

The Canadian Courier

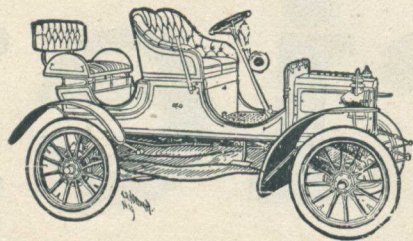
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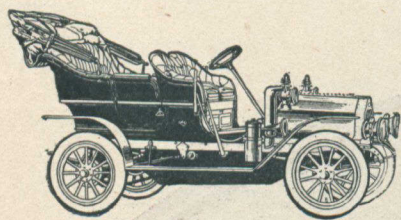
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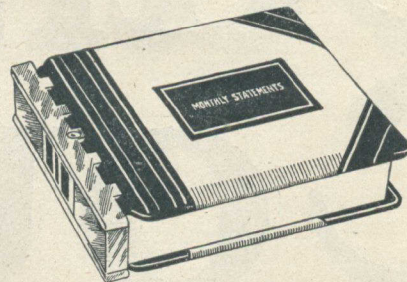
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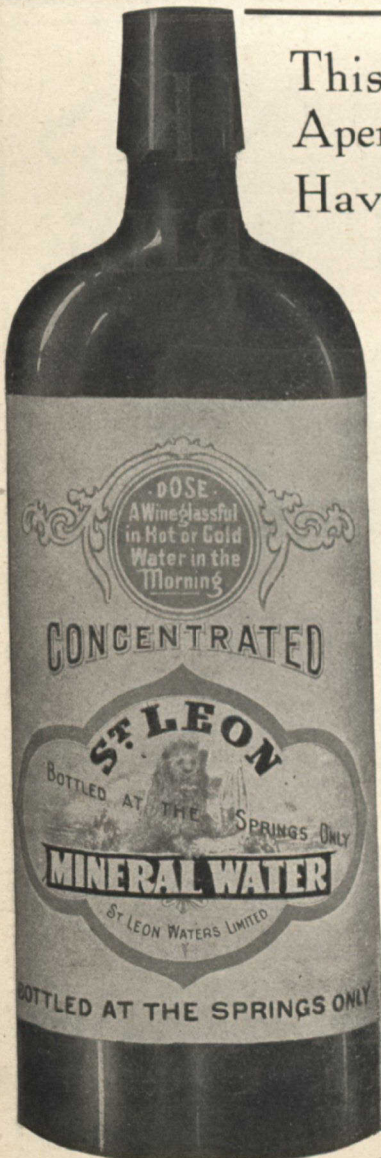
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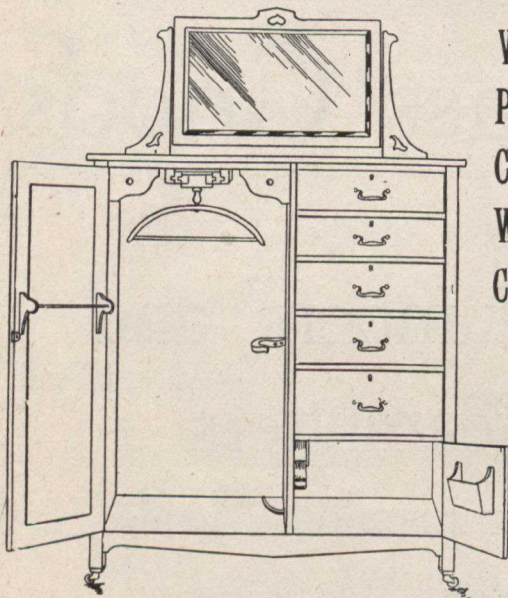
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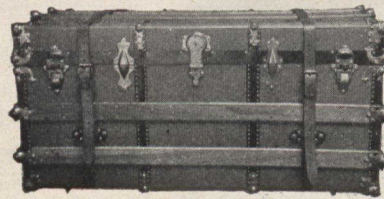
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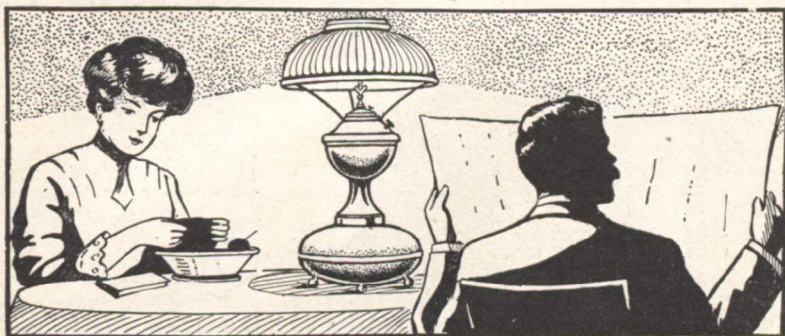
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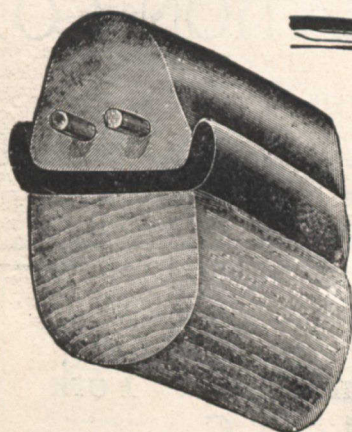
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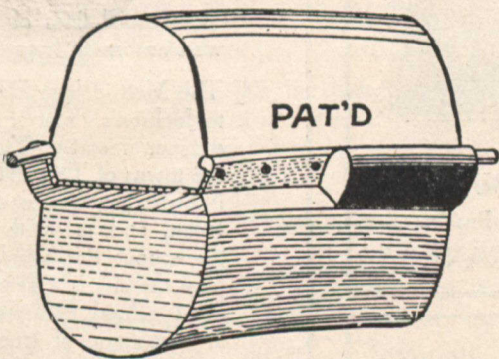
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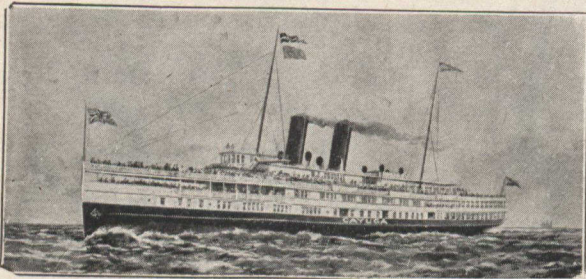
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Editor's Talk

NEXT week's copy should be one of the best yet issued as it will contain some unusual features.

The cover design is a reproduction of a striking drawing of an Indian woman's head by F. S. Challener, A. R. C. A., done in colours. Mr. Challener's delineations and character studies are unsurpassed by any other Canadian artist. This particular piece of work is in the artist's best vein.

Then inside there will be a double page picture in colours by John Innes, another Canadian artist of note. This picture is entitled "The Surrender" and illustrates the arrest of an Indian criminal by a mounted Policeman. Both are on swiftly moving horses, giving to the picture action and dramatic quality. This art plate alone would make any issue notable.

The fishing season brings forth a charming illustrated article by Bonnycastle Dale, giving a history of the black bass as told by the Indians and an account of some of the author's experiences in this branch of sport. Mr. Dale is rapidly becoming the leading Canadian writer in outdoor sport, if he is not in that position already.


There will be other features of general interest including a page of "personalities," and the second instalment of the new serial story.

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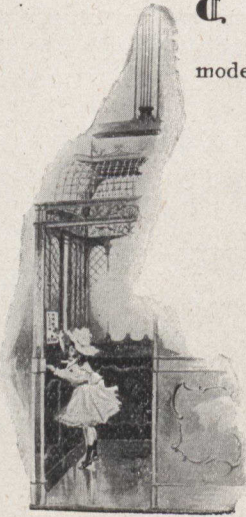
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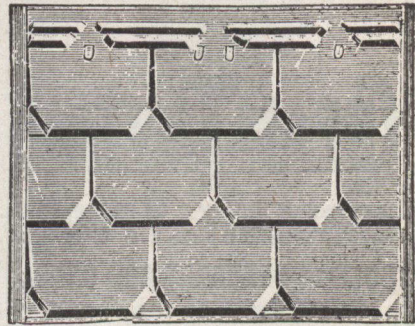


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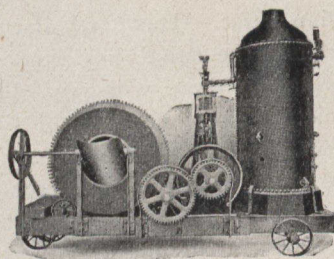
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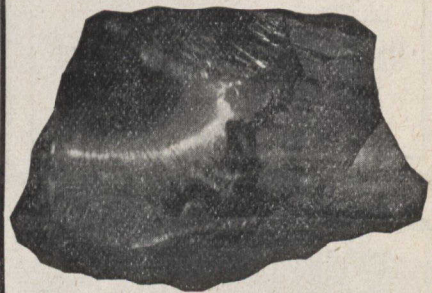
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A National Weekly

NEWS CO. EDITION

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Vol. II

Toronto, June 1st, 1907

No. 1

Topics of the Day

LATE cables announce that Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the Hon. Mr. Fielding will this week confer with the authorities of France on trade relations, and that Sir Wilfrid will then go on to Italy, there to discuss matters of mutual interest with the government of that country. Is this not somewhat remarkable? What is Downing Street thinking of that it allows colonial ministers to discuss matters at first hand with foreign authorities? Has it forgotten that, when the late Sir A. T. Galt was Canadian High Commissioner less than thirty years ago, it refused to allow him to be present at negotiations with foreign governments relating to Canadian trade?

The truth of the matter apparently is that Downing Street is gaining in common sense and colonial representatives are gaining in reputation. It has not always been quite sure what would happen if such innovations were permitted, but various experiments have reassured it. Sir Charles Tupper assisted directly in the negotiations leading up to the treaty between Spain and Canada and also to the Franco-Canadian treaty of 1893. Moreover, the colonies are demanding and securing a greater voice in their "foreign" relations. They are being treated less as children and more as equals, less as colonies and more as federated or attached nations. The bonds of Empire are strengthened by such concessions.

* *

It is worthy of note that while these events were proceeding in Europe, Canada was celebrating Victoria Day with a fervour never before equalled. All sorts of economies were passed upon the Empire, its sovereign and its statesmen. Canadian youth, of all ages, in every province, were duly impressed by speakers from various walks of life that they must bear true allegiance to the British crown. The 24th of May is a national holiday and it was perhaps never quite so imperial as it was this year. Extended self-government does but increase the imperial spirit, at the same time adding to the national self-confidence.

* *

The latest reports from Manitoba maintain that almost as great an acreage will be sown with wheat this year as last. This is encouraging if strictly accurate. The West seldom loses an opportunity of saying a good word for itself and hence all these statements must be taken in moderate doses. If the acreage sown is as great as last, both the West and the East may rejoice that Nature's forbidding countenance during the past few weeks has not been attended with serious results.

* *

Last week it looked as if the longshoremen's strike in Montreal had petered out. Monday's news was less reassuring in a way. The demands for increased wages have been made again, but this time the men are making use of the Lemieux Law and are asking for a board of arbitration. This is somewhat disturbing to the shipping interests, but it is a better state of affairs than a prolonged, hard-headed strike.

* *

The Lemieux Law is also being tested by the Spring-

hill miners, and a commission is now sitting to arbitrate the differences between the Cumberland Railway & Coal Company and its employees. It will be remembered that the men went out, but when informed that they were breaking the law by so doing, they went back to work pending an investigation.

The longshoremen of Halifax are also asking for an increase in wages of five cents an hour. About one thousand men are involved.

* *

The opinion with regard to Cobalt stocks seems to be decidedly varied just now. Some of the Toronto and New York brokers have been selling "short" and as a consequence the prices in the open market have declined. Nipissing stands now at 11 bid as against 12.80 six weeks ago; similarly Silver Queen has declined from 1.50 to 1.24; Green-Mehan from .73 to .62; Trethewey from 1.26 to 1.05, McKinley from 1.55 to .75 and Foster from 1.40 to 1.07. The probable explanation is that the brokers realise that the public is short of money, that there are plenty of people with a little mining stock who can be frightened, and this is a good time to make money selling "short." A few months ago they were making

money booming the same stocks on which they are now making short sales.

The lesson to be learned is an old one, namely that the broker and his confidantes are always ready to fleece the "lamb." They get the earliest information and know the conditions of the market much better than the ordinary investor.

Then again, certain brokers are using the daily papers to advertise mining stocks that are absolutely worthless. There are at least a dozen on the market selling from six to twenty-five cents that are valueless. Large sums are being made out of these advertisements, some brokers having "cleaned up" half a million dollars already. Two or three million dollars' worth, on a conservative estimate, of worthless stock has already been disposed of to small investors. These kindly gentlemen are now

sending agents to London, to continue the work there. The brokers and the newspapers are making money, and the small investor may go hang. It is the old story again.

* *

Dominion Square in Montreal, though not a large area, is becoming a notable and attractive spot. Situated as it is in the middle of the greatest city in Canada, it is proper that it should be ornamented with some of Canada's greatest national monuments. Therefore it is fitting that the monument to the Strathcona Horse should be erected at that particular point. At the unveiling, the impressive sight was witnessed of soldiers of two races marching shoulder to shoulder, a spectacle which speaks volumes for the tone of the national spirit.

* *

It looks as if Canada has entered upon a mineral era. The latest province heard from is Manitoba, which sends a cheerful despatch to the effect that iron ore assaying sixty-one per cent. hematite has been discovered near Roblin in Boggy Creek. The fortunate prospectors are Mr. M. J. Galvin, Toronto, and Mr. T. Wagner, nephew of Senator Wagner of Buffalo.



The Empress of India arriving at Victoria from Yokohama.

REFLECTIONS

IIII BY STAR WRITERS IIII

IT is the time of the year when the colleges of the land are sending out their grist of graduates, and the jokes, that for a year have been kept in the ice chest, are now due. College graduates are depicted seeking for

THE REAL COLLEGE MAN

managerships of businesses, their sole qualifications being four years of college life; we also hear of men who have worked on college papers seeking, in the light of this experience, for managing editorships of metropolitan dailies. And the moral of the paragraphist is as ready as that of the Duchess in Wonderland. The real college graduate is a rather modest young fellow, rather prone to underestimate his powers of doing. He desires to do things, it is true; but he rather shivers at the sharp leap from the hard yet easy tasks of college days—easy because they are concrete and seen—to the keen and unknown competition of the real world.

What has the college taught him? As the days go on it will be impressed on him that the power of seeing things in a wider perspective, the forming of general ideas, the training which has in mind getting at essentials, these are the main things which abide. Along with this goes no doubt a considerable amount of culture. But culture for culture's sake is a selfish ideal which few of our educational institutions, and especially those supported by governmental aid, can afford to have before them. To be or to do something better, to achieve real success in the bread and butter struggles of life and to see that in these principle as well as interest plays a part, to uplift higher and truer ideals of citizenship—in all these varied lines the college training should assist. In the struggle of daily life where men are judged not by past training but by present achievement the college bred man is but one of many. It is a truism that the college degree is no insurance against failure, no guaranty of success.

But if the college-bred man has equipped himself both to know and to do, then it will be true for him, as for all men, that the world steps aside for him who knows where he is going. The four years of training in clear thought is not a training in aloofness but a training for life—a training which looks inward to later look outward, and which realises that education is for one's country as well as for one's self. The stage Irishman is going. In the light of what college men have done may it not be said that the comic-journal college graduate has well nigh disappeared?

HON. FRANK OLIVER, Minister of the Interior, and therefore in charge of all immigration matters, has been talking to the Canadian Club of Edmonton on the treatment to be accorded to new citizens.

NATIONAL IDEALS

The immigrants from the United States, Great Britain and Europe are welcome but they must accept Canadian ideals and Canadian ambitions. The Canadian clubs of the country should take in the newcomers and make enthusiastic citizens of them. These new citizens must be impressed with the fact that we do not want them here to help build up an annex to the United States nor a duplicate of the conditions in Europe.

Hon. Mr. Oliver spoke frankly and freely and because

these sentiments are expressed by him they are particularly worthy of note. Mr. Oliver is a thorough believer in the possibility of building up on this part of the continent a civilisation and a nation which will be superior in many ways to any others in the world. He holds the torch high and it is well that we have leaders able and far-sighted enough to do what he seems to have done well on this occasion. A united Canada is not sufficient; it must be an ideal Canada as well. If Canada's national ideals, morals and institutions are not better than those elsewhere, then she will not have lived up to her opportunities. She is the newest nation, and she has the experience of added centuries to guide her as to what is to be desired and what to be avoided. To do as well as Great Britain or as well as the United States is not sufficient. She has opportunities which those countries never had. She has been born in a day when order, equality and liberty have new meanings. If her people realise these advantages and press forward along the right line, the world will freely and gladly say "Well done!"

THERE is a story to the effect that an Irish cabby once informed an English visitor to Dublin that the curse of Ireland is "that same oratory." But man is a conversational animal and, whether for good or evil,

ONTARIO ORATORY

he is likely to go on talking, either in private or in public. Within the last few years the people of Ontario have been brought to realise that there are few public men in the province who are effective speakers. Comparisons are, in some cases, inevitable, and when an Ontario audience listens to a speaker from Quebec or the Maritime Provinces, a conviction is forced upon the listener that few natives of the province could do as well. Tory Toronto may not agree with Mr. Bourassa's political convictions; but on the King's Birthday in 1903 it listened with pleasure to his graceful expression of the faith that is in him and privately wondered why the Local Legislature could hardly provide his peer. Hon. G. W. Ross is a notable exception to the prosaic and formless speaker produced in Ontario, but Mr. Ross has been translated to the Senate, the land where it is always afternoon. However, Ontario is making money which has its own way of talking.

