

# The Canadian **C**ourier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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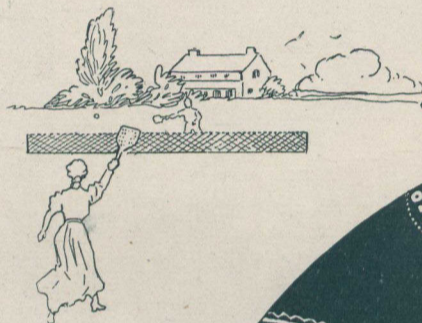
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Courier**

A National Weekly

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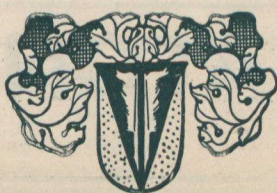


**Editor's Talk**

**M**ARITIME union is a subject which should engross more of public attention. The three provinces on the Atlantic are doing well, but it is an open question whether they would not do better as one province. Professor Wilmott's suggestion, in last week's issue, that the new province of Acadia should extend north to Hudson Straits, taking in part of Quebec and part of Ungava, is worth considering. Mr. Harris' article in this issue gives the arguments for provincial union. Then there is the third phase for consideration—the annexation of the British West Indies. If these islands were made part of the new province of Acadia, it would be one of the most important provinces in the Union.

**T**O-DAY, a special commissioner of the "Canadian Courier" sails from Halifax to visit the British West Indies. Miss Sydney A. Gibson is an experienced traveller and an acute observer. She will write a series of letters giving her impressions of the people and the possible commerce. She has been instructed to report as to the possibility of bringing these British islands into Confederation.

**N**ATIONAL, not local questions, have been and are to be the themes of discussion in the "Canadian Courier." We intend, so far as we are able, to live up to the title "A National Weekly." In the working out of our programme we hope to have the active assistance of a large number of our readers who sympathise with the work which we have undertaken.



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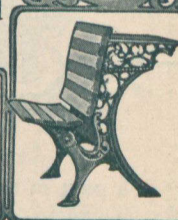
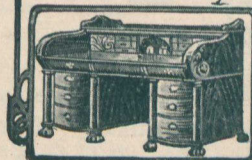
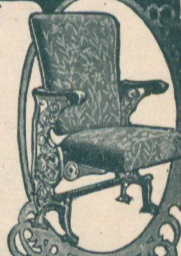
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# Canadian Courier

## THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

VOL. 5

Toronto, April 17th, 1909

No. 20



### MEN OF TO-DAY

#### A Commission in Fish

THE fishing season is on. Among all the thousands of people who go abroad with hook and line, three men lately appointed by the Ottawa Government will have a better chance to accumulate fish stories than all the rest put together. These are the members of the Commission appointed to investigate the fisheries of the West. They are: Prof. Prince, of Ottawa; Mr. D. F. Reid, of Selkirk; and Mr. Thomas L. Metcalfe, of Winnipeg. These men will discover what is wrong with the fish problem in the West. This is something new for that country—which, however, has as much fish as ever it had furs and buffaloes. Hundreds of Indians in the north live on fish. The lakes and bays and even the rivers are theoretically teeming with fish. Clear from the Red River to the mouth of the sandy Mackenzie there are fish waters such as no other country in any of the Americas is able to show. But there is trouble as to who gets some of the fish and as to what becomes of a good deal of the fish; for some of the waters are getting shy of fish and some of the monopolists are waxing fat on fish, and leases are being speculated, and the settler is being told to go to the dickens—and there is no man to prohibit all this, unless these Commissioners become wisely busy, which they will speedily begin to do at Winnipeg, and thence to the other two provinces.

\* \* \*

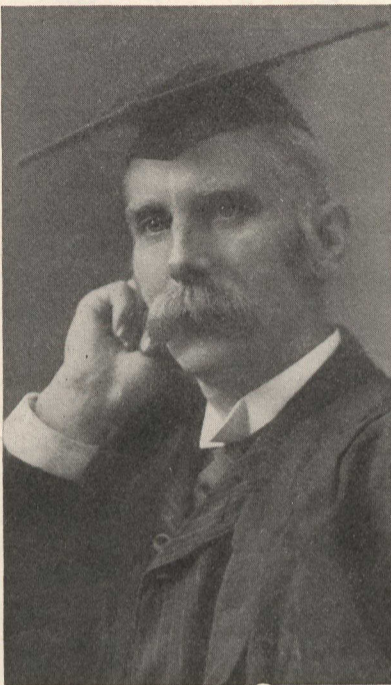
#### A Fish Savant

PROF. PRINCE is one of the most scholarly and scientific fishermen in the world. He was a scientist at the age of fourteen, when in the town of Leeds, England, where he was born, he won a prize for original work. He went to college; first at St. Andrew's; later at both Edinburgh and Cambridge; went into morphology which is an occult thing and has to do largely with zoology; so that having made researches in morphology, Prof. Prince was appointed senior assistant and demonstrator in zoology in the University of Edinburgh. This was in 1885. The following year he became naturalist at the Marine Laboratory of St. Andrew's, and three years later was secretary of the Commission on Fishery Bait Supply in Scotland. He has written books upon fish. He knows more about fish alive than most people do about fish dead. He is a sort of second to Agassiz, who could draw any known fish offhand from a look at one of its scales. Professor Prince has pried into the deep. He has made a specialty of profound—not to say scaly—subjects. He has not been quoted as an authority on Jonah and the whale; but since his arrival in Canada about sixteen years ago he has identified himself very widely with naturalistic subjects. Indeed, before coming to Canada at all he was confere with Prof. James Mavor, now of Toronto University, in a course of lectures on Social Life in Man and Animals. In 1894 he opened the popular course of lectures in Toronto University with a lecture on Colour in Animals; in which year he was appointed Commissioner and General Inspector of Fisheries for Canada.

\* \* \*

#### Yellow Fever Expert

DR. WOLFERSTAN THOMAS, a Montreal physician, has returned from a four-year trip to South America, where he was sent by the Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine to study fevers. Dr. Thomas has accumulated more knowledge of fevers than



Professor E. E. Prince,  
General Inspector of Fisheries for Canada.

perhaps any other living man. He has made a special study of yellow fever; so much so that he has hope of getting the £500,000 prize offered by the Brazilian Government for a yellow-fever cure. Dr. Thomas was the first man to inoculate a monkey with yellow fever—thus supporting Darwin.

\* \* \*

#### Men on the Level

DEPUTY Minister of Railways Mr. M. J. Butler has been appointed one of the Royal Commission instituted for the purpose of putting the Intercolonial on a common-sense basis of profit and loss. Mr. Butler is a good man for the post. He is one of the most alert and active deputies in Canada. His whole life has been spent on practical out-door problems—since ever he got his first degree of P.L.S. in 1878, afterwards C.E. from the University of Toronto. He is of Irish parentage; born in Deseronto, Ontario; educated at the La Salle Institute in Quebec, and in Toronto. He is a member of three societies of civil engineers and has been for nearly a quarter of a century. Twenty-seven years ago he was assistant engineer on the Kingston and Pembroke Railway; a year later chief engineer, on the Thousand Islands road; chief also of the Napanee, Tamworth and Quebec; all these minor Canadian positions but a prelude to some important work down in the States, where in 1889 he was assistant engineer in charge of the building and water service of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe. In 1891 he was made chief engineer of the Bay of Quinte Railway and Navigation Co.

\* \* \*

#### A Soldier Athlete

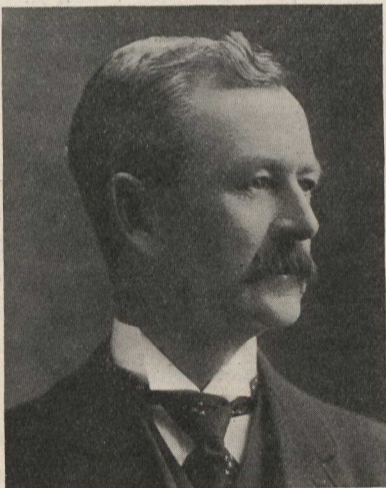
LT.-COL. A. B. CUNNINGHAM, of Kingston, is one of the successful younger men of that military city. He was born there, took his college training there and has practised there since his call to the bar in 1894. He first came into prominence as a footballer and hockey player, in the days when Queen's had usually one or more championship teams. While at Osgoode Hall, Toronto, he maintained his reputation as one of the highest-class athletes ever produced in a Canadian college. Cunningham's name stood for fairness to friend and opponent alike.

After his college days, Colonel Cunningham took up militia work as the natural hobby of a robust and active citizen. He cemented his connection with the militia by marrying a daughter of Colonel W. D. Gordon, now commanding the Eastern Ontario Military District. Rapid promotion makes him lieutenant-colonel of the 14th Regiment, the Princess of Wales' Own Rifles, at an age when most militia officers are still captains. He will never be long enough a soldier to regret having been an athlete.

\* \* \*

#### Young Old Adam Brown

THE oldest postmaster in Canada is not an octogenarian in charge of a rural postoffice served by a stage-driver and toddling about with a cane. He is Adam Brown, postmaster of Hamilton, Ont.—and Adam Brown was eighty-three years old last week. Mr. Brown has been almost sixty years in Hamilton. He has been a public man in more ways than by holding a Government job. He has been a public man in almost every important project launched for the good of the city of Hamilton; and he has been heard on a great many platforms in various parts of the country and on a great diversity of topics. He has never been so much of a political orator; but he had a remarkable gift for speech.



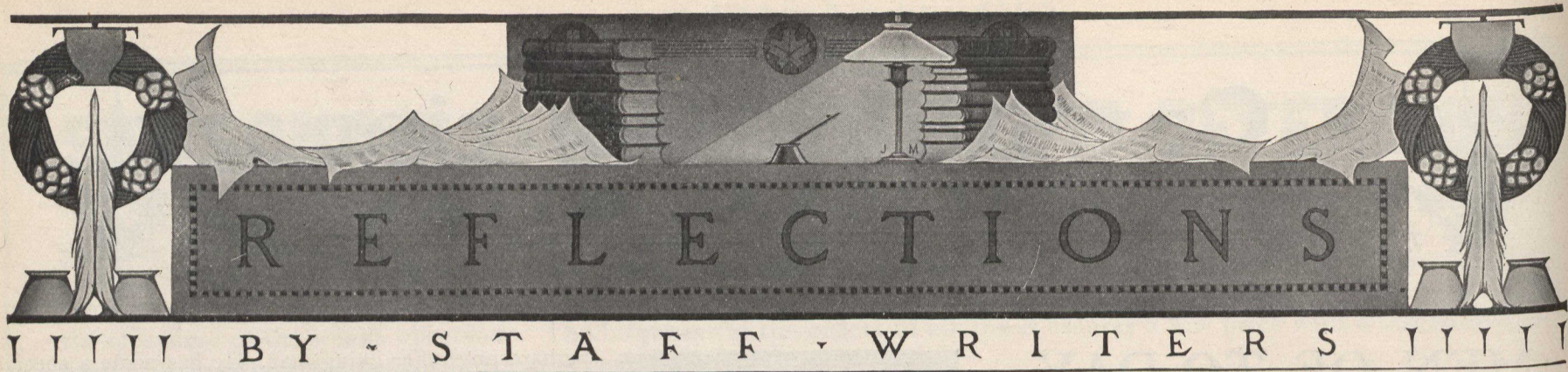
Mr. M. J. Butler,  
Deputy Minister of Railways, and one of  
three Commissioners for the I.C.R.



Lt.-Col. A. B. Cunningham,  
New Commandant 14th P.O.W. Rifles,  
Kingston.



Mr. Thomas L. Metcalfe,  
Fishery Commissioner,  
Winnipeg.



#### MUNICIPAL SUCCESS

**M**UNICIPALITIES are not uniformly successful. Much depends upon local conditions and the local spirit. Those who say municipal undertakings and municipal management are usually successful are just as wrong as those who say these are usually unsuccessful. Toronto started out to build a city hall which was to cost about a million and it cost several millions. There were charges of "graft" and bad management, and the architect's bill for about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars is still unsettled. The city of Winnipeg built a high pressure plant and a commission is now trying to find out why it cost twice as much as was expected. Yet both of these cities are counted as well governed cities, and as municipalities which show considerable civic spirit and enterprise.

Montreal is billed to be in the limelight soon with an investigation into the "maladministration" of its civic affairs. In private business, the citizens of Montreal are quite as successful as any other body of citizens in North America, but in governing and managing their city they have been much less successful. It has been charged that the city is run more or less on "graft" principles and that an investigation will show that its affairs have been grossly mismanaged. Perhaps the results of the proposed investigation will prove that there is less graft and less mismanagement than is generally supposed; and it would be a pleasant outcome if such were the case. But even mismanagement, proven and authenticated by a special commission, would not prove that municipal good government is impossible in Montreal.

There is much talk in various Canadian cities concerning the advisability of doing away with elected councils and boards of control and substituting paid permanent commissions. Even in Port Arthur and Fort William, where all public utilities are owned and operated by the municipalities, there is grave dissatisfaction with the present methods and results. The people are talking seriously of government by commission and of leasing the joint street railway to a private company. All this simply proves that municipal success is as difficult of attainment as private and personal success. Every form of human enterprise seems to have its difficulties.



#### THE SWISS MILITARY SYSTEM.

**S**WITZERLAND, with an army five times the size of that of Canada, spends seven and a half million dollars annually, as against our six and three-quarter millions. This should be cause for reflection. If an army of 280,000 men can be trained annually, and thoroughly equipped in every way, for the sum mentioned, why should our army of 59,000 men cost almost as much?

It must first be noted that the Swiss army, which on a peace footing numbers 280,000, is capable of expansion on a war footing to 540,000 men. Canada's army of 59,000 is capable of expansion to 60,000 some say, to 100,000 according to others. Taking the higher estimate of the Canadian war establishment, Switzerland has again a great advantage over us. If the Mountain Republic were attacked she would have an army over five times as great as ours under similar circumstances. This is an important consideration, which the average layman is apt to overlook when considering military statistics.

Again, it should be noted that Switzerland's population is only one-half as large as Canada's. The Republic contains 3,313,000 people; while Canada has fully 7,000,000. This gives us an advantage and should enable us to maintain a larger citizen army than Switzerland, whereas we find her army five times as large as ours. Further, Switzerland has 342 field guns as against Canada's 108.

The difference between the two countries lies in the system. Canada has purely voluntary enlistment; Switzerland has universal compulsory service. In Switzerland, every male citizen twenty years

of age must be a recruit for a period of sixty to ninety days according to the branch of the service which he enters. Afterwards he must perform eleven days service each year for seven years. At the age of 32 he is transferred from the Elite to the Landwehr and during the next eight years must perform one season of eleven days. At 40 years of age, he is transferred to the Landsturm where drill is not compulsory, and at 48 he is free. In the two latter periods he must appear thirteen times for annual inspection of arms. A citizen must thus perform during his life-time 153 days of drill and thirteen inspections. In Canada, on the other hand, a man may come to the age of 48, without performing a day's service. That is the difference between compulsory and voluntary service.

The President of the Swiss Federation, in speaking of their system, once said: "Our military institutions constitute at once a basis of democracy, a school of manliness, a school of civic virtue, of self-sacrifice, and of faithfulness to duty; and with us the obligation to serve is considered as the privilege of a citizen." By a vote of the whole people in 1907, the system which had been in vogue for thirty-three years was approved and continued by a large majority.

It is evident from this comparison that Canada has something to learn from Switzerland. In cheapness and efficiency, their system seems infinitely superior to ours. If this be true, then it behooves us to consider if our manifest duty to the Empire might not be fulfilled to some extent by improving our militia system and reducing its expense. Apparently a saving, sufficient to build a warship annually, could be made and the strength of our army increased by adopting a system similar to that which has made the Swiss national militia the admiration of the world.



#### A CHEERING CHAPTER

**T**HERE has lately been formed in New York City a national chapter of Daughters of the Empire, and the credit for this foundation is given to the Canadian National Chapter, which realises the importance of having such an organisation in the largest city of the Continent. Mrs. Bryce, Lady Purdon Clarke and Mrs. Courtenay Walter Bennett are among those who have taken a leading part in promoting the new chapter, whose purpose is to encourage intercourse among British women domiciled or travelling in the United States. The benefit of this organisation is evident to all who have sometimes felt in a strange city a desire to learn the news from home through some more informal medium than press or letter. The order of the Daughters of the Empire has been of great service since its original establishment and its latest expansion is an indication of the wish of the officials to make it helpful to its members in all quarters of the Continent. In the United States, such societies as the Daughters of the American Revolution and the Colonial Dames have done much to preserve historical sites and relics and to encourage an interest in local tradition and history. Those who know such organisations well are aware that their effect is not jingoistic, for, in history, as in other branches of human knowledge, it is the little learning which is dangerous. The well-informed are usually in the paths of peace and advancement.



#### MELON-CUTTING

**T**HE system pursued by our banking companies, transportation companies and other joint-stock corporations in issuing new stock to old shareholders at a low price is one which is meeting with universal condemnation. Scarcely a press-writer in Canada defends it, and certainly no economist of any standing has done other than condemn it. This is a feature which Mr. Fielding might seriously consider when drafting amendments to the banking act to be brought

down this session. Some of the banks have been serious offenders in this respect.

