

# C The Canadian • Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



D. Malcolm

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EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER,  
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## Editor's Talk

WE present our readers this week with a discursive variety of features. We believe in the spice of life; in covering the country from coast to coast, the seasons as they come and go, and the various phases of life as presented by the many sorts and conditions of people in Canada. The spectacular close of the baseball season is represented by an interview with the greatest baseball catcher ever known—a native of London, Ont. The football season now on calls for a special full page of pictures and an article. Men of the past—the hunters of Northern Ontario, the Ojibways—we have succeeded in getting a series of life-pictures of these interesting people who have meant so much to the development and the history of Canada. The photographs were taken by a gentleman who has studied these people intimately for many years.

OUR Christmas number will begin to go to press early this month. We are making it the best compend of Canadian art and writing and mechanical reproduction ever seen in a Canadian periodical, whether daily, weekly or monthly. This issue of at least thirty-six pages will be sold at the regular rate on the news-stands and will be in the nature of a Christmas gift bonus to the subscriber.

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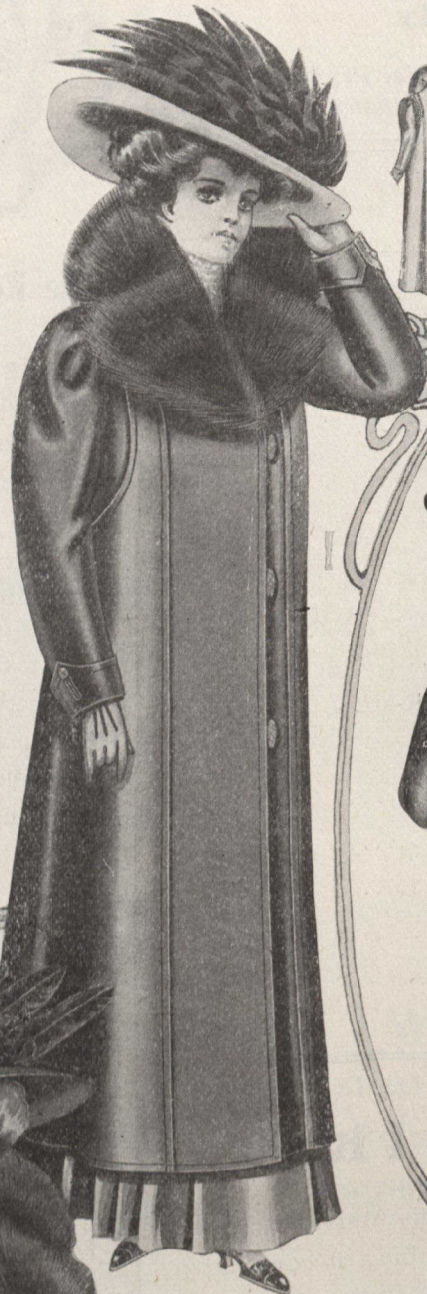
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T H E

# Canadian Courier

## THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



VOL. 6

Toronto, November 6th. 1909

No. 23

## REFLECTIONS

By STAFF WRITERS

WHAT a lack of ability to speak in public prevails among educated Canadians! When there is a public gathering of any kind, in churches, Canadian clubs, boards of trade, business banquets or social dinners, almost the only speakers are the politicians and the lawyers. One seldom hears an address from a university professor, a high school headmaster or inspector, a doctor, a dentist, a journalist, a banker, a broker, or a manufacturer. Yet all these men have, on the average, as much education as the politician and the lawyer. Even the preacher is seldom heard in lay meetings; when he leaves the pulpit, he seems to lose his power of making addresses.

When Principal Grant was alive, he was much in demand as a public speaker. He knew current events and politics well. He had an opinion and much information on all the questions of the day. Professor Shortt is a more recent example; for in spite of his poor delivery, his hearers always listened carefully for the message they felt certain he would bring them. President Falconer speaks well, though he never arouses an audience to a high pitch of enthusiasm. What other university man in Canada is beloved of the general public who go to hear addresses on questions of the day?

Mr. J. A. Macdonald of the *Toronto Globe* and Mr. J. S. Willison of the *Toronto News* are sure of an attentive audience whenever they speak, but what other journalists are there who can command more than mere courteous attention? Mr. Goldwin Smith could in the days that are past and gone, but who is to take his place?

Of the bankers, Mr. B. E. Walker is almost alone in his power to command an audience. Among the doctors, there are few who can follow in the footsteps of Dr. (Sir Charles) Tupper and Dr. (Sir Frederick) Borden. Even among the lawyers, oratory is dying out though there are two or three good speakers left in Montreal and two or three in Toronto. Of business men, there are few who can discuss public questions without a painful stammering and hesitation which is distressing.

PERHAPS a partial explanation is that money-making is now considered more important than public leadership. A business or professional man who could make a good public address and who could show a mind well stored with facts and opinions and public questions, would probably be regarded as a theorist and a faddist. Every man who wishes to become a power in the land and to have his name mentioned with respect seems to believe that he should be a silent money-maker, a sphinx with a genius for collecting wealth. If he talks at all to the people, it is through the carefully prepared interview in the morning paper.

As for the preacher and the university professor, they seem to find their furrow so attractive that their eyes are continuously fastened on the ground. They see little of the broad field of human endeavour and speculation. To them tariffs and navies and natural resources and class legislation are subjects for the politicians only. They seldom discuss any event which happened less than a quarter century ago, nor avow any opinion which is not accepted by the verdict of written history. When they do condescend to discuss a question it is with their fellow-workers in the field of education and religion, not with the public.

THIS is all wrong. The questions of the day should be discussed before the people by men who are neither members of the legislature, members of parliament, nor acknowledged party manipulators. It is necessary that such be the case if public opinion is to be sound and keen. For example, here is the question of a Canadian navy. Who are to decide what it shall be like, whether it shall be a Canadian navy purely, a Canadian squadron of an Imperial navy, or

a part of the British navy for which Canada shall contribute the necessary funds? Is this question to be left to a few members of parliament and half a dozen outspoken journalists? Are the

college professors, the bankers, the manufacturers, the lawyers and the general body of educated citizens to sit back listlessly and await the decision?

In England, the people who have views get up in Hyde Park or in some public gathering and speak out. If they cannot do that they write a letter to their favourite daily or weekly newspaper, or publish a pamphlet. The party leaders there take their opinions from the people; in Canada, the people take theirs from the politicians. In England, the people make and unmake governments with startling rapidity; in Canada, governments make and unmake parties and people. In England, a cabinet minister who commits a personal or political offence is hooted out of office; in Canada, political offences of a public or private nature arouse neither the hostility of the bench or the people. Purely political misdeeds or crimes are no bar to either popularity or promotion. When a member of parliament becomes a nuisance to his party, he is too often slated for public office.

ALL these weaknesses in our public life may be traced, in a measure at least, to either the timidity or the carelessness of those who should be the voice of public opinion. The rich and educated citizen is possessed of a "dumb devil" which prevents his saying what he thinks—or else he neither thinks nor cares. Perhaps he is afraid he will lose caste with his party friends, if he refuses to be bluntly partisan. Perhaps he is afraid he will lose some public patronage if he expresses sentiments which may not please the powers that be. Perhaps he is afraid of being termed a "kicker," a "socialist," a "mugwump," a "fanatic," if he expresses an opinion on any question other than the crop prospects or to-morrow's weather. Perhaps he would rather be stodgy and respectable than be credited with holding opinions of his own. Perhaps he would rather be ruled by a clique of politicians than rule himself. Perhaps he is content to handle his money-bags, while a few ambitious men decide the destiny of the nation.

Strangely enough, almost the only sign of hope on the horizon is the labour leader. He is not a university man. He has not even been cultivated into silence by a high-school teacher. He has studied his political economy at home and in his union's lodge meetings. He has learned the one great point—that it is useless to hold opinions unless you are able to express them. Consequently, he is steadily practising the art of public speaking.

THE Conservative press which grumbles because Mr. R. L. Borden, leader of the Conservative Opposition at Ottawa, seems to support the Liberal Government's policy of a Canadian navy is not more unkind than the Liberal press which fails to give Mr. Borden credit for putting the public interest before partisan interests. Again, nothing could be journalistically meaner than the following paragraph from the *Toronto Telegram*:

"The main business of Mr. Borden's public life is to oust Sir Wilfrid Laurier. It is a fine comic opera situation, in which criticism of R. L. Borden comes from journals that want Laurier put out and praise of R. L. Borden comes from organs that want Laurier kept in."

A TRAVELLING correspondent writing to the *London Daily Mail* from Montreal, gives some interesting figures in the case against the British manufacturer. The United States has secured three-fifths of the import trade of Canada "by systematic, sustained and well-planned work." They have established branch factories and retail



stores; they have carried on a campaign of "systematic publicity"; they have maintained 198 consular agents acting as a commercial intelligence staff; and they have risked their capital generously. None of these things has the Britisher done.

He emphasises particularly the rapid growth of branch factories. It is said that there are 140 Canadian factories owned by Americans. Twenty of these employ 12,000 men. The reason for this development, he states, lies not in the saving of customs dues but in the conciliation of public opinion. They come across the line and adopt the plea, "Made in Canada." Some of the work is done in the United States factories, the semi-raw material brought in at a lower customs rate, and with a little work a "made in Canada" article is produced. He might have mentioned that three of the recent presidents of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association were Canadians managing Canadian branches of United States manufacturing establishments.

Never was a greater compliment paid to the American manufacturer than is made by this writer; never was a stronger lecture read to the British manufacturer.



**T**HERE are three features of our commercial life which have militated against the sale of British goods in Canada. These may be considered in order.

In the first place the steamship service between Great Britain and Canada was not good until recent years. The St. Lawrence trade grew slowly. Ships were small and slow; the river was not well lighted or charted; the mariners thought the dangers great. During the past five years there has been a marvellous change. Twelve-thousand-ton vessels may now navigate to Montreal where it was once thought that five-thousand-ton boats were the limit. The freight journey across the ocean has been cut from fourteen days to six. The effect has been to make it possible to get goods from Great Britain within a fortnight. In time, this will tell.

In the second place, the cable rates have been high. It was much cheaper to keep in telegraphic communication with American factories than with British factories. The question of lower cable rates is therefore one which should receive the serious attention of British exporters. A reduction in the present high rates would assist in extending the relations between Canadian importers and British manufacturers.

In the third place, the Britisher has not studied the market conditions as thoroughly as he might. British locomotives are not suitable for Canadian railways, and British locomotive manufacturers have not seriously attempted to compete with American locomotive makers for Canadian business. This is but a sample case. In recent years the British manufacturer has begun to study our conditions and needs. Occasionally he has appointed Canadian representatives who were well acquainted with local conditions, and has given them a fairly free hand. In a measure, this accounts for the growing popularity of British goods in this market.

These three handicaps must be remembered in the British manufacturer's defence. He has done badly here—that must be admitted. He is not even now doing as well as he should. He will do better, no doubt. He is an honest chap and knows his business well; when he makes up his mind that Canada's trade is important enough to

justify special measures, he may safely be counted on as a serious competitor.

#### REFORMATORY AND PENITENTIARY

**A**T its forthcoming session, the Ontario Legislature will probably be asked to ratify the purchase of a site for a provincial reformatory and make provision for the erection of the necessary buildings. This, it is expected, will mark the beginning of a new era in the treatment of first and short term offenders in Ontario. It is said that the farm will comprise at least four hundred, and probably six hundred acres, and that in the working of the land and the quarrying of stone, or other building or road making material, it will be sought to employ in the open air a very considerable portion of the population. The development of this new institution will be followed with sympathetic interest by all those who believe in the reformatory rather than the punitive method in the treatment of prisoners. The farm plan is no experiment. In every country where it has been tried the results have been uniformly satisfactory. While it affords the only rational employment for a large body of the unfortunates who have fallen below society's recognised standard, it also reduces to the minimum the competition between prison labour and free labour. It will be generally agreed, then, that so far as its physical and industrial features are concerned, the new reformatory is starting right.

But for the proper application of reformatory methods something more is required than land and labour and the open air. There must at the outset be some sort of classification, based upon the probabilities of reformation. There are prisoners that can be reclaimed and made good members of society. Others there are who will resolutely set their faces against every effort at moral or intellectual betterment. These latter are not only a menace to the public when at large, but they exercise a bad influence on well-disposed fellows with whom they may be associated during incarceration. If this new provincial reformatory is to accomplish its greatest usefulness it should be freed, as far as possible, from the care of the obstinate or habitual criminal. It is little short of a crime to clog the reformatory machinery of an institution with men whose criminal records crush every hope for their reclamation.

The present division of responsibility for the custody of our criminal classes, between the federal and provincial authorities, is arbitrarily fixed at a two years' sentence—all over go to the penitentiary; all under to the Central Prison. This division, anyone who has studied the question will admit, is unmoral and unscientific. There are many men in the Central Prison—absolutely hopeless cases—who should be at Kingston; and the penitentiary is herding with professional criminals dozens of unfortunates who would cheerfully respond to the helpful influences of a well-managed reformatory. The records of the Central Prison will disclose inmates serving their twelfth and fifteenth term. That surely means a natural or deliberate inclination towards lawlessness—a virtual demand on the part of the offender for a life sentence and a mistaken leniency by the courts in handing out that sentence in short instalments.

Experience and common sense suggest a more just and rational division of our prison population. Under the new reformatory system the province should be allowed to take care of all first offenders under, say, thirty years of age, while the older men and the recidivists should go to the penitentiary. The term of sentence is, after all, no measure of the moral delinquency of the convicted one or of the chances for his reclamation. Neither—in most cases—is the nature of the crime. In the heat of passion, or under violent temptation, a man may commit a serious offence and be no criminal. Ten minutes later, with his moral equilibrium restored, he is sincerely sorry for the wrong he has committed and, at heart, just as good a citizen as he ever was. Is it right that such a man should be herded with depraved wretches, whose greatest ambition is to drag others down to the level they occupy?

J. P. D.

## OPENING DAY AT THE OTTAWA HUNT CLUB



Start of the Team Race for the Governor-General's Challenge Cup. There were six teams, of three each. The Toronto Hunt Club team was first, and the National Fox Hunters' Association team, second.

Photograph by Pittaway.



# MEN OF TO-DAY

## Nicaragua's Deposed Chief

CANADIANS would be unwise to class all Central and South American republics under the one head. Some have very stable governments and some unstable. Some have a high grade of citizenship, others have a low grade. In some of these republics the governing is done in a constitutional manner which would reflect credit upon an Anglo-Saxon community.

Nicaragua is now in the throes of a revolution. President Zelaya has had the reins of government for many years. Apparently he was thoroughly corrupt and thoroughly incompetent. Indeed, incompetence and corruption seem to be inseparable companions in cases of this kind. Zelaya has been favouring one company after another and selling the same concessions to successive applicants, until he has thoroughly muddled the commercial conditions in his state. A Canadian company which has been doing business there in rubber and bananas is said to have suffered severely because of his fickleness and inconsistency. It may be that the large sums of money he has received legally and illegally have been devoted to the cost of government; it is more likely that like President Kruger of the Transvaal and President Castro of Venezuela he has a certain amount of wealth deposited in the banks of Europe.

\* \* \*

## The President of Argentine

THERE is no republic in South America which has a more stable and a more constitutional government than Argentine. In 1906 President Manuel Quintana died after serving only two years of his six-year term. According to the constitution he was succeeded for the unexpired portion of his term by Dr. Jose Figueroa Alcorta, a high-minded and accomplished barrister. President Alcorta is a native of the Province of Cordua. He became a senator of his province, then governor and was finally elected Vice-President of the whole republic. Under the Constitution no President can be re-elected and when Alcorta's term expires on the twelfth of October, 1912, he must retire to private life.

Argentine and President Alcorta are attracting considerable attention throughout the world just now on account of the International Agricultural Exhibition which will be held at Buenos Aires in June and July of next year. This exhibition is intended to celebrate the first centennial of the independence of the Argentine Republic.

\* \* \*

## Argentine's Canadian Consul-General

ARGENTINE is represented in Canada by Mr. Horacio L. Mayer, who bears the rank of Consul-General. Mr. Mayer came to this country in 1907 and since then has visited every province in the Dominion. He is an enthusiastic patriot and has certainly done much to make Argentine better known in this country. It is interesting to note that Argentine, unlike Canada, sends out trained men to represent her abroad. Mr. Mayer received his special education in Belgium at the Liege Consular School and afterwards took a course in the London School of Economists. Mr. Mayer, of course, makes his home in Ottawa.

\* \* \*

## A Lucky Westerner

IT is not often that a new man gets into the House of Commons without some apprenticeship and a hard-fought election. Nevertheless, Mr. James McCrie Douglas of the city of Strathcona has had that good fortune. The other day he was chosen by acclamation to represent the federal constituency of Strathcona, succeeding the late Dr. McIntyre. Mr. Douglas is a prominent business man in the growing town which lies just across the river from Edmonton, and has lived there

for twelve years. He has all the optimism and enterprising spirit of the West and should make a creditable representative.

## The New Bishop of Qu'Appelle

ON St. Matthew's Day Ven. Malcolm Taylor McAdam Harding, D.D., was consecrated as Coadjutor-Bishop of Qu'Appelle. For twenty-three years Dr. Harding has been in the service of the Canadian Anglican Church. Very early in his clerical career he was stationed at Mattawa, from where he was transferred to Brockville, Ontario. When he was called to the West in the Church service he became Reverend Rector of St. Matthew's, Brandon, Manitoba, and rapidly advancing he became Archdeacon of the diocese, and now as Coadjutor-Bishop he has the distinction of being the first Bishop of Qu'Appelle consecrated west of Winnipeg. The first Bishops of the diocese were Bishop Anderson, consecrated in England in 1884; Bishop Burn, consecrated in England in 1893; and Bishop Grisdale, consecrated in Winnipeg in August, 1896.

