

The Canadian
Courier
 THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



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IN THIS ISSUE.

Complete Story of
 Earl Grey's
 Northern Trip.

Shall we have an
 Imperial
 Parliament?

A Thrilling Short
 Story by
 Herman Whitaker.

EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER,

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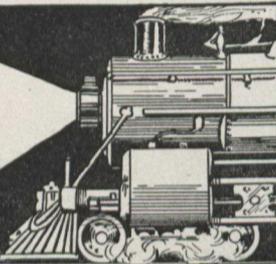
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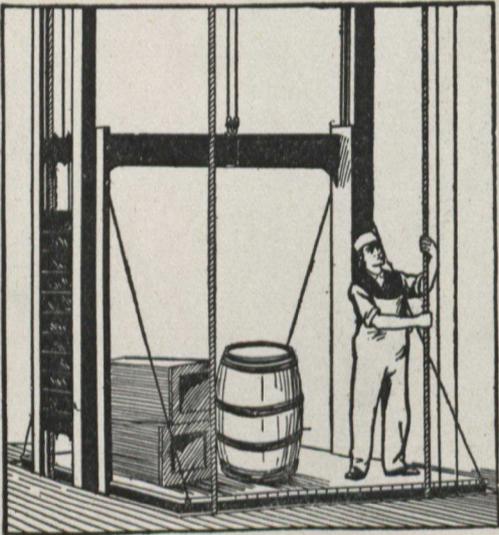
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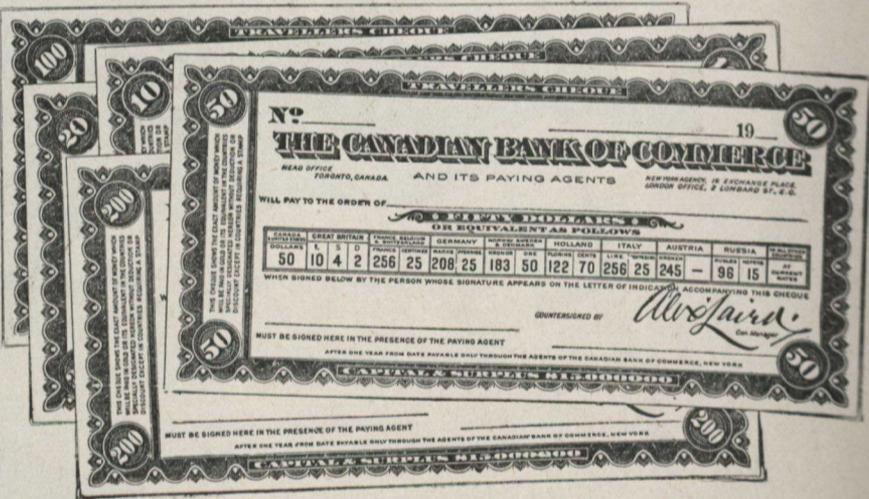
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The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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Editor's Talk

WHILE our cover this week is an indication that the fall racing season is in full swing, the issue is devoted mainly to recent events in Canada's great Northland. We have been pushing back the limit of civilisation and commerce at a tremendous rate, and the long-delayed conquest of Hudson's Bay is at hand. What has been a dream for three hundred years is shortly to be accomplished

Have you faith in the future of your own country? Do you believe with Lieutenant-Governor Gibson that along the line of the National Transcontinental in Northern Ontario, the climate is equal to that of southern Manitoba? Do you believe with Lord Grey that Hudson's Bay will soon be as full of shipping as the Gulf of St. Lawrence? Do you believe that within five years there will be thousands of white people living north of the present northern boundaries of Manitoba and Saskatchewan? If you do not believe all these things, read the two stories in this number by Mr. Brock and Mr. Anderson. Don't check your imagination—let it run riot. Great deeds of development have been done, but there are still greater deeds just over the horizon.

NEXT week we shall publish another Roberts' story. We thought the supply exhausted, but in response to much urging from all over America, the Professor has sent out fresh material. There will be four more at least—perhaps twelve. No series of stories ever published in this journal have met with such universal praise and appreciation.

SIR GILBERT PARKER writes that he hopes to have a long story for us shortly. There are some details to be arranged, but our readers are pretty safe in expecting something good shortly from this greatest of Canadian novelists. If we mistake not, this will be the first long story by him to appear serially in a Canadian publication.



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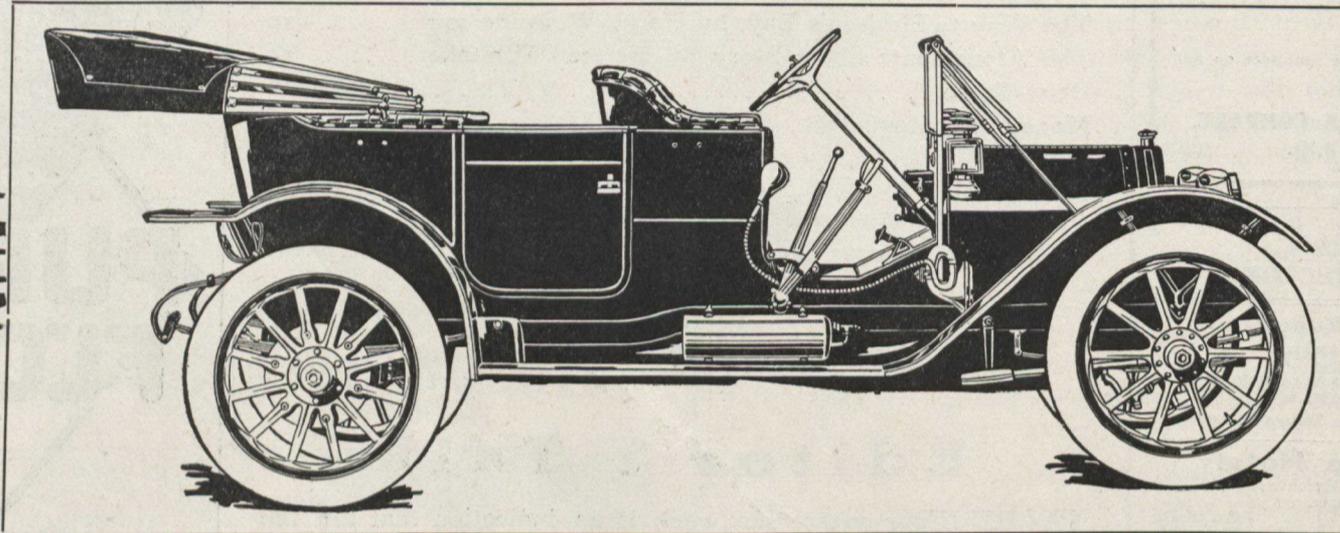
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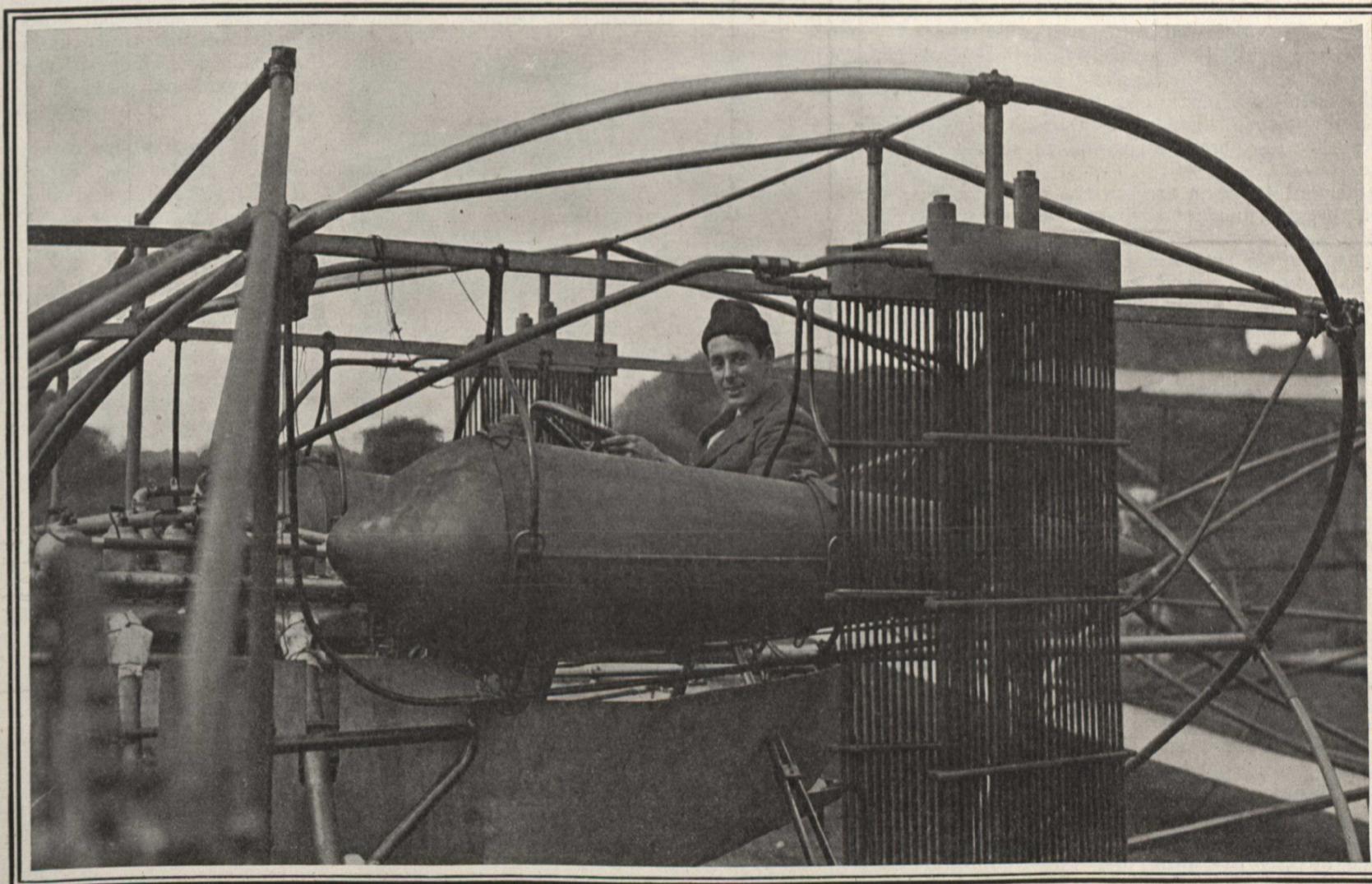
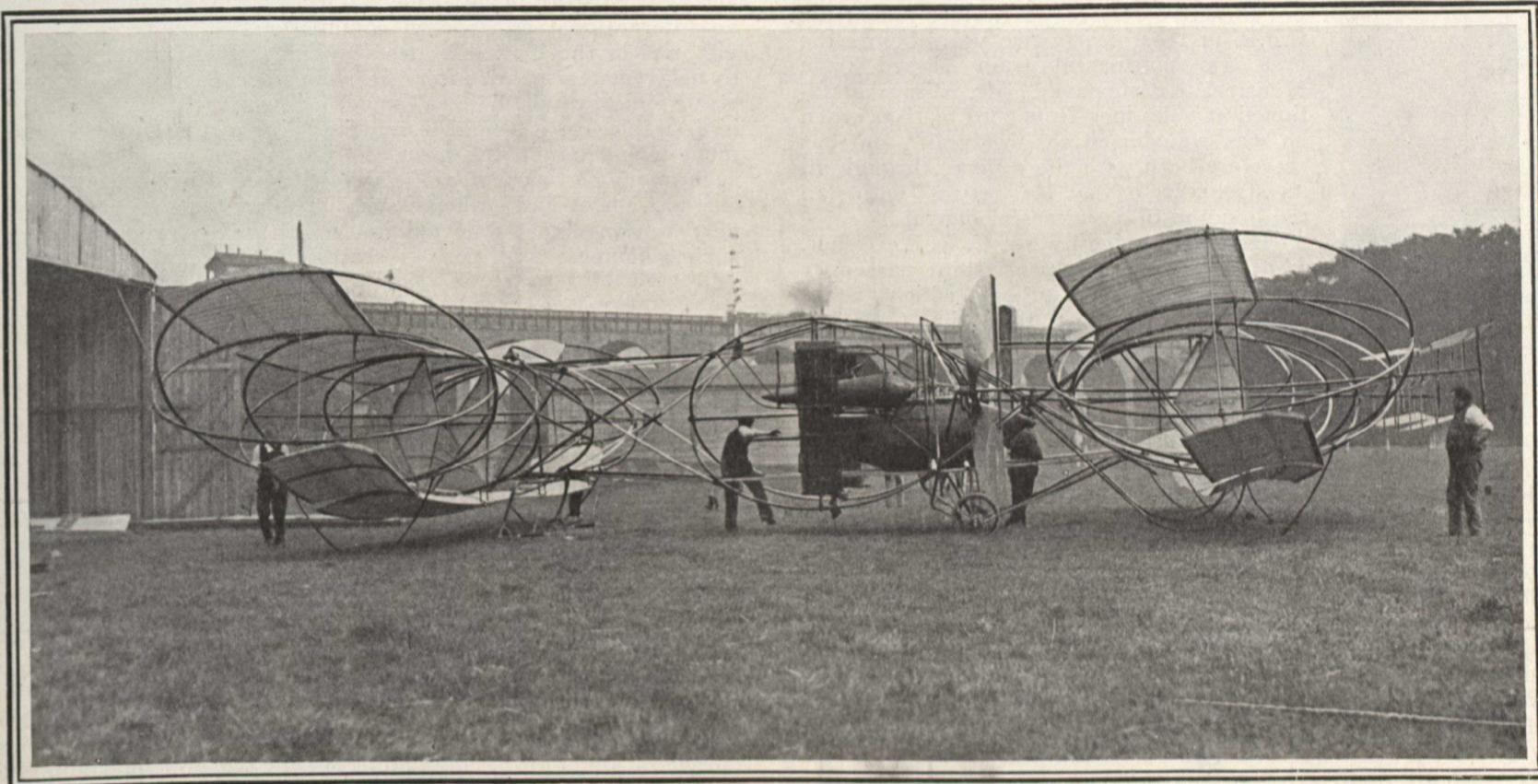
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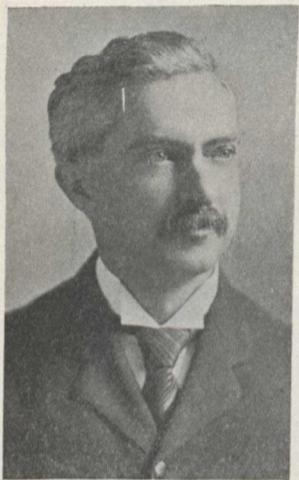
WORLD'S LARGEST AEROPLANE AT WOLVERHAMPTON

Lieutenant Seddon, an English Naval Officer, has constructed an Aeroplane at Dunstall, near Wolverhampton. The machine, which is twice as large as a Farman Biplane, and weighs about one ton, is propelled by two 80 horse-power engines, and its planes cover an area of 1,000 feet. The Lieutenant claims that his Biplane is the largest in the world. Our photographs show the curious hooplike structure which joins the framework.

REFLECTIONS

BY THE EDITOR

MR ROBERT KERR, passenger traffic manager of the Canadian Pacific Railway, is retiring from active work after twenty-six years of service with this corporation. This event reminds us that the C.P.R. is attaining a respectable age, and also that those who helped to build the railway are rapidly passing into the background.



Mr. C. E. E. Ussher.

Sir William Van Horne, Lord Mountstephen and Lord Strathcona all remain, but not in active service. Mr. Kerr joined the C.P.R. in 1884, nearly two years before the first transcontinental train passed from Montreal to Vancouver. Mr. Kerr was stationed at Winnipeg from 1884 to 1899, when he was transferred to Montreal. He has therefore been with the railway through all its strenuous days. He retires with all the honours of a successful official.

