

The Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



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The Canadian Courier

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CONTENTS

MEN OF TO-DAY	5
REFLECTIONS	6-7
THE GAME OF POLE-HUNTING, by the Monocle Man	8
SOME LATE NEWS PHOTOGRAPHS	9
POLITICAL EVOLUTION IN THE UNITED STATES (concluded) by Professor Skelton	10
WOMEN'S CANADIAN CLUB AT VANCOUVER; POLO TOURNAMENT AT WINNIPEG	11
MONTREAL IN PANORAMIC MINIATURE FOR FESTIVAL WEEK	12-13
PEOPLE AND PLACES	14
THE CHAPEL BELL, story by Headon Hill	15
DEMI-TASSE	16
MONEY AND MAGNATES	17
FOR THE CHILDREN	19



Editor's Talk

THIS is the week when the Montrealers who are scattered far and wide over the continent are supposed to rush "Back to Montreal." As a consequence, Montreal occupies the foremost place in this issue. As Canada's largest and most important city, every Canadian may take some pride in its wonderful growth and development. For a time it seemed as if it might cease to be the "national sea-port," but all doubts have now been dispelled. The largest ocean vessels find their way into its harbour and the grain of the northwestern States and the western Provinces prefers Montreal to any other Atlantic port.

NEXT week, we shall pay some attention to Canada's First Plenary Council of the Roman Catholic Church in Canada. This will be held in Quebec and will be attended by all the leading men of the Canadian Church and many ecclesiastical dignitaries from abroad. The occasion will be noteworthy from a national standpoint as well as important from a religious point of view.

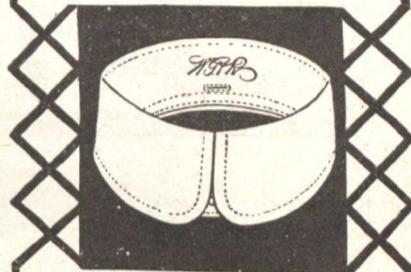
The same issue will contain some recent aeroplane pictures and will be decorated with an aeroplane cover design in colours.

MR. W. A. FRASER, Canada's greatest short-story writer, has written an excellent Western tale entitled "Sergeant Kinnaid," which will begin in this periodical in a fortnight. It will run through eight or ten issues and should prove the most interesting piece of fiction which has ever appeared in these pages. The hero of the tale is a member of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, which has contained some of the finest military characters ever produced on this continent. The incidents are sufficiently numerous and exciting to arouse the most sluggish imagination.



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Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

VOL. 6

Toronto, September 18th, 1909

No. 16

MEN OF TO-DAY

Publicist and Manufacturer

Of all men who have made a name for themselves in the city of Toronto, none has a more enviable reputation than Mr. W. K. McNaught, manufacturer, member of parliament, hydro-electric commissioner and good citizen generally. The story goes that "W. K." came to Toronto from the county of Huron in the year 1868 with the avowed purpose of going across the line to fight with the Northern army in the Civil War. But he didn't go. It may have been that a pair of bright female eyes caught him, or—well, however that may be, he became junior clerk in the jewellery establishment of Robert Wilkes, M.P., in 1868. In nine years he struck out for himself. In 1885, he left Zimmerman, McNaught & Lowe to join the American Watch Case Company of which he is now president and managing director.

As a youth, he was an enthusiastic volunteer and lacrosse player. He even wrote a book on lacrosse. Also, he went to England with the Canadian Lacrosse team of 1883. Later he turned his attention to the National Club, of which he is a past president, and to the Manufacturers' Association, in which he has long been a leader, if not *the* leader. In all this unselfish work, he proved himself to be a patriot in the best sense of the term. He talked "made in Canada" long before the phrase became popular. His work in connection with the Toronto Fair is among the most important of the tasks which he has accomplished. He was president in 1902-03-04, and transformed it from a county fair into a national exhibition. Even to-day there is no greater influence, no more untiring worker on the board than "W. K."

It was only the other day that he took up politics and was elected a member of the Legislature for North Toronto. Immediately he came into prominence on legislative committees. He was appointed on the Hydro-Electric Commission, with Hon. Adam Beck and Hon. J. S. Hendrie, to work out a publicly-owned and municipally-operated supply of electric power from Niagara Falls and elsewhere. He has been a keen student of electric power for years and has a childlike and abiding faith in Sir James Whitney's policy to give the people of Ontario cheap power and light.

Mr. McNaught's chief characteristics are a low-toned, mellow voice and the power of defeating those who have opposite views to his without making them feel hurt. He wields a tremendous influence with all men with whom he comes in close contact, though he is less magnetic and influential with an audience. As a bender of men, he has few peers in the city in which he lives.

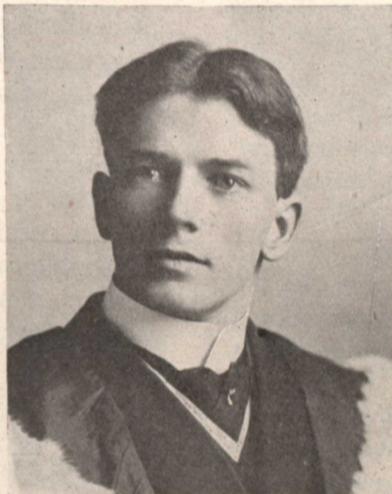
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A Progressive Engineer

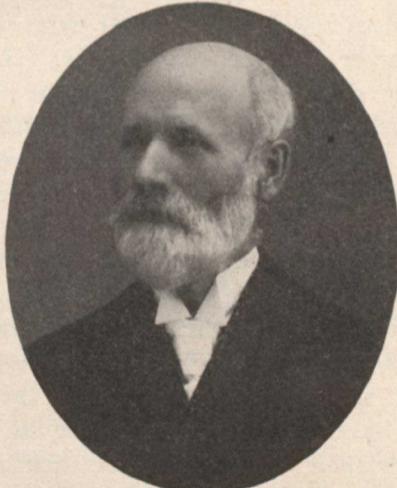
THE city engineer of Fredericton, N. B., Mr. A. K. Grimmer, has been appointed to a position on the staff of the University of Manitoba. Mr. Grimmer has had as long an experience in engineering as a young man can ever get. He was born at St. Andrew's, N.B.; entered the University of New Brunswick in 1900, and five years later got the degree of bachelor of engineering. Already he had done much practical work; land surveys, the erection of the Salmon River bridge, the extension of the New Brunswick coal



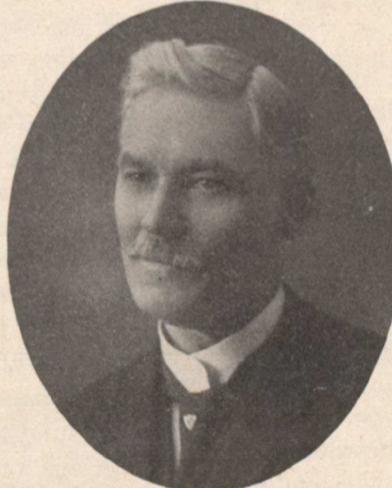
Mr. W. K. McNaught, M.P.P.



Mr. A. K. Grimmer,
City Engineer, Fredericton, N.B.



Mr. Robert Bogue,
President Saskatchewan Municipalities.



Mr. R. H. Williams,
Mayor of Regina.



Mr. J. Kelso Hunter,
Sec.-Treas. Saskatchewan Municipalities.

and railway from Chipman to Minto; besides serving a year on the Canadian Pacific survey in Ontario. Afterwards he was appointed camp draughtsman on the Transcontinental Railway survey from Plaster Rock to Grand Falls in New Brunswick. After graduation he became engineer in charge of the Glenn extension for the York and Carlton Railway and then returned to the university for a post-graduate course and as lecturer on materials and cement testing. He was made assistant engineer on construction of the sewerage system and filtration plant for the city of Fredericton, after which he was appointed city engineer of the capital city. He is an expert on filtration systems which he has studied extensively in the United States.

* * *

The Scotch Treasurer

THE secretary-treasurer of the Union of Saskatchewan Municipalities, recently in convention in Regina, is Mr. John Kelso Hunter, who was born to finance in Glasgow and educated at Glasgow University. He served a law apprenticeship in the office of the late town clerk of Glasgow and while in that office Mr. Hunter was a side partner in law of Mr. "Bob" Edwards, the author of the *Calgary Eye-Opener* and other papers of the prairie. After thirteen years service for the corporation of Glasgow, Mr. Hunter came to Canada and went west. That was back in the early eighties. Along with the late Alexander Begg, historian, he founded the *Arcadian* near Yorkton, Sask. Ten years ago he went to settle in Regina, one of the staff in the land titles office. He was made deputy-registrar of Regina when Mr. Forbes, then in the office, succeeded Mr. Justice Newlands, removed to the Yukon. In 1903 Mr. Hunter became the secretary-treasurer and assessor for Regina, being also in true western fashion secretary-treasurer for the hospital, board of trade and the agricultural association. Since the organisation of the Union of Saskatchewan Municipalities, Mr. Hunter has been permanent secretary-treasurer. At the recent convention he introduced the discussion on uniform municipal accounting as per the report presented by the Union of Canadian Municipalities in session last month at Medicine Hat, Alberta.

* * *

Eight Times Mayor of Moosejaw

MR. ROBERT BOGUE, of Moosejaw, was the third president of the Union of Saskatchewan Municipalities. He came from the township of Westminster near London, Ont.; received his early education in Brockville and commenced his business career in Bowmanville, Ont.; went back to the picturesque town on the St. Lawrence—then a pretty village. In 1876 he went into hardware along with the late Mr. James Smart; firm Bogue & Smart; and in six years Mr. Bogue went to Manitoba—time of the boom. A few years in the frontier city and in the town of Brandon, and Mr. Bogue pulled stakes for Moosejaw, which was then in Assini-

boia. One of the many remarkable things about Moosejaw is that eight times Mr. Bogue was mayor of the town. This is probably a record unequalled in the West even by the versatile Mr. Cousins of Medicine Hat, whose career was outlined on this page a month or two ago. The West is developing a large number of men who, separated from the humdrum of the East, discover that they have powers of

organisation and citizenship that might never have been needed elsewhere. The men who went from Ontario years ago are among the most useful and constructive. They have seen the West grow and understand it much better than the newcomers of the present century.

* * *

The Mayor of Regina

AWAY back in 1882, on a day when the pomp and circumstance of the prairies had gathered at "Pile o' Bones"; when "tinpots" flashed in the western sun, and when Frank Oliver hobnobbed with Nicholas Flood Davin, saying things findable in no dictionary about the inaugural show—there arrived from Winnipeg a man by the name of Richard Henry Williams. He was an unknown citizen who was probably as hard up as most of the people that bought tickets those days on the C. P. R. He saw the gunpowder ceremony that gave the capital of all the Northwest Territories the name "Regina"; and the man from Winnipeg, born in Toronto, calculated that though he might be badly in need of a job, he would do his share towards building up Regina. For R. H. Williams was a carpenter and joiner, besides being contractor and builder. He started in with the hammer and in that wooden town of the mounted police barracks he made a big noise. Soon he became the head builder. In the year of the Rebellion, 1885, he went into mercantile business. A few years later when Regina had got a railway running north to Prince Albert, Mr. Williams became the chief magistrate. He did one or two important things in the two years '91-'92; chief of which was carrying to completion the drainage system of Regina—a trunk sewer. Having done that plain duty well, Mr. Williams vacated the mayor's chair; went back to his business and a big farm near the city; keeping a wise eye on the progress of Regina; seeing it grow in spite of setbacks and below-zero weather, till it became capital of the new Province of Saskatchewan; then a city in the forefront of western cities with problems more intricate than many a city twice its size in the east. Last December Mr. Williams was again elected Mayor of Regina.

REFLECTIONS

GERMAN opinion as voiced by the "National Zeitung" of Berlin is quite right when it states that a tariff war between Canada and the United States is inevitable. It may not be quite so correct when it states that the result of that war will be a lowering of the Canadian tariff. At the present moment Canada's tariff against United States goods is from 25 to 50 per cent. lower than the United States tariff against Canadian goods. To further lower our tariff because of United States demands is fiscally impossible as well as economically inadvisable.

Germany may make a treaty with Canada and may get much better treatment than she has recently experienced in this market. Two prominent Germans are now in Canada trying to blaze a path for some such development. If a new treaty comes into existence, it will not be simultaneous with or because of the United States tariff war. German-Canadian relations must stand on their own footing. Our relations with either Great Britain or the United States can have nothing to do with the question. For the "National Zeitung" to suggest that the United States will humble us, and that Germany will profit by the process, is a piece of bad policy. The German trade emissaries now in this country will soon learn that lesson.



CANADA'S thanksgiving for the harvest of 1909 should be generous and sincere. The crop of the year is nearly twenty-five per cent. larger than in any previous year, and prices are higher. The agricultural profits on the year's transactions are enormous. The new province of Saskatchewan alone produced over eighty million bushels of wheat and has a total grain crop of two hundred million bushels. Every one of the nine provinces has had a good year. Employment is plentiful, wages are good, factories everywhere are working overtime, capital is fairly well employed, the mines are producing great profits, and every line of business is active. No country in the world is making quite the progress Canada is at the present time.

If Germany and the United States desire to share in this increased trade, it is open to them to do so. They can do so only by extending to Canada that fairness of treatment which they expect from her. Threats and maximum tariffs will not secure it as readily as reasonable and fair-minded negotiation.



TORONTO'S famous annual exhibition closed last week after the most successful fortnight in its thirty-one years of existence. The attendance was about 700,000 and the cash receipts were nearly

\$20,000 greater than in 1908. Probably four hundred thousand people came into the city to do business or to attend the Fair. The exhibits of manufactured goods well illustrated the progress of the country's business and the general exhibits indicated the business revival and universal prosperity. This week, Ottawa and London are holding exhibitions which on a smaller scale are equally successful, while Montreal is having an "Old Boys" week which is a similar civic holiday. Next week the smaller fairs begin, and the last will not be held before King Frost shall have knocked down the beechnuts and shall have tinted the maples with autumnal colours.



WHEN Lord Charles Beresford returns to England, he should be banquetted by the Canadian Society of London. He could then make an address which, when printed in the British papers, would be the best piece of advertising Canada ever received. Lord Charles is most enthusiastic over Canada's progress and prospects. Last week he spent some days in Cobalt and the wonderful Lake Temagami country where he enjoyed some good fishing. He became so enamoured of this newer portion of Ontario that he decided to go back again, after his Mexican trip, for a week or two of deer hunting. In addition to finding the Canadians the happiest and most hopeful people he has ever met, he finds the Canadian climate and the Canadian sport most exhilarating and enticing. If he could be persuaded to tell the British people of the wonderful charms of this Dominion Over Seas, he would create a new interest in the minds of the people of the mother country. His enthusiasm would be impressive and would assist in forging anew "the tie that binds."



TALKING about patriotism, Calgary and Edmonton have us all beaten. Each has a municipal system of street-cars and there is great rivalry to see which system can show the highest receipts. So far Edmonton leads. Its system is older and is benefited by the fact that it is inter-urban. Strathcona, across the river, originates much traffic. Calgary has ordered some more new cars and hopes to soon catch up in the race. Indeed, it is said that the citizens are so patriotic that they spend their spare time dropping coins in the "pay-as-you-enter" receptacles on the cars. This is possibly an exaggeration, but we may be sure that every citizen will ride as often as it is convenient and advisable. The patriotism of the West is a religion which burns fiercely in every bosom. With a wheat crop which promises to pay all their debts and the year's expenses and to provide them a surplus of seventy million dollars on the year's transactions, the people can afford to put a few unnecessary fares in the box. The favourable weather has enabled them to save the greatest crop in their history in such a way that its condition alone means an extra profit of ten cents a bushel over some previous years. Add to this the general high price obtaining the world over for wheat, and the seventy millions of clear profit are explained. And this is a wonderful basis on which to build and maintain patriotism.



