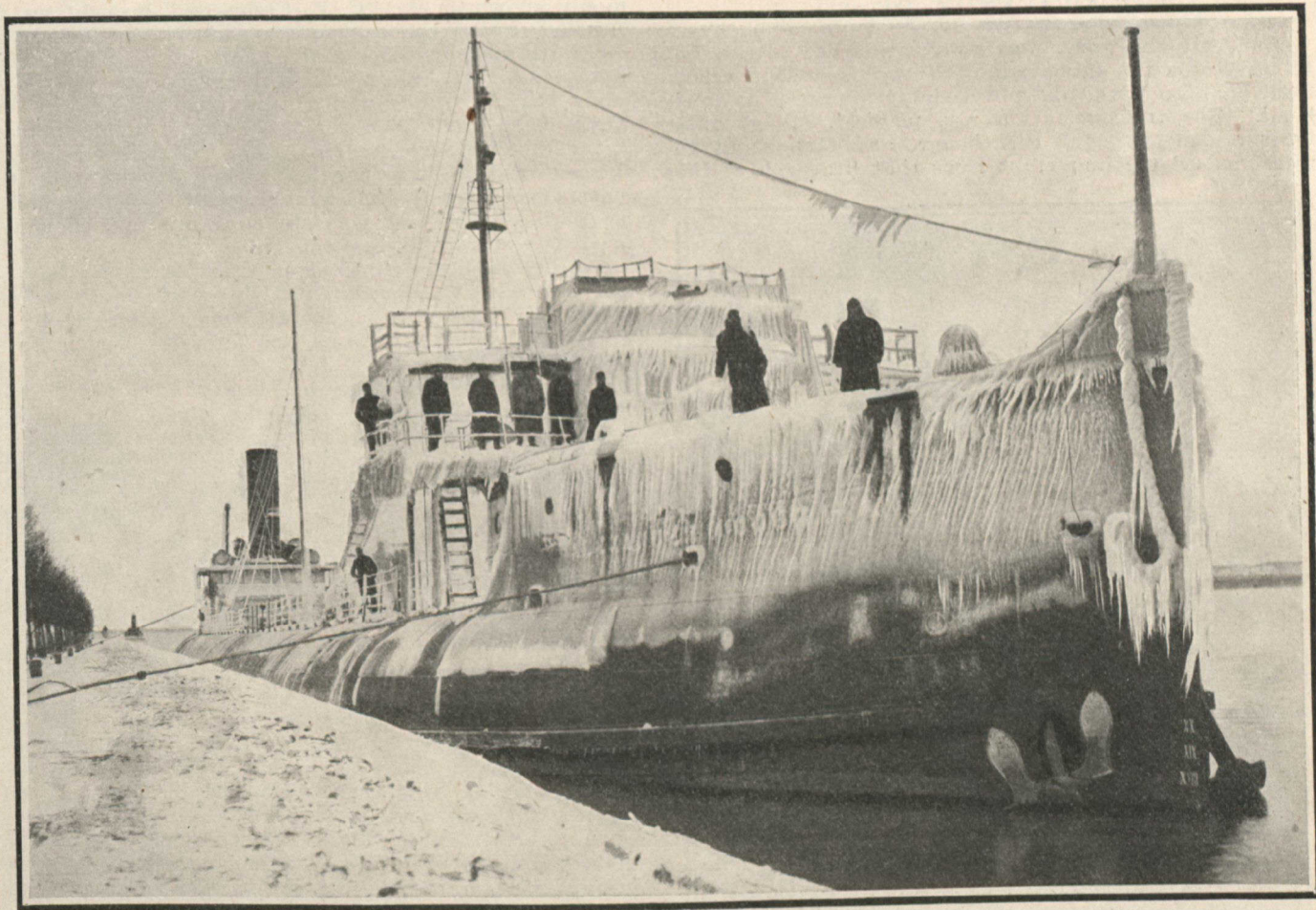
But it may be asked, to what extent has the civil service law of Massachusetts been enforced? Well it

has not been ideally successful. But genuine progress has been made all along the line. Its operation is gradually becoming more effective each year. During the first few years after its adoption the commissioners were feeling their way and sounding public opinion. The system of appointment by merit was entirely new to American politics. "Festina lente" appears to have been the guiding motto of the day, but as the years rolled on public men began to find the commission a convenient dumping ground for their heavy burden of patronage. It enabled the politician to reply to hungry applicants for jobs, that he could not recommend appointments which later on might be exposed by the civil service commission as illegal. On the other hand the commission could not place the applicants on the eligible list for employment, until they had complied with the requirements of the civil service law. This has proved to be a good thing both for the politician and the public. One may gather some idea of the growing importance of the civil service in this state, by a glance at some of the work during the year from October 1, 1904 to Sept. 30, 1905. In that period 3,010 persons were examined for positions in the different grades of the classified service, 65 non-competitive and 140 competitive examinations were held and 581 men and 168 women received appointments. The non-competitive examinations largely related to matter of transfer and promotion according to the rules. The average age of those examined was about 39 years.

It is true that there are violations of the civil service law going on all the time. Just now we have an illustration in the attempt of the Democratic officials in Boston to exact a political subscription of 3 per cent. from all employees receiving salary of \$1200 or more per annum. The matter has been reported to the District Attorney of Suffolk County, and it is doubtful if

these officials will persist in their demand. But we must remember that all laws are violated, some to a greater and some to a lesser degree, according to their nature. In this mundane sphere, we cannot secure ideal perfection. It must not be forgotten that in Massachusetts no less than 33 cities and 4 towns have accepted the provisions of the civil service law. At the present time we have a capable and energetic board of commissioners. They are zealous for the public weal and are doing most excellent work. By the fair and consistent administration of this law, our public service in the Old Bay State is undoubtedly improving. We have a better educated and more competent class of persons in that service than we ever had under the old methods of political control.

As the commissioners say in their last report "no system of testing men for public office is perfect," but the present system does represent an immeasurable advance upon the "spoils" method of former days, under which, as President Roosevelt has justly observed, "outside politicians really made the appointments nominally made by the executive officers, the appointees being chosen by the politicians in question in the great majority of cases, for reasons totally unconnected with the needs of the service or of the public." The reign of the graft and political deals is not yet over in Massachusetts but its power is certainly more restricted than it otherwise would have been without our present civil service law. The Provinces of Canada have much to gain by the adoption of such a law. No state, province or commonwealth can do its best work without an intelligent competent body of permanent officials in the public service. No government is truly free which permits a giant system of patronage to hamper and control its political ambitions and to discourage intelligent, efficient service.



The Last of the Season Through the Sault Ste. Marie Canal.

Though Lakes Superior and Huron never freeze over, the St. Mary's River which connects them freezes solid, as do the two canals which afford a passage around the rapids. The last boats coming down from Port Arthur and Fort William in November usually have severe experiences as this photograph of the "Alexander McDougall" indicates.

A Romance of the Yukon River

By H. A. CODY.

THE Yukon River is a name familiar the world over, owing to the part it played as the great highway during the Klondyke rush of '97 and '98. This was not always so, for only a few years before that time the river was little known, except to Indians, and a few hardy prospectors and explorers.

The origin of the name is shrouded in mystery. The North Pacific Coast Indians have a legend that Ganook, a mysterious man, possessed a spring of living water, which was stolen by his enemy, the great Raven. This latter at once made toward the north with his stolen treasure, and dropping some of the water upon the ground said, "Become a mighty stream." Thus the Yukon, or "A-yan," was formed, which signifies "The powerful one."

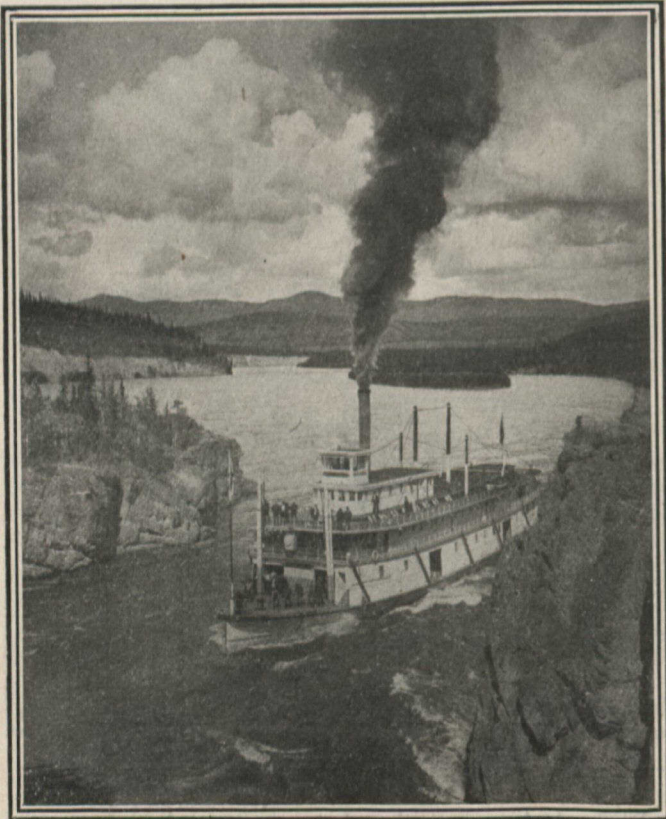
It is generally believed that the Russians were the first to explore the lower part of this noble river, about the year 1835, to which they gave the name "Quickpak," and though this portion became well known, the head waters remained unexplored for some time after.

The Hudson's Bay Company was early on the scene, and in 1846, a trader, John Bell, crossed the Rocky Mountains from the Mackenzie River, descended the Porcupine, and was the first of British explorers to set eyes on the Lower Yukon. Five years before, that prince of rovers, Robert Campbell, ascended the Liard River from Fort Simpson, reached the Pelly Banks, and descending this stream to its junction with the Lewis River, was forced to turn back owing to the hostility of the Indians in that region. In 1849 he returned, and established a trading post at the confluence of these rivers, and named it Fort Selkirk, which was destroyed two years later by the Chilkat Indians from the Coast.

Several years later hardy prospectors, explorers, and Government surveyors, forced their way over frowning mountain passes, and floated from the extreme head waters down stream. But these visits were at rare intervals, and hurriedly made, and the noble river was thus left for some time undisturbed.

THE AWAKENING OF 1897.

Suddenly the great water-way awakened to new life. It thrilled with animation. Strange sounds re-echoed from bank to bank, and novel sights appeared on every hand. The transformation was magical. A gleaming treasure had wrought the change, and throughout the world pulsed the important news that "the gold of that



The Flag Ship "White Horse" of the B. Y. N. Company, running the Five Fingers Rapids.

land was good." Klondyke became a household word in every land under heaven, and a mad rush ensued. The Pacific Coast steamers from Seattle and elsewhere, were crowded with people drawn from every position in life, who struggled over the rugged White Pass, Chilcoot and Teslin trails, and reached the head waters of the Yukon River.

