

"CANADA IN 1909" IN THIS ISSUE

Vol. V, No. 12

February 20th, 1909

Price 10 Cents

# The Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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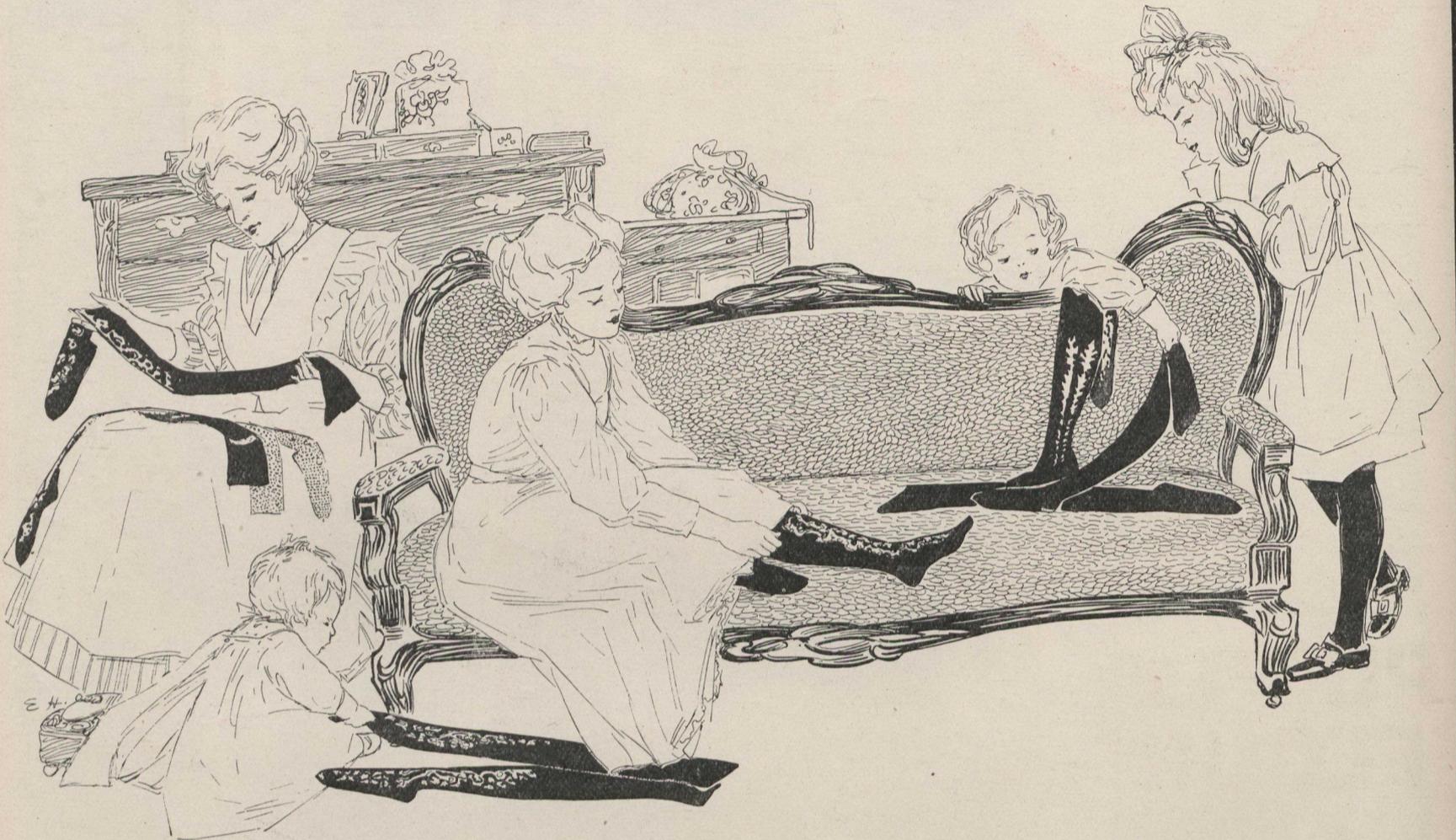
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# THE Canadian Courier

A NATIONAL WEEKLY

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## PUBLISHER'S TALK

WHICH will be Canada's characteristic in 1909—Pessimism or Optimism? The question may seem strange, since Canada has long been known as a country inhabited by Optimists. Nevertheless, Optimism is not as prevalent to-day as it was. This is due, not to a lack of faith in the country's future, but to the changed conditions. The settlers and the capital have come; it is the secondary problems which are disturbing us—the building of railways, the development of interior and exterior trade, and all the political and financial machinery required in national work.

UNDER these circumstances, we have deemed it best to investigate the situation and find out exactly why there is a seeming lack of Optimism. We publish this week a series of letters from leading financiers and manufacturers in which they give reasons for their faith or their lack of it. Next week we shall publish more.

ALSO, next week there will be a Curling Cover and some special material suitable to the Curling Season. It looks now as if the issue would be well filled with special features.

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THE  
**Canadian Courier**  
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



VOL. 5

Toronto, February 20th, 1909

No. 12

## IN THE DAY'S WORK

### Plain, Practical Bishop This

BISHOP FARTHING, of Montreal, is off to a good start in the race of episcopal life. Recently he presided over his first Montreal synod. His talk to the clergy was as fine a compend of common sense and inspiration as falls to the lot of that Synod to hear. He paid a tribute to his predecessors in office and discussed church union; outlined the duties of the priest and dealt with social and economic conditions. This latter was in the tail of his talk. Bishop Farthing is a practical man. He told the Montreal clergy that the city needs better water. He advocated including in the theological curriculum a course in sociology—practical present-day study of problems that the preacher is bound to meet when he leaves college.

\* \* \*

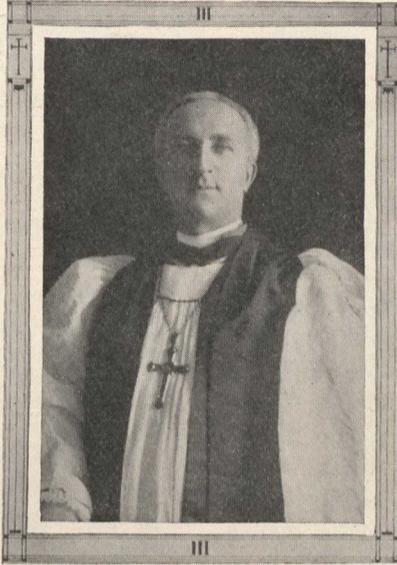
### A Canadian Keltic Orator

ONE of the few untrammelled orators left in Canada is the Rev. James A. Macdonald, who on Friday of last week delivered the evening oration at the Lincoln Centenary in Chicago. For this occasion Mr. Macdonald prepared a discourse of ten thousand words. There is no doubt that every word of it was interesting to Chicago. Orators even in that western country are getting scarce. The Keltic fire and rhapsody of the *Globe's* editor is a new thing altogether out there. It is an unusual thing also for a Canadian born to be chosen for a Lincoln oration. Mr. Macdonald, however, has the qualifications for understanding Lincoln—if any Canadian has. He has seen the back country—though whether he ever split rails is not certain. He was born in Middlesex County—a fine Gaelic settlement—where in those days there were some log cabins and snake fences were on every farm. Educated at both Toronto University and Knox College, he preached for many years in Knox Church, St. Thomas, where he made his reputation as an orator. Afterwards he edited the *Westminster* and became Principal of the Westminster Ladies' College. In 1902 he became editor of the *Globe*. But he has never stopped the flow of oratory. Churches far and near have heard the burning words of the *Globe* editor. He has written editorials in Gaelic. Rumour has it that he is to go into politics. During the last general election he stumped several constituencies and had the happiest time of his life—till the other evening in Chicago when he preached about Lincoln.

\* \* \*

### Studies His Constituents

ANOTHER of the Canadian public men in British politics is Dr. John Elsdale Molson, who is the prospective Conservative and Unionist candidate for North-east Bethnal Green. Dr. Molson was born in Montreal. He comes of a line of parliamentarians, for his father and his grandfather before him were members of the Quebec Legislature. They say of him at Bethnal Green that he represents the poor man. This is not because he is a doctor but because ever since he began his medical practice at Chelmsford, Essex, he has been studying the kind of man that makes up a large part of the constituency known as Bethnal Green; the sort of man to whom the sensational play, "The Englishman's Home," now so much talked about, would make a powerful appeal. Four years ago Dr. Molson retired from his practice at Chelmsford, Essex, and went to live at Goring Hall, near Worthing, which is in Sussex. Recently, however, he shifted again and took lodgings on Cambridge Road, where he is



Bishop Farthing  
His Latest Photograph  
By Notman

able to mix with the man on the street and very often the man out of a job.

\* \* \*

### Government Brass Knuckles

SUNNY ways versus frank boldness is one of the problems of the statesmen. Sir Wilfrid Laurier is the great exponent of the one system; Sir William Mulock and Sir James Whitney have given public exhibitions of the second. The latter class has had added to it, the Hon. C. W. Cross of Alberta. He has recently prepared and brought into force a Workmen's Compensation Act which follows the British system somewhat and fixes certain payments to be made by the employers for injuries to workmen. The coal operators, who employ much labour in Alberta, have been doing a considerable amount of objecting. The other day Mr. Cross got angry because the coal operators had begun to threaten. At an Edmonton meeting he turned on them and warned them that if they went too far, the Government might consider the advisability of going into the coal business as it had gone into the telephone business. Mr. Cross, it will thus be seen, exhibits the same spirit as did Sir James Whitney when he, the other day, faced a legal deputation and plainly told them he

was going on with law reform whether they liked or whether they did not. Apparently there are some of our statesmen who follow Davy Crockett's advice: "Be sure you are right, then go ahead; but go ahead anyway."

\* \* \*

### Sound Business Career

MR. FARQUHAR ROBERTSON is the new President of the Montreal Board of Trade. Like so many of Montreal's successful business men, he was a country lad who remembers the smell of the furrow. He was born in Glengarry County, Ontario, on April 14th, 1850. After receiving his schooling in his home county Mr. Robertson went to Montreal in 1875. At first he was identified with the lumber business. In 1880 he went into the coal business, in which he has been engaged ever since. It was in 1906 that he became a member of the Montreal Board of Trade. For two terms he served in the Council of the Board. In 1908 he was elected Vice-President and in 1909, President. He is a member of the St. James Club, Canadian Club and the Montreal Hunt Club.

\* \* \*

### "Lay on MacDuff"

THERE is a man in Toronto who of late has been more in the eye of newspaper editors than any other man; and his name is Colonel Denison. Not long ago the Colonel—who is perhaps the greatest joint authority on police court procedure and cavalry tactics in the world—wrote a letter to the *Standard of Empire* in which he said some highly pertinent things about the Empire. The things he said are not new to the Colonel. He has been saying them in one form or other ever since he gave Mr. Chamberlain the cue for Imperial preferential trade. The Colonel has been reading the newspapers lately and finds that he is not popular with some editors. But as he

himself said the other day—an editor once told him that he was the most popular man in Canada for editors to whack at; and because he is a born soldier the Colonel rather likes to be whacked—so long as he is in the ring with a chance to hit back. When it comes to discussing the Empire there is no man—no, not even Kipling—to whom Colonel Denison will take a back seat.



Mr. J. A. Macdonald  
Editor Toronto Globe



Lieut.-Col. G. T. Denison  
Imperialist



Mr. Farquhar Robertson  
President Montreal Board of Trade



### THE VALUE OF A GOVERNOR-GENERAL

**L**ORD GREY is a typical governor-general, a gentleman who possesses what to Canadians seem to be the qualities essentially requisite to the office. One day he is opening parliament, performing a function which Royalty performs in Great Britain and adding a touch of ornate dignity to a function which is important institutionally. The next he is holding a levee at which the leading men of Canada, with their wives and daughters, meet around a common dais, irrespective of politics, creed or language. The third he is conveying to a cabinet minister the thanks of the Imperial Government for his statesmanlike conduct at a foreign capital during the framing of a treaty between Great Britain and a foreign power. The fourth, he is presiding at a convention which is discussing the value of our forest wealth and the best plans for its preservation. The fifth he makes his appearance at a concert given by a musical society deserving of even this high compliment. And so his days run, though perhaps not so consecutively as this recital would indicate if taken too literally. He is filling his high office with credit to himself and with credit to the great sovereign whom he represents.

Canada is fortunate in having an office which supplies so much of pomp—if you will—and majesty to her central government. She is equally fortunate for the time being in having in that office one who knows the power, the possibilities and the limitations thereof. Lord Grey has too much individuality to be a mere recording officer and too much of training, knowledge and culture to be unaware of the influence which he may have on our national life. Without being any more than just, he may be enthusiastically congratulated on his continued and unqualified success.



### IS THE MILITIA TOP-HEAVY?

**C**ERTAINLY the people are taking greater interest in the militia to-day than ever before. It is a reflex of the agitation in Great Britain, to some extent. Canadians are more influenced by British activities than they are willing to admit. Six million more British newspapers and periodicals came into Canada last year than in the same period three years ago, due to the cheaper postage. The suffragette movement in England was followed by a suffragette movement here. The rifle club movement in Great Britain was followed by a rifle club movement here and to-day Canada has 415 civilian rifle associations with a total membership of about twenty thousand. The Canadian militia are drilled from text-books prepared for the British army. Hence the present militia agitation in Great Britain is sure to have a reflection in this country.

One of the questions which have arisen is the relation between the top and the bottom of the service, some critics asserting that too much money is spent on the headquarters staff and too little on the private soldier. To a small extent, the criticism is fairly sound. The Militia Department has been extravagantly managed, but in this respect it does not greatly differ from the other departments of our government or even from the general habits of the people. Nevertheless, the militia organisation of the country, the Canadian army as General Hutton called it, was never better manned nor organised than it is to-day. General Lake and General Otter are two of the most brilliant and capable officers who have ever served in this country. Colonel Lessard and others might also be highly commended. There are, it is true, one or two brigadiers and district commanders who are inefficient and almost useless, but that will occur in any service where promotion goes by rotation instead of by merit. It is also true that too many of the permanent militia officers are more at home at a five-o'clock tea than on the drill-ground, but that too is hard to avoid. On the whole, in spite of the apparent red-tape and

a spirit of conservatism such as made General Braddock famous, the permanent staff has made good.

The greatest weakness in our Militia is its inability to shoot. Let us take for example a Toronto regiment. Not more than twenty-five per cent. of its officers and not more than forty per cent. of the men could hit a target at six hundred yards. Only one regiment in Toronto compels its recruits to make a rifle score before being sworn in and given a uniform. As for the rural corps, the percentage who have been trained in military rifle-shooting is even smaller than in the cities. Most rural and city battalions are run for the glory of the colonel and those who hope to be colonels, not for the making of rifle-shots.

As was pointed out last week, the annual camps are practically useless and might reasonably be abolished. Drill sergeants should be sent about the country to drill each company separately and to train individual men to shoot. This would mean more rifle ranges, either out-doors or gallery. These, however, are absolutely necessary, more necessary than the huge, expensive armouries which the Government is now erecting in all the towns and cities which have influence enough to secure one. These ranges are also necessary for the cadet corps and civilian rifle associations which will undoubtedly prove to be one of our greatest national safeguards.