He is succeeded by Mr. C. E. Ussher, who has been recently assistant passenger traffic manager at Winnipeg, which again emphasises the point that the Canadian Pacific has always men in training for its higher posts. Seniority counts, but only when the senior is the most capable man. Here is the difference between private and public administration. In the latter, seniority is placed on a somewhat higher pinnacle

than ability, and this is its handicap.

Mr. Ussher is a native of Niagara Falls, and began his railway service with the Great Western in 1874, and with the Canadian Pacific since 1886. His promotion has been rapid, but merit was his only foothold. Abstemious, kindly, energetic and industrious, Mr. Ussher is typical of the modern successful railway official. The day has gone by when to be a "good fellow" is the great qualification in this profession. To-day it is necessary to have admirers as well as friends. Mr. Ussher has both, hence his promotion to one of the most important railway positions in Canada.

A DESPATCH from Johannesburg says that General Louis Botha, Premier of United South Africa, was quite angry when told that he was defeated in his own constituency. Further, he was speechless and livid. Few people will believe any such report. Botha has seen too much of the ups and downs of life, and has too often faced the enemy's firing line to be guilty of any such unmanly conduct. If the despatch had stated that he smiled a somewhat cynical smile, or that he merely shrugged his shoulders, it would be more credible.

Botha and Jameson are ancient rivals, and no doubt the battle between them in the first parliamentary election of this new British Dominion was keen. Yet Botha's general victory is sufficient to remove any sting caused by the defeat of himself and two of his ministers. Even had he been defeated, which had meant that Dr. Jameson would be premier instead of himself, and that the Unionists would be in power instead of the Nationalists, Botha would hardly be "speechless and livid." He would have taken his defeat like the good soldier that he is. Every phase of his conduct since the close of the war has shown him to be possessed of high ideals and an exceptional nobility of character.

WAS the recent Western outcry for lower duties spontaneous or was it specially "engineered" for the purpose of impressing Sir Wilfrid Laurier? Was some one sent to the West to organise free-trade deputations and, if so, who sent them? Who are behind the movement to show that the West is in favour of tariff revision and reciprocity? These are some of the questions which are being asked by the people who are opposed to these two movements, and whose interests make them in favour of the things that are.

As was pointed out by one speaker at the reception given to the Canadian Manufacturers' Association in Winnipeg last week, every large town in the West hopes to be a wholesale and manufacturing centre. Wheat may create villages, but it does not create cities. Winnipeg already has more than two hundred industrial establishments. Brandon, Regina, Saskatoon, Moose Jaw, Calgary and Edmonton are all straining every nerve to establish manufacturing industries. They have the banks, the stores and the railways; what they need is factories. Winnipeg is spending four million dollars to supply cheap power for this purpose, and this is a larger amount of money than is being spent by the Hydro-Electric Commission to furnish

cheap power to a dozen cities in the Province of Ontario.

Here, then, is contradictory evidence. The farmers want lower duties and reciprocity; the cities desire to see the present tariff retained. Which voice is the Government likely to listen to?

SO far as lower duties are concerned, Sir Wilfrid Laurier has apparently decided to do nothing until another Tariff Commission makes a report. He has not promised not to lower the tariff, but he has promised a commission. It is a reasonable assumption, however, that there will be no general revision of the tariff until the commission completes its investigations.

Reciprocity is in a different position. The Government is practically pledged to take this subject up at an early date, and even now arrangements are being made at Ottawa and Washington to appoint an international reciprocity commission. The recent Democratic victories in the United States may cause the Canadian Government to delay matters until after the November election. Further Democratic victories would be to Canada's advantage, if a reciprocity treaty is desirable, for it would lessen the value of the United States argument when it took the form of "our people would not approve of such and such concessions." Nevertheless, it looks as if the reciprocity movement had gathered such headway that only a cyclonic tempest in Canadian public opinion could prevent a conference. That such a tempest will arise is scarcely to be expected.

DEVELOPMENTS at the Eucharistic Conference show that there is a wide divergence in the Roman Catholic Church as to the advisability of teaching French in the schools. Archbishop Bourne, of London, England, advocates the teaching of English in the schools as a means of spreading the doctrines of the Church. He apparently felt that the spread of Church influence in Canada depended much up on the ability of the Catholics to use the language of the majority. Mr. Bourassa took the opposite view and, according to the newspapers, Archbishop Langevin strenuously supported him.

Again word comes from Western Ontario that Bishop Fallon, of London, has refused to allow French to be taught in any separate schools in his diocese. This is in direct opposition to the demands of the French-Canadian Conference held in Ottawa last January.

This is a question which the Church must be left to decide for itself, but English-speaking Protestants cannot but sympathise to some extent with those who favour the teaching of English. Not that they are opposed to the teaching of French, since French is now taught in all High Schools and colleges which Protestants support. It is merely that they recognise that English is the leading language of America, and that, without some knowledge of it, the French-Canadian in Ontario, Quebec and the West, is somewhat handicapped. Why should not the French-speaking Canadian and the English-speaking Canadian both realise that a fair knowledge of the other's language is a necessity in the development of our national life?

THE TORONTO TELEGRAM has a penchant for making paragraphs which may or may not be misleading. Here is one which is decidedly unfair: "Turf interests should adorn their race courses with life-size statues of Rev. Dr. Shearer and Rev. Dr. Chown as some slight recognition of the debt which race track gambling owes the agitation that blessed the bookmakers with the Miller Bill."

In the first place the Act which passed the House last session was not the Miller Bill, but a compromise measure. In the second place, the Act may have "blessed" the regular bookmakers who hang out their signs at the race tracks, but it certainly "damned" the bookmakers who plied their trade in cigar stores and on the street corners at all seasons of the year. To bet satisfactorily to-day in Canada a man must go to the race track paddock. Hence the wage-earner who bet his money up-town because he could not leave his work to go to a race track has practically abandoned the practice. For this reform, Messrs. Shearer, Chown and Miller are entitled to considerable credit, and the leading race track supporters in Canada are pleased to accord it. The reform is beneficial to the racing interests

as well as to the community.

FATHER BERNARD VAUGHAN has broken into Canadian life with a breezy directness which will make it difficult for us to forget him. He is a brother of the late Cardinal Vaughan, and made his reputation in Manchester. In 1901 he moved to London to continue his work among the poor and to increase his thunders against the vices of modern wealth and society so-called. In the religious world of England he is a leading figure, whose caustic satires and vigorous denunciations are a source of inspiration and discussion. If he were not so attached to the church of his choice, he might become a Knox, a John Wesley or a General Booth. His reception in Toronto, by both Protestants and Roman Catholics, was a tribute to his manliness, his force of character and his rare oratorical ability.

WESTERN CHEER

A subscriber in Brandon writes under date of September 18th as follows:—

"We are pleased with the Courier. Through your Journal breathes a good, wholesome Canadian spirit. You are to be admired and encouraged in your efforts in giving Canada such a bright, clean, and fearless National Weekly."

THE MEASURE OF THE MEN

By MARGARET L. HART

NOW that the Eucharistic Congress has passed into history, it may be interesting to review the leading men of the event, from the standpoint of a layman, and also to summarise the intellectual programme. Picturesque as he was important, the Cardinal Legate captivated every eye.



Father Bernard Vaughan, S.J.

Majestic in bearing, urbane and gracious, all-embracing in his cordiality, this central figure of the Congress left an indelible impression on all who came within reach of his magnetic personality. Considerably over six feet in height, lithe and sinuous as an Indian, with the graceful carriage of the courtier, his every move was an attraction, a challenge to the world of his claim as a Prince of the Church and among men. The countenance of the Legate is not dark and swarthy, as one might expect, but bright and pink rather than ruddy. His face, though ascetic, is strongly mobile, and expresses the most ardent enjoyment of passing events, as when it shone with happiness at view of the immense throngs who fyled before him at his receptions, or when it became soulful with emotions at the words of a little Italian girl—the first sound of his native tongue since his arrival. Car-

dinal Vannutelli was most frequently seen in the long cappa magna, falling picturesquely over the dark cassock with broad sash and little red cap or biretta, and so frequent was his appearance amongst the crowds that his portrait is impressed forever upon the fortunate ones of the Congress.

This is the eighth occasion upon which Cardinal Vannutelli has acted as the Pope's Legate at the Eucharistic Congress, and we have his word for it that the Congress of Canada eclipsed every one of its predecessors.

Next perhaps in the matter of attraction came Cardinal Logue, for had he not crossed the ocean to participate in the event? In its way the story of Cardinal Logue is as interesting as many a romance. Born the son of humble parents, the little Irish lad soon outstripped all competitors in both scholastic and physical attainments. On entering the service of the church his advancement was rapid, for her welfare was always the motive power of his actions. Among his notable achievements are the completion of the famous Cathedral of Armagh, begun in 1840, the year of his birth, and the relief of the Irish people in the potato famine of 1879. To pay the debt of his cathedral, Cardinal Logue sought help of Irishmen the world over, and six years ago had the happiness of seeing it completed and consecrated. At the time of the famine he raised \$150,000 by his own effort for the relief of those in distress.

The Cardinal Primate of all Ireland is, as he said himself at Notre Dame, "a little man with a little voice," but he has a large heart, a master mind and a great wit, and with him the church and people of Ireland are ever and always first.

The third Prince of the Church presents Cardinal Gibbons, America's greatest churchman, has a presence dignified and gentle, his countenance serious or sweet, as different influences play upon it, and it requires but one

glance at his ascetic face to know that mind rather than matter has been ever uppermost, and that the Catholic Church in America is controlled by one whose native judgment and training eminently fit him for his exalted and responsible office.

A figure among the most notable was that of Archbishop Bruchesi of Montreal. Throughout the entire proceedings one felt that the controlling power was in his keeping. His hand was on the pulse of things at every turn, and his senses alert to every symptom. This was particularly noticeable at the monster public meeting at Notre Dame, when 20,000 crowded its interior. At times the voices of some of the speakers could not be heard in the vast space, and when once or twice the impatience of the people at not being able to hear, showed signs of becoming too evident, the little Archbishop of Montreal rose, and with a motion of his uplifted hand stilled into a great silence the immense concourse, while his words rang out in clarion tone asking courtesy for all who had come to greet the gathering. Nothing else was needed, and the slight break was turned into a happy incident, showing to those present from all over the world the deep and revered place Archbishop Bruchesi has in the heart of his people.

The less spectacular part of the Congress, the meetings at which the papers were read and discussed, was not the least important, though perhaps less popular part of the programme. The great centre around which all the speakers turned was the Blessed Sacrament, its meaning and the methods for increasing its world-wide devotion.

In his Sunday sermon at St. Patrick's, his Lordship, Bishop Fallon of London, preached on the words of our Lord, "This is My body and this is My blood," saying that this was the constitution and charter for the doctrine of the Blessed Eucharist, and the occasion on which they were uttered was that of the first Eucharistic Congress.

"The Eucharist and Modern Society" was the title of a paper read by Rev. Bernard Vaughan, S.J., before the women's section at Stanley Hall. Needless to say, the hall was simply packed. This noted speaker has since addressed a Toronto audience, and they have been given an opportunity to experience for themselves the pleasure to be deprived from Father Vaughan's impregnable logic and breezy epigrams. Whatever Protestants may think of his outspoken declarations, they must at least give him credit for frankness, courage and high ideals.

At the Congress the Diocese of Toronto was represented by Right Rev. Mgr. McCann, representing the Archbishop; Rev. J. L. Hand, Dean of Toronto, who read a paper dealing with the methods advisable for preserving and increasing the spiritual life of young girls in large cities, and Rev. Hugh Canning, who read a paper entitled "School Children and Early Mass." A paper by Rev. M. J. O'Brien, D.D., of Peterborough, the noted temperance advocate, who some years ago brought home the banner from the other side for greatest increase in temperance members, was one of the thirty-two papers read.

Miss Anna T. Sadlier of Ottawa, probably the most popular Catholic woman writer of Canada to-day, was the only lady who addressed the Congress, and she spoke on the work of altar societies. Miss Sadlier was well-known in Montreal, and her appearance was the signal for much kindly comment from many in the audience.

"The Eucharist is a Convert Maker," by the well-known missionary, Rev. Alexander P. Boyle, C.S.P., of Washington, D.C., and "Faith in the Eucharist and Modern Unbelief," by Right Rev. Bishop McDonald, of Victoria, B. C., are titles sufficiently luminous to tell the nature of the things discussed at the different meetings.

It would be impossible but that the wonderful appeal to the senses and intellect, which the Congress undoubtedly was, should have results more than passing. The spirit of the occasion was expressed by Bishop Fallon at the close of his address, when he wished that all, Catholics and non-Catholics, might be benefited as a result of the Congress.

The hospitality and courtesy of Montreal's people made a fine impression on all who experienced it, and did much to uphold the traditions of the Celtic races, from which the majority are descended. Nor was this hospitality confined to the church people immediately concerned; the event was treated as being of a civic and national importance, and every class participated in the personal welcome extended to visitors.



Cardinal Vannutelli, the Papal Legate.

SHALL THERE BE AN IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT

THE
IMPERIALISTS VIEW

By
H. LINTON ECCLES

Is this Scheme
of
Imperialism Acceptable



WE are less than twelve months distant from the opening of the next Imperial Conference. Imperial statesmen have something like ten months ahead of them in which to make up their minds as to the course they will take upon the greatest opportunity ever presented to Empire policymakers. Will they improve upon the occasion, or will they allow it to pass, as they have allowed other but less great occasions to pass, without clinching the business which seems obviously waiting to be clinched? Who can tell? They may do one thing or the other, but it is as certain as things mundane can be that they will never again have in front of them such a glorious golden opportunity.

Upon the eve of this superlative chance, will no supreme emotion, no powerful influence sway the minds that must decide, to make their decision an unbiased one, above petty politics, above insular interests, above the things which are neither here nor there when the Empire's welfare is in the balance?

This is surely no time for axe-grinding, for thinking in little circles which lead nowhere but round and round their own circumference, for wasting words on minor matters which only serve to remind the waiting world of the average mothers' meeting. Is not there a large ideal behind the details, a great painting in the pigments?

Somehow or other—it matters not how or by whose initiative—we have established a round table conference among the members of the British Empire family. The criticism of the work of the conference has been ample and pointed, and the question has been seriously asked, is the conference, as at present constituted, worth while? The question may be left where it is, but very few people fall out with the simple idea of such a family gathering. The conference, whatever its limitations and its shortcomings, is established, the idea is in being. It may or may not have done lasting good, but it has proved, at least, that the experiment was worth making, and that it is worth going on with.

What has yet to be proved is whether the conference shall become a powerful instrument of Empire or degenerate into a replica of a learned society paper-reading with "Discussion to follow." Is the Imperial Conference to be vested with real, executive powers, or is it to remain simply a congress of talking, pious-resolution-passing delegates? It rests with Empire statesmen as a whole, and very largely with those who represent the overseas Dominions, to decide the all-important point. And the Imperial Conference of 1911, meeting upon the significant occasion of the coronation of a new king, is the fitting place at which to make the final decision.

By some ironic circumstance the members, elected and hereditary, of the British Legislature are called the Imperial Parliament. Why they are so called, I, for one, have never yet understood, apart from the sort of veto which they are supposed to exercise over the representative assemblies and executive councils of the dominions and dependencies. I always ask myself when I see or hear the title used, is it not time that this farce, this pretension to a name, was ended? I can never get beyond this puzzle: How can a parliament be called imperial—that is, representative of the empire—when its members are selected from only one por-

tion of the empire? The anomaly is more absurd when one considers that the electors as a body who send the members to the House of Commons—which is supposed to have the predominating voice in the British Parliament—have and can have no adequate knowledge of the needs, the aims, and the conditions existing in the parts of the empire which they know only by name and hearsay.