The critics, nevertheless, should remember that melon-cutting is not a criminal offence. Indeed, it is a popular and universal practice among financiers ancient and modern. When, therefore, the *Winnipeg Free Press* goes so far as to condemn the Winnipeg Electric Railway for asking for a permit to issue debentures to the extent of a million and a half, it is acting spitefully. It may have cut melons in the past, when its future was less assured. That is past. If the company proposed to issue more new stock at par, with its old stock selling at \$168, there would be reason for a protest. The issue of debentures, admitting that the money is required for the needs of a rapidly developing city, is a much more economical and a quite justifiable plan for securing the necessary funds.

Public opinion on this question of melon-cutting is much more acute than it ever was and the large corporations would do well to recognise this. In the older days when Canada's credit was not so good in the world's money markets, there may have been slight justification. At periods when the public are chary of new investments and are inclined to hoard their money, it might still be moderately practised, without much ground for adverse criticism. As a common practice, under present conditions, there is not the slightest reason why it should be condoned or permitted.



#### POLAR PROGRESS

EXPLORER PEARY has attracted the attention of this continent so fully that Canadians have taken comparatively little notice of Lieutenant Shackleton's exploits in his search for the South Pole. That intrepid young Englishman is now on his way home after touching the Southern Magnetic Pole and coming within one hundred and eleven miles of the South Pole itself. There are good souls who wonder what Peary and Shackleton can find in such entirely inconvenient and exhausting trips to regions where the morning paper is an unknown quantity. They ask in bewilderment "what there is in it" and by their query show that Adventure has passed them by. The explorer is the man who has kept the boy's spirit, who is an everlasting Tom Sawyer in his longing for undiscovered fields and mysterious caves and who never settles down and becomes Thomas Sawyer, Esquire. The born explorer has little heed for dollars, but from the days of Columbus to the days of Shackleton would induce Queen Isabella or Queen Alexandra to pawn the last crown jewel in order to equip a new caravel or the latest *Nimrod*.

Lieutenant Shackleton's recent expedition was marked by a novel and highly interesting feature of equipment. Motor cars were used during part of the journey and made an improvement in the mode of progress which an old-timer might be inclined to scorn. However, Lieutenant Shackleton and his crew have known several hairbreadth escapes and thrilling adventures since they left New Zealand and have succeeded in making a day's march or so nearer the Ultimate South.



#### NEW BRUNSWICK'S SENSATION

NEW BRUNSWICK possesses a report of a Royal Commission which promises to be historical. This Commission, consisting of three members with Judge Landry at their head, were appointed to investigate the history and transactions of the Central Railway which, in 1905, was taken over by the New Brunswick Government from those who built it. The railway was placed under Mr. George McAvity and Senator King as commissioners and apparently these gentlemen failed to keep proper books. Indeed, the whole case is direct evidence that New Brunswick needs civil service reform just as much as Ottawa or any other province. Politicians put into the government service for political purposes cannot be expected to adopt business methods. Even if expected to do so, they have proven through a series of years that they are not likely to live up to such expectations.

Then this report of the Royal Commission involves Hon. Mr. Tweedie, now lieutenant-governor, and Hon. Mr. Pugsley, now federal Minister of Public Works. It appears, as has been apparent through all New Brunswick's recent political history, that there were not enough lawyers and financiers outside the Government to do the business of the government. New Brunswick is a small province, and of course trained and experienced men were scarce. As a consequence, the members of the Government were obliged to act one day as ministers and the next day as employees of the Government. On the first day they drew salary as ministers and on the second they drew salary as special legal advisers, bond brokers, financiers, and so on.

Some people call this graft, but that is because they do not understand the circumstances. If New Brunswick cabinet ministers were not allowed to do this, how would they make a living? Their official salaries would not provide for their wives and families, and few of them had private fortunes.

The whole miserable story indicates first, the necessity for civil service reform in New Brunswick, and secondly, the need for Maritime union. In a province so small that it cannot provide a proper salary for its political cabinet members, it is impossible to distinguish between the public and the private citizen. Politics have been the curse of the beautiful provinces by the sea, and it is to be hoped that they will be given an opportunity to outgrow these infantile political conditions which are the mark of the small.

#### PEACE AND DREADNOUGHTS

By A. N. Kirschmann

THERE are times when, as this old world revolves from year to year, noises will be heard of certain or uncertain sounds. The one most frequently heard is that of militarism! militarism! So sure as we go round will be heard the cry of warfare from the mouths of an excitable and ambitious people. But still the old world revolves and never stops in her course to heed the cries of her inhabitants who must give vent to their feelings on passing events. The question of conserving the interests of a people who are in the immediate belt of these disturbances, naturally engages the attention of those who control the financial conditions or are engaged in the pursuit of wealth in the region or in the territory where countries make their battlefields. The effect this unsettled state of affairs has on the holders of actual securities and those who are interested in the industrial welfare of such a place is not conducive to an expansion of business whilst these countries threaten each other's rights, privileges and supremacy. It is well known from the experience of South Africa what effect war had on the mining interests of that country. Affairs, social and political, are in a state of upheaval when such a thing happens at the doors of those who settled there in time of peace. The question naturally arises, "Is warfare the only solution to the differences that will arise between nations and people?"

The formation of one grand tribunal to which all nations could carry their ills and grievances has been suggested by able men. Such a tribunal, consisting of the ablest statesmen of every country in the world who are capable of successfully conducting the affairs of their separate countries, should be able to thresh out differences arising out of these grievances. If for sheer want of power a country should decide to engage in battle and insist that it gain this supremacy, it may be a difficult matter for such a tribunal to settle.

The strengthening of the German navy has been from time immemorial a dragon to English statesmen. It has been the ghost which has followed them through their dreams. The shouts of patriotism and the feeling of all Britishers to stand by the flag under which they were born adds further to the strengthening of hostile forces, for it must be allowed that a certain degree of patriotism exists in the souls of the natives of every country. If Germany and England were to engage in warfare, it would throw the world and its affairs into a condition that would take many years to straighten out. This is a time when jingoism should least be heard. What ultimate gain could come of such countries as England and Germany engaging in warfare would be a decision as to who shall reign supreme.

Since England became a power, she has done more colonisation work and has extended a spirit of freedom to all her possessions. The world has unquestionably progressed more under her imperial influences than it did in Spain's era or in the era when other countries claimed the rights which Britain now possesses. The British constitution is the most complete of any country in the world. Without attempting to decry the qualities and ambitions of any empire, it would be for the benefit of the world at large, that a more amicable spirit exist between Germany and England than is now evident. These two countries together could accomplish great things for the ultimate benefit of the human race. All the shouts that have been heard recently on the subject and possibilities of war provide excellent newspaper copy and add a stimulus to circulation, but tend to engender ill-feeling and ignite the smouldering fire.

As to the necessity for the Dominion of Canada to be alarmed at any preparations, military or naval, of Germany or England, there is little need; for with such an extensive coast-line no attempt would be made to make Canada the battlefield. It would be more likely that a foreign power in engaging England in warfare would attempt to seize her smaller possessions, which if once held and garrisoned and equipped with long range guns, could stave off any fleet. With a powerful escort such as the British navy can provide, it would be easy to land all the troops required in a country with such an extensive coast as Canada has, as it would engage a large draft from Germany's or any other country's fleet to block such a lengthy coast-line. The impossibility of an invasion of Britain herself is generally accepted, possessing as she does one of the most efficient coastguards. Canada's attention would profitably and economically be turned to the establishment of some system whereby her land and sea frontier can be protected from within, and not in the building of a *Dreadnought* for England.

## THROUGH A MONOCLE

### WHY ANNEXATION DIED.

SO far I have only had an opportunity to read the extracts which the newspapers have published from Colonel George T. Denison's book on the "Struggle for Imperial Unity"; but I assume that the gentlemen of the press have not omitted any very striking details which would add conviction to the great "conspiracy" episode. Yet as I read the published outlines, my principle sensation is an abysmal wonder that two such superior mentalities as Mr. Goldwin Smith and Colonel Denison should have taken seriously that feeble roll-top desk version of a dime novel "plot." They both ought to know that Canada is not to be pushed an inch out of its way—let alone carried off its feet—by any such "letter-head" conspiracy hatched by a few amiable gentlemen in a New York office and apparently to be promoted in Canada by making payments to almost anybody who would take the money. There are a lot of people in this country—unless I miss my guess—who would pick up "easy money" handed them by a set of old fools in New York; but there are precious few who have anything in the way of reputation to lose who would turn such money into annexation argument.

\* \* \*

HOWEVER, it is not at all a question of whether "conspirators" with more money than understanding of the situation can find people this side of the border willing to help them die poor. It is wholly a question of what effect a few pamphlets could possibly have on the feelings of our people toward British connection. Mr. Goldwin Smith should have been able to give them some experienced opinion on that point. No man could put the case for annexation with more ability or assiduity than he has; and yet he has seen any little and scattered feeling that may once have existed in favour of this proposal, gradually die out and wholly disappear under his ministrations. His support of the movement has been contemporaneous with its entire dissipation; and this has not been because his support was not the best possible, but because the plant had lost whatever thin and scanty ground it may have once found in which to strike its roots.

\* \* \*

THE truth is that when prosperity came in at the front door of Canada, all thought of annexation flew out of the window. The beginning of this eviction can be put well back in the Macdonald regime. When Canada once realised that the building of the Canadian Pacific was to be a success, and that the West was to be opened up, all thought of surrendering this rich heritage to another people vanished from the minds of those who had a spark of imagination. We may not have been able to count our prosperity and feel its coinage slip through our fingers quite as early as that; but we knew

that it was there and we were determined that the men who had stayed in Canada through the lean years of doubt and endeavour should—with their sons—reap the benefits of this long period of faith and fidelity. For the Canadian people to have sold out their future at any time after 1880 would have been to convict themselves of the most colossal stupidity prior to that date. They would have been in the position of men who had fought their way up to the citadel, captured it, driven out the enemy, and then decided not to run up a flag or to enjoy what they had so hardily won.

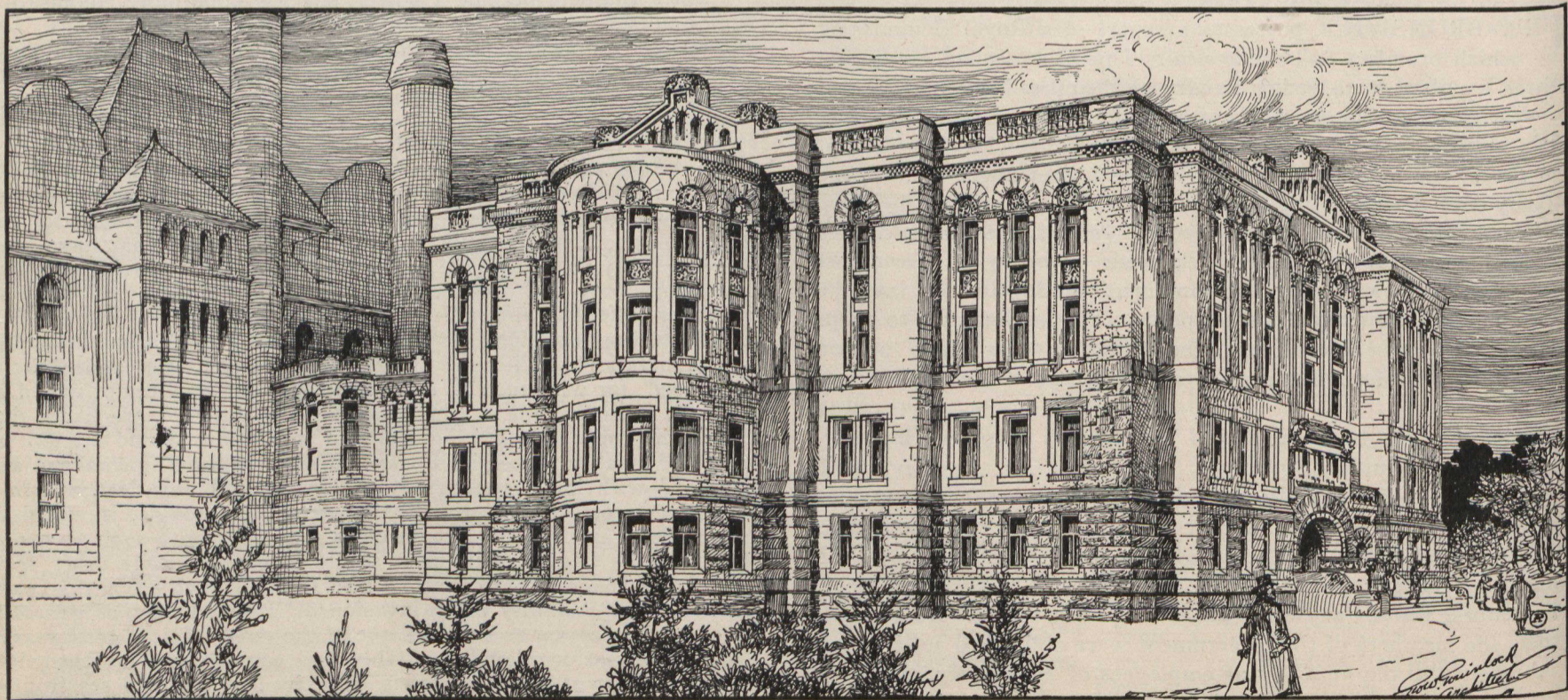
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A STUDENT of history like Goldwin Smith and a leader of men like Colonel Denison ought to know that young and hopeful nations in the position of Canada are not to be talked nor pamphletted into surrender to a neighbour of whose growth they have been long jealous. They may be brought in by pressure of circumstances as Scotland was or by conquest like Poland; but a democracy which cannot be betrayed by a corrupt court is not to be captured by any hole-and-corner conferences in which money is regarded as a supreme argument and the whole spirit of the people is ignored. Unrestricted Reciprocity was thought by very many wise men to be a danger. It would certainly have been a mistake. It might have delayed or even prevented the splendid development of our country along east and west lines; and it would have erected a stupendous barrier in the path of the movement for Imperial preferences. But I do not believe that it could ever have been used as a lever to lift us into annexation. The effort to employ it in this capacity would have broken the lever—that is all.

\* \* \*

I AM sorry that the Colonel saw fit to publish that letter from Honore Mercier. Mercier is dead. He can neither explain nor reply. Then the date tells us that it was not written by the Honore Mercier of Canadian history. It was penned by a sick, broken, disheartened, deserted man on the brink of the grave. His health had been wholly lost for some time; and he was but the mental and physical ghost of the man who had been master of Quebec. The career of Mercier will never be understood by those who judge him from amidst entirely different surroundings. He did not create a system; he captured one. He was an heir—though his political opponents would say a usurping heir. When the explosion came, his career was nearly run. After that he was adrift; and we would do better to think of him as the man whom Chapleau visited on his death-bed and embraced with affection, and beside whose coffin walked Sir Wilfrid Laurier. He made his mistakes. In his person, the system which gave Quebec its enormous public debt was punished. But if you will visit Montreal on All Saints' Day some year, you will see a great concourse gathered about his tomb amidst the fallen leaves of the autumn and you will hear inspiring oratory pronounced by those who speak in his name.

THE MONOCLE MAN.



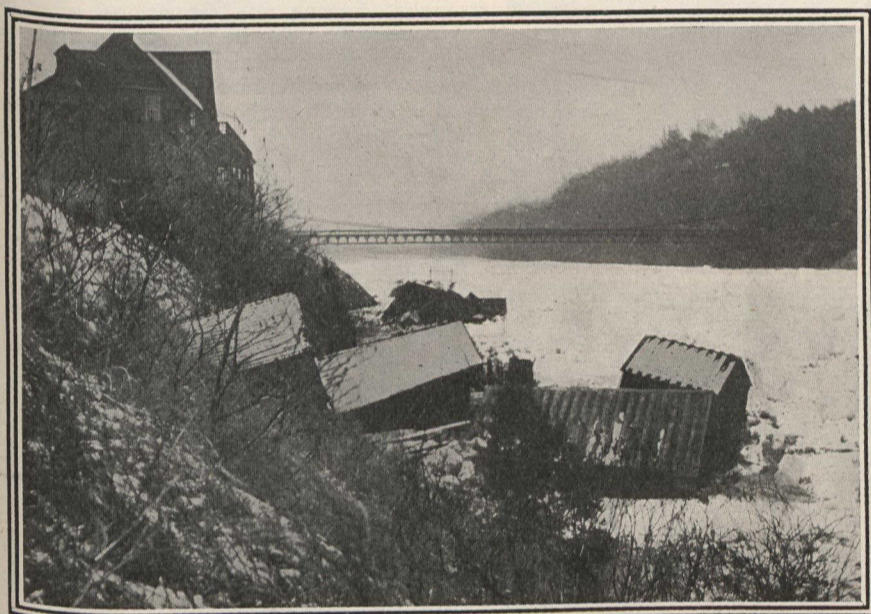
The Proposed Addition to the Legislative Buildings at Toronto. Mr. George W. Gouinlock, Architect.  
For Detailed Description See Following Page



# NIAGARA RIVER ICE JAM



Ice piled fifty feet high at Lewiston—Looking across the River towards Queenston and Brock's Monument—Mixed with the snow and ice in inextricable confusion are the remains of demolished boathouses, private docks, fish traps, and the hundred and one things picked up by the ice jam in the Niagara River in its downward movement.



The Suspension Bridge at Queenston which was in danger—The water and ice are forty feet higher than usual.



The debris-covered ice-jam at Lewiston. The Steamer docks are forty feet below this mass.

