

# The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly



JOHN A. COOPER, Editor

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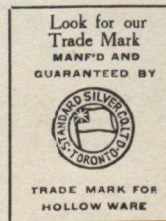


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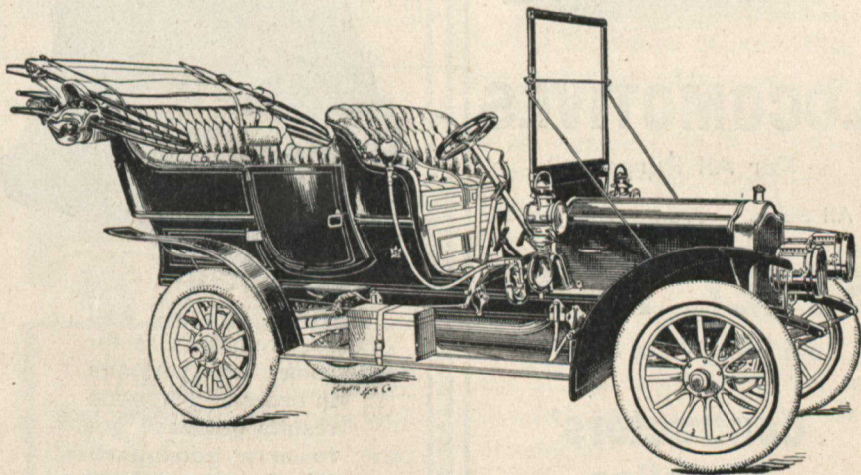
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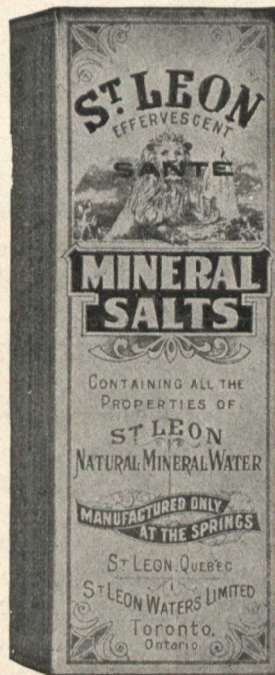
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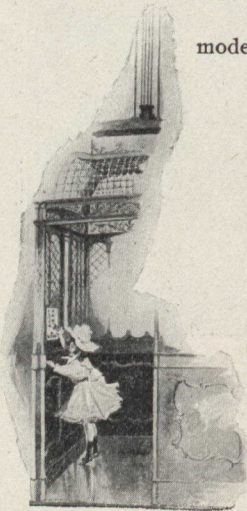
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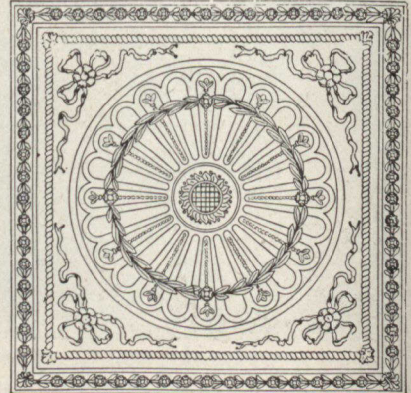
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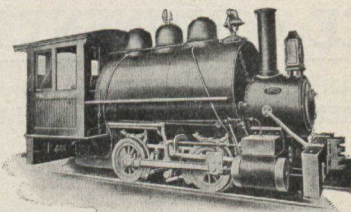


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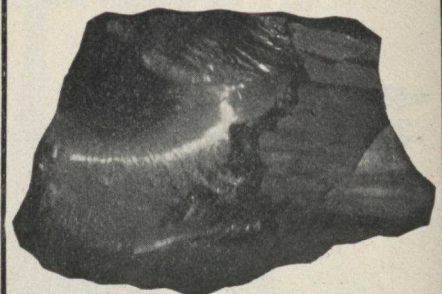
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A National Weekly

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### CONTENTS

Topics of the Day . . . . .	7
Reflections . . . . .	8
Through a Monocle. . . . .	10
Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Party . . . . .	11
Some Doukhobor Tyrannies . . . . .	12
Canada and the Colonial Conference . . . . .	14
Dogs and Dogs . . . . .	16
Dikkon's Dog, Story . . . . .	18
Chawl the Cook, Story . . . . .	20
John Bull and Johnnie Canuck . . . . .	22
Talk . . . . .	23
Demi-Tasse . . . . .	24
Music and Drama . . . . .	26
For the Children . . . . .	28
Literary Notes . . . . .	30

### Editorial Chat

This week's issue contains two long, but rather striking, articles. That on the Colonial Conference admirably sums up the problems now engrossing the attention of the greatest men of the Empire, assembled in London. The other, on the Doukhobors, gives information never before published, and discloses a rather serious state of affairs in these communities.


Next week there will be some excellent pictures from Dawson City showing that wheat, flowers and vegetables are produced in that far-away region. Their summer is short, but the heat is sufficient to produce wonderful natural growth.

Bonnycastle Dale will contribute an illustrated sketch of the Gallinule, or Mudhen, a bird which has a little story of its own. Now that the ice is moving out of the small lakes, the lover of nature is turning his mind to this sort of subject.


There will be numerous other features — cartoons, drawings, short stories, gossip and news. Those who find The Canadian Courier pleasing will confer a great favour by showing it to their friends. Our subscribers can make or mar the paper's success. Their verdict is final.

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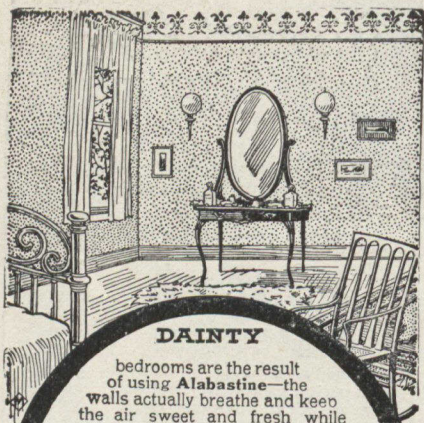
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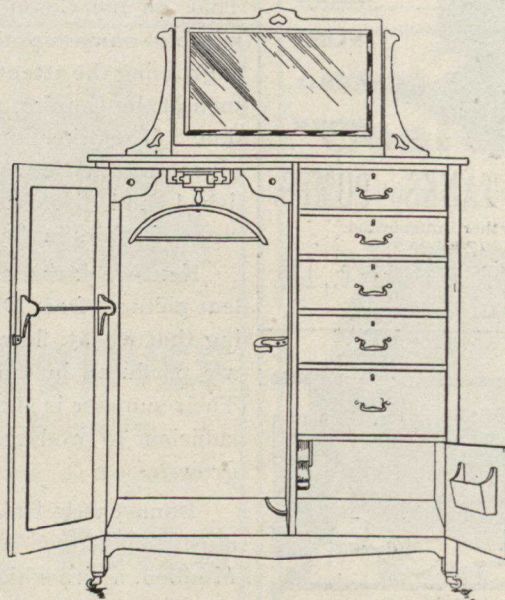
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# The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

NEWS CO. EDITION

Subscription: \$2.50 a Year.

Vol. I

Toronto, April 20th, 1907

No. 21

## Topics of the Day

**S**ASKATCHEWAN has an Attorney-General who is no ordinary politician. His ways are not those of the slanderbund. The other day he upheld Judge Prendergast's famous decision giving the Prince Albert seat to a Liberal, though his majority was made up of bogus votes. So far, any other politician would have followed the same course. Mr. Lamont, however, did not stop there. While admitting that the Judge had acted according to the law, he thought the decision was one which should be set aside and he moved accordingly. The result is that the seat is awarded to the Conservative Candidate, though the Attorney-General is a Liberal.

Mr. Lamont has acted fairly and the leader of the Opposition, Mr. Haultain, with his usual good sense, admitted it. He remarked that when the people of the West got together to do business it was done on a wise and reasonable basis. It is pleasant to note that the new Legislatures in the West are inclined to put the interests of the country before party advantage. If we could be sure that this would always be the case, there are many of us who would move West at the first opportunity.

London is more the centre of the Empire this week than usual for the Colonial Premiers, are all there. Sir J. Ward, Premier of New Zealand, was the first to arrive and to take quarters at the Hotel Cecil, where Colonial visitors seem prone to gather. General Botha and Sir Wilfrid Laurier arrived about the same time, the one at Southampton, the other at Liverpool. The dining and the wining for which Londoners are noted will rage with all its accustomed fury for a few weeks. Lord Elgin, Colonial Secretary, presided at the Eighty Club dinner, which was one of the opening events.

When the Canadian Manufacturers visited Great Britain two or three years ago, the Eighty Club, the most prominent Liberal organisation in London, hesitated a long time before it decided to honour the visitors. In fact this entertainment was the last of a long list and would not have occurred had not the manufacturers made it plain by their conduct and speech that they were not in Great Britain to boom Protection, or to ask for special favours. It was only after persistent agitation on the part of Mr. Hamar Greenwood, Mr. Clougher, Sir Hugh Gilzean-Reid and other staunch friends of the colonies that the luncheon was arranged. This time, the Eighty Club is first instead of last to welcome the colonials—a pleasant omen to those who know something of the attitude of the Liberal party towards the colonies. The days of distrust and lack of

sympathy are slowly but surely passing away.

The ladies of England are always to the fore when the British government has guests to be entertained. The Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Derby, Lady Beauchamp, Lady Lansdowne, Lady Crewe, Lady Wimborne and Lady Portsmouth are to play the part of hostess to the important visitors.

Lady Beauchamp will entertain officially on behalf of the Government. Lord Beauchamp is Captain of the Gentlemen-at-Arms, and was once Governor of New South Wales. Lady Beauchamp is a daughter of Lady Grosvenor. They have a new house in Belgrave Square which has recently been artistically decorated.

Stafford House, neat St. James's Palace and Buckingham Palace, where the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland will entertain, is one of the finest old residences in London.

Queen Victoria is said to have remarked to one Duchess when visiting her: "I have come from my house to your palace." The staircase is by Barry, if memory serves.

Premier McBride of British Columbia is going to London, but not to the Colonial Conference. He goes to lay on the Steps of the Throne a petition for better terms for that Province; to point out how badly his Province has been treated by Sir Wilfrid Laurier. The Liberal Opposition on the Coast quite agree with him that the Dominion Government did not treat the Province well in the recent adjustment of provincial subsidies, but they lay the blame on the two Tory Premiers, Mr. Whitney and Mr. Roblin, not on Sir Wilfrid. This makes the situation really funny. There is something in Premier McBride's present conduct which recalls that of Sir William Lyon Mackenzie in the Rebellion period.

The Prince Edward Island Opposition would like Premier Peters to follow Mr. McBride across the ocean and make a similar complaint. Mr. Peters, being a Liberal, does not seem inclined to resort to such a step and thus jeopardise the good-will of his friend, Sir Wilfrid Laurier. The Island people are not in a pleasant mood just now and much fire-eating is in progress. Their little budget, which is about one twenty-fifth of that of the City of Toronto, is causing them much concern. The truth of the matter is that P.E.I. is not large enough to be a province and should be united with one of the other Maritime Provinces or with both.

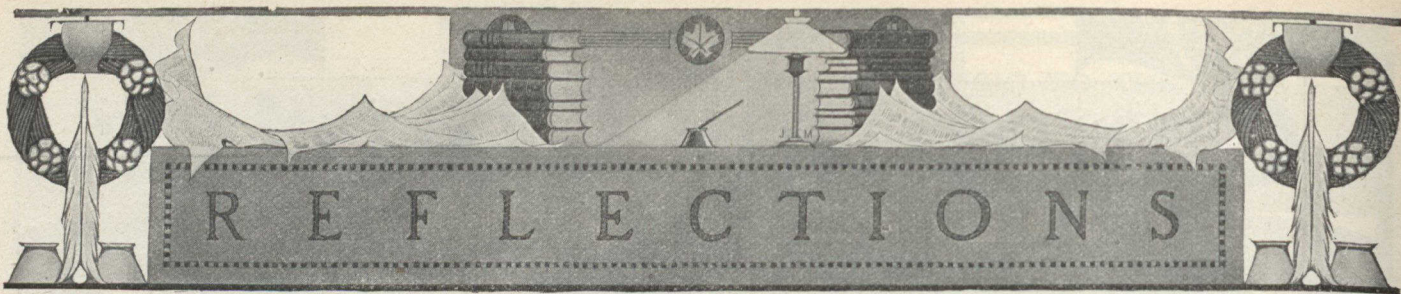
Its administration is top-heavy, as is inevitable in a province with only 103,000 inhabitants. This population is not likely to increase, being already 51.6 persons to the square mile as compared with 22.3 in Nova Scotia and 11.8 in New Brunswick. The surrendering of its independent existence would injure only its dignity.



HON. JOHN H. LAMONT,

Attorney-General of Saskatchewan.





IIII BY STAFF WRITERS IIII

**I**N praising the Nova Scotia authorities for their success in pushing through their technical education bill, the secretary of the Manufacturers' Association remarked that they had shown the petti-fogging politicians in other provinces what to do.

**EDUCATIONAL  
TENDENCIES**

Mr. Murray may be as smart as Professor Leacock, but, if the report of his Halifax speech be accurate, he has no more discretion. Nova Scotia has certainly done well, but the other provinces have not been unmindful of either technical or higher education. There are many demands upon the provincial authorities for educational improvement, and these demands must be taken in order.

New Brunswick has been stirred by the recent forestry convention in Fredericton and will grant an additional \$5,000 to the University of New Brunswick for a chair in forestry and agricultural chemistry and for further teaching in engineering. Here is another province which is doing its share.

Quebec is a little backward, but increased grants for education were made this session by the "pettifogging" politicians. In Ontario, Premier Whitney and his colleagues have greatly increased their grants and technical education has not been overlooked. Manitoba has not come to this problem yet, but it has dealt most generously with all its schools, more generously than any other province perhaps. Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia have made provision this year for provincial universities where scientific and technical education will have attention.

Secretary Murray apparently did not know the facts. His remark was no doubt due to excess of zeal for his employers, the manufacturers, who find it difficult to get an adequate supply of skilled workmen for their expanding establishments. Nevertheless, it would be wisdom on their part to buy a muzzle for this young gentleman lest his barking disturb the public peace.

**I**N his address before the Halifax Canadian Club, Mr. Harry Cockshutt, president of the Manufacturers' Association, seems to have risen to the height of excellence attained by his predecessors. His review of

**MR. COCKSHUTT  
AND RAILWAYS**

Canada's progress and of the growing part played by industrialism was masterly for a common citizen unaccustomed to such work. He struck the proper note when he said that the Manufacturers' Association stood for naturalisation, for the up-building of the whole country; and that Canada must be considered as a nation, not as a collection of provinces. This is the true basis for the discussion of our various problems and Mr. Cockshutt does well to emphasise it.

He remarked that the Canadian Pacific should have its terminus at Halifax, not at St. John, and indicated that, in his opinion, the Intercolonial from St. John to Halifax will require double-tracking at an early date. The growing traffic to Canada's two winter ports justifies this sentiment.

Mr. Cockshutt also expressed the opinion that what the country needs is not the granting of more railway charters, but the better equipment of existing lines. This is a sentiment which will meet with considerable approval. On the other hand, the great railway corporations will say that they are doing their best to keep

up with the traffic, that cars and locomotives are hard to get, and that in extending their lines they are but meeting the wishes of districts not now served by transportation facilities. If the roads are built, the people and the Railway Commission may be relied upon to see that the proper service is given. If there were not some growing pains, we might not be so observant of our own progress.

**J**UST how far the Dominion government and the provincial governments should go in the encouragement of Canadian art is a question. The great difficulty in the way is that when a government starts to expend

**GOVERNMENTS  
AND ART**

money on pictures or decorations, some scheming villain comes along with a well backed but worthless proposition and gobbles up the appropriations. We have had numerous examples of fifth-rate artists getting commissions from governments at first-rate prices. The best artists will not canvass for work; the poorer artists occasionally descend to such a level. It is apparent, therefore, that governments which make appropriations should see that the money is expended to advantage.

The Dominion Government proposes to get over this difficulty by appointing an advisory council of art, consisting of three or more citizens who are known to take a deep interest in this subject and have a considerable knowledge of what is good and what is bad. This committee will control the national art gallery, the decoration of public buildings, the erection of national monuments and the purchase of pictures for the government. This is a great step forward and shows that the authorities, while greatly interested in trade and commerce, are not unmindful of culture and the higher things of life.

The Ontario Government has under consideration a mural decoration scheme for the beautifying of the interior of the Legislative Building. Further, it expends \$800 a year in purchasing pictures for its collection of Canadian canvases in the Education department, besides one or two grants to art education.

**I**N one of the last letters written by the late Dr. Drummond, from Cobalt, he remarks that "Wild Cats" flourish in that region and that he wishes the Government would proclaim an open season for these

**WILD-CATS  
IN COBALT**

destructive animals without any limit to the number that may be killed. This reference to "Wild Cat" mining companies and their present depredations will not likely lead the Ontario authorities to take action. There are mines in Cobalt, but there are also plots of land on which no mineral occurs. These unmineralised plots are given fancy names, capitalised at one or two million dollars and sold to the public at fancy prices. Some of them would be dear at one or two hundred.

The Government says "What can we do?" We cannot examine every lot can we?" The newspapers publish the advertisements and remark, "It is none of our business. If the public wants to buy worthless scrip, let them do so. It isn't our vocative to prevent them making or losing fortunes."

It is not possible to buy shares in all the mines—the



O'Brien or the Drummond for example. If the mine is good, those who own it are not likely to sell shares to the public at twenty cents on the dollar. The people who will make money in Cobalt are those who have capital and who go to that district or send an agent to examine a proposition before investment. The stock quotations in Toronto and New York will tell them no more than they did during the British Columbia mining boom when thousands of small investors lost their savings in companies officered by prominent citizens.

