

The Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



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"HALLEY'S COMET" BY PROFESSOR C. A. CHANT,
IN THIS ISSUE

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THESE 4 Specials are photographs of the original hats and will give you some idea of the splendid buying opportunities we are affording. As Midsummer hat values they are unsurpassed. They are durable, stylish and inexpensive. The success we had with our Easter Millinery Circular proved conclusively that the people appreciate these specials which our buyer is able to secure, from time to time, in some of the leading European millinery houses. From the standpoints of Quality, Style and Value these 4 hats are quite the equal of, if not superior to, any we have previously offered you. Buy one and if it does not please you in every way return it and we will refund your money in full besides paying all transportation charges.

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24 dozen, shipping weight 2 lbs.

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The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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Editor's Talk

NOT many numbers of this journal have contained three as important articles as those by Professor Chant, Mr. Justice Longley and Mr. Wallace Nesbitt. As professor of astrophysics, Dr. Chant has become a national figure in educational circles. Mr. Justice Longley, as publicist and litterateur, is well known to every student of public affairs from Halifax, where he lives, to Victoria. Mr. Nesbitt, the only man who ever left the Supreme Court bench to resume private practise, is also a man with a reputation which is more than national.

Next week's issue will be devoted largely to a review of the dramatic and musical season. This is our first attempt to do this nationally, but we hope to make it a regular yearly event. There will also be a short story by Charles G. D. Roberts, with an illustration by Arthur Heming, and several other attractive features.

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22

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Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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No. 2



REFLECTIONS

BY THE EDITOR

MOST remarkable is the growth of the United States sales to Canada. One must conclude that either the Canadian manufacturer is not keeping up with the growth of Canadian trade or that the United States manufacturer is paying more attention to his trade with Canada. There are only these two explanations for the forty million dollar increase in the ten months ending April 30th. Trade between two countries doesn't increase at the rate of 35 per cent. in one year without presenting a problem worthy of some study. Indeed, instead of labelling it a "problem," it might be wiser to speak of it as a phenomenon.

It may be answered that our foreign trade with all the larger countries is growing. This answer, however, is not sufficient. It is quite true that our purchases have increased considerably during the past year and a half, but that does not explain why the greatest increase should occur with the country with whom we deem ourselves least willing to trade. We are trying to increase trade with France, Germany and Great Britain; we are not trying to increase our trade with Uncle Sam. Yet, the fact stares us in the face that the United States is getting the bulk of the increase.

PERHAPS it may be interesting in this connection to notice the increase in the sales of United States periodicals and magazines in this country. In 1905, before the increase in postage went into effect, the sales of these publications in this country amounted to a little less than a quarter of a million dollars in value. The increase in postage occurred about the beginning of 1907, and the United States publishers thought they would be shut out of Canada. They soon discovered that the new regulations were not so black as they looked. They found that the only change was that these periodicals had to be mailed in Montreal or Toronto instead of in New York or Philadelphia, and that instead of paying one cent a pound postage to the United States post-office, they paid one cent a pound to the Canadian post-office. The only difference in cost of mailing was the small freight charge from New York or Philadelphia to Montreal or Toronto.

The result of this discovery was a great increase in the sales of United States periodicals in Canada. Strangely enough the new postal regulations were supposed to help the Canadian publishers of periodicals. That was what the United States publishers thought at first and mightily wrathful they were. That was what the Canadian public thought and their state of mind was somewhat similar. Yet both were mistaken. Between 1905 and 1909, the sales of United States periodicals to Canada increased from \$225,000 to \$641,000, or a growth of nearly two hundred per cent. This year the total sales will amount to \$750,000 probably.

HERE then are two movements proceeding side by side. The sales of United States periodicals, which come in absolutely duty free, increase enormously and the sales of United States goods also increase enormously. Is it not reasonable to assume that there may be some connection between these two movements?

It is not a new saying that trade follows the advertisement, not the flag. This is the age of the advertisement. Few unadvertised articles are largely sold to-day. Few men succeed in business without the use of printer's ink. The advertised groceries in packages have driven bulk goods off the market. The advertised druggists' supplies have supplanted the doctors' prescriptions. There is no advertiser who can "hold a candle" to the United States manufacturer and it is because his advertisement finds its way so freely into Canadian homes that his goods sell so freely in this market. Is this not a reasonable and logical deduction?

Why is it that so many American automobiles are being sold in Canada? It is more difficult to get repairs for them than for Canadian automobiles. There is a duty of 35 per cent. on them which should

give the Canadian manufacturer a good margin. There is a high duty on parts which should also help. Yet the fact remains that automobiles of United States makes are coming in at a tremendous rate—a rate limited only by the difficulty in getting enough machines. Is it not reasonable to suppose that the sales of United States machines are due mainly to the splendid advertisements of them to be found in every periodical which crosses the border?

Why is it that 90 per cent. of all the carriages and electrical apparatus we import, comes from the United States? Why is it that 80 per cent. of our importations of leather manufactures and iron and steel manufactures come from the United States? Why is it that 70 per cent. of our paper and manufactures thereof come from the great Republic. Why is it that the United States sells us over three million dollars' worth of books and maps, over three million dollars' worth of drugs and chemicals, over three million dollars' worth of copper goods, over two million dollars' worth of builders' hardware, over one million dollars' worth of seeds and over one million dollars' worth of boots and shoes?

Is it not reasonable to assume that this trade is the result of superior business methods, especially in advertising and salesmanship? If this is a correct diagnosis, here is a problem which the Canadian Manufacturers would be wise to consider.

WITH commendable persistency, the Canadian manufacturers have conducted an agitation in favour of technical education and have at last succeeded in getting the Dominion Government to appoint a commission to study the question in its relation to Canadian workmanship. This is excellent. Might it not be wise for the manufacturers to follow this up with a campaign in favour of education in salesmanship and advertising? If the manufacturer is to further popularise "Made in Canada" goods, he must learn how to explain their merits and impress their good qualities upon the public. When a mining promoter desires to sell stock in his "wild-cat" propositions, he secures the services of a good "ad.-writer" and buys plenty of newspaper space. If this is the most profitable method for the stock promoter, the pink-pill man and the electric belt dispenser, surely it is worthy of consideration by the manufacturer of legitimate goods.

Following this line of reasoning, the next meeting of the Manufacturers' Association might be largely occupied with such subjects as these: "Requisites of a Good Salesman"; "Basic Principles in Catalogue Making and Distribution"; "National Advertising and How to Make it a Success"; "American Advertising Methods and What They Teach," and so on. These subjects would be more interesting and the discussion of them more profitable than the discussion of resolutions in favour of raising the woollen duties or in condemnation of the trade treaties with Germany, France and the United States.

Here is another suggestion. Instead of spending thirty thousand dollars a year on *Industrial Canada*, that excellent organ of the Association, let the manufacturers spend that sum in educating the public through the newspaper and periodical as to the wisdom of buying goods "made in Canada." Just now the manufacturers and the public are out of touch with each other; an advertising campaign would bring about a closer relationship.

EARL GREY may possibly stay is not rhyme but reason. If it should come true, all Canada will rejoice. We are getting bigger day by day and year by year and we want a big governor-general. Earl Grey is a big man. He has a courtesy which is edifying, a breadth of view which is educational, and a sympathetic consideration which is exceptional. Now that we cannot have the Duke of Connaught, who must remain in England to help his Royal Nephew who is brotherless, we would much prefer Lord Grey to any other member of the much-abused House of Lords. His over-running his term

might be a bad precedent, but in this unconventional and daring community precedents count for little. If someone whom we did not like endeavoured to use the precedent, it would not be hard to find a way to circumvent him. Their Excellencies have made no enemies and have gained a host of friends, and all Canada would rejoice if these popular occupants of Rideau Hall were permitted to remain with us for another year.

MR. WILLIAM MACKENZIE has returned from London bringing, it is said, forty millions of British capital. This money was secured by the successful sale of debentures and bonds of the various enterprises in which Mackenzie and Mann are interested. The largest slice goes to the Dunsmuir Collieries Limited, which is to develop the coal fields of southern Vancouver Island. The Brazeau Coal Fields on the eastern slope of the Rockies are to get a six million slice and the Western Canada Lumber Company an even larger share of the watermelon. The Winnipeg Street Railway gets a little bit, and the remainder goes for the Canadian Northern Railway and steamships.

The wonder with Mackenzie and Mann's enterprises is their tremendous success. Granted success and the capital is not hard to get. But no two men have ever, in Canada's financial history, undertaken so many operations and recorded as few failures as these two gentlemen. They easily hold the record. They now play so important a part in Canada's commercial and industrial life that one hesitates to think what would happen to the nation if they should suddenly disappear or refuse to continue their development work.

Sometimes such men as these are accused of selfishness. It cannot be selfishness which impels them to continue the gigantic tasks which they have assumed. It cannot be selfishness which causes them to begin industries and undertakings the larger and more lasting benefits of which must accrue to the nation as a whole. Rather it is a form of patriotism such as that which inspired Sir John Macdonald to resolutely force the building of Canada's first transcontinental railway. If Sir John's action is worthy of a national memorial, so is the work of these two indefatigable promoters and exploiters.

CONSERVATIVE ward leaders in the city of Toronto have decided to order the rank and file to vote only for Conservative candidates in municipal elections. To the credit of the Conservative party let it be said that the best of these party workers opposed the change. Those who possess an historical knowledge of politics and are acquainted with the principles of modern government in town and state voted against it. Those who know only the rudiments and who regard vote-getting and patronage-distributing as the essence of politics were in the majority and won out.

However, there is no evidence that the rank and file of the party will follow their leaders in this reactionary movement. The history of "bossism" in United States cities is, let us hope, too well known in Toronto to make this adventure a success. The idea is so thoroughly opposed to all that Canada has stood for during a century of excellent municipal government that one cannot imagine it having other than a short career.

The explanation of the movement is rather hard to find. It seems to have been begun by accident. No prominent Conservative was present at its inception, and no prominent Conservative has endorsed it. It has been engineered by men who are honest enough in their way, but who regard the city government as the legitimate property of the Conservative party. They desire to control the expenditure of the seven million dollars annually distributed by the city, not for private profit but for party advantage.

Should the movement succeed it can have but one result. It will throw the independent voters into the Liberal ranks and Toronto will then do what it does not now do, it will send some Liberal representatives to the Legislature and the House of Commons.

AMERICA is to have an "aviation" summer. For two or three years, Europe has been rather wildly excited over flying machines, and the microbe has now crossed the ocean. A number of prizes have been offered for feats of this kind and more are promised. For a flight from New York to Chicago \$25,000 is offered, \$30,000 for a trip from New York to St. Louis or vice versa, \$40,000 for a triangular flight from Indianapolis to St. Louis, to Chicago, to Indianapolis, \$20,000 for the man who flies between New York and Washington, and so on. In addition, aviation meets are being pro-

moted in many of the larger cities, including Toronto and Montreal. Hence we are likely to get better acquainted with monoplanes, bi-planes and tri-planes before the summer is over.

When Lloyd George was in Canada

IT was between sessions at Ottawa; accurately, in August, eleven years ago, when the tourists and citizens in the Russell House rotunda were amazed one afternoon. Into their midst, coming from the elevator that had deposited him on the ground floor, entered a gentleman whose attire was a sartorial wonder. On his head was a felt hat with a brim that would make any Stetson look like a narrow-brimmed straw. His form was half obscured by a roomy garment of rough tweed that hung from his shoulders and swayed in the August air like a South American poncho. He wore knickerbockers that were as ample as a Dutchman's breeches, and his fifteen-inch laced up, hobnailed boots would have lasted across country to Dawson City, then lately placed on the map.

Two or three newspaper correspondents were in the rotunda. They made a run for Frank St. Jacques, the proprietor, and demanded to be told the name and style of the phenomenon.

"Why," said St. Jacques, "that's one of three Welshmen who have just struck town. They're registered. Let's see their names."

There they were:

D. Lloyd George, M.P., London.

J. D. Rees, Cardiff.

W. L. Griffith, Cardiff.

While the search was being made the man with the clothes disappeared, but Griffith was close by. The newspapermen soon identified him as an old friend—the Canadian immigration agent at Cardiff; a Welshman who had farmed for many years in Manitoba and had lately been appointed to Cardiff by Hon. Clifford Sifton. Mr. Griffith is now Lord Strathcona's right-hand man.

A few observations were immediately taken through unsmoked glasses, and the *Globe* man asked:

"Say, Griffith, who's the chap with the weird clothes?"

"Why," answered the genial Griffith, "you want to keep your eye on him. He's a young Welsh lawyer and M. P. And he's going to be in the next Liberal Government, sure."

"But, gentle stranger, why that rig? What has Canada done to him that he should thus dazzle our eyes?"

"Well, he just went to a colonial outfitter and told him that he wanted a wardrobe for a Canadian trip. That's what he got. As he is in Canada, he's wearing it."

"So I see," observed one of the correspondents. "I could feel very much worse over it if we had another gentle quencher."

It was the now famous Lloyd George, sure enough. He and Rees and Griffith were on a trip to the West to pick out land for a proposed Welsh colony. Some thousands of the Cymrians had been sent to Patagonia a few years before to found agricultural settlements, but they did not get along well with either the Argentine government—the Argentine owns Patagonia—or the priests. The Welshmen wanted to come to Canada, and Lloyd George, Rees and Griffith were to spy out the land. They went west with W. D. Scott, now Superintendent of Immigration, and had a buckboard trip from Regina north-west to near where Saskatoon now stands.

The Welsh settlement, as Lloyd George wanted it established, came to naught. The future Chancellor of the Exchequer had a few stipulations which didn't suit either Clifford Sifton or W. D. Scott. One of them was that the Welshmen were to be given a big slice of territory which they were to own and govern. Welsh was to be the only language used, and English-speaking settlers were to be barred.

The Minister of the Interior promptly turned down this proposal, but an arrangement was arrived at under which some hundreds of the Patagonian Welshmen were brought to Canada as ordinary settlers. Joseph Chamberlain, then Colonial Secretary, was asked by Lloyd George to finance the journey but answered that Her Majesty's Government was not in the business of paying emigration expenses. Finally some wealthy Welshmen supplied the necessary funds for those who wanted to come north. In the interval many had changed their minds and stayed where they were.

When in Ottawa on the return trip from their tour, Lloyd George and Rees became very friendly with the Canadian newspaper correspondents. The man who is now one of the three or four most prominent figures in the Empire was a hard-shell free trader and anti-militarist. The Boer War was a good deal nearer than most men thought, but Lloyd George was as strongly convinced that it would come as was Chamberlain.

"Chamberlain will force Britain into a murderous war because his masters tell him to do so," said Lloyd George.

"And who are his masters?"

"Ask Rhodes. Ask in the city of London."

A year afterward Lloyd George was being execrated, hooted; chased through Birmingham disguised as a policeman. Now he is no longer "a young Welsh lawyer."

He has got there.

But, oh, those clothes!

RODEN KINGSMILL.

ALL THINGS CONSIDERED

By PETER McARTHUR

KNOCK, knock, knock! Who's there i' the name of Beelzebub?"

A knocker an' it please your worships—one who is ready to sing the praises of all good knockers and on occasion to do a little knocking himself. Like the porter in Macbeth most people when they hear a vigorous knock are sure that somebody is going to hell—or should go. Let us consider the matter. To whom does the world owe the trifle of law and order it enjoys? To the knocker! It was he who put the strong man into something like his place and made it possible for the average man to enjoy his "near coffee" and predigested breakfast foods. For instance—the feudal system was a beautiful thing—for the over-lords. Then people began to knock. Presently the rights of the serf were recognised and the beautiful feudal system was no more. An instance more recent will help. Under slavery in the United States the South had planters of unbounded hospitality and unlimited mint juleps who supplied the world with cotton. Everyone was prosperous and happy—except the slaves. Then some people began to knock this beautiful system and kept right on until the slaves were freed. Every reform the world has known has been the work of knockers and most of the wrongs and crimes have been committed by optimists who were so confident of themselves and of the future that they felt sure they would escape punishment. I have never heard of a criminal who sinned for gain who was not an optimist and sure that he would get away with it. It is some time since there has been any real vigorous knocking done in this country. The optimists have had it all their own way and everybody thinks it is a terrible thing for anyone to do a little knocking. As matters stand a knocker is a "loathsome objec'."

* * *

JUST because somebody has started something is that any reason why I should jump up and begin to yell "Yip! Yip! Yip!" The man who is making the cheerful disturbance may be robbing a bank or jumping on a policeman. But he is doing something and according to the logic of the go-it-blind optimists he should be cheered. Slightly more subtle but equally to the point is the case of the man who is whooping about the possibilities of some new industry or scheme of expansion. He employs "accelerators of public opinion," works up popular enthusiasm, grabs all the franchises and then like Artemus Ward's Indian "rushes away to the wilderness [timber limits?] to conceal his emotion." What a knocker I should be if at any stage of that game I presumed to doubt if what was going on meant the greatest good for the greatest number. I have heard the injunction "Don't knock" until I have commenced to enquire "Why not?" Whose game will I spoil if I do a little knocking just to relieve a naturally bilious disposition? Will I stop the seed-time or harvest or interfere with the orderly business of the sun. I wot not. Well, as nearly as I have been able to determine those are about the only things that really matter very much. They must go on all the time but it doesn't matter if some human industries are delayed until we have had a chance to find out whether we really need them or not. No new enterprise is entirely indispensable or it would have been in existence from the beginning. Wherefore, before we whoop it up too much let us hear what the knockers have to say.

