

# The Canadian Courier

A · N A T I O N A L · W E E K L Y



THE NOBLE RED MAN.

Drawing by J. W. Sheeres

EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER,  
COURIER PRESS, Limited, TORONTO.



# Do You Like Good Pictures?

Would you accept four good pictures for nothing?

Would you accept four good pictures by a Canadian artist if they were offered to you free of charge?

These four pictures are each 17 x 22 inches, made from original paintings by John Innes, and well worth hanging in the best-furnished Canadian Home.

The four original oil paintings, from which these prints are made, were produced for the Canadian Courier, and are the exclusive property of that publication. The prints are therefore not likely to become common.

The four pictures are:

I

## "His Majesty's Mail"

A postman in the wintry North with his dog train.

II

## "The Disputed Trail"

A bear and a pack-horse meeting in the Rockies.

III

## "The Surrender"

A stirring incident in N. W. M. Police life. A wonderful scene.

IV

## "Kla-How-Yah"

A British Columbia coast scene, showing the natives in their canoe. The word signifies "Welcome."

The four pictures giving absolutely free, postpaid, in strong tube, to those who become new subscribers to the Courier during March. Also to any present subscriber sending us a new subscription during the same month. Fill out the following blank:

1908

COURIER PRESS LIMITED  
Toronto, Ont.

Gentlemen: Enclosed find Three Dollars for one year's subscription to The Canadian Courier, including Mr. Innes' four famous pictures without extra charge.

## HOW MANY PERSONS IN YOUR HOME CAN PLAY THE PIANO?



### Everyone can play the Gourlay-Angelus Piano

It provides for the pianist and student not only a superb piano whose tone and touch are an inspiration, but through the ANGELUS (built inside the piano-case) a means for study of composition that is a great educator. For those who have not learned to play, it opens up a wonderful field. To be able without previous practice to play anything in the world of music, and play it artistically, is a source of entertainment that needs to be experienced to be fully realized.

### THE MELODANT (Patented)

This crowning achievement in piano-player construction brings out the complete melody of every composition, accentuating each melody note and subduing every note of the accompaniment. Its use requires no practice or special dexterity. Anyone can use it and with its aid play artistically. *The Gourlay-Angelus is the only Canadian player piano* in which the Melodant is found and no other Canadian piano has any similar device.

Write for illustrations and full particulars.

## Gourlay, Winter & Leeming

188 Yonge Street, TORONTO

BRANCHES: 66 King Street West, HAMILTON.  
195 Dundas Street, LONDON.



Remember that your wife likes CHOCOLATES as well as you like cigars. Give her a box of WEBB'S



## SIXTY YEARS IN UPPER CANADA WITH AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL RECOLLECTIONS

By CHARLES CLARKE, Late Clerk of Legislature of Ontario

Cloth, 321 pages, net \$1.50.

"The book naturally deals with political events, and the epoch-making events of the past sixty years are clearly outlined. Interesting comparative sketches of Sir John A. Macdonald and Hon. George Brown are given, but the bulk of the book is devoted to the period covered by the active life of Sir Oliver Mowat. The personal references to the men, great and small, who guided the political destinies of Ontario during its career as a province are full of interest, and the work, so far as a layman can judge, has been done with discretion and good taste. Mr. Clarke's book is certain to appeal to a large constituency."—*The Presbyterian*.

WM. BRIGGS, 29-33 Richmond Street West, TORONTO

## Your Appearance



Is it against you? There is no longer any reason why a young man or woman should go about with a spotted, pimpled, blotched or discolored face. We correct or cure all complexional troubles including that masculine blemish

### Superfluous Hair

or moles, warts, ruptured viens, etc.

Write or call for particulars and booklet. CONSULTATION FREE.

Hiscott Dermatological Institute  
61 College Street, Toronto. Tel. M. 831.

## GAINS OVER 1906

—MADE BY—

*The Mutual Life* ASSURANCE CO.  
OF CANADA.

In Policies in force	-	\$4,179,440
" Assets	-	1,271,255
" Reserve	-	966,221
" Income	-	171,147
" Surplus	-	300,341

The income from interest shows a handsome increase over the previous year, though the same high standard of securities has been maintained. The SAFE investment of money is, and must always be, of infinitely greater importance than the interest return therefrom, and this principle has ever guided the management of this Company in the investment of its funds.

INSURANCE IN FORCE, OVER \$51,000,000

HEAD OFFICE - - - WATERLOO, ONT.



When you are buying rubber goods ask the clerk who waits on you to

show you the trade mark

(Jacques Cartier)

behind which the largest rubber manufacturers in America stand to refund the purchase price if the goods are not exactly as represented. Remember the trade mark.

The Canadian Rubber Co.  
of Montreal, Limited

SALES BRANCHES:

Halifax St. John Toronto Winnipeg  
Regina Calgary Vancouver Victoria



FREE

Send us your name and address for 12 pieces of Jewelry to sell at 10 cents each. When sold send us the \$1.20 and we will send you these TWO SOLID GOLD filled RINGS. We trust you with the Jewelry and will send it all charges paid. Send us your name and address now.  
STAR MFG. CO., PROVIDENCE, R. I., U. S. A.

Write for new Catalogue of the

*Central Business College*

of Toronto, Canada.  
Enter any time. No Vacations.  
W. H. SHAW, President.





**ROOFS**  
**That Stay Roofed**

The strongest wind that ever blew can't rip away a roof covered with self-locking

**"OSHAWA"**  
**GALVANIZED**  
**STEEL SHINGLES**

Rain can't get through it in 25 years (guaranteed in writing for that long—good for a century, really)—fire can't bother such a roof—proof against all the elements—the cheapest GOOD roof there is.

Write us and we'll show you why it costs least to roof right. Just address:

206  
**The PEDLAR People** 'st'd 1861.  
Oshawa Montreal Ottawa Toronto London Winnipeg

**The Hamilton Steel and Iron Company**  
Limited

**PIG IRON**  
Foundry, Basic, Malleable.

**FORGINGS**  
of Every Description.

High Grade Bar Iron.  
Open Hearth Bar Steel.

**HAMILTON - ONTARIO**



**O'Keefe's**  
**PILSENER**

Insist that your dealer always sends O'KEEFE'S "PILSENER"

"THE LIGHT BEER IN THE LIGHT BOTTLE"  
(Registered)

**The O'Keefe Brewery Co.**  
**of Toronto, Limited**

Head Office for Canada: **MONTREAL**

WM. MACKAY, Gen. Manager. J. H. LABELLE, Asst. Manager.



**ROYAL**  
**INSURANCE**  
**COMPANY**

The Largest and Strongest Fire Insurance Company in the World.

**Maguire & Connon**  
GENERAL AGENTS

Office: "Royal Building," 27 Wellington St. E., TORONTO.

Telephones: Main 6000. Residence, North 3571 and M. 978.

THE  
**Canadian Courier**

A NATIONAL WEEKLY

Published at 61 Victoria Street, Toronto, by The Courier Press, Limited

Subscription: Canada and Great Britain, \$4.00 a Year; United States, \$5.00 a Year

**CONTENTS**

IN THE PUBLIC VIEW	5
REFLECTIONS	6
THROUGH A MONOCLE	8
A SET-BACK FOR REPUBLICANISM	9
POLITICS IN NEW BRUNSWICK	10
WINTER SPORTS IN QUEBEC	11
THE O. S. A. EXHIBITION	12
LIFE'S CHEQUERBOARD, Story	13
THE ROMANCE OF SELINA KING, Story	14
DEMI-TASSE	16
PEOPLE, PLACES AND PROGRESS	17
LITERARY NOTES	18
MUSIC AND DRAMA	19
AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE	21
FOR THE CHILDREN	22



**PUBLISHERS' TALK**

THE cover design this week is by the same artist whose work decorated the first cover of the enlarged Courier. Mr. Sheeres is one of the most promising of the younger artists. Several other new designers will be introduced during the next few weeks. Every cover design used on the Courier is done by a Canadian and the plates are wholly executed here.

NEXT week, attention will be directed to two of the newer towns of the West—Fort Frances and Nelson, both typical and at the same time different. These articles will not be ordinary "write-ups" put in to accompany special advertising. They are intended merely to depict phases of Canada's development.

THERE will also be a page of interesting pictures taken by an amateur during the Hon. Mr. Lemieux's recent visit to Japan. These will depict not only the peculiarities and characteristics of Japan, but will indicate how Canada's diplomatic representative was received and entertained.

OUR offer to allow new subscribers to come in at the introductory price—three dollars—still holds. The particulars will be found in another column.



**Gilbey's**  
**"INVALID"**  
**PORT**

IS A GENUINE PURE  
**DOURO PORT WINE**

Q The rare delicacy of bouquet which is found only in genuine Douro Port Wine, apart from its medicinal properties, makes it not only acceptable to the tired invalid but almost a necessity in private homes.

Q When ordering insist on having

**Gilbey's** Genuine  
**"INVALID" PORT**

Distributors:  
**R. H. Howard, Toronto**  
**G. F. & J. Galt, Winnipeg**  
and others. 543



"A PAINT OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOREVER"

ASK FOR THE  
**CANADA PAINT COMPANY'S**  
**PAINTS and VARNISHES**  
HANDY FORM—BEST VALUE

**THE STANDARD LOAN**  
**COMPANY**

CAPITAL - \$1,125,000  
RESERVE - 50,000  
ASSETS - 2,250,000

Vice-President and Managing Director:  
W. S. DINNICK.

Director:  
RIGHT HONORABLE LORD STRATHCONA AND MOUNT ROYAL, K.C.M.G.

HEAD OFFICE:  
24 Adelaide St. East, TORONTO, ONT.

Debentures for one, two, three, four and five years issued, bearing interest at five per cent. per annum, payable half-yearly.

Write for booklet entitled "SOME CARDINAL POINTS."



# EATON-MADE *Acme* CORSETS

## Newest Spring Styles Introduced to Our Mail Order Customers.

A SHAPE FOR EVERY FIGURE—A PRICE FOR EVERY PURSE.

Years of unceasing labor and inventive skill have resulted in our producing in *Acme* Corsets many novel and useful features seldom found in moderately priced makes. Features that accomplish something, and appeal to the common sense of customers.

Although many of the latest American styles are found in *Acme* Corsets, we have realized that fads and exaggerations are quickly giving way to nature's purer lines and curves. The feminine form is not intended to be crushed and manipulated into ridiculous shapes. It can be trained and developed into lines of symmetry and fashion. Hence, expert corsetieres, in the designing, cutting and fitting, see to it that the *Acme* follows nature's original and most beautiful lines, yet leaves the wearer her own personality. Furthermore, no matter what the figure, there is an *Acme* Corset to fit it, and fit it perfectly, and comfortably. Corsets with short or long, graceful lines, high or low busts, or increased lengths below the waist—all of these, in every size, are found in the celebrated *Acme* makes.



*Acme* Corsets, when finished, retain permanently their original shape and graceful curves, since none but high-class imported jeans, coutils, sateens and batistes, that have been thoroughly tested for their strength and durability, are used in the making, and the fillings are of the best tempered corset steel procurable. Skilled operators have attended to the finish. Every pair of *Acme* Corsets is trimmed with pretty Valenciennes lace and satin ribbon beading, and, from the original design to the finishing stitches, everything has been carefully examined and has measured up to the **EATON** standard. By buying the raw materials and selling the finished corset in such large quantities, and by avoiding all middleman's profits, on *Acme* Corsets you save much of what you were previously paying, and they are guaranteed to give entire satisfaction or your money refunded.

OUR MAIL ORDER SERVICE INSURES PROMPT DELIVERY.

Read our Liberal Guarantee and Free Delivery Offer in new Spring and Summer Catalogue.



CR2-148. Corset, straight front, long dip hip, 5 hook Paris clasp, white batiste, steel filled, lace and ribbon trimmed, hose supporters front and side, suitable for tall and medium figures, sizes 18 to 30. .95

CR2-124. Corset, straight front, fine sateen, filled with steel wire, long hip, hose supporters attached, drab and white, sizes 18 to 26. .85  
CR2-144. Same style as CR2-124, only fine batiste. .75

The new designs in *Acme* Corsets are now ready, and every pair is absolutely perfect fitting. The Moderate Prices are—35c, 50c, 75c, 95c.

We carry also the following lines in all styles and sizes: Kabo, 1.25 to 6.00; R. & G., 1.25 to 3.50; Nemo, 3.50 and 6.00; Binner, 8.00, 10.00 and 13.00; La Camille, 1.25 to 6.00; La Adria, 1.25 to 4.75; Ivy, 1.25 to 3.75; W. B., 1.25 to 3.75; P. N., 1.25 to 3.25; La Corybee, 6.00 to 7.50; B. & C., 1.00; Smart Set, 6.00 to 15.00; F. P., 1.25 to 3.00.



CR2-154. Corset, made of fine, light weight batiste, steel filled, girdle top, finished with lace and ribbon, long below waist and over hip, for slight and medium figures, white only, sizes 18 to 24. .95

## Wear *Acme* Corsets Once and You'll Wear Them Always.

ACME CORSETS COME DIRECT FROM THE MAKER ...TO YOU...

# THE T. EATON CO. LIMITED

TORONTO, CANADA.

If Acme Corsets are in any way unsatisfactory, we will exchange or refund your money.



# The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

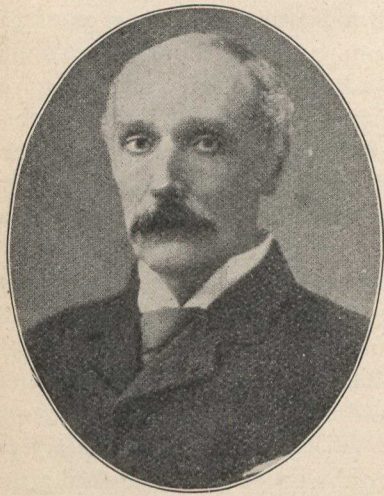
Subscription: \$4.00 a Year.

Vol. III.

Toronto, February 29th, 1908.

No. 13

## IN THE PUBLIC VIEW



Hon. J. K. Merriman,  
New Premier of Cape Colony.

CANADA is considerably interested in watching the development of affairs in South Africa. Dr. Jameson, the man who led the abortive raid into the Transvaal, has been deposed from the premiership of Cape Colony and has been succeeded by the Hon. John Xavier Merriman, who was a member of the Cape Jameson Raid Committee and drew up the report on that event. Roughly speaking, Dr. Jameson is pro-British and Mr. Merriman pro-Boer. However, these terms do not indicate the deep distinction which they did some years ago.

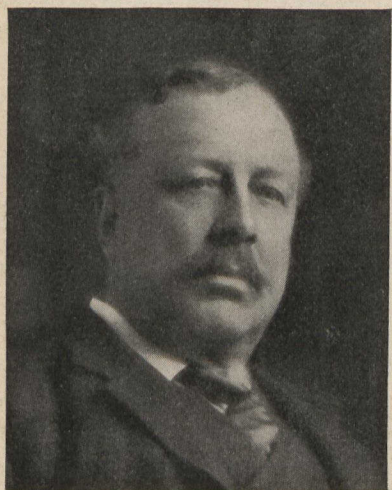
Mr. Merriman was born in Somersetshire and went to South Africa with his father who was a bishop. He was, however, educated in England. He has been in politics since

1869, and is now sixty-seven years of age. For at least thirteen years he has been a member of the Cape Cabinet and may therefore be termed an experienced administrator. He has not always worked along the one line, but has varied his views from time to time. At present he has associated with him in his Cabinet, Mr. J. W. Sauer, a Dutch lawyer, who has been prominent in Cape politics for the last twenty-seven years; Mr. F. S. Malan, editor of "Ons Land," who was sentenced to twelve months imprisonment in 1901 for libelling General French; and Mr. de Waal. These are the present leading members of the Bund Party.

It is a peculiar feature of the British system, but one which works extremely well, that neither colour, political opinion nor past record prevent a man being premier of any portion of the Empire if he can command a following in the elected assembly or parliament which governs that country. With Mr. Merriman's accession to office, three ancient pro-Boers rule in the Transvaal, Orange River and Cape Colony. Perhaps, too, they will rule even better than those who profess greater loyalty to the Crown.

\* \* \*

MR. CHARLES DRINKWATER has resigned from the secretaryship of the Canadian Pacific—taking up exclusively the legislative work of that company with headquarters at Ottawa. Each of the large railway corporations finds it necessary to have a specialist for this work. Their interests are so varied that it is absolutely necessary that some person thoroughly conversant with parliamentary practice and procedure shall handle their new legislation and watch the legislation of competitors. Mr. Drinkwater, having served ten years as secretary to Sir John Macdonald and having since had considerable connection with railway legislation, is peculiarly fitted to occupy this new post. He is an Englishman by birth and was in railway service in that country before coming to Canada in 1864. For some time he was in the service of the Grand Trunk, but since 1881, four years before the C. P. R. transcontinental was completed, he has been secretary of the younger corporation. As secretary,



Mr. Charles Drinkwater,  
Legislative Representative of C.P.R.]

he has attended to most of the Ottawa work but will hereafter devote all his time to that branch. He is a painstaking and efficient official.

\* \* \*

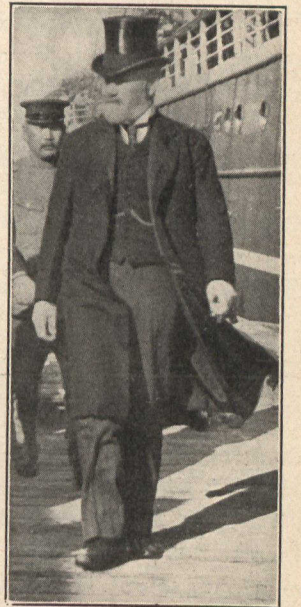
NEARLY a year ago when returning from a bear hunt in Northern British Columbia the "Thistle," the private yacht of Lieutenant-Governor James Dunsmuir, was burned in Queen Charlotte Sound, the party escaping in the boats. Since that time Mr. Dunsmuir has used one of his tug boats whenever he wished to make a hunting or fishing trip. It will be only a month or two, however, before a brand new pleasure yacht will be ready for service. The "Dolaura" will be launched before the end of this month at Paisley, Scotland, where she is being built by Fleming & Ferguson especially for the use of His Honour, the Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia, the coal baron of Vancouver Island.

The "Dolaura" is to be a floating home in which Mr. Dunsmuir can take his whole family. She will not be very fast, only making about fourteen knots an hour, but what she loses in speed she will make up in comfort. Her name is a combination of Dola and Laura, the former being the name of the owner's youngest daughter and the latter of his wife, an ideal combination for a family boat. Following out the idea of comfort, the new pleasure craft will contain on the main deck dining and drawing-rooms, the latter with a fireplace; library surrounded by large bookcases; bathroom, gunroom, maids' rooms, a smaller private suite for the owner's particular use containing bedroom, sitting room, bath and clothes room; and rooms for the other members of the family. All the windows in the rooms will be large and rectangular in shape so that there will be none of that stuffiness which one is accustomed to associate with the rooms aboard ship. Everything else throughout is fitted to correspond. The ship is 218 feet over all with a 32-foot beam.

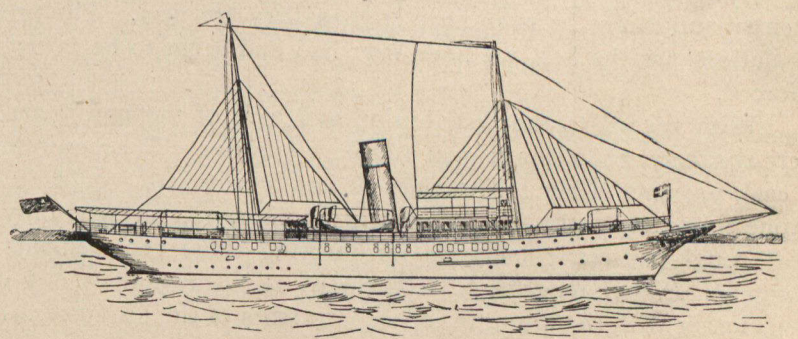
As soon as the present session of the British Columbia Legislature is finished Mr. Dunsmuir will proceed with his family to England, but he will not join his yacht until she reaches Marseilles as His Honour is somewhat afraid of suffering from mal de mer while crossing the Bay of Biscay. From that point they will cruise right around the Mediterranean Sea and return home the same way that they went, sending the yacht home by way of the Pacific.