It is nevertheless true that six million dollars' worth of silver, as Dr. Drummond pointed out, has been abstracted from a bit of wilderness "practically shunned by even the Indians only a year or two ago."

**I**N these days of discussion with reference to the place of the college man in politics, it is well to remember that the college man, not ballasted by a proper understanding and appreciation of ethical principles, may go as far astray as any other man. In the pursuit of success he may be careless of the means; and the added acuteness he obtains from his training may but make a more successful buccaner. San Francisco, in its present days of rebuilding, presents to the public those squalid details of far reaching bribery and corruption which but serve to emphasise the governmental inaptitude which, except in the days of radical moral revulsion, the city governments of the United States have so often shown. And in front of this carnival of corruption, the very brains of the movement, stands the overthrown "little boss" of San Francisco, Abraham Ruef. A college bred man, clever and acute with all that racial keenness which has so often been shown by his compatriots in matters of public service, he has prostituted to the gaining of illicit monetary success, the ability which might have won a more than sufficient honest competence.

Able as a speaker, a master of that sophistry and skill in presenting the best side of a worthless case which is so often, for a time, successful with a popular audience, he has shown distinct ability in organising discontent for his own ends. A shrewd lawyer, he knew at first how to take fees instead of bribes. Success has

led him to rival in cynical openness the methods of Boss Tweed.

It has been his boast that every morning he reads Greek. Some years ago he astonished a college audience by saying, with an apparent honesty that came neither from cynicism or sardonic humour, that all his success came from the application of the precepts of his college days. And an awkward quarter of an hour was caused by his statement that whatever success he had obtained came from the application of the tenets of government he had learned in the classes presided over by his old preceptor, Professor Moses, of the University of California.

One or two instances will show, on a small scale, how his plans of corruption have been developed. An official of an industrial company whose plans for a necessary improvement were blocked by the city council, found that opposition died when the support of Ruef was enlisted. A business man, who found that the slightest infraction of a by-law was punished with rigour, gave Ruef a retainer, and at once difficulties ceased. Some years ago Ruef was instrumental in stirring up the city authorities to consider withdrawing liquor licenses from the French restaurants which have long been noted for the excellence of their cooking and their latitudinarian conceptions of morals. A fund was raised to retain Ruef's professional services; a few words from him to the authorities and the licenses were granted.

It is true that he worked in an environment peculiarly adapted to his ways. A city so wide open that not only was the "lid off" but the lid and its hinges had long since disappeared; a venal and ignorant civic administration; a business community convinced that it was necessary to buy not only concessions but rights as well—all these conditions readily aided him. But the significant and saddening fact, that it was an able college bred man who organised corruption for the benefit of himself and of his associates, attracts attention to the fact that mere cleverness and ability may be a positive detriment to society if not reinforced by an adequate moral sense. Society has more to fear from intellectual predatory parasites than from the unhoused proletariat.

## The Intellectual Preference

**C**ANADA has decided to give Great Britain an "intellectual preference" to use the words of the Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, Postmaster-General. The tendency has been in evidence for some years, but the first week in May will see the realisation of perfected arrangements.

At the present moment, newspapers and periodicals mailed from Great Britain to Canada are charged a rate of eight cents a pound. This is a prohibitive rate, and for years an agitation for reduction has been proceeding. To secure that reduction, it was necessary that Canada and Great Britain should co-operate. Canada has been willing for some time, but the British Postmaster-General found it harder to get into that frame of mind. He had more difficulties to contend with, more postal regulations to consider. Finally, however, an arrangement has been reached whereby this class of postal matter will be sent to Canada at one-quarter the present rates. People in this country will now be able to subscribe for British newspapers and periodicals without being taxed from one to five dollars a year for postage.

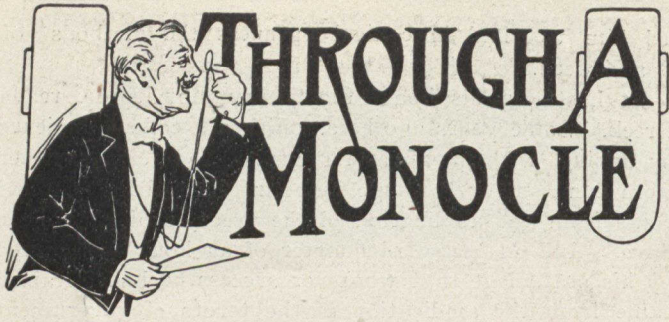
The thanks of the nation are due to Sir William Mulock, Sir Gilbert Parker, The Canadian Press Association, the present Postmasters-General of Canada and Great Britain, and to a number of others who have helped in the great reform. Sir William Mulock was the first official on this side to take it up, and Sir Gilbert Parker led in the agitation in Great Britain.

The "preference" has still to be explained. This new rate of two cents a pound is higher than the rate charged on United States publications, which are mailed to Canada at one cent a pound. Canada, therefore, was under the necessity of getting that rate raised. As it was fixed by a Convention between the two governments, the old Convention was cancelled and a new one negotiated. Under this new agreement, the United States publishers will pay four cents a pound on all periodicals mailed to Canada. This comes into force on May 7th.

In short, the result is: the British rate has been reduced from eight to two cents a pound, while the United States rate has been raised from one to four cents a pound. The Britisher will pay two cents after May 1st; the United States will pay four cents after May 7th. Thus, British periodicals will have a preference in this market.

There will not likely be any immediate displacement of United States periodicals by British, but in the course of a year or two, the sales of British publications here should be doubled, and the sales of United States periodicals cut in two. This is as it should be. A British country should have British literature. Strangest of all the features of this movement, is the circumstance that a French-Canadian Premier and a French-Canadian Postmaster-General were called upon to bear the burden of the delicate negotiations which were part of the final act in this postal drama.





**T**HE fact that eight members of the Thaw jury stood for conviction on the first ballot is the severest comment which has yet issued from that dramatic court-room on the credibility of Evelyn Nesbitt's story. Of course, Evelyn's story resembled "the flowers that bloom in the spring" in one thing—it had "nothing to do with the case" according to the law. But the lawyers can invoke as many rules as they like, and the alienists can invent as many new names for old lunacies as will serve to enhance their reputations—and their fees—but the plain men in the community were trying that case on the plain question of whether or not the story of Evelyn Nesbitt was entirely true, both in spirit and in substance. The jury—which seems to have given off interviews with the careless liberality of an actress who has lost her jewels—declared, of course, that it paid no attention to "the unwritten law"—that it confined itself rigidly to the evidence laid before it. But if the jury was unaffected by its belief or its disbelief of the story of Evelyn Nesbitt, it contained about the only twelve men on the Continent who were.

\* \* \*

For my part, I am rebel enough against the conventions of the law to admit that I would have been better satisfied if the court had permitted the credibility of the wife's story to be tested. It would make a difference in my judgment of the case if that story were true or false. If Stanford White ruined that girl at sixteen, body and conscience—protecting himself for his crime against her body by his greater crime against her conscience which deluded her into giving a sort of subsequent "consent"—then he should have been shot; and who could have been a more appropriate executioner than his victim's young lover and husband? That Thaw was not her lover or husband at the time of the crime, is not important. If her story be true, he was the first man who had the right to avenge her unspeakable wrongs. But if her story be false, then all this reasoning falls to the ground; and the crime was—as Jerome said—a common Tenderloin murder.

\* \* \*

Mr. Fowler's description of the Insurance Commission was "three feeble old men in a row." This is probably the Fowlerite method of voicing the Oslerian protest. Three husky young athletes in a semi-circle would possibly have impressed Mr. Fowler more deeply—particularly if he were the pivot of the circle. Still there is no evidence of which I am aware that goes to show that advanced age—so long as it has not eclipsed the mind—disqualifies a man for the task of listening to evidence and coming to a judgment upon it. In fact, we ought to recognise that there are certain qualities of the mind which improve with age, and that, in duties which call for the exercise of these, the old man is better than the young and inexperienced man, other things being equal. For creative work, perhaps the young mind is more prolific; but for critical work, the older mind—the riper mind—is far better equipped. We shall make a great mistake as a people if we fall into the easy error of shelving our older men simply because they can no longer jump a five-barred gate or write a telling romance.

\* \* \*

The tyranny of the young is quite as much to be feared as the tyranny of the old. Against the latter we have had to fight in times past with a willingness to give blows which hurt the giver more in many cases than the recipient. But that is no reason why we should fall under the former despotism. Whose literary judgment is better than that of Mr. Goldwin Smith? Are our best judges on the Canadian bench the new appointments or the older heads? Of course, I bar senility or any decay of the powers which prevents a man from doing the work assigned him. But does a physician, who takes pains to keep abreast with modern discovery, grow worse or better as he adds years of experience to his store? The older hand cannot operate so surely; but cannot the older head diagnose with greater cer-

tainty? We are all too much for rushing the grey-headed man into the background. Even the Indians made no such mistake. With them it was the young men for fighting, but the old men for counsel.

\* \* \*

George E. Foster has, as usual, been fighting a single-handed battle. Foster has always had to fight alone. Even when he was in the potent position of Minister of Finance in the Macdonald Government, he had to defend himself without assistance from his colleagues when the aggressive Liberal Opposition of that day concentrated upon him. A friend of mine used to say that he was unpopular because he "talked through his nose"; but that explanation never seemed to me to be adequate. In those days I used to think that he was left alone to fight his battles, because he was so markedly superior to the men about him that they took a human delight in seeing him "bothered." His hands were notoriously clean. He was the watch-dog of the treasury; and astute old Sir John Macdonald used to shoulder over upon him all unpopularity that came from fighting off the raids of "the boys." Then, Prof. Foster was a temperance man; and that is always suspicious in the minds of the Ottawa congregation. They must think that a man who does not drink red wine cannot have red blood. And now he is again in the old position—fighting alone. He must be pretty well used to it by this time; but I fancy that some of the bitterness which we notice in his thrusts by way of defence are due to the fact that he has learned long ago that, in the time of trouble, he will feel no other back pressed to his own and hear the swish of no other friendly sword warding off such attacks as come from behind. He fights the party's battles well; but the party has never fought his.

### A Man of Many Parts

**T**HE Rt. Hon. Sir J. West Ridgeway, whose remarks on Chinese labour in South Africa have caused so much interest, has had an extremely varied career, says M.A.P. He began life in the Army and saw active service in the Afghan War. In 1885 he succeeded Sir Peter Lumsden in command of the Afghan Frontier Commission, and has been Under Secretary for Ireland, Governor of the Isle of Man, and Governor and Commander-in-Chief in Ceylon, from which latter post he retired in 1903.

An amusing story is told in connection with a voyage Sir West Ridgeway once took from Ceylon to England. He travelled in a German steamer, which fact caused a fussy M.P. to inquire in the House of Commons why a British Governor did not use an English ship. The Colonial Secretary replied that Sir West would certainly have travelled by a British steamer in the ordinary course of events, but he had a favourite little dog which the captain of the British boat would not allow on board. The German captain, however, did not object to the canine passenger, so, rather than leave his pet behind, Sir West Ridgeway patronised the foreign steamer.



ANXIOUS ABOUT DEAR ONES AT HOME.

Sir Wilfrid: "I'd feel a great deal easier in mind if I could have seen Bourassa, Maclean and Fowler in jail before I left."

—Toronto World





Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Party, on board the Empress of Britain.

Top row, left to right—Mdme. Wiillard, Senator P. A. Choquette, Miss Melvin Jones, Miss Blanche Doutré, E. J. Lemaire, Hon. L. P. Brodeur.  
Lower row, left to right—Mrs. Clifford Sifton, Mrs. Fielding, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Lady Laurier, Mme. Brodeur, Capt. Murray of the Empress of Britain.  
Photograph by Rupert E. Walker, St. John, N.B.

## Public Opinion

### THE FUNCTION OF TRINITY COLLEGE

DEAR SIR:—

**I**N your recent article relative to Trinity and Wycliffe Colleges, your writer was evidently under a misapprehension which I trust you will allow me to correct.

The article seems to have been written under the supposition that Trinity College, like Wycliffe College, is solely a Divinity school.

The fact is that the University of Trinity College is an Arts College, forming, like Victoria University, an integral portion of the Provincial University and taking full part under the University Federation Act of 1905 in the general education of the Province. This is, of course a work for the education in arts of laymen who are not candidates for the Ministry.

In addition to this service which is the primary object of Trinity University, there is a further department at work known as the Divinity School, in which candidates are prepared for the Ministry of the Church of England.

It is in this last respect only that the work of Trinity and Wycliffe parallel one another.

“Trinity.”

### “HIGH” AND “LOW” CHURCHES

Dear Sir,—I would like to take exception to your article in a late issue, called “A Church Divided.” A few years ago, some of its statements might have been true, but they are not so now. Your writer tells us that amongst the wealthy and cultured classes there is a tendency to return to “high” methods of worship, and that this tendency does not exist among the middle and lower classes. It all depends on what you call “high.” If “high” means using candles, vestments, etc., the churches in Toronto using these things are attended by people of every class, but the churches attended largely by well-to-do people have no ritual of that kind. If “high” means surpliced choirs, etc., (as it used to do) then all our churches are becoming “high.” Well-to-do and poor congregations, Trinity and Wycliffe men, are moving in that direction, and all are becoming what was known as “high church” some years ago. In this particular I think your writer is wrong when he says that there is not the slightest inclination on the part of “high” and “low” to get together for a consideration of the situation. What situation are they to consider? In church work in Toronto the distinctions have disap-

peared. High and low work together in Synod, Rural Deanery, Mission, etc., etc., without any consciousness of difference. They still disagree on some points, but those points don't affect real work. No “getting together” will alter opinions on questions that have been matters of difference in the Church for centuries, but high and low have been “getting together” for many years for the purpose of doing Church work. Again, I think your writer is wrong. Then I don't think it is fair to say that Wycliffe and Trinity are making appeals for support in the effort to “break down one another.”

There have always been “high” and “low” in the Church of England. Their differences are not trivial. The questions in dispute are questions affecting the whole “raison d'être” of the Church. But they agree to disagree and I don't think Trinity and Wycliffe want to break down each other. Each College gives to the Church something that is needed and each asks for help to keep itself alive, without suggesting that it wants to destroy the other. The signs of union are getting clearer and clearer every day. Men who remember the Church in Toronto 30 years ago are amazed at the change. If every kind of division in the Christian Church was healing as quickly as division in the Church of England, Christian union would not be far off.

Reader.

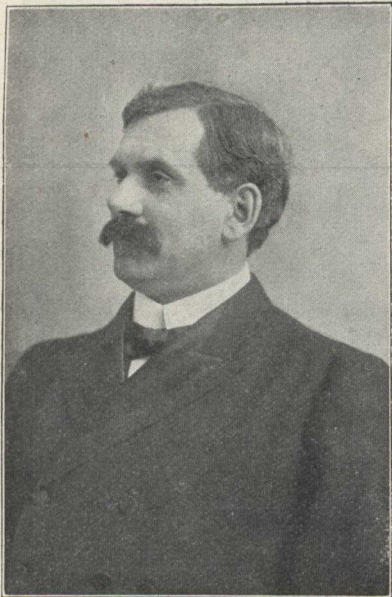
### The Beresfords and the Banshee

**T**HAT splendid British sailor, Lord Charles Beresford, has lately been in the Canadian West on his way home from the States, which he visited in connection with the estate of his brother who was killed in a railway accident at Enderlin. The Beresfords are a famous Irish family and share the old belief in the banshee. An English paper states that the admiral has told that his brother's death was announced by the wailing of a banshee at the family seat at Curraghmore in Ireland.

The banshee is a feminine spectre attached to the fortunes of certain Irish and Breton families. It intimates an approaching death in a household by wandering about the family mansion in the night, wailing and crying. Its name is said to be a phonetic rendering of the Erse words—“Bean Sidhe”—“the woman of the fairies.”

No mortal eye has ever beheld a banshee. No ear can locate her dreary, wailing cry. It passes round the home of the doomed man from which he himself may be many miles distant. Cases have been cited in which he was present, and was the only person in the house who did not hear the melancholy voice.



**McIntyre, M. P.—Strathcona**

Wilbert McIntyre, M.P.,  
Strathcona, Alta.

**T**HE coming of Wilbert McIntyre, M.D., to Ottawa as the representative of Strathcona was not looked upon as an event of much importance. The new member had been elected in a "safe" constituency; he bore a good reputation as man and physician in his own town,—beyond that, little was known or perhaps cared.

McIntyre, M. P., differs from the general run of Members of Parliament. He would rather do things than say things. Reams of

Hansard have been filled by certain members on the reduction of railroad rates, and nothing in the way of legislation had been accomplished. There are several reasons for this failure:—the Members in question had not studied the question and their speeches did not carry conviction; the reductions advocated were too radical; advantage was not taken of the proper Parliamentary procedure in bringing the matter before Parliament.

McIntyre, M.P., waited his time and studied the situation before he made any attempt to carry out his pre-election promise of securing a reduction of railway rates. His constituents were paying 4 and  $3\frac{1}{2}$  cents per mile. Instead of raising his voice with the 2-cent-a-mile forces, in the hope of securing his half loaf, he went directly towards his goal; and the means with which he effected this end have excited the admiration of everybody in the country except the railway corporations. His methods were so systematic that they can be scheduled as follows:—

Jan. 22, a.m., 1907—Gave notice that he would move in the House that three cents per mile be the maximum passenger rate on Canadian railways.

Jan. 22, p.m., 1907—Railway interests enquired "Who is McIntyre?"

Jan. 25, 1907—Following resolution appeared on order paper over the name of McIntyre, M.P.,—

"That in the opinion of this House, notwithstanding anything contained in the General Railway Act or in any special Act incorporating any railway company, no railway company shall be allowed to charge more than three cents per mile per passenger unless after full investigation, special permission to do so is given by the Board of Railway Commissioners.

