

The Canadian Courier



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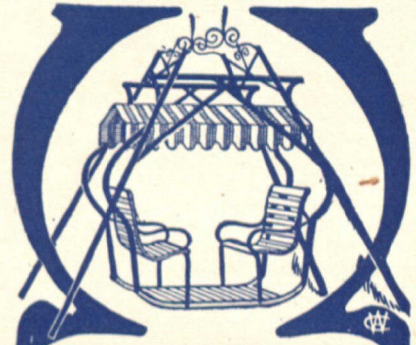
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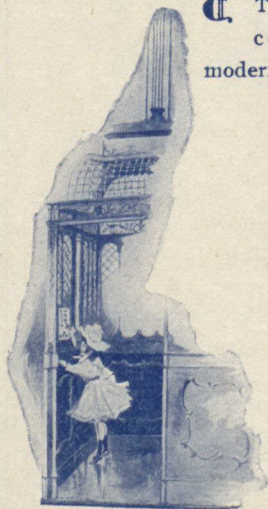
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Editor's Talk

THIS week's issue is devoted mainly to the Asiatic question on the Pacific coast of Canada. It is a large question and worthy of some consideration from the people of the other provinces.

The weekly covers of this journal are attracting much attention. The artistic classes have awakened to find that at last Canada has risen to the height of a weekly paper with a new cover design for each issue. Moreover it is a cover design reproduced in colours. True, it is expensive, quite expensive. There is not a Canadian monthly that can afford a new cover design twelve times a year. This Journal proposes to give the public fifty-two new designs every year. That is our intention—we cannot do it without public appreciation and support.

One feature of our present experience is worthy of special mention. The reception extended to the Courier in the Maritime Provinces has been most generous. One newsboy in Moncton, New Brunswick, sold sixty-seven copies of last week's issue. More than one hundred new subscribers from the district by the sea have been received during the past ten days.

Next week's issue will have some special stories and the usual wide range of pictures. The photograph contest and scholarship competition are attracting wider attention.

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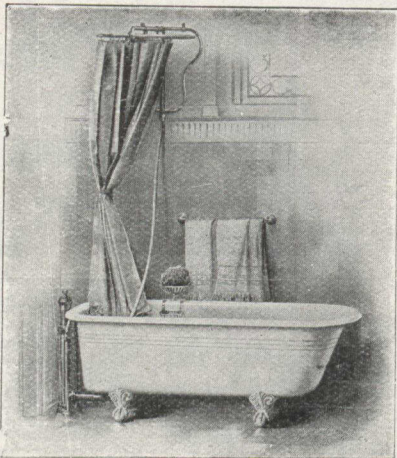
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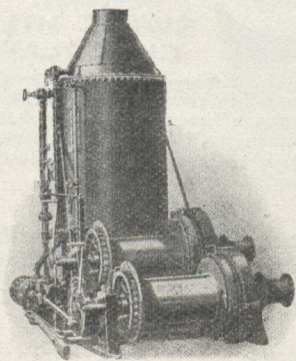
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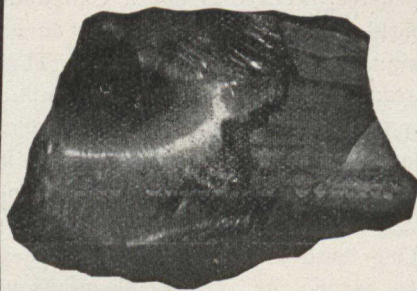
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The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

NEWS CO. EDITION

Subscription: \$2.50 a Year.

Vol. II

Toronto, August 17th, 1907

No. 12

Topics of the Day

POLITICALLY the past week has been fairly quiet. The rumours of an autumn general election have been dissipated by the semi-official announcement by the Premier and the Leader of the Opposition that there will be another session. Parliament will probably meet in November and no one may say when the dissolution shall occur.

Nor has the Premier vouchsafed any information as to the new Minister of Railways or the new Minister of Public Works. Sir Frederick Borden, whom many people have declared "must go" is still in full possession of his portfolio. New Brunswick is still wondering whether Mr. Carvell or Mr. Pugsley will get the vacant New Brunswick representation in the cabinet. The Ontario candidates for portfolios are still, as far as the public are aware, on the anxious seat. The venerable and aged members of the cabinet are apparently oblivious to all calls for their retirement.

The public's curiosity will be satisfied soon. Some be most interesting at this juncture, but it has not been given out to the reporters.

Mr. Bourassa's reception in Quebec, and its effect on politics in that province has been a leading topic for cartoons and editorials. The general opinion seems to be that Mr. Bourassa has lost nothing by his trying experience, and that the people who threw stones and epithets at him have not served the cause which they had at heart. Sir Wilfrid Laurier's opinion of the occurrence in his constituency would be most interesting, but it has not been given out.

In Toronto, the chief topic is a viaduct or bridges. The railways entering Toronto from east and west run along the water front and centre in and about the Union Station, about half way from either border. The railways run along the level and intersect all the streets leading to the wharves. The result is a considerable number of dangerous level crossings. To get rid of these it is necessary to elevate the tracks for three or four miles, or build a number of high-level bridges. The board of trade, city council and other municipal bodies seem to favour a four-track viaduct; the railways are supposed to be in favour of bridges. A decision may be reached shortly but at the moment it is difficult to prophesy what that decision will be.

Montreal continues to wrestle in a somewhat aimless way with its electric light, gas and power problems. Its street railway service comes in for less criticism than some other cities and this other problem, therefore, takes a more prominent place. Electricity and gas are fairly cheap in Montreal, but whether they should be cheaper still is an open question as it is in most cities on this and other continents.

The resignation of Mr. Frank H. McGuigan, first vice-president of the Great Northern Railway, came with

as great suddenness as his departure from the Grand Trunk. It is said that differences of opinion between him and Mr. L. W. Hill were so great as to make his retirement necessary. Canada will be glad to welcome him back, whether to the Grand Trunk or the Canadian Northern.

* * *

At the regatta of the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen held at Philadelphia last week, the Canadians maintained the national reputation. O'Neill of Halifax was second in the single scull and the Argonauts of Toronto won the senior pairs, the senior four-oars, and the intermediate doubles. The international yacht race at Rochester was not so pleasant to the national pride, though the yachting men of Toronto had spared not their purses in building a challenger. Nat. Herreschoff as a designer of boats in class "P" seems to outrank Fife or Payne. In the Dominion Trap Shooting Tournament, the eight team championship went to Hamilton and the four team to Sherbrooke. Toronto's new

bowling green which accommodates 32 rinks is being tested for the Dominion meet which commences next week. It may or may not be satisfactory. It is now generally agreed that even if the Western crops are not injured by frost, the yield will be less than last year. The average will not be over fifteen bushels to the acre, which is four below that of 1906. Even at this, the farmers would do well because prices are higher.

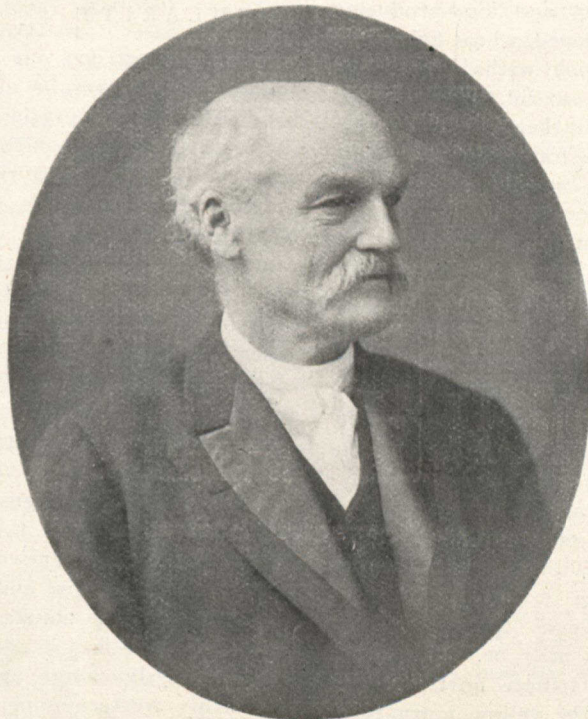
This set-back for the West is nothing to grow mournful about. There was really too much of a boom, and a little lowering of real estate prices will assist emigration more than the smaller harvest will retard it. The West's progress is too genuine to be checked by even two consecutive bad years. The last man to worry over it will be the Westerner himself, who is nothing if not cheery and optimistic.

* * *

The Dominion Revenue continues to expand. In fact the authorities at Ottawa have not yet begun to feel the pinch of "tight money." During the four months ending July 31st, they received in coin and currency of the realm, somewhat more than thirty-two millions of dollars. As the disbursements were less than twenty-two millions, they are ten millions to the good. If it were not for the National Transcontinental now being constructed from Winnipeg to Moncton, Canada would hardly know what to do with her revenue. However, that undertaking will absorb all our surplus for a dozen years to come. There will be a growing national debt until that great undertaking is completed.

* * *

The Dominion Coal Company's defence to the now famous Coal-Steel suit has been begun. They claim that they did not guarantee that the coal supplied would be suitable for making steel and that what was sent was up to contract requirements. Judge Longley has a difficult task before him in deciding upon the rights of each party under this agreement and few will envy him. As to his ability and fairness there is no doubt.



Mr. Collingwood Schreiber,

Consulting Engineer, National Transcontinental Railway.



REFLECTIONS

IIII BY STAFF WRITERS IIII

MR. GEORGE WYNDHAM, M.P., Ex-Chief Secretary for Ireland, has coined a new phrase which may or may not become popular in Great Britain. Mr. Wyndham was appealing to Lancashire to lead the way in tariff reform, and expressed the hope that Lancashire would say "We will fight hostile tariffs with federated markets." It is a phrase worthy of consideration even by those who still adhere to the gospel of free trade. It summarises the policy of the advanced section, the protective section of the Unionist party. It is in direct and distinct opposition to Mr. Winston Churchill's "We have banged and barred the door against preferential trade."

Aside from political sympathies, all the people of all the Colonies would be glad to see a system of federated markets if it could be worked out without endangering Britain's supremacy in the carrying trade and without increasing the price of the British workingman's food. The colonies are small; they are hedged about by competition from great manufacturing and food-producing countries; they have vast undeveloped wheat-fields and other natural resources; they look with longing towards the greatest market in the world. They would welcome a system of federated markets, even though they feel that it would be unwise for them to agitate strongly for such a development.

THE month of August is somewhat dull from the news standpoint. The politicians are away fishing, the municipal authorities are more interested in base-ball than in taxes and only the "rocking-chair brigade" on the hotel verandahs shows an ardent interest in what is going on. Consequently the Duluth papers were hardly to blame for taking up the matter of Captain Young's visit to Isle Royale and trying to manufacture a scare annexation yarn out of a simple little pleasure trip. The gallant captain hails from the thriving town of Fort William and has considerable interest in the real estate of the Twin Cities. But he has no designs on Uncle Sam's insular possessions, however desirable such may be. The Associated Press made due haste to attribute hostile intentions to the Canadian officer and the yellow journals of New York published the nefarious undertaking with proper headings. But peace fell upon the perturbed spirits when the New York "Sun" published an Ottawa despatch from Secretary Scott declaring that no Government action has been taken to plant the British flag on Isle Royale. This is really one of the best hot weather yarns ever told and makes the sea serpent wriggle with mortification. We are an enterprising people but we have islands of our own, thank you, and have no necessity for picking up such a picayune affair as Isle Royale. In fact we have such an embarrassment of islands that we have an Arbitration every few years and allow England to give several of the very best to Uncle Sam just to keep him quiet. We really should not dream of doing anything so rude as snatching Lake Superior islands and wrapping them in the Union Jack. We do not believe in annexation either in the active or the passive voice.

It is a pity that British authorities cannot learn

something of the approximate value of the hot weather fancies of United States journalism. The latest report is that Lord Elgin has become disturbed about the Isle Royale fabrication to such an extent that he has cabled Hon. R. W. Scott for an authoritative statement on the matter. One can easily imagine the "authoritative" exclamation which the Secretary of State must have longed to use. The press reports that his reply was "brief and to the point." Four simple little letters would doubtless have conveyed his meaning. The next thing we know the British Government will be demanding an apology from the Mayor of Port Arthur or the Police Magistrate of Fort William. They do not play poker on Downing Street.

IT seems easy to achieve a continental reputation in North America. Bryan makes a Golden Cross speech and becomes a presidential candidate in the United States; Harry Thaw shoots a man, and everything that he does and says is featured in all the daily papers of two nations; Judge Landis fines a Trust \$29,000,000 one day with the result that he is talked of as Governor of his State the next day, and a candidate for the presidency the following day.

To-day, Judge Landis is the popular hero. He did something. He found rich men breaking a law and he actually fined them. It was such an unusual proceeding that people at once exclaimed "Here is a wonder!" His fame extends through the length and breadth of this vast Anglo-Saxon continent with its eighty odd millions of people. President Roosevelt made his reputation in much the same way; He vigorously upheld the majesty of the law. This is all Judge Landis has done. It may yet become a popular thing to enforce the law in the United States. Of course they are merely experimenting along this line as yet, but it is just possible that some day all the judges over there may acquire the habit. And in time it may even extend to the juries. It would make the United States a much less picturesque country if lynchings and all that sort of thing were abolished and the courts were left to administer justice as is the case in Canada and in Great Britain. Nevertheless, the lynchings and the mobs may go the way the unruly western miner and cow-puncher have gone.

When that day comes, the judges will not find it so easy to achieve fame as Judge Landis and Governor Hughes have done. Some new way to glory will be necessary. However that is a problem which may safely be left to future generations. The transformation is not likely to be so terribly speedy.

ASSUMING that gambling is a vice, which many are not prepared to admit, the question presents itself: "Is it a national vice?" The people of Toronto are especially fond of gambling on horse races at Fort Erie and elsewhere, and the people of several other cities take a great interest in these same events. In Toronto, the results of the races are placarded at the newspaper offices, showing that a considerable portion of the public is waiting for information. This is only one of the forms which the vice assumes. There are bridge and poker games in abundance, plenty of "crap"

games are in progress, and other minor forms prevail.

Out in the West, stud poker and black Jack are popular. In a recent issue the Vancouver "World" calls attention to the gambling by white frequenters of Chinese dens in Chinatown. The game most popular there is chuck-a-luck, and the reporter found five of these establishments within a distance of fifty yards. The West is just as fond of gambling apparently as the East, and any difference is due to the varying opportunities.

