

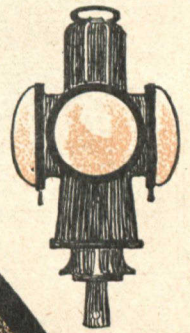
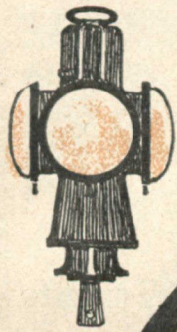
Vol. I. No. 17

March 23rd, 1907

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The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly



C.W. JEFFERYS

JOHN A. COOPER · Editor

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CONTENTS

Topics of the Day.....	5
Reflections.....	6
Through a Monocle.....	8
Emigration and Colonisation....	9
The East and Confederation ...	10
Obstinacy of British Postmasters-General.....	11
In an Engine Cab.....	12
The Bank Depositor.....	14
Cobalt Pictures.....	15
A New Pacific Port.....	16
The Tang Corner, Story.....	18
The Survivors, Story.....	21
Talk.....	23

Editorial Chat

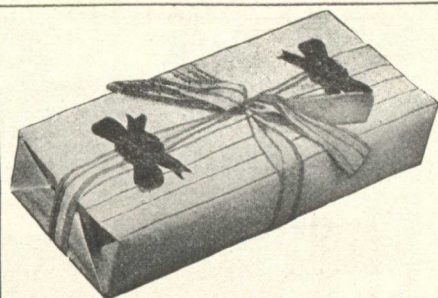
WE hope that our readers will not get the impression that this is a newspaper. In a country so broad as this, with a population scattered over so wide an area, no newspaper can have a national circulation. Therefore we are not aiming to make this a newspaper.

We aim to have a journal which will circulate in every town and city in Canada—in Halifax and Victoria as in Toronto. As it takes six days to send papers from Toronto to Victoria, and two full days to carry them to Halifax, it will be seen that live news features are a practical impossibility. The printing must be done too far ahead of the delivery.

However, by anticipation and by adopting the swiftest methods of engraving and printing, we hope to keep the CANADIAN COURIER lively and timely. Anticipation by a staff is one of the striking features of modern journalism. The event is described and illuminated before it occurs; then one or two photographs taken quickly and handled smartly follow and complete the illustrating.

Only such events will be dealt with as seem of general interest to all Canadians. There are plenty of national problems and occurrences to analyse, picture and describe.

Next week special attention will be given to certain phases of out-door sports. Hector Charlesworth and S. Frances Harrison (Seranus), will contribute. Some striking photographs from the west will form the spectacular feature. Theodore Roberts' story, begun in this issue will be finished in three instalments.



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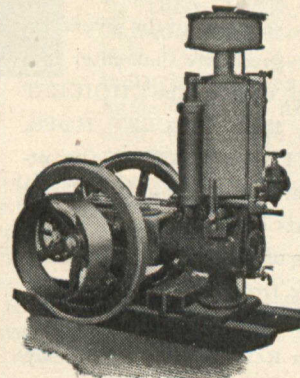
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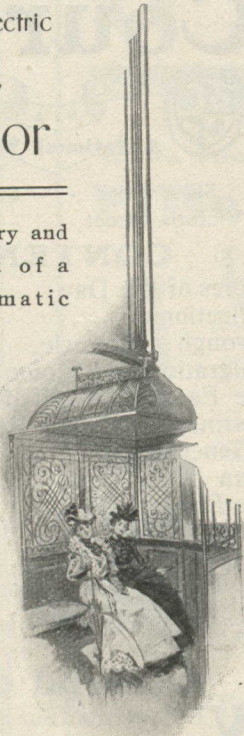
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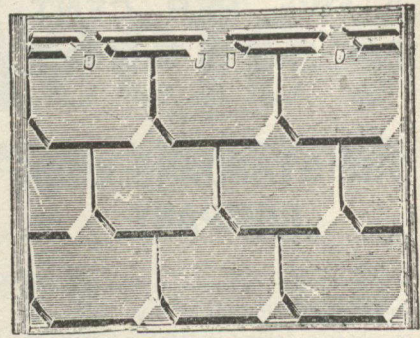
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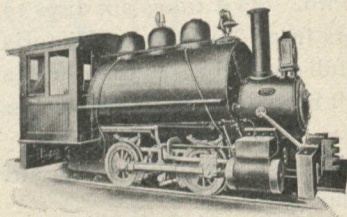
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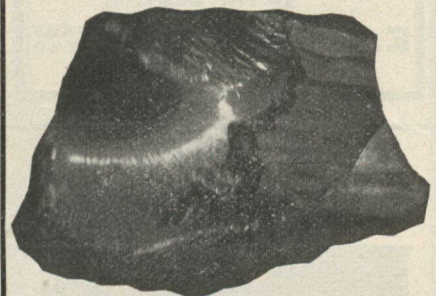
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Vol. I

Toronto, March 23rd, 1907

No. 17

Topics of the Day

RUMOURS concerning two new Canadian Pacific steamers are again abroad. The story told some months ago is being re-told. It is to the effect that the C.P.R. boats now running between Yokohama and Vancouver will be transferred to the Canadian-Australian route, that the two steamers now running between Canada and Great Britain will be transferred to the Canada-Japan work, and that two new boats will be built for the Quebec-Liverpool trade. This would mean an improvement all around—better boats for each route.

Canada's foreign trade with both Europe and Asia is increasing enormously and so is her passenger traffic. To this is added a great increase in the number of people who are travelling between Europe and Asia by the Canadian route. The C.P.R. can now take people from Liverpool to Yokohama without using any line of steamer or railway but their own. This gives them an advantage of which they seem to be making the most.

Canadians will hope that the rumour is true and will wish Sir Thomas Shaughnessy good luck in his progressive work.

* * *

Evidence is accumulating that Mr. J. J. Hill's threat of building a transcontinental line from Lake Superior to the coast through Canada was merely a threat. The task of satisfying his own patrons has become decidedly acute. All along his lines the people have been raising a continuous cry about lack of shipping facilities. He now admits that the United States West needs twenty thousand miles of new railway, much new equipment and a great extension of terminals. The trade is advancing faster than railway facilities. Mr. Hill estimates that for this additional construction and extension, five hundred millions of dollars will be required. During the past six years the annual value of agricultural products of the United States has almost doubled; other industries have developed in proportion. The population has increased by some nine millions.

This great development is keeping Mr. Hill mighty busy in his own sphere, and he is not likely to do anything titanic in Canada. He will undoubtedly push northward some feeders, for that is not expensive in a prairie country. Still there is no immediate prospect that he will be a serious competitor with the three great Canadian lines.

* * *

The great development in the United States West is paralleled in the Canadian West. Here, too, there are the same great problems. Our West needs more railways, and more equipment on the present roads. The wheat crop has doubled in a short time and wheat is only one kind of material which requires transportation.

The railway building in Canada in 1907 will probably be greater than ever was known in the history of the country. The amount of money being invested in railways and their equipment was never so large. It is a great era, with money, men, horses and food products at boom prices.

* * *

Speaking of horses, an Ontario horse-buyer who is purchasing for the West, says horses never were so valuable. The growth of electric railways in Ontario was expected to drive down the price of horses, oats and hay. The farmers feared that result—but it never came. These commodities, if the noble animal may be included in that general term, were never so high-priced.

Steam-ploughs and traction-engines are being resorted to in the West, but the demand for heavy horses keeps up. The West cannot produce as good horses as the East; or at least it cannot produce them as easily and as cheaply. The range horse is good for saddle and road work, and some of them are brought East. He is too light, as yet, for heavy agricultural work.

* * *

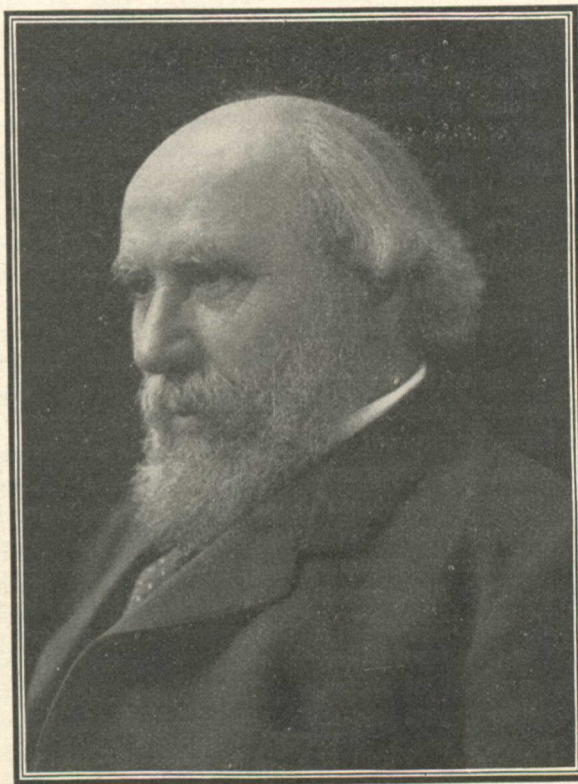
The movement among the Toronto manufacturers to build houses for their working-men is to be commended. If labouring men are forced to pay high rents, they must have high wages. If they are huddled together in unwholesome surroundings their labour-value will deteriorate.

In Great Britain and the United States, especially in the former country, this problem has received much attention since Sir Titus Salt built the model town of Saltaire, outside Bradford. Since then the Cadburys have built Bournville near Birmingham, and Mr. Lever, the soap manufacturer, has created Port Sunlight. Other manufacturers have built working-men's houses in great rows and blocks in proximity to their factories. Even in Canada, in Montreal, Hamilton, Thorold and other manufacturing places, certain firms have found it necessary to assist their men in getting proper homes.

Undoubtedly much will be heard of this movement in the various industrial centres. Toronto is perhaps the first to inaugurate a movement for the building of houses by a general building company composed of numerous manufacturers. This experiment, and its effect upon wages, the supply of labour and the quality of labour, will be watched with keen interest by both workers and capitalists.

* * *

Under the provisions of the new act governing the granting of Provincial subsidies by the Dominion, of which notice has been given by Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the increases to the various Provinces, on the basis of the last census returns, will be as follows:—Ontario, \$789,485; Quebec, \$599,866; Nova Scotia, \$177,659; New Brunswick, \$130,000; Manitoba, \$142,530; British Columbia, \$215,000; Prince Edward Island, \$65,345; Alberta, \$48,329; Saskatchewan, \$136,210.



Mr. J. J. Hill.
President of the Great Northern Railway.

REFLECTIONS

BY STAFF WRITERS.

GOVERNOR HUGHES of New York recently surprised his Republican friends by giving them advice on party loyalty, which showed that his idea of party is an inclusion of the public. "No man is a friend of the Republican party who asks me or any one in authority to appoint a man or to retain a man who is not equal to his job." This sentence must have startled many modern politicians whose conception of public service is the greatest good to Number One.

Governor Hughes recommended to the State Senate the removal of the State Superintendent of Insurance and the above declaration is supposed to embody the principle on which he acted. Several of those high in the party management have already attempted to offer Governor Hughes "practical" advice, with the result that he has stood even more firmly by the eternal fitness of appointing the efficient man. Whatever the local boss may think of the Governor of the Empire State, the public, which cannot be fooled all of the time, will come to the conclusion that Governor Hughes is mentally and morally "equal to his job."

AS the Parliamentary talk of last week drew to a close the Third Party in the House of Commons, Messrs. Lavergne and Bourassa, drew further attention to the case of the Hon. Chas. Hyman. Mr. Lavergne wanted the House to declare the seat vacant. The Hon. Mr. Aylesworth, Minister of Justice, thought the House had possibly a right to do so, but that Mr. Hyman should have an opportunity of putting in a resignation in the proper form.

Mr. Bourassa thought that the whole incident was one of the greatest parliamentary jokes ever perpetrated. The whole proceeding looked like a farce to prevent an election in London. In these opinions, Mr. Bourassa will probably find that most people agree. A little bluff in politics is permissible, but this one has been carried beyond the limits of decency. There should be moderation in bluffs just as in jokes and jests. Mr. Aylesworth did his best to defend the position with dignity, but Mr. Aylesworth trying to defend anything of this kind is like a Newfoundland dog trying to swim in a tub of water. He was built for larger operations. The merry jest of the ex-Minister of Justice would have been much more in keeping with the incident.

NEXT to cheap postage rates on newspapers it is advisable to have low rates on the railways. It helps the solidarity of national feeling. It assists in promoting commerce and it tends to banish parochial and sectional feeling. Cheap travel cost is good for the people as well as being extremely pleasing. Therefore the dictum of the Railway Commission that, east of the Rocky Mountains, all first class railway tickets shall be sold at a maximum of three cents a mile, will be welcomed by the people who travel.

Just how it will please the people who are operating the railways and those whose capital is invested in these enterprises is another matter. This is the other side of the question. It is to be presumed that the Commission

investigated both sides before issuing such an important decree. They must have asked the railways for their side of the argument. If the railways did not give it, as is reported, then the arguments against it were probably not of supreme importance. It may just be possible that the railway men held partially to the belief that lower rates would be advisable. Certain recent events give colour to this suggestion.

Railway competition in Ontario and the West is on the increase and lower rates were inevitable. The two-cent in vogue in some of the more densely-populated states is still a dream so far as Canada is concerned, but a straight three-cent rate seems quite reasonable. The railways should not, however, be asked to lower the rates faster than the increase in the potentiality of the passenger traffic.

THIS talk of Church Union in Canada seems to be quite out of place so far as the Church of England is concerned. An organisation that is split into high, low and middle sections ought to unite itself before indulging in generalities about a larger union.

There is a strong tendency in the Church of England to return to methods of "high" worship. This tendency exists among the wealthy and the cultured rather than among the middle and lower classes—if one may be pardoned for using such terms. Further, there is not the slightest inclination on the part of "high" and "low" sections to even get together for a consideration of the situation. In short, the "high" church party will indefinitely postpone union in any form or of any character, and the public may as well realise the situation.

In Ontario, the "high" church party clings to Trinity College and the "low" people to Wycliffe and there is no sign of the one meeting the other on friendly terms even in college work. There is as much need for five wheels on a waggon as there is for two Church of England colleges in Toronto. Yet the two exist, and each is making an appeal for support in the effort to break down the other. It is lamentable; it would be ludicrous were it not so dangerous and pathetic.

The problems which face Canada in the absorption of her new citizens, in the training and educating of them, is so supremely important that church division is the more regrettable. Protestantism is losing to-day because of this dis-union, because of the lack of concentrated co-operation. Petty jealousies seem to thrive best in religious soil—and while these weeds grow, the great West is opening up vast districts to which the gospel cannot go because of the religious disunion in the older parts of the country.

IT is slightly surprising to read of the Lord Bishop of Niagara denouncing from the pulpit the action of the British Government in conferring autonomy on the Transvaal and Orange River Colony. Dr. DuMoulin is reported to have described the Boers as "the bitterest enemies England has had in a century."

Therefore, the Campbell-Bannerman Government is playing into the hands of the Empire smashers by meeting possible sedition with openness and fair treatment

and that is the warrantable exegesis that can be made from Dr. DuMoulin's statement.

Even if the Boers were bitter enemies—and Canadians who fought them and who were their prisoners tell another story—they have clearly shown that they are quite capable of self government. That is the sole question. To acknowledge them to be so capable and to withhold autonomy from them would be fatal, unjust and cowardly. To deny that they are so capable would be a perversion of the truth. It was not by repression, not by adopting the methods of Russia, that French-Canadians were made good citizens. Had Durham's advice been permanently, as it was temporarily, disregarded, would there be any Canada to-day? Can any sane man answer that question in the affirmative?

Great Britain can handle such an issue as wisely and as magnanimously as can the United States. And we all know how soon the Secessionists were brought back into the brotherhood of States by men like Seward and his compeers. There were no reprisals once the oath was taken. Similarly there were none in South Africa. The Confederates were rebels. It cannot be charged against the Boers of the Transvaal and the Free State that they, too, were rebels.

Surely Dr. DuMoulin would not set his face against the unanimous opinion of the House of Commons of England; for the House nemine contradicente, endorsed the Order-in-Council formulating the new constitutions. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman endorsed it. Mr. Arthur Balfour endorsed it. Sir Charles Dilke—in many ways the greatest figure in British politics—endorsed it.

