

# The Canadian **Courier** THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



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Provinces

"MOON SHADOWS ON A SUMMER NIGHT."

EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER,  
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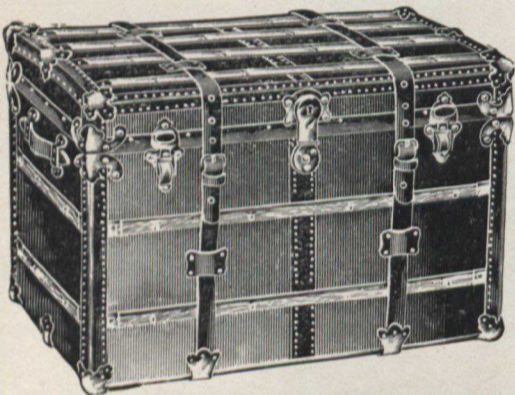


Fireproof body with an extra fine glaze. The color is a very dark shade of brown. Set consists of 1 teapot, capacity 7 cups; 1 jug, 2 pints; 1 baker, 1 1/2 pints; 1 mixing bowl, 3 pints.

**Sale Price, per set**

**42c**

## An Unusual Trunk Value



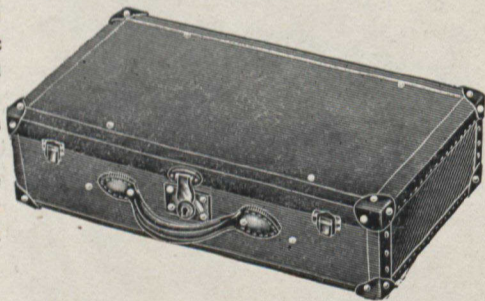
**A4-012.** Our July Sale Trunk this year is the most up-to-date trunk we have ever offered, made up in square style with the improved narrow slats, trimmed with heavy brass corner bumpers and valance clamps, strong two-lever brass lock and side clamps. This trunk is fiber bound all around which is one of the most serviceable bindings used. It will not rust like steel, or chip off like leather, and being bound all around protects the canvas where it turns over the edge. It contains full covered tray and hat box, also extra dress tray, two outside leather straps rivetted to sheet iron bottom.

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32-in. **5<sup>30</sup>** 34-in. **5<sup>60</sup>** 36-in. **5<sup>90</sup>**

## Smooth Grained Suit Case

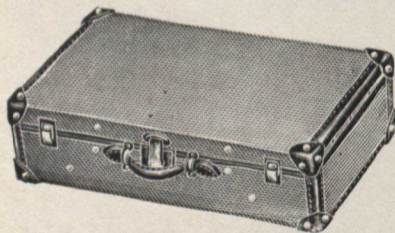
**A4-013.** Smooth Grained Genuine Cowhide Suit Case, made on a strong steel frame, fitted with the most up-to-date American brass lock and side clasps, full lined with inside pocket and straps, strong padded handle, sewn and rivetted to case.



**Sale Price**

22-inch **4<sup>38</sup>** 24-inch **4<sup>63</sup>** 26-inch **4<sup>88</sup>**

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**A National Weekly**

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**CONTENTS**

MEN OF TO-DAY ..... 5  
REFLECTIONS ..... 6-7  
THE TURMOIL IN MONTREAL, by The Monocle Man ..... 8  
SOME LATE NEWS PHOTOGRAPHS ..... 9  
AT CANADA'S NATIONAL MILITARY CAMP ..... 10  
A YACHTING CRUISE AND A SERMON ..... 11  
GATHERING THE WEALTH OF THE PACIFIC ..... 12  
OTTAWA AS THE WASHINGTON OF THE NORTH ..... 13  
DEMI-TASSE ..... 14  
HEADS OR HEARTS. Story by Lloyd Roberts ..... 15  
SIGN OF THE MAPLE ..... 16  
PEOPLE AND PLACES ..... 17  
MONEY AND MAGNATES ..... 19



**Editor's Talk**

**N**EXT week's issue will be an Industrial Number, summarising the recent developments in Canadian manufacturing. While the farmer and the railway-builder are doing their share to build up the country, the manufacturer is by no means idle. If he has not yet succeeded in painting "Made in Canada" in such large letters that every one may see them, he has at least made the phrase respectable and respected. He has not yet astonished the world, but he has been fairly successful in proving to his fellow-citizens that manufacturing is almost, if not quite, of as great importance as agriculture.

\* \* \*

**O**UT of the new situation, created by the rapid growth of our manufacturing industry, have come many new social and economic problems. The treatment of the working-man; the creation of factory laws and factory inspection; the adjustment of freight, express and telegraph rates; the making of a tariff and of trade treaties; the sending out of trade agents to foreign countries and the making of new commercial treaties—all these are questions which the Canadian manufacturer has either created or enlarged. He has given us many new problems, and has recreated several old enigmas. As he develops, we begin to wonder whether he shall be our master or our genial generous god-parent. In either case he is worthy of a close study.

\* \* \*

**I**S the sheep industry of Canada doomed? This is a question which has been often asked, and which as yet has received no adequate answer. A writer in this issue again suggests the problem; next week, Mr. James P. Murray, a prominent manufacturer, will deal with it broadly. Mr. Murray has a new suggestion to make—one so simple and practical that the student of affairs will wonder why it was not made many times before.



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Literary Notes

"The Quest," Justus M. Forman. Ward, Locke Co.

In this romance Mr. Forman shows weakness in unfolding the mystery of the disappearance of his hero, Arthur Benham. However, the characterisation is good, and Mr. Forman writes in his usual delightful whimsical style of the Parisian life he knows so well.

\* \* \*

Mr. Arthur Wing Pinero, or rather Sir Arthur Wing Pinero, for the great English dramatist was knighted the other day, is the hero of much newspaper gossip just now because of the recent honour conferred on him by His Majesty.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor says of him: "He is the pink and perfection of orderliness. In his study you see every single pen even in its proper place—clean, stainless, as if it belonged not to a masculine and revolutionary writer but a dainty young spinster."

M. A. P. relates a story illustrative of Sir Arthur's virtue of neatness:

"Sir Arthur lives in a flat in Hanover Square. He used to do so, at all events, and I think he does now. His study window overlooks the neatly kept enclosure in the middle of the square. It is neatly kept, because the St. George's parish is very rich—and perhaps because the authorities, proud of having so distinguished a man of letters as a resident, are anxious to humour his pet weakness.

One day, as Arthur Wing Pinero was sitting at his study window, putting his mind in order for the thinking out of a new plot, he saw the waterman of the cab-rank below screw up a newspaper he had been reading—an ugly, flabby sheet of washed-out pink, containing "all the winners," and, judging from the waterman's manner, all the losers also—and toss it into that sacred enclosure upon whose railings he leaned for a living.

Sir Arthur was horrified. His face grew whiter and more hatchet-like, his nose sharper, his eyes blacker, and his lips thinner. A screwed-up evening racing "speshul" lying upon the mathematically-raked mould behind the railings of the Parish of St. George's neatly groomed enclosure! Did ever anyone hear of such an outrage? For a while the famous dramatist frowned through the window, with eyes that nearly burnt two little bullet-holes in the glass. Then, going into the hall, and unsheathing a marvellously rolled umbrella from a tin tube, like a cue-case, he descended into the square, and crossed the roadway in the direction of the waterman.

He did not set about that waterman with his umbrella. From such an assault it might have emerged unfolded and unkempt. Instead, with the patience of an angler beside a public pond, he set about fishing for the offensive "speshul extree" with its crook. Rewarded in course of time with a bite (it is not easy to fish for paper in a wind), Sir Arthur grasped the paper in his hand and breathed again. But where was he to put the rubbish?

A slowly-moving open taxi, the attention of whose driver was occupied for the moment in the direction of a likely fare, answered the question for him, and he stole quietly up behind the thing and stuffed the paper down into the folds of its hood. Then he walked back refreshed to "his flat in order."



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T H E

# Canadian Courier

## THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



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No. 12

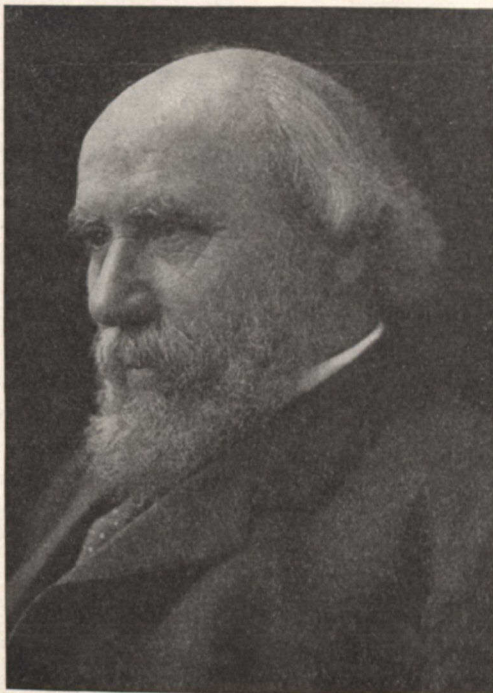
### MEN OF TO-DAY

*The Man Who Made Rockwood Famous*

LONDON *Tidbits* has a gentle history of James J. Hill. Quite the rosiest and mel-lowest biography of a Canadian railway king that has been written of late. It was stated among other things that in his boyhood days James J. wandered away from his Ontario home, book in hand, to go into the depths of the forest and the sweeps of the prairie; and there reading about Fennimore Cooper's Indians, he dreamed dreams of the marvellous land that he should gridiron with steel and dot with box cars. But if any summer visitor should stop off at the little station of Rockwood on the Grand Trunk, seven miles west of where Mr. D. D. Mann was born, he would discover that if little James J. ever went to the prairies from that farmhouse it must have been in a dream. Even the far-famed Rockwood Academy has not got a bust of Mr. Hill. And you may go to the Rockwood fair—by some people in Wellington County considered the greatest fair in the world—and not hear a word about the magnate of the wheat belt. Quite likely the store is still there in which James was clerk after his father died; and any dropper-in would be likely to hear stories of Hill, who was the first railway magnate that Canada ever sent to the United States. But it's a long while since Mr. Hill saw the old town on the limestone hills; in which respect he differs from Mr. Mann, who has very often been back to Acton, the glove town, near which his father still lives on a farm. Some day it will be noted that there was something quite similar and wholly remarkable in the fact that these two masters of transportation should have been born within seven miles of each other on the old Grand Trunk—though Hill was building railways long before Mann struck out across the fields to the station to go to the woods of Alpena, Mich. The cold facts about such men as Hill and Mann are more romantic than any of the idyllic stories the biographers tell. They were both hewed out of the woods and were both as hard as the rocks of Rockwood. And in the life story of both it has come to pass, that whereas in boyhood they were just the distance of a good coon-hunt from each other, in the present day they are getting to be neighbours by the railway, out on the plains of the Canadian West, of which forty years ago neither of them knew anything worth while.

On Minnesota Day at the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition Mr. James J. Hill received perhaps the greatest honour of his long remarkable life, when a bronze bust of the railway financier was unveiled. The great Canadian-born builder of railways came in for some unusually high encomiums. Mr. Jacob C. Schiff, the New York banker, said:—"There are few men whom I hold in such high esteem as Mr. James J. Hill." Speaker Cannon said:—"I think it is peculiarly fitting that there should be a lasting memorial to the life and labours of James J. Hill, the great 'empire builder' of the Northwest." John D. Rockefeller added:—"He has wrought a great work. All praise to him! I would that we had more such men."

Most people will agree with the laudatory sentiments of the Oil King to his brother of the railway. Mr. J. J. Hill deserves all the



Mr. J. J. Hill,  
The Canadian Railroad Magnate.



Mr. R. C. Cochrane,  
President-Elect Union of Canadian Municipalities.



Mr. C. B. Martin,  
Rhodes Professor at Manitoba University.



Mr. W. A. Kirkwood,  
Lecturer in Classics, Trinity College.



Mr. F. J. Birchard,  
A Canadian Graduate of Leipzig.

Mr. Martin is an Oxford post-graduate but his *alma mater* is the University of New Brunswick, from which he graduated in 1902 with a list of honours as long as a family tree. He had medals and scholarships, book prizes and cash prizes for almost everything from Greek and Latin to economic resources. He spent two years teaching before going to Oxford. In 1904 he became a Rhodes scholar—the first from the University of New Brunswick. At Balliol College he went

ecomiums coming his way. He is the type of the pioneer nation builder of the West. Old John D. sees the necessity of such men as Mr. Hill.

So it is more than usually fitting that London *Tidbits* should have contained a recent life story of Mr. Hill—even though some of the story is a bit over-romantic.

\* \* \*

*An Expert in Municipal Civics*

PRESIDENT of the Union of Canadian Municipalities is Mr. R. C. Cochrane, who for ten years has been Reeve of the Township of Blanshard, Man. Mr. Cochrane may not have been known to the whole of Canada a few weeks ago, but he is mightily well known in Blanshard as one of the best Reeves that ever lived, and in the West as President of the Union of Manitoba Municipalities in 1906 and 1907. He has made more than a hobby of municipal civics, which is playing so large a part in western life. Also he was tolerably well known down in Kemptville, in the county of Grenville, where he was born forty years ago, and where for some years he taught school before going west in the early nineties. Mr. Cochrane established himself as a storekeeper in Oak River—Hess & Cochrane, general merchants; and he is still in that business. But as soon as the Union of Manitoba Municipalities was organised he became a member of the Executive. He was also a member of the Telephones Committee, which had for its laudable platform the establishment of Government telephones in Manitoba. His work on committee made him a prominent man, largely because in a small community he has established himself as not only a good business man but a municipal officer without a superior in the West. That he is now President of the Canadian Union is the natural result of a high sterling record. Against scores of men from big towns and cities he was nominated by Mayor Evans, of Winnipeg, who knows the value of a good man in municipal counsels. Mr. Cochrane has a chance to write his name high up in the effective development of the West along lines of peculiar usefulness.

\* \* \*

*The Historian Abroad*

FROM the archives at Ottawa to the chair of history at Manitoba University is the step just taken by Mr. Chester B. Martin, who is another of those temperamental New Brunswickers. Mr. Martin has chosen a fascinating career.

A chair of history in a new country like the West is sufficient of a novelty in its character to give a man pre-eminence. History in Manitoba is a brief matter—less than a hundred years old, as a matter of fact; although in three years' time the people of Winnipeg will celebrate the beginning of annals in the Selkirk settlement, and Mr. Martin is already the best posted man on that event in the world, for he is writing a book on the life and work of Lord Selkirk, soon to be issued under the auspices of the Brassey Trust at Oxford.



in for modern history, and won both the Gladstone prize for historical essay and the Brassey studentship of one hundred pounds sterling for use in research work in colonial history. In that connection, Mr. Martin has specialised on the history of the Canadian West and of Lord Selkirk, examining documents both in the old land and in the Canadian archives, where he has been for some years assistant to Dr. Doughty. Mr. Martin is a young man. Twenty-seven years of age and full of enthusiasm, he is the right sort of man to tackle the historical problems of the West with a free hand, realising that a country which changes with such lightning rapidity is a big field for the cool calm work of the historian.