Jan. 26, 1907—Railway interests in a quandary to know how to meet so apparently a reasonable motion.

Feb. 28, 1907—Resolution put in form of amendment to Railway Bill presented by Minister of Justice.

Feb. 29, 1907—Board of Railway Commissioners ask the Companies to show why they should not be limited to three cents per mile, and much correspondence follows.

March 19, 1907—Board of Railway Commissioners give notice that the maximum railway passenger rate will be three cents per mile except in British Columbia and the Yukon.

Without a single speech in the House, without any appeal to the gallery or blaze of skyrockets, McIntyre, M.P., had accomplished a great reform and won his right to be considered an able Parliamentarian.

**Mr. Bryce and "Central"**

Mr. James Bryce, the new British Ambassador to the United States, has a horror of telephones, so says the San Francisco "Argonaut." The diplomat has frequently been called on the wire since his arrival in Washington, and it is said that on numerous occasions he has refused to talk by means of the speaking piece. When he does talk, however, he insists on knowing immediately who the person is at the other end of the line and his business. Mr. Bryce simply doesn't like this modern method of carrying on a conversation, and as a result gets out of it whenever he can. Long-distance calls are said to be particularly distasteful to the ambassador.

**Some Doukhobor Tyrannies**

STRIKING STORIES FROM THE RECORDS OF THE ROYAL NORTH-WEST MOUNTED POLICE.

By A WESTERNER

**A** SIMPLE, agricultural, moral and God-fearing people, non-militant and industrious, is what we believed the Doukhobors to be when we invited them to Canada. It is true we knew they had strange religious beliefs, that they clung to the ancient social organisation of communism in property and were in other ways peculiar. But this is a big country and it was with a feeling of pride that we afforded a haven to a people whom we believed were being cruelly oppressed for principle.

Eight years have passed since the Doukhobors came first to Canada from Russia—sufficient time in which, under ordinary circumstances, to study and know all about any people. But truth to tell—after living beside the Doukhobor for eight years—we know little more of his religion, morals, habits and social life than we did eight years ago. The Doukhobor is essentially secretive in all that pertains to Doukhobor religion and life, and if in an attempt to "size him up," we do him an injustice, it is his fault. He would not tell us—we had to look at him, watch him work, trade, eat, drink and

sleep, and judge for ourselves what he was thinking about.

There is a feeling of sympathy for the man who stands ready to sacrifice his life for principle. When we saw the little villages spring up with houses all alike, built in curious Russian fashion of mud and wood on each side of the long, wide, often well-gravelled street; when we saw the villagers—men, women and children—working side by side in the adjoining fields, we thought of the beautiful spirit of communism and almost wished we were away from the world of envy, greed and gain. When we saw the villagers drawing waggons and, after they began to accumulate money, using steam ploughs to redeem the horse from being a beast of burden—while we called it folly, down in our hearts we admired their sacrifice. We were told they were vegetarians—big, brawny men and women; we knew they obeyed the Biblical injunction "unto him that smiteth thee on the one cheek offer also the other," and were lost in wonder. We admired their principle. But slowly it has dawned upon



us that what we had taken for principle was nothing more than the fanaticism of ignorant people following the dictates of a leader bent upon keeping his people strange and apart from the rest of the community, in an effort to preserve his power.

To understand the Doukhobor it is necessary to first realise that the keystone of his life is Peter Veregin. He is the Doukhobor Christ, the legitimate successor by designation of a list of rulers extending back several centuries. The Doukhobor will not admit this for fear that if it became known to the world that Christ was dwelling in their midst, he would be subjected to persecution as in the days of Pontius Pilate. But the fact remains that Peter Veregin is regarded as Christ and that the Doukhobors are not communists, not non-militant, and not vegetarians from principle, but because of the edict of Peter Veregin.

The Christ of the Doukhobors—the absolute priest and sovereign of many thousand people living in Canada—is an interesting personage and well worthy of description. It is sufficient for our purpose, however, that he is a man of good business judgment, diplomatic and forceful. He makes no pretence to speak or understand the English language, and, in his affairs of business or state with the Gentiles, is represented and interpreted by his secretary, Simeon Riebin, a clever young man who is worthy of the mantle when Veregin shall be a dead Doukhobor.

It is the plain, everyday Doukhobor whom we want to know about. In Canada we have, by the last tally, about 9,000 Doukhobors,—they are all living in the Province of Saskatchewan, distributed over 61 villages,—48 in the Yorkton district and 13 in the Prince Albert district. The villages consist of from 12 to 50 houses and contain on an average 142 souls. At Veregin station, on the line of the Canadian Northern Railway, is a central storehouse, the offices of the administration,—that is, Veregin,—a post office, grain elevator, brick yard and a newly erected flour mill. The Doukhobors have under cultivation 49,429 acres of land and possess 6,314 cattle, 1,393 horses and 2,866 sheep.

The affairs of the colony are administered by Veregin and a committee of three, of which Veregin is one; and, as he appoints the other two members of the committee, it is practically one-man-rule.

Veregin, or the committee, purchases all supplies and distributes them to the villages, where those that are for individual use are apportioned to the inhabitants by the Elders. The tasks of the village are regulated by the Elders, in a more or less informal manner. The communism of the Doukhobor is not as well organised as in a score of communist groups that might be mentioned. As a matter of fact, communism has not been consistently a Doukhobor practice since the founding of the sect. Although at times attempts were made by different elders to introduce communism of property when the sect resided in Russia, and it was more or less successfully carried on, the present communistic spirit of the colony to-day can be traced to the teachings of Count Tolstoi who was attracted to the Doukhobors through their refusal to serve in the Russian army and their consequent persecution by the Government. When the Doukhobors came to Canada a large number of them were disposed to take up lands and work them individually. Tolstoi wrote them and by every influence at his command tried to impress upon them the virtue of communism. At that time he did not realise, nor did those who were instrumental in settling the Doukhobors in Canada, the all-powerful influence of Veregin upon the Doukhobors. The Tolstoi doctrine of communism had, however, been accepted by Veregin—an exile in Siberia—and when he came to Canada in 1903, he imposed communism upon his followers.

All the Doukhobors are not in the community. Since the first settlement there have been independent villages, and the number of independents has rapidly increased within the past year. Exponents of communism point particularly to the fact that the communists are wealthier than the independents, but this can be readily understood when we consider the big handicap to which the independent is subjected. When he becomes independent he leaves the colony without goods, he speaks a tongue strange to those about him and is compelled to work his way in the face of almost incredible hardships. To be independent of the community is to be heterodox—to be anti-Veregin.

In the days of the rule of Poboishin (1775-1785), twelve death-bearing angels were appointed to punish Doukhobors that relapsed from the faith. There is no reason to believe that at the present time there are twelve death-bearing angels in the Doukhobor colonies of Yorkton and Prince Albert, but the spirit of Poboishin

undoubtedly exists, and Doukhobors who wish to rid themselves of Vereginism have to face the liability of cruel persecution.

We realise that the Doukhobors have many friends among students of sociology and economics who will be prepared to challenge our statements when we say that there have been hundreds of assaults committed by Community Doukhobors, always in a body, upon individual independent Doukhobors, and that there is good reason to believe that these assaults, if not made at the suggestion of Veregin and the Elders of the Community, received their approval.

It is very difficult for anyone to give definite evidence as to, or to realise the extent to which this persecution is carried out. Only a small proportion of the number of cases of persecution have come to light in such manner that they can be definitely mentioned, but these are sufficient to show what horrible practices are being conducted to preserve Vereginism in the Province of Saskatchewan. A few instances may be cited:

Timothy Dergousoff left a community village and entered for a homestead in his own name as a citizen of Canada in August, 1904. The land which he had selected to till had good timber on it, which he proceeded to cut down for the purpose of erecting a house and barns. The Community Doukhobors so soon as they knew of his intention, came in a body, cut the best timber and took it to the community village. Not only did they steal his timber, but they assaulted in a most violent manner the would-be homesteader. Dergousoff brought an action against eight of the Doukhobors who were implicated in the matter, and, although they were ably defended by a lawyer and denied the charge—Dergousoff having only his own word for a statement—Justices Christopherson and Bradbrook, who tried the case, found the community of Doukhobors guilty.

Another interesting case was that of the King vs. Wasil Resansoff and Evan Shortobetoff, which was tried in a preliminary way at Fort Pelly on June 6th, 1906. The Doukhobors are generally supposed to have very kind regard for animals but in this case their real nature is shown. John Debenan and Metro Marsalo are two non-community Doukhobors living in the village of Vera. By industry they have accumulated some property and own two horses. Two community Doukhobors—Resansoff and Shortobetoff—were proven to have chased the horses and mal-treated them with pitchforks. When arrested and confronted with the evidence, they tried to show that the animals were wounded by barbed wire. Expert evidence, however, bore out the statement of the cruelty of the two men in question and the Judge, in sentencing them to imprisonment in Regina, spoke very plainly as to the necessity of the Community Doukhobors complying with the laws of the land and according freedom to those who did not wish to live in the community.

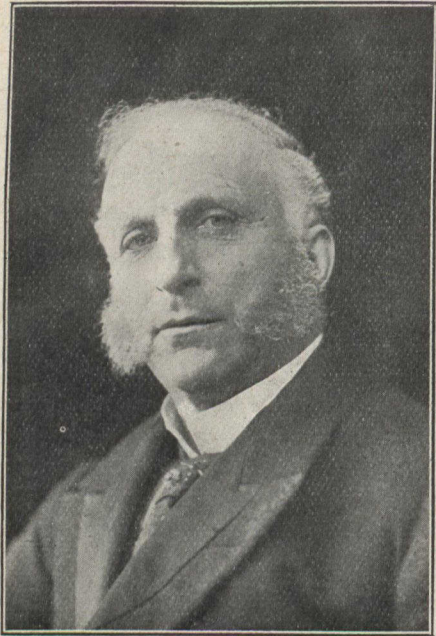
John Kanegin was most brutally beaten by five Doukhobors who were tried at Kamsack on May 7th, 1906, and found guilty. In this case, as in nearly all the cases of assault, Peter Veregin was very active and paid the fines of the prisoners, complaining to the Lieutenant-Governor of Saskatchewan of the injustice that had been done to his subjects.

Wysl Poppo and Metro Samarodin were sent to the Brandon Asylum as lunatics, the result of mal-treatment. Unfortunately the poor men were not mentally in condition to show by whom they had been abused. The Community Doukhobors intimated that it was by the North-West Mounted Police that these men had received their shameful abuse, but there is good reason to doubt these statements and to cause those who are familiar with Community Doukhobor practice to look for the criminal parties within the community.

What is the future of the Doukhobor in Canada? Absolutely none, unless he becomes a Canadian citizen, frees himself from Vereginism, settles upon his land, learns the language spoken by Canadians, and obeys the laws of the country. At the present time the Doukhobors, while there are a few exceptions, are illiterate. They have no literature of their own and have no schools. Only a very few of their children are in attendance at the Provincial schools. In the mind of the Doukhobor, much learning makes a man mad, or possibly in the mind of Veregin it tends to make a man independent.

The Doukhobor is physically the superior of the average settler in the Canadian West. He is moral by inclination although the marriage ties are not respected as by other Canadians. The Doukhobor is hardworking and economical. When the Doukhobor shall have put away Vereginism and substituted for it Canadianism, there is every reason to believe he will be a credit to the country.



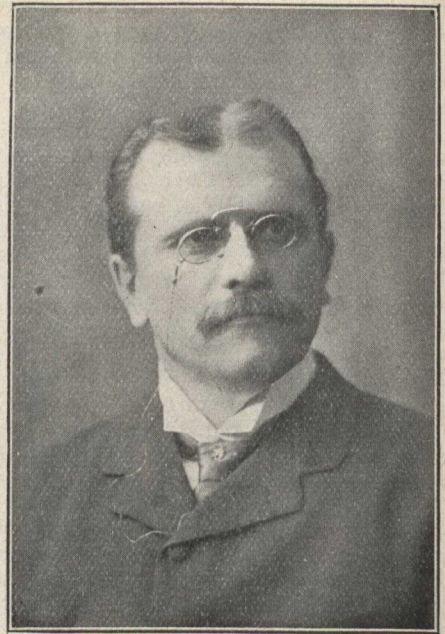


Sir Frederick Borden.

## Canada and the Colonial Conference

A REVIEW OF THE SITUATION AT THE OPENING THIS WEEK.—SOME OF THE QUESTIONS WHICH WILL BE DISCUSSED—CANADA'S ATTITUDE.

By RODEN KINGSMILL



Hon. L. P. Brodeur.

**T**HE Prime Minister of Canada and his accompanying colleagues have participated this week in the opening sessions of the third Imperial Conference since the Liberal Government assumed power at Ottawa. The preceding Conferences were largely adjuncts to great British celebrations: that of 1897 occurred during the festivities surrounding Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, while that of 1902 took place in the midst of King Edward's Coronation rejoicings. As a consequence, in both years the importance of the Conferences was to a certain extent lost sight of in the great mass of social and other functions accompanying these notable occasions.

The Conference which this week opened in London will not have to compete in any way with other attractions. It is to be a purely business gathering. It will be notable for two outstanding reasons. The true attitude of the Campbell-Bannerman Government towards inter-Imperialism will be disclosed to the world at large and the Conference will have as one of its members a Boer who, in 1902 was in arms against Britain and Britain's younger sister nations. To-day General Botha is a Minister of the Crown who promises to carry on the administration of the Transvaal as British usage prescribes. He has exhibited no reluctance to use the word "loyalty" as describing his and his colleagues' attitude towards the Crown and Empire, and his remarks in that connection have been characterised by a candour and frankness which augur well for the relations which will in the future subsist between the Transvaal and the other peoples under the Flag. It will injure no Canadian susceptibilities to say that the probabilities are that General and Prime Minister Botha will be the most observed figure at the proceedings of the Conference. At the two previous gatherings Sir Wilfrid Laurier's picturesque personality and inspiring oratory made him the most notable of the conferees as he was also the representative of the greatest Outer-British nation. At the coming gathering none of his associates will begrudge Prime Minister Botha the attention and distinction which will be his. Between his career and that of another great Captain there is a remarkable parallel. The Duke of Wellington laid down the sword to take up the cares of government, and as Prime Minister he did what he considered best for England in his antique Tory way. Botha has a like history in respect of his own country, and his curt speeches and evidently strong convictions show that, like "The Duke," he is in no danger of forgetting that he is the leader of the government.

### THE PROGRAMME.

Canada has played a silent part in the preliminaries of the Conference. When the conferees came together at their first session it was found that on the agenda paper were no suggestions or proposals from the government of this country. Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his colleagues have evidently prepared to accept the task of deliberating on the plans advocated by the other states concerned. As the Prime Minister has said, he and his colleagues will enter the conference chamber with an open mind and with no prepossessions. The proposals of Lord Elgin,

the Colonial Secretary, include the permanent constitution of the Conference under the name of the Imperial Council; the allied question of a permanently-erected committee associated with the Imperial Council, to be composed of representatives from the sister nations; preferential trade and the coasting trade and treaty questions; the matter of defence; the naturalisation laws; emigration; appointments to the judiciary; the matter of the reservation of bills by the British Government; the subject of the strengthening of British interests in the Pacific in view of the probably early completion of the Panama Canal; patents and merchandise acts; reciprocity in recognising the learned professions and, finally, the adoption of the metric system of weights and measures throughout the Empire.

This is an imposing programme of work to be disposed of by the middle of May, when the proceedings of the Conference will end. When all is said and done, the question of trade certainly is the one which will come home with most interest to the business and bosoms of Canadians. What will be the attitude of the British representatives on the question of Inter-Imperial preference? We have the answer already unless Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Mr. Winston Churchill have radically altered their views. It was observed that in the King's speech at the opening of the present session of the Parliament of Great Britain there was a total omission of any reference to the coming Conference. That was in itself unpromising. It is inconceivable that the omission was solely the result of inadvertence. Rather does it seem probable that the decision to make His Majesty ignore the gathering was a concession to the militant free-fooders who are almost wholly enthusiastic supporters of the Campbell-Bannerman regime. By this it is not meant to convey the opinion that the Campbell-Bannerman Government numbers among its members any opponents of the closer knitting together of the Empire. That there is in the Liberal ranks a considerable amount of opposition to anything in the way of machine-made understandings or agreements is equally certain. But there is already a very large body of public opinion in the Mother Country which regards the Conference with a just sense of its importance—an importance which, as a writer in an English weekly journal has said, is relatively greater to our fellow-citizens in the United Kingdom than to other members of the Empire, upon whom social problems press less heavily to-day.

### MR. BALFOUR AND THE NAVY.

Mr. Winston Churchill has made no reference to the inter-Imperial Fiscal Question in his later deliverances on the subject, whether these took place within or without the House of Commons. Mr. Arthur Balfour, though, has been exceedingly frank in another direction. In the House of Commons a month ago the former Prime Minister made a speech which for clear and concinnate exposition of the views of a large section of English publicists would be hard to match. It must have awakened an echoing response from many Canadians, quite irrespective of any shade of our own politics. Mr. Balfour quickly placed the whole question of Imperial



politics before the House and incidentally did some damage to the case of those Canadians—as represented by Professor Leacock, of McGill University—who advocate our making a money payment to the British Exchequer in lieu of our contributing ships and men to His Majesty's navy. The suggestion of fixed contributions throughout the Empire in aid of Imperial defence Mr. Balfour held to be impolitic and unpractical, "until the machinery is devised by which foreign and Imperial affairs can be discussed by some body beyond the Parliament of this country, or the Parliaments of the self-governing Colonies." As to the proposal in the amendment before the House which called upon the self-governing Colonies to participate more fully in the cost of defending the Empire, Mr. Balfour's statement was divested of all ambiguity: "I am sure if we ask for it, we shall not get it." He advised the House that the definite and fixed assistance that certain naval and military authorities in England would like to have from the self-governing colonies was impossible, and at the close of a notable and brilliant speech he said: "Do not let us talk of this illusory scheme of fixed contributions for the defence of the Empire from the self-governing colonies, but trust in the future, as we have trusted in the past, and as I hope we ever may with increasing confidence, to that feeling of Imperial patriotism which is no monopoly of citizens of the Empire residing in these islands but is shared to the full by our fellow-citizens in every part of the globe." As a result of this speech Mr. Winston Churchill informed the House that the representation of the outlying British States on the Committee of Imperial Defence would be seriously considered both by the British Government and by the Conferees.