WITH \$600,000,000 of deposits in our chartered banks we are prone to think that we are amply provided with loan facilities. Not even a tightening of money attributable to a stock flurry makes us change our minds to any serious extent. The evidence, however, which is being presented in Ottawa before Mr. Monk's committee on co-operation would seem to show that there may be further expansion, and that through credit co-operation a class of loan transactions

may be reached which are outside the scope of the chartered banks. In Europe the various "People's Banks" in Germany and in Italy have been successful in organising credit on a co-operative basis. In some cases loan funds are borrowed on the joint responsibility of the members of the banks; in other cases the funds are the joint contributions of the members themselves. The latter method is identical with that followed in the building and loan associations of the United States. While there are differences in organisation and in method in the "People's Banks" they have been successful in assisting the agricultural borrower. They have been able to grant loans for longer terms than the commercial banks. For example the Raiffeisen type grants loans running from one to five years.

In Canada, for the past six years, La Caisse Populaire de Levis has carried on this type of banking. The institution has now nine hundred shareholders and assets amounting to \$36,000. Loans of from one to five hundred dollars are made. Had it not been for the assistance of this institution many of its customers would have had to borrow at usurious rates. Under this system of lending there is a co-operation of local credit. In reality the borrowers themselves administer the funds and share in the profits. Since the loans are made in the locality there is not only a close scrutiny of the solvency but also of the character of the borrower.

Co-operation in distribution has in recent years worked well in the apple-growing industry in Ontario. By co-operation of the smaller growers there have been obtained not only more satisfactory shipping arrangements but also better prices. The field for credit co-operation, however, is narrower in Canada than in Europe; since there is not the same demand for exceedingly small loans. At the same time an arrangement whereby those who have a temporary surplus may lend, it being probable that under changed conditions they themselves will be borrowers, is of value in that it makes local capital more active and permits local lending in sums which are too small to appeal to the larger banking institutions.

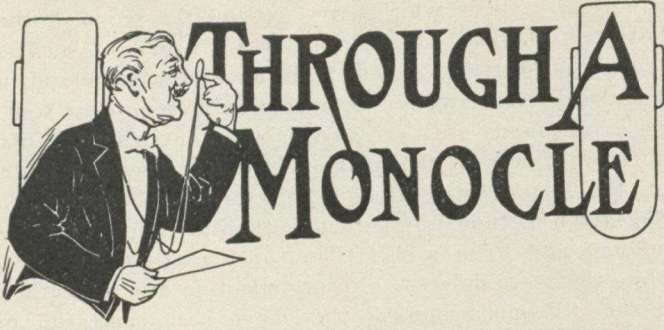
A Crisis in National Reading-Matter

AT the present moment, Canada seems to have reached a crisis in her national reading-matter. The Canadian Government has been trying to make two new arrangements to improve the situation in regard to Canada's supply of newspapers and periodicals. The first is aimed to allow British publications to come in here at the same rate as United States publications; the second is complementary, and is designed to cause the United States Government to raise its rates on publications mailed to Canada to a level which will suit the British authorities. If these could be carried out, British and United States publications would be on an equality in this market. At the present moment, it is all United States and no British.

Every person interested in seeing the reading matter of the country kept national and British should bestir themselves. Now is the time to uphold the hands of the Postmaster-General who is anxious to do something. The United States is thoroughly aroused and is seeking by every means in its power to preserve its intellectual domination of Canada. Letters on the subject should be sent to members of the House of Commons, of the Senate and to the Cabinet Ministers. They will do what the people want them to do.

The Postal Convention of 1875 comes to an end on May 7th. If it is renewed on the old basis, there is an end of National and of British literature in this country. Now is the time to strike a blow for intellectual freedom. Every citizen interested may help with a letter to the Ottawa authorities.

Sir Hugh Gilzean-Reid, the veteran founder of the Institute of Journalists, writes a message from London which appears in this issue. The British people are alive to the importance of getting their reading matter and their advertisements into this country. Up to the present time, the United States has been sharp enough to prevent this. The opportunity to right this unbalanced state of things is at hand. This Postal Convention which allows the United States to flood this market with their cheap periodicals must not be renewed. The Government has already given notice of termination, but a strong lobby may make them weaken. They should be given to understand that public opinion will back them up if they stand firm against United States dominance.



THERE is something wrong with the Anglo-Saxon treatment of higher education. It is especially wrong on this continent. It would not be exact to say that our colleges are not educational institutions at all; for some students get a certain amount of education from them. But when contrasted with the Universities of France and Germany, they certainly do not look like educational institutions. Professor Barrett Wendell of Harvard went over to lecture about America in the Universities of France, beginning at the Sorbonne, and he writes in Scribner's of his impressions. Especially does he dwell upon the earnestness of the French students. "They are alertly intelligent," he says, "serious to a degree which shames you into a consciousness of comparative frivolity." This is a professor speaking of undergraduates, remember! We can hardly realise it in America. So deadly earnest are these students that they seemed at first to this Harvard Professor as "a shade inhuman." This, of course, is in contrast with the undergraduate as he knew the species at home. He found himself amazed to the same extent at the marvelous scholarship of the Professors.

* * *

In contrast with this there comes to my mind George Ade's little comedy of "The College Widow." In the last act, the hero says that now he will go to work, having "played his four years of football." This is frankly a caricature; but caricature is not falsehood—it is exaggeration only. In Montreal the other night, two students were injured at a class gathering by some young men of another class breaking into their rooms and flinging ammonia in their eyes. Now that was not a joke. At all events, it was not a particularly refined and scholastic witticism. College life with us is very plentifully punctuated with pranks—it is for many students a jolly, care-free experience kept within bounds by the necessity of attending lectures and "going up" for examinations—for some students it is "a desperate expedient" tried by their parents to see if College may not be a genteel "reformatory"—and by others it is really regarded as the opportunity of a lifetime to gain a trained and cultured mind.

* * *

This latter class, however, are more popular with their professors than with their class-mates. Yet they ought to be the only persons admitted to this priceless opportunity. There is a waste of economic force when we maintain colleges with their scholarly professors, their often costly equipments and their splendid opportunities, and then coerce young men to fill their lecture halls who do not earnestly desire an education. A college ought not to be a place to "pass the time away." It ought not to be asked to play the part of a moral reformatory. It should not be required to expend much strength on maintaining discipline, for all the world like a country school. It should be able to devote every ounce of its energies to satisfying the demands of eager students for instruction—students who are too sincere in their absolute lust for learning to think of wasting a moment in the horse play of a yokel or the insipidities of an idler.

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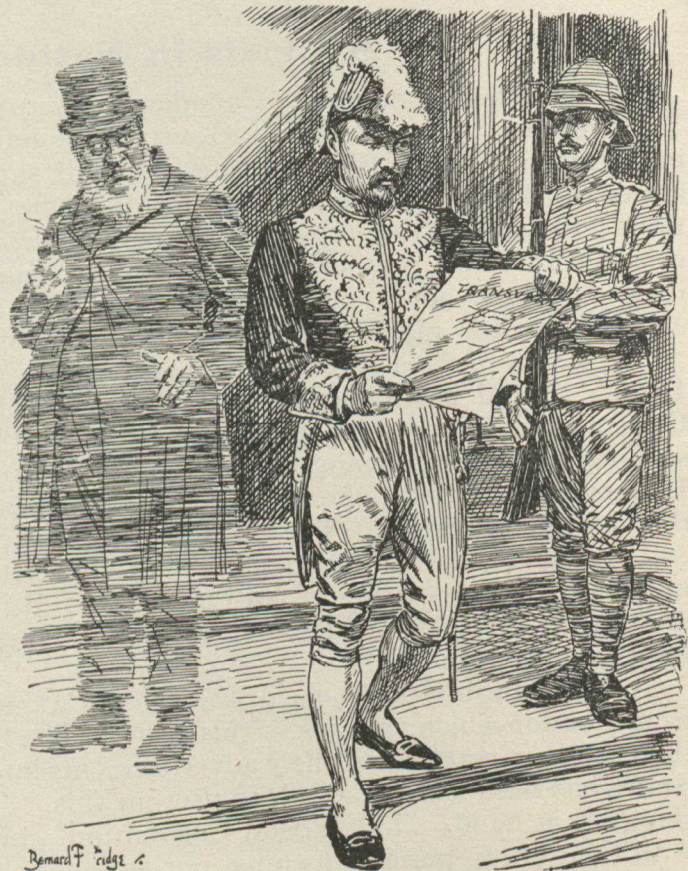
Now I am not blaming the young men. It is the

healthy instinct of youth to make a play-time of life. Then I have been an undergraduate myself; and I know what it all means. There are no better, more ambitious, higher principled, cleaner living young men in the country. The fault is entirely with our conceptions of "higher education" on this continent. We regard it largely as a superfluity. Parents are in doubt whether it does not actually handicap their sons in the real business of life. Professors are "unworldly" in their aspirations; and therefore "more or less foolish"—in the judgment of the great business successes. They contrast a Professor's salary with that of a railway manager—or a professional base-ball player; and think that they have stated the whole case. The best examples of "higher education" earn about as much as a good second-rate man in a thriving industry—somebody's assistant something—and that is the estimate of them with which many a student goes to College.

* * *

It is no wonder that we sometimes wonder whether our institutions of learning are turning out young savants or young savages. The undergraduate would never think of treating his duties as a broker's apprentice or an assistant in a railway office in so light-hearted a way, if he should drop out of college and go in for either of these vocations. This would be the serious business of life. Brokers and railway managers are the heroes of the time. But a spectacled professor! He potters about with his Sanskrit or his science or his philosophy or his musty literature; and what does he make out of it? A clerk's salary—and the pitying contempt of all monied men. To all who think of higher education in this way, the gates of the Colleges should be closely barred. They but profane the sanctuary. They do not know that the "dreamy Professor" is getting a thousand times more out of life, with his wealth of mental enjoyments, his breadth of view, his far vision, than is the mighty financier with his nose to the grindstone and about the same scope of mental enjoyments as is possessed by the tiger.

History Defeats Itself.



Bernard F. Ridge

Shade of Paul Kruger. "What! Botha Premier? Well, these English do 'stagger humanity'!"—Punch.

Emigration vs. Colonisation

A SUMMARY OF THE PROPOSALS MADE BY GENERAL BOOTH AND MR. RIDER HAGGARD—
WITH REFERENCES TO VARIOUS EXPERIMENTS.

GENERAL BOOTH has drawn attention to the difference between emigration and colonisation, and emphasised the value of the latter. In emigration, as it is carried on from Great Britain to Canada, the emigrant is brought here and then left to shift for himself. Some attempt is made by the various Canadian governments to guide him to the spot most fitted for him, but at best these efforts are but advisory. Under colonisation, the man would be taken to a definite piece of ground, furnished with implements and capital, and looked after until he is financially independent.

The New Zealand Advances to Settlers' Act, for example, inaugurated a land settlement system in that colony which has been eminently successful. No loss has been incurred; on the contrary a profit has been realised. Under that Act, between 1895 and 1904, advances amounting to \$20,000,000 were made to settlers; and in the latter year the securities were valued at forty millions with a sinking fund of three-quarters of a million. Any sums advanced under that Act are to be paid back with interest at five per cent in 73 half-yearly instalments. The instalments increase gradually from about \$2.50 to about \$15.

Under some such system as this, Great Britain and Canada might work together to bring unemployed and ambitious but impecunious farm labourers to this country from the congested districts of the old land. These people would be taken direct to special settlements provided for the purpose and there taught, trained and encouraged to become good farmers. They would not be allowed to crowd into the cities and become cheap labourers and perhaps burdens on growing communities. They would have an opportunity of becoming farmers, owning their own land and stock, and enabled to raise their children in healthful and wholesome surroundings.

The Salvation Army has colonies of various kinds, mainly experimental, but nevertheless successful. Fort Romie in California has only 690 acres. On it 18 families of indigent people from San Francisco were settled. The land was "dry" and the settlement proved a failure until irrigation was secured. Since that reform, the colonists have created an equity of \$41,000, an average of over \$2,000 each. The Army itself has lost money on the experiment, but has learned some valuable lessons.

Another Salvation Army colony exists at Fort Amity, Colorado. Its area is 1,760 acres, with about sixty houses. There are 38 settlers, of whom six are tenants. They have an equity, that is a balance of assets over liabilities, of more than \$1,000 a head. Like the previous case, the Army has lost money. This is due to the selection of poor land, lack of capital, a high rate of interest, and too great generosity to its settlers. Nevertheless both settlements are prosperous in spite of these drawbacks and in spite of the unskilled and untrained characters of the city dwellers who were transported thither from San Francisco and Chicago.

In the Amity settlement, twelve years' purchase time on land and buildings is allowed. For the first two years, interest only is expected. Afterwards, one-tenth of total cost each year, with interest at six per cent. is required. Loans for live stock and equipment are secured by chattel mortgage and are payable in five equal annual instalments with interest.

Near Cleveland is the Fort Herrick colony of 280 acres. On this, there is a home for inebriates, and men are nursed back to health and trained in the elements of agriculture. It is doing an excellent work.

At Hadleigh in Essex, England, there is a settlement with 3,000 acres. It has a population of about 500,

with fruit farms, market gardens, chicken farms and brick-yards. The kind of persons sent there is so bad that a small yearly deficit is shown.

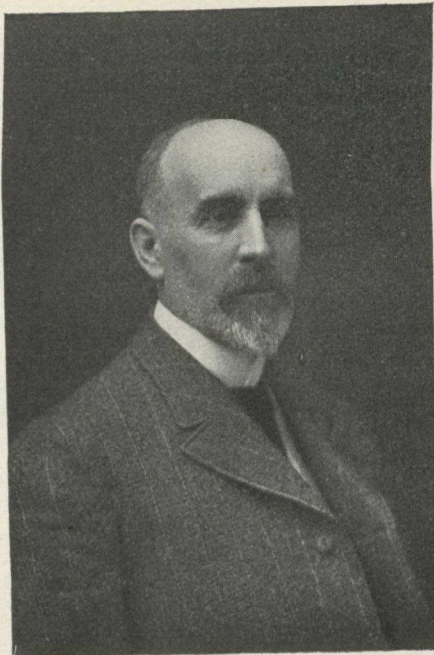
In Canada much better success should attend land settlement because land is cheaper and more fertile. The Dominion Government is now talking of throwing open several million acres to settlement at \$3 per acre—much better land than the Army has heretofore purchased at many times that price. To be successful, however, the immigrants should be well selected and well looked after.

Perhaps the best idea would be for the Canadian Government to adopt and adapt the New Zealand plan and work out a scheme of settlement under a trust supplied with funds secured by a government guarantee. Land for the purpose might be granted free. There are communities in England, with numbers of people now on the poor-rates, which would be glad to pay the expense of transporting their indigent to such colonies.

To give these people a start and to enable them to work out their own regeneration, is a most worthy object. It has the additional advantage of providing our unsettled lands with settlers under a system which would prevent them leaving the land to join the semi-idle classes in the larger cities. In his report to the British Colonial Office on this subject, from which much of this information is drawn, Mr. Rider Haggard estimated the cost of settling 1,500 families of 7,500 souls on free grants of land, with a system of equipment, would entail an investment of about one and a half million dollars.



General Booth and His Honour, the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario.



Mr. J. S. Willison.

The East and Confederation

SOME EXTRACTS FROM A REMARKABLE SPEECH DELIVERED AT THE OPENING MEETING OF THE HALIFAX CANADIAN CLUB, ON WEDNESDAY EVENING, BY MR. J. S. WILLISON, EDITOR OF THE TORONTO NEWS.

had petty insurrections, provincial disaffections and racial conflict." Nevertheless, in spite of all difficulties and differences there never was danger of imminent dissolution of Confederation. Canada's early days of "union" were similar to those in the United States and in Australia. South Africa will probably have the same kind of trouble.

"But all these asperities and irritations and convulsions have been moderated and composed by the sympathetic and practical genius of Canadian statesmanship and through four decades the nation has stood in ever-increasing security, rising steadily into more stately proportions, and sheltering within its far extending borders millions of prosperous freemen, recruited from every nation on the earth, and merging by direct and inevitable processes into a common nationality."