### THAT C. P. R. ISSUE

**I**NVESTORS seem to fear that if any restriction is put upon the Canadian Pacific Railway Company in its issue of stock at par, the precedent will be used to the general prejudice of capital. The fear is unfounded. If the Canadian Pacific's freight and passenger rates were under the control of the Railway Commission as are the rates of the Grand Trunk and Canadian Northern, there would be little if any objection to the proposed issue at par, or even at 75. The case is an isolated one and there is no other case like it in connection with national utility companies. It does not matter, for example, at what price the Bell Telephone sells its new stock, because the Dominion Parliament may regulate telephone rates whenever it likes. It already regulates express rates and has just handed over to the Railway Commission the regulating of telegraph rates.

The Canadian Pacific Railway by a bargain made nearly forty years ago may charge "all the traffic will bear" until the day when it pays ten per cent. dividend. Then, and not until then can it be brought under the Railway Commission. If stock bonuses, or "rights" as the brokers call them, are to be reckoned as dividends, then C. P. R. is now paying nearly ten per cent. If stock bonuses are not dividends, but a device to avoid paying dividends, then the C. P. R. is evading the bargain which its promoters made with the People.

As a matter of fact, the C. P. R. is the breeder of socialism, not the critics of the company's action. Whenever a corporation seeks to get out of a fair bargain by legal chicanery or by subtle evasion, it hastens the day when a private corporation shall not receive any consideration. Already in Ontario, the Government has gone into competition with a private corporation engaged in distributing electricity because rightly or wrongly it believed that the private corporation did not intend to treat the people fairly. The City of Toronto and the City of Winnipeg are embarking in public ownership because of distrust of private corporations. Wise or unwise, the action is being taken.

Nearly every newspaper is opposed to the C. P. R. making its shareholders a present of 25 million dollars. Even the *Toronto Globe*, while standing carefully by the Ottawa Government's action shows clearly that it is opposed to this inequitable distribution.

If the Canadian Pacific Railway makes this distribution it will be making the greatest blunder ever made by a Canadian corporation,

and the effect on the public mind will be to deepen the impression that capitalists are purely selfish. This would be most unfortunate.



#### WITH MIXED FEELINGS

THERE was a curious mixture of feelings in evidence at the Forestry Convention held last week in Toronto. The number in attendance was not large, nor was the enthusiasm of a decided character. Some of the speakers felt proud of the progress Canada was making in the preservation of her forests. Others were doubtful and inclined to pessimism.

It seems too bad that the various provincial governments and the Dominion Parliament seem to view this question so carelessly that millions of timber are annually wasted by decay, by forest fires and by aimless destruction. Our "unlimited timber supply" has dwindled to a thirty years' supply. Instead of having what might be required during the coming centuries, we are within sight of the woodless age.

Had the policy, now being slowly and almost reluctantly adopted by our administrations, been put into force twenty-five years ago, Canada would have saved enough timber to pay off the national debt. While we have been listening to fervid speeches about the greatness of our heritage, that heritage has been slowly vanishing. Nor has the waste been stayed. It may be confidently asserted that during 1909 another five million dollars' worth of timber will be destroyed because of inadequate fire-rangings, uncouth and wasteless methods of lumbering and reckless cutting by selfish and short-sighted lumbermen.

However, the work of the Forestry Association has done much to awaken public opinion and it may console itself with the reflection that had it not been for its unselfish and persistent agitation, lumbering would have been even more wasteful, our great forest reserves would have been frittered away, and reforestation would have been almost an unknown science. The history of almost every nation teaches that the public domain is not appreciated until it has practically all passed into oblivion or private ownership. Canada had been a wise country, had she been better than her neighbours. That she has not done better proves that the public conscience and public brain in this land is not much clearer than in other countries.



#### A CHOIR TO CONJURE WITH

THE Mendelssohn Choir, originally established in Toronto in 1894, has become in the year 1909, the greatest organisation of its class on the continent. It is easy to advertise an article or an association as the best of its kind, when proof is not demanded. But, in this case, one has only to point to the most exacting critical estimate in America, that of the New York press, to prove the surpassing merits of the chorus which Dr. Vogt has trained. That such an interpretative force should have its being in a city which is often regarded as one of trade and traffic, which was described by Mr. Kipling as "consumingly commercial," is one of those incongruities more interesting than explicable. The supreme excellence of the choir is a fact, which now has continental recognition. It is a significant circumstance that Mr. Byron E. Walker and Mr. J. W. Flavelle, two of the best-known figures in the financial world of the city, have always given the Mendelssohn Choir their heartiest personal support, while to the public spirit of a great manufacturer, the late Hart Massey, Toronto owes the music hall which makes such events as the cycle of Mendelssohn concerts a possibility.

That the community recognises the quality of this choral training is proved by the attendance of nearly four thousand people for five nights of a busy week. The choral selections are of the best, for Dr. Vogt keeps his faith sternly with his art and allows none but compositions of the masters to appear on his programmes, while the public, discover, to adapt a Tennyson phrase, that "they needs must love the Highest when they hear it." The conductor of such a choir does a unique work, and, although Dr. Vogt can never be paid in full for the individual genius he expends upon the splendid organisation which has accomplished such a choral wonder as Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony*, he is assured of appreciation as wide as the continent. Next month, these Canadian singers, more than two hundred strong, go to Chicago to give three concerts with the Theodore Thomas Orchestra. That they will be warmly received and appreciated in the second city of the Republic we have no doubt. The time has come, however, for an European tour, for, since Canada possesses such a rare product of choral interpretation, it is high time for London and Liverpool to know that the Dominion has more than cheese and

wheat to her credit. We shall not be happy until Dr. Vogt cables from Queenstown that the Mendelssohn Choir has reached the British Isles. Meanwhile, let us hope that the attendance of Earl Grey at two of last week's concerts has more than a social significance. His Excellency made a success of the National Park and the Tercentenary pageant, and he may arouse the Canadian Government to the international importance of a Champion Choir.

#### TEACHING THE PUBLIC

IT is so easy to denounce or to forbid; it is so much easier to be constructive than destructive. The preacher goes to the theatre, sees the plays presented there, and says they are bad. He warns his congregation of the dangers they run in frequenting these places of amusement—and yet they go whenever they can afford it. The temperance reformers vote for local option so as to stop the drink traffic. Or perhaps they vote to cut down the number of licensed bar-rooms. The preacher warns his congregation against strong drink. Yet license or local option, plenty of drinking places or only a few, it does not matter much—the people go on consuming as much liquor as they ever did. We teach hygiene in the schools and much about the value of physical exercise and fresh air. Yet the schools and churches are ill-ventilated; the teachers and preachers are too often physically weak, and decidedly anaemic. The young man is told not to spend his evenings in the pool-room or the bar-room, but to get exercise for his body and training for his mind. Yet the young man plays pool just as before and the public-library reading-room is empty.

Destructive criticism is not upbuilding; only constructive work will accomplish real reforms. A father, who takes an occasional glass of liquor, was telling how he got his boys past the danger stage, how he kept them from acquiring a taste for liquor and pool-rooms until they had arrived at years of discretion and realised that excessive drinking was a danger. He took them to see what was going on at the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium and got them interested. He suggested later that if they wanted to join, he would try to spare the money for the fees. He got them tickets and they began to find the right kind of amusement and the best sort of companionship. He did not preach temperance. He filled their minds and their time with other interests. He was constructive, not destructive.

If the preachers and teachers and moral reformers would but learn this lesson what they might accomplish! They are banishing the bar, they are tabooing the theatre, they are preaching against cards, but what are they providing to take the place of these? Where may a young man go who wants a pleasant evening and male companionship? Prayer meetings in church parlours will not give it. Christian Endeavor Societies will not give it. The public library reading-room with its signs "No Smoking" and "Silence" will not give it. The parks and pleasure resorts are a help in summer time; the skating rink helps in winter; but here the mixed society is not so congenial as purely male companionship, and hence the skating rink gives it only to a few. The Y. M. C. A. buildings come nearest to supplying it; they are frequented by men only and are controlled and managed usually by men's men. The large railway corporations recognise the Y. M. C. A.'s and are always ready to help, if they are sure that the preachers will not be in control.

If preachers and teachers would but get down to practical work! When the child cries, the mother does not tell it to stop; she gets a toy which will bring back the smile and make normal the disturbed young mind. When the child at school gets restless and is inclined to get into mischief, the observant schoolmaster finds a pleasant task which will occupy the mind and hands of the active youngster. This is constructive work in its simplest form. When the problem gets larger and more difficult, when it deals with young men and young women who have many evenings to spare and who are continually seeking companionship and amusement, the solution is not so easy. It is difficult to find a substitute for the moving-picture show, the cheap and tawdry theatre, the pool-room or the spacious, well-lighted, and freedom-giving bar-room. Snow-shoeing, tobogganing and sleigh-driving are splendid when the weather permits, but it is not always of an inviting character. Rowing, canoeing, sailing and bicycling are good in the summer season if one can afford them.

The problem is complex. The preacher solves it to his own satisfaction by telling the people, old and young, to refrain from wrongdoing, from idleness, from debasing sports and amusements. Yet the observer with a judicial mind will still deny that it has been solved. The records of the gamblers, the receipts of the debasing amusement palaces and much other evidence deny the supposed solution. The spare hour is still the danger. How to employ it in an amusing, exhilarating and profitable manner is a question which is always in the foreground.

A nation which finds a large percentage of its population wasteful, profligate, intemperate, and debased in its tastes, with a small percentage even criminal, should set about trying to find the cause of the disease in the body social. This cause must lie largely in the improper use of the spare hour. Socialism will not change it. The Single Tax will not bring about a reformation. Writing long editorials, giving long talks and delivering long sermons on the evil itself will not eradicate it. The only genuine method is to create an opposing force, to take this spare hour and fill it with influences which will make for a nobler and better life.



IT is amazing to me that friends of British connection as well as British statesmen "at home" should desire to keep up our present relation in this country to treaty-making with our next-door neighbour. What under the sun have they to gain by it? Of what advantage is it to the British Government to lock up a treaty, just agreed upon between the British Ambassador and the American Secretary of State, until certain formalities have been gone through with—to surround it with official secrecy, as it were, while all the while the provisions of the treaty are public property in the United States, are discussed not only in the American Senate but in the American press, and are even cabled to the London *Times* from "our own correspondent" in New York or Washington? If there be any gain from secrecy, it is not obtained; for secrecy is not observed. The American Senate is not bound to regard any treaty as private, though it has been its custom to debate them with closed doors. But the doors must usually be a-jar; for the gist of their discussions invariably leaks out and is published freely in the newspapers.

YET the whole situation is intensely exasperating to the Canadian citizen. A treaty is being made at Washington practically between his country and the United States. The chief negotiator for Canada is the British Ambassador. With this, we have not the slightest fault to find, especially when a Canadian expert is called in to advise the British representative. We are conscious that the backing of British prestige is a great benefit; and are ready to believe that the Americans would not give us a very patient hearing if we were to appear in the conference room alone. We are not very deeply impressed, however, by the assurance that we gain greatly by the diplomatic experience of the British Ambassadors—even when they have diplomatic experience, which the present excellent Ambassador has not—for we are conceited enough to imagine that we are "better bargainers" in accordance with the American method than are our European trained brothers, and that if we were given the British prestige without the intervention of the usual British Ambassador, we would get the more satisfactory bargain out of our capital neighbour and "brother chip."

BUT we do not dream of asking that. We realise perfectly that so long as Britain supplies the force, she must have full control of all British negotiations in which it plays even a silent part. Not that there is the slightest risk of war with the United States. It is merely a line fence and "fishing hole" agreement which is to be

struck. Thus we are entirely content until the bargain is reached. But then we feel that we are needlessly humiliated. The text of the bargain is reduced to two copies. One is handed to the American Government which promptly sends it on to a branch of the American Federal Legislature, where it is discussed by political representatives of the sections of the country most interested. Doubtless citizens concerned are invited to Washington to instruct their Senators; and every American interest touched is immediately informed and given an opportunity to make its wants known and its influence felt. The other copy is sealed up and sent—not to Ottawa—but to London; and there it will not be made public until the American Senate has agreed to the original text.

CANADIANS concerned may get such information as they can from what is published in the American press. They cannot go to Ottawa to instruct their political representatives; for Parliament knows nothing about it. It is true that the Imperial Parliament is similarly in the dark; but in what way does that improve our position? We lack even the safeguard which might be afforded by such members of the Imperial Parliament as would take an interest in the Canadian case. We are now told that we may never know officially what was in the Waterways Treaty if the American Senate refuses to ratify it. Yet what harm would have been done if a third copy of that treaty had been sent to Sir Wilfrid Laurier with permission to lay it before Parliament, or—if the farce of secrecy was to be kept up—before a small committee of Parliament with power to discuss it quite in the American Senatorial fashion? It would not have become any more public than it is to-day; but Canadian interests would have been put on a level with American interests and Canadian self-respect would not have been wounded. If the British Government preferred to still observe Old World methods in dealing with "business-is-business" Americans, the British people could at least have had the satisfaction of getting their information from their Canadian rather than their American "own correspondents."

IT is to be feared that the British statesman does not always realise the political wisdom of making it as difficult as possible for critics to say to Canadians that they bear burdens or suffer disabilities because of British connection. The British statesman comes in contact only with the imitation-English and intelligently few. He does not know "the cross roads philosopher" or the corner grocery statesman. He is unaware of the fact that Americans have a habit of jibing Canadians for being "subjects" to a "monarchy" and lacking the glorious freedom of citizens of a republic. He should consult some of the German immigrants who will not stay in Canada because it is "under a monarchy" but seek the "liberty" of the free Republic to the south. Now this possibly unenlightened controversy is greatly affected by such incidents as that supplied by these treaties. As Sam Hunter put it so vigorously in the *World*, here is "Jack Canuck" refused a look at his own treaty, while our Uncle Samuel is quietly reading it through in the background. That sort of thing does not serve to keep our people contented and to make sure the basis of permanent British connection. Surely it would be prudent to trim off a little bit of European red tape to make us feel better at a time when circumstances are about to demand of us real sacrifices for Imperial defence. These real sacrifices we will bear readily enough. It is the useless tying of our hands while Uncle Sam grins at us that bites to the bone.

N'IMPORTE



Delegates attending the Annual Convention of the Canadian Forestry Association, which was opened by Lord Grey at Convocation Hall, Toronto, on February 11th. Among those in the group are President W. B. Snowball, Hon. Frank Cochrane, Hon. W. C. Grimmer, Mr. M. J. Macoun, Professor Fernow, Mr. E. Stewart, Mr. Archille Bergevin, Mr. Thomas Southworth, Mr. A. T. Drummond and other prominent workers on behalf of Forest Preservation.

