

# The Canadian Courier

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NATIONAL WEEKLY



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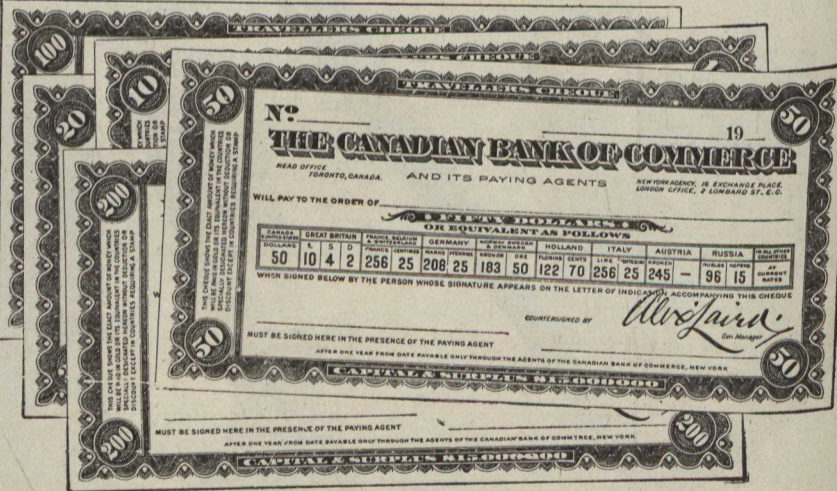
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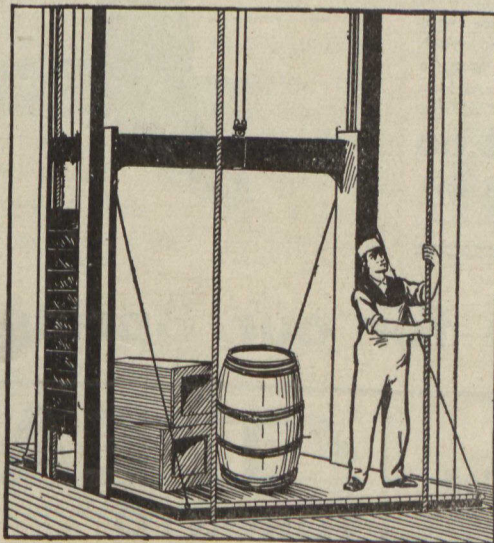
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**THE CANADIAN COURIER**

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**The Canadian  
Courier**

A National Weekly

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**Editor's Talk**

WE are constantly in receipt of letters asking if we pay for stories, articles, photographs and drawings from people who are anxious to contribute. As a sort of general reply, we desire to say that we pay for all the material we use. The drawings for our weekly covers are all made by Canadian artists and every Canadian who can draw has an equal chance whether he lives in Victoria, Halifax or Toronto. We gather our photographs from many sources and are always willing to pay the market price for feature photographs, whether taken by amateurs or professionals. We are in constant need of illustrated articles such as that on "The Beef King of Alberta" in this issue. Such articles should be accompanied by a number of photographs from which we can make a selection. We do not use long articles, nor do we use unillustrated articles. This is an illustrated newspaper, not a magazine.

As to our stories, we are always looking for something good in this line. For the old-fashioned love-story we have no desire whatever. A story with human interest, dealing with some distinctive phase of human endeavour, of commerce, or of adventure, will be heartily welcomed. When sending a story, the author should explain who he is and what success he has had with previous manuscripts. Every editor likes to know a few personal details about his contributors. Many new writers fail by overlooking this point.

We would again impress on our readers and contributors that everything about this paper is "Made in Canada." Every drawing and every engraving is made in this country and Canadian contributors get the preference. This rule is not based on any narrow-minded view of our function, but simply on the idea that "The Canadian Courier" should be kept what it claims to be — "a national weekly."



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## Laymen's Missionary Movement

Charity Begins at Home.

McTaggart, Sask.,

April 4th, 1910.

Editor CANADIAN COURIER:

Dear Sir,—It was my good fortune to become a subscriber to the *COURIER* several years back (I won't say how many), and from the first I have read your "Reflections" with a great deal of pleasure and profit, although not always agreeing with you.

There is one paragraph in your columns of the issue for April 2nd, which has so strongly appealed to me, as to make it imperative on my part to write you my complete approval and endorsement, and that the idea referred to, and which you expressed, is "that the Laymen's Missionary Movement might very well devote its efforts throughout the next decade towards the solution of our own Western Canadian assimilation problem."

Perhaps I would not go so far as to say all its efforts. I am sufficiently orthodox to admit that we Christian peoples have a duty to perform by our fellow-men in foreign lands, but it seems only natural to me and common-sense, that we should first attend to the need (the very great and increasing need) of our own country, before essaying the enormous task of endeavouring to Christianise the hordes of Asiatics; hordes whose "conversion" is so frequently a diplomatic piece of knavery on the part of the "converts." Do not mistake me! I believe there are numbers of sincere, honest, enlightened one-time heathen; but is the result up to the present time worthy of the expense and effort, and is the present system of proselytising doing the work it should? If it is, well and good. But—

Into this Canada of ours, this great-limbed child-nation, with its incalculable potentialities, is annually pouring a stream of humanity great enough to create each and every day a "new village of six hundred souls." They come from our great Motherland, they come from fjord-indented Sweden; from Sunny Italy, too, and Old Austria; from Germany, from Russia and the corners (might I say the "four corners?") of the earth, and we have the duty before us of seeing that each of them is made a Canadian.

To the accomplishment of this end, if they are moral and law-abiding people, we must keep them so; if they are not, we must make them so, otherwise we would far better never have them. The great tide of this inflow of immigrants is, and will be, into this western country, and here will the churches' work fall heaviest. Here is, and here will be, work expansive enough for all the Dr. Robertson's and Bishop Stringer's, the Canadian church can produce. Here can be used to great advantage all the tact and diplomacy, all the ability and the enthusiasm, which our theoretical and practical college graduates can bring to bear on the problem.

Paradoxical as it may seem, it appears none the less true to me, that the West's greatest asset is her greatest weakness. I refer to her soil, or better for purposes of illustration, her soil-produced wheat.

Saskatchewan chose appropriately and well for her coat-of-arms, when she selected a sheaf of wheat. Draw a dollar sign across the sheaf of wheat and you would have an appropriate all-western ensign or shield. People come here to make money.

It is more frequently said they come here to make homes, but I believe they would not come to the rigorous winters and mucilage mud, simply for a change of residence. And a good crop or two perhaps puts them on their feet, and intoxicates them a bit, with the unsteady wine of success. Dollars and increased acreages loom larger and larger in their view, and other things, things more essential than too many dollars, in a better sense, are neglected, let slip—and forgotten. Yet not forgotten either, where the church is alive and doing her duty; and I'm proud to say she is doing her duty in so far as her limited means and number of men will permit. Hers is the great work of keeping strong the early bonds of connection with spiritual things, or

welding new ones around those, long neglectful, or never taught.

She is doing her best, and doing it nobly, but she is cramped, hindered, incapacitated in large measure, by the dearth of funds and men.

Go on with your agitation! Urge the churches and their members, and the Laymen's Missionary Movement to see that "Charity Begins at Home." And then some day our great Canada will be, in the truest, strongest sense a great "Light to Lighten the Gentiles," and the capable, willing and eager spreader of the Truth to other lands.

Personally, I again wish to thank you for your editorial.

Yours very sincerely,

E. V. ILLSEY.



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## Martyrs of New France

THE martyrs of New France were the earliest Canadian heroes—Jogues, Brebœuf, Daulac, la Salle, Marquette, Verendrye and others. Mr. W. S. Herrington, of Napanee, has told their history in a charming manner in a little volume which is companion to his "Heroines of Canadian History." In the introduction, Mr. Herrington points out that Canadian boys and girls are better acquainted with the heroes of ancient Greece and Rome than with those who helped to make Canada before the English conquest. It is a fair criticism. Perhaps his book will help the youth of the future. (Toronto: William Briggs.)



T H E

# Canadian Courier

## THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



VOL. 7

Toronto, April 16th, 1910

No. 20

## REFLECTIONS

BY THE EDITOR

WHERE the sponsors and promoters of the Miller Bill failed was in not recognising the difference between race-track betting and book-making wagers. The former sport is practised by all classes—judges, parliamentarians, bankers, journalists and the working classes. These go to the race-tracks and see the horses on which they bet. Betting may be the primary object with them, but they actually see the races.

The other form of betting with hand-book men is practised by people who never saw the horses on which they bet and never expect to. They are gamblers pure and simple—especially simple. They bet on races which occur on distant and, often, foreign race-courses. These races are run for the profit gained from the absentee bettor whose chance of winning is about one in a thousand. Further, this absentee bettor is usually a mechanic, a street-railway employee or a clerk on a small salary. Judges, parliamentarians, journalists and prominent business men are too worldly wise to place their money with the hand-book man.

The framers of the Miller Bill tried to banish both kinds of betting; the opponents of this Bill were willing to banish the second but not the first. If the social reformers had known their business they would have accepted the suggestion of the moderate men and adopted the British law. It would have been a tremendous reform—much greater than most people imagine, because the hand-book man who plies his trade all the year round on the streets of Canadian cities is doing a flourishing business.

HON. MR. AYLESWORTH did not kill the Miller Bill; neither did the dozen skilled lobbyists who hustled night and day in the House of Commons during the famous struggle. The Bill was defeated because its promoters had not sufficient common-sense to see that they were attempting the impossible. Is there a single newspaper in Canada which refuses to publish the results of the races? In Toronto, the two daily papers which most strongly deprecated the defeat of the Miller Bill have done most to help build up the hand-book man's business. Every day they tell the simple-minded reader who won at Windsor or Latonia or Sheepshead Bay.

Why should Canada as a nation play the hypocrite? The majority of the male population favours betting—the honest kind, not the hand-book variety. Where can you get, as one member pointed out, a more representative body of citizens than at the big days at the Woodbine, Toronto, or at the similar field near Montreal? What are the exhibitions at Winnipeg, Regina, Calgary and Edmonton but annual race-meets under guise of industrial and agricultural shows? Take away the racing and these institutions would go out of business. It is not that the Westerner is immoral, but he really loves a fair and honest horse-race. So in the Province of Quebec, horse-racing is a national sport, eminently popular with a people whose standard of morals does not condemn lotteries and other games of chance.

WHAT a relief it would be if both sides were frank and if they got together and discussed this matter without any guise of hypocrisy. Betting at race-tracks needs regulation, not abolition. Hand-book making off a race-course needs abolition, not regulation. Let the evils be abolished but let it be frankly recognised that the majority of the Anglo-Saxon race is in favour of honest horse-racing and honest, manly betting. When we take any other attitude we are either blind or guilty of deception. This talk about improving the breed of horses is as nonsensical as the desire of the social reformers to abolish all horse-racing and race-course betting. What Canada should get rid of is the rogue, the criminal and the others who have seriously degraded an honest sport. The English law does this fairly effectively.

Canada in its search after righteousness should not aim at the abolition of all forms of sport and merriment. The Almighty gave

man the power to laugh and the desire to amuse himself, as well as the ambition to develop intellectually and spiritually. The man who does not love a contest of speed among horses, or an exhibition of physical skill among men is a poor citizen.

HAVE you made up your mind why British goods do not sell in Canada? Is it because the cable tolls are too high or because Canada is too far from Britain? Or is it because the Britisher does not feel the need of cultivating this market? Or is it because British goods are wholly unsuitable?

Last week it was pointed out that even since the British preference went into force, the imports from the United States have grown faster than the imports from Great Britain. Between 1897 and 1908, British sales to Canada rose from 29 million to 95 million, but United States sales to Canada rose from 61 million to 210 million. In spite of the Preference we still buy twice as much from the United States as we do from Great Britain.

Discussing the matter with a Canadian manufacturer, he said that there was an essential difference between America and Britain. His firm manufactured for Britain and did it from the patterns that were discarded five or ten years ago in Montreal and New York. The Britisher absolutely refused to buy the up-to-date goods.

Another business man who imports paper for lithography explained why he bought in the United States. The British manufacturer refused to pack the paper in cases, and insisted on sending it out in bundles tied with heavy knotted cord. On the voyage, these knots were pressed deeply into the bundles and made the paper almost useless. The American sent him the paper in wooden cases. When asked to do so, he said, "Sure! Send it to you on pack-mules if you want it that way."

Still another maintained that the Britisher regarded Canadian trade as foreign, while the United States manufacturer treated it as domestic. The former sent samples; the latter sent travellers. Further, the Britisher manufactured for Bristol, the American manufactured for Buffalo, Detroit, St. Paul and Seattle; the tastes of Bristol are not the tastes of Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg and Vancouver. These Canadian cities take the same goods as the United States cities which are their neighbours.

NEVERTHELESS something should be done to protect our market in Great Britain. This is not imperialism but common sense. It is not sentiment; it is business. Canada sells about thirty-five million dollars' worth of produce to Great Britain more than Great Britain sells to her. Is this a safe condition of affairs?

One critic remarks that this is a matter over which Britain should worry, not Canada. He would emulate William T. Stead and write a series of articles on "Wake up, John Bull!" In a measure this view has much to commend it. The Britisher should adopt better methods of selling in this market. If he employed honest Canadian travellers, he would find it an improvement. The trouble has been that he has too often selected some lazy duffer who pocketed a salary and spent the majority of his days in idleness. The shrewd American manufacturer does not often make such mistakes, and when he does he soon corrects them.

Whatever the correct view may be, it seems quite certain that one of Canada's most pressing trade problems is the one which relates to trade on the Atlantic.

ONE thing Britain is doing well—she is sending us a fine lot of new citizens. Last year she sent us 86,000—the largest gift she ever made to any colony in one year. Of course, the critic may sneer and say that this doesn't mean anything, because in the same period she gave 109,000 to the United States. The critic may even go farther and say that Canada's popularity in Great Britain is due

to Canada, not to Britain; that Canada has forced the pace and that British sentiment toward Canada has added nothing to the movement. We prefer, however, to admit Canada's indebtedness to Great Britain for these 86 thousand which she sent here last year and for the 96 thousand which are expected in 1910. The quality has so greatly improved that Canada can afford to be even deeply grateful.

**S**ENATOR DAVIS seems to have adopted the Courier suggestion that all Western school-lands should be leased, not sold. Perhaps he got the inspiration at the same moment—"great minds," etc. Last week he introduced into the Senate a resolution which reads as follows:

"That in view of the rapid increase in land values in the western provinces, this Senate is of the opinion that the school lands in these provinces should be withdrawn from sale and leased only, until such time as they can be sold to best advantage in the interest of the public schools of the provinces in which they are situated."

It was in connection with the Manitoba school lands that the Courier made the suggestion; it is of the Saskatchewan and Alberta school lands that the Senator is speaking. Manitoba controls most of her own school lands; Saskatchewan and Alberta do not.

Senator Davis argued that if these fifteen million acres were sold now, the schools would get about 50 cents an acre per year, presuming the cash to be invested in government funds. If on the other hand they were leased, the return would be \$2 per acre per year, or four times as great a revenue. This suggestion, coming from a Western Senator who has lived through the opening up of the Last Great West, should be seriously considered by the Government. Sir Richard Cartwright would not allow the motion to pass, but he promised to lay the matter before the Minister of the Interior.

**A**NOTHER agitation is in sight. The Winnipeg *Telegram* points out that the West is represented in the Dominion Cabinet by two men in fourteen, whereas on a population and area and importance basis, the West should have a larger proportion. Why should Nova Scotia have as many cabinet representatives as the four western provinces combined?

Western Canada, or "Greater Canada" as the *Telegram* phrases it, received its first recognition in 1888, when Hon. Edgar Dewdney became Minister of the Interior. The real representation came when Hon. T. M. Daly of Brandon succeeded Dewdney, for Mr. Daly was a real westerner. In 1905, British Columbia got its first honour, Hon. E. G. Prior being given a portfolio. Between 1896 and 1902, the West had only one representative—Hon. Clifford Sifton. For the last eight years it has had two, but that is not more than it had in 1895.

Now is the time for the Effete East to show its mettle. Let one

of the five Ontario ministers, or one of the four Quebec ministers, or even one of the Nova Scotia ministers resign and give the portfolio to a westerner. Now, gentlemen, please do not all speak at once.

**SPRING SEASON IN BASEBALL**

**T**HOUGH many, many sports are tainted with professionalism and a number fondly imagine they are really in the professional class, there is only one among the lot that has shaken entirely free from amateur habits and chases the elusive dollar armed with all the modern weapons. That one it is hardly necessary to state is baseball.

Other sports are played at certain seasons; baseball lasts all the year round. To be sure it is only in the summer time that the teams are actually in the field, but fall, winter and spring are devoted to no less essential departments of the game and the public is never permitted to "get its eye off the ball" for a moment from January to December.

This is the spring season. In it the teams hie them to green fields 'neath southern sunny skies to train for battles to come. They do not steal away like thieves in the night nor seek to hide their tallow dips under bushels nor their stars under winter overcoats. On the contrary the manager with a loud voice calls his cohorts around him, making sure that the first to answer his call shall be the newspaper reporters. Once the latter are all in line the battle is on. For the limelight is trained on the men from whom he fondly hopes to pick a pennant-winning team.

Take the Toronto team for an example. When it left Washington for Virginia it is said to have consisted of Manager Kelley, six players and nine Toronto newspaper correspondents. And it was away to a great start. The reporters were there. The other players would come. And as each player arrives in the training camp the fact will be blazoned on the newspapers of a nation. Every incident in his career will be magnified and every movement of the team will be pictured in print in a dozen different ways till that baseball team is no longer a money-making venture on the part of a few sport-loving if businesslike individuals but a part of the daily life of the city.

These reporters travel at the expense of the ball club. They are playing ball—are educating the public to the standpoint where the arrival of the team in Toronto will fit in with processions and civic receptions—to the point where a game between Buffalo and Toronto will be not a simple sporting event, but a battle between two rival cities.

Good business, isn't it? Well thought out and wisely put into execution. And yet some people go to a ball game and come home wondering why an alien game like that is ousting lacrosse from certain parts of the Dominion and establishing some kind of a claim to being the national sport of Canada.

J. K. M.

**PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS IN THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP PLAYERS, WINNERS OF THE EARL GREY DRAMATIC TROPHY**



W. J. Sweetman, as "Mrs. Perribugle's Father."



Mr. Bell-Smith, as "Caleb" Plummer and Miss Parker, as "His Blind Daughter."



Mr. Bell-Smith, as "Caleb Plummer" and Miss Blanche Walter, as "Tilly Slowboy."



Mr. E. S. Williamson, as "Tackleton."



# MEN OF TO-DAY

## THE HIGH CHIEF FROM THE ANTIPODES

OVER in London now there is a fat official man with an eyeglass who occupies the same position regarding Australia as Lord Strathcona does to Canada. Sir George Reid is the new Australian High Commissioner in Great Britain; the voice of united Australia; in build a Taft, in disposition a Taft, in energy—a Taft. The resemblance is curious; though Sir George Reid is not a golfer, and he wears a fat man's collar which would give points to even the Taft size; besides there is that auspicious, incongruous monocle which he may have copied from Mr. Chamberlain—whom he deeply admires—without the orchid.

Sir George Reid is himself an orchid; an exuberant, blooming, big buttonholer; a politician of twenty years' experience; a born wit on the platform—able to convulse his thousands with guffaws of merriment, but never losing sight of the main chance, which is Australia.

Sir George is the son of a Scotch clergyman. His father was one of the open-air thunderers that hammered defenceless Bibles. Hence the Australian's power on the hustings. He has been on the riverless island continent since he was seven years of age; and he has seen all the modern formative politics that continent ever had, from the days of the independent colonies till the Federation of which he is now the real representative head in the Empire. Years ago an eminent Sydney doctor told Sir George he was too fat to live long; saying that he was built for out-of-doors, and that a statesman's sedentary life was enlarging his liver and enfeebling his heart; for Sir George had the habit of dozing in the House right in the midst of a debate—though he always woke up with a bang and made things very lively when he did. Sir George has already outlived the term allotted him by the medical man—who is himself under the sod.

As a superlative booster for United Australia Sir George Reid has no equal. He has been keeping a shrewd eye on Canada the last few years, and he admits that Canada has been advertising herself in Great Britain in a way that might well be copied by Australia. He hopes there will be no unfriendly rivalry. He knows Canada is nearer Liverpool; but he poohpoohs the mere distance. First thing he took objection to when he arrived in London was the size and shape of the Commonwealth offices; saw across the way the Stars and Stripes proudly flapping over a fine Embassy—and he decided that there was no room in that locality for the Southern Cross. So he will move the offices. Sir George Reid bought an overcoat almost as soon as he arrived. He is not used to London fogs; for him the balmy sea breezes of a tropical land whose aggregate trade with the world at large is nearly a thousand million dollars, thank you!

And he has his constructive ideas. Evidently he is bent upon making a Canada of Australia. He says the Commonwealth wants rural classes. He understands that the day has gone by when with profit Australia can herd half 4,400,000, its population, in five big cities, leaving the rest of the land to go man-hungry. He notes three things as highly necessary for his country: closer settlement for future immigration; internal railways; irrigation. With these three things in his mind Sir George Reid should have no trouble keeping himself busy in the High Commissioner's office.

\* \* \*

## MAGRATH FROM MEDICINE HAT

THERE is Magrath of Medicine Hat—and of Ottawa; C. Magrath who is as tall as Glen Campbell, though not so *dour*; the man who is just beginning to find himself nationally—after thirty years roughing and sometimes toughing in the West. Magrath is a sort of Brobdignag. He has a large number of big ideas—many of which are peculiarly original and sound. His speech on the Navy Bill was perfervid eloquence—based upon a large measure of common sense.