\* \* \*

Governor Dunsmuir's political experiences in the past few months have not been such as the average citizen would envy. He has been accused of blocking last year's Natal Bill, and of entering into a conspiracy to bring in Japanese coolies for his coal-mines. Certain classes would like to have dipped him in the cool waters of the Straits of San Juan de Fuca. When the Natal Act was passed again this season, Mr. Dunsmuir quietly gave his gubernatorial assent. Mr. Justice Martin immediately declared it ultra vires—and Mr. Dunsmuir probably laughed.

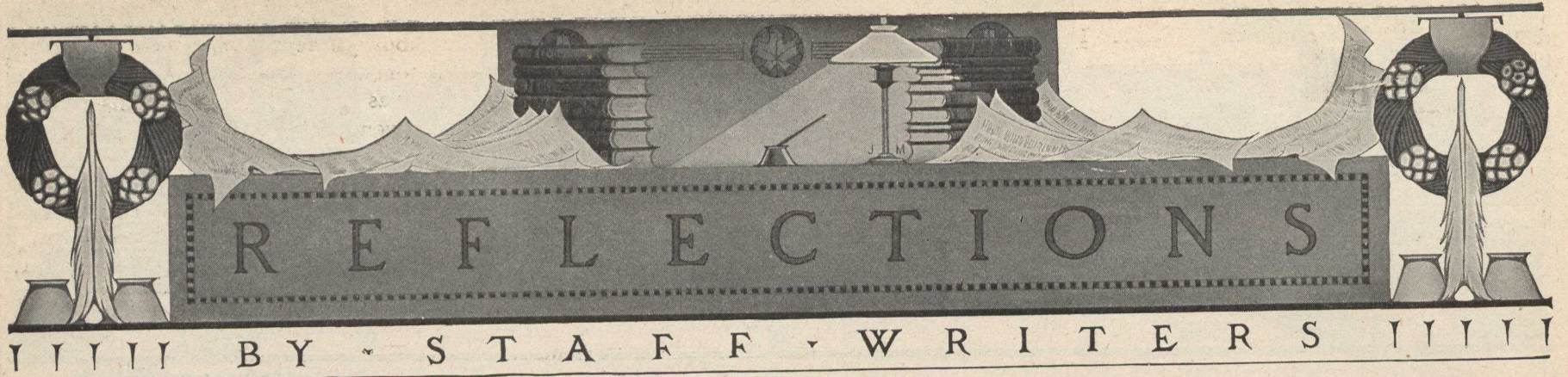


Governor Dunsmuir.



Governor Dunsmuir's New Yacht.





**C**OMPLAINT is made in both Montreal and Toronto that the Canadian Clubs are not serving the purpose for which they were founded with any degree of success. When a prominent person from the United States or Great Britain, such as Mr. Kipling or Mr. Bryan, delivers an address which may have nothing to do with Canadian affairs, half the membership turns up to listen; when a Canadian expert delivers an address on some topic of vital interest to all classes of citizens, the audience comprises about ten per cent. of the membership. In this way, the clubs are becoming lecture bureaus rather than institutions for the study of Canadian history and institutions.

The Canadian Club movement has met with so much success and has extended so fast that it can safely be criticised. Perhaps a little introspection on the part of the various executives and some general discussion in the clubs and the press along the lines indicated might be productive of good results. If the clubs become a place where people go to see rather than to hear, they will certainly be doomed to failure. When their popularity depends upon sensations rather than a desire for knowledge, the better class of young men will fail to enrol themselves. If these organisations are to retain a permanent place in our national life, they must perform a higher office than to present a high-class circus for the public's amusement. The circus and the theatre have their place, but it does not rank with that of a university or a parliament. The danger mentioned above is one more likely to affect the clubs in the larger cities than in the smaller cities and towns.

As yet this danger is only a mole-hill. It may grow to be a mountain, but that will take time. Meanwhile, the Canadian Clubs continue to perform a great function in providing a place where a public man may speak to a non-partisan audience on any question affecting the welfare or the material interests of mankind. They are imparting to hundreds of young Canadians a knowledge of public affairs and intellectual movements which they could gain in other ways only with great difficulty. If the personal equation is exercising an influence which is troublesome, there are many ways of counterbalancing it, and no doubt these will be utilised.

**O**NCE upon a time, Canada's problem was how to get immigrants; now, it is a question of how to take care of the immigrants who are coming here in large numbers. No person wants the immigration to stop; no one desires that the population should remain stationary.

**THE IMMIGRATION PROBLEM**

The only differences of opinion are found in regard to the bonus system and the distribution of the newly-arrived.

The bonus system is applied in a general manner and tends to produce quantity rather than quality. It is applied only to British and European people and not to American. In spite of these defects, it would hardly be possible or advisable to abandon it at this stage. Quantity is desirable. Quality may also be secured by strict regulations as to physique, character, mental and moral conditions. These regulations must be applied at the port of entry and might be even stricter than they are now. The present regulations are the best we have ever had and seem to be fairly well enforced.

With regard to the distribution and care of the newly arrived, there is greater room for reform and development. The requirements of each province differ. The class of immigrant who would do well in one province might not do well in another. At present only the most rough-and-ready methods for meeting these requirements are in vogue. The immigration department at Ottawa does not work very closely with the immigration departments of the provinces. Here is where development is possible. Supposing the Ottawa authorities would, early in the year, get from each province an estimate of the

number and kind of immigrants which it could profitably place and the Dominion department were then to seek to meet these requirements much more might be accomplished.

For example, settlers from Norway and Sweden, accustomed to using the axe, would do well in Northern Ontario, Quebec and certain parts of New Brunswick. Those accustomed to fruit-raising and dairy-farming would do best in Nova Scotia and certain parts of older Ontario. The man with five hundred to a thousand pounds capital who desires a pleasant farm in a settled district could secure these in Nova Scotia, Quebec and Ontario among the older settlements, where there are plenty of farms whose owners have gone north or west for the sake of their sons and the greater opportunities for acquiring cheap land. Mechanics would not be carried west and a plethora of farm labour left in the east.

This is not intended as a criticism of present department methods. Since Mr. Sifton inaugurated the new policy, wonderful results have been obtained. Good results may still be secured under the present system. This slight modification, the working together of the provinces and the Dominion, would not alter the present system but would simply extend its operation. When the immigrants arrive in Canada, they would be handed over to the province and looked after by it until such time as they were fully settled in their respective spheres.

Such a comprehensive plan would fix responsibility. The Dominion authorities would be responsible for bringing in the class of workers which the country required and the provinces would be responsible for them after they arrive. When the provinces had all they required, they would so inform the federal-officials and unnecessary or inopportune immigration would be avoided.

**T**HIS is the season of the year when the artist gives the finishing touches to the pictures which he painted last year and sends them off to the galleries to be exhibited. The new Canadian Art Club closed its first exhibition in Toronto last week; this week the Ontario

**ART AND THE PUBLIC**

Society of Artists hold theirs; soon the Royal Canadian Academy will have its show—this year at Toronto. Montreal will soon have one or two

exhibitions. The indications are that this will be the most important art season Canada has ever known. The number and quality of the pictures was never greater; the interest on the part of the art-loving public shows a considerable development.

Nevertheless it must be admitted that the Canadian public has not yet attained to any broad degree of art interest. The Academy has been trying to hold exhibitions at the leading annual fairs in the larger cities, and the results have been so meagre and the interest so small, that the experiment will be abandoned. Probably the only art exhibition of a comprehensive nature in connection with a fair in 1908 will be that at Toronto where there is a special fire-proof art gallery and where considerable money is spent in providing an annual collection of both British and Canadian canvases. Perhaps it is not wise to try to combine an art show with an agricultural and industrial fair, but it is quite certain that the average visitor to these annual festivals fails to take any large interest in the display of pictures. The one-eared calf, the clown and the performing elephant have an attraction which is seemingly irresistible.

Further, the purchasers of pictures, while increasing in number, seem to prefer either copies or originals by European artists to the works of Canadians. The rich men of the larger cities spend many thousands annually on their purchases of foreign pictures and only a few hundreds on their Canadian purchases. Nor is any government, federal, provincial or civic, making any attempt to purchase native canvases. The Ontario Government spends about a thousand dollars



a year and this is the maximum. Neither Toronto nor Montreal has a civic collection.

All this may be natural in a new country where people have scarcely passed the wage-earning stage, but it must be discouraging to Canadian artists. Perhaps this is the darkest hour which precedes the dawn, and it may not be long before this form of public education and private pleasure will come in to help round out our national development.

**M**R. C. C. JAMES, Deputy Minister of Agriculture for the Province of Ontario, is a hopeful and optimistic person. He traces the growth of agriculture in Ontario from the production of potashes and timber to grain growing, from this to stock-raising and then to specialised production. The latter he explains by

**A HOPEFUL  
AGRICULTURIST**

pointing out that eastern Ontario with its luxuriant pastures is devoting itself to dairying, that the Niagara Peninsula with its mild climate and light soil is specialising in fruit and that southwestern Ontario is specialising in corn, tobacco and vegetables. By this process, the average acre of farm land produces twice as much as it did fifteen years ago, and perhaps five times as much as it did in the early years of the nineteenth century.

Yet Mr. James is not satisfied. He desires, hopes, expects further progress. He wants the farmer to keep track of his costs as a manufacturer does. He wants him to introduce more machinery and see that every piece is worked at a profit. An account is to be kept for every cow, so that the farmer will keep only the most profitable. The waste and by-products must be utilised as carefully and advantageously as they are in a meat-packing establishment. In other words, farming is to be made an exact science and products per acre are again to be doubled.

Mr. James does not intend to rely upon the Agricultural College at Guelph alone. He will carry the college to the people. Already there are agricultural specialists, graduates of the O. A. C. appointed by the department, attached to six high schools. These teach agriculture in these institutions but also organise farmers' clubs, address institute meetings and conduct short courses in stock and seed feeding. These specialists will take up such subjects as are most suited to the district—it may be chickens, or beans, or hogs, or sheep, or short-horns or grain. They will direct their energies towards accelerating the specialisation which has already begun, and they will introduce and inculcate these new methods by which Mr. James hopes to still further increase the value of the products per acre.

Those residents in other provinces who think that Hon. Adam Beck, the Hon. Mr. Whitney, or the Canadian Manufacturers' Association is the leading factor in Ontario must not overlook the influence of the Deputy Minister of Agriculture and of the Hon. Nelson Monteith, the practical farmer, who is his chief.

**A** NEW member of the House of Commons or of the Legislature is usually treated with amiability, provided that he recognise the fact of his newness and does not attempt to teach veterans the rules of debate. In the Ontario Legislature, a member's maiden speech is

**THE TALKING  
MEMBER**

regarded with friendliness by his party and with indulgence by his opponents. His nervousness recalls to the members of long standing their own qualms and tremors when they first huskily addressed the Speaker and found themselves groping for a glass of water. Hence, when Mr. Allan Studholme first arose to say a few words in the Legislature last session, the House prepared to listen with deference, for the new member formed the third party and announced himself as a champion of the working-man; but, weeks ere prorogation arrived, Mr. Studholme had worn the patience of Government and Opposition exceedingly thin by his frequent and lengthy remarks. For a gentleman who professes to be a working-man par excellence, he has a strange estimate of time. It was hoped that Mr. Studholme would learn the gentle art of self-restraint during the interval but the member from East Hamilton is apparently incorrigible. Last week he consumed more than three hours in a speech which rambled freely over a continent of space and a lexicon of subjects, winding up with the oft-heard statement that the member is a working-man. There were several valiant attempts to interrupt the flow of Studholmian eloquence; but they were of no avail and at night the glare of the red star from the tower of the Parliament Buildings informed the capital of Ontario that her legislators were in their official seats. The members of the Ontario Legislature are not strangers to honest toil and are probably wondering why Mr. Studholme finds it necessary to reiterate to a

weary public the story of his laborious days. So long as a man does not insist on his virtues, he is considered a fairly satisfactory citizen; but when he spends breath and wastes time in exploiting his industry, the listener may be forgiven for wondering if he were such a busy boy after all and if his teacher never kept him "after four" to do neglected sums. In fact, Mr. Studholme is living in the wrong age. Like the biographer whom Lord Macaulay criticised, he demands an antediluvian slice of time. His speeches would have been all very well in the days before the Deluge when several hundred years were consumed in an earthly career; but Ontario in the Twentieth Century cannot afford to encourage dissertations of three hours' length on Everything in General and Nothing in Particular.

**I**N 1898-9, the population of Newfoundland was 220,000 and in eight years it has increased 10,000, states the Hon. E. M. Jackman, Minister of Finance, in his budget speech delivered a few days ago. This is not a remarkable increase in population for eight years, but it shows

**NEWFOUNDLAND'S  
PROGRESS**

that the Island Colony is making progress. In the same period its imports have grown from six to ten millions and its exports from seven to twelve millions. The general shipping has increased 47 per cent. These figures are more significant.

Newfoundland sells its codfish, for that item forms two-thirds of its exports, to various countries. Brazil heads the list, then comes Portugal, then Canada, then Great Britain, United States, Italy and Spain. The total sales of all articles to Canada in 1906-07 was \$1,523,608. So the sister colony is a very fair although not the largest customer.

The total revenue of the colony for the year was two and three-quarter million dollars, and the surplus was \$125,000. The public debt has increased four and a half million dollars and now stands at a little over twenty-one millions. Mr. Jackman points out the growing importance of agriculture and how the establishment of an experimental farm will help that feature of Newfoundland industry. Shipbuilding is to be encouraged by a bonus varying from four to ten dollars a ton. The forest and mineral resources are being rapidly developed, and in a short time paper and pulp making will be a leading industry.

It will be interesting to Canadians to note that in closing his address, Mr. Jackman announced the future policy of the Government which has ruled the colony for eight years, in this significant sentence: "In a word, sir, I believe that the best interests of Newfoundland can only be secured by paddling our own canoe and directing the energies of our people through our own parliament." From this, the Canadian of average intelligence will gather that Newfoundland believes in itself.

**I**N his new life of Sir John Macdonald, Dr. Parkin states that the Washington Treaty marked the opening of a new era in the history of imperial negotiations. It will be remembered that the clauses in this treaty in which Canada was most concerned were those

**THE TREATY-  
MAKING POWER**

relating to the San Juan boundary, the Alabama claims and the Atlantic fisheries. In the negotiations, Great Britain was represented by Earl de Grey, Sir Stafford Northcote, Sir Edward Thornton, Sir John Macdonald and Mr. Montagu Bernard. Sir John was thus representing both Great Britain and Canada—a rather trying and difficult position. The British commissioners proposed to accept the United States' suggestion that the value of the concession to fish in Canadian waters should be submitted to arbitration. Sir John's colleagues refused at first to accept this. They were willing to exchange these valuable rights for reciprocal trade rights but refused to approve any cash offer. The home government over-ruled the objection and instructed the commissioners to agree to the proposal for free fish and a money compensation to be settled by arbitration. Sir John was in a dilemma. Either he must disagree with his cabinet or spoil Great Britain's chances of settling her other outstanding disputes with the United States. He finally decided that imperial interests should receive first consideration and the Treaty was agreed upon.

Thus, this treaty was the first in which a colonist represented the British Government in matters which affected the Empire as a whole. Further, the colonial representative took a broad view of imperial affairs and accepted the responsibility of certain sacrifices for the general good. Dr. Parkin draws the conclusion that "co-operation seems, therefore, the only possible future of national diplomacy for British people. It implies an increasing breadth of view in the colonial statesmen, as well as a clear grasp of the new relations of the empire on the part of statesmen of the motherland."



# Through a Monocle

IT is always a nice question between a Government and an Opposition when criticism becomes obstruction. The aim of a Government is naturally to get business done. It is willing to answer reasonable questions and recognises that the country expects it to answer arguments; but when the Opposition has once stated its objection to a certain policy, the average Government then thinks that it would well become that Opposition to permit the division bells to ring. That it should go on arguing with a view to awaking the people to an appreciation of the issues at stake, usually seems to the ministers-in-a-hurry to smack of obstruction. But the people seldom object to obstruction except when they see its results in the aggregate. That is, if the obstruction is carried on in a lively manner, they genuinely enjoy it while it is going; but when Parliament has occupied their attention for a certain length of time, they become impatient at its "lagging superfluous on the stage" and want to know why it has not finished its business and gone home.

\* \* \*

It is good public policy to give an Opposition all the latitude it desires in criticism. To stifle criticism is not only to permit rascality to work its will in office but to deaden public interest in public affairs. Down at Washington, they have seriously limited the freedom of criticism, on the plea that they could in no other way get their business done, with the result that the American people have wholly lost interest in such criticism as is permitted. When the leader of the majority party can shut off criticism at will, and only such critics as he will listen to can get the floor, a busy people naturally conclude that they need not waste their time on such pre-arranged debating. A free Opposition is the only Opposition to which the electorate will pay any serious attention; and the withdrawal of public attention from public business is, perhaps, a greater loss than the semi-gagging of an Opposition.

\* \* \*

But an Opposition ought to remember that it is its chief business to keep the attention of the country. Here was a mistake made by the ablest man who ever led an Opposition in Canada—Edward Blake. Mr. Blake could not get over the impression that he was addressing a court. He would get up a case which would have convinced an entire bench of judges, and he would take five or six hours to lay it before the House of Commons. Then he would wonder mildly why the Government did not resign. But the truth was that his case was so elaborate that the real court of public opinion had not listened to it long enough to catch more than its drift, while the shorter and livelier defence of Sir John Macdonald had entirely erased any impression it had made from the public mind. The great Blake had failed to remember that he was addressing, not a court, but the mutable multitude who have not more than half an hour a day to give to the national business. An Opposition should talk in head-lines. It should feel itself governed by the restrictions which limit the prolixity of an advertisement writer.

