

The Canadian

Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

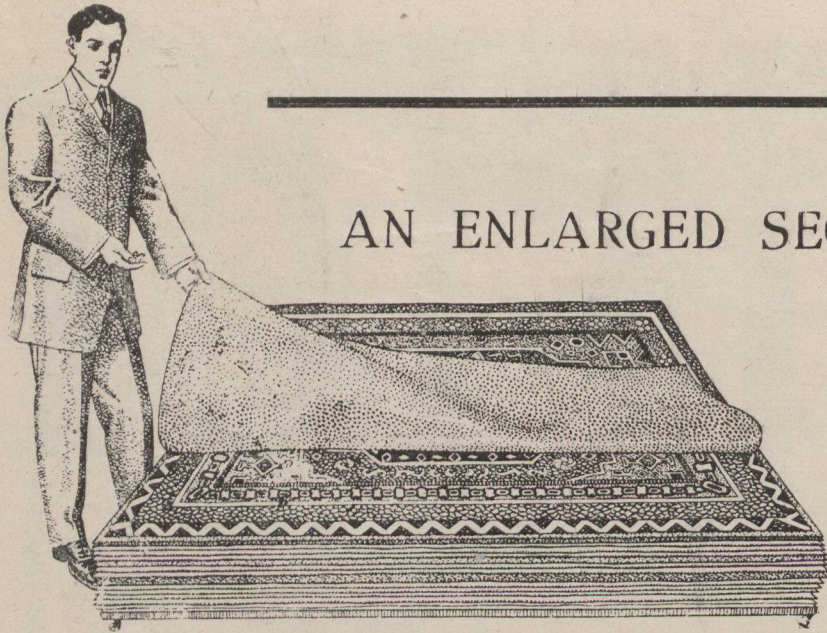
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Courier Press, Limited, Toronto



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SIMPSON

COMPANY, LIMITED

TORONTO

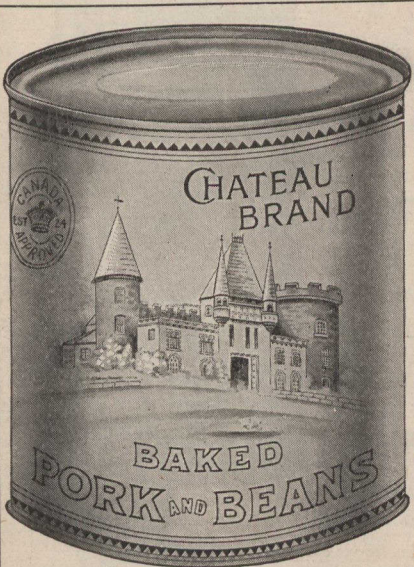
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11-5-09



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The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

Published at 61 Victoria Street, Toronto, by The Courier Press, Limited
Subscription Per Year: Canada and Great Britain, \$4.00; United States, \$5.00

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Editor's Talk

WITH this issue, we complete our fifth half-yearly volume. Any doubts there may have been as to the possibility of publishing a high-class national weekly in this country have been dispelled. The number of our readers has grown steadily from month to month and year to year in spite of the increase in price.

MOST gratifying is the great number of readers in the outlying provinces. The distribution problem was the one which caused greatest anxiety, but with the co-operation of the capable Post Office officials we have been able to distribute The Canadian Courier every Saturday from Halifax to Medicine Hat. That means that most of our subscribers in seven provinces get their paper on the same day. How that system was devised and put into successful operation is a story too long for this column. Further improvements in it are now being effected.

BECAUSE The Canadian Courier is wholly produced in the country, because every portion of the work to the smallest detail is done by Canadians, the people have been patient and sympathetic. Where we failed, they forgave us; where we succeeded, they applauded. To those who have supported us so loyally and so generously, we return our sincere thanks.



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E THE T. EATON CO LIMITED E
TORONTO CANADA

Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

VOL. 5

Toronto, May 29th, 1909

No. 26



MEN OF TO-DAY

A Multifarious Mind

DR. ANDREW MACPHAIL—rather a “hoot-mon” name—has perhaps one of the most restless constructive minds in Canada. The Doctor is well known to the educational fraternity as the editor of the University Magazine. But that is merely one of the diversions in his day’s work. Dr. Macphail follows the good old Scotch science of medicine. But he has written essays and books enough to entitle him to a place in “belles lettres.” Latterly he has been inquiring into what British diplomacy has done for Canada. He has also written on Protection and Politics, the Psychology of Canada, the Patience of England—all of which are part of his book “Essays in Politics.” One of his earlier two books was “Essays in Puritanism”—which was not sombre but humorous. He has also written a novel. The novel was the outcome of the Doctor’s membership in the Pen and Pencil Club of Montreal. He is now said to be engaged on “Essays in Fallacy,” in which he will deal with the American woman—whom he has been investigating; as well as other subjects. In fact Dr. Macphail’s intellect is quite as omni-active as that of his confrere Professor Stephen Leacock.

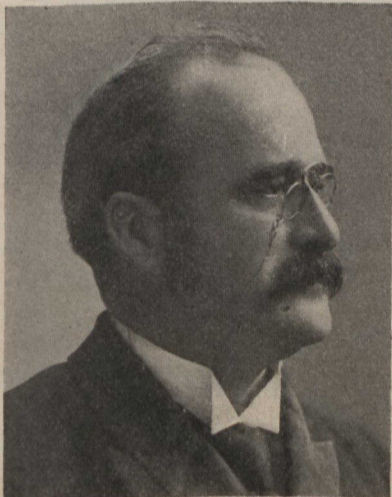
Dr. Macphail was born in Prince Edward Island. That was a mere accident. His paternal grandfather was shipwrecked on the Island—when he came out from Aberdeen in a sailing vessel; being bound for Montreal. All the elder Macphail had with which to begin citizenship in Canada was a spinning-wheel and a copy of Horace. These must have been prophetic; the Horace of the satire which edged so many of the grandson’s writings; the wheel of restless activity. But there was scholarship in the Macphail blood. Seven of the Macphails are University graduates. Twenty-five years ago the Doctor entered McGill University. Seven years later he was a bachelor of arts and a doctor of medicine. But in that seven years he was a mental hustler; won a prize for an essay in defence of vivisection; wrote for American publications—amassing enough extra to take him off globe-trotting for two years, whence he picked up much; studied at the London Hospital and became a member of the Royal College of Surgeons; went to Spain, Italy, Egypt, China and Japan; and he came back across the Pacific via C. P. R. to Montreal again, where he began to practise medicine. He became professor of pathology in Bishop’s University College; and after ten years, when that medical faculty was incorporated into McGill he became professor of the history of medicine.

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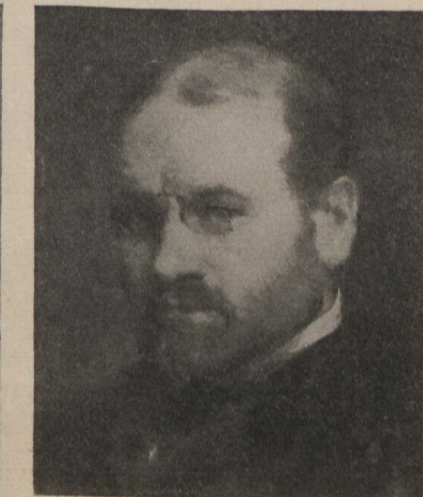
An Investigating Judge

THE man who is trying to discover how bad municipal affairs may have become in Montreal is Judge Cannon. He may be no relation to Hercules who had a few labours of that kind to perform in his time, but he has work cut out that will last him some little while. Montreal is big enough and old enough to be able to stand a little house-cleaning at this season of the year. There have

been mutterings and premonitions of this for some years now. Once a certain Toronto newspaper cast some reflections on the municipal council of Canada’s greatest seaport. The newspaper got into trouble. Just the other day another Toronto editor made some acrid and pungent remarks about the “bigness” of the Montreal Council. At present however Judge Cannon is supposed to know



Judge L. J. Cannon
Investigator Montreal Civic Affairs.



Dr. Andrew Macphail,
Editor University Magazine.



Lt.-Col. Logie,
Who succeeds Col., the Hon. J. M. Gibson



Colonel E. A. Cruikshank,
Historian and Soldier.

more about what’s what and who’s who in that city than anybody else. He was born in Quebec in 1852—son of L. A. Cannon, City Clerk of Quebec; educated at Quebec Seminary and Laval University, from which he obtained the degree of LL.B. and LL.D. In 1874 he began to practise law in Arthabaskville, the native place of Sir Wilfrid Laurier; and for twenty-six years—until 1891—he remained in that capacity. In the latter year he was made assistant attorney-general for Quebec, and the following year was Dominion Liberal candidate for Drummond and Arthabaska. In 1897 he was counsel for the Province in the Fisheries case before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council.

* * *

A Military Pen Man

COL. CRUICKSHANK has gone West to take charge of Middle District No. 13, stationed at Calgary. This is a long way from the scene of most of the Colonel’s interest—for that was mainly along the Canadian frontier north of the great lakes. As a military writer he has done more to place on record the memorable and eventful tales of the frontier wars than any other living—or probably dead man. He has written almost a score of articles and books about the war of 1812. His chief business in life has been indeed with the quill rather than the gun; but he is good at both. As a civilian he was a newspaper man; hence his writing; though the choice of a war subject must be set down to his love of the battlefield. He was born in the Township of Bertie in the County of Welland, not very far from many of the scenes which he has portrayed in his writings. He was educated partly at St. Thomas, but entered Upper Canada College. In civil life he managed to accumulate not a few honours. He was Reeve of Fort Erie, and Warden of Welland County; Inspector of the Fort Erie House of Industry and Clerk of Division Court.

* * *

Hamilton’s Chief Militia Officer

WHEN Colonel Gibson was transferred to Government House, Toronto, it was necessary to provide the Hamilton Infantry Brigade (15th) with a new commanding officer. The honour has fallen to Lieut.-Col. William Alexander Logie, who was the first commandant of the 91st Highlanders. Lieut.-Col. Logie is a barrister by profession, a graduate of Queen’s University, gold medallist in classics and Prince of Wales prizeman. He served with the 14th P. W. O. R., Kingston, as a private when an undergraduate. When he began to practice in Hamilton he became a private in the 13th. From the ranks to command of a brigade is a long step, but Lieut.-Col. Logie seems to have compassed it without difficulty. He is entitled to wear the Colonial Auxiliary Forces Long Service Medal and the Kindred Long Service Decoration for officers.

* * *

Publicist, Financier, Sportsman

LIEUT.-COL. the Hon. J. S. Hendrie, M.P.P., inherits his business ability and his love of horses, but to a large extent his public life has been of his own making. A member of Ontario’s

Hydro Electric Commission he has given much time to the public’s interests. As one of the owners of the Valley Farm Stables, which bred and trained “Shimonese” to win the Fiftieth King’s Plate, he has added to his bay leaves. His portrait on page nine shows him to be as handsome as a sportsman and cabinet minister should be. It is not often that any man other than Mr. Seagram wins this race.

REFLECTIONS

HAMILTON may claim the honour of having introduced Empire Day, but Toronto celebrates it more enthusiastically than any other city in the Dominions Over-Seas. Lord Grey, however, picked the weak point in the celebration and commented on it—the celebrants were children, not adults. His Excellency expressed the hope that the adults would turn out in larger numbers on the next occasion.

It seems rather a pity that Empire Day and Victoria Day have not been combined. Empire Day is not a statutory holiday and Victoria Day is. A celebration of Empire Day on May 24th would be more reasonable, afford more opportunity to bring in all classes of the population, and would be an almost equal compliment to her late Majesty and to the present King. This year we celebrated Empire Day on Friday, sang the national anthem in church on Sunday, and on Monday the 24th had a general holiday in honour of Queen Victoria, King Edward, and the Empire. It looked as if we were spreading our imperial patriotism thinly over a broad surface.

LORD Grey urged the boys on parade to do their utmost by conduct and example to make Canada "not only the most powerful but the noblest of all the self-governing nations that are proud to own allegiance to the King." This was a high ideal to set before Canadian youths, but none too high. Slowly but surely, in spite of scoffers and pessimists, Canada is becoming conscious of her great destiny.

OTHER cities did not overlook Empire Day. The Montreal schools had their annual concert in the Arena, and an audience of four thousand people was present to prove that such an event meets with general approval. The programme was made up of national airs, patriotic songs, calisthenic drills and gymnastic exercises.

Thinking over the progress of this new annual celebration, one cannot fail to be impressed with its significance. If love for the Empire displaces the affection of the older people for the old Home Country, or combines with it to produce a broader patriotism, then will arise a force much more potent than preferential trade.

IN another column will be found the eloquent declaration of allegiance to the British flag delivered by a French-Canadian a few days ago. It indicates that both French and English-speaking Canadians are coming closer together in their desire to play a distinct part in the future of an Empire which stands for "freedom, fair play and equal rights" and whose "watchwords are responsibility, duty, sympathy and self-sacrifice." The day may come when Canada will be the chief defender of British principles and British institutions.

FOR nearly two weeks Canada was entertaining the Australian delegates to the Imperial Press Conference, who came in at Vancouver and went out at Quebec. Such visits and such entertainment tend to emphasise how much we have in common with Australia and New Zealand and how little we see of each other. It was also pointed out that the unity of sentiment and interest had not been followed by that trade development which might reasonably be expected. The reason for that is two-fold. Both Australia and Canada are protective countries at about the same stage in their industrial development. They have not reached the stage where their manufacturers depend to any extent on export trade. Their chief exports are natural products of much the same character, and little exchange is possible. The second reason is less important but it is more obvious—distance and lack of easy communication. Twenty years from to-day it will be quite different, no doubt.

SOME people have expressed fear that the recent changes in the sugar tariff would adversely affect trade between the West Indies and Canada. As explained in our financial column in this issue, nothing has been done to adversely affect West India trade in this commodity. The bars have been let down a little, so as to prevent the West India product holding up the Canadian refiner. The latter maintains that he will still buy the bulk of his raw material from these colonies.

West India trade needs closer attention on the part of Canadians than it has been receiving. The Department of Trade and Commerce

has been doing something, but not enough. The Canadian manufacturers have devoted some attention to the subject but they might do more. If this country were to pay as much attention to West India trade as it is to French and German trade, or even to interchanges with Mexico, much good would result.

IT is interesting to note that the people of Toronto and Montreal are taking a deep interest in the "pure milk" problem. Dr. Dube, chairman of the Pure Milk League of Montreal, believes that the inspection should be under the control of a committee of citizens, "because the milkmen would not influence them as they do the aldermen." This is a startling suggestion. If public morals have sunk so low in Montreal that lives of infants are bartered away for milkmen's profits and aldermanic support, then it is time the public interfered. Dr. Dube thinks the business people have been leaving too much of the fighting to the doctors; if so the mothers of Montreal and Toronto should arouse their husbands to action.

THE HANDBOOK IN TORONTO

TORONTO the Good is inclined to smooth out her Sunday clothes and demurely offer up thanks that she is not as other cities are; but those clothes do not always conceal the fact that the trouble that trickled into the Garden of Eden is still with her. It is sometimes so plainly in evidence that it tends to make her a bit ridiculous. And one of those times is the annual spring race meeting. Then the glamour of vice-royalty and the sheen of much millinery cover a carnival of gambling that at any other time would cause much heart-burning and probably some revival meetings.

And peculiarly constituted as Toronto is, strange to say, the laws of Canada are fitted to her peculiarity. They make gambling a crime, save and except when practised on race tracks. In other words, gambling patronised by the highest in the land is something to be admired and protected; but if the "lower orders" follow the example of those set up in high places, and gamble in cigar stores or on street corners, they immediately become criminals in the eye of the law.

Nor are the practices of the press different from those of the law. The most moral of journals utilises its front page to give voice to its horror of gambling and to shout "crush out the handbooks" while the sporting page tells its readers "how to beat the game." Truly the Toronto press is no longer the moulder of public opinion but the mirror in which public opinion is reflected.

