

The Canadian **C**ourier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



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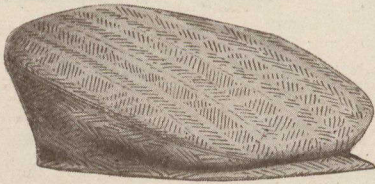
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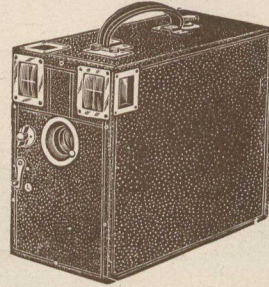
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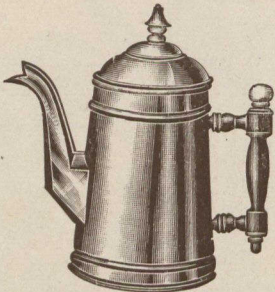
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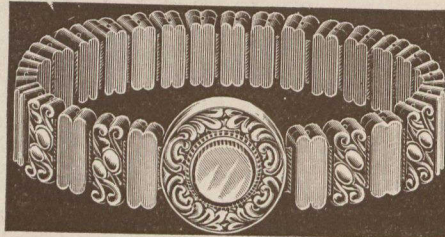
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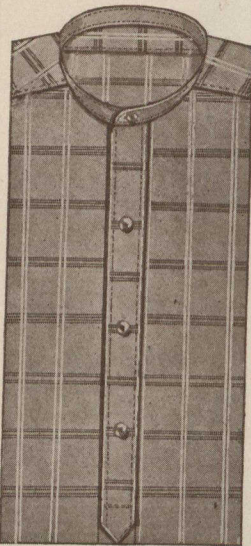
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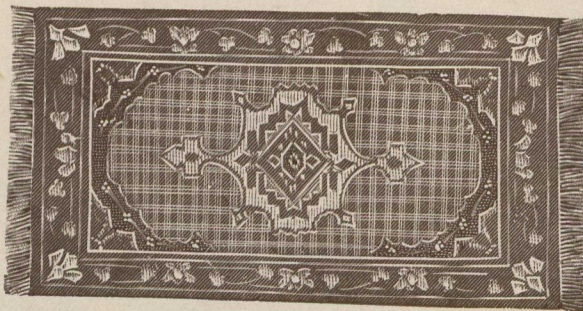


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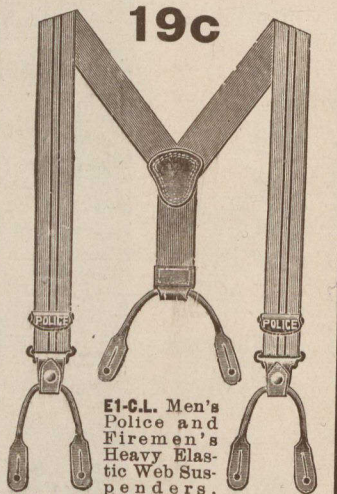
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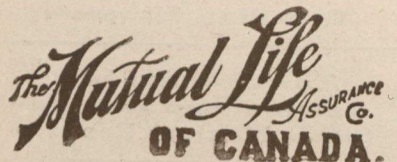
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THE Canadian Courier

A NATIONAL WEEKLY

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CONTENTS

IN THE PUBLIC VIEW	5
REFLECTIONS	6
THROUGH A MONOCLE	8
THE DISASTER AT FERNIE	9
THE HUDSON BAY ROUTE	10
LATEST DEVELOPMENT IN HUDSON BAY REGIONS	11
CAPTAIN VANCOUVER'S LAST VOYAGE	12
THE LURE OF THE LONESOME, Story	14
AH SING, Story	15
DEMI-TASSE	16
PEOPLE AND PLACES	17
WHAT CANADIAN EDITORS THINK	18
AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE	19
FOR THE CHILDREN	20
A PLANT OF THE PRAIRIE	21
LITERARY NOTES	22



PUBLISHER'S TALK

DURING the past two months more than one thousand new subscribers have been added to our Maritime Province list. Presuming that one subscriber means three readers, this means a large addition to our eastern audience. To each one of these we extend a cordial invitation to send us suggestions, articles and photographs depicting life and events in that part of Canada. News photographs are especially desired.

A FEW weeks ago we published some photographs showing how a Mr. Beech had gone up to Fort Churchill and home-steaded what he expects to be the site of the new town and harbour of Fort Churchill, the terminus of the proposed Hudson Bay Railway. This week we follow this up with photographs of the Hudson Bay posts at Churchill and York Factory and maps showing two possible routes for the railway. From these and the article, it will be apparent that the question of a Hudson Bay port is not yet settled. There is a choice between the mouth of the Churchill and the mouth of the Nelson. Just where the Great Port of the North will be is a most interesting speculation.

THE circulation department again request that subscribers give prompt notice of their return from the summer resorts, or other changes of address.



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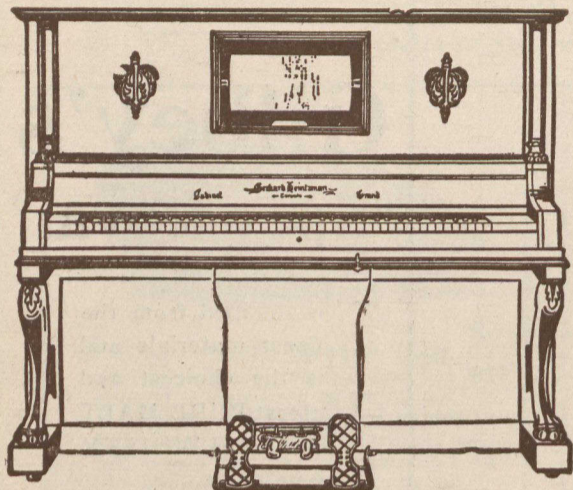


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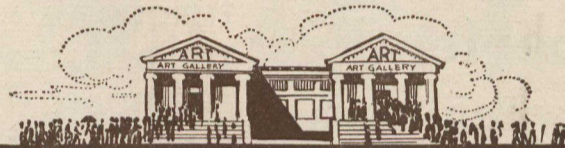
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0 **AUG. 31 to SEPT. 12** 0
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A National Weekly

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Vol. IV.

Toronto, August 15th, 1908.

No. 11

IN THE PUBLIC VIEW

"BOBBIE" KERR has an awful responsibility. He is perhaps the most isolated Canadian alive. He is the only Canadian that comes home from the Olympic games with a laurel wreath such as the Greeks delighted to give their heroes. In two hundred metres, which is a little more than two hundred yards, he accomplished more from a celebration standpoint than the whole

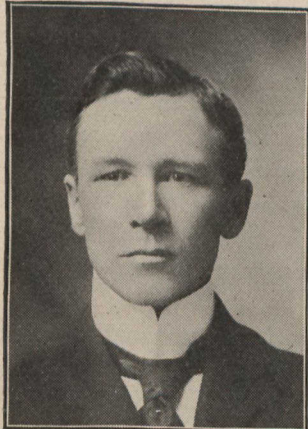


Champion "Bobbie" Kerr winning the 200 Metres Race at the Olympic Stadium.

contingent of Canadians who aggregated some hundreds of miles in the Marathon—creditable as the average was. Mr. Kerr will also have the distinction of sitting on the other end of the celebrity teeter with "Billy" Sherring. The latter Hamilton gentleman had to run twenty-six miles to get his reception two years ago—and that as every one knows was a warm one. So that whether the measurement is by speed or endurance, Hamilton at present holds the premiership in Canada for foot-racing. The phenomenon is not hard to explain. Any one who has made a before-breakfast pastime of running up and down Hamilton's mountain ought to have lungs and legs enough for anything in the way of racing. The whole of Canada, however, will be at one with Hamilton in extending congratulations to this plucky young runner who snatched the green bays from the swiftest among all nations.

* * *

OLD BOYS' reunions have been cropping out thick during the past few days. Renfrew with its fifty years' jubilee and London and Guelph each with a homecomers' festival are among the most conspicuous. Ontario seems to have the great majority of these celebrations, which as yet are pretty scarce in the West. Some time in the calendar of Canadian celebrations we shall have old boys' reunions at Daysland, Alberta, and Wadena, Saskatchewan. But any of the four hundred new towns on the prairie will need to accumulate a good deal more archaism than they have at present before there will be much atmosphere for the old boys. Nothing is so valuable as a town pump for gatherings of this kind; the old, moss-grown, rickety pump where the history-makers used to sit of a summer evening and watch the horses drink and tell coon-hunting stories and fishing yarns and swap politics.

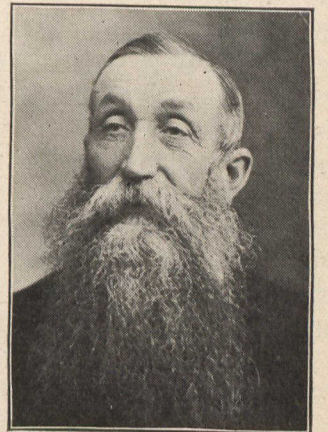


T. W. McGarry, M.L.A.,
South Renfrew.

London and Guelph and Renfrew have all been long enough on the map of Ontario to have the old forums marked out. Old-timers are thick in all these places; men who began to work on the job of making history in the first hour of the day and stayed at it till the twelfth hour; working away on the old corner and waiting for the town to grow; keeping all they had and reaching out for more; glad to get another railway station—which at present is much needed in London; glad when the census was taken and showed hundreds more than the census before; glad to be able to say that they got such and such factories without bonuses; that they sent such and such men to Parliament and to Legislature and to the high places

in business; proud that they had history to relate reaching back to the days when the first market was an Indian camp on the flats along the river. And in none of these three towns could there have been quite a complete old boys' reunion without a few of the red men that had the town site staked out before the railway ever got near it.

London is one of the cleanest, busiest and most progressive cities in Canada. It is also one of the most religious. Not long ago it was known as the Forest City. Situated on the Thames—as near the head of navigation as it is possible for a town to be; home of some of the best-known figures in public life—including Hon. Adam Beck, the late Sir John Carling, Hon. Mr. Hyman, ex-Minister of Public Works, and Mr. George Gibbons, K.C., chairman of the Canadian section of the International Waterways Commission; originator of the great annual Western Fair; a centre of education and the possessor of one of the finest markets in Canada; a city where those who would go anywhere on Sunday must either walk or hire cabs; a city of beautiful homes and of hospitable people; and a city that is steadily adding to its population without the necessity of importing immigrants.

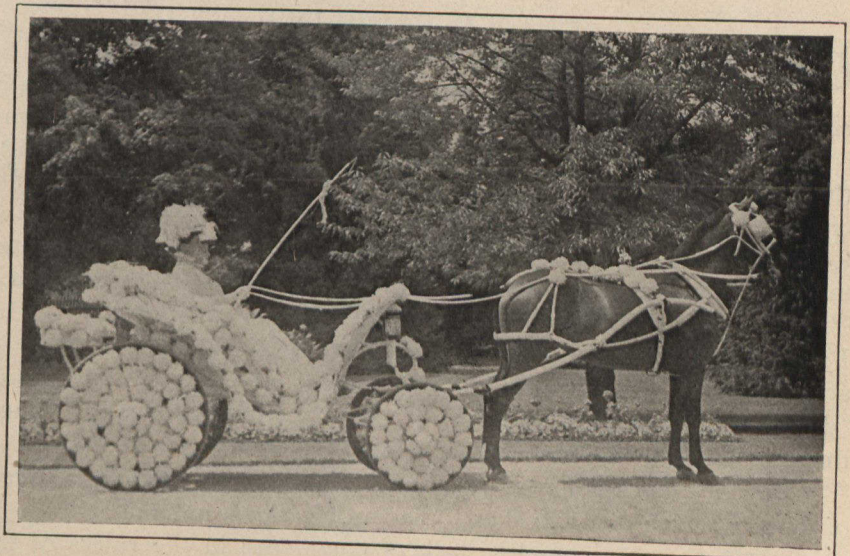


A. A. Wright, M.P., for
South Renfrew.

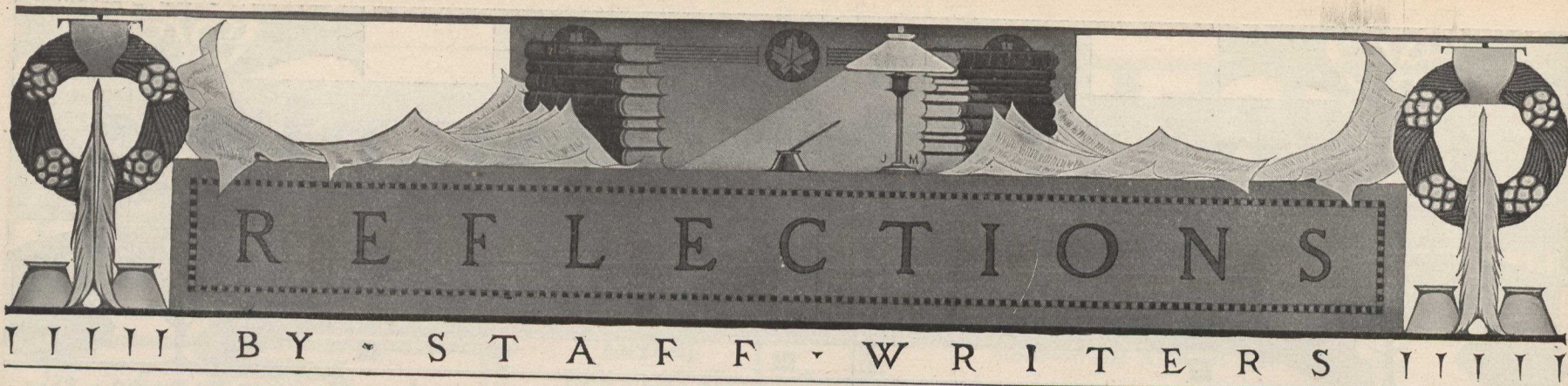
Mrs. Adam Beck, who took a prominent part in the London festival, presides over one of the handsomest homes in that city of hospitality. Mrs. Beck, formerly Miss Lillian Ottaway, became the wife of Mr. Adam Beck in the year that he was elected Mayor of London and, although very young to discharge the duties of such a position, the youthful bride won general popularity as the wife of the Chief Magistrate. Mrs. Beck's father was an Englishman and her healthy Old Country taste shows itself in a fondness for all equestrian sport. The stables of *Headley*, as the Beck residence is called, are among the finest in Western Ontario. Mrs. Beck's interest in social and musical matters is such as to lend grace and distinction to any movement with which she is identified and, in every respect, the hostess of *Headley* is a fair and gentle type of Canadian womanhood.

* * *

GUELPH again is a good solid old city; built of limestone and as English in its nomenclature as Stratford. Guelph is on the Speed—but has never been boasting about anything hectic in the way of progress. Steadily for more than half a century this sensible home town has been climbing its beautiful hills and reaching out over one of the most charming landscapes in Canada towards Erindale and Elora. Guelph has the greatest agricultural college in the world and one of the most famous schools for women in Canada.



Mrs. Adam Beck's-Flower-Decked Carriage, London Old Boys' Celebration



THE NORTHERN TRADE ROUTE

THAT much-discussed question of a northern trade route to Liverpool, via Hudson Bay, a twin of the successful St. Lawrence route, is receiving more attention. If its difficulties can be overcome, and even a limited use made possible, Canada stands to gain a great deal. There is little wisdom in the attitude taken by such men as Mr. J. H. Plummer who, in a recent interview in London, condemned the route as "commercially impracticable." This is only a relative term. What is commercially impracticable to-day is quite possible to-morrow. No doubt there are great difficulties in the way. It has been repeatedly declared in the last century that the St. Lawrence route was impracticable for fast vessels. Yet it looks as if the experiences with the *Empresses*, the *Victorian* and the *Virginian* were likely to lead to twenty-knot boats being put upon the Liverpool-Montreal route. Already passengers from the United States are taking the St. Lawrence route in preference to the New York route and its freight traffic is expanding with great rapidity.

There are several problems to be solved before the Hudson Bay route is a factor in Canadian transportation, but the problems are neither so numerous nor so forbidding as they once were. It has been proved that steel tramp steamers may safely essay Hudson Strait, without the assistance of adequate charts or light-houses, for several months in the year. It is but reasonable to conclude that further experience, the improvements in the charting, and the building of light-houses will extend the period of navigation in these never-frozen waters.

The question of a suitable harbour is another problem. Without ice-breakers to keep the entrance and channel open, Churchill is possible only to November 1st. A harbour on the west side of the Nelson, near its mouth, may be feasible. Last year, the Nelson did not freeze over above Seal Island until January 10th, owing to the rapidity of the current. Below Seal Island, which is more than twenty miles from the mouth of the river, there is seldom or never a complete freeze-over. The current, the tide and the salt water prevent it. The only features which present difficulty are the low, shelving shore and the enormous and constant silt depositing. Yet these are not insurmountable.

The bugaboos of the Hudson Bay Route are steadily decreasing in number. They may never all vanish, but it is just possible that those which remain will not prevent the limited use of that outlet for the products of central Canada. If people were to be frightened away by bugaboos, then Canada would have remained forever a barren and inhospitable waste, fit only to be the habitation of buffalo, caribou, musk-ox and polar bears.