HITHERTO the repute of England for the disinterested public service of her citizens has been unsullied. It has been left for the Board of Guardians in charge of the workhouse at West Ham to put the blot

ENGLISH MORALS AND JUSTICE

on the 'scutcheon. All the members of the Board, save one, were convicted of taking bribes. The sentence followed upon the investigation into the extravagance and waste which marked the administration of the workhouse. It is characteristic of our time that we should resent any exceptionally good treatment of the poor, the giving to them, for example, of any such food as we should naturally require each day. And equally curious it is that those guarding the interests of the poor should seek thereby to become rich. But the incident points to the spread of American ideals in England. Englishmen cannot continue to admire American methods and progress without giving way to the craze

for wealth at all costs which is so characteristic of this continent. So the quiet life of the Englishman unostentatiously offering of his best to his country is being broken up. But yet we cannot flatter ourselves upon the complete victory of our ideas in England. All the convicted guardians were committed to jail! We can imagine the shock of such a sentence and the injury to hitherto sound reputations. Nothing so damaging would be possible here. Some commission would give a vague verdict of disapproval, and for condemnation the guilty would be left to the short memories of their tolerant neighbours. There would be a cry from the press—and then oblivion. But in England the law is still relentless and impartial.

CERTAIN associations in the United States have declared war against the comic supplement. These features have recently been imported into Canada and are now a part of our regular Saturday papers. In some cases they are printed in the lurid colours which are supposed to be characteristic only of the "yellow" press of the United States.

There is no doubt that these comic supplements are slangy, vulgar and inartistic. No parent who desires to have his children's minds kept fresh, clean and wholesome can afford to have them in his house. Many have been driven to the expedient of burning this portion of the paper immediately on receipt. They are a modern, and not less harmful, form of the hair-raising, blood-curdling detective stories which depraved the minds of many United States youths.

The Canadian newspaper man who buys the matrices of these pages at a very low figure from a United States news agency will defend his action by saying that the people want them. The defence is not sound. It resembles that given by the man who sells bad whiskey to minors. All sorts of immorality would flourish if that defence were allowable.

The only way to prevent their circulation is to educate public sentiment against them. The various women's organisations and educational societies should undertake this task as is being done in the United States. The agitation might be broadened to include other cheap "features" imported from the United States by our most enterprising newspaper publishers. Those who profess delight at the elimination of United States "trash" from the mails should pursue their agitation further and see that the same "trash" is not served up by greedy Canadian publishers.

WHATEVER may have been the degree of heat displayed by Prime Minister Bond at the Colonial—pardon, Imperial—Conference, the Newfoundland representative seems to have had the correct view of the situation when he held that the Colonial Office authorities had been lacking in their duty towards the Tenth Island. Sir Robert, so far as the cablegram shows, made no accusation against the course of the British Government as a whole. The trouble seems to have been the inaptitude of the Colonial Office which is virtually accused of deferring to the big brothers like Canada and Australia and letting the little fellows go hang.

Sir Robert seems to have the facts with him. Next to Newfoundland, Natal is the smallest and poorest of the outer British countries of the first rank, and we all remember how only a few months ago the Colonial office—which means either Lord Elgin or Mr. Winston Churchill—interfered to prevent the execution of certain native insurrectionist murderers who have been tried and sentenced to death by the Natal Courts. A tremendous outcry arose in Natal. The people held that the autonomy of their colony and the honours of their courts

were being violated and aspersed. It is pleasing to relate that the Colonial Office changed its mind suddenly. The murderers were executed, as they would have been, Colonial Office or no Colonial Office.

Sir Robert Bond was described by an enthusiastic Imperialist writing in the April "Monthly Review" as the most English of all the Colonial Premiers. He is certainly more English than any Canadian, but he is an earnest upholder of his island's side of the fishery controversy. He has been to Washington—fruitlessly; and now in London he finds that he is sent empty away. Cannot he and his fellow Terranovans see the remedy that is plainly set forth and that could have been theirs long before the present imbroglia arose? Let them enter the Canadian confederation. Once one of us, Ottawa would fight for Newfoundland as earnestly and probably as successfully as she warred for the relief of the injured British Columbians who were sufferers at the hands of American sealers. The moral is so obvious that Sir Robert Bond might well present it to the Island legislature.

MICHIGAN'S amateur man-o'-warships have denounced the Anglo-American treaty of April 28, 1817. By that convention it was provided that the naval forces to be maintained by His Majesty and the

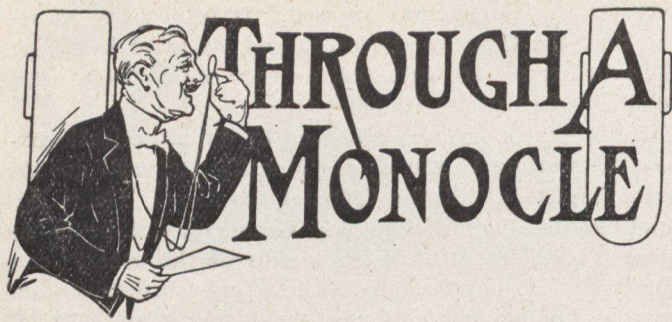
THE TREATY OF 1817 Government of the United States should be confined to the following vessels: On Lake Ontario, one vessel of not more than one hundred tons and armed with one eighteen-pound gun. On the Upper Lakes, two vessels of the same size and armament, and on Lake Michigan another similar vessel.

This does not suit the bellicose amateurs of the Detroit squadron of the Michigan Naval Reserve. They want a warship. They want the third-class armoured cruiser Detroit, no less, and the Detroit Journal says that they have impressed the Navy department at Washington with the desirability of giving it to them. Brassey's Naval Annual shows that, although the Detroit is nineteen years old, she is still in good repair, although out of commission. Fully manned, she would carry a crew of between three and four hundred. She is heavily armoured and has eight big guns.

During the last session of Parliament, Hon. W. S. Fielding said that the Canadian Government has no information as to the Detroiters' desire to bring this formidable training-ship—of course the cruiser is only a "training-ship"—through the St. Lawrence canals. Evidently the Detroit Journal has later information. In order to oblige the amateur sea dogs the treaty is to be violated.

What does Mr. Bryce think of it, or what will he think of it when he hears of the project? Most of us can imagine what the state of affairs would have been during the last eighty years if the treaty had not existed. With the naval record behind both countries there would have been an inevitable and active naval rivalry. That rivalry would have brought battleships on the Great Lakes and, following battleships, would have come defences against battleships—fortifications, that is. And, as warfare, actual or in prospective, is largely a matter of counting dollars and men, what would have been Canada's position? True, there would have been shipyards, but those shipyards would have brought so much economic waste. New discoveries in naval armament would have caused the old vessels to be discarded as obsolete. And the same would have happened in respect of the forts.

All of these things have been prevented by the treaty of 1817. The two nations have not been able to avoid friction, but neither have they been in the place of the man with a revolver in his pocket. The amiable young men of Detroit can quite well seek accommodation in a schooner—or schooners, if their grief prove unassuageable. In the meantime, long life to the Treaty of 1817.



THE Lemieux law has had two trials in Montreal of late, to say nothing of the trial at Fernie. In Montreal, it scored one success and one failure. In the case of the Grand Trunk against its machinists, a Board of Investigation and Conciliation, with Prof. Adam Shortt at its head, heard and settled a series of very difficult and intricate questions to the satisfaction of everybody concerned. In the case of 'Longshoremen's trouble with the shipping Federation, Mr. Acland went down from Ottawa and did everything that a man could to bring the two parties together. But he failed. And the reasons for his failure are illuminating. To begin with, he found the 'Longshoremen in a resolutely unyielding frame of mind, while the Shipping Federation made what looked like a capital offer to the men—that is, they offered to grant half the demand at once and arbitrate for the rest. To end with, the 'Longshoremen accepted and even asked for a board of arbitration; but the shippers apparently thought the backbone of the strike broken by this time, and were not ready to join them then. At no time did either the 'Longshoremen or the Shippers display any trust in each other.

* * *

Mr. Acland is criticised because he did not try to punish the strikers under the Lemieux law. But what could he have done? Only a small section of the strikers belonged to the Union, and the others were a disorganised mass of workers, some of whom probably did not know the Lemieux law from the law of Moses. To arrest or fine such men would accomplish no good. It would only embitter the relations between the men and those whom they regard as their oppressors, and finally destroy any confidence they might feel in a Government official. If they had all been union men, with a union man's training in industrial disputes, they would have been more amenable to reason; and it is altogether likely that they would have accepted arbitration at once. Moreover, if they had had a union, the shippers would have had a more dependable body to deal with, and probably would have dealt with them in the past in such a way as not to forfeit their confidence. It is a fair inference that the Lemieux law is workable only when there is a reasonable amount of mutual confidence between the parties, and when the men have reached a standard of intelligence and organisation which is usually embodied in the formation of a union.

* * *

The marriage of Corey, the Steel Magnate, who threw off the wife who had been good enough for him when he was poor, with Mabelle Gilman, the dancer, has set a lot of clergymen and church bodies talking of the sanctity of marriage and the wickedness of divorce. The covetous clergyman who took Corey's fee has been badgered into giving it back again; and most of us have added ten cubits to the stature of our sweet consciousness of our own comparative rectitude by hurling hard language after the exiled pair. And some of the hard language has come from Canada. Now Canada is the country where divorce is kept as a luxurious privilege for the rich and is denied on any terms whatever to the poor—except in certain godless Provinces where they have divorce courts. If the Corey episode means anything, it shows the ability of much money to laugh at the safeguards with which the Americans have surrounded the marriage relation. That is bad enough in all conscience. But in the United States, it is an accident. In Canada, it is a system. The American accident may tumble its victims deeper into the mire than our system will permit, for the Senators will only grant

divorces on certain grounds; but even in Dakota they have not had the effrontery to make divorce a permanent monopoly of the wealthy. We should think of these things before we assume any "holier than thou" attitude toward the divorce evil of our neighbours.

* * *

Once there arose a man in the House of Commons who besought our law-givers to rescue the country from this shameful position. He boldly proposed that we establish divorce courts on the sacred ground of Canada. You will imagine at once that he must have been, like Kipling's General Bangs, "a most immoral man." Reminiscences of the "women, wine and graft" charges will come back to you, and you will wonder which of the black sheep it could have been who desired to weaken our legal defences of the institution of marriage. Well, the name of this "foe to morality" was Deacon John Charlton, of the Presbyterian General Assembly, one of the most clear-sighted public men whom this country has ever produced. But Sir Wilfrid got up and said that he did not think there was any demand in the nation for easier divorce, and the old system of keeping the yoke on the poor wife and letting the rich profligate escape, was continued. There are streaks in Sir Wilfrid that are as Tory as the Stuart Kings.

* * *

Still we must remember that with Roman Catholics the question of divorce is one of conscience. Marriage is with them a sacrament; and no power short of that of the Pope can set it aside. For this feeling, I have the utmost respect. Every man's religion must be respected by every other man, and especially must we be careful to respect it when it commands a line of conduct which we ourselves do not follow. Thus when every Catholic member of Parliament votes against every divorce bill, I have nothing but praise for their courageous consistency; but surely the logical deduction from their position is "no divorce," not divorce purchasable by the rich. They must vote against every divorce bill, and they must vote against the establishment of a divorce court; but no more against the one than the other. Now if the Protestant majority in Parliament takes it upon themselves to over-ride the consciences of the minority and grant divorces on any terms, they ought surely to be careful to grant them on just terms—not on terms of systematic and flagrant injustice. The only just terms upon which divorces can be based is an even application of the law—be it strict or loose—to the poor and to the rich alike. That can only be accomplished by empowering judges to grant divorces under a fixed statute and without exorbitant charges, as they do in Britain, in British Columbia and in the Maritime Provinces. Make the law severe; but give no favours to the wealthy.



Miss Mary Mannering,
Who is the wife of Mr. James K. Hackett, the actor-manager. Miss Mannering will appear at the Princess Theatre, Toronto, next week, in the delightful comedy, "Glorious Betsy."

Sir Mackenzie Bowell

By GENE CARROLL



Sir Mackenzie Bowell.

DURING the busy days of the session, when the wide pavements in front of the Houses of Parliament are ringing with the scud of many feet, hurrying hither and thither on various errands and intents, the footsteps of cabinet ministers, senators, members of parliament, civil servants and many others mingling in an endless tramping back and forth, a trim little old man with snow white hair and bowed head may often be seen wending his way to or from the Senate.

He is always alone. Unnoticed and unnoticed, he moves a

lonesome figure through the animated throngs. The face is kindly, but there are deep furrows there that more than time has wrought. The deep-set eyes, with the old fire in them still unquenched, look out at you wondrously sad. The bearing is not the erect proud bearing of a few years gone, and the step is no longer firm and sure.

Evening has fallen upon the days of Sir Mackenzie Bowell.

The turn of the road, where the pensive hours and the saddened light are before and the turmoil and strife are behind, is passed. There is now only the long waiting years—and memory. And will there be rest at last, or will the memory of the treachery of friends, of cruel desertion, of Brutus stabs and utter political ruin haunt him to the end? Most likely not. People have almost forgotten those troublous times and it is probable that Mackenzie Bowell has forgotten too.

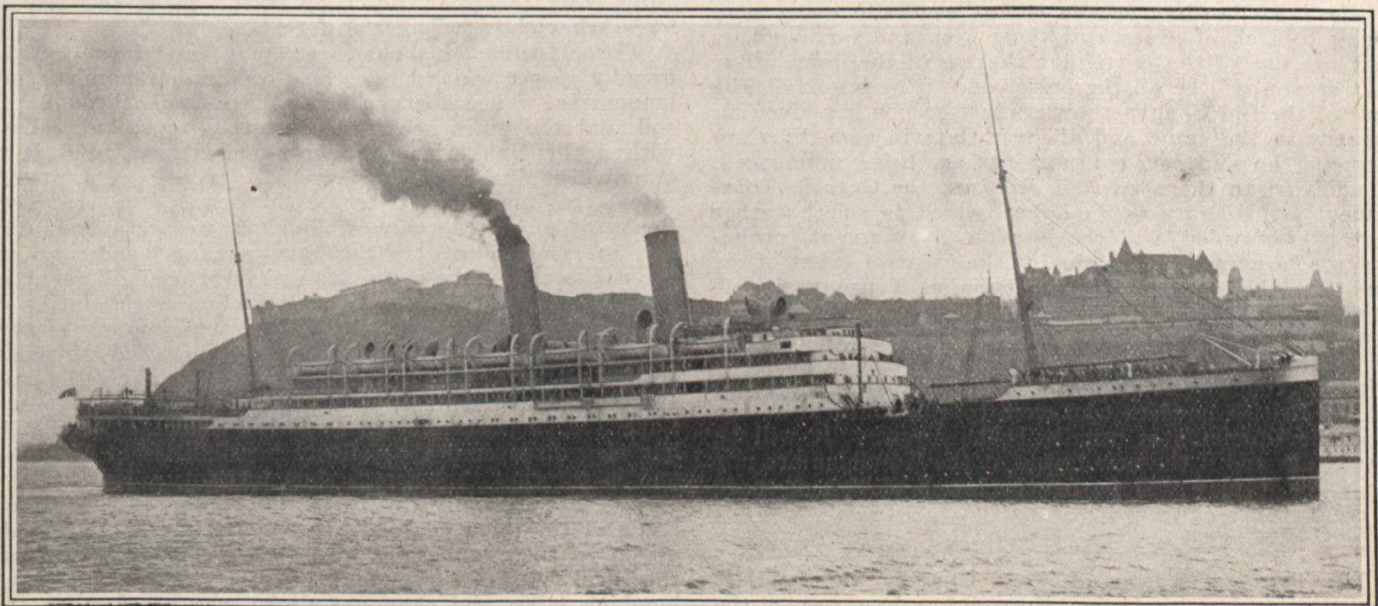
In the evening of life the light falls softly across the path and peace comes into the troubled days, where ambition and bitter strivings once held sway. In these the closing years of his life, Mackenzie Bowell, can only look with a glowing pride and a great inner satisfaction at a long life of useful service to his country, at a clean and honourable record and a life filled with a more than average measure of success.

To Sir Mackenzie Bowell, these are the last best days, and his many friends and most of his enemies—that were will wish him peace and happiness in his remaining days.

Literary Values

By E. J. KYLIE

IN a discerning article in the "Nineteenth Century" for April, entitled, "The Popular in Literature," Mr. J. Spender, editor of the Westminster Gazette, shows from a rapid survey of nineteenth century literature how wide an appeal the great poets, novelists and essayists of the nineteenth century have made. With insistence and courage, with little regard at times, for form, they give the views of life to a public which appreciated fully the importance and dignity of this message. Upon their success Mr. Spender rightly bases his criticism both of the authors who, often with little of value to impart, but with an artistic way of imparting it, give their ideas merely to the few on the ground that these are beyond the masses, and of those who, pleading the popular ignorance and lack of taste, write down to the crowd. He, who with sincere convictions expresses naturally and thus effectively the truth that is in him, need have no fear of the popular judgment. We cannot quarrel with Mr. Spender's conclusion, but should call attention to two forces, the one making against his view, the other for it. As the former, we may consider the present tendency toward highly specialised effort. The young author, who would like to guide his contemporaries on many questions, to write, for example, in the universal manner of Goldwin Smith, will be forced by keen competition, by the very interest of some department of his own work, into a restricted sphere. Or should he strive still to deal with the broader problems, he will be exposed to the criticism of narrow accurate specialists who will knock the props from under his arguments by showing the inaccuracy of his illustrations, and must retire in confusion. For the age, from the very character of its pursuits is hard and practical; it cannot advance from the real to the ideal, from the fact to the law. So that each must excel in the narrow field. Yet there is an alternative. One may be unreal, paradoxical, fantastic, like Shaw and Chesterton, and attract the age by opposing and shocking it. *Pecca fortiter*. Disguise your ideals and enthusiasm for truth and break all the literary commandments. This is a distinctly successful method of appeal which does not come within Mr. Spender's canons. However, another contemporary influence supports him: the demand for the shilling classics. No one can estimate the rate at which these cheap editions of the best authors are being consumed. Yet the demand establishes the sanity of the popular mind and at the same time marks a curious change in literary values. It is now the expensive, handsomely bound volume which is ephemeral, of the moment, purchased only by libraries or by those whose plentiful new wealth seeks plentiful new literature; the volume will become a classic, eternal, only if it finds its way finally into the neighbouring shelves of the cheap reprints. There it will be sought out by the lover of good books who knows. Hence, in a curious way, the price of books has come to vary in inverse ratio to their literary value: the one falls, the other rises, and nothing which a shilling will not buy can put on immortality.