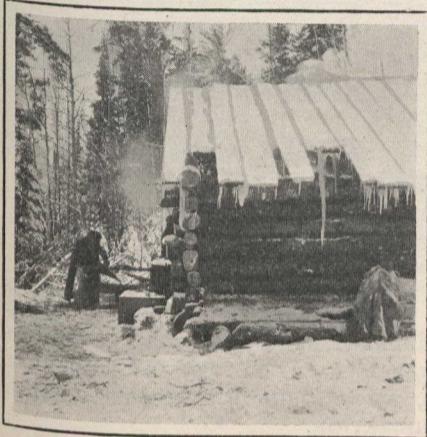
# GOW GANDA — THE NEW COBALT



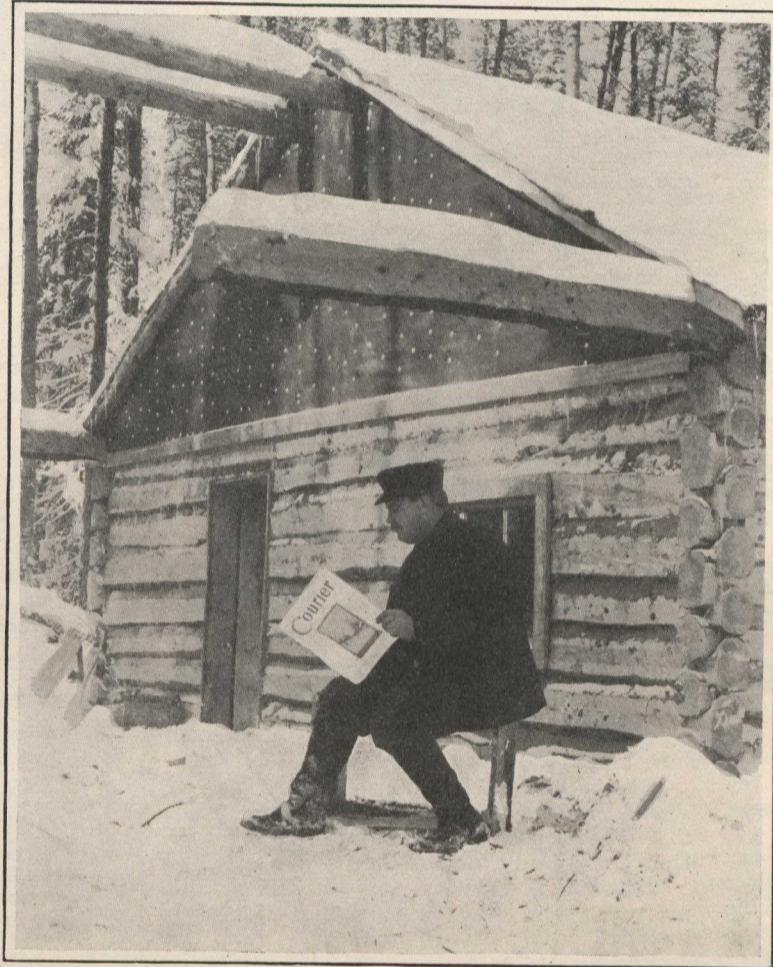
Gow Ganda—Rushing up a temporary log building in spite of cold and snow



Burwash—First stage out from Selwood on C.N.R.—at south end of Burwash Lake



A Building in Gow Ganda erected in 24 hours



The Prospector does his Sunday Reading—a photograph taken in front of one of the buildings of the Bartlett Mines Limited



Where the Toboggan Trail passes from Lake to Land



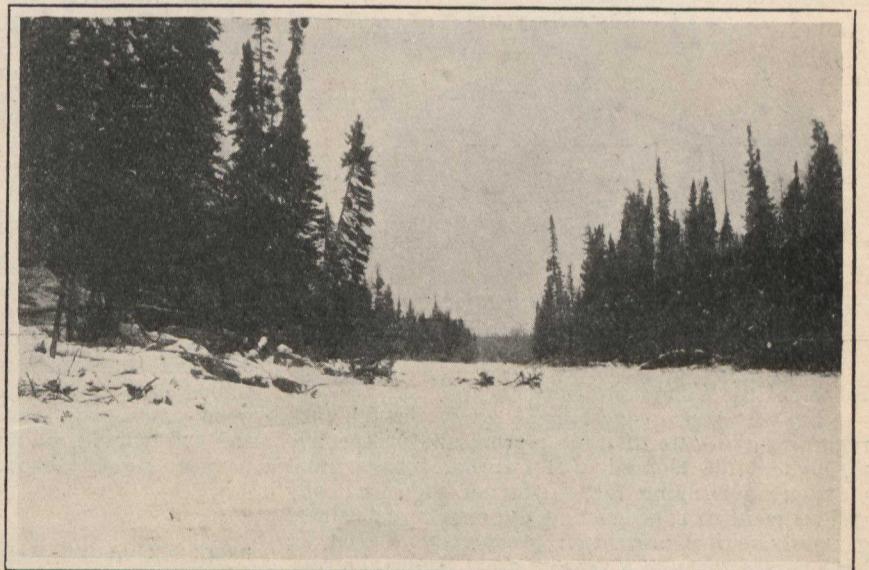
The First Restaurant at Gow Ganda



Where the New Trail leaves the land and passes along a lake shore



Saville, the White Guide of Temagami, with his Indians. Also Mr. W. J. Cowan, of the Gow Ganda Transportation Co.



A Characteristic Bit of the New Trail from Selwood to Gow Ganda

PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. E. TYRRELL

On January 1st, 1909, there was not a stick of timber cut for the site of Gow Ganda, the new town, north of Sudbury, which is to be a second Cobalt. Since then nearly a hundred buildings have been erected. Tents and temporary structures were used while the work of building went on. Already there are two hotels and for fifty cents you get a place on the floor to spread your blankets and have a night's sleep. In a new district such as this, winter-time is the period of building because then supplies can be brought in over the snow and ice. This would be impossible in summer, without the aid of a railway. Next summer, it is expected that both the C. N. O. and the T. & N. O. will build lines into the district.



## CANADA'S OUTLOOK IN 1909

MR. J. W. WOODS.  
MR. W. R. BROCK.  
MR. B. E. WALKER.

MR. LLOYD HARRIS.  
MR. FREDERIC NICHOLLS.  
MR. EDWARD GURNEY.

**I**N order to find out whether Optimism or Pessimism was most prevalent at the present time, the Editor requested a number of prominent men to send signed messages to the readers of the *Canadian Courier*. The first batch of these messages is presented herewith. More will be published next week. Some are cautious but most are optimistic. It looks as if the best minds were agreed that the year 1909 would be, if not a record-breaker, one of the greatest years in the history of the country. However, each reader is left to draw his own conclusions, after he has read what will be one of the most interesting and most important series of letters ever published in this country.

FROM MR. J. W. WOODS, OF GORDON MCKAY AND COMPANY, WHOLESALE DRY GOODS MERCHANTS AND MANUFACTURERS.

Editor of the *Canadian Courier*:

SIR,—You ask if good times are coming back. They are not merely coming back—they are here.

Beyond any question the skies have cleared. There is an entirely new spirit abroad.

Money was scarce, but it's scarce no longer. There is plenty of money; confidence is restored; the people are ready and willing to buy.

Canada has already entered upon a splendid year. The great crop in the West last fall started the prosperity ball rolling and now the country is getting the benefit. It is not confined to any one section, but is felt from one end of the Dominion to the other.

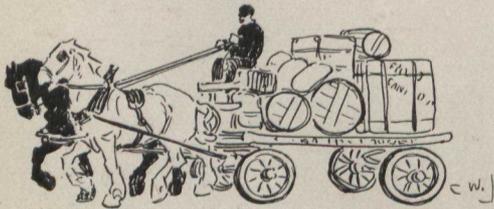
No one in close touch with present conditions can doubt for one moment that good times are here.

Dormant industries have again started up—new railroads are pushing across the country. A big building season is already assured. This means more money coming into circulation.

The change that has now come over the country has put backbone into things. Every Canadian merchant has a great opportunity. How much he makes of it depends solely upon himself. Goods will be bought, there is no doubt of that, but they can be bought only from the merchant who has them for sale.

I am thoroughly optimistic concerning both present and future conditions.

Sincerely yours,  
J. W. Woods.



FROM MR. W. R. BROCK, WHOLESALE DRY GOODS MERCHANT AND DIRECTOR IN NUMEROUS CORPORATIONS.

Editor of the *Canadian Courier*:

SIR,—At your request by letter of the 6th inst. regarding the state of trade present and prospective throughout the Dominion of Canada, I have great pleasure in replying that I am not aware of any serious want of confidence in the results of business generally, either present or prospective. True we have passed through a year of great financial stress, but I do not consider it has been caused by any want of confidence in the general business or national conditions. Financial institutions, headed by the banks, have sounded the note of warning to all those engaged in speculative operations. I have heard of no want of support by the banks to their regular legitimate business customers, and at no time in the history of Canada have our banks been in a stronger position or better able to help well conducted manu-

facturing and commercial enterprises.

Prospects for the coming year can hardly be spoken of, except in a cautious manner, so much depends on the outcome of next summer's crops, but in the event of crops being up to the average, or beyond it, the year of 1909 will surely prove itself a record year.

Merchants have been purchasing goods with great caution from abroad, and manufacturers at home are also working on conservative lines, only making goods as orders are received, and this will all tend to keep the credit, not only of merchants and manufacturers, but also of the country generally, at a high standard, and we have in our broad Dominion the greatest agricultural producing power in the world, and are strong financially and commercially, the outlook for our country is certainly very bright.

I have pleasure in being able at your request to furnish you with this letter.

I am, yours truly,  
W. R. Brock.



FROM MR. B. E. WALKER, PRESIDENT OF THE BANK OF COMMERCE, WHOSE OPINION IS ALWAYS OF INTERNATIONAL VALUE.

Editor of the *Canadian Courier*:

SIR,—I have your letter of 6th instant, and I should like to comply with your request, but I fear that what I may say will not be very satisfactory from the point of view expressed in your letter.

Business in Canada, as in the United States, is not recovering from the depression quite so fast as sanguine people have hoped, but I think it is recovering quite as fast as we have any reason to expect. The contraction of business, as far as Canada is concerned, arose from at least three important causes—first, the world-wide scarcity of money; second, the great loss on our cattle ranges in the winter of 1906-7; and, third, the poor cereal crops of the latter year. Since then we have gathered one crop of cereals and other agricultural products which were good in some parts of the country, not so good in others, and fairly described as moderate for the whole country, while cattle conditions have about recovered what was lost by the bad winter referred to. It would not be natural under the circumstances to expect that we shall return to entirely normal conditions until we have had another good crop. In the meantime money has become very plentiful, and this is having the effect of advancing the prices of all classes of securities, and, to some extent, of creating stock speculation, but this is very different from an increase in actual trade. A continued ease in money, accompanied by reasonably good crops, will inevitably bring business back to the full volume in due time. More than this we have no right to expect.

Yours truly,  
B. E. Walker.

FROM MR. LLOYD HARRIS, M. P., BRANTFORD, BANKER, AND DIRECTOR IN NUMEROUS INDUSTRIAL AND COMMERCIAL UNDERTAKINGS.

Editor of the *Canadian Courier*:

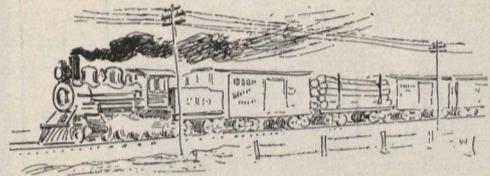
SIR,—Replying to your favor of the 6th inst., while I do not wish to assume the role of prophet, at the same time I personally am more confident at the present time than I have been for several months past, that business conditions are going to show a decided improvement this year in Canada. Being

associated with a large variety of industrial and commercial undertakings, I find that the businesses which suffered first from the financial depression of over a year ago, are recovering very rapidly during the past three months, and the improvement has been decidedly marked. I find that the businesses which did not suffer as quickly are recovering more slowly.

It is difficult to estimate just what improvement will take place, as this will depend very largely on the prospects for crops throughout Canada, and it will be a few months before we will be able to form any opinion as to the extent of these, but with good weather conditions and a good crop, especially in the West, I think that before the end of the year, conditions will have returned to normal.

We should be able to look forward with confidence to the future here in Canada, as the underlying conditions are on a much better basis than in possibly any other country in the world. The effect of the experience we have been having for the past eighteen months will be good for the country at large, as many lessons have been learned which will be decidedly to our benefit and advantage. This should be a country of unbounded optimism, as in order to make the best of our great natural advantages, we must approach the problem of our national development in an optimistic spirit, as if we do so in a spirit of pessimism, we will not begin to get all that is coming to us.

I remain, yours faithfully,  
LLOYD HARRIS.



FROM MR. FREDERIC NICHOLLS, VICE-PRESIDENT AND GENERAL MANAGER CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC, WHOSE OPINION IS ALWAYS WORTHY OF CONSIDERATION.

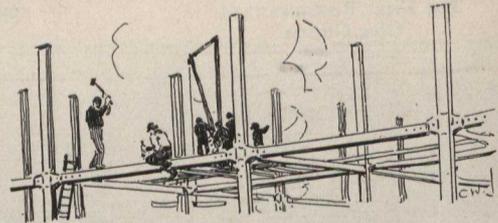
Editor of the *Canadian Courier*:

SIR,—In reply to your letter of 6th instant will say, I do not think this will be one of Canada's big years, but I know the trade conditions have materially improved during the past few months, and expect that from this time forward they will continue to improve, with the result that the year's average will be quite satisfactory.

In manufacturing establishments, contracts received for production generally take from weeks to months to complete, after receipt of order, according to the nature of the transaction, so that no matter how many contracts may be closed during the latter half of this year, they will mostly inure to the benefit of 1910.

This company has secured more new business during the last two months than during the preceding six months, and we have more inquiries on our books than we have had since 1906, and are therefore looking to the future with confidence.

Yours truly,  
FREDERIC NICHOLLS.



FROM MR. EDWARD GURNEY, PRESIDENT GURNEY FOUNDRY COMPANY, TORONTO.

Editor of the *Canadian Courier*:

SIR,—Replying to yours of February 6th, would say that I believe that national confidence is already restored. I believe also that business in Canada will be reasonably active during the present year. I believe, however, that there will be a conservative tendency throughout the year. Stocks, in the hands of manufacturers, are as a rule, very heavy, but this is balanced by the other fact that stocks in the hands of dealers throughout the country are unusually light. The tendency which manifested itself last year to buy for requirements will, I think, be maintained through the early part of the year, but later in the year I think that if the crop prospects are favourable there will be difficulty in meeting the demands made upon manufacturers for goods.

I think that the business of 1909 will at least equal that of 1907, and by the end of the year I should think that we might look for a continuance of the advance all along the line, which was checked by the financial scare of 1908.

Yours truly,  
EDWARD GURNEY.



"Young Girls Reading," by Renoir.



"The Funeral," by Jamois.

TWO NOTABLE PICTURES AT THE RECENT ART EXHIBITION IN MONTREAL.

## IMPRESSIONIST ART EXHIBITION

By M. JENKINS.

ONE of the most important events for Canadians who are interested in modern painting, sculpture and jewellery has been the formal opening in Montreal of the Exhibition of Recent French Art. A condition stipulated in the arrangements was that the exhibition should be thoroughly representative of each artist's best work. The Government of France, which is directing the exhibition, is defraying the entire expense and has sent out an artist to supervise the hanging and arranging of the various specimens. These include three hundred and twenty oil paintings, some of the most significant productions of Monet, Renoir, Besnard, the most celebrated of the French impressionists, of whom Louis Vauxcelles says, "they have liberated the palette and revealed to all artists the charm of *la peinture claire*." Present at the opening was one of the largest gatherings of French and English society seen in the art gallery for a long time.