\* \* \*

## A New Attorney-General

A SUCCESSOR to the late Hon. Mr. Pipes, Attorney-General of Nova Scotia, has been found in the person of Mr. A. K. Maclean, recently federal member for Lunenburg. Mr. Maclean has been prominent in faction fights at Ottawa and was talked of as a possible federal minister. If he succeeds at Halifax, as he probably will, he may find his way to the Dominion cabinet later. Another rumour says that Premier Murray may come up to Ottawa shortly and leave the premiership to Hon. Mr. Maclean.

\* \* \*

## The First Steamboat Builder

ON November 1st, 1809, the first steamboat wholly built in America was launched at Montreal. The Honourable John Molson, founder of the Molson family of Montreal, was the builder of this vessel known as *The Accommodation*. It was 75 feet long and could carry as many as twenty passengers. It went from Montreal to Quebec on its maiden trip in 48 hours, and the fare was £2 10s. down the river and £3 up.

Fulton's *Clermont* was built a year earlier than Molson's *Accommodation* but the *Clermont's* engines were brought from England.

\* \* \*

## Dr. Cook's Adventure

IN view of all the criticisms of Dr. Cook, the North Pole explorer, it may be interesting to many who think he is merely a junketer in the Arctic to know that he has had some very close calls. One of these happened during the Peary relief expedition in 1901. Dr. Cook had a habit of sleeping on the ice in the summertime, and had been making his bed on the ice near the ship for several days, although this fact was unknown to most of the party. One morning some members of the scientific staff started on a hunting trip. One of them saw Dr. Cook, wrapped in his fur blankets, asleep on the ice. In the dim light of the season he was taken for a sea lion, and one of the men prepared to shoot. Advancing closer to the supposed sea lion, he was about to pull the trigger when the doctor suddenly sat upright, and calmly remarked: "This position will give you better aim."

\* \* \*

## Lord Kitchener, Fatalist

LORD KITCHENER, it seems, is a fatalist — in which respect he somewhat resembles Napoleon, "the man of destiny." Years ago when in South Africa during the Boer War, talk at headquarters turned on the military future of those present; general opinion seeming to incline to the view that Lord Kitchener would reach a high place in the War Office. The commander shook his head, saying: "I think you are all wrong. Somehow I have a feeling that convinces me I shall never occupy any position at the War Office." Recent developments indicate that he was not far astray.



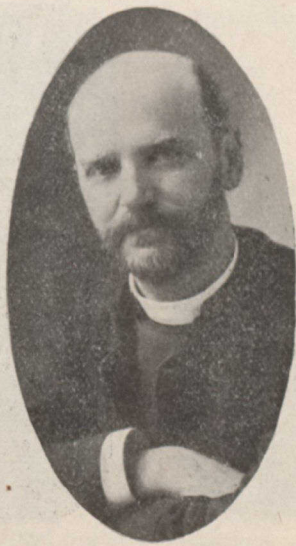
President Zelaya,  
Who has long mismanaged Nicaragua.



President Alcorta, of Venezuela,  
A Great Administrator.



Mr. H. L. Mayer,  
Argentine Consul-General.



Rev. M. T. M. Harding,  
Coadjutor-Bishop of Qu'Appelle.



Mr. James D. Douglas, M.P.,  
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## THROUGH A MONOCLE

### A LADYLIKE PUBLIC ASSEMBLY.

PARLIAMENT is about to open; but it cannot be pretended that anybody is very much excited over it. There are no fireworks on the programme; and whenever any leading politician speaks these days, he is at great pains to assure us that none will be introduced without due notice. A casual observer would say to look at us during these happy years of political peace that everybody was abundantly satisfied with the sort of government we are getting; and most especially the Opposition. I notice that Mr. Borden is quite vexed with those who suggest that his party is not entirely satisfied with the joint resolution which both sides of the House agreed to pass last session touching the naval question. As for the tariff, it is even doubtful whether there is enough difference left between the parties to found a decent resolution upon; and I cannot for the life of me think of any other question at issue, except, of course, the inevitable claim of the "outs" that they could administer the general scheme of government, upon which everybody is smilingly agreed, with more economy, efficiency and honesty than the "ins."

\* \* \*

THERE is far more fun going at both Westminster and Washington. The provincial capitals keep up a livelier performance as a rule than the "head boys" at Ottawa can provide; and we even have some City Councils who are good for more excitement than the assembled Parliament of the entire nation. But as Raymond Hitchcock would sing:

"It was not like that in the olden days—  
In the dear old, queer old golden days—  
It was not like that at all."

I tell you when Sir John Macdonald was trying to navigate this ship of state, he did not notice any disposition on the part of the Loyal Opposition to make it unanimous for him. There was a man called "Charley" Tupper to the front then who made the "Grits" mad clear through every time he got up to roll out a few rounded periods; and there were a lively lot of boys to the left of Mr. Speaker who kept things humming every hour that the House was sitting.

\* \* \*

THERE was "Retail" McMullen who never let a silver spoon pass into circulation at Rideau Hall without wanting to know how the country could be expected to stagger along under such extravagance. There was good John Charlton who used to make the people believe that the Government was in fast and furious league with the Evil One, until some people would just about as soon be called an "infidel" as a Tory. There was "Jimmy" Edgar who never raised his high, sweet notes in the Commons Chamber without making the ministers uneasy; for he had a way of raising legal and constitutional points at the same time which made no end of trouble. There was Jim Lister who talked as Jim Jeffries boxes—a knock-down blow in every passage. There was Mulock, who worried the government with a grin of glee on his face which showed how much he enjoyed their

sufferings. There was old Sir Richard himself, always ready for a fight, even if he had to start it himself. There was—but, pshaw! what is the use? There were "lashin's o' byes" in those days; and Parliament was more like Donnybrook and less like a Mutual Admiration Society.

\* \* \*

NEVERTHELESS, it is nice to think that our politicians have been reading the unctuous Dr. Watts, and they no longer "delight to bark and bite." They are real good—as good as a rural Sunday School when the Christmas tree season draws near. They never use harsh language toward one another; and all is peace and loving kindness. The Canadian Parliament is the most ladylike public assembly known to history. It should certainly stick to its policy of abolishing the bar and take to "afternoon tea" instead. They were wise to let Bourassa go. He did not quite understand how to behave himself among "perfect ladies." And they are equally wise not to let Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper in at any price. He has a nasty, quarrelsome, fault-finding disposition. None of the bad boys must be allowed to play with this gathering of the truly good. As it stands, it is a permanent rebuke to the pushful "suffragettes." They could not possibly ask for a more feminine national legislature.

\* \* \*

HOWEVER, the provincial legislatures keep us reminded that there is still virility in Canadian politics. No one could be more virile than Sir James Whitney; and they are actually talking of giving him a real Opposition. Sir Lomer Gouin and his ministers have nothing to complain of, however, in the tonic which Mr. Bourassa, Mr. Prevost and Mr. Lavergne—not to mention the official Opposition—administer; and Sir Lomer himself is a foeman worthy of any man's steel. McBride in British Columbia, Roblin in Manitoba and Hazen in New Brunswick keep things moving. The branches are all right, no matter what the trunk may be; and we have not forgotten that it was from the provinces that Sir Wilfrid drew the best of his ministers when he assumed office.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

### SHERBROOKE AND THE EASTERN TOWNSHIPS.

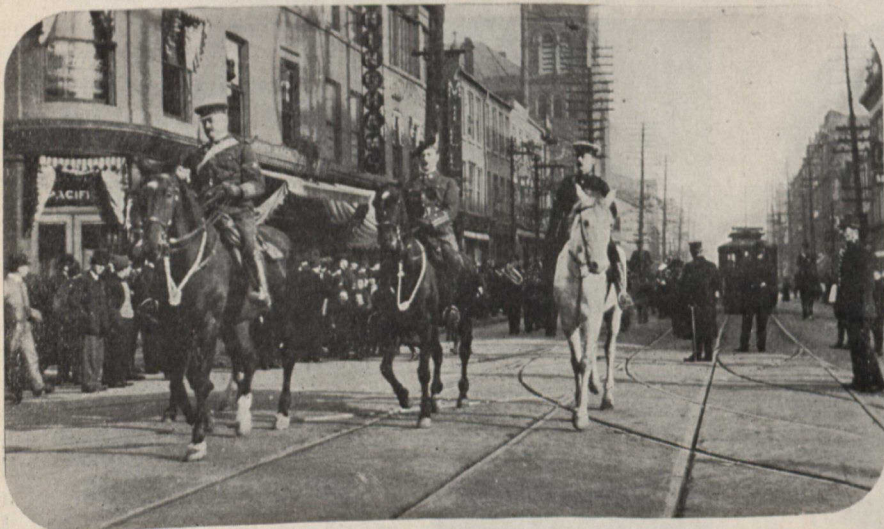
Editor Canadian Courier:

Your readers in the Eastern Townships will very much appreciate the attractive views and excellent sketch relative to this section of the country which appeared in the Courier of October 9th. With your permission, I beg to correct an impression which might be perpetuated by one paragraph: "In this pretty city (Sherbrooke) where one hears little else in the general street talk but the language of the habitant," etc. There are between five and six thousand English people in Sherbrooke. English is almost as universally the business language of Sherbrooke as it is of Toronto. There are scores of business men of Sherbrooke who cannot speak French. It is doubtful if there is one French-Canadian business man who cannot speak English. As your writer truly says, the two races dwell together in peace and harmony. In the Eastern Townships English and French-Canadians live as neighbours and hold each other in mutual respect. The English citizens of Sherbrooke will tell you that there is no better class of people anywhere than their esteemed co-residents, the descendants of the old regime.

Yours truly,

SAXON.

## THE OLD THIRTEENTH REGIMENT ON PARADE



Lieut.-Col. Moore and Officers in command of the Sham Battle held near Dundas, Ont., on Thanksgiving Day, on the route to entrain.



Rank and File of the well-known 13th Regiment of Hamilton, Ont., marching up James Street.





THE PITTSBURGH BASEBALL CLUB, CHAMPIONS OF THE WORLD, 1909

"Mooney" Gibson

# An Interview with "Mooney" Gibson

*The Canadian Baseball Player Who Broke all Records this Season with the Pirates of Pittsburg—Catching 133 Consecutive Games*

NOT since the day the gallant soldier boys returned from South Africa has there been such a demonstration in staid, respectable London, worthy little namesake of the Empire capital, as on last Tuesday evening when the bravest of them all returned home, dauntless



"Mooney" Gibson

George "Mooney" Gibson, catcher of the Pittsburg Pirates, the world's championship baseball team.

Even the weather man seemed to be in the conspiracy to make the reception of the one and only "Mooney" a success. Long before seven-fifty, the hour for the arrival of the International Limited, the streets for blocks north of the G. T. R. depot were crowded with an eager, happy throng. Automobiles, gay with banners and filled with the mem-

bers of the baseball teams of the City League, were lined up along York and Richmond Streets, each team accompanied by its own band, each band playing its own tune and all contributing to the merry din. Processions of small boys with banners frequently created a stir by obliging their seniors to open up a way for them as they marched along, their lusty young voices upraised in "Hail, hail, the gang's all here," or some equally popular classic. "The Pirates are all right, but oh! you Mooney!" was their oft repeated refrain.

It was long past eight o'clock when a mighty shout went up from the station platform, jammed to suffocation. The train had come and Mooney, mighty Mooney, Mooney the catcher of the Pittsburg Pirates, Mooney the idol of his city, had arrived, escorted by His Worship the Mayor and a deputation of prominent citizens, who, not content to do him honour on the arrival of the train, had gone all the way to Ingersoll to sup with him and bask in the reflected glory of a demonstration there.

An imposing procession which included representatives of all the prominent societies of the city, wended its way to Victoria Park where a beautifully illuminated address bound in red morocco was presented to George Mooney Gibson and a handsome case of silver to him and Mrs. Gibson as a token of the esteem and good wishes of the citizens of London.

Two days later the writer made a pilgrimage to West London to interview the great man in his own home in the north end, the highest and most pleasant in the suburb. The street car conductor smiled broadly at the inquiry for Charles Street. "Want to see Mooney Gibson?" he asked. "You can see his house from the car. It is decorated with purple and yellow."

At Charles Street another passenger alighted, a tall, sturdy young man in a well-cut grey tweed overcoat, an athlete unmistakably. "Mooney Gibson" was the wager of the interviewer, who proceeded to follow him up the pleasant street. When he turned his head there was no longer doubt in regard to his identity. The face, burnt by exposure to wind and sun, with its fighting jaw and fearless, black-brown eyes, was the one that had become in-

By ISABEL C. ARMSTRONG

delibly impressed on the mind by reason of the frequency with which it had looked out from the pages of newspapers for weeks previous.

Mrs. Gibson, a dark-eyed little woman, was



"Mooney" on the Diamond

sewing by a bright grate fire in the front room or parlour. She, too, is a baseball enthusiast and makes a point of seeing all her husband's games.

"If I weren't interested in baseball, I wouldn't be of much use as the wife of a professional player, would I?" was her naive reply to a question, which goes to prove that she is a model wife.

George Jr. was playing football in an adjoining commons. "Takes to the game like I did to baseball," said the proud and also boyish-looking father.

"Like all small boys, I began playing baseball on the corner lots," said the great catcher, who refuses to admit that he has done anything unusual.

After leaving school, he played with the London West Stars, but it was while playing with the Knox Church Club, of which an accompanying photo appears, that he first attracted attention as a catcher. "That boy will be heard from yet," said the enthusiasts. After occupying a prominent place on several local teams, he received his first professional experience with the Buffalo ball team in the

Eastern League in September, 1903. McIntyre of the Detroit Tigers, with whom he has recently battled in the World's Series, was a member of the Buffalo team, and also several others who are now in the big leagues.

In May, 1904, he went to Montreal and in June of the following year signed with the Pittsburg team, with whom he has played to victory this season.

Speaking of the series of 1909 he says: "Beyond a doubt, this last season has witnessed the most interesting series that has ever been played. In the seven games with Detroit, both teams were handicapped by the cold, wet weather. The first two days in Pittsburg the weather was ideal. Then came the wet Monday in Detroit.

"The wet weather doesn't affect the catcher so much. He moves round enough to keep warm. It is the infield men who suffer. There are very few pitchers who can be depended on in all kinds of weather. Pittsburg and Detroit both had only one who could be depended on and that crippled us both in the last game.

"Do the crowds of onlookers affect us? The bigger the crowd and the more enthusiastic the better. When there aren't many spectators, the players are listless and don't seem to take the same interest, though of course, we always play to win. That is what we are there for, what we are paid for, to win the game. Some players get over-anxious when there is a big crowd and want to play better than they are able. That spoils them.

"Does it cause me to lose my nerve when the other side is winning? No. We look on it this way. Both sides can't win. Ours must sometimes lose, sometimes make mistakes, and the losing and the mistake are overlooked if you have played your best. It is the same all through life. We may be on the losing side.

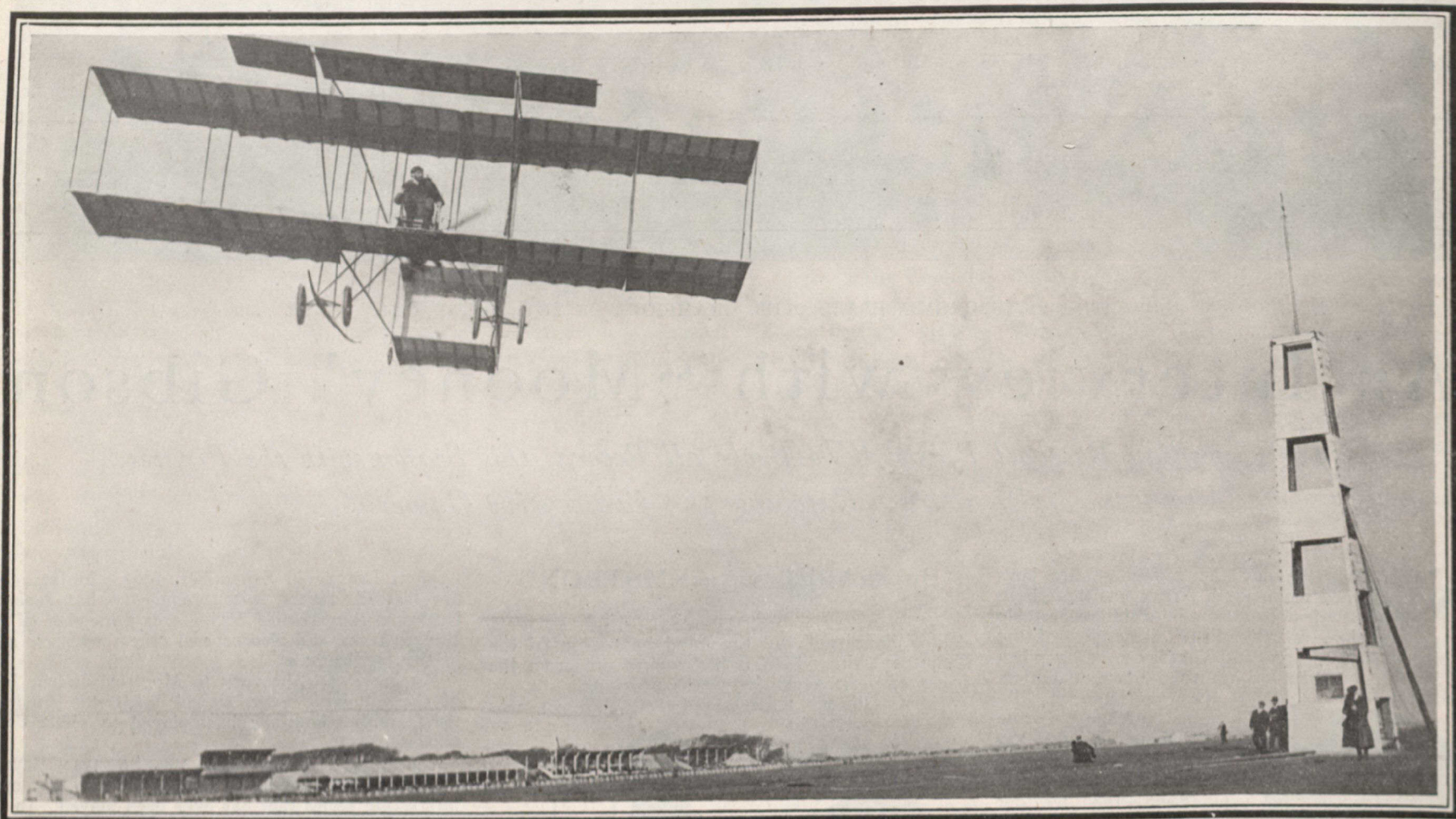
"In regard to playing well, the Pittsburg team were only up to the mark in two games of the series—the first and the last.

