

# The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly



JOHN A. COOPER, Editor

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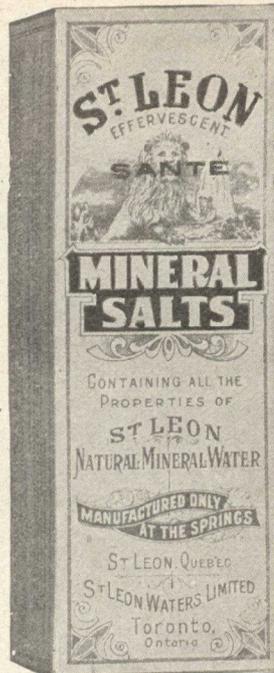
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**Editorial Talk**

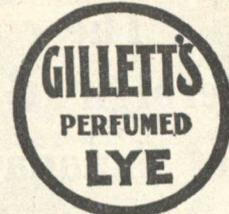
**A**N illustrated weekly paper in Canada is such a curiosity that the people are still wondering whether THE CANADIAN COURIER is merely a "flash in the pan," or something of real flesh and blood. The other day, a new ten-cent weekly was started in the United States by the experienced publishers of a successful magazine. They published it for nineteen weeks, and gave up the attempt. It was a well-written, well-edited paper, and yet the people would not be convinced. The publishers of that journal should have started their paper in Canada where a weekly was needed and they would have met with greater success.

The number of yearly subscribers received at this office during the past fourteen weeks is fully *double* what we expected. The sales through the bookstores have not been quite so striking, but they have been satisfactory. Bookstore sales only come fast after a paper is fairly well established. In a few months it will be different.

Eighty firms have already made advertising contracts with this journal, and this is some guarantee of permanency. The number will require to be increased, but Canadians are loyal, and they will patronise any paper which shows that it has found a constituency. We have every confidence in the future of our advertising patronage.

Some excellent features for next week's issue have been secured, and chief among these will be a special article on "Edmonton's Boom," by our own correspondent.

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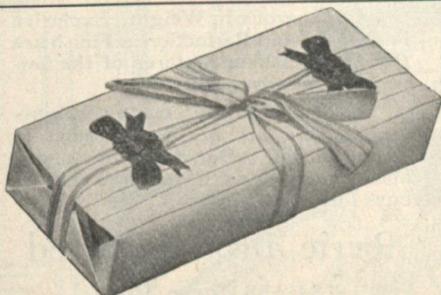
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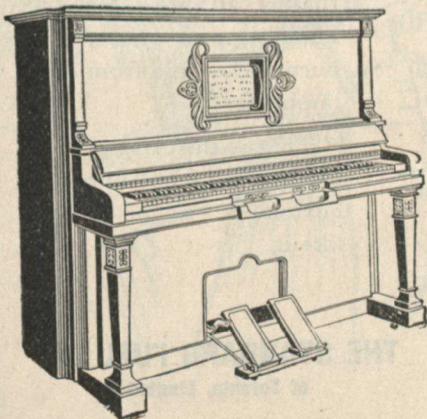
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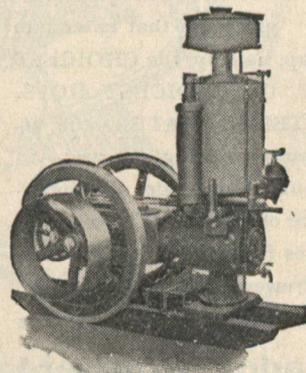
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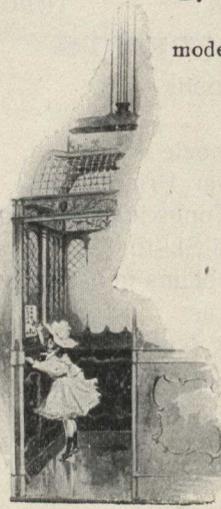
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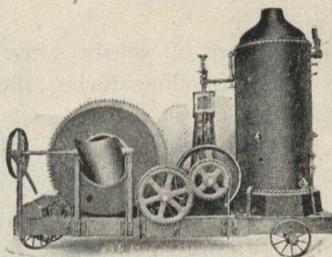
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# The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

NEWS COMPANY EDITION

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Vol. I

Toronto, March 2nd, 1907

No. 14



## The Politician's Favourite Occupation

Professor Milner says, Act 45 of Magna Charta may be called the first civil service rule. "We will not make," it reads, "any justices, constables, sheriffs or bailiffs, but of such as know the law of the realm and mean truly to observe it."

In the reign of Richard II. came the second civil service rule: "None shall obtain office by suit or reward, but upon desert."

In the year 1907, almost seven hundred years after Magna Charta, and five hundred years after Richard II. the same principles are being fought for. Canada wants all her civil services filled upon merit not upon favour. No man should enter the service of the state without a qualifying competitive examination, nor should be promoted except in the same manner.

# REFLECTIONS

BY STAFF WRITERS.

**T**HERE have been some disgraceful scenes in the House of Commons at Ottawa, and disgraceful scenes are likely to occur again. Where men of strong opinions, keen likes and dislikes, of opposing party affiliations meet, there is always the possibility of an outburst when blood grows hot. Nevertheless, that scene on February 19th is likely to hold the record for some time to come.

The outburst was not entirely unexpected. In the Canadian Courier of January 12th, a writer chronicled the report that Mr. Fowler had served notice on the Government that if he were troubled in the House about his land transactions, he would retaliate by disclosures concerning private acts of the Ministers. That writer was apparently well informed. Mr. Fowler was, it is equally apparent, waiting for an opportunity to throw his glove on the floor of the House. He threw it and it made quite a crack.

Throughout the whole of the present session, the slanderbund has been prominent in the corridors of Parliament and in the principal hotels of the Capital. All sorts of salacious stories have been whispered from ear to ear, and Ottawa, even Ottawa, was stirred with the exhilarating gossip. Satan finds plenty of mischief for idle hands, and there have been many idle hands and tongues in Ottawa this session. There are no large questions before the House, and the average member has a surplus of time and energy. Having little else to do, he has circulated stories about his fellow-member—on the other side—with a diligence which would have meant much for the country had it been constructively directed.

The situation is both lamentable and absurd. Scandal-mongering is not even good politics. Certainly the House of Commons is not the place for the airing of private scandals. The House should be concerned only with the public acts of its members and their relation to the national life and well-being. To turn Hansard into a Canadian edition of "Reynold's Weekly" would be to make Canada a laughing stock among the nations. There are other tribunals where the private lives of ministers and members are passed upon, and the decisions may safely be left to them.

Canada wants her members of Parliament to transact public business, not to spend their time looking through private key-holes. The eavesdropper, the scandal-monger and the self-constituted private detective may well be spared from our Legislative Halls.

**T**HERE are many persons in favour of an Arbitration Act who are not anxious to see the present Bill rushed through the House of Commons. It is too important, too revolutionary a measure to be passed hurriedly. If it were deferred until another session, and if in the meantime copies of it were distributed among employers and employees, an opportunity for suggestion and modification would be given. After six months' discussion of the kind that such a Bill would be likely to receive, there would be an opportunity of passing it in a form likely to secure general support.

There are many employers of labour, some of whom have thousands of employees, who have not yet seen the

Bill. They may favour it and they may not. It would seem only proper and right that these gentlemen should have an opportunity of examining its details. They have considerable interests at stake and they would be keenly alive to discover how the proposed legislation would affect the relations between them and their work people. They are shrewd and experienced men who could give even a well-informed Minister of Labour advice which would be worth considering.

Then, again, the various unions ought to consider this Bill at their annual gatherings before it is passed, if there is a desire to make it satisfactory to them, otherwise the support which it should receive from these organisations may not be forthcoming. The annual Labour Congress should also have an opportunity for a discussion of its principles and provisions.

Mr. Lemieux has shown a laudable desire to preserve industrial harmony and peace, but he probably desires also to be fair to both labour and capital. The subject is one in which there is room for differences of opinion and which is beset by numerous pitfalls. Only by careful study and enquiry will it be possible to secure a law which will be assured of the general support of those who work for wages and those who supply the capital and the directing force.

**T**HE view-point in Temperance and Liquor Regulation circles is altering materially—in Ontario at least. The battle-cries have all been changed. "Provincial Prohibition" has been displaced by "Local Option," due to the realisation that the former is practically and politically impossible. In the cities, the cry "Make Them Keep Hotel" is now being superseded by "Separate the Bar from the Hotel and Revive Saloon Licenses." The cry concerning the license fee is still the same: "Raise the Fee," but the temperance people find that the figure which they formerly considered the limit is only about one-quarter what the traffic will stand.

During the past week there has been an investigation in Toronto as to the administration of the license law and some interesting information has come out. It has developed that the limitation of the number of licenses has increased the value of those that are left to an enormous degree. Licenses that were worth only \$5,000 a few years ago are now being sold at \$25,000 or even more.

Mr. W. K. McNaught, M.P.P., an ex-commissioner, advocates that all licenses should be priced, in case of sale, at three times the annual license fee. If a license cost \$1,200 a year, the transfer price would thus be \$3,600, one-third going to the owner, one-third to the city and one-third to the provincial government. Mr. McNaught's reason for keeping the license price low is to prevent small men appealing to brewers for financial assistance. Mr. Millichamp, a commissioner, is favourable to a policy along these lines, but going even farther. He declared his belief that at least one license in the city was worth \$150,000. Of the 146 hotels in the city, probably only 46 cater to the travelling public. He favoured both saloon and hotel licenses.

The Ontario Branch of the Dominion Alliance met

last week and in an interview with the Government, Dr. Chown suggested that legislation should be introduced to separate the bar from the hotel. His reason for this is that in fighting the bar the temperance people found themselves placed in a position "antagonistic to the other part of the hotel business which is perfectly respectable."

The change in attitude on the part of the temperance people is to be commended. Heretofore their agitation has been too sweeping in its condemnation. They are now broadening their view and admitting that it is the "treating" habit which should be eliminated, not the hotel business. With this limitation of their requests, the temperance reformers should get more support. Just how they can abolish bars without injuring hotels which perform a real service to the travelling public is a difficult problem, but one which must be solved. If attention is seriously directed to it, a solution satisfactory to all concerned will no doubt be found.

The problem of limiting the liquor traffic is both moral and economic. So long as the temperance advocates saw only the moral side, they estranged a certain measure of support. Now that they are broadening out, they should find their path much easier, because few reputable citizens will seriously defend the unrestricted sale of spirituous liquors by the glass.

**O**UR great-great-grandfathers were land-grabbers, so history tells us. Apparently we have learned very little in a hundred and fifty years, though we think we are a clever and extraordinary people. Our forefathers gathered in the titles to real-estate in a fashion which quite equals that practised by schemers in British Columbia and other parts of Canada to-day.

**GENERATIONS OF LAND GRABBERS**  
To be more definite: Mr. A. G. Bradley, the historian and the author of a new Life of "Lord Dorchester," tells how the Indians of the Six Nations were only kept from joining Pontiac's War by the influence of Sir William Johnson. These Iroquois were discontented because of ill-treatment at the hands of the British colonists in what is now New York State and elsewhere. Mr. Bradley says:

"Their grievances were genuine enough, for the land greed of the British colonists, from highest to lowest, led to the most unscrupulous and dishonest methods of acquiring patents to Indian lands, the most flagrant among which being that of plying the Indians with liquor and securing their signatures to deeds when drunk."

The land-grabbers of yesterday and to-day seem to have been much alike, both in what is now the United States and what is now Canada. This continent has been taken from the Indian, some by fair means, much by foul means. The process of taking is still proceeding. In the United States, a little is left, and the Federal Government is doing its best to resist the final encroachments. This is true of Canada also, although the lands subject to the ownership of the Red Man are more extensive. Gradually the sphere of the white man extends. A new "treaty" is announced and another district passes from Red to White.

The two great governments on this continent are perhaps doing their best to protect the Indian land titles, but they are white governments, made up of politicians

who have friends and who are amenable to the argument that it is "for the general advantage." Mr. Bradley does not mention this phrase, but certainly it was in use.

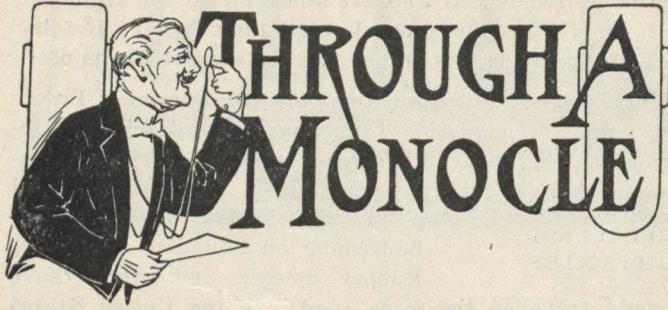
**T**HE recent incorporation of the Dominion Power and Transmission Company, coupled with its relations to the Cataract Power Company, attracts attention to the way in which that hardy American financial plant, the holding company, is flourishing on Canadian soil. The **HOLDING COMPANIES** Rubber merger and others have already travelled the same road. In the United States the Southern Pacific holding company was the beginning of this method of control. The holding company is a corporation of corporations. The device is simplicity itself—a stock company to hold majority holdings in subsidiary companies. By exchanging its securities for those of the subsidiary companies it centralises control. When, in addition, it issues to the public its own securities—based as these are on holdings of securities in subsidiary companies and receiving their income from the return on such stocks—it enables control to be cheapened. For the public purchases of the holding company securities permits a minority holding to do what formerly required a majority holding. Under these newer conditions it is necessary only to control the majority holdings in the holding company in order to control the subsidiary companies; and the public purchase of securities goes far to reimburse the predominant interests the sums expended in obtaining control.

In the United States the holding company has been greatly developed in an endeavour to escape the indiscriminate prohibitions of the anti-trust legislation. The original Trust agreement of the Standard Oil Company was replaced by a holding company. The United States Steel Company is controlled in the same way. In the United States the holding company is at present under fire. When the Northern Securities Company was declared illegal, it was on the ground that this holding company was a combination in restraint of trade. The present proceedings against the Standard Oil Company are based on the same grounds. But the problem of monopoly which the American Government is facing is larger than the holding company device. For, so long as the interests, which have predominated in the holding company, hold, after its dissolution, the majority interests then there is still centralisation of control.

In the United States the refinements of financing found, for example, in the Rock Island Company, in which three companies are used to control a railway system, have enabled control by the ownership of a small minority of the capitalisation. The refinements made use of remind one of the logical sequences of the House that Jack Built, and show us how the financial tail may wag the dog. Canada has not followed the United States in prohibiting all combinations; it has accepted the position of the Common Law in distinguishing reasonable from unreasonable restraints. Hence the lessons of American experience are not wholly pertinent. But different as are the conditions, the holding company brings up not only the peculiar status of the small stockholder whose participation in control is minimised to the vanishing point, but also emphasises the increasing complexity of modern financial organisation.