Mr. Willison holds the opinion that the Eastern Provinces have sacrificed more for Confederation and received less than any other communities in Canada. "Nothing is more certain than that it was the expectation of the Maritime Provinces that under Confederation they would have a low tariff, railway connection with Upper Canada, increase of trade and growth of population, better fiscal relations with the United States and a liberal fisheries convention, and it is a curious fact, so far as my research extends, that in considering the position of these Provinces there was a distinct disinclination to contend for the incorporation of the Western Territories into the new Commonwealth. I make these statements in the interest of historical accuracy, and not with any desire to reopen ancient controversies or to minimise the advantages of the Confederation settlement. But it is right that we of Western Canada should set high value upon the fine patriotism of these communities, and should know that we have not borne all the burdens or made all the sacrifices."

"It is our privilege also to remember that it was in these Provinces that the prophets of Confederation had their vision and whence the inspiring message to organisation and consolidation proceeded. Uniacke had the vision; Howe's was the compelling message. No greater man than Howe ever was born under Canadian skies, and however strangely and sadly his career may have ended in the day of his strength and his power he wrought mightily for civil freedom, for the enduring glory of the State, and for the perpetuation and extension of British sovereignty in North America."

Mr. Willison pointed out how much was sacrificed for the West, at first with disappointing results. "But the day was nearer than we knew, and the revival which at length has come upon this land has hardly a parallel in

history. We now have financial resources equal to an adequate national equipment, and a disposition to unify the material interests of the Confederation. Long ago the Intercolonial Railway should have been extended to the great lakes, and it is by no means clear that the construction of the new transcontinental road should obstruct or delay that practical and advantageous project. The West will send out an ever-increasing volume of produce, it will choke all the avenues of transportation and the national railway should be enabled to compete for business on equal terms with its competitors. This combined with the new transcontinental road would give to the East its rightful relation with the West, promote national solidity and unite all the Provinces in a common and natural bond of material interest. We may be sure that we have not reached the limit of achievement in rail transportation and if it is found possible by the national transcontinental road to carry the products of the West across the great unsettled tract between Quebec and Winnipeg, and thence out by Atlantic ports to old world markets and to establish continuous settlement between these coasts and the Western prairie, we shall have breadth as well as length and a material connection between the new settlements, the prairie population and the Maritime Provinces which must give solidity and stability to the whole national structure."

"It is inevitable that there shall be a revival of ship-building on these coasts, a steady growth of manufactures, a great increase of agricultural output, a flourishing mining industry, a rising revenue from more scientific management of the fisheries, and whatever may be our general attitude towards public subsidies it does seem that we should establish a fast line of steamships and develop this Atlantic route as the great highway for passenger traffic between Europe and America. If commercial advertising has its value, and the journalist who disputes that proposition passed through the bankruptcy court long ago, so national advertising has its value, and a position of dominance in the ocean-borne passenger traffic, would attract attention to this country as would no other expedient or achievement to which the Canadian Government can apply its resources and its constructive genius. Furthermore, whatever may have been the attitude of the East towards high tariff at Confederation, and during the early protectionist era it is the fact that great industries in this Province are now rooted in the system, and that if it has economic disabilities its compensatory advantages are not confined to Ontario and Quebec. It remains to be added that sooner or later this country must make reasonable provision for the protection of its sea-borne commerce and it will be the future of these Provinces to provide a naval militia. This, then, as it seems to me, is the position and outlook of the Maritime Provinces, and whatever may have been the expectations of the fathers, and however inadequate the early realisation, the skies are not so grey, the sun not so reluctant, the future not so uncertain. Never has the East been un-influential in determining public policy, and never unequal to any demand of national honour or of national duty."

The Prairie Land

By LAURA E. MARSHALL

Would you feel the charm of the prairie land?
Then stand at the break of dawn,
Where the long, low sunrise floods with light
The plains of Saskatchewan.

Or stand again, at the set of sun,
As the light in the west grows dim ;
While the blue gray clouds with crimson lined,
Lie low on the prairie's rim ;

Till the coulee waters reflect at last
The clouds, and the dying light ;
And the stately form of the wild duck sails
Dark over the surface bright.

Would you learn the spell of the prairie land ?
Then follow the winds at play,
As the long grass waves, and the flowers toss,
In their scattered colours gay.

Those prairie flowers ! What else may grow
Such hosts of anemones rare ?
Broad mounds of roses, interspersed
With the blue-eyed flax so fair ?

O, the prairie land is a fairy land !
But where do the fairies hide ?
Not in rocks or trees, as in olden lands,
None are here on the prairies wide.

The broad disc of green 'neath the deep blue sky,
The miles of grass with its bloom,
The horizon, dotted with settlers' shacks,
The wind with its soft perfume—

These held the charm of the prairie land,
And, when summer comes again,
The winds blow over the lakes to us
The lure of the Western plain.

—Varsity.

"Obstinacy of British Postmasters-General"

By SIR HUGH GILZEAN-REID, L.L.D., F.J.I.

THE article under the above heading in the Courier of Feb. 23rd has been read with interest on both sides of the water. It is unfortunately true that our Postmasters have ignored or disregarded all appeals made to them to consider reducing the postage on British periodicals and newspapers mailed to the Colonies. A few years ago an influential deputation waited upon Lord Stanley, who utterly failed to comprehend the situation, and only trifled about the alleged loss in the United States of America on like publications circulated in that country ! The deputation represented the owners of magazines and other serials estimated to be worth millions sterling, all practically prohibited from being generally circulated in parts of the British Empire. But we have never despaired of success, and an even more powerful combination is in process of formation with a view to immediate and decisive action.

We have been moved and stimulated by the initiative of the Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, who, since becoming Postmaster-General, has taken up this vital question of postage with practical knowledge and genuine enthusiasm. To win in this prolonged conflict, the co-operation of both sides is essential. And it is hopeful that the first step has been taken on the Canadian side. I well remember that in the year of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, when a similar issue came before the Colonial Conference in London, it was Sir William Mulock, then Postmaster-General, who first and promptly said, "Yes" to the Colonial Secretary's inquiry as to the attitude of the Premiers and Postmasters-General in respect to the adoption of Imperial Penny Postage. "Yes," was Sir William's quick response, "we are ready to adopt it"—a decisive and deciding voice ; and the formal adoption of the beneficent proposal took place on Christmas Day, 1899, to be followed—let us hope—by Universal Penny Postage, which, after fifty years of agitation, it is significant to know will be one of the subjects for discussion at the Colonial Conference in April this year ; all surely calculated to give us courage.

As to our Postal "heads," it ought to be noted, that the present occupier of the seat of honour—the Right Hon. Sidney Buxton—has not yet been approached publicly from either side, and has therefore not had an opportunity of stating his views or declaring his policy. The psychological moment has come, and the whole question will be placed before him at no distant date. During his brief reign at the Post Office, Mr. Buxton has displayed an enlightened spirit, and a prudent desire to advance, irrespective of so-called precedents. Our commercial and literary organisations, as well as the House of Commons, are heartily in favour of largely reduced postal charges on publications intended for the Colonies ; we have the assurance that they will continue their help ; and that, united, we shall go forward to victory.

Canadians, we trust, will not consider the renewal of the Postal Convention with the United States to the exclusion of Great Britain, for the popular literature of which, it is believed, they have a wholesome preference. It is reported that Mr. Lemieux is to visit London in May and that the whole question will then be thoroughly discussed, with a view to an early and satisfactory settlement. "Imperial" Penny Postage has come ; "International" is being seriously dealt with, and a reduction in the now prohibitive rates on periodicals cannot long be delayed.

A Japanese Opera

THE kingdom of the chrysanthemum has been a popular background for modern drama. But no daintier little figure than that of the child-wife, "Cho-Cho-San," has flitted across the stage. The story told by John Luther Long has been given a setting of Italian music and has appealed to New York and London as a work of delicate charm. The quaint loveliness of Japanese gardens and temples has been used as the scene of a tragedy as old as the first broken heart. In the "Mikado" Gilbert and Sullivan gave the world of a generation ago a comedy of the awakening Orient. In "Madame Butterfly," an Anglo-Saxon writer and an Italian musician give the theatre-goers of to-day a drama of the darker side of the mingling of East and West.

Whatever may be the theories with regard to the setting of Elizabethan plays, a modern composition such as "Madame Butterfly" demands all the accessories of scenic art. Mr. Henry W. Savage has brought to the presentation of this Japanese production the resources of picturesque and poetic environment which made an appropriate setting for so rare a gem.

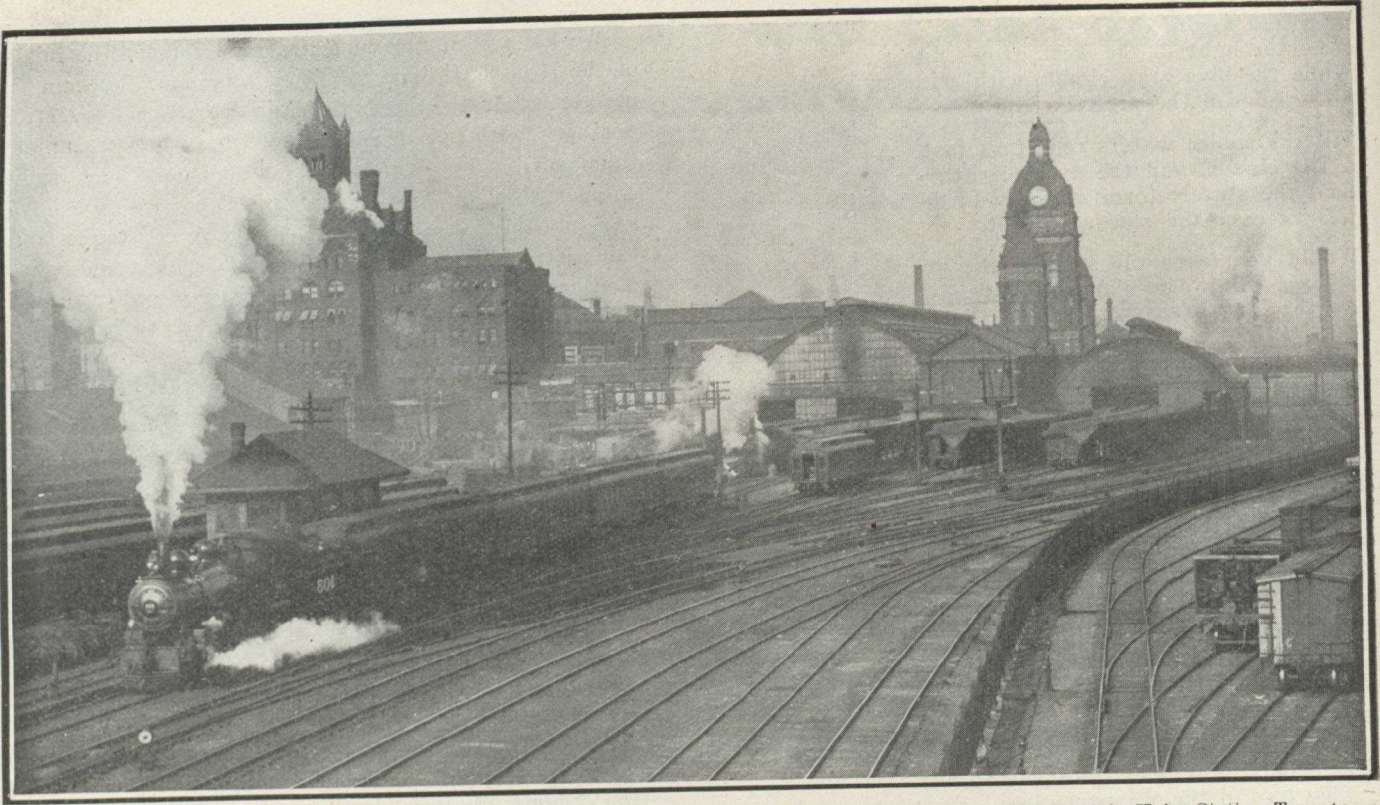
There are two Canadian members of the cast—Miss Florence Easton and Mr. Francis Maclennan.



Miss Easton and her husband, Mr. Francis Maclennan, in "Madame Butterfly."



Miss Florence Easton as "Madame Butterfly," in the opera of that name.



"Big 801 crept slowly down to the first yard signal."

Photograph of the Union Station, Toronto.

Some Sensations in an Engine Cab

By W. ARNOT CRAICK.



IT was a glorious October morning with just a touch of frost in the air, as I hurried down to the Union Station in Toronto and made my way through to the platforms, in order to gain my first experience of riding on the locomotive of an express train. No. 5, the C.P.R.'s night mail from Montreal, was just in. The locomotive, which had hauled the long train over the line from Havelock, was moving off from the front end and a yard-engine was busily engaged snapping off the sleepers from the rear end and replacing them with an extra day car, a diner and a Pullman. By the time I had reached the baggage-car, the new locomotive was backing down to couple up for the morning's run to London. The driver leaned easily from the window, a pleasant-faced man in blue overalls. With a nicety bred of long experience he brought the draw-bars of tender and baggage-car together with scarce a jar. It was then that he caught sight of me standing on the platform directly beneath him.

"Good morning, Mr. Sproule," I called out to him. "Are you ready to take me on?"

"Good morning," he replied, genially. "Are you the passenger? Climb right up."

Locomotive 801 was a big machine and, as I swung myself up to the floor of the cab, I realised how perilously far above terra firma I would have to ride. The fireman was working busily at some pipes which twisted and turned in apparent confusion all around the end of the boiler. He nodded at me pleasantly and motioned me to his seat on the left of the cab. I clambered up the two steps and took my place on the grimy leather-covered box. Then I looked around and took in my surroundings.

The train had arrived late from the East and accordingly there was little time to waste. I had not more than got through with my inspection when Sproule climbed down to the step to receive his orders from the conductor. There was a hasty colloquy and then the driver was back at his post, waiting for the get-away signal. A turn of a tap set the automatic bell-ringer at work and, as the tones of the bell reverberated through the train-shed, the signal was given. Sproule opened up the throttle a notch and with a dull roar of steam we were in motion.

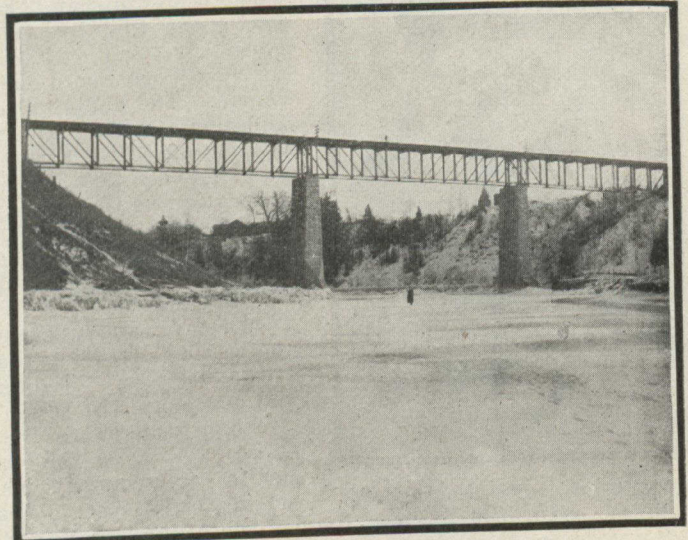
Big 801, with the heavy train behind her, crept slowly

down to the first yard signal, that blocked her access to the main line. As we drew abreast, the bell turning over and over and clanging loudly, the arm dropped. Instantly Sproule gave her more steam and with a jerky motion, 801 increased her speed.

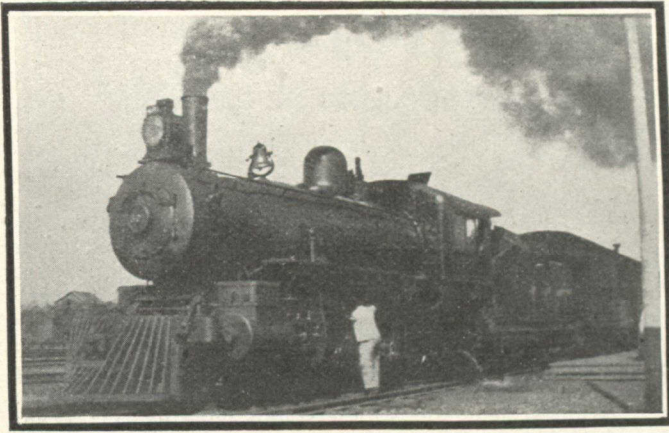
The fireman was now getting in some arduous work, tossing huge shovels of coal into the roaring fire that leaped and played round the door of the fire-box. From the stack, heavy black smoke belched up. The rocking motion increased as we tore up the grade. Then once more the bell started its contortions and the station at North Parkdale came into sight. Sproule shut off the steam and threw on the air. The engine began to sway as the brakes held her wheels and the speed diminished. We drew along beside the platform and came to a stop on the subway bridge.