Governor Hughes of New York has studied the question, and the Governor, being a sincere man, naturally concluded that there was but one way to suppress the deadly handbook. If there is no racing there can be no handbook, is the way he figured it out, and further research convinced him that if there was no gambling at race tracks there would be no racing. He stopped the gambling and all the racing in New York State might be summarised as a bluff. If other law-makers would follow the Hughes example the end of the handbookman would be visible to the naked eye.

But the trouble with Toronto is that she is not sincere. She satisfied her conscience by shouting "suppress the handbook; they are a curse to the workingman!" and then contentedly goes to the Woodbine and bets her money, satisfied that what is legal cannot possibly be wrong.

With hypocrisy in higher circles it is only natural that there should be insincerity lower down; that the policeman who cannot, when on duty, find evidence to convict a handbookman, can, when he lays aside his uniform, easily find a place to lay his little bet. It is known for a fact that when a notorious pool room ran for years in the suburbs of the city and the authorities repeatedly asserted that they could not get evidence against it that—when no raid was on—among its daily throng were numbers of policemen and detectives in their civilian clothes. Of course when a raid was on those men were absent—and so was the required evidence.

While this state of things exists the handbook will continue in Toronto. When those who make the laws, as well as those who enforce the laws, become sincere in their efforts to crush out betting on races, whether on or off the race track, the handbook will be doomed. But not until then.

J. K. M.

OUR HOLIDAYS

THE holiday season has fairly opened with "the twenty-fourth," and even serious professors and business men are beginning to think longingly of certain streams where every prospect pleases, and man may go about in camp clothes and take no thought for the last car or the morning paper. Although it is more than eight years since Queen Victoria passed away, we still call our May holiday the Queen's Birthday, forgetting the later name. On the other side of the Great Lakes the people keep their Independence Day exuberantly and, wherever they may be, the citizens of the United States let the world know that the Fourth of July is quite different from every other day in the calendar. Perhaps our neighbours have gone to fiery extremes in this matter. The Chicago Tribune and New York Life issue an-

nual warnings, quoting the thousands of disasters to children which always mark the celebration of the Fourth. Canada has not, so far, imitated this pyrotechnic rashness. Indeed, this country seems to have erred on the other side and kept its holidays in a lukewarm fashion. The Canadian, we are informed by a kindly critic, is somewhat impervious to a joke and takes his holidays temperately.

There is one feature of the celebration in which we might make decided improvement. The display of flags on the Twenty-Fourth and on Dominion Day is shamefully meagre and patchy. There is no danger of our becoming what the Banjo Bard calls "flag-flappers." We are entirely too apologetic in the matter of such decoration and it is high time for us to let the new immigrant and the visitor within our gates know that we also have a history and a flag which means freedom—slightly flavoured with graft, it must be admitted. The Saxon depreciation of any show of emotion may be carried too far and lead the stray observer or the late-arrived settler to conclude

that the Canadian is quite indifferent to any display, such as Buffalo or Philadelphia makes on the Fourth.

Jingoism is the ominous word which is always hurled at those who would make a display of national or imperial colours on the holidays we observe, but it is about time for that taunt to have lost its force. The jingoist is the man who is looking for trouble, who can see no country but his own and who does not even grasp what is best in the development of his native constitution. If the homes where the flag is displayed on the Canadian holidays were counted, they would be found in the possession of sober, level-headed citizens, far removed from the jingo type, but animated by a proper pride in the country to which they belong and a respect for its symbol. Dominion Day, coming on the verge of midsummer, should be made an occasion for national rejoicing and celebration, with flags and maple leaves waving all the way from the lakes of Cape Breton to the rose-wreathed homes of Victoria.

G. J.

FRENCH CANADIANS AND IMPERIALISM

Extract from a speech delivered before the Letellier Club of Montreal. Translated for the Canadian Courier

By ARTHUR DELISLE

I WISH to speak, gentlemen, of what is called Imperialism. You understand that in certain parts of the country, owing to an obtuseness which it is difficult to understand, there exists a doubt as to the loyalty of the French-Canadians of the Province of Quebec. Certain people have tried to show that Sir Wilfrid Laurier himself is not enthusiastic on this question, yet he was able to present a resolution which has been unanimously approved of by the House of Commons. He was able to present in that resolution, the true sentiments of the country and to specify the conditions under which and by which Canada can and must support the prestige of the British flag.

You have also seen, gentlemen, in spite of the definiteness and clearness of this resolution, the English newspapers of Ontario severely criticise the conduct of the Government on the pretext that this resolution does not go far enough to satisfy certain people. As to one's loyalty, one would have to go and be killed without delay, even if it was only for the pleasure of the thing. Certain other newspapers in the Province of Quebec have criticised the resolution because it goes too far to suit their views. To satisfy these people one should profit constantly by the protection of the flag and never raise a finger to defend it, or to maintain its prestige. It is between these two extremes that wise and sensible people will find the true solution of the situation.

For many years, Imperialism has been a cause of fear to many people and a cause of hope to others, the difference being the result of bad definition and improper understanding of its significance. Let me explain to you how I understand it and how you, I hope, will understand it.

If Imperialism means a total merging of all the British colonies in all their general functions with Britain itself, whereby they would lose their autonomy, their prerogatives, their individuality, and their liberty, and be forced always to follow and to conform to the dictation and desire of the British Government, then I am not in favour of Imperialism. This is the Imperialism I do not want and you do not want, and the Canadians generally do not want. I believe, gentlemen, that on this point we are in agreement. After having fought, as we have done, for our liberty and our autonomy, we must not surrender all that these mean for the grand future of Canada. If we gave up a tithe even of our liberty we would deserve to be branded with a red-hot iron for the reprobation of future generations.

If, on the contrary, Imperialism means fraternal union of Great Britain as the motherland with all her daughter colonies, in the common patrimony of which the Union Jack is the emblem and the symbol; if Imperialism means that the colonies which have developed under British protection, and which owe their progress and liberty and triumphal success and prosperity, should contribute directly or indirectly according to conditions and circumstances, to the defence of the flag, to the maintenance of British institutions and to the upholding of a world-wide prestige—if this is the meaning of Imperialism, all Canadians must be in favour of it. Above all, it must be approved by the French-Canadians of the Province of Quebec.

I take it, gentlemen, that your applause shows that you agree with me. It proves that you, like myself, understand the duty we owe to Britain and her flag, should her institutions and her existence ever be imperilled. It proves also that the courage

and the warm French blood which runs in your veins will never be unmindful of this duty. To accuse us French-Canadians of disloyalty, is to ignore the distinct character of the French-Canadians who have always recognised this duty and who have never been lacking in the quality of gratitude.

For us French-Canadians to contribute to the defence of the British flag, is simply to remain faithful to the most elementary instincts of our nature and the primary principles of our education. While maintaining our own tongue, our faith, our own institutions and laws, which are the inheritance of our people, to be loyal to Britain means simply to remain faithful to the first three duties which trace our line of conduct.

We are not, like certain hot-heads whom you know well, ready to get excited over trifles. These men have fevered dreams which have been translated into an illness known as Dreadnoughtism. No, indeed. If we listened to these small-minded persons we would become the laughing-stock of Britain and other countries by offering to the Motherland—whose navy is the most powerful ever known, and whose naval force inspires fear in all the countries of the world—a little man-of-war. This would be ridiculous.

The loyalty of French Canadians moves in a larger circle, in more generous conceptions, in a more perfect manner. It rests on three powerful pillars to which I have already referred—the duty of conscience, the duty of gratitude, and the duty of self-interest.

Indeed, gentlemen, we were born British subjects. If we have not all taken the oath of allegiance, we are all responsible for the oath of allegiance taken by our fathers. For a French Canadian and a Catholic this duty of conscience, even if there were no other, should convince those who know us and would judge us fairly that we shall always be ready to take our share in the defence of the flag which protects us. The British flag gains prestige, and the Canadian flag is more glorious because side by side they hang unfurled. This is merely the sentiment which guided our fathers in 1776 at the time of the War of Independence, and in 1812, when they remained true to Britain. If, at that time, when we had many grievances against the British Government for her unfair treatment of the sons of the soil, and the memories of the recent bloody struggles, England could count on the loyalty of the French Canadians, how much more reason has she now to count on us when we are enjoying great liberty?

Canada has developed in a most surprising manner. Thanks to the constitutional liberties, gracefully and generously given after an investigation of our grievances, the French Canadians have developed in peace and harmony the fruitful resources which characterise them. They have given to all the other provinces a spectacle of social and religious progress which assures to our posterity the full and entire possession of the inheritance of our fathers. For this reason, the duty of gratitude is an assurance that Britain will have French-Canadian support. We are not so mean as to be ready to profit by the liberality of a friend and to leave him in the hour of danger. We wish always to do good to those who do good to us.

If there is one among you, gentlemen, who would be ready in the moment of danger, to desert Britain, whose flag has protected our marine and

our commerce on every ocean, giving us the prestige of a strong industrial and commercial nation, may he leave this room and reflect. He surely does not understand the nature of his duties; or if he does understand them, he has not the courage to undertake them.

Nor is this all that makes us true to the British flag. A third duty is imposed on us, the duty of self-interest. Our position on this American soil is quite special. We have often had to struggle to conserve our institutions, our tongue and our laws, as well as our religion. Thanks to our tenacity, our faith in the providence of God, our confidence in our courage, we have succeeded in preserving all these sacred things for our children, as well as the territory where the blood of so many French Canadians has been spilt so gloriously.

While the other members of the Canadian family, in defending the British flag, obey a spontaneous sentiment born of a special love of the Motherland, thus obeying a natural impulse, we can say that we French Canadians, first inhabitants of this country, will fight in defence of the British flag for our families and for our altars. Without this great and beneficent constitution, with which Britain has gratified us, we could not have continued to grow the social, political and religious virtues which our forefathers planted in the soil of our province amid disappointment, struggles and sacrifices of all kinds. We are, so to speak, rooted to the blessed soil. We are here with our past, our present and our future. We are here for today, to-morrow and for ever. If Britain were attacked, the British Canadians might cross to her defense, but we must remain, in good or bad fortune, on the soil where God in His inscrutable wisdom has planted us.

Down, then, with the cowards who without any other aim, try to create dissension by throwing doubts upon our loyalty which neither our past, nor our temperament, nor our civic virtues can justify in any way whatever. Leaving to our chiefs, in whom we have confidence, the work of directing the national barque, we will sustain them, support them and follow them. We shall not give to our fellow citizens who do not share our beliefs and who have another origin than ours, the spectacle of a division which would but weaken our forces and destroy our power. Let us regard with confidence this new nation which has gloriously elevated herself among the world of nations, full of youth, of sap, of force, of virtue, of greatness and of hope. Let us regard our marvellous development, relying with confidence on the greatest flag of the world which, through the centuries, has followed the sun in his luminous course, letting fall upon the earth where it has passed rays of progress, power and liberty. Our past is the guaranty of our future, and faithful to the divine thought let us be guided by the providential hand which has conducted us unto this day and which has given us in all times and places the chiefs who have responded to our aspirations and our needs.

Let us hope the time is far distant, if it should ever be, when Britain shall need our help, financial or political, to protect her fortunes; but if ever this sinister situation arrives, I feel sure that not one French Canadian would lag behind and in that we shall remain faithful to the motto of our ancestors "*Nunquam retrorsum*"—Never backwards, ever forwards.

THROUGH A MONOCLE

MONTREAL'S MUNICIPAL PROBLEMS

MONTREAL is to vote next autumn on three proposed changes in her method of civic government. One is the cutting of the number of aldermen in two; another is the establishment of a Board of Control after the Toronto model; and a third is an alternative scheme whereby the city executive will be a board of permanent officials under the control of the City Council. The last is the only one of the three which can be said to be popular with the present aldermen. As the civic sin of Montrealers is indifference, he would be a rash prophet who would attempt to predict the outcome of the voting. The aldermen will be very likely to organise a campaign against their own beheading; and it will remain for the citizens to offset this by an equally effective organisation.

* * *

IT was a clever bit of repartee on the side of the Legislature to send these "reform" proposals to the people. The people had been calling clamorously upon the Legislature to ignore the representatives they had themselves elected and pass a measure which these representatives notoriously did not want; so the Legislature simply handed the responsibility back to the people of Montreal in the form of a referendum. This gives the people the means of "saving" themselves; but they will have to do the "saving." Those who were most active behind these proposals of reform would have very much preferred to have had the Legislature take the task on its own shoulders. Sir Lomer Gouin and his colleagues, however, realise that in a democracy there is no salvation for the people outside of themselves. If they want any particular sort of government, they must take the trouble to get it.

* * *

WE are, perhaps, too much enamoured just now of government by commission. The brilliant work of the Federal Railway Commission has created a strong prejudice in favour of that system of control. But a Commission always implies a greater power behind it. Somebody must appoint a Commission; and then the people must select the "somebody" who does the appointing. Montreal is criticised at times because she keeps the control of her police in the hands of her aldermen instead of creating a Police Commission. But there are objections to both systems. A Toronto man complained to me the other day that the Toronto police were too "military," were too anxious to make arrests, were too machine-like in their work. He said—and he was a philanthropic worker whose name you would know if I mentioned it—that they would put the stamp of "jail bird" on a boy who had been guilty of a very minor offence, when he ought to have been merely warned and sent home. Now Montreal is without this vice. Her police may display a too kindly feeling at times

toward the saloon-keeper who would sell out of hours, but they show the same toleration toward citizens of all sorts—except, possibly, students—and make as few arrests as they can. They had rather send a man who was "celebrating" home any time than take him to the "lock up." Now much of this human way of looking at things is undoubtedly due to the very fact that they are amenable to the suggestions of aldermen who, in turn, are in constant contact with the people.

* * *

THE trouble is that we often judge officials and institutions by the artificial standards set up by a noisy and "pushful" few. These standards usually have a virtuous sound; and the rest of us lack the moral courage to oppose them. They seem to occupy a loftier moral plane than that on which the most of us habitually dwell; and we feel that to attack them is to stamp ourselves as occupying the lower moral position. So we give formal assent. But in our hearts we know that we do not want these stiffer standards to prevail. We are flesh-and-blood human beings and not bound books of meddlesome by-laws; and we had rather that the world in which we live should be humanly happy than super-humanly correct. The consequence is that when we can apply a little quiet pressure in favour of the human standard of official conduct, we do so through our human aldermen or our human members of Parliament; and then we hypocritically line up with the dignified upholders of the "higher" standard in publicly condemning the "politicians" and the "lax officials" who do these human things. This is hardly fair to the men who have done what we want them to do; but it is very human on our part to desire to rank ourselves with the censorious few. The man who condemns always has a moral advantage in the minds of superficial thinkers over the man who condones. For some extraordinary reason, we think that angles are virtuous and curves are vicious.

