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The Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER,
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THE **Canadian Courier**

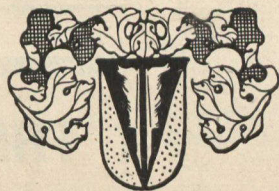
A NATIONAL WEEKLY

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PUBLISHERS' TALK

LETTERS from subscribers are always interesting, but some more than others. A Saskatchewan gentleman had the nerve to regret that our moral tone was not higher; apparently he thought that the "Canadian Courier" was the organ of some religious body. If so, he is mistaken. Another objects to our imitating a certain leading United States weekly, when the truth is that our United States contemporary is imitating us. Another thinks we ought to go farther afield for our pictures, but as we have already gone from Halifax to Victoria we feel that we have travelled sufficiently for the present.

ANOTHER friend writes us that he has mentioned the "Canadian Courier" to several members of Parliament and finds they are not subscribers. They all read it "at the Club." Our friend is disgusted to find some patriotic citizens who don't subscribe. He should not be worried. There are at least 379,000 patriotic Canadians who have not yet sent in their names. When these arrive, we will be printing 400,000 copies a week.

THIS is the first copy of Volume Four. It is respectfully dedicated to all those timid individuals who thought that our attempt to publish a national weekly would fizzle out in about three months. This is the nineteenth month, and the eighteenth was the best we have yet experienced. We do not desire to boast, but we would like to say that we are now getting old enough to forget that we were ever young.

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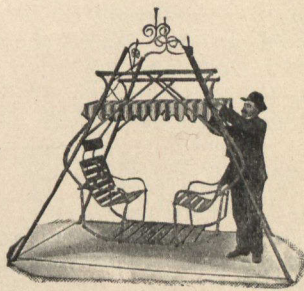
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THE HUMAN SIDE

By ARCHIE P. MCKISHNIE

ALONG THE WATER-FRONT.

THE rain spat and splashed a shrill treble to the boom of waves along the water-front. The few street-lights twinkled like spent stars through the mist. Away down at the wharf-side, the electric lights of the *Empress* glowed, a line of tiny red sparks.

Officer Doolin gazed toward them and for the twentieth time that night his hand sought the breast-pocket holding the blue envelope. It held a first-class ticket, berth included, to Dublin. Doolin would be off duty at twelve. At three he would be leaving for the Home Land. He would fetch Nannie and the baby back to this country with him, "plase God."

He turned and passed down his beat, humming a tune. A pile of heavy dock-timber stood in an alley, and Doolin stepped aside in its shelter, that he might light his dark-lantern.

Suddenly the hand, fumbling for a match, dropped to the revolver at his belt.

A man, hatless and coatless, with a bundle close clasped in his arms, had glided from the opposite side of the alley into yellow, misty gas-light.

Noiselessly, Doolin drew his heavy revolver. He wasn't taking any chances with the notorious Darcy. The capture of the escaped convict meant money and promotion to him. As he crept through the shadow, toward the advancing figure, a thought flashed through his mind, that scorched his brain and made him tremble. Could steel bars or prison walls hold him, he wondered, if Nannie were dying and calling him, calling for him as Darcy's dying wife had called for Darcy?

As the man with the bundle slunk opposite, Doolin stepped out.

"Hould up yer hands," he commanded.

The man raised his wild eyes to the officer's, then his head sank on his breast.

"I can't," he said hesitatingly, "you see I've got the baby."

"The phwat?"

Doolin, forgetful of caution, bent above the bundle. A low, wailing cry came from it.

"Where bees yes takin' it?" gasped the officer.

"I promised its mother I'd try and get across the ocean with it," faltered the other. "She asked me to start a new life for its sake, and I thought that maybe over there I might make good. I broke jail to come to her 'cause she was askin' for me all the time and I couldn't get parole. Well, she died this mornin' and I'm ready to go back with you, only I ask you not to put on the bracelets, 'cause I want to hold our baby as long as I kin. It's likely the last chance I'll have."

Doolin stood, looking away through the rain, toward the steamer-lights.

"Right turn," he commanded shortly, "and march in front av me straight t' th' wharf yander."

At the wharf's foot Doolin called a halt.

"Put wan hand behint ye, Darcy," he commanded.

The man did so, and Doolin reached for the blue envelope in his breast-pocket. He glanced hastily around, then placed it in the outstretched hand.

"Your berth's number twinty-siven," he growled, "and remimber you ate at th' bist table—come now, no words, remimber," as the other man turned toward him, a new light in his eyes. "If ye ain't aboard and in bid in fifteen minutes, I'll have ye

pinched, as sure as me name's Doolin."

Fifteen paces down the wharf, Darcy turned and held the bundle he carried aloft.

"He's goin' to be named Doolin," he called. Then he passed quickly on and up the gang-plank.

Down the wet, dreary street paced Doolin and up along the water-front, where the waves boomed hoarsely against the long pier.

At the alley, he turned and looked toward the lights of the *Empress*.

"He's goin' ter be named Doolin," he chuckled.

* * *

THE VETERANS.

THE morning sunlight flashed above the hill, and sweeping across the Poor-House Farm, bathed the dingy home in a flood of glory. Here and there, across the yellow fields, straggled a pauper toward his day's work.

Down from the implement-shed, toward the long row of berry-bushes near the road, marched two veterans of the Northwest Rebellion. Their pace was very halting, for the aged soldiers had had a long, long march of it. Once, with life and hope before them, had they been comrades in war. Now, with hope dead and life's march nearly ended, they were comrades once again. Throughout the day they worked together side by side. At night, they sat out under the maple and with pipes alight, watched the sunset on the lake. At such times they used to talk of the old days.

At the brow of the hill the white-haired soldiers paused. Away below them lay the city, with the sunlight's gold upon its every turret and steeple.

"If there was music, Cap'in, one might think yon was heaven," spoke the one gently.

"Aye, lootenant, but there is music. Can't you hear it?" cried the other. "It's the band, comrade—and it's playin' th' British Grenadiers."

Sure enough, far down in the valley, sounded the martial strains of a band. The music swelled and grew in volume. Suddenly, the two bent forms straightened and side by side the veterans stood, shoulders squared, hips drawn in and toes turned out at an angle of 45 degrees. As around the hill swung the battalion in step to the stirring music of its band. Onward, up the wide, white road, came the happy boys in red, while on the hill-top, two old veterans stood with tears streaming down their wrinkled cheeks and feet painfully marking time to the music.

As the battalion advanced, the old soldiers saluted. The quick eye of the young commanding officer saw it and he understood.

"Halt!" rang the command. "Right turn."

The soldiers on the road faced the soldiers on the hill.

"Salute!"

There was a flash of red, as five hundred arms rose and fell.

Then the company re-formed and passed on.

The veterans watched it until it was only a red line in the distance, and the strains of the British Grenadiers had died away.

Then by common impulse, they turned towards the berry-patch.

In the heart of each was a joy that would sing until the earth of potters' field covered it forever. They were paupers no longer, but veterans, veterans who had been honoured by the battalion.



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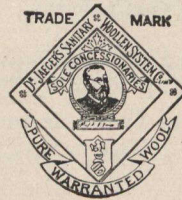
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No. 1

IN THE PUBLIC VIEW



Hon. Lomer Gouin,
Premier of Quebec.

THE Liberal Ministry in Quebec have appealed to the province and on Monday next the elections will take place. The present regime dates back to 1897, when the Hon. F. G. Marchand, litterateur and statesman, became Premier. When his greatly regretted death occurred in 1900, the Hon. S. N. Parent succeeded. Mr. Parent was Mayor of Quebec, a prominent Liberal and presumably supported by Sir Charles Fitzpatrick and Sir Wilfrid Laurier. When he appealed to the province for re-election, he found the Conservatives disorganised and unprepared. The result was a Legislature of 74 members, of whom only seven were Conservatives. Mr. Parent did not remain long in office. There was some dissatisfaction, and he retired to become Chairman of the National Transcontinental Railway Commission.

His successor was the Honourable Lomer Gouin, the present Premier.

* * *

MR. GOUIN was born at Grondines in 1862, so that he is still a comparatively young man. He was educated at Sorel and Levis, and called to the bar in 1884. He has at different times been a partner with such famous men as Hon. L. O. Taillon and Hon. Honore Mercier. In addition, he married the latter's daughter and thus to some extent bears the mantle of the greatest hero Quebec has had in the last twenty years, Sir Wilfrid Laurier alone excepted. Three years after his marriage, 1891, he ran for the House of Commons in Richelieu but was defeated. In 1897, he was elected to the Legislature for St. James Division, Montreal. He still represents that seat, where he is now opposed by Mr. Henri Bourassa, the Nationalist Liberal, who last year resigned his seat in the House of Commons to fight an unsuccessful battle with the Hon. Mr. Turgeon in Bellechasse.

* * *

IN Quebec, the party organisations are not quite so effective in matters of discipline as in Ontario, and the voters do not adhere so closely to party lines. They are hero-worshippers to some extent and if a talented candidate catches their fancy they will vote

for him no matter what his politics. Further, the nominating convention is not so important and is often entirely omitted. Hence there are often three-cornered fights, with only personality to make a decision. For these reasons, the result of a general election cannot be foretold with any scientific accuracy. It would appear, however, that Premier Gouin will be returned with a large majority, though the strength of the Opposition will likely be increased. Mr. Gouin predicts a different result, but political leaders are expected to be buoyant and hopeful in the extreme.

* * *

THE Royal Society has been meeting at Ottawa. The following new members have been elected: Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, Dr. W. F. King, Dr. James Hannay, Dr. Nicholls, Sir Francis Langelier, Prof. Maignault, Prof. Rivard, Prof. Wrong, Prof. Harkness and Prof. Mackenzie. Dr. Roy, assistant archivist, succeeds Dr. S. E. Dawson as president.

* * *

PRINCIPAL PETERSON of McGill has been in Halifax speaking on "True Imperialism," and incidentally paying his respects to Mr. J. S. Ewart and Judge Longley, both of whom have views quite different from those he is propounding. The Principal is a United-Empire advocate and would tie the Colonies to the Motherland with bands of sentiment, common aims and closer business relations. His views are much the same as those held by Lord Grey and Lord Milner, two Imperialists who stand high in the Principal's estimation.

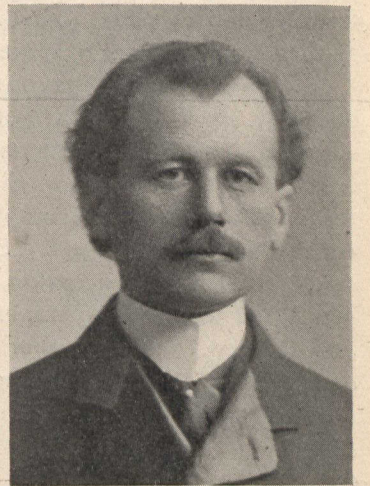
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PRINCIPAL PETERSON also shows his continued confidence in a strenuous Imperialism by appointing Mr. Stephen B. Leacock to succeed Professor Flux in the chair of Political Economy at McGill. Mr. Leacock was associate in this department and recently made a tour of the Empire as Rhodes lecturer.

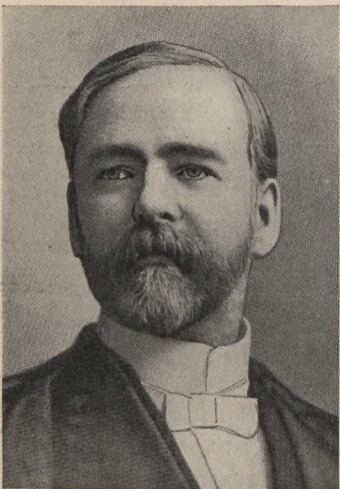
Professor H. O. Keay has been promoted to be head of the railway department. A successor to Dr. Roddick, dean of the Medical Faculty, and one to Dr. Bovey, dean of the Faculty of Applied Science, will be chosen shortly. Professors Smart and Brown received promotions and Professor R. E. Macnaughton's resignation was accepted.

* * *

LORD MOUNT STEPHEN has presented another \$650,000 to the King's Hospital Fund. It is said that his lordship's gifts to public institutions now amount to twelve million dollars. The original promoters of the Canadian Pacific and Great Northern have had a busy time distributing their enormous wealth. This latest gift from Lord Mount Stephen was in the form of 5,000 shares of Great Northern stock.



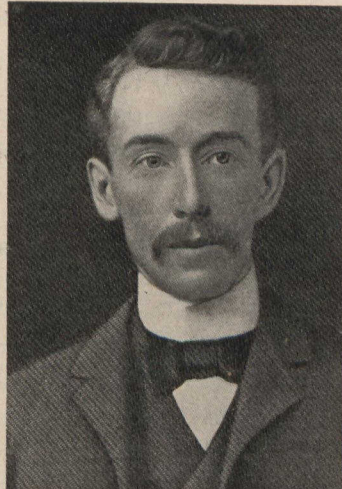
Hon. Adelard Turgeon,
Minister of Lands and Forests.



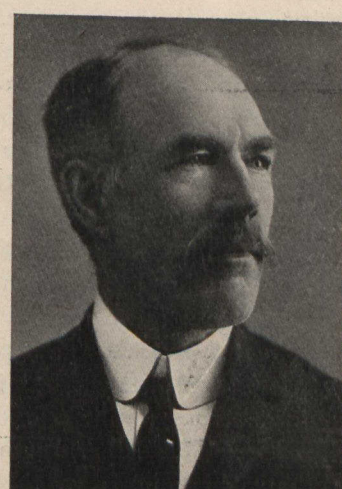
Hon. W. A. Weir.



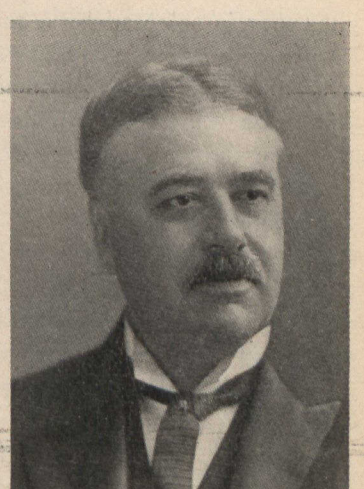
Hon. Jules Allard.



Hon. L. A. Taschereau.

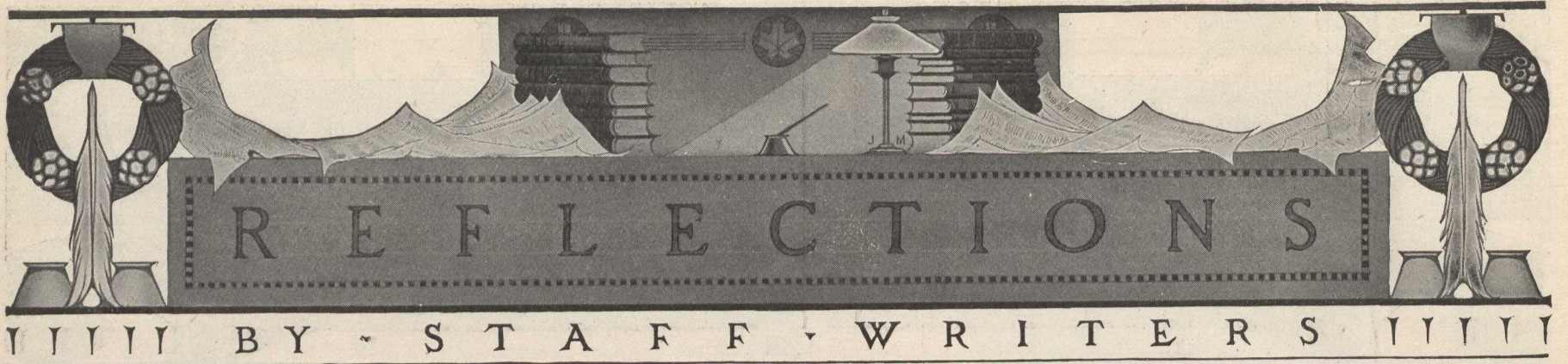


Hon. L. C. Kaine.



Hon. Louis R. Roy.

MEMBERS OF THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC ADMINISTRATION



SCHOOL-BOOKS AND POLITICIANS

THERE has been much talk about school-books in nearly every province in Canada during the past two years. New Brunswick has been trying to find out whether its books are up-to-date and whether the cost is excessive. Alberta and Saskatchewan have been introducing a new system somewhat similar to that which Manitoba inaugurated some years ago. Ontario held an investigation and a Commission reported that prices were high, the quality poor and the system of distribution in need of reform.