There probably never was a race of people on earth which had not a percentage of gamblers. The majority of the Anglo-Saxon people are probably averse to gambling in all its forms, but in every Anglo-Saxon nation to-day there is more or less of it. In Great Britain, Australia, United States and Canada, there is a considerable class who will gamble when opportunity offers. The extenuating feature, if such it may be called, is that most of the gambling is more for pleasure and excitement than for gain. Those in Canada who gamble do it for the "fun" that is in it, though some of them lose money which they can ill spare from their meagre earnings.

Despite the evidence that gambling has a strong hold in Canada, it would hardly be fair to say that it is a national vice. It is, however, an occupation which will bear watching and which should be sternly kept in check.

WHEN the attendance of women at university classes began, there was much talk about co-education and "higher" education as if it were one of the pre-millennial requisites. During the last few years, however, a tone of doubt has crept

CONCERNING CO-EDUCATION

into public and private deliverances on the subject of co-education as if, after all, it were not the marvellously beneficial system which its early advocates believed. In California, where so much reconstruction has lately been carried on, Dr. John Adams, a distinguished English educator, has been giving a series of lectures in the Berkeley Summer School. He has expressed the belief that separate schools and different courses of study should be provided for boys and girls. A San Francisco journal, in comment on this declaration, says: "In time, let us hope, society will come to understand that its policies of education should be made, not in accord with the ideals of the school-teaching trade, but with the main idea of preparation for life."

The modern movement in domestic science instruction and in favour of technical schools shows how practical is the recognition of the necessity for life-preparation. The essential graces of womanhood are more likely to come into full growth where girls are educated in separate schools and are given special training for the development of feminine taste in connection with social,

artistic and domestic matters. Macdonald Institute at Guelph is an excellent illustration of the sort of training which will make Canadian homes happier and healthier. As yet, Canada has no women's university to compare with Vassar or Smith, to say nothing of Bryn Mawr. Hence a Canadian girl who desires the higher academic course is forced to attend a university where most of the students are men. Whatever the future may show as to the merits of co-education, it is a fact that the majority of university professors, when speaking out of the fullness of the heart, declare themselves emphatically against the system in its present form.

THE great advantage of the British Constitution is that it does not have to bother about consistency. Australia has just enacted a tariff which appears to be satisfactory to few. But the fact that, following in the

GROWTH OF FREEDOM

wake of Canada, a preferential feature has been included, without any fear of Imperial objection, shows how the ideas of those interpreting the elastic constitution of Britain have changed. To see the other side of the medal, turn back sixty years.

In the early forties the Australian colonies discriminated against each other, and in some instances against Great Britain. The result of this was a despatch in 1843 from Earl Grey, the Colonial Secretary, setting forth that it was the intention of the Imperial Government to foster international trade through the abolition of preferential tariffs generally. How far the attitude of control was from that existing to-day was shown when the Colonial Secretary stated that the Imperial parliament did not abdicate the duty and the power of regulating the commercial policy not only of the United Kingdom but of the British Empire. The common interests of all parts of that extended Empire require that its commercial policy should be the same throughout its numerous dependencies, nor is this less important than before because her policy is now directed to the removal instead of as formerly to the maintenance of artificial restrictions on trade. The Imperial government was prepared to veto legislation running counter to this position.

THE disasters by explosion of gasoline and nitro-glycerine which are being recorded from week to week remind us that although man has done much by way of cleaving the hills and harnessing the lightning,

FORCES IN REVOLT

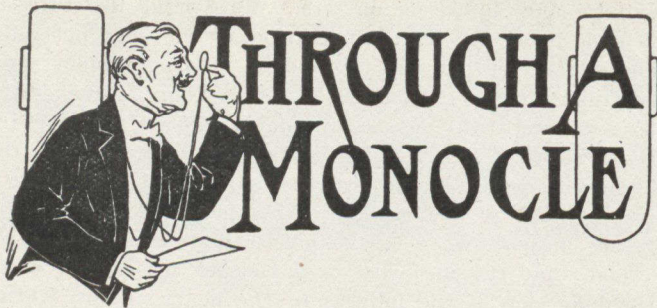
he is not yet undisputed master of nature's forces. Every once in a while an earthquake or an explosion shows how terrible are the powers on which and with which we are experimenting. Man may be the "heir of all the ages" but dynamite has a terrible way of proving him an uncertain inheritor as yet.

The Asiatic in Canada

WHY all this fuss over the Asiatic? British Columbia is supplying the answer. Mr. McVety speaking at a meeting in Vancouver on August 6th declared that in a certain large mill in B. C., 275 men were employed and only 50 were whites, while in another with twenty men, only two were whites. Mr. Von Rheim complained that the Asiatics were working for 50 per cent. less than the white labourers. In this issue Mr. R. G. Macpherson M. P. makes an appeal for a "white" British Columbia.

These are the straws which indicate how the wind is blowing. Already in our issue of the 3rd inst., we have urged that British Columbia's plaint be listened to with some attention. One yellow citizen to three white citizens is too great a proportion. To Asiatic merchants and men of standing there is no objection; it is a question of labourers only. Further, it is a question of labourers WITHOUT FAMILIES. When the British labourer and the continental labourer come into Canada, they bring their wives and children and they are less likely to become restless citizens. If unmarried, they may choose wives from the women of their own race who are also in the country. This is not the case with the Asiatic, and therein lies a grave menace to the welfare of the community.

The Dominion Government and the Canadian Pacific have arranged to carry to British Columbia more of the immigrants arriving from Europe. That is a move in the right direction. The government should go farther; the immigration from Asia should be investigated, limited and supervised. Moreover, action should be prompt.



EV A FOX-STRANGWAYS. What a restless ambitious soul must have dwelt in the bosom of this English girl—this daughter of a coastguardsman! People to whom peace and security are the great elements of happiness will never understand her. But people who are impatient of peace when it is commonplace, and whose eyes are always on the heights, will have something akin to sympathy for this striving mortal who scorned the calm of mediocrity and essayed the Alpine heights of dishonest distinction. There are people in the world who cannot be content. They would not be content anywhere. They seek contentment as a traveller in the desert follows a mirage of cooling wells, never to find it. Possibly their health needs repose and good friends say—"Why don't you rest for a while?" It would be as sensible to ask the Wandering Jew why he does not take up a quarter-section in the West and establish an estate. Their "make-up" will not permit it. They have an appetite for "climbing" just as some other people have an appetite for repose.

* * *

Now I am not saying that Eva Fox-Strangways was wise, or that it is permissible to swindle hard-working people out of their money with bogus checks. She apparently made the master mistake of trying to wage a successful war against society. One must be a Napoleon to do that successfully. All of us are always too much for any one of us. A thief may make a foray on society and then get away by hiding in the crowd and being honest ever after. A genius may forestall society by stealing something that society has not yet had the sense to mark for its own. But the man or woman who deliberately attempts to live in a state of war with society in fields where society is prepared for war, is either insane or else hag-ridden by an insane ambition. Society may be slow, but it will eventually win out. But while we realise that society must protect itself, and while we cannot sufficiently emphasise the lesson that it is useless to "kick against the pricks," there will be a feeling of pity arise in sympathetic breasts for those who seem to be born to wage this hopeless war. "How like a mounting devil in the heart is unrestrained ambition!"

* * *

The name of Fox-Strangways falls like echo on the ears of those who have enjoyed the racy and luminous letters of Lady Sarah Lennox, chiefly indited to Lady Susan Fox-Strangways, daughter of the Earl of Ilchester. This was the first Earl of Ilchester, who was born Stephen Fox, eldest son of Sir Stephen Fox by his second wife. A younger brother of the Earl was Henry Fox, the famous first Lord Holland of Holland House; and the still more famous Charles James Fox was a son of the latter. The Earl of Ilchester married Elizabeth Strangways Horner who subsequently inherited the Strangways estates, when Lord Ilchester took the name of Strangways in addition to that of Fox. Thus we have the origin of the name Fox-Strangways; and the first young lady to bear it was this very Lady Susan Fox Strangways—they do not seem to have used the hyphen in those days—to whom Lady Sarah Lennox, who lived at Holland House, wrote most of her letters.

* * *

Lady Susan, however, was not a "climber." Born

to the purple and frequenting the "drawing rooms" of Royalty, she ran away with and married an actor by the name of William O'Brien and was for many years in semi-disgrace with her family. She probably met him during the private theatricals which were held so often at Holland House; and we have an account by Horace Walpole of one of these plays in which Charles Fox and Lady Sarah and Lady Susan appeared with a number of children. Lady Sarah was a beauty whom it was thought at one time might catch the fancy of the young Prince and become ultimately Queen of England, and she seems to have captured, at any rate, the fancy of the fastidious Horace. He says:—"I was more struck with the last scene between the two women than ever I was when I have seen it on the stage. When Lady Sarah was in white with her hair about her ears and on the ground, no Magdalen by Correggio was half so lovely and expressive." And Lady Sarah had reason to practise the part of a repentant Magdalen, for she finally deserted her first husband to live with her lover.

* * *

Lady Susan had her adventures in America as well. After her marriage with Mr. O'Brien, several attempts were made to get that gentleman a good position—it never seemed to have occurred to them to go to work—and finally they went off to New York on an income of about \$2,000 a year, granted by Lord Holland, of which they were expected to invest some in American lands. But Lady Susan was never contented. She thought that her powerful relatives ought to do more for her actor husband. She seems, too, to have sympathised with the American Colonists in their objection to British taxation. For that matter, Lady Sarah did, too; and there is much in her correspondence during the American war to show that the "rebels" had lots of sympathisers in England in Whig circles. This first Fox-Strangways finally gave up the struggle of living in New York and returned to England, though her friend strongly advised her not to do so. The surprising feature in the correspondence, to the Canadian reader of to-day, is that everybody went upon the theory that they ought to be given some lucrative post under government, and never discussed the possibility of earning a living for themselves. In this disposition to get a rich living without earning it, the latest Fox-Strangways appears to have inherited the family character.

PUNCH'S JOKE ON WINSTON.



"Parting is Such Sweet Sorrow."

Lord Elgin. "Well, my boy, you see I'm helping to get you off, though I shall miss you terribly. You must be sure to have a good rest, and, whatever you do, don't hurry back!"

[The Colonial Secretary has expressed a desire that Mr. Churchill should visit Uganda and British East Africa in the recess.]

—Punch.

Is the Banker Fair?

THE banks are complaining of a shortness of funds and they are not able to give the accommodation thought necessary by the business community. Various reasons have been assigned. Some declare that the bankers are trying to raise the discount rate so as to increase their profits. This surely is untrue, since bank profits are so high now as to create a feeling of unrest among those who are always looking for an opportunity to criticise financial interests. Some claim that the bankers are hoarding money so as to check extravagance in living and investments. This is a more reasonable view, but taken by itself, it is improbable. Such a reason might be one element in the situation but it would not be the only one.

Others claim that the banks themselves are extravagant and there seems some ground for this contention. One of the bankers, Sir H. Montagu Allan, has publicly protested against the extravagant bank buildings now being erected everywhere. Some time ago, the Bank of Montreal spent about a million dollars, it is said, on its head office. The sum must have been large, as anyone who visits this palatial marble and bronze establishment may easily divine. The Bank of Commerce is erecting a building in Montreal now which will cost, it is believed, over a million dollars. Other banks are following hard. Most of these buildings are unproductive. The Traders' building in Toronto, the Union in Winnipeg and most large United States buildings produce rents which pay an interest on the investment. Few of the bank buildings in Toronto and Montreal and through the provinces generally are in this class; they are handsome one or two story structures built for show, rather than revenue. The Bank of Montreal must have over two million dollars' worth of buildings, perhaps they have over three; yet the month bank statement shows bank premises worth \$600,000.

In an article which appeared a few weeks ago, a mistake was made in regard to the expansion of call loans. In order to rectify this, the figures are given correctly:

Call loans in Canada.....	\$ 49,481,000
Call loans outside	55,298,000
Current loans in Canada	586,930,000
Current loans outside	23,388,000
Total	\$715,097,000

During the past twelve months the increase in these four items has been about seventy millions. This practically does away with the hoarding idea, since deposits and bank-notes have only increased about the same amount.

There is one feature which deserves mention in passing. The call loans outside Canada, that is, in New York, increased by seven millions between April and June of this year. That is, at a time when Canadians were being told that money was scarce, the bankers sent seven million dollars to help the speculators across the border. This is a feature of bank policy which cannot be highly commended. Possibly there is an explanation, but it has not been given. When these venerable bank managers talk at all, it is usually to harangue the people to be careful and go slowly and not take any risks; they must meet commercial needs and conditions and meet them quickly if the country is to make headway.

It would seem but reasonable that the banks should be asked to recall some of that fifty-five millions they have in New York and use it to keep the legitimate industries and activities of this country supplied with the necessary funds for prompt transaction of business.



A DELICATE FAMILY MATTER.

Sir Wilfrid: "Won't you shake hands with the gentleman, Buster, and say you're glad to see him? He is a friend of ours."
 B.C.: "I may shake hands with him for your sake, Dad, but I won't say a word."

Drawn by J. W. Bengough.



BALFOUR, KOMURA AND MARK TWAIN.

During Mark Twain's recent visit to England he was one of the three guests of honour at a dinner given in the House of Commons, by Sir Benjamin Stone, M.P.

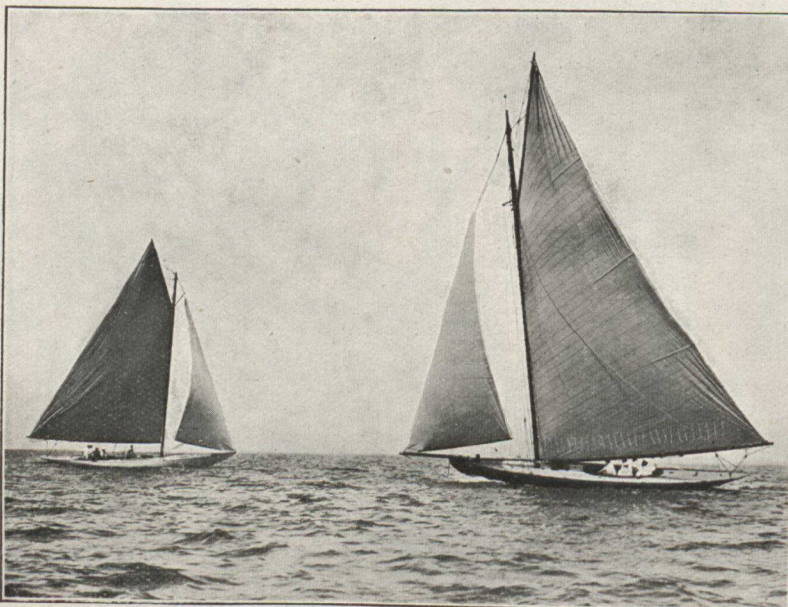
Komura replying to Sir Benjamin Stone's toast, alluded to the happy circumstance that the three great nations of the world were represented—nations whose harmony assured the peace and prosperity of the world, adding that he hoped the British Empire, Japan and America would continue amicably disposed towards each other, and assured those present that Japan would do her utmost towards that end.