### A Civil Service Reform League

**A** FRIEND draws the attention of the Editor to the address of Professor W. S. Milner, of the University of Toronto, on "The English Public Service," delivered before the Canadian Club, on February 13th, 1905, and claims for the Professor some of the credit for the revival of interest in this subject. Mr. Willison, to whom the credit was given last week, will no doubt be willing to share the honours with Professor Milner, and THE CANADIAN COURIER is pleased to add his name to the record. There are others who should receive credit for assisting in the movement. Just now, however, we are looking for one thousand good citizens to join a Civil Service Reform League. Do you care? If so, put your name on a post card and address it to "Civil Service," care of THE CANADIAN COURIER, 81 Victoria Street, Toronto.



**T**HE Monocle notices that one of your correspondents objects to what he calls my "defence of the Thaw stuff." He cannot "see a bit of interest in it for Canadians"; though it would have been interesting to us, in his opinion, if one of the parties concerned had been related to a Canadian. That is a very good test of interest, but a very poor test of morality. If the writer is merely objecting to "the Thaw stuff" on the ground that it is uninteresting to our people, his point is well taken; but if he thinks that it should not have been printed because it is bad for our people to read it, then its evil effect could hardly have been neutralised by the circumstances that White or Thaw had a second cousin living in Pugwash, N.B. On the ground of popular interest merely, I had rather trust the judgment of the newspaper editors than that of your correspondent. They think the people want to read the trial or they would not give it space; and it is their business to know what the people want to read.

\* \* \*

As to defending "the Thaw stuff," I would like to enter a plea of "not guilty" so far as I may have been imagined to defend or excuse the life it has revealed. It seems hardly necessary to say this; yet people are continually writing as if only those who approved of the life could possibly think that the report of the punishment of some who lead it, should be printed. The printing of it is, of course, a commercial transaction. Your correspondent does not want to read it, but very many do; and the papers print just as much of it as they think the greatest number of their readers want. They take a plebiscite on the question every day; and their circulation managers count the ballots. But what I should like to ask those who think that the press should ignore such a trial is how they would arrange otherwise for the wholesome publicity which such trials must have in the interests of justice? Would they be satisfied to have a court sit with closed doors and clear a millionaire murderer without any one knowing what the evidence had been?

\* \* \*

"M. J. G.," writing in his accustomed corner "At Dodsley's," in the Montreal Gazette, remarked a week or two ago:—"One of the things for which those of an older generation pity those of the present, is that they have now no novelists." But haven't we? The older generation had a great galaxy of brilliant novelists which happily we can still call our own. They had Dickens, Thackeray, Eliot, Jane Austen, Kingsley, Trollope, Charles Reade, Lytton—not to exhaust the list. It is also true that a reader of these great artists who is over-persuaded by much advertising to pick up one of the "six best sellers"—chiefly in the departmental stores—feels very keenly that this generation is being fed on trash. But is that quite the whole case? In the first place, these people who are reading "best sellers" for the "thrills" they contain, are a class of people who read nothing bound in book form when the great novelists of the last age were at work. They are a new tidal wave of readers; and it is their numbers which have caused the record

sales of "yellow novels which are all plot and no style.

\* \* \*

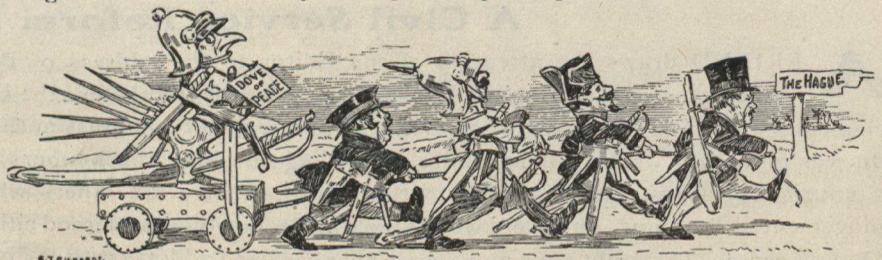
Now this is not a bad thing. It is better that a woman should read Marie Corelli than that she should read nothing. She gets a great sense of being "literary" by enjoying the broad brush work of Hall Caine; and she never knows that he writes like an apprentice and makes up his plots with a box of blocks. But the man of taste is not left desolate. I have just been reading a book of short stories by Henry James; and there is no master of the old school who ever—in my opinion, whatever that may be worth—did a better piece of work. The portraiture is minute, exact, vivid, real. Every character in them lives. Then there is Mr. Howells. It is true that he is writing of a people who do not fare forth on any very dramatic adventures; but his "genre" pictures of American life are as convincing as those of any Dutch painter of the scenes that lay under his eye. Moreover, Mark Twain is a great novelist. People usually think of him as a humourist; but his "Tom Sawyer," his "Huckleberry Finn," and his other pictures of the life he knew, are as penetrating as salt air.

\* \* \*

Robert Louis Stevenson is really of our generation, though death claimed him early; and I confess to preferring him to his countryman, Walter Scott. His canvasses were not so many or so large; but they are fully as fascinating. "Treasure Island" is a story which will hold any reader from ten to seventy. Mr. Hardy is also a novelist, surely. Many will think that he entered the forbidden fields in "Jude, the Obscure" and "Tess"; but were they not magnificent pieces of work? Then there are his Wessex novels in which one smells the hedgerows and the reek from the cottage fires. Kipling has written at least one great novel—"Kim." George Meredith has written several, if Jane Austen was a novelist. The late Frank Norris came very near writing a novel in "The Octopus." Then the lettered man of this generation has easy access to the writers in France, Germany and Italy; and some of them are as superior to the Anglo-Saxon output in the way of art as the work of the studios of Paris exceeds that of London and New York. I had thought to say something about our Canadian novelists, too; but that will have to be postponed, as I see the Editor getting out his "blue pencil."

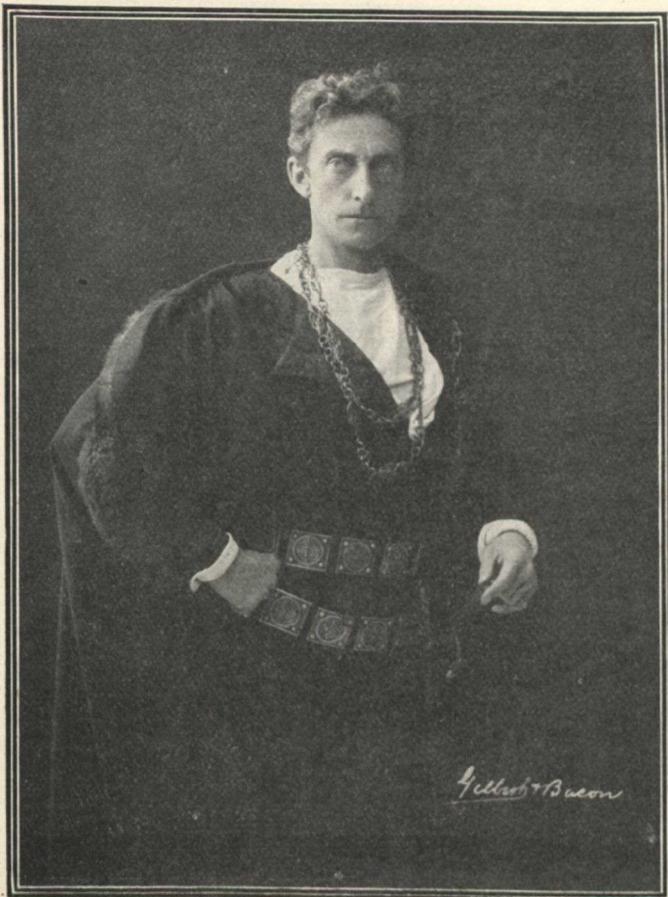
### The New Cabinet in B. C.

**T**HE re-elected premier of British Columbia, Hon. Richard McBride, gathered his forces last week and on Monday, February 25, announced his cabinet. Mr. McBride takes the Chief Commissionership of Lands and Works, Mr. W. R. Ross of Fernie becomes, as is befitting a member from that district, the Minister of Mines; Mr. T. Taylor of Revelstoke is Provincial Secretary, Mr. R. G. Tatlow is Minister of Finance, and Mr. F. Fulton becomes Attorney-General. So the province of the farthest west has settled down to work once more, with the labour party somewhat disgruntled, but the average citizen more interested in development of new railways and mines than in the aftermath of a political struggle. The new appointments do not come as a matter of surprise, as the distribution of portfolios was fairly anticipated by the public.



All for Peace.

—N.Y. Life.



Mr. Forbes Robertson, as "Hamlet."

### An Ever Popular Prince

IN the case of almost all the other plays of Shakespeare a production is spoken of as a "revival" but the phrase is seldom or never used with regard to "Hamlet." How can one revive that which is continuously alive and present with us? The title role of the tragedy is unique in that it knows no ups and downs in popular esteem. It is the ambition of every actor to play the part; it is the desire of every one who has learned to read with discrimination to see the play. This is the case even with men who regard the theatre as a whole an undesirable form of amusement.

Yet it would appear that "Hamlet" achieved its pre-eminent place in the British theatre less than one hundred and fifty years ago. It is true that it was the favourite role of Thomas Betterton, the first English actor of whom the records seem to indicate what we now term genius, but in Garrick's time the play seems to have been held in less esteem than some of Shakespeare's other creations. Betterton must have been remarkable in the part when he could win the esteem of Samuel Pepys whose tastes did not lie in the direction of tragedy. He was born in 1635, nineteen years after Shakespeare's death, but the gossip of the time was that Sir William Davenant who schooled him in the part, was the natural son of Shakespeare and had learned from the dramatist's own lips his ideas of how it should be acted. If this be true, we have a continuous tradition in connection with the role dating back to Shakespeare, for all subsequent performances trace back in some degree to the wonderful performance of Betterton, which so impressed itself on a frivolous epoch. In Garrick's time, however, while the play was valued for the opportunities its leading role affords to the actor, the critical tendency was to treat it in a cavilling manner. Voltaire, who saw it when he visited England, would have none of it, and Dr. Johnson most effectively "damns it with faint praise." He indeed throws some light on the mode of acting it then in vogue by the chance phrase "the pretended madness of Hamlet causes much mirth." Garrick in 1771 altered the play and thought so well of his version that he at one time contemplated publishing it. A forgotten critic, David Erskine Baker, whose

"Companion to the Playhouse" was a popular work in the latter part of the eighteenth century, singularly anticipates the modern view of Garrick's proceeding when he says: "This alteration is made in the true spirit of Bottom the Weaver, who wishes to play not only the part assigned him, but all the rest of the piece." He adds, "Since the death of the player, the public indeed has vindicated the rights of the poet by starving the theatres into compliance with their wishes to see Hamlet as originally meant for exhibition. \* \* \* \* \* No bribe but Garrick's own inimitable performance could have prevailed on an English audience to sit patiently and behold the martyrdom of their favourite author."

The role commenced to tower above all other parts in the repertory of the British theatre in the time of the Kembles, and it is probably due to John Philip Kemble that the tradition of solemnity in connection with the play became established. He was a man of saturnine temperament and one may be sure that his pretended madness did not cause mirth. The English speaking stage has seldom been without an acceptable Hamlet. It is unnecessary to examine the accuracy of George Henry Lewes' statement in his essay on Charles Fechter that no good actor ever wholly failed in "Hamlet." What is really meant perhaps was that the role is the finest ever written in the opportunities for acting it offers. We know that Mr. E. S. Willard did not satisfy either himself or his friends in the role when he played it ten years ago and the eulogists of Edmund Kean have little to say about his performances as the Prince of Denmark. But there were at least four actors in the nineteenth century whose interpretations of Hamlet gave keen pleasure to the critical, Macready, Fechter, Henry Irving and Edwin Booth.

In Mr. Forbes Robertson the play-goers of the present day have a Hamlet who measures well up to the best traditions associated with the part. His interpretation will be more and more appreciated as time goes on. Perhaps Hazlitt was right when he maintained that the average of excellence in acting changes but little from one generation to another.

H. C.



Miss Gertrude Elliott, as "Ophelia."



Tranquility.

By G. A. Reid, P.R.C.A.

### Capital Overworked

**A**T the present moment, capital is over-worked; in other words, money is scarce. English money is still coming into the country, but in limited quantity. Even in London, money is hard to find. In New York also, the same state of "hardness" exists.

The ordinary citizen knows little of the varying phases of capital. He borrows money occasionally from the bank, but it is only in small quantities, and there are no objections. He may find the rate of discount has gone up a quarter or a half, but that hardly attracts attention. If he has a little money to loan, he may find that he can get a half or one per cent. more than he could a year ago, but that does not startle him. The rate is not fixed, therefore why shouldn't it rise and fall?

It is the manufacturer who wants to add a half million dollar extension to his factory; the municipal authorities who have a million dollar loan, or a similar amount of bonds, falling in; the underwriter who has undertaken to float a million dollars' worth of electric railway, first-mortgage bonds; the mining magnate who has five million dollars' worth of silver to get out of the earth and requires a five-hundred-thousand-dollar advance—these are the people who find capital overworked. They go to the banks with their securities which are as good as Dominion of Canada notes, and the banks say "Sorry, but we are short of cash. We cannot get it."

The growth in the number of banks does not necessarily mean greater freedom for the borrower. The money used to found the new banks has come mainly from deposits in the older banks. The new banks have some money to loan, but the older banks have just that much less. New banks do not create capital, they only provide means for distributing capital.

What shall we do about it? "Limit our expansion" is the only answer. We must go more slowly. During the last few years Canada has been running ahead at a terrific pace. A little stock-taking will not hurt. Mr. J. J. Hill, the ex-Canadian pessimist, says that 1908 will be a dull year—and it is just possible he may be right. Other people are saying the same. Any man

who cannot get all the capital he thinks he should have, is liable to be pessimistic. Nevertheless, Canada would do well to go slowly. All history tells us that when you overwork the boom you bring about a reaction. These are Canada's boom days; and they will continue if we are not too greedy.

### Hammer and Tongs in Manitoba

**M**ANITOBA'S usual February gelidness must have been turned into something almost tropical by the heat of the election campaign that is going on. The Roblin Government albeit it numbered in the late Legislature 32 supporters in a house of 40 members, scored not a tremendous popular majority in the elections of 1904. The total straight Conservative majorities in that contest were 4075 and the total straight Liberal majorities 886. This would give the Roblin Government an aggregate popular majority of 3189—seemingly a large enough margin. But there is another way of looking at it. The total Conservative vote was 26,929 as against an aggregate Liberal and Independent vote of 26,303—a scant 326 votes more for the Government than for the candidates of all shades who opposed it.

The news that comes from Winnipeg seems to warrant the statement that the contest is neck-and-neck. In a way both parties are working largely in the dark. Since the last contest fully 75,000 has been added to the population of the Province and almost half of that number have become residents of Winnipeg. The Provincial Capital has been redistributed and a fourth seat added. There is a saying that "As goes Winnipeg, so goes the Province," and both parties are concentrating their efforts on the capital. The Government are making the main issue Manitoba's claim to the annexation of the greater portion of the territory of Keewatin, while the Opposition charges extravagance, misrepresentation of the provincial assets and the usual round of allegations against Canadian ministries. The Liberals are highly delighted because the Conservative candidate in North Winnipeg, a former license inspector who resigned to become a contestant, has abandoned his candidature. The Conservatives say that it was simply a case of "couldn't afford the expense" on the ex-candidate's part. Next Thursday will tell the tale, and in the interim it seems to be a case of "even money and take your choice."