"The future of baseball? I don't believe baseball can ever be a greater game than it is to-day. It has been reduced to an exact science. As far as a game is concerned, it is perfect."



"Mooney" Gibson's First Baseball Team—Knox Church Club, London, Ont., with which Gibson (centre of back row) first made his reputation.





During the Aviation Week at Blackpool, England; Mr. Henry Farman the English Aviator in his duo-plane.

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## RUGBY FOOTBALL IN 1909

By J. K. MUNRO

**F**OOTBALL in 1909 is just as full of college or club yells, and opportunities for the spectators to contract pneumonia, as it was in other years. But the unshorn locks which marked the followers of the rough and tumble game are gone. Football hair is no longer in vogue; let all the barbers lift up their voices and rejoice.

And in football, championships change almost as reluctantly as fashions. When a club gets a good team it generally lasts till its stars die or get married. Thus it is not surprising that with the season only about half over the old question is being asked, "Varsity or Tigers for the Canadian championship?"

For though there are three associations recognised as the senior class in Ontario and Quebec, the part of Canada that arrogates to itself the settlement of most national championships, only two can really claim to be in the running. These are the Interprovincial or Big Four, made up of Ottawa, Montreal, Tigers of Hamilton and Argonauts of Toronto, and the Intercollegiate, in which the teams of Toronto Varsity, Ottawa College, Queen's and McGill fight for supremacy. The third association, the Ontario Union, composed of two Toronto clubs which get into condition trying to force their way into the Big Four and a well-walloped team from Peterboro, don't figure in the final count though the winners are given a championship game by the indulgent C. R. F. U.

In the Big Four, Ottawa are at present in the lead by reason of a narrow margin victory over Hamilton Tigers in Ottawa at the opening of the season, but they are winning from Montreal and Argonauts by narrow margins and some luck, while Tigers are swinging back into their championship form of a year ago and outclassing the others in recent games. Ottawas meet Tigers in Hamilton to-day, Saturday, and unless all form fails Tigers should win. This will mean a tie for Ottawa and Tigers on the series, for each should win their remaining games against Montreal and Argonauts. And in the play-off Ottawa will have to show much better form than they have done in recent games to class with the cracks from the foot of the mountain.

In the Intercollegiate Varsity with nearly all of last year's team in line are making a runaway race of it. They are rolling up record scores and holding their opponents so safe that in the four games played to date their line has never been

crossed and the total of points scored against them is a measly 8 or 9. They are not doing their scoring on their opponents' errors either, but carrying the ball across the enemies' line in runs that are both spectacular and effective. They have yet to meet McGill in Montreal and Queen's in Toronto but it is generally conceded that they will go through the series without a defeat, while their followers are not slow to claim that they will also down the famous Tigers and hang a Dominion championship in their college halls, the first since the great Casey Baldwin team defeated Ottawa Rough Riders in the dying moments of that never-to-be-forgotten game at Rosedale.

So football talk has practically simmered down to, or is rather boiling over with, a discussion of the respective merits of Varsity and the Tigers—and it is the old war of words between Hamilton and Toronto. In the Ambitious City they'll tell you that Varsity must be fifty per cent. better than last year to have a chance. In Toronto they claim that stage fright in the early part of the game, plus a few decisions by the officials later on, worked the undoing of the blue-shirted students a year ago. With more experience and the advantage of another season's practice and team work they will hear of nothing but a victory for Varsity and some of the more sanguine even predict that it will be a runaway game with the students doing the running. And all the while the football experts look wise and murmur: "Tigers will win. Their wing line will do it."

And when you look the teams over you have to admit that if Tigers are to win at all their wing line must do it. Their back division is good. It will have Tope at full-back for the final argument, and Ben Simpson, whose punting once won a Canadian championship from Montreal, and Art Moore, whose zig-zag running any native of Hamilton will sit up nights to tell you about, also on the back division. But alas and alack! even star backs sometimes grow weak and these two have pretty nearly figured on their share of championship teams. Then Ballard is no longer at quarter and it was often whispered in other days that he carried the brains of the bunch. But the wing line is strong and fast. It will take a lot of stopping and there are those who believe that it will simply rip through the light blue line, gaining its yards again and again till the line is crossed—and then it will repeat.

But what will Varsity be doing while all this is going on? They have a back division that if not so tricky is almost as effective as the one that made Casey Baldwin famous. In Gall and Lawson they have two stars of the first magnitude. The former can exchange punts with Ben Simpson and make just as nice runs as Art Moore. And Lawson—well, when the big boy gets the ball nicely tucked under his arm and his 195 pounds of avoirdupois moving down the field in bull-like plunges, nothing short of a stone wall will stop him. And the rest of the back division fit in well, Foulds at quarter making an improvement in that important department.

As for the wing line—well, it is light, but so was the line that won the last Canadian championship and this line has for its pivot one Ritchie, the rock on which the Rough Riders split on that last occasion. And if that line is light it is fast. Its following up is a revelation and every man on it tackles like a fiend. It's a straight dive for the feet and they nail their opponents with a neatness and completeness that is good to see. Hamilton had better hang on to the ball and keep ploughing through for if those students get the play opened up there will be a lot of scoring done and all the marks won't be made in the Tigers' column. And there is reason to believe that Tigers will not always be able to gain their "yards." For though some of the other college teams appeared to be stronger on the line than the Toronto students they never could break through for the necessary gain when they got close to the line. In other words, Varsity could stop them when it comes to a pinch. If they can do that with Tigers, that's all that is necessary—they'll be Canadian champions.

So much for senior football. As for the junior and intermediate classes, they are hammering out their usual precarious existences. Football only flourishes in cities, colleges, preparatory colleges and some collegiate institutes. The greater part of sporting Canada feels that it can afford to take a rest from the time summer sports are ended till the hockey season comes on. Occasionally some town or village experiments with football but it is only an experiment. One season usually finishes it and the net result is that those who have tried the game are sometimes able to translate a football report for the benefit of their wondering townsmen. In short, Rugby football is a sport of the classes rather than the masses. "Soccer" finds favour with the latter and though it will never oust the rough and tumble game from its strongholds, it is spreading over the country at a rate that promises to make it almost as popular in the fall as baseball is in the good old summertime.



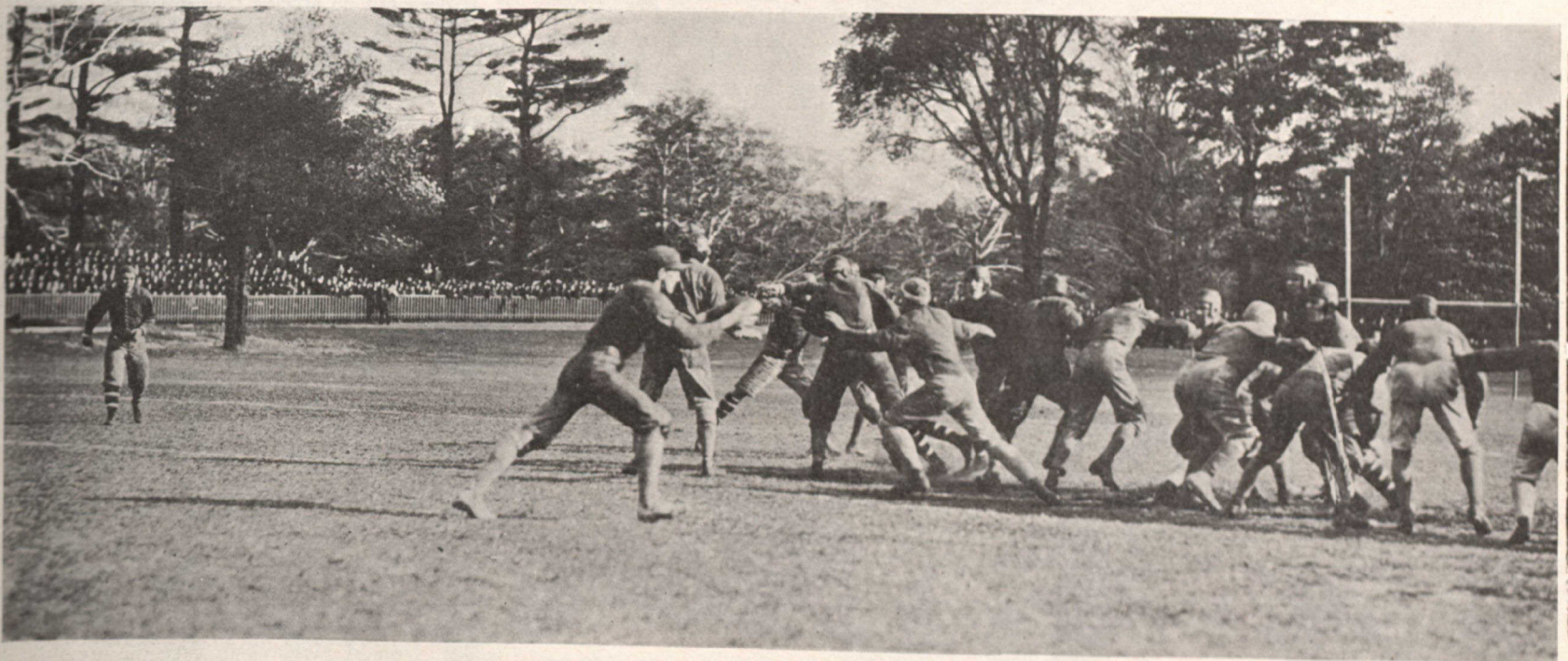
KNIGHTS OF THE ELUSIVE PIGSKIN



An intense moment—Parkdale Canoe Club, vs. Toronto Canoe Club.



All Down—Varsity, vs. McGill,



Well passed by the Quarter to the Half-Back.

Photographs by Pringle and Booth



Capt. Newton of Varsity, hurdling over a McGill tackle.

Photograph by Foster.



# MY TOUR IN AMERICA

*Experiences of the Funny Scotchman who found everything Lively in the United States and Canada*

THIRD ARTICLE BY THE FAMOUS HARRY LAUDER

"HARRY LAUDER made the King laugh. We have no doubt he did, but the King isn't a Toronto reporter, and he hadn't to hang around in the snow for three hours, with the thermometer 30 degrees below zero, waiting for Harry Lauder to show his face at the window of Pullman car 'Riva,' and say what he thought of his first squint of Canada."

This was the breezy—or freezy—fashion in which a Toronto pressman began his report of my arrival in the great Canadian city. Honestly, had I known that the newspaper boys were down at the station so early I would have risen from bed sooner than I did and had "a bit crack wi' them." We fell asleep before the special train left Detroit, and expected that we would wake up fresh and fit in Toronto. But the train seemed to pass over all the worst crossings in America during the journey, and several times Mrs. Lauder and I were ruthlessly awakened by the shaking and rattling of the car and the wheels on which it was running. Once or twice we were nearly pitched out of bed.

"Oh, dear me, Harry!" wailed the wife, "do ye think the train has left the rails?"

"I don't know, Nance," was my comforting reply, "but if it has we'll soon know all about it! I think the engine driver's lost the road an' he's tryin' to find it again."

"I wish I hadna' come, Harry," went on Mrs. Lauder, tearfully; "there's an awful lot o' railway accidents in America."

Just then the train gave a tremendous bump and an eerie swing, and my wife emitted a muffled scream as she threw her arms round my neck and very nearly choked me. Really I thought the worst had happened, and was on the point of taking a hurried farewell of my trembling wife—to tell the truth, she was not the only trembler—when the train settled down to a steady pace once more.

I recovered my spirits, and remarked that "that last bump must have been us jumping the boundary dyke between the States and Canada."

"Ye shouldna' joke on the brink o' the grave, Harry Lauder," solemnly remarked my better half as we settled again to sleep.

## Arrival in Canada.

We reached Toronto on December 21st, and, as the local reporter hinted, the snow was deep all over the country and it was bitterly cold. But the sun was shining and the air was clear and bracing, and I think I may say that I made my first acquaintance with the Dominion under ideal and typical winter conditions.

Toronto is a magnificent city, well designed and splendidly built, and, although I only had a few hours to spend in it on that occasion, I thoroughly enjoyed my visit, and could not help thinking what a lovely place it must be in the summer time. The river was frozen completely over, and when I went back for a two days' stay early in January I had some delightful "sledding"—or sleighing, to use the more correct word—along with several friends.

Toronto is very cold indeed in the winter months—too cold a place for me—but I suppose one gets accustomed to the weather in course of time.

Massey Hall, Toronto, is one of the finest and largest buildings I have ever seen and played in. It can hold 5,000 people. On my first visit the matinee crowd of fully 2,000 looked somewhat lost in the great area and gallery, but at night there wasn't a vacant seat in the building. In fact, according to the *Toronto World*, there was "scarcely space enough left in the house to accommodate the jokes which Lauder was scheduled to let loose."

The press of Toronto was very kind to me. The newspapers there believe in candid criticism, and they don't hesitate to say what they think of a performer. For instance, here is an extract from the *World* which I enjoyed reading:

"Tobermory," and the tales which go along with the song, the audience vastly relished. Lauder's own laughter as he recalled the fun he had witnessed along with his friend McKay spread by contagion to his audience, and the result was screamingly funny. Mr. Lauder, however, did not remain in character during the entire song. It was easy to see that he was 'stuck on' his own voice and wanted to 'show off' his vocal powers when he sang 'Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep.' Apart from this display of vanity, 'Tobermory' is a genuinely humorous bit of acting and singing."

Of course, I don't agree with the findings of the writer as to my "vanity," but I quote you the extract to show how the Canadian critics deal out their frank and fearless shafts.

## A Song in the Council Chamber.

There was such a demand for seats at Massey Hall in the evening that Mr. Morris immediately made arrangements for my return to Toronto on the 6th and 7th of January, and at each of the four performances I then gave the huge hall was crowded to suffocation.

In order to prevent speculation with the tickets no one person was allowed to purchase more than twelve of these. On the occasion of my return visit I may mention that I was entertained by the Mayor of Toronto. The pipers of the 48th Highlanders played me from the hotel to the municipal buildings, and on my arrival there a brass band in waiting struck up "Will Ye Stop Yer Ticklin', Jock?"

The Mayor received me in his private room, and we had a long and interesting talk. Then he took me to the Council Chamber, where a large crowd had assembled, anticipating some such proceeding, and there were loud calls for the Mayor to get me to make a speech. I said I would not make a speech, but that I would sing them a verse of "Annie Laurie." I did so, and made my escape amid the cheers which the singing of the lovely old song evoked. I made many friends in Toronto, and I look forward with pleasure to returning there at some future time.

Recrossing the frontier, we went down to Buffalo. I was told that the scenery between Toronto and Buffalo is very beautiful in parts, but I had to take hearsay evidence as to that, for once more the journey was made by night, and I saw nothing. Indeed, it seems an extraordinary confession to make, but I travelled some thousands of miles in the States and Canada and saw practically nothing of the landscape from the train windows, always to me a very interesting feature of a journey by rail.

After supper on the "Riva" the night we left Toronto, I voiced a pretty strong complaint on this head to Mr. Morris.

"Look here, Morris," I said, "you've brought me over to America and you're whisking me over the continent, but dash me if I can see even a yard of the road we're going. At midnight it's 'Good-bye, New York or Toronto!' and in the morning it's much the same. It's 'Good morning, Chicago or Montreal!' This is not touring America; it's a disgraceful, thief-like scurrying from place to place in the dead of night. To tell you the truth, I'm getting fed up with it."

Mr. Morris only smiled at my wrathful outburst. "We're not paying you to see America, Lauder. I guess we're paying you to let the Americans see you!"

"It is all very well," I growled, "but the next time I came over here I want to see the hills and the rivers, the straths and the glens, the rocky canyons and the green fields."

So we left the matter at that, and I tumbled into bed to dream of a dreadful railroad journey through one long, endless tunnel.

Buffalo is a large and exceedingly prosperous manufacturing city, with a population, I believe, of fully 500,000. There are large contingents of Scots there—where are they not?—and my welcome to the city was of a very cordial character.

Our party played at the Convention Hall, afternoon and evening, and, though I don't know how much money was drawn, I am sure Mr. Morris was pleased—for he came round to my dressing-room and smilingly assured me that "Buffalo was all right."

## A Perthshire Scot.

That same dressing-room was crowded with visitors after each show. One gentleman of the name of Robertson, a native of Perthshire, was peculiarly effusive in his words of welcome and congratulation. He said he had been in Buffalo for twenty-five years, and when I asked him if he had not made enough money in that time to retire home again to Scotland he winked impressively and replied: "Man, I do believe I could manage it now, but I would just like to gather a when mair dollars. Another ten thousand of them, and I'm hopping it home to bonnie Scotland and the dear old hills o' Perthshire."

"Quite so," said I, pawkily. "I see yer just like masel'; ye can't make up yer mind hoo much yer wantin'."