\* \* \*

Thus when the Opposition members delay the business of Parliament until the people have grown weary of reading the reports of "the House," they have defeated their own purpose. They may have been doing good work, and they may have kept the public interested in quite a lively manner; but when the show must drag along for weeks after this interest has flagged, they will find that the last impression of weariness is about all that the session has left with the average busy citizen. The short, sharp debating of the British House of Commons is much more effective. The Opposition speakers there manage to get their case before the people in the course of a single afternoon or evening; and then the House is free to get to other business. This is good political tactics—to say nothing of the time and patience saved. For the Opposition may be certain that when the dragging sessions of Parliament begin to get on the public nerves, the blame will be laid at their doors. The people will never think of

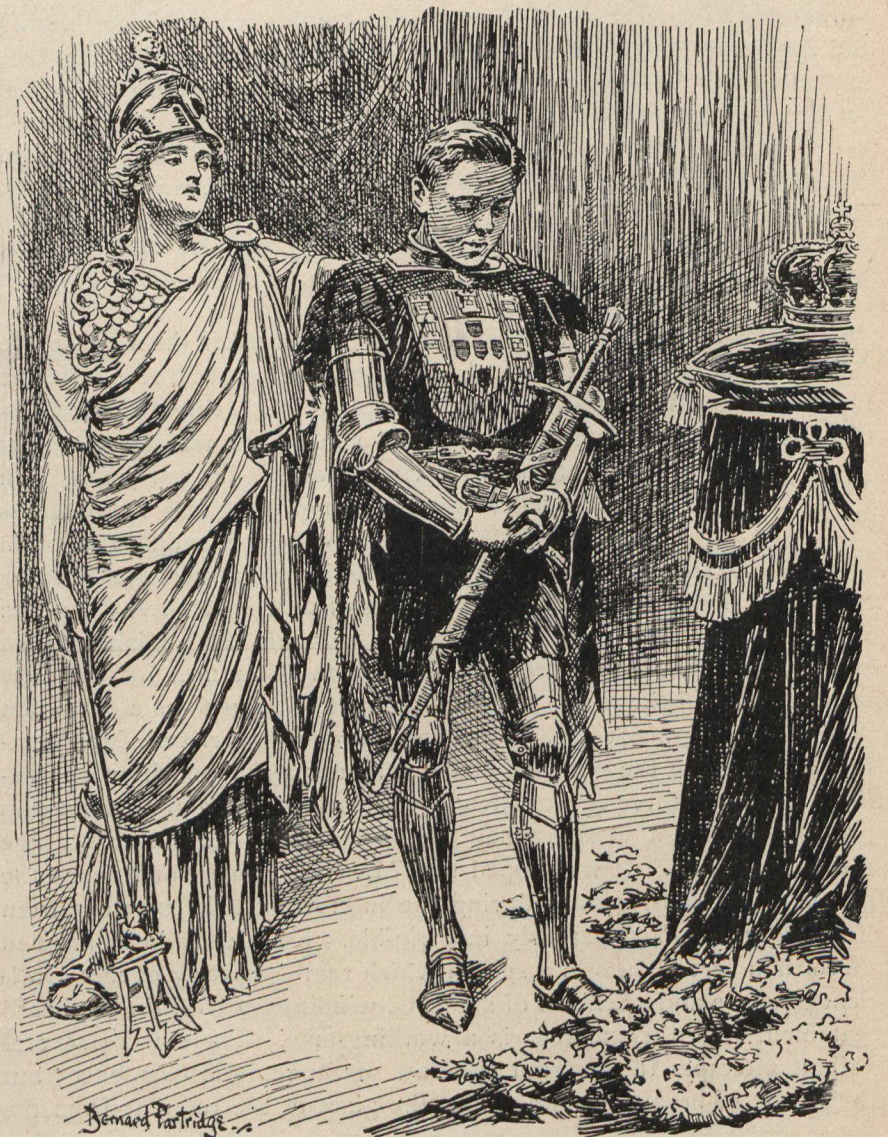
blaming the Government; for they will know that no Ministry will take longer to the discussion of the business it has decided to put through than it can possibly help.

\* \* \*

It is utter nonsense, however, to condemn an Opposition because its programme is more critical than constructive. It is the first and most frequent duty of an Opposition to be critical of the constructive and administrative programmes of the Government. Its very criticisms of the constructive features of the Ministerial programme, constitute a constructive Opposition programme; for these criticisms are presumed in the case of all serious statesmen to indicate the sort of constructive measures that they would introduce if they were in power. An Opposition may be a very good Opposition, indeed, and yet it may not propose any very violent variation from the programme which the Ministry professes to follow. But it may propose to take that programme far more seriously and really to do what the Ministry only makes a pretence of doing. Undoubtedly, it is a strong card for an Opposition to have a strong constructive programme to propose. The Conservatives had such a card in the National Policy in 1878; but neither the Federal Liberals in 1896 nor the Ontario Conservatives at the last elections had anything of the sort. It is the party which provides the constructive programme which must stand the fire of the campaign; but it has the advantage of choosing the battle-ground.

*Nidimporte*

"COURAGE!"



Bernard Partridge

—Punch.

The English artist presents a pathetic picture of the Young King of Portugal in his sudden Royal responsibility.



## Men and Other Men

It is exceedingly curious to note how the big men of the day are both abused and admired. Mr. Andrew Carnegie is cursed for his business methods and admired for his generosity. Mr. Rockefeller is in exactly the same position. The case of Mr. J. P. Morgan is not quite on all fours, but it is nearly so. Mr. Morgan has been accused of being one of the leaders of modern "high finance." He has been behind many promotions as the underwriter who has looked into the undertaking and has guaranteed that when the stock is put upon the market the public will gobble it up. The public usually gobbled as predicted and when it got a pain in its stomach, it cursed Mr. Morgan. Yet, a few weeks ago, when the financial institutions in New York were tottering, when wealthy women were tearing their hair, when the owners of automobiles, country houses and pleasure yachts were considering the uses of the revolver, when the prosperity of twenty years seemed to have all gone for naught, Mr. Morgan stepped in as the saviour of the United States. The press turned tail at once and began to tell what a great man he was, what a patriotic citizen, what a wonderful financier.

Something of the same situation has developed in Ontario. Mr. William Mackenzie is president of several companies and in connection with these there has been public criticism, perhaps justly, perhaps unjustly. Many companies get criticism and some of them deserve it. He was a director of the Electric Development Company and has been described as one of the leading spirits of the Electrical Ring. The Public Ownership boomsters shot many a dart at him and his colleagues. But a change has come over the scene. It was rumoured that the Electrical Development Company would be forced into liquidation, that the bonds would be defaulted, that ruin stared many people in the face. It looked as if Ontario, as an investor's field, would receive a blow which would make somebody stagger. The public ownership advocates retired for a season, and men began to talk sense once more.

Just at this juncture, Mr. William Mackenzie, who had up to this time never uttered a word concerning the campaign against the Electric Ring, appeared with a scheme to save the Electrical Development Company. The public gave a sigh of relief. For several days it wondered in silence. Then it began to speak and it said: "Great man, William Mackenzie," using Indian forms of expression. It is probable that when the public said that it was as far wrong as when it declared that he and his associates had no other motive than to rob the public. Mr. Mackenzie is a remarkably clever and able man, but he would be the last one to seek any extravagant reverence.

From these observations, one may conclude that there are men and other men. The men, the real men, are those who learn to do something other than

protesting against their neighbours, against authority, against enterprise, against "vested interests" (if you will), and against success generally. The other men are the destructive critics, those who are full of suspicion and jealousy, those who are so narrow-minded that another man's success pains them greatly. These other men may win out for a time,

of capitalists. When it succeeds it will be because the people know nearly as much as the capitalists, and are just as even-tempered, just as dispassionate, just as generous and just as full of quiet determination. If it succeeds at all, it must learn to refrain from following the demagogue and to hold the balance fairly between the man who is a producer and the man who is a consumer.



Mr. William Mackenzie,

Who is reorganizing the Electrical Development Company, and incidentally changing the electrical situation in Ontario.

but the public soon discovers their littleness. They cannot fool all the public, all the time. The quiet men, the strong men, the honest, generous men are the winners.

Some day public ownership may win, but success will not come to it because of destructive criticism

## A Setback for Republicanism

THERE are some lessons to be drawn from the death of the King and Crown Prince of Portugal, and the first is that republicanism or democracy, whichever term one cares to use for a vague movement, receives a setback whenever it resorts to violence. Senhor Franco, the premier and dictator of Portugal, set out to reform abuses in the administration. In this he was supported by King Carlos. The civil list was purged of useless office-holders and the finances of the kingdom were put on a better footing. The reformers, however, became impatient and over-bearing, and sought to make progress by suspending the constitution. This led certain classes of the people to plan revolution. They would send the Royal Family to Brazil and set up a republic in Portugal.

Just at this juncture, some wild, uncontrollable spirits brought their rifles into play and murder resulted. The natural revulsion of feeling resulted and the late king's second son is now safely seated on the throne as Don Manuel II. He at once issued a manifesto swearing to uphold the Catholic religion and to work for the welfare of Portugal. He is barely more than eighteen years of age and has been pursuing his studies at the Military Polytechnic.

A writer in the London "Illustrated News" thus voices Britain's attitude towards the extremists who have added one more to the list of the rulers who have fallen by the assassin's hand:

"King Carlos had been warned that the lowest orders of his people were being incensed against him by an irresponsible press and irresponsible speakers, but he was a man of more than ordinary personal courage, accustomed since he came to the throne to mingle with his subjects in the friendliest fashion, and he refused to take precautions. Why the Crown Prince should have been murdered at the same time as his father is too great a problem for the average intelligence, because Prince Louis Philip, who had only just returned from a journey to the Portuguese colonies in Africa, was out of sympathy with Senhor Franco's drastic measures, and had protested against them to his father. The whole melancholy business is almost inexplicable until we remember that eighty-five per cent. of the people of Portugal are illiterate, and that Lisbon is full of men and women who have been cheating the State for years, and have been called upon peremptorily in the past few months to refrain from further attacks upon the national prosperity."



The Duke of Oporto

Heir-presumptive to the Portuguese Throne—brother of the late King Carlos.



Don Manuel II of Portugal

Born November 15th 1889. Succeeded February 1st, 1908.



King Edward and His Friend Don Carlos

Carlos was born Sept. 28th, 1863, and was a second cousin once removed to King Edward.

## CHIEF FIGURES IN THE PORTUGUESE TRAGEDY



# Elections in New Brunswick

A Land of Much Politics, Thriving Industries and Great Ships



Mr. Hazen,

Leader of the Conservatives.

Premier of New Brunswick, has been lending a strong hand to Premier Robinson. The platform of the Conservatives contains twelve large planks. The Liberals claim that every plank has been already used by the Government which has just gone out of office. The public debt has been one of the bones of contention. The last Government increased the debt by a couple of millions. Most of this increase has been in the building of bridges. New Brunswick is a land of bridges. In twenty-five years fifty-eight steel bridges have been built by the Government.

Quite naturally it is practical matters like these that have made the campaign material in New Brunswick. The trade and the industries of the province are increasing at an enormous rate. Once upon a time sentiment and scenery and political ideas were the meat and drink of the Maritime Provinces. Among the oldest of the provinces of Canada, they have made very much of Canada's history and produced many of our most famous statesmen.

New Brunswick more than any other province is the direct measure of the growth of Canada—in the matter of immigration. St. John is the winter port of Canada. More Canadian immigrants pass through St. John than through any other city in Canada, except Montreal and Winnipeg. All the immigrants from Europe must pass through either St. John, Halifax or Montreal. Perhaps most of the quarter million in 1907 passed through St. John. Most of these also passed through Montreal and Winnipeg. Many, however, got no further than New Brunswick. That province is claiming more and more of the new arrivals to the Dominion. St. John is not only the gateway to the interior; she is also the capital of a vastly rich province whose combined resources of lumber, iron, fisheries, farm and fruit products, manufacturing and shipping are only beginning to be adequately estimated. Last year the trade in St. John, including local and foreign, totalled more than \$35,000,000. During 1906 the total volume of traffic at St. John not including coastwise traffic was 1,820,810 tons, carried in 1,906 vessels.

The growth in money value of this trade may be learned from the following figures showing the increase of trade in St. John from 1898 to 1906 inclusive: 1898, \$7,063,992; 1900, \$9,773,534; 1902, \$14,273,846; 1904, \$13,318,058; 1906, \$23,337,505. This represents a total increase in nine years of 230 per cent. Since St. John was made a winter port in 1896 the trade at that port has included not only Canadian produce, but immense cargoes of cattle, meats, grain and provisions from the United States. Two great trunk lines of railway now have termini at St. John; the near future will probably see a third—the Grand Trunk Pacific. The geographical relation of our winter port to the rest of the Dominion and to foreign ports may be seen from a few mileage figures: From Vancouver St. John is

distant by rail, 3,371 miles; from Winnipeg, 1,905 miles; from Toronto, 825 miles; Montreal, 481 miles; London, England, 2,973 miles; Liverpool, 2,700 miles.

As a city St. John has many unique advantages besides being an ocean port and possessed of magnificent scenery. Civic improvements have been making rapid progress. The city has a splendid lot of public buildings and fine streets, attractive parks and as many modern improvements in the way of pavements, sewers, water-mains and electric lighting as may be found in any city in Canada.

Much of New Brunswick of course is still in the woods, for which the province is thankful. The woods of New Brunswick have been the pride of Eastern Canada and the backbone of the province's wealth. The game of New Brunswick is excelled nowhere in civilised Canada. To the American sportsman the great moose runs of New Brunswick are as well known as the woods of Maine, which but for a political accident might have been in New Brunswick. Writers like Charles D. G. Roberts have done much to advertise the marvellous wealth



Premier Robinson,

Leader of the Liberal Party in New Brunswick.

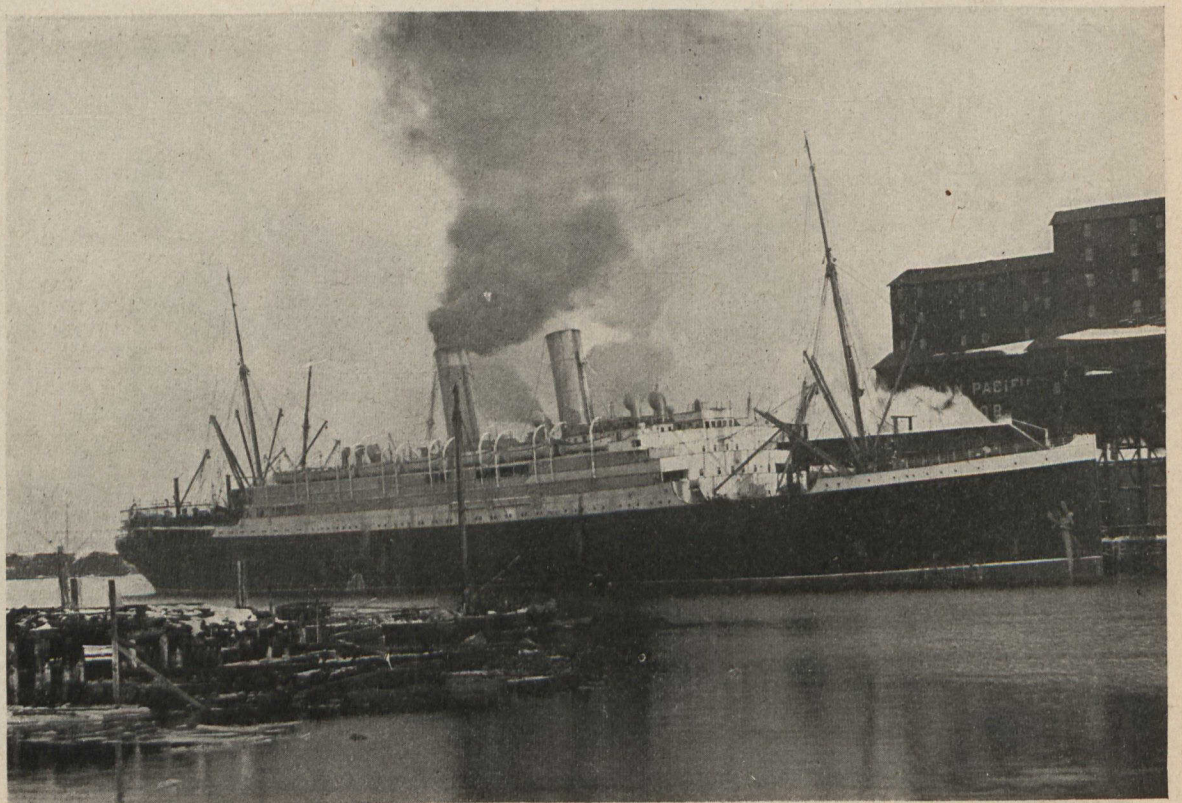
of natural life and resources in that remarkable land with its tremendous rivers whose names used to be such a burden to the school-boy.

The history of provincial politics in New Brunswick is replete with change and human interest. No province in the Dominion has a more shifting kaleidoscope. Men have come and men have gone.

Messrs. Robinson and Hazen are the inheritors of a long line of political traditions and great fights. For twenty-five years the province has been Liberal in government. In less than half that period more than half the great changes have taken place. In the old days New Brunswick took issue with Nova Scotia in opposing Confederation. For many years the province had nothing but coalition governments. Down to 1883 these coalitions were largely Conservative. Hon. Mr. Tweedie, who had formerly been a Conservative, managed to become a Liberal; Hon. Dr. Pugsley remained a Liberal when he became Premier in succession to Mr. Tweedie. Mr. Emmerson, who had preceded Mr. Tweedie, announced himself as the leader of a coalition. Mr. Robinson, the late Premier, however, is a straight Liberal, and Mr. Hazen, his opponent, is as clear-cut a Conservative.

Eleven Premiers have had the helm in New Brunswick since Confederation, as compared to six in Ontario, eight in Nova Scotia and eighteen in Quebec. The other province that has beaten New Brunswick in its lineage of Premiers is the farthest away—British Columbia, which has had fourteen since 1871. Prince Edward Island has had eight since 1873.

Five of New Brunswick's Premiers have left the province since 1896. Away back in the Confederation days Hon. A. R. Wetmore was Premier and Attorney-General. His successor was Hon. George G. King in 1871. Up till 1878 the chief issue in successive campaigns was religion and education. In 1878 Sir Leonard Tilley, then Lieutenant-Governor, became Liberal leader in the House. He defeated Mr. King. Afterwards Mr. J. J. Fraser, Provincial Secretary under Mr. King, became Premier for four years. Next came Hon. A. G. Blair, who began to make Liberalism a bigger power in the province. Mr. Blair remained Premier for thirteen years—making a record tenure—with four dissolutions and a sweeping victory in 1890, and general elections again in 1892 and 1895. In 1896 Mr. Blair became Minister of Railways in the Laurier Cabinet. Hon. Mr. Emmerson was the next Premier of note, succeeding the brief term of Hon. James Mitchell. During Mr. Emmerson's regime the Opposition formulated "the Moncton Platform," under the leadership of Mr. E. L. Wetmore, now Chief Justice of Saskatchewan. Two other Opposition leaders came temporarily to the front before Mr. J. D. Hazen, the present leader, took the helm. He has been fighting hard against the Emmerson-Tweedie-Pugsley-Robinson forces. Hon. Mr. Tweedie succeeded Mr. Emmerson as Premier. Hon. Dr. Pugsley succeeded Mr. Tweedie when the latter became Lieutenant-Governor. The present leader became Premier on the appointment of Dr. Pugsley to the Dominion Cabinet.



St. John, N.B.—Where most large Canadian steamers engaged in the Atlantic trade, load and unload during the winter months.



# Winter Sports at the City of Quebec



Ski-ing and Snow-Shoeing by all ages



A Dog Train—This photograph was taken during a visit of Lady Minto who is seated in the sleigh.

## BRITISH TRADE IN CANADA

CANADA has been "looked over" by a number of people in the past few years. None of these has studied our trade conditions with greater care and thoroughness than Mr. Richard Grigg, a special commissioner sent out from London by the Board of Trade, a department of the British Government. Mr. Grigg's report has just been issued and is an interesting volume. It may be had from Eyre & Spottiswoode, King's Printers, for the sum of one shilling and five pence.

Mr. Grigg concerns himself mainly with our foreign trade and its distribution among the countries which sell to us. He finds that British sales to this country reached their lowest point in 1895-6-7, when they fell to an average of thirty-one million dollars a year. In 1898-9-1900, the average rose to nearly thirty-eight millions, in 1901-2-3 to fifty millions, and in 1904-5-6 to sixty-three and three-quarter millions a year. Viewed by itself this increase of one hundred per cent. is satisfactory. However, he finds that during the same number of years the sales of United States goods increased from an average of fifty-three millions a year to an average of one hundred and fifty-four millions, or an increase of nearly two hundred per cent. Viewed in this way, British sales have grown only one-half as fast as United States sales. The item of "natural products" explains to some extent the size of United States sales to Canada, but even deducting these, United States trade is seen to be more than holding its own.