### The O. S. A. Exhibition

The annual exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists which opened on February 22nd is a cheering prospect of what is being done by Canadians in those arts by which life is interpreted and refined. The work of the past year shows increasing range of subject and boldness of treatment.



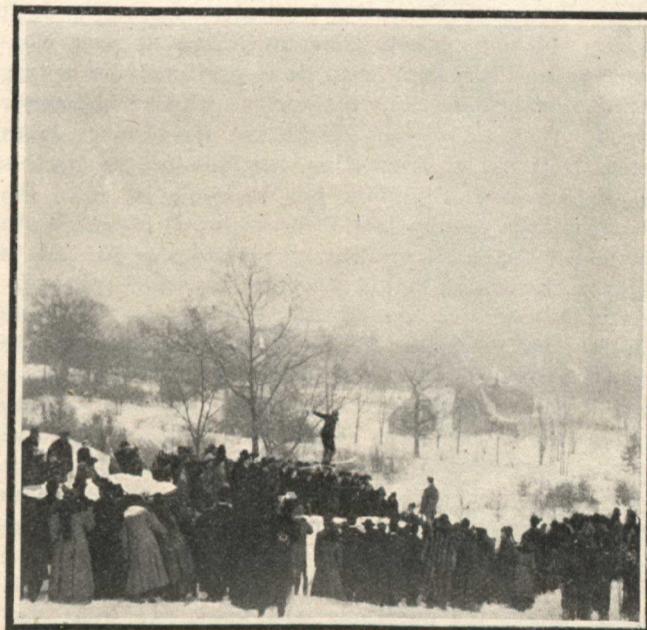
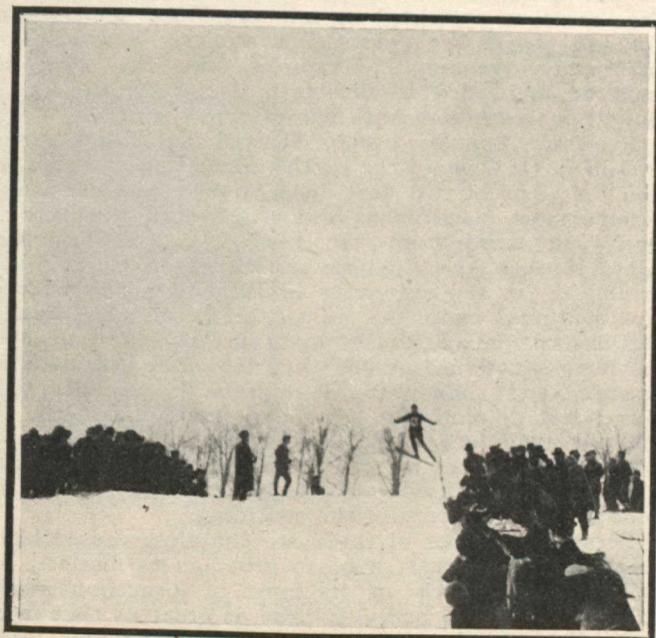
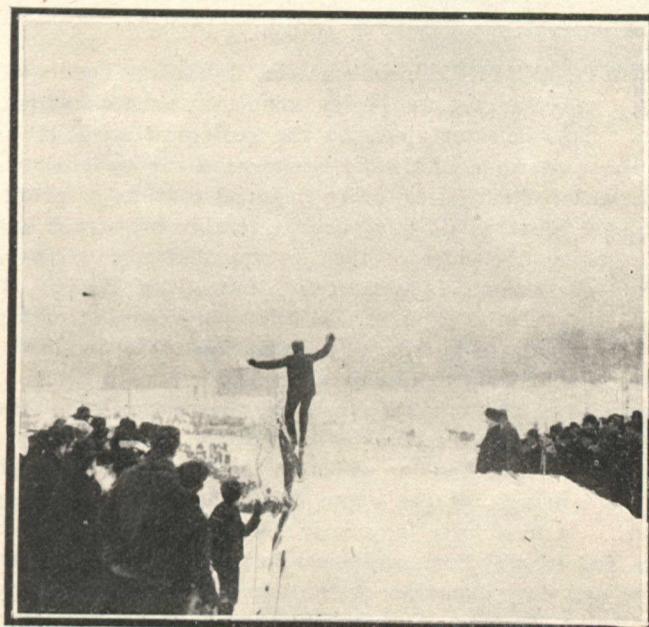
In the Fields, Nova Scotia.

By C. M. Manly, A.R.C.A.



Ice-Harvesting in Ontario

The ice, eighteen inches thick, is first cut by a "plough" drawn by a horse and then cross-cut by hand into blocks about two feet square.



SCENES AT THE MONTREAL SKI CLUB'S COMPETITION

On February 9th, the first of the season's competitions held by the Montreal Ski Club was productive of some excellent work. There were two classes of competitors, Canadian and Norwegian. These classes were further sub-divided into style and distance, longest jump and juniors. The best Canadian jumper went 76½ feet, and a Norwegian went one foot farther. The general observation was that, in style, the Canadians showed decided improvement.

# Interesting Problems in Geology



Mr. H. M. Ami.

**I**NTERESTING problems in Canadian Geology," may suggest to the lay mind that such would perhaps be entertaining to the geological scientist or to those desirous of the development of our mineral resources for dividend or other financial reasons of profit, but such ideas would have been agreeably broadened and enlarged at the close of the lecture delivered recently before the Canadian Institute, Toronto, by Henry M. Ami, M.A., D.Sc., F.G.S. To this able exponent of the earth's crust, its history and formation there would appear to be few facts hidden as he seemed to present to his audience the various strata in the testimony of the ages, like the leaves of a book with the wonderful facts plainly printed thereon, so easily decipherable although in the language of the aeons that "he who runs may read." It may have frequently been a matter of conjecture and marvel how geologists have arrived at a knowledge and determination of the age of formation of any particular stratum of rock how they have decided that one was of the earliest age, and another of comparatively recent formation, but the learned professor made it so plain and undisputable that the hearer at once wondered—as he likely had often done previously in having other perplexing questions made clear why he had never thought of that before. There are probably a dozen different periods of formation, periods of the earth's crust known and classified by the geologist from the early Cambrian to the late Pliocene in all of which are to be found imbedded in their own particular habitat of rock, the imprint or mould of organisms which as surely indicate the period in which they lived as do the nests of last summer's birds. We do not look for hickory nuts in a bear's den, nor for picked bones in the nest of a squirrel, neither will there be found organisms of the Permian age in the rocks of the post tertiary, nor the imprints of reptiles of the carboniferous period in the oolitic or jurassic strata with a bridge of a million years between. Each represents a period of the earth's formation as distinct and defined as do the rings of growth on the end of a pine log to the tree's age and existence. In many minds the questions may arise: to what end does this great knowledge tend? Of what economic value to the people of the present and to posterity are these researches which lay bare the old earth's past? The answers are many, but a few will suffice. In Canada we have to assist us the object lessons in the shape of recently discovered fields of great mineral wealth. In

the Cobalt silver and the Yukon gold we are beginning to realise that beneath the surface so rich in agricultural and other wealth-producing possibilities lie hidden treasures which if discovered and brought to the light of twentieth century employment and utility, would cause the mythical jewels and glitter of the Arabian Nights to pale into insignificance. Professor Ami declared that no part of the world presents such large areas of crystalline rocks as the Dominion of Canada, and these, he said, are the best mineral repositories on earth. Gold and silver are not the only pebbles on the shore of Time; there are other minerals yet, but barely discovered, that will perhaps add as largely to our national assets as the two premier metals. But how to discover them? How to know they are really with us in any form, and if so perhaps beyond our reach? The science of geology here steps in and takes us by the hand as a little toddling child, and leads us to our destiny. Whenever any mineral is found a certain kind of rock is its natural home. It is as little to be expected out of its own formation as a sea-fish at the head of a fresh water river. As previously stated, every formation has the remains of its own peculiar organisms, and when a geologist finds those organisms belonging to gold bearing country he correctly assumes the precious metal is not very far away, and when he comes across those natural to country in which any particular mineral is found he knows it is in the immediate vicinity.

Professor Ami gave two instances where a proof of this deduction has been demonstrated. Some years ago when in Cornwall where tin has abounded and been a source of wealth since before the invasion of Julius Caesar, he made particular study of the organisms peculiar to the strata where that mineral obtains. Some time after in Nova Scotia he came upon the same kind of organisms in similar formation. At the time, he stated tin should as a matter of sequence be in the neighbourhood and only the other day tin has been discovered near where he was pursuing his researches.

In another example, with a lantern slide, he showed the audience a picture of a spot in the Eastern provinces where coal was discovered through the professor having indicated its proximity by the imprints of ferns, and other marks of the igneous period of the carboniferous age. The land and rock slides which occurred at Quebec City in 1841 and 1889 with the attendant loss of life and destruction of property could have been in a large measure prevented or minimised had the authorities and people but possessed a working knowledge of rudimentary geology. Examples like the foregoing could be multiplied to illustrate the practical uses of geology in connection with our everyday wants.

Professor Ami, by a map, showed that North America had in the ages of the earth's formation and changes been the scene of two vast dislocations. The one which perhaps most concerns us was that which ran with a southward trend from the head of the St. Lawrence valley through the Eastern and Southern States and terminated at the extremity of Florida, although perhaps continued under the sea to the West India Islands. This dislocation was caused by a succession of volcanoes travelling southward as one after the other became filled up and extinct, and it is not improbable, said he, that their latest development has found expression in the recent upheavals and seismic disturbances at Jamaica.

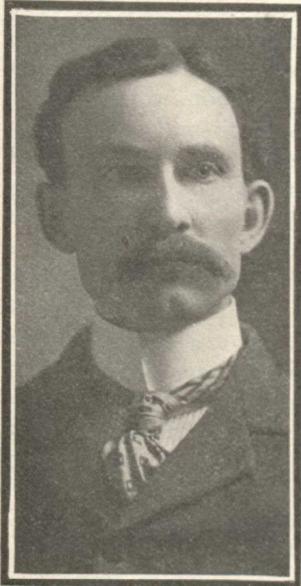
The other dislocation can be fairly traced in the route taken by the Rocky Mountains, which is continued almost to the extremity of the continent.

These convulsions of the past, doubtless caused by a weakness of the crust, were so great as to disclose an earlier strata, which in its lapse of formation would perhaps represent a period of time as great as that from the earliest Cambrian to the present. The axis each dislocation formed, the overfolding of the old with the new, the intermingling of the co-relative with the older foreign element have created problems of study which when solved will throw a flood of increased light on the history of our globe, whose existence reaches back far beyond a measurement of time conceivable by finite understanding.

## Young Canadians

### A NEW MEMBER

**I**N our new country, a political succession is comparatively rare. But there seems to most Ontarians something befitting in the fact that Mr. Duncan C. Ross of Strathroy was elected in his father's constituency, West Middlesex, on February 20th, to a seat in the provincial legislature. Mr. Ross is the elder son of the



Mr. Duncan C. Ross.

Hon. G. W. Ross and distinguished himself in the political science course at the University of Toronto, from which he graduated in 1892. He was appointed Fellow of Political Science but resigned that position to enter upon the practice of law. He finally settled in the town of Strathroy which gave him a majority of 61 last week, his total majority being one hundred and forty-six. Mr. Ross has found his name one to conjure with in a good Scotch constituency, but his own merits have made him generally respected and liked in the riding and he promises to add to the Opposition Oratory. He will be introduced to the Legislature by Mr. A. G. Mackay and Mr. C. N. Smith. The victory of his son is naturally extremely gratifying to Senator Ross and if the new member possesses the fighting ability of his father, the Legislature bids fair to be enlivened.

### AN ACTRESS OF PROMISE

**M**ISS Catherine Proctor is a Toronto girl of whom her home city has reason to be proud. Her recent appearance among her own people was appreciatively received and it is to be hoped that her next professional visit will be as "star." Miss Proctor was born in Ottawa, whose citizens seem to be endowed with more than their share of dramatic and poetic gifts, but her removal to Toronto at an early age and her training in her chosen art in the latter city give reason for her declaration of loyalty to the Queen City.

Miss Proctor played the part of "Hermia" in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," in which Miss Annie Russell made a delightful and winsome "Puck." The character of Hermia is one of Shakespeare's most daring presentations of charming and wilful femininity. It takes unusual refinement of temperament to render her sprightly lines so that they will not seem the utterance of a mere termagant.

Physically, Miss Proctor is well-suited to the part of Egeus' daughter, for she is slender and graceful, with a

stature befitting the disdainful little lady. Nothing of what is commonly termed "theatrical" mark her bearing or manner and to talk with her is to be assured of the seriousness which she associates with her work.

### A BELLEVILLE BOY

**T**HE city of Belleville has given a premier to the Dominion, a premier to Manitoba and Sir Gilbert Parker to the British House of Commons. It is an en-

couraging fact that among the younger boys of the Hastings town there are several who have already shown the pluck and energy which must go to the making of a nation.

In 1900, Mr. Gordon Bennett Johnson, son of ex-Mayor J. W. Johnson of Belleville, graduated from the Royal Military College, Kingston, with the first prize of a commission in the Royal Engineers of the Imperial army. He attended the School of Military Engineering at head-quarters in Chatham, England, for two years and was afterwards stationed at Colchester, England. Later he went to Colombo, Ceylon, where he was offered by a member of the eminent English engineering firm, Sir J. W. Barry and Son, the position of assistant engineer on a road they are building in China, the Shanghai-Nanking Railway.

He has now been two years acting in this capacity and has been eminently successful, having had charge of the Naziang section of the road, directing not only the building of the line, but also the erection of car shops and station buildings and a subsidiary canal. He is at present directing the construction of the road in the interior, one hundred and fifty miles from Shanghai. The active work of a civil engineer, aside from the fact of its being more remunerative, is probably more congenial to a stirring young Canadian than the more placid occupation of a Royal Engineer, whose time is largely taken up with office routine.

Like most of our boys who are doing their native land credit in lands afar, Gordon Johnson is associated with a home organisation, "The Canadian Society of Civil Engineers."

### THE WIFE OF A SENATOR

**T**HE modern woman has many ambitions, but to achieve matrimony and have a nice home of her own is still a favourite project with the average daughter of Eve. In 1901 Miss Anna La Chapelle, a piquant Canadian girl, possessing the brunette loveliness and vivacious charm for which the "mademoiselle" of Quebec is famous, became the wife of Senator W. A. Clark of Montana, whose marble palace in the city of New York is one of the stately homes of Gotham. The Senator is commonly known as the "Copper King" and is said to possess the tidy income of thirty thousand dollars a day, which his dainty Canadian wife no doubt helps him to spend.