\* \* \*

*The Son of a Pedagogue*

A PEDAGOGUE son of a pedagogue is about as uncommon an occurrence anywhere as a preacher's son in a pulpit. Mr. F. J. Birchard is an example. He is the son of a man who has the distinction of having written one of the driest books in the world—the High School Algebra, both past and present. Birchard's Algebra has been the intellectual despair and stimulus of thousands of Canadian youth. It probably gave young Frederick James Birchard as many scholastic thrills as he has ever got since it was written in Brantford, in the days when his father was mathematical preceptor in the homely old white brick Collegiate Institute there. The young man took mathematics in large doses when he matriculated and went to Toronto University, besides a liberal infusion of science, English and history; graduating in 1901 in chemistry and physics. Mr. Birchard taught these subjects in St. Andrew's College for two years before going to Leipzig, where he went in for original research in physiological chemistry. This is a very abstruse and highly modern subject. Mr. Birchard has chosen it for a life work; and if he should live as many years as the binomial theorem invented by his father is able to compute, he would never be able to find out all there is to know about it. The career of Mr. Birchard is noteworthy. In this commercial age intellectual pursuits attract few young Canadians. A few years ago Canadian colleges turned out hundreds of chaps who spent their lives in academics.

\* \* \*

*An Educational Itinerant*

ANOTHER young Canadian who has had a career varied almost to a point of romance is Mr. W. A. Kirkwood, of Brampton, Ont. Mr. Kirkwood was for a whole year instructor in English at the International College at Smyrna, Turkey. He escaped a few years before the recent theatrical episodes, and before he had succeeded in teaching Abdul Hamid the manners of an Englishman. Mr. Kirkwood was born at Rockside, Township of Caledon, in Peel County; educated at Brampton High School; graduated at Toronto University in 1895; taught in Walkerton High School and at Ridley College, St. Catharines—from which quiet town he went to Turkey. After Smyrna he went to Athens, where he put in a year at the British School of Archaeology. Then he came back to Canada and became classical master at St. Andrew's College, Toronto, after which he studied at Chicago University and at Harvard, of which he is both an A. M. and a Ph. D. He was recently made lecturer in classics at Trinity College, Toronto.

## REFLECTIONS

CANADA'S delegates to the Imperial Defence Conference seem to be having a rather serious time. The proceedings of the meetings have been kept secret, but the cable correspondents have been fairly well posted as to the general trend of the discussion. The despatches though brief have been fairly illuminating. It will be found later, in all probability, that these despatches are also fairly correct.

With regard to the Canadian army and its relation to Imperial Organisation there seems to be a little room for a difference of opinion. Every person is agreed that the British army should be controlled from London, the Canadian army from Ottawa, and the other colonial forces from the various colonial capitals. In this respect colonial autonomy is triumphant. No doubt there are a number of people in Great Britain who believe the best interests of the Empire would be served by placing all the forces of the Empire under a central control which would be authoritative both in time of peace and in time of war. This body of opinion is not, however, sufficiently large to exert any great influence. The British representatives to the present congress seem to have agreed with the representatives of the Dominions-Over-Seas that in the matter of land forces local authority should have full control in time of peace. They have also agreed apparently that in time of war the colonial military contributions shall be a matter of mutual arrangement.

Colonial autonomy in military matters is not inconsistent with a somewhat uniform Imperial army organisation. At present the Canadian army is trained along British lines and when modifications

in the ordinary British system of training are made, these modifications are more or less closely followed in Canada. If Lord Kitchener should be appointed as Special Military Organiser of the forces throughout the Empire, he would no doubt carry the work of unification farther than it has been carried. He would make suggestions to the London authorities, to the Canadian authorities, to the Australian heads of the army and so on, which would probably bring all these forces into a general system based upon principles which are applicable throughout the Empire, with local modifications.



MILITARY questions have been in the process of settlement for about forty years; naval questions are much newer. It has long been customary for the Dominions to have their own land armies while none of them have yet developed colonial navies. Now, the time has come in the development of these Dominions when the naval situation must be faced. It has been looming large on the horizon for some years, but it was only recently that it got high enough to give the people pause. There were so many other problems demanding the attention of the colonial governments that they felt justified in placing the naval question at the bottom of the agenda.

Canada showed some signs of taking an interest in naval matters when she took over the naval shipyards and dry-docks at Esquimalt. Newfoundland made a beginning ten years ago when she began the formation of a naval reserve, which now amounts to one thousand trained men. Australia and some of the other colonies have been making direct contributions to the British navy. Now the hour has arrived for a much larger and more responsible development. Canada and Australia propose to have navies of their own. It is this proposal which has given rise to the present Imperial Defence Conference.



IF Canada builds a fleet, shall it be under the control, in time of peace, of Canadian admirals or British admirals? That is the great question, and the one which has been disturbing the Imperial Defence Conference. There are arguments for and against.

It may even be that this question will work its way into politics and that the political parties may take opposite sides. The Liberals will certainly maintain that the Canadian navy shall be directed always from Ottawa, except that in time of war the vessels may pass if the people so decide, under the control of a central defence committee. The Conservatives may maintain that the fleet shall be an integral portion of the Imperial fleet and shall at all times be subject to Imperial direction; in other words, it shall be our direct contribution to the defence of an Empire which is one and indivisible. If the British Admiralty takes the latter view, the Conservative party may feel inclined to agree.

Aside from this speculation as to the attitude the parties may take, the question is one which Canadians should seriously consider. A Canadian-built, Canadian-manned and Canadian-controlled fleet would be a national pride. If it were officered by British, rather than Imperial officers, and were to be at the beck and call of the British Admiralty, would such circumstances be consistent with our national pride? Those who feel the thrill of nationality most keenly will probably answer, no. On the other hand, there are many who will reply in the affirmative. They have every confidence that the British authorities know what is best in the interests of the Empire and of Canada, and they also believe that a Canadian fleet under British control would be a more efficient fighting instrument than if it were in the inexperienced hands of Canadian statesmen.



THOSE who talk as if Canada had already made up her mind, are misrepresenting the country. The people will consider this question on its merits when the opportunity offers. No one can say that Canada will do so-and-so in naval matters. Canada has fought hard for autonomy for three-quarters of a century, yet it may be that for the sake of Imperial advantage, she is willing to compromise on the naval question. It may be that autonomy in naval matters is inconsistent with primary naval principles. If this can be proven, it is hardly likely that Canada would object to the sacrifice of dignity involved.

Again, no one need fear any permanent difference of opinion on this subject between Canada and the London authorities. There will be exchanges of opinion as well as annual conferences, there will be multitudes of dispatches and editorials, but in the end a



working arrangement will be reached. Great Britain is determined not to quarrel with her Dominions-Over-Seas and the Dominions-Over-Seas are equally determined not to quarrel with her.



THAT discussion in Great Britain as to the right of the House of Lords to amend the famous Lloyd-George Budget should be interesting to Canadians. We, in this country which takes its constitutional precedents from Westminster, have been acting on the assumption that the Senate could not amend a financial Bill sent up from the House of Commons. At Westminster they have been following largely the same practice. Now comes several learned authorities, including Professor A. V. Dicey, who claim that the House of Lords has the legal power to amend or reject any Bill whatever. They add that any Money Bill which attempts to effect large political or social changes may be amended or rejected. Mr. Winston Churchill and other ministerialists are taking the opposite view. Lord Curzon, Lord Landsdowne and Lord Hugh Cecil support Professor Dicey. Lord Hugh Cecil remarked the other day that "If they once admitted that the House of Lords had no right in any circumstances to meddle with a Finance Bill, everything could be done under the name of finance," and great social changes could be wrought without the consent of the Upper House.



CANADA is deeply chagrined over the failure of the Baldwin-McCurdy airships to make a decent flight. France, Great Britain and the United States have successful aeronauts; Canada wanted to have some. We are getting internationally ambitious. We would like to have our citizens hold their own with foreign competitors. When a Canadian runner won the World's Marathon Championship at Athens we went wild. When the Canadian rifle team won many prizes at Bisley we were enthusiastic. We are a vain, proud people. Hence when Baldwin and McCurdy failed to do what the Wrights, Latham and Bleriot had done, our national pride had a fall. We firmly believe that Canadians can do almost anything on equal terms with the best men of other nations, and we grieve when some one fails to "make good."

The Canadian who is the first to build and operate an aerodrome which will fly twenty-five miles will be a national hero. He may lose his life in the attempt, but his family will hear many highly appreciative remarks. However, we have no kind words for the Silas Greens, even if their aims and ambitions are honest. We have no sympathy with the failure nor with the man who stands second. A premier is a hero; the leader of an opposition is a failure. The baseball or lacrosse team which stands below first place gets mighty small patronage. Baldwin and McCurdy should ponder on these things.

#### THE FLURRY AT FORT WILLIAM

MARTIAL force is the last resort in the modern democracy; but occasionally we realise what a power to quell the mob that last resort may become. There are writers and speakers in the land, who pen peaceful paragraphs and utter gentle hopes regarding the undesirability of brute force and the beauty of exercising moral suasion. We all recognise the loftiness of the sentiments, but the only difficulty about enforcing them is that the millennium seems to be indefinitely postponed. The appearance of the military, after the rioting of foreign stevedores near Fort William, has brought home to the turbulent element among the strikers the fact that this is a law-abiding country, with fixed bayonets and rifles for those who would turn it into a scene of ribald anarchy. There is a time to talk and a time to call out the militia. Evidently Colonel Steele and his men were the force required to induce the revolvers to see the sweet reasonableness of law and order. Even Mr. Mackenzie King might not have been so efficacious in disarming the mob around the docks as were the 96th Regiment of volunteers and the seventy regulars from Winnipeg. Rioting stevedores are not pleasant people to handle. They see no charm in an organ recital and cannot be induced to patronise a Sunday School picnic. But the arm of the law, as enforced by a scarlet streak of militia, will work wonders in quieting their turbulent spirits. There was no declaration of martial law—the municipal authorities remained the paramount power; but there was an evidence of ability to meet riot with physical suppression which will do the agitated stevedores a world of good. We may be a commercial people with a strong dislike for seeing property destroyed and traffic disturbed and it would be just as well for riotous citizens to remember that "though John Bull is a shop-keeper, he usually has a gun

behind the counter." The strike is over, the Board of Conciliation is attempting to settle differences and the soldiers will remain for a few days to exercise a friendly watch over the "polyglot" element.

FRITH.

#### AN HONOURED OCTOGENARIAN

THE eighty-sixth birthday of Dr. Goldwin Smith has brought from all quarters of the Dominion, and from beyond the seas, messages of congratulation and good-will. "The Grange" and its master are an English home and host in one of the quiet corners of the most "commercial" city in Canada. The homage paid to Dr. Smith is one which has been evoked by his sincere and lofty personality, as much as by his profound erudition. Those who are opposed strongly to his political views are quite as cordial in expressions of friendly admiration as those who are in sympathy with them. There is no other citizen of the Dominion who has held the commanding place in letters which has belonged for nearly half a century to the writer who is spending the sunset of his days in an atmosphere of peace and good-will.

FRITH.

#### SAVING THE SHEEP INDUSTRY

"THE time has come," said the rural orator, unconsciously plagiarising the Walrus, "to investigate the wool schedule." He was right. It has come. Westward in Alberta a clip approaching half a million pounds of wool has been taken from the sheep's back, and the magnificent sum of 13 cents a pound has been offered for the best of it. Over the boundary line the price is nearly double that which is in offer in Alberta and already there are rumours that it will pay the holders better to ship the product at an expense of eleven cents a pound to Boston than to accept local offers. Under the present schedule of duties on wool our sheepmen must go out of business. Why not take a hand at Uncle Sam's own game? Time was when Ontario had a great market for pure-bred sheep in the United States. We can grow better sheep here than they can south of the line, but an unfortunate occurrence intervened and Uncle Sam put up the bars by way of a lengthy quarantine at the line. Now we sell only a corporal's guard of the live woollycoats in a year to the Yankees. Our sheep industry has been played both ends against the middle with the inevitable result. Think of it: A sheep strays over the boundary line in Southern Alberta and the wool on his back is worth from 20 to 24 cents. Catch him, hale back into Canada, and, presto, his fleece is worth but 10 to 13 cents. Surely there is something very peculiar here. And, at that, clothing is just as cheap in the United States as it is in Canada—some say it is cheaper—and better. What is the Government going to do about this?

J. H. S. J.

#### A NEW RACING SITUATION

RACING is a time-honoured and much enjoyed sport in Canada and, indeed, wherever the Union Jack spreads its folds to the breeze. This is attributable solely to the fact that the sport has so far been conducted without serious internecine warfare—with a fairly liberal policy toward owners and with a total absence of the dog-in-the-manger or dog-eat-dog policy which wrecked racing in the United States. Under the wise rule of the Canadian Jockey Club racing has prospered in the Dominion. Now there is to be rivalry. At the close of the spring meeting at the Woodbine in Toronto a meeting, with the speculative attachment, was held at Dufferin Park under a charter which had lapsed owing to the state of innocuous desuetude into which the track and its management had fallen. This charter was promptly revoked by the Provincial authorities. Now the Dominion Government has granted a charter to the Metropolitan Racing Association of Canada, Limited, to conduct race meets in Toronto, Montreal and wherever else it lists within the Dominion.

Avowedly the people securing this charter are hostile to the interests which at present control wisely the racing interests of Canada. There is not a representative individual among the incorporators—that is, not one representative of the racing game as it should be played. Ontario ousted this bunch—speaking broadly—yet the General Government gives it the power to hold meetings under a general charter. Two things appear above the surface here so plainly that they can not be overlooked, to wit: That an invasion of the rights of the various provinces has been perpetrated; and that if there is no way by which the Provinces can safeguard their individual interests the whole racing fabric will go by the board. History teaches us that only the iron hand of the Jockey Club in Britain has saved the sport over there. So far as money offered in the aggregate was concerned the United States was the greatest racing country in the world. Internecine strife killed the sport there in state after state, leaving millions of dollars locked up in tracks, the gates of which were closed and nailed tight. Are we to suffer the same fate on this northern side of the line? Where is the justification in law for the Dominion Government to override the expressed wishes of the people and the Provinces?

J. H. S. J.



## THROUGH A MONOCLE

### THE TURMOIL IN MONTREAL

**M**ONTREAL is in the throes of a plebiscite election which is to decide whether it will keep its present government by aldermanic committees or try a Board of Control, a good deal on the Toronto model. The Montreal aldermen appear to have been a bit careless of their reputation. A number of years ago they piled up something imposing in the way of a debt with the result that the Legislature had to interfere and put a limit to the city's borrowing powers. Then for a time Montreal was economical. It took an interest in municipal reform. It had precious little money to spend; and so the forces which usually surround a City Council were willing to let such men as ex-Mayor Laporte and ex-Alderman Ames worry through the best they could on the lean incomes. But lately the increasing value of real estate has enabled the aldermen to borrow more money; and permission to borrow is not a privilege which these gentlemen ever neglect.

\* \* \*

**J**UST now, however, two things have happened—both at the bidding of the interfering Legislature. A Royal Commission has been set at work enquiring into the methods and results of civic government; and the people have been asked to vote on three proposals looking toward the reform of the existing municipal system. The Royal Commission has been at it for some time now, and the citizens of Montreal have been supplied with much entertaining reading. They know more to-day about the reasons why they get such poor results for all the money which the aldermen have a right to borrow. It seems that the City Council and its departments can buy little direct. They usually deal with "middlemen." Now this does not make their purchases any cheaper. Then such matters as street paving are settled by a "tug-of-war" between the different aldermen with the result that the most important wards in the centre of the city are starved in order that combinations of the outlying wards may be stuffed. Montreal has a City Surveyor who is supposed to give expert advice as to the best varieties of paving and such like. He gives the advice all right, too, but that doesn't interfere to any alarming extent with the plans of the contractors and their very good friends—the aldermen.

\* \* \*

**T**HE vote is to come in September. Then the citizens will have three propositions before them. They may cut the present City Council—forty-two in number—in half; they may decide to try

a Board of Control, which will consist of four members and the Mayor; or they may try instead a civic commission of public works, which will consist of five members appointed by the aldermen but only removable "for cause" by a two-thirds majority. In each case the "Board" is supposed to suggest projects and expenditures to the City Council, upon which it will vote, and then to carry out such proposals as are adopted. The Board of Control will not have seats in the Council—as they have in Toronto—though they may be present and speak. The Council, moreover, will be able to set aside any of the Board's dealings with the civic service by a simple majority of the entire body. The Act, in fact, is badly drawn, and if the scheme carries, we may expect to see the citizens of Montreal approaching the Legislature for amendments.

