

Vol. VI, No. 8

July 24th, 1909

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# The Canadian **Courier**

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



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## Editor's Talk

**A** MID all this talk of flags, of gunboats on the Great Lakes, and of international tariffs, it is pleasant to be able to publish a letter and some photographs showing that our relations are still pleasant. Canada and the United States appreciate each other more truly to-day than ever before. The governments may have differences; but the peoples will always treat each other considerately. Last week it was the Champlain celebration; this week it is the visit of the Christian Endeavourists to Denver and Salt Lake City.

Dr. Richards will follow up this letter with others telling of their experiences at Seattle where the international conference has just been held. The editor is pleased to have the material, because it is always more pleasant to talk of good-will than of strife. The new tariff may be rather antagonistic but that is a habit of tariffs and tariff-makers. Customs revenues are national necessities on this continent; and matters of business must be kept distinct from matters of sentiment and feeling.

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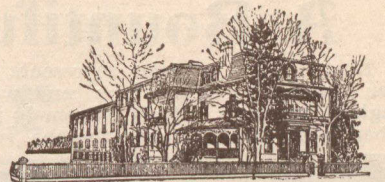
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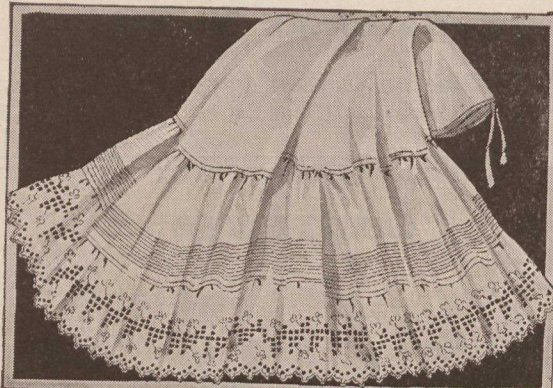


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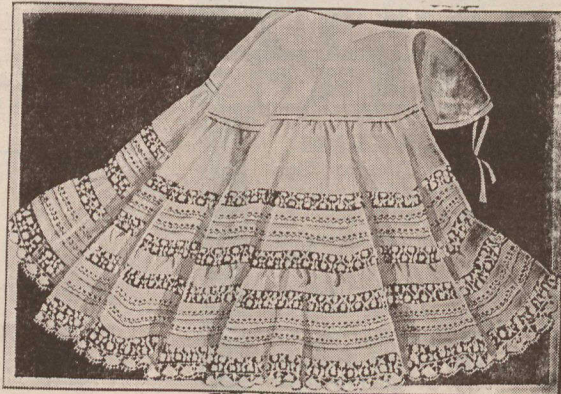
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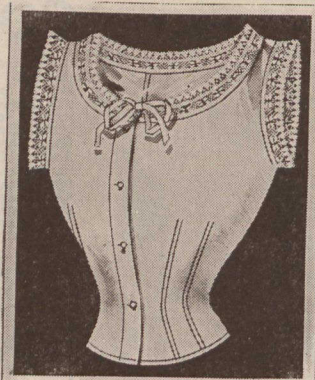
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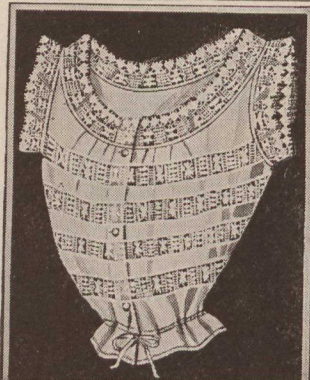
**R1-2653. Women's *Acme* Skirts**, made of soft finished cotton, French band, deep flounce of fine lawn with two rows of fine lace insertion and two hemstitched tucks, also frill of lawn with one row of fine lace insertion, two hemstitched tucks and edge of fine wide lace, dust ruffle. Lengths 38, 40 and 42 inches. **Sale Price 1.10**



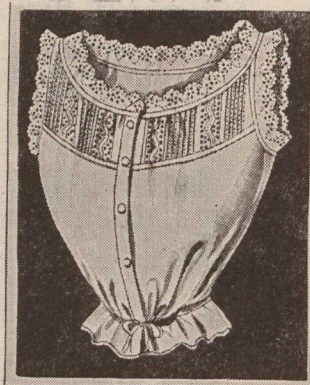
**R1-1651. Women's *Acme* Gowns**, made of soft finished cotton, Mother Hubbard yoke of four clusters of fine tucks, four rows of lace insertion, neck and sleeves finished with frill of lace. Lengths 56, 58 and 60 inches. **Sale Price 49c**



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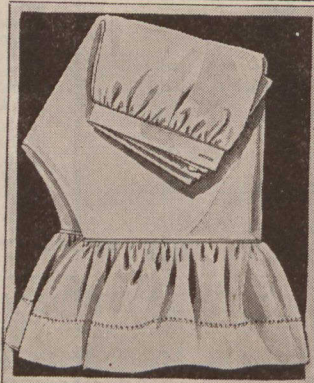
**R1-3652. Women's *Acme* Corset Covers**, made of fine cotton, full front, trimmed with four rows of lace insertion and frill of lace on neck and arms. Sizes 32 to 42 ins. bust measure. **Sale Price 33c**



**R1-3653. Women's *Acme* Corset Covers**, made of fine cotton, full front, round yoke of four rows of embroidery insertion, four clusters of five hemstitched tucks, frill of embroidery on neck and arms, sizes 32 to 42. **Sale Price 39c**



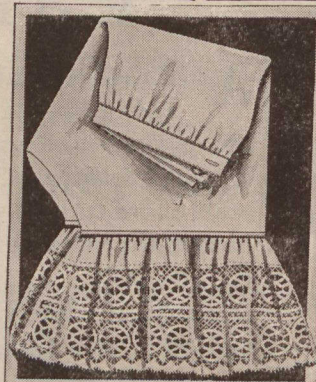
**R1-1652. Women's *Acme* Gowns**, made of soft finished cotton, slip-over style, finished with frill of fine embroidery and ribbon draw, elbow sleeves finished with frill of fine embroidery. Lengths 56, 58 and 60 ins. **Sale Price 59c**



**R1-4651. Women's *Acme* Drawers**, made of soft finished cotton, deep umbrella flounce of fine lawn with wide hemstitched hem, open or closed styles. Sizes 25 and 27 ins. **Sale Price 22c**



**R1-3654. Women's *Acme* Corset Covers**, made of fine nainsook, full front, finished with two rows of fine lace insertion, one row of fine embroidery, beading and ribbon, neck finished with fine lace, beading and ribbon, frill of lace on neck and arms. Sizes 32 to 42 ins. bust. **Sale Price 55c**



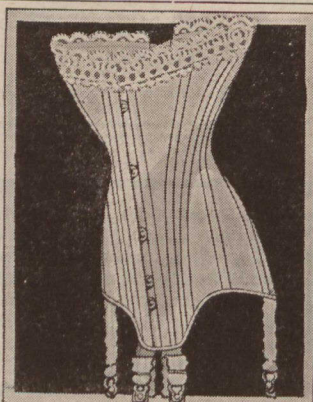
**R1-4653. Women's *Acme* Drawers**, made of soft finished cotton, flounce of fine cotton with one row of lace insertion and edge of wide lace, open or closed styles. Sizes 25 and 27 ins. **Sale Price 38c**



**R1-1654. Women's *Acme* Gowns**, made of soft finished cotton, Mother Hubbard style, yoke of six clusters of fine tucks, four rows of fine embroidery insertion, frill of fine embroidery down front and on neck and sleeves. Lengths 56, 58 and 60 ins. **Sale Price 95c**



**R1-4652. Women's *Acme* Drawers**, made of soft finished cotton, flounce of fine lawn with cluster of five tucks and frill of lawn with edge of wide lace, open or closed styles. Sizes 25 and 27 ins. **Sale Price 33c**



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**R1-1653. Women's *Acme* Gowns**, made of soft finished cotton, Mother Hubbard style, square neck finished with one row fine lace insertion and frill of fine lace, sleeves finished with frill of fine lace. Lengths 56, 58 and 60 inches. **Sale Price 69c**

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# Canadian Courier

## THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

VOL. 6

Toronto, July 24th, 1909

No. 8



### MEN OF TO-DAY

#### An Eminent Canadian Surgeon

THE medical fraternity from all quarters of the globe are about to congregate for the discussion of professional problems at the old-world city of Budapest, between the 29th of August and the 4th of September. Some of the Canadian delegates to the International Medical Congress are already on their way. Doctors Bruce, Aikins, Hamilton and Ryerson are Toronto men who sailed last week as representatives of the Ontario Government.

Dr. Herbert Bruce is a surgeon. He has been a surgeon exclusively during the whole of his medical career. His reputation ranks him among the first of Canadian operators. He succeeds where others fail because he is strong, steady and quick. Dr. Bruce came originally from Port Perry. He went to school there and as a boy was regarded as something of a phenomenon because he passed his high school entrance at ten years of age, and was a fully matriculated student of the University of Toronto five years later. Until he was eighteen, he was doing odd jobs in a drug store, rubbing up against practical life a little, and, on the side, absorbing some very useful knowledge for the career he had mapped out for himself. Then he came to Toronto and "plugged" straight medicine for four years, graduating finally with the gold medal. After that he was house surgeon at the Toronto General Hospital for a short period. He left the hospital wards to be surgeon of the C. P. R. steamship *Empress of Japan*. He roamed the Pacific for a considerable time in that good craft and then was off to London, England, to do a little more mental hustling. After two years there, he was awarded the rare F. R. C. S. degree. Since that time, Dr. Bruce has resided permanently in Toronto, where he holds the position of assistant professor of clinical surgery in the provincial university, and that of consulting surgeon to the Toronto General Hospital.

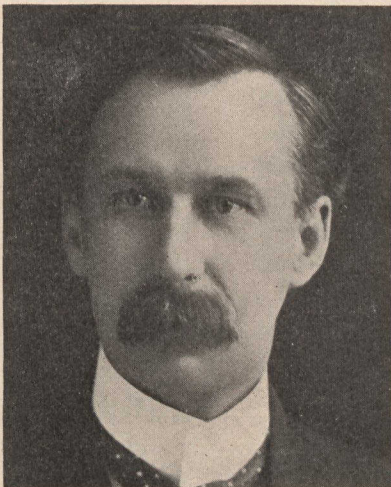
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#### The Canadian Secretary

DR. W. H. B. AIKINS is the secretary for Canada of the International Medical Congress. He held that position in 1906 when the big meeting was at Lisbon. Dr. Aikins has ever been actively interested in the big movements of his profession. His business acumen has been in demand by such important organizations as the British Medical Association, the Mississippi Valley Medical Association, the Canadian Medical Association, and the Ontario Medical Association—all of which he has served in some official capacity or other. Dr. Aikins is a son of the well-known westerner, the late Hon. J. C. Aikins, Senator, and ex-Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba. Upper Canada College, Toronto, looked after his general education till he received his medical aspirations. Then he was a student at the Toronto School of Medicine, and by 1881 was as full-fledged a doctor as the Queen City could make him. Next he journeyed to Europe and spent considerable time in post-graduate work at London, Edinburgh and Vienna. In 1884, he opened up an office at Toronto, and has continued there ever since, without interruption, except when occasionally he closes up to go abroad and take his college course over again investigating new discoveries, as his up-to-date habits compel him. Dr. Aikins and his



Dr. Herbert Bruce, Toronto,  
Delegate to Budapest.



Mr. J. S. McKinnon,  
Chairman-elect Toronto Branch of the  
Canadian Manufacturers' Association.



Dr. W. H. B. Aikins, Toronto,  
Secretary for Canada of the International  
Medical Congress to be held at Budapest.



Dr. H. J. Hamilton, Toronto,  
Delegate to Budapest.

fellow-delegates will endeavour to persuade the Congress to come to Canada at an early date. This would be an honour worth national consideration.

\* \* \*

#### An All-Round Medical Man

DR. H. J. HAMILTON is the kind of man in whom one would naturally confide tales of aches and pains. He is a general practitioner with a wide knowledge of country as well as city conditions. Like many another flourishing Canadian doctor, he prepared himself for the arduous labours of his profession by many a hard day's work on the paternal farm. Dr. Hamilton is a Peel County boy of United Empire Loyalist descent, born in 1863. He got his first notions of books at a cross-roads school-house and later at Brampton High School. He graduated in medicine from Toronto in 1886. Six years he cared for the sick of his own county, and then he entered a wider sphere of action at Toronto. He was president of the Ontario Medical Association for the year 1908.

\* \* \*

#### One of the Ryersons

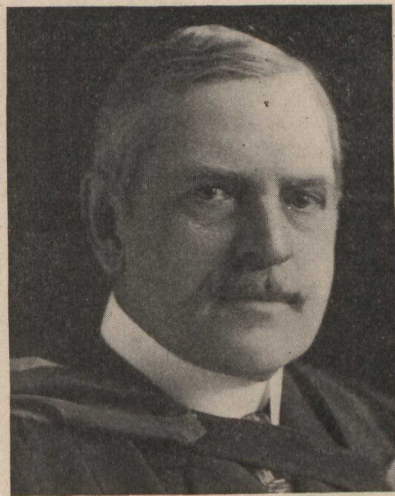
DR. GEORGE STERLING RYERSON'S love of learning comes in the natural course of events. Bookish dispositions run in the Ryerson family. Dr. Ryerson's father was a member of the "learned professions"—a minister of the church, and his uncle was the famed educator, Dr. Egerton Ryerson, of whom all Canadian boys studying history hear about at some time during their course. Dr. George Sterling Ryerson is a Torontonian by birth. He first went to school at Galt. He began his medical studies at New York, but shifted around between the United States, Canada and Europe in order to get a broad and varied training. His specialty is diseases of the eye and ear. At present, he instructs the embryo doctors of the University of Toronto in the mysteries of those diseases. Dr. Ryerson has attained to prominence outside the sphere of his profession. He has battled successfully as a politician; he ranks high in the Masonic order; and he is a soldier of note. His military career is conspicuous because of his founding of

the Canadian Red Cross Society. The Dominion Government are sending Dr. Ryerson to Budapest as the first Government representative of the Canadian Militia Medical Service to an International Medical meeting.

\* \* \*

#### A Prominent Toronto Business Man

MR. J. S. MCKINNON has done duty on most of the committees of the Toronto Branch of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association



Dr. Sterling Ryerson,  
Delegate to Budapest.

during the past few years. Last year he held the office of vice-chairman. The other day his fellow-members decreed that he should be chairman of their organisation for the ensuing year. Mr. McKinnon is silent and unobtrusive in manner. He absorbs himself thoroughly in his work and says little about it. Nevertheless he has performed with rare skill every piece of work, private or public, which has come to his hand. Mr. McKinnon's home town is the little village of Blyth in Huron County. It is a curious coincidence that Mr. W. K. McNaught, now of Toronto also, rose like Mr. McKinnon from the dim obscurity of a humble home near Blyth, to be chairman of the Toronto branch of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, and later to be president of the whole Dominion organisation. Mr. McKinnon's father kept a general store in the Blyth community, and



when Mr. McKinnon, Jr., was not at school, he was poking around among the store clothes, dry goods, and groceries. Thus he cultivated an inherited instinct for shop-keeping. For a considerable time now, Mr. McKinnon has been associated with his uncle, Mr. S. F. McKinnon, in an extensive business which has helped to make Toronto a centre of the millinery trade. Exclusive of commerce, Mr. McKinnon's activities find an outlet in family and club life. He is a member of the R. C. Y. C. and the National Club, Toronto.

## REFLECTIONS

**E**XHIBITIONS are now the order of the day. Out in the West the annual "fall fair" is held in the summer, between seed-time and harvest. In Ontario and the East the exhibition comes after the harvest is over. This difference in time gives a considerable contrast between the Western fair and the Eastern. The Western exhibition is made up of cattle, horse-racing, side-shows and people; the Eastern fair comprises all these elements and adds samples of the year's crop from field, orchard and garden.