WILL the new management of the Intercolonial be a success? This is a question now being asked by many people in the Maritime Provinces and indeed in other parts of Canada. The general impression so far is not overly favourable. To overcome the evils of a quarter-century even such good men as the present commission will require much time. Besides it is doubtful if they have enough power to enable them to use the pruning knife thoroughly. Lopping off a few small twigs on the outer edge of the tree is not likely to make much change.

The only really effective method would be to give the commission absolute power to hire and dismiss. This they will never have, so long as the politicians have their present ideals and policies. Ever since the Intercolonial was built, the people have been taught that the patronage of the road was the prize of the ruling political party. The employees have always been striving to win the favour of the politicians rather than the approval of their superiors. The writer has been in an Intercolonial sleeping-car, and through the curtains of his berth watched two passengers, the sleeping-car conductor and the train conductor play cards as the train rumbled through the night from Montreal to Levis. Could any management make good employees out of men who have been so trained? No, certainly not. The Intercolonial needs a brand new staff from top to bottom, but it will not get it under the present system.

The Hon. Mr. Graham means well; the new commission has good

intentions; but the task is an impossible one. Better indeed, would be the leasing of the road to some one of the three private railway corporations for a term of years, with a certain control of rates and a certain rate of return on the present investment. A private company would soon turn the politically-appointed employees out and give those who have been appointed on their merits a chance to show themselves equal to the officials of competing railways. One has but to walk into the stations at St. John to see how different is the attitude of Intercolonial and Canadian Pacific Railway individuals. Government ownership is excellent in principle but, in Canada at least, unfortunate in practice.



RECENT investigations seem to prove that a certain percentage of disease and unhealthiness is caused by the consumption of unsound meat. All Canadian meat exported must be inspected and stamped by government inspectors, but meat which is sold locally is not inspected. A purveyor of meat who has material which he thinks will not pass the strict export inspection is likely to turn it in for local consumption. Such a course would be perfectly natural.

Discussing this subject in the *Canadian Farm*, Dr. J. G. Rutherford, Veterinary Director-General, states that he believes the most important step for the local authorities is to provide public municipal abattoirs, to be conducted under inspection methods similar to those required by the Dominion Act. He condemns the private slaughter house absolutely as being usually filthy and unsanitary. He also states his belief that local Boards of Health have been sadly remiss in their duties in the matter of inspection of slaughter houses and retail food shops.

This is a subject which should be seriously considered by all citizens who take an interest in the general welfare of the community. If Dominion inspection is important to see that export meat is pure, surely provincial inspection to ensure purity in local food supplies is equally important.

POLAR PERPLEXITIES

THE early days of the autumn of 1909 will be memorable for the world-astounding news that the North Pole has shown itself to the gaze of the victorious explorer and has gracefully submitted to become an advertising medium for the Stars and Stripes. Dr. Frederick A. Cook had burst upon us with the announcement of his triumph in April, 1908, and our breath was just beginning to return to us when Commander Peary's voice was heard from the northern wilds, declaring that April, 1909, was his lucky month, that he also is a Polar Star. All the evening papers blossom in furs and Eskimos and each morning brings travellers' affidavits to the breakfast table. Dr. Cook's story is being inspected as if it were the product of a Chicago meat-cannery, and the world waits to hear more about the adventures of these two sons of Columbia, while Lieutenant Shackleton's dash to the South looks like a little faded flower.

One is almost afraid to venture any remarks on the subject, especially since Dr. Cook has been wined and dined by the King of Denmark himself and has said so emphatically that he was first at the top o' the world. The original Cook narrative was by no means in the language of the scientific explorer and read as if it were an up-to-date product of ochre journalism. The story about the gasoline and the gum drops proved too much for the humorists who write a daily column of smiles, and the English papers in particular dropped into facetious comment at the expense of the confectionery. Also the temperature, 117 degrees below zero, seemed more than a trifle unpropitious to a gum-drop luncheon and highly favourable to freezing the genial current of Eskimo repartee. However, between now and Christmas there will be leisure to hear from both gentlemen who will doubtless go on the lecture platform and discourse for many dollars on "Poles I Have Flagged."

As British subjects, we may be thankful that the two discoverers belong to one and the same nation. Had Peary been an Englishman, there would have ensued national complications with Polar War as a certainty. As it is, the immediate prospect is Civil War when Captain Robert and Doctor Frederick reach their beloved Land of the Free. Our own Captain Bernier is away somewhere in the Arctic regions and we should not be at all surprised if he also would come back with a Polar Discovery in the hold of his brave ship. After all we have spent on the Bernier expedition, it is only fair to expect a few frozen seas by way of return. A Canadian has arisen in the House of Commons in Great Britain to demand that correspondence regarding the

North Pole ownership should be brought down. Yet it is likely that the Canadian citizen, for some years to come, will prefer Rosedale, Westmount or Vancouver lots to a country seat within five minutes walk of the North Pole.

AN INTERNATIONAL CONTROVERSY

OFFICIALISM at Ottawa is as dumb as an Egyptian mummy on the recent Preston controversy in Japan. Mr. W. T. R. Preston was sent to Japan two or three years ago for the purpose of developing trade between the Dominion and the Orient. Information that has been made public in England and Canada seems to point to friction between the Canadian representative and the officials of various western countries in the land of the Mikado. Mr. Preston's primary duty was to develop Canadian trade, and in his efforts in that direction he came into conflict with representatives of trade interests from other parts of the world, who thought they had enough to do without being brought into direct relations with the demands of energetic Canadians. These commercial representatives seemingly turned the Canadian Government representative down, and in course of time he was made painfully aware that as an official he was a nobody, holding no standing in commercial or official life.

It is notorious that nearly all foreigners in the East for some reason or other are anti-Japanese. As might have been expected Mr. Preston took the side of the weaker party and boldly declared himself pro-Japanese to the hilt, resulting, apparently, in social and official ostracism. Then, to make matters more unpleasant, the whole anti-Japanese English press of the East opened their batteries with the intention of making that land of seismic disturbances too hot for him. The immediate result was a newspaper war, and for more than twelve months no Eastern-English paper was published without either the pros or cons of "the Preston controversy." Mr. Preston's greatest offence in commercial and official life appears to have been the suggestion that Japanese and Canadians should enter into direct trade relations, without the products of either country going through the hands of commission agents or middle-men, who in the meantime exploit the foreign trade of Japan for their own personal advantage.

Private information says that Ambassador O'Brien has reported to the Foreign Office at Washington that strong grounds were taken by the British Ambassador, the German Minister and the United States Ambassador against Mr. Preston's Direct Trade policy. Cables from London also give currency to the rumour that the British Ambassador reported to the Colonial Office very much on the same lines. Between them they practically demanded that the policy pursued by Mr. Preston in Japan should be ended, for the simple reason that the carrying out of such a policy would create considerable disturbance in commercial circles and would result in severe losses to the foreign business community of Japan. There is nothing that officialism likes better than that existing conditions should not be disturbed, and fortunately or unfortunately, Mr. Preston does not seem to take that view. According to his critics he was ill-advised enough to consider that Canadian interests should have precedence over the *status quo*—for this he has been called down by the Ambassadors of Great Britain, United States and Germany. If the rumours in circulation can be regarded as authentic, a simple Canadian question revolving around Mr. Preston's actions has become one of international interest to the three great Powers of the world.

When Mr. Preston went to Japan some of his critics thought it was a good place for him, because amid a strange people and a still stranger language, little would be heard of him in Canada for some considerable time. These hopes have not been realised; it is very doubtful whether the last has been heard of him in connection with this subject yet. Apparently the Ottawa Government have taken a serious view about one of their officials being regarded in a foreign country as a nobody, as it is reported that they are insisting that representatives of Canada in foreign countries in future shall have their position and status duly certified to by the Colonial Office in London, and that they shall be no longer under the beck and call or subject to the official criticism of even distinguished British Ambassadors. The next session of Parliament will not be many days old before all the papers in connection with the Preston controversy in Japan will have to be presented to the House. Until then it will be as well to reserve comment, but present appearances indicate that Mr. Preston's action in Japan will have a very far-reaching influence in a declaration of independence on the subject of the status of Canada in foreign countries in the future. The question will have to be settled as the natural outcome of this controversy whether the personal interests of foreign commission agencies shall be considered of greater importance by British officialism than the general interests of the Dominion of Canada.

Of course no Government wants to put itself publicly in a position of quarrelling with officialism, and this probably explains the reticence of the Ottawa authorities on the subject, and Mr. Preston's failure to satisfy the public interest by withholding further information on the subject. Either high official influences in Great Britain, United States and Germany have actually been set at naught by Mr. Preston, or he has been sat upon by the official representatives of these countries in Japan. Probably when Parliament meets, we shall know more of this situation. At present, however, it looks as if Mr. Preston had won a victory for Canada, which may have far-reaching results.

REMUS.



THE GAME OF POLE HUNTING

DISCOVERIES of the North Pole are coming so "swift and frequent" these days that I hesitate to write about them lest the situation be entirely changed before I get my proof from the printer. The American people seem to have "got the habit." If this keeps up, it will not be long until the North Pole people can hold a successful Old Home Week, and turn on the aurora borealis every night regardless of expense. Of course, I am aware that suspicious folks are hinting that Dr. Cook was not at the garden party at all; but only peeked in through the fence. Commander Peary has flatly numbered himself among the sceptics; and we are plainly in for a North Pole controversy which ought to considerably moderate the Arctic winters we have been having of late. In any case, Peary will not be able to separate Cook from those Danish dinners or destroy the memory of the time when he sat with a wreath of flowers around his neck and basked in the sunshine of admiration for the man who had discovered a place where flowers never grow and the sunshine gives visitors chills. In any case, as far as this member of the Canadian nation is concerned, Dr. Cook and Commander Peary can have their old Pole, provided they do not move it any nearer this way.

* * *

BUT I would not refuse a rake-off on the lecture receipts. If the doubt can be kept up, there ought to be a fortune for both of them in telling crowded audiences at a dollar a head how they skated their way merrily across the ice to the Pole, and how statements made by their beloved brother and colleague, the other only Pole Discoverer, ought never to have been removed from the ice if they were expected to "keep." It will be a lot more fun discovering the Pole in Pullmans and steam-heated hotels and packed lecture halls and ten-foot type than by crawling out of a sleeping-bag in the early morning to find one's nether underwear frozen stiff and a snow bank in one's only boots. And it will be a lot more profitable too. That is where the harvest is reaped. Not that I would accuse these gentlemen of being sordid and mercenary. No one doubts that Commander Peary at all events was thinking far more of the lasting fame and the

dazzling deed. But money is a comfort after all—even to great explorers and high-minded journalists.

* * *

THE public interest in itself amounts to pretty fair wages. Pole hunting is like golf in this respect. If there were no one to go around with the golfer and say "Very pretty!" when he gets somewhere near the spot he was aiming at, and "O-oh! a fine shot!" when he surprises himself by doing something fairly good, the golfer would soon beat his clubs into poker chips and quit the game. Even if the crowd on the verandah are a trifle cool about his "card" when he comes in with a good one, he begins to question whether golf is much of a game after all. If nobody cared two straws in a lemon squash whether Peary had been at the North Pole or the baseball grounds, Peary would never have gone. It is not that a man says deliberately to himself that here is a way in which he can make money out of the people or attract the "sweet stare of all the world," but that he finds the people wondering if anybody can do this thing and he sets out to try it. I thought for many summers that I could not get through a holiday other than by catching fish. That was when I operated in districts where people flocked about as you came proudly home with your "catch" dangling at your side, and praised the "big fellows" and wondered what they weighed and enquired anxiously where you caught them and if you used worms or flies. Then I took a holiday at an old seaport where you could stand on the wharf and haul in fish as fast as you could drop over a line, and where the people would not even look at your catch and the hotelkeeper told you that you had better throw them back, for he could buy better fish ready-cleaned for nearly nothing; and one day's unappreciated fishing cured me for the summer.

* * *

IF we will stop to examine our own motives candidly, the most of us will be amazed to find how many things we do just because other people are doing them and think them worth while. Social functions are largely "sports" of that order, for instance. Any intelligent woman will tell you that she detests a "crush" at a "tea." Yet nine times out of ten, she will go whenever she gets a "bid" to one patronised by the right people. Why? Simply because everybody talks as if it were important—though tiresome—to go to "teas." We all wear clothes we do not like because other people do. We buy things for our houses we do not particularly want because they commonly go with the furnishing of houses. We refrain from doing a thousand things that our nature suggests because other people think them "bad form." Many a man has no motive in life but to drift with the largest crowd. He is not working consciously toward any particular goal. The result is that he seldom arrives anywhere in particular. He keeps going like a squirrel in a cage, but he never achieves his journey. So far as anyone can see, the grave is his goal and death his sole liberator. That man is the happiest who thinks out clearly what he wants from life, and then goes straight for it.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

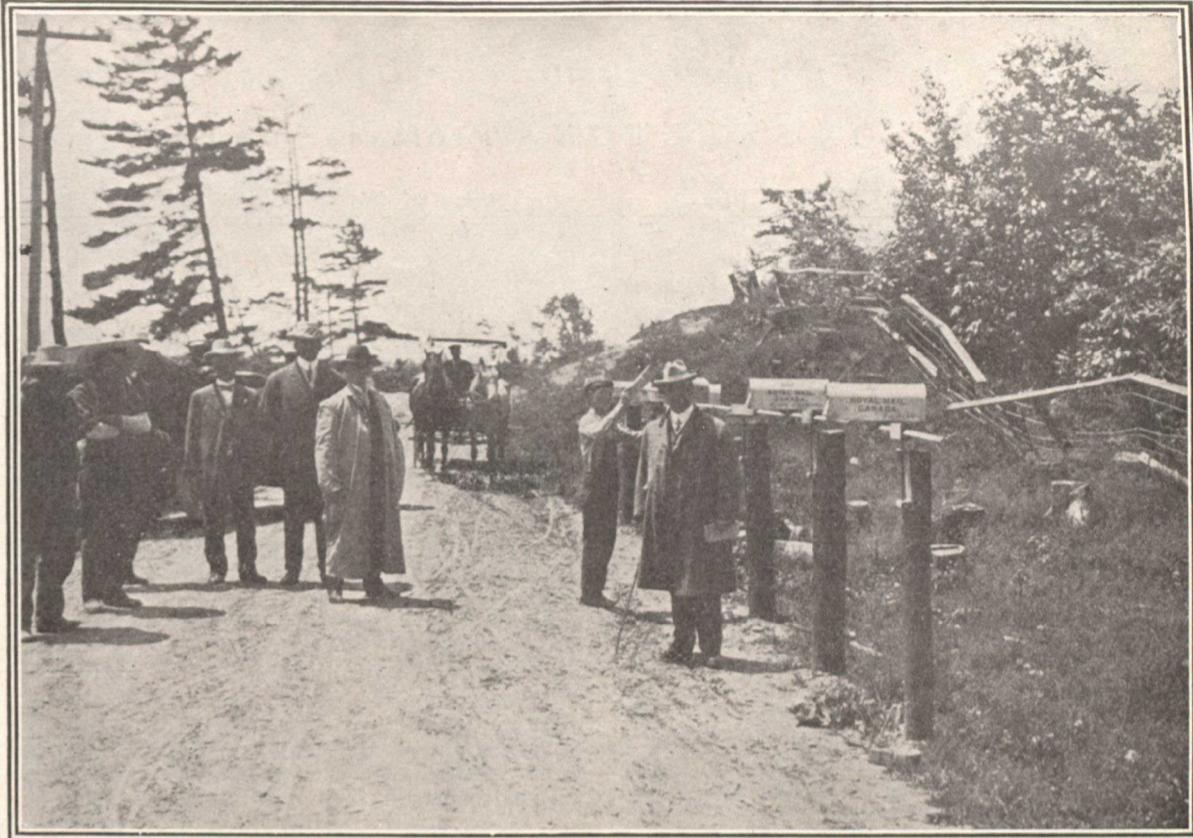


Overhead Perspective of Toronto, the other "greatest" city in Canada, where for two weeks the Greatest Annual Fair was held with an Aggregate Attendance of 775,000 people. Many Torontonians are at the great Montreal Festival this week. Toronto and Montreal are as unlike as Winnipeg and Ottawa.

THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL INSPECTS RURAL DELIVERY



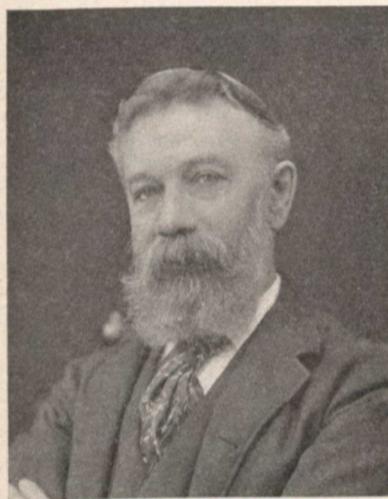
Rural Mail Delivery Mail Boxes at a cross-roads near Milton, Ont.



This Milton-Mount Nemo route was recently inspected by Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, Postmaster-General who appears in the right foreground. Mr. George Ross, D.S.O., and other officials were present.

BACK TO MONTREAL

THIS is the week of Back to Montreal. In all America there is no city better worth while going back to than the city on the big island at the junction of the St. Lawrence and the Ottawa. Nearly five hundred thousand people—to quote the estimate of Montreal authorities, 474,000



Mr. Robert Meighen,
Prominent in Montreal Finance.

—live and do business in and about Montreal including Maissonneuve. Those who know the love of country and of spectacle that animates the Canadians of Quebec will be sure that the great festival which falls in the hundredth year after John Molson built at Montreal the first steamboat ever used on the St. Lawrence will not be lacking in dramatic interest and the elements that make "one beeg celebrate" for the home-comer. Other Canadian cities have tried the homecoming idea—not so successfully. Toronto has never had good luck with her local celebrations. The centenary of 1903 was very largely a fizzle. The carnival of 1890 was a fiasco. But Toronto has one annual carnival—the great Fair.

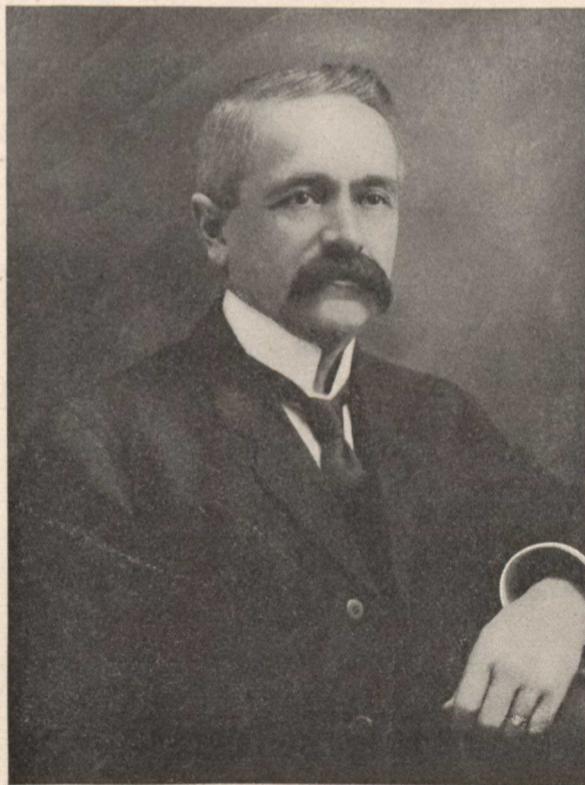
Montreal has everything to make a great festival. Her people are festive. She has fine buildings, historic points of interest, great churches, handsome if narrow streets, a great wealth of historic material upon which to draw, and loads of money among her colony of scores of millionaires. For the past week, however, the average citizen of Montreal has forgotten the mere fact that he belongs to the commercial metropolis of Canada. He has remembered history and been conscious of poetry. He has seen the flags and the fireworks of celebration. He has heard songs—*chansons* and bands and orchestras. He has seen the strong men and the swift men battling on the green; and he welcomes the home-comer back to a prodigal display of hospitality on a scale never before attempted in Canada by one city.

As to history; if Pierre or Bateese should recall some of that—he will remember that Jacques Cartier first saw the Indian village of Hochelaga in 1534; in which year he ascended the mountain from whose height he saw the marvellous panorama of

scenery and called it Mount Royal. In 1603 Champlain passed through Montreal into Lachine rapids; eight years later chose the site for a trading post with the Indians. In 1640 the island was ceded by the French Government to a company to be fortified; in 1642 came the foundations of the cathedral of Notre Dame and Sieur de Maissonneuve with his flotilla, and on behalf of the Jesuits he headed an expedition to plant a colony on the island which then belonged to the Company of One Hundred Associates. The Maissonneuve monument in Place D'Armes Square commemorates his deed. In 1705 the Chateau de Ramezay was built by Governor Ramezay of Montreal.

Such was the bald outline of the French regime. The English regime began with the victory of Wolfe at the Plains of Abraham; in 1760 the investment of Montreal by General Amherst, and in the following year General Murray took up his abode in the Chateau de Ramezay.

Montreal to-day is largely French in population; largely English in wealth. The city's taxable pro-

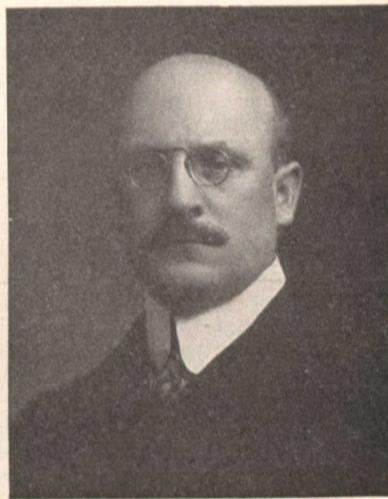


Mayor Louis Payette, of Montreal,
Elected February, 1908.

perty is valued at \$220,000,000; its debt at \$32,000,000. The value of its yearly exports aggregates well

up to one hundred millions. Montreal has several of the greatest industries in Canada. It is an ocean port. The wharves of Montreal accommodated last year nearly eight hundred vessels with a total tonnage of nearly two million tons. The total wharfage is nearly seven miles. This year two of the largest vessels that ever navigated the St. Lawrence entered Montreal—the *Laurentic* and the *Megantic*. Two great railways are headquartered at Montreal. The Board of Trade is one of the most important commercial bodies in America. The Bank of Montreal holds a very high place among the banks of the world. The churches of Montreal are among the finest in America. The educational institutions of Montreal are famous; few universities more so than McGill. The private art galleries of Montreal are the finest in Canada. Montreal has done much for music in both chorus and orchestra. She has contributed largely to the literature of Canada. In politics she has been foremost. In variegated interest she is not equalled by any other city in Canada; more cosmopolitan than Winnipeg by reason of being a seaport; more picturesque and dramatic than Toronto; the largest, greatest city in Canada; in manners admirable; in climate a good deal of everything between five feet of snow and Montreal melons at a dollar a slice in New York; Montreal whose dual languages are the wonderment of the traveller; whose ice palaces and winter carnivals are the finest in the world; whose first citizens are kings of finance; whose whole being and constitution is a paradox.

And however all this may be, the citizens of Montreal have put up a splendid programme this week of weeks; including a monster civic reception to the visitors at Dominion Park on the first evening; on Tuesday, besides sundry sporting events, a great fireworks spectacle at Price's Island; on Wednesday, Civic Holiday, the allegorical, historical and industrial parade, the pageantry illustrating the progress of the city; on Thursday, magic illumination of the mountain in which 300 soldiers took part; Friday, Saturday and Sunday being given up mostly to sight-seeing.



Major George W. Stephens,
Chairman of the Harbour Board.

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Political Evolution in the United States

With Some Pointers for Canadians.—Continued from last week.

By O. D. SKELTON, Professor of Economics in Queen's University.

DIGEST OF FIRST ARTICLE.

The great changes which have occurred in recent years during the renovating of the American Constitution are all directed to meet one problem—the diffusion of power and responsibilities among balanced and conflicting authorities. The diversity of laws governing exactly the same conditions in the different States of the Republic are the result of entrusting separate and exclusive powers to those states. This system has occasioned endless confusion. The movement is now to concentrate legislation as regards many cases at Washington, that there may be general harmony in the laws of the land. The tendencies which are assisting the achievement of this object are, first, the perfection of the machinery of the political party which when dominant both in the executive and legislature tends to secure a unification of policy for the public; second, the establishment in the federal government of a quasi cabinet system to work beside the executive; third, the method of executive appeal to public opinion to upset a hostile legislature after the manner of Roosevelt during the Pure Food Bill agitation, and of Governor Hughes at the time of the anti-race track gambling tempest.

In his able analysis of the political mechanism of the United States, Prof. Skelton has followed worthily in the footsteps of Ambassador James Bryce, who after De Tocqueville, the French writer, was one of the first to study the great Republic.

THE third manifestation of this tendency is found in the movement to democratise the party by the direct primary. We have seen that one method by which co-ordination of the scattered powers of government was sought, more or less consciously, was by utilising the political party. This solution, however, only raised new problems. Grant that the different branches of government are responsible to the party; in whose hands is the control of the party itself? In the long run, in the hands of the body which nominates the candidates. In the early days of the republic this was usually a legislative caucus. In Jackson's day it was considered a great triumph for democracy within the party when the power of nomination was wrested from "King Caucus" and given to a convention of delegates representing the rank and file of the party. But of late the convention system has also fallen into disrepute. The primaries, or assemblies of party members for selecting delegates, were unscrupulously packed by the machine, or troublesome members were refused admission, or the votes manipulated after being cast, while the convention itself was too often swayed by questionable methods. The remedy applied widely in the late nineties was the legal regulation of the primary, which was assimilated entirely to the final election and protected by the same legal safeguards. In the past decade, however, the movement for direct democracy has led in this sphere to the abolition of the convention altogether, and the substitution of nomination by direct primary.

In the direct primary the members of each party assemble and vote directly on a list of nominees for the honour of becoming the party's candidates. The names of the nominees are placed on the ballot by petition, the signatures of from two to ten per cent of the number of party voters at the last election being required. The question of the order in which the names are to be placed, incidentally, has given rise to much discussion. Owing to the multiplicity of offices balloted on, placing the names in alphabetical order has been found to work prejudice to the Wrights and the Youngs and the Zimmermanns, so the expedient of printing each name first on a percentage of the ballots is being adopted. The test of party membership has given much concern. The usual plan is to demand a statement of general support of the party in the past and of intention to support the party's candidate in the coming election.

In less than ten years the direct primary has been adopted in two-thirds of the states. It has not escaped criticism. The expense of the campaign is a serious objection; in a recent Wisconsin contest Senator Stephenson—a former Canadian, by the way—was found to have expended \$100,000 in this preliminary contest. Its use in cities as the method of securing nominations makes the running of elections on party lines inevitable; and accordingly a still more radical movement to have all nominations for municipal office made by petition, without the

intervention of the party, whether acting through convention or through direct primary, is rapidly gaining ground. So far as the election of state officials is concerned, however, the direct primary seems to have made good its place as a recognised part of the constitutional machinery.

This general tendency to discard representative institutions will seem to the outsider of varying validity. Where the representative body has only a temporary existence, meets to perform a single definite act and then disperses, as in the case of the presidential electoral college or the nominating convention, it is impossible that the representative should be given any real discretion or that he should have time and opportunity to develop that sense of responsibility which comes with the use of discretionary power. Yet the adoption of the representative system for such duties may be justified by the existence of natural difficulties of transportation or communication, or of the artificial difficulties involved in the necessity of making a slate for thirty or forty different elective offices. Until the number of such offices is greatly lessened, it may safely be prophesied, the direct primary will fail to realise the hopes of its advocates.

Where, again, as in the election of senators by state legislatures, the intervening body is permanent, but is saddled with the double function of choosing the nation's senators and making the state's laws, conflict between two such diverse duties is almost inevitable. The choice of president or senator is safer in the hands of the general electorate than of any representative body, whether electoral college or state legislature. The choosing between a limited number of candidates for a single office, and that an office of outstanding importance, is the function wherein, as experience has shown, democracy is best justified by its fruits.

The case is different when it is proposed to make the people the arbiters of measures rather than of men, to compel them to decide on a host of proposals, many of them requiring technical knowledge, and thus to reduce the legislature to an automatic registering machine. To imagine that the control of the people over legislation is increased by multiplying the number of occasions on which they must pronounce judgment is to repeat the mistake of Jacksonian democracy in imagining that the control of the people over administration would be increased by multiplying the number of elective offices. In both cases this simply puts a premium on organisation and long purses.

The solution which the states have failed to see or have not been able to apply has been grasped by many of the cities, and applied in government by commission. The prevailing municipal organisation is a reproduction in miniature of the national government—a mayor and a double-chambered council. In addition the number of elective officials, from auditors to surveyors, is so great as to make intelligent and independent choice by the electors almost impossible; one ballot in a recent Chicago election contained the names of 334 candidates, in seven party columns. The commission plan involves replacing this cumbersome mechanism by a commission of three or five members, and giving this commission power to appoint the subordinate officials. In Iowa and South Dakota, though not in Texas, the state where the movement originated, the recall is, with reason, made an essential part of the system. Any discussion of the practically universal success scored by this innovation, or comparison with similar Canadian movements, would here be out of place. It is desired simply to point out that the principle underlying the reform is that which has been repeatedly referred to as essential—the principle of concentrating power and responsibility.

The legislative reference library, an institution which already has been adopted by nearly a dozen states, is simply another attempt to cope with another of the difficulties arising from lack of cabinet guidance in the legislature. The men behind this movement, such as Dr. McCarthy of Wisconsin and Dr. Whitten of New York, recognise that the disrepute into which representative government has fallen is due not so much to the legislator's corruption as to his amateurishness. All the bills introduced into an American legislature are private members' bills. Their framers rarely have at their command either expert knowledge of the experience of other states or countries in the same field, or expert skill in drafting—at least not from disinterested quarters. Yet bills so fathered are supposed to be in shape to run the gauntlet of the ablest legal

talent, supposed to respect all the limitations and restrictions imposed on legislation by federal and state constitution and by the decisions of the state and federal courts. All the expert knowledge is kept for picking the work of the legislature to pieces rather than to building it up. "We have not treated the legislature fairly," Professor Bramhall summarised the situation recently. "The United States alone among all the countries of the world has called in for legislation a group of laymen without responsible leadership and cut off completely from contact with the administrative force which alone has knowledge, from actual handling, of the operation of government. We have given them no facilities for investigation or for assistance, and then we have roundly condemned them when they have done only indifferently well what is undoubtedly the hardest task in the whole field of government."

The McCarthy solution is to put the expert's knowledge at the legislator's service. Legislative reference bureaus, organised in connection with state libraries and frequently co-operating with the universities of the state, collect all possible information as to the content and working of measures on subjects in which members of the legislature are interested, and aid in drafting bills in accordance with the conclusions reached. They do not attempt to give advice or influence legislation in the slightest degree, except so far as fact is coercive. The movement assumes that it is wiser to grant the legislator the fullest possible extent of power and then enable him to use the power intelligently and efficiently than to cramp and clip his activities by constitutional limitations or referendum vetoes.