\* \* \*

**T**HE aldermen are not saying much, but it is notorious that they are preparing to fight the Board of Control proposal tooth and nail. On the other hand, the citizens are organising to bring out the vote in favour of almost any change from the present muddle. The Board of Trade, the Chambre de Commerce and business organisations of that sort are leading in the campaign, and French and English municipal reformers are giving their time and money to the battle in generous fashion. There can be little doubt that the vast majority of the citizens believe that "it is time for a change," but will they come out and vote? That is the question.

\* \* \*

**A** BOARD of Control will not save Montreal unless her citizens will not only come out and vote for its inauguration but will afterward organise, and campaign, and vote for the right sort of Commissioners. The ability to vote as a whole city and not within the restrictions of ward boundaries, will be a great help. The ward system is in many ways the chief incubus of all municipal government. But even an entire city can fail to elect good men. For one thing, some of the aldermen will go into such a fight with a splendid "pull" in their old wards which will give them an immense majority there over any outside candidate. If, then, the sinister influences in the other wards can agree upon which of the "old gang" to support throughout the city, these "favourite sons" will make hard candidates to beat. There is, after all, no salvation for municipal government on this Continent short of an awakening among the voters. We will only get Glasgow success when we attain to Glasgow public spirit. As a Briton said to me one day when I was enquiring why they had such good city government over there, while we could not approach it here—"They have a different breed o' cats over there."

THE MONOCLE MAN.

### THE CURIOUS FEATS WHICH MEN ATTEMPT



The other day, Mr. Jules Gautier, a Frenchman, for a wager of \$500, undertook to swim a certain distance on the Thames, (from Putney to Mortlake) manacled and fettered, and towing a boat licensed to carry eight persons. This picture shows him almost ready to begin his successful feat.

Copyrighted Photograph by Halftones, Limited.



# SOME RECENT NEWS PHOTOGRAPHS



Swimming Races are a striking feature of Canada's Outdoor Life. This photograph shows the start of a 100-yard Race in Hamilton Bay, on August 7th.

R. M. Zimmerman, of Montreal, who won many honours at Hamilton.

Photographs by G. E. Thompson.



There have been many land-rushes in the West by Settlers anxious to get free lands. The other day, the Dominion Government had thirty homesteads to offer near Bow Island, in Southern Alberta, and when the time drew near a large crowd of eager applicants assembled at the Lethbridge Land Office.

Photograph by Jorgenson Bros., Lethbridge.



Western Volunteers are taking an active interest in Rifle-Shooting. The recent Meet of the Manitoba Rifle Association at the Sturgeon Creek Rifle Ranges was most successful. Many of the winners will attend the Dominion Meet, to be held at Ottawa shortly.

## Poetic Repartee

THOMAS CAMPBELL is said to have been recognised among his contemporaries as a man of keen repartee; and considering his numerous little witticisms handed down to us, we are led

to believe that the jewel was worthy of the casket. On one occasion, a few weeks prior to the publication of his stirring poem, "Hohenlinden," as Campbell was coming out of his club, he tripped at the top of the street steps, and started on the downward journey in a horizontal position, colliding

forcibly with a gentleman who was on his way up. The man, who was really a friend, failed to recognise the poet, owing to darkness, and exclaimed angrily: "Have a care, fellow! Who are you, anyway?" Quick as a flash, he had his answer: "'Tis I, sir, rolling rapidly."





Using a Range-Finder



General Otter (centre); Col. English, Camp Commandant (left); Col. Fiset, Deputy Minister of Militia (right); Col. Macdonald, Quartermaster-General (extreme right)



Col. Lafferty and Col. Fiset



A 4.7 Gun on the March



The Artillery in Line



Firing a 4.7 Gun



Smaller Field Guns in Action

Photographs by Pringle & Booth.

### Our National Military Camp

PETAWAWA—to many people the word does not, as yet, convey much meaning. To those who know, however, it signifies what is now one of the big features of our Canadian military life.

Petawawa is 10 miles west of Pembroke, on the banks of the Ottawa River, which is from two to four miles wide at this point. On the south (Ontario) side of the river, the banks rise sheer about 125 feet. From this elevation a magnificent view is obtainable, far up and down the river to left and right, and away across to where the blue mountains of Quebec rise up like an immense wall, enclosing the great camp ground. The feature that strikes one most forcibly on a first visit to the camp is

its extent. A big gun booms close at hand. Far across the river three or five miles away as the case may be, a faint puff of smoke shows where the deadly shell has burst, throwing its death dealing scraps far and wide. Immediately a fear grips one—what if some one were over there? But it is reassuring to find that the shell is bursting a mile or more within camp limits, and that no one is allowed on the range. And as the artillery practice warms up, shells burst away to the left on this side of the river, and you find that they also are within bounds. Then the extent and value of the place as a practice ground for war training begins to become impressed on one's mind.

All sewage is purified in a septic tank before being turned into the Ottawa River in a colourless, tasteless, odourless condition. Even then the river

water is not used for drinking purposes, but men and horses are supplied with water from springs, enclosed in a 15-acre plot of ground surrounded by a high barbed wire fence. This water is piped to all parts of the encampment. Every scrap of table refuse is burned in incinerators.

The mess buildings and officers' quarters are frame structures, not exceptionally substantial, but sufficiently good for a summer camp. The actual camping ground will, when completely fitted up, accommodate from 4,000 to 6,000 men.

The camp this year is small, and is merely a "practice camp," instead of a training camp. Batches of men come and go, taking their turn on the ranges, learning to load, train and fire the great engines of war which man has invented for the destruction of his fellows.



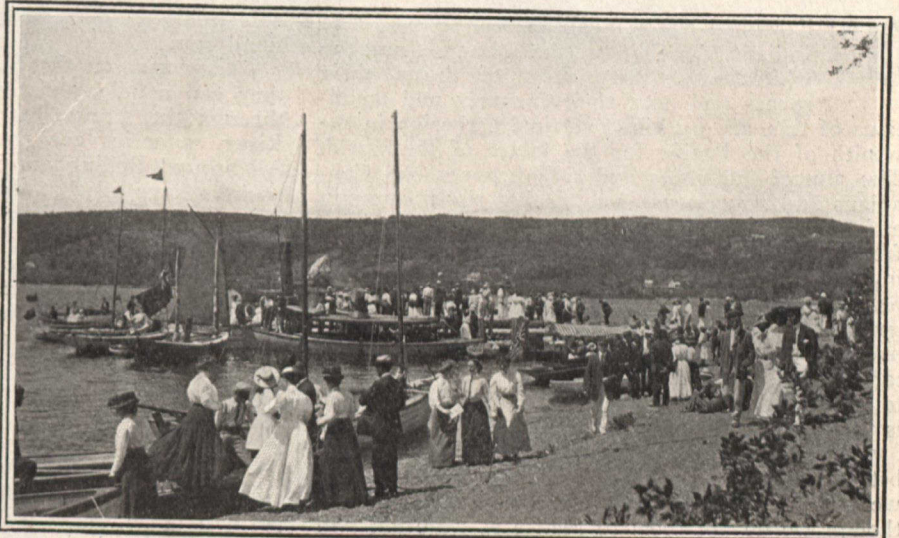
# A YACHTING CRUISE AND A SERMON



The Royal Kennebecasis Yacht Club Fleet in the St. John River, off Carter's Point, Sunday, August 1.



The Congregation on Mr. J. Frodsham's Lawn.



The R. K. Y. C. Worshippers Landing at Carter's Point.

## A Summer Church Service

**T**HE man in the street will vote that the summer vacation season is the season of the year—unless he be a parson. That gentleman has a poor time of it during the hot weather. His work tumbles down. His flock scatters to the four winds away from the fierce rays of Old Sol. He may follow, but he is not wanted. The gay, summer sport does not want him, and the skittish, summer girl does not like the cut of his black, clerical clothes. If there is any time of the year when the Old Nick has the opportunity of his life to get in his dark work it is the good old summer time.

Now, there is a recreation organisation in the City of Saint John which is setting an example for sportive Canada. That is the Royal Kennebecasis Yacht Club. The members take an annual cruise which they call the Happy Days cruise. This year the trip was to Belle Isle and Grand Lake.

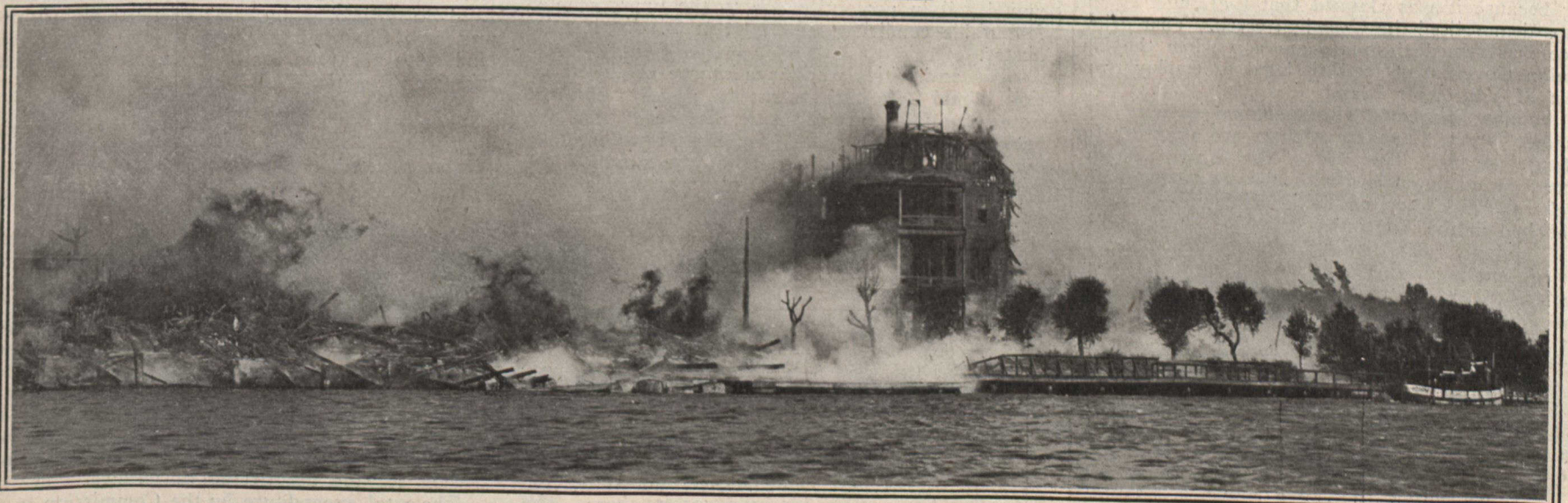
On their return on August 1st, all journeyed down the St. John River to Carter's Point, and gathered upon the beautiful lawn of Mr. John Frod-

sham to hear a few words from the club's acting chaplain, Rev. J. A. Morrison, D.D., Chicago. The illustrations give an idea of the unique appearance which the yachting congregation presented.

## A Famous Sandbar

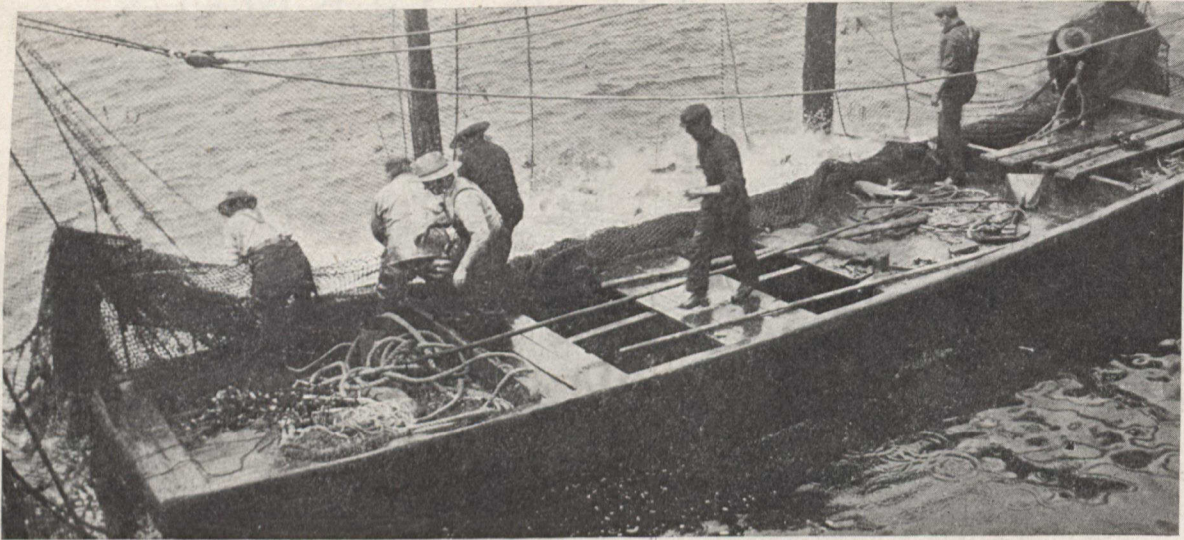
**N**OT many summer resorts in Canada have history. Hanlan's Point has. The burning of most of that pleasure-ground the other day removed a few homely things that by the lapse of time had become rather beautiful. The world's greatest oarsman—born in the house that the fire licked up; the homeliest summer hotel in Canada, bearing the oarsman's name—gobbled in a few minutes of flame. Money should have made a museum of that old building. Hanlan had trophies enough in his Beverley St. home to fill three rooms; gifts and addresses from many lands. He was big enough to have had a monument on that sandbar; something to remind the generations to come that true athletics was not a thing to be put on in a few months training and shuffled off after a medal or two or a pair of diamond sculls,

but a thing of years and years of endurance and constant discipline. There was a chance to make that sandbar historic in more than mere gossip. The chance still exists. Thousands upon thousands will go to that resort in the years to come. Modern ingenuity will devise all sorts of pastimes and spendthrifteries. But there never can be a diversion at Hanlan's Point half so interesting or inspiring as some token erected by the people, in a park worthy the object, of the great athlete who brought fame to Canada in dim and distant days of obscurity; the renown of splendid, self-denying physique and the morality of discipline. Hanlan was a king among oarsmen. The place where he was born and reared and trained has a right to be considered as a monument. Indeed, there is no summer resort in America which has such a claim on memory or such a stimulus to the imagination. Canada will never be able to replace Ned Hanlan. The old wooden hotel may be rebuilt. But the old house in which the man was born should have been worth more to the people of Toronto and of Canada than all the gaudy, giddy amusements that money is able to devise on that historic sandbar.



Famous Hanlan's Hotel at Hanlan's Point, Toronto, Burned on August 11th. This photograph was taken just before the building collapsed.





Salmon Fishing on the Fraser River—Taking the Salmon out of Spiller in the Fish Trap.

## Gathering the Wealth of the Pacific

THE salmon run is again in full swing. The Indians, the Chinese, the Japanese, and the whites with their fleets of boats, their spears and nets, their furnaces and mountains of tins, are working overtime gathering in the wealth of the Pacific for the tables of the world. The annual jealousies and tiffs between the Canadians and Americans as to fishing rights is again a feature of the industry. Rumours of complaint from the Canadians that their neighbours are pulling more than their share of the sock-eye have appeared in western despatches to the press. Investigation proves that there is nothing in the stories over which to lose a minute's sleep. The momentary suspension of the virtue of patience and reason to the clamour of avarice in the struggle for gain is the cause of the whole trouble.