The Western fairs have been fairly successful this year. The West has a natural buoyancy all its own, but this year's buoyancy is based upon a substantial hope. The most optimistic wheat estimate of any previous year was one-hundred and twenty million bushels. This year the most optimistic guess is that of Mr. D. D. Mann, Vice-President of the Canadian Northern Railway, who thinks the West may have one-hundred and forty million bushels of wheat. There is no doubt that the crop this year will be the largest in the history of Prairie Canada. That in itself is sufficient to explain the success of the Western fairs. The Winnipeg exhibition which closed last Saturday is said to be the most successful ever held in that city. The receipts were fourteen thousand dollars in excess of last year and the total attendance was one-hundred and fifteen thousand.

**T**HE Eastern exhibitions do not begin until the last Monday in August, when the Canadian National Exhibition of Toronto opens its gates. This year Lord Charles Beresford is to be the guest of honour and the chief features are to be military and naval. The success of this institution is something phenomenal. Its reputation has gone round the globe. It is known as the most successful annual exhibition in the world. It has a collection of permanent buildings which represent an investment of one million and a half; its annual attendance runs over a half million, and its receipts are sufficiently large to enable it to show an annual profit of about fifty thousand dollars.

The title, "National," is fully justified. Manufacturers from all over Canada make exhibits of their wares and almost every province in the Dominion is officially represented. It lacks many of the features of the local fair and possesses some of those which have given character to the world's fairs of the past. Indeed, it tends to become an international exhibition, because the manufacturers of Great Britain, Europe and the United States are beginning to take advantage of the opportunity which it offers to exhibit their products to the largest Canadian buyers. This year the British section is expected to be more comprehensive than any exhibition of British manufactures ever shown in this country.

**T**HE Canadian Press representatives had scarcely finished their work in Great Britain and sailed for home before the Canadian Bisley Team took up the task of keeping Canada's name to the front in the Motherland. This year's team is an excellent national advertisement. Its members have given practical demonstration of the ability of Canadians to hold their own in the use of the military rifle. By winning the McKinnon Cup for the second time in nineteen years they have proved that Canada has twelve rifle shots equal in ability to any twelve in England, Scotland, Ireland or any colony over seas, with the possible exception of Australia and New Zealand. If these two colonies had been represented this year at Bisley Canada's success might not have been so striking. In addition to this great victory they won the Kolapore Cup, which is an even greater honour. This Cup has been offered every year since 1871, and is considered to be one of the great prizes of this annual gathering. Moreover, in this competition, the Mother Country enters one team chosen from the whole of the United Kingdom and Ireland, whereas in the McKinnon Cup competition three teams are chosen, one from each of the three Kingdoms. The officials in charge of this year's Bisley Team are

to be congratulated in the success of their management, and the members of the team on the skill and courage which they have displayed.

Incidentally, the new pattern of the Ross Rifle, concerning which there has been so much discussion, has proved itself to be an excellent weapon. The lengthening of the barrel and the improvement of the sights have made it equal if not superior to the Lee-Enfield.

**S**PEAKING of rifle shooting, His Excellency the Governor-General has presented a Challenge Shield for Cadet competition. The Shield is to go to that town or city with five thousand inhabitants or over, or that recognised county in any of the Provinces not having within its county boundaries a town of five thousand inhabitants, which can show the greatest proportion of Cadets to its municipal (or county) population on the 24th of May, 1910. The Shield will be held by that Cadet Corps of the winning city, town or county which, upon inspection by the District Officer Commanding, or other selected military officer, shall show the greatest proficiency in military drill and rifle shooting.

**I**N a few months there is to be opened at Ottawa the new Victoria Memorial Museum which has been under construction for about four years. One of its chief features will be the National Art collection. This collection has been housed in Ottawa in a most inadequate fashion and has never attracted the attention which it deserves. Last year, in preparation for the opening of the new building, the Government appointed a special commission to select a number of paintings to be added to the present collection. This commission has been working steadily at its task and purchased a number of important pictures, some by Canadians and some by British and foreign artists.

What the National Art Gallery and the British Museum are to Great Britain, the Victoria Memorial Museum will be to Canada. It will take centuries to make our collection equal to those of the ancient and honourable institutions of London, Paris, Berlin and other European cities, but it should not require many years to gather together the material which will as truly represent Canadian culture as the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York and the Corcoran Art Gallery in Washington represent the culture of the United States. The Victoria Memorial Museum will be another evidence that Canadians are not wholly concerned with the growing of wheat and the bartering of natural and commercial products.

**T**HE Franco-Canadian treaty, which has been in process of making since September, 1907, has been finally approved by the French Parliament. It will not, however, come into force for some months, since the sub-convention arranged by the Hon. Mr. Fielding last January has not been ratified by the Canadian Parliament. This is only a small matter and will probably be arranged in a few hours when Parliament reassembles in November.

A despatch from Washington says that United States harvesting machinery makers will now be seriously handicapped in France by the preferential rates secured by Canadians. This preference varies from \$1.93 on a hay-rake to \$8.20 on a binder. The sender of the despatch failed to mention that the International Harvester Company, with its extensive branch factory at Hamilton, Ont., will be in a position to take advantage of the preferential rate to the same extent as the purely Canadian companies. Instead of filling the French orders in Chicago, they may fill them in Hamilton.

The treaty is a tribute to our developing diplomatic powers, whether or not it is a tribute to our commercial astuteness. It is the first great commercial treaty which Canada has negotiated direct with a foreign country. It is an invitation to other governments, desiring better access to this market, to enter into direct negotiations with the Canadian Ministers. Germany will certainly be the next. In all probability the early communications would pass through Downing Street, but as the negotiations advanced the British Government would allow, or shall we say encourage, the Canadian negotiators to deal direct with the German authorities. Such is the diplomatic autonomy which Great Britain in her wisdom now grants to her four great Dominions.

**T**HERE is one phase of this new diplomacy which is worth considering. Every new commercial treaty between a foreign nation and one of the newer British Dominions is a hostage to peace. If Germany, for example, had special commercial treaties with the



four Dominions, Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa; and if she realised that a war with Great Britain would mean a loss of these commercial advantages, she would be more inclined to hesitate before declaring war. The point may not bear much investigation, but it is certainly of some importance. Canon Henson, in his address to the Canadian Club of Winnipeg last week, pointed out that the trading classes of the civilised world are never likely to throw their influence with the scale of conflict. It follows, therefore, from this statement, that a considerable number of commercial treaties between Europe and the British Dominions would be obstacles in the way of an European country declaring war on Great Britain. Commerce creates jealousies, but it also creates mutual interests, and the latter would seem to be greater than the former. As the colonial markets develop, they will be a contribution to British defence of considerable moment.

**A**MERICAN coal companies are making headway in their sales along the St. Lawrence and the present strike at the Dominion Coal Company's mines must necessarily enlarge that trade. This is a situation which Nova Scotia cannot view with any particular pride. One-seventh of the annual value of Nova Scotia's products comes from her coal mines, and the St. Lawrence trade in coal is most valuable. In 1908, Nova Scotia sold 1,758,990 tons of coal on the St. Lawrence. A prolongation of the strike, occurring as it does, in the height of the shipping season, might mean a cutting of this trade in two.

**I**T is only recently that American bituminous coal began to find a market in the St. Lawrence. In 1906, the shipments by water amounted to only 39,800 tons. In 1907 this grew to 105,723, and in 1908 to 195,927 tons. This year there will be considerable increase. In addition to these water shipments, large quantities of American coal come in by rail, and the grand total of water and rail importations is said to have reached 1,295,000 tons in 1908.

Indeed, this American aggression in the St. Lawrence district has become so active that Mr. D. D. McKenzie, M.P. for North Cape Breton, stated in a speech in the House of Commons last March that

the miners of Nova Scotia had not had continuous employment last winter because of it. According to his summary of the situation, the trade was then in an unsatisfactory condition. This present ruinous strike must have a further injurious effect and must, if prolonged, seriously affect Nova Scotia's prosperity.

**O**F course, there is a measure of reciprocity in coal between the United States and Canada. The duty on coal going into the United States was reduced from \$1.25 in 1867, to 75 cents in 1882 and to 67 cents in 1897. Nevertheless, because of our own carelessness or because of keen competition, the sales of Nova Scotia coal to the United States have fallen from nearly a million tons in 1903 to less than half a million in 1908.

With the United States taking twelve per cent. and Quebec taking thirty-four per cent. of the product of the Nova Scotia mines, it is quite evident that the St. Lawrence trade is of supreme importance to Nova Scotia. In the light of these facts, it is not difficult to see why the Dominion Coal Company and the Nova Scotia authorities should be extremely worried over the present situation. A United States union comes in and causes a disastrous strike in a region which needs peace to enable it to successfully compete with its United States competitors. It is not necessary to charge that the U. M. W. A. is deliberately trying to ruin Nova Scotia coal trade in order to benefit the United States coal operators. If the effect is as stated, the intention does not signify.

**M**R. WILLIAM MACKENZIE, president of the Canadian Northern Railway, announces that he has completed financial arrangements for the new line from Niagara to Ottawa via Toronto. When the Canadian Pacific built its Montreal-Toronto line the people of Ontario thought it would either be unprofitable or would injure the Grand Trunk. They were wrong, and now they are willing to admit that a third line across Ontario will find a paying traffic.

The route from Toronto to Niagara will be over the Electrical Development right-of-way, and the remainder of the route to Ottawa was surveyed some time ago. Ontario will now be able to say "How do!" to the West, which has been getting most of the railway building.

## FRENCH-CANADIANS AND IMPERIALISM

*Editor Canadian Courier:*

SIR,—A truly Canadian journal is one that seeks to be the mouthpiece of all sections of our population. Your policy in publishing expressions of opinion on pertinent questions by representative members of the two great races that make up the citizenship of this country is, therefore, highly commendable.

I was much struck and pleased with the broad and tolerant spirit of the contribution in your last week's issue by one of French Canada's representative citizens in the person of Mr. L. J. Tarte, of this city. As one who has been privileged to associate with our fellow-citizens of French extraction, which association has extended to all classes, I share his regret that their loyalty to British interests and Imperialism has been made a matter for discussion. Our French-Canadian brethren are loyal to the core; but that is no reason for denying them the right to express an opinion when some question of vital interest to this country, and which will affect its future is being discussed. Although some may differ as to the utility of Canada contributing towards the building of Dreadnoughts, it does not follow by implication that on this account their loyalty or attachment to British institutions is to be doubted. Let it be said to their distinct advantage that they are lovers of peace. Enjoying as they do, the utmost liberty of commerce and conscience, they recognise what a hindrance to racial mutuality and general welfare is the thinking and talking of war. Yet events have shown that when the Motherland was in need of help, more than one British subject of French extraction laid down his life for the Empire.

I am thoroughly in sympathy with Mr. Tarte, when he says: "If our English-speaking fellow-citizens took pains to learn a little more about us, they would soon perceive how utterly devoid of foundation is the legend that has been circulated so long." It cannot be denied, that the English-speaking element of our population is not as conversant with French-Canadian ideals and thought as neighbourly proximity demands. There should be a more lively co-operation in the common labour of our country and larger social intercourse. Everything possible should be done to promote that spirit

of racial reciprocity and intercourse that is productive of so much good. While it is true that cheap politicians and demagogues do occasionally and as a matter of political expediency appeal to racial and religious prejudices, their influence is by no means lasting. Our shrewd French-Canadian population recognise that Canada is the common country of Canadians of French and English extraction. The mingling of the two races should be encouraged. The Gallic temperament is the ideal complement of the Saxon. The French-Canadian is warm-hearted, hospitable and an intensely social member of the human family. He is considerably less prejudiced than those of other nationalities, but his good qualities are not generally known. He is also intensely democratic, and I can personally testify to the spirit of healthy democracy that is constantly inculcated by the scholarly professors in the faculties of that great French-Canadian institution of learning—Laval University. There are no greater admirers of our constitutional form of government, based as it is upon that of Britain, than the inhabitants of old Quebec.

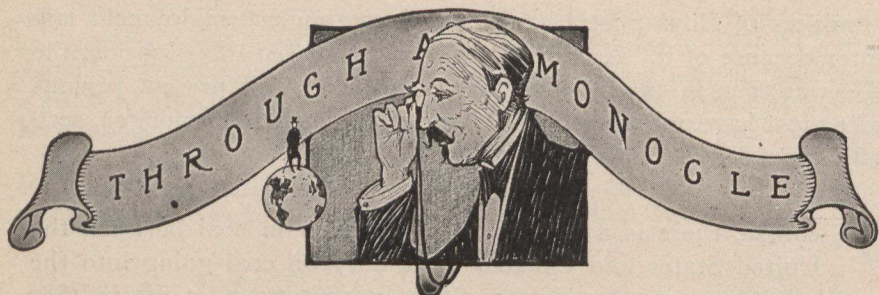
One thing must not be overlooked, and that is, that the French-Canadian is the safe and sane element of our population from a political standpoint. The great majority in this Province are engaged in farming. Frugal and industrious, and endowed with that spirit of independence that springs from contact with nature, they do not so quickly succumb to the appeals to class and the passions of envy and avarice that characterise a certain proportion of their fellow citizens of other races and faiths living in the large cities of the several other provinces. That they possess all the qualities that go to make the highest type of citizen, is abundantly proven. They can lay claim to having produced more than one great statesman. The Bar of the Province, composed as it is mainly of the culture and intellect of French Canada, is without a rival on this Continent, for both learning and dignity. Their family life leaves nothing to be desired, and the great ambition of the average country paterfamilias is to have one or more of his sons a member of the learned professions.

Furthermore, they are in a sense more progressive than their English neighbours. The latter do not show the same inclination for acquiring a

knowledge of the French language which the former do in picking up English. Though the language spoken by the majority is French, the student body of Laval University are far more proficient in the use of English than the same element attending the English institution of learning. The same holds good in Montreal and other large centres of population in the Province, of both the merchant and working classes. So that if the saying holds good that "one is as many times a man as the number of languages he speaks," we must admit that our French-Canadian fellow citizens are our superiors in this regard. Their political leaders are also very generous in recognising merit, irrespective of racial origin and denomination. They appreciate and reward loyalty and good services. In this Province, the most trusted adviser of Sir Lomer Gouin, and his right-hand man, is the hard-headed, hard-working Provincial Treasurer, the Hon. Mr. Weir. Speaking economically, the French-Canadian portion of our population is potentially the greatest of all the resources of which our orators love to boast.

There is no doubt that the expansion of commerce and development of the great natural resources of which this country is the fortunate possessor, will lead within the near future to a greater intercourse, and eventually develop into a desire for mutual assimilation. Let those who through lack of opportunity have had no occasion to meet their French-Canadian fellow citizens think twice before charging them with not being loyal and sufficiently British. Imperialism is a theme that one can fervently declaim upon, but at the same time it is one that calls for the greatest caution and thoughtfulness on the part of those who are looked up to as the representative citizens of the Dominion. Nothing can be gained by fanning the embers of racial antagonism. The French-Canadian, and the English-Canadian are compelled by circumstances to co-operate for the purpose of making Canada a nation in name, population and influence. It should also be remembered by carping critics who make a show of ultra-British loyalty, that the Empire in which they take pride is the result primarily of the mutual assimilation of the Norman and the Saxon. Who can foretell what the eventual result will be of a like process on this part of the American Continent? Montreal, July 10th, 1909. BERNARD S. ROSE.





### THE TALE OF THE PRESS DELEGATES

THE men who are home from the Imperial Press Conference, as well as those whose letters have arrived, were plainly impressed by the imposing procession of British publicists of the first rank which filed before them. It was a great exhibition. The Colonial journalists may well feel flattered that it was deemed worth while to bring before them in succession almost every prominent man in British public life. Most Conferences which are held in London and, indeed, most visitors of any sort from over-seas, no matter how important they may be, consider themselves fortunate if they get an address from a Minister or so and one or two of the Opposition leaders. But these men heard all the chief Ministers, all the chief Oppositionists, and the leading men in the army and navy. The rulers of Britain in all departments laid themselves out to greet the makers of Colonial opinion with the most significant and comprehensive welcome which I can remember to have seen recorded. It was a splendid experience for the journalists and a sincere compliment to the Colonies.

