

The Canadian **C**ourier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



Four Simpson Suits at \$25⁰⁰

THESE illustrations show four suits which represent the garments as nearly as pen and ink can. They specify the type of suit we are offering this fall at \$25.00. Colors can be had in black, navy, brown, green and wine. Each garment is man-tailored.

Look at these suits. Do you know what they are? They are *exact* copies of New York models which sell down there at fifty and sixty dollars. Materials, finish, cut, style, lining—everything exactly the same.

Only a few of each, mind you. We keep the designs as exclusive as possible. But we have others. The choice at \$25.00 is the best Toronto ever had. These suits will be the talk of the season. You'll see if they won't.



No. 6039

No. 6039—Is a \$60.00 New York model, made of finest imported French Venetian cloth, extra long coat of Directoire effect, velvet collar and buttons to match collar, long Directoire back; skirt a flare, fastened down front with buttons and deep fold all round skirt. Special, \$25.00.



No. 6048

No. 6048 — A \$55.00 New York model, made of rich imported broadcloth. The coat is long, lined throughout with satin, handsomely braided back and front, collar with new fancy silk braiding, new effect. The skirt is a plain flare skirt with silk braiding around fold on skirt, trimmed with buttons down left side, a very dressy suit. Extra special, \$25.00.



No. 6047

No. 6047—Is a \$50.00 New York model, new tailored coat, extra long, lined throughout with satin, trimmed behind with buttons from waist down, and front as illustrated, bound with braid; skirt is a flare skirt, with new panel front, trimmed with buttons, an exceptionally smart suit. Special, \$25.00.



No. 6038

No. 6038—Is a \$55.00 New York model, very handsome coat, extra long, lined throughout with satin, fancy vest, trimmed with ornaments of braid and wide silk braiding on front and back, large flap pockets and sleeves; the skirt is flare skirt, trimmed with wide silk braid and ornaments—a very stylish suit. Special, \$25.00. These suits can be had in black, navy, brown, green and wine.

Any of the Hats shown in the above illustrations may be obtained from our Milliners'—First Floor.

THE ROBERT

SIMPSON

COMPANY, LIMITED

TORONTO

Never ask for "a bottle of ink." If you do, the dealer may give you a substitute for Stephens'. By insisting on having

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you obtain the most fluid & reliable ink in the world.

THE Canadian Courier

A NATIONAL WEEKLY

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Write for samples and measurement chart
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PUBLISHER'S TALK

THINKING over the winter campaign, we were led to wonder if our readers would help us with suggestions. The staff is not stale yet and we have a few ideas "up our sleeve," but we could use a few more. If there is a reader of the "Courier" with an idea in the back of his mind which he has been holding with a halter, we will be pleased to hear from him. And not only from him, but her—for we desire to have the confidence and good-will of our women readers as well as of our men readers.

OF course, ideas are valuable. They are worth a year's subscription, or a five-dollar gold piece, perhaps. Don't for a moment think we would accept a good idea, sent on request, and not pay for it. We recognise that ideas are valuable. A Big Idea should meet with a Big Reward.

DURING the past few weeks, several hundred British Columbia subscribers have been added to our list. We wish it had been several thousand, but we are not without hope. Our Mr. Edward Clarke is in charge of the campaign, and we commend him to the several thousand new subscribers whom he and his men will add in the next few months. The campaign has been moving westward and eastward. Vancouver and Charlottetown are now the storm-centres. In short, we have now a staff in every province.



Wilson's Invalids' Port
(A la Quina du Perou)

A Preventive of Nervous Troubles

BIG BOTTLE ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

103

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The rare delicacy of bouquet which is found only in genuine Douro Port Wine, apart from its medicinal properties, makes it not only acceptable to the tired invalid but almost a necessity in private homes.

When ordering insist on having.

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THE THIEL

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ONE YEAR'S GROWTH

The strength of a bank is tested by its ability to successfully weather financial storms.

The strength of a Life Company is tested by its ability to grow in "hard times."

Last year the New Business of

The Mutual Life Assurance Co. OF CANADA.

amounted to \$7,081,402, a gain over 1906 of \$1,577,855, bringing up the total insurance in force to \$51,091,848, a gain over 1906 of \$4,179,440—and yet the operating expenses were just about the same as last year.

The Company also made substantial gains over 1906—in Assets, \$1,271,255; in Reserves, \$966,221; in Income, \$171,147, and in Surplus, \$300,341.

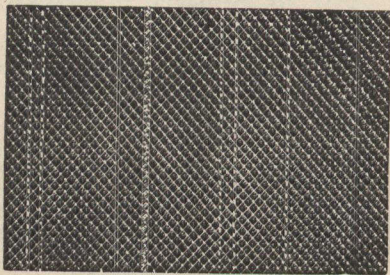
Agencies in all the principal Towns and Cities in Canada.

HEAD OFFICE . . . WATERLOO, ONT.

SUITS THAT RETAIN THEIR DRESSINESS

And return you all you want in the matter of style, fit, finish and length of service. It is not surprising that our clothing possesses all the good qualities demanded by men. We pay particular attention to every detail. We employ expert cutters, finishers, makers, examiners, whose sole business it is to see that every suit is a top notch one. So careful are we in the selection of material and pattern, so well do we look to the quality and making of the cloth, so particular are we in the manufacture of our suits that we could not give you any but a first-class garment if you wanted one.

CHOOSE THE PATTERN AND PRICE THAT PLEASURES YOU



12.50
ENGLISH
WORSTED

E3-96. Men's Suits, pattern as shown above. This is an imported English worsted, a 20-oz. fabric, smooth finished surface, a dark grey ground with a narrow thread stripe of purple and brown, making a very pretty combination. They are made up in good stylish garments, with fine Italian cloth linings, style as cut E3-95. Sizes 36 to 44. **12.50**

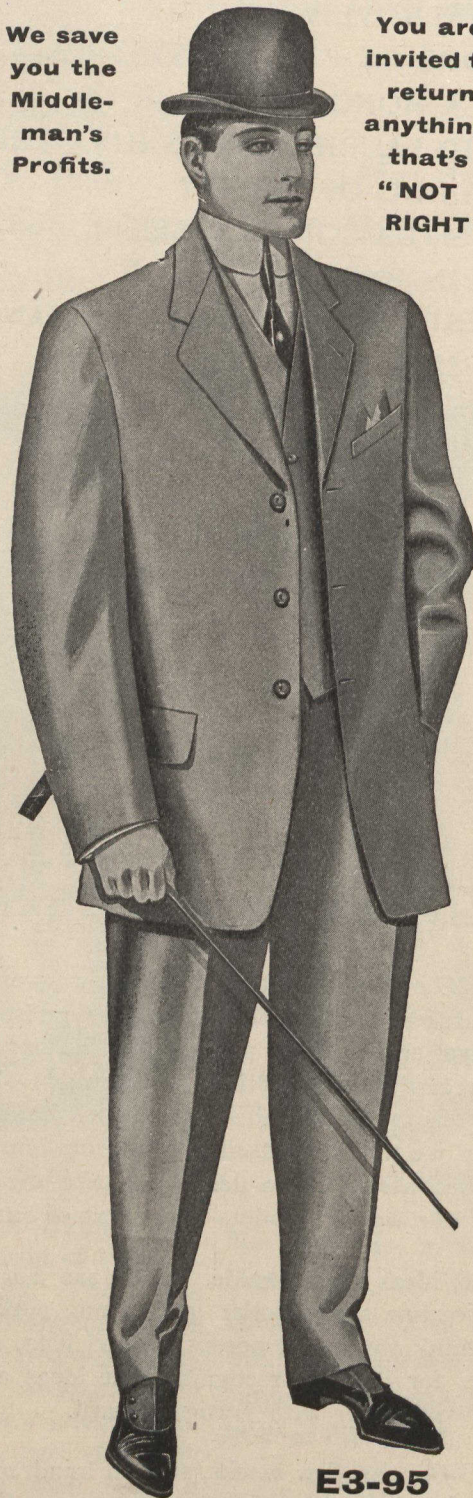
The Liberal Guarantee which accompanies every sale made from this store by mail gives you the utmost assurance of satisfaction. If you find the style, fit, finish, material, value or anything else not what our descriptions lead you to expect of the goods return them to us at once and we will refund your money and pay all transportation charges. No need for you to remain unsatisfied with such a guarantee as this to back up the goods. If anything is not right we speedily make it right. Do not fail to consider the advantages our Mail Order Service offers you. You always can save something on the price and receive a better class of goods. Your orders are filled without delay by people who are trained in the work of selecting to please the customer.



18.00
21-OZ.
WORSTED

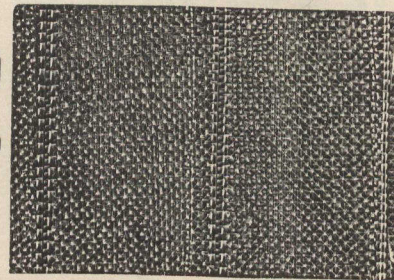
E3-99. Extra well made and fashionably tailored suits, made from a 21-oz. fine mill finished, West of England Worsteds. The ground of the material is dark brown, and it has pin stripes of purple and green about 1 inch apart, the collars are hand padded and felled on by hand, shrunk duck and haircloth interlinings, fine quality of twilled Italian linings, style as cut E3-95. Sizes 36 to 44. **18.00**

We save you the Middle-man's Profits.



You are invited to return anything that's "NOT RIGHT"

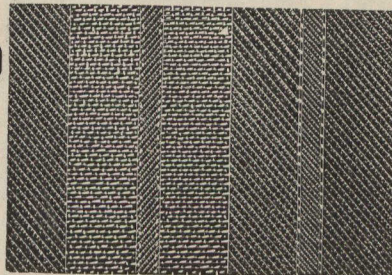
E3-95



15.00
IMPORTED
WORSTED

E3-97. Heavy Imported Worsteds Suits, 23-oz. material, made in Huddersfield, England. This comes in fashionable striped pattern, the ground is green, brown and black mixture, with thread stripes of purple and green one inch apart. This is a stylish single breasted sack suit, it is extra well made and lined, has shrunk duck interlinings and haircloth fronts which makes it retain its shape. Style as cut E3-95 **15.00**

The prices vary only because of the number of ounces the cloth weighs to the yard. The material is made to our specification. That is, our buyer goes direct to the mills in the old land and there he is shown designs of patterns such as fashion says will be the correct thing for the next season. He notes carefully the texture, the weaving, the weight to the yard. If he is satisfied that he has found a common-sense pattern and a reliable quality of cloth, the price is asked, and an order given for hundreds or thousands of yards according as the pattern is likely to be popular. Observe that the goods must be right before there is any mention of price.



20.00
FANCY
WORSTED

E3-100. Extra choice imported West of England colored worsteds Suits, in this season's newest designs, a 21-oz. fabric, this comes in a black ground, with Celtic woven 1/2 inch stripes, and colored thread stripes 1 1/4 inches apart, which makes up into a very stylish suit, the interlinings are of extra quality, with good linings of black silk, tailored extra well, collars are felled on by hand and hand padded, perfect fitting, style as cut E3-95. Sizes 36 to 44. **20.00**

SEE OTHER STYLES, PATTERNS AND PRICES IN OUR NEW FALL CATALOGUE

This new Fall Catalogue is sent free of charge for the asking. All you need to do is write a postal card saying "Send me your new Fall Catalogue" and you will receive it by return mail. It has many other items of interest for men. You will find pages of underwear, neckwear, boots and shoes, fur-lined and fur coats, overcoats, besides a large display of watches and jewelry. Besides, the catalogue shows all kinds of household goods, furniture, mattresses, beds, stoves, tinware, graniteware, chinaware.

<p>THE FIT, THE STYLE, THE PRICE, THE WEAR— PLEASES YOU.</p>	<p>THE T. EATON CO. TORONTO - - - CANADA</p>	<p>FALL CATALOGUE SENT FREE WRITE FOR IT</p>
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The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

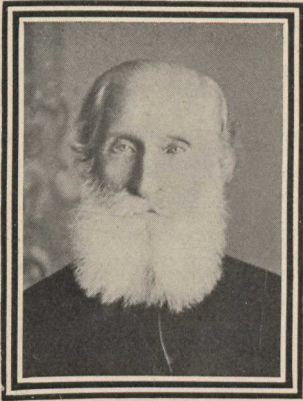
Subscription: \$4.00 a Year.

Vol. IV.

Toronto, September 19th, 1908.

No. 16

IN THE PUBLIC VIEW



Hon. R. W. Scott,
Late Secretary of State.

SECRETARY OF STATE Hon. R. W. Scott, who retires from the Dominion Cabinet to make room for Mr. Charles Murphy, is at least indirectly one of the most celebrated men in Canada. Other men have retired from the Cabinet with more measures to their credit; but the Scott Act, which for many years has been the bulwark of the Canadian temperance party, stands as the monument to the Secretary of State. Hon. Mr. Scott has been in the Cabinet since its formation in 1896. He has been in public life for more than half a century; was Mayor of Ottawa in 1852 and in the first Ontario general election after Confederation he was elected member for Ottawa in the Ontario Legislature. For ten years he remained in the

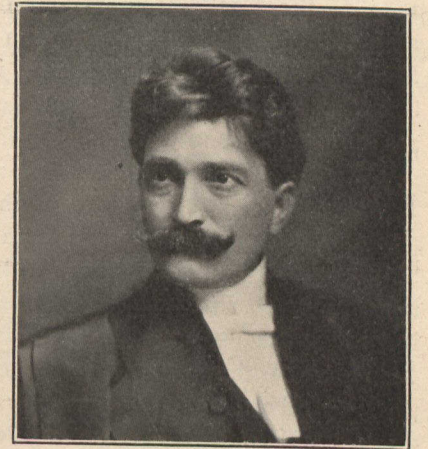
Ontario House, holding successively the office of Speaker and Commissioner of Crown Lands. Under the Mackenzie regime he became Secretary of State for the Dominion in 1874, in which year also he became a Senator. The following year he introduced the famous Scott Act.

* * *

SIR WILFRID LAURIER is now into the itinerary of his fourth campaign as Premier of Canada. He is now holding meetings in Ontario. Tuesday of this week he opened the Ontario tour by a meeting at Niagara Falls, which as the real seat of "power" for Ontario Conservatives would be hard to equal as a place to promulgate sound Liberal doctrine. Saturday of this week he took a trip to Strathroy. This town is famous in political history as the old fighting ground of the Hon. G. W. Ross. There are Grits enough in Strathroy to elect anybody of that stripe—and they are the real, thorough-paced kind that know what Celtic oratory is like, for they have heard it for a generation. Now they have had a taste of the Latin style, which is more sonorous and stately, and in the case of Sir Wilfrid much less perfervid than the Celtic. Even the editor of the *Globe* would have a hard time making Gaelic go down in Strathroy. Next Monday the Premier talks in Tilbury, which is one of those border towns that divide counties—midway between Essex and Kent. The sort of reception the Premier gets there may be judged by the fact that Tilbury is the largest mainly-French town in that part of western Ontario—barring Windsor, which is too near Detroit and too far from Pain Court. Now Pain Court is the celebrated French settlement of western Ontario. Its dependencies, Big Point and Belle River and Puce, are all as French as Sorel. The French of the St. Clair raise good corn and beans and the best of tobacco; and they love oratory. Once when Mr. T. L. Pardo, ex-M.P.P. for West Kent was campaigning in that part, some of the French were wildly enthusiastic in the belief that he was a Frenchman—because his name ended with "eau." At Clinton, in Huron County, there are a large number of loyal Grits; and when Sir Wilfrid speaks there on September 23rd he will be able to see what Scotch-Canadians look like, quite as well as when he gets down to Glengarry later in the month.

Moreover, at Jackson's Point the Premier will entertain his friends from Tory Toronto, who like his oratory better than his politics.

So that Sir Wilfrid has chosen as diversified an Ontario tour as he could have got outside the large centres. He has chosen to address the yeomanry. To thousands of these he has never been more intimate than a portrait or a cartoon. For the first time they have had an opportunity of looking at and hearing the voice of a man who in his political and platform personality is surely the greatest in Canada. Sir Wilfrid's oratory may be less impassioned than it was in the days before "the snows of winter" got into his head. But it is still the Pierian spring; still the noble and dignified utterance that by its music and its form suggests the eloquence of the Roman forum and eliminates the petty bigotries and aspersions of party politics. There is that about the Premier which makes him a larger man than a party. At the Tercentenary the man was profoundly in evidence; the stately dignity that had no vain desire for empty plaudits and ignored the floral offerings of a multitude—satisfied to be known as the French Premier of Canada. Independent of elections, Sir Wilfrid is a great Canadian; a man who would do honour to any civilised country and government in the world. His tour in English-speaking Ontario may be the last he will ever undertake; but to many thousands of the sober toilers of a practical province the man Sir Wilfrid, disengaged from the toils of a Premiership, has been one of those rare delectations such as come from reading good books and looking at fine pictures. Other men might have spoken as convincingly as Sir Wilfrid about the Grand Trunk Pacific, Civil Service reform and the enlargement of provincial boundaries. But when it comes to "the snows of winter" and the personal desire to serve his country at least one more term, before like Simeon he repeats his "Nunc Dimittis," it is possible for even a Conservative to forget that there is such an institution as graft. When Sir Wilfrid decides to make his last speech it will be set down in the annals that in his person Canada laid claim to a man who, while he wrought not in government better than he knew, yet was able to inspire Canadians with the spectacle of real individual greatness.