* * *

G. BERNARD SHAW says that "woman will be the last creature civilised by man." All wrong. Woman is already partly civilised but man himself is still in a feral state. Only among men is the law of the survival of the fittest still unchecked. The plane of the struggle has changed but if anything the struggle has become more intense and instead of the old and cleanly method of eating their victims the strong men now turn adrift those whom they have overcome and despoiled. The first work of civilisation is to do with the law of the survival of the fittest—the scientific and more awful form in which the predestination of Calvin has come to dishearten mankind. It has been well sung of science:

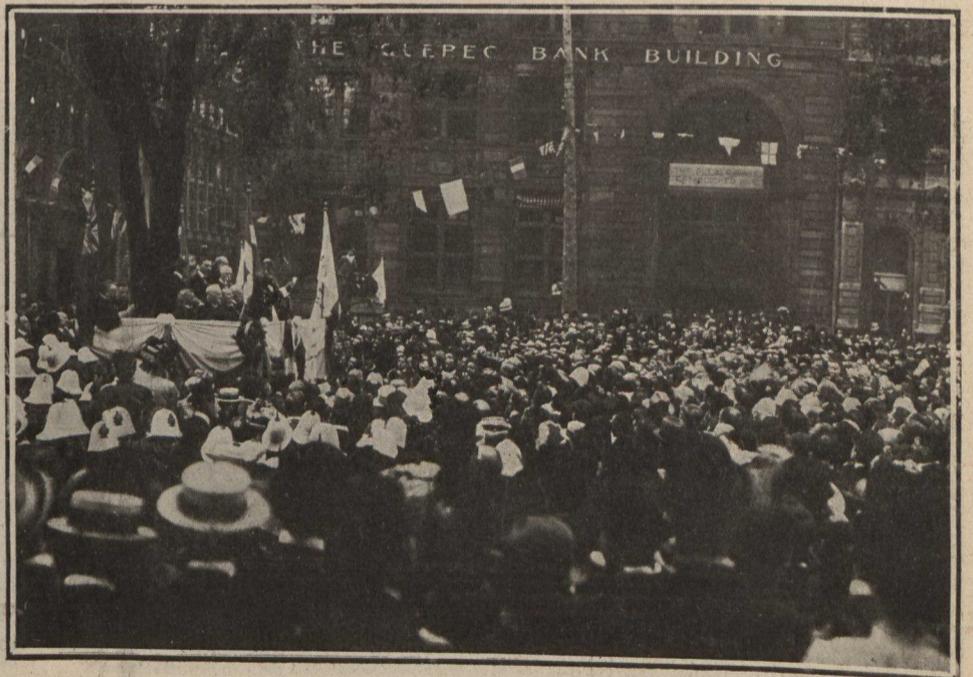
"Man's self-stirred outreaching thought
Hath seen in vision sights of awe
And from a darker Sinai brought
Damnations of a vaster law."

Man does not allow the survival of the fittest to govern in any of the normal enterprises of life. In fact he overdoes the matter. He protects his stock from wolves and the weather and all struggles till they are such stall-fed degenerates that they must be taken to the butcher shop in a tumbrel—but they make mighty good eating. He does not throw his seed among the weeds and thistles and allow the fittest to survive. If he did there would be no such thing as Manitoba hard in the world. We protect ourselves and our property from everything destructive in nature. And yet among ourselves we tend to encourage the men whose rapacity makes it hard for the rest of us to live. If a grizzly bear should break into the cow pasture and take a blooded Jersey we would go after him with a repeating rifle and soft-nosed bullets. Now there are men who are taking from us every year and oftener things that exceed in value many blooded Jerseys. Why should they be tolerated any more than the grizzlies? Of course we cannot check them in the same drastic way but let us not be blind to the fact that as far as we are concerned it is they who are making the struggle for existence what it is. Can they be checked? Well, it is worth while trying if this planet is to continue to be a decent place for people who are not too enterprising and who like to take a little enjoyment out of life, instead of being reduced to a constant struggle for existence while red-necked strong men go by in insulting motor cars.

* * *

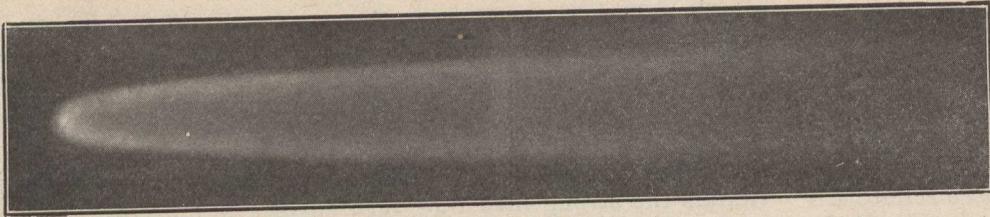
THE financial statement of the Intercolonial Railway as issued by the Minister of Railways is one of those little masterpieces that make politics interesting even to "the butterfly beside the road." It delighted both the Liberals and the Conservatives. The Liberal editors yodled "A surplus! Ha, ha!" The Conservative editors touched their top note shrieking "A deficit! Ho, ho!" But I must say I think the Conservative editors are unfair. They know in their hearts that if the statement had been one of the kind sometimes issued my masters of financial finance, one of those iron-bound, copper-bottomed statements from which it would be possible to argue nothing but a surplus, they would be so mad they would bite the furniture. As matters stand they are able to "fuss and fume and sorer" to their hearts' content and yet they do not give Mr. Graham credit for giving them what they really wanted. On the contrary they make believe that they are real peevish with him. They claim to have found the deficit they were looking for and are hanging right to it in spite of the fact that the Liberal editors are trying to lure them away with the surplus derived from the same statement. As for myself, not having a pass over the Intercolonial Railway I have no opinions as to which group of editors is right.

HONOURING AN HISTORIC HERO AT MONTREAL



CELEBRATION AT THE PLACE D'ARMES, COMMEMORATING THE HEROIC ACT OF DOLLARD AND HIS COMRADES AT THE LONG SAULT.

A Service was held in the Cathedral of Notre Dame where are kept the Records of the Massacre of Dollard and his Company. A procession was formed to the Square of the Place D'Armes, in front of the Cathedral, where on a panel of the Maisonneuve Monument a relief tells the story of Dollard and his sixteen companions, whose heroic sacrifice saved Ville Marie (Montreal), from the Indians, two hundred and fifty years ago. Stirring speeches were delivered by Archbishop Bruchesi Hon. Jeremie Decarie, Mr. Henri Bourassa and others, and an English ode read by Mr. John Boyd.



Halley's Comet as seen on November 11th, 1835. Drawn by C. Piazzi Smyth, at the Cape of Good Hope. Smyth afterwards became Astronomer Royal for Scotland. His investigations relating to the Great Pyramid of Egypt are also well known.

HALLEY'S COMET

By C. A. CHANT, Professor of Astro-Physics, University of Toronto.

THE appearance of a comet in the sky always arouses interest and sometimes fear. The motions of the moon and the planets are so well known that the astronomer can predict their positions at any time, past or to come, with extraordinary accuracy. But a comet usually comes without previous intimation, and to the ordinary person the majestic uniformity of the celestial motions seems deranged. On this account it gives rise to a feeling of fear. The last few weeks have shown that the dread of comets is by no means gone but it is not nearly so prevalent as in former times. Though we cannot usually predict when a comet shall appear, yet the way in which such bodies move is now well known; and the beginning of our real knowledge of these matters dates from the time of Halley. Before his time they were thought to be phenomena of the atmosphere or exhalations from the earth.

Comets vary widely in their appearance. Some of them are magnificent objects with tails stretching in graceful curves across the sky, but many are just faint hazy patches of light, visible only in a telescope. There has not been a conspicuous comet since the year 1882, although since then 135—averaging five a year—have been discovered. Most of these could be seen only with a telescope, though occasionally one has been bright enough to be detected with the naked eye.

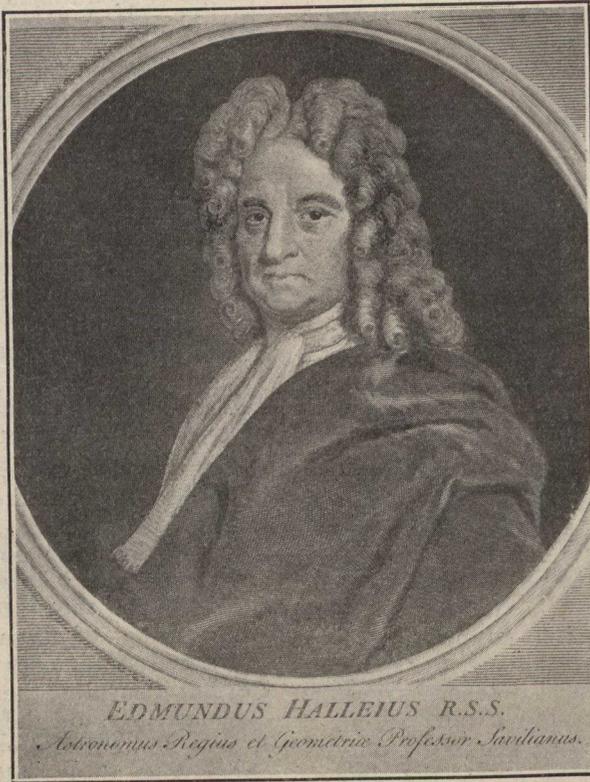
Of all comets Halley's is the most famous, and the most important in the history of astronomy.

Edmund Halley was born on October 29th, 1656. In youth he showed great ability—both in classics and in mathematics—and at the age of nineteen he entered Oxford University; but before completing his course he embarked for St. Helena, where he spent two years charting the stars of the southern hemisphere. After his return home he was given various important commissions by the British Government, and in 1703 he was chosen Savilian Professor of geometry at Oxford.

But before this had occurred the most important incident of his life, namely his meeting with Isaac Newton. About fifty years before (1617-1620), Kepler had published his three famous laws of motion. These laws state that each planet moves about the sun in an ellipse of which the sun occupies one focus; that the straight line joining the planet to the sun, called the "radius vector," moves over equal areas in equal time; and lastly, that there is a definite relation between the time in which the planet makes a complete revolution about the sun and its mean distance from the sun. (The square of the time is proportional to the cube of the dis-

tance.) Kepler deduced these laws from an exhaustive examination of the records of the positions of the planets, chiefly Mars, made by his predecessor Tycho Beabe, but he assigned no physical cause for them.

Among others, Halley was searching for the underlying reason for these laws, but the question was beyond his powers. So in August, 1684, he



EDMUNDUS HALLEIUS R.S.S.

Astronomus Regius et Geometricus Professor Savilianus.

PORTRAIT OF HALLEY

(From the frontispiece in Halley's *Astronomical Tables*, 1752).
Halley was born in 1656, and died in 1742. From 1720 to his death he was Astronomer Royal.

went to Cambridge to consult Newton, and to his great surprise and delight he found that the latter had completely solved the problem. Halley learned, too, that Newton had made important investigations into the motions of bodies, and though at first he refused to publish them—being modest and retiring and shrinking from jealous contemporaries—yet

after persistent urging by Halley he at last consented to do so. In this way the famous "Principia" which is the short name for the "Mathematical Principles of Natural Philosophy," was presented to the Royal Society. This body ordered it to be printed at its expense, but the funds were exhausted, and so Halley with generous loyalty assumed the entire labour of editing and the cost of publishing the book. This work is considered to be the greatest contribution ever made to science by anyone, and but for Halley we might never have had it.

In the "Principia" Newton enunciates his law of gravitation, and he showed that Kepler's laws could all be explained by it. He showed also how to apply the principles of gravitation to determine the path of a comet, and he demonstrated that a fine comet which had appeared in 1680 actually moved about the sun in accordance with this law. He showed that its path was either a very elongated ellipse or a parabola, which is the same as an ellipse with one end at an infinite distance.

Now Halley worked over this part of the great book, and as soon as he was appointed at Oxford he set about applying Newton's method to all the comets he could get records of. In two years, after "a prodigious deal of calculation," he published his results giving the positions of the orbits of twenty-four comets which had appeared between 1331 to 1698, and on comparison of these he recognised that the orbits of three of them, which had appeared in 1531, 1607 and 1682, respectively, were identical, and so he concluded that they were in reality but one comet which came back every 76 or 75 years. Now if we add 76 to 1682 we get 1758, and Halley says: "I think I may venture to foretell that it will return again in the year 1758." As time went on he became even more convinced that the comet would come back, and in his "Astronomical Tables," published in 1752, he states his firm belief, and with a patriotic pathos he concludes: "Wherefore if according to what we have already said it should return again about the year 1758, candid posterity will not refuse to acknowledge that this was first discovered by an *Englishman*."

Halley died in 1742, and as the time came round for the comet's reappearance great interest was aroused. Clairant, a famous French mathematician, computed that the comet would reach perihelion, *i.e.*, get to that point in its orbit nearest the sun, within a month of April 13th, 1759. Though watched for anxiously by professional astronomers all through 1758, it was first seen on December 25th by an amateur named Palitzsch, living near Dresden. On May 5th the tail was 47 degrees long and the comet reached perihelion on May 12th, just within the limit allowed by Clairant.

If we add 76 to 1759 we get 1835, and true to computations the comet appeared in that year, arriving at perihelion on November 16th. The greatest length of tail observed was 30 degrees. By adding 75 to 1835 we obtain 1910, and as everyone knows the comet arrived again on time.

Its Re-appearance Last Year.

But it was observed long before this. On September 11th, 1909, Wolf of Heidelberg in Germany, announced that he had taken a photograph on which Halley's comet was shown—almost exactly in the position in the sky where it was predicted. At that time the comet was extremely faint and could be seen only in the very largest telescopes. Indeed, it is easier to obtain evidence of the presence of a very faint object by photography than by eye-observation.

It was followed by telescopes during the evening



Photograph taken May 27th, 11h. 40m. (G.M.T.)—Exposure 40m.



Photograph taken May 28th, 14h. 35m. (G.M.T.)—Exposure 60m.

TWO PICTURES OF THE COMET TAKEN AT THE DOMINION OBSERVATORY, OTTAWA.

until about the end of March, when it became a "morning star," i.e., it was seen in the morning before sunrise. But it did not become bright enough to be seen with the naked eye until about April 21st, and cloudy weather prevented its being seen in Toronto until a week later. From that time it was continuously observed, and it gradually became brighter until a tail of 30 degrees or more could be made out. Then it again approached the sun — apparently to us, but not actually getting closer — and actually came between us and the sun on May 18th at about 11 p.m. Toronto time.

Now the tail always points away from the sun, and it was predicted that we should pass through it. Further, cyanogen, which is a poisonous gas, is known to be a constituent of comets, and so many had some fear lest we might suffer from the comet's tail. But we came through safely, and the question is asked, "Did we pass through the tail after all?" As the tail lagged behind the line joining the sun to the comet's head, the tail was not due to enshroud us until some hours after the time just given. Many watched for indications of the tail, and some reports show that certain peculiar effects were seen. On June 30th, 1861, the earth passed through the tail of a great comet and on the evening of that day the sky had "a singular yellow phosphorescent glare, very like diffused Aurora Borealis." Dr. R. H. Curtiss, of the Detroit Observatory, says that at 2.15 a.m. (May 19th) he saw "a distinct glow which extended from the north point around to the southeast. Extending from this was a definite shaft of light reaching from a bank of clouds below Gamma Pegasi to the Milky Way. At Gamma Pegasi, which was in the centre of the glow, this tail was 12 to 15 degrees wide, tapering rapidly as it rose in the sky,

and, at a distance of 15 degrees above Gamma Pegasi, was 5 degrees wide. The sky was dark on each side of this shaft of light." At least half a dozen others report similar observations, from which it would seem that we actually made the passage. But the tail may have been somewhat curved, and we may not have passed fully into it, or we may have passed between the "shreds" of the tail which

are clearly seen in photographs of the comet.

At any rate there was no ill effect to us, and soon afterwards the comet became sufficiently separated from the sun for us to see it well in the western sky in the evening. It is now rapidly receding from us at the rate of about three or four million miles a day, and it will soon be too faint for naked-eye vision. It will be followed by telescopes for some months, but will soon disappear in the depths of space, not to be seen again for 75 years.