* * *

ANY city which suffers from bad civic government has the cure in its own hands at all times. So long as a government is democratic, the form does not matter much. If Montreal decides to try a Board of Control, it will have to take the trouble to elect a good Board, else its condition will be made worse instead of better. A small body of bad men with immense powers can do far more mischief than a larger body of equally bad men. A corrupt corporation would undoubtedly prefer dealing with the smaller body. It would be less expensive. But there is no magic in the word "Controller" to guarantee civic virtue in the man who holds the position. His single advantage is that he is elected from a larger constituency; and, generally speaking, the larger the constituency, the bigger must be the candidate. Still sometimes men get into the Mayoralty chairs of our cities who would not be too big for the smallest aldermanic seat in the Council.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

When the Governor-General Reviewed the Toronto School Cadets



Sir James Whitney and others addressed the Cadets on "Empire Day and Empire Duties," after which the Monuments in Queen's Park were decorated

Opening Day of the Ontario Jockey Club at the Woodbine Track

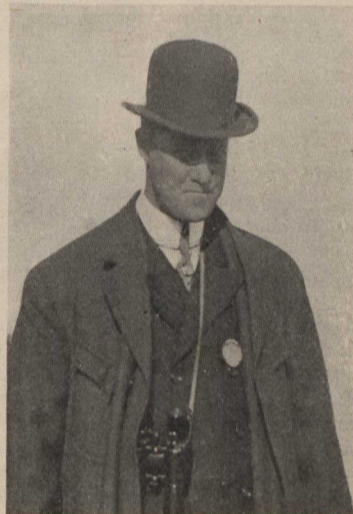


Though the day was somewhat cool the ladies were resplendent in light-coloured gowns and coats



At least twelve thousand people gathered to see the Fiftieth King's Plate Race

There were some extreme styles, but beauty and fashion are the same the world over

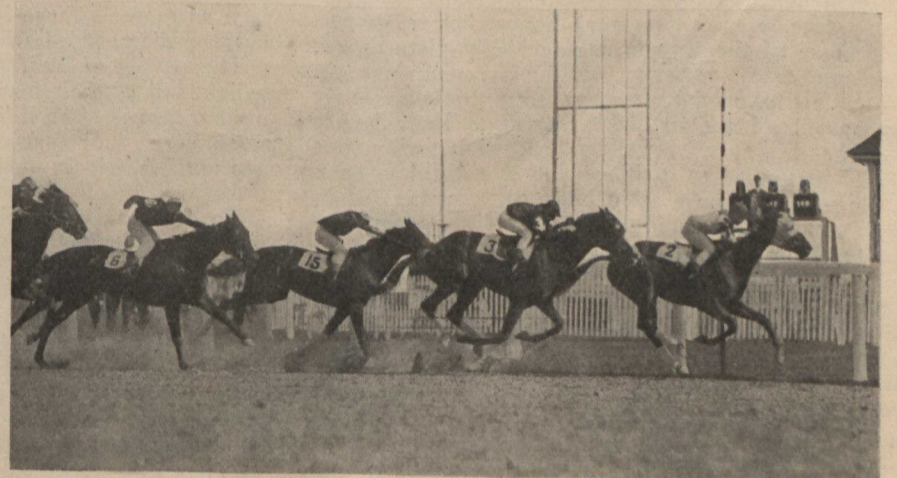
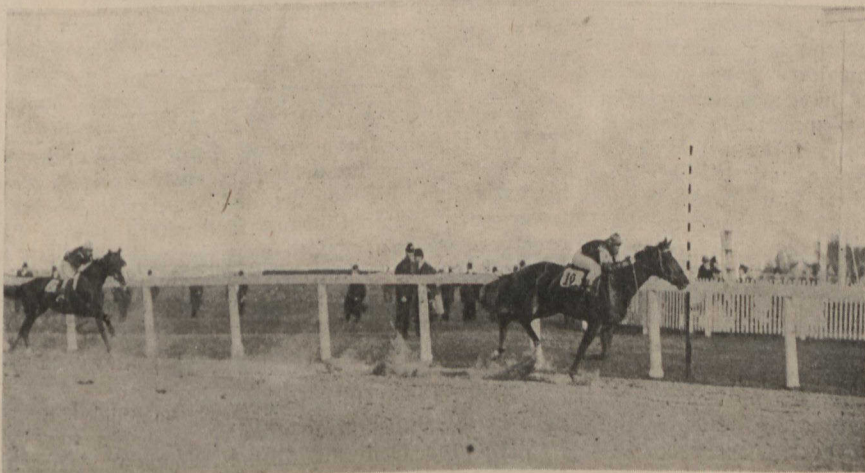


Their Excellency, the Governor-General and Lady Grey arrive. Col. Sir John Hanbury-Williams is getting out of the carriage

Mr. George M. Hendrie, one of the owners of "Shimonese"

Col. The Hon. J. S. Hendrie (on the right) with King's Plate in his hand. On his left Lady Evelyn and Lady Sybil Grey

PHOTOGRAPHS BY A. A. GLEASON



How the Hendrie Horse Shimonese (10) finished the King's Plate galloping several length ahead of Seagram's Tollendale (2), which was even farther ahead of Dyment's Fort Garry. Purse \$4,000

A close finish in the Minto Stakes, won by P. T. Chinn's ch. g. 3. Donald Macdonald, with Uncle Toby second and Reidmoore third. Purse \$1,000

EN ROUTE TO DEMERARA

Our correspondent has arrived at Georgetown, the chief town in Demerara and British Guiana. She has thus completed her trip from North America to South America on a Canadian Steamer, calling only at British Ports. It is the hope of many persons that all these Colonies shall, some day, form part of the Dominion of Canada.

GEORGETOWN, BRITISH GUIANA.

May 2nd, 1909.

Dear Mr. Editor,—

I scarcely remember where last I wrote from. We have got into such scenes of wonderland, of strange peoples, strange flowers, fruits, trees and birds, that really I am afraid my ideas are becoming decidedly mixed and that if I try to tell you of the last two or three days I shall be repeating myself. However, in any case, I am bound to do that, as on our return voyage we are to revisit all the Islands we have already stopped at, remain a longer time at each and call at one or two which I have not yet seen. After short runs ashore at Barbadoes and Trinidad, we arrived here yesterday afternoon. I am more than pleased with Demerara, and truly it is good, again to be, as Mrs. Malaprop would say, on "Terra Cotta." I only waited to deposit my "impedimenta" at the hotel, before taking the electric car to the "Sea Wall," where, being Saturday, a Military Band was playing for the delectation of the Demerarians. The said sea wall forms a delightful promenade, flanked on one side by the Atlantic and on the other by a grassy Boulevard, beside which are pretty villa residences standing in ornamental grounds—and really the expression of ornamental applies to almost everything about the city. The numerous canals intersecting it are a very decided advantage in many respects, and some of these latter are entirely covered with huge water lilies, while over head is a pleasant shade by large spreading Acacia trees, covered with brilliant vermilion blossoms. Indeed, the plant life in this sunny part of the world is so very varied, that I feel inclined to suspect that if Solomon himself were here, he would quite possibly "funk" an exam. thereon! If the tropics are to be enjoyed with any degree of comfort, one must rise very early in the mornings. This one found me down at the Roman Catholic Cathedral, where I heard the children's mass and some very sweet singing. After breakfast I repaired to the Anglican Cathedral, where a very novel feature in the service, to me, was the presence of a large surplised coloured choir. The possibility of there being black as well as white "Cherubs" had never occurred to me before. There is some good stained glass in the edifice and a very beautiful memorial font. After church we had a fairly heavy shower, which came as a blessing to lay the dust, and the rest of the afternoon I filled in by visits to the museum and reading rooms just opposite the hotel and the far-famed botanical gardens out in the suburb of Bourda. Night comes on very suddenly in the tropics and quite shortly after sunset it becomes dark; fortunately just now we have moonlight, and the croaking of the frogs, I feel inclined to say "Singing," for if they were in Canada, they would certainly be styled "Night-ingales." Well, for want of a better term, call it a "Vocal Noise"; this continues till morning, and for my own part I quite enjoy it.

Monday, May 3rd.

This morning I got down to the famous market about 7.15, and had such a picture of life as perhaps could only be seen here. East and West seem literally to meet, as far as nationalities are concerned. The East India Coolie is very strongly in evidence, the men, generally speaking, a handsome race, I can't say much about their costumes, but those of the women are decidedly picturesque; in some cases, gorgeous, as far as colourings go. Then, as to ornaments, they seem to have fairly exhausted all the available space on their bodies for the display of jewellery! Possibly, when one gets accustomed to it, it may be as natural to have a ring in one's nose as in one's ear. In this "Stab-rock" market the choice of merchandise appears unlimited, the most interesting portion of course being the edible, owing to the diversity of fruits and vegetables. There is occasionally more than a slight difference of opinion amongst the vendors which necessitates the arbitration of the local police; however, all things considered, life jogs along here in very good tempered fashion. After breakfast, I spent the best part of the morning in the Law Courts and the Police Courts. It sounds rather bad, perhaps I had better say I was shown around them. In the former, which is a handsome build-

ing, situated in pretty grounds and delightfully cool, I listened to a rather uninteresting case, in which neither plaintiff nor defendant was present. The counsel for the first was an English barrister and his opponent a black gentleman. The scenes in the Magistrate's Courts were livelier if somewhat pathetic. Seeing the City Hall, which has an organ, the Assembly Rooms, in which theatrical entertainments take place, visiting the Post Office, etc., filled in the rest of the morning, and the remainder of the day was devoted to a return visit to the Botanical Gardens and a quiet enjoyment of the Military Band playing in the beautiful promenade gardens nearer the city. Speaking of the former gardens, there is in them a fairly large sheet of water, containing an alligator and three or four manatees. These latter are perfectly harmless herbivorous mammals, and are, in fact, the legendary "Mermaids." They are about the size of a shark and most unlike our preconceived ideas of "Sirens." We left the docks at Georgetown late in

the afternoon of the 4th, quite a little crowd of Demerarians and visitors like ourselves coming to see us off. The next day was spent at sea and this morning before daylight we arrived once more at Trinidad. It is a long and tolerably rough row ashore, but our return visit amply repaid me, at any rate, for the tossing and splashing experienced on the passage. After visiting the Anglican Cathedral which has a particularly beautiful roof, some good stained glass and a very handsome pulpit, a charming drive in the open electric cars by and through the lovely Savannah brought us out to the wonderful Botanical Gardens. Readers of "At Last" will in that find descriptions of its many marvels, which I regret my pen fails to give. Leaving the experimental portion of the grounds, laden with orchids, lilies, bright-hued, but to me unknown flowers, and numerous specimens of leaves and berries of castor oil, eucalyptus, camphor, cinnamon. We walked through a portion of the grounds in which Government House and gardens are situated, but a little removed from the main road and the Savannah. Around this latter are situated the Queen's Park Hotel and all the most fashionable residential houses with a delightful background of hills which help to make Trinidad the very lovely Island it is. To-morrow we expect to leave for Barbados about noon, and are due, all being well, to arrive on Saturday morning, it being about a twenty hours run.

Yours truly,

SIDNEY A. GIBSON.

THE SHIFTING OF THE DAYLIGHT

By W. P. ROBINSON

IT is apparent that the Daylight Bill introduced in the House of Commons by Mr. Lewis will not become law until at least another session, and for the purposes of the measure this postponement will be a benefit, if the period of waiting is also a period of activity. Discussion of Mr. Lewis' proposal has revealed a friendly sentiment in Parliament, and he has been able to show that it is favourably regarded throughout the country. But there are difficulties to be encountered in giving effect to such a law, which, perhaps, have not been fully considered.

In the first place there is the question of jurisdiction. There is already a legal time for the various provinces of the Dominion, established by their several legislatures. The right of the provinces in thus legislating has never been questioned. The standard of the 60th meridian—four hours behind Greenwich—has been legal time in Nova Scotia since 1884, as the 75th and 90th meridians in similar manner have given the law in the matter of time to the Province of Ontario since 1895.

The Ontario statute reads as follows:—

"Where an expression of time occurs in any act of this legislature, whether heretofore or hereafter executed, or in any rule of court, by-law, deed or other legal instrument, the time referred to shall, unless it is otherwise specifically stated, be held to be standard time, and as regards that part of the province which lies east of the meridian of eighty-seven degrees west longitude, standard time shall be reckoned as five hours behind Greenwich time; and as regards that part of the province which lies west of the said meridian, standard time shall be reckoned as six hours behind Greenwich time."

In other words our clocks throughout all Ontario, except that relatively small portion lying west of Lake Superior, are set by the meridian which cuts the province a little east of Ottawa. By that time (five hours behind Greenwich time) our polls open and our saloons close, and the law of the province as respects those important functions will not likely be disregarded without trouble resulting.

The people of Port Arthur have gone in for a daylight bill of their own, and have put their clocks an hour ahead, but it is not improbable that the saloon keepers of that city can, if they wish, keep open until the clocks strike twelve, and still be within the law which calls for their closing at eleven.

No doubt this difficulty can be got over so that existing provincial statutes will not interfere with the operation of Mr. Lewis' bill, but this arrangement had better be effected beforehand, and a year is little enough time to do it in.

A greater obstacle to the adoption of a wholly arbitrary time standard lies in our foreign trade relations. As between the Canadian provinces, setting our clocks ahead eighty minutes during the period of longer days, will make relatively no difference. No inconvenience will result, and the people of every part of the Dominion will enjoy the

benefit of eighty minutes more daylight for recreation after working hours. But so long as the old order is adhered to in the United States, the commercial inter-dependence of the two countries will prevent any daylight bill from favourably affecting the greatest number of Canadians. American stock exchanges will continue to close at what is now three o'clock, and with our clocks set eighty minutes fast, it will be twenty minutes past four before we can leave the ticker. It will still be only three o'clock, or thereabouts, by the sun, but we want it to be only twenty minutes to two. The banks may manage to close at the new and nominal three o'clock, but it is certain that while the day's financial frenzy is at its height in New York, very few of their employees can leave their offices any earlier than formerly. Nor can newspapers go to press and release their employees any earlier if they are to publish the markets and the latest news. And so with establishments which now close for the day at five or six. They will not be able to call it a day, when the business day on the other side of the line is little more than half through.

Therefore let Mr. Lewis continue his educational campaign, not only in the interest of Canadians, but for the benefit of our southern neighbours. Farther south the sun sets a little earlier in summer and an artificial lengthening of the day is all the more needed. If he wants a powerful lever, let him begin by approaching the baseball players, and if his work proves successful we shall no longer have to read as the season draws toward the close, and the contests in the big leagues grow more exciting, "called on account of darkness."

The member for West Huron has the sympathy of every reflecting person in his efforts to bring about an increase in the out of door recreation time of the people of this country. His purpose can be effected by no other means but by the simple device of putting the clocks ahead. But conditions which might hamper the operation of such a law as he seeks to have enacted must be considered and removed.

NOT EVEN FOR THE KIRK.

THERE joined the police force of London a young Scotchman but recently arrived from his native land. Being detailed one day to block the traffic on a certain thoroughfare where members of royalty were expected to pass, he was accosted by a lady hurrying to keep an appointment, who thrust her head from the carriage window to remonstrate with him over the delay.

"I canna' let you pass, ma'am," answered the man of the baton.

"But, sir, you do not know who I am. I am the wife of a Cabinet Minister."

"It dinna make na difference, ma'am," he answered. "I could na let you pass if you were the wife of a Presbyterian minister."

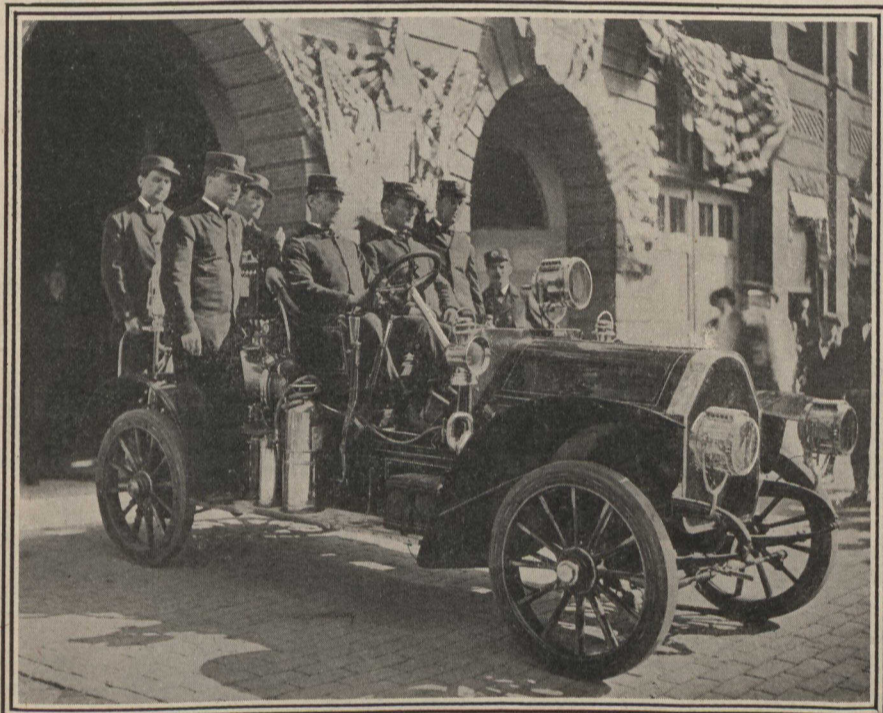
THE LATEST TYPES OF FIRE-FIGHTING APPARATUS

Canadian Cities have not yet adopted these but—



Some Fire-Fighting Autos Starting Out for a Road Test

COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALDON FAWCETT



One of the Newest Types—Combination Chemical Engine and Auto.