This interesting photograph, taken on the famous Terrace after the dinner, was handed to the Canadian Courier, by Mr. Ashcroft, (Mark Twain's companion on the trip) and is published for the first time.

Lord Grey at Halifax

LORD GREY made an eloquent address to the Canadian Club of Halifax last week. He commented on the recent Imperial conference, with its manifest aspiration towards unity and a desire to subordinate local to Imperial interests. Mutual sacrifice and service seemed to be the motto which animated the members. He felt proud to belong to that small portion of the British Empire which considered it a privilege to carry the burden of naval defense until such time as the Colonies felt able to carry their share of it. He felt certain that Canadians would strain every nerve in their desire to safeguard and strengthen the Empire in which, one

day, it might be the controlling influence. Canada had led in the preference movement and thus won the gratitude of the rest of the Empire. He also praised Canada for bearing the major portion of the expense in connection with the reduced postage on British periodicals and newspapers coming this way. He believed that the Maritime Provinces were the front door of America and the natural entry for all postal matter from Europe to this continent. He hoped to see all mail subsidies given by the British government, paid to vessels heading for Canadian ports. To pay subsidies on steamers plying to New York was a colossal blunder. The laws of nature were on the side of those who recommended that the trans-Atlantic mails from Great Britain should be via Canada and not New York.



Adele and Seneca on the Starting Line. Seneca closest to the Photographer.



The Seneca Drifting near the Finish.

LAST SATURDAY'S DRIFTING MATCH AT ROCHESTER FOR CANADA CUP

Seneca, The United States Defender, Won Three Straight Races from the Adele, the Canadian Challenger.

Photographs by Gleason.

Personalities



Mrs. I. E. Mackay.

THE name of Isabel Ecclestone Mackay has lately become familiar to the readers of United States and Canadian magazines. Mrs. Mackay is the daughter of Donald Macpherson and the granddaughter of another Donald Macpherson who settled in the district near Woodstock, Ontario, when the country was a wilderness. To those who know the part that sturdy "Donalds" have played in the building of Ontario towns it is unnecessary to suggest the bracing influences of this writer's childhood. Mrs. Mackay's mother had the quaintly Puritan name of Priscilla Ecclestone and came from Bungay, England. Three years ago, William Briggs of Toronto published "Between the Lights," a volume of poems by Mrs. Mackay. Since then her work has steadily grown in literary grace and vigour and now it is a rare experience to read the magazines of the month without coming across a poem or short story by this Ontario writer. The "Canadian Magazine," the Toronto "Globe" and the "Standard" frequently publish Mrs. Mackay's work, while such American publications as "Scribner's," "McClure's," the "Red Book," the "Reader" and "St. Nicholas" have also known her as contributor. This summer, Mrs. Mackay won the \$100 prize offered by the Toronto "Globe" for a poem on a subject associated with Canadian history. Mrs. Mackay has unusual ability in telling stories for children—the rarest art—and may yet give us a Canadian classic to rank with "Alice."

Few Canadian women writers have made more paper friends than "Lally Bernard" of the Toronto "Globe," whose name is Mrs. Clare Fitz-Gibbon and who was the daughter of Richard Barrett Bernard, a brother of Baroness Macdonald of Earncliffe. Much of her girlhood was spent under the roof of that brilliant statesman, Sir John A. Macdonald. In 1882, May Bernard became the wife of Clare Valentine Fitz-Gibbon, son of Lady Louisa Fitz-Gibbon and the Hon. Gerald Fitz-Gibbon and grandson of the last Earl of Clare. After the death of her step-father, the late Mr. D'Alton McCarthy, in 1898, Mrs. Fitz-Gibbon entered journalistic life, becoming special correspondent for the Toronto "Globe" during the Coronation. As "Lally Bernard" she wrote "Driftwood" for the same paper and has been for nearly four years special correspondent in London, England, for the "Globe," at the same time contributing a clever weekly letter to the Toronto "News" signed "Citoyenne" and to the "Manitoba Free Press" as "Fitz-Clare." Mrs. Fitz-Gibbon is on the council of the Society of British Women Journalists and is representative of the Canadian Women's Press Club, having been responsible for the affiliation of the latter with the former. Mrs. Fitz-Gibbon is a graceful public speaker, as is natural for one with Macdonald and McCarthy traditions. Although an exceedingly busy writer, Mrs. Fitz-Gibbon in her fluent, picturesque letters shows no evidence of undue haste, and pleases not only by her positive qualities but also by the absence of that cheap gush which so disfigures much modern newspaper correspondence. Mrs. Fitz-Gibbon is a member of the National Council of Women, being convenor of one of the committees. Mrs. Fitz-Gibbon's only child, Miss Frances, has lately matriculated at London University. Their Canadian friends wish the talented mother and daughter every success in their chosen work.



Miss May Sutton.

The name "May" is usually suggestive of a spring-like Eng-

lish girl, flaxen-haired and rosy-cheeked. This summer it associates itself with fair athletes, inasmuch as a dashing Irish girl, Miss May Hezlett, has won the golf championship in Ireland, while Miss May Sutton of California has carried off the lawn tennis championship in England. During the month of June, Wimbledon is a spot sacred to lawn tennis and hardly any other subject is deemed worthy of notice. Englishwomen are considered good players but some years ago Miss Sutton, a stranger from California, walked off with the championship and created the impression that she was a "winner from the West." Last year, however, Miss Sutton was defeated by an English player, Mrs. Lambert Chambers, but 1907 has told in favour of California once more. An English critic expresses the belief that there are several finer players in England than Miss Sutton but that she wins because of her "undaunted pluck and determination." English girls, he declares, are too apt to be seized with an attack of something akin to stage fright, perhaps championship cramp and go to pieces at a critical moment. Miss Sutton is socially popular at Wimbledon, where good sport is always appreciated. She is, like most athletes, almost painfully plain in dress and pays no attention to frills and chiffon.



Madame Donalda.



Mrs. Clare Fitz-Gibbon.
(Lally Bernard)

Miss Frances Fitz-Gibbon

Foremost of the younger Canadian singers is Madame Donalda, who, as Pauline Lightstone, attracted the attention of many enthusiastic hearers, among whom was Lord Strathcona. The latter, who is always glad to open the ivory gates of opportunity to gifted young Canadians, took a most practical interest in the girl singer and, after years of study, the Canadian cantatrice assumed, in gratitude to the High Commissioner the name of Donalda, Lord Strathcona's everyday name being Donald Smith. During the last season at Covent Garden, London, Donalda has eclipsed her former successes. During Melba's absence she took the part of "Mimi" in "La Bohème" and was warmly praised by the critics.

One of the latest paragraphs concerning her says: "For a prima donna Donalda is positively infantile. She owns to but twenty-three years, though it must be confessed that, like most great singers, her fine physique makes her look rather more. I never, by the way, see Lord Strathcona at Covent Garden, not even when Donalda is singing. Yet surely he comes, for he is a patron of music and Donalda is one of his many proteges." Madame Donalda recently became the wife of M. Paul Seveilhac, the possessor of a fine baritone, whose gift is too great to allow of his being known merely as "the husband of Donalda."

Miss Ellis Jeffreys is an English actress whose latest visit to Canada occurred in the spring of 1906 when she delighted large audiences by her spirited playing of "Lady Clarice" in the society comedy, "The Fascinating Mr. Vandervelt." In London, England, she has lately achieved a decided success as "Mrs. Allenby" in "A Woman of no Importance." Miss Jeffreys almost invariably takes the part of a sophisticated woman of the world and makes it one of easy charm. This modern assumption of a distinctive type or character by a certain actress is deplored by modern critics but so far the public has been content with such a fashion. Miss Jeffreys is known not only as an accomplished actress, but as one of the best-dressed women on the stage. Such is artistic fame!

Miss Jeffreys has a voice of unusual clearness and bell-like quality and her enunciation is a term of instruction to young dramatic aspirants. Her success in America was so pronounced that Canadian audiences will ere long have the pleasure of seeing her again.



Miss Ellis Jeffreys.



Daniel in the Lions' Den.—By Briton Riviere, R.A.
From the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool.



An Idyll.—By M. Greiffenhagen.
From the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool.

Some Visiting Pictures

TWENTY-TWO pictures are coming to Canada on a visit and during their stay they will be domiciled in the only real art gallery Canada possesses—that at the Exhibition Park in Toronto. They will be received there by a large number of enthusiasts and a host of people who will merely rush through, "gawk" a bit and walk out.

Of these twenty-two visitors, one is by Landseer, R.A., the father of animal painting. Six of his canvases are in the National Gallery but this particular one comes from South Kensington. Another from the same place is by W. P. Frith, R.A., whose famous Derby Day picture is well known to all who have been in the Tate. The Corporation of the City of London are sending five, two by the late Sir John Millais, P.R.A., whose work also hangs in the National; one by James Clark Hook, R.A., the painter of fisher-folk, and one (reproduced here) by a rather famous Scotch painter, John Phillip. The latter is a Spanish scene, with a priest retailing a bit of gossip to some parishioners. The Corporation of the City of Liverpool are sending two splendid works, both of which are reproduced on this page. Those who know that pathetic picture "The Doctor" will be glad to learn that Sir Luke Fildes, whose reputation it made, is sending a portrait of his wife done by himself. Several of the other artists are equally famous.

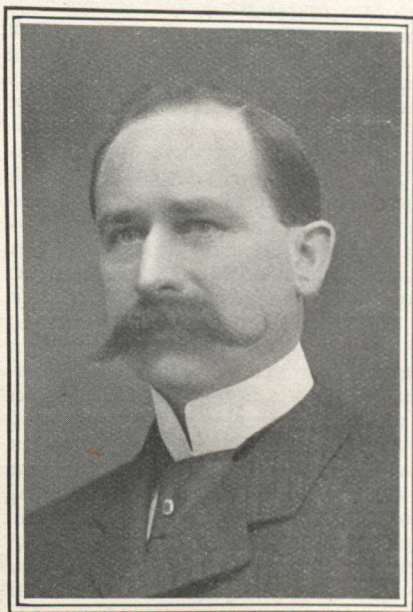


A Chat around the Braserero.—By John Phillip, R.A.
From the Guildhall Art Gallery, London.

British Columbia and the Japanese

By R. G. MACPHERSON, M. P.

(WRITTEN BY REQUEST)



R. G. Macpherson, M. P.

IN reply to your wire of 31st July, asking me my views on Japanese question, I beg leave to submit the following:

The Pacific Ocean Province of Canada is the Port of entry for the Orient and has a climate in many respects the equal to Japan, China and India, is exceedingly rich in natural resources. Fisheries most abundant; timber wealth enormous; mineral wealth an El Dorado; valleys fertile and all comprising an area of 357,000 square miles; population estimated at 250,000, less

than 3-4 of a person to every square mile.

Japan lies within a fortnight's journey, with a population of 45 millions or 440 persons to every square mile, with a natural yearly increase of over half a million. The Japs are obliged to seek other fields for their surplus energy and population. The average man may say, "Well, that is just what we need in Canada." Granted, but not of a race of people we cannot assimilate—a race of people who send their men only—a race of people who have a skin not coloured like our own. The latter may not be a sin, but it is an unsurmountable barrier to intermarriage, and a non-marriageable people means a raising up of two separate and distinct peoples, owing allegiance to different flags, different customs, social and

political, different faiths and, in fact, as non-assimilative as oil and water.

The Jap, if not checked either by treaty or otherwise, will inside of two years number in our population 25,000 to 30,000 able bodied males; to offset that number we will have less than 80,000 males, that is one man in every four would be a Jap. To-day we have close to 20,000 Chinese, 8,000 Japs, and 2,000 Hindoos and when you take into consideration that an infinitesimal number of these have wives and families and do not contribute anything to all that goes to make up a strong nationality such as white citizens do, you will readily understand the feelings of a man who has his little home, wife and family, who contributes his share to our schools, hospitals, charitable institutions of all kinds and who shares the responsibilities incumbent upon every man who loves his country, when he sees thousands of an alien race landing upon our shores. Where the yellow man goes the white man disappears.

I have lived in this province for close on twenty years and I see to-day 5,000 Japs employed in our Fraser River Fisheries, where fifteen years ago not one Jap was employed, and the white man and Indian have been pushed aside. I have no quarrel with the man who wants cheap labour, but I have with the man or men who will allow my brother white man to be pushed aside by an alien race.

Fifteen years ago our saw mills employed entirely a white crew, our shingle mills the same, our lumber camps the same; to-day not more than five per cent. of white men will be found in our saw mills. In our shingle mills about the same percentage. Lumber camps have stood the strain better, but they are fast getting into that artery of trade as well.

"Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey

Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

This subject cannot be disposed of in a light manner; we are face to face to-day with the fact that unless we put up the bars this Province in a few years will be an Asiatic one. The Asiatics are usurping the land and dispossessing the Whites. And why? All because we want cheap labour. God forbid that we shall ever measure the greatness of our nation by dollar and cents standard.



Japanese Labourers, brought from Honolulu to British Columbia by the "Kumeric."

What has made the Maritime Provinces great? Has it been coolie labour? What has coolie labour done for the grand old Province of Quebec?

Tell me who has made two blades of grass grow where none grew before in my native Province of Ontario. Has it been done by an alien race, and so on to the foothills of the Rockies? It has been our own kith and kin. They have built churches, schools, railroads and cities and all without the aid of an alien race.

Why, then, deliver our beautiful Province into the hands of yellow people? Is our destiny not bound up with that of old Canada, our homes not as sacred as the Easterners'? Who should be the best judge of this matter, we who live here and are in daily conflict with the yellow men (a conflict which can only mean a bitter settlement some day) or the man in the East who views it only from an academic standpoint?

I say the Macedonian cry is going out to-day from our people here to the East and if that is not heard, I see without the aid of prophecy a day of reckoning for Canada which will not be averted by academic discussion, nor by newspapers of the East calling me a Sand Lot Orator of the Kerney Stripe. The subject cannot be disposed of in a short newspaper article, but I am glad of the opportunity of putting some of my views before my Eastern friends through the columns of your excellent publication.

