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July 27th, 1907

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The Canadian Courier

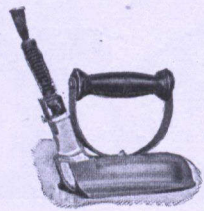
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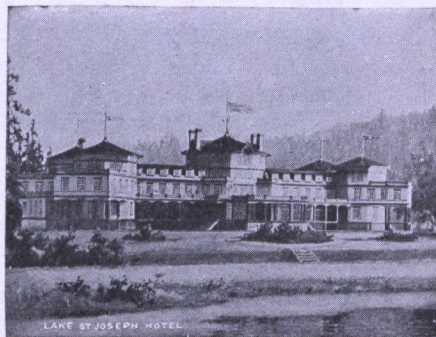


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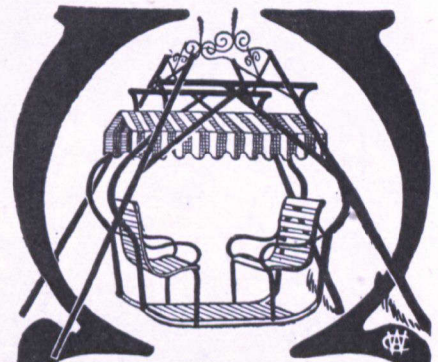


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The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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CONTENTS

| | |
|-------------------------|----|
| Topics of the Day | 7 |
| Reflections | 8 |
| Through a Monocle | 10 |
| Scotch Boys' Brigade | 11 |
| The Attic | 12 |
| The White Cities | 13 |
| Fugacious Foreigners | 14 |
| The R.N.W.M.P. | 15 |
| His Extra Voyage, Story | 17 |
| The Golden Flood, Story | 19 |
| British Gossip | 21 |
| Demi-Tasse | 22 |
| Sport | 23 |
| Peculiarities | 25 |
| Children's Column | 29 |
| Literary Notes | 30 |

Editor's Talk

THIS journal is finding favour in many quarters. The editor of the Lethbridge "Herald" has published the following:

"A magazine which every loyal Canadian should have in his home is the Canadian Courier. It is the best illustrated weekly ever attempted in this country, and is succeeding because it appeals to the people as a paper of merit and interest. The Herald hasn't been asked to publish this paragraph of commendation. The Courier doesn't need to ask for press notices, the very excellence of the paper compels an honest newspaper man to tell the truth about it."

The Rev. Chancellor Burwash writes:—"The paper is good. Success to you."

The Rev. Robert Saint Clair, of Listowel, says:—"Allow me to express appreciation of your paper. Not the least of its pleasing features is the retention of the official British-Canadian form of spelling, viz.: 'honour,' 'favour,' etc."

Every subscriber who believes we deserve support may do us a great service by showing the paper to his friends.

The cover this week is by a new artist, Mr. James Nelson, and that for next week will be by Mr. C. W. Jefferys, whose work is already familiar to our readers. Next week's issue will be a special "Sportsmen's Number," with much about shooting, hunting and other outdoor sports.

For particulars of two photographic contests, see page 25.

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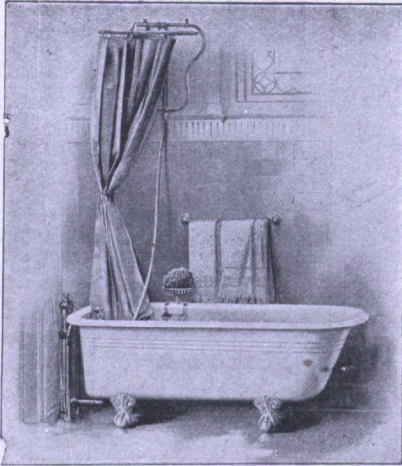
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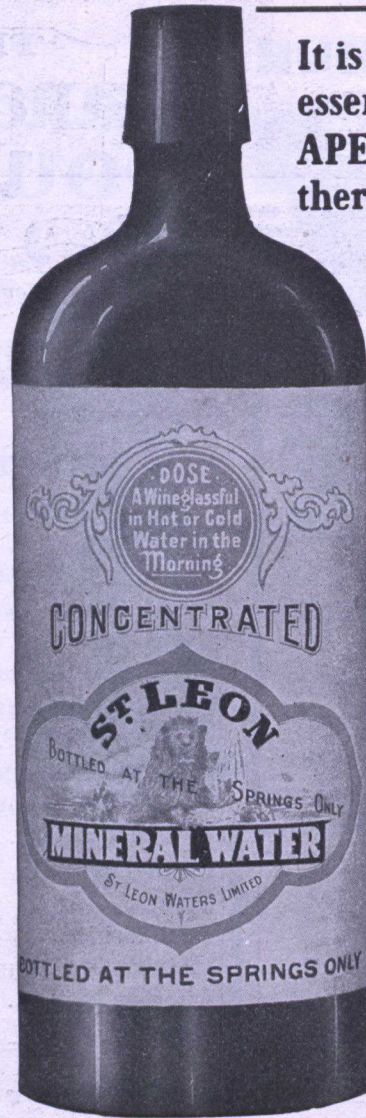


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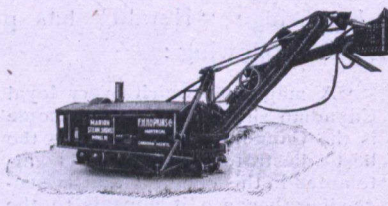
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Vol. II

Toronto, July 27th, 1907

No. 9

Topics of the Day

SIR WILFRID LAURIER'S reception on reaching Quebec a week ago was all that any man could desire. His address contained nothing startling, but he announced his confidence in the "All-Red Line," or the making of a great Imperial highway through Canada from Great Britain to Asia. No details of the scheme were given. Complementary to this was the expression of his anxiety to see the National Transcontinental built before he was called upon to pass from public life. Sir Wilfrid realises that transportation is one of Canada's greatest problems.

His receptions in Montreal and Ottawa were equally satisfactory and the country will again turn its eyes towards the capital with some degree of expectancy. Long expected announcements will no doubt be forthcoming at an early date. It is pleasant to know that Sir Wilfrid is in much better health than when he returned from his previous visit to Great Britain.

The battle of the O'Briens for the representation of Hants in the Nova Scotia Legislature ended in a victory for the Liberal O'Brien. The vacancy was created by the appointment of Attorney-General Drysdale to the Superior Court.

Canada is keeping on in her extravagant ways. In the three months ending June 30th, her foreign purchases increased \$14,000,000 or over twenty-five per cent., where her sales abroad declined an almost equal amount. No wonder the bankers are complaining of a shortage of money. These imports must be paid for; we do not get them for nothing.

Even the export of Canadian manufactured goods has declined. Considering the startling advance in wages, even this was to be expected. According to the Census Reports sent out from Ottawa last week, wages have risen twenty-seven per cent. If Canada was known as a high-wage country in 1901, what must it be called now? If the trades-unions keep on making demands for higher wages and the manufacturers keep on adding to their cost of manufacture in this and other directions, Canadian goods will hardly be able to compete successfully with British and German manufacturers.

The C.P.R. are having two new steamers built for Lake Superior travel. They have been launched on the Clyde and christened "Keewatin" and "Assiniboia." The "Princess Ena," which will be put on the Pacific route to Yokohama, will be ready next month and will proceed from Birkenhead to Vancouver via Cape Horn.

The consolidated public school is not making much headway in Canada, but Sir William Macdonald has not lost faith in it. The school at Hillsborough, P.E.I., is to continue to have a grant of \$1,200 a year from him indefinitely in order that the idea may have a fuller test in that province.

At a meeting of the Oddfellows' Relief Association in Kingston the other day, the chief medical examiner at-

tributed the increased death rate from heart and kidney disease to the strenuous life of to-day. This may be somewhat startling but on reflection it is not surprising. The United States idea of "rush" has come north and we are acquiring a constitutional restlessness which is likely to shorten the average of our years.

The crop reports from the West are the most important rumours in the Canadian ear just now. Rain is needed in about twenty districts, according to C.P.R. accounts, but as yet no damage has been done. In the majority of sections the needed rains have fallen plentifully and the grain, if slightly late, is shooting up apace. Winnipeg authorities declare that all fear of a poor crop is past if occasional showers come to help the sun. This week the crop report professionals are expected to send in the climax of a big wheat yield for the present year. The report of the crop conditions along the line of the C.P.R. in Alberta and western Saskatchewan indicates a record growth. Since April 29, the opening of navigation, the shipments of wheat from the Port Arthur and Fort William elevators have amounted to over sixteen million bushels. It is expected that by the close of this week the British-American elevator will have shipped two million bushels as a fortnight's undertaking.

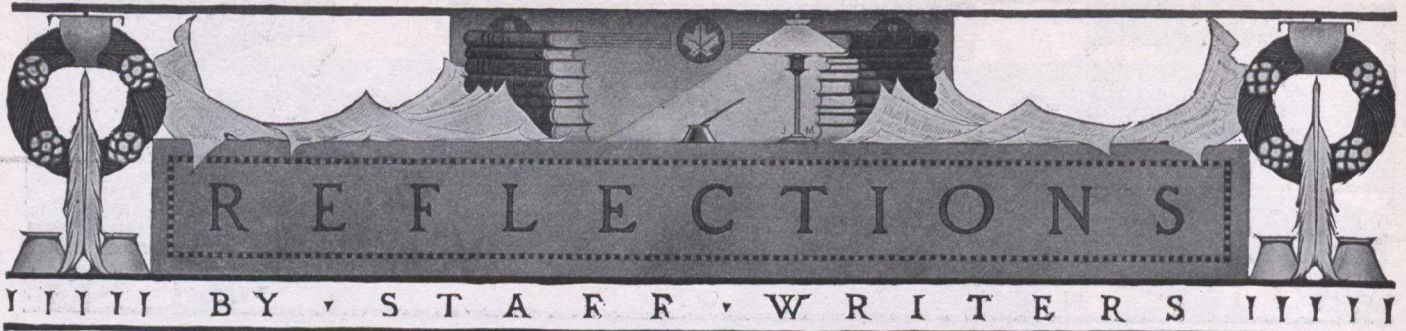
The central cities and towns of Canada are holding early exhibitions. Portage la Prairie opened a fair on the 10th with a first day's attendance of six thousand and brought the event to a successful conclusion. The Winnipeg Industrial Exhibition has been going on with encouraging attendance from all points. New buildings have been erected for the accommodation of exhibits and great crowds of Western visitors have been interested. In Ontario also a gala time is looked forward to at Ottawa this week when the great reunion of the old residents of the Ottawa Valley is being held. The athletic and aquatic attractions of this carnival will make it one of the sporting events of the season.

Word has been received of the arrival of the All-Canadian lacrosse team in Honolulu where they spent a delightful day before resuming their journey to Australia. We have not known enough about the great Commonwealth in the Pacific and one excellent way to form acquaintanceships which will cement the Empire is to send these young athletes to visit sister colonies. In the meanwhile an Australian visitor, Hon. Thomas Bent, Premier of Victoria, has been visiting Canada with the laudable object of seeing the Dominion's wheels go round and finding out what Canada is planning for the next decade or so. The Canadian finds the Man from Australia of closer kin than either the Englishman or the United Stateser.

It was extremely fitting that the first honorary member of the Canadian Club of Halifax should be President Falconer. He was a vice-president of the organisation and at the farewell luncheon tendered him last week was presented with this honour and an engrossed copy of the resolution. The resolution was moved by Mr. D. Macgillivray and Ald. Jos. A. Chisholm.



Sir Gilbert Parker.



REFLECTIONS

IIII BY STAFF WRITERS IIII

IF this practice of fining people who speak ill of the country is to be extended to cover all the critics there is likely to be trouble. There is the editor of the Toronto "Mail and Empire"—he ought to be fined regularly every day. He has been speaking ill of our leading statesmen regularly ever since that fateful day in June, 1896 when his party went down to defeat. There is that expressive and aggressive paper the Halifax "Herald" which says things along the same line. The other day it was up in court for libel but the judge dismissed the case. The people at Ottawa who are to impose the fines might start with Mr. Dennis, notwithstanding that the judges declared in his favour. Then there is the editor of the Fredericton "Gleaner," and Brother Richardson of the Winnipeg "Tribune," and a number of other wicked chaps. Even the editor of the Canadian Courier has said some things, which might reasonably be included in the same category.

What a pity this rule had not been imported from Germany before Mr. Stratton and Mr. Ross left the Ontario government? What a fine they could have imposed on Mr. Macdonald of the Toronto Globe for that memorable "barnacle" editorial! The fine would have eaten up all the increase in salary which that editorial brought him.

About a dozen British journalists arrived last week and some more are on the way. If these gentlemen do not say this is the finest country on earth, with the best equipped railways, the most honest politicians, the finest newspapers, and the greatest natural resources in the world—have them fined. If one of them dares to say that protection is not a good thing for Canada, the fine should be very heavy, one-half to go to the Liberal campaign fund and one-half to the Conservative campaign fund. In this case, the Canadian Manufacturers' Association will undertake to collect the fines for a commission of five per cent.

The idea is a splendid one. Down with the critic and the plain-speaker! !

WHEN Mr. Morang undertook to give us a set of biographies under the general title of "Makers of Canada," every patriot not wholly concerned with money-making rejoiced with exceeding great joy. Mr. Morang was known as a daring and enterprising publisher. It was learned that he had the sympathy of a goodly number of Canadian scholars and had secured a corps of able editors. His presentation of Wilison's "Laurier" had set a new style in Canadian book-making. Consequently many of these patriots believed that a new era in Canadian literature had dawned.

The series is almost complete and one must confess to a measure of disappointment. It may be that the publisher attempted a task beyond his powers; it may be that when he got to the selling part of his undertaking he did not meet with the support which he had expected; or it may be that his editorial staff were men more accustomed to the smell of the study-lamp than to keeping a public audience awake. Whatever the defect, the books have not proved popular. This is an unfortunate circumstance because so much good intention and so much excellent work deserved a wider appreciation.

There is one criticism which may be afforded here. The volume by Stephen Leacock, entitled "Baldwin, Lafontaine, Hincks" is not biography. The author distinctly says in his preface that it is intended to be an essay on "Responsible Government." Mr. Morang promised us entertaining biography; Mr. Morang gives us constitutional essays. He ought to have known that Stubbs is not quite so popular an author as Justin McCarthy, and that "The United Kingdom" by Professor Goldwin Smith was not a popular success. Either Mr. Morang's promises were misleading, or his authors and his editors caused him to change his mind. What occurred in connection with the Leacock book occurred with several of the others; hence the whole series is political history rather than pure biography.

The books have great value. They are splendid works of reference. They should be in every public and educational library in the country. Nevertheless, they cannot be as popular as they would have been had the original aim been adhered to more closely and the personal element emphasised.

WAS there ever an age since the earth began to cool when there was so much talk of nerves and worry as we hear and read at the present day? One of the most distinguished young medical scientists in England has just concluded a series of addresses on "Worry: the Disease of the Age." The nerve specialists on this continent have become millionaires, with automobiles and country residences to burn. But here is a curious circumstance! Mrs. Eddy, who believes in neither nerves nor worry, and to whom matter is a myth, has also laid up for herself treasures on earth although she cannot entirely rid herself of such a substantial occurrence as litigation. Worry, its absence and its cure, are among the themes of every "quiet corner" in a Saturday paper. We hear about it from the pulpit on Sunday, the advice "don't worry" glares at us in red characters from post cards and blotters, while lofty sentiments beautifully printed on a dull grey background entreat us to remain calm and let the others struggle.