POLITICAL DEGENERACY

OUT in the West, elections are much the same as in the East. The two parties fight out their differences in a manner equally enthusiastic and equally crude. The present contest in Saskatchewan is characteristic. The Premier started off his campaign by charging that the Opposition candidate in Regina has been guilty of misconduct while in municipal life. The *Winnipeg Telegram*, the leading Conservative paper so far as Western politics are concerned, states that he used language "that would be more suited to the tongue of a Tammany thug than to the Premier of a Canadian province." The Premier's conduct and language may have been bad, but no one will accuse the *Telegram* of setting him a good example. Again, it speaks of "the resources which have been stolen from it [Saskatchewan] through the treachery of the Hon. Walter Scott."

Not only does the language on both sides betray all the absence of dignity which distinguishes Canadian elections, but the attitude of the people shows a complete lack of confidence in the rulers of the day, no matter what their political name may be. A despatch from

Moose Jaw declares that the Opposition, "as in 1905, will take every pains to see that the election is not stolen. Three years ago an armed guard stood watch over the ballots at the city hall night and day for two weeks. The same precaution will be taken this year." How low we have fallen, when we cannot trust each other to preserve even the sanctity of the ballot! Are we really any better than New York or St. Petersburg?

Again, the Opposition members from Ottawa are going about the country talking of the "carnival of graft," of "fake and bogus homesteading," and accusing all and sundry members of the government, past and present, with dishonorable conduct. In the Province of Quebec, the Hon. Jean Prevost, lately member of the Gouin cabinet, is accusing the Premier of improper conduct and promises to drive him out of public life within six months. In New Brunswick, there has been a fairly successful effort to prove that leading ex-statesmen were guilty of using public funds for private purposes.

The whole political panorama gives one the impression that our political standards are extremely low and that the language of our public discussions has fallen to the same level. It would seem as if public honesty and integrity had largely vanished from our midst, and that public discussion of political principles had been displaced almost entirely by an exchange of Billingsgate language which is disgusting and debasing.

If some means are not adopted looking to better political conditions, the result must be a still further recession from public integrity and public dignity. If all our public men are to be called thieves, then only thieves will remain in public life. Surely, it would be possible on the part of publicists and journalists to raise the discussion of political questions to a higher level by concerted action. Surely also, there are enough strong, pure men in public life to make a distinct effort to eliminate crookedness from electoral campaigns and departmental administration. If Canada is to attain that greatness which seems to be awaiting her, there must be a speedy and radical change in political conditions.

AMBITION AND ABILITY

CANADIAN municipalities, like many individual citizens, have sometimes more ambition than ability. Strange as it may seem, the larger the city the less the ability. At least twice recently, some one ventured to show that Winnipeg's system of bookkeeping was faulty in some important features. In Montreal, a foreman is accused of padding pay-sheets, and drawing money for names which did not represent employees. In Toronto, it has been shown that the system of bookkeeping is old-fashioned, the system of auditing practically useless, and that the municipal statistics are quite unreliable.

In the matter of water-rates, it is being shown that the Toronto rates (other than metre rates) are quite inadequate and that a readjustment must be made. Bad bookkeeping has been the cause of the trouble. In Montreal, on the other hand, bad bookkeeping has kept the rates too high. Recently these have been reduced but only after a five-years' agitation. On a rental of \$300 a year in 1907 a householder paid \$22.50 for water; now he pays \$15.00. In Toronto, on the same rental, the householder would pay from \$5 to \$8 according to the number of taps and persons in his house. No doubt these Toronto rates are too low; and it is well known that the system of inspection is inadequate and that many users pay only one-half what they should pay.

In the matter of street management the cities are equally careless. The work done in Montreal and Toronto by the various contractors is seldom up to specifications. In neither city is the city engineer's office as efficient as a similar office would be under private control. The writer was told of a case where an inspector was warned by a householder that a new roadway was being scamped. The com-

plainant was told that the matter had been referred to the engineer's office, and that the inspector had been given to understand that the contractor was "all right" and to shut his eyes to the facts. The inspector practically has a choice between passing the work or resigning his position.

It is quite evident that it is difficult for a city, ruled by vote-made aldermen, to get good service in any of its departments. The same difficulty applies to the federal and the provincial governments and to such bodies as the Transcontinental Railway Commission. It is also true that private corporations find similar difficulties and are occasionally cheated. It does seem, however, as if municipalities and governments are more badly treated in this respect than private companies and corporations. If the private company finds it is being cheated, it at once raises a row and proceeds to stop the process; if a municipality or a government finds it out, it buries its head in the sand and refuses to admit or rectify the errors. It is a strange feature of our public life, that no public administrator is willing to admit that the public have been cheated or to help to punish the offenders.

From these unsatisfactory features of public administration, one is almost forced to the conclusion that most municipalities and governments have more ambition than ability. Of course, it should be their aim to increase their ability rather than to curb their ambition.

AN UNWARRANTED CHARGE

MR. HARRY J. LANDAHL, vice-president of the Dawson Board of Trade, recently made a tour in Eastern Canada. He returned to Vancouver to make the statement that the Eastern Canada press "showed a feeling of jealousy" by refusing favourably to mention British Columbia and the Yukon. If this were the first time such a charge had been made it might safely be overlooked, but such is not the case. There have been many instances of the same kind.

Mr. Landahl's mistake is due to mistaking local for national papers. The ordinary local weekly or small daily has little room for news other than what concerns the particular district in which it circulates. The larger dailies, the trade papers and the periodicals publish just as much news from the West as from the East, population and importance considered. The "Canadian Courier," for example, has published just as many photographs and articles from the West as it has from the East. In fact, it has been criticised for devoting too much attention to these new portions of Canada. There are other publications which have done equally well in this respect.

AN EYE - WITNESS' STORY

By A TRAVELLING CORRESPONDENT

Fernie, B.C., August 4, 1908.—Enclosed please find photographs—the first taken in Fernie after the fire; also a few paragraphs which you may find useful.

Fernie makes a weird picture at night. The fires on the hills show only smoke in the daytime, but the night reveals the flame—hundreds of little bonfires as of an army encamped around. Some wrecked cars are blazing brightly and the ruins glow here and there.

They tell wonderful stories of the wind. Fifty miles an hour is their lowest estimate. John B— was lifted off his feet and flung heavily on his back. Huge boards were seen flying through the air. Four hours saw the city swept clean. Fernie is the safest town in the pass. There is little left to burn.

In the neighbouring towns the people are liable to break into panic at any time. I saw an instance this morning. I went down to Coal Creek—about six miles from Fernie, and a veritable fire-trap. The smoke lay heavily in the valley, completely hiding the mountains. Some light-brain came up crying out that French Camp was on fire, that everybody would have to get out in five minutes. Then there was a scurry. Children were hurriedly dressed, bags packed and the migration commenced. The miners caught the panic and swarmed out of the mines, every man running for all his might. But the rumour was unfounded. The women dragged their children home again.

Perhaps thirty houses are left standing in Fernie, including the Crow's Nest Pass Coal Company's office building. From here all work is directed. Cars of provisions had been hurried in at once. Tents were run up and open-air kitchens started before the Coal Company's office. A fine meal awaits every man who will work. I would like to get a picture of Mayor Tuttle, in his khaki trousers and looking as if he hadn't slept a wink, calling out from the office steps: "Ten men wanted to unload a car of flour." There are many men singing the mayor's praises to-day.

None will forget the night spent at Hosmer. They had flour there in front of the flames, and the fire threatened to sweep the town as it had swept Fernie. The heat was so intense that they had to put the women and children into the coke ovens. And then there was

The best answer to Mr. Landahl is an editorial in the Edmonton *Bulletin* of August 1st. It is headed "Canada's Commercial Conditions Depend on the Western Crop," and says: "Readers of eastern papers cannot but have been struck with the lively interest those journals are manifesting in our growing grain. The weather conditions of the central provinces are subjects of their daily enquiry. Special writers are touring the plains and sending back letters filled with first-hand information. . . . In short, anything and everything about the Western grain fields is considered good news matter to-day by papers published in our most distant provinces."

LORD ROBERTS' RECESSIONAL

THE change of dates which finally resulted in Lord Roberts' cancelling his visit to Toronto and the West brought a cloud of disappointment which has the proverbial silver lining. It has occurred to several far-sighted citizens that Lord Roberts' prostration by heat will be an excellent advertisement for the much-maligned Canadian climate. Who will dare to throw snow in Johnny Canuck's face when it is notorious that the Hero of Kandahar, who wrote *Forty-One Years in India*, simply flung up his hands and fled from the scorching plains and hills of this Dominion? No triumphal procession through Toronto's flagged avenues, no receptions in the far West could ever do for Canada what the collapse of the great "Bobs" may accomplish. They will speak in Calcutta with bated breath of the warmth of the Canadian July. In the harbours of Australia they will learn how the veteran from the Orient quailed before the torrid ardour of the St. Lawrence. On the South African veldt they will wonder how Canadians manage to get a breath of air during the heated term. English visitors who cross the Atlantic during the summer will bring fans instead of the old-time furs and will ring for cool drinks as soon as they reach the Chateau. Imperialist Toronto will put its souvenir banners away in sadness but may comfort herself with the thought that the Canadian climate is vindicated at last. Several authorities have been unkind enough to suggest that it was the Toronto programme for his entertainment which sent Lord Roberts' temperature away, away up and inspired the final postponement. Of a surety, the announcement of a dinner of eighty covers, to be held in the Legislative Buildings, was enough to daunt almost any hero. It remains for us to cherish the hope that Lord Roberts will come again—say, in some brown October—and that Toronto will prepare a less exuberant list of "attractions" for his attendance.

the dynamite to think of. Tons of dynamite were stored in the town. A strange scene—hysterical women, crying children and the minister on the station platform kneeling among a kneeling crowd, praying God to change the wind. Others hustled dynamite into the river.

Those who have homes left in Fernie are coming back. The women go about their housework as usual—only they have more to feed. Men sleep on the floors, on the verandahs, on the lawns. There is lots of work to be done. The ruins have not been searched yet and the loss of life is not known, though it is not expected to be very heavy; fourteen is the present total. The C. P. R. soon had their track cleared, but it will be some months before the Great Northern is running through. All their bridges are down.

The people of Fernie—those that are left—take it very philosophically. What is more, they are confident of the future of the town. We can lay it out on a better plan, they say. They said that before the last fire, two years ago, and they straightened and widened their streets and put up beautiful buildings. Fernie looked a city.

But it will be hard to keep the lumber business there. The mills have been cleaned out too often and then, too, the timber is going—going up in smoke. The Elk River Lumber Company have lost 10,000,000 feet of lumber in their Fernie yards.

It rests with the Crow's Nest Pass Coal Company to make or mar the town. They had notices out yesterday that work in the mines would be resumed to-day.

From the windows of the Coal Company's office I look up Mount Fernie. The morning's smoke has lifted, but half way up the mountain the fire is blazing fiercely, sending up clouds of smoke—white smoke with a brown heart. And smoke lies heavy over the east towards Michel, which, latest report says, the fire has caught. The tents look businesslike with their various labels—"Inquire here," "Medical Supply Tent," "Correspondence," and there is a long tent for the miners—"Miners' Tent." The stoves and the serving tables are still in the open and the men eat sitting on the ground much after the fashion of a Sunday-School picnic.

R. W. HART.

Through a Monocle

MR. BOURASSA'S visit to Belgium is exciting considerable comment in the party press. Belgium is the place of mystery where some one wanted to send a commission of enquiry touching some of the phases of the Baron de l'Epine scandal; but the commission was not sent. Now Mr. Bourassa has been over quietly on his own account, and the party press are either hopeful or apprehensive—as their politics may be—that he has been doing a little enquiring for his own information. Coincident with this comes Mr. Prevost's pious hope that Premier Gouin's political head will last about six months. Thus it is apparent that, whatever may be the state of the Conservative Opposition in the Province of Quebec, the Liberal Opposition is getting ready for some lively politics. But Sir Lomer Gouin has a pretty stiff neck between his political head and his broad political shoulders; and his execution will not be regarded as settled until it has occurred. In any case, Mr. Bourassa is plainly going to liven up the entertainment in Old Quebec when the Legislature meets, and the country will be quite as well aware of him there as if he were at Ottawa.

* * *

THESSE possible disturbances in Quebec will make it more than ever improbable that the Federal Liberals will delay their elections until after next autumn. A formidable split in the party in that province would weaken its prestige throughout the Dominion; and no Government is likely to wait around long for that sort of thing. The Opposition clearly expects elections. Mr. Herbert Ames is carrying his magic lantern show all over the country; and Mr. Foster is planning speaking tours in all directions. Mr. George Taylor predicts elections with great confidence; and no one knows better than the Opposition "Whip" that it would be bad tactics to lead his little army to fire off all its not too plentiful ammunition a six months before the real battle began. If savage attack is any indication, the small town Liberal press expects elections; and the word would have to be passed to the skirmish line pretty early to get it into action in time. The nominating conventions are busy; and the country is in for the business uncertainty of a campaign at all events.

* * *

SIR JAMES WHITNEY has taken his new title to England, where they appraise such things better than we do here. There is not the slightest doubt that most people were glad to see "Jim" Whitney

get a title if he wanted it. He is the sort of man to whom success brings a great amount of popularity. If he had failed, we would have called him waspish; but when he succeeds, we regard him as blunt and honest-spoken. People have come to the conclusion in any case that he means to deal frankly with the province and to give it precisely the kind of government he pretends he is giving. And people, sick to death of clever dissimulation, are passionately fond of frankness. They will forgive anything to a public man who will deal openly with them, and not try to be too diplomatic and evasive. I wonder that more politicians who depend upon popular suffrage for their power do not go in for the open style of political diplomacy. Nothing pays like it with an intelligent democracy.

* * *

IN eighteen hundred years people have not learned to love a Pharisee any better. When a man pretends to motives that do not move the majority of his fellows, his fellows simply discredit his honesty. He may be all that he claims, but the people are a cynical lot and entertain their doubts. The fortunate man who actually is better than the rest of us should be exceedingly careful to say nothing about it. He ought to impress upon his lips the absolute necessity of keeping the dark secret. If it is to come out at all, it ought to be revealed through his actions. This is the reason why the people distrust the impeccable man. They often love a man most for his mistakes, his weaknesses, his human foibles. At all events, they like the appearance of impulsiveness, of unconsidered frankness, even of bluntness. This latter "vice" is one of Whitney's sources of popularity.

* * *

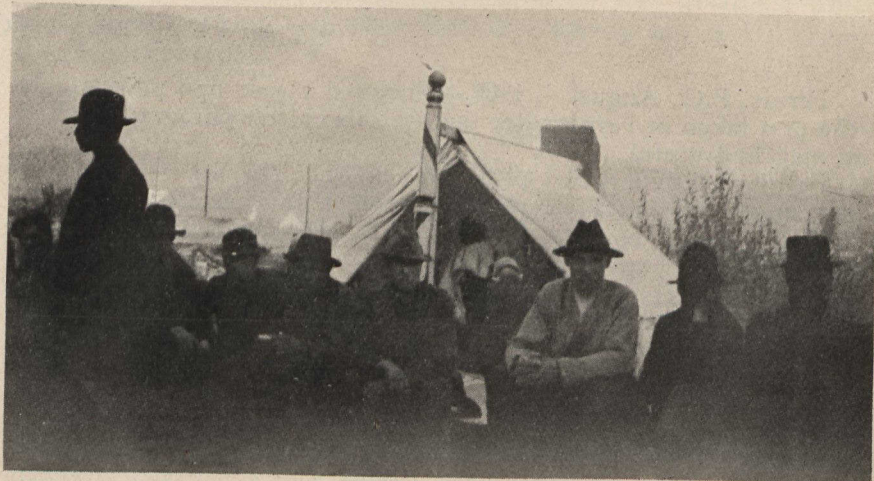
SIR HIBBERT TUPPER is another man whom people like because of his ready frankness. And, by the way, they seem to like him too well for the comfort of certain jealous politicians; and the result is that the Conservative party loses his assistance just at the time when it needs him most. Sir Mackenzie Bowell earned some popularity in the same way, though his bluntness was tempered by reticence. Then there is Sir William Mulock, who has always had a weakness for saying what is in his mind. The Liberal party lost a valuable asset in the market of popularity when he retired. So much for the popularity of bluntness. Yet bluntness is not agreeable. It is only that smoothness has become the livery of the liar.

Wid Importe

HOW FERNIE IS FARING



The Mayor's Office and Police Headquarters.

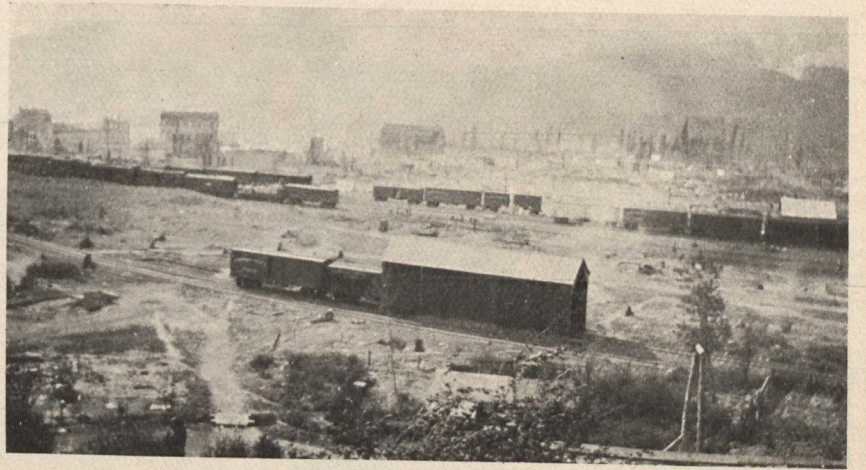
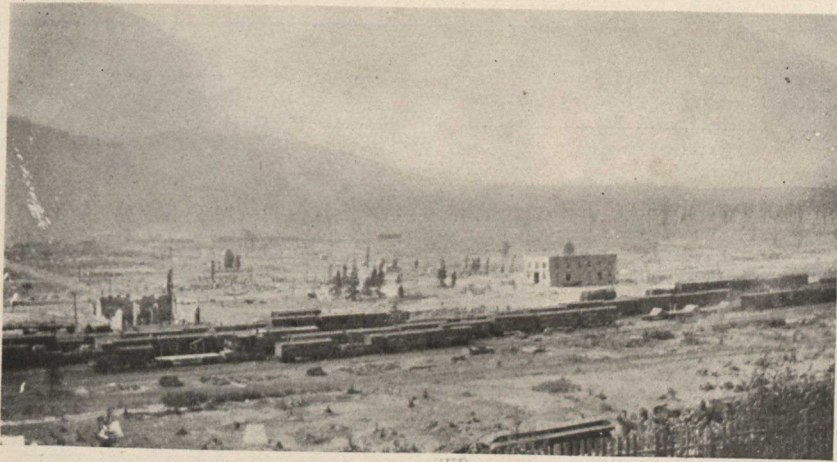


A Barber Shop.