It is regrettable that in all these cases, the school-book question has been more or less a foot-ball of the politicians. One side makes charges, and the other denies them. Mis-statements are common. No one seems to realise that the question is mainly for experts and not for politicians. For example, there is little reason to believe that either the Premier or the Leader of the Opposition in Ontario understands the present situation or would know a good school-book if he met it. They are lawyers, excellent lawyers too, and why should they be expected to know either the publishing or educational value of a text-book by merely glancing at it?

A Government may decide whether or not school-books should be supplied free—that is a question of policy. As to the character of the contents, educationists must decide, and as to the mechanical qualities and printing cost of the books, publishers must decide; since these are questions for experts, not for politicians or statesmen.

If our parliamentarians would stop talking about details which they are not expected to understand and confine themselves to questions of public policy they would stand higher in public estimation. They do not decide what kind of treatment a doctor will give a patient in an insane asylum, nor decide the hour at which prisoners in county jails shall go to bed, and why should they decide whether one Second Reader is better than another? Let the Educational Council decide such points. The question as to whether these books should be supplied free, or whether the present system of selling them through the booksellers should be retained, is one which lies within the purview of the legislator, as do all other principles of general policy in every department of administration.

In truth, it would seem that the politicians are trying to confuse the public rather than enlighten them. Unfortunately too, so far as the school-book question in Ontario is concerned, the politicians have been fairly successful in this direction.

MAJORITY RULE

MAJORITY rule is a principle which has long been recognised as workable and satisfactory in both business and government. No other rule seems possible in democratic countries. The directors of large concerns are elected by the majority vote of the shareholders; the executive is elected by a majority vote of the directors, and the manager is selected by a majority vote of the executive. Our councillors or aldermen are elected by a majority vote of the electors; so are the members of our legislatures and the members of the House of Commons. When judges sit together, the majority vote makes the decision as to what is good law or which litigant is entitled to succeed. In fraternal societies, church organisations and educational bodies, the same rule holds good. Yet we are now having a discussion of two cases where seemingly the rule is brought into question.

The first case is that of the present local option law in Ontario which requires a three-fifths vote in any municipality to put it in operation and a similar vote to effect a repeal. This principle was introduced into the Act by the present Whitney administration, the reason given being the necessity for a strong public opinion to provide an efficient enforcement of the law. The Liberal Opposition are opposing the clause, claiming that it is unfair to the temperance interests. Mr. MacKay points out that the clause is ridiculous because 59 per cent. may vote for repeal and yet the law may remain

in force with only 41 per cent. of the voters in favour of it. There are arguments on both sides, but as the question is in politics, it would be improper as well as unwise for an independent journal to say where the stronger arguments lie.

The second case is that of the House of Commons at Ottawa where a minority of the members are preventing the majority from voting the supplies necessary to carry on the administration of public affairs. So little money has been voted that the Civil Service salaries are to some extent unpaid and many public works are not being proceeded with. The minority justify their conduct on the ground that the present administration has committed so many blunders and has so fallen from grace that it no longer represents the majority of the electors which its support in the House would indicate. The Opposition refuses to respect the Government because it feels, rightly or wrongly, that the public will ultimately justify such conduct. The situation is dramatic and it remains to be seen what the effect will be. If the obstruction continues much longer, the Administration will be forced either to follow Mr. Gladstone's precedent and adopt the "closure," or dissolve the House and appeal to the electorate.

A close examination of these two cases, however, reveals that they are exceptions which do not affect the general majority rule. In the end in Ontario, the voice of the majority of the people will decide as to the three-fifths clause in the Local Option Act, and in the end the majority of the electorate will decide as to whether the Conservative Opposition at Ottawa is justified in adopting obstruction methods. It would therefore seem that this great democratic principle is not really in the slightest danger.

THE PLETHORA OF LABOUR

NO one will deny that there are a number of idle but willing labourers in Canada at the present time. It would perhaps be near the mark to say that there are 50,000 unemployed at the present moment. Yet in view of the general labour and market conditions in this and other countries, the situation is not exceptional, nor is it so very serious. Last year 300,000 new settlers came into Canada. If five-sixths of these have found adequate and suitable employment, the country has shown a tremendous power of absorption.

When we consider that the Western wheat crop of last year was only about one-half as large as it should have been and that the total amount realised for it was twenty million dollars less than in 1906, the number of unemployed is not startling. The poor crop and the general tightness of money have greatly restricted manufacturing and industrial development. If this year's harvest is normal or if it is exceptionally good, there will be work for nearly everybody by September. The present condition is only temporary.

In some places, notably the House of Commons and the city of Brantford, there have been public discussions as to whether the Liberals or the Conservatives are responsible for the present plethora of labour. The Conservative Opposition have been foolishly trying to prove that the Government has been too lavish in its encouragement of immigration; with equal foolishness, some Liberal politicians have been trying to prove that the Conservative manufacturers have been unduly encouraging mechanics to come from Great Britain and elsewhere. Certainly, the Liberal Government has accomplished a great deal along this line and the manufacturers have also encouraged people to come here. Both are entitled to credit, not blame. If conditions had been normal, there would have been no unemployed. Neither party is responsible for present conditions.

Such petty and senseless bickering as is going on in regard to this question is detrimental to the best interests of the country and can be based only upon a lack of patriotic faith. If Canada is to develop, as we all hope it will, at an ever increasing rate, immigration must continue. It will be necessary and it will no doubt be wise to see that undesirables, criminals, paupers and other unsuitable persons are

prevented from obtaining easy access to our shores, but it would be the height of folly to close the gates entirely. Let us get the very best immigrants obtainable, but let us get immigrants.

SIR FREDERICK GROWS HAUGHTY

SIR FREDERICK BORDEN, Minister of Militia and Defence, grows haughty. First he said he would assemble 25,000 troops at Quebec in July just to show the world what a great army of citizen soldiers Canada could mobilise on short notice. Incidentally he would do honour to the Tercentenary celebration and the memory of Champlain. To his intense disgust, the railways objected to carrying so many troops to a small city where railway accommodation is limited; and the troops objected to going if a portion of the expense came out of their annual pay. Everybody was so nasty about it that Sir Frederick cancelled the orders. Thus ended the first lesson.

Then Sir Frederick decided to send about 8,000 urban troops to Quebec and issued orders that the rural corps should attend the annual training camps. Militia Order 108, dated May 11th, named the staff of officers to command at instructional camps at Goderich, Niagara, Kingston, Ottawa, Laprairie, Three Rivers, Levis, Sussex, Aldershot and Charlottetown. Sir Frederick was determined that the soldiers should have their annual training somewhere, and if not at Quebec then at the regular camps. Now the naughty Opposition at Ottawa steps in and blocks the voting of supplies. The Government of which Sir Frederick is a member has a majority of nearly sixty in the House of Commons but it cannot get its appropriations passed. Sir Frederick is thus in a painful position. He cannot get money with which to hold these annual camps. So he announces that his 30,000 soldiers must go without training this year. Thus ends the second lesson.

It is not easy to decide at whose door the blame for all this bungling must be laid. It is not clear that the Opposition would have passed a special appropriation for the camps if they had been asked to do so. It is possible they might. Nor is it clear that Sir Frederick has done his best to get his appropriations through. It is possible that had he explained the situation to the House, he would have been told to go ahead with his expenditures and that the House would see that an appropriation was ultimately made. Whoever is to blame, the situation is one which reflects little credit on our parliamentary representatives at Ottawa. The political fight may be justified but it will be exceedingly unfortunate if the militia should go without its annual training. The discussion which must follow will probably enable the public to more accurately place the blame.

THE WINCHESTER PAGEANT

ONE of the most interesting events of this month in England will be the holding of the pageant at historic old Winchester which was a city of many traditions when Egbert was king. The continuity of English history, the beginning of the wonderful blending of race-elements which has given us modern Britain, may be picturesquely displayed in the pageant of this gray cathedral city. The members of the Pan-Anglican Congress who meet in England this month will doubtless see an illuminated church history of unique brilliancy when they assemble at Winchester on June 25th. Bishops of England, the United States and Canada will gather at the scene of England's early christening, for it was at Winchester that Egbert first called the new kingdom, Anglia.

Much has been said and written, both in England and America about the degeneracy of modern drama. In the yearly festival at Stratford and the modern pageant there is an attempt to give the people something nobler than inane and vulgar musical comedy and dreary problem plays. In the pageant, the religious element is of robust strength of a rejoicing eagerness such as the Puritans would have condemned, but which is in historic keeping with the traditions of Alfred and Arthur. Mr. F. R. Benson, the actor-manager of the Shakespeare festival, is in charge of this pageant which, it is prophesied, will present a nobler picture of Early England than any other British festival.

FRAUDULENT SPIRITISTS

CANADA has recently come into possession of a Society for Psychical Research. Consequently the recent work done in the United States by a similar organisation is not without interest. A camp near Buffalo, having the idyllic name of Lily Dale, has attracted many pilgrims owing to the psychical claims put forth by certain characters in the neighbourhood. A member of the Society for Psychical Research went into this camp as investigator and, according

to the New York papers, discovered that several clairvoyants and trance mediums were achieving all sorts of fame and fortune by playing tricks as ancient as Egyptian magic at the expense of respectable citizens who paid as much as five dollars for the inalienable right of obtaining a shining gold brick. By this exposure the Society for Psychical Research has shown its honest desire for real discovery and its firm purpose to eliminate false claims to unusual mental power. The simple citizens who went to Lily Dale in the fond belief that spooks would appear or send messages from shadow land are, no doubt, feeling foolish and defrauded.

Many sober critics will say that dabblers in such mystery deserve to lose good coin of the realm in consequence of their credulity; but they forget that the tribe of trance mediums appeals to one of the most natural cravings in suffering humanity—the desire to know of a loved one's existence in another sphere. In spite of all the absurdities in connection with the exposure of certain spiritualistic frauds, there is a pathetic human weakness in the desire of the audience. Those who are merely curious deserve to lose their dollars but those who have gone in the belief, however foolish it may be, that they are appealing to high spiritual powers, are rather to be pitied. The investigation of such claimants can hardly be too rigid and the serious students of psychical phenomena are the most desirous of their complete testing. Canadian cities have had more than their share of such pretenders to extraordinary gifts. Those who really possess any such power are the last to make public their experience and would never associate it with mere money considerations.

RURAL SCHOOLS IN THE WEST

A CORRESPONDENT in the West has sent us a suggestion which should be widely and freely discussed. He is in favour of the Protestant missionary in the remote West being given an extra government grant for combining school-teaching with his clerical duties. There are regions in the new provinces where there are hardly enough children to form a school district and where the settlers are not sufficiently keen to discern the advantages of education. Where a missionary of the Roman Catholic faith goes, he is master of a school as well as religious guide to the parish. Every Canadian remembers Longfellow's description of *Father Felician* of Grand Pre who was both priest and pedagogue. There are many Father Felicians in the West but the Protestant missionaries have unrealised opportunities for educating the scattered communities.

Our correspondent points out the extreme desirability of having every child in the pioneer districts given such instruction as will afford him the "chance" which a new country promises the native-born. The school-house and the church were the early formative forces in New England and should be found as neighbours in the Canada which is a-building. The villages, towns and cities of the West have shown a pride in their school equipment but the remote settlements are another matter. The suggestion that these young Canadians who are in danger of losing early instruction should be instructed by the nearest missionary at government expense is worthy of instant and careful consideration, for every unschooled citizen is an impediment to national growth.

School needs are pressing in many districts of the Province of Manitoba. For instance, the municipality of Rockwood recently sent a delegation of discouraged farmers to Winnipeg to plead for better roads and proper schools, the members of the discontented band declaring that they must move farther west if conditions are not improved. Education is a stern necessity and every means of instruction should be used by the Government for these remote districts. The farmer who will move away if education is not provided for his children is just the kind of man a community should strive to retain.

BUSINESS CONDITIONS

BUSINESS conditions steadily improve. Though wet, cool weather has been the rule in Ontario and Quebec, the West is having an ideal spring with prospects of an early and abundant harvest. Money is getting more plentiful and stocks are advancing in price. That imports from abroad are decreasing is not a bad sign, as it shows that merchants are not overloading. There is little wheat to sell, but exports have increased slightly. The Bank of Montreal's deposits are scarcely a million less than on April 30th, 1907. The profits of the Bank for the six months show a slight decrease, but are nearly half a million dollars in excess of dividends. Money wages still tend to decline, but so do prices of the necessaries of life so that workingmen are not greatly injured.

Through a Monocle

IT is marvellous how the refreshing rain of an election revives the spirits of lethargic politicians. One would have fancied a few weeks ago that there was no Conservative party in the Province of Quebec, with the exception of Leader Leblanc and the *Montreal Gazette* newspaper. And even the *Gazette* was not working overtime on the job. But an election hove in sight; and at once "the woods were full of them." Conservative politicians bobbed up on all sides, fresh and lively after a long sleep. Hon. L. P. Pelletier, once the rising hope of the provincial party, aroused himself from a three-years' trance, and delivered an important speech at Ste. Henedine. Other politicians whose names the people had well-nigh forgotten appeared on other platforms; and candidates began to be named in every riding. Finally Mr. Bourassa, from whom the public has not heard since his little argument with Mr. Turgeon, came to life again, and is now a candidate against the Premier in St. James Division, Montreal.

* * *

AFTER all, it is only the party leaders who are really discouraged by an overwhelming defeat. The rank-and-file of the voters are not so easily disheartened. A defeat does not interfere with their usual course of life. It is much as if the home team had lost a lacrosse match. They are sorry—for a day or so—and then they forget all about it in the course of "biffing the wolf." But to the party leader, it is the overthrow of all his plans. It puts him in the Othello class—his "occupation's gone." If he is left out of the new House, so far as he is concerned the new House might as well not have an existence at all. Thus we notice a far greater silence on the part of the defeated party than the real facts of the case warrant. The voters are all right; but the talkers are retired to the rear. Let an election approach, however, and the talkers come forth. If there is a good campaign fund, the ward and "concession-line" workers come forth also.

* * *

THE policy of the Quebec Opposition seems to be to keep the Ministers tied down to their home constituencies. Premier Gouin is going to avoid this by running in two constituencies, feeling certain that he will get at least one. The Premier has, however, the utmost confidence. He talks of inflicting even a more crushing defeat upon his opponents than the Parent Government did in 1904; but when we remember that the Conservatives did not put up candidates on that occasion—except in a few constituencies—it looks as if the

Premier were over-sanguine. Still in this case he has the advantage of appealing to the people before the Federal Government, and so compels that powerful organisation to exert its strength to save him from discomfiture. It would never do for Laurier to have his "right arm" paralysed by even a close election in Quebec. This is doubly good tactics on the part of Mr. Gouin—it ensures him Federal assistance, and it will permit him to win his triumph in his own name and not as a "me too" to Laurier.

* * *

THE intervention of Mr. Bourassa is the picturesque feature of the fight. He does not ally himself with the Conservative party, though there is an obvious arrangement by which his candidates and those of the Opposition will not interfere with each other. But he assures the province that he will not take office in any Conservative Administration. This may merely be an indirect expression of the belief of his "prophetic soul" that there will be no opportunity for him to do so. In any case, he is one of the two or three best platform men in Quebec, and always commands public attention. His trusty "second," Mr. Armand Lavergne, is to come forth from his secure shelter at Ottawa to do battle at his side. Mr. Bourassa, like the Premier, has another constituency—St. Hyacinthe—from which he will hope for a seat if he fails in Montreal.

* * *

THE issues are entirely those of administration. Both leaders have announced platforms which would usher in the Kingdom of Heaven. Anything that either of them forgot to put in his platform, Mr. Bourassa has supplied. The electors can get promised almost anything they are pleased to name. Where this sweet agreement prevails touching principles, it is merely a question of carrying them out; and here is where the twin Oppositions are making their attack. They already, some time ago, compelled the retirement of one Minister—Mr. Prevost—and are now making a dead set at Mr. Turgeon. Mr. Weir, the English Minister, is also under fire. The Liberals retort by referring to the previous records of the old Conservative leaders who are again to the fore. It is a debate in which two political parties can usually engage with the net effect of discrediting both and reducing the voter to despair. However, there are no charges against the Premier; and no one suspects Mr. Bourassa of anything worse than ambition.