A good deal of this agitation and adjuration must surely be wasted. Worry is an exercise in which certain people take a contrary sort of pleasure, and without which they would be positively lonely. To cure them of worry would be an act of unkindness. Fussing is as natural to Martha as spiritual discernment is to Mary. Why disturb the worriers and try to quell them into gentle restfulness? Let them fret their righteous souls out in being careful over many things, for it is their way of getting the most out of life and no doubt they are happier than they look.

FEW public men have received greater tributes than Sir Wilfrid Laurier received in Quebec, Montreal and Ottawa on his return from Great Britain. Both Liberals and Conservatives joined in welcoming home, not a party chief, but a great Canadian. He has served his country well and deserved this high tribute.

Even if Sir Wilfrid were, by a turn of fate and the decision of the Canadian people, to become the leader of

an Opposition instead of premier he would undoubtedly retain his great popularity. He has not pleased all his friends in Quebec, nor all his friends in the other provinces. He has, however, shown great skill in leadership, wonderful fairness in dealing with the different races and religions and splendid statesmanship in his handling of Canada's diplomatic relations with the Empire and foreign countries.

His "All-Red Line" scheme may be more or less chimerical and visionary, his cabinet may sadly need reconstruction, his general policy may be sorely in need of revision, but personally the man remains high in public estimation. His name will live when men noted for looseness of morality and imbecility in political methods have been entirely eradicated from the public memory. Public monuments will be erected to preserve his memory and history will record his wonderful qualities—all because he is personally conspicuous for all those qualities which men and women openly admire and reverence.

One can but express the regret that his followers in parliament fall so far below him in many of the qualities which he so abundantly possesses.

PROSPERITY hath its troubles, as Canadian manufacturers and other users of capital are discovering. Money remains a very scarce commodity just now. Not for the wage earner whose cash is forthcoming once

THE PINCH OF PROSPERITY

a week and whose wages have increased 27 per cent. in five years. Not for the man whose wealth is in bonds and real estate, since dividends and rent are regularly paid in good coin of the realm. Only is cash scarce for the merchant who wants advances or loans, for the developers of mines and timber limits and for the manufacturer whose business is increasing faster than his capital.

The deposits in the banks are slowly increasing, and this money is passing out again in loans either "call" or "current." In the month of June "call" loans increased by twenty millions, showing that the banks found it necessary to come to the aid of the brokers and larger holders of listed stocks. The stock market has to be bolstered up occasionally, and June was a genuine bolstering month. During the same period "call" loans made by Canadian banks in New York in-

creased three millions. General or "current" loans, on the other hand, increased only two millions, so that the manufacturing and other industries were not so highly favoured by the bankers as were the brokers and financiers.

This financial pinch is likely to have a serious effect on expenditures which may be classed as "non-dividend producers." In other words, the amount of money spent on luxuries and public works of one kind or another is likely to be seriously curtailed. This will not be an unmixed evil.

THE work done among the young men of the country by means of Canadian Clubs is being recognised by the public in a hearty and friendly fashion. One of their best features is negative—the absence of party politics. Their work is to unite and therefore to strengthen. **THE NATIONAL COUNCIL** Another organisation, which is holding its annual meeting this week, has worked faithfully in the same direction. The National Council of Women, now holding its deliberations in Vancouver, has worked during the last fourteen years, quietly and enduringly towards uniting all women's societies in the country in such a manner that their combined action shall have the utmost effectiveness. The "fussy female," who desires all manner of impracticable "reforms" to be brought about with the maximum of noise, finds herself out-of-place and not-at-home in the National Council. Aside from the legislative good that will probably be accomplished this week, the mere coming together in one of our most alert Western cities of women from all parts of this Dominion must have a broadening effect upon feminine sympathies and therefore upon home life, which is the very heart of national movements. The press of the country has shown itself in cordial sympathy with the aims of the Council and the various towns along the route have extended a hospitality that will be an abiding memory. One of the important matters to be discussed is a protest from the North-West and Ottawa local councils against immigrants allowing their families to be brought into Canada in winter without some certainty of means of support upon their arrival. The members of this representative body are practical and intelligent women who have done and are doing work of the truest patriotism.

Nova Scotia's Aloofness

BY THE EDITOR

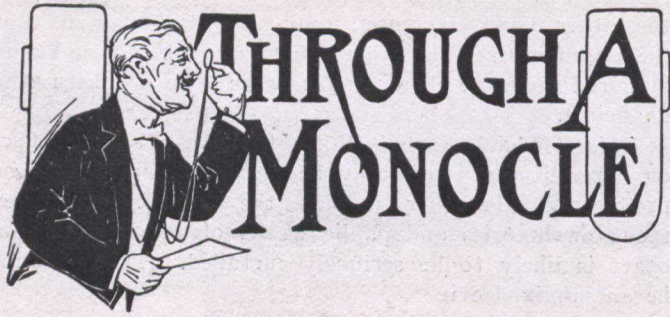
Reports have come to me from time to time that the Nova Scotia people do not consider that I am sympathetic with that province, and that I occasionally assume a rather critical attitude towards it and its people. It is a small matter, in truth, since even if the case were as stated, my criticism could do little harm, if without justification.

May I be allowed to state that I am not conscious of any lack of friendly feeling towards any province in the Dominion, least of all Nova Scotia. Within the boundaries of that province, while it was yet an independent colony under the British crown, she to whom I owe most in this world, first breathed the breath of life. In that colony she learned the Gaelic words which were to her the native tongue. Because of this I have twice traversed that province from Sydney to Yarmouth, with a feeling that here was a land with which I had a relation such as many Canadians born of British parents recognise in visiting Great Britain. But let that pass!

Nova Scotia has seemed to nurse a grievance against the rest of Canada, and especially against Ontario. The words of President Falconer before the Halifax Canadian Club, on Thursday of last week, express this concisely. He remarked: "Nova Scotia has felt itself cut off. In some measure she has been to blame, for she held aloof, feeling slighted at times like the poor relation in the family." She felt that the great sacrifices she had made for Confederation, so aptly described by Mr. Willison in his Halifax address last winter (and printed in The Canadian Courier), were not fully appreciated. As a matter of fact, every public man in Ontario, politician or business man, has been anxious to see the Maritime Provinces develop and prosper. The merchants of Ontario have always supported any movement looking to the development of trade with the West Indies and to the making of St. John and Halifax, instead of Portland, the winter port of Canada. Her scholars and her public men have received a welcome in the Universities and the business institutions of the West. Three of her brilliant sons have been given positions as University presidents in Ontario. There is no jealousy of Nova Scotia outside of the Maritime Provinces themselves.

The day should have gone by for such discussions as these. The prosperity of every province is essential to the general prosperity of the Dominion. Cut off the Atlantic seaboard and we would indeed be a truncated nation. It would be the same if the Pacific Coast were detached. Without the wheat, butter, cheese and other products of the interior, the harbours on both coasts would be empty of shipping. There will always be family criticism among the provinces, and as long as it is not mixed with ill-will, it will do more good than harm.

Personally, I believe I have never made a hostile criticism of that portion of the Dominion. For several years I have been an ardent advocate of Maritime Union, believing that the three provinces would make more rapid progress under one government. If that be a sin, then I am content to remain a sinner.



SIR WILFRID LAURIER is back again in capital health, with the All-Red line as his uppermost topic, and talking about appealing to the people "before very long." His ability to thrive on the succession of banquets which were served up to him in England, should gain for him the title of our Grand Old Digester; though it is, of course, to be remembered that he has had a holiday—and a rough sea voyage—since. His return in "good health" will be very welcome news to the Canadian people who will recall that, when he came back from his last visit to England, everyone who saw him was shocked by the evident signs of ill-health on his face. Many felt that his hour had come. But he recovered. The strain of parliamentary life and the rough-and-tumble of an election seem to be the medicines on which he thrives. Success is to him an elixir. And he is already talking of another success in "the near future." Certainly his opening remarks will not banish the popular impression that we are in for a general election this autumn.

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The welcome to Laurier—although a section of the Conservative press laboured hard to make a party triumph for him—was genuinely national. He must be a very bitter partisan who is not proud of this eloquent and statesmanlike son of Canada who has risen to easily the most commanding position in the Colonial Empire of Britain. To-day he is the greatest living Canadian. Against this, there can hardly be a protest. But is it not equally true that he is the greatest living Colonial? South Africa might have entered a competitor if Cecil Rhodes had lived. "Dick" Seddon of New Zealand was a big figure, but he has recently gone. Australia has no great figure to present who has been long enough in the public eye to command its homage. Sir Wilfrid is the natural leader of such a Conference as that which he has recently attended, and he performed there his natural duty. Its deliberations were guided by the great Canadian, and a Canadian-born subject—Lord Elgin—sat in the chair.

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He will find things in Canada much in the same place as he left them—except Henri Bourassa. And he would have been disappointed to find that his friend, Henri, had taken no exercise since he went away. If it be definitely discovered that Mr. Bourassa has left Ottawa for good and decided to devote his talents to Quebec local politics, it is quite possible that Sir Wilfrid will be prepared to put up with the loneliness which will follow at the Federal Capital. Bourassa was his most effective critic. It was Bourassa who was doing him the most real harm. Hence Bourassa can be spared. Sir Wilfrid will find, too, that a lot of Cabinet timber has been grown in Ontario since he last saw that "neck of the woods." Several likely saplings are in plain view whenever they can manage it. The House of Commons delegation has been looking itself over with approval, and even the Civil Service has begun to stir. But when Sir Wilfrid starts out to gather any of it, he need not bother with an axe. A sickle will do.

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In one respect, however, Sir Wilfrid is not to be envied. He is a member of that sad army who have had their holidays. We are not yet through with July; and

yet many a bright young brow is clouded and many a brave heart bowed down with the consciousness that the holidays are over for this year, and the next holiday-time lies away on the other side of winter. Oh! this is when the August holiday-makers gloat. During fervid July, it was pretty hard to see other people packing up their outing things and hieing jubilantly away by train or boat to enjoy the sea breezes or the mountain airs, while we of the August contingent must stick to our hum-drum tasks and keep the world going for other prisoners who could not go and live with nature—and the hotel clerk. But now we have our revenge. The other people are back; and it is still hot. We have been tasting anticipation for a month; and now we are off to feast on the real thing. "Feast" is here used figuratively. The "feasting" one does on his holidays is usually confined to badly cooked meat sent up from the city, home-made bread constructed by an amateur, fresh fruit when the children find any in the woods, fresh fish if you catch it, fresh vegetables which will not sell in town, and fresh eggs which the neighbouring farmers have been saving since Easter.

* * *

Still holidays are fine things. They give us a change—even in the bill-of-fare. I am in favour of holidays which furnish the greatest possible change. Personally I want my holidays among people who do not know anything about Canadian politics. To sit out on a broad veranda with the cooling breezes blowing across it and the summer lake lying shimmering in the sun; and then have some one break in with—"Oh! Mr. Monocle, now what do you think will come out of the All-Red line scheme?" or "I want to tell you, Mr. Monocle, what I think about that Emmerson business," is to blot out the summer scene and carry me back to my desk in the city as on a magic carpet. But, of course, one man's work is another man's recreation. Possibly it is the condition of the stock market you wish to escape; and Ruralhurst-by-the-Meadow will do that for you better than Broadway-by-the-Sea. I like to be alone in a great crowd of strange people; for I have a passion for humanity. Other people want to rough it in the loneliest wilderness; and that is what they should do on their holidays. No man can prescribe another man's holidays. But every man should take them. As some one has said, we can do a year's work in eleven months, but not in twelve. And it is equally true that we can do a week's work in six days, but not in seven. I venture to think that we would do it even better in five or five and a half.



LAURIER, THE MASCOT.

Drawn by J. W. Bengough.



A GASOLINE EXPLOSION ON A PLEASURE YACHT

This occurred on Mr. Aemilius Jarvis' Sitarah, lying in the Yonge St. Slip, Toronto—Firemen trying to Extinguish Fire after the Explosion.

The Gospel of Swimming

NOT long ago a Coroner in Canada was taking evidence in a drowning fatality in which contributory negligence on the part of others was alleged. A friend of the drowned man had sat within a stone's throw of the victim, watching his struggles but unable to lend assistance because he could not swim.

"Why couldn't you swim?" was the Coroner's terse but emphatic comment.

Why, indeed, could he not swim, and why cannot the thousands of other young men and women who daily go boating and bathing at this season, swim? It is certainly not for lack of opportunity in this land of lakes and rivers. We may not all live in centres where there are swimming baths and instructors, but it is as true to-day as ever it was, that where there's a will there's a way and wonders may often be accomplished in the old swimming hole with the assistance of a friend.

In this matter of swimming we are a very bad second to the average Englishman. It is the exception to find an Englishman who is not a fairly good swimmer, while the condition is almost reversed among Canadians. The Englishman's proficiency is probably due to a natural love for the water which is comparatively rare among Canadians, but his taste in this direction is encouraged and stimulated by the training he receives in the public schools. In addition to public swimming baths in all the large centres, swimming is taught in most of the schools as a part of the regular course and competitions between the schools are frequent.

What England has done and is doing in this regard might well be emulated in Canada—indeed it is wonderful how we can refrain for so long from taking such a simple and practical course to reduce the summer drowning death list. For the gospel of swimming is of supreme importance to all who spend their summers near the water.

All of which reminds us of the story of the college graduate who went out boating with an old sailor who had spent his life on the water.

"Do you know algebra?" began the college man.

"No," said the sailor man.

"Do you know astronomy?" pursued the student.

A second negative.

"Do you know physics?"

For the third time the tar was obliged to confess his ignorance.

"Then you have lost three quarters of your life," remarked he of the books.

Then it was the sailor's turn.

"Do you see that cloud over there," pointing to a rapidly increasing shadow on the horizon.

"Yes," observed the college man.

"Can you swim?"

"No."

"Then you have lost all of your life," observed the sailor man, as he hustled about preparing for the storm that his practised eye told him was about to descend.



Scotch Boys' Brigade.—Maintained in connection with St. Stephen's Church, St. John, N.B., the only self-sustaining organisation of its kind in Canada.

Photo by E. P. Jellicoe, St. John.

The Attic

By ELIZABETH ROBERTS MacDONALD.

A WINDING stairway leads to the old rectory attic. Above the stairway is a sky-light, and above the sky-light a great elm stretches one protecting arm, outlined these many years, by sunlight and moonlight, against the beginnings of an infinite space.

How many and what marvellous dreams have been dreamt in that roomy attic; to what darling castles-in-the-air has it been the corridor; and how often, when callers were many in the drawing-room, has it served for the younger members of the household as a secure retreat!

There are long dark closets under the ample eaves, admirably adapted for hiding-places in time of siege! Strange and blood-curdling sounds sometimes came from those dark closets, oftenest when some-one was holding us spell-bound with a thrilling ghost-story. If we were too absorbed to notice at first the absence of one of our number, the groans and knocks added greatly to the ef-

came absorbed in work until the required sonnet, rondeau, or prose sketch was ready. Or sometimes, if a very especial effort was to be made, a day was appointed for meeting and reading the results of that most friendly competition. It was a fascinating occupation, and whether the sun shone on the green boughs and lawn that our study window looked upon or the rain made drowsy music on the sloping roofs of the closets, time fled unheeded when a tournament was in progress under the roof-tree of the old brick house.

It was while these memories were "thick as a swarm of bees" in my mind that I picked up one of my favourite magazines and came across the following surprising words:

"Modern lives have no attics, any more than modern houses. They haven't the space to spare."