Mr. M. G. Larochelle,
French Commissioner of the Civil Service.

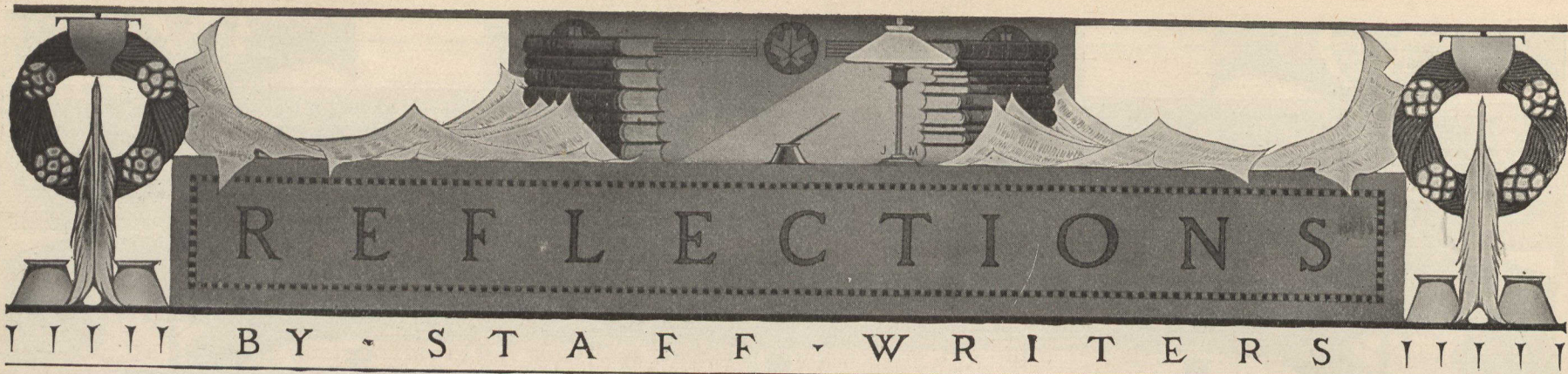
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MR. Michel G. Larochelle, French Commissioner of the Civil Service and confrere of Prof. Shortt, is a prominent Montreal barrister, who for many years has been interested in labour matters. He was born in Sorel and studied law with Sir Wilfrid Laurier in Arthabaskaville; for two years was private secretary to Sir Wilfrid; in 1895 was appointed recorder of St. Henri; was once unsuccessful candidate for the Quebec Legislature and in 1897 was offered the nomination in the Dominion House for Richelieu. He is a lawyer, editor and politician; an eloquent speaker and possessed of rare judicial acumen of intellect; a man of dignity and of justice; of great courtesy to his friends and of fair play to his enemies. He was made a K.C. in 1903 and has long been a close student of economics.



A Disaster at Brantford.—A Gas Explosion wrecked several buildings, killed two people and injured several others.

PHOTOGRAPH BY STEDMAN BROS.



THE NEW PROVINCE

SUGGESTIONS may or may not be valuable, but that made by our Montreal correspondent concerning the new province is worth discussing. He would unite the three Maritime Provinces, add that portion of Quebec north of New Brunswick and south of the St. Lawrence, and round it out with Newfoundland. The leading men of the East are in favour of the scheme, though they hesitate about coming out boldly in an advocacy of it. The Hon. A. B. Morine, Mr. Fielding's opponent in the coming election, is advocating bringing in Newfoundland in order to settle the fishery disputes. Thus an imperial reason is found for the creation of the new province.

The maritime interests of all these territories are identical. Fisheries play a large part in the life of each, including the Gaspé peninsula. Newfoundland's iron ore is now sent mainly to Nova Scotia and thus furnishes another tie. Newfoundland territory is contiguous to the two St. Lawrence routes to Liverpool and Canada is even more vitally interested in these routes than Great Britain or Newfoundland. There are a dozen other reasons and a score of possible advantages.

One of the greatest difficulties in the way is that Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland, being divided by water from the mainland, might find travel between these islands and a mainland capital rather trying during the winter months. A tunnel to Prince Edward Island would overcome the difficulty with that portion of the new province. In Newfoundland's case, an ice-breaker at North Sydney and a good port at some point on the Gaspé coast would probably obviate much of the objection. The sentimental objections to sinking historical independence in a larger organisation will be more difficult to deal with, but they should not be insurmountable.

The idea is at least worth serious consideration. The public men of these provinces should discuss the question in a broad way, with an eye on what is best in the national and imperial interests.

A SHOCKING YOUNG LADY

ALL the nice people in Canada who wear dress suits and low-necked dresses and who talk glibly of the latest opera and the newest musical comedy or melodrama, were rudely shocked last week by a certain young lady. Her name is Miss Clyde Darrow, who came over from the United States with a party of burlesquers and who was promptly interviewed by her press-agent for the sake of the advertisement. That a burlesque actress should be interviewed for respectable newspapers is rather a novelty, but it was done. And this is what she is said to have said: "In the society dramas of to-day nothing succeeds without indecency, suggestiveness or bald lewdness." As if this were not enough she added that the lives of the performers are simpler and cleaner in burlesque than in any other branch of the stage and that there was seldom an indecent speech or a profane word in their shows. Then she wound up: "For real respectability, give me burlesque." How shocking!

Nevertheless, it seems too true that our "legitimate" stage is steadily degenerating. The leading actors and actresses regret this as much as the wiser part of the public. With Salome dances, directoire skirts and sheath stockings, the coming season promises to give us as much of the "lewd" flavour as the wickedest amongst us may desire. If the churches, instead of holding aloof and taking no interest in the stage, were to attend the performances and "black list" those that are improper, the progress of the drama might be reversed. If the church, including both lay and clerical members, refuses to perform this function, then it must continue to experience a relaxing hold over the younger generations. Leaving the question of morality and immorality on the stage to a police officer, no matter

how honest and upright he may be, is the veriest nonsense. A police officer was created to enforce law not morals.

A RUNAWAY STOCK MARKET

STOCKS have steadily gained in value on the stock market since the opening of the year and it begins to look as if unnatural inflation and unnatural depression were regular stock-market conditions. Wisdom is a quality which that institution seems to lack in a most marked degree. For example, Mexican Power has risen from 47 at the end of September to 74 at the present time; Rio Janeiro from 34 to 65; and Sao Paulo from 110 to 155. These are the three Central and South American stocks which have been managed from Canada. Canadian Pacific Railway has risen from 154 to 174 in the same period; Canadian General Electric from 94 to 105; Mackay, common from 54 to 68; Winnipeg Electric from 125 to 167; Canada Permanent from 112 to 138; and Sault Railway from 81 to 123. These nine stocks show an average increase of 26½ points, a most astonishing and unnatural rise in values. The bank stocks have been steady with a slight and reasonable increase; the steel and coal stocks have reflected their peculiar conditions by remaining stationary, and most of the other stocks have acted as if the brokers had decided to leave the fixing of their values to real investors. Mining stocks are on the up grade. Some of these increases in quotations are based upon new explorations and discoveries, but some are due entirely to manipulation. Cobalt is producing more genuine metal than it ever did and a Cobalt boom was to be expected.

There is little to be gained by giving advice to brokers and stock manipulators. Bulling and bearing stocks is their business. They rush prices up and up until the public begin to purchase and speculate freely; then they send them down with an equal rush so that the process may be repeated. The public, however, should benefit by advice and perhaps a retrospect of this nature may enable them to see what is going on. Brokers and bankers, as usual, have a large quantity of stocks on hand during a depression or panic, since they only are left to support the market. As soon as the depression is over, they must run prices up to secure a favourable price for the unloading on the public. This unloading has now begun. The advice is being daily passed around: "The market will go higher." Nevertheless it has already gone quite as high as present industrial and commercial conditions warrant. The winter of 1908-1909 will not be one of the happiest seasons, for there is a large percentage of the working class which is unemployed. Probably thirty-three per cent. of the skilled and unskilled labourers of Canada will be more or less unemployed this winter. The worst is over, but normal conditions do not return except after a lengthy period of readjustment.

GROWING INTEREST IN PICTURES

THAT there is a growing interest in good pictures is amply shown by the interest taken in the art displays in connection with this year's exhibitions in Winnipeg and Toronto. That of Winnipeg was in charge of Mr. Edward O'Brien of Montreal, and included oils by Reid, Harris, Brymner, Cullen, Frauchere, Dyonnet, Gagnon, Auerbach, Boyd, Clapp and others; water colours by Atkinson, Chavignaud, Matthews, Way, Martin and Morris. All these are Canadian. In addition there was a collection of oils by A. Suzor Cote, "Hors Concour" of the Salon, and a loan collection of works by old masters. The latter included canvases by Corot, Henner, Dietrich, Denner and others less known to fame. In all, there were 222 pictures shown.

In Toronto, the collection was not quite so large but was selected more broadly, perhaps. Twenty-eight pictures were brought from Great Britain and eighteen from France. The British pictures were selected by Mr. Temple, curator of the Guildhall Gallery, London,

and the French pictures by an art committee in Paris. The Gallery itself and the Canadian collection were under control of the Ontario Society of Artists and the Art Committee of the Exhibition Association. It is estimated that more than 400,000 people visited the Gallery during the ten days it was opened, which is undoubtedly a record for Canadian picture shows.

EXTEND ITS SPHERE

THE question of extending the sphere of the civil service reform movement is a work to which the "Canadian Courier" has decided to devote some attention. Its editor has been a strong advocate of the movement for many years and it is but natural that his work in this direction should be continued by the "Courier" staff.

There are two directions in which extensions are necessary; first, the Dominion Act should be broadened to include the outside service; second, the various provincial civil services should be placed upon an independent basis—so that no politicians may appoint friends, relatives or supporters to any office whatever. The *Toronto Star* has also declared in favour of these two extensions, as the following quotation shows:

"We hope that the working of the system will be so satisfactory that it will be ultimately extended to the outside civil service. It is the outside service that comes in contact with the public, and that may be tempted to use the influence of the Government for partisan purposes. Very important duties, for instance, devolve upon the officials who have to report upon the doing of homestead duty, and these duties ought to be performed without a suspicion of partisan bias. The Dominion Government has now shown its desire to carry out the law in good faith, and the example ought to be followed in Ontario and the other provinces. It is fully as important that the provincial service shall be freed from patronage and other partisan evils as that the remedy shall be applied to the Dominion civil service."

SIR WILFRID LAURIER AT SOREL

THE Premier has opened his campaign in a speech of characteristic political tact and brilliancy. The address to men of his own race found expression in terms with which no Ontario citizen could be offended. He frankly admitted his pride in his achievements as a son of Quebec but said no word which might be regarded as an appeal to race prejudice. The few papers which endeavoured to make any part of his address into a racial "cry" have failed in such a useless attempt. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, even among his French-Canadian brethren, never forgets that he is a Canadian—the chosen First Minister of a vast Dominion.

The audience at Sorel was an interesting spectacle to any Ontario visitor. When Sir Wilfrid Laurier appears upon the platform of Massey Hall, Toronto, there is a wild outburst of cheering, while hats are raised and handkerchiefs fluttered in a fashion thrilling to behold. When Sir Wilfrid is the guest of honour at a Toronto banquet, the enthusiasm is such as would lead the uninitiated stranger to believe that Toronto puts in five Liberals by acclamation. At Sorel, there was little shouting or cheering, for such is not the custom of the Province of Quebec. There was little vociferation as the speech proceeded, but as point after point was elucidated, as the policy of the Premier was made luminous, the eyes of one listener would seek those of his neighbour, while slow smiles and grave nods would be exchanged. A certain Ontario observer afterwards made the somewhat surprising remark that the audience, in its quiet and sophisticated appreciation, reminded him of a Scottish congregation of the old school, following a well-known minister as he proceeds from "firstly" to an ordered conclusion. It seems a far cry from the "auld kirk" silence to a political meeting on the St. Lawrence, but there is evidently more significance in the nod at Sorel than the clamour at Toronto. We have become accustomed to speak of the Anglo-Canadian as stolid and of the French-Canadian as mercurial; but a political audience in the Province of Quebec "gives us to think."

AUSTRALIA AND THE UNITED STATES FLEET

THE account of receptions to the United States fleet in Auckland and Melbourne is gratifying to all lovers of peace and commercial prosperity. There is no question that an understanding between the greatest modern republic and the largest empire will go far towards making smaller states feel secure. The people of New Zealand and Australia appear to have greeted the officers and men of the United States navy with an enthusiasm which surprises some editors in the neighbouring republic, who account for the antipodean

warmth in various ways. It must be considered that of late years the Oriental labourer has given Australia a race problem which has recently assumed unpleasant proportions. San Francisco, Seattle and Los Angeles, on the Pacific coast of the United States, would probably find readier comprehension of their Oriental complications in Melbourne or Sydney than in Philadelphia or Boston. There is little use in the man who has never actually faced a "colour question" talking in an academic fashion about its solution. The Australians merely become exasperated when some British Member of Parliament of the stripe of Mr. Kipling's *Pagett* talks sagaciously and exhaustively of the Oriental brother as a competitor in the Australasian market.

However, the United States citizen, especially if he be from the West, is expected to understand just how Australia feels on the matter of yellow interference. Since the Russo-Japanese War, the feeling has become more acute and the cheers which greeted the United States marines were six for Uncle Sam and half-a-dozen for Anglo-Saxon dominance in the Pacific. It was good to the Melbourne or Auckland merchant to see white sailors marching through the streets and manning huge vessels which meant to the Australasian a spectacle of power for the benefit of the Mikado's subjects. The visit of the republican navy has led some of King Edward's subjects in the Pacific to desire a similar glimpse of a line of British men-of-war. In the words of a versifier in a British journal:

"He thought he saw the British fleet
Drawn up in long array;
He looked again and saw it was
The ships of U. S. A.
'I wonder Mother's ships,' he said,
'Don't advertise this way.'"

A DEAL IN DIAMONDS

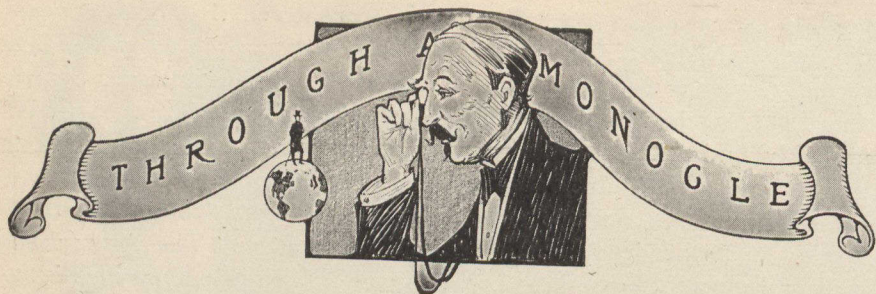
CANADA does not manifest an overwhelming interest in diamonds, for matters of daily need are too much in the minds of her citizens for such luxuries to be taken into consideration. Yet we read of the fraud practised by the professed chemist, Henri Lemoine, with the degree of interest which such pretenders usually excite. The manufacture of diamonds is a favourite subject with the teller of tales. When the small boy first learns that coal and the diamond are carbonic cousins, he naturally wonders why the manufacture of the gem has not met with shining success. Yet the missing link between anthracite and the diamond seems still to be among the undiscovered benefits.

Lemoine promised to produce large diamonds by chemical process and thereupon obtained large sums of money to build a factory. Several small diamonds were produced but there was a total failure to manufacture any of the promised dimensions. When the former products were examined experts declared that they were not artificial and, in some instances, traced them to the source from which they had been purchased.

Lemoine had deposited in an English bank an envelope containing the magic formula, but before the letter was opened in court the alchemist had disappeared. The contents of the letter revealed nothing which was not already known to scientists and those who trusted to Lemoine for vaster diamonds than have been are now furnishing amusement for the French public. The presence of Lemoine is requested by several of the courts, while Amsterdam rejoices that the manufacture of such monstrous diamonds as the Koh-i-noor or the Cullinan is indefinitely postponed.