Supplementing these various attempts to change the form or working of political machinery, is the growing stress on publicity. It is being realised that not even the best of institutions can run themselves. Automatic democracy, Professor Merriam has recently reminded us, is as visionary as perpetual motion. "It is a common American fallacy," he declares, "to conclude that when a constitutional amendment, or a statute or charter is secured, the victory has been won and that the patriotic citizen may go back to the neglected plough. It is easier to secure ten men to fight desperately for good legislation than one who will fight steadily and consistently for efficient administration." Efficient administration is won and kept only by constant focussing of public attention on strategic points. But government by public opinion throws a heavy strain on democracy when the activities of nation and state and city are so manifold as to-day and the private affairs of the ordinary citizen so absorbing. It is essential that the workings of government should be made as transparent as possible, that the facts regarding the doings and omissions of the public officials should be easily accessible, and government expenditures be tabulated in forms which the layman can understand and can compare. The most systematic of agencies working to this end is the Bureau of Municipal Research. Operating at first in New York City, and later in Philadelphia, Memphis, Cincinnati, Atlanta and Milwaukee, it has made it its aim to reorganise the bookkeeping methods of the various city departments so as to show the cost per unit of the services rendered, to hold periodical investigations into the working of each department, and to publish the results ascertained. Already as a consequence of its energetic action many sources of leakage and waste have been located, and the budget of New York City compiled in such systematic and luminous fashion that for the first time in many years intelligent discussion and criticism of its details by press and taxpayers has become possible.

Publicity and concentration of responsibility—herein if anywhere is the political salvation of Democracy to be found.

A STANDING JOKE.

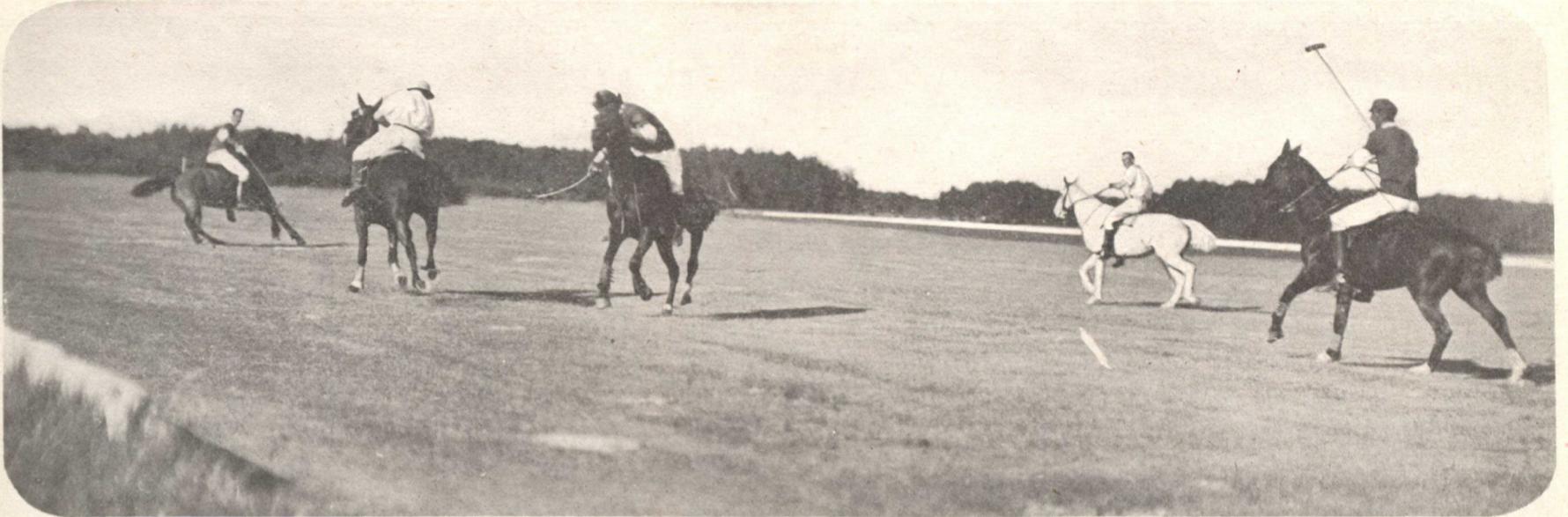
THE traveller met an old coloured man tugging away at the bridle of a balky mule.

"What's the matter with him, uncle?" asked the traveller.

"Jess full of pure cussedness, ah specs, sah. He'll stay right in dat same position foh two or three houahs, sah."

"That so? Well, why don't you build a fire under him?"

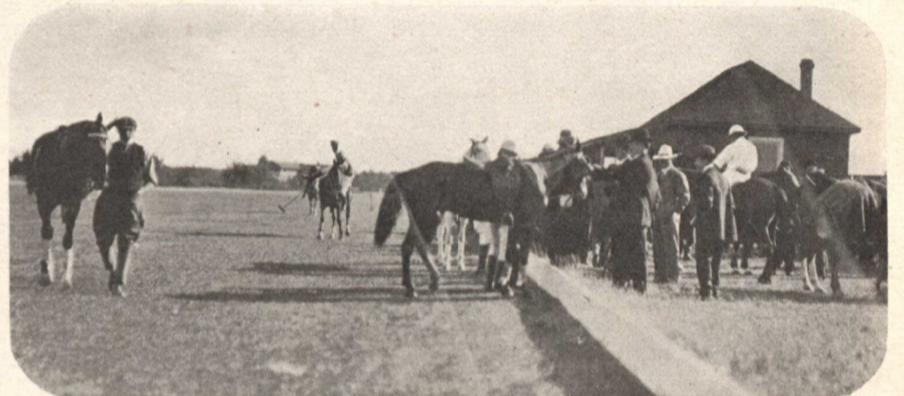
"What? A fire under dat mule? Lands, mister, if ah was to build a fire under dat mule, he'd stay here all day en wahm hisself."



In the Opening Game of the Tournament, Pincher Creek defeated the Wheat City, at the Grounds of the St. Charles Country Club. The event of the Meet was the Competition for the Winterton Cup, presented by the Earl of Winterton while on a visit to Winnipeg last summer. The first day's play went to Pekiskow and Pincher Creek. The second put Winnipeg clean out. The third was a fight to the death between Pekiskow and Pincher Creek—Pekiskow winning by three to one in the greatest battle ever put up in the land of Polo



Winnipeg Motorists watch Alberta defeating the "Peg."



Back to the Paddock after the Game.

WOMEN'S CANADIAN CLUB IN VANCOUVER

By ISABEL C. ARMSTRONG

ON Wednesday, September 8th, Earl Grey, who has been touring British Columbia and the Yukon, inaugurated the Women's Canadian Club in Vancouver. The Governor-General rose to the occasion and delivered a splendid address on women's work, of which the following words are a striking excerpt: "Whatever advantages the city may possess in position, in natural beauty, climate, in the physique of its citizens—all these advantages will count for nothing if the women do not by their example and influence give the lead to the community in the direction of righteousness, sacrifice and service."



Mrs. M. A. Maclean, Honorary President of the Club and wife of Vancouver's First Mayor.

British Columbia is proud in the possession not only of unrivalled scenery, untold wealth in minerals and fisheries, tropically luxuriant vegetation, luscious fruits and gorgeous flowers and a climate that is truly ideal, but also in the possession of perhaps her most valuable asset, her highly intelligent, purposeful, progressive and womanly women.

Vancouver women are taking a prominent part in the making of history in that city. They have for years been active in educational, philanthropic and reform work. They have been progressive in organisation. The Local Council of Women with its affiliated societies is one of the most important. The Art, Historical and Scientific Association, the Society of Fine Arts, the Vancouver Studio Club, the Arts and Crafts Association, the Women's Musical Clubs and the University Women's Club have offered scope for the development of latent talent and executive ability. The provincial stage has been passed in their development and the day of wider sympathies has dawned.

It is characteristic of the western woman that

whatever she undertakes succeeds. During the past decade, Canadian Clubs for men have been organised throughout the Dominion. The Women's Canadian Club has been of more recent growth. Though Women's Canadian Clubs have been organised in Montreal, Toronto and other eastern cities, in perhaps no other Canadian city has the idea been taken up with more enthusiasm and carried out more successfully than in Winnipeg.

The flourishing condition of the Women's Canadian Club in the metropolis of the prairies was



Mrs. C. S. Douglas, President of the Vancouver Women's Canadian Club and wife of the Mayor of Vancouver.

doubtless in some measure responsible for the suggestion early this year for the formation of a club in Vancouver. After much discussion, matters came to a head in July when Mrs. Maclean, wife of the first Mayor of the city, called a meeting at her home and Mrs. A. W. Ross, a visitor from Winnipeg, outlined the objects and work of the Winnipeg Club.

Prominent among those present at this initial meeting were: Mrs. McLagan, wife of the first editor and owner of the *Vancouver World*; Mrs. James Macaulay, hon. president of the Local Council of Women; Mrs. Charles J. Peters, late president of the Women's Music Club; Mrs. Robert Townley, better known as Alice Ashworth Townley, author of "The Opinions of Mary"; Mrs. W. H. Griffin, president of the Local Council; and Mrs. S. Gertrude Nellow, first vice-president of the Historical and Scientific Society.

Two weeks later, over a hundred of Vancouver's brightest and most cultured women gathered in the Hotel Vancouver to organise the society. The objects of the club as stated by Mrs. Maclean are as follows: To foster patriotism, to encourage a study of Canadian institutions, history, art, literature and resources, to unite Canadians in such work for the welfare and progress of the Dominion as will be desirable and expedient, and to entertain distinguished visitors to the city.

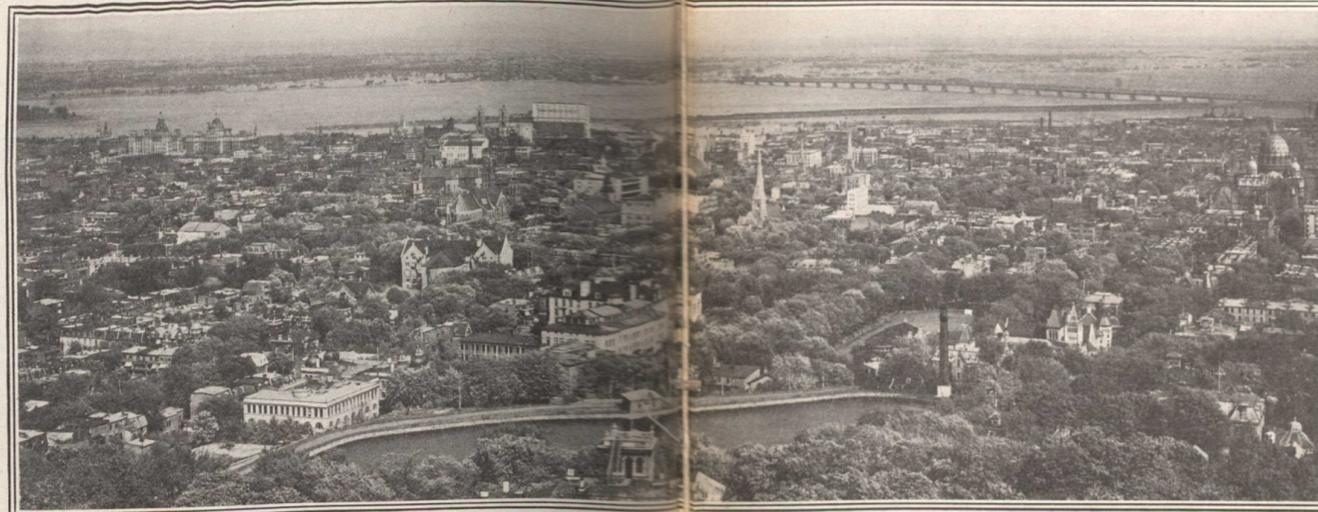
According to the constitution, any woman over eighteen years old who is a British subject may become a member.

The officers elected were: Honorary President, Mrs. M. A. Maclean; President, Mrs. C. S. Douglas, wife of the present Mayor; 1st Vice-President, Mrs. C. Gardiner Johnson; 2nd Vice-President, Mrs. James Macaulay; 3rd Vice-President, Mrs. R. Marpole; 4th Vice-President, Mrs. C. G. Henshaw; Secretary, Mrs. J. N. Ellis; Literary Secretary, Mrs. C. R. Townley; Treasurer, Mrs. R. MacKay Frupp; with an executive of eight members.

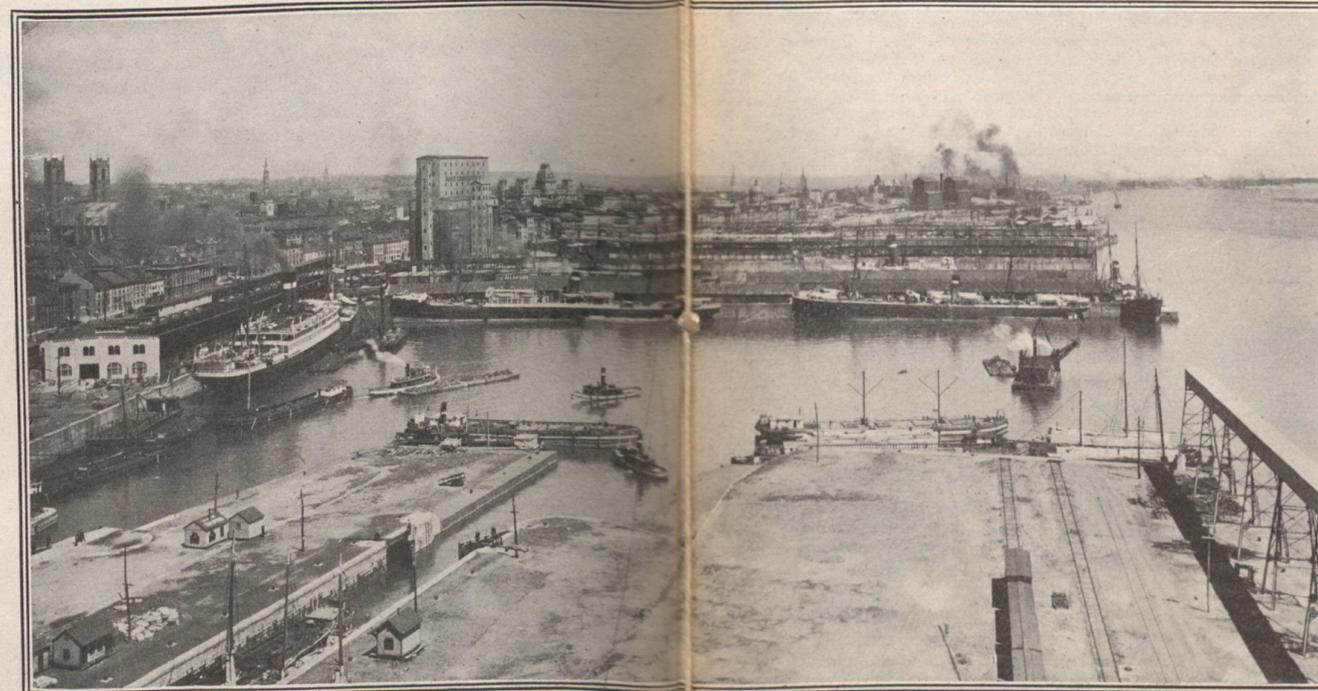
The Vancouver Women's Canadian Club has been launched with a record-breaking charter membership of 125. With women of brains, energy and training in executive positions and earnest, public-spirited members, the first Women's Canadian Club of the Pacific Coast Province cannot fail to have a bright and useful future.