But that is not the essential Magrath. Ques-

tion is, first of all—how does the man from Medicine Hat shape up among the alleged seven Conservative cliques that make the matter of leadership a speculation? Personally he is a large order. Big of body, hard as a hammer, dignified, impressive and practically experienced, he is a tussling, constructive force. You never can mistake the man, whatever doubt about his ultimate meaning. He is studying national problems through a wide-angle lens. Magrath has been a long while getting the preliminaries for the convictions he now has. And the convictions are deep down.

But what of his experience? He was born fifty years ago in Ontario, but when a lad moved with his father, an educationist, to Aylmer, P.Q. There he stayed long enough to get the bi-lingual feeling, till at the age of 18 he gravitated out West, which was in the year of the N. P. He went on a Government survey; very shortly becoming Dominion Topographical Surveyor. Year of the Rebellion he joined the Galt Company at Lethbridge—then a few shacks; and for a number of years Mr. Magrath pounded round, horseback and buckboard over the trails till he became manager of the irrigation canal work of the Galt Company, pioneer in a large, wealth-making reclamation work.

It was those years of plains work that gave Magrath some of his convictions about natural resources; especially two—timber and water, in both of which he is a powerful crank with a purpose. Magrath is opposed to the exportation of water-power. He is tooth and nail against giving transportation companies the right to develop any more power than they need for their own undertakings; to sell and transmit power—not a kilowatt! On this ground he stands solid as a cement pier. He has ideas about immigration—which he has not yet ventilated to the full.

In short Magrath is developing himself on a national basis, along solid, practical lines. Right or wrong, or a little of both, he is a strong-headed, sincere man who believes in Canada first and forever; about which of course there is nothing particularly new except the personal equation—which is Magrath.

\* \* \*

## TILTING WITH JUSTICE

NOT many members of the Commons are privileged to quarrel with the Minister of Justice—at least on the same side of the House. Mr. H. H. Miller, of South Grey, town of Hanover, last Monday gave his opinions of Mr. Aylesworth, regarding a letter which the Minister had written him about the anti-gambling bill, regarded by the Minister as private, by Mr. Miller as property for Hansard.

However, the public don't care which it was. The public care very little about the Miller anti-race track betting bill—except to be glad it was strangled by politics. No doubt Mr. Miller has the satisfaction of fighting in a good cause. All winter long he was chairman of a special committee that scoured the country for witnesses, with power to hale even judges of the High Court if need be. Judicially Mr. Miller as chairman of that court—the Anti-Gambling Committee—was for the time being preceded only by the Minister of Justice himself. He has considerable experience in that capacity—being for some years and yet the chairman of the Banking and Commerce Committee. He presided with acumen and dignity; ably lieutenanted by Messrs. Dr. Shearer and Raney, who drafted the Bill.

But it's all over now. Mr. Miller had his day of useful and conscientious authority. The Minister of Justice had his quiet snigger. Mr. Miller thinks less of Mr. Aylesworth's ethics. The Premier is tired of racing. The newspaper men are glad the "Gambling" Committee is out of business. Moral reform seems to have an uphill job at Ottawa. Fortunately Mr. Miller is possessed of a good ethical bump and he is not easily discouraged. The ball that Mr. Aylesworth threw him last fall he will probably bat over the diamond again next session.

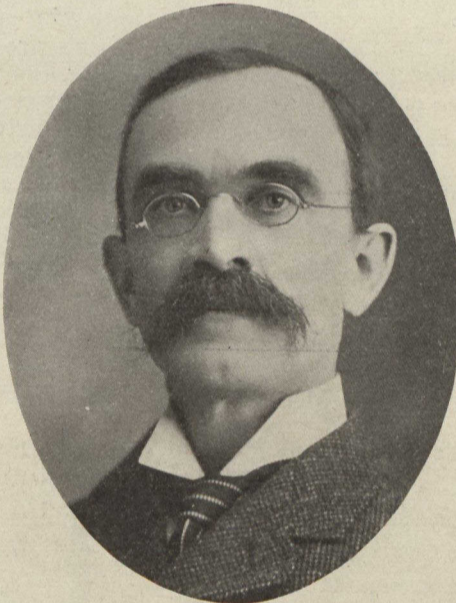
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## A BUSY RAILROADER

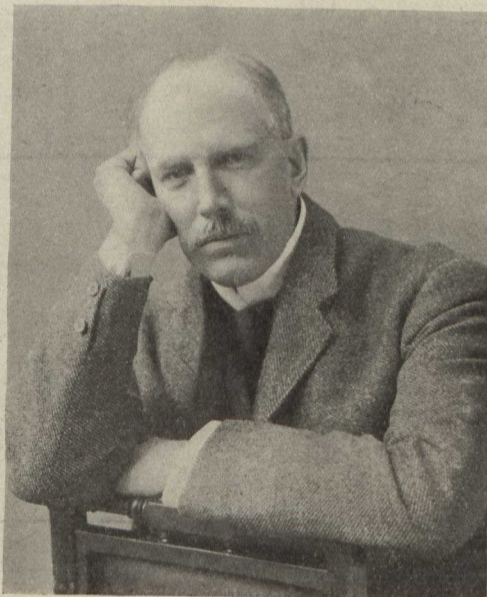
OUT in the west there is no man who bulks larger in the public eye than Mr. William Whyte, second vice-president of the Canadian Pacific Railway. This is partly due to his personality and partly to his powerful position. The other day, Mr. Whyte came back from the United States to tell that 125,000 settlers would move northwards this year.



Sir Geo. Reid, Australian High Commissioner.



Mr. H. H. Miller, M.P.



The Member from Medicine Hat, Mr. C. Magrath; a Man with Opinions.

## ALL THINGS CONSIDERED

By PETER McARTHUR

**Y**IP! Yip! Yip! The sleepy world sits up and takes notice. The sound is located in the African jungles and is rapidly approaching civilisation. Bwana Tumbo is trekking for home. Yip! Yip! Bang! He has reached Khartoum and the Calithumpian progress is on. Yip! Yip! Yip! The Pharaohs turn in their sarcophagi. The Sphinx gets a kink in her neck from looking back over her shoulder to see who is coming. Yip! Yip! Yip! "The British may be able to dam the Nile but they can't dam me." Yip! Yip! Yip! Cairo is reached. Bang! As the sounds of the explosion die away the journey is resumed. Yip! Yip! Yip! "Rome may sit on her Seven Hills but she can't sit on me." Bang! "Peep! Peep! Peep!" the Canadian Orangemen begin to chirp at the humiliation of their ancient enemy. Col. Sam Hughes meditates a cablegram of congratulation but before he can figure out how to translate "Peep! Peep! Peep!" into cipher there is a terrific explosion in the vicinity of the Quirinal. "You will talk, will you? Well, there is no Methodism in my madness. I want it distinctly understood that I can do all the talking that is necessary myself." Bang! Yip! Yip! Yip! The crowned heads of Europe begin to hide under the beds. Yip! Yip! Yip! The New York *Sun* begins to froth at the mouth and all the Beasts in the American Jungle hump up their backs and begin to spit. Yip! Yip! Yip! As we go to press the tumult is approaching crescendo. Everybody is wondering where the next mine will be exploded. Yip! Yip! Yip! Mount Etna has given up erupting in despair. It knows when it is outclassed. Yip! Yip! Yip! Bang! For further details watch the daily papers. It will be worth while keeping track of events as Teddy comes marching Home.

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**O**NCE upon a time there were two neighbours who for the purposes of this fable shall be called John Doe and Richard Roe. They were really brothers but had been estranged so long that the relationship was forgotten. John Doe was wild and woolly and full of fleas and had never been curried below the knees. Richard Roe also felt his oats occasionally.

From the time their history begins these two had much trouble because their families would insist on dealing with one another, swapping snowballs for oranges and hot-tamalies for icicles. In order to stop this proceeding, John Doe and Richard Roe built spite fences and made strange regulations. For instance, John Doe decreed that if Richard Roe's family continued to deal with his he would cut off his nose to spite his face. Richard Roe promptly met this threat by decreeing that if John Doe should cut off his nose to spite his face, he, Richard Roe, would do the same, by Jinks!

Matters continued in this state for some years without any blood-letting but finally John Doe sharpened a big knife and announced to the world that he would cut off his nose to spite his face if Richard Roe and his family dared to make better bargains with any of his other neighbours than they did with him.

After getting a razor edge on his knife he discovered to his horror that Richard Roe was making excellent bargains with another neighbour. Nothing was left for him to do but to cut off his nose to spite his face and when he realised this the bluff oozed right out of him and his lamentations were heard around the world. In his extremity he consulted a meenister and the meenister, douce guid man, saw a way out of the whole deeficulty. As matters stood if John Doe cut off his nose to spite his face Richard Roe would have to do the same, which would be causing grievous bodily harm to both. If, however, (the logic of this is not entirely clear) Richard Roe would kindly consent to cut off a little bit of the end of his nose then John Doe would not need to cut off his nose at all, nor Richard Roe to follow suit, and both noses would be saved except for the little piece cut off the end of Richard Roe's nose. After considering the matter Richard Roe decided that it would be better for him to sacrifice the tip of his nose than to take such action as would compel John Doe to mutilate himself to such an extent that he in his turn would be obliged to cut off his whole nose. He therefore took the meenister's advice and now both are going to live happily ever after.

Moral: Some things that nations do and get away with would look mighty silly if done by individuals.

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**I**T is to be hoped that the lovely row over our Canadian school books continues until the finest educational system in the world has been shaken up from A to Z. Any system that is not chastened by frequent rows is sure to develop a lot of absurdities—and there has been a long season of peace in Ontario. During the meeting at which the trouble developed one man with whose name I have not burdened my memory argued against "the three R's" as something recent that is being given altogether too much attention. Possibly the poor man was trying to be satirical and was merely getting off a joke that was reported as a solemn fact. I know from bitter experience what fearful chances a man takes when he attempts a joke among serious-minded people, but as his remarks were taken seriously by the papers they must be considered seriously. To my mind the value of the so-called "three R's" lies in the fact that they are the key to all other departments of knowledge rather than that they will be useful in themselves. A man can get through life and be a skilled worker in many lines without knowing anything about them. The man who has mastered them, however, can turn in any direction he wishes and if necessary acquire the practical part of his education from some college that teaches by mail. Make sure that the children can read, write and cipher and they can afterwards learn all about physiology, botany and such things. "A child learns to speak because of the necessity he feels" said Coleridge, and until the necessity is felt there is little use trying to teach anything. The necessity for reading comes early because of the child's healthy curiosity and when it is mastered the way is open to every other department of human knowledge, for there are few things worth knowing that are not now set down in books. As for many of the things taught in our schools, I feel much the same about them as did the poor woman who wrote to the teacher:

"I don't want you teach my little girl phiziology. I don't think it nice for little girls to know about their insides. It just makes them proud."

### FARMERS FOR THE READY-MADE C.P.R. FARMS ON THE PRAIRIE



The Empress of Britain Arrives at St. John

As an Experiment in Colonisation the C.P.R. recently brought out a party of Thirty English Farmers whom with their families making two hundred souls, they sent through in a special train to Calgary. Each farm in the irrigation tract contains 80 to 100 acres, a small house and forty acres broken for crops.



The Special Train Departs on its Long Run

# PHILANTHROPY IN LONDON

## Earl Grey opens the New Sanitarium

By ISABEL C. ARMSTRONG

ON Tuesday, April 5th, 1910—a day long to be remembered in the history of London—the London Tuberculosis Sanitarium was thrown open for the reception of patients. Though the stamping out of the white plague had for years received the earnest consideration of not only those who had suffered loss through it, but also a number of serious minded citizens, it was not until the establishment of the Hamilton Sanatorium that definite steps were taken to cope with its ravages in the Forest City and surrounding country. Through Mrs. P. D. Crerar, of Hamilton, who has been called by His Excellency, "The Commander-in-Chief of the Anti-Tuberculosis Forces in Canada," the interest was aroused by her son-in-law and daughter, Hon. Adam and Mrs. Beck, and whatever the Hon. Adam Beck undertakes is bound to be carried out.

A London Health Association was formed—a charitable organisation for the purpose of treating tuberculosis on the most improved and modern principles, with government and municipal aid. The president of the Association is Hon. Adam Beck; vice-president, Mr. J. B. Smallman; secretary-treasurer, Mr. H. E. Gates. There are fifteen other directors. The Association is composed at the present time of fifty-three life members who have contributed over \$8,500 towards the purchase of the farm and erection of the buildings.

The site consists of one hundred and fifteen acres overlooking the village of Byron, commanding a magnificent view of miles of woodland and meadow, hill and valley and silver thread of winding river. On the elevated plateau, high above the Thames, the completed buildings stand to be fanned upon by gentle summer breezes or swept by the robust winds, to be endowed by all times with the health-giving benison of sunshine, breathing-room and fresh air.

### Means of Raising Money.

The opportunity for out-of-doors pursuits for those strong enough physically is one of the features of this Sanitarium. Dr. Bruce Smith, Inspector of Hospitals, etc., for Ontario, considers the site the most desirable of any he has visited in Canada. The Governor-General of Canada in his address at the opening stated that no place he had seen was better equipped to fight consumption than London.

Contracts amounting to about \$15,000 were let for the erection of buildings now completed. The Administration Building, containing offices, examining room, dispensary, laboratory, etc., and accommodation for the staff and servants; also dining-room for the staff, patients and servants; the infirmary for the reception of all new cases and for the care of advanced cases, whose condition does not permit of their taking moderate exercise; the women's public shack, with ten or twelve beds, dressing-room and bathroom; women's private shack with two rooms, dressing-room and bathroom; men's public shack, men's private shack.

The Health Association has offered to treat non-paying patients sent by the city at \$3.50 per week and city patients able to pay at \$10.50 a week, in consideration of the city's grant of \$5,000. The same offer has been made to the county, providing the county makes a grant of \$4,000.

No other project has ever received so much sympathy and support in London, not only from organisations, but from individuals.

Almost every citizen has had some part in the raising of funds. The large

amount subscribed has been made up not only of large donations, but from an incalculable number of miles.

Organisations and individuals were generous with their offers to furnish the Sanitarium build-

ings. The Lord Elgin Chapter of Daughters of the Empire, with Mrs. C. G. T. Campbell as Honorary Regent and Mrs. C. A. Whitwam as Regent, assumed responsibility for the furnishing of the infirmary. The Abigail Becker Club desired to completely furnish the women's public shack as a memorial to the heroine of Long Point. The employees of George White & Son guaranteed the equipment for the men's public shack.

But after this, much still remained to be done and it was here that feminine genius came to the rescue, following the splendid example of Miss Crerar. A mammoth fete for the purpose of raising funds was planned early in the winter by Mrs. Adam Beck. A "Made in London Exhibition" it was decided this should be, to be opened the same day as the Sanitarium. For months "Made in London" was the chief topic of conversation.

Most perfect of spring days was Tuesday, April 5th, balmy as June, the river sparkling in the sunshine, curling in the breeze, trees beginning to bud. A procession of motors, headed by the Vice-Regal party sped merrily along the river road, through picturesque Springbank park, across the bridge and up the hill in front of the white brick administration building where a great gathering awaited their coming.

Accompanying Earl Grey were Countess Grey, paying her first visit to London, Lady Sibyl Grey, Hon. W. J. Hanna, Hon. Adam and Mrs. Beck, Mrs. P. D. Crerar, of Hamilton, Mayor Beattie and the Aides.

After the formalities of opening and addresses by Earl Grey, Hon. Adam Beck, Hon. W. J. Hanna, Mayor Beattie and a charming little impromptu speech from Mrs. Crerar, a tour of inspection was made.

At three o'clock a most patriotic reception awaited the distinguished visitors, who drove in carriages to the Armouries where the Exhibition was held.

### A Fairyland of Dreams.

Twenty-five manufacturer's booths lined the sides; gleaming white pillars wreathed with garlands of flowers and surmounted by great baskets overflowing with blossoms. Between the pillars, floral chains were draped jewelled with electric bulbs that it might give the effect of Fairyland of childhood's dreams.

In one corner was "Spring," a tower of apple blossoms; in another rose-garlanded "Summer" held sway and the season's fancy-work was offered for sale in an arbour of morning glories. Rich-toned autumn and snowy winter, brightened by vivid scarlet and crimson and granny muffs; an "Orange Tree" and the original "Old Women That Lived in a Shoe," not to mention a Log Cabin, a Bijou Theatre and a Concert Hall were among the many attractions.

A beautifully illuminated address of welcome was read and presented to His Excellency by Mrs. Adam Beck, convenor of the Exhibition Committee. After the address the Seventh Regiment Band led the Grand March of the assistants in their quaint costumes. Each booth was patronised by the Vice-Regal party who went away laden with their purchases and leaving behind them bank-notes and an infinite amount of good feeling.

The fifth of April will be memorable, first, from the fact that on that date the ties of love and loyalty binding London, Ontario, to the Empire were materially strengthened by the visit of the King's worthy representative, and secondly, because on that date the Sanitarium was opened, which cannot fail to prove a blessing to the community and, it is hoped, will cut in half the death rate from tuberculosis in the Garden of Canada as similar institutions have done in other places.

The trouble is many people don't think this kind of thing is important till they happen to lose a friend from tuberculosis; then the unselfish efforts of some people on behalf of others seem worth while.



The Opening of the Tuberculosis Sanitarium by His Excellency Earl Grey. In the centre on the platform in front of the Administration Building may be seen Hon. Adam Beck, Earl Grey, Countess Grey and Sir John Carling.



Types of the detached Cottages at the Sanitarium.

# THE STUDY OF LITERATURE

By PROF. G. C. WORKMAN

**T**HINKING that the readers of our national weekly might be interested in knowing what literature should be read by them in order to become active helpers of humanity, I wish to offer them some practical suggestions on the subject.

Most persons have a very vague idea of what literature is. There is a popular notion that it includes everything that is stationed in books, and that only what is stationed in books is literature. But much that is printed is not strictly literature and much that is strictly literature is not printed at all. Sermons and lectures of a lofty and eloquent character are literature, though they may never be printed; and the same may be said of spoken addresses of every kind, so far as they are pure and elevating.

Literature is a mental production of some sort expressed in written, in printed, or in spoken form. As it is a creation of the human mind, there are many varieties of literature such as oratorical, poetical, historical, fictional, dramatic, and scientific. In the most general sense, it includes all known productions of the mind of man in every land and age; in a more restricted sense, it includes all literary productions that belong to some particular land or age; in a still more limited sense, it includes only those writings which pertain to some special subject, or branch of learning.

But, used absolutely, the term denotes what is often called *belles-lettres* or polite learning; that is, literary work which rises above the local and commonplace, and embodies taste, feeling and sentiment. In this sense literature belongs to the sphere of art, and is characterised by grace of style, skill of construction, and dignity of treatment. An essential element of true literature is some relation to that which has an interest for man as man. Its subject-matter is marked by generality of interest and catholicity of thought.

While, therefore, in a broad sense, we may speak of the literature of science, in a strict sense we should speak of literature and science as distinct departments of knowledge; for, in strictness, the term literature is applicable only to that portion of literary productions which excludes the positive

sciences. A proper use of the term excludes all writings of a purely technical and professional character, no less than those which violate the principles of correct taste. The chief aim of a literary work should be interpretation; and no mental production deserves the name of literature in the highest sense that has not a bearing of some sort on conduct or that does not seek in some way to interpret life.

De Quincey has divided literature into two general classes, according to the office it performs or the function it fulfils. There is, first, he says, the literature of knowledge; and secondly, the literature of power. The function of the former is to *teach*; the function of the latter is to *move*. The one he likens to a rudder; the other, to an oar or a sail. Some time ago I came across a phrase which I have taken to describe a third class, namely, the literature of decoration; that is, highly embellished writing, whose function is to *amuse*.

The literature of knowledge deals chiefly with facts, and is addressed to the intellect; the literature of power deals principally with desires, and is addressed to the affections; the literature of decoration deals largely with fancies, and is addressed to the emotions. In a general way, it may be said that the first class appeals to the discursive faculties, the second class to the sensibilities, and the third class to the risibilities.

Each of these classes has its proper place, and serves a useful purpose. The first is needed for information, the second is needed for edification, and the third is required, at least a measure of it, for recreation. To become well-read or well-informed, we must acquaint ourselves with each class to a certain extent, and we shall need to give attention to the first class throughout our whole life, for the literature of knowledge is essential to success in every department and is indispensable to those engaged in technical or professional pursuits.

But, while a general acquaintance with all three classes should be cultivated, we should pay particular attention to the second class, if we would become active helpers of humanity. The literature of knowledge may stimulate ideas and suggest ideals; but, unless we practise our ideas and press towards

our ideals, we have read to little purpose. Does our knowledge not move us to action, it has not fulfilled its lawful function. Mere information, however, is emotionless.

Hence we should make a serious study of the literature of power, that is, literature which communicates feeling and incites to action. We should not be satisfied merely with reading works which contain matter of general and common interest, but should give specific time and study to those writings which deepen sympathy and intensify effort. I mean of course, sympathy with men and movements, and effort for the well-being of society and the uplifting of the race. As a rule, we are not touched with the sorrows and struggles of others because we do not concern ourselves about them.

To this end, I would suggest more reading of poetry, impassioned poetry; and more study of oratory, by which I intend writings whose object is to move us by producing an immediate effect on the mind. We should study works that cause us to see the meaning of life, that force us to feel its importance, and compel us to take an interest in its problems; works that present a correct conception of the things which give dignity and value to it, and make living really worth while. We should read books which foster love of truth, and hope of good, and fear of wrong, and faith in right. For, as Browning represents Paracelsus as saying, in the midst of a brilliant but reckless career:

"Love, hope, fear, faith—these make humanity; These are its sign and note and character."