N'IMPORTE

TEACHING THE YOUTH TO RESPECT THE EMPIRE



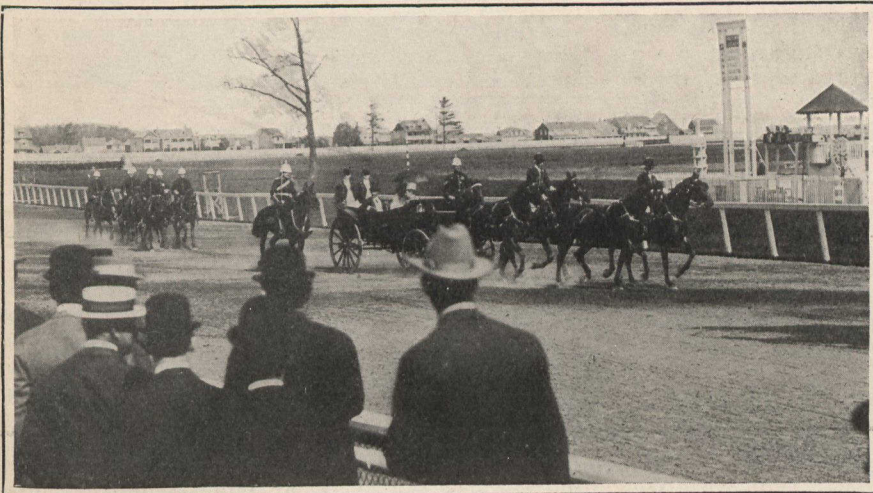
This unusual photograph was taken by an amateur during the Ceremonies in Queen's Park, Toronto, on Empire Day, when the School Children Decorated the Monuments and listened to Patriotic Speeches. His Excellency, the Governor-General and also the Lieutenant-Governor were present.

THE RACING SEASON OPENS AUSPICIOUSLY



Probably ten thousand people saw the Finish of the Opening Race at the Woodbine, Toronto—Hon. Adam Beck's "Photographer" won.

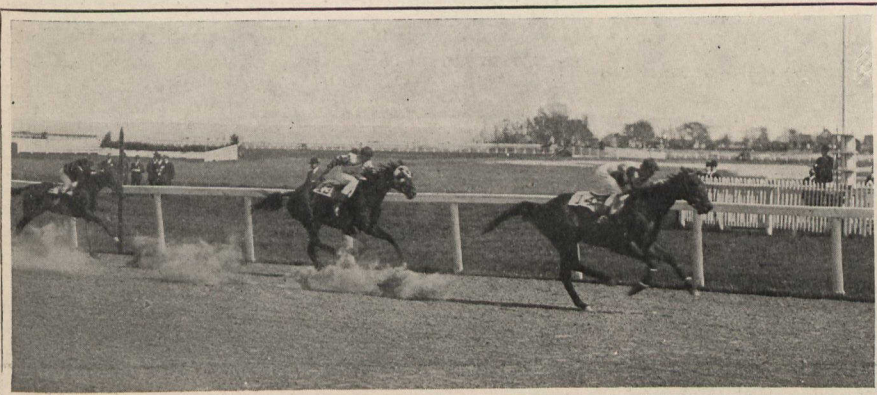
PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICKLETHWAIT



The Governor-General arrives in state to see the King's Plate Race, at the Woodbine, May 23rd.



Weighing In at Blue Bonnets, Montreal, which will next week be the Mecca of Society.



A Hard Finish at the Woodbine.



A Steeplechase—Six Horses Bunched.

THE CASE OF MRS. MANVILLE PIERRE

The Lady Who Wouldn't Talk Back

IN the funniest of all his jibes at manners and customs abroad—especially customs—Max O'Rell never evolved anything wittier than the case of Mrs. Manville Pierre, who lives in Montreal. Mrs. Pierre is a clever lady. She has courage and wit and self-poise most marvellous, even in a French woman; one day last week she flaunted them all in the face of the United States Government. Madame, it seems, had bought transportation and Pullman car accommodation to New York. When the train arrived at Rouse's Point—which in the literature of that railway should be called Interrogation Point—a United States immigration official, portentous in blue and brass—particularly brass—proceeded to put Madame Pierre through the shorter catechism. The chief item of the inquisition seemed to be why Madame wished to go to New York; implication being that she was some sort of immigrant, exact species not definable. Madame was mum; intimated, however, that her reason for occupying a berth in a Pullman bound

for New York was her business to know and not the official's business to find out.

"Then you must return to Montreal," said the officer.

"By way of New York," suggested Madame, with a nonchalant flip of her handkerchief.

The language of the official at this point became unintelligible—except that he murmured something very like "23"—which was not the number of Madame's berth. She refused to go back; having paid for her berth she declined to leave it; being a private citizen and not under oath she waived aside all questions of the Immigration Department. The case was hopeless. Haughty Madame did not resemble a wealthy person; in fact she said she had but a few dollars on her person. Official fears haunted the Immigration Department that she might become a bill of expense to the United States if permitted to cross the border; to eject Madame bag and baggage would have been impolite, if not illegal.

To proceed without the catechism was officially impossible. Wherefore while Madame Pierre, of 391 Drolet Street, Montreal, comfortably proceeded to unpack her luggage, the conductor asked all other passengers in the sleeper kindly to transport themselves to sleepers ahead. The Pullman containing obdurate Madame Pierre was officially switched to a side-track. Madame refused to take quarters in the house of the station agent of Interrogation Point. Highly indignant authorities left her there in the Pullman in solitary state. With all the hauteur of a Metropolitan Opera House prima donna she made herself sublimely comfortable for the night. In the morning, regal as a duchess, Mrs. Pierre, of 391 Drolet Street, and the wife of a contractor, was conveyed back to Montreal.

In the regal inconsistency of this French woman who disdained either official United States catechism or the literature of "Twenty-Three," is there not something almost magnificent?



THE LIFE OF THE CIRCUS MAN

By MARTIN J. DOWNS.

A Canadian who is Manager of a Great American Circus



THE strenuous life of a showman—and in this instance showman is spoken of as one who has cast his lot among the “white tents” or “tented city,” as the circus press-agent designates the circus—is so vastly different from that of any other chosen vocation as to excite questions that are as absurd as they are impertinent. The public is no respecter of privacy when the circus, or the circus owner’s private life, comes to be discussed; and the searchlight it uses to penetrate either of them would result in the complete annihilation of the searcher, if turned upon other business institutions or the men at their heads.

While all circus men willingly admit that their exhibition was created solely to be looked at and criticised, they do very emphatically object to be stared at as freaks because they happen to be showmen. They hate to be compelled to hear ejaculations of surprise at the kindness of nature for forming them like other men who are not in the show business. To the man who has but recently embarked in the business, it is painfully disagreeable to become one of the exhibits, but he becomes accustomed to it as the years roll by and the funny side of the impertinent remarks appeal to him.

When the new showman awakes and realises that the men, women and children who visit the show grounds regard him the same as an unopened animal cage, whose contents is always a source of considerable speculation, he is seized with a feeling not unlike that experienced by an actor on his first appearance before the audience. He will duck inside the tent to some secluded spot to await the opening of the menagerie doors, in order that those who found him so interesting may find things more interesting than he. He regards their stare as impertinent as I suppose I did at first, but over a quarter of a century has hardened me, I guess. Only last season, while in Arkansas, I was dining in my private tent, which was wide open in front to let the breeze sweep through, when a richly-dressed woman, accompanied by two younger ones, probably her daughters, deliberately walked up to my table and for fully half a minute stood watching me eat. I said nothing, having determined to see just how far they would go, and while I was waiting, the oldest one turned to the two younger ones, and with all honesty, in a stage whisper of surprise said, “Why, just see—they have plates, knives, forks and really as good a dinner as we have.” That was too much for me, and as I laughingly added, “True, lady, and we don’t eat pie with our knives,” they were insulted and hurried away, I presume to tell their neighbours what loafers showmen were. Had I found myself in her dining-room I probably would have been treated quite as politely. This is but one instance of many, but then it is best not to judge the majority by the minority. Unsophistication can cover a whole lot of what, were it not for the generous use of the word, would be unbearable impertinence.

I have been all around the world with Cole Bros.’ “World-Toured Shows,” but I cannot recall ever coming in contact with a purer unsophisticated couple than right in New York State in the town of Little Falls.

They were undoubtedly sweethearts, and unquestionably, from the country surrounding Little

Falls. Early in the day, long before the doors to the show were opened, I noticed them on the grounds, always hand in hand and eating peanuts or candy. He was a tall, lean, sun-burnt chap, with feet encased in heavy rawhide boots that never knew blacking. His anatomy was encased in a pair of brown overalls, hickory shirt and a striped seer-sucker coat, while on his head was balanced a derby hat that was probably in style before I had begun wearing hats. His meek and comely partner wore a frock of blue calico with white polka dots, and her features were nearly all concealed within a bright red sunbonnet. I am not describing them to ridicule them, but simply to show why my attention was drawn to them, before the show. When the doors to the show opened I saw them disappear inside, and had forgotten them as I stood alongside of one of the exits.

I was thinking about something that had occurred during the day when I was aroused by a gentle tug at my coat-sleeve, and turned to be confronted by my rural friends. There they stood—he with his hat in his hand bowing, and she with a stick of mint candy in her mouth sucking.

“Darn good show yer got, mister,” he stammered. “Tilly and I ’joyed it powerful well.”

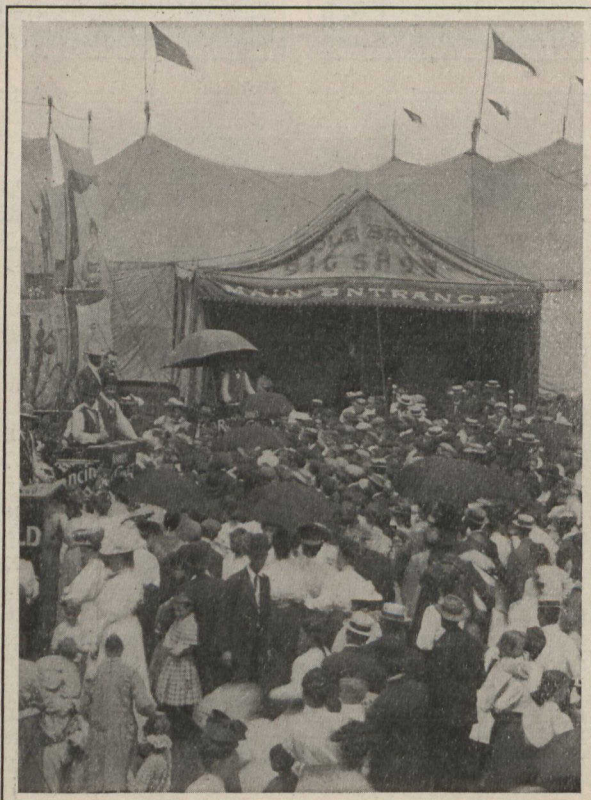
Tilly acquiesced to what he was saying by continually nodding that red sunbonnet. I knew that the show had not started and in fact the band had not begun the afternoon concert. It took me but a second to grasp the situation. They had seen the menagerie, passed along the long circle of cages and finding themselves back to the doors, had concluded that they had seen it all. It was difficult to refrain from laughing at their innocence as I explained to them, but I did, and taking hold of Tilly’s disengaged hand I threaded our way through the crowds and placed them in the reserved seat section. Several times I strolled around to see how they

were enjoying it, but did not get near enough for them to see me. Long after the crowd had left the grounds I was again standing at the front door when I espied the little derby hat and the red sunbonnet headed my way. When they reached me the derby hat was doffed and the owner with true rustic politeness said, as he extended his hand, “Come to bid yer good-day; dangest things I ever did see, in yer show. Thought the elephants were great shucks but the way them ther people did cut up and caper around, beat all I ever did see, and Tilly she says so too.” I shook hands with them, thanked them and bid them good-day, but had to admit the honesty of unsophistication.

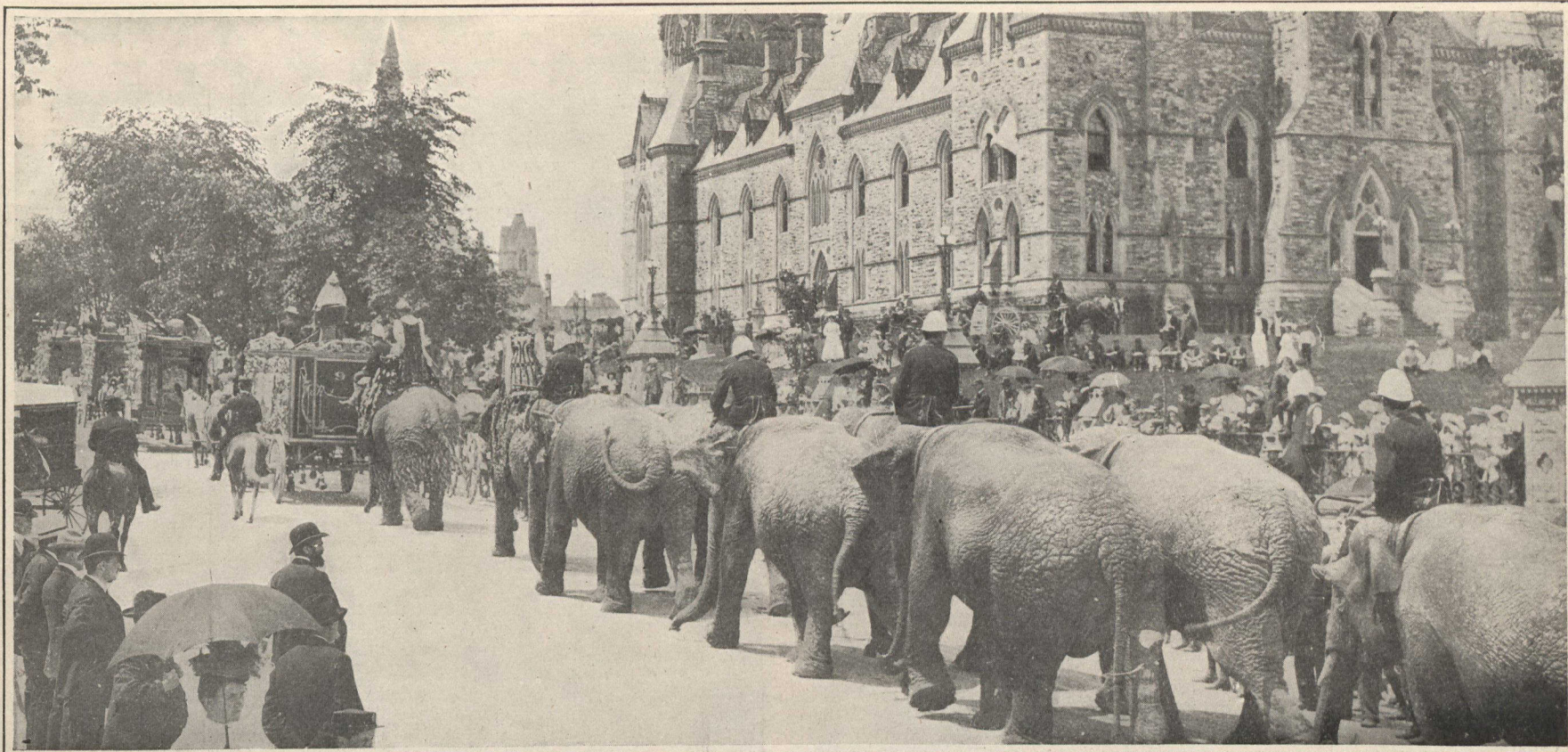
This unsophistication is not confined to Tilly and her honest admirer, but is general among the majority of those who have formed any opinion of the circus or its people. While it may not be as pronounced or as evident as it was with the rural swains cited previously, it is there nevertheless. They seem to regard everything as framed up to deceive and fail to see anything genuine in either the circus or those who follow it for a livelihood. I have stood in our menagerie and heard one man tell another that the animals were always kept under the influence of drugs to make them docile. The contrary is the truth. The animal man with the menagerie does all in his power to keep his charges from falling asleep during the daytime, so that they may get their natural rest and sleep at night. Others will speculate as to what the result would be should a lion or tiger break loose. They even conclude that not one of the thousands of people in the menagerie would escape, and yet I cannot recall an instance where an animal escaped that he was not more frightened than the people, and tickled to death when he was back in his cage.

Some years ago we were in a railroad wreck while in Georgia, and a number of the animals became loose. It was at night and without any exception I think the darkest night I ever saw. When we got straightened out a little we organised an animal hunt, and in a few hours we had all of the escaped animals back in their cages except “Leo,” a huge lion. All the animals that escaped, and among them was a lioness, two tigers, and a leopard, were captured but a short distance from the train and with but a little show of resistance. We had built huge bonfires alongside of the wrecked train, and the coloured population from the neighbouring plantations flocked around to render what assistance they could, but when they learned that some of the animals were loose, the best they could do was sit by the fires and shiver. Occasionally some imaginative negro would point into the inky darkness and shout, “Dar he am!” and such a scattering and shouting would follow among those negro folks as never before, and I venture to say, never since.