A complete surprise awaited those who came to the gallery expecting to see simply paintings, noble in proportion, harmonious alike in idea and form. On entering one is bewildered by the profusion of fresh colours and one stands constantly in wonderment at brilliant visions of nature, here a luminous atmosphere, there a blazing sunset or a marvellous piece of portraiture. Form with some of these artists, seems at times purposely neglected; and art revels in colour, in movement, in the brightness of life. A number of the pictures give you not so much scenes as living atmospheres,—impressions. Of the latter, "The Thames at Charing Cross," by Claude Monet, the leader of the Impressionists, is most interesting. On first glance, you are conscious of little more than a smoky blue atmosphere. Then as you gaze, the Thames and the shadowy outline of Charing Cross stand forth in the dim haze. The effect delights you by the scope it gives to the imagination. The painter, like the poet, thus sometimes affords most pleasure when he leaves something for the imagination to supply. "Mist in Holland" by Billotte is another picture that arouses enthusiasm. Through the fog, made partially luminous by the sun, you dimly see Holland and in the foreground the characteristic Dutch windmill.

From these your eye is directed to "The Woman with Apples" by Jules Grun, a painting rich in colour and showing the fine effects of light. "Chinese Louis XV Salon" by Tendre, "Garden on the Walls of Rothenburg" by Morand, "Finisterre Shores" by Moret, "Autumn" by Costeau, and many others attract you by the gorgeous splendour which they exhibit. "The Passage to the Isle" by Bouchor, and "In a Garden in Andalusia" by Dufau, combine with a charming grace all the free colouring of the modern school.

"Le Berceau" by Roll, Presidente de la Societe

Nationale des Beaux Arts, is beautiful in its revelation of character, tender feeling, mother's love. The harmony in the painting is very pleasing. The autumn landscape blends admirably with the picture. A woman, apparently a widow of the labouring classes, is bending, in patient almost divine love, over her sleeping child that holds for her the essence of life—the joy and romance of it.

A striking picture is "La Manicure" by Carol-Delvaile, which made the painter famous and placed him in the front rank of living French artists. An old lady—la manicure—is busy with the hand of a woman of the world. The characterisation is exceedingly well done and the tone effects skilfully evolved.

Another representative picture is "The Funeral" by Edmond Jamois. The cortege is shown passing over a bridge. The colours are of the richest and there is a fine study of water reflections and of the effects of light and shadow.

Nor must we pass over Renoir's masterpiece, "Jeunes Filles Lisant." The picture represents two sisters reading the one book. That is all. Yet it

is a strong picture that charms us by its simplicity and perfection.

In the sculptural exhibit, Rodin, one of the greatest artistic spirits of the century, is represented by the "Thinker" and a head of Minerva.

Lalique's work is unique. He has introduced a new kind of jewellery or rather he has taken gold, silver, enamel, pearls, diamonds, and has put upon them the magic of his own skill. He has wrought so delicately, so beautifully, and has made such exquisite arrangements and combinations, that the result is in every instance a work of art, and is making a deep impression upon those who are fortunate enough to see what he has produced.

The exhibition so creditable to France is a boon to Canada. When Canadians are abroad, they realise how little is known of art in this busy, young country, and how much there is to know. As great possibilities are here as anywhere. The country is becoming rich from the wealth of grain fields and mines, rich from the mine of thought of all the ages at easy access now. What we perhaps most need is to have our impulses stirred in the direction of art. We need to contemplate what is being achieved. And here comes the splendid opportunity given by the exhibition, which will continue to the end of the month. This display will no doubt give new impetus to artists here and will encourage the study of art in Canada.

## VALUE OF CANADIAN CLUBS

Opinion of Sir James Whitney

REGARDING the system of Canadian Clubs, I have strong opinions on general principles, a strong conviction of the great advantages which must accrue to the community at large from great organizations such as the Canadian Clubs. Association has great advantages. It is always good to rub shoulders. I am satisfied that the results that will follow the formation of these clubs will be of great public benefit. The submission of different opinions will be of great advantage for discussion always results in good to the community. It creates a sort of raw material, out of which wise conclusions may be evolved.

"It follows as a matter of course, that there cannot be any influence outside of the press which will have so far-reaching an effect on the minds of the people at large. The press reaches a much larger constituency. It is far from being infallible (laughter), but the press of Canada is having, on the whole, a good and beneficial effect on the people of Canada. (Applause.) The influence of Clubs like the Canadian Club is confined to the cities and towns and large villages, and the constituency it serves must

necessarily be much smaller than that served by the press."

\* \* \* \* \*

"We talk about party feeling and being mortals we must admit that there is too much party feeling, or party prejudice. But there is no other way to carry out the British form of government, and the man who derides and sneers at party, and says it is not necessary, fails to understand his position in the British Empire, and is unworthy of the franchise. (Hear! hear!) What better man could we see than the man who is ready to uphold his party when it is right, and oppose it when it is wrong?"

"But there were questions that must be dealt with from a larger and broader standpoint; questions concerning the future of the British race on the continent of America, when party considerations must be put aside.

"Should the time ever come when the future relation of Canada to the Empire is up for consideration, and—which God forbid—an attempt is made from any source to interject party feeling, or it is interjected by accident, such organizations as this must ground and steady men so as to make it impossible for this to have its usual force."

# WHEN ROYALTY GOES A-HUNTING



His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, attended a hunt at Hall Barn, and this portrait shows him carrying his own gun to the rendezvous.



This is one of the latest pictures of His Majesty, King Edward, taken as he was arriving at Hall Barn to take part in a hunt. His host was Lord Burnham who is seen with his cap in hand welcoming his Royal Host.

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## Montreal's Carnival of Sport

THE idea of a Winter Carnival should not be more unusual than that of a Summer Carnival. The carnivals of Louisiana and California, of French, Spanish and Italian cities are flower-and-fun-festivals. In Canada there are, or were, caluthumpian processions and trade carnivals, but the Summer Carnival has not attained the popularity which has come, for example, to the Mardi Gras at New Orleans. Our summers are none too long, and they are crowded full of busy days for the great mass of the public. Those who are not busy do not desire to crowd into the heated streets of a city, but rush away to the cool shores of lake and river.

A Winter Carnival is thus a natural event for Canada. The cool weather has no terrors for those who know how to dress for it, providing they have good red blood in their veins. The sports of the season are spectacular and full of colour. Snow-shoeing, ski-ing, skating, tobogganing—all these furnish magnificent spectacles for the onlooker as well as exhilarating sport for the participants. Those who prefer the theatre or the masked ball may also get these entertainments in full quantity. Hence one wonders Montreal does not hold a carnival oftener.

The Ice Palace is not a necessary part of the Carnival, although it was a conspicuous feature in 1883, 1884 and 1885, when Montreal held three great

events similar to that which has occurred this year. An Ice Palace is, however, a wonderful sight, and the storming of it at night is a spectacle which cannot be seen elsewhere in the world. It can be built only in cities like St. Petersburg, Quebec and Montreal, where there is plenty of river-ice easily accessible. The cutting and transporting of the blocks, and the fashioning of them, requires much skill, but is inexpensive work. An Ice Palace is not a costly structure.

The accompanying photographs will give readers a fair idea of what a Winter Carnival is like. Surely no one, on reflection, will believe that the railways were justified in refusing special excursion rates to such an occasion. Let every town in Canada which has the ambition hold a Winter Carnival and let our citizens make merry as much as possible. Indeed, we are much too sober as a nation, much too concerned about proving that our wheat-fields, our forests and our silver mines are developed under a burning summer sun. The world knows that we have a winter—let us show them how we enjoy it. National deceit is neither wise nor possible.

## A Song of Winter

HO! for a song minus "Once on a Time!"  
 Ho! for the verse minus reason or rhyme!  
 Ho! for a stave like a blast of the horn!  
 Ho, ho! for the Love that has newly been born!

I.  
 A tiny tuque rouge on a pert little head;  
 ("I love her, I love her, I love her," he said).  
 And her cheeks, zero-kissed, to a bright rosy red,  
 ("I love her, I love her, I love her," he said).

II.  
 Gleaming the snow in the eye of the Sun,  
 And the wind-bitten flakes all a-whirling are spun—  
 Leap, ho! o'er the fence in a frolic of fun,  
 Jump, ho! o'er the ditch, as to shelter they run!

III.  
 Now the Heart of his heart, when he saw in her eyes:  
 "I love you, I love you"—all gone the disguise—  
 Leaped, ho! in a frolic, as when the snow flies:  
 "I love her! She loves me!" Ho! Love never dies!

IV.  
 On his breast the tuque rouge and the pert little head,  
 ("I love you!"—"I love you!"—"I love"—ho! he said.)  
 And he kissed both her mouth and the cheeks, rosy red.  
 ("I love you!"—"I love you!"—"I love"—ho! she said.)

T. L. P.

## UNIQUE CONTESTS AT THE MONTREAL CARNIVAL



Mr. F. L. Lukeman, a well-known athlete, winning the 220-yards snow shoe race, in the M.A.A.A. Championship contests.



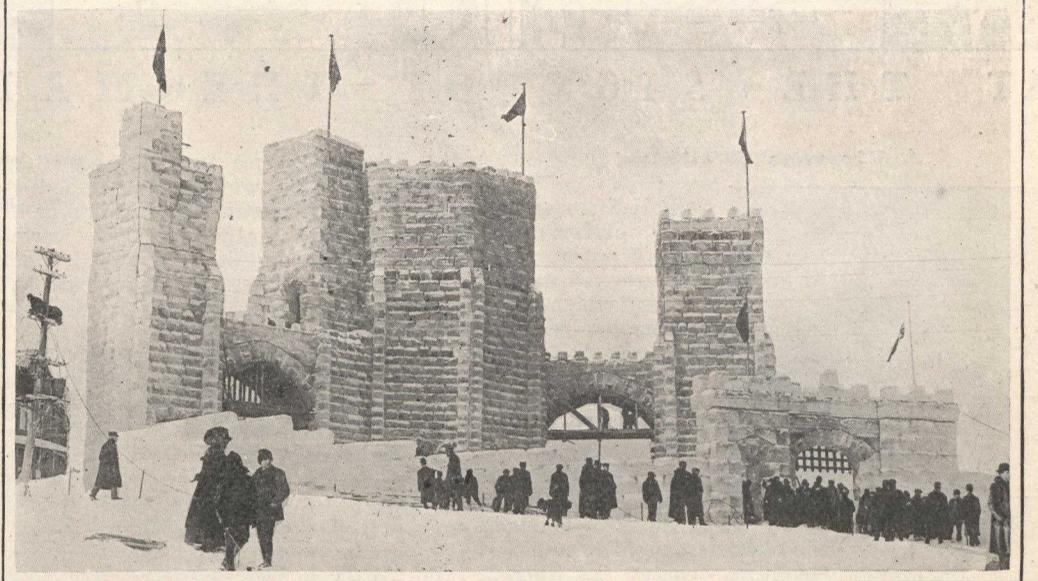
Ski Jumping is one of the most spectacular of our winter sports.

# MONTREAL'S SUCCESSFUL WINTER CARNIVAL

FROM PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY MR. A. A. GLEASON, FOR THE CANADIAN COURIER



A Girl's Snow-Shoe Club, of which there are many hundreds in Canada. It is a healthy sport and makes strong women.



The Ice Palace erected at the foot of the Mountain from blocks of ice cut from the St. Lawrence. This is the feature of the Carnival which aroused most opposition from those who feared for its effect on immigration.



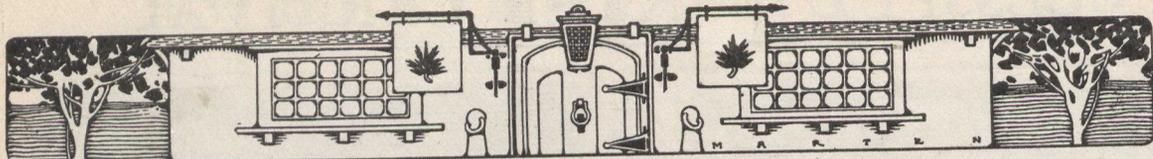
There are several kinds of Tobogganing, but this photograph shows the Canadian variety at its best. The light, airy, slat-made vehicle goes skipping down the slide at a tremendous speed. The picture, taken at Fletcher's Field, shows a none-too-expert couple taking "the bumps."



A pair of enthusiastic Ski-ers, typical of many thousands of merry makers.



The Vice-Regal Box at the Ski-Jumping Contests. Her Excellency, Lady Grey, is seated on the extreme right.



AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

A Viceregal Wedding



Lady Violet Elliot, youngest daughter of Lord Minto, the bride of Lord Charles Fitzmaurice.

THE marriage of Lady Violet Elliot to Lord Charles Fitzmaurice, which took place in India last month, has been called by many journals a viceregal alliance. The bride, who is only in her twentieth year, is Lord Minto's youngest daughter, and was only a bonnie school-girl in the days of the Minto residence at Rideau Hall. Lady Eileen, who was

the debutante of the family when Lord Minto was Governor-General of Canada, is yet unmarried, Lady Ruby, the second daughter, is now the wife of Viscount Errington, Lord Cromer's eldest son. Each of the daughters of the House of Elliot has married into a family of viceregal responsibilities, Lord Charles Fitzmaurice being a son of the Marquis of Lansdowne, and Viscount Errington the heir of the man who made modern Egypt. Cupid, who laughs at locksmiths and chuckles at angry guardians, is probably not taking thought for the high positions in the British colonial service, when he unites the children of those who have been at the head of the great nations within that Empire. Yet there seems a fitness of things in the alliance of those who understand the uttermost parts of the British dominions and who may be called upon early in life to assume positions of high official responsibility. Lady Violet is a niece of the present Governor-General of Canada and, it is reported, that she and her husband may be guests in Canada during this year. Like all members of her family, she was exceedingly fond of those winter sports which some of us are so anxious to decry and has always looked upon her girlhood days at Rideau Hall as a time of whole-hearted enjoyment.

\* \* \*

Advice to Teachers

THERE has been some grumbling lately in the rural districts of Ontario, regarding the scarcity of teachers. A generation ago, there were many young men in the Normal Schools of Ontario but modern business conditions have changed all that. Before long, the man student at such institutions will be as extinct as the dodo. The trend of affairs on this continent leads men to regard public-school teaching as a poor business—even as a stepping-stone. Women, also, are beginning to see that the business world offers them wider opportunities than are afforded in the pedagogical sphere. Consequently, the trustees of the premier province and

all other provinces must pay something resembling a salary if they wish to secure the services of even fairly capable instructors. However, the profession of teaching will always attract a certain number of women, who find it a congenial sphere, while the widening of industrial avenues will save those who regard it as a mere means of livelihood from entering upon it.

The advisers of the young teacher are strong in the land. They are always heard in the month of June when the graduating class is preparing to set forth in search of a school. They are usually of a deadly order with platitudes to burn. Hence, when I saw in the *University Monthly* an article headed: "Address to the Women Graduates of the Normal School, Toronto," I gave a timely shudder and passed by on the other side. But, on turning over the pages of that classic-covered publication for a second time, I discovered at the close of the address the signature, "Maurice Hutton" and straightway turned with gladness to the first paragraph, sighing "This will be different."