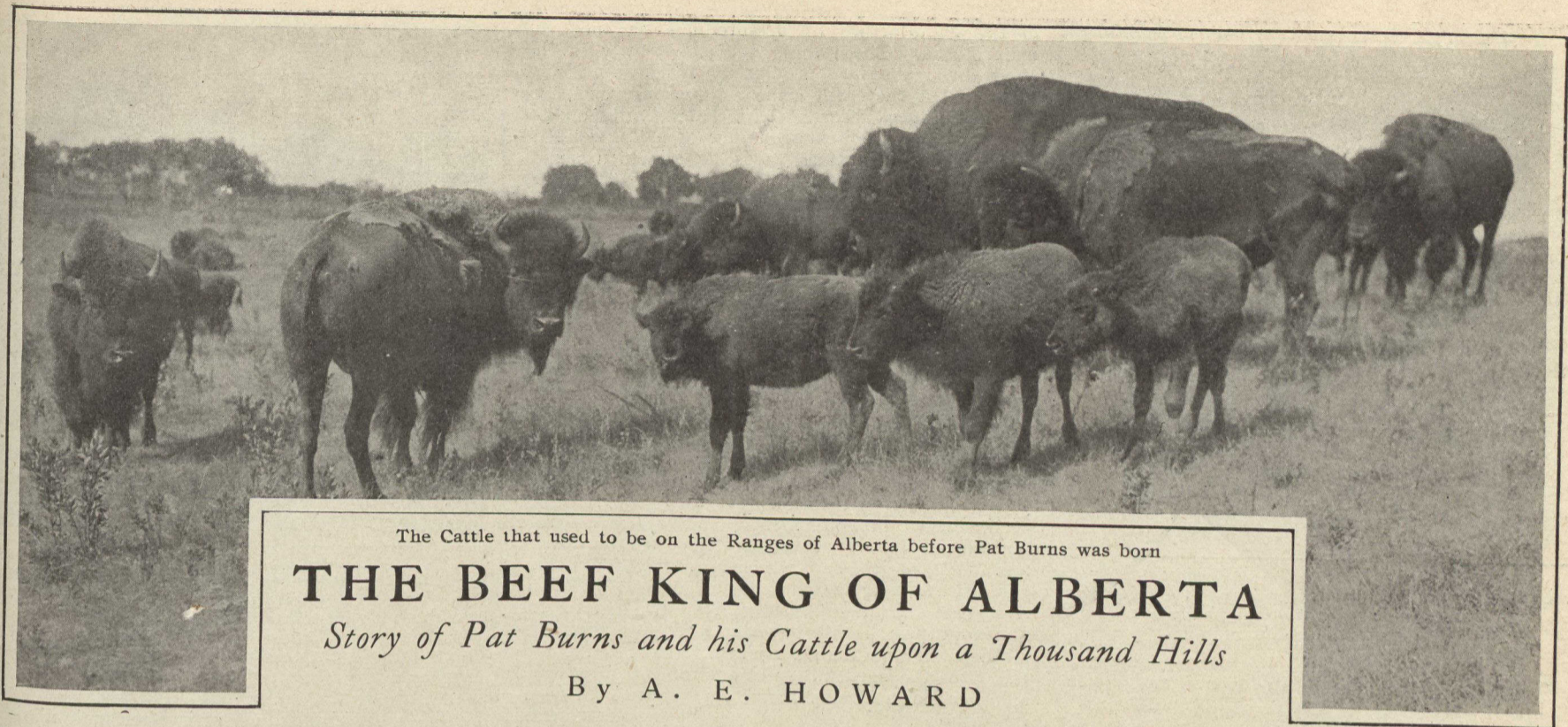
We should remember, however, that literature is not confined to books. An orator who advocates some noble cause is a creator of it, whether his words are printed or not; a statesman who stands for great ideas and speaks for important principles is a creator of it, whether his speeches be published or not; a man of moral conviction who preaches earnestly and thoughtfully week by week is a creator of it, though his discourses may never be locked up in type. The literature of power may be heard, as well as read; and we should hear as well as read it.

The literature of power is not confined to the few, or need not be so confined. It is available to all men now, and no one is debarred from hearing or reading it. It is to be heard in the pulpit and on the platform; it is to be read in the Bible and in good books—books which are within the easy reach of every one. Those only are excluded from these privileges who exclude themselves.

## AN IMPOSING FUNERAL IN A SPECTACULAR TOWN



On March 18th the last eight white victims of the Rogers Pass snowslide were buried with military honors at Revelstoke, B.C.



The Cattle that used to be on the Ranges of Alberta before Pat Burns was born

## THE BEEF KING OF ALBERTA

*Story of Pat Burns and his Cattle upon a Thousand Hills*

By A. E. HOWARD

**T**HERE is a hustling, irradiating genius in Calgary who is admired by thousands on the streets and criticised by hundreds on the ranges; who is perhaps the richest man in Calgary—and if you stroll round the sandstone city on a summer's day you may see the plutocrat of the cattle ranges whizzing round town in a rubber-tired rig, wearing a "cowbite" of a hat and shouting "top o' the morning" to half the people he meets. Or you may see him in either of his two big automobiles showing titled gentry and even nobility the sights of the town—including the big ditch; but always blustering with good humour and Albertaitis—which is an obsession but not a disease.

The autocrat's name is Pat Burns, and Pat Burns is the P. D. Armour of Canada. Almost everybody in Calgary knows him. There are some people in that city who remember when this meat millionaire was a navy on the C.P.R.; when he came into Alberta raw with a pick and shovel and worked for a dollar and a half a day. At the present time Burns is credited with the design of building a million-dollar pork-packing plant in Edmonton, which is in the centre of the hog belt. In this Mr. Burns is making history by following development; for the hog industry is something rather new in the buffalo ranges; and if you should ask any of the cowboys that were, about the bacon hog, you would hear language very unusual. The hog on the prairie is a paradox of progress. The story of Pat Burns' career is a story of remarkable progress following the unparalleled transformation of the cattle-range country into a land of mixed and even intensive farming; and of all cities and towns in the West Calgary in the foothills is the best example of this cyclic change.

Observe the fascinating little cow-town of Calgary in Sunny Southern Alberta now mushrooming up to metropolitan pretensions through the altogether miraculous fertility of a virgin soil which has made the prairie wilds to blossom as a desert rose. Alberta "Red" has to-day the call in all the wheat markets of the world. The Bow River irrigated belt is sprouting grain faster than the local grain elevators can absorb. True the "irrigation" end of it is somewhat undefinable, but there is the ditch and there is the water, and there are the canals on Mars—no, on the blue prints we should say—and anyhow, why should Utah have anything on Alberta. Perish the thought. It is the means to

an end, and what an end. A colonisation project of appalling dimensions and yet in direct line for consummation within the next few years.

Contemplate the wonderful paternal administration of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, which has brought these marvels to pass.

Consider the immensities. First, the discovered possibilities of a vast area of solitude surrounded by solitude. Then the colonisation of a nation of settlers on these barren wastes solely through the instrumentality of one line of steel rails.

It sounds incredible this Lilliputian conquest of the prairie fastnesses, yet it is all but *fait accompli*. And because of it the free range is doomed.

What is free range?

The cattle of Mr. Pat Burns pasturing where the buffalo pastured and following where the sky line leads. That is free range. The term implies all that barbed wire does not. Where the optimistic

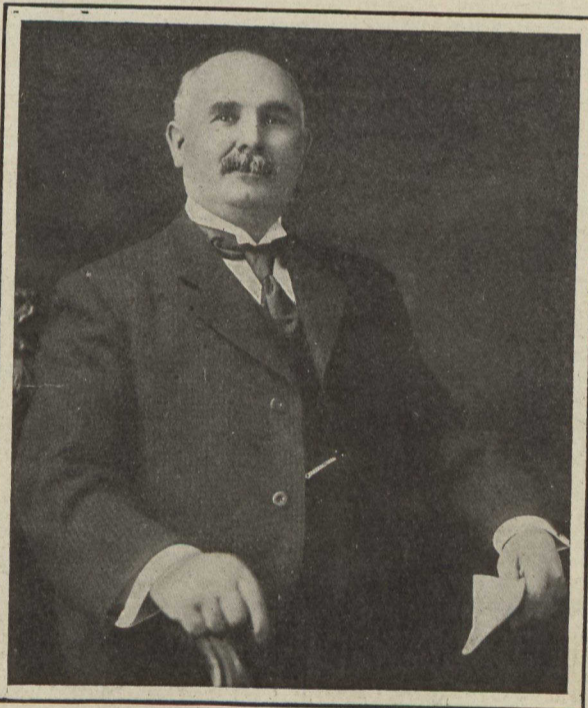
homesteader unravels the sinuous strands of galvanised fencing that wise steers do not investigate, save for a gentle massage, there is no longer free range. The sod is thereby sanctified to the three-colour advertising prints of the Canadian Pacific Irrigation Colonisation Company, Ltd.

And there has been a whole lot of barbed wire fencing marketed in Calgary during the past few years.

To-day the city of Calgary is a thriving little burg of some 30,000 population, entirely due to barbed wire influence. A suggestion of New York with a flavour of Wyoming. Before the advent of barbed wire it was Whiskey Point—a wholly embracing nomenclature which Mayor Jameson has very properly erased from the city archives. Those were the days when if a "Canuck" brand was found in a Montana round-up it was promptly returned to its rightful owners. Rectifiers of social conditions were not so much in demand as rectifiers of spirits. The range was free to all and the immigrant worked for the rightful lords thereof instead of the Winnipeg grain crowd. Now the cow barons are reduced to the necessity of leasing grazing lands in their own defense, while the novelist in search of local colour is hard put to it to find of substitute for the activities of the free range, the round-up and the broncho that never fails to thrill.

Of the former barons of the range Pat Burns is the composite outcome. He has acquired the kind of prosperity that Andrew Carnegie dubs an incubus. Hale and hearty, serene of countenance as of yore, and wholly likeable right clean through, his bank balance never intrudes. The same cheerful rotundity of shaven features which distinguished the former stockman now presides over the destinies of countless retail meat markets and butchers of high degree. A prince of good fellows, beloved by thousands of employees, he has come to be the Lipton of Alberta only he doesn't sell tea and he doesn't sail yachts. Perhaps he got his inspiration from Sir Thomas—minus the goatee. A goatee on Burns is unthinkable.

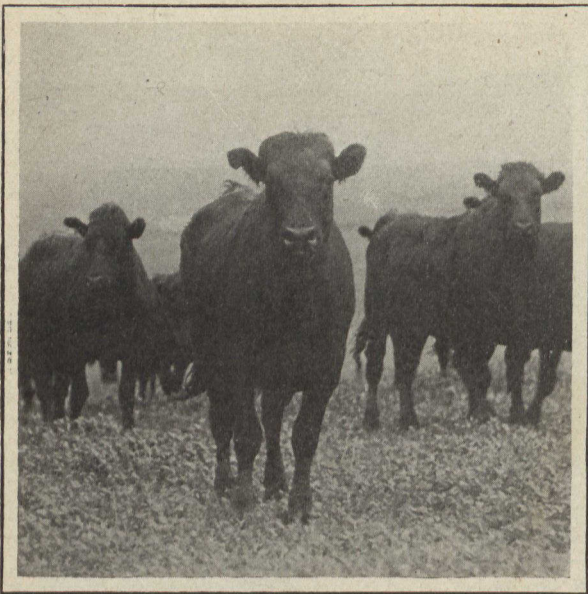
At all events, Pat Burns has his hobby. It comprises holding a majority of stock in almost every legitimate stock enterprise in the province and boosting that enterprise to the limit. Mark that word "majority." Burns does not "syndicate," and the will tell you so. He goes it alone and he knows where he is going before he starts. It is a very great essential in prairie life where the road direc-



"A cheerful rotundity of shaven features."



Calgary as it was in the days of the first Lords of the Ranges; when the foothills Tribes knew nothing about the price of Beef and Barb-wire.



Range Cattle worth all kinds of money to the consumer; and the Rancher wonders why he doesn't get more on the hoof.

tions are: Range 7, Township 24, Section 18 west of the 4th Meridian.

Then again Burns is an indefatigable plodder. Morning, noon and night, he is everlastingly at it. To get out of the rut is a pleasing phrase; too often it results in an upset into the ditch; and Burns takes no chances. He has never got entangled in politics. All his energies are devoted to furthering his own lucrative enterprise and to developing the resources of the province. Far too broad-gauged a man to decry the agricultural possibilities of Alberta, he leaves the exploitation thereof to other hands. There is always a latch string hanging out at the general offices of P. Burns & Co. in Calgary—and the private audiences of Mr. Burns himself are generally pulled off in the middle of the street at any old hour at all, while cranking up the auto for a flying trip. He has grown up institutional with, inseparable from Calgary, and Calgary has grown up around him and his affairs in a very literal sense. The two are indivisible.

Be it said, he loves the town and all that therein is. When they want to receive a governor-general they always assign Burns and his auto to the job. And he does the job thoroughly, even smiling enigmatically at the pleasing reference to the prevailing prices on beef and mutton. But they never start the old man talking. No sir. Once—it was at Edmonton—the situation unavoidable—and Burns started: "Gentlemen and ladies; ladies, I should say gentlemen"—but they never caught him again. In all else he is the suave diplomat of commerce. There was once a proposition started in Calgary to build a Canadian navy. A solemn conclave was held relative to constructing Dreadnoughts for the Dominion and the only name that suggested itself to the assembled throng was that of the urbane, smiling, and non-committal abattoirist of the city of Calgary. They put him down for \$50,000 and moved the closure.

The main abattoir of P. Burns & Co. is located on the outskirts of Calgary adjacent to the stockyards, an institution greatly favoured by the picture postal card fraternity as redolent of local colour. It is well equipped for the transformation of range bred stock into Alberta beef and mutton. The plant has a capacity of around 125 steers per day, with large facilities for eliminating the bleat of the lamb and the squeal of the porker. A marked increase in the importation of pedigree cattle within the past few years has given distinction to the output. Sanitary conditions are as rigidly enforced in this prairie abattoir as in Jungletown today—and have always been so. Carcass inspection is most rigid, yet the condemnation percentage is remarkably light. There seems to be something in the air or the water or the pasturage of Sunny Alberta that is a specific for all bovine ailments.

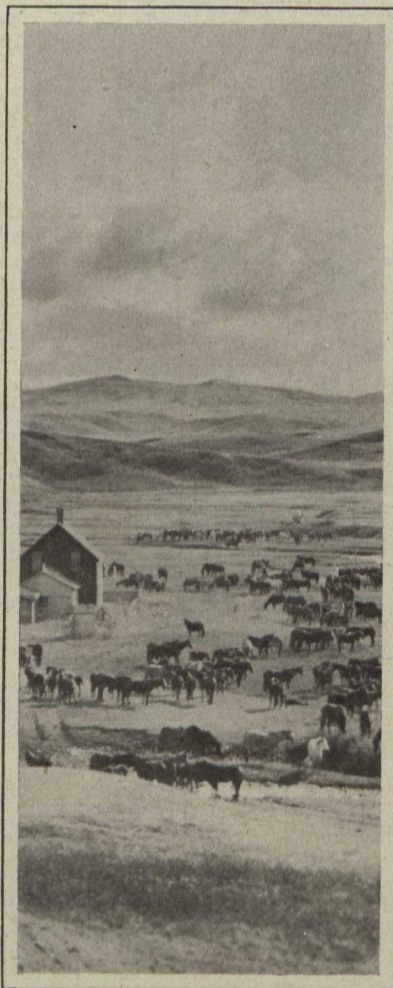
Incidentally it may be mentioned that the growing practice of supplementing the natural fodder during the winter months has proven of direct benefit to the prairie herds. A branch pork packing house is operated at Edmonton and pure leaf lard is not a misnomer in the Province of Alberta. Utilisation of waste and offal

in the manufacture of bye-products has not yet materialised. These things develop slowly in the West by reason of prodigality in raw material offering but they will come as the country settles up. Winnipeg absorbs considerable cattle on the hoof and there is seldom a glut of steers rounded up in the Calgary stock yards, all of which sounds like advertising for Mr. Burns, but it is rather the plain talk of a pioneer who is making good. Someday people will ask who put in the concrete foundations for the meat business of Western Canada and the answer centres in the objective of this biographical sketch. It is the history in epitome of a clean cut fight and a conquest over the elementals rather than of financial strife and labour warfare. It is the abbreviated edition of a story that will interest American citizens.

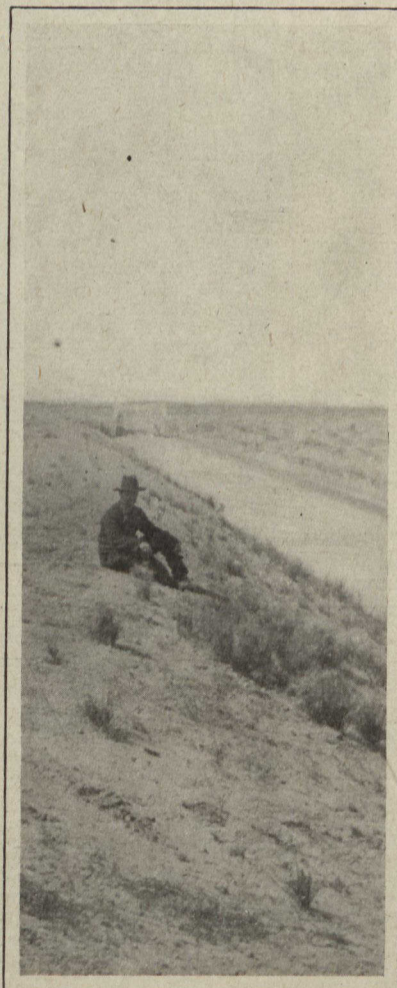
For the eastern country tributary to Olds and Didsbury, some 40 miles north-east of Calgary, P. Burns & Co. are this winter feeding nearly 10,000 head of range cattle. About 20 feeding camps have been established which will individually serve some 500 steers. Hay to the extent of 40,000 tons has been stacked at convenient points under contract with local settlers at the agreed price of \$2 per ton. This prairie hay, which is in fact the natural cured grass indigenous to the soil, has a high nutritive value and the harvesting of the product for the above purpose is all profit to the pioneer homesteaders and smaller ranchers. It enables them to tide over the hardships incident to "first breaking" and provides a small revenue for hundreds of families who would otherwise be in very straitened circumstances. It is the positive orders of Mr. Burns that this money be spent where it will do the most good to the largest numbers. A small incident but typical of the man, his career, and his whole-hearted generosity.

In action, Burns resembles a galvanic battery with all the wires in good working order. No one has ever seen him in repose, not even the oldest inhabitant. The American invaders have trained all their batteries on him but he is too firmly entrenched in the matter of raw material besides an autocracy in retaildom extending all over the Canadian Northwest from Calgary to Vancouver. A living rejoinder to the fanatics who deplore the decadence of Canada and the Canadians.

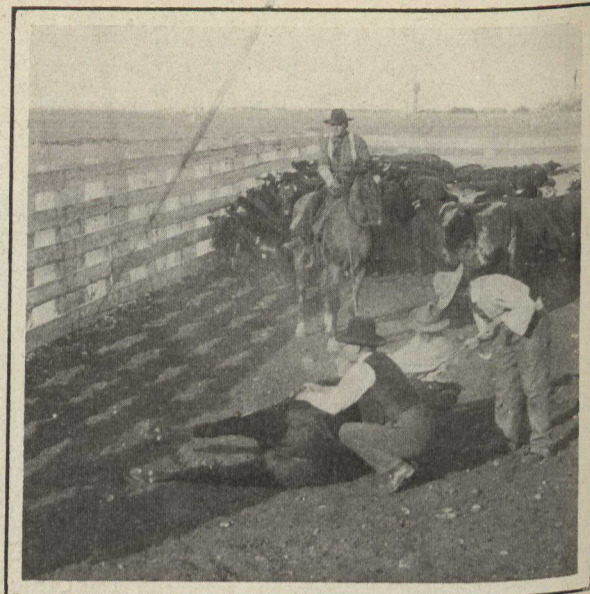
And there is a reason for all Burns does, a clean business both on the hoof and in his retail stores. He does not find it necessary to harass the farmer any more than to swindle his retail patrons. There is no jockeying at the corrals in the prairie country because there are no corrals. The cattle are bought on the open range at a fair market and the consumer gets the ultimate benefit. Such men as Mr. Burns are especially needed in a country where natural resources such as coal can be found



The great foot-hills which neither plough nor railway can ever spoil.



The big ditch on the dry belt where millions of Buffalo used to graze.



Though the ranges are being strung with barb-wire, the cattle-men still keep up the ancient custom of branding cattle.

outcropping from the pastoral soil and natural gas can be had for the trouble of boring a few hundred feet.

The meat king anywhere is often male-dictioned as a Czar who keeps prices on the hoof to a minimum, while he boosts prices on the platter to the top notch. He gets the criticism both ways: from the producer and the consumer, neither of which cares a hang for the other. But Pat Burns is a great developer—all the same.

## Maritime Progress

WHILE the great cry of the Far West is still echoing throughout Canada, the Near East—especially New Brunswick—is forging ahead. Mr. W. S. Fisher, of Messrs. Emerson & Fisher, St. John, N.B., while passing through on a business trip to the West, left in his wake a report of modern "hustle."

"Booming!" smiled the astute business man, "that is but a mild term. Why, at a recent conference of notable newspaper men and the Board of Trade, the topic of New Brunswick's natural resources were discussed 'in seratim' and their expansion took preference even to politics, and that's going some."

The Grand Trunk Pacific, with an eye to its financial development, has purchased 20 acres of land on Courtney Bay where a colossal scheme of wharfage and docks is now in hand.

The Imperial Dry Dock Company have eagerly applied for a renewal of their charter and privileges, with a programme affecting extensive alterations and extensions.

"This," smiled Mr. Fisher, "is perhaps one of the outcomes of Sir Robert Perks' recent visit."

Interest is at its height in financial circles, for a company has suddenly sprung into being which has astonished many business magnates.