When the fact had been clearly demonstrated that Halley's comet returned every 75 or 76 years efforts were made to identify its previous visits to

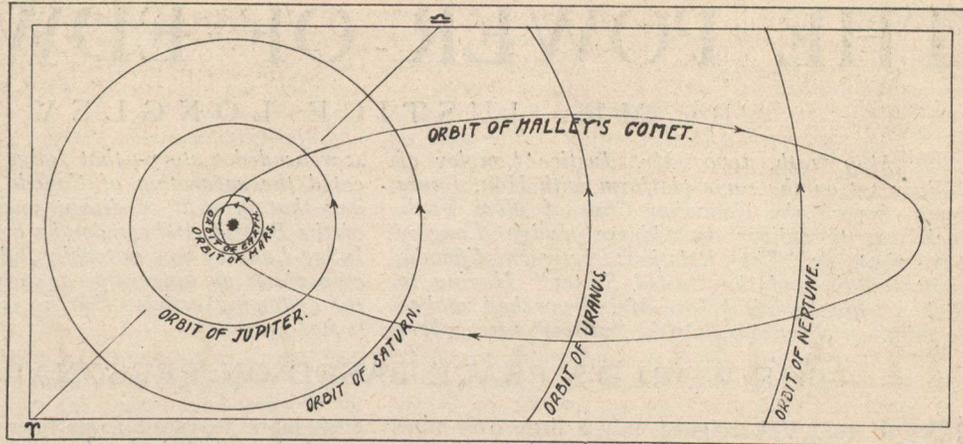
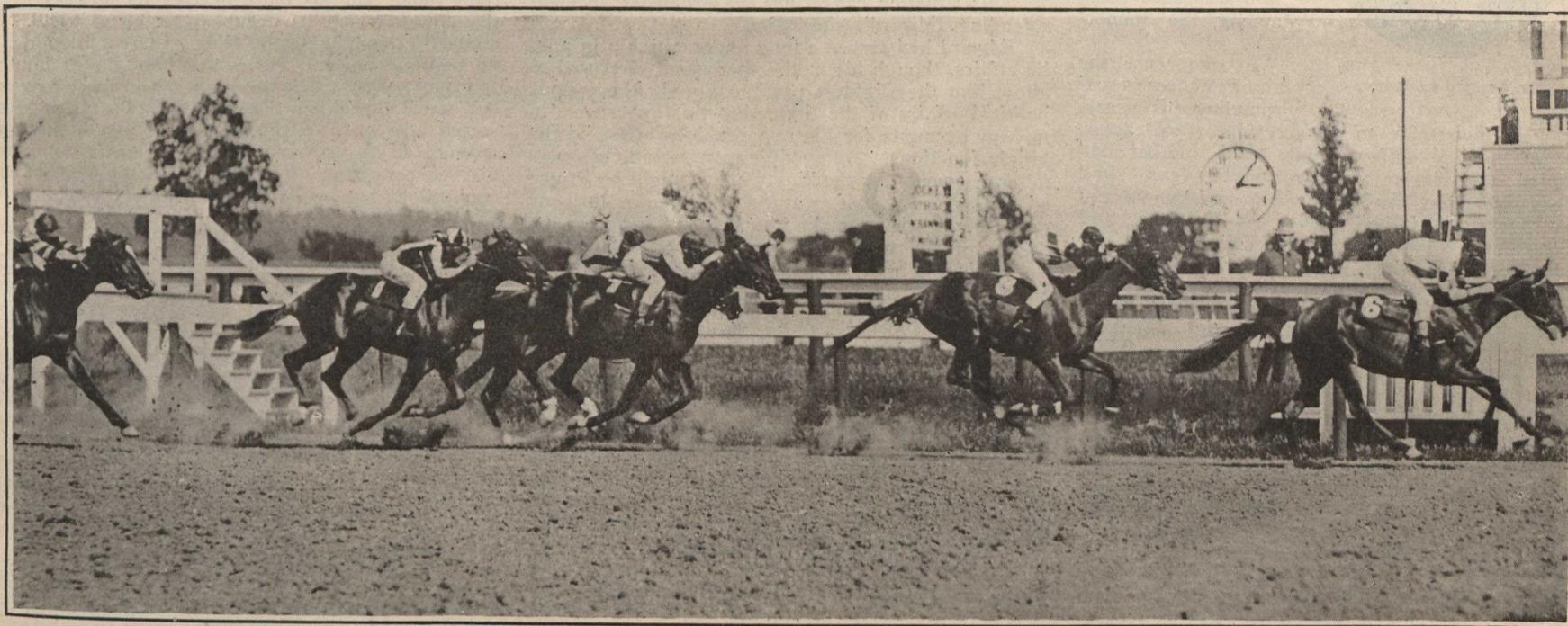


Diagram showing the relative sizes of the orbits of the planets, and of Halley's Comet. The elliptical path of the latter is 3,426 millions of miles long, and 868 millions of miles wide. That point of the orbit nearest the sun is called perihelion; it is 56 millions of miles distant.

the sun, and its history has been traced back to 240 B.C. Its appearance in 1066 is of great interest to us. That the comet was a precursor of the Norman conquest was quite generally accepted. "Nova stella, novus rex," (a new star, a new king), was a proverb of the time. On the tapestry at Bayeux, in Normandy, France, which is attributed to Matilda, Queen of William the Conqueror, is a representation of Harold on the throne, in great dread of a comet to which his attention has been called by his attendants. Tennyson in his drama "Harold" introduces this comet in the first scene. This is but one of its many "superstitions."

TWO PICTURES FROM THE REALM OF AMUSEMENT



Bluebonnets, Montreal, opened Saturday last. This was the finish of the second race. Eaglebird first, Supple second, Loscar third



The Queen's Own Rifles, of Toronto, are holding their semi-centennial celebration this month. One feature will be a "Pageant of Ontario." First epoch covers the period 1783 to 1796, the U.E. L. period. Second epoch deals with the stirring events between 1811 and 1838. Third epoch covers the Fenian Raid of 1866 and the Rebellion of 1885. Fourth epoch gives a retrospect of British History from Henry VIII to the present day, with a grand procession of Kings, Queens and Celebrities.

THE POWER OF EDWARD

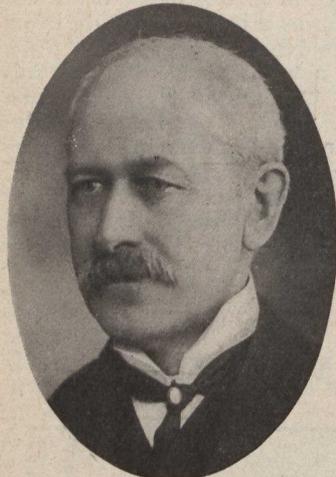
By MR. JUSTICE LONGLEY

On May 14th, 1909, Mr. Justice Longley of Halifax sat on the same platform with Hon. James Bryce—before the Canadian Club of New York. Each was to deliver an address. Judge Longley spoke first, on "The Relations between Canada, Great Britain and the United States." Having to catch a train he left before Mr. Bryce had spoken ten minutes. Next morning the "yellow" newspapers

scareheaded a story—that Judge Longley had advocated the separation of Canada from the Empire; and that in a fit of disagreement with the speech of the British Ambassador he had left the platform. Judge Longley was naturally indignant. He has his own views on kingcraft—as may be gathered from the following article. But he is not a separatist—is he?

THE WORLD'S PEACE BASED ON PERSONALITY

EDWARD VII. reigned only a little over nine years, and yet there is ground for believing that he will appear in history as one of the greatest monarchs who ever occupied the British throne. Appreciations of his work and character have been without number since his recent



Mr. Justice Longley.

death, most of which would have been uttered if he had been a commonplace person—such is the tendency to exalt kingdom. I have seen no appreciation which exactly embodies what I conceive to be his ultimate claim to be ranked among great kings, and, therefore, I shall attempt to express my own conception of the qualities which give him a secure place among the immortals.

In one sense the circumstances surrounding his accession were favourable to a successful royal career, and in another unfavourable. His mother had occupied the throne for over sixty years, and comparatively few were living who had known any other sovereign. It had always been Victoria, and it seemed as if it would always be Victoria. I recall the first occasion when I took part in singing the National Anthem, a few days after her death. No one could get his lips to use the words "King" and "him," and, not long afterwards, at a dinner at Government House, a guest, who sat next to me, when the King's health was proposed, in responding exclaimed ardently, "The King," adding reverently, "God bless her." Victoria had achieved a very large and a very high place in the estimation of her country and of the world. Her court was pure; her character was perfect; she reigned a long time, and during this protracted sovereignty Great Britain made immense progress materially, the Empire had been enormously increased and strengthened, and science, art and literature flourished, with many illustrious exponents. These had created a tendency to the apotheosis of Victoria, and it was in a sense hard for the average and unthinking person to be reconciled to the reign of any except Victoria.

This was the inauspicious circumstance which attended Edward's accession.

The Influence of Victoria.

It is an ungracious and thankless task to even raise a question as to Victoria's just title to exceptional renown as a sovereign, but, sooner or later, history will be compelled to face the problem, and it may not unfittingly be considered any time. It has been already said that Victoria lived a highly moral life, maintained a pure court, and exerted a large influence in her kingdom and throughout the world in favour of high ethical standards of sovereignty. She was, of course, a constitutional monarch. She could have been nothing else and retained the throne. Her personal influence was everywhere good. She encouraged literature, though not excessively. She had the good fortune to be at the head of a nation when its statesmen, soldiers and sailors were establishing and expanding the Empire, to which her individual efforts, it must be said, contributed only slightly. The Victorian age means simply the age in which Victoria reigned, not in any sense the age she created.

On the other side of the account, it must be admitted by all that in the highest kingly functions she was altogether deficient. During her long reign she never set foot in Ireland until she was past eighty, though there was no part of her Dominions which needed the subtle influence of the Royal pres-

ence more to recall a considerable portion of the population to their loyal sense. She finally, when nearing the grave, was compelled to visit this important kingdom by the exigencies created by the Boer war, which, at one time, assumed a serious aspect, and an outbreak in Ireland would have given the *coup de grace* to a dangerous situation. While it is true that her intercourse with the sovereigns of Europe was always with the aim of avoiding war and preserving peace, yet in this role it cannot be truly said she achieved any great advantages to the British nation. At, and previous to her death, England had not an ally and scarcely a friend among the great powers of Europe. The sentiment of the people of Europe, from end to end, was generally hostile to England and the English, so that the most enthusiastic Imperialists were driven to a new role and talked of "splendid isolation." It was by no means a splendid isolation. It was a very dangerous and uncomfortable isolation, and caused daily anxieties to the responsible statesmen and military commanders of the Empire.

England in 1901.

This situation constitutes the promising incident attending Edward's succession.

Edward had served a long apprenticeship in public affairs, though his mother persistently refused to allow him the slightest participation in the serious political affairs of the State; but this experience in no way accounts for his remarkable exercise of the kingly functions. An average man, lacking all special endowments for the kingly office, might be Prince of Wales for a half century and acquire little or nothing essential to make him a potent factor in the affairs of the world. Edward was endowed from the beginning with the precise qualities required to enable him at once to restore to his Empire and race the friendly regard and good will of Europe and the world.

To define with clearness and exactitude these qualities is no easy task. The greatest attributes possessed by all men are the spiritual and impalpable. Many monarchs, both in ancient and modern times, have been better endowed intellectually than Edward VII., have possessed greater powers of logic, higher imagination, finer literary instincts, and, perhaps, profounder views of statecraft. It was not by dint of these that Edward achieved his unparalleled work in his kingly office. It was by an indescribable personal charm, an unerring tact, that rendered it possible for him to journey over Europe and make friends for Britain.

It is not enough that monarchs themselves be placated. In this age no monarch is absolutely master of the affairs of his state. All sovereigns, in civilised countries, are limited in their powers and subject to the body of opinion among the people over whom they reign. Even the Czar of Russia, though constitutionally unfettered by any limitations, is nevertheless largely under the control of his advisers, and unable to disregard the pregnant sentiments of his people. The work King Edward accomplished in his visits to European courts, and such visits count tremendously, is that he was able by some subtle means to capture the hearts of the people he was visiting. If the people of one nation are bitterly hostile to the people of a neighbouring nation, and *vice versa*, it is in vain that the monarchs exchange friendly professions. When Edward came to the throne, France was not only the traditional enemy of Great Britain, but the incidents of the Fashoda affair were fresh in French minds. Other causes of friction existed. It was not the President of the French Republic through whom the King could hope to secure the friendship of France; it was the hearts of the French people that he must capture. No visit to a European capital was wanting in some, or many, little acts of delicacy, courtesy and tact, which in an instant appealed to the imagination and hearts of millions, and King Edward made a host of friends not only for himself, but, of vastly more importance, for his nation.

In a very few years King Edward, simply by his kingly power, and his supreme personal qualities,

without any official status in diplomacy, which under our system belongs exclusively to his ministers, captured the hearts and good-will of nearly every nation in Europe. When he died, it could be as truly affirmed that Great Britain had not an enemy in Europe, as that she had not a friend when he began his reign. In the delicate moment, when foolish people, mostly in Great Britain, were seeking to create ill-feeling and national panic over German designs, King Edward made a visit to his Imperial nephew, was cordially received by the Berlin populace, exchanged kindly sentiments privately and publicly with the Emperor, and thus contributed enormously to dispel the tension of feeling which had been—as many think—unjustly created. His visit was deprecated at the time by the extreme Jingoists, but he went, nevertheless, and his mission was eminently successful.

The Empire in 1910.

In like manner he secured the friendly sentiment of the Italians, the Spanish and the Portuguese, and drew to him the hearts of the Swedes and Norwegians. The ablest Foreign Minister, with all possible skill and adroitness, could not have pretended to achieve anything like this. It was only a personality, endowed by nature with special qualities, who could bring about such results. For years to come the Empire will enjoy the fruits of his extraordinary power.

Again, he must be regarded for a moment from the standpoint of his own Dominions. The power of the Crown is a phrase which it is not easy to elucidate. It means much in one sense and it may come to mean little. It is intangible, yet potent. It may be compared to the flag of a country—only a bit of cloth with a few emblems on it, but representing the might and pride of a nation. An insult to this piece of cotton may rouse the people of a country to war. In a republic the president may, for a time, represent the whole people and speak in their name, but his office derives its potency from the power which its occupant is able to wield. In a constitutional sense the King of Great Britain has no political power. He is the fountain of honour and may confer titles, the highest and most coveted, but, strictly speaking, these are bestowed upon Ministerial advice. In theory, the King can do no wrong. If an act or appointment meets with popular condemnation, it is not the King who is held responsible, but his Ministers who advised him.

The Indefinable Power.

There are said to be three Estates in the British system of government, the Crown, the Lords and the Commons. Everyone knows that real political power is vested finally and ultimately in the Commons. The Commons represent the people and the people rule. The King assents to this in the fullest degree. The word he takes to himself is: "Fundamentally, the people rule. I must act on the advice of my Ministers, and these must have the confidence of the Commons."

Throughout his reign King Edward respected these recognised principles, and we have no instance of his personal interference in any act of government. He acted strictly as he was advised. Therefore, in the usual sense, power he had none, and sought to exercise none. Yet, is it not accurate to say that no British King who ever wore the crown really possessed so much power?

All this is trite and the most commonplace, known and appreciated by everyone, yet there is an indefinable power in the Crown which cannot be ignored and which constitutes, in proper hands, an overshadowing influence in the Empire, and yet capable perhaps of sinking to a quite negligible quantity in weak or unworthy hands. The King is in the fullest sense the head of the nation. Government is carried on and justice administered in his name. He is Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy. In his name all treaties with Foreign Powers are made and ratified. He stands for the majesty of the nation and to him all his subjects swear allegiance.

An Imperial Influence.

Extraordinary as were King Edward's achievements in diplomacy, and mighty as was his influence among the nations of the world, perhaps the most notable feature of his reign is the marvelous height to which he raised the power of the Crown. Monarchs have exercised greater direct power in public business. Henry VIII. was a despot, and Queen Elizabeth was really her own prime minister. Edward made no pretense of exercising such functions, yet up to the hour of his death he exercised all over his Dominions, to the ends of the earth, a subtle power which made the Crown the greatest centralising force of the Empire. He had the hearts of his people, the confidence of his people, the admiration and devotion of his people to such a degree

that the slightest attempt on the part of his Ministers to impose upon him unreasonable or unnecessary duties would have been instantly and effectively resisted by his subjects, and the Ministers themselves placed under the ban of popular disfavour.

This power was as effectively felt in the Dominions Overseas as in the United Kingdom. During the few years of his reign Imperialism assumed a new and larger scope. It had larger aspirations and took a more aggressive attitude. Can it not be fairly said that this means simply "King Edward"? Among all nations thousands have stood up loyally and drunk the health of the sovereign who inwardly cared little for his personality. Is it too much to say that from Canada to South Africa every subject when he raised the glass to his lips felt in his heart that King Edward represented everything he wished to honour, and embodied his beau-ideal of kingly functions? So long as he sat upon the throne and there emanated from his person the qualities which appealed to the national pride and illustrated the patriotic sentiments of the Empire, it was idle to talk of dismemberment. Who could be induced to renounce his allegiance to Edward? The Imperial propaganda rested to an enormous extent upon Edward's popularity and the universal regard

he evoked from all classes. Most monarchs are mourned when they die, decently mourned; but not in all cases is their death regarded as a national loss. Not one of the four Georges enjoyed this tribute of a nation's regard. But what Briton did not instinctively feel that all would go well while Edward reigned? At his death all mourned, not conventionally, but truly.

There is another thought in this connection, which it is not wholly agreeable to obtrude, but it merits consideration. Did Edward bring the power of the Crown to a point that in any way menaced the fundamental principles of British Government? This power of the Crown is an important factor in securing the stability of our national institutions, but should it ever grow so great that it might destroy the power of the tribunes of the people? Only a thin partition divides the tyranny of arms from the absolutism of a great personality in its ultimate effects.

Under Edward VII. there is no room to even imagine that he would use his power for any personal end. He gave clear tokens that his sole aim was the peace, happiness and glory of his country. But there is a limit to which the power of the Crown can be safely exercised, and popular government

is in danger when a sovereign can venture to dispense with the services of a Liberal Ministry with every reasonable assurance of popular support. Under our system, in these enlightened days, no sovereign will acquire this tremendous power unless he is worthy of it and can be permitted to enjoy it without imperiling the interests of the people. The King who seeks to exercise any such power unworthily will find he has it not.

All Britons feel the warmest attachment to the present King, have high hopes of the discharge of his exalted and delicate functions, and perfect assurance that he will always be a constitutional sovereign. It is no reflection on his worth to say that he can never perform the functions of his father in European diplomacy—probably no man lives who could. King George will command the fealty and regard of all his subjects wherever dwelling, but will he be such a factor in creating an Imperial spirit in all parts of the Empire? Will the Imperial idea fade or grow fainter when the fascination of Edward's personality is no longer felt? The ardent Imperialist will answer warmly, "No, it will go on and flourish just the same." Perhaps it will, but we shall wait for the answer of the thinker and the philosopher. What think you, sage reader?

AMERICAN RECIPROCITY

WHAT IT MEANS TO TWO GREAT COUNTRIES

There is an adage about plain living and high thinking. Mr. Wallace Nesbitt, K.C., in his address to the Economic Club of New York on May 10th, put into one proposition high living and plain thinking; to which he also added plain speaking. He spoke his mind much more freely than Canadians are wont to do when talking to United States audiences. He used language which in a Cabinet Minister sent from Ottawa as diplomat to Washington would have been regarded as rather dangerous.

In his capacity as private citizen and student of public affairs he set forth the truth about the little end of the stick at Ottawa and the big end at Washington. He noted the turn in the stick; the rise of Canada as a great producing country alongside the United States as the great manufacturing country; each needing the other in its business. He made it very clear that henceforward in all matters affecting mutual trade relations Canada has a mind and a policy of her own.

PLAIN TALK TO SOME OF THE BRAINIEST CITIZENS OF THE UNITED STATES.