Then the navigation of this great stream really began. Bennett, a city of from ten to twenty thousand people, suddenly sprang into existence. Here, boats, rafts and scows of every conceivable shape were built, and launched with feverish haste to brave the rough, uncertain Lake Bennett, Windy Arm, the dreadful Whitehorse Rapids, and many unknown dangers beyond.

"From one point on Lake Bennett," wrote Colonel Steele, Superintendent of the North West Mounted Police, "I counted on an eight-mile stretch of water over eight hundred boats under full sail; and for forty-five miles, at no point were the boats more than two hundred yards apart."

This was in 1897, and all of that season the living stream moved by, and dotted the way with their dead. Lone posts along the river, rudely inscribed with some name marked the places where comrades parted from one another on the cruel trail of fortune.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE STEAMER.

During this year not one steamer ploughed the head waters of the Yukon, but in 1898 a great change took place, and ere the closing of navigation no less than twelve steamers were plying on the waters between Dawson and Whitehorse.

The manner in which these boats were built, and rushed to the scene of action by enterprising people, is full of interest, and serves to show what pluck and determination will accomplish. The case of the steamer "Anglian," a craft of one hundred and fifteen tonnage, is truly representative.

In 1897 the Canadian Development Company, commonly known as the "C. D. Company," brought up the Stickine River, the complete machinery and furnishings for a steamer, together with a portable saw mill. These were landed at Telegraph Creek during the fall of the same year. One hundred and fifty miles away was Teslin Lake, the headwater of the Teslin or Hootalinqua River, which flows into the Yukon. There was only a moose trail of the roughest kind between the two waters, yet over this the machinery and supplies had to be carried. The task was almost Herculean, enough to appal the stoutest hearts.

At first mules were used as transports, and hay cut and pressed at Glenora, was brought along as food. Week after week steady progress was made, cutting out the trail, bridging streams, and crossing deep gulches. But, alas, food for the mules gave out, which had to be killed to supply food for the trained dogs which took their place. After difficulties indescribable, the shore of Lake Teslin was reached in midwinter.

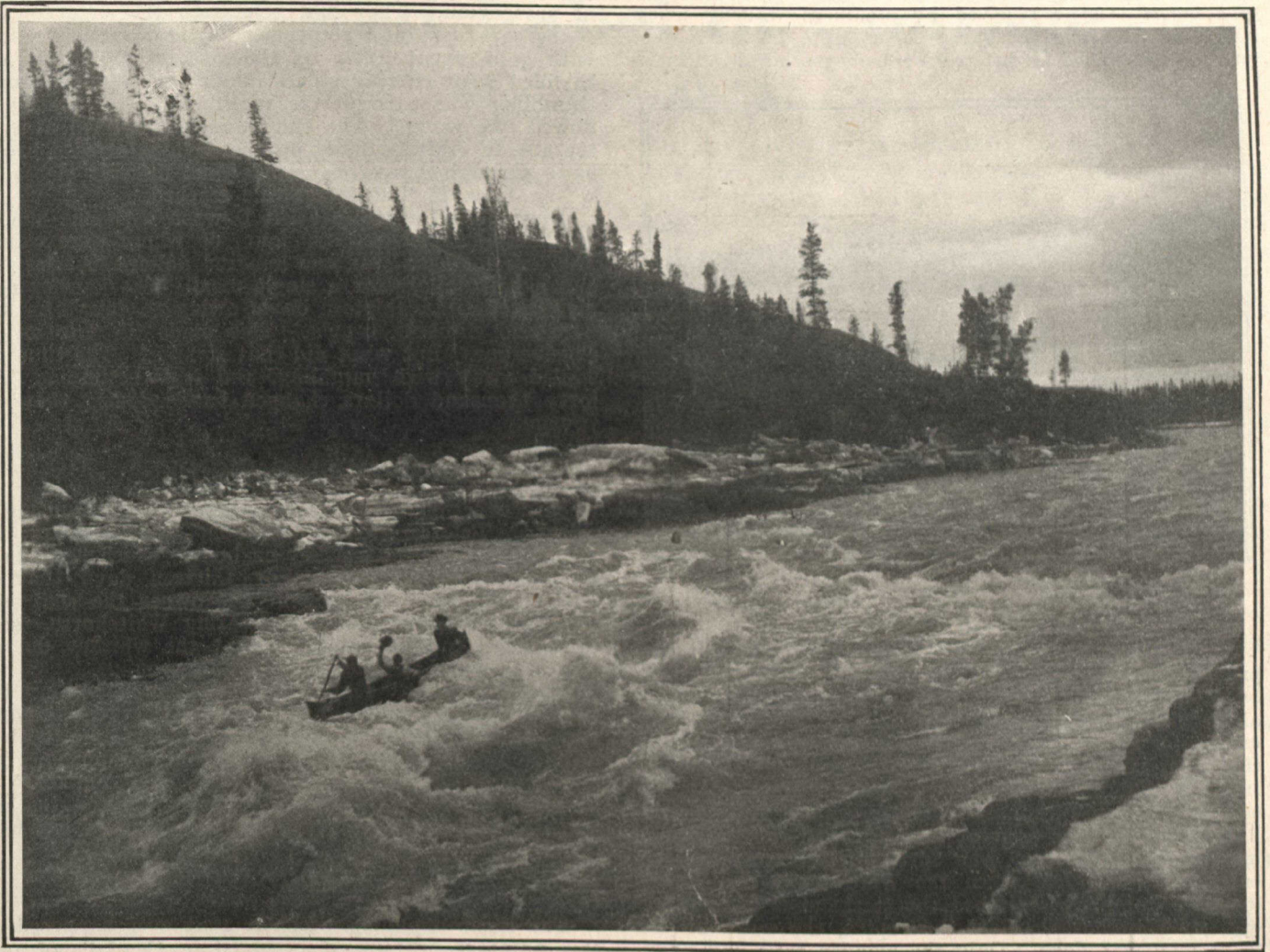
Then began the work of building. The portable mill was erected, lumber sawn and prepared. And there on the shore of that inland lake, the steamer "Anglian" took shape, and in July, with Edward MacDonald as Captain, and Harry Chapman as engineer, she started on her long run down stream, and reached Dawson in August.

This is but typical of the efforts which were made to place steamers on the Yukon as quickly as possible to command the vast traffic which had sprung into existence. Expense was little thought of, and the "Anglian" cost the C. D. Company the great sum of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, which in a short time was pronounced a failure, and was laid up at Whitehorse.

Though these boats were small and had very poor accommodation, yet they were literally packed with people, who paid large prices for the privilege of traveling on them. In the Police Reports of that time we read that it was a "common sight to see the 'tween and upper decks packed with sleeping Yukoners when the boats passed at night."

THE FORMIDABLE RAPIDS.

The great obstacle to navigation was the world-famed "Whitehorse Rapids." Steamers ran from Bennett to the latter place, disembarked their goods and



Photograph by E. J. Hamacher.

Yukon River—Shooting the White Horse Rapids in a Canoe.



Photograph by E. J. Hamacher.

Yukon River—Running a Scow through the White Horse Rapids.

passengers, to be received by steamers waiting below the dangerous spot to hurry them on to Dawson. And just at this place an interesting business began. Enter-



Yukon River—The wreck of the Columbian during the Fall of 1906.

prising men, seeing how difficult it was to carry goods overland around the rapids, laid a wooden tram way along the river for about six miles, over which cars were drawn by horses. Soon an opposition road began on the other side of the river, and keen was the competition till that northern pioneer, Norman MacCaulay, for the sum of sixty thousand dollars, gained full control. For a time it was a great business, and money flowed in like water, which was spent in the most reckless manner. But, alas, when the White Pass and Yukon Railway Company stretched the steel bands from Skagway to Whitehorse, below the rapids, the work of the tram way was done. Only the wooden rails and abandoned trucks remain to tell of the glory that once was theirs.

Though the tram way did a stirring business, yet all the freight was not taken down in this manner. We learn that in 1898 "seven thousand steamers, scows, boats and canoes were lined down or run through the rapids," with not more than thirty boats wrecked, and the contents lost, only three hundred boats more or less damaged.

During these years the romance of navigation was in reality at the highest. Traffic was good, boats were abundant, and competition keen. Those were the palmy days of the country, and money was as free as air. It was a strife between big companies for the mastery, and the survival of the most powerful ensued. Small steamers, which were considered most suited to the river in 1898, were soon out of date, and in their stead, large and finely built crafts, with every accommodation, won the good will of all. These proud "Yukon fliers" opened up a new era of navigation. But the struggle for the mastery continued keen for some time after these new boats made their appearance. The masters fought with bull-dog tenacity for the owners they represented, and no venture was too great for them to undertake to beat a competitor.

RACING STORIES.

Racing was a common occurrence, and when two steamers ran neck to neck for many miles the scene was most exciting. An account in the Bennett "Sun" of 1899, describes the race of two steamers between Dawson and Whitehorse.

"Some times," so runs the story, "they were neck to neck for fifty miles. One grizzled veteran of the Yukon got much excited, and said he'd give a whole sack full of nuggets rather than see the boat he had taken passage in lose the race. He kept shouting 'More steam! More steam!' At last he brought forth a sack of gold, with which he sped to the engine room, when he clapped it on top of the safety valve, exclaiming, 'There, d—n you, I'll see if any more of that steam escapes.' He would have burst the boiler had not the engineer quietly removed the precious treasure."

As the B. Y. N. Company gained control, this dangerous racing became a thing of the past.

This "grizzled veteran" is typical of a class who bulked large on the passenger list in those early days

of navigation. They had gone into the country with the great rush, and returning to the "outside," laden with gold, spent freely as they went. Volumes could be filled with stirring scenes aboard these old steamers. Gambling was carried on night and day, and liquor flowed like water. The time was thus whiled away as the sturdy crafts worked up the devious stream, around bars, through dangerous rapids, and difficult places for weary days till Whitehorse was reached.

During 1898 a steamer left Dawson with one hundred and forty-four passengers, four of whom were women. The fare for each was one hundred dollars, besides two and a half dollars for a single meal. The journey occupied much time, thirteen days, owing to delays on sand bars and climbing rapids. This made the trip an expensive one. But what did that signify! The time was whiled away with gambling, and it is estimated that forty thousand dollars changed hands during that one voyage.

AN AMUSING INCIDENT.