BUSH FIRES

THE recent drought has been the cause of much distress, especially in the forest regions. Only those who have known the anxiety which comes to the community surrounded by bush fires can understand the peculiar stress suffered in Muskoka and along the St. Lawrence during the last three weeks. The farmer who has given a lifetime of toil and planning that his homestead and broad fields may be a worthy heritage sees a distant line of smoke, or a lurid sky which threatens destruction of all that he has won from the soil. The ancients regarded the household flame as sacred, guarding the fires which symbolised a city's foundation and a state's development. But sometimes the very element which signifies domestic peace and comfort turns into a hideous, devouring enemy, against which modern machinery seems a puny force. "Rain" has been the one cry from the anxious watchers and only autumn showers can bring relief.



IT is no wonder that the Europeans call the Americans—and, to a lesser degree, the Canadians when they know us at home—a wastefully extravagant people; for they see us chiefly in our hotels. Now, if there be a wasteful institution in the world, it is a good hotel run on "the American plan." I have just been staying in one at Atlantic City, which, for some occult reason, classed itself in my mind with another hotel in which I lived once in Rome. Both hotels were admirably run and patronised by a very fine sort of people. As nearly as possible, I should say that they were on the same level. Yet the American hotel cost me nearly twice as much as the Italian. Nor was the reason far to seek. It was not in the cost of food; for heavy taxation makes that higher in Italy. Service at Atlantic City is coloured, good, and cheap—the best hotel service on this continent, and no more expensive than that in Rome. The hotels were very much alike in furnishings, roomy public salons and smoking-rooms, and the like. The difference lay in the bills-of-fare.

* * *

WHILE talking of this point one morning at breakfast at Atlantic City, I counted the items on our menu card. They ran to seventy-seven. Not all of them were necessarily ready in advance, and so wasted if not called for; but quite a few of them were. This menu, remember, was table d'hôte, and not merely a restaurant card to be ordered from. Now the Rome hotel had no menu. At breakfast, you got tea or coffee or chocolate and rolls—the European breakfast. Of course, this comparison is hardly fair; but the dinner contrast is. At Atlantic City, there was enough on the menu for ten distinct dinners; at Rome, there was only one which was served, item by item, without question, to all the guests. But it was enough. In fact, it was a banquet. However, there was only one soup, one sort of fish, one entree, one roast, one fowl possibly, two desserts served together. Everybody had identically the same dinner. He could not pick and choose. Yet, so well was it chosen and prepared, that everybody was delighted.

* * *

THUS it becomes evident at a glance why the American hotel must charge double its mate in Rome. It cooks an immense amount of food to go to waste. Then the American system encourages wastefulness in ordering. People order three dishes when their appetites will only accommodate the contents of one; but they devote the space to "tastes" from all three. Thus they waste at least as much food as they eat. The frugal European, with bitter poverty all about him, calls this wasteful. And he does not like to pay for it even when money is not much of an object with him. Moreover, he thinks that that is no way to treat a Christian stomach. He employs expensive experts in the high art of catering to the human appetite; and these experts send in him a succession of dishes which should follow each other. They do not leave it to his chance whim, which may so easily lead to over-loading and satiety—and dyspepsia—but they reduce dining to a science. One dish prepares the way for the next. Thus the European gets a more intelligently chosen dinner for half the money.

* * *

THERE are other things that I would like to see American hotel-keepers learn from Europe. For instance, the richly carpeted bedroom floor might well be replaced by the highly polished hardwood floor of the European hotel. A few rugs supply all the softness and warmth that is needed. Then there is the long upper sheet which folds half-way back over the bed-quilts, thus insuring that the quilts and blankets which other people have used shall never by any accident get anywhere near your face. They are already learning to use the two small beds for a double-bedded room instead of one large one. As for the American people, they must learn to "tip" systematically and conscientiously before they will enjoy the benefits of that method of paying personal servants and so cease to grumble at the "annoyance" of it. At present, the servants will not trust them to "tip" fairly as they are leaving the hotel, for the good reason that they are not to be trusted. They do not realise that the "tip" is a

debt of honour. The consequence is that the average American waiter now tries to compel an early "tip" by neglect, instead of trying to earn a good one at parting by assiduous service. But the Americans are learning even this. At the hotel I have just been staying at, they have a regular clientele; and there is no pressure for "tips" from the servants. They trust the patrons of the house to do the decent thing.

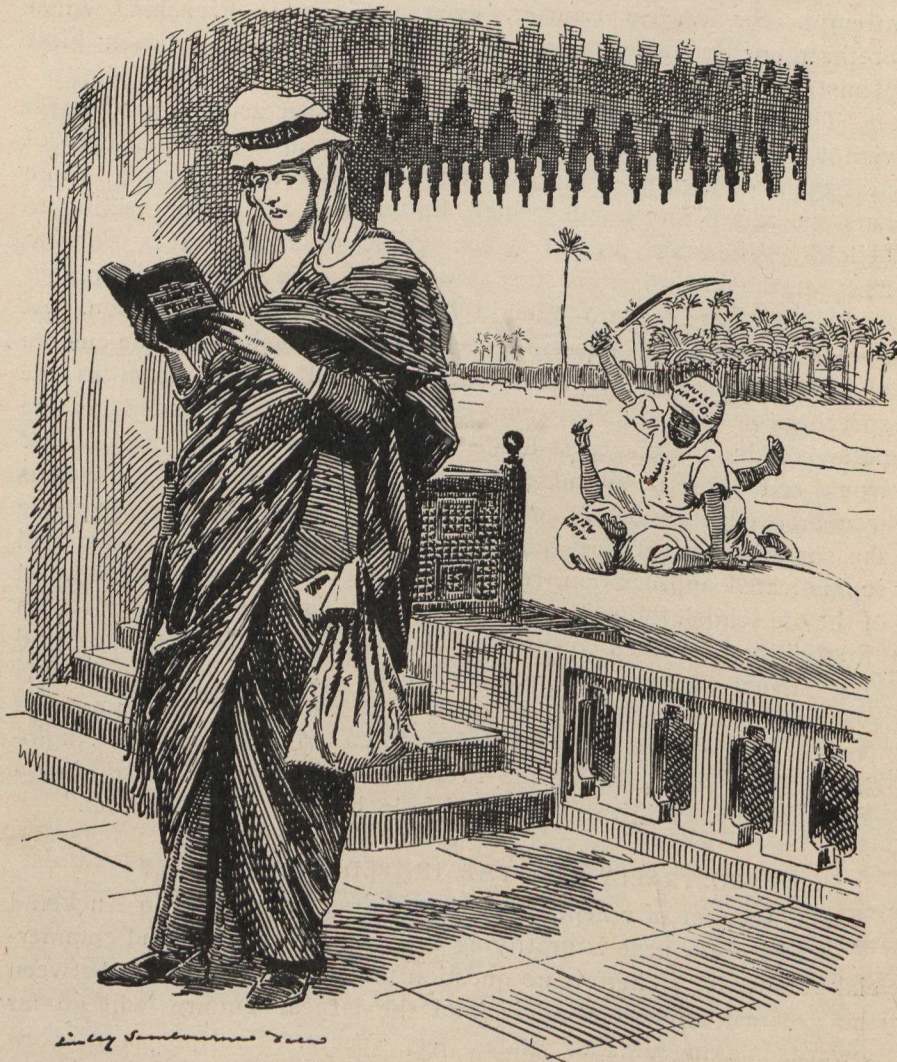
* * *

THE expensiveness of our hotels keeps many Europeans of moderate means from visiting this continent. A Vienna gentleman who travelled freely in Europe said to me once: "I would like very much to see America, but I cannot afford it. Why, I am told that the American hotels charge from 25 to 50 francs a day." We were then dining in a Paris "pension" where for six francs a day, we were getting better "luncheons" and dinners than most three or four-dollar hotels on this continent put up. Just the other day, an Englishman blew into the golf club to which I happen to belong, and we got talking as golfers will. He had been travelling for three years in all parts of the world, chiefly playing golf. "At home," he said, "I am in easy circumstances; on the continent (of Europe) I am a prince; in America, I am a pauper." Now he did not mean to be flattering to this continent. He meant that we are wasteful. I wonder if it pays us.

N'IMPORTE

A SUCCESSFUL ART SHOW

WHEN it is considered that at least four hundred thousand people visited the Art Gallery at the Toronto Exhibition this year, a strong desire on the part of the public to gain some knowledge of good pictures is plainly in evidence. The attendance and interest are strong arguments in favour of a permanent civic gallery. The directors of the Exhibition were much pleased with the careful selection and the excellent distribution made by the Hanging Committee, which consisted of Mr. Wyly Grier, president of the O. S. A., Mr. G. A. Reid, president of the R. C. A., and Messrs. Gagen and Manly. In order to show this pleasure in a tangible way, the directors purchased eleven pictures. Two of these were bought from the Exhibition funds and will hang on the walls of the City Hall, while the other nine were bought by the directors individually. The two chosen for the City Hall are "Spring Morning," by W. E. Atkinson, A.R.C.A., West Toronto, and "Sunset After Rain," by A. M. Fleming, O.S.A., Chatham. The other nine were selected from the work shown by Messrs. Reid, Gagen, Brigden, Cutts, and Martin, Miss Caroline Farncomb and Miss Beatrice Hagarty.



Dame Europa: "Of course, as they're fighting outside the school premises, I look the other way. But—if I may use the expression—I back the winner."—Punch.
The fight for sovereignty in Morocco is being watched in Europe with quiet but intense interest.

SIR WILFRID LAURIER OPENS HIS CAMPAIGN

1—Presenting him with an Address. 2—He Speaks. 3—Some of the Spectators.



Ten thousand people from the Richelieu Valley listened to Sir Wilfrid Laurier open the Liberal Campaign at Sorel, on September 5th. The Premier was accompanied by Hon. Messrs. Lemieux and Brodeur, and a large company of Provincial Ministers and Senators. To the right in the lower picture may be seen Madame Brodeur, Mlle and Madame F. L. Beique, Messrs. A. Ecrement and M. Lanctot, the Member for Richelieu.

The Re-Making of Turkey

By H. LINTON ECCLES



HAVE just had the privilege of an interview with Muhammad Adil Schmitz du Moulin, one of the founders and leaders of the Young Turks Society. This gentleman is in London, empowered by the Turkish Foreign Office to treat with the British Government for its support to the new movement

which is regenerating the Ottoman Empire.

The story of the rise of the Young Turks Society is also the story of the dawn of a new era in what has always been looked upon as the land of oppressors and oppressed. The inner history of the movement will probably never see the light of publicity, but there is still a long and thrilling chapter worth the telling; a chapter in which all Europe and the East is absorbed at the present time. It has been planned and worked out like a game of chess—the greatest and most interesting that has been fought within recent memory.

Everybody has read of the drastic reforms accomplished in spite of almost superhuman difficulties by the Young Turks. These would have been substantial enough in any country, but in Turkey, surely in many ways the most reactionary country of the world, the changes for the better can only be looked upon as wonderful.

"Let me tell you," said Muhammad Adil to me in his excellent English, "that the Young Turks movement was not, nor was it intended to be, a revolutionary one. Its keynote was loyalty to the Sultan and to our country. From the beginning we set our objects down as justice to all and the suppression of corruption. Beyond that we were not prepared to go. I do not think the time has come for a Parliament in Turkey yet; the people need to be educated up to the idea, and they do not realise at present what a parliament is.

"The Sultan has been generally blamed for the bad state of affairs existing in his country, but, as I think, wrongly. Foreigners do not rightly understand his position. Ever since, as an inexperienced young man who never expected to become Sultan, he was called to the throne, he has been surrounded by a camarilla, a wall of officials as impenetrable as those more material ones surrounding his palace. The Sultan was naturally timid, and gradually though surely he had come to be ruled by his officials as though he were the meanest subject in the land. Lacking moral strength, even this could have availed him little after the bureaucracy had once got the power of government in their hands. Things became so bad that it was impossible for him to know whom to trust, and the slightest resistance on his part would have meant assassination by the agents of the officials.

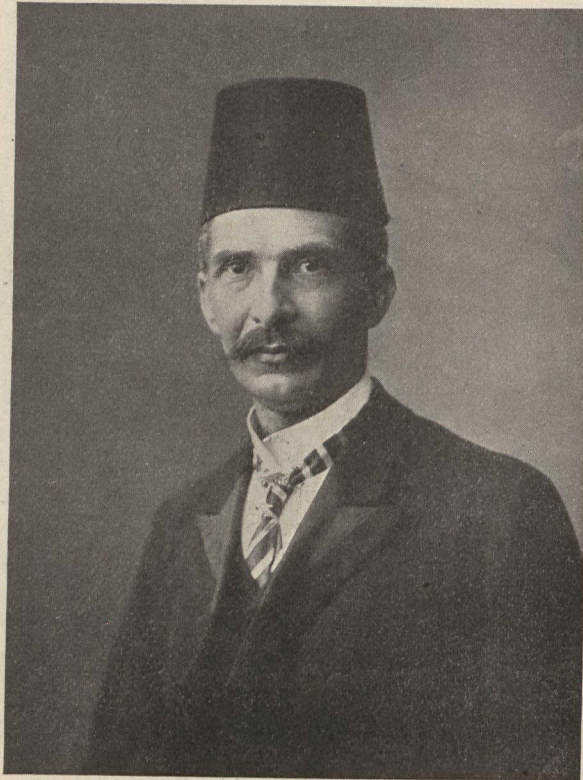
"These agents were the secret police, compared with whom the Russian police service is quite civilised in its methods. The state of affairs for which the Turkish secret police were responsible is scarcely imaginable to an English mind. It was impossible to meet at any house or to walk in the streets to the number of four without some one or other of their agents immediately joining the company to listen to the conversation. If any resistance was offered the resisters were at once arrested.

"Their methods were swift, sharp and primitive. The persons whose existence was inconvenient to the secret police or their employers were 'removed,' which simply meant that nobody ever saw or heard of them again. Thousands of the best men in Turkey have 'disappeared' within the past few years through the terrible agency of this secret police. In my opinion, forty thousand would be a low estimate, but the exact number can, of course, never be known.

"I know a tower where late one evening they brought about forty men. I heard the captives screaming in the night; the next morning not one of them was to be found. Then a German trading steamer anchored in the Bosphorus, just in front of the royal palace. The police sent peremptory orders for the boat to go away. The captain with some difficulty weighed anchor in compliance with the command, and drew up with it several dead bodies. We now know that the captain of the boat was heavily bribed to keep his mouth closed over the incident.

"These high-handed and dictatorial—not to say barbarous—proceedings went on unchecked, accompanied by daily disappearances of kinsmen and

friends, until the people were reduced to such a state as to go about in fear of their own shadows. No man trusted his neighbour. Intimate friends dared only speak together on the most ordinary



Muhammad Adil Schmitz du Moulin, Leader of the Young Turks' Movement.

matters, so insidious and wide-reaching was the influence of the secret police.

"Then it was that a few men resolved to save their country from this terrible scourge. We knew we could implicitly trust each other, and we were prepared, if need be, to sacrifice our lives for the cause. We were hedged round about with dangers and difficulties all the more to be feared because we could not be certain where to expect them. The only way possible for us to proceed was by forming ourselves into a secret society. This was done on October 20th, 1904, at Bebek, on the Bosphorus, in the house of my friend, His Excellency Abdul Kerim Hadi Bey, the Sultan's private secretary. He and another bosom friend of mine, Dr. Joseph Tanni Bey, chemist to his majesty and a pupil of the great Professor Bunsen, were the first men to join me. That evening we drew up our constitution, and settled the principles and direction in which we should work. The following day we took into our confidence Abdul Fethao Effendi, leader of the Albanian party.

"From this small beginning the society spread with amazing rapidity. During the month of Ramadan (the Moslem month of fasting) our principles were preached in every mosque in Constantinople. Then we knew that we had the solid mass of the lower clergy on our side, and that each mosque had become a mission for the teaching of our propaganda. We welcomed to our society every honest man, without distinction of race or creed, provided he was a true Ottoman.

"Our first principles were very simple. They were: Justice to all, and the Ottoman Empire for the Ottomans. We pledged ourselves to use our utmost endeavours to put down thieves, usurers, and scoundrels, no matter what their rank. Many other details of our constitution relate strictly to internal affairs and have no bearing on anything or anybody outside of Turkey. But I may say definitely that there is nothing in it of aggression or interference with any foreign country or nation. We confined ourselves purely to our own affairs.

"Within a year the society had spread itself over the whole empire. It has been a remarkable and effective means of organising the people, of educating them in the principles of self-help, and above all of giving them once more confidence in themselves and in their leaders. The most remarkable feature about the movement is that it has brought into one brotherhood all the different creeds and races that exist in our very complex social life. Its greatest achievement is that it has swept away

the wall of selfish and bureaucratic officials that surrounded the Sultan, without endangering his life, and simply by showing the people the power that was in themselves.

"Our opportunity came when Austria proposed to build a railway through the Sandschak of Novibazar—a project that has since been shelved. It meant the dismemberment of the empire, and was an ill-considered undertaking of Austria, whose interests would certainly not be served by the ruin of Turkey.