Mr. Robertson told me that when he landed in America first he had a very rocky time for several years. He wandered all over the country, trying his hand at different things, and was so "down on his uppers" at one stage that he had to sleep in sheds, barns, or under the open vault. Then he struck Buffalo, got a job there as a builder's clerk, saved some money, put it into another business on the same lines, and thus literally hewed the first stone in the construction of a respectable fortune. I could tell you many stories of the same kind about well-doing Scots in America. But I also heard, or rather saw, the other side of the picture during my travels.

It does not do always to write of the bright side of success in life and forget that there is another aspect—the aspect of struggle, stress, stint and failure. On the whole, however, I must say that by far the great majority of Scottish and English people I met in America seemed to have done well in the land of the dollar, and I cannot get away from the opinion that America is the place for smart young men full of ambition and energy, fellows who are not afraid of hard work, and who, if one thing fails, are ready to bob up serenely on another track. The men who make money in America—be they Scotch, English, Irish, Germans or Swedes—are the men who "stick it," laugh at failures, and defy the jade called Fortune.

All this is away from Buffalo and the Niagara Falls, however, and I must pass on to tell you the impressions left on my mind by a flying visit, in the forenoon of my day's stay at Buffalo, to the most famous waterfall in the world. It is needless for me to say that I looked forward with intense interest to seeing Niagara; I think every schoolboy that ever lived freely forgave the man who "invented geography" for having slipped in the dazzling page about Niagara and its wonderful Falls. The only man I can figure out who would be in Buffalo and not go to "the Falls" is a commercial traveller with some keen competitors ahead of him.

Mr. Donald McKay—in case of any mistake, I may tell you that this is a Scottish name—had made arrangements for Mrs. Lauder, Mr. and Mrs. Morris, and myself to make the journey from Buffalo by special tramcar, kindly lent by the president of the Buffalo City Tramway. I don't know how far it is from the city to the Falls, but I should say it is about twenty miles. The barometer was well below zero and the frost was keen, but the air was bracingly crisp and the sun shone from a sky of unclouded blue—a delightful winter day, one of the very best I experienced in America.

## Niagara Falls.

I know my literary limitations, and I am not going to try a description of Niagara Falls. The impression they made upon my mind will never fade from it. It was a wonderful sight as our car neared the Falls to see the cold, misty "steam" rising high in the air to above the turbulent waters, and to hear the dull roar of the cataract, a strange, weird roar unlike any other sound that ever fell on human ear.

When I beheld the Falls in all their glory I stood spellbound. By-and-bye I cast my eyes round the entire scene. I have no language to describe it. Every tree, shrub and blade of grass on the banks was covered with pure white frost, and glittered and shimmered in the sunlight. It was a scene from fairyland in winter.

We afterwards walked round by the Brock Monument and crossed the river from the Canadian side, having a magnificent close view of the rapids—a ceaselessly seething body of water, ever churning and boiling its way down to the dark depths of the whirlpool below. I took a photograph of the spot where Captain Webb lost his life, and several other snapshots of the Falls, Rapids, and Whirlpool. My Buffalo friend, Mr. McKay, told me that there was scarcely a month elapsed without the spell of Niagara claiming its victims.

"Well," I remarked, with an involuntary shudder, "it's not going to claim me, so I'll step back before I feel I want to plunge. Besides, I'm due to sing 'She's My Daisy' at Chicago to-morrow afternoon."

THE END.



# SERGEANT KINNAIRD

By W. A. FRASER

## SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

DAVID KINNAIRD, Sergeant in the Canadian Northwest Mounted Police and Frank Somers constable saved a halfbreed named Dupree from a mob of infuriated Indians in the Rocky Mountain country. Dupree was given three months in the guardhouse, having attempted to murder his captors.

Kinnaird's term of enlistment having expired, he went to Stand Off, a little town supposed to be headquarters of a gang of whiskey runners, in hope of winning an inspectorship by breaking up the moonshining, and incidentally to save Somers from the alleged machinations of Chris, daughter of Thad Mayo, outlaw head of the illicit business. He was disguised as the Rev. David Black, missionary. His rugged manhood won the moonshiners' favour and apparently was winning the affection of Chris herself.

Kinnaird went through several critical experiences with the Moonshiners; but managed to allay their suspicions, and finally was appointed judge of the races on Stand Off's great day. Considerable tension was caused by the arrest by Mounted Police of two Stand Off inhabitants for horse stealing.

Mayo's suspicions are aroused and later when he hears that Somers has been seen hiding in the pound, evidently awaiting the coming of Black, he and his followers waste no time in planning a capture of the men. Chris, secretly listening to the plot, determines to save Somers and the preacher Black from her Father's vengeance, and with this daring purpose in view rides forth into the night.

The girl reaches the pound and find Somers alone. She warns him of his danger, and in order to mislead the pursuers who are already upon them, she forces him to declare his love for her in their hearing. Notwithstanding, a capture ensues and the party returns to Stand Off.

## CHAPTER IX.

WHEN Dupre passed from Mayo's presence to shadow Preacher Black, he cut across the prairie, and, as his moccasined feet crunched the crisp grass, he broke into a dog trot, muttering, "By Gar! nom d'un chien, p'lice Somers! I wipe out de long score to-night! I'm dog, eh?"

And like a dog he was, head low hung from his sloped shoulders, taking with the unerring instinct of a hound a straight unbeaten path till the mission shack blurred across his way. Suddenly he stopped and turned his head till one ear drank the light breeze. The deathly stillness of the great prairie was broken by a whispering spooof-spoof of hoofs. Westward from the shack swung the carrying murmur. Dupre raced for twenty yards to the right, and then, dropping to the prairie, lay like a hummock of grassed earth. Soon the shadowy figure of a man leading a horse loomed against the sky. Grotesquely large, they were slipping by, like the mysterious figures of a mirage, when suddenly the horse threw up its head and with a snort of terror raced backward, drawing the rein from the man's hand. Dupre's eyes gleamed in sudden ferocity as a voice, calming the frightened animal with coaxing words, carried to the cells of hate in his brain. And as its owner moved cautiously toward the horse the moon lit up the face of a man for whose life the breed thirsted—Sergeant Kinnaird.

The trailing rein held Badger tied to the ground—training held mastery over his fears—and with a quick thrust of the hand Kinnaird had grasped the leather. As he moved forward, the crouching breed heard him mutter, "You fool cayuse! every boulder on the prairie is a wolf to you."

Dupre waited till horse and man blurred against the shadow of the foothills in the west; then he rose and trailed them by the muffled echo of the hoofs. Once he muttered, "By Gar! dat's funny. What's Kinnaird putting out to de pass for?"

For half a mile the breed trailed, keeping just within sound of the moving horse. Suddenly he stopped. The calling hoofs had stilled.

"Mounting de cayuse," Dupre whispered. "Nom de Dieu! I got for mak' de run now."

There was a confused shuffle as the man swung to the saddle; then an erratic patter of pacing hoofs. Dupre broke into a trot. Presently they were slipping into the deeper gloom of Kootenay Pass, traveling between the converging lines of two foothills that reached out into the prairie, lying like the bulk of two leviathans sleeping head to head in the narrow gorge that loomed a black pillar beyond. Some-

times there was a sharp click as the horse's hoofs struck a stone; once came back to Dupre's ears the musical splash of waters as the horseman rode a ford of the Kootenay River. Next the breed, knee deep, was ploughing through the swift running stream. He cursed viciously as his moccasined feet slipped at every step on the rounded stones. He knew that Kinnaird was making his way to the still that lay hidden beyond Little Divide. The savage gloated over this discovery, muttering, "By Gar! I got him dis time! Dey'll cut out hees heart!"

He pushed on closer to the horseman; the clinking hoofs on the now stony trail would have drowned the soft whisper of his moccasins ten feet away; and the foothills threw a shadow that hid him from view.

The trail turned sharp to the left, where a stunted spruce forest crept down the hillside to the grassed flat. Twenty yards short of this the breed stopped and listened. There was no sound but the weird song of the wind in the spruce boughs. Dupre, moving into the deep shade of the trees, crept cautiously along till his feet found the path. He listened again. He could hear the hollow echo of a horse's hoofs clutching at the earth as it laboured up the incline. Yes, indeed, Kinnaird was making for the still.

A hundred yards up, the path, leaving the wooded slope, wound over Little Divide, a range of rocks; and there Dupre knew Kinnaird would have



"The Man that Touches a Gun Dies."

to leave his horse. He found him tied to a tree, and, standing in its shade, he could see the man's figure dark against the rocky cliff, greyish white in the moonlight.

When Kinnaird had rounded a sharp turn and disappeared, Dupre followed, in his mind a savage exultation. He would come by positive proof of the Sergeant's deep treachery; with his own eyes he would see him discover the still; then, when he told this to the whisky outlaws, the man's life would not be worth two bits.

The path winding up the face of Little Divide was just a narrow ledge of rock, and a hundred feet below writhed in swirling eddies Mad Squaw Rapid. As the hungry call of the tortured waters struck on Dupre's ears he shuddered; perspiration stood in beads of terror on his forehead; his Indian nature asserted itself with superstitious force. In his blood thirst he had forgotten the evil spirit of the Mad Squaw, Naskiwis, that haunted the rapid, and sometimes fastened its fingers, which were like the talons of an eagle, upon men and drew them down into waters that hid them forever and ever. No Indian of all the tribes would take that trail at night. Dupre knew that. Just beyond the point round which Kinnaird had disappeared was the edge from which the husband of Naskiwis had hurled her and her lover to the cauldron of death beneath; and when he had turned that point perhaps Dupre would see the ghost of Naskiwis sitting on Squaw Rock, watching the trail above for her lover. He had met men that had seen her there in the moonlight.

The Indian that was in the breed thirsted for the life of Kinnaird, and the half-courage of the white man urged him on. At the sharp turn of the ledge a small cedar grew from the cleft in the rock and made a safety clutch for a man in his turning.

As Dupre grasped it with trembling fingers, thrusting his head and shoulders hesitatingly round the curve, a pair of lurid eyes met his gaze; they were like big spirit eyes glaring at him from a white shroud. Dupre, cowering, shrank back under the leaning cedar, and as one of the lace fronded boughs touched his cheek he cried out in terror. To his ears came a rustling sound as though the Mad Squaw crept along the ledge in her spirit robes.

He crossed himself, muttering, "Holy Mother! Keep Jules Dupre from the evil spirits!" A booming "Who-who!" mingling demoniacally with the cry of the wrangling waters sounded through the gorge and widespread wings threw grotesque black shadows across the ledge at his feet as a great white owl shot round the cliff of Little Divide.

Shuddering, he drew back into a niche, and leaned heavily against the wall, superstitious fear casting before his eyes the evil face of the dead squaw. His limbs trembled; and it took a cool nerve to walk safely the narrow ledge beyond the point. Suddenly a vicious thought came to him. It was like the smell of blood to an animal; the gloating fury of it steadied his nerve.

The Sergeant in turning the point on his way back would pass the rock chimney where Dupre stood, and the touch of a finger would cast him over the brink, to fall a hundred feet to the rapid beneath, even as Naskiwis and her lover had plunged to death from a push of the husband's hand.

Dupre licked his dry lips, and his yellow teeth gleamed in the moonlight like a hyena's. It was so safe, so easy; And there would never be anything but that Kinnaird had disappeared. And to follow on the trail of the policeman now held the ghost dread; and the moonlight falling full on that side of the rock would surely betray him should the Sergeant only turn his eyes that way. His own advantage, his absolute safety, strengthened the breed's courage.

Unconsciously his hand had fallen on the hilt of a knife in his belt, and the blood lust that was over him drew it forth to gloat over as the moon silvered its blade. A thrust, a lunge at Kinnaird's body, and the blood on the blade would be like wine. He drove with the knife across the stone rail in practice, his grunting "Huh!" as he struck carrying the sucking sound of swine at feed. Then he leaned against the wall in waiting.

Kinnaird had followed the descending stone trail of Little Divide, till it came down to the Kootenay above the boiling rapid. There it turned to the right, entering a growth of birch and cedar. Thirty yards beyond he came to a little clearing, in the centre of which was a log shack. He peered cautiously from the bushes; but there was no sign of life, no sound but the subdued thunder of mad waters. Yes, every whiskey jack was certainly in Stand Off, Kinnaird thought as he passed with swift, silent feet to the shack. It was not locked; a short chain hung idly from its hasp. He flattened his ear to a crack in the door and listened. Within the log walls was heavy quiet.

He wheeled at the stealthy slip of a foot behind, fingering the moonlight with a pistol barrel. A train dog, or perhaps it was a wolf, skulked across the open and disappeared in the shadow of the trees. The door gave to his push with silent swing. As he stood beyond the threshold, listening in silence, the fancied sobs of a sleeper's breath caused him gently to close the door.

In his nostrils there crept the smell of a candle. The darkness was intense. Nothing was discernible. With silent rapidity he stepped a pace to the right, and stood with his back against the log wall. He could feel the presence of something animate. He might be just a dread born of his dangerous mission, fathered by the impenetrable gloom of the shack; but also his life hung pivoted on this delicate point. He stood in dead silence for a full minute.

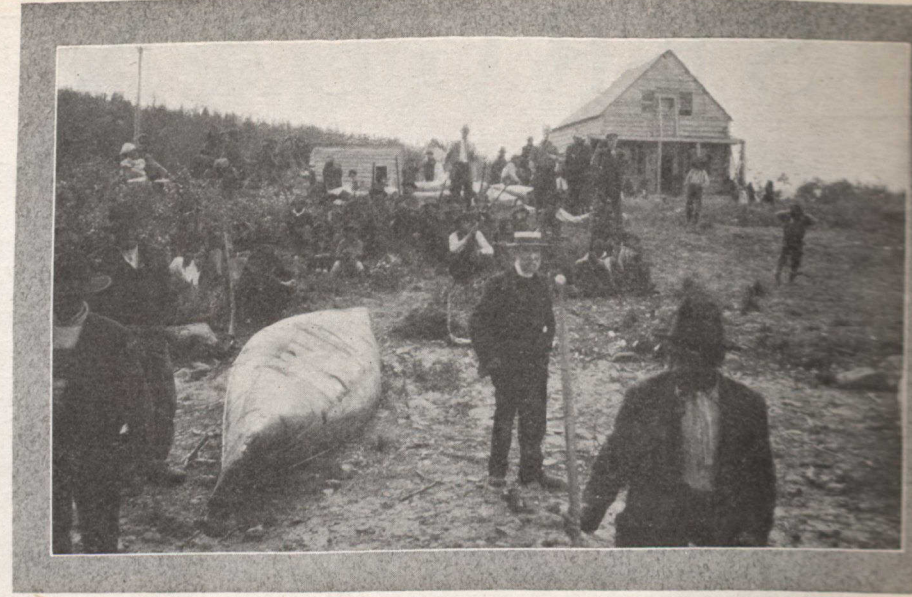
Suddenly there was a faint rasp on a tin. Faint as it was, it startled Kinnaird like the crack of a pistol. Then the shack held again a smothering quiet, twin brother to the pall of darkness. The noise might have been made by a field mouse, the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.





Canoe of the white man that carries in the *sooneahs* (money) to the Ojibways.



Indians at the Post watch for the 'Oogamou' (head-man) with the *sooneahs*.



Ojibways hauling on the Track-Line; hitching up to the white man's way.



Indian Women watch over the Lake as the good Priest goes on a summer voyage.

## THE VANISHING HUNTERS—MEN—THE OJIBWAYS

*Men of the Birch-Bark Canoes and Outpost Camps of the Fur-Lands.*



ANY man who has never been north knows little or nothing about the drama of the Ojibway is beginning to raise the curtain. It is the railway. Two railways are running through the Ojibway hunt-grounds. There are the vanishing tribes—the Ojibways; there are the *sooneahs* of Wabigoon and of Temagami; the hunters and traders instead of the cough of the moose; the thud of dynamite and the rumble of gravel trappers of old—they that once were underlings to the great furs. The Ojibway is not in love with the fire-wagon. He sits in his bark canoe Company—the Hudson's Bay. Time was when these people were not a strange thing. Maybe he knows that this thing with the banner of the lords of the north. They were the makers of commerce—black smoke is the last act in his play. Railway and Ojibway—not meant to go Ships that came into Hudson's Bay; York boats on the rivers together. Canoe for him; the river and the moose-run. For he has never ridden a the long-oared, rollicking boats with the *chansons* of the crews, this Ojibway of the hinterland. In all the camps of the moose-hunters—not a the fires by night and the silent dip-dip by day; the long portage horse unless some half-civilised hunter has got hold of one for haulage work and for —they the red-shirted ones, the half-breeds, boys of the future.

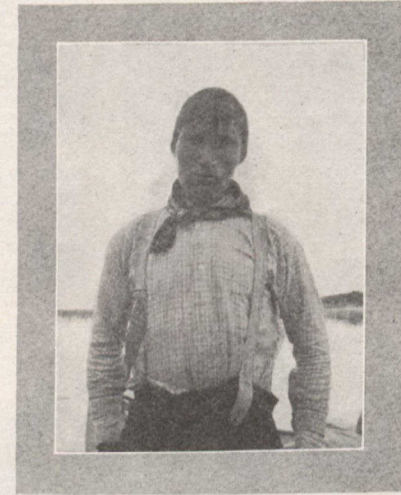
brigade that came before the bushwhacker and the *coureur de bois* with red sash and shoe-packs; and these also were second in time to the primeval buffalo horse-back and on the prairies. The Cree would be a dead man without his hunter-man.