A Variety of Views

IT is a difficult matter for the dweller in Halifax, St. John, or Toronto to grasp comprehensively the situation in British Columbia, so far as Japanese immigration is concerned. In spite of Japan's victory over Russia, we of Eastern Canada are somewhat inclined to regard the Empire of Japan as a toy kingdom where the people live in paper houses and play at world politics. The spell of opera-comic and tragic—is upon us still and we are inclined to look upon any Oriental complication of industrial conditions in San Francisco or Vancouver as a struggle in a teacup—and a frail Japanese teacup at that.

But no careful reader of the British Columbia press, no one who listens to a man from the West discussing Pacific problems can fail to realise that the situation has reached a serious stage. Some of the journalists of that province are entirely opposed to Japanese labour and favour exclusion laws of the utmost stringency. A

writer of other views delivers himself of the following judgment:

"Of course if we could obtain an influx of people from the Old Country, we should like it better, and in time we shall no doubt do this. But we do not want to shut down for a quarter of a century; and until the opponents of Japanese labour have some definite scheme to put before us, common fairness should suggest that no hostile feeling should be aroused against those who are hewing our wood and drawing our water. Moreover, a large export business to Japan is growing up that is likely to be more productive of benefit to British Columbia than the employment of ten or twenty thousand Japanese is productive of harm."

Those who are alarmed at the extent of the "invasion" have some reason for their attitude, judging from the statement that the total number of Japanese who landed in July at Victoria and Vancouver from Japan and the Hawaiian Islands is five times the number of arrivals of the previous month, and the number in August, it is expected, will exceed the total for July. Evidently it is as easy to obtain the Oriental labourer as it is difficult to secure the Anglo-Saxon. Yet it is not pleasant to think, even at the distance of three quarters of a continent, that Asiatics are coming by thousands to Canadian cities which are in their very springtide.

This difference of race seems a steel bar to satisfactory citizenship. Imperfect as our political system may be, it expresses the genius of a great colonising Empire and it is impossible for the Oriental immigrant to understand the gentle uses of the ballot. "Asia," says a writer who knows something of that colossal continent, "will never attend Sunday School and will never learn to vote save with swords for tickets." The caste of colour may be a matter of prejudice in the regard of some good people but its existence is undeniable and lasting.

But what is to be done about the work which, it is alleged, only the Japanese are willing to do? If the English, the Scotch, the Welsh and the Irish fail to arrive, how are the wheels going to be set in revolution unless by these willing Japanese labourers, who are so ready to embark on "Kumeric," "Indiana" or any other boat which will land them at a British Columbia port? The whole matter, we admit, is a worse-than-Chinese puzzle to the man who has not lived west of Winnipeg; but we of the East have an abounding belief in the ability of the British Columbian to work out his own problems in racial equations to a definite conclusion.



An Ontario Pasture.

Photograph by Sallows.

NIMRODS OF THE GULF

By W. J. PITTS

STEVE CAMPBELL, a typical, sun-burned, tall and well knit lobster-fisherman, stood in the bow of his boat, anxiously watching the revenue-cruiser Stork which had just spat fire venomously in their direction. The Government boat was speeding across the waters of Hillsborough Bay, with full steam up, as the thick heavy volume of black smoke from her funnel testified. The lobster season had ended a week before, and Captain Smith and his crew were on a constant chase of the delinquents who still continued to anchor their traps in quest of the toothsome shell fish.

"They're getting a little too near to be comfortable," observed Campbell to his helper. "Unreef the mains'l, Judson, and up with the tops'l while I have the tiller. Jones was caught yesterday with a faster boat than ours so we can't afford to take any chances."

"Yes, but Jones was caught by the 'Vulture,' answered Judson. "She steams two knots faster than the 'Stork' and has O'Brien for a captain, a man who'd make two Smiths."

"Never mind about that. Smith can strike hard enough when he gets handy. Thank heaven we're near the channel and will soon be able to make the cove."

It was a fine day, a glorious day "overhead," but the sea was particularly nasty, and the wind variable. Steve flung himself up against the tiller with all his strength, his feet propped in front of the bulwarks so as to enable him to keep his seat.

"We'll do it, by George, we'll do it," he gasped as the boat veered slowly to the leeward. "Look to the trap, Judson; see that we don't lose any of them."

Judson had to work as hard as his "skipper. The baited lobster traps were piled so high on either side of the centre-board that it was only with the greatest difficulty that they were prevented from toppling over into the sea. A schooner rigged lobster boat is a cantankerous craft to manage, much more so when you have to loose the fore-sheet with your left hand and hold on to your cargo with your right. Mr. Judson, however, was of a stoical temperament, so that when a second shot from the cutter's muzzle-loader knocked splinters from the bulwarks; he only grinned defiantly and went on with his work.

"Ha! I told you that Smith could hit hard when he gets handy," observed the man at the tiller. "Mebbe he's on for sinkin' us; if that's the case, we'll have to get before the beggar and do the sinkin' ourselves."

"Keep out of sight, Ned," he added. "They'll soon be able to make out who we are. The chase'll become hotter if they find that this is Steve Campbell's boat." Judson scooped out a hiding place between the traps, squatted on a convenient coil of rope and nonchalantly proceeded to light his stubby clay pipe.

"Let them find us out," he growled, between vigorous puffs of rank tobacco. "what'll they find, eh? Mebbe the masts of a twelve dollar lobster boat, some old traps and rotten herrin', as for Steve Campbell, or Ned Judson either, b'gosh they'll be away off in the woods by that time."

"Well, it's goin' to be a question of sink or swim in five minutes time," answered Campbell, as the boat shot over the narrow blue strip of water that marked the Channel. "Scramble up, Ned and down with the fores'l."

Judson jumped to his feet and unwound the halyards of the foresail, Steve meanwhile performing the same act with the mainsail. While engaged in this operation, both men perceived that the cruiser's engines were working more slowly, and before the two fishermen had finished their task the "Stork" had come almost to a standstill.

"They must think that it's a case of surrender with us," said Campbell; "they'll soon find out their mistake even if we have to dive for it."

Before another minute had elapsed both fishermen stood divested of their boots and socks in the centre of their boat and had begun to rip up the flooring. The twelve baited traps were then weighted with ballast-stones and tossed overboard. This having been accomplished, Judson ran aft and secured a formidable looking auger, which he handed to his chief.

"Great Scott, man," yelled that worthy, "do you think we've got all day to bore holes. Hand me the axe!"

"Here y'are," growled Judson. "What'r you goin' to

do next?" For answer Campbell struck the boat's bottom a smashing blow with the desired implement. A mighty volume of water poured in through the hull and a smile of satisfaction lit up Steve's face. "Thank goodness I left my good boat at home," he said. "Now for it, Judson, over we go!"

In another instant the two men had plunged into the sea and were lustily swimming shorewards. They had not been in the water ten seconds when their old craft literally rushed beneath the choppy waves. The red sandstone cliffs, which would seem near to a casual observer, were in reality three hundred yards distant. Had the tide been low, a short swim of a few yards and a quick run across the slippery "eel-grass" would have brought Campbell and Judson to the beach with scarcely any straining exertions.

No such good fortune, however, blessed Mr. Campbell and his mate. Though the tide had begun to fall, it was still almost at its highest. In fact its returning waters made it even more difficult to reach the shore. Add to this danger a choppy sea, the presence of some immense jelly-fish or "blood-suckers," a stiff land breeze and our friends' precarious position will be appreciated. There's nothing equal to fear to make a man run his hardest. The most rheumatic gentleman in town will soon find the police station when burglars are his visitors. It is very easily understood then why it was that these two Gulf fishermen reached the beach in such an incredible short space of time. The faint sounds of creaking davits and splashing oars came to their ears from far over the water, as they ploughed their way through the surf. Captain Smith of the "Stork" had evidently determined upon not losing his "haul" on this occasion.

"By George! but that was a swim," said Campbell, as they finally reached the beach and stood drenched and dripping on the shore. "Come, Judson, we can't loaf here."

Accordingly they immediately began to clamber, like two cats, up the slippery rocks, Campbell taking the lead. The cliffs, once climbed, exhibited no traces of these two "desperadoes" of the sea, save sliding stones and falling sand. Both men had entered the woods and were lost to sight.

Meanwhile Captain Smith of the cruiser "Stork" paced his deck furiously, muttering a thousand different unmentionable expletives and denunciations against the entire force of lobster-fishermen. He, himself, assisted in the lowering of the ship's boat, cautioning the two revenue officers who composed the expedition to search every nook and corner of the adjacent country till they found the men they wanted.

"Hunt for 'em well, boys," he concluded, "don't give the beggars a second's leisure, but keep on hunting. I'll expect the four of you back to supper."

Having been thus admonished, Messrs. Jones and Parkes took their places in their small craft, and set out on their search. It did not take very long for these two faultlessly dressed, "spic-and-span" representatives of the revenue force to reach the beach; possessed as they were of a good dry boat, comfortable seats and a clear sea. Ten minutes brisk rowing brought them to the edge of the cliffs. Their real difficulty, however, commenced upon landing.

"Great guns!" ejaculated Jones, "have we got to climb that confounded mountain?"

"Why of course we have," answered the other. "Do you think they'd lower a ladder expectant of our arrival?"

"Well, if that's really the case, we'd better walk a little round the shore till we find an easier ascent."

"Oh, all right, if you say so," Parkes replied, "we're only letting them get away while we're arguing."

They, accordingly, walked several hundred yards around the beach, but to their dismay the banks seemed to become more inaccessible at every step.

"I vote we turn back," said Jones finally.

"Well I don't," replied his companion, "We've lost too much time already. Up we go," and he sprang on the nearest jutting rock. Jones, having also the reputation of the service to uphold, could only follow.

Mr. Parkes, however, despite all his bravado and apparent determination, was remarkably short winded for a man of his calling, and one whose explosive courage ebbed away at the moment of any great physical exer-

tion or danger. The unassuming Jones had soon left him several feet behind, tearing the earth with his outstretched hands and gasping for breath.

"By Jove—this—is—awful," he at length burst out. "I say—Jones—we should have brought a—ladder."

"How'd this do?" yelled a voice far above either of them.

Craning his neck upwards at an angle of forty-five degrees, Parkes beheld a laughing, sun-burned face half hidden by a tangled mass of shrubbery, peering over the bank's edge. The concealed hands of this welcome apparition, for so it seemed to the luckless Parkes, grasped a stout rope which dangled down to within a yard of Jones' face.

Always generous and accommodating, Jones was particularly so upon this occasion; grasping the rope's end with his right hand, while he extended his left towards his weary fellow-officer, who, with renewed energies grasped it, and was soon by his friend's side. Another instant was sufficient to haul them both on to the firm, springy turf, beside their rescuers.

That gentleman, who was our old friend Judson in the dry and substantial apparel of a young farmer, gazed amusedly at the scratched faces and mud bespattered garments of the "Stork's" officers. After listening to many effusive words of thanks, he inquired, with an apparent show of innocence, the object of this precarious climb.

"Well—er—you see," began Parkes, who was somewhat of a novice in his profession, "you see we're looking for a couple of smugglers."

"Smugglers!" bawled Judson, "smugglers! Such gentlemen are unknown in these parts and have been for the last thirty years. You must be of an exceedingly romantic turn of mind to think of such a thing. Why you might as well say pirates; yes sir, pirates!"

The discreet Mr. Jones kept his lips firmly closed during this short tirade, but Parkes, the effusive, gave his auditor the full text of their instructions, what the men looked like, who they were supposed to be, what offence they had committed, etc., etc.

Mr. Judson whistled for Mr. Campbell, who immediately appeared on the scene. In less time that it takes to describe it, Messrs. Campbell and Judson had persuaded Messrs. Jones and Parkes of the total folly of their enterprise, that their captain was a short-sighted old fool who had sent them on one of the proverbial wild goose chases, that they themselves, allowing the presence of smugglers, had dawdled too long on the beach to hope to catch them now, and that the only thing that could be done now was to make the best of a bad bargain and not make an early report to the irascible master of the "Stork."

The logic of this last article of advice impressed them both very forcibly, for a quickly finished job quickly begets suspicion. An invitation from the plausible Mr. Campbell to accompany these farmer-fishermen on a "shoot," wild duck being the prize, added an irresistible temptation to the preceding arguments. Jones and Parkes followed Steve and his helper to a convenient farm-house, where guns and ammunition were procured for the two delinquent officers. The farmer, who was an old acquaintance of Steve, looked wonderingly at his new companions, as he handed them two serviceable breech-loaders and a bag of cartridges.

"Well, well, well," he said laughingly to his wife, when the four had departed, "what'll them two boys be up to next; here they've gone and actually gulled two green revenue men."

Shouldering their own "double-barrels," which they had secured from a certain place known only to themselves, Steve and Judson led the way to the haunt of the wild fowl. Parkes fired at the first sight of a wing, so that the party had to travel half a mile farther in order to round up the frightened ducks. Jones' excitement was so great when he discovered a plump drake fifty yards in front of him that he inadvertently pulled both triggers at once, promptly precipitating himself back first into the edge of a swamp. Parkes gave a most unsportsmanlike yell, when he saw his shot bounce against what turned out to be a "decoy" which had been forgotten by some absent-minded hunter. The day's honours went to Judson who bagged six fowls during the afternoon, Campbell boasting of but half that number.

At the conclusion of the sport the two "guests" were very cordially requested to "stay to tea," but they declined, with anxious thoughts of the "Stork" and the skipper. Four of the day's spoil were, however, bestowed upon the two custodians of the Gulf.

"Well, so long, we may see you again," shouted Campbell as they parted.

"Very likely," agreed Jones. "Come on board the 'Stork' the first chance you get."

"It would be a long time before we got a chance to get away," muttered Steve, then aloud, "I'm afraid we can't do that, you see we're so—er—busy."

"I understand, well, goodbye," and they parted.

The language of Captain James J. Smith, two hours later, was enough to stir the fishes in the sea's depths. For half an hour he stormed and swore, then he grumbled, finally becoming sufficiently mollified to sit down in company with his officers to a meal of wild fowl, which he agreed "were very good, very good; where in thunder did you get them?"