Under the name of "The Atlantic Sugar Refining Company," a charter has been obtained, and already over two million dollars in stocks have been subscribed. There is still corn in Egypt, for nearly all the capital is Canadian. When this company has completed its present task, New Brunswick will have, without doubt, the finest and most up-to-date refinery in Canada, of which Mr. F. C. Durand of Philadelphia is the moving spirit.

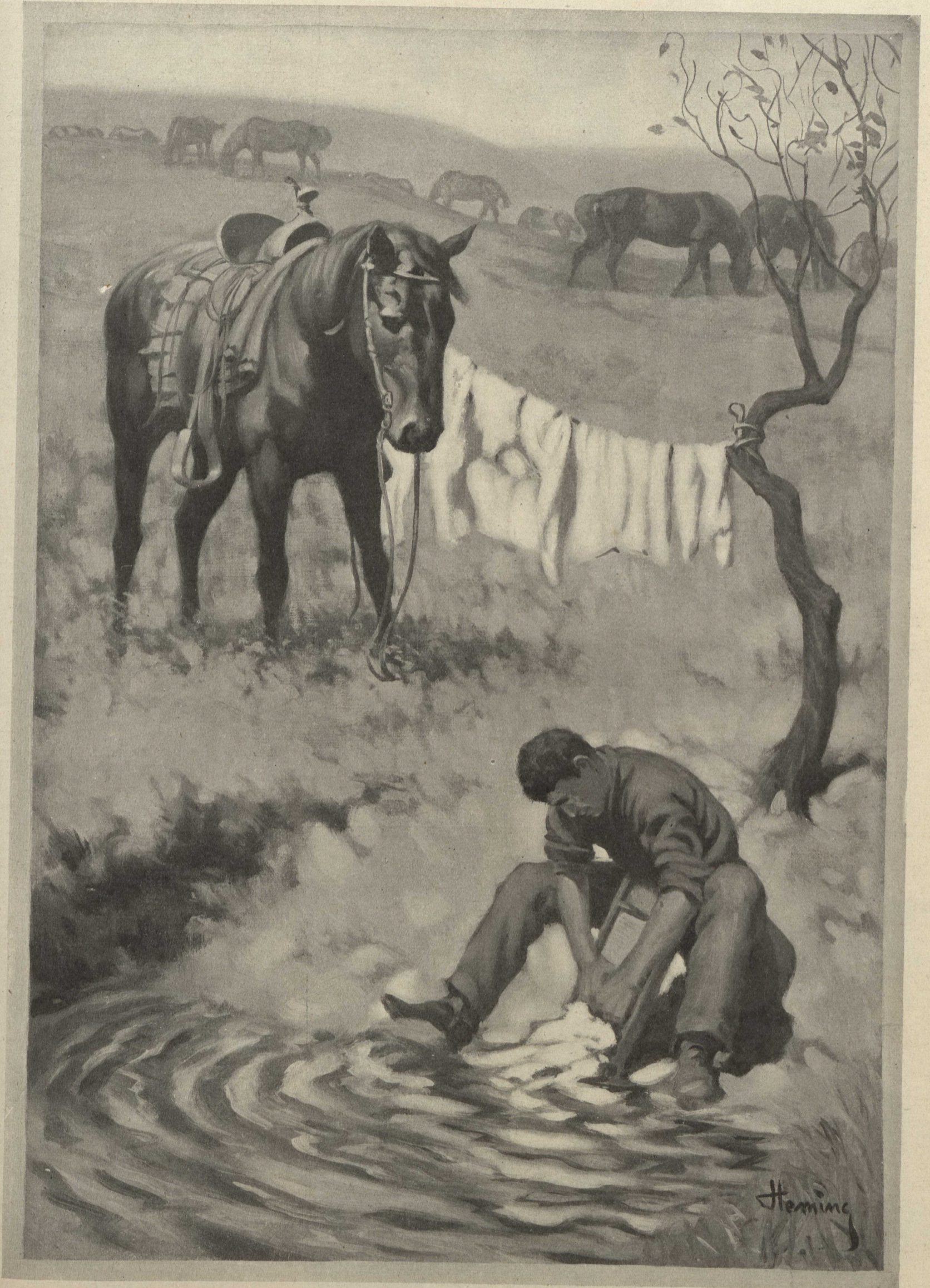
The Atlantic Sugar Refining Company will own their own docks on the harbour front, where with the very latest contrivances, sugar will be automatically unloaded from vessels into warehouses and by rail from the warehouses direct to its destination. In fact, every device and facility for economising labour, delay and expense has been brought to bear upon the enterprise.

The Government, of course cannot be behind when private enterprise is so marked, so is building new wharves and making such improvements, that, its action alone has given an impetus to all progressive enterprises.

New Brunswick is in a very fair way, thank you, to hold all she has and to get her share of what's coming.

# THE TRAILSMAN AUTOCRAT

*The Cowboy may be Sidetracked by Barb Wire, but the Rancher Survives*



WASH DAY ON THE CATTLE RANGES IN SOUTHERN ALBERTA

Second of a Series of Canadian Feature Drawings by our Special Artist, Mr. Arthur Heming.

# WHEN THE HILLS CALL

*Two Real Ways of Getting Next to Nature*

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

**T**HE out-of-doors is said to be calling. Once in a while there comes a sort of silence in the clack of the city street when the downtown man hears the still small voice of the countryside and feels the tug of the open road. And he decides for an afternoon—to chuck the routine.

All mankind are divided into two classes according to the way they respond to the call of the open. And the contrast between the votaries of each class is so marked as to be startling. Yet somehow the lines cross in the same man and you don't know whether to put him in class A or class B; which element of pure dual cussedness has been remarked upon by poets and philosophers mostly ever since the world began.

On the same seductive day last week two city men went to the open. Down town these men were quite similar; did much the same things for a living; mutually interested in this, that and the other; no particular difference visible to the naked eye.

But the way Wragge and Tagge went to the world where the frogs call and the song-sparrows twitter made them for the time being as different as Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde—not saying which was which.

Wragge went to the river—on foot and alone. For him the end of the street-car line—glad of that! But yearning for the beyond, away from the clacky discords of hoofs and gongs and grinding trolleys into the suburban zone where the click of a distant hoof poetically jibed with the dreamy tones of children at play; and on through that, past the last inch of cement, down a hillside, into a glimmering ravine where the voices of the children gathering hepaticas and the trailing arbutus blended with the faint sough of the wind through the shimmering budlets. And Wragge reckoned this was "bully!" Before he took time to remember—oh well, the rest of Wragge's perambulations are summed up in a half-day of *sotto voce* rapture. He heard the frogs that he couldn't see and the song sparrows in the brush heaps; the trickling, tinkling monotone of the little waterfall—from whose eddy on the stones he lay upon his fancy vest and gurgled a clean, bacterialess drink, wiping his mustache and thanking God. He wandered on; filling half his buttonholes with flowers as fresh as dew; climbing over logs and tangling himself among limbs from which he chewed the fresh bitter-buds, saying to himself that it was far better than patent bitters from a bottle.

He went up the hills with an inflated chest and took the wind at the top in muscularised gulps that made him wonder how the dickens he had ever all winter crimped down over a desk. He said to himself that before he got back to the grimy, microby, dust-and-soot-choked city and his stuffy lodging-

room—not house-cleaned as yet—he would get all the grey out of his lungs and go on breathing ozone the rest of his natural life. In a hundred ways Wragge talked to himself in the language of the buds and the birds and the breezes; and before he had it half said he was miles from town in the midst of the spring-heaving land where ploughmen snipped over the cold brown earth and disc-harrows jiggled among the raspberry bushes and three-horse cultivators went toiling and crawling over the field ploughed last fall.

And Wragge said it was all very good; as fine as it had been in the days of his barefoot boyhood; and he didn't care a continental for mere progress and all its new-fangled utilities. Things were far better as God made them; the unchanging, perennial charm of the countryside. "Yes," he repeated to himself after the manner of Cowper, "God made the country and man made the town."

And so Wragge enjoyed himself—till the shadows of evening fell and at the call of a fine, healthy hunger he tramped back to a fifty-cent meal at his usual restaurant.

## Nature at a Mile a Minute.

Tagge had a far different experience. He went to the open in a motor-car. The car was as modern as an airship; a big, rakish, clean-cut air-splitting machine whose makers for ten years have been experimenting in car-perfectibility; and she was quite the last word in car-comfort, elegance, speed-godderly and seeing things by wholesale.

This car was made for the open road. She had the hunger of a horse for the track, and six times the capacity of the horse for chucking miles over her hood. Tagge had never ridden in a car like this and he wished he had brought Wragge along to give him a sensation. The driver promised him sixty miles an hour. Tagge demurred about speed laws.

"Fudge! Speed laws are all right. But look here—what's the use of building a car capable of sixty miles an hour if it's to be limited to fifteen miles an hour? If the Government are going to regulate the automobile in a real Blue-Law style, why don't they penalise the manufacturer? I've paid a few thousand dollars for a car capable of sixty. Why should the law defraud me of what I've paid for—so long as I don't harm anybody, run over hens or scare horses? You'll see. We'll get through a circuit on schedule time and never harm a hair of anything."

Tagge protested that country roads were not steel rails and he predicted bumps. "Pshaw! This car has got the very latest shock-absorbers. You'll never feel it."

Six men in the car; out past the traffic lines, through the suburbs—they got to the open road;

to the country that God made; out among the buds and the birds and the flowers; the same that Wragge was seeing in the bosky dell and on the breeze-blown hillside.

Half the afternoon the big car purred along in a kittenish way, drooning the low sweet song of the clear road; high gear now in the open, but moderate speed—except that the engineer in a passing train waved his arm, because he saw the real modern locomotive free to pick and choose her road among all the roads, and able to give his bally old train a run for her money.

Mile after mile the bird-lands and the bud-lands, the plough-men and the flower-pickers and the children homing from school glided past the automobile. The dust rose in long, fat white sweeps behind; the passengers puffed at cigars that burned in the head wind without effort; the hills rolled and swung in superb sweeping undulations—and the man behind began to want to know about that mile a minute.

"Oh, look at the flowers for a while," smiled the driver serenely. "The wind's too much fair head yet for more than fifty—and we haven't got to the real good road."

So they ambled along in a leisurely way at thirty miles an hour; noting with great interest the subtle touches of spring upon the land; passing casual remarks upon the rural architecture; hailing the children and joshing the farmers and altogether behaving in a very subdued manner very becoming at a mere thirty miles an hour, with stop-downs for horses.

But even the horses have become used to the automobile. Nothing broke the pleasant monotony—till the new motor road was reached; grey and smooth and level; and then the driver "threw her over." Hats went off; down to the floor of the tonneau. Hair began to crack in the wind. The wind hammered up hard in clods over the hood. Water warm from the cooling-tanks came with it. The telegraph poles began to swing by in a drunken revel as the long, brown fields reeled and rolled and went to the rear; and the fat white banner of real road dust rose and flew and floated for half a mile behind the car.

The picture of those joy-riders on the open road has not yet been taken. Tagge got enough of a mile a minute after the first mile. When he got back to town the first need was a shampoo. Half the night the open road was whizzing under him in a dream. He still thinks that car is a triumph of modern perfectibility and achievement. But next time he goes to the rural parts—he will go strolling.

## The Eel-Grass Industry

By GUY C. PELTON

**T**HE fisherman gives vent to an oath when he hauls up his nets or his lines and finds them heavy with eel-grass. The sailor curses the rotten stuff when he finds his anchor rope covered with it, and the lobsterman views with disgust his crates covered with this slippery grass.

But not everyone curses eel-grass. True, the oarsman wishes such a grass never existed and the sport with the gasoline launch doesn't enjoy having it caught in his propellor, but there is a man who loves and lives from this eel-grass and that is "the Eel-Grass Man."

He is a Nova Scotian and generally has his centre of business in a town which has steamship connection with Boston. He has agents in all the salt water villages of the province.

These men gather the green and slippery eel-grass generally in nets and by hand. They haul it ashore in dories and then to the fields in dump cart loads.

It is spread upon the grass and given a sun bath series, very much the same as the sunning of hay. It is sunned on one side and then turned and then vice versa.

Then after a few days of such baths it becomes crispy and dry and is gathered together and arranged in bundles—long, oblong bundles, about a yard long and two feet high.

This is all there is to the manufacturing of this product and then it is shipped to Boston.

It brings big money, all the way from two to five dollars a bale, and the men who ship it find it a very profitable business.

It is used by our Boston manufacturing friends for the packing of dishes, glassware and breakable stuffs and the Nova Scotian dealers have a sure and perpetual market for as much as they can produce.

There are men in Nova Scotia who only work four or five months in the year and who clear from one to four thousand dollars annually in the eel-grass industry.

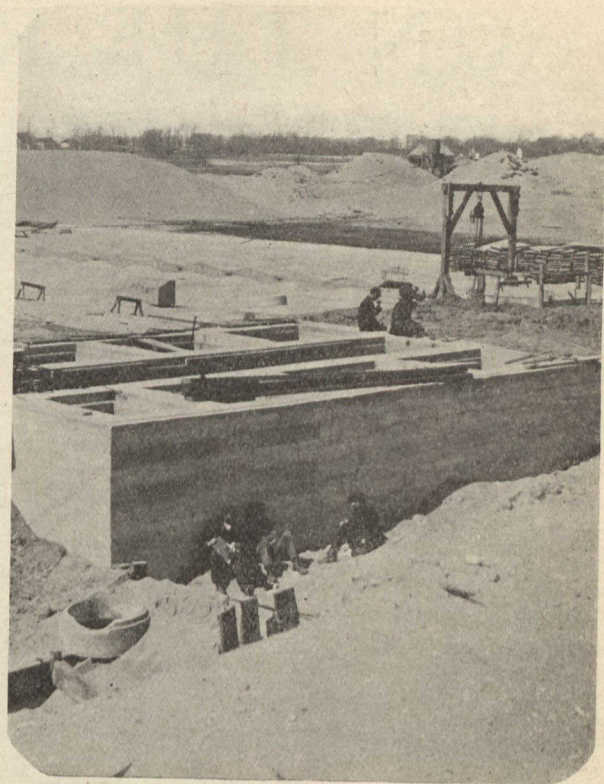


These are not the work of either Mound-Builders or Muskrats, but heaps of Nova Scotia Eel-Grass.





There are more than seven acres of Filtration Beds in the New Purification Plant now being built for less than a million dollars at Centre Island, Toronto.



One of the Governing Houses that regulate the flow of water into the Filtration Bed.

# THE COST OF PURE WATER

*Toronto will have Eight Acres of Filtration Beds Filled by Electricity*

**L**AKE ONTARIO is said by some to be the purest body of fresh water in America. The great purifier is alleged to be Niagara, which by the natural process of oxygenation removes the germs that accumulate from the sewage of towns and cities above the Falls. Toronto, on Lake Ontario, has a problem of bad water. For several months now citizens have been advised by the Medical Health officer to boil the water. After a winter of this the waterworks authorities tried the experiment of bichloriding the intake—in order to kill the germs.

The intake, which a few years ago was far enough out in the lake to supply practically pure water to Toronto is now inadequate. With an east wind driving contrary to the current of the lake the impurities back up into the intake. In fact, Toronto with its almost unrivalled facilities for getting good water has been getting some of her water from the part of the lake infected by the sewage of Toronto, just as for many years Toronto Bay has been a sink for the sewerage of the city and the siltage of the Don River.

The problem now is how to provide pure water without extending the intake further into the lake.

The authorities have fallen back on the old system of filtration, pictures of whose construction are shown on this page. This is a problem in which all towns and cities in Canada are interested. There are some cities in the West which have natural pure water. Calgary is one of them. Edmonton is less fortunate—though not in a really bad way. Winnipeg has the contract of getting water from artesian wells and, failing those, from two very dirty rivers. Montreal, situated on one of the greatest rivers in the world, has had a recent epidemic of typhoid on account of bad water.

That Toronto has a unique position in regard to her water source, has already been pointed out by leading authorities, who have explained the great difference between a fresh-water lake and an inland sea of fresh water.

Should there be surface currents drifting towards and reaching the extended intake and if the surface water should sink into the cooler depths of the lake, there is safety in the fact that the life of injurious bacteria in open water is estimated at about four days.

Great factors of public safety which should relieve all possible apprehension are caused through the pure condition of the water reaching the lake from the gaps, and the time required for currents to carry it to the extended intake.

There are other advantages, such as a larger percentage of injurious matter which can be removed by the bay, than can possibly be from the septic tank. While the working out of such a stupendous undertaking is under contemplation, the present system will relieve all ratepayers of unnecessary worry.

Toronto experts have drawn up plans for a filtration plant which will provide the city with an abundant supply of clear pure water.

The filtration beds on Centre Island cover eight acres and are composed of concrete walls and floors with a capacity of 5,000,000 gallons an acre. Each bed, which is separately divided, occupies about 8-10 of an acre and has a gravel bottom with a sand filtration of from 35 inches to 40 inches in depth.

A six-inch steel intake pipe will discharge the water into the pumping station, from where it will be automatically raised into the filters.

From clear water basin and filtration plant the connection is through a six-foot steel pipe leading to the shaft where it passes through a tunnel to the main pumping station across the bay. The pumping and sand washing is done entirely by electricity. All beds are covered in and lighted by electricity. The entire constructions, consisting of buildings, pillars, walls, roofs, and floors are of concrete, as also are the pumping stations, laboratories and regulation houses.

When completed, Toronto will own one of the finest and most up-to-date waterworks in America. The contract calls for completion by Jan. 1st, 1911.

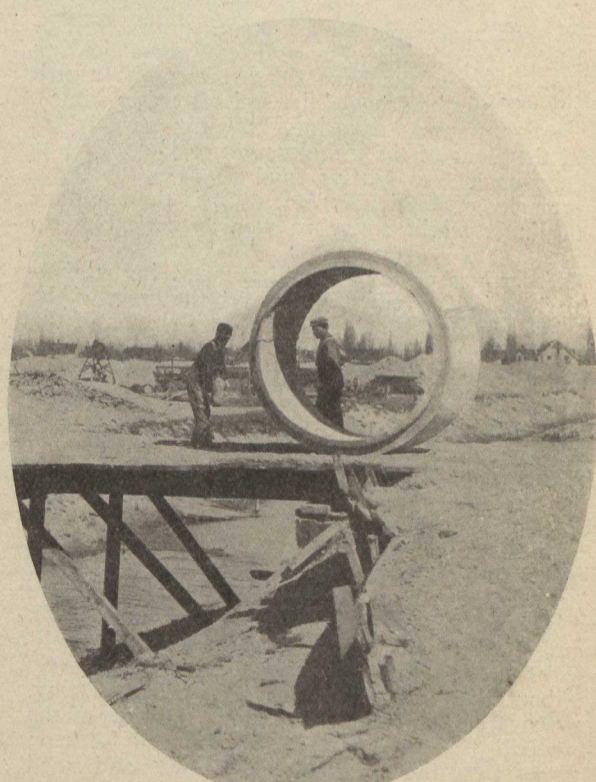
The construction is being put forward with all speed and any later improvements which may be suggested by the engineers will be adopted. The closing in of the filtration beds and the work of washing by electricity are hygienic improvements which have long since been adopted in Buenos Ayres, Argentina, which up-to-date city possesses one of the finest waterworks and filtration plants in the world.

The total cost of the scheme is between \$650,000 and \$750,000. The filtration capacity is at present forty million gallons in a day of twenty-four hours, which is five million gallons more than the daily consumption of Toronto. As the consumption increases the beds will be extended. Provision has already been made for sixteen acres of filtration areas. By the time these are occupied it will be safe guessing that Toronto will have a population of more than half a million.

The filtered-water reservoir will be 350 feet square and will hold six hours' supply of water, thus regulating any inequalities in the demand, such as may be caused by a dry spell—though sprinkling lawns with filtered water, is a wasteful process, for microbes are good fertilisers.



Making the Wooden Moulds that shape the Cement Floor for the Filtration Beds.



Getting one of the big six-foot cement pipes in position for the Intake from Lake Ontario.

# ON THE ROOF OF THE WORLD

The Second of Twelve Delightful and Original Animal Stories

By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

IT seemed to be the very roof of the world, all naked to the outer cold, this flat vast of solitude, dimly outspread beneath the arctic night. A line of little hills, mere knobs and hummocks, insignificant under the bitter starlight, served to emphasize the immeasurable and shelterless flatness of the surrounding expanse. Somewhere beneath the unfeatured levels the sea ended and the land began; but over all lay the monotony of ridged ice and icy, wind scoured snow. The wind, which for weeks without pause had torn screaming across the nakedness, had now dropped into calm, and with the calm there seemed to come in the unspeakable cold of space.

Suddenly a sharp noise, beginning in the dimness far to the left of the Little Hills, ran snapping past them and died off abruptly in the distance to the right. It was the ice, thickened under that terrific cold, breaking in order to readjust itself to the new pressure. There was a moment of strange muttering and grinding, then, again, the stillness.

Yet, even here on the roof of the world, which seemed as if all the winds of eternity had swept it bare, there was life that clutched and clung savagely. Away to the right of the Little Hills something moved, prowling slowly among the long ridges of ice. It was a gaunt, white, slouching, startling shape, some seven or eight feet in length, and nearly four in height, with heavy shoulders, and a narrow, flat browed head that hung low and swayed menacingly from side to side as it went.

Had the light been anything more than the wide glimmer of stars, it would have shown that this lonely, prowling shape of white had a black tipped muzzle, black edges to the long slit of its jaws, and little cruel eyes with lids outlined in black. From time to time the prowler raised his head, sniffed with dilating nostrils, and questioned with strained ears the deadly silence. It was a polar bear, an old male, too restless and morose to content himself with sleeping away the terrible polar winter in a snow blanket-ed hole.