In connection with this run there was an amusing incident. Before leaving Dawson, the steward had brought a barrel of whiskey on board, which he had sold for one dollar a drink. For thirteen days that one barrel held out, and brought the owner the neat sum of three thousand dollars. Nearing Whitehorse, some complained to the steward that the whiskey did not taste the same as when they left Dawson.

"Certainly not," replied the shrewd man. "That barrel of whiskey would not have lasted twenty-four hours, and you would have been the rest of the time without any, so I watered it, and you have been supplied. You didn't know the difference; so what did it matter."

This trick of the steward's vastly amused the passengers, who had a hearty laugh at their own expense.

AN APPALLING ACCIDENT.

The most appalling accident that ever happened on this northern waterway occurred in the fall of 1906. Navigation was almost over, and the employees of the B. Y. N. Company were congratulating themselves upon a successful shipping season, when suddenly a report, like a bolt from the blue, was hurled into their midst. The good steamer "Columbian," with Captain Williams in command, left Whitehorse with a large cargo, including cattle, and five tons of powder. The latter was in kegs placed on the bow. All went well for about one hundred and seventy miles, when the powder exploded, and in the twinkling of an eye the steamer was wrapped in a fiery shroud. Two men were instantly blown to destruction, while the rest of the crew reached the shore. But, oh, what a scene that was; the bleak beach at night, where stood several of the men, with clothing blown from their bodies, and flesh hanging in shreds, looking like awful ghouls, as the steamer burnt to the water's edge. The uninjured men were almost helpless to aid their suffering companions, till a wood-cutter across the river hurried to the spot, with blankets and such supplies as he had. Terrible was the suffering endured by the burnt men, till death relieved their agonies, three not long after the accident, and one in the Whitehorse General Hospital.

The freight taken down the river during one season is considerable. In 1904 the B. Y. N. Company carried twenty thousand tons from Whitehorse to Dawson, not counting that transported by independent boats.

The number of steamers on the Upper Yukon is lessening each year, and in their stead large barges are being used for carrying the freight. One barge handled by a steamer will carry an enormous load, and one crew and propelling power will manage both. In fact the only extra expense is pushing the empty barges up stream, as the swift current carries them down with a remarkable speed. It is a fine sight to watch a strong steamer with a large barge in front working her way up the river, around bars, shoals, and dangerous places.

There is every reason to believe that the traffic on the Yukon River will steadily increase. The country is just in its infancy, and mining operations, which in the past have been rather fitful, are now beginning on a more permanent basis. Large companies are doing splendid work with dredging, and hydraulicking machines, and the future looks very bright. The country is rich in minerals, and though a railroad some day may parallel the Yukon, and divert much of the traffic, yet this noble northern artery of a great land will still command its portion as it has done in the past.

The Red Label of Courage

By J. V. McAREE.

"AND what'll yours be?" asked the bartender. "I'll take a glass of milk," replied the stranger.

A dead silence fell on the line at the bar when this sensational announcement was made. Even the strongest held his breath—which is saying a good deal for Dawson was no temperance city. Then Big Jack Kelly, the host for the moment, recovered himself.

"Did I understand you to say milk?" he demanded, a heavy frown gathering on his bloated features.

"Milk is what I said," returned the stranger, coolly, "that is if there is any milk handy. If not, I'll take some of Tanner's Condensed Milk. Look for the label that made condensed milk famous."

"There's condensed milk here all right," said the bar-keeper, reaching for a can-opener.

"Hold on there," interposed Kelly, "I guess we won't need the condensed milk. This gent's going to take a man's drink, or I'll know the reason why. He turned to the little stranger again. "Did you hear me invite the crowd up to have a libation at my expense?"

"I did; and I have accepted, and asked for a drink of Tanner's Condensed Milk."

"You're going to drink whiskey," declared Kelly, moving nearer to the stranger, "and you'll either drink it like a man or I'll hold your nose and pour it down your neck, and don't you make any mistake on that point."

The crowd moved back from the bar, for they knew that there was going to be trouble unless the stranger wilted. Big Jack was the bully of the camp, and for twenty miles beyond his surly word was law. In many a fierce bar-room fight his supremacy had been maintained. When sober he would not harm his worst enemy; but when maddened by drink, his violence was terrific. He had been drinking for about an hour, his temper getting worse every minute. As his companions knew well his dangerous mood they had taken care not to cross him, and had it not been for the sudden appearance of the stranger, it is not likely there would have been any trouble. Who he was no one could say, and now it was too late to warn him.

He was a man slightly below the middle height, but straight and wiry enough although standing beside the huge Kelly he looked like a mere boy. His clean shaven face was pale, but his jaw was hard and his eye bright and fearless as he looked straight at Kelly.

"Me for the milk with the red label."

"I admire your grit," said the bully after a moment, "and I'm sorry it is necessary for me to hand you one."

"You strike me at your peril," said the stranger, his eye never leaving the face of his tormentor.

"Now! Look out for me! I'm a-comin!" and the next moment the men had clinched.

"Jack'll eat him! We've got to separate them," said one of the crowd as they fell back to give the struggling men room.

His companion, a veteran miner, who was generally considered the wisest man in camp, shook his head.

"Don't be too sure of that. Did you ever hear the story of Sodom and Gomorrah—I mean David and Goliath?"

The other did not answer, for at this moment he was able to get a view of the fighters. They were on their feet again, the first rush of the big man having carried both to the floor. Upon the stranger's head was a large cuspidor, from which he was vainly endeavouring to free himself, while Kelly held him with one hand, and with the other more firmly screwed down the cuspidor.

The stranger struggled heroically to rid himself of the helmet, but his efforts were in vain. Thus hampered he was unable to see, and it would have been easy for the bully to punch him to death. This, however he showed no disposition to do. Indeed he was laughing so hard that he could hardly have defended himself from attack.

"He crawled into it, fellows," he declared between roars. "He crawled into it!"

A sepulchral noise was emitted from the cuspidor and it sounded like "nough!"

"Ready for that drink?" demanded Kelly, shaking the stranger, none too gently. The cuspidor waved affirmatively. The wise old miner began to make his way to the door, but paused as Big Kelly freed the other from the cuspidor and led him to the bar. The big man assisted to wipe his late opponent's head and face, all his resentment having vanished. The bottle was set out, and no one drank with more relish than the stranger. He took a second dose without urging, and then bought for the crowd.

"Ain't you a prohibitionist?" demanded some one in extreme astonishment, at the workmanlike manner in which the stranger surrounded the liquor.

"A prohibitionist? Well, I should say not. What put that idea in your head?"

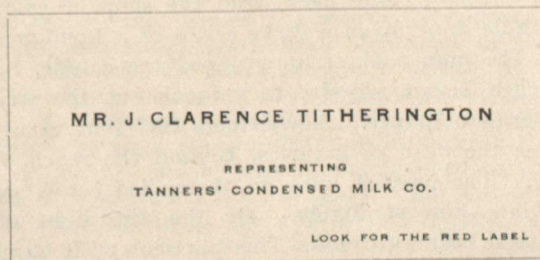
"Then what the —— did you want to mix it up with Jack for? You can't fight no better than a sick rabbit."

"I know I can't," admitted the stranger, "but I was always told these big men that want to make you drink with them were all bluff. If it hadn't been for that blamed spitoon getting over my head I would have quit sooner than I did."

"Well, I don't know as you lost much time at that," remarked the wisest man in town whose curiosity had mastered his aversion to being reminded of his unfortunate Biblical allusions.

"Besides," continued the stranger, motioning to the barkeeper again, "it was a matter of business with me. And that reminds me I haven't introduced myself." He produced a handful of cards, and distributed them among the crowd. The veteran glanced at his and then slipped out into the night.

This is what he read:—



The Beerage

Lord Burton has no son to inherit his title, but a new peerage was created nine years ago in favour of his only daughter Nellie, Mrs. Baillie of Dochfour. Mrs. Baillie, when she was merely Miss Bass, rather astonished some old fogies at a Holyrood ball by her lively style of dancing. "Hardly the manners of a Vere de Vere," remarked an old general as she whisked past him in the mazes of a Highland schottische. "No," said Miss Bass, dropping him a very saucy curtsey, "they are the manners of a Beer de Beer, and jolly good beer it is too!"

Winning-Out Stories

By CY. WARMAN

The Power of the Press

IT was in 1858 or '59 that an English gentleman arrived in Australia to find a fortune, as he fondly hoped, in the new gold fields. The world had seen no more exciting times than these in Australia. More than a hundred ships lay idle in Hobson's Bay, deserted by their crews who, gold-mad, were rushing hither and thither in quest of rich "Patches." Many found little fortunes, but the English gentleman, being a "new chum," as tenderfeet were called then, found barely enough to keep his family in food. As the good picking petered out the price of living rose until the simple necessities of life were beyond the reach of the unfortunate ones who had failed to find gold. The Englishman watched his wife in her heroic efforts to dispute hunger, and find something upon which their one child, out of arms, might feed.

The boy grew thinner. Even the babe, still at its mother's breast, ceased to grow.

One day a half starved Missionary called at the hut, begging for food. The man's wife made tea—that was all she had to offer—and set it before the stranger. The hut stood at the edge of the never-never country, where the earth lay dead and Death seemed to brood on the desert sands.

* * * * *

The last crumb and crust had been eaten and now the Englishman sat, his elbows on his knees, utterly crushed.

The starved crews were returning to their deserted ships and a few were lifting anchor, but the Englishman had no money for fare to Old England for which his sad heart yearned, and toward which his wife's weary eyes turned, brimming with brine.

The pet dog had long since died of starvation. The children were crying for food, and the sound of their voices, the saddest, the most melancholy sound that ever smote a mother's ear, was crushing and killing this patient, starving mother.

One evening the father fished a ha'penny from his pocket and gave it to the boy to buy a candle. That was the last bit of money they had.

When the boy came back from the shop he carried a short candle done up in a dirty scrap of a London newspaper. The man took it, unwrapped the candle, lighted it and then began, slowly, to smooth out the wrinkles in the scrap of paper. Newspapers had long since passed under the head of luxuries, beyond the reach of the starving. The printed lines on the soiled scrap seemed to fascinate him strangely. By the dim light of the dip the man began to read. This particular bit happened to be torn from the advertising page, but no matter, it was reading, printed in England, and he read, one after another of the advertisements. Suddenly he sprang up, clapped a hand to his forehead, and called excitedly, "Wife! Wife! here, quick. Read that," he cried, pointing to a paragraph on the torn sheet.

It stated briefly that someone and somebody, solicitors, of London, desired the address of a certain Englishman who had gone to Australia in the latter 50's and the name of the man who was wanted, and who was asked to communicate with the aforesaid solicitors, was the Englishman's name.

They borrowed money and wrote to London, and then they sat down and starved and waited weary weeks for the answer.