It was different from the drab discourses to which aspiring instructors are usually treated, with purity, patriotism and propriety in formidable quantities. Professor Hutton, while kindly assuming that most of the graduates would marry, remarks philosophically:

"I mean you will have no occasion to marry, in order to employ all the patience and fortitude and faith and hope and charity with which Nature has endowed many women; and you will require—without marrying—all the mingled gifts of heart and hand and head, all the mingled gifts of common sense and most uncommon sensibility, all the virtues that is, of Mary and Martha rolled into one (every first-rate woman is Mary and Martha) in order to conquer and hold the unruly affections of your school children."

The Canadian voice is not one of our most charming possessions. After paying some attention to the manners of the school-children, Professor Hutton continues: "And there is another enormous trifle. The voice of a ghost, says Homer, is a squeaky voice; it squeaks and gibbers like the voice of a bat; and the phonograph, that modern nuisance, is the ghost of a voice, and it also squeaks and gibbers like a bat. But why should living Canadian children, neither ghosts nor phonographs, cultivate the voice of phonography and ghostliness, and squeak metallicly and harshly and stridently? It is so little a thing, and it makes so vast a difference in life; just a pleasant voice. Why, many men have nothing else, and many women make a fortune by it. Use your influence to remove the reproach from our children that they are copying the phonograph and use your influence to persuade our mechanicians to make their phonographs—if they must have phonographs—a little more like the pleasant voices of the older generation and a little less like the voices of our children."

It is sadly true that we have not "pretty" voices and that we too often ridicule those who are wise enough to cultivate the vocal graces. An English-woman was both surprised and hurt when her little

daughter, who was sent to the public school in a small town of Ontario, expressed mortification because the other children made fun of her "English accent." These newcomers to Canada were, by no means, of the Cockney class but used the cultivated speech of their own people. They were bewildered at the ridicule of Canadians who flattened the first letter of the alphabet and made "Irene" a word of two syllables. There are too many Canadians who consider the correct pronunciation of such words as "alms" and "calm" a piece of affectation and who seem to regard it a matter of manliness or womanliness to talk in a loud and high-pitched fashion at home and abroad. The teachers of the country may do much towards modifying and correcting our vocal eccentricities.

\* \* \*

An Undignified Discussion

ONCE more the professors and critics are quarrelling over the love-letters of poor Keats. These fervent epistles to Fanny Brawne should never have been given to the public and the present day professors show little regard for the writer of "Endymion" when they revive any discussion of his artless outpouring of affection. Surely, there is something essentially coarse in this peering through the keyhole. The publication of the Browning letters was a desecration, to which the son of the great poet should never have consented. This spying and eavesdropping about genius must prevent our receiving the best it has for us. No one who feels deeply what Keats or Browning has written would dream of prying into the letters which were intended for but one woman. The latter's tribute to Elizabeth Barrett, so far as the public is concerned, is enshrined forever in "One Word More."

\* \* \*

A Time to Skate

THE winter may be said to have set in, if we may state such a fact without wounding Canadian sensibilities. The horn of the toboggan steerer is heard on the hill and the winter girl is with us in pleasing variety of furs and scarlet suits. Bay and river and small icebound lake are made gay and melodious by the skaters who find the "hard days" all too quickly succeeded by what Poet Roberts calls a "silver thaw."

The "beauty specialist," if one may judge from the faces of homeward-bound girls, must be Jack Frost. None of the "blooms of youth" and "Cleopatra creams" advertised in the columns of those who would fain see woman beautiful can compare with the brilliant effects of an evening's skating. Talk of the exhilaration of an English April, when the wise thrush is singing in the pear-tree! If Browning had only been in Canada when the skaters were holding carnival on a silvery pond, with the cold moon-light turning the glittering fields of snow and white-touched pines into a scene of magic, he would have sighed for frost and a northern river whenever February swung its brief round.

Montreal, for the first time in this century, is holding a carnival of the good old-fashioned sort, with an ice palace, fit for Boreas himself as a winter residence. The brilliance of the torch-surrounded castle is such as none but a city of Quebec province could display. The photographs reproduced on this page show the kind of hockey clubs the students of the Royal Victoria College can send out, to enjoy Canada's winter sports and to develop a physique in keeping with Northern hardihood.

CANADIENNE.



Hockey Club, Class of 1911



Hockey Club, Class of 1912

# THE LOVE OF MAN

When Cupid Holds the Trump

By ARTHUR JAMES SMITH



IF this story had opened ten years before its actual time, the four men who were seated around a small table playing some card game could have been found in very different circumstances. For instance, Thurston, who had dealt the last round, might have been lounging around the family mansion or touring on the Continent, or have been wearing a title. Graham would likely have been pearl diving off the north of Australia, or hunting in the jungles of India, for he was an adventurer. It was stamped on him, indelibly. Carew and Jenkins could have been encountered any day in the cloisters or lecture rooms of Oxford. They were still gentlemanly looking fellows, these card players, but ten years of rough work, and queer poking about in various parts of the world, had worn the polish off them, and they were now as strong and rugged as the very winds that occasionally swept down from the north lands. Somewhere near the Arctic circle these winds started on their journey across the prairies, but by the time they had reached this portion of the middle west where the men sat, they were moderate and only cool.

In this vast stretch of land, this almost illimitable area of fertile farm and ranching country, a man's individuality is buried as completely as it would be in the tombs of Egypt. After a time spent in this country one forgot one's former life, the older lands and associations, and became merely a unit in an enormous game. It is the best place in the world, this Canadian North-west, to hide from the teeming populations of the older nations, and to look for something that they have not. Such a sense of freedom, of elbow room, and of the preciousness of human society cannot be found elsewhere.

But these four men, Thurston, the dealer, Graham, Carew, and Jenkins found much to occupy their time. Sometimes in long, lonely trips to the north, south, east, or west, after men who had broken the laws imposed by His Majesty's Government, and often to the cities of the prairies, Winnipeg, Calgary, Edmonton, and others. Wherever they went they were pointed out and were, for a time at least, the most talked about men on the streets. They were members of that splendid body of men known as the North-west Mounted Police. Who has not heard thrilling stories of their deeds, of their chases and fights in the lonely north, under the brilliant Arctic lights and frosty stars? Their adventures would fill volumes, and yet they are accepted merely as the ordinary course of business. This last was evident by the remark Graham was making to the other three.

"We had a beastly job with that beggar Clark" he was saying.

"Indeed?" Carew remarked. "Shoot anybody?" "Had to," answered Graham, throwing down another card. "The fellow was plucky, though. Got into a cabin up by the Peace, and blazed away like fury. Got him, though."

Graham might have been talking of a dance instead of a terrible chase through the north after a notorious criminal.

"Something like that Indian, Simon," said Jenkins, quietly. "That native was a good shot, though. Gave me something to remember him by."

"The arm, wasn't it?" asked Thurston.

"Yes, and it promised to be dangerous for a time."

"By the way, Thurston," said Carew, suddenly. "Do you remember Gerald Stanton?"

"Do you think I could ever forget old Gerald? But he has long since passed out of my life," answered Thurston, sadly.

"Yes, that's the same chap. Well, you may be surprised to hear that I saw him a few days ago in Calgary."

"Saw him!" exclaimed Thurston. "Are you sure? There were various good reasons, you know, why he should not leave home."

"I saw him myself," replied Carew, "so I am certain. Besides, Jenkins got a glimpse of him. Didn't you, Jenkins?"

"Yes, it was Stanton right enough," answered Jenkins. "I was as surprised as you, Thurston. I have been wondering ever since what he is doing in the west. His uncle left him a few thousands and

a fine place, I believe, and there was a lot more that he was to come into."

"By Jove, a man's a fool to throw anything like that away," observed Graham.

"We must try and find him," said Thurston. "But time's up, you chaps."

So the four rose, turned off their light, and left the room. They might not meet again in this room, or they might be there next night, for there was always a chance of one or the whole party being sent out early in the morning from the barracks, and then a bullet or two occasionally went to the mark, especially when their chase was a desperate one.

In the middle and north-west the great plains roll on and on from the international boundary line to the Arctic circle. They are like a vast sea, the stretch of the Pacific from the western coast of America to China, and one could almost imagine them moving and heaving as the huge waves. On a clear morning the traveller can stand upon one of these mounds, and look, not over a perfectly level prairie, as might be expected, but across mile upon mile of rising and shelving ground right to the horizon. The warm sunlight streams upon the hillocks, and shines upon the pastures, fields, and yellow grasses, with which the ground is covered. Away out beyond the cultivated districts a patch of woods may be seen here and there, some houses, and many herds of cattle, with here and there a horseman galloping over the plains. It is always clear and crisp out on these prairies, the eye is at nearly all times able to see, unaided, over enormous stretches of land, for there is nothing to interrupt the view.

Such a morning as that which dawned over the Albertan plains on the day following the conversation we have heard, in the mess room, is not by any means an ordinary sort of day. Even in the west it is not a common thing, for that delightful Chinook wind had been wafted over the province just before daylight, and the air was warm, yet clear, while the whole of the country smiled. But the man who was urging his horse down the long road and riding as one does who fears close pursuit, was evidently not in the mood for the observation or appreciation of nature's beauties. His mind seemed occupied with one desire—to get more speed out of his jaded horse—and his eyes when he glanced quickly behind, as a hunted animal does, were wild and frightened. The unkempt looking hair, and a reddish stubble on his cheeks and chin, gave him the appearance of a fugitive, and one who is hard pressed, at that. This man galloped some distance down the road, then turned suddenly and was going as fast as his horse could take him across country. The new route took him almost at right angles to the road he had just deserted, and, in the course of probably fifteen minutes, to a small house. Jumping off his horse, and turning the animal loose to trot away to the little stable, the man hurried into the house. In a moment or so he emerged, and was soon riding away to the north, but this time with a fresh horse. Miles flew by, and soon he was a speck on the horizon.

The fugitive had disappeared, swallowed into space as that vast territory alone can take into itself such an atom as the human form, when three men on powerful horses, hardened, clear-eyed, bronzed, uniformed men, rode rapidly up to the house, and drew their horses up near the door. One of them sprang to the ground, while another held his horse, and hammered on the door loudly. No sound could be heard within, but the trooper dashed through the door, which he flung violently open, and stepped inside, with revolver drawn.

"No use, Carew, he's gone," called one of the others, Thurston, the dealer of the night before in the card game at the mess room. He was in command of the little party, judging by his words and manner. "Come, we must be after him. Look sharp." Carew emerged from the doorway, walked to his horse, mounted quickly, and the three were away. They stretched out into a gallop, those fine animals that the Mounted Police have, and fairly ate up the ground.

If the troopers came on with speed, the fugitive, still far in front of them, gained rapidly. His horse was fresh, he knew the country and could choose the best route, and so was a good many miles in front of his pursuers, when, late in the afternoon, he stopped to rest for a few hours. The spot he had chosen was one in which he felt certain he would be able to remain undisturbed until night,

when the journey could be resumed with safety. His horse unsaddled, and his hunger satisfied, the fugitive stretched himself luxuriously on his saddle blanket and was soon dozing. Close at hand was a clump of trees, growing near a small stream, and at the base of one of the rolls in the prairie. It was an ideal spot, for rest or defensive purposes, and the hunted man felt that he could lie there securely.

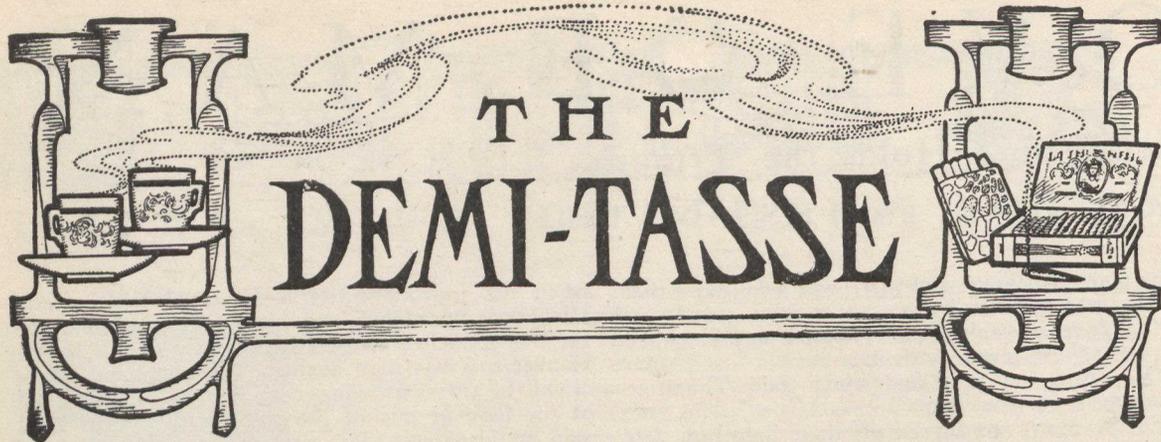
The sun had begun to sink low, and was near the horizon, moving down until its rays fell horizontally across the sea of grass. It was very low when the sleeper awoke, and sat up, straining eyes and ears into the distance. But to the south he could see nothing, for the rising ground overtopped him, and away to the north not a living creature was in sight. But surely he had heard something. Yes, there it was again! A laugh! Just a solitary, human laugh! Out in that stillness, and apparently coming from no person, it was strange. More than that, it was weird and startling, and jarred unpleasantly on the man's ears. Why should any person laugh, when he lay hidden from his fellow-men, with the fear of capture strong upon him? Again he heard it, this time louder and nearer, and he sprang to his feet. Hurriedly he seized his blanket and saddle, and led his horse into the little thicket near by.

Over the rising land, of a sudden, a trooper appeared, and halted for a moment, unconsciously posing against the setting sun. In a moment he was joined by two others, and the fugitive realized, with sinking heart, that his retreat had been discovered. They must have tracked him carefully, these cursed police, but he should have known better than to ever think for a moment that he could get away from them. He could see the three talking and pointing his way, then they started to come down to the stream. Hardly had they advanced ten paces when a rifle cracked. Like a shot the men wheeled and were under cover behind the ridge. For a long time there was a dead silence, and the fugitive might have imagined that the enemy had gone away, had he not known them too well for that. Minutes passed, an eternity of time to the man, then again the report of a rifle sounded, quick and sharp, but this time one of the besiegers had fired. No answer came from the quarry, but from another point, a bullet cut the bushes. Again and again the lead whistled; time after time the sharp crack sounded, but still no answering shot rang out.

Once the men came too near the top of the ridge; they probably thought that they had killed or wounded the man whom their oath of duty required them to hunt until the death. But, as soon as a head appeared above the ridge, bullets cut through the grass, the head was withdrawn, and the shooting commenced again. Gradually darkness threw its gloom over the scene, the rifles belched tiny flashes of fire when the men shot at each other, but still their number was the same. The three jets from different points continually pierced the darkness, and the flash in the thicket occasionally answered. But it was evident that the troopers were becoming tired of this exchange of shots at long range. Now that they could close in through the darkness, the flashes of their carbines became closer and closer, the shots from the thicket snapped their reply. Faster and faster came the shots, more and more, coming from three sides, the men advanced. Now, aiming at the flash of the solitary weapon opposed to them, the police fired shot after shot so fast that the reports became a continuous crackle. The shots came back from the hollow, they too, as fast as a repeating arm can be worked, but suddenly they ceased, and a single cry came from the trees.