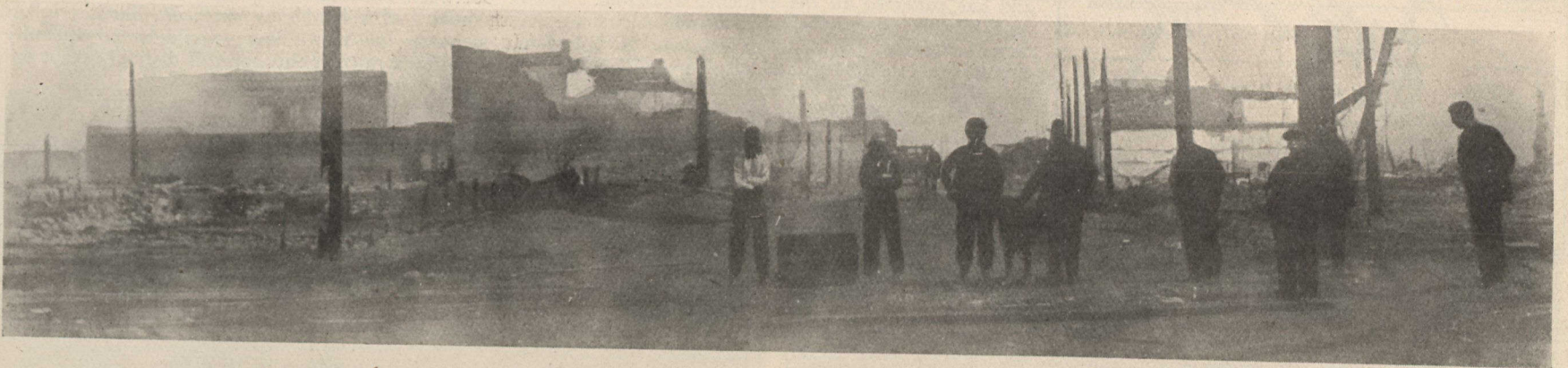


Ruins of Valuable Railway Equipment—View from the Station Platform

BUSH FIRES CAUSE FERNIE'S SECOND GREAT FIRE



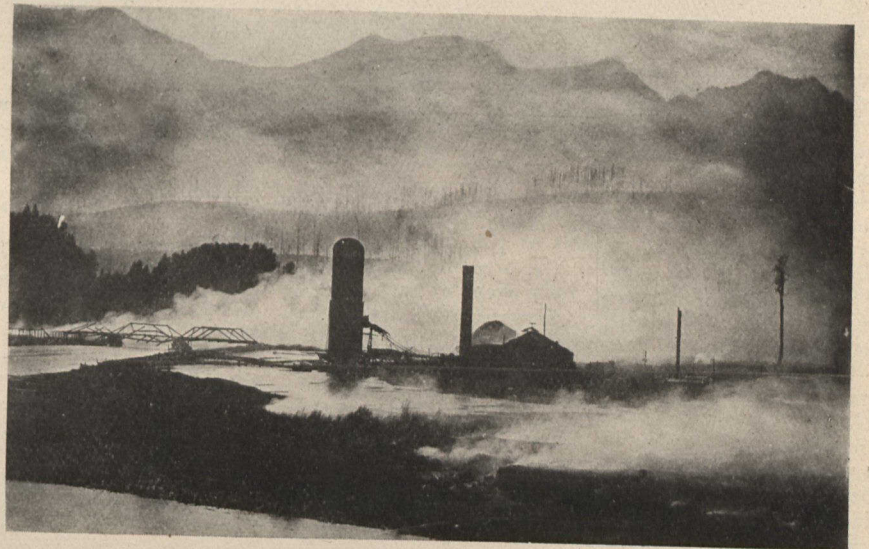
Two General Views of the Burned Town—One looking north-west and one north-east. The ten-year-old Mining Town of Fernie, B.C., laid desolate.



Main Street in this flourishing Mining Town as it appeared after the fire of August 2nd had swept over it.



The Head Office of Crow's Nest Coal Company was saved and turned into a Town Headquarters and a Telegraph Office.



When the Elk River Lumber Company's Mills and 10,000,000 feet of Lumber were destroyed.



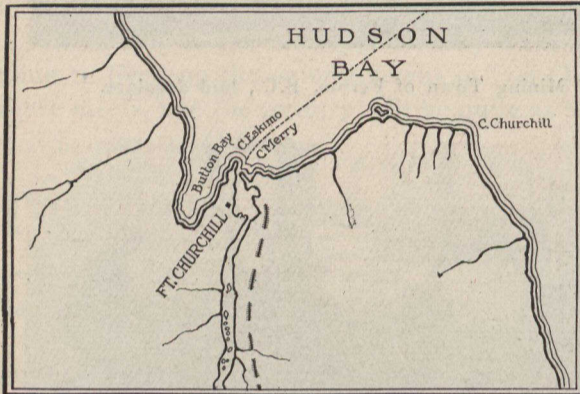
Feeding the Workers at Headquarters, during and after the Fire. Fernie's population of 6,000 is being looked after.

THE HUDSON BAY ROUTE

THE STORY OF A DREAM AND ITS POSSIBLE REALISATION

ONE of the most important decisions reached by the Dominion Government in 1908 relates to the building of a railway from Lake Winnipeg to Hudson Bay. For thirty years such a railway has been a dream of the westerner. More than one charter has been granted, and more than one railway has been commenced. The Governments of Great Britain and Manitoba have all taken a considerable interest in the project and numerous investigations have been made.

There have been two chief points in the controversy which has been going on for a generation. The first was the possibility of building a railway



Map showing nature of the almost land-locked Harbour at Fort Churchill.

to Hudson Bay, and the second was the possibility of carrying goods from Hudson Bay to Liverpool via Hudson Strait. The opening up of the Northwest and the discovery that wheat could be grown several hundred miles farther north than any one anticipated, combined with the gradual accumulating knowledge that the northern part of Canada contained considerable mineral wealth, has convinced people that the building of such a railway is possible and advisable. The question of navigation remains a disputed point. It is quite true that Hudson Bay never freezes and it is just possible that Hudson Strait is seldom or never entirely frozen over. Nevertheless, this argument is not conclusive, for the simple reason that all these northern waters are made dubious by reason of the large fields of floating ice which continually present themselves. The rotation of the earth from west to east causes the ice fields and icebergs coming down from the north to float in through Hudson Strait.

In 1888 a select committee of the House of Commons inquired into the question of navigation of Hudson Bay and submitted a report. This stated that Hudson Bay is a vast sheet of water measuring 1,300 miles in length with an average width of about 600 miles. The average depth was placed at 70 fathoms and it was stated that there were no rocks nor dangerous reefs to impede navigation. The temperature of the water of Hudson Bay in summer is some 14 degrees higher than that of the water of Lake Superior. The report on Hudson Strait stated that it is 45 miles wide between Resolution Island and Button Island on the north coast of Labrador with a rapid current and a tide rising from 30 to 40 feet. "Were it not for the presence of the Polar ice which comes down from the Arctic seas by way of Fox's Strait during the months of April, May, June and July, Hudson's Strait would be exceptionally safe, owing to the uniform great depth of water and the entire absence of reefs or dangerous islands."

The committee compiled a comparative table of distances as follows:

	Miles.
Liverpool to Fort Churchill	2,926
Fort Churchill to Calgary	1,000
Calgary to Vancouver via C. P. R. ..	642
	4,568
Liverpool to Montreal	2,990
Montreal to Vancouver via C. P. R. ..	2,906
	5,896

Difference in favour of Hudson Bay 1,328

The committee further stated that navigation was possible during nearly three months in the year and that with further seafaring knowledge they could probably be prolonged some weeks. Presumably this would cover the months of July, August and September.

In 1884-85-86 the Dominion Government sent an expedition to test the navigability of the Strait and Bay. In 1888 the Provincial Legislature of Manitoba appointed a select committee which dealt with

the possibility of Hudson Bay navigation. In 1894 there was formed in Great Britain a company known as the "Hudson Bay and Pacific Railway and New Steamship Route" for the purpose of exploiting this possible line of travel. The promoters of this company published a rather interesting pamphlet which contained most of the information which was available at that time, and any person interested in the subject will find in it some entertaining reading.

During the fourteen years that have elapsed since that time there has been more or less investigation, and much has been written and spoken as to the possibility of the route. The floating ice bogey has nearly disappeared. The Dominion Government has sent two or three expeditions to the north, and several engineers have made investigations both as to the inland districts and the coast lines. During the past winter a select committee of the Dominion Senate has given further attention to the subject and has collected all the evidence available. Their report is a voluminous and extensive document. A large portion of the material has been published in a pamphlet entitled "Canada's Fertile Northland," published under the authority of the Honourable Frank Oliver, Minister of the Interior. While this evidence relates to the whole of northern Canada, some of it bears directly upon the possibility of a Hudson Bay railway, the resources of the country through which it will run and the line of policy which will be pursued by the Government in further development of this northern district. Among the recommendations of this committee is the following:

"(2) That the construction of a railway connecting existing railways with Fort Churchill on the Hudson Bay, would open up a large tract of land, well fitted for settlement, as well as afford an additional outlet for the products of the West, and where settlements are now being made."

Section C of this report deals especially with the navigability of Hudson Bay and Hudson Strait and contains evidence from Mr. A. P. Low, Mr. J. B. Tyrrell, Dr. Robt. Bell and Commander Wakeham. Mr. Low states that between the end of July and the end of September, when he was there, the Strait was not quite clear of floating ice, but that there was not sufficient ice during this period to harm an ordinary vessel. From the end of September snow squalls are frequent and when the temperature gets low there is considerable fog. He seems convinced, however, that navigation is possible up to November 15th. The presence of floating ice would depend very much upon the direction of the prevailing winds. Iron tramp steamers should find little difficulty during this period. After November 15th, especially prepared steamers could navigate the Bay and Strait for a considerable period in favourable years. During at least two months of the year there was no trouble from ice at all, and the Hudson Bay route was then even a clearer one than the St. Lawrence.

Mr. Tyrrell, who has been in Churchill twice in the months of October and November, confirms Mr. Low's opinion as to the possibility of navigation and is almost more convinced as to its practicability.

However, the harbour of Fort Churchill closes about November 1st and if Fort Churchill is the only good harbour on the western coast of Hudson Bay, then of course navigation will be practically useless after that harbour is closed.

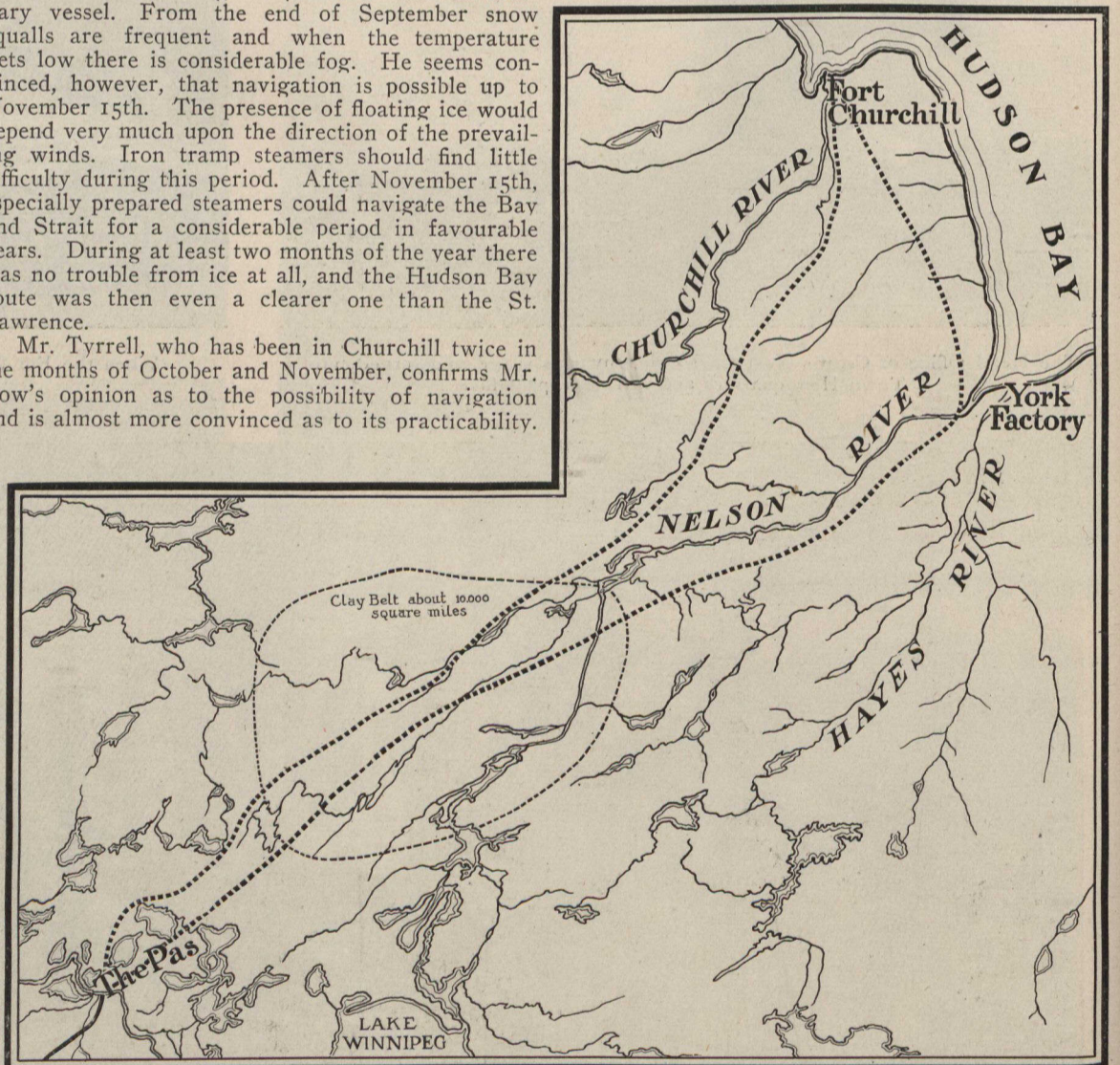
Dr. Robt. Bell explains that he has been through Hudson Strait nine times. June 22nd was the earliest date on which he entered the Strait. All his trips were made between June 22nd and October 10th. No difficulty was ever experienced. Hudson Strait is 500 miles in length and averages 100 miles in width and there are many possible harbours on each of the shores. With proper lighting and reliable charts, navigation of the Strait should be easy. He never saw but one fog in the Strait and no blinding snow-storms. He saw no reason why ships should not pass through the Strait at any time during the winter; neither the Bay nor the Strait is frozen up any more than the Atlantic Ocean. Between Churchill River and Nelson River the land consists of a hard clay surface. Farther inland it is partly muskeg. There would be no difficulty in building a railway through this district except on the muskeg land near Churchill.

Commander Wakeham details his experiences with the sailing vessel, *Diana*, which he took into Hudson Bay in 1897. They had some trouble with pack ice in the latter part of May, but if he were taking the trip again he would know how to avoid it. They made several trips in and out of the Strait and never had any further delay from ice. On September 7th they experienced their first snow storm. On October 24th he was at Cape Wolstenholme and met no ice. In their last attempt to get into the Bay on October 29th, they were stopped by heavy winds and snow storms. He made four round trips altogether, two of them into Hudson Bay and one of them as far as Churchill. He is convinced that when the Strait is properly surveyed and lighted navigation will be safe, but thinks it will end about November 1st.

CONCLUSION.

As to the navigability of Hudson Bay and Strait all authorities agree that it is possible until November 15th.

(Continued on page 13)



The proposed Hudson Bay Railway will have a choice of routes, to be determined by the Engineers' reports and the possibility of a Harbour at the Mouth of the Nelson. York Factory is at the Mouth of the Hayes River, but there is no good Harbour there. From The Pas, present terminus of C.N.R. to the Mouth of the Nelson is 450 miles; from there to Churchill is 100 miles.

SOME NEW PICTURES FROM HUDSON BAY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARL E. BEECH.