Senator Clark has many interests in Montana besides copper, and is probably Butte's most prosperous citizen. Of late years, New York, Washington and Europe have claimed most of his time. His present wife was very young at the time of her marriage and is said to have spent two years at school in France after that event. Senator and Mrs. Clarke are to visit Montreal and Quebec this winter where the latter has many friends and relatives.



Mr. Gordon Johnson.



Miss Catherine Proctor.



Mrs. W. A. Clark.

# Bank Notes Free from Doubt

REASONS WHY CANADIAN BANK BILLS ARE ALWAYS AT PAR

By Z. A. LASH, K.C.

**I**N the course of a lecture on "The Banking System of Canada," delivered to the students of the Third Year of the Law School, Toronto, Mr. Z. A. Lash reviewed the reasons for the stability of Canada's bank notes. The main reason lies in the fact that no bank can do business without the authority of the Dominion Parliament. Section 100 of the Bank Act of 1900 enacts "That every person assuming to use the title of Bank, Banking Company, Banking House, Banking Association or Banking Institution, without being authorised so to do by this Act or by some other Act in force in that behalf, is guilty of an offence against this Act."

With this basis, the Government has created a banking system which has proved itself one of the most efficient in the world.

Mr. Lash, in dealing with the question of bank notes or currency, says:

"Our banking system should create a currency free from doubt as to value. Has it done so? The answer is unquestionably, yes.

"In the first place, a new bank cannot obtain the right to issue notes until not less than \$500,000 of capital stock has been bona fide subscribed and not less than \$250,000 thereof have been paid in cash to the Minister of Finance and Receiver General. And until it has received a license from the Treasury Board (which is a Committee of the Government) to commence business. This license will not be given unless the Treasury Board is satisfied by proper evidence that all the requirements of the Statute have been complied with. When the license has been issued the \$250,000 are returned and the bank may commence business and issue notes payable to bearer on demand and intended for circulation as money (Bank Act, 1890, Secs. 13 to 17); but the total amount of these notes in circulation at any time must not exceed the unimpaired paid up capital of the bank (Sec. 51). Heavy penalties are imposed for excess of circulation and any profits which the bank might derive from such excess are more than absorbed by the penalties, so that no inducement to over-issue exists; and the bank is prohibited (under heavy penalties upon its officers) from pledging or hypothecating its notes and no advance or loan made on the security of its notes can be recovered from it (Sec. 52).

"The payment of the notes in circulation is by Section 53 of the Act made a first charge upon the assets of a bank in case of its insolvency, and by Section 89, in the event of the property and assets of the bank being insufficient to pay its debts and liabilities each shareholder is liable for the deficiency to an amount equal to the par value of the shares held by him in addition to any amount not paid up on such shares. This is usually called the 'double liability.' In addition to all this, a fund called 'The Bank Circulation Redemption Fund' is created by Section 54 and every bank must keep to its credit in this fund, which is in charge of the Government, five per cent. upon the average amount of its notes in circulation from year to year. This average is ascertained from the monthly sworn returns during the year and the differences are adjusted as soon as possible after the 30th of June in each year. In the event of suspension by the bank of payment in specie or legal tender of any of its liabilities as they accrue, its outstanding notes bear interest at 5 per cent. from the day of suspension until public notice has been given of the day fixed by the liquidator for payment thereof, and they continue to bear interest if not then paid on presentation, and if arrangements are not made for payment of the notes

within two months from the day of suspension the Government may pay the outstanding notes and interest out of the Bank Circulation Redemption Fund, and if the fund be thus depleted a call not exceeding one per cent. per annum to make up the deficiency, may be made upon the other banks in proportion to their average circulation for the year. You will thus see that in the last analysis each bank in Canada is liable to make good any deficiency required for the payment of the notes of each other bank, together with interest thereon from the day of suspension. You will also now see the reason for giving the Bankers' Association the powers relating to the manufacture, delivery, disposition and destruction of notes above mentioned, for the banks being liable in the way explained for each other's notes, are entitled to see that such liability is not enlarged by an over-issue or other improper or careless means.

"It is impossible to conceive that the holder of a Canadian bank bill can ever lose any part of its amount, for he has the following securities for its payment:

"(1st) A first charge upon the entire assets.

"(2nd) The 'double liability.'

"(3rd) The Bank Circulation Redemption Fund.

"(4th) The obligation upon the other banks to maintain this fund so that each will at all times have to its credit therein 5 per cent. of the average of its outstanding circulation, for the year.

"You will better appreciate the extent of the security afforded by the first charge on the entire assets, when I tell you that on the 31st December, 1906, the total of the notes in circulation of all the banks in Canada was \$78,416,780 and the total of their assets, not including the double liability of shareholders, was \$954,192,546, or more than twelve times the circulation. I do not of course mean that in the case of each bank its assets are more than twelve times the amount of its circulation, as the proportion of the assets of one bank to its circulation may be less than that of another, but these total figures will give you an idea of the general situation and of the great difference between circulation and assets.

"You will also better appreciate the security afforded by the obligation of each bank to maintain its proper proportion of the redemption fund when I tell you that the total paid up capitals of all the banks was on December 31st, 1906, \$95,509,015 and their total rests or reserves of surplus profits was \$69,258,007. So that before all the banks could become unable to pay their calls for the redemption fund \$260,276,037 would have to be lost, this amount being made up as follows:

Capitals .....	\$95,509,015
Double liability .....	95,509,015
Reserves or rests .....	69,258,007
Total .....	\$260,276,037

"Prior to the establishment of the redemption fund and to the addition of interest upon bank notes as above explained, the notes of an insolvent bank fell immediately below par, and though they are afterwards paid in full yet a serious loss fell upon such of the first holders who could not afford to wait and who had to sell their notes to speculators at a heavy discount, and those who could afford to wait lost the interest, but since the change in the law the notes of a failed bank have passed at par as readily almost as before the failure, because no one doubts their ultimate payment and other banks and financial institutions readily take them because they bear interest at 5 per cent.

"I think I have said sufficient to show that our system has created a currency free from doubt as to value."

# The Small Fur Bearers of Canada

By BONNYCASTLE DALE.

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

**I**N this immense country, a land clothed with fir and cedar, tamarack and spruce, dotted and intersected by innumerable lakes, each one connected by river, stream or swamp, hundreds of which have never been rippled by the white man's paddle, a land where mighty sketches of muskeg, marsh and drowned land extend for lonely miles beyond our civilised frontiers, is the chosen home of the lithe, shy, active mink and muskrat, stoat, skunk and weasel. On the clean white cover that Mother Nature spreads each successive winter the trails of these small furbearers crisscross the solitary places. The twin foot marks with a space of twenty inches between the jumps shows where the leaping mink has passed. The pattered trail with deep groove behind tells where the muskrat walking over the snow has dragged its flat-sided tail after it. The smaller twin-foot impression, with only a dozen inches between the jumps, speaks plainly to the Red Man of Shingoes, the weasel. In his soft gutturals he calls the mink Shaung-washa, the muskrat Wahzhushk. The lesser jumping walk of the stoat, the steady tramped path of the skunk all speak eloquently to him of the wanderers. Deeply read in woodland lore, his knowledge has been slowly transmitted to us in many a camp, along the weary portage, or as



That famous animal, the Skunk. Note the white-tipped, bushy tail.



The Mink

Photographs of a live wild Mink are rare. In this one the head shows lighter than it should, because of the reflection from the rock.

the swift canoe darted past the homes of these inhabitants of the wilds.

The sleek brown mink, dodging under overhanging scrub or leaping away on the snow has been a favourite study.

Let me tell you some of the things Nesheboono (He-that-shoots-a-Rapid) knows of these small furbearers, not in his native language but in our more direct English.

## THE SLYNESS OF A MINK

"See the little pile of dead frogs? A mink has been along here; he catches them in the creeks and pond-holes, tears the breast open and eats only the heart and lungs as he is a very dainty feeder. His path winds and twists through the shoreline forest. See, there on the snow where he came to our tracks, he turned and went straight back. Of all the dreaded animals, he fears man the most." A heavy south wind was drifting before it a thick wall of marsh fog. The ready axe of the red man flashed back and forth. Soon a crackling, sweet-smelling fire sent it's curling smoke to join the drifting

fog-rack, and over the rude meal the Mississauga told me more traits of Shaungwasha.

He told how once he had made a "cache" to hold some frozen venison. On his return a week later he found where a hunger-driven mink had broken in through the thickly piled poles. Hungry it must have been, as it invariably catches its food alive—fish and frogs, crayfish and birds. Nesheboono determined to catch the mink and it evidently determined to eat of the red man's venison without disturbing the deadly trap. The Indian set the steel spring with wicked jaws right in the path of the intruder, carefully sprinkled it from gloved hand with dry leaves and powdered it with snow from a bending branch. He drew this fir over every telltale footmark and came back next day to find that Mr. Mink had carefully torn another entrance from behind. Again a trap was set, this time right at the new entrance. Again the clever animal broke in, now from the end. Bound to catch the robber, the Red Man placed a trap at each end and side and next morning the mute witness of the trampled snow told where the mink had many times circled the cache, but never once had come within his body's length of any of the carefully concealed traps.

He told how he had found the nesting place of the mink, in a cave-like rift of the limestone ledge close by the river side, of the three leaping, tossing youngsters playing with the mother much as kittens do with the cat. There was a back door to this house. Off darted



Muskrat Building a House. A very rare picture.



Landing a Trapped Muskrat.

Photograph by Bonnycastle Dale.

the mink and the little ones passed like shadows after. All the bright May days she frolics with the young on the river's banks, teaching them how to fish and hunt their prey. To see the white teeth of a mink flash out in the gloom beside a plover's nest means the extinction of the fledglings. Born fighters, these lithe animals can whip many of the larger, slower animals by sheer audacity of attack, but when man follows them they cannot even run fast enough to escape. I have known a boy chase one down and kill it with a small stick. Tenacious as they are of life, one blow on the tip of the nose finishes them. They can also be caught and killed if met any distance from shore. Expert divers though they are, they leave a train of telltale bubbles mounting to the surface as the hair-caught air rises to the surface—as well as the escaping breath. The native, in light basswood canoe, kneeling on one knee and paddling hard, can cut them off, turn them and finally stun the bewildered animal.

We had a fine object lesson of their power of scent. Across the creek we saw a Mississauga swiftly running, he had seen a mink coming up along the river bank. Speeding ahead he set the trap where signs told him the animal would tread. We saw him secret himself, and through the telescope I finally saw the brown body of the mink threading its way through the undergrowth. It came along steadily until about within twenty feet of the Red Man's track and trap. Instantly the head was thrown up, the nostrils dilated and the bright eyes searched the scene. The dreaded scent came freshly to it (ten hours later it would have been dissipated). As if on a pivot the animal turned, leaped onto its back track and was lost in the woods.

#### GROUNDHOGS AND OTHERS

Many a day we trod and later paddled the highways and byways of these secluded places, deserted by man but populous with animals. We saw the groundhog peer from a hole on the sandy hillside, whistle his queer half-chattering cry and dive below. We watched the daintily marked stoat run with arched back over the stones that bordered the river's shore line. Red, black and grey

squirrels leaped like monkeys from tree to tree. Once we came across a hollow stub, as I climbed to the top a bunch of soft fur leaped into my face, onto my shoulder and fell towards the ground, forty feet below; four more three-part grown youngsters followed and I had an excellent chance of seeing how the flying squirrel "flies." They fell through the air with the four legs outspread, the loose skin that connects the body with the ankle stretched tight looked as if the animal was weblegged, if we may use the term. Down they fell, half flying in a long graceful curve; and mounting the end of the part circle described, alighted on a nearby tree much lower than the one they flew or fell from. Unnatural but beautiful they looked as they sped through the air. Those that failed to curve high enough clutched the bark frantically, then ran up to where the adult female sat calling.

#### THE MUCH-HUNTED MUSKRAT

When Jack Frost retired discomfited northward and all the lakes and rivers, marshes and drowned lands wore a coat of green, when every tree held its nest and each bunch of flag concealed the home of some waterfowl, we paddled along the channels and watched the busy muskrats building their houses. A short half hour they gave us to watch as they never come out until almost sundown and the work of the camera returns a series of nice clouded smudges. Many a night, mosquito-tormented, have we sat watching the suspicious ripple up stream that later broke with the bright-eyed head of a muskrat in the centre, watched them climb out and sit gravely up on some half sunken log, eating the wild onion—the Muskrat Apple of the Mississaugas—holding it between their paws and slowly turning it nibble in sweet content, unconscious that behind the innocent looking screen of sword like points of the dry flags a red man and a white were intently watching. Splash! Another big brown sleek chap emerges from the marsh and creeps rapidly along the log. There is a deep, faint peevish chatter, almost a whine, then the teeth beat on one another like castanets, the brown bodies uprear and the conflict is on. Splashing, whining, tearing one another

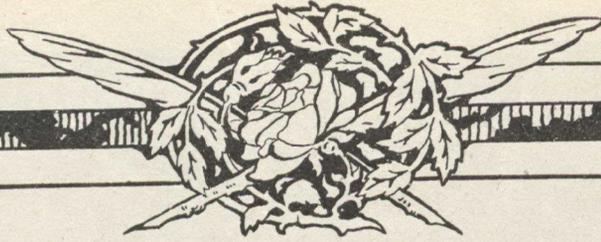
(Continued on page 25)



Drawn by Frederick Simpson Coburn.

TOM CARIBOO'S BEAR.

In his stories of French Canada, Louis Fre hette, C.M.G., tells the story of a man who had hidden a jar of whiskey in the fork of a tree; almost every night he would sneak out and climb the tree to fill his flask. One night a she-bear kept him a long time in the tree and effectually spoiled his trousers and his pleasure. This picture is reproduced by permission of Morang & Co.



# Mr. Max of Scotland Yard

A SERIES OF SIX DETECTIVE STORIES.

By CHARLES OLIVER

## I. The Great Galcore Diamond

SOME five years ago, I was putting up at the Arundel Arms, in Devonshire. I was on furlough, and had come down for the fishing. For the first few days the sport was perfect; then towards the end of April the weather had broken up, and the little river Camel was swollen into an ugly yellow torrent. The prospects were hopeless indeed that afternoon of May 1st as I stood at my window watching the rain driving over the sodden moor.

At last I could stand it no longer, I went out into the sand-strewn bar-room, where old Doidge, the landlord, was nodding among his bottles.

"Here's weather to make a man hang himself, Mr. Doidge," I said.

"You've hit the right nail on the head, Captain," he answered, "and we're in for a pretty spell of it, too."

He walked to the door, looked out, and came back shaking his head.

"Have you got any books about?" I asked.

"No," he said, "that I haven't. I don't seem to set much store on books. But perhaps—yes, that's an idea—perhaps Mr. Max could lend you some."

"And who is Mr. Max?"

"Ah! of course, you don't know him," answered Doidge. "He's come into the neighbourhood since you were here last. He was one of these detective fellows, but he's retired now. Lives right out beyond the village all by himself. You must have seen the house—stands far back up the Red Combe?"