A Canadian Steamer in the Port of Quebec—One of the Empresses

Sporting Comment

BECAUSE a horse that once hauled a cab won the Liverpool cup, it does not follow that there is money in buying up cab horses and turning them into steeplechasers. Neither is it a good guess that because a \$95 yearling developed into a Queen's Plate winner that the annual sales of the big racing stables furnish first-class opportunities for investment. These things, like the occasional landing of a hundred-to-one shot, just help to emphasize the uncertainty of the racing game. That uncertainty is held to be its chief charm. And it is also that uncertainty that makes it the sport of princes. For the only certainty about it is that it costs money no matter which end of it you play. Consequently it is the sport of the real princes of the older countries and the finance princes of the new. It has turned more than one prince into a pauper at that and any man of modest means who monkeys with the racing game will speedily become either one or the other—and it is a hundred to one that the ranks of the princes won't have to stand the increase.

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For you know the matter of winning even a King's Plate doesn't mean that a real race horse has been discovered. Out of a dozen Plate winners the Seagram stable has produced two fair race horses in Victorious and Joe Miller, and probably one great one in Inferno, which won the Toronto cup last week. Inferno looks the part of a really great race horse. But he has yet to do something away from home. His opportunity comes in the Suburban, in which he is entered and which is to be run June 20th. If he can win that Canada will have produced another candidate for an education at the hands of Toronto's City Council.

* * *

Speaking of education recalls one Thomas Longboat, Indian and erstwhile hero. An ungrateful public evidently failed to see why a champion runner should be turned into a second-class office clerk at its expense and even a pathetic appeal from the Globe and a chance to figure on the front page of that great family journal only made it go down in its pockets for \$162. And as that would hardly suffice to purchase an honorary LL.D. from a little red school house the great and only Thomas will probably have to lope through life without ever knowing the beauties of the dead languages or enough mathematics to figure how much he is out by not throwing his talents on the professional market. But then Thomas is a child of nature and does not care whether school keeps or not.

* * *

By the way, the beauties of the present-day amateurism were splendidly demonstrated at Guelph a few days ago. A touring American football team was billed to play there but the weather was cold and when the hour for the game tolled only half a hundred people had settled with the man at the box office. And when the touring amateurs saw the empty stands they decided it was too cold to play football. Probably it was; but whether it was the chilliness in the welcome or the weather that stopped the game can only be conjectured.

* * *

The lawn bowling season is not generally under way owing to lack of grass and those pleasant surroundings that are one of the particular charms of the game. But that season will be all the busier once it gets going. The visit of the Old Country bowlers last season has given an impetus to the game and all over Ontario new clubs are springing up and new tournaments are being announced. In addition to those two big fixtures, the Ontario Tournament at Niagara-on-the-Lake, which is select rather than over-crowded, and the London Tournament, probably from a numerical standpoint the greatest event of the kind on the continent, the Dominion Tournament at Toronto will be resurrected. The Dominion was only dead last year and its promoters hasten to explain that its death was due to neither lack of interest nor lack of suitable grounds. It simply stepped aside to make room for the British bowlers who were touring Ontario at the time the Dominion is usually held. Anyway, it will be here again and if the new lawns at the Woodbine are not ready for it play will be on the lawns of two or more of the Toronto clubs.

* * *

The lacrosse season of 1907 is under way and it promises to be a good one. Enough has been seen of the teams in the "big league," as the N. L. U. is generally

termed, to show that they are all well up to last year's strength and it is generally admitted that the season of 1906 furnished the best all-round lacrosse in the history of the game. Capitals of Ottawa, who won the championship, have just returned from a trip to England and should have a good deal on the others in the matter of condition as the backward spring has retarded training in Canada. However, whatever advantage the champions may get from this will probably be offset by their going stale later in the season. They started training for the trip abroad in March and they will be wonders indeed if they do not go back some before September. However, they with Torontos, who start with a long series of home games, will probably be league leaders till well on in the summer. But look out for a great scramble at the finish.

* * *

Since the Henley authorities decided that competitors at the famed regatta must take no expense money from others than the club to which they belong it will probably be some years before another Canadian eight goes after the Grand Challenge. And by that time Henley will probably be closed to "foreign" competition. For year by year the English oarsmen are tightening up the fence around their own little regatta. For instance, they have just decreed that no "foreign" entries will be received next year on account of the Olympic games being held in London. It seems a strange decree. But as Canadians are classed with the "foreign" element we are probably not in a position to see eye to eye with those on the inside.

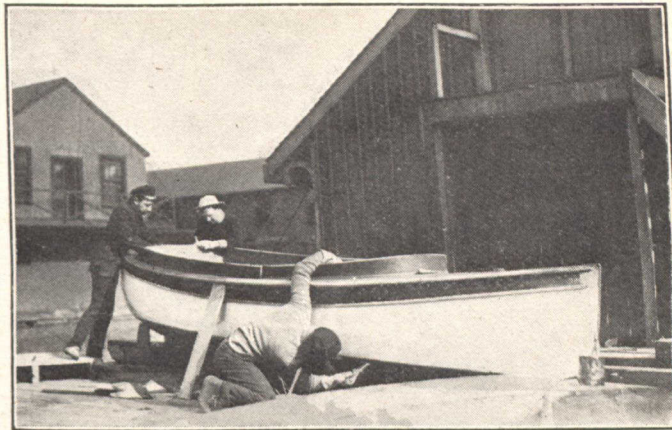
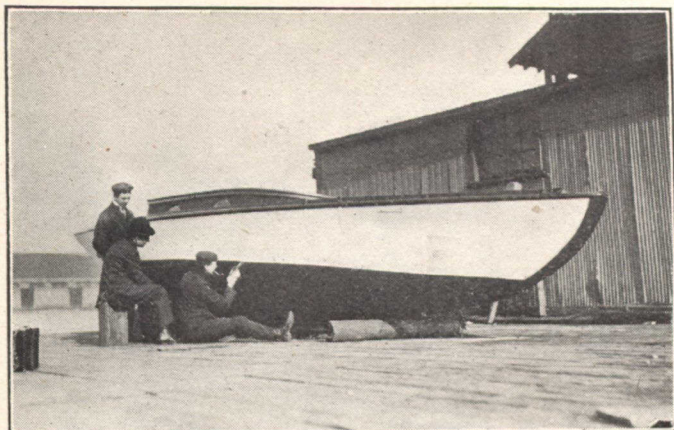
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And in justice it must be admitted that some of the candidates our Yankee cousins have sent to Henley are not such as to breed confidence in British breasts. Let's see, wasn't young Ten Eyck over there and isn't the said Ten Eyck now acting as professional coach to a college crew? And Titus, who threatens to go over again this summer. Last time he was there didn't he associate with professionals and so conduct himself generally that he got more than one hint that they would rather not have his entry in future. And then, you know, there is a wide difference between the English amateur and the Yankee amateur. The former rows for his own pleasure; the latter to win trophies for the club that pays his expenses.

The Magic of Muskoka

THE discoverer of Muskoka is not known to fame, but the development of that delightful region practically belongs to the last twenty years. Muskoka is a summer country and has been aptly called "the playground of Ontario." In the old days it was the camper's paradise. He went up to Gravenhurst on a primitive and slow-going train, took a canoe from what is now Muskoka Wharf and was off for a fortnight or month in a tent. But time and traffic have changed all that—without spoiling Muskoka's native charm. Now the "flyer" leaves Toronto an hour before noon and the passenger has all the luxuries that belong to the best of modern equipment and may eat his broiled fish while he gazes from the car window on rivers, lakes and bits of forest that show where the northland begins.

The old-time Muskoka-lover may be known by the friendly glance which he bestows on familiar hamlets and landmarks. When the rocks begin to break through the soil and the pines show their stately tops, he realises with a thrill that his summer home is near. But it is only when Muskoka Wharf or Bala is reached that the extent of the tourist traffic impresses the traveller. Boats of all sorts, canoes, dinghies, respectable family row-boats, gasoline launches and shining yachts crowd the docks and make every train arrival a small regatta. Nothing could prove more conclusively the popularity of this land of lakes than the entrance this summer of two new railways. For years the G.T.R. has had Muskoka to itself. But this year the C.N.O.R. runs along the east shores of Lake Simcoe and Couchiching, to Bala and Lake Joseph ports and on to Parry Sound. The C.P.R. has also discovered the railway possibilities of Muskoka and is entering that picturesque territory. Hotels have sprung up so rapidly that it is almost impossible to keep track of the "new places." Cottagers by the thousands go up to their homes in the latter weeks of June. But the ideal Muskoka remains the great open district of laughing lakes and shadowy rivers, the paradise of the artist and the rover.



Getting Ready for the Boating Season—Toronto Harbour.

Canadian Travel Routes

DO Canadians travel? They do, and there is no country in the world which offers more attractive or greater variety of sights. Away down East the people of Nova Scotia have the famous land of Evangeline and the Bras D'Or lakes, in addition to numerous minor resorts round about Halifax. Down by the sea people take things less strenuously than in the west, and their own picturesque scenery is quite sufficient for many of the Bluenoses. If they want a nice week's end trip they may go to Boston by the excellent line of steamers which runs from Yarmouth to the Hub. Well patronised though this route is, the traffic to Boston is not nearly so great as that from Boston to Nova Scotia.

Then the New Brunswicker has a great variety of charming resorts right within his own province. Beginning with St. John and the beautiful St. John river, there are St. Andrews, St. Stephen, St. Martins, Hillsboro, Hopewell, Sussex, Moncton and Sackville, all well worth seeing and each with a special attraction of its own. If he wishes to spend a few days outside of his province, he may visit Boston via the splendid Eastern Steamship Company or may enjoy an hour or two's sail across the Bay of Fundy or Northumberland Straits and pay a visit to his sister provinces.

The Prince Edward Islander should never wish to stray from his own picturesque little island — but he sometimes does and he has his choice of the mainland or the Magdalen Islands, a few hours' run to the north-east.

For Quebecers there are numerous trips of interest, principally of course on the River St. Lawrence. Besides this there is the famous Saguenay river trip to Lake St. John, and the many resorts along these rivers such as Murray Bay, Riviere du Loup, Ha Ha Bay, Tadousac, Chicoutimi and Roberval. Farther to the east, Cacouna, Little Metis and Metapedia may be reached by the Intercolonial.

The summer resorts in Ontario are so well known and so diversified as to make this province famous all over the continent. Whether fisherman, hunter, health-seeker, or idle rover, each may find within its borders a paradise to suit his particular taste. Probably Muskoka attracts the bulk of Ontario pleasure seekers, but the Georgian Bay, the Thousand Islands and the minor inland lakes each have their admirers. With four great lakes and Georgian Bay right at its doors, it is not to be wondered at that water trips form a popular and easily

gratified holiday outing with the majority of Ontario's citizens.

Situated inland as it is, Manitoba offers less variety to its residents in the way of travel. By rail, however, they may explore their province thoroughly, and many of them take advantage of the close proximity of the neighboring Republic to make frequent excursions across the border to Minneapolis, St. Paul and intermediate points.

The prairie provinces are less fortunately situated than their eastern sisters or British Columbia in the matter of popular resorts within their borders. The Canadian Pacific Railway, however, affords excellent facilities for reaching points east or west, and the opportunity is frequently seized to visit the far-famed Rocky Mountains or points in the east.

Like all other Canadians, British Columbians do their share of travelling, though they probably find that they see nothing abroad to be compared to the majesty and grandeur of their own silent snow-crowned monitors. For within the boundaries of British Columbia is a wealth of mountain scenery, not to be surpassed anywhere in the world. Who, for instance, has not heard of Banff and the Canadian National Park (in Alberta), of Lake Louise and Emerald Lake, of Field and Glacier, the Yoho and the Illecillewaet valleys, Kicking Horse and the Fraser canons, the Arrow lakes and the caves of Nakimu? All of these things are to be seen in the Pacific province and they form the objective points every year of hundreds of Canadians from the east as well as of tourists from all over the world.

The Rolling Deep

SUMMER resorts may come and summer resorts may go; this place may be the vogue one summer and that place the next, but the charm of old ocean goes on forever. For many Canadians there is no charm like that of a holiday on the rolling deep, silent, vast, mysterious—and they have the choice of two which roll unceasingly up to their doors. For the same reason that many Easterners do not visit the Rockies, many Canadians are denied the pleasure of being rocked on the breast of old ocean—the expense. Not a few, however, of these who can afford it, make the trip, and naturally the Atlantic has the bulk of the traffic, the destination in



Cleavelands



Morinus.

TWO TYPICAL MUSKOKA SCENES.



The Famous Kakabeka Falls, near Port Arthur and Fort William.

most cases being Great Britain, Ireland, or France.

Here again, the Canadian Pacific, that great bridger of time and space, out of the abundance of its resources and with its magnificent enterprise and daring, has provided facilities which enable every Canadian so disposed to cross either Atlantic or Pacific over its own unrivalled line of steamships. Just think for a moment what this one company has accomplished within a comparatively few years in the way of transportation facilities. Over ten thousand miles of track in Canada! Fifteen steamships on the Atlantic! Six steamships on the Pacific running to Australia and Japan! Three splendidly equipped steamers on Lake Superior, twelve on the British Columbia coast service and sixteen on the British Columbia lakes and rivers!

On the Atlantic, however, the tourist has the choice of other Canadian lines, viz., the Allan and the Dominion, any of whose vessels will carry him with speed, safety and comfort to his destination. Great Britain is of course the principal, and often the sole objective point with many, who make the trip to renew the scenes and associations of earlier days, but there are others to whom travelling amounts to a passion and who possess the means to gratify it. These are not satisfied to see Britain but must visit also the famous cities and resorts in Europe, the Mediterranean, and other Eastern points.

Montrealers' Summer Resorts

MONTREALERS have wide choice in the matter of summer resorts, as there are a number of charming points within easy reach of the metropolis, both in the province of Quebec and in the neighbouring states to the south. Quite a few spend their summers at the sea-shore, which is only a few hours' run by rail,

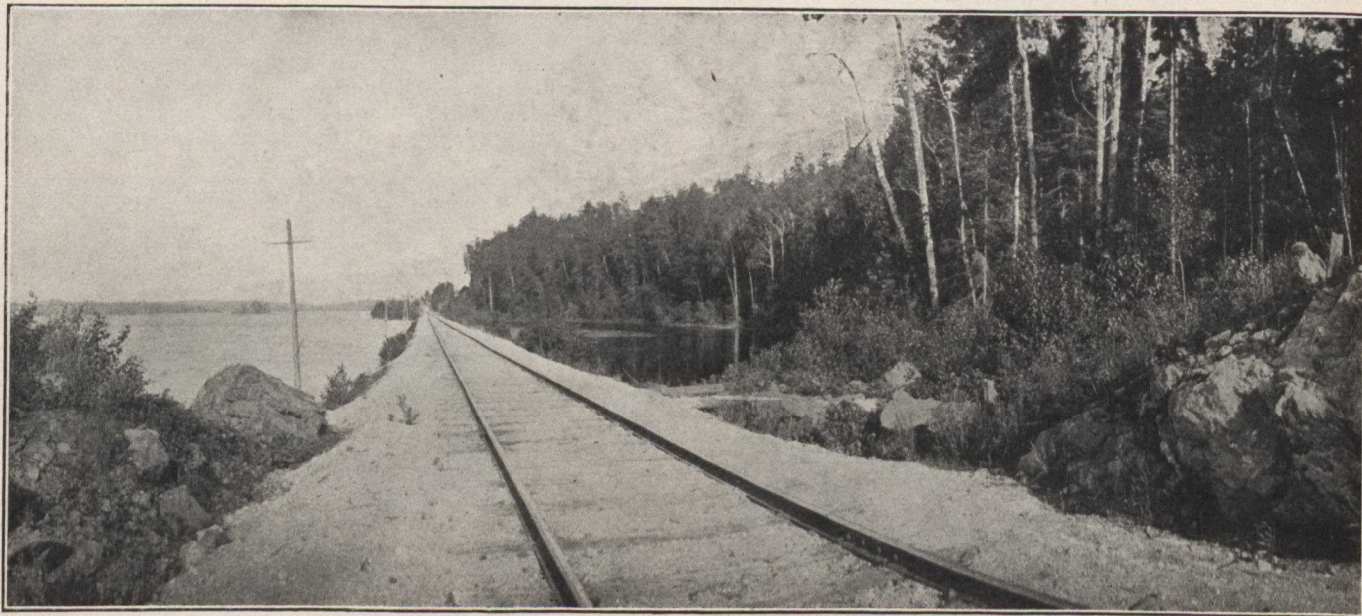
according to the point selected. Montrealers spend their summers out of the metropolis to such an extent that perhaps no city in Canada presents such a deserted appearance up-town in the heated months.

One of the most charming and popular resorts is Ste. Agathe in the Laurentian Mountains to the north-east of the city. This point claims its hundreds every season and is also well known as a health resort for consumptives.

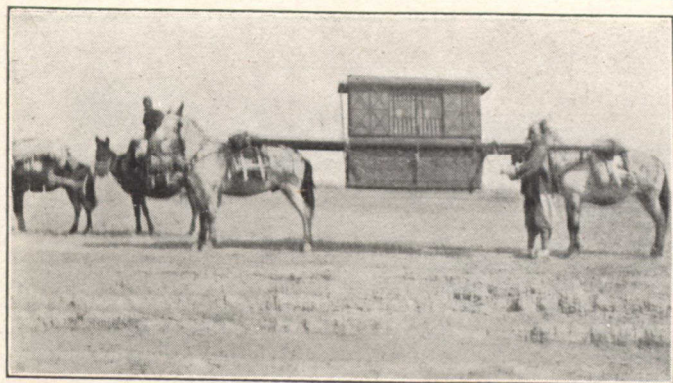
A large number of the better class of citizens devote attention between Murray Bay, Tadousac at the mouth of the Saguenay river, and various points in the Lower Provinces, such as St. Andrews, St. Stephen and others. Among those who annually patronise St. Andrews may be mentioned Sir William Van Horne, Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, Mr. C. R. Hosmer and Mr. Thompson of the Ogilvie Company. Mr. Robert Meighen, president of the Lake of the Woods Milling Co.,



At the Beach—Lake Winnipeg.



A Bit of Scenery along the C. N. R., between Port Arthur and Winnipeg.