\* \* \*

BUT the effect upon some of our delegates was precisely what might have been expected. They were alarmed lest a trap was being set for them. They apparently imagined that the desire was to hypnotise them by Imperial surroundings and an organised outburst of Imperial sentiment into acquiescing in declarations which they would never dream of making in the calmer and less warlike atmosphere at home. These men were constantly "on their guard." They saw a "red coat" behind every bush, and an aggressive Downing Street in the person of every Minister or ex-Minister who uttered the words "Imperial duty." But they had brought their talisman with them. All they had to do was to pronounce the magic word "autonomy," and the foul fiend was put to instant flight. Even Mr. Balfour—the very incarnation of all that these timid souls dreaded most—arose in a panic and begged for the withdrawal of the progressive military resolution when one of the devoted launched an impassioned paraphrase of the magic sentiment right in the teeth of the tempter.

\* \* \*

A FEATURE of the display which might better have attracted the attention of our delegates was the sinking of party. Here were the Prime Minister and the Leader of the Opposition delivering speeches which they might have exchanged, word for word, without

embarrassing either of them in a party sense. Another feature which should not have escaped notice was the evident eagerness of all the representatives of British opinion to make it abundantly plain that nothing was farther from their minds than to attempt to apply the smallest pressure to the Colonials. They all insisted with an emphasis which is seldom heard in the restrained utterances of British public men that the action of the Colonies must be entirely voluntary, both in origin and in detail. Yet they must have felt the farcial nature of these assurances. They must have known—as we all know—that the Colonies can no longer be coerced. But they were probably drawn into talking this particular form of nonsense by the much more farcial insistence of some of our public men on the need of preserving our "autonomy." Farce must be met by farce.

\* \* \*

THE speaking style of these public men naturally caught the attention of the trained observers from the Colonies. Newspaper men are accustomed to hearing, judging and criticizing public speakers all their lives; and they make exceedingly good judges of the article. By common consent, they gave Lord Rosebery the palm for oratory. He is very nearly the only orator left in the United Kingdom. British statesmen to-day do not try to stir the feelings of their auditors—they simply make statements in a dry, business-like manner. They probably learned this chiefly from the incisive conversational style of Mr. Chamberlain. It is due in part to the fact that the pointed speech does more to-day to make a speaker's reputation than the uttered effort; and, in a greater part to the simple coming in of a new style. The most effective speaker of the moment has a tremendous effect upon the style of his contemporaries. We see that in this country. When Chapleau was the orator of Quebec, that Province was full of young "Chapleaus" with long waving hair and the perfervid face. To-day, it is Laurier who is copied, and his style appears in shadow on almost every platform where a half-dozen of the younger generation arise.

\* \* \*

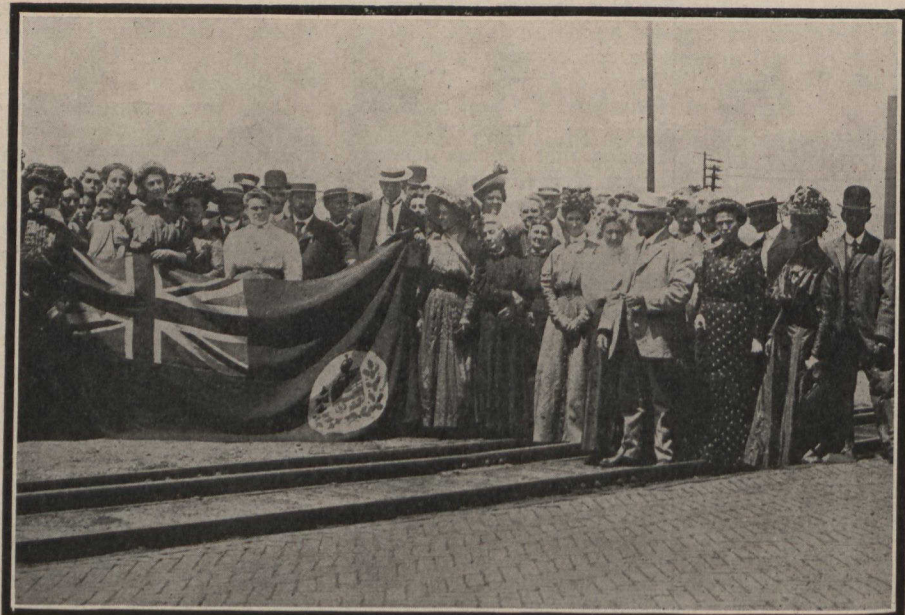
SOME of the delegates found Asquith disappointing—probably because they did not hear him at the task of tearing an argument to pieces, which is his "metier." He is always the lawyer. Winston Churchill was suppressed because he could not say the things about all the Imperial talk which was going on that lay near to his heart. But Birrell was amusing and apt; Sir Edward Grey and Balfour were impressive and convincing; McKenna lived up to his jaw, which is the squarest in the Commons; and John Morley was the scholar and publicist we all know. The very equality which exists between so many of these men reminds us that there is to-day no supremely great figure in British politics. There is no Palmerston, no Disraeli, no Gladstone, no Chamberlain. And that is what the British people need most—a man who can predominantly command their confidence. When such a man comes, it will make a difference in British history from which school he emerges.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

### EPWORTH LEAGUERS AT DENVER RESPECT TWO FLAGS



Being Photographed with the Flags. Epworth Leaguers grouped on the Station Platform.



Touring Epworth Leaguers at Denver, Colorado, before their departure for Seattle.



# PIKE'S PEAK AND SALT LAKE CITY

Second Article Describing the Impressions of an Epworth Leaguer en route to the Convention at Seattle.

By REV. ERNEST RICHARDS, B. D.



**B**EFORE describing our ascent of Pike's Peak, a retrospective paragraph in reference to Denver may not prove inopportune. Practically the whole Canadian party toured the city of Denver in specially chartered autos. All returned to the train looking bright and happy, with the grimy stains of travel mysteriously removed from their countenances; the forenoon in Denver had wrought wonders in our spirits

and appearance, and the Denver papers were pleased to insert photos of the group.

Matthew Arnold expressed himself as considerably bored by the unvarying sameness of American cities. "Nothing ever happened in them and nothing ever will," wrote the great pedagogue, referring no doubt to their lack of historic interest. Nevertheless one must be sadly lacking in imagination who feels no thrill as he contemplates the extraordinary growth of the Middle West.

Denver possesses a state capitol worthy of an old European city. Its suburbs are delightfully arranged with strictly private houses; it is set as a

human cargoes were descending the old bridle trail. On looking back at the receding peak one remembers that a century since a handful of sturdy Anglo-Saxons struggled for a footing at its base; one wonders if, a century hence, the average resident will not be an Anglo-Saxon or Anglo-Slav.

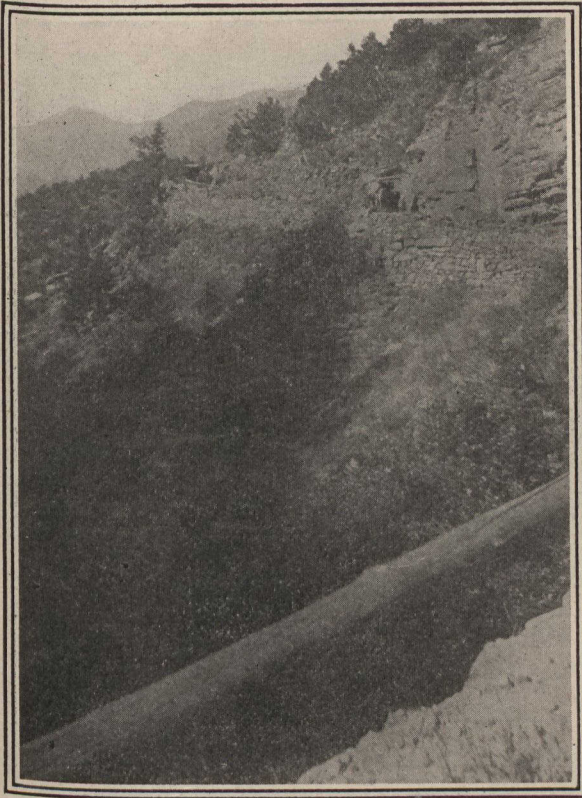
Our journey to Salt Lake City could scarcely have been more interesting. The Royal Gorge was no less wonderful than the descriptions given by the railway folders, whilst the snow-capped peaks supported on bases of the most rugged grandeur gave us glimpses of the sublime; in short, the imaginative mind needs no hyperbole to emphasise the lessons which nature had to teach in these wild regions—a ride in an observation car is sufficient.

Nevertheless the sheer continuity of arid desert, save for the cactus and sage, is somewhat dreary, which even the glowing colours and the fantastic

without prepossession were impossible. Were that the case, then it had been a delightful surprise which awaited us on Sunday, July 4th—the ominous Fourth. As it was it came quite up to our expectations. Salt Lake City is a metropolis set in a crater of hills; when judged topographically, it bears many points of resemblance to Jerusalem; and the Jordan River, joining fresh water Lake Utah with Salt Lake—the Galilee and Dead

Sea of this American Zion—does no little to emphasise this impression. Some little modification of eulogy, however, may be permitted.

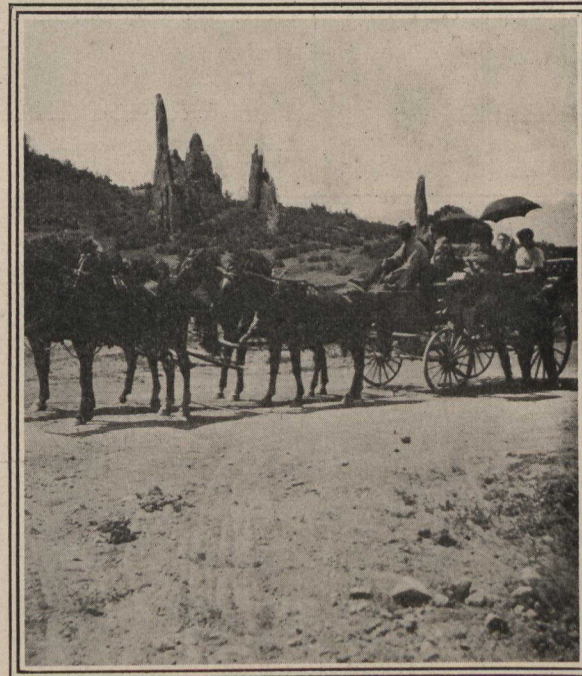
There can be little question that the described grandeur of the mountain scenery in the western United States (grand as it really is) owes not a little to the fact that the men who first described it alighted upon it after months of weary travel across the most arid, uninviting prospect on the American continent. It is distinctly Uncle Sam's forte to pass high-flown descriptions on and on. These descriptions are not so much untrue as over-emphasised and lacking in discrimination. So with Salt Lake



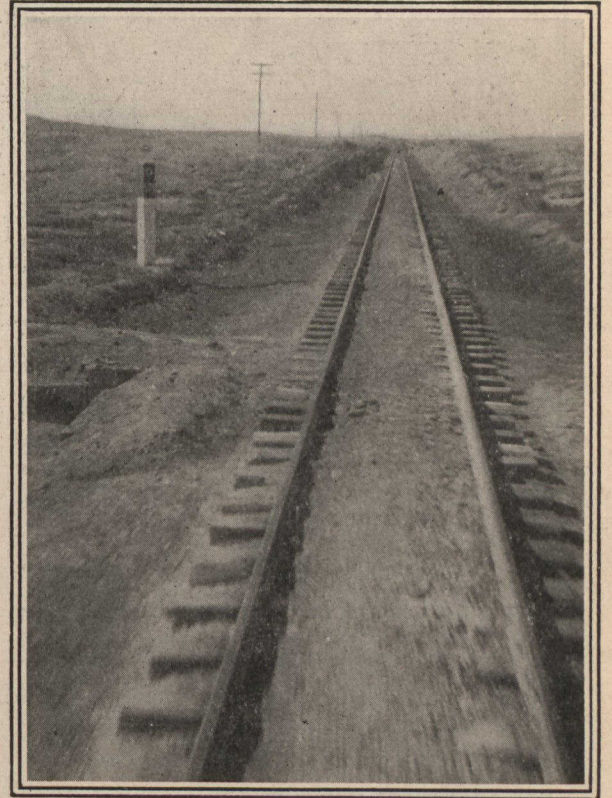
The Winding Tortuous Road up Pike's Peak.



The Canadian Party Driving around the "Garden of the Gods."



A Bend in the Road where a halt is made for the Camera Man.



As the Great Desert of Utah looked from the rear of the Canadian Train.

gem amid myriad hills of varying dimensions which do no little to enhance the prospect.

The courtesy of its storekeepers proved an agreeable disappointment; they are overwhelmingly in advance of New York City. What strange contrasts time works! Forty years since Denver was synonymous with gambling hells and Indian raids; on the day of our arrival its university of over twelve hundred students was welcoming the Indian delegation to the Convention of National Education.

Fifty-two loyal Canadians ascended Pike's Peak, near whose towering summit was the ominous inscription, "Prepare to meet thy God." When we paid fifteen cents for a cup of coffee, we thought the inscription not wholly incongruous.

The ascent of the Peak up the Cog Railway may be likened to a series of jerks in staccato time. The car precedes the engine—as a wag remarked, "the effect precedes the cause." The engine itself is a kangaroo on wheels. Every few leaps of this steam marsupial reveals a sheer precipice, a fresh canyon or forbidding gorge; in one simple hackneyed phrase, the ascent and descent is kaleidoscopic. One touch of pioneer picturesqueness met us on the ascent. Six burros (donkeys) with

shape of rock does not wholly relieve. One of our party remarked that "a settler might be excused of polygamy in this region; a man needed some comfort in such a wilderness." Perhaps after all, geographical conditions have some subtle connection with ethical standards.

Nothing happens but the unexpected. We were delayed at various points or hurried away in undue haste, but nevertheless our arrival in Salt Lake City might easily have been more inopportune; we were in time for the Mormon service, of which more anon.

To assume that one could enter Salt Lake City

City. Considering its environment, its approaches, its history, it is a marvel, and the men who laid its foundations, polygamists or no polygamists, had fire in their blood and iron in their bones. But judged in cold blood and from a fresh point of view, then Salt Lake City, apart from its distinctly Mormon features, might easily be a section of Syracuse; and, indeed, Ogden resembles Utica. I have intended this second thought because the combined resemblance struck me at the time.

Quite apart from Mormonism, the chief beauty of Salt Lake City is its clean, broad streets, its streams of cooling water, its clean, moderate-priced restaurants and its unique topographical situation.

The population of Salt Lake City is 110,000, composed largely of Mormons with a strong Gentile minority. Notwithstanding what I have written above, it is impossible to separate the city from Mormonism. The temple strikes you on approach; the very streets bear legends as, "Zion's Co-Operative Stores"; and, thanks to Mormon industry and thrift, there is little evidence of poverty in its streets. What Rome is to the Roman Catholic, Salt Lake City is to the Mormon.

The visit had many interesting and unique



features. In the first place, the writer wore the British flag during the whole of the Glorious Fourth; many moons has he spent in Uncle Sam's country, many Fourths has he suffered from nervous prostrations; but, for the first time in his life, he has had the courage to wear his own British flag; truly God is good to Israel.

The whole of the Canadian Epworth Leaguers attended the afternoon service in the Mormon tabernacle, which must by no means be confounded with the Mormon temple, the holy of holies into which no Gentile may enter, the sacred sanctum of the Latter Day Saints. It was rumoured to me that some years since a Roman Catholic priest found admittance by guile; but as Kipling says, that is another story.

The idea of nearly a hundred Canadian Protestants attending a Mormon service on the Fourth of July, wearing British flags, was if not unique, at least novel and exceptional.