"I know," I said. "Well, would he like to see me, do you think?"

"I lay he would, Captain. It isn't so precious gay up there. He lives quiet enough, but he likes his crack—as I have reason to know. Say I sent you, or wait—"

The old man rummaged out an ancient hotel card, and wrote on it in his sprawling hand:

"To interduse Cap. Grensley. Mr. Doidge."

"Here," said he, "that'll be enough. Lor', he'll jaw your head off."

Facing this terrible prospect, of which the alternative was to yawn my head off, I left the inn and soon arrived at the top of the Red Combe, which I descended to the solitary habitation of Mr. Max. It was a one-storeyed house of apparently three or four rooms, and stood all among the heather, from which it was separated by no sort of hedge or wall. The door and windows were wide open, and on the threshold sat solemnly the very ugliest bulldog I have ever seen. When I turned up the rough path towards the door he began to growl thunderously, and immediately a man appeared at one of the windows.

"Wait a minute," he said. "The dog isn't too safe."

He went into the house and came out from the door to meet me.

"Mr. Max?" I asked.

"I'm Mr. Max," he said. "Mr. Max of Scotland Yard."

He was a clean-shaven, light-complexioned man, of about middle height, pale and fragile looking. His face was in no way remarkable, and was singularly devoid of animation; but I soon discovered that he had his features marvellously under control, and that his countenance was only expressionless when he meant that it should be so. His eyes were of faint blue; in them, too, there was no more to be read than he wished. He was dressed in a quiet tweed suit, and was altogether a man that you would pass without much notice.

"Come in, Captain Grensley," he said, when I had explained the reason of my visit. "Come in. I am very glad to see you. Oh, that will be all right, Salewski," he added to the bulldog, who was growling suggestively.

Mr. Max led the way into a kind of study, furnished plainly but comfortably, and pulled forward a big arm-chair for me.

"Well, now as to books," he said, pointing to his shelves. "I'm afraid I haven't got much that would interest you. All those volumes up there are highly technical—police cases, pathological studies, and so on. Do you read French? No? That's a pity. I have got some fine French criminal literature—blood and mud, ad lib. Well, then, what is to be done? We can smoke at any rate."

He got out a box of cigars and we lit up.

"That's a fine dog of yours," I remarked.

"Yes—Salewski."

The great beast who was sitting by his master pricked up his ears on hearing his name.

"That's right, we are talking of you, old man," said Mr. Max. "And perhaps, as we cannot lend Captain Grensley any books and he likes romances, we might tell him how you came by such a hideous name."

That would be very good of you, Mr. Max."

"It isn't much of a story, I warn you," said my host. "But perhaps it will interest you as much as looking out of your window at the rain, which is all you can do at the Arundel Arms. Are you alright? Good, then!"

"You see, in my profession, as in all others, a man learns a great deal from his mistakes. So it was not a bad thing for me that my career began with a good bang thumping failure; otherwise I might never have risen to the top of the tree. That sounds odd, coming from my own lips, but if I don't say it of myself, as I can say honestly, that I was the best man in the service, no one will ever say it of me. The jealousies, the meanesses, the injustices of our profession, Captain Grensley! You haven't an idea.

"Well, one day my chief sent for me. There was a fat, flabby, smooth-faced Jew in his office, trembling all over, mopping his forehead, and moaning every now and then.

"This is Mr. Isaac Salewski," says my chief. 'He runs a secondhand shop in Aldersgate, and he reports

that he has been robbed of some valuable diamonds. Go down with him and see what you can make of it.'

"Himmel!" groans the Jew. 'Five thousand pounds! I am a ruined man. But I say, mister, don't forget the reward—one hundred pounds.'

"Don't you fuss, Mr. Salewski," says the chief. 'Mr. Max will fix you up all right. He's smart.'

"This was my first job—my chance, as I supposed—and I was as pleased as Punch about it. Mr. Salewski had kept his cab, and we drove off. All the way he was rocking himself and moaning and mopping his head. He did the thing well; just a trifle too well, in fact.

"It was a little poky bit of a shop that we stopped at. The door was fastened, but the old Jew rapped on it, and we heard a bar being let down inside.

"That's my brother, and a sweet brother, too," said Mr. Isaac Salewski. 'He works with me. We call him Rufus. Mein Gott! but he's a beauty, you'll see.'

"The door was cautiously opened by a miserable little man with a dirty face and a frowsy red head and beard. He seemed to be half dazed, and stood in the doorway blinking at us.

"Idiot!" cried Mr. Isaac, impatiently. 'Are you going to stand there all day? Come, Mister,' he said to me, and, pushing Rufus unceremoniously aside, he led the way into the shop.

"I have thought it more prudent," he whispered, 'not to take the shutters down this morning. When you've had a look round we'll open as usual. It'll seem more natural, hein?'

"The affair was a simple enough one according to Mr. Salewski's idea, which was that the thief had secreted himself in the shop during the day, then in the night had opened a drawer with a skeleton key, taken the diamond, and let himself quietly out.

"But why don't you have a strong box, man?" I asked.

"So dear, ach! it comes so dear!" said Mr. Salewski.

"It has come dearer to you by a long way not to have one," I remarked.

"That's so," agreed the old Jew. 'I'm an old fool. But the reward, mister. Pile on the reward.'

"We'll see what we can do without a reward first. But did you hear nothing?"

"No, not the liddlest sound. I sleep behind there in the back room.'

"And where does Mr. Rufus sleep?"

"Here, in the shop.'

"And he heard nothing?"

"The old Jew's eyes blazed with fury, and he turned on his brother as if he would kill him.

"'Accursed pig!' he yelled, quivering all over. 'You have ruined us. Tousand Teufel! He was drunk last night, mister, drunk as a hound. I found the empty bottle this morning. Intoxicated pig, pig, pig!'

"Gently, Mr. Salewski," I said. 'You won't do any good that way. Let us go and talk things over quietly.'

"The old Jew calmed down a bit, and we left Rufus to look after the shop for an hour while we discussed the matter in the back room. At the end of the hour I had found my solution all right. Many little indications, which it would be too long to enter into in detail, led me to it, but I was guided by the general principle of our profession, Captain Grensley, that the too obvious is always to be distrusted, and, you see, Mr. Isaac Salewski's theory was so very obvious.

"I ran down to Aldersgate once or twice again on various excuses, and each time I was more convinced I was on the right track. On the third day I went to make my report to my chief in person.

"I know the man who stole that stuff of Salewski's," I said.

"I know him, too," he answered dryly, putting down his evening paper. 'Mr. Isaac Salewski is his name. That was too plain to be amusing. He would never have put such a reward on if he had thought there was even an off-chance of the diamond coming in. He has it himself, or knows where it is.'

"Where they are, you mean."

"Excuse me," said the chief blandly, 'I mean it. I mean the great Galcore diamond. I am strongly inclined to suppose that it has stuck to the fingers of that slippery old Hebrew. We have had our eyes on him for some time, but he is too deep for us,

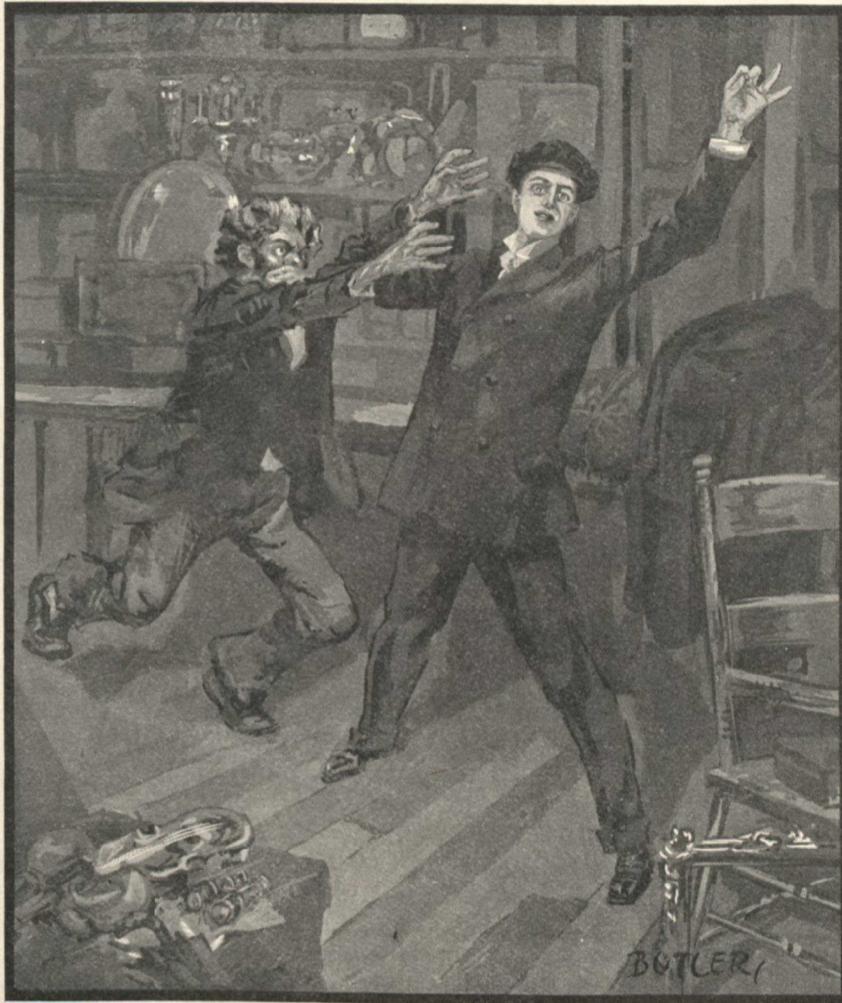
and I believe he is the only man in London who is that.'

"And what may the Galcore diamond be?" I asked.

"It's part of the jewellery of the Maharajah of Galcore," answered the chief, with a yawn. 'The Prince is staying at the Langham, and the diamond, the second or third largest in the world, has disappeared. And now, tell me, why do you think I place it with Master Salewski?'

"The thing is self-evident," I replied. 'He is afraid of us and he is afraid of his friends. He wants to put us all off the track. If his accomplices are taken in by the dodge and he can somehow get the stone on the market uncut, he will score five times as much over it, and will have to share up only with that brother of his.'

"Not to mention saving his throat," said my chief, 'which must have tickled considerably as long as he was known by his friends to have the diamond in his possession. Yes, that's all right. What you have to do now



"Here it is, Mr. Salewski," I said.

is to find the stone. Of course, one of them has it on him, ready to whip off the moment the plot is blown upon. You've got to get hold of it. The Maharajah is more generous than Salewski; it will be a good business for you. Good-night.'

"The chief took up his paper again and buried himself in the week's cricket statistics.

"'Oh, by the bye,' he said, looking up as I was going out of the door, 'beware of Master Rufus.'

"I thought I did not want the hint. I was a young hand then, and not above mistakes.

"I made many more visits to the secondhand shop, but it was a long time before I got on the right track. It soon became pretty evident to me that I was by no means the only person interested in the matter. All conditions and ages of shabby Hebrews were always hanging about the counter, chattering and gesticulating and suggesting, while Old Isaac would rave and curse and shriek ruin and desolation, an admirable picture of remorse and alarm.

"The majority of the visitors seemed to be fairly taken in by it; but there was one great silent fellow under whose cold sceptical gaze Mr. Isaac Salewski's streams of eloquence dried up, and little Rufus shrunk away into the stuffy recesses of the old-clothes department of the shop. I never heard the name of the big man, but he was not a Jew. It was plain the others were precious afraid of him, and he had a way of looking round that made the visitors hastily remember that they had pressing business elsewhere.

"'It's not a bit of good, Isaac,' he said one day, when we four were alone together. 'You're only wasting Mr. Max's time and mine, and we're both men whose time has to be paid for, some way or the other.'

"'I know nothing about your time,' I put in angrily, for I don't like to have people messing in my affairs, and I have no wish to know. You seem to have a precious lot of it on your hands, and possibly it's a drug on the market.'

"'Spirit!' he said. 'The little beggar has got spirit in him.'

"'I don't allow people to remark on my size,' I observed.

"'Indeed?' he went on. 'But I like you for your pluck, Mr. Max. And, sir, you know as well as I do that this stuff of the venerable Isaac's is not so far off as he would have us believe.'

"'You don't want to be six feet something to know that, Mr.—whatever you call yourself,' I said.

"'That's a fact,' admitted the big man, smiling. 'And if it ever went out of these four dirty walls, you're at liberty to call me all the bad names in the dictionary.'

"'My dear, my dear!' protested Mr. Isaac Salewski, trembling all over. 'I'm an honest man, an elder of the synagogue, a—'

"'My dear, my dear!' sneered the big man, quietly, 'you're a deep old scoundrel. And let me tell you, respectable elder of the synagogue, I'm going to shake that stuff out of you, if I shake the teeth out of your perjured jaws along with it.'

"After this little incident Isaac redoubled his efforts to impose on us, and seemed to have succeeded to some extent, for the visitors dropped off, and the big man kept away from the place. But the old Jew had still to reckon with me, and knew that it was no time to relax yet, and the melodrama went near enough to tragedy sometimes, I can assure you. At last, one evening, he worked himself up into such a fit of passion that I believe he almost convinced himself of his sincerity, and Rufus was a bit alarmed. The old man lifted his hand, as if he were going to strike his brother, and then little Rufus made the gesture for which I had been waiting. I

fancied that Isaac had noticed it too, and that there was no time to be lost.

"'Mr. Salewski,' I said casually, leaning over the counter, behind which he was getting his breath, 'I am on the track now.'

"'Ach, so?' he answered, going white about the lips. 'Himmel! have you found my diamonds?'

"'I have found one of them, at any rate,' I answered.

"'Ach, mister, you are smart. And where have you found one of my diamonds?'

"For answer I sprang upon Rufus and caught him by his red beard. I forced his head back, and there, sure enough, was a little red silk packet fastened under his chin. I clutched at it, and by the way he yelled I could see that the fastening had been pretty firm.

"'Here it is, Mr. Salewski,' I said. I had the packet in my fingers, and could feel that there was only one stone in it—a monstrous one—it seemed as big as a broad bean.

"'Let me come—let me come!' cried old Isaac, running round the counter. 'Robbed by my own brother. Ach, mein Gott! hold on to his dirty beard.'

"He was behind me now, and said something to his brother in Yiddish. Then the little Jew put in the knock-out blow as clean as a professional could do it—over the heart, you know. The packet fell from my fingers, and I went down like an ox.

"In about ten seconds they had pinioned and gagged me, and rolled me up against the counter. I could hear them putting up the shutters and locking the door, then calmly walking away down the street.

"About twenty minutes later a key was softly fitted into the lock and the big man came in.

"'Ah, so?' he remarked, without surprise, when he observed the situation of affairs. 'H'm, they're off. How much start, I wonder?'

"He knelt down by me and took a long knife from his pocket.