That is just where the opportunity of the approaching Imperial Conference comes in. The delegates to that conference, with the full authority of their respective governments, should insist upon the establishment of the right of the British colonies to be directly represented in the Imperial Parliament. That is a plain straightforward policy, it is a policy that is in line with the best interests of the empire, and it is a policy that should be presented to the British government in a plain straightforward way, without any lesser interests or policies to obscure it. It is the dominions' right, and the dominions' representatives should be instructed

tion from his holding of one miserable tenant in Ireland. These may be big affairs for the local newspapers and the parish and urban councils in those particular neighbourhoods, but why should they be allowed to take up hours of valuable time, or be mentioned even, in an imperial parliament? The other side of the picture would be farcical if it were not really serious. Here are illustrations of it. The discussion of the annual budget statement for the Indian Empire is crammed into one sitting. The problems of emigration, affecting the whole of the empire, have never yet been dignified by a separate discussion. Nor have trade arrangements and shipping facilities within the empire; nor has commercial development, as, for instance, in the directions of corn and cotton growing and cattle rearing. And the instances can be multiplied until one gets tired of recounting them.

Shall we have an Imperial Parliament, or shall we still muddle along in the old eighteenth century parochial way? The question will be open at the coming conference, and the Dominion delegates by their attitude can easily let the members of the British government know their feeling, and the feeling of the government which sent them, upon the matter. If there is proper and sufficient authority behind the delegates, the ministers in London cannot fail to take careful and adequate note of any considered expressions of opinion which they may make. Action will follow the words.

Only when we get a true Imperial parliament established can imperial affairs be properly and efficiently controlled. An empire senate for the discussion, and not only the discussion but the management of empire affairs. That is the statesmanlike answer to the impatience and unrest—most of which is thoroughly honest and justifiable—prevalent amongst the citizens of the great dominions under the British flag; who have progressed and developed ideas which are wide and widening; whose sturdy and vigorous mental growth will not for ever be content to feed upon the pabulum of the parish pump or pulpit; who know their strength, and knowing it, chafe at the bonds with which traditional British conservatism still binds them. The empire child has grown into a man, strong and self-reliant in his manhood, and he is asking for the privileges and rights that should go with his manhood for a voice in the control of the affairs which concern him, for, in a word, his birthright.



The New Form of Imperialism.
Drawn by C. W. Jefferys.

definitely to ask for the right to be acknowledged and to take nothing less. If the demand is made with one voice by the self-governing colonies, it must be conceded as a simple duty by the Mother Country, and the first real Imperial Parliament will be established.

The Parliament which at present sits in London to rule the destinies of the empire is unworthy to be called the Imperial Parliament. Besides merely representing the views of a section of the empire, the procedure is so antiquated that it is possible, and even customary, for the most trivial affairs to be discussed at quite disproportionate length, whilst gravely important concerns are dismissed after an hour or two of so-called consideration. I give two common instances to prove my assertion. Within my own experience of parliamentary proceedings I have known whole afternoon sittings to be devoted to the housing of crofters in Scotland and the evic-

Lifting Yourself

A STRUGGLING young lawyer went to a famous attorney for advice and encouragement. After patiently hearing his tale the older man replied: "There's nothing like encouragement in the legal profession, my friend. When I was going through the mill there was only one man who stood by me. 'You'll succeed, old boy,' he used to say, 'you've got the stuff in you, no matter what others say. You just go on plugging and you're bound to nail that mark Success.' And it was these stimulating words that really brought me through a winner!" "Who was this very encouraging person, may I ask?" inquired the eager young man. The great attorney looked upon him with a reminiscent smile: "Myself!"—*The Circle.*

AT THE DOMINION EXHIBITION, ST. JOHN, N.B.

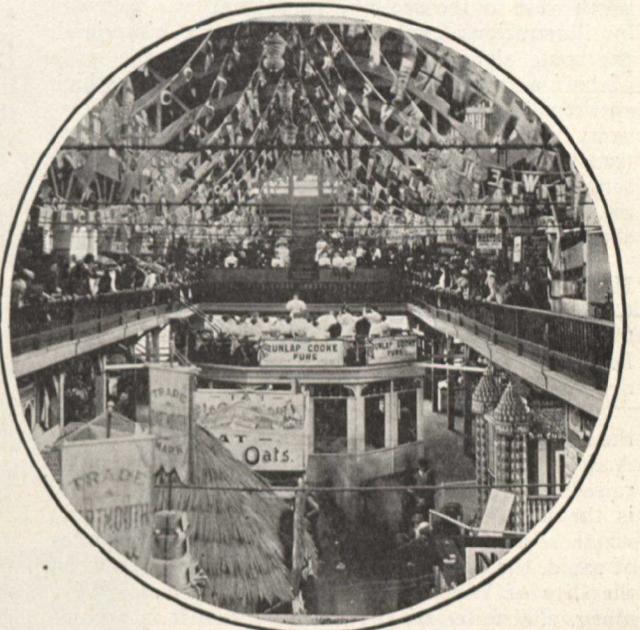


A Group of Officials—and General Baden-Powell; Miles E. Agara, President Canadian Club; F. A. Dykeman, Exhibition Executive; A. O. Skinner, Exhibition President; C. B. Allan, Exhibition Executive; Baden-Powell; Mayor Frink; Alex. Macaulay, Exhibition Treasurer; Manager Good; Chief of Police Clarke.

DOMINION EXHIBITIONS

anticipated. However, the grant was continued from year to year, but given to different cities. Halifax, Sherbrooke, Winnipeg, Regina, Calgary and New Westminster have had the honour. This year it was St. John's turn, and St. John had done fairly well. Indeed, this New Brunswick city seems to do everything it undertakes with vim and snap.

Shall this annual grant of \$50,000 for a Dominion Exhibition be continued? This is a question which the Government must settle soon. It has undoubtedly helped the Provincial Exhibitions of the various provinces, but there must be an end somewhere. Winnipeg is asking for two and a half millions of dollars from the Government to help out the proposed Selkirk Centennial. This grant will be made and the making of it may extinguish the annual grant for Dominion Exhibitions. But, should it? Is it not possible that the grant should continue as an aid to the various Provincial Exhibitions until they reach, as Toronto has already reached, a self-supporting stage? Canada is progressing fairly well, her Federal revenues are growing rapidly, and an annual Dominion Exhibition is a good form of advertising. Further, Dominion Exhibitions help to develop national unity in commerce and industry, which is just as important as national unity in political



Scene in Main Building, with Boston Ladies' Orchestra Playing.

and patriotic feeling. A nation is created and welded together by many different circumstances and feelings and it may be that Dominion Exhibitions as such may be sufficiently influential to justify the Government's annual expenditure of \$50,000. However, the Government may have other ideas equally good under consideration, and upon them rests the responsibility of ending or continuing what has been a good policy.



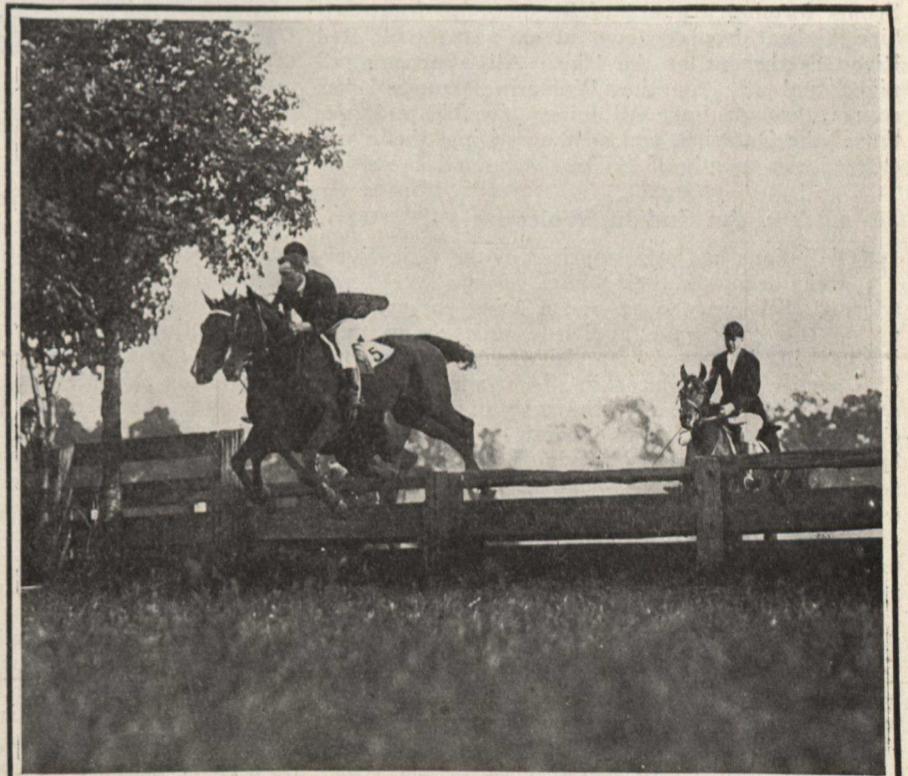
Exterior of the Main Building and the General Public Entrance.

SOMEWHERE about the fall of 1902, an influential deputation went from Toronto to Ottawa to ask for a grant of \$50,000 towards holding a Dominion Exhibition in Toronto. The idea was new, but it took Sir Wilfrid Laurier's fancy and he persuaded his colleagues to make the grant. The first Dominion Exhibition was therefore held in September, 1903. It was a success in some ways, though not so great as

POINT-TO-POINT RACES OF THE TORONTO HUNT CLUB



General View of the crowd at Thorncliffe Park Farm, the property of Mr. R. Davies.

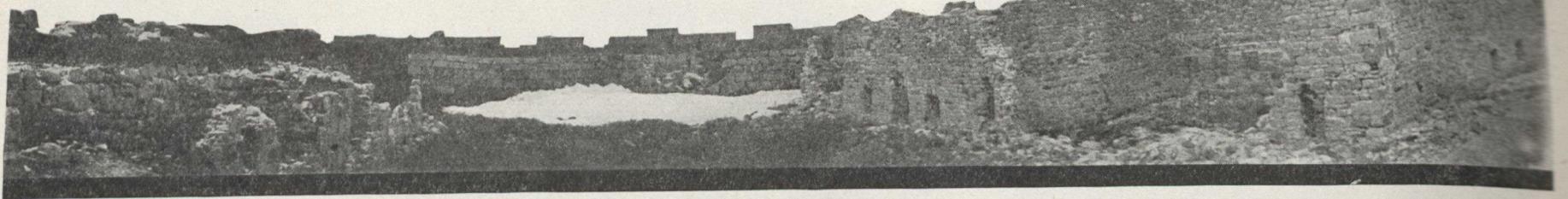


There were four Steeplechase Races for Members, and one Flat Race for Farmers.

WITH EARL GREY TO HUDSON'S BAY

Complete Story of an Historical Trip

Fort Prince of Wales



HIS Excellency Earl Grey and party left Winnipeg on August 3rd for Norway House and Hudson's Bay. The principal object of the trip is epitomised in the words of His Excellency: "The history of Canada is one continuous disproof of the theory of the frozen north. The object of this expedition is to add another chapter to that history." Almost every part of Canada has been visited by His Excellency, and he now wished to see the short route from the north-west to the sea, the route that was followed by illustrious explorers of Canada's hinterland, the route along which for two centuries the trade of half a continent has been conducted, but which yet remains in its primeval condition, soon, however, to be transformed by modern methods of transportation. It happens that this year is the tercentenary of Hudson's discovery of Canada's great Mediterranean Sea, and it was fitting that it should receive a visit from her Governor-General.

The party as far as Norway House consisted of His Excellency Earl Grey, Her Excellency the Countess Grey, Lady Evelyn, Major Trotter and Captain Bingham, A.D.C.'s, Mr. George Grey, Mr. L. S. Amery, Prof. J. MacNaughton, Dr. McCrae and Mr. R. W. Brock.

Reaching Selkirk early on the 4th of August, the party was driven in three automobiles to St. Andrew's Dam and Lock. The dam, which can be raised like Venetian blinds to allow the ice to run, is the first of its kind in America. It raises the water seventeen feet and overcomes several miles of rapid, the only obstruction to navigation between the City of Winnipeg and the head of Lake Winnipeg, a distance of 300 miles. The lift is accomplished by a lock 215 feet long. There is no toll for locking; the lock has to be opened for a solitary Indian in his canoe. The dam has an unforeseen value; by raising the water three or four feet at Winnipeg it seals the mouth of the sewers, and thus ensures complete drainage.

From St. Andrews the party returned to Selkirk, stopping en route at Old Fort Garry, where Commissioner Chipman of the Hudson Bay Company, and Mrs. Chipman acted as hosts. This picturesque fort on the banks of the Red River, with its loop-holed walls and quaint commodious buildings, its trees, lawns and gardens, is still in good repair.

After lunch, the party embarked on the steamer Wolverine, a Boys' Brigade and a troop of Boy Scouts forming a guard of honour, and from Selkirk the boat dropped down stream past the old Red River Settlement to the lake. All afternoon, all night, and all day the Wolverine ploughed her course through Lake Winnipeg (which is larger than Lake Ontario), and on the evening of the 5th, entered the mouth of Saskatchewan.

An Indian Welcome.

THE Indians had been apprised of the visit. Evergreen decorated their wharf, a large "Welcome" adorned their warehouse, and a firing party drawn up on the bank gave audible expression to their joy in being honoured by a visit from Vice-Royalty. The women and children in their gaudiest apparel were in one group, and the men in their broadcloths in another. Upon landing, Mackay, a half-breed, advanced and on behalf of the Indians presented His Excellency with an address of welcome, which for penmanship, phraseology and sentiment could scarcely be improved. Indeed, few white towns or small cities could have excelled in such a function this Indian community of one hundred families. They expressed their loyalty and devotion as British subjects, respectfully drew attention to a natural route for a railway from Whiskey Point to Split Lake, and as voyageurs who knew what such a trip meant, expressed the hope that His Excellency might have a prosperous journey and a safe return. In thanking them, Earl Grey stated that in the not far distant future a canal round Grand Rapids might render the Saskatche-

By **W. M. SCANLAN,**

From the official account of the trip made by Mr. R. W. Brock, Director of Geological Survey, who was one of the party.

wan a natural highway, bringing prosperity to their settlement.

His remarks, translated with ease and fluency by Mackay, were received by the Indians with grunts of approval. They then gave three rousing cheers for His Excellency, and respectfully opened a lane in their ranks through which the party might proceed to the portage and tramway by which the Grand Rapids are at present overcome, and where it is suggested that a canal might be built to bring the Saskatchewan into steamboat communication with Winnipeg.

On the morning of August 6th, Warren's Landing, at the outlet of Lake Winnipeg, was reached. Here the baggage was transferred to a steam launch towing a York boat, and the party to a gasoline launch for a run to Norway House, situated on the north-eastern channel of the Nelson River, there divided



A Group of Indians, Two Porpoises and a number of hungry "Huskies" at York.

Courtesy Geological Survey.

by large islands into several branches. The weather was wet and stormy, and on Playgreen Lake a canoe being towed by the launch had to be abandoned. Then the motor went bad, and for half an hour the launch bobbed around helplessly in the wind and rain. Norway House was reached at 3 p.m. The white buildings of the post, surrounded by a white palisade, were gaily decorated with flags and hunting. Over the main gateway was stretched a banner bearing a welcome in Cree. Despite the rain, the Indians were grouped on the banks and fired salutes to the representative of their King. Rapid loading and firing was the feature of this function. The party occupied a camp pitched on a point outside the post, where Saturday and Sunday were spent. Norway House, always an important post, is now the company's headquarters for the whole territory north and east of Lake Winnipeg to the west coast of Hudson's Bay. An interesting relic, in a well-kept, neatly laid out garden attached to the post, is a sundial made by Sir John Franklin. Monday morning preparations for the journey to York were completed by Major Moodie, who had charge of the arrangements, and who conducted the party to York.

After luncheon, Her Excellency Countess Grey, and Lady Evelyn, accompanied by Captain Bingham, left for Winnipeg, and at 3 o'clock His Excellency's party embarked in twelve canoes. These were manned by twenty-four Indians. Three mounted policemen formed an escort, and with a cook and two servants, completed the brigade which shoved off and paddled for Hudson's Bay amid a fusillade from all the shotguns of the place, which spoke "Farewell and a fair wind."