The music was superb. Professor McLellan is a perfect master of the instrument. It was difficult at one point to persuade our friends that the air was being carried by the organ and not by a human voice; at one point it was like the wailing of an angel; at another like the spirit brooding over the waters. Purely personal impressions have a limited value, but notwithstanding my numerous visits to St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, I know no organ recital which impressed me quite so much.

I paid particular attention to the prayer by Elder H. J. Cannon. It began with Our Father and ended in the name of Jesus Christ; it had no specially distinctive feature, but the first part of the address may be worthy of a brief summary.

The speaker stated that 600 years before Christ a certain prophet, mentioned in the Book of the



Canadian Party in Observation Car going through the Royal Gorge, Colorado.

Mormons, prophesied that Columbus would discover a great continent, still inhabited by a remnant of the race to which the prophet belonged. This remnant was the Indian. The discovery of the continent by Columbus was divinely inspired in order to find a

home for religious refugees—notably the Pilgrim Fathers, and subsequently for other persecuted sects. He also suggested that they, the Mormons, considered the United States constitution as inspired; just what he meant by inspiration one could not divine. Beyond this point the address might very naturally have flowed from the lips of an American Methodist Sunday School superintendent, except that he emphasised the loyalty of the Mormons to American laws and institutions. Polygamy was left severely alone.

The acoustic properties of the tabernacle are beyond praise. It has not a single nail in its construction. Its services are conducted with a solemnity and reverence worthy of emulation by Canadian Methodists.

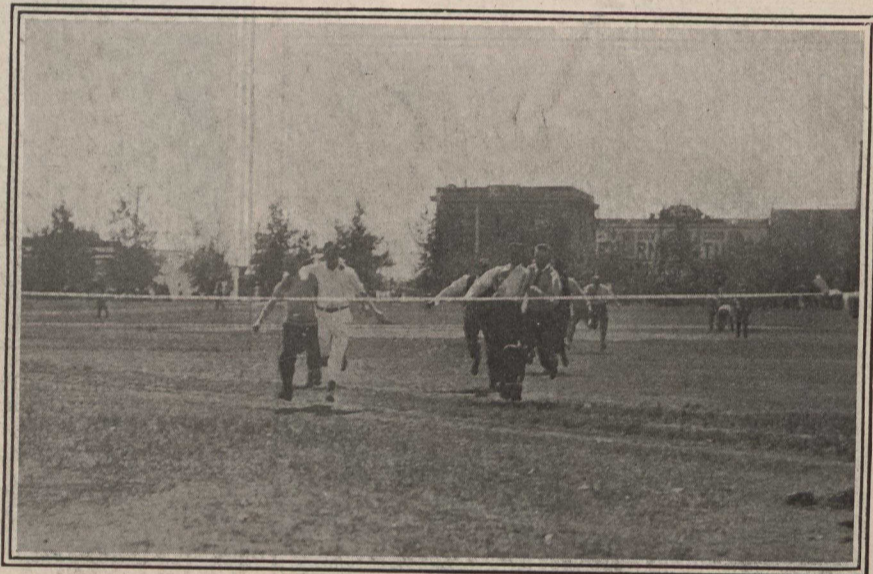
The temple is built of solid stone blocks and was constructed without the sound of the hammer. The assembly hall is on the temple grounds; in it are conducted the services for Scandinavian and German speaking Mormons. Ominously near the temple is the tithing house; the Mormons take no collection from either saint or Gentile.

Polygamy is not now practiced openly by Mormons. The United States law is respected, but each Mormon may be married to several women in a spiritual sense, and these women are sealed by the bond through eternity.

The writer holds no brief for Mormonism, certainly not for polygamy, but he thinks it has been somewhat maligned by indiscriminating criticism. Its traducers have been governed chiefly by hysteria rather than by sober critical sense. One thing they might easily teach the Protestants of Canada, viz., the use of good music and the wholesome effect of innocent amusements in keeping a hold on the young people.

My next article will describe the Exposition.

SOME LATE WESTERN NEWS PICTURES



Dominion Day Sports at Lethbridge, Alta.—The Tug-of-War and the Three-Legged Race.



Annual Camp of the Sixteenth Light Horse at Fort Qu'Appelle.—The Lines on Inspection Day.

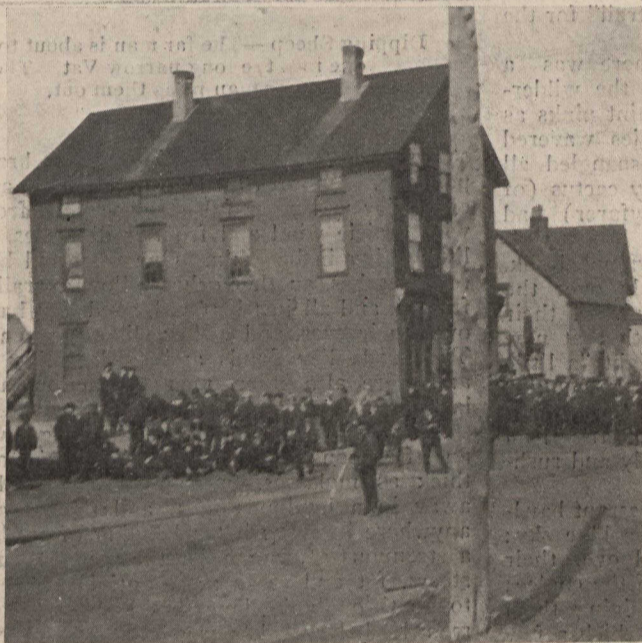
Photograph by D. F. Patterson, Grenfell.



WITH THE STRIKING MINERS AT GLACE BAY, CAPE BRETON.



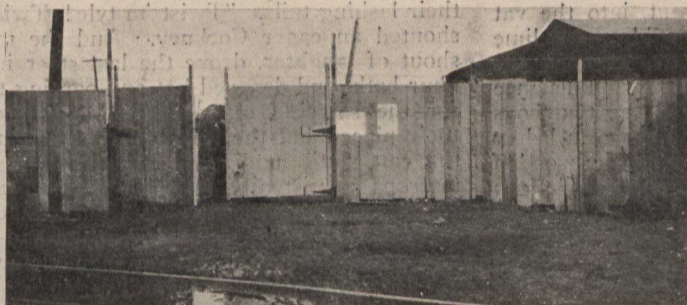
Commercial Street, Glace Bay.—Ordinarily very tame, but now thronged by Strikers and their sympathisers.



At No. 4 Colliery, Dominion Coal Co.



A Typical Group of well-dressed Miners.



Typical Entrance to a Colliery.



Striking Men and Boys gathered around a set of Gates.



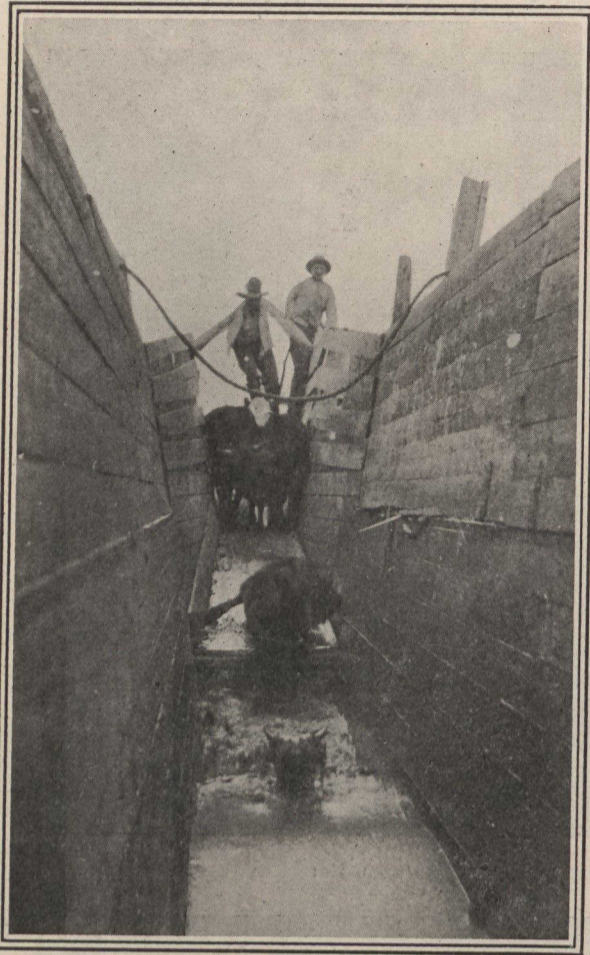
The Military from Halifax are having some Training which closely approaches to "War" conditions, except that there is no fighting.



# A PLAY OF THE CATTLE RANGES

*A Western Dipping.*

By NAN MOULTON



Forcing Reluctant Cattle into the Dipping Vat. This is unpleasant for the animal and dangerous for the man.

PARTLY it was a gipsy hunger for the out-of-doors, and partly it was a desire for the fulfilment of written things that sent one in July to a proper ranch to witness what one might of the final things of the cattle range business. A strenuous wind blew us a day's journey from the city across a prairie gone a bit sombre under all its big freedom, with no fence nor line for guidance in its bewildering sameness. Even my Scotch hostess and her western-born daughters, with hats rudely torn from their pin-moorings, and gasping at the buffetings of the madcap whirligigs, became confused once at a crossing of the trails and gratefully hailed a heaven-sent rider. "Ask at him, Nora! Ask at him!" prompted Mistress Middleton. And ask at him Nora did, to the solution of her difficulty.

Towards evening we climbed down half a mile to a wonderful flat by the curviest river, a flat all clustered andavenued and parked with trees, all fragrant with the perfume of wild roses, all hushed under a sober sunset, save where the little stream flowed vocal between the cut-banks seamed with coal and the katydids carried on their endless argument; and in the middle of the flat were home-looking low buildings, weather-dark and we had arrived.

I was regularly tenderfoot, and for days sat at the feet of Nora absorbing cow and horse wisdom "in hunks," as Alan gracefully put it. Nora was a wild, dark little sport of sixteen, the most western vital thing on the ranch. She could ride anything, astride, side-saddle, bare-back; she knew all the intricacies of harness intimately, and all the mysteries of vehicles. For the finer feminine accomplishments, she had been sent some trying terms to the nuns at Calgary. When she was going off rebelliously for her first term, her father said: "Ah, weel, Nor-r-a, they nuns may be able to teach ye ither things, but they canna' teach ye aught about a horse." She adored the ranch, but hated the newer farming element in it.

Mistress Middleton paddled about busily all day in her bit garden or feeding her "calves" or ministering to her broods of turkeys and chickens, "the pair dar-r-lings." Dolly, fair and fat and short-sighted, looked virtuously after the ways of the household. And Nora, erratic as a moth, dashed off a two-step on the piano, then slowly made up a bed, turned on the gramophone at weird melodies to help her through her dusting, then curled up in any old corner for a delicious half-hour with a luridly-bound "Mexican Bill."

It was quiet those first days on the ranch, for the men were all off on the round-up for the dipping

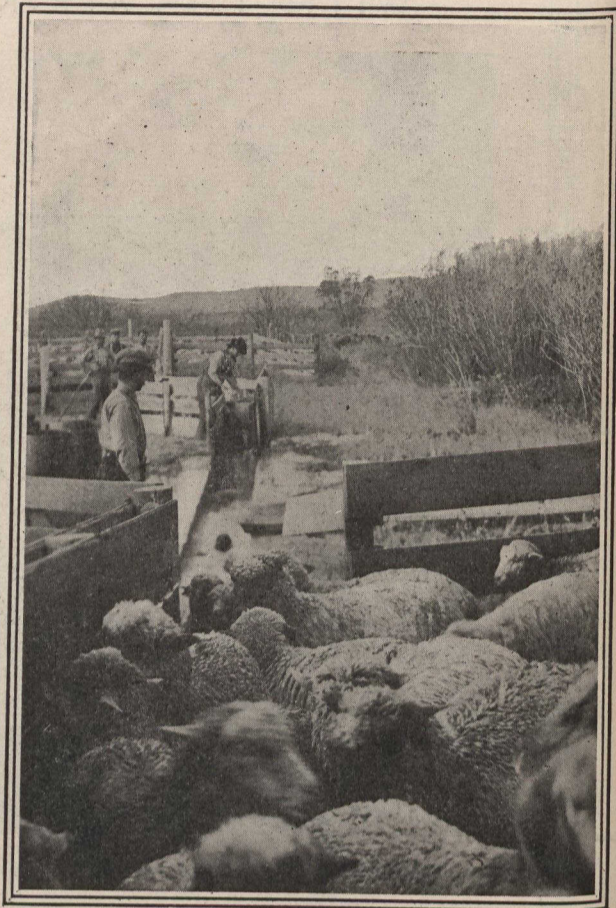
which was compulsory because of the mange which was creeping among the cattle, creeping in from the south. The horses were away, too, except Prince, ancient and dependable, and a couple of mares with foals. Prince kept up a pretence of usefulness by being ridden after the milch-cows night and morning. I had riding lessons on him when I listed, but found him unstimulating. On Sunday two visitors rode in from somewhere beyond the horizon line—a girl of perhaps fourteen, who had ridden all those morning miles in a straggly dotted-muslin dress and run-down-at-the-heels dancing-slippers, a slender thing with a rather pretty, quivery face and an untidy fluff of fair hair. Her escort was a husky youth with long lashes over splendid eyes and a humorous, nonchalant manner of speech. They all talked westernly, cow-talk and wrangling horses.

Next day there was a quickening of pulses responsive to some prescient tremoring of the air, and Dolly baked and stewed till everything was seductively smelly, and Nora's face was sparkingly expectant, and an occasional cow-boy burned a streak in the atmosphere us-wards, a cow-boy just like the picture-postal depiction of him, born to the saddle and lariat as farmer-lads are born to the milking-pens and the furrows. He soon hit the high places again for the spot where the round-up was being consummated and the dipping-vats prepared. The ranchers' wives were to serve dinner at the vats next day, and Mistress Middleton was in charge, so the morning found us packing sustenance to the waggon and "hitting the trail" for the camp.

It was an exuberant morning. There was a haunting fragrance on the wind from the wilderness of roses that rioted in delicious faint pinks as they followed the water, blue butterflies wavered over the swaying buffalo-grass, and, spangled all across the brown old prairie, the thorny cactus (of accursed memory to the careless wayfarer) had broken out into the most extravagant brown-and-yellow bloom like great soft roses of crumpled silk. Bye-and-bye a new sound came faintly over the prairie, and deepened as the horses picked their way down into a coulee, and then, with that new sound an increasing roar and the sunlight "a little bit hotter than blazes" (to quote Alan again), and the waggon doing giddy stunts around a curve, we came upon a scene that for once quite satisfied an undisciplined craving for something lively and rushing in the way of atmosphere.

Strange shoutings of men and an incessant bawling of cattle mounted confusedly to the blue sky; horses, still saddled, the reins dropped over their heads, cropped up and down the sides of the coulee; cow-boys were bunching cattle and driving them into a sort of corral to the right, from which a few at a time were coaxed and driven into a smaller circular enclosure, and then forced single-file into a lane in which there was no turning, and from which they slid, scared and reluctant, into the vat proper, through which seething cauldron of lime and sulphur they swam desperately, climbed the steps beyond, shook themselves in anger and defiance so that a shower of drops spattered the two boys perched aloft calling out brands and the men below listing the brands with stubby pencils on the wooden posts, and then went through a sort of turnstile into the corral to the left and comparative freedom, where they rushed wildly about for a space bawling insulting things about their persecutors. Some of the more frenzied ones even broke out and, rolling their tails for the hills, were pursued by picturesque riders with lariat-ropes hung on their saddle-bows or swung in their right hands ready for action.