"'Allow me to call your attention, Mr. Max,' he said, 'to the mechanism of this weapon. No, not the knife itself, that is a common-place thing, a mere bread-and-cheese implement. But here is a modest spring; I press it so, and out leaps a long steel blade not much thicker than a darning needle. A nasty thing to have in your eye, Mr. Max, that blade; it goes straight to the brain, makes no mess, and leaves no wound. Now, sir, I am going to relieve you of your gag, but only that you may answer one or two important questions that I wish to ask you. I seat myself, so, on your chest. I have my left hand at your throat and the knife at your eye. If you refuse to speak, or if you call for help, the detective force will be deprived of one of its members. Now!'

"I had already discovered that talent is as rare at Scotland Yard as elsewhere, and what was the use of throwing away a valuable life? That little point of steel half-an-inch from my left eye was an argument that could not be neglected, and—I accepted the situation.

"'I thank you,' said the big man, replacing the gag when I had answered all his questions. 'I shall now manage the business myself, and as I do not want it muddled again I shall take the liberty of leaving you in status quo. Time is the principal question: I have been five minutes here, and, really, I have not the leisure to get you untied. Isaac and Rufus have had too much start already, I regret.'

"He went softly out and left me to my reflections. At the end of twelve hours the chief, who had received an unsigned telegram, sent down and set me free.

"'This ought to teach you,' he said, when I went to see him, 'that every man is liable to error, even the youngest member of the force. Just think of that, and be good enough to close the door of my office—from the outside.'

"That was the end of the great Galcore diamond. It

never, as far as is known, came on the market uncut, and the gang who had it must have lost considerably over it. At least, I should judge so from the fact that the body of Mr. Isaac was taken out of the river a month or two later, and he seemed to have suffered pretty rough usage before he went into the water. Nothing more was heard of Rufus, and I suppose that he left his brother when things were getting hot. As to the big man, I hope to meet him some day. I don't forgive incivility."

Mr. Max stopped and lit another cigar.

"How did you know that Rufus had the diamond on him and just at that place?" I asked.

"That was very simple, Captain Grensley. When Isaac threatened to strike his brother Rufus put up his hand, not to his head where the blow was aimed, but to his beard. He saw his mistake at once and corrected it, but it was too late. When a man is taken off his guard, his instinct always gets in before his judgment; and what we of the profession have to keep our eyes open for is that instinctive movement which often gives the clue to the whole business. If you come again, as I hope you will, and do not mind listening to me, I dare say I shall be able to illustrate that point for you."

"Oh, you will see me again, Mr. Max," I said, "don't doubt it. It is your own fault. And so you call your dog Salewski?"

"Out of gratitude, Captain Grensley."

"Gratitude? Anything but that I should have thought."

"No, indeed," said my host. "I owe the brothers Salewski indirectly a great debt. My unlucky experience with them suggested to me a most minute investigation of all the natural means of offence and defence. In some pigeon-hole of Scotland Yard bureau there lies rotting a memorial of mine sent in some fifteen years ago, and that memorial is worth three of these Jiu-jitsu manuals, I can assure you."

Mr. Max was silent for a moment, buried in melancholy reflection, then he went on:

"I don't look a Hercules, do I? Well, I assure you that though you have the advantage of four inches over me, and are a strong-built athletic man, I can put you down in twenty-five different ways; and there's not a Jap who could do that, let alone the English. Will you try a fall? The dog is all right, aren't you, Ugly?"

I am fond of all athletic exercises, and went in with a zest. But in a quarter of an hour I had not got the better of my adversary.

"Now it is my turn," he said after a breathing space, and within a minute he had me on my back.

"That is number one," he remarked, when we were on our feet again. "Number two—"

"That is quite enough for to-day," I protested, panting, "and I must go."

"Oh, that's a pity," he said, with a disappointed look. "I have made a particular study of knee-work since my Salewski experience, and I should like to show you how I should knock the wind out of Mr. Rufus with my knee if I had him here—so, do you see?—long before he could get his hands in. So, or so—"

He tried one or two attacks with great enthusiasm, then he turned to me suddenly.

"I wish you'd let me knock the wind out of you," he said, laughing. "It's so interesting. Well, you're off! What's the weather?"

He came with me to the door and looked up at the sky. "It does not take a prophet to tell you that you'll not cast a fly within a week," he remarked; "so come up as often as you will. Why not to-morrow?"

"To-morrow, by all means, Mr. Max."

THE SECOND OF THIS SERIES WILL APPEAR

NEXT WEEK.

## A Plea for Influenza

INFLUENZA has been worse in Great Britain this year than since its devastation of 1892 and during the last fortnight Canada has vied with the Mother Country in the number of Influenza victims. Hence the article in which Mr. James Douglas of M. A. P. extols the virtues of this complaint will be likely to create indignant protest.

"Other enchantresses are hard to woo and win. My Lady Influenza does not ask me to woo her. She woos me. Her pure, cold breath envelopes my spine with tender solicitude. She ices my blood with Arctic sighs. She turns my body into an iceberg, and then she injects liquid fire into my frozen arteries. She takes me in her soft arms and tosses me over the Polar Star. Then she catches me, and plunges me hissing into the lake of fire. She mixes cocktails of pain and cups of anguish that makes me writhe in complicated misery. There are many brands of headache in this cheerful world, but she amalgamates and merges them into one. She then adds samples of every known kind of vibration; the shuddering jar of a racing screw in a tornado, the clinkety-clank of nocturnal trams, the jogglety-jolt of an epileptic motor-bus, the multitudinous percussion of riveters in a shipbuilding yard, the clatter of milk-vans at dawn, the shriek of steam-whistles, the moan of naval sirens, the triple battery of the postman's knock, the bellow of bulls, the crowing of cocks, the passionate cry of love-stricken cats, the asthmatic snarl of gramophones, the screech of slate-pencils, the agonised scream of the vacuum brake, the thud of drums, the squeal of an ungreased cart-wheel, the creaking of new boots. All these noises and a million more she blends, and then she opens my head with a cleaver and puts them into it.

"She teaches me the art of langour and lassitude, and inculcates the virtue of pillowed laziness. I hear the wind stropping his razors outside the window, and I snuggle nose-deep in warm contempt. I was bred in Spartan rigour, but my indulgent mistress allows, nay, decrees, all the sinful comforts. I have a roaring fire in my bed-room, and a hot-water bottle at my feet. Why should I conceal my love for the hot-water bottle? I take it in my arms and strain it passionately to my bosom. Quis separabit? Too long have I bowed the knee to the Fresh Air Baal. How many nights have I shivered and shuddered in the cold blast from my open window? My benefactress has closed it, sealing my bedroom against Kingsley's east wind. She has even hedged me with a gigantic screen, and delivered me from the idolatry of draughts. I drink the sensational delight of being warm in winter. It pleases me to think that everybody else in England is cold. I gloat over the poor wretches who are congealed in the theatres of Boreas. I used to pity the bed-ridden. Henceforth I will envy them. Bed is the earthly Paradise.

"I had been taught that time is money. I trembled if I wasted it. My sweet Influenza has whispered to me the great secret that time is made to be wasted. She nods approval as I squander it with both hands. I am a joyous time-waster. I waste years in hours. O time, where is thy sting? All the ogres of virtue are routed by my Bona Dea. Duty flies gibbering. I tear up the gospel of work. My heart goes out to the unemployable. I 'do' all my duties. I dismiss ambition with a jest. I bid fame bury her spur in other flanks. I live delights, and scorn laborious days. And, best boon of all, I read what I please. My lady prescribes the Hundred Worst Books. She banishes the dull and mighty dead. I wallow in Dent's Dumas, and dream that I am Captain Roquinelette. I royster and swashbuckle all day long. And twice daily I implore my queen to live with me and be my love. I am sure Heaven is an eternal Influenza."

# A Prisoner of Hope\*

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

By MRS. WEIGALL

Resume: Esther Beresford is a beautiful and charming girl, who has lived in England with her French grandmother, Madame de la Perouse, and has taught music in a girls' school. Her step-mother's sister, Mrs. Galton, appears on the scene and it is arranged that Esther is to go out to Malta to join her father and step-mother. But before her departure, Geoffrey Hammer, an old friend, declares his love for Esther who promises a future reply to his proposal. She embarks with Mrs. Galton and her two exceedingly disagreeable daughters. Captain Hethcote and Lord Alwyne, two fellow-passengers admire Esther extremely, and Mrs. Clare-Smythe, a cousin of the latter also seeks her friendship. The Galtons become vulgarly jealous of Esther's popularity. The "Pleiades" reaches Gibraltar at sun-rise and some of the passengers are on deck for the sight. At last they arrive at Malta, and Esther looks forward to meeting her father. Her father's household is uncongenial, but Esther makes a friend of her youngest step-brother, "Hadji Baba." Her step-mother, "Monica," is disposed to be kind and rejoices when Esther goes to dinner at the "Palace." Lord Francis Alwyne's attentions flatter the girl who enjoys the gay life of Malta exceedingly. Attracted solely by his wealth and position, she finally becomes betrothed to Lord Francis.

THE last "quarter" of polo was played with incredible fastness, and Esther became so interested in the game that she forgot her shyness and Mrs. Galton's unkind words, and watched the whirling dust and flying ponies, and the flash of red and blue sashes in and out, like a continual "grand chain," with eyes bright with excitement.

"Hulloa! There's Alwyne down! His pony must have crossed his legs!" cried a man near them, all unconscious of Esther's interest; and in a moment Lady Adela rose, and there was sudden confusion. Out of the hurly-burly of men and ponies the dust-cloud died away, and Esther saw a white figure on the ground, and a pony galloping away with trailing reins. It was at this moment that she realised, with a shock of agony, that the accident left her cold and untouched. What did it mean? She had promised to marry this man half an hour before, and now she could contemplate his probable death with no more agitation than she would have felt if the same accident had occurred to any ordinary acquaintance. The shock of realisation stunned her, and Lady Adela, understanding nothing of her thoughts, took her hand.

It was only when, white and shaken, he was facing Esther, and explaining that he had been stunned for the moment, that the girl collected herself enough to smile at him and murmur her joy and relief at his escape; while they were surrounded by an anxious crowd of enquiring people, whose presence made her understand how very foolish she had been in regretting for an instant her engagement. It was arranged, therefore, that the groom should take the tandem home, and that under the circumstances, Alwyne, whose arm was strained, should take Esther home in a cab, and then return to Valetta. It seemed to Esther that they received quite an ovation when they left the ground together, and Alwyne smiled a little as he lifted his cap.

"By Jove, Esther, they seem to be quite interested in our affairs; I suppose Lady Adela has spread the news."

"Yes," said Esther, smiling a little, for Alwyne was looking at her approvingly, and the applause was delightfully new and sweet; "but why should they be so kind and interested?"

"O, anything to do with the Palace is a most important event in the island; and, independently of my position, you know you are awfully pretty and popular, dear."

The drive home was a royal progress of love-making, of which art Alwyne was no mean exponent; and when at last they drove up at the little house, Esther, bewildered and tremulous, turned to him.

"You will come in, and see my father!" she said.

Alwyne nodded and opened the gate, but at the sight of the untidy garden, and the four dirty children who precipitated themselves down the path towards them, he turned away with a shrug of disgust.

She went slowly into the house as he drove away with the children hanging on her arm.

"O what a nice man in a blanket-coat! Who is he, Essie? O! Hadji is ill—at least ayah has been bathing his head all day—and Mrs. Delaney says he's a poor

washy little boy, and she must cocker him up with the best of everything—and mamma is so cross!"

Esther was half glad that Alwyne had not come in, when she found that her father was out, and her step-mother, in her worst mood, met her on the stairs. But at the same time she felt the sting of his unwillingness to enter the untidy house, and to face her relations in his fastidious mood. She took the ayah's place at Hadji's side, who was fretting and feverish, and she heard that the doctor had been to see him, and was coming again before bedtime.

"He not know what it is, Missie," said Kopama, with a sigh. "Plenty fever about—and poor Hadji plenty weak—blow him away like puff of smoke."

Esther did not leave Hadji till he was asleep, and when she had helped to put the other children to bed, Major Beresford came in to find his wife and Esther already seated at the supper-table, where, under Mrs. Delaney's regime, an excellent meal was spread.

"We thought you were dining at the Club, Norman," said Mrs. Beresford, fretfully. "I wish you would not be away from home, so much—it throws so much responsibility on my shoulders; and really, to-day my head has been worse than usual."

But Major Beresford was in an unusually cheerful mood. "Never mind anything, now, Monica! Has Esther told you her news? No, I can see she has not. O, Essie! Essie! you sly puss; so this has been going on all the time under the surface! I saw the young man at the Club—in fact, we have only just parted—and believe me, my dear Esther, you are making the best match in Malta; and I am more thankful than I can say."

And Major Beresford stooped over the girl and kissed her, while his wife cried impatiently: "For goodness sake, Norman, what are you talking about? Esther has told me nothing."

"We must drink her health," cried Major Beresford; "for Esther is going to marry Lord Francis Alwyne; and he, as everyone knows, will probably be the Marquis of Ashdown some day."

"Esther!" screamed Mrs. Beresford; "you don't mean it? Why, Lord Francis will be a sort of son to me. I shall call him Frank. And Eleanor will have a fit of jealousy?"

"It is all so new!" stammered Esther. "I do not seem to be able to realise it all yet."

"By Jove, Esther, you are a lucky girl; and I have not been so happy for more years than I can count!" said Major Beresford, coming round and laying his hand on her bright hair. "I feel inclined to say, thank God for a piece of unexpected happiness at last!"

And Esther felt, with a sudden pang, that she wished he had been more tenderly concerned over her happiness, and not his own gratification; and felt the impossibility of confiding in him any of her doubts and fears.

"I saw your sister, too, on my way home, Monica," said Major Beresford, attacking the pie before him vigorously; "and, my dear, she was actually coming to look for me in a perfect fit of fury, because Sybil had chosen the unlucky moment of Esther's good fortune to go and announce to her mother that she was engaged to be married to a naval engineer in the 'Douglas,' a man called Macrorie—not a very satisfactory person; but it appears that Sybil is independent of her mother, and says she will marry him with or without Mrs. Galton's consent; so there is a pretty kettle of fish!"

And in the lively conversation that ensued, Esther escaped to her own room and the society of her own thoughts. She must write to her grandmother at once, for she could not bear the thought that Mme. de la Perouse should hear of her engagement from anyone but herself; and when she had given Hadji his medicine, and covered him up warmly, she sat down to her letter. It was very difficult to write, but she had no idea that when it was written, every word conveyed but one thought to Mme. de la Perouse, and that—the fact of Esther's unhappiness.

"Darling Gran'mere, I have promised to marry Lord Francis Alwyne, whose father you used to know, I think, and want you to tell Geoffrey.

"I did not know that being engaged would make me

feel like this—so doubtful, and so uncertain of happiness; but I suppose it is the great change in my life, and I shall soon get used to it. Everyone is so pleased and kind, and father says it is such a great relief to his mind. Darling gran'mere, tell Geoffrey very kindly—but I cannot be content to marry a poor man—I cannot, indeed. I see so much of it now—and poverty means unhappiness for everyone. I do hope you will be pleased, too, gran'mere, for Lord Francis is very handsome and clever, and does everything well, and everybody likes him. I wish I could come and sit by your side and talk to you, gran'mere, but you do seem so far away.