## Devastation at Niagara

THE waters of Lake Erie pour down the broad Niagara to the Falls, then down through the Gorge and the Whirlpool to Queenston and Lewiston on either bank, then more peacefully towards Niagara on the Lake. The ice from the Lake has swept down over the Falls, and become blocked at the narrow part of the River at Queenston. This has caused the water to rise fifty feet as far back as the Falls. The Ontario Power Company's generating station is flooded; docks, boathouses, trolley tracks and fishing shacks along the route have been submerged or swept away. It is the greatest jam since that of 1863, carried away the suspension bridge at Queenston. The loss may reach a million dollars.

## Ontario's Legislative Building

ONTARIO has a legislative building of which no person is particularly proud. When it was constructed, there was only one feature which pleased the public and the Government—it was built at a cost which was within the estimate. This somewhat unusual feature did not wholly make up for the dingy entrance, the dark corridors, the extravagantly wide win-

dows, the inartistic roof, and the lack of fire-proof qualities. It also came in for some hard knocks because the plans were prepared by a United States architect.

For some time it has been evident that the building was too small and an addition has been planned—this time by a Canadian architect. The illustration on the opposite page is from the designer's drawing. The size of the building will be 142 feet long by 120 feet wide, and will be situated to the north between the east and west wings, connected to the main building by means of a corridor from the ground floor and one from the landing of the main staircase. It will contain two floors of offices with large vaults, and will accommodate the Ontario Railway and Municipal Board, Hydro-Electric Power Commission, and Education Department. Access to the two floors of offices and the building may also be obtained from the entrance on the north end. There will also be two floors for the library, with reading rooms, librarians' rooms, catalogue rooms, and stack room accommodation for 200,000 volumes. It will be constructed of solid masonry, faced with Credit Valley brown stone. The interior will be of structural steel, thoroughly fireproofed, of sufficient strength to sustain two additional storeys in the future.

The whole building will be throughout as absolutely fire-proof as modern science can make it. The style of architecture of the building will be

Romanesque to harmonise with the existing building. The estimated cost is over half a million.

## A Montreal Dry Dock

MONTREAL has long needed a dry dock consonant with her dignity as a great ocean port. Halifax has one; St. John wants one; Levis, Kingston and Collingwood have them. The energetic Major G. W. Stephens, chairman of the Montreal Harbour Commission, on his return from Europe last week, stated that:

"Financial arrangements have been completed in England whereby, subject to the approval of the Canadian Government and the Harbour Commissioner of the port of Montreal, a dry dock with a capacity suitable to the needs of the river will be built and operated. This means that the St. Lawrence trade can have modern dry dock facilities within two years.

"The dock itself will accommodate ships 750 feet long and 110 feet beam, and will answer for some time to come to the plans of Canadian business. This dry dock plan, if accepted, and I have little doubt but that it will be, will be the first practical—after complete dredging operations of the channel—through which will come reduced marine insurance rates, a result very desirable for the encouragement of Canadian traffic."

# THE OUTLOOK FROM THE LAND

*City and Country Interests Closely Allied*

By J. W. WHEATON

**I**N no land are the interests of town and country more closely allied than in Canada. In Great Britain, for instance, though a prosperous agriculture has, no doubt, considerable influence on the business of the town or city, commercialism is largely dependent upon conditions outside of the United Kingdom. The commerce of the United States is gradually assuming a similar dependence. The influence of agriculture upon the trade of its cities and towns is not as strong as it once was in the neighbouring republic. True, agriculture is still one of its most important industries, but its trade and commerce is reaching out beyond its borders and the town is becoming less dependant upon crop yields and prices than was once the case.

Not so in Canada. The prosperity of the town depends so much upon the prosperity of the farmer that the least influence affecting the position of the agriculturist is felt throughout the whole business community. The forests, the mines, the fisheries, have their influence upon trade, but the dominant factor in Canada that makes for the prosperity of our towns and cities is agriculture. The average townsman may not realize this. But the capitalist, the bank manager, the railway president, the manufacturer or the merchant does. He makes it his business to keep in close touch with conditions affecting the land, with crop prospects, with prices for farm products and with the many influences that may retard or advance the position of the agriculturist. He realises that this is essential to success and that, in the last analysis, from the land must largely come the dividends on capital invested and the recompense for toil in the factory and in the counting-house.

## THE FARMER'S POSITION.

Granting this, a brief survey of the position of the agriculturist as he enters upon another season of crop production and another endeavour to wrest from the land some more of its wealth, may be helpful in shaping business enterprise. Generally speaking, the farmer is in a better position than he was a year ago at this time. Live stock have come through the winter in normal condition. The scarcity of feed of last winter has been absent. The cost of feeding has been higher than it was two or three years ago, but with enough to run his stock through till the grass season opens, the farmer begins the spring campaign unhampered by the conditions of a year ago, when it required several months of grass feeding to get his animals back to normal and in a condition to render the service expected of them.

## PROFITABLE PRICES.

With a few exceptions, profitable prices have prevailed for farm products since the last crop was harvested. Of the grain crops, wheat is the great staple, especially in the West. What was lacking in yield in last year's crop, has been more than made up by the higher price received. Not for several years past have Ontario farmers been able to obtain \$1.00 per bushel for wheat, as they are now doing. Prices for other grains have been well maintained also, and the returns from the harvest of 1908 have averaged up well with those of the past decade. East of the Great Lakes there is less selling of the grain off the farm than was the case some years ago. The growing of feeding crops is a chief part of the Ontario farmer's operations and his revenue from live stock and their products is increasing every year. All classes of stock have realised profitable prices also during the winter. Horses, cattle, sheep and hogs bring good prices to-day, and if more attention were given to finishing animals for market, especially in the case of beef cattle, the average price received would be higher. Last season's cheese output brought good values for the producer and this important industry enters upon another manufacturing season freer from held-over stocks than has been the case for several years back. Good prices should therefore obtain from the very commencement of the season. Butter is one of the exceptions. The producer realised well on last season's output, but the spring campaign in this line is not likely to open up so favourably as regards prices as it did a year ago. A saving factor is the better condition in which cows will begin the dairy season. Increased production will probably make up for any falling off in price. The orchard also gave a good account of

itself last year, where care was exercised in caring for the fruit. The apple trade has come through the season's business in better shape than for several years past. This will mean better conditions when this year's output is ready for market, though that is so far in the future as not to affect the general situation just now.

## THE OUTLOOK.

So much for the past and present. What of the future? It is more difficult to forecast in connection with the farmer's calling than with that of any other. Providence counts for a very great deal. Seeding operations may be hampered by unfavourable weather conditions. The growing crop may not get enough moisture. Then again, it may get too much. If, however, average conditions prevail, the general outlook is encouraging and should inspire confidence in business circles and promote more activity in trade generally. A good start is half the battle. The farmer is in a position to make a good start this spring season. He is well able to make all the expenditures necessary for a good seeding campaign. There is no call for a Government loan to assist the farmers of the West in securing seed. Everything necessary seems to be at hand, and given favourable conditions, a good beginning will be made for the coming harvest.

A factor that has an important bearing upon the farmer's calling is the greater knowledge he has of his own business as compared with some years ago. The teachings of the agricultural colleges, the information obtained from experimental work and other sources, are being applied to-day as never before. This means better preparation of the soil, better selection of seed, better care and feeding of live stock, and better methods applied to farm work generally, all of which will tend to increase crop yields and the production of products that will command higher prices in the world's markets. This is one of the most hopeful features of

Canadian agriculture at the present time. The progress that this "land of farms" will make in the future, will depend in no small degree upon how well this deeper knowledge of agricultural practice is applied in increasing the products of the soil and in improving their quality. For this and other reasons the city and the town have a direct interest in every movement that makes for the better education and training of the farmer and the improvement of his financial position.

## Winnipeg's Naval Ideas

WINNIPEG is taking its place in helping to form national opinions. At a recent meeting of its Board of Trade, the following carefully drafted resolution, was introduced by Mayor Evans and carried unanimously:

"Whereas, It is becoming and right that a people should provide for the protection of its own territory and interests;

"Whereas, Canada is a part of the British Empire and it is in her interest that the power and prestige of the Empire be kept unimpaired;

"Whereas, The integrity of the Empire and the safety of our external trade depends upon the efficiency of the British fleet; and,

"Whereas, The present crisis calls for the laying down of a definite policy of defence and offers an opportunity for a demonstration of imperial unity and of appreciation of the labours and sacrifices of the mother country in the common interests; therefore be it

"Resolved, That the Winnipeg Board of Trade heartily endorses the action of Parliament in adopting the policy of establishing and speedily organising a Canadian naval service, which can supplement the naval strength of Great Britain for the maintenance and honour of the Empire; and be it further

"Resolved, That at this opportune moment we would strongly advocate and support an offer by Canada to provide for the immediate construction of a *Dreadnought* as a special expression of our feelings toward the motherland and our desire that the standard of strength of the imperial navy should, under existing conditions, be maintained, and in the hope that it may be a means of hastening the day when the nations of the world will consent to a limitation of armaments."

## Montreal's Spring Art Exhibition

By MRS. ROBERT JENKINS

**I**F to read every day a good poem or behold a fine picture is educative, then the people of Montreal are peculiarly favoured. This year they have had abundant opportunity at least for seeing paintings. The Impressionist Art display was no sooner ended than preparations were begun for the Spring Art Exhibit, which opened on 2nd April.

One of the most significant of the paintings now on exhibition is "The Letter" by William Brymner, R. C. A. A young woman is sitting on a couch by a table on which is a vase of flowers. The light falls on her auburn hair and on the white sheet of paper in her hand. She is holding a letter and with flushed face is musing on the contents of it. The girl's mood is excellently portrayed.

On the wall opposite is a painting that exhibits a study of a very different kind. It is "The Captive" by W. H. Clapp, and fascinates you by its horror and pathos. A young Spanish woman of beautiful form is lying prone on the floor, wrists and ankles bound and hair flowing. Close by is the large figure of a tawny Moor sitting on guard with weapon in hand.

Next to this dramatic picture is "The Bohemian Girl" by A. Suzor-Cote, a painter of strong, individual style. The painting is of a dark-eyed, oval-faced girl. Around her shoulders is a yellow scarf with red ornaments. Her face interests one, for in it character is depicted.

A very bright picture, showing unusual effects of light, is "Les Deux Plages" by Clarence A. Gagnon. Two yellow, sandy beaches lie before one in sweeping curves that mark the separation from the blue waters. Women and children are seen in the gay attire of a French watering place; and in the distance shine the buildings of the town. Over all a glow of light is diffused.

"The Autumn Harvest," an impressionist picture by Edward F. Boyd, is of a similar brightness—yellow stubble, golden, waving grain and autumn tinted trees. Mr. Boyd shows the Canadian spirit.

James Wilson Morrice's "Regatta, St. Malo," is a picture that is characteristic of the artist's style and gives evidence of extraordinary power in landscape painting.

Robert Harris, C. M. G., R. C. A., is represented by a number of portraits. He has a life-like painting of Canada's grand old man, Lord Strathcona. Another very fine portrait is an oil painting of Sir George Drummond by Jolliffe Walker.

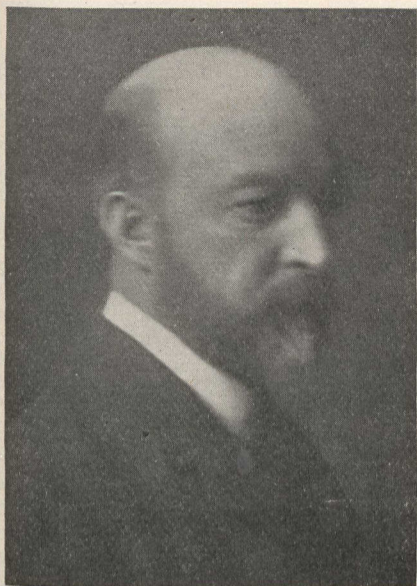
From these you pass to "Landscape, France," by John Hammond, R. C. A. Through the country winds a road, bordered by tall, handsome elms. The shades of colour are of the softest. Everything is in harmony. Mr. Hammond's "Willow Creek" is a lovely pastoral scene. Sheep are grazing by the water. The soft green of the meadow blends admirably with the sober shade of the willows. Near this picture is a bit of beautiful poetry given in "Lowlands" by Mary H. Reid.

A very suggestive painting is "The Picture Book." Two Italian girls are looking over the pages. Mr. Edmond Dyonnet, R. C. A., the artist, has handled the subject with masterly skill. The picture possesses a charming simplicity and naturalness.

"French Canadian House, Murray Bay," and "St. James' Cathedral, Montreal," by Miss Ethel Seath display delicate work in etching.

"Bison in the Snow" by F. A. Verner, R. C. A., is happily conceived. The buffalo are feeding on the long, faded grass that is peeping through the snow. They are wonderfully life-like.

Thus one might go on with other beautiful canvases. It is impossible in one short article to do justice to them all. As you gaze at the product of conscientious work, careful thought and refined taste shown in portraits, landscapes, sculpture, and bronzes, you feel that Canada is gradually asserting herself and will at the right time take her place in the world of art as she is already doing in the world of nations.



Mr. J. W. Morrice



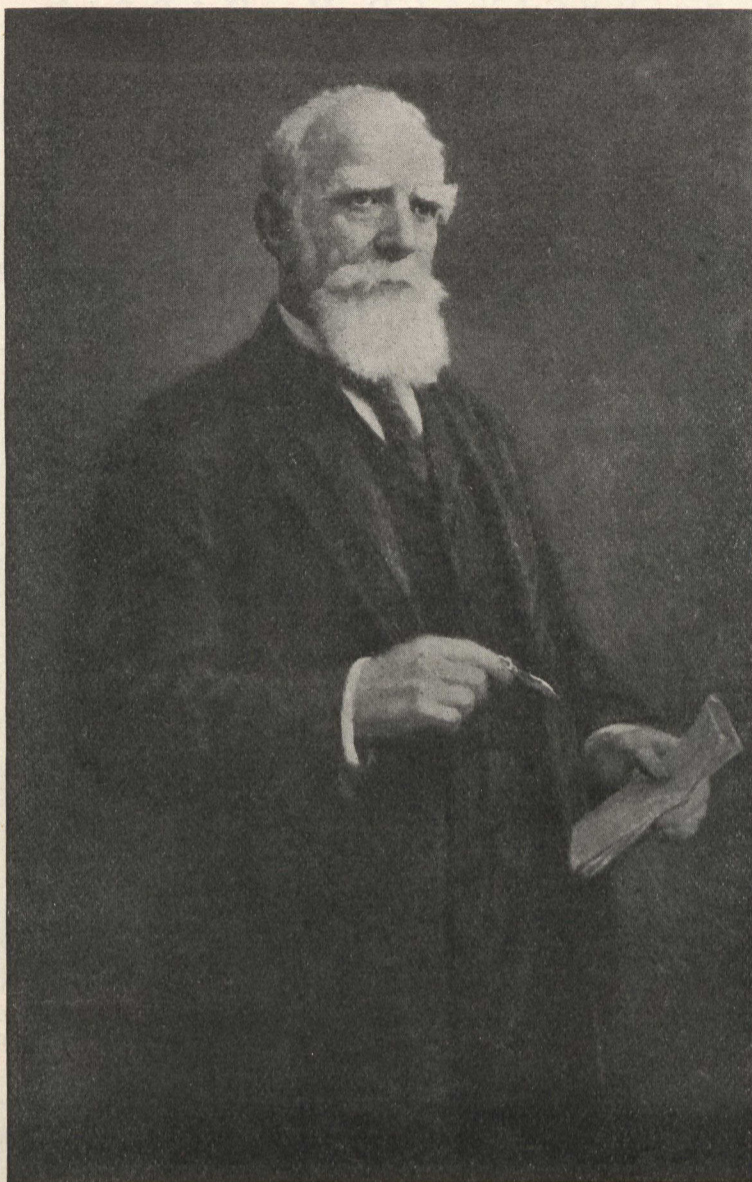
Miss Ethel Seath



Mr. M. Cullen



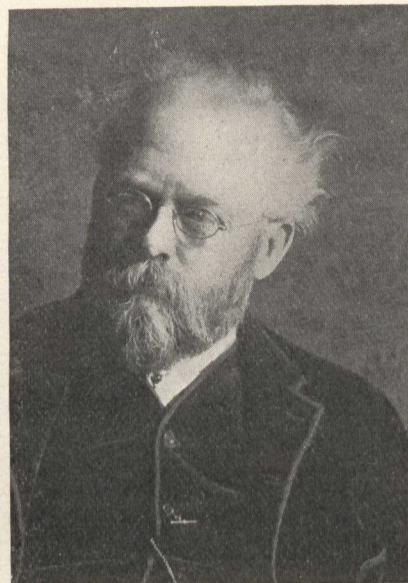
Mr. C. Gagnon



"Lord Strathcona," by Robert Harris, C.M.G., R.C.A.



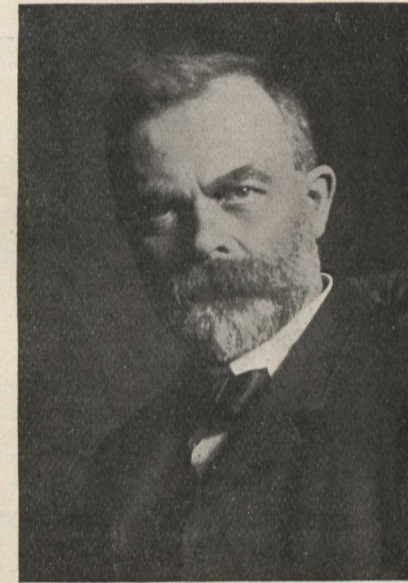
"The Picture Book," by Edmond Dyonnet, R.C.A.