At once my mind reverted to another quotation—"the attic is the brain of a house"—and I wondered for a moment if it could be possible that brains were getting crowded out of modern existence; if people were really not taking time or room to think. But a more careful



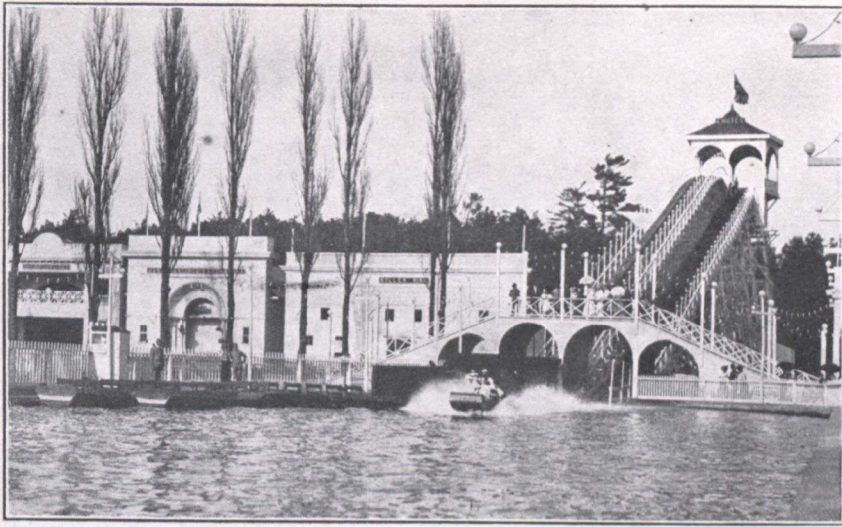
Scene of the Disaster at London, Ontario, where three buildings collapsed on July 16th, causing the loss of seven lives.

fect of the narrative; but as a rule a dusty youth was soon dragged out of his retreat, and a general cushion-fight ensued.

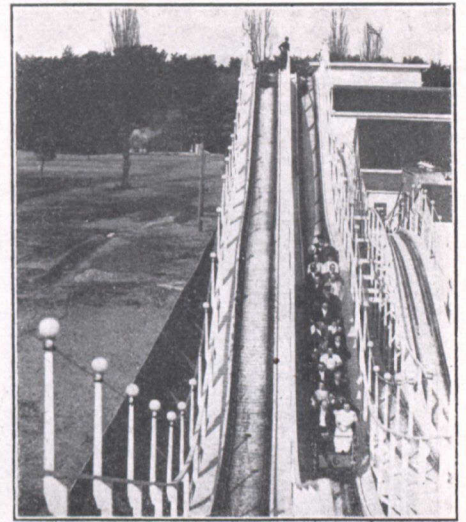
Most of the favourite pursuits of a large group of active-minded young people (for the friends of the family shared with them their love for this resort) were represented in the attic—most, perhaps, in the room known as "the attic study." There were the cases of minerals and birds' eggs that told of long rambles and pleasant studies; here, hung on the walls, the paddles and snowshoes that, each in their season, were so often in use, here the tiny old melodeon, sweet-toned in spite of age and a Hamlet-like scantiness of breath; here the favourite pictures, the writing-table, and the shelves on shelves of books.

"Tournaments" formed one of the most frequent amusements of the habitues of the attic study. Subject and form of composition were chosen by vote from a number of suggestions, and then the whole party be-

reading showed that it was rather memory, and the treasuring of things past that were referred to, and then it seemed to me that one little word was needed to make the epigram even approximately true. If it had read "modern city houses" there would have been more to support the assertion. No house of any size in the country or the country-town is complete without its attic; still less, I think, is any life in any place whatever! The treasures of memory and the joys of the present do not conflict; rather, indeed, does one enhance the other; and the delight with which we look back to all innocent pleasure makes us more anxious that what is now the present enjoyment should some day be seen in the glow of that same tender and beautiful regard. The future, too, is so spun from the past; hope and memory are so closely bound in an immortal kinship, that no dream of coming days is complete without its promise of unbroken friendships and of familiar happiness continued.



Shoot-the-Chutes, Scarboro Beach



Going down big incline on Scenic Railway

The New White Cities

IN no direction has the wonderful prosperity enjoyed by the people of the American continent during the few years of the present century been more strikingly manifested than in the manner in which they have sought out new forms of amusement and recreation. The demand for new sensations has been so great that theatrical managers and other caterers to popular taste have been compelled to exercise the utmost ingenuity to keep pace with the ever changing desires of the multitude and to provide forms of amusement that will suit the palates of all classes. The task has been less difficult because of the willingness of the American people to spend their money freely if given any semblance of a satisfactory return and in this way the question of expense has not militated against the solution of the problem of providing amusement. On the other hand, the American public has an innate abhorrence of "fakes" and "confidence games," with an intense hatred of the idea of being fooled out of their money. This has compelled a strict adherence on the part of amusement promoters to strictly legitimate enterprises that give the pleasure seeker a good return for his money, that serve to maintain a high standard of attractions in pleasure resorts and that tend to keep public parks free from the undesirable element of the population.

The demand for summer amusements was left unsatisfied for many years and it was not until within the past decade that any attempt was made to meet it. The manner in which the great amusement parks of the present day are patronised indicates very clearly what the desires of the people were, but for a long time theatrical and amusement men sought to satisfy these wishes with summer theatres, roof gardens and other similar devices that provided little of what was really wanted. The real desire was for a chance to "blow off steam," to get out from the city and become a boy again, to feel the exhilaration of clean, pure air and to enjoy to the full the wholesome recreations that nature requires for wearied mankind.

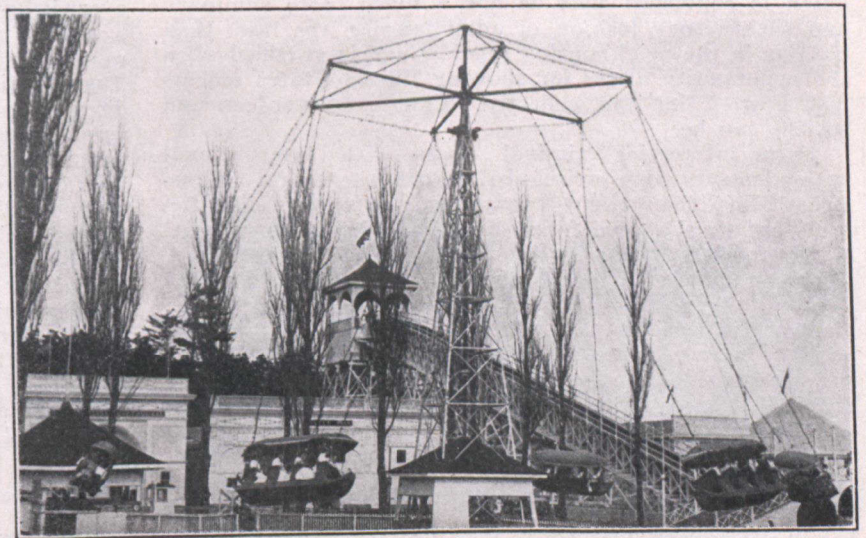
It was not until 1903, however, that a move was made to establish a public resort along the lines of the now famous "white cities." In that year Luna Park at Coney Island was opened by Thompson and Dundy, being the first amusement park established where an admission fee was charged at the gate. Its success was instantaneous, and the following year, 1904, saw the construction of Dreamland, a rival establishment on Coney Island. Then came the White City at Savin Park, New Hampshire, and in the following year similar parks sprung up all over the country.

Mr. H. A. Dorsey, president of the Toronto Park Co., was quick to perceive the success with which the new idea had caught the popular fancy. He had been interested in musical enterprises and being in touch with public taste, at once began the erection of Wonderlands in Milwaukee and Minneapolis, both of which were very successful. Then he turned his attention to Montreal and decided to place a similar attraction there with the result that Dominion Park was opened on June 2nd, 1906. Its success had never been equalled in the history of park ventures. For two days the gates were literally besieged and it was impossible to sell tickets fast enough to accommodate the people. This success brought Mr. Dorsey to Toronto and early this spring the old House of Providence Farm, between Leuty and Howard Avenues and south of Queen St., running to the lake shore, was purchased. Owing to delay in the transfer caused by the city's hesitating policy in regard to the property, an enormous staff of men was required to effect the transformation that has occurred in so short a time. There now stands, in place of the pastoral scene that was presented to the visitor last year, when the Sisters of St. Joseph tended their gardens and fed their flocks, one of the most complete and best appointed amusement parks to be found on the continent, with a variety of points of excellence that place it far and beyond any fear of rivalry.

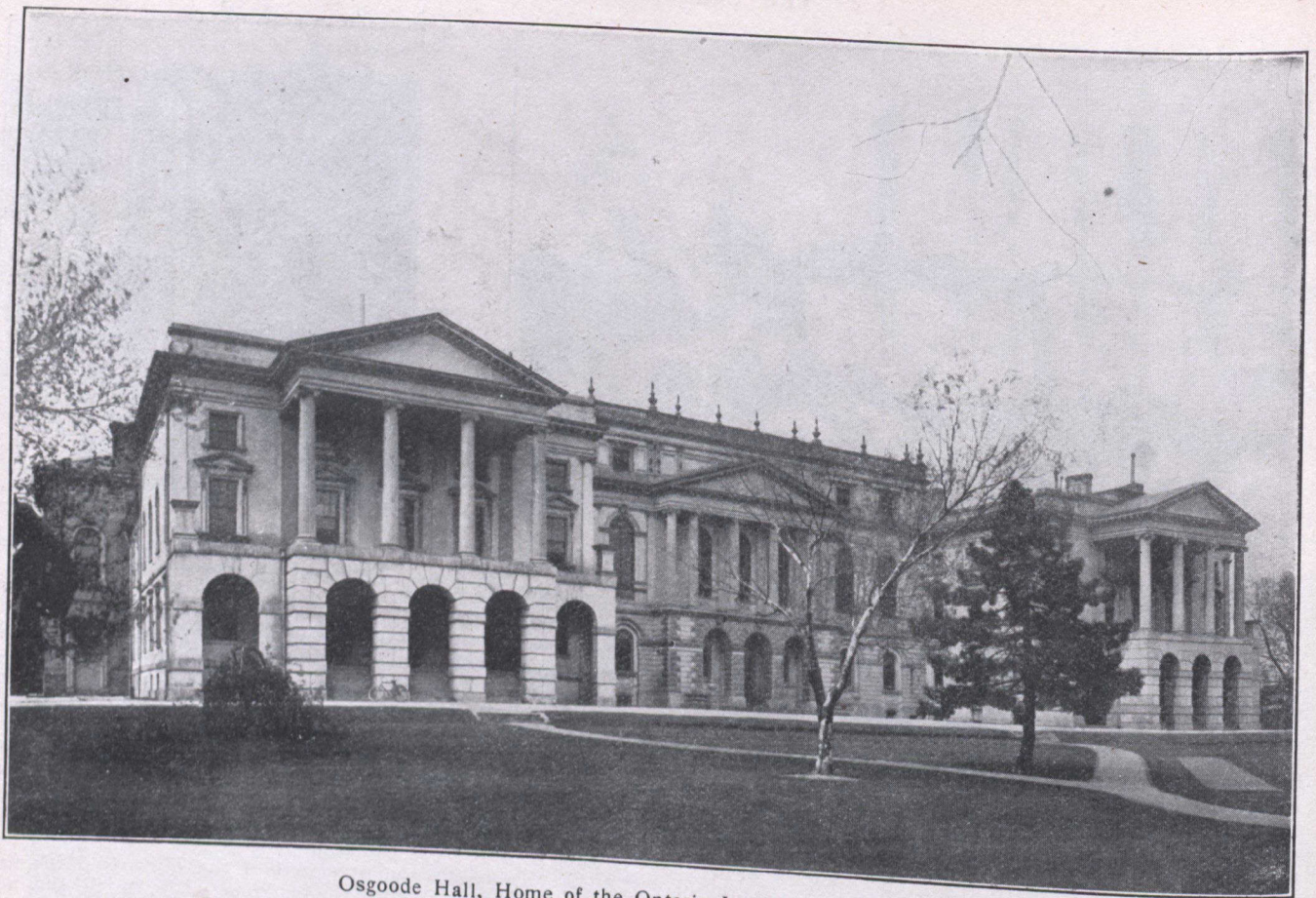
The accompanying photographs show some of the features of Scarborough Beach, and also indicate the general character of these "White Cities."



Electric Tower



Having a swing and car-ride combined



Osgoode Hall, Home of the Ontario Law Courts, Toronto.

Fugacious Foreigners

CANADIANS like to think that their administration of justice, whether in the orderly East or the vigorous West, is equal to that of any other civilised community. Lynch law has had so little vogue in Canada that it can hardly be said to have been tried as a penal resort. Hysteria over a picturesque criminal was perhaps most conspicuous in connection with the murderer Birchall, whose education at an English university and Chesterfieldian culture gave his gallows termination unusual interest. But as a rule, Canadian women cannot be accused of making a hero of the wife-murderer or of sending flowers and fruit to the incendiary.

The Canadian sheriff is usually a canny official from whom escape is no easy matter. To get away from this authority or to take French leave of a Canadian prison is no child's undertaking and the escaped criminal is not likely to find public sympathy on his side. Especially do Canadians pride themselves on dealing sans sentiment with such of Uncle Sam's law-breaking gentry as cross the Great Lakes in search of a hiding-place. Extradition is a process in which the Canadian has an abiding belief and he is usually more than willing to don an official air and hold the runaway until the U. S. authorities can come up and claim their own. The Canadian is convinced that he has a much more summary and satisfactory fashion of administering the law than obtains in the neighbouring republic and is gratified when the opportunity arises for showing United States officers just how calm and collected Canadian wardens and sheriffs can be.

Some interesting criminal cases with international entanglements have arisen to disturb the course of justice. More than twenty years ago, an enterprising Detroit citizen shot and killed his wife on a Windsor boat. A nice question arose as to where he should be tried. A Michigan murder trial meant roses and oranges for the accused, much feminine sympathy and a light sentence. An Ontario trial, on the other hand, meant cold justice, with a due regard to deterring similarly-disposed gentlemen from rifle-practice on Canadian steamers. The criminal, Phipps by name, was sent to Canada for trial and was condemned to be hanged. But he escaped from Sandwich jail and the Michigan authorities laughed loudly at Canadian locksmiths. However, Phipps was caught in Chicago and sent back to Sandwich. On the eve of his execution, threats were uttered against British officials and an attempt was made to rescue the

languishing criminal. However, Phipps suffered the extreme penalty of the law and Ontario felt that she had vindicated her reputation as a law-abiding province.

There was that little affair of Gaynor and Greene, the Savannah grafters who resided in Quebec for some time and found the Ancient Capital a picturesque and hospitable rest cure. Canadian justice did not figure very creditably in that case, but what would you? The foreign criminals were wealthy, they had pocketed millions of other people's money and one of them had a pretty wife. Therefore, the law delayed in unconscionable fashion, while the distinguished strangers shed smiles and compliments on their hosts perforce and declared that Canada is a land worth flying to. Washington became quite impatient for their return and was obliged to send repeated hurry calls to Ottawa.

Within the last month Ontario has had a harrowing experience with a wealthy brewer from Syracuse, N.Y., against whom there was a charge of attempted arson and also a charge of perjury. Mr. Herman Bartels, the fleeing brewer, came on a little trip to Toronto and on July 4th walked out of Osgoode Hall, where proceedings for his extradition were in progress and eluded the officer who had him in charge. Probably the date had an overwhelming effect on the prisoner. Who could expect a citizen of the land of the free and the fire-cracker to remain in British custody on the fourth of July? Mr. Justice Riddell declared the escape of Bartels to be a disgrace to Canadian justice and the Government offered three hundred dollars for the capture of the departed Syracusan. For eleven days Bartels dodged from boarding-house to flat and was finally traced by Detectives Moffatt and Anderson by means of certain deadly weapon than a toothbrush.