A Horse Sedan-Chair in Honan, China.

spends his spare time at the magnificent summer home of his brother-in-law, Lord Mount Stephen, at Grand Metis, on the south shore of the St. Lawrence nearly opposite Tadousac. Among the notables who make an annual pilgrimage to Murray Bay may be mentioned the family of President Roosevelt (the President of course not being allowed to leave the United States during his term of office), U. S. Secretary of War Taft, Edward Blake, M.P., and a host of people from western points who find this an ideal spot for a quiet holiday.

Other points which claim their quota of Montrealers are Dorval, Beaconsfield, St. Anne's, Hudson and Hudson Heights and Senneville, the latter about four miles up the Ottawa above St. Anne's. Among others who journey regularly to Senneville may be named Mr. R. B. Angus, a well known director of the C.P.R., Mr. E. S.

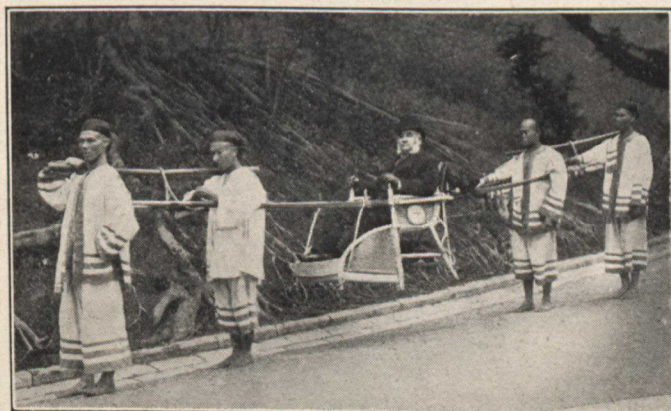


Chinese Springless Carts.

Clouston, general manager of the Bank of Montreal, and family, and Mr. W. L. Wanklyn, general manager of the Dominion Coal Company.

Through the Rockies

THEN there is the Rocky Mountain region in the far west, that country of stupendous and awe-inspiring sights, of fifty Switzerlands rolled into one, of nature in the rough, which every Canadian should see, but which by reason of the magnificent distances, is not accessible to many in the far east unless they happen to possess time and money above the average. Well has this region been called one of the world's natural playgrounds, and what nature has so well begun the Canadian Pacific Railroad and the Canadian Government have magnificently finished. Seekers after the grand and the majestic in nature, will never return disappointed from



Travelling in Hilly Hong Kong.



A Tonga—Used on the Plains of India.

the Rockies. The well known resorts, enumerated above, have something of interest for the naturalist, the geologist and the botanist as well as for the ordinary tourist, for the artist, the hunter and the fisherman as well as for the health seeker.

Banff and its surroundings alone offer an attraction which every summer make it the destination of thousands of tourists. Here is located the headquarters of the great Canadian National Park of over 5,000 square



A Japanese Travelling Chair.

miles where the overworked business man may revel in the beauties of nature and forget there are such things as cities, offices or desks. Here he may, if he wishes, climb a mountain or two before breakfast, spend his morning in the splendid museum, and the rest of the day visiting Bow Falls, the hot springs, the lithia spring, the buffalo corral, the observatory, and the various caves, basins, lakes, valleys, and mountains which abound in the park. If he does this all in one day he will be a phenomenon, and has nobody to blame but himself if his appetite is five sizes ahead of him at the end of the day.

At all the other principal points of interest in the Rockies, the Canadian Pacific maintains splendid, well appointed hotels in the thoroughly equipped fashion for which they are everywhere famous. At these hotels every provision is supplied the tourist for the most complete exploration of the district. Should he wish to break a record as a mountain climber, he will find Swiss guides on hand to accompany him. If he is not of the



In the Hill Stations of India.



A Typical Bit of St. John River Scenery—New Brunswick.

strenuous sort and is satisfied with a quiet drive, horses and carriages will be found awaiting his pleasure. Should he desire to visit the gamey mountain trout in its lair or to pursue bruin or other big game to their rocky fastnesses, he will be able abundantly to gratify his ambition. On paper, the Rocky Mountain trip will not accomplish a great deal for the man who needs a holiday, but the actual trip is guaranteed to take ten years off the person who is fortunate enough to take it.

Picturesque Scenes in the East

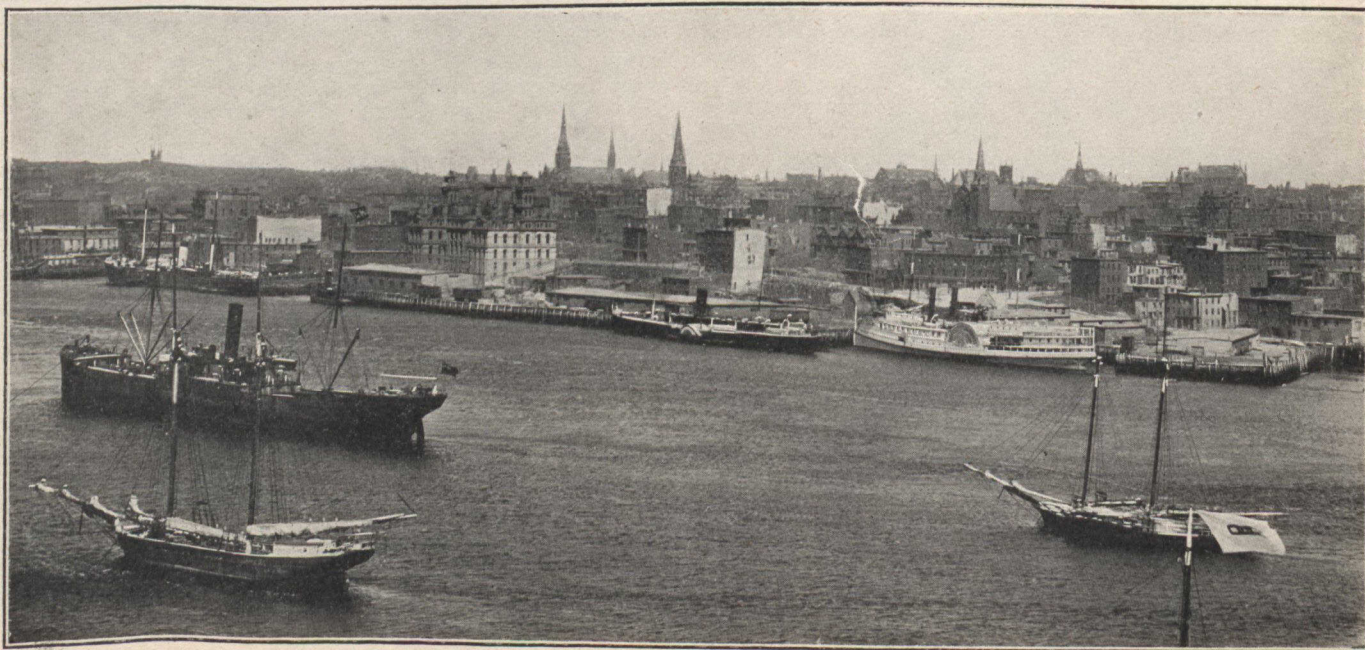
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND'S native-born may be found in almost every corner of the world. They are a far-faring people; but the more distant their abiding-place the more certain they are that the place they came from can scarcely be equalled anywhere else. Judging from the miles they will travel to reach home again, if only for a few weeks, Prince Edward Island, like most small countries, is passionately loved. These native pilgrims, however, are not the only travellers who come to Prince Edward Island. It is a summer resort both for Canadians from the other provinces and for citizens of the United States. More than one Standard Oil magnate sends a coachman in livery driving along the hedge-bordered, wild rose starred, grass-grown Prince Edward country roads. But it is fairly safe to venture an opinion that people from Montreal and Toronto out-number all other summer residents. Outsiders congregate in a few large boarding houses, which may be called hotels if you so please. At any one of these the sojourner is likely to find himself well satisfied with his share of earth and sky and sea and summer.

Prince Edward Island does not greatly resemble any

of the other Canadian provinces. It has its own individuality. What that is few people have yet taken words to express. Yet Mr. Basil King, a Prince Edward Islander, who has written three novels, would find an admirable setting for a pastoral or romantic love story in his native province. Dr. Macphail, editor of the University Magazine, a novel writer and essayist, could fit a story of Prince Edward Island with words which would find their way far abroad and yet would never lose themselves. Dr. Schurman, of Cornell, is a Prince Edward Islander; and it was in this same island that Dr. Falconer, whom the University of Toronto have chosen for their head, was born.

On the mainland, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia offer many temptations to the tourist whether bent on the usual round of summer sports, fishing, boating, bathing, or intent simply on getting away as far as possible from the busy haunts of men and revelling quietly in the glories of nature. The charm of several of the New Brunswick seaside resorts on the Bay of Fundy is of more than local reputation. Prominent people come from great distances every summer to spend a week or two at St. Andrews, St. Stephen, St. Martins and other points along this coast.

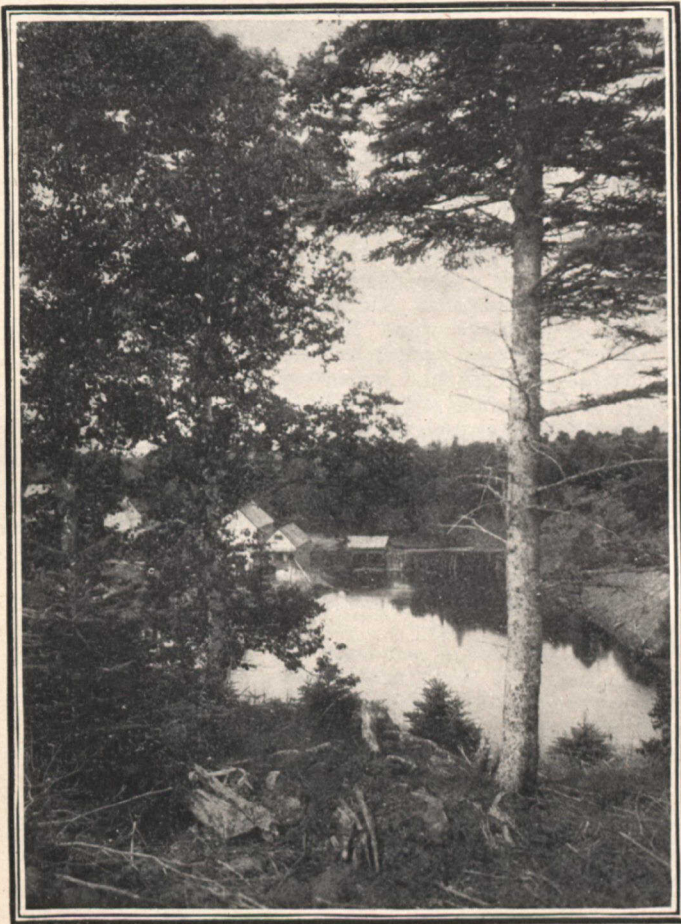
But perhaps the traveller is a bit of a sport and fond of outdoor life. On the rivers and lakes which abound in New Brunswick he will find opportunities for camping, fishing, and canoeing of a kind so fascinating that he never dreamed in his most ecstatic moments. Is it big or small game that is the magnet? Then he may spend days or weeks in the trackless wilderness in search of the lordly moose or caribou, or smaller feathered game. Whatever his tastes in the way of a holiday outing, the traveller will be able to gratify them all in the Maritime Provinces.



The Beautiful City of St. John, New Brunswick.



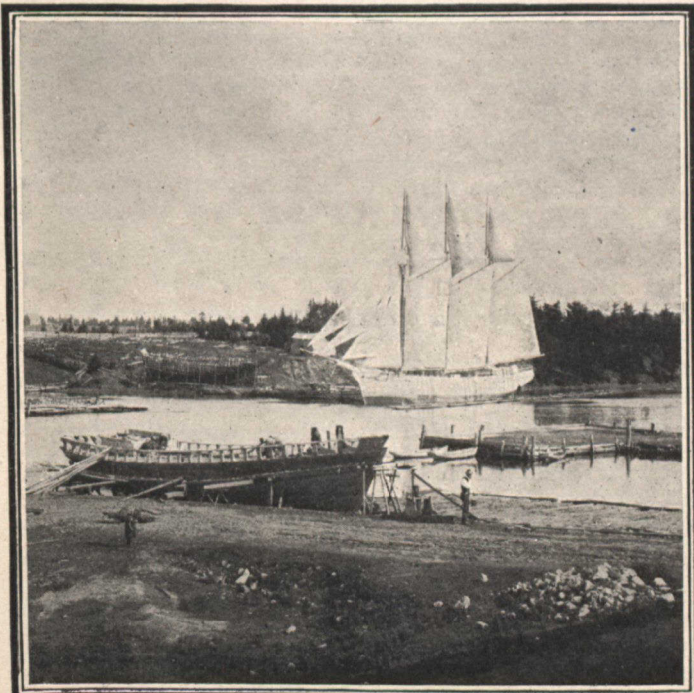
A Typical Prince Edward Village—Montague.



An Ideal Spot for Trout.



A Shady Nook.



West Indian Three-Master.



Shipping Vegetables in Coasting Steamers.

SOME SCENES IN PICTURESQUE PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

The Black Adder

By FRED M. WHITE

CHAPTER I.

TO the man in the street the name of Jabez McDougall conveyed little or no impression, but in certain circles it was not without weight and due importance. For Jabez McDougall of that ilk was a well-known American millionaire whose fortune had been achieved by dubious dealings in railway shares until the individual in question was supposed to be one of the richest men in the States. The capitalist was by no means a prominent man, except so far as Wall Street was concerned, and when the papers announced that he intended visiting England with a fashionable second wife and brilliant daughter nobody was much impressed with the exception of certain tradespeople in the West End of London. For McDougall was a buyer of curios and an investor in diamonds on an unusually large scale.

For the present McDougall was understood to have taken a furnished residence in Carlton House Terrace until such time as he could buy himself a few palaces in the West, to say nothing of some incidental country mansions. Therefore, when the papers announced that McDougall and his family had arrived in England there was no perceptible sensation amongst the six million odd people who go to make up what is known as London.

One or two of the half-penny papers appeared to be concerned in the knowledge that Carlton House Terrace was not ready for the descent of the clan McDougall when they finally swooped upon these fluttering shores. But, then, that was probably the fault of the house agent who announced to all and sundry whom it might concern that adequate quarters had been found for the visitors at No. —, Toddington Terrace, which, as everybody knows, is one of the most desirable situations West of the Marble Arch.

As a matter of fact, things had fallen out very favourably for McDougall and his satellites. No. —, Toddington Terrace was in the occupation of Mr. and Mrs. Masefield, a childish young couple of means who had suddenly made up their minds to travel, and had therefore placed their beautifully furnished residence in the hands of the agents. It was not exactly quite as palatial as the requirements of McDougall called for, but it was a veritable treasure house of magnificent old furniture, and a conservatory was a winter garden in itself. It was this same conservatory that seemed to attract Jabez McDougall, himself a lover of flowers and a well-known collector of rare and beautiful blossoms; indeed, the New York papers were fond of declaring that McDougall's glass houses had cost him from first to last the best part of two million dollars. It was strange that so hard a man immersed to the eyes in business should have had a hobby like this. But there it was.

The conservatory in question was built out from the back dining-room and stood upon what had once been more or less of a garden. It was fenced in with a mass of steel netting as a protection against destructiveness. For the back part of the house was lonely and on more than one occasion Toddington Terrace had been visited by burglars.

"You can stop right here and now," McDougall said. "I guess this place will suit me like a glove. Down at the docks I've got about a million dollars' worth of rare flowers and ferns, and I calculate I'll get them in here without delay. It seems to me that Mr. Masefield knows what he is doing, for that new arrangement of hot water pipes of his is the finest thing I ever saw."

So it came about that the end of the week saw most of the ordinary contents of the conservatory cleared out and stored away to make room for the bewildering array of tropical flowers and plants which McDougall had brought with him from New York. Why he should have gone to such a vast expense was known only to himself. But, then, most American millionaires have their fads, which might easily be more harmful than McDougall's innocent pursuit.

A few days later and the family were settled down in Toddington Terrace. To a certain extent they were incognito, so to speak, much as Royalty is when travelling abroad without the fuss and ceremony of state requirements. It became generally known that the McDougalls wished to see no one until they were finally established in the Park Lane residence which the head of the household was on the point of buying. All this had only been a matter of a day or two. There was no fuss and excitement, probably owing to the fact that a great foreign

potentate was visiting London, and the papers were fully occupied with the account of his doings. In an effete country like this even an American millionaire has to play second violin to Royalty, and the McDougalls appeared to accept their position with a proper pride and self-restraint.

All this did not prevent the dashing Mrs. McDougall and her step-daughter from indulging in those shopping excursions which are so dear to the feminine heart. Within eight and forty hours of the opening of the campaign in Toddington Terrace, the smart McDougall equipage was known at nine-tenths of the heading business houses in the West End of London. The principals and assistants tumbled over each other to do homage to this new Midas who scattered his money so royally, who paid cash for everything, and who rarely asked personal pointed questions on the subject of prices. The inevitable consequences followed. Long before the week was out the majority of the shopkeepers positively refused to accept ready money from these princely customers. It seemed almost like blasphemy to suggest business on a cash basis. Besides, how much better it was to book the orders at an advance of five and twenty per cent., and no awkward questions asked on either side.

Amongst the firms patronised by Mrs. McDougall and her daughter was that of Tunncliffe and Company, the well-known jewellers in Bond Street. Everybody knows Tunncliffe's, who are equally prepared to supply a simple gold chain or a diamond tiara worth the traditional king's ransom. It was needless to say that Tunncliffe so to speak welcomed Mrs. McDougall with open arms. Their only regret was that they could not do business with the stranger on larger terms, for up to a certain point Mrs. McDougall had been very frugal indeed in her orders. She hinted at what might happen later on, and there the matter rested until a day or two later when McDougall himself walked into the palatial offices in Bond Street and demanded to see the proprietor. Mr. Tunncliffe came forward all smiles to greet the little dried up individual who was popularly supposed to be the master of something like forty millions of dollars. With characteristic bluntness and an evident desire to waste no time Mr. McDougall plunged at once into his subject.