The salmon fishing industry is one big gamble between us and our neighbours. On the face of it, we appear to be getting the better of the deal, though we do not seem to realise it. We get two chances at the prize to our partner's one. The Canadians have their first opportunity when the fish strike in from the great Pacific to the west coast of Vancouver Island. Then the traps of the fishermen gather in thousands of the pink and white beauties. When the run reaches Puget Sound, the Americans have their busy season with the traps. The salmon are gradually maturing for spawning, and making for the mouth of the Fraser River; they then sweep up that stream to their spawning beds many miles from the sea. Now, comes the second turn of the Canadians, which impatiently they have been awaiting, while their competitors at Puget Sound have been having a short monopoly. But this time they must labour at a disadvantage. The mouth of the Fraser is too narrow and shallow to admit of the use of traps. If these were used it would permit too small a proportion of the fish to pass up to the spawning grounds. The Canadians are here, therefore, compelled to depend upon gill nets of a regulation size, and this handicap in the race with the Puget Sound fishermen leads to a misconception of American methods. Canadians should remember their compensations. They have, at least, the first and last look at the fish.

The vexation over Puget Sound is an old story. In bygone days there was a great deal of ill-feeling because it was claimed that the Puget Sound traps demoralised the Canadian catch. That grievance was remedied four years ago when the Dominion Government made it legal to employ traps west of Vancouver Island.

Another incident of the salmon activity this summer is that Canadian packers are agitating for a longer season. This side of the situation is presented in an interview with the manager of the Packers' Association of British Columbia, recently published in the *Vancouver World*:

"The only way that we can be helped out of our present predicament is by inducing the government to extend the open season this year for some weeks. The Canadian packers so far this year have not yet secured 25 per cent. of their pack. Four years ago, when we had one of the worst seasons in our experience, at this late date over 80 per cent. of the pack was secured, so it can readily be seen that unless the necessary extension is granted by the Dominion Government the losses to the canneries will be enormous.

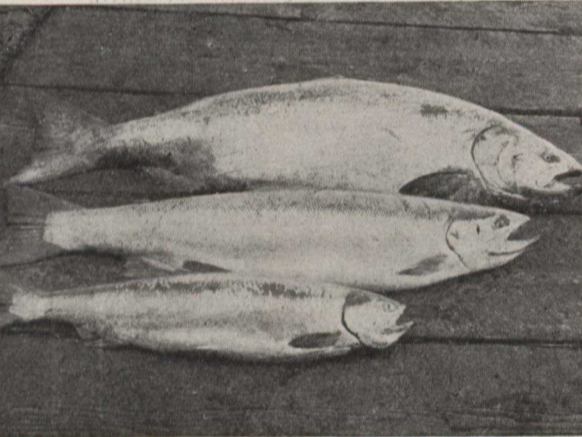
"We are already labouring under a disadvantage in comparison with the Americans, while we have a close period of 42 hours to their 36, and

now we have added to this the phenomenally short small run.

"Canneries on the Sound have all the fish that they can handle, and the salmon are still running through the straits, but of this year's run Fraser River canneries are not getting their fair share. All around Bellingham and neighbouring ports the packers have all that they can well handle, and in some cases more than they can properly take care of.

"It would not be asking too much if we can obtain this concession because the salmon will reach the spawning grounds in the usual proportion any way. The run is small, and so the proportion which the canneries secure will be small and the hatcheries will receive the usual number of spawn-bearing fish."

One would naturally regard the effort being made to prevail upon the government to lengthen the season in which the fisherman may toil as a good business omen, but if we are to believe the manager of the Packers' Association of British Columbia such is not the case. This magnate of the salmon fishing industry entertains an opinion of the size of the run which is a direct and flat denial of the glowing reports which have been spread broad cast by the press that this year the canning fraternity



From the top—The Spring Salmon, the Steelhead Sea Trout and the Blueback or Sockeye Salmon

would roll in prosperity due to the unprecedented favourable conditions of the great B. C. coast industry.

The authorities who have charge of the situation should look into the matter, discover the real state of affairs, and if it is discovered that the packers have just causes for dissatisfaction, take whatever steps the exigencies of the situation demand.

### Ottawa as the Washington of the North.

EVERY Canadian is interested in Ottawa, because it is the national capital. Every nation has its national centre in which all the people are interested. The Governor-General and the Premier, the two great national figures, reside there. The Supreme Court of Canada settles the greatest legal and constitutional questions in a national court-room. The officer commanding the Canadian army makes his headquarters there. The national art gallery, the national library and the

national archives are there. The biggest men of the nation—law-makers, railway-builders, manufacturers, heads of labour organisations, bankers and agriculturists congregate there to make laws, modify laws, and discuss all the more important affairs of the Canadian people. It is the nerve-centre and the heart of the people, and its growth and development must ever be a matter of national interest and pride.

One of the most noticeable features in the development of Ottawa during the past ten years, is the work performed by the Ottawa Improvement Commission. In 1899, Sir Wilfrid Laurier appointed the Commission to carry into effect his intention of making Ottawa the "Washington of the North." It at first consisted of four members and a secretary—Messrs. H. N. Bate, chairman; Joseph Riopelle, C. R. Cunningham, and a representative named by the City Council, the Mayor being selected. Mr. Stephen E. O'Brien, of the Public Works Department, was appointed secretary. In 1902, four additional members were appointed—Sir Wm. H. Hingston, and Hon. J. P. B. Casgrain, both of Montreal; Hon. F. T. Frost, of Smith's Falls, Ont., and Mr. Geo. O'Keefe, of Ottawa. Sir Wm. Hingston died in 1907 and was succeeded by Sir Sanford Fleming. These members and the secretary serve without remuneration.

The Commission receives \$60,000 from the Dominion Government, which sum is in lieu of taxes and water rates on all government buildings in Ottawa. The period of payment was first fixed at ten years and was afterwards extended another ten years, being terminable in 1919. Power was also given the Commission to borrow \$250,000 on debentures.

The principal work of the Commission is a beautiful driveway running along the bank of the Rideau Canal. It is laid out on Government Reserve land and is bordered on both sides by boulevards, and embellished with trees, shrubs and flower beds. This driveway, with King Edward Avenue and Minto Bridge, both constructed by the Commission, forms a connecting link over five miles long between the Dominion Experimental Farm at the south-western end of the city and Rockcliffe and National Parks at the north-eastern end.

Rockcliffe Park, containing an area of eighty acres, is a piece of natural woodland overlooking the Ottawa River, along which it extends for over a mile. From it many beautiful views of the Laurentian Mountains to the north may be seen. Along the river, east of Rockcliffe Park and forming a continuation of it, lies the National Park, a tract of one hundred and eleven acres purchased at a cost of \$35,000.

Driveways, bridle paths and walks extend through both these parks, large areas are laid out for playgrounds, and in the National Park there is a mile speedway, oval in form and constructed after the most approved methods. A natural ravine, beautifully wooded, traverses the National Park and is spanned by several boulder and rustic bridges.

Other works are Strathcona, Somerset Street, King Edward, Bronson and Sapper's Bridge Parks, Monkland and Clemow Avenues, and the Patterson's Creek Parks, the latter now under construction.

The most notable of these is Strathcona Park, containing eighteen acres situated along the Rideau River, and lying between terraced elevations at either end. Prominent in this park are two small lakes joined by a miniature canal spanned by a boulder bridge. The park is protected from spring floods by a boulder wall surmounted by a concrete coping. Trees and shrubs have been freely and effectively planted throughout the park. Recently, Lord Strathcona, with characteristic thoughtfulness, presented Chairman Bate, who was visiting England, with a cheque for \$2,500 to provide a fountain for the park.

The Commission is now about to undertake the construction of a park on Nepean Point, a high bluff of the same natural formation as Parliament Hill, and, like it, overlooking the Ottawa River. This work and a driveway extending north-eastwardly from it along the Ottawa River, will be paid for with the \$100,000 received by the Government from the Grand Trunk Railway for a small piece of Major's Hill Park, on which the railway company is now building a palatial hotel.

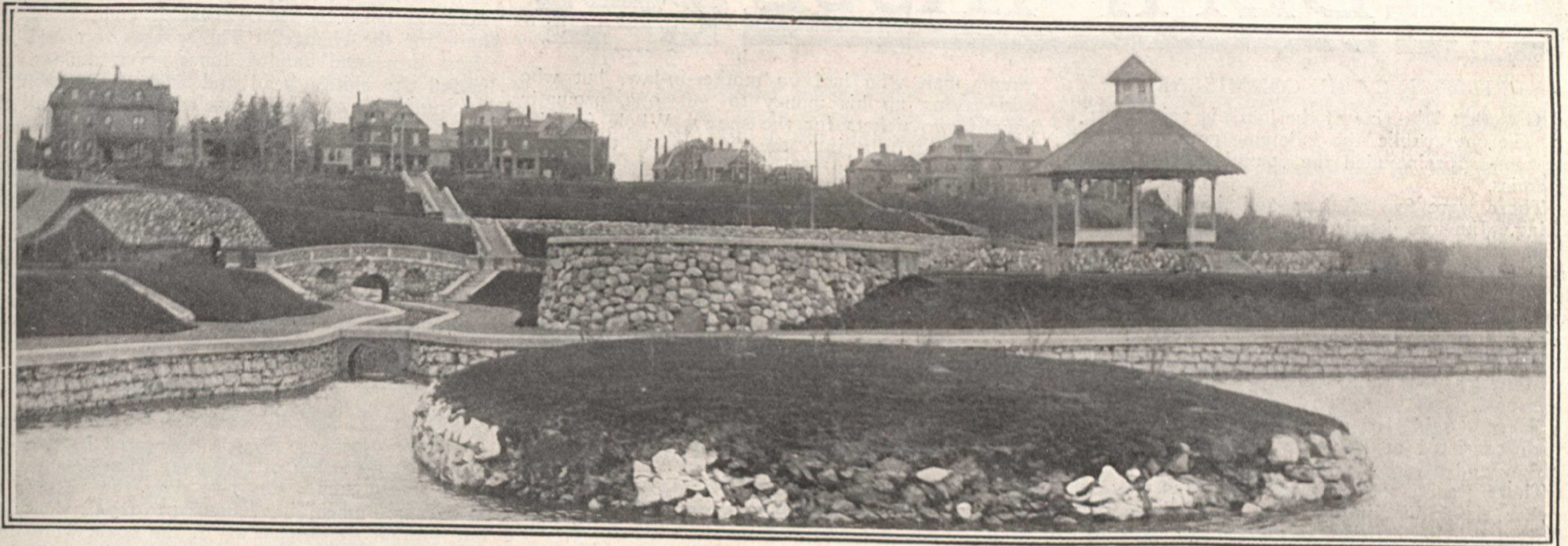
Later on, a driveway is to be constructed from the western end of the Experimental Farm to the Ottawa River to connect with the Prince Arthur Islands, which were acquired from the Ontario Government. This will form a continuation of the Rideau Canal Driveway and when finished will complete the first general plan outlined by the Commission for the beautifying of Ottawa.

The total expenditure by the Commission to the 31st March, 1909, was \$852,409.21.



# Improving the Capital of the Dominion

NEW BUILDINGS AND A NEW PARK SYSTEM



Lake and Canal in Strathcona Park.



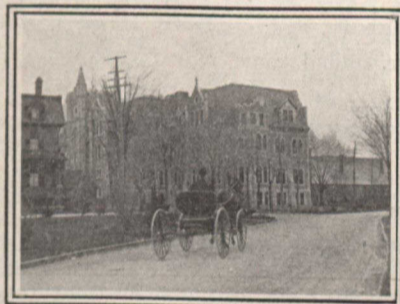
New Y. M. C. A. Building.



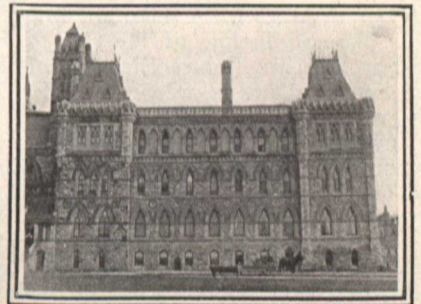
Parliament Buildings from Major's Hill Park.



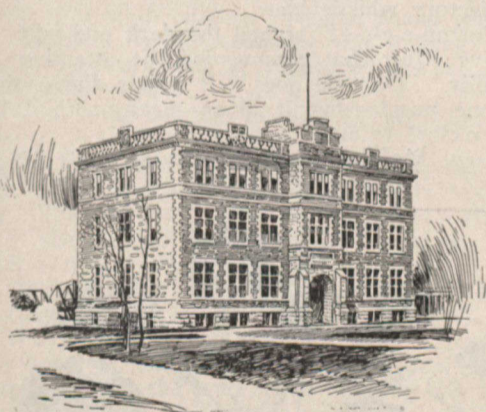
Victoria Memorial Museum, Art Gallery



Ottawa Collegiate Institute, from Rideau Canal Driveway.



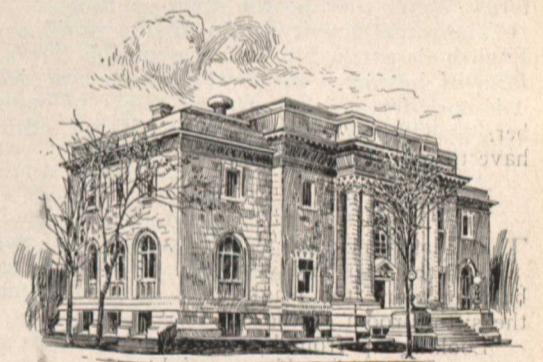
New Western Extension of House of Commons.



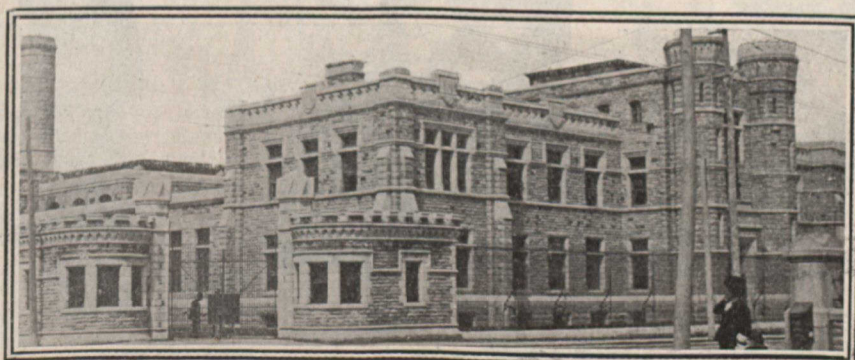
The Archives Building.



View on Major's Hill Park.



The Civic Library Building.



Ottawa Branch, Royal Canadian Mint.



Scene on Rideau Canal Driveway.

Five Men Wanted: Exceptional opportunities to right part.

The best of terms with high... Thanks from men and women who were living on... THE... in... his... the... ser... in... sor... the... eve...



# THE DEMI-TASSE

## CRITICISING THE COMMISSARIAT.

NOW that "the size of the loaf" is agitating the Toronto public, the following account of how one man superintended the commissariat may not be amiss.

There were five of them and they were going fishing. Jim was detailed to look after the refreshments for the party and see that provision was made for the hunger and thirst which might afflict them. Everything was ready, rods and tackle in bright and shining order and the best of friends looking forward to supper on the banks of the stream.

"Where's your stuff, Jim?" asked the eldest of the crowd.

"Here," said Jim briefly, producing supplies which consisted of an array of seven bottles of whiskey and a large loaf of bread.

There was a solemn pause and then the first speaker shook his head. "You might have done better, Jim. We'll never be able to get away with all that bread."