By WALLACE NESBITT, K. C.

THE plain truth must be told, that at the beginning of this year the united feeling of Canadians was that since 1866 they had received nothing but the most distinct and studied rebuffs from Washington, notwithstanding that they entertained at the same time the feeling that individually the citizens of the United States felt in the strongest way the ties of kinship and of language with ourselves. I confess that Canadians in general feel that this country has been a little rough in its treatment of their Government.

One great weakness in your Constitution is that your Executive makes a bargain and then somebody in the Senate kicks it over. After learning all the other fellow is willing to do the Senate throws down the agreement and makes a new proposal based on what it has learned. This is a weakness that makes it very timid in our dealings with you. A treaty of reciprocity between us will never be made as long as your Executive is powerless to control certain special interests in the upper house of your Congress.

I can put this in a single sentence, "We dislike your Government but we love your people!"

When a tariff war recently was threatened through conflict between widely different American and Canadian tariff systems, it was only natural for Canadians to feel they had for forty years already been at commercial war with the United States, although the steady increase of the volume of trade testified to the power of propinquity. A situation fraught with the gravest commercial disaster was averted by the exercise of friendly spirit and business sense. Fortunately there were real statesmen at both Ottawa and Washington. Canada's com-

mercial independence was recognised by President Taft, who in a message to the people of the Dominion said:

"I am profoundly convinced that these two countries, touching each other for more than three thousand miles, have common interests in trade and require special arrangements in legislation and administration which are not involved in the relations of the United States with countries beyond the seas."

I do not know that people generally have recognised the importance of this statement. As I understand the President, he is enunciating a new continental doctrine relating to trade, an important innovation as the political doctrine known as the Monroe doctrine relating to political conditions on the continent. If your country will recognise, as President Taft has indicated, that geographical propinquity involves a different treatment of tariff matters, I think a new era fraught with great blessings to all parties concerned on this continent may be at hand.

The United States has a territory of 3,025,000 square miles, including Alaska and Hawaii, which between them make about one-fifth of that territory, Alaska having 590,884 square miles. Canada has an area of 3,653,946 square miles.

I do not think that the average citizen of the United States has any idea that we have only touched upon the southern fringe of the great wheat belt; that since 1905 the immigration from the United States alone amounts to over half a million, who have brought in with them over \$350,000,000 in cash and settlers' effects; that the Grand Trunk Pacific, now under process of construction, at one point opens out a wheat growing belt of one thousand miles in length and three hundred miles in width; that the Province of Tobolsk in Siberia, which is one of the great wheat-growing provinces of Russia, super-imposed on the map of Canada would be wholly north of the wheat-growing and inhabited part of Canada to-day, and that, therefore, the agricultural possibilities are practically illimitable. There is now in operation a mill grinding the best quality of No. 1 hard wheat grown as far north of the International boundary line as Mexico is south of it.

I venture the statement, with some hesitation, that taking the total area and taking the present arid and swamp lands of the United States, there will be found within the next fifty years a greater total

productive, habitable area within the confines of Canada than in the United States, and you know that the northern climate is supposed to breed a more aggressive race.

This future population has advantages in the way of inland waterways and waterpowers for the cheap development of electricity, which I think I may say without boasting are unrivalled in the world except in one or two provinces in China, and what that means in the way of industrial development I need not dwell upon.

So much for the area.

The population of the United States is, roughly speaking, over ninety millions; that of Canada eight millions, or about eleven to one. In 1910, taking the returns for the last three months, the total imports from the United States into Canada I estimate will be not less than two hundred and forty millions. The total exports to the United States for the fiscal year ending March 31st, 1910, were \$113,145,727. In 1909 they were eighty-five millions. *From this you will see that every man, woman and child in Canada purchases from the United States \$30 worth of goods. Every man, woman and child in the United States purchases from Canada \$1.20 worth of goods.*

High Living in the United States.

When you couple this with the knowledge that you are the most expensive livers on earth, you will see that while we are probably the second or third largest purchasing customer you have in the world, we do not sell you much per head. My analysis of the figures leads me to the conclusion that Canada is your largest customer for manufactured goods, Great Britain and Germany taking in their imports largely food products. In other words, what we buy from you is a most important economic consideration in your foreign trade. What you buy from us is to you a mere drop in the bucket. What you buy from us should have very little effect upon your tariff; while if our own people could manufacture what we buy from you it would mean new cities and towns and villages springing up in every direction; a new local market for our farmers; new attractions for the homesteader from your country to settle with us and bring with him his cash and effects, and, what we prize most of all, his virile and aggressive citizenship. Or, we may so regulate our tariff that if our own manufacturers are not able to manufacture in the limited market, at least the manufacturers of England by a differential tariff in her favour can supply us the same goods as cheaply, or more cheaply, than the United States. In so doing we would thus be assisting England, our banker and best customer. The Mother Country has loaned us for the purpose of developing our country six hundred millions of dollars within the last five years, and is, next to our local market, the great market for all our agricultural products. Increasing her manufacturing would enable her to have better purchasing ability and to continue the banking supply, neither of which benefits can we hope for under our present relations with yourselves.

So much for the size and purchasing power of both countries. What is the future likely to be? If one may read the signs of the times in your country, the masses are beginning to realise that the cost of living is altogether too great; that the population has increased so that you have practically little food for export; that in the near future it will become a matter of interest to every householder that there should be a producer at his door from



Mr. Wallace Nesbitt, K.C.

whom he can buy without trade restriction. That producer is Canada. If the United States in its own interests were to lower its tariff against goods coming in from Canada, there would be a two-fold effect. First, if grain, flour and breadstuffs, animals of all kinds, fruits, fish, poultry, eggs, butter and cheese, skins and timber were allowed to be sent in practically free, the result would be a very large decrease in the cost of living, with the further result of a very much improved ability to manufacture in competition with foreign countries having a lower cost of living than at present obtains in the United States, as a result of their getting food cheaper and the raw material that enters into the manufactured article cheaper.

On our side it would mean the opening of new country by leaps and bounds; fresh inhabitants pouring in with their purchasing power not less than at present, and constantly increasing; but as we increase our population and increase our purchasing power, would it not open up still more our enormous possibilities in the way of trade for your manufactured goods; and at the same time create such a source of natural supplies for you as to get rid of many of your burning questions, social and domestic? The price of the loaf should go down; the price of meat should go down; the price of the table and the frame house should go down. As a Canadian, I think I would never suggest to my fellow-countrymen to alter the differential tariff which now exists in favour of England. Our future lies in that direction. I think it better for both our peoples that the two great nations should grow up alongside each other, differing somewhat in institution. Each acts as an incentive and example to the other. We are contented and happy with our

present freedom as part of the British Empire. For my own part, I think you have sufficient area and population to satisfy any ambition.

In commercial life the best results have been reached by a holding company, with a number of independent subsidiary companies, all working in conjunction, with the common object towards the greater production at the lesser cost. So, to my mind, does the political future tend. Just as you have shown the world by your federal union, with a centralised power at Washington representing the holding company, with the states as subsidiary companies, each with its sovereign power working in conjunction with the other, so I look in the future to a body which shall represent the federal union, so to speak, for naval and military and trade purposes of the Empire, with the subsidiary companies represented by the great dominions over seas, and the Mother Country at home, each sovereign in its own sphere, but all merging in one great unity. Towards that goal we should work, because the Mother Country must for a long time be our chief market, must be the source from which we draw our money for development, so that apart from the sentimental side our material interests lie in close touch with hers. But there is no reason while that is so, that the ridiculous restrictions which now exist between your country and ours should continue.

My suggestion, however, is that a treaty will not be acceptable to your country unless it includes a list of manufactured goods both ways, coupled with the free import of farm products, and in the case of logs and pulp wood their free entry should also be coupled with the similar entry of the manufactured goods from Canada.

In addition, Canadian manufacturers cannot afford the necessary investment for the lowering of the cost of production necessary to take advantage of your market unless there is such a feature of permanency as would warrant them in specialising and increasing their output.

You are the great, the prosperous, and the wealthy nation. Canada is young, vigorous, and independent. As I have said, she feels that your politicians in the past have continually rebuffed every approach she has made for better trade relations. You have taught her to hew out a line for herself. You have taught her manufacturers to appreciate the importance of producing the goods that their own people buy. You have taught her farmers that their market lies across the sea. Prince Edward Island after the passing of the McKinley tariff was practically bankrupt. She turned her attention to the European and the English market, and her exports have increased over tenfold. Her sons are returning from the eastern states. Since the era of the McKinley tariff Canada has become the largest cheese exporting country in the world. These lessons will not be forgotten. But, on the other hand, the avenues of commerce between the two countries bordering each other for between three and four thousand miles, are so inter-mixed and inter-woven that the trade which flows along them must of necessity continually increase. It can be accelerated or partially stayed. But if you adopt the policy that I have above indicated, of practically free entry for what you need in the way of raw material from Canada, you will build her up, and in being built up she of necessity must, as I say, be a purchaser of anywhere from \$30 to \$50 per head of your manufactured goods.

SCHOOL LACROSSE IN THE CITY OF WINNIPEG



IN Western Canada school lacrosse is now almost a decade old. It was nine years ago that a school lacrosse league was organised in Winnipeg, with R. H. Smith as president. The league has flourished year in and year out and this year the thirty-odd Winnipeg schools have each of them from one to three teams. There are so many teams that they have to be graded and there are senior, intermediate and juvenile leagues with several thousand boys playing the game.

It has been the school lacrosse which has alone succeeded in keeping alive

the game in the West. It would have been dead long ago in Winnipeg if it had not been for the school lacrosse. There has been such an influx of Americans and old countrymen knowing nothing of the national game that it has had an uphill fight. The school lacrosse has kept pegging away and the boys who have graduated out of the school lacrosse leagues are now the mainstay of the game in Winnipeg, Manitoba and the West. The success of the school lacrosse in Winnipeg should give a great impetus to the promoters of juvenile lacrosse in Eastern Canada.



Alexandra School Team, one of Winnipeg's champion teams.



Going around the End, Eh?

THE HUMAN COMET

Whose Orbit is not an Ellipse but a Figure 8

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

IN the spring of the year 1910 an extraordinary being came up out of the jungles of South Africa — known to science as Theodore Roosevelt. Nothing like this person had ever been known in the world before. It was perhaps a mere accident that his advent to the civilised world

Alexandria he paused to remember Alexander the Great and Napoleon, both of whom in that part of the world had demonstrated that they didn't know how many worlds there were to conquer. What did they know about Santiago? Remember the Maine!

coincided very nearly with that of Halley's comet. Some, however, assert that this was a collusion; others hold to the theory that both the comet and the MAN were primary facts of nature. At all events whatever the nature-fakers say it seems to be a certainty that Theodore Roosevelt is the terrestrial comet.

The Comet crossed to Naples and Rome. Here he recited two volumes of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," inspected the antiquities to see that they were up to date and went gunning over the Seven Hills after the wolf that suckled Romulus and Remus. He now crossed the Alps into the main part of Europe which is said to be the centre of the world's art and most of its civilisation. Going at the rate of a million miles a second he was barely able to get a flying impression; but he whittled off enough time to tell most of the European countries what was the matter with them and why—even to the ethics of the spot-light. The Kaiser in Berlin was twinkling away as usual and as much like a fixed star of the first magnitude as possible; but when the Comet swung up his way the *pater omnium* of Germany crinkled up and turned pale at the first whiff of cyanogen—vulgarly known as gas. Europe had expected a real collision which would explain the old scientific riddle of an irresistible Force meeting an immovable Object. But the Comet and the Kaiser sang a celestial duet consisting of "Die Wacht am Rhein" and the "Star-Spangled Banner" and the Comet took a spin over to France where he was expected to deliver an oration on race suicide at the Sorbonne. He inspected the relics of the great flood and gravely exhorted Paris to be good or he would send them another. Some few on the boulevards are said to have recognised in the Comet the reincarnation of Bonaparte; but Theodore had already demonstrated that an astral body is merely a phase of the star-dust in a comet's tail. Not having time to dig up Hamlet to tell him what was "rotten in the state of Denmark," and giving Russia the go-by because she had refused to adopt the Teddy Bear for an emblem, Theodore followed the trail of the other "Flying Dutchman" across the Channel and he landed in England; about which time he read in a newspaper that Col. Henry Watterson, who

periodically squelches the Four Hundred in Gotham, had printedly pronounced him "the most startling figure that has appeared in the world since Napoleon."

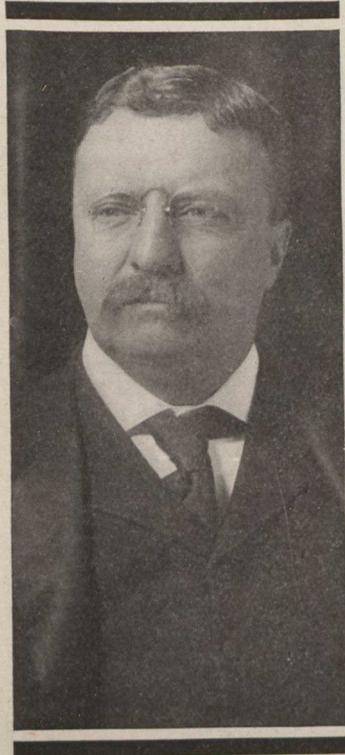
The death of King Edward the Seventh is said to have caused the Conqueror to look grave for a season. A cloud went over the Comet. For a day or two he was not seen. Then came a cablegram from one President Taft in Washington officially appointing him the United States representative at the funeral of the King. At first sight this seemed like impertinence—for it was only less than three months before Roosevelt had begun to reconstruct the world in Africa that he had moved that same Taft to the king row on the chessboard with his own little finger.

"Wait till I get back to Washington," he said aloud. "I'll make Taft look over my European scrap-book."

However—Taft can be adjusted in due course. Meanwhile with the speculation about the peace of Europe since the passing of the Peacemaker the editor of the British Weekly having noted that the Comet had startled Europe with his Nobel Peace Prize oration containing a quatrain of platitudes about how to make peace, called upon Roosevelt to become the world's intermediary. Neither was this rejected; merely jotted down in a memo book for future reference—when not too busy discussing 'ologies with the professors and isms with the clergy.

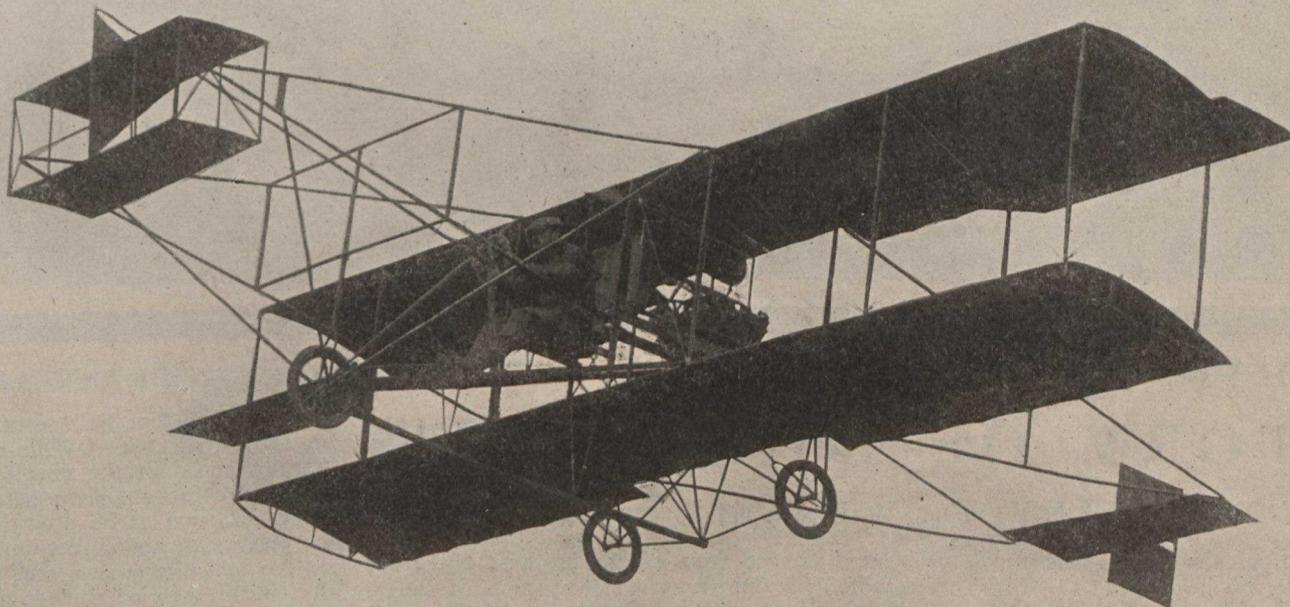
Whereafter Mr. Roosevelt was given the freedom of the world's greatest city on the Thames—save the mark!—not forgetting that once he had been Police Commissioner in that other greatest city on the Hudson. Not having been invited by the Admiralty to reconstruct the navy—in spite of the fact that he was once a navy man himself—Mr. Roosevelt delivered a lecture at Guild Hall; which was about the moment that the newest self-governing confederation in the great Empire had its jubilee natal day in South Africa; and in that speech he condescended to tell England how badly she had been bungling matters in North Africa — which called down upon him the seven vials of wrath from the British press.

But you can't extinguish a comet with a fire hose. The unparalleled human sky-wanderer over the face of the earth continued on his fiery way. At last accounts he was still visible in the heavens. When at length he condescends to swoop down upon New York, the statue of Liberty will probably take a tumble to itself and step down and out.



what was essentially wrong with civilisation—since he left it. He had no sooner got clear of the jungle and into north Africa than he found that something was wrong with the Lion—so he twisted its tail. At

AN AMERICAN RIVAL FOR THE WRIGHT BROTHERS



Curtiss on his Biplane, from a remarkable photograph taken last September at Rheims, France. This is the man who learned flying with McCurdy under Professor Bell, and has now distinguished himself by his flight from Albany to New York, 150 miles in 166 minutes

THE GREATEST CONCOURSE OF KINGS AND PRINCES SINCE 1897.