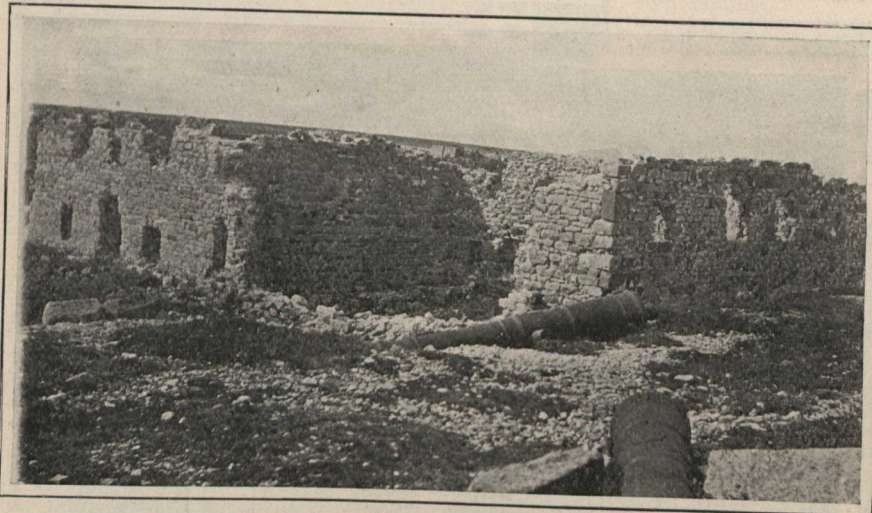
Interior View of York Factory, Hudson's Bay Company's Post, at the Mouth of the Hayes River, near the Mouth of the great River Nelson.



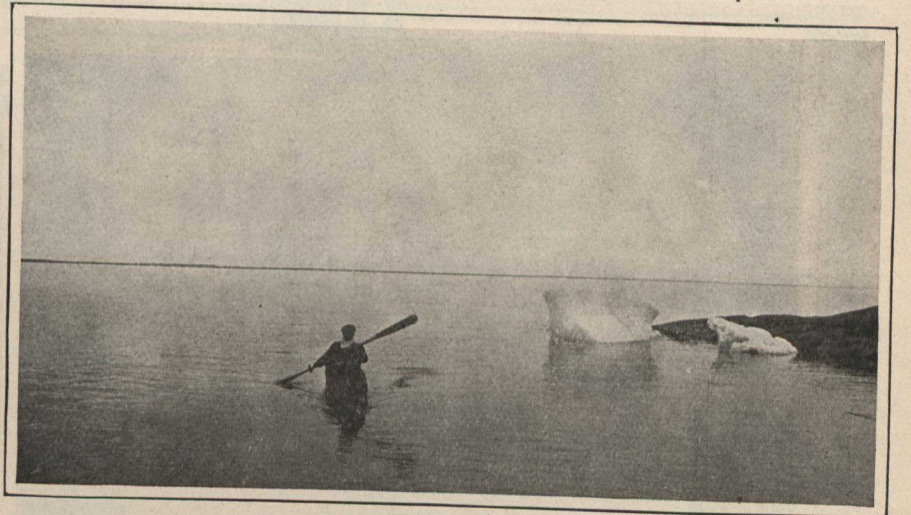
Interior of Fort Churchill, H. B. Company's Post, west side of Churchill River.



Hudson Bay Company's Whaling Station, east side of Churchill River. Wooden Track put down once a year to bring in Freight from Ship.



Interior of Old Fort Prince of Wales, near Churchill, showing ancient Cannon.



Eskimo Kyack or Seal Skin Boat on the Churchill River.



Eskimo Children Swimming off Old Fort Prince of Wales in Fort Churchill Harbour. Photograph taken in July, 1907.

Captain Vancouver's Last Voyage

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE



IN the celebration of the deeds of great voyageurs, Captain George Vancouver need not be forgotten. The painstaking and rather pious mariner who first explored the Gulf of Georgia and gave Vancouver Island its name did as much for the western coast of America as Champlain and La Salle did for the southern interior of Canada, as Mackenzie and Franklin for the far north, or Simon Fraser for the interior of British Columbia.

Three quaint old leather-bound volumes printed with the old-style letter "s" and illustrated by curious archaic wood cuts, tell the story of the long round-the-world trip that took four years of the last seven of Captain Vancouver's life. These volumes were a substantial part of the evidence at the Alaska Tribunal when the boundaries of Canada were under scrutiny. The Captain died before he had finished the work, leaving it to his brother John.

Vancouver made his memorable voyage between the first of April, 1791, and the early part of 1795. Somewhat less than half this time was spent on the western coast of America; the rest at the Sandwich and other Pacific islands, and Australia and New Zealand, and on the way over the high seas. Vancouver went by way of the Cape of Good Hope; he returned via Cape Horn; so that in this trip he went clear round the globe as far as a mariner was able to go—a thing which twice before he had almost done when accompanying Captain Cook.

Captain Vancouver was commissioned by His Majesty George III., who had lately lost his subjects in the eastern part of America, to see what sort of land might be the west coast, of which no one as yet knew anything in particular—the southern part of the continent belonging to Spain whose missionaries had done some travelling along the north-western coast. Besides, it was thought by Vancouver that he might find an eastward passage to the interior great lakes. He had heard of the

journeys of Champlain and of La Salle, the former of whom thought he might follow the great lake system to China, and the latter of whom did as much of the journey as any man could do when he traversed the upper lakes, beginning at Lake Erie, where just above Niagara Falls he built the first vessel ever floated on the lakes.

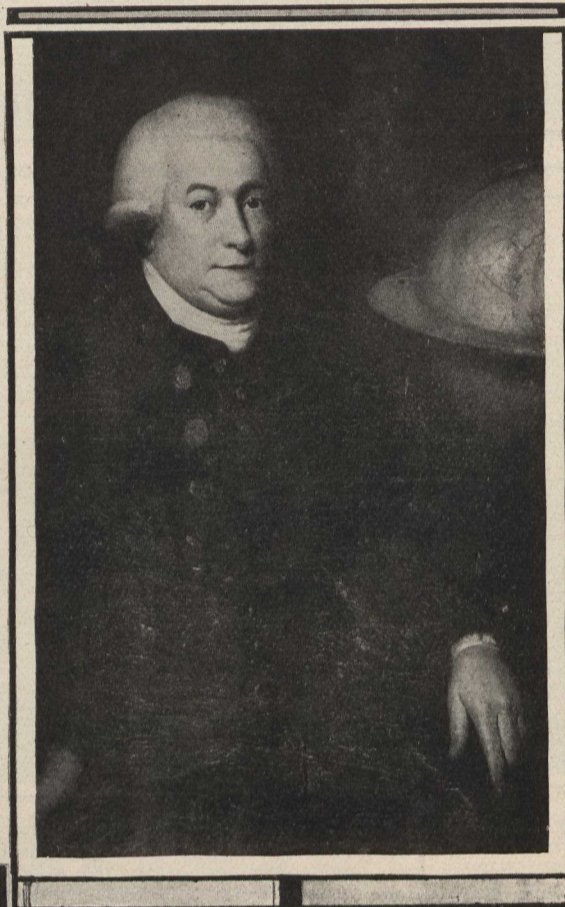
Vancouver seems to have trusted a good deal in God and his imagination; at the same time he

had a scientific mind and he carried with him on this trip with the *Chatham* and the *Discovery* everything a mariner could use in those days for making surveys. The only loss by death on the voyage occurred before the party got well away from Falmouth, when one John Brown, the carpenter's mate, described as "an excellent gentleman," fell overboard.

They set out, as the Captain himself says, "with minds, it may be conjectured, not entirely free from serious and contemplative reflection." In fact the whole crew seem to have been shadowed by pious notions. There was never even a mutiny. One thing the Captain insisted upon—clean ship. While the bill of fare more than once got down to sauerkraut and potato broth, the store-rooms were washed with vinegar and the decks fumigated with a burning mixture of gunpowder and vinegar, and he himself confesses that the smell of this compound was very bad—but never a whimper from his crew.

It was the spring of 1792, just about a year after the beginning of the voyage, that Vancouver's two wooden ships crawled up through Puget Sound—named after one of the crew—and past Mount Baker, christened after the third lieutenant. The Indians in these regions he describes very intelligently. None of them were able to speak the Nootka language, however, so that the Captain was at a loss to know what sort of savages they might be. Here a village and there a canoe, the natives offered to trade skins and meat for knick-knacks; and in one case they offered a good-looking child for a chunk of copper, of which the Captain had plenty; but he indignantly refused and gave the pagans some very pious advice about citizenship.

His description of how the crew got to work as soon as they landed is a marvel of industry. Apparently the crews were so glad to get on shore that they fairly devoured the work. They went making and mending sails, inspecting calks, cutting wood, brewing spruce beer—a delightful concoction!—repairing the rigging, stocking up the commissariat, cleaning out holds and loading in gravel ballast and stopping leaks—every man as busy as a beaver and



IN THE CEMETERY
ADJOINING THIS CHURCH
WERE INTERRED, IN THE YEAR 1798,
THE MORTAL REMAINS OF
CAPTAIN GEORGE VANCOUVER, R.N.
WHOSE VALUABLE AND ENTERPRISING
VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY
TO THE NORTH PACIFIC OCEAN,
AND
ROUND THE WORLD
DURING FIVE YEARS OF LABORIOUS SURVEY,
ADDED GREATLY
TO THE GEOGRAPHICAL KNOWLEDGE
OF HIS COUNTRYMEN
TO THE MEMORY
OF THAT CELEBRATED NAVIGATOR
THIS MONUMENTAL TABLET
IS ERECTED BY
THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY.





The Surrey Churchyard where Vancouver is Buried, an ideal "God's Acre," such as might have inspired Gray's "Elegy."

a model of eternal industry to the indolent savages that watched them.

The Indians seem to have been but little civilised: they wore bear and deer skins, some of them home-made garments; they lived in huts made of poles and mats and skins; sometimes whole villages made of planks leaned against trees—though where they got the planks is not stated, for there were not likely any modern saw-mills around Vancouver in those days.

One of these villages was deserted. The crew came upon a whole jumble of rude wigwams crawling up the side of a rock; but not a smoke or a soul or a hair of any human being to be found. They poked about in the sort of pious awe that always seemed to pervade them; inspecting with minute and scientific care this remarkable phenomenon of a community without people, one of the crew busy making a sketch of it while the rest rummaged about, quite oblivious of danger or the probability of attack from any quarter, when all at once, as the Captain naively remarks:

"Our gentlemen were suddenly assailed by an unexpected enemy, whose legions made so furious an attack upon each of their persons that, unable to vanquish their foes, they rushed up to their necks in water."

A fine hectic picture of the jack-tars who had sailed the seven seas coming down the rock chased by the enemy—but the wily Captain naively concludes by saying that it took his men a long while to wash their clothes and hair free from the swarms of fleas which had probably driven out the Indians and were lying in wait to convince the white voyageurs that civilisation had preceded them.

The more southerly part of the Captain's explorations were a series of delightful discoveries amid landscapes most charming; but the further north he got in the Gulf of Georgia the more rocky the way and the more melancholy the Captain, who seems to have had a great fancy for English landscapes and was astonished to find so many park-like spots on that journey. He named the places just the way he felt; and when he had satisfied himself that the Spanish explorers were a lot of humbugs, and that there was no eastern extension of the Pacific to the great lakes—which were a good deal more than a thousand miles from where he landed—he sailed back down the gulf and along the great island where to-day they are charging three cents a mile to sail

from the city bearing his name to Victoria; back down the southern coast and off again to the Sandwich Islands.

Having done what he was sent to do in the name of God and the king, he was able to report to His Majesty, that though it was certain that in future there would be a yearly celebration known as the Fourth of July, yet there was enough land left to the Crown of England to make a fairly respectable Dominion where the people might not care much about the Fourth but a good deal more about the First; where they might be able to bring the head of the great lakes near to the Gulf of Georgia by a railway or two—and one of these days when they got pretty well ahead and got the date fixed they might celebrate at Quebec the discoveries of Champlain and the victories of Wolfe.

While he was writing his books the good Captain died at Petersham, Surrey, where in the old churchyard he was buried; a very simple gravestone and a modest mural tablet are all that remain to commemorate the career of the sturdy seafaring man who passed away in the year of the Treaty of Ryswick.

The Hudson Bay Route

(Continued from page 10)

ber 1st. There are, however, those who believe that it is possible all winter, in spite of the cold and the snow-storms. To take advantage of it after November 1st, some other port than the land-locked harbour at Churchill would be necessary. A gentleman who has given much attention to the subject for thirty years declares that the port should be at the mouth of the Nelson River, where the tide prevents the ice from forming. The Nelson has a very wide mouth and the tide rises ten to sixteen feet as far up as Seal Island. A port here would be expensive of construction but would be accessible practically all winter. If this theory and these facts are correct, navigation on this route would be possible till perhaps February 1st. November, December and January would be the three most valuable months for the West, for then most wheat is available for export.

As to the railway, there is evidence in favour of building it along the Nelson River instead of along the Churchill. Both routes are shown on the

accompanying map. The Dominion Government has decided on a railway, which will run from the Pas, the present terminus of the Canadian Northern Railway, to the Bay, but the question of the route is left open. Until the present year, no one discussed the advantages of the Nelson River route, but it is just within the bounds of possibility that this may yet be chosen. Much will depend on the reports of the engineers both as to the route itself and the feasibility of a harbour at York Factory or at some point along the Nelson River between Seal Island and the mouth.

An Icelandic Festival

"[SLENDINGADAGURINN]"—this is the newest tongue-twister, and for a while now will be on the tongues of about ten thousand Icelanders in Manitoba. It is the name of the Icelandic celebration in Winnipeg, where so many Icelanders have become useful, and many prominent citizens. This is a sort of Olympic festival; characterised by outbursts of joy in the form of sports and of art—chiefly poetry and orations. There are to be five poems written for the occasion. Says the *Manitoba Free Press*:

"One of these, a poem on Iceland, is written by Stephen G. Stephanson, of Tindastoll, Alberta, who is called the poet laureate of the Rocky Mountains. He came from North Dakota to the Canadian West fifteen or more years ago. He has published one or two books of poems, and has now another in the press. He is considered among the ablest poets the Icelanders have produced. The other writers of poems for the day are Gisli Jonsson, a printer who has a job office in Winnipeg, and who came from Iceland three or four years ago; Magnus Marksson, of Fort Rouge, who did immigration work for the Dominion Government, bringing a party of settlers from Iceland a couple of years ago, and who is the author of a book which has had a large sale both here and in Iceland; G. J. Guttormsson, a farmer near Shoal Lake, son of one of the very early pioneers at Icelandic River, who accompanied Captain Jonasson to Manitoba in 1875; and Dr. Julius Johannesson, a practising physician at Leslie, Saskatchewan. Dr. Johannesson graduated from a Latin college at Reikjavik, Iceland, came to America several years ago, landing on the shores of Labrador."

THE LURE OF THE LONESOME

By FRANCIS DICKIE



Fairburn, remittance man, idler and adventurer, lolled listlessly in a big chair on the hotel rotunda, smoking innumerable cigarettes, and cursed fate, the slow mail service and his delayed money. The dusty street was deserted; it was fiercely hot and he was dry, but his pockets were empty. Though he lived high while the monthly pittance lasted, Fairburn, unlike his fellows, never bummed a drink or ran a bill. And he found it paid; the landlord was more courteous to him and then Fairburn still retained his pride. True, he ruminated, Marie in the white house on the flats would gladly loan him money, but here again his pride asserted itself. So he sat and scowled at the deadness about him and waited.

He had led just such a life for two years and now to-day he felt more bored than ever. The conversation of two weather-beaten plainsmen caught his attention and he listened.

"Yes, Bill, I think it'll pay in the end. I know there's nothin' doing just now but just you wait awhile till the people wake up to the fact of the possibilities of that country and then there'll be a rush and the railroads 'll come. Why, I wouldn't sell my little homestead for a thousand dollars even if it is a hundred miles from nowhere. I tell you when you can get prairie land like that with woods all around you got a bonanza."

Fairburn desisted his listening and once more stared out of the window. Why couldn't he, too, get out somewhere and do something? The thought was so new, so foreign to his easy-going nature that for the moment it took him aback, then his thoughts returned to it and he remained for a long while in a brown study and the delayed mail and his thirst were for the moment forgotten.

All during the long, early summer evening he sat on the upper verandah and thought over the problem. Anyhow, it would be a change and if he did not like it he could come back, he argued.

Passing the office on his way to breakfast, the clerk handed him the long-looked-for letter, but instead of opening it and calling all hands to the bar as had been his custom heretofore, he passed on in to breakfast, still communing with himself.

The evening train found him waiting at the depot, his one suit case, within which rested all his worldly goods, at his side. And late that night he was in the city of the new west.

Rising early, he walked out on the streets. Though new, the place had almost the polish of complete civilisation, only the people belied the inference for here and there stood tall, silent Indians with all the habiliments of the wild, a trapper or two, dozens of freighters and now and then a squaw. There was a strange bustle, a sort of vague, stirring electricity in the air which to him, fresh from the older, deader city, was strangely exhilarating.

Two days later Fairburn rode out of town and struck the trail for the new land beyond. He rode one mustang and led two more well laden with supplies, but his remittance was almost gone. After all, he reflected, he had something to show for it, and he laughed a deep, throaty laugh and felt happy, almost exultant.

As the town dropped from sight in a bend of the trail he broke into a song, his voice loud, clear, care-free.

It was a glorious June day. Overhead the sun shone down with gradually increasing heat, on the grass the dew-drops still glittered and the air was still, gloriously fresh, full of the odours of wide, wind-swept plains. Here and there a meadow lark piped and away off in the azure blue a prairie hawk hung on motionless wings.