There was one little darky who was right with our men all the time as they sought the escaped beasts, and he did not seem to fear anything. I don’t think that he realised the danger, for he was the only coloured person who would venture away from the bonfire. When he learned that old Leo was still at large he got busy with the other searchers. They all returned but the coloured man, having concluded to wait until it got light before continuing the search. We concluded that the coloured man had either gone home or got lost. It was just at daybreak when we heard some one shouting in a little piece of woods a short distance from the wreck, and a sound not unlike a cruel ox-driver



The Main Entrance to the Big Tent.



The Circus Procession passing around Parliament Hill, Ottawa.



The Circus Arrives in Town.



A Group of Circus People in their Dressing Tent.

trying to urge forward a stubborn team of oxen. This was kept up for fully five minutes and then came the unmistakable roar of "Leo." Instantly a dozen men sprang in the direction of the sound and shortly reached "Leo" and the negro. The latter had put a rope around "Leo's" neck and was alternately pulling on the rope and beating him with a short fence rail in his efforts to make him return to the cage train. He seemed to consider mule methods the proper thing with a lion and when the keeper reached him he disgustingly handed him the rope and said, "Here's your damned old varmint," and "Leo" was coaxed into the train. This same coloured man came to me later for work, and is now one of the most trusted men in the Cole Brothers' menagerie, but nothing can induce him to be familiar with any of the caged animals.

Sometimes I think that caged animals are not unlike canary birds. They know no home but that behind their bars and once they find themselves in front of them they are lost. Animals in a circus menagerie are vastly different from those in zoological gardens, for they are brighter, do not lead the same monotonous existence and are more friendly. They are quicker to learn and their retentive powers are greater. The Cole Brothers have a huge lioness that has been educated to ride on top of one of the cages; as a precautionary measure she is chained with a short chain, running from a heavy leather collar around her neck to an iron staple on top of the cage. She rides this cage in parade, and her cunning has always made me have more admiration for members of her family than I ever had previous to an incident which I will relate.

One morning after the parade, as the cages were drawing onto the lot and into the menagerie tent, she was sitting up on top as usual. There was a slight elevation on the menagerie entrance for the cages,

that made it necessary for even the driver to duck in order to get under. The lioness was busily engaged watching something in an opposite direction from the tent. When the cage passed under she was swept off and for fully half a minute was suspended over the side of the cage by her chains. It was a painful experience for her, and it was with difficulty that she could be persuaded to take her accustomed place again the following morning. She did finally, and when the parade returned to the grounds, as soon as she could see the tent, she crouched low on her cage, and this performance she

has repeated daily ever since. She is taking no chances.

The instinct in animals has a much better chance to develop in a menagerie with a circus, than in the city zoological gardens, for better opportunities to exercise it present themselves. I am liberally calling their reasoning power instinct, no matter what my personal opinion on the matter may be, because wiser men than I have said that animals do not possess brains.

The Lilac

BY WALTER PRITCHARD EATON

The scent of lilac in the air
Hath made him drag his steps and
pause;
Whence comes this scent within the
Square,
Where endless dusty traffic roars?
A push-cart stands beside the
curb,
With fragrant blossoms laden
high;
Speak low, nor stare, lest we disturb
His sudden reverie!

He sees us not, nor heeds the din
Of clanging car and scuffling
throng;

His eyes see fairer sights within,
And memory hears the robin's song
As once it trilled against the day,
And shook his slumber in a
room
Where drifted with the breath of
May
The lilac's sweet perfume.

The heart of boyhood in him stirs;
The wonder of the morning skies,
Of sunset gold behind the firs,
Is kindled in his dreaming eyes:
How far off is this sordid place,
As turning from our sight away
He rushes to his hungry face
A purple lilac spray.

—American Magazine.



Current River Park, after Breaking of Upper Dam. Bridge in left corner is where freight train ran off track.



Looking west towards Port Arthur, showing where flood carried away track and road bed. Wires across bridge are from the power house.



The wreck which caused the death of Engineer Savard, Fireman McBride and Brakeman Inman, at Port Arthur, May 27th.



Between the tender and boiler of the wrecked engine where the fireman's body was found.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. G. JOHNSON

TRAIN WRECK FROM BREAK IN CURRENT RIVER DAM, MAY 27th.

Greatest Irrigation in America

HERE is a man in Calgary who is able to engineer more water out of the rocks and spread it out over the levels of the dry plains than any other man in America. That man is Mr. J. S. Dennis, head of the irrigation department of the C.P.R., which has taken upon itself the task of making three million acres of an arid tract into arable land fit for intensive farming. Even the famous irrigation scheme of Arizona is a cool million or so behind this, to which a parallel must be looked for in Egypt and the Nile—except that nobody out West worships the C.P.R. canals as the Egyptian farmer used to worship the Nile. Moreover, the irrigation scheme of Egypt from Cairo to the first cataract of the Nile is a good deal

smaller than the C.P.R. scheme at Calgary.

The tract of dry and treeless land threaded by these big ditches of the C.P.R. is one hundred and fifty miles long and forty miles wide—a domain granted to the C.P.R. when the road was built to the foot-hills and beyond. This, the greatest dry belt in Canada, lies between Calgary and Medicine Hat, bounded north by the Red Deer River and south by the Bow. It has been subdivided into three parts—following Caesar's description of ancient Gaul. But the Bow River is the water-artery to the whole system—rushing at from six to nine miles an hour, cold and clear and blue, on its way to the great Saskatchewan a thousand miles north-east, and from there to Hudson's Bay.

So there was no harm but a great deal of engineering in heading off part of the ranchman's river and making it irrigate the dry belt on its way. In

the western section alone nearly nine million cubic yards of earth were lifted to make the canals; at one point the engineers whittled down a cliff one thousand feet long and a hundred feet high. The completion of the scheme will entail the excavation of twenty-five million cubic yards of the dry belt, making a grand, enormous total of nearly three thousand miles of canals—a waterway that if run in a straight line would reach from Calgary to Halifax.

The water in this system of ditches is sold to the farmers at fifty cents per acre for a year, and each acre is supplied by contract at the rate of two cubic feet every five minutes. The land is sold to the irrigation settlers at rates which the company deem consistent with the fertility of the soil after irrigation.



View from Woodington, Lake Rosseau.



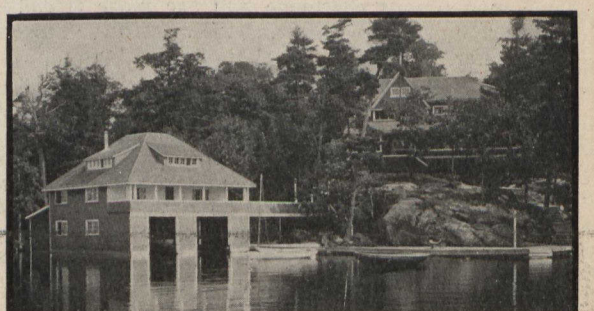
At Skeleton Falls, Muskoka.



The "Jolly Bunch" at Halliday's, Lake Joseph.



A Pretty Cottage on Lake Muskoka.



"Bella Vista," Lake Muskoka.

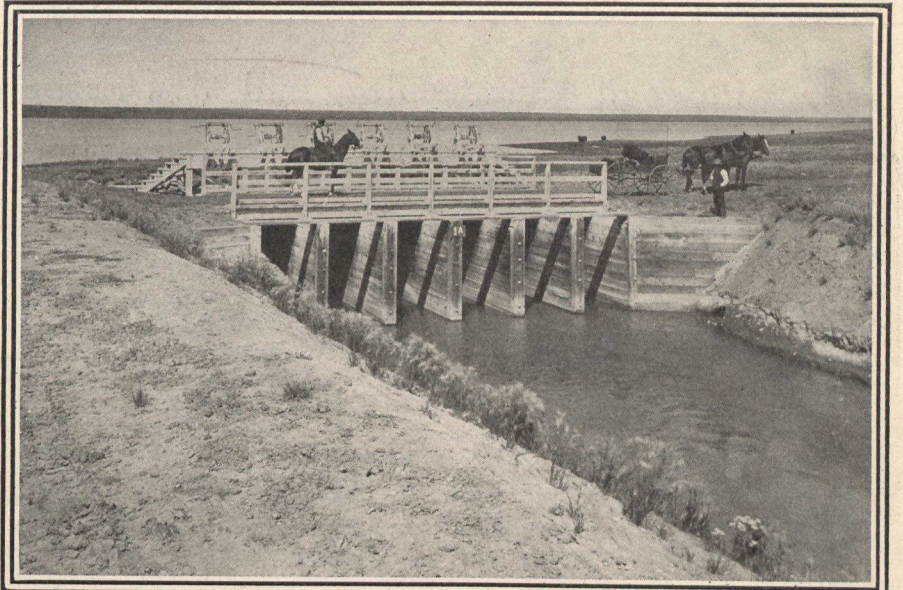
Merry Days in Muskoka

PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. E. TERRYBERRY

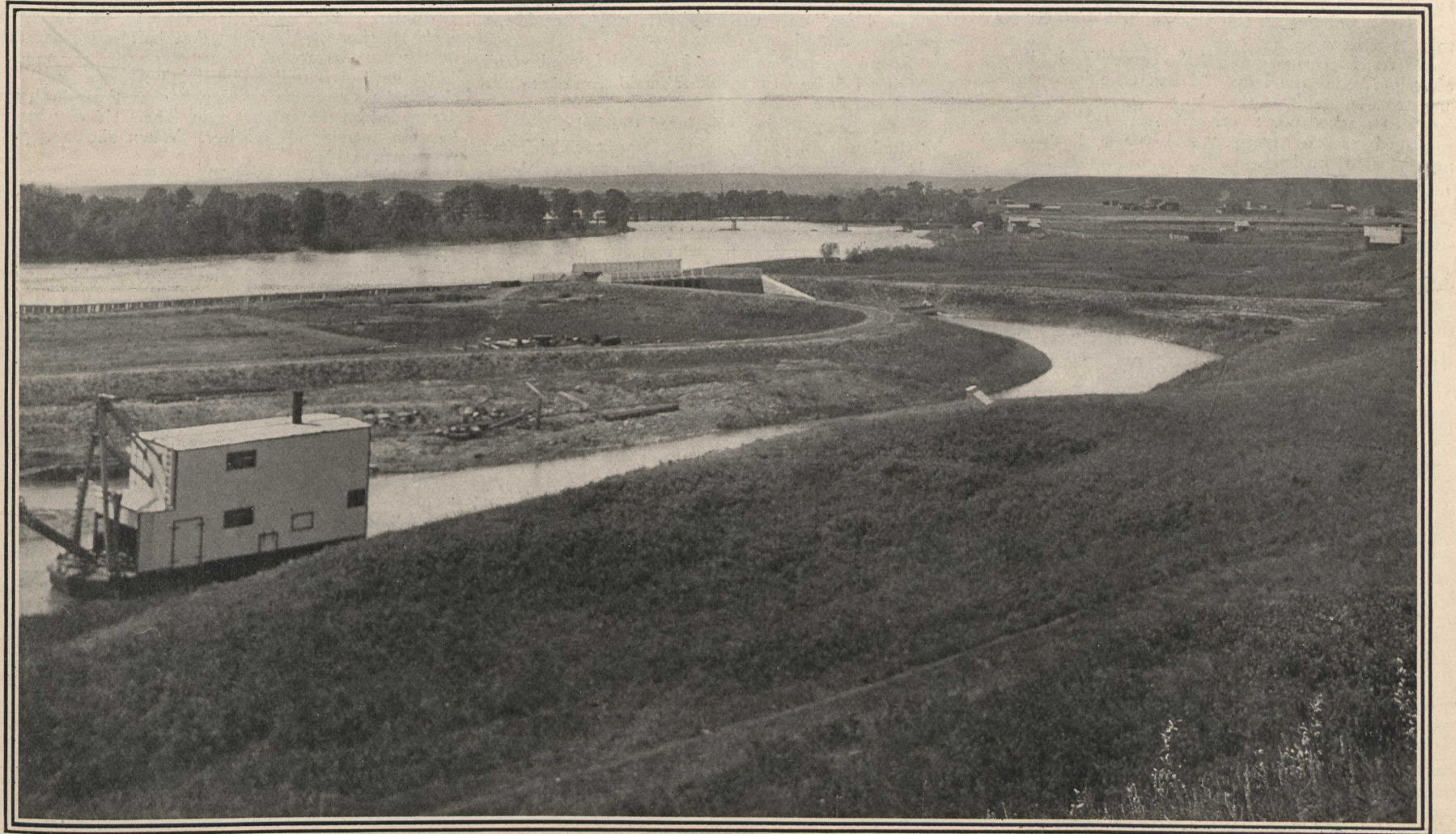
THREE MILLION ACRES WATERED BY THE BOW



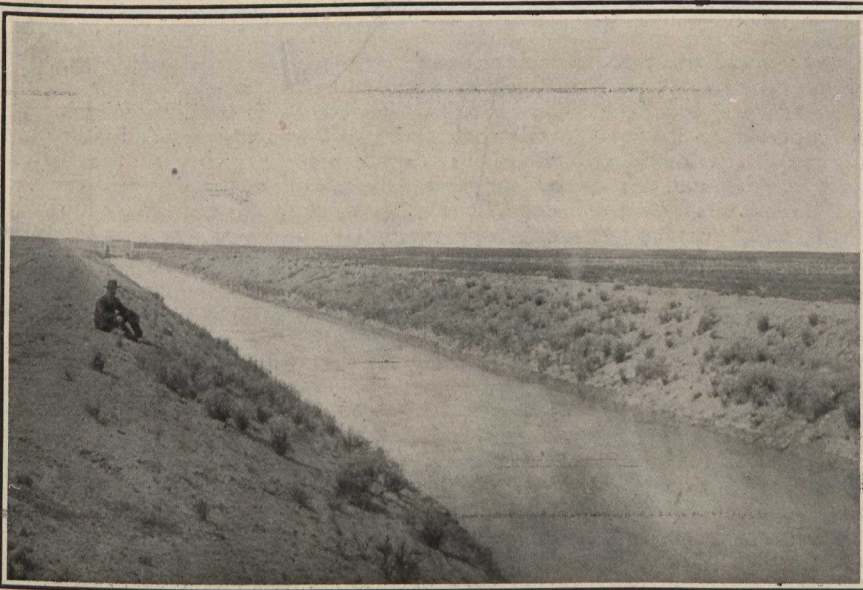
Crops on Irrigation Land are worth while to see.



Where the dammed-up Bow is a huge Reservoir.



To the rear the Bow, then the Headgates and the First Canal runs its Ribbon into the Dry Belt about Calgary.—Railway Bridge in Distance



The Dry Land and the Fertilizing Canal.

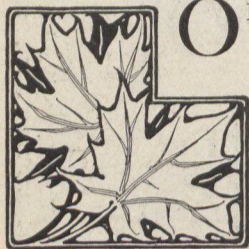


Big Drop one mile above the Reservoir of the Bow.

A THUMB-NAIL SKETCH

By ANNE WARNER

Author of "Susan Clegg and Mrs. Lathrop," "Seeing France with Uncle John," etc.



ONE does meet such interesting people in London.

It was getting rather late at the club.

"I think that I must be going," said Amarinta, suddenly.

"Oh, so must I," said a lady whose name Amarinta had not caught.

"I must too," said the Celebrity.

"If you are going my way," said Amarinta to the lady whose name she had not caught, "I shall be pleased to take you in my hansom." Amarinta made this offer because she believed in living up to her principles, and her principles enjoined politeness to one's elders. The lady whose name she hadn't caught was her elder assuredly by twenty-five years and possibly by more.

"Just what I was about to say to you," said the lady, "but *do* we go the same way?"

"I am stopping at the W— in V— Street," said Amarinta.

"Why, I live just around the corner in St. James' Mansion," said the lady. "I can take you without any trouble."

"But I asked you to go with me," said Amarinta.

"And you a stranger and me a Londoner—never," said the lady.

It seemed settled at that.

"But—I say," cried the Celebrity, "I go that way, too. Why not take a four-wheeler and all go together?"

This looked feasible, but seemed to cast an undefinable damper over the occasion. Amarinta defined the damper as the visible uncertainty of who should pay for the four-wheeler.