It would be necessary carefully to discuss the details arising out of the general subject of Imperial defence. One of the most notable of these is the plan whereby there is to be an interchange of officers and contingents between the Mother Country and the various portions of the Empire. This scheme, which had its origin in Australia, does not seem likely to appeal to the Canadians in so far as the exchange of contingents is concerned. Ottawa could hardly be expected to discipline a corps of say, Australians, if occasion should arise. The exchange of officers is quite another matter, and it is now being carried on with favourable results, according to the Militia Department.

#### THE TRADE QUESTION.

But, when all is said and done, the trade question is the matter of outstanding importance. At the Conference of 1902 Canada combatted—and successfully combatted—Mr. Chamberlain's assertion that the British preference had not benefitted British trade. Mr. John Bain, lately of the Department of Customs at Ottawa, under the orders of the Prime Minister and his colleagues, issued a memorandum which with great clarity and directness set forth the attitude of the Canadian Government in respect of the whole question of inter-Imperial commerce. In this document the Canadian Ministers stated that if "they could be assured that the Imperial Government would accept the principle of preferential trade generally, and particularly grant to the food products of Canada in the United Kingdom exemption from duties now levied or hereafter imposed, they, the Canadian Ministers, would be prepared to go further into the subject and endeavour to give to the British manufacturer some increased advantage over his foreign competitors in the markets of Canada."

Meanwhile the Canadian Ministers determined to present to the Conference a resolution affirming the principle of preferential trade and the desirability of its adoption by the Colonies generally, and also expressing the opinion of the Prime Ministers of the Colonies that His Majesty's Government should reciprocate by granting preferential terms to the products of the Colonies in the markets of the Mother Country. The memorandum concluded with the significant remark that "if preferential trade should not be accepted by the Colonies generally or by the Mother Country, Canada would be free to take such action as might be deemed necessary in the presence of such conditions."

Quite unwarrantably this concluding declaration has been criticised as a displayed menace to the British Government. A menace or a threat it surely was not, unless a business proposal, frankly and unreservedly formulated, may justly be described as an intimidation. Since 1902 events have galloped in the British arena. The Liberal Government in Great Britain has the defects of its party's qualities, and a tiro in Imperial affairs could safely prophesy that by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and his colleagues any renewal of the Can-



John Bull.—"Is this to be walnuts and wine, or have they come to talk business?"

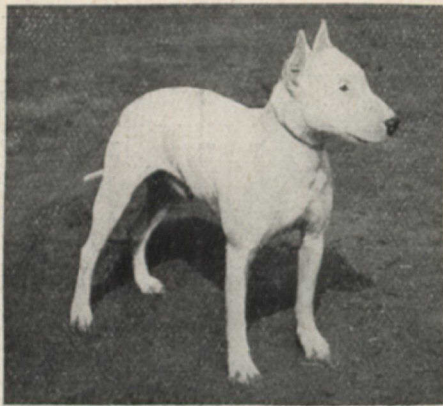
adians' fiscal suggestion will be greeted with a curt and definite non possumus. The protectionists and the preferentialists are almost a non-existent quantity in the British Liberal party and the present Ministers are seemingly far from being desirous, to use the words of Lord Beaconsfield, employed in another sense, to "educate their masters" in the direction of either preference or protection. These economic beliefs do not chime with the tenets of British Liberalism.

#### A PERMANENT COMMISSION.

So much for the trade question. It may be that the proposal for the establishment of a permanent Commission in some form will commend itself to the delegates. The pronouncement of the Canadian Government on the subject is "that political institutions may often, in the words of His Majesty's Government (the Salisbury administration), be wisely left to develop in accordance with circumstances, and, as it were, of their own accord." And it is for this reason that the Canadian Ministers entertain with some doubt the proposal to change the name of the Imperial Conference to Imperial Council, which they apprehend would be interpreted as marking a step distinctly in advance of the position hitherto attained in the discussion of the relation between the Mother Country and the Colonies. The term "Council" indicates in the view of the Canadian Ministers a more formal assemblage possessing an advisory and deliberative character, and, in conjunction with the word "Imperial," suggesting a permanent institution which, endowed with a continuous life, might eventually come to be regarded as an encroachment upon the full measure of autonomous legislative and administrative power now enjoyed by all the self-governing Colonies." However, these Colonies already have in London their High Commissioners or other duly-accredited representatives. These functionaries could easily fulfil the duties of representatives of their Governments on the proposed permanent Commission and their appointment thereto would entail no increased expense to the countries which they represent.

At Ottawa, it must be said, no startling results are expected from the deliberations of the Conference. Minor questions will be adjusted, but it is an open secret that none of our Ministers have any anticipation or hope whatever that there will be any important change in the British attitude towards the conditions which surround the whole involved inter-Imperial trade question. The Canadian and British conferees will approach the consideration of these conditions from diametrically opposite standpoints, and the indications point to a courteous agreement to continue to differ.





Bull Terrier "Edgecote Peer."  
Canadian Champion, 1906.

## Dogs and Dogs

ATTEMPT TO EXPLAIN A CUR-  
IOUS PHASE OF HUMAN  
NATURE.



An Amber-Eyed Collie.  
Painted by Miss Ramsay.

**S**OME people take the dog as their fad and spend their spare time in trying to master the problem of producing a perfect dog. Other people take dogs as dogs, avoid any concern about his pedigree or his fine points, and treat him as a companion. Up in Northern Canada, there is a third point of view; the dog is the beast of burden, the locomotive power of the snowy wilderness. The husky's preserve is growing smaller; the locomotive and the steamship are pushing farther north and soon only the northern fringe of his great preserve will be left to him.

It is not of the husky this time, but of the "show" dog, the dog that is both for companionship and for competition. It is remarkable how keen people are to compete with each other. The farmer competes with his neighbour as to colts, calves, sheep, potatoes, home-made bread and log-cabin quilts. The town and city man competes with his manufactures and his fads. His fad may be flowers, birds' eggs, stuffed butterflies, pigeons, poultry, canary-birds, cats or dogs. The keener his mind, the keener he is on his fad. The amount of time, energy and money he will consume in his desire to attain excellence and superiority is marvellous.

The desire to have the best dog was probably more brutish in its early career, although all through its history the dog has been more or less a domestic pet. The early dogs, however, were bred for their strength and for their fighting qualities. To-day, the world is more humane, in spite of the contrary opinion of the pessimists, and to-day the dog is bred for usefulness and for beauty. Setters, retrievers, hounds and spaniels may be taken as types of useful dog; skye terriers, pugs, poodles, toy spaniels, and pomeranians as types of toy dogs. Beauty and perfection are aimed at by the breeders of both.

The production of a perfect specimen is not an easy task. The disappointments are a very large percentage. There is a science in it, but the exceptions to every rule are numerous. Like does not produce like with positive certainty, and the dog with the best pedigree is not

always the progenitor of the best family.

"Breed always from the best" is a good rule, but much depends on what is meant by "the best." The best show dog may not be "the best" when it comes to the production of puppies.

Even after the puppies are secured, there is much to be done in the way of care, development and training. Their general health, their constitution and their growth depend upon the excellence of their quarters, warmth, supply of fresh air, light and other features. If the puppies are not properly nourished, the body may grow faster than the legs and deformities may ensue. Then comes the training in cleanliness, obedience and reasoning. The puppy's gentleness, intelligence and courage depend much upon his training.

The making of a dog, however, is too big a subject for a short sketch. It is a subject for numerous volumes and a life-time study. There never was a time perhaps when more attention was given to dog breeding. The kennel club of Great Britain held its fifty-first annual show last year and the New York dog show has just passed its thirty-first year. The amount of capital and effort put into the production of "wonderful" specimens is surprising, and the

number of people interested is steadily widening. With some it is pure pleasure; with many others it is a combination of business and pastime.

An ordinary dog show of these modern days contains many varieties. The following list is incomplete but will interest the outsider:—

Bloodhounds  
Otterhounds  
Foxhounds  
Beagles  
Dachshunds  
Pointers  
Greyhounds  
Setters  
Spaniels

Skye Terriers  
Airedale Terriers  
Bulldogs  
Collies  
Mastiffs  
Great Danes  
St. Bernards  
Newfoundlands  
Dalmatians

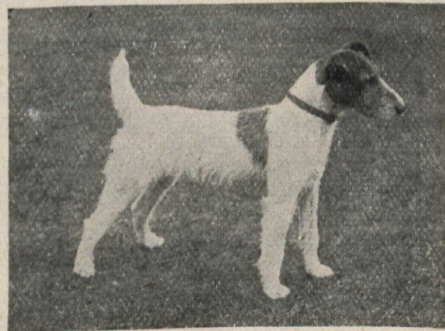


Russian Wolf Hounds.  
Property of Mr. John G. Kent, Toronto.

### TWO CELEBRATED FOX TERRIERS.



Champion Matchmaker, (Mr. W. P. Fraser, Toronto)  
Eight months old and nine years old.



Donnington Flirt.  
Owned by Sir Humphrey de Trafford.





A Rank Outsider.—From the Painting by Maud Earle.

Retrievers  
Bull Terriers  
Fox Terriers  
Scotch Terriers  
Welsh Terriers

Poodles  
King Charles Spaniels  
Pomeranians  
Pugs

last week, the classification was thoroughly revised and some classes added. Dalmatians, Dachshunds and Yorkshire terriers were added to the list.

Here is a bit from the "Kennel Gazette" about a Rough Collie: "Of the dogs, Squire of Tytton had conspicuous claims to superiority; he excels in head points, the length being consistent and not exaggerated, and the shape typical; his ears are nicely carried; he is built on the lines of activity and carries a sufficiency of coat."

Here is a bit of vernacular about a sheep-dog: Handsome boy, bone and eye, correct expression, good coat, a little faulty in his movements behind, capital neck and shoulders.

### Dogs in the West

**T**HE Victoria Dog Show was held recently and was most successful. The Victoria Kennel Club Cup for the best bull terrier went to Queenie owned by the B. B. Kennels, Vancouver. The other best dogs were: Scotch terrier, Sandown Brownie owned by Mrs. Bradley Dyne; Irish terrier, Western Nora owned by Jack Wallis; bull dog, Duluth Barney owned by South End Kennels, Seattle. G. C. Israel won most of the bull terrier prizes, Mr. George Florence most of the smooth-haired fox terrier prizes; and C. P. Webster, many of the Airedale prizes.

The twenty-first annual meeting of the Manitoba Field Trials Club was held in Winnipeg during the last week in March. In Manitoba they chase chickens instead of hares. This year's trials will be held on September 5th. The Derby stake for setters and pointers will divide a purse of \$375, and \$425 will be devoted to the other contests. The officers for the year are: President, W. C. Lee; vice-president, Joseph Lemon; second, W. F. Ellis; executive, F. W. Scott, John Woolton, and W. R. Milton; honorary sec.-treas., Eric Hamber.

At a meeting of the Bench Show Committee of the Winnipeg Exhibition,

### A Western Story

**"D**ID I ever run over a dog?" said a locomotive engineer. "Yes, often. Sometimes at night they look as big as a man on the track. I had a little episode with a dog a few years ago, that tried to run a race with the engine. It jumped on the track and ran ahead, barking over its shoulder. The train was going 45 miles an hour. It was only a few seconds before the dog found the engine too close to him to bark, and he hadn't time to leave the track. The cowcatcher struck him, and the next thing we saw was a dog going up in the air a good many feet. We thought he would never come down, but by-and-by he dropped, and luckily in a pool of water. He swam to the shore, and as he climbed out he 'ki-yied' so that we heard him even above the roar of the train."—The Prairie (Calgary).



A Noted Collie.—Champion Squire of Tytton.



# Dikkon's Dog

By DOROTHY LUNDT

THE distinguishing trait of Grubbins was his unexpectedness. Grubbins was Dikkon's dog.

All the cats in the old regiment could have told you that the time it was least safe to try to slip by Grubbins was when he sat gazing across the plains, apparently oblivious of everything on earth but the progress of a mule-train just fading off the distant horizon. The young and untaught kitten who attempted, at such times, to glide with shadow-like swiftness and silence behind Grubbins's meditative back had a never-to-be-forgotten vision of lanky yellow legs lengthening themselves in a leap, bristling yellow hair, and glaring yellow eyes; and if that kitten got off with the loss of his ear or two-thirds of his tail, he was congratulated by his more experienced fellows.

Private McAllison was new to the old regiment, which explains his premature assumption that Grubbins was too soundly asleep to resent his tail being stepped on by a friend hastily crossing the barrack-room, or to identify that friend for purposes of reprisal. McAllison was in his stocking-feet, so that his howls, when Grubbins's teeth met through the end of his heel, were louder than they otherwise might have been. Private Mooney, his neighbour of the right-hand cot, gave up in disgust his latest attempt to get sufficiently sound asleep to forget the dismal downpour that was making outdoor life impossible and casting an untimely chill over the twilight of Christmas eve.

"Hould up yer yellin', can't ye, ye Scotch omadahn?" said Private Mooney. "Shure, it's only Grubbins's way!"

"Ma certie! it's a way wull lead Maister Grubbins to the grave that's too lang been awaitin' him—if not by meclitary execution by the colonel's orders, then by preevate assassination!" Thus McAllison, with the polysyllabic solemnity of his nation, nursing his wounded heel, and glaring at Grubbins, who had tranquilly returned to his interrupted slumbers.

"I reckon Grubbins's grave ain't dug yet, nor the man ain't born that'll send him to it—not while my name's Dikkon! Grubbins, ain't that so, honey?"

The gaunt, yellow dog was alert and on his feet at the first syllable of his name spoken in his master's voice. He shambled heavy-footedly across to the bench where Dikkon sat, just in from a bit of fatigue duty at the stables, toasting his soaked and odorous cowhide boots at the low fire in the barrack-room stove. Grubbins laid his rough, grizzled muzzle on his master's knee, and Dikkon's brown and knotted hand fell affectionately on the dog's head. The two sat looking at each other with a look of perfect understanding and full companionship. As they sat thus there was a curious likeness between man and dog. Dikkon's close-cropped hair was of the same dusty yellow as Grubbins's scraggy coat; chronic malaria and long exposure to every weather had brought Dikkon's complexion to much the same hue that was Grubbins's by birthright; the faded eyes of the man had an expression oddly akin to that which from the dog's eyes looked up at him—a latent gleam through a mist as of habitual drowsy apathy.

"That's so, ain't it, honey?" drawled Dikkon again; and Grubbins rapped his stumpy tail in fervent affirmation. "Pears to me yo' haven't took's much exercise as common to-day, Grubbins," went on his master. "Don't you feel like racin' down a cat or suthin', so's to get up a moughty good appetite fer yer Christmas grub?"

The men chuckled; the idea of Grubbins's appetite requiring a tonic was a deeply humorous one. Dikkon opened the door, and Grubbins, with a short, approving sniff of the freshening air, trotted loose-leggedly across the soaked parade.

"Shure, it's an appetite we'll ahl be needin' for our Christmas grub," said Private Mooney, stretching his brawny arms with a cavernous yawn. "The mule-thrain's overdue, and divil a thing for Christmas day but bull-beef an' hardtack, wid likely a redskin bullet for sauce wid it!"

"Redskin bullet! Bosh! In midwinter!" Thus Corporal Perkins, newly from the Northwest.

"Corporal, me joy, it's forgettin' ve are that down in this suburb av Tophet there's niver a winter at ahl, and the redskins dishport thimselves as loively at Christmas as on the sacred Fourth of July! Shure, I niver pass that clump o' brush beyant the ould shtables on a black night—an it's black nights a-plinty we have, as see the

wan that's a-shuttin' down like a box-lid this blissid minnit—widout falin' me schalp-lock a-wiogl'in' wid spirituuous terrors!"

"But the sentries?"

"Faith, it's happined before that the divil led his own by ways onseen o' the righteous,—m'anin' Uncle Sam's sentries, that last,—an' he'll do it ag'in! I say ag'in, a redskin bullet's the Christmas prisint likeliest to come the way av us poor sinners."

"Dikkon, ma lad!" Thus McAllison, stopping by Dikkon's bench to put on his rough overcoat, his injured heel well greased and his Scotch equanimity apparently restored. "I've nae ill will tae the bit beastie, an' forby he but defendit the richts o' his ain tail. But I'll gie ye a hint for a Christmas gift: it was the colonel himself was sayin' but the nicht's nicht that the next complaint of Dikkon's dog that came tae his ears, the beastie wad ha'e a bullet an' a ditch, an' nae mair said!"

Dikkon sprang to his feet. A dull flush kindled under his yellow skin; the gleam in his faded eyes shone keen through their dulled indifference.

"He will, will he?" There was a savage snarl in the man's voice. "An' what mought he be, that's been with the old regiment only six months, an' not half the use to it then or now that my old dog—"

"Hold hard, Dikkon!" "Whisht, me boy! It's the short cut to the guard-house you're takin'!" There were grunts and exclamations of remonstrance on every side. Dikkon looked about him with a sort of bewilderment. The momentary flush and gleam were gone. He sat down again, quietly enough, and put out his feet to the fire.