Mr. Grigg is apparently pleased with the great decline in German sales to Canada, due to the imposition of the surtax of one-third imposed in 1903. He views the growth of French sales with equanimity and is prepared to see them increase under the new convention. He warns the Board of Trade that

should Germany consent to a similar convention and get the advantages of the Canadian Intermediate Tariff, "such action will be fraught with undoubtedly serious consequences to British trade." He repeats this warning on another page and with this ringing in their ears, the British Government cannot be expected to assist Germany's ambition to get back into the Canadian market if such ambition exists.

Mr. Grigg is well aware of the extent to which United States manufacturers are invading Canada. They have a direct or indirect interest in many Canadian concerns. They have also many branch factories. A bank manager estimates that in the city of Montreal alone, twenty-five millions of United States capital has been invested during the past five years. The Illinois Manufacturers' Association reports that 122 of the leading concerns in the United States have established branch plants in Canada. Mr. Grigg states that he has a list of 36 manufacturing firms in Hamilton alone in which the capital is mainly from the United States. He is very anxious to see the British manufacturer take up the same policy of branch factories in Canada because it would gratify Canadians, enlarge sales and give manufacturers a more intimate acquaintance with the market. Partially finished materials could be sent over here and the work completed in Canadian factories. Most Canadians will agree that this is sound advice.

Mr. Grigg makes two summaries of his suggestions and the briefest of these is quoted in full:

"(1) The geographical position of Canada, and its contiguity to the United States, give American trade very great advantages, and impose correspondingly severe handicaps upon British trade.

"(2) The preference enjoyed by the United Kingdom, both in good will and in tariff treatment,

is helpful in neutralising to some extent the geographical advantages which the United States enjoy, but is insufficient of itself to do more than check the decline in the United Kingdom's share of Canadian trade. The preference gives substantial aid to the United Kingdom in competition with European countries, but may be diminished at any time through the adoption of the newly established Intermediate Tariff.

"(3) Both British and American trade in Canada have to encounter the growing rivalry of Canadian industries, which, however, offer great opportunities (hitherto comparatively little used) for the investment of British capital.

(4) Much could be done to promote British trade with the Dominion by—

"(a) The promotion of rapid and cheap transit and communication between the United Kingdom and Canada;

"(b) More careful study of Canadian conditions by British traders;

"(c) Improvement in the representation of British merchants and manufacturers in Canada;

"(d) Greater adaptability and exactness in meeting the wishes of Canadian buyers;

"(e) The adoption of Canadian standards, weights and measures and currency, for specifications and price quotations;

"(f) Better advertising and catalogues and cheaper postage rates;

"(g) More elasticity in terms of credit (rendered possible by fuller knowledge of local circumstances).

"(5) It is highly desirable to promote mutual knowledge of commercial and industrial conditions by a system of British commercial correspondents in Canada, and the wider distribution of commercial and trade reports, both official and other."

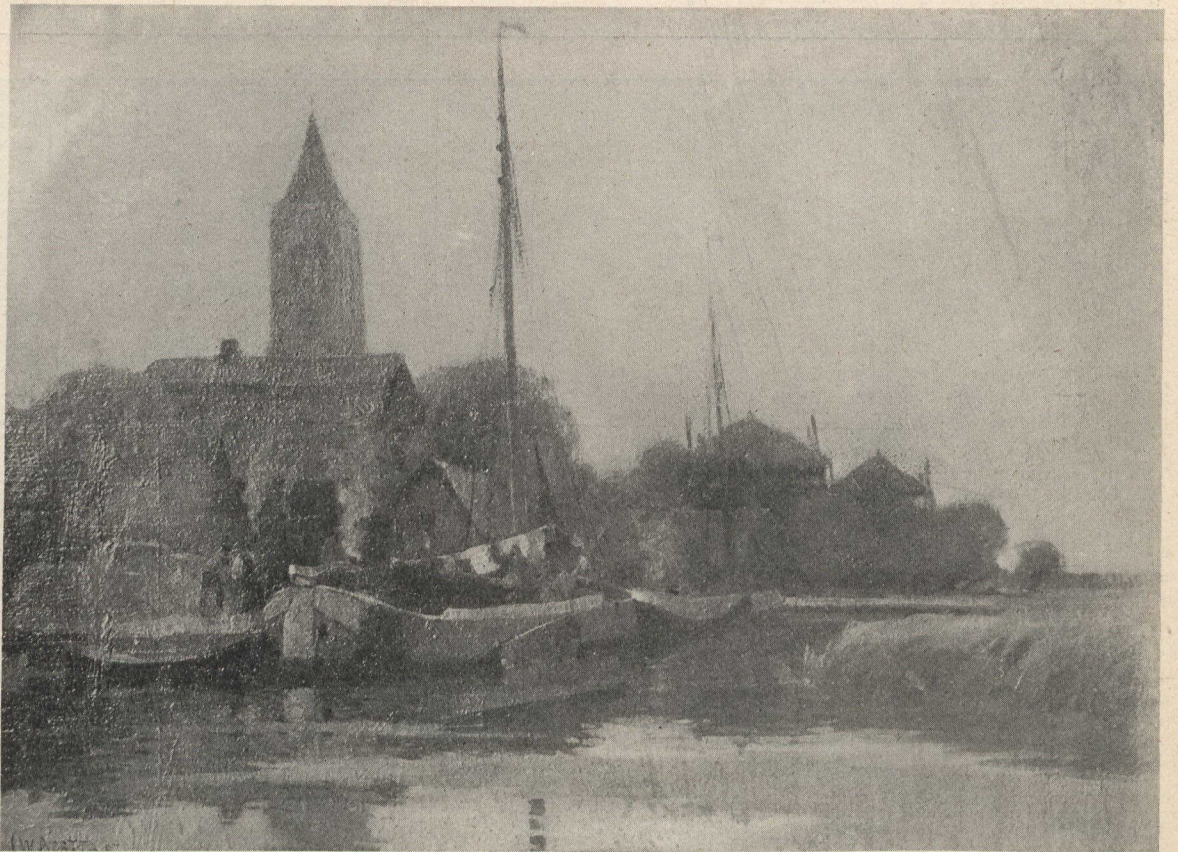


# THE ONTARIO SOCIETY OF ARTISTS' EXHIBITION

SOME OF THE NOTABLE PICTURES



No. 77. A Farmer's Sunday Morning  
A. C. G. Lapine



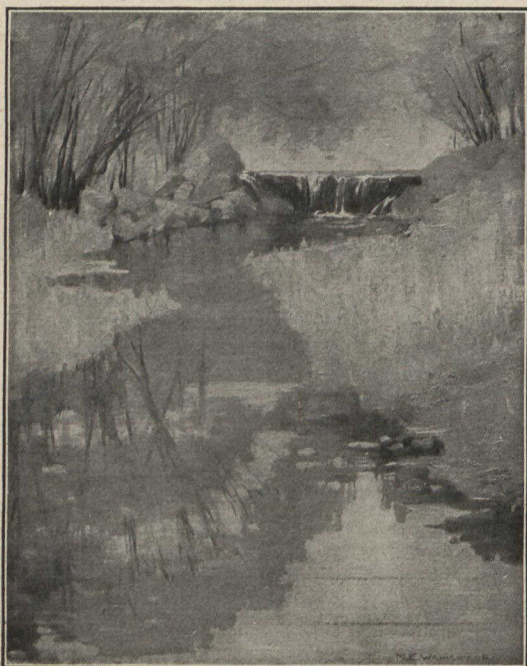
No. 19. Emnes Harbour  
J. W. Beatty, A.R.C.A.



Purchased by the Ontario Government. No. 68. Autumn on the Prairie  
Chas. W. Jefferys



Portrait  
Clara S. Hagarty, A.R.C.A.



No. 137. Willows and a Pool  
Mary E. Wrinch

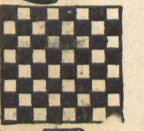
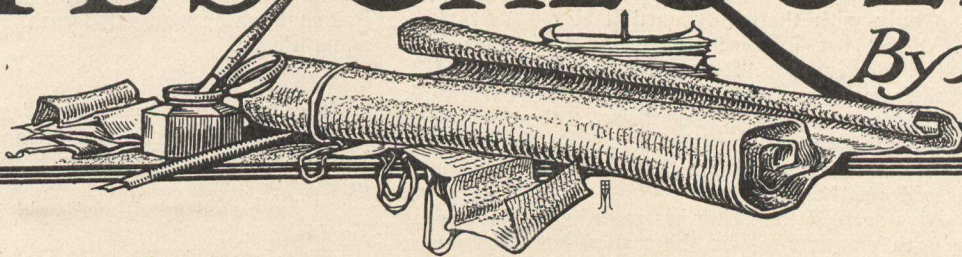
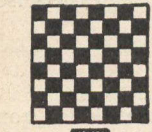


No. 6. Sunrise  
F. M. Bell-Smith, R.C.A.



# LIFE'S CHEQUERBOARD

By Helen Wallace



Resume: Lady Marchmont and her grandniece, Lesley, are visiting the former's nephew, Richard Skene, at "Strode," his Scottish home. They withdraw from the dining-room, after Lady Marchmont has pled with her nephew to forgive an erring member of the family. Mr. Skene's lawyer, Dalmahoy, ventures to refer to this injury of many years before. The offender, Adrian Skene, the son of Richard's cousin, had refused years before to marry Lesley and the old lawyer advises his friend to alter his will. Mr. Skene tells of how Adrian had won Mary Erskine, the girl whom he had loved, and the emotion called up by this recital of past wrongs proves too much for his failing strength. He falls to the floor and dies of an attack of heart trouble. Lesley Home, after her uncle's death, dreads the prospect of meeting Adrian again. Adrian arrives and is greeted warmly. At the reading of the will it is found that the property is left to him, on condition that he marries Lesley. Otherwise the latter becomes owner of "Strode." In the excitement following this announcement, Adrian's wife appears. Lesley wishes Adrian to accept position of manager of the Strode estate. The latter accepts and informs his wife, Alys, a shallow and rather disappointing young person, of his new position with which she is naturally delighted since Adrian had not been successful as a London journalist. Sir Neil Wedderburne, one of the trustees, is dissatisfied with Adrian's management and shows plainly that he desires Lesley to become his wife. In the meantime, Alys becomes restless and discontented with the quiet life of "Strode." One day, while looking over some old papers, Alys comes upon an unsigned will which gave "Strode" to Adrian. She forges the signature and places the will among papers which Lesley Home is to examine. The latter finds the will and arranges for a meeting of legal authorities. The forgery is detected and announced. Adrian sees that Alys is guilty but screens her by refusing to explain. He then leaves "Strode" in disgrace. Two years go by and Sir Neil resumes without success his suit for Lesley's favour. The latter informs Lady Marchmont of her belief that Alys, who had also suddenly left "Strode," is in London. During an afternoon walk, Lesley meets Adrian who says that Alys has completely disappeared. Some time afterwards Lesley attends an evening reception where "Fiammetta" is to recite from Adrian's poems, "The Underworld."



JUST as the coveted front row was attained, an intrepid dame jostled Lesley so sharply that she was forced almost violently against the man next to her. She turned towards him with a word of apology, but the slight mechanical smile froze upon her lips. The man was Adrian Skene — Adrian, whom never upon earth had

she expected to meet again.

For the moment neither had a word to say, though Adrian had the advantage of Lesley in knowing that if he went to Morelands there was a possibility of encountering her.

In the world to which he had returned men ask no questions, and though the one or two friends of whom he had spoken saw that some cloud had passed over his life, that was no concern of theirs. Tonight one of them, a clever journalist, had urged Adrian to accompany him to Sir Hartley's.

"You ought to hear that woman, Fiammetta, as she calls herself. It's a new sensation, and that's saying a great deal nowadays. To hear her give that poem 'Buried Alive'—I hope she'll do it tonight—makes you feel the whole thing. You realise it all, or rather for the time you are the poor devil himself, crushed under a mountain of injustice and misunderstanding, as if the clods had been shovelled over him and trodden down. Come and hear for yourself, though, and then tell me if I am rhapsodising," as Adrian listened with his faint, half-ironical smile.

Go and hear "Buried Alive"—the words which had been wrung from him before the searing anguish of the earlier days had been forced down to despair-

ing endurance, though the smouldering fires would at times leap up fierce and high again, as when, under the Kensington elms, he had looked into Lesley's face. Could he risk that heightened torment again, even if he were willing to venture himself once more into the society of his kind, where, to his morbid sensitiveness, it seemed to him that the brand upon him must appear, naked and visible, to all.

In the end, as with Lesley, desire conquered—the desire to hear his own words uttered by human lips and openly swaying human hearts. It was the only share he could ever claim in the wide and sudden fame into which his book had sprung, nor did he wish for any other. It had been written as with his heart's blood, and he could not barter that for earthly success in any form. Upon the hitherto unknown woman who, to his deep chagrin, had so singularly identified herself with "The Underworld" and had leaped into notoriety along with it, he had bestowed more than a passing wonder, but that and every other sensation was blotted from his mind when he turned and found Lesley close by his side, so close that, when she looked round, her breath was on his cheek and the warm whiteness of her arm touched his sleeve.

For one instant the sense of her near presence encompassed and possessed him, he could think of naught beyond, and in that instant, while they stood face to face, the curtains fronting them were parted and swept aside.

Swept aside to reveal—Alys! Alys who for two long years had been sought for in vain.

Only life-long training and inherited breeding stopped the cry on Lesley's lips. Involuntarily her hand closed tight on Adrian's arm, and through glove and sleeve she could feel the tense quiver of hard-held excitement. It was an Alys whom she had never seen nor dreamed of, but Alys beyond any possibility of doubt or mistake.

Her grey, dilated eyes, which seemed to dwarf the little passion-pale face, held a world of bitter wonder which yet was not altogether wonder, of jealous wrath and woe, as her transfixing glance lighted upon her husband and Lesley standing side by side, the girl's hand clasping Adrian's arm, the wave of emotion called up by their unexpected meeting not yet wholly merged in the stricken amazement with which they returned her gaze.

"Jove! what a Medea she'd make! They should have given her a cauldron instead of that lamp beside her," muttered someone, and the tall, slight figure with its mystic, shadowy garments and the cabalistic suggestions of the flashing green ornaments, might well have seemed the priestess of some mysterious cult.

While each drew a long breath the hush of keen and eager curiosity lasted, heightened by Fiammetta's strange intense look, which all imagined was but part of the pose, save those who had once seen a slim black figure steal into the library at Strode.

Then Fiammetta swiftly reared her head, swept her eyes over her audience, and, with a slight, graceful, swaying motion of her hands began to speak. The stillness of curiosity deepened to eager, painful absorption, as that thrilling voice, strangely deep for so fragile a physique, unveiled the inmost throes of a heart prisoned within itself, buried alive in its own despair—and that to an audience whose chief perplexity was a choice of pleasures!

To one of her hearers—to Adrian Skene—each word was torture. If he could, he would have escaped from the sound of that voice, escaped from his position by Lesley's side, but he could not force his way through the serried listening ranks behind him. The silken threads of convention held him like iron bands. With all his might he had striven to think mercifully of the woman for whom he had sacrificed more than life, to remember the girl who had loved him rather than the wife who had ruined him, who in her mad, mistaken folly had rendered him an outcast. After all she was little more than a child, small wonder that she had blanched when the pinch of trial came, that she had made no effort to stay the stone which her own rash hands had set rolling. Could he have allowed his wife to take up such a burden, even had she been willing? But

she had not been willing. She had not even sent one word or sign after him in all his far wanderings, while he had been learning how existence may go on, though life has ended.

When the wonderful voice suddenly dropped from the heat and the height of the indictment against the Fate which makes but to unmake to the lowest note of that despair which sees the futility of its puny revolt, Fiammetta stood still, breathing quick and hard, her eyes wide but fixed like a sleep-walker's, while for an appreciable pause not a sound broke the stillness. Then the oaken beams above thrilled to a burst of applause very different from the decorous, perfunctory acknowledgement which such an audience usually accords even to those who have the good fortune to please it.

"She has a fortune in her voice!"

"Voice! The voice is nothing to the power behind it."

"It is too dreadful; she made me feel as if it were real, but surely no one could be quite so unhappy in this world," were some of the hasty comments exchanged, the last in a plaintive woman's voice.

At that sudden storm of applause Fiammetta started slightly like one roused from a dream, and, with unsmiling mouth and eyes from which the light had gone out, she mechanically swept the deep stage curtsey in return. Again the cheering broke out, and again in the same trance-like fashion she was about to acknowledge it, when suddenly the slender figure swayed, wavered. She flung out a hand to steady herself, and clutched at the tall standard lamp in the circle of strong light from which she had been standing.

A crash—a fall—a scream! The applause changed to a hoarse shriek as a sheet of flame sprang up and wrapped the slight falling figure in its fiery folds. The gauzy floating draperies were wings of flame.

Fire! Fire! The old hall had echoed to the clash of arms and to many a fierce cry, but never to one more horror-struck.

With one bound Adrian Skene was on the platform, with one grasp he tore down one of the heavy screening curtains, and flung himself upon the writhing figure, heedless of the streams of blazing oil which were licking about his feet and spreading the fiery terror ever wider and farther. Next instant half a dozen men, Neil Wedderburne amongst them, were by his side trying to stamp down the flames, to smother them with rugs or curtains, to hold them back at all hazards from the oaken panelling, tinder-dry with age, until water could be brought.

The hall was in wild confusion, Sir Hartley summoning the household, some calling for water, some for a doctor, others screaming and rushing to and fro panic-stricken. Lady Marchmont, who, since the first parting of the curtains, had sat in rigid, keen-eyed stillness, pulled the woman by her side down into a chair.

"Sit down and hold your tongue; surely you're fit for that at least. Since you can't help you needn't hinder," she said with a biting emphasis, against which even hysterical fright was no proof.

Adrian had gathered the moaning girl into his arms—a formless shape still swathed in the trailing folds of the heavy curtain. The air was thick with smoke and bitter with the reek of the fire, now hissing out into blackness under the splashing water.

"Let me help you—you're not fit. Look at your hands!" exclaimed one as Adrian moved stumblingly forward with his burden towards fresher air.

"She is my wife," was all the reply.

## CHAPTER XVI.

"It is only a question of time—and, I fear, a very short time. To attempt anything is only to torture her more," said the great doctor under his breath. He had been one of the guests, and had instantly offered his services.

Alys caught Sir Frank's low murmur; hearing, like every other faculty and nerve, seemed heightened to feverish activity by her fiery torment. It was nature's last rally before the final collapse, the



last flare of the candle before it gutters black into the socket.

"Am I dying?" she cried, her voice a hoarse, thin shriek. "For God's sake let me die, then. Why are you trying to keep me alive—where their worm dieth not and their fire is not quenched—where did I hear that—it's true—true—true," the broken words rising to a wail, heart-piercing, nerve-shaking.

Adrian winced, Sir Neil clenched his hands in a strong man's shrinking from irremediable pain. Agatha Kenyon, crouched on one of the window seats, broke into helpless sobbing, while Lady Marchmont sat more stiffly erect, though amid her voluminous draperies her fragile little wisp of a figure seemed shrunken to the proportions of a child's.

Adrian turned to Sir Frank, his face wrung.

"If nothing can be done, if there is no chance, no hope, can't you give her an easier passage—if it must be." His voice was strained out of all likeness to its usual tones.

The great doctor nodded. "I sent at once—the motor should be back shortly. Poor child, I wish to heaven it were here!" for Alys was speaking again in that strange, thin, unnatural voice, which seemed already divorced from earthly sounds.

"If I were dead I should be at peace, shouldn't I?" turning her eyes upon Lesley, who was supporting the restless head. "I should feel nothing—know nothing—remember nothing—so they say. Oh, do you think I'll remember?" a sudden note of panic in the tenuous thread of voice, while the leap of her eyes towards Lesley was like the clutch of a desperate hand.