FROM somewhere far off to seaward came across the stillness a light sound, the breaking of thin ice, the tinkle of splashes frozen as they fell. The great white bear understood that sound. He had been waiting for it. The seals were breaking their way up into their airholes to breathe—those curious holes which form here and there in the ice fields over moving water, as if Ocean itself had need of keeping in touch with upper air for its immeasurable breathing. At a great pace, but noiselessly as a drifting wraith of snow, the bear went toward the sound. Then suddenly he dropped flat and seemed to vanish. In reality, he was crawling, crawling steadily toward the place of the airholes; but so smoothly was his movement, so furtive, and so fitted to every irregularity of the icy surface, that if the eye once lost him it might strive in vain to pick him up again.

Nearer, nearer he crept, till at last, lying motionless with his lean muzzle just over the crust of the ice ridge, he could make out the dark shapes of the seals, vague as shadows, emerging for a few moments to sprawl upon the edge of the ice. Every few seconds one would slip into the water again, while another would awkwardly scramble forth. In that phenomenal cold it was necessary for them to take heed to the airholes, lest these should get sealed up and leave them to drown helplessly under the leagues of solid ice field. These breathing spells in the upper air, out here on the world's roof, these were the moments of greatest peril to the seals. Close to the edge of the hole they sprawled, and always one or another kept anxious watch, scanning with mild, bright eyes the menacing solitude, wherein they seemed the only things alive.

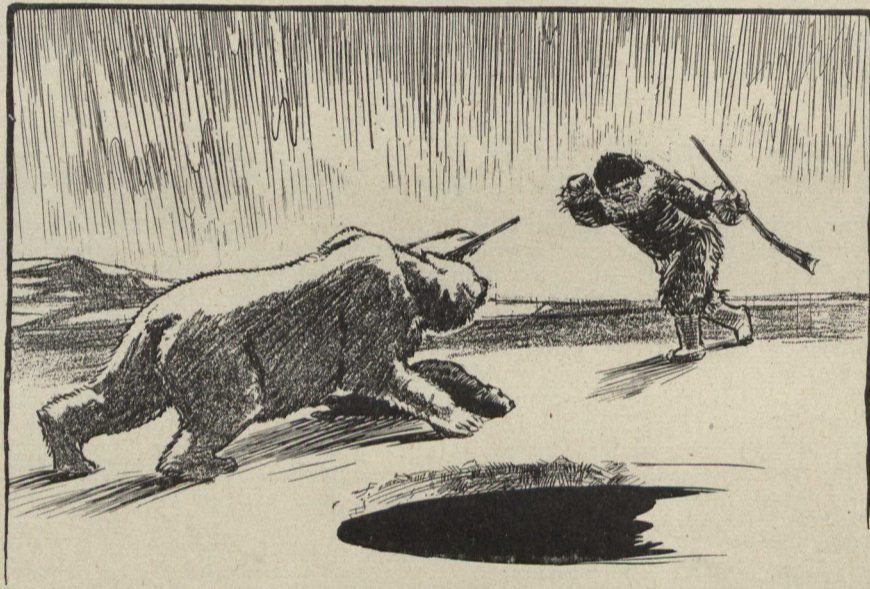
About this time, from one of a group of tiny, snow covered mounds huddled along the base of the Little Hills, emerged a man. He crawled forth on all fours from the tunnel of his doorway and stood up and peered about him. His squat figure was clothed and hooded in furs. His little twinkling eyes, after clearing themselves from the smoke and smart of the trick air within, the igloo could see

farther through the gloom than even the eyes of the bear. He noted the fall of the wind, the savage intensity of the cold, and his eyes brightened with hope. He had no fear of the cold; but he feared the hunger that was threatening the lonely village. During the long rage of the wind the supply of food in his igloo had run low. He welcomed a cold that would close up most of the seals' breathing holes and force more numerous visitors to the few holes they could keep open.

For some moments he stood motionless, peering and listening as the bear had done. Suddenly he too caught that far off, light crashing of brittle ice. On the instant he turned and crawled hastily back into the hut.

A moment later he reappeared, carrying two weapons, besides the long knife stuck in his girdle. One of these weapons was an old Hudson's Bay Company's musket. The other was a spear of spliced bone, with a steel head securely lashed to it. Powder and ball for the musket were much too precious to be expended, except in some emergency wherein the spear might fail. Without waiting for a repetition of the sounds, he started off at once unerringly in the direction they had come. He knew that airhole; he could find it in the delusive gloom without the aid of landmark.

For some way he went erect and in haste, though



"Without an instant's hesitation, the man hurled his spear."

as soundlessly as the bear. Then, throwing himself flat, he followed exactly the bear's tactics; till at last, peering cautiously over a jagged ice ridge, he too could make out the quarry, watchfully coming and going about the brink of the airhole.

From this point onward the man's movements were so slow as to be almost imperceptible. But for his thick covering of furs, his skin tough as leather and reeking with oil, he would have been frozen in the midst of his journey, but the still excitement of the hunt was pumping the blood hotly through his veins. He was now within gunshot; but in that dim light his shooting would be uncertain. He preferred to worm his way nearer and then trust to his more accustomed weapon, the spear, which he could drive halfway through the tough bulk of a walrus.

At last there remained between him and the seals but one low ridge, and then a space of level floe. This was the critical point. If he could writhe his body over the crest and down the other side, he would be within safe spearshot. He could spring to his feet and throw before the nimblest seal could gain the water. He lay absolutely still, summoning wits, nerves, and muscles alike, to serve his will with their best. His eyes burned deep in his head, like smoldering coals.

JUST at this moment a ghostly light waved broadly across the solitude. It paled, withdrew, wavered back and forth as shaken from a curtain in the heavens, then steadied ephemerally into an arch of glowing silver, which threw the light of a dozen moons. There were three seals out upon the ice at that moment, and they all lifted their eyes simultaneously to greet the illumination. The man irresistibly looked up; but in the same instant, remembering the hunger in the igloo, he covered back out of sight, trembling lest some of the seals might

have caught glimpse of his head above the ridge. Some dozen rods away, at the other side of the airhole, the great white bear also raised his eyes toward that mysterious light, troubled at heart, because he knew it was going to hamper his hunting.

For perhaps two minutes the seals were motionless, profiting by the sudden brightness to scrutinize the expanse of ice and snow in every direction. Then, quite satisfied that no danger was near, they resumed their sportive plungings, while the instantly frozen waters crackled crisply about them. For all their vigilance, they had failed to detect, on the one side a narrow, black tipped muzzle, lying flat in a cleft of the ice ridge, or, on the other side, a bunch of greyish fur, nearly the colour of the greyish mottled ice, which covered the head of the man from the igloo beside the Little Hills.

And now, while neither the man nor the bear, each utterly unconscious of the other, dared to stir, in a flash the still silver radiance of the aurora broke up and flamed into a riot of dancing colour. Parallel rays, like the pipes of a titanic organ, reaching almost from the horizon to the zenith, hurtled madly from side to side, now elongating, now shortening abruptly, now seeming to clash against one another; but always in an ordered madness of right lines. Unearthly green, palpitating into rose, and thinnest sapphire, and flame colour, and ineffably

tender violet, the dance of these cohorts of the magnetic rays went on across the stupendous arc of sky, till the man, afraid of freezing in his unnatural stillness, shrank back down the ridge, and began twisting his body, noiselessly but violently, to set his blood in motion, and the bear, trusting to the confusion of shifting lights, slipped himself over the ridge and into a convenient crevice. Under the full but bewildering glare of that celestial illumination, he had gained a good ten feet upon his human rival.

The man's eyes reappeared just then at the crest of his ridge. Their piercing glance lingered, as if with suspicion, upon the crevice wherein the bear had flattened himself. Was there something unduly solid in that blue shadow in the crevice? No, a trick of the witch lights, surely! The piercing eyes returned to their eager watching of the seals.

Precious as was his ammunition, and indifferent as was his shooting with the old, big bore Hudson's Bay musket, the man was beginning to think he would have to stake his chances on the gun. But, suddenly, as if at a hand-sweep of the Infinite, the great lights vanished.

FOR a few seconds, by the violence of the contrast, it seemed as if thick darkness had fallen on the world.

In those few seconds, noiseless and swift as a panther, the man had run over the ridge to within a dozen paces of the seals and paused with spear unlifted, waiting till his eyes should once more be able to see in the starlight glimmer. As he stood thus waiting, every sense, nerve, and muscle on the last strain of expectancy and readiness, he heard, or seemed to feel as much as to hear, the rush of some great bulk through the gloom. Then came a scramble, a heavy splash, a second splash, a terrible scuffling noise, and a hoarse, barking scream. The man remembered that before the light went out there had been three seals on the ice. Two he had heard escape. What had befallen the third?

Fiercely, like a beast being robbed of its prey, he sprang forward several paces. Then he stopped; for he could not yet see clearly enough to distinguish what was before him. His blood pounded through his veins. The cold of eternity was flowing in upon him, here on the naked roof of the world; but he had no feeling or fear of it. All he felt was the presence of his foe there before him, close before him, in the dark.

Then once more the light flooded back, the wide flung silver radiance, as suddenly and mysteriously as it had vanished.

Close beside the airhole, half crouching on the body of the slain seal, with one great paw uplifted, and bloody jaws open in defiance, stood the bear, glaring at the man.

Without an instant's hesitation the man hurled

his spear. It flew true. But in that same second the bear lifted his paw to ward off the blow. He was not quite quick enough, but almost. The blade struck; but not where it was aimed. It bit deep, but not to the life. With a growl of rage he tore it loose and charged upon the man.

THE antagonists were not more than twenty paces apart—and now a glory of coloured lights, green, red, and golden, went dancing madly over them, with a whispering, rustling sound, as

of stiff silk crumpled in vast folds. The man's eyes were keen and steady. In a flash both hands were out of his great fur mittens, which were tied by thongs to his sleeves. The heavy musket leaped to his shoulder, and his eye ran coolly along the barrel. There was a thunderous roar, as of a little cannon. A dense cloud of smoke sprang into the air just before the muzzle of the gun.

Through the smoke a towering shape, with wide jaws and battering paws, hurled itself. The man leaped to one side—but not quite far enough. One

great paw, striking blindly, smote him down, and as he fell the huge bulk fell half on him—only to roll over the next instant and lie huddled and motionless on the ice.

The man picked himself up, shook himself, and a look of half-dazed triumph went across his swarthy face as he pulled on his mittens. Then he smiled broadly, patted approvingly the old Hudson's Bay musket, turned on his heels, and sent a long summoning cry across the ice toward the igloos at the foot of the Little Hills.

## “AND WHEN FATE SUMMONS”

*Wherein a K. C. Wears a Sweater and Shows that he can Play the Game*

By W. GORDON

WHEN Richard Manning was made a K.C. the Bromides said “What a clever lawyer he must be, and so young!” and an occasional Sulphite added, “A recognition of legal eminence and of political services.” Both were right; the “hope of his party” backed his brains with shrewd political insight.

On this particular morning, however, as he looked from his office window over the snow-drifted streets, his thoughts had little to do with legal honours or political achievements. At breakfast the papers had been full of hockey, and his young cousin had chattered incessantly of the prospects of his team. The star player of his school, the boy had “caught a place” on the college seven, and the championship letter was almost his. The youngster was not much of a student, but what of that? The elder Manning would have given his legal honours, as in college he would readily have sacrificed his medals, for that championship letter and all that it involved of athletic skill. Throughout his college days athletics had called to him, and he had responded with all the energy and enthusiasm of the physically vigorous. But the second or third team in football and hockey was his limit; “a good sport” was the verdict “and occasionally brilliant, but not a first team man.” At thirty-four, lithe and vigorous and in as good training as at twenty, he felt the glamour of the ice still upon him, and his cousin's enthusiasm had aroused feelings which he thought asleep. After all, his ridiculously youthful face was no younger than his spirits, and his likeness to his young cousin was no stronger in features than in feeling.

The game of the week before came back to him, and the crowd's shout, “Oh Manning! Go it Manning!” As he gazed over the sunlit snow Manning, senior, saw himself in the boy's place; it was his name that the boys shrieked appealingly, that the crowd echoed triumphantly—

He turned impatiently, roused to answer a repeated knock. It was a telegram from a client in Centreville; his case was due to come on the following day.

This news would mean his leaving by the noon train. He telephoned home to have his suit-case packed and sent to the station for him, then threw himself into the task of sorting his papers and arranging his notes. By twelve o'clock he was ready, with ten minutes to catch the train. Stowing his papers into a bag, he gave thanks it was his good fortune never to miss a train. This time, however, it was a close call; the train was beginning to move, and the station platform was crowded with a team of junior hockey players, waiting for the eastbound train. Hockey again; how it bombarded his mind that morning! Dashing through the crowd, he picked up a familiar-looking suit case, and jumped on the westbound train as it was moving out of the station.

Late in the afternoon, delayed by the snow, a local train on a branch line brought him to Banville. He had missed connections; the next train for Centreville left in the morning. With the ennui of the experienced traveller modified by a strong sense of humour, he made his way to the hotel. The clerk was absorbed in conversation with a lanky youth who sat on the desk, swinging his legs, and emitting tobacco juice and information. His subject was hockey. “Of course!” thought the K.C.; the persistence of this teasing was beginning to amuse him.

“Looks bad for the team,” suggested the clerk encouragingly.

“If it wasn't for Bill Brown gettin' hurt,” returned the Lanky One, “the team 'ud be all right. If we only had Bill, or a man to take his place, we'd fix 'em. But we haven't one, not a one, to play the game in his class.”

He turned around, hearing no answer. The clerk had awakened to the fact of the new arrival. As the stranger moved away, the Lanky One con-

templated him with languid interest, and turned to the register book. His casual glance changed to a wondering stare.

“Charlie!” he gasped, pushing the register toward the clerk, “look!”

“Well,” was the puzzled answer, “R. H. Manning, Royston. Well, what then?”

“What then?” sniffed the Lanky One. “I suppose you've never heard of Bob Manning, finest player in the Junior League, and on his college team now? I suppose you've never heard that he played hockey, eh? I thought that face was familiar,” he added, “sure, I've seen it in the paper hundreds o' times. Wonder what he's doing here?” He sat meditating on the greatness of the arrival, then suddenly jumped down.

“Charlie! what if he would play for us to-night? Oh, gee!”

UP in his room Manning was trying to accommodate his ideas of a wash-up to the facilities of the hotel. As a first step he opened his suit-case.

He straightened his shoulders and rubbed his eyes; was he asleep? The bare walls and unlovely furniture made instant denial, yet what was that suit-case but a dream-fancy? Instead of the sober black gown and the necessities for a night's stay, a bright-coloured sweater flaunted itself merrily, with boots, skates, and all the paraphernalia of the hockey player. Presently the lawyer's wits grasped the situation. Why were suit-cases made with such baffling similarity? Why, rather, had he not allowed himself time to make sure of his own? Doubtless at this moment some unfortunate member of that hockey team was bewailing his lost bag, and the difficulty of a K.C.'s gown for playing purposes. The humour of the situation appealed to Manning, in spite of the inconvenience and the sting of this additional jest that Fate was playing on him. “She will have me a hockey player in spite of everything,” he thought, not without bitterness, as he strolled downstairs to make the best of matters.

The clerk and the Lanky One were still talking, but the latter's attitude was no longer wearied and despondent, and he looked toward Manning with half-fearful eagerness. Finally, as the stranger was moving toward the dining-room he accosted him.

“Say, Mr. Manning, we've been wondering if you would mind playin' for us to-night? Of course,” he went on, as Manning turned round in astonishment, “the Tigers ain't in your class, of course not, but they're a pretty good team, and if we had Bill Brown at left wing we could put it all over the Tarlton Terriers. But Bill has broken his ankle, and we're stuck. Why, we haven't a man better than myself, and I can't play. And so, when I seen you sign up “R. H. Manning,” it kind o' give me a start. I was wonderin' how you come to be here, and then I thought, if you would play, why, it would fix us up fine.”

During this harangue the K.C.'s mind had passed from bewilderment to quiet amusement; then with humorous appreciation of the situation came a sudden determination. Fate had evidently been deciding this matter for him, and had marked his path with obvious clearness. The situation was forced upon him; why not accept it? He turned to the Lanky One with an air half casual, half apologetic.

“I'm not in good form, and I don't know that I would be much good.”

“That's all right, we'll take any risks that are coming. I know left wing's not your place, but maybe we can shift the line-up a bit.”

“Oh no, left wing will do all right.” It had been his position in the old days. “Another thing—the Tigers are straight amateur, all right, are they? I don't want to get into any mix-up about it,” and Manning smiled up his sleeve.

“Yes, that's all right, too. It wouldn't hurt you a bit. They're all right that way, aren't they, Charlie?” And the clerk, whose authority and enthusiasm were of the passive variety, murmured an eager assent.

“Well, you can count on me, on one condition”—an eager nod answered—“that you won't tell anyone but the captain who I am. Give them any name, Smith if you like. It isn't that I mind playing with the Tigers, but I'd just as soon not have it known.”

The Lanky One's face fell; some reflected glory would have fallen on him for producing the great Bob Manning, and the role of lion-keeper would lose its fascination if the lion were merely an unknown substitute, Smith by name. However, there was no help for it, and he submitted with a sigh.

The Banville rink was filled with an enthusiastic crowd, for the Tigers were the pride of their sporting townsmen, and the Terriers, too, were not without their “bunch of rooters.” It was the last match of the season, and the Terriers, with a lead of three goals, felt that the local championship was already theirs. As they swept up and down the ice in casual practice before the match, Banville sighed, and lamented the loss of the redoubtable Brown. As for this stranger, who, rumour said, was to substitute, well, they hoped he was all right. At all events, they gave the team a mighty cheer as they came on the ice.

WITH a curious feeling Richard Manning found himself in his old position, waiting for the referee's whistle. With his boyish face and lithe figure he looked no older than the other players, and to him the ten odd years since his college days seemed never to have passed.

For the first ten minutes the Lanky One watched his hero anxiously. The great Manning did not seem to be in form after all. It might be the small rink or the railway journey, but he actually looked like a man out of practice, shaken up by the frequent and heavy checking, yes, positively unaccustomed to the game. There, he had missed a simple pass, and the Terriers had chased the puck neatly down the ice, and shot their second goal. A lead of five to pull up on! The prospect was not heartening.

The dreary “oh” of the crowd, and the gloating cheers of the Tarlton supporters roused Manning like a blow. This was not the play even of a third team man. Was this what Fate had given him the chance for? Hot and ashamed, he gripped his stick and shut his teeth in determination.

The Lanky One sat up with a joyous whoop. Surely the left wing was waking up and “making good.” Active and unselfish, he had given the centre just the proper support, and a goal was the result. Things looked more hopeful. Still, the Tarlton men were fighting hard, and before half-time one more goal was all that the Tigers were able to get; leaving them with three to tie, four to win.

In the dressing-room the captain spoke words of respectful but energetic advice to the new player as to the kind of play that would serve them best, and Manning remembered one night when his captain had said “Buck up, old man, we've got to get together.” And if it were only the third team, and the crowd small, he had responded nobly. So now a number of the old team tricks came back to him, and as he and the others went on the ice again he felt sure of himself.

Down the ice went the Tiger forwards with a rush, and the crowd shrieked with enthusiasm as the flag went up for a goal. “Three more,” breathed the Lanky One, and leaned far out over the boards. But the Terriers' blood was up, and it took Banville ten minutes of hard play to score again. Presently there was a gasp of dismay, and from the Tarlton supporters a wild shout of glee,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 29.



AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

The Donalda Concert at Windsor Hall.



Madame Donalda.

AT Windsor Hall, Montreal, on the evening of April 2nd, a very successful concert was given in aid of the Samaritan Hospital for Women, the performers being Madame Pauline Donalda, the popular Montreal singer of Grand Opera fame, and Miss Jessie Caverhill-Cameron, pianist. It is three years since Mme. Donalda visited her native city and the reception which was accorded her at Saturday's

concert proved that she holds an assured place in the esteem of Montreal's music patrons. Her selections included the aria from "La Boheme," Schubert's "Earlking," Henri Dupare's "Jean Lahore," and Tolsti's "Love's Way," a programme which served to show her many versatilityes. The hall was filled with a splendid and appreciative audience, including their Excellencies the Earl and Countess Grey and many leaders of Montreal society.

Miss Jessie Caverhill-Cameron, the youthful Canadian pianist, who lately scored success at her first appearance in Montreal two weeks ago, repeated her triumphs at the Saturday concert. Both performers were the recipients of several handsome bouquets, an added evidence of the high regard in which they are held by their friends.

\* \* \*

Ellen Terry's Farewell to America.

IT is only fitting that before finally retiring from the stage Miss Ellen Terry should desire to pay a farewell visit to America, the scene of so many of her triumphs. The "series of discourses on Shakespearean subjects," which it has been somewhat vaguely announced will form Miss Terry's entertainment, will, it is understood, be half-lectures; half-recitals, with interesting anecdotes drawn from her long experience of the stage, and some remarks on the acting of Shakespeare's plays in general.

Miss Terry will visit all the principal cities of America, and possibly a few in Canada. She will confine her appearances to the theatre, the universities, and the "auditorium." Miss Terry holds very strong views on the question of dramatic artists appearing at music halls, and under no circumstances will she be prevailed upon to appear at any during the tour, which commences in New York in October next and will probably extend to the ensuing April.

Our photo was taken at the Suffragists' Fair, Caxton Hall, and shows Miss Ellen Terry in 15th century costume.

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The Women's Press Club.

THE "Mermaid" and its roysterers are no more.

The "Cheshire Cheese" has been pulled down, it is said, and the finest social club in the world to-day is the "Lyceum" of London, a woman's club. These are facts; a trifle startling, perhaps, but quite weighty and significant. In Toronto and in other cities of Canada, there are many delightful societies presided over by women, and the special aggregation in the mind of the writer is one where nymphs answering to the names of "Claudia," "Maria," "Sybil," "Madge," "Katharine," "Marjory," and "Jean," meet in merry conclave twice or thrice a year and entertain themselves and their friends most warmly and after a most original method. Methinks the spirit of Shakespeare must inform these gatherings, for the old English names greet the ear right merrily. Journalists were scarce in eloquent William's time, and women journalists, we suppose, quite wanting.