## MAKING IT COMPLETE.

THE late B. B. Osler was possessed of a wit which sometimes became caustic. Referring to the appointment of a certain judge, he said: "It is quite in keeping with what they've been doing lately. They put in A—who has a wooden leg, then B—who has a wooden arm, and now we have C—with a wooden head."

## NEWSLETS.

The schooner, *St. Joseph*, was sunk near Amherstburg in collision with the *Rockefeller*. Not the first time, so Miss Ida Tarbell would say, that Rockefeller has proved a wrecker.

Sir John French will come to Canada to work out the details of the plan of Imperial Defence. Mr. Allan Studholme of the city of Hamilton-on-the-Bay and Mr. James Simpson of Toronto protest, but the *News* is prepared to give Irish French the greatest banquet ever.

Investigations in Montreal before the Royal Commission "reveal graft, wire-pulling, rake-offs and other forms of crookedness." This is becoming an old, old story. Why can't the civic authorities of Montreal show a little originality? If we could hear of a Montreal alderman turning evangelist, that would be news worth while. This time, Montreal has had to pay two prices for flagstones. And now the grafters are to go on the rocks.

It is reported that a cement merger is to be formed with two of our senators among the directors. Won't they be the stuck-up things?

The recent activity in the airship world, says an English despatch, has been responsible for a new form of insurance at Lloyd's, which now declares it is open for aerial insurance. Some of our members at Ottawa will now make frantic efforts to have their speeches insured.

## SHE READ HIM LIKE A BOOK.

THE last chicken had gone to roost, all was still in the barn and yard. The evening lamp was burning, none too brightly, on the centre-table in the sitting-room of the old farmhouse.

Looking up from his magazine the farmer said vehemently to his wife one night:

"Do you know what I'd have done if I had been Napoleon?"

"Yes," she answered. "You'd have settled down in Corsica and spent your life grumbling about bad luck and hard times."—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

## THE PASSING OF AN OLD FRIEND.

THE manager of one of Keith's vaudeville theatres has announced that hereafter the mother-in-law joke will be excluded from his stage. In his decree of banishment no account was taken of the age of the culprit nor of its long and faithful service.

"Go," said the manager, sternly, pointing his finger toward the stage door, "you have brought sorrow enough to the house."

So the decrepit old joke passed away and not even a poor scene-shifter shed a tear. Within three days the manager was flooded with letters of thanks from men and women who were living on the best of terms with their mothers-in-law. A

young man who had no mother-in-law, but who was saving up his money to get one, promptly bought two tickets for the show. Whole families crowded joyfully into the theatre, as though a quarantine had been raised.

In view of this demonstration, it will not be long before the mother-in-law joke will be unable to get work on any stage. It will be compelled to eke out a precarious existence in the comic weeklies and spend its declining days in barber shops.

Yet some historians claim that our ancestors' ancestors laughed at this joke—that centuries ago the fact that one's wife had a mother was thought to be indescribably funny. Perhaps that is why this period of the world's history is called the Dark Age.—*Success*.

## KNEW THE BAD PLACES.

A GENTLEMAN in an address to a graduating class told the following story of the president of an ocean steamship company, who was taking a journey across the water. When the ship was in a dangerous channel he became engaged in conversation with the pilot, an elderly man, who had spent most of his life on the water. The president of the company remarked: "I suppose you know all about the dangerous places in this channel?" "Nope," replied the pilot. "You don't!" exclaimed the president. "Then why are you in charge of that wheel?" "Because I know where the bad places ain't."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger*.

## POLITENESS.

LIEUT. SHACKLETON, in a happy and manly speech which he made in reply to the toast of his health by Mr. Heinemann at the dinner given by that gentleman at the Savoy Hotel, told an interesting story of politeness in the untrodden regions of the Antarctic.

His party, he said, were always extremely good-humoured and polite, and one professor in particular attained a degree of politeness unusual under such trying circumstances. "Are you busy, Mawson?" he called out one night to another member of the party who was in the tent.

"I am," said Mawson.

"Very busy?" said the professor.

"Yes. Very busy."

"If you are not too busy, Mawson, I am down a crevasse."

"The professor was found hanging down a crevasse by his four fingers, a position which he could not have occupied for any length of time."—*London Daily Chronicle*.

## CHARITY ENDURES.

A NEWARK man was walking down to business one morning, when he saw a young woman with a baby in her arms sitting on a church-step and weeping. The man, whom we shall call Jones,

was touched by her apparent distress, and asked her what was the cause of it. "I walked into town," she replied, "to have my baby baptised, and now it will cost me three dollars to have the service performed. I haven't the money, and I don't know what to do." "Well, that's a small matter," said Jones; "I haven't three dollars in change, but here's a ten-dollar bill. Take it and I will wait here for the change." The woman returned in a short time, and handed Jones seven dollars. He patted the child's head and went down-town, rejoicing in his own goodness. He felt good all that day, and his countenance shone with an unusual brightness. His associates all noted the change, and finally one of them asked him the cause of it. "I am happier than usual to-day," said Jones, "and the reason of it is that I did three good things on my way down-town this morning." He related the occurrence, and wound up by saying: "So I performed a deed of charity, started a little child on its way to Paradise, and got seven good dollars for a counterfeit ten-dollar bill."—*Argonaut*.

## IN A BAD PLIGHT.

SOME years ago the excursion steamer returning from Alaska to Seattle dislocated its propeller in a dreary portion of the inner passage and came to a forced stop. For two days the vessel's engineers and machinists laboured to repair the break, but without success. Two of the boats were manned and dispatched for aid to Victoria, three hundred miles away. In the meantime it was discovered that the ship's stores were not abundant. Alarm bred in the minds of pessimistic passengers, and the contagion spread. Starvation might assail the vessel before help arrived. A former California official took it on himself to reassure his timid companions, but his effort was not perfectly adapted to raise drooping spirits. In fact, his closing sentences but added to the gloom. "Let us be brave," he said. "If the worst comes and that dread necessity which in such misadventures has met others must be faced by us, let us remember that it is good to die that our friends may live. The one or more that may be sacrificed will be consoled by that thought." There was a moment's silence, awful in its intensity, then a cheerful voice was heard. "You should be taken first, Governor Booth. You know the bravest are the tenderest." And even the terror-stricken smiled once more.—*Argonaut*.

## THE DARKEY GOT HIS DINNER.

BOZEMAN BULGER, the baseball expert, sat with a number of New York players on the piazza of the hotel at Marlin, Texas, where the New York team does its early training. A large black person in rags hung about in front of their uptilted chairs for half an hour or more, waiting for an opening to project his own personality and needs into the conversation. Mr. Bulger passed the wink for everybody to ignore the coloured brother's obvious desire to make a plea.

A factory whistle blew.

"M'm'p-c-e-e-c!" sighed the dark one with an explosive effect that commanded the attention of everybody. "Dar she goes! It means dinner time for some people—but it doan mean nothin' but twelve o'clock to me!"

He got his dinner money.—*Everybody's Magazine*.



Live Men Wanted: Exceptional opportunities to right parties, apply at once.—*Life*.



# HEADS AND HEARTS

An Adventure in the New Brunswick Woods.

By LLOYD ROBERTS, AUTHOR OF "THE SLEEPING DOG," ETC.



THE man's moccasined feet fell noiselessly on the soft forest floor. Above his head the shaggy cloud of green-black spruces walled off the blazing sun so that only a mysterious twilight filtered down among the boles. The grey of his homespun breeches and flannel shirt fitted well with his surroundings. The scarlet kerchief knotted loosely about his throat glowed like a strange fungus or bright crest of a woodpecker. His easy, tireless swing, roving eyes and subtle air of mastery proved him no novice in the deep ranks of the wilderness.

Bob Neville had two great loves. His art was one—the solitudes the other. Winter, the former claimed all his attention, but summer admitted a combination of both. Human companionship was a blessing he did not covet. His reserve was usually mistaken for borishness by men and stupidity by women. In truth it was caused by a shyness that he despised but could not overcome. The wilderness called for no affectations of mind or body and encouraged the silence that dwelt in his soul.

For the present he was camping on the head of the Mamozekel River, his tent a small fleecy cloud in the gold and scarlet sunset of the year. The huge round tracks of a bull moose had led him six twisted miles northward towards Nictor Lake (for calling game to the ambushed rifle was a trick he despised) and had faded out on a rocky ridge just when he felt the trail was growing warm. Still hoping to find it he was skirting from west to east, ears and eyes alert, when he heard a twig snap behind a windfall on his right. He dropped to a crouching position and slipped like a grey shadow beneath a fallen trunk. Then moving noiselessly along towards the butt a dead prong caught stubbornly at his sleeve, bent and snapped like a pistol shot in the expectant silence. Instantly the man sprang upon the prone tree, rifle poised for action. Not ten paces away, facing him, her eyes wide with fear, stood the slim young figure of a girl.

"Oh!" she gasped painfully, "I thought you were a bear."

The man squelched a cowardly impulse to sudden flight.

"I reckon I am, Miss—sometimes," he answered, dropping into the backwoods vernacular as the first way offering to hide his confusion.

She gave a little high-pitched laugh, then plumped down on the moss and hid a sweet face behind slim white fingers. By the sharp jerks of her shoulders Neville knew she was sobbing. Pity gripped his heart, and he stepped off his perch and moved close to her.

"What's the matter, miss? Ye ain't lost, are you?"

"Yes, yes, yes!" she moaned, uncovering very damp cheeks and seizing his free hand in both her own. "Please don't leave me, or I shall die of fear!" she pleaded, her dark eyes full of the truth of her words.

"Of course not," he reassured gruffly. "Where'd yer come from?"

"We're tenting on Nipisiquit Lake." Her arms were down in her lap and her voice had grown calmer. "I lost the trail while crossing the divide early this morning. I am so tired," she said helplessly. Again a strong tide of pity beat at the man's heart.

"Come, get up your strength and I'll take you back."

"Oh, will you? will you? Father will make it up to you if you do," she returned joyously.

Neville saw that his words and his dress had deceived her completely and felt considerably more at his ease. She rose weakly to her feet and he led off north by west, glancing at his compass to make sure of his direction. Striking straight for Nictor Lake and following it up to the portage trail between it and Nipisiquit Lake appeared to him the simplest method. He calculated they were a good two miles from the former and moved slowly to spare the girl's remaining energy.

Her relief of mind made her forget temporarily her fatigue. She kept close in the shadow of his broad back, thanking Providence for sending this brawny woodsman to be her guide and protector

in her need. She marked his noiseless tread and how his feet fell one ahead of the other, his rumpled mass of hair bare to the sun and wind, his thick brown arms and marvelous ease of motion. "If," mused the girl straight from the Great City, "the wilderness breeds such physiques as this our men have much to envy."

"Mister—mister—" she hesitated. "Bob. Jest Bob, miss, 'll do all right," he introduced without turning his head.

"Well, Mister Bob, it is awfully good of you to take all this trouble because of me. And it was all my fault too—being lost this way." He offered no comment to this, and presently she continued her explanations, somehow feeling a strange confidence in this rugged stranger that she dimly accounted to his unaffectedness and different breeding.

"Yes, father—that's Doctor Murry—brought Luke Gould up here on his hunting trip. I don't like Luke a bit. I guess it's because he's so conceited and all that. Anyway we two got behind father and the guides on the portage and he began saying things that made me frantic. So when he stopped to tie his shoe-lace—they're silk, you know, and always getting untied—I just slipped off among the trees, intending to skirt around and join the others before Luke caught me. That was about ten this morning, and I've been walking ever since."

"Jove!" Neville ejaculated. Then, remembering his part, hastened to add, "You must be nigh tuckered out. I ain't got a bite of grub with me, either."

"I am hungry, but it's sort of nice to be really ravenous for once in my life—now I know I'm not going to starve."

THEY trudged on for some time in silence.

Neville had never experienced such peace of mind when in the presence of one of the opposite sex before. Somewhat like an ostrich with its head in the sand he considered his true self effectually hidden behind his guise of woodsman. So it happened that he came to certain amazing conclusions with himself in regard to the standard of the girl—no doubt because she was the first he had been in a position to bravely face and analyse. As vividly as if he turned around his vision beheld the slight, bare-headed figure dressed in pale blue duck, sadly rent and soiled, toiling in his wake, and his trust sat so lightly on his shoulders that he would not have forfeited it if he might.

By pausing twice for a few scanty moments of rest and a long cool draught at a deep-mouthed spring, they came in time to where the sunlight blazed beyond the trunks, and so out on an immense clearing mottled with chips and jagged stumps. At the far edge gleamed the great turquoise shield of Nictor Lake and between it and themselves stood a cabin, squat and broad of beam. A group of lumbermen lolled about the door, their short black pipes spurting defiance at the few remaining midgits.

Neville saw the opportunity for food and led his charge straight for the scrutinising and curious eyes. As he drew near a doubt as to the wisdom of his action assailed him. He felt sudden fear of their curiosity. However, he knew it was too late to retreat and so advanced with every appearance of ease.

Such men as were seated on neighbouring logs rose promptly and doffed their black felts.

"Howde do, boys," said Neville, "do you think you could give my wife and myself a bite of something. We're pretty nigh famished."

"You bet we kin," answered a muscular, strong-jawed man, stepping up and introducing himself as Bert MacKenzie, boss of the camp. "Now step right in and Jim'll fix yer up." He led the way through the open doorway and the two followed close.

Jim, a thin, nervous individual, hustled about and like a miracle had steaming rolls, scalding tea, pork and beans and apple-sauce spread upon one end of the table before them. Neville thanked him and explained between mouthfuls, while the boss and half a dozen fellows within the building listened attentively.

"My wife and I," the effort it cost him to form those words made no showing in his voice, "are camping over on the Mamozekel. We were followin' the tracks of a moose and sort of lost all ac-

count of time. Findin' we were nigh here we calculated to drop in on yer and beg a bite. Them rolls are as good as I've ever tasted."

Strength was fast returning to the girl's tired body.

"Oh, they are simply perfect, Jim," she corroborated, turning her shining eyes on the flustered cook.

There was a mirthless chuckle from a tall, dark lumberman leaning against the upper line of bunks. "Don't Ben make 'em as good as those, miss?"

The girl flushed painfully and concealed her face behind a mug of tea.

Neville stared straight into the eyes of the speaker, the laugh more than the words working on his strained nerves. "What do yer mean?" he asked, quietly.

"Why, jest what I says," sneered MacPherson. "When yer wife, as yer calls her, went by here in a canoe yesterday Ben Simmons was doin' the cookin' fer her, for he told me so." There was an air of suspense and suspicion in the camp that brought a pallor of rage to Neville's face.

He slowly got to his feet and slid over to the now scowling lumberman. His words were almost whispered.

"I said 'my wife.' Do you mean I lie?"

"Now I wouldn't exactly say that. More'n likely she is yer wife now—only yesterday she were jest plain Miss—"

The sentence was never finished, for Neville's right fist met the point of his chin and dropped him where he stood. He waited until the man, no longer malicious, staggered to his feet, and then returned to his place at the table. The girl, who was first half-dazed, thrilled with pride in her protector.

"I reckon I lost my temper a mite, Mr. MacKenzie," he apologised to his host.

"Don't worry, he got jest what he deserved fer insultin' Mrs. Neville that away," reassured the boss, as the object of their comment beat a retreat from the camp. The others present took the hint and hastened to compose their features to sympathy and friendliness; but standing somewhat in dread of incurring the anger of MacPherson they discreetly held their peace.

MACKENZIE was sincere as he was rugged and believed he knew the courtesy due one's guests. "It's gettin' 'long towards sundown an' yers have a big journey ahead of yers. What yer say ter stoppin' the night? We kin fix yer up a bunk in the outhouse."