The fireman, hanging out from the gangway, kept his eye on the conductor, busy hurrying the passengers on board. The instant the official's hand went up, he called "All right, Bill," and immediately resumed his attentions to the fire.

Slowly but surely the ponderous engine picked up speed. A long straight up-hill stretch of track lay ahead and Sproule crowded on all steam. The monster quivered and rocked and bore steadily on. We were soon running along at considerable speed, which was maintained almost into the Junction station. Here there was another short stop; then a run at moderate speed



"We struck the high-level Bridge at Lambton."



Engine 801. - Being oiled up at a station en route.

through the freight yards and finally we were out into the open country near Lambton. No. 801 took the high-level bridge over the Humber without a pause. As we rushed over it and I looked far down into the valley where the river flowed peacefully, I could not help but shiver. Apprehension seized me lest the locomotive should jump the track and plunge over into the depths. But, quick as the thought itself, we were across and away into what was to me terra incognita.

Sproule was now letting out his locomotive to top speed and we were rocking along at a fearful rate. The big engine lurched and plunged, and at each fresh curve, of which there was an almost constant succession, I clutched the edge of the window the tighter, to prevent being thrown over against the boiler.

Now there appeared a small flag station with diminutive siding. I held my breath as we struck the points but the track was perfect and we were over the switch in safety. Then a crossing with its white fence loomed up. While we were still far distant, Sproule gave the crossing whistle, two long and two short blows in the weird shrieking tones of all Canadian Pacific whistles. The fireman grabbed the bell-rope and, with a strong pull, gave the bell enough swing to keep it ringing over the half mile till we had crossed the road. Next appeared a gang of sectionmen, who scattered at our approach and rested on their spades and picks as we tore past.

It was all gloriously exhilarating. The rush of air, the heaving and plunging and quivering of the huge frame, the tremors that seized me as we careered around curves and rattled over switches, all lent spice to the adventure.

At Streetsville, Sproule swung down from the cab and with deft thrusts of the oil can, limbered up the engine's bearings. The stop was of brief duration and I had hardly time to stretch my cramped limbs before we were off again climbing westward towards Guelph Junction. At Milton, I overheard Sproule say that we were losing time steadily. I had been under the impression that we were picking up the lost minutes and was disappointed.

The first stop of any duration was made at Galt, where I climbed out and made a snap-shot of 801. Out of Galt, once the bridge over the Grand River was crossed, there was a heavy up-grade for some distance and at one point we were moving so slowly that it would have been possible to keep up with the train going at a jog-trot alongside. At length we crossed the summit of the rising ground, speed was crowded on, and we enjoyed a fast ride down grades and round curves into Ayr. From this point a nice run brought us into Woodstock, where I bade good-bye to my hosts in the engine-cab and clambered out cramped and dirty.

It was after six o'clock and quite dark when I returned to the station at Woodstock to meet 801 hauling No. 6 on the return trip. The train was posted twenty minutes late and did not pull in until nearly a quarter to seven. Save for the electric head-light, which threw a brilliant sheaf of light into the blackness of the night, the big engine rolled on in darkness. I hurried down to the end of the platform and climbed up into the cab, finding only the fireman there. Sproule had snatched a moment or two to do some oiling up.

"You'll have to sit forward this trip," announced the fireman, "I've got to keep an eye on the lights."

In the dim glow from the torch over the steam-gauge I crawled up to the seat he had placed for me, well forward between the boiler and the front window. It was desperately hot in the confined space and there was no-

thing to be seen save the dim outline of the locomotive showing black against the gleam of the head-light.

When we started, everything was blotted out in the steam that enveloped the boiler. Fortunately with the forward motion a current of air was set up and the heat abated. If the rate we travelled in the daytime had seemed fast, the wild night-run was apparently twice as fast. I was being hurled along into the black chasm of the night, swaying, pitching and pounding forward. I began to feel how absolutely helpless I was, shut into a narrow box, one wall of which was a sizzling boiler. I wondered how Sproule could tell where he was, whether he just trusted to luck and drove recklessly on. And ever and anon, the fireman would leap down from his seat and, in the swaying cab, throw wide the door of the fire-box and dash in shovelful after shovelful of coal. As he did so, the glow from the raging fire would leap up and strike the flying smoke and steam in lurid patches. It was all very eerie and thrilling. I pondered how little of this wild and dangerous part of railroading was realised or considered by the trainload of passengers in the comfortable, brightly-lighted coaches behind.

At Galt, Sproule took pity on me and offered me a place on a tool-chest just behind his seat, which I accepted eagerly. I was now able to see better and it was decidedly cooler. When we had got nicely started from this station, we suddenly ran into a dense fog, an unusual phenomenon for such a fine day. I noticed that Sproule did not reduce his speed but kept the engine pounding along at top notch. It was absolutely impossible to see any distance ahead: the fog seemed to push the beams from the head-light back upon us.

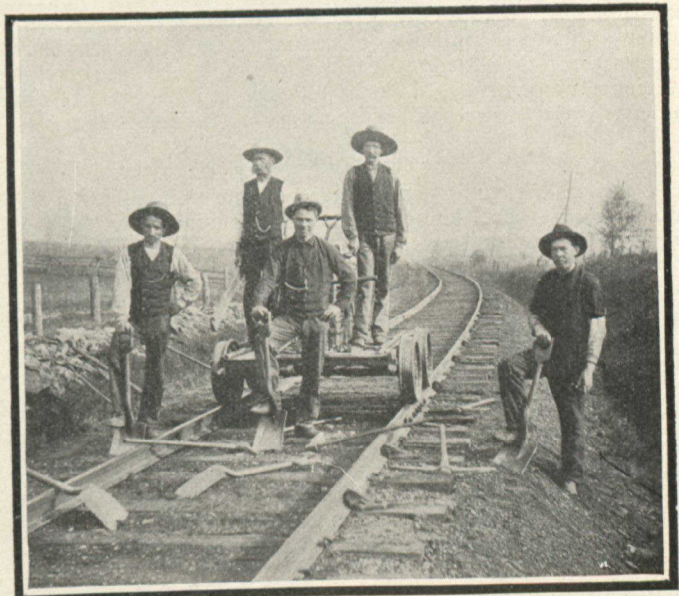
We had been tearing along in this way for several miles when all of a sudden my heart went into my mouth. Sproule had shut off steam, reversed and piled on the air with feverish haste and 801 was swaying and rocking wildly. Next moment I was conscious of two red lights ahead. We were almost on to them. But our speed was slackening and the danger was over.

"Heavens," gasped Sproule, "that was a close shave."

A heavy freight was just making the siding at Milton and our train had all but run it down in the fog.

A few miles further on we emerged from the fog into a bright star-light night. The ride became much more pleasant and Sproule took time now and then to lean back and talk to me. The engine was running much better now than in the morning, he explained, and, though the train was heavier, we would pull in on time, if all was well.

We reached Toronto Junction actually ahead of time. From here the run into the city was most interesting, the play of lights, the passing trains, the shrieks of the whistles and the ceaseless clang of the bells, making a combination of sights and sounds of a most impressive character. Luckily we were not held up in the yards and the station signals gave us direct entry to track No. 2 at the Union Station. With bell ringing proudly and escape spluttering noisily, 801 steamed down alongside the platform, its day's work done. Once more I bade my hosts good-bye, and, mingling in the crowd of arriving passengers left the station.



The men who look after the ties and rails, and keep the road-bed in perfect condition. On their daily faithfulnes the safety of many lives depends.

The Bank Depositor

HOW HE IS SECURED—REGULATION AND CUSTOM COMBINED.

By Z. A. LASH, K.C.

A BANKING system should afford the greatest possible measure of safety to the depositor. The relation of a bank to its depositor is that of debtor to creditor. The bank is in no sense a trustee for the depositor of the money deposited; the money in law is lent by the depositor to the bank and the bank is entitled to use it for its own benefit and to retain whatever profit may arise from such use—without liability to account therefor. There are some special incidents attached to this relationship of debtor and creditor which do not apply in the ordinary case. For instance, deposits are repayable by cheque on demand unless otherwise expressly agreed, and if a bank without valid reason refuses to cash a depositor's cheque when there are funds available, damages may be recovered for injury to the depositor's credit. The depositor has no security for repayment of his deposit other than that afforded by the ability of the bank to meet its engagements, including in this the double liability of its shareholders.

Safeguards and restrictions relating to the use which the bank may make of monies received from depositors may be established, a rigid system of Government returns published periodically may be enforced, Government inspection and fixed cash reserves may be required, the liability of the shareholders may be trebled instead of doubled, yet after all the real security of the depositor depends upon efficient management of the bank. Efficient management includes and implies proper inspection and audit and if that be withheld it is probably because the management, although capable, is positively dishonest. No one can guard against absolute dishonesty. Therefore, a system which tends to produce efficient managers skilled in the investment and loaning of money and having at hand a ready means of acquiring and keeping up accurate knowledge of local as well as of general business conditions, is more likely to afford a larger measure of safety to the depositor than a system which has not this advantage. Experience has shown that a system of banking with branches does produce efficient and skilled managers in greater numbers and with wider knowledge and experience than a system composed of separate and individual banks. It in fact creates and maintains a class of professional skilled bankers. Head office keeps in daily touch with the various branches, and frequent reports are required from the branches, not only of the affairs of their customers, but also of the business conditions in the locality. Clerks branches and moved from place to place before they become branch managers or responsible officers at head office or at branches, and even managers are transferred from place to place. In this way, in addition to learning the methods and business of his own bank, each member of the staff acquires a more thorough knowledge and grasp of general banking business and of the conditions existing all over the country than would be possible under other and more limited conditions. The Canadian banking system, therefore, possesses and will always produce efficient managers. I place efficient management first among the measures of protection to the depositor.

POWERS OF INVESTMENT.

Sections 64 to 75 inclusive, of the Act of 1890, as amended in 1900, define the general business and investment powers of a bank. They are very wide and include "such business generally as appertains to the business of banking," but there are some clearly stated and important exceptions:

It must not, except as expressly authorized by the Act, "directly or indirectly deal in the buying or selling or bartering of goods, wares and merchandise or engage or be engaged in any trade or business whatsoever, and it shall not either directly or indirectly purchase or deal in or lend money or make advances upon the security or pledge of any share of its own capital stock or of the capital stock of any bank, and it shall not either directly or indirectly lend money or make advances upon the security, mortgage or hypothecation of any land, tenements or immovable property or of any ships or other vessels or upon the security of any goods, wares and merchandise."

The principle involved in these exceptions is accepted by the bankers as sound and not to be departed from. It is this, that as the bulk of a bank's liabilities is pay-

able to depositors on demand or at short dates, the monies received from depositors shall not be tied up in loans upon, or purchases of, real estate or goods, or otherwise be so used that they cannot be readily converted so as to meet the demands of depositors. The prohibition against lending on the bank's own stock involves the same principle and the prohibition against engaging in trade, in addition to involving this principle, involves the foundation principle of all sound banking, viz., that a bank's mission is to supply the borrowing business wants of those engaged in trade and to assist, but not to compete with them in developing the resources of the country.

The prohibition against lending upon the stocks of other banks is a wise provision, as but for it a bank unscrupulously managed and having a capital of say \$1,500,000 might organize another bank with a capital of say \$500,000, and might take and pay for the whole \$500,000 of stock. The result would, of course, be that for all practical purposes the two banks would be one and the joint paid-up capitals would really be only \$1,500,000, while they technically would be two banks with joint capitals equal to \$2,000,000. Power to issue notes to the extent of \$2,000,000 would, therefore, exist, whereas this power should really be for \$1,500,000 only. Other evils might also result if this prohibition were removed.

The cases expressly mentioned in the Act which form the exceptions to the prohibitions referred to are in harmony with the principles to which I have alluded. Power to hold real estate for the proper carrying on of the business of a bank is of course a necessary incident to its existence, and power to take security on real and personal property for existing liabilities properly incurred in the course of its business is also necessary, and these powers are given. Power is also given to advance money for the building of a ship upon the security of the ship being built. This is in harmony with the encouragement of trade and commerce. The main exceptions are with reference to lending upon the security of goods, wares and merchandise.

Experience has shown that under the powers of investment and of doing business possessed by our banks they are enabled to answer well the purposes for which they exist and at the same time to make money for their shareholders. Experience has also shown that the limitations upon their powers are wise and in the interests of their depositors whose money they acquire, and that in these respects our system affords a very decided measure of safety to the depositor.

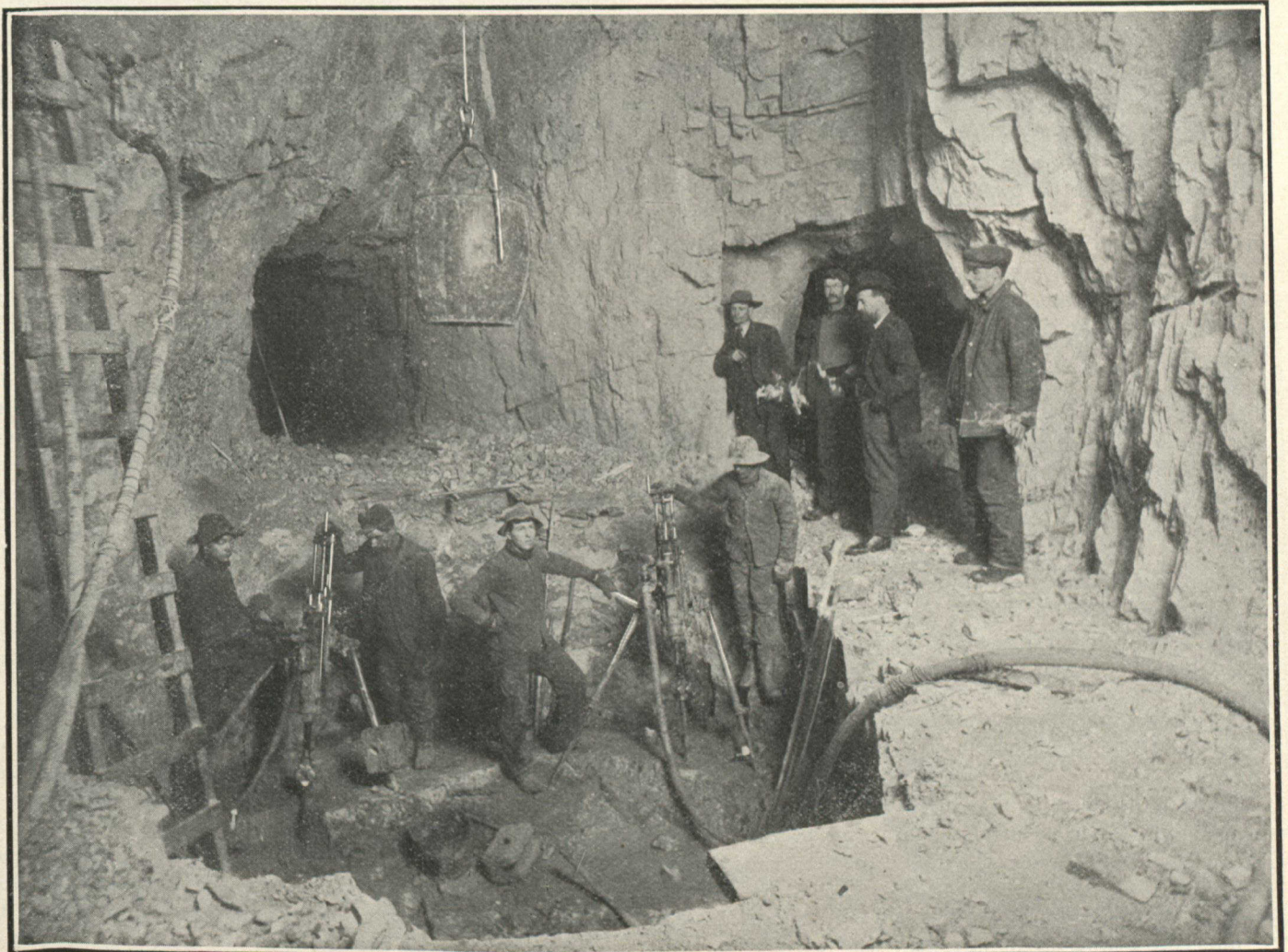
MUTUAL INTERESTS OF BANKS.