"From the beginning we put our faith in the British Government. It is an old saying in our country that when Turkey was in dire need of help she would get it from the greatest power of the West. The saying has been abundantly justified. The British Government deserves the everlasting gratitude of the Turkish nation for its efforts to save them from ruin. It was in our hardest hour of trial that the British people made the rough path to reform smooth and safe."

Muhammad Adil then went on to tell me some stories concerning the life of the Sultan which are not generally known to Westerners. Some of them, indeed, are quite new. It is a strange fact that Abdul Hamid had never become Sultan but for the merest chance. His father never liked the child. In a fit of drunken frenzy one day he seized hold of the boy and flung him into a pond, forbidding any one of his followers, upon pain of death, to rescue him.

But one of the Albanian bodyguard, disregarding the brutal command, jumped into the water and pulled out the child, who was all but drowned. Then stepping up to the Sultan he said: "If you want to kill the child you must first kill me." This brave Albanian is still alive, and now commands the trusted bodyguard of the Sultan whose life he saved.

As an instance of the precarious position in which the Sultan until recently stood, Muhammad Adil told me the following story, which concerns the predecessor in office of the before-mentioned chief of the bodyguard. This predecessor, whom everybody looked upon as the Sultan's greatest favourite, died suddenly some time back, and no one dared to take the news to the Sultan. Eventually the difficulty was settled by all those concerned drawing lots. The fated loser went in fear and trembling to Abdul, despairing of his life, but when he had faltered out his story, the Sultan was graciousness itself towards him. He praised him and gave him a heavy purse of gold. The servant then ventured to remark that the Sultan did not seem sorry to hear the news of the death of the man upon whom he had been pleased to bestow his friendship. "You are mistaken," said the Sultan; "he was the biggest scoundrel in my service. I had to be kind to him, otherwise he would have robbed me more."

The Sultan, contrary to the general belief, is a strenuous worker. He rises punctually at five o'clock every morning, having been busy until a late hour of the night. A friend of Muhammad Adil's recently stayed for some weeks as the guest of the Sultan. He was honoured by being given a room next to the study of the Sultan to sleep in. Having to get out of bed one night between 1 and 2 o'clock to answer an urgent message, the gentleman had to pass the Sultan's door, which was wide open. Abdul was hard at work with a pile of papers before him. When the guest returned the Sultan was reclining on a bench, with a rosary in his fingers. He was telling his prayers as a change from work! It is an interesting little vignette of this oriental ruler who is so much in the public eye just now, and it has the additional merit of being well authenticated.

Eliminate Middlemen

(Vancouver World.)

WE ship large quantities of what is the raw material of industries carried on elsewhere, but there is no good reason why we should not, like the British operators, carry our manufacturing processes farther and supply the consumer abroad with what he wants direct from British Columbia without the intervention of numerous middlemen. The Washington manufacturers, indeed, have already led the way in this matter. They have sent forward samples of fir, lumber, spruce, hemlock and cedar, finished and stained in many different ways, and have worked up a considerable business in eastern and foreign markets.



A Field of Tobacco Ready for Harvesting.



A Field of the Plant which Sir Walter Raleigh Loved.

THE TOBACCO SITUATION IN ESSEX

By A. P. McKishnie



THE tobacco situation in Essex County this year is the climax of a series of peculiar see-saws, resulting from the great bane of the industry—the instability of price. Since tobacco was first grown successfully and profitably, right to the present day, the same series of see-saws have continued.

One year would see a large crop and low prices; the next would disclose a small crop, with prices universally high. One year, prices would soar to the top notch, and as a result, the next year would see every farm dotted with tobacco patches. Many farmers, growing tobacco just for the money in it, without expert knowledge of the weed, would produce much tobacco, albeit of a poor quality. The tobacco market would be glutted, resulting in a fall in price. The ensuing year, the field would be left to the professional growers, and prices would

gradually rise again to satisfactory rates.

The year 1907 saw one of the largest crops in the history of south-western Ontario. One third of that crop is still unsold. In March, 1908, the entire crop was practically untouched by the buyers, and farmers would have gladly sold out for three or four cents a pound. The price just now is six and one-half cents; but even at that, there is much tobacco which will never be marketed.

As a result of the tobacco glut, this year's acreage is small. Tomatoes and sugar beets, contracted for with the canning factories and sugar factories beforehand, promise surer returns than tobacco, in which, the growers complain, there is only one thing certain, and that is uncertainty. The tobacco this year will be, however, of good quality, barring damage by the rains, which seem to have affected it in some districts.

Many growers now entertain the hope that a new era is about to dawn, wherein the industry will be placed on a firmer footing. The government's action in subjecting home-grown and imported

tobacco to the same stamp, thus placing them on a par, gives promise that a market for cigar tobacco will be created.

In the past the acreage has been practically all devoted to Burley tobacco—a standard chewing variety. Cigar leaf has not been attempted, save experimentally, in this district. Experts declare, however, that several good qualities of cigar leaf, notably Virginia and Spanish Zimmer, can be grown here. This fact, and the added fact that Virginia is being actually grown in Colchester Township at the present moment, has led to the establishment of a factory in Leamington for the manufacture of stogies from the Canadian leaf.

The outlook is that, with a small crop this year, prices will rise. Next year's acreage will be largely given to cigar leaf tobacco, and this will tend to prevent another over-production of Burley, with a consequent drop in price. The creation of a market for Canadian cigar leaf, coupled with improved methods of curing the weed, are expected to help in putting the industry on a firmer basis.

The Bean Crop in Kent County

BETWEEN sixty-five and seventy thousand acres of beans are now being harvested in Essex and Kent counties. It is anticipated that the yield of this acreage will be 1,625,000 bushels. This is a conservative estimate of the buyers. Many of the growers look for a much greater yield. Certainly, not in many years has the bean crop presented an outlook more promising than at the present moment.

Growing conditions have on the whole been exceptionally favourable, although the heavy rains experienced in certain sections of late have to a certain extent had an injurious effect upon the now ripening plant. Many fine crops of beans have been "scalded" so badly that, even though the yield itself in point of quantity should remain unaffected, the sample of the outfit is likely to be inferior. This condition, however, is by no means general; and to-day the outlook throughout the entire bean-growing district is for a splendid crop and a good quality of bean.

Last year, on account of a series of late spring frosts, capped by the memorable frost of July 2nd, the bean crop went short some 200,000 bushels. These spring frosts made replanting absolutely necessary in many sections; and as a result, a large number of late crops of beans were damaged by the early autumn frosts. This year's crop has not had—nor will it have—any of these drawbacks to contend with. The harvest is weeks earlier than usual, and there will be practically no late beans on the market.

The acreage planted this year has been considerably in excess of that last year, particularly in southern sections. Individual farmers in many parts of Kent County are growing, this year, as much as fifty acres of beans. Some have sown even more extensively. The increased acreage is a factor to be reckoned with in estimating the crop of 1908.

It is generally conceded that, from the outset, the new beans will command a fair price. In other years, it has not been unusual for old beans to be held over; last year, indeed, cases were instanced of

farmers who had held their beans for as much as three years for an expected rise in price. This year however, there are practically no old beans to be had, the crop of 1907 and previous years being to all intents and purposes thoroughly cleared out by the end of July. Hence, the crop of 1908, when it appears, will have the market all to itself.



A Field of Beans in Kent County, Ontario.

THE GAME OF BASE - BALL IN MERRIE ENGLAND

By JAMES L. HUGHES

HOW can one ever appreciate a "one to nothing" game of baseball again, after seeing 141 runs made in a single innings? In a single innings, remember—one hundred and forty-one runs!

"Baseball, Liverpool Championship; Marsh Lane versus Booth St. James." This was the glowing headline that caught the eye of a disconsolate fan who a week before had left New York with a shadow on his heart because he was to see no more baseball during 1908.

Marsh Lane went first to bat, and before the side retired they had scored 141 runs in a little over an hour. Great is English baseball in scores!

The game is not American baseball, however. The Englishman does not accept a ready-made game. He needed a game that could be finished in two hours instead of two or three days. He needed a substitute for cricket because only a very limited number of men can find time to play or to see cricket. The American game, baseball, had the merit of getting finished quickly, and with brevity as his dominant ideal he made a new game. He needed a game of fine scores, however, in which favourite players could reach double figures. Then he believed that to be a game of real value baseball should possess some of the characteristic elements of cricket, the game that through the centuries has fixed itself in his mind as the king of games. So he planned a new game which is a combination of baseball and cricket. It is reasonable to call it baseball because there are bases to which the players must run.

The diamond is laid out as in America, with this exception, the fourth base is fixed fifteen feet to the left of the plate or "batter's crease," as it is called in England. The bases are fixed not by bags but by poles three and a half feet long, which have a spike on one end to fasten them in the ground. A runner frequently carries the base pole with him when he reaches it, as he may over-run any of the bases provided that he turns to the right after passing it. The pitcher's crease is nine feet long and two feet wide, so that he may take a short run before delivering the ball. He must keep well within his crease. The pitcher is called the "bowler" because he must deliver the ball underhand. Notwithstand-

ing this restriction the three bowlers I saw work pitched very swift balls. The catcher wears no mask because the ball is slightly smaller and lighter than the American ball, and he stands about six feet behind the batter. He is the only player who wears gloves. He wears a pair of very lightly padded gloves.

There are eleven players on a side, who are placed as follows: the battery—bowler and catcher—three basemen, and two sets of outfielders—one behind the batter and the other in the usual American position. The centre fielder behind the catcher is called the backstop. There is no shortstop. The necessity for the outfielders behind the batter arises from the fact that the English batter has no restrictions placed on him. There are no "foul lines." He is free to hit the ball anywhere. Many of the best hits are made by simply touching the ball and changing its direction. Englishmen generally criticise American baseball because "fouls" or "leg hits" do not count. Leg hits and all kind of hits that are not caught count in England. This is one of the reasons why large scores are made. But there are other reasons. Every man must be put out before the side is out, and when two "bad balls" are pitched to a batter the umpire raises his hand and the scorers count a run. The chief reason for large scores is that each base counts a run. A two-base hit scores two runs, a three-base hit three runs, and a "homer" four runs. A hitter who makes a one, two, or three-base hit may afterwards be put out on bases, but his runs count according to the base he reaches before the ball is fielded in.

One batter on the Marsh Lane team scored twenty-eight runs! As the players are put out they cease to bat, so that the batters soon become reduced in number. When there are less than three batters left they have great difficulty in scoring any more runs, because they must average at least two bases for each hit or else there will be no one to come to bat, in which case the catcher simply touches the batter's crease with the ball and the side is out.

There are two umpires, one for balls and one for bases. Both umpires stand within the diamond. Two "bad" balls count a run, and two good balls that are not hit put the batter out. The batter's crease is about two and a half feet wide. A good

ball must go over the crease above the batter's knee and below the top of his head. The batter has only one chance to try to hit the ball. If he offers to hit or bunt the ball and fails he is almost certainly out, because he must run and in nearly every case he is out at first. When the catcher catches a ball at which the batter offers, the batter rarely tries to run as he knows his case is hopeless. In such cases the catcher simply touches the batter with the ball. If the batter is hit by a ball at which he does not offer, the ball is merely counted a bad ball. If he is hit by a ball at which he offers, he is out. If a batted ball hits a batter he is out.

The bat is shaped like a small cricket bat. One side is almost flat, and the other is bevelled so that it has really two sides meeting in the centre. The bevelled side, if it meets the ball, changes its direction and sends it to the backfield. The backfield hits or slips are very effective. If at the end of the first innings one side is forty or more runs in advance of the other, the weaker side has to follow on, as in cricket matches. Two innings count a match. If the weaker side does not make as many runs in two innings as the stronger side made in one, the stronger side does not play its second innings.

The crowd in the bleachers expresses itself as strongly as in America. The visiting players were the Marsh Lane club. They were forcibly informed first that they would be ignominiously beaten; later that the umpires were determined to give them the game, and finally that they would be beaten in a great variety of ways next year. The many modifications of language, and tone, and gesture with which the "fans" indicated their opinions of the visiting team were novel and most interesting. One of the distinct features of the game was the way the fans on the bleachers coached the home team. Whenever a hit was made the runner was urged by one class to try to make an extra base or "run," and warned by the more careful ones not to do it. This difference of view led to many violent discussions among the friends of the home team, and in two cases to real fights, one of which had to be stopped by the police. The Marsh Lane team were easy victors, but the Booth "fans" have no doubt about what will happen to Marsh Lane next year.

The Newest City in the West

By F. MACLURE SCLANDERS

SASKATOON possesses an ineffable charm peculiarly its own. Within the first hour of his arrival, the stranger is obsessed by it. Nor does this charm arise merely from the responsive joy of the heart in those things of beauty which so delight the eye—not from the glorious freeness of the prairie, nor from the pure, tender breath of its wandering winds; not from the strange, quiet softness of the summer sky, nor from the river winding at its own sweet will between wooded banks—winding through the very heart of a picture which beautifully gives the lie to popular conceptions of a prairie town. No, this singular charm is not of these things. It is something deeper, subtler, more wonderful; it is the all-pervading Spirit of Prosperity. It permeates the whole community. Its influence outcrops continually—even in the common acts of the simplest citizens.

The record of the city of Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, is typical of the rapidity of modern development under favourable circumstances. Only a few short years ago, Saskatoon could very literally be classed with water-tank towns. A few rough shacks; a couple or so of glorified barns called "hotels," and a wobbly single line of sparsely patronised railway, run in a style sufficiently easy-going to supply excellent material for a comic opera. Such was Saskatoon, a few years ago; but it is very much otherwise to-day. It is no longer a joke, but a splendid, go-ahead, modern city with a population now in the neighbourhood of 7,000, and increasing apace.

The whole secret of this remarkable development lies in where Saskatoon is, and what she has.

From any reliable map, it will be seen that the city is located right in the centre of Western Canada. Not only is Saskatoon right in the centre of the West, but she is in the very heart of what is generally admitted to be the largest and most productive wheat territory extant. And, wheat is what she has; it is the source of her progress and development. In the light of the foregoing, the phenomenal railway facilities which any recent map will show, would seem to follow as a natural consequence.

Three great trunk lines have selected Saskatoon as a central divisional point. The Canadian Pacific Railway has purchased 960 acres for their round-houses, shops and yards, which, when fully operating, will involve a pay roll of about \$200,000 per month. The Grand Trunk Pacific Company has purchased over 1,000 acres for similar purposes. Both of these companies have just completed their bridges over the river to Saskatoon. The third company, the Canadian Northern, is the only one operating previous to this year. In addition, there are several branch roads now under construction, and in the near future, there will be nine different outlets by rail from Saskatoon. It has four bridges, three of which were building at one time. This latter fact tells its own plain tale of the process of transformation from shacktown to city.

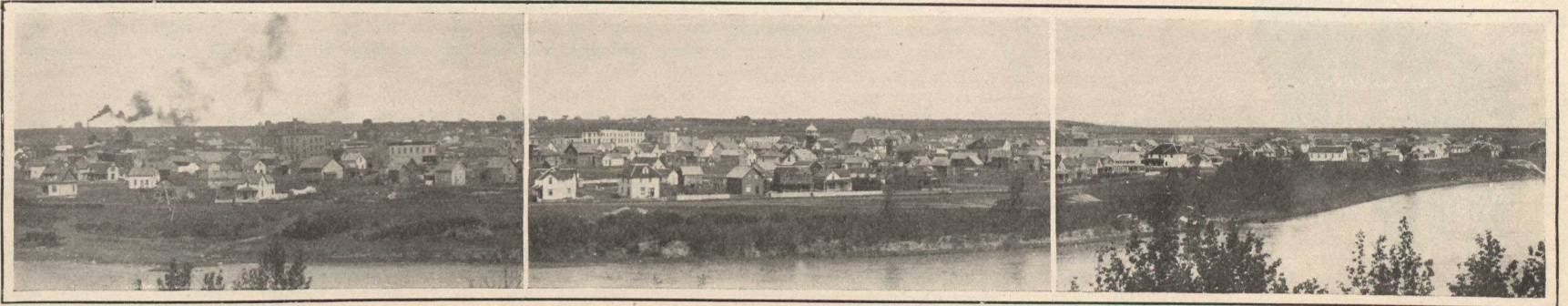
Already, Saskatoon boasts several important industries, while quite a number of large wholesalers are already established or have sites secured. In these days of keen competition, it is necessary that supplier should be as conveniently close to their markets as possible. Canada is a land of great

distances. The railway freight bill may easily exceed the cost of establishment expenses. If a wholesaler can possibly reduce the freight bill to a rock-bottom minimum, he is likely to do so as soon as he can. With three main lines into Saskatoon, it follows that rates for distributing are very favourable. And the vast and splendid territory tributary to Saskatoon is by no means overlooked by manufacturers and wholesalers. As a great central distributing centre, the destiny of the city will be swiftly great. At the present time, since the completion of the G. T. P. and C. P. R., there have been quite a number of important eastern firms visiting Saskatoon with a view to securing sites for establishment.