At the same moment the flashes from the ridge stopped. The troopers were waiting, but they did not rush forward. Too often had they chased and fought on the plains to be caught in a trap. There is always a possibility that a cunning fighter will prepare a nice little trap, and it has been known to be fatal to rush upon a man who is shamming death, and who lies fully armed waiting for just such a move. But there was nothing of that sort in this case. Thurston was the first to reach the thicket, advancing cautiously. There was nothing to be heard and it was too dark to see anything. Carew and the other trooper were close in, also, creeping along as carefully as Thurston.

(Concluded on page 21)



### THE FAIRY OF THE ICE.

Her wand of shining crystal  
She stretched across the stream,  
And bound its flashing waters  
With winter's frozen gleam.  
She piled the glittering splendour  
In towers, fair and high,  
Until there glowed a palace  
Beneath a sapphire sky.

She laughed amid the radiance  
When soft the moonlight fell  
And flung a tender magic,  
The Northland's silver spell  
"Let rose and violet bloom again  
When come the summer flowers  
All colours of the year I hold,  
Within my icy bowers."

### A FAMILY JOURNAL.

OTTAWA is a city accustomed to sensation and political contrasts, but those citizens of the Capital interested in Westerners who come and go, had the privilege lately of seeing Mr. Dan McGillicuddy of the *Calgary News* and Mr. "Bob" Edwards, chief oculist on the *Eye Opener* going about the "Buildings" during the same week. The former was engaged in renewing political acquaintanceships and personal friendships in the hearty fashion, which has made both his sympathies and antipathies so full of dramatic interest. The latter was absorbed in an effort to get his animated journal once more on the mailing list.

The recent numbers of the *Eye Opener* are said to have been entirely innocuous. In connection with this circumstance, a good story is told of a highly respectable middle-aged woman in Toronto, who had heard of the *Eye Opener* as a terror to evil-doers and an appetiser for the righteous.

"Is it so very bad, John?" she asked her husband curiously.

"Um—I don't buy it—sometimes see it in the office."

"I—I'd like to see what it looks like. Of course, I don't suppose it would do for the children to see it."

The next day, either John looked about the office carefully or had five cents to spare, for he produced the *Calgary Eye Opener* from his overcoat pocket, after the children were safely asleep, and his worthy wife dropped her "darning" to inspect the columns of this highly fascinating sheet. She read patiently for about an hour and then deliberately folded the western weekly.

"I declare," she remarked in disgusted tones, "there's not a thing to shock you in this paper. I've read every word in the 'personals' and you'd never know that those men in Ottawa weren't saints."



Kind Hearted Lady: You poor little fellow! what are you doing out in that garb on a bitter day like this?  
The Poor Little Fellow: Aw, go chase yerself; don't youse recognise a Marathon Race when you sees one?—*Life*.

Why, you'd hardly know you weren't reading the *Christian Guardian*."

You ought to be glad it's such a fine paper," remarked John mildly, as he laid the harmless pages on the top of the pile in the waste paper basket.

### A SAD CASE.

A GENTLEMAN, versed in graceful gallantries, recently made some highly complimentary remarks to a pretty woman whom he had met at an evening party and was surprised that her only reply was a series of remarks on the weather.

"Didn't you know," said a sympathetic friend, "that Mrs. Blank is deaf?"

"You don't say so," was the disgusted response. "Then I've just wasted those bright remarks."

"Wasted them on a desert ear," chuckled the fiendish friend.

### AFTER THE CONCERT.

A WICKED young man, for whom there is no hope, said softly as Dr. Vogt made his final bow in smiling refusal of an encore: "This is the Augustan age of Canadian choral work."

A Toronto citizen who belongs to the Mendelssohn Choir was expatiating last week on the virtues of the "great little leader," when his small boy piped out eagerly: "Daddie, which would you rather be—Longboat or Vogt?"

The worthy conductor of that champion choir has been compared so often to Napoleon that it's dollars to crullers he'll be afraid to give a concert at Waterloo, when he takes the Mendelssohnians to Germany next year.

### IN REPREHENSIBLE MANNER.

There was a young man from Savannah,  
Who slipped on a vacant banana.

The words that he said  
When he fell on his head  
Wouldn't do for a Sunday-school "bannah."  
—*Boston Traveller*.

### NOT WHAT HE MEANT.

YOUNG ministers sometimes say some very irreverent things when first they get in harness, but seldom are so broadly condemnatory as the young clergyman who was called upon to act as chaplain at the opening of a recent term of court down in Maine. After covering everything he could think of as appropriate to say, from religion to law, he closed his prayer with the supplication, "And, finally, may we all be gathered in the happy land where there are no courts, no lawyers, and no judges." Then they changed chaplains.—*The Argonaut*.

### SEASONABLE.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"  
"I'm going to sneeze, kind sir," she said.  
"Tell me what at, my pretty maid?"  
"Atchoo! Atchoo!" was all she said.

—*Transcript*...

### NOT SCOTCH.

AN Irishman and a Scotchman were discussing the horrors of living in a local option town, when the Irishman remarked, "Sure an' you might git used to it after a while. You know, they say a camel can go eight days without drinking."

"Hoot, mon!" retorted the Scotchman, "it's little ye ken about the Campbells, when ye say that. There's nae one of them could go eight 'ours wi' out a wee drap o' something." That ended the discussion.—*Western University Gazette*.

### A REASONABLE REQUEST.

THE young man and the girl were standing outside the front door having a final chat after his evening call. He was leaning against the door

post, talking in low tones. Presently the young lady looked round to discover her father in the doorway clad in a dressing gown.

"Why, father, what in the world is the matter?" she inquired.

"John," said the father, addressing himself to the young man, "you know I have never complained about your staying late, and I'm not going to complain of that now; but, for goodness sake, stop leaning against the bell push and let the rest of the family get some sleep."

### INADEQUATE ADJECTIVES.

"I just love cake," said Johnnie feelingly. "It's awful nice."

"You should not say 'love' cake," corrected his mother. "You should say 'like.' And do not say 'awful'—say 'very.' And say 'good' instead of 'nice.' Now see if you can repeat the sentence correctly."

"I like cake," repeated Johnny. "It's very nice."  
"That's better."  
"I know, ma," complained Johnnie, "but it sounds just as if I was talkin' 'bout bread."—*Everybody's Magazine*.

### A DEFINITION.

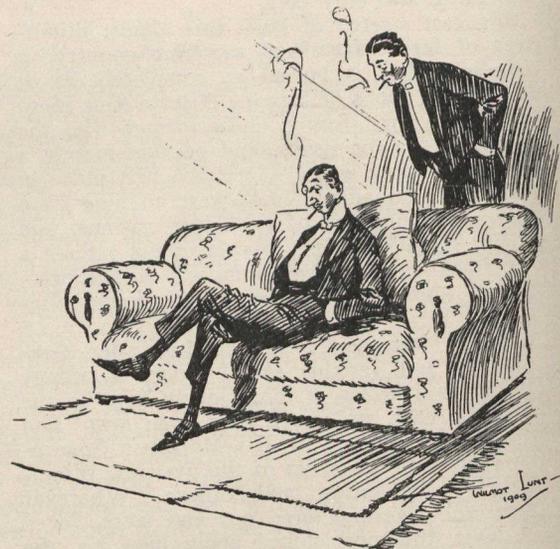
First Senator: "What is a blind partisan?"

Second Senator: "One who doesn't know the colour of money."—*Life*.

### JUST LIKE ADAM.

Howell: "If I hadn't drawn that queen I might have had a straight flush."

Powell: "That's right; always blame the woman!"—*Chicago News*.



### OUR THINKING CLASSES

Augustus: "Hallo! Fweddie, what are you doing?"  
Fweddie: "Oh—just makin' a few mental notes, deah boy."—*Punch*.

### ANXIOUS PUPIL.

Sunday school teacher (sadly): "I'm afraid, Johnny, that I'll never meet you in Heaven."  
Johnny: "Why? What have you been doing now?"—*Orange and Black*.

### INDIGESTIBLE.

AN Irishman was showing a friend an ash receiver he had bought at a church fair.  
"An' phat's it made of, Billy?" asked one.  
"Shure it's lava, Dan," said Billy.  
"And phat's lava, Billy?"  
"Why, Dan, sure it's what the Lord fed the Israelites on when they was forty years in the desert."—*Short Stories*.

### THE DENOUEMENT.

DO you remember once how you and I  
Were groping in impenetrable gloom  
Until Love lit the way and bade us come  
To a sweet spot which he did sanctify—  
There he was king; his vassals in the sky  
Stood round his court in serried, bright array  
There on the air the breath of roses lay  
And the ecstatic wind went slowly by.

Close-clasped we sat o'erpowered by the spell,  
Our thoughts commingling in the void of night,  
Enthralled with rapture, each to each enslaved.  
But soon alas! the shades of sadness fell;  
A passing cloud obscured the moon from sight,  
And to my ears was borne—"You might have shaved."

—C. S. MILLINGTON in *Pall Mall Magazine*.

# PEOPLE AND PLACES

LITTLE STORIES BY LAND AND SEA, CONCERNING THE FOLK WHO MOVE HITHER AND THITHER ACROSS THE FACE OF A BIG LAND.

## Muskrats and Flour Sacks

NOW that the muskrats of Isle a la Crosse are numerous there is a large trade in flour in that region. This muskrat land is hundreds of miles north of Prince Albert. The staple article of production is muskrat pelts. The principal article of import is flour. When the muskrats are plenty the flour sacks are shipped in by the cart trails and the York boats in large numbers. When muskrats are scarce flour fails also. Thus far beyond the realm of high finance there is a primitive cycle of trade that is as scientific in its economy as the commerce of Montreal and Toronto. Revillon Freres, who are keeping tab on most of the pelts of the north land, bought eighteen thousand muskrat skins in one week at posts tributary to Prince Albert. The place where most of the flour comes from is the big mill of Mr. Joseph Kidd of Prince Albert; and so as the scribe says in his native fashion: "the unexpectedly large fur harvest is thickening the bouillon in ten thousand camp kettles in the great lone land."

\* \* \*

## Last Wolf Hunt in Old Ontario

THE last timber wolf in southern Ontario has just been killed by a farmer near Glencoe. About ten years ago when a reporter told about a lynx being shot in Rosedale, Toronto, some of the anti-nature-fakirs said it must have been somebody's pet cat that had taken to the woods. So, many folk around Glencoe when they heard about the yellow dog seen by some children—the yellow dog that killed the sheep—said it must be someone's dog that had got lost and gone wild. But the animal was a real timber wolf; one that for years had been mysteriously hanging about some of those swamp lands of second growth in that flat country, probably the last of his race—though rumour says there is another left. So the old relics are disappearing. They might at least have left a wolf or two.

\* \* \*

## An Historic Old Timer

THERE is a man living in Prince Albert who was one of Riel's prisoners in the Rebellion of 1871. His name is James Stewart. Mr. Stewart came out in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company—away back in 1851. He spent his first year at York Factory. He was sent in charge of an expedition to Regent's Inlet, taking provisions to Dr. Roe, who was in search of traces of Sir John Franklin's party. A few years later he drifted down to Fort Garry and took charge of the Company's stores. Twelve years and he went teaching school at St. James. When the Rebellion broke out he was keeping books for Dr. Schultz. He was taken prisoner by Riel. He saw the shooting of Scott. After the Rebellion he bought the drug store of Dr. Schultz, and for several years ran the business; was also appointed meteorological observer. Nineteen years ago, suffering from rheumatism, Mr. Stewart went to Prince Albert for a dryer climate. He still lives there—much of an invalid, but one of the most interesting citizens of that northern city.

\* \* \*

## Metlakahla Indians Sing Handel's Messiah

THE Mendelssohn Choir has a serious rival in the far north-west. The Tsimpsian Indians of British Columbia have been hearing Handel's Messiah. This notable event took place at Port Simpson, which place may be said to have the most notable musical season of any place in the known world. Fifty full-blood Indians were in the chorus. They are a choral society. The audience was mostly Aborigines. Port Simpson has about a thousand people; a beautiful spot on the northern shore line of British Columbia. Most of the populace are Tsimpsians—from whom, of course, the place gets its name. The singers were from Metlakahla Alaska, and they came down by the C. P. R. steamer Princess May to give their cousins of Port Simpson a taste of choral art.

The occasion of this upheaval of native art among the Tsimpsians was a laudable desire to celebrate the life and labours of old William Duncan, the missionary. For some years now the Metlakahla Indians have had a choral society. On January 9th the musicians, with books, instruments, and all the paraphernalia of art came down—just as the Mendelssohn Choir goes to New York and Chicago—to Port Simpson. They were met by a large municipal delegation of Tsimpsians; for these folk have a municipal organisation of their own. The visiting musicians are the descendants of these. They stayed two weeks in the town and gave three performances. A most graphically entertain-

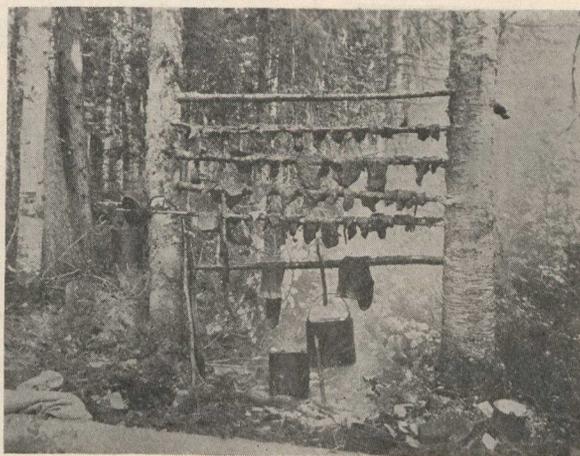
ing description is given by an eye-witness, who speaks thus concerning the Messiah concert:

"The old building is profusely decorated with evergreens and British flags and emblems. On the platform are the singers and orchestra. The girls are dressed in plain white silk. The young men plainly show that they come from a plain and working people. We find none of the operatic adornments around the singers. The five soloists including the trumpeter, cannot be distinguished from the rest. The soloists did their parts very well, and considering their very limited opportunities to acquire any musical education, much less voice culture, they compare well with professional singers anywhere. The organist, as is the case with more than half of the singers, has been to elementary

## WITH THE HINTERLANDERS



Ojibways on the Pack Trail



Drying Moose and Deer Meat



A Family of Ojibways

school only, and for a short time early in life; yet he reads and speaks good English, as well as being able to read any musical composition both classical and modern. The director has had better advantages; and although an Indian, yet he possesses a collegiate and university education. The oratorio was performed from the beginning to the end, with the usual omissions, by the Metlakahla Choral Society, with the grace and dignity of a professional organization. Not a single false note was sounded; not a single passage was carelessly handled. The theme of the author was correctly interpreted and put to correct execution. When the Hallelujah Chorus was sung, the audience rose to its feet and

stood gazing upward as if they were actually witnessing something in the skies! After listening to the rendering of the Messiah, the Port Simpson Indians exclaimed, "What grand music! What a grand theme! How well the Metlakahla Choral Society sings!"

\* \* \*

## Wild Horses on Spirit River

WILD horses are up in the Spirit River country, which is in the Peace River valley. There used to be wild horses in British Columbia. But even the horses are receding from the frontier. These wild steeds are not ordinary foot-hills bronchos, which are wild enough; but they are the descendants of some ancient cobs introduced up in that remote region by the Hudson's Bay Company. Travellers in the Great Bear land, much farther north, tell of dogs up there which are descended from the dogs taken in by the explorer, Sir John Franklin; when that outposter lost his life and left everything behind him. These dogs intermarried with the native wolves and the descendants are as fine a lot of wolf dogs as can be found anywhere. One of these days some frontiersman, who wants to become celebrated in fiction, will get a pack of those wild borean dogs and round up the wild horses of the Spirit River.