"I guess," he said, "you know my wife and daughter. Seems to me that they recommended me to come here. Unless I have made a mistake I've got no time for this sort of nonsense."

Mr. Tunncliffe hastened to assure his customer that there was no mistake, and that the young and fascinating Mrs. McDougall had already been graciously pleased to bestow her patronage upon the firm. Not, he concluded, that up to now the fair American had been quite so expansive in her orders as he could have wished.

"Well, I guess that's going to be all right," McDougall said drily. "Fact is, I want you to help me. As you know, my wife and daughter are nearly of an age, and between ourselves, I have trouble occasionally in holding the balance between them. If I give one a set of furs, I've got to give the other something handsome in the way of diamonds, and there you are. A sort of jealousy, I suppose. And now on Friday it is my daughter's twenty-first birthday. I calculate I want to do the thing handsomely, and I want you to show me something worthy of the occasion."

"Delighted, I am sure," Tunncliffe murmured. "And now, sir, as to the matter of price, if you will give me your limit——"

"There isn't going to be any limit," McDougall said drily.

CHAPTER II.

Here, then, was a customer after Mr. Tunncliffe's own heart. For the next half-hour or more he occupied his time in pouring out lavishly such a supply of gems as the American had never seen in his life before. They lay scattered about the jeweller's private office. They caught and imprisoned the sunshine till they fairly dazzled the eyes of the onlookers. If Mr. McDougall was properly impressed he did not show it for a moment.

"I guess you have overdone it," he said presently. "And, besides, I've got no time to stand and make a selection. I guess the half hour I've wasted here now means thousands of dollars out of my pocket. And after all said and done, I'd rather have one single flower

than the whole of these stones scattered all over your table. I guess I shall have to come along another time and make up my mind what I am going to buy for Sadie."

Mr. Tunncliffe was by no means satisfied with this arrangement. He began to see an excellent stroke of business receding into the background. He was quite aware of the fact that there were other business houses in the West End of London besides that of Tunncliffe and Co. The fly must not be allowed to escape now.

"Might I make a suggestion," he said in his most velvety voice. "I shall be only too happy to call at your house or send one of my assistants at any time with a selection of jewels so that you can pick out whatever you require. It will be no trouble at all, I assure you."

McDougall yawned as if the subject had no further interest for him. He seemed to be absorbed in the contemplation of his plans for the piling up of still more dollars. —He came out of his reverie with a start presently and opined that the suggestion was good.

"Very well," he said. "Now let me see. Suppose you come round or send to-morrow afternoon about three o'clock. I shall be in then and we'll go over the thing at our leisure. Talking about flowers, I fancy I can show you something the like of which you have never seen before. So far as I am concerned, I would rather have a handful of them than all the gems in your shop."

Mr. Tunncliffe expressed his pleasure at the treat about to come. He was a wealthy man himself, and in the intervals of money making the culture of flowers was his pet hobby. The American would have to have something very fine indeed in the way of blooms if he expected to eclipse the contents of Mr. Tunncliffe's greenhouses at Streatham. On the whole, Tunncliffe decided that he would call in person at Toddington Terrace.

He found himself in due course seated in the back dining-room where a footman had conducted him, and where, for the time being, he had the magnificent old furniture and the equally magnificent conservatory to himself. From the very first moment Mr. Tunncliffe was duly and properly impressed. If hitherto he had prided himself upon his knowledge of floriculture, he felt humbled and abased now. Never in his life had he looked upon anything so tropical and luxurious. The whole place was one mass of blossoms of all colours and hues—a veritable bower of delight filled with strange perfumes such as Tunncliffe had never encountered before. He stood there in the humid atmosphere trying to calculate how much it had cost the millionaire to bring all this blaze of glory across the Atlantic. In the midst of this little problem the door opened and McDougall came in. He closed the door carefully behind him. There was something in the aspect of his face which showed that in some way the millionaire had been put out recently.

"I haven't much time to spare," he said, "and I am anxious to make my selections before my wife comes downstairs. You see, I don't want her to know what I am doing; in fact, I don't want her to know anything until the selection is finally made. She will be jealous enough in any case. But she isn't a bad woman at the bottom, and I calculate she'll get her quid pro quo before the week is out. Now just trot out your jewels and let us see what we are going to do. When I have made my selection and given you my cheque I shall be happy to show you the flowers. I guess you have never seen anything like them before on your side of the Atlantic Ocean."

Tunncliffe admitted truthfully enough that he hadn't. But flowers were one thing and business another at that time of the day, so that all thoughts of pleasure were thrust sternly aside and a pile of cases from the black leather bag began to appear on the solid-looking dining-room table, and littered up the priceless brocade table cloth which reached on all sides down to the floor. The bag was empty at length and Tunncliffe was about to open the uppermost of the cases when the door of the dining-room was opened and a pretty vivacious face looked in. With a quickness hardly to be expected in a man of his years, McDougall snatched up a Persian rug from one of the armchairs and threw it over the pile of cases on the table. At the same time he winked significantly at Tunncliffe who nodded slightly in reply. The jeweller perfectly understood that secrecy was the order of the day; besides, the fresh, vivacious looking face in the doorway was not a strange one to him, for he had seen the youthful Mrs. McDougall before. She appeared to recognise Mr. Tunncliffe now, for she smiled at him in the friendliest possible fashion.

"I hope I am not intruding," she said. "Now I won-

der what mischief you are up to with my husband, Mr. Tunncliffe?"

"He came here to see the flowers," McDougall said with every evidence of confusion. "The fact is I was in Bond Street the other day on business, and I discovered that Mr. Tunncliffe was a flower lover like myself. I asked him to come round here so that I could show him what could be done in the way of transferring of flowers when you go about it in the right way."

"They really are wonderful," Tunncliffe murmured.

"Are they not," Mrs. McDougall echoed with apparent simplicity. "But, really, they are nothing to what we have in New York, and I am sure you possess nothing to compare with them in your own greenhouses. Now have you?"

"Indeed, I have not," Tunncliffe admitted. "I shall be quite out of conceit with my own collection now. My wife, too, would be terribly disappointed if she were only here."

Mrs. McDougall walked impulsively into the conservatory and began pulling carelessly at the various ropes and branches of glorious blossom. Very soon she had her arms full of lovely flowers which she proceeded to deposit almost carelessly on the dining-room table. As the various fronds and tangles spread as released from Mrs. McDougall's hands they seemed to cover the table with a whole mass of bloom. Tunncliffe forgot all about business in the enthusiasm of the moment. It seemed to him that he had never seen such a pyramid of luxuriance and beauty before. Here were flowers of all hue and size, flaming scarlet and red, yellow and bronze and blue, all in a delirious tangle with the most refined and exquisite foliage.

"These are for you," Mrs. McDougall said with a dazzling smile. "Oh, no, of course you can't take them with you, but if you will give me your private address I will see that the flowers are carefully packed in cotton wool and sent off to you at once."

Tunncliffe could only murmur his thanks. He appeared to be almost overcome by this conversation on the part of the millionaire's wife. For the moment he had quite forgotten the still more precious articles which underlay the Persian rug sprawling so carelessly across the table. Then Mrs. McDougall turned to her husband and signified that she wished to speak to him for a moment.

"I am just going out," she explained. "Really I cannot stay a moment longer, Jabez. Are you quite certain that Mr. Tunncliffe can spare you for a moment?"

Tunncliffe expressed himself appropriately. As a matter of fact, so long as Mrs. McDougall did everything to expedite business he was not in the least likely to stand in the way. With something like a look of relief on his face the millionaire followed his wife and the door closed softly behind him.

Ten minutes passed pleasantly enough, for the time was not wasted with Tunncliffe. He seemed to need every moment in which to drink in the beauty of those glorious blossoms which filled him at once with envy and delight.

CHAPTER III.

Surely never since man began to gather flowers about him for his soul's delight, and for the softening of his savage instincts, had anything like that pyramid of blossoms been seen in one spot. And presently, when Mr. Tunncliffe turned to the contemplation of them, he glanced at the clock and saw, to his intense surprise, that it was considerably past four. Making allowance for the time he had passed with McDougall and his wife he had now been alone for the best part of an hour. His feelings of rapture and admiration began to ebb. He was conscious of a certain sensation of mingled mistrust and suspicion. Surely the house had grown strangely still and silent, considering that it was filled with servants. Surely, it was a remarkable thing that McDougall stopped so long away.

Tunncliffe put his suspicions aside as unworthy. McDougall was a man of affairs and might have been detained by a thousand matters. Besides, there lay the Persian rug upon the table and under it the outline of the cases which Tunncliffe had piled there himself. He decided to wait a few minutes longer before ringing the bell and enquiring as to what had become of the master of the house. Still, at the same time, there was no reason why the jeweller should not reassure himself on the subject of the safety of his property. He knew all the ropes. He had heard so many stories of ingenious jewel frauds that one never really could tell. He stepped forward now with the intention of putting the mass of flowers on one side so that he might be certain of his

ground. As he did so he was conscious of a faint hissing sound, then he jumped back with a queer sensation running up and down his spine and a funny creeping of the few remaining hairs at the back of his scalp.

Mr. Tunncliffe was a clean living man, and he did not for a moment doubt the evidence of his senses. There amongst the flowers was a shining, black, wriggling thing some two feet in length, with a wicked flat head, a pair of beady eyes, and a set of slim yellow fangs which evidently meant mischief. Tunncliffe knew something of natural history, and he had no difficulty now in recognising the venomous little reptile as the deadly black adder whose bite is quite as poisonous as that of the rattlesnake or cobra.

Tunncliffe stood there a little nonplussed as to know how to act. Doubtless the snake had been imported there amongst the moss and packing of one of the tropical flowers, and doubtless Mrs. McDougall had had an exceedingly narrow escape when she was picking those gorgeous blossoms just now. Tunncliffe fairly shuddered when he thought of it, as it occurred to him how he escaped a like catastrophe. He might have taken up some weapon and bashed that reptile out of shape and existence, but he could not bring himself to sacrifice the flowers. Whilst he was still standing there and wondering how to act for the best, the big Empire clock over the mantelpiece struck five.

The sound of the gong brought Tunncliffe to his senses. He could not hesitate to believe any longer that there was something utterly wrong here. He was a business man once again. He shut his eyes firmly and resolutely to anything but the business side of his visit. He laid his hand upon the bell. He could hear it rippling and pealing somewhere down in the basement. But no reply came. There was no suggestion of answering footsteps. The whole place was still and silent as the grave. With half his fortune at stake, even the horror of the black snake began to fall before the anxious eyes of the jeweller. Gently and by degrees he managed to coax the cloth off the table until the shining mahogany became bare. Then to Tunncliffe's astonishment he saw that the table was flat and desolate as the Sahara itself. Not one sign of the jewel cases remained. They appeared to have vanished like a conjuring trick, and nothing remained behind to give the slightest clue save a square hole in the floor, just about large enough to admit a man's body. As Tunncliffe bent over the table he saw that a square had been neatly sawn away and that a section of the middle of the mahogany worked on hinges and fastened with a spring bolt. The whole mystery was plain enough now, and Tunncliffe darted for the door.

It was locked firmly enough, and though he beat frantically upon the panels, it was of little avail. Then, as the full desolation and cruelty of the situation burst upon Mr. Tunncliffe, something seemed to snap in his head, and he sank to the ground with nothing about him but darkness and unconsciousness.

* * * * *

"I am afraid we shall not be able to give you any assistance," the superintendent from Scotland Yard said, in subsequently discussing the subject with the unfortunate jeweller. "You see, the thieves had too long a start altogether. As a matter of fact, it was the best part of two days before we found out your whereabouts, and even then we might have been unsuccessful if those people hadn't posted the keys to the house agent."

"And the real McDougall?" Tunncliffe asked feebly.

"My dear sir, the real McDougall is still in New York. The whole thing was a clever plan, a very clever plan, indeed. No doubt these people have been working it for the last two or three years. I can hold out very little hopes of your ever seeing your diamonds again. You will have to put up with it."

"But it was so real," Tunncliffe protested. And where on earth did he get those flowers from? That they were tropical blooms I am prepared to swear. And that snake, too. I shall never forget the horror of it. You don't mean to tell me that that was part of the plan, too?"

"Well, you see," the chief said thoughtfully, "some of these people are quite artists in their way. When I tell you that the black adder was carefully attached to a rope of flowers by a silk cord, and that his poison fangs had been carefully extracted first, you will appreciate how thoroughly these people went in for their work. You see, there was always a chance of you getting suspicious and beginning to make a fuss before our friends got clear of the house. To get away they were bound to employ cabmen and people of that sort, and if you discovered your loss and made a great disturbance before they were ready, things might have proved awkward. That is why

they set the black adder as a kind of sentinel to guard the jewels. As to the hole in the floor and the hinges in the table, that was an easy matter. You may depend upon it that your diamonds had vanished almost before the so-called McDougall left the dining-room. No, you will never see your gems again."

And the astute detective was correct.

Good Talk About Talk

At a recent meeting of the Canadian Club of Halifax, Mr. Justice Russell addressed the members most happily on "The real, substantial and abiding utility of preaching." Under the last term Judge Russell included not only the preaching from the pulpit, but the sermons that are preached to us by the newspaper press during six days of the week, the articles in our magazines, the lectures before various societies, the political appeal and all the various methods by which through vocal or written speech an effort is made to produce conviction on the topics that must engage public attention. The speaker verily chose a broad subject with which he dealt in a style both practical and scholarly.

"We all remember," said Judge Russell, "Carlyle's noisy laudations of the beauty and blessedness of silence and his ponderous sarcasms about the babbledom of our parliamentary institutions. There are superior persons every here and there who, without a particle of Carlyle's genius, feel entitled to share Carlyle's contempt for the whole apparatus of controversy by which the affairs of self-governing communities are debated and settled. . . . These lofty and superb spirits, noting the conflicts of opinion by which lesser people are stirred and the agitating controversies in which they are engaged, vote the whole thing a bore and betake themselves to the seclusion of their club and the strenuous and edifying intellectual competitions of bridge and poker."

Judge Russell referred humorously to the great amount of modern talk, but showed by historic reference to the passing of certain superstitions and errors that "there can be no doubt that it is talk, somebody's, anybody's, everybody's talk by which these changes are wrought. None ever talks freely about anything without contributing something, let it be ever so little, to the unseen forces which carry the race on to its final destiny." The speaker also showed that neither the clergyman nor the politician could discuss certain matters of general public import in the independent fashion, which is the ideal of the Canadian Club. He indicated briefly and suggestively some of the provincial and national problems which may properly be discussed by the members of such an organisation.

One of the most discriminating features of this stirring address was the reference to the chaotic ideas of the average Canadian regarding the Dominion's place in the British Empire. "Our position is illogical and untenable. We hold the mother country responsible in every difference, we may have with our neighbours. She must be ready to fight the United States if they encroach upon our Atlantic fisheries or treat us unfairly about the Behring Sea seals, or deal sharply with us in the matter of the duty on lobster cans, or seek to get the better of us in such controversies as that of the Alaskan boundary. But when it comes to the question of a contribution to the support of the fleet that protects our commerce in every part of the habitable globe, it is utterly impossible for us to discover any way of handing over a single cent for its maintenance."

The lecturer closed his address with an eloquent expression of his belief that in any great imperial danger, Canada would respond to the need of the Mother Country. "If this is really at bottom the feeling of the people of this country, all that the sane imperialist contends is simply that, now in a season of calm weather, we should expend a little forethought upon the means by which in such an emergency our help may be made effective."

Unmerited Vilification

Great Britain is described by foreign critics as at once the most greedy and the most stolid of nations. It lacks both imagination and chivalry. Its policy is mere selfishness, qualified by stupidity. Yet what other nation than the British would be capable of giving back to a conquered land its independence, and entrusting its administration to the general of the defeated race! Imagine Germany doing this in Alsace.—"Life," Melbourne.

The Golden Flood

By EDWIN LEFEVRE

THIS STORY WILL RUN THROUGH ABOUT TEN ISSUES, AND SHOULD PROVE DECIDEDLY INTERESTING TO ALL THOSE WHO ARE EVEN SLIGHTLY CONVERSANT WITH BANKS, BROKERS AND FINANCIAL PEOPLE. THE GENERAL READER WILL FIND IT SIMPLE AND ENTERTAINING, WHILE AT THE SAME TIME DRAMATIC AND INFORMING. THE AUTHOR IS ONE OF THE LEADING FINANCIAL EDITORS OF NEW YORK, AND KNOWS THE FINANCIAL WORLD EXCEEDINGLY WELL.

PART I—THE FLOOD.

THE president looked up from the underwriters' plan of the latest "Industrial" consolidation—capital stock, \$100,000,000; assets, for publication, \$100,000,000—which the syndicate's lawyers had pronounced perfectly legal. Judiciously advertised, the stock probably would be oversubscribed. The profits ought to be enormous. He was one of the underwriters.

"What is it?" he asked. He did not frown, but his voice was as though hung with icicles. The assistant cashier, an imaginative man in the wrong place, shivered.

"This gentleman," he said, giving a card to the president, "wishes to make a deposit of one hundred thousand dollars."

The president looked at the card. He read on it:

MR. GEORGE KITCHELL GRINNELL.

"Who sent him to us?" he asked.

"I don't know, sir. He said he had a letter of introduction to you," answered the assistant cashier, disclaiming all responsibility in the matter.

The president read the card a second time. The name was unfamiliar.

"Grinnell?" he muttered. "Grinnell? Never heard of him." Perhaps he felt it was poor policy to show ignorance on any matter whatever. When he spoke again, it was in a voice overflowing with a dignity that was a subtle rebuke to all assistant cashiers:

"I will see him."

He busied himself once more with the typewritten documents before him, lost in its alluring possibilities, until he became conscious of a presence near him. He still waited, purposely, before looking up. He was a very busy man, and all the world must know it. At length he raised his head majestically, and turned—an animated fragment of a glacier—until his eyes rested on the stranger's.

"Good-morning, sir," he said politely.

"Good-morning, Mr. Dawson," said the stranger. He was a young man, conceivably under thirty, of medium height, square of shoulders, clean-shaven, and clear-skinned. He had brown hair and brown eyes. His dress hinted at careful habits rather than at fashionable tailors. Gold-rimmed spectacles gave him a studious air, which disappeared whenever he spoke. As if at the sound of his own voice, his eyes took on a look of alert self-confidence which interested the bank president. Mr. Dawson was deeply prejudiced against the look of extreme astuteness, blended with the desire to create a favourable impression, so familiar to him as the president of the richest bank in Wall Street.