A factor bearing largely upon this question and upon which great reliance may be placed is the mutual interests of the banks in the different parts of Canada and their common interest in averting a panic or a situation which would greatly disturb business and financial circles. This common interest brings them together, when help is required, and on more than one occasion a bank in difficulties has been able, with the assistance of the other banks, to liquidate with open doors, thus avoiding the sacrifice of its assets and the inconvenience and loss to its customers which would inevitably result from the closing of its doors, and thus saving loss to its depositors and enabling it perhaps to make some return to its shareholders. In this way our system affords a real measure of security to depositors.

I will not occupy time by discussing the much debated questions of Government inspection and fixed cash reserves. Opinions as to the wisdom of these differ. They were fully debated with the Government in 1890 and the deliberate conclusion was come to, by the Government as well as by the banks, that Government inspection and fixed reserves were not suited to our conditions or to our banking system, and would be not only unnecessary and of no protection, but would be positively detrimental to the true interests of both depositor and borrower. The real protection to the depositors is what I have explained— (a) Efficient management; (b) prohibiting loans upon securities not of a liquid and convertible kind; (c) the common interest which the banks have in averting panic or a situation which would greatly disturb business and financial circles; (d) the double liability of shareholders.



A Tunnel in a Silver Mine at Cobalt.



A 95 foot level in Tunnel of a Silver Mine, Cobalt. Showing the drills which are worked by compressed air.

SOME NEW PICTURES FROM COBALT MINING CAMP, ONTARIO.

A New Pacific Port

UP the coast of British Columbia, there is a land-locked bay on the shores of which a national port is in the making. Interest was first attracted to that spot when the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway offered a prize for a name for the western terminus. Prince Rupert was the name chosen and it is to this Pacific port, named for a cavalier explorer, that the curious gaze of the Canadian public is turned to-day.

Prince Rupert is about halfway between Vancouver and Skagway. Here a "steel-bright arm" of the sea extends inland, encircling Kaien Island and protected from the sweep of the ocean by Digby Island. Between these islands lies the main channel of the harbour. This inlet is sixteen miles long, a mile in width, with an average depth of one hundred and fifty feet. It has the rare advantage of a straight entrance. The difference between high and low tide is twenty-five feet. As a great continental port it possesses a wide harbour, with room for an imposing fleet, an entrance of easy access and deep water close up to the shores, with shelter on all sides.

The city of Prince Rupert is to be built on the northern shore of Kaien Island, well in from the entrance and near the head of the island. The Oldfield Range, which attains an elevation of 2,300 feet, runs down the centre of the island forming a picturesque ridge. Between the heights and the harbour is a stretch of undulating land about 7,000 feet in width, but containing sufficient level ground for an extensive railway yard and terminals. Along this strip Prince Rupert will be built.

The neighbouring mainland is called the Tsimpsean Peninsula. On the two islands and on this almost-island, the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company have purchased 24,000 acres. The district is well-wooded with an abundance of red and yellow cedar, spruce and balsam. Already on the shore of Kaien Island the city is in the making. Engineers and railway officials are established in primitive offices, while navvies, white, Japanese and Indian, are encamped among the trees. The lodging-house for the engineering staff boasts of a "club-room" on the ground floor where newspapers, magazines and "My Lady Nicotine" minister to the comfort of the members. At right angles to the water-front a plank walk twelve feet wide has been laid and along this thoroughfare several buildings are being erected, among them two stores, a hospital, the mess-house and residences for railway officials. On a height fronting the harbour a large hotel is being built. Even now the wharf affords satisfactory accommodation for steamers.

Prince Rupert is to be solidly constructed from the foundation for it is to be an abiding city. Wide streets, a thorough system of drainage and extensive water supply are among the provisions already considered. Above any other British Columbian scene of the present, it is the spot where one may "see things growing." Within four years trains from Atlantic ports will be running into this Pacific terminus where "all change cars" for the Orient. It will form a curious meeting-place for America and Asia where—

"East is West beside our land-locked blue."

The Go Fever

By CANADIENNE

AN Englishman complains recently that all his countrymen seem to be afflicted with what he calls the "go fever." But this is not such a modern complaint after all as a recent publication of Horace Walpole's correspondence with Hannah More will prove. The distinguished man of letters disliked the restlessness of city life and declared that a London girl did not stand still long enough for him to fall in love with her. But what would the disgusted Horace think of the London of 1907 with its motor-omnibus and "tuppenny" tube?

The go fever has always affected the Anglo-Saxon race, although some members have a mild or intermittent form. The Englishman's house may be his castle but he has a fondness for long walks which has resulted in a colony here and there until the British Empire has been made by those younger sons who "preach ahead of the army and skirmish ahead of the Church." It was an acute attack of the go fever which led the fair-haired Angles, Saxons and Jutes across the grey seas to the Island called Britannia. It was the same complaint which, burning in the veins of the Vikings, sent them to harry their kinsfolk the Saxons. And, later still, it was the go fever which brought William the Conqueror and his barons across the Channel to Hastings. It is an English dramatist who tells us that home-keeping youths have ever homely wits. It is an English novelist who gravely intimates that the secret of political success in his native land is "to take cabs and go about." Truly the British Empire is but an aggregation of Old Boys' Associations.

But the Anglo-Saxon has also the instinct for construction and fails to be satisfied with a tent. He is the Roman of the modern world, building roads and bridges and liking a broad foundation for his final abid-

ing-place. Not for him the dubious joys of the crowded flat and the lunch-counter. When he travels, his beloved "tub" goes with him and he cares not for the wonder and the ridicule which he excites among races less addicted to soap and splashing.

For many years Canadians were a stay-at-home people but anyone who reads the papers of the land can see that we have changed all that. Railways and rumours of railways make the road from B. C. to C. B. look short indeed. One day we read that an all-Canadian military highway is to be constructed from Central British Columbia and Alberta to the Yukon Territory. The next week we learn from a Newfoundland despatch that there is talk about a line of steamers between Killery Island and Green Bay which would save thirty-two hours over any other trans-Atlantic route. Truly, if transportation talk and writing may be taken as an indication, Newfoundland and Canada are having their share of the go fever. Vancouver used to seem far away to the inhabitants of Ontario. But now it is not at all startling to hear that our neighbours are going to Japan for the winter or up to Dawson City for the summer.

To indulge in the go fever in a luxurious form it is necessary to have the wherewith to satisfy palace car authorities and dusky porters. It takes a born vagabond like Stevenson to set off with a knapsack and a trust in the Wanderer's providence. But there are still a few adventurous spirits to whom the joys of the open road are alluring and to whom the call of the Red Gods is a command. To judge from Canadian poetry, the outdoor beauty of the Land of the Maple has made a strong appeal to her sons, Bliss Carman and Theodore Roberts being among the most enthusiastic of her Old Boys from Vagabondia.



First Clearing—Prince Rupert. The Kaien Island, on the North Shore of which the city is to be built, is well-wooded.



Prince Rupert, from the Harbour. The Wharf already constructed accommodates coasting steamers, but it is to be extended and enlarged.



Prince Rupert, from the Wharf. The Oldfield Range which forms the backbone of Kaien Island is in the background.

SOME INTERESTING PICTURES OF A PORT IN THE MAKING—PRINCE RUPERT.

Mr. Max of Scotland Yard

by Charles Oliver

IV. Tang Corner



THE next morning Doidge came to my room at eight o'clock.

"Mister - know - everything - there - is - to - be - known - and - something - else - besides was right, and I could have been right too, if I liked to talk," he said, drawing back the curtain to let the sun come streaming in. "The wind's got bang round to the north, and I expect we're in for a fine

spell. Not that you'll be able to get on the river inside of a couple of days; it's coming down pea-soup. And how's the head?"

"Much better, thanks," I answered. "It's like everything else: it only wants sun. There's something I want to ask you, Mr. Doidge. You won't be offended? Why are you so down on Mr. Max?"

"Look here, Captain," said the old man, solemnly, "it isn't Max I'm down on; it's Max's confounded tongue. Did you ever hear such a jabber-pot? Talk, talk, talk; well, there, sometimes I can't sit still. I have to take and go right out of my bar. And I tell you, Captain, I'm not best pleased with myself for havin' sent you up to him. These yarns of his ain't no good at all for a gentleman with a touch of fever and a sabre-cut across his head. Now, are they?"

"Come, Mr. Doidge," I remonstrated. "You aren't serious!"

"Oh, I am, though," he said, "right serious. You don't sleep well, and you lie thinkin' and thinkin' till you get as nervous as nervous. What was that you were tellin' me about a dream, or some foolishness, the other night? I didn't know when I sent you to him that it was to be stories. I thought he'd give you a book or two, though what you want with them books is more'n I can make out."

"And that's all you've got against Mr. Max?" I asked.

"Yes, that's all," he replied. "For I don't make no objection to a man's being a teetotaler, though when it comes to spoutin' his new-fangled notions in a respectable bar, Captain, I don't call it gentlemanly. Now I ask you?"

"It is certainly inconsiderate," I answered. "I'm sure it's nothing more."

"A man has got no call to be inconsiderate, grumbled my old host. "It isn't much of an excuse to say a fellow's only inconsiderate. You might just as well say of a murderer that he is only bloodthirsty."

This happy illustration restored Doidge to his customary good temper, and he left me with his usual cheery "All hands on deck!"

I smiled to myself several times during the morning over the old man's solemn harangue, which I could not take seriously at all. For the dream in which I had been haunted by a persistent Max was only a concomitant of my fever, which presented to me in an alarming form the last person whom I had seen in the evening. If it had been an Archbishop, it would have been the same. His Grace would have pursued me through dreamland with a monstrous crozier and an exaggerated mitre. It was always so with me, and I could not hold Mr. Max and his stories responsible for my feverish nights.

After lunch I went out on to the moor. Doidge was at his bar-room window.

"Max again, I s'pose?" he called out to me. "I wish you wouldn't. I tell you, you'll have those bad nights again. Go for a good walk; it's better for you than jabber."

"Perhaps I may combine the two," I suggested.

The old man shook his head. "Well, I've warned you, and I can't do any more," he said. "You must act as you please."

I was feeling rather slack and weak when I left the house, but the keen air of the moor soon put life into me. It was a glorious day—a brilliant blue sky and the earth full of colour. The ground was still soaked, and the air was alive with the chatter of a thousand unseen watercourses, but the wind had dried the heather, and it was pleasant going. I found Mr. Max at his door, engaged in some little gardening job. Salewski was in his usual place on the threshold.

"Good-afternoon," I called out from the road. "I wondered if you were inclined for a walk?"

"You quite startled me," he said, turning round slowly.

"I should never have thought so," I remarked.

"Oh, of course, I don't shew it," he replied. "You learn that very young in our profession. And now you see what an imprudent thing I have done in putting you on cordial terms with Salewski. You might have got right up to me without my seeing you."

"And where does the imprudence come in?" I asked.

"I am not one of your old clients, you know."

"That's true," he answered, "and I was only joking."

"How about the walk?" I asked.

"I've got to finish this potting, and can't come out to-day," he said.

"Shall I be in your way if I stop here a little?" I asked.

"Delighted," he answered. "I shall be an hour over this job, and then we can have a talk."

He got me a chair, and I sat watching him and admiring his deftness.

"Oh, yes," he said in reply to a remark of mine, "I know all about it. I caught it from a client of mine who was great at potting, and combined this art with a mania for gold watches—other people's gold watches. I could not for a long time discover where the watches went, but at last I managed to connect the watches with the potting. And now," he went on, straightening his back and rubbing the soil off his hands, "I am at your service. What shall it be? A reminiscence?"

"Doidge thinks that your reminiscences are not good for me," I said. "Too exciting; disturb my slumbers."

"Disturb fiddlesticks!" cried Mr. Max, indignantly.

"You are not a child, Captain Grensley. A man who was through Spion Kop is not so easily disturbed, I should say. Besides, I don't tell you any horrors, only my lighter cases. Exciting, indeed! Doidge is an old idiot. Don't you mind about him. Look here, while I wash my hands, you might run through my index and see if any name has an attraction for you. There is the book on the top shelf."

"What is this 'Tang Corner'?" I asked, when he came in.

"Ah! Tang Corner," he answered, settling himself down in his chair. "Yes, that will do. It's mild enough to satisfy old Doidge himself, you'll see."

"A few years ago a large town in the west—I need not specify—was troubled by a band of ruffians, on which the police found it difficult to lay their hands. The band worked at irregular intervals, and all over the city; it was impossible to know when or where they would turn up next. Their specialty consisted in throwing their man backwards and bringing him on to his head; then, while he was half stunned, they relieved him of everything he had on him. The police could not discover the details of their method, as most of the victims were so dazed by the shock that they could remember nothing at all. Almost all that was known was that the confederacy had adopted the appropriate name of 'The Rips.'

"The chief fixed on me to go down, 'For,' says he, 'it's a stiff job, and needs a man of some class. Besides, there's a very fair chance of getting killed by that

crowd, and I fancy that's an inducement for you, Mr. Max.'

"So I went, and I was on the spot for a fortnight without finding out anything. I can tell you I saw some funny places in that western town. They'd beat the East End into a cocked hat. But never a word of the Rips—and they were at it pretty steadily the whole time, too. The fact of it is, the police down there were a pretty rotten lot at that time, and I had to take on the thing from the very beginning. Generally speaking, the local police ought to be able to start you about half-way, and, generally speaking, they don't.

"Then one day an anonymous letter found its way to the police-station. By the bye, I fancy it's in my book. Yes, here we are. Not exactly a billet-doux, Captain Grensley, is it?"

Mr. Max held up by one corner a dirty and crumpled half-sheet of notepaper with roughly-torn edges. He smoothed it out and passed it to me. This was the letter:

"the rippis will be on the laye satterday nine sharp tang corner wellwisher."

"I do not as a rule take notice of anonymous letters," continued Mr. Max. Sometimes they are hoaxes; sometimes they are dodges to put you off the scent. But I was getting a bit perplexed over this job and caught at a straw.

"I went down on the Saturday morning to have a look at the place. Tang Corner is an angle of a small street—Tang Street—that connects two large thoroughfares. On one side is the high wall of some waterworks, on the other a coal wharf. No houses or shops. In the day the street is used as a short cut by business men; in the night the passers are few, and it is a pretty desolate place. It is carelessly policed of course. These country pillars of law and order think that if a spot is fifty yards away from two busy thoroughfares it can take care of itself. And it generally does.

"I saw at once that Tang Corner was a very likely spot. The fence of the coal wharf was out of repair and quite negotiable, and I could imagine that there would be some snug lying along the top of the waterworks wall. Plenty of handy hiding-ground for my future acquaintances, the Rips. I quite settled to accept the anonymous suggestion.

"As I left the street, I observed a man at the corner selling or pretending to sell matches. I have come across some fair specimens of mankind in my day, but I fancied I had never seen a man on whose ugly face the words 'Without the option of a fine' were more clearly written. One of his legs was shorter than the other, and he used a crutch, but that was his only bodily failing I could see, for he had enormous wrists and a bull neck. And his face! A great red face, with sly little pink eyes close together, and an unctuous smile playing about his lips. His face had every bad point.

"You know, Captain Grensley. I am a great believer in the trustworthiness of first impressions. Our first movement is instinctive; our second, deliberate; and instinct is generally a surer guide than judgment. I have shewn you the importance, from my point of view, of the first involuntary movement; I should be inclined to attach almost as much significance to our first impressions. On the whole, I think I have only been once

misled by those impressions, and that was the case of the match-seller of Tang Street.

"I bought a box of matches of the man in order to get a closer look at him. 'You're an ugly customer,' I said to myself. 'Your eyes are set close together (that indicates cruelty), and they are mean. Your grin is as false as grins are made. If I were afraid of meeting anybody in the dark, my friend—which I may say I'm not—I should be afraid of meeting you.'

"I told the superintendent I should act on the hint given in the anonymous letter.

"'Good!' he says. 'I'll post some of my plain-clothes men handy for you.'

"'Do,' I answered. 'And send the town band and the town crier too.'

"'What do you mean?' he said huffily. 'You are always flying out, Mr. Max.'

"'I mean, Superintendent,' I replied, 'that I generally manage my own affairs myself.'

"'Certainly, sir,' he said. 'They're a tough lot, these Rips, and they will handle you impolitely. They will finish you if they know who you are. That isn't unlikely, either; the whole thing may be a trap. So walk

in, Mr. Max. I'll send a couple of men round by-and-bye to collect you.'