"Well," said the lady of the uncatchable name, when the pause had lasted too long, "you get the four-wheeler and we'll get our things."

Upon this Amarinta had no choice but to follow her to the dressing-room, where, after slipping into her own wrap, she had the novel experience of watching the lady whose name she hadn't caught

adjust her skirt to another level by the aid of two or three dozen safety-pins.

After that they went out in the hall and found the Celebrity stalking about in a nervous manner.

"I've got the four-wheeler," he exclaimed, as if a four-wheeler was the only child of something extinct. "It's at the door," he added smartly, as if that fact also were unusual.

Amarinta and the lady whose name she hadn't caught now went out and clambered silently into the inner mysteries of the four-wheeler, and when they were all in (in every sense—grammatical and slang) the Celebrity climbed in on top of them. He was a genuine celebrity, all legs and hair, and they squeezed their knees against the doors so that his knees might reign in the middle.

The four-wheeler began to move.

"I always like to be out in London at night," said Amarinta.

"I don't," said the Celebrity, "fog!"

"Oh, by the way," said the lady, "I am going to pay for this four-wheeler."

"No, I am," said the Celebrity, rather weakly it must be admitted.

"By no means," said the lady. "I invited you."

"Oh, if it comes to that," said Amarinta, "I invited *you* first."

"I am going to pay," declared the lady.

"Well, of course, if you insist," said the Celebrity.

His words seemed to take all the paying arduous out of the lady whose name Amarinta hadn't caught.

"Oh, I say," she cried, "we'll each pay sixpence. How will that do? Then everyone will be satisfied."

The Celebrity looked (by the light of a passing electric) as if he would have been quite satisfied with the previous arrangement.

"We get out before you do," said the lady. "We will give you our sixpences." She began at once to unpin herself to the end that she might find her pocket.

Amarinta extracted her own purse, and the Celebrity began to hunt for his. In his contortions (for he seemed to keep his cash quite as far re-

moved from the surface as the no-name lady kept hers) his elbow hit Amarinta on the nose.

"Oh, I say," he said, "was that you?"

"Oh, dear no," said Amarinta, "it was the top of the four-wheeler."

They now all got their heads and purses as near as possible to the window, to the end that they might find their sixpences.

"You know we mustn't give him a ten-shilling piece by mistake," said the lady to Amarinta.

"Mercy on us, no!" said Amarinta.

They had traversed the whole park before the identity of all the three sixpences was safely established. It took time, for after the lady was absolutely sure that her sixpence was a sixpence, and that Amarinta was not parting with ten shillings unawares, even then the Celebrity rammed and crammed himself up against the window and looked at the three little coins until Amarinta thought that she should certainly explode with laughter.

"Are we anywhere near St. James' Mansion?" said the lady, suddenly becoming restless.

"Very near," said the Celebrity. Even as he spoke they stopped before that building of anomalous nomenclature.

"I get out here," said the lady, "good-bye." As she spoke she began to plough over them both and descended on the further side. The Celebrity braced himself firmly, and—let her. When she was gone Amarinta said:

"What was her name?"

"I don't know," said the Celebrity. "I don't know yours either," he added.

"And I don't know yours," said Amarinta, contentedly.

"Don't you really?" he asked, looking much startled at that.

"No," said Amarinta—the four-wheeler was stopping—"I get out here," she said pleasantly. "Good-bye," she added as the hotel-porter opened the door of the four-wheeler.

"Oh, I say!" exclaimed the Celebrity.

But she was mounting the steps beyond.

One does really meet such interesting people in London!

THE YELLOW GOD

By H. RIDER HAGGARD

Author of "She," "King Solomon's Mines," "The Witch's Head," Etc.

Resume: Major Alan Vernon withdraws from partnership with Sir Robert Aylward and Mr. Champers-Haswell, promoters of Sahara, Limited, because the editor of "The Judge" has informed him of the company's dishonorable methods. Vernon refuses to sell to Sir Robert a curious idol which has been a feature of the office for over a year, and which seems to have a talismanic quality. Vernon spends the week-end at "The Court," Mr. Champers-Haswell's home, and while there Jeeki, the negro servant, tells the story of the idol, the "Yellow God," which was brought from Africa. Miss Barbara Champers, the niece of the host, is the object of Sir Robert Aylward's and also Major Vernon's devotion. Alan finally wins Barbara's promise to become his wife but their engagement is to be kept secret. Sir Robert becomes Alan's bitter enemy on learning of the betrothal. Alan and Jeeki set out for Africa in search of treasure from the worshippers of the Yellow God, "Little Bonga." In their African adventures, Major Vernon and Jeeki are attacked by dwarfs, armed with poisoned arrows, who are driven off by a cannibal tribe, the Ogula, who take Alan and Jeeki prisoners but treat them kindly on account of the Yellow God. Alan falls sick but the Ogula take him and Jeeki up the river. They reach the Gold House where the Yellow God is placed and meet the wonderful priestess, Asika, who takes them through the treasure house. The Gold House is a great revelation of riches but Alan and Jeeki become anxious when they observe Asika's determination to make the former her husband. At the feast of Little Bonga, Alan is disgusted by the slaughter and heathen orgies. Alan is given a store of gold which he sends to coast by Jeeki's mother and some of the Ogula whose chief, Fahni, is

anxious to be rescued. Alan and Jeeki find themselves practically prisoners at Asika's mercy. They escape to find Mungana, Asika's husband, has also fled. The latter is drowned during the journey.

CHAPTER XXIII.

PURSUIT.



THEY waited a while, expecting that he would rise again. But he never rose. A shot-weighted corpse could not have disappeared more finally and completely. The thing was very awful, and for a while there was silence, which as usual was broken by Jeeki.

"That gay dog gone," he said in a reflective voice. "All those old ghosts come to fetch him at proper time. No good run away from ghosts; they travel too quick; one jump, and pop up where you no expect. Well, more place for Jeeki now," and he spread himself out comfortably in the empty seat.

All that night they rode on, taking turns to rest, except Alan and Jeeki, who slept a good deal, and as a consequence awoke at dawn much refreshed. When the sun rose they found themselves across the lagoon, over thirty miles from the borders of Asikiland, almost at the spot where the river up which they had travelled some months before flowed out of the lake.

So they landed, ate from their store of food, and began a terrible and toilsome journey. On either side the river lay desiccated swamp covered with dead reeds ten or twelve feet high. Doubtless beyond this swamp there was high land, but in order to reach this, if it existed, they would be obliged to force a path through miles of reeds, therefore they thought it safer to follow the river bank. Their progress was very slow, since continually they must make detours to avoid a quicksand or a creek, also the stones and scrubby growth delayed them, so that fifteen or at most twenty miles was a good day's march. Still they went on steadily, seeing no man, and when their food was exhausted, living on the fish which they caught in plenty, in the shallows, and on young flapper ducks that haunted the reeds. So at length they came to the main river into which this tributary flowed, and camped there thankfully, believing that if any pursuit of them had been undertaken, it was abandoned.

On the following morning, shortly after dawn, Jeeki awoke his master.

"Come here, Major," he said in a solemn voice, "I got something show you," and he led him to the foot of an old willow tree, adding, "Now you go up, Major, and look."

So Alan went up, and from the topmost fork of that tree saw a sight at which his blood turned cold. For there, not five miles behind them, on either side of the river bank, the light gleaming on their spears, marched two endless columns of men, who from their head-dresses he took to be Asiki.

"Hook, scoot, bolt, leg it!" exclaimed Jeeki emphatically, then he licked his finger, held it up to the

wind, and added, "But first fire reeds and make it hot for Bonsa crowd."

This was a good suggestion, and one on which they acted without delay. Taking red embers, they blew them to a flame and lit torches, which they applied to the reeds over a width of several hundred yards. The strong northward wind soon did the rest; indeed within a quarter of an hour a vast sheet of flame twenty or thirty feet in height was rushing towards the Asiki columns. Then they began their advance along the river bank, running at a steady trot, for here the ground was open.

All that day they ran, pausing at intervals to get their breath, and at night rested, because they must. When the light came upon the following morning they looked back from a little hill and saw the outposts of the Asiki advancing not a mile behind. Doubtless some of the army had been burned, but the rest, guessing their route, had forced a way through the reeds and cut across country. So they began to run again harder than before, and kept their lead during the morning; but when afternoon came the Asiki gained on them. Now they were breasting a long rise, the river running in the cleft beneath, and Jeeki, who seemed to be absolutely untiring, held Alan by the hand, Fahni following close behind. Two of their men had fallen down and been abandoned, and the rest straggled.

"No go, Jeeki," gasped Alan, "they will catch us at the top of the hill."

"Never say die, Major, never say die," puffed Jeeki, "they get blown too, and who know what other side of hill?"

Somehow they struggled to the crest, and behold! there beneath them was a great army of men.

"Ogula!" yelled Jeeki, "Ogula! Just what I tell you, Major, who know what other side of any hill?"

CHAPTER XXIV.

A MEETING IN THE FOREST.

In five minutes more they were among the Ogula, who, having recognised their chief while he was yet some way off, greeted him with rapturous cheers and the clapping of hands. Then, as there was no time for explanation, they retreated across a little stream which ran down the valley, four thousand or more of them, and prepared for battle.

Now Alan, and Fahni also, hoped that the pursuit was abandoned, but again Jeeki shook his big head, saying:

"Not at all, Major, I know Asiki and their little ways. While one of them alive, not dare go back to Asika without you, Major."

"Perhaps she is with them herself," suggested Alan, "and we might treat with her."

"No, Major, Asika never leave Bonsa-Town, that against law, and if she do so, priests make another Asika and kill her when they catch her."

After this a council of war was held, and it was decided to camp there that night, since the position was good to meet an attack if one should be made, and the Ogula were afraid of being caught on the march, with their backs towards the enemy. Alan was glad enough to hear this decision, for he was quite worn out, and ready to take any risk for a few hours' rest. At this council, he learned also that the Asika bearers, carrying his gold with their Ogula guides, had arrived safely among the Ogula, who had mustered in answer to their chief's call and were advancing towards Asika-land, though the business was one that did not please them. These Asika bearers, it seemed, had gone on into the forest with the gold, and nothing more had been heard of them.

As they were leaving the council, Alan asked Jeeki if he had any tidings of his mother, who had been their first messenger.

"No, Major," he answered, gloomily, "can't learn anything of my Ma, don't know where she is. Ogula camp no place for old girl if they short of chop. But p'raps she never get there; I nose round and find out."

Apparently Jeeki did "nose round" to some purpose, for just as Alan was dropping off to sleep in his bough shelter, a most fearful din arose without, through which he recognised the vociferations of Jeeki. Running out of the shelter, he discovered his retainer and a great Ogula, whom he knew again as the headman who had been imprisoned with him and freed by the Asika to guide the bearers, rolling over and over on the ground, watched by a curious crowd. Just as he arrived Jeeki, who notwithstanding his years was a man of enormous strength, got the better of the Ogula, and kneeling on his stomach, was proceeding to throttle him. Rushing at him, Alan dragged him off, and asked what was the matter.

"Matter, Major!" yelled the indignant Jeeki. "My Ma inside that black villain, that all. Dirty cannibal got digestion of one ostrich and eat her up with his mates, all except one who not like her taste

and tell me. They catch poor old lady asleep by the road and stop and lunch at once when Asika bearers not looking. Let me get at him, Major, let me get at him. If I can't bury my Ma, as all good son ought to do, I bury him, which next best thing."

"Jeeki, Jeeki," said Alan, "exercise a Christian spirit and let bygones be bygones. If you don't, you will make a quarrel between us and the Ogula, and they will give us up to the Asiki. Perhaps the man did not eat your Ma; I understand that he denies it, and when you remember what she was like, it seems incredible. At any rate he has a right to a trial, and I will speak to Fahni about it tomorrow."

So they were separated, but, as it chanced, that case never came on, for next morning this Ogula was killed in the fighting with two of his companions, while the others involved in the charge kept themselves out of sight. Whether Jeeki's "Ma" was or was not eaten by the Ogula no one ever learned for certain. At least, she was never heard of any more.

Alan was sleeping heavily when a sound of rushing feet and of strange, thrilling battle-cries awoke him. He sprang up, snatching at a spear and shield which Jeeki had provided for him, and ran out to find from the position of the moon that dawn was near.

"Come on, Major," said Jeeki; "the Asiki make night attack; they always like do everything at night who love darkness because their eye evil. Come on, quick, Major," and he began to drag him off toward the rear.

"But that's the wrong way," said Alan, presently. "They are attacking over there."

"Do you think Jeeki fool, Major, that he don't know that? He take you where they not attacking. Plenty Ogula to be killed, but not many white men like you, and in all the world only one Jeeki!"

"You cold-blooded old scoundrel!" ejaculated Alan, as he turned and bolted back towards the noise of fighting, followed by his reluctant servant.

By the time that he reached the first ranks, which were some way off, the worst of the attack was over. It had been short and sharp, for the Asika had hoped to find the Ogula unprepared and to take their camp with a rush. But the Ogula, who knew their habits, were waiting for them, so that presently they withdrew, carrying off their wounded, and leaving about fifty dead upon the ground. As soon as he was quite sure that the enemy were all gone, Jeeki went off to inspect these fallen soldiers, armed with a large battle-axe. Alan, who was helping the Ogula wounded, wondered why he took so much interest in them. Half an hour later his curiosity was satisfied, for Jeeki returned with over twenty heavy gold rings, torques and bracelets, slung over his shoulder.

"Where did you get those, Jeeki?" he asked.

"Off poor chaps that peg out just now, Major. Remember Asika soldiers nearly always wear these things and that they no more use to them now. But if ever he get out of this Jeeki want spend his old age in respectable peace. So he fetch them. Hard work though for rings all in one bit and Asiki very tough to chop. Don't look cross, Major, you remember what postle say, that he who no provide for his own self worse than cannibal!"

Just then Fahni came up and announced that the Asiki general had sent a messenger into the camp proposing terms of peace.

"What terms?" asked Alan.

"These, White Man: that we should surrender you and your servant and go our way unharmed."

"Indeed, Fahni, and what did you answer?"

"White Man, I refused, but I tell you," he added warningly, "that my captains wished to accept. They said that I had come back to them safe, and that they fear the Asiki, who are devils, not men, and who will bring the curse of Bonsa on them if they go on fighting with them. Still I refused, saying that if they gave you up I would go with you who saved my life from the lion and afterwards from the priests of Bonsa. So the messenger went back and, White Man, we march at once, and I pray you always to keep close to me that I may watch over you."

Then began that long tramp down the river which Alan always thought afterwards tried him more than any of the terrible events of his escape. For although there was but little fighting, only rear-guard actions indeed, every day the Asiki sent messengers renewing their offers of peace on the sole condition of the surrender of himself and Jeeki. At last one evening they came to that very place where Alan first met the Ogula, and once more he camped upon the island on which he had shot the lion. At nightfall, after he had eaten, Fahni visited him here and Alan boded evil from his face.

"White Man," he said, "I can protect you no longer. The Asiki messengers have been with us again, and they say that unless we give you up tomorrow at the dawn, their army will push on ahead

of us and destroy my town, which is two days' march down the river, and all the women and children in it, and that afterwards they will fight a great battle with us. Therefore my people say that I must give you up, or that if I do not they will elect another chief and do so themselves."

"Then you must give up a dead man, Fahni."

"Friend," said the old chief in a low voice, "the night is dark and the forest not so far away. Moreover, I have set no guards on that side of the river, and Jeeki here does not forget a road that he has travelled. Lastly I have heard it said that there are some other white people with soldiers camped on the edge of the forest. Now, if you were not here in the morning, how could I give you up?"

"I understand, Fahni. You have done your best for me, and now, good-night. Jeeki and I are going to take a walk. Sometimes you will think of the months we spent together in Bonsa-Town, will you not?"

"Yes, and of you also, White Man, for so long as I shall live. Walk fast and far, for the Asiki are clever at following a spoor. Good-night, Friend, and to you, Jeeki the cunning, good-night also. I go to tell my captains that I will surrender you at dawn," and without more words he vanished out of their sight and out of their lives.

Meanwhile Jeeki, foreseeing the issue of this talk, was already engaged in doing up their few belongings, including the gold rings, some food, and a native cooking pot, in a bundle surrounded by a couple of bark blankets.

"Come on, Major," he said, handing Alan one spear and taking another himself. "Old cannibal quite right, very nice night for walk. Come on, Major, river shallow just here. I think this happen and try it before dark. You just follow Jeeki, that all you got to do."