Those were the ancient trading days; and it seems that now it's just about over. The Ojibway would be useless without his canoe. Each has made the way in for the furs this year were mighty scarce and the packs very small and the long canoes in his own fashion; each at the outpost doing his own work in the world of fur. The rode light on the rivers from post to post down from Mettagami and Abitibi to the Saskatchewan never saw a birch bark canoe—unless by some chance he Moose and York and Churchill. But the Indians, the Ojibways must be kept some distance down the water highways of the fur to York Factory and to Moose; away how; the makers of language and of poetry, and the rugged background of our civilization from his inland river to the meeting-place of the birch-bark canoes that went down tion which is still creeping up over the hunt-grounds. Five dollars a year for ever loaded to the rim with the packs of fur and came up freighted with goods. Canada man, woman and child; the white man pays it; the inspector of agencies and his clerks never had a finer thing than the birch-bark canoe; never any birch-bark canoe in and his crew—holding court in the open air as they did this summer of 1909, when the world finer than that of the Ojibways that scudded the rivers of the north land these many splendid pictures. And did you ever behold more beautiful pictures from Lake Superior to Hudson's Bay. a vanishing people, taken by one who knows them well; shambling and nomadic and These men of the birch-bark canoe understand that the modern white man's canoe colourful? From camp to camp and from camps to outpost and from there by the a very fine thing and carries a large load; but they know also that when a white man's canoe strikes a rock in a rapid it is a hard matter to repair; camp all night and with them the strength and the smell of the back places; the camps and the canoes half a day perhaps; but when a bark canoe tore a hole with a load of fur, it was but the spruce and the skins; but they all wanted the white man's "sooneahs"—which is a little job to haul her out and in twenty minutes with the chunk of resin and the the word for money on the rocks of North Ontario and on the prairies of Saskatchewan. "wahtap," the spruce root, a piece of bark and a bone needle, to make her as good as and Alberta and far up into the foot-hills.

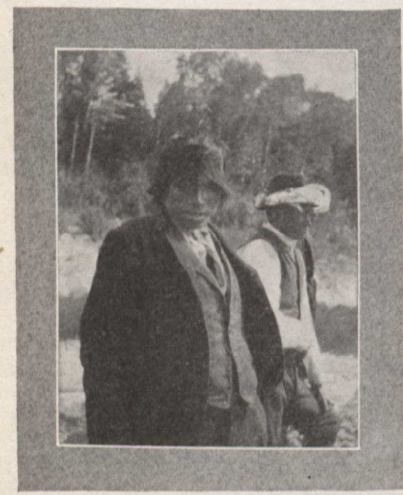
Passing out is the pageant of the Ojibway; the Indian of Hiawatha. He has seen the coming of the fur brigades—the Hudson's Bay Company and the North-West Company that fought like wolves on his hunt-grounds. He has seen the second era of commerce; the great lumber companies that stripped off the whispering pines where the big moose ran. The houses of the over-lords, the factors, still stand by the rivers north and all such things that in the days of the great Company were not known but the Factor is not so busy as once he was. Hard-fisted old Scotchmen most of these days here the Ojibway was king. One of these days we shall have become so commercial factors; knowing the Ojibways whom they have supplanted by the railway as to forget the hunt-govern like children; speaking their language and trappers and traders of the fur-post gauge. Now the third act in the civilisation is being played. Then—we shall build museums.



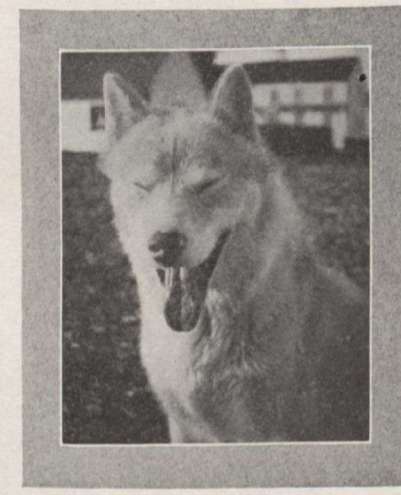
At the Gate of the Old Fort.



The Boat-man—Six feet three.



Wearing the White Man's Togs.



Neither Hauling nor Fighting now.



THE VANISHING BIRCH BARK CANOE.

This is the famous Ojibway canoe of which it was sung in 'Hiawatha'—'Give me of your bark O, birch-tree'



THE 'OOGAMOU' SING IN JUDGMENT.

At the open-air Court of Exchequer, Ojibways sing five dollars each from the *sooneahs*-man.



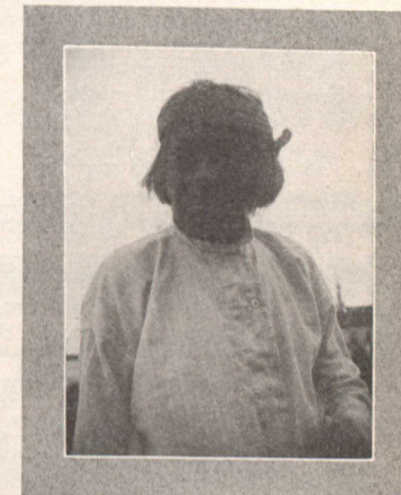
Venerable but not grey-haired.



The Ojibway 'grubstake' man.



The Good Priest rakes his Hay.



A Head for a Rembrandt.



THE OJIBWAY WOMEN AND THE CHILDREN.

The great Spanish Painter Sorolla never painted a picture more full of pagan joy than this.



# THE DEMI-TASSE

## A WHOLESALE ARREST.

IN the days when Saltcoats, Saskatchewan, was but an infant village and Mr. Thomas McNutt, the present M. P. was presiding over the first court of justice, the situation failed to appeal to the dignity of the crowd assembled in the primitive structure which did duty for hotel, town hall, opera house or any other social or legislative purpose. Interruption followed interruption, witnesses could not make themselves heard and an impromptu Irish constable found that it was no light matter to deal with the unconventional audience which regarded the majesty of the law with small respect. For some time the loud-voiced constable contented himself with such an appeal as "Tom says yiz must shtop." Finally the noise in the room above the court became so uproarious that the constable received peremptory orders to bring the rioters to time. He ascended the stairs and, solemnly putting his face in at the door, declared: "Tom says yiz are all under arrist." He proceeded to lock the door, but it was some time before the convivial spirits in the upper room realised that they were in the hands of the law and became sober enough to suspect that "Tom" would be quite equal to exacting a fine for the exuberant outbreak.

W. L. M. K.

THE *Mail and Empire* asks in a fit of gloomy despair: "Of what folly will Mackenzie King be guilty next?" It seems that the youngest member of the Dominion Cabinet has issued medals, with his own image stamped thereon, to some heroic miners out in British Columbia, and the organ of the great Conservative Party considers that the head of the Labour Bureau has more nerve than his grandfather in not allowing the Governor-General to look after the rewards of heroes.

There was a young statesman named King,  
Who seemed evermore on the wing,  
He did something bright,  
From morning till night,  
And was called just a "medalsome" thing.

## NEWSLETS.

MR. S. H. BLAKE has lately married a charming young lady at Rio de Janeiro. Mr. Blake was so sorry that his dear friend, Rev. George Jackson, was unable to be present to perform the ceremony. The theological students of Knox College and Victoria are to present the happy bridegroom with a complete set of Dr. Denny's works as a mark of their esteem and regard. "My dear

Foy" sent a cut-glass berry bowl, Hon. J. R. Stratton sent a substantial cheque and Mr. R. R. Gamey sent his regards.

A Montreal paper assures us that "oats are weaker again" and that "eggs have a firm tone." If there is anything which makes us uncomfortable, it is a wobbly egg, while we do hope earnestly that oats will get a good strong tonic which will help them through the winter.

Mr. Harry Thaw has just sent word that he would like to be tried all over again in a Toronto court. He *does* like a city where the Sixth Commandment is a dead letter, and thinks Canada is a nice kind country to a murderer, even if it flies the Union Jack, instead of the black flag.

So Steffoff is to be hanged. The gentleman with the foreign name is so sorry that he did not strangle a baby or beat a woman to death. Then he might have received bouquets of American Beauty roses and a few orchids from the foreman of the jury.

## A BIT OF A BREEZE.

IN the Ontario Legislature, there is a triumvirate composed of Hon. W. J. Hanna, Mr. J. P. Downey and Major Hugh Clark of Kincardine, who happily combine the North and South of Ireland, to say nothing of the Highlands of Scotland. A few summers ago, the military member of the union was visiting Mr. Hanna in the town of Sarnia, and, as they were taking an evening stroll, they noticed that the window of a bank was open.

"Look at that!" exclaimed the Provincial Secretary. "I don't believe there's a watchman in that bank. I wonder what the window's open for."  
"Perhaps to let in a draft," said the Major from Kincardine, — and the evening breeze sighed plaintively.

## APPROPRIATE.

IN a departmental store of many floors, the uppermost section is devoted to a florist's display and extensive lunch rooms. The elevator man, who has his own way of saying things, recently created some amusement by announcing as he reached this floor: "Here ye are! Flower and Feed."

## IN A PUBLISHING HOUSE.

ONE day a clerical friend who had consumed an hour of valuable time in small talk said to James Harper, the New York publisher: "Brother Harper, I am curious to know how you four men

distribute the duties of the publishing house between you."

"John," said Mr. Harper good-humouredly, "attends to the finances, Wesley to the correspondence, Fletcher to the general bargaining with authors and others, and—don't you tell anybody," he said, drawing his chair still closer and lowering the tones of his voice—"I entertain the bores."

## ANTICIPATION.

It's seven weeks till Christmas  
And sister's making ties,  
While mother talks of puddings  
And thinks of rich mince pies.  
The air is tinged with mystery,  
We hear the whispers low;  
The girls are making fancy-work—  
But father's making dough.

## HER OPINION.

Husband (handing his wife some money):  
"There, dear, is forty dollars, and it has bothered me a little to get it for you. I think I deserve some applause."

Wife: "Applause? You deserve an encore, my dear."

## THE LIMIT.

SOME travellers were telling extravagant tales the other day when one of them brought unbelievable yarns to a climax by relating the adventures of a visitor to a country hotel who found the menu decidedly limited and also unsavoury. In fact, he complained to the proprietor of the hotel about the fare with which he had been served, even asserting that he had found "capillary matter" in the food.

"Hairs in the food!" ejaculated the disgusted Boniface. "Hardly! Why, the honey's been combed, I shaved the ice-cream myself, and they couldn't have been in the apple sauce because the apples are Baldwins (ones)."

## A JOKE ON LARRY.

THE members of the Winnipeg baseball team, according to the *Chatham Planet* recently put up a little game on Larry Piper, the Toronto boy who has made such a signal success in the professional ranks in the West, and is now acting-manager of the Winnipeg Maroons. The team were playing at Brandon recently. Some of the members of the team tried to get advance pay, but failed to raise the coin. Larry saw no more of his teammates that evening, but about midnight he got a frantic telephone message saying seven of the Maroons were locked up in the police station on a charge of disorderly conduct. As the train for Moose Jaw, where the team next played, left at 2.30 a.m., Larry tore for the station post-haste.

After vigorous argument with the chief of police the members were finally released, but Larry had to put up twenty-five dollars of his good coin as bail. The team left on the 2.30. Now it turns out that it was all a little joke framed up between the Brandon chief of police and the Winnipeg players. Larry's twenty-five dollars was mailed to him at Moose Jaw.

## WHY HE LEFT THE CHURCH.

BISHOP Williard Francis Mallalieu, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, is opposed to the diminutive salaries that congregations able to do better sometimes pay their pastor.

"I once knew an excellent young man," said he. "He was in the church, just married, on a small salary, but contented and happy. Twelve or fifteen years went by. I had lost sight of the young minister—forgetting him, as we all do sometimes—when suddenly I met him, dressed well, but not clerically.

"We shook hands. He said he was doing excellently.

"What church?" I said.  
"Oh," he said, "no church—the wholesale hat business."

"But why did you leave the church?" I asked.

"For several reasons," said he.

"And what," said I, "were they?"

"A wife," he answered, "and six children."

## THE OLD CRY OF "WOLF."

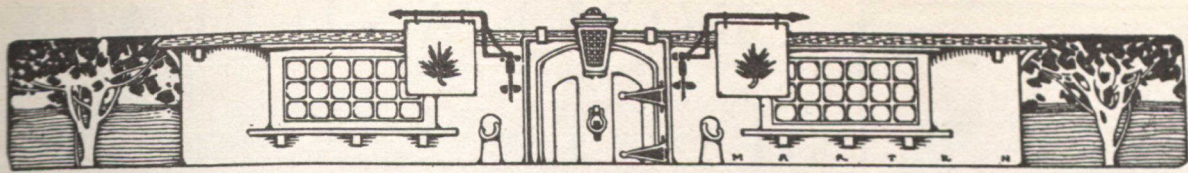
Office Boy: "I want to go to my grandmother's funeral."

Employer: "I can't let you go, and I don't think you will be missed, anyway, as the last time she had a funeral there were fifteen thousand people there."—*Harper's Weekly*.



Grandmother (telling a story)—Then it was decided that the smallest one should be eaten!  
Smallest Child—I'd rather hear another story!—From *L'Assiette au Beurre, Paris*.





AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

AUTUMN.

By ARTHUR STRINGER.

THE thin gold of the sun lies slanting on the hill; In the sorrowful greys and muffled violets of the old orchard

A group of girls are quietly gathering apples. Through the mingled gloom and green they scarcely speak at all,

And their broken voices rise and fall unutterably sad. There are no birds, and the goldenrod is gone.

And a child calls out, far away, across the autumn twilight;

And the sad grey of the dusk grows slowly deeper, And the old world seems old!

\* \* \*

THE MODERN KITCHEN.

I HAVE lately inspected, or rather been shown over, a friend's house. It is of the newest, most decidedly, yet it is not crude. Its weathered brick, trails of Boston ivy, raw silk curtains, and fumed oak furniture are all correct and leave nothing to be desired. Such a house was not possible twenty years ago unless one took in books on decoration and consulted the only original working cabinet-maker in the town. The drawing-room in faint salmon-pink, dashed with silver; the living-room in green, with couches and armchairs and rugs; the dining-room in wine colour and gold, with gleaming plate and dim portraits—what could be better? The hall alone might strike one as a little cold; something of the Græco-Roman or Turkish bath about it, but the day was a dull one and perhaps the fault was in ourselves. However, an entirely new sensation was in store for us, as having seen the purely æsthetic side of things the host, with what seemed peculiar unction and householder's pride, told us that the kitchen too must come in for inspection.

Shade of Charles Dickens—what would he have said had he seen then what we saw and stood where we shortly were standing, dazzled, frozen, petrified, and awed into silence, as we gazed with blinking eyelids upon a Feast of Tiles, a dream of marble halls that glittered in snowy and frigid stateliness when our host turned on the electric light? This a kitchen? This monumental memorial to some dead and gone Ice King, this second act of Hanlon's "Superba," with the greenish stalactites and icy caverns of a well painted Polar region—this a kitchen? We looked in vain for reassuring blaze and gracious warmth from a glowing hearth. We saw neither pot nor pan; no cheerful winking tins nor polished brass and copper saluted us; all dear familiar shapes of frying pan and gridiron, toasting fork and ladle, were absent. Replying to the agonised questioning in our wan and frightened faces, our host touched a knob somewhere, and instantly, with a horrible click, a section of the sparkling wall slid back and disclosed a row of utensils hanging head downwards from an iron bar. "No dust can get at them there," he said triumphantly; "no smoke in this kitchen. No germs, no smudge, no anything." Fascinated, we watched him press another button, and lo! another panel flew up and revealed dishes and platters, cups and saucers. Yet a third magic knob conjured up a vision of cans and bottles, packages and tins; a full-sized grocery store imbedded in the wall. The towering mausoleum in a corner

was the refrigerator, communicating with the outside world by bars and grills of iron and squares of cloudy glass. Grill—the word echoed coldly along the unsympathetic air. The only kind of grill suggested by the glacial surroundings was the metal one aforesaid, for what chop or steak could flourish in this uncongenial chamber! Dark rafters hung with bacon and ham, the glowing grate and oven warm, the ruddy roast and juicy fowl, pans of biscuit and well-browned bread—these, too, were absent. We did not see a table. A long and morgue-like slab of marble served as such and we understood that the fire, like everything else, was under cover—laid on somewhere. This a kitchen, where no one could ever be made hungry by the sight of good things to eat! Shade of Dickens, come not near these high and arched passages, these labyrinths of slippery and shining cleanliness, where hygiene reigns and the only cobwebs that can be detected are floating on the necks of foreign wines as they lie on their sides in the carefully arranged bins.

We came home that day to the much-worn linoleum, the old coal stove, the once admired walnut sideboard doing duty as a kitchen cabinet, to the "horse" leaning idly against the shabby wall, to the clothes-basket with arrears of ironing under the table, to the rocker and its turkey-red cushion, to the two red chairs that we had painted ourselves one day out in the garden, to the pots of cacti in the window and the cats under the stove. We looked around and said: "We must do up this kitchen. No use talking; we've often spoken of it but the time has come, and we must really do it up. After what we have seen to-day—"

And here a thing or two happened. We saw a saucepan on the stove. We looked in. Excellent soup! We saw the oven door open. Something brown and frizzling! The kettle sang as agreeably as if it had been of aluminum instead of granite (seconds, too), the rocker was comfortable, the cats were charming, we warmed our hands at the grate. The sequel may be guessed. We haven't done up that old kitchen yet.

\* \* \*

PRINCESS VICTORIA.

PRINCESS VICTORIA, whose picture is shown above, is one of the most accomplished and also one of the least-known members of our present royal family. Her delicate health and retiring disposition have kept her a good deal in the background, and few people are aware of what an interesting personality she possesses. The Princess is extremely popular at court, especially with the juveniles, and among the little ones she goes by the name of "The Head Nurse." She is a great lover of literature, especially of poetry, and she is sufficiently of a connoisseur to prefer the works of Browning to any others. Like Queen Alexandra, she is an expert photographer, and never misses an opportunity of "snapping" an interesting view or incident.

\* \* \*

A married woman seldom borrows trouble; between her husband and her dressmaker she usually has enough of her own to keep her busy.

\* \* \*

A woman always gets cross when she has to get up and let her husband in, but she doesn't mind it at all to get up and let the cat out.