"You are Mr.—" The president looked at the stranger's card as though he had left it unread until he had finished far more important business. It really was unnecessary; but it had become a habit, which he lost only when speaking to his equals or his superiors in wealth.

"Grinnell," prompted the stranger, very calmly. He was so unimpressed by the president that the president was impressed by him.

"Ah, yes. Mr. Williams tells me you wish to become one of our depositors?"

"Yes, sir. I have here," taking a slip of paper from his pocket-book, "an Assay Office check on the Sub-Treasury. It is for a trifle over a hundred thousand dollars."

Even the greatest bank in Wall Street must have a kindly feeling toward depositors of a hundred thousand dollars. Mr. Dawson permitted himself to smile graciously.

"I am sure we shall be glad to have your account, Mr. Grinnell," he said. "You are in business in—" The slight arching of his eyebrows, rather than the inflection of his voice, made his words a delicate interrogation. He was a small, slender man, grey-haired and grey-mous-

tached, with an air of polite aloofness from trivialities. His manners were what you might expect of a man whose grandfather had been Minister to France, and had never forgotten it; nor had his children. His self-possession was so great that it was not noticeable.

"I am not in any business, Mr. Dawson, unless," said the young man with a smile that deprived his voice of any semblance of pertness or of premeditated discourtesy, "it is the business of depositing \$103,648.67 with the Metropolitan National Bank. My friend, Professor Willetts, of Columbia, gave me a letter of introduction. Here it is. I may say, Mr. Dawson, that I haven't the slightest intention of disturbing this account, as far as I know now, for an indefinite period."

The president read the letter. It was from the professor of metallurgy at Columbia, who was an old acquaintance of Dawson's. It merely said that George K. Grinnell was one of his old students, a graduate of the School of Mines, who had asked him to suggest a safe bank of deposit. This the Metropolitan certainly was. He had asked his young friend to attach his own signature at the bottom, since Grinnell had no other bank accounts, and no other way of having his signature verified. Mr. Grinnell had said he wished his money to be absolutely safe, and Professor Willetts took great pleasure in sending him to Mr. Dawson.

Mr. Dawson bowed his head—an acquiescence meant to be encouraging. To the young man the necessity for such encouragement was not clear. Possibly it showed in his eyes, for Mr. Dawson said very politely, in an almost courtly way he had at times to show some people that an aristocrat could do business aristocratically:

"It is not usual for us to accept accounts from strangers. We do not really know," very gently, "that you are the man to whom this letter was given, nor that your signature is that of Mr. George K. Grinnell."

The young man laughed pleasantly. "I see your position, Mr. Dawson, but, really, I am not important enough to be impersonated by anybody. As for my being George K. Grinnell, I've laboured under that impression for twenty-nine years. I'll have Professor Willetts in person introduce me, if you wish. I have some letters—" He made a motion toward his breast pocket, but Mr. Dawson held up a hand in polite dissent; he was above suspicions. "And as for my signature, if you will send a clerk with me to the Assay Office, next door they will doubtless verify it to your satisfaction. I can just as easily bring legal tender notes, I suppose. In any case, as I have no intention of touching this money for some time to come, I suppose the bank will be safe from—"

"Oh," interrupted Dawson, with a sort of subdued cordiality, "as I told you before, while we do not usually take accounts from people of whom we know nothing in a business way, we will make an exception in your case." "That the young man might not think the bank's eagerness for deposits made its officers unbusinesslike, the president added, with a polite explanatory smile: "Professor Willett's letter is sufficient introduction. As you say you are not in business—" He paused and looked at the young man for confirmation.

"No, sir; I happen to have this money, and I desire a safe place to keep it in. I may bring a little more. It depends upon certain family matters. But this is for the future to decide. In the meantime, I should like to leave this money here, untouched."

"Very well, sir." The president pushed a button on his desk. A bright-looking, neatly dressed office-boy appeared, his face exaggeratedly attentive.

"Ask Mr. Williams to come in, please." The office-boy turned on his heels as by a military command, and hastened away. It was the bank's training; the president's admirers said it showed his genius for organisation down to the smallest detail. Presently the assistant cashier entered.

"Mr. Williams, Mr. Grinnell will be one of our most valued depositors. We must show him that we appre-

ciate his confidence in us. Kindly attend to the necessary details." Mr. Dawson paused. Perhaps his hesitancy was meant as an invitation to Mr. George Kitchell Grinnell to vouchsafe further information of a personal nature. But Mr. Grinnell said, with a smile: "Many thanks, Mr. Dawson," and Mr. Dawson smiled back, politely. As the men turned to go, he took up the underwriting plan and forgot all about the incident. It was a Thursday. It might as well have been a Monday or a Tuesday; but it was not.

Mr. Williams called up Professor Willetts on the telephone, who said he had given a letter of introduction to George K. Grinnell. He described Grinnell's appearance, and added that Grinnell had been one of his students, and was quite well up on metallurgy, but was not, so far as the professor knew, engaged in active business. He thought Grinnell had some private means. The Assay Office people had identified Grinnell and his signature. It was not much information, but it was enough.

On the following Thursday, after the close of the business day, Mr. Dawson, reading over some routine memoranda submitted by the cashier, found his gaze arrested by a line that told of the deposit of \$151,008 by "George K. Grinnell." He sent for the cashier.

"What about this \$151,000 deposit by George K. Grinnell?" he asked.

"He deposited an Assay Office check, the same as he did last week."

The president frowned. He was puzzled.

"If he should happen to make any further deposits of this character, tell the receiving teller to say I should like to see him, please."

"Very well, sir."

The president turned to his desk again, and promptly forgot the incident—forgot it for exactly one week. On the following Thursday, shortly before noon, Williams, the assistant cashier—a short, stout man, with an oleaginous smile—approached his feared chief.

"Excuse me, Mr. Dawson,"—the assistant cashier's habitual attitude before the president, was one uninterrupted apology for existing at all—"Mr. Grinnell is here."

"Grinnell? Grinnell?" mused the president, frowning.

"He has just deposited \$250,000—an Assay Office check, the same as last Thursday. You said if he should—"

"Yes, yes, I know," said Mr. Dawson sharply. "Tell him to be kind enough to come in." He muttered to himself: "That makes half a million in gold in a fortnight. H'm!" When Mr. Dawson h'm-med to himself it meant business—usually, woe to the vanquished!

He rose to greet the h'm-compelling depositor.

"How do you do, Mr. Grinnell?" He smiled with a cordiality that was more than mere affability and extended his hand. The president's grasp was firm. Wall Street said that his soul had been in cold storage some thirty thousand centuries before it came down to earth to animate the body of Richard Dawson. But Mr. Dawson, just as there are men who endeavour to seem honest by habitually looking you straight in the eyes, believed that strong pressure must indicate genuine friendliness in a hand clasp.

Mr. Grinnell smiled. There was not the faintest trace of hostility in the young man's smile, but it was not a fatuous smile, nevertheless.

"The cashier said you—"

"Yes; I told him to ask you to be good enough to see me. I hope I am not inconveniencing you?"

"Not at all. But I fancy you are very busy."

The president smiled in self-defence.

"Mr. Grinnell," he said, with a sort of quizzical joviality, "you have been a source of some—I'll own up"—with the amused smile of men when they confess to an essentially feminine sin—"curiosity. I tell you frankly that I'd very much like to know more about you—what you are doing, what you have done, what you intend to do. In the past fifteen days you have deposited with us a half-million in gold." He again smiled; this time interrogatively.

"Mr. Dawson," the young man answered, very seriously, though not in the slightest degree rebukingly, "really I can add nothing to what I told you when I first had the pleasure of seeing you. As I said then, I have not the slightest intention of disturbing the account, not to the extent of one cent, so far as I can see now. Indeed, you may safely assume that this money will remain untouched for an indefinite period. I'd rather keep the money here than in a safe-deposit vault. Still," with a smile for the first time, "if you think I'd

better transfer my account to the Eastern National, or the Marshall National, to save you further—"

"Oh, my dear Mr. Grinnell!" in a tone that conveyed to a nicety his shock at being misunderstood, "I merely wished to learn more about you from a natural business curiosity. We certainly are satisfied if you are."

"Well," Grinnell said, smiling again, "I am twenty-nine years old, single, an orphan, a graduate of the School of Mines. I live with my sister, at 193 West 38th Street, and I believe in a republican form of government under a Democratic administration."

"My dear Mr. Grinnell," said the president, with a look of regret to hide his annoyance. "pray do not imagine for an instant that I had any desire to pry into your personal affairs. You know, we like to take an interest in our depositors, just as we wish our depositors to take an interest in us. Your bank president should be your business father confessor. The time may come when we may be of use to you. I shall be glad to give you my best advice, should you ever care for it. And, Mr. Grinnell," with a smile, paternal to the last eighth, "I am a month or two older than you. I have had some experience in many lines of business," excepting that of Mr. George K. Grinnell, who did not accept the subtle invitation to confide. Then, with a final smile, putting his hand on the young man's shoulder: "As for your account, Mr. Grinnell, may it continue to grow! We can stand it if you can."

"I am glad to hear that; very glad indeed, I may take you at your word. Being young, I am, of course, very wise, Mr. Dawson. But, I have hopes of getting over it. When my account becomes really respectable, I doubtless shall be more than glad to avail myself of your advice. I shall value it highly."

"It is yours at any time, Mr. Grinnell," said the president, shaking hands. He did not show any surprise at the intimation of greater deposits in the future. It was as well that he did not. On Thursday of the following week, Mr. George H. Grinnell deposited an Assay Office check for \$500,000 lacking a few cents. It made a million of gold bullion which the young man had sold to the United States Assay Office, and of which he had deposited the proceeds in the Metropolitan National Bank. The president did not forget the incident when the cashier sent in a memorandum, but promptly summoned the official.

"Mr. Grinnell has become quite a depositor, I see," he said.

"Every Thursday he comes with an Assay Office—"

"Yes, I know. It seems to be a habit with him. If he should come in next Thursday, or at any time, let me know at once. Don't ask him to come into my office, but let me know he is here, at once. Has he drawn any checks on us?"

"No, sir; not one."

"If he does, let me see it."

"It is—er—rather curious," ventured the cashier.

"Not at all," said Mr. Dawson curtly. The cashier left him without another word.

The advent of the strange depositor was curiously awaited by the tellers to whom the cashier had spoken. The cashier himself offered to bet his assistant that Grinnell would not deposit more than \$500,000. The fat assistant decided to lose a five-dollar hat to his superior, and then to ask that same superior for an increase in salary. He bet that Grinnell would deposit a million.

"You see," he said, with a look of intense astuteness, that his device of intentionally losing the bet might not be too obvious, "he deposited first a hundred thousand, then a hundred and fifty; then two-fifty; then he doubled and deposited five hundred thousand. I think he will double again and deposit a million."

"Millions don't grow on bushes. I'll take the bet," remarked the cashier stingingly. His subordinate covered a chuckle of success by a woeful smile of self-deprecation. But his exultation over the increase in salary to follow the artistic loss of a five-dollar hat did not endure long. Grover, one of the receiving tellers, on Thursday hastily sent him word that Mr. Grinnell had deposited \$1,000,000, and was being delayed at the teller's window on a pretext of attending to some clerical detail. The assistant cashier straightway walked into the president's room.

"Mr. Grinnell is outside, sir. He has just deposited one million."

"Very well, Mr. Williams."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Demi-Tasse

FLIES AND BOTTLES.

"W^E fishermen," said Havelock Morton, California's famous fly caster, "are continually being accused of intemperance. The accusation is false. No intemperate man could ever cast a fly. Yet a friend of mine had the effrontery to declare that out walking in the country he had met an angler beside a brook and had said to the man:

"How can you tell the good places from the bad when you come to a stream?"

"By the bottles," the man answered. "Wherever the most empty bottles are scattered is the best place."

* *

COLONIAL CONFERENCE STORIES.

At first, it seems as if Sir Wilfrid must have had a happy month in England, but when one considers the following narrative, as related in an English magazine, there remains only compassion:

"I had the pleasure of accompanying three of the Premiers the other day to Edinburgh. We left at ten o'clock in the morning from King's Cross. At precisely 10.30 there came along refreshment in the shape of pineapples, peaches and grapes; at 10.45 champagne and cigars made their appearance; at 11 o'clock further tangible evidence of British hospitality in the form of chicken sandwiches, cakes and more champagne; and a light collation of plums and plover's eggs and champagne, this time a different brand, occurred a quarter of an hour later. At 12.30 luncheon was heralded by olives, anchovies, vermouth and sherry; and a still further and stronger portent of events in that direction happened at 1 o'clock, when the waiters brought round hors d'œuvres of sardines and caviare with cocktails a l'Americaine. Luncheon lasted from 1.30 to 3.45, and after a slight interval of seven or eight minutes, preliminary tea was served, a substantial meal not making its advent until 4.30. None of the Premiers appeared daunted. If these were British traditions, not a statesman from overseas shrank from upholding them. At last a slight, unpretentious observation escaped the lips of the New Zealand Premier. He wanted to say that he was full of admiration of the hospitality of the Mother Country. But he got no farther than 'I am full,' and the waiters came along with champagne. Then the Premier of Natal pathetically remarked: 'Waiter, it's very short time between meals.'

But worse than any other effect of the profuse dining is its tendency to make the guests drop into horrible parodies. Here is a long way after "We Are Seven," written, it is said, by an Australian. Perhaps Canadians can guess the Premier referred to:

I met a simple Premier:

He was sixty years, he said,
His hair was thick with many a curl,
Yet bald his spacious head.

He had a bland, persuasive air,
And he was bravely clad,
His speech was fair and very fair,
His beauty made me glad.

"Brother Premiers seeking trade,
How many may you be?"
"How many? Seven in all," he said,
And, wondering, looked at me.


"And where are they, I pray you tell?"
He answered, "Seven, ain't please ye;
Three of us in Afric dwell,
And two in Australasia.

"One of us from Newfoundland,
My brother Bond his name is,
And as for me, my dear C.-B.,
You wonder what my game is!"

* *

FEMININE SOPHISTRY.

"It's impossible," said a Toronto man, "to reason with a woman about general principles. My wife positively grieves if she thinks I have been playing poker. Yet last week she actually indulged in her first betting, and won five dollars on the races.



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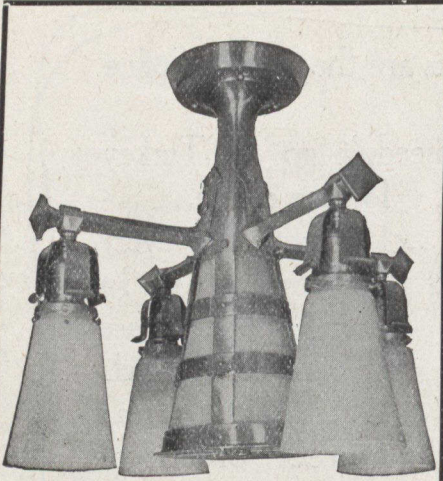


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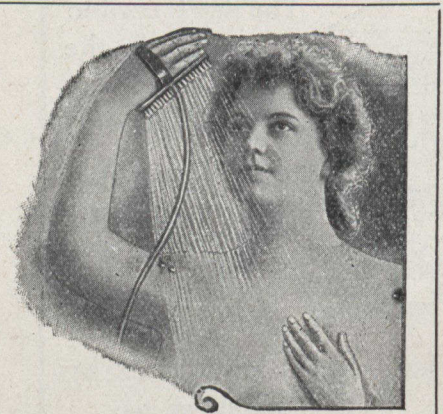
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When I expressed the proper amount of horror she merely looked thoughtful and replied:

"Perhaps it looks like betting, but I put fifty cents in one of those little banks for the Home for the Aged, and I really needed a pair of gloves. It's quite different when you lose large sums that ought to be spent on the family."

* *

THE IRISH QUESTION.

There was a little man and he framed an Irish Bill,
And it raised a great commotion when 'twas read, read, read.
But Redmond rose in Dublin and soon the land was troublin',
For he vowed the Birrell Irish Bill was dead, dead, dead.

* *

EXORBITANT.

In the bill of Lawyer X lately handed to his client was the item:
"For a dream about your case, five dollars."

* *

WONDERS OF TRANSIT.

I wonder why, when in a car,
The vacant seat beside me
Is just the one the pretty girl
Should always fail to see;
And why, if it's a frowsled girl
With wad of gum and squint,
She starts to reach that very seat
As fast as she can sprint.
—Philadelphia Ledger.

* *



Promising.

"Do you think my Mamma will notice if I act as Umpire of your game?"
"Naw—she won't know you."—N.Y. Life.

* *

VEGETARIAN MILLINERY.

Mrs. Eldredge's new hat had just arrived from New York. The brim had the fashionable downward tendency, the ribbon was exquisite, and a heavy wreath of large, many-hued globular objects encircled the picturesque crown.

The feminine members of the household eyed it approvingly, but could give no name to the botanical portion of the decorations. Mr. Eldredge, however, regarded the creation with mild disfavour.

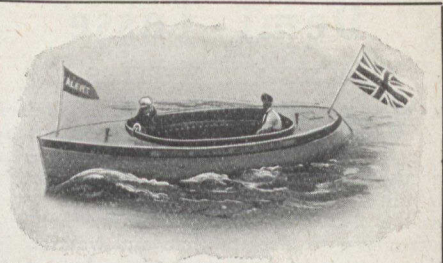
"I can see, John," said the owner of the hat, pinning it into place and smiling at her husband, "that you don't admire my hat. But why? Isn't it becoming?"

"It's becoming enough," returned Mr. Eldredge, examining it critically, "and it seems to be a nice hat, in spite of all those onions, beets and carrots; but you know, Sallie, I never did like a boiled dinner."—"Youth's Companion."

* *

NO MATTER.

During a recent discussion of Christian Science, one man said that his wife belonged to a well-known women's club in her town. They had a full meeting, and an important discussion was on. In the midst of it one woman rose and asked the



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privilege of the floor for a moment. It was granted, and as the interrupter spoke with evidences of mysterious agitation, the general curiosity was much heightened when, in a voice strained with emotion, she said: "Is there a Christian Scientist present?"