"Bedad, the colonel's bark is a dale worse nor his bite, we ahl know!" Thus Mooney, pacifically. "It's only whin his pepper-pot av a timper gits a rough shake that he's onsafe to play wid. An' Grubbins is tryin' at times, his bist fri'nds know. Take it last shpring, whin the colonel paid the saints know what ahl for them seeds from the North; an' whin they was comin' up umbrageous, in sails Grubbins, scoutin' ather a last year's bone he'd misrimimbered where he'd buried, an' in tin minnits the colonel's vigitible-garden was plowed up more complete than the field before wan av our batteries at Chattanooga, four years back."

"But that didn't rile him for coppers with Grubbins's goblin' up little Miss Marion's taffy." Thus Corporal Perkins, picking up his cap, in the general exodus toward the parade. The rain had stopped for a moment. A wild wind was angrily driving the clouds in frightened masses before it. The freshness of the outside world was good to feel, after the stuffy and smoky atmosphere of the barrack-room. "Miss Marion she's the apple o' the colonel's eye, an' the light of it; an' I pity dog or man that sets her cryin' many times as she cried the other day when Grubbins caught on to her taffy the cook had set out to cool, an'—"

"There they go, now! See 'em?" Thus one of the men at the window. There was a general turning of heads.

"Faith, it's shmall blame to the colonel," — from Mooney,—"for it's a sunbame little Miss Marion carries in the eyes of her an' the heart of her; an' she kindled it from the wan that wint away wid her mother whin they la'd her, an' the ould colonel's heart wid her, in her grave a year gone!"

And indeed three-year-old Miss Marion was a winsome sight to see, as, in her wee blue-hooded rain-cloak, a golden-haired kobold, she danced across the parade by her soldierly grandfather's side, smiling up confidingly in the face that never was stern for her, and leading tenderly, by a ribbon as blue as her rain-cloak or her eyes, a tiny terrier, also blue-blanketed, and mincingly remonstrant at the wet grass that brushed his dainty paws. The men approved of Miss Marion, but the terrier was not regarded with favour in barracks. "For whin I want a dog, I want a dog," said Private Mooney, voicing the general sentiment. "An' whin I want a lady-like rat, I don't want him pretindin' to be a dog, an' ixpictin' to be respicted accordin'!"

The men were making their way out for a whiff of fresh air before retreat should sound. Dikkon alone had not left his place by the fire. As Mooney, last of the men, was opening the rough door, he was arrested by Dikkon's voice, sounding musingly and as if unconscious that he spoke aloud.

"It's a moughty queer world," Dikkon said, "where



an old yaller dog will stand to one man for what a pretty little baby does to another!"

With an Irishman's involuntary sympathy for a guessed sorrow, and an Irishman's quick appreciation of a chance to gratify a long-baffled curiosity, Mooney soundlessly closed the door, threw down his cap, and crossed toward an empty chair. After a pause:

"Manin' yersilf an' the colonel?" said he.

"Meanin' just that. Old Grubbins is about as much to me, I reckon, as little Miss Marion von is to the old colonel—fer the same reason: all that's left to me o' somethin' I loved."

Mooney stuffed the tobacco deep into his pipe, and diplomatically waited. There was a momentary break in the heavy clouds, and a late, pale-yellow light shone tremulously through.

"I reckon I never told ye how I met up with Grubbins? I was in the Tennessee mountings, when we wor down there with Grant. That was in '64, years back, when I wor a volunteer. Nigh where we wor camped there wor a cabin. A girl lived there, all alone. Her dad an' five brothers had gone into the Union army, and they never come back. Her name wor Marcella. She had right pretty blue eyes, an' a cough. I punched a man oncet for tryin' to make free with her, an' Grubbins chawed him up afterwards. Grubbins wor her dog—a five-year-old then, an' 's ornery 's he is now. We got to be right good friends, she'n I; afterwards, more. I hadn't nary a red but my pay; no more she. But I promised to come back an' marry her, oncet the fightin' wor over."

Both men smoked for a time in silence. "Twas in May, '65, I got back there. It was a moughty purty day, with clouds like gold. The cabin do' was tight shet; an' the windows. Ez I come up I heerd Grubbins howl. Reckon ye never heerd a yaller dog howl?"

"The neighbours hed jest took care o' her, an' left her, an' gone back to get the coffin. She had changed considerable—thin as a shadder. She had wound 'rass round my ring to keep it on her finger. It wor a hoss-hair ring; I braided it from my hoss's tail.

"I stayed for the fun'ral. Grubbins an' I sot by her all day an' all night. When the grave wor filled in, Grubbins he turned an' reached up his big yaller paw ter me, an' his eyes said, 'Reckon it's we two now, old man?' An' I shuk his paw, an' I says, 'Yes, Grubbins, 's long as we both live.' An' when I 'listed ez a re-ol'ar, Grubbins 'listed 'long o' me."

"An' wid ahl his ecsyncrasities, Grubbins is a cridit to the ould rigimint!" There was a sympathetic choke in Mooney's voice. "An'—saints be good! phwat's that?"

It was a wild commotion on the parade-ground. There were growls and snarls and doleful squeals; rushing footsteps, thwacking blows, a child's sobs, a stern and angry voice: "Take that dog away, and—" a short, enraged howl in Grubbins's unmistakable accents.

Dikkon and Mooney were in the middle of the parade. In little Maid Marion's arms, pressed close to her tear-stained face, was a squealing huddle of very muddy blue blanket, with a pathetic pink stain oozing out here and there. Grubbins, his yellow eyes afire, a stout cord round his neck, was in the grasp of a soldier who was vainly trying to combine holding the dog with a respectful salute to his colonel. The colonel's face was gray with rage; his eyes blazed under their shaggy brows. Through the sudden silence Marion's sobs came piteously clear.

"Take away that nasty beast—do you hear?" Thus the colonel, tensely, between his teeth. "I've over looked his tricks hitherto, because his master is an old soldier and a good one; but when it comes to killin' my granddaughter's pet on the open parade—"

"Shure, the little baste isn't dead at ahl, sorr!" Mooney had gently taken the small blue bundle, separated chewed-up blanket from chewed-up dog, and held the squealing terrier out with one hand, the other at salute, his eyes clouded and anxious. "He's just dis-disfrashured a bit in splots, sorr, but a shtrip or two of plashter'll make him as good as iver he was, sorr—an' that's no good at ahl!" jerked Mooney, confidentially, back from his teeth to his throat. "An' Grubbins mint no harm, sorr. He'd niver sane the loike before, an' was just investigatin'; an' when he found it wad bite—"

"Hold your tongue, Mooney!" thundered the colonel, recovering the breath that the Irishman's unparalleled audacity had taken away. "Take charge of that dog!" Mooney mechanically took from the soldier the leash at whose other end Grubbins was wildly straining to reach his master. "He has done his last mischief. You will have him hanged within an hour. Not a word, I tell

you!"—as Mooney's lips opened in a gasp. "Come, sweetheart." The stern and angry voice fell to a caressing whisper; the colonel lifted Marion, dog and all, and set her on his stalwart arm. Hush, hush, dear! The bad dog sha'n't hurt little Fido any more. Come home, baby; come and find Christmas." As he turned he stopped abruptly. Dikkon stood squarely facing him. The man's sallow face was dully purple with passion; his eyes gleamed tigerishly. "Take back that order, colonel," he raved. "Give me back my old dog! Give him back, I tell you, or I'll—"

"Arrest that man!" Dikkon was in the grasp of a dozen ready hands. There was that in his eyes as they turned on the colonel, that had sent the men's hearts to their throats. "Clap him in the guard-house. He's probably drunk or mad. The court-martial can decide which."

The colonel turned on his heel and strode off through the blackening twilight with the frightened child on his breast. As he went, there followed him the howls of a half-choked dog, as Grubbins was dragged in one direction, powerless to reach the master who was being marched off in the other.

The colonel was in what his sister and housekeeper called a most un-Christmas-like temper throughout his dinner. "Confound the fellow!" he muttered, pacing restlessly to and fro, when dinner was done. "Why need he have given me that madman's talk? Mooney would have found a way to keep the beast safe till the men could send in a petition, and—then—of course—it being Christmas, and all—" He looked abstractedly out into the inky darkness. "Dear, dear! I believe I'm half a madman myself when Marion comes into a question—more than ever since there have been those Apache rumours. I can't leave to carry the child North; and if, while she was here, the Indians—" He put up his hand to his forehead, suddenly damp with the starting sweat.

There rang out through the windy darkness the long-drawn howl of a dog, followed by a sharp sudden shot, and another and another; shouts, wandering lights.

"What is that? Martha, bar the doors and windows," shouted the colonel, hoarsely. He caught up his sword and buckled it as he ran.

Mooney had come to kindle the smoky lamp in the guard-house cell. The figure lying face downward in the bunk had stirred at sound of his heavy footsteps, and turned toward him a bloodless face and eyes of dumb, agonised entreaty. "Shure, I w'u'd if I c'u'd, ye poor sowl!" said Mooney; yet Dikkon had spoken no word.

"It isn't to let him live. I heard the colonel's orders. God send him such torment as he's sent me! But, Mooney, Grubbins is a soldier's dog. Yo' won't hang him? Oh, for the love of God, for the sake of Christmas, say yo' won't hang him! Yo'll give him a bullet?"

Mooney gripped his hand with a firm, quick nod.

"I'm in fo' a term in the military prison, sho'. Grubbins is gittin' older every day, an' he'd be onery, missin' me, an' likely to get kicked round 'mong the men. He mought as well go befo' I do. But—yo're a good shot, Mooney, but yo'll stand close, an' not let him need but one bullet?"

Another nod. Mooney shut the door softly, and went out into the dark. Left alone, Dikkon threw himself down again in his bunk, his face hidden in his arms.

"I'd like to say good-bye to yo', Grubbins." The man was sobbing, thickly, dryly, without tears. "I'd have liked to ask yo' to 'a' told Marcella—"

The long-drawn howl that the colonel had heard at his window came to Dikkon's ears as he lay in the guard-house bunk. At the shot that sharply followed the man sat upright, his face gray. "He's gone! The old dog's gone!"

Another shot.

Dikkon leaped up as they say men leap who take a bullet in the heart.

"Mooney! Yo' crazy blunderer! Yo' had to shoot again! Oh, my God! Oh, Grubbins! Grubbins!"

He flung himself face downward on the floor. He ran his fingers hard into his ears. So he lay, half unconscious, agonised, hearing nothing more.

The colonel stood just without the door of the stables, all the men of the little garrison around and before him. At his feet, across the threshold, lay the body of an Indian, the face taking ghastly cleansing of its war-paint from the thin stream of blood that trickled from his temple. Three other Indians, bound hand and foot, crouched sullenly in the midst of their guard. A trooper was, with many half-choked grunts of discomfort, examining his shattered knee. The faint, far echo



of galloping ponies was dying away, through the wind, over the plain.

"Let me understand this," said the colonel. He spoke somewhat unsteadily. He was looking down at the dead Indian, at whose belt there dangled a child's scalp. It could not have been taken many months ago. The child had had golden hair.

Corporal Perkins stepped forward, saluting. "It was like this, sir. The half-breeds had probably told them Christmas was a good time to attack, the men being jolly and careless-like. They must have crept up through the brush behind the stables. There was a board loose at the back o' the stables; this fellow"—he indicated the dead Indian—"crept through it. Their scheme was to stampede the horses first, so there'd be no way of escape. It'd ha' worked well if—"

"Well?"

"If Grubbins—"

"Grubbins?"

"Yis sorr!"—it was Mooney now, standing sheepish at the salute. "Yer orders was to hang the dog in an hour, sorr; but when the min was a-thrimmin' the bar-rack-room clock with Christmas grane, sorr, they shtopped it entoirely, sorr, an'—"

"Grubbins was in the stables? The dog gave the alarm?"

"Yis, sorr. An' he hild this divil past mischief, sorr, till the senthry—"

"Where is the dog?"

"Shure, he's waitin' his doom, sorr, like his masther in the guard-house beyant. It's quare they're both in throuble together,"—Mooney was apparently addressing the universe in general, since he never would have ventured such discourse to his colonel,—"for says Dikkon to me, this aafternoon, says he, 'Grubbins is to me,' says he, 'what the shwate little lady up yonder is to the colonel,' says he—an' little did he think that but for Grubbins, this night, thim divils that's gallopin' away you might ha' been—this blissid minnit—"

Apparently by accident, Mooney's foot touched the golden hair that fluttered from the dead Indian's belt.

"Release Dikkon!" said the colonel, briefly. There was a queer look in the colonel's eyes. He was very white. "Send him up to me to report. We shall want

all our available men before we can round these rascals up."

"Yis, sorr. An' Grubbins, sorr?"

The colonel looked hard in silence at Private Mooney. Then, "Don't you know how to treat the dog that saved the garrison?" said he.

"Yis, sorr. I think so, sorr," said Private Mooney.

The smoky lamp had almost burned itself out.

When a man has his fingers run hard into his ears, how is it any sound can come through? When his eyes are pressed hard against the floor, how can he see great mountains—great mountains, with clouds drifting, majestic, above them; and a homely garden across which the cloud-shadows play; and a girl standing in the garden, with pretty, timid blue eyes upturned; and an old yellow dog, whining for notice, and impudently licking a man's clenched hands and tear-drenched, hidden face—licking and whining, and shambling eagerly all about a man who lies prone in the dust on the guard-house floor?

"Now I'm loony for sho!" Dikkon whispers to himself through closed teeth. "Or p'r'aps it's his ha'nt. I didn't know dogs had ha'nts. They say ha'nts go away if you speak. I won't speak. I won't open my eyes. It's almost as good as if they hadn't shot him. His tongue's warm. His paw's rough. His nails kin scratch. Oh, Lord A'mighty! take him away! take him away! I can't bear anythin' to be so like Grubbins when it's only a ha'nt!"

But the wet tongue caresses; the rough paws plead.

There are footsteps in the room, and lanterns. A dozen comrades are catching at his hand. He has no choice but to sit up and open his eyes.

"Wuz it becos the angels didn't have no wings to fit yo', Grubbins, that they fixed yo' up thataway?" said Dikkon.

There, in the full lantern-light, stood an old yellow dog. His neck was hung with Christmas greens. A small American flag was wired to his tail and was wiggling joysomely. His eyes met his master's. With one mighty leap he was in his master's arms, against his master's breast.

"Come away, b'ys," said Private Mooney. "Grubbins 'll be wantin' to explain matthers to Dikkon, and, be-gorra! we'll be in the way."

## Chawl--The Cook

By SAMUEL A. WHITE

"**H**—L! men, pole—pole!" Red Murphy, the river-boss, bawled.

Big Donald, "Shocky," Dreen, Jake Wilson and the rest of us flung at the grounding logs, poling like mad, but even the desperate efforts of the whole gang proved of no avail for the first heavy timbers stuck fast, crunching sullenly on the bottom of the steep, rocky channel with muddy spring water spurting through in brown slits. Behind, the acres of trunks came piling up until the whole rapid was jammed full.

Murphy cursed and fumed while the sweat poured out of us as we used pole and peavey with might and main. Hemmed in by serried ranks of cedar, the big rocks drew the sun and killed the breeze, so everything was in a swelter.

A half hour's wrestling took down piece after piece but had no effect whatever on the foundation of the jamb. It would take a month to pick it away at the rate we were going.

The boss, five days behind time already, looked like a copper-coloured thundercloud. At last with a heavy oath, he cast his pole aside.

"The dynamite!" he roared to the cook-raft in the rear—"the dynamite, you blasted cockney, and be quick."

In response to the leoine call, Chawl the English cook, came poking ashore with the case.

"Damn him," Murphy fumed, as the squat figure stumbled along with the death-dealing case swinging carelessly from a strap over his shoulder. "Damn him, he'll drop it some day and blow his puny soul to h—ll, the good-for-nothing dog."

Our cook had "tuckered out" from quinsy and had to make the hospital by the sleigh-train just before the snow-roads went in slush and the company shipped us

in the smallest, laziest, confoundedly cock-surest runt of a cockney that ever plagued a lumber camp. Not a man in the gang but had confined him, figuratively, to perdition a hundred times over, but he slogged the meals up just the same.

To tell the truth, Murphy's wife, at the boss's earnest request, had come in with her three-year-old boy and taken care of us about two weeks before we started the drive; then, as luck would have it, she went sick abed with the measles the second day down and kept the cabin on Murphy's raft, attended by Murphy himself and "Chawl." Then "Chawl" had to take a hand in the cooking again, and drove the boss wild.

When the Englishman handed Murphy the case of sticks the thanks he received was a volley of expletives which I cannot remember here, for it was a fashion of his own to manufacture them as he wanted them.

Unruffled, "Chawl" stood, hands in pockets, pipe in mouth, watching the boss set the stick to break the jamb.

This occupied only a moment and lighting the fuse he had laid along a log, Murphy came helter-skelter to our position of safety.

"What's yon white?" Wilson asked.

We looked. Moving along the logs at the farther end of the blockade, was a white blur—up on the highest pile of all. Then it raised up and showed as a white pinafore.

"O God, my boy!" the river-boss groaned and dashed toward him, Big Donald running hard after, followed by a string of speeding men.

I started with a jump, but "Chawl" grasped my arm. "The fools," he cried, "they'll nevah do it, doncha knaow." His voice had lost its drawl and the words clicked out like one of the company's typewriters.



"They haven't time; they'll nevah, nevah—" there he dropped my arm like a shot and sprang down the shore to the head of the jamb.

I shouted for him to come back but he never heeded and turning to watch the others I forgot about him.