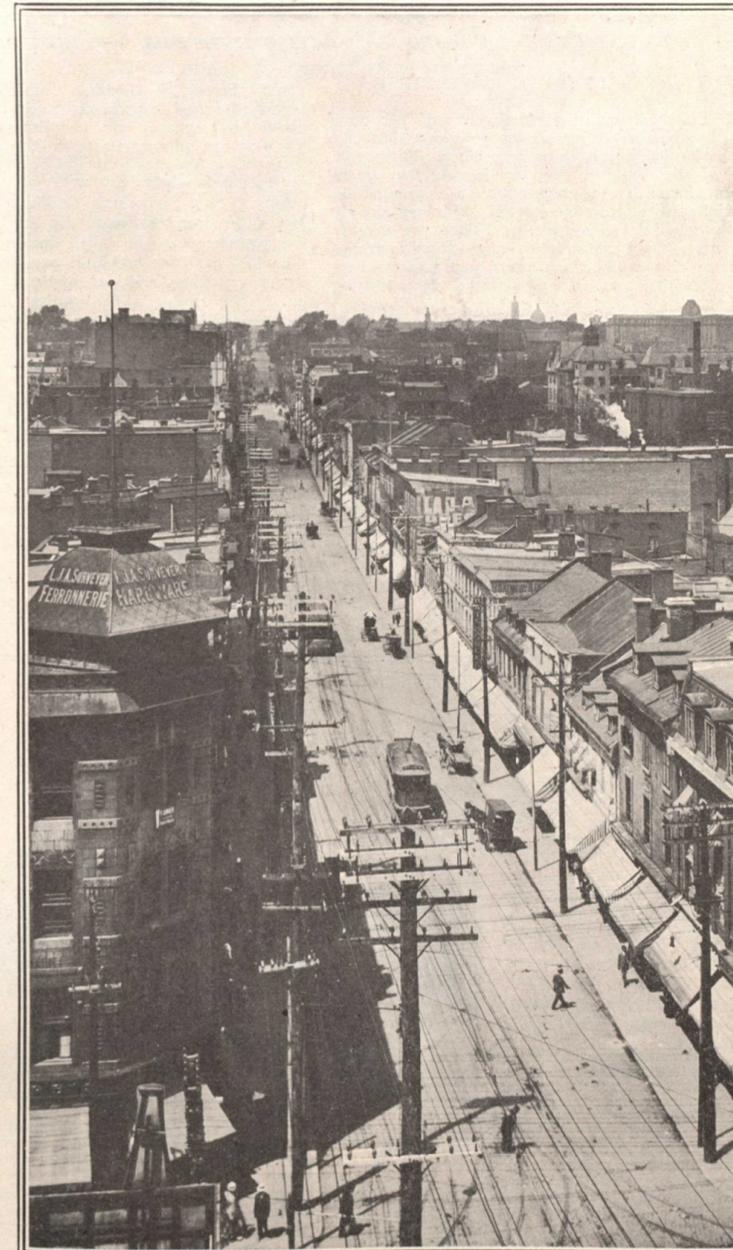
St. James Street, the financial thoroughfare of Montreal, is distinguished for its noble types of architecture, several of which, in various styles, may be seen in this view.



No City in the world has better opportunities for looking at itself than Montreal. This is one of the many superb views from Mount Royal.



The furthest inland ocean port in America, Montreal Harbour is one of the finest harbours in the world. At present there is considerable rivalry between Montreal and Quebec City as to which shall get the new Government Dry Dock.



St. Lawrence Main is the Shop Town of Montreal. This is the old French habitat of the Retail Shops.



Long ago Montreal city fathers had faith enough in the expansion of the metropolis to provide beautiful public squares, of which Dominion Square is one of the most attractive.

Back to Montreal

(Apologies to W. Warman)

Victoria the English town;
 Vancouver—somewhat Oriental;
 The Rockies huge and grim and grand
 As seen from my transcontinental;
 But a long, long trail or not at all
 I'm hitting—back to Montreal.

The Ghost that glides into the Bow,
 The foothills tumbling to the prairie,
 This Calgary, the cowboy town—
 A city now—I must be wary;
 Nor these nor Edmonton enthrall;
 I'm piking—back to Montreal.

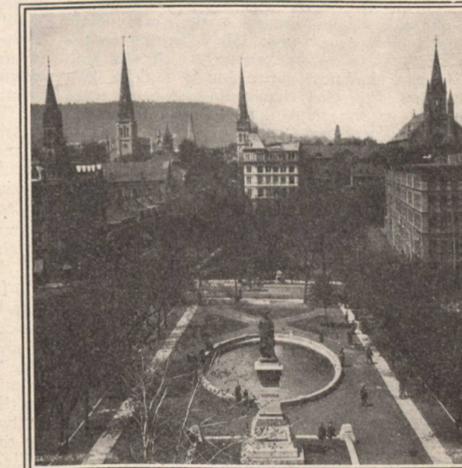
Regina, Moosejaw, Saskatoon—
 Ah! quite too young and fresh I take it,
 And Winnipeg seems quite jejune
 To one that hits the trail to make it—
 The long, grand glide across the ball
 With all roads—back to Montreal.

I've seen Toronto—fine enough;
 Of Ottawa I've felt the pull,
 And old Quebec and Halifax
 Have tantalised me to the full,
 But cities great and towns as small
 Are nothing—Back to Montreal!

The Back to Montreal Committee offered a prize to the man who would hit the longest trail to the Celebration this week in that city.



There is an odd mingling of the colossal and the quaint in the City Hall and the Market-place.



Less imposing than Dominion Square, Victoria Square is notable on account of its Gothic Spires.

PEOPLE AND PLACES

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

AN ART GALLERY FOR WINNIPEG.

SINCE the stimulus given the city of Winnipeg by the convention of the scientists that city is probably to have an art gallery. The people of the West are early finding out that art in various forms has a great value in a community, especially in its formative stages. Winnipeg already knows a good deal about pictures. There are wealthy men in Winnipeg who buy pictures—though perhaps none of the sort like the western millionaire who a few years ago commissioned a friend of his touring Europe to buy him three pictures at a thousand dollars apiece—"Oh, anything so long as it's good at the price," he said. Not long ago a prominent Toronto artist held an exhibition and sale of pictures in Winnipeg. Another has been out there for the past few weeks superintending the erection of several of his frescoes in the Royal Alexandra Hotel. No doubt a good many United States pictures are imported there although the sympathies of the people are mainly British. At the Selkirk Centennial in 1912 no doubt a large number of European pictures will be shown. In the matter of museum relics the West has a large variety. Manitoba University has accumulated a good store. St. Boniface has many. There have been mound-builder discoveries made not far from Winnipeg. The story of the West as told in pictures is largely yet to be. Few have tried to paint the prairies; but some have done the Rockies—none too well. One eastern artist has made a specialty of Indian portraits from the West—a really valuable collection. He has been there again this summer doing compositions. In a few years we shall look for some art colony to establish itself in Winnipeg which has already a considerable Bohemian element and a good deal more local colour than most eastern cities. Meanwhile a special committee of the City Council is finding out what are the best means of erecting a fireproof building to be Winnipeg's home of art.

BUILDING MEN-OF-WAR IN CANADA.

NOW that it seems to be a certainty on paper at least that we are to have a Canadian navy, it becomes of some importance—where are we to build the ships? The British shipbuilder will of course say that they can't possibly be built in Canada. This will not be believed by most Canadians. It is not believed by Halifax and St. John, Collingwood and Toronto. It is very much disbelieved by Major Currie, a director of the Collingwood Shipbuilding Company, who has lately been in Halifax, telling the Haligonians that the ships and the guns, too, for that matter, can be built in that city. He quotes Collingwood which has produced some of the best lake steamers in the world; alluding to the *Hamonic*, which lately figured on the cover of the *CANADIAN COURIER*, which was built in Collingwood almost entire and is said to be a better vessel of the class than could have been turned out by any of the shipbuilding firms of the Old Country who tendered for the contract. Major Currie reminds Halifax that if warships are to be built in the Maritime Provinces they must be built so as to pass through the canals of the Great Lakes—since there are twenty million dollars' worth of mercantile marine on the lakes to be protected; which, being a military man, he of course intends to imply that Canada expects to have war with the United States.

AN ELEGIAC ON VICTORIA.

PROF. JOHN MARSHALL, who lectures ably on English literature in Queen's University, is a courageous man. He has gone full tilt against the city of Victoria, B.C., and in a letter to one of his home papers gives his impressions of that city which many of us have been considering one of the cities beautiful in Canada. Prof. Marshall has always been something of a radical. When he was English

master in the St. Thomas Collegiate Institute in Ontario he used to propound some startling theories about Shakespeare. But the things he says about Victoria are what poets term "the limit." For instance as to the city beautiful he says: "The city is not so substantially built as Vancouver, nor so imposing. The Parliament Buildings, the C. P. R. Hotel, the Empress, and by a stretch of courtesy, the postoffice may be called fine buildings, but for the most part the buildings are low two or three storey structures, and such as they are, are all about one or two corners. The beauty of Victoria lies in its unparalleled series of sea beaches and sea views; the long arm of the sea, with its reversible waterfall at the gorge, that runs inland for several miles and divides the city into two parts; the Beacon Hill Park on the sea shore, and the Gorge Park at the other side of the city."

Wherein he seems to concede that though nature has done much for Victoria, the people have done little—which again seems hard to credit.

Again it has been frequently said that as Halifax is the most British city in the east of Canada, so Victoria is the most English on the Pacific coast. Herein Prof. Marshall begs to differ—in this black-eyeing fashion:

"English in a certain sense it certainly is. The fresh English complexion, pink and white in the women, florid and ruddy in the men, is pretty com-

Victoria is a vision; and we do not therefore thank Prof. Marshall for using such ugly language about Victoria.

Meanwhile Victoria might organise a Boost Club and appoint Prof. Marshall honorary president—on the principle that "every knock is a boost."

* * *

ANOTHER WHO DID HIS DUTY.

THE town of Almonte, Ont., in the Ottawa valley, is in mourning. That little city of industry has good cause to feel sad over the death of George E. Eccles, who was a wireless operator on the steamer *Ohio* when she struck a rock a few days ago on her way from Seattle to a Canadian port. He sent out the C.Q.D. message just as Binns did when the *Republic* was rammed by the *Florida*. Binns got off; but before the two or three steamers that answered Eccles' call could get quite all the two hundred passengers off, the *Ohio* went down and Eccles at his instrument went down with her, along with three members of the crew and one passenger. The last words George Eccles spoke were the wireless, soundless message: "Passengers all off and adrift in small boats. Captain and crew going off in last boat. Waiting for me now. Good-bye."

When they got to him he was gone. The body was sent back to Almonte. On September 7 the little city closed its places of business and sent its flags to half-mast—though George Eccles probably had no idea he had become a hero or done any more than his duty.

But he was born in the town—thirty-five years ago; attended the town schools and when a boy learned train despatching with the local agent there. Twelve years ago he was one of the sessional clerks in the House of Commons at Ottawa; moved to Winnipeg and later to Seattle where he learned wireless operating.

* * *

ALBERTA WHEAT VIA PACIFIC.

ALBERTA already has her wheat eye on the Pacific coast. Premier Rutherford has been looking into the problem of how to get Alberta wheat through the mountains and into elevators at Vancouver, for shipment down the coast and across Mexico—the full story

of which will appear in a near-future issue of the *CANADIAN COURIER*. On this important economic subject Premier Rutherford says:

"It is obvious that Vancouver with its immense harbour facilities, better than any other point in Canada, and with that harbour open every day in the year, with no winter freeze-up closing navigation for months, and no fogs on your coast to impede shipping, will command the transshipment of the millions of bushels of grain which Alberta is each year growing in increasing volume. Not one acre in ten is yet producing its quota of wheat, so that the immensity of the grain trade which will centre in Vancouver as the result of the rapid development of Alberta, will make it the Liverpool of the Pacific in very truth."

* * *

POLO IN POLO-LAND.

LAST week in Winnipeg, the grounds of the St. Charles Country Club was the scene of one of the most successful tournaments in the history of the game in Canada. The event of the meet was the competition for the Winterton Cup, a trophy presented by the public-spirited Earl of Winterton, while on a visit to Winnipeg last summer, for the encouragement of the game in the West. In the struggle for the prize, two Winnipeg teams were opposed to aggregations from Pincher Creek and Pekiskow. Three matches were played. The first day's play went to Pekiskow and Pincher Creek. On the next day the Winnipeggers were again out-classed. The third day saw the exciting final between Pekiskow and Pincher Creek. The end showed the score 3-1 in favour of Pekiskow.



Much of Winnipeg's Wealth and Fashion may be found at the Country and Hunt Club on the Assiniboine. But the Newport of Winnipeg is at Keewatin, where a number spend their summers. Here is Keewatin's New Clubhouse.

mon while the soft English accent with its vocalised r's and its diphthongs instead of vowels is everywhere, modifying even the burr of a MacMillan for example. But English in the best sense Victoria is not. It is not English in the non-conformist sense. It is the English of fifty years ago, the English of a class of clerks and what-nots brought out by the Hudson's Bay Company."

Then as though he had not given Victoria the perpetual black eye, the Professor goes on to say in the tersest of English—derived from Latin—that Victoria is "one damned lunch counter." On this head he enlarges in this fashion:

"In short, Victoria is during the movement of tourists, one damned lunch counter. In ordinary times it is a rather sleepy place. The Oriental quarter has its interest. It lies right up against the business section of the town with no obvious demarcation, the buildings, though a little dirtier and dingier, being of the same style and material as those in the white sections."

We refuse to believe that Victoria is as bad as Prof. Marshall makes out. We have never been nearer Victoria than twenty miles this side of the Rockies; but we incline to believe that the city on Vancouver Island is still the beauty spot of the Pacific; that it is not merely dispensing guff when it talks about the scheme for civic adornment; that in the march of travel from east to west each city is by courtesy more comely than the last visited; so that while Halifax is lovely and Quebec beautifully quaint; Montreal splendid and Ottawa the Washington of the north; Toronto beautiful by nature and Winnipeg a joy forever through art; Vancouver handsome and a dream of delight—

THE CHAPEL BELL

A Tale of the Days when England was Harried by Pirates.

By HEADON HILL



IT is hard to believe that little more than two hundred years ago the towns on our coasts, more especially to the south and west, were not infrequently surprised and pillaged by Mahomedan pirates from the Mediterranean. Yet it is the fact, as, among other annals, those of the ancient town of Penzance will prove. In the year 1640 two galleys, crammed with Turkish and Algerine corsairs, swooped upon the town during the night and carried off sixty of the townspeople into slavery.

On the evening before they set themselves to the greater enterprise they paid a visit to the rocky fastness of St. Michael's Mount in the manner, and with the consequences, hereinafter detailed.

Towards the close of a brilliant autumn day, Leonora Basset, the only daughter of Hugh Basset, the proprietor, was taking leave of her lover, Gervase Boscawen, in one of the rooms of the castle. The window of the low-ceiled apartment looked down upon the causeway, which, two hundred feet below, joined the Mount to the mainland.

"I must e'en be going, dearest, if I am not to be cut off by the tide," said the young cavalier, pointing to the causeway, with the surface of which the waves were nearly lapping level. "Would that like your cousin Clarence I possessed the privilege of having no farewells to make. Happy man is he to dwell always within the rays of so glorious a sun."

It was an age of fine speeches—even among lovers—and the girl was quick to take the point. "Poor Clarence," she murmured, smiling up at her betrothed, "I trow he does not consider that there is much happiness in it, inasmuch as, though near the sun, it shineth not for him."

As she spoke, the door was gently opened and a swarthy-featured young man looked in, regarding the handsome pair with evil, unfriendly eyes. Perceiving that they had not noticed him he stole out again.