It came, at last, as the wife and mother lay starving

in the never-never country. They carried her aboard the ship and the ship's doctor nursed her back to life.

Of course the others could eat now, for the ship brought the news that the luckless Englishman was heir to twenty-five thousand pounds.

Held for Taxes

A bit of Western History that is being repeated in Winnipeg at this moment

DENVER, at the mouth of Cherry Creek, on the Platte, had been struggling up through cactus, tin cans and common disturbances for something like ten years. The Civil War brought fresh excitement, for there was good fighting in the foothills.

But when the war was over and the Indians quieted down the dull monotony of the camp became killing to the plainsmen.

Once or twice during the second decade of her history the camp made faint efforts to rise, but the Panic—or was it the "Crime"—of '73 put the death-rattle in her throat.

Among her leading citizens, Denver boasted one Mr. Brown who owned so much city land that he was unable to pay the taxes. He wanted to side-step, but he knew not how.

It never occurred to him to suicide, but he would do the next best thing. He would hide out. But despite his best efforts the tax gatherer would ferret him and urge him to pay up.

Finally, in sheer desperation, he packed his "bundle" and slid down the back banisters. He stole down a side street and entered the depot by a door used for the entrance of baggage. He took a ticket for the one train on the one railway that would take him out in the only direction a man might then journey by rail from Denver City. But there's many a slip twixt a plan and a trip, and just as Mr. Brown was about to board the train the tax man had him hooked. Of course he was helpless. Like a man about to jump a boardbill he could only stay and board it out, and so he sat down and waited. To be sure they might have sold the land for taxes, but nobody would buy. In fact there was a lot of land all about Denver at that time that nobody was using.

However, by and by the town began to stir. Tabor found the pay streak in California Gulch that made Leadville.

Denver began to grow. Brown got up, sold a few town lots, and paid something on account.

Denver began to boom. Brown borrowed some money from the First National, built some houses and rented them out.

The Panic was followed by a long period of prosperity. Brown, in a little while found that he was the largest individual tax-payer in Denver.

The spring of 1890 found him full of years and money in the bank. He glanced about but saw nothing that would bear his name down through the years, save his sons, stalwart young men who promised to do something off their own bats.

And so the old man made up his mind to build a monument unto himself and he built the Brown Palace Hotel that cost him considerable more than a million in money. He could do this and die, but when the great task was finished he changed his mind. As he walked, widowed, in the wan light of old age, a bright face flashed before him and he fell. But he did not die. He got married, and, for what I know, lived happy ever after.

A Prisoner of Hope*

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

By MRS. WEIGALL

Resume: Esther Beresford is a beautiful and charming girl, who has lived in England with her French grandmother, Madame de la Perouse, and has taught music in a girls' school. Her step-mother's sister, Mrs. Galton, appears on the scene and it is arranged that Esther is to go out to Malta to join her father and step-mother. But before her departure, Geoffrey Hamner, an old friend, declares his love for Esther who promises a future reply to his proposal. She embarks with Mrs. Galton and her two exceedingly disagreeable daughters. Captain Hethcote and Lord Alwyne, two fellow-passengers admire Esther extremely, and Mrs. Clare-Smythe, a cousin of the latter also seeks her friendship. The Galtons become vulgarly jealous of Esther's popularity. The "Pleiades" reaches Gibraltar at sun-rise and some of the passengers are on deck for the sight. At last they arrive at Malta, and Esther looks forward to meeting her father. Her father's household is uncongenial, but Esther makes a friend of her youngest step-brother, "Hadji Baba." Her step-mother, "Monica," is disposed to be kind and rejoices when Esther goes to dinner at the "Palace."

UP and down went the population of Valetta that warm autumn night, flirting their fans and chattering like so many sparrows. There were several English people walking up and down under the Palace walls, and Esther, as she and her companion leaned over the green rail, started a little as she recognised among them Mrs. Galton and her two daughters, accompanied by two young men. They had evidently been staring up at her for some time, and Esther became aware with a blush that the blue and black sleeve was very close to her own arm. She did not know how lovely she looked leaning out of the shadows like a spirit of the old grey Palace, but she could hear the hard ring of Carrie Galton's laugh, and across the road her quick ears caught the words, "Beggars on horse back."

But Alwyne had seen or heard nothing, and followed her downstairs. She realised, as she saw the clock, that her father must have been waiting outside for her for some time, and Alwyne started a little as the stooping, thin figure in the shabby clothes came out of the shadow of the Palace courtyard, and Esther introduced him to her father.

"How d'you do, won't you come in and have a drink of something?" he said, evidently much relieved when Beresford quietly declined the proffered hospitality: for he thought the A.D.C.'s manner supercilious. It would have struck a man of kindlier nature that the comparison between father and daughter was a tragedy in itself, but Alwyne only saw the unfashionable clothes, the unsmart figure of the man whose career had been a failure.

"When Esther is my wife," he said to himself as he turned back into the Palace, "I must make it clear to her that she has no encumbrances in the shape of down-at-heel relations tacked on to her."

But Esther, in blissful unconsciousness of Alwyne's meditation, was pouring out to her father the history of the evening.

"I am glad to thing you enjoyed it, Essie," he said. "Anyhow, you looked very nice, and I am sure that you did credit to your relations. I cannot understand now how it was that your grandmother could afford to buy you such an ample outfit as you describe—for I always imagined that Mme. de la Perouse was badly off."

"O yes, father, she is—is very poor; but she sold some of her jewels, and they were worth a great deal of money."

"I suppose that necklace of yours is worth several hundred pounds," said Major Beresford, with a faint sigh, as he thought of a sheaf of unpaid bills and a threatening tailor.

"I think it must be a valuable one, for it was given to my grandmother by Marie Antoinette."

Esther's answer was so innocent that her father bit his lip. He could not ask her for the necklace, but his affairs were in so desperate a state that something had to be done to avert disaster.

"Essie," he said again, and his voice was so harsh that the girl looked up at him afraid; "I hate to ask you—I hate to ask you, or to say such a thing to you: but have you any money of your own?"

The clear eyes of the girl met his with a vague trouble in their depths. "Yes, father, I have twenty pounds," she said, gently. "My grandmother wished me to be

independent; she thought I might want a little money now and again."

"Essie, will you lend me fifteen pounds?" said Major Beresford. "It is an awful thing for a father to ask his child for money, but I will pay you back—"

Esther put out her hand in the darkness with a little sob and nestled close to him.

"O! daddy—oh, daddy," she said, letting the old pet name of her babyhood slip out. "Don't you know that it is a joy to help you at all. You should never have asked for it if I could but have guessed you wanted the money. Why did you not say so directly, daddy dear? The money was only to buy clothes for the children."

The leather curtains that hung on either side of the carriage were open, and by the light of the full moon he saw her face, pale and serious, and his own eyes dropped.

"Father, dear, it makes me so happy to be asked to do anything for you," Esther said again, half afraid of his silence.

Beresford laid his hand suddenly on her warm, clinging fingers and pushed them away. Before his mind there surged many a scene that he would not for the world have confided to his daughter; for there was one vice that held Major Beresford in thrall, and that was only secretly indulged in and spoken of very little.

He was accustomed to play cards for high stakes, and as is so often the case with the gambler, his winnings at first had spurred him on to indulge more often in the fatal pastime. He had begun to play for money when his affairs became embarrassed, owing to indolence and extravagance. Instead of doing his best by honest means to release himself from the position into which he had drifted, he tried to increase his income by these desperate means, and every penny that he could scrape together went to the "Bridge" table; and of late luck had been entirely against him, so that he was now reduced to considerable straits to meet what he called a debt of honour.

"Thank you, Esther," he said, hoarsely; "you shall have it all back again with interest."

Something in her father's manner repelled the girl with a quick sense of fear. "I shall never want it again, father," she said, proudly; "all that I have belongs to you."

They were driving by the sea, and the full moon lay on the face of the blue waters, so that the island was as light as day. Under the lee of the shore a little fleet of fishing boats rocked at anchor, with a lamp like a star at each foremast. By the rays of the moon, Beresford, glancing down at the rapt face at his side, was suddenly carried back over the gap of twenty years to the day he had first seen her mother. Esther was like the Molly he had wooed and won in the stormy, impetuous courtship that had swept them from their feet in those old days. Here was the same innocence of the world, the same high sense of honour that had attracted him to the lovely, shy Marie de la Perouse. He felt the same sudden desire for high ideal and ambition as he had felt in those old days; and he was almost inclined to vow that he would never touch a card again. But Giovanni was already drawing up at the gate of the garden, and the drive and the high ideals faded into the darkness of the night.

As Esther came stepping softly up the stairs, the door of the little girls' room opened, and Mrs. Beresford came out.

"Oh! here you are!" she cried, shrilly. "Here has Lucy been ill all the evening and me all alone: for ayah thought that Hadji was ill too, and would not leave him, and you in your smart clothes gadding about at parties. I suppose it is the part that the modern young woman always plays: but I can tell you that a modern mother is not a part that I am inclined to undertake."

It was Esther's first experience of the unreasonable irritability of a nervous invalid, and she had no idea that a woman whom she had left smiling and pleased three hours earlier could change so entirely into an angry flushed virago, unreasonably angry over an incident that had disturbed her from her ordinary easy life of self-indulgence.

"O, I am so sorry; I would not have left you if I

had known. "What can I do?" cried the girl, in real distress.

Mrs. Beresford, with her hair falling untidily on her shoulders, holding her dressing-gown about her with a shaking hand, was suddenly silenced by the radiant figure of the young girl on the step below her. Something in Esther's face arrested the torrent of words that otherwise would have poured unchecked from her lips. Something in the proud dignity of the small head, or the humility of the gentle eyes, touched her heart, and she felt the want of dignity in her attitude.

"Oh, I don't know that you could have done any good if you had stayed at home. I expect Lucy ate too much water-melon, and Hadji is always inclined to be feverish at nights; but go along to bed and send ayah to me, for I am tired to death."

And with a hurried good-night, Esther passed along to her own room, with tears in her eyes.

All the keen enjoyment that she had experienced was forgotten and spoilt in the thought that she had been selfish to leave her stepmother, and she told herself again and again that she regretted her selfishness.

Along the floor by Hadji Baba's bed the ayah lay stretched, as Indian servants sleep upon the bare ground, and she rose at Esther's entrance like a white ghost in her clinging draperies.

"Hadji Baba plenty hot," she said, touching with deft soft fingers the child's forehead and hands. "You give him this drink when he wake, Missie, and he be all right," and the ayah was gone as softly as a shadow; and bye and bye Esther heard Mrs. Beresford's voice lifted in a monotonous complaining in the room below.