"No, there'll be a moon later on an' I guess we'd better be trottin'. Thankee all the same. Are yer ready, Madge?"

"Yes—dear," she returned bravely, feeling ashamed to let the weight of the responsibility rest on him alone. She rose and held out her hand to the boss, when there was a clatter of tongues and feet outside and a young man, very neatly dressed in grey flannels and russet shoes, sprang triumphantly through the doorway.

"Hello, Miss Murry! How in Jove's name did you get here? The guides are trying to follow your tracks away back in the woods. The Doctor and I thought we'd leave word here for the men to keep their eyes open for you and join in the search if you didn't turn up. This is luck."

Neville saw himself becoming involved beyond his strength just when he imagined he had cleared the atmosphere of all suspicion. Now if he told the truth his former lies would show up in an ugly light. There was nothing for it but to fight it out as he had begun, beating down all opposition and trusting to the girl to continue backing him up. The lumbermen had crowded about the entrance and he could see the mocking eyes of MacPherson over the others' shoulders.

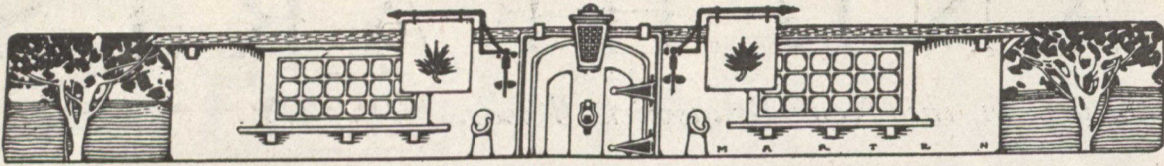
Gould turned and shouted the good news beyond them to the ears of the Doctor, who was waiting in the canoe a hundred yards away. When he turned he was confronted by Neville.

"Look ahere, young man, yer evidently unaware of the fact that 'Miss Murry,' as yer calls her, is my wife."

Luke glared in amazement. "The devil she is!" "She sure is. And what's more she wasn't lost this morning and had no intention of bein'."

CONCLUDED ON PAGE 19





## AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

**M**RS. J. F. HANNAM, whose meteoric appearance in the Lawn Tennis Arena during the past month, and whose marvellous skill has so profoundly impressed the followers of the game, is a recent arrival in Toronto from the Old Country. In the short time she has been amongst us she has already defeated the recognised champions of Ontario and Quebec with such ease as to completely outclass them.

When she left England Mrs. Hannam was the holder of seven championship challenge cups which she had to surrender on coming to Canada. Within the month she has been in Toronto she has won the city championships in singles and doubles, emblematic of superiority over all the ladies in the Toronto district; also the singles and doubles at Montreal, representing the Dominion Championships, and the singles and doubles championship at Cleveland, representative of the Ohio State Championships. Just to what degree of perfection Mrs. Hannam has attained in tennis as an art, is, for the present, a matter of speculation, as her victories have been so readily won. The supreme test of her valour will be at the International Tournament at the Queen's Royal, Niagara-on-the-Lake during the last week in August, when she will have an opportunity of crossing racquets again with Miss May Sutton, who won, lost and regained the World's Championship at Wimbledon in 1905, 1906 and 1907 respectively. The fair "combatants" have met but once, when in the contest for the Welsh Championship at Newport, Miss Sutton won a most strenuously exciting game by 9-7; 6-3. This was in 1905. Since that, Mrs. Hannam has "come on," say the critics, and the second meeting of these two champions will be the event of the tennis season. Mrs. Hannam's strongest play is her forearm drive; she hits with great severity to the baseline, corners and sidelines, and her accuracy and control of the ball are remarkable. She is equally good with her backhand cross court hits which win her many points.

Then, too, she enjoys great physical advantage, possessing abundant stamina and unusual length of limb, and added to this she has the cheeriest of temperaments and is an optimist of the first degree.

Mrs. Hannam's settlement amongst us will be an unbounded incentive to our Canadian players and will be an invaluable asset in our tennis world. It must be admitted that in the past, the quality of play amongst Canadian women, although creditable, has not been very high when compared with that of England. Mrs. Hannam has set a new standard and great forward strides are anticipated. All eyes, English, American and Canadian are now turned upon Niagara-on-the-Lake, when the "combat" of the season will be witnessed by thousands of tennis enthusiasts.

\* \* \*

**T**HE "Kirmess" which was recently held in Vancouver for Sweet Charity's Sake was a great success, and as a result the local organisations find themselves in a flourishing position with their coffers well filled. It was the first performance of the kind ever held in Vancouver, and at every one of the five nights the players were greeted by immense crowds. The "Kirmess" was given under the auspices of the Vancouver Athletic Club, the Horse Show Building being converted into a veritable fairyland for the occasion. The five hundred performers in gay attire made the scene an enchanting one, and Vancouver was much surprised to find so much histrionic talent amongst its amateurs. The whole performance went off with an astonishing degree of professional finesse, that was a magnificent triumph for those who had charge of the drilling of the participants. The special features of the occasion were, the "Silver Spray" ballet, a "Night in Japan," "Pocahontas," the "Swing Song," the dance of the "Flower and Garland Girls," and Scottish and Spanish dances. Vancouver will long remember its first "Kirmess" as being one of their most notable social successes.

\* \* \*

**T**HE new United States Consul, Mr. Maxwell K. Moorehead, who, with his wife lately arrived in St. John, N.B., is greatly concerned about the recent earthquake in Mexico, where he has large interests and where their household effects are still stored. Mr. and Mrs. Moorehead were wel-

comed by a number of prominent citizens. Mr. Moorehead is now in full charge of the Consulate. Judge Willrich, the retiring Consul, has gone to his new district in Quebec. Mrs. Moorehead is a daughter of Judge Ermatinger, St. Thomas, and has many friends in Toronto.

\* \* \*

**T**HE fortnight visit of Mrs. Jean Blewett in Edmonton before going to the far north was the raison d'être of a number of social affairs in her honour. Amongst the most enjoyable was Mrs. Hardisty's tea, to which many of the sterner sex lent their presence when much clever chat and many witticisms were indulged in.

\* \* \*

**F**ROM India comes this news that Lord and Lady Minto have finished their course of the Pasteur treatment and are spending a few weeks at "Mushobra." Before going to their country retreat they attended the season's last gymkhana at Annandale, when Lady Eileen Elliott won the Ladies' Jumping Competition. The Minto's true



Mrs. Hannam,  
The Englishwoman who came to Canada and won the Toronto City Championship and also the Canadian Championship.  
Photograph by Pringle & Booth.

love of sport is adding much to their popularity in India, where at present the native element is in such a state of seething unrest.

\* \* \*

**C**ANADIAN musicians who know Sir Charles Stanley and his coaching methods, are much interested in his extraordinary pupil, Miss Ruby Helder, a Bristol girl, who possesses a pure tenor voice of wonderful range and power. Miss Helder is especially qualified for oratorio and in a recent performance of the "Messiah" sustained the entire tenor role without the least sign of fatigue. Her future will be closely watched by musicians on this side of the Atlantic.

\* \* \*

**A** WEDDING of more than usual interest will take place on Saturday, Sept. 11th, the contracting parties being Miss Heloise Keating and Mr. Frank Macklem. Miss Keating is one of Toronto's most fascinating young ladies and is exceedingly popular in musical and social circles. As a harpiste, Miss Keating a few years ago, it will be

remembered, won the prize given by the Queen of Belgium, who, herself, was an accomplished harpiste.

\* \* \*

**A**T the recent tennis championship tournament held at Victoria, B.C., Miss Hotchkiss and Miss Ryan, the Californians, beat Miss Hobson and Miss Gillespie in the ladies' doubles. The Victorians, however, showed much improvement over last year and promise soon to be in the front rank.

\* \* \*

**V**ANCOUVER is to be congratulated upon the fact that so many of our most notable Canadian writers have chosen their picturesque city as their abiding place, the latest arrival from the east being Mrs. Isabel Eccelstone Mackay, the universally known writer of prose and poetry. Her poems have appeared from time to time in many of the leading magazines and her collection of published verse has had a most enviable reception. Mrs. Mackay comes from Woodstock, is a member of the Canadian Society of Authors and the Canadian Women's Press Club.

\* \* \*

**B**Y the marriage of Miss Louie Wadmore, daughter of Col. R. L. Wadmore, Halifax loses one of its most charming young ladies. The wedding took place at St. Mark's Church when Miss Wadmore became the wife of Mr. J. Norman Ritchie, son of the late Judge Ritchie. Mr. and Mrs. Ritchie will in future reside at Lethbridge, Alberta.

\* \* \*

**A**MONGST the Canadian nurses who attended the great Congress of Trained Nurses held at Caxton Hall, London, Eng., were Miss Snively, of the Toronto General Hospital; Miss Louise Brent, of the Sick Children's Hospital; and Miss A. J. Scott, of Grace Hospital. Miss Snively, with the King's permission, placed a wreath upon the grave of our late Queen in the name of the National Association of Trained Nurses of Canada.

\* \* \*

**A** WESTERN wedding of interest to many Toronto people took place at St. Paul's Church, July 28th, 1909, at Regina, when Miss Mabel I. Reynolds, formerly of Stayner, and Mr. Wilmot G. Haultain, Registrar of Land Titles, formerly of Peterborough, were united in marriage by the Rev. Rural Dean Hill. During the signing of the register, "Beloved it is Morn," was beautifully sung by Mrs. J. A. Fraser, of Toronto. Mr. and Mrs. Haultain will reside at Regina.

\* \* \*

**T**HE new Brunswick Tennis Tournament on the local club grounds, St. John, was attended by large and enthusiastic crowds and good playing marked the games throughout. Miss Jean Trueman especially, proved herself to be a promising player, who, with proper training may some day make a name for herself. At any rate, St. John is ambitious and looks forward to the time when its local players will bring the trophy "down east."

\* \* \*

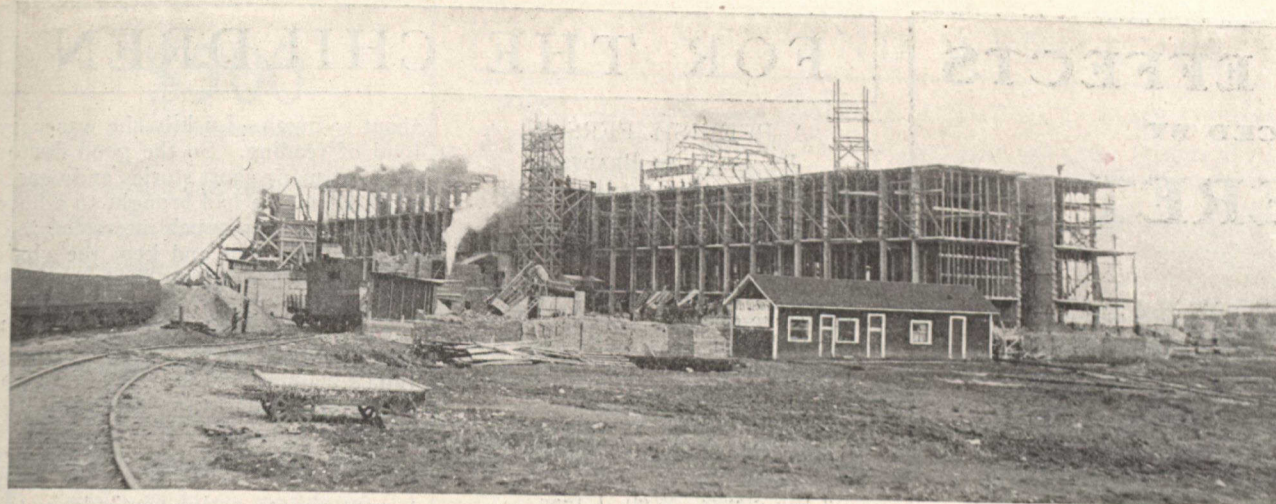
**A**T the Tennyson Centenary Exhibition recently given by the Fine Arts Society, London, many of the late laureate's poems were brush-portrayed, while familiar scenes about his home were painted by Mrs. Allingham and Mrs. Rossetti, who are well-known to many Canadian artists. Two noteworthy objects were portraits of Lord Tennyson, by Sir J. E. Millars and S. Lawrence, in which both artists surpassed their former achievements in dignity and breadth of treatment.

\* \* \*

**T**HE Canadian Canoe Club Association's Regatta on the bay last week was the piece de resistance of the local sporting world and attracted an immense crowd of spectators, of which the greater part were ladies. Though the day was a scorching one the home of the Toronto Canoe Club was as cool as could be desired. With its bright awnings, its flags and bunting, its palm shaded nooks, the refreshing breeze, the light, summery frocks of the ladies, the life, the motion and the effervescence of the whole scene was one to inspire, to enrapture. The popular feature of the afternoon, as ever, was the race of the war canoes, which gave the female element an opportunity of displaying their "cheering" qualities. The Toronto Canoe Club is one of which the city may well be proud. A happy, wholesome combination of vigorous Canadian sportsmen, their club is a place where young manhood and maidenhood may revel in the innocent, rollicking joys of nature and sunshine.

The Band of the Royal Grenadiers discoursed sweet strains of music throughout the afternoon and added much to the pleasure of the occasion.





The Future Home of Saskatchewan Parliament, now being built at Regina.

## PEOPLE AND PLACES

*Little Stories by Land and Sea, concerning the folk who move hither and thither across the face of a Big Land.*

### THE GOOD OLD FARM.

THE old farm in the August days—what custom can ever stale that? We have been on the farm; quite recently. The rise and fall of the day which in a city is a common-place thing and a mere matter of convenience, becomes in the country a drama. There is no need of a daylight bill on the farm. The farmer has solved that. He gets all the light there is. He is up with the sun. He gauges noon by the sun; able to tell within ten minutes by the slope of his shadow when it is time to go up for dinner, or supper at six—even though the mill whistle three miles away may not be heard. But he is over busy to notice the real drama of the day as enacted by the birds and the winds and the beasts of the field. He hears not the shriek of the kingfisher over the gully; the crackling note of the woodpecker in the apple trees; the twit of the wheeling swallows; the thin plaintive note of the peewee and the "meow" of the catbird, too lazy to sing; the mournful croon of the doves in the grove and the long harsh wheeze of the locust up a tree spelling out hours of heat.

All these things are as they used to be in the days of old. The machinery of the farm has all changed. The barns are painted and roofed with metallic shingles. The silos are red. The fields are tiled. The old road is lined with telephone poles. Rural phones are one of the necessities. Wire fences have driven out the old snake rails. The hired man has a bicycle and he quits at six; neither does he milk the cows. The old milkpans, even the cream cans are gone; the machine separator in the shed grinds the milk into one pail and the cream into another; and the cream man calls twice a week with his cans and his steelyards weighing out the cream that he hauls to the creamery—modern relique of the ancient milk-hauler who took the old-fashioned milk-cans from the stand by the road and hauled them away to the cheese factory. In the parlour the rag carpet has been replaced by the "boughten" rug and the old reed organ has given way to the machine piano, reeling out grand opera and sonata. But the calves are still fed in the Bill Nye style. The hens still sit in the ragweeds and bring out flocks in the fall—not caring a continental for the incubators in the kitchen. The skunks and the weasels still sneak out to the hen-coop. The screech-owl tunes up when the dark settles down—same old melancholy droon. The bats stagger off the under side of the orchard leaves and reel into the house. The old mare coughs in the meadow and the top buggy rattles over the bridge. Some things about the farm will never change. The farmer himself of the old school has not changed much. His god is still the long day's work. Weeds and drouth and weevil are still his enemies. He has not learned to discard the hoe. Neither has he dispensed with the pedlar and the sewing-machine man. Great is the old farm! the home of the honest day and the hard-earned dollar.