But Mr. Justice Riddell is away on the other side of the Dominion, enjoying a holiday on the Pacific Coast. Hence extradition proceedings may be delayed for two months. However, the man who snapped his Teutonic fingers at Canadian law and showed undue haste to leave the classic precincts of Osgoode Hall is not to go unpunished. He was sentenced in the Toronto court on July 16th to ninety days at hard labour in the common jail, under the uncommon care of an ex-President of the Methodist Conference. But straightway the sentenced Bartels became a sufferer from nervous prostration and has found it necessary to take a holiday in the hospital.



General View of Barracks of Royal North-West Mounted Police, Regina.

Regina is the headquarters of one of the finest semi-military forces in the world, the Royal North-West Mounted Police. At the barracks, situated a short distance to the west of the city, are found all the features of army life—the administrative offices, the quarters of officers and men, the parade ground, the canteen, the guard house and other typical buildings. In the guard house are confined the prisoners which have been taken by the police on their various expeditions. It was from one of the windows of this small frame building that Louis Riel, the famous rebel, stepped on to the gallows to be executed.

The Royal North-West Mounted Police is a force that has attracted great interest from the time of its establishment in 1873. The first commissioner was General French, who, afterwards, assumed command of the Australian military forces. The chief officers of the police are the commissioner,—A. Bowen Perry holds that position at present, assistant commissioner, superintendents and inspectors. There are branch quarters at many places in the West, including Prince Albert, Fort Churchill, Calgary and other points. There are also two stations in the Yukon. The total number of men in the force at present is about seven hundred. The qualifications for enlisting are simple,—there is an age limit of from eighteen to forty years, and all applicants must be of good character, and also good horsemen. The pay is sixty cents a day with rations and uniform, and it increases with promotion until the maximum rate of \$1.75 is reached. Service for twenty years is rewarded with a pension.

Royal North-West Mounted Police

“A TOWN HALL?” “Certainly we must have a town hall just as soon as we can build it.” “And now that we’re incorporated we’ll need a chief of police. We’ll have to write to the divisional superintendent to recommend a good man. Pretty sure thing that some of the men will be taking their discharges soon. An ex-Mounted Policeman will about do us.”

This is a section of a typical debate in a typical newly-incorporated village in the West; and the Legislatures of Saskatchewan and Alberta have incorporated them by the dozen at last winter’s sessions. It is true that a Mounted Policeman’s warrant runs in any municipality, but he may not be stationed within its borders, and even if he is he may be ordered on duty miles away. For this reason, and because of local patriotism, the villages, towns and cities of the West prefer to have their own local forces under their own supervision. When possible they engage a time-expired Mounted Policeman. He knows the West and its people. He has not to go through the tenderfoot’s course of sprouts which the most highly recommended Eastern officer, imported to assume the chiefship, would perforce be compelled to undergo. Moreover, he will have the benefit of the acquaintance of his former superiors in “the Force,” and they can do him many a good turn in the way of rounding up and returning evil doers who may happen to be “wanted” by himself or his subordinates. And—which is more important than anything else—he is a Westerner, intending to live and die on the prairie and immune from the bacillus of homesickness which attacks many a former Easterner who has gone to live in a small municipality in the West. So virulent do the attacks of this organism sometimes become that the man from the other side of the Great Lakes packs up his traps and takes the first train back to the Ontario or Quebec city whence he hailed. “Cold feet,” remark the Westerners. It may be. Also it may be described as genuine yearning for crowded streets, roaring trolleys, city smoke and city sights. The returning farmer or farm-hand is almost non-existent. Not so the man who has gone west to one of these small places. But even he is a rare bird. Some of him have been chiefs of police. Most of these latter officials, though, are ex-Mounted Policemen.

Fairly strenuous is the life of the Mounted Policeman

when stationed in one of these little places. The stories of whiskey smugglers, of pursuits of Indian horse-thieves, of sixty-day expeditions on relief service are many and are admirable. But the day’s work of the solitary constable in the village of four or five hundred is full enough of incident to satisfy anybody but a magazine writer. He is responsible for the peace of the community and he is responsible to a divisional superintendent who may be two hundred miles away. He has to be his own adviser and he has to take good care that he does not exceed his instructions. Moreover, he must furnish a daily report to divisional headquarters. He is not one of your picturesque “Riders of the Plains.” He is a patroller of the main street and a visitor—uninvited—when any daring newcomer opens up a “tough joint.”

Some of these detailed constables swing a graphic pen in their reports, and it is all the more graphic because the purple patches of its English prose are like the purple prairie anemone—perfectly natural. For instance, here is the report—copied from the official record—of one Constable Jackes concerning a robbery near Prince Albert last autumn.

“Hearing from Rev. Mr. Strine that a gold watch and some jewellery had been stolen from his house in the village, I proceeded, mounted, two miles out of town to James’ farm, where I recognised in a threshing



A manoeuvre in the daily drill.



Signing a Mounted Policeman's Report.

It is still the custom in some parts of the West for the Police to call on settlers to receive complaints and reports.

From the Painting by Paul Wickson

crew an unknown man I had seen in the village two days ago. He refused to let me see his valise, which was in the barn. I then arrested him and while doing so one of the threshing crew tried to stampede my horse, which was standing, by striking it with a quist. The horse, of course, moved only a few steps. (Mounted police horses are pretty well trained.) I then arrested the second man and handcuffed him to the first. By this time the farmer was on the scene and I sent him for the valise. In it I found the watch and jewellery. I walked the prisoners to the village lock-up before me, and will send them to Prince Albert on the arrival of an escort."

Now, here's another interesting case; a report, dated from Estevan, July 31st of last year. "Re G. W. Harris having a loaded pistol in his possession when arrested":

"Last night about 9.45 Sergt. Lett arrested G. W. Harris of New York State for drunk and disorderly conduct, and when I went to make the arrest he said, 'I'll show you you can't arrest me.' He then made a pass for his hip. Sergt. Lett grabbed him and threw him bodily on the platform and took a 38 calibre bulldog revolver loaded in all six chambers from the accused, who appeared this morning before Messrs. P. C. Duncan and M. King, J.P.'s, who fined him \$50 and costs or 90 days' hard labour in the Regina guard-room. The court ordered the pistol to be destroyed and handed over to the municipal authorities of Estevan, which was

done. Receipt attached. Case concluded. (Signed) Hy. Lett, Sergt."

It will be observed that "Hy. Lett, Sergt.," leaves a considerable gap in his narrative. After he had given the bellicose Mr. Harris a hammerlock and downed him there are no further details—save the confiscation of the revolver—until the "bad man" from New York appeared before the Magistrates the next morning. Doubtless the Sergeant's reasoning was "This fellow had to be arrested. He was arrested. Why recount an ordinary case like this? He got what he wanted when he came kerflip on those hard boards." Good for the Sergeant!

And here's how Corporal Hogg took care of Cowboy Jack Monaghan—a bad man from North Dakota, whose pleasant habit it was to cross the border, terrorise towns, hold up barrooms, and generally make things unpleasant when the police were not around. He did it once too often when he rode into North Postal and encountered Canadian law and a recognition of his fame in the person of Corporal Hogg and in the shape of a warrant "issued," as Hogg reports, "for the said Monaghan on the 15th of October under Secs. 105 and 109 of the code for carrying a gun without justification and for pointing it at another person." On the 17th inst. Corporal Hogg was called to the hotel to quell a disturbance. Arriving there he found the house full of cowboys, with Monaghan among them, the chief cause of it all and the ringleader.

Hogg invited Cowboy Jack to the guard-room. Jack wouldn't go, and announced that he was ready to kill. Other cowboys encouraged him, but Hogg walked him to the street where a fierce fight took place—Hogg was the only policeman there. Resuming the report, he says, "Finally I got him handcuffed behind and took him inside. His head being in bad shape (perhaps Hogg could tell how!) I had to engage the services of a doctor who pronounced it nothing serious. While the doctor was in attendance Monaghan announced that he would get the drop first next time."

And finally here is this charmingly businesslike statement: "During the arrest of Monaghan the following Government property was damaged: door broken, screen smashed up, chair smashed up, desk smashed up, field jacket on Corporal Hogg spoiled by being covered with blood, wall spattered with blood. Respectfully submitted, (Signed) C. Hogg, Corporal."

So, to the Hoggs and the Letts and the Jackeses and their comrades all Canadians will extend the assurance of their distinguished admiration and consideration. There's nothing like gameness!



Two of the Inspectors on the parade ground.

HIS EXTRA VOYAGE

By THEODORE ROBERTS, Author of "Brothers of Peril," "The Survivors," etc.

"WHEN will ye marry me, Kate?" whispered Michael Donnelly. "I'm through with foreign voyages; an' with me bit o' land, an' the shore fishing, an' maybe a berth with the sealin' fleet come Spring, the two of us can live safe an' happy."

They were sitting on the rocks above the little harbour of Witless Bay, gazing down at the cabin roofs, the fish-stages and the clear, green water where the skiffs and dories swung idly. The bright October day was drawing to its close. Snipe piped along the edges of the barren coast, and an indescribable scent of ripened berries, frost-nipped vines and the smoke of wood fires was in the air. Far out to sea a speck of sail, gray and small as a flake of ash, dwindled on the horizon. Though the eyes of the lovers took no conscious heed of these things, the magic and perishable beauty touched their hearts. The dark eyes of the girl brightened with the sheen of tears and, without any affectation of coyness, she leaned her cheek against the men's shoulder.

"Are ye done with the sailin' now, an' poor Denis in St. John's lookin' to ship with Skipper Barton?" she asked, gently.

"Denis can stay home," replied Michael. "What call has he to ship to Brazil, the poor half-witted lad?"

"Denis do be a bit wayward," said the girl, "but for all that, Michael Donnelly, ye've no call to lay the hard name on him, poor lad. He has set his wish on goin' to sea—an' I fear for him, Michael dear, all alone with strangers."

Donnelly sighed, and gazed down at the peaceful harbour, the slants of gray roofs and little patches of green pasture among the rocks. He was weary of deep-sea voyaging—heart-sick of many watches, in fair weather and foul; tired of rigging and deck and the jumping, inexorable wheel: and every drop of his blood cried out against the thought of again sailing away from the girl beside him. "D'ye want me to tend on Denis every time he takes a notion to put to sea?" he asked, bitterly.

"No, dear, I'd not ask that of you—but only for his first voyage," returned the girl, gently. "He's only a child, and easy led; an' I wouldn't be happy—no, not even with you—for thinkin' of him so lonely an' sufferin'."

Donnelly wrinkled his brows, considering the matter with angry intensity.

"Don't let the young fool go," he cried. "If he's too soft i' the head to look after himself, send for him to come home to Witless Bay—where he surely belongs."

The girl sat upright, but made no reply. Turning her face away from her lover, she gazed westward, steadily but unseeingly, at the crimson sunset.

"I love ye, Kate girl," continued the man. "I've sailed the seas for ye, an' worked ashore for ye, an' bought the little bit of a home with every penny I've made. It's a year, Kate, since ye promised me, an' five years since first I began to love ye—an' now would ye have me make another voyage to Brazil, afore the weddin'." His voice rang to bitterness again, its tone changing as sudden as thought. "If ye send me on another voyage, then I'll know it's Denis ye care for, an' not me," he cried. "Aye, for sure, Denis must have his whim, an' the man ye—ye play for to love, can go tend on him. I'm clear wearied to death o' ships an' the sea."

The girl sprang to her feet and faced him, her eyes flashing with more than tears and her cheeks aflame. "I ask ye no favour, Michael Donnelly," she said, her voice dangerously calm. "Live ashore till ye die, if ye

fear the sea! I'm not carin' where ye live!"

Turning, she went down the narrow, twisting path, to the gray cabins of Witless Bay. Michael called after her, once; but she gave no heed. Then he stared seaward, far out to where the sky and the tides met in a darkling line—and beyond, to where the little ships of men dare the tempests of the Lord and take the chances of the deep.

II.

The bark "Hero" was ready to be towed away from her wharf and through the narrows; but Captain Barton was still ashore, hastening up and down Water Street in the hope of finding one or two more men to ship for the voyage. He dodged into public house after public house, frequently pausing in his search to consult his watch and consider the wind. While fidgeting undecidedly on a corner, a familiar voice hailed him from the other side of the street. It was the voice of Michael Donnelly.

"I'll ship with ye, sir. I'll sign on if ye be short

handed," he cried, advancing briskly but with a somewhat unsteady gait.

"Step lively," said the skipper. "The hatches are battened down and the tug is waitin'."

It was but a matter of a minute for Donnelly to go through with the formalities of shipping as a member of the Hero's crew. On their way down to the bark, the skipper eyed him shrewdly.

"Ye've been drinkin', Mike—and ye're not a drinkin' man," said he.

"Aye, sir, a drop or two," admitted Donnelly.

When Denis Fitzpatrick saw Michael Donnelly step aboard the "Hero," dismay shook him from head to foot. Had Kate changed her mind, and sent the fellow to take him home, he wondered. Anyway, he was going to Brazil; he was old enough to manage his own affairs; he would fight before he'd let any man take him back to Witless Bay. He dodged forward and crouched against the far side of the galley—and as he crouched there, one hand stole around to the hilt of his knife. Not until the bark was clear of the Narrows did he leave his hiding place—and then it was because the mate happened to stumble across him. By this time the tug was steaming back for harbour and all sail was being made aboard the "Hero." Denis, having gathered from the manner and remarks of the mate that something of the kind was expected of him, tailed onto a big rope, along with several others of the crew. When the bark was finally squared away for the open sea and the rushing activity slackened, Denis turned and found Michael Donnelly standing close beside him. A stupid daring took sudden possession of his mean little spirit.

"Ye've come to spy on me, Mike Donnelly," he cried. "Kate has sent ye to spy on me; but ye'd better 'tend to yer own business or I'll give ye more'n ye come for."

The mate, Mr. Tower, and three of the crew beside Donnelly, were within hearing. One of the men, who hailed from somewhere near Witless Bay, laughed boisterously. The others stared in amazement, lacking the key to the situation. Donnelly's lean face darkened with rage.

"Ye young fool," he exclaimed, huskily. "Ye miserable young fool, I'd not move a furlong to save yer life, let alone to spy on ye."

Denis was surprised, and his weak mouth gaped. Defiance slipped from him and his stupid, reckless courage took wing under the other's threatening regard.

"Then what did ye come for?" he asked, feebly. "I thought ye an' Kate was sure goin' to settle"—and there he stopped with a gulp and a gasp, for the look on



"Ye young fool" he exclaimed huskily. "Ye miserable young fool, I'd not move a furlong to save yer life, let alone to spy on ye."

Donnelly's face seemed to chill the root of his tongue and grip his throat.

Days passed, and weeks, and yet Michael Donnelly did not address another word to young Fitzpatrick. The complete, unflinching way in which he ignored him was wonderful to see. They were both in Mr. Tower's watch, working together on deck and aloft, eating together, and sleeping away the same hours in the same narrow fore-castle; but not once, after that first outbreak of anger, did Donnelly show any sign of being conscious of the other's presence aboard the vessel. He looked through him, over him and around him, but never at him; which treatment amazed Denis at first (for he had heard nothing of the rupture back in Witless Bay), angered him for a little while and, finally, struck awe into his foolish soul.

Whenever two or more of the crew got together, safe out of ear-shot of Michael Donnelly, they discussed his case. Some of them had sailed with him on other voyages, but had never before noticed anything unusual in his behaviour. He used to sing songs and tell stories—and now he never so much as joined in a chorus.