Hadji Baba stirred a little in his sleep as Esther bent over his iron crib and kissed him, pushing back the tangle of fair hair tenderly. He lifted one sleepy round arm as she knelt there and put it round her neck with a murmured "darling," and Esther felt comforted a little in her trouble.

Mrs. Beresford was evidently ashamed of her ill temper, though still a little resentful against Esther; though if it had not been for an early visit from Mrs. Galton, the girl felt sure that her stepmother would have speedily forgotten every fancied cause of offence. She was teaching Carmela how to make a salad, in the intervals of cleaning the silver, when Delaney came back after answering the bell.

"It's the lady with the creaking dress, miss—the mistress' sister; and my! she came in as though the whole place belonged to her. 'Where's your mistress?' she says, 'and you without a coat this time of the morning, Pat Delaney, and a smear on your face.' Truth she said that, miss," and Delaney gave an unconscious imitation in his anger of Mrs. Galton and her silk-lined skirts.

He was an old soldier with easily wounded susceptibilities, and a strong sense of his own importance; and the long feud with Carmela was brought no nearer to being closed by the remark of the Maltese girl.

"It's not for want of telling you, Delaney, that you go up to answer bells in your shirt-sleeves with a dirty face."

"Sure, an' it's not for want of tellin' you, Miss Carmela Sceberras, that if the Major knew how his salads were made, sorra a bit of one would he lay between his teeth," cried Delaney, without a pause.

Esther paused with a scratched silver cream jug in her hand, trying to check the quiver of her pretty lips.

"Carmela, if you will go back to the kitchen, I will come and show you how to slice tomatoes," she said; "for it's nearly lunch time. And, Delaney, you ought to have put on one of those striped morning jackets that Rosa made for you: they are meant for you to answer the door in, and you would look so neat in one with plated buttons. And, look here, Delaney, you must always rub your silver very carefully, and not smear it with your hand after you have used the leather."

Under her directions the wondering Delaney was initiated into the mysteries of laying a table smartly with folded napkins and pretty flower vases, and when the table was complete he stood back and gazed at it with a sigh of satisfaction.

"It doesn't seem right to put roast mutton and rice puddin' on the top of it, miss," he said; but as at that moment Mrs. Beresford called "Esther!" from the upper room, she had to fly off before the lesson was complete.

Mrs. Galton had departed, and Monica sat in an arm-chair with an air of disturbance that was foreign to her nature. "Oh! there you are, Esther," she said, fretfully; "why didn't you come up to help me with Eleanor?"

"I was teaching Carmela how to make a salad, and

cleaning the silver," said Esther, gently. "I thought perhaps Mrs. Galton would stay for luncheon."

"Oh, no; she has a party of her own to-day," said Mrs. Beresford, uneasily. "A lot of smart people, she said; but what she came over to tell me was, that people thought it very odd that we were not thought good enough to be asked to the Palace with you the other night; and also it looked bad, you being on the verandah alone with a young man in a very intimate attitude: all a part, she says, of your behaviour on board ship. I really did not think you were a flirt, Esther."

"Indeed! indeed! I am not!" Esther's face flushed scarlet.

"Well, Eleanor told me lots of things about the voyage: very queer things, I must say; but I wish Eleanor would not come and disturb me when I am resting: it never suits my nerves."

Esther tried to allay her anger. "If you want to know anything about the voyage, will you ask Mrs. Clare-Smythe, who is Lady Adela's cousin; she will tell you the truth, and would be a kinder judge of my actions than Mrs. Galton."

"What is the matter?" said Major Beresford's voice behind them. "What is that about Eleanor Galton. Surely you are not quarrelling about her?"

"You are always so absurd, Norman; who is quarrelling?" cried his wife, fretfully.

"I heard enough to know what the fuss is about," said Major Beresford, sternly. "And this I will say: that Esther is to have every scrap of pleasure that comes in her way. The Staniers were her mother's friends, not ours. And as for your sister, let me hear no more of her gossip about my daughter. Monica, this is not like you to be so unkind."

"Oh, Esther, I did not mean to be so; forgive me, and let us be happy together. All these worries are so bad for my poor nerves," said Mrs. Beresford, with a sob. "Only when Eleanor comes here she always makes black seem white if she only talks long enough."

"Then don't let Eleanor in here at all. And now let us come to lunch, my dear, for I want to take Esther to the tennis this afternoon at Sa Maison, and you too if you will come."

But Mrs. Beresford shook her head. "I will come another day, Norman, but I must have perfect quiet this afternoon, as I feel very upset."

It was a very charming lunch table that presented itself to Major Beresford's eyes when they entered the dining-room, and round it were seated five well-dressed children; while Delaney, sheepishly regarding his master, stood at attention in the background.

"Thanks, Essie," he said, with a sudden smile that lighted up his whole face. "Monica, this is just like old days."

And so it came to pass that Major Beresford took with him that afternoon to the tennis tournament in the ditch of the fortification, two well-dressed women. For Esther had arranged her stepmother's hair and re-trimmed her hat in a most becoming fashion, and the lace fichu that had been one of Mme. de la Prouse's gifts, was draped upon the bodice of the blue dress with admirable effect.

Mrs. Galton was sitting in a corner with her daughters when the Beresford party arrived. "Why, who on earth has Esther got with her, Sybil?" she said, putting up her long glasses. "Quite a nice-looking—why, it's Monica!"

The shock of the realisation of her sister's transformation took all the power from her limbs, and it was not until Mrs. Beresford sat surrounded by a little party of friends that her sister came to greet her. But her presence was so evidently unwished for, that she retired in confusion to her corner, wondering why a woman who could look as smart as Monica Beresford, should ever sink into the untidy invalid of her daily life.

"What has aunt Monica done to herself?" said Sybil in a stage whisper to her discomfited mother.

"Gone out of her wits, I rather think, my dear," replied her mother, tartly. "Fancy a lace fichu with her figure."

"I think she looks very nice," said Sybil, with unexpected vigour. "And I am going over there to talk to Esther."

And in spite of Carrie's ill-natured insinuation that it was not Esther's society that her sister desired, but the society of Esther's little court of young men, it was true that Sybil Galton felt something like real affection for the girl who had shown her how brightly an unselfish life might shine in the world's dark night.

TO BE CONTINUED

MR. E. STEWART, Dominion Superintendent of Forestry, has been telling the Agricultural Committee at Ottawa some strange tales about the Mackenzie River Basin. At Fort Providence, 550 miles north of Edmonton, he saw wheat in milk on July 15th. It was harvested on July 28th. He also saw tomatoes, potatoes and peas growing there. Even at the mouth of the Mackenzie he found spruce, poplar and birch and declares there is much timber in that extensive country.

* *

It appears from correspondence submitted to Parliament that there is still hope for preferential trade between Canada and Australia. Canada is willing to extend British preference to Australia and asks for favours on fish, lumber, paper and agricultural implements. An arrangement may be arrived at when the Imperial conference meets in London in April.

* *

It is hard to see just what the Anglican Church hopes to gain in Alberta by the protest which it has made to the Provincial Government in regard to Separate Schools. It complains because the Roman Catholics have been given special privileges which are denied to other denominations. If the Act creating the province makes this discrimination necessary, what can the Government of Alberta do?

* *

Alberta is beginning to look after its fish and game. A protective association has been formed with Rev. G. H. Hogbin as president and it will recommend a two-year closed season for sheep and goats.

* *

On her latest voyage, the Empress of Britain made the trip from Liverpool to Halifax in 5½ hours less than six days.

In 1872, Mr. L. A. Robitaille invested \$3,000 or thereabouts in some timber limits; the other day he sold these limits in the county of Bonaventure for about \$400,000. How much better it would have been if the Quebec Government had held them in trust for the people!

* *

Sir Louis Jette, Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec, was last week presented with an address by the Montreal Bar on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of his admission to the practice of law. Sir Louis will always be remembered for his excellent fight on behalf of Canada in the case of the Alaskan Boundary Arbitration.

* *

At the second luncheon of the Edmonton Canadian Club, Warden McCauley, ex-Mayor, spoke of "Edmonton's Ups and Downs." In 1871, the N. W. M. Police came into the district and settled at Fort Saskatchewan, much to the chagrin of the few settlers at Edmonton. In 1880, Frank

Oliver (now Hon.) brought in the first printing press and began to print a small quarto paper. In 1881, the first portion of the town site was surveyed. Up to that time the people had been squatters only.

* *

The Text-Book Commission of Ontario has handed in its report. It praises the free text-book system which obtains in the city of Toronto, in the Province of Manitoba and in the leading cities and states of the Union. It deprecates the quality of the present text-books and declares that they are not up to the standard of the United States or Great Britain. Better books at lower prices is the anticipation aroused by their comments and recommendations. It is pleasant to know that the Commission believes that just as good books may be produced in Canada as elsewhere if the authorities insist on an equally high standard. The chairman of the Commission was Mr. T. W. Crothers, K.C., of St. Thomas, a barrister who has always taken a keen interest in public affairs.

* *

Last Friday evening, Dr. Haanel, Superintendent of Mines for the Dominion, lectured before the Canadian Club of Hamilton on "Electric Smelting." The Doctor thinks that with cheap electricity and plenty of iron ore, Canada ought to beat the world. Canada has been importing iron in very large quantities and is doing so even yet; but if she can take advantage of the new "Electric" process, she ought to be manufacturing all her own supply in a very few years.

* *

Hon. August Tessier, Treasurer of the Province of Quebec, had a pleasant task the other day. He told the Legislature that between July 1st of 1906 and January 21st of 1907, the provincial pocket-book showed a surplus of over \$800,000.

* *

At the annual banquet of the McGill law students, the Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick, Chief Justice of Canada, spoke strongly of the increase of national feeling and national self-reliance in every part of the country. The Chief Justice is an enthusiast on behalf of a united, prosperous and self-reliant people.

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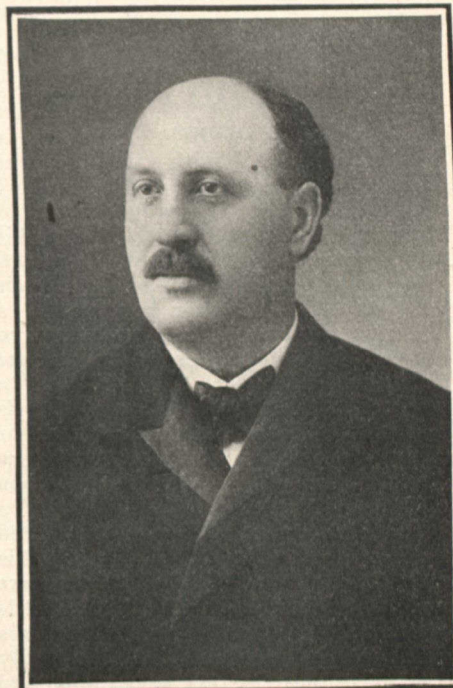
Sir Mackenzie Bowell should be ashamed. He has brought it about that members of the Canadian Senate must attend its meetings before they may draw their pay. How ridiculous!