Rear View of a Somewhat Similar Machine.

Automobiles and Fire-Fighting

By DONALD B. SINCLAIR

CANADIAN cities seem to be lagging behind in equipping their fire departments with automobiles and their police departments with gasoline vans and ambulances. The cities of Europe and the United States have adopted the new machines, in a measure, and find them satisfactory. Vancouver, alone, of Canadian cities has made a step in this direction.

Is it because the chiefs of these departments, like the chiefs of old, maintain a love for horses which prejudices them against the auto? Or is it that they hesitate to deprive the citizens of the picturesque scene presented when the well-groomed, ambitious teams fly along the streets after the fire-alarm sounds? Or is it that Canadian conservatism which is akin to Scotch shrewdness causes us to wait until these modern machines are more highly perfected?

According to Controller Ward, Acting Mayor of Toronto, the question of displacing the horses in the fire department has never been brought before the City Council. Chief Thompson admitted he had asked the city for a gasoline runabout to assist him in his inspectorial duties and that the City Council had refused his request.

"Was your action, Mr. Thompson, in asking for an automobile a hint to the Council that you would

follow it up with recommending that horses be done away with and motors used in drawing the fire-engines?"

"Not at all, not at all," the chief replied brusquely and became silent. Then he smiled an Irish smile. "A council that wouldn't grant me even a runabout is hardly likely to go into the motor business on the scale you suggest," he said.

Toronto's Fire Chief showed himself thoroughly conversant with all the latest frills, fads and fancies in fire-fighting. He had thought long and shrewdly about the question of propelling the machines by motor power. His attitude towards it was the Missourian's "You'll have to show me." Briefly summed up, the following are the reasons advanced by him why Toronto does not ape London, Berlin, New York, Washington and Vancouver:—

First, the climatic conditions of northern cities like Toronto are not favourable to the use of motors as a means of locomotion the whole year round. The heavy snow of winter would render a motor useless in attempting to drag a steam-fire engine weighing six or seven tons with the speed requisite for fire service.

Secondly, motor engines had not as yet reached that high state of development when they could be depended upon absolutely, as would be necessary in the critical situation of fire. Of course, they had worked well as yet where they had been tried in this connection; but time would tell.

Thirdly, the cost of installing a motor system

would be enormously out of proportion to the benefit that would be received from it. The present system met every need. A steam fire-engine of the type now employed by the city costing \$5,000 would cost ten or eleven thousand dollars of the motor design. The rapid changes that are made from year to year in motors would necessitate replacing them all the time with new ones. This would be further expense and bother. Another item was the repair bill.

Fourthly, the narrow, and in many cases not too well-paved streets of Toronto would be a great handicap in controlling engines at full speed. Toronto streets are not Washington streets by a long way.

To conclude, the Chief expressed himself as distinctly opposed to the new motor fire-engines for the reasons above indicated. The only service automobiles could render the Toronto Fire Department would be to have several large, ordinary cars that would hold a dozen men or more, and use them to quickly transfer the firemen from point to point and bring up reinforcements in case of a general conflagration. He did not think the City Council would feel inclined to provide these, but they could be utilised with advantage if they did.

So, if we are to believe Fire Chief Thompson and the rest, the general aspect of things seems to indicate that the Fire Department horses have a good chance of holding down their jobs yet awhile. It is not exactly a question of up-to-dateness; it's rather one of fate.

The Supremacy of Motherhood

By DR. C. W. SALEEBY, F.R.S.*

IT seems to me that we have not reckoned with the vast importance of Motherhood as a factor in the evolution of all the higher species of animals, and its absolute supremacy, inevitable and persistent, whether recognised or ignored, in the case of man.

It is my belief that any system of eugenics, any system of government, any proposal for social reform, as, for instance, the reduction of infant mortality—which fails to reckon with motherhood, or falls short of adequately appraising it, is foredoomed to failure, and will continue to fail so long as the basal facts of human nature and the development of the human individual retain, even approximately, their present character. Whatever proposals for eugenics or race-culture be made or carried out, the fact will remain that the race is made up of mortal individuals; that every one of these begins its visible life as a helpless baby, and that the system which does not permit the babies to survive, they will not permit to survive.

THE PENALTY OF NEGLECTING BABY-LIFE.

THIS is a general and universal proposition, admitting of no exceptions, past, present, or to come. It applies equally to conscious systems of race-culture, to forms of marriage, to forms of government, to any other social institution or practice or character that can be named or conceived. Upon every one of these the babies pronounce a judgment from which there is no appeal, and the execution of which is never postponed. The baby may be a potential Newton, Shakespeare, Beethoven, or Buddha, but it is at its birth the most helpless thing alive, the potentialities of which avail it not one whit. It is in more need of care, immediate and continuous, than a baby microbe or a baby cat, whatever the unpublished glories of which its brain contains a promise. And in the total absence of any apparatus—mechanical, legal, or scientific—which can provide the mother's breast and the mother's love, individual motherhood, in its exquisitely complementary aspects, physical and psychical, will remain the dominant factor of history so long as the final judgments upon every present, and the final determinations for every future, lie in the hands of helpless babyhood—which will be the case so long as man is mortal. When, if ever, science, having previously conquered disease, identifies the causes of natural death and removes them, then motherhood and babyhood may be thrown on the rubbish-heap. But until that hour, they are enthroned by natural laws, and can be dethroned only at the cost of certain and annihilative violence.

THE HELPLESS HUMAN INFANT.

IT is the master paradox that, at his first appearance, and at each new first appearance, the lord of the earth should be the most helpless of living things. Why is the human baby the most helpless of all creatures? Since it is to become the most capable, should it not, even in its infant state, show signs of its coming superiority? What is the meaning of this paradox? The answer is that, so far as physical weapons of offence and defence are concerned, these have disappeared because intelligence makes them superfluous, or even burdensome. But the peculiar helplessness of the human infant depends not upon its nakedness in the physical sense, but upon its lack of very nearly all instinctive capacities. It is this decadence of instinct which distinguishes the baby from the young of all other creatures. Why should its endowment in this respect be so inferior? It is because of the radical antagonism that exists between instinct and intelligence. In order that an intelligent creature should be evolved it was necessary—to use somewhat figurative language—that instinct should almost entirely disappear. Intelligence could not be superposed upon a complete instinctive equipment.

CREATURES OF CIRCUMSTANCES.

YOU cannot determine your own acts if they are already determined for you by your nervous organisation. The incomparable superiority of intelligence depends upon its limitless and creative char-

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acter, in virtue of which, as Disraeli puts it, "men are not the creatures of circumstances; circumstances are the creatures of men." But whilst intelligence can learn everything, it has everything to learn, and the only intelligent creature whom the earth affords thus begins his independent life almost wholly bereft of all the instruments which have served the lower creatures so well, whilst, on the other hand, he is provided with an utterly undeveloped, and, indeed, at that time, non-existent weapon, which, even if it did exist, he could not use. Hence the unique helplessness of the human baby—one of the most wonderful and little-appreciated facts of the whole of nature, effectively hidden from the glass eyes of the kind of man who calls a baby a "brat," but, to eyes that can see, not only the master paradox from the philosophical point of view, but also a fact of the utmost moment from the practical point of view.

THE INDISPENSABLE MOTHER.

IT directly follows that motherhood is supremely important in the case of man. It is the historical fact that its importance in the history of the animal world has been steadily increasing throughout aëonian time. The most successful and ancient societies we know, those of the social insects, which antedate by incalculable ages even the first vertebrate, could not survive for a single generation without the motherhood or foster-motherhood to which the worker females sacrifice their lives and their own chances of physical maternity. The development of maternal care may be steadily traced throughout the vertebrate series. But whilst motherhood is of the utmost service for lower creatures, tending always to lessen infant mortality—if it may be so called—and to increase the por-

portion of living, on the one hand, to dying and being born, on the other; it is supreme service in the case of man because of the absolute dependence upon it of intelligence, the solitary but unexampled weapon with which he has won the earth. Hence, in breeding for intelligence we cannot afford to ignore that upon which intelligence depends.

MUNICIPAL STOP-GAPS.

IT is generously and not unreasonably recognised by even our most ignorant reformers, that purely physical motherhood, up to the point of birth, can scarcely be omitted in any schemes for social reform or race-culture. Some of them will even admit that purely physical motherhood cannot wisely be dispensed with. The psychical aspects of motherhood, however, many of these writers—I do not call them thinkers—ignore. In relation to infant mortality, which is the most obvious symptom of causes productive of vast and widespread physical deterioration amongst the survivors and which must be abolished before any really effective race-culture is possible—it is worth noting that motherhood cannot be superceded. I do not believe in the creche or the municipal milk depot except as stop-gaps, or as object lessons for those who imagine that the slaughtered babies are not slaughtered, but die of inherent defect, and that therefore infant mortality is a eugenic process. In working for the reduction of this evil we must work through and by motherhood. In some future age, displaying the elements of sanity, our girls will be instructed in these matters. At present the most important profession in the world is almost entirely carried on by unskilled labour, and until this state of things is put an end to, it is almost idle to talk of race-culture at all. But under our present system of education, false and rotten as it is in principles and details alike, it is necessary for us to send visitors to the homes of the class which, in effect, supply the whole of the future population of the country, and to establish schools for mothers on every hand.

The Church vs. The Bar-Room

WHEN the Bar-Room is abolished, will the Church take its place? This is a question which thoughtful observers have been asking for a quarter of a century. The Church, using that term in its broadest sense, is inclined to put the Bar-Room out of existence by legislative restrictions and local option. It is succeeding moderately well, but the question remains, "Will the Bar-Room stay abolished?"

If churches and Y. M. C. A's supply the social needs which the Bar-Room supplied, if they will provide the young man of limited means and the poor man who cannot afford club membership with social opportunities of a suitable character, the Bar-Room may not return. If they fail to supply that need, the hotel keeper will again come into his inheritance.

The following letter from the Rev. G. W. Kerby of the Central Methodist Church, Calgary, will be found worthy of consideration by all those who are interested in this great struggle:

Editor Canadian Courier.

Sir,—Your inquiry re work being done for young men in our city and other parts of this district, to hand. In reply would say there is a decided movement along practical lines to counteract the influence of the bar-room and other open doors of evil. In my own church, the Central Methodist Church, we have a large gymnasium with shower baths, parlours, writing and reading rooms, and game room, an office and library of 700 choice volumes. We keep a physical instructor and secretary. We have indoor physical exercise in the winter, and outdoor exercise in the Summer months; such as baseball, lawn tennis, and other field sports. We have regular mock Parliament sessions for the purposes of debate and training in public speaking. We have frequent social gatherings and helpful entertainments. We keep an information bureau and boarding-house register, and seek to help men get employment. Our rooms are open every day in the year from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. On Sunday afternoons at 3 o'clock we have a Men's Own gathering made up of men from all over the world. There is the touch of brotherhood about this meeting, good music, good live speaking, on topics of practical moment. We have an attendance often of three hundred to four hundred men.

All of the above features, of course, are in ad-

dition to the ordinary services and work of the Church.

The Roman Catholic Church in Calgary have a splendid hall thoroughly equipped with reading room, game room, etc., and open every day. In addition to this we have in our city a well-equipped Y. M. C. A.

In Medicine Hat the Methodist Church have fitted up a building alongside of the church with a gymnasium and reading room, open every day. They have a similar work in connection with the Methodist Church at Lethbridge, Macleod, Lacombe, and other places throughout Alberta.

This will be sufficient to indicate the trend along the line of which you speak in your letter. I am satisfied this work is only beginning. We have too long made large investments in our church buildings, and then closed their doors for most of the week. We need not only one or two doors open in our cities under good influences, but many such places to counteract the places of evil. The work of the church on Sunday is largely neutralised on Monday by the attractiveness of the places of evil and the lack of any sufficient number of attractive places under wholesome influences that are open during the week. For instance, I was in a town of some eight or nine thousand of a population the other day, in which there were some twenty saloons and bar-rooms to say nothing about other places of a questionable character, and there was not a single place under good influences open in that city for a young man to go into and meet a friend or write a letter, or play an innocent game. The time is coming when in all our centres the churches well located will be equipped on practical lines to meet conditions. Take for example, churches like Metropolitan Church, Toronto, Great St. James, Montreal, Grace Church, Winnipeg, Central Church, Calgary, and Wesley Church, Vancouver. If each of these churches had a thorough modern equipment along the practical lines suggested above it would not detract in the least from the splendid work they are now doing, but would add to it a hundred fold. I know of no better investment that men of means can make than in work of this kind. We must save the cities of civilisation if we are to save the world, and if we are to save the city we must safeguard in every way our boys and young men.

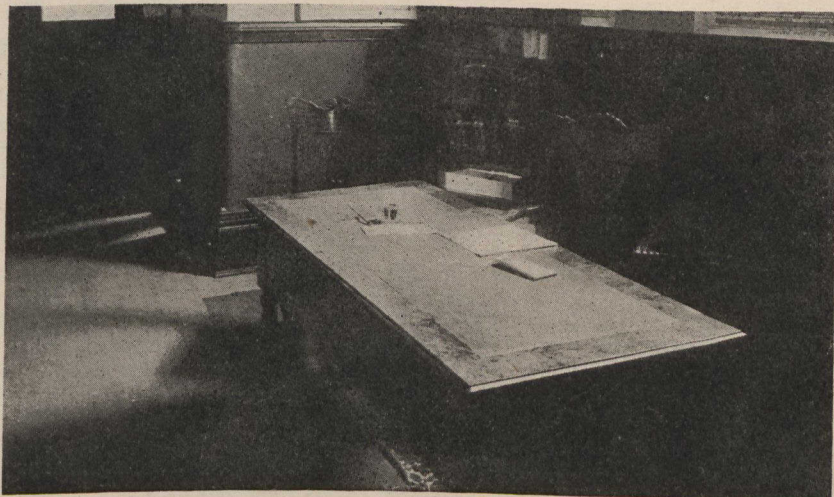
Yours faithfully,

Calgary, March 22nd, 1909. G. W. KERBY.

