

# The Canadian Courier

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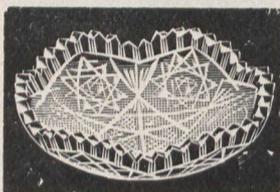
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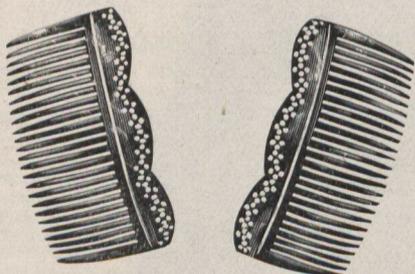
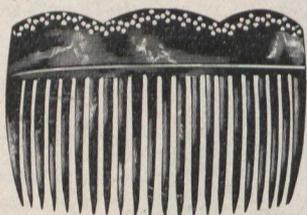
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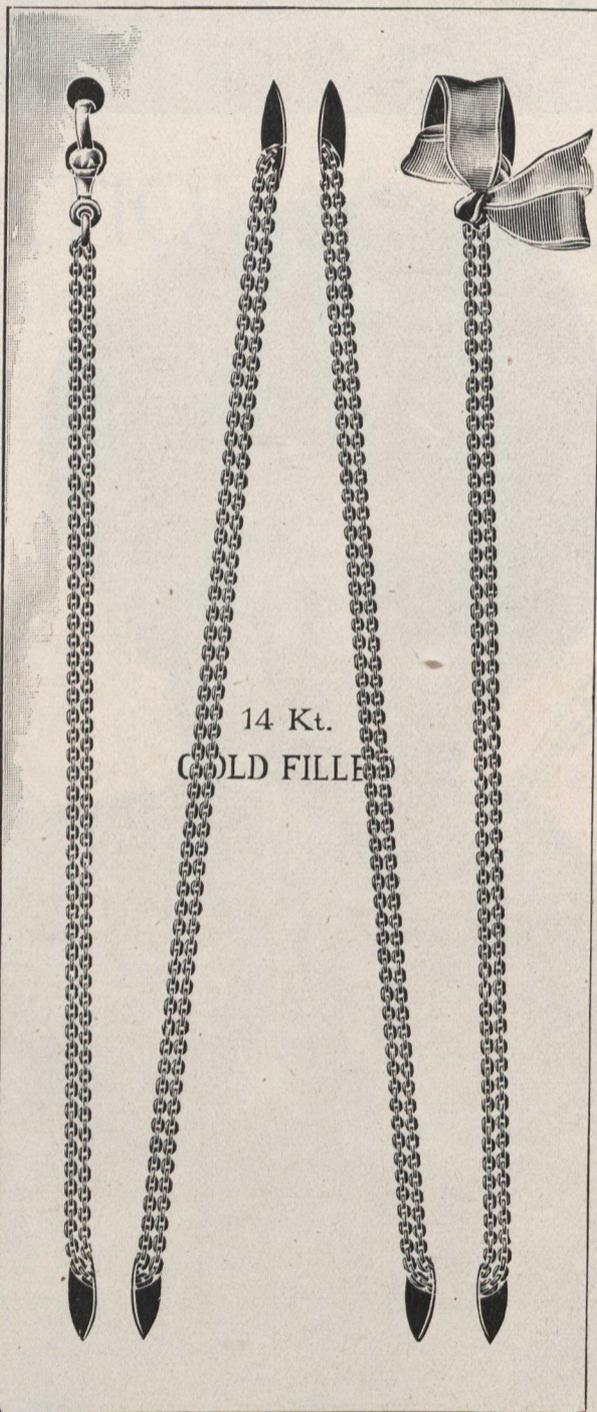
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If any parts of these stoves or furnaces prove unsatisfactory within 1 year, through defective material or workmanship, we will supply you with new parts, free of charge.

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If these stoves or furnaces prove unsatisfactory in any way during the first 30 days you have them, we will exchange, or refund your money and pay transportation charges both ways.

### New Stove Catalogue

Will be ready by March 1st. Contains illustrations of all the latest stove and furnace designs, with a list of new prices that have never been equalled for value-giving. Write for it.

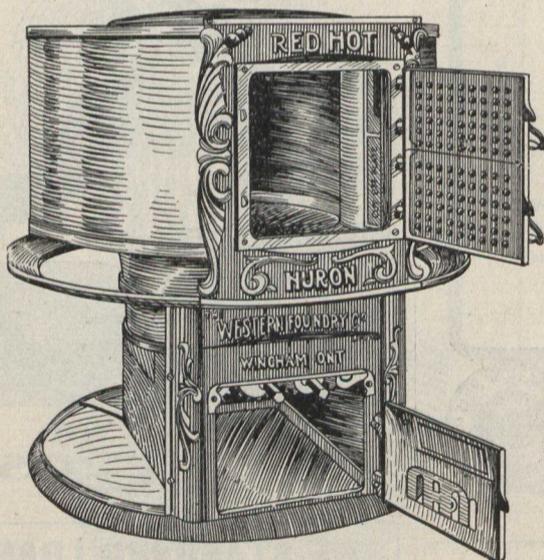
### CROWN HURON RANGE

The factory where this stove is made is equipped with special machinery to produce a strong, lasting, economical fuel consuming range—a good baker and easily regulated.

This is a cast range very suitable for domestic use. It is built especially for us and under careful supervision. Carving and Nickel Plated Trimmings have been artistically arranged. Firebox is fitted with duplex grates and brick linings. Oven is square in design with oven shelf, full size oven door, with oven door trip and nickel plated name plate. Roomy Ash-pit with full size ash pan, bailed handle. Oven Thermometer indicates exact temperature of oven with reservoir. We quote this range in four sizes as follows:

No.	Cooking Holes.	Oven.	Weight.	Price.
A2-818.	4-8 in.	18 in.	456 lbs.	\$23.05
A2-918.	4-9 in.	18 in.	456 lbs.	\$23.05
A2-818.	6-8 in.	18 in.	466 lbs.	\$23.25
A2-920.	6-9 in.	20 in.	516 lbs.	\$25.30

### RED HOT FURNACE



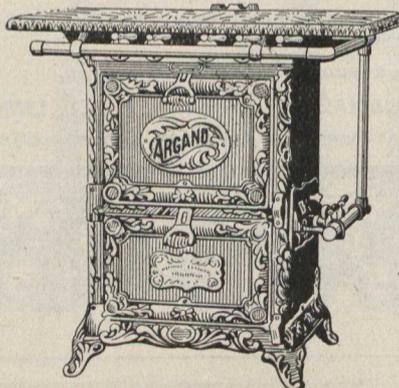
This furnace has been tried and tested for years and we can recommend it as a capable heater, economical fuel-consumer, and easily managed.

Has the latest pattern triangular roller grates. Radiator is made of steel. Fire-pot is in two sections of heavy cast iron. Complete with water pan, shaker, poker, cleaner, pulleys, and base board plate.

We sell this furnace in four sizes, with or without casing and guarantee it to give entire satisfaction.

No.	Capacity.	Size of Fire-pots	Height (set up)	Weight	Price without casing	With casing
A2-438.	15000 ft.	18 1/4 in.	4 ft. 5 in.	500 lbs.	\$25.00	\$29.85
A2-442.	25000 ft.	20 in.	4 ft. 9 in.	600 lbs.	\$30.00	\$35.50
A2-446.	35000 ft.	23 in.	5 ft.	750 lbs.	\$33.00	\$40.50
A2-452.	45000 ft.	26 in.	5 ft. 2 in.	900 lbs.	\$40.00	\$48.75

### ARGAND GAS RANGE



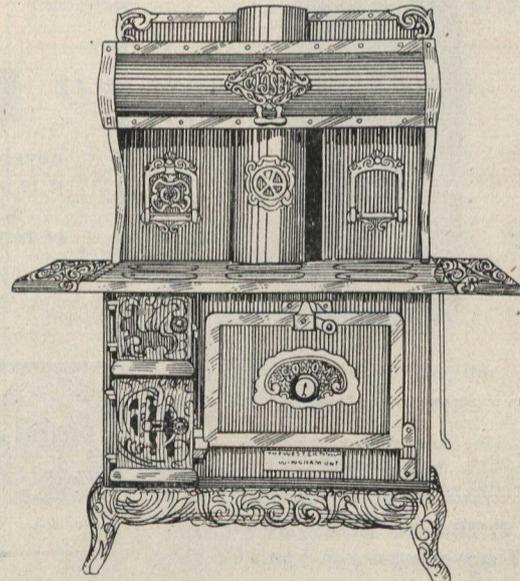
The Argand Gas Range has proved satisfactory in every way. We fully guarantee it to be perfect in every detail.

This range is fitted with four drilled burners on top, and one simmering burner. Oven is fitted with powerful cast burner. Oven doors are drop doors, nicely balanced and ornamented with nickel plated name plate. Broilers and Baking Ovens are heated from same burner at the same time. Broiler oven is fitted with broiler pan. Baking oven is fitted with oven grates.

We sell this gas range in two sizes:

A2-1000.	16 inch oven, price	\$16.50.
A2-1005.	18 inch oven, price	\$18.50.

### ECONOMY STEEL RANGE



Our Economy Steel Range is suitable for both small or large family use. We have had this range constructed with 8 in. leg base, which places range 8 in. off floor. Base is nickel plated, which makes it easily cleaned and attractive in appearance. Fire Box is fitted with duplex grates and iron linings. Oven Thermometer shows at a glance the exact temperature of the oven. Warming Closet will be found a great convenience for keeping cooking warm.

We can supply in two sizes:

No.	Size of Cooking Holes.	Size of Oven.	Weight.	Price.
A2-918.	6-9 in.	18 in.	450 lbs.	\$28.85
A2-920.	6-9 in.	20 in.	470 lbs.	\$31.35

**THE T. EATON CO. LIMITED**  
TORONTO, CANADA.

# The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

Subscription: \$4.00 a Year.

Vol. III.

Toronto, February 22nd, 1908.

No. 12

## IN THE PUBLIC VIEW



Mr. William Jennings Bryan and Rev. J. A. Macdonald of the Globe, the two preacher-editors, doing Toronto.

ONCE upon a time when Mr. R. J. Fleming was Mayor of Toronto he was chairman of a large meeting in Massey Hall at which the only speaker was the man from Nebraska. There was a large audience and everybody in it had come for no other purpose than to hear the remarkable and spectacular man who was then in the running for the Presidency of the United States. The Mayor rose to introduce the speaker. After some preamble he said: "I have now the honour to introduce to you Mr. William Jennings—" There was an immediate and responsive snigger all over the audience. Mr. Fleming looked around in bewilderment. Mr. Bryan coolly asked the chairman for a pencil, hurriedly scribbled his name and handed it to the chairman, who after clearing his throat said with a laugh that was meant to be good-natured: "I should say rather 'Mr. William Jennings Bryan.'"

Mr. Bryan will remember this incident. On his recent visit he recalled Mr. Fleming and that meeting in Massey Hall. It is quite likely indeed that he has often told it as a joke on himself. He has come and gone. Two cities in Canada are recalling the things he said. Some are wondering why he came at all. But he will never again be called Mr. Jennings. Bryan off the platform is a different man. Among the boys he is not the preacher nor the orator. Neither is he like the Mayor of Chicago, "Out for a time." He is the story-teller and the humourist. Bryan knows how to tell a story. He tells good stories. Even an old story by Bryan would sound rather new. He has his stories all archived in his brain. There is the story from Mississippi and the story from Iowa; the yarn from Kansas and the yarn from Nebraska. To each and every story there is some practical application. In this respect he has the habit of the preacher. His pronunciation is not always academic. The absence of a large number of teeth has a good deal to do with that; his inborn Nebraska habit a good deal more. He is not always careful about endings. In Bryan this does not seem a serious defect. He is the great commoner in language—except when he chooses to become oratorical. He is a good and fluent talker. He talks so well that it would be a pity to confine him to an office. He has such an everlasting fund of ideas that it would be robbing him of his birth-right to hitch him

up to an executive function. He is so excellent a traveller that if he ever became President he would need to leave Washington oftener than Roosevelt has ever done; for he is a vast imbibor and assimilator of ideas. He has a personality which gets quickly into sympathy with people. He is a hugely interested man. Places and people mean much to him. Like Kipling he travels with the open eye and the extended ear. Unlike Mr. Wm. T. Stead—a different sort of William—he is able to repress the I in his make-up in order to find out what interests the people. Stead spoke for two hours in Toronto one night without even an allusion to Canada. Bryan when in Toronto wore the Union Jack for a boutonniere and had almost everything to say that he thought would be acceptable to the people he had come to entertain.

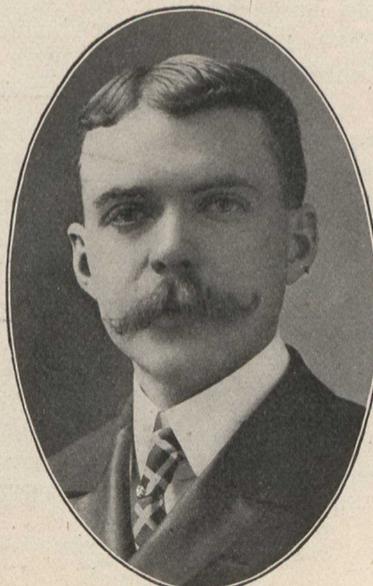
In brief, everybody likes Bryan. In this country his politics have no weight. His personality is everything. He would be just as acceptable to Canadians as a Republican. He is bigger than politics. On the street and the train he is a bigger man than on any political platform. He has the universal sense of Mark Twain. He is the biggest United States personality that ever visited Canada and is perhaps the biggest unelected man in the United States. Whether election could ever make Bryan any bigger or permit him to remain as big as he now is, might be open to grave conjecture. He is a man of the people; a bigger man than any party; the sort of man of whom the older peoples used to make kings before politics was invented.



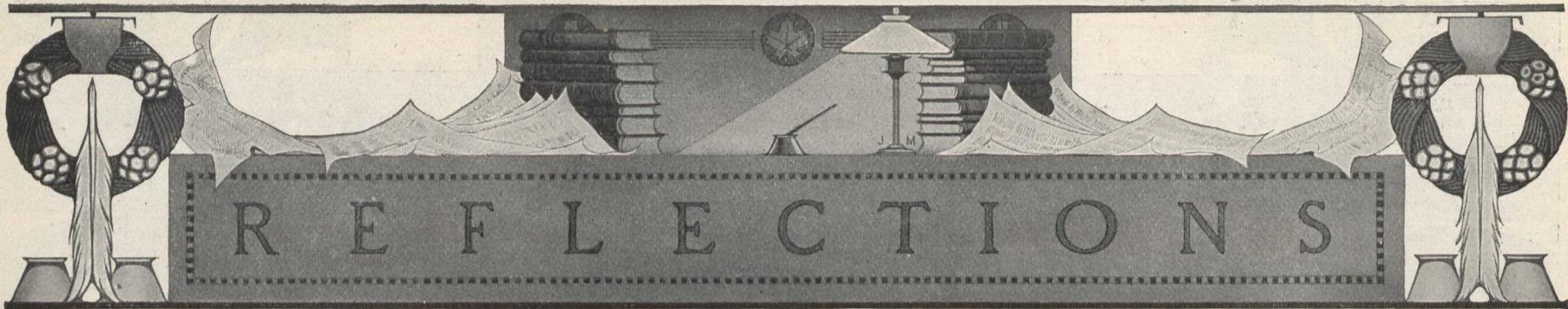
Mr. Bryan on Canadian streets.