* *

A hotel in Ottawa has lost its license because it sold or gave liquor to a constable while on duty. This is said to be the first case of its kind in Canada.

* *

The Ontario Bank case is over. The General Manager, Mr. McGill, goes to Penitentiary for five years. The president, Mr. Cockburn, is acquitted. There are those who think the two gentlemen were let off too lightly, but after all to be concerned in such a drama must be nearly sufficient punishment for all concerned—especially for the president and other directors. The result of the case should be that



Mr. C. H. McIntyre
A Canadian by birth, now living in Boston, who contributes to this issue an article on the system of Civil Service in Massachusetts.

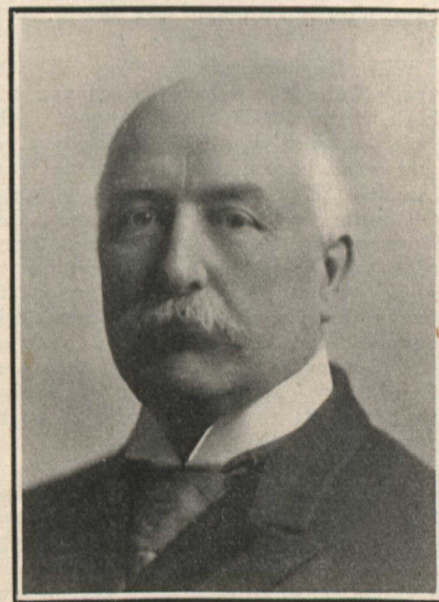
hereafter bank directors will direct and not be putty figures on the mantel shelf.

* *

The people of Hamilton have, like so many other cities, a quarrel with the company which supplies light and power. The Council got real angry the other day, and the Company promised to reduce prices. They added "co-operation is better than a state of chronic hostility"—a wise remark which other Canadian corporations dealing in public service might profitably echo.

* *

Superintendent Scott of the Immigration Department states that the reports of suffering in the West from lack of fuel are exaggerated. The Police, who are closely in touch with every district, find few cases of real suffering. There is no doubt, however, that people were not so forehanded as they should have been.



Mr. T. W. Crothers, K.C.
of St. Thomas, Chairman of the Ontario Text-Book Commission.

Canadian Sport

EDWARD DURNAN, the stalwart young Canadian, is now in Australia, with the avowed purpose of bringing the sculling championship of the world back to Canada. It cannot be said that his pilgrimage has as yet aroused any great enthusiasm in his native land but this is rather because of a lingering doubt as to his ability to accomplish his purpose than because Canadians have lost their love of a good oarsman. Interest in rowing is not dead in Canada, but for a number of years it has been resting very peacefully. Since the days when Hanlan was in a class by himself, a little later when O'Connor appeared to have all possible rivals at his mercy and later still when stalwart Jake Gaudaur carried the coveted title of champion of the world to the lakes of New Ontario, Canadians had sadly concluded that the race of oarsmen had petered out. Then came Tom Sullivan, the portly proprietor of an English "pub," all the way to Toronto Bay to try conclusions with Eddie Durnan. The latter defeated him handily. The race created old-time interest, was witnessed by an old-time crowd, and gathered one of the greatest fleets of pleasure craft ever seen in Toronto waters.

Then the old-time critics began to sit up and take notice. They discovered that Durnan's sculling had all the finish that made his uncle Edward Hanlan famous. At one bound Durnan sprang from the second class of oarsmen into a likely candidate for world's honours. Another bound carried him to Australia to wrest from Towns the title the latter had won from good old Jake Gaudaur at Rat Portage. Naturally Canadians still doubt Durnan's "class." Of course a similar doubt still clings to Towns. Was it he or old age that beat Jake Gaudaur? However, Towns has defended his title against the best scullers his native Australia could produce. He is the best there. Durnan is the best Canada has. And Australia and Canada have long enjoyed pretty nearly a monopoly of the champion oarsmen of the world.

Will Durnan win? To tell the truth Canadian hopes do not run too high. Australia has proved the grave rather than the realisation of just such hopes. It was there Hanlan fell. It was to an Australian O'Connor had to admit defeat. Can Durnan do better? Finished oarsman that he is has he the physique to stand the strain, the constitution to brave the climate? These queries will be answered on March 2nd next on the Nepeau River N. S. W. Till then, Canadians can only keep on hoping that the good old days are about to come again.

The visit of the Capital Lacrosse Club of Ottawa to England this spring brings home to Canadians the rapid strides our national game is making in the affections of the natives of other lands. England has one hundred lacrosse clubs and there are others in Ireland and Scotland. In the United States almost every college plays the game, while one of

them, Johns Hopkins has discarded all other sports in its favour. In addition to this there are clubs in New York, Chicago, St. Paul, Seattle, San Francisco and other places. In short it has gone into the realms of cricket, baseball and football and won its place—a place too that is rapidly growing bigger. It is a game Canadians can be proud of.

But to return to the Capitals' visit. Other teams have been there before them, the Torontos twice and the Brooklyn Crescents once. All these teams have been hospitably received and royally entertained. The Capitals will doubtless get the same glad hand. But there is this one difference. The former visiting teams were all purely amateur while the Capitals are straight professionals. Now lacrosse in England is run on the strictest amateur lines. In fact it is played for pleasure nearly altogether and for exhibition purposes hardly at all. Naturally the question arises, "In the land where a cricket professional has his initials amputated and is looked upon as belonging to another class to the gentleman amateur, will the lacrosse professional be treated in the same way?" Of course the English lacrosse associations have discussed the matter of playing the professional visitors and decided to go on with the game. This rather makes the Capitals their guests and with their reputation as hosts to sustain they may come to see that a man may accept remuneration for playing lacrosse and yet be a gentleman.

Winnipeg Bonspiel is on this week—spell it with a big "B" for it is the greatest gathering of its kind on earth or rather on ice. It is Winnipeg's winter fair with curling stones taking the place of cattle and crazy quilts. Men with brooms and stones, broad Scotch bonnets and broader accent—generally handpicked for the occasion—gather to it from all parts of Canada and various states in the neighbouring republic. But of course most of them come from Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. These come not alone. They bring their wives and families with them, and while the men curl and shout themselves hoarse on the ice the women hunt for bargains in the big stores of the metropolis of the west.

But even the pleasures of shopping pale before the fascination of the roarin' game and night after night sees the rinks crowded with the wives and daughters and sweethearts of the players who follow every shot and shout their encouragement or waft their silent sympathy as the fortunes of the fight do vary. They get the curling fever—that enthusiasm that even thirty below cannot cool. Winnipeg is saturated with it this week and to be a Dunbar or a Bredin, or to defeat one of these kings of the curling game is a greater honour than monarchs can confer. Winnipeg's Bonspiel is rapidly becoming as much of a national institution as Toronto Exhibition.

Next Tuesday brings the finals for the Ontario Tankard, the blue ribbon

of the Ontario Curling Association, that biggest of all Canadian sporting bodies with its ninety-two clubs and four thousand playing members. And this year's finals are a remarkable demonstration of the uncertainties of curling. Of the eight group winners this year only Toronto Granites were in the finals a year ago. Lindsay, Galt and Dundas, who have monopolised the Tankard for the last five years all went down and out in the primaries, while other strong clubs will see their places taken by comparative novices. For instance, Barrie, Preston and East Toronto Aberdeens are all group winners for the first time. Guelph Union, another survivor, got into the select eight once before away back about '86. Detroit has been in the final stages just once and only for a few minutes. Southampton and Paris, the other two, have both been here more than once and the latter has actually carried off the Tankard but neither could be called a regular attendant. However, there are some grand curlers among the new comers and it would not be at all surprising to see one of them carry off the coveted trophy.

Last week there was formed in Montreal a new governing body in sport and the chief clause in its constitution provided that its clubs could play amateurs and professionals on the same team. This shows the trend of sport in Canada under the influence of that commercialism that is everywhere epidemic. Where the first seeds of professionalism were sown in Canadian sport no one can say definitely. Old Montrealers declare that while they were yet young, men who starred on champion lacrosse teams could spend more money than they could earn at their daily work. Consequently the national game may have started the hunt for the almighty dollar that is fast becoming a large part of all strenuous sports. However that may be, players in lacrosse, hockey and football—baseball never made any pretence to being amateur—have been quietly getting something more substantial than applause for years.

And if the lacrosse men were the first to sow the seed they were also the first to throw off all pretence to amateurism. The Canadian Lacrosse Association did it first for its seniors. The National Lacrosse Union came next. They evidently proved that their course was a wise one for the Eastern Canadian Hockey Association followed suit and the Manitoba body fell in line though the Winnipegs and Victorias seceded and clung to the name "amateur."

Nor is this the end. The larger towns in Ontario are clamouring for professional hockey: the C. L. A. with its hundred junior and intermediate clubs says, "we are amateur" and closes one eye knowingly. In fact the only sporting bodies that try to enforce the amateur laws strictly and impartially are the rowing clubs and the Ontario Hockey Association. And alas and alack, even all of these are not above suspicion.

Some More Thoughts
on Advertising
By the Manager

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The Canadian Courier

For the Children

Story of St. Valentine

LONG ago there lived a priest by the name of Valentine. This good man was noted in all the country round for his kindness. He nursed the sick, comforted the sorrowing and was always ready to give help to anyone who was in need. Valentine dearly loved the children, and those who went to him for food or clothes were never turned away. After this kind priest became too old to go about among his people he was very sad because he thought he could no longer be of any help to them. Then he remembered that he could write loving messages to the sick and sorrowing. Soon his friends began to watch for the kind words which were sure to come whenever sorrow or gladness entered their homes. Even the little children would say when they were sick, "I think Father Valentine will send me a letter to-day." But after a time no more letters were received, and soon the news went abroad that good old Valentine was dead. Then everyone said that such a kind man was good enough to be called a saint and from that day to this he has been known as Saint Valentine.

It was not long before people began to keep his birthday by sending loving messages to their friends. The notes and letters containing these messages were called Valentines.

This all happened years ago, but good Saint Valentine is still remembered, for every year we keep his birthday on the 14th of February.

* *

Dorothy's Valentine

Wee Dorothy sits by the little stand,
With paper smooth and white,
A pencil held close in the chubby hand,
Her eyes with smiles were bright.

She has drawn a tree, and painted green
The leaves of a vivid hue,
Her flowers are the brightest ever seen
Their size is marvellous, too.