\* \* \*

### A HUNDRED-DOLLAR ANTHEM.

CANADA has now a national anthem. It cost a hundred dollars. A United States weekly paid the money and published the poem. It fits the tune *La Chant National* according to order. Calixia Lavallee may now rest in peace in his grave conscious that he has succeeded in welding the French and the English in Canada into one harmonious, melodious national unity. The winning poem has three stanzas. None of them are bad. Indeed the whole work is quite meritorious. It will do no harm. People may learn to sing it—but people nowadays learn to sing almost anything. It contains some of the usual platitudes about lakes and rivers and woods. It has also "forest domes," which are something new in forests. But of course even the woods are changing and the forests of the future when this anthem becomes immortal may

be expected to wear domes and rooftrees and frescoes at present not in fashion. There are some bad unsingable passages—in spite of the fact that a musical doctor sat on the committee. But of course it is easy to pick holes in the fabric without mending it. The winner of the prize is to be congratulated. A hundred dollars is worth having. The poem will never be a disgrace. It is better than the average national anthem, of which we have had so many. But in the four hundred contributions submitted it must be presumed that not a single real poet has been discovered. Poetry does not thrive hard in Canada. Versifiers are numerous. It is a common affliction to write verse; much as it is a habit of people to get measles and debts and to wear millinery. The publishers of the prize-giving weekly will have no occasion to complain. For a hundred dollars they have got as much advertising as they could expect. It is not likely that the merits or the defects of the poem in question will ever bother them much. There will be no sublime moment. The people of Canada will not suddenly join heart and voice to sing the new song. Some music publisher will take hold of it. People will buy it—just as they have already bought a score of arrangements of the same thing to various sorts of words. The tune of Lavallee will never die. Chief of all the French-Canadians will never sing an English version even in translation. They have the words of Judge Routhier written for the tune in the original. These will suffice for Quebec for all time to come. National anthems are not made to order. Nevertheless it is to be hoped that the great melody will become common property, for it is one of the noblest hymns in the world.

\* \* \*

### THE WESTWARD EXODUS.

THE St. John *Telegraph* raises its voice to deprecate the harvesters' exodus from the Maritime Provinces to the golden grain lands of the West. There is much more than sentiment in the kick. The problem has arisen. Every year it grows more acute. Every year thousands of men go from the eastern and middle provinces to harvest the western wheat. Ontario and Quebec suffer as well as the Maritime Provinces. Nobody seems able to prevent it. Men must be had. They are needed in a hurry. The entire harvest of the West is lifted within a month. Fortunately it happens that the harvests of the East are lifted before those of the West are ready. This makes it easy for men to get away for the lure of fifty dollars a month and "found" and a big sight-seeing trip thrown in. The *Telegraph*, however, does not complain about the men who go; but of the men who never come back. Many men succumb to the lure of hustle and cheap land and drive stakes in the wheat fields. This depletes the farm lands of the East. The East does not thrive on depletion. New Brunswick and all the other eastern provinces are good agricultural provinces. They are in need of development. There is no more fertile land in Canada than in the eastward provinces. Mixed farming is possible there that cannot be carried on in the West. Conditions of life generally are in many ways superior in the East. Wheat fetches a better price owing to the reduced cost of transportation. There is a strong local and historic interest in the East. There is less pure commercialism. Life in many respects is a pleasanter thing in the older provinces, where people have found themselves.

But for the present the westward ho! movement is irresistible. The eastern provinces have the problem of peopling vacant lands with immigrants who they consider should go straight on to the West, which causes the demand. In time perhaps, when the cities and towns of the West grow more congested, part of the problem will begin to right itself.

When  
you are  
**HUNGRY**



WHEN you have used up all available food sustenance in your body, and are drawing on the reserve supply in nerve and muscle tissue, eat cheese. "Imperial" Cheese contains everything needed in the way of food, in a form that is quickly assimilated and transformed into energy. Cheese is from two to six times as nourishing as meat.

### MacLaren's Imperial Cheese

adds a zest to any dish. Served with salad it is delicious. Its flavor, rich and appetizing, delights and satisfies the most exacting palate. Smooth and creamy, it spreads like butter. Remains fresh and soft to the very last morsel. Put up in dainty, sealed, opal jars, absolutely protected against all contamination. Will not dry, sour or get stale. Always ready to serve. For sale at your grocers, from 10 cents up.

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## MOOSE JAW SASKATCHEWAN

Makes another record for land entries in June as follows:

Homesteads.....	1115
Pre-emptions.....	838
Purchased Homesteads.....	15
South African Scrip.....	70

A grand total of 2038 quarter sections comprising 326,080 acres.

In 1908 the total entries were.....14,728 In 1909 six months entries were.....8,964

The Imperial Bank opened a branch office in June, and the Dominion Bank purchased one of the best corners in the city for a new bank.

The Gray-Campbell Co., Limited, manufacturers of buggies, fanning mills, kitchen cabinets and other farm requisites with \$500,000 capital stock, \$300,000 paid up, has chosen MOOSE JAW as its headquarters for Western Canada.

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Write for further particulars and 10th Annual Report.

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THE PEOPLES BUILDING - LONDON, ONTARIO

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION THE "CANADIAN COURIER."

# FOR THE CHILDREN

A PEEVISH PERSON.

By DOUGLAS BRADFORD.

There's a bookstore in town  
Kept by one Mr. Brown,

Whose temper is somewhat worn  
out.

Once a clerk came in late  
(The store opens at eight)

And Brown was quite angry, no  
doubt.

Then there entered a man

Who said: "Quick as you can,  
I want Mark Twain's works. Don't  
delay."

Said the clerk: "Well, I fear,  
Sir, you can't get them here—

Mr. Brown's 'out of humour' to-  
day!" —*St. Nicholas.*

\* \* \*

LITTLE JULIA WARD AND  
CHIEF RED JACKET.

A True Story.

A GREAT many years ago there lived in a house on the Bowling Green a little girl named Julia Ward. Nobody lives in that part of New York City now, for it is filled with great, tall office buildings; but in those days only quiet dwelling-houses looked out on the tiny green park. If little Julia sniffed hard she could smell the salt sea air, which came blowing in from the harbour only a stone's throw away. Yet, in spite of the pleasant sea-breezes, her lovely young mother drooped in health. So she was sent on a journey to get back her strength, and she took little Julia with her. First they went on board a steamboat and steamed up the beautiful Hudson River.

Round and round went the wheels of the little steamboat, till at last it stopped at Albany. No railroads had been built in that day, so Julia was delighted to find papa's big carriage drawn by two horses ready to carry them on their journey.

Such a wonderful carriage as it was! I don't believe you ever saw one like it. Painted a pretty pale cowslip colour on the outside, it must have looked for all the world like Cinderella's famous coach fashioned out of a single pumpkin. Inside, the lining and the cushions were all of bright blue cloth most beautiful to behold!

All the four grown people climbed in, Julia's dear mamma, her Aunt Eliza, Mamma's maid, and the young doctor who was to take care of her if she should be sick. Then a small chair was set for the little girl, in the bottom of the carriage. In she jumped, the steps were folded up, the door was shut with a bang to make it fast, the driver whipped up his horses and away they went!

At first little Julia sat very quiet, amusing herself with looking at the green fields, the big, waving trees and the houses as the carriage rolled past them. By-and-by she began to grow a little tired. Then she moved her little chair quickly and it came down on something soft. This was the poor doctor's foot! He said nothing, but gently moved the chair a little and drew his toes from under it. But little Julia could not sit still any longer. She was getting some new front teeth which hurt her gums and made her very restless. Bump, bump went the chair, and now it lighted on the poor doctor's very tenderest little toe! So both his feet ached and which one hurt the most he could hardly tell! Yet the good man never said a word nor even groaned, because he was afraid of troubling Julia's mamma. I think his poor feet must have been all black and blue by the time the carriage reached Niagara, Julia and her chair bobbed

about so much. Luckily she was very fond of reading. So the good doctor read her many short stories and verses from a book he had brought to amuse her. She was so much interested that she sat quite still and kept the chair off his toes for a long time—at least five minutes!

The journey in the big yellow coach lasted several days. One morning Julia's mamma told her they were going to visit Red Jacket, the great Indian Chief.

"Now, Julia dear, you must be very polite to him, for he is a good man. I want you to notice particularly the large silver medal that hangs around his neck. General Washington gave him that, because Red Jacket talked a great deal to the Indians of his tribe, the Senecas, and told them they must not fight with the people of the United States. Red Jacket loves peace."

Julia paid strict attention to what mamma said, for she was an obedient child and loved her mamma dearly.

Presently the carriage drove up to the Indian camp. The little girl looked out of the window and saw the dark-coloured wigwams of the Indians pitched on the sandy soil. A tall red man with a fine, high forehead and thoughtful, dignified air, stepped up to the carriage. Julia said to herself "Now I will be very polite to him."

The door of the coach opened and the child sprang suddenly into the arms of the noble savage, clasping her hands tightly around his neck!

Oh! How surprised Red Jacket was! Surprised and not particularly pleased, for Indians, you know are very calm and quiet in their behaviour. They like to look dignified, and it upsets a person's dignity to be suddenly seized around the neck! "How strangely these white children behave!" he said to himself. Poor Red Jacket! He did not quite know what was the polite thing for him to do. Fortunately her mamma was very quick and drew little Julia back into the carriage. Aunt Eliza and the doctor could not help laughing, for Julia's way of being polite did look very queer, and the tall Indian Chief seemed so astonished.

Mamma handed her daughter a fine braid of tobacco tied with a blue ribbon: "Here, dear, give that to Red Jacket."

Julia held it out in her small hand and the Chief took it with pleasure. She was so glad she had found out the proper way to be polite to Indians. The doctor made friends with the Chief and after some talk all bade him good-by.

I do not think little Julia ever saw Red Jacket again, but the doctor persuaded him to come to New York a year or two later and to have a portrait of himself painted for Julia's papa. Little Julia often saw the picture of the Chief in her papa's picture-gallery. Whenever she looked at this portrait she thought of her journey in the yellow Cinderella coach, of the poor doctor's toes, all black and blue from her little chair, and of the funny way in which she had tried to be polite to the great and dignified Indian Chief, Red Jacket.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

\* \* \*

I HEARD AN ANGEL.

I heard an angel singing,  
When the day was springing;  
"Mercy, pity and peace  
Are the world's release!"

So he sang all day  
Over the new-mown hay,  
Till the sun went down,  
And the haystacks looked brown.



**\$500**

Investors can secure Bonds of the above denomination yielding an interest return of from 4 to 6 per cent. per annum.

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

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In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier

**MONEY AND MAGNATES**

THREE LEADING CAPITALISTS AND THEIR GAME OF CARDS.

THREE of Montreal's big financial men who are great friends are all very fond of different games of cards. They are Sir William Van Horne, Senator L. P. Forget, and Sir Thomas Shaughnessy.

Sir William, when with his most intimate friends, always dearly likes to have a little game of poker and there are many stories of the many games he has had with Mr. James Ross, the president of the Dominion Coal Company, who is another fiend at the game. At first sight there would not seem to be anything that affords Sir William as much pleasure as to beat his friend Ross, but then Mr. Ross is also always keen on beating Sir William and from the records available, he generally manages to do so.

Senator L. J. Forget is a bridge whist enthusiast. The Senator's Montreal home is situated right next to the Mount Royal Club on Sherbrooke Street and when any trio of keen players are anxious to get a fourth who will be just as keen as themselves, they telephone the Senator and ask him if he would oblige them by playing a rubber or two.

Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, when seeking a little relaxation seems to take a lot of fun out of a game of Patience. He plays quite a lot, especially at home after dinner in the evening. One habit they all three have in common, especially when playing cards, is smoking cigars, and one of their friends once remarked to me that they would likely play cards still more only they knew they would smoke a great deal too much.

\* \* \*

**BIGGEST CHEQUES ISSUED IN CANADA.**

WHEN the Dominion Coal Company recently issued its cheque for \$2,750,000 on the Bank of Montreal to the Dominion Iron and Steel Company in part payment of damages for breaking the old 99 year coal contract, the cheque was the largest that ever passed between any two Canadian industrial concerns. There are not many Canadian companies that could conveniently get a marked cheque for such an amount, but then most of the money the Coal Company gave the Steel Company had been received from the Steel Company as excess price for coal and the money had been kept in a special account pending the final decision of the Privy Council.

To the Canadian Pacific Railway goes the honour of having drawn the largest cheque that has ever passed through a Canadian bank, and it was drawn on the Bank of Montreal in favour of the Quebec Government for \$7,000,000 and was in payment of certain lines of railways.

It is seldom that cheques for more than a \$1,000,000 go through any of our banks, the only occasion being when some particularly large deal is put through, such as when the old Royal Electric crowd of Montreal purchased the Lachine Hydraulic and Light Company. Every six months the Canadian Pacific puts in a cheque for over \$4,000,000 at the Bank of Montreal to provide for the payment of the half yearly dividends on the stock.

\* \* \*

**CAPITALIST'S AIM AT VAST ACHIEVEMENTS.**

THE interest some of the leading capitalists take in their corporations was recently described by "Jere" Hutchins, the president of the Detroit United Railway. In discussing the Canadian Pacific Railway project one day with me Mr. Hutchins expressed the opinion that Sir William Van Horne and his associates in concerning and carrying out the construction of the big Canadian Railway had done an even greater thing for the world than most of the notable men of early generations. He would even say that the world was benefited more by their work than that of the many generals the world now looks upon as its great men, not even excluding Alexander nor Napoleon.

In a smaller way, Mr. Hutchins said he was trying to effect just as important a work in building up a system of urban and interurban traction lines in Detroit and the various towns surrounding it for a distance of close to a hundred miles. It would mean that thousands of families would be able to take advantage of the transportation facilities and enjoy the luxury of having country houses, while all the time the community becoming a larger and a more intimate one. To the outsider it would be a matter of some surprise to see the continued interest leading officials take in the corporations in which they are interested.

\* \* \*

**BOUGHT FOR \$10,000; WON'T SELL FOR \$100,000.**

ONE of Montreal's leading and richest capitalists has just purchased what is believed to be the only oil painting of the late Sir John Macdonald painted from life. The capitalist knew Sir John intimately and holds the opinion that he was just about the greatest man Canada ever had. It is understood he paid in the neighbourhood of \$10,000 for the painting, but he now says \$100,000 will not buy it.

The capitalist, it is almost needless to say, is one of the group that made a fortune out of the C. P. R. and they are all great believers in Sir John A., because without his assistance the road would have gone into liquidation.

\* \* \*

**DAYS WHEN THEY SOLD BANK STOCKS SHORT.**

NEARLY all the older members of the Montreal Stock Exchange have kept the books they used to take with them on the floor of the Exchange in the early seventies in which to register the sales and quotations of stocks.

Nowadays none of the younger members have anything but small memorandum books, but a few of the older members still keep up the custom of carrying their large ledgers under their arm.

The other day I came across a book belonging to one of the leading and oldest members of the Exchange bearing the date 1875.

From the list of transactions it was easily seen that the bank stocks were great things in those days, and when I asked the reason the member stated that in those days it was not a criminal offence to sell bank stock short as it is to-day, and it was not an uncommon thing to find a trader going short even of several hundred shares of Bank of Montreal stock. Among the bank quotations I found some that have since doubled in price. Here are some of them: Bank of Montreal, 179, now 255; Molsons Bank, 101, now around 210; Merchants Bank, 94, now 170; Bank of Commerce, 126, now around 184. Many of the leading firms of those days are still in existence, although in many instances there are no members of the original families in them. Among the familiar names to be seen were Forget, Strathy, Wilson, Macdougall, Burnett, Moat, Scott, Oswald.