Princess Victoria, the King's Daughter, walking in Hyde Park, accompanied by her Lady in Waiting.

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# PEOPLE AND PLACES

FROM THE SUBURBS OF THE NORTH POLE.

**M**R. WILL HAY has got back to Edmonton. He has been away so long that his friends in the fur post town were beginning to hazard that the intrepid engineer of the Hudson's Bay Company fleet had taken it into his head to beat out worthy Captain Bernier for Polar honours. No such wild goose chase for Mr. Hay. He has had other duties to perform than careering after the Big Nail. But he has been pretty far north. He has touched the Circle at Fort McPherson which is on the Peel forty miles from where that stream swells the waters of the mighty Mackenzie. Fort McPherson is all Eskimo, population two hundred, who spear the whale in the haze of the Arctic day and watch the mystic aurora in the night-time. "It is the end of everything," in the slang of the company. Mr. Hay knows this end of the line as well as any white man alive. He runs the good craft *Mackenzie River* which brings up the occasional affluent tourist from Fort Smith for \$215.

A good many years Mr. Hay has rolled into his bag on the deck beneath the stars of the northland. He saw the gold seekers' mad rush back in '99; many of the weary "yellow" fever wastrels he gave a free bunk back to the comforts of home. He has seen the gradual uplift of civilisation along the Mackenzie. In the old days the greasy igloos of the northern Eskimos crowded the waste. Now have come another tribe with a name all their own — the Cogmollochks. This worthy people have seen the white men live. They have told Mr. Hay of being down to San Francisco; of going to Sunday School there and sipping beer in the hot glare of the cafes. He says it is remarkable the way they are exploiting the white man's mode of life in the wilderness.

But more remarkable than this to Mr. Hay is the jump there has been in Edmonton since he tramped away. He was walking down old Jasper the other day and somebody said something about the new Parliament Buildings being opened that afternoon.

"Parliament Buildings!" he jerked. Then it is said that he swore softly with an Eskimo accent.

\* \* \*

## BRITISH OPINION ON BRITISH COLUMBIA.

**"B**RITISH COLUMBIA is the greatest province of actual and potential wealth in Canada." Such was the decisive statement of Mr. W. J. Thorold, the well known journalist, who grew enthusiastic at the Hotel Vancouver the other day. Mr. Thorold is out West making expert investigation of conditions for the encouragement of English capital. The British investor is Mr. Thorold's chief hobby. He advises him weekly through the pages of *The Canadian Mail*, a paper published in England and devoted solely to Canadian interests. Mr. Thorold has it on numerous writers of the English press who fashion Dominion editorials, in that he is a Canadian himself. He claims Toronto as his birthplace. Early in life he broke into the newspaper game. He joined the Fourth Estate of Ontario's capital and made a hit. He was out for the big things. He went to New York and there learned something about financial reporting, which is now his specialty. A few years in the fever of Wall Street and he was back in the Empire again—this time in London, England. It was there he signed with *The Canadian Mail*, just then starting. His close knowledge of Canadian affairs and sound journalistic experience were excellent assets to the *Mail*, which has gripped the British public, so interested in the fluctuations of No. 1 Hard.

\* \* \*

## VOX POPULI.

**M**OOSE JAW and Regina have just had a population squabble. Up in Moose Jaw, the other day, somebody said that there were 20,000 people minus 23. That is a big townful—a third of Victoria, B.C., for instance. Regina took a skeptical view. Moose Jaw clipped off five thousand, giving the Henderson figures. Now Henderson counts only 13,500 in Regina. It looked bad for Saskatchewan's capital. Regina howled with derision. What was the matter with old Moose Jaw's eyesight? She was tacking on a twelfth of her population who were going to school. A few more Moose Jaw people needed to go to school and learn figuring evidently, according to Regina. She accepted the 13,500 estimate of her own population. Then she began to figure on Moose Jaw's 20,000 basis. Moose Jaw has two-thirds the school attendance of Regina. Therefore the whole population is but two-thirds of Regina, or 9,000 souls. If Moose Jaw has 14,000 people, Regina has 19,988. So the matter stands. The combatants are being left to fight out the matter themselves. Even Edmonton has not chipped in. Edmonton is too engrossed in the merits of her Sunday car service to worry about mere population. That car service has been the result of a long fight on the part of the fur post town. Of course the strict Sabbatharians had their doubts and there was trepidation about the financing of the project. The cars have been going now for a month. The church people are wearing smiles and the money men are jubilant.

\* \* \*

## THE ORIGIN OF "TOUCHWOOD."

**T**HE origin of place names in Canada is a branch of literature worth considering. There is a region in the West known as Touchwood Hills—which are part of the hard-wheat belt north of Regina and about 300 miles from Battleford; lying towards Prince Albert. There have been many theories as to the origin of this name; just as there have been concerning the valley "Qu'Appelle," supposed to be derived from the echoing voice of a traveller who in French called out "Who is calling?" A theory which seems ingenious enough to be true explains the origin of "Touchwood" thus:

"Before the Indians had matches brought among them by the traders, and when they were accustomed to the flint and steel, 'touchwood,' or 'punk,' as it is called in many parts of Ontario, was in great demand, and in the Northwest, where timber is comparatively scarce, it was often with great difficulty that it could be procured. It is produced by a sort of dry rot that usually sets in while the tree is standing, and this dry rot which converts the timber into punk or touchwood progresses very slowly. In the prairie bluffs, which are occasionally swept by prairie fires, this peculiar kind of decomposition which produces touchwood never has time to develop itself, but in these hills where timber has been allowed to grow for many decades, and where the short-lived poplar and cottonwood are the prevailing woods, the conditions were highly favourable for the production of touchwood, and here the red men have always been able to find it in abundance."

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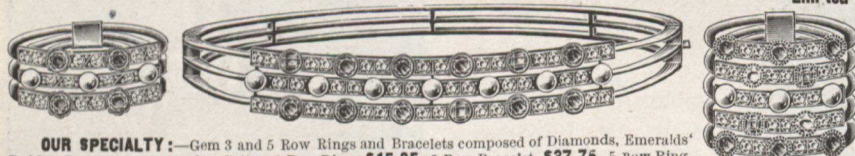


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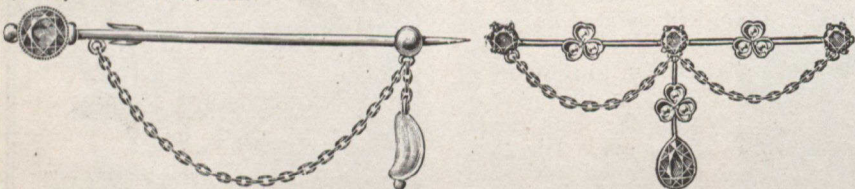
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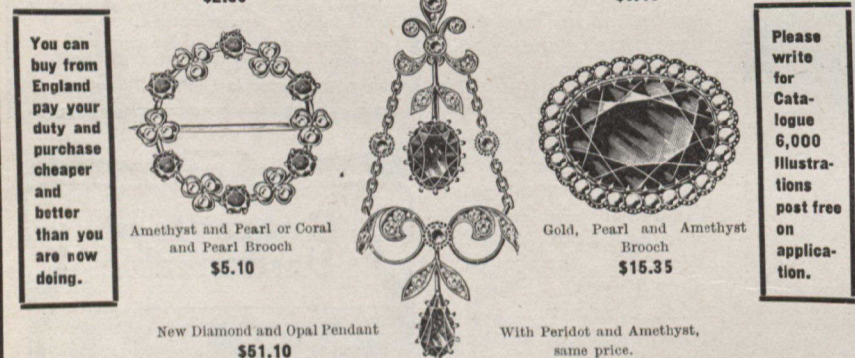


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## MUSIC IN CANADA

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

FROM time without record Montreal and Toronto have been see-sawing over the musical fence; and it has never been quite decided in the minds of people, who live in neither one place nor the other, which has done more for music in Canada, which has got farther ahead in the development of native talent, and which spends more money on talent imported from abroad.

This paper does not undertake to settle the question. It never will be settled. Meanwhile hundreds of people will vent a lot of entertaining criticism and some aspersions; each right in his own way according to whether he lives in one metropolis or the other—or even in Ottawa; for they say that in Ottawa the critics are exceedingly tolerant of anything done in a musical way anywhere else and especially in Toronto, though why this should be nobody seems to know. However, it seems certain that we should give credit where such is due. Montreal was doing things worth while in music before Toronto began to do anything of note. Montreal is an older place. She has a greater mass of church music—though herein lies material for a whole page of discrimination, for Toronto is known as the city of churches and has more people singing in church choirs than any other city in Canada. And in church music lies the root of all choral and a good deal of instrumental work done in concert halls. Every good church choir is the possible nucleus of a choral society. Many choirs have developed into societies of that kind. Montreal surely has some notable church music. Probably nowhere else in Canada can be found quite the equal of the music heard in Notre Dame Cathedral; and it has been said for a long while with good cause that no other organ in Canada if in America was quite the equal of the Notre Dame organ. Now, however, they have a Presbyterian organ in Toronto at St. Andrew's that seems to be as good an organ and rather a more modern one than that at Montreal. Certainly there is hardly a Montreal organ quite so bad as that in Massey Hall, Toronto.

As to organists—spare the comparison! There are good players in both places. Each has a large number of English organists—though Montreal has a percentage of French players who have a style quite different from the English or American type. Few American organists have succeeded in getting a hold in this country; once in a while an importation for concert purposes—such as Eddy and Archer and Dethier.

In choral societies comparisons are always odious. It used to be pretended that Montreal has a society quite as good as the Mendelssohn Choir. This, however, was the contention of those who had never heard the great choir, and it is to be hoped and expected that before two more years Montreal people will have had a chance to hear the choir which has been heard in so many American cities but nowhere in Canada outside of Toronto. After that it will scarcely be the dream of the most ambitious Montrealese that there is anything else in Canada quite so good as the Toronto organisation.

The Montreal Philharmonic, however, has a large claim on public consideration because it has done a long list of big works and most of them very well. It is one of the older organisations. It has traditions. It is the leading oratorio society of Montreal—for aught we know, of Canada. The Montreal Choral Society is a more recent innovation which is now in very active condition with a membership of over two hundred and a perfect system of sight-reading classes for those who do not read music fluently. In this respect it approximates to the People's Choral Union of Toronto.

In orchestras Montreal has always been rather in the lead till the past two years; but now it seems to be a foregone conclusion that the Toronto Symphony Orchestra has the premier place and intends to keep it. At any time, however, an organisation may arise in Montreal able to oust the Toronto organisation. It is to be hoped that the Montreal capitalists who spend money so freely on pictures will begin to do something on a large scale to leave Toronto behind in the orchestral race. For it is an axiom—that a city without a really good big symphony orchestra doing things on a scale commensurate with touring orchestras can never hope to be a centre of musical art, no matter what choral singers may be doing. It seems quite probable that with the splendid material available both in players and conductors Montreal may yet seriously contest Toronto's right to the first place in this branch of music. Certainly Montreal is more cosmopolitan a city than Toronto and ought to be able to maintain as good an orchestra as any other city of its size in America.

In string and chamber music it seems to be about which and tother between the Beethoven Trio of Montreal and the Toronto String Quartette. Each is doing remarkably good work. Last year there was a rumour of a probable exchange of visits between the two; but unhappily this did not materialise.

\* \* \*

## CANADIAN COMPOSERS.


CANADIAN composers are becoming more of a quantity. We have a long way to go, however, before we are able to produce good music in composition fit to be performed outside of Canada. There are probably more than a thousand people in Canada who have tried to compose music—which seems to be as much of an affliction as writing verse. The writer of this has tried and very largely failed on both and is therefore qualified to judge. There is a man in Toronto who has made more than a thousand compositions; but there is no record of any of them being performed outside Canada and very few of them there. Writers of anthems are numerous. Almost every choir-master seems to be able to produce an anthem. Many Canadian anthems are of a high class. Sacred songs by Canadian writers are among the best. Of patriotic melodies we have had a large number, many of them bad, some exceedingly good and all hopeful. In popular songs we do not succeed—which may be a good thing. In piano pieces we have some good examples. One Montreal man has written a concerto for strings—very successfully. A Toronto musician has this week given his first performance of an original cantata; one of the earliest forms of which in Canada was "The Wreck of the Hesperus," given at the opening of Massey Hall. Of course everybody knows that "The Maple Leaf" was written by one Canadian and "O Canada" by another; the latter being one of the very best national hymns in the world and the former one of the most popular. We have not produced any oratorios; neither any operas; and it will be a long while before we are able to fetch forth a symphony.

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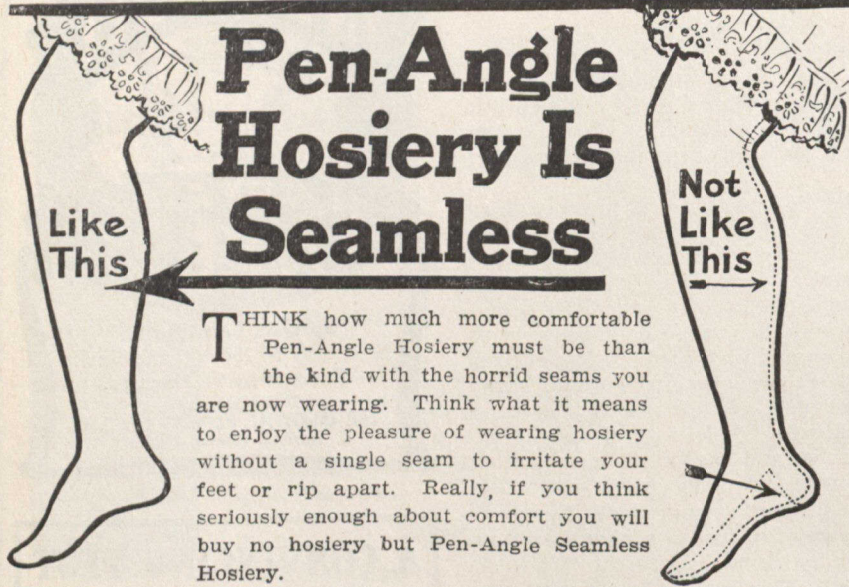
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## SERGEANT KINNAIRD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13.



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listening man reasoned. It had come from a spot not six feet away; and now he had an intuitive sense that a thing of life was crouched there, waiting for some move to indicate his position.

Slowly Kinnaird raised his hand, lifted his hat, and tossed it to the other side of the shack. It fell among tins with the clatter of a tripping man. A vivid shaft of fire split the darkness, thrusting out viciously like a serpent's tongue; then another and another. The shack bellowed; and an acrid fog of smoke hung stiflingly, as if Hades belched its sulphurous breath.

With a bound Kinnaird threw himself on a man who crouched within six feet, the pistol fire cutting from the gloom with vivid touch his face. Like the coils of a python, sinewy arms looped the man's frame. A hand found his pistol wrist and drew it back over his loins till the shoulder crackled, and from the writhing fingers a pistol clattered to the floor. They rolled in a clinch. Once the man's teeth snapped at the Sergeant's throat as he sought to turn his captor.

"Give up or I'll break your shoulder!" Kinnaird panted, his mouth at the other's ear.

"It's you, you Gospel slingin' skunk!" the man grunted; followed by a groan as his arm was wrenched.

Writhing away from the pain he half turned, and with a quick twist the Sergeant had him on his face, pinioned flat by the clutched arm across his back, and another beneath the captor's knee.

Then Kinnaird struck a match. A bottle, rolling groggily within reach, was corked with a candle. Lighting this, he slipped the other's revolver in his pocket. Then he released his hold, and rising, stepped back, the candle in one hand, and a six-shooter in the other.

"Hello, Cayuse!" he exclaimed, a grim smile lighting up his face as the man twisted to a seat on a grey blanket that had lately held him in sleep.

Cayuse rubbed his shoulder and looked at the speaker reproachfully; then he cursed softly, as though, even in a case of assault, the calling of his assailant exercised restraint on his vocabulary.

"Sorry if I hurt you," Kinnaird said apologetically; "but you were sure careless in your gun play. You might have shot one of your own men."

"Hell! d'you s'pose they'd stam-pede me outer sleep without a call? I knowed it was some sneakin' spy in the corral." He sat for a second blinking his eyes, and then added, "Say, Matt was right, eh? The fellers was right all the time when they measured your tracks for a spy, eh? Heavens! but you'll get wuss'n what's comin' to Matt for hoss stealin' when I call off this fool play of yours to the men."

"When you do, Cayuse, that'll be in barracks at Fort Nelson; for you're going to hit the trail with me."

"I'll see you in hell first, sky pilot brand and whole outfit!"

The Sergeant ignored Cayuse while he ran his eye over the shack's interior. There was a large copper still, a worm, tubs, in a corner several bags of grain; one wall was entirely hidden by square tins. Then he recovered his hat, which now carried a bullet puncture, saving, "Stand up with your face to the wall, Cayuse! Quick! If you don't, I'll club you in to submission!" he continued angrily as the whiskey man glared at him without moving.

Reluctantly Cayuse obeyed; and

Kinnaird, taking a leather tump line that lay beside the tins, fastened it round his prisoner's waist, made a loop in the loose ends, and passed it over his left wrist.

"Sabe, Cayuse?" he queried. "It's a pretty tough trail over Little Divide, and I'm going to give you a lease of your arms. If you buck up, I'll put a bullet through you. Now hit the trail!"

"I'll see you in—" But the prisoner was cut short by being thrust bodily from the shack and hustled along the path.

As they cleared the growth of trees Kinnaird said, closing up on his prisoner, "See this gun, Cayuse? If you so much as speak, I'll lift your thatch!"

In silence the driver and the driven crept up the trail which was like a bracket on the grey cliff of Little Divide, their moccasined feet falling with a dull thud on the smooth worn rock.