By-the-way, what a splendid journalist that same William would have made! His habit of using up all kinds of floating news and current knowledge, bits of Elizabethan gossip, rare tales of new sciences and discoveries, folklore of Warwickshire peasantry, scraps of Venetian law, reminiscences of dog-Latin carelessly apprehended in youth, chit-chat of the London stage and court—all would have been pressed into service, fused ready-to-hand, in some brilliant column in a Saturday paper, signed, it might be, just plain "William," plain names being

the fashion then as now. He had precisely that buoyant gift, that superb smattering, that quickness and sense of appropriateness, and one may add, that faculty of writing a lot about what one knows very little of, that marks the ready and reliable journalist. But to return to the nymphs who gather at the Brown Betty Inn, recite their own and each other's clever verses, make witty and impromptu speeches, dispense tea, cake, favours and flowers and who are all talented literary women engaged in the good work of bringing many domestic and social problems before the public, discussing book, art, fashion and society with good humour, tact, sincerity and sympathy, courage and courtesy. The prettiest scene imaginable took place recently on one of these occasions when the Birthday Party of the Canadian Women's Press Club was given under the most favourable auspices and when gifts of flowers and verses were distributed to the members by a charming maiden garbed as "The Press" in paper skirt and paper crown, a paper mask hiding her features, but not her bonny golden hair. Miss MacMurchy, the retiring President; Mrs. Snider, elected President at the meeting in question; Mrs. Sheard, Mrs. Blewett, Mrs. Forsyth Grant, Miss Warnock, Miss Merrill, Mrs. Marsden, Miss Macdonald, Miss Cowan, Miss Fairley, Miss



Miss Ellen Terry,

Who is to make a farewell Tour of America before her retirement from the stage.

Photograph by Halftones.

Dyas, Miss Graham, Miss Deeks, Miss Fraser, Mrs. Fairbairn, Miss Stafford of Owen Sound and others were among those present at this interesting anniversary reunion.

Speaking of *literati* reminds one of a gallant attempt made some years ago in Toronto by a hostess of ripe tact and experience to establish a species of *salon* in our midst, at which representatives of art, letters, music, and science should assemble in select groups on stated evenings and entertain each other. The gallant attempt was worthy of all success and emulation but the idea of the *salon* was new to our people and not properly understood; anyway, although meetings were held at the beautiful house of this well-intentioned and charming leader of society, no definite movement came of the step and the evenings were shortly discontinued. Since then we have had many new literary and artistic organisations characterised by greater freedom of social intercourse.

The Bohemian microbe has got in somehow, and our people like the informality of modern conditions whereby they can sift the society they find them-

selves among, choose the boon companion, and leave off when they like. At the same time, a really well-carried-out plan of encouraging authors and musicians to meet for the purpose of hearing poems or stories or compositions might meet with some success. We cannot always frolic. An evening occasionally devoted to the best our clever people are capable of would be a good offset to the very many occasions when carnival and fun reign supreme and when the spirit of careless conviviality seems opposed to the notion of anything serious. Perhaps the Women's Press Club may yet inaugurate something of this kind, and the first hearing of a remarkable poem or novelette be recorded in that minute-book, precious henceforth to all Canadians.

SERANUS.

\* \* \*

"Our Lady of the Sunshine."

"OUR Lady of the Sunshine" is the name of a little volume lately published by the Copp, Clark Co., Toronto, in which are set forth the impressions of women of twelve nationalities, received during the Quinquennial Meetings in Canada in the summer of 1909.

The foreword, which is written by Lady Aberdeen, the President of the International Council of Women, contains a paragraph which says:—

"The women who have written the papers contained in this small volume are leaders of the women's movement in their respective countries, and have been elected by their fellow countrywomen to represent them at the notable council meeting which took place in Canada this year. Their words carry weight, and as one who rejoices in the possession of many close ties with Canada, I am proud of the impression made upon these distinguished visitors by Canada and her people."

The series of delightful letters which follow are one and all filled with enthusiasm for the warm welcome received on every hand, especially the great hospitality of the West, the splendour of our Canadian scenery, the wonderful resources of our country, and above all, they express entire satisfaction with the great work accomplished at this, the Fourth Quinquennial Meeting, the splendid results of which it will be ever impossible to gauge.

Mrs. Dobson, President of the Australian delegation, expresses her impression of Canadian women in the following terms:—

"An impression that nothing can ever efface is the experience of the unbounded hospitality of the Canadian women. Their organising ability, their attention to detail, their carrying out of arrangements that found place for hundreds of delegates, that sorted out a plethora of material, and that finally made possible the carrying out of the business of the Council, the social gatherings, the daily pleasant luncheons, the sectional programmes, the great public meetings all in due order, without hitch or confusion, were a revelation. The absolute unselfishness of the woman who attended day after day to the wearisome detail work of information bureau, railway certificate and other committees, the ushers, the girl graduates, who waited so charmingly at meals—it was a practical lesson as to what women can accomplish when ability and loving service are blended as happily as in the Canadian women."

In her letter, Froken Gina Krog of Norway, speaks of the charm of the beautiful City of Ottawa as standing out most clearly in her memory, and the following tribute which closes her letter, voices the sentiments of all the writers in this little book. She says:—

"But whatever will be the charm of the next and the following quinquennials, we can never meet more of the spirit of youth, and hope, and love, than we did in Canada. It surrounded us, and filled the atmosphere and gave us a feeling which can neither be described nor forgotten."

The little volume containing descriptions of almost every detail of the visit to Canada and illustrated so charmingly as it is, will find a welcome far and wide, and especially will it be treasured by the women of our own land.

\* \* \*

Wise.

By Lizette Woodworth Reese.

AN apple orchard smells like wine;  
A succory flower is blue;  
Until Grief touched these eyes of mine,  
Such things I never knew.

And now indeed I know so plain  
Why one would like to cry  
When spouts are full of April rain—  
Such lonely folk go by!

So wise, so wise—that my tears fall  
Each breaking of the dawn;  
That I do long to tell you all—  
But you are dead and gone.

—Harper's Magazine.

# DEMI - TASSE

## Newslets.

MR. F. D. MONK has called the *Toronto News* a "fanatical sheet," and has actually accused it of saying that which is not in accordance with facts. These Quebec statesmen are so delightfully vivacious in their repartee.

The school-teachers of Ontario do not like the new primer and have said so. They just went right up to Sir James Whitney and told him to his face that they haven't any use for it. Sir James hasn't been so surprised since he was made a knight, and Hon. W. J. Hanna simply held his breath. What's more, the teachers said they didn't like the readers which form Sir James' pet bargain—dared to suggest that they contain more flags than literature. The pedagogues of this noble country are getting braver every day. They'll be asking for more salary the first thing the trustees know.

Now that the Tariff is fixed up something lovely, the race-track begins to look dusty and the "Father of the Anti-Gambling Measure" is the busiest man in the House. No matter how dull it is elsewhere, there's always a gentle breeze on Parliament Hill.

That Rough Rider in Extraordinary, Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, has refused when in Rome to do as the Romans do. There's something so fine and independent about hurting the feelings of the mere Italians and just acting like a free American citizen. But he won't be asked to the Vatican again.

### A Meagre Reward.

THAT famous Western paper, the *Manitoba Free Press*, has, according to London's humorous weekly, *Punch*, perpetrated the following:—"The School of Tropical Medicine has awarded J. L. Todd of McGill, Montreal, a medal for valuable contributions to the science of tropical medicine."

Is it possible that the paper meant "medal?"

*Punch* adds amiably: "It is not much, but he should choose dinner and make the most of it."

### A Canny Gift.

MR. PETER RYAN, who can tell more good stories in less time than most men of his race, was recently among the speakers at a meeting in one of the Presbyterian churches of Toronto. Mr. Ryan is a true son of the Mother Church and referred to the trouble that might come upon him if His Reverence discovered that he had been delivering

an oration to a Protestant assembly. He proceeded to tell the following story about a dignitary of the Roman Catholic Church whom we shall call Archbishop M—.

In the days when the Archbishop was but a young priest, he was in a small parish where he was on most friendly terms with the leading Protestants of the community. His parishioners presented him with a white horse, whereupon one of his Presbyterian friends asked him if he intended to ride in the Twelfth of July procession.

"I do not," was the prompt reply, "but I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll lend you the horse for King William to ride on."

The half-joking offer was accepted, and news became general among the people of Father M—'s congregation.

"You're surely not going to let that horse ride in the Orange procession," said an incredulous member of the flock.

"I certainly am," was the prompt reply.

"It won't look well for a Twelfth of July procession to have the priest's horse," protested the loyal son of the church.

"But, listen," said Father M— in an impressively-lowered voice, "I know that horse better than you do, my son. Just think of what will happen when he finds himself behind that drum in an Orange procession. Ah! It'll be a great day for Ulster."

### The Fashion in Toronto.

The City Hall official  
Within his office sat;  
He gazed upon the April sky,  
Then stroked the office cat.  
"They're dropping off," he sadly said,  
"No friends I soon shall find;  
I think I must do likewise"—  
And swiftly he resigned.

### Going Up.

THE proceedings of the county councils, although generally dull and prosaic enough, are occasionally enlivened by flashes of wit worthy of a broader arena.

For instance, in a certain New Brunswick county, where the councillors served without any sessional indemnity whatever, Councillor C. was defeated in a contest in the Parish of X; and at the next session the councillors voted themselves \$3 per day.

In the next election Councillor C. was returned for the Parish of X by acclamation; and at the next session it was proposed to increase the allowance to \$5 per day.

Councillor C. supported the resolution. He believed, he said, that his services were worth \$5 per day to the electors of the Parish of X, and that if he had not thought so he would not have offered his services.

"Mr. Warden," said a member who was opposing the increase, "there is nothing in that. Three years ago Councillor C. offered his services to the electors of X for nothing and they rejected him."

W. L. H.



### COST OF LIVING

Housewife: Going down?  
Tradesman: No—up—Life

### Appropriate Lines.

GOVERNOR TWEEDIE of New Brunswick, before his appointment, was premier of his native province for some years. In the general election preceding his resignation his government was sustained and he himself elected for the County of Northumberland, but his three colleagues on the ticket were defeated. On the opening of the Legislature for the first session after the election, Mr. Hazen, then the leader of the Opposition, congratulated Hon. Mr. Tweedie on his election and quoted Moore's well-known lines:

"Tis the last rose of summer  
Left blooming alone;  
All his lovely companions  
Are faded and gone."

W. L. H.

### More Correctly Named.

SHORTLY after the Liberals came into power in 1896 the young Conservatives of St. John, N.B., started the "Development Club," which soon passed into that state of suspended activity common to such organisations in times of political calm.

In the local elections of 1903 the present Judge McKeown was a candidate in St. John City. During his nomination speech he was interrupted by a crowd of young opponents in the gallery and his own friends attempted to restore order by out-shouting the others. For a time it looked like a small sized riot, when order and good nature were restored by a conscious or unconscious flash of wit on the part of one of Mr. McKeown's supporters who shouted in a brogue that betrayed his nationality: "Niver moind thim, Sir, it's only the remnants of the 'Divilment' Club."

W. L. H.

### Not His Number.

PATRICK, lately over, was working in the yards of a railroad. One day he happened to be in the yard office when the force was out. The telephone rang vigorously several times and he at last decided it ought to be answered. He walked over to the instrument, took down the receiver, and put his mouth to the transmitter, just as he had seen others do.

"Hello!" he called.  
"Hello!" answered the voice at the other end of the line. "Is this eight-six-one-five-nine?"

"Aw, g'wan! Phwat d'ye tink Oi am? A box car?"

It pays to advertise in the Canadian Courier—because you reach the best class of people in the nine Provinces of the Dominion.

## MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

Superior to all other powders in softness, smoothness and delicacy. Protects the skin from wind and sun. Prevents chafing and skin irritations. The most comforting and healing of all toilet powders.



Mennen's Borated Talcum Toilet Powder is as necessary for Mother's baby as for Baby's mother.

It contains no starch, rice powder or other irritants found in ordinary toilet powders. Dealers make a larger profit by selling substitutes. Insist on Mennen's. Sample Box for 2c Stamp. Gerhard Mennen Co., Newark, N. J.



The Debutante—When Women Rule.—Harper's Weekly.

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Holders of securities and prospective purchasers can secure accurate information by communicating with us.

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Any Express, Railway or Ticket Agent, Banker, Hotel Clerk or Merchant, in fact anyone who knows you will cash a

### DOMINION EXPRESS MONEY ORDER

There is no particular office to which you must go—no advice of issue to wait for—no time limit within which the Order must be presented, which will no doubt suggest to you that by far the most convenient way to send money by mail is by Dominion Express Money Orders

They are absolutely safe. If lost, stolen or destroyed a refund is promptly made or duplicate order issued without charge.

Dominion Express Money Orders are issued by all our regular Agents, and by numerous Branch Agencies in Drug Stores, etc., convenient to business and residential districts—open early and late.

## THE PEOPLES BUILDING & LOAN ASSOCIATION

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There is invested \$76,259,970.55 in Canadian loan Company Debentures, which evidences the popularity of this class of investments.

Our Debentures pay 4½% per annum, payable half-yearly.

Write for 17th Annual Report

**A. A. CAMPBELL**  
MANAGING DIRECTOR

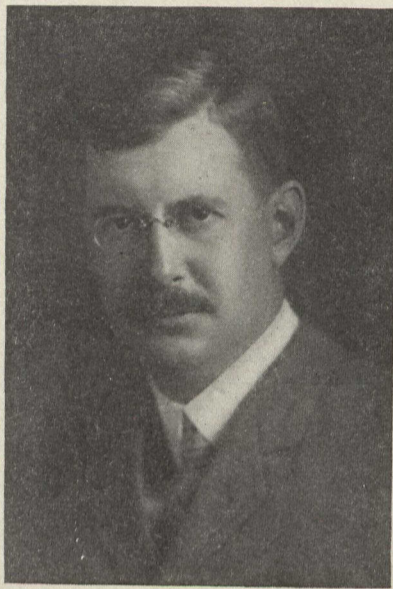
In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier

## MONEY AND MAGNATES

Right from the Ranks to the Board of Directors.

WHEN Fleetwood H. Ward was the other day elected a director of the Canadian Consolidated Rubber Company one of his friends casually remarked how "fleet" dear old Fleet had been in climbing up the ladder of success.

Only a little over four years ago Mr. Ward entered the employ of the old Canadian Rubber Company, one of the concerns now included in the merger,



F. H. Ward,  
General Manager, Can. Consolidated  
Rubber Co.

as comptroller, but he was one of those fellows made of the stuff that has to go ahead and so it was not long before he was also holding down the office of secretary-treasurer. Then when the merger came and D. Lorne McGibbon, the Rubber wizard, had such big things to attend to that he could scarcely hold down the job of general manager, why he appointed "Fleet" Ward as assistant general manager of the Canadian Rubber, which meant of course that the latter would have to attend to all the work. And now Mr. McGibbon in addition to being president of the Canadian Consolidated Rubber Company has gone on the Board of the United States Rubber Company and "Fleet" Ward has assumed the office of general manager of the Canadian Rubber Company and in addition goes on the Board of the Consolidated Company.

Mr. Ward's chief talent seems to be a knack of keeping his organisation enthusiastic and getting the best possible results out of it. Every man on the staff from the superintendent down to the apprentice likes "the Boss" and "the Boss" makes them all feel that he likes them too, which is one of the most important qualifications in a leader.

From Handling a Portable Mill to Becoming Managing Director of a \$5,000,000 Canadian Milling Concern.

ALL the way from handling a portable flour mill to occupying the position of managing director of a \$5,000,000 Canadian milling concern is a pretty strong indication that the man who accomplished it ought to have a very thorough idea of the milling business.

This is the record of Hedley Shaw, who next week assumes the office of managing director of the Maple Leaf Milling Company, the big Ontario milling concern formed by Cawthra Mulock, the young Toronto financier, Mr. D. C. Cameron, the Winnipeg lumberman who originally formed the Maple Leaf Flour Mills Co., Ltd., and Mr. Hedley Shaw, founder of the Hedley Shaw Milling Company, to take over both the Maple Leaf Flour Mills Co. and the Hedley Shaw Milling Company, and put up \$1,000,000 additional cash that would permit of the erection of a modern 6,000-barrel mill, a million bushel elevator and storage warehouses at Port Colborne, the site that all the Canadian milling concerns have had their eyes on for some time past.

It was some twenty-eight or thirty years ago that Hedley Shaw, then a mere lad, had a portable mill, about the only thing he had in the world at the time, and with it did quite a little business through different parts of Manitoulin Island. Previous to that time, it is reported that he had been an apprentice miller and for the whole of his first year's work received the monumental sum of \$50 or a little less than \$1 a week.

But Shaw was just the kind of fellow that was bound to get along even though his progress might be slow, and realising that perhaps it would be better to operate closer to the big towns, became a partner in a business that had a small mill at Oakville. At the time his name was the second one in the firm and so it was not long before he started out for himself, his first mill being situated at Thorold.

That was about eighteen years ago and he then formed the Hedley Shaw Milling Company and afterwards secured an additional mill at St. Catharines.

Time and time again the big Canadian milling concerns tried to gobble him up and at times some pretty attractive offers were made him, but Shaw didn't like the idea of any transaction unless he was going to remain at the head of his own business and he insisted that he would wait even though the wait was a long one and build up his own concern rather than work in somebody else's.

When Cameron, the big Winnipeg lumberman, decided to break into the milling game, and formed the Maple Leaf Flour Mills Co., Ltd., he was told that he had better first of all get into touch with Hedley Shaw and the outcome was that there was a union of interests, Hedley Shaw becoming general manager of the Maple Leaf Flour, the latter company controlling the Hedley Shaw Milling Company.

Shaw always looked after the practical end of the business and while he had to look after the construction of new mills and numerous elevators he was first, last and all the time, a miller who always insisted that his concerns should do a milling business exclusively.

Then came the plans for still bigger things than had been, resulting in the evolution of private businesses that had been pre-eminently successful into public corporations, the first undertaking of which would be the erection of a giant modern mill at Port Colborne that would have a capacity of 6,000 barrels of flour a day and would have alongside of it a 1,000,000-bushel elevator and large storage warehouses. All this would mean a large amount of additional capital and then we find the Cawthra Mulock, Hedley Shaw and D. C. Cameron combination springing into existence, resulting in the formation of the Maple Leaf Milling Company, which would take over the two other concerns and by means of additional cash capital would become a great Canadian milling concern whose mills would have a capacity of 12,800 barrels

## A Product for Which There Is No Substitute.

Asbestos is the only known absolutely fireproof fibre.

That is why there has been such a tremendous increase in the demand for Asbestos and such a rapid multiplication of the uses to which it is put.

In building construction and equipment, in manufacturing establishments, in all heating systems, in all kinds of engines and boilers, in electrical works of every description—Asbestos plays a part that no other product of man or nature can play.

It provides a perfect protection from fire; it insulates against heat and electricity; it resists decay under every condition of heat and moisture, being indestructible.

The properties controlled by the Amalgamated Asbestos Corporation supply about 80 per cent. of the Canadian production of Asbestos, which means 70 per cent. of that of the whole world.

At present price, the First Mortgage Bonds of the Corporation return about 5¾ per cent., and are an attractive investment.

Full particulars mailed on application.

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**BONDS AND STOCKS**  
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**... ON COMMISSION ...**

Private wire connections with  
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ASSETS  
 \$ 8-617-909

CAPITAL (SUBSCRIBED) \$2,500,000  
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**CENTRAL CANADA**  
**LOAN & SAVINGS COMPANY**  
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DEPOSITS RECEIVED  
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**CANADA'S BIG MUTUAL**  
 wants new partners in its business.

All you have to do to become one, with its manifold advantages, is to take out a participating policy in the.

**MUTUAL LIFE OF CANADA**

and thus share in the prosperity of this progressive and carefully managed company.

Insurance in Force, \$60,000,000

Agencies in Every City and Town in Canada

HEAD OFFICE  
**Waterloo - Ontario**



**Mail Contract**

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on FRIDAY, 6th MAY, 1910, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years three times per week each way, between LEWISHAM and WASHAGO from the 1st July next.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Lewisham, Washago, route offices, and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,  
 MAIL SERVICE BRANCH,  
 Ottawa, 22nd March, 1910.  
 G. C. ANDERSON,  
 Superintendent.

In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier

of flour per day and have over fifty elevators spread out through the western wheat belt and at Ontario points in order to keep the mills well supplied.

Shaw had long been looking at the Port Colborne location and was satisfied that the company that had its principal mill situated at that point would have something on every other Canadian milling concern in the advantages it would enjoy of being able to lay its flour down on the principal markets of the world, cheaper than could be done from a mill situated at any other point.

A peculiar feature in this development is that just at the time when the Province of Ontario is practically giving up raising wheat, that plans should be laid out to have such large mills erected at different points in the province.

Ontario will be all the more interested in the new big Maple Leaf concern because its head office as well as its largest mills will be situated in the province and its stock will be more largely held in the province than in that of any other Canadian milling company.

And all the time we will be watching Hedley Shaw, the miller, just to see how he gets along with the operating end of the business.

\* \* \*

**Canadian Investors Like Industrial Bonds.**

WHENEVER the larger Canadian industrial concerns announce their intention of putting any bonds on the market, there is always pretty keen competition for the offering among the various companies and firms that make a specialty of such issues, because they know that as a rule Canadian investors are always anxious to get them.

The most recent instance of this kind was when the Carriage Factories Limited, the concern that represents a merger of a number of the leading Canadian carriage companies, intimated that they would likely issue \$500,000 of 6 per cent. first mortgage bonds, most of which would be against two new big factories that have recently been completed, one at the Tudhope plant and one by the E. N. Heney Company.

Both Toronto and Montreal interests were right after the issue, with the result that for a while the directors thought they might very nicely take up the issue themselves as an investment.