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TRADE MARK  
**CREAM CHEESE**

"Spreads Like Butter."  
Sold only in 15c and 25c blocks  
For sale by all Grocers.  
Manufactured by  
The Ingersoll Packing Co., Ltd.  
Ingersoll, Ontario, Canada.

**Try This New Castle Brand "RIALTO"**

3 for 50c.

The Collar of Comfort

Made in Berlin by W.S.P. At 2 for 25c. you can buy this shape in Elk Brand named "RUTLAND." 101

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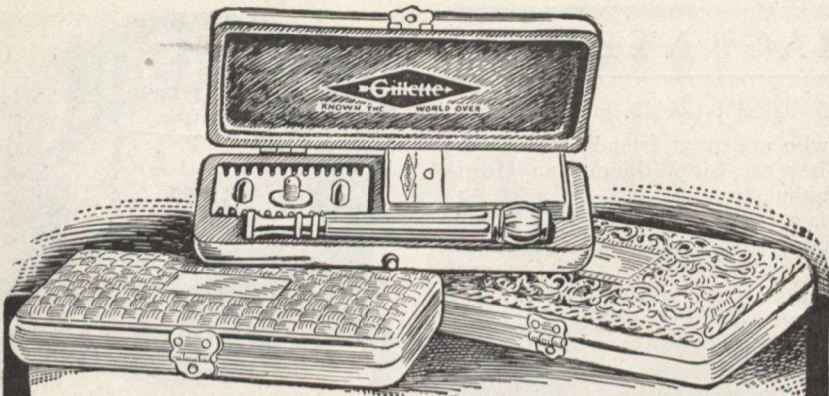
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Members Standard Stock and Mining Exchange.  
**Cobalt Stocks**  
**A Specialty**  
36 Toronto Street  
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**BUY** a Gillette Safety Razor, New Pocket Edition, and put it on your dressing table.

Some morning, you will shave with it—then the "Gillette" will be as much of a hobby with you as it is with thousands of other men, the world over.

Have you never wished for one—say on a Sunday morning—or in a hundred emergencies when you knew you were not shaved but should be?

It is not something you have to learn—you just do it.

The pocket case is heavily plated in gold, silver or gun metal—plain polished or richly figured. Handle and blade box either triple silver plated or 14K gold plated. Prices \$5. to \$7.50.

Stores handling Gillette Safety Razors display Gillette signs in their windows and on their counters.

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



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WRITE TO-DAY

## The Farm Press, Limited

12-14 Wellington St. East

TORONTO, ONT.

## Jabbing at the Colonel

(Saturday Sunset)

SOME one ought to take that galling old fire eating patriot, Col. Denison into a corner and equip him with a maxim gun silencer. Col. Denison is Canada's most ardent imperialist, if we except J. Castell Hopkins. Col. Denison is the most highly developed gun artist of the imperialist forces of Canada. His hand steals around to his hip when he talks imperialism in spite of himself. He breathes powder and smoke and exudes swords, pistols and bowie knives. It is said that he keeps a bottle of red ink on his desk so that he can print imperialism in red upper case whenever it occurs in his written utterances. Col. Denison's imperialism is the fighting kind. The Colonel always sees red when he thinks imperially. Col. Denison prefers that sort to any other. His idea of imperialism would be realised by wading through gore on a field of glory. Imperialism as conceived by Col. Denison is a stupendous aggregation of navies, armies, gold braid, flashing swords, belching guns—all sweeping through clouds of powder smoke, on to glory. Such a conception of course needs an enemy or a stuffed effigy of one, to give it a proper background. A trifle like that of course would not faze Col. Denison. He has been over to England. He goes there every once in a while to confer with Lord Roberts and Charlie Beresford on ways and means of keeping the enemy from hauling down the Union Jack in some part of the Empire. While he was in England recently he became thoroughly convinced that Germany intends to strangle the Empire. Germany has no colonies and is jealous of England because she has them. Germany doesn't like England and wants war on general principles and what she wants she'll get. That is the substance of what Col. Denison told the newspapers when he strode down the gang plank at Montreal.

## Crime in Ontario.

(London Advertiser)

AN increase of nearly thirteen hundred in the number of persons committed to the jails and lock-ups of Ontario last year, as compared with the preceding twelve months, is certainly not very encouraging to the law-abiding people of the province; yet that is the story told in the report of the inspector of prisons and charities. In commitments for murder there was an increase of nearly 50 per cent., the number charged with that crime having grown from 23 in 1907 to 35 last year. There was, however, a falling off in the number of commitments for manslaughter from 19 in 1907 to 10 last year. There was an increase of six in the commitments for crime against the person, the total number being 874. For this increase in crime the changing character of the population of the province is held partly responsible, while a lessening of the moral restraints of home life has doubtless also had much to do with it. To overcome this latter, improved truancy laws, better enforcement of them, and a return to proper parental control over children, are suggested. It is also thought that the instruction of foreigners in the law of the land in night schools established for the purpose might have a preventive effect. The introduction of the indeterminate sentence and parole systems, which have proven effective in the United States and elsewhere, would also, it is believed, have beneficial results.

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## HEADS AND HEARTS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

"Now, Miss Murry," he gasped, "is this straight? Is that man really your husband?" and he pointed a finger of misery and scorn at Neville.

"Why, didn't you know it, Luke?" smiled the girl. "It was a secret, you know, or I would have told you before."

Rage began to push out every other feeling in Luke's anatomy. He was about to fire some bitter retort, that might have been followed by evil consequences, considering the peppery temper of his rival, when Doctor Murry made an opportune arrival.

He was short and broad and had a very red face. His voice bellowed like a bull. "Damn it, girl, come here!" Next instant his daughter was crushed in the hug of a bear.

He pushed her roughly but kindly away from him. "Who pulled my girl out of this mess" he commanded of her, glaring about the cabin from under shaggy white brows.

"I reckon I did, Doctor," interposed Neville quietly looking straight into the other's eyes. "She wasn't lost. Mrs. Neville jest came ter join her husband unbeknown to the rest of yer, that's all."

The camp became as still as the wilderness at midnight. The Doctor opened his mouth to speak and forgot to close it again, as his fine old brains strove to solve the riddle. For fully half a minute the two men gazed back without a flicker. Then the suspense was over. The Doctor swung on his heel with an explosive "Quite so—I understand. Let's get back to camp." As usual he had read the man correctly.

But Gould did not care a fig for the appreciative audience. He spluttered into childish rage:

"And you didn't tell me? You let me waste my time coming up here on a false scent? You—you—"

"Nonsense, Luke, you came for the hunting you said," growled the old man.

"Hunting be damned! You know jolly well why I came. You've treated me in a low, mean, dirty manner, and you know it!"

"Tut, tut, Luke, I can't have this sort of talk. If you don't move away quickly, quickly do you hear? I shall be forced to administer a spanking in front of Mrs. Neville," and the Doctor strode smartly in his direction.

Luke did not wait for further abuse but shoved his way through the hugely delighted group at the door.

Neville and the girl shook MacKenzie's hand, nodded to Jim and his comrades, and preceded by the plethoric Doctor stepped out into the glow of the sunset.

As they came down to the edge of the lake, now dyed the colour of blood, they could see the discomfited Luke being paddled back towards the portage trail. The Doctor's own canoe, which he was an expert in the handling of, lay with its nose on the shingle. He held out his hand and it was grasped by Neville.

"Thank you, sir, for rescuing my daughter and for protecting her from scandal. It was well done."

Now the excitement was over Neville began to feel a return of his embarrassment under the quiet gaze of the girl.

"It weren't nothin', sir."

"It *was* something, decidedly," exploded the Doctor. "Now if you care to accept the position of head guide you're just the man I want. What?"

"No, thanks, I'm more of a trap-

per than a guide," but there was a strong temptation to seize the opportunity of continuing his role of protector.

"If I can be of any use to you don't hesitate to call on me, Mr. Neville. And if you come over our way you might drop in and see us. We expect to stay a couple of weeks on Lake Nipisiquit. Good-day."

As he stooped to launch the canoe, the girl seized Neville's hard palm and smiled in his face. "I'm glad father didn't offer you *money* for rescuing me. Please come and see us, will you? I want to ask questions about the wilderness. And thanks for driving off that Luke. I guess he has settled himself with father all right. Good-bye."

"I *will* come. Adieu," returned the man doggedly. The last word sounded strange from the mouth of a woodsman.

Neville circumvented the lumbercamp, to escape notice, and travelled back, his mind intent on far larger game than when he started out. About midnight, in the blaze of the hunter's moon, he won the Mamozekel, rolled in his grey blankets and became full of wonderful dreams.

As the girl lounged amidships of the canoe, facing her father, she told him of her exploits, dwelling long on the strength and kindness of Neville and the manner of his handling MacPherson. "Father, it's a pity there are not more men like Mister Bob, and that they don't become educated. Only perhaps civilising would make him like Luke. Would it, now?" she ended.

The Doctor grinned amiably. "If he was 'educated,' as you call it, I'd be looking for a nice little romance right away. The knight errant, the prince in disguise, and all that sort of thing, eh?"

"Nonsense, father! He's only a woodsman after all," but she flushed as she said it and became silent.

When they arrived at the temporary encampment at the foot of Nictor Lake they discovered Gould had not abandoned them, as they had hoped. He beckoned the Doctor to one side and began profuse apologies for his loss of temper, as he called it.

"Cut that out," growled the listener. "We've grown tired of your society, young man. You'd better pack up and get."

"Now don't be too hard on a fellow, sir," he whined. "I've been finding out about this fellow Neville from Ben here. Of course I know you are only joking about his being married to Faith—I mean Miss Murry—and you did it to fool those bally bushwhackers. But he's been making fools of all of us, for he isn't a woodsman at all but one of those damned writers in disguise. His name is Robert W. Neville and he comes from New York!" Gould finished his expose with triumphant voice, as if this last card would win him back to favour.

"Ah, son of old Dick Neville," mused the Doctor to himself, but not a flicker of surprise crossed his face. "Fine New England stock that." Then aloud. "What of it?"

"Why—why, only, I imagined you didn't know. And he's not even engaged to your daughter, is he?"

"No, young man, he is not. But," and he grew quite confidential, "I have every reason to believe he soon will be."

Gould gave one stare of horror and then walked down to the shore where his guide and loaded canoe stolidly awaited his pleasure. Without turning his head he faded away into the glory of the sunset.

## UPPER CANADA COLLEGE - Toronto

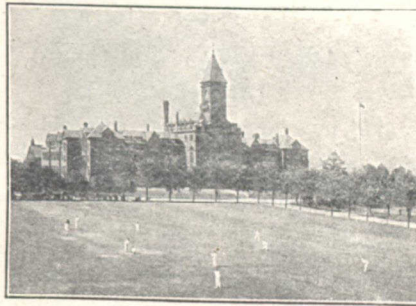
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WHAT CANADIAN EDITORS THINK

DR. ELIOT CRITICISED.

(St. John Sun.)

IT now appears that this old world is to have in the near future a bran new religion. There is, of course, no personal confession accompanying this prediction, but it is evident from the manner of the prophecy that this novel religion is the present personal possession of the ex-president of Harvard. That, in itself, would justify a doubt as to the immediate advent of this fresh faith. The ex-president of Harvard, though very much of a man, is not exactly as other men are. Moods of thought which he relegates to the rag-bag of all outworn and antiquated garments, still serve the great majority of men. It is a fact worthy of note even by the distinguished doctor, that religions that have held sway over men in the past have not been inaugurated by men whose training had developed abnormally their analytic faculties. Without sceptical questioning they have entered a world which reason has heretofore been unable to explore and from their experience have discovered a way of life, the power of which reason could not deny. Strange as it may seem there is in this prediction another evidence that the carpenter shop, the common way of humanity, is the better place in which to discover life's largest powers.

THE BRITISH INVESTOR IN CANADA.

(Fredericton Gleaner.)

THERE is a tendency among the people of the United States—a tendency also existing in Canada—to regard the British investor as ultra-conservative and slow to see a good thing. Americans are apt to forget that he is not a speculator, but an investor who sees further ahead than any of the get-rich-quick brigade who much more often succeed in proving themselves get-poor-quick persons. Granted that he is an old-fashioned man of business in some respects, and not too receptive in regard to unfamiliar propositions, yet the fact that the British investor has been able to save £3,000,000,000 and invest it so as to get an average yield of more than 5 per cent., shows that he has "made good" within his own sphere of enterprise. Some authorities are of opinion that he is now taking his capital out of British undertakings—precisely how this is done, and who buys what he thinks is not good enough to hold, has never been satisfactorily explained—and re-investing it abroad. Others are not of that opinion, knowing that the national wealth of Great Britain is increasing more rapidly than the expenditure of its government. But, however that may be, the people of this country must be careful to see that he is never deceived if they wish him to go on building up Canada.

FACILITATE GUNNERY.

(St. Thomas Times)

THE Toronto Globe is urging that rifle shooting be made a more popular sport and asks why our young men prefer going to ball games and athletic parks rather than attend the rifle range. The answer is very simple. Most of the rifle ranges are in some out-of-the-way corner that requires a walk of several miles to get to it. Then perhaps there is only one target and the men must wait their turn. Often after spending the whole of an afternoon a man only gets a few shots. No wonder he prefers some place where he can get a

little more for the time spent. I know that regulation ammunition is dangerous and the long ranges must be safeguarded but we have what is known as the Morris tube, which is of very short range. Why can't the Government secure a number of shooting galleries in the down-town part of the city, equip them with regulation rifles fitted with Morris tubes and place a musketry instructor from the regular corps in charge? The ammunition could be sold at a little above cost. Young men love rifle shooting and will take to it like a duck to water, but officialdom must remember that a duck will stay on dry land if water is not convenient.

GOLF AND POLITICS.

(Montreal Star)

PRESIDENT TAFT restores his equanimity, after the nerve-racking tariff struggle, by playing golf at Beverly. Bothered by "stand pat-ers," pestered by experts, worried by politicians who wanted the tariff "revised downward," thwarted by the "regular" leaders in both Houses, perplexed and disappointed by the "insurgents," harassed by the wild and woolly Senators from the West, his nerve is gone. He is uncertain when he addresses his ball on the first "tee" whether he will "top" it or "slice" it or "pull" it or miss it altogether. But down at botherless Beverly on the shores of the sibilant Massachusetts sea, with the turf of the links under his feet and the breezes of the ocean in his hair, he will soon get back his nerve and be prepared to turn in a decent card for his entire eighteen holes. Undoubtedly too much politics must spoil a man's hand for golf. In golf, it is necessary to "keep straight." In politics, it does not seem to be essential. If we are to judge of the best plays in politics by watching the game of the best players, we can hardly escape the conclusion that the devious course pays better than the straight. Moreover, in politics a good "pull" always pays. In golf, it depends upon the direction of the wind and many other things.

SELF-DEFENCE BEST.

(St. John Telegraph)

CANADA controls her militia. She will control her own navy—when she gets one to control. So Australia. And that principle will be accepted by the men who rule the United Kingdom to-day and who will rule it next year and thereafter. A few years ago this doctrine would have caused an outcry in London. To-day it is accepted by Mr. Asquith and his ministers, and by Mr. Balfour, who will be premier if there is a change of government during the next ten years. The statesmen of both parties who addressed the Imperial Press Conference expressed in the clearest fashion their absolute agreement upon the Canadian idea of self-government. There are men in England, and in Canada, who still think of the Empire as a group of states tributary to the British Isles, and who hold that in matters like defence it is our duty to raise money and allow the British government to say what shall be done with it. British statesmen have outgrown that view of the Empire. They no longer desire such an arrangement. They have come to realise that a better and a stronger scheme of Imperial defence is one in which the several countries of the Empire shall participate as equals.



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