"And yet, methinks, your father favoured his suit at first," replied Gervase, drawing on his gauntlets.

"What matter, if my father's daughter favoured thine—and gained her way," laughed Leonora lightly. "And now fare thee well, sweetheart, if those gay riding boots are not to be wetted by the tide. I shall watch to see my Gervase cross the causeway and mount his steed in Marazion yonder, so quit thee well, my love, and come speedily again."

While Gervase Boscawen makes his way down the steep of the Mount to seek his horse at Marazion on the opposite mainland, and so ride home to his mansion at Gurlyn, we must follow the dark young man who retired so quickly from the leave-taking. Once clear of the door he abandoned his stealthy gait, and running along a series of stone-paved corridors, passed through the great hall into the chapel. Rapidly mounting the winding stair that led to the bell-turret he gained the wind-swept cupola and gazed downwards at the sea.

So near in under the precipitous rock as to be concealed from the windows of the castle, two strange craft were gliding leisurely round the Mount towards the hamlet that clustered at its foot by the causeway. As yet they were invisible from the threatened point, but in a few minutes they would turn the angle of the rock and shed consternation among the unprotected dwellings at the foot of the Mount. For the long, low hulls, with their lofty prows, single masts, and double banks of flashing oars, were the unmistakable marks of Algerine or Turkish rovers.

"They will come to land just as he sets foot on the causeway," muttered Clarence Tresidder, gauging the pace of the galleys with a critical eye. "Fortune favoured in granting me a sight of them while old Kenrick the watchman is boosing at the buttery-hatch. And now for the bell."

The place where he stood was a circular platform running round the inside of the cupola, used for adjusting or repairing the gear which was worked in the usual way from below by a rope running down the well of the turret. By leaning over the safety rail he managed to reach the bell with his hand, and by a smart upward jerk to detach the clapper from its hook. Having thus rendered the bell dumb he tossed the clapper through one of

the open slits in the cupola on to the rocks below, and, with the one more triumphant glance at the galleys, turned and ran down the winding stair.

A moment later he rushed into the room where his cousin Leonora was sitting at the window, waiting to wave a lost adieu to her lover when he should appear on the causeway.

"We must shut the gates, cousin, and sound the alarm," he exclaimed excitedly. "There are two galleys full of Levantine scoundrels making for the causeway. I saw them but now from the south terrace, where I was walking, and they may round into view any minute. Why, what is this," starting with affected surprise, "Is Gervase Boscawen departed?"

Pale and trembling, Leonora rose, but ignored his question. "What waste of time is this? Why come prating to me of your pirates?" she cried. "Have you not lived in St. Michael's Mount long enough to know that the first duty when danger threatens from the sea is to ring the chapel bell, so that the poor fisher-folk below may fly hither for safety? Run, if your words be true, and bid Kenrick pull his hardest. Stay, I will go myself, for Gervase is below, and I trust not you to save him from peril."

She hurried from the room, followed by Clarence, who had much ado to hide the ugly sneer that curled his lips as he thought of the fruitlessness of her errand. Her father being absent, Leonora took matters into her own hands, ordering the truant Kenrick to hasten to the bell, and instructing the male retainers to close the gates as soon as the fugitives from below should have found refuge. This was by no means the first alarm of which she had had experience, and in five minutes the citadel was rendered impregnable.

Having sent everyone to his post she returned to the window to watch for Gervase, wondering every moment why the bell did not ring out its timely warning. Clarence had sneaked back to the room at her heels, and having despatched him to hasten old Kenrick's lagging steps, she opened the casement and gazed anxiously to the foot of the steep. The few straggling huts lay in unconscious security, the upwreathing smoke telling of the evening meal; and the causeway, sloppy now with the rising tide, was guiltless of passengers; Gervase had not yet finished his descent of the Mount to enter upon that stage of his journey.

Still no peal of warning bell rang out, and the fair *châtelaine* fretted and fumed at the thought that any moment the prows of the corsairs might round the point, and those poor souls below unheeding of their danger. Even as she hesitated whether to leave her vigil to go and see what was amiss, old Kenrick burst into the room with the announcement that he had pulled his arms well-nigh from their sockets, but never a sound from the bell.

The words of amazed alarm that rose to Leonora's lips were never spoken, for at that instant she caught sight of her lover far below, turning to kiss his hand gaily from the causeway. And, away to the left, simultaneously, there was a gleam of oar-blades, as the two snake-like galleys rushed around the point, their small draught allowing them at this state of the tide to come right up to the rocks. Almost before Gervase realised the situation he was fighting with a score of red-girdled ruffians on the slippery pathway, while the rest swarmed among the huts and began scrambling up the steep to the castle.

Armed only with a light sword, the gallant youth made such good use of his weapon that three of the rovers went down before his deadly lunges, and Leonora began to breathe again on seeing that inch by inch he was fighting his way back to the rock. But her eyes were focussed upon the immediate combat and she made no allowance for the pirates who were pillaging the houses on the fringe of shore. As Gervase sprang clear of the causeway, and turned towards the upward path, a crowd of the sea-robbers closed in upon him from behind, and had him on his back in a twinkling.

From that great height what passed at the foot of the Mount seemed to be done in dumb pantomime; but Leonora, sinking to her knees in prayer, saw one gigantic pirate level a pistol at the prostrate figure, and another, who by his gestures appeared to be in authority, strike it upwards so that it exploded in the air. Then, before she could grasp the full significance of the proceeding, and only thank-

ful that her lover's life had been spared, she saw Gervase bound hand and foot with gaudy sashes, and tossed like a bale of goods into one of the galleys.

The rest of that evening, aye, and many an evening to come, passed like a dreadful dream to Leonora Basset, and though the serving-men swore to their dying day that she behaved like a heroine in the brief and successful defence of the Mount, she herself avowed that she remembered nothing of it. Only three of the fisher-folk managed to reach the summit before the gates had to be shut in face of the black-avised wretches who hurled themselves in vain against the fortifications, and then, recognising the fruitlessness of the attempt, went cursing down to the beach again.

To follow and attempt a rescue would have been madness, for there were but a dozen men in the Mount, and of the rovers at least two hundred, armed to the teeth. Yet it is on record that when they retired from the walls, Leonora ordered the gates to be opened, and a volley to be fired into the retreating mass, which tumbled three of their number down the slope headlong. And when all was over, she stole back to her apartment like a pale ghost, and strained her eyes through the gathering gloom after the galley which bore Gervase Boscawen to a fate worse than death.

After that dark days set in at St. Michael's Mount. The mystery of the damaged bell was never rightly cleared, though Leonora was moved to suspicion that Clarence Tresidder, having seen the approaching galleys, had removed the clapper so that Gervase might be taken unawares. But when she mooted this to her father on his return, he flew into a violent rage, and swore that it was only a baulked girl's fancy. Hugh Basset had ever favoured the suit of Clarence in preference to that of Gervase Boscawen, being influenced by the consideration of certain mortgages held by his nephew on the Mount.

In face of the terrible havoc wrought by the corsairs at Penzance on the night after their call at St. Michael's, and of the greater calamity of sixty young men and maidens carried into slavery, Leonora's trouble soon faded into insignificance, and she had no one to share it with her but Gervase's widowed mother at Gurlyn. But even sympathy was soon to be denied to her, for, throwing off all disguise, her father seized the opportunity to encourage Clarence to renew his suit, and he, nothing loth, warmly began to play the lover. On the girl refusing to show him anything but contempt, he put pressure on Hugh Basset to forbid further intercourse with the bereaved lady at Gurlyn, and a regular system of tyranny was inaugurated.

At the end of two dreary years, Leonora, staunch as ever to the memory of her lost love, and as firm in her resistance, was summoned one day to her father's chamber, and found him pacing to and fro in evident agitation. He had only returned from London on the previous night, and she had not seen him since his arrival. Heartless as he had shown himself towards her, she could not be shocked at his haggard looks and trembling hands.

"My daughter, you have withstood my commands for these two years past; it remains to be seen whether you will withstand my entreaties," he began. "I implore you—on my knees if you will—to wed your cousin Clarence, and so save me from ruin in my old age."

"You have been dicing again in London, father?" said Leonora sadly.

"Aye, and lost more than I could pay were St. Michael's ever so free from encumbrance," was the answer. "It comes to this—that Clarence alone can save me, but will only do so on his own terms. You know what they are."

"You have both taken care that I should not forget them, ever since Gervase was lost to me," replied Leonora bitterly. "Father," she went on in a softer tone, "I would do even this thing for you, if it were not that I am persuaded that Gervase will one day return. It is because I have felt so assured of this that I have not grieved as other women might, with tears and wailings, but have held myself for him, waiting for the glad day when I shall see his dear face again."

Any finer susceptibilities which Hugh Basset may once have had, had long since been blunted by prodigal living and consequent difficulties. The

CONCLUDED ON PAGE 21

THE DEMI-TASSE

A LAST RESOURCE.

CAPTAIN NORCOTTE of the S.S. *Mystic*, well and favourably known in nearly every seaport on the North American coast, is a prince of good fellows and a past-master in the art of story-telling. The genial Captain has always a fund of amusing yarns in mind, whereby to entertain the ever-welcome visitors on his floating palace. The following is one of his favourites:

"We had just arrived in port from our home voyage, and lay in the stream awaiting our turn at the 'chutes.' A heavy northeasterly gale had arisen, with little or no warning, and a goodly number of small craft were scudding for shelter. Among the last to arrive was a tiny French fishing-schooner of some twenty tons, and the berths being all occupied she would naturally be compelled to drop anchor in the offing. Her skipper was at the tiller and as they 'breezed' past us, close to port, he sang out: 'Let go da bow-ankre!' One of his crew sprang forward to execute the order, but immediately shouted back: 'I dasset; dere's no chain on 't!' 'Let it go, anyway,' howled the skipper, 'it may stop her a leetle!'"

* * *

THE TRIALS OF A FRENCHMAN.

A YOUNG Frenchman, who has lately arrived in Toronto, found himself in a pleasant boarding-house on College street, where most of the boarders were of long residence and were well acquainted—almost as members of a family. The Frenchman was a bright, gentlemanly little fellow and was soon taken into full fellowship. One night a little poker game was started—"a penny ante." It was the first time the Frenchman had played the game, and he became quite fascinated by it. The next day he determined to purchase a poker outfit for himself to take back to France with him when he returned. So he went to Eaton's and asked if they had some "sheeps."

"Upstairs," said the polite clerk, "in the toy department." The young man went up four flights and again asked for "sheeps."

"Over in the far corner," said the floor walker.

When he reached the counter to which he had been directed, a young woman to whom he made known his wants, showed him a number of wooden sheep with wool fastened on them.

"Pardon; eet ees not zese I want. I weesh sheeps."

"Well, these are certainly sheep," said the young woman, "and they are very good sheep." Then a new idea came to her and she added: "Of course,

if you want something cheaper, you will find some tin animals over at that other counter," pointing across the room.

"But, it is not sheeps I want, but *sheeps*. I want not sheeps ze animals but *sheeps* to play wiz."

"But, my dear sir, these are sheep to play with," insisted the young lady.

The poor man was growing distressed, when a second girl came to the rescue. "I know what you want," she said, "come with me."

He went with her and she piloted him over to a counter on which were piled miniature ships, yachts, and so forth.

"There you are," she exclaimed, triumphantly.

"But eet ees no, not zis. It is *sheeps* zat I want."

By this time it began to be the general impression on the floor that the man was crazy, and this was strengthened by his explanation that he wanted the sheeps for his "aunties."

"They must keep a boarding-house," whispered one girl to another, "and he has mistaken this for a grocery."

But a sophisticated head of one of the departments (whose identity is kept a close secret) finally came to the rescue and said:

"Excuse me, sir, but I think I understand what you want—poker chips, isn't it?"

The little Frenchman's face became wreathed in smiles as he turned and said in a relieved tone of voice: "Surlee. Sheeps for pokeair. Zat ees eet."

"Sorry, sir, but we don't keep them."

* * *

A NEW WOLFE STORY.

MR. J. A. MACDONALD, editor of the *Toronto Globe*, picked up a new story of General Wolfe. He heard it from an aged Scotch gentleman with whom it was a sacred reminiscence from his forefathers. The story goes that Wolfe, then nineteen years of age, was an officer on the staff of the Duke of Cumberland, who commanded the English forces at the Battle of Culloden in 1746. After the battle, the English staff officers were riding over the field in the direction of Inverness and came across a wounded Highland officer. The Duke asked him to which side he belonged and received the answer, "To the Prince." He then turned to Wolfe and ordered him to shoot the Fraser. Wolfe, disgusted at being asked to murder a wounded officer replied:

"Your Highness, my commission is at your command, but I decline to be a butcher."

Because of this reply, Wolfe was a hero to the Highlanders who served in the British army. When,

therefore, the first opportunity came to pay their debt of gratitude, it was eagerly embraced. This opportunity was the Battle of the Plains of Abraham in 1759, when Wolfe died victorious and Canada was won for the British Crown. On this occasion, there were 1400 Highlanders in his command, many of whom had fought against Cumberland at Culloden. Eight hundred of them were Frasers, kinsmen of the Fraser whom Wolfe had been ordered to shoot. On the night before the taking of Quebec, Montcalm's sentries were deceived by the French reply of Simon Fraser, who had been educated in France and "was handy with the French language." Thus part of the debt was paid. Next day, the Highland claymores came into play at a critical moment and decided the victory. As Sir Wilfrid Laurier has said, "The Highlanders at the taking of Quebec fought as men never fought before," and this is the explanation.

* * *



STEWART-

"Is this candy fresh?"

"I dunno. It never said anything to me."—*Life*.

A LITERAL TRANSLATION.

"A BUSINESS communication in Arabic reached a Manchester firm," says *The Marine Review*, "and when translated by a Syrian interpreter proved to contain a request for the price of copping 'two water sheep' of certain given dimensions. The translator was confident of his version, but admitted that he did not know what water sheep could be. For the moment even the principals of the firm to whom the communication was addressed were puzzled, until it struck some one that this was the nearest synonym in the vocabulary of a pastoral people for 'hydraulic rams.'"

* * *

TOOLE'S TEARS.

SALLIES of almost childlike high spirits endeared the late J. L. Toole, the lifelong friend of Henry Irving, to all who knew him. On one occasion, when the author of "Some Eminent Victorians" was spending a day in the innocent adventures which Toole was a genius in originating, they went to the Tower, where they found themselves among a party of eager sightseers in the chamber where the Crown jewels are disposed.