ONCE it was Wiman; now it is Minard. In his day Erastus Wiman said some plain things about the absorption of Canada by the United States. He had a large number of listeners, most of whom are now either dead or converted. According to newspaper reports Mr. R. W. L. Minard, the president of the Canadian Club in Boston, has said: "In an American-Jap war, were it not for the American attitude on the tariff, Canada would sever its allegiance to Great Britain and would come to the aid of the United States. So far as I am able to judge of the feeling of my countrymen, a treaty of the mother country would have no influence on their actions in the event of war." Now whether this is the exact sentiment which should be credited to Mr. Minard or not, Boston is historically the most appropriate place to

say such things. It was in Boston harbour that the Revolutionists tried to steep the English tea on which they refused to pay taxes. At any rate Mr. Minard has a grave fear of the "yellow peril." Mr. Bryan has none. The Boston Canadian sees that the Dingley Bill is higher than Haman's gallows when it comes to a United North America. In Mr. Wiman's and Mr. Butterworth's day there was no Dingley Bill. What little tariff wall there was they wanted to pull down. In those days there was little or no international labour question between Canada and the United States. Now reciprocity in the labour movement has grown along with the tariff. It is significant that Kipling saw in British immigration the natural cure for the yellow peril, while Mr. Minard is credited with a belief that Canada would throw off allegiance to Great Britain rather than differ vitally with the United States on the question of Oriental immigration. It is not less remarkable that in conversation with a prominent Toronto financier a few days ago the Governor-General of Canada predicted that in time to come the seat of Imperial Government would be shifted to Canada; which must be taken to imply that many millions of British immigrants must have settled in Canada as British subjects long before the close of this century.



Mr. R. W. L. Minard,  
President of Canadian Club, Boston.



IIII BY STAFF WRITERS IIII

**B**RITISH COLUMBIA has re-enacted the Natal Act which imposes an educational test upon immigrants entering that province and is specially designed to prevent the entrance of Hindu and Japanese coolies. Lieutenant-Governor Dunsmuir has assented to it this time, although last year he vetoed it. It is to be

#### AN UNFORTUNATE CONFLICT

presumed that when the Act reaches Ottawa it will be vetoed by the Governor-in-Council because it is contrary to the terms of the treaty between Japan and the Dominion.

This conflict between British Columbia and the Dominion Government is unfortunate. The British Columbia Legislature must have been well aware that the Act must be disallowed by the Dominion Government. The issue is not new. The circumstances are well known to all concerned. Neither of the two British Columbia parties was willing to risk the unpopularity which might result from a failure to re-enact the legislation of last session. British Columbia simply desires to throw the onus of further immigration of this character on the Dominion Government.

A province which courts every opportunity for making trouble for the government at Ottawa cannot expect to have the sympathy and support of independent citizens in the other provinces. There are elements in the present situation which entitle British Columbia to special consideration and hence Mr. Lemieux's visit to Japan. That visit and its results entitled the Dominion Government to a "stay of proceedings" at the hands of the British Columbia authorities; because this courtesy has not been extended much of the sympathy which has heretofore been extended to British Columbia in what was undoubtedly an unpleasant situation will be lost. As Canada must occasionally stay its hands for the sake of the Empire, so each province must occasionally wait in patience for the working out of a situation in which its own wishes are in conflict with Dominion interests or Dominion engagements. The policy of each province should be that of an enlightened and intelligent selfishness.

**I**T is a matter of common observation that all classes of legislators in Canada are quite generous—to themselves. They, like all other classes in the community, are always willing and anxious to increase their pay. In this national improvement, the Dominion

#### INCREASING THE LEGISLATORS' SALARIES

Parliament led the way with an unexampled generosity and unparalleled courage. Not only was the pay of members and Cabinet ministers increased, but the Leader of the Opposition was given a generous salary. It was not a party matter. Politics were forgotten when this reform was being considered.

The action of the Dominion legislators was a signal for provincial administrators. The sessional indemnity in Manitoba has been increased from \$500 to \$1,000, and the salaries of Cabinet ministers from \$3,000 to \$5,000. The total salary of the Premier, including his sessional indemnity, is to be \$7,000.

The "Manitoba Free Press," which presumably supported the action of the Dominion Government in regard to increased sessional indemnities, finds fault with those in Manitoba because the Conservatives of that Province, though now in power, were in favour of retrenchment when in Opposition. This journal claims that the Liberal party at Ottawa broke no distinct pledge when it became generous, while the Conservative party in Manitoba did. At a convention of the Conservatives held in Winnipeg in 1899, one of the planks adopted was "that the indemnity of members be reduced to four hundred dollars." Further, the question of sessional indemnity was not discussed at the recent general elections and hence it should not have taken place until the people had approved of it. The "Free Press" for these two reasons, the first decidedly weak, the second decidedly strong, cannot approve of this generosity.

The Province of British Columbia, following the lead of Ontario

and Manitoba, has increased sessional indemnities from \$800 to \$1,200. Salaries for Cabinet ministers and the Premier will be raised to the same figures as Manitoba, and a new member is to be added to the Cabinet. None of the Western provinces cares to be beaten in the race for reputation by any other province, hence the general movement towards generous expenditures of all kinds.

The difficulty in this whole movement is that the public does not know when this raising the salaries of its servants—by themselves—will end. The people fully realise that if it were not for these hard-working legislators at the Dominion capital and at the nine provincial capitals, the whole business of the country would soon be demoralised. The daily papers would soon lose much of their present attractiveness and general social life much of its interest. Our national existence would be dull and monotonous had we no busy politicians, no aspiring candidates, no picturesque M.P.'s and M.P.P.'s. Nevertheless, these attractive and useful gentlemen should not go too far in their demands for increased pay, lest the public be led into adopting a form of government which would not require either Cabinet ministers or legislators.

**M**R. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, it must be admitted, is the greatest self-advertising genius of the age. He has the ability to turn anything to personal account in such a fashion that the papers overflow with columns on Shaw's latest drama or debate. He abuses

#### IS HE A SULPHITE?

all those institutions beloved of Britons and John Bull merely chuckles joyously as he pays down his good shillings to see "Caesar and Cleopatra."

The public will read Shaw books, see Shaw dramas, listen to expositions of Shavian philosophy—but will never take the Shaw ideas as anything but the latest feat in mountebankery. In fact, Mr. Shaw has gone too far in attempting to arouse the Britisher and has announced doctrines so bizarre that they are regarded as merely revolutionary fire-crackers which will never become of bomb-like dimensions. Mr. Shaw is handicapped, in his aim to be taken seriously, by his Irish birth. It is impossible for a Londoner to believe that a writer who first saw the light in the Isle of Unrest can be other than a wit. The more he stamps and scathes, the broader grows the grin of the dear deluded public. His egotism, too, is regarded as a jest and few worshippers of Shakespeare take the trouble to retort when he declares his superiority to the Elizabethan dramatist. If Mr. Shaw could provoke a dozen bishops to denounce him, he would be a happy scribe; but both politicians and churchmen refuse to knock one of the chips off the Shavian shoulder. However, foreigners are not so prudent and the latest of these outsiders to enter upon a controversy with Mr. Shaw is Herr Max Nordau, who is being overwhelmed in the "Frankfurter Zeitung" with open letters which Mr. Shaw writes with characteristic venom and velocity. Herr Nordau makes a naive complaint of feeling bewildered as well he may when his opponent skips from Lombroso to Wagner in a fashion to give the sober-minded a headache and to prove the acuteness of his latest analyser: "Other men of genius advertise their ideas by extraneous means; in him the advertisement is the idea, and the idea is the advertisement."

**C**ANADA must be careful lest the national head be turned by this flood of flattery. The latest addition to the list of flatterers is Mr. Charles H. Cahan, counsel in the city of Mexico for the Mexican Light, Heat and Power Company. When in Montreal recently he

#### ANOTHER FLATTERER ARRIVES

gave an interview to a reporter which was most delicately conceived. He pointed out that the great reception given to Secretary Root in Mexico was simply to show the United States people what the Mexicans were capable of doing. It had no real significance. It would influence trade not one whit. The Mexicans wanted to trade only with Canada,

a country with which it has "the greatest possible sympathy." Said Mr. Cahan: "They look upon us as honest and energetic people." What a blessing they know only the Mexican and Spanish languages and cannot read the speeches of the Ottawa Opposition leaders!

Mr. Cahan went on to point out that the Mexicans "have granted concessions to Canadian capital and enterprise that would certainly be refused had the request reached them from almost any other than a Canadian group of capitalists." This is splendid. Furthermore, Mr. Cahan hopes to see Mexicans going to Europe via Montreal and the Canadian steamship lines. Montreal is almost as near the city of Mexico by rail as New York, and hence a Mexican traveller will probably give the preference to the Canadian route to Europe as soon as he is informed of its attractiveness. To cap all, Mr. Cahan claims that the whole of Central and South America will extend the same "hand of good-fellowship and friendship to the manufacturers of the Dominion" if they are given the opportunity. Surely, after this Canada will carry its head high.

**T**HE observance of great men's birthdays is not carried to extremes on this continent, which is too busy to have many bank holidays. By Canadians, the twenty-fourth of May will long be regarded as the first picnic or excursion of the summer. For sixty-three years it was

#### THE HOLIDAY ACROSS THE LINE

a day of festivity, usually marked by "Queen's weather." Our neighbours to the south keep July Fourth as their national holiday but the anniversary, occurring this week, of Washington's natal day is generally honoured throughout the United States. It is significant that Washington, who was leader through a bitter conflict, is regarded as one of the gentler figures of history. Had he died in 1783, he would have been remembered as a soldier, but his later services in statesmanship, his dignified hospitality as First Gentleman in the new order of political and social life, rendered him an elevating and conciliating force. When our present King stood, a fair-haired boy, near Washington's tomb an attendant nobleman said reflectively: "He was English, too." A New Englander once pleading for fair play for the former Southern enemies said: "Remember that Washington was a Virginian." In social matters he was undoubtedly of British traditions. Washington seems, in his old-time stateliness and decorum, far away from the rush of modern democracy which honours him once a year but which might, both north and south of the forty-ninth parallel, more frequently imitate his virtues.

**T**HE electric situation in Ontario is rapidly nearing what may be termed a climax. The municipalities concerned have all voted to accept the supply of power to be distributed by the Hydro-Electric Commission, under government jurisdiction and government financing.

#### ELECTRIC SITUATION IN ONTARIO

The Electric Development Company, the only company now distributing Niagara power in the province, is still outside the field of government influence. There are three courses of action open to this private company. It may go on and compete with the Government and trust to private ability in competition with Government ability. It may go into voluntary liquidation and force the Government to take it over to protect the British and foreign bondholders. The third course would be to come to terms with the Government and distribute energy under the control of the Hydro-Electric Commission.

The first course would probably result in success, but it requires money and money is not too plentiful. The second course—liquidation—would be a desperation plunge and one which would inevitably result in great financial loss. The third course—a bargain with the Commission—is one that Sir Henry Pellatt and Mr. Frederic Nicholls would be loath to adopt, but which may be forced upon them by other interests. It is rumoured that Mr. William Mackenzie may attempt a reorganisation which will save the situation, and it is possible that the Government may not object to work with Mr. Mackenzie to see if some way can not be found by which present investments may be saved without endangering the Government's power policy.

**T**HE general prosperity of Canada during 1908 will depend mainly upon two conditions—the harvest and the extent of the new immigration. As to the harvest, it is too early to estimate the prospects, though the Dominion Government's action in supplying seed grain to needy settlers is an encouraging feature.

#### WILL THE RUSH CONTINUE?

As to the immigration, the agricultural part of this comes from the United States. Colonel Davidson, of Davidson & McRae, general land agents for the Canadian Northern Railway, has recently returned to Toronto from a visit

to the central districts of Illinois. He states that he believes the northward trek will be larger this year than ever before. Last year was a "draggy" year; spring was late and the summer was wet, and fewer agricultural prospectors went north. The immigration from the United States fell off a point or two. This year will possibly make a new record.

It might be expected that the touch of frost which the West received last year during harvesting would dismay new settlers. It will not, Colonel Davidson declares, affect United States immigrants. They have seen early frosts, dry seasons and wet seasons in their own country and are not disheartened by an occasional bit of meteorological trouble.

If this be true, and the activity of the agricultural land market seems to justify it, then business in the West will be more active and important in 1908 than in any year since the first Westward movement began. The growing importance of the lumbering and coal-mining industries, combined with the great amount of railway building, is sufficient to steady the development in a district which has hitherto been mainly wheat-growing country.

**O**TTAWA is rather proud just now. Its sidewalks are cleaned of snow by the civic authorities and its snow carted away from the streets by inexpensive methods. In Montreal and Toronto there is no civic sidewalk cleaning except at the crossings, while Montreal's

#### A RATHER PROUD CITY

system of carting snow from the street in pill-boxes has become so bad that the Street Railway refuses to pay its share of the expense. Hamilton is also in much the same position as Toronto and Montreal.

Again, Ottawa has an excellent park system, thanks to the government Improvement Commission. Other cities, especially Toronto, are worrying about their park systems and how they can be organised on a comprehensive plan which will be economical, efficient and capable of providing for future development.

Again, Ottawa has a large number of civil servants within its borders. A New Brunswick decision has led the Ottawa civic authorities to believe that it may collect taxes from these well-paid employees of the Dominion Government. Taxes are to be collected from them this year to the extent of \$30,000. Winnipeg must wish that it had a similar wind-fall to look forward to.

Then again, Ottawa has a civic lighting plant and plenty of cheap hydro-electric energy. Most of the other large cities in Canada are still wrestling with the problem of civic control of their electric situation.

Yes, Ottawa is rather proud.

**S**OME lieutenant-governors have little trouble; others have much. Some hold their offices in a quiet, unostentatious manner for two terms of four years each; others find it difficult to satisfy the public for one term. For example, Lieutenant-Governor Dunsmuir of British

#### LIEUT.-GOVERNORS AND THEIR DUTIES

Columbia has been most bitterly assailed during his term of office, and his predecessor was also accused of taking orders from Ottawa.

The Hon. Mr. Turner, ex-Premier of British Columbia, makes the suggestion that it would be much better if our provincial governors were appointed as in Australia, by the King on the advice of the British ministers. In other words, he would have them appointed as the governor-general is appointed. This would prevent their being amenable to the party in power at Ottawa, would exalt their position to a higher rank, and would enable them to act more in harmony with their provincial advisers.

Australia has a governor-general and six governors, all appointed by the British Government. It is interesting to note the names of the present occupants. Lord Northcote is governor-general; Admiral Sir Harry H. Rawson is governor of New South Wales; General Sir R. A. J. Talbot in Victoria; Sir George Ruthven Le Hunte in South Australia; Lord Chelmsford in Queensland; Sir Gerald Strickland in Tasmania; and Admiral Sir George Bedford in Western Australia. Perhaps this class of governor would help to elevate provincial political life, but it is doubtful if the democracy of Canada would care to restore to the Crown any part of the patronage which, during a long constitutional struggle, it has succeeded in having transferred from Downing Street to the Capital on the Hill. Canada has never been known to give up anything with any degree of alacrity or willingness.

Any one familiar with Canadian history from 1830 to present times must admit that every change asked for by Canada meant greater self-government. To turn the back on a record of eighty years would be impossible.

# Through a Monocle

THE temptation to call him "Billy" Bryan still is only the survival of a habit. Since his visit, we are more apt to think of him as "Brother Bryan". Contact with the man assures his sincerity. For myself, I now know that he believed the nonsense he used to talk about "free silver." When he did it, I put it down to a little bit of excusable political "looking the other way". I thought that he saw that it was so obviously to his interest to believe that the United States, acting alone, could maintain the two metals at a ratio of sixteen to one, that he decided that he would just "believe" it, without risking his valuable belief by too much investigation. Everybody in his part of the country believed it; and so it was easy. But I wondered at times how he could keep so vigorous a mind as he obviously possessed from investigating a question of which he made so much; and what he would do if some idle day he gave the matter a good hard "think" and discovered that the United States could no more change the laws of value than she could set aside the law of gravitation.