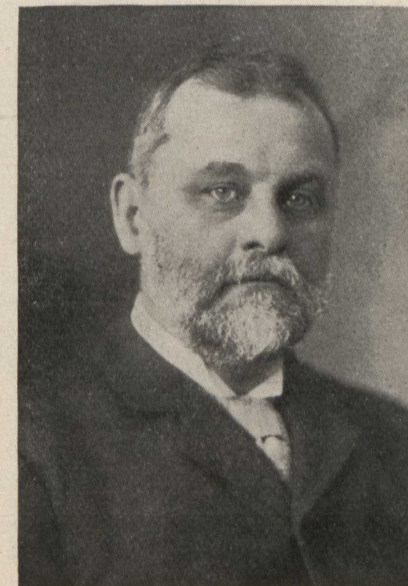
Mr. Robert Harris



Mr. William Brymner



Mr. E. Dyonnet



Dr. F. J. Shepherd, President

MONTREAL'S SPRING ART EXHIBITION

Under the Auspices of the Art Association

# IF NOT MARITIME UNION, WHAT?

By REGINALD V. HARRIS

**D**URING the last five years, the subject of the union of the three Maritime Provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, has been so frequently mentioned that it looks as if it had come to stay. Probably the beginning in recent years was the discussion of the matter by the Maritime Board of Trade at Charlottetown on August 20th, 1903, although no action was taken, and the subject was deferred for future consideration.

Probably the next discussion took place at Yarmouth in August, 1905, when the Maritime Board of Trade unanimously passed a resolution to the effect that the time had arrived for the union of the three provinces.

At the meeting of the Board at Amherst in the following year the subject was again discussed and the resolution reaffirmed.

The question has been the subject of debate in the debating and literary societies of leading educational institutions of the province on at least two occasions in recent years, and prominent gentlemen from Montreal, Toronto and Ottawa, addressing the Canadian Clubs and educational societies in our principal towns, have repeatedly urged political union as an absolute necessity and their advocacy everywhere has met with general approval.

All these public references have resulted in journalistic comment, and, generally, in editorial commendation.

Probably the last public reference to the union was that of the Hon. J. Douglas Hazen, the Premier of New Brunswick. Speaking in August, 1908, at the ceremonies in connection with the celebration of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of representative government in Nova Scotia, he said:

"In the march of progress, the Maritime Provinces must not stand still. Nearly a century and a quarter have passed since New Brunswick parted company from Nova Scotia and set up housekeeping for itself. It has advanced as Nova Scotia has, but would not the advance in both provinces be more rapid and the progress greater if, in the Councils of the Dominion, the Lower Provinces could speak as one province and with one united voice? With the rapidly increasing population of the western provinces, the representations of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island in the Federal Parliament will be reduced to an extent that we cannot at present estimate and we will not be worthy of those who have gone before us and who have laid broad and deep the foundations of Canada's greatness unless we sink all our political differences and demand with one voice that a limit shall be fixed beyond which there shall be no further decrease in our representation. Would not that demand be more powerful and attract more attention if made by a United Acadia?"—a statement which was received with significant applause.

## THE SITUATION EXPLAINED.

**W**HAT is the situation in the Maritime Provinces?

Here are the facts: The area is 50,000 square miles—an area which cannot be increased by extension of boundaries as in the case of every other province of Canada, and which is only two-thirds of the present area of Manitoba, the next smallest province in the Dominion.

The resources of the provinces are the shipping, fisheries, lumbering, mining and agriculture, and all are capable of extensive development. Our mercantile marine of forty and fifty years ago is only a memory.

Turning to the population, the situation may be indicated by stating that it has been estimated, and I believe accurately, that if the population of the Maritime Provinces had increased since 1881 at the same rate as the rest of Canada has increased, we would now have a population in these provinces of about 1,200,000, instead of say 900,000; that is, we have lost 300,000 people or one-quarter of our population. At first this exodus was to the New England States; now it is principally to the Canadian West.

Think what 300,000 people would mean to these provinces; imagine a city the size of Toronto in our midst; or imagine six centres the size of St. John or Halifax; 300,000 is three times the present population of Prince Edward Island. What a market there would be for our farmers right here in these provinces!

Throughout the Maritime Provinces the inroad on our young manhood made by the harvest excursions advertised and carried out on behalf of Western Canada, is a reason for meditation. The

very flower of our people, attracted by the cheap fares, go west for the harvest and not half of them come back when it is over. Their going is just that much loss to these provinces and the development of these provinces.

Our representation depends on the number of our people; to-day the number of representatives from these provinces in the House of Commons is 35; the number of representatives from the West (British Columbia and Yukon, Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba) is 35; in 1895 the representation was 39 for these provinces and 15 for the West. If in the short space of thirteen years the Maritime Provinces have lost four members, and the West has gained twenty, what may we expect at the end of the next thirteen years, if a united effort is not made!

## VALUE OF UNITED EFFORT.

**N**OW what would keep our population in these provinces? Development of our resources. What would bring back our wandering sons? Development of our resources. What would bring immigration to these provinces? Development of our resources. "In the march of progress, the Maritime Provinces must not stand still." Our resources need development and need it badly—development of our fields, forests and mines; agriculture, manufactures, industries, commerce. A united effort would stimulate development and such an effort cannot be made while separated. I believe that political union would greatly stimulate the development of all the resources of these provinces.

Let us examine the proposal a little further. Our interests, it is unnecessary to say, are identical. We have no diversity of nationality. No marked peculiarities or differences in our institutions and laws. No recognition of particular religious institutions. The laws of all and the institutions of all are English and very similar; our interests lie in our maritime commerce, our mines, our manufacturing, our fisheries, and in our agriculture. And it seems to me that these interests are sufficiently identical to justify the taking of some steps towards union. Union would mean better provincial credit in the money markets of the world; it would mean that our public revenues would go farther and do more than at present; it would mean that public works of importance could be undertaken which cannot now be considered; the substitution of one legislature for the three existing legislatures alone would result in an annual saving to the people of these provinces of about \$150,000; the governmental methods and administrative systems and policies throughout the new province would become uniform particularly with regard to the judiciary, agriculture, immigration, education, railways, taxation, crown lands, mining and other matters. All general legislation would be uniform; excessive legislation would not occur; the policy of the party in power would have better criticism because it would have the criticism of the legislators of three provinces; the legislation would be better legislation; the political atmosphere would be healthier; we should all know the public men of one section of the province in every other section; the Maritime Provinces need the advantage of a larger field. The thoughts of our public men would be larger thoughts. With the union would come the obliteration of local and sectional jealousies and the elimination of petty discords and the weakening of irritating influences.

This is merely a recital or enumeration of several arguments, each of which might be elaborated, but let us turn for a moment to the first argument advanced—that union of the three provinces would result in their further development.

## FUTURE DEVELOPMENT.

**T**HE people of these provinces, it is said, lack "commercial courage." The feeling of unity should assist in restoring "commercial confidence." A united effort would stimulate development and such an effort cannot be made while separated. The Dominion Government almost ignores these provinces, the West gets whatever it asks for; no portion whatever of the immense immigration into Canada finds its resting place within the Maritime Provinces.

A considerable portion of the revenue contributed by the provinces is expended in bonusing and advertising the western end of the Dominion, which constantly drains the Maritime Provinces of many of their very best people—thus with the expenditure of their own money, the younger generation on whom the development of these provinces

must depend, is induced to follow the immigrants westward.

I believe that political union would greatly stimulate the development of the resources of the province. I believe that thereby their commercial status would be elevated. Being more prosperous as a community, they would attract more settlers, retain their population and hold their own. They would become of more importance in the eyes of the nation; they would not be ignored; their resources would be investigated and developed and that is what they need.

Union, I believe, would bring this about. It certainly could not result in anything else but a united effort towards greater development.

Union would give each province an interest in the resources, development and prosperity of the other two. Prince Edward Island would benefit by its joint interest with the other two provinces, in the mineral wealth of Nova Scotia and the forest wealth of New Brunswick. Similarly the agricultural possibilities and development of Prince Edward Island would be shared by the people of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick to the mutual advantage and benefit of all. The development of export shipping, or shipbuilding, or fisheries, or other maritime industries by any section of the three provinces would undoubtedly benefit other sections of the provinces. And so, with immigration, manufacturing and other matters. It would be one for all, and all for one.

## THE EXTERNAL INFLUENCE.

**T**URNING from the arguments in favour of union from the standpoint of internal affairs to those from the standpoint of external relations, the chief argument which will occur to the reader is the larger influence which we would exercise in federal affairs as a result of consolidation. Increased power and might would be given to the Maritime Provinces; their position would be elevated; their influence would be felt because they would be united. They should exert a larger influence upon national life. They would be of more bulk and importance, able to vie with their inland sister provinces. Looking at this from the point of view of a citizen of Eastern Canada, this would counterbalance to some extent the preponderant increasing influence of other provinces.

Then there is to be considered the practical result of such a change. I mean the strengthening of the present bond of feeling and interest between Eastern Canada and the rest of the provinces. A great and powerful community, self reliant, independent, progressive, established in this part of the Dominion would be a means of strengthening and perpetuating the bonds of national interest. There would be a fuller national life, a widening of national thought, a reciprocity of rights and obligations and a feeling of increased national strength.

## THE QUESTION OF TERMS.

**A**N examination of the arguments against the union, advanced by opponents, when examined will be found to be derived from anxiety over possible terms of union. Where will the capital be? How many representatives will Prince Edward Island have in the new legislature? How many will Nova Scotia have? How many will New Brunswick have? What will the sessional indemnity be? And perhaps many other details.

This problem of "terms" can and will be solved. If the discordant interests of the old American colonies could be harmonised into a united nation, if the states of the German Empire, with all their divergent interests and discordant sentiments could be welded into a united power and become so strong as in the opinion of many to be a menace to the ascendancy of Great Britain, if these Canadian provinces from Atlantic to Pacific can be made one united nation, why do you say that the union of the Maritime Provinces is impossible and impracticable?

In conclusion, I ask, why should we remain separated? Is this policy of separation in the best interests of these provinces? There is a vast difference between the separation that is weakness and the union that is strength. These provinces have problems of their own, and they need not look for counsel or assistance in solving them to their inland sister provinces. They must solve them themselves, and they can do that best united. If not union, what? It is time to forget all sectional jealousies and petty discords and get into line; unite and work.



Where Champion Golfers and Statesmen meet in Great Britain. Vardon, Braid and the Hon. Alfred Lyttleton, (Ex-Colonial Sec.) watching the Rt.-Hon. A. J. Balfour, Ex-Premier, driving-off at the Opening of the New Golf Links at Knebworth.



Where Canada and England Meet—Fifteen hundred children dining at the People's Palace, Mile End Road, London, by courtesy of sympathisers in British Columbia. Sir John Kirk, Secretary of the Ragged School Union, and Mr. J. H. Turner, Agent-General for British Columbia were present when this Picture was taken. Some of these children will, later on, find their way to Canada.

# THE DEVIL OF THE NORTH

By HULBERT FOOTNER

FOR four nights Jack Remy, the lone rancher of Sah-ko-da-tah Prairie, had paced the floor of his shack, catching perhaps an hour or two of sleep towards dawn. He was fighting the Evil One in the form he most commonly assumes to attack a young white man in the North; an insidious attack in which the assailant enlists a man's own vigour against him, so that for the assault of the strongest the devil is the strongest armed. Moreover the attacker's strength is cumulative, each denial hurled at him becoming an additional weapon in his hands. The outcome of such a one-sided conflict could hardly be uncertain; barring a miracle; the Evil One usually triumphs in the North as elsewhere.

Jack Remy dimly forseeing the possibility of such an onslaught, had from his arrival in the country set about armouring himself as best he could. His scorn of the white men who married half-breed women had been vigorously uttered. He made a point of visiting their establishments to fortify himself against a like fate by noting the succeeding stages of their decent into Avernus. His violent views on the subject were well known and he was correspondingly hated by the white men who had themselves become more or less "smoked," as the word is for him who lives in a tepee. But at this scorn of the half-breed women, one may imagine the Evil One smiling to himself and quietly biding his time. The only real armour against his projected attack was made of indifference.

Jack's door was at the end of the trail. His habitation was the furthest outpost of the last settlement in the Spirit River country, and six hundred miles divided him from the town of Prince George and civilisation. On clear days the peaks of the Rockies were visible behind his shack, and from that quarter blew, with more or less regularity, the balmy Chinook which melted the snow on Sah-ko-da-tah Prairie and made it possible for Jack's cattle to run all winter. He was fifteen miles from even what limited companionship the trading-post and the few cabins at Ostachegan Creek afforded, and once and a while, especially after receiving one of his infrequent letters from "outside," Jack's own company became a burden to him.

It was at such a moment that the Evil One chose to open his attack. One glorious morning at the high tide of spring, Jack was sitting at the door of his cabin, a bit low in spirits, and hankering for human cheer. In the May mail he had received the announcement of a marriage in the east which had demolished the favourite dream of his solitude. This structure had been erected out of the usual fabric of dreams, and Jack had no violent grief or bitter indignation to occupy his mind; he felt only a gentle sadness and a great need to fill the void left by the departed dream. It was the devil's own opportunity and he turned it to advantage by bringing Salo riding past Jack's door on her pony; causing her to stop and ask him prettily for a few matches and then to ride on with a smile flung backwards. Salo was the best-looking half-breed girl at the Devil's disposal in the whole district. Her appearance was as apt to the place and the season as one of the crocuses starring the field of Sah-ko-da-tah, and Jack was taken at a cruel disadvantage.

Nevertheless he had put up a game enough fight, as the four sleepless nights testified. He marshalled his forces in the shape of a set of reasons against the step the tempter urged him to. These he set down in his cooler moments and ceaselessly repeated to himself when there seemed to be danger of his forgetting. But the Evil One found an answer pat to every question. If Jack read from his list—"Such a marriage would cut you off from the folks at home"—a voice in his ear said "You are already dead to them." If he continued with—"It would mean degradation"—the voice bade him look around his comfortless shack and answered "Ease of body and peace of mind." When finally, as his strongest stay Jack demanded of himself "Would you house a savage you couldn't talk to?" the other voice was prompt with "Better that than to go 'looney' alone!"

During the days Jack rode, and in so doing was able to forget his troubles in some measure, to transfer the burden to the back of his mare Betty, as it were. On one of their gallops they met a stranger on the trail whom Jack recognised for the new parson. The English Church sends a missionary to Ostachegan Creek every summer to keep the white and half-breeds out of the devil's hands in that pleasant idle season. Jack pulled up and greeted the black hat civilly; even talk with a parson was a welcome distraction in his present frame of mind. The little man asked his name and invited Jack to call at the mission, mumbling something about a sis-

ter. Jack's impulse was to seek the support of religion in his struggle and he considered his man narrowly, but second thought told him this amiable, fluttering little parson carried no guns heavy enough to be felt in such a fight and he closed up again. The church is not always happy in its choice of soldiers against the devil in the north. Jack clapped heels to his horse and rode away without noticing the parson's invitation. It was the mention of a sister which had decided him. There had been other missionary women at Ostachegan and Jack saw clearly in his mind what such a one would have to say to the kind of fight he had on his hands.

On the fifth night nature asserted herself and Jack slept for ten hours. He arose very much refreshed and correspondingly cheerful. He congratulated himself on a victory. In that of course he was a little premature; the wily Devil was not nearly at the end of his resources—merely waiting to catch him off his guard. In the course of the morning a shock-headed half-breed boy loped up to the door of the shack and tossing a note inside, rode off without a word. Jack picked up the note and spread it out. The half-breed children are as a rule educated at the missions and it was well enough written and spelled. There was but a single line—

"Come to see me to-day. I am waiting for you."  
"SALO."

Jack flung up his head and filled his lungs with the delicious sweetness of the prairie. It was another one of spring's best days. Then he turned into the cabin and sought the list of reasons which lay under a weight on the table. He picked it up and stood for a moment balancing it in one hand against Salo's note in the other, as if it were the difference in weight which should decide him. He stole a glance through the open doorway at the prairie, wonderfully fresh and green. Then all of a piece, he seemed to come to life; he stuffed the note in his pocket and tore the set of reasons through and across. Ten minutes later he was galloping towards Ostachegan. As far as Jack was concerned the struggle was ended.

He circled around the settlement, meaning to cross Ostachegan Creek by the path behind the English Mission, which would take him under the parson's very windows, direct to the tepees of Salo's family. The coulee is choked with trees and berry bushes at this point; and the sides are steep and broken. Jack trusted to Betty's experienced hoofs to bear him safely across, but instead of letting her

take her own pace going down, his impatience urged her forward. Midway down the bank there was a flash of something white among the berry bushes. The startled Betty veered off the path and fell to her knees on the steep decline, pitching Jack over her head. He crashed against a tree trunk and lay inert.

His first impression on coming to himself was of the long-disused heaven of his Sunday School days. He seemed to be reclining on a yielding cloud, while the place all around was filled with soft radiance and yellow-haired, white-clad forms floated hither and thither, all in proper relation. As his senses drifted back, he perceived that it was not heaven he laid in, but a place if less dazzling, quite as comforting at that moment. He seemed to lie in one of the old rooms at home—at any rate a room in a white woman's house. His cloud couch transformed itself into a sofa; the softened light was due to curtains over the windows; there were pictures on the walls and books lying here and there; down at the other end of the room was a piano—not a piano, but a little organ—white women's music, no less. At the same time the misty angelic forms resolved themselves into a single figure, yellow-haired and white-clad, it is true, but an angel in the flesh offering him a china cup with something to drink in it. For a long time Jack refused to believe his eyes. He lay staring at the beautiful apparition, afraid to breathe almost, for fear of breaking the spell.