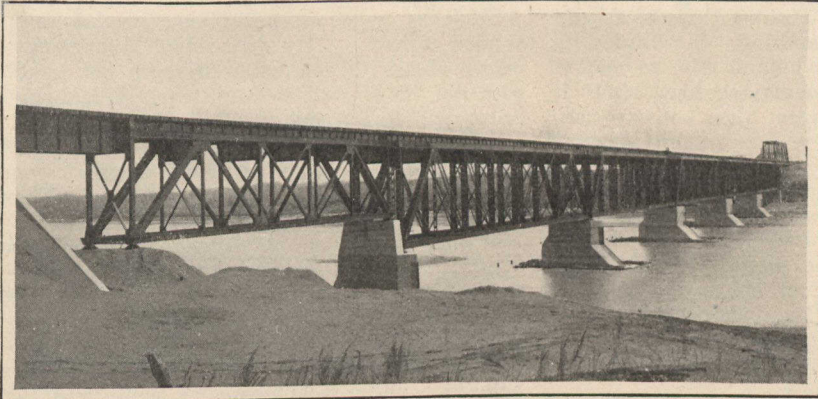
One thing might be said in conclusion: As a proposition, Saskatoon requires no hysterical exaggeration. It is a solid, sterling proposition, and one which will be obvious to any intelligent person. In this line, it is interesting to note that in 1905, the assessment of the city amounted to \$750,000; in 1906, \$2,500,000, and in 1907, to about \$6,000,000. This is a nutshell indication of development. And it is a substantial development. Real estate values have suffered nothing of that wild, unintelligent inflation which has characterised a good many other centres in the West which had not possessed a quarter of Saskatoon's tangible recommendations. The dearest property in Saskatoon is not worth more to-day than \$350 to \$400 per front foot. This property is, of course, in the very best sites on the main street.

THE NEWEST CITY OF SASKATCHEWAN

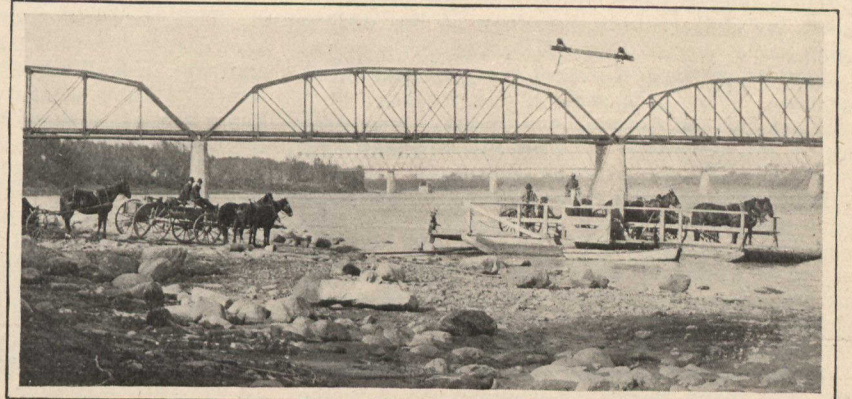
SASKATOON ON THE SOUTH SASKATCHEWAN HAS GROWN INTO A THRIVING CITY IN THE LAST FIVE YEARS.



A General View of Saskatoon, as it stretches along the River Bank.



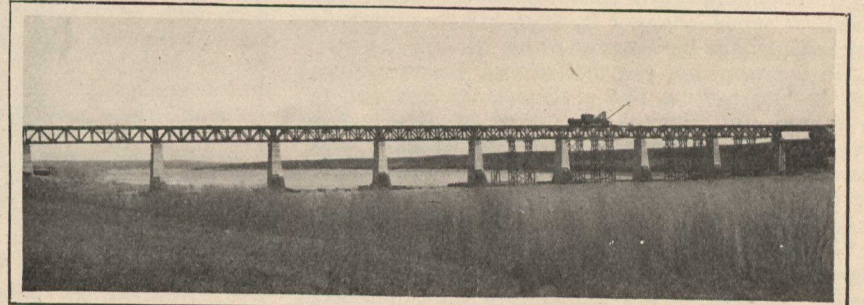
Grand Trunk Pacific Bridge.



General Traffic Bridge.



Canadian Northern Railway Bridge.



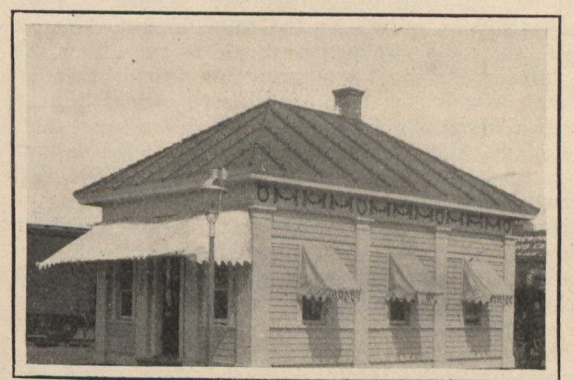
Canadian Pacific Railway Bridge.



Saskatoon Court House.



A Saskatoon Residence.



Board of Trade Building.



A Business Street of Generous Width.



The Main Thoroughfare of Saskatoon.

THE ASSASSINS' CLUB

Astro the Seer Breaks up an Extraordinary Association.

The third of a series of five Mystery Stories in which Astro, The Seer, and Valeska, his assistant, use their crystal-gazing and their common-sense to their own and the general good. Astro is supposed to have great occult power, and many people who have private troubles come to him for aid. The Seer has a keen appreciation of all modern foolishness.

By ALAN BRAGHAMPTON*



“V ALESKA, do you understand gargoyles?” Astro looked up from a book of Viollet-le-Duc's architectural drawings and glanced across to the pretty blond head. His assistant, busy with her card catalogue where she kept memoranda of the seer's famous cases, made a delightful picture against the dull crimson hangings of the wall.

She came over to him and looked down across his shoulder at the pictures of the grotesque stone monsters. “Why,” she said, “I've seen those wonderful old ones on Notre Dame in Paris, that gaze down on the city roofs. I've always wondered why they placed them on beautiful churches.”

“It's a deep question,” said Astro, his eyes still on the engraving. “But to my mind they symbolise the ancient cult of Wonder. In the Middle Ages men really wondered; they didn't anticipate flying machines years before they were invented, as we moderns do. They took nothing for granted. Everything in life was a miracle.”

Valeska dropped quietly into a seat to listen. Astro had many moods. Sometimes he was the dreamy, occult seer, cryptic, mysterious; again he was the alert man of affairs, keen, logical, worldly. She had seen him too in society, affable, bland, jocose. But in this introspective, whimsical, analytical mood she got nearest him and learned something of the true import of his life.

He went on, his eyes half-closed, his red silken robe enveloping him like a shroud, the diamond in his turban glittering as he moved his head. His olive skinned, picturesque face with its dark eyes was serene and quiet now. A little blue-tailed lizard, one of Astro's many exotic fancies, frisked across the table. He caught it and held it as he talked.

“In the thirteenth century, clergy and laity alike believed that the forces of good and evil were almost equally balanced. They worshipped the Almighty; but propitiated Satan as well; so these horrible beasts leered down from the cornices of the house of God, and watched the holy office of priests. The devil had his own litany, his own science. They were forbidden practices; but they flourished then among the most intellectual people as they flourish now among the most ignorant. Magic was then a science; now it is a fake. Still, man's chief desire is to get something for nothing—to find a short cut to wisdom. The gargoyle is replaced by the dollar mark. So be it. One must earn one's living. Selah! I have spoken.”

He looked up with a smile and a boyish twinkle in his eyes. Then his businesslike, cynical self returned. He jumped up, tall and handsome, a picturesque oriental figure informed with the stirring life of the West.

“Valeska, I've been reading about the devil worshippers of Paris—the black mass, infant sacrifices, and all that. That's an anachronistic cult. I'd like to know if there really is any genuine survival of the worship of Evil?”

Valeska shuddered. “Oh, that would be horrible!”

“But interesting.” He clasped his hands behind him and gazed up at the silver starred ceiling. “I don't mean degeneracy or insanity, but a man that does evil for the love of it, as they did in the old days.”

“I hate to have you talk like that!” Valeska put a hand on his arm.

“Very well, I won't.” He snapped his fingers as if to rid himself of the thought, and walked into the reception room adjoining the great studio.

Valeska went back to her work. For some minutes she arranged her cards in their tin box; then, hearing voices outside, she looked up and listened. Then she walked softly across the heavy rugs and touching a button in the mahogany wainscoting, passed through a secret door.

Scarcely had she disappeared when Astro returned, ushering in a young woman stylishly dressed in brown. When she put aside her veil her face shone out like a portrait, vivid, instinct with grace

and a delicate, rare, high bred beauty, full of character and force. Astro showed her a seat under the electric lamp.

“I thought you would help me if anyone could,” she was saying, in continuation of her conversation in the reception room. “If it was anything less vague, I'd speak to mother about it; but it's too strange and elusive. I'm sure he has not been drinking; I would notice that in other ways. And yet he is different, he is not himself. It frightens me.”

“Have you spoken to him about it?” Astro asked. “Yes; but he won't say anything. He evades it, and says he's all right. But I don't dare to marry him till I know what it is that has changed him. I know it seems disloyal to suspect him; but how can I help it?”

“What is Mr. Cameron's business?” “He's a naval lieutenant, in the construction department at the Brooklyn navy yard. And that is another reason why I'm worried. He has charge of work that is important and secret. If this thing—whatever it is—should affect his work, he'd be disgraced; he might even be dishonourably discharged.”

“When have you noticed this peculiarity of his? At any particular time?”

“Usually on Sundays, when he generally comes to call; but sometimes in the middle of the week. At times he talks queerly, almost as if in his sleep, of colours and queer landscapes that have nothing to do with what we are discussing. Sometimes he doesn't even finish his sentences and goes off into a sort of daze for a minute; and then he'll ask my pardon and go on as if nothing had happened.”

“And when will you see him next?” Astro inquired.

“He will probably come Saturday afternoon. Usually he stays to dinner; but of late he has been having engagements that prevent.”

“All right,” said the seer; “I'll see what I can do. Knowing that he is at your house, I shall be able to orient myself and thereby be more receptive to his astral influence. I shall then be able to ascertain the cause of any psychic disturbance.”

The young woman, rising to go, looked at him plaintively. “Oh, I hope I haven't done wrong in telling you about it! But I do love him so I can't bear to see him so changed!”

“My dear Miss Mannerling,” said Astro kindly, “you need have no fear, I assure you. Your business shall be kept absolutely confidential. With the exception of my assistant, no one shall ever know that you came here.”

“Your assistant?” She looked at him doubtfully. “Miss Wynne.”

She seemed surprised. “A lady?” she asked; then, timidly, “Might I see her?”

“Certainly.” Astro touched a bell. In a moment Valeska appeared between the velvet portieres, and waited there, her pretty, sensitive face questioning his wish, her golden hair brightly illuminated from behind.

Miss Mannerling walked to her impulsively and took her hand. “Might I speak to you for a moment?” she asked.

Valeska, giving Astro a glance, led the visitor into the reception room.

“I had no idea that Astro had a lady assistant,” she said. “I feel much better about having told him, now.”

Valeska smiled at her and held the hand in both hers. “Oh, I only do some of his routine work,” she said; “but he often discusses his important cases with me. I'm sure that he can help you. He is wonderful. I never knew him to fail.”

“Miss Wynne,” said the visitor, “no one but a woman can understand how distressed I am. I'm sure I can trust you; I can read that in your face. I am always sure of my intuitions. And, now that I've seen you, I'm going to tell you something I didn't quite dare to tell Astro. I know my fiancé is in some trouble. But what I'm afraid of is too dreadful: it terrifies me! Here! look at this! It dropped out of Mr. Cameron's pocket the last time he called, and I found it after he had gone.”

She handed an envelope to Valeska, who looked at it carefully and drew out a single sheet of paper. On this was written in green ink:

“Be at the Assassins' Saturday at 7. Haskell's turn.”

“What can that mean?” Miss Mannerling whispered. “I didn't dare to show it for fear of getting Bob into trouble in some way. That word ‘Assassins’—oh, it's awful!”

“May I take this letter?” Valeska asked.

“No, I daren't leave it. Mr. Cameron may miss it and ask for it. But you may tell Astro, if you think best.”

Valeska gave another glance at the letter and handed it back. “My dear Miss Mannerling, don't worry about it,” she said, pressing her hand. “It may not be so bad as you fear. Whatever it is, Astro will find it out, you may be sure.”

When the visitor had departed, Valeska walked into the studio with the news. Astro listened in silence till she had finished; then he smiled, nodded, and took up his water pipe lazily.

“The solution of this thing is so simple that I'm surprised it hasn't occurred to you, my dear. But that's because of your lack of experience and the fact that you haven't read so much as I have. But, all the same, there may be something deeper in it than appears now. At any rate the girl is to be helped, and the Lieutenant as well; and that we will do.”

“But what about the ‘Assassins’?” Valeska inquired anxiously.

“Oh, that's the whole thing, of course. But I think I'll let you study that out yourself. It will be good practice for your reasoning powers. First, let's see if your powers of observation have improved. Tell me all about the letter.” He blew out a series of smoke rings and regarded her quizzically.

“Well,” Valeska puckered up her lips; “it was written on buff laid linen paper of about ninety pounds weight—very heavy stock, anyway—in an envelope of the same, postmarked Madison Square Station, April 19th, 4 p.m. The handwriting was that of a stout, middle-aged man who had just had some serious illness—a foreigner, hard working, unscrupulous, dishonest, with no artistic sensibility.”

“Bravo! Is that all?”

“No, the stationery came from Perkins & Shaw's. I saw the stamping on the flap.”

“Very good. Unfortunately we can't ask there about the Assassins. But perhaps we'll find my ideal criminal after all. The easiest plan will be to follow Cameron to-morrow night. Meanwhile, you had better do some thinking yourself.”

Valeska sat down and gazed long into the great open fire, her forehead frowning, her hands working mechanically, absorbed in thought. Astro took a small folding chessboard and gracefully amused himself with an intricate problem in the logistics of the game. When at last he had queened his white pawn according to his theory, he looked over at his assistant and smiled to see her seriousness. In that look something seemed to pass from him to her.

“Oh!” she cried, jumping up, “does it begin with an H?”

“More properly with a C,” he replied.

She shook her head and went at the problem again, and kept at it until it was time to close the studio.

The next afternoon Astro and Valeska waited for two hours across 78th Street from Miss Mannerling's house before they saw the Lieutenant emerge. They had already a good description of him, and had no trouble in recognising the tall, good looking fellow who at half-past six o'clock walked briskly up the street, ran down the stairs to the subway, and took a seat in a down town local train. Astro and Valeska separated and took seats on the opposite side of the car, watching their man guardedly. At 23rd Street he got out, went up to the sidewalk, and walked eastward.

Beyond Fourth Avenue was a row of three-storey, old-fashioned brick houses, back from the street. The Lieutenant entered the small iron gate to one of the yards and, taking a key from his pocket, went in the front doorway of a house. It slammed behind him.

“The headquarters of the Assassins,” said Astro

calmly, his hands in his overcoat pockets, studying the windows.

"And what next?" asked Valeska.

"We'll wait awhile. Come into this next doorway."

On the side of the doorway they now entered was a sign, "Furnished Rooms." It was now after seven o'clock, and had begun to snow. Valeska stood inside the vestibule protected from the weather; Astro waited just outside watching the doorway of No. 109. The 23rd Street cars clanged noisily by, the din of the traffic muffled by the carpet of snow. The open mouth of the subway sucked in an unsteady stream of wayfarers.

Suddenly Valeska put her hand on Astro's arm. "Does it begin with 'C-o'?" she asked.

He smiled. "No, 'C-a,'" he answered.

"Oh, dear, I thought I had it! But don't tell me! I'm sure I'll work it out, though. But it makes me anxious. Anything might happen on a night like this!"

"Yes; even an assassination."

"You don't fear that, really?" She looked at him in alarm.

"But I do—assassination of a sort. What else could the letter mean?"

She had not time to answer before the door of the next house opened, and a man buttoned up in a fur trimmed overcoat came out. He stopped a moment to raise an umbrella, and they could see that he was a stout, pasty faced German of some fifty years, with a curling yellow mustache. He wore spectacles and seemed to be near sighted.

"There's the man that wrote the letter! Follow him, Valeska! Find out who he is and all that's possible! We must follow every lead."

Valeska was off on the instant, running down the steps and walking swiftly up 23rd Street.

Astro lit a cigar, turned up his collar and waited another half-hour in the doorway. Nobody having entered or left No. 109 by that time, he rang the bell of No. 111. A Swedish maid came to the door.

"I'd like to see what rooms you have," said Astro.

"The only one is on the third floor rear," she replied, and showed him up two flights of unlighted stairs, steep and narrow, to a small square room, meagerly furnished. Walking to the window, Astro saw that level with the floor was a tin covered roof over an extension in the rear. It stretched along the whole width of the four houses in the row. On this he might easily stand and look into the adjoining windows. Saying that he would move in later, Astro paid the girl for a week's rent in advance, and left the house and walked home.