An August Idyll

IT was at the Blueberry House in Muskoka where there were twenty-five young women, four chaperons and only three young men. Two of the latter became alarmed after the first three days and fled to the north and Temagami, leaving Billy Allan the lone young man in that group of feminine allurements. But Billy remained, because there was one of the twenty-five maidens on whom he desired to bestow his hand and as much of his heart as remained to him after 'steen affairs, for Billy had been in love from the kindergarten up. The latest object of his affection was Bessie Hamilton, a fluffy, white-muslin sort of girl with innocent blue eyes which just matched the knot of ribbon beneath her dimpled chin. The girl Billy was in love with last August was of an entirely different style—a "Carmen" sort, with big brown eyes and a tempestuous temper. But that is a story to which Billy wrote "finis" last September, so that she really has nothing to do with Bessie and the Blueberry House.

Billy became so serious about a week ago, that he was really alarmed by his own earnestness when he found that the mutton and huckleberries which formed his Muskoka menu had actually become a mockery—for the first time in his life, his appetite failed him and he tried to write a sonnet on the cause of his melancholy condition. For some reason or other he had found a great difficulty in proposing. You see, there were twenty-four other girls around, to say nothing of the chaperons, one of whom was a grass widow with winning little ways. One Sunday afternoon Billy thought he had prepared the way beautifully by telling Bessie of what a fine influence a really nice girl exerted over a chap, when Bessie suddenly gave a queer gurgling laugh.

"Oh, there's a mosquito right on the very tip of your nose. Won't it look funny if it swells!" Now the vanity of woman, matched with that of man, is as lemonade unto champagne and Billy was for the moment utterly disgusted with the frivolous ways of Bessie Hamilton, inasmuch that he jumped up from the lichen-stained rock and said it must be time for tea. He devoted himself to the grass widow for two long hours that evening and she told him while the rest were singing "Where is my wandering boy to-night?" that she had never been really understood and had never known a friend she could really confide in.

At last, however, Billy had succeeded in detaching Bessie from the "virgin choir" of the hotel and, scorning to take a volatile canoe, he had chosen a steady row-boat and a pretty little cove where the sunset light always lingered late, as the scene for the thrilling moment. Bessie behaved very well and did not for a moment try the sister pose. She certainly did not decline nor did she accept the flattering offer of his heart and his liabilities. She said that she must think it over, that she considered marriage or even an engagement an awfully solemn thing, and that she would tell him in twenty-four hours just the condition of her heart.

But the very next afternoon, by one of Fate's freakish tricks, a sheet of a letter Bessie had written to her dearest girl friend blew out of the window and straight to the red rocking-chair where Billy was reading the sporting page of a three-days-old paper. He recognised Bessie's handwriting and read (of course before he thought) the crushing sentence:

"There's only one boy here and he's not so slow, although he has a fearfully good opinion of himself. He proposed last night but of course Frank is worth a dozen of him and I really think I'll tell this chap that I'm engaged."

Last Sunday night at Blueberry House, twenty-nine lone women sang once more "Where is my wandering boy to-night?" But dear Billy Allan was away up near Petawawa.

J. G.



THE CONSUL'S NIECE

A STORY OF THE SIXTIES

By ALICE JONES, Author of "Bubbles we Buy,"
"Gabriel Praed's Castle," etc.

This story is founded on the well known event of the late Captain Taylor Wood's taking the Confederate privateer Tallahassee out of Halifax Harbour by the Eastern Passage, while two American cruisers were awaiting her in the main channel.

IT was a gala week in Halifax harbour, for the French flagship had come up from the Newfoundland fogs to call on the English Admiral, and dancing and dining were the order of the day.

Not far to the south, the sound of guns meant grimmer realities than salutes to welcome magnates on board ship, and the uniforms of world-renowned chiefs were growing shabby in other than review work.

It was barely six years since the English people had passed through the ordeal of the Indian Mutiny and on an August day seven years later, the French empire was to see its stately turrets crumble, but to both nations this was their day of small things and they made the most of it.

But on this merrymaking fell a bolt from the blue, as with the lifting of the fog off Chebucto Head at early morning there appeared a battered craft, that flew the flag of the Confederate States, and bore the name of "Onondaga." For the last six weeks this name had been an ill-omened one to all American shipping frequenting the seas between Newfoundland and the West Indies. Dire havoc had the cruiser wrought to whatever sailed under the Stars and Stripes, burning or scuttling her prizes, venturing even within the waters of the Sound. The New York papers had been full of her exploits, and of demands for the destruction of the so-called pirate. Great was the official flutter that ensued on the appearance of so troublesome a visitor.

The English officers and the local authorities were in the habit of making pets of the Southerners of whom in these years the town was full, but this presence of the famous privateer in harbour was a more serious matter. There was the Queen's proclamation, as well as the laws of neutrality, to be considered.

Hardly had the Onondaga's captain visited the Admiral and the Governor, and obtained permission to remain twenty-four hours to take in a certain amount of coal, when the American Consul, grim, taciturn Judge Fawcett, was in the field with protests. He was received with all official urbanity, but otherwise obtained small satisfaction, and all that morning the paper war raged. When the Judge joined his niece, Millie, at their one o'clock dinner his only signs of combat were in pockets bulging with documents, but his face was weary under its set lines.

His whole soul being in the war, he suffered as did those on both sides who cared the most for their country. In a few terse words he told of his morning's lack of success.

"Everything within the letter of the law will be done to aid them and hamper me, but if I catch the authorities here one inch outside that letter"—and he paused significantly.

If, as he spoke, he marked a sadness akin to his own in his niece's eyes, he only ascribed it to the ardent patriotism which had made her so restless that her parents had sent her away from her border home to his care.

He knew nothing of her early engagement, ended when at the outbreak of the war, Jack Carter, the young navy lieutenant, had followed the fortunes of his state, Virginia.

If he had, he might have guessed the cause of her pallor. Was Jack Carter by any chance on board the Onondaga, and if so, might she have to face the ordeal of meeting him as, worse than a stranger, an enemy?

There was to be a dance for the French officers on

board the English flagship that afternoon, and until the last few hours Millie had been looking forward to it with girlish anticipation.

"There is no chance of their being on board the Duncan to-day?" she asked apprehensively.

"It's like enough," was the Judge's sardonic answer. "John Bull doesn't seem able to make enough of other folk's rebels. Wait till he gets some of his own on his hands and see how he likes it."

"Then, of course, we're not going?" Millie asked, divided between disappointment and relief. A strange attraction drew her towards what could only be painful.

"Yes, we are."

"But all those Southern women will be there in their Paris finery," she objected, dread of a possible meeting gaining the upper hand.

"Well, and haven't you your New York finery?" her uncle persisted.

"Yes, thanks to you," she said smiling. He had been very good to her, when bringing her from home, he had stopped a week in New York.

"Then wear your best and be a credit to Abe Lincoln and Old Glory. You don't suppose I want to go and grin at these people who are just watching to see us safely down before they give us an open kick, do you, child? But you and I are on outpost duty to-day, remember that. Now run off and make yourself smart."

Millie went, and whether it were from patriotic or private reasons she had never taken more pains over her dress or showed more indecision between two dainty summer gowns.

"You'll do," said the Judge, emphatically, as he surveyed her in the hall.

Hours were earlier in those days, and it was a little after three when Judge Fawcett and his niece reached the flag-enclosed deck of H.M.S. Duncan. That old-fashioned, wooden man-of-war would make but a poor show beside the armoured monsters of the new century, though she was then thought worthy to fly the flag of the English Admiral commanding on the North American station.

At any other time the novelty of the festive scene might have stirred Millie to a pleased excitement.

A soft, diffused light came through the awning, melting the immaculate whiteness of the decks, and the shining polish of brass-work.

Garlands of fresh larch and pine gave an aromatic forest breath to the crisp purity of sea air. The officers of the ship as well as their French guests and the military men from the garrison were smart in uniform. Girlish shoulders rose above surging draperies of light-hued muslins, like naiads above sea-foam.

Milly herself looked an up-to-date wood nymph in billowing folds of green muslin, but her heart was sadly out of tune with her festal array. And yet it was not unbecoming, that mood of proud endurance that gave a statelier touch to her young beauty.

An English military woman, gazing after her, said: "I never could see why they made such a fuss over Miss Fawcett, but to-day she certainly looks well. It must be her dress."

Little these strangers' praise or blame mattered to Millie now.

She still felt the thrill, the pang of the first sight of the fore-doomed flag flaunting its stars and bars in the westerly breeze, as she stood at her uncle's side on the dockyard wharf.

"Oh, doesn't it look lovely!" said a girl near her, gaily humming the tune of "The Bonnie Blue Flag."

In a daze of unacknowledged dread she stared at the cruiser until her uncle's voice sounded beside her:

"Remember we are on outpost duty."

"Don't be afraid, I shan't forget," she smiled back, and turning to a girl acquaintance, she began to discuss the probable merits as partners of the Frenchmen, as though all her heart were in the question.

Standing now amongst the guests on deck, Millie could not keep her eyes off a fashionably dressed group of women, a group marked by a delicate, exotic air amongst the sturdier English type.

These were Southern women, either on their way to or from their beleaguered country, awaiting the coming of their men-folk, or seeking refuge in a foreign land from homes that were now battlefields. More than one patrician face bore marks of recent stress of peril or suspense, though from each and all came the gay words that sounded discordantly to Millie's sore heart.

"They have cause to be gay to-day," she reflected bitterly, thinking of the welcome they would presently give to their triumphant compatriots.

There was one face above all that irresistibly attracted Millie's eyes, a face framed in loose masses of fair hair, a face where the delicate outlining and colouring was strengthened by the light of a gay, proud spirit, looking out dauntless at life.

This face belonged to Adeline Lester, a Virginian girl, whom the local society had hailed during the last few weeks as rival belle to the Consul's brown-eyed niece.

"North or south, blonde or brunette, which do you go in for?" young men asked, and a devoted adherent of one girl seldom joined the group around the other.

Now as Millie's eyes turned at intervals to watch Miss Lester, she was not thinking of her rival's popularity, or of the wonderful turquoise blue dress that enhanced her beauty.

She was thinking of Adeline Lester, the gay, wild schoolgirl who had shared her secrets and scrapes, who had been soonest told of her engagement to Jack Carter when he had joined his first ship.

Now she and Adeline passed each other with the polite unconsciousness of strangers. Nothing else was possible, under the circumstances, and to that pain as to so many others, Millie had grown used.

But it was new, this jealous pang, as she remembered that perhaps Adeline knew where Jack Carter was, perhaps she had seen him recently—perhaps—oh, if by tragic chance he should be one of the Onondaga's crew, her schoolmate could meet him, with the frank joy of old comradeship, with the fervour of a common cause, while she, Millie—

"A penny for your thoughts," came from the tall, thin man in gunner's uniform standing beside her.

Millie had come to feel it a matter of course that Captain Palliser should always be at her beck and call, on the lookout to secure as many dances, as much talk with her as possible. She did not know that until he met her he had given more time to woods, and streams than to ball-rooms, to Indian guides than to girl partners.

"It's a shame to interrupt such meditations," he went on, "but the Southern beauty will be suspecting you of looking for the best place to stick in a stiletto if you stare at her like that. The Paris dress is the attraction I suppose?" he added, though he knew it was nothing of the kind. Millie's eyes had betrayed some deeper impulse.

"No, it isn't that. It was—all sorts of things," she answered absently. She felt too thoroughly at home with him to take much trouble with her answer.

"You seem dull to-day," he said, lowering his voice to a note of sympathy she scarcely heeded.

"Oh, dear, do I?" she said, fully roused. "And after promising uncle I wouldn't be!"

At this he looked grave.

"I hope there's no reason—" he began.

"Don't you think it's enough reason," she broke in, "to have to be dancing here with people who are all the time chuckling over our losses, and making much of these rebels, fresh from destroying helpless ships. I would have stayed at home but my uncle wished me to come."

"He's right, I suppose," Palliser said, thoughtfully. "He's a splendidly staunch old man. It must be against the grain for him to show up here to-day, but he never turns a hair. Look at him over there making polite speeches to the Admiral's wife as though he had nothing more serious than the weather to think about."

Millie looked, and took fresh courage from that un-

heroic, gaunt figure in ill-fitting frock coat standing beside the stolid British matron.

"Yes, he's a dear," she echoed in feminine language. "I would never have left home if he hadn't written that he needed me, though I believe it was all a plot between him and my mother. I know she had an idea that worrying over the war was bad for me. I wanted to go to the hospitals, but they thought me too young."

"They were quite right," he said decidedly, then: "This is a terrible war. Have you friends on both sides?" he asked, seeing that it did her good to talk. At other times she avoided the subject.

"My home is in a border state. You can guess what that means," she answered, then with a sudden frankness, "You asked why I was staring at the Southern beauty. To me she isn't the rival people think her, but my room-mate at school, Addie Lester. But don't tell anyone that," she added quickly.

They were standing near the gangway, where an opening in the enclosing flags framed the Onondaga lying at anchor in the stream.

Millie had hitherto kept her back turned to the flaunting flag, but now some new interest in her companion's face as he leant on the rail made her look around. She saw that a boat had left the cruiser and was approaching the Duncan. The scene stamped itself on her mental vision, the vision that hoards its stores, grave or gay, for old age.

She noted the white of the boat against the deep blue water, the gray coats and gilt buttons of the officers sitting aft.

"They're coming here. Did Judge Fawcett expect that?" Palliser said, turning to look into her startled face.

"Oh, yes. It was all in the programme of our day's merrymaking," she answered with a hard little laugh.

Without speaking, Millie and Captain Palliser watched the boat's progress. Her eyes were fixed on the faces of those grey-clad men in the stern sheets while they were little more than a blur.

A mingled fear and longing was clutching at her heart, as she scanned a slim young figure, trimly erect in uniform. Every moment was making the outline more familiar to her though the face was turned away. But as the captain of the flagship moved towards the gangway to meet his guests, and as the sailor's oars tossed high in the air, she drew back in heart-sickening certainty that the young fellow who had just risen to follow his captain was Jack Carter, her childish playmate, her first love.

It was two years since she had told him that if he gave up his country, he gave her up as well, and he had acquiesced in her decision with a sad gravity novel to his boyish blitheness.

How unused to pain they had been then! How familiar it was now! Since that day she had heard nothing of him, and now if they met, it must be in a fashion more painful than any separation. First Addie Lester and then Jack Carter!

For all her insistent call on her heart's vehement patriotism there was a craving for those childhood's comrades that she was powerless to still. She looked round to meet Palliser's intent eyes, though she was too self-absorbed to read their secret.

"I am sorry," he said softly.

"What for?" she asked, with an attempted laugh. "That I don't enjoy meeting the Rebels at close quarters? Well, we can't always have things just as we like you see."