"'Thanks,' I answered. 'Don't put yourself out.'

"That was a bit straight, I've no doubt, but I can't help it. These country bumpkins get on my nerves, and I can't be civil. The idea of having any of his silly plain clothes men anywhere near! It's not much of the Rips I should have seen that night. A couple of constables within whistle-call were all I wanted and these I knew I could have.

"At about nine I sauntered down to Tang Street. I went in at the end where I had seen the match-seller in the morning. He was still there, though there were very few people about.

"'So, you beauty,' I thought, 'there you are, are you? Well, if you are not in with the Rip crowd, may I be kicked out of the service!'

"I made out my little theory that he was stationed there to signal the coast

clear for operations. As a rule my theories are pretty sound, but in this case I was miles out of it, as you will see.

"Well, I walked slowly down Tang Street, smoking a cigar, and adopting the gait of a business man who has got stocks on the brain and a good fat pocket-book tucked away somewhere. I had made up for the role—silk hat and frock coat—and I quite felt the part. As I came near the corner all my nerves were on the tingle. It's the finest sensation in the world, that of approaching a pretty big danger where you'll have to keep your wits about you. I don't know what you felt like, Captain Grensley, when you were nearing the crest of Spion Kop, but I should suppose that you forgot all about the danger, and were only thinking of the tussle. Sir, it's grand, it's magnificent. It's the mobilisation of the vital forces; and a man who has not experienced it has never lived—has merely vegetated.

"Just when I was going to turn the corner I felt my face cut by a thin wire. One's natural impulse on running into an unseen object is to jump back. But you'd never be the slightest use in our profession if you could not resist your natural impulses. I did not jump, I



"He was still there, though there were very few people about."

moved back. Then I felt another tight wire across my calves just above the boot. And that's a nasty place to find a wire across your legs, let me tell you. If it were lower you might step it down; if it were higher it might not throw you. But in that position it lifts your heels from the ground and deposits you very neatly on your back, with or without a fracture of the skull.

"I understood the game at once. The lower wire was lying slack on the ground and was tightened the moment the victim was over, and thus was ready to take him on the recoil, so to speak. Simple, but effective. I felt that it would be hardly courteous to disappoint the ingenious manipulators of the machine, and, besides, I was very anxious to make their acquaintance. So I performed a fall, which, I flatter myself, had the appearance of being quite natural, and was not accompanied by the inconvenience even of a slight concussion.

"It is a mistake to suppose that a man on his back is at the mercy of his enemies, and so the gentlemen found—seven of them—who came on me, clambering over the wharf fence and dropping down from the reservoir wall. They had not reckoned with my feet, and three of the rips were out at once, one with a deranged jaw.

"But there were four left, and they were in a hurry to finish the job. They hung round me for a minute or two, not quite knowing where to come in, and then through their legs I caught a glimpse of a figure scurrying towards us. It was my acquaintance the match-seller. His game leg had lengthened out, and he was waving his crutch as he came along.

"This looks serious,' I said to myself. 'I'll have to take it standing.'

"I was on my feet in a moment, with my back up against a wall.

"I only hope it won't come to the whistle,' I thought. 'I shall look such a fool before that silly-faced superintendent.'

"Meanwhile the newcomer had got up to our group. The Rips did not see him as they were all eyes for me. The match-seller swung up his crutch and brought it down bang! No, not on my head, where I expected it, but on the head of one of the Rips. The fellow went to earth like a felled ox.

"I never saw a man lay about him like that match-seller. The three Rips who were in fighting order left me and tried to close in on him, but the work of that crutch was terrible, and in a minute the enemy was routed. The noise of the scuffle had attracted the police, and all the gang were caught except two who had escaped earlier in the proceedings.

"The match-seller was kneeling over the man with the dislocated jaw. 'You don't know who I am, I reckon,' he called to him, shaking him roughly. Then he stooped down and said something in his ear. The wounded Rip groaned, and turned over on his side.

"I swore I'd bring you to this, and I've done it,' went on my champion. 'And I haven't finished with you yet, no, not by a long way. You'll get five years over this job, and I'll be ready for you when you come out—d'ye hear, you hound?'

"The match-seller got up from his knees and came over to me. 'Well, Mr. Max,' he said, 'I guess you were in a pretty tight place when I looked in.'

"I don't know how you came by my name,' I answered, 'nor what you wanted to be interfering round here for. Nobody invited you. It was, to a certain extent, a tight place, but I've got out of considerably tighter without the aid of a one-legged beggar.'

"No offence, Mr. Max,' he said, with a grin. 'I know if anyone can find his way out of a hole, it's yourself, sir. But to a common man it looked as if the lid were on that hole and screwed down. And as for your 'one-legged beggar,' askin' your pardon, that's a brace of lies to your credit. For I'm neither one nor t'other.'

"You had one leg at midday,' I said, 'and I calculate legs don't sprout in this town more than in any other.'

"Well, that is a bluff,' he answered, 'but a harmless one. That short leg is worth three shillings a day to me, I assure you. But the match-selling business ain't my line at all. A farmer I was bred and a farmer I'll die; but dooty is dooty, and that was my dooty.'

"He pointed to the fallen Rip.

"I've been five years after him,' he went on. 'He's the boss of this 'ere precious gang, and a rank bad 'un. He brought shame on our family, broke my father's heart. I was in Australy at the time, but I came home at once. Jest in time to see my poor father die. Then I set off to find that—thing, and here at last I come on him. He'd never seen me, so I was able to keep a close eye on the gang. I had no end of difficulty to find out their lays, for they never fixed on one till the day before. Then I heard it was to be Tang Corner to-night. I sent you that letter, and here is everything turned out as pat as pat.'

"The Rips got their five years. The time is about up now, so there should be some warm work going these days. For my match-selling friend swore that he was going to hunt his man into the grave. I told him that, officially, I was the last person in the world he should have said that to, but that, as a private individual I had a bad memory, especially in the case of a man who had helped me out of what had appeared—wrongly—to be a tightish place.

"After all, Captain Grensley, it isn't the look of a man, it's the position of a man that does it. Put as ugly a face as you like under a golden crown and people will fall down and worship it. My match-seller was a real good fellow. I saw him several times afterwards, and I found that I had read his face all wrong—every line of it. Perhaps, after all, your third impression is the correct one. The first is instinctive; the second, judicial; the third, a mixture of the two.

"Mind you, that's for amateurs, as I might call you, Captain Grensley. A professional can't go fooling around like that. A first impression is all he gets in for the most part, and on that he must decide, and smartly, too.

"I should say, Captain Grensley, that there's only one man in England who can say that he's not been mistaken in character reading more than once in his life. We mustn't mention names."

THE FIFTH OF THIS SERIES WILL APPEAR
NEXT WEEK.

The Picture Postcard Girl

CANADA is now fairly in the fashion so far as the picture postcard is concerned. But even yet she is hardly so afflicted as the mother country if one may judge from the following dreary philosophy from a writer in M. A. P.

"The human face has fared like the human earth. It has been stamped on pasteboard so many times in so many ways that it has lost its old look of unawareness. It has grown common. There is no facial expression left which affects one with the sensation of surprise. The ingenious efforts of actresses have familiarised the youngest office-boy with all the mysteries of beauty. It is no longer possible to discover a new kind of smile. There are not very many varieties of smile within the compass of our facial muscles. At any rate, the Picture Postcard seems to suggest that there are not more human smiles than human jokes. It is said that there are only three distinct jokes in the world. It is certain that there are not more than three smiles. There is the dental smile, the toothless smile, and the labial smile.

"The Postcard has always been a feminine vice. Men do not write Postcards to each other. When a woman has time to waste she writes a letter; when she has no

time to waste, she writes a Postcard. There are still some ancient purists who regard Postcards as vulgar, fit only for tradesmen. I know ladies who would rather die than send a Postcard to a friend. They belong to the school which deems it rude to use abbreviations in a letter, and who consider it discourteous to write the date in figures. The Postcard is, indeed, a very curt and unceremonious missive. It contains no endearing prefix or reassuring affix. It begins without a prelude and ends without an envoy. The Picture Postcard carries rudeness to the furthest extremity. There is no room for anything polite. Now and then one can write on a blue sky or a white road, but, as a rule, there is no space for more than a gasp.

"Men suffer dreadfully over Picture Postcards. Their wives drag them into shops full of horrid, revolving postcard-stacks. They are forced to choose dozens of sticky, slimy postcards with tissue paper over their ghastly colours. Then they must help to send off these atrocities. If they are in Paris, or Rouen, or Nice, they must hunt miles for stamps. It is not easy to find stamps in a French town. For some insane reason or other, stamps are sold with tobacco. I suspect the real secret is this. French tobacco is so execrable that nobody would smoke it if he could help it."

The Survivors

By THEODORE ROBERTS, Author of "Brothers of Peril."

THE port stood open, admitting a draft of trade-wind, a wavering radiance of sunlight, and the sibilant complaining of the vessel's wake. On the locker under the port lolled Duval—a ruddy, black-haired fellow garbed midway between the styles of a *coureur-de-bois* at a merry-making and a French gentleman at a ball. At the opposite side of the cabin table, shackled at ankles and wrists, stood Francis Drurie, with an armed mariner behind him.

"Pierre, place a seat for the gentleman," said Duval. Drurie sat down heavily on the stool that was pushed against the back of his legs.

"Another glass on the table, Pierre. And now you may withdraw."

Left alone with his prisoner, Duval sat up and pushed a bottle across the board.

"I need not recommend it," said he, "as it is from the 'Brave Adventure.'"

Drurie flushed quickly; but his tired eyes shone at sight of the wine. Ah, yes, he knew the vintage. And now any liquor—any stimulant—would seem nectar to his starving veins. He lifted his hands above the table, and the short chain between the bracelets of steel clanked against the bottle.

"A thousand pardons," exclaimed Duval, rising quickly. He did not strike off the irons, however, but contented himself with pouring wine for Drurie and then for himself. The Englishman raised his glass clumsily, in both manacled hands, and emptied it in a gulp. His fare had been damaged sea-biscuits and his drink stale water since the sinking of the "Brave Adventure." Duval refilled both glasses and returned to his seat on the locker.

"Mr. Drurie," he said, in careful English, "I have a proposition—a suggestion—to make."

The other nodded and looked at him hopefully.

"I honour your spirit," continued Duval. "It lost me two good ships and a score of hardy ruffians, and yet I bow to it. Never have I encountered such courage, such hell-fire—no, not even in a Frenchman. To show my admiration, I now offer you freedom, and membership in this brave company."

"I choose freedom," said Drurie, quickly.

Duval wrinkled his brows.

"I do not think you quite comprehend my meaning," he said, slowly. "The freedom I offer you is not apart from the membership in this company. I offer you the privilege of sitting at this table with freed hands and feet—of sharing our adventures and rewards—in short, of living again like a gentleman."

"Now I understand," replied Drurie. "I may rid myself of these irons and of whatever fate is now in store for me, by turning pirate."

"Use your own name for it," said the other, drily.

"And what of my eleven comrades?" asked the Englishman.

"I do not need them, now that I have but one ship," replied Duval.

"You mean that your very generous offer does not extend to the other survivors of the 'Brave Adventure?'"

Duval nodded pleasantly. He had hardly expected the other to accept his proposition so civilly.

Drurie swallowed the last drops of his second glass of wine—he would make sure of that much, at any rate—and then leaned forward with his elbows on the table.

"What do you mean to do with them?" he asked.

"I cannot afford to heave them overboard," said Duval, "for they have cost me much good blood and good ship's timber. I hope to sell them to some sugar-planter in one or other of the islands."

"Duval," said the prisoner, "I'll work and die a slave on any plantation under the sun, rather than forsake one of those brave sailors of mine; and as to becoming a member of your crew of damned pirates and cut-throats why, I'd not do it for all the treasure on the Spanish main. I'm not a saint; I am deficient in many of the most common virtues; but I cannot forget that the people at home suppose me to be still a gentleman."

For several seconds they eyed one another steadily. Duval was the first to shift his gaze. He laughed, with an affectation of ease.

"Your courage is truly magnificent," he said. "Tis a pity to think of it on a West Indian plantation, breaking, day by day, under the whips of half-caste drivers."

"Yes," replied Drurie, "it is a cruel pity that twelve

Englishmen, who have been guilty of nothing more than the defence of their ship against an enemy of superior force, should be sold into slavery."

He cleared his throat and leaned farther across the table.

"Will you not reconsider the offer I made you a few days ago?" he asked, with a note of pleading in his voice. "Twelve hundred pounds—a hundred pounds for each of us—if you will but land us at some point from which we may take passage for England. Then, as quickly as the return voyage can be accomplished, I'll bring you the money in my own hands."

Duval smiled and shook his head. "I am sorry to appear disobliging," he said, "but I cannot convince myself that it would be either wise or convenient for me to keep any future appointment with you—even for twelve hundred English pounds."

"Then two thousand. I promise you two thousand pounds," cried the Englishman desperately.

Duval shrugged his shoulders and rapped on the table with his knuckles. The armed guard opened the door at his summons. "Take this—this gentleman—back to his quarters," said the captain. Then he poured himself another glass of that distinguished vintage and sipped it reflectively.

The sufferings of the twelve English captives increased with every day's run southward. For more than a week the ship rolled idly in the doldrums, forsaken by the wind; and then the heat was almost unbearable to the poor fellows in the hold. The air was offensive, even to their seasoned nostrils, with the stench of the bilge awash only a few feet beneath them. In such weather not so much as a breath came down to them from the open hatch overhead. On one such night Drurie crawled under the square eye of the hatch and lay flat on his back gazing upward. A touch of fever was in his blood. He counted the large, indifferent stars over and over, trying thus to win sleep to his smarting eyelids and oblivion to aching brain and body. Despair came instead. For the first time since the sinking of the "Brave Adventure" his courage failed him utterly. He groaned, and raised his hands to his face; and in the movement the chain that held wrist to wrist fell heavily across his chin. At that, sudden anger revived his spirit; and the fever, creeping in every vein fed his anger. He sat up and stared into the darkness where his men lay ironed like himself, wakeful and suffering.

"Lads," he cried, "we're not beaten so long as there is life in us. These dogs will sell us to lesser dogs; and these irons shall be struck from us so that we may work in the fields. Strengthen your hearts for that day, lads—there'll be cold iron in our hands then instead of on our wrists and legs."

The men ceased their shiftings on the rough planks, and stifled their groans. Then Drurie lay back and drifted into uneasy slumber. He dreamed of his past—of his childhood, of the old place in Yorkshire, and of more recent times. Again he was aboard the "Brave Adventure," bound for the Hudson's Bay Company's fort on Rupert's River. Again, after weeks of sailing, the fogs and ice-floes caught the stout little ship. Again the squadron of Duval the Canadian over-hauled and surrounded them. In that wilderness of gray waters and drifting ice the battle raged all day; and with the sun, three of the four vessels engaged went down among the grinding pans of the floe; and the young gentleman-adventurer, still defiant, was dragged, with eleven surviving seamen, aboard Duval's ship. He struggled in his sleep—and awoke to find the sudden, tropical morning aflame across the square of the hatchway.

That day the ship won clear of the regions of calm. All her sails were spread to the steady wind, and she lay over with a bar of white foam under her fore-foot and the furrows of her wake diverging far astern. Duval had the captives brought on deck for an airing, for a healthy slave brings a better price than a sick one. He even gave them lime-juice in their water, and extra rations of ship's bread. They sat forward, in the shade of the headsails and drank in the glitter and swing of wind and sea. The rush of waters along the driving hull, the vision of straining canvas, even the harsh jokes of their captors revived hope in their breasts. They remembered with a glow of pride, what odds they had fought against and the certainty grew in their hearts that they should fight again. They limped up and down the decks, drag-

ging their shackles, and the homely sights of ship-board—the smoking galley, the captain's wash flying from a line, the fresh tar on the main rigging—awoke the zest of life. A great fellow in picturesque attire held a bandaged arm in front of Drurie.

"You gave me that," said he, in French.

Drurie eyed him fearlessly, and smiled.

"And do you think the less of me for it?" he said.

"No," cried the other with an oath, and producing a cigarette from a fold of his sash he presented it with a dramatic bow.

"I must even ask you to light it for me," said Drurie, raising his manacled hands. So the fellow stepped to the galley, lit the tobacco at the cook's fire, and good-naturedly placed it between his enemy's fingers.