Valeska next morning came full of news. "The German kept right along 23rd Street toward Broadway," she said, "and it occurred to me that I might get him to make the first advances, and get acquainted without being suspected. So I passed him, and very gracefully slipped on the snow and dropped my purse. Then I began looking about on the sidewalk for the money that might have dropped out. My German friend came along and offered to help me. It took sometime, and the long and short of it was that we had quite a conversation, and I convinced him that I was respectable. He walked along with me and asked me where I was going. I said that I had intended going to the Hippodrome with a friend; but that I had been detained, and it was so late I thought I'd go home. He proposed having something to eat, and of course I refused. I had to be urged and urged; but the more I refused, the more anxious he was to have me come. Finally, I reluctantly assented to his invitation, and we went to the Cafe Riche.

"Well, you ought to have seen that German eat—I mean you ought to have heard him eat! I couldn't eat anything myself; but sipped the wine he ordered and cooly led him on, chattering away about myself ingeniously. I had an engagement with Richard Mansfield and a three years' contract at one hundred dollars a week when he died, and was awfully anxious to get another chance. All the money I had was tied up in one of the defunct trust companies, and so on. He kept on eating, taking the biggest mouthfuls I ever heard of and leaving half of it on his mustache. Oh, I put in some hard work, I assure you!

"Then he began asking me questions, and wanted to know if I would like to earn some money on the side. Did I? I jumped at it!—five thousand actor folk out of a job this season, you know, and all that. He said I reminded him of his dead daughter—you know I'm always reminding people of somebody—and he thought he could trust me. I cast down my eyes and let him go on.

"He said there was a man he knew who had stolen some confidential papers, and he wanted to get them away from him without publicity. He

needed a good, clever woman to help him out on the job. I brightened up considerably. He asked me to go home with him so that he could give me a photograph to identify my victim. I said I would; although I confess I was getting nervous, not being quite sure what he was up to. He had begun paying me compliments, and when a German begins to get sentimental—well, you know!

"I took the subway with him, and we went up to 126th Street. There was a big apartment hotel there, called the Dahlia—one of those marble halled affairs that look as if they were built of a dozen different kinds of fancy soap, with a red carpet and awfully funny oil paintings and negro hall boys sitting in Renaissance arm chairs. I refused to go up stairs. Well, after a while he came down the elevator and handed me this photograph. What do you think?"

She handed Astro a cabinet photograph. He lifted his fine brows when he looked at it.

"Lieutenant Cameron!"

Valeska nodded. "I'm to scrape up an acquaintance with him, get his confidence, and then report to Herr Beimer for final instructions. I wonder what poor little Miss Mannering would say?"

She took off her sables, her saucy fur toque, and touched up her hair at the great Louis XIV. mirror at one end of the studio.



"Wake up, Man!" cried Astro. "Here! Smell This!"

Astro sat regarding the portrait in his hand. He looked up to say, "Did you find out what his business was?"

She whirled round to him. "Oh, I forgot! He's the agent for a big German firm, connected with the Krupps' steel plant. They control the rights to a new magazine pistol. I was awfully interested in machinery, you know. It bored me to death; but I listened half an hour to his description of a new ammunition hoist for battleships."

Astro was suddenly impregnated with energy. "Ah!" he intoned. "You didn't remember that the Krupps stand in with the German Government and have the biggest subsidies and contracts in the world? He wants you to make up to a construction officer in the United States navy, does he? He needs a clever woman! I should say he did! Was Herr Beimer sober?"

"Perfectly, so far as I could see, except for his sentimentality. Of course he was a bit effusive, you know."

"Yes, I see. It wasn't his night. It was Haskell's night, whoever Haskell is! But I think we'll have to hurry. This looks more serious than I thought at first. I shall sleep at No. 111 East 23rd Street to-night. And meanwhile, I have a nice job of forgery for you, Valeska. I wish you'd practise copying this writing till you can write a short note that will pass for Lieutenant Cameron's handwriting."

He took a letter from a drawer. The envelope was addressed to Miss Violet Mannering. Valeska took it and read it over carefully. It was a single sheet, torn from a double page, and read as follows:

"I believe that just as everything seems somehow different at night—when we can see farther than by day: for can we not see the stars?—when our emotions seem freer—so there are two worlds in which it is possible to exist. One is the dreary every day place of business and duty and pain; the other is free from care or suffering. Don't we enter that occult world at night through our dreams, where there is no such thing as conscience? There are no consequences there. No doubt it's a dangerous place, because it is abnormal; but its exploration is fascinating. Why ignore the fact that it exists as a refuge from the worries of matter of fact existence—"

Valeska read it thoughtfully. Her eyes looked through the paper as if into a mist beyond. "No wonder poor Miss Mannering is worried!" she said to herself. She looked at Astro, as if to ask a question. He was busy with a planimeter, calculating the area of a queer, irregular polygon drawn on a sheet of parchment. Seeing his tense look, she turned to her study of the manuscript.

As soon as it was dark, Astro opened the window of his room on 23rd Street and walked along the crackling tin roof till he came to the first window of the house occupied by the Assassins. Looking in, he saw a small, bare hall bedroom, furnished with a cot, a washstand, and one chair. The next two windows were lighted. He approached them carefully. Three men were seated at a library table strewn with magazines. All were smoking comfortably. One, Astro recognised as the Lieutenant, another as Herr Beimer. The third was a yellow faced man with red hair, high cheekbones, and dark eyes deeply set into his skull. In front of him was a plate filled with what looked like caviar sandwiches, cut small and thin.

Herr Beimer said something, at which the others laughed loudly. Then with a flourish, as if drinking their healths, Lieutenant Cameron took one of the sandwiches and ate it almost with an air of bravado. Beimer looked at his watch. The lean, yellow faced man walked out of the room. The Lieutenant took up an illustrated paper and began to read.

Astro tiptoed carefully back to his room, put on his overcoat, and went down stairs, walked over to the drug store, and rang up Valeska at the telephone booth.

"Have you written the letter?" he asked.

"Not yet," was the answer.

"Well, you must do it immediately as well as you can. Bring it to No. 111 and ask for Mr. Silverman."

He then went back to his room. Another stealthy glance through the windows of the club showed the two still at the table. Cameron was busy with a pencil and a sheet of paper, explaining something to the German. The yellow faced man watched them over his book. The Lieutenant was evidently talking with a little difficulty; every little while he stopped, and began again with an effort. One leg was twitching at the knee joint. He supported his head heavily on his hand.

Going back to his room, Astro took a bottle of ammonia from his overcoat pocket and placed it on the sink. Next he poured a white powder from a paper and dissolved it in a tumbler of water, stirring it with a spoon. This done, he took the washbowl from the stand and put it on the table beside the bed. Then he sat down to wait for Valeska.

In half an hour she appeared, breathing hard, her cheeks flushed with her haste.

"Here it is," she said, as soon as the maid had left. "It's the best I could do." She handed it over. It read:

"Please allow the bearer to come in and see me on important business at any time he may present this.

ROBERT CAMERON."

"Good!" said Astro. "Now you must wait here and listen at the window till you hear my whistle. Then come right along the roof to me and be ready for anything."

He started to open the door, when she put a hand on his arm. "Does it begin with 'C-a-n'?" she asked breathlessly.

He nodded. "How did you get it?"

"From the Lieutenant's letter."

"Of course. Well, it may have begun with 'D-a-n' by this time."

"D-a-n-g-e-r?"

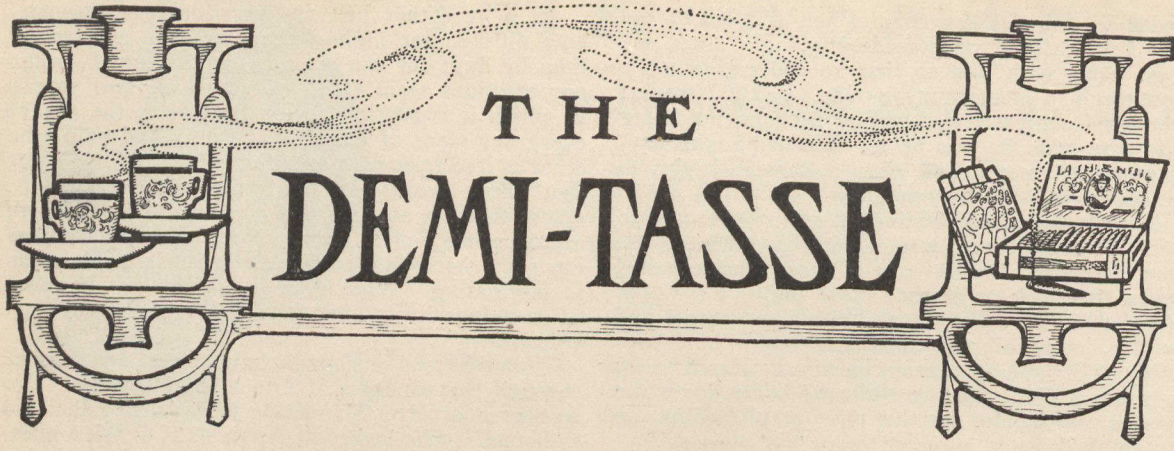
"Perhaps. Be ready!" And he was down stairs.

At the door of the Assassins' Club, a white-haired negro answered the bell.

Astro presented the letter. "I wish to see Lieutenant Cameron immediately!" he said.

"Ah don't peractly know, sah," said the darkey. "Mah o'ders is not to leave nobody come in yah. Ah expect Ah'd better say no, sah."

(Continued on page 21)



THE DEMI-TASSE

A WOMAN'S WAY.

Dainty Mrs. Muffet
At the hour of eight o'clock
Paid a little carfare,
Riding many a dusty block.

Weary Mrs. Muffet
At the hour of ten rode back,
With her hat all shattered
And the roses streaked with black.

Yet her face was smiling,
From her eyes did triumph shine;
For a dollar shirt-waist
She had bought for sixty-nine.

A STRIKING RESEMBLANCE.

ON the street of a Canadian city, O'Brien met Smyth. "Do you know, Smyth," said the former solemnly, "I met a chap in Ottawa last week who looked awfully like you. In fact he looked so much like you that he bowed to me."

This reminds us of the story regarding the English novelist, Mr. Hall Caine, who resembles the late Mr. Shakespeare of Stratford-on-Avon so closely that when the author of "The Deemster" first visited New York Mr. Ignatius Donnelly, author of "The Baconian Cipher," stepped briskly forward, saying, "Lord Bacon, I believe."

A PROFITABLE SUMMER.

"Did the Robinsons have a good time in the Adirondacks?"
"Perfectly splendid. They lost two of their trunks, but Gladys got engaged to a theological student and Irene has been invited to spend the winter with some perfectly swell people in New York."

WITH APOLOGIES.

In the Subway, oh, my darling,
When the lights are dim and low,
And the evening hordes of people
Wildly come and wildly go—
In the Subway, oh, my darling—
Think not bitterly of me,
Though I slid into an end-seat,
Left you lonely—set you free.
For my hat was crushed and battered—
My cravat a sight to see;
It was best to leave you thus, dear—
Best for you and best for me.
—Laura Simmons in *Life*.



Bribery.—*Life*.

NOT THE FASHIONABLE DRINK.

AN Ontario citizen, of simple taste in the matter of beverages, recently visited the Lake St. John region in the Province of Quebec. At the dinner-table, he and some French-Canadian friends were waited on by a fair "leetle Canadienne," who asked them what they would have to drink. The Ontario guest promptly and proudly said: "Du lait beurre," not doubting that a pitcher of rich buttermilk would be forthcoming. But Marie Josephine, after repeating the question more than once, went into peals of laughter and informed the French-Canadian guests that this droll "monsieur" wanted buttermilk but alas! they had thrown it all to the pigs that morning. So, the Ontario citizen, who came from the city called Hogtown by its enemies, was forced to content himself with a harmless cup of tea. For many a day, said his Quebec friends, will the tale be told of the strange Englishman who asked for such extraordinary fare.

MUST HAVE BEEN A DOUK.

A MAN who frequently took a constitutional in his sleep went to bed all right at midnight, but when he awoke he found himself on the street in the grasp of a policeman.

"Hold on," he cried, "you mustn't arrest me. I'm a somnambulist."

To which the policeman replied: "I don't care what your religion is—yer can't walk the streets in yer nightshirt."

A HATASTROPHE.

Mary had a mammoth hat—
'Twas trimmed with flowers and fruit;
And when her husband sat on it,
She shrieked: "You horrid brute!"

NOT THE FASHION.

A YOUNG lady desirous of buying a silk gown in one of the new "shot" effects recently asked a dry-goods clerk to show her such silks. She did not see the colouring she wished and said to the clerk: "Will you show me something shot with red?"

The man looked somewhat disconcerted for a moment and then placidly replied: "They ain't shootin' them with red, this year, ma'am."

THE TALE OF A MOOSE.

MR. T. H. RACE, of Mitchell, who is in charge of the Canadian exhibit at the Edinburgh Exposition, now going on, tells this: A Scottish woman came into the building with her brood of youngsters and was examining with interest the stuffed figures of Canadian "big game." "Mither," said a Wee MacGregor of the party, "what's you beastie?" "It's a moose—a Canadian moose." "A moose!" echoed the astonished youngster. "Losh! if yon's a moose whit would a rat be like?"

THE MERRY WIDOW.

A Chinaman, in a burst of enthusiasm, described the modern woman's huge headgear as one of those "he dead, she glad" hats.

NOT NECESSARY.

"Have you given the goldfish any fresh water this morning, Mary?"
"No, mum; they ain't drunk all I give 'em yesterday yet."—*Tatler*.

IN THE LEGAL OVEN.

IN the days when Joseph Hodges Choate was a lawyer—which, of course, implies the days before he became a Peace Commissioner—a certain New York reporter, who is now reporting no more unless they run some sort of celestial gazette in Heaven,

had to go to see him about a piece of news. It was a warm day in early June, but Mr. Choate had a big fire burning in the grate in his inner office.

As the interview was ending, the lawyer noticed his visitor's discomfort.

"Do you thing it is warm here?" he inquired in mild surprise.

"Warm?" echoed the reporter, who had got his news and could now afford to be truthful. "It's as hot as an oven!"

"Indeed!" said Mr. Choate. "But then," he added, "it ought to be as hot as an oven, for, you see, I make my bread here."—*Saturday Evening Post*.

APT COMPARISON.

"When I see what Barlow accomplishes I am forced to admiration," said Bunting. "He has great physical endurance."

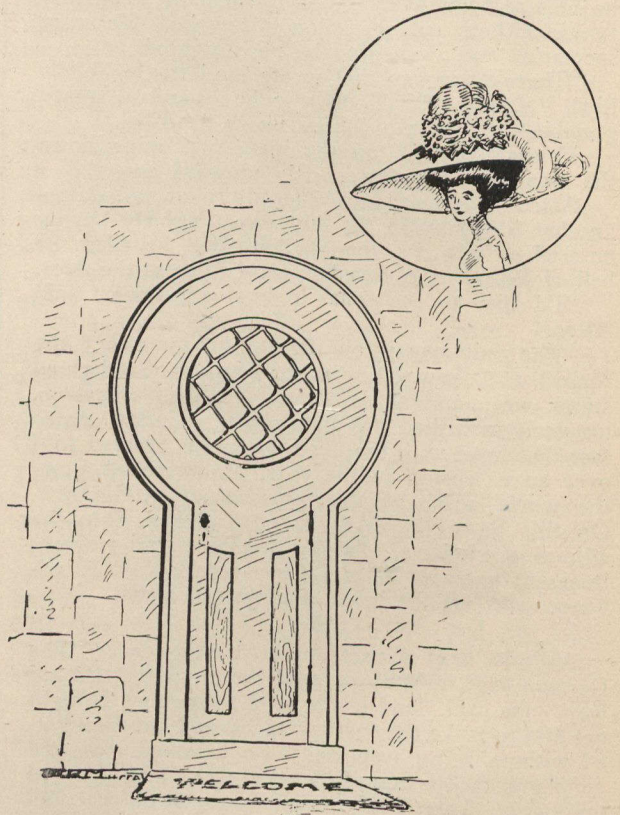
"Yes," replied Gargoyle. "That man has the constitution of a debutante."—*London Telegraph*.

HER LIBERALITY.

Mr. Hennypeck: "My wife has never denied me a wish since we were married."

Friend: "But—ah—h'm—I thought—"

"No, indeed! She lets me wish all I want to."—*Smart Set*.



A Door Designed for the Prevailing Style of Hat.—*Bohemian Magazine*.

SAD!

Master: "I'm sorry to hear, Pat, that your wife is dead."

Patrick: "Faith an' 'tis a sad day for us all, sir! The hand that rocked the cradle has kicked the bucket."—*Life*.