Mistress Middleton was received with acclaim, Dolly with deference, Nora with brotherly love, and myself with distant curiosity. Work was dropped and, at a nearby spring that had supplied water for the vat, toilets were proceeded with and pleasantries indulged in. While one youth vigorously dried his face in the common towel, a "smart guy" of sinful profile dumped a pail of water over his head. But Smarty was pursued and was stood ignominiously on his head right in the spring, to the accompaniment of violent laughter from the delighted audience. There were not so many of the genuine western cow-boy on his native heath as one would have desired, for burrs and dislocated aspirates lay thick on the prairie grass, and their owners exhibited a universal weakness for heavy bearskin or llama shaaps (not to mention spurs) in spite of the lurid heat, and made up in hat-brim (Army and Navy



Dipping Sheep.—The far man is about to throw one into the long narrow Vat. The near man pulls them out.

stores) what they lacked in skill or brain or experience. Among the veteran ranchers and punchers, hairy and powerful, strong-voiced from combat with prairie wind and frontier distances, there was little doing in bearskin. One wore old blue corduroy breeches, another ochre-yellow overalls, another fustian, and all just battered, aged, felt hats crushed over their eyes, and yellow slickers when it rained. They rode like fiends and smoked like volcanoes, and were altogether men of action and strong language.

For five hours the play of the ranges went on in an afternoon land with sunshine laid over it as thick as molasses, until one's former life swam away in a luminous mist, and there was nothing anywhere in space but a bawling of cattle. It was a strenuous afternoon for the men. Some "darned steers, fat and sassy and huntin' trouble," refused to go through the lane that had no turning. The men hurled weird phrases at them with deep-throated violence, prodded them with pointed sticks, beat them over their stubborn backs, sat on the fence kicking them, and even, as a last resort, twisted their lashing tails. "Twist 'm tyle! Twist 'm tyle!" shouted an eager Cockney. And the men, with a shout of laughter, drove the last steer into the sulphur bath, and dropped hot and panting to the earth for the solacing cigarette. A fresh convoy took their places, but the spirit of rebellion increased in the cattle still undipped. A group of evil-horned matrons persistently bunched themselves together, heads towards the centre, and did a mad waltz-me-round-again-Willie-round-and-round-and-round-around until the most patient man viciously dubbed the nearest dowager a "son-of-a-gun."

When this difficulty was ended, a blighted acrobatic cow turned herself round in the lane that properly had no turning. While "Weary" manfully thwacked a hind-quarter, Mistress Middleton at his elbow pitied the "puir beastie." "That's nothing," Weary cheerfully assured her, holding up a badly-frayed stick. "That's nothing, Mrs. Middleton, that's noise." Things got quieter a bit, and the sulphur and lime splashed more regularly.

And when the last bunch of cattle, chastened and pure from mange, had disappeared over the horizon line leaving behind them a long ribbon of dust, when at the ranch-house hunger had again been ministered to, when the cow-ponies breathed long sighs of content and slept, when each member of the family and every guest had gone through the particular form of torture that constituted his art, then the coyotes wandered over the yellow moon-lightened prairie clamouring at the peculiar animal odour left by the herd, and the vivid episode of the Dipping dropped away to the Edge of Yesterday.



# KEEPING CLEAN THE CATTLE OF THE PRAIRIES

*Characteristic Scenes when the "Dipping" is in Progress*



The Picturesque Figures who are responsible for the "Round-up" which accompanies every "Dipping."



A Herd of Ranch Cattle awaiting a "Dipping." This does not occur every year, nor in every District, but only when Mange or some other Disease makes its appearance.



A portion of a Flock of 3,500 Sheep in Corral ready for Dipping, on the Ranch of J. A. Grant, Cypress Hills.



# THE DEMI-TASSE

## JUSTIFYING THE MEANS.

HE was a young Methodist minister from Canada and he was enjoying a wedding tour in Europe. His bride was a charming girl who knew more about the making of fudge and the game of tennis than she did of the joys of the Epworth League. He had actually managed to make a few thousand dollars in his holidays, dealing in Western real estate; so, he had ventured on the highly unusual ministerial course of a prolonged trip in Germany and France. In their wanderings, they came in due time to Monte Carlo, where they found the charms of nature all that the soul of tourist might desire, while the young minister was filled with dismay at the sight of so much gambling, although he had been familiar with the real estate market at home. Suddenly, one evening as they were watching the players, he became aware that his devoted young wife had left his side and was approaching the fatal "wheel" with determination in her eye and several gold pieces in her hand.

To reach her and grasp her arm was the work of a few seconds, and then the horrified young minister gasped: "For goodness' sake, Mabel, what did you intend to do?"

"I wanted to make some money," she pouted daintily.

"Make money! Gambling among all those wretches!"

"Well, you might have let me try it for once. Besides, I was going to spend all I made on new sofa-cushions for the parsonage."

The parson bridegroom wasted almost half an hour of eloquence, while the sweet young wife persisted in saying it was a great pity that her plans had been frustrated; but promised not to tell of her intentions on her return to Canada. However, the grievance was too great and the promise has been conveniently forgotten.

## THEIR POSSIBILITIES.

SOME years ago, there were two Toronto girls, living on Bloor Street, who were school chums and confidants of the most approved type. But Dorothy married five years ago and went away to Ohio, while Marion became the wife of a Toronto lawyer. This summer, Dorothy has come back to her girlhood's home for a visit and takes pride in showing her young son to a group of admiring relatives and friends. Marion, also, takes a pride in her small son's achievements and the two young mothers are given to comparing the respective feats of George and Willie.

"There is one nice thing about the United States," said Dorothy the other day, in a thoughtful mood. "You see George was born in Ohio and may be President of the country some day. Now, Willie can never be more than Premier of Canada."



"For what we are about to receive—make us truly thankful."—Life.

Marion's eyes flashed ominously, but she said with frozen calm: "That is the worst of the United States—anybody can be President."

## HURRAH FOR HOCKEN!

Oh, Montreal is envious  
And throws a jealous fit;  
It sneers at foolish subway schemes  
And is not pleased a bit.  
It hints in broadest accents  
Of poor aspiring "rubes"—  
Because Toronto aldermen  
Discuss the future "Tubes."

## NOTHING IN COMMON.

IN the County of Bruce, where the clans of the Highland Scotch muster in strength, the service in certain historic Presbyterian congregations is sometimes strongly flavoured with the Gaelic. To one of these "kirks" belongs a Lowlander who objects in no uncertain fashion to the Celtic tongue and makes a point of protesting against the use of this moving, if not melting speech. This worthy elder was properly incensed when he heard that a Highland pastor, with a gift for the Gaelic, was to visit the congregation and preach the communion sermon in unadulterated Celtic. He grumbled and criticised, but his mutterings were all unheeded by the Highland majority. The Lowland elder, therefore, attended the "preparation" services on the Friday night, but absented himself from Communion on the following Sunday morning. His pastor encountered the missing elder on Monday and addressed him genially.

"Mornin' meenister," was the uncompromising reply.

"Ye were not at the Communion, Robert," ventured the spiritual adviser.

"I wasna," came the prompt reply.

"And do you think it becoming to absent yourself from the Communion?"

"It's just this, meenister," was the firm response. "I'm sure that naebody was ever the better for Communion with thae domned Hielanders." The clerical reply is unrecorded.

## THE PURPLE HUE.

THE Montreal *Star* once engaged as cub reporter a young McGill freshman called Binks. He was a small, insignificant person like his name. Like many other insignificant persons, the commonplaces of life appealed to him not at all. He avoided them on every possible occasion. He did not talk like the other fellows. For instance, he would never say to an inquisitor, "I am going hiking after copy, old man," but would respond with a most grandiloquent air, "I am proceeding on an assignment, sir." The principle which governed his speech he carried out

in his writing. At college, the purple colour characteristic of his essays delighted the English professor's æsthetic soul. His early journalistic experiences were to teach him that the royal hue and newspaper "stuff" did not harmonise well at all.

The first morning on which he reported to the city editor that gentleman told him to do the police court. Binks expected to write editorials. However, he determined to make the best of it. He would make the ten o'clock police court scene live, and incidentally show the editorial head a few things. He did so—and forever.

The case of Kate Barrett, one of the "regulars," because of the lady's habitual fondness for the cup that cheers, came up. Binks saw the opportunity of a lifetime. He traced the downfall of the once sweet, innocent Katie from the pretty hamlet to the gutter of a great city. Hyperbole, the unnecessary dash, the senseless question point, the childish italics and all the other rhetorical tricks, which he so loved, he affected to make the story one great big hit. The next morning, when the paper came out, Binks puffed out his little chest with pride. He burst into the "brain room" and gushed to his brother reporters, "Was my story to your tastes, gentlemen?" There was a sudden silence, then a snigger, then a perfect howl from the assembled.

Binks is now the bald and portly editor of a thriving Western journal. He has learned some things since his early journalistic days. Whenever he picks up a copy of the Montreal *Star* from among his exchanges, he smiles at the recollection of his first story. He always remembers what he considered the most vivid sentence of that yarn:

"Down, down, the ladder—rung by rung—tumbled the village belle."



The End of the Line.—Life.

## NEVER SAY DIE!

GEORGE HAM'S most famous speech, says the *Saturday Sunset*, was made under unique circumstances. He had been ailing for some time when one spring morning in 1905 the malady took a sudden turn for the worse. The physician who was called in, after making an examination, said:

"Mr. Ham, you have a clearly defined case of appendicitis. You will have to be operated on at once if your life is to be saved."

"Not on your life, doc," replied the patient. "They say you are sure death with your knife, and I am going to have one more good feed before I cash in. The boys are giving a dinner to Usher, the assistant passenger traffic manager, to-night, and I'm going to be there. After the dinner you may do your worst."

Incredible though it may seem, Ham actually did carry out his avowed intention to attend the dinner, though he was suffering great pain. Not only did he attend, but he made the brightest, wittiest speech of his life. Before the applause died away he was in a cab on the way to the hospital, where he underwent the dangerous operation for appendicitis.

For a time life was despaired of. In fact, a report was circulated that he was dead, and one paper, accepting the report without verification, published a touching obituary of the genial Ham.

On returning to his office, Ham's first act was to have this obituary framed in 'sombre black and hung above his desk with this legend in his own irreverent chirography beneath: "Not yet, but soon."

## PROOF ENOUGH.

"I've got a good story to tell you. I don't think I ever told it to you before."

"Is it really funny?"

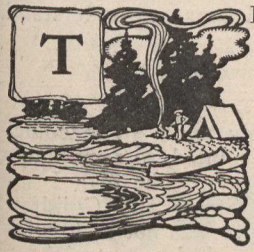
"Yes, indeed it is."

"Then you haven't told it to me before." — Lippincott's Magazine.



# THE BLIND MAN'S BLUFF

*The Strange Adventure of an Amateur Detective.*



THE fact that I am an actor, and love to sit up late, made this story possible.

It was in the year 1904 that I occupied a suite of rooms in Guildford Street, Bloomsbury, W.C., for the first time. The year 1904 saw a great change in my professional prospects. I had come from the obscurity of provincial tours, to London distinction. A part I played well in a revival at Manchester had pleased the great man from London. An engagement had followed, and here I was, in the year 1904, playing in an important London theatre, and playing an important part with conspicuous success. Guildford Street became my living-place, near as it is to the West End, and here, in the heart of London, for about three years, during my first London success, I lived.

By day, Guildford Street is a busy thoroughfare. A line of buses run through it, while much of the traffic to the railway stations also rumbles along the street. But Guildford Street, like every other street, has its hours of silence—the few hours in which to go to sleep. Now, the actor is a night-bird. He loves the few hours which follow the play. He loves the supper after the theatre with a chosen friend, the merry hour at the club, the quiet hour of privacy over the last cigar. I was no exception to the rule, and most nights of the working week, midnight would be long gone before I pulled my favourite easy-chair to the fire-side for the last comfortable hour of easy speculation before turning in for the night. Acting is a business making for development of the nervous senses, and these hours spent after the show are necessary for the regaining of that self-repose which means sleep.

And it is not surprising that this mode of life develops the nervous senses. Even the hearing begins to distinguish the uncommon, and, in a sense, to observe. Perhaps you have sat in a silent room and noticed how the ear begins to take special notice of things. I know that when I sat alone in this Guildford Street room my ear kept unwavering attention on the sounds of the streets. The policeman's tread, the footfall of a woman, the uneven footfall of a drunken reveller are only casual suggestions of what I mean. In the diminishing noises from without, I picked out certain characteristic footsteps instinctively—came to know them as a dog seems to know its master's footfall. And these things I noticed unconsciously, as I smoked and thought or read in the quiet hours.

I remember, after I had been there a few weeks, one noise in the traffic, by its frequent and regular repetition, began to stand out more and more, and to compel my attention, until I commenced not only to notice it acutely, but to anticipate it. I found that out of the casual wayfarers who passed the house, the same man passed every night at half-past one. There was something so distinctive about his footfall. Every night, as the clocks around chimed the half-hour after one, I heard this wayfarer turn the street corner. His approach was heralded by the metallic ring of a stick, apparently heavy, with a thick ferrule. It rang on the flags with a peculiar, distinct, and regular note, nearer and nearer. Then with it I could hear the footsteps. They were velvety, catlike, but just slightly irregular. They seemed to be put down as a tiger plants its paws—carefully, as if each footstep were a prelude to a crouch. And the second footstep, dragged a little, made the marked irregularity, and suggested the slightest of limps. So the footsteps would come out of the quiet, pass slowly down the street, leaving the ring of the ferrule to stand out alone with diminishing force as the wayfarer crept, farther and farther away, to a distance beyond my hearing.

Now, every night, at half-past one, if I were at home, I heard that man pass with his spring and a limp and the tap, tap, tap of his ferruled staff; and as the nights went on, I began to listen for him long before he came. At five minutes to the half-hour my senses were all alert, and I would wait, and never in vain. The footsteps would creep and the stick would ring, as their owner passed down the street. I began to speculate over him, to wonder on what errand he went so regularly, whether he was going or coming, where he started from, and at what point he ended. I had hazy ideas of going out to meet him.

By GEORGE EDGAR

You will see how curiously it affected me when I tell you that I had Jimmy Somerset sharing my rooms early in 1905—January of that year. The very first night of our stay we had comfortably made our camp round the big fire, after the show, and over hot whiskey were talking of professional doings. And just then, as I took my glass from the mantelpiece, I noticed the hour. It was twenty-five minutes after one, and outside there was not a sound.

"Jimmy," I said, "you would not think it, but I'm a prophet."

Jimmy blew a cloud of smoke out, and lazily drawled: "Prophecy, then; that's what the prophets do."

"I will," I said, sitting up, eagerly. "It is just one-twenty-five by the clock. Watch it. By the time it goes one-thirty, you will hear an iron ferrule ringing on the flags. Then you will hear the accompanying footsteps. One will be clear and catlike. The other will drag just ever such a little." Jimmy took a pull at his smoking glass, then tapped his forehead sardonically. "I'll tell you what it is, Alan; too much success and too much work! You are just a bit touched."

He tapped his head again derisively. I seized his arm and pointed to the clock. It was just half-past one.

"Listen," I said. "I am a prophet, dear man; but I am something more—I am a prophet whose prophecy comes true."

We stood there a few moments in silence. Outside, a public clock struck. Then, like an answer, came the tap, tap, tap of the iron ferrule. The tap, tap, tap advanced; then with the metallic ring came the sound of footsteps, the clear, careful step first, followed by the footstep which dragged behind. They came nearer, were louder as they came, passed the house, grew fainter and fainter, until all that was left of the passing sound was the receding, regular beats of the ferruled stick.

"Now, Jimmy!" I said.

"Prophet," he answered. "Prophet of the prophets—the maker of prophecies that come true. How is it done?"

I told him briefly.

"Nerves," he said. "It's good business for you that I have come to live here. When a man gets to listening to noises in the street at night he ought to do two things—go to bed early and drop his nightcaps. Or," he added, "he might marry."

All the same, the passing footsteps got on Jimmy Somerset's nerves just as much as they did on mine. I found him testing their appearance by the clock every night we sat alone together. No matter what we happened to be doing, saying, or thinking, when the clocks began to strike the half-hour after one, a pause would ensue, our eyes would meet, and we would listen expectantly. And always we were answered by the first sound of the unknown pilgrim's approach—the tap, tap, of the iron ferrule on the flags.

Weeks went by and we noticed the footsteps regularly, and more and more the nightly incident got on our nerves.