\* \* \*

But now I think I understand him better. He believed it. And I do not doubt that he still believes what he then said, although he appears to have the Gladstonian ability of believing now what it is more beneficial to believe. Nor does what he believes now clash for a moment with what he preached then. He has built an excellent bridge between his two positions. And he will never find out his first mistake. His is a believing mind—not a critical mind. This I gather from his religious addresses. When a man in this time of day will treat the good old evolutionary theory as he did—dismissing it with a joke about "monkey ancestors"—he has not brought a critical mind to the study of the situation. The evolutionary theory may be finally established or it may be superseded by a better; but thinking men have long ago moved beyond the "monkey ancestor" method of dealing with it. Then there was his story about the drunken Baptist with "liberal views." Dr. Torrey could not have beaten that.

\* \* \*

Mr. Bryan is one of that very large class of people who think with their consciences. No cold intellect for him when it comes to picking out deep-down convictions. When he wants something to die for, he will never trust his finite, human judgment to find it. He will appeal to his prejudices. He can get more "grip" of their conclusions. And, coming from a middle-class settlement in the free and glorious West, his prejudices have made a splendid national figure of him. What he would have been, had he been born into a high Anglican aristocratic home in England, I shudder to think. He would have been equally sure he was right; and equally ready to die—or to make other people die—for the right. Still such men make grand soldiers when they are enlisted by happy accident in the right cause. And Mr. Bryan is fighting on the right side. If the Republicans will not nominate Roosevelt, I would rather see Bryan President than any other man in the field. Bryan, backed by a Bryanite Congress, would be ideal.

\* \* \*

You may have thought that I have been critical of Mr. Bryan. But I am not in any hostile sense. I have just been analysing him for my own satisfaction, and accounting for him and his views. I never could quite reconcile "free silver" with his sharp, concise, vivid, phrase-making style. I thought that that edged intellect ought to know better. Now I know that his intellect is off-duty when he is selecting his convictions. He only permits it to be heard when he starts in to fight for them with the skill and effectiveness of a superb gladiator. But his convictions are generally the convictions of the great majority of people on this continent. Thus he becomes a popular tribune and not an execrated "martyr". His convictions regarding trusts and financial combinations and the like are not popular on Wall Street; and that is precisely one of the reasons why the people love him. That they do love him, can hardly be doubted. He is one of themselves. They would feel more at home with him than with

Roosevelt; though they might think that Roosevelt could do more for them.

\* \* \*

The Bryans are the men who win battles. The critical mind may be the best path-finder; but the believing mind is the best soldier. The critical mind is seldom sure enough of its conclusions to glory in an opportunity to die for them. It has seen its conclusions change too often in the past for that. But the believing mind is always "cock sure," and asks nothing so much as a chance to compel other people to accept its conclusions. It is willing to argue up to a certain point; but, after that, it feels that it is in contact with dishonesty or interested stubbornness or what the Prayer Book calls "invincible ignorance," and it wants to apply compulsion. The persecutors and the persecuted alike have usually been men with believing minds. The men with the critical minds would never persecute nor seek martyrdom. Often, however, they have been compelled to die because they could not believe the one thing needful to save them. But, while the believing mind wins the battle, the critical mind selects the next battle-field, and decides for what the next generation of believing minds will fight.

*W. D. Howells*

The "Outlook," London, England, is highly pleased with the project for a national park near the Plains of Abraham and approves of the Angel of Peace proposal. But the editor is slightly worried over the equipment of the latter and suggests there should be a sword-hilt somewhere beneath the wings.

## THE BIRTHRIGHT OF ART.



Police Constable (to small boy having a free view of football match) "Now then, down yer come."  
 Small Boy. "Garn! I'd 'ave yer to know my farver 'elped to tar these boards."  
 —Punch.

# THE TRAGEDY AT ILE PERROT

Nine men were killed, and more than forty people—widows and orphans—bereaved by an explosion of nitro-glycerine at the Standard Explosives Company works on Ile Perrot, near Vaudreuil, P.Q., on Wednesday the 12th of February. The accident occurred while most of the workmen were away at lunch. The exact cause is unknown. The buildings of the Company, which was the largest of its kind in Canada are a total wreck. The building in which the explosion occurred is shown in the lower illustration. The works of the Company on Ile Perrot comprised some forty buildings, many of them being homes of the workmen.



This heavy piece of machinery, weighing over two tons, was hurled over 200 feet.



Storage Shed—400 feet distant from the mills that were blown up—wrecked by flying pieces of machinery.



The site of the mills as it appeared next day after the explosion—The smoke marks the position of the second mill. Even the trees were stripped of their branches or torn up by the roots.

Photographs by Query, Montreal.

## A Picturesque President.

**A**N interesting personality will be seen in London, England, in the course of the ensuing summer, when President Diaz visits the Mexican Exhibition to be held at Sydenham. He is rapidly approaching his eightieth year, and has held his present position for nearly a quarter of a century. He took part in resisting the French invasion in 1863, and headed an insurrection against the Government a dozen years later. He has probably had a more romantic career than any public man of the present day. Out in Mexico his position is unique, for his influence is as great as that of the Czar. The power of his personality is such, however, that in spite of his iron hand, he is a popular hero among his people.

Diaz first sprang into fame at the age of twenty-

four, when he was a professor of law in Oaxaca, by practically raising a revolution through a vote. He was called upon to vote for a certain measure, but excused himself from doing so, explaining that he preferred not to exercise his right of voting. Upon this remark his companion said, "Yes, one does not vote when one is afraid." "This reproach burnt into me like fire," wrote President Diaz in his diary at the time, "and made me seize the pen which was again proffered me. Pushing my way between the electors I passed up the room and recorded my vote, not for Santa Anna, but in favour of Senator Don Juan Alvarez, who figured as chief of the revolutionary movement."

Diaz hastily fled from the town, and gathered round him a little force of fierce revolutionaries, spoiling for a fight. He gave battle to the troops sent to arrest him, and won his first victory. From that day he was a made man. His rise was rapid.

Before he was thirty he had already become a colonel and a famous leader. Then his party came into power, and he was made a "General of Brigade."

It was not long before the country was again in a state of civil war. Diaz, of course, was in the thick of the fighting, and no sooner had he crushed the opposition than he found himself obliged to start a fresh campaign against the French, who were invading the country. In all, Diaz fought in no fewer than fifty engagements. He was twice seriously wounded, and often slightly hurt. Three times he was made a prisoner, and three times escaped. After the country had somewhat settled down, and the French troops which had been poured into the country had withdrawn, he was elected President. He has been unanimously elected seven times since.—M. A. P.



Ladysmith—between the waters of the Gulf of Georgia and a line of stately firs.



Ladysmith Miners getting home on the welcome five o'clock train.

## A New Town of Toilers by the Sea

Ladysmith is one of the Newest and Brightest Coal Mining Towns in the West.

By BONNYCASTLE DALE.

AS at the wave of the magician's wand the egg leaves his hand and is found far off amid the audience, so at the will of the wandering strata or the change of mind of the coal operator these western mining towns flit from range to range. Here is the town of Ladysmith that so lately reposed in comfort seventeen miles farther north and rejoiced in the name of prosperous Wellington. Alas! the seam pinched out, the word came to move south, and bag and baggage, aye sometimes when the baggage meant the entire house or hotel, away they went and established a new town amid the black stumps, the tall waving firs and the dismal slashings of the hillside that fronts on the sheltered arm of the Gulf of Georgia.

Now the straggling streets of the town are taking upon themselves an orderly array; the stores are clean and trim, the homes wearing that air of liveableness and comfort. Back of it all, as in every picture of this magnificent Island of Vancouver, stand the tall red and white firs that are typical of the forests. Twenty-eight hundred people live here, and the yearly wage list runs into a million of dollars. Many of these men came from Belgium, Finland, Russia and Sweden, countries where the wage they receive for a day's work, a wage that grows according to the coal miner's ability from five to ten dollars per day, would have been opulent pay for a week's hard labour. Truly they look satisfied, as they leap rapidly off the miners' train at five o'clock in the evening and run towards their homes and boarding-houses in laughing, jostling groups. Their sons, mere boys of fourteen, and larger lads up to eighteen, the pushers and drivers of the coal mines at Extension—where the Ladysmith miners work—are earning \$2.75 per day and are even now about striking for \$3.00 per day. When will the men that work our mines, our forests, our mills, that build our houses, learn that every raise in their wages means an increase in the price of the necessaries of life for them? For all manufactured goods are valued half on the material and half upon the labour; so the higher the wage the higher the price, and as the workingman makes up the majority of the population it is he that pays the high prices.

Four churches grace this growing town, but as yet no newspaper has gained enough rootage to exist. A most excellent harbour gives shelter to steamers of deep draught, its anchorage being 23 fathoms and its wharfage ten. Here the C.P.R. has its ferry wharf, where the car-laden huge scows connect the rails of the mainland with the steel of the Esquimalt and Nanaimo (now the C.P.R.). When this railroad acquired the E. & N. it took over the huge body of lands that went with it. The most of these are yet uncleared, and, where the standing timber is below ten thousand feet, may be bought for five dollars per acre and a dollar per thousand for the commercial timber. It is early yet for the regular emigrants to pour in here, but for the man that can afford to buy cleared land from a hundred and fifty dollars up, or is willing to clear a farm out of the standing forest; or the man that is ready to work in the lumber camps, on the ranches, on the surveys, in the fisheries, there is room and good profit and pay, and the influx of white men will displace the yellow races and thus commercially solve the present labour problem. For so surely as the labour unions discourage skilled and unskilled whites from coming in, so surely will the cheap Asiatic labour pour into the country.

Socialism is passing out of Ladysmith under the wise administration of the mine owners. The camp is contented. Chinese and yellow labour is not used beneath the surface; the men are favoured in having their own union, but their connection with an outside union is discouraged. Why should a labour agitator in his easy chair in his comfortable office in distant Chicago decide that Canadian citizens should go on strike?

Other opportunities for work are found in the smelter. Here the copper ore from the Tyee mine, and much custom ore, is reduced. The trap rocks of Vancouver Island still offer unlimited field for the prospector and free miner. Remember, this great island, almost 300 miles long by 80 miles wide, has not yet been fully explored, only parts of it have been surveyed; and although the rolling, rocky hills of red syenite and diabase trap are forever dedicated to the miner and the lumberman, between them lies many a smiling valley, its wealth of standing timber

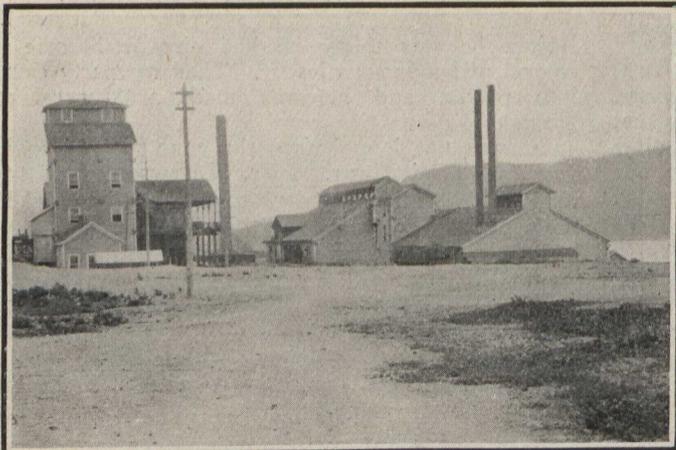
hiding as rich a brown humus soil as old earth offers to the husbandman. Fruit, vegetables and grain grow luxuriantly in these sun-kissed vales. Sheep, cattle and swine fatten on the hilly ranges, and over all beams a sun that is never oppressive, and falls a night that is always cool. Long land-searching arms of the sea cut up and channel the island on every hand, and keep cool and comfortable the dwellers on this happy isle.

Amid the tall, fire-blackened fir stumps a gospel tent tells of the good work among the Ladysmith miners. Along the shore of Oyster Harbour their children play; their gardens are taking on a look of home. So if the seam keeps wide and of the same good quality, and no insidious serpent in the shape of a walking delegate intrudes, they can keep on for years drawing a monthly cheque that in the days of our grandsires, aye and sires too, would have been considered a well-to-do man's income—now earned by a not too laborious eight 'hours' work per day.

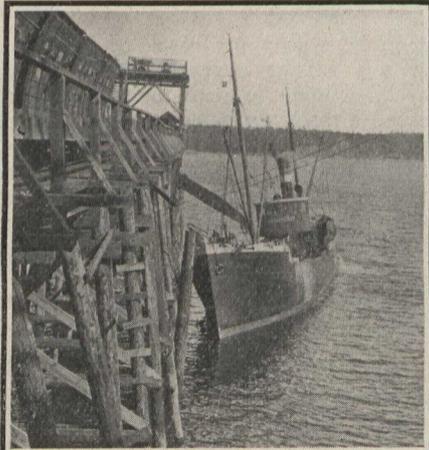
This Vancouver Island is the place for men with some money, plenty of pluck, and plenty of muscle, as it is also the place for him who would build his home and rest beside these placid, narrow, penetrating arms of the sea.

### The New Rio.

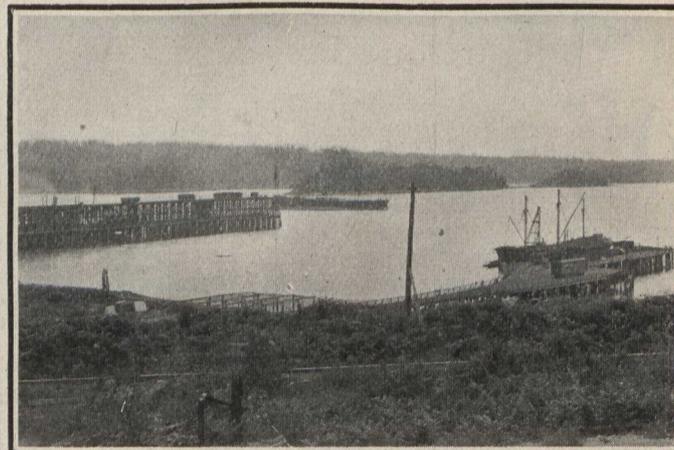
THE new Rio de Janeiro is one of the most beautiful cities in the world, and because of its improved sanitary conditions is no longer scourged with yellow fever. From May to December of 1908 Rio de Janeiro is to have a national Brazilian exposition. At this moment, when there is so much agitation for the deepening of the Mississippi River and its tributaries and the dredging of channels into the principal harbours of the United States, it is interesting to know, says the "Argonaut," that, in proportion to population and wealth, the Latin American republics of Brazil, Mexico, the Argentine Republic, Chile, and Uruguay are spending more money for the betterment of harbours and rivers than the United States.



The Smelter where the Copper Ore from the Tyee Mine is reduced.



The Ferry Wharf of the C.P.R. at Ladysmith.



The Ladysmith Harbour with an anchorage of 23 fathoms.

# CURLING IN THE WEST

The Last of Three Articles on the Roarin' Game

By H. J. P. GOOD.



Mr. R. J. MacKenzie,  
Patron Manitoba Branch, R.C.C.C.

ONTARIO can boast of its clubs and of its earlier origin, but Manitoba is undoubtedly — as a recent Scottish visitor put it — the “very fireplace or hearth of the game.” Barely twenty years old, the Manitoba branch of the Royal Caledonian Curling Club can boast no fewer than 95 affiliated clubs with seemingly more a-coming. The

bonspiel held annually at Winnipeg is the greatest curling event in the country, attracting usually upwards of 500 curlers, the majority of whom make the Prairie City their home for the entire fortnight during which the bonspiel lasts. As a matter of fact the event is an international affair, for players are usually present not only from Ontario, Alberta, Saskatchewan, British Columbia, and even the far-away Yukon, but also from Wisconsin, Minnesota, Michigan, Montana and North Dakota. So general are the celebrations going on during the bonspiel that it is recorded of a Chinese laundry outside the provincial capital that instead of the ancient inscription “All ye who know not Plato enter here,” there appear the magic words “Closed during the bonspiel at Winnipeg.” It is not strange that the Rev. John Kerr, chaplain of the R. C. C. C., testifies that “In the annals of the game there is no place like Winnipeg.” The bonspiel is generally held in the second and third weeks of February, and results in some 200 matches being played, competitors at times being called upon to take part in four a day. No wonder some of the players go into special training for some weeks before the huge gathering, for of a certainty endurance under such circumstances must cut no small figure. Entertainments are the order of the day, several of Winnipeg’s wealthiest practically keeping open house for visitors. The city council subscribes \$1,000 towards the expenses and citizens usually contribute between three and four thousand dollars more, the balance required being derived from entrance fees, sale of banquet tickets, etc. This year’s bonspiel, which concludes this week, is the twentieth annual. As usual Mr. J. D. Flavelle, of Lindsay, whose club won the Ontario Tankard again this year, had a rink on hand.