Big Donald and Murphy had reached the edge and were leaping over the first logs to come at the pile. Up on the top little Dan was perched astride a pine, laughing and waving his hands to the men climbing to him. The thought of what might happen in a second sickened me. I could picture a puff of smoke, timbers torn away like matches, and the whole mass crashing down in a seething, grinding maelstrom of death and in the midst the men and the wisp of a boy. With an increased revulsion of horror I remembered that the fuses were half-minute ones. Virgin powers! it must be almost burnt and they had not yet reached the child, let alone returned to the land. I thought I could see the giant stick of earth-thunder, see the red spark creeping to its end. I counted six—the half-minute must be up. They had grasped the boy and turned for the bank. Every second I waited for the explosion and when half the stretch of logs was passed my eyes involuntarily closed.

Only the tense ears waited,—no noise! Suddenly came a burst of sound. I gave a leap, then caught myself short—it was not the shock of explosive, but voluminous cheering. My cap flew in the air and another pair of lungs added to the general thanksgiving. They were safe now and still no sound! Without doubt the stick had failed to explode.

They trooped up all gay and jubilant. Little Dan pulled at his father's beard, "Da-da, wot oo run for?" he babbled.

"Boy, boy," was all the parent said, but he hugged him tight in his brown scarred arms.

"I know'd you fellahs would nevah do it," said a drawling voice behind me,—"nao time, donche know."

"What!" thundered Big Donald.

"Chawl!" shoved out a grimy hand. In it lay a stick of dynamite with a quarter-inch of blackened fuse—snuffed out!

## The Toronto Dog Show

THE recent dog show so well attended in a rather remote place in Toronto during the Easter holidays is a serious reminder that there is a growing sentiment in Toronto and in Ontario generally that it would be well to think a little more of the dog than we have been wont to do. It has become recognised that it is the public that makes the success of a dog show. The dogs do their best but they can't be shown to empty aisles because they don't like it any more than does the box office. A man who knows a lot about dog shows tells that it is the public that makes the show a success. Expenses can't be paid unless the public attend. Take this, for instance, from T. Frank Slattery, who returned from the Detroit Dog Show on Sunday last. He pointed out that the entrance fee for the Easter day show in Toronto was a paltry 15 cents. For the show in New York the admission charge was \$1.00 while in Detroit it was 50 cents. In the latter two cases it gave a chance for prize money of an encouraging kind for exhibitors but nevertheless the dogs were not nearly as good all round as those shown in Toronto. Mr. Slattery told The Courier in a most unreserved manner that before a real success can be made in Toronto of a dog show there must be a collection of public attention and a building sufficiently large and accessible to accommodate the public that really loves the dogs and will come in comfort. On the American side, Mr. Slattery says, they have bigger fees and bigger prizes. All we can do here is to offer badges and medals. At the Detroit show they had no more entries than at the Toronto show, and as to quality the Canadians were away ahead. There are more good dogs playing around the streets in Toronto than in any other city in America, but the Toronto owners won't show them for fear of favouritism of incompetent judges or the influential friends of the other dogs. The second of the Ontario Kennel Club shows closed in Toronto at Easter. It was a good attraction with a \$4,000 subscriber prize list. There were 500 entries and during the three days about 3,000 people attended. This was a most substantial increase over the attendance at the previous show in St. Andrew's Hall. The Ontario Kennel Club is doing more for the fancy dogs than any other organisation in Canada and there is a hope of money prizes for a spring show next year, but it is anticipated that the admission fee will have to be increased in order to

get better prizes. The trouble in Toronto is the lack of a proper place in which to hold a dog show. The Armouries are forbidden and St. Lawrence Market is too far away from anywhere else. The Kennel Club is encouraged, however, through the success of its last show but the repository at King and Simcoe Sts., has no good floor and the dogs don't like it. A clean nice place is necessary for a dog show. The exhibits at the recent show in Toronto, however, included some beauties from points covering the East and the West ends of the province.

One complaint made by the dog men of Toronto is that the daily newspapers do not give to the dog his due. They overlook him. When a Toronto dog like J. E. Dickert's fancy black and tan "Busy Hussy" can go to New York and Detroit and trim everything isn't it time that the Canadian dog men awakened? This dog did it.

## Tales of Dogs

IN the literature of England, the dog has held an honoured place, as is quite befitting a country in which there are so many canine heroes. So far back as the days of Chaucer, we have the fashionable prioress with her adored "smale houndes" described for our delectation, while their daily fare, we are told, was the best that the rude age could afford. Byron's love for his famous dog has been sung by the lonely poet in verse that has seldom been equalled for appreciation of a canine friend. Mrs. Browning's "Flush" has departed long since for that "lesser heaven" to which the writer hoped her pet might be destined.

But it remained for the country north of the Tweed to produce a writer whose brave memory is inseparably associated with the dogs he befriended so faithfully. Gallant Sir Walter and his hound "Maida" will long be a pleasant picture for all story-lovers to dwell upon. In the Waverley novels we are not allowed to forget that the writer was a friend of dogs, and when bold Sir Kenneth sets forth on a crusade, the faithful friend "Roswal" goes with him and guards his master's honour. In fact, all the dramatic interest of the finest climax in "The Talisman" centres in the true instincts of the noble Roswal.

Sir Conan Doyle has tried his hand at a ghostly dog story, "The Hound of the Baskervilles" which turns out a very tame affair when the mystery is solved. But another English writer, Mr. Alfred Ollivant, has given us that splendid yarn of a princely dog, "Bob, Son of Battle." To read it is to feel that it would be an honour to shake Bob's paw and the reader is conscious also of a sneaking pity for that fierce outlaw, "Red Wull," disgrace as he may be to his kind. This continent has not yet produced many thoroughbred dog stories, although Dr. E. Ryerson Young has told entertainingly of his dogs in the Northland and Mr. Richard Harding Davis has produced a fine short narrative of the day of a dog, while Mr. W. A. Fraser has written a blood-curdling yarn concerning "Garou."

Of short stories of the dog, there is an immense list to choose from, in which of course Mr. Kipling finds a place with his story of the dog which Learoyd stole and the hostage which Ortheris loved. Nor can one forget Ouida's heart-breaking "Dog of Flanders" and Sturdy Patrasche who was true to the cold and bitter end.

Most of us began our acquaintance with dog literature with the story of "Bandy" in the old red-backed reader, to be followed by the stirring poem on "Beth Gelert." But there is one dog that has won the literary ribbon and wears it with an unassuming dignity. Whatever dogs may come and go, may have their brief day and cease to bark, there is one whose dark eyes shine immortal from the pages that tell the story of "Rab and his Friends."

J. G.

## An Old Sea-Dog

The recent change in the commandship of the Channel Fleet has brought naval affairs somewhat into the lime-light. One London journal publishes a most interesting photograph of Admiral Sir Arthur Farquhar, K.C.B., called the "Father of the Fleet," who was born in Waterloo year, 1815. He is the son of a rear-admiral and the father of a rear-admiral and himself entered the Navy nearly eighty years ago. He is a "sea-dog" with a fine pedigree.



## John Bull and Johnnie Canuck

By CANADIENNE

IN the spring the newspaper fancy lightly turns to articles on immigrants and their ways. The Toronto "Globe's" robin has become a household bird and that journal's timely discussion of the English immigrant bids fair to rival the robin. Every day we may read the Englishman's opinion of his new home or the Canadian's opinion of the latest edition of John Bull, as published on the streets of Montreal, Toronto or Winnipeg.

The question naturally arises: "Why all this discussion of the Englishman and hardly a paragraph on the latest arrival from Glasgow or Cork?" One reason is that the English have, in late years, come in far greater numbers than the Irish or the Scotch. Then, the fact remains, that it is England which is the outstanding partner in Great Britain and Ireland. Scotland calmly suggests that she has given England her banking-system, Ireland mentions the Iron Duke, "Bobs" and a few more famous soldiers who have come from the land that loves a fight. But London remains the capital of the Empire, the seat of Imperial legislation. It is partly because the Englishman represents, more fully than the Scot or the Irishman, the government and traditions with which we are allied that we pay so much attention to his coming and going.

There is no doubt concerning the defiant attitude assumed by the Canadian when the Englishman makes a remark about how things are done at "home." There is nothing more natural than such a comparison, and it is not made as a matter of offence but rather as a matter of fact. But the Canadian is over-ready to assume that the new-comer is grumbling and the former straightway proceeds to make himself somewhat ridiculous by denying the superiority of St. Paul's or Westminster to the newest red brick tabernacle around the corner. On the other hand, the Englishman takes no pains to make his comparisons gracefully. Hon. Augustine Birrell, whose "Obiter Dicta" and other delightful books added to literary joys long before he was regarded as Cabinet timber, informs us in the course of an essay on "Nationality" that the Englishman is a being who treads on your corns, smiles at your religion and does not wish to know anything at all about your aspirations. Now, Johnnie Canuck is an independent young man who will allow no man to tread either on his corns or the tail of his coat. Hence, a certain coolness arises, and the too-condescending Englishman hears himself consigned to a climate vastly different from his pre-conceived ideas of Canada.

The "remittance man" has become a familiar figure in the short story dealing with the West. His linen and language are immaculate but he is a masculine vampire who preys upon all innocent souls in the community. When he has exhausted the patience and the credit of one city he flees unto another, leaving the tailors and hotel-keepers in profane mourning. He is often a charming person but his attractions come high to those who advance a small loan until he shall receive that cheque from home. At first, it is a privilege to minister to this superior creature's comfort. But finally one suspects that lending is an operation in which all his acquaintances are invited to take part and the flavour of the request is coarsened. Once in a great while, the "remittance man" resolves to leave a world in which he will not deign to work, and, with the ruling passion strong in death, he borrows his neighbour's gas jet or revolver as a means of exit. Then his pitiful and disgraceful story gets in the papers and the public, ever given to hasty generalising says, "Those worthless young Englishmen!" This lily-of-the-field sort of immigrant is the very worst we get, inducing the duped and disgusted Canadian to murmur with Mr. Kipling's soldier:

"If England were what England seems,  
And not the England of our dreams,  
But made of putty, brass and paint,  
How quick we'd drop her—but she ain't."

There is the decent English workman of solid training who comes out to Canada prepared for honest toil and who wants nothing more than a fair field. Such a one exclaimed in bewilderment after he had been here a fortnight: "I cannot understand why Canadians who profess to be so British should ridicule the speech and manners of settlers from the Old Country." The speaker made no wrong use of the aspirates; but he stated, not in complaint but in surprise, that his speech had been generally mocked and mimicked until he felt that silence was the only course. It may be admitted that the Canadian voice is neither a thing of music nor a joy for ever.

In Ontario we import our shoes from Massachusetts and our accent from Vermont and fail to realise that the nose is not an organ of speech, while we flatten the first vowel to an unmerciful degree. For a Canadian to sneer at the well-modulated and pleasing speech of the skilled workman from the Motherland is absurd. Even when the cockney perversion of "lydy" and the Birmingham attempts at articulation offend the ear, it is surely not a dignified part to descend to open ridicule.

If the arrogant Englishman and the unmannerly Canadian could get together and hammer each other for a healthy quarter-of-an-hour every good purpose might be served. But it is usually a gentle and long-suffering Canadian who is oppressed by the lately-landed son of Albion who can see nothing good in "this blawsted colony," while it is a boorish Canadian who falls foul of the in-offensive Englishman of earnest aims and quiet speech and gives him to understand that no airs will be tolerated in a land of the "somewhat free and the more-or-less brave."

Visitors and immigrants from England need to be reminded that a country may be American in its speech and social usages, while it remains thoroughly British in political tradition and affiliation. For instance the Bostonian and much more the citizen of Charleston are decidedly more English in tone and manner than is the Torontonionian or the man from Winnipeg. But this resemblance, while it may be considered more desirable by some observers than political connection, should not be confused therewith. The Channel Islands have been British in allegiance for several centuries but are more French than English in domestic life.

However, there is no likelihood of the initial friction between Englishman and Canadian becoming a serious matter. There is a good deal of saving common-sense in the Anglo-Saxon which keeps him from quarrelling with his bread-and-butter and the immigrant is as important to Canada's development as the good-will of the native is to the new-comer. The Canadian should regard with more sympathy the natural home-sickness of the stranger, while the latter should observe without unfriendly comparison the ways of the new world, which, after all, is his chosen home. "The land we left" and "the land we live in" are two toasts that the sons of St. George may loyally drink. The Englishman has much to give us that can come only from a country of historic and literary traditions. But in return Canada can fling open her wide gate-ways from East to West above each of which is written in golden letters, the word, "Opportunity."

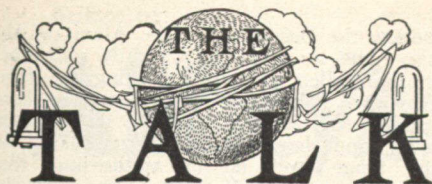
## "Temse" and "Thames"

SOMETIMES when a person wants to make an unpleasant remark in a pleasant sort of a way about a dull boy he will say, "That boy will never set the river on fire." Now, that is all very true, for even the smartest men in the world could never set a stream of water on fire, and so, perhaps, many of you who have heard this expression have wondered what is meant by setting the river on fire.

In England many, many years ago, before the millers had any machinery for sifting flour, each family was obliged to sift its own flour. For doing this it was necessary to use a sieve, called a temse, which was so fixed that it could be turned round and round in the top of a barrel. If it was turned too fast the friction would sometimes cause it to catch fire, and as it was only the smart, hardworking boys who could make it go so fast the people got into the way of pointing out a lazy boy by saying that he would never set the temse on fire. After awhile these sieves went out of use, but as there were still plenty of stupid boys in the world people kept on saying that they would never set the temse on fire.

Now, the name of the river Thames is pronounced exactly like the word temse, and so after many years those persons who had never seen or heard of the old-fashioned sieve thought that "setting the temse on fire" meant setting the river Thames on fire. This expression became very popular and travelled far and wide until the people living near other streams did not see why it was any harder for a slothful boy to set the Thames on fire than any other river, and so the name of the river was dropped, and everybody after that simply said "the river," meaning the river of his particular city or town, and that is how it is that people to-day talk of setting the river on fire.





A vote was taken by which the Ottawa Council was authorised to contract with the Hydro-Electric Commission for a supply of power at certain rates. Now it is said that the Council intends to ignore the Commission and to enter into negotiations for the purchase of a private development plant.

Earl Grey attended a banquet in New York this week in connection with the Peace Conference. Mr. W. T. Stead, of propaganda proclivities, was a guest from across the seas.

Dr. Joscelyne, Bishop-Coadjutor of Jamaica, is visiting Toronto this week, with the object of procuring funds to assist in the rebuilding of ruined churches in Jamaica.

A Board of Trade has been organised in Chatham, Ontario, with Mr. Robert Gray as president. It is stated that two new industries may be brought to this enterprising town in Kent.

Five Toronto capitalists have been incorporated as the Niagara Iron & Steel Company with a capital of one million dollars and head office in Toronto.

Mr. John Pymer, of Bloomfield, near Picton, Ontario, celebrated his 103rd birthday recently. He took part in the Battle of the Windmill near Prescott. He has never used liquor, tobacco nor spectacles.

Twelve special trains, carrying nearly 5,000 immigrants, left Montreal last Sunday. This is the largest number that has left that city in one day and the officials were extremely busy in looking after the crowds.

The automobile show which closed in Montreal last Saturday night was such a pronounced success that the management have decided to hold two national auto shows next year, one in Toronto in March and the other in Montreal in April. Over twenty thousand people visited the show during the seven days of its existence.

A mandment has been read in the churches of the Roman Catholic Archdiocese of Quebec from Archbishop Begin regarding the formation of two new and important organisations, one L'Action Sociale Catholique and in particular L'Oeuvre de la Presse. The latter is to provide for the propagation of good, healthy literature by publication of reviews, newspapers and tracts.

It would appear that the Senate is to become the guardian of provincial rights. By a vote of 48 to 1, it has passed a series of resolutions declaring that it will not allow Dominion legislation to encroach on provincial privileges unless it is fully proved to be "for the general advantage of Canada" or for the advantage of two or more of the provinces.

Hon. G. P. Graham was the guest of honour at the recent opening of the new Liberal Club rooms in the city of Brantford.

The city of St. John, N.B., is without a federal representative. The great question of the hour is the naming a successor to Dr. Stockton. It is generally thought that Premier Pugsley will take the nomination, although the names of Mayor Sears and Hon. H. A. McKeown are mentioned.

Everybody will sympathise with McGill in the loss of two buildings within a few days of each other. When the Engineering building was burned, it was considered a misfortune; now that the Medical build-

ing has gone, it is a calamity. The combined loss will be nearly a million dollars, with about two-thirds insurance. It is the inconvenience which is the worst feature of the situation. Toronto passed through the trial when its main building was almost wholly destroyed.

Railway experiences of the past few weeks indicate several possible reforms. In the first place, fire extinguishers might be placed in every train; the use of gas tanks in passenger cars rendered less dangerous; and the frangible quality of the rail reduced. If the railways desire people to travel freely, they must ensure comparative safety. The "broken rail" is getting entirely too common for comfort.

If the heads of the larger insurance companies in Canada were to tell how much private wealth they have accumulated during the days of their management, few of them would confess to as little as Dr. Oronhyatekha's will disclosed. There is little doubt that he was fair, honest and upright in all his works.

These are the days when the garage re-sounds to the tapping of hammers as the big touring car is got ready for a trip into the country. Anon, the chauffeur is called into the back yard to beat a rug for the house-maid, or into the house to take down pictures during the spring house-cleaning. Man-like he hurries back to his mechanical labours, eager for the promised jaunts along the green-bordered country roads.

Mr. Emmerson's libel suits against the Halifax Herald, the Fredericton Gleaner, and the Toronto World are likely to prove interesting. Representatives of the three papers met in Moncton last week and decided upon a course of action. They will fight the case out, they say, and they promise a most interesting time to a scandal-loving public.