During the remainder of the voyage the prisoners were treated with a good deal of consideration. They were allowed on deck for the greater part of every day; they were given tobacco; and sometimes the cook added a kettle of black, hot coffee to their morning's rations of biscuit. After all, Duval and his company were but amateur pirates. They were Canadian or French to a man, and their serious occupation was the harassing of the great English fur-trading company about Hudson's Bay. Duval had been bound on an expedition against one of the strongest posts of the company—a fort that had already withstood three of his attacks within the same number of years—when he found the "Brave Adventurer" hemmed in the floe. Suspecting that the English ship was laden with stores for the fur-traders, he had captured, robbed and sunk her—alas, at a cost of two-thirds of his little squadron. Too weak then to carry out his designs against the fort on Rupert's River, he had voyaged southward to dispose of his captives and to replenish his exchequer at the expense of any merchant ships he might chance to overhaul, no matter of what nationality. As he and his men considered themselves soldiers of fortune, gentlemen of the free sword, rather than ordinary freebooters of the sea, they were pleased to be able to act manfully toward their prisoners, in small matters. There were several instances of a feeling almost amounting to friendship springing up between members of Duval's crew and the Englishmen. Duval himself had a liking for young Francis Drurie—a liking built on admiration for the other's courage; but he was far too hard and selfish to allow any kindly sentiment to cross his plans. He made the English gentleman what he considered to be a very good and considerate offer. Then it was not his fault—in fact it was none of his business—that Drurie should accept salvery rather than that offer.

II.

Duval drove a hard bargain in the sale of his twelve English captives to the Senor Josef Alcazardo, whose plantation was on the Island of Madiana. Then he slipped away, down the narrow sea between the soaring cones of Martinique and Dominica, and southward still past island-holdings of France, Spain, England and Holland. He squared his sails and worked his guns with diligence, gathering that which should some day proclaim his return with blood and thunder to his old enemies of Rupert's River.

With the survivors of the "Brave Adventurer," the change from Duval's ship to Alcazardo's plantation did not seem, at first, to be a change for the better. The Spanish planter was as full of cruelty as Duval of lawlessness. He gave his mind to the practice of causing pain as another man would to some absorbing sport. He conceived the torture to suit the particular case in hand, considering the temperament and constitution of his victims with scientific nicety. His black slaves stood in such terror of him and his four overseers that fear hid their hatred, even from themselves. He filled every day of their lives with such a dread and apprehension that many of them, seeing no other way of escape, opened for themselves the door of death. If the victim in such a case happened to be old, feeble or diseased, the word of his self-destruction was received by the planter with every sign of satisfaction; but if, on the other hand, the suicide had been a valuable slave, he fell into the most furious transports of temper. On one such occasion, he had even gone so far as to have one of the four Spanish overseers tied up and flogged. The overseer was a free-man and no weakling, and yet he continued in Alcazardo's service after the flogging. The slaves and the other overseers wondered at that; but the planter, in his vanity, put it down to the score of the fellow's fear and admiration for the great Senor Josef Alcazardo.

Alcazardo promised himself a deal of diversion at the

expense of his English slaves. As they were of a proud and courageous race and the children of generations of freemen, subtle cruelty would not be lost upon them as it so often was upon the Africans. He would flay their pride—their self-respect as well as their backs. He would crush them to the soil, break their manhood, set their natures back a thousand years. On the day of their landing he contented himself with looking them over, feeling a muscle here and there as one might the leg of a horse, and ordering them to the fields. But in that brief inspection he had noted the refinement of Drurie's face and hands and the superior texture of such clothes as the unfortunate young man still possessed.

The wrists of the Englishmen were freed, but the irons were kept on their legs. They were given wide hats of native straw with the crowns filled with leaves, so that the sun should not strike them dead. They were driven, like cattle, down a track between bananas and plantains, to a hill-side field of young canes. Each was given a hoe of unwieldy shape and extraordinary weight and was directed, by fierce gestures, to pulverise the sun-baked clods of soil about the plants. Drurie set an example manfully, and the others followed with a determination to make the best of a bad business for just so long as it was necessary. While their leader worked they would work; when he fought they would fight. They knew that he was their superior in judgment as well as in breeding and courage, and that their salvation lay in following him.

After two hours of steady work a man named Benson who had been wounded in the fight among the northern floes and had not fully recovered his strength, reeled and fell. An overseer shouted at him, and cracked the knotted raw-hide lash of his whip. Benson tried to regain his feet, tried to pick up the hoe, only to fall on hands and knees and crouch, helpless, close to the warm earth. The overseer cursed furiously and, stepping past several of the other labourers, who had paused in their work to look in dismay at their comrade, laid his whip across the panting body. Benson flinched and groaned. The fellow swung back his arm for another blow, but before he could administer it Drurie had him by the throat, and all the other Englishmen were jumping toward him on their shackled feet. He let fall the whip, tore himself clear of the choking fingers, and fled.

The new slaves spent that night on an earthen floor, chained to the timbers of a foul hut. Benson was in a raging fever. He rolled from side to side, muttered continuously and pulled at his shackles. Despair and madness were in that black hut, and death lurked without in the sickening, black night, where a mulatto driver squatted with a musket across his knees. Drurie was the only one of the company who could derive any hope from the horrors of the past day. It seemed to him that either death or a more desirable form of freedom must soon be theirs, for already every man of them has tasted the whip and they had openly attacked their taskmaster. And he recalled the fact that one of the Spanish overseers had come but slowly to help at subduing the revolt, and that he had not laid his whip on any of the Englishmen, though he had snapped it diligently enough. Thinking hopefully of this he fell asleep at last. He did not know how long he had been unconscious, when a touch on his shoulder awoke him suddenly.

"Who is there?" he whispered.

He felt that someone stooped close to him.

"The child of an English woman," replied a low and unknown voice. "Do not speak—there will be safer times for that. Here is water."

Drurie felt a hand on his shoulder and the rim of a cool cup against his lips.

"Give it to Benson—to the sick man," he whispered.

"I have already done so; there is enough for all," replied the unseen. "Drink! Drink quickly, for I must go."

Drurie gulped eagerly; but the cup was not held straight, and as much of the water spilled over his chin and breast as went down his parched throat. It felt delicious, wherever it touched him, and a sudden, whimsical longing took hold of him to be submerged over head and ears, in an English river. Then the cup was withdrawn, the impact of a light soft-shod foot sounded twice on the earthen floor, and he knew that the wonderful visitor had left the hut. He turned on his side, toward his men, and listened. There was only a sound of quiet breathing in the dark. Even Benson had ceased his restless muttering.

(Continued next week.)

THE TALK

THE Hon. Mr. St. John, Speaker of the Ontario Legislature, is the latest advocate of Civil Service Reform. At a recent meeting in his constituency he paid considerable attention to this subject and also to the Old Age Pension System of which he also declared his approval. These two subjects promise to provide much room for debate during the next year or two.

The office of the Edmonton "Bulletin," the Hon. Frank Oliver's paper, was destroyed by fire on the 17th. Mr. Oliver also owned the burned building. Much Alberta Government printing was destroyed.

The report comes from Great Britain that thousands of people who want to emigrate to Canada cannot get passage on the boats. All space is engaged weeks ahead. While in Toronto, General Booth said that the application to the Salvation Army from intending emigrants amounted to about one thousand daily. To these landless people, Canada seems to be a country second only to Paradise.

Chief Justice Weatherbee of Nova Scotia, recently knighted, has resigned. Sir Robert was born at Bedeque, P.E.I., in 1836, and was educated at Acadia College, Wolfville. He was secretary of the "Anti-Confederation League" of which the Hon. Joseph Howe was President. Later he was one of the Canadian Counsel before the Halifax Fisheries Commission of 1877. He went on the bench the following year.

Among the sixty-three persons who will receive Carnegie medals for heroism are Michael A. Doyle, Quebec; Alexander Cameron, Portage la Prairie, and S. M. Desherbinin, Langham, Sask.

St. Patrick's Day was celebrated in Montreal on Monday by a monster parade in which all the city officials participated. Rev. Father Heffernan preached in St. Patrick's church.

Professor Adams of McGill is likely to be chosen a fellow of the Royal Society.

Attorney-General Campbell of Manitoba, has saved his seat in the Legislature by the returning officer's casting vote. Contrary to expectations, Gimli has gone Liberal and the strength of the parties is now: Conservatives 28, Liberal 13.

Property on Hastings St., Vancouver, has been sold as high as \$2,000 a foot. The building permits for this year are expected to reach the seven million mark.

Canada's commercial agent at Leeds reports to the Department of Trade and Commerce that it is an admitted fact in England

that foreign goods are being sent into Canada from Great Britain and are getting the benefit of the British preferential tariff. He mentions especially cutlery and felt goods made in Germany, sent to Britain and remarked and labelled here as British goods before being sent to Canada.

Lieut.-Col. J. M. Gibson, of Hamilton, will command this year's Bisley team.

The settlement of the Algoma district is rapidly developing. Three new townships, Prosser, Lucas and Crawford, will shortly be opened up by those entitled to locate under the Veterans' Land Grant Act. These townships are about fifty miles west of Lake Abitibi and are said to be good agricultural land.

The six Thiel detectives on trial for manslaughter for the deaths of Thomas Belanger and Francois Theriault in the Buckingham strike riot of last October, were discharged by Judge St. Julien on Friday of last week. Counsel for the Crown and for the defence showed despatch in the examination of witnesses and dispensed



The Grand Trunk Railway building at Jamestown (Virginia) Exposition.

with the address, simply stating their confidence in the judgment of the presiding Magistrate.

Before finally deciding as to the northern outlet of the Trent Valley Canal, the Government will have a survey made of a possible route from Nottawasaga Bay to Lake Simcoe. This would prove considerably shorter than the Severn River route. The southern end of the canal may be constructed this year.

A large Canadian and United States syndicate has taken over the control of the Mikado gold mine on the Lake of the Woods and will resume operations at the mine, which closed down about two years ago after producing half-a-million dollars' worth of bullion. For the present, fisheries and forests are in the background, while mines are keeping the market busy.

The immigrants now coming into the country find themselves an object of competition and are eagerly sought by farmers from all over the Dominion. The Immigration Department at Ottawa made the statement last week that the immigration literature

distributed in Great Britain and in Europe abounds with advice to emigrants to earn capital and experience in Eastern Canada, with which to work free land in the Western provinces.

Mr. W. J. C. Ham, Superintendent of Forest Reserves for Quebec, in noting the decreasing volume of water coming down the Ottawa River at some seasons of the year, made the important announcement that the Quebec Government has decided to set aside for a permanent forest reserve a strip of land extending from Riviere du Lievre to the Ontario boundary, just back of the settled townships, with a view to conserving the moisture during the summer and making permanent the present water-powers and transportation facilities of the Ottawa River. It looks as if Hon. Mr. Edwards were correct when he declared the Quebec forest policy the best in the Dominion.

The plans for the new Fife Challenger to be built by the Vancouver Yacht Club, have arrived in that city. The local yachtsmen are pleased, as these have been eagerly expected.

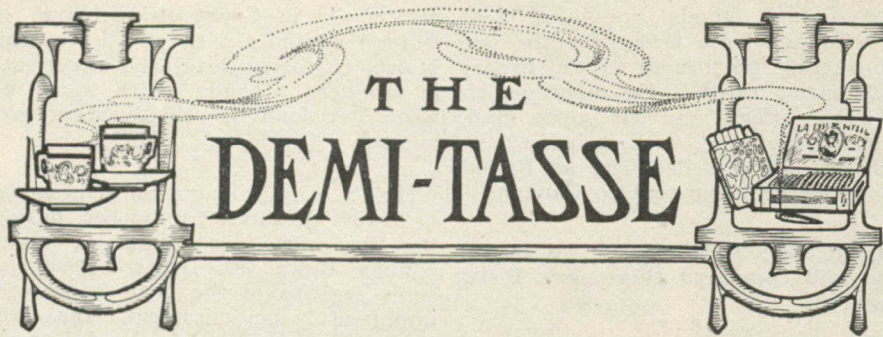
Dr. Stockton, long a member of the New Brunswick Legislature and lately a member of the House of Commons, passed away last week. The tributes to him in the House were as great as have been paid to anyone not of Premier rank. He was regarded as one of the ablest of our constitutional lawyers.

The Western consumers of lumber are busily engaged in trying to prove to the authorities at Ottawa that there is a soulless lumber combine controlling that market.

The addresses delivered at the Banquet given by the Board of Trade of the city of Toronto to Mr. William Mackenzie and Mr. D. D. Mann of the Canadian Northern Railway, have been reprinted in pamphlet form. Among the speakers were Lieutenant-Governor Clark, Mr. Z. A. Lash, Hon. G. W. Ross, Hon. J. P. Whitney, Mayor Coatsworth, Mr. B. E. Walker, and the guests of the evening. This is a souvenir worth preserving. It may be secured by writing to the Secretary of the Board of Trade, Toronto.



Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, who visited Winnipeg this week.



The Working Man

A Hamilton man from the Bay
Has so interrupting a way,
That the members say—well,
We'd better not tell
What they murmur when Studholme
gets gay.

* *

His Proper Sphere

Last Saturday night a loyal son of Erin addressed himself with such earnestness to the cup which more than cheers that he arrived home in the grey dawn of Sunday. He made so much noise in an endeavour to tell the hat rack that it was a jolly good fellow that his wife called sarcastically:

"What's the matter, D'Arcy? Are you playing hockey?"

"No, m' dear," responded the hilarious gentleman. "I'm just sayin' that I'm goin' to form a St. Patrick's club."

"Yes," said his wife distinctly — "You'd make a grand snake-chaser."

* *

In Bleak Ontario

When Whitney cried with sternness,

"Off quickly with his head!"

"I'll get a job from Laurier,"

The civil servant said.

* *

Civil Service Zeal

The chase for office in Canada is bad enough. But there has not yet been so jealous an office-grabber in the Dominion as Josiah Quincy, who was Assistant Secretary of State under Cleveland.

One day a labourer in the employ of the Department of the Interior was drowned while bathing in the Potomac. A Congressman who happened to be near when the body was taken from the water, hearing that the dead man worked for the Government, rushed off to the Department of the Interior to secure the job for one of his followers.

When he reached the Department, however, Hoke Smith, who was Secretary of the Interior, told him that the position had already been filled.

"Filled!" cried the Congressman. "Why, the man hasn't been dead half an hour."

"I know that," replied Smith; "but Josiah Quincy heard the man was going in bathing. So he put in an application for the job by telephone."

* *

A Modern Van Winkle

Smith had come home later than usual and had ready an explanation which he tried to recite like a little man. But Mrs. Smith gave him no chance and took some time in telling him just what she thought of him and his belated ways. He endured it

without retort, quietly read his paper and went to bed. When he was almost asleep he could hear her still scolding unmercifully.

He finally found the gentle oblivion of slumber but awoke after a couple of hours, only to hear his wife remark: "I hope all married women don't have to put up with such conduct as this."

"Annie," said Smith drowsily, "are you talking again or yet?"

* *

The Fashion

Canadians are quite in a position to understand the English weekly which announces:

"Though suffrig frob a severe cold the Pribe Bidister badaged to have didder with the Kig last week."

* *



"It says here, Samantha, the Rev. Toogood was a saloon passenger on the 'Amerika.' Beats all how them preachers do cut up when they git away from hum."—Leslie's Weekly.

* *

The Wrong Growler

A woman speaker expressed the view the other day that impatience is the worst enemy of domestic happiness. When she was visiting in Pittsburg she called one afternoon on a married friend. At dinner time the hostess rang for the maid and asked: "Mary, is that Mr. Brown downstairs? I thought I heard him just now."

"No'm," Mary answered. "That wuz just the dawg what wuz growlin'."

* *

Morgan's Minutes

Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan is a man who objects to the verb "to interview" in the passive voice. But he tells with relish of a brief conversation which he once held with an English reporter. The young man approached Mr. Morgan on shipboard and on being informed severely that the magnate's time was worth money said eagerly:

"I'll give you five pounds for as many minutes."

Mr. Morgan was amused, and gratified the newspaper man who talked of such indifferent subjects as the

weather and English sports. At the conclusion of the five minutes, the bank notes were handed to Mr. Morgan and the reporter prepared to depart.

"Why were you so anxious to interview me?" said the former, who could not see that the interview had been of any value to the press.

"Well, there's a chap up in the bow who's been watching us. He bet me twenty pounds that you wouldn't talk to me for five minutes."