"Drink this," she said, passing an arm under his shoulders and partly raising him.

Jack gazed up at her over the rim of the cup as he drank. Her head was not more than two feet away from his. He made the drink hold out until the arm under him began to tremble with the strain.

"Where am I?" he asked, as he sank back on the pillow. He was still thinking dizzily of heaven.

"At the English Mission," she answered; adding at sight of the other question in his eyes, "I am the parson's sister."

"You are very good to me," he murmured. "It was all my fault," she answered. "It was my white dress among the berry bushes that made your horse shy. My conscience won't be appeased until I have brought you entirely around again."

Already Jack was far enough recovered from his fall to make up his mind not to get well too quickly. As for his original complaint, it had completely passed out of his mind. He lay back and watched the graceful, white-clad figure with delighted eyes; and so after all the Evil One was cheated of his victim.

## RINGING OFF

*A Telephonic Monologue*

By B. R. BROOKER

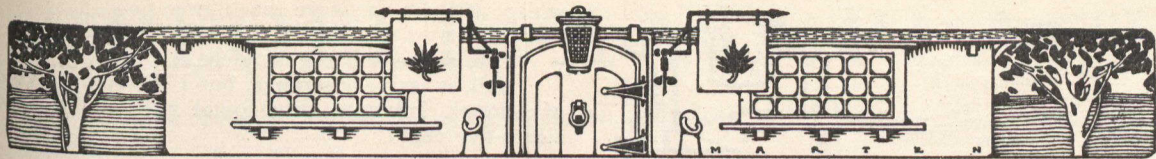
PERCY PIGGLETON enters hurriedly, rings bell of telephone, and lifts receiver to his ear. "Hello!" (Rings again.) "Hello, Central, having a nap?... Never mind, darling, give me... What's that?... Don't get mad, my love, give me 358 please... no, 358—no, no—3—5—8... yes... (pause)... No, didn't get them... Hello, give them another ring, Central... Hello! 358?... Is Miss Stanley at home?... Miss Stanley... Is Kitty Stanley there?... What number is that, anyway?... Well, doesn't Miss Stanley live there?... Say, that isn't the crazy-house, is it?... I'm sorry I didn't catch that. (Rings again.)

"Get off the line!"

"Get off the line! (Rings again.) Hello, Central! Take that infantile imbecile off the line, he's escaped from the baby-show... I asked for 358—35A? No, I didn't... My dear young lady, I am—what's that?... All right, have your own way, only for heaven's sake get me 358... (pause)... Hello! 358?... Is Miss Stanley there?... Oh, is that you, Kitty?... Can you guess who's speaking?... No, it's Percy... Yes!... Say, will you come for a ride in Rowland's new automobile?... He's just outside now... You can't, eh?... Yes, I see, but I don't believe you want to, though... Yes!... Sure!... I know you can't... She's there now, is she?... Well, when can you come for a spin, Kit?... Oh, yes, I forgot that. It's to-morrow night, isn't it?... Oh, yes, I guess I'll have to go... Friday night? Let's see—oh, I've got to go into the city for the pater on Friday, hang it... Yes, that makes it next week again... You are?... For

how long?... That's fierce!... You don't want to go, you say?... No, you'll be bored to death... And say, Kitty, the governor says I've simply got to go back to college... Oh, I don't know... Starting the new term, I guess... No, I certainly don't... No! Look at Rowland, he gets married, and his governor gives him a brand new car, and tells him he needn't show up at the office for six whole months, and here I've got to go back to college, and sweat for a couple of years yet... It sure is!... I know, girls are just the same, till they get married, and then they do just what they like... Yes, your mother is kind of strict... Yes, they always expect you to do everything they want you to do... It's rotten, I think I'll elope with someone, and then dad will give me—how's that?... Elope with you? Sure!... Yes, I am... really serious... But I am! I wish you could see my face right now... It would be lots of fun, wouldn't it?... Yup! The pater would get us a house some place, and he'd probably give me a new car... Yes, I'm still serious. Are you game, Kitty?... Oh, it'll be dead easy to get away. Rowland will take us, he can keep his mouth shut, you know... Oh, she wouldn't be angry. She would only be too pleased to see you alive again... Oh, I guess he'd raise Cain, a bit, but the governor doesn't stay mad long... Well, is it a go?... Oh, you're scared... I'll just bet you a box of chocolates to a pair of gloves that you're scared to do it... All right!... It isn't silly... What on earth's the use

CONCLUDED ON PAGE 19



AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

Lace, Ancient and Modern

"LACE," repeated the connoisseur of a group of ladies, "I think London is the best place to buy laces."

"You mean English laces? I was speaking about Brussels Point."

"Even Brussels Point. The London merchants seem to have a faculty of handling some of the

lace would be satisfying, and so it was revealed that needlepoint, or point, lace was always more valuable than pillow or bobbin lace. Up to 1590 the point lace was of Gothic design, but after that floral forms were connected with threads on "brides." In 1630 "modes," different filling stitches, were introduced, and then followed constant improvement and elaboration, including the meshed or net grounds. From 1720-1820 the designs were brought to such perfection that they cannot be improved upon.

When Colbert started his factory in France in 1665 it caused a general development of the lace manufacture throughout Europe. In Marie Antoinette's time gentlemen as well as ladies worked at lace, and their little silk work bags were called "ridicules" in derision.

The French Revolution, however, dealt a death blow to such artistic industries, but lace making revived again under Napoleon. Although the chief centres of lace-making were Venice, Brussels and Alencon, Spain shared in the glory, but much of the so-called Spanish lace was really of Venetian workmanship. The island of Burau, near Venice, was famed for its splendid laces, and the sets made for its cathedral have never been surpassed. Queen Margherita of Italy became so greatly interested in the revival of this old industry that she lent many pieces from her own noted collection for reproduction.

It was not only the sisters in the convents and paid workers who engaged in this fascinating em-



Mrs. White of Malmesbury, England, one of the oldest Lace-makers in the world.

foreign laces so as to offer them at the most reasonable prices."

"But why not buy them in Canada?"

"That can be done, but I was considering expense particularly, and as far as my personal experience goes I think the best values can be obtained in London. Then it is more convenient to send there than to the continent, where perhaps there is more danger of being misunderstood."

"But how do you manage to get them out from England?"

"If you have no friend going over on whom you can impose a commission, send to any of the large stores. I myself prefer Swan and Edgar, Regent street and Piccadilly, for catalogues or 'rubs' of laces, and when they arrive make your selections and send over a post office order and there is likely to be no difficulty."

"Yes," interposed Miss K—, "I know a lady who very recently got quite a consignment of small articles, collars, yokes, doilies and things and much cheaper than you could think of getting them here. They make such effective trimmings for fancy waists and then are not overly expensive."

These remarks were leading up to a conversation on the subject of lace generally, and when Mrs. B— mentioned something about lace being a modern invention, or at least not over three hundred years old it was indeed a surprise.

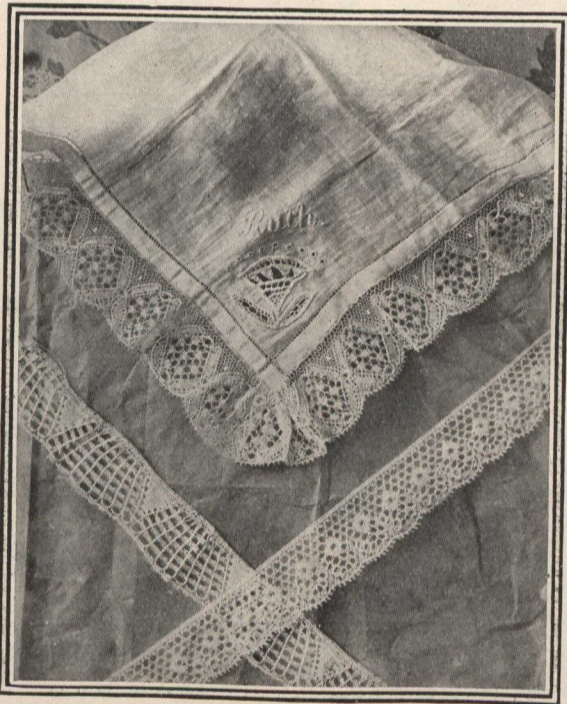
"I thought lace making, that is hand lace, dated back ages before the Christian era. Didn't the Egyptians do something of that sort?"

"Embroidery but not lace. Lace was really evolved from embroidery, but it was not till the fifteenth century that it was really produced. Both Italy and Flanders claim the honour of inventing it, and although for a long time the Dutch excelled in the making of pillow or bobbin lace, Italy was supreme in the production of those exquisite points."

"Probably those are the old laces that are so much more valuable than the work of to-day?"

"They are valuable because they are old and beautiful and have a history, a very interesting one too, and although some of them are just as rich and beautiful as those of to-day, yet there have never been more superb laces both in design and workmanship than the modern ones."

It was evident that nothing short of a study of



Some of the hand-made Lace from Malmesbury, Eng., where Lace-making has been revived by the Duchess of Suffolk.

ployment. The infection spread to palaces, and noble ladies devoted years of patient effort to making lace for the altar or vestment, and their lace often excelled all other.

In England about 1565 the fine imported laces disappeared from the churches in the turbulent times of the Reformation and much of it fell into the hands of private individuals. As an article of dress it was not worn by ladies alone, but noblemen also indulged in a lavish use of satins, laces and jewels, which reached the climax of extravagance in the reign of Charles I. In the 16th and 17th centuries there were important centres of lace making in England, but the finest was still imported from Venice, Lucca and Flanders. Many English country people were dependent for their supply of the precious fabric upon the pedlar, who was heartily welcomed on his rounds as an informant also of all the latest styles. A very important person he must have felt himself as he entered the presence of lords and ladies to discourse upon ruffs, cuffs, smocks and passements. But Cromwell put an end to all these vanities, and it was not until after the Restoration that interest was again revived, and then the rich and exquisite laces that had been so

commonly and extravagantly used were in the course of time reserved for great occasions. The Irish laces are among the most recent make, especially Limerick and Carrickmacross. More and more fancy articles were discarded in masculine attire till at present the finest products of the loom, the needle and the mine are appropriated by women. This page has some very good illustrations of the revival of the industry in England, but in America the art of lace-making has never taken very firm root. In Canada some promising efforts are being made, but they are still in infancy.

\* \* \*

"'Tis the Prettiest Little Garden"

IT has become really essential nowadays to be seized with the horticultural mania. It is a pleasing craze of the times, says the *Lady's Pictorial*, and one can go nowhere without hearing enthusiastic and quite scientific discussions on everything that appertains to gardening. If one happens to live out of town, to possess the smallest of week-end cottages, or even to dwell in the fringe-land of a large city, a "garden" is one of the indispensable attractions of the place. To have no ideas on rockeries, to be ignorant of bulbs, not to be able to discuss the varieties of sweet peas, or have views upon the cult of roses, or be an expert in, or at least a student of, herbaceous borders, is practically to place oneself without the conversational pale, not only in local circles, but also in urban society. But if one is so fortunate as to have hot-houses or green-houses and spacious grounds, one is launched into the cult of orchids, the growing of curious Eastern shrubs, the planning of Dutch gardens and pergolas, and so on, while not to at least dabble in French gardening, or to specialise either in chrysanthemums or cyclamens is to acknowledge oneself a dull person. Even townsfolk are obsessed by the craze. One will hold you by the hour telling of the marvellous deeds she has done in a small conservatory, and another will skim over the question of votes for women and the latest fashions to get upon the subject of window-box gardening. A new book on gardening has become dearer to many women nowadays than a new bangle or ring. At least the craze is a pleasing and healthy one.

\* \* \*

Aviation Costumes

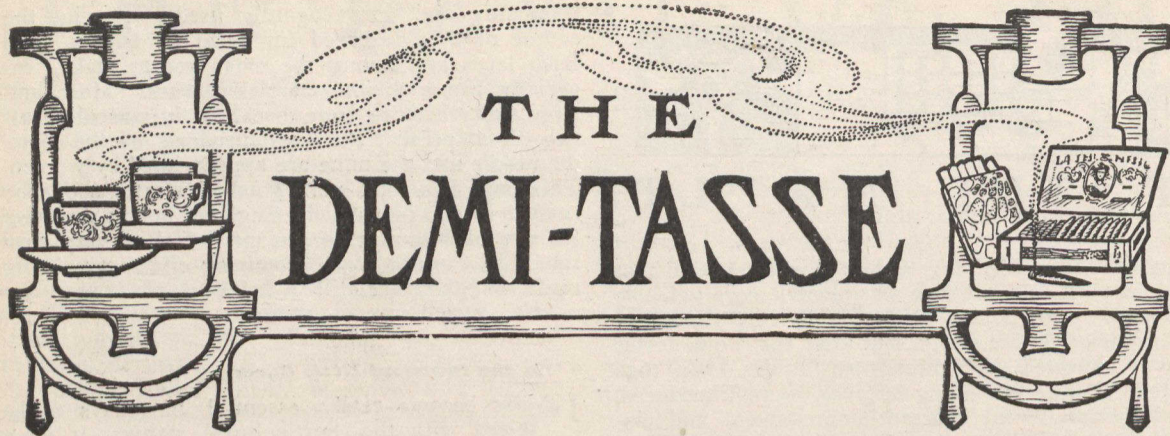
CONSIDERABLE attention is being devoted to aeroplane costumes and Miranda says since women have shown themselves eager to take up the new form of locomotion it is of course necessary that some special form of costume should be devised for aviation. If you receive an invitation to a "flying" party an ordinary motoring costume will not do. To "fly," therefore, one must be suitably attired. One would imagine something with winged sleeves would be the correct costume, but on the



One of the children of Malmesbury, who is being trained in the revival of this ancient trade.

contrary, it appears to be a case of leaded or at least strapped down skirts.

No doubt even now those far-seeing and ever-watchful individuals, the publishers of fashion journals, are planning suitable costumes for this new and interesting form of locomotion.



# THE DEMI-TASSE

## THE NEW MEMBER.

DURING his first session every new member of parliament or legislature must undergo a certain amount of "initiation." This takes various forms. In Toronto, when a new member goes up into the gallery to talk to his lady friends who are there on invitation, he is sure to get a note signed by the premier, or some cabinet minister, forged by some old wag, asking to see him at once. He rushes down, works his way up to the premier's desk and says, "You wanted to see me, sir?" The premier looks puzzled for a moment and then says to the new member: "Perhaps you had better see Dr. Preston, or Howard Ferguson, or Herb. Lennox. They may be able to explain." It then gradually dawns upon the new legislator that he has been buncoed.

A good story is told about Dr. Forbes Godfrey who had two private bills on the order paper which were to come up in the House during the rush of the last few days. The Premier, who was making a new Canadian record for the despatch of business, had warned all his followers that if they were not present when their bills were called, these documents would be "thrown out." On the morning that Dr. Godfrey's two bills were on the order paper, he was late, and the bills were duly put through by attentive friends. When he arrived, however, they began to sympathise with him about missing his opportunity—the last for the session. One of them suggested that the only course of action was to go to the Premier and apologise and say that he had an important patient whom he couldn't leave, or some such excuse, and that possibly the Premier would have the bills re-instated. He did so. When he began to explain, the Premier thought that he was complaining about the bills being passed in his absence, because he (Dr. Godfrey) had really intended to have them defeated. Sir James began to bluster and fume as is his custom, and to use strong language about fool members who brought in bills which they didn't want passed. Then it dawned on Dr. Godfrey that he was the victim of a practical joke. He got out of the difficulty with the busy Premier as best he could and started out to get even with his friends.

## THE RISING HOPE.

THERE is a certain member of the Ontario Legislature who is both convivial and witty. One night as he strolled into the Queen's Hotel at an unusual hour, he stumbled over a scrub-woman and

injured her feelings very much. After she got through telling him in strong language what she thought of him, he handed her some sweet words and a five-dollar bill. She thanked him profusely and was deeply grateful.

"And who shall I pray for, sir?" she asked him, apparently anxious to know who the kindly gentleman was.

"Pray for Mr. Whitney, but thank the Rising Hope of the Conservative Party." And the member, in select circles, still bears the title which he gave himself that evening.

## VERY CARELESS.

A BRIGHT little five-year-old while driving one day with her father in the Park, came upon the Zoo. Her curiosity and interest were at once aroused, and one question tumbled out after another regarding the creatures that they saw.

"Father," she asked, "what is that black animal over in the corner?"

"That, Miss Inquisitiveness, is what is known as the Buffalo."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, regretfully. "Why didn't they call it a New York; it's so big."



Visitor: How old are you Waldo?

Waldo Emmerson Bostonbeans: Does the subject really interest you, madam, or do you introduce it merely as a theme for polite conversation?—*Life*.

## A MATTER OF COLOUR.

TWO sons of the Emerald Isle were tramping along a country road. Suddenly Pat pointed to a thicket by the wayside.

"Can you tell me, Moike, what the name of them berries would be?"

"I can indade," says Mike. "Them are blackberries, me lad."

"Gad," says Pat, "I don't see how they can be blackberries when they're red."

"The more fool you. Sure any idiot would know that blackberries are always red when they're grane."

## SPRING REVERIES.

"It's great to sit and think and fish,  
And fish and sit and think,  
And think and fish and sit and wish  
That you could get a drink."