Vancouver is making preparations to give a royal welcome about the end of the month to Prince Sardanis Fushimi, adopted brother of the Mikado of Japan, who is now on his way to visit King Edward. The Japanese residents of that city are looking forward to his arrival with keen interest.

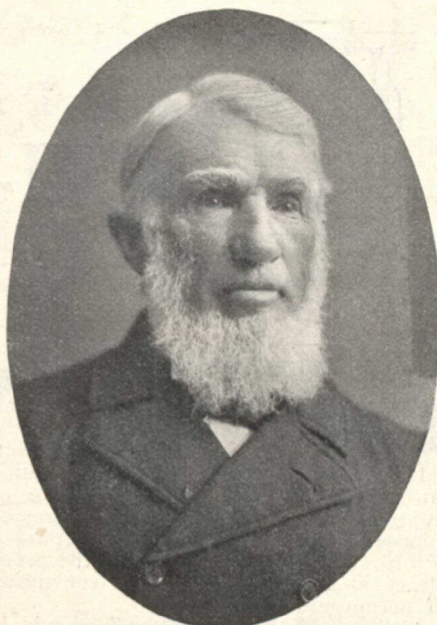
Cricket seems to be flourishing in the West, even better than in the East. Winnipeg's club held an enthusiastic annual meeting the other day, electing Hon. Hugh John Macdonald president and Mr. J. Woodward as captain. Portage La Prairie has also organised for the season with Mr. A. H. Dickins re-elected as captain.

Five new mining companies were incorporated by the Ontario Government last week with an aggregate capitalisation of two million, nine hundred and forty thousand dollars.

**Canada's Lumber King**

John Rudolphus Booth, of Ottawa, is getting up in years. He built the Canada Atlantic Railway, operated it for some time, and finally sold it to the Grand Trunk. His main business, however, is lumbering.

The following appeared the other day in the Ottawa "Free Press": "Mr. J. R. Booth last night celebrated his 81st birthday by a family re-union at his home, 338 Somerset street. The company included Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Fleck, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Seybold, Mr. and Mrs. J. Fred Booth and Mr. C. Jackson Booth. They gathered in the evening and had dinner with the veteran lumber king. Mr. Booth was the recipient of numerous congratulatory telegrams and flowers in honour of the occasion. There were messages from Hon. W. S. Fielding, Sir James Grant, Board of Governors of St. Luke's Hospital through Sir Louis Davies and Mr. John Manuel, J. Burstall & Company of Quebec, R. Harrison of Montreal, and other expressions of good wishes from New York and Chicago, as well as many hand-shakes tendered by personal friends in the city. "I will stand by the lumber," was the



Mr. John R. Booth.

dictum of Mr. Booth, discussing his prospects for the future. Mr. Booth has extended his timber industries to the manufacture of pulp and paper, but these branches will not interfere with the sawing of plain boards, deal and various other kinds of lumber which Mr. Booth began to manufacture in this city 50 years ago."

**The Progress of Art**

Art is coming in for greater recognition in all its different branches. The Ottawa Government through Hon. Sydney Fisher, announces that an advisory council of art is to be established. This commission will have jurisdiction over the national collection of art, the nucleus of which had already been formed in Ottawa, but which up to the present time had never been placed on a proper basis. The commission will also look after decoration of public buildings, the erection of public monuments and the purchase of works of art by the government.

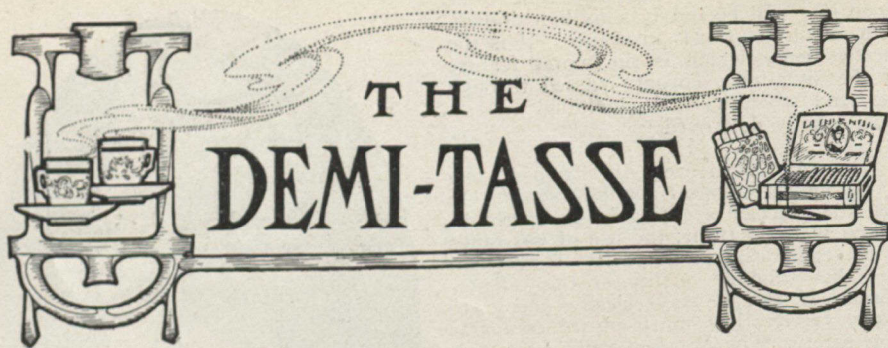
The national collection dates back to 1880, when the Marquis of Lorne founded the Royal Canadian Academy. Each academician, on his election, must contribute a picture to the national gallery. These and other canvases now form quite a collection, but the gallery in which they hang is unattractive.

Mr. George A. Reid, the present president of the R. C. A., is one of those who has worked hard on behalf of a national gallery and a wider appreciation of the artistic necessities of Canadian life. Mr. Reid's latest portrait is reproduced herewith.



Mr. G. A. Reid, P.R.C.A.





WELL-QUALIFIED.

**I**F the vote of the students of the University of Toronto were taken, President Hutton would doubtless be elected as permanent head of that institution by an immense majority. A graduate of 'Varsity, now a Rhodes scholar, expressed himself fervently last year in favour of Professor Hutton's elevation to the presidency in a fashion which was convincing if unconventional.

"What I like about Hutton," he said in cheerfully patronizing tones, "is that he has lots of backbone but no side."

J. G.

NOT ON HIS PLATE.

There is a Canadian housewife who swears by that harmless and useful publication known as the "Ladies' Home Journal." Many and weird have been the dishes she has set before her long-suffering husband, who is one of those men who consider beefsteak smothered in onions the finest fare that can be offered. One night not long ago he returned tired out and extra hungry. He came to the dinner-table to be confronted by a dish containing certain dainty round objects.

"What are those things?" he asked suspiciously.

"Croquettes, dear," said his fond wife.

He gazed savagely at the unoffending fare and finally arose in wrath and made for the door.

"Why, Henry, what in the world is the matter? That's one of Mrs. Rorer's best recipes."

"Confound Mrs. Rorer! I want something to eat." The front door banged and the devotee of the fancy dish was left to a lonely meal.

UNCONVENTIONAL JOURNALISM.

Many years ago, when Lake Superior was considered the West, the editor of the first Port Arthur newspaper went away for a holiday, leaving Mr. James Conmee to look after the paper. The first issue after the editor's departure contained a few eccentricities of style and expression which were appreciated by local readers. In the second issue there was an account of a church strawberry festival which Mr. Conmee had attended and enjoyed. Writing about refreshments was rather a trying experience for the editor pro tem., and the subscribers to the "Gazette" were astonished by the information that the strawberries were in profusion, the tables groaned beneath their burden of good things, while "delicious bivalve, the ice cream," was enjoyed by hundreds of patrons.

WERE THEY IDLE?

Mr. Andrew Carnegie has added liveliness to his other attractions and has a collection of stories, chiefly Scotch, with which he beguiles his friends' idle moments. "Harper's Weekly" tells one of these Carnegie stories about a minister in a small church in Glasgow, who, after inveighing vigorously against slothfulness, said, by way of climax:

"Do you think that Adam and Eve went about the Garden of Eden with their hands in their pockets?"

HISTORY UP TO DATE.

A Canadian school-teacher says that she recently received the following reply to

a question regarding the Family Compact:

"The Family Compact was when the government gave everything to its friends and relations. Mr. Whitney didn't like it, at all; so he got in and put a lot of new people in." The same bright pupil risked the reply that the Clergy Reserves were seats kept for the ministers at entertainments, adding, "and they tried to keep Methodists and Baptists from getting them."

UNGENTLE SPRING.

The ice is lingering in the Bay,  
The grippe is clutching fondly still;  
There's nothing like an April day  
To make you very sad and ill.

HOW THEY LOOK AT IT.

She (after a play in a Toronto theatre) — "I think men who go out to drink and smoke between the acts are so childish."

He—"How about the women who munch candy between the acts and chew salted almonds while the play is going on?"

WORDS OF CHEER.

Mr. William O'Brien, when he was last in prison in Ireland, spent the time in close study of the Bible. The copy he read had



A Little Game of Poker.  
With the Lid off.

been read by the former occupant of his cell. At the end of the Lamentations of Jeremiah this prisoner had scrawled "Cheer up, old boy! Cheer up!"—Manchester Guardian.

THE INSTALMENT PLAN.

I bought an edition de luxe  
Of the "Lives of the World's Famous Crooks."

When I've passed away,  
My heirs will still pay  
A dollar a month for those books.  
—Life.

AN UNWELCOME SOUND.

A dramatic critic in M.A.P. says: "I wonder if Mr. Tree remembers a certain night at the Haymarket when, during the performance of 'The Red Lamp,' something happened in the theatre that made actors and audience alike nearly jump out of their skins. We had come to the thrilling, perspiring, edge-of-the-precipice part of the play where the aristocratic conspirators against the monarchy were about to fulfil their secret promise to fire the mine that was to blow fashionable St. Petersburg into blue dust. Handsome Laurance Cautley—we used to call him Kyrle

Bellew the Second—was the Alexis of the play; and to Alexis, if I rightly remember it, had fallen the duty of firing the fuse. Anyhow, I know it was when the conspiracy was on the verge of its practical issue, and there was a fearful silence on the stage and in the auditorium, that something went off with a bang in the stalls.

"A man sitting next to me had for some time been nervously fidgeting with a closed opera-hat—a new one with extra strong springs. He had been inserting his thumbs between the flattened crown and the brim, and removing them again; and all of a sudden his thumbs had gone too far, and the hat had popped out with a terrific report which, with its result upon the over-strung nerves of everyone in the theatre, fairly made the house quiver. Two or three ladies rose from their stalls as if the spring, instead of being in the hat, had let itself loose beneath their seats. The unfortunate proprietor of the headgear turned whitest of all—but that may have been because he felt the eyes of everyone upon him, and knew how universally he was being hated."

JUST THE THING.

Once on a time in Brazil,  
Attacked by a violent chill,  
A big alligator  
Climbed on the Equator  
And enjoyed a comforting grill.  
—Puck

A COOL SPORTSMAN.

Since the recent elections in the Transvaal, South African anecdotes have been popular. Among these is a story of Mr. D. S. Mare, magistrate of Zoutpansberg, who was out lion-shooting with the late Baron Vorster, a mighty hunter before the Lord. A lioness had been wounded, driven out of cover, and stood at bay. The magistrate jumped off his horse, fired and missed. It was then Vorster's turn since there was not time for his friend to reload. In dismounting, he dropped his watch and stooped to pick it up. The lioness seemed about to spring and Mare urged his friend to shoot. Vorster replied grumblingly that the glass of the watch had been broken.

"Never mind that now, the lioness is ready to spring," Mare replied.

"Do you know," Vorster said, "I shall have to send the watch to Pretoria and that it will cost me five shillings to get it repaired?"

"Good heavens," the magistrate answered, "don't you see you have not a moment to lose?"

"It's all very well for you to talk," Vorster replied; "it's not your watch that is broken." At last, however, he slid it into his pocket and with unerring aim gave the lioness the coup de grace.

HE PREFERRED TO STAND.

When the Hon. Beverly Tucker, Minister to the Court of St. James's, was presented to Queen Victoria, she indicated that he be seated, by that slight motion of her plump hand which all England obeyed. Mr. Tucker was portly and heavy, and the only available chair was fragile and small. He appeared not to notice the invitation. A moment later it was repeated, for even at that first interview began the Queen's liking for Minister Tucker, which ripened into such an intimate friendship as no other American ever enjoyed with Her Majesty. Still, the weakness of things terrestrial was more potent than the finger of Victoria, and Mr. Tucker again ignored the command. Then the Queen put it in words, when Mr. Tucker, with a profound bow, replied:

"Your Majesty, I never sit in the presence of royalty."

"I accept the compliment at your hands," replied the Queen; "and now you must accept comfort at mine."

"Comfort!" exclaimed Mr. Tucker. "Why, I should break both my back and Your Majesty's chair if I attempted to sit in it!"



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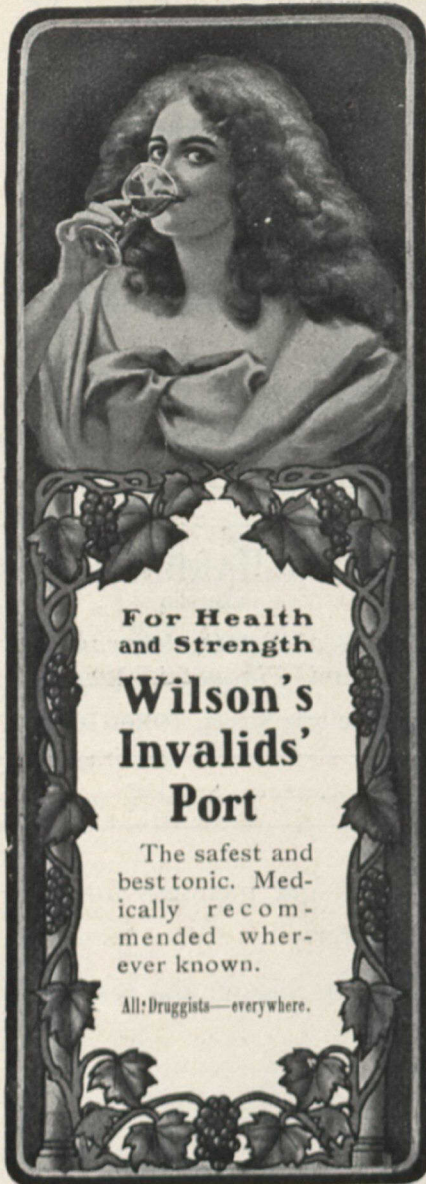
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**MUSIC & THE DRAMA**

**T**HE production by Mr. Henry Savage of Puccini's "Madam Butterfly" was an event of unusual interest to musical circles in Toronto. The opera proved a revelation of the modern Italian method of suggestion and colour effect. The music is not what is commonly considered popular. There are no catchy tunes or topical hits to be whistled by the gallery and to be echoed on the street-corners by the aspiring office-boy. But the composer has so woven the tragedy into song, the picturesqueness into melody, that the opera makes a haunting impression of Oriental colour and Southern symphonic interpretation. Delicate and elusive, as the charm of "Madam Butterfly" herself, the Puccini phrases and themes are the essence of dramatic fitness. The orchestra of sixty pieces is ably and sympathetically conducted by Mr. Walter H. Rothwell. In the matter of orchestral equipment, Mr. Savage displays a generosity, satisfying to the requirements of complete artistic treatment. It is usually in the orchestra membership that a bold effort is made to "save" and the audience appreciates the higher instinct which leads Mr. Savage to provide such a body of musicians as give assurance of an adequate interpretation. Miss Florence Easton, a Canadian prima donna, makes a charming if not thoroughly dramatic "Madam Butterfly"; but the histrionic honours are won easily by Miss Elsa Szamozy, who acts and sings the part of the little Japanese heroine with a passion and grace that leave other presentations tame and inartistic.

One of the race week attractions at the Princess Theatre, Toronto, will be the clever English comedy, "The Importance of Being in Earnest," with "Gringoire the Ballad-Monger," a one-act romance of the time of Louis XI. as a curtain-raiser. This will be the third annual production of the Toronto Press Club, and the double bill will be presented for three nights. Mr. Douglas A. Paterson, under whose direction the club has put on "A Bachelor's Romance" and "Liberty Hall," will be in charge. Mr. Robert Stuart Pigott will again be featured in leading roles, supported by Miss Berenice Parker and a company of eight. The subscription lists are open this week.

Among the passengers outward by the Canadian-Australian SS. "Aorangi" was Mr. C. H. Gibbons, for many years identified with journalism in British Columbia, and latterly conspicuous in large concert affairs in the Pacific Northwest. Mr. Gibbons has been engaged to manage a round-the-world tour for Madame Albani's new company. This is announced as Madame Albani's farewell, so far as the Australian colonies are concerned, and will be her first visit to British India. The tour of this company is to open about the 8th of June at Melbourne, extending through Tasmania, New Zealand, and India, occupying about eleven months.

The concert given in Massey Hall last week by the Toronto Conservatory Symphony Orchestra was regarded as an optimistic reply to the question of a possible permanent orchestra. The charms of "Madam Butterfly" proved alluring to some "patriotic" Torontonians on the same evening, but the size of the audience at the Orchestra concert gave assurance of public appreciation and support of the enterprise. The orchestra numbered over fifty players among whom was represented the best local talent in the various departments. Mr. Frank Welsman, the gifted and many-sided conductor, surprised even those who have long recognised his musical and organising ability by the results he obtained from the newly-formed symphonic association. The concert in its artistic excellence proved beyond a doubt that Toronto has the instru-

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mental material and also the vivifying conductor necessary for an orchestra in which her citizens may take pride. The programme consisted of the "Entr'acte" from Schubert's "Rosamunde," part of Beethoven's "First Symphony," Moszkowski's "Spanish Dance," Massenet's "Last Dream of the Virgin," and Mendelssohn's "Ruy Blas." Mr. Frank E. Blachford, violinist, Mrs. H. W. Parker and Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, solo artists, assisted to complete a programme which was of high artistic attraction.

\* \*

The Toronto Dramatic Art Club, whose performance in the Governor-General's Trophy Competition at Ottawa last January was withdrawn on account of the death of Mr. Timothy Eaton, presented "She Stoops to Conquer" this week at the Margaret Eaton School. Mrs. Scott Raff had directed the study and rehearsal of the play and great credit is due her effective management. Miss Gertrude Philp made a spirited and charming "Kate Hardcastle," Miss Birdie Luttrell was a comely and complacent "Mrs. Hardcastle," while Miss Ida Landers as "Constantia Neville" was a most attractive if wilful heiress. Mr. Frank Kennedy appeared in the double roles of "Hastings" and "Marlowe," Dr. E. K. Richardson was a pompous and prosy "Hardcastle," while Mr. Milton Lee won hearty applause for his life-like characterisation of "Tony Lumpkin." This Goldsmith comedy is a most refreshing bit of old-fashioned English country life and it is to be hoped that we shall have more of such performances.