All through the long day he rode ever toward the setting sun and everywhere was the rolling prairie, with here and there a stretch of bush, and over all the silence.

Gradually as the hours slipped by the rider felt strangely silent. The immensity and stillness awed him and deep down in his heart a few vague seeds of doubt stirred.

But cool, still dawn found him once more content—immeasurably so.

For five long, dreamy days he rode, unhurried but steadily, always straight in the same direction.

On the fifth night he camped by a little stream back of which a stretch of timber lay; balsam, spruce and poplar.

And after supper as he lay on the long, green

grass, smoking, his head resting on his saddle, a great peace was on him.

In the west the clouds hung purple, red, gold and white, the last rays of the setting sun striking through them making a vast aurora. It was very still and cool. Down among the reeds of the creek a few frogs croaked and the crickets sang from amid the tall prairie grass. Only these sounds and the regular munching of the horses broke the stillness.

"I reckon we'll camp here, old sport," he remarked aloud, addressing the saddle horse, who stood nearby. Already he had fallen into the habit common to those much alone of talking to himself or his dumb companions.

The bronco raised his head and with a slow step walked over and thrust its cool nose into the man's face. They had become great friends in the last few days. The man reached up his arm and stroked the downheld muzzle. The horse remained a minute submitting to the caresses, then resumed its eating.

Gradually the light died out and the western sky faded to dull saffron hue. The night birds began to call and over the man stole a strange content. The air lost its warmth and the falling dew damped the grass; one by one the stars broke forth and over the prairie was a faint, dim light.

Knocking the ashes from his pipe Fairburn arose, spread his blankets and with his saddle for a pillow fell fast asleep.

The following days were busy ones for him. His facilities were so limited and his knowledge none of the best. But another week found him ensconced in a shack, crude but weather proof. Game was abundant and he lived well.

June drew into July and the heat of midsummer was over all. The expedition had been satisfactory, the man reflected one night as he sat at the door and watched the sunset. Somehow he had fallen into this habit of sitting thus at evening. The glorious beauty of the declining sun and the gathering night shades filled him with strange, new feelings. There was a certain grand, pure sublimity in those piled-up clouds and vague new thoughts stirred within the man. Slowly nature was casting its spell over him, unknown, unnoticed, but strangely powerful it was. Life before had held so little for him, but now as he sat at the door and gazed off at the rolling, illimitable plains the desert goddess breathed in his ear and he forgot; forgot the distant world where men strove, fought and debauched. Here everything was peace, delicious repose.

The cooler days of autumn had come. The air was strangely hazy and distant objects showed up unreal, distorted. The air was heavy with the smoky odour of late fall and now and then from afar overhead came the long, echoing honk of the migrating geese. And Fairburn, noting these signs of approaching winter, inventoried his stores and prepared for a trip to town.

There would be a lot of mail, he ruminated, and a goodly wad of money awaiting him. Before leaving town he had written home, and rented a box at the post-office so as to avoid loss and delay.

A cold wind blew the fine particles of sand into his eyes and the clouds were dull, cold red as he rode down the lighted streets. He felt no thrill at his return—somehow the lights and dwellings were almost distasteful after the days spent at home. He smiled oddly, but yet it was home; the little shack back in the wilderness, more of home than anything he had ever had before.

"I guess it's because it's my own," he muttered. He off saddled Sport in the stable yard and turning him over to the hostler strode in to supper.

He ran quickly through the four months' accumulation of mail, four drafts, a couple of letters from far-away pals, with whom he kept up an intermittent correspondence, and some papers.

As he walked back to the hotel a faint lonesomeness gripped him. The noise, the hurrying, unheeding people awoke an acute longing to be away again.

Entering the hotel, he entrusted the drafts to the clerk and strolled into the bar, where a nondescript gathering of freighters and townsmen jostled each other. And then a little of the old life gripped him. It was five months since he had tasted liquor. With the sudden thirst on him he walked to the bar and bought for the crowd. Then someone else treated also and Fairburn felt the unusual leaping of his pulse, the blood mounted to his face and then everything became hazy.

The sun was shining full in his face when he awoke. His head throbbed painfully and his tongue was thick and dry. Unlike other occasions, how-

ever, he felt a fierce disgust at himself, and rising slowly he staggered to the water pitcher and quenched his thirst. A cold bath refreshed him slightly but the unwonted episode left him sick and weak and all day he lay around, dully apathetic.

"Lucky for me I didn't have much cash on me," he mused, "or I'd be going yet and then perhaps I wouldn't want to go back."

But Fairburn was wise and morning two days later found him hitting the trail. This time he took a waggon and team and Sport was forced to trail behind.

Outside the wind howled and the driven snow rattled on the window panes and a fine little pile sifted through a crack in the door jamb. It was a wild night outside and Fairburn, seated comfortably in front of a crackling fire, shivered perceptibly and thanked his stars he was not out in it. The winter had told on him and at times the loneliness oppressed. He could not sit at the door and watch the sunset now and there were no frogs to croak at evening. Yet with the stubborn resolve of a set purpose he quelled all rebellious thoughts and read and smoked stoically.

Suddenly he leaped to his feet. Above the howl of the wind there came to him the cry of a human being. He stood tense, listening, then sat down with a laugh at the absurdity of his fancy. Then it came again, this time nearer. In a moment he had a lantern lit and pulling on his cap and mitts threw the door open and called out a long hello.

The snow swirled in front of him, a dense, white, rotating, smothering, impenetrable mass. From out of the gloom a dim, half unreal figure staggered and fell almost at his feet. Stooping, Fairburn picked up the ice-encrusted form and carried it within. The room was almost cold from the open door and he hastened to throw on more fuel, then returned to the stiff form on the floor.

One glance and he stepped back amazed. It was an Indian woman; her features were half obscured by a fur hood, but he noted the regular oval of her cheek and the long, frosted lashes. Regaining his composure, he set about restoring her.

Without hesitation he stripped the girl and rolled her in his blankets, applied a hot glass bottle to her feet and forced a little brandy between her teeth. With an exultant thrill he saw the eyelids quiver, eyes open and stare up into his with frightened, puzzled gaze.

"There, little girl, you'll be all right now, no frost bites to mention, only petered out," Fairburn remarked, roughly jocular.

The girl's lips parted in a faint smile and the Englishman became suddenly conscious that the girl before him was of a rare type. The long, straight hair, the big, soft brown eyes and the smile set the man's heart to thumping queerly and he turned away with an odd little choke in his voice. When he looked again her eyes were closed and she was asleep.

Filling the stove, he rolled up in a rug in front of it and tried to sleep. But the event of the night had stirred him oddly and the dull light of dawn was breaking through the windows before he fell asleep.

The rattling of the stove woke him and looking up half startled he met the questioning gaze of the Indian girl's brown eyes. She was fully dressed and as Fairburn took her in from moccasined feet to dark crowned head he became aware of her lithe, sinuous form and the beauty of her face.

Outside the storm still raged. With lazy indifference the man rose and set about preparing breakfast. He addressed her once, but the sorrowful headshake and her slow smile showed him that she understood no English.

"Here's a go," Fairburn muttered, "but maybe her people will turn up."

But the days lengthened into a week and no one came. During them the two became acquainted. Fairburn, with all of his old rigid honour, treated the girl with all respect. The little room was divided off and life dropped once more into the dull routine of the wilderness dweller.

As the days passed Fairburn took upon himself the teaching of his strangely-come-by guest and gradually they were able to make a little attempt at conversation.

One night, as he sat staring into the fire he suddenly looked up to find her eyes fixed on him; eyes that were full of dumb, appealing devotion. His heart leaped to his mouth, and then he knew: a kindred light flashed within his own and with a bound he was at her side, his arms around her.

"Oh, my snow queen, how could I keep away

from you before? It's fate after all that sent you to make my paradise complete."

His arms were around her, he was on his knees staring up into the face drooping so close to his own.

And after that night conventions were at an end. Several times during the ensuing days Fairburn caught himself feeling vaguely guilty.

"It doesn't matter anyhow," he argued to himself; "she's a child of nature and when spring comes I'll take her to town and we'll be married right."

It was early in spring when Fairburn at last rounded up his horses from their winter retreat in the gully and started for town with Lota by his side.

Everywhere was waking life, budding trees and twittering birds.

So they came into town and were married, Fairburn answering for both, and the little minister, familiar with the various ways of the north, gave them his blessing and two days later they were once more on their way back.

And the summer passed, swiftly unnoticed to the two. In October Fairburn started to town alone for the winter supplies. He had worked hard and the long, ploughed field filled him with pride. Talk of a new railroad when he had been in in the spring had awakened fresh ambition within him and for the first time he had found a pleasure in work.

After supper on the day he arrived he walked to the post-office. A black-fringed envelope sent a fear to his heart. Despite his wildness and long wandering, there still lurked within him a love of those at home and a pride at their position. He stood under the electric light and read the long epistle through, and when he had finished he whistled softly and walked out of the building and down the street with his heart full of warring emotions, his brain filled with conflicting thoughts. His elder and only brother dead and they wanted him home. Then he thought of Lota and his dreams. Through the long night he tossed sleeplessly on his bed, but when the sun shone in his mind was made up.

"I guess I will have to go," he mused aloud. "I reckon Lota can do without me and if I don't come back she'll go back to where she came from. Strange she would never tell me how she came there that blizzard night. It means a trip home again to take the waggon back and tell her and then I guess I'll ride in."

As he quavered the team down the trail Fairburn was in a queer mood. For the time, Lota, the wilderness and all the things of his new life were relegated to the background; old memories were calling and swayed by their mystic power the grip of the life of the last two years was dispelled.

As they sat on the bench before the door on the night of his return Fairburn turned suddenly.

"Lota, I'm going away to-morrow perhaps for a long time." He rose to his feet and stood in front of her. His voice had been hard and steady. But the dumb pain in her eyes unmanned him and dropping at her side, all the coldness gone, he gazed into her face, the old love shining in his eyes.

"It's all right, girlie, you don't doubt me, do you? And I'll come back soon, oh, so soon."

His voice broke and a big sob choked him. Softly the girl took his face into her hands and for a long moment gazed into his eyes. With all the quick fear of a woman she gazed and he returned the look, steadily, unwavering, knowing that she was reading his soul. For a long moment they remained thus, then with outstretched arms she clung to him, her body shaken with sobs.

And so Fairburn rode away in the early dawn with the heaviest heart he had ever known; his mind full of doubts, wavering between two paths. Turning in his saddle he looked back. The rising sun bathed the little cabin with warm, bright light and the girl standing in the doorway had never seemed so perfect to the man before.

From the brilliantly lighted ballroom came the noise of pounding feet, the swish of garments and the languid music of a waltz.

Fairburn had stolen away and now sat in a secluded part of the conservatory. The soft, cool darkness appealed to him—he wanted to think. The stiff, conventional evening dress fretted him and the shallowness of the people around filled him with disgust. For three long weeks now he had lived the life he would always have to lead some day. He looked around; the great house, the wide acres would some day be all his and yet he felt for everything an intense distaste. He had played tennis, and bridge at night, ridden, motored and gone dutifully to church on Sunday and sat for a long hour and a half while the ancient parson dawdled over a lengthy and pointless sermon. And now to-night amid the noise and glitter the picture of the little cabin came vividly to him, memories of the many silent hours when he had watched the sun set and the darkness fall over the landscape. Lota, too, he

owed her something; simple savage perhaps she was, but to him she was everything, a perfect woman, pure, knowing nothing of the big world outside, uncontaminated. Not until these last few weeks had Fairburn realised what the Indian girl was to him.

The strains of the waltz died away, the crowd were going for refreshments.

The plainsman looked at his programme card; it was bare. A dozen women had tried their wiles on him, but he with the image of Lota filling his mind was a stone wall. Though unashamed of the Indian girl, he had told no one of her. "They wouldn't understand and anyhow it doesn't matter," he told himself.

The rattle of dishes, the faint odour of coffee and the murmur of conversation aroused him from his reverie.

Stealthily he stole from the corner and opening the French window dropped lightly to the ground. Safe in his own room in the left wing, he discarded the stiff white shirt and evening dress and donned the suit in which three weeks before he had come. For a long moment he gazed at himself in the half length mirror, then breathed a sigh of content. For the first time in three long weeks he felt natural.

There was paper on the table and he sat down and penned a note. It ran:

"Dear Father and Sister:—I am going away now, stealing off like a thief in the night because I think it is best. Your life seems so empty. The restraints, the straight-laced conventions of such a life are impossible to me. Of course some day I will have to come back to it all but for the present I want to go back to the silence and the prairie. I feel you are just as well off without me.

"Yours sorrowfully,
"FAIRBURN."

AH SING'S COALS OF FIRE

By DONALD A. FRASER



AH SING reigned supreme in the Renwick's kitchen, and by right of merit; for Ah Sing was that *rara avis* among hired help, Asiatic or otherwise, an excellent cook, and a faithful servant. His kitchen was the very apotheosis of neatness and cleanliness. Range, pots, pans, and all the other uten-

sils, beamed radiant gratitude to their placid, slant-eyed guardian, as he silently glided around in his thick-soled Chinese slippers. Serene as a summer cloud was Ah Sing, at all times, save when anyone other than his acknowledged superior, Mrs. Renwick, dared to enter the kitchen, his sanctum sanctorum, and disarrange his culinary properties. On such occasions the almond eyes would darken, the placid brows would contract, and a low rumbling of jerky monosyllables, which probably would not bear translation, would emerge from that usually smiling mouth, eventually culminating in the outspoken English: "What for you do dat? You not muchee sabee." Then Ah Sing would proceed to operate things to his own liking. Such occurrences were very rare, however. There was usually no one to disturb the serenity of the kitchen; for Mrs. Renwick's two daughters, Maud and Grace, had been at college in a distant part of the country for three years; so it was only when some officious visitor came down to putter around, or Master Fred wanted to make paste in the dipper, or develop photographs in the sink, that Ah Sing had any opportunity to display the gray lining of his silver cloud.

One morning, as Ah Sing stood by the sunny kitchen window scanning his account book with its curious calculations, looking for all the world like pressed spiders, Mrs. Renwick opened the door and said:

"Sing, my two girls are coming home to-day."

"Oh, velly good. What him name?"

"Maud and Grace."

"Him nicee gal?"

"Why, yes, Sing. My girls are fine girls. Very jolly girls. They like lots of fun."

In the afternoon they arrived, and, of course, were all over the house before long. Mrs. Renwick brought them down to the kitchen, and introduced them to Ah Sing, who shook hands bashfully with both of them.

"How do, Missee Maudie; how do, Missee Glacie. Velly fine day."

This was all he could say; but he smiled be-

Examining a time card, he found that an express would leave the station, four miles away, about two. He had two hours, and slipping outside he set out on foot.

A strange lightness filled his heart, a great gladness to be on his way home. The silence, the sunset and the quiet of the little homestead, and the love of the one woman, were calling to him and mentally he counted the days.

* * * * *

In the afternoon sky the sun still hung high and it was fiercely hot. A tired horse loped slowly across the rolling plain, the sweat and the dust turning its colour to dun grey.

"Only five more miles, old Sport," Fairburn cried exultantly, "then we'll be home," and the pony responded gamely to the voice.

Silently the returned rode into the yard, and dismounting, crept to the open doorway. The afternoon sun threw long splashes of golden light across the floor and idly sitting staring at the farther wall was Lota, and the man saw the desolate loneliness in her eyes and a greater joy swept over him that he had come. In another moment he was in the room, his arms around her, the glory of a lasting love shining in his eyes.

After they had finished their supper and the dishes were put away Fairburn filled his pipe and together they went out and sat on the little old bench before the door.

The evening clouds hung softly coloured, more beautiful than ever they seemed to Fairburn, and the frogs and the crickets were filling the motionless air with their songs. And over all was the stillness, unbroken, deathlike, profound. And thus they sat amid the gathering darkness, a great gladness in their eyes.

nignly upon the two blooming school-girls who had descended like an avalanche into his domain.

For two or three days everything went smoothly. The girls were too busy running around seeing all their old friends to be much at home; but whenever Ah Sing met either of them anywhere in the house, he always had one of his seraphic smiles ready. He privately informed Mrs. Renwick:

"Me t'ink Missee Maudie and Missee Glacie heap nicee gal. Him allee same angel."

The girls were much amused at this glowing compliment.

The next morning they both appeared in the kitchen.

"Good morning, Ah Sing," they said, together.

"Good mo'ning, Missee Maudie, Missee Glacie. What you want?"

"Oh, Ah Sing, you give us little saucepan, we want to make some fudge."

"What you call fudge?"

"Oh, fudge is a kind of candy. You sabbee candy, Sing?"

"Yes, me sabbee candy. You makee candy, you no burnee saucepan, you no dirty stove?"

"Oh, no, Sing, we do everything fine. We are angels, you know."

The girls laughed, and Ah Sing blushed; but he produced the necessary utensils and ingredients, and waited patiently until they should be finished and gone. He frowned somewhat when Maud spilled some milk on the floor; and when Grace splashed a quantity of the decoction on the stove, the frown deepened to a scowl.

The fudge was eventually finished; but it was no sooner in the cooling pans, than Mrs. Renwick's voice was heard upstairs.