## REDUCED.

A LADY in making a purchase at a pawn-shop one evening, dropped a five-dollar gold piece into a crack in the floor. The next morning the lady called for her money. Taking her to the back of the store, the pawn-broker asked, in a confidential

whisper, if she was sure that it was five dollars she had lost.

"Yes, a five-dollar gold piece."

"Vell, it iss very strange, but I gif you my vord of honour, lady, ve only found t'ree dollars and sigsty-five cents."

## SHE DREW THE LINE.

"O H, I have no use for those silly slum plays!" exclaimed the fashionable young person, speaking of the Fiske presentation of "Salvation Nell." "I can stand for them wearing all their old clothes in the first and second act, but when it comes to the third—well, in the third, I certainly do like to see them come out in something swell."

## SING A SONG OF BRIDGE.

SING a song of bridge clubs,

A bag full of gold,

Four-and-twenty women,

Naughty cards they hold.

When the game is open

They all begin to play,

Oh, what wild excitement,

Who is going to pay?

One makes it "no trump,"

Every time they're shuffled.

Another losing heavily

Feeling rather ruffled.

When the game is over

She pays what she owes,

One week of hubby's salary,

Then coolly home she goes.

ELLEN MACKIE.

## THE PRIVILEGES OF THE DAY.

Little James had just been initiated into the mysteries of the first of April and had amused himself hugely the livelong day playing pranks on all the family. Bedtime came, and finally he had sobered down enough to say his evening prayer, beginning with the usual petition, "Bless father an' mother, gran'ma an' Uncle Joe," with the customary list of playmates.

"An'—an'—" he went on, "bless James, an' make him a good little girl." Then came a pause, followed by the triumphant shout, "April Fool, Lord!"

—*Woman's Home Companion*.

## SELF-DISGRACED.

IN Boston, as everyone knows, the Symphony concerts are viewed in the light of sacred ceremonies. In this connection the story is told of two little girls of a certain family who returned from the Music Hall "in a state of mind." One of them carried an expression of deep scorn; the other an air of great dejection.

"What is the matter, girls?" asked some member of the household. "Was the concert fine?"

"The concert was all right," responded Eleanor. "The trouble was with Mary. She disgraced herself."

"Disgraced herself?"

"Yes, she sneezed in the middle of the symphony."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

## WASN'T THAT SLICK?

THE usual crowd of small boys was gathered about the entrance of a circus tent in a small town one day, pushing and trying to get a glimpse of the interior. A man standing near watched them for a few moments, then walking up to the ticket-taker he said with an air of authority:

"Let all these boys in, and count them as they pass."

The gateman did as requested, and when the last one had gone he turned and said: "Twenty-eight, sir."

"Good," said the man, smiling as he walked away, "I thought I guessed right."—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

## A LITTLE SLIP.

THE REV. MR. SPICER had for three days enjoyed the telephone which had been his last gift from an admiring parishioner. He had been using it immediately before going to church.

When the time came for him to announce the first hymn, he rose, and with his usual impressive manner read the words. Then in a crisp, firm tone he said, "Let us all unite in hymn six double o, sing three."—*Youth's Companion*.

Master—John! Servant—Yes, sir. Master—Be sure you tell me when it is four o'clock. Servant—Yes, sir. Master—Don't forget it. I promised to meet my wife at 2.30, and she'll be provoked if I'm not there when she arrives.—*Answers*.



Will it Come to This?—*Leslie's Weekly*.



# PEOPLE AND PLACES

Little Stories by Land and Sea, concerning the folk who move hither and thither across the face of a Big Land.

## A PROGRESSIVE HIGH SCHOOL.

IN Sault Ste. Marie there is a high school with an attendance of two hundred and fifteen pupils. Four years ago there was no high school at the Soo whatever. There are six teachers in the Sault High School. Two more will be added as soon as the Technical Building is opened. It is just three years since the school was built. In three years it is estimated by the inspector that there are more pupils in the Soo High School than in the combined schools of Fort William, Port Arthur and Kenora. This is not saying that the other places are not going ahead in educational work. All the western towns are progressing rapidly in educational facilities.

\* \* \*

## "MORE STATELY MANSIONS."

THE optimism of the West is never dead. This year it is rampant. Winnipeg was the first city in Canada to reflect the return of prosperity. Just as soon as the big crop of last year became a certainty, times began to get good in the wheat city. Now Winnipeg is face to face with a year of building expansion that makes the record of last year look like a fly-speck. The state of the financial and industrial mind in Winnipeg is finely reflected by the following little editorial in the *Winnipeg Saturday Post*:

"What a contrast in business between this year and a year ago! Take the one item of building in Winnipeg for the first three months of both years: Last year the stated cost of buildings for which permits had been taken out up to the first of April was but \$141,000. During the three months of 1909 just closed, permits have been issued for buildings that will cost \$1,059,900, or nearly eight times as much as last year's figures. The total value of buildings for which permits were taken out in March is \$851,700, the largest for the month of March in the history of the city. These figures mean a good deal. Men do not spend money for buildings for which they have no use. A hundred men respond to the hankering of humanity for a bit of Mother Earth, held in their own right, and buy a house lot or a bit of land of some sort, where one goes to the expense of putting up a building. A very large proportion of land sales are made for speculative purposes, but your builder of houses, business blocks, stores, banks, and the like, sees his money on its way back to him before he engages an architect to draw plans, or considers even remotely the laying of stone walls and concrete."

\* \* \*

## A DOG TRAIN IN SASKATOON.

SASKATOON has been visited by a dog train. This is counted a remarkable thing in Saskatoon which a few years ago would have been a great deal more set up over an ordinary freight train. Now, however, that freight trains and express trains and feminine trains have become a commonplace in Saskatoon, the advent of a real live team of half-breed dogs from five hundred miles north in the region of Ile a la Crosse in charge of Mr. J. L. Cumines, trader, was a sight to behold. Mr. Cumines paraded his dogs and told the inhabitants yarns of their marvellous strength. To back up his remarks he hitched on the brutes to the civilised bus of the Queen's Hotel, and with one man aboard—the whole contraption weighing nearly a ton—the dogs munched away as though they had been on the trail with a toboggan load of store goods for Ile a la Crosse. A writer in the newspaper filled with curiosity about these creatures, went into an elucidation of the ways and habits of huskies, just to please the tenderfoots who had never seen such a thing—and neither had he for that matter, for there are a large number of things in the West that the green reporter has to explain as though he knew it all from the year 1. Said he:—

"The dogs were a very peaceable and unpretentious looking lot when breakfast was served. The menu consisted of a course of white fish, their only diet, and a drink of water. Beef would cause the dog to foam at the mouth when he had travelled some and in the cold this would freeze, resulting in much difficulty. At the end of a long trip the animals are thrown a feed of fish. Their wolfish nature is shown on the slightest occasion. If given liberty they will fight among themselves, but should

one get into a quarrel with an outsider, then the entire lot will side in with their kind. The jaws and eyes and ears as they jumped at the meal of fish suggested the wolf in most every case. One fellow, a big, grey animal, is half timber wolf. The huskie is the real train dog, but it is practically impossible to get a pure bred huskie now."

\* \* \*

## PAGEANTRY ON THE BOW.

CALGARY on the Bow is in for another monster pageant—this time a double-header. There will be a wheat pageant and an historical pageant. The red man with his vanishing paint and prowess will be there in all the splendour of a decadent race; the tribes from the cow levels and the foothills and the eastern plains where the wheat-grower is now the king. Clear from the ancient glory of the primitive red man, as far as the red man of to-day is able to simulate it, to the intermediary epic of the cowboy, and from that to the present and greater epic of the wheat, will be the procession of men and events that will this summer attract sightseers from both Canada and the United States. Three months are to be spent in preparation for this monster pageant. Perhaps Calgary is the best town in Canada for such a spectacular march past of living history. There on the huge campus of the lower foothills will be spread out a drama that may be less historical than the Tercentenary at Quebec, but if the Indians are given full fling to get themselves up regardless, and to sell ponies and pagan outfits for fancy money to the visitors—there will be more colour to the square inch that Quebec had to the acre.

\* \* \*

## A MAKER OF HISTORY.

THE oldest newspaper man in New Brunswick is dead; Mr. James Anderson, who for forty-two years was connected with the *Daily Telegraph* and died at the age

of eighty-seven. He was born in Fort Howe, St. John, in the days when that city was a military headquarters. His father was in the civil department of the Royal Engineers. His grandfather was deputy-sheriff of Sunbury county, which in those days was the whole of New Brunswick, before the United Empire Loyalists settled in that part of Canada. At the age of twenty, Mr. Anderson was appointed barrack-master at St. John. About the same time he became associated with the quill-driving fraternity—being news-getter, shipping editor, editorial writer and head of the mailing department

on the *New Brunswicker*, which was one of the earliest newspapers in that part of the world. When in the early fifties railways and surveyors began to get busy in St. John, Mr. Anderson went out on survey. He assisted in locating the roads in both New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. He was afterwards storekeeper to one of the English contractors building the European and North American Railway from St. John to Shediac. When the road was opened up for traffic, he went back into journalism—on the *Telegraph*, with which he was connected ever since until old age laid him on the shelf.

\* \* \*

## DEADMAN'S ISLAND TO BE LIVELY.

ONE of the liveliest places in Canada one of these days will be Deadman's Island, if the schemes of Mr. Theodore Ludgate, the lessee of the island, are carried out. This island lies at the western end of Vancouver Harbour. Mr. Ludgate expects to build a wharf seven hundred feet long; to build an electric railway from the wharf to Coal Harbour Bridge—part of a line projected from the present terminus of the C. P. R. On the Vancouver side of the island a long wharf where vessels of moderate draught may unload will be built—with a forest of warehouses. All this will be part of the programme on Deadman's Island, where the squatters now hold sway—if the needed arrangements between the lessee and the city of Vancouver can be carried out.

\* \* \*

## INTER-URBAN MOTORING.

FROM Vancouver to Spokane by automobile—is not merely a trip projected by some enthusiast, but a way of travel which may be open to any man in either Vancouver or Spokane who may have a car to ride in. They are building roads fit for automobiles. The road from Spokane to Vancouver will soon be fit for motors—and therefore good enough for any other sort of vehicle.

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## FOR THE CHILDREN

### WHY BETTY BABBIT BROKE HER PROMISE

By Anne Warner.

BETTY stood by the window, looking out at the April rain.

"I wish I had a dancing mouse," she said. "Harriet's little sister had two dancing mice for her birthday. I do wish I had just one."

Betty's mother, writing at her desk, made no answer.

"Or an alligator," said Betty; "oh, if I only had an alligator! Eleanor's uncle brought her home such a cunning little one from Florida when he came to visit them last week, all over lumps and knobs, just as cute."

Betty's mother went on writing.

"I would so like to have a rabbit, too," Betty said next, "a rabbit with pink eyes. You can hold rabbits tight and love them. If I might only just have a rabbit!"

And then she went to her mother's side and held up one of her rosy fingers in signal that she must be answered.

Mrs. Babbit stopped writing and looked up.

"Well, darling?" she said.

"Mama, I do want something alive."

"Oh, no, you don't, my dear."

"But I do, mama, truly I do."

"Pets are a great care, dear, a much greater care than you can possibly imagine. It is not as if we lived in the country; we only have a narrow city house, and no pet would be very happy here. Besides, anything that has to be attended to each day is a great deal too much for a little girl of eight to see to herself."

Betty looked doubtful at that. She liked to feed and pet creatures, but not to scrub and sweep their houses.

"If there would only a fairy come," she said finally. "If a fairy came, you'd let me keep her, wouldn't you, mama?"

"I think that you would get very tired of attending to a fairy's wants; nevertheless, I don't mind promising you that if one comes you may keep it."

"Oh, you good mama," Betty cried, "I saw one skimming around the morning-glories yesterday. Perhaps it will come to me."

Mrs. Babbit smiled again. "I must go out now," she said, folding her letter into its envelope.

Then Betty went up to her own pretty playroom with the balcony and its pots of vines and flowers. She was very fond of this little bit of outdoors in the city. She liked to water her flowers, and bring her toys out in the sunlight. She had a little table and a rocker there.

She sat down in the chair now. Suddenly she gave a little cry and put her hand to her ear. It was as if a fine wire had pierced into her brain, and the next instant she felt as if words had been threaded on the wire.

"Look out!" they said, "I'm on the table."

With her hand still to her tingling ear she looked quickly at the table, and there was a fairy, a real live fairy, about two inches tall, with her arms up unhooking her wings as little girls unbutton their dresses at night.

"I heard your mama say that I could stay, so I thought that I would just try visiting you," said the fairy; "I shall stay as long as it is agreeable. I shall not be very particular," added the fairy. "I can attend to my own hair and so forth. But I shall need a room and food, of course. I trust you understand that."

Betty never had imagined that fairies talked in just that tone and way.

"There, there, there!" said the fairy now. "Come, come, come! You look quite enough like a Jack-o'-lantern without being dumb, too; jump up and show me where I can live."

Betty rose from her seat as if in a dream and stood looking at her visitor.

"Well, well, well!" said the fairy, impatiently.

"Could you live in the doll's house?" Betty asked, pointing to where it stood.

"In there!" She gave a little screech. "In that wretched place! Why, my child, that to me is as living in a grain-elevator would be to you; it's nothing but a great big barren hole."

"I suppose the furniture is too big," said Betty.

"Too big! My child, those chairs to me are as dry-goods boxes to you."

Betty looked at her.

"Perhaps I could make you a little room out of a pasteboard box, turned on one side, you know."

"A pasteboard-box!" said the fairy, with a very unkind laugh. "A paste-board box to me would be as a freight-car turned on its side to you, and then what about furniture?"

"Oh," Betty said brightly, "I have two little chairs, made out of spools, with velvet seats; you could have those."

"Velvet seats!" said the fairy, in great disgust. "My child, velvet to me is like a door-mat to you. Should you like to sit on furniture covered with door-mats?"

"No," said Betty. "But perhaps I could make you a little cushion to sit on."

"What would you stuff it with?" asked the fairy.

"Jeweller's cotton?" Betty asked.

"Ow!" cried the fairy sharply. "Jeweller's cotton to me is like the coarsest shavings to you."

Betty's lip almost trembled, the fairy's tone was so very sharp.

"Do get me some water," said the fairy. "You gave me to understand that I should be well cared for if I came, and I've come, and I'm thirsty."

"Ice-water?" Betty asked.

"Ice-water!" screamed the fairy. "No, child, double-distilled dew."

"I'm afraid we hav'n't any," Betty murmured.

"Hav'n't any! Well, then, get me a drop of what you have."

"What shall I put it in?" Betty asked.

"Hav'n't you any hemp-seed cups?"

"No, I'm afraid not."

"Good gracious, what sort of hole have I dropped into?"

"Could you drink from a salt-spoon?"

"Could you drink from a shovel?" asked the fairy.

Betty winked back her tears.

"I suppose," said the fairy, "that you will have to spill a little into a glass saucer and I shall have to scoop it up with my hand. How dared you wish to entertain a fairy?"

Betty turned and ran as fast as she could for the water.

When she returned the fairy making a cup of her hand, slaked her thirst.

"Oh, the abominable stuff," she said as she rose. "And now about food. What can I have?"

"Would you like some grains of sugar?" Betty faltered.

"Grains of sugar! Grains of sugar to me, child, are like eating whole lumps would be to you."

"What would you like?" Betty asked.

"What I'm not very likely to get," said the fairy. "I'd like mosquitoes' legs fried in moth-dust, but I might as well wish for the moon, I know."

"Oh, I'm afraid that you might."

"I wonder if I could have a nap," she said at last. "I am so tired standing here yelling at you."

"What is your bed like at home?"

"My springs are grape tendrils, my sheets are spun cobweb, and my mattress is stuffed with butterflies' feathers."

"Oh, dear me!" cried Betty. "I'm afraid we never can get you such a bed."

The fairy stooped and took up her wings. Something in her manner reminded Betty of a child "going home mad."

"I think I'll go," said the fairy, coldly. "I see that you hadn't an idea what you were talking about when you said you would love to take care of me. Sugar and jeweller's cotton, indeed!" And she sprang into the air and was gone.

Betty sat down in her little chair before her little table and drew a long, long sigh of relief. Then she laid her head on her arm and went fast asleep. When mama came home later she told her.

"Wasn't she rude and disagreeable?" she said, "and, oh, mama, suppose she had stayed longer."

"It would have been awful, dear."

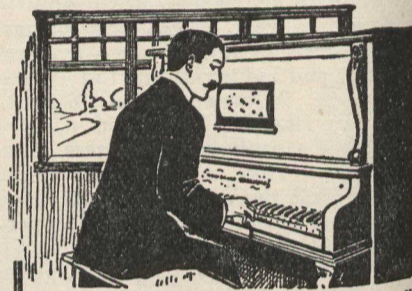
Then she kissed her little girl and said, "Wait till papa's holiday, dear, and then we will go into the real country and you can have all the pets that you want."