At last—it was a Friday night—Jimmy might have spoken my thoughts. Just as the clock struck one his face wore a thoughtful expression for a moment.

"Look here, Alan," he said, "that old trudge's stick and footsteps worry me. I am just eaten up with curiosity. I want to see what he is like and have a guess at what he is."

"That is just what I've been thinking for months. I agree absolutely, and to put the matter into action I suggest we go out to-night and wait for the old thief," I said jestingly.

"Now why do you call him a thief?" Jimmy promptly asked, so promptly that I had evidently hit exactly on his thoughts.

"Because he walks like a thief or some other predatory beast," I answered promptly. "He walks like a man who plots."

"Alan, we are getting womanish; we are becoming intuitive—Sherlock Holmes and that sort of thing. But do you know that is exactly what I think, too?"

"Well, let us go and have a look at him," I said.

We hastily seized coats and caps and hurried into the dark street. As we pulled the front door to the clock was just chiming 1.15. It was as cold as farthest north. The wind swept the dark streets

with a weird moan, and it cut one's face like a blight.

"Pooh!" said Jimmy, as he turned his collar up, "we are a pair of nervous old women. Fancy coming into this to see a grubby old man go by with a limp."

"Never mind, Jimmy, we'll see him now we are out. We ought to be hearing him soon."

The street was absolutely silent. There was not a soul about. Not even a cab broke the chilly ghostliness of the frowning Bloomsbury thoroughfare. We walked slowly down the road towards the Foundling Hospital, finally standing at the corner of the square leading into Red Lion Street under a gas lamp. A minute or two in that chilling wind cooled our ardour and both of us were half repentant, when suddenly we heard a door bang in Red Lion Street. Immediately after we heard the well-known tap, tap of the iron ferrule.

"He's coming," Jimmy whispered, with awakened interest.

I pulled out my watch and noted it wanted two minutes to the half-hour, and he took just exactly that time in coming to the street corner. We saw his black form coming nearer and nearer, and began to talk naturally as if we were dropping each other in the way home.

I got a photographic picture of him as he passed the next nearest light. He was old and bent. He wore a hat pulled down well over his eyes—a faded, battered hat. His coat, a great one, was shabby and green with age, turned up at the collar. A grey-white beard flickered in the light. There was something sinister in the tap, tap of the ferrule, the quick, sure step of one foot, the slight limp or shuffle in the other, and the cringing, bowed figure moving swifter than he appeared to travel.

We went on talking and every step brought him nearer. Now he was a few yards away; now on us. I had just time for a square glance at him. I noticed most that the hand grasping the stick was thin and surprisingly white, with veins and muscles standing up like whip-cords. He raised his face towards the light, hearing us talking. His features were thin and covered with shaggy white hair, and the bottom lip drooped with the lack of control one sees in an animal. Then I noticed he seemed to be coming straight at us. We were still talking. He hesitated for a moment, tapping irresolutely. In a flash both Jimmy and I realised a curious fact. On his breast was pinned a tin plate bearing the one word—blind—and what I took to be shadows on his face were eye-shades.

Jimmy promptly grasped his arm.

"Steady on, old chap—steady."

With a deft movement Jimmy piloted him clear of ourselves and the corner.

"I beg your pardon, gentlemen," he said, "but you see how it is. I thank you kindly, sir." The voice whined with a sound that seemed as cold and unsympathetic as the ring of his iron ferrule.

The clock struck 1.30 as he turned the corner. Tap, tap, step, and faint shuffle; tap, tap, step, and faint shuffle—farther and farther away he went down Guildford Street until he turned the corner into Russell Square.

"Here's for home," said Jimmy. "We are a pair of owls—a blind beggar!"

"But he did not beg," I said.

We mounted our stairs together. Jimmy pulled out the whiskey and poured out a peg. We sat thawing.

"Look here, Jimmy," I said lazily, "there were two things about that blind beggar man which were rather mysterious."

"I know one," Jimmy answered, languidly stretching his feet to the fire; "he did not beg."

"Right, my dear Sherlock," I said, "that was one. But the other—"

"Oh, I'll give it up, Alan."

"Well, the door banged in Red Lion Street. He was not going home; he was starting out."

"Gee—that's a funny gag," Jimmy said lightly. "Must be a midnight mud-raker and collect cigar stumps."

"But he cannot see," I said.

"Then perhaps he's an assistant at a coffee stall," Jimmy concluded, flippantly, and we left it at that for the moment.

## II.

FURTHER speculation about the blind man who went tapping down my street came to an end automatically. My season in town was drawing to



a close, and I had arranged a provincial tour to follow. It was much better for me than earlier tours, as I went in support of a leading actor-manager, with the prestige of my newly-won London reputation.

Jimmy was still playing in town, so I left him in charge of our little flat. I remember Jimmy saw me off from King's Cross, chiefly because of his farewell phrases. The train was just moving out.

"Now, good-bye, Alan, boy. Have a good time. I shall watch over your progress. And remember, dear boy, I'm in charge of the flat; everything will go on all right, and if that blind beggar misses a minute, in tap, tap, tapping down our street, I shall let you know."

We moved on from town to town. The tour was most successful. My chief made things pleasant for me, as his leading man, and when social recognition was made of his undoubted qualities both as an actor and a gentleman, he always insisted in dragging me into the forefront to share the honours.

In due course, we arrived for our fortnight in Manchester. My chief put up at the Midland Hotel there, but I was content with something much more modest—a quiet hotel of the commercial type in Market Street.

Our stay in Manchester, socially, was a triumph in its way. We had many pleasant recognitions of our actor-manager's social prestige, and made many friends. One of the most charming men I have ever known was Sir Digby Stone, a great lover of the theatre, a great admirer of our work, who exerted himself in every way to make our stay in Manchester pleasant. He was a wealthy manufacturer, with interests in two counties, and his income made it possible for him to gratify all his tastes and fancies. We first met him in Leeds, and our sojourn in his own city, Manchester, cemented and ripened the friendship. We had many pleasant suppers together in the grim, manufacturing city, and many were the pleasant drives and excursions we arranged during our stay.

In the second week of our visit, Sir Digby left us on the Monday for town, and we saw him off in the midnight train. We missed his cheery association for the next two days, but on the Thursday evening he turned up again at the theatre, bubbling over with pleasure at the reunion.

That night, after the show, we had supper at the Midland. There was our old man—I should say, our distinguished actor-manager, Mr. Cyril Playfair—handsome, dignified, an astute and polished man of the world. Sir Digby Stone, in the prime of life, a young man of keen artistic sympathies, made the second in our party of three, which included myself. My chief was in a reminiscent mood. Sir Digby was in the best of spirits, and as my contributions to the general talk were by no means scanty, we made a jovial party.

As the wine passed, I remember we grew very intimate and confidential. One of the incidents bearing on this story arose out of our chief telling us the difficulties he had undergone in collecting the real properties used in one of our costume-plays.

"Which reminds me!" said Sir Digby. "For what do you think I have been to town these last two days?"

We did not know, and said so.

"Pearls," he said. "I have been to a sale at Christie's; I bought these."

He slipped his hand into his inside pocket and brought out a case. Opened, it showed a row of beautiful, regular, perfectly-matched black pearls—gems of even and rare quality, probably not to be duplicated three times in the world.

Our eyes were riveted on them.

"They are charming," said Playfair, the sensuous love of beauty shining in his artist's eyes.

"For the most charming woman in the world!" Sir Digby said, his eyes glowing.

"To your wife," said Cyril Playfair, raising his glass with a sure instinct and an old-world courtesy.

Sir Digby took the pearls into his hands and placed them carefully in his pocket.

"You are right," he answered Playfair. "For my wife."

He left us shortly after twelve with the pearls safe in his pocket. "Good-bye," he said, gaily, "for the night only. I carry the perfect pearls to the pearl amongst women," and he was gone.

"Perfect pearls they are," said my chief, with the wrapt concentration of the connoisseur; "they must be worth five thousand pounds."

"So much as that?" I ejaculated.

"Quite."

It was just a quarter to one when I reached my hotel, and I went straight to the bedroom on the third floor. There was a fire burning in it, sending sparks flying up the chimney. I drew up an easy-chair, rang the bell for a "nightcap," lit a cigar, and ruminated.

My thoughts turned naturally homewards. I thought of the old theatre in Shaftesbury Avenue, of the Greenroom Club, and the good fellows who would be there in the old place at Leicester Square; of the many pleasant places that make up an actor's life in London. I thought of London, with all the love of a lonely absentee. And step by step my thoughts went from the West End to the quiet, dark streets of Bloomsbury. I listened to the sounds outside. There were very few—the jingle of a hansom, the hoot of an occasional motor, the uneven steps of a reveller, the slow, measured steps of a policeman.

"After all," I said, "most places are much alike. Sitting here, with my eyes shut, I could fancy myself back in the old flat at Guildford Street, with the kettle steaming on the spirit-lamp and good old Jimmy Somerset curled up in the saddlebag chair over his hot grog."

I looked at the clock. It was just twenty-five minutes past one. "I wonder what Jimmy is doing. I'll bet he is having a good-night glass, and perhaps thinking of me. Or"—I looked at the clock—"I know what he will be doing. He will be looking at the clock and thinking of that old blind rascal. It is just his time."

The public clock outside struck half-past one. "Heavens! how like home it is," I thought. "I can just fancy Jimmy starting up, and listening for the tap, tap, tap; for the—"

The thought froze in my brain.

Tap, tap, tap! I passed my hand over my forehead. Was I awake; was I dreaming? My very thought was answered.

Tap, tap, tap; tap, tap, tap. I could hear the very sound, a long way off, coming nearer; the sound of the old ferrule on the stone floor.

"It's a hideous nightmare," I said; "it cannot be real." I threw open the window. There was Manchester, not my Bloomsbury Street; I was looking from my hotel bedroom, not from my room in Guildford Street. But there, sure, was the sound—tap, tap, tap, tap coming nearer every moment.

"It's a ghostly coincidence," I murmured, every sense riveted on the sound. "They have blind men in Manchester."

And then, as an answer, I heard the sounds of the accompanying footsteps. Plumb and sure went the first, the other dragged with a sinister, creeping sound—a palpable limp. The very sound, the very man! I plunged my head out of the window, and saw him. I could not see accurately from that height, but the hat looked the same, the coat looked the same, the moonbeams caught a tuft of the grey-white beard and laid bare the white hand.

"Oh! nerves, nerves," I said, with a chill foreboding. "Why should he not be in Manchester; why should it matter; why should such a simple thing give me even a suggestion of horror?"

There was a knock at my door.

"You are wanted, sir," the night-porter said. "Someone on the 'phone."

I went down, and seized the receiver. "Hello!" I shouted.

"Hello! Who's that?"

"Alan Wargrave."

"The actor?"

"Yes. Who is that?"

"Inspector Despard, of the City Police. I want you to come round to the Central Police Station at once."

"Why?"

"You supped with Sir Digby Stone. You and Mr. Cyril Playfair were the last to see him alive. He has just been found dead, in Narrow Lane, off Piccadilly. I wish you would come at once. You might help us. Mr. Cyril Playfair is here."

I went as fast as I could get there. I found Playfair there, his handsome, mobile face blanched, tears swimming in his eyes.

They took me to see what was Sir Digby. He lay with a peaceful expression that was half a smile, but fixed, as if it were frozen there. On his forehead there was a dull red mark, as of a blow. At the edges there was a slight abrasion. On his throat there were long blue bruises—the imprint of fingers that had strangled the life out of his body. His coat was open, and the inside pocket had been plucked out.

I could not think, I could not help, I could not cry. I could only hate, with a wild, blazing fury, the finger of fate which had pointed such a man to this.

I do not remember much of that night, or the succeeding day. I know, pallid, unstrung, dejected, I read my letters at dinner, after a night and a day that had known no rest.

I picked out Jimmy Somerset's writing. I thought it would comfort me. It rattled along, as Jimmy's letters always do. And then I saw one paragraph:

"Everything is right, Alan, my dear chap. But

that blind thief has played us false. I had three fellows in last night for a nightcap. I set up as prophet, and betted on that blind thief's appearance. It cost me five pounds. One-thirty struck, but the street was silent. I think the dear old blind beggar must have had a special murder on, Alan, my boy."

The words swam before my eyes, but Jimmy's letter brought me comfort. I began to understand.

### III.

JIMMY'S letter made up my mind. The coincidence was so striking, so pointed, so remarkable, that I jumped at the conclusion. The man I saw was the man of Red Lion Street and Guildford Street; the night I saw him, he was not in London.

Hurriedly finishing dinner, I drove straight to the Central Police Station. I found Inspector Despard in the Parade Room. He had been up all night and day. He looked worn and tired.

"Have you found anything new?" I asked.

He shook his head. "There does not seem a single clue worth following. Here we have a man, well liked and respected. Everything he did was right. He was as straight as a die. The men he knew were above suspicion. All his associations were as clean as daylight. He went to Christie's and bought the black pearls. He bought them on the Wednesday afternoon, paying four thousand five hundred pounds. Someone knew he had them, followed him, and never lost sight of Sir Digby until last night. We have to find that man."

"How can you do that?" I asked, pointblank.

The inspector shrugged his shoulders. "It is difficult; it is one chance in a hundred. There are the railways."

"What do the railways tell you?"

"Nothing. We know how many tickets were issued just after one o'clock. There were many to a dozen places. But I do not despair; something may come of it."

"Look here, inspector," I said, earnestly; "suppose I give you a wild idea—a really unlikely clue, and yet one with just a tinge of logic in its insanity—would you follow it?"

"I would follow any possible clue, however absurd it sounded, that gave even a possibility of finding the murderer of Sir Digby."

"I want you to go to town with me, on the next train."

The inspector looked aghast for a moment.

"Don't think I am mad. You are up against a dead wall. All you can pursue, in the way of inquiries, your men can do. You will simply be whipping an empty covert until a lucky shot turns up game worth hunting. Now, listen to me. Don't think me absurd; I am an intelligent, capable man, but I am just as likely to be fooled as you. But I know a man in London, or, I can find a man in London, who was out of London last night."

Inspector Despard looked interested. "It does not seem to help much," he said.

"Wait," I answered. I told him of Guildford Street and the footsteps, and of our curiosity; how we went to see the solitary, regular man who strode through our streets; how the sound got on our nerves, so that we could distinguish the footsteps with absolute certainty; how we found the man a blind beggar.

"And," I said, "he did not beg; and the night we saw him he was starting out, not coming home."

Inspector Despard looked interested. "How does this help?" he asked.

"Now, that is the point. Foolish as it may sound, that man walked past my hotel last night at half-past one, just before I got your summons."

"What!" the inspector ejaculated. "The hour of the murder to fifteen minutes! Are you sure, man?"

"I hardly believed my senses, my ears. I thought it was a trick of the nerves. It sounded like him. I looked, and it seemed like him."

"Yes, yes," prompted the inspector.

"And it was he." I thrust Jimmy's letter in his hand. "See, I got that by the six o'clock delivery; I've come straight on from dinner."

The inspector's eyes gleamed. "It sounds a wild idea; it may be only mere coincidence, but it is a definite clue. I might just as well follow it. There is the logic of fact in it, wild as it looks."

"There is a train at 7.15," I said. "It is now 6.30. It just gives you time to change, and it just gives me time to arrange with my chief. Shall we make it 7.10 on the London Road Station?"

"Yes, I will be there."