Ten miles were accomplished before a halt was made for camp. No tents were pitched, everyone sleeping out on the smooth rocks, with the hooting of the owls and the clatter of the young ducks in the rushes for a lullaby. Next morning, camp was roused at 4 a.m., and by 5.30 breakfast was over, the canoes loaded and the journey resumed. About nine, following the custom of the company's brigades, a halt was made to boil the kettle for the men's breakfast. About 1.30 a stop was made for lunch, and about 6 o'clock camp was pitched.

This schedule was followed throughout the trip: Shortly after starting, Sea River Falls was reached, which necessitated a short portage, and at 11 o'clock the Etchimis River, where the boat route to York leaves the Nelson, turning up this small tributary. Favoured by a fair wind, the canoes hoisted sail and the little mosquito fleet sped up to and across Hairy Lake. In its upper part, the Etchimis is a crooked, marshy stream and camp was made in wet swail grass. A rain, which failed to dampen the ardour of the mosquitoes, added nothing to the natural attractions of the spot, but this was the only camp on the whole trip that was not a beautiful one. On August 10th, continuing up stream, three dams, maintained to render navigable for York boats, were crossed. These are mentioned as originally beaver dams, by Sir John Franklin, in his "Narrative of a Journey to the Shores of the Polar Sea." At the Painted Stone Portage, Nelson River water is left and Hayes River entered and followed to the sea. After the swampy Etchimis, the rocky hills, island studded lakes, and wooded shores of the Hayes are doubly attractive. The party camped at the end of Robinson Portage, the only long one on the route.

Mr. George Grey, who was the fisherman of the party, and kept the camp supplied with fresh fish, while landing a struggling pike, had the misfortune to injure his leg, laming him for the rest of the journey. Toward evening a brigade of five York boats was met returning from Oxford House.

Oxford House.

FAVOURED by good weather and often by fair wind, rapid time was made and on the evening of Friday, Aug. 12th, the party reached Oxford House, having completed about 160 miles of the journey to the sea. The post stands on a grass-covered peninsula of clay, about fifty feet high, near the lower end of Oxford Lake. The sun had set when they entered the bay but in a golden afterglow they approached the post, canoes abreast, except His Excellency's, which was in front of the centre of the line. The Indians grouped round the flag staff in front of the post, fired round after round from their double-barrelled shotguns, as a fusillade of welcome. Camp happened to be pitched alongside the dog corral, and all night the huskies prolonged the reception. Saturday morning, the Indians grouped on the grass in front of the Factor's house while their spokesman advanced, hat in hand, to express to His Excellency their appreciation of his visit. Carson, the guide, acted as interpreter.

Earl Grey, in replying, stated that he was much pleased with their country and still more so to find them prosperous, contented and without cause for complaints. He knew no people who could average a higher income or live more cheaply. Those who wish to work obtain highly paid employment during the summer and the trapping in the winter alone offered them a more substantial living than

that enjoyed by many wage-earners of Europe. With the good soil about, they might possess fine gardens since practically everything could be successfully grown.

An informal dance was held in the fur house where the Indians, to the music of the fiddle, executed sedate "lancers" and vigorous step dances. This function was much appreciated by the Indians, with the exception of a small boy whose pleasure was somewhat marred by the descent upon him of an avalanche of sacked flour.

After lunch the journey was resumed, camp being pitched at Trout Falls, a picturesque chute of water broken in the centre by a small wooded isle. The traverse of Knee Lake, about fifty miles long, was most enjoyable. The weather was perfect. The wooded shores and numerous islands furnished pleasing pictures, as the canoes, driven by a spanking breeze, sped down the lake bringing quickly changing vistas and panoramas into view. The camp on a rocky point on Knee Lake was the best on the trip. Everyone slept in the open. In the morning camp was struck just in time to escape being wind-bound for the day, as the breeze freshened and before the first traverse had been completed the sea was as much as the canoes could stand. One canoe had its mast snapped, and when the lee of an island was reached, a stop had to be made to empty His Excellency's canoe.

Between Knee Lake and Swampy Lake are a number of rapids, some of which could be run. Owing to the stiff breeze, the sail down Swampy Lake was also exhilarating. Camp was pitched near the end of Swampy Lake in a fine spruce grove. It rained heavily during the night and next day, Aug. 16th, was wet and stormy, so the party remained in camp. This was the only delay on account of weather during the trip. For forty-five miles below Swampy Lake the river is a succession of rapids. Many were run, some only by the light canoes, but many had to be portaged.

At first, the river was full of islands but by noon it was confined to a single channel between high clay banks, rising at one point into "The Hill" rather more than 300 feet high. Camp was made on one of the portages and before breakfast next day the remaining three portages were negotiated. From the last, known as the Rock, to the sea, a distance of about 105 miles, the river is unbroken by rapids, but the current is swift. In running one of these rapids, light, a canoe struck, getting two holes knocked through her. But an old Indian, nicknamed Rob Roy, from his tartan shirt, and the guide Garson speedily effected a skilful repair. A short distance below the Rock, Mr. Semmons, Government Indian Agent, was met tracking up stream, eight days out from York. Running down stream was much less tedious. Lunch was partaken of near Fox River, camp being pitched between it and the Shamattawa branch, and next day, Aug. 19th, the party reached York Factory about 6 p.m. During this afternoon the canoes ran abreast, the Indians singing several of their songs. York was approached with the canoes in the same order as at Oxford. On the esplanade in front of the post the Indians fired their salutes, aided by two nine pounders, that boomed away as fast as they could be reloaded and fired with slow matches. On account of rain, camp was not pitched but the party occupied the bungalow of the Factor.

The trip to the Bay, rather more than 400 miles from Norway House, had been made without mishap, and from start to finish was a delightful pleasure excursion. As the fly season was over no trouble was experienced from these pests. Everyone paddled and helped on the portages, the wind for the most part had been favourable and good time had been made. The weather had been fair, hot enough to make swimming a delight (but also so painfully sunburn hands and faces).

"Everyone had been surprised and charmed with the scenery," says Mr. Brock, "the wonderful lakes and water courses, the sunny days, the nights made glorious by northern lights; and we realised as never before the value this asset would be to Canada as a limitless holiday ground for millions of people."

At York Factory.

YORK FACTORY, while the supply point for the whole of Western Canada, was an important place. The commodious buildings, however, are

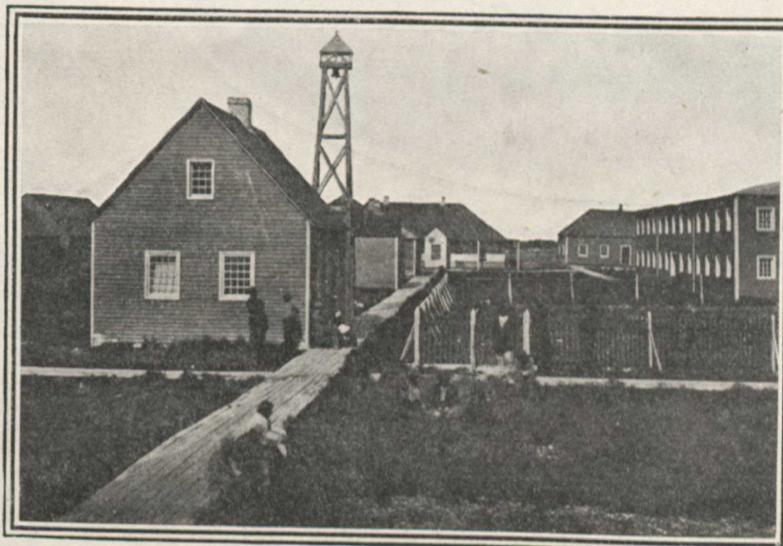
now but partially occupied and bear sad witness to its fallen greatness.

It is built on the low, swampy peninsula separating the mouths of the Hayes and Nelson Rivers. These rivers bring down heavy loads of sediment and their mouths are consequently more or less silted up with shifting bars. The channels of approach are therefore difficult, so that the company has buoyed the mouth of the Hayes for their boats.

On Aug. 20th, the party proceeded from York in a gasoline launch to visit Nelson Harbour, under the guidance of an Indian pilot from the post. Running down the Hayes past the company's high beacon on the point between the two rivers, and past the five fathom buoy, about two and a half miles off the point, the launch crossed the shoal to the estuary of the Nelson. It is wide and funnel-shaped exposed to the north-east and said to be shallow except in the main channel. They ran up to the Canadian Government Hydrographic Schooner, which is engaged in making a survey of the river mouth. It is anchored where the end of the two-mile wharf and breakwater would have to be located, were Nelson made a harbour.



Exterior of York Factory—one of the few remaining Palisade Forts of the North Country



Interior of York Factory—Office Street.

Courtesy Geological Survey.

The party arrived at York in the evening, the chief, with his councillor, supported by a large body of Indians, waiting upon His Excellency to express a formal welcome. Earl Grey, in replying, addressed to them a few words of much needed advice regarding ventilation—now that they had adopted the white man's house they must learn to use it like white men, recognising that windows were for the admittance of light and air and not for their exclusion. Shutting out the air was shutting the devil in. The Indian chief expressed the satisfaction of the Indians in having a visit from their great chief; the councillor thanked him for the present of pipe and tobacco and said that he prized them highly but not so much as the wholesome advice, which he would remember and take to heart. Much ill health is attributable to their airless homes. The sister of a former bishop at York used to temporarily improve conditions by walking round their houses and with her parasol puncturing the windows. The wife of the present missionary, with admirable self-restraint, confined herself to picking the rags from these punctured windows.

His Excellency's visit to York was the second notable one of the week. A few days previous a Polar bear had arrived at the post and the reception accorded it was spontaneous and enthusiastic. The fusillade of welcome, however quite overcame him and he expired between two of the buildings of the post. As the weather looked threatening immediately after dinner the party started in the launch for the ship. At the outset they had the moon and the stars but as it clouded over they lost

first the stars and then the moon, and had to feel their way out with the lead, keeping along the north-west edge of the channel. On reaching deeper water there was nothing to guide them, the compass being unreliable on account of its sluggishness due to the proximity of the magnetic pole, coupled with the rocking of the launch. The storm continued to gather and lightning began to play. For a time it looked as though there might be an unpleasant night spent in search of the ship. Fortunately, however, the outer buoy was located, and afforded a fresh starting point; a bearing was obtained with a hand transit, and with the wind for a guide the launch was steered for the ship. About midnight, before the rain obscured it the ship's light was sighted and shortly after one all were safely aboard.

The coast boat with the luggage and some of the party had run on a shoal, and did not float off till 11 P.M.; and it was four before it reached the *Earl Grey*. Anchors were weighed at five and the ship steamed for Churchill.

The day was warm and beautiful. No wraps were required when sitting reading on deck. Sailing on the Mediterranean of Canada was as pleasant as it could have been on the Mediterranean of the old world. Even at 11 P.M., the party were on deck without wraps viewing the northern lights.

At Churchill.

NEXT morning in Churchill Harbour everybody was on deck at 6 a.m. in pajamas for exercise and morning coffee, and it was comfortably warm. The schooner *Jennie* of the R.N.W.M.P. and the Hudson Bay Company's steamer *Pelican* were in the harbour, but the *Pelican* left soon after our arrival for York and Moose Factory. The party ran up the Harbour in the launch to the Hudson's Bay Post, then walked across the tundra to the R.N.W.M.P. barracks, visiting an encampment of Chippeweyans on the way. After inspecting the barracks they walked out to the noble ruin of Fort Prince of Wales, one of the finest in America. An Eskimo camp near the fort was also visited. In the afternoon the opposite side of the harbour received attention. Here the railway yards and elevators would probably be placed if Churchill is selected as the terminus of the Hudson's Bay railway. The ruins of the old battery and powder house are situated on this point. At the barracks Major Starnes, who is in charge, and his wife were met, and also Mr. James Macoun of the Geological Survey. His Excellency also called upon Hattie, a young Eskimo woman, for whom he had a present from Her Excellency in return for an Eskimo costume which Hattie had previously made for Lady Grey.

Churchill has a natural harbour, completely shut in by projecting rocky points, with an easy approach. Deep water accommodation is somewhat limited but a small outlay would probably furnish as much as would ever be required.

The party left Churchill that evening and headed for Hudson's Straits. The run was without incident; the weather continued fine; wraps were still superfluous; no ice was seen, "not even enough to cool a glass of champagne" it was remarked. Coats Island was sighted, and the north end of Mansfield Island. On Thursday, Aug. 25th, the party were in the Straits coasting along the shore of Ungava. They ran into Prefontaine Harbour or Sagluk Bay, a fine natural harbour between Cape Wolstenholme and Cape Weggs.

The *Earl Grey* then crossed the entrance of the straits to Port Burwell on the north-east point of Ungava Bay. Here the party were detained two days watering the ship. The Moravian Mission was visited. It consisted of a large church which also served as a residence for the missionaries; a store, a storehouse and an oil house—for the Moravians look after the temporal as well as the spiritual welfare of their charges. The missionaries are German and English.

On Monday, Aug. 27th, Port Burwell was quitted and the party steamed around the Button Islands out into the Atlantic. On the Labrador coast stops were made at Okkak, the Moravian mission, and Indian Harbour, one of Dr. Grenfell's missions at the entrance to Hamilton Inlet. A day was spent at St. Anthony, Dr. Grenfell's headquarters on the northeast coast of Newfoundland, and thence the party proceeded to Bay of Islands.



A boat load of the citizens of The Pas, mostly full-blooded Indians. These Indians are able to earn \$400 a year, whether man, woman or youth. Their chief occupation is muskrat hunting.



The chief transport of the northern rivers is the York Boat. It is propelled by six sweeps and directed by a seventh. When the wind and current are favourable, a mainsail is used.

It is the old story of a new country—the strange, hopeless struggle of the wild against the modern monarchs of civilisation and commerce, in their quest for other worlds to conquer. It is the chronicle of Canada's latest constructive conception—the opening of another great highway to the markets of two hemispheres.

When Hon. George P. Graham, Minister of Railways and Canals, turned the first sod of the projected Hudson's Bay Railway the primitive settlement of "the Pas" became, perforce, a community of yesterday—and to-morrow. It passed at once from the yesterday of a lonely pioneer trading post into a tomorrow pulsating with big, busy, metropolitan possibilities. It became the nucleus of a great junction—the end of two transcontinentals and a water route extending from the foothills; the beginning of a railway to connect with transatlantic traffic.

Early missionaries to the northern wilds placed the Pas upon the map. The indomitable Redman, whose sense of Nature's intent is an instinct, selected it as a camping ground, the homing point of his expeditions into the fastnesses of the farther north. He builded there his rude habitation. He called it Pasquia, "the meeting of the highlands," and founded the tribe of that name. For years he lived and moved, and had his being in his own way, disturbed alone by the whisper of the wind, the sob of the stream, and the sway of surrounding spruce.

Then came the new white world—the missionary, the Hudson's Bay trading outpost, and, finally, the railway; ninety long miles of winding steel, over rock and muskeg, through thickly-wooded picturesque country, linking the Indian settlement southward to Metiamami, and subsequently to Hudson's Bay Junction. And now, onward, unhesitating, insatiable, civilisation reaches out for the waters of the far north. The wild, in silent, stoical protest, recedes—as it always does. It is the passing of the primitive Pas.

The path of progress exacts its toll of sacrifice. There was a touch of the tragedy of the last look in the faces of the men—the majority grey and furrowed with years of "roughing"—who gathered that sombre morning in the misty rain on the banks of the wide, winding Saskatchewan, to witness the

inauguration of the dream of years. For there, and then, they realised something of what must be; something of the beyond, when captains of industry, leaders in enterprise and endeavour—not to mention real estate brokers—discovered this beautiful ideal site for a great city, a divisional point on the new commercial highway. On the shore were beached a score and more birch bark canoes, and the dusky faces of probably two hundred Indians—exiles-to-be—peered in silent curiosity from the background of the dense thick foliage.