A woman arose on the other side of the room and in a tone of stately kindness said: "I am a Christian Scientist."

Then the first woman sweetly asked: "Would you mind changing seats with me? I am sitting in a draft."

* *

A PRIZE PUZZLE.

Visitor (to artist's young wife)—"Whatever were you two laughing over just now?"

Wife—"Oh, it was such fun! My husband painted and I cooked and then we both guessed what the things were meant for." —"Tatler."

* *

HOW HE PROPOSED.

Mr. McDooley—"Faith, an' it do be a question Oi have for yez, me darlin'."

Miss Clancey—"Pfwat is it, Pat?"

"Whin it comes toime fer me funeral how would yez loike t' be th' Widder McDooley?"—Chicago News.

* *



All to the Good.

"Will it injure the grass if I walk on it, gar dener?"
"Injure it? Bless yer, no, ma'am! it's the same as the roller—does it good."
—Windsor Magazine.

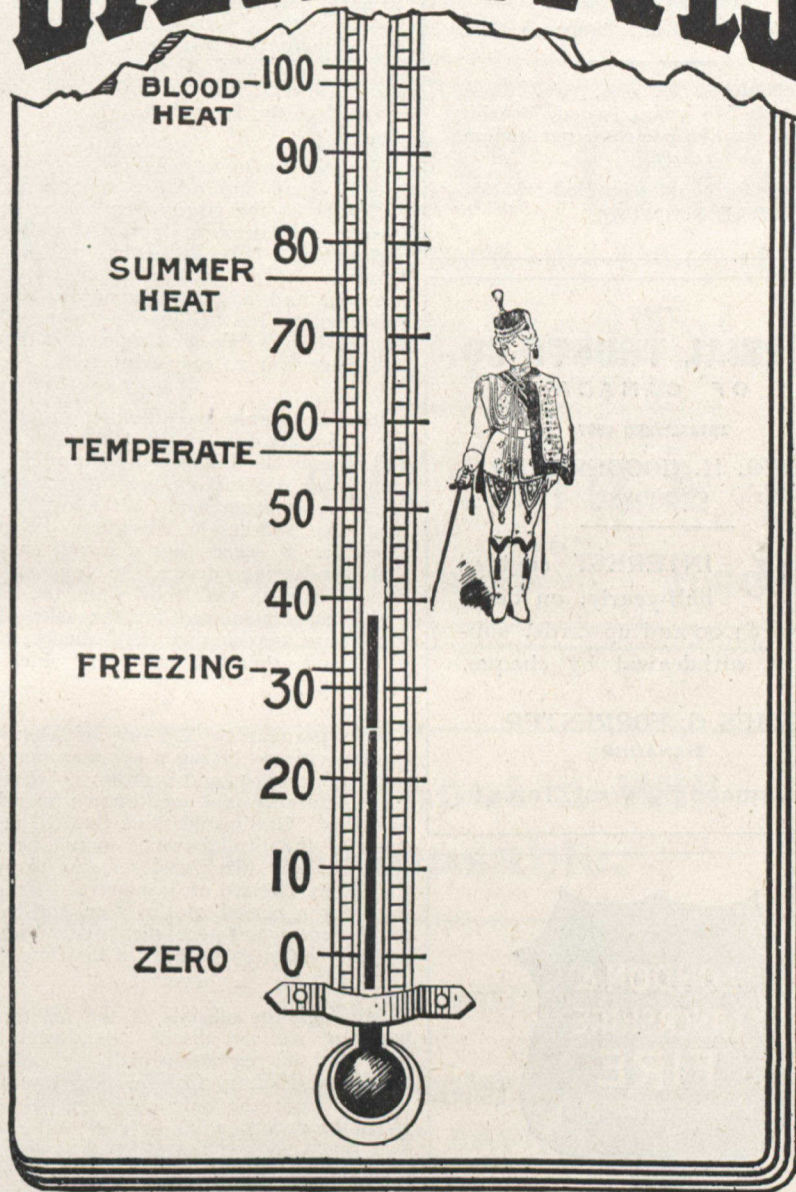
* *

SIR JOSEPH AND SIR WILFRID.

"Sir Joseph Ward," says an English raconteur, "is decidedly a wag. There is absolutely no 'side' about Ward, any more than there was about Seddon. The other night, on the return from an official function, some of the Premiers and their friends were gathered in a private supper-room at the Cecil. Laurier, who is not inclined to be very convivial, left the room while everything was being conducted with the utmost propriety. Scarcely had he left, however, when Ward struck up a Maori song, and the others joined in the chorus. In a quarter of an hour he announced, 'Ladies and gentlemen, before we break up let me propose a song, with action. All must do exactly as I do.' Whereupon he began to twirl his right forefinger in the air, singing, 'As I shake my finger merrily,' or words to that effect, gradually working up to two, three and the rest of the fingers, then the hands, feet, head and body, until the chorus came to, 'As I shake my fingers, my hands, my feet and my head merrily.' At this juncture the door opened and Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the Countess Grey appeared. Her ladyship had just returned from or was going to a ball, and, meeting Sir Wilfrid in the corridor, stopped for a chat. Imagine the picture! For a fleeting second Laurier thought all the company had gone mad. Then Ward, a little flushed with his exertions, gravely explained.

"The New Zealand Dance of Peace," he said, "Do you keep up the old aboriginal customs in Canada, Sir Wilfrid?"

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Peculiarities

THE native Canadians are beginning to come into their own. Another Indian has beaten a field of white men at St. Thomas—this time in a bicycle race. Those who think that the Indian belongs to a degenerate race may have to revise their opinion slightly. Times have changed since the scalping knife and a stolid demeanour were his chief stock in trade.

* *

What is the use of having bones if they are not of a durable, serviceable character? From Yorkton, Saskatchewan, comes the strange story of a lady who, while dressing, suddenly had a bone in one of her limbs crack with a report like a pistol and she was left helpless and in great pain. It seems that a few weeks before, the lady had been thrown from a rig in which she was driving, but was apparently uninjured by the fall. It is thought that the bone was cracked by the fall, and merely snapped at the later date.

* *

Strange stories are afloat these days as to who shall succeed Sir Wilfrid Laurier as leader of the government. The contest is said to be between Messrs. Fielding and Aylesworth. The latter has spoken two hundred words in French at a Quebec meeting, and has also struggled successfully with French-Canadian tobacco, but Mr. Fielding's trip to Rome, it is thought, will place him an easy winner.

* *

Lindsay people are thinking of organizing a Society for the Protection of Frogs, and already the Lindsay branch of the Fish and Game Association has interviewed the Ontario Government in an effort to prevent the wholesale slaughter of these croakers. It seems that it is not so much that Lindsayites desire the legs as delicacies, as it is that they want the marsh nightingales protected for the sake of the black bass, maskinonge, wild ducks, minks, otters and other fish and game which feed on them.

* *

It is peculiar to find one of Montreal's leading citizens taking a summer home on the Pacific coast, and yet that is what Mr. J. M. Carsley, the well-known merchant, has done. One would think that the attractions of the St. Lawrence would be sufficient, and yet Mr. Carsley seems to prefer the balmy climate of Vancouver Island, at least for a period of the year, for he has purchased a five-acre plot near Victoria, and intends to spend part of his time there.

* *

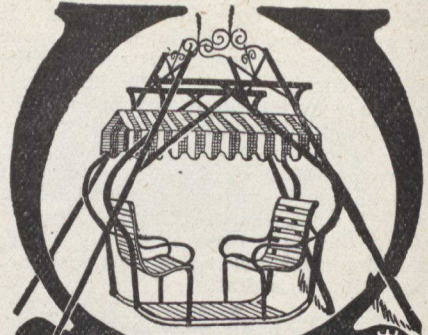
Although the officials of the Militia Department will not discuss the matter, it is said that the regulation ordering cadets at the Royal Military College to grow moustaches is not the only objectionable order from the cadets' point of view. It is also said that they are not allowed to decorate their rooms with photographs, nor wear dressing gowns in their bedrooms. Perhaps the officials are trying to have conditions as nearly as possible like those on the battlefield.

* *

It is difficult for those of us who live in the more settled parts of Canada where towns are scattered along the railway lines every six or seven miles, to realise the tremendous distances in the West. Think, for instance, of Edmonton being "town" to two thousand miles of country to the north, right up to Herschell Island on the Arctic Ocean! And yet that is the situation, and that is where Inspector Jarvis and five men of the Royal North-West Mounted Police have been sent from Edmonton to relieve Inspector Howard. Inspector Jarvis is a seasoned officer, having seen considerable service on the plain, as well as in South Africa. He is known to many in the East, being a brother of Harold Jarvis, the popular tenor singer.

* *

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water system of the Mackenzie is the latest railway project for the West. The road would pass through a well-timbered country, in which mineral indications are promising, and the plans are not considered any more visionary than was the proposition to construct the C. P. R. forty years ago.

* *

Ploughing with a motor driven by coal oil is the latest agricultural diversion, and Regina is the place where the experiment will be tried at an early date. The motor is fifty horsepower, and is said to break prairie at the rate of twenty acres per day, and at a cost for fuel of ninety cents per acre.

* *

Once more the story has bobbed up that the C. P. R. is quietly but industriously figuring on plans for the construction of two more liners of the Empress type for the Pacific fleet. This story has already been denied by Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, but this time it comes to the front with a wealth of detail, and will not down. The vessels, it is said, will be capable of doing 24 knots an hour, or better than anything now on the Pacific, and are calculated to make the voyage from Victoria to Yokohama in eight days, and to Hong Kong in thirteen.

* *

Railways in the far West certainly have their troubles. A few days ago a gigantic snowslide took place in the mountains, precipitating thousands of tons of the beautiful into the Illecillewaet Valley and burying the tracks of the C. P. R. twenty feet deep for a distance of several hundred feet. The slide is said to have filled the valley to a depth of one hundred feet in places, and to have overturned a freight train in its mad frolic, as snowslides will.

* *

If the venerable city of Halifax does not be careful, it will wake up one of these fine cool days and find itself as horribly modern as any city in the country. After its long sleep, the civic officials have awoke, and ordered that a large number of unsightly and dilapidated shacks must be torn down within forty-eight hours, or the city will perform the task and charge the cost of the work to the owners. Everybody knew Halifax was an ancient city, but nobody knew it was as bad as that!

* *

No wonder the East is prosperous and able to hold its own. After an absence of eleven years, according to the Summerside (P. E. I.) "Journal," the stork has again visited the home of Mr. Henry McDonald, of Richmond, and although Mrs. McDonald is fifty-one years of age, mother and son are progressing nicely, and the whole of Summerside is rejoicing over the event.

* *

Toronto people who have wrestled for several years with the tussock moth will be able to appreciate what the Nova Scotia people are up against. Down there the brown-tail fellows amount almost to a plague, and the Department of Agriculture has offered a bounty of three cents per nest in order to exterminate the pest. The school children have been enlisted in the campaign, which appears to be an excellent idea.

* *

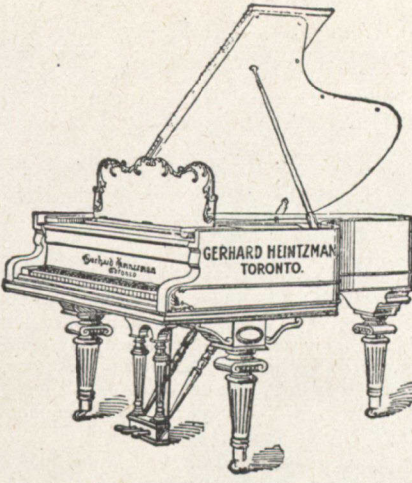
Down at Ottawa, Dr. Otto Klotz has been telling an audience that it is possible to record on the seismograph at the Dominion Observatory a movement of the earth's crust so slight as to amount only to the one-thirty-thousandth of an inch. Few people are aware of it, but an average of one earthquake every week or so is recorded on the seismograph, and yet we call this terra firma!

* *

FROM THE DIARY OF A COLONIAL PREMIER.

(From the London "Bystander.")

Tuesday.—Lunch, Skinners'—Spoke on "Imperial" Unity; Proposed health of Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman. Dinner, Tanners'



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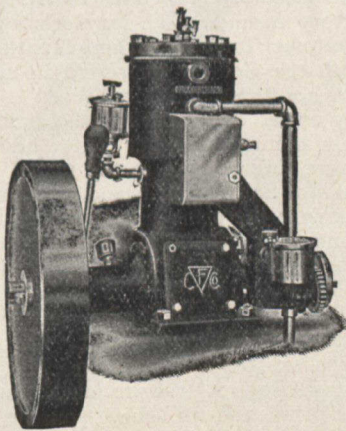
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—Proposed Haldane's health. Consulted doctor.

Wednesday.—Lunch, Cordwainers'—Proposed Sir Edward Grey; Spoke on "Imperial" Diplomacy. Reception, Lady B's. Dinner, Colonial Club—Spoke on "Imperial" Defence; Proposed Sir Haldane Battleman. Saw specialist.

Thursday.—Breakfast, Suffragists—Proposed Mr. Asquith; Spoke on "Imperial" Woman. Lunch in bed. Consultation between doctor and specialist.

Friday.—Lunch, Suffolshire Pilgrims—Spoke on "Imperial" Idea; Proposed Sir Campbell Chamberlain. Opened Bazaar "Imperial" Wastrels. Fainted. Dinner, Colonial Cowboys—Proposed Mr. Haldane Grey; Spoke on "Imperial" Aggression. Saw solicitor; Made will.

Saturday.—Wired all engagements off. Saw undertaker.

Sunday.—Rested in bed. Feeling better. Long live the Empire!

* *

CONCRETE BUILDING MATERIAL.

We may go back centuries, to the days when the Pools of King Solomon were built of cement, when the lookout towers of Ireland were built of cement by the Egyptian ancestors of the Irish; we may go back centuries in almost any part of the Old World and find that cement or concrete is not a product of the present generation, although it is having a new birth in modern building construction. It needs little to convince one of the hard wearing qualities of cement. The Pools of Solomon still furnish water to Jerusalem, and thousands of old pyramids, bridges and structures are still either standing or their ruins showing very little wear to the cement itself. The Pantheon at Rome, built by Agrippa, 27 B.C., nearly 2,000 years ago, is most convincing evidence of the strength, durability and permanence of cement concrete construction. The circular walls are about twenty feet in thickness, and the roof is a hemispherical concrete dome with a thirty foot opening in the top and spanning in the clear 142 feet 3 inches. After nineteen centuries it stands as the most perfect of the old classical buildings in Rome, and shows not a single crack to-day.

THE WESTERN WINTER.

EXTRAORDINARY WEATHER CONDITIONS MADE TRAFFIC DIFFICULT.

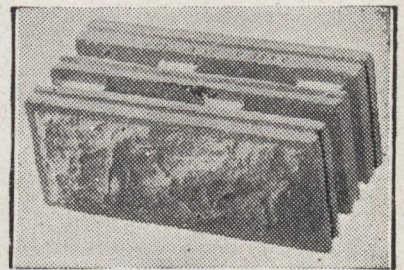
It will take some time for Western Canada to recover from the remarkable series of storms which occurred there during the past Winter. The weather was extraordinarily severe and the snowfall very heavy. This, of course, caused railway blockades, and traffic at times was at a standstill. Certainly Spring is welcome in the territory west of Winnipeg. Mrs. Lucy Ward, of Hill View Farm, North Battleford, in writing to the firm of Gourlay, Winter & Leeming, Toronto, makes reference to the severity of the weather as follows: "I am glad to say the Gourlay piano has weathered the most severe Winter in the most satisfactory manner. We may secure another customer for you." There is satisfaction with the Gourlay expressed in every word of her letter, but Mrs. Ward is not the only owner of a Gourlay who is satisfied. On the morning her letter arrived there were three others in the mail. Mr. A. Walter, of Salt Spring Island, B.C., said: "We consider the piano a very fine instrument, and it is generally much admired." Mrs. R. C. Pollock, "The Manse," Treherne, Mann., said: "We find the piano to be all that you claim for it." Mr. Fred L. Griffith, of Melbourne, Ont., was another who expressed satisfaction. His letter was as follows: "We are much pleased with the piano, and we believe your pianos are finding favor in this community, for there are now five here." When customers write in this strain, it is a proof that the Gourlay stands high in character as in reputation.

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For the Children

THE SQUIRREL AND THE SAP.

THERE have been several gray squirrels about the premises of H. K. Morrell, in Gardner, all winter, and the other day Mrs. Morrell was the witness of a curious act by one of them. He was in a maple tree, and gnawed off some of the bark on the upper side of a limb. When the sap had commenced to run and was gathering in drops on the lower side of the limb, the squirrel reached down and drank it. How he knew there was sap in the maple, and that it is time for it to run, does not appear, but it is evident that he did know both that the maple was the sap tree and that it was time for the sap.—Kennebec Journal.

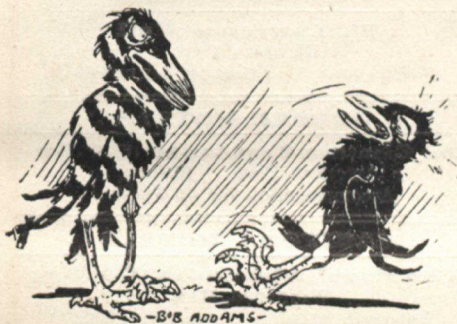
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LAYING IN WINTER SUPPLIES.

Apples and flowers, birds' nests, precious stones—precious to the owner,—growing plants and baby mud-turtles all figure in the collection of treasures carried back from the country, says a writer in the "Deaconess Advocate;" but rarely has a "fresh air" displayed the foresight of a mother who was seen clambering over a rail fence into a piece of underbrush.

"Faith, an' it's some o' thim nice switches I'm after, Miss Brown," was the reply to the deaconess' question. "I haven't been able to find me a dacint switch fer the byes sence I was in the kentry last summer, and now I'm goin' to take home enough to last till next year."

* *



Mrs. Crow: Algernon! Algernon! you have been in jail!

Mr. Crow: I have not. I leaned against a whitewashed fence.—N.Y. Life.

* *

WHERE IT CAME FROM.

During the course of a geography lesson recently, the teacher asked the following question:

"Who can tell me what useful article we get from the whale?"