ORIGINAL SIN.

Eve: "What are you thinking about, Adam?"

Adam: "I was thinking that, no matter what kind of a record we make we can't charge much to heredity."—*The News*.

CURIOUS.

Mr. Cad: "Can I see that burglar who was arrested for breaking into my house last night?"

Inspector (hesitatingly): "Well, I don't know. What do you want to see him for?"

Mr. Cad: "Oh, there's nothing secret about it. I just wanted to find out how he managed to get into the house without waking my wife."—*Illustrated Bits*.

RATHER LONESOME.

HE following is reported to have been found on the wall of a deserted cabin in the heart of Nebraska:

"Fore miles from a naber; sixteen miles from a postoffice; twenty-five miles from a raleroad; forty-seven miles from a church; half a mile from water; God bless our home!"

"We're gone to British Columbia to get a fresh start."—*The News*.

PEOPLE AND PLACES

PEACE RIVER occupies the imaginations of westerners these days. The double lure of the Peace is gold—the gold of grain and the gold of the mint. Almost every second man anywhere in Canada nowadays knows that the Peace River Valley—so-called—is able to grow grain hundreds of miles north of Edmonton. A priest now on his way to Rome tells of an abundant harvest in that country this year. Flour is being ground at Vermilion. This of course is old information. But it is the basis of much else; the dribbling in last year of hundreds of prospectors eager to stake claims ahead of the railway; those who in Pouce Coupe and the Grande Prairie are shacking and cropping and waiting for the road and the market and the settlement. The last west they call it; and thrifty United States land-buyers already write to know where in that valley land may be bought. To quote Prof. Macoun, who went up there thirty years ago, speaking of the country between Dunvegan and Fort St. John, a distance of 120 miles: "It would be folly to attempt to depict the appearance of the country, as it was so utterly beyond what I ever saw before that I dare hardly make use of truthful words to describe it. Mr. Selwyn, who made an excursion ten miles to the northwest, reports a very luxuriant vegetation where he was—much greater than he ever saw at Edmonton or anywhere in the Saskatchewan country." Four causes for the exceptional productivity of the region are: Natural fertility of the soil; decreased elevation of the country, for the whole surface of the continent east of the Rockies has a slope to the north from the plateaus of Dakota and Montana; long hours of sunshine; ample rainfall.

But the pure gold is the newest sensation and the most powerful lodestone to the romantic. Those there are who say that the Peace River gold is as famous as that of the Klondike. Both east and west of the Rockies prospectors are outfitting. Last year a well-known Edmontonian went in and located mines. He is confirmed on the gold find; enthusiastic; already has a mining and milling plant in view—and will soon be a miner in the Peace. Yes, the lure of the Peace is big and it is old; a generation now since that marvellously beautiful valley began to attract the gold-seeker. It was Hon. Edward Dewdney, late Lieutenant-Governor of the Territories, who first revealed Peace River placer gold to the West. Years and years Edmonton has been telling of flour gold in the Smoky and other rivers tributary to the Peace; and somewhere at the headwaters is the quartz. And from Cariboo a thousand men trekked to the Peace years ago when Dewdney, then a miner, blazed the trail. Was excitement then—steamers, portages and packs; even a steamer was portaged to St. Stewart's Lake. Perhaps the furore of those years will not be repeated. But there is a Peace River movement of a double character that promises to reanimate a lot of people who had begun to think that the big rushes for new things were all over in that part of the world. Already a legal party under direction from the Attorney-General's department at Edmonton has gone north to open new courts in the land where up to the present all the justice has been dispensed by the Northwest Mounted Police.

Already the settler has a grievance. Mr. Alexander Mackenzie—whose name is nothing if not Canadian—who has been forty years in that north-land, gives his views to a prospector who has just returned from the Peace. He alludes to the railway activity regarding the Peace; to the settlers already there in advance of the railway, but unable to market their produce. What they need, he says, is water communication with points north. He recommends a ferry across the Peace at Dunvegan to give the settlement of the Grand Prairie an outlet. He complains that prices charged for goods by fur-trading corporations are away out of proportion to prices paid settlers by said corporations for such products as they have for sale. Monopoly is already established—no new thing in that country so long used to the Hudson's Bay Company; but white settlers are more ambitious than Indians and have better economic ideas. Mr. Mackenzie eloquently advises the government: "Don't give away the people's heritage to corporations, syndicates, or individuals. Keep it for the crown and all the people. Don't grant any more fishing franchises or special privileges to individuals or corporate bodies. If necessary to preserve the fish and game, enact close seasons and when open give all the same equal privileges. Cancel whenever you can legally do so all special franchises and privileges and issue no more."

Which is very good advice that will probably not be taken.

* * *

ST. BONIFACE—still unearthing historical curiosities; this time a find of mediaeval medals under the site of a demolished bridge in that suburb of Winnipeg. The medals were old enough to have been placed there hundreds of years before even the Hudson's Bay Company saw Fort Garry; as for instance these: A bronze medal with an excellently cast image of Philip III, king of France from 1270 to 1285, bearing the inscription "Philip III, dit le dari roi de France." Another with the inscription "Charlemagne roi de France." A couple of large zinc plaques considerably worn by age, one bearing a profile with the words "Siege of the Bastille," the other entitled "Arrival of the King in Paris, 1789." Another bronze medal in an excellent state of preservation bore the words: "L. I. Bourbon, Prince de Conde ancien maitre de l'armes Francaise, 1817." Other medals had been struck in commemoration of British events. One bore profiles of the present King and Queen, giving the dates of their births and marriage. Another was inscribed: "D. I. Eaton, three times acquitted of sedition, 1795."

Old-timer who is able to ravel the mystery is Police Chief Ligor Gagne, who asserts that the medals all belonged to a former member of the Manitoba Legislature, E. P. Leacock by name, who lived ten years in St. Boniface, and according to rumour was robbed by a half-breed named Joe Sioux away back in 1893, of silverware including the medals, which he seems to have hidden under the bridge when he discovered to his sorrow and contempt that they were not coins of the realm.

* * *

EMBALMERS in session at Toronto recently were assured by Mayor Oliver that the population of that city would soon be half a million. Whether he meant that the population would largely consist of dead men does not appear; but the optimism of the chief magistrate appealed very strongly to the people who look after dead men. Furthermore, the mayor gave the embalmers the freedom of the city.

* * *

DEGREES in music may now be granted at McGill University. One of the greatest universities in America, McGill has been a long while discovering that music is one of the democratic arts. Toronto University has granted degrees in music these many years. The McGill Conservatorium of Music already contains a large staff, to which have been added two new members this year, including Prof. Davies, in charge of singing, and Signor Darbieri, who takes charge of the violin department.

* * *

RESUMPTION of activity in steel plants gives excuse to a writer in the Sydney *Record* thus to introduce an economic article on the working of the Dominion Iron & Steel Company's works in Sydney, Nova Scotia:

"Strings of cars, piles of red, white and black stones, avenues of long, low buildings, a multitude of smoke-begrimed chimneys, all sorts and conditions of wheels, some aloft, some below, an inordinate number of flaming pots, kettles, cauldrons, stoves, ovens, and furnaces, filled with boiling fluid of some sort, poked, stoked or stirred by gangs of commonplace-looking wizards and devils in grimy overalls. Rows of big, tall, square blocks, or pillars of glowing metal that are gradually tortured or squeezed in monster moulds, to be turned into rails or wires. Tremendously fascinating, yet so dangerous. Such is the impression left with possibly ninety-eight per cent. of the visitors to the plant of the Dominion Iron & Steel Company in Sydney."

* * *

ALL people interested in the economic welfare of the Maritime Provinces—and that should mean all Canadians—will be able to learn much from the thoughtful letters of Mr. Walter H. Trueman, written from Winnipeg to the *St. John Globe*. Mr. Trueman is a native of St. John. He speaks with the candour and earnestness of a patriotic citizen who sees that something must be energetically done to keep the Maritimes in the race with the westward provinces. He says:

"Unless St. John and New Brunswick develop more opportunities for their young men in the industrial and commercial classes than at present exist, Montreal, Toronto and this western country are going to attract them more powerfully than did the

New England States appeal to our young people of a generation ago. It will be some sentimental satisfaction that they remain in Canada. That is but a small satisfaction to those who remain at home, who feel themselves to be the poorer because of the drain, and who want to be living in a community progressive enough to retain its population."

In a practical way Mr. Trueman goes on to give an example of what St. John is able to do by way of building up industries liable to languish unless something be done quickly. He makes an example of furniture manufacturing—but neglects to point out that in the making of furniture Ontario has many more factories than are to be found in London, which he mentions. He does not mention that Toronto, Berlin, Stratford, Preston, Waterloo, and a dozen smaller places have large furniture factories which at present do a large business outside of Ontario. However, his arguments are economically just. He says:

"I suppose before Grand Rapids, Michigan, became the great furniture making centre of the United States, it had rivals without number, and that before it commenced to be the seat for that great industry there were powerful concerns in other localities which had possession of the trade. I am not familiar with the conditions of this business in Canada, beyond knowing that there is a large furniture factory at London, Ontario. I have no doubt that there are other factories elsewhere. I do not know that there is one in the Maritime Provinces. These provinces in themselves are considerable of a market. Their combined population is well up to one-half of that of Ontario. If supported by the local market of Ontario so many industries in that province can thrive it ought to be possible for the lower provinces to sustain industries that seem to be particularly native to our conditions. In the west they would have a field in which the manufacturer of Ontario has no favours, except a small advantage in freight rates. Impressed by the example of Grand Rapids, I would seek to make St. John the furniture emporium of the Dominion. I am not aware that the furniture factories of Ontario have a nearness not possessed by us to special kinds or grades of lumber. In fancy woods they cannot be any better off than we are, while in ordinary classes of hard woods the conditions ought to favour St. John."

* * *

HENRY HANS RASMUSSEN is perhaps the most famous Norwegian in Canada. He lives in Winnipeg and has been in the Canadian West for nearly fifty years. Mr. Rasmussen came out in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company in 1852, one of a party of sixty Norwegians who were recruited that year into the service of the great company, who were unable to keep up their supply of Orkney-men. Years before he became a voyageur and general knock-abouter in the fur trade, Rasmussen was a sailor on the high seas; an adventurous mariner, first a cabin boy, from the Baltic to the Mediterranean; during which time he saw Russia and China and showed such hardihood and love of the sea and such agility aloft on the yard-arms that the Hudson's Bay Company sought to secure him for the marine end of their service. However, young Rasmussen elected to remain in York Factory; there he changed his allegiance from salt water to the great inland rivers and the sailing vessel for the York boat. After serving his five years contract at York Factory Rasmussen went to Fort Garry; afterwards serving under Factor Pruden, from whom he got into the freight boat business. In his various trips up the Albany and Winnipeg rivers he became familiar with the great trade route that is now being revived on both land and water in the proposed railway to Hudson's Bay. He was one of the expedition sent to meet General Wolseley in 1870, and help him down the dangerous rapids of the Winnipeg River. He says: "We arrived at Rat Portage before the expedition, and our boats were all lying crowded together at the post, while Mr. Sinclair and the Rev. Mr. Gardiner, who accompanied us, were visiting the master; when suddenly our men—mostly Swampies—began to whoop and fire off their guns in joy at seeing the boats of the 60th Rifles close at hand. The soldiers, mistaking the joyful whoops and friendly salute for a hostile demonstration, levelled their guns and were about to fire when I called to our steersmen to hoist the Union Jack. The moment the soldiers saw that they lowered their rifles and gave us a hearty British cheer. From Rat Portage Mr. Sinclair, with four boats, lightened those of the 60th and went on with them down the Winnipeg River, while the other four boats went on to Fort Frances to meet the Canadian volunteers."

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LITERARY NOTES

COUSIN CINDERELLA.

IN the days when Mrs. Everard Cotes was Sara Jeanette Duncan, a young Canadian writer of original freshness, the book, "An American Girl in London," was written, appearing first in a British weekly. Now, after the lapse of a score of years, we have "Cousin Cinderella," which is supposed to chronicle the adventures of two young Canadians in Old London.

Graham and Mary Trent are the children of Hon. John Trent of the Minnebiac Planing Mills, who has attained unto a seat in the Canadian Senate and is drowsy ever after. The Senator is a man of wealth who has laid the foundations of Minnebiac, while his wife is a nervous invalid who is not mentioned, save to enquire about her health. Why, we might ask, is the millionaire's wife of fiction always a poor thing in the matter of nerves and digestion? The two young Trents are sent by an indulgent papa to England, and find themselves tenants of a flat in Kensington.

The story is told by Miss Trent who is by way of being a "smart" young person, who approaches the British Public very much as a pert small boy would regard a bald-headed veteran in a sound slumber, ere he flicked the latter into a wide-awake condition. Nevertheless many of the early comments on London ways and means are touched with the humour which made "A Social Departure" a matter of entertainment. Describing the abnormal obligingness of the young man in the English grocery shop, the author remarks:

"Whenever we spoke he said 'Thank you,' and whenever we paused. 'Thank you' gladly when we said we would take it, and 'Thank you' sadly when we said we wouldn't. His politeness was really beyond all bearing. He leaned toward us on the counter like one receiving a sacred trust; and before I could say whether the bottle I wanted was of oil or of vinegar he was out with his thank-you, and his pencil had it down. He offered us a choice of brands in everything with a deference one might have expected to be kept for the Royal Family. He hung upon our preference with a golden smile, and when we could think of nothing more and he had to take our address, he looked up insinuatingly and said: 'And what name would you like, miss?' as if he had a selection there too." There is much shrewdness in the advice—"The great thing in England is to confess your deficiencies and divergences. They just love being kind to you then."

There is, of course, a genuine "American" girl, Evelyn Dicey, "whose father owns any number of the Thousand Islands (in the River St. Lawrence) and usually lived on one of them in the summer, though Mr. Dicey's home was in Troy, N.J." This sprightly visitor to the United Kingdom finds Wales a desperately dull country.

"There wasn't a thing to do in that place but learn to spell it and forget again; and the time came when you *couldn't* forget. No, my children, Wales is a romantic country, but if you haven't time to see it don't lie awake worrying. There was a little church three miles off, and the minister was the nearest neighbour. He preached against motoring, because, he said, the poor might often be in our way, but we had no right to destroy them. Oh, dear!"

The frothy style of conversation boils up on every page until the distracted reader would welcome the most solemn platitudes by way of relief to these would-be witticisms. Surely the Mrs. Cotes who wrote "The Imperialist" and "Set in Authority" must have been asleep or on a journey when this stuff was set down. If Graham and Mary Trent ever existed in the flesh, then our English kinsmen must have suffered many things from their Canadian visitors. Such half-baked specimens of colonial crudity are almost on a par with Dickens' *Jefferson Brick* of tender memory. This is the sort of remark with which Mary Trent regales her partner at a ball:

"England isn't quite big enough to be a country, is it? In the geographical sense, I mean. But it's a heavenly place—especially London. Don't you think so?"

It must be hoped that Mary's looks made up for her conversation, otherwise, even the noble lords who fell to her lot are to be profoundly pitied. When Evelyn Dicey and Mary Trent enter upon heart-to-heart talks the result is even worse. On one occasion, the latter's brother is the topic for the tea-hour.

"Graham is a darling, honey," Evelyn said, "but—"

"He's a lamb," I said. "A dear and precious lamb, just as much as anybody, and in some ways more."

"Of course he is. But you know, my chicken—he's just a simple Canuck." The reader of these touching confidences begins to wonder if he is reading of the inmates of a brain-fag sanitarium.

Mrs. Cotes recently visited Canada, her native land. It is difficult to believe that she heard "Canuck" frequently used to designate her countrymen. The term is not nearly so common as it was five years ago and is seldom employed, save in humorous connection; yet Mrs. Cotes fairly spangles her narrative with the word. Graham Trent, we are told, was educated at Upper Canada College, Toronto, and the Royal Military College, Kingston, yet he is referred to as a "simple Canuck" in a fashion which implies that he has no idea of the gentle uses of the fork or finger-bowl. It is difficult to believe that he is such an utterly Babe-in-the-Woods young man as the novelist describes him.

This book is emphatically a disappointment and irritation, when one considers the writer's former works and the opportunity present conditions afford her for dealing with such a situation as that in "Cousin Cinderella." The title of the book is unfortunate, the characters are inane and unconvincing, while the style of the narrative is tawdry and feeble. The cover is rather pleasing—olive green cloth with design of the maple-leaf forever. Toronto: The Macmillan Company.

* * *

AT END.

At end of Love, at end of Life,
At end of Hope, at end of Strife,
At end of all we cling to so—
The sun is setting—must we go?