Mr. R. J. Mackenzie is the patron of the year of the Manitoba branch; Mr. I. W. deC. O’Grady, general manager of the newly combined Northern and Crown Banks, president; W. H. Whalen, Fort William, first vice-president; Wm. Ferguson, M.P.P., Hamiota, second vice-president; J. P. Robertson, provincial librarian, secretary-treasurer (from the inception of the branch), and Rev. Hiram Hull, Winnipeg, chaplain.

## IN SASKATCHEWAN.

WHILE in Saskatchewan, owing to the magnificent distances, neither curlers nor clubs are as numerous as in Manitoba, the recently formed Saskatchewan branch of the R. C. C. C. claims 22 affiliated clubs with between six and seven hundred members. Lieutenant-Governor Forget is patron; Premier Scott, hon. president; Mr. E. M. Saunders, Moose Jaw, president; Mr. C. J. Roxborough, Grenfell, first vice-president; Mr. A. P. McNab, Rosthern, second vice-president; Mr. A. Mitchell, Weyburn, third vice-president; Rev. A. E. Henry, Regina, chaplain; and R. B. Ferguson, Regina, secretary-treasurer. The branch is divided into ten districts for medal-playing purposes. In addition a big bonspiel is played in the third or fourth week of January each year, when such trophies as the Grand Challenge Cup, the Saskatchewan and Drewry Cups, the Pharaoh Shield

and the Calgary Brewing Challenge Cup provide the principal bones of contention.

## IN ALBERTA.

THE Alberta branch of the R. C. C. C., like the Saskatchewan, is a juvenile organisation, being barely four years old, and like the Saskatchewan, is an off-shoot of the Manitoba branch. It was organised on the initiative of Lieutenant-Colonel James Walker (then Major), who went to the Northwest in the early seventies as an officer of the Mounted Police, and is now commanding officer of the 15th Light Horse at Calgary. Alberta and British Columbia were both represented at the organisation meeting, some 40 curlers being present. Fourteen clubs affiliated with the Alberta branch the first year of its existence (1904) and four have joined since, representing five or six hundred curlers. The first patron was Colonel James Walker; the first president, Mr. James Smart, Calgary; the first vice-president, J. H. Marris, Edmonton; the second vice-president, J. G. Utlock, Golden, B.C.; chaplain, Rev. A. McQueen, Edmonton; and secretary-treasurer, J. R. Miquelon, Calgary. The present officers are: Patrons, A. E. Cross, Calgary, and R. Secord, Edmonton; president, J. H. Morris, Edmonton; first vice-president, H. S. McLeod, Calgary; second vice-president, Senator L. G. De Veber, Lethbridge; secretary-treasurer, J. R. Miquelon, Calgary. An annual bonspiel is held at Calgary in January, at which a Grand Challenge Cup, a Walker Cup, a Calgary Brewing Cup, a Visitors’ Shield, a cup donated by the great cattle man, P. Burns, a cup donated by Thos. Lees, of Winnipeg, and another by R. J. Hutchings, of Calgary, are the leading trophies competed for. Last year 26 rinks participated in the bonspiel, and this year, which is the fourth, and which was held the week commencing January 20th, there were 30.

## IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

TURN now to British Columbia, and here as in the Northwestern provinces, I find curling to flourish buoyantly. The British Columbia (formerly Kootenay) Curling Association was formed in February, 1898, and has consequently now reached the ripe age of ten. The association has in affiliation 14 clubs with a membership of between five and six hundred. “Archie,” or A. B. Mackenzie, Rossland, (formerly of Toronto) is patron; His Honour E. P. Wilson, Cranbrook, president; G. O. Buchanan, Kaslo, vice-president; J. S. C. Fraser, Rossland (twice patron and thrice president), second vice-president; A. T. Walley, Nelson, third vice-president; John Cholditch, Cranbrook, (presumably a

layman) chaplain; and A. C. Nelson, Cranbrook, secretary-treasurer. The bonspiels held have been as follows: 1899, Rossland, 14 rinks competed; 1900, Rossland, 11 rinks; 1901, Rossland, no record of rinks kept; 1902, Sandon, no record; 1903, Rossland, 22 rinks; 1904, Revelstoke, 24 rinks; 1905, Nelson, 25 rinks; 1906, Rossland, 18 rinks; and 1907, Cranbrook, details not given in Annual. The principal trophies competed for are: Grand Challenge cup, British Columbia Curling Association trophy, Oliver cup, Walkerville cup, Hudson Bay cup, Tuckett District trophy, Fit-Reform cup, Spring cup, P. Burns cup, and the Cordwood trophy. The British Columbia Manual says of the last-mentioned trophy, which is probably the most unique prize played for by curlers at the bonspiel of any association:

“When the Sandon bonspiel of 1898 had ended, with the throwing of the last stone in the finals for the Bostock cup, the devotees of the sport were still unsatisfied. Grimmett was there; good old Sanford, the Sky Pilot; and Wilson and Mairn; and the only “Harry Smith,” and others—all equally insatiable. One and all longed for just another trial of skill—“anither end or twa, afore partin’.” Enthusiasm acquired a semi-religious aspect, and a sudden idea, emanating from the fertile brain of the genial Harry, brought about, to the satisfaction of all, a ‘final of finals’—in connection with which the furnishing of a ‘ready-to-burn’ cord of wood to the local parsonage was at stake. The losers in the contest were to purchase the wood, the winners to cut and split it. A trophy of unique design, minus silver and gold, was then and there designed and constructed. It was to be awarded to the winning rink. So originated the ‘Cordwood’ trophy.”

“A description of it would be superfluous; it speaks for itself. It must be seen to be appreciated. Inscribed on one of its faces, we can read the words:

“His first, was narrow;  
His second, went through;  
With third, to the right;  
What could poor Harry do?”

And “poor Harry” has curled his last stone, for harassed by many complications, he passed to his last resting-place on the 4th day of September, 1907, mourned by every curler in Kootenay.

\* \* \*

Thus, as I have related in three veracious articles, does the grand old roarin’ game flourish in many and divers places, even in the far distant Yukon, from the capital of which, to wit Dawson City, there descended last year two rinks to the Winnipeg bonspiel. One of the most remarkable features of



Whyte Cup,—1907. Won by Assiniboine, Winnipeg.

G. F. Galt (3) Major Bell (1) J. W. DeC. O’Grady (2) M. Aldous (skip)

the year was the ladies' bonspiel, which took place in Montreal recently under the auspices of the Ladies' Curling Association. Over one hundred ladies competed—from Montreal, Quebec, Smith's Falls, Ormstown and Lachine. While the various events were in progress, the Montreal rinks were crowded by a fashionable throng and more interest was taken than if the contestants were men. Both irons and stones were used, although irons claimed the greater number of the matches.

An incident worth recording is the arrival of a letter in Winnipeg last week from the secretary of a curling club in Fairbanks, Alaska, asking for affiliation with the Manitoba R.C.C.C. Fairbanks is 850 miles by stage from White Horse, but its enthusiastic curlers hope to make the trip next year to attend the Winnipeg bonspiel. The journey is not so terribly long, only 3,500 miles, or 500 miles farther than the Dawson curlers came this year.

The spirit of the game is epitomised in an expression used by the editor of the Winnipeg "Tribune" in his issue of Saturday last. In speaking of the bonspiel and of the welcome which Winnipeg was extending to its visitors, the editor added: "Here's hoping that Winnipeg will not win more than her share of the prizes." This is the spirit of the true sportsman. It obtains in other sports also, but one may be pardoned for wishing that it obtained more generally.

The season of 1907-8 has been most successful everywhere. The Winnipeg bonspiel was affected by mild weather during the first day or two, but most of the larger events have been played on fairly



Mr. E. H. Telfer,  
Calgary, Sec.-Treas. Alberta Branch R.C.C.C.

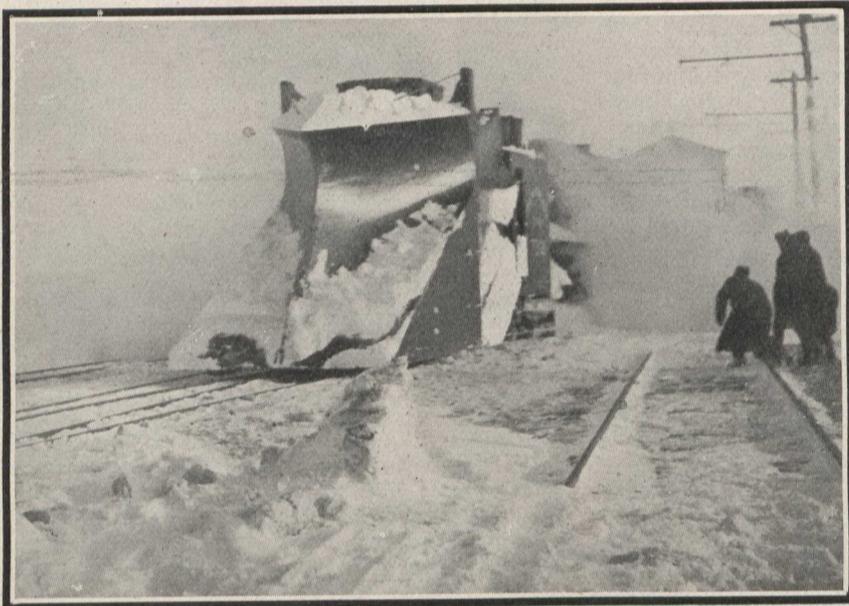


Mr. J. R. Miquelon,  
Calgary, President Alberta Branch R.C.C.C.

good ice. The prospects for the future are for more clubs, more rinks and greater competitions. The game is especially suitable to our climate and our manner of living. It is played by old and young, and a man of twenty-five may be on the same rink as a

man of sixty-five. It is not troubled by the continuous fight between amateurism and professionalism and in this respect it differs from most other forms of winter sport. It is a democratic game, yet is played only by gentlemen.

## AN EPIC OF THE SNOWS



A Snow-storm and a Snow-plough



A "Live" Engine helping out a "Dead" One.



Stalled—A Common Occurrence on the "Branch" Lines.



The Run is Completed Despite the Drifts

### RAILWAY TROUBLES IN MUSKOKA

In summertime Muskoka is the "Cottager's" paradise, and many people from Toronto, Buffalo and Pittsburg summer there. In winter the snow is deeper than in almost any other part of the Province.

Photographs by W. Midgley Campbell

# The Image-Breaker of L'Ange Gardien

A Story of Habitant Love and Superstition

By J. E. LeROSSIGNOL

It was not that Theophile Beureparie was rich, nor that he was tall and strong, nor that he was gay, nor that at times a wicked gleam lit up his black eyes, so that the young men called him a "devil of a fellow," and the young women smiled and blushed at the mention of his name. It was for none of these reasons that the good people of L'Ange Gardien, the ancients and the sober middle-aged people, looked askance at Theophile, crossed themselves and whispered "infidel," "atheist," "sacrilegious one," as he passed by.

It was because the people of L'Ange Gardien, dwelling in peace as their fathers had done for a hundred and fifty years, beneath the shadow of mountains which they never wished to climb, besides the flow of a mighty stream on whose waters they never cared to sail, desired to continue in the ancient ways, and bitterly resisted the efforts of one who strove to awaken them from their long repose.

The ancestral customs, the time-honoured usages, were as nothing to that young man, descendant of seven generations of peaceful *habitants*, but heir to the restless spirit of some remote ancestor, some Breton pirate or some Norman viking. For he had departed from the trodden paths, removed the old landmarks, despised the tradition of the fathers, and, to those who loved to think of former days, he was a profane person, a breaker of images, a setter up of strange gods.

Let us tell of some of the changes that Theophile sought to bring into the parish of L'Ange Gardien.

The ancient hay-cart, dear to the memory of young and old, with its stout wheels, its strong shafts, its rack and roller, he had set aside in favour of a four-wheeled monster that two horses could hardly draw.

Finding the Canadian horses, the finest in the world, unequal to the task, he replaced them with Clydesdales, slow-moving, ponderous, with feet like an elephant's and stomachs insatiable.

Discovering that the barn doors were too low and narrow for the great waggon and its enormous load, he tore down the venerable roof, with its graceful curving eaves, raising in its place a huge and hideous structure of the Mansard type, French it might be, but Canadian, never.

But the guardian angel himself must have shed tears as he beheld the consolidation of five beautiful farms, each three arpents wide and two miles long, extending from the river to the forest slope of the northern mountains. The old boundaries were removed and three new farms created, unlovely blocks of land, almost as broad as long, while, from the fences that were torn up, Theophile obtained a vast quantity of fire wood, which he sold in Quebec for money enough to build a new barn on each of the more distant farms. These farms, too, he sold at a price sufficient to pay the cost of all three, and this to strangers from a distant parish, who, though they were good Catholics, had little in common with the long-established families of L'Ange Gardien.

And what of the little farm-houses, close to the main road, where five prosperous *habitant* families for many years had lived? Alas! These good families were gone, and in their place, for three months of the year, were rich people from Quebec, aliens, who came to spend the summer in the country, while during the long winter the little homes were desolate, forsaken, half buried in drifts of snow.

Nor was this all. It was said that Theophile had friends among Protestants at Quebec, and it was whispered that his new stone house, with its spacious piazza, its flower garden, and its gravel walks, bordered with large white pebbles, was being prepared to receive the red-haired daughter of a Scotch farmer of Ste. Foye. Ah! What treachery! Was it not an unpardonable affront to all the marriageable girls of the parish? Of course, they had never thought of being married to Theophile. Certainly not. But the offence existed just the same, toward every one, particularly the little Philomene Duhamel, for whom Theophile had, until recently, shown a decided preference. Indeed, he had often been seen at her home, and every Sunday, after mass, would walk beside her as far as her father's door. But the old man, because of Theophile's evil ways, had forbidden her ever to speak to him again. Little Philomene had wept and Theophile had looked sad for many days. But now there was that heretic at Ste. Foye. Theophile was cheerful and Philomene proud. They did not meet. Meanwhile the stone

house was finished and Theophile went often to Quebec.

## II.

ONE fine morning about the middle of July Theophile drove up the road toward Montmorency, Beauport and Quebec. The sun was rising above the Island of Orleans and the gleam on the waters of the North Channel was like the sparkle of diamonds. The dew glistened on purpling fields of hay and the scent of clover-blossoms filled the air. It was good to live, to breathe the fresh morning air and to be driving rapidly toward the shining roofs and spires of the fair city of Quebec.

Yet the muttered maledictions of the neighbours followed him as he drove by. Surely, too, the bones of the fathers must have turned in their graves as the gaily painted buggy rattled past the quiet churchyard, where nothing more frivolous than a Norman cart had ever been seen before. But the freshness of morning was in the heart of Theophile and the glow of sunrise in his eyes. Why then should he concern himself with the harmless dust of former generations? So without a pause he drove on and rapidly disappeared in the distance.

Toward evening he returned with less speed but more noise, dragging behind his buggy an infernal machine that made an fearful din, alarming the passers-by and causing the horses to bolt in sheer terror.

"*Mon Dieu!* Theophile," said Isidore Gagnon, "What will you do with that? Is it for scaring the crows or is it a rattle for the baby? But, pardon me, there is not yet need for that."