He left her effort at bravado unanswered, and stood leaning against the rail.

The Duncan's captain and principal officers were cordially welcoming the grey-clad group, a welcome echoed by the dandified old bachelor General and three or four military men.

"You've brought a good record with you. Thirty or forty Yankee ships in twelve days," she heard a fat, red-faced colonel, Miss Lester's devoted admirer, say to an Onondaga man, and in spite of her rigid self-restraint she started nervously.

He was openly congratulating them on their work of destruction.

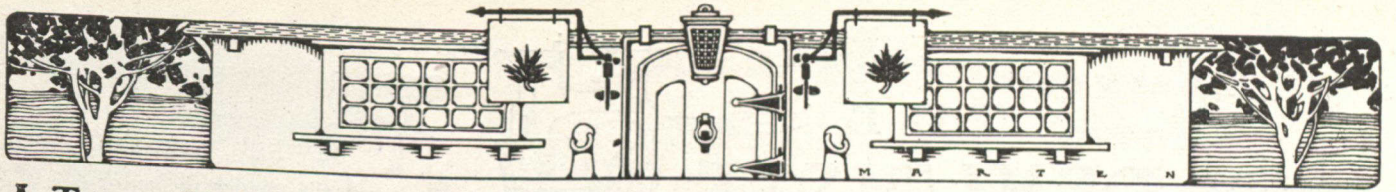
"Don't mind that little fool, Caldegate. He doesn't count," Palliser muttered.

"Oh, I daresay the others are doing the same. Why shouldn't they, if they want to? Aren't you going over to echo his sentiments?" she said recklessly.

"No, I think not."

Even in the midst of her own pain the quiet words checked her with a sense of shame. If her own heart were sore was that a reason for hurting a friend?

(TO BE CONTINUED)



AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

WHATEVER may be thought of Japanese labourers coming into our Pacific Province, the maiden of old Japan is regarded by most Anglo-Saxons as a delightful creature of dainty form and melodious laughter. Mr. Kipling tells us that when he took tea in O Toyo's cherry-blossomed garden, he fell in love with his fair hostess and gave her the same heart which he had formerly bestowed on the Burmah girl who made the road to Mandalay a way of pleasantness. The pathetic fate of little "Madame Butterfly" has been recited and sung in Europe and America until we are willing to believe that the Japanese girl is one of the most alluring of her sex.

A traveller in many lands says of this chrysanthemum lady: "She is a creature of so many contradictions, with her warm heart, her quick brain, and her terribly narrow experience; with her submissions and her self-effacements which have become second nature and her brave revolts when nature takes the upper hand again and courage is too strong for custom—perhaps it is too soon to speak of her yet to any purpose. Very gently but persistently one lesson has been preached to her—'Give up, love, help others, efface thyself.' In the still atmosphere of her home, with its ever-repeated round of necessary and unpraised duties, in that quiet sunshine of humility, high motives grow and are not pulled up by the roots to be shown to admiring friends. In real womanliness, which means a high combination of sense and sweetness, valour and humility, the Japanese woman ranks with any in the world."

What a delectable land is ours in August! It is considered rank heresy to admit dislike for the Canadian winter and we all talk of the bracing effects of frosty air until the stranger within our gates is almost persuaded that the Canadian winter is a thing of comfort and a joy forever. But I plead guilty to a hearty distaste for the season of frost and snow and count the days from Christmas to the vernal equinox. But he would be impossible to please who would find fault with these long, lingering days of sunshine when the lake is crushed sapphire and the golden rod is just beginning to display its feathery richness in the north. Let me escape the January winds and February excursions below zero and flee unto Florida. But August is thirty-one long days of content, when Canada is the very kindest country in the world, with a smile for everyone. It is no wonder that Pittsburg millionaires and semi-millionaires shed their shekels and their twang on every Muskoka breeze, that courtly, velvet-voiced Southerners take possession of picturesque Cobourg, that Ohio sportsmen swarm on the shores of Georgian Bay and that Chicago "pork people" build palaces on the islands of the St. Lawrence.

But there is a sad aspect to all this summer exploring of our lakes and rivers. Was there ever a season when more bright young lives went down beneath the waves? Every morning brings a mournful list of the drowned until the sight of skiff or canoe is almost ominous. A fine young sportsman in Montreal, an ambitious Toronto student, girls who have enjoyed every dance of the summer—these are the victims which the greedy waters are claiming. The waves are hardly conquered yet. As Robert Louis said of the gentle stream of the Netherlands which had almost dragged him

down—"The good-humour of Nature is only skin deep."

A writer in the Edmonton "Saturday News" comments on the question asked on this page some weeks ago: "Why are there not more Canadian books for girls?" In the course of the Edmonton article the statement is made that it is "not from lack of talent on the part of Canadian women writers that no noteworthy books for Canadian girls have yet appeared on the literary horizon." I quite agree with that opinion and also with what is said concerning Mrs. Mackay's power to reach the heart of the Small Person.

The closing declaration of the article is after my own heart. "If I were a millionaire I would one day have a great bonfire and I would gather together all the Elsie books and all the other Tommy rot yarns and have them utterly consumed. In their place I would substitute first a diet of Beatrice Potter for very little kiddies, next Kipling, Louise Allcott, Frances Hodgson Burnett, Robert Louis Stevenson, Riley, Mark Twain, Oliver Herford, Lewis Carroll. . . . Canadian children are well looked after in the matter of food and clothing but the mental equipments some of them are receiving will stand them in poor stead for real resource. The wretched comic supplement is a miserable substitute for such books as the Edmonton writer suggests. There is no wealth more to be desired than an acquaintance with the books that are worth while."

Someone has recently called attention to the fact that not only are the men of Ontario deserting the teaching profession but the most ambitious women are also turning to commercial life rather than to the school-room. In the business world of to-day, a woman of executive ability has such an opportunity as our grandmothers did not dream of. Not only secretarial positions, but those of managership and editorial responsibility are within the grasp of the capable modern woman. It is a broad field and it is no wonder that many aspiring girls are turning their backs on pedagogy and five hundred dollars a year to face business life with its wider opportunities.

CANADIENNE.

WOMEN OF MANY LANDS.



The Lady of Old Japan.

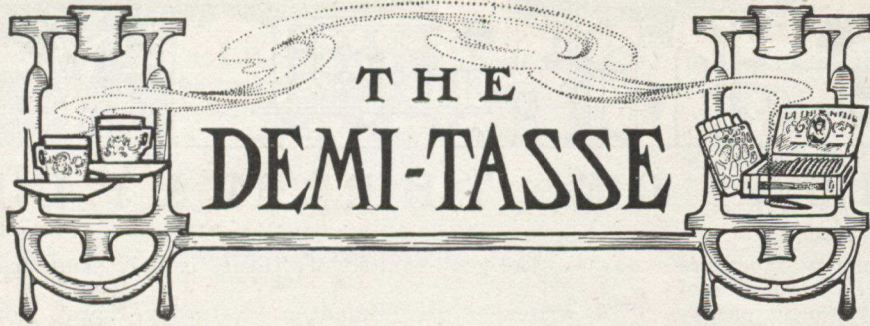
Old Japan at Earl's Court

By ALFRED NOYES

Of old Japan—how far away!—
We dreamed—how long ago!—
We saw by twisted creek and bay.
The blue plum-blossoms blow,
And dragons coiling down below
Like dragons on a fan,
And pig-tailed sailors lurching slow
Through streets of old Japan.

There in the dim blue death of day
The peach shall shed its snow,
And cherry-bloom be strewn astray
Till night be sweet enow,
Then lovers wander, whispering low,
As lovers only can,
Where rosy paper lanterns glow
Through streets of old Japan.

—Daily Mail (England).



TIMELY RHYMES.

There were some small boys in Quebec
Who smote Henri B. in the neck.
When asked, "Are you hit?"
He replied, "Not a bit—
But it's not a nice town, this Quebec."

* *

There once was a brown Teddy Bear
And somebody taught him to swear.
But Roosevelt heard,
And he said, "Pon my word!
That Teddy has gone on a tear."

—J. G.

* *

A DIFFERENCE.

Two Toronto newsboys were discussing
the topics of the day last Friday.

"Say, what guys are goin' ter run in
these here races at Rochester?" asked a
small youngster, who is new to the busi-
ness.

"It ain't any foot races," replied the
other in disgust, "it's boats, not Long-
boats."

* *

A CUNNING CANINE.

There is a worthy citizen of Toronto
who is possessed of a dog by the name of
Jerry, which is a good deal better than
human in the quality of faithfulness.
Jerry invariably takes his master home, and
has been known at times to assume the part
of guide, when his owner has temporarily
misaid the name of his street and the
number of the house. Recently Jerry's
superior intelligence was put to satisfac-
tory proof. Mr. Blank, his master, was
spending the evening with a few choice
friends at Jackson's Point, and in the
course of their diversion they resorted to
a game consisting largely of picking up
chips. Jerry was outside and, becoming
impatient as the hours went by, determined
to call his master's bluff. He barked so
loudly and so long that Mr. Blank's
friends urged him to send Jerry home.
But Mr. Blank knew his escort better than
that. He stepped quietly to the door and
called in explanatory tones:

"All right, old man! I'll be out in a
minute." And Jerry, recognising in some
mysterious fashion that his master had a
royal flush, subsided into silence until the
game was over and his services were re-
quired.

* *

THE REASON.

He—"I wonder why that charming little
widow, Mrs. Banks, is going to marry
Rogers? He's an absolutely commonplace
chap."

She—"Well, you see, her first husband
had the artistic temperament. He used to
paint the town red and his wife black and
blue. She prefers the plain sort now."

* *

NOT THE SAME.

"That Professor Blink fooled me bad."

"How?"

"He told me that ethnology was the
science of the races, and when I went to
the library and asked for a book on eth-
nology there wasn't a word from cover to
cover on how to pick the winners."—Balti-
more American.

* *

HE DIDN'T GET UP.

A teacher was instructing a class of boys,
and had spent half an hour trying to drive
into their heads the difference between man

and the lower animals, but apparently with
little success.

"Jacky," he said, coaxingly, to a little
chap, "do you know the difference between,
say, me and a pig or another brute?"

"No," replied Jacky, innocently.

* *

STRONG MEASURES.

The late General Thomas H. Ruger was,
like many army officers, an authority on
good cooking, but he detested "high"
cheese. At a dinner he said that a very
rank cheese was once left at his headquar-
ters to be called for, and after it had
remained unclaimed two days he posted this
notice: "If the cheese sent here ad-
dressed to Private Jones is not called for
in two days it will be shot."

* *



Correct!

Little Millie: Grandad, what makes a man al-
ways give a woman a diamond engagement ring?
Grandfather: "The woman."—Pick-me-up.

* *

SUFFRAGETTE SONGS.

The Englishwomen who have bearded
Cabinet Ministers and fought with the
police in their desire to obtain votes have
had their courage celebrated in verse—not
epic, but Limerick. From the "Bookman"
may be quoted two of these poetic out-
bursts:

"There was a stout lady of Chester,
Who said the disturbance distressed her,
So she sat on the ground
Till a crowd rallied round,
It took seven men to arrest her.

"There was a stern lady of Lee,
Who made for a timid M.P.,
But, eluding her grab,
He got into a cab,
For he wished to get home to his tea."

* *

THE DIFFERENCE.

There is a young Canadian of poetic
tendencies who has lately become engaged
to a girl who is intensely practical. One
evening this summer he was waxing elo-
quent over the qualities of the somewhat
gentle sex, and he exclaimed:

"Man needs strength and sturdiness, but
a true woman turns to sweetness."
"I suppose that's true," his fiancée

replied, thoughtfully, "I've noticed that
men seem to like Limburger cheese after
dessert, and women always want ice
cream."

* *

REVISED VERSION.

My Bonnie lies under the auto;
My Bonnie swears under the car.
Please send to the garage for some one,
For 'tis lonesome up here where I are.
—Home Journal.

* *

NICE GIRL.

"She's a nice girl, isn't she?"

"Very. The kind of a girl you'd like to
marry, after you've got through falling in
love."—Life.

* *

TOOK HIM AT HIS WORD.

A young clerk grown up in the employ
of a prosperous German grocer was by rea-
son of his ability and knowledge of all the
details, virtually entrusted with the man-
agement of all the business, and although
given frequent advances of salary, began
to feel that his services were absolutely
indispensable and not properly appreciated
from a money point of view. He laid the
matter before his employer, placing par-
ticular stress on what a difficult matter it
would be to operate the business without
him. This claim was admitted by the em-
ployer, who inquired further:

"But, Chon, vat if you should die?"

"Oh, then you would have to get along
without me," remarked John.

After a minutes' deep thought the em-
ployer looked up at John and said: "Vell,
Chon, chust consider yourself deat."

* *

HIS LIMITATIONS.

Casey, whose occupation was that of
digging drains and such adjuncts to civil-
isation, was removed from earth, and his
friends met in his lowly home to view the
remains and to descant upon the virtues
of the departed.

"Eh, but he was the fine shoveller," said
Murphy, with a heavy sigh of regret and
admiration, "niver a wan could beat him."

"Ye're right there," said Fogarty, nod-
ding dismally, "Mike was a foine hand
with the shovel."

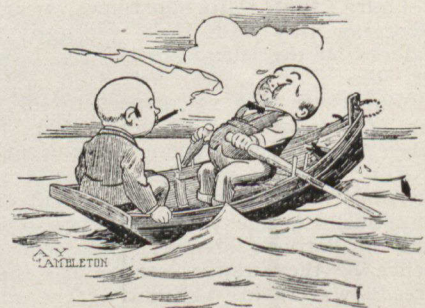
Grogan was a cavilling little chap, who
never dealt in unqualified praise, and he
now spoke from his obscure corner in a
tone of careful discrimination. "He may
have done his wor-rk in fair shtoile, but
he niver was what I'd be after callin' a
fancy shoveller."

* *

A SHOCKING ACCIDENT.

Mark Twain's stories are still being told
in the land he recently visited and enlivened.
At the Fourth of July dinner at the
Hotel Cecil he declared that several of his
relatives had been killed on Independence
Day. One was in Chicago. Full of patri-
otism, he opened his mouth to express it,
and a rocket went down his throat. Be-
fore he could ask for a drink of water to
quench the thing, it blew up and scattered
him all over the forty-five States. Twenty-
four hours after—and this was really true
—it was raining buttons on the Atlantic
coast.