HOW ONE CHURCH DEALS WITH THE YOUNG MAN PROBLEM



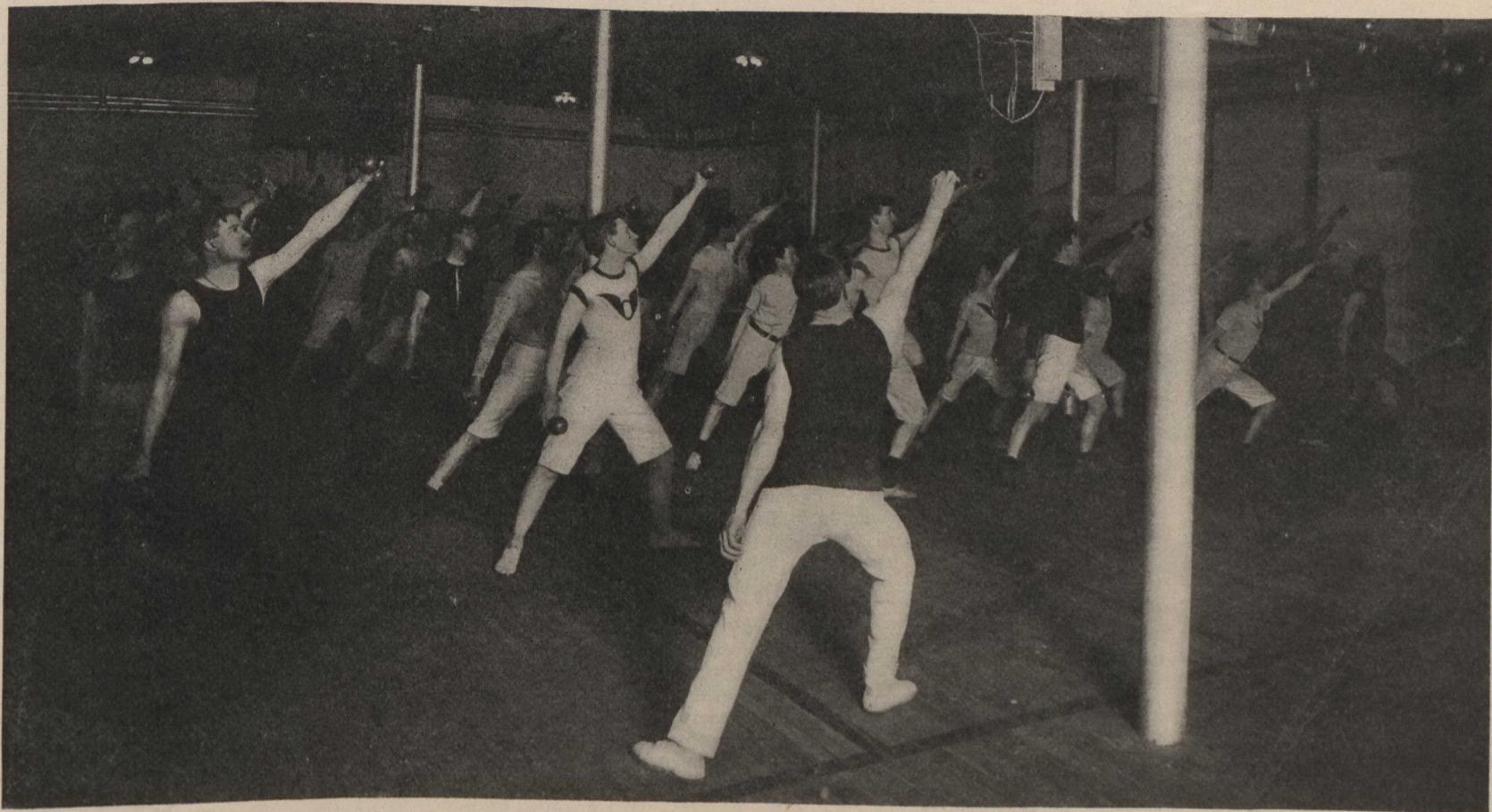
The Reading Room, Young Men's Club, Central Methodist Church, Calgary, Alta.



A quiet room where letters may be written



A Room for games which are not demoralising.



Gymnasium in connection with the Young Men's Club, where physical exercise is made attractive and pleasant.

RODAHVER

By MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL



THE girl had only been brought in that morning, riding her horse like a man, and unveiled. The old Syrian woman had run, clucking like a hen, with yards of fine muslin to muffle her, for the lion's meat must not be shown to the jackals; but she had been put aside with one strong young hand. "Be at peace, good mother," said the girl with a laugh, "I like to meet my fate with an open face. And now?"

"We found her riding on the hills with a falcon," said Daoud, one of those who had taken her, "and the Khan crooked his finger, and we were round her in an instant. She heeded none of us, only looking at the prince and laughing. She is a mad mountain girl, and our master is mad, too. Who is he, to be laughed at by a brown wench on a wood-cutter's pony, with never a jewel about her?"

"You are a fool, Daoud," said the old Syrian woman, thoughtfully, "for you have seen her face, and you have seen her hands, and her feet in the silver stirrups so narrow they will not take my three fingers in a row. Those are uncut sapphires on the stirrups, Daoud. Yes, you are a fool."

"Those mountain folk are all mad," said Daoud, swaggering away, stroking his dyed beard. The girl was lodged in the lower room of the White Tower, and day by day leaned near the lattice, looking to the north where the hills were, laughing and singing to herself. She had not seen the young Khan. But one evening the order came that the guards were to go from the White Tower between the court of the fountains and the lemon groves.

She leaned from the lattice as the last man passed. "Is it war or peace, Ali?" she cried mockingly.

Old Ali instinctively saluted with a glint of his spear, lowering his eyes lest he should see the unveiled face. She laughed again. "Spare your modesty," she said; "you will not hurt mine. Is it peace or war?"

The old man raised his eyes. "Is it ever peace between us of the plain and you of the hills?" he asked grimly. "More good men are slain in these wars than would people all our lonely river valleys, and your flocks grow wild for lack of shepherds. Nevertheless," his eyes lingered on the down-looking face, "nevertheless, oh, most beautiful, there will be no guard this night between the lemon-trees and the wall. Maybe the prince comes to offer—peace."

"There is more of bitterness sometimes in peace than in war," she said, drawing back.

"Such a face as yours, lady, does not bring peace," mumbled Ali, as he moved away.

The girl stayed by her lattice until a white star hung above the hills and was reflected in a small flash from the spear of the single sentinel upon the wall; until the neighing stallions and the broodmares in the courtyard were still, and the wind brought a reek of wood smoke and a scent of dew-drenched almond flowers instead of a smell of dust and fodder and scented leather. She, also, was silent now, neither laughing nor singing. And presently there came one wrapped in a soldier's cloak, and stood beneath the window. "A message from my lord, the Khan," said he, saluting her. And laid upon the edge of the lattice a spray of almond flower.

The girl's face was fierce as she ripped off the delicate blooms and handed back the barren twigs. "The answer," she said, and the man took it without a word, and went.

The next day also the lemon-groves were quiet and deserted, and there was no sentry nearer the White Tower than the one upon the wall. At dusk the same man came again, wrapped to the eyes, saluting her, and laid upon the sill a little crystal goblet, fine as a bubble, and full of golden wine. "A gift from my lord, the Khan Mohammed," said he, and waited. Under her delicate savage hand, the crystal broke like a bubble and the wine trickled down to make dark stain upon the dust. "My answer to the enemy of my people," she said through her set teeth. But as she laid the fragments of glass in the dark palm awaiting them, she hesitated. She saw in the shadow of the cloak dark eyes gravely watching her from a proud, weary face. Something shook her heart,

and she spoke quickly to cover the tremor. "What does your master want with such as I?" she said. "Does he choose his women from the tents of the camel-drivers and the huts of the goat-herds?"

The dark figure seemed to lean forward eagerly. "Thus says the Prince Mohammed," he answered. "When the star has looked into the eye of a pool, there is no thought of the distance between. Nevertheless, O Rose of the Hills, your message shall be given to him."

When he was gone the girl went into her room and sang songs of war, full of the kiss of sword and spear, the neighing of horses, the terrible tears and more terrible triumph of women. Then she stretched out her arms to the hills, a faint line of peaked silver under a climbing moon. "Allah grant they come soon!" she wailed. "Allah grant they come soon!"

The next day at dusk she leaned as usual from the barred lattice, but in silence. Silent was the court-yard at that hour, silent the fields and the orchards of peach-trees, silent the sparse woods climbing to the snows. But on the edge of the road a voice went singing, a high, wild voice, singing as if for very gladness of heart. The girl leaned breathlessly to hear, for the song spoke to her.

"They are come at last," she whispered, "and the debt will be paid." Under her breath she laughed, a merciless laugh. But in a moment laid her head on the stone and wept.

When the thin dusk had darkened, the man came to her again, his cloak folded across his face. "The will of the Prince Mohammed," said he, and laid upon the sill a sword having upon its point a red rose.

The girl was quiet and pale, and her fingers shook a little; but she slowly drew the rose from the point and handed him the bare steel.

"The answer," she said gravely. "Let your master read it aright." A moment she hesitated, then added in a passionate haste: "For the sword is unloosed, the sword is unloosed!"

When he had gone, she waited still at the lattice, and the beating of her heart shook her. In her hand she held the pierced red petals of a rose.

Still the silence held. As the stars came out the slender White Tower seemed to shrink upon itself, smaller and frailer, lone and more lonely, and the hills seemed to rise into a mysterious vastness. When the girl looked up, there were the golden stars; when she looked down, there were golden-hearted blooms upon the citron-trees; when she looked out, there was the rim of the white wall beyond, and the spark of light flickering on the sentinels spear. There was nothing more.

For a long time, nothing more. The girl watched the moving spear, advancing and retreating above the glimmering edge of the wall. And then of a sudden came a faint sound, and the spear moved no more.

The girl leaped to her feet, and beat her hands against the bars of carved stone, delicate as lace, which ran across her window-opening. All her fierceness was awake again, and she screamed as she struggled for freedom, like an angry falcon straining against the jess. But her cries were drowned in an instant, and she beat her bruised hand in vain.

For war broke upon the White Tower like a storm from the hills, and the din of it scared the sleeping birds from the peach-orchards, called the wolves to answer from the crags. The fierce neighing of horses, shrieking of women, hoarse cries of men, clash of arms and thunder of hoofs; and over all, the screaming sing-song war-cry that held in it all the love of killing, the laughter of battle; the war-cry dreaded by the folk of the plains as the very voice of death; the war-cry of the warriors of the hills.

The old gate in the broad, white outer wall gave way first, and a torrent poured into the courtyard, a death-dealing torrent of merry men on small ponies, the ponies fighting with their masters. Two of these thrust out from the edge of the roaring flood and came crashing through the lemon-trees toward the White Tower; their riders had white heron-feathers in their small turbans and gold upon their stirrup leathers. Their sword-hilts splintered the white carved bars and they drew the girl out with their reddened hands, kissing her hand and feet. She was sobbing now, tearlessly, in a very fury of hate and rage, and dashed their greeting aside. "Take me out beyond the road," she said, "set me down among the trees and I will

climb to the little hill yonder and watch till I see the White Tower turn red and flame. But go you back to the fight, for I will not hinder two good swords from their work; and you shall not wait upon me when you might be killing these dogs."

"Dogs," laughed the man who bore her on his saddle-bow. "It will be more like the harrying of a cony burrow, O Rodahver."

She frowned suddenly. "They are as brave as the best of us," she cried, "but their—their leader is young and unskilled in the leading of men. Set me down here and go back."

They had struggled slowly along the edge of the fight; and ever and anon some blood-stained hill-man had broken away to fawn about the girl's feet. But now they had reached the quiet grass and the peach-trees. They set her down gently. "At your will, O princess," said the elder, wheeling his horse as the girl swung lightly from the saddle. And the two turned back to the White Tower and the tumult about it.

Rodahver ground her feet into the dewy grass. "Only fire and blood will wipe out the stain of that captivity," she said.

The peach boughs, heavy with late bloom, swayed before her eyes and hindered her vision of the red horror below. She turned swiftly, running through the trees, up and up, to the spare woods of the wild hill-top, where the azaleas were in bud and the pheasant sought his mate. There she might watch at ease, watch until the White Tower and the low white buildings were heaps of red ruins, until the citron groves and the rose gardens were laid in waste, and the little fountains ran crimson beneath the moon. Then she would go in triumph to meet her horsemen, and they would go home with the spoils—home to the watch-towers above the pines, with singing and laughter and shaking of lances. And so, maybe, the pain of her heart would be stilled.

She parted the last boughs on the edge of the height, and looked out with glittering eyes upon a dark, soft space of land and sky, having in the midst one angry jewel of fire. "It is finished!" cried Rodahver in wild gladness; and then again, "It is done!" Her voice broke suddenly, and she stood staring, bewildered as a child. For now the misery of her heart seemed greater than could be borne. "It is ended," she said, and hid her face in her hands. Her fingers were still sweet from the crushed petals of a red rose.

Light footsteps fled up the path she had taken, a man put aside the branches of the wild azalea and faced her, but with no astonishment.

"You?" said he; and his face, which had been the face of the dead, flashed suddenly back to life and the love of life.

Rodahver began to shake exceedingly. "I thought you had all been dead" she whispered with dry lips, "I thought you had all been dead!"

"You are avenged," he said simply. "Of all in the White Tower, I only have escaped. I was minded to stay with my dead. But I thought there was still a hope. I might gather men from the deserts of the south and turn back your tribes before they ravaged the valleys; so, when the end came, I fought through your warriors and fled like a bird when the greyhounds are in chase. They will follow, for I left a trail." He glanced at his wounds and laughed. "Go you, O princess, and show them the way!"

Rodahver stood, drawn up stiffly, and her face was as white as the white buds on the azaleas. She did not seem to notice what he said. "When your men took me," she said intently, "did you know it was I?"

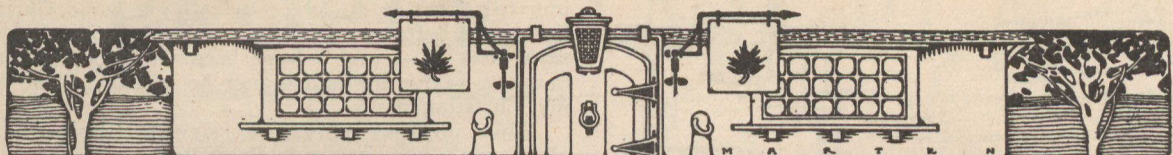
He shook his head, watching her, and her only. "I did not know," he answered, "nor did I care. Queen of ten thousand tribesmen or a wild lass hunting for her dinner—what was it to me? I saw your face, O most beautiful, and saw no more. Come life, come death, that was all. Now the last comes, and comes quickly; but still I do not greatly care, so it may be at your feet."

Still she did not move, except to lay one hand above her heart. "When you had laid the sword on the sill of the lattice," she whispered stiffly, "I tried to warn you as I gave it back. I—was sorry—"

"I do not need your sorrow," he said, "for you kept the rose." He laughed once more, but the girl looked as if she had done with her laughter forever, she that had laughed so long.

"And now your hounds are hard on my trail,

CONCLUDED ON PAGE 20.



AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

OLD CABINETS.

IN *The Ladies' Field* Mrs. Delves Broughton has a very interesting article on old cabinets, giving illustrations of four exquisite examples.

The Italians were especially conscious of the beauties of form and ornamentation and exercised in the art of cabinet-making the utmost skill and taste regardless of time or labour. Often, to make one of their masterpieces, artists in many different trades were employed. In some cases the carpenter, the sculptor, the painter, the goldsmith, the enameller, the engraver of metals and precious stones, the worker in marquetry and the worker in mosaic were all employed in the manufacture of a single cabinet, but marvellous results and the acme of perfection were obtained.

In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the cabinet was of unadorned ebony, built on architectural lines and faultless in design and execution, but this style of work required to be done with almost more neatness than any other, and great patience was lavished on the making of numberless little drawers which were so perfectly fitted and arranged as to be often unnoticed. These pieces of furniture were frequently models of church and palace interiors, and some are said to have taken the form of scientific diagrams and mathematical problems. But though wonderful in construction they were somewhat gloomy in appearance which was not sufficiently relieved even by the introduction of ivory, both inlaid and in the form of statuettes and bas-reliefs, so in order to correct the fault altogether the last days of the Renaissance produced a new jewelled or pietra-dura work that eventually transformed the ebony cabinet into a stone.

"At first columns of jasper and lapis-lazuli replaced those of ebony, and in the panelling and bare spaces medallions of agate, lapis-lazuli, and a variety of hard stones were inserted; but the result still lacked brightness. So with a view to further improvement, gilt beading and frames were added to the medallions, gilt pedestals and cornices enlivened the columns and gilt figures were placed in niches or stood on the summit of the pillars.

"During the seventeenth century the architectural features were still retained, but the marble ornamentation had so increased that the wood was used simply as a framework, on which was built a cabinet of actual mosaic, enriched with a profusion of gilded bronze. Many splendid cabinets were made 'to order' for the native princes, whose armourial bearings were represented in their decoration. Some of the best artists of the period were thus employed by the great Medici family, whose wealth and influence made themselves felt not only in Italy but in France, and whose extravagance was proverbial.