* *

One Way to Advertise

Two Kansas farmers were discussing the Thaw trial at the postoffice street-corner. "It's sure doin' New York lots of good," said one.

"How?" asked the other.

"Why, it's a-gettin' New York's name in the papers every day. Folks who never knowed the place was on the map are hearin' an' readin' about it every day."

* *

The Artist's Dessert

If a certain set of literary men cultivated literature on a little oatmeal, there was a time in his career, says M.A.P., when Mr. Joseph Farquharson, A.R.A., cultivated painting on one egg a day. Happily, however, for him, it was not financial necessity which compelled him to do so, but the perhaps still more exigent compulsion which at times over-rides considerations of finance. During the earlier days of his artistic career he went on a tour to Holland, and was so taken with Marken that he determined to visit it the following year. He accordingly arranged with the doctor of the little town to put him up, for the doctor's house was the only one in which there was any room for him. At the appointed time, the artist went to Holland, and to his amazement discovered that the doctor was not only a vegetarian but also that he ate only one meal a day. For three weeks Mr. Farquharson lived on one egg a day, reinforced by bread and cheese which he kept in his own room.

The exception to the solitary egg diet happened one day when the doctor went to him and in an awestruck whisper intended to convey portentous matters, said to his guest: "For dinner to-day we are going to have a great luxury." Mr. Farquharson possessed his soul in patience until dinner-time. When the cover was removed from the dish, the great luxury resolved itself into a boiled cauliflower.

* *



Fore-warned is Four-Armed.—N. Y. Life.

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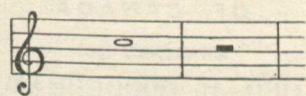
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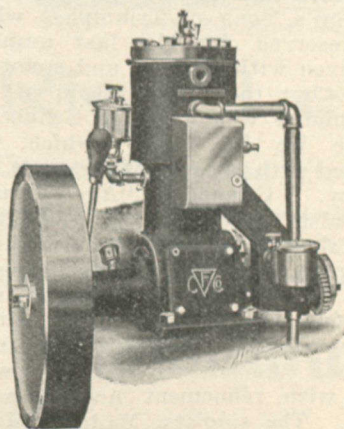
Cosgrave's XXX Porter

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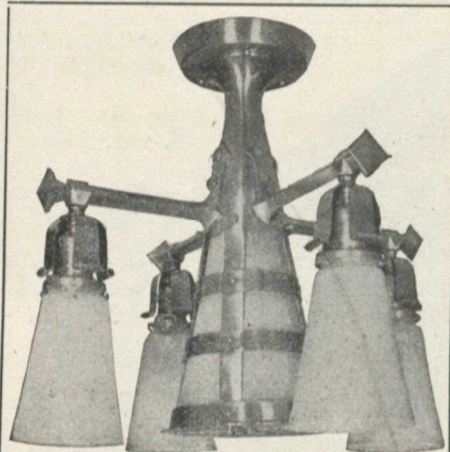


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MUSIC & THE DRAMA

THE annual concert of the Schubert Choir under the conductorship of Mr. H. M. Fletcher, was given last week in Massey Hall, Toronto. Verily, the capital of Ontario cannot be rebuked for failing to support choral concerts. The Mendelssohn Choir gave five concerts last month which were thought by some observers to have satisfied so thoroughly the public craving for such events that any other choral performance would have but meagre patronage. However, these prophets of small attendance were proved vastly mistaken, when Massey Hall was once more well filled with an audience thoroughly appreciative of chorus and orchestra.

Mr. Fletcher is one of the hardest-working men in his profession, as he has in his three choruses nearly one thousand young singers, whose practices mean an immense expenditure of the leader's energy. His sincere and ambitious toil is being rewarded by the development of his most mature association, the Schubert Choir, which shows a gratifying growth in grasp of serious compositions.

The choir went to the length this year of securing four United States soloists and the Chicago Symphony Orchestra under Mr. Alexander Von Feilitz to assist in the production of a programme which followed the Toronto fashion of being too long. The choral work proved a genuine surprise, even to those who heard last year's concert, for this comparatively young organisation has progressed in the finer choral graces in a fashion which is convincing evidence of the quality of the season's work. The most effective choral number was Eaton Fanning's dramatic "Liberty" which was applauded so emphatically that the latter part was repeated. The "Vocal Fantasia on British Songs" by Dr. John Bell, was popular rather than artistic in its appeal. "Miriam's Song of Triumph," which was reserved for the last number, was given with striking and sonorous effect: but the choral cream of the performance was found in Schubert's "Dance We So Gaily," which was rendered with a captivating grace and delicacy. Gounod's "Ave Verum" was also given an interpretation which showed the leader's earnest and intelligent desire for worthy presentation. The orchestra was not well balanced, the strings being rather tenuous in effect. The selections from the Raff "Leonore Symphony" were given with refinement and dramatic feeling. The soloists, Madame Marie Zimmerman, Miss Elaine De Sellem, Mr. E. C. Towne and Dr. Schussler proved acceptable, the first-named taking with considerable floridity the solo part of "Miriam's Song of Triumph."

Altogether, Mr. Fletcher is to be congratulated on his successful work which is meeting with the popular favour and support it deserves. A stronger bass section is needed, but that improvement will doubtless be made in the course of choral evolution.

The sixth annual concert of the

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Income - -	1,956,518	2,072,423	115,905
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People's Choral Union, another organisation under Mr. Fletcher's direction, will be given in Massey Hall on April 9th, on which occasion the assisting artists will be Madame Mary Reed and the popular English basso, Mr. Watkin Mills, who never fails to find a welcome in Toronto.

* *

There are many theatre-goers who turn from the modern light opera with a sigh for the good old compositions of Gilbert and Sullivan. Hence the announcement of the revival of "The Pirates of Penzance" will be greeted warmly by those who care not for the delights of "Peggy From Paris." On April 18, 19 and 20 with a Saturday matinee, the old opera will be produced in Massey Hall, Toronto, by Mr. Schuch's local company, under the auspices of the Queen's Own Rifles of Toronto and the Argonaut Rowing Club.

* *

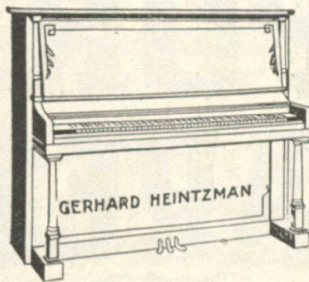
Mr. Forbes-Robertson and Miss Gertrude Elliott have appeared for a second week in Toronto with great satisfaction to the theatre-going public. Perhaps the qualifying word should be removed, for the representations by these two artists usually attract a large number of the more serious citizens for whom the ordinary theatrical performance has little interest. While "Mice and Men" proved a dainty bit of comedy, the general attention was given to "Hamlet," which was played four times during the week's engagement. Mr. Robertson has so associated himself with a prince of refined melancholy and subtle philosophy that his "Hamlet" is the part by which most of his hearers wish to keep him in remembrance.

There is something pathetically fragile both in physique and sensibility in this modern presentation of a character which is the most fascinating in the Shakespearian gallery. The observer recalls Goethe's description, "an oak planted in a vase," as the noble young heart breaks beneath the burden of horror and vengeance. The character is given a complexity that suggests the prince "to the manner born"; the scholar disentangling the tangled web of philosophy; the son, outraged in his tenderest loyalty; the lover turning in despair from a passion that associates itself with frailty and disillusion. Gentleness itself in his inmost nature, he shows a bitterness that brooks no intervention when the emissaries of Claudius would play upon him. The pride of a soul that dwells apart is manifest through all the turmoil of his moods. The closing scene when the crowned corpse is borne from the chamber of the triple tragedy is enacted with a simplicity that is the finest majesty.

But what can be said of the concession to the gallery's cheap applause, when the dead Dane suddenly comes to life and resolves himself into the smiling and bowing Mr. Robertson, somewhat exhausted but able to be politely appreciative? Such an absurdly inartistic recognition of the undramatic "encore" fiend is extremely painful when it is not amusing. The tedious "Polonius," who was effectively slain also revives and turns tragedy into farce. Mr. Robertson would infinitely oblige most of his admirers by observing the illusions of the play. There ought to be some rules of etiquette for the dramatic corpse.

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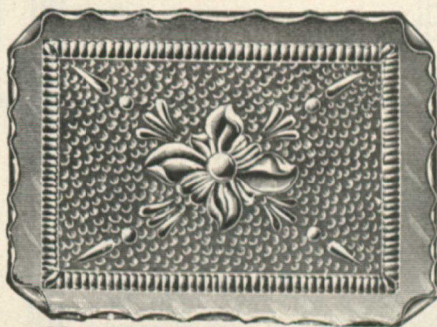
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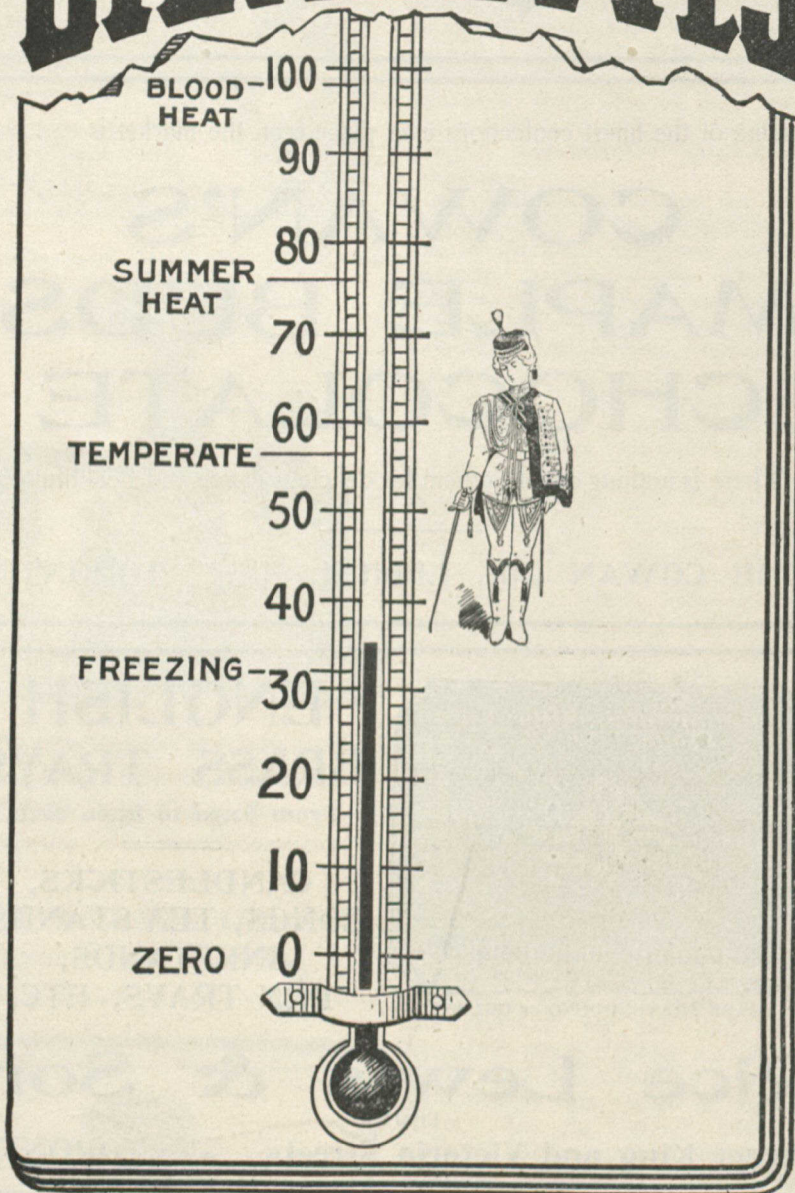
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For the Children

Peanut Men

HERE'S good fun for a rainy day, one of those stay-in-the-house days that is sure to come with the spring. All that you need is a bag of peanuts, some coloured tissue paper, a bunch of black wool, and a few yards of baby-ribbon. Now we will see what fine little peanut men we can make out of this.

First, we will take six peanuts; a little one for his head; two, a little bit larger for his arms, and three big ones for his legs and body. Then take his head and with some strong white thread sew it on to the large peanut that is going to serve for his body. Then take his legs and sew them on just in the same way. Now, before we put on his arms or his dress we must make a little frill for each leg. Take a strip of the paper and gather it in on his leg where it joins his body, making a pretty full frill on each leg. Now for his dress. Measure him from his neck to his little peanut toes, and cut a strip of paper just that wide, and about ten inches long. Gather this around his neck and sew it up the back. Now come his arms, fastened on to his body on either side. They must have little frills too, just as his legs have. Now all he needs is the finishing touches. Have you been wondering what the black wool was for? Well, now you shall see. Take three little strands, and if you can't braid them get Mother to do this for you; fasten the end of this right on to the top of his little peanut head, and let it hang down his back. Now our little man has a queue. Next take the baby-ribbon and tie it round his waist, leaving a loop to hang him up by. If you want him to have a hat, cut out a round piece of stiff paper the same color as your tissue paper, and tie it on to the top of his head with a bow of the baby-ribbon. Make as many as you can and keep them till Dad comes home and get him to give them eyes and a nose and mouth with that fountain pen of his Tell mother to put them away for favours for the birth-day party she has promised you, and when every little boy and girl at it has told you how pretty they are, you will be glad you spent those rainy days making "Peanut Men."

* *

Spring Puddles

Bobby loved the springtime,
The breezes, soft and warm,
But best of all the puddles
That came with every storm.

Bobby's mamma threatened,
And Bobby promised true,
But oh! those puddles lured him,
What could Bobby do?

Bobby's going to bed alone,
Sad, hungry and forlorn,
Wondering how so small a puddle
Could have caused so great a storm.
M. B. C.

* *

Another Little Girl

There was once a sweet little maid
Who was never the least bit afraid,
Until it grew dark,
When she saw in the park
Horrid monsters all crouched in the shade.

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It is not every person who will care to read 685 pages on "Railway Problems" but there are many people who should have such a volume on their shelves. A book with this title, edited by William Z. Ripley, Professor of Economics in Harvard, is admirably arranged as a book of reference. It is composed almost entirely of matter reprinted from economic journals and leading reviews, the writers including Charles Francis Adams, Ida Tarbell, Henry Kirk White, Frank W. Taussig, S. J. McLean (of Toronto) and B. H. Meyer.

The three last chapters on railways in Great Britain, France and Germany are of especial interest to Canadian students of railway problems. "Economic Waste in Transportation," "The Long and Short Haul Clause," "Standard Oil Rebates," "The Theory of Railway Rates," etc., are other attractive headings. While the work is primarily intended as a college text-book, the business man will find it generally useful and attractive. (Boston: Ginn & Co., \$2.70 net.)

Mr. Joseph A. Chisholm, barrister, Halifax, has issued a new edition of Principal Grant's sketch of "Joseph Howe." This originally appeared in four numbers of "The Canadian Monthly" of 1875 and was afterwards published in book form. This is the second edition and it contains Howe's Essay on the Organisation of the Empire, published in London in 1866, and a chronological list of Mr. Howe's works compiled by Mr. Chisholm.

Sabine thus describes Nova Scotia as it was in 1846: "It was 'Joe Howe' by day and by night." The Yankee pedlar drove good bargains in Joe Howe clocks. In the coal mine, in the plaster quarry, on board the fishing pogy, the jigger and the pinky, it was still 'Joe Howe.' Ships and babies were named 'Joe Howe.' The young men and maidens flirted and courted in 'Joe Howe' badges, and played and sang 'Joe Howe' glees. It was 'Joe Howe' everywhere." Principal Grant tells the story of this great statesman in brief form, but with a sincerity and brightness of phrasing which were characteristic of the late head of Queen's. No magazine articles ever written in this country equal Principal Grant's in brightness and comprehensiveness, and nothing he ever penned was superior to these four articles. Hence this volume has a double interest. It is a splendid life of Howe and it is a good specimen of Principal Grant's composition. (Halifax: A. & W. MacKinlay. Cloth, 110 p.p.)

Mr. Theodore Roberts, whose elder brother, Professor C. G. D. Roberts, is one of our best-known Canadian poets, is at present residing in Fredericton, which his cousin, Bliss Carman, has called "that leafy Northern city." Mr. Roberts' latest contribution to fiction is "The Survivors," a three-part story of romantic adventure of which the first instalment appears in this week's issue of the Canadian Courier.

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