Veiled in the serious, slow-spoken words of the silver-haired octogenarian, Antoine Constante, chief of the Pasquia band of Indians, wearing his saucer-sized medals and embroidered regalia, was a note of pathos. He spoke in Cree, but Gideon Halcrow, another veteran who for sixty years has held the post of factor, acted as interpreter and communicated his message to the Minister: "You have been too long in coming. We are old. Our faces are wrinkled. Our hands are hard from years with paddle and axe. Our children travel your steam trail. We will not see the finish."

The prospective townsite of the Pas consists of five hundred acres of high, dry, fertile land with sufficient variation of surface to produce a pleasing effect. The homes are primitive, unpretentious and scattered. The white population is optimistically estimated at 125, while the Indians and half-breeds number at least 300. Formerly the Redmen were located in large numbers on the south side of the Saskatchewan River, where they had a reservation. When, however, the plans for the railway were developed, new lands were secured beyond the north shore, and their habitations removed there, to be hidden in the dense evergreen growth. The current of the river is not more than three miles per hour, and their canoes are propelled in any direction without difficulty.

The early Indian trading post obtained geography as "Pas Mission" with the establishment of a pioneer Anglican mission, subsequently succeeded by a Catholic mission and a joint school. These are ancient frame buildings, peculiar interest attaching to the primitive Anglican sanctuary by reason of the fact that the pews of ornamental work of the interior were made by hand by the



This is one of the three waggons at The Pas, and on the wagon contained distinguished people. Jose, the driver, is a famous transport officer. With him are Mrs. Graham, the Hon. G. P. Graham, Minister of Railways, and the Secretary of the Canadian Northern Railway.



The Honourable Mr. Graham and a group of men who will have something to do with the building of the railway to Hudson's Bay.



Turning the first sod on the Hudson's Bay Railway. The principal characters being the Minister of Railways and Chief Antoine Constante.

THE WAY TO HUDSON'S BAY

The other day The Pas was visited by the Minister of Railways. He waved his magic wand, which is a spade, and immediately seven blocks of land were bought up. Another northern village with a population of three hundred whites was transformed suddenly into a growing city. Such is the continued story of growth in this fast-developing northland.

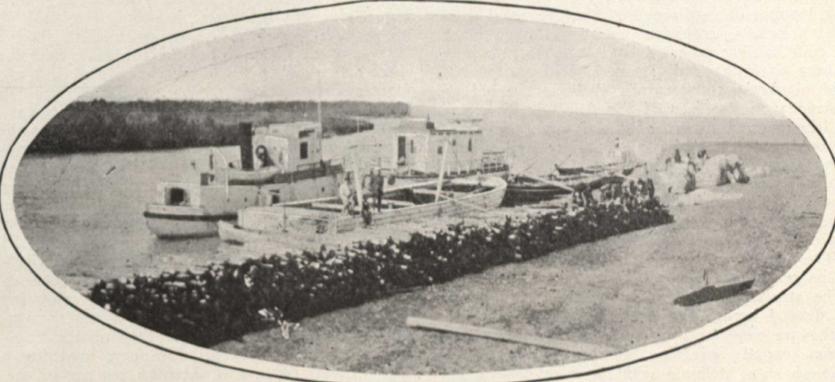
By HARRY ANDERSON

members of Sir John Franklin's exploration party. In the promising land on the north shore with the completion of the home of the present Anglican missionary, Rev. Albert Government swing-bridge, now in course of construction, still stands the sundial presented to the mission by the Franklin himself. Beyond the town site the growth of flowers, foliage and fruit on the south side of the river is muskeg, but no worse where the soil had been tilled and cared for, gave amazing evidence as to climatic conditions.

The location of the Pas is ideal from both scenic and utilitarian standpoints. It is situated on the Saskatchewan just below the mouths of the Carrot and Pasquia Rivers, both of which lend themselves to navigation. The prospective town is located on the high clay bank on the side of the river, but will probably extend to the



The Indian women have gone some distance along the road to civilisation, but retain many of their native characteristics. One of these is their ability to add to the earnings of the family.



Landing stage at the mouth of the Carrot River. At The Pas, the Carrot and Pasquia Rivers join the Saskatchewan.

of a \$350,000 saw mill to serve 500 miles of limits on the Carrot River. Mr. Henry Finger, the purchaser, told the writer he expected next summer to be cutting each working day a quarter of a million feet of timber and employing 500 men. The spirit of the age was also manifest in the purchase of seven blocks of land on the afternoon following the "turning of the first sod" for the erection of stores and business houses. The Pas had become, by the nominal handling of a spade, a city-in-the-making.

The project, in which the Pas is the integral link, is a great one. As outlined by Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Hon. George Graham during their recent tour of the West, it embraces the opening up of thousands of miles of waterway from the foothills, serving the northern and southern prairie districts through which the two Saskatchewan and their larger tributaries run. The Pas is to become, moreover, an eastern terminal for the transcontinental systems of the Canadian Northern and Grand Trunk Pacific Railways. Here they will connect with the projected Hudson's Bay Railway, running north-easterly to Fort Nelson or Fort Churchill, there to meet a transatlantic shipping service to the markets of the old world.

There are pessimists; there always are. But this is not a task for the Doubting Thomas. It is the project of men of vision, men of faith in their country and its people, men ambitious that Canada should develop her full stature in world progress. There will be difficulties and perplexing situations. There will be problems to solve—big problems in construction; bigger problems in navigation. It is a large contract, but it is well worth while.

Someone has said that luck is a very safe word if one puts a P in front of it. When the Ontario Government undertook the construction of the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway some years ago, to open up the hinterland of that province, there were many pessimists. Problems of construction were serious; traffic was speculative; returns were uncertain. But those in charge went on undaunted, and the world's greatest silver field was uncovered. There are rumours of gold finds in the unknown districts to be tapped by the Hud-

son's Bay Railway. There are secrets which Nature has hidden away in the rocky fastness of the far north. Perhaps it may be the portion of those indomitable spirits, who fearlessly grapple with great projects for the nation's weal, to lift the veil off other things worth while. Who knows?

Handicapped.

THE morning after her first appearance in "Salvation Nell," Mrs. Fiske was having her hair dressed by a young woman who called at her home to perform such duties. The actress was very tired and quiet, but a chance remark from the dresser made her open her eyes and sit up.

"I should have went on the stage," said the woman.

"But," returned Mrs. Fiske, "look at me—think how I have had to work and study to gain what success I have and win such fame as is now mine!" "Oh, yes," replied the young woman calmly, "but then, I have talent."

He Understood.

THE burglar entered softly by way of the window and looked around him. His eyes lighted at once on a large piece of paper which lay on the table, with the words "The Burglar" written thereon in large letters, and he started in somewhat uncomfortable surprise.

"Meant for me, evidently," he said to himself, and picked it up. This is what he read:—

"I know you are coming to-night—never mind how. If you will take away this parcel and lose it effectually, you are welcome to what else you can find in this room."

Wonderingly he opened the parcel, but at once his face cleared and he understood. "Pore chap, pore chap!" he murmured feelingly. "I'll take 'em for 'im, right enough, and let 'im off easy, too. I'm a father meself." For the contents of the parcel were as follows:

One toy trumpet, one drum (large), one toy concertina, one tambourine, one musical box, one mouth-organ, three tin whistles, one air-gun.

THE ATONEMENT

A Drama of Early Hudson Bay Days

By HERMAN WHITAKER

Drawing by T. O. Marten

BUT for certain milky streaks, harbingers of Aurora, arctic night shrouded the vast steppes that curve with the world from the Canadian line northward to the Pole. Almost in the centre of their infinity, a smudge marked off the stockade, furhouses and quarters of Fort Pelly from the grey obscurity of prairie snows. Without its gates a score of dim yellow cones uplifted from the drifts, the fire-lit tepees of a tribe that had brought beaver out from the far North. Within, blotches of brighter yellow bespoke better cheer, lamplight behind frosted windows, fires such as that which blazed in the wide arch of the store's mud chimney.

Its leaping flame discovered tinware, steel traps, hatchets, kettles, dependent in groves from blackened roof baulks; revealed boxes and barrels ranged along dark log walls; toned vivid cottons and fervid blanketings upon rude shelves; ripened the beneficence on the face of the Abbe du Fre, softened the rugged aspect of Dominique, the clerk; yet could not lessen for all its flare and crackle the hoar that leveled window sash and pane and embossed every scrap of iron about the door. These glittering insignia served the clerk in place of the spirit thermometers which still lay fifty years off in the womb of the future.

"The Lights will be bright," he said in French. "Let us see."

The streaks had now evolved into shimmering veils draped across the north. Scintillant, ebullient, they resolved and dissolved, taking new forms at every second; quivering, shaking in long shivers as though some delicate goddess were rinsing her robes in a bath of flame. Now it was a glorious veil, trembling with opalescence; now a proscenium fly dependent from night's black vault; again it evolved into a fiery serpent lashing in milk-white cloud. And every form palpitated with colour, running the gamut in every shade and combination. In profound silence, frozen silence of the void, ethereal incandescences came and went. Though Dominique was born of the North and the Abbe could recall thirty frozen winters, neither had seen a finer display. It held them in thrall until the snow crust crunched under the weight of the Factor of Pelly.

A BIG man by day, Donald Cameron loomed immense in the gloom, his dim outline conveying a suggestion of indefinite extension. A product of the turbulence which obtained what time the Hudson Bay Company was at grips with its powerful rival, the Nor'west Traders, force, power, inherited in his swinging approach, resolution in his pose. Though the amalgamation of the companies had been accomplished these ten years, he retained the imperious manner and voice of those bloody times.

His comment, "Ye'll never have seen the Lights finer, Father?" was almost a challenge.

The priest mildly agreed. Communing with himself, he added, "A cloud by day, the fiery pillar by night, He sets His Glory in the skies." And when a short laugh issued from the huge dim shape, he said quickly, "Don't laugh, son! The Hand that diffused these fires may easily gather them into lightnings, and—"

"—strike the cross from your Mission, as last year," the Factor interrupted, "slay Jean Dubois, mildest of your converts. That was a poor shot, Father, to hit Jean and miss me." The weird light suggested his harsh features, distorted in mockery.

Unabashed, the Abbe answered, "Who shall divine His purpose? But if you will have naught of faith, son, believe me that sin carries the seed of its own punishment; evil works out its woeful end on earth. Suffering follows sin—"

"—the suffering of the weak that follows the sin of the strong? I have seen it. Not that I object to your preaching, Father. Your gospel of peace makes good business. But this is a frozen argument. I'm for the fire."

They watched him cross to his quarters, till his cabin door opened, revealing, in an aureole of golden light, the wife whose youth twined like a tendril about his prime. Picking her up, he tossed her playfully on high, as a mother might her child, then the door closed on her laughing scream.

Seated once more by the store fire, Dominique thoughtfully shook his head. "May it not come to him through her." Then, answering the question in the priest's look, he said, "I was thinking of Red Brischaux. But you heard of that business?"

"Only such rumours as drifted down to Montreal. They were meager. Tell me."

"It is the full of fifteen years ago,"—Dominique's eloquent hand swept away those dull years of peace—"since the Nor'westers established Red Brischaux at Ellice to tap the fur trade that flowed into Pelly. They could not have chosen a better man. Big as Cameron, though of a more wiry build, ruddy as a fox, fiery, sanguine, it was the matching of tiger and grizzly, and for years thereafter the snarlings of their tumbled fight awoke the echoes about the camp fires. Now this had prevailed, again the other, so the talk swung in balance. One spring Brischaux captured the Pelly fur train, with it a handsome squaw, Cameron's leman. Next year Cameron descended on Ellice and gutted it of furs and stores while Brischaux was away suborning a tribe that had been tributary to Pelly. So the luck ran, registering in fur packs, until, tired of a struggle that left them nothing to balance but injuries, they struck a rough truce. Fraud, bribery, chicanery, anything that would divert trade still obtained, but out of the respect which is bred in equal antagonists by a bellyful of hard knocks, they refrained from violence.

"They even neighboured, after a fashion. I have seen Brischaux blow in here on the back of a blizzard, ruddy, hot, profane, and spenk a week dicing and drinking. Cameron dropped a year's salary at one sitting at Ellice. Like two bull moose who have fought to exhaustion, they pastured side by side till the intrusion of a female broke their pact. It might have endured to this day if, when he married Marie Dupliex, Brischaux had not returned the squaw he stole from Cameron along with an insulting note.

"'White meat for my teeth,' he wrote with a brutal humour that did not pause at his wife. 'I send back my borrowed victual.'

"It was a fool jest; or, being rested by the truce, he felt renewal of the itch to prove himself the better man; for he must have foreseen its effect on Cameron. 'Humph!' the Factor growled when I translated the challenge, 'We'll see whose teeth pick that chicken.'

"A storm, wildest, longest of a dozen seasons, was raging when he went out next morning. Distance was blotted out, the prairies were afloat. The storm touched its climax as he pounded our gates in the black darkness that preceded the following dawn. I see him now as then, hugely magnified by a blue flash, his mooseskins smoothly wet, diamond drops on his beard, gaunt, hollow-eyed from loss of sleep and hard riding. His sombre eye presaged the terrible, but I hid my uneasiness under a trivial inquiry of his luck at the gaming.

"'Cleaned him out,' he coldly answered, 'Money, horses, hides, to the last of his company's pelts, but—he bilked me of my winnings.'

"His look did not invite question, but on the edge of next evening a slip of a lad came driving out of the rain, furiously urging a shaganappy pony, riding barebacked with only a cord about the beast's jaw. It was Brischaux's son by his first wife, and when, answering his call, Cameron opened the port-hole in the gates, the lad snapped a pistol full in his face. But the priming was wet, and Cameron looked sourly on while the lad daubed our lintel with blood from his arm.

"So I knew Red Brischaux was dead, though I did not learn the manner of his taking off for months later, until one night liquor thawed Cameron's reserve and he told me all.

"From the moment he entered Ellice, Brischaux

divined his purpose, yet with incredible hardihood presented him to Marie, a handsome girl, nine-tenths white; even mocked him as they ate her fried deer steaks, swearing that naught but love, fresh and hot at that, would move him, Red Brischaux, out in such weather. Only a cotton partition divided bed from living room, and after Marie retired the two fell to dicing and drinking in the old fashion within full sound of her sleep breathing. Fancy them: Brischaux flushed as a fox in the dog days, sardonically devilish; Cameron blackly reserved, gaming while thunders split over the cabin, lightnings lit the wet windows, the woman always in the minds of both.

"Brischaux's own mouth betrayed the fact that Cameron had stripped his possessions. 'Now,' he grinned, 'to the heart of the matter. How much against the wife?'

"It was as well that way as other. Each knew that the game had but joined the issue. Equals in hardness, strength, cunning, they fenced looks across the table before Cameron answered. 'All would be only a fair wager against so much comeliness. All—on a single throw.'

"Brischaux was the better gamester. He looked at the rolling dice. Only a fleeting glance, it yet caused his bullet to go wide as he took Cameron's in his brain. So close were they in thought and action that one thunder-clap drowned both reports; to which triple coincidence Cameron set the fact that Marie slept on. He thought her ear dulled by the storm's ceaseless crash, and so waited, looking down on the dead man, ears pricked for an alarm in the fort. None came. Dead silence had followed that great clap. He heard the woman sigh. Then the storm voices—patter of rain, sough of the wind, distant thunder, resumed their interrupted sway. Not till he slipped behind the curtain, saw the heart blood welling through her shift, did he realise that Brischaux's chance bullet had despoiled his devil winning."

SEVERAL times during the narration the Abbe checked himself on the verge of speech. Now he burst out, "Horrible! Was there no attempt at justice? Complaint to the King's governor?"