"In the time of Louis XIV the decoration of furniture reached a high degree of splendour and excellence, and a description of Mazarin's palace in 1698 gives some idea of the great luxury of the period. It is difficult often to assign an accurate date to pieces of furniture—often one style overlaps another so that even close examination of the workmanship fails to give a definite clue."

* * *

HUSHED VOICES.

ALL sensitive scruples, if there were any, in the case of publishing the love letters of Thomas Carlyle and his wife, Jane Welsh Carlyle, have been overcome, and they have now for some time been in the possession of the public, issued with the kind intention of disproving the suggestion that Carlyle and his clever wife neither married for love nor lived happily afterwards.

There has been a great deal of talk about it ever since, and the last thing is an essay entitled "The Art of Love," written by Mr. James Douglas, in which he states that it is no wonder that Carlyle and his wife squabbled incessantly both before and after marriage, such a state of affairs being necessary to the very existence of love. And it went on to the end, that clash of souls, like swords, which is the highest splendour of life, for love is an ineffable warfare which only death can hoist the white flag over."

Mrs. Carlyle was a witty, brilliant woman with much charm of personality and high mental attainments, but with delicate health. She should have

reigned in society instead of baking bread and darning socks and doing even menial services in the little household out in an unfrequented district. She had scarcely an intimate feminine friend, except Geraldine Jewsbury, the novelist and critic, and she saw only the famous men who came to visit her husband, who, one and all, acknowledged her singular fascination.

There was, undoubtedly, a great contrast between Mrs. Carlyle and her grumpy, dyspeptic husband. His uncouth ways and rough speech must often have jarred upon her fine sensibility, and produced some brilliant witticisms, or, perhaps, some scathing recriminations, and kept strife rampant in the little home in Cheyne Row, Chelsea. Mr. Douglas is of the opinion that the lady is usually more inclined to keep up the "amorous fray," and that her "polished outrages" penetrate deeper than the "casual cruelties" of her masculine combatant, because "for a woman love is a state of war, but for a man it is only a settled peace." Whatever truth there may be in these remarks and several others, one thing is true, and that is that

Our Own Land

BY ELIZABETH ROBERTS MACDONALD.

THERE'S many and many a country
Whose beauty knows not age,
Whose proud untarnished annals
Are on the poet's page;
Heroes have died to guard them,
And music, art, and song
Shall sweep their names forever
On fame's great surge along.

Chorus:

Our own dear land, our own land,—
No country God has made
Is better loved than our land
Under the maple shade!

Here's hill and plain and mountain,
Deep wood and fertile field,
And many a buried treasure
The kindly earth shall yield;
But best of all the riches
That Canada can claim
Are the hearts that leap exultant
At the music of her name.

Chorus:

Our own dear land, our own land,—
No country God has made
Is better loved than our land
Under the maple shade!

the letters of Jane Welsh Carlyle will survive.

Still, the Carlyles managed to "get on," and things were improving till the acme of whatever satisfaction Mrs. Carlyle had been able to get out of life was reached when she received the news of her husband's great success in Edinburgh. She was intensely delighted. But then came her sudden death, and all Carlyle's joy was turned into mourning. He was never the same man again, and if "Jane's" life was a tempest of discontent, her memory was cherished by Carlyle as that of few wives is cherished.

* * *

A NOVEL PALACE OF PEACE.

A MOST ingenious institution has been devised where weary spirits may find rest and sleepless eyes be lulled in peaceful slumbers. Sleep, innocent sleep, is believed by a great nerve specialist to be not only a balm of hurt minds but a panacea for all neurotic and mental troubles.

In order to induce this desirable condition this French specialist lulls his patients much as an infant is put to sleep. In lovely Touraine, France, he has erected a perfect palace of peace. No disturbing noise ever breaks the quietness, but the tick of the grandfather clock, and the scarcely perceptible drip of unseen fountains act like soothing opiates. A cerulean haze pervades everything and the air is permeated with the faintest perfume. Every

person moves about in soft slippers, and before the eyes of the most refractory patients coloured balls slowly revolve. Each bed is carefully designed to prevent the body from growing weary, and, in fact, the science of wooing sleep has been brought to such perfection that it is said to be impossible to keep awake in that land of drowsiness. If those struggling in the grip of insomnia or in any way needing such blandishments could transport themselves in imagination even to this Valhalla of forgetfulness, what wonders might be accomplished!

* * *

A ROYAL SUFFRAGETTE.

THAT Queen Maud of Norway has practically enlisted as a suffragist by sending greetings through the Norwegian representative of the movement to a recent gathering at Albert Hall, London, must be a source of satisfaction to that militant organisation. The young Queen has always been one of the most advanced of the ladies of the English royal family, and she is now the first queen and the first member of English royalty to give her support to women fighting for the franchise. Her mother, Queen Alexandra, does not share this sentiment, and has mildly expressed her disapproval of the movement.

* * *

NOTABLES COMING.

IT was one of the most delightful May days, and late in the afternoon. At the corner, a fashionable young woman boarded the car, and unexpectedly meeting a friend suddenly began a conversation. "I have been shut up since three o'clock playing bridge, and every minute of the time I have been longing for fresh air and the sun."

"But you had an interesting game, hadn't you?"

"Not at all; quite the reverse, and to be frank I am feeling quite discontented."

"Could you cheer up long enough to let me tell a little of what is being done about this Quinquennial Congress? The ladies are all on the *qui vive* over it, but they keep very cool. Two hundred delegates and speakers, besides many visitors seem to be coming from all quarters of the earth—Great Britain, Germany, Holland, Sweden and Norway, Denmark, New South Wales, Tasmania, Victoria, South Australia, France, Switzerland, Italy, Queensland, Austria, Belgium, Greece and Smyrna—and of course from many points of the United States and Canada; and all are distinguished in letters, arts and sciences of all kinds.

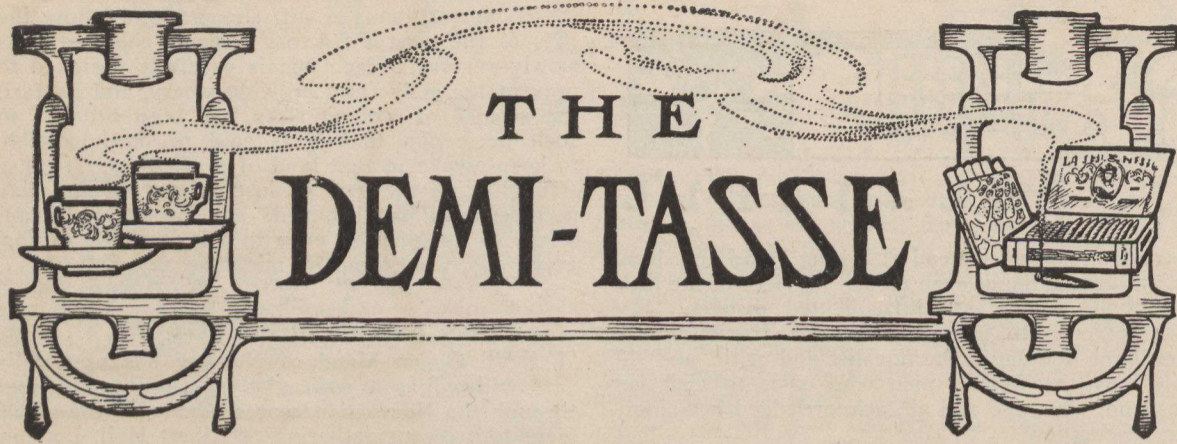
"Their Excellencies, Lady Aberdeen, Vice-Royal Lodge, Dublin, and Lady Grey, Ottawa, will both be present. A few others are Mrs. Ogilvie Gordon, D.Sc., Ph.D., F.L.S., F.R.P.S., who, it may easily be inferred, is a renowned scientist; Mrs. Gordon was a gold medalist in zoology and comparative anatomy, University College, London, and was the first woman to receive the degree of Ph.D. from the Munich University, which she won with the highest honours. She was also elected Fellow of the Linnean Society of London, and of the Royal Physical Society, and is vice-president of the National Council of Women of Great Britain and Ireland, vice-president of the Scottish Association for Promotion of Women's Public Work, and secretary of the International Council of Women.

"Mrs. Edwin Grey, the president of the National Council of Great Britain and Ireland, has devoted years to philanthropic work. Her husband has been twice elected Lord Mayor of York. Frau Hainisch, president of the Austrian Council, will have with her her son, Dr. Hainisch, the founder of public libraries in Austria, and her son-in-law, Herr Edward Figdon, who is a large land-owner and will speak on women as farmers and gardeners.

"The president of the Swedish Council, the Hon. Mrs. Anna Hierta-Retzius, has done such admirable work that at the golden wedding of King Oscar II she was decorated by him with a gold medal.

"Among the many subjects to be discussed will be a plea brought forward by the National Council of Denmark for the establishment of a universal language for business and commercial purposes. Every resolution passed must now be published in English, French and German. At the Congress all the papers will be read in English which is a very convincing proof of the proficiency of the delegates in languages. The Council of Switzerland will also urge the compiling of text and reading books which will tend to disparage war and promote international amity."

"I almost went past my street," interrupted the young woman; "it was all so interesting, and I hope we shall have fine weather when they are here, so they can carry away the idea that Canada is really a land of sunshine and not of snow, buffaloes and red Indians."



ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

HE was a well-groomed Toronto business-man. It was Saturday afternoon and he had arranged to take his wife to the matinee. He had sent the chauffeur up for her, and was to meet her at the west door at 2.10. He arrived early and decided to buy some bon-bons for her. Making his way to the stand in the rotunda, he made his wants known to the clerk who immediately handed him out a large, fancy box—price one dollar. When he explained that it was only his wife he was taking, the clerk smiled knowingly and immediately produced a small plain box—price ten cents. "That's more like it," he remarked, as he laid down the dime.

MORE MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

THEY were talking in Ottawa about the complications which arise when a good Tory and a better Grit look so much alike that their followers cannot tell them apart. Hon. Robert Rogers and Senator "Bob" Watson were a case in point, as the *Demi-Tasse* has already remarked.

"Look at O. E. Talbot, for instance," said an Ottawa member. "Why, he looks so much like Sir Wilfrid that the office-seeking public made his life miserable and demanded 'jobs' wherever he appeared. So O. E. had his hair cut and has been more comfortable ever since. Bellechasse is not the only constituency that asks a 'little work for a poor relation.'"

"Sometimes," remarked a man from Western Ontario, "it is a bad thing for a man to get this resemblance idea into his head. There's William Blank, from the county next to mine. He was told so often that he looked like King Edward that he began to take pains with his clothes and his accent. At least, he took to wearing a silk hat on more occasions than funerals and Sundays and the constituency simply wouldn't stand for that. William is a good sort who has spent a lot of money in his own town, but they refused to elect a man who

cultivated a silk hat on week days. Now, if he hadn't been told of his resemblance to King Edward, he might be member for South Blankton to-day."

"George P. Graham hasn't any cinch either," said an Easterner. "You know, he looks so much like Donovan (whose front name is Albert Edward) that a bold, bad Tory tackled Graham the other day and gave him a plain unvarnished opinion of the present Ottawa administration, winding up with the remark—'and Graham is no better than the rest of them, take my word for it.'"

"That's all very well," said McMillan, a brother of Sir Daniel, "but not one of you has anything on me. I was taken for J. R. Stratton yesterday."

"That means you will be asked to subscribe five hundred dollars to the Peterborough Y. M. C. A., to say nothing of laying a corner-stone for the new Presbyterian Church," remarked an Ontario politician.

"It's bad enough for Stratton to look like a man from Winnipeg," said a sympathising man from Toronto, "but W. J. Hanna, his successor in office, had a more strange experience the other day at the ball game. He was taken for Gipsy Smith, the evangelist, and some of the boys were horribly disappointed when he made a few remarks which didn't belong to the Glory Song."

THE STRANGE CASE OF PRESTON.

MR. W. T. R. PRESTON, once Liberal organiser in Canadian politics, supposed author of the famous telegram "Hug the Machine," god-father of the famous Atlantic Trading Company, which supplied Canada with some poor immigrants, passed by the roundabout route from London to Japan. Now, having got into trouble again, he is to go to Holland, and one wonders whether he will go by Australia or Canada. The betting is about two to one, that he will choose either the all-water route or that by the Mexican Railway.

They were discussing Mr. Preston the other day in the house and the Hon. George E. Foster asked, "What has Holland done?" We hope Holland will not take the remark to heart. Mr. Foster is a master of sarcasm. Canada is not really trying to punish Holland, that is only Bad-Boy Foster's insinuation. Hon. Mr. Fielding suggested that perhaps Mr. Preston had gone over to see the new Princess of Orange. If this was a serious remark, and Mr. Fielding is usually serious, it might be wise for some one to write Queen Wilhelmina and warn her. The Royal Family of Holland has had quite enough trouble in the past few years, so that Mr. W. T. R. Preston in his favourite role of trouble-maker is not really needed.

If Colonel Samuel Hughes, M.P., is elected Grand Master of the Orange Order at the next annual meeting of the Grand Lodge, he may be trusted to warn the custodians of the new Royal Infant.

THE WRONG VERB.

A CITY publisher was talking of old times the other day when he was editor of a country paper, and said in reminiscence: "My saddest experience came from a mistake in reporting a country tea-meeting. I intended to say that the Methodist Choir furnished the music in its usual excellent style. To my horror the paper came out with the remark that the Methodist Choir 'punished' the music in its usual elegant style. You may imagine my troubles for the rest of the winter."

THE GENTLE ROSIE.

MANY and weird are the questions asked in the "Inquirers' Column" of a daily paper. The most ingenuous of these recently appeared in the *Toronto News*:

"When working as a clerk, should your boss call you by your Christian name before you tell

him to? Isn't it his place to call you your Christian name before you tell him to? My boss always says Miss —, and I have been working for him nearly a year. I would sooner he would call me by my Christian name."

This precious epistle is signed "Rose Bud." Now, can't you just see Rose Bud and hear her gentle voice? It is dollars to fried cakes that she uses such orthography as "oblidge" and "yures trewly." We proffer our respectful sympathy to Rose Bud's "boss" and advise him to keep on calling her Miss — with only one dash.

A DOUBTFUL REMARK.

A CERTAIN prominent Canadian judge went on a visit to a United States city and was entertained by certain members of the bench and bar at a little dinner. During the conversation, he asked one of the prominent state judges what salary was paid to the judiciary of the State.

"About four thousand," was the reply.

"Only four thousand dollars," said the Canadian. "But you can't get good men for that salary, can you?"

ARM OF LAW TOO SHORT.

IN a certain Canadian city, a lady defending an action for a large sum of money which she felt she was not morally entitled to pay. When it looked as if the case would go against her, she sold all her real estate and put the proceeds, some \$15,000 or more, in her pocket-book—which in her case, as is the custom with some women, was her stocking. The judgment was given against her and because she would not pay nor tell where the money was, she was sent to jail for a year. Her counsel tried to get her released. The following conversation formed part of the proceedings:

"You admit," said the judge, "that this woman had property to the value of \$15,000?"

"Yes, Your Honour," said the counsel.

"And you admit that she sold the property and put the money in her stocking?"

"Yes, my Lord."

"And do you mean to tell me, that the arm of the law is not long enough to reach it?"



Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide C.—*Life*.

HOW IT OUGHT TO BE.

"MY love," mentioned Mr. Sufferer-Gette. "I wonder—I wonder whether you would let me have the use of my latch-key this week."

"Latch-key?" bellowed his wife. "What the dickens do you want with a latch-key, my good man?"

"Well, my love," coughed Mr. Sufferer-Gette, "we are holding a series of fathers' foregatherings at the club this week, when we hope to do a little needlework on behalf of the poor. Miss Nancy has kindly consented to come and talk to us about her recent Farthest North trip, and"

"Great heavens!" roared the irate wife, banging her pipe upon the table to emphasise her words. "Don't you know your duty is at home? Besides, on Monday I've got to attend the Women's Emancipation League; Tuesday, the Sisters of Charity meeting; Wednesday, the local policewomen's concert; Thursday, the Daughters of Toil lecture; Friday, the Women's Science Research class; and on Saturday our football club's smoker. Now, don't you forget—your duty is at home!"—*Wasp*.