NINE KINGS AT THE FUNERAL OF EDWARD THE SEVENTH—THE PRINCE OF KINGS. THIS PICTURE WAS TAKEN AS THE PROCESSION MOVED FROM WINDSOR STATION TO ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL.

THE STORY OF NINE KINGS

By EMILY P. WEAVER

PERHAPS no token of the high honour in which Edward VII was held has more struck the popular imagination than the fact that, exclusive of his son and heir, George V, eight reigning sovereigns of European states rode in his funeral train. Most of these were connected with our royal house by ties of blood or marriage. None the less their presence was a real tribute to the worth of the monarch who has passed away; and never before, except at the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria, when in the nature of the case far longer preparation was possible, has such a concourse of foreign notables met in the English metropolis.

George of Greece (one of the brothers of Queen Alexandra) is the senior of the group of kings. Elected in early youth to the throne of the small but famous land of Greece, he followed a Bavarian prince, who had unsuccessfully essayed the task of ruling the turbulent Greeks, after they had thrown off the Turkish yoke. Easy-tempered and an excellent business man, as he is reputed to be, the Danish prince for nearly half a century has ruled his foreign subjects as a constitutional king. He holds his court in the classic city of Athens, but for much of the year lives in simple, unostentatious style in a country house.

Young Alfonso of Spain, who comes next in length of reign, though not in age, King

half the time that George of Greece has occupied his throne. Yet it was his unusual fortune to be literally borne in the purple, succeeding a father who died before his birth. He was proclaimed king almost as soon as he drew his first breath, under the regency of his mother, and at the tender age of sixteen took the government on his own shoulders. In 1906 he married a niece of King Edward's, the Princess Victoria, or "Ena" of Battenberg, and everyone will remember how the wedding festivities were darkened by a terrible anarchist outrage.

Ferdinand of Bulgaria (a small kingdom, some thirty years ago a province of Turkey) belongs to the ducal house of Cobourg, which gave to Queen Victoria and to England the Prince Consort, Albert the Good. It was in 1887 that Ferdinand was elected ruler of Bulgaria, but his title of king, or czar, is comparatively recent.

A more interesting figure, the powerful, ambitious, eccentric Emperor of Germany, comes next in order with a reign of twenty-two years. The

eldest son of Edward VII, he appears to have been very closely attached to his uncle; and on his recent visit to England (as when Queen Victoria died) his discernible in his proceedings. During his stay in England the Emperor seized the opportunity to have long discussions with his royal cousin, and in the quarters the hope is entertained that there will be an appropriate sequel to the general mourning between Germany and England.

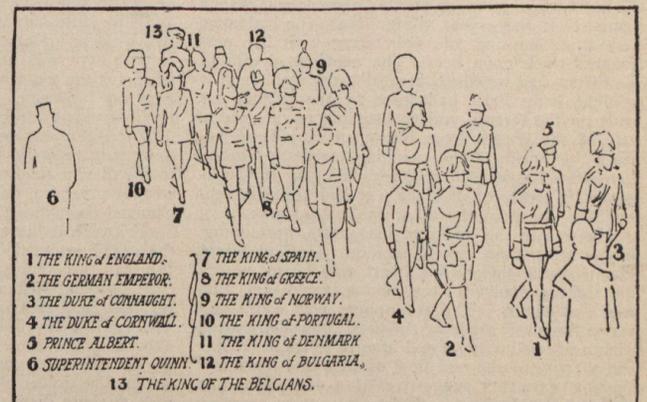
Close behind Kaiser Wilhelm in the funeral cortege is Haakon VII, King of Norway. As Prince of Denmark, he wooed and won his cousin, the Princess Alexandra, who from her love of mischief in her youthful days was dubbed "Princess Harry." King Haakon, like the sovereigns of Greece and Bulgaria, attained his throne not by hereditary right but by the choice of his people, when, in 1905, Norway determined to separate from the kingdom of Sweden, to which by no will

of her own she had been yoked after the Napoleonic wars. Always, however, the two nations, though linked by a common crown, had had their separate parliaments, distinctive flags and languages, though akin, not identical, thus the separation was effected with comparative ease. Norway, by the way, though a monarchy, has abolished titles of nobility.

Haakon VII's father, Frederick VIII of Denmark, eldest of the nine kings, is, as a sovereign, his son's junior by a year, having only ascended the throne some four years ago.

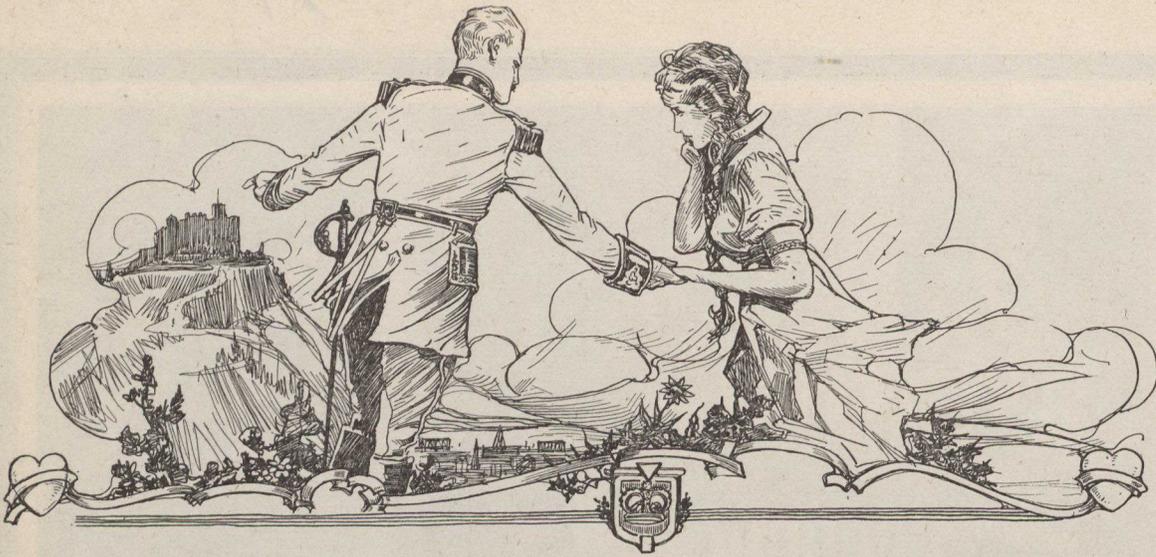
Two years later, the "sun-burnt boy," Manuel, King of Portugal, was raised suddenly to the rank of sovereign by the assassination of his father and elder brother.

Last of the monarchs, alike by date of accession and place in the funeral train was Albert, King of the Belgians, who scarcely six months ago succeeded his hard-hearted and unpopular old uncle, Leopold. His face, says Sir Conan Doyle, is good and kindly, and holds promise of hope for the Congo.



- 1 THE KING OF ENGLAND.
- 2 THE GERMAN EMPEROR.
- 3 THE DUKE OF CORNWALL.
- 4 THE DUKE OF CORNWALL.
- 5 PRINCE ALBERT.
- 6 SUPERINTENDENT QUINN.
- 7 THE KING OF SPAIN.
- 8 THE KING OF GREECE.
- 9 THE KING OF NORWAY.
- 10 THE KING OF PORTUGAL.
- 11 THE KING OF DENMARK.
- 12 THE KING OF BULGARIA.
- 13 THE KING OF THE BELGIANS.

KEY TO ABOVE PICTURE.



A Mummer's Throne

A New Serial by the Author of "The Sun-Dial," etc.

By FRED. M. WHITE

RESUME

The young King Fritz, ruler of the pocket Kingdom of Montenegro lying between Russia and Turkey, is touring abroad with his cousin and a watchful guardian in the person of the distinguished warrior, General Count Rutzstin. A sudden attack of illness which overtakes the Count relieves the young monarch for a time from his guardian's vigilance, and he proceeds to take advantage of his newly acquired liberty. Attending the theatre one night the susceptible young ruler becomes enamoured of the heroine of the piece, and on making her acquaintance finds that Nita Reinhardt is even a more fascinating person in private life than on the stage, and soon realises that he is falling seriously in love with her. For some time he manages to see her often, and also to keep his identity a secret from the public, although the girl knows who he is, having been born in Montenegro herself. One day however a journalist of Nita's acquaintance recognises the King, and delighted with the thought that he has stumbled over a story containing so much romantic interest hastens off to make the most of his "find." The evening edition of *La Cigale* contains a full account of the adventures of the King and his attachment for the charming Nita. It only tends to strengthen His Majesty's determination to make the girl his wife and a secret marriage is arranged. On the same night an attempt is made by some of Rutzstin's men to kidnap the King. It is frustrated however, by the young monarch's presence of mind and later he and Nita proceed to a little chapel in the out-skirts of the city where a priest has promised to marry them. The ceremony is scarcely concluded when a loud knocking is heard at the door and Count Rutzstin and his followers enter. The King presents to them the newly made Queen of Montenegro.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FIERCE LIGHT ON THE THRONE.

HIGH up above the town the fortress-palace gleamed with lights. It stood over Rusta like a flashing tiara on the dusky hair of a queen. A great dance was in progress at the palace, and most of Montenegro's chivalry had gathered there. The streets of the capital were quiet for the most part; there was a powder of stars in the blue dome overhead. In the oleanders and myrtles a drifting tangle of fireflies glistened. Away beyond the fertile plain was the sea, and occasionally far out the flinging rays of a revolving lantern from the lighthouse on Martyr Island. Assuredly a happy country this!

Inside were thousands of glistening electric globes under pink shades clustered on the silver electroliers, strings and ropes of roses, a tangle of fern and foliage against the polished oak of the ancient walls, the dull flash of armour here and there. Here were pictures of dead-and-gone rulers of Montenegro, makers of history before this age of luxury commenced, and before the stone-flagged passages were littered with rare Persian rugs like tinted rose-leaves in a Persian garden.

Surely the queen of all this should be a happy woman! It was a year to-night since she had come here first, blushing and palpitating with her new honours thick upon her! The nebulous dream of the throne had become a breathing reality! A year to-night King Fritz had stood by the side of his bride on the terrace yonder listening to the hoarse roar of the cheers from below uprising from beneath the smoke of the swinging torches. He had seen old Rutzstin grim and forbidding in the background, a figure of ill omen. It had seemed nothing then—to-night the king was not so sure. . . .

He was in the midst of his guests, upstanding, handsome, a smile upon his face. He had learnt how to smile though his heart was heavy within him and the shadow of the coming trouble kept him awake of nights. The atmosphere was warm and heavy, the music made by the band concealed behind a bank of azalias suggested love in idleness. There was a constant ebb and flow of silks and laces and foaming garments suggestive of a sea under the summer sunshine.

King Fritz turned his back upon it somewhat impatiently. Would the queen never tire of all this gilded frivolity? The last three months had been one delirious whirl of gaiety; there had been no time to think. Was that the same woman yonder, the woman with the tiara blazing in the wonder of her piled-up hair, the same gentle, timid creature that he had wooed and won amongst the primroses in the woods of Arcady? There was some proverb as to the setting up of a beggar on horseback, and—but that was not a pleasant thought. How had it all happened, how had they drifted apart? There had been no quarrel, no coolness, and yet it seemed to King Fritz that he was looking at his consort as if she were standing on a distant continent.

She could not see the peril coming, she did not realise for a moment that they were both little better than prisoners in this splendid cage. Well, let it go on—let her enjoy herself whilst there was yet time. Old Rutzstin would strike when the hour came. There was a whisper, too, that Schenteim was in Rusta, and that he and Rutzstin were working hand and glove together. The seeds of disaffection had been sown in the provinces, the name of the queen had become a byword of extravagance and folly, and—

SOMEBODY was pushing a folded scrap of paper into the king's palm. He turned to see little Clarette of the Oderon Theatre before him. There was gladness and mocking laughter in her eyes, yet she laid a warning finger on her lips. As a matter of fact, most of the Oderon company were here. There was a dramatic performance to-morrow night in the castle theatre, and two thousand guests had been bidden to the performance. The play was by the queen herself, and she had summoned her old comrades from Asturia to take part in it.

What would become of all these butterflies before long, Fritz asked himself. The blow might fall at any time, the revolution be proclaimed to-night. There was tragedy red and stark lurking in the shadows of the city. There were those amongst Schenteim's followers who had sworn that the queen should never leave Montenegro alive.

Some frothy nonsense broke from Clarette's red lips as she passed on. King Fritz opened the scrap of paper and read the message surreptitiously.

"The little cabinet behind the throne-room at two o'clock," it ran. "Don't fail me."

The hour was near at hand. Rutzstin had vanished for the moment. Usually those keen old eyes were not far away. The king strode aimlessly along the long flower-decked corridor till he came to the deserted throne-room. The cabinet behind was hung with tapestry, the windows looked sheer down to the distant roadway. Once a hillman had climbed that precipice, and with the aid of a dagger had changed the dynasty.

Fritz stood there gloomily waiting. He touched the switches and flooded the room with light. Then the door was flung open, and the queen came in. She hesitated just a moment, a pink flush rose to her cheeks. Heavens, how beautiful she looked! The radiant loveliness had refined, the figure had expanded, the eyes were more clear and lustrous. In her gleaming white she looked every inch a queen. The golden wonder of her hair was crowned by a flashing diadem of stones.

"I—I thought that I should find you here," she said. "Rutzstin has gone?"

"I am not his keeper," Fritz said sullenly.

"Could he with truth say the same thing of you?" the queen retorted.

Fritz flushed to his eyes. How callous she had grown! She had ceased to care for him, she had never cared for him! She had merely been dazzled by the splendid prospect that he had held out to her. Well, let her make the most of her time.

"Do you understand what you are saying?" he asked.

"I think so," she said. "Oh, you think that I am a fool, a little brainless butterfly, content to flit in the sunshine and heedless of the morrow. You think our marriage was a mistake—"

"It is no matter of speculation, madame—I am certain of it."

There was something cold and cutting in the words. The queen reeled before them as if they had been a dagger in that dazzling white breast of hers. The beautiful face grew pale. She half turned away, sorely wounded, then she paused.

"You are cruel, cruel," she whispered. "You do not understand. I could have left you long ago had I wished. I could have taken away with me the fortune that lies in my jewel-cases. When I first saw the danger, I might have left you to your fate. But I stayed because—because I loved you, Fritz. Do you think that I am blind to the danger? Do you suppose I do not know what is going to happen? I stayed to share your fate—"

"You stayed to share my fate! You! What are you afraid of?"

"Afraid! I am not afraid. It is you that I am thinking of. I could die by your side, but I do not want to live without you. And yet you are right—our marriage has been a mistake. My beautiful dream ended before I had been here a month. Your people refused to take me seriously. In their eyes I was a mere scheming adventuress, or a silly doll come here to play the leading lady in a comic opera. Their minds had been poisoned by the agents of old Rutzstin. That man is a fanatic, he is mad. He has dreamt of allying Montenegro to Bergia by your marriage till the thing is a monomania with him. If you fall, then your cousin Sergius comes to the throne and Rutzstin's dream is a reality. To bring this about he would not scruple to murder both of us."

The king stood listening in amazement. He had guessed all this—he knew it, and more. But that those facts should be so familiar to the woman standing there!

"Who told you all about this?" he asked. "I thought—"

"Oh, I knew exactly what you thought! Have I not eyes? Is there anything the matter with my hearing? But I thought you didn't care. I thought that you were given over to mere pleasures, to your dogs and hares and your guns. And in all these unhappy months—"

"Unhappy! You? I give you my word of honour that I regarded you—"

"And we have both been mistaken! Ah, well; it is hard in an atmosphere like this for the flower of love to thrive! And yet I did my best. I tried so hard to show your people that their interests were mine. We seem to have drifted into a tangle of frivolous amusements, to live for nothing else. And our enemies are pointing the finger of scorn at us. It is all Rutzstin's doing, every bit. And we are prisoners here at Rutzstin's good will and pleasure. When he is ready, Schenteim will strike the blow. It will be a case of Serbia over again—perhaps."

"It would be cowardly to leave it—dear."

The queen's face lighted in a tender smile. Her face glowed.

"Why?" she asked. "What do you gain by the martyr's crown? If we could get away! Fritz, if you have any love still left for me—"

The king took a stride forward. He caught the dazzling figure in his arms, he bent down and pressed his lips to the quivering mouth of his consort. They could catch faintly the dreamy music in the distance, they were in a world of their own for a moment.

"I could bless this chance," Fritz murmured. "Fool that I was ever to doubt you! And I saw all this coming! I did not care because—well, because I thought that you did not care! And now it is too late. The wolves are all about us, the city is full of them. I believe that Rutzstin has gone off now to meet Schenteim. I could have met them with my back to the wall. But not now, not now! To hold you in my arms again makes a coward of me. I cannot lose the happiness that I can read in your eyes, my sweet! Mark you, I made no mistake—"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 23.

THE JEWELLED COBRA

Story of a Cunning Attempt to Secure Some Famous Jewels

By L. T. MEADE AND ROBERT EUSTACE

ON the afternoon of the 3rd of April, 1886, I, George Conway, purser of the *Morning Star*, passenger steamer of the Gold Star Line, was sitting on the verandah of the Great Oriental Hotel at Colombo. We were homeward bound from Singapore, and the *Morning Star* was lying at anchor about half a mile from the breakwater. She was to leave at six o'clock that evening.

The thermometer on the verandah registered 90 degrees, and I stretched myself at full length on a low wicker chair. The only other European present was a handsome, sunburnt man of middle age, dressed entirely in white drill. I put him down at once as a military officer, from the white line of the chin-strap on his cheek. I had been watching him casually for some time and could not help being struck by his manner. A curious, nervous restlessness seemed to pervade him, he kept changing from one seat to another, lighting his cigar and letting it go out, and looking up quickly if any of the servants happened to come suddenly out of the dining-room. There was a keen, alert look in his blue eyes, and a set, almost fierce, expression on his firm, sharply cut features. He glanced at me two or three times as if about to speak, and finally got up and came across to me.