In the end J. A. Mackay & Company, Limited, of Montreal and Toronto, who at the outset financed the carriage merger, secured the entire amount of the bonds and are now offering them to the public at par and accrued interest to net the full six per cent. to the purchaser.

Although the carriage merger was only put through last fall, the earnings have been showing up so satisfactorily that the directors have declared a half-yearly dividend of 3½ per cent. or at the rate of 7 per cent. per annum on the preferred stock and the orders on the books are said to be over fifty per cent. larger than they were at this time last year. The farmers in the West are evidently all so prosperous that they are "blowing" themselves to a nice carriage.

\* \* \*

**A Cock Fight That Presaged Outcome of Fight Between Forget and Harris.**

COMING events sometimes cast their shadows before them and in this connection there was an interesting little incident that occurred just the very day before the big fight for the control of the Nova Scotia Steel & Coal Co., that in a way presaged the defeat of the Forget group.

It happened while the Forget crowd were taking a run down on their private train from New Glasgow to visit some of the outlying plants of the company. Their train was held up at a crossing owing to some repairs being made to the track, and growing restless at the delay most of the members of the party stepped off the private car, and just as they did they noticed two roosters having quite a set-to. Mrs. Rodolphe Forget, who was one of the party, immediately noting that one of the roosters seemed to be getting a little the better of the encounter designated it as the Forget rooster and Mrs. Neuville Belleau, the only other lady of the party, then became the backer of the other rooster which quite naturally was designated as Harris. The whole party immediately became interested in the encounter and as it lasted some ten minutes, both sides had ample opportunity of putting forth the claims of their respective representatives. In the end, however, much to Mrs. Forget's disgust, the little black rooster which she had selected as the Forget one, fell down absolutely beaten. Turning at once to her husband she laughingly remarked that while there might not be anything to it, it rather seemed to her like an ill omen, and as things turned out, the actual encounter between Mr. Forget and Mr. Harris turned out just in the same way as did the rooster fight.

\* \* \*

**Senator Forget Did Not Give His Nova Scotia Steel & Coal Proxy to His Nephew Rodolphe, but Turned it over to the Harris Group.**

AMONG the proxies held by Mr. Rodolphe Forget at the time of the recent fight for the control of the Nova Scotia Steel & Coal Co., everybody was anxious to see whether included among them were the proxies of his uncle, Senator L. J. Forget, who is one of the largest interests in the Dominion Iron & Steel Company. While it had been known for some time past that the personal relations between Mr. Rodolphe and his uncle were somewhat strained, a great many of Mr. Rodolphe's friends had rather thought that the contest was such a close one that the Senator would likely turn over his proxies to Mr. Rodolphe. When it came to the showdown at the annual meeting at New Glasgow, it was found, however, that Senator Forget had not given his proxies to his nephew at all but had given his two proxies, one for his own personal stock and the other for that of the firm of L. J. Forget & Co., to the interests headed by Mr. R. E. Harris, president of the Nova Scotia Steel & Coal Co., who were fighting against Mr. Rodolphe Forget and his group.

Even up to the day of the meeting there was some doubt as to who would have Senator Forget's proxies, as they were first of all forwarded to Halifax and in some manner got lost somewhere between Halifax and New Glasgow. This made it necessary for the interests friendly to the old management of the company to again approach the Senator, but in the meantime he had also been seen by interests identified with his nephew in the Montreal pools. The Senator, however, as soon as he found out that his first proxies had gone astray, at once sent new ones along to Mr. Harris. It may be that these were among the proxies which Mr. Rodolphe Forget had reckoned on when he claimed control and resulted in an upset to his calculations at the annual meeting.

**An Attractive Industrial Bond**

The first mortgage bonds of the larger Canadian industrial concerns are in marked favor among investors, because of the high class of security that usually stands behind them. The

**6 Per Cent. First Mortgage Thirty-Year Gold Bonds**

OF THE

**Carriage Factories Limited**

are especially attractive from such a standpoint, because they constitute a **FIRST CHARGE ON ALL OF THE COMPANY'S PROPERTIES, NOW OR HEREAFTER ACQUIRED**

Besides the yearly net earnings of the Company are sufficient to pay its bond interest several times over.

We are offering a limited amount of these Bonds at par and accrued interest to yield the full

**Six Per Cent.**

Prospectus and full particulars on application.

**J. A. Mackay & Co. Limited**

Montreal Toronto

**YOU CAN HAVE**

every week a National Weekly Magazine delivered at your door or sent by mail for only \$3.00 per year. It is doubtful if you can invest that amount to better advantage in any form of Canadian literature.

Perhaps this copy introduces the Canadian Courier to your notice. If you would like it to reach you regularly, "It's up to you." All newsdealers or direct.

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 12 Wellington St. East - TORONTO

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 PURITY  
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Ask your Physician

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**ALLAN ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIPS**



**STEAMSHIPS**

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 Features of Interest  
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**ALLAN** Passion Play; Ober-Ammergau, May to September.  
 Japan-British Exhibition, London, May to October.


**ROYAL**  
 Belgian International Exposition, Brussels, May to October.

**MAIL**  
 World's Missionary Conference, Edinburgh, June 12 to 22.

Send for sailings and rates of Allan Line steamers to General Agency for Ontario.

**LINE**

**"The Allan Line"**  
 77 Yonge St. - TORONTO



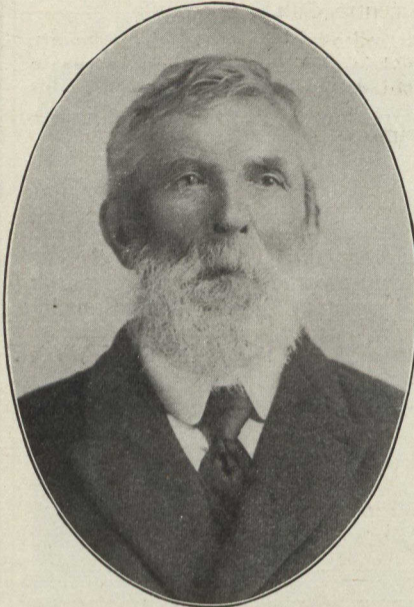
**The UNDERWOOD** Typewriter is so generally used in the schools that it is difficult to get operators for other typewriters. If you use the **UNDERWOOD** you avoid the trouble.

**United Typewriter Co. Ltd.**  
 TORONTO  
 AND ALL OTHER CANADIAN CITIES

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**PEOPLE AND PLACES**

**F**ULL of vitality is Mr. James Ward of Port Dalhousie, who despite his youthful age of 102, still looks upon life optimistically. Born in Drumhirriff, auld Ireland, some seventy years ago he migrated to Canada, where on the Niagara peninsula he made his home. Illness of any form is foreign to this veteran smoker, while the thought of wearing glasses would fill him with contempt and horror.



Mr. James Ward, Port Dalhousie, Active at 102 Years of Age.

Since the death of his wife some ten years ago, at the ripe age of 82, he has lived with his daughter, Mrs. William Boyle, of Port Dalhousie. "Nothing like work to keep one young" is a maxim which Mr. Ward practises by doing odd jobs about the yard and occasionally cutting supplies of wood for domestic purposes. Fond of his "cuddy" and black twist, with an occasional thimbleful of the "real stuff," this modern "Father William" leads a quiet and peaceful life, bringing no cares or worries to those whose charge he really is; partial to a quiet game of cards and being possessed of a versatile mind, he is rather a good companion.

Somewhat of *un bon vivant*, he eats four hearty meals a day and has never been troubled with insomnia. He is the proud parent of ten children, of whom Mrs. Boyle is the sixth. As his 103rd birthday is not far distant, what more suitable occasion could arise to wish him many happy returns of the day? Moreover, we are proud

of him as a typical resident of the country where men may live to a good old age without old-age pensions.

\* \* \*

**Canadian Aero-Voyageurs.**

**I**N the keen competition for the perfection of biplanes Canada is surely to the fore and J. A. D. McCurdy is the cynosure of all eyes. Baddeck of Nova Scotia, turned out to a man, when McCurdy made a number of successful flights in his new biplane, over the ice of Baddeck Bay. Baddeck No. 2 was the machine he used and F. W. Baldwin as a passenger, two-mile flights were made, then one mile, then several flights alone were made by the aviator, one being of over half an hour's duration, during which period many movements were successfully manoeuvred.

This new machine is believed to be much superior to any other type of biplane now in existence. The supporting wings have a spread of over forty feet, exclusive of the balancing rudders or wing tips of a quadrant with a radius of five feet.

The front control and rear vertical rudder are operated by a single wheel. The third or front wheel of the chassis is attached so that it can be turned right or left, as in a tricycle. The engine is a six cylinder, water cooled automobile motor, developing forty to forty-eight horse-power.

\* \* \*

**Chips off the Old Block.**

**S**HOULD the Hon. Al. Sifton resign his chief-justiceship in Alberta, it will only be to enter a new era as prime minister. The Siftons seem to climb ahead in spite of all and any obstacle. Not too many years ago, the father, Hon. J. W. Sifton, was Speaker of the Manitoba Legislature, and had a long and honoured political career. The great career of the Hon. Clifford Sifton, as Minister of the Interior, is too well known to demand any comment. And now the only other male member of the family seems fated to become a premier, thus doing better than either his father or older brother.

Like the old famous Canadian family of Oslers, of which each of the four brothers became famous in his own line, the Siftons seem bound to reach the top, despite the difficulties of the race. The latest to attain fame, the Alberta Mr. Sifton, possesses one valuable quality hardly possessed in as great a measure by his famous brother, that of great platform and personal magnetism, and is probably this quality which induces men to follow him, right or wrong, as well as his unquestioned ability, that the Alberta Liberals are reckoning upon inviting him to be their leader. Excelsior!

\* \* \*

**Train Blocked by Moose.**

**T**HE flash of the headlight from the locomotive of the Shediac branch train about half way between Painsec Junction and Shediac Saturday night revealed no less than ten large moose within a short distance of each other along the rails, one of the animals being struck by the engine, and so badly hurt that the trainmen killed it.

The locomotive crew were somewhat startled by the sight of such a large number of the antlered forest monarchs standing between the rails, but at the first blast of the locomotive's whistle, all the animals except one dashed off towards the wood. The remaining moose was apparently bewildered by the roar of the train, and the glare of the electric headlight, and made scarcely any effort to move as the train bore down upon it. It was impossible to bring the train to a standstill, and moving at reduced speed, the locomotive struck the animal, tossing it into the ditch, and breaking one of its fore-legs. To put the moose out of agony, one of the trainmen mercifully despatched it. The large carcass was placed on board a flat car, for a feast at Pt. du Chene.

Single moose have been frequently sighted by the trainmen and passengers along this portion of the I. C. R., but it is a decidedly unusual occurrence to see such a large number of the animals at one time. From all indications, local hunters will not be obliged to go outside the county for successful big game hunting when the season opens next fall.—*Moncton Transcript*, April 8.

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Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Stayner, Strongville and route offices, and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,  
 MAIL SERVICE BRANCH,  
 Ottawa, 6th April, 1910.  
 G. C. ANDERSON,  
 Superintendent.



## Les Canadiens-Français a Toronto

By L. R. GAGNE

**P**EU de personnes connaissent l'existence à Toronto d'une paroisse exclusivement Canadienne-française. A l'heure actuelle il est bon de faire savoir au public ce qu'est cette race dans notre province et un de ces jours il nous sera permis de donner quelques renseignements intéressants concernant ses développements dans toute la province. Aujourd'hui nous allons nous contenter de parler des Canadiens-français établis à Toronto. Il sera certainement intéressant de voir de quelle manière se fonde et se développe un groupe dans le centre d'une grande ville.

C'est probablement au cours de l'année 1853-54 que sont venues s'établir à Toronto les premières familles Canadiennes-françaises. Dans le temps le Parlement du Canada siégeait alternativement à Toronto et à Québec et les chefs de ces familles étaient employés civils. Parmi eux on remarquait M. Desbarats, imprimeur de sa Majesté la Reine, et M. J. H. Lemaitre, aussi imprimeur. Plus tard M. Desbarats s'en alla vivre à Ottawa ou l'appelaient son métier. M. Lemaitre est demeuré à Toronto jusqu'à sa mort. Plusieurs de ses enfants sont vivants et habitent à Toronto.

Jusqu'en 1887 les Canadiens-français de Toronto n'avaient eu que rarement l'occasion de se réunir, mais au commencement de cette dernière année, un Français, le Rvd. Père Laurent, fut chargé de leur prêcher une retraite et afin de réunir quelques fidèles il fallut aller frapper à toutes les portes. Cette retraite fut le premier échelon vers la fondation de la paroisse; on avait pu se compter et c'est avec surprise qu'on avait constaté que le nombre des Canadiens-français était de 1,200 âmes dans la ville considérée comme étant la plus anglaise sur le continent américain.

Un comité fut donc formé et après des pourparlers avec Mgr. Lynch, archevêque de Toronto, il fut décidé que les Canadiens-français auraient leur église paroissiale, un curé qui parlerait leur langue et que tous les dimanches ils se réuniraient ensemble pour raffermir leur Foi et leur patriotisme.

M. l'abbé Philippe Lamarche, de Montreal, fut chargé de diriger cette paroisse. Il arriva à Toronto le 24 juin 1887, le jour de la fête nationale des Canadiens-français.

Le dimanche suivant, le 26 juin, le curé fondateur de cette petite paroisse célébra sa première messe dans la chapelle St. Vincent de Paul, située sur la rue Church. L'assistance était environ de deux-cent-cinquante personnes.

Finalement on commença à se trouver à l'étroit dans la chapelle St. Vincent de Paul et on songea sérieusement à se procurer une église ou l'on serait plus confortable et plus chez soi. On obtint des autorités religieuses la permission de faire l'acquisition d'un endroit convenable à l'érection d'un sanctuaire. C'est alors que commença la tâche la plus pénible du nouveau curé. Cette oeuvre n'était pas absolument bien vue de tout le monde et il lui fallait se procurer de l'argent pour subvenir aux dépenses. Des concerts, des bazars et des "garden parties" furent organisés, et avec le souscription des fidèles on fut bientôt en état de pouvoir acquérir un local.

M. Alfred Gendron, alors un des propriétaires de la manufacture Gendron & Cie, devint l'acquéreur d'un ancien temple presbytérien, situé sur la rue King, Est, sous le prétexte d'y établir une industrie. Quelques jours après cet immeuble devenait la propriété de M. l'abbé Lamarche et il porte aujourd'hui le nom de l'église du Sacré-Coeur.

Le 7 octobre, 1889, eut lieu la bénédiction solennelle de ce nouveau Sanctuaire qui fut placé sous le patronage du Sacré-Coeur. Depuis les Canadiens-français entretiennent leur petite église avec un soin jaloux.

En 1889 le dévoué curé obtint des commissaires scolaires la permission d'ériger une école séparée. Cependant, faute d'argent, il lui fallut attendre quelques années avant de pouvoir faire l'achat d'un terrain et ce n'est donc qu'en 1896 qu'eut lieu la construction de l'école actuelle, située sur la rue Sackville. Jusqu'à cette date les classes se donnaient dans une salle du sous-bassement de l'église. L'enseignement est bilingue. Environ deux-cents enfants fréquentent cette école.

La paroisse compte quelques sociétés religieuses telles que la Ligue du Sacré Coeur, la Congrégation des Dames de Ste-Anne, les Enfants de Marie et le Tiers-Ordre.

Quant aux sociétés de secours mutuels on a réussi à établir une Cours St-Philippe des Forestiers Catholiques et une Conférence St-Vincent de Paul.

Quoique placés dans un milieu tout-à-fait anglais, les Canadiens-français se distinguent dans l'industrie et dans le commerce. Le principal établissement industriel est sans aucun doute la manufacture Gendron, fondée en 1887 par M. M. P. Gendron, J. A. Gendron et L. V. Dusseau. Les propriétaires conjoints, actuellement, sont M. M. Dusseau et Rochereau de la Sablière. Cette compagnie emploie 15 commis de bureau, 175 hommes dans l'usine dont une certaine sont Canadiens-français. M. Dusseau est l'un des directeurs de l'Association des Manufacturiers de la province d'Ontario. Le gérant de la Compagnie est M. R. Archambeault.

Parmi les autres établissements commerciaux il faut mentionner la Pharmacie Lemaitre, M. F. X. Cousineau, marchand, et M. R. Roy, bijoutier.

Quant à la population, il est assez difficile de retracer le nombre au juste des Canadiens-français résidant actuellement à Toronto, car la plupart des familles sont dispersées dans tous les quartiers de la ville. Cependant le recensement officiel de l'année 1901 donne une population de 2,626 âmes et aujourd'hui cette population est dans les environs de 3,000, dont près de 1,000 dans le quartier No. 3. Malgré qu'elle soit complètement entourée par l'élément anglo-saxon cette population est restée française et catholique tout en étant fière d'être loyale à la Couronne britannique.

### A Good Appointment.

**R**EGINA'S loss is Victoria's gain, and the latter city is jubilant over securing the services of Mr. Angus Smith, as their City Engineer. Victoria's new City Engineer is a graduate of the School of Practical Science, Toronto University, 1894. In 1896 he was commissioned a provincial land surveyor for Ontario. Previous to 1894 he had acted as assistant engineer on railroad work in Western Ontario, and on waterwork and sewerage construction in Buffalo and Bolgeville, New York State. He was elected as associate of Civil Engineers in 1899. During the five years succeeding graduation, Mr. Smith was engaged in private practice in work for Western Ontario towns, making a speciality of drainage, but engaging in surveying works, bridge construction, etc. For six years he was engaged as engineer at Stratford where considerable macadam, asphalt, and vitrified brick pavements were laid. In March, 1906, Mr. Smith moved to Regina to be city engineer.



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## Literary Notes

## License of the Pen.

CANADIANS in general are clannishly proud of the achievement of Canadian authors, and New Brunswickers in particular are inclined to "haloise" the little group of literary celebrities who are natives of that province. But, because these writers are New Brunswick born and bred, it is not necessary to expect unvarying and literal accuracy whenever they deal with subjects pertaining to their native land.

For instance, in Charles G. D. Roberts' "The Heart that Knows," an eccentric old lady refuses to pay the equally eccentric merchant a small bill, whereupon he starts for town to obtain a "capias" against his obdurate customer, and, as far as we are able to infer from the narrative, he succeeds. Now, Mr. Roberts as a New Brunswicker in good and regular standing, must have known that by the statutes of his native province a magistrate may issue a "capias" against a defendant "if neither a member of the Legislative Assembly, nor a female."

Again, the same writer in "Kindred of the Wild" speaks of a house in the village of Edmundston "ever enfolded in the sleepless roar of the Falls of Madawaska." As a matter of fact "the Falls of Madawaska" are quite insignificant, and the "sleepless roar" thereof is largely a matter of poetic imagination; while the Grand Falls which the author may have had in mind, are about forty miles south of Edmundston.

\* \* \*

*White Walls*, by Max Pemberton. Ward, Locke & Co.

Mr. Pemberton in this novel goes to Hungary for his plot. He has evolved a fascinating story of political intrigue. "White Walls" is like the rest of Mr. Pemberton's work; it is not literature, but a rattling good bracer for jaded people. He who begins to follow the fortunes of Jara of an afternoon will forget that he ever spoke of spring fever. What more need be said?

\* \* \*

Arthur Stringer, author of "The Wire Tappers" and many other books, has left for Bermuda to join the already extensive literary colony there and complete a novel of Canadian life in the Far North, which he is writing in collaboration with Arthur Heming, the well-known Indian and wild-life artist.

## A New Lord Mayoralty.

THE King has been graciously pleased to direct that the Mayor of the city of Norwich shall henceforward enjoy the style and title of Lord Mayor, in view of the position occupied by that city as the chief city of East Anglia, and of its close association with his Majesty.

There are now sixteen lord mayoralties, all created within the last eleven years except those of London and Dublin. The dates of creation are as follows:

London .....	1189-91
Dublin .....	1665
York, Leeds, Belfast, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Sheffield, and Bristol .....	1899
Cork .....	1900
Sydney and Melbourne .....	1902
Cardiff .....	1905
Newcastle-on-Tyne .....	1906
Norwich .....	1910

The title of "lord" is given to the provosts of Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dundee, Aberdeen and Perth.—*London Telegraph*.

## Complaints from Passengers

"Yes," said a citizen the other day in conversation with an official of the Toronto Railway Company, "two or three times I've seen things on the street cars that ought to have been reported. But I never made a complaint, because I was afraid I might get some fellow fired who had others dependent on him."

For the benefit of this citizen and passengers generally, it should be explained that very often a timely correction has saved a motorman or conductor his position.

When a passenger has just ground for complaint against an employe of the Company it is because the latter is acting either in ignorance or disregard of the wishes of the Management. If he offends through ignorance, it is doing him a good turn to notify his employers, so that they may have an opportunity of educating him. Faults that are due to lack of understanding are usually slight at first, and if they are then observed and amended not much harm is done. The correction makes a man more fit for his work, and the person who first called attention to his remissness has helped to bring this about. It is plain that a passenger who lodges a just complaint against a motorman or conductor is really befriending him, and is also doing something to protect the public.

Of two things passengers may be assured—No employe will be discharged by the Toronto Railway Company without good reason; and no complaint, however trivial, will be pigeon-holed without investigation. If the employe complained of is at fault, the necessary correction will be given him, and he will be all the better for it. He will not be the better for an altercation with the passenger on the car; nor will the employe, the passenger or the Toronto Railway be improved if citizens cherish silent grievances and give nobody a chance to set them right.

The Company is always on the alert to makes its motormen and conductors more efficient, because the more careful and courteous they are the better can the Company serve the public. Therefore the Company requests the citizens to co-operate with it, and to report instances where its men fail in their duty, either to the company or to the Public which the Company serves.

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Superintendent

Toronto Railway Co.