"Shorry ol' man; moneysh all gone; but, shay, if y' know anything 'bout burgling I wish ye'd come an' get me into my housh 'thout wakin' m' wife"—*Life*.

PEOPLE AND PLACES

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

PREHISTORIC MAN.

AT Fort Frances in a pot in a rock they have found remains of prehistoric man. In removing rock and debris from the old channel of the river to make way for the chutes of the American power dams the workmen discovered a collection of copper weapons and utensils consisting of tomahawks, spear heads, arrow heads, fish hooks, etc. Now, these articles are so seldom made of copper because nobody seems to be able to temper copper—except the Eskimos up around Great Bear Lake, who make knives of it to swap to the Indians, and a man in New Brunswick or Nova Scotia who about a year ago re-discovered the art, so it is said. These implements, however, are said to be as hard as steel—which is hard to believe. At all events the copper which is ductile metal has been tempered enough to make a good edge. Who left the pack there is a mystery. Probably Indians. Perhaps the phantom folk who came before the Indians—the Mound-Builders. Anyhow, the copper was tempered by some one centuries before there was any Columbus.

A HORSE THIEF AUTHOR.

A MAN in St. John has just been released from the penitentiary at Dorchester, and his one aim in life now is to write a book. In this book he will show up the iniquities of the penitentiary. By Profession Adams is a horse thief. However, his conversion to authorship may not be so violent. There are thieves even among authors.

FLYING DOWN A MOUNTAIN.

A HAMILTON young man has been experimenting with an aeroplane of his own invention. He was seen flying over the city not long ago in the evening. He flew so well for a short while that, like many a young bird, he began to think it was time to take a longer flight. So he backed his air toboggan up the mountain, which by many was thought to be the limit of human daring. From the crest of the mountain he flew away to be at rest. He came somewhat to grief. However, he flew. Also he landed. Not that he fell. He was simply tilting the aeroplane up to miss a protrusion when somehow the ship struck a snag that flopped her, and down the side of the mountain she went—so that the inventor and designer is now in bed, but will soon be up and at it again.

LETHBRIDGE CROWS.

LETHBRIDGE pats herself on the back and crows at the same time—to say that she has beaten both Edmonton and Calgary in the matter of building for one month. For the month of April permits were taken out in Lethbridge up to almost a quarter of a million; which was some thousands ahead of either of the other two Alberta metropolises.

THE LURE OF LAW.

MEANWHILE the western farmer who hails from the United States is finding out what it means to become citizenised in Canada. The way some of these people look at the problem of nationalism is exceedingly practical. They come with money and experience. They come to invest and to improve—and in many cases they claim to have taught the westerner how to farm, while they admit they have learned from the Canadian West the art of law-keeping and law-enforcement. They appreciate the fact that Canadian law is a hard thing to buck and that the mounted police are still the terror of white evil-doers as in old days they used to be of the red man and the whiskey smuggler.

VICTORIA SUMMER THEATRES.

CIVILISATION has become already such a commonplace out on the Coast that the residents of Victoria have a summer season in plays. They are not going in for out-of-doors Shakespeare either; but the real theatre with a season as regular as anything during the winter. The season is already open. The real reason of it, however, is the large number of summer tourists who visit Victoria and who of course would be disappointed if they were not shown the sort of thing they were leaving behind in the everyday East.

TROUBLE ON THE OUELLE, P. Q.

WHETHER a club of capitalists interested in sport is as important as a large industry employing hundreds of hands is one of the questions to be decided on the River Ouelle, P. Q. On this river with the liquid name there is a mill which has been in the habit of employing about four hundred men. It pays in wages about a hundred thousand dollars a year. It pays the government six

thousand dollars a year stumpage dues. But up the river on Lac St. Anne there is a fish and game club. This club has a lease of the lake and all therein is, or about the borders thereof. The club were having a good time with their monopoly preserve, until the mill started in to dam the mouth of the lake for log drive purposes in order to get some of their logs to mill on the River Ouelle. Thereby the waters of the lake rose and inundated the land. The fish were drowned and the four-footed things took flight from the low levels to the uplands far from the club house, and when the flood-gates were opened away went the fish that remained, carried down by the force of the waters. So the club kicked—to the courts. Some Judge—Cinon by name—compelled the mill to pay the club four hundred dollars and to cease building beaver dams on the lake. So the mill both put up and shut up. Now the club is flourishing like a green bay tree; but the mill on the River Ouelle near Lac St. Anne is closed.

PROSPECTOR AND MANUFACTURER.

WITH the opening up of spring new natural resources and new combinations of industry are opening up also. On Queen Charlotte Island, B.C., coal deposits are to be developed on a huge scale. American capital is interested—Chicago and New York, with Leonard Hillis, of Chicago at the head. Local men, however, retain twenty per cent. of the stock. Up in the Peace River country a prospector named Violette has discovered not only more gold but coal and petroleum galore. He intends to take in cattle and go ranching on what grows above ground; meanwhile, with his ranch as a base of operations, sending out prospecting parties after the things under the earth. Hundreds of thousands of acres of H. B. Co. lands will be selected this summer by survey parties. One party expects to travel five thousand miles this summer, and have already outfitted in Edmonton. A million-dollar company has been capitalised in Winnipeg to manufacture gas traction machinery; gas and gasoline engines, electrical motors, automobiles, yachts and launches. This is a local concern. Another company, branch of a Lindsay, Ont., concern, will use half a million in the making of thresher machinery and agricultural implements. This concern has placed on the market a new combination separator and engine which they will make in Winnipeg.

ST. JOHN AND HALIFAX RAILWAYS.

MARKET followers have always been at a loss to account for the big difference in the earnings of the St. John Electric Railway and the Halifax Electric Railway.

Although there is little difference in the population the two big electric railways of the Maritime Provinces have to serve, yet the earnings of the Halifax Company are usually double those of the lines in the city of St. John.

The reason for such a remarkable difference is in the way the two cities are laid out.

In St. John the main portion of the city is situated on a slope with the business section at the foot and the residential section up about the top. It is these slopes that make the distances between the residential and business sections very short, and as the great proportion of the labouring and business population only have to walk down hills to get to their work they find it mightily convenient to do so, and on this account have never acquired the car habit.

In Halifax the situation, however, is entirely different. The electric tramway system, built of course to meet the requirements of the city, is laid out very much like a dumb-bell, the business section of the city being represented by the bar and the two principal residential sections are quite a little way from the retail business section and result in a great deal of passenger traffic right throughout the day. Then again another peculiar feature is that in Halifax the receipts vary very little in fine or disagreeable weather. Not many tramway systems can show so little difference in gross receipts on fine and wet days. The principal reason for this is that while in fine weather most business men find it possible to walk in to their place of business, in the afternoons a large amount of traffic is afforded by the women folk going into town to do some shopping. In bad weather, however, the men in the morning find it very convenient to take a car into town and in this way offset the decrease that is sustained by the ladies postponing further shopping till a fine day.

While referring to street railway earnings it is surprising how quickly the earnings of the Toronto Railway Company are gaining on those of Montreal Street Railway. It was only the other day that an official of Montreal Street expressed the opinion to me that he fully believed that before very long the earnings of Toronto Railway would even pass those of the Montreal system.

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New Sugar Tariff Conditions, Canada and West Indies

THE latest change in the sugar tariff between the West Indies and Canada will result not only in a larger amount of business being done between the two countries, but in being carried on in a much more friendly spirit than has been the case for some time past.

To really understand the sugar situation in Canada one must first recognise the big difference that exists between the refiners down in Montreal (the largest concerns in Canada) and the fast growing sugar industry at Wallaceburg, Ont. The former concerns are refiners only, bringing in all their raw material either from the West Indies or from foreign markets. The Wallaceburg people, however, are producers of beet sugar, as well as refiners. This makes the interests of the Canadian concerns somewhat different.

Back in 1903 the Canadian Government, with a view of having Canada get most of her raw material in the sugar line from a British possession, introduced the preferential tariff as far as the West Indies were concerned, and made it the natural market where Canada should get her supplies of cane sugar.

This situation did not exactly suit the Wallaceburg people as they were producers of only 15,000,000 pounds of beet per year and this had to be used as quickly as possible after it was taken out of the ground. This meant that to keep the plant going the whole year round they would have to bring the supplies in from some outside country for fully eight months of the year. They therefore petitioned the Dominion Government and induced Hon. Mr. Fielding to allow them to bring in two pounds of beet root for every pound they produced in Canada. This meant that the Wallaceburg people (in round figures) could bring in about 30,000,000 pounds of beets for the 15,000,000 they were turning out on their own farms. In the meantime the West India producer had found out just how the preference tariff was working out, and decided that he could almost take the fullest advantage allowed by the preference and still force the regular Canadian refiners to come to him for all their supplies. This set the refiners howling and they got after Hon. Mr. Fielding and pointed out that they were being affected not only by the concessions that had been made the Wallaceburg people by allowing them to bring in free of duty two pounds of beets for every pound they produced, but the West India producer was right along keeping his prices up close to the maximum allowed by the preference and the Canadian refiners had no means of forcing him to lower his prices or lose the Canadian market.

It was on this account that the most recent tariff change was made, the Canadian Government acceding to the request of the Canadian refiners by allowing them to go to any market in the world to get 20 per cent. of the amount of sugar they refine. In this way the West India producer knows that he has to make his prices in accordance with those prevailing in the other foreign markets or else Canada, one of his largest customers, will go elsewhere.

A leading refiner, discussing the situation with me stated that the Canadian concerns were only too anxious to do all their business with the West Indies, as it was the natural market, and with the enormous increase in the population of the Dominion, it was to the advantage of the West Indian producer to give the Canadian concerns a fair deal. The change in the tariff conditions could only result in better relations between the two countries, and in the long run in more business being done between them.

* * *

France and England Paying Attention to Canada

THE return this week to Canada of two very important Canadian capitalists brought out the fact that leading financial houses in France as well as in England were devoting the utmost attention to Canadian enterprises, with the result that a great deal of French as well as English capital would find its way into Canada during the next few years.

It was Senator L. J. Forget who brought back word of the increased attention French houses were paying to Canada, while it was Mr. Charles R. Hosmer who brought news of the exact situation throughout England with regard to investments in Canada.

Mr. Hosmer remarked to me that leading London houses were greatly impressed by the fact that the Canadian Pacific Railway had used part of its surplus in purchasing Dominion of Canada debentures. The English houses figured that if a Canadian railway thought so well of the debentures of the country as to invest quite a few millions in them, it indicated that the credit of the country should rank very high. This resulted in many of the English houses buying these Canadian debentures for their own account with the result that they were selling at a very handsome premium.

* * *

Money More Plentiful than for Years

WHILE the average man can scarcely boast of having any more money than usual, as a matter of fact "money" in Canada is more plentiful and "easier" (to use the financial term) than it has been for over fifteen years. Of course the banks have been trying to hold rates up as much as possible, but the necessity of making profits has resulted in many of the members of the Bankers' Association (which fixes the rates) urging from time to time that the rate should be lowered in order that more money might be put out. Just the other day a leading Toronto broker was telling me that for weeks past not a single day had passed by without some bank ringing him up and asking him if he did not need a little money, and profiting by their desire to get rid of their money he had been able to effect a call loan of \$400,000 for one year at as low a rate as 3½ per cent., something he had not been able to do for over twenty years. Some had rather expected that with the opening of navigation money would have become somewhat tighter but this has not proved to be the case, as there is comparatively little freight moving either on the ocean or inland routes. Should there be good general crops, rates for money will likely stiffen up towards the end of August. Just how hard some of the banks must be finding it to show big profits may be gathered from the fact that the Bank of Montreal, always considered the leader, for the past six months had to be satisfied with over \$60,000 less profit than in the corresponding period last year.

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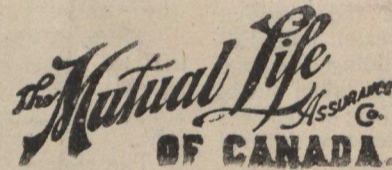
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FOR THE CHILDREN

SPRING—A FAIRY TALE

By C. M. Embree

ONCE upon a time, Spring woke in the early dawn, and said to her mother, "mother may I get up and go out to play? I am so tired of lying in bed," but wise Mother Nature said, "not yet my dear child, do you not hear old King Winter still raging on the hills? If your war-god Prince Sun were here with his regiment of little yellow beams, armed with their shining arrows, you might go, but he has not yet appeared, so lie down and go to sleep again like a good child." So saying old Mother Nature turned over for another nap.

Spring lay quite still for a while and tried to do as her mother had said, but by and by the little pussy-willows that had been sleeping cuddled in her arms, began to purr loudly and push their furry yellow noses from under the blankets, so Spring jumped out of bed and looked at the clock. "The first of April," she exclaimed, "why that's not very early. Mother must have been mistaken. She is getting old, however, and does not know as much as I do." Then she crept softly about the room putting on her beautiful new green gown, with all her splendid jewels of bright yellow but-tercups, silvery sprays of hawthorne, turquoise blue violets, coral apple blossoms, and ruby-red tulips. Around her neck she placed an emerald wreath with pearly-pink mayflowers peeping through the leaves and in her dusky hair a shadowy, white moonflower. Then she drew around her shoulders a long cloak of shimmering misty grey, buttoned with golden daffodils. On her little pink feet she fastened her shoes of dark green velvety moss; then gathering her army, she stole softly out, and marched away towards the snow-covered hills where old King Winter reigned.

Very brave looked Spring's little army as they marched gaily through the woods. First comes Spring with her bodyguard of bristling pussy-willows, then the flags with banners proudly waving in the breeze. Next comes the band of trumpet lilies, Indian pipes, and bluebells. Then the long lines of grass in green uniform and bearing their sharp bright blades, followed by the flower brigade clad in bright colours.

As she tripped along, Spring called to her army, "Who will sing a song of Spring?" and the fluffy little pussies piped shrilly "Pussy-will-ow! Pussy-will-ow!"

Away off on the hills, old King Winter saw Spring coming, and grew white with rage. Putting his bugle to his lips, he blew a loud fierce blast, and at the summons his trusty war-gods came hurrying forth. Jack Frost, with his army of keen cruel little nippers, and the fierce north wind with his millions of little white imps. And alas for poor Spring! With a roar like a thousand fiends they charged on her, and though the grass, with their sharp blades, fought bravely, Jack Frost's cruel little nippers, pinched and bit so savagely, they dropped their broken blades and fell dying to the ground. The pussy-willows came marching up, and the flower brigade drew their pistils but the north wind came down on them with his little white imps, and they were cut down in a few moments. When Spring saw that her brave army was gone, she turned and ran weeping over the hills, with a few poor draggled pussy-willows limping behind. She took off her soiled green gown, her splendid jewels were all gone, and the misty grey cloak was torn to shreds.



A "Rigglely-gigglely" Wheelbarrow Ride.

Gathering the wet, shivering, little pussies in her arms she crept back into bed, crying bitterly, "dear mother, you knew best after all."

And kind Mother Nature did not scold and say "I told you so," but clasped her tired, heart-broken little daughter to her soft warm breast, and kissing away her tears comforted her saying "Never mind, my daughter, Prince Sun will soon be here, then you shall go forth again and conquer your cruel enemy."

And outside the castle, old King Winter roared and laughed in triumph; the north wind shrieked and howled with delight; but the little white imps, feeling sorry for what they had done, made a beautiful snow-white winding sheet and spread it silently over the hill where Spring's brave army had fallen.

STORIETTES

"MISS MOLLY," the pleasant-faced teacher of the Vernon school, was having great difficulty teaching Jack to read. The new word was "cow" and she had exhausted her usual devices. At last, in reviewing the word, she wrote it in large letters on one part of the blackboard and in small letters at another place. Pointing to the large word she said: "Now, Jack, this is cow."