So leaving the fire burning in front of their bough shelter, they waded the stream and started up the opposing slope, meeting no man. Dark as it was Jeeki seemed to have no difficulty in finding the way, for, as Fahni said, a native does not forget the path he has once travelled. All night long they walked rapidly, and when dawn broke found themselves at the edge of the forest.

"Jeeki," said Alan, "what did Fahni mean by that tale about white people?"

"Don't know, Major, think perhaps he lie to let you down easy. My golly! what that?"

As he spoke a distant echo reached their ears, the echo of a rifle shot. "Think Fahni not lie after all," went on Jeeki; "that white man's gun, sharp crack, smokeless powder, but wonder how he come in this place. Well, we soon find out. Come on, Major."

Tired as they were they broke into a run; the prospect of seeing a white face again was too much for them. Half a mile or so farther on they caught sight of a figure engaged in stalking a buck among the trees, or so they judged from his cautious movements.

"White man!" said Jeeki, and Alan nodded.

They crept forward silently and with care, for who knew what this white man might be after, keeping a great tree between them and the man, till at length passing round its bole, they found themselves face to face with him and not five yards away. Notwithstanding his unaccustomed tropical dress and his face, burnt copper-coloured by the sun, Alan knew the man at once.

"Aylward!" he gasped, "Aylward! You here?"

He started. He stared at Alan. Then his countenance changed. Its habitual calm broke up as it was wont to do in moments of deep emotion. It became very evil as though some demon of hate and jealousy were at work behind it. The thin lips quivered, the eyes glared, and without spoken word or warning, he lifted the rifle and fired straight at Alan. The bullet missed him, for the aim was high. Passing over Alan's head it cut a neat groove through the hair of the taller Jeeki, who was immediately behind him.

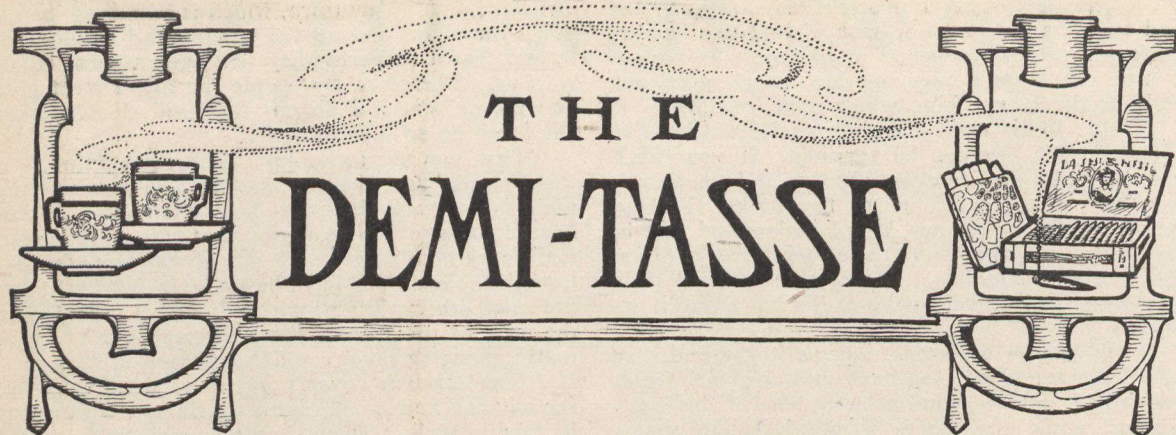
Next instant, with a spring like that of a tiger, Jeeki was on Aylward. The weight of his charge knocked him backwards to the ground, and there he lay, pinned fast.

"What for you do that?" exclaimed the indignant Jeeki. "What for you shoot through wool of respectable nigger, Sir Robert Aylward, Bart.? Now I throttle you, you dirty pig-swine. No magistrates' court here in Dwarf Forest," and he began to suit the action to the word.

"Let him go, Jeeki. Take his rifle and let him go," exclaimed Alan, who all this while had stood amazed. "There must be some mistake, he cannot have meant to murder me."

"Don't know what he mean, but know his bullet go through my hair, Major, and give me new parting," grumbled Jeeki as he obeyed.

(Continued on page 22)



A MILITIA VERSE.

AT the Royal Alexandra Theatre, Toronto, Mr. Hallen Mostyn, who was taking the part of "The Rajah of Bhong" last week sang the following local hit as an encore. The audience, needless to say, applauded the clever skit loudly.

Just three centuries ago, as a school-boy would know

This land saw the birth of a nation.
We all understood that the Government would
Mark the date with a grand celebration.
Now to save a few cents, they have cut the expense
And won't march all the soldiers before us;
They will have a review made up of a few,
Spread out like an opera chorus.

Peace! Peace! Oh, for some peace!

The Prince will think things have gone wrong.
He will see a parade looking like a brigade
From some small backwoods village of Bhong.
Peace! Peace!

But here's the chief point—we'll look like a cheap joint

In the beautiful valley of Bhong.

* * *

WHAT IT WILL LOOK LIKE.

Several representative Canadians were recently discussing the Tercentenary at Quebec.

"Wonder if it will turn out well," said a prominent broker.

"I tell you what, so far as military display is concerned, it will look like a Thirtycentenary," said a disgusted militia officer.

* * *

HIS FUTURE.

A YOUNG man was complaining to an old lady about the length of the pastor's sermons.

"I don't care for these drawn-out discourses. Give me a fifteen-minute sermon."

"Eh, but my lad you must remember that those who believe in a sermonette may get nothing but a Heavennette." This direful warning is passed on to that distinguished Ontario politician who is the greatest living sermonettist.

* * *

RACE-WEEK RHYMES.

It was two feet long and three feet wide,
With bunches of roses, tucked in at the side,
And plumes that floated in graceful pride—
The hat Mollie wore to the races.

It was flabby and mournful and painfully thin,
It was token of horses that never could win,
It certainly didn't contain any tin—
The purse Teddy brought from the races.

* * *

OUR KIND FRIENDS.

He—"What a tiresome girl that Miss Syruppy is! One gets so sick of her perpetual smile."

She—"Yes. The poor girl seems to be trying to lead the simpering life."

* * *

WHERE HE BELONGED.

AT a certain Canadian hotel, the talk recently turned upon the great influx of United Statesers into Western Canada when a stranger at the head of the table suddenly declared that there is no such thing. He continued:

"I was sitting in front of a hotel in Red Deer, talking to one of the farmers in that vicinity who explained that he was from Montana, had been in Alberta about a year and was continually pestered by letters from men across the border whom he had never even heard of. These were inquiries about the country, addressed to him, owing to a letter he had written to his Montana paper. He got up after a while and went for his mail, returning in a few minutes with four letters and a paper, one of

the former being from his wife. The others, he said, were some more of those blamed inquiries. Then he settled down to read his paper which, he said, was from 'home.' As it blew gently back and forth in the breeze, I noticed the heading, *Listowel Banner*, and of course immediately asked him if they had a town in Montana called Listowel. His answer, given with a flourish of his paper, as if it were his flag instead, was decided:

"No, we haven't. This paper is from Listowel, Canada. I left there thirty years ago and I always call that home." L. B. C.

* * *

REALLY NICE.

"She seems like a very nice girl."

"One whom it would be safe to marry?"

"Oh, no. No girl is safe enough for that. But she's nice enough to think about marrying, if you only know when to stop."—*Life*.

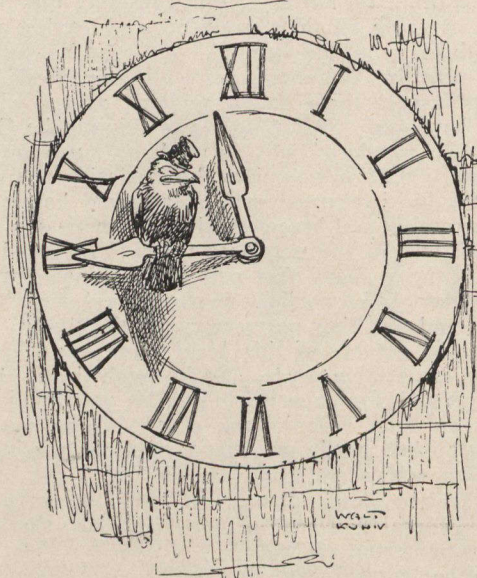
* * *

THE REASON.

Brown—"What's the matter with the sons of our prominent citizens? They don't seem to amount to anything. Yet look at their advantages."

Jones—"But they haven't had their fathers' early disadvantages."

* * *



"When this thing drops me off it'll be time to go home."—*Life*.

* * *

RESERVED FOR A PURPOSE.

A CERTAIN Kentucky justice of the peace was called upon to marry a runaway couple who drove up to his house. When the final words were said, the bridegroom fumbled in his pockets, and finally fished out a silver dollar.

"Judge," said he, "this here's all the cash I've got in the world. If you wants it, you kin have it; but I don't mind tellin' you that I set it aside for the honeymoon expenses."—*Woman's Home Companion*.

* * *

A POLITICAL INTERLUDE.

MR. A. W. WRIGHT, Independent Conservative candidate for the Legislature in West Toronto, has many friends who wish to see him happily seated in the big brown buildings in Queen's Park. Recently Mr. Wright has caused somewhat of a sensation by reviving sad memories of a certain trip to Buffalo in the gorgeous springtime of 1903. Mr. Wright is evidently not content to let Buffalo be bygones and his bold action has caused a ripple in a deadly dull election.

Some time ago, when there was a bye-election in a county which shall be nameless, Mr. Wright exerted himself in behalf of the Conservative candidate. It was not long after a respected Reform paper

had waded into picturesque details in connection with a public man who was no worshipper of George Brown and the Conservatives in the bye-election community were not in friendly mood. Mr. Wright received from a would-be helper a document relating to the alleged bibulosity of a prominent Reformer and with the document was a note requesting that the information be used. Mr. Wright promptly replied saying that he would put the document to the "best possible use."

A crowd assembled on the following night, for the news had gone abroad that "revelations" were on the programme. The speeches were made and the audience hung on the utterances of the Conservative worker but at the very end there was a sigh of disappointment for it was all politics—not a single word about anyone's temperance principles.

"You didn't keep your promise," said he of the document. "You said you'd make use of that information."

"I said I'd make the best possible use of it," was the reply, "and I did. I put it in the fire."

* * *

PARIS FRENCH IS NOT GOOD FRENCH IN THE CANADA WOODS.

"Where does Monsieur come from?" asked Jean.

"From New York."

"New York? Why, I did not know that French was spoken in New York."

"No," I explained, "but I learned my French in Paris."

"Paris? Where is that?"

I explained once more that Paris was a city in the great country of France.

"Oh! yes, France. I have heard of that. Well!" he said, "decidedly it is not good French, that Paris French!" Then, evidently with the kindly intent of softening the blow, he added, "However, I can understand you."—*Scribner's*.

* * *

AN HONOURABLE MAN.

SIR FRÉDÉRIC BRIDGE, who has created such a favourable impression during his recent visit to Canada, is said to have a keen sense of humour and a decided dislike for those who pretend to musical knowledge which they do not possess.

At a dinner of the Musicians' Company, one evening, Sir Frederick Bridge sat next to a gentleman who tried to impress the organist with his knowledge of music; but a chance remark convinced Sir Frederick that his dinner companion knew very little about the subject and he asked him point blank: "Why are you a member of this company?"

"Why shouldn't I be?" returned the other, in an offended tone.

"Well, you don't know much about music," remarked the Abbey organist.

"Don't I though," was the rejoinder.

"Come, now," said Sir Frederick, "tell me what are the four resolutions of the dominant seventh?"

"Tell you what are the four resolutions of the dominant seventh?" echoed the ignorant one. "I would not betray the secrets of our craft under any circumstances."

* * *

DISAPPOINTING.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S love of the orchid is well known, and at one of his political meetings some years ago his fondness for this flower was responsible for an amusing incident. In the midst of the proceedings an old man pushed his way through the crowd, and demanded of his nearest neighbour to be told which was Mr. Chamberlain. "That's 'im," was the answer, "that clean-shaven man with the eyeglass."

"Well, if that's Chamberlain, I think 'e's a reg'lar fraud," exclaimed the old fellow, in a disappointed tone; "they told me as 'ow 'e wore a little orchard in 'is button-'ole, an' it ain't nothin' more than a 'tater blossom, after all!"—*M. A. P.*

* * *

HE KNEW.

"Are you in pain, my little man?" asked the kind old gentleman.

"No," answered the boy, "the pain's in me."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

* * *

A GOOD REASON.

A SMALL boy, aged four, came to his mother, not long ago, saying that he and some friends had found a dead cat, and asked permission to have a funeral. Leave was granted, and later in the day the small boy's mother asked how the affair went off.

"We didn't have the funeral, after all," said the child.

"Why not?"

"Well, you see, the cat was *too* dead."

PEOPLE AND PLACES

PURITY FLOUR



SUCCESS IN BAKING tasty, vitalizing bread depends chiefly on the flour used.

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HERE is the beginning of a vivid story from Dawson sent to one of the western newspapers: "Wada, the Jap, toughened like hickory, indomitable and cheerful, splashed knee deep through the treacherous waters over the surface of the breaking Yukon River to-day at noon, finishing one of the most marvellous mushing trips in the history of the north. Black as a Kaffir, with cheeks checkered and serrated like alligator hide, from effects of alternate freezing and the roasting of the sun, the hardy fellow is a vision extraordinary. His six faithful dogs with which he left here, and a toboggan with but few personal belongings were all that he brought back."

This Wada had the felicity of feeding his socks and trousers to his dogs—because he was alone on the mush trail. He dropped in thus on the whalers and the mounted police at Herschell Island. There he stayed six days and went on mushing—for gold, very likely. He left the police post on March 24 carrying letters to Dawson, but at Fort Yukon he mailed these, thinking he would not be able to mush back over the ice—and then he up and beat the letters in!

ANOTHER ancient mariner has dropped off in Sydney, N.S. Captain Philip Bagnell was eighty-two years old when he closed his eyes on the sea the other day never to see it again.

MR. MACKENZIE KING has been talking to the Regina Canadian Club on the battlefields of Quebec. Mr. King has been so long settling industrial wars without killing anybody that Earl Grey thought he would be a good man to talk to the people on the great plains about the wars of old when everybody killed everybody else he could.

DR. GRAHAM BELL is getting as high as possible in public regard by being chairman of the Aerial Experimental Association, under whose auspices lately a so-called "aerodrome" known as "White Wings" has been built. It seems that this association imagine that because they think a hippodrome is a chariot when it isn't, an aerodrome is a flying machine when it's nothing of the sort. If the language of Homer is to be respected in this matter a hippodrome is a horse-track the same as a hippopotamus is a river-horse—both from the Greek word "hippo" meaning a horse, "dromos" meaning a course and "potamos" a river. Whereby an aerodrome is properly an air-track and not a flying-machine—which information since the circus season is now on is dispensed free of charge.

CHINAMEN in Saskatchewan are not entitled to vote in the provincial elections. This is according to the new election law of Saskatchewan. They have a large number of Chinamen in Saskatchewan. In order to vote a Chinaman has to be born of British parents—which is sometimes a hard matter to arrange. So that the Chinamen of the plains are in the same class with Indians—wherefore the Cree and the Blackfoot on the Reserves may now point the finger of scorn at the washerman and tell him they told him so when they left China thousands of years ago and decided to become Indians.

MAJOR GRAHAM, once of the British army, is now in Canada and with him is Mr. J. D. Henry, an

expert in oil. These gentlemen are going to exploit some of the famous oil fields of Canada in search of cheap oil for the British navy; not for lamps or searchlights, but for fuel, both for men-of-war and ocean liners. Major Graham says the swiftest torpedo boat in the world is an oil burner making thirty-seven knots with a capacity for fifty knots. New Brunswick and Ontario oil seems to be up to the standard and is expected to replace coal on the Atlantic; oil gives more power according to weight, and if oil goes under the boilers instead of coal the number of stokers on a battleship will be cut down from two hundred and forty to forty.

CONTRACT for clearing up the site of Prince Rupert has been awarded at seventy-five dollars an acre. All timber is to be cut close and the stumps grubbed out—except such fine large trees as will be needed to beautify the parks in this model landscape city of America. Meanwhile though the land is being cleared the title Prince Rupert remains in doubt over the action of the adventurer who started the other Prince Rupert and patented the name.