"Alys," said Lesley, in a low, shaken voice, "I believe that we shall feel—that we shall know—that we shall remember. If there is anything you fear to remember, lay it down, don't carry your burden with you—surely you've borne it long enough. Oh, Alys, is there one here would deny you forgiveness if you asked it? Is God less merciful than man?"

That this poor trembling soul should go out into the darkness with doubt upon her lips and despair in her heart, that she should carry her sin and her secret with her into the silence was anguish to Lesley.

"Forgiveness will take the sting from memory, the pang from death. Oh, Alys, beg for it now—man will hear—God will hear." Her eyes were a voiceless prayer more compelling than her entreating words.

"Where is Adrian?" breathed Alys.

He knelt on the other side of the couch.

"Alys, my poor child, there is no need to speak. I know what you would say—I have always known it. As some day my own sole need will be forgiveness, I do forgive what you did—for my sake."

A sudden strange flicker, which was no fever fire, lit the great hollow eyes. He who reads the

heart alone knew what lay behind that look. Love, jealousy, cruel as the grave, remorse—these were the three strands of the cord which still bound her to earth. Which would yield first, or would they snap only with the silver cord itself?

At last her look settled on Adrian's face, and slowly, slowly that "strange fire" sank and faded. There was a slight stir at the door. Sir Frank went to it, and then, coming back to the couch, put a glass to Alys's drawn lips.

"Drink this, my poor child; it will ease you," he said gently.

Alys seemed to divine his meaning. With what strength was left to her she turned her head away.

"No, no; I can't—I must speak—I must—there is no ease, no peace for me till I speak," her voice suddenly shrilling out again in a half-delirious note. "See, there is the brand of shame upon him; it was I who set it there." She would never lift hand again, but her look was like a finger pointing to that red scorch on Adrian's brow. "Don't let me die before I speak—if I do it may take it away."

"No, no; there is no need to speak—only drink this," said Sir Frank soothingly, pressing the glass again to her convulsed mouth.

Sir Neil caught his arm.

"For God's sake let her speak as long as she can—you don't know how much hangs on it," he muttered hoarsely. If Sir Frank did not know, Neil Wedderburne did, to the depths of his honest heart.

"Are they all here—all who were in the room that day?" went on Alys in the same high, strained key. "I thought I saw them," looking restlessly round with narrowed eyes, as if trying to pierce through gathering shadows, though the great room was bathed in a soft glow of light. "But tell them—tell them it was I—not you—I took the keys—I found the will—I forged"—the word was almost a shriek—"the name. It was for you—I thought it would give you back your own. I saw you knew—but I couldn't—I daren't confess—I tried—I did try."

The flame of life sank. Speech passed into confused and piteous moaning, though in hard-drawn gasps and with imploring eyes fixed upon her husband's face she still struggled for utterance. Now and again there came a stray articulate word.

"Forgive—mercy—God have—mercy!"

The tears had come with a sudden rush to Lesley's eyes, pain-scathed till now, and were falling thick upon the face which the heavy hand of Death was already moulding to his own likeness.

"Oh, Alys," she cried, "it was for love you did it—to her who loved much, much was forgiven."

Did she hear? There was a catch in the hard sobbing breath, a flicker of the dimming eyes still fastened on Adrian's face. He stooped nearer.

"Alys!" he breathed, and the eyes softened.

Lesley softly rose from beside the couch where she had knelt so long, and in silence the others followed, leaving husband and wife alone together in the nearing shadow of that infinite and awful Presence which men call Death, but which the wiser name Peace.

\* \* \* \* \*

"So you are alone again."

"Yes, Lesley and Lady Marchmont have gone back to Strode. I thought you would have come to say good-bye."

"I have said good-bye," said Sir Neil with grim significance.

They were in Mrs. Kenyon's pretty drawing-room—an airy background which always threw into full relief her brother's height and air of abundant vigour. The latter was as noticeable as ever, though the keen blue eyes might lack something of their vivid outlook.

At Morelands Agatha Kenyon had cried her kind heart out in pity and sympathy for the dead and the living, but her keenest regrets found utterance now in her faltered:

"My poor Neil—it's horribly hard on you—what—what will you do now?"

"Does it matter much?" with a shrug. Then he faced round from the window out of which he had been intently if absently gazing. "You've been a good friend and done your best for me, Agatha, but—well, it won't be to-morrow, nor the next day, nor likely for many a day to come, but Time is bound to do his work by and by, and two people who are made for each other—valiantly—are bound to find that out too, and all the sooner if they get a fair field to do it in. Wedderburne can look after itself for a bit. Lesley's trustees are discharged; her cousin is the one she should naturally turn to if she wants advice, so I think I'll have a try at Thibet and the mountain sheep. I've always been hankering to have a shot at one, and as they're uncommon shy beasts and very few of them left, by the time I've secured a good head, well—with a courageous smile—"things will likely have settled down at Strode."

"Lesley is losing a brave gentleman, Neil!" exclaimed Agatha Kenyon, breaking into a sudden sob and throwing her arms round her tall brother, in spite of his known objections to such demonstrations.

"Oh, come, Agatha," he said awkwardly, though for once he suffered the embrace; then reality broke through reserve for once. "It's all that's left to me, but it's precious little for a man to do for the woman he—loves—only to take himself out of her way. I wonder how many of us would do and suffer what Adrian Skene did, and for a woman, whom, poor soul, he didn't love."

THE END.

# THE ROMANCE OF SELINA KING

A Story of Cross-Purposes and Reconciliation

By EDITH GWYNNE

FOR more years than she cared to remember Selina King had been the most patronised milliner in Sheldon, and was, indeed, the authority on hats for the whole community. She preserved her independence of Grant & Company, the enterprising firm which had signally failed to secure Miss Selina as head milliner, and had sent to Toronto for Miss Belmer, whom they advertised as "A lady who has studied her art in the best establishments of Paris."

But Miss Selina saw with calmness the advent of the Parisian student of headgear, for hers was the assurance of genius. No one else could transform wire and chiffon into such marvels of grace and beauty as could Miss Selina, and she had a kindly, tender way of receiving a battered old bonnet of two years' wearing, and saying brightly, "Well, I'll see if something can't be made of this, Mrs. Brown. The ribbon looks as if it could be freshened up."

Poor Mrs. Brown, whose economies were heart-rending, but who had a true woman's love for finery beneath her rusty garments, could hardly believe her eyes when she saw the new shape with revived ribbons and a bunch of violets nestling coyly at the left side, and the bill only one dollar and a half.

Miss Selina's fame had gone abroad through the country, and more than once she had received flattering offers from city firms, for commercial travellers had long admired the hat-making skill of the little woman, whose brown eyes were as bright as the iridescent trimming of which she was so fond. But

she had remained firm in her allegiance to Sheldon and the little white cottage with green blinds, which half-witted Sophie Waggs kept as spotless as a pan of new milk.

Millie King, her only brother's daughter, lived with Miss Selina, and was going to the Sheldon High School, and her aunt cherished hopes that her niece would "learn the business." She often said: "Now, remember, Millie, that there's a way of doing it that just belongs to you like a taste for music, or a head for figures. You certainly seem to have the right twist to a ribbon, and next year we'll see if you haven't a knack for covering shapes. There's some that can never get things smooth. There's Sarah Hunter, now. That girl fairly drives me wild. She would have made even that man Job say words that he'd be sorry for."

Miss Selina's consternation may be imagined when, one freezing February night, as she and Millie sat before the sitting-room coal-stove and enjoyed "Northern spies," the latter suddenly said: "Aunt Selina, do you know that I believe I'll get married, after all, instead of learning the millinery next spring."

"Millie King, are you clean crazy? Why, you're only sixteen, and don't know anything about the ways of a house, let alone the queer ways of a man. If I just catch you flirting with Tom Pringle, or any other boy at that school, you'll go straight back

to your father and the farm, although your step-mother is a woman I never could stand."

"I'm not flirting with any one," said Millie demurely, "there isn't a boy in the school with any style except Harold Jordan, and he's going away to Montreal next month to be in his uncle's railroad office. But I've thought it all out, and some day or other I'm going to get married to someone who will take me away from Sheldon. I intend," continued Millie with solemnity, "to see the world."

Her aunt gazed at her in alarm, for Millie was usually a retiring young person, but she had the King will, which meant accomplishment of purpose.

"You've been reading some fool love stories in my fashion magazines," she said in dismay.

"No, I haven't. In fact, Aunt Selina," said this sage of sixteen, "I don't believe much in love. It seems to get people into a great deal of trouble. But if I marry a man who can afford to buy me hats it will be much easier than trimming them for other people."

Her aunt was more puzzled than ever; sentimentality would be bad enough, but this cold-blooded commercialism was remarkably ungirlish.

"Of course," Millie continued, "you have done just splendid by not getting married, and you're putting money in the bank every week. It's much nicer than being the wife of a poor man like Mr. Brown, or a drunkard like Jack Sloane. But I've made up my mind that if a rich man comes along I'd rather have him than trim hats."

"Millicent King, you've no business to talk about



such things for years yet. And I'd like to know where you'll meet the rich man in Sheldon. Old Richard Miles is the only one I know that hasn't a wife, and he's a perfect miser, and swears something awful. Besides, there's insanity in the family; and dear knows what he'd do if he went mad in a hurry some day. There's ten o'clock! You go along to bed, and don't think any more of a millionaire dropping in to marry you."

But long after Millie had fallen asleep, to dream of the man who would save her from a future of hat-trimming, her Aunt Selina sat before the scarlet glow of the coals, and thought of a summer's day more than sixteen years ago, when her talent for millinery had not yet burst into full flower, and she had thought of spending her days not in the little white cottage, but in the old brown house where Richard White's father had lived before him.

The old brown house was in a sad condition now, for Jack Sloane had moved there years ago, and between Jack's drunken attacks on walls and furniture and the severe usage floors and bannisters received from Jack's large and noisy family, the White homestead was in a condition that Selina King hated to think of.

She had kept so quiet about it all that even her mother did not dream that when Richard White went away to the West he took the brightest part of Selina's girlhood with him. She was one of those women who are considered ambitious, if not hard, but who are incapable of bestowing their best gifts upon more than one.

No one in Sheldon knew that the capable little woman with keen brown eyes had given her heart long ago to shy, awkward Richard White, whose "folks" had disappeared entirely from the town, leaving a few graves in the old plot, to which Miss Selina could give much secret care, since it adjoined the King corner, where there was a weeping willow.

Selina, in her school-days, had been noted for a certain trimness, that had caught the eye and fancy of the head milliner at Forbes' "Emporium," and before she was eighteen Selina had given promise of rare skill. So well did she please the head milliner, Mrs. Rolph, that the elder lady determined to "set up for herself," and take Selina as partner.

Success had followed their small undertaking, and on Mrs. Rolph's death, the young milliner was quite equal to assuming charge of the "hats and fancy goods." Selina had not lacked for admirers, for hers was an attractive face, with a challenge for those who could not match her alertness; but even those who considered that her rose-adorned hat covered the prettiest head in the choir, stood in awe of her quick retorts, and seldom reached the openly sentimental stages.

From very ancient days a tenor voice has found an easy way to the feminine heart, and Richard White had a voice with which he was able to express the feelings to which his tongue was not equal. Finally, in a glorious springtime many years ago, Richard had decided on taking the momentous step of asking Selina if he might see her home from church. To his amazement her reply of "Certainly, Mr. White," came in most subdued tones, and he found himself actually taking the lead in the conversation and discoursing almost fluently on the slight rainfall they had had that April. He later found his way to an exceedingly slippery chair in the parlour of the white cottage.

After that he found it easier to approach the chief soprano, and he at last summoned courage to call for her to go to choir practice on Friday evening. This was almost a conclusive step, and by the time July came Richard was only waiting for a favourable opportunity to tell Selina that she was in his eyes the fairest of women, and the only one whom he wished to see managing the affairs of the old brown house.

But Selina, as is the way of womanhood, feeling secure of her lover, was in no hurry to have the decisive moment come, and preferred the gentle dallies of wooing to the final surrender of courtship. Her mother was a gentle, easy-going woman, who was so lost in admiration of her daughter's executive ability that she gave little heed to the various young men who had escorted Selina home "after the service."

So Selina, unwarned and unheeding, went on playing with the feelings of the unfortunate Richard, who confided to the minister one evening that he never could understand women, nor what they meant by being as sweet as honey one day, and as sour as vinegar the next.

The day of the Sunday School picnic had come, and Richard was to drive Selina out to the grove on the banks of the Maitland River, but in the morning she sent him word that she would rather go with the others in the picnic van.

He read the note gloomily, and had almost resolved not to go when he remembered that Selina

was to go for a row with him on the river in the evening. He appeared rather late to find Selina looking after the wants of her Sunday School class, and closely attended by Joe Merton, who had just opened a new stationer's shop in Sheldon, and was possessed of a degree of assurance which Richard found embarrassing and disgusting.

Selina was dressed in white, and wore a fragrant cluster of spicy pinks in her belt. She was feeling somewhat alarmed by Richard's lateness, but when he appeared she decided that he must be taught a lesson. At last, the hungry children were fed, and Richard approached his flushed sweetheart.

"I have the boat ready," he said; "we can be out for an hour, for I drove down, and we can go back later than the rest."

"I'm tired looking after those tables," said Selina, briefly, "so I've decided not to go on the river, and I've just promised to drive back with Mr. Merton. You ought to have been here earlier."

The last reproach was too much for Richard's patience and endurance, and he showed the dangerous temper of a gentle nature. His face was pale to the lips as he said: "You have broken your word to me twice to-day."

"You ought to have been here earlier. Here!" with a laughing glance, "you may have these flowers." She held out the fading cluster of pinks, which seemed to the man a symbol of her feeling. With a gesture of rage he snatched the flowers and crushed them into a spicy ball before he threw them



"For goodness sake, Selina, don't cry, I'm not used to it."

from him. Selina's smile turned to indignation, but her eyes fell before the quiet fury in his.

Mr. Merton found her anything but a cheerful companion, and she spent the night in vain conjectures as to whether she had gone too far.

Three days afterwards she listened without a quiver, when Mrs. Rolph talked to a customer about how suddenly Richard White had picked up that morning and left for British Columbia.

Surely he would write or had left a message! But Richard had gone utterly from Sheldon life, and no one but the minister suspected the reason for his sudden departure, and Selina was so taken up that summer with Mr. Merton and preparations for an unusual number of September weddings, that Sheldon gave no thought to her feelings on the subject of Richard's flight.

But it all came back to her now as she shivered and spread out her hands to the warmth, while an unusually stormy blast shrieked at the porch door and made the shutters creak. She saw the grove in the twilight, the white wrath on the stern young face, and could almost smell the fragrance of those crushed flowers as Richard threw them passionately away.

"And to hear that child Millie talk of marrying as if it were just like that picnic! Well, it's a long time ago, and it's time I gave up thinking of it. I suppose Richard was married out there, though it's strange I never heard."

The next week Sheldon was thrown into a state

of excitement by the sudden death of old Richard Miles, who was possessed of considerable wealth for Sheldon, and who had been known as the stingiest old bachelor in the county.

"Miss King, what do you suppose has happened?" said Mrs. Brown, bursting into the shop and neglecting to shake the snow from her coat before laying her arms across the show-case, "do you remember Richard White who went away out West about sixteen years ago?"

"Of course I do," said Miss Selina, hiding her shaking hands beneath some folds of black crape; "he sang in our choir. What has happened him?"

"Why, if old Richard Miles hasn't gone and left every cent to him. It seems the old man was once in love with Richard's mother, and liked the boy. Lawyer Wilson has found out where Richard is, and has telegraphed, and he says Richard is coming next week. It's a good thing that there were no near relatives, as there won't be any one to quarrel over the property. Did you ever hear if he'd married?"

"I don't know," said Selina brusquely, "but it's likely that he did, and that there's a lot of children to spend the money on."

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Brown wistfully, "they say there's about fifty thousand dollars. It seems as if some people get everything, and the rest of us have to put up with the leavings. Now, if he'd only left us two thousand!"

The next Sunday morning, just as the choir arose to sing the first hymn, there was a general turning of heads as a stalwart broad-shouldered man was shown to one of the front pews.

Selina's heart gave an unprecedented leap, for, in spite of the change which sixteen years had brought, she would have known Richard White's eyes and walk anywhere. She was mute during the singing of "My Faith Looks up to Thee," and her voice shook terribly during her solo in the anthem. She longed for, yet dreaded, the conclusion of the service, and hardly knew what to think when the leader said they must practise the evening anthem for a quarter of an hour after the congregation had gone. She was hurrying along towards the cottage when she heard the sound of a firm step in the snow behind her, and her face straightway became the colour of the white world around her.

"Miss King, you are surely going to speak to an old friend! Why, I'm almost out of breath."

"I'm sure I'm very glad to see you. You—you are so much broader."

"I've changed in a good many ways," he said, with a twinkle in his gray eyes, "but if you'll ask me in to dinner, I'll show you that I still appreciate Sheldon fare."

Miss Selina hesitated, but, as she did so, he coolly opened the gate and followed her to the door. She felt thankful that there was a chicken, and that Hester Thorne had brought her some Devonshire cream the night before.

After her departure a sudden silence fell upon the two friends who were left in the old parlour, and Miss Selina nervously fingered her mother's amethyst brooch which clasped her embroidered collar.

"I could almost imagine I had never been away," said Richard, at last. "This room looks as if nothing had been changed. You don't know what it's like to a man who has knocked about for sixteen years to come back and find you and the cottage looking as if I had gone away yesterday."

"But we've both changed," said Selina, hurriedly. "You don't look as if I'd been away so long, my dear."

Selina became flushed. He really had no right to talk like that.

"And you didn't marry Mr. Merton," continued her guest.

"We were never engaged," said Selina, with dignity.

"Selina, do you remember the flowers I threw away?"

"You were very rude."

"Perhaps, and very foolish. But what were you? For years I wondered if you had ever cared the least bit. Then the life was rough and exciting—not the life for a woman—and I gave up all thoughts of anything but getting on. But down in my heart all the time there's been the thought of a girl who I supposed had forgotten long ago. For goodness sake, Selina, don't cry. I'm not used to it, and—"

Mr. Richard White stood gazing in dire distress upon a small woman's shaking form. Then his face grew determined, and he picked up the small woman in a summary fashion, in spite of her struggles, and held her firmly until her remarks became coherent.

"It was all your fault," she declared.

"Of course it was," he answered promptly, although he wondered how she had arrived at such a conclusion, "but it will be your fault if we're not married next week."





T H E

# DEMI-TASSE



*Just a sip of darkest Mocha,  
As the lazy moments pass,  
And a murmur of soft voices  
O'er the fragrant Demi-Tasse.*

## TIMELY RHYMES.

Down East, in the city, St. John,  
A lively election is on;  
In spite of rude jibes  
They won't take bad bribes,  
And soon snowy wings they will don.

The Bishop out Winnipeg way  
Forbids his dear people to stray;  
But Cupid just smiles  
And says: "Watch my wiles,  
As I blend Green and Orange to-day."

A bright London boy known as Beck  
To Ottawa lately did trek;  
Sir Wilfrid was bland,  
While Earl Grey gave his hand,  
And said: "Fair Niagara's no wreck."

There is a keen statesman named Foy,  
Whose ways are both cautious and coy.  
He wants law reform,  
But there may be a storm  
Should he rashly the K. C.'s annoy.

Dear Studholme again has got gay  
And talked three good hours away.  
While Whitney says "Fudge!"  
Yet Studholme won't budge  
For the labouring-man has a say.

\* \* \*

## WISE LEE.

THE County of Bruce has sent many stalwart sons to the West, most of whom have done their Ontario home high honour. Financial success is the lot of the man from Bruce, for the blood of Scotland flows evenly through his veins and enables him to hold his own and sometimes a little more. It was related by a former Bruce man who has found Vancouver a Pacific Paradise that he noticed a laundry sign, "Lee Bruce," swinging across a Vancouver street.