Then, placing her pointer on the small word, she asked: "Jack, what is this word?"

Quick as a flash came the response: "My golly, Miss Molly, it must be a calf."

MY wee girl said yesterday: "I'm going to change my doll's name, mamma. Annie don't suit—she is so shaky and loose. I'm going to call her Lucy, wouldn't you?"

GLADYS, aged six, would never eat pie-crust but would slyly hide the crust under the edge of her plate after having eaten the filling. One day her mamma saw her putting away the crust as usual, and thought to reprimand her by saying: "Oh, Gladys, mamma doesn't like little girls who do such things."

Whereupon Gladys said: "Well, mamma, I am saving it for the chickens. They like it and I don't, and they ought to have it, for they are better than I am; they lay eggs and I don't."

THE RAILWAY TRAIN

The railway train rolls by my door
With rattling, banging din,
And every trip tends more and more
To make my senses spin.
Such shocking tumult shakes the brain—
That awful, bumping, railway train.

Again it speeds in pounding haste,
Sounding quite off the track;
There seems a lot of steam to waste,
Mercy! it's coming back.
Those shrill toots agonise the ear—
I would it were not quite so near.

And yet I cannot bear to scold
Nor blame that engineer,
For he is only three years old,
So slam away, my dear.
Out in the hall enjoy your noise
And string of little iron toys.

—Woman's Home Companion.

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RODAHVER

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 16

O princess of the hills, and your just vengeance is in your hands. It will be a good fight, a fair fight; one prince of our house against two score hill-wolves!" He laid his hands upon the thick branches, looking back at her. "Will you call your hounds, or shall I?"

She dashed herself upon him, and tore his hands down. "They are coming," she panted desperately. "I can hear them in the thickets below. O prince, I know their hate, and I may save you from it. You have your sword. They will take you with ropes, and lead you through all the villages of the hills, and the women will spit upon you. I know their hate, and even I cannot turn it aside. But you have your sword and I—I have this! By the Holy Grave, it is the last of all roads; but will you dare to follow it if Rodahver shows the way?"

His voice came low in answer as the little dagger flashed in her hand. "When I laid my gift in your hand," he said, "you would not drink of that cup. Why, then, should I drink of yours?"

Her voice was as soft as the notes of the doves just settling to their sleep again in the apricot groves. "Because of my love, my lord—"

And his laughter answered her again. She heard the soft sucking of a wet sword drawn from the sheath, felt his arms about her. "Is there any road I would not tread?" he whispered, with his lips against her hair. "Is there any road I would not tread, so you trod it with me? We will walk that last road together, oh, my beloved."

And again: "Oh, bravest and most beautiful, the sting of steel is a little thing to save so much of shame. Yet without you I would have been but a coward clinging to life. For with you in life, how dared I leave it?"

"Be comforted, my lord," she breathed, "I led you on that road."

They clung together in utter silence for a while. Once he bent his head and murmured: "I have touched the buds of the red rose in my garden, O my dove, and I have touched your lips. Heart of my heart, I grow confused between them." But she laid her hand upon his mouth. "Hush," she whispered, "hush!" She thought of no escape other than by that last wild way, but wanted no words to break her happiness.

A gleam of red torch-light showed nearer and nearer through the sweet silence of the boughs. Rodahver raised her face with a sigh.

"I am a traitress to my people," she whispered, "but I am very happy. Kiss me yet once more. And follow me, my love."

Her hand was on high and the little blade flashed back the broken light, when his hand caught her wrist. "By the name of God," he hissed, "by the grave of my father, they are going another way!"

Her hand trembled downward into his; her heart beat fiercely. Slowly, the gleam of the torches faded again, slowly the rustling and the stealthy whispers passed. The birds settled yet once more in their nests, the wet grass sprang erect, the moths fluttered about the pale peach blossoms. He leaned toward her and spoke rapidly.

"Their horses are left at the foot of the slope, and to the south are the deserts. It is a desperate hope, and death will follow all the way. I was ready to follow you on your road, my queen, but a little while ago. Follow me now on mine!"

The hope of life was harder for her to face than the certainty of death. Dazed, she stared at him in the dusk. "I am no princess," she murmured helplessly. "I am only Rodahver, a hill-girl, a traitress, out-cast and foresworn."

"I am a poor man," he laughed gently, "I am only one Mohammed, the son of Tamuras. I have nothing but a sword and a wife, beloved. Will you follow this landless beggar till, by help of his wife and his sword, he may win strength out of confusion; out of danger, safety; out of war, peace?"

"Peace between your people and mine?" She leaned forward and touched the hilt of his sword. "I follow you always, my prince."

The embers of the White Tower glowed like a ruby upon the forehead of night, and a red star hung low above the deserts in the south. Together, hand in hand, they fled downward to the plain, and the boughs of the wild azaleas closed behind them.

The Baseball Craze

(Victoria Times.)

BASEBALL flourishes in the United States because it seems to be specially adapted to the temperament and the genius of the people of this American continent. It is taking root in Canada because the soil on the northern side of the imaginary line which "marks" the boundary is not essentially different from the soil on the southern side of the boundary. The professional athletes of Canada and the United States can play baseball every day and therefore amuse their patrons every day during such limited space of time as in this country can be set aside for amusement. Lacrosse players cannot play the game every day. There must be intervals for rest and recuperation. Cricket has never caught on in this country (more's the pity) for reasons that are not difficult to understand. So we as a nation are committed to baseball. But we do not think there is anything to be alarmed about on that account. Forms of recreation have little to do with forms of government. There is little danger of baseball undermining the Canadian constitution.

A Great Preacher

(Toronto News.)

IT is upwards of thirty years since Dr. Milligan accepted the pastorate of Old St. Andrew's, but his message has never grown stale. Rather has his preaching steadily increased in vigour and effectiveness. His pulpit is a spiritual dynamo. He acts as a positive moral tonic upon those who hear him. He equips men and women with new backbones. A profound student, he has never had to resort to sensationalism to draw the crowds. His church is always full, because he always has something to give—no diluted milk and water, but strong meat for adult needs. His forty-minute sermons are never long. He is a Thomas Carlyle in the pulpit, an Old Testament prophet with a twentieth century viewpoint. Year in and year out he hammers away at paramount truths until they become part of his people's consciousness. In his Isaiah-like moods he denounces formalism and subservience to the letter of the law.

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Heat the Biscuit in the oven to restore crispness, then cover with strawberries and serve with milk or cream, adding sugar to suit the taste. Try it for dessert in place of soggy white flour short-cake and other pastries. The Biscuit is equally delicious and wholesome with other berries or fresh fruits in season. Many persons who cannot eat strawberries or other fresh fruit without distress find them very nourishing and satisfying in combination with Shredded Wheat Biscuit. Our new illustrated cook book is sent free for the asking.

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A Newspaper Colonel

(Ottawa Journal)

TO Lieutenant-Colonel E. W. B. Morrison, D.S.O., the *Journal* begs to extend an assurance of its respectful regard. Colonel Morrison is a newspaper man of sorts, which, of course, must have helped from the beginning. By dint of sheer merit he shouldered himself into command of a Canadian battery in South Africa; saved his guns in none of the smartest rear-guard actions in the Boer war; should have been V. C. for that besides D.S.O., if the reports may be believed; wrote a book of the highest value to the Canadian man in the street who wishes to know what the Canadians were doing out there; organised a battery in and about Ottawa which from its beginning has been in the first rank of efficiency and advances now by proved attainment to the command of the Eighth Brigade of Canadian Field Artillery. All this in spite of the fact that as editor of the *Ottawa Citizen*, and in his civil capacity he has shown himself one of the shrewdest if most sympathetic critics of the detail of the policy of the Militia Department.

* * *

The Crises of Harvest

(London Advertiser.)

THIS is an anxious year for the Saskatchewan settlers, as it is for those of the neighbouring province to the west. Many of them are said to have been living on capital, spending their money on buildings or stock, confident that the resources of the country will yield a handsome return. They see reason to hope that the present high price of wheat will hold for some time to come, and as the railways are now in a better position to move the crop than ever before, the difficulty experienced in the past of getting their grain to market will be considerably lessened. Bumper crops in the west mean much to Eastern Canada, whence the settlers on the prairies get their machinery, implements, household furniture, etc. In fact, there are many interests in the eastern province dependent upon the western harvest, and never more than this season.

* * *

Not Jealous

(Edmonton Journal.)

IT is not difficult to discern that a great national exhibition held in Winnipeg would be of advantage to Alberta, nor that it would be a direct source of benefit to Edmonton. An exhibition such as Winnipeg contemplates, would be a highly effective agency for bringing the abounding resources and opportunities of Western Canada before the world. It would direct attention to the West as nothing else could, and would attract visitors in thousands from all quarters of the globe. It is highly probable that, after attending the exhibition and seeing the wonderful indications of progress in the capital of Manitoba, many of these tourists would visit the capital of Alberta, and might be induced to avail themselves of the opportunities that it offers, and to share in the work of developing the vast resources of the province.

* * *

Posthumous Renown

(St. Thomas Times.)

MANY a man is worth more dead than alive. That is, he is insured for a larger sum of money than he ever owned while alive, and the



MURAD TURKISH CIGARETTES

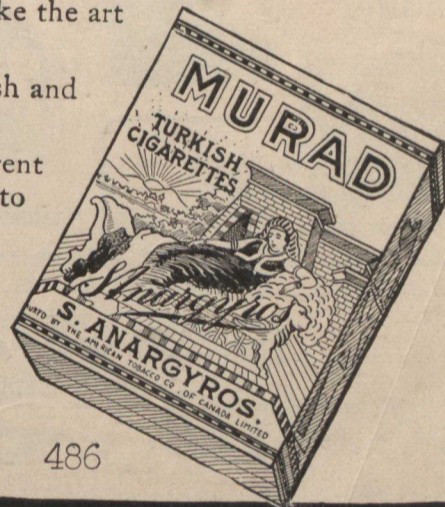
The art of blending cigarette tobacco is much like the art of blending colors in a picture.

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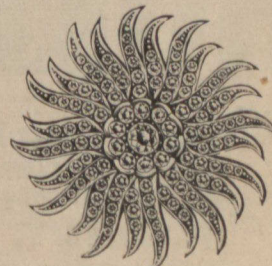
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one, two, or five thousand dollars paid over on his decease would have been a small fortune to him in life, and have changed the whole course of his career, whether for better or for worse is another question. But frequently, the death of the insured husband and father is the beginning of a new era of prosperity and marks a new status in society for the family of the deceased. What is true of a man in a monetary sense, sometimes is true also of the man of literary, artistic, scientific or other abilities. He may go through a life of struggle and hardship, down to an embittered and disappointed deathbed, denied that recognition for which he has worked and craved all his days. Then, some day he is "discovered"; the merit of his life work is at last recognised, and this posthumous recognition sometimes makes his name and works famous, if not immortal. The most familiar instance of this is the life and work of the poet Burns.

* * *

The Rats of Winnipeg

(Winnipeg Saturday Post.)

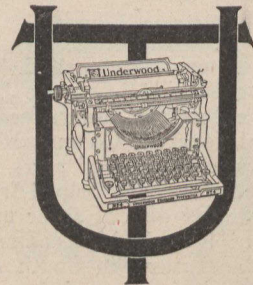
WHAT is the matter with Canada, in these later days, anyway? What is happening to our Anglo-Saxon character and nerves? Are we overworked and run-down, physically, or is the blood of Southern Europe at last getting in its fine work and sending us "up in the air" with a scream like a rocket, only that we may drop back to earth again, dead and disinterested as the rocket's stick? A few weeks ago, the whole nation was suffering from a terrible malady that might be described as Kinradeitis—caused by the Kinrade murder at Hamilton. A week or two later, this attack gave place to an epidemic of loyalty that shot into the skies of high heaven with a terrific screech that speedily died down to a sleepy murmur, mixed in with which the voice of Sedition could be plainly heard. To-day, the disease is Rats! In a week, public interest in this grim malady will be dead; the most excitable will yawn when the subject is mentioned; in a month, no house in Winnipeg will be complete without a few little grey boarders from the South—and by the end of the summer advanced young ladies will be trotting them down street, on a silver chain.

* * *

Farming in New Brunswick

(St John Telegraph.)

IT is said by some of our own people that the expansion of agriculture in New Brunswick to-day, while admittedly a work of tremendous importance, is one of almost hopeless difficulty because of our long winter, the lack of good farm labourers, and the small number of young New Brunswickers who are content to remain on the farms. These handicaps are being exaggerated in some quarters at a time when the farmers' market is exceptionally good. The market, indeed, is now fairly certain to remain good for a long period. The certain gain to be had by improved agricultural methods is much more widely realised in New Brunswick to-day than ever before. The outlook is good. Recognition of the needs of the province is clearer than ever, and the adoption of scientific methods will spread from every centre where they are introduced. A modern agricultural policy will be forced upon the local government. It will have to include liberal provision for agricultural education in connection with the University of New Brunswick.



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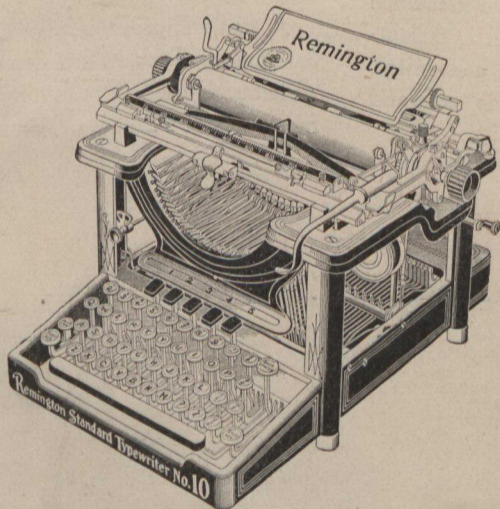
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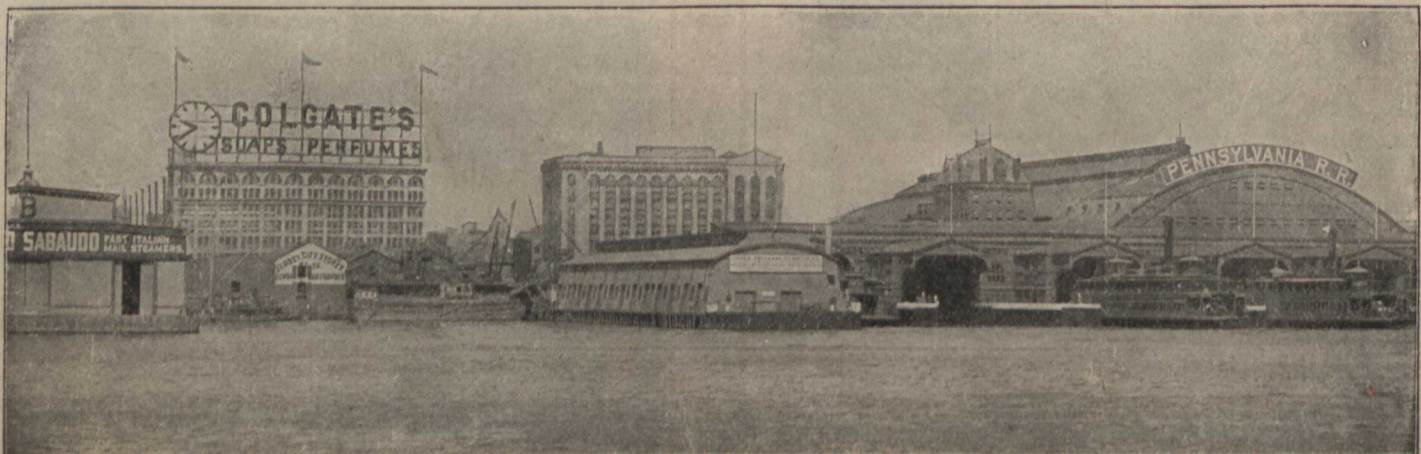
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