Theophile laughed and good-naturedly described the new mowing machine. "Take a good look at it, Isidore. It is the first of the kind in the parish, but surely not the last. We shall see changes in L'Ange Gardien. I can tell you, it will do the work of ten men, and I have a rake, also, which will save much time and expense. Truly, in three days you will see me cut all my hay and in three more it will be in my new barn. Get one of these machines, Isidore, you will pay for it in one week. If you like I will lend you mine for trial. What do you say?"

But Isidore shrugged his shoulders. "It may be as you say, but what would the neighbours think? For me, I think it is all right. The world must move, no doubt, but it is a bad thing to offend the neighbours, like that pig-headed Ignace Corbeau, or that old miser Bonhomme Duhamel. Besides, Theophile, I will tell you, in confidence, that I have a mind to marry the little Philomene, and it will be necessary to please the old man, for a time, at least."

With that Isidore went away to tell the neighbours that it was high time to put a stop to some things, or there would soon be a veritable revolution in the peaceful parish of L'Ange Gardien.

There was much indignation and excitement in the parish, but nothing would have been done had it not been for the arrival of the hay-makers on the very next day. They came with scythes, grindstones and frying-pans, from the lower parishes, from Ste. Tite des Caps, Les Eboulements, Baie St. Paul and places still more remote, where the harvest was several weeks later than at L'Ange Gardien. They came in bands of ten and twenty, singing as they trooped along, cheerfully swinging their weapons of industrial war.

"Ah, good morning, M'sieu' Beureparie," said the leader of the first contingent, "you remember me, do you not, Damase Trembly from Malbaie there below? I worked for you last year, did I not? Glad to cut your hay this year also, if it please you." And Damase grinned as he thought of the thirty dollars he had earned in less than two weeks, hoping once more to make as good a bargain for himself and his associates.

"Very sorry, Damase," said Theophile, "but I have a machine that will do all the work I need, with the help of myself and the regular hands. You will find plenty of work farther on. Bonhomme Duhamel has a large crop this year. So have all the rest."

But Damase was not content, and passed on grumbling about the "damnable inventions" that took the bread out of the poor man's mouth and out of the mouth of his wife and children. Later comers were even less pleased and went so far as to threaten the "cursed heretic."

But the Canadian *habitant*, though sufficiently

courageous, is just and peace-loving, preferring the methods of conciliation to the fury and violence of open war. Therefore it was not a mob breathing vengeance that came after sunset to the house of Theophile Beurepaire, but a simple deputation of three persons, consisting of the respected *cure*, M. Perrault, the influential *habitant*, Bonhomme Duhamel, and the leader of the haymakers, Damase Trembly.

"My son," said the *cure*, "we are here to ask you, on behalf of your friends and neighbours, to refrain from using the new machine which you have brought into the parish. Believe me, it is not so much the machine that I fear as the spirit of change that animates you and bids you depart from the ancient ways. It is with profound sorrow that I have seen you abandon, little by little, the hallowed usages of many generations, until you are ready, it would seem, to trample upon everything that your fathers have held dear, perhaps even the blessed religion itself, the Holy Church, the Sacred Heart of Christ. Return, my son, into the beaten path, trod by the feet of many generations. Unite with us, and let us make this quiet country parish a sacred retreat, far from the trouble and evil of the world, protected by a holy angel, calm under the shadow of Mount Ste. Anne, pure besides the clear flowing St. Lawrence River."

"Father Perrault," said the young man, "I cannot share your fears, and your thought of a happy country parish does not appeal to me. Satan would come even into a Garden of Eden. But, truly, I am not an atheist, nor even a Protestant, I believe and hope in God, and that is why I do not fear the new gifts that come from Him. Our Fathers, surely, must have desired change, or they would not have come to the parish of L'Ange Gardien."

"You talk nonsense, Theophile," broke in Bonhomme Duhamel. "Our ancestors, it is true, came to L'Ange Gardien, but they brought with them customs as old as the hills, and it is for us to preserve them while we live. Ah, how I remember the good old times! The thought of them brings tears to the eyes. Then were cherished the ancient solid virtues—reverence for the Church, respect for the priest, obedience to the seigneur, love for the neighbour, no discontent, no unrest, all calm, peaceful, quiet, like the river at high tide. Theophile, we want no changes at L'Ange Gardien. As our fathers have lived so will we live and our children forever. Besides, my friend, with these new inventions you are bringing ruin upon yourself and all these poor labourers who have come so far expecting work."

"That's just it," said Damase Trembly, the third member of the deputation. "Here's I have come all the way from Malbaie, seventy miles over the hills. Ah, what hills! And there is my wife and the children, six of them, all little, not able to work. But they can eat. *Mon Dieu*, M'sieu' Beurepaire, but you should see them eat: potatoes, bread, soup, fish, it is astonishing! Also they must have clothes, not in summer, perhaps, but when the cold weather comes it is absolutely necessary. They will be looking for me when haying is over, and when they see me coming along the road they will run to meet me. But what shall I say to them when I come with empty hands—no money, no warm clothes, nothing good to eat? Ah, M'sieu', you will think of us. You will not use that machine. You will give work to ten, fifteen good habitants, and they will bless you and pray for you, they and their families. Think of it, M'sieu' Beurepaire, the prayers of so many poor people, they will be good for you."

"It is true, Damase," said Theophile, rising as he spoke, "but the workmen who made the mowing-machine and the rake, shall I not have the benefit of their prayers? Besides, if I save money I will spend it in building a new barn or a saw-mill, and other people will bless me for that. Also yourself, Damase, if you will leave your little stony farm at Malbaie and come to L'Ange Gardien you shall work for me all the year. I will give you a house and high wages and you shall see that farming by the new method is good for everybody."

"It is not only this, my dear friends, but something within me that compels me to do these things. I go to Quebec and I find that the world moves. I come back to L'Ange Gardien and am no longer the same man. I must have new barns. I must cut my hay with the new mower and rake it with the new

rake. My friends, it is the will of God. To-morrow you will see how the plan works and next summer all the farmers in the parish will have machines like mine."

"Let us go, M. Duhamel," said the *cure*, "it's no use to talk any more." Let us go, Damase. Good-by, Theophile. I am sorry that you cannot think with us. Perhaps some day you may change your mind."

So the *cure* and the labourer went away, but Bonhomme Duhamel remained behind. He had something more to say, some faint hope that all would yet be well.

"Theophile," he said, when they were alone, "I have always thought well of you. I was a friend of your father and I have always thought of you as a son. I believe that you will yet return to the ways of your fathers. If there is anything that I can do to induce you to do this I shall be very glad. Theophile, my son, I have ambitions for you. My daughter, too, I am sure that she does not dislike you. Who can tell but that we might arrange? You have spoken of it before, but I would not listen. Now, for the good of the parish, for my own sake, I ask you to consider. We shall yet be happy and I shall live in peace in my old age."

"M. Duhamel," said Theophile, looking very serious, "it is true that I have wished to marry Philomene and it is still the desire of my heart.

But would she be glad to marry one who had given up the ambition of youth and the set purpose of manhood for the sake of a life of ease and stupid content? M. Duhamel, I will not believe it. If Philomene would do this she is not what I think, and I will not marry her. But if she thinks with me I will carry out my plan of life and marry her as well, in spite of everybody."

"Theophile," said the old man, "you have great courage, but I think that you are making a sad mistake. If you find it to be so, remember what I have said."

### III.

FROM this moment ill luck began to fall upon Theophile and everything that he did. To the neighbours it seemed as though he had exhausted the patience of the good God and provoked the vengeance of Heaven. Perhaps it was not so, but it is certain that misfortune followed him, and that, like Pharaoh of Egypt, he did not repent, but only hardened his heart.

On the day after the visit of the deputation Theophile began to mow his hay with the new machine. Scarcely had he driven twice around the field when the teeth of the mower were broken against a jagged rock. It was necessary to send to Quebec for another set, so that nothing more could be done that day.

On the following morning the machine was started again, but presently it ceased to move, and Theophile was obliged to spend most of the day, with the aid of the parish blacksmith, in replacing certain little bolts and screws that for some reason were missing. About sunset all was in order and Theophile had the pleasure of cutting an arpent or two before dark, promising himself many hours of work on the following day.

That night, in the midst of a terrific thunderstorm, a bolt from heaven seemed to fall upon the new barn, which in a moment, with all its contents, including the mower and the horse-rake, was a mass of flames. The neighbours from far and near came to see the fire and to talk with complacency of the vengeance of the good God.

But Theophile was not yet subdued, for he sent immediately to Quebec for another machine, and it was not until he found that there were no more for sale that he decided to give up the struggle for that year. With a smile on his face he approached Damase Trembly.

"Damase," he said, "I am beaten for this time.

Will you be so kind as to cut my hay as you did last year?"

"With pleasure, M'sieu' Beurepaire, and I am sorry, also, that you have had such bad luck."

So Damase Trembly, with ten associates, went to work at once, cutting with scythes, raking with long

would surely be his in the coming summer. Always he thought of the little Philomene. Now her roguish face smiled at him from the rising flames, now her graceful form, shadowy yet irresistible, was at his side, only to melt away into thin air as he reached out to touch her hand. It was a consolation to think

that a real, bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked Philomene was not so very far away, and that, perhaps, before another winter, she would be with him, his dear companion and friend for all time to come.

But never did Theophile visit the home of Philomene, and not once did she give him the slightest encouragement. Even when they met on the public road she would have passed without a sign of recognition, but that Theophile always said, "Good-day, Philomene," in a loud and cheerful voice, and Philomene could not help saying "Good-day, M'sieu'" as politely as possible, with the feeling that a young man with such agreeable manners could not be so very wicked after all.

On a certain bright winter's day it seemed impossible to pass by in this unfriendly way. The sky was blue and deep blue the shadows of the maples upon the white snow, while from the heart of every crystal there shone a beam of sunlight and reflected love. The beaten road creaked under foot and the frosty air caused the blood to tingle, the cheeks to glow, and the

eyes to shine with the joy of living.

"What a fine day, Philomene," said the young man, as they met at the corner of the road. "It is magnificent, is it not?"

"Truly it is, M'sieu'," said Philomene, pausing a moment as she spoke.

"*Mon Dieu*, Philomene, how beautiful you are! And those furs—it is not in Quebec that one sees the like."

"You flatter me, M'sieu'," said Philomene, a gleam of mischief in her eyes, "is it possible that you do not always think of mowing-machines, as I have been told?"

"Bah! the mowing-machine, it is for you, Philomene, also the rake and the new barn—the house too, if you will have it. I give them all to you, Philomene."

"Oh! you are too generous, M'sieu', I could not think of taking away the idols which you love so much."

"No, Philomene, it is you that I love, and these things, they are all for you."

"How can you say that?" said Philomene, with an impatient stamp of a little moccasin foot. "You love yourself only and you will give up nothing. Ah! I am sorry for the young lady at Quebec. I think I shall tell her what you are like."

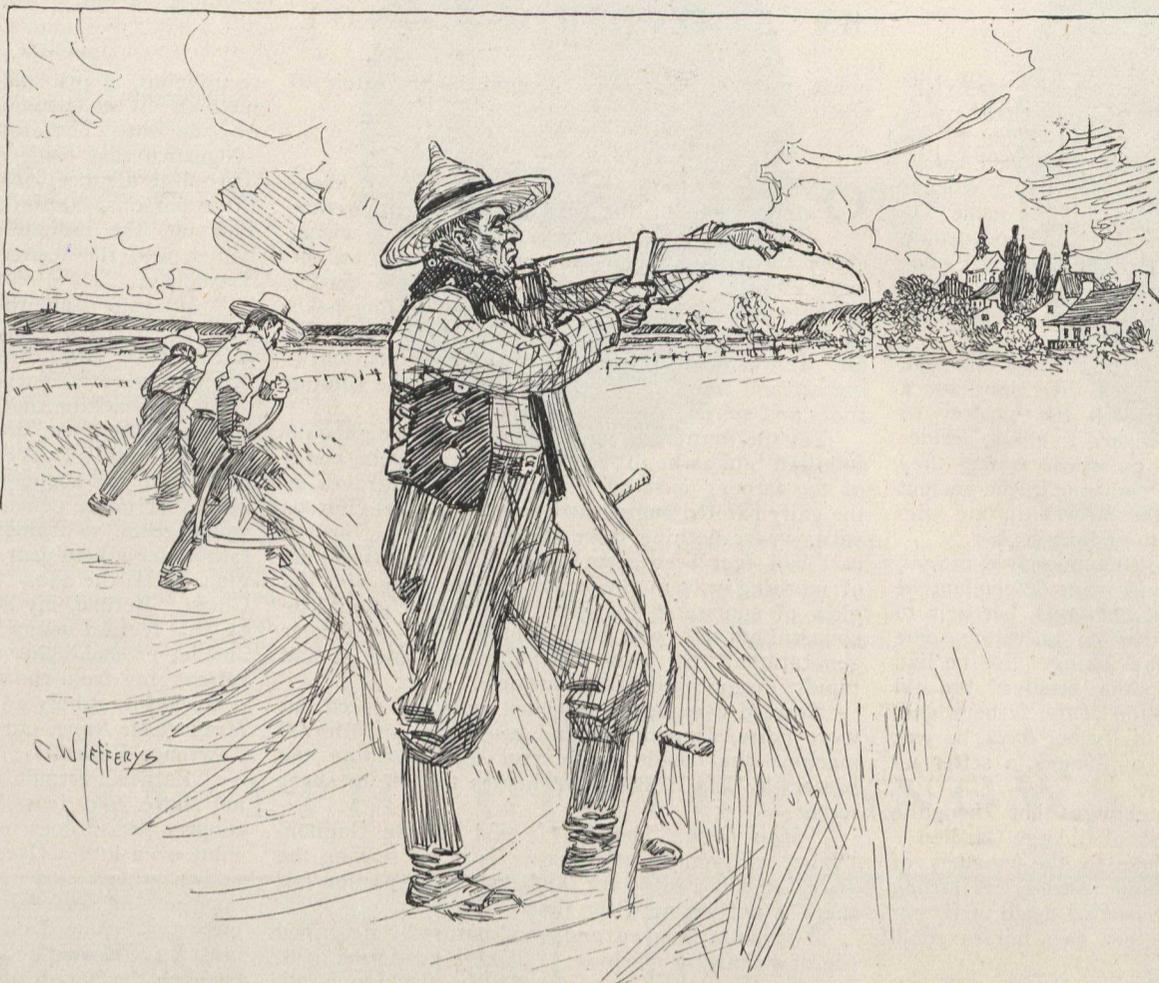
"Philomene," said the incorrigible one, "there is no young lady at Quebec. She is in L'Ange Gardien. And tell me, Philomene, when you will marry me. Shall it be next June, or perhaps in October?"

"I will never marry you," said the angry little Philomene. With that she turned and walked away with head erect, not once looking back, but when she returned home she went all the rest of the day and said she would enter the Ursuline Convent at Quebec.

In a few days, however, Philomene was as bright and smiling as ever. Isidore Gagnon came often to the house, and it was reported that he would marry the daughter of Bonhomme Duhamel in the early autumn.

This was the last and greatest of Theophile's misfortunes, and he came very near to losing heart. But every day he went about his daily work and every evening he sat alone by the fire, smoking his pipe and thinking of what might have been, though not without a hope of what might yet be, when the day of adversity had passed away.

At length the winter came to an end, and spring blossomed into summer, until the haying season ar-



"So Damase Tremblay with ten associates went to work at once, cutting with scythes."

hand-rakes, and binding into bundles in the time-honoured way. Soon Theophile's hay was as far advanced as any of his neighbours', and, if all had gone well, his losses would have been made good by the profit of that one summer. The neighbours, too, had the finest hay that had ever been seen in L'Ange Gardien, so that they had it in their hearts to forgive Theophile and to rejoice at the prodigal's return.