\* \*

The choral entertainments of the season closed in Toronto last week when Mr. H. M. Fletcher's organisation, known as the People's Choral Union, gave a highly successful concert in Massey Hall. The Chorus confined itself chiefly to popular lyrics and chose several of the good old English compositions, "The Lass With the Delicate Air" being especially admirable in execution, Madame Le Grand Reed singing the solo portion with delightful piquancy. Beethoven's "Twine Ye the Garlands" was satisfactorily rendered with spirited execution. The concluding number was Hamish MacCunn's cantata, "The Wreck of the Hesperus," which was sung with realistic treatment of the setting, which does not afford many opportunities for shading. Madame Le Grand Reed's contributions to the programme were of a light and brilliant quality, Pierne's "Le Moulin," D'Hardelot's "I Know a Lovely Garden" and Vanderstucken's "The Sweetest Flower." Mr. Watkin Mills is as delightfully robust and magnetic as ever. "I'm a Roamer," "Molly Ochone" and "Glorious Devon" were numbers that made a telling popular appeal.

\* \*

Mr. Ben Greet, well known in several Canadian cities for his "Everyman" and his Shakespeare unadorned has lately been attacked in no gentle fashion by the New York critics. Mr. Metcalfe, the valiant dramatic editor of "Life," whose quarrel with the Trusts is a brave chapter in theatrical history, has dealt with the plain and simple ways of "Ben" with refreshing vigour and directness. He has declared, indeed, that the ways of Greet are not ways of pleasantness but are productive of infinite boredom. He asserts that Mr. Greet cannot and should not act and that he has wearied a too-easily deceived American public. Mr. Metcalfe recommends to Mr. Greet's notice the concluding portion of Lincoln's famous dictum: "You can't fool all the people all the time." As might have been expected, a ream of correspondence has poured into the dramatic office of "Life." Most of it seems to express agreement with the critic's opinion. Mr. Greet himself contributes a highly-inflamed epistle to the effect that the writer of the uncomplimentary comment has told lies—in fact, "Mantolini" lies, and "Life" publishes the swear word in Mr. Greet's own agitated hand-writing. However, most of us sympathise with Mr. Metcalfe, for even Canadians have discovered that Mr. Greet is bombast and egotism in severely plain setting.

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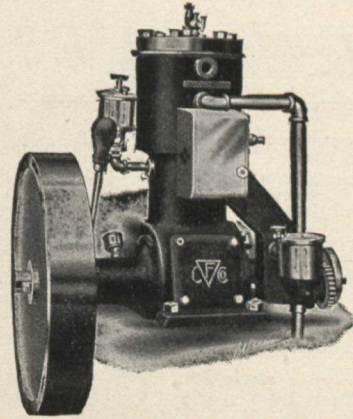
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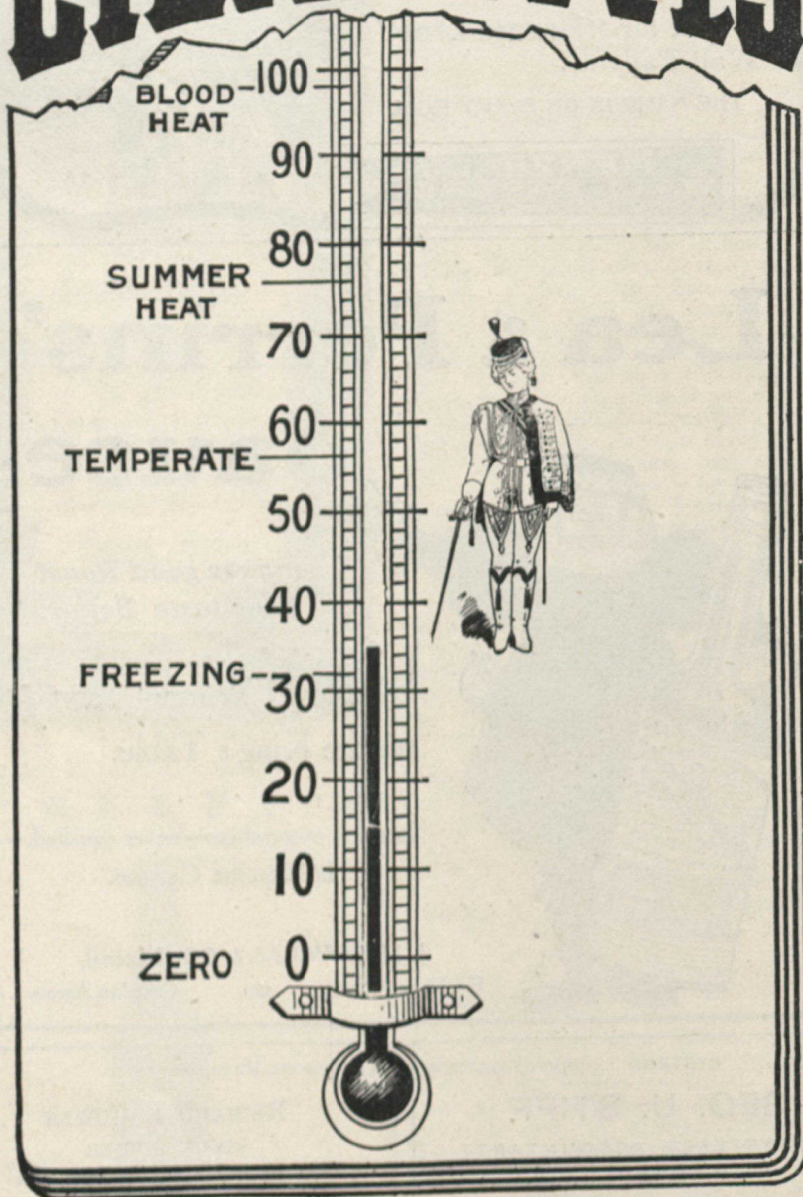
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## For the Children

### A PICTURE.

I know a tiny baby girl who never grows,  
But sits upon a window seat and laughs  
and crows,  
Her head against a pillow soft, doth gently  
rest,  
And all day long she's fresh and sweet as  
when just dressed.

Her big blue eyes, with baby stare, look  
forth at you,  
As if to ask from whence you are, and  
what, and who!  
Her five pink toes call forth the praise of  
loving eyes,  
One tiny boot has fallen off, and there it  
lies.

Her dimpled arms lie quietly still; we hear  
no cry,  
Although her mother comes and goes and  
years pass by.  
Her hair upon her shapely head is yet soft  
down,  
And always wears she, night or day, that  
same cute gown.

I wonder who that baby is, so still and  
strange,  
And if there yet will come a time when  
she shall change?  
Ah! listen, that was once yourself, your  
own her name,  
And all these years we've loved you there,  
within a frame.

—Kathleen R. Wheeler.

\* \*

### BECAUSE HE WAS A MAN.

It was so hot in the night nursery!  
Mother and father were out to dinner and  
nurse had gone down to her supper.

The gas was turned down almost to a  
spark, and gloomy shadows haunted the  
room.

"I'm so firsty," wailed the baby, kicking  
back the sheet and peering over her cot  
rails at the drowsy six-year-old brother.  
"Suck your tongue hard and wet'll come  
into your mouth."

Baby sucked hard.  
"It's all dry. Oh, I'm so firsty! Get  
me a drink."

Geoff pretended to sleep. How could  
he face the terrors of that long, dark  
nursery?

"Please, Deffery?"  
Dead silence.  
Baby gave a little sob and swallowed  
two salt tears. Then Geoff pulled himself  
together and remembered he was a man.  
But, oh, the misery of stepping out of bed  
not knowing whether there was a bear  
underneath it! His face was hot, and he  
ran trembling toward the washstand.

Baby rattled her cot rails in eager an-  
ticipation; the sound made Geoff think  
that something was after him. He could  
not run with a glass of water, and went  
stumbling through the darkness shivering  
with fright.

"Ah-h," said the baby, drinking greed-  
ily. "Fank you, dear."

But the hero who had faced the shad-  
ows was already tightly curled up in bed  
and breathing hard. The perils of the  
journey had exhausted him, but the sense  
of duty done came as he murmured, "I  
had to do it, cos she's only a girl."—New  
York Globe.

\* \*

When nurse says "Master William,  
Time to wash for tea,"  
I go, because I'm only small,  
And got to, don't you see.

But soon I'll be a man, and then  
There won't be nurse to call,  
And I'll eat my tea just when I like,  
And NEVER wash at all.

M. H. C.

\* \*

### WHAT I'LL WISH.

When summer comes I'll roam the fields,  
And search for four-leaved clover;  
And then I'll wish that holidays  
Would never quite be over.



**Miscellaneous**

**HIS NARROW ESCAPE.**

Mr. Ferguson, two of whose down-town friends had just dined with him, had taken them into the library for a smoke.

"I must tell you a good one on my wife" he said. "She's been roasting me because I look at the head-lines in the papers once in awhile to see if anything important is happening in the Thaw trial. Well, the other afternoon, while the girl was away, she put a pan of biscuits in the oven to bake, and while she was waiting she picked up a paper and began to read the stuff herself. She got so interested in it that she let the biscuits"—

At this moment Mrs. Ferguson came into the library for a book.

"And the joke of it was," continued Mr. Ferguson, without a moment's pause, "that they found the cow next morning in a forty-acre lot."

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared the guests, laughing till the tears ran down their cheeks—but not at the story.—Chicago Tribune.

\* \*

**A MATTER OF SUGGESTION.**

H. C. Frick described at a directors' meeting the amalgamation of two railroads.

"At first," he said, "the XYZ people were coy. Yet they were not too coy. They were like Pat and Biddy.

"Biddy," says Pat, timidly, 'did ye iver think o' marryin'?"

"Shure, now," says Biddy, looking demurely at her shoe, 'shure, now, the subject has niver entered me mind at all, at all.'

"It's sorry Oi am," says Pat, and he turned away.

"Wan minute, Pat," said Biddy, softly. 'Ye've set me thinkin'.'—Rochester Herald.

\* \*

**IN CONFIDENCE.**

In the course of an interesting sketch of the late, Sir William Howard Russell, founder of the Army and Navy Gazette, of London, a writer in that journal relates the following: "The story is well remembered of one of his interviews with Bismarck, who resented the publication of some facts which the Crown Prince had given to the Times correspondent. 'I suppose you couldn't resist showing your importance by reporting all that that "dunderhead" confided to you.' To which Doctor Russell replied: 'Your Excellency knows that I always respect confidence; there is much that you have said to me yourself that I have not reported.' 'Pouf!' said Bismarck; 'anything I say to you, you may bawl from the top of St. Paul's.' The answer came aptly: 'I thank your Excellency. I shall use that permission to record your opinion of the Crown Prince.'"

**Two Pamphlets**

Professor Robertson's address at Lexington on "Education for Rural Life in Canada" has been published in pamphlet form. It is worth a perusal, being full of suggestion and plain vigorous comment.

\* \*

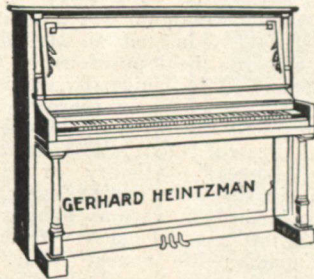
A. E. Ames & Co., brokers, Toronto, have issued an instructive pamphlet entitled "Canadian Bank Shares as Investments." An analysis is made of the Government returns of thirty-four banks in order to lay the position of each before intending investors. The result arrived at is that bank stocks are paying investors a good income. Since 1899, only two banks have failed, the Bank of Yarmouth in 1905 and the Ontario Bank in 1906. Since 1897, four have failed, seven have been absorbed and eight began business.

**Fortune's Way**

When Fortune's favours we would woo  
The sweets of life to quaff,  
We find she smiles on just a few,  
And gives the rest the laugh.

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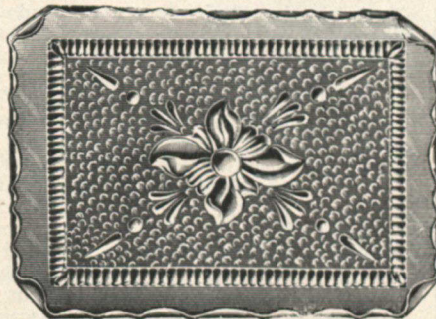
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Trains leave Napanee for the north at 7.50 a.m., 12.10 p.m., 1.25 p.m., and 4.25 p.m.

Trains leave Tweed for the south at 7.00 a.m., 7.20 a.m., and 2.55 p.m., and for the north leaving Tweed at 11.30 a.m. and 4.50 p.m.

Trains run between Deseronto and Napanee as follows:—

a. Leave Deseronto at 1.00 a.m., 1.40 a.m., 5.55 a.m., 7.00 a.m., 7.20 a.m., 9.50 a.m., 11.30 a.m., 12.40 p.m., 12.55 p.m., 3.45 p.m., 6.10 p.m., 7.40 p.m.

Leave Napanee at 2.20 a.m., 3.30 a.m., 6.30 a.m., 6.35 p.m., 7.55 a.m., 10.30 a.m., 12.05 p.m., 1.20 p.m., 11.00 a.m., 4.30 p.m., 6.50 p.m., 8.15 p.m.

The Deseronto Navigation Company operate the str. "Ella Ross" and str. "Jessie Bain" running between Picton, Deseronto, Belleville and Trenton, as also the str. "Where Now" making the famous 50-mile ramble from Gananoque to all points in and around the Thousand Islands, connecting with all trains at Gananoque, as well as making the railway transfer between Gananoque and Clayton, N.Y.

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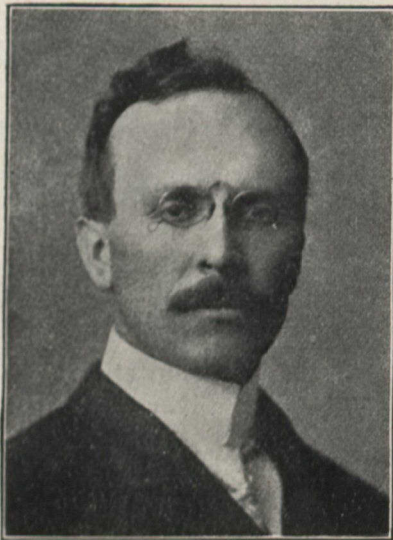
**HAMILTON - ONTARIO**

## Literary Notes

PEOPLE generally have vague ideas about socialism and this probably explains the title of Professor Le Rossignol's new book, "Orthodox Socialism." It implies that there is an orthodox socialism as advocated by anarchists and other extremists.

Professor Le Rossignol was born in the city of Quebec, educated at McGill and Leipzig, and has held positions in Clark University and Ohio University, and is now professor of economics in the University of Denver. He has written "Monopolies, Past and Present (1901)," "Taxation in Colorado (1902)," "History of Higher Education in Colorado (1903)," and many articles published in various publications. He has a volume of short stories on French-Canadian life almost ready. Recently he has been in New Zealand investigating economic conditions and is now preparing a volume on the result of his studies there.

His treatise on socialism is written from a scientific and dispassionate standpoint, and will therefore prove of great practical value. The first chapter defines the creed of socialism and traces its historic rise. Then come discussions of the labour-cost theory of value; the iron law of wages; surplus value; the use of machinery and its effect upon skilled labour; panics, strikes and industrial crises; the struggle of mass with class; and the social revolution which has been threatened. Merely to enumerate these sub-topics will show the practical nature of the work. As for the author's style, it is well known from previous excellent work. Calm, clear-cut, and straight-



Professor Le Rossignol,  
Author of "Orthodox Socialism."

forward, he supports his statements by needful facts and figures which at once show the authority of his opinions. The volume is a worthy addition to the "Crowell Library of Economics," and will be welcomed by students and all general readers who are observant of the times. Thomas Y. Crowell & Company, New York. Cloth, \$1.00.

Professor Shortt has an able article on "The Colonial Conference and its Functions" in the April "Queen's Quarterly." The Professor seems to agree quite thoroughly with Sir Wilfrid Laurier that any attempt to making the decisions of a conference binding would lead to complications and disaster.

"Canada's Century—A Review of Labour Conditions of To-day," is the title of a pamphlet by Major Robert Larmour, just issued by William Briggs, Toronto. It is a further plea for "yellow" labour as necessary at the present stage of our economic development.

Mr. J. W. L. Forster, a Canadian artist, has written an appreciative sketch of William Adolphe Bouguereau under the title "A Master of the French School." (Toronto: William Briggs. 25 cents.)

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### QUEBEC HOTELS

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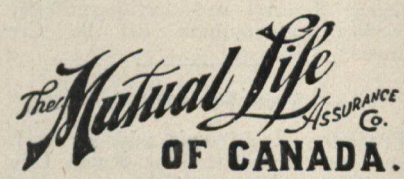
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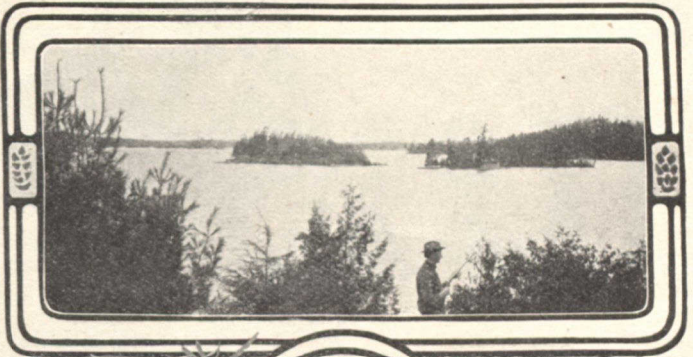
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