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# MUSIC AND DRAMA

**T**HE Earl Grey Music and Drama Competitions, held in the Royal Alexandra Theatre, Toronto, all last week, are now over. There are several wiser and a few happier individual people and companies as a result. This is the third or fourth tourney engineered by Earl Grey for the apparent development of Canadian art talent in music and drama—though what the real results will be in making Canada more musical and more dramatic, time only will tell. At present the result is as follows:

### The Winners of Trophies.

Orchestral—1st, Ottawa Symphony Orchestra.  
 Piano—1st, D. C. Fairman, Toronto; 2nd, Miss Muriel Lillie, Cobourg; 3rd, Mr. J. Davidson Ketchum, Toronto.  
 Violin—1st, Miss Mae Getz, Montreal; 2nd, Miss Julia Choate, Peterboro; 3rd, Miss Jessie Flooke, Toronto.  
 Male Solo Voice—1st, Mr. Howard Russell, Toronto; 2nd, Mr. Arthur Brown, Toronto; 3rd, Mr. Arthur W. Black, Ottawa.  
 Ladies' Solo Voice—1st, Miss Kathleen Howard, Toronto; 2nd, Miss Mabel Doherty, Toronto; 3rd, Miss Bayton Buchanan, Toronto.  
 Dramatic—1st, Dickens Fellowship, Toronto; 2nd, Associated Players of Margaret Eaton School of Literature and Expression, Toronto.  
 Special prize awarded the Choir of St. Paul's Methodist Church.  
 Miss Pattie Maclaren, London, won the bracelet presented by Miss Margaret Anglin, as being the best actress. Mr. Basil G. Morgan, Toronto, carried off the signet ring presented by Mr. J. E. Dodson for the best acting. The prize for the best original play was won by Mr. George W. Pacaud, Montreal.

The first of the week's schedule of programmes opened with a solo competition, both instrumental and vocal; Miss Muriel Lillie and Mr. E. F. Singer, pianists, and Mr. Arthur Brown and Miss Victoria Stairs, vocalists. The Bloor Street Presbyterian Church Choir, of fifty-seven voices, filled the



London Dramatic Company who made a hit in "Jack Straw."

stage and rendered Dudley Buck's "Hymn to Music" and Gounod's "Come Unto Him." The acting of the Associated Players of the Margaret Eaton School of Expression was most creditable, but the choice of the plays, "The Land of the Heart's Desire" and "Kathleen ni Houlihan" was not happy.

The Peterboro Operatic Company opened the second evening with "The Geisha," which was well staged, well equipped and certainly well acted, and great disappointment was felt when only one act was performed.

The Dickens Fellowship Company next occupied the boards with "The Cricket on the Hearth," a production in three acts, which fairly took the house. The acting was much above the average in every way, and the general management and stage effects were above criticism. Mr. Bell-Smith is much to be congratulated.

In the individual competitions, Mr. Arthur Singer rendered Chopin's "Polonaise"; Mr. Howard Russell sang "The Lord is My Light"; Miss Rachelle Copeland contributed her rendition of the "Reverie," and Miss Dayton Buchanan sang the Saint Saens selection. Well rendered and well received were all of these.

Showers of praise fell to the lot of the Ottawa Symphony Orchestra on the third night of the competition. Under the conductorship of Mr. Donald Hains, the orchestra strongly impressed the audience. Difficult though the repertoire, most happy and perfect the execution. Miss Catherine Merritt's company in an original play, written by Miss Merritt, furnished the dramatic portion of the programme. The play itself was somewhat episodic in construction and conventional in theme. Though not brilliant it contained much of merit. The acting was well rendered throughout.

The soloists were Mr. C. D. Fairman, in the Chopin "Polonaise"; Mr. Howard Russell in "The Lord is My Light"; Mr. Louis Ruthennery in Vieuxtemp's "Reverie" and Miss Kathleen Howard in "My Hearing of this Sweet Voice."

The programme for the fourth evening was the dramatic offering of Arthur Law's "A Country Mouse," by the Toronto Associate Players. Only two acts were rendered, but in such a bright and free manner that although one could have wished for more, one felt in a good and forgiving mood. The acting was far above the average.

A full illustrated feature article on the competition winners will appear in the COURIER next week. Pictures of winners of the dramatic trophy are published on page 8 of this issue.

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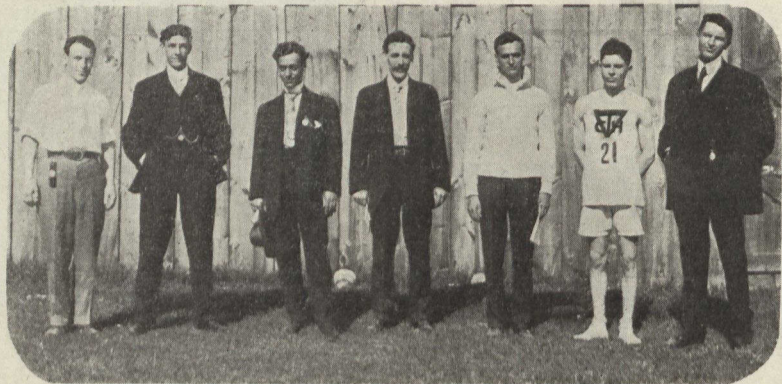
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## THE SEASON OF ATHLETICS

By F. H. HURLEY



CANADA'S FASTEST WALKERS

From left to right—W. C. Beattie, W. R. Major, A. C. Jewell, Don Linden, George Goulding, E. P. McDonald, Charles Skene.

### RECORD-MAKERS ON THE ROADS.

#### A Septette of Whom Any Country Might be Proud.

CANADA may be justly proud of her walkers, for they are the best in the world. No country can to-day show such fast men as she can, either collectively or individually.

Goulding is the best of the Ontario lot, and good judges pronounce him the greatest in the world. He is young, too, and improving, and while he may not as yet have quite reached record figures (G. E. Larnet's), and that's a mooted question too—he is so close to them that, if given the opportunity this year, it is thought he will not only equal, but even surpass them. He has already done a mile in 6.28 3-5, (the record is 6.26) and two in 13.33 3-5, and that, too, on a small indoor track, in both cases.

E. P. McDonald comes next, with 6.43, and, as he too is improving all the time, it is reasonable to expect that he will reduce his time many seconds before the season is closed. Charles ("Chuck") Skene has a record of 6.45, and were he to devote all his time to walking, and not divide it up, as is his wont, with running, he might be right up with the best, as he has all the ear-marks of a champion; but "Chuck" likes to vary his exercise by a run occasionally, and has made some wonderfully good times at the half and mile—being

equal to 2.00 for the former and something like 4.24 for the latter; in fact, the outside of Jack Tait, he is the fastest man in Canada for these distances.

Major, Beattie and Jewell have all done in the neighbourhood of 7.00, with Don Linden, though an exceptionally fair walker, and a good man over a distance of ground, as evidenced by his winning the ten miles' walk at Guelph several years in succession, is not as fast for a short distance as the others, and may not compete again. Besides these we have other young walkers of promise, and unless something unforeseen happens—a plague or something of the kind annihilates them all—we will have no rivals to fear, in this branch of sport at least, for some years to come.

Long-distance walkers are not all confined to athletes. There are a lot of Englishmen in Canada who go for long tramps. One master in Upper Canada College thinks nothing of doing fifty miles on a Saturday; out from Toronto to Newmarket and beyond, dinner in the evening and back again, feeling as fit as when he started out. Of all people in the world the Englishman best knows the value of cross-country walks, which is a great deal more beneficial than track work.

### A WARNING NOTE FROM A VETERAN.

#### Just a Little Attention to Common-Sense Rules of Health.

THE athletic season has arrived—no doubt about that. You all probably realise that more fully than I do. My day has passed. There is a doubt, however, as to whether you are entering upon your training, or practice, which ever you like to call it, with that degree of care, that is necessary in order to avoid accidents, and produce the best results in other respects.

The body at this time of the year, unless exercise has been kept up all winter, which isn't likely, in the majority of cases, is in a comparatively weak condition, and it is important, therefore, that it should be treated very carefully for a couple of weeks at least, or until it is so far strengthened, as to be able to bear the new and harder work it will be called upon to perform.

By this gradual preparation, the tendons and muscles, as well as the vital organs, will be so strengthened, that strains, that otherwise would be almost certain to occur, will be avoided. This is a point that is well worth attending to, and will amply repay for the time and care bestowed upon it.

The late L. E. Myers, of the United

States, who was regarded as the greatest middle distance runner in the world, used always to say that he never felt better than he did the first day he appeared on the track for practice, but that was the very day he was most careful to do the least work, realising, as he did, the condition he was in. He always contented himself, he said, with mere "prancing about," for the first week or two, and wouldn't think of doing any hard, or fast work, before the expiration of that time. And he was wise, as any one who has had any experience at all, must know.

There is another thing, too, that the athlete should always be careful to do, and it doesn't matter much, in this case, whether he has been training long or short, and that is, to always "warm up" thoroughly, before trying himself out. If these precautions were taken, you wouldn't find, as you often do, so many cripples, who have, of course, as will be seen, no one to blame but themselves. Accidents and carelessness are, as a rule, synonymous terms. Don't be careless then, if you don't want to be a cripple. And what athlete does?



## Tea Time Talks



*It's always tea time when you are tired or thirsty.*

### Tea When You're Sick

It is tea and toast, not coffee and toast, that go to the sick room. Neither the stomach nor nerves of the sick are strong enough to endure coffee.

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**"And When Fate Summons"**

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19.

for a neat shot had told. Three to win!

Manning braced himself for the effort. The right wing caught the puck and passed, the centre took it up the ice, till the point blocked him; then suddenly he sent it to the left wing. Reaching far out Manning caught it, and put it in with a side shot. "Hurrah for the stranger," called the crowd, and Manning tingled with pleasure.

It was a hard fight, Like a field of standing grain the crowd swayed over the boards and back again as the forwards wheeled up and down the ice. It was a rough game, and the penalty bench was kept well filled. Now the centre was ruled off, and his loss meant much to the team. Tarlton made a determined rush, but the goal was steady, stopping the puck with stick, pads, feet. Presently Manning had the puck. How they managed it without the centre he hardly knew, but a happy shot caught the Tarlton goal's heel, and the puck bounced in.

"One more, oh—oh just one more!" was the cry, but that one more seemed the impossible thing. The stranger was a marked man; constant tripping and checking were telling on him, and his shots went wide. Breathing hard, he leaned on his stick in the momentary pause while an offside was called back. Dimly he heard his name, and looked up. The Lanky One, in his excitement forgetting his pledge of secrecy, was shouting hoarsely, "Manning! Go it, Manning!" The words set him on fire, and on the instant he saw his opportunity. Disentangling the puck from a melee of sticks and feet, he started up the ice. A stick was suddenly thrust in front of his feet; with an agility which he would hardly have thought possible he hurdled it, and dashed on, never hearing the cheers. The other forwards had not been able to keep up, there was no one to pass to, so he tried the goal himself, with a long, quick shot. The goal-keeper made a wild swoop with his stick, but the puck had slipped in past his feet. Then the bell rang; the game was over.

The Banville crowd went mad with joy. With wild yells of sheer gladness and hoarse cheers for the team they surged over the ice. They tossed the stranger, wrung his hand, and slapped his back, till the Lanky One came to his relief. "Gee, but you played great!" he shouted, his dull eyes on fire with enthusiasm. "Come on, the boys are goin' up to the hotel."

OF the celebration that followed Banville still speaks with pride, as a fitting climax to the glorious victory. The captain had let the team into the secret, and the name of Smith was greeted with uproarious and mirthful enthusiasm. Late that night, as Smith, the substitute hockey player, alias Bob Manning the star, alias Richard Manning, K.C., fell into bed, he murmured delightedly, "What a night!"

In the morning, when the Lanky One came around to the hotel, "to see Man—that is, Smith," as he confided to the clerk, he was greeted with the laconic answer, "He's gone." "Yes," continued "Charlie," "he had to go by the early train, I don't know where to, somewhere along the Centreville line."

In Centreville Richard Manning, K.C., was making shift with an ancient gown, and apologising for an accident by which his own had been forgotten. It was noticed that he seemed rather tired. "He must be getting old to let a railway journey bother him," thought his client, but

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The best for Bread and the best for Pastry



### "The Little Brother of The Rich"

NOW, this is *not* a talk about money.

It isn't a contrast between the rich and the poor, for in some things we are all equally rich and there are no poor brothers.

The poorest woman in the land can have just as good bread as the richest. The children who walk can have just as delicious pies and cakes and "goodies" as the children who ride in carriages.

All the money in the world cannot buy better flour than "ROYAL HOUSEHOLD", for there isn't any better.

And the woman who does her own baking can have just as good bread as is served to the Royal Household of England, and *that* is made from ROYAL HOUSEHOLD FLOUR sent to England from Canada.

And then, a barrel of

"ROYAL HOUSEHOLD" produces many more loaves than a barrel of ordinary flour. The bread is better—sweeter, nicer to eat—and more wholesome—has more health and strength in it—makes more delicious pies, cakes, biscuits and doughnuts. Children, whose mothers use "ROYAL HOUSEHOLD" at home, can have just as good baked things as the Princes and Princesses of England.

Although "ROYAL HOUSEHOLD" costs a little more per barrel than ordinary flour it contains so much more nourishment and makes so much more bread of superior quality it is in reality the most economical of all flours.

"Ogilvie's Book for a Cook" comprises 125 pages of splendid Recipes which have been tested and tried. Every woman who is interested in good things to eat should send and get it.



26

it did not affect the brightness of his wit, nor the clearness of his convincing argument. When his pleased and grateful client was seeing him on board the night train—which made quick connection at Banville—"Why, Mr. Manning," he exclaimed, "you handled that case like a hockey player his stick." And the K. C. smiled.

"Hello!" ejaculated Bob Manning, some days later, looking up from the morning paper, "listen to this!" It was an account, taken in abridged form from "The Banville Mercury," of the final hockey match between the Banville Tigers and the Tarlton Terriers. "Largely instrumental in winning the game for the Tigers," ran the journalistic comment, "was the stellar play of a substitute, a stranger who gave the non-committal name of Smith, but who, we have every reason to believe, was no less

than Bob Manning, late star of the Royston team, junior champions, and now of the University Seven."

"Some bally fool must have been using my name," cried the youngster hotly; "what would you do about it, Cousin Dick?"

"Oh, I fancy I wouldn't bother about it if I were you, Bob. *Cui bono*"—for he was the barrister once more—"or, in the vernacular, what's the good?" But as he went to the office he smiled, for from his inmost sporting spirit the reproach had been lifted.

And to this day, as the Lanky One lounges over the desk of the Banville hotel and discusses the town gossip with his friend the clerk, he chuckles heavily over that famous night when he won victory for the Tigers by producing the star city player, Bob Manning.

## FOR THE CHILDREN

### The Disappointment.

BESSIE A. MOTTER.

ONCE, when I's out at Uncle Bob's we saw a great big fire, The smoke, it was jest awful thick, the flames was shootin' higher, So Aunt M'ri, she hustled round and Uncle Bob and me, We hitched old Whitey to the rig and galloped out to see. 'N'en Uncle Bob, he said he thought 'twas Mr. Beebe's place, But Aunt M'ri, she told him that he better make more haste, 'Cos she thought it was nothin' else but Grandpa's cider-mill; 'N'en I could hardly wait a tall to see above the hill.

But when we got to where 'twas clear and we could see around, An' I was ready to sing out, then what d'ye think we found?

Jes' nothin' but a bonfire, as sure as you are born!

Jes' boys a-playin' Injun an' roastin' ears o' corn!

An' Uncle Bob was awful mad, and Aunt M'ri, she said

She thought such silly folks as them much better be abed;

But when I ast 'em if they wished it had been Grandpa's mill,

They said, real cross, that boys my size best keep their questions still!

—*Woman's Home Companion.*

\* \* \*

### The Princess' Blue Tie-Ups.

A COLD STORY WITH A WARM ENDING.

BY HELEN REID CROSS.

ONCE on a cold winter's night there were two little Icicles, and they were very unhappy; unhappy, not for their own fault, for they were both as good as they were cold—and beautiful. Their trouble was that they loved each other, and were parted. For though they both hung from the same window sill (that of the Princess' bedroom) yet one of them was quite at one end, and one was quite at the other; which to you may seem near, but which is an enormous distance to an Icicle, who always counts everything by snow-flakes; and more enormous still to these two poor little lovers, whose only wish was to sit quite close together and squeeze each other's hands.

"Fifty snowflakes at least between me and her," sighed little Man Icicle; "how can Jack Frost be such a beast!"

Little Girl Icicle glanced along the broad window-sill that divided them, and decided that the distance was far too great for them ever to meet.

"Oh, Mr. Moon!" she murmured,

"please don't shine so brightly; perhaps if I could not see him, I might in time forget."

"No use winking at her from this distance," thought Little Man Icicle, "but I may as well try."

But he was right—it *was* no use.

When the sun rose he shone straight in at the Princess' window.

"She'll be glad to see me," he said, "for she's going to the tournament to-day, and wants to look her best;" and he never thought of the two poor little Icicles he was melting all the time.

Drop by drop each of them dissolved, and drop by drop two little pools of water on the path beneath them increased, till gradually both he and she turned into a tiny twisting stream, and trickling gently together, they met at last.

... Now, was it the reflection of the blue morning sky overhead, or was it just a fairy tale? Anyway, it is certain that when the Princess looked out of her window she found, upon the path outside, a dainty blue tie-up lying there, and it was in the shape of a true-lover's knot. — *Pall Mall Magazine.*

\* \* \*

### The Siege.

BY NANCY BYRD TURNER.

DEEP in the hold of a curtained crib

A warrior, robed in white, With head held high and dauntless eye,

Was sore beset, last night. A foe in the land that must be feared.

A watchful ward to keep— Camped in the gloom of the darkening room,

The grey-clad captain Sleep.

A wooden soldier, a woolly dog, These were his garrison;

And never a trick in the arts of war Their leader left undone.

Quiet feigned on the pillow, now; Now, with a sudden fling,

Holding hard to his bodyguard, On ramparts rollicking.

Dark made a tent for all the world, And set far lights aglow;

The clock was like a sentinel, Slow pacing to and fro;

The warrior, nodding, drooped awhile In his beleaguered town;

Across his eyes, surrender wise, Two white flags fluttered down.

Close crept the grey-clad captain Sleep

With all his men of might— Wee brownie folk and downy folk,

And elves and fairies bright. With little garments dusky-grey,

With little wings a-gleam, They bore their captive far away.

To Land of Happy Dream.

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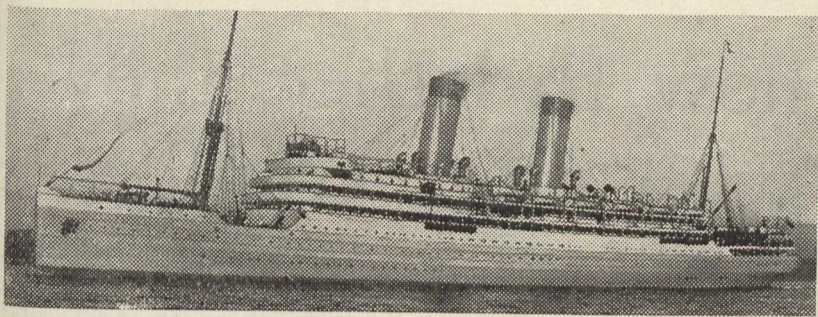
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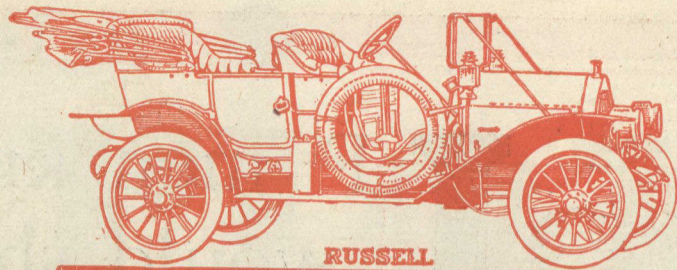
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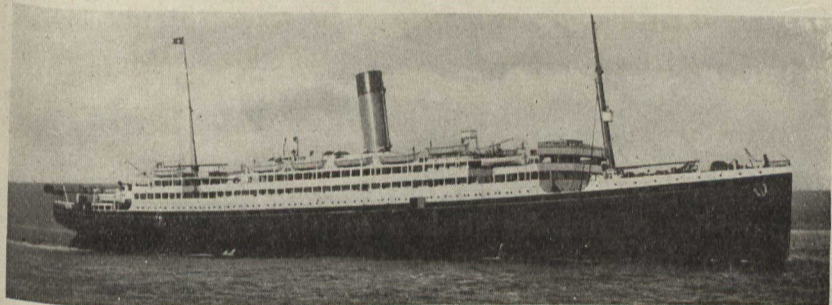


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**I**F men knew how to lather, they would shave with more comfort.

The action of lather on the beard is a *double* one.

The *oily exudation* which covers each hair is *removed* by the *soap*. This allows the *water* to get to the hair, *moistening* and *softening* it.

A certain amount of *friction* aids the lather in the performance of its duty. *Too much* friction irritates the skin and causes that smarting sensation for which soap or razor is often blamed.

It follows that the method of lathering which *most thoroughly* penetrates the oil-covered hairs, with the *least* amount of rubbing, is not only the *quickest* manner of shaving but the most *comfortable*.

Mixing the lather in a *cup* and then spreading it over the face does not properly soften the beard. That "mussy" but frequent habit of rubbing in the lather with the fingers is then resorted to by many.

"*Finger friction*" not only means skin irritation but a *waste of time*.

It is logical that the *proper* place to mix the lather is *on the face*, where every motion of the brush not only works *up* the lather but also works it *in*. With this method it is unnecessary to touch face or lather with the fingers, and a *thoroughly softening* lather is obtained without a wasted motion of any kind.

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