"He has fell out with his girl," remarked the boat-swain. "I knows the signs, ye can lay to that, seein' as how I've fell out with a heap o' girls meself. But what has Denis done to him, d'ye think?"

"Sure, I never hurt him," said Denis. "But I did think, when he first came on board, that Kate had sent him to fetch me back to Witless Bay."

"Kate!" exclaimed the boat-swain—"aye, that would be what's the matter with him. I was a fool meself, onct, an' so I knows."

Of a sudden, Michael Donnelly joined the group, and without any preliminaries, began to sing. There was a rasp in his voice; there was a red glint in his eyes; there was a smell of rum—of hidden rum that had not come from the ship's stores—afloat on the air. He sang alone, for his ship-mates were too dazed by the sudden change in his demeanor to so much as join him in a chorus. He went through with chanty after chanty, come-all-ye after come-all-ye, ballad after ballad. Both watches sat under an uncomfortable spell, their pipes (for the day's work was done) cooling between their fingers.

From that evening until the morning of the "Hero's" arrival inside the brick-topped reef off Pernambuco, Michael Donnelly continued in his role of entertainer. In the slack hours he sang and told amazing stories and his laughter, though somewhat strained in tone, was ever ready to sound. But not once, day or night, did any man see him so much as level an eye or address a word to Denis Fitzpatrick.

After lying three days at anchor in the roadstead, the "Hero" was moved close-in to MacPhey & Company's wharf, and then the hot work of unloading the cargo of cured fish began. A gang of natives were brought aboard, to man the hand winches in half-hour tricks, turn and turn about with the crew of the bark. When the black and brown men had gone ashore to their homes, after the first day's work, Captain Barton called the crew aft and made his usual little speech concerning the dangers of the port and climate and, in no equivocal terms, gave his orders that no shore-leave should be taken. He threatened that every man who went ashore in Pernambuco should make the return trip to Newfoundland in irons.

Several hours after the cabin supper had been eaten, while the skipper and Mr. Tower sat under the awning by the wheel, smoking native cigars and sipping lime-squashes in which lurked the bitter tang of quinine, Michael Donnelly approached them and touched his cap.

"Will ye let me go ashore, sir, to look for Denis Fitzpatrick?" he asked. The skipper and the mate stared, forgetting to draw at their cigars.

"What the devil is he doin' ashore?" cried Barton, at last. "Didn't I make my meaning plain when I said that if I caught a man ashore I'd iron him for the whole way back to St. John's?"

"Ay, sir—but Denis isn't right in the head," replied Donnelly. "Little better nor half-witted is the way we looks at him in the harbour. But I must find him, sir—even if he don't be worth findin'."

"Denis is nutty, that's for certain," said Mr. Tower. The captain nodded; but his eyes were fixed on Michael Donnelly.

"Why do you worry about Denis Fitzpatrick," he asked. The big seaman shifted his gaze and scuffled his feet uneasily.

"I feel a sort o' duty by him, sir," he stammered. "I don't like the lad himself, more'n ordinary—but, sir,

to tell ye the truth, Kate Fitzpatrick—why, Kate's his sister."

"Go ahead an' look for him, Mike," said the captain—"an' bring him aboard when you find him."

The water-front of Pernambuco, with its sultry, cobble-stoned square, its warehouses from which issue the unspeakable reek of sweating tallow and jerked beef from the Argentine mixed with the fumes of molasses and sugar, its narrow streets where the vendors of white rum lurk in black interiors, was not new to Michael Donnelly—for he had sailed with skippers who had not possessed the wisdom of John Barton. He visited haunt after haunt of the rum-sellers, in each case pausing only long enough to look over the company, and then departing without saying a word or buying a drink. He puffed furiously at his pipe, that the smoke might partially overpower the sickly smells that pervade every street and alley. At last, tired and hot and in a rage with both Denis and himself, he took a seat in one of the stuffy shops and called for lime juice. He swigged off half his drink before looking around him at the company. The place in which he had tarried quite by chance, to quench his thirst, and rest, was dimly lighted by three lamps. There were a few small tables in the room, most of the chairs around him were occupied; but several figures lay on the earthen floor, thrown there by the depths and strength of their potations. The stifling air was thick with the bitter smoke of the native tobacco.

Michael mopped his brow, finished his lime juice and peered around at the undistinguished company. He saw a full-blooded negro sprawled in a corner, and recognised him as one of the gang of labourers that had been at work in winching at the "Hero's" cargo. The men at the tables were natives of the lowest class. Most of them, though far gone in liquor, continued to play at some game in which both cards and dice were employed. The whole scene was low, grotesque, sickening; and Donnelly remembered the dark eyes of Witless Bay with a sinking of the heart. Were love and the clean North lost to him forever, he wondered, heavily.

Turning suddenly toward the narrow doorway that opened onto the street, he saw young Denis enter, reeling, and stumble across the prostrate negro. In a second the negro was upon him, with a knife in his great fist and the place was in an uproar of voices and falling chairs. Donnelly sprang to the rescue of his fellow islander, grabbed the African's wrist in a giant's grip and presented a pistol at his face. The glint of that little weapon stilled the tumult in the time it takes a man to draw a full breath. All eyes were fixed on the big sailor; and scarcely a lid fluttered as he hurled the black aside, caught the drunken youth by the arm and dragged him through the doorway.

Captain Barton was early ashore next morning, with a handful of letters for the northward mail. One envelope was addressed, in Michael Donnelly's large and wayward hand, to Miss Kate Fitzpatrick, of Witless Bay. The captain regarded this letter indulgently as he affixed the postage stamps.

"This love plays the very devil with sailor-men," he said, "what with makin' fools of them when things go wrong and tyin' them up ashore when things go right. Well, I reckon this is Mike's last voyage, anyway."

A Worthy Knight

Forty years ago, John Kirk, whose father was an honest brazier of Leicestershire, was appointed assistant secretary to the Ragged School Union. The month of May, 1907, saw him a guest of King Edward at Buckingham Palace, returning from the visit as England's latest knight. Sir John Kirk is known throughout the United Kingdom as "the Children's Friend," and it is largely owing to his energy and sympathy that the Union now dispenses a sum ten times as large as its income of forty years ago. Tens of thousands of slum children have been rescued through the agency of this society. Queen Alexandra has been especially interested in the work among the crippled children and has contributed for years to that charity. A national testimonial was recently presented to Sir John Kirk, who protested that he has only been a worker among the poor. But the country recognises the sterling quality of his achievement and "the little red-faced man" was not without honour in Empire Day month.

In an imperial democracy, such as King Edward rules over, the granting of a title to such a citizen as John Kirk is an indication of royalty's desire to ally itself with benevolent enterprise.

THE GOLDEN FLOOD

By EDWIN LEFEVRE



Resume: Mr. Richard Dawson, president of the Metropolitan Bank, New York, is visited on a Thursday, by Mr. George Kitchell Grinnell, who wishes to deposit \$100,000, and presents an Assay Office check on the Sub-Treasury. One week from then he deposits \$151,000, a fortnight later \$250,000, and three weeks later \$500,000. He makes no revelation of his business, and on his desiring to make a deposit of \$1,000,000, the pompous president becomes excited. A deposit of \$2,500,000 follows, then \$5,000,000, and the following Thursday, \$10,000,000. Mr. Dawson employs Costello, a detective, who reports that Mr. Grinnell lives quietly, but has a load of bullion bars taken to the Assay Office every Monday. The flood continues until Mr. Grinnell has nearly thirty millions in the bank. The president in desperation seeks again to discover the source of the fortune. He is baffled once more, and Mr. Grinnell increases his deposits to \$35,000,000, and informs Mr. Dawson that Miss Grinnell, his sister, shares the secret of his wealth. The president then warns the plutocrat, Mellen, of the gold calamity. They tell Grinnell of the harm of too rapid increase in gold supply. The latter refuses to become either alarmed or confidential. Mr. Mellen and Mr. Dawson resolve to sell bonds and buy stocks. Mr. George Mellen, the brother of the richest man in the world, is warned of the situation. Mr. Grinnell then announces his desire for drafts on foreign banks.

"I feel like it. I don't like idleness. Good-morning." He didn't like idleness! He would resume the manufacture of gold! Given rope, the young man would hang himself and the bond-holding public. But Dawson now had no bonds. When the discovery came the community would be convulsed. The bank was fortifying itself with legal tender notes. Gold would have but little value when the crash came. There were various points to study. In the entire affair there was but one danger. The president voiced it.

"William," he said, "after the cat's out of the bag, what's to hinder Grinnell, out of pure philanthropy, from stopping his production of gold in order to avert a disastrous world panic?"

"I've thought of that," answered the richest man in the world, with a calmness that came from previous meditation and settled conviction. "He's quite likely to cease his operations in new gold, as he calls them. But not before there has been a crash, Richard. And we will then be his principal advisers. I feel he will keep on until the mischief is done. We are prepared now. And yet, somehow—" His face clouded with doubt.

George Mellen entered hurriedly. "Here, Richard, here are my bonds." The president looked at the long list. "Those I've marked with a cross I've already ordered sold. Meighan & Cross, and W. A. Shaw & Co. are practically giving them away at this moment," finished George Mellen, with a touch of bitterness.

William Mellen approached the ticker, and passed the tape through his fingers with a deftness that betrayed practice.

"I think you are right," he said softly. "Green River general 4s, 87!"

"I should think the insurance companies—" began George Mellen.

"Richard has already sold them all they can take," returned his brother kindly, as though he were anxious to please brother George.

"Also the savings banks, and about three hundred estates," added the president, with a slight touch of pride.

"I'm going to tell Freer, Morrison, Stuyvesant, and one or two others," announced George Mellen with a trace of defiance. He anticipated opposition, but the richest man in the world said:

"I should tell them this much only: That for certain reasons you cannot divulge, you are selling out your bonds, and that I've already sold mine."

"The last is unnecessary. They'd guess it without my telling them," and George Mellen left the room abruptly. Mr. Dawson began to write selling orders,

copying the names of the bonds from the list before him. Then he summoned his trusty brokers and bond specialists, and gave them the orders, exhorting them to use caution; also much haste.

Under the new selling pressure the market acted crazily. The inexplicable declines in bond prices of that memorable week had brought into Wall Street deluded "bargain hunters," who bought the securities at "ridiculously low figures," but values went still lower, until the bonds were so very cheap that they were dear—too dear for people to buy who did not know why they should be so cheap. Therefore, the speculators in bonds, who had bought, now sold at a loss, thereby adding to the general uncertainty. But as some sold, others bought, and quotations of gilt-edged issues, usually so staid and slow of movement, fluctuated as violently as, in other times, the manipulated and highly speculative stocks had been wont to do. On the whole, the public bought more bonds than it sold, and sold more stocks than it bought. Yet, bonds fell, and fell, and stocks rose and rose. And there still remained the pet investments of George B. Mellen's intimate friends; men who, accustomed to risking much on the turn of the wheel of the ticker, yet kept a portion of their fortune safe beyond peradventure by buying bonds which were unassailable by demagogues and socialistic legislatures, unaffected by hard times or strikes, or crop failures; absolutely safe just so long as the United States remained a nation of Americans—or, until such time as aerial navigation supplanted steam railroads. Also, so long as the gold basis endured, and no longer!

Grinnell had stopped outside and spoken to the assistant cashier.

"I think I should like to have a sight draft on London for two million pounds sterling, Mr. Williams."

The assistant cashier opened his mouth. Remembering what the president had said—and the tone of his voice—he closed it apologetically and, to excuse himself said, very quickly: "Certainly, Mr. Grinnell, certainly." He busied himself with the expostulating head of the bank's foreign exchange department. It was an extraordinary transaction, but the Metropolitan was an extraordinary bank, and Mr. Dawson was an extraordinary man when vexed.

He came back and asked: "Payable to whom, Mr. Grinnell?"

"To my order, please."

"Yes, sir; yes, sir."

The bill of exchange for £2,000,000 was made out on Waring Bros., of London, in favour of George K. Grinnell. Mr. Williams handed it to Grinnell with an obsequious little flourish, and said, "Thank you, Mr. Grinnell."

"Thank you," said Grinnell smiling. "Good-morning."

Mr. Williams bowed him out.

Grinnell walked briskly up Wall Street to the Wolff Building, and entered the office of Wolff, Herzog & Co.

"I should like to see Mr. Isaac Herzog," he told a spectacled, middle-aged man who sat by a little table near the gate of a railing on the other side of which was a half-door of ground glass marked "Private."

The gate-keeper, incredibly myopic, peered at him through such thick lenses that his eyes looked unpleasantly unnatural.

"Vhat ees yoor peezness, please?"

"Tell Mr. Herzog that I come on a very important matter."

"Ach!" The middle-aged man shrugged his shoulders with a sort of regretful despair, and then shook his head. Everybody that came there always came on very important matters—including book agents and pedlars disguised as gentlemen.

"I've come direct from Mr. Richard Dawson, presi-

dent of the Metropolitan National Bank, to see Mr. Herzog. Tell him that—"

"Please sit down," he opened the gate and pointed to a chair. Grinnell obeyed and the man left. Presently he returned.

"Mr. Herzog will see you, sir," and Grinnell was ushered into the office of the head of the firm, for Mr. Wolff had been dead many years, and his son-in-law and partner reigned in his stead—a far greater king of finance.

He was a little man, white-haired and patriarchally whiskered. His features were of a pronounced Jewish type. His eyes were alert but kindly—kindly rather than merely good-natured. The accumulated wisdom of five thousand years was in this Hebrew banker's business soul; and with it that respect for the higher Law that has made Israel endure as a nation through the marching centuries while other races have risen, flourished, and disappeared, blended into the composite types of to-day.

"Good-afternoon, sir. Mr. Dawson sent you?" asked Mr. Herzog, with a strong German accent. He knew English thoroughly, like a scholar—a German scholar.

"He didn't send me. I—"

"You have been admitted under that impression," Mr. Herzog said this sternly—a rebuke for a falsehood rather than irritation over what seemed likely to be the wasting of a very busy banker's valuable time. The young man before him did not look shabby enough to be a professional mendicant, but there was something deferential about his manner that might mean a more expensive appeal. Amateurs have exaggerated ideas.

"Excuse me, Mr. Herzog. I told your man, when he thought you couldn't or wouldn't see me, that I came from Mr. Dawson's office to see you. It's true. I did leave him a few minutes ago. I know your reputation, Mr. Herzog, and I have come to you because I am in need of help."

Mr. Herzog was famous as a philanthropist. He maintained at his own expense a sort of personal charity bureau to which applicants for help were referred, that he might give much but, above all, that he might give intelligently. He spoke to the young man with cold austerity: "I beg to refer you to Mr. Asiel, room 82, upstairs, sir. He will investigate your case. But I do not like the way in which you have gained admission to this office, sir." He nodded dismissively.

"One moment, Mr. Herzog," said Grinnell, smiling. "I wish your help in a business matter. I wish to buy one hundred million dollars of the best railroad bonds."

A spasm of alarm contracted Mr. Herzog's face. It passed and he said soothingly, with an accent more Germanic than ever: "Why, yes, of course. Yes, yes! I shall be very glad to do so. I will ask the gentleman in charge of our bond department to do as you wish. He is a very nice young man; a very competent young man. He knows all about bonds. Will you allow me to go after him? I shall return directly."

Grinnell laughed out and out. It was a laugh unaffectedly merry. But Mr. Herzog turned pale and breathed a bit quickly.

The young man drew from his pocketbook some checks.