She wonders if papa will ever know
From whom the picture came,
For mamma says that it must go
Without the sender's name.

Her work, she thinks, is rather grand,
For a little girl, you see,
And secretly hopes he will understand
"To papa dear, from me."

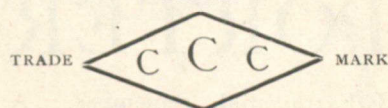
* *

What is Ice ?

"Susie, what is ice?" the teacher said,
To the little girl standing at the head,
Who twisted each finger, and wriggled each toe,
Then blushing said "I guess I don't know."

Then up went the hand of rosy cheeked May;
"Well," said the teacher, "what do you say?"
As if telling a secret that was too good to keep,
May answered, "It's water that's fast asleep."

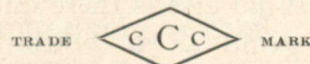
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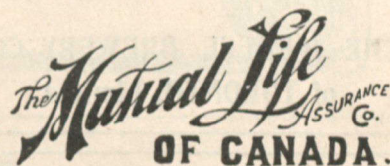
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| Assets - - | \$ 9,296,092 | \$10,885,539 | \$ 1,089,447 |
| Income - - | 1,956,518 | 2,072,423 | 115,905 |
| Surplus* - | 952,001 | 1,208,378 | 249,377 |
| Insurance in Force † | 44,197,954 | 46,912,407 | 2,712,453 |
| Expense ratio to Income | 17.8% | 16.34% | 1.46% |

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MUSIC & THE DRAMA

AT the time of going to press, the Mendelssohn Choir concert of Monday evening is the only event of the cycle to which reference may be made. The performance of the opening night gave the immense audience assurance of the artistic progress which is the ideal of this organisation whose conductor is a firm believer in the policy of "lifting better up to best." Last Saturday, the Pittsburg Symphony Orchestra under Mr. Emil Paur arrived in Toronto and rehearsed with the Choir in the evening, the visiting conductor being given such harmonious welcome as only the Mendelssohnians can bestow.

The two numbers from previous concerts presented on Monday night were Mendelssohn's setting of the Psalm, "Judge Me, O God!" and Gounod's "By Babylon's Wave." Those who heard the latter in Toronto and Buffalo last February, could hardly have believed in a more surflike climax, but on Monday night the waves dashed higher and broke in more prismatic spray, if so untechnical a metaphor be admitted.

The most impressive number of the first programme was Humperdinck's setting of Heine's, "The Pilgrimage to Kevlaar," which proved a revelation of pure and tender emotionalism. Mr. George Hamlin sang the lover's lament with fine appreciation of its plaintive tragedy while Madame Corinne Rider-Kelsey in the semi-devotional passages, the utterances of the mother, showed a clarity of melodious interpretation that charmed the audience. Again in Bruch's "Jubilate" Mrs. Kelsey achieved an artistic triumph, while the choral work formed an exquisite background for the solo performance. Nor was Sir Edward Elgar forgotten. His militant "The Challenge of Thor" was given with a spirit that fired the hearers whose applause elicited "Scots Wha Hae" by way of encore. Macfarren's quaintly droll "You stole My Love" was an excellent exhibition of the Choir's flexibility in its debonaire style of humorous interpretation.

The purely orchestral part of the programme introduced several novel numbers, Wagner's "Faust" overture being one of the most remarkable, although the supreme orchestral work was shown in the production of Chabrier's "Espana," a rhapsodie which presents rhythmical difficulties to which genius alone can give satisfactory rendering. Schumann's "Traumerei" as given in encore hardly seems like the hackneyed composition heard many a time and oft, but a veritable dream harmony floating through the "ivory gates and golden." The orchestra is improving yearly in all departments and is now a noble community of musical talent conducted by a man whose memory and magnetism are matter for wonder. If all the precious notes of Beethoven's "Ninth Symphony" were to disappear from the earth to-night, Mr. Emil Paur could be reproducing them before to-morrow. The enthusiastic admiration with which he is regarded in



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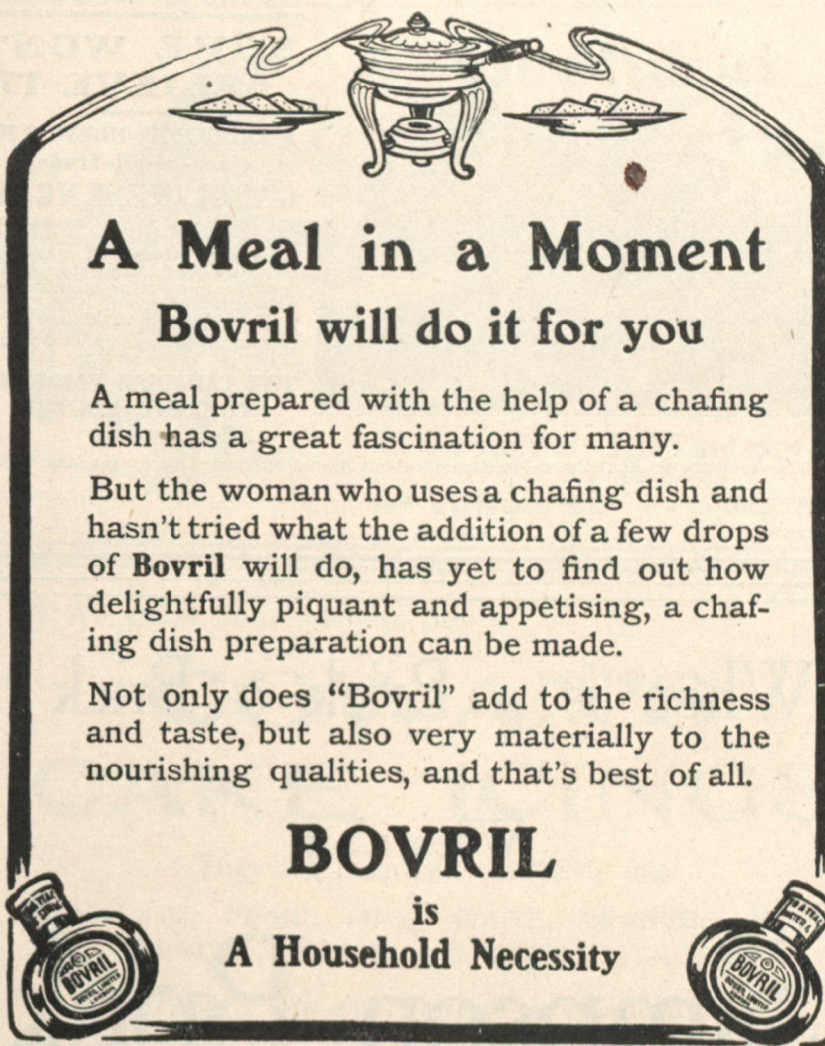
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Last week at Ottawa was full of dramatic and musical interest. Monday night belonged entirely to Ottawa and the D.F.P. Minstrels (Decidedly Funny People) gave a performance which was one of the best of that class of entertainment to which Mr. T. P. Murphy was the most hilariously successful contributor. Following this, came the play, "Gringoire," as presented by the French Dramatic Club of Ottawa. Mr. Victor Dubreuil as "Louis XI." and Mr. A. E. Charron as "Pierre Gringoire," the daring, rollicking poet, were especially pleasing to the audience. On Tuesday night, the Quebec Symphony Orchestra appeared under the direction of Mr. Joseph Vezina, rendering their programme in such style as roused the greatest enthusiasm and leaving little doubt with those who cared to prophesy, that the musical trophy would go to the ancient capital. The "Danse Macabre" (Saint Saens) was given with an artistic finish that would have put many a professional orchestra in the background. The dramatic performance was given by the St. Mary's Dramatic Club of Halifax who chose for the occasion "Captain Swift," a four-act comedy, which had to be considerably "cut," owing to time limits, but which nevertheless was found a source of genuine entertainment.

On Thursday night, the musicians were represented by the Band of the 1st Battalion Newfoundland Regiment Church Lads' Brigade, which, under Captain Snow, created a decidedly favourable impression in a programme which was mainly of cheerfully "popular" character. The Garrick Club of Hamilton distinguished itself in two comedies, "The Deacon" and "Sweet Kitty Clive," the acting of Miss Carrie Crerar in the latter being of the best histrionic order. Undoubtedly the Hamiltonians made the finest showing from Ontario and fully sustained the traditions of the city which has a record for championships.

Owing to the death of Mr. Timothy Eaton, the company from the Margaret Eaton School of Literature and Expression, under Mrs. Scott Raff's direction, withdrew from the contest and a Toronto troupe under Colonel Septimus Denison heroically appeared on Friday evening to give a performance of "His Excellency the Governor," by Captain Marshall. The St. Lambert Choral Society of Montreal represented the musical competitors.

On Saturday night there was a double dramatic event, the University Club of Montreal presenting the Shaw play, "Arms and the Man," and the members of the Winnipeg Club carrying all before them in "The Release of Allan Danvers," a play written especially for the competition by Major Devine and Messrs. Blue and Beaufort. Mr. Ernest Beaufort played "Danvers" magnificently, while Miss Daisy Crawley as "Margaret Boulton" shared honours with Miss Carrie Crerar and indeed the Hamilton company trod very closely on the heels of the victorious Westerners. So, the dramatic trophy was won by Winnipeg and the musical honours went to Quebec and there was not a cavilling voice as to the decision of the judges.



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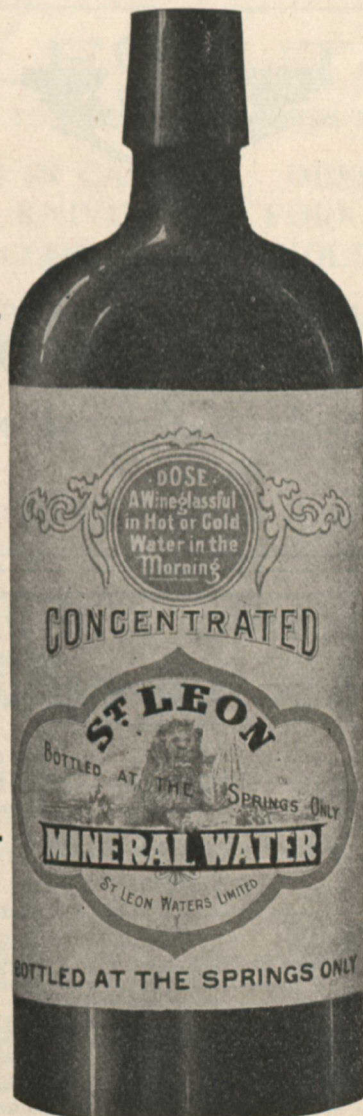
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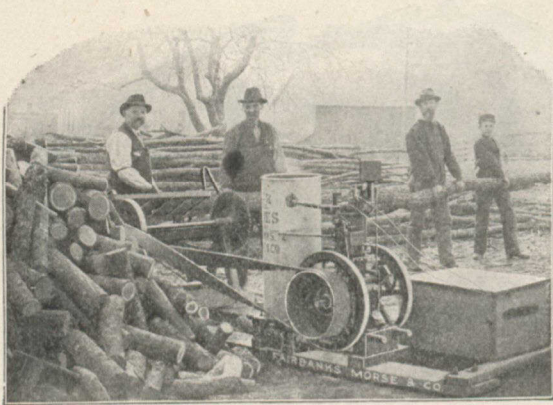
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When Armand Gets Gay

There once was a chap called Lavergne Who spoke out quite saucy and stern.