"Your own loving Esther."

She did not sleep till the grey dawn touched the world, and when at last she closed her eyes, it was to slumber so heavily that she never heard the fretful moan of Hadji, or discovered that he had grown so rapidly worse that he was no longer conscious of her presence in the room. When at last Kopama brought her an early cup of tea, it was her cry of fear that brought Esther to her feet dazed and sleep-bound. Hadji Baba lay in his cot, his eyes open and glazed with fever, while the continuous moan that came from his parched lips was so feeble that it was hardly more than a sigh. In an instant the house was in confusion, and the Army doctor hurried in from the Camp, and before breakfast time the truth was known that Hadji Baba was ill with typhoid, and that Mrs. Beresford was under observation for the same illness. The house was put in quarantine, and an hour later Lady Adela drove up with Alwyne and interviewed Esther in the garden.

"We have come to drive you back with us, Esther. Surgeon-Captain St. Leger has given us leave, and says that the sooner you are out of the place the better for you."

"Come, Esther!" said Lord Francis, authoritatively; "don't hesitate a moment."

"I can't leave Hadji," said Esther, in a low voice; "he won't take his medicine from anyone but me!"

"Nonsense, Esther!" said Alwyne, taking her hand; "we both insist on your coming!"

But the girl's eyes shone like stars in her white, resolute face.

"I can't do it. I can't leave them in this trouble; it would be cowardly and wrong; don't you see it, Lady Adela?"

The elder woman stood back a little, with her eyes on Esther's face. "I don't know what to say, dear child," she said gently.

"I command you to come!" cried Alwyne; "why, you are in danger here! You may catch the disease!"

"I have no fear," said the girl gently; "and I cannot leave them!"

Alwyne turned round without another word, and went back to the carriage, but for an instant Lady Adela paused.

"I could not do it myself, child," she said; "but if I had had a daughter I should like her to act as you are doing," and, moved by a quick impulse, Esther kissed her warmly.

#### CHAPTER XI.

"Every day is a fresh beginning,

Every morn is the world made new:

You, who are weary of sorrow and sinning

Here is a beautiful hope for you."

"MY kind regards to Mr. Hanmer, Louise, and I shall be glad to see Mr. Geoffrey as soon as he can arrive this morning," said Mme. de la Perouse in a firm voice.

"Yes, Madame la duchesse," said Louise, but her assent carried with it a thankfulness out of all apparent proportion to the favour granted, and gratitude that welcomed Geoffrey Hanmer as a strong adviser in trouble. It was only yesterday that Louise had taken counsel with Maria Vine as to what news had filtered into the school from Malta, and whether such news had been good or bad. But Maria had nothing to say beyond dismal prophesies that Mme. de la Perouse was failing rapidly, and would not live to see her darling again.

"But that is nonsense!" cried Louise; "for in our noble family one lives always to the extreme limits, and Mme. la duchesse is not yet fourscore by many years."

But it was at least certain that in the past five weeks Mme. de la Perouse had changed greatly. She was not so active as before, since Louise found that it was too tiring now for the old lady to arrange the flowers in the vases, or to visit her pensioners in the village. She had said nothing about her fatigue, but Louise knew that she was fretting, and that at night she slept ill.

When Mme. de la Perouse was alone in the house, free

at last from the careful eyes of Louise, who watched her always, she folded her hands on her knee with a little sigh.

"If my darling was but happy, I could say my 'Nunc dimittis,' but she is not—O, dear heart of mine—she is not happy."

Before the window by which she sat, the November landscape unrolled itself to the faint sunlight, the blue of Weymouth bay, the dying heather on the hills. There was the clear stillness in the air peculiar to the dying year. And Mme de la Perouse remembered that the flowers in the garden were dead, and that the creepers hung with drooping brown leaves over the window. It was the season for dead hopes, dead hearts, and even the indomitable courage of the old French lady had failed before her conviction that Esther had not drawn a happy lot in life. She, who had seen land and a great name pass from her, and had known what it was to stand bankrupt of love and joy by the side of an open grave, and yet had never faltered, looked out at the future now with a heart that was suddenly afraid.

"I have my miniature of Marie Antoinette yet with the diamond setting," she murmured to herself, "and that will bring a good sum in London—enough for Geoffrey's journey;" and at that moment Geoffrey himself came in.

He had never seemed so good-looking or so strong as he did that day in the old lady's eyes. There was something in his manner of suppressed exultation that did not escape the keen, watching eyes, and Geoffrey was so alert and so strangely smart, and unlike himself, that Mme. de la Perouse said to herself with a leap of joy:

"He has not forgotten her after all—he has not given up hope."

"Good-morning, Mme. de la Perouse," said Geoffrey Hanmer, smiling down at the resolute little figure in the high-backed chair, whose hands, alas! were not so steady as of old.

"Geoffrey, I have sent for you with a purpose, to-day," she answered, beckoning him to a seat opposite her, from whence she could see every change upon his face. "Esther is not happy—I know it—and I want you to go out to Malta, and find out the truth for me."

"How do you not know she is not happy in her engagement?" Geoffrey's face had changed now, and a cloud hung over his forehead. "She has everything to make her happy, surely?"

"I made a mistake, Geoffrey—I believe I made a mistake in allowing her to go out to Malta without a clear understanding with you. It seems to me now as I sit here that I was like the woman in the poem, preaching down the child's heart when she was too young to know it herself."

"What are you trying to tell me, Mme. de la Perouse?" said Geoffrey, veiling his face with his hand. "I was never quick at reading riddles."

"But you are perhaps quick at reading the truth behind a letter?" returned Mme. de la Perouse, quick as a rapier-thrust, and she laid Esther's letters in his hand. It seemed to the old Duchesse a very long time before he had read them all, and before he spoke. She lay back in her chair, trying to curb the impatience of her heart, listening to the tick of the clock behind her in the hall that had measured out such long, lonely hours, since Esther went away.

"You are right—she is not happy."

Geoffrey could hardly see the face of his old friend, since in her eyes there was a mist of tears through which he saw—wondering if he saw aright—the changing, eager look of the Duchesse.

"Geoffrey, it has come into my heart that this child of mine loved you all the time, though she knew it not; it has come into my mind that these letters were not written by a girl in love with the man she is engaged to. Now, since the little boy has typhoid fever, as her letter last night said, she is in trouble, and in need of those she loves about her. Adela Stanier, too, in her letter gives me a hint of a coolness between the two on account of Esther's wish to stay with her little brother and help to nurse him, and perhaps she is in trouble on that account. O, Geoffrey, I am old—I cannot see for myself—but if Esther is unhappy, my heart will break. If I were a young woman I would start for Malta to-day to make sure of her happiness, and I am going to ask you, Geoffrey, for the sake of our old friendship, to take the money from me that would otherwise have been spent on my journey, and to go yourself. You could arrive there in three days if you were to go all the way overland, and it should cost you nothing, Geoffrey."

TO BE CONTINUED

## British Gossip

**I**N England, the sympathy with the Jamaican sufferers has taken a practical form, the Mansion House Relief Fund alone amounting to over forty thousand pounds.

\* \*

Lady Frances Balfour, one of the best-known supporters of the movement for woman suffrage in England, is one of the daughters of the late Duke of Argyll, and was married in 1879 to Colonel Eustace Balfour, brother of the ex-Premier and of Mr. Gerald Balfour. Lady Frances has been lecturing lately on the House of Lords, as that august body is an exceedingly discussed assembly this month. She is said to be a fluent and delightful speaker and her choice of subject has a piquant element when one reflects that the daughter of such an illustrious Chieftain is considering the Peerage with critical glance.

\* \*

The great scheme of underground railways for London, mapped out by Mr. Charles T. Yerkes five or six years ago will be an accomplished fact within twelve months. Two of the three tube railways which were under construction at the time of Mr. Yerkes' death have been completed under the direction of Sir Edgar Splyer, and next autumn another will be in operation, and then the Electric Railway Company of London will have finished the constructive work. Then it will be possible to travel quickly and comfortably in underground trains from almost any part of London to almost any other point without coming to the surface.

\* \*

Mr. Rudyard Kipling, who dislikes the winter climate of England, makes a yearly visit to South Africa, where he has a beautiful house near Cape Town, given to him by Mr. Cecil Rhodes. In Sussex, where he spends the summer, he has a farm of five hundred acres to which he devotes his afternoons after three hours of writing in his den among the gables of his Elizabethan house. He saw the proof-sheets of his new book before sailing for South Africa.

\* \*

The continued interest in the Duke of Abruzzi's account of his explorations of the Ruwenzori Range will doubtless lead to English expeditions to these Mountains of the Moon. The Italian explorer paid a graceful compliment to two beautiful women when he named the most lofty peaks Margharita and Alexandra. The occasion of the lecture is said to have been marked by the first appearance of a British sovereign at a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society. One of the interested listeners remarked that the lecturer looked like "a brother to Marconi." The speech made by King Edward is said to have been one of the most gracefully friendly utterances made by a monarch who appears to be incapable of awkward or unkindly remarks. A despatch from Rome states that when the Duke goes to America for the Jamestown Exposition he intends to meet Commander Peary with a view to arranging a joint expedition to the North Pole. The Duke is convinced that former expeditions have failed owing to the

lack of sufficient supplies and thinks that with two explorers acting together the chances of success will be increased. But what will happen when the joint explorers reach the pole? It would never do for Commander Peary to hoist any other flag than the Stars and Stripes. But, to divide the honours, the Italian national anthem may be sung, provided the voices of the Arctic experts be unfrozen.

\* \*

There is to be a new college in Dublin University, entirely free from any kind of theological test. The governors are to be appointed in the first instance by the Crown and thereafter partly by the teaching staff and the graduates. The Royal University, Dublin, will be dissolved and the University of Dublin turned into a national university for Ireland.

\* \*

Rev. R. J. Campbell is one of the foremost figures in British public life at present, his recent utterances on the "New Theology" having attracted general attention. He has consented



A Royal Explorer

The Duke of Abruzzi engaged to Princess Helena, of Serbia.

to deliver the Essex Hall lecture on Tuesday, May 21, taking as his subject the principles and contents of the said theology. This lecture has been delivered on several occasions by persons unconnected with the Unitarian denomination. Mr. Augustine Birrell, Professor Henry Jones and Mrs. Humphry Ward have been on the list.

\* \*

The steamer "Alfred Nobel" has been equipped with salvage appliances for the quest of treasure in South African waters. One of the wrecks which will demand early attention is the "Dorothea," from which it is hoped Kruger's gold will be recovered. The cargo is valued at over one million pounds and consists of twenty-two cases of bar gold and many sacks of specie, cemented to the bottom of the vessel. This expedition reads like a sequel to "Treasure Island" or "The Pirates' Cave."

\* \*

A remarkable law suit is reported from Ireland. Mr. John Savage of Downpatrick found a manuscript of Burns' "To Mary in Heaven," among some papers bequeathed to him. He entrusted it to Miss Murphy, a school teacher, to sell on commission and he

afterwards read that it had been sold for £150. He sued to recover this amount but Miss Murphy stated that the manuscript was given to her unconditionally, with the proviso that if it proved valuable the plaintiff and the defendant's father were to have a "spree" out of the proceeds. It was agreed that the parties should divide the amount.

\* \*

A suggestion by the Lord Mayor of London at the Court of Common Council that the representatives of the Empire attending the Colonial Conference in London in April should be invited to an entertainment given in their honour at the Guildhall was unanimously approved.

\* \*

King Edward's Hospital Fund for London grows apace. Two contributions of one thousand pounds each, representing the annual subscriptions of the Worshipful Company of Clothworkers and Worshipful Company of Merchant Tailors have been received.

\* \*

It is said that Mr. Thomas Hardy's novels have had something to do with the renewed interest in the remains of Roman rule in England. To assist the work of uncovering the Roman fort of Mancunium at Deansgate, Manchester, a public fund has been opened.

\* \*

After an existence of barely six years, the Agricultural Organisation Society, which has among its objects the promotion of co-operation for purchasing agricultural requirements, for the manufacture of butter, cheese and other dairy products, and for the improvement and insurance of livestock, reports a good record, thereby cheering those who have prophesied dismal things for the English farmer.

\* \*

Prince Fushimi, a member of the Imperial house of Japan, has been selected by the Emperor as his representative to return the visit made by Prince Arthur of Connaught last winter in charge of the Garter commission.

### The Amateur Mix-up

Funny mix-up that between the amateur athletic unions and the skating associations. The unions decided they were the proper people to control skating. The skating associations decided otherwise. So the Canadian Association decided to run a meet in Montreal and did it. The Canadian Amateur Athletic Union not only ran an opposition meet in Toronto but issued a bull excommunicating all skaters who went to Montreal. The result was that the Montreal meet was a fairly representative one while the Toronto gathering had the bunch who generally skate for medals on the Toronto rinks. The skaters at Montreal were of course outlawed and as some of them were Americans the trouble went across the line duty free. The American Athletic Union, of course, sided with its Canadian sister. But even the best of the skaters at Toronto did not want to retire from the sport they jumped to the skating associations leaving their titles behind them. Anyone in search of a job lot of skating championships should be able to make a dicker with Secretary Crow of the C.A.A.U.

(Continued from Page 16)

with the sharp teeth—the pair roll struggling into the water and sink below held fast together. A few moments later one soberly emerges from the water, picks up the floating wild onion and sits there calmly eating it as if there was no such thing as quarrelling among the inhabitants of the wilds. On other days, we see the mother busily swimming along with a kicking, squealing youngster held upside down in her mouth. The water has risen and her marsh-built house of wild rice straw is flooded out. So away she goes, trip after trip, until all the pink-legged, silky grey, blind little "kittens" are safely laid on some sunny "draw-up" she has made out of floating parrot grass and lily root on the bog edge.

So the life of these great marshes goes on day after day, mating, breeding, rearing, feeding, fighting, it is a survival of the fittest here in grim earnest. Their life is an incessant fight for food and place against the trap, the gun and the wild elements. Luckily for them the biggest animal is beginning to take more pleasure in picturing these clever ones than in maiming them with instruments of torture, or filling their silky smooth coats full of stinging lead.

## For the Children

### The Goblin Wind

I'm awful 'fraid of the Goblin wind  
That comes creepin' up at me,  
And all of a sudden catches my hat,  
And goes tearin' off in glee.

I run with all my might and main,  
And think that 'praps before  
He turns to chase me once again,  
I'll be inside the door.

And goodness! but I'm just in time,  
Bang! it closes to,  
And there he's growlin' right outside,  
I guess he's mad; don't you?

All day long I can hear him there,  
And at night when I'm snug in bed,  
He taps at the window, and rattles  
the panes,  
And I shiver and cover my head.

I don't believe he's a Goblin at all,  
And I'm awful silly to run;  
Maybe he's only the old March wind,  
Out for a bit of fun.