And Betty waited quite content.—*New Idea Woman's Magazine.*

## MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER



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### Ringling off

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

of talking it over, we... Yes, but we've known each other for a—eh? ... Oh, come off!... We'd get along all right... Sure we would... Let them think we are crazy, I don't care... Yes, I can fix it up with Rowland, right now... To-morrow night? Yes!... Not a bit!... No, it isn't... Oh, I'll think of some place... Well, we could show up again in about—say three days, just after they've dragged the river, sent out search parties, and posted our photographs all through the country... Sure they will... It will be all kinds of fun... No, we can rely on him. He won't split... You're getting scared again... It's a go, then... No backing down at the last moment, you know... No, Central, we're not... Oh, all right... Hello, Kitty! ... Yes!... We'll have a peach of a time... Yes, all right!... All right, I'll meet you there... What time? Oh, say eight o'clock... All right!... Good-bye, Kit! Eh?... No, no!... You know I do!... I do, I always have... Well, you never pretended to care a rap for me, either... I guess I must be pretty dull, then... Yes, I'll be there... Good-bye—eh?... So do I... Good-bye! (Puts up receiver and rings off.) (Bell rings again as he rises.) Hello! ... Yes!... Yes, all right, dear... No, I won't... Good-bye! (Rings off and rushes out.)

#### THE NEXT NIGHT.

(Rings and lifts off receiver.) Hello!... Yes!... Yes, yes... Well isn't that funny, I was just calling you... Yes, I was... All off, eh? ... I see... Yes, I thought she would... I know... Well, of course I'm sorry, but—you know what I mean... Yes... The pater is pretty keen on my going to college, you see, so that... Perhaps it is... Oh, yes, it would have been lots of fun... Yes, I'll be at Grant's to-night, I guess... Yes, I know him... He's not bad, at all. He's pretty far gone on you, too, Kitty... We shall hear of you eloping with him next... No, I guess not... Well, good-bye! (Rings off.)

### The Cynical Toast

By W. Bert Foster.

THE old fashioner declaration that "good wine warms the cockles o' the heart" might seem to be refuted when it is considered how many toasts are of a cynical character. And many a roundly given verse, or doggerel, fair on its surface, has as bitter a sting to its tail as the oft repeated ejaculation, "Here's to our sweethearts and wives—may they never meet!"

There are, of course, many toasts of good fellowship, such as: "May you live as long as you like, And have what you like as long as you live!"

But even this class of sentiment usually suggests the fact that the world is shallow and that real friendship is a scarce, as well as rare, jewel. This fact is voiced by an old toast that used to adorn English beer pitchers:

"A Friend that is Social  
Good Natur'd and Free,  
To a pot of my liquor  
Right welcome shall be.  
But he that is Proud  
Or Ill Natur'd may Pass  
By my Door to an Alehouse  
And Pay for his Glass!"

Even the more or less known toast, "To Contentment," smacks of cynicism:

"No one bulldog yet could eat  
Every other bulldog's meat;

If you have a good sized bone,  
Let the other dog alone."

But the toasts that touch upon the tender passion—the amorous and the supposedly passionate—display as much, if not more, pessimism than the after dinner sentiments of any other kind. To prove this, take one of the most tart of all, and its answer:

"Here's to the light that lies  
In woman's eyes!  
And lies—and lies—and lies!"

The answer:  
"To woman's love,—to man's not  
akin;

For her heart is a home, while his  
heart is an inn!"

The jaundiced pen of the cynic of all cynics has thus labeled Sir Cupid's business:

"Here's to Love,—that disease  
which begins with a fever and ends  
with a yawn!"

And a similar sentiment is expressed by a less elegant poetaster in this jingle:

"To that curious thing called Love  
Which comes like a dove  
From heaven above  
To some;  
While to others it flits  
And scatters their wits  
And gives 'em all fits,  
By gum!"

An ancient toast, called "The Toast of the Constant Lover," would not conduce to good fellowship, because of its tactlessness; and even its title is a sarcasm.

"Here's to you, my dear,  
And to the dear that's not here, my  
dear;

But if the dear that's not here, my  
dear,

Were here, my dear,  
I'd not be drinking to you, my dear!"

Tom Moore gives us the "Roving  
Lover's Toast," with the usual cynical  
sting in the tail of it:

"Let us drink to the thought that  
where'er a man roves

He is sure to find something that's  
blissful and dear;

And that when he is far from the lips  
that he loves

He can always make love to the  
lips that are near!"

In an old song, current in England  
hundreds of years ago, a similar feeling  
is expressed in this toast:

"Here's to ye absent lords!  
May they long in far countree stay,  
Drinking at other ladies' boards  
The health of other absent lords!"

Follow two selfish, as well as cynical, sentiments:

"Here's to those who love us,  
Not to those whom we love!

For those whom we love  
May not love us."

"Here's to you two and we two!  
If you two like we two

As we two like you two,  
Then here's to we four!

But if you two don't like we two  
As we two like you two,

Then here's to we two, and no  
more!"

We may excuse the pessimism of the following doggerel for the fun there is in it:

"Here's to women who are tender,  
Here's to women who are slender,  
Here's to women who are large, and  
fat, and red;

Here's to women who are married,  
Here's to women who have tarried,  
Here's to women who are speechless  
—but they're dead!"

And to take the taste of all these  
out of one's mouth, let us have one  
that may be silly, but is sweet:

"To my sweetheart!  
She's not a goddess, an angel, a lily,  
or a pearl;

She's just that which is sweetest,  
completest, and neatest,—  
A dear little, queer little, sweet little  
girl!"

## Windsor SALT

is all salt. Every grain is a pure, dry, clean crystal. That is why it never cakes—dissolves instantly—and goes farther than any other.

Insist on having  
—WINDSOR  
SALT.

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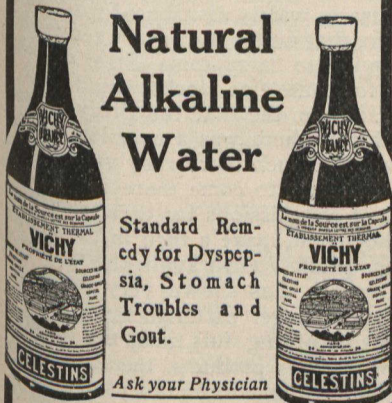
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Mills at Winnipeg, Brandon, Goderich.

## VICHY

(FRENCH REPUBLIC PROPERTY)

### Natural Alkaline Water



Standard Remedy for Dyspepsia, Stomach Troubles and Gout.

Ask your Physician

Not Genuine without the word

## CELESTINS

In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier

**For Whooping Cough, Croup, Sore Throat, Coughs, Bronchitis, Colds, Diphtheria, Catarrh**

**"Used while you sleep."**

VAPORIZED CRESOLENE stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough. Ever dreaded Croup cannot exist where Cresolene is used.

It acts directly on the nose and throat, making breathing easy in the case of colds; soothes the sore throat and stops the cough.

CRESOLENE is a powerful germicide, acting both as a curative and preventive in contagious diseases.

It is a boon to sufferers from Asthma.

CRESOLENE'S best recommendation is its 30 years of successful use.

**FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.**  
Send Postal for Descriptive Booklet.

Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, of your druggist or from us, 10c. in stamps.

**THE LEEMING-MILES COMPANY LIMITED**  
Leeming-Miles Building, Montreal, Canada.

## You Can Save Half a Dollar

And get five hundred pages of bright, helpful, interesting home reading during the year for

**FIFTY CENTS**

On June 1st the price of the *Home Journal* is going up to One Dollar. We are compelled to accept subscriptions in the meantime at the old rate. Our old subscribers are "falling over themselves" getting in their renewals before the time. They know a good thing. You may get in on the same basis if you do it now. You should take a Canadian Home Journal. Get in when it will only cost you a trifle.

**The Home Journal**  
59 John Street, - Toronto, Ont.

### NERVOUS DEBILITY—Neurasthenia

**Dr. Constantine O'Gorman,**  
District Medical Officer, Depot Harbor, Ont.

"I find 'Wilson's Invalids' Port' as excellent as stated and endorse the many testimonials you have received concerning its efficacy."

## WILSON'S Invalids' Port

(à la Quina du Pérou)

is readily assimilated by blood, nerve and tissue nutrients, exerting a steady and sustained tonic effect which is strikingly evident after its continued use. No re-action ever follows, as is often seen after the use of rapid stimulant.

It is specially indicated in nervous debility, sexual weakness, anaemia, chlorosis, etc.

As many inferior products are marketed as "Invalid Port" see that "Wilson's" is dispensed.

Ask YOUR Doctor.

**BIG BOTTLE**

Sold at all Pharmacies Everywhere.



## SAVINGS ACCOUNTS

Interest Paid at the Rate of  
**3½%**


Accounts are subject to cheque without notice. Interest added half-yearly. Sums of 1.00 and up received. Special attention is called to the fact that interest is calculated on the **DAILY BALANCE**

# CENTRAL CANADA

LOAN & SAVINGS CO.  
26 KING ST. E., TORONTO

## \$54,694,882

was the net amount of insurance on the Company's books December 31st, 1908, and the year's operations showed that



**OF CANADA.**

made very substantial gains in other departments of its business:

(a) It gained in Assets .....	\$1,329,098
(b) " " " Reserve .....	948,268
(c) " " " Income .....	302,571
(d) " " " Surplus .....	348,296

while its ratio of expense to income was smaller than in previous years.

HEAD OFFICE - - WATERLOO, ONT.

## MONEY AND MAGNATES

### Brokers Carried Big Ledgers

IN the early days of the Montreal Stock Exchange the members always carried large ledger books in which they recorded every transaction they made on the Exchange either on the buying or the selling side. Nowadays only a very few of the older members adhere to this custom and they can be seen each day making their way from their offices to the big Exchange Building with the big ledger book under their arms.

The younger members simply record their sales and purchases on a slip of a note book and after the close of the season report them to the bookkeeper in their offices.

\* \* \*

### Canadian Capitalists Rewarded for their Daring.

WITH the phenomenal success that has attended the operations of South American and Mexican propositions such as the Sao Paulo Tramway, Light and Power Company, the Rio de Janeiro Tramway, Light and Power Company, and the Mexican Light and Power Company, it will surprise a great many to know that it was only after Dr. F. S. Pearson of New York had failed to attract either American or English capital that he came into Canada and in Toronto and Montreal secured the financial assistance that enabled him to carry out his projects successfully.

At the time Dr. Pearson planned the enterprises neither American or English capital were very fond of water power projects and it was only after the Canadian capitalists had furnished him with the capital that enabled him to show what he could do that some big London houses asked to have a look in and undertook to supply any more money that Dr. Pearson might require for his projects.

The Canadians who originally went into the enterprises made a lot of money because in each instance the five per cent. bonds were issued at 90 and carried with them a bonus of a hundred per cent. of common stock. It was not very long before the common stocks, which represented only water at the outset, were worth considerable money owing to the earnings the companies were showing on them.

Sao Paulo common, which original bondholders received as a bonus, is now selling above 160, Rio de Janeiro common is selling around 99, and Mexican Light and Power common around 75. Toronto has come out rather better than Montreal on these enterprises because it supplied most of the capital for Sao Paulo and Rio de Janeiro, while Montreal supplied most of the money for the Mexican Light and Power. Of course Dr. Pearson made more money than anybody else, his fortune now being estimated at \$15,000,000.

\* \* \*

### Big Improvement in Stock Market Situation.

WITH the Easter holidays bankers and brokers consider they have closed the first important period or quarter of the financial year and generally look back to see what progress they have either made or what setback they have received.

The first quarter of 1909 has been a most auspicious one on both the Toronto and Montreal Stock Markets, and the improvement, at these centres, has been reflected to a considerable degree throughout the whole country.

Two outstanding factors made for the big improvement. First of all, better business that resulted in as many as fourteen different companies, whose stocks are listed in Toronto or Montreal, either increasing or starting dividends, and, secondly, there was the final settlement of the long drawn out and bitterly fought struggle between the two big Canadian concerns, the Dominion Iron and Steel Company and the Dominion Coal Company.

Right from the beginning of the year there were reports from big interests, who were interested in seeing a higher level of prices on the Canadian Exchanges, that such and such a company would likely increase its rate of dividend in the near future, and it is just reports of this kind that cause a good deal of speculation by regular traders. In the present instance the insiders were greatly aided by the fact that the Canadian banks had more money on hand than they could make use of and consequently were offering it very freely as call loans on the stock market around four per cent. Then as the larger dividend distributions were announced from time to time, more attention was given to other issues, there always being some group or other of brokers anxious to get some particular stock a little higher in order to get their clients out.

The Dominion Iron and Dominion Coal settlement fairly cleared the financial atmosphere of Canada. For the past couple of years it had hung over the market and at all times was threatening. The stocks of both concerns, more particularly those of the Steel Company, were so widely distributed throughout the Maritime Provinces, Quebec and Ontario, that nine out of every ten traders seemed to have most of their money up trying to carry some Steel or Coal along, and brokers knew that any setback for these two stocks would have a most disastrous effect on the whole market. From the time the Privy Council handed down its decision in the Steel-Coal case there was a complete change in the whole situation. The banks took a very much more rosy view of the outlook, brokers were confident that for some time to come there would be a good trading market, that would mean lots of commissions for themselves, and the large crowd of traders felt confident they could make a turn in the market here and there that would bring them a nice profit. Then again the industrial situation, more especially during the last month, has shown very rapid improvement and this is sure to mean very much larger earnings from now on. The cotton mills have nearly all got back to working full time, the different steel works find a much better inquiry for various products, the earnings of the railways and electric tractions are almost without exception, showing big gains, and what is most important, almost every concern in Canada has discovered that it can keep its operating cost down quite a little bit lower than it was before the depression of last year set in.

As to the outlook for the second quarter of the year bankers point to the reopening of traffic along the river and water routes and state it will cause more material progress than the first quarter experienced. As the market follower knows the trader always takes advantage of any material progress.

COUPON.

## National Trust Company

18-22 King Street East, Toronto. LIMITED.

CAPITAL - - - \$1,000,000  
RESERVE - - - 550,000

TRANSACTS A GENERAL TRUST BUSINESS.

J. W. FLAVELLE, President.

W. T. WHITE, Gen. Mgr

Head Office for Canada, MONTREAL.

WM. MACKAY, Gen. Manager. I. H. LABELLE, Asst. Manager.



Maguire & Cannon  
GENERAL AGENTS

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Telephones: Main 6000, Residence, North 8571 and M. 978.

## SELECTING INVESTMENTS

Every person with surplus money available for investment needs to exercise care when making selections suitable to his individual needs.

We mail monthly a list of Bonds and Stocks yielding from 4 to 6 per cent. from which choice can be made.

A copy will be sent regularly upon request.

A. E. AMES & CO., LIMITED  
TORONTO - CANADA

6%  
Dividend  
Stock

Subscriptions in blocks of five or more shares of the Permanent Stock of the Association at \$107 per share are invited. Only \$50,000 out of a \$500,000 authorized issue is now available. The last opportunity to get Stock in an established, progressive and prosperous Loan Company at this price. Write today for Sixteenth Annual Balance Sheet.

People's Building & Loan Ass'n  
LONDON ONT.

## SUMMER COTTAGE

FOR SALE—On island in Lake Muskoka. Comfortably furnished. Large living room, four bedrooms and kitchen, wide verandah. Lake boats call daily with mail. Good bathing beach. Address, Box A, Canadian Courier, Toronto, Ont.

Read a FREE Book about better ceilings. Tells of two thousand designs for every sort of structure from a cathedral to a warehouse—proves why our ceilings cost less. Get the book. Ask our nearest office.

PEDLAR People of Oshawa  
Montreal, Toronto, Halifax, St. John, Winnipeg, Vancouver

SUBSCRIBERS who change their addresses will confer a favor by notifying us promptly. Give the old and the new address.

## The Paths of the Righteous

MISS LILY DOUGALL belongs to a Montreal family, associated for many years with journalism. The names "Graham" and "Dougall" are known throughout Canada, wherever the *Star* and the *Witness* have gone. Miss Dougall has several novels of unusual note to her literary credit and the latest of these, "The Paths of the Righteous," is likely to add to her artistic reputation.

Miss Dougall's work does not belong to that light and easy class known as popular fiction. In all her narratives there is a curious strain of mysticism which is stimulating but never sensational. This element is found in "The Paths of the Righteous" but in somewhat different manifestation to that which it assumes in "The Mermaid."

The writer has lately taken up her residence in England and the scene of the latest story is a small village of the Od Country, where the forces of Establishment and Dissent work out their salvation with much local discomfort. The last General Election in the British Isles is brought into the plot and the modern struggle with regard to the educational movement is graphically depicted. The hero may be regarded as old Mr. Ward, the uncle of the Vicar, who is a Canadian and a Dissenter and who wishes to test the character of his nephew, Rev. Compton, before revealing to the latter the existence of the Ward fortune. The Vicar is a bigot of the most High Church type, who can see no hope for Presbyterian, Baptist or Methodist. In spite of his narrowness, the character is not misrepresented and one feels an admiration for the Vicar's honesty and integrity.

There is little of the "love" interest, as the average novelist would interpret the expression. In fact, the book is intended as a serious study of conflicting religions and political ideals and the only affair of the heart intruded on the reader's attention is one which has been cruelly thwarted by the purblind Vicar, because, forsooth, the suitor was a Methodist and a social inferior.

To the Canadian reader may come a feeling of impatience, as he reads all this elaboration of the views of the Churchman and the Nonconformist. In this blessed country, where there is no Established Church, where, in numerical strength, the denominations follow the order—Roman Catholic, Methodist, Presbyterian, Episcopalian—such a state of strife would be an impossibility, and the Canadian recognises that he is saved from much, as he reads this chronicle of ecclesiastical snobbery.