"What's that for?" he demanded of the Oriental.  
"Me from Bruce," replied the smiling Lee.

"The dickens you are," replied the Ontario settler, who straightway demanded the obliteration of the honoured name.

\* \* \*

## SIX OR HALF A DOZEN.

MR. W. F. MACLEAN, member for South York, is usually on hand when there is a festivity of any kind in his county. Last November he appeared at a church opening in Toronto Junction where he was warmly welcomed. Dr. J. T. Gilmour, Warden of the Central Prison, who formerly represented West York in the Legislature, was also in attendance and prepared for an exchange of compliments with William of the *World*.

"So Saul is among the prophets," exclaimed the Warden, who was brought up in a Durham County Sunday School.

His editorial friend looked up with a beaming countenance. "Which of us is Saul, Doctor?"  
And the Warden wouldn't say.

\* \* \*

## SOMETHING NEW.

MRS. DE FLAT: "Can you show me anything new in folding beds?"

Dealer: "Only this, madam, and it really is quite a success. On arising in the morning you touch a spring and it turns into a washstand and bath tub. After your bath you touch another spring, and it becomes a dressing-case with a French plate mirror. If you breakfast in your room, a slight pressure will transform it into an extension table. After breakfast you press these three buttons at once and you have an upright piano. That's all it will do,

except that when you die it can be changed into a rosewood coffin."—The Independent.

\* \* \*

## PROUD OF IT.

THE late Henry Ward Beecher, during a vacation, heard one of his own published sermons delivered in an obscure village. At the close of the service he accosted the divine and said, "That was a fair discourse. How long did it take you to write it?"

"Oh, I tossed it off one evening when I had leisure," was the reply.

"Indeed!" said Mr. Beecher. "It took me much longer than that to think out the very framework of the sermon."

"Are you Mr. Henry Ward Beecher?"

"I am," was the reply.

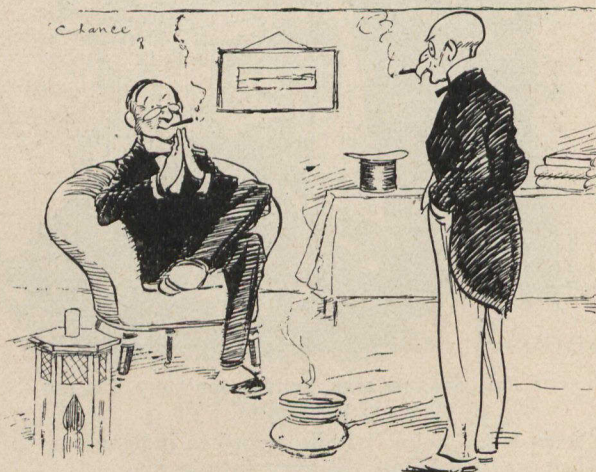
"Well, then," said the unabashed preacher, "all that I have to say is that I ain't ashamed to preach one of your sermons anywhere."

\* \* \*

## THE CONSEQUENCE.

A THEOLOGICAL student was sent one Sunday to supply a vacant pulpit in a Connecticut valley town. A few days after he received a copy of the weekly paper of that place with the following item marked: "Rev. — of the senior class at Yale Seminary supplied the pulpit at the Congregational Church last Sunday, and the church will now be closed for three weeks for repairs."

\* \* \*



"How do you feel after you've killed a man, Colonel?"  
"Oh, pretty good, Doctor, how do you?"

\* \* \*

## HOW HE WAS KNOWN.

AT Oxford University some years ago, there was a tutor in one of the colleges who limped in his gait. Stopping one day lately at a railway station, he was accosted by a well-known politician, who recognised him and asked if he were not the chaplain of that college at such a time, naming the year. The tutor replied that he was. "I was there," said the interrogator, adling thoughtlessly, "and I knew you by your limp."

"Well," said the reverend gentleman, "it seems my limping made a deeper impression on you than my preaching."

"Ah, sir," the politician replied with ready wit, "it is the highest compliment we can pay a parson to say that he is known by his walk rather than by his conversation."

\* \* \*

## KNOWLEDGE WAS BELIEF.

THE Rev. Dr. C. M. Lamson, who was president of the American Board of Foreign Missions at the time of his death, used to relate the following in relation to himself:

He was called as a pastor over a parish, and was

undergoing examination before a council when the question was asked him:

"Do you believe in a hell?"

The retiring clergyman of the parish sat beside him, and, giving him a nudge, said:

"Tell them yes; if you don't now you will before you have been here six months."

\* \* \*

## DIDN'T CARE FOR CARDS.

"I HEAR," said Mrs. Oldcastle, "that Miss Wadsworth has taken up the study of Gaelic."

"Has she?" replied her hostess, as she kicked back a corner of the \$3,000 rug. "Josiah wanted me to take it up but I never was no hand for cards."—Chicago Record-Herald.

\* \* \*

## CRUSHING A THEATRE BORE.

THE wonder is why some people go to the theatre. They certainly do not go to see the play—or, at least, to listen to what is being said behind the footlights. And it isn't alone noisy box parties that are objectionable. Some women would talk dress and some men would talk shop while little Eva was dying.

One evening in a Broadway theatre two men grew warm in an argument over a dog between the acts. One man owned a mongrel fox-terrier that he was cracking up to the skies, and as no dog owner cares to hear another man's dog extolled above his own, the wrangle was carried into the succeeding act.

The curtain rose to slow music, and the scene on the stage should have occupied both the eyes and ears of the audience. And there sat those two wretched men talking about the dog. People said "Sh!" and men and women both turned and scowled at the offenders; but they kept on.

Suddenly a man in the row behind leaned over and asked the dog's owner what he considered the animal worth.

"I wouldn't sell him for a \$10 note," declared the dog's owner, too surprised to take offense.

"Take twelve for him?" demanded the man behind.

"Well, I might."

"Then you'd call fifteen a good price?"

"Sure."

The man behind drew out a plethoric roll, skinned off a yellowback and handed it to the dog's owner. "There's twenty. The dog's mine. Now kindly stop talking about my dog!"

The people around snickered, and, though the fellow made a woeful attempt to turn the joke by gracefully pocketing the note and tendering \$5 in change, the snub was crushing in its effect.—Short Stories.

\* \* \*

## LOGICAL.

MR. W. J. LAMPTON is a humourist with a happy faculty for proving everything. Here is one of his latest experiments:

"No news is good news," said the man who was expecting bad news and had heard nothing.

"That's where you are wrong," replied the consoling logician; "because if, as you say, 'No news is good news,' then if you had received good news, it would have been bad news, for no news being good news, how could any news be other than bad?"

But the other man refused to be comforted.

\* \* \*

## A PHILOSOPHER.

"THE Chinese pay all their debts on the first day of each year," remarked the man who thinks it his duty to scatter wisdom.

"I have heard so," replied the careless person. "But I'd rather be in debt all my life than be a Chinaman."



# PEOPLE, PLACES AND PROGRESS

SIR THOMAS SHAUGHNESSY has just become the wonder of Moose Jaw. The president of the Canadian Pacific Railway had just arrived in his private car "Killarney." Alert as usual he cast his eagle eye over the station. The station bar was in full blast—as usual; a Canadian Pacific bar for which the company had paid to get a license; a very handy bar for the travelling public as well as for the train hands—for it was very close to the front door. Sir Thomas looked in at the bar. He was thinking hard; and the bartender wondered who he might be and what sort of drink the gentleman might want. When the visitor opened his mouth it was not to mention the name of any drink either ancient or modern; he did not even want a cigar or a match. To the station-master he said tersely: "Shut that place up!" The official was startled and of course began to expostulate. He intimated that the license for the bar would expire within a few months and he supposed that what Sir Thomas desired was that, when it expired, it should not be renewed. "No," said the president, "I do not want it closed at the end of the year, nor at the end of the month. I want it closed now. Lock the door and pay off those men. We have too many trainmen running into Moose Jaw to allow a bar to be operated in that room."

So the bar at Moose Jaw is closed and will stay closed.

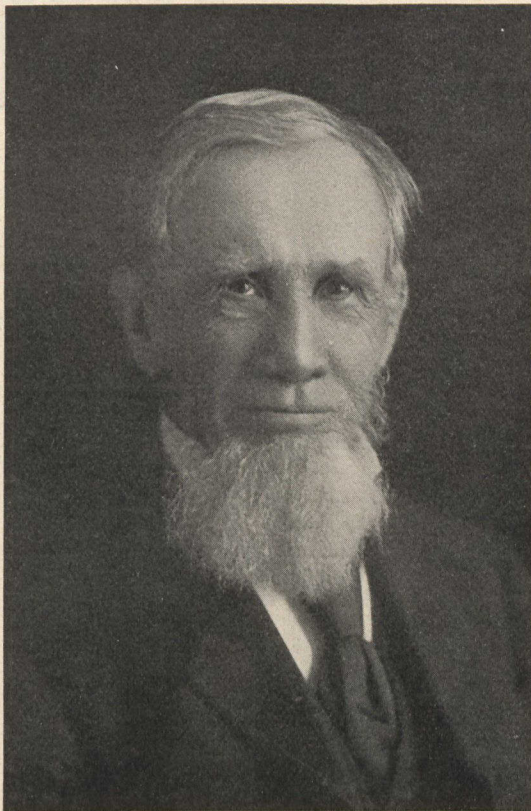
Which recalls another liquor episode that happened at Moose Jaw many years ago when it was nothing but a way station and when the whole of the Northwest was a prohibition country. Many and ingenious were the devices resorted to for importing whiskey into the Territories and Moose Jaw had its share. One day an innocent-looking cask was dumped off on the Moose Jaw platform labelled "Coal Oil." The mounted police were suspicious about this barrel and at once took possession. One of them sat on the barrel while the other went to get an auger to let the contents out of the barrel in the usual way. Some of the inhabitants, however, were rather wiser and much quicker than the policemen. They surreptitiously got a pail and a brace and bit and crawled under the platform. One of the party thrust his brace and bit up through a crack and industriously bored a hole in the cask, out of which the good liquor was drawn into the pail—while the guardian of the law sat and sat and didn't notice a thing till the barrel was empty.

VANCOUVER has been visited by one of the foremost financiers of Great Britain—Sir Edgar Vincent, the man whom the British Government sent to Egypt in 1883 to tell the Khedive how to spend his money. Sir Edgar, who is already heavily interested in United States transcontinentals, is said to be looking over the Canadian West for more railroads to finance. In all probability he will have no trouble in locating a number of railways in need of new ties and rolling stock in that land of railroads. In fact, it seems likely that if he should stay long enough and remain in that mood, it might be necessary for Sir Edgar to count the ties to get home.

THE latest phase of technical education in Canso, Nova Scotia, is a school for mariners. A night school has been established in which ambitious, practical young men will learn the rudiments of the mysteries of those who go down to the sea in ships. There are already more than forty students. These men have a wide field. It will be a safe inference that during their entire course they will be all at sea. This new departure is no fad, either, but a right down practical course and a worthy addition to the curriculum of the provinces that have the reputation of turning out Canada's most famous seamen. And yet Mr. Harold T. McGrath, writing in the "Fortnightly Review," says that Canadians are lacking in maritime enterprise. He says in a very pointed, almost pert, manner:

"Canadians, truth to tell, are not conspicuous for maritime enterprise. While the American halibut and whale fishers proceed to distant Greenland in quest of fares, and the Newfoundlanders now pursue the cod into Hudson Strait and the whales along the Labrador, the Canadians content themselves with netting mackerel off the Nova Scotia coast or hooking codfish on the Grand Banks. They do not venture into the turbulent, ice-cumbered waters of the remote north. The American whalers are really, with the exception of the Hudson Bay Company's steamer on her annual voyage, and the Newfoundlanders entering the straits after cod, almost the only ships that visit the Bay, and a Canadian vessel is never seen there."

THE man who knows more than any other living man about the border wars between Canada and the United States has just completed fifty years of public office. That is Magistrate Bartlett, of



Mr. Alexander Bartlett,  
Police Magistrate, Windsor, Ontario.

Windsor—called Windsor's grand old man. Mr. Bartlett is eighty-seven years old. He is the oldest acting magistrate in Canada and he is still on the bench. When he became town clerk on February 13th, 1858, Windsor was a town of 2,000. It is now 15,000. He has been exactly thirty years magistrate. He was a boy volunteer in the Rebellion of 1837 and he remembers the irascible old Colonel Prince as well as though he had been his own brother. Magistrate Bartlett was born in Aberdeenshire, Scotland.

DR. ORR, manager of the Canadian National Exhibition, has gone to the Vatican to get pictures from under the nose of His Holiness the Pope; pictures that have never been allowed out of the Royal Palace. A few days ago the great collection of Russian pictures brought to the St. Louis Exhibition by special permission of the Czar, were seized by the collector of customs at New York. They are still in the customs house under an order of sale, in spite of the fact that the United States Government gave a bond of \$50,000 that the paintings would be returned safe and sound to Russia within a stated time. As the time has expired and the duty has not been paid the Government who gave the bond sees fit to confiscate the pictures. One of them belongs to the Emperor. It was taken from the Royal Palace at St. Petersburg.

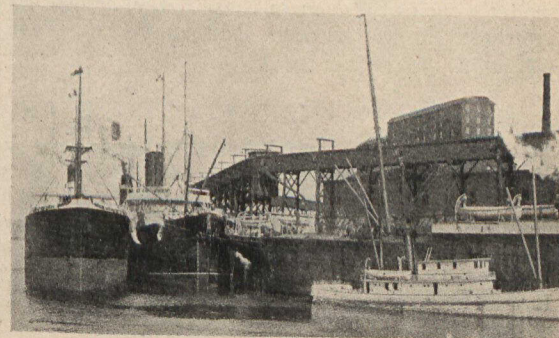
THE man who wrote "Songs of the Sour Dough" has been on a visit from Dawson to Victoria, where he did some of his earliest manipulation of bank notes and rhymes. Mr. Service is highly appreciated in Victoria and also in Ladysmith, the new mining town by the sea, where he went afterwards. He is still a bank clerk; perhaps the most remarkable bank clerk in the world. He is not known to have any particular passion for tennis or five o'clock teas. Surrounded by heaps of money, he writes the passions of the derelicts who have gone from all parts of the world to the Yukon in search of gold, the basis of all money. So far as we know he has not yet been spoiled. There are those who consider him Canada's greatest poet. At any rate his verses are now in the eighth edition. Perhaps if Mr. Service would undertake to write about a few optimistic, hopeful aspects of that wonderful western life in the mountains and on the prairies, he might have a sound chance of earning that distinction. At present he ranks as a poet of pessimism; of the seamy side and the dumps; of broken lives and melancholy derelicts who in that last resort of the adventurer are learning grimly how to buck up.

FOUR thousand miles from Halifax the people of the West are interested in reminiscences of an expatriated Canadian in the United States—President Schurman of Cornell University. Miss Maria Lawson is the writer. In most interesting fashion she says:

"In one of the widest parts of the crescent-shaped island (at Freetown) is a beautiful hill crowned with a splendid grove of white birches. Just beyond the grove was a low lying farm bordered by a hawthorn hedge. Here the summer breezes stirred the oat-fields into verdant billows. In the midst was a comfortable, unpretentious farmhouse. In the sunny kitchen, with its well-scoured floor, the mistress of the house was generally to be found. There was a large family and as was usual in those days the younger boys had to go to work early. Jacob Schurman was the third son, and at about the age of twelve he obtained a clerkship in a store in the county town of Summerside. But measuring goods or calculating prices was not congenial work to this strong-bodied, big-brained boy. He was soon at school again and before he was out of his teens he had graduated from the highest institution of learning in his native province and was teaching. Having earned sufficient money to pay his fees he entered Acadia College. When he was in his twenty-first year the Gilchrist scholarship, enabling the winner to pursue his education in Great Britain and Germany, became vacant, and Schurman, whose ambition had hitherto been to become a Baptist minister, saw before him a wider outlook. The young student came home, not to spend a holiday, but to bend every faculty to the purpose of gaining the scholarship. Refusing every invitation and declining to see even the most intimate of old time playmates, the lad rose with the dawn and during the long hours of the midsummer day bent over his books or perhaps conned them as he lay in some sheltered fragrant nook."

OTTAWA, by some considered by far the most beautiful city in Canada, is clamouring for more factories. Victoria, the capital of British Columbia, is agitating for a beautified city. Mr. Joseph Tasse, who has lately taken up his residence in the western capital, advocates joint action by the municipality and the Government to make Victoria the most beautiful capital in Canada. He cites Washington as an example. One of the Ottawa newspapers is agitating among business men to see what may be done to bring smokestacks and factories to the capital. Many of the citizens seem to be in favour of the movement. Hamilton is cited as a brisk example of a city that gets industries. Ottawa, the seat of government, seems to be weary of being cited as the home of the Parliament Buildings. There are inherent reasons why it is difficult to get industries to Ottawa. The most compelling is the fact that owing to the beautification of the city for residential purposes rents have risen too high for workingmen to live there profitably. After this we shall not be surprised to hear of a movement to plant factories in Washington.

OUT in Brandon, Manitoba, they are teaching Ruthenians the duties of Canadian citizenship. A school has been opened to teach these shy and mysterious foreigners from the land of much politics and many wars in the south of Europe, just what it means to wrestle with the hardest language in the world; what it feels like to sing "The Maple Leaf Forever." Thirty young men have been admitted. They will take a three years course. When they are graduated they will be sent out to teach in the seventy Ruthenian schools in Manitoba. Many of these Ruthenians are highly educated in their own language and they are an exceedingly intelligent-looking lot of students. The school is a boarding-school and is under the management of Principal J. T. Cressey, who was in charge of the Ruthenian school in Winnipeg before it was transferred to Brandon.



Some of the Ships of St. John, NB.



## LITERARY NOTES

## A POET'S PROSE.

THE essay collections of Mr. Bliss Carman have been favourably received by a public which recognises that few writers can live by poetry alone. *The Kinship of Nature* is a book to be read more than once and to be kept within easy reach. The dedication to Dr. Parkin, the writer's former "master," is a most graceful and unstudied eulogy in which the passing reference to "the leafy northern city" betrays the *heimweh* of the nature-lover. Few Canadian writers, who have become known to the clipping bureaus, have been content to remain in their native land. New York has successfully allured most of them, England is the home of Mr. Robert Barr, Sir Gilbert Parker and Dr. Crozier and all such whose means and inclination lead them to an old land. Mr. W. A. Fraser still finds his home in Georgetown, a quiet Ontario corner for one who excels in stories of stolen jewels and glorious tigers; but Mr. Fraser has been all over the world between times and spends a year or two in Georgetown by way of variety.

Mr. Carman's prose indicates, in nearly every essay, the poet's homesickness for woods and streams. New York is not his continuing city, nor does he ever become urban in philosophy. The writings of our maritime celebrities, to which group Mr. Carman belongs, have been aptly called "the birch-bark school." They belong to the outdoors of the canoe and the unspoiled spaces, not to the cultivated outdoors of the country club. Mr. Carman, in his latest essay, *An Old-Fashioned Essence*, gives an exquisite study of the "flower virtues," leaving the reader to wonder whether his analogies are more than playful. How poignantly reminiscent is the early question:

"Can there be anyone who does not remember the pitchers and bowls full of pansies and stocks and mignonette, of roses and poppies and nasturtiums, of heliotrope and sweet-peas and lilies-of-the-valley, in odorous darkened rooms of some old country house far away from the noise of town, among the elms and the hay-fields and the silver rivers?"

"Indoors, in that grateful stillness, beads of icy water gathered on the brown stone jug on the sideboard, and the scent and colour of homelike, companionable blossoms filled the dwelling with friendliness and charm."