"Excuse me, sir," he said, "but I think you are an officer of the *Morning Star*?"

"I am," I replied; "I am the purser."

"Can you tell me the exact hour when she will sail?"

"At six o'clock," I answered; "are you going home by her?"

"Yes, and I shall go on board at once; I can't stand hanging about here."

He called to one of the white-robed servants to get his luggage, and in a few moments started off. I thought his manner somewhat extraordinary, but as several passengers came in at that moment, and all more or less claimed my attention, I had to postpone my curiosity for the present.

About an hour later we were all on board. I found the new passenger, whose name was entered in the ship's list as Major Strangways, leaning over the rail. The anxious look was still on his face, and he watched each fresh arrival closely. At five minutes to six the whistle boomed out its warning of departure, the Lascars were just beginning to haul up the gangway, when suddenly another shrill whistle, repeated thrice, sounded from the shore, and a small steam launch shot rapidly out from the company's wharf and came tearing through the water towards us. When this happened I noticed that Major Strangways gave vent to an impatient exclamation, that he came and leant over the taffrail and looked eagerly out in the direction of the approaching launch. It came alongside, and a girl ran lightly up the gangway. As she did so I observed that the Major gave a sigh of distinct relief; her luggage was hauled up after her, she waved her hand to someone on the launch. Immediately afterwards the quartermaster sang out, "All clear, sir," the engine bells rang, and the *Morning Star* swung round with her head once more to the open sea.

Meanwhile the girl stood silent, not far from Major Strangways; her back was turned to us, her eager eyes were watching the shore. A steward came up and touched his cap—he asked what he was to do with her luggage. She replied quickly—

"My cabin is No. 75; have it taken there immediately." As she did so I saw her face. She was a distinctly handsome girl, with an upright figure and a proud bearing. She was well made and had a look of distinction about her. Her eyes had a ruddy light in them, and her hair was of that red shade which inclines to gold. The whole expression of her sparkling and youthful face was vivid and intelligent, and just for an instant as she spoke to the steward I observed that her lips parted in a brilliant smile. Her appearance, however, bore marks of haste. Her dress, a riding habit, was covered with dust, and her hair was in considerable disorder. The next moment, the steward leading the way, she disappeared down the companion, and I turned to attend to my numerous duties.

THAT evening, as I was dressing for dinner, the chief steward entered my cabin.

"I thought I would mention to you, sir, that as Mr. and Mrs. French have left, I have given the two vacant seats at your table to Miss Keele and Major Strangways."

"Miss Keele?" I said interrogatively.

"Yes, sir; the young lady who arrived just before the vessel started."

"Oh, that's all right," I answered.

The man withdrew and I continued my toilet. As I did so a smile of satisfaction lingered round my lips. Major Strangways had already roused my interest, and Miss Keele had the sort of face which must attract the attention of any man who has an eye for beauty. I am very fond of a pretty face, and have seen many in the course of my numerous voyages. But there was something about the eyes and the whole expression of the girl who had come on board the *Morning Star* so unexpectedly that afternoon which worried as much as it attracted me. Had I, or had I not, seen that face before? Either I had met it in the past, or it was startlingly like a face I knew. In vain I searched through my memory—the dinner-bell rang, and I entered the saloon.

MISS KEELE, with all signs of haste and travel removed, was seated at my right, and Major Strangways had the place next to her. I gave her a searching glance and, as I did so, almost uttered an exclamation. The missing link in my memory of the past was supplied. Good God! what a queer thing life was! That girl, sitting there in her evening dress, in all the freshness of her young beauty, had stood, three years ago, in the criminal dock of the Old Bailey. Beyond doubt, either she or her double had stood there. I knew now why the pose of the head and the flash in the red-brown eyes had so arrested my attention. It was perfectly true I had seen that face before. On a hot August afternoon, three years ago, I had strolled into the great criminal court at the Old Bailey and had there witnessed part of a trial. A girl had stood in the dock—this girl. I had never heard how the trial ended, nor whether the girl was guilty or not. There she had stood, and I had watched her. What in the name of all that was miraculous was she doing on board the *Morning Star* now?

"I beg your pardon," I said suddenly.

Miss Keele had addressed me twice, but so lost was I in my musings that I had not heard her. I hastened now to push that ugly memory out of sight and to rise to my immediate duties.

"I am afraid you had rather a rush to catch the boat," I said.

"Yes," she answered, with again that fleeting smile; "it was a close shave, and was all owing to those abominable coolies. You cannot make a native understand that there is such a thing as time. I should have been terribly disappointed if I had lost my passage, as I am most anxious to get home by the first week of the season."

"Then England is your home?" I said tentatively.

"It is," she answered. "I spent all my early days in England, but I have been in Ceylon, on my father's plantation, for the last five or six years. I have an aunt in London who has promised to take me about, but I only got the final summons to join her at the eleventh hour. Hence my great haste," she continued; "I all but lost the boat."

"You certainly did," I replied.

Her tone was perfectly frank, her eyes were wide open and unembarrassed. Could I be mistaken after all? Was there another girl just like Miss Keele in the world? But no, I was certain she was the same. There was a peculiar look and power about her face which raised it altogether out of the common, and I had never yet been mistaken in a likeness. The girl sitting by my side was a consummate actress; beyond doubt she was acting a part.

"You speak, Miss Keele, as if you knew Ceylon very well," said Major Strangways; "is your father's plantation anywhere near Kandy?"

"Two miles outside Kandy," she replied.

"Then you surely know the Morrisons, of Gelpoor?"

She laughed.

"I know them quite well; do you?"

"They are my cousins," he said. "How very curious!"

The next moment the two were deep in a vivacious conversation, exchanging many reminiscences, and I saw that for the present I was out of the running.

WHEN dinner was over, I returned to my cabin. I sat down, lit my pipe, and endeavoured to review the position. The girl who had come on

board the *Morning Star* at the last moment had, beyond doubt, a past which she was anxious to conceal. Of this I had not the faintest shadow of doubt; but, after all, it was not my affair. Perhaps she had been proved innocent, not guilty; perhaps she was to be pitied, not censured. One thing, at least, was evident. Whatever she had done in her past life, she had now retrieved her position, her friends were respectable, and she herself appeared to be quite a lady.

I had just resolved to dismiss the matter from my mind, and was bringing my whole attention to bear upon long lists of accounts and invoices of stores, when, just as five bells struck, I heard a knock at my door, and to my surprise Major Strangways entered.

"I hope you will excuse me, purser," he said; "I want to speak to you on a matter of some importance."

"Certainly," I answered; "sit down."

He seated himself on the sofa, and I pushed a cigar towards him.

"I suppose there is no chance of our being overheard?" he said, glancing round.

"None whatever," I said; "please go on."

"Well," he began, "I am in a very exceptional position, and I want to ask you before I say anything further if you will promise to keep what I am about to tell you an absolute secret from everyone on board?"

"Certainly," I answered, "provided it is nothing which will compromise my position as a servant of the company."

"It will not do so in the least. You will give me your promise?"

"Yes," I said.

"Well, to begin, I must inform you at once that, as I sit here, I am worth close on half a million sterling."

I looked at him in surprise.

"I do not mean that I myself own that sum," he continued, "but that on my person I carry property to that value."

I WAITED for him to continue.

"I will tell you the whole story," he said. "I made up my mind to do so this afternoon. It is essential that I should have some trustworthy confidant, for one never knows what may happen, and if anything should happen to me before I get home, I shall ask you to act for me. Would you mind locking your door?"

"Why?" I asked, looking him full in the face.

"To prevent anyone coming in suddenly. I have something to show you which no one else must see."

I leant over and shot the brass bolt forward, then turned to him again.

"What are you going to do?" I exclaimed, thinking he must be mad. With great rapidity he had taken off his dress coat, then his waistcoat, and, unbuttoning his shirt, opened it.

"Do you see this?" he cried.

"Yes," I answered, as he turned to the light; "what is it?"

He was wearing round his waist, next to his skin, a somewhat broad belt covered with wash-leather. As I spoke he suddenly drew away the outer covering and disclosed underneath a band fashioned to resemble a cobra.

"In this belt," he said, "there are jewels to the value I have mentioned. I am taking them home to England."

"You are doing a very dangerous thing," I could not help exclaiming. "Are you the owner of these valuables?"

He laughed.

"I?" he cried. "Certainly not. Have you ever heard of Prince Sindhia?"

"By name, of course," I replied.

"Well, these belong to him. His father has just died. He and I are very old friends. He is now the Maharajah of Besselmir. He is in London, and this day five weeks is to appear before the Queen at a state function at Buckingham Palace, in order to receive some special distinction. On that occasion he is obliged to wear his jewels, the regalia jewels of his state, and he has commissioned me to bring them to him, making it a stipulation that they shall never leave my person, day or night. It is, of course, a fearful responsibility. I daresay you noticed how nervous I was on the verandah of the hotel this afternoon. Well, I had reason. A fortnight ago I received the jewels from the Maharajah's palace at Besselmir—they were delivered up

to me by the custodian, who had this belt specially made for my accommodation. I had important business to transact in Ceylon, and came across hoping to catch this very boat, and so to reach England in time. I did not suppose a soul knew of the strange wealth which I carried round my person, but yesterday I received a queer communication. A native of Besselmir had followed me from the Maharajah's palace. Last night he thrust a paper written in cipher into my hand. This was to inform me that a certain gang of thieves of world-wide reputation knew that I was coming home with the jewels and had resolved to deprive me of them. In what special way I was bringing them to England was still my own secret, but I was already the victim of a conspiracy, and it behoved me to be extra cautious.

"As soon as possible I got on board and stood by the gangway, watching each passenger with intense interest. I was informed by one of the stewards that no fresh passengers, with the exception of myself, had come on board at Colombo, and my fears were just being laid to rest when the steam launch at the last moment shot through the water. I almost gave up hope just then. You can imagine my relief when I discovered that the new passenger was a woman, and not only a woman, but a girl I happen to know all about, for Miss Keele is connected with some of my oldest friends at Kandy."

"Let me look at the belt a little closer," I said. "Ah! what a very curious inner belt!"

It certainly was, being made of countless tiny links of solid gold to give it flexibility, something after the manner of Maltese work. Along its whole length lay a perfect galaxy of precious stones of all sorts and colours, many of which were unknown to me. The glittering blaze of gems was so dazzling that it almost took my breath away. Carbuncles of fiery scarlet lay side by side with amethysts, layers of diamonds, sapphires and pearls. The head of the snake was of exquisitely carved ivory, with an outspread hood of emeralds, and the eyes were two olive-green chrysoberyls that seemed to emit a marvellously opalescent light of their own.

"Well, you are in a strange position," I could not help exclaiming.

"I certainly am," he answered.

"Is it wise to carry the jewels about like that?" I said. "You had much better let me see the second officer and have them put in the bullion room."

"No, no," he cried petulantly; "certainly not. I will keep my promise to my friend, and you have just promised to keep yours. Believe me, the jewels are safe enough. Every extra person who knows of their existence only increases the risk. None of the gang who have threatened to deprive me of my treasure can possibly be on board, and I am safe enough until I reach England."

"All the same, I should not go ashore at any of the ports, if I were you," I said.

"Of course I shan't. The *Morning Star* holds me until we reach England, when I shall immediately take the jewels to the Maharajah."

"All the same, Major," I said, "it behoves you to be very careful to give your confidence to no one."

"Whom am I to give it to?" he asked, looking me in the face. "I am not a man to make friends easily, and beyond yourself and, of course, Miss Keele, who is more or less an old friend already, I shall see little of my fellow passengers."

I longed to say to him, "Beware of Miss Keele," but did not like to do so.

"Well, purser, I have your word to respect my confidence," he said; "you won't breathe a syllable of this to a single soul?"

"You have my word, Major Strangways."

He held out his hand and grasped mine with a firm grip.

I AM pretty tough, and few things disturb my night's repose, but I will confess that on that special night my sleep was broken and restless. Major Strangways was in a strange position. He was carrying home on his person what amounted to half a million of money. A gang of thieves of world-wide reputation knew that he was the bearer of all this treasure. A girl had come on board at the very last moment whose face I had seen three years ago in the dock of the Old Bailey. How queer were these circumstances; and what did they mean? But for the fact of the girl's presence I should scarcely have been uneasy. I knew everyone else on board, but what about the girl? If I mentioned what I suspected about her, I should ruin her for ever. Such a statement would amount to slander. Without corroboration it must not be breathed. The girl might be wronged and innocent. On the other hand, she might be what I did not dare to think. Large gangs of thieves have employed women before now for their more delicate work. She was a hand-

some and most attractive girl — the prize was enormous.

I tossed from side to side, a queer sensation of coming trouble oppressing me. I wished heartily that Major Strangways had never taken me into his confidence. Towards morning I fell into a heavy doze.

THE days sped by without anything special occurring, and, in spite of myself, my fears slumbered. Meanwhile Major Strangways and Miss Keele became the centre of interest on board the *Morning Star*. There is nothing which gives such liveliness to a voyage home as an active flirtation, and we had not left Colombo many days before it was evident to every passenger on board that Major Strangways had lost his heart to the beautiful, bright-eyed, vivacious girl. He followed her about like a shadow, was seldom absent from her side, watched her every movement with burning eyes, was moody and silent when away from her, and raised to the seventh heaven of bliss when in her presence.

Miss Keele, on the other hand, held herself somewhat aloof from the gallant fellow's attentions. She acted on every occasion as a dignified and reserved woman, never for an instant giving herself away or letting herself go.

When we reached Brindisi most of the passengers went on shore, and amongst them Miss Keele. Major Strangways, taking my advice, remained on board. He had said little or nothing to me about the treasure which he carried since that first evening, and I observed now that his mind was occupied with more personal matters. The bright eyes of a certain girl were of greater value to him than the most brilliant diamonds which had ever been excavated out of the depths of the earth.

No fresh passengers came on board at Brindisi, and, having coaled, we proceeded cheerily on our voyage.

At Gibraltar, however, we had quite an influx of fresh arrivals, and amongst them was a wiry-looking, well set up young fellow of two or three and twenty. The moment Major Strangways saw him he uttered an exclamation of astonishment and pleasure, ran up to him, and wrung his hand.

"Why, Morrison," he said, "this is luck! Who would expect to see you here? I thought you were safe at Kandy."

"No wonder, Strangways," was the eager reply. "When last I saw you I had no more intention of coming to England than I had of flying, but I have been sent over by the quickest possible route on important business, was detained at Gibraltar with a nasty touch of jungle fever from which I have now quite recovered. My father will be much put about at the unavoidable delay, but there was no help for it."

Major Strangways eyed him all over with marked approval.

"I am glad you are better and that you are coming home with us," he said. "This is a curious thing, Morrison. I thought when I came on board the *Morning Star* that I should be amongst strangers, but first Miss Keele turns up, and then you. 'Pon my word, I'm right glad to see you."

"Miss Keele? What Miss Keele?" asked the young man.

"Annie Keele. You know her, of course. She has often talked to me about you."

"But this really is incredible," said Morrison. "I had not the slightest idea that either of the Keele girls meant to come to England this year. I saw them both the night before I sailed. You must be joking, Strangways."

"Seeing is believing," said Major Strangways, turning round and for the first time noticing me. He introduced Mr. Morrison, who expressed pleasure at making my acquaintance.

"I'll just go down and find Miss Keele," said the Major after a pause.

"No, let me do that," I interrupted; "you will like to show Mr. Morrison around, and the boat does not start for half an hour. I will find Miss Keele and tell her of your arrival."

"Be sure you say Dick Morrison is on board; she will know all about me," called out our new passenger. "This is luck," I heard him add; "Annie Keele is no end of fun."

"The most beautiful and charming girl I ever came across," was the Major's answer, and then they both sauntered away to the other end of the deck.

I ran down the companion. I found Miss Keele in the ladies' saloon. She was seated by a small table near one of the open portholes writing busily. She looked up as I approached. One of her idiosyncrasies was always to write her letters with red ink. She was a great correspondent, and at every port we stopped at she had always a heavy mail to despatch.

"Oh, purser," she exclaimed. "I am glad to see you! I particularly want to have this letter posted before we start. It is for Colombo; shall I be in time?"

I noticed a slightly worn and anxious expression round her lips. I spoke abruptly.

"The vessel won't start for half an hour," I said; "but I have news for you, Miss Keele."

"Indeed!" she answered.

"Yes, a special friend of yours has just come on board."

"A friend?" she replied. She kept her composure admirably, but I noticed that in spite of every effort a queer, chalky hue was stealing round her lips.

"A friend of mine?" she said again; "but surely, Mr. Conway, you do not know any of my friends?"

"I have only just made the acquaintance of this friend, but Major Strangways knows him well. I allude to Mr. Morrison—Dick Morrison, he calls himself."

"Dick Morrison?" she exclaimed with a start; "Dick?"

"Yes, he has just come on board; he is going to England with us. He is delighted to hear that you are one of the passengers. He will be down in a moment to see you."

"Oh, I must not wait for that," she said, jumping up at once. "Dear old Dick, how more than pleased I shall be to welcome him! What a splendid piece of luck!"

She made a sudden lurch as she spoke against the little table and the bottle of red ink was upset. It rolled down over the blotting paper, over the half-finished letter, and then streamed on to the floor.

"What mischief have I done? Oh, do send for one of the stewards to have it mopped up," she cried; "I must not wait another moment. I must see Dick without delay."

SHE left the room, walking very quickly; her colour was high and her eyes bright. I waited behind her for an instant to give directions about the spilt ink, and the next moment the sound of a loud crash fell on my ears. I rushed out. By some extraordinary accident, which was never explained, Miss Keele, when halfway up the companion, had turned her ankle under her and fallen backwards, her head knocking violently against the polished wood of the floor. She lay at the bottom of the companion now, half insensible. The moment I touched her she opened her eyes.