TWENTY million feet of lumber left Chatham, N.B., within the past few days. This lumber in nine steamer-loads is all bound for Great Britain and is stock held over during the winter in the Chatham lumber yards. Twenty million feet in board lengths end to end would reach once across the Atlantic from Halifax to Liverpool and have enough left for a plank sidewalk from Land's End to the River Tweed.

WHEAT twenty-two inches high was reported some days ago from Southern Alberta. This is from the winter wheat belt. Rye twenty-eight inches high was also hung up outside the door of the Lethbridge Herald. There are said to be thousands of acres of such grain about Lethbridge. By this time that wheat will have headed out, and unless it comes to a head quickly it will be higher than a man before it stops growing.

THEY are having trouble at Tobique, which is in Nova Scotia—on the Miramichi. The Northern Pulp & Paper Company wish to dam the Miramichi. Private proprietors along the Miramichi would prefer to dam up the company. They urge that to dam the river would be to destroy the salmon as well as to hinder the legitimate and hereditary business of lumbering. In fact they claim that three million feet of lumber was held back last year by the Winding Ledges dam, costing nearly twenty thousand dollars to extricate from the ice.

TEN dollars a trip from Victoria to Cape Nome is likely to be the way the touring public on the Pacific coast will benefit by the rate war now being instituted by the rival companies along the coast. The present fare is forty dollars.

DOWN in Halifax, Nova Scotia, a Sydney man claims to have re-discovered the lost art of tempering copper. Mr. P. J. Douglas is the discoverer. He is a Haligonian. Mr. Douglas was a foundryman in his father's Halifax foundry for many years and there he got the knowledge of metals which he claims will enable

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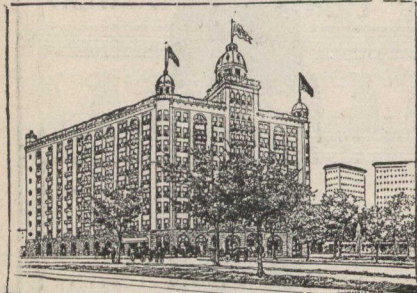
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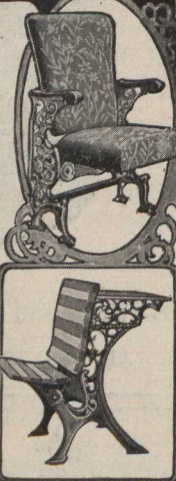
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him to make copper knives if necessary. He alleges, however, that a Bayswater blacksmith named Cleveland, in Lunenburg County, Nova Scotia, was his co-discoverer. Both these gentlemen, however, have been antedated by the Eskimos of the Coppermine country, where for generations they have mined and tempered copper hard enough to make copper knives which they swap to the Indians for meat; hence the name "Yellow-Knives" applied to these Indians.

* * *

UNIVERSITY students are now on the trail. They are leaving the boarding-house and the examination halls and are hearing the call of the wild, which in this case is also the call of the elusive dollar—to the fire ranges and the caches of New Ontario; to the saloons and kitchens of lake liners; to the prairies of the West where people want stereoscopes; to the decks of cattle ships; in fact almost anywhere but to the good old farms of Ontario and Quebec, whence a large number of them came.

* * *

PROF. JAMES ROBERTSON has been telling the New Brunswick folk what a fine field for farming their province affords. Last year New Brunswick gave the world nine million bushels of potatoes. From experiments conducted by Professor Robertson it is claimed that this might be increased to nearly twenty million bushels from the same land. The Professor says that the trees and the running water and the bountiful fruit of the Maritime Provinces are much preferable to the golden-grain areas of the Western prairie.

* * *

A GREAT strike of natural gas has been made at Innerkip, near Woodstock, in Oxford County, Ontario. A Petrolia company has been drilling there for a long while and has struck a heavy flow at a depth of 460 feet. The pressure of the well is strong enough to lift a weight of fifteen hundred pounds at the top of the pipe. If the flow holds out Woodstock will be lighted with natural gas.

* * *

THE Indian is being discovered to have industrial capabilities not dreamed of by those who have been in the habit of saying that the only good Indian is a dead one. The Blackfoot Indians along the Bow River are said by Father Lepine to be the finest industrial Indians in the world. They own a coal mine on the reserve which they mine themselves and sell the coal to the whites, delivering it with their own teams from door to door. They also farm and go in for a variety of good crops that might give pointers to many a white farmer. According to a writer in the *May Craftsman*, the North American Indians can be made a successful factor in the industrial world. The theory is propounded that the determination shown by the aborigines on the trail, his dogged steadfastness of purpose in the hunt, his marvellous endurance in battle were qualities which will win his descendants a foremost place in civilisation. The "re-servation fed Indian" is soon to be a grotesque memory. As a result of patient experiments conducted by the United States Government, employers in the Western States unite in saying that the Red Man is the most reliable and efficient labourer they can find. They pay him white man's wages and he gives a better return than any other class of workers. This is the verdict, for instance, of Mr. K. T. Cary, the engineer in charge of the repairs on the great Colorado River break, who has employed 3,000 Indians on that undertaking.

Gladstone's Tribute to Mrs. Asquith

IT is not often given to a magazine to publish the work of so distinguished a statesman at so apposite a moment as befalls the May number of the *National Review*, which prints some verses by W. E. Gladstone, addressed to Miss Margot Tennant, now Mrs. Asquith, nineteen years after they were written. Mr. Gladstone's weighty prose style, which infused itself even into his rendering of Horace, would scarcely prepare us for the graceful jocoseness of the following quatrains to "Margot":

When Parliament ceases, and comes the recess,
And we seek, in the country, rest after distress,
As a rule, upon visitors place an embargo,
But make an exception in favour of Margot.

For she brings such a treasure of movement and life,
Fun, spirit and stir, to folk weary with strife;
Though young and though fair, who can hold such a cargo
Of all the good qualities going, as Margot?

Up hill and down dale, 'tis a capital name
To blossom in friendship, to sparkle in fame;
There's but one objection can light upon Margot,
Its likeness in rhyming, not meaning, to Argot.

Never mind, never mind; we will give it the slip;
'Tis not Argot the language, but Argo the ship;
And, by sea or by land, I will swear you may far go
Before you can hit on a double for Margot.

Literary Notes

NOT often does a book of poetry become so generally popular as the *Songs of a Sourdough* by the young Anglo-Canadian, Mr. Robert Service, who, by the way, has lately been transferred to the Dawson branch of the Bank of Commerce. A poet hardly seems in his element in a building where ledgers form the daily prose but Mr. Service has, apparently, no immediate intention of exchanging the desk for the writer's lonely lodge. The editions of his remarkable songs have soared with astonishing rapidity for this "consumingly commercial" age and the publisher, William Briggs of Toronto, is finding United States orders advancing considerably. The public will look with eagerness for a second volume in which one may hope for less Kipling and more Service.

* * *

THE novelette is a feature to which certain magazines are decidedly faithful. *Ainslee's* and *Lippincott's* are among the monthly publications which seem to find this form of fiction increasingly profitable. The former is publishing such a contribution by Mr. W. A. Fraser, while the latter announces for June a novelette by Helen Milecete called *The Plague of a Heart*. Miss Milecete is a Canadian, belonging to one of the eastern provinces, and writes entertaining fiction of the hammock and summer-hotel verandah variety.

GETTING MARRIED

The New Responsibilities and Their Relation to Art.

Getting married has many advantages. Sometimes, as Liszt realized, it stops the career of some young woman who threatens to be a musician without a soul. On one occasion in the master's studio, a tall young woman played Mendelssohn Rondo Capriccioso. It was not a great performance technically or temperamentally. Liszt grasped her by the hand when she had finished and said, "My dear, get married." There are thousands of young people who love the famous Rondo but whose attempts to play it are, to say the least, unhappy. Their fingers have not the facility of the Gourlay-Angelus. This marvellous instrument provides a finished technique for every one. The operator has at his command every possible gradation in tempo and in dynamics. By the pressure of one finger he can accomplish wonders. If the player is operated by a person of sensitive musical temperament, the result is fully as good from an artistic view point as the performance of a Hoffman or a Paderewski. This is a large claim but it is supported by Fritz Kreisler the eminent violinist whose musical sense no one will question. Mr. Kreisler, speaking of the Angelus, says: "It offers the possibility of obtaining every expression and accentuation in playing, and to produce the finest shading of tone and dynamic." A combination of the Angelus as a part of such a sterling piano as the Gourlay is worthy of the attention of every musician. The firm of Gourlay, Winter & Leeming has accomplished a great thing in the production of the Gourlay-Angelus. See it at the Yonge Street warerooms.

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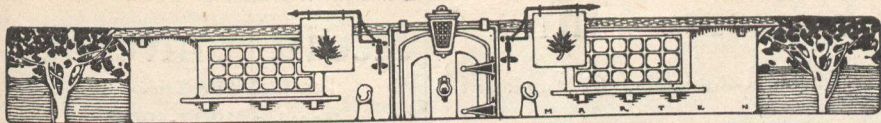
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University Students

The Canadian Courier last year paid all the expenses of one student attending the University of Toronto. It is willing to do the same this year for two or three students. Write for particulars of our University Scholarship Competition. Open to students of all universities and colleges in Canada. Circulation Manager, Canadian Courier, Toronto.



AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

PURPLE AND FINE LINEN.

LINEN, in all shades, is going to be the favourite wear in England this summer and marvelous embroidery is used for its adornment. The Irish linen industries, which Lady Aberdeen has done so much to popularise, will probably thrive abundantly and shamrock designs will rival Limerick lace. There is something impressive and eminently respectable about a linen gown. Muslin is frivolous and alluring, silk is the associate of the dollar, but linen has a suggestion of comeliness and propriety which no other fabric can give. "Purple and fine linen" meant the attire of Dives in the ancient days and even unto the present the latter indicates a combination of cleanliness and luxury which most of us desire. Fashion plays strange tricks with the sheath skirt and the thirty-eight-inch hats; but this year, in a gracious mood of common-sense she has sent us one happy idea in the linen gown, which may have purple, pink or amber silk beneath its severe folds.

* * *



Miss Adelaide Manola, member of the Imperial Opera Company, which is playing "The Runaway Girl" to large audiences at the Royal Alexandria Theatre, Toronto.

* * *

MEN AND MANNERS.

ENGLISH magazines and weeklies are unusually fond of starting discussions on matters of social interest and interviewing important persons on the subject of debate. For instance—a new publication kept its readers amused for about three months by publishing letters on whether man or woman gets the larger share of happiness in "this, our life." In a recent issue of a certain bright weekly, the question: "Are Men Losing Their Manners?" was treated with more or less gravity by nine women prominent in social, theatrical or artistic circles. There is an amusing difference of opinion. One woman replies:

"I don't know whether men are losing their manners or not, because as far as I can remember, they have never had any. . . . So far from all this being brought about by the advanced woman, I consider it due entirely to the old-fashioned womanly woman, who still regards man as a superior being, to be sought after, indulged, propitiated and forgiven. No Suffragette would tolerate the insolence the fluffy hostess hourly condones."

Another woman blames her sister-

hood for the alleged free-and-easy manners of modern men. "Men's manners, like love, must be inspired. If women meet men on an equal footing, and repudiate the privileges of a weaker vessel, a readjustment of men's attitude, and, in consequence, manners must inevitably result. The 'old chap' basis between the sexes must, in natural sequence, depose ceremony and relegate it to the realms of 'rot.' Then, how can a man feel, or pretend to feel, tenderly anxious as to the effect of smoke on his beloved when he knows, or suspects, that she is a 'thirty-cig-a-day man' herself?"

When we read such stuff as this in an English weekly, we come to the conclusion that Canada is a fairly-civilised country—after all.

* * *

THE COW-CATCHER PERFORMANCE.

THE English papers are once more telling about Lady Minto riding on a cow-catcher in Western Canada. Nearly every prominent English-woman who has visited this country is credited with a cow-catcher feat. Princess Louise has never been given such a ride but the C.P.R. was not completed in the days when Queen Victoria's daughter was chatelaine at Rideau Hall. I think it was Lady Macdonald who first aroused the envy of less daring dames by calmly taking her seat in a cosy corner of the cow-catcher as the monstrous engine made its way towards the mountains. Since then many a distinguished name has been added to the list. In her first book, *A Social Departure*, Sara Jeanette Duncan tells of her early ride in that thrilling position and of her dread, lest the cow, the natural owner of the catcher, should appear around the shining curve and demand her rights. It is to be hoped that the English papers will not accuse our dignified guest, Mrs. Humphry Ward, of indulging in any such unliturgical proceedings.

* * *

A PINK PARTY.

CHILDREN'S preferences are sometimes dismissed with a shrug or a smile, as if they meant little; but it is surprising how much they matter to the Small Person. A little lady, aged ten, was once telling about a party which her mother had given on the former's momentous tenth birthday.

"It was a pink party," said the Small Person, who, by the way, is a sparkling brunette. "Everything was pink—candies and ice cream and cake. I had a lovely muslin dress, too, with a pink sash. Mother knows I just love pink and she always remembers to have a party like that."

The stern moralist who used to write our copy-book maxims might not have approved of such encouragement of startling tastes. The pink sash, especially, might have come in for extra condemnation and been exchanged for dreary drab. But the Small Person is lucky enough to have a mother who believes in all the sunshine and roses which can be induced to flush and brighten the path of everyday. Such small touches are not "silly"; they are the blessed gleams of poetry which make some of the fairy tales seem almost true.

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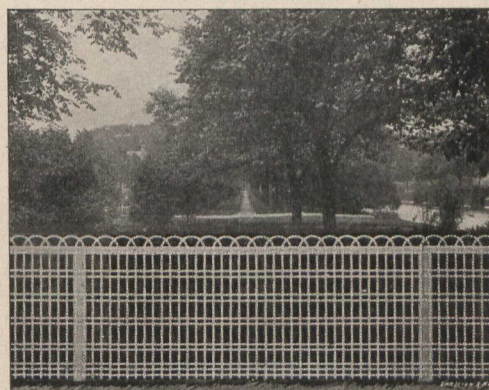
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What Canadian Editors Think

WEST MAKES EAST.

THE inter-dependence of East and West is being much discussed of late. Here is some more light on the subject.

(Montreal Herald.)

The Western farmer is a great producer of wealth and, at the same time, a great consumer of manufactured products. He has to build his house and furnish it; he has to buy machinery and implements to cultivate and equip his farm; and for many years, after he has established himself and his family, all his spare cash goes in supplying the needs of the homestead. His increment of personal wealth lies in the enhancement of the value of his land. So that, all things considered, he is the best customer the manufacturer or the merchant can have. In this way it is he who is the prime cause of the growth of Montreal, Hamilton, London, Toronto, and every city in Eastern Canada that has increased in population since 1901. It is the incoming farmers in Western Canada who have stopped the exodus of French-Canadians to the United States, whither they went to find employment that this country could not give in the good old days before.

* * *

SHIPS AND THE STATE.

IT seems that it is all twaddle to talk about Canadian independence until Canada is willing to pay for a navy.

(St. John Telegraph.)

This country can never be independent until it is populous and rich enough to pay the price of safety in the form of a fleet and an army formidable enough to resist encroachment from any direction. How much that means we can tell roughly by referring to the population of the United States, of Germany, of France, of Japan, and of other countries, and observing what they pay out yearly for military purposes, not counting the time and labour consumed in keeping millions of men out of productive employment. We have the protection of the British fleet, and we have begun to pay something in the way of insurance. Soon we shall have to pay more in order to give the people in the Old Country a square deal. A greater Canada within a greater Empire is the prevailing thought in the Dominion to-day. Independence is a purely academic topic.

* * *

THE MILL AND THE TREE.

HOW to keep the forests of British Columbia and still let the United States corporations continue to cut down the trees is a problem on the Pacific coast.

(Victoria Colonist.)

For many years the forests of British Columbia were open to any one who chose to acquire them. British capitalists had their opportunity, but did not take advantage of it. Perhaps it was very natural that they should not. The men who, as a rule, buy timber limits, are those who have made money out of timber, and this is not the case with many British investors. There is a question behind that of ownership of British Columbia and other Canadian timber, and it is as to the desirability of permitting it to be cut indiscriminately to supply the inevitable shortage in the United States. We are not prepared to say how this can be prevented. It ought not, however, to be impossible to devise some way in which the cut on crown lands can be regulated. And once more we add that it is time, even

in British Columbia, to think of restoration.

* * *

TEACH WESTERNERS FARMING.

ALREADY it becomes necessary in the great wheat areas to teach agriculture in the schools.

(Lethbridge Herald.)