However, the writer's grace of style and subtlety of humour save the humble annals from tedium and one lays the novel down with the conviction that Miss Dougall comes as near to the better class of fiction writers as any other Canadian novelist. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

## Garbage Motors



CLEANLINESS is a prime requisite of a great city, but extreme cleanliness is costly. Toronto is known as a tidy burg, and now the mayor proposes that the garbage be taken to many rendezvous by the carts, and there transferred to large motor cars to be again transported to the crematories or dumps on the outskirts of the city. It looks like a proposition, and it looks as if the motor-car would yet displace even the garbage-cart.

Cover the Walls Now With Alabastine and it will be less trouble and expense to redecorate them again when the time comes. When redecorating you don't have to scrape or wash Alabastine off the walls as with wall paper or kalsomine. Simply apply the New Alabastine tints over the old.

**CHURCH'S COLD WATER Alabastine**

tints last longer, too, as they are less liable to fade or discolor. Alabastine does not rub off, crack or peel. Our free book, "Homes, Healthful and Beautiful," explains fully. Write for a copy. Many interior decoration schemes illustrated. A 5 lb. package Alabastine 50c, at the hardware store.

**THE ALABASTINE CO., LIMITED, 23 WILLOW STREET, PARIS, ONTARIO**


## Main Street of Metal Town

The Philosopher is proud of his Metal Town—proud of the spic-and-span, fire-proof stores, public buildings and private homes. It's a town of low insurance rates, artistic appearance—sanitary and safe.

The stores are clad in metal fronts with ornamental cornices, and the dwellings and barns covered with the perfect-lock, weather-proof "Eastlake" steel shingles.

The theatre, too, and court house are roofed with fire, lightning, rust and storm-proof "Eastlake" shingles. Within they are covered with artistic metallic ceilings and walls.

The church is roofed with "Eureka" Spanish tiles, made of tinned steel plate, which will not break or detach like clay tiles.

All this construction spells safety and economy for the dwellers of Metal Town.

Write for catalogue, and send measurements for any kind of building. We will be pleased to estimate the cost.

Agents wanted in some sections.

## The Metallic Roofing Co. Limited

Toronto and Winnipeg

The oldest and largest manufacturers of Architectural Sheet Metal Goods in Canada.

Goods made and laid twenty-five years ago are still perfect.

**Simcoe is SOMETHING of a Metal Town.**

The Metallic Roofing Co., Limited, Toronto.

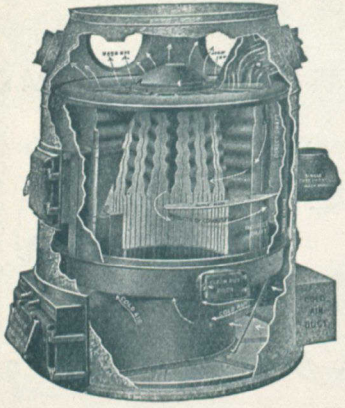
Simcoe, Ont., April 9th, 1908.

"Dear Sirs:—We have handled your 'Eastlake' Shingles for nearly a quarter of a century. They have been on the Court House, Free Library and other public buildings in this town for 18 years. We have used very large quantities during the past 25 years, and they have always given first-class satisfaction, and have never required any repairs."

(Signed) MADDEN BROS.,  
Tin Smiths and Hardware Merchants.

## SALESMANSHIP

The Canadian Courier is looking for canvassers of the right sort for a special campaign now being inaugurated in the PROVINCE OF ONTARIO. First-class salesmanship may in these days concern itself with the question, "WHAT SHALL A MAN READ?" Thousands of Canadians await an introduction to the Canadian Courier, the national weekly of Canada, in a sense never before realized. First-class rewards await the men (or women) who are SELLERS of periodicals. You will be interested if you are in this class. Write to Circulation Manager, Canadian Courier, Toronto.



**IT HEATS**  
**All the rooms!**  
**All the time!**  
**All alike!**

The  
**KELSEY**  
 Warm Air Generator

A CONTINUOUS current of evenly warmed air is distributed to all parts, or any particular parts, of the building. This done with amount of coal which would be wholly inadequate with any other heater. There is the economy of coal, the even distribution of heat, perfect ventilation, absence of dust, gas and smoke and no waste of heat in the basement.

The Jas. Smart Mfg. Co., Limited, Brockville, Ont.



**Straight Virginia Tobacco**

In the popular cut plug form for pipe smokers. No. 1 is all pure Virginia leaf, free from any artificial flavoring—a cool, mellow smoke.

Quarter Pound, 40c. Half Pound, 75c. Pound, \$1.50  
 Sent postpaid to any address.

**A. CLUBB & SONS**  
 TORONTO

Established 1878

5 KING ST. WEST



**100 per cent. in one year—a remarkable development.**

The typewriter census of last spring showed that the number of Underwoods in Ontario was greater than that of all other makes combined. Our business for last month shows an increase of 100% over March of last year.

**UNITED TYPEWRITER CO. Ltd.**  
 TORONTO

**HOLBROOK'S**

Adds a delicious zest and piquancy to SOUPS, FISH, MEATS, POULTRY, GAME.

**SAUCE**

MADE AND BOTTLED IN ENGLAND—SOLD BY ALL CROCCERS

**WHAT CANADIAN EDITORS THINK**

"ENGLAND EXPECTS —"  
 (Ottawa Journal)

TO give a Dreadnought, or two—to bonus the British navy with ten millions or with twenty millions of dollars during the next three or four years—is a proposition favoured by many we think thoughtlessly. Let Canada instead plan her navy. Let our country declare a programme which will speedily give us three or four Dreadnoughts of our own, with corresponding auxiliary lesser ships of war, some perhaps specially suited to our own coasts and waters, a fleet British in design, intended to serve with the British navy whenever cause exists, a proclamation that Britain's sons will be with her whenever she calls, and yet a Canadian fleet and a Canadian asset, whatever the future might chance to be. This proposition should be more welcome than any other to all who are prepared to welcome any proposition whatever that Canada should have the manliness and decency to face her own national responsibilities.

APPRECIATING "JOE."  
 (Victoria Colonist)

MR. JOSEPH MARTIN is leaving a trail of oratorical pyrotechnics behind him on his transcontinental journey, which leads one to wonder what sort of a display he will make when he rises above the horizon in the Mother Country. Just make a little note of the statement that Mr. Martin will be heard from to very much of a purpose when a decent interval after his arrival in Britain has elapsed. When any one tells you that Mr. Martin has retired and is hereafter to be looked upon as a back number, just tell him that he is mistaken. It is by no means beyond the scope of probability that, if the Asquith ministry is sustained at the polls, Mr. Martin may have a place in that body. As an incarnation of energy and daring the erstwhile British Columbia premier has few rivals and no superiors.

DANGEROUS TO LIVE.  
 (London Advertiser)

THE interior of a railway depot seems to be as safe a place as there is on earth, but there is no secure spot, especially for city-dwellers, in these days of rapid transit, rapid building, rapid life, and rapid everything—of "live" wires, mechanical contrivances, and the whole apparatus of modern convenience and improvement and progress so-called. People are walking—or riding—always in the shadow of death, and the grim messenger comes in the most inconceivable forms. The good old hymn, "For Those in Peril on the Sea," is still sung regularly and fervently, whereas there is less danger to life on the modern ocean liner than on the streets of the city, or almost any place on dry land. It is not at all improbable that when the science of aeronautics is more advanced than at present the safest place will be an airship.

RELIGION BEGINS AT HOME.  
 (Hamilton Times)

THE Synod of Hamilton and London is thankful for the measure of Bible instruction made possible in our public schools, and it regrets that it has been made so little use of, attributing this failure to the lack of "provision for examination in Scripture lessons," and it resolves to petition for such changes in the law as

shall remedy what it believes to be a lack. The first thing the Synod will have a lot of S. H. Blakes buzzing about its ears. Will a lot of well-meaning people never learn that the worst service they can do for religious teaching and for the public schools is to attempt to unload the duties of home, church and Sunday School upon the state schools? Let them first calmly sit down and agree upon what religion is to be taught by the power of the state. That ought to be easy—but is it? Of course, if only my religion is taught, all right; but don't try to force the other fellow's on me by the power of the state!

QUALITY OF IMMIGRATION.  
 (Winnipeg Telegram)

THE statement that immigration from Europe has fallen off fifty per cent. and that this is due to the restrictions imposed by Canada, is a favourable announcement. Canada's immigration policy in the past has laid too much stress on its numerical showing and has paid too little attention to quality. The United States woke up some years ago to the fact that unrestricted immigration may be a burden rather than a benefit to a country. We have been altogether too slow in accepting the lesson learned by our neighbour, but if our present immigration laws are sufficient to protect Canada against the class of immigrants who are not considered desirable citizens for the United States the effect will be distinctly beneficial. The people we are receiving this year from the United States and Europe belong very largely to the producing class. Their settlement in Canada will not be felt merely in the swelling of our immigration returns but in the development of our lands and in the enhancement of our national prosperity.

DREADNOUGHTS IN ST. JOHN.  
 (St. John Sun)

TO the Canadian Government in its preparation for the construction of a Canadian navy we commend the consideration of this port as one of the best localities on the Atlantic seaboard for steel shipbuilding. Coal and iron and limestone are all convenient of access and nowhere are there better facilities for assembling the various other materials needed in this important work.

ALBERTA "MAGNIFIQUE."  
 (Lethbridge Herald)

ALBERTA is a land of great things. Every day there is fresh evidence of its greatness. In the beginning it was part of the "great lone land." Now it is known as a very important part of "the last great West." The greatness of its agricultural resources are just beginning to be realised. The greatness of its wealth of minerals, of forests, of gas, of oil, is only vaguely known. There are already great coal mines, great lumber industries, beginnings of the fishing industry and of mining for other than coal. Already its great irrigation systems have brought fame to the province. It will be known as the location of "Old Glory," one of the greatest gas wells known. Sixty bushels of wheat to the acre and twice as many of oats are fast bringing fame to the province. The greatness of Alberta is being proved by the greatness of its products. People talking of its climate, say it is "simply great," and so it is, great for man, for beast, and for vegetation.

## New Ways to the Woods

The six railways of the Canadian Northern System offer the widest choice of new territories to the fisherman, canoeist, camper and hunter.



In Nova Scotia the Halifax and South Western Railway, serves 700 miles off ocean shore; two score generous trout streams; the famous Rossignol lake system and Lake Kejimikujik or Fairy Lake, which is only ten miles away from Caledonia Station. The Inverness Railway serves the best fishing territory in Cape Breton. Write P. Mooney, Gen. Pass. Agent, Halifax, N.S.

In Quebec The Canadian Northern Quebec and Quebec and Lake St. John Railways give easy access to the Saguenay, Upper St. Maurice, the Batiscan, the La Tucque game preserve and the valleys of the St. Lawrence and the Ottawa—all good fishing waters abounding in ouananiche, trout and bass. Write Guy Tombs, G. F. & P. A., Montreal.

In Ontario The entire range of the Muskokas; the Georgian Bay hinterland; the French, Pickereel and Maganetawan rivers—well stocked with bass, mascalonge and pickerel—are best reached by the Canadian Northern Ontario Railway. Write C. Price Green, Passenger Agent, Toronto, Ont.

In Western Ontario and the prairie provinces the Canadian Northern Railway serves over three thousand miles of splendid territory. The Rainy River section follows the old Dawson trail which is the finest canoe trip on the continent through the site of the proposed International two million acre game preserve. Write G. W. Cooper, Asst. Pass. Agent, C.N.R., Winnipeg.

For literature and general or special information enquire of the Information Bureau, Canadian Northern Railway System, Toronto, Ont.

## GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM HOMESEEKERS' EXCURSIONS

From ONTARIO POINTS  
To WESTERN CANADA  
VIA CHICAGO

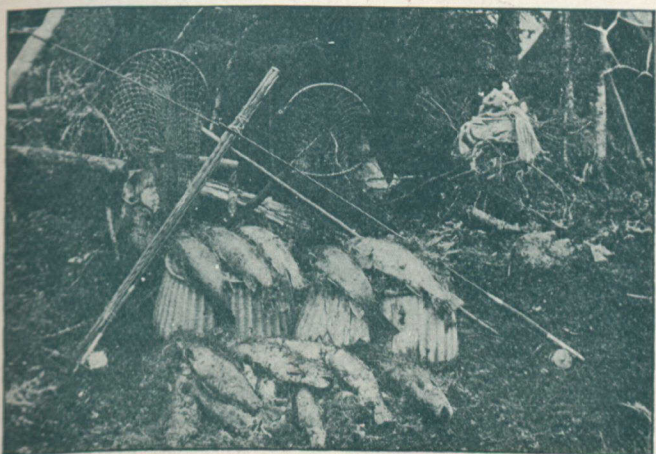
April 6th and every second Tuesday until Sept. 21st, 1909.  
TICKETS GOOD FOR 60 DAYS.

Winnipeg and Return - \$32.00  
Edmonton and Return - \$42.50

PROPORTIONATE RATES TO OTHER POINTS.

Full information from any Grand Trunk Agent, or address J. D. McDONALD, D. P. A., Toronto.

## DROP A LINE to the General Passenger Dept. INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY MONCTON N. B.



and you will be told where  
**THESE WERE CAUGHT**  
and where  
**YOU CAN CATCH MORE.**

## HARD FACTS AND FIGURES

"Western Canada" and "British Columbia" are 80 and 65 page handbooks, setting forth the natural resources and advantages of the great Canadian West and the enterprising Pacific Province. The facts are supplemented by land and crop statistics, and detailed information given of agricultural and industrial conditions. Profusely illustrated, with clear maps. These books are published for free distribution by the

### CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

If you are interested in the West write for copies.  
Address:

R. L. THOMPSON, District Passenger Agent, TORONTO.

## Moose Jaw

The railway centre of the C.P.R. in South Saskatchewan.

The rush for land continues this year as follows: January 643 entries, February 464 entries, March 1125 entries. Since April 1st, there have been over 100 entries a day. MOOSE JAW is reaping a harvest from the inrush of settlers.

City buildings and improvements in sight this year: Collegiate Institute \$125,000; Fire Hall \$30,000; Anglican Church \$30,000; Y.M.C.A. to be completed \$30,000; 5 Business Blocks each \$25,000; 50 private residences each from \$3,000 to \$10,000; extension of C.P.R. yards estimated expenditure this year \$200,000; water and sewer extensions \$38,000; other city improvements \$70,000.

A street railway with two or three radial lines to rural points is being considered.

Resources are lying idle, simply for the lack of more men and more money for development.

In such a growing city there are always openings for investment.

For information write to

Hugh McKellar, Commissioner Board of Trade, Moose Jaw, Sask.

## Before Answering a Ring at the Door Bell After Dark

It's well to know who the caller is. The porch can be flooded with electric light by pressing a button inside the house.

Beggars and thieves are well aware of this and shun the porch lighted homes.

Porch lights, front and rear, can be maintained at a trifling expense for electricity.

### Toronto Electric Light Co., Limited

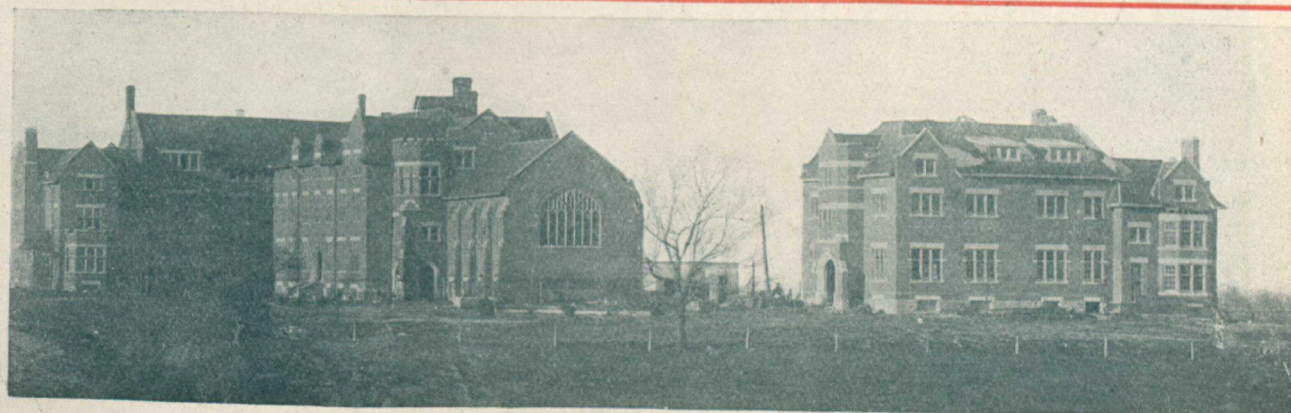
12 Adelaide St. East

## The Hamilton Steel and Iron Co. Limited

PIG IRON  
FOUNDRY, BASIC, MALLEABLE

FORGINGS  
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION  
HIGH GRADE BAR IRON  
OPEN HEARTH BAR STEEL

Hamilton - Ontario



## RIDLEY COLLEGE

Has just completed a very fine new Dormitory Building and Master's Residence. It has accommodation for thirty boys, and is built on the most approved plans, with every convenience for the boys' health and comfort.

For information apply to REV. J. O. MILLER, M.A., D.C.L., Principal, St. Catharines, Ont.

# Broderick's

## Business Suits \$22.50

### Worn from Coast to Coast

Write for  
samples and measurement chart

DEPT "D"

# FRANK BRODERICK & Co.

## TORONTO, CANADA

AREA  
OF PROVINCES  
in Sq. Miles.

Ont	400,862
Que	817,873
N.S.	21,068
N.B.	27,911
Man.	253,732
B.C.	370,191
P.E.I.	2,184
Sask.	242,332
Atl.	251,180
Yukon.	206,427

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