At dawn of Love, at dawn of Life,
At dawn of Peace that follows Strife,
At dawn of all we long for so—
The sun is rising—let us go!—LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

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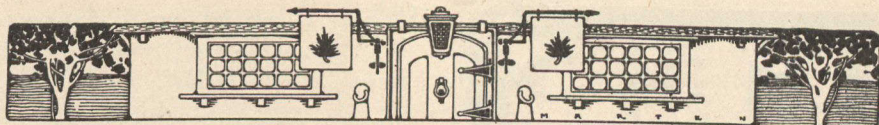
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AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

SEPTEMBER ON THE ST. LAWRENCE.

THOSE who have taken holidays in July and August look on with rueful eyes when the late-goers depart in the first month of Autumn for river or lake. In the case of the September traveller, it is the late bird which gets the worm. The boats and trains in July and August are overcrowded with noisy families bound for Muskoka or Montreal, but the clamour has died with the summer when the September trips begin. Then you congratulate yourself that you were so sensible as to wait during the heated term for the days when, as one of our own poets tells us, "the river blue is deepest."

There are gloomy souls who can sit on deck and talk of departed June and coming December, while the river is turquoise under the blue sky and jade under the clouds of gray; but, like dear old Omar, most of us reckon little of "past regrets and future fears." Who cares for the headache of yesterday or the heartache of to-morrow when the boat sways above the whirling rapids and the cedars on the island send their fragrant healing across the waves? Then a boy with magic fingers is playing such music as only those born under a melodious star can evoke for milder mortals—Hungarian dances that mock the wild water, Chopin waltzes that ripple with the outer current and dreamy ballades which echo across to the dim blue shore where from a sleepy French-Canadian village, there is lifted a silver cross, shimmering in the light of the perfect autumn afternoon. Yes, this, too is Canada—the East of quaint villages and stately spires, with stories of past struggles in the names which make the St. Lawrence a river of music.

Beautiful, too, lie the river and the city, as one looks from the mountain front on another September day of dreams and sees the mighty stream, the smiling green islands and the distant heights of border hills veiled in the violet haze which is September's fairy cloak. Is it any wonder that our poets have let English bards sing of the May, while they have opened their hearts to the soft loveliness of the days "when the other world is near"? The air, as yet, has no unkind chill of frost but the yellow gleam of goldenrod, the scarlet touch in the woodland are a deeper glow than any summer pageant gives us. Ottawa has a picturesque charm; Kingston a grave dignity of fort and stream; the cities of the Pacific a mountain majesty; but Montreal from the mountain-side on a golden September afternoon is *grande dame* in the richest brocade with embroidery of ruby and sapphire. Talk not of her dirty streets, where the mud gladly adheres to the wayfarer, nor of her grasping aldermen and her practical politics. On a certain September day I found her a fairyland with ivory gates wide open, and who would revile the scene where Aladdin gave the lamp an extra rub?

But the gates of fairyland are closed at five o'clock, when one comes back to earth, or rather St. Catherine Street, to delectable tea-rooms where a merry matron from Melbourne entertains one in a soft Australian voice with witticisms at the expense of the Canadian accent. It is quite impossible to quarrel with the friend from Melbourne because she is of Irish "distraction" and altogether a "dear" who has made the mountain drive an hour to remember.

* * *

ON a Saturday morning the steamer *Beaupre* was crowded from bow to stern with sturdy French-Canadian citizens who were evidently bent on something more than a pleasure excursion.

"Where are those people going?" I asked of a young workman who had just rolled a heavy barrel towards the R. and O. steamer.

"To Sorel. The First Minister, he speak there to-day." The accent was unmistakably that of Quebec. He nodded towards the deck of the river steamer—"You can see him—First Minister."

At the bow, accompanied by members of his Cabinet and surrounded by an admiring group, was Sir Wilfrid Laurier, smiling with that easy, unaffected grace which has made it difficult for political opponents to be anything but personal friends. The workman on the shore looked steadily at the group of Canadian ministers with a light of hero-worship on his toil-stained face. To the Canadian whose forefathers came from the British Isles, Sir Wilfrid is a great political leader of charming personality; but to his own people he is, indeed, "First Minister" and their loyal, unfeigned adoration of this son of Quebec is a good thing to see in these days of vilification and political slander. The workman turned at last to go back to his barrels and bowing with that gentleness which seems to belong to his people, said softly: "He make great speech at Sorel."

* * *

AMONG those who have felt the river magic of our early Autumn is the Canadian poet, Helena Coleman, from whose song, "September Comes Again," these lines are taken:—

And now September! in whose languid veins
The wine of summer, slow-distilling, flows;
The light and glory fade—the laughter wanes,
But earth more lovely grows.

O rare September! has it all been said—
The wistful hours, the soft, reluctant days,
When Nature seems to pause with arms outspread
And heart that yearns both ways?

Upon the mellowed harp-strings of the vine
The fitful winds their soft forebodings urge,
And with the liquid murmurs of the pine
In plaintive sweetness merge.

The mountains, veiled in gold and amethyst,
Their once familiar outlines scarcely show;
Across the uplands, faint with purple mist,
The oaks and maples glow.

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What Canadian Editors Think

REMEMBER SIR CHARLES.
(Winnipeg Tribune.)

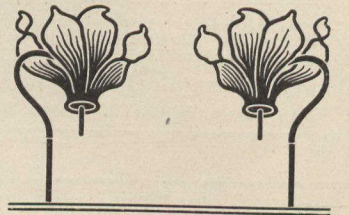
APPROACHING his 89th year, Sir Charles Tupper, Bart., one of the two or three surviving fathers of Confederation, and one of the very few really able men that have participated in the public life of Canada, is in our midst again. Although he retired from active public life some years ago, he crosses the continent once or twice a year, voyages across the Atlantic quite as often, spending his time with members of his family and taking an active interest in questions affecting the welfare of the Empire. Sir Charles Tupper is a wonderful old man. His mental grip upon all questions affecting the Empire and his facility for recalling details of historical and political events of half a century or more ago, is simply marvellous, and is a splendid tribute to his phenomenal virility. Sir Charles has been a sufficiently long period out of the public life of the country to permit of the asperities of political strife to be forgotten and to enable all citizens to forget old political differences, and view the man as he is to-day. In the ordinary course of human life (unless of course Sir Charles has private access to the fountain of the Elixir of Life which seems not at all improbable judging by his sprightliness) the old knight cannot be with us many more years. Instead of sounding his praises after he has left us, would it not be kindlier and more fitting on our part if we demonstrated in his honour when he is still with us and able to appreciate the public recognition?

* * *

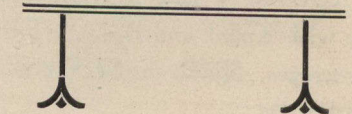
THOSE WESTERN ORIENTALS.
(Vancouver World.)

IT is somewhat mortifying to the people of this province to read day after day of the splendid reception given to the Americans by Australians, and to remember that but for the fear of Ottawa that British Columbia would become too friendly with the neighbouring nation, they might have performed for the Empire the great duty to the right to perform which they had the first claim. Nobody ever said it in plain language, but hints were not wanting that the authorities feared an outburst of feeling here based on a popular view that to the American fleet rather than to the British fleet must we look for protection from Oriental invasion. The fear may have been justified or may not. The point is that something of the kind has happened in Australia and that from no source so far as we are aware, has come a word of censure. This, however, is only the latest instance of Australia being allowed to take the horse while British Columbia is admonished if she looks over the fence. The whole history of anti-Asiatic legislation discloses that our fellow-subjects may freely do that which when proposed by ourselves is declared to endanger the safety of the Empire. In South Africa it is the same story. Natal passes a Natal Act, but British Columbia may not copy it. The Transvaal insists on the most drastic legislation with respect to the East Indians, but we must remember that any interference with our fellow-subjects here may provoke all sorts of disturbances a thousand miles up the Ganges.

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The Assassin's Club

(Continued from page 15)

Astro brushed past him and set his foot on the stair, when a fat face looked down over the balusters. The portly form of Herr Beimer followed it.

"Vat's de madder?" he inquired, as he started down.

Without further parley Astro ran up the stairs and, before there was any time for resistance from the astonished German, grasped him by the knees and, pulling his feet from under him, sent him madly sliding down the stairs. Herr Beimer, swearing a polysyllabic oath, stumbled awkwardly to his feet and set off up stairs again after his attacker. But by this time Astro was at the top of the second flight. He dashed into the square room in the rear where he had seen the group of men. It was empty! Beside it, however, was a small hall bedroom, and here, in his shirt sleeves, lying in a stupor on the cot, lay Lieutenant Cameron.

Astro sprang to the door and locked it just as the excited German thumped ponderously on the panels. Next he threw up the window and whistled. Then, taking the Lieutenant in his arms, he succeeded in carrying him to the window sill. Valeska was already on the roof outside, waiting for him.

"Take his feet!" said Astro under his breath, and so together they managed to get the Lieutenant out on the roof and to the window of the chamber in No. 111. By this time the man had begun to revive and to protest in word and action against his removal. They paid no heed to him, however, and bundled him into the room and on the bed. Then Astro shook him energetically.

"Wake up, man!" he cried. "Wake up now! You can, if you try! Here! Smell this!" He reached for the ammonia and held it under the lethargic man's nostrils.

The Lieutenant turned away his head, coughed, blinked, and partially rose on one arm. "Who are you?" he said, gazing at them in surprise. "Friends of Miss Mannering's," said Astro.

The Lieutenant shook his head, and stared. "What's the matter?" he brought out laboriously.

"I got you away from Beimer — afraid of trouble—want to help you." Astro spoke very distinctly as if to a deaf man.

The Lieutenant felt for his coat, found himself without one, seemed puzzled, and dropped back again limply.

"The—draw—" his voice ended in a mumble.

"Yes, the drawer! What drawer?" Astro asked eagerly.

"Find draw—" The Lieutenant seemed to drop asleep.

"I wonder what he means? There's something on his mind. No doubt he has hidden something." Astro looked keenly at Valeska under drawn brows.

"Can't you revive him again?" she asked.

"No use trying the ammonia yet. It seems to have too great a reaction and sends him into a deeper sleep. We'll have to wait till he comes to himself for a moment naturally. You know what it is now, don't you?"

She nodded. "And I found it out, curiously enough, only from the dictionary. I looked up the word 'assassin,' and found that it came from *Hashshashin* or hashish eater. Then I looked up about the Old Man of the Mountain who used to drug his followers with bang till they would commit any crime, and that led me of course to *Cannibas Indica*, or Indian hemp, and I found out all about the effects of hashish."

"Yes, I thought these amateur

Assassins were innocent enough — only a club to experiment with hashish: for with a moderate dose the sensations are wonderful, and well worth trying—but there's more in this than that. What is Beimer up to? That's what I want to know."

"Is he really unconscious now?" Valeska asked, watching the prostrate form of the Lieutenant as he lay flushed and breathing, but otherwise inert.

"Not really. He may be dimly aware that we are here; but his volition is gone. He won't speak until he rises to the level of volition again. It's a sort of double consciousness, a rhythmic process of alternate sinking into apathy, where he sees visions, and rising into full consciousness when he can talk for a moment. I wish I knew what dose he had. The intervals are about five minutes. I tried hashish when I was in college; but I took such an overdose the last time that I have dreaded to use it again."

The Lieutenant now began to mutter, as if talking in his sleep. "I'm tottering on the tops of tall pendulums . . . lovely colour. . . In a tunnel now, twisting, turning, violet, green, orange . . . floating . . . floating like a spirit . . . tops of tropic trees . . ."

Suddenly he gasped and sat up, staring hard at them. "What did I say? What was it? Quick! Before I go off again! I was saying something."

"Find the drawer," Astro suggested, leaning to him.

"Draw—draw— What was it? Drawings!" he exclaimed. "Beimer wants the drawings! For God's sake, help me! I'm losing it again! Drawings! What is it about drawings?"

"Where did you put them?" "Drawings! Yes. Under the—mat—" His eyes closed.

Astro tried again. "Under the mat in the little room?"

The Lieutenant stared stupidly. "I forget. Mat—that meant something. I can't get it. Wait till I come up again. . . All snaky now, like live wires . . . pink and green . . . Ah!" The rest was inaudible.

The moment he had again succumbed to the effects of the drug Astro sprang to the window. He paused there to say sharply:

"Beimer is trying to get some of the Lieutenant's navy drawings, that's evident, and has given Cameron a big dose of hashish to keep him quiet till the papers can be found. I think Cameron must have suspected it, and has hidden the blueprints, or whatever they are. I'm going to go through that bedroom and see if they're under the mat. You wait here. He is likely to be unconscious for five minutes more now, and I'll just have time." With that, he had leaped out on the roof and was off.

The Lieutenant still muttered in a whisper so low that Valeska could make out nothing. She went to the window just as Astro reappeared.

"No mat, nothing but a carpet. Beimer must have got away with them. You'll have to get after him, Valeska, while I pull the Lieutenant through. If I know anything about hashish, he's had a terrific dose, and is going to have the worst case of nausea he ever had in his life. I took a look at those caviar sandwiches—they were fairly green with the stuff. His first voyage won't be a circumstance to the seasickness he'll have in about half an hour. You get right out to Beimer's place and see what you can do with him!"

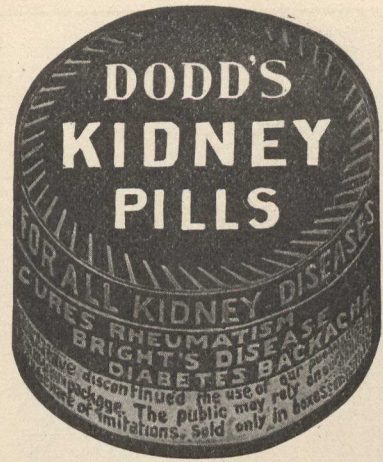
As Valeska threw on her furs the Lieutenant was beginning to arouse again. As she slipped out of the door and ran down stairs, he sat up on the bed, his eyes glassy, his fists clenched. The effort he was making to gain possession of his mental faculties was

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evident in his writhing mouth and the wild, staring eyes.

"What was it?" he demanded.

"It's all right," said Astro. "Beimer has the drawings; but we'll get them for you." He turned for the glass of water on the table.

The Lieutenant clutched his arm in a fierce grip. "Gods!" he cried. "Help me! The papers were secret plans for gun control. Man, it's ruin for me!"

"You must drink this, first of all," Astro replied, holding the glass to the man's lips. "It's an emetic. We must get this hemp out of your stomach before you can recover."

Astro put down the glass and waited. It was evident that nothing could help now, and the drug which had thoroughly impregnated the man's system must work off its own effects.



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For half an hour he read the little volume of the "*Morte d'Arthur*"; for another half-hour he sat in a brown study, his eyes fixed on the pattern in the worn carpet. There was a zig-zag figure in it which resembled the letter M.

The Lieutenant moaned in his sleep, and felt under his bed mechanically with one hand. Astro's eyes followed him.

Then with his face suddenly illumined, he rose quietly, threw up the window, and passed out on the roof. In less than five minutes he returned with a smile on his lips. He took up the book again and began reading.

It was after midnight when Valeska returned in great disappointment. She took off her coat and looked sadly at the Lieutenant, who was now sleeping peacefully.

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"It was no use," she said. "Herr Beimer wasn't in, and no one knew when to expect him. I waited as long as I dared; for I hated to come back unsuccessful."

"It was too bad I was so stupid as to send you away out there," said Astro quietly. "I should have taken time to think it over, first. It came to me an hour after you had left. Here are the blueprints, safe and untouched."

"Under the mat? But I thought you looked and found none there."

"My dear," said Astro, with a whimsical expression on his dark, handsome face, "you should learn to concentrate, to focus your subconscious mind upon itself. The psychic state of receptivity—"

"Oh, bother!" Valeska exclaimed. "Where were they, if they weren't under the mat?"

"Under the mattress," he answered. The Lieutenant sat up, now fully recovered, and looked at the two. Astro handed him the blueprints. He grasped them exultantly. For awhile he lay weakly looking at them, saying nothing. Astro put on his overcoat and helped Valeska into her wraps. Just before he opened the door, he turned and said:

"I don't think I need give you any advice, Lieutenant. I think that Miss Mannering needn't know about this, and I shall not tell her."

"What does she know? Did she send you to help me?" the Lieutenant asked anxiously.

"She asked my advice, that's all. Unfortunately she saw the name 'Assassins'; but I think you can explain that easily enough, if you don't care to confess the truth."

"How can I explain it?" Cameron said thoughtfully.

"Why, tell her that the club met to kill—time," said Astro, as he bowed his farewell.

The next Master of Mysteries story, "The Lorrson Elopement," will appear September 26th.

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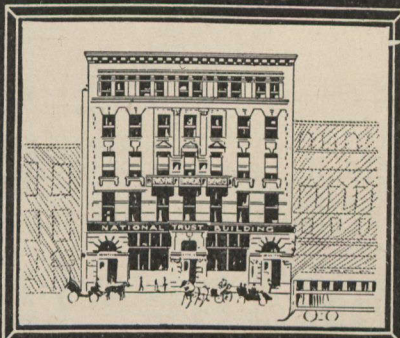
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