* *



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Sporting Comment

WHEN it comes to designing yachts for sailing in light winds, the world must take off its hat to Herreschoff, the blind wizard. Canadian yachtsmen in their effort to lift the Canada Cup employed Britain's three greatest designers, and three boats were built from their plans. One of those designers followed his boat all the way to Toronto to tune her up, and after a long series of lost races, the best of the three was chosen. The Rochester people simply got the blind wizard to design one boat—and that was all that was needed. Of course, you will hear the usual tales about the Seneca being a racing machine, etc. But you must bear in mind that the task assigned the designer was to produce a craft that would come within the racing rules and sail faster than anything sent to take the cup back to Canada. Herreschoff certainly seems to have done all that was asked of him.

* *

And now the old question arises: "When is Canada going to produce a yacht designer of her own?" Sure it is that so long as our leading yachtsmen turn to England for their challengers the Canadian will not be forthcoming. But England's designers have not proved to be world wonders when it comes to producing craft to sail on American waters with only light August breezes to aid them. It seems to be nearly time for some patriotic yachtsman to give a Canadian designer a chance to show just what he can do when given a free hand as to expense. To win the Canada Cup with the product of English brains is only half a victory for Canada. But it's a double victory for Uncle Sam to defend the combination of English brains and Canuck sailors generally contained in Canada Cup challengers.

* *

In the matter of rowing, Canada keeps well to the front, and the showing of the Canadian entries at the Canadian Henley at St. Kitts and National at Philadelphia is encouraging to say the least. Toronto Argonauts seem to have uncovered a new eight for England in the crew stroked by Taylor, who is heralded as the Longboat of the rowing world. Although only nineteen years of age, he is evidently built of whipcord and steel. He stroked four winning crews at St. Kitts in one afternoon, and had plenty in reserve at the finish of the last race. And the other seven of the eight are all young fellows, too, and well worth keeping an eye on. In two weeks they jumped from candidates for junior honours to senior champions of Canada and America, while the first four of the eight carried off everything worth attaching in the fours. Verily the race does not seem to be deteriorating after all.

* *

One hundred rinks of bowlers are expected to take part in the Dominion Lawn Bowling Tournament, which opens at the Woodbine on Monday. And truly this new lawn is worthy of notice. It is 400 feet long and 110 feet wide, thus providing grass for 32 12-foot rinks. In the opening games on it 248 bowlers were at play at the same time, and there was room for 16 more. It is claimed that this is the largest bowling lawn in the world.

* *

There are only two teams in the running for the lacrosse championship this year—Shamrocks of Montreal and Tecumseh of Toronto—and at present the former are favoured to finish first. However, Tecumseh expect to win the two remaining games of their series, while Shamrocks have a hard game in Cornwall. If Shamrocks lose that, a play-off will be necessary to decide the winter location of the Minto Cup.

* *

Although simply an invitation affair, the golf tournament at Lambton last week proved to be one of the greatest golf gatherings Canada has ever seen, both as re-

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gards quantity and quality. An American team piloted by A. W. Tillinghast, of Philadelphia, added greatly to the interest of the day, and the visitors carried off a fair share of the honours, Princeton team winning the team match, and B. W. Corkran, of Baltimore Country Club, defeating Geo. S. Lyon, the Canadian champion, in the final of the open championship.

A Traveller's View

A Mr. G. C. Clayton, who is said to be a well-known London war correspondent, has been adding fuel to the anti-Japanese sentiment now prevailing in British Columbia. Mr. Clayton, who has been staying in Victoria, is scarcely to be classed as an ordinary alarmist. He appears to have travelled extensively in the Far East and to have gone around with his eyes open. Moreover, Mr. Clayton is said to be the man who first brought to this country a true account of the situation in China at the time of the Boxer outbreak.

After pointing out that ambition is the dominant trait in the Japanese to-day, he proceeds to propound the pertinent query, "Are all these men who are coming into British Columbia only labourers?" Answering his own question, Mr. Clayton prophesies the presence of master minds among the army of little brown men—minds capable of organising the wiry, black-haired invaders for something else than peaceful pursuits, should opportunity arise. In fact, Mr. Clayton is of opinion that the Japanese are taking advantage of their treaty with Great Britain to pour great numbers of their countrymen on to the Pacific coast, where they will be in a convenient position to settle their latest score with the Republic to the south on the first favourable chance.

The particular danger which he sees in the situation is that he fears the Japanese may break their treaty when it suits them, in which case the results to Canada would be serious.

Nova Scotia Leads the Continent

A N event of national interest took place at Chignecto Mines, N.S., on July 31st, when the first attempt in America to operate industries by electrical energy developed at the top of a mine was successfully accomplished. The power is transmitted to Amherst, six and a quarter miles distant, and is sufficient to carry on manufacturing operations in that town. The fuel used is waste screenings from the mine, which may be had at such a price as to make its use generally practicable. The plant was formally set in motion by Lieut.-Governor Fraser, and the ceremony was witnessed by a large number of prominent Canadians.

Not the least interesting feature of the occasion was the receipt of the following telegram by Mr. H. J. Logan, M.P.P., from Thomas A. Edison, at Orange, N.J.: "Permit me to congratulate your board and Senator Mitchell on the inauguration of the first plant on the American continent for the generation of electricity at the mouth of a coal mine and the distribution of the same to a distant commercial centre. It is a bold attempt, and I never thought it would first be accomplished in Nova Scotia, where my father was born over one hundred years ago. (Signed) Thos. A. Edison."

Too Much for Him

The other day a wealthy Chicago manufacturer was showing one of his partner's friends over his extensive workshops. Taking up a beautifully turned screw, he held it up before the visitor with the remark: "Fine piece of work, isn't it?"

"Yes," admitted the other, "very fine; but you can't hold a candle to the goods we turn out in the East."

"Oh," said the other, in surprise, "what's your line?"

"Gunpowder."—Short Stories.



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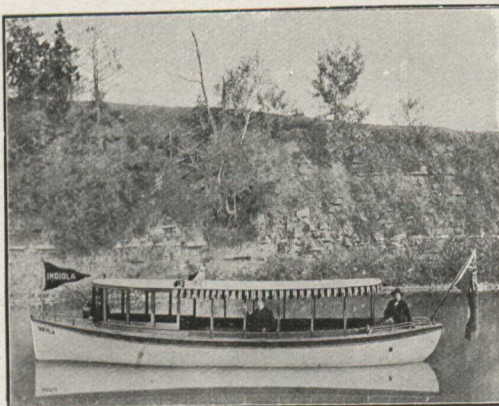
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A High Commissioner

MANY Canadian cities have an important individual known as "Commissioner." The origin of the title is somewhat obscure, but the duties of the bearer thereof are quite clear and plain. It is for him to invite new citizens to come and make their homes in his particular town. He especially seeks the large employers of labour, because when they come crowds of workmen must follow. Sometimes the secretary of the Board of Trade is a commissioner; sometimes the two offices are held by separate individuals.

Saskatoon has one of the best commissioners in the country, and there are exceptionally good ones in Edmonton, Prince Albert and Victoria. Others might be mentioned. In the east, Toronto is distinguished by a live secretary for its Board and Trade and an enterprising commissioner at the head of its department of industries and publicity. The latter Mr. Joseph E. Thompson, has just issued an illustrated book about Toronto as a "favoured field for factories," which is a model in several particulars. To select one—its figures are not given aimlessly; the why and the wherefore and the deductions are all clearly set forth. Further, the relation of Toronto to the province and to the Dominion is admirably indicated. A city's prosperity depends very considerably on its tributary territory, and this has not been overlooked in the preparation of this particular monograph.

The Trick of Raising Oysters on the Pacific

THE oyster industry on this continent has been for so long associated exclusively with the Atlantic coast that the experiment now being made to cultivate them on the Pacific coast at Esquimalt cannot but prove of much interest to Canadians. For two months the enterprise has been carried on, and at the present moment gives every indication of success. For a long time the suitability of the Pacific coast for developing the oyster industry has been a debated point, but the promoters of this enterprise, Capt. Williams and Col. Markham, confidently anticipate that marketable oysters will be taken off the preserve in the fall.

In view of the fact that Canada stands fourth in the list of oyster producing countries—the first three being the United States, Great Britain and France in the order named—the possibilities of successful oyster production on the Pacific are far reaching. Not only would the enterprise be extended to many inlets and harbours on Vancouver Island and prove a profitable venture to the promoters, but the western provinces could then be supplied with these choice delicacies in prime condition during the season. Under modern conditions of packing and shipping oysters can be sent "shucked" or opened to inland points, and kept perfectly fresh for over a week.

The cultivation of the oyster has now got to be a science, and many are the methods in use on this continent and in Europe to preserve the beds from destruction. For the benefit of the uninitiated it may be said that the oyster has a number of deep water enemies. Star-fishes, for instance, swallow them whole; the dog-whelk excavates the shell, and the whelk-tingle, boring sponge and boring-annelid bore through the shell and kill the bivalve. Fortunately, however, oysters multiply at an extraordinary rate, and for every oyster brought to market it is said that a million die or are destroyed.

The experiment at Esquimalt is therefore one of more than ordinary interest.

How Helmholtz Took the Time

THREE boys in a house were told to go and take the exact time by a clock in the town. The first lad went, looked at the clock, came back and said: "It is 12 o'clock." In after life he became a prosaic bookseller.

The second boy was more exact. He

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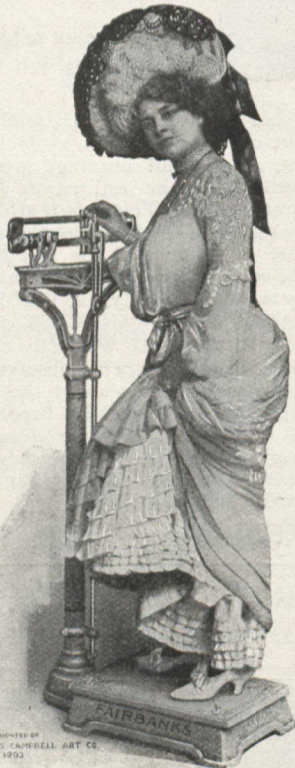
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said on returning that it was three minutes past 12. He became a doctor.

The third lad looked at the clock, found out how long it had taken him to walk back to the house, returned to the clock, then added the time of his walk to the time of the clock and reported the result thus: "It is at this moment 12 hours, 10 minutes and 15 seconds." That boy came to distinction as Helmholtz, the scientist.

Education and Public Life

A FEW more addresses such as Dr. Falconer, president-elect of Toronto University, is delivering in the Maritime Provinces would do much toward raising the standard of public life in this country. The Doctor is one of the men of whom Canada cannot have too many—the men who can see clear to the root of the troubles in the body politic, and who are able to suggest a remedy at the same time that they point out the evil.

Speaking before the Canadian Club at St. John, on July 30th, he saw in the improved efficiency of the public schools the remedy for the low standard which prevails as to the function of the ballot. Behind this improvement in the public schools lay a better treatment of the teachers. "The whole country is suffering," said he, "from the niggardly policy of the trustees, who haggle and bargain for the cheaper teacher. The time must come when the teacher will be given a decent wage."

Character in the teacher was needed, as well as scholarship. Canada need not be afraid of her future or of the competition of the world as long as she drew her strength from the sources of nobility, purity and morality. The general standard of intelligence depended upon what the schools were doing, and for this reason too much attention could not be paid to education.

The light estimation in which the ballot was held was, he thought, due more to lack of intelligence than to general depravity. The remedy was education and the training of the people to a serious apprehension of what the ballot meant. Politics had become too partizan, and this was because the public failed to thoroughly grasp great issues. If the East was to maintain its supremacy, the people must be educated to grasp the great social problems that were presenting themselves.

Incidentally, Dr. Falconer placed himself on record as an advocate of maritime union, and his sentiments were heartily cheered, showing that the idea has gained a substantial hold in the East.

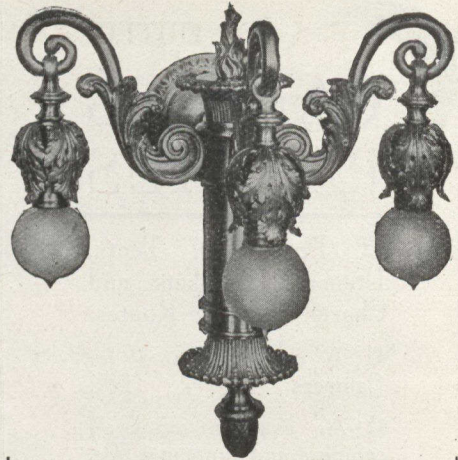
The Blunders of a Baboo

A GOOD deal has been heard within the last few weeks about the baboos—the native officials—of India, who are supposed to be responsible for the present condition of unrest in that country. The following story, however, is about a baboo lawyer, who was defending his client, a woman accused of assault and battery. In the course of his remarks he addressed the opposing attorney as follows: "My learned friend, with mere wind from a teapot, thinks to browbeat me from my legs. I only seek to place my bone of contention clearly in your Honour's eye. My learned friend vainly runs amuck upon the sheet anchors of my case. My poor client has been deprived of some of her valuable leather (skin), the leather of her nose. Until the witness explains what became of my client's nose leather he cannot be believed; he cannot be allowed to raise a castle in the air by beating upon a bush."

Both Ways

"If you do not take care of your money," said the ant to the grasshopper, "the world will simply sneer and ask what you did with it."

"Yes; and if I invest it and become rich, the world will sneer and ask me where I got it."—Washington Star.



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Peculiarities

SPEAKING to a Montreal reporter the other day, Mr. C. Benediktson, an Icelander, said his countrymen are a happy and contented people. And why not? Are they not always sure of a good ice harvest every year?

* *

A newspaper publisher in Nova Scotia urgently requests all advertisers who are three months in arrears to pay up promptly, as he has to pay his employees, and cannot meet his obligations unless he gets returns. Why, that would be too easy. Anybody could run a paper if they got returns. The trick is to run the paper and pay the employees without getting the returns.

* *

A man named Herf created some amusement in a civil case in St. John a few days ago by testifying that his wife was not "someone." One hates to think of what must have happened to Herf when he got home. Probably he thought she was half a dozen.

* *

The editor of the St. Petersburg (Fla.) "Times" says that there lies—notes the word "lies"—on his desk a mosquito which he has received from Canada and which measures an inch and a half in length, and is two and a half inches from tip to tip of outstretched legs. Fortunately, he said it was the mosquito that was lying, otherwise one might have thought there was some other lying being done.