\* \* \*

## ARTHURIAN DRAMAS.

THE mention of Mr. Carman will remind some of his readers of the Canadian poet's firm friend and comrade, Richard Hovey, who died seven years ago. Duffield and Company of New York have now issued "The Holy Grail and Other Fragments, Being the Uncompleted Parts of the Arthurian Dramas. Edited with Introduction and Notes by Mrs. Richard Hovey and with a Preface by Bliss Carman." From the same publishers come also in five volumes, *Along the Trail*, *The Quest of Merlin*, *The Marriage of Guinevere*, *The Birth of Galahad* and *Taliesin*. Mr. Hovey has not done a great work in the Arthurian field. He will probably be more truly remembered by his shorter productions, even such a piece of rollicking roguery as *Barney McGee*, than by his more pretentious poems.

\* \* \*

## NAMING THE BOOK.

"WHAT'S in a Title?" may well be asked by the modern publisher. The novelist seems to turn to the Elizabethan period more often than to any other for inspiration in this matter. "Knitters in the Sun" is one of the most fantastic titles taken from Shakespearean pages, while the books with Biblical titles would fill a library. Last summer an English novel was published under the title, "Blind Mouths," and a reviewer, more daring than informed, objected to the words, declaring them stupid and meaningless. The editor of that periodical was at once overwhelmed with correspondence calling attention to the fact that "Blind Mouths" is an expression from Milton's *Lycidas* and, instead of being stupid, has a double significance, as Ruskin has shown in his *Sesame and Lilies*. The announcement by Henry Holt and Company of Mr. De Morgan's new novel has created some conjecture as to title. "Somehow Good" is the encouraging heading, which appears to be suggested by Tennyson's *In Memoriam* lines:

"And yet we trust that somehow good  
Will be the final goal of ill."

Canadian novelists have shown a preference for brief titles, Mr. Connor following Mr. Caine's example in the matter of such as "The Doctor," "The Prospector."

\* \* \*

## A STIRRING SERIES.

MR. ROBERT BARR, the Canadian who has settled in Old London and has become the editor of *The Idler*, is contributing a remarkable series of short stories to the *Windsor Magazine*. So far as they have gone, the adventures of *Young Lord Stranleigh* are the most diverting happenings since the early days of *Sherlock Holmes*. Mr. Barr has done no better work than these latest narratives and his readers are hoping that he will keep up the pace. It is all very well to make a blustery hero accomplish deeds of daring; but to make an indolent, blase young aristocrat, who apparently takes no interest in anything but trivialities, achieve wonders of ingenuity and energy, in the effort to circumvent grafters and "sich," is a feat which stimulates the reader's curiosity, even in these fiction-strewn days. It is not easy to become interested in the modern short story but *Young Lord Stranleigh* is worth watching.

\* \* \*

## LIKE LOOKING BACKWARD.

NOT since the days of Edward Bellamy have we read such glowing accounts of an ideal world as those written by the modern socialist. Mrs. Julia Dawson has been contributing to the London (England) *Daily Mail* a series of articles on the marvellous benefits woman is to derive from socialism. It sounds like the millenium to be informed that under socialism every woman may live "in a good home, have good furniture, good clothes and good food." It is a monotonously fine prospect but a certain poem haunts the memory—a narrative which announces: "This is the tale of the Council, the German Kaiser decreed," and the poem proves more human than the socialistic programme.

GET RIGHT WITH NATURE === AND BREAK-  
FAST ON NATURE'S BEST ENERGY-MAKER

# SHREDDED WHEAT

Makes a breakfast that starts you out "just fit" for the hardest day's work in the coldest weather. More nourishing than mushy porridge and meats. Keeps the veins full of warm blood and the bowels active and healthy.

In the morning a good Breakfast of Biscuit Triscuit for Luncheon.  
All Grocers, 13c a carton, 2 for 25c.

760



CABLE ADDRESS, "CANDEC"

## The Canadian Detective Bureau

LIMITED

MAX J. KELLER, GEN. MANAGER

WILLIAM H. WELSH, GEN. SUPP.

GENERAL OFFICES: TORONTO, ONT.  
Crown Life Building—Queen and Victoria Sts.

## BRANCH OFFICES

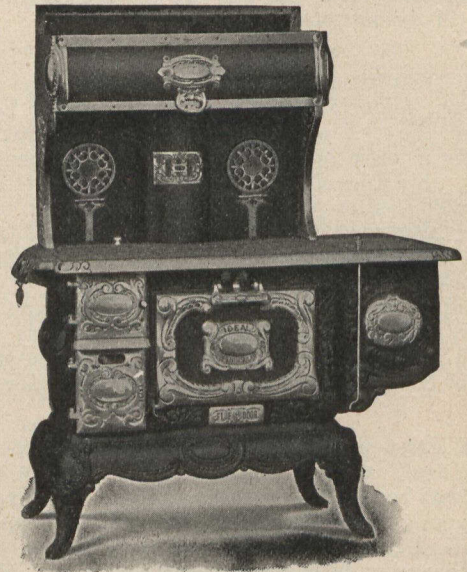
OTTAWA, ONT., Trust Bldg., Sparks St. MONTREAL, P.Q., Bank of Ottawa Bldg.  
WINNIPEG, MAN., Bank of Hamilton Bldg.  
ST. JOHN, N.B., Pugsley Bldg. HALIFAX, N.S., St. Paul Bldg.  
VANCOUVER, B.C., Inns of Court Bldg. DAWSON, Y.T., N.C. Bldg.  
NEW YORK, N.Y. LONDON, ENG. PARIS, FRANCE

¶ This Bureau is prepared to undertake all classes of legitimate detective work for railroads, banks, insurance companies, other corporations and private individuals.

¶ Our offices being located from one end of the Dominion to the other give us specially good facilities for handling business for clients with connection throughout the various provinces.

## THE PEERLESS PENINSULAR THE IDEAL PENINSULAR

¶ When buying your range this autumn insist on having your dealer show you "The Peerless Peninsular" and "The Ideal Peninsular," the latest triumphs in stove range construction. If you should find any difficulty in securing one, write us a postal card asking for full information which will be promptly furnished.



Clare Bros. & Co., Ltd.

Preston, Ont. Winnipeg, Man.  
Vancouver, B.C.



# SNAP

Does what soap cannot do. It removes ink stains, acids, grease, dirt, oils and color stains. It is indispensable to surgeons and dentists, mechanics, plumbers, chauffeurs, electricians, house wives, house maids. In fact it is a combination which fulfills every requirement, and should be found in every home, shop, office and mechanics kit of tools.

15 cents per can or two cans for 25 cents.

SNAP COMPANY LIMITED, Montreal



If it's your stomach — your liver—your bowels —or a rundown system that is making you feel so badly, you certainly will feel better after a morning glass of



# Abbey's Effer-Salt

25c. and 60c. bottle. At druggists.

## A Mother's Testimony



About a month ago I received one of your LITTLE BEAUTY HAMMOCK COTS and find it perfectly satisfactory in every respect and would not like to part with it, for it is the best thing I ever saw.

Write for a copy of "BABY'S SLEEP" telling all about it.

**The Geo. B. Meadows, Toronto Wire, Iron & Brass Works Company, Limited**

479 Wellington St. W., Toronto, Canada

## BOVRIL

has grown to be indispensable in the sick room on account of its valuable strength-giving qualities and the renewed vigor it gives to the convalescent.

It is equally valuable in the

### KITCHEN

for it not only adds an appetizing flavor to the dishes with which it is used, but it materially increases their nutritive value.

All that is good in BEEF is in BOVRIL.

## Agents Wanted

in every province of Canada to act as circulation representatives of The Canadian Courier. The work can be done in spare hours; or a larger territory may be secured to occupy a man's whole time. References required. Large rewards. Address—

CIRCULATION MANAGER  
CANADIAN COURIER, TORONTO

# ... MUSIC ...

## MENDELSSOHN CHOIR IN BUFFALO.

THREE hundred passengers left Toronto last Monday afternoon on the "Mendelssohn Special," which took the champion choir to Buffalo for their fourth annual concert. The arrangements for the comfort of the choir members and their friends are in the hands of an excellent committee experienced in managing such affairs, while Mr. J. D. McDonald of the Grand Trunk Railway always accompanies the Mendelssohn party to smooth the way across the border.

The programme, as carried out in Convention Hall, was very much the same as that given in Toronto on Saturday, February 15th, and was received with enthusiastic approval by the large audience which invariably marks "Mendelssohn Night" across the line. A striking popular appeal was made in the stanza of *The Star-Spangled Banner* sung as encore to Sir Hubert Parry's *Blest Pair of Sirens*. The Canadian choir sang the praises of their neighbour's flag with no uncertain volume nor emphasis and their efforts were appreciated by applause which might have stirred the Stars and Stripes and Union Jack stretched on either side of the stage. The effect of the "Pan-American" organ of Convention Hall in certain numbers reminded Canadian hearers of a sad lack in the equipment of Massey Hall, Toronto, as the Buffalo people have the advantage of possessing an instrument worthy of an immense auditorium. The Palestrina, and Lotti motettes, the lightsome group of *Hey Nonino*, *Night Witchery* and *The Cruiskeen Lawn*, Cornelius' *Christmas Song* and *Hero's Rest*, Lassen's *Serenade* and Cesar Franck's *Psalm 150* were the remaining numbers which proved an artistic delight to the thousands who went unwillingly away. Mr. Josef Hofmann and Mr. Claude Cunningham repeated their Toronto triumphs.

An extremely pleasant feature of the event was the presentation to Mr. Vogt by the Buffalo Philharmonic Chorus of a laurel wreath in which an immense cluster of jacqueminot roses tied in blue and white silk streamers clasped the emblem of honour and symbolised the international friendship. The Mendelssohn Choir afterwards entertained their Buffalo friends at a banquet given in the Ellicott Club at which President W. H. Elliott of the Mendelssohn Choir ably presided with the united flags and imposing laurel wreath for background. The toasts of the President, the King and "Our Guests" were suitably and musically honoured. The utmost cordiality and enthusiasm characterised the occasion and both Dr. Roswell Park of Buffalo and "our own" Mr. A. S. Vogt proved themselves nobly equal to oratorical demands. It was almost dawn when three hundred sleepy but satisfied Torontonians exchanged the railway train for the special cars in waiting at the Union Station. The most careful and complete management made this fourth trip to Buffalo an occasion for rejoicing.

\* \* \*

THIS is trophy week at the Capital and Mr. F. C. T. O'Hara is one of the busiest men in Ottawa during the competition, as the secretary is supposed to be a bureau of information, at the disposal of all competitors.

The Calve concert in Ottawa last week was a most satisfying event. The programme seems to have been almost a Patti affair, as it included such well-worn favourites as *Annie Laurie*,

*Comin' Thro' the Rye* and *Old Folks at Home*. Calve's accent is not strictly Caledonian but the audience was delighted to hear of Maxwellton's braes and the Suwanee River once more.

\* \* \*

THE visit of the celebrated Sheffield Choir to this country in October next, says the *Ottawa Journal*, is one of those events in the history of Canada and of the United Kingdom which is worthy of more than passing interest. The idea of bringing to Canada this most celebrated of the better known choirs of England was inspired by a desire to draw still closer the bonds of musical unity which were cemented when Sir Alexander Mackenzie paid his now historic visit to the Dominion a few years ago. It has been taken up with tremendous enthusiasm by the musicians of the north of England and already the promoter of the enterprise, Dr. C. A. E. Harriss, or Ottawa, is in receipt of information that not only will the choir come in a body, 250 strong, but that it will be accompanied by numerous distinguished journalists representing both the Sheffield and the London press, lay as well as musical.

Inasmuch as the members of the choir are prominently identified with the industrial enterprises of Sheffield, the visit will be of economic importance as well as of influence musically. It will be impossible for these captains of industry to come to Canada, see for themselves the industrial growth of Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa, Hamilton and other places, and to grasp for themselves the enormous potentialities of Canada, without substantial advantage ensuing from a business standpoint. This view of the case has been grasped by the executive council of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, which has sent a letter to the Lord Mayor of Sheffield not only extending a hearty welcome to the members of the choir and their friends, but also assuring him "that members of our association individually will do everything in their power to make your visit both profitable and enjoyable."

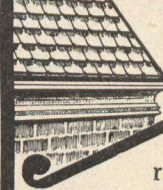
The municipal corporations of Ottawa and Toronto have also seized the imperial importance of the coming visit, and have forwarded resolutions to the Lord Mayor of Sheffield extending cordial invitations to the Sheffield Choir, and assuring them of the most hearty of welcomes. A similar letter will, it is understood, be sent forward in the course of a few days by the Mayor of Montreal, while the Boards of Trade of all three cities have already begun preparations to share in the reception of this notable musical organisation.

The choir will only be in Canada for a fortnight, owing to the impossibility of its members being absent from their homes for more than a month; but during that brief space they will be heard in Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, Hamilton, London, and other centres in Ontario and will give their farewell concert in Quebec City.

\* \* \*

THE *London Musical Herald* recently announced editorially: "The organist of Canterbury Cathedral is going to Canada. Is it possible that the holder of one of the most historical posts in England can improve his lot by migrating to a young country? That such is presumably the case is strong testimony to the growth of music in the Dominion. Dr. Perrin will be the first to hold the position of Professor of Music in McGill University. Besides the university professorship, Dr. Perrin will

## "Eastlake" Metallic Shingles



Fire, lightning, rust, and storm proof.

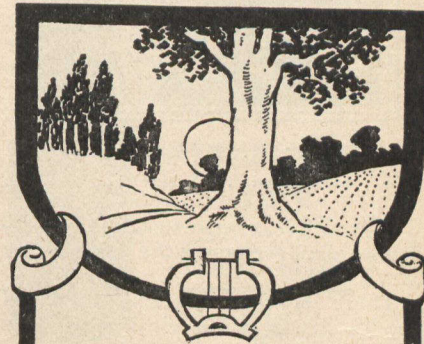
Anyone can put them on.

WRITE FOR PRICES.

**The Metallic Roofing Co.**

Manufacturers Limited.

TORONTO and WINNIPEG



Finest Pianos in Canada sold on such purchase terms that every home may own one

WE want you to know more about the New Scale Williams Pianos—what magnificent instruments they are—and WHY. Our free booklets give these facts—tell what famous pianists, teachers, singers, colleges and schools think of these faultless pianos. And they are FACTS that you should know about the

## New Scale Williams Piano

Let us send the booklets and show you how you may have any style of the New Scale Williams Piano—grand or upright—and pay for it on our new purchase plan. Cut out the coupon and mail to us today.

Please send me free of all cost, booklets descriptive of the New Scale Williams Piano and special easy purchase plan.

Name.....  
Address.....

**The Williams Piano Co. Limited,**  
Oshawa, Ont.  
21



8 Richmond St. East, Toronto

ALFRED WRIGHT, Manager

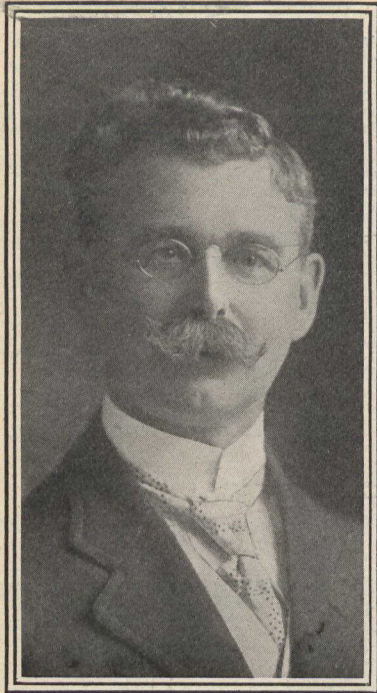
## LONDON GUARANTEE AND ACCIDENT COMPANY LIMITED

Guarantee and Fidelity Bonds. Sickness and Accident Policies.

Phone Main 1642. Confederation Life Building  
COR. YONGE and RICHMOND STS.



be the new Director of the McGill Conservatorium of Music and thus he



Mr. H. M. Fletcher,  
Conductor of Schubert Choir.

will have great opportunities for usefulness in developing the musical art of Canada."

There is the inevitable touch of condescension in the closing sentence of this quotation. The editor of the *London Musical World* does not seem to be aware that most English organists are shamefully underpaid and that this continent is paying salaries such as few English organists receive. Even musicians are not quite ethereal when the questions arise as to what shall we eat and wherewithal shall

we be clothed. For a new country, Canada is paying well for her musical instruction and already possesses several organs which are fit for a master's use.

\* \* \*

THE Schubert Choir, under Mr. H. M. Fletcher, conductor, will be assisted by the Pittsburg Orchestra in their two concerts in Massey Hall, Toronto, on March 2nd and 3rd. Mr. Emil Paur is so well-known in Toronto that advertisement of his ability and of the orchestra's attractions is merely a repetition of what Canadian audiences have been aware of for some years—that the musicians from Steel City are a finely-disciplined organisation with a conductor of rare magnetism. Toronto made friends with the Pittsburg Orchestra in the days when Mr. Victor Herbert of sunny ways was its popular head and will doubtless give the Pennsylvanians a hearty welcome next Monday night. The orchestra has been increased and strengthened, the new concert-master proving an excellent official. Mr. Fletcher paid a professional visit to Pittsburg about a fortnight ago and found his association with the orchestra most encouraging. The choral numbers on Monday evening will be *Hunting Song* from Schubert's *Rosamunde*, Gounod's *Ave Verum*, Schubert's *God is My Guide*, Kremser's *In Winter*, Boughton's choral variations on the English folk-song, *King Arthur Had Three Sons*, Strauss' *Spring's Delight* and Max Bruch's *Roman Obsequies*. The Boughton number is a novelty, racy of the soil, with a colour and swing which should make it an attractive feature. It was first performed at the Leeds Festival of 1907. Kremser's *In Winter* is a chorus for men's voices which was rendered with fine effect by the

Vienna Maennerchor in Buffalo last spring. The orchestral numbers will



Mr. Emil Paur,  
Conductor of Pittsburg Orchestra.

be the *Tannhauser* overture, Richard Strauss' *Death and Transfiguration*, Suite No. 1, Op. 46, *Peer Gynt* by Grieg, *Der Freischutz*, Valse and March from Berlioz' *Damnation of Faust*, the first two being the only orchestra numbers on Monday evening. On Tuesday the Schubert Choir will sing Schubert's *The Omnipotence*, Leslie's *Up, Up Ye Dames*, Storch's *Night Witchery*, a Strauss waltz for ladies' voices, and the cantata, *Phaodrig Crohoore* by Villiers Stanford, in which J. Sheridan Le Fanu's Irish verse has been given appropriate setting, the old-time ballad lilt being successfully reproduced in the first section of the cantata, which ends, however, in the sorrowful Celtic "keen." His Excellency, the Governor-General, and His Honour, the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, have extended their patronage to these events.

#### Manager Shipman's Proposal

MR. ERNEST SHIPMAN, the theatrical manager, is said to have concluded arrangements with New York, whereby theatres in Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore, Albany and New York will be open to those who win the Canadian amateur trophy at Ottawa this week. Mr. Shipman, accompanied by his wife, known to the theatrical world as Miss Roselle Knott, is spending this week at Ottawa with a view to witnessing the performances.

#### A Strong Play

MISS VIOLA ALLEN, whose acting in Shakespearean roles has given her a commanding place among modern actresses, will appear at the Princess Theatre, Toronto, next week in *Irene Wycherley*, the play which won such a remarkable triumph in London last year with the Canadian actress, Miss Lena Ashwell, in the title role. Miss Allen's ability and charm would alone suffice to attract crowds to the theatre and the play is said to be one of unusual dramatic strength. Toronto has been unusually favoured during the last fortnight with such stage attractions as Miss Maxine Elliott and Miss Blanche Bates, but next week's presentation at the Princess will doubtless prove the climax to the theatrical season. Mr. Grant Stewart, a graduate of the University of Toronto, is also in the cast.