Dupre, crouched in waiting like a panther, heard a sucking breath and the crunch of heavy feet. Then a man's shadow blurred the path around the point to his feet, and a form swung past the cedar, a shoulder almost brushing his chest. He lunged at it, a pushing upward stroke of the knife.

The man reeled outward, and, falling, hovered strangely on the brink.

With a snarl of rage Dupre shifted the knife to his left hand, and, clutching the cedar, leaned outward to strike again.

A tongue of fire scorched his neck. He tottered, reeled, and spun half round, his hands clutching at the air. For a second the moon lit up his face and then he shot headlong into the gulf, his cry of terror mingling with the growl of the cataract.

And Kinnaird, the dead weight of Cayuse on the rope, was clinging to the wall, a smoking pistol at his feet.

The strain was terrific; a jutting corner of the rock held his shoulder. His mind seemed steadied, cast into smooth grooves, where it worked frictionlessly with fierce velocity. The pulling of the trigger on the murderous breed had been but an incident—almost automatic. In the moonlight he had recognised Dupre, and even as the breed had vanished from sight so he had vanished from Kinnaird's mind.

Coolly he faced the real problem—his chance of saving Cayuse George, or being pulled over the precipice himself. With but a straightening of his wrist he could let the loop slip over his hand, which was now drawn across his chest by the strain, and save his own life. With a corner of his shoulder wedged in a little crevice of the rock, and his feet braced on the ascending path, he could hold the weight that dangled over the cliff until he tired, until the strain won out. To move perhaps meant a plunge to death.

He raised his voice and yelled, "Keep still, Cayuse! I'll pull you through!"

The rock walls echoed his call; and up from the gorge floated the snarl of the cataract like a note of derision.

Slowly Kinnaird turned his head and looked backward along the ledge. Twenty feet away the rock sloped from the narrow path toward Mad Squaw Pool in a drooping shoulder of fifty feet. If, hugging the wall, he could work backward, dragging the man's weight till it struck that slope, he could save him; but one inch of over-balancing pull and they would go down together.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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Know the old romance.  
Heirs of all the ages,  
Heirs of Destiny!  
Here a nation build ye,  
Home of Liberty.

Build for social justice,  
Make for equal laws;  
Here the homes of millions  
Greet the world's applause.  
Hail our fair Dominion,  
Land beyond the sea,  
Britain's eldest daughter!  
Here Equality.

Yours the task of Empire,  
You the centuries call;  
Give the hand of Charity,  
Greatest boon of all.  
Yours the flag of England,  
Yours the fleur-de-lis;  
Give the stranger refuge!  
Here Fraternity.

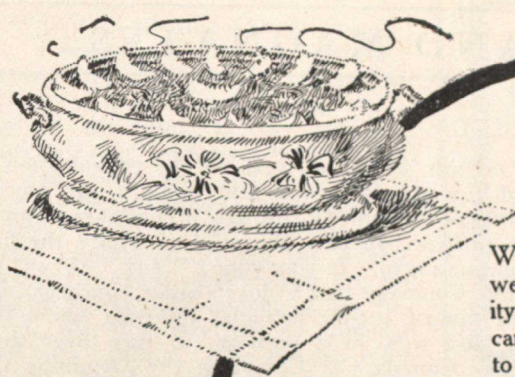
Prosperous Maritime  
Provinces

A CANADIAN correspondent of a London paper calls the attention of Old Country people to a point which we in Canada, perhaps, do not fully appreciate. When we think of encouraging settlers to come into this country, we think only of getting rid as quickly as possible of our great Western heritage, as we are fond of calling it. In the meantime, the fact that there are other parts of Canada, other prosperous provinces, other places good to live in besides the West, is not being kept so prominently before the world.

The correspondent of the London paper reminds his readers that, with the eyes of the world upon the West and its amazing progress, there is some danger that the steady progress and achievement of the Maritime Provinces may be overlooked. Within a quarter of a century they saw their greatest industry absolutely disappear. Wooden shipping, in which they led all parts of the world, became a thing of the past, owing to circumstances over which they had no control. Banks, marine insurance companies, ship chandler stores, and all allied business crumbled away. Once valuable assets became embarrassing liabilities; many of the wealthy were reduced to penury. Yet, during all this time, the rest of Canada was going forward by leaps and bounds.

Look at the Maritime Provinces today. Those who were ruined started life over again, and they are decidedly out of the hole now. The correspondent writes: "If people could see the immense crops of grains, hay, roots and fruit that the farmers of the Maritime Provinces are gathering in this fall, they would certainly have a new appreciation altogether of the great importance and still greater possibilities of that portion of Canada which lies east of the Province of Quebec. The uninitiated are apt to think that the wheat crop of the Western provinces is the only important factor in the wealth production of the Dominion but this is fully equalled by the products of the Maritime Provinces."

It is pointed out that a crop of 100,000,000 bushels of wheat even at the price of \$1 per bushel would only bring in \$100,000,000, whereas last year the agricultural and industrial products of the Maritime Provinces brought in no less than \$105,000,000. —Montreal Star.



"Dainty Desserts"

QUICKLY MADE

While the cook is largely interested in speedy dessert making we must not forget that the diner is vitally interested in the purity and deliciousness of the result. Here is an instance of the care with which we have considered all sides. First we tried to see how pure and delicious we could make

Pure Gold

(Trade Mark Registered)

Quick Tapioca

Then we worked on the feature of producing a "quick" dessert without losing this purity and deliciousness. The result surpassed our expectations—because in adding speed not only did we retain the purity but we found a way to make the product even more delicious.

For example, Try this Apple Tapioca Pudding

Pare and quarter six large tart apples, place in a dish and pour over one cup of sugar, a little salt and butter. Cook for fifteen minutes in the double boiler one-half cup of Quick Tapioca and a pinch of salt in one quart of water. Pour this over the apples. Cover the dish and bake a half-hour. Serve with cream and sugar.

Our Book of Recipes Sent Free

Let us send you our valuable little book "The Secret of Delicious Desserts." It tells you how to make any number of dainty desserts and delicious salads in very little time and almost no trouble at all. And the delightfully good part of it all, remember, is that the speed with which results are obtained only serves to enhance the enjoyable flavor of the result. 4 B



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Samples on Request

Send us 10c in stamps to pay packing and postage and let us send you generous samples of our Vanilla and Lemon Extracts and a small can of Baking Powder. Mention your own and your dealer's name and address

Clark's Chateau Brand Baked Beans



10c, 15c and 20c a tin.

are of such high quality, so well cooked and so appetizing that both children and "grown ups" hail their presence on the table with delight.

☞ The beans are hand-picked and carefully selected, and are thoroughly cooked at a very high temperature.

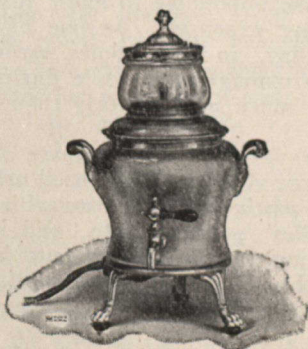
☞ Nothing pleases the children more, nor is better to build up good bone and muscle and ensure good health.

☞ In Chateau Brand you get Clark methods and Clark quality.

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Demonstrated daily at 12 Adelaide St. E.

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PILSENER



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PERMANENT  
MORTGAGE  
CORPORATION**  
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also COBALT STOCKS  
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... ON COMMISSION ...**

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New York Stock Exchange.

### "The Woman in the Case"

May be one's own mother, wife or daughter, any one of whom may need the protection which life insurance in



gives, and it is, therefore, the duty, and should be the pleasure of

### "The Man in the Case"

to whom she has a right to look for protection, to insure his life while yet in good health for her benefit when his strong arm and active brain shall have been stilled in death.

HEAD OFFICE:

**WATERLOO - ONTARIO**

**Lorsch  
&  
Gamey  
LIMITED** Members Standard Stock  
and Mining Exchange.  
**Cobalt Stocks  
A Specialty**  
36 Toronto Street  
TORONTO

In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier

## MONEY AND MAGNATES

A BIG DEAL ON THE QUIET.

REFERENCE was made on this page last week to the organisation of the Canadian Car and Foundry Co.—the now famous car merger which in a few days was pushed quietly through preliminary negotiations, so that all the securities had been disposed of before the final details of organisation had been arranged. It was young "Max" Aitken, the president of the Royal Securities Company and a dozen other concerns, who had the whole thing arranged almost before financial interests knew that negotiations had been opened and was in a position to turn over three tremendous concerns such as the Canada Car Company, the Dominion Car and Foundry Company and the Rhodes-Curry Company to the new company. Not only this, but just when leading bankers were figuring how the Canadian market would be able to absorb \$5,000,000 or \$6,000,000 of the new securities, young Mr. Aitken walked out of his private office and with a wave of his hand and a happy smile made the statement, "All securities are sold." Prominent London, New York and Canadian houses had taken up every dollar's worth of the securities amounting to \$5,000,000 of preferred stock and \$3,500,000 of common stock. And the whole transaction had been effected in less than two weeks and when the various deeds were being signed and Mr. Aitken had to give his marked cheque for a million dollars he was right there with the money.

Only a few weeks ago Mr. Nathaniel Curry, president of the Rhodes-Curry Company, who had been anxious to effect the merger for the last four years, stated to me that he regarded the merger as almost an impossibility. Meeting him outside the Bank of Montreal the other day I recalled his remark and he quickly replied, "It was Mr. Aitken who did it and he was just about the only man who could have done it." And to think young Aitken is only crossing his 30th year mark! Young men are certainly having their innings in Canada.

\* \* \*

THE PROPERTIES OF OUR BANKS AT LOW FIGURES.

IT has always been a cause of wonderment how the Bank of Montreal, with its millions of dollars' worth of buildings, stretched from one part of the country to the other, manages to maintain its property account in its general statement at the ridiculously low figure of \$600,000. Think of it. This amount would not purchase the bank's head office alone, without taking into account the hundred odd buildings it has situated in the most valuable part of the various cities and towns of the country. It has stood at this figure for many years past, notwithstanding that during the last five years the Bank has expended over two millions of dollars in various buildings throughout the country.

Sir Edward Clouston, the vice-president and general manager, has always insisted that the property account should be kept as low as possible, and has always considered that it should be construed as good sound banking, that it should be so maintained. He reasons that while such properties may be worth a considerable amount, it would be, as a rule, very difficult to realise on them at a forced sale. This policy of the leading bank has resulted in most of the other institutions keeping their property accounts away below their assessed value and it would be absolutely impossible for a shareholder of any of them to pick up the general statement and from it to form any accurate idea of the value of real estate it holds. The keen competition that has prevailed for many years past between a number of the leading banks has resulted in unusually attractive buildings being erected, even in the smaller towns and in the outlying portions of the larger ones. Bankers, as a rule, hold to the opinion that it is good advertising, and in addition a form of advertising which is dignified enough to be attractive to them.

With the big gains that are being made in real estate values in all the leading centres of Canada, it would seem to be a matter of only a short time when all the leading banks will have to make a very thorough readjustment of their property accounts, in order that their Government returns may be as accurate as the shareholders of the various concerns would like to see them.

\* \* \*

PROBLEMS OF PROSPERITY AND OF ADVERSITY.

WITH our large manufacturing concerns, it is just as much a problem to know how to handle rapid increases in business as it is to know how to reduce the operating expenses fast enough during a siege of depression to keep step with the reduction of business.

Two years ago, when a siege of depression struck Canada, all the large concerns such as Dominion Textile, Canadian Convertors, Montreal Steel and Dominion Iron and Steel, had laid out their plans to handle large amounts of business during the entire year. Then suddenly came the setback. Repeat orders were difficult to get, while cancellations of orders were coming in by every mail. It became absolutely impossible for any management to know just how far it would go, and therefore likewise impossible to know just to what extent they should reduce their operating expenses. As one of the leading manufacturers remarked to me one day, in good times earnings increased even beyond the expectations of the management, while during a siege of depression the earnings ran off very much more quickly than any management could anticipate.

Now the problem with the manufacturers is how to increase their operating staff quickly enough to handle the large volume of increased orders that are coming in all the time. This is more particularly the case with the industrial lines such as cottons, woollens, ladies' garments, etc., and it is evident that in most instances, the retailers throughout the country must have allowed their stocks to run down to a very low ebb before they became satisfied that better times were at hand, and it was worth while going into the market and stocking up for future requirements.

Canada will probably be an old country before any system of political economy is devised that will obviate these periods of depression and what might almost be called over-prosperity. Meanwhile it is satisfactory to know that in a country so young with a rapidly-expanding market right at home, this country is likely to suffer less than older communities from the fluctuations in trade.

COUPON.

## Investors' Reference

COMPILED BY

**H. E. Ames & Co. Ltd.**

INVESTMENT AGENTS

7 AND 9 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO

A handbook containing in condensed form the salient features in the last published annual reports of all leading Canadian companies, the securities of which are held generally by investors, as well as those of some foreign companies of which Canadians hold bonds or shares.

Several pages are devoted to descriptions of the different classes of investments, and a few points relating to dealing in securities are indicated, for the benefit of any who are inexperienced in investments of this nature.

A copy will be sent upon request.

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**Paid-up Capital, - \$6,000,000**  
**Reserve Fund and**  
**Undivided Profits, - 4,400,000**  
**Deposits. (May 31) - 40,847,804**  
**Assets, " - 56,393,723**

132 Branches in Canada

General Banking Business transacted

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT at all Branches.  
Deposits of \$1.00 and upwards received and interest allowed at best current rates.

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MEMBERS MONTREAL STOCK EXCHANGE

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A low rate of interest is not indicative of a safe investment, neither is a high rate necessarily significant of undesirable securities. Differentiating in Investment Securities makes one person's money earn twice as much as the one who concludes that a low rate means absolute security.

If you have money to invest and want the highest rate compatible with well-edged securities you will be interested in getting our 16th Annual Report.

WRITE TO-DAY

**The People's Building  
& Loan Association**  
LONDON, Ont.

In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier



**Broderick's**  
**Business Suits \$22.50**  
 Worn from Coast to Coast

Write for samples and measurement chart

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**FRANK BRODERICK & Co**  
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Let Broderick's show you what Clothes - Comfort really means.

Not only comfort in having your clothes feel right, but comfort in the assurance that they look right—that they're smart and stylish and that no man of your acquaintance is better dressed.

The finest business suit possible to get is one made with the famous—



the most perfect cloth made.

—and made up in correctness and style by the Broderick High-Grade Tailor-Artists,

All over Canada, men who take a pride in their Dress are wearing Broderick Suits.

Prices start at \$22.50.

Write for samples and measurement chart. Dept. D.

**Frank Broderick and Company**  
 Toronto, Canada

**To Aid Shipping**

THERE is already Dominion provision for drydock subsidy, three per cent. on invested capital for twenty years. The shipping interests of Montreal, Quebec and St. John ask that the figures be increased to four per cent. and fifty years. Their representatives have told the Prime Minister that modern drydocks capable of floating the largest merchant vessels or warships are essential to the development of the Atlantic shipping interests of Canada, and they mention Levis and St. John as the sites for the establishment of the docks. There are already plying the St. Lawrence twelve or more vessels which are too large for any existing Canadian drydock, they say.

The statement illustrates the splendid growth of the importance of the St. Lawrence waterway. There are coming up to Quebec and Montreal now vessels which less than fifteen years ago, according to the testimony of vessel masters of that day, would never be able to ascend at all. The Atlantic carrying trade in the St. Lawrence has revolutionised itself. The subsidies offered by Parliament for fast Atlantic service are still hung up. But the existing companies, the Allans and the Canadian Pacific, have availed themselves of the opportunities of the route and have put on larger vessels. The representatives of substantial shipping interests now declare that greater development depends upon the creation of adequate drydocks. The Government would be justified in considering their proposal.

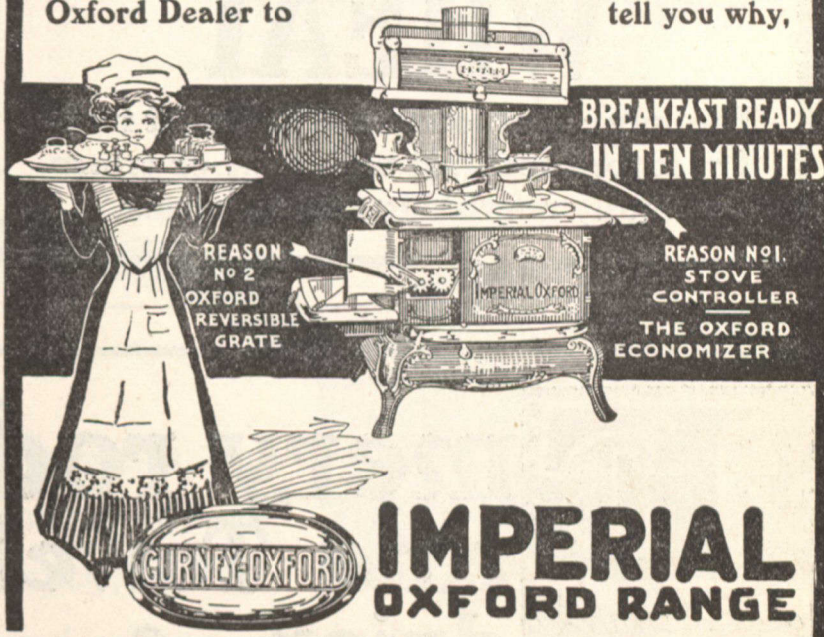
Three per cent. on investment for twenty years looks to the outsider like a pretty good bonus, but nobody on the inside seems to have jumped at it yet. An increase in the interest amount and the time period might serve the essential purposes of the present and future carriers, develop a great shipbuilding industry and act as a natural corollary of the navy building plan which the Government has in view. The Government may have in mind another plan, perhaps less expensive, but the shipping men's representations are worth considering.—*Ottawa Journal.*

**Churches and Baseball**

THERE are two or three other rather famous baseball men in the United States besides Mooney Gibson who got their first experience in Canada. Guelph, Ont., was once the home of professional baseball in this country in the days of the old Maple Leafs who made the first reputation for the game here. That was some years before the churches went into the baseball club feature. It is a singular thing that a Presbyterian church should have been the cradle of a baseball magnate. However, sometimes the church gets back what she gives to the game; for instance, "Billy" Sunday, the noted baseball evangelist, who has been starring on the revival platform for a couple of years since he left the diamond. In Toronto also there is being built an athletes' church with the Rev. J. D. Morrow, the renowned clerical sprinter, as the pastor. But "Mooney" Gibson may be justly regarded as the most celebrated athlete that was ever trained in a Canadian church.