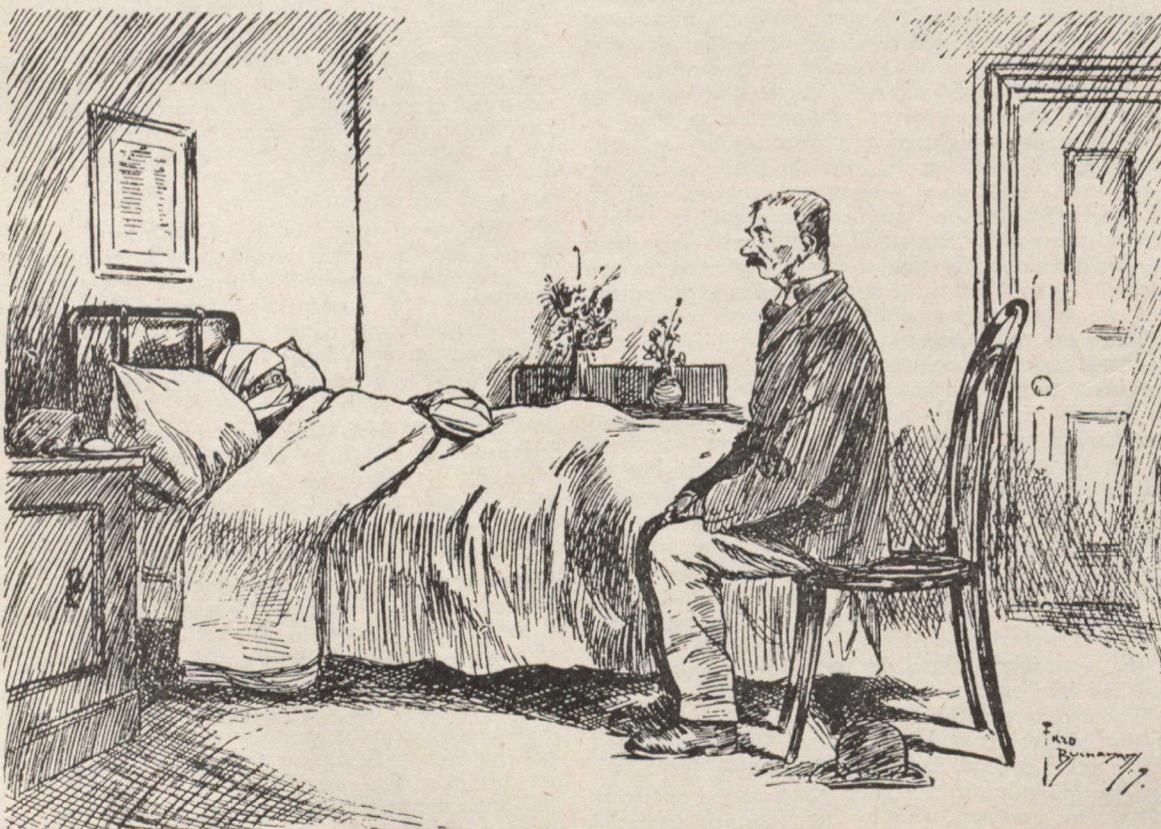
It was a woman who was explaining to the eager through the history of the articles displayed. At the end of a long catalogue she said:

"And this is Anne Boleyn's crown."

Toole, apparently suddenly overcome, burst into a flood of tears, and leaned against the wall in seemingly uncontrollable grief.

"Oh, sir," inquired the poor woman, in distress, "what is the matter?"

"Nothing! Nothing!" replied Toole, in broken accents. "Don't mind me, but the fact is, I have known the family so long."—*Youth's Companion*.



The Visitor.—"You didn't 'arf fall orkard, Jim. The chaps up at the yard ain't done chucklin' about it yet."—*Punch*.

MONEY AND MAGNATES

DOES MONTREAL OR TORONTO DO THE SELLING?

WHEN there is any marked liquidation in any particular stock, Montreal brokers always like to say that Toronto is selling while on the other hand Toronto brokers are just as quick in saying that it is Montreal interests who are selling. And sometimes, paradoxical though it may seem, both are likely to be correct.

Toronto brokers, oftentimes when they have big selling orders, like to execute most of them in Montreal because, as a rule, the market is a broader one, and is more likely to take quite a block of stock without forcing the price down. On the other hand Montreal brokers, by experience, state that owing to the Toronto market being less active it is often possible to get fractionally a better price.

The other day when there was quite a lot of selling of Dominion Iron common around 45, Montreal brokers stated they could show that most of the selling orders had come from Toronto and that traders there were selling stock they had taken on around 40. But then again Montreal brokers admit that Toronto has been the principal buyer of Iron common since it crossed the forty mark and that interests there are much more confident that it is on its way to 60 within a comparatively short time than are many of the Montreal brokers.

* * *

BIGGEST CONSOLIDATION EVER EFFECTED IN CANADA.

NO financial deal that has ever been arranged in Canada has attracted the attention of banking and financial interests throughout Canada in such a marked manner as has the big Cement merger, which has resulted in the formation of the Canada Cement Company, Limited, with an authorised capital of \$30,000,000.

It is by far the biggest consolidation that has ever been effected in Canada and when it is considered what an extensive chain of gigantic plants have been secured the capital cannot be said to be at all larger than was warranted.

In almost every instance, it is understood that payment for the acquired properties was made very largely with the securities of the new big company. In this way nearly all the leading practical cement men in the country will be identified with the consolidation, while a number of them have been invited to go on the Board of Directors in order that the company may have the full benefit of their long experience in the manufacturing end of the industry.

The announcement made almost at the last minute, that the Lehigh Portland Cement Company of Belleville, Ont., had been secured and that the new consolidation would have a close working agreement with the big Lehigh Portland Cement Company of the United States meant that the merger had been made a very complete one by the acquisition of practically every company that is a factor in the trade in Canada. Mr. E. M. Young, of Allentown, Pa., vice-president of the Lehigh Portland Cement Company, will represent his company and associates on the directorate of the new consolidation.

One of the most striking features in connection with the new merger is the very small amount of the securities of the company available for the public offering. A few days ago it was thought that it would have been possible to offer \$5,000,000 of the 7 per cent. preference shares to the public but so many of the underwriters desired to make their underwriting "firm" by taking the securities off the market themselves that it was quickly seen that there would be less than \$2,000,000 of the preference shares available for the public. In addition to the amount taken by the underwriters here, it is understood that \$2,200,000 of the securities had been taken up in England, this amount greatly reducing the floating market supply.

Some idea of how the cement industry has developed in Canada may be formed when it is pointed out that as late as 1905 the total output of the Canadian plants was 1,541,568 barrels, while in 1908 it had climbed to 3,495,961 barrels and in 1909 will exceed 4,500,000 barrels. The quality of the better grades of Canadian cement is so well thought of that the exports from Canada this year will exceed 500,000 barrels and according to leading officials there is sure to be a rapid increase in the exports as well as in the home consumption during the next few years.

One of the features in connection with the consolidation is that in all instances it is going concerns that have been acquired, which should result in the new company showing large earnings from the very start and it is expected that just as soon as the concentration of management is effected and all plants operating under one head that dividend payments will be made on the common stock.

Just as soon as the regular formalities can be attended to, it is intended that the securities of the company will be listed on the Toronto and Montreal Stock Exchanges.

* * *

BURT COMPANY PREFERENCE STOCK.

ATTENTION is drawn in connection with the public offering of 7 per cent. cumulative convertible preference stock of the F. N. Burt Company, by Messrs. A. E. Ames & Co., that, with the exception of a small mortgage charge on one piece of real estate amounting to \$49,000, with interest at 4½ per cent., there is no security ahead of the preference shares. It is further pointed out, as included in the statement of Messrs. Clarkson & Cross, accountants, that the net assets, over and above liabilities, irrespective of good will and patent rights, exceed the amount of the preference stock.

* * *

BIG GRAIN ELEVATOR.

THE new C. P. R. grain elevator at Victoria Harbour, now under construction, will have an initial capacity of 2,000,000 bushels, and is being laid out in such a manner as to permit of its extension to 12,000,000 capacity with the same power facilities. The other day, when President Shaughnessy passed over the Sudbury division, accompanied by Superintendent Osborne of Toronto, their private car was hauled over the new section of track from Coldwater to Victoria Harbour and right up to the elevator site, and the work was inspected. Thirteen miles of the Victoria Harbour-Peterboro grain line, lying between Victoria Harbour and Coldwater, has been practically completed, but work will not be started on the other sections before next spring. Mr. Osborne announces that the double-tracking of the line between Smith's Falls and Montreal will be entirely completed by November 1st. All but forty miles of the line is now in use.

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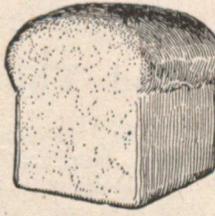
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Art at Western Fairs

"LOVERS of Art" in the north-west cities of Winnipeg and Calgary approached the executive committee of their Exhibition Associations, and asked for an exhibition of pictures on the same scale and standing as are seen at the exhibitions in the larger cities of the east, to which request the committee readily assented. The work of collecting the pictures from the artists and arranging them in the galleries at Winnipeg and Calgary was entrusted to Mr. Edward O'Brien, of Montreal, who displayed fine judgment in selecting the pictures, of the Continental Schools of Art, and the beautiful examples of our own Canadian Artists whose works show the marked advance art has made the past few years in Canada. This being the first art exhibit held in Calgary, the exhibition company erected a dainty up-to-date "art gallery" to display the pictures to best advantage.

The collection comprised two hundred and twenty paintings, which included a special "loan collection" of one hundred paintings by Master Artists of the Continental Schools, among which were canvases by Van Wichera, Weiss, Rip, Steelink, De Hoog, Van der Weele, Scherrewitz, Van Essen, Gromp, Weissenbruch, Westerbeek, Maris, Goupil, Gorter, Landelle, Frere, Zamacois, Van Couver, Storck, Koek-Koek, Kuhstohp, Pulinx, da Pozza, Tarengi, Simoni, Spinetti, Corrodi, Bosboom, Wolter, Midy, Laborne, Chintreuil, etc., also works by W. B. Leader, Heywood Hardy, Birket Foster, Edwin Hayes, J. J. Inglis, Dorothy Tennant, J. Orricks, W. A. Gibson, J. N. Noble, W. Manners, etc.

In the Canadian section of the galleries were exhibited the works of Wm. Brymner, president R.C.A., F. M. Bell-Smith, E. F. Boyd, F. Brownell, W. H. Clapp, Maurice Cullen, E. Dyonnet, A. M. Fleming, J. W. L. Forster, J. C. Franchere, C. A. Gagnon, Clara S. Hagarty, J. Hammond, W. E. Hunt, M. N. Hooker, Z. M. Kilpin, Helen G. McNicoll, Laura Muntz, G. A. Reid, Mary H. Reid, G. Horne Russell, W. St. G. Smith, W. A. Sherwood, F. A. Verner, H. H. Vickers, Mary E. Wrinch.

The art gallery was the centre of attraction of the exhibitions and the pictures gave the thousands who viewed them, a pleasure far beyond their expectations.

In years to come much of the art shown at western fairs will be made in the West. That land has more big subjects going to waste than have ever been put on canvas. The old half-breed colonies and the fur-post towns will soon be clean gone out.

Maritime Province

Union a Good Thing

THE success of the movement which has been launched at Charlottetown, P.E.I., looking to the union of the Provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, might have an important bearing on the growth and progress of the Maritime Provinces, and possibly, some influence on the Dominion as a whole. The initiative was taken at the annual convention of the Maritime Boards of Trade last week, when resolutions were passed in favour of a union of the three provinces, and requesting the governments of each to nominate delegates to a conference for the discussion of terms. One of the arguments advanced in support of such a union is

the absurdity of a territory embracing three provinces with interests identical, and a population of only 893,953, being governed by three legislatures with a total membership of 138, while Ontario with its population of 2,182,947, sends but 98 members to its Legislature. As at present divided, the three provinces down by the sea consider it necessary to employ 23 cabinet ministers, while Ontario has a cabinet of eight, and three honorary ministers, and Quebec manages to get along with seven. A union such as that proposed should be the means of saving two-thirds of the present cost of legislation and administration—an important consideration.

The Maritime Provinces have been growing in the past few years, but not so rapidly as other provinces. Their relative lack of progress has resulted in a reduction of their representation in the House of Commons from 43 in 1875 to 35 after the last census. Union would give Canada one strong province down by the sea in place of three comparatively weak ones.—*London Advertiser.*

But Maritimers are Indifferent

MARITIME Union, for some reason, has an alluring sound and the subject has a remarkable attraction for some people, particularly for delegates to Maritime Board of Trade meetings. But, alas for the comfort of these advocates, the people of the provinces have failed to display much real interest in the question as to whether or not these three eastern provinces should be made one. Thus far in the Canadian confederation the Maritime Provinces have had an important part. Their public men have been prominent in Dominion affairs. Their opinions have borne weight. Generally speaking, business has been good here in the east and some of our manufacturers have held places of some importance in the industrial life of the whole country. But now the far west grows astoundingly in commercial, industrial and agricultural extent and in its influence in public affairs. It must continue so to grow for some years to come. As the west develops there will be more and still more likelihood of Maritime Union becoming a subject for serious consideration by the people of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island. But until the overshadowing of eastern influence and affairs by the west becomes more apparent or becomes detrimental to the welfare of the east the people are not likely to become much concerned as to union, so far as can be seen now.—*Sackville, N.B., Tribune.*

Pinhead English

BY the extraordinary contortions of her neck he concluded that she was trying to get a glimpse of the back of her new blouse; by the tense lines and scintillating flesh about her hips, he concluded that her mouth was full of pins.

"Umph—goof—suff—wuff—sh—ffs pog—uff?" she asked.

"Quite so, my dear," he agreed; "it looks very nice."

"Ouff—wun—so—gs—phu—muf—ugh—ight?" was her next remark.

"Perhaps it would look better if you did that," he nodded; "but it fits nicely as it is."

She gasped and emptied the pins into her hands.

"I've asked you twice to raise the blinds so that I could get more light, James," she exploded. "Can't you understand plain English?"

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FOR THE CHILDREN

THE FIGURE THAT LIED.

By E. W. FRENTZ.

ROY MARSHALL had been in school nearly three years, and almost all the time he liked it. It was fun to read and write, and geography was easy. But the number work was not like the other studies. It was a good deal harder, and he had to work longer at his lessons. Peter Greenwood, who sat just in front of him, got on much better than Roy did in the number work, and this made Roy unhappy, for always before, in the reading and writing and other things, he had kept ahead of Peter. Roy could not see how it was that Peter could add up long columns of figures and multiply and divide, and always get the right answer, when he himself worked just as hard, and even harder and often got a wrong answer.

One day the teacher, looking over Roy's shoulder at his paper, pointed out a mistake he had made, and said, as she turned away, "Remember, Roy, figures do not lie."

It seemed a funny thing to say, and Roy thought about it a good deal. Figures must be very good if they always told the truth. He wondered if it was easy for them. He tried always to tell the truth himself, but sometimes it was not easy. Once or twice he had been punished for things he had done, and had told the truth about, when it had seemed almost as if he would not have been punished if he could only have told a lie about it. But still he knew how his father and mother felt about it, and so he did his best to tell things just as they were.

But figures must be strange things if they never told a lie. Perhaps they were real and alive, like himself, and had to do things sometimes that were hard and that they did not like to do. At any rate, he thought about it a good deal.

The spring examinations came in March. Roy knew it weeks ahead, and he knew, too, that he ought to be reviewing the work he had gone over; but it was just marble-time then, and it was hard to stay indoors and study when everybody else was out playing marbles.

The examination in number work seemed to Roy easier than he had thought it would be. He did all of the first six examples, and was pretty sure he had got them right. But the seventh was a hard one. He worked and worked on it, and still he could not do it, so he skipped that and did the others, and then went back. He tried and tried again, but it would not come out right.

Then, when he was very tired, he looked up just as Peter Greenwood asked to leave his seat for a drink of water. Peter left his paper on his desk, and although Roy did not mean to look, he could not help seeing some of the examples. Number seven was right before his eyes, and where Roy had the figure eight, Peter had a nine.

Roy went over his own work again and saw that it ought to be a nine, so without thinking much more about it, he changed his own work and put down the nine where he had had the eight.

Being in a hurry, he did not make a very good nine. It was hunchbacked and stooped over, with a big head, that seemed to be hanging down. But he turned in his paper, and hurried out and played marbles till dark.

After supper that evening he began to think about the examples again and he remembered the figure nine that he had put down in place of the eight. He remembered how it looked—how

it was bent over, and how it hung its head, as if it was ashamed of something. He kept thinking about it, and even after he had gone to bed the figure stood there before his eyes, looking mean and sorry.

The more he thought about it the more it seemed to him that he had made the figure lie, when it did not want to, and had not meant to. That was why it looked so mean and ashamed.

The first thing next morning Roy went straight to his teacher. "Please may I change one of the answers in my examination paper?" he asked.