"Here are four certified checks for one million dollars each, and a draft on Waring Bros., of London, for two millions sterling. Won't you please look at them before you go for the nice young man in charge of your bond department?"

Mr. Herzog instead looked at the door; the young man barred his exit. He was atavistically a fatalist. What was to be, was to be. Mr. Herzog, calm now from resignation, turned to the checks. One look was enough. His face changed, but having grown resigned to death, the banker did not now sigh with relief. He merely said, very quietly, as if he were resuming the thread of his conversation: "Perhaps you will tell me which bonds you wish to buy?"

"Yes, sir; but before I tell you that, let me tell you this: I come to you because I have absolute confidence in your wisdom and in the integrity of your firm. I wish to buy a hundred millions of bonds, on margin—a margin of fifty per cent. or more. None must know of this transaction excepting yourself and those of your partners who must, in the nature of things, know it. I require no pledge but your word."

"It is all the pledge we ever give, sir. It was unnecessary to speak of it. Nevertheless, I thank you for your confidence in us. Will you be good enough to proceed?"

He was looking at the young man steadily.

"I had on deposit at the Metropolitan National Bank this morning some forty-six millions of dollars, of which

I have drawn this £2,000,000. Also with other banks slightly more than six millions, of which those are four."

Mr. Herzog nodded. He said meditatively: "You are, then, the gentleman to whom those institutions owe their remarkable gains in gold during the past few weeks?"

"I don't know whether I am or not."

"You are, sir."

"Then I must be."

"Pray proceed."

"Well, I propose to purchase one hundred millions of dollars par value of bonds, carefully but steadily. Bonds are very cheap."

"Owing to circumstances not yet known to the community, or possibly to a misapprehension of certain facts, they are cheap. Huge blocks have been thrown on the market this past week. Prices have been sacrificed; you doubtless know by whom?" His eyes interrogated as well as his voice.

"I know nothing. I think the bonds are very cheap," said Grinnell impassively.

"I think so too, sir, now. I had begun to fear that they were not cheap, at any price, a few minutes ago."

"Indeed?" Grinnell was sincerely astonished.

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Herzog calmly.

"I will give you a check or checks on the Metropolitan National Bank—certified if you wish. Is fifty millions enough margin?"

"We do not take speculative orders."

"Then, Mr. Herzog, I can only wish you good-morning, and request that you mention this to no one," and Grinnell rose.

"In this case," said Mr. Herzog, waving his hand and pointing to the chair from which the young man had risen, "you are conducting a financial operation unparalleled in our history. If you care to have us associated with you in this matter, to share proportionately in the profits—"

"Thank you. We shall consider that later on. I should not be surprised to see bonds rise to the level at which they were before they—ah—"

"Before the misapprehension to which I referred?" prompted Mr. Herzog gravely, but with intention.

"Before they began to decline so inexplicably," corrected Mr. Grinnell with equal gravity. "Bonds are selling at par and under which should command a great premium."

"Will there be additional deposits of gold by you at the Metropolitan or other banks?"

"I have not deposited any gold at any bank, Mr. Herzog."

"I mean Assay Office checks, sir."

"That is a matter, Mr. Herzog, which I must decline to discuss."

"Excuse me, sir. I did not know."

"But in justice to you, I will say that I have pledged myself not to make any deposits whatever for a short time."

"Ah, that was William Mellen," said Mr. Herzog with a positiveness that started Grinnell.

"I mentioned no names, Mr. Herzog."

"No. But I know how his mind works."

"Now, what shall I do? Shall I give you a check on the Metropolitan or—"

"By drawing bills of exchange on London," said the old banker musingly, "Mr. Dawson will not know for some days what you wish the money for."

"Well, you have one there for £2,000,000 as a starter," said the young man calmly. Mr. Herzog looked at him searchingly; then he smiled approvingly.

"Good! I see!"

"Well, sir?" asked Grinnell quietly.

"We will sell bills of exchange on London, Berlin, and Paris to Mr. Dawson's bank. They will presently buy from us, thinking the high rates of exchange tempt us to sell them. This is enough for this week. There are still the bonds of the friends and of the friends' friends to be sold, Mr. —" The old man paused. "I do not know your name, sir; but I know you."

"My name is Grinnell."

"Thank you. Of course, it was on the checks. And, if I may ask, sir, what is your business, besides that of a great financier?"

"I am a metallurgical chemist."

"Chemist?" The old banker started. He looked at Grinnell intently. The young man's face was impassive; perhaps too impassive. Mr. Herzog blinked his eyes; not dubiously, but as some men will when their thoughts are racing at a furious rate.

British Gossip

THERE has been little talk of going after the America cup since Sir Thomas Lipton's last unsuccessful venture. British yachtsmen appear to be of the opinion that the return of the cup to the east side of the Atlantic has been indefinitely postponed on account of winds and weather. Sir Thomas, of tea fame, has certainly made a gallant fight for the coveted trophy, but his challengers with the Irish name have met no better fate than Lord Dunraven's "Valkyrie." But yachting is still the ideal holiday sport for the Islanders and every year sees a greater luxury lavished upon the construction and equipment of these floating villas. Yet we are told that the most extravagant yacht which New York or London millions can provide is a tawdry vessel in comparison with the silken-sailed boats owned by Hiero of Syracuse or the Lady of the Nile in the days before the Dark Ages.

The royal visit to Ireland is the second paid by King Edward and Queen Alexandra to the Island of Unrest. The Exhibition is the most interesting object in their itinerary, and they have doubtless been received with rejoicing by many of the people. Queen Victoria, as is well known, seldom visited Ireland, although, it was said, that the rarity of her visits was contrary to her own desires. The Celts in the Highlands of Scotland were proud of Queen Victoria's fondness for their beautiful country and her interest in the royal residence at Balmoral. However, Ireland was not so fortunate, and one can hardly be surprised at the reluctance of the late Queen's advisors when a trip across the Irish Channel was proposed, for there were dark doings in many a disturbed district. In the latter part of her reign, the terrible tragedy in Phoenix Park added to the uneasiness of the authorities who arrange royal tours. If there is any part of his kingdom in which Edward VII should be more welcome than another, it is in Ireland, the country that loves his characteristic qualities of bonhomie and graciousness which have made so largely for British comfort in relation to the Continental "Powers." Both King Edward and Queen Alexandra have displayed during this visit the regard for local pride and traditions which makes such a strong appeal to a romantic people. Their interest in Irish industries has an advantage which Hibernian manufacturers may realise in the near future. Royal favour is profitable.

In selecting Admiral Neville to represent Great Britain at the Jamestown Exposition, King Edward is thought to have paid the greatest possible compliment to the United States, for the Admiral is one of the most popular officers in the navy. The presence of his fleet in Hampton Roads was considered by the officials of the Exposition an event of the utmost significance.

In addition to being an experienced sailor who has navigated the globe three times, the Admiral is an accomplished musician and known as the best violinist in the navy. Musical nights in the navy are familiar events, but when Admiral Neville contributes to the programme the concert becomes a musical treat. At the age of fifty-seven, he is as popular as



Rear-Admiral George Neville, C.V.O.

equally capable in handling his fleet or his violin.

Among the numerous decorations which he is entitled to wear are the Cross of Companion of the Victorian Order, Legion of Honour (France), Rising Sun (Japanese), and Orange-Nassau (Dutch). From Quebec the fleet departed for Bermuda towards the end of June.

There is a kind of whole-heartedness about the way in which provincial England has lately gone in for the pageant, which is like an echo of the revelry that made glad the "spacious days" of Elizabeth. Mr. Louis N. Parker has become recognised as a pageant expert and his services are much in demand by all towns having a history. During the last week of June at Oxford there was daily enacted the pageant of a thousand years. The grand stand, holding nearly 5,000 people turned its back on Magdalen Bridge and Tower, cutting off for the stage the peak of the island of the Cher. "The crowd" said one spectator, "is the only anachronism." Think of Mark Twain with his modern, dry humour going down to Oxford when Charles I., Wolsey, James II. and other Lost Causes were solemnly stalking about!

Then there have been Warwick, Sherborne and Romsey Abbey, with a host of quaint usages revived. Tall Saxons in green gaberdines and deerskin coats brought the England of the Norman Conquest before the modern British gaze.

Mr. Louis Brennan, whose gyroscope railway has been the talk of the scientific world for the last month, was born in Castlebar, County Mayo, more than fifty years ago. He went to Australia at an early age and spent many years in Melbourne where his scientific genius first showed its extraordinary scope. His torpedo invention brought him over one hundred thousand pounds from the Government and established his scientific fame. The gyroscope is regarded with some doubt by conservative railway experts, to whom the monorail appears rather a toy for an opulent experimenter than the beginning of a great change in railway construction. But the inventor is confident of the practical value of the gyroscope and finds many to believe in its virtues. Meanwhile several other retiring scientists have bobbed up to remark, "I thought of it first" and have put forward inferior machines of quite different design from Mr. Brennan's mechanic wonder.

About eight years ago, an unusual book by an unusual author stirred the novel-reading world with rare interest and "Elizabeth and her German Garden" became one of the "best sellers." The only unpleasant result of this success was that a host of sincere flatterers took pen and hoe in hand, while the bookshop counters groaned beneath a load of garden stuff. Several books of the Elizabeth order followed and finally the Lady of the Garden was declared to be the Countess von Arnim, who was formerly Miss Beaumont. Judging from the sentiments expressed in her volumes, the Countess infinitely prefers Germany to her native land. However, she has lately been paying a visit to the latter where she has been lionised, so far as she will allow the process. It is stated that she has frequently been invited to visit America but so far has not succumbed to the Transatlantic fever which so often affects the successful European author.

To the world, St. Helena suggests one paramount circumstance—that it was the island of Napoleon's banishment. Whatever navies may come and go, that lonely rock will be forever associated with the figure of the Little Corporal. It was deserted some months ago by the British forces but the proposed establishment by Germany of a base for cruisers on the Kamerun coast, from which they would be able, in the event of war with Great Britain, to intercept trade communication with the Cape, has reopened the question of the abandonment of St. Helena as a military garrison. Mr. Wise, the secretary of the St. Helena committee, has stated that the armament at the island consists of modern guns, but all the ammunition has been removed, and there is nobody to look after the guns or defend St. Helena except five native police. This sounds like an alarmingly inadequate protection for a position that may become important, in the course of the Kaiser's search for more colonies.

The latest Anglo-American engagement has excited a mild degree of interest. It may be remembered that some years ago Miss May Goelet became the wife of the Duke of Roxburghe, the wedding in New York being attended by such scenes of public curiosity and clamour as taxed the resources of the metropolitan police. The brother and heir-presumptive of the Duke of Roxburghe, Lord Alastair Innes-Ker, has become engaged to a fair American, Miss Breese, who has spent most of her time in Europe and who, it is hardly necessary to state, is possessed of a handsome fortune and moderate prettiness.



THE DEMI-TASSE

A PUZZLED POLITICIAN.

SEVERAL old-time politicians were recently telling yarns about curious blunders made by well-meaning but ignorant partisans. The prize story was voted to be that told by a north-country Conservative, who said that during the stormy winter and spring of 1896, when the power of the Tory ministry was seen to be very much on the wane, there was an ardent supporter of the Government dwelling north of Muskoka who was much distressed by Sir Mackenzie Bowell's Remedial Bill. He saw that it was splitting the Tory ranks and causing members of the Cabinet to resign. At length he said in a burst of sorrowful wrath:

"I don't see why the party has so much fuss about this Remmydiddle Bill. Why can't they put their hands in their pockets and pay the bill and have done with it?"

* *

DOUBTFUL.

During a brief ocean voyage near the coast of Newfoundland, one of the passengers was so seriously disturbed that he was sure his death was approaching. He was so melancholy in his firm assurance on the subject that another passenger said to him, half-facetiously:

"Well, have you any wishes regarding your remains?"

The sufferer regarded him languidly. "I don't believe," he said, faintly, "that there's going to be any remains."

* *

GREETING.

"Sir Wilfrid's coming back to town,"
Said "Archie," in high glee—
"I wonder if he's got a nice
Portfolio for me?"

* *

SUCCESSFUL.

An Irish chiropodist was asked if he had been successful in his treatment of corns.
"Sure and I have," he replied, with confidence. "I've removed corns from every one of the crowned heads of Europe."

* *



Why He Did Not Win the Scripture Prize.

Curate: "And what did the Priest do in the Temple?"

Boy: "Burned Insects!"

(By F. J. Dodge) in Bystander.

AMBITION.

Uncle Horace (who is something of a sage and philosopher)—"My boy, it is time for you to think seriously of the kind of future you intend to map out for yourself. To sum it up in a word, what epitaph are you anxious to have engraved upon your tombstone?"

Nephew (just beginning his career)—
"He got his share."—Chicago Tribune.

* *

OVERHEARD IN FRONT OF A STATIONER'S WINDOW IN ECCLES.

First Little Girl (eagerly pointing to a picture post-card of the Whit-Week procession)—"You see Mary Anne there?"

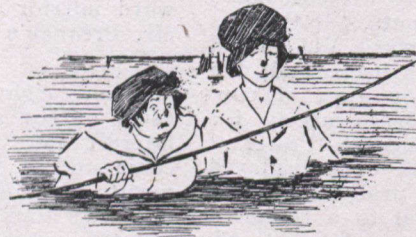
Second Little Girl—"Yes."

"And you see them boots behind her?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's me!"—Manchester Guardian.

* *



The Sea hath its Pearls.—Cassell's Magazine.

* *

AS MUCH AS HE COULD BE.

There is a well-known clubman in Washington, a man of such conservatism that he is rarely known to answer a plain "yes" or "no" to the most trivial question.

On one occasion two women of his acquaintances were discussing this peculiarity of the clubman, when one of them announced that she was willing to wager that she could make the conservative individual say "no" flatly. The wager being accepted, she addressed the clubman thus:

"Let me see, Mr. Robinson, you are a widower, are you not?"

"As much a widower, madam," he answered, with a polite bow, "as it is possible for a man to be who was never married."—Harper's Monthly.

* *

TWO SIDES OF A PROVERB.

In youth my veins with yearning surged
Far lands to visit and the seas to cross;
"The rolling stone," remonstrant urged
My cautious parent, "will collect no
moss."

I went, I saw, I conquered; and
When I came back with bales of money,
"I always said," quoth dad, so bland,
"Tis roving bees that get the honey!"
—New York Sun.

* *

THE BRIEF RESPONSE.

Many brief and telling replies are laid to the account of Douglas Jerrold. It will suffice to recall one. "What is going on?" said a bore, stopping Jerrold on the street. "I am," and the speaker suited the action to the word. Akin to this was the answer of John Wesley to the blustering swaggerer who pushed against him on the path with the insulting remark, "I never make way for a fool." "I always do," said Wesley, quietly stepping aside and then placidly pursuing his way. A similar anecdote is told

of Lord Kitchener, of Khartoum, who, while walking in St. James' Park, was accosted by an effusive stranger, who grasped his hand and said, "Hello, Lord Kitchener! I bet you don't know me!" The General gazed at him unmoved. "You win," he remarked, laconically, and walked on.—The Bellman.

* *

THE ERRING ACTOR.

Canadian audiences have been amused many a time by the vain actor, who is anxious to return for every small round of applause, however inartistic his appearance may be. In the case of the actor who is supposed to have died, the bow before the curtain is extremely painful when it is not ludicrous. Even Forbes Robertson when playing "Hamlet" is so gratified by the appreciation of the audience that he comes back, after declaring that "the rest is silence," to nod stiffly at the vociferous gallery. Those who have been disgusted with such a resurrection will sympathise with the small boy, who, according to the "Youths' Companion," yelled in horror at such a display of post mortem courtesy:

"Go back! go back! Don't you know you're dead?"