I arranged for my non-appearance that night, and Inspector Despard was on the station prompt at 7.10 waiting for me. We were soon bowling along for Marylebone, and as we sat in the com-



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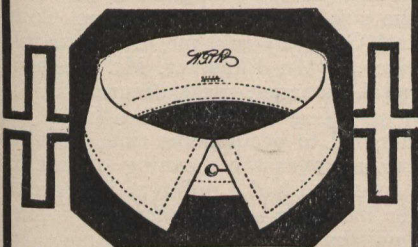
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**PEOPLE AND PLACES**

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

THE commercial growth of old St. John is one of the hopeful stories of progress in the east. This eastern gateway to the Dominion has a second era—similar to Vancouver—dating back to the fire of 1877. In that fire half of St. John was burned over and two-thirds of its property went up in smoke. In the thirty-two years since, the new St. John has become one of the most progressive and modern cities in Canada. Sometimes they compare the streets of St. John with those of Winnipeg. Otherwise there is as much resemblance between these two places as between a locomotive and an airship—except in winter, when the foreign languages and the clothes on the docks might very well remind one of the C. P. R. station at the wheat city. There is more similarity between St. John and Vancouver. Both are seaports; one at each extremity of the mainland of Canada, separated by nearly four thousand miles of railway, several systems of rivers, a chain of lakes and two or three ranges of mountains.

But the growth of the eastern city has been slower and more historic. For instance, the former St. John was distinguished by the shipyard—building the wooden ships. Its harbour was a phantom of drifting sails. The wooden hulls are out of commission and the shipyards have all but ceased business. Factories have come instead; and railways and steamships. The growth of Canada has always been more or less indexed by the development of St. John. Twenty years ago the C. P. R. connected up the harbour city with Montreal, making St. John the Atlantic terminus. Six years later a line of steamships was subsidised between Liverpool and St. John for the handling of winter traffic. St. John is now the real winter port of Canada. Factories have sprung up. Population has increased. There has always been more or less conservatism regarding industries owing to the fact that some of the local capital invested in industrial stocks years ago did not pan out as well as had been expected. But the lumber industry stayed with St. John, even after the wooden ships went out of date. Citizens of St. John look to see steel ship-building carried on in that city as it is now in some of the western ports. They look for more factories; for more railway facilities; for the sure and gradual development of agriculture in the Maritime Provinces bringing with it the growth of the commercial capital of New Brunswick.

Similar and yet widely different has been the story of Vancouver on the other end. Vancouver is considerably larger than St. John. But for a good many years after the big fire of twenty-odd years ago, Vancouver was not growing dizzily. The new development of the wheat lands on the prairie and the increase of population and trade on the prairies gave the western city an impetus, which began to culminate three years ago when the citizens of Vancouver formed a Hundred Thousand Club with the express purpose of getting a hundred thousand people in Vancouver by 1910. Now one year sooner than expected, they have begun to see the hundred thousand. Perhaps the club had nothing directly to do with the increase; but the spirit of optimism and determination which it crystallised into action must have done a great deal. That spirit is aptly summarised in the words of a writer in the *Vancouver World*, and he says:

"It was not, however, until eighteen months later when the financial crisis swept across the continent that Vancouver reaped the full value of the work of the 100,000 Club. Then, when doubt and dismay were felt almost everywhere Vancouver remained calm and serene, knowing that she had something to depend upon and that her future was assured both as a port and as a manufacturing city."

\* \* \*

THE BAEDECKER OF THE NORTH.

TWO men of the new north have been busy getting out literature of that country. They are J. K. Cornwall and H. M. E. Evans. These public-minded gentlemen seem to think that the fur empire is no longer entitled to mystery. To them the trail of the overland route to the Klondike has no epical significance—except as a route for traffic. They have looked upon the fur trader with cheerful disdain—except that J. K. is a fur trader himself, though one of the modern sort. In fact Cornwall believes more in railways and steamboats than in dog trains and pack trails and scows. He has a couple of steamships all his own. He has also a railway charter. Mr. Evans is a younger man who has been devoting much of his attention out west to coal mining and natural resources. He has conspired with Cornwall to get out a book in conjunction with that peculiarly alert organisation, the Edmonton Board of Trade. This book is a good deal of a schedule. It shows how the average man with a fair-sized "wad" and a large desire to travel may get from Edmonton to the far north, clean up to Fort MacPherson at the mouth of the Peel, and go by timetable all the way. They have mapped out the entire route with almost discouraging exactitude. They show all the details, facts and figures about trails, steamers and scows, pack trains and dog trains, freight rates and places to bunk. They have dragged into the public gaze the stop-over at Johnny Stony's, the pull-up at Shaganappi, and the bunk-in at Lewis' Half-Way House; besides showing up the Devil's Canon in the Rockies and the forts of the Arctic.

These are the modern waymakers on paper. Cornwall, however, is a pathfinder on moccasins. He has been there. He is a trailsman; one of the hard-as-nails variety. Evans is a different type; but he has been over the routes and he knows how to make these things look well on paper. He knows how to attract the attention and the dollars of the wayfaring man—even the tourist and the hunter.

So the ancient man, the Indian, will soon be an old song. The Yellow Knives of the Great Bear and the Lochieux of the Peel will become loafers about the raw new towns that spring up in the north where the fur forts are now. The hoot of Cornwall's whistles will be louder than the howl of the wolf. Edmonton will soon be away down south. The last north is being edged and nibbled at; and the whimpering of the old huskie dogs will soon be the only relic of the times when Dunvegan and Fort Norman and the devil were all in a league to keep out the ordinary white man that knew not how to pack on a trail or to haul on a track-line. Lord save the land when the north gets gone!

In passing, it may be mentioned that this same J. K. Cornwall was recently elected by acclamation as the legislative representative for that new north which he has helped to open up. He is now M.P.P. Who knows, he may some day be lieutenant-governor of a new province!

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## MONEY AND MAGNATES

AN OUTSTANDING PERSONALITY.

HOW the Dominion Coal and Dominion Iron and Steel fight did attract the attention of all Eastern Canada! Never before had the industrial world of Canada seen such a struggle. And now looking back over it all the personality of Mr. James Ross, the President of the Dominion Coal Company, stands right out as the most striking and interesting of the many that took part in the big controversy. At every turn people would ask "What will Ross' next move be?"

Many have said that Mr. Ross precipitated the fight, because the contract that the Coal Company had with the Steel Company to supply them coal was, he claimed, too onerous, and yet no sooner had the Privy Council handed down its final decision than Mr. Ross had taken steps to reinstate the Steel Company in its position under the old contract and to pay back the excess price it had received for coal since the struggle started.

Considering the aggressiveness with which the battle was waged it will surprise a great many to hear that at a very critical time in the existence of the Steel Company Mr. Ross was one of its greatest benefactors and perhaps, more than anybody else, was responsible for putting at the head of the Steel Company the men who fought him most strenuously in the recent struggle.

Mr. Ross' assistance to the Steel Company came some few years ago when the big company was on the verge of insolvency and the directors decided that the only way to save it was to underwrite an issue of second mortgage bonds at par notwithstanding the fact that the first mortgage bonds were then selling down close to 60. Mr. Ross at that time was by far the largest underwriter of the second mortgage bonds and the stand he took was largely responsible for the other directors splitting up the remaining amount among themselves. It was shortly after this that Mr. J. H. Plummer left the Canadian Bank of Commerce and undertook the task of rebuilding the Steel Company, and a prominent director of the Steel Company told me it was mainly on the advice of Mr. Ross that the services of Mr. Plummer, Mr. Frederic Nicholls and Mr. Jones, the present general manager, were secured to the Steel Company.

A fight over that 99 year coal contract had to occur some time, because the two companies were continually wrangling over the meaning of certain clauses and every second lawyer who was consulted had a different interpretation regarding them. Now that the matter has been settled once and for all by the Privy Council both the companies will know their exact position. Incidentally the approaching reorganisation of the finances of the Steel Company will result in the redemption of those second mortgage bonds—the issue of which saved the company—and Mr. Ross will get back all the money he put up to guarantee the success of the issue.

\* \* \*

CANADIAN BANKS SOON TO HAVE THEIR OWN TRUST CO.'S.

THE announcement that the Royal Bank of Canada had purchased the controlling interest in the Montreal Trust Company may be taken as an indication that all the leading Canadian banks will shortly control large trust corporations of their own. The Bank of Montreal has, for some years past, had the Royal Trust Company under its wing and the majority of the directors of the trust company are also directors of the bank. In the same way people had rather got into the way of looking on the National Trust Company as one of the institutions of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, but only recently President Byron E. Walker of the bank stated that it was only interests friendly to the bank that had the controlling interest in the National Trust Company and that it was very likely that in the near future the bank would form a trust company of its own. Other Toronto banks are even now negotiating for charters of trust companies.

The reason why the leading banks are all keen on having trust companies of their own is that every bank has quite a large amount of business which it can turn over to a trust company and it might just as well turn it over to one of its own.

Where the capital of the trust companies is placed at a conservative figure the concerns make quite a good deal of money and the interests in control of the banks evidently figure that they might just as well have this profit as have it go to somebody else. The trust company development is another indication of how rapidly Canada is growing.

\* \* \*

A GREAT ACHIEVEMENT.

IT remained for three Montreal capitalists, namely Mr. C. R. Hosmer, President of the Ogilvie Flour Mills Company; Mr. H. S. Holt, President of the Montreal Light, Heat and Power Company, and T. W. Thompson, Managing Director of the Ogilvie Company, to institute a new order of things in Canada as far as the flotation of enterprises were concerned. It was in connection with the Kaministiquia Power Company, the plant of which is situated at the Kakebeka Falls and supplies the towns of Fort William and Port Arthur.

The custom in the past had always been that when any big undertaking of this character was proposed to go into the open market both in Canada and England and try to sell a big block of bonds and giving a good bonus of common stock in order to carry the project through to completion. Usually owing to the absence of any earning power for some little time the bonds were issued at a very low figure.

In the case of the Kaministiquia Power Company, however, Messrs. Hosmer, Holt and Thompson after conceiving the project simply put the necessary capital up themselves and started in to have the first installation completed just as soon as possible. Mr. Holt, being a practical engineer, from the outset supervised the construction of the plant, while Mr. Hosmer looked after the financial plans and saw that the necessary capital should be in hand whenever it was needed.

What these capitalists had in mind in following this course was that by first carrying the work through till the company had an assured earning power they would be able to place the bonds on the London market at a premium and could then keep all the common stock to themselves. And it turned out just as they had figured. The bonds were offered in London through the Bank of Montreal and the entire issue was underwritten by a number of prominent houses.

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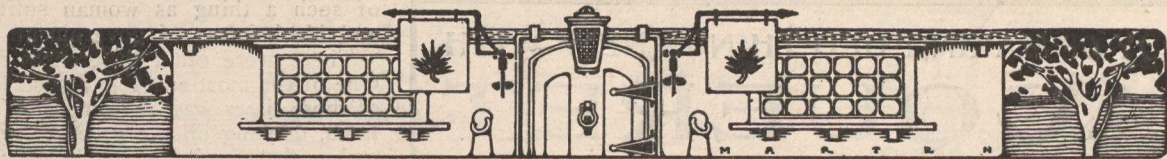
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## AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

### THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE NATIONAL COUNCIL.

THE annual meeting of the Canadian National Council of Women was held the day following the closing of the Congress, on July 1st, and a pleasant feature of the gathering was that the founder and first president of the Council, the Countess of Aberdeen, was, at the request of Lady Edgar, in the chair. A five-year organisation fund was established to which Lady Aberdeen subscribed \$100 a year. Mrs. Sanford, of Hamilton, followed with \$50, and other subscriptions make up a fund of \$2,000.

The corresponding secretary's report announced that the Council had twenty-five local and thirteen affiliated societies, and in the treasury is a balance on hand of \$228.47. Several questions were discussed, and the officers of the Council and the convenors were re-elected. Lady Edgar is again president, Mrs. Willoughby Cummings, secretary, and Mrs. Frost, treasurer.

In concluding, Lady Aberdeen expressed deep thanks for the kindness she had always received in Canada, and conveyed the regrets of Lord Aberdeen, who was unable to be present and meet again his Canadian friends. In shaking hands with each one present Her Excellency found it difficult to say "good-bye," but expressed the hope of meeting them again at the congress in Rome in 1914.

\* \* \*

### A BREATH FROM THE CONGRESS.

NOT yet is one's interest in the recent doings of the Quinquennial Congress allowed to subside, and day after day recalls some word, or act, or passing jest, that helps to keep the memory of it all green. As a fore-runner of impending mirth came the letter from Montreal which stated that "I am enjoying my being in the New World, and I think I shall do so still more when coming up to Toronto."

And when the two hundred delegates arrived at the Union Station at eight o'clock in the morning the reality of the Congress had dawned.

"Baggage?" repeated the man who was struggling under a burden of travelling bags, umbrellas and golf bags, "it is a veritable array of impedimenta," and he looked sympathetically towards his fellow-man who was considering the advisability of "shouldering" a "young trunk."

"Porters?"

"Oh, yes, they are all reporters, these gentlemen, and they will do anything for you," was the reassurance offered by a young Canadienne to a bewildered visitor waiting for her hostess.

Things soon righted themselves, and in due time all signs of the incoming delegates had vanished from the station.

The weather was most accommodating during the two weeks, and this helped to impress the foreigners with the idea that Canada was a delightful land to live in. "Oh, this country of yours!" Froken Krog would say, "but what a lovely day it is!" and when her English failed to express her emotion, her hands and eyes came to the rescue, and left no doubt as to her meaning.

"And the people, too, are so kind," Frau Hainisch, the accomplished linguist from Austria affirmed, "and so good-looking, too—and the children are so healthy and pretty."

"The Australians admired the great rivers and lakes and mountains and forests of Canada. "We have nothing like them," said Mrs. Dobson, wife of Senator Dobson, of Tasmania. "I should like to take some of those magnificent forests and streams home with me." Miss Mac-Millan was surprised to see the land in such a fine state of cultivation. The lower St. Lawrence reminded Froken Skroglund of the fjords of Sweden, and the banks of the Niagara recalled to the minds of the Germans Heidelberg and the Rhine. The country west of Montreal resembled France and Germany, and beautiful Lake Simcoe was to the Scotch like lovely Loch Katrine.

In the rotunda and corridors of the University and in Convocation Building and on the campus, interesting little episodes were constantly occurring. "Isn't Frau Marie Stritt delightful?" someone was saying as she fixed her attention upon a little group of ladies in the tea room. Frau Stritt was talking with them just then, and the smile that played so often over her classic features was especially fascinating. Every word and movement of that finely bred woman seemed to express some artistic temperament or some unaffected sincerity of purpose. "English? Oh, yes, she speaks excellent English, and when she talks to you, you feel as if you had always known her."

Wherever Lady Aberdeen was, there was her Toronto

aide-de-camp also. "Didn't you find it tiresome being with Her Excellency *always*, Miss Casselman?"

"Tiresome!" and a ripple of soft laughter told clearly that such a question was absurd. "We went everywhere in an automobile," the new aide-de-camp replied, "and—oh, I had a lovely time. Lady Aberdeen is so sweet, and did you know she invited me to visit her in Ireland?"

"No, did she?"

"Yes, and I believe father is going to let me go. Lady Aberdeen says she thinks she will have women aide-de-camp after this." And then she added somewhat more seriously, "But I *tried* to please her. I did everything I could to be of service to her, and she never forgot to be nice to me."

"And you always had the benefit of the private opinions of the inner circles, that is, I mean, if there were any inner circles, which, of course, there were not. But how they do count on suffrage!"

"Yes, it was quite interesting the morning we received news about the trouble with the English suffragettes. You know Lady Aberdeen does not really approve of their militant methods."

"No, I thought not." And then came to mind Her Excellency's words: "Is it not from our husbands, fathers, brothers and sons that we owe much of the inspiration for the work we are attempting? Men of chivalry, often the most chivalrous, want to save us from soiling our hands in the work of the world. The very best of men hold this view, but we must show them that it is not the greatest kindness to us any more than to other human beings to let us shirk our responsibilities. Perhaps their idea that we shall soil our hands is because they have not too high an idea of politics. In our effort to obtain the franchise let us pray that it be given us to raise the whole ideals of government."

It is with some degree of pardonable pride that Miss Casselman looks upon the handsome photograph presented to her by Lady Aberdeen, bearing her autograph, and encased in a plain, neat frame of silver.