* *

An official from the engineer's department in London declares that while out driving the other day, a sparrow alighted on his knee and rested there for fifteen or twenty minutes. Another report says the bird was a hen. It is occurrences such as these that give the temperance movement its greatest impetus—and is it any wonder?

* *

The Icelanders of Winnipeg have recently celebrated, for the eighteenth time, their national holiday—Islandingadagurinn. They should be obliged to put a red light over this word at night, to warn travellers of the obstruction to traffic.

* *

An Englishman who tried farming around Calgary has returned home by the first vessel, and says this country is a hoax. He says the farm hands are rude fellows, who do not shave themselves for days at a time. How dreadful of those nasty, uncouth, unbarbered fellows to treat little Algernon that way. He should have let them know he was coming, so that they could have brushed up a bit.

* *

The latest war news from Larder Lake is that the sand flies are holding their own. They have effected a junction with the mosquitoes and black flies, and at the present writing it looks as if they would have all the prospectors driven out of the country before long.

* *

And now it seems that the trouble with us is that we do not eat enough sand. It appears that nature intended us to eat the beaches instead of promenading on them—which would be vastly more healthy for our pocketbooks—but what about the hotel and restaurant-keepers?

Let's hie us to the seashore

Some nice, clean sand to swallow;

Let's eat our fill, there'll be no bill,

And hear the landlords holler.

* *

The weather prophets have been at it again, and no one need go away disappointed. One fellow says that we are to have extreme hot weather clear into November, while the other chap says we will have frost during the last week in August. These fellows work out their guesses by the habits of the birds and insects, but the birds must be throwing down one of them pretty bad.

* *

It may not be generally known, but it is reported on good authority, nevertheless,



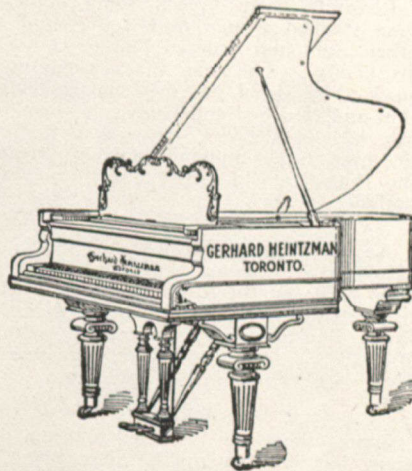
No more burnt fingers from reaching into the oven for hot pans. No need for that now, nor for having to stoop into the hot blast from the open oven.

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TORONTO

that Sir Wilfrid Laurier is haunted. Those who have seen the spectre say that it looks remarkably like Archie Campbell, M.P., and that it spends much time buttonholing the Premier and remarking in a hungry tone, "Eleven years is a long time to wait, Sir Wilfrid."

* *

With a little more practice Mr. Bourassa ought to be in good shape to umpire in the Eastern League.

* *

According to his physician, John D. Rockefeller has been born again physically for the second time at a cost of \$5,000,000. This looks like a pretty crafty trick to escape the fine that was imposed on the first J. D.

* *

Perhaps that lady who had the brazen effrontery to attend a church in St. Catharines without wearing a hat was under the impression that she could hear the gospel as well and clearly with her head uncovered as covered—however, she is doubtless aware now that the millinery must also share in the showers of blessing.

* *

The Thousand Islands will become more popular as a fishing resort than ever, since a Kingston man pulled in a refrigerator well stocked with eatables the other day. Railroads and steamboat companies will please note in their folders.

* *

It's pretty hard to please some people. A thug stopped a man in Owen Sound the other night and ordered him to throw up his hands. The man threw them up as quick as he could, but they happened to be shut and clenched and landed on the thug's jaw with great force. Instead of thanking the man for complying with his request, the thug just lay in the dirt and said nothing.

* *

An exchange publishes an article on "How to be vulgar," and says: "If you want to be on the safe side, wear a set of whiskers—any sort—sideboards, face fins, fungi, mutton chops, earmuffs, weepers, hold-alls, let-us-prays, or ear-guards." Most of us would rather be vulgar.

* *

Some fellow who objected to his assessment has written to the department at Toronto as follows: "You are a set of consummate fools to imagine that persons are going to pay for the doubtful luxury of living in this city of religious hypocrites." Now watch the Montreal and Hamilton papers get busy. It is not often they get such a juicy morsel.

* *

A contemporary, in describing a wedding, says that it was witnessed by a "numerous and sympathetic congregation." The reporter must have overheard the bridesmaids exchanging their private opinions of the bride and groom.

* *

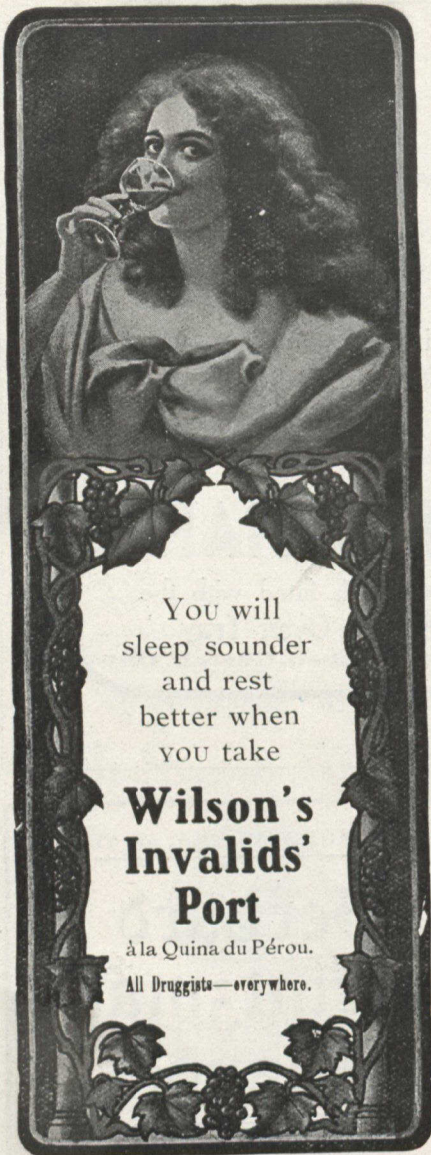
A Stratford labourer who assaulted three people said in his own defence in the Police Court: "I have lost one lung and three-quarters of the other. I am only half a man." Leaving out the man's apparent error in figuring, it is quite evident that he must have had Rugby footballs for lungs when he was originally put together.

* *

A disorderly character who was arrested at Medicine Hat continued to pour forth a string of profanity after he was lodged behind the bars, so the chief of police turned the hose on him, which had the desired effect. Thus does the cold water cure score again.

* *

At last retribution has overtaken the baggage smasher. While engaged in the gleeful task of hustling some trunks at a little station on the Intercolonial, a baggageman was unfortunate enough to have a heavy trunk fall on one of his feet, completely severing the big toe. It is a long lane that has no turning.



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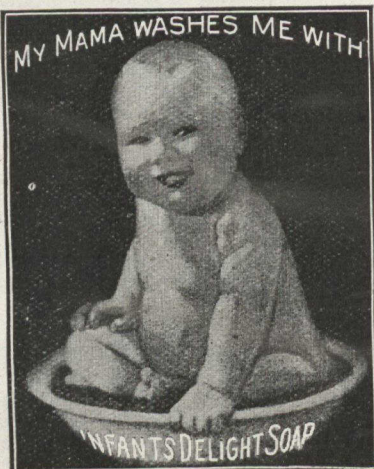
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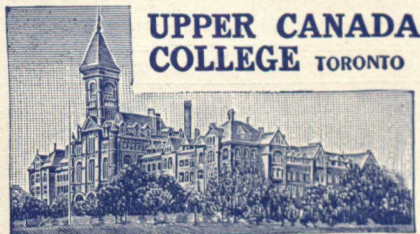
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Next Term Begins September 12th.

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For the Children

TOO COMMON.

A little boy who was taught the Lord's Prayer was very much pleased with it, and for a time he repeated it with great faithfulness. But the other day he announced to his mother, in great disgust: "I heard some other fellow say that prayer to-day, mother. I wouldn't be s'prised if it got all around town."—Halifax Herald.

* *

AN EXAMPLE.

Little Johnny, having in his possession a couple of bantam hens which laid very small eggs, suddenly hit upon a plan. Going next morning to the fowl-run, Johnny's father was surprised to find an ostrich egg tied to one of the beams, and above it a card, with the words:

"Keep your eye on this, and do your best."—Harper's Monthly.

* *

THE EXPLORER MAN.

If I were an Explorer Man
I'd cross the lake so wide,
The way Columbus once began;
And, on the other side,
I'd first discover all the land,
Then look around to see
If there were savages at hand
Who might discover me!

But sunset-time is dark and cold,
And I am only me;
And though, of course, I'm pretty bold,
I really need my tea!

—Harper's Monthly.

* *



Little Willie Bear: "Oh, please, father, do buy me one of these cute little Teddymen."—N.Y. Life.

* *

NOTHING ELSE TO DO.

A Boston minister tells of a little girl friend of his who, one day, proudly displayed for his admiration a candy cat.

"Are you going to eat it?" the minister asked.

"No, sir; it's too pretty to eat. I'm going to keep it," the little girl replied, as she stroked it with a moist little hand.

Several days later the minister saw her again, and inquired about the cat.

A regretful look came into her eyes.

"It's gone," she sighed. "You see, I saved it and saved it, till it got so soiled that I just had to eat it."—Harper's Monthly.

* *

A little four-year-old went out to lunch one day. During the grace she chatted incessantly. Her hostess, not wishing to reprove her directly, said: "I suppose you don't have grace at your house?" "No," was the reply, "we have Bessie."

* *

THE SWING.

How do you like to go up in a swing,
Up in the air so blue?
Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing
Ever a child can do!
Up in the air and over the wall,
Till I can see so wide,
Rivers and trees and cattle and all
Over the countryside—

Till I look down on the garden green,
Down on the roof so brown—
Up in the air I go flying again,
Up in the air and down!

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

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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Write a postcard for Booklet B, containing testimonial letter from satisfied parents.

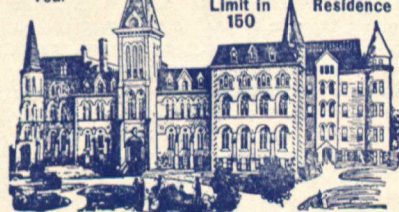
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Best outdoor picture of animal life, serious or amusing. Same prizes as in contest number one. Closes October 1st.

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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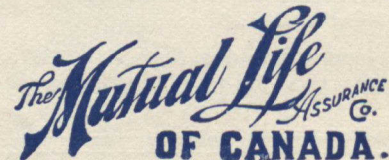
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has just such a record for successful management from the establishment of the Company in 1870 up to the present day, as the following summary will show:

Total Payments for Death Claims, Matured Endowments, Surrendered Policies, etc.....	\$ 7,476,529 26
Add Present Assets Dec. 31 '06	10,385,539 84
Amount paid to Policyholders and held for them.....	\$17,862,069 10
Total Premiums received....	17,338,715 05

Excess of Assets and Payments to Policyholders over premium receipts\$ 523,354 05

HEAD OFFICE - WATERLOO, ONT.

Literary Notes

MR. ARTHUR HEMING'S "Spirit Lake" seems to be popular in the United States, if one may judge from review notices. The "Bookman" (New York) says of it: "Spirit Lake" is not, properly speaking, a hammock novel, although it contains undeniably good reading, whether in a hammock or elsewhere. . . . The book is not properly a novel, but it has an abundance of dramatic force, and there is a simple directness in its style that makes you feel that you are getting pretty close to the truth about the red man of the Canadian fur-lands."

Every once in a while, John Milton's "Paradise Lost" and the price he received for it will be suggestively mentioned in the columns of literary journals. The Boston "Herald" recently remarked that a twentieth century John Milton would hardly be contented with fifty dollars for another "Paradise Lost." Mr. Sidney Coryn, of the "Argonaut" then expressed this belief: "John Milton to-day could find neither a publisher nor an audience, except at his own cost and among his own personal and courteous friends." While this may be true, there are many who will question Mr. Coryn's further comment: "As a matter of fact, 'Paradise Lost' is not read to-day, and it is no longer a part of a liberal literary education. . . . Milton's 'Areopagitica' is read as a literary model, and that is about all of Milton that belongs in any way to the present age." What about "Comus," "Il Penseroso" and "L'Allegro"? It will be many a year before a "liberal literary education" may omit the poetry of John Milton. The taste of the average man is another matter. Hon. Augustine Birrell wrote a wise sentence when he exclaimed: "Beshrew the general public! What has it ever known about literature?"

Mr. Arthur Stringer is becoming known as a writer of lurid tales rather than a poet. But he occasionally takes a little Pegasus exercise to prove that he has not forgotten his first form of literary achievement. In the August number of the "Century," a poem by him, entitled "Two Captives," attracts attention:

"Mourn not for him: he doth no captive dwell
Who beats and gnaws the bars that bind him so,
Who, thrice immured, still hates his cage too well.
"But pity him who no such pangs can know,
Who, long-enchained, and grown to love his cell,
Should Freedom lean to him, stands loath to go."

Mr. Archibald Sullivan, another young Canadian poet, continues to write characteristically delicate verse. The opening stanzas of "The Shepherdess," his latest poem, are daintily fanciful:

"If I could choose my path of life
From out this world of tangled ways,
I think I'd sooner live and tend
A little flock of all the days.

"Upon the bluest hills that are
The fairy hills of Dreams Come True
I, shepherdess, would tend the flock,
My bread a rose, my cup the dew.

"And all the timid days of May,
The blustering days of Winter weather,
The burning days of August time
Would wander wide with me together."

A memorial of the late W. E. Henley, the poet, has been unveiled in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral. The memorial is a bust in bronze, a replica supplied by M. Auguste Rodin, the French sculptor, enclosed in a marble frame. It is inscribed: "W. E. Henley, Poet, 1851-1903."

A correspondent, writing to this column, asks the title of the famous Henley poem, beginning "Out of the night that covers me." The lines were addressed, "To R. T. Hamilton Bruce."

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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.

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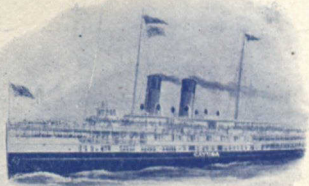
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A vintage advertisement for Coca-Cola. The central image shows a hand in a white sleeve operating a classic soda fountain tap. A stream of dark red Coca-Cola is being dispensed into a glass below. The glass has the Coca-Cola logo on it. The entire scene is framed by a decorative wreath of dark blue leaves with white outlines. The background is a dark blue circle.

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