But now occurred a calamity involving the whole parish, a disaster such as had not been known within the memory of man. Upon the fragrant heaps of hay, dry and ready for binding, there fell a drenching rain, rendering it necessary to spread out on the fields all that had been so labourously gathered, that it might dry again and be raked together as before. No sooner was this done than all the work was spoiled by another day of cold and dismal rain. It is hard to believe, but nevertheless true, that despite the prayers of Father Perrault, the same evil succession continued for more than six weeks, until the summer was gone, and the good hay was mildewed and rotten on the ground.

The disappointed haymakers returned to the poverty of their neglected farms, while the discouraged *habitants* of L'Ange Gardien remained to struggle through the long winter, striving, by means of minute economies, to spare the little hoards laid up for a rainy day.

Theophile suffered with the rest, but was not slow to point out the fact that several farmers of Beauport, by use of the new machines, had saved their hay before the rains began. This was a fact that the neighbours could not deny, but it was not pleasant to think of it, nor to be reminded of it at such a time. To have lost perhaps five hundred dollars was bad enough, but to be told that an expenditure of fifty dollars might have saved it all was even harder to bear. So their previous dislike of Theophile ripened into hatred. No longer did they mutter imprecations as he passed by, but turned away from him in silence and bitterness of soul.

Only Damase Trembly remained a friend to Theophile, for he had left his barren farm at Malbaie and had come with his family to live in one of Theophile's little houses, so that under one roof, at least, in L'Ange Gardien, were contented parents and happy children.

Often during the long winter did Theophile sit by the fire in his great kitchen, thinking of his failures in the past and dreaming of the success which

rived, and once more the purpling fields awaited the coming of the hay-makers. But Theophile did not wait, and on a fine morning in July the strident rattle of his mowing-machine filled the air. All the birds and beasts of the farm ceased their morning songs, pausing to listen to the unfamiliar discord. Then the cheerful orchestra began again, louder than ever, as if to welcome the new comer into the happy noisy country family.

All day Theophile drove up and down the broad fields, until the tasselled hay no longer waved in the breeze, but lay prostrate in fragrant rows, soon to dry in the sun, then to be raked into heaps, piled upon the great waggons and stored away in the spacious barns. In the course of ten days the entire crop of nearly twenty thousand bundles was saved in fine condition. At the high prices then current it was a fortune for Theophile. The success for which he had worked and waited was his at last.

## IV.

ONE evening after sunset Theophile sat on the piazza of his great empty house watching the play of lightning on the gathering clouds. The coming storm he had no reason to fear. It might, perhaps, do some damage to his neighbours' hay, but that was no fault of his. By and by they would come to his way of thinking and in the end would lose nothing. Meanwhile, it was a satisfaction to see them suffer a little for their stupidity.

As for himself, Theophile rejoiced to think of his well-filled barns. Twenty-thousand bundles! It was magnificent! Then there was the farm of nearly three hundred *arpents*, the horses and cattle, the money in the bank, the new stone house. "Truly," he thought, "I am a very happy man."

At this moment a flash, as of lightning, illuminated the dark recesses of Theophile's soul. He perceived himself as he was, the most miserable of men, pitied by the *cure*, hated by the neighbours, forsaken by the girl he loved, solitary and destitute in the cursed pride and hardness of his heart. "O, *Mon Dieu!* I am poor, very poor. There is not a soul in the world who is my friend. All my success, of what good is it? And all this wealth, to whom shall I give it? Philomene, Philomene, have I not said it is all for you?"

Was it that the good God heard the cry of repentance that rose from the heart of Theophile, or was it by accident that the answer came? Who can tell? But it is certain that gentle hands pressed the latch of the garden gate and soft footsteps advanced

along the gravel walk, until Theophile knew that his good angel stood by his side in the hour of darkness, in a low voice he said, "Is it you, Philomene, is it really you?"

"Yes, M'sieu' Beureparie, it is I, and I have something to tell you."

"Tell me that you love me, Philomene, say that you will marry me in October, if it please God."

"But no, Theophile, it is about Isidore that I wish to speak. He is a wicked man, and it was he who spoiled your machine last summer. It was he, also, who set fire to your barn, and not the lightning as we supposed."

"I know it," said Theophile, quietly.

"You knew it and you said nothing?"

"To what end, Philomene? Besides, Isidore was my friend."

"Your friend! Theophile! He is your worst enemy, and mine too. He is very angry with me also, for a certain reason. But that is not all. He will come again to-night, as soon as the storm begins. I am sure of it. You will watch, will you not, Theophile?"

"Yes, dear," said Theophile, as he kissed her, "and you are a brave girl to come so far on such a night as this."

"Oh, no, Theophile, it was nothing. And now I must go. Do not come with me. My father is back there by the gate. Good-bye, Theophile."

"Good-bye, dearest," said Theophile, as he kissed her, without protest, for the second time, "And it will be in October after all, will it not?"

About midnight the storm broke, and from the black clouds overhanging L'Ange Gardien there fell great bolts of fire, instantly followed by crashing thunder and heavy drops of rain. People rose from their beds in fear, crossed themselves and muttered infinite prayers, scarcely hoping to see the morning light. "It is because of Theophile Beurepaire," said many a pious *habitant*. "His barns will be burned again, without a doubt. It is the good God, and we shall have no more mowing-machines in L'Ange Gardien."

So also thought Isidore Gagnon, as he knelt on the floor of Theophile's barn, trying to kindle some loose hay with the aid of a box of matches and some cotton wool. Already two matches had spluttered out but the third burned well and Isidore applied it to the little pile. The cotton was damp and would not ignite.

"Sacre," he muttered, "I must use the turpentine after all."

Turning to get it he saw the tall form of Theophile standing near the door, lantern in hand.

"Good evening, Isidore," said the young man in a quiet voice.

Isidore did not reply. There was nothing to say. "Well, Isidore, do you wish to be sent to prison, or shall I let you go home?"

"You cannot send me to prison, Theophile, for you have no evidence. Besides, what have I done? Nothing."

"Nothing, Isidore? Not to-night, perhaps, but what of last year? Damase Tremblay remembers something, also M. Duhamel and even Philomene. The evidence is sufficient, I think."

At the mention of Philomene's name Isidore grew pale. "It is all over then," he said. It was for her sake that I did it. Do what you like with me, Theophile. Yet I was your friend."

"That is true, Isidore, and I cannot forget it. Perhaps we shall be friends again, if God will. But you will not try to burn my barn again, Isidore?"

"*Mon Dieu*, no!" said Isidore, as he turned away. "I have not deserved your consideration, Theophile."

The next morning at sunrise Bonhomme Duhamel came to see Theophile Beurepaire. "Theophile," he said, "it is impossible for me to cut my hay this year. I am not as young as formerly and I can get no labourers. Your work is all finished. Can you come to help me?"

"With great pleasure, M'sieu' Duhamel," said Theophile, "and shall I bring the mowing-machine?"

"As you wish, Theophile. I have been to blame. You must forgive me."

"I will come, M'sieu' Duhamel, and the horse-rake I will bring also. The small hay-cart will be better, since the barn doors are small. Will you not in time enlarge them and make use of the large waggons?"

"I will do whatever you say, Theophile. You shall have your own way in everything."

"And Philomene?" pursued the inexorable Theophile.

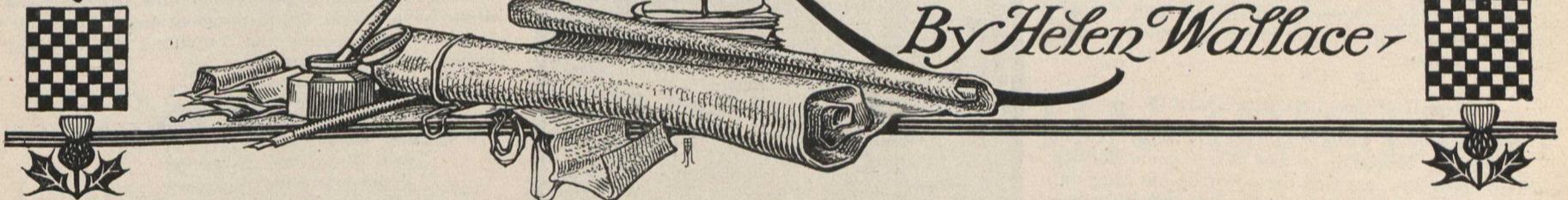
"Philomene also, my son," said the old man, embracing Theophile.

"Philomene shall drive the horse-rake, my father. It will be a fine arrangement and there are yet many days of good weather. The hay will all be saved, without a doubt. And after that—"

"After that we will celebrate," said Bonhomme Duhamel.

# LIFE'S CHEQUERBOARD

By Helen Wallace



Resume: Lady Marchmont and her grandniece, Lesley, are visiting the former's nephew, Richard Skene, at "Strode," his Scottish home. They withdraw from the dining-room, after Lady Marchmont has pled with her nephew to forgive an erring member of the family. Mr. Skene's lawyer, Dalmahoy, ventures to refer to this injury of many years before. The offender, Adrian Skene, the son of Richard's cousin, had refused years before to marry Lesley and the old lawyer advises his friend to alter his will. Mr. Skene tells of how Adrian had won Mary Erskine, the girl whom he had loved, and the emotion called up by this recital of past wrongs proves too much for his failing strength. He falls to the floor and dies of an attack of heart trouble. Lesley Home, after her uncle's death, dreads the prospect of meeting Adrian again. Adrian arrives and is greeted warmly. At the reading of the will it is found that the property is left to him, on condition that he marries Lesley. Otherwise the latter becomes owner of "Strode." In the excitement following this announcement, Adrian's wife appears. Lesley wishes Adrian to accept position of manager of the Strode estate. The latter accepts and informs his wife, Alys, a shallow and rather disappointing young person, of his new position with which she is naturally delighted since Adrian had not been successful as a London journalist. Sir Neil Wedderburne, one of the trustees, is dissatisfied with Adrian's management and shows plainly that he desires Lesley to become his wife. In the meantime, Alys becomes restless and discontented with the quiet life of "Strode."

One day, while looking over some old papers, Alys comes upon an unsigned will which gave "Strode" to Adrian. She forges the signature and places the will among papers which Lesley Home is to examine. The latter finds the will and arranges for a meeting of legal authorities. The forgery is detected and announced. Adrian sees that Alys is guilty but screens her by refusing to explain. He then leaves "Strode" in disgrace. Two years go by and Sir Neil resumes without success his suit for Lesley's favour. The latter informs Lady Marchmont of her belief that Alys, who had also suddenly left "Strode," is in London.



IF only it had been in any other way," murmured Lesley, her eyes bright with pain. "If only I knew where she is." Lady Marchmont shrugged her shoulders under their fluttering laces. "Better not stir muddy waters, my dear, Alys was probably nearer the truth than she thought when she wrote that the air of Strode was too rarified for her, or something like that. But I think the little cockatrice had some kind of conscience, and it was that partly which drove her away. I can't bear to think of that horrible day, but whatever

that dreadful avowal of Adrian's may have meant, I am certain that that wretched girl was at the bottom of it."

"You think so, too?" exclaimed Lesley, a sudden change in her voice. "I have often wondered—it seems the only possible explanation—"

"Think so—I am sure of it," Lady Marchmont swept on, heedless of the halting words. "But, for pity's sake, my dear, don't let us speak of this again. I thought I should have died that day when I heard Adrian Skene's son make such a confession. If he had lifted his hand in anger and killed a man, it would at least have been a clean and honest crime, but a creeping, despicable forgery—and a forgery to despoil you! Faugh! don't let us speak any more."

"I can't believe it," exclaimed Lesley, hotly. "I couldn't believe it even at the moment when I bade him go. A man doesn't so belie his nature all at once."

"And how much do you know of his nature?" asked Lady Marchmont, with bitter shrewdness. "Or what five years' scramble for bread might make of it with a creature like Alys beside him, who I verily believe has no more notion of right and wrong than a cat when it licks the cream. There's nothing we can do. Adrian made that plain when he left Strode that night without a word or a sign. I wonder he didn't blow his brains out rather. Alys

(Continued on page 21)

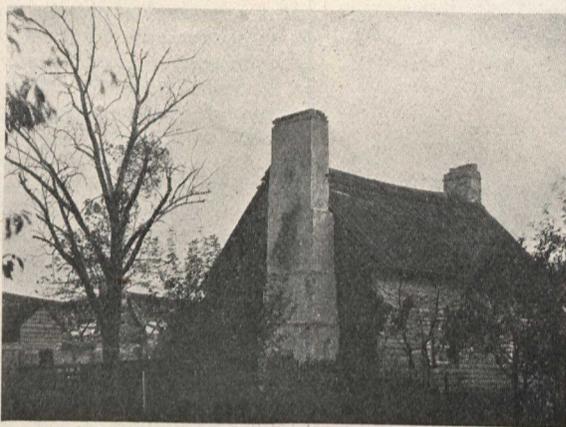


# PEOPLE, PLACES AND PROGRESS

**O**UT in the great camping grounds of the nations beyond Winnipeg almost every sort of strange personality may be found from almost any land in the world. The most notable of recent years is the enigmatical anarchist Ludofsky, who has been sued by the Czar of Russia he soon drifted westward and got entangled with the Doukhobors on the Canadian prairies; also with one Sachatoff, a partner and as violent a socialist as Ludofsky himself. The exile had none of his roubles left by the time he got to Winnipeg; but he had been into several farm colony schemes and was in a fair way to becoming a decent citizen of that cosmopolitan city of Winnipeg when the Czar hurled a bomb at him half around the world and caused Mr. Ludofsky to become a defendant. He and Mrs. Ludofsky were living quietly in the Manitoba capital and were about to open a store with a stock of Japanese art wares. This, of course, was a sort of satirical reflection on the Czar; for Ludofsky was a violent hater of Russian rule and thought he would help to get even with the autocrat of the Russias by selling things made by the Japs to Canadians. Both of them were making preparations to learn English. Now their property is under in Winnipeg for the recovery of several thousand roubles which he embezzled when he was Governor of Turkestan. It was in 1906 that Ludofsky, suspected of complicity in a lot of assassinations, skipped out from Turkestan and got mixed up with the murderous mutineers in the Russian ship "Potemkine." He went first to New York State and bought a farm with his Turkestan roubles, but seizure; about twenty thousand dollars' worth, including a house and a Japanese fancy goods store in the centre of the city, replete with Japanese goods of all descriptions. According to popular rumour, the residence of the couple in Winnipeg has been the scene of strange happenings. Late in the night, men, heavily muffled in furs, would visit the house, and occasionally a veiled lady in an automobile. While the visitors were there a man stood on the watch at adjacent corners, and frequently, when the meetings were not being held, signals apparently would be sent to some one by the electric lights from the windows of the house.

**T**ECHNICAL education is booming in Nova Scotia. In seven months from the date of passing the Act for that purpose, the province has technical institutes at Halifax, New Glasgow and Sydney. To cap the work, a technical college is now under way at the capital, which, according to the Act, will afford facilities for scientific research and instruction and professional training in civil mining, mechanical, chemical, metallurgical and electrical engineering, or any other departments which may from time to time be added. A novel

and very practical feature of the curriculum will be courses in coal mining, for which complete provision has been made, as well as for courses in metallurgy and woodworking and allied crafts and industries. For educational purposes, the portions of the province which contain the collieries have been divided into five districts and an instructor is appointed who devotes his whole time to teaching coal mining and surveying in that district. Classes are held at almost every colliery centre and all instruction is absolutely free to the students. In the districts that are so large that the regular instructor cannot overtake the work, local assistants are appointed to aid him. At present there are 18 coal mining schools in operation.



Old Elliott Homestead at Amherstburg, Ontario, built in 1800, by a Virginia Planter, who joined the U. E. Loyalists. This is the oldest house in that part of Ontario, and was built in the days when Fort Malden alluded to on this page last week was a centre of activity in border warfare.

**F**OR the first time in many years the Chaudiere Falls at Ottawa are frozen over—unless the past warm spell has thawed them out. To Ottawa this is a rare sight. The same thing occurred in 1894 when several adventurous citizens walked across the falls on the ice, among them being Major Lawless. Of course the entire falls are not frozen, neither has the Ottawa River gone solid.