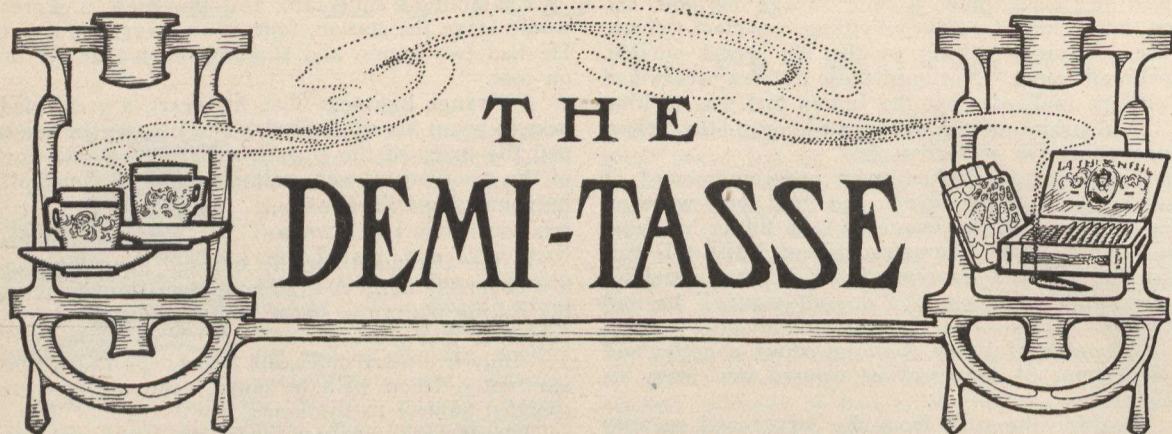
"There's mother calling, Maud," said Grace, "let's go. Sing, you wash things. You very nice Chinaman. We think you Chinese angel, Ah Sing. Good-by," and off they ran.

Sullenly, the Chinaman washed the soiled utensils; cleaned off the top of the stove; and opened the windows to let out the smell of burned sugar; but his opinion of the Misses Renwick had evidently fallen about ten degrees.

A day or two afterward, there was another fudge-making, and again, still another, each time Ah Sing's reception of the young ladies growing chillier, and his replies more curt; till it was not long before they realised that they had about reached the zero point in his regard.

One day, however, there was a change. On their arrival in the kitchen no one could be more gracious than Ah Sing. He bustled around and

(Continued on page 17)



"THERE'S HARDLY ANY MEN."

The moonlight silvers lake and pine,
The wind is whispering low;
The waves a gentle memory sing
Of days of long ago.
The stars regard with pitying gleam
Verandahs full of girls,
In fluffy gowns of pink and white
And hair in puffs and curls.

They gaze into each other's eyes
With pensive glance and sad,
They care not for the merry waltz—
The floor is quite too bad.
They paddle 'neath the silver moon
And talk of many things—
Of gowns and hats and matinees
And of engagement rings.

The boat comes in each summer night
With loads of hopeful girls,
Who scan the new hotel, from which
A bright, new flag unfurls.
From every bluff that's crowned with pines,
From every lonely fen,
From every island comes the cry—
"There's hardly any men."

* * *

A MATTER OF TASTE.

AN English girl had been visiting some Canadian cousins whose misuse of the mother tongue was occasionally painful. One day a Canadian cousin, referring to a talented artist, said that he was a "brainy cuss."

"My dear girl!" exclaimed the horrified girl from the Old Country, "you really shouldn't talk like that. It's beastly bad form. If I were you, I'd chuck that bally rot."

* * *

CHRONIC.

Sapleigh: "A bwick fell from a building two yeahs ago and knocked me senseless."

Miss Caustique: "Indeed! And does your physician think you will ever get over it?"—*Chicago News.*

* * *



The fishing season opens.—Life.

A CRUEL REQUEST.

"You know," said the young man at the summer hotel, as he eloquently discoursed on his own characteristics, "I'm passionately fond of music. I'm simply a different being when the orchestra is playing."

"Then won't you ask the orchestra to start up right soon," softly remarked a Merry Widow from Tennessee.

* * *

NEWSLETS.

Mayor Stewart of Hamilton has decided not to go fishing with Colonel J. M. Gibson. The latter has no belief in the proverb: "It's money that makes the Mayor go."

Lady Violet Elliot has milked a cow. The cow is awfully proud and the Pure Milk League of Toronto has telegraphed its congratulations. But Ottawa air has always been in favour of the simple life.

Mrs. Elinor Glyn threatens to visit Canada this year. An asbestos edition of her works is to be published—not by the Methodist Book Room, Toronto.

Lord Roberts did enjoy the address from Toronto citizens so much, as he perused it in the cool seclusion of Rideau Hall gardens. He said it made excellent hammock reading.

* * *

IN RURAL ONTARIO.

Tory Farmer: "Well, Maria, I see they've made Premier Whitney a Knight Bachelor."

Maria: "Dear me! I always thought Mr. Whitney was a married man."

* * *

HOW HE WAS TRAINED.

THERE are two literary Canadians, now residing in the United States, who are of such height as to suggest the scriptural reference to the sons of Anak. One of these is Bliss Carman, the other, Arthur Stringer. The *Sunday Magazine* tells a good story about the former.

James Whitcomb Riley and Bliss Carman, though comrades of long standing in art, did not meet until comparatively recently. It was in Washington and the Canadian poet, whose head is fully six feet four inches above ground, was walking down Pennsylvania Avenue with a friend.

Observing Riley approach, and knowing that the two poets had never met, the Washingtonian took occasion to introduce them.

Struggling with suppressed emotion, the laureate of childhood dropped his eyes to the pavement, gradually permitting his glance to travel upward, as though analysing a new species of skyscraper, and with an expression of inimitable drollery, ejaculated:

"Well, by jimminy! Your parents must have trained you on a trellis!"

* * *

HIS SORT.

Two critical citizens were recently discussing a Canadian, who has lately "arrived" and whose success appears to have gone to his head.

"What I can't stand about B——" said one confidentially, "is his confoundedly patronising tone. If B—— were to visit Egypt, I tell you, he'd pat the pyramids on the back and chuck the Sphinx under the chin."

* * *

THE FEMININE INSTINCT.

MR. McNAMARA, a member of the British Parliament, tells of a school-teacher who was endeavouring to convey the idea of pity to the members of his class. He illustrated it. "Now, supposing," he said, "a man working on the river bank

suddenly fell in. He could not swim and would be in danger of drowning. Picture the scene, boys and girls. The man's sudden fall, the cry for help. His wife, knowing his peril and hearing his screams, rushed immediately to the bank. Why does she rush to the bank?"

After a pause a small voice piped forth: "Please, sir, to draw his insurance money."

* * *

A DISAPPOINTMENT.

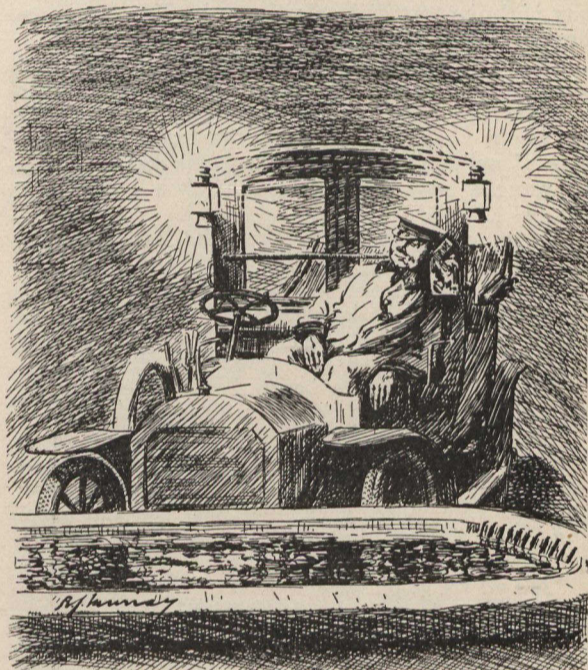
THE old truth that things are not always what they seem was established anew the other day. In this case the discrepancy between fiction and fact was so great as to be amusing. Says a writer in the *Philadelphia Ledger*:

It was noon when he entered the crowded restaurant. He stood fully six feet three inches in height, was built in proportion, and must have weighed at least two hundred and fifty pounds. As he strode down between the rows of tables he looked as if he could eat up the house.

He took a seat beside a diminutive, fussy little man with a bald head and chop whiskers, who was successfully polishing off a sirloin steak with onions. The little fellow, with his napkin tightly wedged under his chin and his mouth full of dinner, looked up in wonder at the gigantic side partner and then down at the frail cane-bottomed chair, which creaked and groaned piteously under its immense weight. But the big fellow took no notice of the little one. When the waitress approached him he gave his order.

"Bring me," he said, in a falsetto voice, "a cup of weak tea and a doughnut."

* * *



Inebriated Chauffeur, (formerly a cab-driver) "Now then we must move along, old girl. You've had quite enough to drink!"—Punch.

* * *

A SLAVE TO "IF."

GROVER CLEVELAND once declared that he was an optimist, but not "an if-ist." "An if-ist," said Mr. Cleveland, "is a person who is a slave to the little word if, whereas an optimist hopes for the best in a sane manner. The if-ist is never quite sane. I once knew an if-ist who was lost in the Maine woods with a companion on a hunting expedition. As night came on they made camp, but, although they were hungry, they had shot no game, and had nothing to eat. With a perfectly serious face this fellow looked at his companion and said: "If we only had some ham, we'd have ham and eggs, if we only had some eggs!"

* * *

RETURNED WITH THANKS.

A YOUNG Canadian humorist went over to England, hoping to find London editors in receptive mood. He forwarded a contribution to *Punch* with the note:

"Dear Sir:—I arrived in London this morning and paid a visit to Westminster Abbey this afternoon. I found this call depressing, for a man naturally shrinks from inspecting the spot where he is to be buried."

The manuscript came back with a slightly discouraging note to the effect that Mr. B—— would do better work if he were not so sarcastic.

PEOPLE AND PLACES

MR. W. A. FRASER, the Canadian story writer, has given a New York newspaper man some interesting information about Fernie. Speaking historically he says:

"About forty-five years ago a young prospector by the name of Fernie left Butte for the north country, and returned half starved and haggard several months later with wild tales of the things he had found. He interested several other poor prospectors in the scheme and peddled the stocks about the Montana, Idaho and Colorado mining camps. Finally people bought them in order to get rid of the promoter's persistence. It has been said of Fernie that he sat down on a lump of coal and made a million. Of course, the property was worthless without a railroad, and for many years little or nothing was done with it. Fernie went to Hill and offered him the whole business at a ridiculously low figure, but Hill did not 'see' the proposition of running the Great Northern up there. Then he turned to the Canadians. Finally he induced Dr. Selwyn, of the Geological Survey, to make a trip into the country with him. The doctor was not pleased with the looks of things, and, as they were almost within sight of the valley in which the town of Fernie is situated, told his companion that it was a 'wild goose chase,' and that he was going back. Then the determined prospector practically kidnapped the doctor, and made him go on, by refusing to give him a horse or food for the return trip. On the strength of Dr. Selwyn's report, Senator Robert Jaffray, of Toronto, became interested in the property, and through Sir William Van Horne put through the Canadian Pacific. Jaffray and Sir William have both made fortunes out of the mines. Besides them, Hill and Fernie, who is still alive, and one of the active managers of the property, the principal owners to-day are Sir Henry Pellatt and E. W. Rogers."

CAPTAIN MACKENZIE, who for five years commanded a ship carrying pilgrims between China and India, is dead in Halifax. He was seventy-seven years old, and had been all but fifteen years of his life on the sea, mainly on the Atlantic. His few years on the Pacific were a change from the prosaic pursuits of an eastern mariner to the Oriental charm of carrying passengers who would just as soon have gone down in a storm as not—because they believed that to perish on the way to a shrine meant everlasting happiness in the hereafter.

TWINS who were not twins came nearly being the cause of one Winnipeg man getting imprisonment and lashes, earned and finally got—accidentally—by another. Somebody was wanted for assaults upon women. The man looked like Tolman; in face and height and clothes; in the imprint of his feet; in his inability to prove an alibi—he was Tolman. But by the turn of a hair his counterpart Wood, the real criminal, was arrested; he got two years and twenty lashes; Tolman got an apology from the Crown.

LADY VIOLET ELLIOT, visiting Quebec for the Tercentenary, has shown herself a worthy daughter of a Canadian ex-Governor-General by milking a cow at Duchenes. This was not done for an exhibition but simply as a "stunt" by Lady Violet, who was rather stimulated to the task by Earl Grey—something of a wag. In order to show the present Governor that the families of other Governors had absorbed a few features of real

Canadian life as seen in the truly rural, this scion of nobility stooped and gracefully and cleanly milked a cow. Local poets please celebrate—the milking of the cow of Duchenes.

EDMONTON and Strathcona, which used to turn each other's pictures to the wall, are in a fair way now to be two souls with but a single thought. The new bond of union is the proposed new radial railway which at either end will become a street railway, and in the middle will span that picturesquely impassable gorge that gives the Edmonton-bound traveller the creeps in muddy weather. This road is proposed by the mayor as a municipal venture at a preliminary expenditure of about \$125,000. If built this road will be a further addition to a long list of municipal utilities in Edmonton. One of these, the light and power department, has a surplus and the minimum rates commencing on the first of this month will be reduced from 75 cents to 50 cents a month.

A COW moose has been killed in a St. John graveyard. This moose ran a Marathon through the city streets, having got weary of the dry woods near the suburbs. The St. John *Telegraph* comments editorially on the matter as follows:

"A young moose which wandered into the city yesterday was hounded to death by boys, men and dogs. The number of pursuers who engaged in the senseless and disgraceful chase was small, but unfortunately there were enough to so exhaust and terrify the animal that it died in a fashion likely to give a sense of sorrow and shame to all who know the facts. The men and the boys who hunted this pitiable fugitive from street to street while its tongue protruded and it staggered from fatigue and terror, are not a credit to humanity."

TRAMP steamers carrying grain from Montreal have become very numerous this summer. Two of these cosmopolitan hulks left the port in one day last week—the *Herm* of Norway and *Nordfarer* from Denmark. Each carried two hundred thousand bushels. The *Herm* went to the Mediterranean; the *Nordfarer* to St. Petersburg.

HUNGARY, which has so long been famous for its number of surplus musical geniuses, its marvellous bands and its folk-songs, is now exporting farmers. Two hundred thousand Hungarian farmers are likely to settle on the Canadian prairies during the next few years. This will be a new note in the future Canadian grand opera, which with a Cree motif and twenty-seven nationalities for the plot and the leading melodies, ought to be as cosmopolitan a production as ever was staged.

SACRILEGIOUS thefts by some impious Vancouver vandals is thus commented upon in humorous lachrymose style by the Vancouver *World*: "Once more the Art, Historical and Scientific Association is placed in the position of not being able to render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's, because the museum in the Carnegie library has once more been robbed and all the ancient coins have been taken away, including the ones bearing the superscription of Caesar and Ptolemy and Pharaoh and all the other fellows whose coins are valuable because they bear the mark of men a long time dead. This time about \$1,000 worth of coins

were taken. They were on trays in a show case. The burglary was discovered by the night watchman when he arrived on Sunday night. Entrance was apparently effected through a basement window facing towards the city hall. Once in there the burglar had nothing to do but walk up the back stairs, break a pane of glass in the door (twice before worked on) leading into the museum, and then pick up the coins and put them in his pocket, after breaking the case."

NEWFOUNDLAND seems to be waiting "doubtful 'twixt hope and fear," to see who will be the real owners of the island now that Sir Robert Reid has left it. As the railway is to be disposed of, and Sir Thomas Shaughnessy is one of the executors, there are fears that the C. P. R. may decide to absorb the road; fear again that this would mean the unwilling entry of Newfoundland into the Dominion. Reversion to Government ownership is also apprehended. Still another and worse bugaboo is the possibility of the railway going into the hands of foreign promoters who have no domesticated interest on the Island. And the hugest phantom of all is Harmsworth, who, already the lord high of two thousand square miles of pulpwood forests, may decide also to lord it over the railway.

Ah Sing's Coals of Fire

(Continued from page 15)

got everything ready for them, and did all he could to help them; at the same time watching carefully the quantities of the necessary ingredients, and how they were mixed. When everything was completed, he said:

"All finishee now. You go. Me washee."

This sudden change was extremely bewildering to the girls; they could not understand it.

Next morning as the Renwicks were just finishing their breakfast, the door opened, and in walked Ah Sing, as solemn as a judge, with something on a plate.

Setting the plate on the table, he said:

"Some fudgee for Misse Maudie an' Missee Glacie."

"Oh, Ah Sing, you are a Chinese angel and no mistake. What splendid fudge, too. Mother, do have a piece."

Ah Sing said nothing, he did not even smile, but stalked out of the room as solemnly as he had entered.