Miss Viola Allen, at the Princess Theatre, Toronto, next week, in "Irene Wycherley."

## BOOKS WORTH HAVING

THERE are books to be read and thrown away; there are other books to be read and kept. It is often said that Canadians do not buy good books, but this is untrue. Here are three books which should appeal to every man who desires to be better informed.

### Canada

Described by WILFRED CAMPBELL and painted by T. MOWER MARTIN. This is one of the most beautiful books on the Dominion ever issued. It contains 77 coloured plates—all full page size. The reading matter is not statistical but descriptive. The seasons, the beauty of Canadian woods, the great natural features, the chief characteristics of national development are graphically described. Handsomely bound. Postpaid, \$6.00.

### Life of Gladstone

By JOHN MORLEY. This great work has hitherto been available only in three volumes at \$10.50. This is a two-volume edition at \$3.50—one-third the original price. It is unabridged. It contains 2,000 pages. It has been described by all the critics as the most wonderful biography and history of the past decade. It is as fascinating as a romance, as valuable as any English history that has ever been written. Postpaid \$3.50.

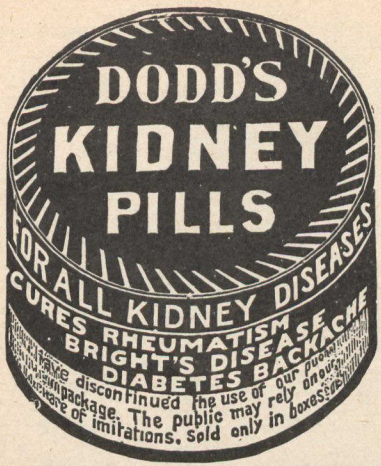
### The Outlook for the Average Man

By DR. ALBERT SHAW, editor of the *American Review of Reviews*. It is a book for young men, for fathers to give to their sons. It points out how the average man must educate and train himself to enable him to fight successfully the battle of life under present economic conditions. It describes modern opportunities and how to take advantage of them. It is a guide to success. 240 pp; postpaid \$1.25.

Any of these books may be ordered through a bookseller or direct from

The Courier Press  
LIMITED  
BOOK DEPARTMENT  
59-61 Victoria Street, TORONTO





**THIS IS THE TIME TO MAKE YOUR MARMALADE**

The season for bitter oranges only lasts a few weeks, and we have some excellent fruit from Messina—as fine as any we have ever had.

We offer a good old Scotch Recipe to customers and the use of a slicer to those who desire it.

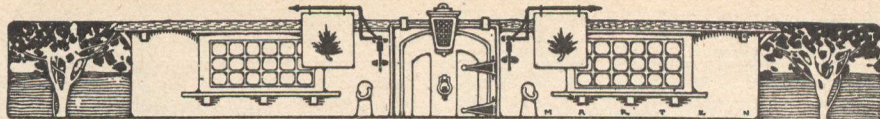
**MICHIE & CO.**  
Limited  
7 KING ST. WEST  
TORONTO  
5 Telephones



**The THIEL Detective Service Co. of Canada Limited**

—Offices—  
TORONTO, CANADA, Suite 604-5-6,  
Traders Bank Building.

MONTREAL, CANADA, Liverpool, London and Globe Bldg.  
WINNIPEG, MAN., Union Bank of Canada Bldg.  
CHICAGO, ILL., Monadnock Block.  
DENVER, COLO., Majestic Building.  
KANSAS CITY, MO., New England Bldg.  
NEW YORK, N. Y., Broadway Maiden Lane Bldg.  
PORTLAND, ORE., Chamber of Commerce.  
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Mutual Savings Bank Bldg.  
SEATTLE, WASH., New York Block.  
SPOKANE, WASH., Empire State Building.  
ST. LOUIS, MO., Century Bldg.  
ST. PAUL, MINN., Germania Life Building.  
CITY OF MEXICO, MEX., Equitable Life Ins. Bldg.  
LOS ANGELES, 621 Trust Bldg.



**AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE**

IT must have been Solomon who said that it is desirable to keep Distress, Diseases and Domestic out of polite conversation. There is a certain kind of woman who absolutely revels in horrors and who would have rejoiced when that doleful Richard wanted to sit on the ground and tell sad stories of the death of kings. Emily Bliss is a creature of that class. She is a widow and it is my impression that her husband was glad to die and that if he ever sees Emily coming towards him in heavenly guise he will take to his wings and seek a nice, cheerful angel to sing to. Emily takes a perfect delight in telling you of the final illness and death of "poor dear William" and of how she held his hand to the last.

It was my ill-luck to meet this mourner on one of those mornings when it was 'steen below zero and you felt that you didn't want to talk to anyone about anything. But Emily seated herself with a jerk and hardly waited to pay her car fare before she said:

"Isn't this weather perfectly dreadful? And aren't you sorry for all the hungry people in Shacktown? I declare it's something terrible about all those babies being frozen—or was it starved? Did you read about the twins who had their feet frost-bitten and had nothing to eat but raw potatoes? And wasn't it too sad about those two young Englishmen who committed suicide in Hamilton by turning on the gas—or did they blow it out? Really, there seems to be ever so much more suffering than there used to be. I could hardly eat more than a few pieces of toast and some bacon for breakfast for thinking of all the poor people. And the crimes are something awful. Did you read about the man who shot his wife and son and then jumped out of a fourth-storey window? I think it must be the race for wealth which sets people off like that. Insanity's an awful fate and I always hope I'll die suddenly. In fact, sudden death rather runs in our family although my father's sister, who died two weeks ago, had cancer of the liver and suffered just dreadfully. Aunt Maria was telling me all about it yesterday and—"

"I get off here," I said in desperation, although I was blocks away from my destination, and I alighted from that car wishing I might meet Mr. James L. Hughes or any other apostle of cheerfulness who would take the wails of Emily out of my ears. There are too many doleful sisters like her who are eternally talking about the sad and the sinful but who, if the truth were known, are doing little to make the world brighter. This is a jolly old planet most of the year and when it isn't, why, let us imitate the poet and wear our troubles inside out to show the silver lining. You will generally find that the smiling woman is doing the most to alleviate distress—only she does not find it necessary to advertise the fact, nor to shout to the left hand what the right hand is doing.

\* \* \*

CHICAGO is in a chronic state of advice. It is eternally offering suggestions as to what the rest of the continent should eat, drink and wear, while the rest of America smiles in its sleeve and wishes that the second city of the Western Hemisphere would cultivate a sweeter voice and more repose. The latest adviser (strange to say) is not a university professor but a medical authority who criticises woman's dress adversely, declaring that she wears too little about her neck and ankles and too much about her waist. Some men are tiresomely fussy about what women wear, although they would fiercely resent any feminine criticism of their coats and ties. Suppose a woman were to dress in absolutely sensible fashion, as to shoes, gown, gloves and hat. Man would arise in absolute wrath at such a spectacle and preach at her, write about her, and even legislate concerning her until the sensible woman returned to ridiculous garb once more. Folly, frills and femininity are associated in the masculine mind.

\* \* \*

AN English writer, who really comes from Ireland and who is called by the Scottish name of James Douglas, has many piquant paragraphs on the subject of international marriages. One of his latest "cheese and celery" reflections declares: "The difference between an English and an American husband is this: The one gives himself a good time and his wife a bad one; the other gives himself a bad time and his wife a good one." This sounds quite sagacious and trustworthy; but Mr. Douglas does not see that, to an American man, working hard is not giving himself a bad time. In fact, the American enjoys his business absorption immensely and grudges the time spent away from his beloved desk or warehouse. He has not yet learned how much time to devote to luncheon nor how to be happy on a holiday. But there can be no doubt that the American (perhaps this includes Canada) delights in seeing the women of the household have "a good time." He likes to see his wife and daughters well-dressed and smiling and never dreams of their standing in awe of him in the old-fashioned way. It is rather amusing to the women of this land to hear of their crushed and oppressed sex; for the Canadian daughter can usually wind her paternal parent around her smallest digit, while he rather enjoys the process.

\* \* \*

**ENVOY.**

My songs were once of the sunrise;  
They shouted it over the bar;  
First-footing the downs, they flourished,  
And flamed with the morning star.

My songs are now of the sunset:  
Their brows are touched with light,  
But their feet are lost in the shadows  
And wet with the dews of night.

Yet for the joy in their making  
Take them, O fond and true,  
And for his sake who made them  
Let them be dear to you.

—W. E. Henley.

**Be Particular**  
about the little things you eat.  
Impure salt is just as injuri-  
ous as impure milk or butter.  
There is one salt you can  
always depend upon as being  
absolutely pure and whole-  
some—

**Windsor SALT**



IF YOU WANT  
**HEALTH  
STRENGTH  
VIGOR  
APPETITE**  
DRINK

**Cosgrave's  
Ale**

OR

**Cosgrave's Porter**

Made from pure  
IRISH MALT.

Or a delicious blend of both  
**Half and Half**

Always Ask for Cosgrave's

**SAVINGS  
ACCOUNTS**

Interest Paid at the Rate of  
**3½ %**

Accounts are subject to cheque without notice. Interest added half-yearly. Sums of \$1.00 and up received. Special attention is called to the fact that interest is calculated on the **DAILY BALANCE**

**CENTRAL  
CANADA  
LOAN & SAVINGS COY.,  
26 KING ST. E. TORONTO.**



The recent type-writer census shows that there are more **UNDERWOODS** in use in Ontario than all other makes combined.

It has proved its superiority to over 300,000 satisfied users

**UNITED TYPEWRITER CO. Ltd.**  
Adelaide Street East  
TORONTO



FOR THE CHILDREN

WHY THE PRINCESS PARTED WITH "MARIA."

DURING a summer holiday spent by the Italian Royal Family at Racconigi, the Queen visited the Children's Hospital there. She found that the height of one little girl's ambition was to possess a doll. Her Majesty at once promised her one of her own little girl's most magnificent creations. But at first the Princess Yolanda did not care to part with any of her charges. In the end, however, the claim of mercy and sympathy prevailed. Which of her dolls should she give away? One was ill, another was only learning to walk, and the third had not cut its teeth. At length she resolved to send the last to the sick bairn. So she packed up its wardrobe and furniture, and had the doll and its belongings taken to the hospital. Yet, though in a good cause, the parting caused the tiny Princess a bitter pang, and she sobbed as the carriage rolled away, "I will never see poor Maria again!"—Little Folks.

THE SECRET OF IT.

WHERE does the clerk of the weather store  
The days that are sunny and fair?  
In your soul is a room with a shining door,  
And all of these days are there.

Where does the clerk of the weather keep  
The days that are dreary and blue?  
In a second room in your soul they sleep  
And you have the keys of the two.

And why are my days so often, I pray,  
Filled full of clouds and gloom?  
Because you forget at the break of day  
And open the dreary room.  
—St. Nicholas.

AGE LIMIT.

"O H, Tommy, you're too old to cry."  
"Yes; an' I'm too y-y-young ter have w-wot I'm cryin' fer."—Cassell's Magazine.

WHY TIGERS CAN'T CLIMB.  
AN EAST INDIAN LEGEND.

THIS tale is of the Tiger and his Aunt who is the Cat:  
They dwelt among the jungles in the shade of Ararat.  
The Cat was very clever, but the Tiger, he was slow;  
He couldn't catch the Nilghau or the heavy Buffalo;  
His claws were long and pointed, but his wit was short and blunt;  
He begged his wise Relation to instruct him how to hunt.

The Cat on velvet pattens stole along the quiet hill;  
"Now, this," she whispered, "Nephew, is the way to stalk your kill."  
The Cat drew up her haunches on the mossy forest couch;  
"And this," she said, "my Nephew, is the proper way to crouch."  
She hurtled through the shadows like a missile from a sling;  
"And that, my loving Nephew, is the only way to spring!"

Oh, hungry was the Nephew, and the Aunt was sleek and plump;  
The Tiger at his Teacher made his first apprentice jump;  
He did it very ably, but the Puss, more quick than he,  
Escaped his clutching talons and ran up a cedar tree,  
To purr upon the Snarler from the bough on which she sat,  
"How glad I am, my Nephew, that I didn't teach you that!"  
And, since that curtailed lesson in the rudiments of crime,  
No enterprising Tiger has discovered how to climb. —St. Nicholas.



Just a choice Old Port combined with some of Nature's best recuperative tonics.

Byrrh Tonic Wine

benefits old and young.  
On sale Everywhere

"C. M. C."  
GARTERS FOR MEN  
MERCERISED COTTON 25c. PURE SILK 50c.  
"C. M. C." MEN'S GARTERS  
With new "C.M.C." Midget Clasp. It won't tear. It can't come off. No Pullays or Cord to cut or wear. Made entirely of best English elastic.  
Sample pair mailed on receipt of 25 cents. State color required.  
MANUFACTURED BY  
C. H. WESTWOOD & CO., Limited, 84 Bay St., Toronto

MAGIC BAKING POWDER  
REGISTERED IN CANADA  
MAKES YOUR CAKES LIGHT.  
MAKES YOUR BISCUITS LIGHT.  
MAKES YOUR BUNS LIGHT.  
MAKES YOUR LABOR LIGHT.  
MAKES YOUR EXPENSES LIGHT.  
Order from your Grocer.  
E.W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED  
TORONTO, ONT.

Due de Montebello  
A champagne of the highest quality. Try it and be convinced.  
For sale at all the best hotels and clubs everywhere

Berlin Lion Brewery  
Wurzburger Beer  
See that our label is on every bottle.  
Manufactured of pure malt and hops.  
C. N. Huether  
Berlin Ontario



Peggy—"Was that P'liceman ever a little baby, Mother?"  
Mother—"Why, yes, dear."  
Peggy—(thoughtfully). "I don't b'lieve I've ever seen a baby P'liceman!"—Punch.

You Want The Best  
DON'T YOU

The unanimous opinion of Insurance Critics is that our "IMPROVED SECURITY" Accident Policy has reached a degree of perfection never before attained.

There is no reason why you should not have it. Let us send you full particulars

The Sterling Accident & Guarantee Co. of Canada  
164 St. James Street, Montreal

WILLIAM THOMSON & CO.,  
GENERAL MANAGERS.  
Would you care to canvass for us on a liberal commission?

CANADIAN HOTEL DIRECTORY

TORONTO HOTELS

King Edward Hotel  
—Fireproof—  
Accommodation for 750 guests. \$1.50 up.  
American and European Plans.

Palmer House  
200 Rooms. \$2.00 up.  
American and European.

Rossin House  
European \$1.00 up.  
American \$2.00 up.  
Accommodation for 500 Guests. Fireproof.

ONTARIO HOTELS

Caledonia Springs Hotel  
(C.P.Ry.)  
CALEDONIA SPRINGS, ONT.  
American Plan, \$3.00 up.  
Accommodation for 200 Guests.

Hotel Royal  
HAMILTON  
Largest, Best and Most Central.  
\$2.50 per day and up. American Plan.

MONTREAL HOTELS

The Place Viger (C.P.Ry.)  
American Plan, \$3.50 up.  
Accommodation for 200 Guests.

QUEBEC HOTELS

The Chateau Frontenac  
(C.P.Ry.)  
American Plan, \$3.00 up.  
Accommodation for 450 Guests.

MANITOBA HOTELS

The Royal Alexandra (C.P.Ry.)  
WINNIPEG, MAN.  
European, \$2.00. American, \$4.00.  
Accommodation for 600 Guests.

BRITISH COLUMBIA HOTELS

Glacier House, (C.P.Ry.)  
GLACIER, B. C.  
American plan \$3.50 up.  
Accommodation for 200 Guests.

Hotel Vancouver (C.P.Ry.)  
VANCOUVER, B. C.  
American plan \$3.50 up.  
Accommodation for 400 Guests.



**CANADIAN  
PACIFIC**

**Through the Rockies to  
Japan and China**

☐ The most enjoyable, instructive and inspiring journey a Canadian can make—through the limitless prairies and magnificent mountain scenery of his own country—crossing the ocean on the Empress steamships of the C. P. R., peerless on the Pacific—never out of touch of the world's greatest transportation company, itself a Canadian product.

☐ Regular sailings are made from Vancouver, most direct route is taken; service and cuisine strictly first-class. If you are interested in the Orient write for cabin rates and booklets:—"Westward to the Far East," "New Highway to the Orient," sent free upon request, with any information, by

**C. B. FOSTER, District Passenger Agent, C. P. R., TORONTO**

**THE SHOWS, AND AFTERWARDS**

**Along Canadian Northern Railways**

☐ There will be a Canadian Northern exhibit from six provinces, at the Sportsmen's Shows, at Toronto (March 21-28) and at Montreal (April 4-11.)

☐ The Canadian Northern sporting territories extend over four hundred miles in Nova Scotia; six hundred in Quebec; two hundred in Eastern Ontario; three hundred between Lake Superior and Lake of the Woods; and across the Prairie Provinces.

☐ For Hunters and Fishermen who cannot attend the Shows, there is plenty of information for the asking. For those who do not fish or shoot, but who love outdoor life away from cities, a rare choice of playgrounds is

newly accessible by Canadian Northern lines:—Muskoka; the Maganetawan; the Superior Divide; the Real North-West; Lake St. John; the Saguenay; Upper St. Maurice; the Laurentians, from Montreal; South Shore of Nova Scotia; West Coast of Cape Breton.

☐ Prospective travellers' enquires answered by any of the following:—WINNEPEG, G. H. Shaw, Scott Building, Main Street; TORONTO, Wm. Phillips, Canadian Northern Building; MONTREAL, Guy Tombs, Canadian Northern Quebec Offices, St. James Street; QUEBEC, Alex. Hardy, Quebec and Lake St. John Offices, HALLIFAX, P. Mooney, 124 Hollis Street.



**THE  
"INTERNATIONAL  
LIMITED"**

The Railway Greyhound of Canada

The finest and fastest train in the Dominion, over the longest continuous double track railway in the world. Runs daily between MONTREAL, TORONTO, NIAGARA FALLS, DETROIT and CHICAGO.

A PLEASURE TO RIDE ON THIS TRAIN.

The best of everything is found on the GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM.

**W. E. DAVIS**  
Passenger Traffic Manager  
Montreal

**G. T. BELL**  
General Passenger and Ticket Agent  
Montreal



**Art Electric Fixtures**

☐ The cheapness of electric light in Toronto makes it possible to do away with old methods of lighting for the home.

☐ The cheapness of our ART ELECTRIC FIXTURES enables you to get the artistic effect you want at small cost.

☐ A visit to our art show rooms will repay you.

The  
**Toronto Electric Light Co.**  
Limited  
12 Adelaide Street East - Toronto

**PASTEUR GERM-PROOF  
WATER FILTERS**



FOR HOMES,  
COLLEGES AND  
PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

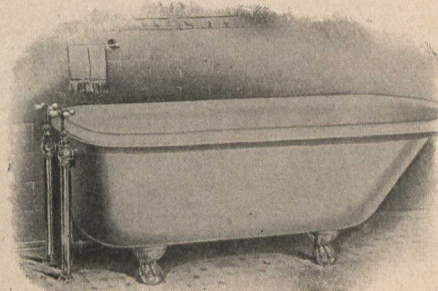
PREVENTS WATER-BORNE DISEASES.

Catalogue on Application.

**Aikenhead Hardware Limited**

17-19-21 TEMPERANCE STREET, TORONTO

**Bathroom Outfits  
of All Kinds**



**Somerville Limited**

59 Richmond Street East  
TORONTO, ONTARIO



**To die  
without a  
will is  
inexcusable**

—ADVISE WITH—

**National Trust Co., Limited**  
18-22 King St. East, TORONTO

BRANCHES:  
Montreal Winnipeg Saskatoon Edmonton





TAILORED BY

*Lowndes*  
TORONTO



G-1

G-2

TAILORED BY

**THE LOWNDES COMPANY LIMITED**

142-144 West Front Street, TORONTO