M. H. C.

\* \*

### Counting Treasures

I've written all my treasures down,  
I have such lots and lots of things,  
A kitten and a little dog,  
A bird that sings,  
More picture books than I can count,  
And dolls—O, twenty-five I guess,  
Of china, paper, wood and wax,  
Such fun to dress.  
A trunk just full of other toys,  
A lovely ruby ring to wear,  
A sewing basket all my own,  
A little chair,  
A writing desk—I guess that's all,  
I cannot think of any other,  
Except—I really did forget—  
My Baby Brother.

\* \*

Why is the letter "L" a most important letter in the alphabet?  
Because it makes what is perfectly "awful," perfectly "lawful."



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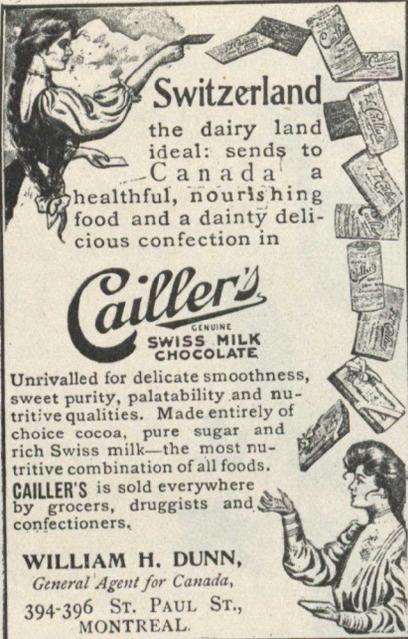
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## MUSIC & THE DRAMA

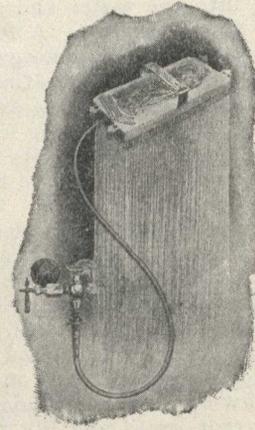
THE newspapers of Toronto have republished most of the New York press comment and criticism regarding the Mendelssohn Choir and its conductor and the collected paragraphs make an impressive array of columns of favourable reading. To have won not only recognition but praise from such critics as Mr. W. J. Henderson and the great Russian conductor, Safanoff, is to have achieved a triumph which is the best that this continent can afford. The banquet given to Mr. A. S. Vogt this week in Toronto is a civic tribute to his ability and artistic work which shows that Toronto financiers are not deaf to finer harmonies than those of steel and copper.

The Boston "Journal" has an editorial with the heading "Boston Needs Him," which pays respect to Canada's champion conductor in this fashion:

"From Toronto there descended upon New York last week an organisation known as the Mendelssohn Choir, which has been famous across the border for several years, but which was a revelation to lovers of music who inhabit the metropolis. Nothing like it had been heard there. The leader led and was followed. The singers used their voices, not only with skill, but with enthusiasm, and the result was a triumph which is rarely duplicated."

The editor concludes: "Boston ought to have an opportunity to hear Dr. Vogt's Mendelssohn Choir. Boston, it might be added, ought to have another organiser and conductor like Dr. Vogt, who can impress his own energy and enthusiasm upon his singers and arouse the hardened, care-worn critics of great cities to genuine applause and commendation."

Last Monday night the immense crowd that attended the fifth and final concert given by the Mendelssohn Choir in Massey Hall during the past month, was the best proof of the fresh public interest in the work of this organisation. The unaccompanied numbers by the choir were of their choicest, the opening number, "La Chant National" making an inspiring introduction with its emotional yet finely restrained fervour. The most artistic choral number was Lotti's "Crucifixus," whose "still small voice" reveals itself as the expression of tenderest devotion. Gounod's "By Babylon's Wave" made the most brilliant popular impression and as one listened to the magnificent closing malediction, it was matter for regret that the conductor has announced the "retirement" of this Psalm. Mr. A. S. Vogt's setting of "An Indian Lullaby" in four parts for women's voices is a peculiarly interesting composition which was exquisitely rendered. Dr. Davies' setting of Mr. Kipling's "Hymn Before Action" was given by the male voices with fine appreciation of the dramatic suggestiveness of the work. It was heard to better advantage than on the former occasion when it followed "La Chant National." The lightsome grace of Macfarren's "You Stole My Love" again proved a delight and the brave old



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for 1906 shows substantial increases over the previous year, as may be seen from the following figures:

Items	1905	1906	Gains over 1905
Assets - -	\$ 9,296,092	\$10,885,539	\$ 1,089,447
Income - -	1,956,518	2,072,423	115,905
Surplus* - -	952,001	1,203,378	249,377
Insurance in Force † -	44,197,954	46,912,407	2,712,453
Expense ratio to Income	17.8%	16.34%	1.46%

\*Company's Standard.

† All Canadian Business.

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ballad of "Sir Patrick Spens" brought a storm of applause to which Mr. Vogt and the choir at last responded with "Judge Me O God," one of their noblest efforts.

Miss Gertrude Peppercorn, in her flexible wrist play, her delicacy of touch and her marvellous dexterity in the lighter graces of the pianoforte, was a most acceptable soloist. Her rendering of Liszt's "La Campanella" was a miracle of limpid and poetic execution. Mr. Herbert Witherspoon gave a song feast such as no other soloist has rendered in Massey Hall this winter. From the florid complexities of Mozart's "Non Piu Andrai," the dramatic lyric force of Schubert's "Doppleganger" to the frolicsome glee of "Black Sheela of the Silver Eye," he was an artist in execution, expressing a temperament that aroused the warmest response from the audience. His singing of "Mother o' Mine" was an exquisitely sympathetic interpretation of an elemental poem. "King Witlaf's Drinking Horn" was set to music by Dr. T. B. Richardson, a member of the choir, who was obliged with Mr. Witherspoon to acknowledge the public approval of the setting.

So we come to the last of the Mendelssohn Concerts for the season with fresh gratitude to the conductor and chorus whose work is verily a musical education.

\* \*

Mr. Kyrle Bellew, who will appear at the Princess Theatre, Toronto, next week in "A Marriage of Reason" is delighting Montreal audiences at "His Majesty's" with his acting of a part to which he is eminently adapted—that of an English earl of the story-book sort. The four-act comedy presents a Chicago heiress of marvellous beauty and even more admirable fortune who becomes the bride of "Lord Delcombe," an impecunious peer and they agree to have no sentiment about the matter and to regard the marriage as a fair exchange of dollars and ancestry. But of course they begin to fall in love with each other as soon as they agree not to do anything so foolish, and they end by living fairly likely ever after. There is a divorced wife in the background who does not matter to a bride from Chicago and an impoverished earl.

Mr. Bellew has had more adventures than fall to the lot of most actors and the profession is not a dull one. He was a child in India in 1857, the "black year" of the mutiny. Then he was sent home to England and was brought up with a view to entering the army. However, he drifted on board a training ship, afterwards found his way to an office position on shore and then returned to a sea-life for five years.

Australia was the next scene of adventure and in Melbourne he delivered a lecture for a big show which represented the Franco-Prussian War. All sorts of luck and every sort of profession followed. He worked his way home as third mate, and finally through answering an advertisement became a member of the company at the Adelphi. His great success came in playing with Mrs. Brown Potter, although the burning of the Royal Theatre in Cape Town meant a severe check to their good fortune. As "Raffles" Mr. Bellew was a delightful scamp and his return as "Lord Delcombe" is eagerly anticipated.

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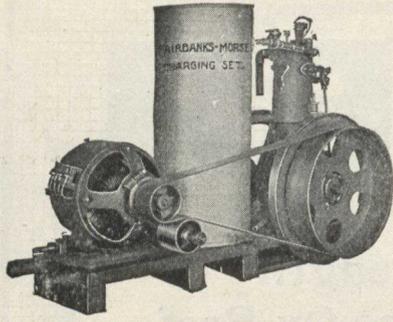
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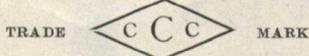
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 Oysters are a deadly fare;  
 Dire disease is in the meat.  
 Ice cream is an awful snare.

Politics get worse and worse  
 Graft is in the very air;  
 'Gainst its wily influence  
 E'en the parsons breathe a prayer.

Licenses have funny ways,  
 Western land is queerer still;  
 And the scraps at Ottawa—  
 Really, they would make you ill.

This is such a wicked world  
 That we hardly like to stay.  
 P'raps in Venus or in Mars  
 Things are in a better way.

Yet the sun comes out to shine,  
 There's a hint of Spring about;  
 That it is a good old world  
 We have not a single doubt.

Other planets may be fair,  
 Politics all pure and white,  
 With a noiseless trolley line,  
 And their streets so clean and bright.

But this Earth we live upon  
 Has a home-like air, you see;  
 So her microbes and her mud  
 Are quite good enough for me.

\* \*

### It Will Never Do

The Toronto "Globe," which calls itself "Canada's National Newspaper" and to which we frequently "point with pride," has lately given its readers cause "to view with alarm" its growing tendency to use unconventional headings. Who would have thought that the leading editorial of that Saturday issue which brings joy to thousands of innocent homes, would be capped with the stern assertion "Mr. Fowler's Bluff Must Be Called"? Shades of George Brown and Oliver Mowat! Is this the way for the Reform organ to speak its mind? The editor must have been reading some of those bold bad books written by Ralph Connor who makes fortunes galore by telling of the little games that are played in the wicked West. But the readers of the "Globe" are not accustomed to metaphors relating to any sport more strenuous than marbles or ping-pong and the "gobble-uns" will get the editor-man, "ef he don't watch out."

\* \*

### A Famous Plea

There have been many witty Irish-Canadians in the legal profession. Chief among these was Mr. James O'Reilly, who was the Crown prosecutor in the case against the murderer of D'Arcy McGee in 1868. But Mr. O'Reilly had not always such stern matters to deal with and was known as the most brilliant wit at the Kingston bar. He was once employed by the plaintiff in a breach of promise case and, as his client was ugly, he saw that he must make a practical appeal to the jury.

The lady in the case was an elderly cook, fat as every good cook should be, and possessed of only one eye which had a peculiar and unpleasant glare. Her face was extremely red and as Mr. O'Reilly gazed upon her

lack of charms he felt that ordinary eloquence about beauty in distress would be thrown away. Her lover was a man of rather mean propensities who had faithfully devoured a large share of viands on the occasion of his regular calls. In fact, during their acquaintance he had gained forty pounds. Mr. O'Reilly obtained two photographs of the perfidious gentleman—one showing him to be a gaunt and emaciated creature; the other, after his course of applied domestic science, showing a plump and prosperous citizen. The members of the jury were deeply impressed when Mr. O'Reilly's mellifluous voice asked the question:

"To whom do these forty pounds belong if not to my client?"

The plain avoidupois justice of the appeal aroused the calculating sympathy of the jury and it was gravely announced that, as the defendant had gained forty pounds during his courtship and as the meanest human flesh ought to bring five dollars a pound, the forsaken cook was entitled to two hundred dollars for the defendant's improved condition.

**Small Boys' Dialogue**

"Tell yer I did."  
 "Will yer swear?"  
 "Yus."  
 "Take yer oath?"  
 "Yus."  
 "Bible oath?"  
 "Yus."  
 "Bet a penny?"  
 "Nar."

—Evening Standard.

**Old Glory**

There are several hotels in London, England, that make a lavish display of the Stars and Stripes to please United States tourists. At dinner, one evening, a New Yorker called the attention of an Englishman to this fact and said with enthusiasm: "It's the prettiest flag in the world. Don't you think so?"

The Englishman looked solemnly at a garish stretch of the flag in question and then said lazily: "Are you referring to that Venetian blind with the starry eruption in the corner?"

**The Mystical Moment**

There was a young person named Tate  
 Who invited a friend at 8.8.

They dined tete a tete,  
 So I cannot relate  
 What Tate ate tete a tete at 8.8.

—London Chronicle.

**A Roland for an Oliver**

There is a genial clergyman in an Ontario town who met a rather crusty pastor of another denomination one Monday morning.

"Good day!" said the latter. "Do you know that the Blanks have been coming to my church lately?"

Now the Blanks belong to the congregation of the former who sweetly replied: "I'm always glad for my people to get a change. They're so much more content after they return to their old home."

**Willing to Oblige**

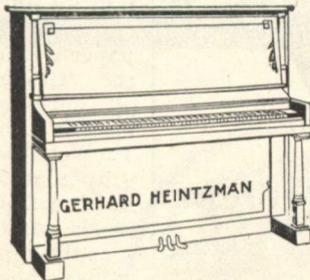
He (about 11.30 p.m.)—"I do wish I had money enough to travel."

She (stifling a yawn)—"May I not lend you a carfare?"

—Boston Transcript.

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# Literary Notes

THESE is a book that could and should be made, of which an occasional chapter appears in the editorial columns of the Toronto "Globe." Those who know little of politics and less of finance find the editorial page of almost any daily newspaper a good thing not to read. But the "Globe" is sometimes gladdened by such nature articles as only one man in Canada can write. If Mr. S. T. Wood will only collect the paragraphs that he has from time to time most delicately penned concerning the world of which most of us are profoundly ignorant, he will give Canadians a book that may be placed with John Burroughs' rarest sketches.

In January there appeared such a sympathetic bit of description of a Saturnia Io moth that one read it with fresh appreciation of those gossamer bits of nature, to which, as Tennyson says, learned men give clumsy names. Two weeks ago, there was a talk about the grosbeaks that formed an oasis in the desert of a pile of Saturday papers.

"The quietly sociable pure grosbeaks are not the only visitors to the city parks in winter. Other strangers linger round to fraternise with them, and may tarnish their good name as living examples of a life of peace. An angry altercation with a pugnacious sparrow through the shrubbery and over the snow created the impression that at least one grosbeak had departed from the policy of peace at any price. But when the victor returned in triumph to the favourite rowan tree his gay crest and yellow-tipped tail showed him an alien in the flock. Two cedar waxwings had attached themselves to the flock of patient and tolerant grosbeaks and one took occasion to resist the perpetual aggression of the pugnacious sparrows. The rich brown of the waxwings seemed to lack the dark green backgrounds that set off their clean, delicate colours in the nesting season, but they seemed to accept that and other discomforts of winter quite philosophically. Though fraternising with the patient grosbeaks, they did not adopt the same quiet, plodding habit of crushing the seeds from the rowan berries or picking the buds from the lighter twigs. Perhaps they retained a memory of the summer, when they would dart out occasionally to capture insects on the wing, after the manner of the swallows rather than the fly-catchers, but it showed only in general restlessness and an apparent impatience with both the aggression of the sparrows and the dull solemnity of the visitors from the north.

"The widest range of the continent is represented in this meeting, for the waxwings generally spend the winter in Central America, leaving a few stragglers in their northern breeding range, while the grosbeaks live around the northern limit of the growth of trees, migrating occasionally into southern Ontario in the winter."

While all Canadians would be better off for such a volume as these collected sketches would make, it would be peculiarly valuable to the younger generation, whose acquaintance with this class of literature cannot be formed too early.

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

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