Dominique shrugged. "A governor? without soldiers? On complaint of the Nor'westers he called on the Commissioner of Garry to produce Cameron for judgement, who answered that he would gladly do so, but that his force was busy repelling aggressions of the Nor'westers. To a citation, Cameron replied that if the governor would come for him he would hang him in the gates."

"And the boy? Brischaux's son?"

"The Jesuits took him to Montreal. He should be a priest these five years."

Bending his glance on the fire, the Abbe studied the red pictures that formed and faded as though they might formulate answer to the riddle of passion which seemed to contradict his theory of immutable justice. Screeching rustily as it swung on frosty hinges, the door broke up his reverie. While Dominique measured off a yard of the black twist tobacco used in Indian trade, the man who entered came over and hugged the fire's warmth. Clothed in fringed mooseskins, upstanding fully six feet, he made a fine picture in the glow; the Abbe, who had a maid's eye for a man, observed with critical pleasure his sinewy build, chestnut hair, the large eye which softened the strong reserve of his face. A good friend, a fair enemy, the Abbe classed him.

"A new man, yes," Dominique answered his question later. "A French Canuck from the company's service in Labrador. He was one of the voyageurs who brought Cameron up from his wedding trip to Montreal. Saved both their lives when the canoe spilled in the Neck of the Woods rapid. Swam out with Jeanne, and fished Cameron, who cannot swim a stroke, from deep water. Since then he has been Cameron's right hand, a good one at that. He brought in those Stony Cree to-day; otherwise their furs would have gone to Cumberland House.

"As I say," he continued meditatively, "he is a stranger here, yet—at to some forgotten dream, I hark back striving to attach a memory to his face. But always it eludes me."

"A faint likeness, trick of expression common to some one you have known," the Abbe suggested as he rose to go to bed.

Dominique assented, without, however, allaying the irritating haunting. Whenever through that winter he glimpsed Rafe's face under certain aspects he would experience the baffling suggestion. It recurred again and again, through the spring-time, long after the good Abbe had passed on the

round of his missions; puzzled Dominique till the uncomfortable impression was submerged rather than obliterated by a great anxiety.

A daughter of Dupre, who kept road-house on the fur trail out from the Prairie Portage, Dominique had known from childhood. Indeed, he had kept tally of her growth, setting her against the door when he came down with the season's furs to note the advance on last year's mark. A beauty at eighteen, of the healthy pallid type, her eyes were pure and cold as moonlit pools. Passion had not rippled their depths, when, at twenty, she married Cameron. But meeting her one day, as she rode in with Rafe from a gallop over the prairies, Dominique sensed a change. Her glamour of health, sunshot hair, riotous liteness of body, these splendours of youth did not blind him. The moonshine was gone. Warm as brown pools wherein trout bask in dappled shadow, her eyes turned on her companion their depths mirrored a tender introspection.

Returning to the store, the clerk found Cameron there, weighing out flour for an Indian, a shiftless Cree, throwing in a curse with every pound.

"Owes us more now than he can ever pay!" he roared as he handed scoop and stilyards to Dominique. "The company can't carry him any longer. Charge this to me!"

It was not the first kindness he had masked under tyrannical bluster. In hard seasons he flung his substance with so free a hand among his copper vassals as to leave them with a balance of affection toward him despite his tyranny. So in view of what he had just seen Dominique was the heavier for this kindly play. He chafed under a sense of his helplessness. Cameron would hardly consider the development of a richer eye in his wife as proper cause to banish a man who had saved both their lives. There was nothing for it but to watch and wait till some slight discretion should authorise a word of friendly counsel.

This Dominique did, watching both man and woman through the golden summer days. Rafe proved a puzzle. Bearing himself at first with decent reserve, his manner evolved through all stages of friendliness to a warmth that was unmistakable. That was natural. The puzzle inhered in his ensuing heats and coldnesses. To-day hot, to-morrow cold, he acted as one balanced between diverse emotions. Yet Dominique did not doubt his end.

His hope centered on Jeanne. If she weakened—he would not contemplate the possibility; yet, sitting of nights in her kitchen, he measured her progress in thoughtful lapses, dreams, startings, while he talked with her husband. On occasion she would throw upon Cameron a look dark with considered speech as though confession trembled close to her lips. But it did not forth through Dominique, devout delivery, and that she might not be used in vicarious atonement for the death of Marie Brischaux.

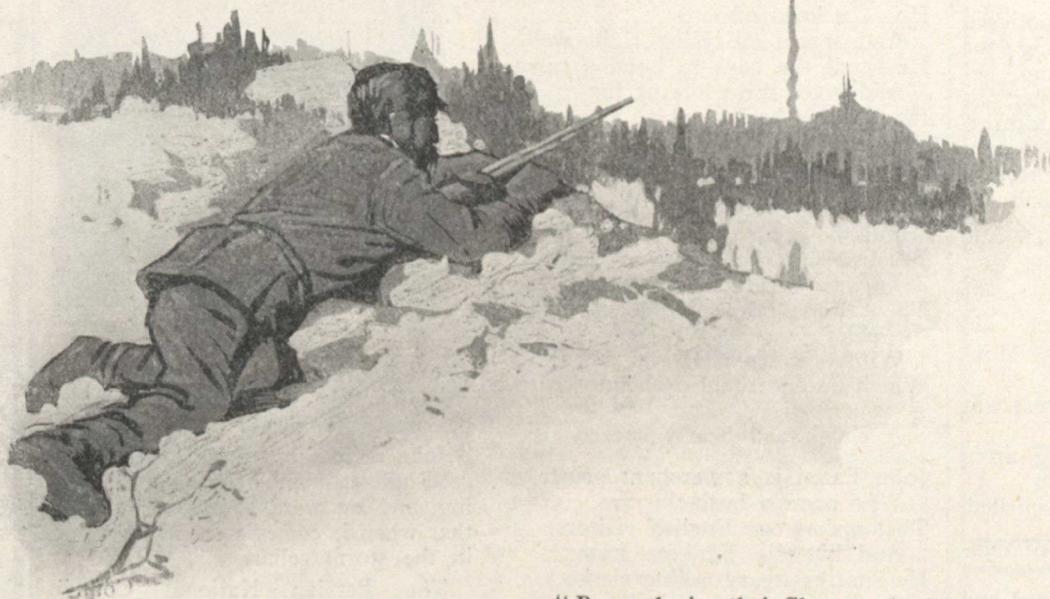
Undoubtedly it was this last heavy thought that eventually caused him to fit Rafe's handsome face to his haunting memory; a thing that came to pass in a dream that he had in Cumberland House where he had gone to arrange a change of supplies. Falling asleep with Jeanne in his mind, he saw Brischaux's lad come driving out of the rain, but as he opened his mouth to call Cameron, the face aged to that of Rafe. With a great cry, Dominique awoke to the truth, everything explained, Rafe's silences, moods, thawings, freezings. He remembered too, that the Factor had planned for Jeanne to visit her father next time he sent dispatches to Garry by Rafe, and he covered in three days the five-day journey to Pelly.

Cameron gaped at the lathered ponies, surmising an Indian rising. His fierce eyes gleamed, his turbulent soul leaped to the scent of battle. But he blanched under his blackness when, finding that Jeanne was gone these six days, Dominique cried, "Man! you sent her away with the son of Red Brischaux!"

That sickly colour, however, was all that his iron spirit vouchsafed to Dominique's pitying eyes.

His black whisperings, blasphemous ravings, maniacal defiances to the Cause of Things, did not break out till he was riding alone under the immense grey of October skies. Jogging easily, a Red River freighting cart creaks over the two hundred yellow miles between Pelly and Dupre's roadhouse in seven days. He rode it there and back in two, killing one pony, ruining other five. Two and six are eight; add three more days casting about; Rafe was eleven camps ahead before Cameron picked up the scent at the forks of the Devil's and Great Slave trails.

He had first news from a *bois brule* who had spent a night by Rafe's fire; a rascal who, after straining his credit at Pelly, had taken not only his own furs but all he could buy or steal to other forts, and who added malice to his treacheries. His crude hint that elopement defined Jeanne's case



"Remembering their Shaman, the fish-eaters held their distance."

more accurately than capture, gained him a broken jaw; but the poison worked. Cameron saw his grizzled years for the first time through his young wife's eyes; remembered looks, tones, that now took sinister meaning. That day he sent back his men to Pelly, not caring that other eye should see the accomplishment of his purpose.

He rode alone on the "Devil's Trail," so named by the fur traders because earth offers no worse penance than a pilgrimage along its barren lengths. Loneliest of roads, it cat-a-corners the meridians a thousand miles, winding snake-like through muskegs, morasses, alkali desert in dreary alternation, to Hope, the company's uttermost fort at the peak of the Barren Lands. By day, in summer, a pest of sandflies haunts it; the tortured night whines of mosquitoes. In winter it lies, a pale ribbon in blanched solitudes, whose infinite, wearisome whiteness divorces the traveller from earthly relations completely as though he were moving through colourless voids of space. Yet its evilness was well in accord with Cameron's mood as he rode, frothing at the necessary slowness of his going. For the trail offered no fresh horseflesh. He would meet only Swampy Sioux, thieves and murderers of lonely people, eaters of fish, a miserable tribe too poor to support a company's post; and, further north, half breed Crees and Esquimaux.

Even the print of Jeanne's small foot in the mud of a cold camp did not move him to suicidal haste. He knew what he knew—Rafe's intention among other things. This was October! By Chipewyan, Lake Yak Kyed, the Doobaunt River, he would go to the Esquimax igloo at Whale's Point on Hudson's Bay. That would be the end of November and the bay frozen! So he would trade horses for dogs, cross the ice from island to island, where after a ten days' dash across Ungava would bring him among friends in Labrador.

But that was a long way off. Moreover, unaware that Dominique's dream had cut his lead by a good three weeks, Rafe was not travelling fast. Averaging his speed from the cold camps, Cameron arranged his a third faster, travelling always fifteen or twenty miles beyond their span.

There was something deadly in his method, his murderous calculation. Of nights he would glower into his fire, oblivious of the beasts that moved in the environments of the darkness, of their soft

pantings, velvet paddings. He saw neither the eyes, green slits in the night, nor the grey hides that on occasion flashed in and out of the edge of the firelight. His thought turned only on that other fire now five camps away, twinkling, a red spark under the gold-dusted vault. Five camps! Two days and it would be four! Four days, three camps! Six, two! Eight! one! Ten—ah!

Thus his furious figuring carried him beyond the limit of trees into the heart of the Barren Lands, a country sterile beyond the imagination of man, avoided by moose, wapiti, antelope, the nobler beasts which left its moss, lichens, sparse scrub growths to the musk ox and Arctic caribou. Four camps! Three! Two! One more, and he would push on through the night and take them in their blankets! But that very night the first snow fell, bringing the unforeseen dimension into his sum.

SNOW flakes whirling out of black night into the fire glow formed a strange setting for the strange play that was being enacted two camps away; a play that would have astonished Cameron could he have seen it. Lovers do not place the fire between them. Yet so the two sat, Jeanne on one side with a buffalo hide stretched between her and the wind, Rafe opposite. Nor was her meditative sadness proper sign of a willing prisoner. If it were, her eyes still offered a puzzle in that they still contained the tender introspection which first aroused Dominique's suspicion. The secret thought in which it rooted did not centre on Rafe.

He broke a moody silence with the manner of one who reopens stubborn argument. "Why did you not send word back by the *bois brules*? I did not stand between. Ere this, Cameron would have been upon us."

"There was no need." Her eyes turned to him with calm confidence that seemed to be borne of their mystery. "I knew that you would return me to him after the passing of your madness."

He laughed, scornfully. "You have now mended that opinion."

"No." Her quiet assurance brought him to his feet, flushed, angry.

"Come! let us have no more of this! You love me. Why do you hold me off?"

"I am a married wife." She gave it with all of a woman's faith in the irrevocability of the canons.

"Pish!" he snorted. "Spring does not mate with winter."

"Why not?"

But he turned her argument against her. "It is shameful, unnatural."

"I married him of my free will," she interrupted.

"But you do not love him? Could not! did not!"

The tender brooding flooded her face; enigma looked upon him out of her eyes. "He has given me cause."

Exclaiming angrily, he flung out from the fire to snow and darkness, and there paced out five minutes, while love and revenge battled one with the other.

Revenge won. He came striding back. "Now look you, Jeanne, I came to Pelly to do to you and him that which he did to my father and would have done to my father's wife. For this I saved you alive from the rapid. And think you that I shall return you to him?"

"But you will," she said.

"Why?" he irritably demanded.

"Because you say you love me. Does love blast its object?"

"Why did you make me?" He threw the question to the night rather than her; challenging the god of revenges to produce cause for this miscarriage.

"Don't make it so hard for me. Listen!" Then raising her face as he stooped, she whispered her secret; the thought of her brooding, whose telling left her ruddier than the fire's glow.

DEMI - TASSE

Newslets.

THE State of Maine has gone Democrat after thirty years of Republican rule. What encouragement for R. L. Borden, K.C.!

It is alleged that John Simpson of Stellarton, N.S., has a pigeon which flew one hundred and seventy-six miles in one day. Count de Lesseps and Graham-White refuse to believe it.

Nicaragua now wants to borrow eighteen millions. And it is a State of such unsteady habits! It really would not be wise to lend to a youthful spendthrift with the revolution habit.

The *Evening Telegram*, published in Toronto, breaks into song for the space of nearly a column, because Lieutenant Williams was not enthusiastic to the CANADIAN COURIER representative on the subject of "O Canada." Just mention the Lavallee-Routhier Song and the *Telegram* breaks out in maple leaves.

* * *

Those Irish.

FROM the stately city of old Montreal
Where the Eucharist Congress was held,
There are protests a-coming from fiercest Gauls—
Not soon will the tumult be quelled.

For it seems that a banner of dangerous hue,
So green, with the harp, loved and dear,
Was floating afar in the haughtiest way,
With the Tricolor far in the rear.

The Gaul in distress has told of the grief
That arose at the sight of its folds;
But the Irish just grin at the words of great wrath,
And jeer at the Frenchie who scolds,

For cold will the day be, when Erin is left,
With never a flag to be seen;
And ever the Irishman's honour it is—
To be showing a bit of the green.

* * *

Queer Fish.

AT a salmon cannery in British Columbia, the Indian workers went on strike recently, and the man-

ager wrote explaining affairs to the head office. He was somewhat amused at the reply he received, for among other things it said: "We are sorry you have had trouble with your Indians; but we hope you will be able to fill your cans with the Japs and Indians you have left."—D. A. F.

* * *

Hail to the Chief.

SIR HENRY PELLATT and Mr. John C. Eaton have recently been received into the Order of Indian Chiefs.

Sir Henry is a citizen,
Whose deeds we gladly tell,
He is a loyal officer,
And serves the King right well.
He sends the boys to London town,
And gives them lots of fun,
He does not hesitate at all,
To spend the ready "mon."

Great honours come to him who waits,
And now Sir Henry's proud.
Because he's got a feather new
To wear before the crowd.
The "Braves" have made of him a chief
With new name, if you please,
Which no one could pronounce without
A cough and hearty sneeze.

John Eaton is a merchant prince,
Who owns a business rare,
That makes our English visitors
And likewise Yankees stare.
He lets the weary toiling clerks
Go home at five o'clock
And gives them baseball games and such
To which the people flock.

He has an open glad right hand,
For charities and sport,
And, when he buys a little yacht
It is the best in port.
But now he wears a haughty mein
And bears an aspect stern;
He has been made an Indian Chief
With syllables to burn.

* * *

Her Preference.

THERE was a citizen of Ontario, who went far into the wilds of Quebec to fish. He had a glorious time, and according to his own accounts, was extremely lucky as an angler. He went into a country inn one day for refreshments and was waited upon by a maid of exceedingly French appearance. The Ontario man was proud of his few French

phrases and used them for mademoiselle's benefit. She refused to reply and then he repeated the French address, winding up with the question in English, "Can't you understand?" "I can understand your English, sir, but I do not know your French at all."

After that, the conversation was limited to plain Anglo-saxon.

* * *

Frightened Off.