"Oh, do, please, take me to my cabin at once," she pleaded. There was a passion in her accents which aroused my sympathy. I helped to raise her—a stewardess came in view, we got further assistance, and the girl was taken to her cabin. Cairns, the ship's doctor, was hastily summoned. He came out after a brief examination to say that Miss Keele had hurt her head and twisted her ankle badly, and that she would have to remain perfectly quiet for the rest of the voyage.

"She must stay in her cabin to-day," said the doctor, addressing me. "Of course, she may be well enough to be carried on deck to-morrow. It is strange how her foot slipped for the vessel was not even in motion."

I made no remark of any sort, but, going on deck, told Major Strangways and Mr. Morrison what had happened.

Major Strangways' dismay was very evident. Mr. Morrison expressed regret, and said he hoped that Annie would pull herself together and allow him to see her on the next day.

"It is a great piece of luck, her coming over to England with us," I heard him say to the Major, and then the two men turned aside to pace up and down the hurricane deck.

Two days later we reached the neighbourhood of the Isle of Wight. Our voyage was nearly over, and people who had made friends on the voyage were looking forward, many of them with regret, to the inevitable parting on the morrow.

During these few days Miss Keele had remained in her cabin, sending out many excuses, both to the Major and Mr. Morrison, for her enforced imprisonment. The Major many times suggested that she should be carried on deck, but all his suggestions were negated by the girl herself, who declared that she was in much pain and would prefer to remain in her cabin. Several of the ladies on board visited her, and their accounts of her cheerfulness, and the brave way in which she bore her too evident sufferings, aroused their admiration.

The last night approached. I had a great deal to do, and went down early to my cabin. I was just about to turn my attention to the ship's accounts when there came a brisk knock at my door, and Strangways entered.



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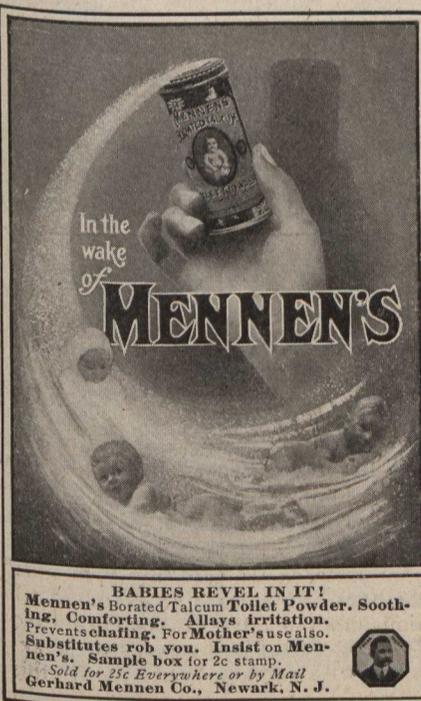
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DEMI - TASSE

Newslets.

TWENTY murders have been committed in the election fights in Hungary. Our civilisation is not so strenuous after all.

Now that we aren't afraid of Halley's comet any more, it is cheering to receive the information that bread may take a drop.

Two Ottawa boys attempted to play pirate and were caught in the Rideau Falls and punished. How different from the fate of the Ottawa politician!

Really that Miller man has caused no end of trouble to the Toronto newspapers. The poor things are almost afraid to remark that it is a nice day, for fear they may be giving racing information.

There were several cases of heat prostration in San Francisco during the month of May. We simply refuse to believe it.

Canadian Eatables is an appetising name. But the most melodious syllables are hardly to be trusted.

United South Africa set all the flags on Toronto schools a-flutter, as James L. Hughes was pleased to observe.

* * *

A POSER.



"My poo—oor child! You look half-starved!"
"Which 'alf looks fed, lidy?" — *By-stander.*

* * *

A Hero of Unrest.

SING a song of Theodore,
Who loves to make a fuss
And have the spotlight handy—
A most determined cuss!

He keeps a-doing things all day
And talks till late at night.
When "views" demand an airing,
He surely is a fright.

He scorns the restful ways of ease,
No dreams to him belong;
The sweetest sound unto his ears
It is the Chinese gong.

"Alas, alas, for London town,"
Must be the Empire's cry.
Since Teddy has its "Freedom"
Its finish must be nigh.

* * *

She Did Her Duty.

A WAY back in the autumn of 1901 when the Duke of Cornwall and York and his consort, now King George V and Queen Mary, were making a tour of this country, the Dominion smiled its brightest at the

royal guests, and, by way of trains de luxe, dinners of dazzling variety and many addresses of formidable length tried to impress all and sundry visitors with the "resources" (mineral and oratorical) of this young country.

Out in a western town where twenty minutes' stop was to be made, the officials were all eagerness to make a brave showing. The wife of the mayor, however, suddenly developed an obstinacy which almost reduced the good man to tears. She had a new black silk gown which was a perfect fit and a bonnet which was the envy of half the congregation. Yet she refused stubbornly to attend at the station and be presented to the distinguished visitors, because, forsooth, it as Monday morning and the wife of the mayor always did her washing on that day and always played the part of laundress herself. She was of Scottish blood and all persuasion seemed to be in vain.

"You're disloyal, Janet," declared His Worship in a final outburst of protestation.

"Deed an' I'm not," she said promptly. "But if I know anything about Queen Victoria, she believed in a woman doing her work at the proper time an' leavin' it for no fancy reception. It's all very well for you—only a man and a mayor at that—to be putting on your best clothes on a Monday morning and runnin' off to the station. If the Duchess ever hears that I stayed home to do the clothes she'll think all the more of me—for she's a sensible body like the old Queen."

And Janet stayed home and did her duty.

* * *

The Laundry of Life.

LIFE is a laundry in which we
Are ironed out, or soon, or late.
Who has not known the irony
Of fate?

We enter it when we are born,
Our colours bright. Full soon they fade.
We exit "done up," old and worn,
And frayed;

Frayed round the edges, worn and thin—
Life is a rough old linen slinger.
Who has not lost a button in
Life's wringer?

With other linen we are tubbed,
With other linen often tangled;
In open court we then are scrubbed,
And mangled.

Some take a gloss of happiness
The hardest wear can not diminish;
Others, alas! get a "domes-
Tic finish."

—Bert Leston Taylor in the *House Beautiful.*

* * *

A Snow Slander.

IT fills the Canadian heart with desolation to read such an item as this:

"Sir Ernest Shackleton has chosen Canada as a place for his future home. He yearns to tramp all over the snowy wilderness and discover its mineral resources."

Thus writes the San Francisco *Argonaut*, in the full tide of its enthusiasm. This chilly bit of information comes, too, just at the time when the winter flannel is forgotten and the straw hat gleams on every highway. To throw the snowy wilderness in our faces in this way is the act of a cruel enemy. If Sir Ernest is indulging in any "yearns" towards our ice-bound districts, he has indeed another



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Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of Dunbarton, Toronto and route offices and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
Mail Service Branch
Ottawa, 30th. May, 1910
G. C. Anderson
Superintendent

Chief Office for Canada: TORONTO
ALFRED WRIGHT, Manager



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IRISH & MAULSON, Limited
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But possibly you feel that, though we have a Wholesale Branch in every large centre in Canada, we are still a long way off, and you do not know us personally.

Then ask your physician or your druggist, who are men of standing in your community, and in whom you have implicit confidence, all about NA-DRU-CO goods. They can tell you, for we are prepared to furnish to any physician or druggist in Canada, on request, a full list of the ingredients in any NA-DRU-CO Preparation.

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"yearn" coming to him. If we don't look out Peary will be buying that ice palace in Montreal and Dr. Cook will want a lonely hut on the Hamilton mountain-side.

* * *

A Ready Lawyer.

PROBABLY no one had more ready wit than Sir Frank Lockwood, the lawyer. He was a tall man and an unruly member of his audience once called out to him in the middle of his speech, "Go it, telescope!"

"My friend is mistaken in applying that term to me," Sir Frank quietly said. "He ought to claim it for himself; for, though he cannot draw me out, I think I can both see through him and shut him up."

On another occasion one of his political opponents called, "All lawyers are rogues!"

"I am glad," Sir Frank quickly rejoined, "to greet this gentleman as a member of my profession; but he need not proclaim our shortcomings to the world."

* * *

THRIFTY.



"Now remember, Ikey, that vos a goot glass eye you've got. Always take it out and put it in your pocket when you ain't looking at noddings."—*The Tattler.*

* * *

Discovered!

IN the town where Dr. Emmons was pastor lived a physician tinctured with the grossest form of pantheism, who declared that if he met Dr. Emmons he would easily floor him in argument. One day they met at the home of a patient. The physician, says the *Nashville Banner*, abruptly asked Dr. Emmons:

"How old are you, sir?"

The doctor, astonished at his rudeness, quietly replied: "Sixty-two; may I ask, sir, how long you have lived?"

"Since the creation," was the reply of the pantheist.

"Ah, I suppose, then, you were in the Garden of Eden with Adam and Eve?"

"I was there, sir."

"Well," said the wily divine, "we all know there was a third person present."

* * *

Musing in Doggerel.

MY tastes run into autos, airships and the like; around the world in a palace yacht, I'd surely like to hike; with fifty-dollar banknotes I'd love to light my "dope," and have all through the winter-time my fill of cantelope. I wouldn't have the slightest fear I couldn't spend my "pelf," e'en though I had the income of John D. Rockefeller, himself. I'd joy in giving libraries, swell colleges and "sich," and help along my fellow man, if I was only rich. I think I'd buy a

laying hen and use up all her fruit—perchance, if pork came down a bit, I'd have a pig, to boot. The hugest kind of swath I'd cut—the truth of this I'll swear—and knock to splinters records made by any billionaire. I wouldn't be as mean and tight as some chaps that I know, and I'd do my little level best to give the poor a show. I'd side in with the under dog and help him to his feet—nothing would give me greater joy than to see the rout complete, of a lot of those trust robbers and coal barons who delight to raise the price of the poor man's needs away clean out of sight. A lot of other things I'd do if I but had the price, but then on only ten a week you cannot cut much ice.

W. A. E. M.

* * *

The Person to Blame.

A SHEFFIELD tenor who had been invited out to dinner was asked to sing, and although he had no music with him and was nearly as hoarse as a frog, the result of a bad cold, he consented to try, but broke down. "Never mind, lad," said an elderly guest, trying to cheer him up, "never mind the breakdown, for tha's done thy best; but t' feller as asked thee t' sing owt t' be taken oot and shot."

* * *

Not the Right Colour.

A CERTAIN Colonel White, who kept two black servants, was very often absent from church. The two black men, however, attended with exemplary regularity. One day the vicar, who was a bit of a wag, met the colonel and said:

"I say, colonel, I miss you very often from your pew in church."

"Oh, yes," said the colonel, airily; "but you'll find that my two niggers are always there."

"Yes," said the vicar, "but you know two blacks do not make a White."

* * *

A Bad Mix-Up.

"SAY," remarked one Government clerk to another, "I'm up against it good and proper."

"What's the trouble?" queried G. C. No. 2.

"I got two medical certificates from two different doctors yesterday," explained the party of the first part. "One was a certificate of health for a life assurance company, and the other was a certificate of illness to be sent to my chief with a petition for two weeks' leave of absence."

"Oh! that's nothing," rejoined his fellow-clerk. "I've done that myself."

"Yes," continued the other, "but I mixed the certificates in mailing. The ill-health certificate went to the assurance company, and the certificate of good health went to my chief. See?"

* * *

A New Breakfast Food.

HIGH and low he searched for the bag of confetti he had brought home on the previous evening for his son and heir, but his efforts were not rewarded with success. Where on earth had he put it? What had become of it? With every minute he became more irate, till finally he rang for Bridget. "Bridget," he exclaimed testily, "did you see that bag of confetti I brought home last night for Freddie?"

"Sure, an' Oi did, sorr!" brogued out Bridget. "But Oi didn't know it was only for Mhaster Fred. There's but half av it left now."

"Only half of it left?" he cried. "What on earth have you done with the rest?"

"Cooked it, av coorse," retorted Bridget; "an' it's for yer own breakfast, with cream, ye had it this mornin'!"

PEOPLE AND PLACES

Kaid Belton in Canada.

WINNIPEG entertained quite an interesting visitor last week. Kaid Belton, soldier of fortune, late commander-in-chief of the army of the Sultan of Morocco, dropped in for a few days, proceeding on his way to Saskatoon, where he has several Canadian friends. Many veterans of the South African War throughout the Dominion messed and bunked with Belton, the dashing nineteen-year-old lieutenant, when he was serving part of the campaign under the redoubtable Colonel Sam Hughes, M.P. It was after the struggle on the veldt that Belton started off soldiering on his own hook, and fought his way almost into as much prominence as that other renowned Kaid, Maclean, the Presbyterian — although unlike him he has not as yet been roped in by a bandit. Two years ago he started his career in Morocco, sneaking into troubled Tangier, disguised as a Moslem woman, on the hunt for Mulai Hafid, to whom he desired to propose himself as commander of the army. He interviewed the Eastern potentate. The Sultan didn't bother about the references of the young applicant for the military job; he adopted quite a western — almost Missouri — method of testing his capabilities. Forty thousand dusky tribesmen were drawn up before the palace, troopers with flashing scimitars on fiery Arab steeds, infantry in flowing white turbans and picturesque regalia. Mulai pointed his sword and told Belton to put them through their paces. The English officer did so — the Sultan smiled. Then came the artillery test. Mulai Hafid ordered Belton to open fire with a big Schneider on a dilapidated house distant 2,000 yards. The first shot cracked out — a hundred yards wide. But the next shell exploded at the base of the wall.

Mulai Hafid handed over the control of the army to Belton. His first duty was that of reorganisation. After he had whipped the forces of Morocco into shape, a move was made against Mulai Hafid for the throne of Morocco. On August 10th, 1908, Belton led twenty-five thousand men to victory at Marrakesh. Insurgent Abdul Aziz emerged from the conflict minus artillery, camp, and treasury. This triumph secured the throne for Sultan Mulai Hafid and won for Belton the title of *Kaid*. The "Kaid" had a quiet time for a while. In June, 1909, some of the Sultan's subjects, the Ait-Jusi, began to talk independence; this tribe had paid no taxes for one hundred years. Belton crushed them with an army of ten thousand men. In August, he had a turbulent session with Bou-Hamara who had for seven years advertised himself as Sultan of South-eastern Morocco. Belton's expedition of 15,000 fighters succeeded in capturing the imposter.

Last February, Kaid Belton was obliged to resign owing to the financial stringency of the government. He will remain under the British flag.

A Canadian Pygmy.

By C. F. JAMIESON.

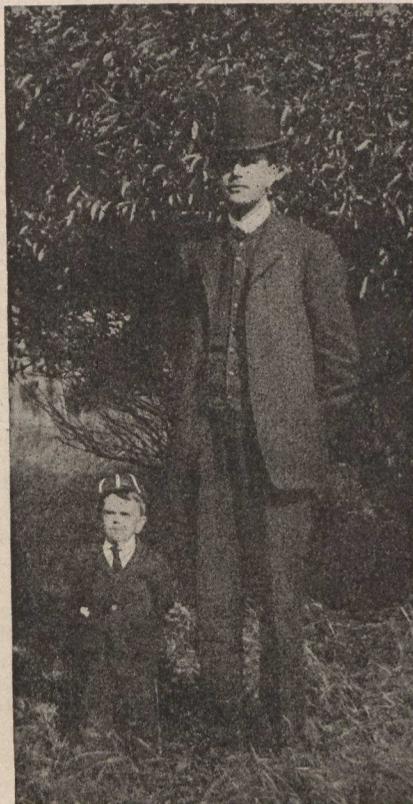
EDWARD HUPMAN, probably the smallest man in Canada, died on Thursday, May 26th, at his home in Allendale, near Lockport, Shelburne County, Nova Scotia. He was 38 years of age, 33 inches in height and weighed but 30 pounds.

As a lad he was given all the education which the district school afforded, and was very bright in his studies. He was a constant and care-

ful reader of the newspapers. He was not in the least sensitive as regards his small stature and mingled freely among his fellow men by whom he was cordially liked. He was keen in conversation and to indulge in pleasantries with him was to run the risk of receiving a sharp retort.

While he had his health, up to about five months ago, he frequently visited Lockport but never, with one exception, went farther from home. When the government wharf at Lockport Station was constructed the late Mr. Hupman was employed as timekeeper and discharged his duties carefully. This was the only work which he ever undertook, although his advice was frequently sought by people in his neighbourhood whose education was meagre. He was keen in a business deal.

It was not an uncommon sight to encounter him walking alone on the streets of Lockport. The writer, who was friendly with him for many years, met him one summer day five years ago and the two were photographed together. The likeness is an



The late Edward Hupman, who was the smallest man in Canada.

excellent one and shows his small proportions to a nicety. His companion in the photo stands six feet and four inches. During the last two or three years of his life Mr. Hupman wore a moustache.

* * *

Rosser, the Rough Rider.

GENERAL ROSSER, war hero of the Southern Confederacy, intimate with Lee and Stonewall Jackson, died recently in Virginia. What has that to do with Canada? The General was a considerable figure in the Dominion when the country was raw. In Manitoba a town perpetuates his name. How that came to be was because of his exploits in Canadian railroading. He helped throw the C. P. R. steel across the prairies; blazing the trail at the end of the route as engineer for the Smith-Stephen-Angus syndicate. This was after he had become a full-fledged general. General Rosser was chief of the guerilla leaders in the Southern cause. The quick, irregular dashes of his mounted rifles and scouts were the terror of the north. Was General Rosser the original rough rider?



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Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on FRIDAY, 8th July, 1910, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years six times per week each way, between MAPLE and VELL-LORE from the 1st August next.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Maple, Vell-lore and intermediate offices and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT.

Mail Service Branch
Ottawa, 23rd May, 1910.