"Whalebone," promptly replied a boy.

"Right. Now, who knows what we get from the seal?"

"Sealing-wax!" shouted a little girl.—Harper's Monthly.

* *

FIRE, WATER AND HONOUR.

(From the Italian of Gozzi.)

Once upon a time Fire, Water and Honour dwelt together. Fire could never remain in one place, and Water, also, was always moving; therefore, yielding to their inclinations, they induced Honour to travel in their company. However, before setting out all three decided that it was necessary to agree upon a sign by which they could find one another if they should chance to separate, or lose their way. Said Fire: "If I ever part company with you, look well, and mark the place where you see smoke, which is my signal; there you will certainly find me." "If you lose sight of me," said Water, "seek me, not where drought prevails, or the earth is parched, but wherever you see willows, alder trees, reeds, or thick green grass; you behold my footsteps, follow them, there shall I be."

"As for me," said Honour, "keep your eyes wide open, and fix them well on me; hold me fast, for if mischance leads me from the way, and I lose it, never again will you find me."

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Leave Napanee at 2.20 a.m., 3.30 a.m., 6.30 a.m., 6.35 p.m., 7.55 a.m., 10.30 a.m., 12.05 p.m., 1.20 p.m., 11.00 a.m., 4.30 p.m., 6.50 p.m., 8.15 p.m.

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Literary Notes

IN the "Canadian Courier" of February 23rd there was an advance notice of "Songs of a Sourdough," by Robert W. Service, a volume of Yukon ballads to be published by William Briggs, of Toronto. The book is not yet issued, but a second opportunity to scan the contents strengthens the belief that the writer will be recognized as one who has the gift of interpreting the life of a great new country. It is inevitable that these poems should be compared with those of Bret Harte and some of Mr. Kipling's productions. But Mr. Service is no "sincere flatterer." Although it is easy to discover that he has read "Gentlemen Rankers" and "Mandalay," his verse has the virile quality which songs of pioneer scenes should possess. The lure of the Yukon is in these lines:

"There's gold, and it's haunting and haunting;

It's luring me on as of old;
Yet it isn't the gold that I'm wanting,
So much as just finding the gold.
It's the great, big, broad land 'way up yonder,

It's the forests where silence has lease;
It's the beauty that thrills me with wonder;
It's the stillness that fills me with peace."

The joys and also the tragedies of Vagabondia are in these poems—a sterner Vagabondia than Bliss Carman has known. But the gypsy heart is ever young, and listens blithely:

"Alas! the road to Anywhere is pitfalled with disaster;

There's hunger, want and weariness, yet O we loved it so!

As on we tramped exultantly, and no man was our master,

And no man guessed what dreams were ours, as swinging heel and toe,

We tramped the road to Anywhere, the magic road to Anywhere,

The tragic road to Anywhere such dear, dim years ago."

* *

Mr. Archibald Sullivan is a young Canadian whose poetic tendencies are of a very different style from those of the author of "Songs of a Sourdough." Mr. Sullivan is a Torontonian, a son of the late Bishop Sullivan, and has recently resided in the city of New York, where he has been engaged in journalistic work. At present he is in England, where he may reside for some years. Mr. Sullivan's poems, as they have appeared in the American magazines from time to time, have attracted considerable attention, and have elicited favourable criticism. His poetry is of the "vers de societe" order, and some of his dainty lyrics would not be unworthy of Austin Dobson. Flowers, gems and melody are the subjects if his delicate stanzas, which are themselves singularly musical. Of his jewel songs, the lines on the opal are the most striking:

"I am a bowl of ruddy fire, where lies a whisper of the moon,

I am the ghost of some pale rose that breaks its perfumed heart too soon;

A rift of blue, a snatch of cloud, a garden full of summer skies,

And changing like a truant flight of restless, pilgrim butterflies.

Upon white arms I lie at rest, upon white fingers burn and glow,

As if some master hand had lit my coloured fires amid the snow."

* *

Whatever may be the effect of the new postal regulations, it is to be hoped that an increased Canadian subscription list for such British publications as the "Windsor" will be one result. The "Strand" is a well-established favourite. Its fiction is its strongest feature, and it is a poor number in which one cannot find an exhilarating or fearsome yarn, although the "Strand" does not find a Conan Doyle every year. The "Windsor" has a pleasing fashion of introducing a modern English artist and his works to their readers. In the May number Mr. John A. Lomax is the subject of artistic comment.

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HAMILTON.
Largest, Best and Most Central.
\$2.50 per day and up. American Plan.

MONTREAL HOTELS

Corona Hotel
453-465 Guy Street. 125 Rooms.
\$1.00 up. European.

The Place Viger (C.P.Ry.)
American Plan, - \$3.50 up.
Accommodation for 200 Guests.

St. Lawrence Hall
European Plan.
300 Rooms. \$1.00 per day upwards.

QUEBEC HOTELS

The Chateau Frontenac (C.P.Ry.)
American Plan, - \$3.00 up.
Accommodation for 450 Guests.

MANITOBA HOTELS

The Royal Alexandra (C.P.Ry.)
WINNIPEG, MAN.
European, \$2.00. American, \$4.00.
Accommodation for 600 Guests.

BRITISH COLUMBIA HOTELS

Glacier House (C.P.Ry.)
GLACIER, B.C.
American Plan - \$3.50 up.
Accommodation for 200 Guests

Hotel Vancouver (C.P.Ry.)
VANCOUVER, B.C.
American Plan, - \$3.50 up.
Accommodation for 400 Guests.

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for 1906 is a guarantee of the worthiness of this Canadian Company. Note it:

New Insurance, - \$5,503,547
Year's Income, \$2,072,423.13
Paid to Policy-Holders,
\$679,662.20

Expenses, - \$10,224.36
less than in 1905—only 16.34 %
of the income—the lowest of
any Canadian Company.

Write The Head Office, Waterloo, Ont.,
for report 76

Some Canadian Summer Resorts and Hostelries

UNDER several headings a list is here given of a number of favorite "summer time dwelling places" of many hitherto satisfied tourists. For a little convenience to those who may not have been wise to any of these, and who may wish to know how to most quickly reach the different places quoted the following hints or tellings will be worth remembering:

To reach points in Prince Edward Island take any connection that will land you at Pictou, N.S., or Point du Chene, N.B.

To localities in Nova Scotia east of Halifax connect with the Intercolonial Railway at its nearest point. All parts of Nova Scotia west of Halifax are reached by the Dominion Atlantic and Halifax and South Western Railways.

The eastern portion of New Brunswick is to be seen via the Intercolonial Railway, while the western part and some of the betwixt and between sections are adjacent to the short line of the C.P.R.

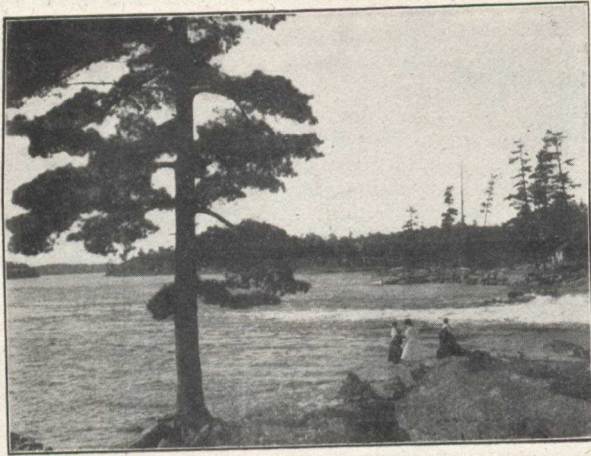
Resorts along the lower St. Lawrence from Quebec east can be taken in by either rail (I.C.R.) or Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Co.'s steamers, as can the grand Saguenay to the Lake St. John district, which is also reached from Quebec by the Quebec & Lake St. John Railway. Westwardly from Montreal are the upper St. Lawrence, Bay of Quinte, Lake Ontario, Rideau Lakes and Ottawa River resorts, any of which can be made equally as well from Toronto. The great Muskoka Lakes, Kawartha Lakes, Parry Sound and Georgian Bay regions are best served by rail from Toronto. So is the Nepigon River, the Port Arthur, Rainy River, Kenora and other parts of the so-called New Ontario localities.

The Winnipegger is given to taking a trip to Kenora, Winnipeg Beach, or a moose or snake hunt up and around the Lake Dauphin district.

Away to the north of, say, Regina, is a place named Prince Albert, that's where the ducks and other good eating for the easterner come from. Away and beyond in every direction, excepting south, are the—I hate to say it—billowing plains. Summer resorts are everywhere—wherever you please. As to the Rockies, they commence at Calgary, or MacLeod, or Edmonton, or anywhere west of the west. Whatever you do, stay awhile at any of these places and incorporate some of the local color. Then move on or come on to Banff or Laggan or Field or Glacier or North Bend or Robson or the Chilliwitt Valley or New Westminster or Vancouver or Nanaimo or Victoria, or wherever you please to that grand and enrapturing and altering of a person's inclinations and plans, the Dawson district.

LOCATION	NAME	RATES PER WEEK	NO. OF GUESTS
LAKE ONTARIO			
Burlington.....	Hotel Brant.....	12.00-25.00	300
Cobourg.....	Arlington.....	10.00-15.00	200
Grimsby.....	Lakeview.....	8.00	100
Niagara Falls.....	Lafayette.....	12.00	70
Niagara-on-Lake...	Queen's Royal....	Special	300
St. Catharines.....	Welland.....	12.00-20.00	125
Belleville.....	Quinte.....	Special	100
MUSKOKA			
Bala.....	Windsor.....	8.00 up	150
Beaumaris.....	Beaumaris.....	12.00-25.00	200
Gravenhurst.....	Minnewaska.....	8.00 up	50
Milford Bay.....	Milford Bay.....	8.00-10.00	100
Elgin.....	Elgin.....	9.00-12.00	125
Port Cockburn.....	Summit.....	10.00-16.00	200
Minett P.O.....	Cleveland.....	10.00-12.00	150
Ferndale.....	Ferndale.....	8.00-12.00	100
Maplehurst.....	Maplehurst.....	12.00-18.00	125
Lake Rosseau.....	Royal Muskoka...	Special	300
Rosseau.....	Monteith.....	10.00-18.00	200
Windermere.....	Windermere.....	10.00-14.00	200
Port Sandfield....	Prospect.....	10.00-15.00	200
Port Carling.....	Stratton.....	10.00-12.00	85
Burk's Falls.....	Clifton.....	5.00-8.00	100
Fox Point.....	Ronville.....	8.00-12.00	100
KAWARTHA LAKES			
Bobcaygeon.....	Rockland.....	Special	100
Coboconk.....	Pattie House.....	5.00	80
Lakefield.....	Craig.....	Special	60
Lindsay.....	Benson.....	5.00-12.00	65
Stony Lake.....	Dulce Domum.....	5.00-7.00	50
Peterboro.....	Oriental.....	12.00	150

LOCATION	NAME	RATES PER WEEK	NO. OF GUESTS
GEORGIAN BAY			
Collingwood.....	Globe.....	9.00-12.00	150
Midland.....	Royal (Honey Harbour).....	8.00-12.00	100
Owen Sound.....	King's Royal.....	14.00 up	200
	Seldon.....	2.00 daily up	75
Parry Sound.....	Belvidere.....	9.00-12.00	150
Penetanguishene....	Penetanguishene..	10.00 up	500
LAKE SIMCOE DISTRICT			
Barrie.....	Queen's.....	6.00-9.00	150
Beaverton.....	Victoria Park.....	7.00	100
Orillia.....	Victoria.....	7.00	75
Jackson's Point...	Lakeview.....	7.00-8.00	150
SPARROW LAKE DISTRICT			
Hamlet P.O.	Peninsula Farm Resort.....	6.00-9.00	125
NORTHERN ONTARIO			
Kenora.....	Hilliard Hotel.....	10.00-18.00	150
LOWER ST. LAWRENCE, QUE.			
Cacouna.....	St. Lawrence Hall	10.50	300
"	Mansion.....	6.00	160
Chicoutimi.....	Saguenay.....	12.00-18.00	300
Gaspe Basin.....	Bakers.....	Special	100
Grand Metis.....	Woollands.....	6.00	40
Lake Megantic....	Lake House.....	4.00	100
Lake St. John.....	Roberval.....	17.50-28.00	300
Little Metis.....	Tariff Hall.....	6.00-8.00	100
"	Boule Rock.....	10.00	100
Murray Bay.....	Richelieu.....	15.00-28.00	400
"	Lorne.....	100	100
Quebec.....	Frontenac.....	24.00 up	500
"	St. Louis.....	15.00-25.00	250
Rimouski.....	St. Germain.....	5.00-7.00	100
River du Loup.....	Bellevue.....	10.00-12.00	200
St. John's.....	Windsor.....	7.00-10.00	125
Tadousac.....	Tadousac.....	14.00-20.00	200
NEW BRUNSWICK			
Campbellton.....	Waverley.....	7.00	50
"	Royal.....	7.00	50
Fredericton.....	Queen's.....	14.00	100
"	Waverley.....	Special	100
"	Windsor.....	10.50-14.00	100
Moncton.....	Brunswick.....	10.00	200
Seaside.....	Seaside.....	5.00	20
St. Andrew's.....	Algonquin.....	20.00 up	250
"	Kennedy's.....	10.00-12.00	75
St. John.....	Royal.....	Special	200
Grand Manan.....	Marathon.....	Special	150
NOVA SCOTIA			
Digby.....	Columbia.....	9.00-12.00	50
"	Dufferin.....	9.00-12.00	40
"	Manhattan.....	8.00-12.00	125
Halifax.....	Halifax.....	Special	350
Yarmouth.....	Queen.....	10.00-12.00	60
"	Grand.....	12.00-17.50	200
Sydney.....	Sydney.....	Special	200
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND			
Charlottetown....	Victoria.....	12.00 up	200
Grand Tracadie....	Acadia.....	Special	75
Princetown.....	North Shore.....	8.00	100
Stanhope.....	The Cliff.....	Special	250
Summerside.....	Queen.....	5.00	50
SASKATCHEWAN			
Moose Jaw.....	Moose Jaw Hotel	Special	100
MANITOBA			
Winnipeg Beach....	The Beach.....	Special	80
Winnipeg.....	Royal Alexandra.	Eur. and Am.	500
BRITISH COLUMBIA			
Banff.....	Banff Springs.....	Special	300
Field.....	Mount Stephen...	Special	100
Laggan.....	Lake Louise.....	Special	100
Glacier.....	Glacier.....	Special	100
Sicamous.....	Sicamous.....	Special	100
Vancouver.....	Vancouver.....	Special	300
Victoria.....	Driard.....	Special	250
"	Empress.....	Special	100



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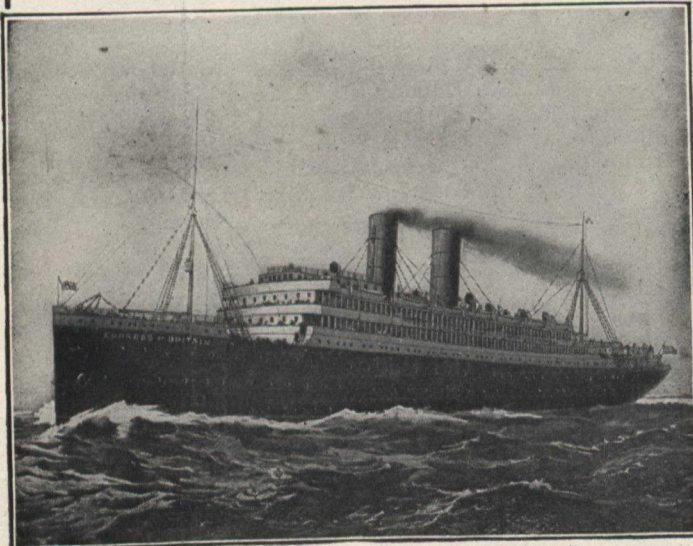
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Canadian Pacific Railway Company's
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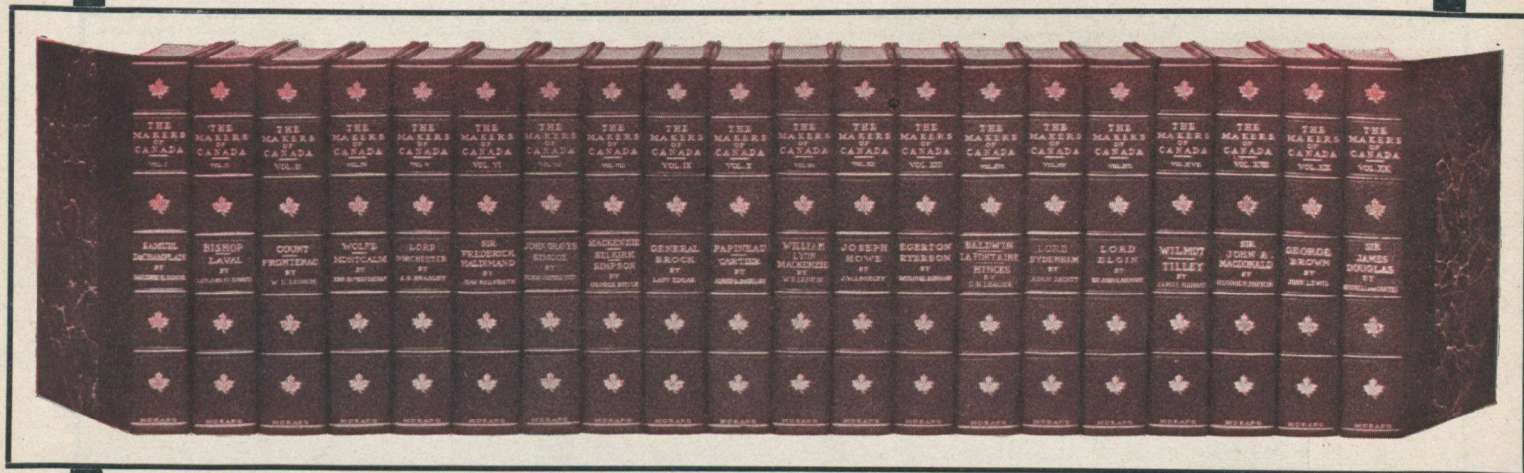
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