A WASHINGTON car conductor, born in London and still a cockney, has succeeded in extracting thrills from the alphabet—imparting excitement to the names of the national capital's streets. On a recent Sunday morning he was calling the streets thus:

"Haitch!"
"High!"
"Jay!"
"Kay!"
"Hell!"

At this point three prim ladies picked up their prayer-books and left the car.—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

* * *

Staff Humour.

FROM the way their statesmen talk, it would appear that both Britain and the United States won the recent peaceful battle over the fishery question. Now, if only baseball could be so amended that both teams would score a victory each time, wouldn't this world be a perfect heaven for umpires?

John B. Moisant says that the hundred-mile-an-hour aeroplane is coming, and we want to say to John B. that when it comes we will try to be in the storm cellar.

The Persian National Council wants to have seven Americans advise the Persian Government on finance. Moved in amendment that the whole job be given to Teddy Roosevelt and that the following words be added after finance: "and on all other subjects."

Democratic sweep of the slate at the northeast corner of Uncle Sam's land may furnish a nice new version of "Remember the Maine!"

Essex County, Ont., reports an advance in the price of tobacco. At least some of us are to be directly struck by the high cost of living.

Prof. Fessenden at the British Association meetings told of the possibility of harnessing the wind to produce electricity. We may yet live to see the boasted Niagara power taking second place to that produced at our Parliament at Ottawa.

Harry Thaw wants his liberty. He was saved by the insanity plea, and it is said to be just crazy to gain freedom.

The Germans are being educated by advertisements, to chew gum. And you can hardly blame them for forming the habit when you consider that Kaiser Bill won't let them chew the rag.

The University of Toronto now has women on its Senate, and, at the present rate of progress, will soon have them in its hustles.

Score another triumph for Canada. Officers of the Q. O. R. dined with the King and didn't eat their fried potatoes with their swords.

Steps are to be taken to establish a stable government in Nicaragua, after which arrangements will be made to have the leopard change his spots and to have some old dog taught new tricks.

The reckless bather gets beyond his depth and goes down three times, whereas the reckless aviator gets beyond his height and comes down once.



There are many kinds of so-called "water-proof" goods, but only one "Cravenette." The "Cravenette" process is patented—the product unequalled.

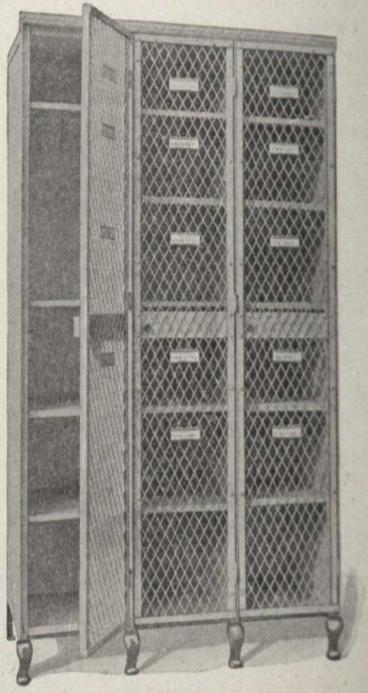
is ideal for Raincoats and Rainy-Day and Outing Skirts. It is light, porous, comfortable and dressy in fine weather, yet proof against the heaviest downpour. Rain will neither wet nor spot it.

See that you get the genuine "Cravenette"—not something said to be "just as good." You can tell by the "Cravenette" Registered Trademark, which is stamped on every yard of the genuine "Cravenette" cloth, and is inside the collar of every Raincoat.

Further particulars can be obtained from The Cravenette Co. Limited, 39 Well St. Bradford, England.

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Cloth supplied from 75c. yard. Patterns and style book, together with full information of carriage and duty to any part of Canada, post free.

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In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier



Irate Farmer (who has suffered considerable damage through being run into by motorist).—"It's not a bit o' good your tryin' to hide like that. Here comes our policeman, and he'll easily be able to see yer!"—*Punch*.

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3. The interest on them varies from 4 to 6 per cent. per annum payable half-yearly.
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Municipal Bonds yield 4 to 5 per cent.
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A. E. AMES CO., LIMITED
Investment Bankers
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Very Significant

AT THE LAST ANNUAL MEETING OF



the following very significant statement was made by the President of the Company, Mr. E. P. Clement, K.C. :-

"We adhere to the opinion so often expressed at our meetings that the **Security of the principal should be the paramount consideration.** As a result of this policy we are able to report that after **forty years of operation we have not lost a single dollar of our invested funds.**"

HEAD OFFICE - WATERLOO, ONT.

ASSETS
\$ 8-617-909

CAPITAL (SUBSCRIBED) \$2,500,000
CAPITAL (PAID UP) \$1,500,000
RESERVE FUND \$1,250,000

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LOAN & SAVINGS COMPANY
TORONTO

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CORRESPONDENCE INVITED

WOOD, GUNDY & CO.
LONDON, ENG. TORONTO, CAN.

In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier

MONEY AND MAGNATES

Occupying a Unique Position in Montreal Street Railway and Canadian Power Fight.

IN the fight that is going on tending to a consolidation of the Montreal Street Railway and the Canadian Light & Power Company, perhaps, no one man occupies just such a unique position as does Mr. W. G. Ross, the managing-director of the Montreal Street Railway Company.



Mr. W. G. Ross,

Just where the street Railway Company stands to-day is the result of what may be termed the Ross Administration, and whatever of earning power and possibilities it may possess, must in a very great measure be placed to the credit of Mr. Ross and the management with which he has surrounded himself. As far as the operating end and physical condition of the property is concerned, the Ross Administration has certainly made good, and it was generally felt by people who have been very close to the Street Railway for the last couple of years, that it would not have been long before the Ross Administration would also have justified itself as far as the stock market and shareholders of the company are concerned. In other words, it was felt that whereas within the past few years a very large percentage of the actual earnings of the company went back into renewals and extensions, that at the present time a very large percentage of this work had been completed and that during the next few years, the management would be in a position to show very much larger earnings over and above the dividend requirements on the stock, than had ever been shown.

Of course, the development that has recently arisen due to interests identified with the Canadian Light & Power Company arranging to purchase such a large block of the securities of the Street Railway Company. It will be, of course, impossible for Mr. Ross to carry out just the plan that he had intended to back a year or two ago. The question is just what position will Mr. Ross occupy, if the Canadian Power interests carry through their intention of effecting a consolidation between that company and the Street Railway. Unless something absolutely unforeseen should turn up, it looks a safe bet to state that Mr. W. G. Ross, even after the consolidation has been effected, if it is effected, will occupy practically the same position with regard to the Street Railway Company that he does to-day.

As far as can be learned, he has not taken any active part whatever in either favouring or opposing the proposed deal. Such a development, of course, will mean that the same policy that he has mapped out for the Street Railway Company, since the time he jumped from the position of treasurer to managing-director, when Mr. Wanklyn stepped out as general manager, will to a very large degree be the policy that the Street Railway Company will still follow for the next few years at least. Of course, in a sense, the Street Railway of Montreal may be regarded as just about to come into its own, as very many lengthy extensions which were added in the outlying districts a year or two ago are now beginning to contribute more than their share to the earning power of the company. It is such earning power that in a great measure justifies the numerous extensions urged and carried out on the advice and under the direction of Mr. Ross.

Bonuses of Common Stock Growing in Favour.

THE practice of Canadian public utility and industrial companies, of giving bonuses of preferred or common stocks along with their bonds, has always been one that has come in for a good deal of discussion.

In the past the Canadian investor has taken kindly to this style of issue, but the British investor had the habit of looking somewhat askance at such forms of investment, but during the past year, the big gains that have been made by many of these stocks, which originally were given in the form of a bonus, have had the result of making the British investor change his views to a considerable extent with regard to them, and there is now every indication that in the future, he will look just as favourably on the possibilities of a public utility of industrial bond that carries a bonus with it, as on one that is sold without a bonus at all.

Up to the last couple of years, of course, there were not many Canadian companies that at a public offering gave stock bonuses along with their bonds, but when they did, however, make big offerings of either bond or stocks, they allowed the subscribers to buy the common stock of the company at a very low price. Two particular instances of this form of offering were those of the Dominion Textile Co., which represents a consolidation of most of the leading cotton companies of Canada, and the Penmans, Limited, which was formed to take over the various woollen mills of the old John Penman Company. In the case of Dominion Textile, the buyers of the preferred stock were given an opportunity of purchasing the common stock at \$10 a share, and that they did pretty well in making such a purchase can be gathered from the fact that the common stock has since sold well above \$70 a share, and is paying a dividend of 5 per cent. In the case of Penmans, the purchasers of the bonds and preferred stock were allowed to buy the common stock at \$25 a share, and since that time the stock has sold above \$60 a share, and is paying a dividend of 4 per cent. Shawinigan Water & Power bonus stock is over par; Canadian Power bonus stock now sells above \$60, Sawyer-Massey at \$28, Maple Leaf Milling at \$55, Black Lake at \$26 and Quebec Power at \$42. These bonus stocks usually represent good-will; as business expands they increase in value.

Coupon.

McQuaig Bros. & Co.

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M. WARING DAVIS,
87 Shuter Street, Montreal
(Resident Secretary for Canada.)

THE ATONEMENT

By HERMAN WHITAKER

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 15.

Stunned, astounded, he looked down upon her blushes. In him some gentler strain had tempered Red Brischau's fierce blood, and though the Jesuit Fathers had not weaned him from his oath, yet they had trained him in moods that rendered its fulfilment difficult. And now that he had fallen in love with his means of revenge, even love was denied him. Pitched between two passions, he paced all night in the darkness while, lying in her blankets, Jeanne listened to his footsteps. Whenever he replenished the fire, she studied his face and at dawn knew that she had conquered. Then—oh, feminine inconsequence! she covered her head and cried. When, moreover, an hour later, Rafe headed the ponies about, her face would never have been taken for that of a winner in a month's hard argument. Muskets, sloughs and morasses being now mailed in snow and ice, Rafe left the devious trail and lined southwest, heading straight for the timber line.

age from exposure to the wolves at the pinch of famine. The story goes on from the grey dawn when Cameron crawled from under the blown drift that had saved him through the night.

His first movement brought the tribesmen from feasting on his dogs. Crees, or the Sioux of the south, would have made a quick end, but he still had his rifle, and remembering their Shaman, the fish-eaters held their distance. Nay, the rifle was hardly needed. They shrank from his awful face. Hard-frozen, waxen, only the eyes moved and their implacable sparkle, consuming hatred, cast that livid death mask in the likeness of the resurrected damned. Primitive brutes, his pursuers yet sensed in their invincible purpose something more than desire of life. Out of curiosity as much as lust for his blood and rifle, they followed his painful crawlings as coyotes track a wounded buffalo; followed till another day brought him to the limit of the trees. There they left him.

THUS spurring hotly forward to make that last camp, Cameron passed them by, a fair ten miles to the north at the close of that day. Waking, that morning, in a white world, all trails obliterated by the still falling snow, the Factor knew that he might overshoot them. Was sure that he had, the following day. Yet he pressed on three camps more to Whale's Point, where he lay like a black tiger, couchant for prey, until, a week later, a hunter of reindeer brought in word of a man and woman tracking southward through the snows.

He knew why. Here the Barrens fell off a thousand feet in a few miles to a timbered country; poplar and birch mostly, with evergreen spruce crowning ridges and sandhills. Beginnings of the mooseranges, the fish-eaters would take no chances of the Crees, hardy hunters and fighters. Besides which general reason there was one more special. Far off a smoke spiral rose by a knoll that lifted a single giant spruce high over the forest roof. From the Shaman Cameron had wrung confession of the tribe's attempt on Jeanne and Rafe—foiled what of the woman's watching and the man's straight shooting, though they had followed them down to the timber. There, the Shaman said, the man had builded a cabin; he surmised because the woman was ailing. All of which Cameron had hardly believed till now he saw both tree and smoke.

He brought other, grisly news, the hunter; on top of his reindeer meat, Pete Groselliers, hard frozen, ugly from a gash in the throat. Never again would Pete carry the company's letters between Chippewgan and Hope. What was more to Cameron's point, the Swampy Sioux were between him and his quarry. Not that he feared for himself. He made as little of them as a lion of a jackal pack; only he dreaded they might rob his vengeance.

Toward them he now set his dead face. Upright with good legs, he could have made the distance in one hour; but last night's frost had gripped his knees. He was in pitiable case; yet his indomitable soul took joy that he had been caught with his knees drawn up for warmth. Locomotion would, otherwise, have been ended. Tucked in to his body, his hands had fared better. Though frozen, the left could still hold a gun; the right, pull trigger. Another night would make a finish. But before then—

The thought girmed him so that he made but a poor trading for dogs, enriching the Esquimaux headman beyond dreams of avarice. It went with him on trail; grew almost to a surety when, ten days out, the Swampy Sioux appeared in his rear; rose with him as, five nights later, they rushed his fire, deeming him in the deep sleep that follows anxious nights. Foolish people! nothing could better have fitted his humour. As the tide on a rock, their foul wave broke around him; he laid them in maimed winrows with his clubbed rifle.

The fierce heart-burning within him, he lifted himself, by sheer force of will, all day through the snows. Noon found him half-way, crawling, painfully crawling, like a huge slug through the leafless forest. Then it was that he heard Rafe's voice and Jeanne's clear answer on the frosty air. Yet he could not quicken his pace. Twilight found him crawling. Night brought him so close that he heard the cabin door open and shut as Rafe carried in wood and water. Later, hours later, a dim greyness palpitated upon the blackness; smoke from the chimney. Then his hand touched the cabin.

It was a brave vengeance for Pete, and the memory thereof persists in a tribal tradition which recites of a giant who came out of the North and made widows of ten; of how he was hamstrung by Yak-Sood from behind and then broke the head of Koo-Shoo, the Shaman, who thought to dispatch him as he sank on his knees. Further! how he saved the Shaman alive and forced him to break trail five days ahead of the dogs, himself lying upon the sled with rifle trained; of how he shot the Shaman in a bolt for freedom, and how, that same night, the tribesmen enticed his dogs away by the taint of meat in the wind. By the telling of these things one generation of survivors attained meretricious honours, for these were not sufficient to save their toothless

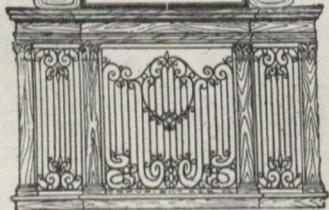
A thin yellow line, perpendicular trickle of light, divided the frozen mud between two logs. One knife thrust split out a piece, opening the interior to his eye; confirmed by sight the evidence of his incredulous ears. He thought that he heard a thin wail, and there, surely, a woman sat by the mud hearth, suckling her babe. It was Jeanne, but a paler Jeanne, one rounded out by maternity.

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Joy comes into her heart, as rivers come to the sea. A trinket in gold carries the glad-some message—sometimes a ring, a locket or a pin of dainty make is the medium.

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Lord Northcliffe On Seasickness

Gentlemen:—Your letter of the 14th of September reached me on my return to England from a journey to Newfoundland and back, during which I have seen and heard abundant evidence of the fact that Mothersill's Seasick Remedy appears to be, in nineteen cases out of twenty, an absolute cure for mal-de-mer, and also for what Americans call "Car-sickness." I have taken it, on many occasions, with excellent effect and no after effect. You are quite at liberty to make use of this letter, as I think it a duty to express my opinion on the subject. Yours truly, NORTHCLIFFE, Sutton place, Guildford, Surrey, England.

Mothersill's Remedy Quickly Cures Sea or Train Sickness. Guaranteed safe and harmless. 50c. and \$1.00 a box at all Drug Stores and Drug Departments. If your druggist does not have it in stock he can get it for you from any Wholesale Druggist in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Pittsburg, Baltimore, San Francisco or Canada.

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CUMMER DOWSWELL Limited
HAMILTON - ONT.