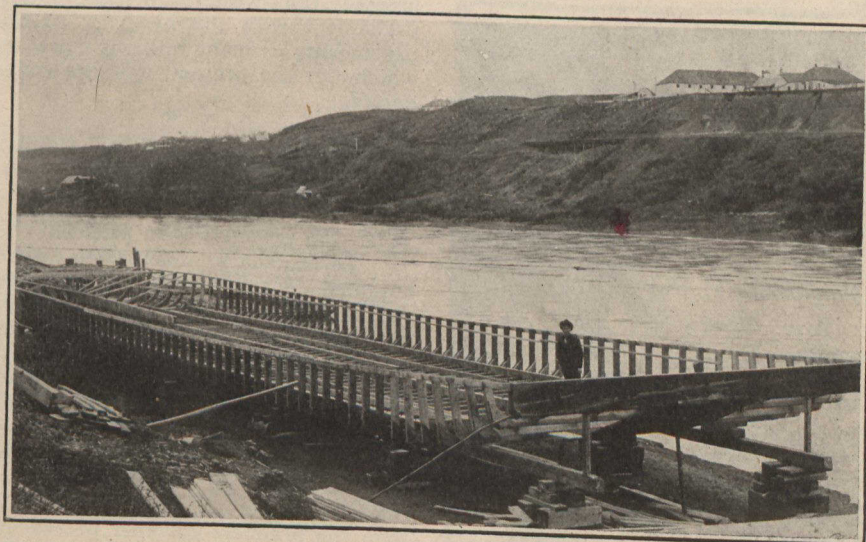
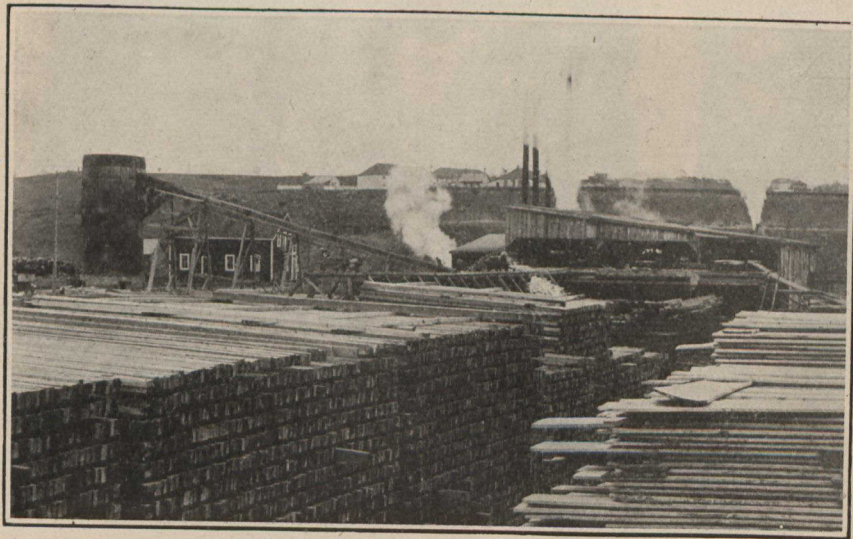
Next morning brought Ah Sing with another plate of fudge, and the next day, too, and the next. And so it went on for a week, till the whole Renwick family were simply sick of the sight of fudge.

At his next appearance with the plate, Maud arose from her chair in wrath:

"Look here, Ah Sing, you take that fudge back to the kitchen, and don't let me see any more of it; or I'll throw it out of the window. I don't want to see any more fudge as long as I live."

Ah Sing obediently turned about and descended to his own quarters; but a smile of triumph hovered on his bland face when he lifted the lid of the kitchen stove, and let the contents of the fudge-plate fall sizzling therein. As he did so, he muttered to himself:

"Me Chinee angel. Yes, yes. I t'ink me littly bit Chinee debble, too."



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WHAT CANADIAN EDITORS THINK

WHERE CONCILIATION FAILS. (Montreal Gazette.)

THE case of the Canadian Pacific Railway and its machinists again illustrates the weakness of conciliation laws, where the workers do not, as a result of their operation, get all they demand. The matters in dispute were referred to a board, which, as is often the case, gave a decision in the nature of a compromise. The company accepted the situation. The men, through their representatives, refuse to, and have ordered a strike for their original claims this morning. Arbitration awards that bind no one legally and only bind one party morally, are not great helps to peace in the industrial situation.

RAILWAY SUBSIDIES NEEDED. (Kingston Whig.)

NOT one dollar of the twelve or twenty millions voted in subsidies to railways ought to have been granted by parliament. Wherever population, present or immediately prospective, is sufficient to call for the construction of a line the revenue in sight is ample justification for building without a subsidy. Where there is no such immediate prospect no company should be allowed to build on any terms. — *Weekly Sun.*

Had that doctrine prevailed many years ago—says the *Kingston Whig*—there would have been no Canadian Pacific Railway, for it passed across a continent in parts of which the population was very light, if not entirely desert. It developed the country, helped to populate it, and has made spots that were barren to yield blossoms and fruitage. The Grand Trunk Pacific is likewise a colonisation line. It will open a vast territory farther north, and will in time, though not now, reap the revenues that are available by the Canadian Pacific, though the failure of this latter road was dimly discernible when it was projected, and only the sagacity and sacrifice of Lord Strathcona carried it through. There is, it is true, a growing feeling against railway subsidies, but it is not such as to influence parliament very much. The aid that the commons voted to various lines lately has the strong backing of the people whose interests will be affected by railway extension, and the government has never been, and will not be, which can withstand the demands of the people for transportation facilities. The *Sun* speaks for the farmers, but it is the farming section of the Northwest's population that is most insistent upon railway extension. It is the same section that is making the commotion with regard to grain elevators and warehouses, that has impressed the western delegation to parliament with the necessity of an expenditure of many millions more, to which, for the present, it is not committed.

A KNIGHT THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN. (Vancouver World.)

ALL the premiers who attended the Tercentenary celebration were knighted. Mr. McBride was not there and he was not knighted. Presumably he received an invitation as well as the other premiers and presumably, also, he would have been knighted had he attended. At all events if either hypothesis is incorrect we should very much like to know for what reason the Premier of British Columbia was treated as a person of less importance than the premiers of other provinces. We have our own quarrel with Mr. McBride, but the Premier of British

Columbia is the representative of all of us before the rest of Canada and the world and a slight to him as Premier is a slight to the province to which we belong. If Mr. McBride is not doing his duty as we should like him to do it that is our business, the business of the people of this province, not the business of any officials or other persons elsewhere. If we can stand having Mr. McBride as Premier that is entirely our affair. We are in no need of criticism from the east. When we are ready we shall attend to Mr. McBride, but in the meantime it will be as well for all concerned to take notice that he represents British Columbia and to deny him any title or title of official recognition is to deny it to this province.

THE PROFESSOR'S BANK BOOK (Manitoba Free Press.)

IT would seem as if the better type of physician, of lawyer, of engineer in New York receives at thirty-four a larger income from his profession than the college professor; but the difference is not so great as to constitute a striking injustice to the college professor. The same proportion is preserved in other cities and in the smaller towns. But if we look a little farther the injustice presently appears. When the teacher at the age of thirty-four has been elected to a full professorship in a college or university he has reached the limit of his learning power. On the other hand the successful lawyer or engineer is "just beginning to reap the substantial rewards of his ability and training." The professor in the vast majority of cases continues to receive his \$2,500; his brother in law, medicine, or engineering rises steadily in the larger cities to ten, twenty, thirty

thousand dollars a year, and in smaller towns to incomes relatively large in proportion to the scale of living. And this happens at an age when heavy expenditures for children's education are necessary.

THE CRIME OF NOISE. (Montreal Star.)

THE season of the open window is the season when the noise nuisance annoys us most. From the daylight milkman to the midnight son, some one is perpetually clamouring at the door or racing up the front steps. The vendors rend the air with their cries; and the street car gongs appear to work overtime at the hours when most respectable citizens should be asleep. Carts bang over the pavements; and iron clashes on iron. The building season synchronises with the open window months; and the staccato of the hammer comes floating in upon our quiet at all hours of the day. In comparison with the unmelodious noises, the hand organ appears to be almost a balm of peace; and yet it, too, is a noise when the nerves ask for quiet.

A gentleman walks across a room with care to make as little noise as possible, when, if he followed the example of the world out-of-doors, he would stride across it in his loudest boots. We might surely build a vehicle which would make less racket than the average cart; and the voices of the fruit vendors could be banished from the street. Men who deliver goods in the early morning might remember that some people are yet asleep, and that others may be sick. Even our excellent street cars would be the better for another invention which would render them more or less noiseless.

THE SITUATION IN TURKEY



The Throne Perilous.—Punch.

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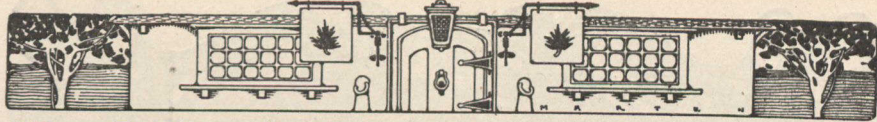
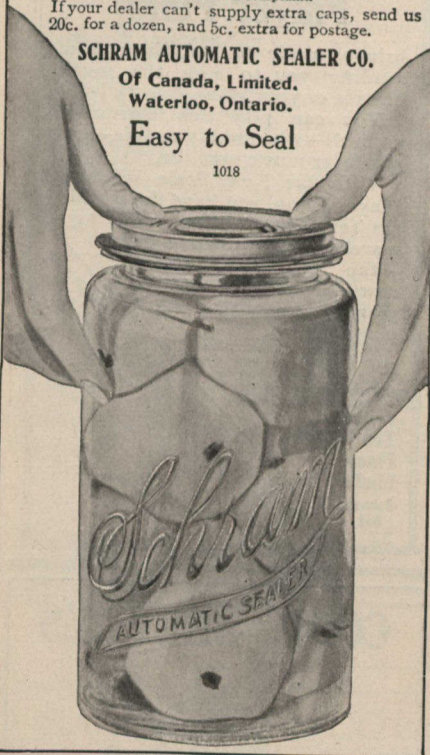
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AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

A HEAVENLY VISITOR.

IT was five o'clock on the stickiest afternoon of the summer, the day that "Bobs" should have been there, when Toronto citizens who were down town suddenly cast their eyes heavenward and uttered ejaculations of envy and admiration. Far above the City Hall hovered a gray and silver airship which glittered and shimmered in the late sunshine, as if it were be-jewelled. Heated Torontonians wondered audibly "if it were cool up there" and one fat and shining gentleman murmured pathetically: "I only hope my wife won't see that air-ship, for I'll not know a moment's peace until she gets one."

The airy vessel did not linger long near the tower of the City Hall, the atmosphere of that home of the grafter and haunt of the greedy not being pleasing on a summer's day. The *Mail and Empire* proved somewhat more exhilarating but the lake air was evidently what the sky-navigator craved. It looked as if the passengers must be having a delightful time, away above the smoke and stir of the perspiring city, and many a motorman watched the car up above with wistful eyes. It seems as if Darius Green's flying-machine were no longer an impossible dream and when Quebec has another centenary celebration it will be fleets from aerial navies that will salute each other above the Citadel.

Air-ships have been talked about for so long, have formed the central theme for so many Jules Verne romances that the dwellers inland have come to regard them as a pleasing fancy. But, like the telephone, the motor car, and all the other modern joys which our great-grandfathers would have deemed absurdities, the air-ship has come to stay, or rather to fly, and Tennyson's *Locksley Hall* fancies are coming true.

Of course the air-ship will be an extremely expensive item, or list of items, for the first ten years; but along about 1920 the price of these desirable vehicles will be greatly reduced and Mrs. Van Dusen will hardly care to own one because "they're getting so dreadfully common, don't you know, and those horrid Thompsons on Centre Street have just bought one that looks exactly like a good machine when it is four miles off."

UNINVITED GUESTS.

THE woman who lives in a small town and has a limited circle of acquaintances may sometimes feel a pang of envy when she reads of the magnificent entertainments given by social leaders in the large world of London, Paris or New York, wondering what it can feel like to be a Duchess of Sutherland or Mrs. Astor. But the latest accounts of London's fashionable parties show that the hostess has no path of roses when a garden party is the amusement of the hour. Mrs. Asquith, the wife of the Prime Minister, is fond of holding a *fete champetre* on a magnificent scale and many English hostesses have followed her example.

A garden-party is one of the pleasantest social affairs, for it allows of a degree of unconventionality grateful to many who protest against the stiffness and stuffiness of indoor receptions. But its very lack of formality permits of intrusion by smart young men who are not invited guests but who merely wish to pass a diverting hour in the midst of delightful sur-

roundings. These uninvited guests have no criminal intent but only wish to "fleet the time carelessly." Probably the very fact that they have not been invited adds a flavour to their enjoyment, for humanity has always found peculiar joy in doing the things which it ought not to do. The very first garden-party of which we have any record ended in confusion because an uninvited guest thrust his snaky head between the leaves and offered Mother Eve forbidden refreshments. The hostesses of London are powerless to prevent the presence of unbidden guests at these large affairs, awkward as may be the circumstances when too many of this class put in an appearance and proceed to imbibe claret cup and consume ices with a splendid indifference to the caterer's little account.

THE COATLESS MAN.

THE Editor of the *Argonaut* draws attention to the fact that President Roosevelt, during the last week of July, when it was ninety-six in the shade, repaired to the north porch of Sagamore Hill, removed his coat and settled down to an afternoon of comfort with his books. The Californian editor remarks: "There is no record that the women of his family bombarded him with sneers and reproaches, but there is every reason to suspect that their approval was not given to this free-and-easy hot-weather adjustment."

The western editor is quite within the facts when he comments on feminine dislike for the shirt-sleeves habit. Man is usually liberal in his comment on woman's attire, even going so far as to make municipal enactments against certain charming costumes and it is only turn-about when woman expresses her disgust with the shirt-sleeves habit, making vigorous protest in these terms:

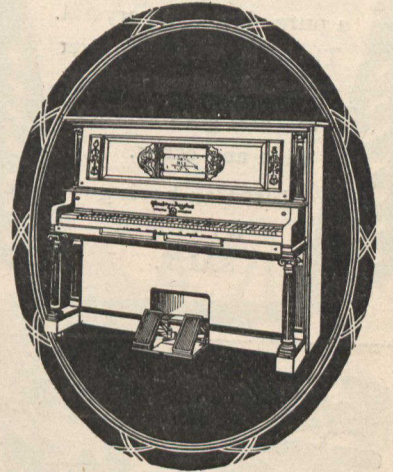
"You ought to be ashamed to have the children see you like that. At the table, too! Tommie, shut the door, so the neighbours can't see your father eating in his shirt-sleeves. Well, really, if you want to act like that, I don't see why you can't go to the woods with a lot of *rude men*. You *are* going, next week? Oh, very well; only if you don't have a decent thing to eat and are almost devoured alive by mosquitoes, don't blame *me*. I never could see why men make such a fuss about a little hot weather and go about looking like tramps and even come to the table in their shirt-sleeves."

Such is the plaint of many a disgusted wife who surveys with disfavour her coatless worse half. There is something hopelessly ugly and plebeian about shirt-sleeves, as the *Argonaut* editor finally admits:

"We are apprehensive that the weight of feminine disapproval will still interfere with the perfect freedom of man; and we must admit that however highly recommended the shirt-sleeves habit may be, there clings about it a certain suggestiveness—enough to mark the point in that best of all Chicago stories: Young Mr. Packer, visiting a cousin at Boston and being asked about the summer weather, remarked, 'Well, now, Cousin Minerva, not mor'n half of all this talk about it's bein' so blamed hot out our way is so. Here it is the end of August, and durin' this whole season I don't remember havin' set down to dinner mor'n two or three times without my coat on.'"

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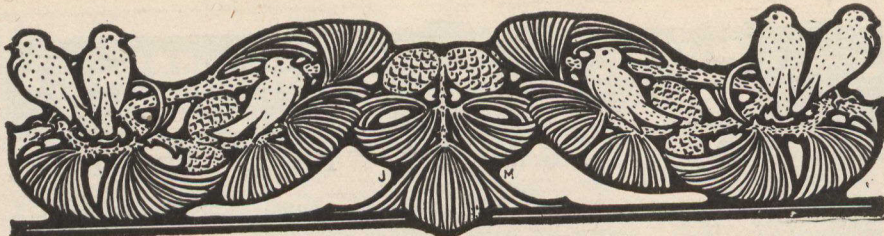
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FOR THE CHILDREN

THE TOAD'S SECRET.

BY A. F. CALDWELL.

Young Mr. Toad came hopping by, So now I'm going to ask you why Grandpa took his ebony cane, And ushered him up the narrow lane Into the garden nigh?

"Mr. Toad," said he, "I've work for you, Work that nobody else can do."

No, not hoeing, that was done, The rows were weeded one by one. (Dear, wise grandpa knew!)

"Stones to pick?" Not by a toad! Grandpa had hauled out a load.

Mr. Toad worked, and he worked well,

All summer long—but I'll not tell The secret—his work in the garden showed!

—*Youth's Companion.*

* * *

THE FROSTED PARTY-CAKE.

BY HARRIET MENDENHALL.

SUE and Mary sat on the steps before the white hall-door with its big brass knocker. There were two steps with an iron rail to guard them, and in front of the lower step was a braided rag rug. The posts of the railing were topped by shining brass knobs. Sue's and Mary's great-grandma had the brass knobs polished every day. The two children sat sewing, as fast as their busy little fingers could go. Sue was making a dress for her doll, and Mary was hemming a sheet for her baby sister's crib. I am afraid that her mother had to sew it over again, but the wee little girl did the best she could. They were talking about a children's party that they were going to in a few days; for they had children's parties in this old Quaker town, with its brick and stuccoed houses and white doorways.

At four o'clock on the afternoon of the party day, ten little girls, ten dear, little Quaker girls in white frocks went to Lydia's house on Penn Street. Lydia's mother and Lydia's aunt met them at the white doorway, took off the ten little bonnets, and all the little girls went to the back porch to see the kittens. They drew strings on the floor and the kittens ran after and tumbled over one another; and every one laughed and the kittens purred. Then Lydia's mother took the ten little girls out into the garden and showed them the flowers. Lydia was to have a square garden for her own self and her mother had two rose-bushes for it. Lydia's aunt played games with the ten little girls, and then the party supper was ready. All the little girls sat at the big dining-table, and Lydia's mother and Lydia's aunt placed something nice on every plate. How pretty the table looked with the china and silver and the colored jelly and the cakes! There were little cakes and a great, big cake, frosted. This was kept for the last. It was on a big plate and was cut so that each little girl could pull a slice out. Lydia's aunt took the plate and said to Mary:

"Will thee have a slice of cake?"