\* \* \*

## Canadians in Massachusetts

THE number of Canadians in and around Boston is almost beyond belief. Exact figures for Massachusetts show that there are in that state 283,302 Canadians, of which nearly half, or 118,247, are French Canadians, 24,715 are from New Brunswick, 10,583 from Newfoundland, 66,131 from Nova Scotia, 13,648 from Prince Edward Island, and 49,978 from other parts of Canada. Living within the limits of the city of Boston there were, in 1905, 49,169 Canadians, 2,105 of them French. The province of Nova Scotia contributes 18,064; Prince Edward Island, 4,550; Newfoundland, 4,326; New Brunswick, 7,219. Most of these Massachusetts Canadians are labouring men. There are not many high financiers and educationists. They are people who know what hard work means, because they were born in a country where the idler gets pushed out. They are good peaceable citizens and are regarded as a valuable asset to the country; much more so than a large percentage of a certain kind of Britishers who come to Canada. There are, however, a few public figures among these expatriates. Police Commissioner Stephen O'Meara is from Prince Edward Island; Henry D. Yerna, chairman of the Charles River basin commission, is from Fredericton, New Brunswick; William Whitman, president of the National Association of Woollen Manufacturers and of the Arlington Mills, comes from Nova Scotia.

\* \* \*

## Poetry of the Barren Grounds

PERHAPS the first accredited poet to write about the great Barren Grounds of Canada is Mr. Arthur Stringer, who in a recent issue of *Everybody's Magazine*, has this almost pastoral elegy on that subject:

### DUSK IN THE BARREN GROUNDS.

The hills lie black and low against the west,  
Far northward stretch the valleys of the dead—  
Here where Life weary grew and sighed for rest,  
And God put all His worn-out world to bed.

For this the silence is where some last word  
Was whispered and earth's twilight tale was told,  
And Emptiness and Sorrow only were heard  
The ghastly cry of ashen things and old.

And through the pallid light three dead pines crown  
The plain that lies so like a yellowed page,  
And wide and dark the blood-red sun burns down  
Beyond each iron hill that aches with age.

Now as Mr. Stringer has never seen the Barren Grounds it is quite likely these charming verses are "pure" poetry. These sombre lands of no trees lie above and about Great Bear Lake, almost inaccessible by any but trained explorers; the hunting grounds of the Yellow Knives and the haunt of the musk-ox and the caribou. Indeed, there are a good many things in that land which the poet has not deigned to notice. Doubtful if any of the pathfinders in that part of the world would recognise anything familiar in the description. Similar verses may be written of almost any vague land, untenanted by crowds of people. Still, there is nothing untrue in the description. The poet has at least escaped the odium of "Canada-faking."

MONEY AND MAGNATES

Personalities in Steel and Coal Case

CANADA has never known of a law suit in which the leading financial interests of the Dominion played such a prominent and aggressive part as the now famous Dominion Iron and Steel and Dominion Coal case. And now looking back over the long drawn legal battle one cannot help coming to the conclusion that it was largely on account of the personalities of the clashing interests that it finally dragged its way into the Privy Council. Dozens of times since the big fight started over two years ago it was just on the verge of being settled when some of the big men would decide that some other of the big men were getting the better of them and would block the negotiations.

Right through the whole fight I was almost in constant touch with the big interests on both sides and knowing every move that was made I cannot help saying that the whole affair would have been settled long ago had it not been that Mr. James Ross, the president of the Dominion Coal Company, was right along absolutely certain that the Coal Company would win out before the Privy Council.

And Mr. Ross was not exactly pig-headed about it. On the contrary he was absolutely convinced from his standpoint that the Coal Company was legally in the right in every move it made.

Right from the beginning Mr. Ross was not so confident of the outcome before the courts of the Maritime Provinces as he was of the Privy Council. He always said that local prejudice in Halifax would work against the interests of Coal, but that once the facts were laid before the Privy Council, the Coal's case would be seen in its proper light. Right up to the day the judgment was handed down Mr. Ross and his immediate friends were very confident and the most striking indication of their confidence was the fact that they were actually buying calls on Dominion Coal common as high as 62½ good till the day after the judgment was delivered.

The personalities that clashed most in the big suit were those of Mr. James Ross on the Coal side, and Senator L. J. Forget, Sir William VanHorne and Mr. J. H. Plummer on the Steel side. Previous to the Steel and Coal case Mr. Ross and Senator Forget and Sir William Van Horne had had a number of bitter encounters, mostly in connection with different deals, and it was on this account that a great deal of personal feeling was shown right from the beginning of the Steel and Coal fight.

At times it has looked as though the whole matter would likely have been settled when Sir William Van Horne would step up and say no, while at others a settlement was all but reached when Mr. Ross would step in and say he would not stand for the terms.

Of the big interests on both sides Mr. Ross was the only one who played the stock market game for all it was worth. While he was the largest interest in Coal he went into the market and bought huge blocks of Dominion Iron common and preferred in order to strengthen his position. Not one of the big Steel interests, however, tried to buy much Coal stock because of the influence it might secure for them, but meantime they watched the Dominion issues and saw that they should remain in control of the company.

Then again the Steel interests, headed by Senator Forget, agreed to leave the whole matter to a Board of Arbitration, to be composed of Sir George A. Drummond, president, Sir Edward Clouston, vice-president of the Bank of Montreal, and Mr. R. B. Angus, one of the directors of the Coal Company, but Mr. Ross was so sanguine that the Privy Council would favour the Coal Company that he would not agree to it.

In contrast to the rivalry between certain interests was the continued friendship between Senator Forget on the Steel side and Mr. R. B. Angus, on the Coal side. They had been almost life-long friends and one day driving down town together from the Mount Royal Club after the Steel-Coal trouble had developed Mr. Angus said to Senator Forget: "No matter what way it goes it won't make any difference with us." And the Senator replied with great sincerity, "that's right."

Montreal's Bank Offices

MONTREAL is perhaps the only city in Canada, if not in America, that can claim to have the head offices of all its English banks situated on the one street within three blocks. Such a situation only developed this week when the Union Bank of Canada moved into the handsome quarters formerly occupied by the Sovereign Bank. All the English banks are now situated on St. James street and the distance from the Quebec Bank, the most eastern one, to the Imperial Bank, the most western one, is only a little over a quarter of a mile.

For some years past the banks have steadily been seeking locations on St. James street, and as the retail business of the city moved almost altogether uptown old stores were gradually torn down to make way for palatial homes for the various banking institutions. St. James street is the natural banking street for the metropolis, the Bank of Montreal being quite commonly known as the Staid Old Lady of St. James street. In almost every instance the buildings erected are very handsome ones, it being doubtful if any city in the world could show so many striking banking houses within such a short distance.

Among the new ones that are attracting unusual attention is that of the Royal Bank, only recently completed, and the Canadian Bank of Commerce, and Eastern Township Bank, now nearing completion.

Taking Holidays

IN distinct contrast to last winter a large number of the big financial men of Montreal are this year taking a European or the Mediterranean trip. Last year the stock market was in such bad shape that not a single one of them cared to be away from their office. Now matters have been righted and the big men feel they can safely leave their affairs in the hands of their lieutenants. Senator Forget, the most prominent member of the Montreal Stock Exchange, is already in Europe, and will be away a couple of months. Mr. Charles R. Hosmer, always very active in the market, has his new Ogilvie Flour Mill issue settled, so has left for the Mediterranean trip. Sir Thomas Shaughnessy will go to England at the end of the month, Mr. F. W. Thompson is already in Florida, Sir William Van Horne is combining some business with pleasure down in Cuba, C. J. McCuaig has been spending some time at Atlantic City, R. B. Angus contemplates an early European trip.

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MUSIC AND DRAMA

THE cycle of Mendelssohn concerts has left nearly twenty thousand hearers in a state of profound gratification over the yearly progress of a Choir whose conductor's motto appears to be *plus ultra*. The best assurance we have, of the Mendelssohn Choir programmes' vitality, is the eternal vigilance of Dr. Vogt in seeking out compositions of every school and century. This year's concerts have shown no flagging in enthusiasm and a growth in all choral graces. The *Toronto Globe* has referred editorially to the great example afforded by Dr. Vogt's choir to the leaders of choirs throughout the country, and this aspect of their influence cannot be estimated too highly. The man who trains the village choir has too often imagined that noise means music and clamour accompanies true devotion. If the attendance of choir leaders from all parts of Ontario at these concerts can convince them of their error, the Mendelssohn Choir has succeeded in a mighty mission and many congregations will call them blessed. These concerts mean far more than a week of artistic gratification—they mean the uplifting of thousands to a higher level of emotion and ambition, the coming nearer to that "perfect arch," of which the old musician, *Abt Vogler*, prophesied. The ripples of these great choral waves break on shores of which we never dream. Those who saw the quiet Canadian student going about the day's work and practicing in Leipsic long ago, would have smiled if anyone had said that he would one day be conductor of the best choral organisation on the continent of America. But his mind and imagination were then filled with the harmonies of the masters and such interpretation as he has given them might well satisfy ambition of the highest order.

Perhaps the greatest tribute to the choir comes from the girl or young lad in the top gallery who has "saved up for a Mendelssohn" and who would not have missed the final chorus in *Caractacus* for anything. Speaking of that splendid bit of imperial harmony, a visitor to Toronto made the inquiry which was uttered by a Chicago man last year: "Why in the world didn't the audience give three cheers for that choir? New York would have done it and I'll bet Chicago will."

The only reply to be made is that Toronto takes its music seriously and solemnly. It will tear itself to pieces over Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Sir James Whitney, Lord Dundonald—or Thomas Longboat. But a choral triumph is a different matter and Toronto will pay five nights in the week, will applaud in decorous fashion, will arise as His Excellency leaves the hall to catch a train—but it refuses, except in cases of isolated enthusiasm, to show more than what it considers a correct degree of approval.

THE concerts to be given by the Schubert Choir, assisted by the Pittsburg Orchestra, in Massey Music Hall, Toronto, on February 22nd and 23rd, are assured of excellent patronage, for the good work of Mr. Fletcher's "senior" Choir and the firm hold of Mr. Paur's orchestra on public esteem have given these concerts a place of their own. The programmes to be given in these events of next week are as follows:

Monday, February 22nd.  
Overture—"Kaiser March" *Wagner*  
Choruses—"Hunting Song" *Schubert*  
"Passion Motette, No. 6" *M. Haydn*  
Symphony—"In der Natur" *Paur*  
(First time in Canada)

Choruses—  
"Up, Up, ye Dames" - - *Leslie*  
Chorus for Women's Voices  
"Weary Wind of the West" *Elgar*  
Capriccio, Italien Op. 45 - -  
- - - - - *Tschaikowski*



Mr. Emil Paur,  
Conductor of Pittsburg Symphony Orchestra.

Choruses—  
"Wiegenlied" (Six Parts) *Brahms*  
"Battle Hymn" from *Rienzi* *Wagner*  
"Liberty" A Dramatic scene by  
Eaton Fanning. For Chorus and  
Orchestra.

Tuesday, February 23rd.  
Overture—"Rienzi" - - *R. Wagner*  
King Thamos— - - *Mozart*  
Chorus and Orchestra.

Choruses— - - *Schubert*  
Four Vocal Dances.

"Her True Love She Greeteth"  
"Hark! Silvery Bells Ringing"  
"As Dewdrops at Morn"  
"Tender Music All Inviting"  
Rosemunde Selections— - *Schubert*  
Chorus—"King Arthur" *Boughton*  
Violin Solo— - - *Eduard Tak*  
Chorus—

"Who is Sylvia" (Six Parts) *Schubert*  
Selections from Schubert's Mass in G  
Orchestral Rondo— *Strauss*  
"Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks"

The most novel orchestral number is Mr. Paur's own composition, the symphony, "In der Natur," which has received most favourable notice from critics in New York.

Mr. Paur gives his own description of the movements as follows:—"The Adagio is the forest at night where the mysterious, and at times weird sounds of nature call up the sorrows of a long life, but not in a morbid sense.

"The Scherzo is like a sunny day when the birds are singing and flitting back and forth and the bright-winged butterflies are flying here and there and nothing stays more than an instant in one place, not even one's thoughts. The last movement is my joke, and perhaps a little more than a joke now and then. The opening theme is given to the basses, cellos and bassoons.

"You may imagine when you hear that, some pompous and fussy old gentlemen taking a country walk and talking together. They are very earnest, but somewhat ridiculous and after a moment some young people overtake them and mimic their talk. Well, the old gentlemen get excited," continued Mr. Paur, "and then the

young people only mock them the more, and then the old gentlemen get angry and the young people all the wilder. But a storm comes up and, of course, it is a thunderstorm, and the old gentlemen and young people have to run to cover. Then as the storm dies away all is heavy and quiet with a rainbow in the sky. Then nature begins to waken and the young people also. There is much jollity, some of it rough, and when the old gentlemen again appear they immediately get into trouble with the young folks.

"This scene is in the form of an epilogue, in which a fugue is developed in the humorous style. At last the old gentlemen go off very angry. Then the bird that sang in the beginning is again heard."

\* \* \*

ONE of the most pleasing evenings at the Conservatory Music Hall this month was the occasion of "Dramatic Episodes," under the management of Mr. William Sauter and Mr. R. S. Pigott. "The Prize," a farce by Mr. Sauter, in which he was assisted by Miss Hughes, Miss Pigott and Mr. Pigott, was a delightful bit of drollery; "Bergliot," a melodrama by Bjornson and Grieg, was effectively given by Miss Brenda Smellie, and the final Pierrot playlet, "The Course of True Love," was a charmingly artistic snatch of romance. But the numbers which will probably remain in the memory when the dainty comedy is forgotten were "The Lady of Shalott," read by Mr. Pigott, with exquisite trio accompaniment of piano, cello and violin, and Mr. William Sauter's rendering of "The Vision of Sydney Carton," arranged as a tableaux vignette with original music. These were so comprehensively given that all lovers of the Laureate and the great man who told "The Tale of Two Cities" will hope to hear the poem and the prophecy again.

\* \* \*



Mr. James K. Hackett  
at Royal Alexandra Theatre, Toronto

\* \* \*

MR. FLETCHER, conductor of the Schubert Choir, has returned from Pittsburg with glowing accounts of the work done by the orchestra in Mr. Paur's composition, "In Der Natur." The Pittsburg Orchestra is always welcome to Toronto and the story of its magnetic conductor's latest success makes pleasant reading.

\* \* \*

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It is well worth a dollar at a book store but is sold by your wall paper dealer, at 25 cents, or mailed at same price by the publishers, who are the Watson-Foster Co., Ltd., Ontario St., East, Montreal.

## FOR THE CHILDREN

WAYSIDE FRIENDS.

By LAURA E. RICHARDS.

A TORTOISE-SHELL cat lay basking in the sun on the warm bank under the cedar hedge. It was the first bright day after a long, cold storm, and she felt the sun warm her poor old bones, and stretched herself on the fragrant cedar twigs that made a thick carpet on the bank, and purred. She was old and ragged, but one saw that she had been a fine cat in her time.

Presently there came along a kitten; and when the old cat looked, she saw that it was a tortoise-shell kitten, and her heart warmed to it.