Her tender gaze turned down on her child. Perched on the wood-pile beside her Rafe looked gravely upon the dimple her finger proudly indicated. From without, the living eye in the dead face surveyed all three.

His own child! Minutes passed before the idea formed in Cameron's chaotic thought. With it came perceptions. So this was why they paused! Followed question, But why turning?

Jeanne's voice broke up reflection. "I think I could travel to-morrow."

"Better wait another week," Rafe answered. "The nights are bitter cold."

"They will be colder."

"Are you so anxious to get back to him?"

The sorrowful tenderness of her upward look filled the watcher with grim despair. His hand gripped to the rifle; relaxed as she answered, "I have a son who must hear no shame of his mother, but—you will always have my—love." The last whispered word reached only Rafe's ear, but her look proclaimed it to the other. He caught all of Rafe's answer.

"I shall not have it long. He will kill me, even as he did my father."

"No! no!" she protested. "Under his roughness he is a fair man, kind after a rough sort. When he knows, he will—"

"Extend gracious forgiveness," Rafe bitterly interrupted. "And thereafter I shall sit down in Pelly and watch your loves." Her distress gave him pause. "There! there! I will say no more. I brought this on myself. The good priests warned me to leave him to God. I would not and He has turned my vengeance against me."

"But you repented," she comforted, "and He is merciful, *le bon Dieu*. Now you will go back to the priesthood, and some day I, the poor Factor's wife, shall be proud to hear that you have become an Abbe."

"Who knows?" But though he indulged her fancies, the shadow on his face bespoke bitter hopelessness. As yet there was nothing to inform him that his acts had worked out a proper ending.

A "fair man under his violence?" That was a happy phrase. It touched Cameron in his pride; turned his Scotch stubbornness to good account. He held the life of one, the happiness of both in his hands. But was he to prove himself inferior to the son of Red Brischaux in this extremity? He quickly answered the question. His love was one of those enormous passions which rise to heaven, fall to hell under the swing of circumstance. He turned and crawled away.

He did not gain far. Tracking him, next morning, from the rifle by the hole in the wall, Rafe came on him within a score of yards. His face, frozen in sleep, was peaceful now that it lacked the horrible contradiction of baleful eyes; Death's mysterious alchemy had loosened the frost's bonds and spread thereon the peace of his last thought. Who shall predict it? It may have been of the Abbe's warning, "Sin carries the seed of its own punishment"? More likely it was of the child which had won free because he had bowed to the decree; of the young wife whom his last generous act had set in the way of happiness.

So Jeanne and Rafe read it as they prepared him for winter burial. Bending two young spruce, they lashed him in a buffalo robe from top to top; then when the freed tree bore him on high with stately swing, they headed for Pelly and Dominique, leaving him to the gentle cradling of the winds.

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You can buy twice the quantity of Ingersoll Cream Cheese in blocks for the same money as you would receive in jar cheese, besides, there is just as much difference in the quality in favor of Ingersoll Cream Cheese as there is in the price.

Never becomes hard. Every particle can be consumed.

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every ounce of which has passed rigid tests for strength and purity.

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THE ANGEL OF THE WHITE FEET

By TOM GALLON

CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK.

RESUME.—When Mrs. Sims, a lady of Cockney birth, falls into a fortune, she at once departs from rather unsavory surroundings in London to a substantial country home, and prepares to take her proper place in society. Society, however, is not prepared to accept Mrs. Sims nor her son, whose more sensitive nature shrinks from its hostility. The one interest the new life contains is the occasional chance meeting with the daughter of a neighbour—a General Hartigan—whose charms he has learned to worship afar. A storm overtakes the girl one night, and she is obliged to find shelter in the Sims' home, where Albert receives her.

"You've no idea how wet I was," she went on, seating herself in the chair usually occupied by Mrs. Sims, and stretching out her feet luxuriously. "By the way—I don't think I know your name."

But Albert Sims did not answer. He had been struck dumb by the sight of two naked white feet enveloped in the clumsy felt slippers. He saw but an inch or two of the slim ankles; the dressing-gown was drawn closely about her. The feet themselves were lost in the slippers—slippers to be thereafter for ever glorified!

"You haven't told me your name?" "Sims," he stammered—"Albert Sims, miss. You needn't tell me yours; I know it already. In a manner o' speakin', miss"—Albert Sims was very bashful indeed at this point, and ran a finger nervously along the edge of the table near which he stood—"in a manner o' speakin', I've taken rather an interest in you, miss."

"Have you?" she flashed a glance up at him for a moment, and then looked again at the fire. "In what way?"

"It's a bit 'ard to explain," said Albert, dropping into a chair, and still keeping that safe distance between them. "All the gels—young ladies, I mean, miss—I've met before haven't bin quite like you."

"No?"

"Not a bit," he replied, growing bolder, and shaking his head vigorously. "Always something about 'em that put you off, if you can understand my meaning, miss. Just w'en you was pritty sure you might be likin' a young lady, she'd say or do somethin' that knocked it all out of your 'ead—say or do something that seemed to 'urt you."

She nodded gravely at the fire. "I think I understand," she said.

"I suppose you don't often dream, miss—do you?" he asked, after a little pause.

"Why, yes—sometimes," she laughed.

"I mean w'en you're not exactly asleep," said Albert Sims awkwardly. "I mean the sort of dream that comes to you of what you'd like to be—an' like to do—an' all that sort of thing. It was you first started me dreamin' down 'ere, miss," he added softly.

"I started you? What do you mean?"

"You see, miss—I 'adn't seen anything like you before—nothin' clean an' fine an' strong like you. The young ladies I'd known used to giggle if you looked at 'em; there wasn't one of 'em 'ad your style of eyes, that knew 'ow to look straight at a man—as if 'e was a man, miss."

"Thank you, Mr. Sims," she said, almost in a whisper.

"There wasn't one of 'em, for instance, that would have sat where you're sittin' to-night—all alone with a man—in a friendly spirit—an' not made a fuss about it. I give you my word, there wasn't one of 'em that wouldn't 'ave thought the man would be likely to say somethin' 'e ought not to say."

Her eyes regarded him steadily. "Thank you again, Mr. Sims," she said.

"Consequently, miss, you'll understand that I've come to find myself lookin' at you—an' thinkin' about you—an' even goin' so far as to presume to dream about you—in a manner I shouldn't 'ave done with—with anyone else. It's a liberty, I know; but I 'ope it's one you'll excuse, miss."

She did not immediately reply; she gazed into the fire, with her elbows on her knees, and her chin in her palms. When at last she spoke, she

"OH!" She appeared to think deeply for a moment or two, and yet not to be in the least disconcerted or afraid; it was rather as though she were trying to remember what was the correct attitude for her to adopt under the circumstances.

"Does that make any difference?" asked Albert Sims.

"Just a little," she confessed. "You see, the difficulty is this: I can't go out in this storm, and I ought not to stay here."

"An' yet you'll catch your death of cold if you keep those things on," he supplemented.

She nodded. "It's only my skirt—and—my stockings," she said.

"If a dressin'-gown would be any good, miss, or even a pair of soft slippers," suggested Albert, "I dare say it could be managed. And, of course, I could retire if you so much as say the word, miss."

"That's very kind of you; I could manage very well, then," she said, with a grateful smile. "I feel as though I should never be dry again," she added, with a shudder.

Mr. Albert Sims went swiftly from the room and cautiously mounted the stairs. His heart was beating fast, for this was an adventure indeed. As he went up in the darkness, all sorts of impossible ideas crowded in upon his brain. Of how he might, by some great good fortune, keep her there for ever; hold her there, in the room in the firelight, with the storm raging outside? and neither of them ever growing any older, or ever changing, or ever being disturbed by anyone else; just a little world of warmth and brightness, of which they were the only inhabitants. He crept quietly past his mother's door and gained his own room, got a heavy, warm dressing-gown and a pair of felt slippers, and glided down again. Coming to the door of the room in which the girl was, he stopped outside, and whispered through the opening, without daring to look in.

"I've got what you want, miss; I'll just pass 'em in, with your leave," he said.

"Thank you so much," replied the bright voice from within. Albert Sims dropped the dressing-gown and the slippers just inside the door, keeping his face averted; and then sauntered about for a moment or two in the hall, smiling vaguely to himself. He heard with satisfaction the increased howling of the storm outside.

After a moment or two the door was opened, and the girl stood there, looking out at him. She was enveloped in the big dressing-gown; it swept to the ground and trailed upon it. She was laughing shyly. "You can come in," she said.

"I should like you to speak soft, miss, if you wouldn't mind," said Albert Sims, as he followed her into the room.

"Why?" She turned and flashed the question at him.

"Oh, nothin', miss," he replied uneasily. "On'y I like to speak quietly—seems more natural, some'ow—at night. I suppose it's bein' alone in the place makes me wish it—I always do it myself," he added feebly.

"Oh, very well—I'll speak only in whispers," she said, laughing.

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spoke, indeed, as though almost to herself.

“Tell me,” she said softly—“tell me what you dreamed about me.”

“It ain’t easy, miss,” said Mr. Albert Sims, rubbing his hands on his knees. “In the first place, I ’ad a sort of wish—an idea, you might call it—that I was a gentleman. Foolish—wasn’t it?”

“Go on, please,” she said.

“Then I thought that perhaps it might ’appen that you was in trouble—an’ needed some assistance—an’ that I—of course always as a gentleman, you’ll understand, miss—was able to ’elp you.”

“As you have done to-night,” she said.

“That’s the funny part of it, miss,” said Albert Sims, with a pleased smile. “I was sittin’ ’ere this very evening, listenin’ to the storm, and—and”—he made a deprecatory movement with his hands—“an’ takin’ the liberty, miss, of thinkin’ about you. An’ then in a moment—you was at the door—an’ it was in my power to do something for you. I shall be glad and grateful to remember that, miss, as long as I live; it’s a memory I wouldn’t part with.”

“Dreams are not everything, Mr. Sims. They come to us, as you say, out of the night and the darkness—and they come to us in impossible shapes.” She made a movement to indicate the uncouth dressing-gown and slippers. “Some of them are good to remember—”

“I’m sure of that, miss,” whispered Albert Sims heartily.)

—And some are best forgotten. Some day you’ll touch the realities of life, Mr. Sims; some day some woman with the frank eyes you admire will look into your soul—and you’ll begin to dream about her.”

“Not while—by your leave, miss—I can dream about—about somebody else.”

She did not laugh; there was that curious quality in her that made her appreciate the silent homage of the man, as much as she appreciated the delicacy and the strangeness of the whole situation. She knew that wherever she went, and whatever she did in any after life, this night must be stamped indelibly upon her remembrance—never to be effaced—always to be held as some poor, tender, sacred thing that was worth remembering. Their lives from this time would lie far apart—could not, indeed, by any possibility touch; yet the homage of the man was hers, and would be hers always. In justice to that she must be gracious to him now, on this one night of his life.

They talked about many things; and Albert Sims found himself telling her—first of all people on earth—something of his own dreams and hopes; whispering to her of that inner life that no one else had ever touched.

With the complete confidence of a child almost, she presently slumbered in the great chair; while the common man, like some knight of old, guarded her. Presently she roused herself, and laughed softly, and turned smiling sleepy eyes upon him. And by that time, in some miraculous fashion, he had got hot coffee ready for her and was pressing it upon her. She drank it gratefully, beginning to chatter again the while.

“I can see the daylight coming already,” she said, “and I’m going back again. You see, it will all be quite simple, because the General—that’s my father, you know—is away in London; he doesn’t come back till later. He’d be dreadfully frightened if he knew I’d been away like this. Besides”—she flashed another glance at him—“the General would not understand—would he?”

He did not answer. The dream was

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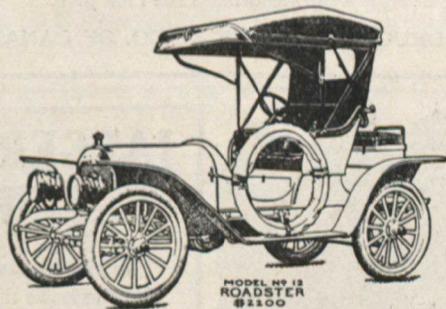
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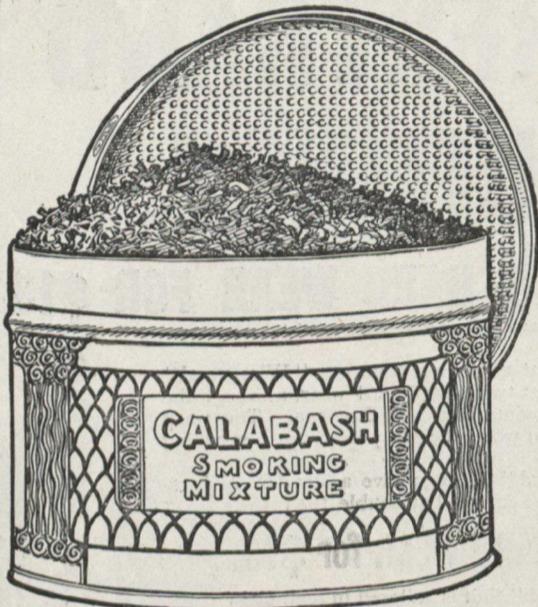
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over; his divinity was going out of his life, just as strangely as she had come into it. He was not the man to detain her; he was, above all, the man who could understand that for the future they met only as strangers, and that this night was buried between them. With a muttered apology, he went out of the room and paced up and down in the hall outside for some time; when she softly called him in again, the white feet were hidden, and she was ready to start.

With a curious certainty in her mind that he knew what to do, she left everything to him; for that first and last time she depended wholly upon him. When presently he came to summon her, she followed and found him standing outside the house in the rain-sodden road, with the little pony-carriage that belonged to Mrs. Sims, ready to start. The dawn was not yet so fully come but that a few faint stars still lingered in the sky; they both looked up at them for a moment as they stood there in the pure, still air.

"I begin to understand the country a bit," said Albert Sims. "Nature seems a bit nearer just now, miss."

They drove along in silence for some little time; the girl was the first to speak. And in a curious fashion Albert Sims knew, before she said a word, what she was to say, and how she would say it.

"I should be a proud and happy girl," she said, looking straight before her, and with a curious flush upon her face—"because two good men dream of me."

"Two?" He asked mechanically.

"Yes—you—and another. Far away in another country, where men carry their lives in their hands, and help to bear the burden of a mighty Empire, there is a man who dreams of me—just as I dream of him. He is to come back to me in a year or two—sure of finding me waiting."

"'E must be one o' the best," said Albert Sims, clearing his throat a little.

"He is," said the girl, with a little proud tilt of her chin. "I shall tell him about you; he will understand."

They came at last to a gate, where she asked him to stop. As they stood for a moment in the road, she looked fully into his eyes, and smiled, and held out her hand.

He took it and held it for a long minute.

"We shall not meet again, Mr. Sims."

"Of course not," he whispered; then he gave a little queer laugh. "You only came to me in a dream, you know."

"Only in a dream," she repeated. "Good-bye!"

She was gone, and the gate had closed behind her. Mr. Albert Sims drove home slowly, with a smile upon his face, as the dawn mounted in the sky.

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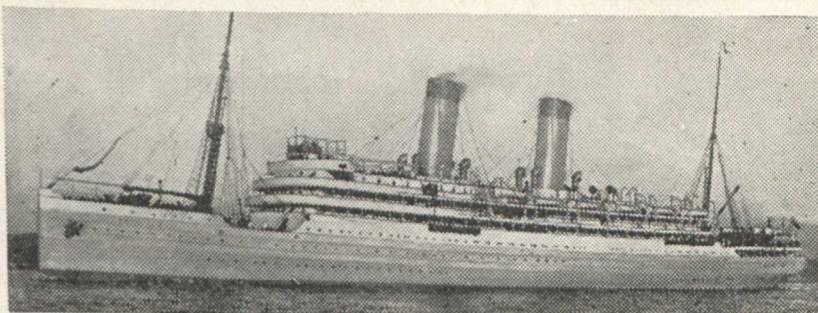
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