How good it was! Mary loved frosting, but her little heart was shy, and to pull out the first slice while every one looked!

"No, I thank thee," she replied. "Will thee have a slice of cake?" asked Lydia's aunt of the next little girl.

"No, I thank thee," she answered. "Will thee have a slice?" Lydia's aunt asked of the third little girl.

"No, I thank thee." Ten little girls wanted the cake. Ten little girls replied, "No, I thank thee," because no one wanted to begin. Then little girls were shy and so disappointed.

Lydia's mother knew.

"Oh," she exclaimed gently, "thee will have a slice, Mary, won't thee?" She smiled as she slipped out the first piece and laid it on Mary's plate.

"The next little girl will have a slice, will she not?" Another smile and another piece of cake was laid on a plate.

"Sue will have a piece?"

"Harriet will have a piece?"

Every little girl had a slice of the cake. Every one liked Lydia's mother. She knew. The party went gaily on. Every one had a slice of the big party-cake, frosted.—*St. Nicholas.*

* * *

THE LITTLE OLD MAN IN THE AUTOMOBILE.

BY CORNELIA WALTER MCCLEARY.

You surely have heard of the old Woman, I know, Who lived in a Shoe, oh, so long, long ago! She had such queer notions and terrible ways— What would we all do if she lived in these days?

As all of her children were supple and young, She packed them in closely, pulled up the shoe's tongue, And then laced the shoestrings across, very tight, And her children all slumbered until it was light.

A little Old Man, who is popular here, Has a way of his own, that is almost as queer—

His house is not mostly of leather;— but steel; And, instead of a Shoe, it's an Automobile.

And as for the children, there's room for each one. (They all are so happy, so brim full of fun!) What sport by the roadside to picnic each day— Pick berries and flowers—then up and away!

Some morning you'll see them—oh, such a big load, Just flying along, like the wind, on the road!

You cannot mistake them, for all in the car Are singing and shouting wherever they are.

Their laughter and noise can be heard half a mile, But every one nods or responds with a smile.

I'd far rather ride with this Man— wouldn't you?

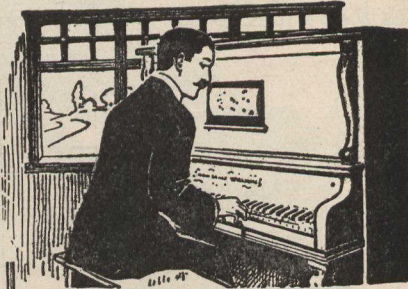
Than dwell with the "Woman who lived in a Shoe."

—*St. Nicholas.*

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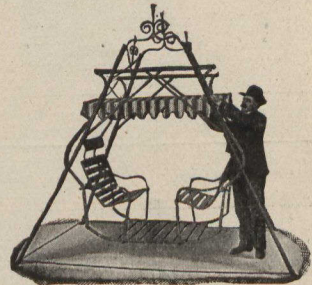
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A PLANT OF THE PRAIRIE
 THE WESTERN WOMAN'S FRIEND
 By HELEN GUTHRIE

This humorous and interesting appreciation of the pie plant is written by a Manitoba housewife who knows whereof she affirms, and it will no doubt prove entertaining and suggestive to readers in East and West.

RHUBARB! To you Easterners, and those of you who are farther West, with all your wealth of fruit, this will seem an absurdity. Nevertheless, it is true, that in the summer, this old, time-worn, plebeian plant is the best friend of the average Woman of the West.

From the moment when it pushes its first green leaf and pink stem above the brown soil, it is hailed with joy, and everything possible is done to facilitate its growth and bring it to the perfection of its kind. The gardener digs around it, applies the necessary dressing, and admonishes it to "grow quick!" The busy housewife gives it an additional little cultivation on her own account, and adds her fervent blessing, which doubtless enriches the soil and inspires ambition in the lowly plant. The children assist matters by means of a persuading watering-can, and in due time, our old friend Rhubarb ushers in the spring by appearing in a "lordly dish" before the hungry family.

After a long winter of prunes and dried apples, tempered, indeed, with saskatoons and wild plums, the advent of the tart, appetising rhubarb is a vast treat; and from that blessed day, onward, anxious wrinkles disappear from the brow of the busy cook, as she realises all the possibilities hidden beneath those large, clumsy leaves in the garden.

Peep into the steamer on the kitchen stove and what do you see? A white, foamy-looking batter, every moment becoming lighter and lighter! And, beneath its surface—if you will only wait until dinner-time—you will find delicious, tender Rhubarb. The whole decoction fairly melts in your mouth, and you are surprised to find that such a delicacy can be prepared from just ordinary Rhubarb. You smack your lips, and hope there is sufficient for a second helping!

Perhaps the very next day something brown and flaky comes to the table. The whiffs are most alluring, and you cannot wait to hear the name of this delightful thing. You are ill-mannered enough to lift the crust up at one corner and peep in! What do you find there? Simply Rhubarb, but the baking of it, together with the pastry, gives it an absolutely different flavour.

Two or three days after, a pretty, pink-looking concoction comes in from the ice-box, is popped in a silver dish and placed on the dinner-table. You long for your turn to be helped, for the prairie air gives you an appetite, and that pink dish *does* look good. Eagerly you watch while sugar and thick yellow cream are added, and you have your spoon all ready for attack whenever it comes your way. (You see, you are *very* impolite!) What should it be but Rhubarb again, in a fresh guise—this time, allied with Tapioca—a veritable feast of the gods!

Again, another day! You are working in the field and come home hot and tired, and after disposing of something substantial, you wonder what you *could* get, in this hot weather, to cool and refresh you! Have patience, please, for there, in a glass dish, bordered all around with whip-

ped cream, is something you do not know whether to describe as green or as pink—something which reminds you of wild roses and green leaves in one. You say to yourself: "It simply *cannot* be rhubarb again!" But that only shows how ignorant you are! For *that* is probably the culmination of all the wonderful delicacies which Rhubarb is capable of evolving. You take your share—quite a large share, too—of that delightful dainty, and you wish—*how* you wish—that you were only greedy enough to appropriate the whole glass dish full. You feel sure you could eat it all and then wish for more of the delectable jelly!

So, no wonder the Woman of the West eulogises the Rhubarb plant! Among all the strawberries and apples of the East, and the peaches and pears of the Farther West, it may seem poor, mean and commonplace; but, in the hearts of the prune-eating, evaporated-apple-consuming thousands of the West, this homely plant is surrounded with a halo of appreciation. No wonder it grows in profusion in the West, where it is watered with Showers of Blessings! No wonder it lifts up its big head in conscious dignity and grows taller here than anywhere else!

Processions of trim little jars on the shelf of the jam-closet, neatly labelled "Rhubarb marmalade," testify to its popularity. Armies of big "sealers" proudly show forth through their glass sides the familiar pinky-green cubes, floating in clear lakes of greeny pink syrup! Even the little children, holding tightly to the leafy ends, and biting resolutely through the sour, earth-encrusted stalks, never stopping until "nothing but leaves" are left—their tough little Western stomachs, none the worse!—even they bear testimony to its universal worth.

So, let us take a gallon of good pure rhubarb juice with water and sugar; add thereto some fine home-made yeast; put it in the cellar for a few days, and then—*then*, we can fittingly drink to the health of this most useful of household fruits—the Rhubarb!

IT'S SADDLE, MY HEART, AND AWAY.

By W. J. FUNK.

I.
 The morning is cool and crisp with rime
 And bright with the laughter of holiday time.
 The tall, dark pines along the hill
 Are touched with flame by the sun until
 They glow and burn like slowly kindling embers.

It's saddle, my Heart, and ride away
 In the rosy light of the dawning day,
 To bid good-morrow,
 A sweet good-morrow,
 To a lass with eyes of gray.

II.
 The evening is hushed with silent light,
 And the fields are clothed with glist'ning white,
 The keen stars glitter frostily;
 But a friendly hearth gives warmth to me
 While the pine knots fall in slowly dying embers.

It's saddle, my heart, and ride away
 In the gathering dusk of the dying day,
 To breathe good-night,
 A sweet good-night,
 To a lass with eyes of gray.
 —Nassau Literary Magazine.

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LITERARY NOTES

THE GREAT DEAD.

BY ARCHIBALD SULLIVAN.

How soon the great dead are forgot!
They lie

Learning far grander things, for
they must know

The silent grey-eyed mystery of rain
And hear amid the dark the daisies
grow.

They lie, not knowing how the world
forgets,

Not caring for the idle feet that
pass;

For God has much for the great dead
to do

Within His dusky city 'neath the
grass.

—Smart Set.

* * *

SOME HUMOROUS SKETCHES.

SOME time ago, it was announced in this column that Mrs. McClung, a western writer, had arranged for the publication of a book of short stories, to be called *Sowing Seeds in Danny*. The title is taken from the first story, which is concerned with the experiments of Mrs. Burton Francis, a dreamy woman with theories to burn, who victimises Danny Watson, the small son of the woman who does the family washing. The theorising lady has no children, whereas the charwoman possesses nine soiled and healthy youngsters of whom the eldest daughter, Pearl, is a prodigy at epigrams, a kind of understudy for Mrs. Wiggs of Cabbage Patch memory. This young person has a sprightliness which no hardship can subdue and repeats Mrs. Francis' dissertation on disease and germs with a healthy gusto.

"But, oh ma," she said, as she hastily worked a button-hole. "You don't know about the diseases that are goin' 'round. Mind ye, there's tuberoses in the cows even, and them that sly about it, and there's diseases in the milk as big as a chew o' gum and us not seein' them. Every drop of it we use should be scalded well, and oh, ma, I wonder anyone of us is alive for we're not half clean! The poison pours out of the skin night and day, carbolic acid she said, and every last wan o' us should have a sponge bath at night."

Mrs. McClung's description of the meeting of the Band of Hope will bring back to nearly every Canadian reader the days when he also said his "piece," describing the horrid ravages of King Alcohol. Do we not all recognise the following?

"Then the White girls recited a strictly suitable piece. It was entitled 'The World and the Conscience.' Lily represented a vain woman of the world bent upon pleasure with a tendency toward liquid refreshment. Her innocent china-blue eyes and flaxen braids were in strange contrast to the mad love of glittering wealth which was supposed to fill her heart: 'Give to me the flowing bowl,

And Pleasure's glittering crown;
The path of Pride shall be my goal,
And conscience's voice I'll drown!"

Of course, a villain is needed to give the chronicles of the community the proper flavour and the miserly farmer, Sam Motherwell, comes near to playing such a part. The writer records a novelty when the young clergyman, Hugh Grantley, insists on returning to the miser a subscription of twenty-five dollars which the latter had grumblingly bestowed on the "cause."

The young English gentleman who goes to Manitoba to study practical farming has been variously depicted but the youth who is attached to the Motherwell household is a martyr, in-

deed. "Arthur Wemyss, fifth son of the Reverend Alfred Austin Wemyss, Rector of St. Agnes, Tilbury Road, County of Kent, England, had but recently crossed the ocean. He and six hundred other fifth sons of rectors and earls and dukes had crossed the ocean in the same ship and had been scattered abroad over Manitoba and the Northwest Territories to be instructed in agricultural pursuits by the honest granger, and incidentally to furnish nutriment for the ever-ready mosquito or wasp, who regarded all Old Country men as their lawful meat."

The story of these very human folk of Millford is told with a bright sympathy which will make *Sowing Seeds in Danny* a popular volume, especially for the modern Sunday School library which is in need of stories that are wholesome without the "goody-goody" taint. The odious *Elsie* books should be discarded in favour of the chronicles of *Pearl* and *Danny*. Toronto: William Briggs.

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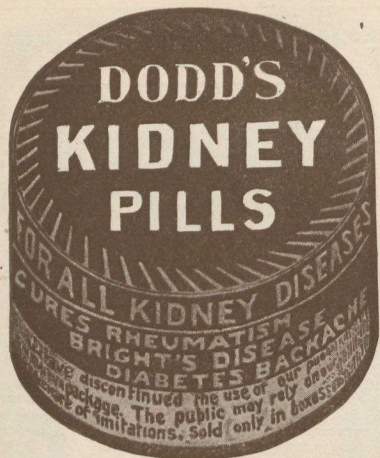
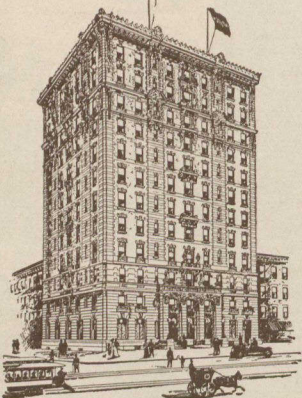
AN UNEDIFYING NOVEL.

MR. ROBERT HERRICK is said to be a Chicago professor. In his leisure moments this gentleman writes fiction and some of it—such as *The Common Lot* which appeared as a serial in the *Atlantic Monthly*—is decidedly good. His latest venture, however, entitled *Together*, leads one to marvel that a novelist who has written such a keen and sane analysis of modern financial and domestic conditions as his former work, should have chosen material so trashy for the present volume. Mr. Herrick writes six hundred pages of dreary slush about half a dozen or so unhappily-married people whose characters and temperaments are such that they could be suited nowhere—save within padded walls. The women are neurasthenics—or worse—and the men are either cads who deserve a sound kicking or mercantile machines, with the business face and no digestive organs worth speaking of. They are really a deadly dull lot who neither do nor say anything worth printing. It is manifestly unfair to write a novel of six hundred pages containing no sane nor sunny character. Nervous women and stupid men are tiresome enough in daily life but a whole book of such freaks is an infliction indeed—especially in this weather. Mr. Herrick appears to have fallen off in accuracy of style. One does not expect a professor to make such a flagrant error as repeated confusion of the verbs "lie" and "lay." Lord Byron committed such a blunder in a memorable line but the rest of the stanza atoned for the lapse. Let us hope that Mr. Herrick's next novel will be less sordid in material and less clumsy in manipulation. Toronto: The Macmillan Company.

* * *

A CANADIAN AS DRAMATIST.

OCCASIONALLY we have an instance of a play converted into a story. *The Squaw Man* is a striking case and now comes the announcement that *The Grand Army Man*, the play in which Mr. David Warfield has almost equalled his former success in *The Music Master*, is to be published as a novel. Mr. Harvey J. O'Higgins, a well-known Canadian writer, is in charge of the "fictionisation." Mr. O'Higgins' most remarkable publication up to date is the novel *Don-a-Dreams* from whose excellence we are led to expect a careful and spirited rendering of the popular play.

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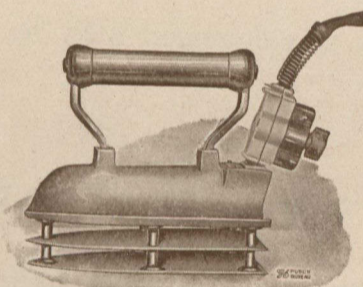
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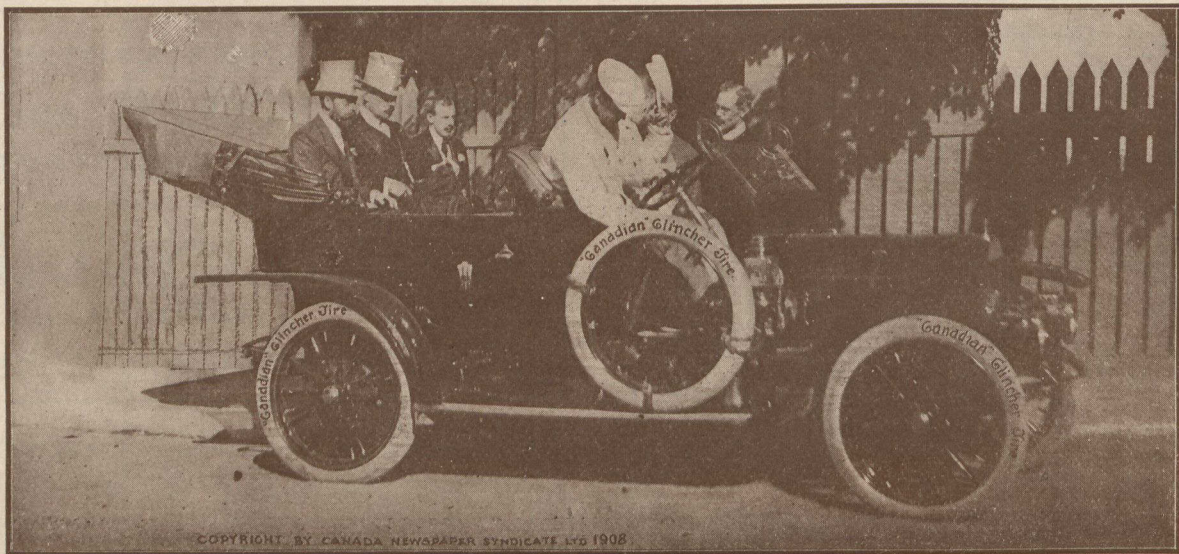
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¶ This photograph of the Prince of Wales, taken in front of the Garrison Club, Quebec, shows the Royal car used during the Tercentenary.

¶ This car was equipped with the well-known

"Canadian" Glincher Tire

manufactured by The Canadian Rubber Co. of Montreal, Limited.

¶ These tires were selected, after a great deal of consideration and investigation, on account of their well-known reliable qualities.

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