"Come and sit here," she said "Your fur will soon dry in this sunshine, and we can talk together."

So the kitten, who was wet and draggled from sleeping in wet leaves, came and sat down on the bank, and for some time the two blinked and purred in silence.

"Tramping?" asked the cat.

"Yes," said the kitten.

"Poor work!" said the cat. "I have been at it for some years now, and I have had enough. Now I am going to try for a home in this house. I have watched it for several days. They have fish often, and the cook is good-natured and careless. I think it will be a good place to end my days in."

"That sounds pleasant," said the kitten. "I am rather tired myself, and have a lameness in one toe."

"Two are better than one," said the cat. "We should do well together, for you have more spring in the joints, and I more wits in the head. Let us be partners!"

They agreed, and the old cat bade the kitten go first to the house. "Dance and play and make yourself agreeable," she said. "I will attend to the rest."

So the kitten watched her chance, and when the door was opened she ran into the house, and danced and played and made herself agreeable.

The people said, "Oh, what a dear little kitten! We must keep her, because she is so young and merry." And they kept the kitten and made much of her.

By and by the old cat came in, and she dragged one foot after another and moaned, and seemed very miserable. And the people said, "Oh, what a poor, forlorn old cat! We must really keep her, because she is so old and feeble." So they kept her, too, and made much of her, and every one supposed that the two were mother and child.

Time went on, and both cats grew fat and handsome. One day the mistress of the house said, "We must get rid of one of these cats. They catch nothing, and they eat a great deal, for the cook is careless."

"Why not get rid of the cook?" asked the master, for he liked the cats. But the mistress said that would not be convenient.

Then one said, "Let us keep the kitten, for she is merry and frisky." And another said, "Let us keep the old cat, for she is grave and sedate." And the two cats sat side by side on the hearth-rug and listened. They knew it was best to keep very quiet for a while.

"What shall you do?" asked the kitten, after a time.

"I must catch mice!" said the old cat. "I feared it would come to this. And what shall you do?"

"Tramp again," said the kitten. "The leaves are falling dry and yellow, and it will be fun to go scampering among them, and to hunt for squirrels in the brown woods. I have had enough of four walls and cooked things in a saucer."

The old cat stretched herself and yawned wearily. "Go!" she said. "You are a cat of spirit. I was such at your age, but now my joints are stiff, and I must work for my living like a human being. It is hard, but what can I do?"

So the kitten went away; and the old cat caught two mice a week, which was all she could bring herself to do. But the family was satisfied, and so she lived on in the new home.—*The Youth's Companion*.

\*\*\*

A MODERN RED RIDING HOOD.

By C. J. BUDD.

Were Little Red Riding Hood living to-day

And a wolf should approach, as of yore—

"Excuse me," she'd say, "I must hurry away,

Eggs are four-pence a-piece at the store, so they say,

I'll sell them, for Grandma, and she with the pay,

Will keep the wolf from the door!"

—*St. Nicholas*.

\*\*\*

TICK-TOCK.

By LILLIAN L. PRICE.

"YOU must not climb into the bottom of that clock, Bertie."

Bertie crept out of the low, old-fashioned clock door with a wheedling smile.

"But, mamma, I squeegee in just lovely!"

"And jar the clock, dear, so that it loses time. The other day it lost half an hour, and Uncle John missed his train."

"How can a little boy like me make a big clock like you lose half an hour?" he asked.

Several days later mamma came downstairs and called Bertie, who sat waiting to accompany her to see a great ship sail away with Uncle John.

"Tick-tock — tickety-tock!" ticked the big clock, solemnly.

"You are right this morning, I hope," said Bertie, softly. "I crept in so softly last night. One leg at a time." But a troubled look shone in his bright eyes.

"Tickety-tock - tickety!" answered the clock.

And then Robin drove them down to the station, where mamma looked at the station clock, and instantly her face grew very sad.

"Our clock has lost twenty minutes again," she said. "Uncle John must sail away alone. Bertie, listen to me. Go home, my boy, get into that clock and stay there until mamma comes."

Bertie trotted gloomily home. "Tickety-tock!" wheezed the clock as he climbed into it.

And it kept on saying that, until Bertie felt sure it was the slowest work in the world for those weary ticks to grow into hours. Every heartbroken thought he had about missing Uncle John and the beautiful ship the clock beat sharply into his memory with its constant "Tickety-tock, tickety-tock! You never saw a ship or a dock."

At last mamma came and lifted him out, stiff and miserable. He clung to her neck, and never said a word.

The next day the moon looked down with a sidewise smile at him. Bertie shook his head sorrowfully. "I sha'n't ever come to see you any more."

And the queer old clock said, approvingly, "Tick-tock — tickety-tock! Bertie is going to mind—tock!"

When Uncle John came back Bertie went to meet him, for the clock was just right.—*The Youth's Companion*.

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## The Love of Man

(Concluded from page 17)

"Can you make anything out?" asked the trooper, as they came nearer.

"Nothing here. Must be quite a way in," said Thurston.

Came Carew's voice through the brush: "Oh, he's as dead as he ever will be." The men drew to the centre of the thicket, but there was no sound. Suddenly Thurston called out:

"Here he is; strike a light, somebody." The others hurried as fast as possible through the dark. Carew had a light in a moment, and they all bent over the body.

"Good God!" cried Carew, springing erect, "Why, it's Stanton!"

There was a strange silence for a moment, the light died out, and the three men stood in silence above the body. Their heavy breathing was the only sound for a space, then a broken voice, Thurston's, cried, as a man who has lost all hope and joy in life:

"And he cried out after I fired that last shot! Oh, if we had only known!"

"Come, old man, it was not your fault," said Carew, kindly. "As a matter of fact, I believe I fired last. And, in any case, how can we possibly blame or accuse ourselves? We were ordered to chase the man who murdered old Hughes, and it was our duty—"

"Our duty be damned! It is not our duty to shoot old friends," cried Thurston, passionately.

"But how were we to know who the man was?" asked the third trooper, who had stood by in silence all this time. "Besides, I am certain that I fired last."

"No, no, don't say that," cried Thurston. "It's very good of you chaps to try and put the blame on yourselves. But it's no use. Well, I suppose we must ride back and report this shameful affair." He bent over, covered the corpse up carefully, and the three made their way in silence to the spot where they had picketed their horses.

"Who would have thought that old Stanton could have done such a thing?" began Thurston, as they rode away. "And why did he ever come to be out in the west. He must have been here years, two or three at least, for he knew the country so well. What a strange place the world is! You know a chap at home, move in his set, meet him at various places, and then have the pleasure of putting a bullet through him when you are both some thousands of miles away from the old life! But a murderer! And such a brutal affair, too. Tell me, Carew, you knew him before, would you ever have expected he would come to this, or that I, his first friend, would be the one to shoot him?"

"No, old man. "It is astonishing that he should have done this thing, but you did not kill him," answered Carew. "Of course I did not know him as you did, but he was a remarkably decent sort."

"Yes, he was," returned Thurston, and the three galloped on over the prairie, with the bright stars twinkling down upon them.

In the mess room a fortnight later, three men, Carew, Jenkins, and Graham, sat around the same table trying to be interested in the same game of cards.

"I suppose you chaps have heard that poor old Thurston is leaving at the end of the month?" asked Carew.

"Leaving!" exclaimed Graham.

"Where is he going?"

"And why is he going?" chimed in Jenkins.

"One at a time; just a moment," replied Carew. "Now you're first,

Graham, but I'm sorry that I cannot answer your sage question. To begin with, I have not asked him, and then I hardly think he knows himself."

"But why is he going?" repeated Jenkins.

"Your turn now," answered Carew. "Well, the reason is simply that he is determined to be away from this criminal chasing, and police work. You can understand. He thinks, in fact he is sure, that he alone is responsible for Stanton's death. Just general distaste for everything connected with this life."

"But how, O sage, did Stanton happen to take that scoundrel's place?" asked Graham. "Will any person ever know? It was not out of friendship, you may depend. That 'greater love hath no man than this' is something of a beautiful theory."

"Graham," began Carew, slowly. "You are an old cynic. It just happens that you are right about the friendship part of it, though. Stanton did not sacrifice himself upon that altar. But it is the same old trouble. A woman in it, of course. Thurston told me all about it. Years ago, he said, Stanton and this man loved the same girl, and Stanton lost out. He never married after that experience, but just simply mooned around, and tried to forget it, by worrying over the matter day and night. A good many young fools do that sort of thing." Jenkins smiled at this. "No, you needn't laugh, Jenk," Carew continued, but he was smiling himself.

"Well, after a time poor Stanton lost his money in some way or other, and came out to the west. He had actually been living here two years and we never saw him. But, as Fate would have it, this girl and the fellow she had so unwisely chosen, also moved out this way, and once more Stanton was reminded vividly of the sad past. The man was a scoundrel, and, in a violent quarrel, about some cattle, I believe, he killed old man Hughes. Then Stanton, poor silly old fool, packed him out of the way, and, for the sake of his former love, took the man's place; we chased the poor fellow, and—you know the rest. The murderer has been caught, of course, and has confessed. The lady in the case is, as usual, prostrated with grief, Stanton's dead, and we've lost Thurston. I have an idea that he is going home, but anyway he's lost, and all through a fool love affair!"

"Yes, all for a silly boy and girl infatuation," said Graham.

"A trivial thing—sometimes," observed Jenkins. "But," throwing down his cards and rising, "let's go and find Thurston." A minute later the door closed behind them.

### CONCERNING CAVIARE.

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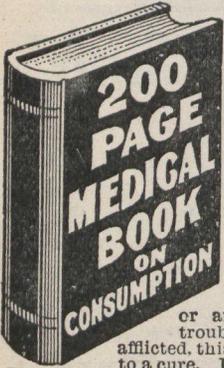
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## What Canadian Editors Think

### CANADA MINDS HER OWN BUSINESS.

(Manitoba Free Press.)

CANADA, officially, is minding her own business and keeping out of British party quarrels; and it would be an excellent thing if individual Canadians would follow the example thus set. They may do more harm than good to the cause they have at heart, while their well-meant efforts will develop a certain amount of irritation between the mother land and Canada. The relations between Canada and the Empire will not be affected to any appreciable extent by the outcome of the next British election. Should the Liberals win, Canada will not begin playing "her own business game" in a sense differing from the way in which she has been playing it for the last forty years. If Great Britain goes back to Protection the trade between Canada and the mother land may be affected, favourably or the reverse; but this will not affect Canada's position as an integral part of the Empire. That does not rest upon trade or upon commercial considerations; and he who claims that it does misunderstands or misrepresents Canadian sentiment.

### BULKHEADS NEEDED.

(Ottawa Journal.)

SOMETIMES question is raised regarding the value of what are known as the bulk-heads in the ocean-going ships. These are cross partitions supposed to divide the ship off into compartments, each one of which is water-tight as against the compartments respectively ahead and behind. No doubt bulk-heads have failed very often to be effective owing to either improper construction or to doors from one compartment to another not having been closed in time; but the reports make it clear that but for the bulk-heads in the steamship *Republic* that vessel would have gone down like a stone with all her passengers before help could have arrived, and equally clear also is it that but for the bulk-head next behind the bow of the steamship *Florida*, which ran into the *Republic* and afterwards rescued her passengers, the *Florida* also must have sunk before any help could have reached her. These two facts alone are worth all the expense which has even been put into bulk-heads in ships.

### CLAPTRAP.

(Canada.)

WHEN Mr. Lemieux lowered the postage rate on periodicals from Great Britain to Canada and increased the rate on those coming from the United States, American journals which had circulated freely in Canada found themselves handicapped, and those which had hitherto enjoyed a steady sale in Canada issued Canadian editions. Some of these Canadian editions are remarkable productions and it is almost an insult to Canadian intelligence to label such typically Yankee effusions "Canadian." Take, for instance, the Canadian edition of *Collier's Weekly*. The only effort to cater for Canadian readers is to be found in a page or so of leaderettes or notes, which, though dealing with Canadian affairs, certainly do not seem to us likely to please any reader who look for anything but the would-be smart paragraph. For instance, what is the object of saying, "It took some time to teach Governors-General that all we expected them to do for fifty thousand a year and expenses was to look pretty?" Again, speaking of Sir Percy Lake, *Collier's* says: "It was only after we had named him Inspector-General (sic), and stripped

him of all authority that we hit it off all right. Sir Percy Lake is the first of these Inspectors-General. . . . The King has knighted him for saying nothing but sawing wood." Then there is another note making game of Lord Roberts, which is in such bad taste that we need not quote it. *Collier's* has evidently but a poor opinion of Canadian intelligence if it supposes that anyone is deceived by effusions of this kind. A paper that appears week by week designedly to do its best to sneer at everything British, and indeed to undermine Canada's loyalty to the Empire, has no right to call itself the national weekly—a title which, by the way, is also borne by the *Canadian Courier*, a purely Canadian journal.

### JAPS A MENACE.

(Bruce Herald.)

The question of Japanese aggression on the Pacific coast is becoming quite as acute in the United States as in Canada. With us indeed it may be said to have just commenced, but in the United States it is already working at the social foundations of the country. The Japs have been making their way through the Public Schools and are now claiming equal rights in that respect with the white citizens of the Republic. Apart from what may be considered national race feeling against them, it has been found in all the large towns that the problem of placing Japanese students in seats along with girls and boys of tender years in the Public Schools is working out badly. The Japanese youths are extremely immoral. American parents have become alarmed at the conditions brought to their knowledge in this respect, and are insisting on placing the Asiatics in special schools by themselves. The Japs live so cheaply that white men can't compete with them. They are sober, industrious, and frugal, but dishonest, profligate, and untruthful. They are pagans in religion, and have no conception of Christian principles. It is evident that their rapid influx on the Pacific coast will before long force the people of the Western States especially, if not the entire Republic, to deal with them on the lines of necessary self-defence.

### BACK TO SIMPLE LIFE.

(Kingston Standard.)

IT is astonishing how some ordinarily alert intellects resist the march of civilisation. There are some people to this day who will not go on a railroad train, and there are some who cling tenaciously to ordinary lamps though they could well afford to have gas or electricity. But for a really obstinate refusal to fall in line with the spirit of the age commend us to the London, England, judge who admits that he has never taken the trouble even to look at a telephone and that he would not know how to use one if he had to. His argument is that people managed to get on without the telephone one hundred years ago and that they can therefore very well get along without it now. But people managed to get on without the telegraph one hundred years ago; they managed to get on without printing in the olden days; they managed even to get on with tallow candles; but will it be contended that they did so well as they do in these days or were so happy or prosperous or contented? Probably if Judge Mills had his way he would have us go back to the old days when every man was his own shoe-maker, his own baker and his own tailor. Where would progress be then?

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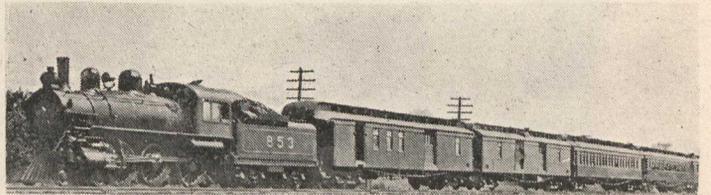
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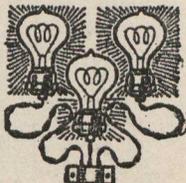
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