* *

NOT WORTH WHILE.

A Canadian speaker who was anxious to win feminine favour had expressed himself fervently in public as in favour of granting the franchise to women, declaring that the influence of the skirted sex would purify elections and raise politics to a higher level. After his address he was talking with his hostess, whom he had expected to please by his political championship.

"I hope the day is not far distant, my dear Mrs. Blank, when you will exercise the voting power," he said.

"Oh, I'm not particularly anxious," was the calm response. "I don't believe it's worth very much. Mr. Blank says that ten dollars was all that some men got in the last Dominion election."

* *

A LITERAL TRANSLATION.

When General Kuroki visited Yale and heard the college yell, according to Mr. John Kendrick Bangs, in Harper's Weekly, he turned to one of the interpreters in the party and asked, "What are they saying?"

"They have just remarked," exclaimed the interpreter, "that they are very glad, indeed, to see you, and that they hope you will come again and stay longer. They congratulate you upon your victories in the East, and, in conclusion, they wish to inform you that you have been unanimously elected a Son of a Gambolier."

* *

ADDRESS ON MORMONISM.

A church journal, in reporting a certain meeting, became somewhat indefinite, and remarked:

"Hans P. Freece delivered an interesting address on Mormonism in the Presbyterian Church, Thursday. Mr. Freece, who was reared in a polygamous home, proved himself in close touch with every phase of the Mormon question. A substantial offering was taken up to carry on the work."

* *



Customer: "The fact is, I'm only looking for a friend."
Assistant: "Well, ma'am, there's one more roll of muslin. Your friend may be inside that."

Sporting Comment

It is an easy guess even at this distance that when the Canada Cup races are sailed in August, Cawthra Mulock's boat, the Adele, will carry Canada's colours and hopes. Not only has she won a great majority of the races so far sailed, but she is sailed by Commodore Aemilius Jarvis. It is an unwritten law that Mr. Jarvis must sail the Canadian boat, not only because of his admitted ability, but because he possesses the confidence of the majority in the R. C. Y. C. who have the last say in the matter. Consequently, even should the Invader, by any accident win all the remaining races, Mr. Jarvis would prefer sailing the Adele, of which he knows every inch of canvas, to trying in ten days to learn the idiosyncrasies of a craft to which he is practically a stranger. Consequently it is Adele on two counts; she appears to be the fastest boat, and she has the chosen skipper.

* *

So far as reports go, the Seneca would not appear to be a very formidable rival. These reports show her to be little, if any, faster than the Genesee, whereas the Canadian boats are much faster than any that have hitherto represented Canada. But even in yachting the native American must show a little of his national trickiness, and there is a current suspicion that the Seneca's skipper has something up his sleeve, and that when Captain Hannon turns her loose for the grand tests she will develop a turn of speed she has hitherto been considered incapable of.

* *

Through all his varying suspensions and reinstatements at the hands of the C. A. A. U. and his troubles before other tribunals, Longboat appears to have retained his speed as well as his amateur standing. And surely the C. A. A. U. owe him his standing, if it were only for the good he has done track athletics in Canada. It is only a few years since the C. A. A. U. dropped its semi-annual meeting in Toronto because the gates would not pay the expenses of the stall-fed amateurs brought over from New York to fill the various events. On Saturday last 8,000 people attended the Irish-Canadian Athletic Club's meet at Hanlan's Point, Toronto, where the Indian again demonstrated his greatness by defeating Daly, the American champion distance runner, handily in a four-mile race. Longboat appears to have everything in the game at his mercy at any distance over two miles.

* *

Cricket, the greatest of English sports, does not seem to take kindly to the Canadian climate. To be sure, Canada has cricket clubs galore, but when it comes to producing experts there is very little doing. Annually the choicest of the lot gets well walloped in the international match with our cousins across the line, and annually there is a lively scrap as to who shall be chosen to take that walloping. Strange as it may seem, everybody seems to want it. This year the annual game takes place on August 5th at Rosedale, and it is hoped that the new blood produced by the annual controversy will make it somewhat more interesting than usual, even if the result be not a win.

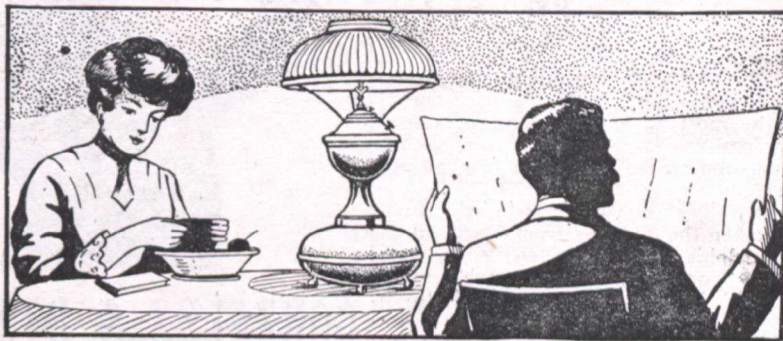
* *

The defeat of Tecumsehs of Toronto by Shamrocks of Montreal in the latter place last Saturday, and the win of Toronto over Capitals of Ottawa, puts a new phase on the lacrosse championship. Capitals, last year's champions, are now out of it, and though Tecumsehs still hold the lead, Shamrocks are a good second. These two teams meet again on Saturday in Toronto, and the winner of that will have a royal chance for the ribbons.

* *

The All-Canadian lacrosse team, whose departure for Australia was accompanied by much laughter, appear to be quite good enough for the company they find themselves in at the Antipodes. They won their first game at Melbourne before eight thousand people, so it looks as if the trip would be a success in every sense of the word.

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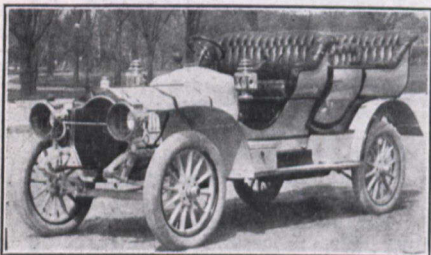
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Thomas Flyer with Non-stop Record

IN entering cars for a gruelling contest like the Glidden tour of this year, which has just been completed, it is usual for manufacturers to put in cars that have never been used before, but one car was entered this year that has an historic interest. This car is the 60 horsepower Thomas Flyer, with which Ernest Kelly established a new non-stop motor record of 21 days 3 hours and 29 minutes in January of this year, his run having been made under the most adverse circumstances for weather and roads. Reduced to hours, the car's non-stop record was 507 hours and 29 minutes.

When Kelly's run was concluded, after he had taken the Thomas from Harrisburg to Philadelphia, thence to New York, and from New York to Chicago through a raging blizzard, it was returned to the factory



Thomas Flyer which ran 11,000 miles before taking part in the Glidden Tour Contest. This car holds the non-stop motor record of nearly 3,000 miles in 21 days and 3 hours.

at Buffalo, where it was turned over to the students in the chauffeurs' school conducted by the E. R. Thomas Motor Co., where it was used as an instruction car.

The car had been run 4,000 miles before it entered on its record-breaking experience; it ran almost 3,000 miles then, and a conservative estimate would place its mileage at 4,000 since that time, a total of 11,000 miles before it began its long trip for the trophy.

Mark Twain in England

MARK TWAIN has won everyone's heart in England. He was much heralded before he came, and many were prepared for a disappointment, but his simple, unaffected manner and his keen delight have made a general appeal. He began with a quaint, characteristic speech at the Pilgrims' dinner, replying to the English wit, Mr. Birrell. The newspaper posters on the day of his arrival read: "Mark Twain Arrived. Ascot Cup stolen."

Laying aside the cap and bells, he closed with a serious word of deep personal feeling. And then he came on to Oxford on the real business of his visit, for the reception of his degree. Everyone at the splendid function, from the gowned members of the university on the floor of the Sheldonian Theatre to the ladies resplendent in the galleries and the undergraduates crowding in topmost seats, was won by his quiet, dignified bearing, by his happy smile, and the scarcely concealed twinkle in his eye. As he waited to be called upon, bystanders thrust their programmes into his hand for his autograph, and he signed cheerfully, while Rudyard Kipling, who was beside him, consented with ill-grace.

From the gallery came the query of the undergraduate: "Mark, what have you done with Ascot Cup?" An excellent sally in view of his recent speech. And again, as he stood with his splendid white hair beside a bald professor, "Mark, could you spare him a little of your hair?" At all the other ceremonies on June 26th, the degree day, he was gladly received. With the pageant he was especially pleased, saying, to the delight of Oxford people, that he would gladly have crossed the Atlantic for that alone. Rumour has it that at the great garden party at Windsor he was very much at home, patting the King affectionately on the left shoulder as he told his stories. Needless to say, Edward VII. was delighted, and the English public, which is good-humoured like its sovereign, rejoices in the success of the American humourist.



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Peculiarities

The Amherstburg "Echo" remarks: "The statute says that the pedestrian has some right—in fact, first right—on the highway, but if this notion lingers with any, a visit to some large business centre such as Montreal or Toronto, will dispel the illusion. The pedestrian's right to walk on the earth is fast passing, if it has not already passed, into a tradition." Don't know about Montreal, but the statute was in good working order in Toronto on the 12th.

Mount Baker, British Columbia, is reported to be back at its old habit of smoking, which, reputable citizens say, it has been indulging in for fifty years. Better let it alone. Once the habit gets a hold like that, it is almost impossible to break it.

A Congregational preacher, in severing his connection from a Paris church, said that it gave him unspeakable relief to get away, and that he had been out of pocket considerably by remaining with them. It must have fairly hailed plugged quarters and tens on the plate.

The proprietor of a bathing house at Port

Stanley complains loudly because men and boys run off with his swimming suits. He says that on one holiday they took over thirty new suits, and he is determined to find the culprits if it takes all summer. It might be cheaper for him if he was to paint a nice, neat suit on his patrons, and perhaps they would prefer it.

There is work for the Humane Society to do in the Lake Abitibi district. It seems that the black flies and mosquitoes up there are literally starving, and are eating up prospectors and surveyors so that their friends do not recognise them. Surely in this land of plenty we are not going to stand idly by and allow these clever, musical little fellows to die by millions just for want of something to eat.

The Kronprinz Wilhelm ran into a iceberg off the Banks of Newfoundland the other day, and the lucky passengers were favoured with a shower of powdered ice. If someone will undertake to run that berg on a six weeks tour overland he can coin a mint of money.

A proposal to prohibit the use of unnecessarily cruel bullets in warfare has been favourably received at the Hague Peace

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All photos for these competitions not winning a prize will be returned if postage for that purpose is enclosed. Mark "Contest Number One" or "Contest Number Two" and put full name, address and description on back of each photo.

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* *

Karl Dullmann, who is serving a life term in Kingston Penitentiary for trying to blow up the Welland Canal, is said to be an expert in cracking stones. From long practice, he knows where to hit them so as to crack them with the least amount of effort. He is also very silent over his work. Perhaps he is thinking of how to release the sermons that are said to be in them in the safest and most expeditious manner.

* *

A Pittsburg tourist who was trying to reach the Montreal River was turned back by the swarms of flies and insects. One day a deer fly lighted on his hand, he says, took a piece out and flew up into a tree to eat it. Now a thing like that should never have happened. These flies have to eat, and it just shows how unkind and cruel people up north must be, when the flies are afraid to eat their lunch without being chased from pillar to post.

* *

Premier McBride, of British Columbia says that the whole of Canada from the Ottawa River west, is going Conservative at the next general election. There is nothing like making a sweeping guess when one is at it, especially as that kind costs no more.

* *

A physician who has made a study of the subject says that singing psalms, tunes and hymns to sick people is one of the worst things that can be done. Such music makes the patient feel that he is in the last stages. He loses hope and courage and has much less chance of recovery. No wonder. It's far jollier to be sick than to have to listen to psalm tunes the way they are generally sung.

* *

Cather, the bank teller who got away with \$6,500 from the Bank of British North America and was captured in London, England, says that he has been much worried since leaving Canada. Worried, no doubt, lest the hard-working detectives should have all their toil for nothing.

* *

An English nobleman with a thirst for work has crossed the Atlantic as a stoker on an ocean vessel. He is now supposed to be gratifying his thirst somewhere in the United States. Wait till the heiresses get after him and he'll wish he was back stoking.

* *

William Melville, a recent arrival from Scotland, went for a swim at Vancouver a week or two ago, and while in the water, someone went through his clothes and took everything, including a farthing piece which he carried for luck. Well, it brought luck—for the other fellow, and it's almost too much to expect two people to be lucky over a farthing.

* *

Out in the West a man was driven from home by his wife, who did not recognise him after shaving off his beard, which he had worn for forty years. He had to be identified by the barber before she would let him in. He should have done it gradually—taken off one side at a time, and gone around for a few weeks to get her accustomed to it.

* *

The Bayfield correspondent of a Huron County paper speaks of "Strathcona, N.W.T." It is really astonishing how fast news spreads in this country, and how well informed is the average country editor.

GETTING SUMMERY.

The sultry, strenuous days have come,
The warmest of the year,
When baseball umpires are bemoaned
While merry athletes cheer.



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Helps Men to Mend their Ways

A GOVERNMENT official who is something more than a machine who knows when to draw his salary, is W. P. Archibald, Dominion parole officer. The secret of Mr. Archibald's success with hardened offenders—and he has been very successful—is that he always sees the man beneath the prison garb. His faith in his fellow-man is of a very vital and enduring character, and it would need to be, for, as he says himself, "a man who is determined to be of practical help in the rescue of discharged prisoners must practise the perseverance of the saints, and at the same time he will see a great deal to convince him of the persistency of devils."

Speaking before the Canadian Club of Victoria a couple of weeks ago on some phases of his work, Mr. Archibald said: "I am anxious to create a deeper interest and a conscience among the people of this vast Dominion to see that no one is left standing outside of a Canadian penal institution on the day of his or her release, without a friend to aid or the opportunity of following up the good impressions often made while under authority."

"My own experience with convicts has been chiefly with discharged or paroled prisoners. What strikes me most of all is not their resentful and ferocious disposition so much as their infantile helplessness. They seem to be poisoned with the pauper virus, and require tonics and training. It is a grievous social wrong to turn this rudderless derelict loose upon the troubled paths of life's sea, for I find a large number of our discharged prisoners are incapable of using an unconditional freedom without an oversight. We must strive earnestly for the day when patrons or friends will be on hand to receive the discharged prisoner, having employment and a helpful environment to assist the unfortunate and the erring into a life of good citizenship. What the discharged man needs is a friend providing practical assistance in his hour of need by giving the man an opportunity to rise on the causeway of redemption."

Boundary Line Bungles

OUR relations with the United States is always a good staple hot weather topic in editorial sanctums, when news is scare and the sea serpent is not chasing bathers at the summer resorts. There still seems to be a disposition in some quarters to "Remember the Maine" boundary line, and some other international incidents, as the following from the "Walkerton Herald" of recent date will show:

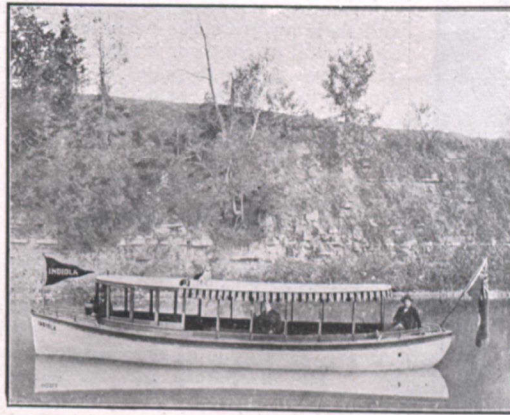
"A little speck no larger than a man's hand, is creeping up on the political horizon between Great Britain and the United States, which may eventually develop into dangerous proportions. Great wars have arisen from smaller causes. The United States wants to establish naval training stations on the Great Lakes between Canada and the United States, contrary to the treaty in that behalf between the two nations."