G. C. Anderson
Superintendent.

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POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT
Mail Service Branch,
Ottawa, 31st May, 1910.
G. C. Anderson
Superintendent

MONEY AND MAGNATES**How Wall Street Hurts the Canadian Stock Markets.**

EVERY time there is a bad break in the Wall Street market, and it is followed by a sympathetic decline on the Montreal and Toronto Stock Exchanges, Canadian brokers come out with the statement that it would be very much better for Canadian traders and speculators to leave New York alone and devote more attention to the Canadian market. Their reason for saying so is that when Canadian speculators are caught in the Wall Street market they have to sell the securities they may have on the Canadian exchanges in order to secure funds that will enable them to put up additional margins against their accounts in Wall Street.

What really occurs is that the average trader has to sell his good stock in order to protect his bad, and as there is not always a ready market for all classes of security either in Montreal or Toronto, stocks as a rule have to be offered down quite a few fractions in the course of a second before a buyer is found. It has been this weakness in Wall Street during the past few weeks that has been almost entirely the only cause of the declines that have been experienced on the Canadian exchanges, and while conditions were somewhat demoralised down in the New York market the conditions in the Canadian market were by themselves very sound and there was every indication that quite a few securities would have gone to a still higher level if forced selling had not been brought about by traders who were equally interested both in the New York and one of the Canadian markets. Even at that, however, the declines on the Canadian market were not as drastic as usually occur under similar conditions, very largely because some important pools are operating in different Canadian stocks and they have such large loans against them that they gave them as much support as possible and even after declines rallied them as quickly as possible.

It Won't be Long before Canada has One Great Big Steel Corporation.

NOW the proposed amalgamation of five pretty large and very important Canadian iron or steel concerns into the Canadian Steel Corporation has brought forth renewed reports of the possibility of the formation of a gigantic Canadian Steel Corporation which would include practically all the important Canadian steel concerns in much the same way as that octopus, the United States Steel Corporation, with its billions of capital, comprises most of the largest steel manufacturing concerns of the United States.

The important amalgamation that is likely to take place in Canada that led to the renewed reports is that which will likely comprise the following five concerns: The Montreal Rolling Mills Co., the Hamilton Steel Co., the Canada Screw, the Canada Bolt and Nut, and the Dominion Wire Co.

According to present plans it looks as though this amalgamation would be put through first of all and that afterwards the interests behind it would watch for their opportunity to secure the controlling interests of the Nova Scotia Steel & Coal Co., and at a not very distant date pull off the big deal that will result in the Dominion Steel & Coal Corporation taking over all the concerns included in the other amalgamation.

Of course with negotiations at the point where they are at the present time Mr. J. H. Plummer, the president of the Dominion Steel & Coal Co., cannot very well do anything else than to come out and state that there are no plans under way at the present time as far as he knows tending to the formation of a gigantic trust of the steel concerns, but there is not the slightest doubt that such a plan has been for some time past in the minds of leading Montreal financiers who make a practice of pulling off very large consolidations, and they will almost quite willingly admit that the attempt made some few months ago to secure the control of the Nova Scotia Steel & Coal Co., as well as the plans now under way for the amalgamation of five different companies, were made with a view of ultimately getting the different interests concerned to work in with them in the formation of one great big Canadian company.

Iron and steel concerns, regarded as they are as the very foundation of the industrial life of a country, are in particular favour with the leading promoters and capitalists mainly because the securities of a steel concern are as a rule in marked favour with the investing and trading public of a country, a situation which makes it possible to sell a great many securities and usually at a price which scarcely ever could be secured for any other line of securities.

The way the Canadian public generally have taken to the securities of the Dominion Iron and Steel Co. is a striking instance of this. Back some five or six years ago, when bankers regarded the common stock of the company as possibly worth ten or twenty cents a share, stock market interests were not only able to shove the stock up to sixty-five dollars a share, but what was more were able to get a great many of the Canadian public to come in and buy it near the top level.

Besides, from an industrial standpoint the possibilities of a steel concern in a growing country like Canada are regarded as simply tremendous and as different parts of the country fill up and hundreds of new industries are established in different sections there will be a phenomenal increase in the market for various forms of steel rails, steel bars, ingots, and all forms of finished products.

And so the formation of a big Canadian steel corporation may certainly be looked for before very long, indeed it may take place very much sooner even than most people expect it will, very largely perhaps because English banking houses and brokerage concerns have already signified their desire to participate in the formation of such a concern, and it is even said that they have signified their willingness to supply the entire capital that may be required for it.

Of course there is not even to-day any one man who is in a position to be able to come out and make an official statement that it is going to take place for a certainty, but there are certainly one or two people have such a plan in their minds and will likely make such a gigantic deal one of the features of their life work. Things are moving very quickly in Canada at the present time and the willingness of British capitalists to place millions upon millions of money in the country will certainly permit of bigger deals being put through than would even have been dreamed of a few years ago.

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Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tenders may be obtained at the Post Offices of Bolton, Castleberg, Mount Wolfe and route offices and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
MAIL SERVICE BRANCH,
Ottawa, 27th May, 1910.
G. C. ANDERSON,
Superintendent.

The Mummer's Throne

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.

I would do it again to-morrow. The mistake was in coming here at all. I should have renounced my throne, and you and I together . . . But think! It is too late for us to try and escape. Even Florizel has abandoned me."

The queen shook her dainty head till the diadem trembled like liquid light.

"Never!" she cried. "Never! Some harm has happened to Florizel! He has been spirited away. We may never know the truth. What was that?"

A keen breath of air blew into the room, the tapestry on the walls trembled. The folds parted and a man stumbled and fell prostrate on the floor.

"For Heaven's sake lock the door," he whispered hoarsely. "I'm—I'm—"

He lay there in an utter state of prostration. His peasant's dress was torn and mudstained, the white features were smeared with blood. A cry broke from the king.

"Florizel!" he exclaimed. "My dear old friend, what is the matter? Where have you been?"

The prince opened his eyes and smiled faintly. After a little while he contrived to struggle to his feet. His breath was coming less painfully now.

"Give me some food," he said. "A few sandwiches and a glass of wine. I came here by way of the cliff. I managed by a miracle to scale the height."

The queen turned hastily to the door. Fritz detained her a moment.

"Can you manage it?" he asked.

"Be very cautious. If you see Rutzstin—"

"Rutzstin is safe for the present," Florizel said. "I know exactly where he is to be found. So you got my message, Fritz."

"I got it, yes. It came from little Clarette. I was wondering how—"

"Yes, yes. We will come to all that presently. She is a dear little thing, and for courage she has few equals. Give me food first, for I have had nothing since daybreak. Schenteim's people fancy that I am lying dead in the mountains. It is no fault of theirs that I am not. . . . The danger is very close, Fritz."

"I know it," the king said moodily.

"I have known it for a long time, but, like the fool that I am, I took no heed of it. And it's too late now."

"Not quite," Florizel smiled. "There is a chance of safety yet for all of us."

TO BE CONTINUED.

The Jewelled Cobra

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.

"I thought I'd like to tell you myself, Conway," he exclaimed. "Congratulations, won't you? Miss Keele has just consented to be my wife."

"The dickens she has!" I could not help exclaiming under my breath. "But how did you manage to have an interview with her?" I said aloud.

"You know, where there's a will there's a way," was his laughing response. "I wrote her a note, and she consented to see me in the ladies' saloon when the rest of the passengers were at dinner. The stewardess helped her to get into the saloon. Did you not notice my empty place this evening?"

"I can't say I did," I answered.

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purser has a good many other things to consider."

"Of course, old fellow. Well, the long and the short of it is that I have seen her, and she has promised to marry me. I ordered a bottle of champagne for the auspicious occasion, and we drank each other's healths. Heavens, what a lucky fellow I am! There never was anyone like her in the world. I believe Morrison guesses the state of affairs. I must go and tell him."

"What about your belt, Major?" I said suddenly.

"Oh, that's all right. The fact is, I had almost forgotten it, but I have faithfully worn it day and night, and to-morrow, or next day at latest, will deliver it up to the Maharajah. It will be a relief to get rid of it."

"You have not said anything about it to Miss Keele?" I asked.

"Well, no; is it likely? What gives you such a suspicious air, Conway?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing! Of course I congratulate you."

"You well may; I am the luckiest fellow on the face of God's earth."

An hour passed, and I must say that during that time I paid very little attention to the ship's accounts. Major Strangways' news had produced a sense of intense discomfort, and all my early suspicions were revived. Who was Miss Keele? What was she doing on board the *Morning Star*? Had she an ulterior motive behind those quiet manners and that beautiful face? Beyond doubt she had shown extreme agitation when I mentioned the fact that Morrison was on board.

I started up when this idea came to me, blaming myself much for my suspicions, and then, making a violent effort, I withdrew my mind from Miss Keele and her affairs. Eight bells was close at hand, and I turned restlessly to the business which I must conclude before I lay down. I had just got a little bit into the swing of the thing when there came another knock at my door. I muttered angrily under my breath, but said the inevitable words, "Come in."

This time, much to my astonishment, Morrison appeared on the scene.

"Purser, I have something to say; I shall not keep you a moment."

"Come in and shut the door, won't you?" was my reply.

He entered gravely, closing the door behind him.

"You ought to know," he said, "and so ought Strangways. Strangways has just told me he is engaged to Annie Keele; but, by Jove! Annie Keele is not on board at all! I caught a glimpse of the girl who poses as Miss Keele. She came out of her cabin and limped in the direction of Strangways' cabin not ten minutes ago. I stepped back behind a curtain, intending to spring out and declare myself, for Annie and I—the real Annie, I mean—have been the greatest chums all our lives. But, by Jove! it wasn't Annie at all; the girl was not even like her. What does this mean, purser?"

"God only knows," I answered. "Where did you say you saw Miss Keele?"

"Limping along the passage not far from Strangways' cabin. She went very softly, and I lost sight of her almost in a moment. I was so stunned I could think of nothing but to come straight to you."

"You did quite right; and now leave me, like a good fellow; I must look into this matter immediately."

"But what will you do? What does it mean?"

"Heaven only knows what it means," I replied; "but leave me, Morrison, and at once—there is not a moment to lose. No, you cannot help, go, do go."

As I spoke my eyes lighted upon a

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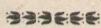
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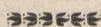
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pipe which Strangways in his excitement had left on my table. I instantly resolved to utilise it—it would give me an excuse to go to his cabin. Morrison had already departed. I now opened my own door softly and went out into the dark saloon, and made my way towards Strangways' cabin. I hurried my footsteps, and when I reached his door opened it without knocking.

Never till my dying day shall I forget the sight that there met my eyes. As it was past midnight the electric light was of course out, but by the light of a reading lamp on the wall I could see Strangways lying half dressed on the lower bunk. His face was white as death, his mouth slightly open, his eyes shut as if in heavy slumber. Was he dead or drugged?

Before I had time to call his name, a rustling sound caused me to turn my eyes in the direction of the porthole. A woman was leaning out of it. My God! she was the girl who had posed as Annie Keele. Without a moment's hesitation I rushed up to her, seized her arm, and said, "What is the meaning of this? What are you doing here? Speak at once."

"Let me go, Mr. Conway; I can explain everything," was her reply.

"What have you done with Strangways, and where is his belt?" I cried. Still holding her arm, I went up to the unconscious man and bent over him.

"You have robbed this man, and must account for it," I said. "I know all about the treasure which he carried; you are found out, Miss Keele—your game is up."

"No, it is not up," she said, drawing herself to her full height and by a sudden quick movement slipping away from my detaining hand. "It is not up, for I have succeeded. Do your worst; I care about nothing now. I said I would do it, and I have done it."

"But you have killed him," I cried; "you have given him poison!"

"No, not poison; I had to drug him, but he will recover after some hours. I liked him too well to poison him. Do what you will with me, the belt is gone, and you will never see it again. I have fulfilled my mission; you can lock me up if you wish."

Without a second's delay I pushed the electric bell. A moment or two later footsteps were heard approaching. The doctor and chief steward were on the scene immediately. I blurted out what was necessary of my story; the doctor bent over Strangways, and the steward took possession of Miss Keele. She was searched, but no sign of the jewels could we find.

"I have succeeded," she said briefly; "nothing else matters. I said I would do it, and I have done it."

A wild thought struck me. One of the ways in which smugglers evaded Customs in the old days flashed through my mind. A celebrated and successful trick was the following: The goods were placed in small metal cylinders which were hermetically sealed. A line sufficiently long to allow the cylinder to reach the bottom of the sea was attached; it was then pushed through the porthole and dropped into the water. At the other end of the line was a cork float to mark the spot. The cylinders were subsequently hauled up by small rowing boats from the shore, and the goods brought to land—thus the Customs were evaded. Was it possible that Miss Keele had disposed of the Maharajah's regalia in a similar manner? If so, was I in time?

I dashed my way roughly through the crowd and flew up the companion like a madman. I made straight for the bridge. Belphege, our first officer, was on watch.

"Man overboard!" I shouted. "Sling over a lifebelt."

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Immediately something whirled over my head, and before it had struck the water Belphege had roared his orders to the quartermaster, who lowered one of the lifeboats.

"But who is it, Conway?" he cried, as I felt the vessel shake and tremble as the engines reversed.

"Half a million, and I am going for it; thanks for your smartness," was my answer, and I ran towards the davits and scrambled into the boat.

The whole ship was now awake, and the scene was one of indescribable confusion and uproar. The next moment we had shoved away and half a dozen Lascars were laying to the oars as if their lives depended on it. They were making straight for the lifebelt.

"It is not a man at all," I said to the third officer, who was at the helm shivering in his pyjamas; "it's half a million in jewels. Contraband goods trick—steer for the belt, I'll tell you everything afterwards."

"Great Scott! what a game! How did it happen?" he cried.

"You'll see directly. Pull, you Johnnies."

"Atcha, sahib," the Lascars cried, and they bent to the oars, guided by the light that came nearer and nearer. We presently reached it.

"Now, then, you men, keep your eyes open," I cried in frantic excitement. "Pull straight on in the line between the steamer and the belt, and look out for something floating."

The officer at the helm steered in a straight line, and a few moments later I heard him utter a shout of triumph. There was something luminous bobbing up and down on the water. The next instant we were alongside it. The men ceased rowing and I leant over, seized the luminous object, and pulled it in. It was a soda water bottle, evidently coated inside with luminous paint, and attached to it was a piece of cork, I immediately began to haul in the line that was fastened to the cork. Fathom after fathom came up, and at last at the end appeared what I knew was there — the wash-leather belt which contained the Maharajah's regalia.

With less haste we rowed back to the steamer.

"How is Strangways?" was my first remark.

"Coming to," was his reply; "but I never saw a doctor in a greater funk about anyone. He thought at first that it was all over with the poor chap. The girl has disappeared, though. It is an awful thing."

"The girl? Miss Keele? What do you mean?"

"What I say. She leapt overboard. She managed to elude the steward, rushed up on deck, and was over before anyone could prevent her. We have been searching all round the ship while you were going after that half million. We cannot find her, high or low."

Nor did anyone ever find Miss Keele again, and whether she is alive now or dead is more than I can say. Her abrupt arrival on board the Morning Star was only equalled by her still more startling and sensational departure.

I went with Strangways a few days later, when he delivered up the belt which had so nearly cost him his life, and Strangways himself told the Maharajah the part I had played in its recovery. The great Oriental thanked me quietly, without demonstration of any kind. Finally he asked me my name and address.

Before I left England on my next voyage I received a neat packet. In it was a ring set with a single stone, a diamond of the first water. I dare not repeat the value which an expert put upon it. It remains when I am at sea in the National Safe Deposit in Chancery Lane—a reminiscence of how I saved the Maharajah's regalia.

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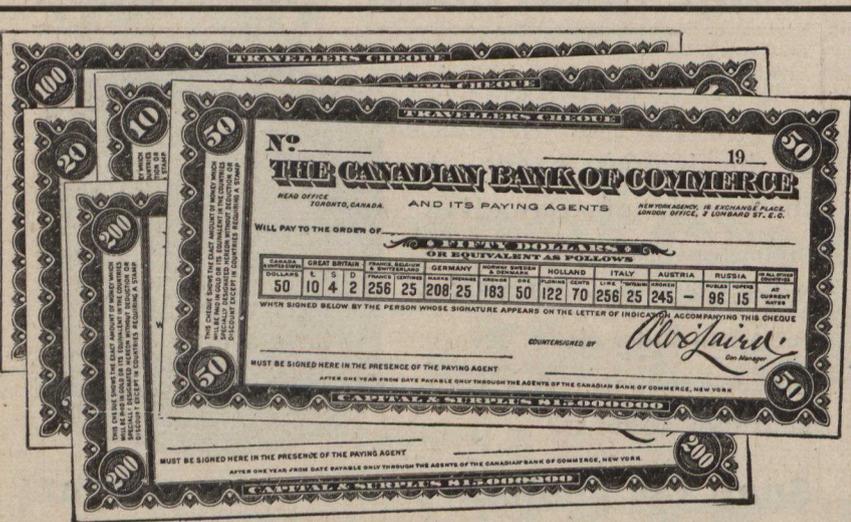


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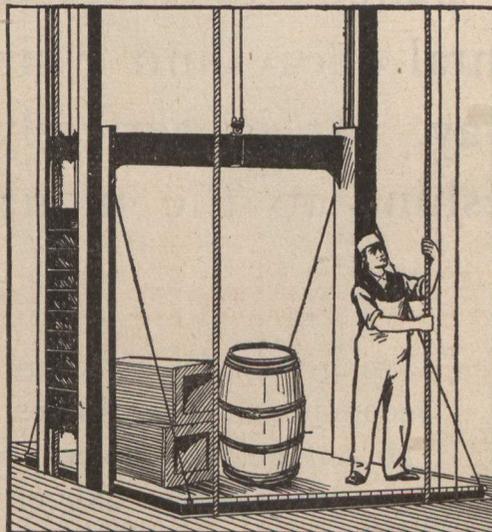
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