If the youth is to be given a taste for the agricultural life it must be done while he is still in the public school. To accomplish this a strong and interesting course of study in agriculture must be inserted in the curriculum of studies. The best of text books and teachers with special qualifications along this line are absolutely necessary. The course of training for the teachers must be prepared to meet this necessity. At present the influence of the educational system of this and other provinces is in favour of the professions and many first rate farmers are being spoiled in an effort to make third rate lawyers, doctors and engineers.

* * *

THE WEST AND THE COMMISSION.

WESTERNERS have already a Minister of the Interior; they would like to have also a Western member on the Railway Commission, since the late Judge Killam, a Winnipeg man, was replaced by Judge Mabee from Ontario.

(Prince Albert Advocate.)

It is, we believe, the intention of the Government to have a Western railroad man appointed to the new Western Railway Commission, and this is but just and right, as many problems will arise that can only be handled by a man with the technical knowledge acquired through long experience. We understand that the name of Mr. E. A. James, late general manager of the Canadian Northern Railway, is being mentioned in connection with this appointment. We consider that Mr. James is eminently fitted for the position, he having held important positions with the Canadian Pacific before being appointed to the Canadian Northern management.

* * *

SPRING ON THE PRAIRIE.

THE spirit of spring speaks to the Westerner whose spring is usually a grand quick march from winter to full-leaved summer.

(Manitoba Free Press.)

As the town steadily relentlessly invades those earliest wild gardens, for ages the habitat of the best loved of all prairie flowers, the low-growing purple anemone, a breath of country, a fragrance of earth, lingers in the spacious suburban streets; and spring in the city is not choked by brick and mortar. However we may regret the receding purple patches of April and early May, we are grateful for this spaciousness of streets with their miles of smooth green turf and open stretches of sky above. We are glad that the people are not unmindful of the trees that grew on the land in the time when it was a redman's country, before the beginnings of its interesting and romantic history. On this spring morning of May, there are standing in sidewalks, boulevards, lawns and unsettled lots, old trees whose newly-budded branches are richly and delicately outlined against the sky. We have spared them for their beauty, not forgetful of their value in another and more human way as links with the past—from the bold lords of the North down to the stirring times of Winnipeg's infancy.

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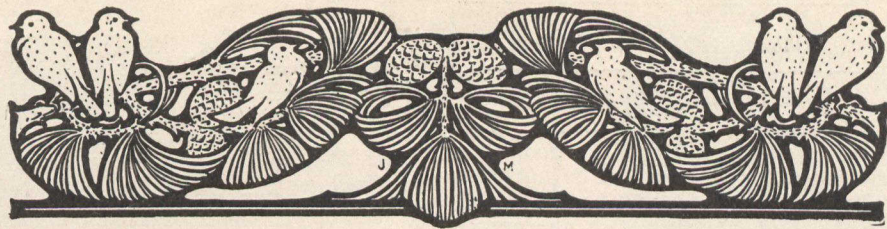
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FOR THE CHILDREN

TOMMY FLITTERMOUSE.

By A. H. Donnell.

WHEN little Tommy Flittermouse woke up from his three months' nap, he was on his head! Sleeping head downward, think of it! But that did not disturb Tommy Flittermouse at all. It was a habit he inherited from Grandfather Flittermouse and great-grandfather. It ran in the Flittermouse family.

But when Tommy Flittermouse had stretched himself and turned himself right side up, he began to feel very hungry indeed. If you slept three or four months, don't you believe when you woke up you would be hungry?

It was dark in the Flittermouse house, but outdoors it was daytime. Now little Tommy Flittermouse never went out daytimes, so, hungry as he was,—poor little fellow!—he must wait till night before he went after his supper. Suppose we examine him.

What a furry, altogether queer little chap! If it was not for his hands we would call him a little red-brown mouse, would we not? But just look at his hands! They spread out and shut together for all the world like two big fans—leather fans. They are bigger than all the rest of him put together! His tiny eyes are set deep in his little furry face. His mouth is full of tiny, pointed white teeth.

Tommy Flittermouse is not handsome, but he looks better than some of his cousins. And, after all, there is something about his funny little pointed-eared fellow, with his great wing hands, that one cannot help liking.

When it comes night at last, little Tommy Flittermouse, I hope you will have a nice supper. I hope you will have plenty of fireflies for first course and a fine fat June-bug for dessert. And then, after supper, you will go off on your queer little fluttery wings for a "constitutional!" In and out among the trees, bumping and thumping against them, you will go, till you are tired enough to go home, at day-break, to bed. And then, you comical little fellow, you will go to sleep again, standing on your head!

Did any of you children ever see Tommy Flittermouse? He lives in that hollow tree close by the stone wall. Look for him some day. You will be sure to find him at home, and asleep, as I told you, upside down.

Youth's Companion.

GRANDFATHER'S NURSE.

"OH, dear!" cried mother. All the children looked up in surprise.

"What is the matter?" asked Bessie. "Grandfather has been very ill," said Mother, "and now he is better, and wants one of you to go and stay with him."

"But we can't!" exclaimed Willie. "Does he know we are going to the seaside to-morrow?"

"No," said Mother, "and he will be so disappointed!"

The three little faces looked very sober; they were very sorry for him.

"Must one of us go there instead of to the seaside?" asked little Marjorie.

"You are not obliged to, of course, dears, but I know Grandfather would be very kind to you."

"I will go," said Marjorie. "I

don't mind, if you would like me to. Mother?"

"I should, darling!" and Mother kissed her warmly. "That is a good girl! I will take you over early to-morrow."

So Marjorie found herself all alone at the big house, very tearful at the thought of the others going off happily. She went up to Grandfather's room, for he was just well enough to get up for a little while.

"What kind little girl is this?" he asked. "Poor Grandpapa was so lonely. But come along and tell me what those tears are about!"

So Marjorie perched on the bed and told him all about it. "But I'm not going to cry any more. Shall I fetch my dollies to see you? I brought them all."

"Yes!" said Grandfather, and they had a lovely game till the doctor came.

Marjorie ran into the gardens and picked a big bunch of flowers for the in to him he said, "Do you know what my doctor has been telling me?"

"No," answered the little girl.

"As soon as possible I must go away for a change," said Grandfather; "so suppose we go to the seaside too, and surprise Mother?"

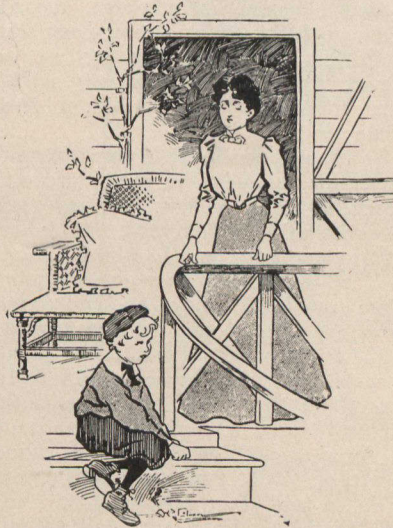
"Oh, how lovely!" cried Marjorie. "Then you must be quick and get well: won't you come and sit in the garden? I will get you your rugs!"

She took such care of him that the doctor soon said they might go, and one day, when Mother, Bessie and Willie were going down to the sands they met an old gentleman in a bath-chair, and a dear little girl, who rushed up to them with a cry of joy.

It was a surprise, and I don't know who was the happiest.

But I think it must have been Marjorie.—*Little Folks.*

* * *



Mother (to son in disgrace): But, Teddy, why did you cut up the best sofa with father's razor?
Teddy: I wanted to see how sharp the razor was.

Mother: And what did you think when you saw what you had done?

Teddy: I thought it was a jolly sharp razor.—*Windsor Magazine.*

* * *

WOODEN SHOES.

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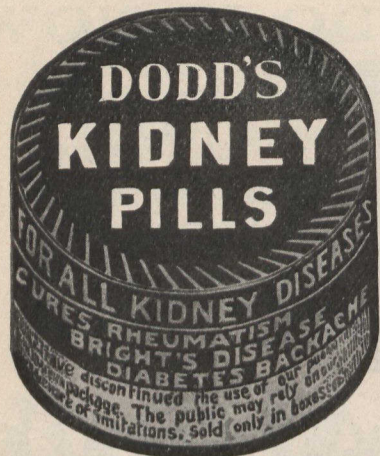
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HAMILTON - ONTARIO

The Yellow God

Continued from page 15)

"Of course it was a mistake, Vernon, for I suppose it is Vernon," said Aylward, as he rose. "I do not wonder that your servant is angry, but the truth is that your sudden appearance frightened me out of my wits and I fired automatically. We have been living in some danger here and my nerves are not as strong as they used to be."

"Indeed," answered Alan. "No, Jeeki will carry the rifle for you; yes, and I think that pistol also, every ounce makes a difference walking in a hot climate, and I remember that you always were dangerous with firearms. There, you will be more comfortable so. And now, who do you mean by 'we'?"

"I mean Barbara and myself," he answered slowly.

Alan's jaw dropped; he shook upon his feet.

"Barbara and yourself!" he said. "Do I understand—"

"Don't you understand nothing, Major," broke in Jeeki. "Don't you believe one word what this pig-dog say. If Miss Barbara marry him he no want shoot you; he ask you to tea to see the Missus and how much she love him, ducky! We just go on and call on Miss Barbara and hear the news. Walk up, Sir Robert Aylward, Bart., and show us which way."

"I do not choose to receive you and your impertinent servant at my camp," said Aylward.

"We quite understand that, Sir Robert Aylward,"

"Lord Aylward, if you please, Major Vernon."

"I beg your pardon—Lord Aylward. I was aware of the contemplated purchase of that title, I did not know that it had been completed. I was about to add that all the same we mean to go to that camp, and that if any violence towards us is attempted as we approach it, you will remember that you are in our hands."

"Yes, my lord," added Jeeki, bowing, "and that monkeys don't tell no tales, my lord, and that here there aint no twelve good-trues to sit on noble corpse unhappily deceased, my lord, and to bring in verdict of done to death lawful or unlawful, according as evidence may show when got, my lord. So march on, for we no breakfast yet. No, not that way, round here to left, where I think I hear kettle sing."

So having no choice Aylward came, marching between the other two and saying nothing. When they had gone a couple of hundred yards Alan also heard something, and to him it sounded like a man crying out in pain. Then suddenly they passed round some great trees and reached a glade in the forest where there was a spring of water which Alan remembered. In this glade the camp had been built, surrounded by a "boma," or palisade of rough wood, within which stood two tents and some native shelters made of tall grass and boughs. Outside of this camp a curious and unpleasant scene was in progress.

To a tall tree that grew there was tied a man, who from the fashion of his hair Alan knew to belong to the Coast negroes, while two great fellows, evidently of another tribe, flogged him unmercifully with hide whips.

"Ah," exclaimed Jeeki, "that the kettle what I hear sing. Think you better take him off fire, my lord, or he boil over. Also his brothers no seem to like that music," and he pointed to a number of other men who were standing round watching the scene with sullen dissatisfaction.

"A matter of camp discipline," muttered Aylward. "This man has disobeyed orders."

By now Jeeki was shouting something to the natives in an unknown tongue which they seemed to understand well enough. At any rate the flogging ceased, the two fellows who were inflicting it slunk away and the other men ran towards them, shouting back as they came.

"All right, Major. You please stop here one minute with my lord, late Bart., of Bloody Hand. Some of these chaps friends of mine. I meet them Old Calabar while we get ready to march last rains. Now I have little talk with them and find out thing or two."

Aylward began to bluster about interference with his servants and so forth. Jeeki turned on him with a very ugly grin and showing his white teeth, as was his fashion when he grew fierce.

"Beg pardon, right honourable lord," he said, or rather snarled, "you do what I tell you, just to please Jeeki. Jeeki no one in England, but Jeeki dam big lord, too, out here, great medicine man, pal of Little Bonga. You remember Little Bonga, eh! These chaps think it great honour to meet Jeeki, so, Major, if he stir, please shoot him through head; Jeeki 'sponsible, not you. Or if you not like do it, I come back and see to job myself, and don't think those fellows cry very much."

There was something about Jeeki's manner that frightened Aylward, who understood for the first time that beneath all the negro's grotesque talk lay some dreadful iron purpose. At any rate he halted with Alan, who stood beside him, the revolver of which Aylward had been relieved by Jeeki, in his hand. Meanwhile Jeeki, who held the rifle which he reloaded, went on and met the natives about twenty yards away.

"We always disliked each other, Vernon, but I must say that I never thought a time would come when you proposed to murder me in my own camp," said Aylward.

"Odd thing," answered Alan, "but a very similar idea was in my mind. I never thought, Lord Aylward, that however unscrupulous you might be—financially—a time could come when you would attempt to shoot down an unarmed man in an African forest. Oh! don't waste breath in lying. I saw you recognise me, aim, and fire, after which Jeeki would have had the other barrel, and who then would have remained to tell the story, Lord Aylward?"

Aylward made no answer, but Alan felt that if wishes could kill him he would not live long. His eye fell upon a long, unmistakable mound of fresh earth, beneath a tree. He calculated its length, and with a thrill of terror noticed that it was too small for a negro.

"Who is buried there?" he asked. "Find out for yourself," was the sneering answer.

"Don't be afraid, Lord Aylward, I shall find out everything in time."

The conversation between Jeeki and the natives proceeded; their heads were close together, it grew animated. They seemed to be coming to some decision. Presently one of them ran and cut the lashings of the man who had been bound to the tree, and he staggered towards them and joined in the talk, pointing to his wounds. Then the two fellows who had been engaged in flogging him, accompanied by eight companions of the same type—they appeared to be soldiers, for they carried guns—swaggered towards the group who were being addressed by Jeeki, of whom Alan counted twenty-three. As they approached Jeeki made some suggestion which, after one hesitating moment, the others seemed to accept, for they nodded their heads and separated out a little.

(To be continued.)



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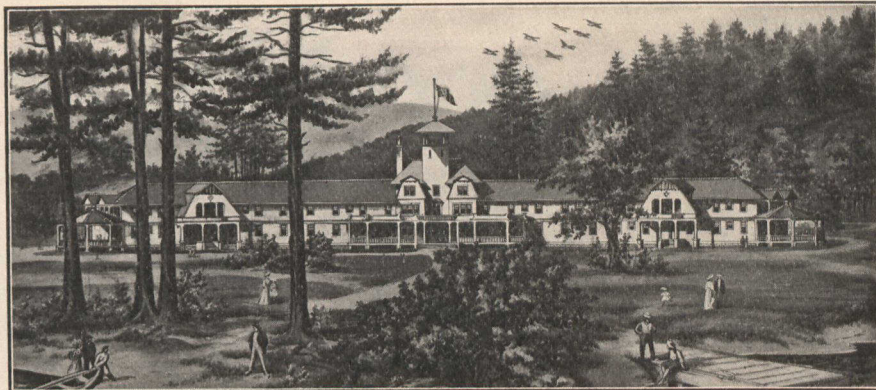
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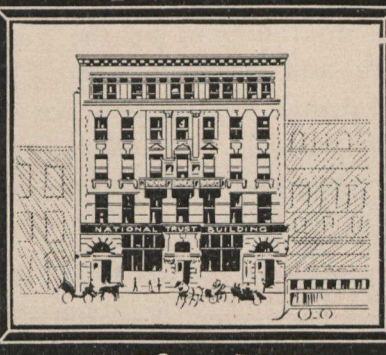
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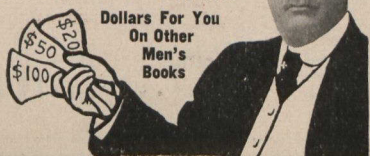
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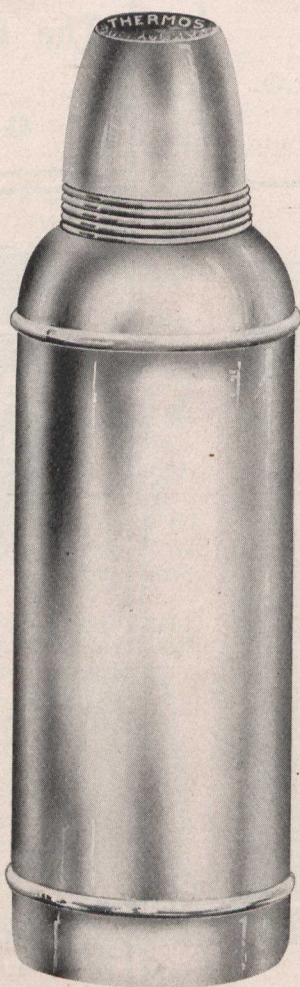
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