**WILLIAM LYON MACKENZIE KING** has been at the White House. He is the third descendant of the famous William Lyon Mackenzie who ever had that honour. His visit to Washington had no political significance. He talked with the President on the subject of labour, especially the Industrial Disputes Act which has given Roosevelt a

practical desire to see similar legislation pass Congress. This visit followed naturally on the heels of the Japanese imbroglio. It also giped rather happily with the visit of Bryan to Canada. With Bryan in Toronto and Montreal, with Bryce at Ottawa and Mackenzie King in Washington, the international relations between Canada and the United States ought to be satisfactory to all parties concerned. Mr. King was chosen by Sir William Mulock as Deputy Minister of Labour soon after the Labour Department was created.

**A NEW BRUNSWICK** girl, waitress in a Boston lunch room, has fallen heir to \$200,000. Her name is Miss Georgia Smythe. She is the great-great-granddaughter of Maria FitzHerbert, who is celebrated in history as having been married to King George the Fourth. This ancestor died in 1837 and her papers, including letters from George IV, were sealed by her orders for seventy years. They were afterwards opened at Windsor Castle, by order of King Edward. Miss Smythe received from her home in New Brunswick an advertisement published in New Brunswick papers calling for heirs of Miss FitzHerbert. The lady was said to be wealthy in her own right in addition to receiving a princely income from the espousal of George IV to a German princess. The fortune aggregated something like \$12,000,000.

**SIXTY** miles of logs have been rafted from Port Greville, Nova Scotia, to Everett Harbour at Boston. There were seven thousand logs in this, the biggest raft ever sent from Canada to the United States. To carry the same number of logs on bottoms would have required fifteen schooners. As it was, but one tug was necessary. The raft encountered two storms and once put in to Portland; but it was soon under way again to Boston, which seems to have an urgent need of Canadian wood. The raft days on the great lakes are over. The export tax on pine from Ontario killed most of that. Fifty years ago, however, the forests of Ontario were being floated in logs and square timber across the lakes to American ports. In the early days elm logs were not worth rafting; only oak was wanted—the best of Canadian white oak squared in sixty-foot lengths in the Ontario woods and rafted by means of tugs across the lakes. When elm got scarce for barrel staves down south the elm logs began to go across—at three dollars a thousand feet; whereby the farmer was able to make his board and clothes for himself and his hired man by cutting elms in the back woods and teaming them out four or five miles to the lake bank. Now elm timber is worth ten dollars a thousand in the tree and almost impossible to get at that. The stave mills of Ontario have eaten up what the United States rafters left.

## ANOTHER MENDELSSOHN CYCLE

**A** STATUE of Pan should be erected in Massey Hall, Toronto, to commemorate the fact that the Mendelssohn Choir in the year 1908 sang almost every kind of music known since the world began except grand opera and ragtime. With the exception of the ragtime the Thomas Orchestra completed the bill. In a sense there is no further word. This means not that there do not remain many great works as yet untouched by this Choir; but that, in the matter of sensation derived from music, not much greater things can be expected from any choir of voices in the world. As Mr. Stock remarked in conversation, it is probable that no other choir in the world quite compares to the Mendelssohn Choir in the complete expression of universal choral music. No greater choral work has ever been written than the German Requiem, the masterpiece of this season's programmes. The performance of this work alone in the way it was done by the Canadian choir last week is enough to give any choir the stamp of premier virtuosity. It is doubtful if this work has ever been given so well by any other choir in the world. What may have been done on Mars does not concern us. There are even those who do not expect to hear anything better in heaven.

Such is enthusiasm. There are bigger choirs in England. There are leaders in England who have a longer reputation and a larger repertoire than Mr. A. S. Vogt. The best of these, the Sheffield Choir, will visit Canada this coming autumn. But the

great Sheffield Chorus, which gave thrills to Germany and France, is perhaps not so good in some respects as the great Canadian choir which sang this season to Toronto better than it sang last year to Gotham when the critics of Gotham heaved bouquets in a chorus of acclamation. The Sheffield Chorus is purely English—yes, a purely Yorkshire chorus. The Mendelssohn Choir is almost as cosmopolitan as Canada. This makes a great difference—in breadth of tone and in musical sense. This much the Choir is able to claim on its own merits. Its virtuosity and its technique have come from the man who organised it and now conducts and manages it in the wise way of which he is the perfect master.

A letter written by Father Bonhag, the eminent critic of church music, from Buffalo aptly illustrates this. Father Bonhag attended the first three concerts given in Toronto and he has heard the Choir in Buffalo these past three seasons. In a letter to the conductor after the Tuesday performance of the choruses from the great Bach Mass in B Minor, he alluded to the recent edict of the Pope banishing women and ornate music from the services of the Roman Catholic Church. "But as I listened to the voices of the Mendelssohn Choir," said the critic, "I could not help wishing that the Pope could have heard it also." Neidlinger, the composer who came from New York to hear the concerts, said that he had never heard anything like the Mendelssohn Choir anywhere in the world. Similar things were

said wholesale last year by eminent and critical New Yorkers who had heard the best things ever given in Europe.

Well—and on the site of Massey Hall a hundred and some odd years ago wildcats were hunted. So this premiership means big things to Canada. President Falconer, of Toronto University, aptly hit the nail on the head when at a rehearsal of the Mendelssohn Choir he said that the latent energy of Canadians had hereby found an original expression; that there was something in the national life of this young people with the greatest north-land area of any country in the world except Russia, which would make Canadian life and art something entirely distinctive in the world.

We have spoken of the German Requiem. A lady who heard it said: "I wished then as I do now that the Requiem could have been given as a separate performance. I wanted to hear nothing more after that was done. For that evening at least it was the last word." This was more than a criticism of the length and variety of the programmes. It was a deep appreciation of the Requiem, which is a universal utterance as big in its scope as *In Memoriam* or *Hamlet* in poetry and drama. We in Canada have shuddered at Brahms for being mystical and cold and yearningly vague. But we had not heard Brahms. We could not believe as one has said that the greatest composers in the world are the three B's—Bach, Beethoven and Brahms. But in the Requiem, Brahms at the age of thirty-three said



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some things in music that he never could say again even in his masterful symphonies. He struck a universal human note that appeals to the common man. The Requiem is a work of seven choruses with solo passages for soprano and baritone, taken by Miss Marie Stoddart and Mr. Gwylim Miles, both of New York. In character it is not liturgical, but rather oratorical. In technique and colour and emotional expression it far transcends any oratorio. It is perhaps sufficient to say that it contains nothing which was not adequately expressed by the Choir. It is quite certain, however, that the character of the work was not fully appreciated at a first hearing; that if the work could be given by the Choir next season, more would be got out of it expressively by the Choir and more appreciated by the audience. It is to be hoped that the Choir will not wait too long before repeating this remarkable work.

On the Tuesday evening programme another of the three great B's of music was worthily represented in the two choruses from the great B Minor Mass of Bach. Here again the average Canadian listener was taken by surprise. Those who had conceived of Bach as a mathematical formalist found that for prodigality of exuberant melodic expression in harmonic form this master has said enough to last the world till the day of Judgment. One rather acute listener observed that these Bach choruses with their marvellous figurations and polyphonic treatment were heathen rather than Christian; perhaps pagan rather than heathen in their boundless extravagance of tonality. But it will be noted that Bach wrote nothing, however exuberant and gorgeous in colour, that was not under the rigid rule of the greatest form writer the world ever knew. These choruses gave people thrills which they so could not describe nor wholly understand. It is doubtful if any choir in the world ever sang them any better. As heard in Toronto they were in some respects the greatest tonal productions ever given in this country; much too ornate and prodigious to be given as part of any church liturgy and written not for any particular liturgy so much as for the church universal. The only fault that could be found with these works was that the organ was too thin and that the orchestra played the concluding passages after the choral part of the *Hosanna*, and as the work is scored for only part of the orchestra the effect after the symphonic work of organ, chorus and voices was that of anti-climax. Next year it is possible that the whole of this great Mass may be given by the Mendelssohn Choir. It will be a pity, however, if this is done without the support of a big complete organ such as is being hoped for in Massey Hall and only awaiting the removal of a hitch between the Massey Hall authorities and the City Council.

The unaccompanied works of the Choir this year were unusually generous in variety and better than ever in performance. The possibilities attained in previous years were far exceeded in the ravishing pianissimos and crescendos of this year's programmes. Much of this is due to the fact that the average quality of the voices is higher owing to judicious selections of new material; much more to the fact that the ensemble of the Choir arising from experience is of a much better and richer texture. The colouring of the voices is warmer. The Choir is able to sing a fortissimo without the suspicion of a shout and the most ethereal pianissimo without the painful thinness of a divided tone. The most notable unaccompanied numbers were those by

Elgar, Lotti, Cornelius and Palestrina. Some of these had been given in previous seasons; Elgar's "My Love Dwelt in a Northern Land" being done in the early history of the Society when the effects obtained were far less beautiful than now with a larger and more experienced choir. The Lotti *Crucifixus* was also given last season and surpassed in the work of this year's choir.

\* \* \*

THE Theodore Thomas Orchestra forms an ideal harmonic union with the Mendelssohn Choir. The conductor, Mr. Frederick Stock, expresses himself as satisfied that the orchestra has found a body of singers trained with the same artistic fidelity and intellectual appreciation as characterised the discipline and development of the Theodore Thomas Orchestra. It may be a far cry to Chicago, in miles and money, but after this year the Toronto public will look for the Thomas Orchestra as a foregone accompaniment to the Mendelssohn Choir. The soloists employed this year were in keeping with former traditions and achievement, although Mr. Miles' performance was rather colourless. Mr. Cunningham deepened the favourable impression he had made earlier in the season, and Mr. Josef Hofmann won a triumph which looked at one time as if the fourth concert would become a pianoforte recital. The brilliancy of the Liszt numbers was magnetic but the Chopin interpretation was a temperamental revelation which captivated a city that has already heard this season such pianists as Hambourg, Paderewski and De Pachmann. The close of the week was marked by an attendance quite equal to that of the first night and the community feels an added debt to the conductor who has made his choir of continental reputation and to the organisation which spares no pains to make each cycle an epoch in Canada's musical attainment.

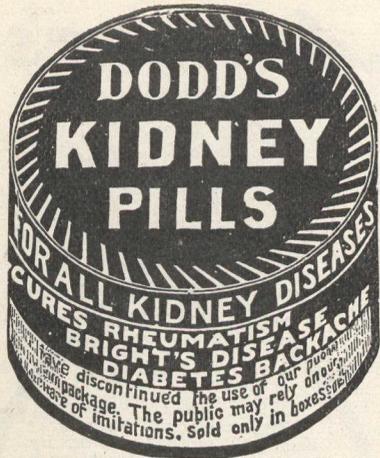
\* \* \*

A SOMEWHAT suggestive discussion was heard last week during which a Chicago citizen accused Toronto audiences of a lack of warmth, declaring that if the Mendelssohn Choir belonged to Chicago, loud cheers and the most lavish applause would fall to the lot of the conductor. "Why, a Chicago audience would fairly mob Mr. Vogt if he belonged to them."

"But the size of the audience—the fact that every seat in that hall was taken—is loud enough proof of our appreciation," replied a Toronto man.

The capital of Ontario is not hysterical over music or art, whatever it may be over champion shots or oarsmen. Toronto knows perfectly well that it has the best choral conductor in Canada and felt every confidence when Mr. Vogt led an invasion to Carnegie Hall, New York, last February. Toronto will send sixteen thousand citizens to attend the Mendelssohn concerts during one week and will continue to do so. During last autumn, if the papers of Chicago are to be believed, the feminine audience listening to M. Vladimir De Pachmann went so wild with enthusiasm as to climb on the platform and storm the piano-stool. Canadians do not indulge in these picturesque outbreaks but their appreciation is all the more likely to endure. They are exceedingly proud of Mr. Vogt but they are not capable of yelling "bravo" after the Latin fashion.

Mr. R. E. Knowles tells in his earliest novel of how a young Canadian pastor, from a canny Scottish-Ontario town, journeyed to South Carolina where he preached in an historic Presbyterian church. A pretty girl was complimenting him at dinner in sugared, Southern phrase about



his discourse and in fact the whole family joined in the symphony of approval. However, he discovered that not one of them remembered the text and then his heart turned to the canny folk at home who treasured every line. Canadians are not given to "mobbing" their first citizens but they recognise and honour their accomplishment in the most sincere and practical fashion. The times will be harder than they have ever been, the financial stringency will be such as we refuse to contemplate when Massey Hall, Toronto, will not be filled to overflowing during Mendelssohn Week.

**A Western Weekly.**

THE latest addition to Western journalism is the Winnipeg "Saturday Post," of which Mr. Knox Magee is the managing editor. It is no new thing for a newspaper to be started in the West, where in the past two years nearly a hundred new editors have come into the public eye in the young towns of the great wheat belt. But the "Saturday Post" is not a newspaper; neither is Mr. Magee a new editor, for he has been for years the editor of the Winnipeg "Tribune," and also of "Saturday Night" and the comic weekly "The Moon," which ran a bright career in Toronto a few years ago. The new contribution to Western journalism is quite the most energetic and aggressive thing that has happened in the printer's line in that city up to the present. If Mr. Magee keeps up the pace — and he usually does — the "Saturday Post" should become a strong popular weekly for the West. Up to the present the editorial matter has been largely local. This is because Winnipeg is a fertile field for newspaper campaigning. In time Mr. Magee will no doubt extend his field to the entire West. The paper is highly interesting and is a good sample of virile Western journalism. The headings are very attractive and the letterpress is fair. Now in its tenth week of life, the infant gives evidence of a strong determination to strike a swift gait in that country—and with good management it ought to grow into just the sort of weekly stimulus that city and country need.

**Musical Murderers.**

LETTERS from Numea, the capital of the French penal settlement in New Caledonia, state that in order to make life less monotonous for the convicts the authorities have consented to the organisation of an orchestra recruited from the ranks of such prisoners as are musically inclined.

The orchestra has for its members the most desperate men in the settlement. The conductor, who formerly played at the Paris Opera, has thrice been convicted of murder, and the first clarinet, in earlier life, was an innkeeper who made away with no fewer than six unsuspecting customers.

The cornetist murdered his father, and the trombone-player his wife, while the individual who now operates the big drum slew a landlord who irritated him by pressing for payment of rent. All the musicians, it is said, are showing great zeal and no little skill. Daily concerts are given, and the settlers in the colony, who are all criminals, much appreciate the innovation.

**Sir John Franklin's Grave.**

IN an interview with Mr. G. R. Lancefield, photographer, of Ottawa, who accompanied Captain Bernier on the "Arctic" on his trip to the frozen North, he said:

"After the boat had been put into

winter quarters two expeditions were fitted out, the one to plant a flag on Prince of Wales Island, in charge of the acting second mate, and the other to the Straits of Fury and Hecla in charge of the first mate, but neither succeeded in reaching its destination. A third expedition in charge of Mr. Duncan, customs officer, and Mr. J. A. Simpson, his assistant, which started down Pond's Inlet, came also to an untimely end.

"The next expedition," said Mr. Lancefield, "that started was in charge of Mr. Green, second mate, and myself, along with two natives and the quartermaster, to hunt for us. This also failed." He says also that they went to Erenus Bay, where a monument had been erected to the memory of Sir John Franklin, but which had suffered by the ravages of time. The crew sought to restore the memorial. They laid a new foundation, whereon they placed the marble slab and raised a cross of cans which had contained preserved food. The headboards which had been placed to mark the graves of the men who died there, were re-painted by Mr. John A. Simpson, and the names rendered legible. —Canadian Life and Resources.