As long as the church is not being made a football in the game of life, nobody is entitled to kick. So far as is known no church in Canada has ever turned out a lacrosse team.

A Range to be proud of—so dependable—cooks—roasts, bakes to perfection. It's so very modern too. You can buy an Imperial-Oxford Range with an "Economizer"—"one damper controls the fire"—cuts the coal bill in half. The new reversible grate guarantees a clear fire. Ask the nearest Gurney-Oxford Dealer to tell you why,



**The Gurney Foundry Company**

TORONTO

With Branches at MONTREAL, HAMILTON, LONDON, WINNIPEG, CALGARY, EDMONTON, VANCOUVER

Your money back if Purity Flour does not prove entirely satisfactory in the baking.

DON'T simply buy flour from the dollar and cent side of it. Buy high-quality flour. That means PURITY FLOUR. The first little extra cost is more than made up by the extra number of loaves of bread it makes—by the superiority of the bread and pastry in sweetness of flavor and nourishing qualities. Buying Purity Flour is a safe investment. You get large returns, not only on account of Purity's ability to produce more, but because Purity contains the greater nutriment and the vim of a strong hard wheat flour. Food made from Purity Flour gives the consumer health, snap and force, which cannot be gained from the use of the weaker soft wheat flour.

"MORE BREAD AND BETTER BREAD"  
**PURITY FLOUR**

You can buy as little as a 7 pound cotton bag or in 14, 24, 49, and 98 pound sacks. Also in barrels and half-barrels



Purity may cost a little more than some flours but you'll find its more than worth the difference. To be genuine, must bear the Purity trade mark.

WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS CO., LIMITED  
 Mills at Winnipeg, Goderich, Brandon



Hundreds of dainty dishes can be made with

# SHREDDED WHEAT

The only cereal food made in Biscuit form. Try it for breakfast with milk or cream. Deliciously nourishing and satisfying.



## Emery rod and Towel drier—found Only on Pandora

When a knife is dull a Pandora owner never wastes time hunting for a "steel." She just walks over to the emery rod attachment to Pandora, gives knife six or eight passes over the high-grade emery, which puts on the keenest kind of an edge.

This combined emery rod and towel drier is a patented attachment you cannot secure on any other range. Just one of the many improvements that go to make Pandora the handiest range you can buy. 14

McClary's  
*Pandora*  
Range

## YOUR One Cent HEALTH

Will you let one cent stand between you and health? Send a one cent postal with your name and address, and we will send you FREE two little books that tell how health is regained without drugs or medicine. No fads, faith cure, brace, exerciser or health food. The means employed to regain health are scientific, therefore natural. No matter what the disease you suffer from, send for the books. One cent may save you years of suffering. Address

DR. H. SANCHE & CO., 372 ST. CATHERINE ST., WEST, MONTREAL

# HOLBROOK'S

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

## SAUCE

MADE AND BOTTLED IN ENGLAND—SOLD BY ALL CROCCERS

## LITERARY NOTES

SHE is not old, she is not young,  
The woman with the serpent's tongue,  
The haggard cheek, the hungering eye;  
The poisoned words that idly fly.  
Who makes love to you to-day,  
To-morrow gives her guest away,  
Burnt up within by that strange soul,  
She cannot slake or yet control.

Mr. William Watson, the eminent English poet, has set all London agog with his poem, "The Woman with the Serpent's Tongue." The drawing-rooms and circles of officialdom are buzzing with gossip as to the poet's experience at the hands of a lady well known in exclusive British society who is supposed to form the inspiration for his bitter verses. This lady belonged to "The Souls," a fact which in itself attaches to her a romantic interest. The imagination of an Oppenheim could not conceive a more striking society than that of "The Souls," which flourished in the British capital a few years ago. Intellectual superiority was the only *entree*. Some of the most prominent men and women in England to-day claimed membership. "The Souls" kept their transactions secret. Stories, however, would leak out to the outside world of the doings. There was talk that affinities had become a subject of investigation. Now the affinities became very much involved. "The Souls" found that to preserve their reputations in the world they would be wise to disband. But among them is the memory of a woman who had a tongue which stung like an adder.

Perhaps it was because of this woman that the poet Watson has so far not been rewarded with official recognition. Has he demeaned himself by attacking her in public?

These are the questions which are being asked by those who are interested in an incident which has no parallel in modern English literary history.

\* \* \*

NOT long ago Sir Herbert Tree unveiled a memorial tablet to mark the site of the Globe Theatre so inseparably connected with the work of Shakespeare. A modest American, Dr. C. W. Wallace, Professor of English at the University of Nebraska, has just submitted proof that the site of the historic playhouse is just across the street from Sir Herbert's tablet. This discovery of Dr. Wallace is but an incident in a series of investigations which he has been making into Shakespearean records. His work has been along the line of determining the dramatist's financial relations in connection with the Blackfriars and Globe theatres. He examined the papers in the Government record office which had reference to a lawsuit of the widow of a defunct actor, William Osteler, against her father, John Hemyngs, for trespass. This trespass consisted of alleged misdealings in securities, the shares of the Globe and Blackfriars theatres. The history of the suit covers the time from 1599, the date of the building of the Globe theatre, to the year 1616. These years were the period of Shakespeare's most mature genius. Dr. Wallace shows that Shakespeare's total income from the two theatres did not exceed £600 a year, and that the revenue he derived from the Globe itself was but £300, half of the amount originally supposed. He also points out that several renowned plays in which Osteler starred in those days must have been written prior to the year 1614, the date Dr. Wallace fixes as the death of the

actor. These plays—Webster's "The Duchess of Malfi," Beaumont and Fletcher's "Rondoue," and Fletcher's "Valentinian"—have been till now regarded by scholars as produced between the years 1616 to 1623.

\* \* \*

PROFESSOR Erick Marck has been making a sensation in Germany by the publication of his biography of the Prince of Bismark. This book contains some interesting revelations regarding the statesman's sentimental history. An English girl is the woman in the case. Professor Marck illustrates how the Iron Chancellor became very pliable in face of the charms of a certain Miss Russell. He was at the callow stage of twenty-one at the time and was as gay as a Canadian bank clerk in the enjoyment of his position at the bottom of the Prussian bureaucratic ladder. The fair Miss Russell comes on the scene at Wiesbaden in 1836, in the company of her uncle and aunt. The civil servant at once laid his heart at her feet. She left shortly for Switzerland and so did her admirer. Professor Marck remarks that a betrothal "appears actually to have taken place." Then came a Satan into Eden in the shape of a stern letter from the Government officials. The delinquent returned to Berne, where his superiors were constrained at the suppliant attitude of the young man to forgive his folly. The engagement was broken off. "When, where or why nobody seems ever to have heard," writes the biographer. At any rate, Professor Marck has a host of letters and to prove that the Prince in the cynical hardihood of his after years did not look back upon his early love "as a trifle light as air."

\* \* \*

IT was supposed that the American Civil War gave the slave trade its quietus. Modern civilisation would never again sanction traffic in human beings for the advancement of commerce. That this ideal is endangered is evident from reports of atrocities in the Congo. Rumours from time to time have leaked out to the world of the subjugation of Congo native labourers by capitalists of the rubber trade. The situation has lent itself to the purposes of romance. It is only a couple of months ago that Mr. Jack London published a story illustrative of the cruelty and injustice practised by the plantation owners upon their employees. That story was powerful. It showed with startling realism the helpless career of a navvy of a soulless corporation whose overseer heaped upon him indignities, and rewarded his resistance by depriving him of his life with a public execution. Another Harriet Beecher Stowe has arisen. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has been stirred to action on behalf of the helpless toilers in the hot sun of the Eastern fields. The novelist has not as yet commissioned Sherlock Holmes to ferret out the crimes of the slavers but has adopted the plan of addressing mass meetings for reform in the Congo. Incidentally, Sir Arthur is enlisting the religious denominations in his enterprise and great interest is being evoked. Sir Arthur was interviewed the other day at his Sussex home by a London correspondent as to his plan of campaign. On that occasion, he expressed himself as follows:

"We are going to hold a series of great public meetings in all parts of the kingdom, in order to bring home the facts of the present reign of terror and atrocious misgovernment in the Congo. The first Congo reform

CONTINUED ON PAGE 26.





**Mamma—Please Think of  
Me When You Buy Soap  
—Say “Infants’ Delight”**

“*Infants’ Delight*” on soap is like “sterling” on silver—it means real worth. For we put the best of everything into this soap. We go many thousand miles to the Orient for pure cocoanut oil and to the famous gardens of France for olive oil. We boil and filter these oils and then put them through our secret milling process. After this they are crushed under a weight of 30 tons and passed through granite rollers from which they come out in miles of silky ribbons. It takes twenty-one days to make a single cake, but it is the finest soap ever made. It lathers into a creamy foam and wears as thin as a wafer. Try one cake this very day—see for yourself. 10 cents everywhere.



*Taylor's*  
ESTABLISHED 1863



*Valley Violet Talcum Powder* has all the dainty and exquisite fragrance of real violets. It is smooth and soft, so that when dusted on the most sensitive skin it leaves a delightful sensation of coolness. Nothing better after a good bath or after shaving. Borated and antiseptic, it soothes and preserves the skin. Indispensable in every nursery.

25 cents a box.

*Taylor's Shaving Stick* makes every man a regular customer after the first shaving. It lathers with a rich foam and quickly softens the beard. When the shaving is finished the face is cool and clean—the skin soft as velvet and as smooth as satin. It doesn't smart in the least and it won't dry on the face. You owe it to yourself to try this soap just once—then if you can, be content with the ordinary.

25 cents a stick everywhere.



**John Taylor & Co., Limited**  
TORONTO



# Gillette Safety Razor

NO STROPPING NO HONING

## That Fits in Your Vest Pocket



A great welcome has been given our New Pocket Edition. Men everywhere are talking about it.

Hundreds are buying it. Live dealers everywhere are showing it. It is *convenience*, that counts most with men who use the "Gillette"—they regard it as a remarkable invention. It meets a world-old necessity in a new and better way.

The pocket case is heavily plated in gold, silver or gun metal. Plain polished or richly figured. Handle and blade-box either triple silver plated or 14K gold plated—the blades are fine. Prices, \$5 to \$7.50. You will see Gillette signs in every store where the razors are sold—

THE GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO. OF CANADA LIMITED,  
Office and Factory,
63 St. Alexander St.,  
Montreal. 77



KNOWN THE WORLD OVER

## Literary Notes

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24.

meeting will be held at Newcastle November 8th, followed by a great mass meeting in London on November 19th. All religious denominations will be united in this movement in the interest of humanity.

"Once the people of England know the facts and hear the statements of eye-witnesses, see the photographs of mutilated men, women and children, I am sure they will rise with us and put an end to the crimes. The government cannot do anything effectual until the people of the country are enlightened as to the real horrors and stand behind the government as a driving force. I wish the public to co-operate and call for an end to this long orgy of blood, lust and greed.

"I have a photo of a poor black child with a mutilated hand and leg. We stand for the murdered and maimed men, women and children of the Congo and this is a heart call to the men and women of England. This country took a most solemn pledge when the Congo free state was created and one article of that treaty was that we bound ourselves in the name of the Almighty God with a solemn oath to watch over the preservation of the native races, and the amelioration of the moral and material conditions of their existence.

"What have we done to keep that pledge? Millions of natives have been wiped out and others maimed, attacked and tormented without any civilised power raising a hand to save them. It is a significant fact that the heraldic shield of Antwerp, to which city most of the rubber from the Congo is sent, contains a bloody hand, severed at the wrist."

\* \* \*

MR. RALPH CONNOR'S name appears on a dainty booklet intended for the Christmas trade, prepared by the Westminster Company, called "the Dawn of Galilee."

\* \* \*

MR. NORMAN DUNCAN'S new fall novel will be called "The Suitable Child."

\* \* \*

MR. ROBERT E. KNOWLES, of Galt, who divides the honours of the Canadian pastor-novelist with Mr. Ralph Connor, has a new story entitled "The Attic Guest."

\* \* \*

"A BEAUTIFUL REBEL" is the title of a story of Upper Canada in the days of 1812, by William Wilfred Campbell, the well known Canadian poet. This is Mr. Campbell's second novel. The Westminster Company, Toronto, are the publishers.

\* \* \*

MR. WILLIAM DE MORGAN will be seventy years old on November 16th; he is the oldest active writer of English fiction. On his birthday appears his latest novel "It Never Can Happen Again."

\* \* \*

THE details of the life of the intrepid African explorer, Henry M. Stanley, are being edited by his widow, and the biography will soon be published.

\* \* \*

MR. LUCAS MALLET'S "The Score," two novelettes of unusual strength, is attracting considerable comment.

\* \* \*

The book-buying season is close to hand. All the indications point to an exceedingly brisk Christmas season in the buying and selling of books.



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"It gives me pleasure to commend D.D.D. to sufferers from skin diseases. For three years I suffered intensely from a skin disease which I developed on the back of my neck. It grew continually and sometimes cast off scales. Neighbors' advice, prescriptions, salves, and expensive blood medicines were lavishly used.

At last I found relief in D.D.D., used according to directions. It required just one bottle to effect a cure. I am no longer tortured so I have no hesitancy in acknowledging to the world the worth and great virtue of D.D.D."

Blood medicines cannot kill the germs in the skin which cause eczema and other skin diseases. Salves fail because they cannot penetrate. D.D.D. goes right into the pores, kills the germs and cures.

For free sample bottle of D.D.D. Prescription write to the D.D.D. Laboratory, Department T.C., 23 Jordan St., Toronto.

For sale by all druggists.



SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for additions and alterations to the General Post Office Building, Toronto, Ontario," will be received at this office until 5.00 P. M., on Monday, November 22, 1909, for the work mentioned.

Plans, specifications and forms of contract can be seen and forms of tender obtained at this Department and on application to Mr. Thos. Hastings, Clerk of Works, Customs Building, Toronto.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied, and signed with their actual signatures, with their occupations and places of residence. In the case of firms the actual signature, the nature of the occupation and place of residence of each member of the firm must be given.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered bank, payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, equal to ten per cent (10 p. c.) of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the person tendering decline to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or fail to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,  
NAPOLEON TESSIER,  
Secretary

Department of Public Works,  
Ottawa, October 29, 1909


Newspapers will not be paid for this advertisement if they insert it without Authority from the Department.

## Announcement to Subscribers

With Autumn comes a revival of the reading habit. As the days grow shorter, the reading lamp is longer alight. More Canadian Publications are being read than ever before in the history of this country. The dissemination of home news, home ideals and the home point of view will do somewhat, indeed considerable for Canada. The publishers of the Canadian Courier are exponents of the Canadian view. As against foreign news, views and ideals, to the exclusion of our own they protest. Every subscriber to the Courier, in a sense is a patriot, a builder up of his country. "Are you with us?"

Circulation Manager

## How to File Catalogs



T

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# Magazine Literature

The long Autumn evenings are here and with them comes leisure for reading. Lord Bacon's remark that "reading maketh a full man" must have been prophetic of the days of the Magazine Club List. We are living in those days. It is certain that means must be found to meet the growing demand for current literature of the highest sort. To place some tempting propositions before the reading public is the purpose of this announcement.

Following are eight clubbing propositions. The publisher's price is given and below is given our combination price. As well as new subscribers to the Canadian Courier, renewal subscriptions will be allowed in the club. You may choose any one of the eight. Cash in either case to accompany order.

## CLUBBING OFFERS

I		V	
Canadian Courier	- - \$3.00	Canadian Courier	- - \$3.00
Woman's Home Companion	2.00	Woman's Home Companion	2.00
	5.00	Hampton's Magazine	- - 2.00
<b>Our Combination Price</b>	<b>\$4.25</b>		7.00
II		<b>Our Combination Price \$5.55</b>	
Canadian Courier	- - \$3.00	VI	
Woman's Home Companion	2.00	Canadian Courier	- - \$3.00
McClure's Magazine	- - 2.00	Hampton's Magazine	- - 2.00
	7.00	McClure's Magazine	- - 2.00
<b>Our Combination Price</b>	<b>\$5.75</b>		7.00
III		<b>Our Combination Price \$5.65</b>	
Canadian Courier	- - \$3.00	VII	
Woman's Home Companion	2.00	Canadian Courier	- - \$3.00
Review of Reviews	- - 3.50	Ladies' Home Journal	- - 2.00
	8.50		5.00
<b>Our Combination Price</b>	<b>\$6.10</b>	<b>Our Combination Price \$4.50</b>	
IV		VIII	
Canadian Courier	- - \$3.00	Canadian Courier	- - \$3.00
Woman's Home Companion	2.00	Ladies' Home Journal	- - 2.00
Harper's Bazaar	- - 1.35	Harper's Bazaar	- - 1.35
	6.35		6.35
<b>Our Combination Price</b>	<b>\$5.30</b>	<b>Our Combination Price \$5.55</b>	

They certainly are interesting, are they not? Looks as if one of the combinations should be in your home. Should the combination not strike your fancy write us and we will provide you with what you want. We can suit all varieties of taste.

So much the better if you write TO-DAY. Address:

## Courier Clubbing List

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For information regarding hunting locations in five other provinces write to the Information Department—

Canadian Northern Railway Building, TORONTO



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