Said his Leader: "My boy You will kindly employ Yourself in some other concern."

Then said this young man named Lavergne:

"Your counsel I promptly do spurn. I stand by my friend To the bitterest end And for Party I don't give a darn."

—J. G.

* *

Vogt's Angels

A small boy whose father belongs to the Mendelssohn Choir and who has heard a great deal during the last month about the doings of that famous organisation, asked the other evening how the angels occupied themselves in the abode of the blest.

"They sing and then I suppose they rest—and then they sing again," his maiden aunt informed him.

"Do you suppose Daddy's goin' there?" was the next question.

"Well—sometime" was the startled reply.

"I guess the angels will look pretty cheap when the Mendelssohn Choir gets there" was the youngster's next surmise. "My! Won't they holler when they get to Heaven!" Evidently the small boy has a most flattering estimate of the personal, as well as the artistic qualities of the champion choir.

* *

A Blooming Joke

Several Conservative members of the Ontario Legislature were discussing the new Liberal Leader as the bland Brockvillian smiled across the House.

"He's the flower of his party," said one of them.

"Yes—the Graham flower," commented a second, while a third fell to the floor in a fit.

* *

He Did Not Write

Said gentle George E. Foster To Aylesworth, just and kind, "We'd like to know, my worthy friend,

Why you had us in mind. We want the stuff you wrote to Shep.

About the Foresters Which made him get so awfully keen

And urge Commissioners To find out where the money

Had come from in those deals That really were the simplest thing

To raise such horrid squeals." But Aylesworth winked serenely

And said: "It seems to me The notes I wrote to Shepley

Were verbal—don't you see?"

—J. G.

* *

The Soul of Wit

The shortest correspondence on record took place between Victor Hugo and his publisher, just after the publication of "Les Miserables." The poet, impatient to learn the success of the book, sent off a letter which contained nothing but a sign of interrogation—"?" He received the entirely satisfactory answer "!"

It is told of a certain statesman who likes direct methods that he pro-

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* *

A Striking Departure

The English "Bystander" is of the opinion that if the New York newspapers take up the example set by a Kalamazoo paper and by the New York Stock Exchange of opening the day's work with hymns, a new meaning will be given to "Hark! the 'Herald' angels sing."

* *

Pertinent Examples

At a western college, a pupil undergoing an examination in English, had been instructed to write out examples of the indicative, the subjunctive, the potential and the exclamatory moods. His effort resulted as follows: "I am endeavouring to pass an English examination. If I answer twenty questions I shall pass. If I answer twelve questions I may pass. God help me!"

* *

What She Wanted

An old coloured woman was seriously injured in a railway accident. One and all her friends urged the necessity of suing the wealthy railroad corporation for damages. "I clar' to gracious," she scornfully replied to their advice, "eff dis ole nigga ain't done git more'n nuff o' damages! What I'se wantin' now and what I'se done gwine to sue dat company foh is repairs."

* *

An Awful Warning

There was a bum basso named Young, Unpleasantly strong in the lounge.
One day in Wyoming
He sang in the gloaming
And when he had soung they hounng Young.
—Sphinx.

* *

A Judicial Epigram

Even the chancery courts have sometimes been illumined by judicial wit. Lord Justice Knight Bruce, who was a born epigrammist, was the author of the well-known lines:
The curate's eyes our ladies praise.
I never see their light divine.
He always shuts them when he prays,
And, when he preaches, closes mine.

* *

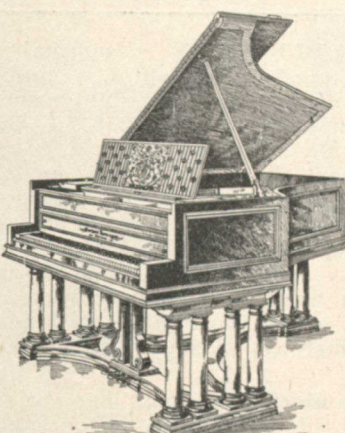
Willie Again

Little Willie's sister was being baptised. Everything went well until Willie happened to catch a glimpse of the water in the font, when he began peering about anxiously, and finally exclaimed in a piping voice, audible to the whole congregation:
"Where's the soap?"

* *

Righteous Anger

The attitude of the modern "high financier" is shown by the St. Louis boodler who, after accepting \$25,000 to vote against a certain franchise, was offered a larger sum to vote for it. He did so, but returned the first bribe. He was asked on the witness-stand why he had given it back.
"Because it wasn't mine!" he exclaimed, flushing with anger, "I hadn't earned it."



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Literary Notes

A PUBLICATION of unusual interest is the February number of the "University Magazine," a continuation of the "McGill University Magazine," which will be issued quarterly. As defined on the editorial page: "The main purpose of the magazine is to express an educated opinion upon questions immediately concerning Canada; and to treat freely in a literary way all matters which have to do with politics, industry, philosophy, science and art."

This ambitious purpose has bright prospect of attainment if one may take the contents of the present magazine as indicative of future achievement. In the eleven articles presented for public consideration there is such a variety of subject, such a distinction of literary style that all intelligent classes in the community should find the "University Magazine" a source, not only of enlightenment, but of entertainment. "The Psychology of American Humour" by Professor Leacock is a discriminating piece of analysis which any periodical might welcome to its pages. This magazine, while not appealing to those who revel in yellow journalism, the comic supplement and the sensational inaccuracy of the cheap monthly, is by no means exclusively or coldly academic. The initial number, "What Will the West do with Canada?" by Mr. E. W. Thomson, shows how closely the "University Magazine" intends to keep to national interests and movements. After a consideration of the various disabilities and anomalies with which Canada has struggled, the writer concludes with playful enthusiasm:

"As the threatening kings, and queens and knaves, and all their following of low degree vanished, when Alice in Wonderland cried, 'Why you're only a pack of cards,' so all that seemed stacked against Canada have disappeared. Or, to continue changing metaphors, the Dominion is as the Dimbula, the tight little ship that found herself after a distressful voyage."

Mr. Adrien Le Maistre in "A Revelation of the Obvious," has written an article on the art of painting in Canada which every citizen who is interested in more than our material development would do well to read and ponder. Such reflections as this give one suggestive pause: "The canons of art are not local in their application. Indeed, it is a proof of our appreciation of Canadian art that we treat it as part of the art of the world, not as a thing, which is to be 'encouraged' by such praise as a drawing-master bestows upon a child."

Mr. A. H. U. Colquhoun contributes an interesting article on Virginia in "A Home of Lost Causes," characterised by fair-mindedness and political insight. Among the critical essays none is written with more lucidity and grace than a paper on "Ferdinand Brunetiere" by Professor Pelham Edgar. Indeed, as the reader concludes this last article, there is but one regret—that the "University Magazine" will not bloom again until the first of May. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company.)

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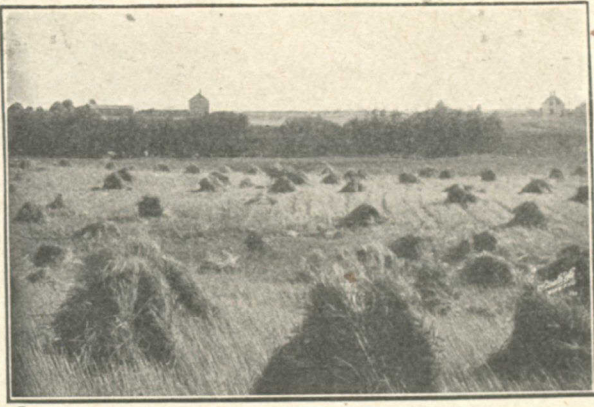
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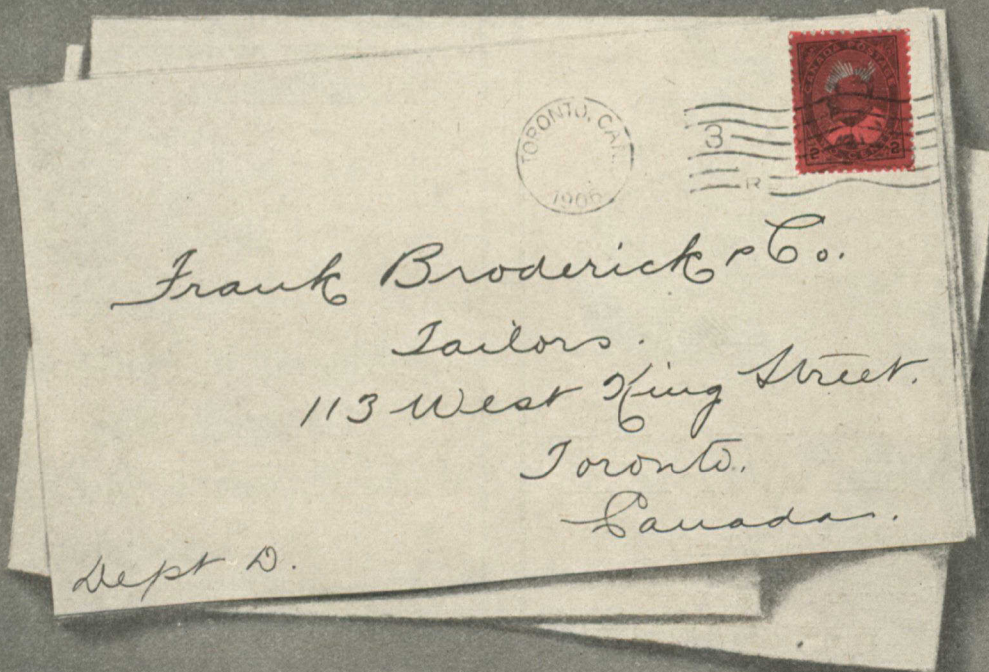
BRODERICK'S

\$ 22 50

BUSINESS SUITS

WORN FROM COAST TO COAST

WRITE TODAY FOR SAMPLES AND MEASUREMENT CHART



Sept 10.