"Why, my dear boy," she said, "I couldn't let you do that. It wouldn't be fair. If you have looked up the answer out of school you must not change it now. That would not be right."

"Oh, yes'm, it would, because one of my figures lied," said Roy, eagerly. "He didn't mean to, but I made him; but I didn't mean to, either."

"Why, child, what do you mean?" Then Roy told the teacher all about it: how he had not got the right answer himself, and how he had seen Peter's paper, and put down the figure he had seen there.

The teacher laughed and hugged Roy the way his mother did sometimes. Then she took out his examination paper, and where the poor, mean-looking figure nine had stood she put a great big eight that stood up so straight and looked so strong and honest that anybody could see at a glance that he was telling the truth, no matter if he had made a mistake.

And now Roy knows that if figures ever lie it is not because they want to, but because some one else makes them.—*Youths' Companion.*

* * *

THE MOON.

The moon has a face like the clock in the hall;
She shines on thieves on the garden wall,
On streets and fields and harbour quays,
And birdies asleep in the forks of the trees.

The squalling cat and the squeaking mouse,
The howling dog by the door of the house,
The bat that lies in bed at noon,
All love to be out by the light of the moon.

But all of the things that belong to the day
Cuddle to sleep to be out of her way;
And flowers and children close their eyes
Till up in the morning the sun shall rise.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

* * *

GUESSING SONG.

Oh ho! oh ho! Pray, who can I be?
I sweep o'er the land, I scour o'er the sea;
I cuff the tall trees till they bow down their heads,
And I rock the wee birdies asleep in their beds.

I rumple the breast of the grey-headed daw,
I tip the rook's tail up and make him cry "caw";
But though I love fun, I'm so big and so strong,
At a puff of my breath the great ships sail along.

—Henry Johnstone.



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The West and the Tree

THE Canadian Forestry Association has been in session at Regina. The Council Chamber of Saskatchewan's capital was crowded to the doors at every meeting by enthusiastic delegates and others—all talking trees. The tree is but a recent active topic of discussion among the men of the prairie. It used to be that sons of the farm from the east when they removed westward to occupy a homestead, were tickled to death because they found that the stumps of the old home farm were not there to bother them. But experience of conditions has taught them a few things. They now realise that while back east it was a hard job to get the wheat in because of the density of the trees, it is now a matter of greater concern to have all wheat and no trees. It is a humiliating state of affairs when the little wood required to whack up a fence, or a toolhouse, or to build a little fire for an evening's good cheer, must be dragged miles from town.

Interesting light was thrown upon the efforts being made by the Government authorities in the way of forest cultivation in the western provinces in the papers read before the association by Mr. Archibald Mitchell, assistant in the tree planting division of the Department of Agriculture; Mr. Angus McKay of the Dominion Experimental Farm, Indian Head; Professor A. H. D. Ross, Forestry Department, University of Toronto; and Mr. R. H. Campbell, Superintendent of Forestry, Ottawa. The barrenness of the West as regards trees was attributed to the constantly recurring prairie fires; the huge herds of buffalo which in former times roamed the plains; the rank growth of grass; lack of abundant rainfall; and the chinook winds. Evidence was deduced by the forestry experts to prove that all difficulties were easily banished by the employment of the scientific methods which are in vogue at the twenty-one western forest reserves, of which six are located in Manitoba, four in Saskatchewan, three in Alberta, and eight in the strip forty miles wide in British Columbia. Mr. McKay, presenting a report of the Indian Head Experimental Farm, stated that there in the year 1889, 30,000 trees of 39 different varieties were planted; ten years later a large proportion of these were dead, but among those that survived it was proved that Scotch pine, white and Norway spruce, cedar, American elm, white birch, white ash, native maple, ash, elm, poplar and birch were the kinds of trees hardy enough to weather the vicissitudes of the western climate. Since that time Russian poplars, American cottonwood, willows, mountain ash, larch, balsam, poplar and oak have been added to the list.

The consensus of opinion of the association was that a broad policy of forest reservation should be instituted in the desolate portions of the country. There should be no reason why the western land should not be noted for its lumber as well as for its areas of No. 1 hard.

At any rate, proper attention to the forest problem would provide among future generations against such ignorance of the tree as exemplified by a little Regina girl the other day who was passing a forest reserve on a C. P. R. train and exclaimed, "O mother, I see the wood standing on end!"

Already they have grown really fine elms in Winnipeg where once were nothing but poplars, cottonwoods, cedar and spruce. A peculiar feature is that the pine is never found on the prairie. Treeless Calgary has begun to plant trees.

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THE CHAPEL BELL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

ring of affectionate regard in his daughter's voice seemed to offer him a means to his end, and he stole a crafty look at her from the corner of his eye.

The sight of the fair girl gazing wistfully out upon the heaving sea that had borne her lover away should have quenched that which was in his mind, but with him the sign of weakening only strengthened his base intent.

"Leonora," he said softly.

"Yes, father."

"Are you strong enough and brave enough to hear that which in merciful pity I—that is we, Clarence and I—have been hiding from you these six months? Well then, in my sore extremity I will speak, and may Heaven soften the blow. Gervase Boscawen was slain on the evening of his capture while attempting to escape by swimming. We had it from a shipman of Penzance, who was also taken that same night, but returned from bondage among the Moslems last Christmas."

The girl turned and looked at her father, as though she would read his inmost soul; but Hugh Basset, recognising with the gambler's spirit that this was his last throw, nerved himself for the ordeal, and came out victorious.

"Thank you, father," she said simply. "It was kind of you to keep this knowledge from me, though had I possessed it you might have had your way before. I care not now what befalls me. You may arrange whatever best suits your aims and pleasure." And with a wild cry of "Gervase!" she fell swooning to the ground.

His point once gained, Hugh Basset was not slow to exact the performance of the contract. Preparations were at once hurried on for the wedding, and Clarence Tresidder, in his delight at long-deferred success, made his uncle a present of the mortgages, and cleared his latest gambling debts. The chapel of St. Michael's, where the ceremony was to take place, was being swept and garnished for the occasion, when suddenly Basset remembered that the clapper of the bell had never been restored since it had been "lost" with such disastrous results. Perhaps its failure to do its duty that night had made him careless about the matter, but now the wedding brought it to his mind. His daughter could not possibly depart so far from old tradition as to be married without a bell.

But when he informed Clarence that he had ordered the bell to be put in repair the young man visibly shuddered, and protested that he wanted none of such childish folly. A peal, he said, would be different, but the clangour of one solitary bell, high in that wind-swept turret, would make him downcast rather than merry. It was of ill omen.

Yet Hugh Basset, because of the dislike that made him regard his nephew with a cunning leer of comprehension, insisted on having his way, and the bell was duly put in order in time for the wedding by a workman of Truro. And so that, having served its prime purpose, it should also revert to its ancient uses. Hugh Basset appointed a new and more vigorous watchman; whose business it should be to ring the bell lustily on danger threatening the fastness.

So it was that, all things being ready a month after the bride's consent had been obtained, the wedding party gathered in the chapel on a grey October morning. Outside a low

and fitful sea-fog rose and fell by turns, anon wrapping the Mount and all the sea around in drifting wreaths then suddenly rolling clear of the granite pile and leaving the hoary pinnacles of the ancient building free to a few struggling rays of sun. Inside the chapel all was dark and sombre; and above in the turret the bell clanged with a ceaseless monotony more worthy of a funeral.

Leonora, entering with her father, was pleased by the fancy that the ceremony which was the burial of her hopes, should be announced by that dirge-like knell. But as she approached the altar where the bridegroom was already waiting, the melancholy conceit was destroyed by a sudden access of vigour on the part of the ringer. From the regular strokes the bell broke into a wild and hurried jangle, growing louder and faster with each discordant crash, till it seemed as if the bell would split. The din pleased Hugh Basset's humour, and those present in the chapel—they were all the household, for no guests had been invited—turned and smiled at each other, catching their cue from the master's face.

And though the service commenced, the bell still rang on, and there was thought of sending to stop the ringer, when the clamour suddenly ceased, and the man himself, bursting into chapel, changed all their pleasantry to mortal fear.

"Oh, why was my warning not heeded?" he cried. "The Algerines are upon us—landed, and climbing the steep. I fear me it is now too late to bar the gates."

And before the blank dismay caused by his words could be followed by action, the tramp of many feet resounded on the corridor, and immediately the doorway was darkened by a ferocious throng. Headed by the priest the retainers fled in a mass through a door at the opposite end. Hugh Basset's sword was out in an instant, and Clarence Tresidder, with the courage of despair, drew also; but their fate was sealed by the show of resistance. The expectant bridegroom fell across the altar rails stabbed in the heart, just as the old gambler reeled into his daughter's arms, cloven to the chine by the yataghan of a coal-black Nubian.

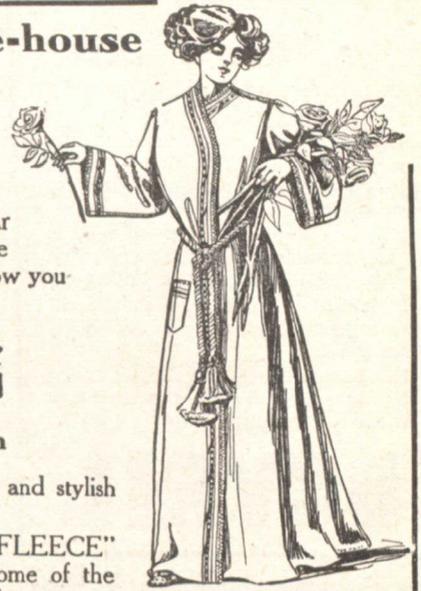
And presently Leonora, borne swiftly down towards the sea by the pirates, was conscious amid her horror of a vague wonder about the chapel bell. Was this a righteous judgment, that having been the cause of her lover's undoing, it should now, by its misunderstood warning, have avenged him on his undoer?

* * * * *

Gently heaving on the groundswell, close inshore under the Mount, lay the galleys of the sea-rovers, awaiting the return of the marauding party that had landed. The fighting men were all ashore, save a guard sufficient to keep order among the long rows of slaves chained to the oar. Up and down planks between these rows of half-naked wretches ran the taskmasters, armed with whips with which they lashed the bare shoulders of any who dared raise his voice above a whisper.

The vicious looking vessels were wreathed in fog, and the buildings on the summit of the Mount were only visible by fitful gleams when the mist lifted. Suddenly from up on the height a bell began to ring, and the slavemasters paused in their cruel lashings to eye each other uneasily. There were those among them who had been thwarted at this spot before

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by the timely shutting of the gates, and that bell might betoken a premature alarm.

The galley-slaves listened to the bell with callous apathy—all save one, who at the first stroke started so violently that the chains rattled on his aching limbs. A man of fine form he had been, but now fallen away to a living wreck from toiling at the oar, cramped day and night by heavy irons.

"Thank God," he murmured, "there is the bell. May it have served them to-day better than it served me, and enable them to close the gates in time."

For the galley-slave was Gervase Boscawen—to his dread and horror made a chance instrument in the assault on the house of which his fond memories were now his only possession. The bell rang on steadily, then grew louder and faster, then suddenly ceased. Gervase sat waiting expectantly for the shots of the assailants and defenders, but none came. All was dim and silent up there in the fog, and in his misery he scarcely knew himself what he wanted to happen. Escape from his fetters was hopeless, yet if anything could it add to his wretchedness to think that he was so near Leonora, and so absolutely impotent to help either her or himself.

And then after an hour's dreary wondering, why there was neither sound of battle nor return of the rovers from the Mount, Gervase rubbed his eyes, and regardless of the lash uttered a great cry that set all gazing landward. For the fog was rolling fast away, and there on the causeway was marshalled a row of frowning cannon pointed at the galleys not a musket shot off while two large ships of war lay on either hand, ready and able to sink them at will.

Further up, at the foot of the Mount, a great concourse was gathered, and there was no mistaking its composition. A large body of English soldiers and sailors was guarding the whole of the pirates, who, on descending with their booty and their captives, had walked straight into the midst of the rescuing party. The latter had arrived too late to prevent the assault, but, thanks to information brought into Falmouth by a fishing boat that the galleys were off the coast, had come up in time to stop the escape of the miscreants. Thus in some part was the outrage wrought two years before avenged.

That night the reunited lovers talked in Gervase Boscawen's ancestral home at Gurlyn of many things, but that of which they thought was most thankfulness was, after all, the weird influence on their fortunes of the Chapel Bell.

A Cyclorama of Travel

IF travelling is what Emerson has called a "fool's paradise," the picture of travel as shown by the Grand Trunk Pacific in their exhibit at the Canadian National Exhibition must be set down as one of the best paradises of that kind on record. Thousands of people stood within eyeshot of more pictures of diversified and variegated travel than could have been shown in any country outside of Canada with her vast distances and immense areas of local colour.

In a sense the display of grains and of pictures and of game were a sort of Canada in miniature. There was diversion in it for the hunter, and the homeseeker, the tourist and the trapper, the merchant and the manufacturer, the speculator and the man who merely stays at home. A colossal pagoda or some such Oriental thing built of grains and grasses that grow

west of Kenora was the *chef d'oeuvre* in the display. This was immensely insistent and could have been seen and looked up to by any but a blind man. The fields from which came the grasses and the grains are scattered over a domain almost half the size of Europe, but all in the territory gridironed by the second trans-continental railway of Canada.

More variously interesting were the superb vistas of pictures—photographs and paintings; photographs so varied in local colour and subjects as to form a world of concern; so large as to appear almost lifelike; so well taken and so carefully enlarged that they resembled black and white originals in wash, or reproductions of oils. This was indeed a picture gallery worth the while of those who might have found the technic of the art galleries bewildering. Everybody understood the pictures of the Grand Trunk Pacific. Their subjects were as various as the country they prefigured. There were the highlands of Ontario with the spruce and the pine and the hunters of big game; the vast wheat fields of the west—mile upon mile in a single picture; the mines and the rocks of the mountains land; the comfortable homes of the settlers; threshing scenes and harvest scenes; the St. Clair tunnel and the trout pool; the waterfall and the furrow. There was poetry and legend and industry in these pictures. They carried the imagination and enabled all to look at scenes and peoples and activities so cosmopolitan that in ten minutes the beholder was able to realise what a vast and complicated country Canada has got to be since the first news of the Grand Trunk Pacific project got into the public press. In one sweeping eyeful were thousands of miles of travel; a fool's paradise indeed; but making one feel like the sort of fool that knows how to enjoy life and to see the world.

The exhibitors of these pictures and grains and grasses must be themselves considered as artists in their own way. The display was a veritable cyclorama of panorama. All those who desired to travel first-class unlimited for nothing were able so to do by spending half an hour in that show.

Foxy all Round

AN iron hoop bounced through the area railings of a suburban woman's house recently and played havoc with the kitchen window. The woman waited, anger in her eye, for the appearance of the hoop's owner. Presently he came.

"Please, I've broken your winder," he said, "and here's my father to fix it."

And sure enough, he was followed by a stolid-looking workman, who at once started to work, while the small boy took his hoop and ran off.

"That'll be a dollar, ma'am," announced the glazier when the window was whole once more.

"A dollar!" gasped the woman. "But your little boy broke it! The little fellow with the hoop, you know. You're his father, aren't you?"

The stolid man shook his head. "Don't know him from Adam," he said. "He came round to my place and told me his mother wanted her winder fixed. You're his mother, aren't you?"

And the woman shook her head also.

The other night a visitor to the Canadian National Exhibition looked across Adelaide, a Toronto street, at an electric sign.

"Well I'll be gol darned!" he said, "if that Dr. Cook ain't got 'Cook's Tours' to the North Pole goin' a'ready. Beats all what a swift age we're livin' in nowadays."

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