"The United States is constantly encroaching on the rights of Canada, in defiance of treaties, merely because it feels able to do so; and Great Britain is just as constantly giving way to their arrogant demands, merely because it desires to avoid the dangers of war by refusing to conciliate them. It might just as well undertake to conciliate the father of evil. Through the operations of this spirit, we lost the State of Maine. From the same cause they have driven us out of the seal fisheries in Behring Sea; they have beaten us out of a big slice of Alaska; they are fishing out our inland waters, within the three-mile limit of our shores, and now they want to establish themselves in command of the Great Lakes, Superior, Huron, Erie and Ontario, by putting war vessels on these waters."

"If Great Britain allows it, Canada may as well quit the pretense of being a self-governing country. We will either have to submit to the United States, or face the very serious problem of fighting for our national existence."

VISITORS TO TORONTO

who don't know where to go, will do well to take a sail on the Humber River aboard the Launch



Works: "Sunnyside." Boat Houses: Humber Bay, P.O.

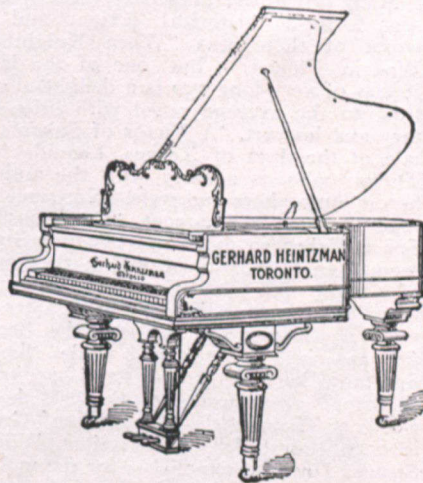
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SEATS FORTY PEOPLE

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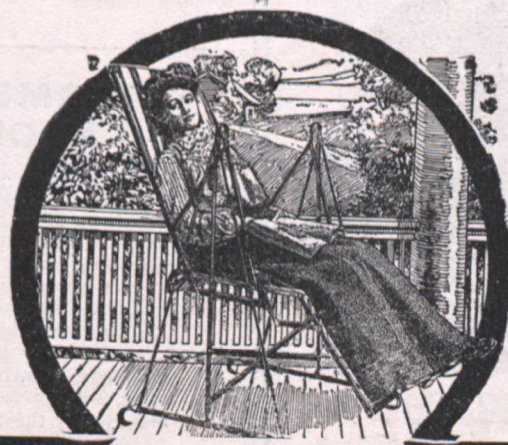


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New Canadian Atlas

A very handsome and useful Atlas of Canada has just been issued by the Department of the Interior. It is not only an atlas of 39 maps, including the ten principal cities, but it is an encyclopedia of information on a vast number of Canadian topics. No such elaborate graphic presentation of information about Canada and its people and their progress has been before attempted. It will prove to be a very valuable work of reference, its 48 pages of diagram presenting in striking form thousands of facts bearing on Canada, its people, its industries and the affairs of its Government.

That Burned Pier

The recently burned ore pier of the Dominion Steel Company at Bell Island Mine, Conception Bay, Nfld., was an immense wooden structure, and was filled with machinery, 5,000 tons of ore and 1,000 tons of coal. The machinery and ore fell into the bay.

The destruction of the pier will probably cut off ore shipments from Bell Island to Cape Breton, where the smelting furnaces are located, for several months, and may hamper operations at Sydney.

A Story of Greece

Many threadbare tales have recently been sent forth as historical fiction, and the worst of these was "When Knighthood Was in Flower." But one of the latest stories of very-long-ago is a delightful contrast to the average novel with little history and less art, "A Victor of Salamis," a tale of the days of Xerxes, Leonidas and Themistocles, is a story with the authentic heroic atmosphere and style. Not since one read that noble fragment, "Pausanias the Spartan" has so much of romantic Greece seemed to be contained within the covers of a work of fiction. From the first scene, when the crier for the Isthmian games announces the name of Glaucon the Beautiful as sixth contestant, while "knotty Spartans, keen Athenians and perfumed Sicilians" press near, to the last heroic words of Themistocles, the spell of Greece is upon the reader. The writer, William Stearns Davis, accomplishes for the modern world more than the miracle of the magic carpet. He takes us, not only across the purple seas, but back to the century of Salamis. (Toronto: The Macmillan Co.)

INCOME AND PROFIT

Having sold a large portion of an issue of 30-year bonds of the Porto Rico Railways Co., Limited, which is earning considerably more than interest on the whole bond issue, and has the exclusive Electric Railway, Electric Light and Water Power business of a populous district, we now offer, subject to sale, the remainder of the issue to yield

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with a Fifty Per Cent.

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The stock should begin to receive dividends on completion of the water power development and extension of railroad to Caguas, both of which have been under way for some months and should be completed by the end of this year, or shortly thereafter. Particulars on application.

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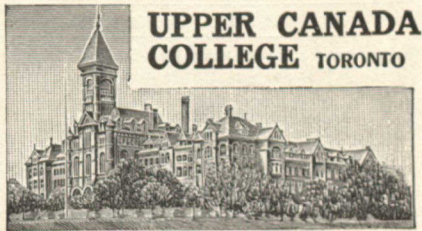
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Autumn Term begins Wednesday, Sept. 11th. Examinations for Entrance Scholarships, Saturday, Sept. 14th.

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The Regular Staff comprises 15 graduates of English and Canadian Universities, with additional special instructors.

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For Calendar and all particulars apply to the Headmaster—

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For the Children

THE RIGHT SORT OF FEET.

ONE of the school directors had arrived, and there was the customary excitement among the classes. He first questioned a class of small boys. "Tell me," said he, "why is it that a duck can swim and a hen cannot?" "Because the duck has webbed feet," piped one lad.

"Yes," said the pompous director. "Now, can any of you swim?"

A stone silence prevailed, during which the director and the teacher whispered together.

"Come, come," said the director, "every boy should know how to swim. Your teacher tells me he can swim. If he can, why is it that you can't?"

"Please, sir," said the same little boy, "the teacher has very big feet."—Halifax Herald.

* *

ESCAPE OF THE BOA.

When the great snake escaped there was great excitement on the train. The boa had just arrived on the steamer, and the circus man had placed it in the baggage car in an immense case, from which it had got away.

At last, to their horror, the searchers found the boa curled snugly around a fat man, who sat apparently asleep.

The circus man quickly drew from his pocket a tiny whistle and began to blow a tune. Slowly the snake uncurled itself and the circus man skilfully got it into a bag.

They thought the snake's victim must surely be dead, but, to their surprise, the man opened his eyes upon their approach, and declared that he had never slept better in all his life, although he had been a trifle warm.—Halifax Herald.

* *



Tommy.—"Does it make any difference if baby takes all his medicine at once?"
Baby's Mother (in horror).—"Good heavens! Of course it does!"
Tommy.—"But it hasn't made any difference."
—Punch.

* *

WHAT MR. BLOW-BLOW DID.

A little bright apple bobbed its head,
"Oh! I am snow-white and I'm rose-red;
I laugh and sing 'way up in my tree;
I'm really a beautiful sight to see."

A wee, soft breeze came wandering by;
He tilted and swung that apple high.
But the beauteous apple hung on tight,
Clung to the bough with all its might.

The little breeze laughed and flew away,
While big brother wind came down to play.
"Oh, Mister Blow-Blow, you are rough indeed!"

But never his protest did he heed.

So he swung and wrenched and made it jump,
Till down in the grass it went, "ker-plunk."

"You dear little sing," cried Marjorie,
"Baked apple, I fink, I'll have for tea."

She cut out the seeds and core so nice,
Then filled it with sugar in a trice;
Then popped it in a pan, so bright and new.
Said, "Now bake an hour, and you will do."

On her small table she placed some milk,
A napkin like snow, and soft as silk;
The plump, wee apple was good to see;
"You're just a delight," quoth Marjorie.
—M. N. Hinds.

Mothers, Listen!

Do not spend your nights walking the floor with Baby, but put your child in one of our LITTLE BEAUTY HAMMOCK COTS, where children never cry. Swings itself to and fro, up and down, with every movement.

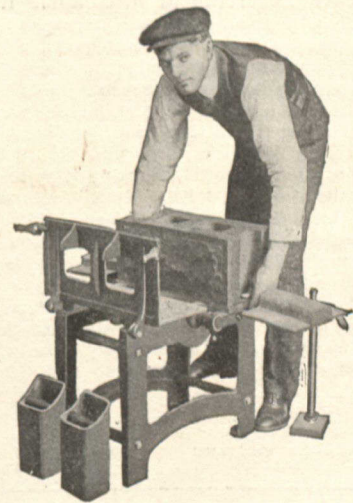


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The remainder of the block can be made of coarser material.

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

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

Trains run between Deseronto and Napanee as follows:—

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

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

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

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Literary Notes

It is curious to note how an author will occasionally misname a book. A notable example of this is a volume entitled "British North America," which should be labelled "The Indians of British Columbia," or "The Dene and the Salish." The general title found on the back of the volume is curiously misleading. The title page is even more curious:

BRITISH NORTH AMERICA

I

THE FAR WEST

THE HOME OF THE

SALISH AND DENE

BY

C. HILL-TOUT.

The volume is an exceedingly valuable one, however, both as to text and illustrations. The reverend author, who has resided in British Columbia for many years, knows his subject well, and presents his knowledge in interesting form. He acknowledges his great indebtedness to that famous student, the Reverend Father Morice, of Stuart's Lake. Every person interested in the anthropology of this continent will treasure the book because of its readability and its complete information. The price of the volume, \$1.50, is so reasonable that one is under obligation to mention it. The Canadian edition is handled by the Copp, Clark Co., and the English by Constable.

* *

The discussion concerning wild animals and their ways goes on with some vigour, although President Roosevelt seems to shrink from further interviews on the subject of the lynx according to Roberts and the wolf according to Long. In a recent issue of the New York "Outlook" Mr. John Burroughs, while discoursing on "Imagination in Natural History," says of President Roosevelt's preferences:

"He enjoys Kipling's 'Jungle Book,' as you say, but not the animal stories of William J. Long. Is not this because the 'Jungle Book' is avowedly fiction and can deceive no one, while in the stories of Mr. Long fact and fiction are constantly confused, and only the practical woodsman can separate them?"

Mr. Burroughs shows in his analysis of Mr. Long's errors all the keenness which he has brought to the observation of Nature. He asks of the nature writer: "Let the fact set his imagination all aflame if it can, but let him see to it that it is a fact. An imagination tipsy with its own creations is one thing, and an imagination aglow in the interpretation of facts is quite another. Mr. Long sins in taking the steps which Maeterlinck and Thoreau never take, in letting invention take the place of observation."

"In nearly every chapter of Mr. Long's books there are such unbelievable incidents as these: He sees a porcupine in the shape of a ball rolling down a hill in the woods just for fun; he sees a lot of loons lined up in a lake to witness a race between two loons; he sees a woodcock make a clay cast for its broken leg, and then stand an hour on the other leg to give the clay a chance to harden; he sees an eagle smitten with death high in the air and then glide down to the earth and lay its head on a cushion of moss."

Mr. Burroughs and the President seem to have the better side, and so far Mr. Long has not made much of a defence for his extraordinary wolves. But the whole matter threatens to take on a political significance, and the editors of the "Outlook" are doubtless justified in their regret that the President of the United States has made a personal attack on an individual citizen, touching a question of this kind. Mr. Bryan may find it to his advantage to study the ways of mountain lions and wolves, but Mr. W. R. Hearst's views on the tiger would probably create consternation.

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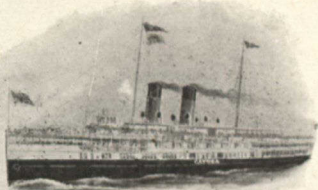
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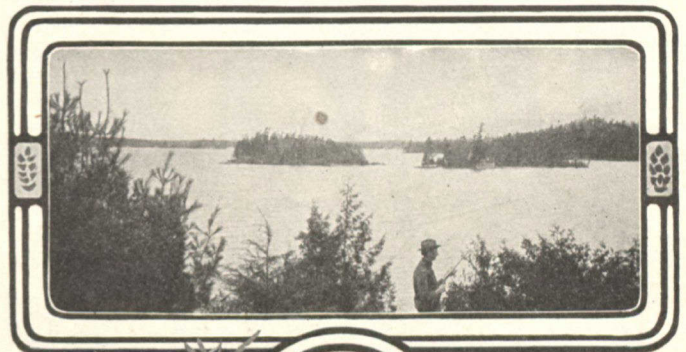
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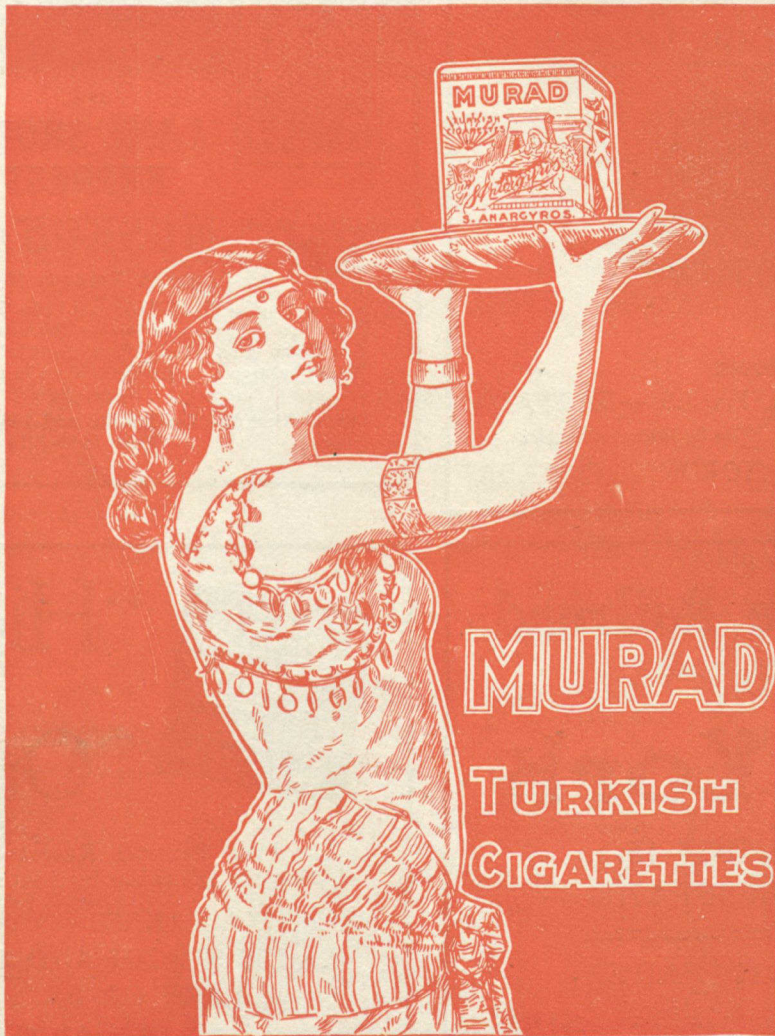
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application to J. D. McDONALD, District Passenger Agent,
Toronto, Ontario.

W. E. DAVIS
Passenger Traffic Manager
MONTREAL

G. T. BELL
Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agent
MONTREAL



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