A review of the garden parties and excursions, the receptions and entertainments of various sorts might leave one wondering where time had been found for work. But it all fitted in beautifully and not a minute was squandered. A change of clothes is sometimes a great transformation and when "Sweden" caught sight of "Canada" at a garden party in a soft lavender satin gown instead of a simple white and black university cap and gown, she was delighted to see her in a "civilised" dress. Misapplied words and confused odiums often occurred, but generally as much to the amusement of the speaker as of anyone else.

Niagara was a marvel and a delight, but while the vivacious Latins often went into ecstasies, the deliberate Teuton just looked on and said "Beautiful!"

"Such a delightful day!" some one explained. "It has been—it has been—oh, just like a dream." The reporter was there, too, and as usual was deeply appreciated for his gallantry, but an accident happened for which he was responsible. Fraulein Gad's umbrella was broken, whereupon she philosophised in that peculiarly interesting way of hers, that she should have known better than to entrust anything to a man. And out of the kindness of her heart she still further tried to soothe the young man's agitation, and quoted the Danish proverb that "It is easier to bold an eel by the tail than to trust a man."

But this is only a moiety of what might be said. Memories of the Congress rise daily like the breath of incense, and send one dreaming, and building castles in the air.

K. R.

\* \* \*

### THE ALLUREMENT OF THE OPEN.

HISTORY is constantly repeating itself. We are accustomed to think of garden parties and outdoor entertainments as modern inventions due to modern love of fresh air and exercise and sports of various kinds, but such is not the case. Many delightful gatherings in the olden times are recorded as being held in the open air. Our mother land has always had a weakness for out-of-door fetes and pageants, but the hospitality of a century or more ago excelled that of to-day inasmuch as the entertainments were much more prolonged. It is related that a magnificent garden party given by George IV, then Prince of Wales, "began at noon, went on all night and was not ended till the next day."

Another feature of the entertainment, that does not quite accord with modern ideas, was that "a costly banquet was prepared for the ladies on whom His Royal Highness and the gentlemen waited while they were seated at table." That was really heroic—of the gentlemen, I mean—but the ladies of that day never dreamed



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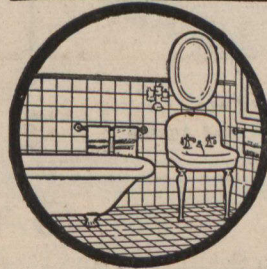
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The Canadian Courier is looking for canvassers of the right sort for a special campaign now being inaugurated in the PROVINCE OF ONTARIO. First-class salesmanship may in these days concern itself with the question, "WHAT SHALL A MAN READ?" Thousands of Canadians await an introduction to the Canadian Courier, the national weekly of Canada, in a sense never before realized. First-class rewards await the men (or women) who are SELLERS of periodicals. You will be interested if you are in this class. Write to Circulation Manager, Canadian Courier, Toronto.

of such a thing as woman suffrage and ideal forms of government.

There were other differences also. One of the most enviable amusements of those times was, judging from pictures, dancing on the green. As for styles, they varied as much as manners, and grotesque as some of them would appear to us now, still there were striking resemblances, such as flat, broad-brimmed hats, or high crowns, or puffed sleeves, or tight-fitting ones. And there was a craze for ballooning also, which it is interesting to know, in view of the fact that ballooning parties are fast becoming one of the chief attractions of the present age.

The delightful summer days are passing, and if the dwellers in one country more than in another are enticed by the charms of nature to take their pleasures in the open air, they are Canadians.

### Literary Notes

MR. NORMAN DUNCAN, the most virile and vigorous of our Canadian novelists, who has been described as the most vivid descriptive writer in America, has just been picturing some unlovely conditions existing in Uncle Sam's domains. His article, "Higgins—A Man's Christian," appears in *Harper's Magazine* for July, and reveals the shocking vice and lawlessness rampant among the lumber camps of Minnesota. Mr. Duncan portrays the heroic struggle of Higgins, the sky-pilot—another Dr. Grenfell—to effect a reformation.

The article has created a profound sensation throughout the American Northwest. The *Bellman*, the eminent weekly of Minneapolis, publishes as its leading editorial for the issue of July 10th, a lengthy consideration of Mr. Duncan and his article. This extract is what is said in part:

"Granted that Mr. Norman Duncan in this relation falls into peculiarities of style which annoy the readers and unnecessarily weaken the virility if his narrative; that he is given to hyperbole, is often hysterical and sloppily sentimental; that he affects the unnecessary dash, the senseless question point, the childish italics and many of the other ejaculatory and exclamatory tricks, which affect the school to which he belongs, which is akin to that of the muck-rakers, it remains that his article is an outstanding exposition not only of his hero's fine character, but, what is far more important and pertinent, of the deplorable state of the men among whom he labours. . . . Minnesota cannot afford to allow this stain upon her reputation to stand. She must erase it. The towns in which such base traffic thrives must be cleaned up and cleaned out. Conditions such as those described by Mr. Duncan in *Harper's* must be radically changed."

\* \* \*

PROFESSOR HORNING of Victoria College, Toronto, has translated "The German Drama of the Nineteenth Century," by Professor George Witkowski, University of Leipsic. Henry Holt & Co., New York, are the publishers.

\* \* \*

Mr. W. D. Howells finds that the fiction of Robert Herrick "is much more broadly based than that of any other American novelist of his generation." "The Gospel of Freedom" he ranks as Mr. Herrick's best book because the characters "are such as from your experience of men and women you know to be veritable, and without being over-motived, they work out to the inevitable end."



THE BLIND MAN'S BLUFF

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.

fortable, well-lighted train, I enlarged on the subject, giving every essential particular I knew. It was just 11.15 as we reached Marylebone, and the clock struck 11.45 as we entered my flat. There was a fire going brightly, and Jimmy's supper was laid. We had scarcely sampled the food ere the door banged and Jimmy burst in.

"What, Alan!" he said, staring blankly. "Ghost or man? Man, well, that's all right. Dear boy, glad to see you, but what a surprise! Who's the new chum?"

"Inspector Despard," I said "of the Manchester City Police."

"Going in for mystery-mongering and crime? Come out of it, Alan, and tell me the tale."

I told him.

Jimmy fired at once. It's a cinch," he said. "You called the old 'un a thief the very first night, and I agreed. We'll lay the old beggar by the heels."

We fell to discussing plans, and decided to wait until 1.30, to go into Red Lion Street, to separate and stand solitary, watching the houses on the right somewhere about the middle. The man nearest to the spot where he started out—if he did start out—was to simply signal by striking a stick on the pavement, notice where the blind man came from, and wait for the other two to close up and accost the man who walked in the dead of night.

So it fell out that at one o'clock the three of us stood in Guildford Street, fifty yards apart, looking on the right side of the road as one approached from the Foundling Hospital. I stood opposite to a small restaurant and a furrier's shop, and in between there was a private entrance to the residential part of the house above the restaurant. I was wildly excited. Would he come out? Should we find anything to vindicate my theory? Would the mad journey south be justified? The clock struck 1.15, and the minutes dragged wearily. On my left stood Jimmy; on my right, near to Guildford Street, stood the detective. I cowered back in a shop entrance and pulled out my watch. Just as my watch pointed to 1.26, the very door opposite was opened; a figure, the figure I knew and expected, came out; the door was pulled to with a bang. The iron ferrule struck the pavement, then the sharp foot, then the foot that dragged. I gave him ten yards, then started out, and swung my own stick sharply on the pavement. Despard crossed the road. Jimmy Somerset hurried towards us. The three of us came straight on to the crippled blind man together.

The blind man stopped irresolutely. Despard caught his arm and dragged him to a street lamp. "I want to speak to you," he said, tensely.

"Heaven have mercy on a poor blind man! Who wants to speak with him? Gentlemen, please, I ask you to let me pass. I am poor sport for men who are merry at midnight."

He whined like a beggar and then he looked at Despard. There was a sudden stiffening of his facial muscles; it was fright. The blind man could see!

"Don't whine, you reptile, you can see!" Despard said. "I am Inspector Despard."

The wolf-like mouth behind the white beard puckered with passion.

"A thousand furies!" he screamed. "Let me go!"

He raised his ferruled stick and struck Despard on the head. His other hand drew a revolver. Jimmy took him in the rear, twisted his hand until he yelled and dropped the gun and tiptoed him, full length on the pavement. Despard dragged him to his feet, tore off his hat, and in a fury caught him by the beard and throat. The beard came off in his hand.

"Listen!" he said savagely. "I arrest you on a charge of murdering Sir Digby Stone, and, you cur! we have got the right man. You know where he comes from?" he said, turning to me.

"Next door to the restaurant, fifty yards up," I answered, promptly.

Despard pushed him forward, and we reached the door.

"Hold him," Despard said, "while I go through him."

He drew a bundle of keys from the blind man's hip-pocket, fumbled with them a minute, and one fitted the latch-key. Up we went, through a narrow stairway, on to the first floor. It was locked, but one key from the bundle fitted. Throwing the prisoner forward we entered. Somerset struck a match and Despard turned on the electric light.

I shall never forget that room as I saw it with the light turned on. In that dingy house in Red Lion Street this man had a room furnished with the luxury of an Eastern palace. Divans, hangings, carpets, glowed with the ripe beauties of Eastern colours. A warm tiger's skin was stretched on the velvety carpet before the fire. Pictures and etchings loaded the dull red walls. The warm intimate taint of Turkish cigarettes hung about the heavy hangings. The man we had brought in stood revealed—young, strong, with blazing eyes and passion in his contorted features, sweat standing on his white forehead, froth oozing from his thin lips down his folish chin. He stood revealed, a degenerate, voluptuous, predatory beast, fired with fury because of the toils weaving round him, and when he struggled to free himself there was more than the wolf in his eyes—there was mania.

He made one wild effort for freedom, and the revolver we had placed on the table.

"No, you don't!" cried Despard, and caught him by the throat.

There was a quick, sharp struggle. Despard planted his knee behind the man's legs, squeezed his throat until he went purple, and threw him heavily on the soft carpet. As he fell his collar was torn asunder, a necklace under his shirt gave with a tense snap, and black pearls ran in a bubbling riot on to the carpet and cried out his crime, the crime of Cain, as they danced to the floor.

"You hound!" Despard said, with a cold, tense whisper, which froze the fact home to the blind man who could see. "Your game is up, and if you move, I'll press your neck until the life of you is squeezed out dead."

Jimmy and I sat in the flat on the Saturday night.

The clock struck half-past one.

Jimmy looked at me. I looked at him. We listened.

No sound broke the silence. The tap of the ferrule was silenced for ever.



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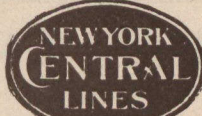
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**WHAT CANADIAN EDITORS THINK**

CANADIAN TRADE.  
(Monetary Times.)

MUCH has been written in order to educate British appreciation of opportunities for Canadian trade. There is no question of taking the bread from the mouth of the Canadian manufacturer. It is the wrestling among the nations for a large or small share of the fifty-eight per cent. representing the United States' portion of imports to Canada. The figures cannot be divided among other countries without strenuous effort. Our neighbours are remarkable business men; they are living on the same continent as we. As a beginning, then, the British manufacturer and exporter has to learn all that which comes more or less naturally to men of America, the British North and the States. The evolution of the overseas manufacturer, so far as our markets are concerned, is interesting. After continual urging, he consents to visit the Dominion with a view to extending his trade relations. In many cases he is first appalled by the size of the country, and to him, the new atmosphere in which Canadian trade and commerce is conducted. That Canada as a field of operations is entirely different to his home and other markets, is soon learned. His advertising man, the best there is perhaps, he is almost unwilling to admit as unsuitable for local conditions. He cannot always see that the advertiser who campaigns to attract British attention, has to adopt different methods to magnetise Canadian trade.

TRADE AND THE FLAG.  
(Regina Standard.)

THERE is a theory that trade follows the flag—but it doesn't. Trade, like water, flows along the lines of least resistance. When the natural channels of trade, as of water, are deep and precipitous it defies all resistant obstacles and over-leaps them. Thus it is that in spite of tariff walls Canada's importations from the United States are increasing, while importations from Great Britain are decreasing, in the face of a preferential tariff. In 1869 merchandise from the United States formed 34 per cent. of the imports of Canada; in 1879, 53.57 per cent.; in 1889, 45.86 per cent.; in 1899, 59.24 per cent.; and in 1909—fiscal year ending March 31—60.4 per cent. The share of our imports drawn from Great Britain in the meanwhile has steadily declined, having been in 1869, 56 per cent.; in 1879, 39.34 per cent.; in 1889, 38.73 per cent.; in 1899, 24.72 per cent.; and in 1909, 23.69 per cent.

PEACE AND PROGRESS.  
(St. John Globe.)

ENERGY and enterprise have in all lands done much to open new fields of labour, and Canada has not been slow to join in the march of progress. Of course, money has to be borrowed, and the country while increasing its wealth has also increased its debt, with the result that industry is heavily taxed to pay the expense. Still the balance is apparently on the right side of the ledger and the industrious man can live comfortably in this Dominion provided he is frugal. But the tendency of the age is not to frugality. Naturally a country which spends much collectively will do the same in the units of its population. Perhaps one of the best and most hopeful signs of the times, for the working man in Canada, as everywhere, is in the growth of feeling in favour of peace. When the Confederation of Canada was

brought about the idea was stimulated greatly by the fear that the United States and Great Britain would soon be in conflict—in a conflict which would seriously affect these provinces. Nobody believes that such a thing is now possible. An industrious people, with a gratifying prospect of peace, long continued, if not absolutely permanent, before it, can very well enter upon another year of its existence with much hopefulness. Let it ever be remembered that it is labour which pays for swords, guns and gunpowder.

UNMUSICAL OTTAWA.  
(Ottawa Journal.)

A Journal subscriber complains that he is starved for music. He is not alone in that regard in Ottawa. Those who cannot make music for themselves must for the most part do without it. During the summer there are the street pianos for theirs, the orchestra at one park, where an admission fee is levied, and a weekly band concert at another. In both park cases a street car fare is necessary. For one reason or other there is not enough public music in Ottawa during the summer. There is evidence to show that the people of Ottawa are in large part lovers of music. Large crowds follow the military bands about in the militia drill season. Wherever by any chance a band makes its appearance the people flock. They crowd the five cent shows to hear the indifferently played piano and the worse than indifferently sung song. There is reason to believe that a nightly band concert in summer would pay if a small fee for admission, say five or ten cents, were charged, and if some one were to think out a plan of the sort, it would result in a large measure of wholesome enjoyment for thousands of Ottawans.

THE AIR-DWELLERS.  
(Vancouver World.)

IT is an odd characteristic of the times that hard upon its being said of the greedy and covetous man that "he wants the earth," human ingenuity and enterprise, in many departments, should be directed to the conquest of the air. The earth is not big enough. "Sky-scrapers" pierce the atmosphere; the sea no longer satisfies the builder of ships. It has been said that the business done in some of the New York and Chicago sky-scrapers would meet the needs of the average town of ten thousand inhabitants. It is quite certain that the cost of these huge structures would suffice for the building of the average country town, on this continent or any other, of thirty or fifty years ago. Every movement is progressive. Who shall say when or where the limit in the height of buildings will be reached?

THE "BUSTER" BOY.  
(Victoria Times.)

"SUNDAY comics" are severely criticised by teachers in the United States. These publications are the coloured supplements issued for the amusement of children. Some are innocent enough. But there are others of which so much cannot be said. Where the child is taught to treat its elders with disrespect, where it is asked to believe that smartness and mischief are fun, a wrong view of life is presented, and damage is done. The children who derive their ideas of life from this sort of humour are not likely to be very desirable citizens in after-life.

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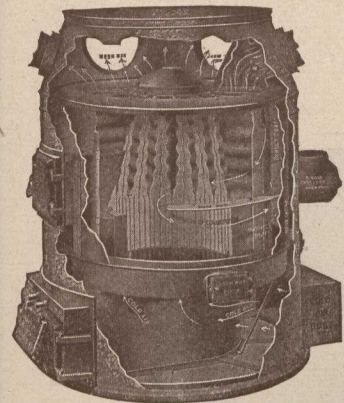
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