**A Play of Forty-nine.**

IT is not often that the public has the opportunity to see a play which presents the stirring scenes of California in the early days of gold-fever, without descending to the style of perfervid melodrama. Accord-



Miss Blanche Bates.

ing to the verdict of the severest New York critics, such a play is presented in "The Girl of the Golden West," which was the great Belasco success of last year, in spite of all the efforts of the Trust magnates to compass its defeat. In this Californian drama, Miss Blanche Bates won a personal triumph, such as seldom falls to the lot of an actress. The "Girl" is decidedly the central feature in scenes which have all the crude and primitive force of life in a new and gold-thirsty community. This play, which is strongly reminiscent of Bret Harte's best stories, will be presented at the Royal Alexandra Theatre, Toronto, next week and will probably be greeted by enthusiastic crowds. Too many of our modern actresses are content to depend on their personal charm, rather than the vitality of the role, for popular favour. But Miss Bates has refused to become a mere adornment for the mediocre society drama and in this latest production the actress has found a play more thrilling than any other in which she has appeared.

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# MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

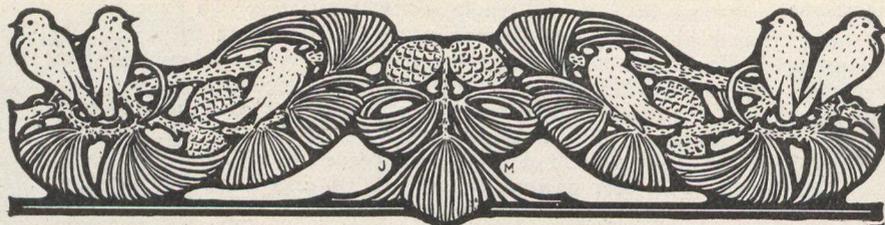
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## FOR THE CHILDREN QUESTIONS.

WHEN the children first came down to grandmother's in the country they found everything so interesting that they asked a great many questions. They wanted to know why the pigeons thrust their heads forward as they walked; why the weather-vane turned with the wind; how the cows knew when it was night, and when to come up through the field and wait by the bars, and whether they knew the difference between themselves and the horses. They wanted to be told all the things that grandmother did when she was a little girl, and how grandfather looked when he was a boy, and so many other things that at last grandmother named them the "question marks."

Grandmother was very patient with them. She liked to tell Robbie how his father used to play in just the same way that he did, and to tell Margy how he used to tease for stories.

Of course the children asked how their father looked and why he used to wear the queer long trousers that he had on when his tin-type was taken—the little old-fashioned tin-type that hung over grandmother's dressing-table. They asked what books he liked to read and what games he played. Of all the stories grandma told, they liked the story of their father getting into mischief in the attic. He had gone up there when his mother did not know it, and walked along the beams that ran across, and between which there was no solid floor, nothing but laths. To these laths the ceiling of the room below was hung. Their father did not know it would not bear his weight, and when he stepped on the laths they broke away, and let his leg hang down into the sitting-room, where grandma was knitting.

This story led to many questions. Why houses were not built the same now; how their father felt when he fell through; how they rescued him, and, above all, what was his punishment. All these things grandma explained.

But one day grandpa was left to keep house with the children, and it was the very day that his county paper came. It rained, and the "question marks" could not go outdoors, so they sat down to enjoy grandpa, and each thought of a great many things he wanted to find out about.

Grandpa was very indulgent for some time, and then he hit upon an idea. "Children," he said, "let's make an agreement. Every time you ask me a question I will answer it, and then I will ask you one. If you are not able to answer, you must not ask me anything until you have looked it up."

At the very first question they came to a halt. "Who owned the first doll?" grandpa asked Margy. How simple it was, and she wondered why she had never asked mother.

Grandpa took up his paper and opened it so wide that he was entirely hidden from view, and the children made off to the library to see if they could find any books to help them out. They opened the encyclopedia, and turned the pages over and over. They hunted through all their own books, and then they decided to play some games until Aunt Jennie came home. She would know, they said.

The long afternoon was gone; grandpa returned from her visit, and Aunt Jennie had been through several books of facts before they were ready to report to grandpa. Margy had the answer written, and she stood by grandpa's knee and read it.

"A simple-minded monarch, Charles VI of France, is said to be the owner of the first doll ever made. It was made from wax, and was supposed to represent Poppæa, the wife of Nero. Every one was so pleased with the figure that others were made, and finally a figure was called *poupees*—the French name for doll."

"Well done!" cried grandpa. "Now may I ask just one question?" said Robbie, eagerly.

"Yes, do let us ask just this one!" begged Margy.

"Well, be quick, because grandma is going to ask us to come to supper. What is it you want to know?"

"Well, grandpa, we want to know how you happened to think to ask us that question?"—Youth's Companion.

\* \* \*

### THE SCHOOLS OF FISH.

THE things they learn in schools of fish are taught without a fee; The little fish learn first to swim the unknown A B C,

And then they take up cooking next, and even smallest fry Can put up jelly-fish preserves or make crustaceous pie.

Now all the fish both great and small do practise well their scales; A fiddler-crab gives lessons to all sizes up to whales.

The sword-fish learns to fence, but penmanship some wish for more, And so they learn it from a mighty penguin on the shore.

The globe-fish takes geography, the star-fish learns astronomy; A large torpedo class is taught political economy;

The class in botany collects rare sea-anemones, And gardeners root out seaweeds and trim the coral trees.

Electricity is taught by one old, wise electric eel

Who has a class in tides and all the currents fish can feel.

In geometry, the corollaries every polyp knows;

The fish can bisect angle-worms while stupid people doze.

The saw-fish teaches carpentry and builds without a fuss, A simple barnacle or grander chambered nautilus.

These things they learn in schools of fish; but wonderful to me Is how they teach so very much with never any fee.

—Blanche Elizabeth Wade.

\* \* \*

### HIS FAVOURITE.

A COUNTRY clergyman on his round of visits interviewed a youngster as to his acquaintance with Bible stories. "My lad," he said, "you have, of course, heard of the parables?" "Yes, sir," shyly answered the lad, whose mother had inducted him in sacred history. "Yes, sir." "Good!" said the clergyman. "Now, which of them do you like the best of all?" The boy squirmed, but at last, heeding his mother's frowns, he replied: "I guess I like that one where somebody loafs and fishes."

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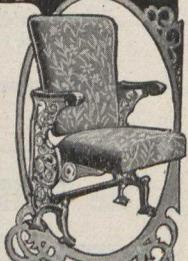
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**Life's Chequerboard.**

(Continued from page 15)

likely enough stole away to join him. I wish I could think better of the lad," a sudden pitiful crack in the thin, high voice, "but since I can't, the only thing is to try not to think of him, and sometimes I succeed. But spare me another talk like this; I can't bear it, indeed."

The little ring-laden hands were quivering though tightly clasped. The faint colour had gone from the soft, withered face, leaving it blanched like a frosted rose. The weight of her years, usually so gracefully and gallantly carried, seemed suddenly to have descended upon her like a crushing burden.

CHAPTER XIV.

Could she bear such another talk herself, Lesley wondered, when, having soothed Lady Marchmont as best she could and left her to rest, she returned to the drawing-room. By tacit consent Adrian Skene's name had dropped into silence among those who had once known him, and Lesley, too, had striven to raise barriers against memory, though every now and again it rose in a flood and swept her feeble defences away like so many straws. But Lady Marchmont was right, though her philosophy, as Lesley had just had proof, did not extend far below the surface. At the least, it was unwise to look back too much.

Seeking for something, anything, to distract her thoughts from past blackness and from present doubt, Lesley picked up a book of poems, of which she had heard much, rather too much she was inclined to think, during her few days in town, but amid the quick succession of engagements she had not yet had time to look at it. This was her opportunity. At last she might have a quiet hour, as Agatha Kenyon had declared that she had a hundred things to do that afternoon.

At first Lesley turned the pages rather languidly. Mrs. Kenyon and some of her friends had rather wearied her by their enthusiasm and their speculations as to the unknown author of a book which had aroused keen interest, such as, truth to tell, modern poetry but rarely does. Her thoughts at first were not on the words, but first the music of a line caught her ear, then a thought struck home, and presently she found herself reading with a rapt, almost painful, eagerness.

The poems seemed the utterances of one wandering in dry places, seeking rest and finding none. The cry of a soul ground down under the wheels of blind, unheeding Circumstance into black depths beyond the reach of justice—bare justice, if indeed justice or mercy existed in the chaos of life, where the hopes and aims and ambitions of men, their futile struggles towards a possible good, or fierce snatches at a petty, present prize seemed but the sport and plaything of Chance. At times there broke forth a fierce arraignment of a world into which man had been called only to suffer—the indictment of the poet-philosopher of the East:

"What! out of senseless Nothing to provoke  
A convulsive Something to resent the yoke."

As Lesley afterwards walked slowly along between the swathes of westerling sunlight, falling athwart the path between the boles of the trees, she ceased setting up her futile defences, and let memory have its way for once. On that fatal day when Adrian Skene had left the

library a disgraced man she had awakened to the full knowledge of her love for him, knew that had she been free to do it, she would willingly have followed him even through loneliness and dishonour. She was not ashamed of her love. It had been given all unconsciously as a free gift long before she knew of any barrier between her cousin and herself, but now she knew—ah, there to her pure heart and honest mind lay the difference.

The shock of Alys's flight had forced Lesley from her inward struggles to seek self-forgetfulness without. She had thrown herself with new zeal into the affairs of the estate, those cares which attend "great possessions." Still more earnestly she set herself to consider the wants of the many lives dependent upon her, which she had now full power to relieve. In time she had her reward. She found distraction at first, then growing interest, and at times even forgetfulness by helping others. When Sir Neil had that day asked his pointed question, she had been able to answer him quite honestly, so she believed, that no one—and each knew to whom that vague term applied—stood any longer between them. That page of life was closed for ever, and conscience kept the seal.

An approaching footstep made her glance round.

For a time she had been vaguely conscious of a distant figure far down the long green perspective, but slowly drawing nearer. He was close at hand now, and as, without interest or curiosity, but instinctively seeking momentary escape from a too insistent question, she mechanically looked up. The ground heaved under her feet, the tall trees, soaring motionless into the serene sky, rocked and swayed—there before her, unless she were mad or dreaming, with the yellow evening sunlight full upon his face, was her Cousin Adrian!

"Adrian!" Her cry was as involuntary as the sudden leap of all her pulses.

"Adrian, would you have passed me by?"

At such moments in life what is there to say?

"Ghosts cannot speak unless they are spoken to, so we have always been told," said Adrian with a faint smile. "I am only re-visiting the glimpses of the moon. I did not expect to cross the path of the living, and least of all yours."

"But ghosts must answer if they are challenged," said Lesley, catching up his words to relieve the intolerable difficulty of speech. "Adrian, tell me about yourself."

"Myself?" with a dreary little laugh, and Lesley repented her impulsive question.

"I have lived because I haven't died—I've been 'going to and fro on the earth and walking up and down in it.' Perhaps that's more descriptive than exact," went on Adrian in the same indifferent fashion. "I've been doing some foreign correspondent work, some friends of the old days, good souls who asked no questions, helped me to get it. It has served me well. I only came back a day or so ago to look for a fresh berth. But you?" The life stirred in his tone again, though he did not look up. "I suppose by this time I may congratulate you, or rather Sir Neil Wedderburne?"

"No," said Lesley gravely, and in that moment she knew that her question—God help and pity her—was answered to the full. "He deserves more than I can ever give him." And again there was silence between them.

"And—and Alys, where is she?" faltered Lesley at last.

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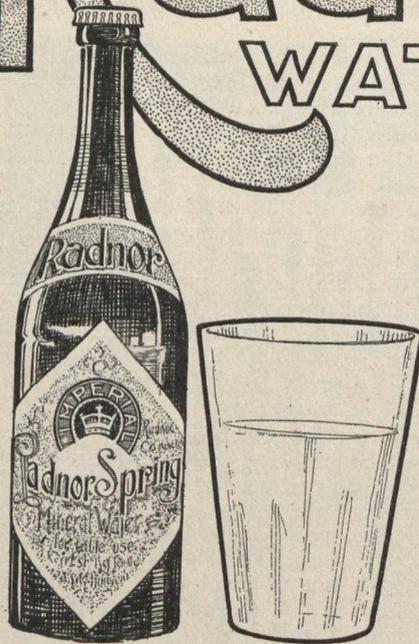
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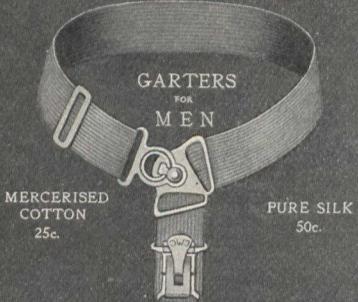
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over Adrian's face, like the passing swoop of a dark wing.

"I do not know," he said bitterly. "For a time I thought her safe with you, and—blessed you for it, but—"

"Then you know nothing of her—noting at all?" cried Lesley.

"No more than my fellow-dead," said Adrian, a sudden, despairing break in his voice. "It was all in vain—I did not even save her."

"Adrian, it was not by chance we have met now," she cried. "It was not by chance that I have been thinking and speaking of you to-day, not by chance that I opened that book, 'The Underworld.' It is your book. I know it, I feel it; I heard your voice in it, crying aloud out of the depths." Adrian neither assented nor denied, and Lesley went on, with mounting emotion, "At last we are face to face, let us have the truth out between us. Save for a moment on that last dreadful day, I have never really doubted you. Forgive me for that, for now I know that you have wronged no one but yourself. Is it the wrong-doer who cries for justice—justice—justice? Do justice to yourself, Adrian! You have suffered enough—sacrificed enough. Why should you bury your life and all your powers longer? I believe in you—I always will believe in you, but don't bruise my faith again. Give me one word, if it must be for myself alone, if you cannot speak it out to the world for the sake of—the one you are shielding." Adrian's eye forbade her to utter the name that was on her lips.

"Stop!" broke in Adrian, and the harsh, abrupt syllable held a world of vain, anguished longing.

He moved away a pace or two, but when he came back to Lesley's side his voice was calm again.

"Lesley," he began, and the once familiar sound of her name upon his lips struck chill through all the girl's ardour—so far-off, so hopeless it seemed.

"It is vain to thank you for what you have said, but I can say nothing in return. You are right, I am buried alive—the stone has been lifted a little, but when I leave you it will fall again, and I cannot put out a hand to stay it. But remember—slowly—"it is my own doing, and I dare not even ask you to cherish that wonderful faith in me, for I can never defend myself—never clear my name. While life lasts there is no hope for me."

### CHAPTER XV.

"I've got some good news for you," exclaimed Mrs. Kenyon gaily to the company in general.

Tea was going on, and the usual one or two friends had dropped in.

"You haven't told us yet what the extra bait is," said Lesley, smiling.

"Didn't I? Why, he has got hold of La Fiammetta."

"What, the woman who has been making such a stir by reciting from that weird book, 'The Underworld'?" exclaimed one of Mrs. Kenyon's guests, one of those men who dabble in literature and art, and are credited with a much more intimate knowledge of these and of their devotees than their surface acquaintance warrants.

"What is she like?" chimed in a pretty, fair girl.

"I haven't seen her yet," said Mrs. Kenyon. "She was to have been at the Delmore's, but failed them. She can afford to do that just now. Of course you have seen her," with a smile at Mr. Dennison.

"Reminds one of Bernhardt when she was young."

The evening's engagement, which had been merely a weariness before, now seemed for the moment intolerable to Lesley, and yet as the hour in

which she was supposed to be resting slipped away, there awoke within her a strange, restless desire to hear these words of Adrian's which had so thrilled her in the cold medium of print, uttered with all the added appeal of an impassioned human voice. It would be painful, horribly painful, like a sudden touch upon a bare nerve, but there are times when a quick, leaping pang seems a relief from dull, continuous aching.

That the long drive had had no more deterrent effect on society in general than on Mrs. Kenyon's party was apparent from the procession of motors and carriages slowly moving up the avenue at Moreland's through the soft summer dusk. People grumbled loud and long at the distance and the trouble of going so far, but Sir Hartley and Lady Wilmot's invitations were eagerly schemed for, and their great house and the wonderful old gardens were thronged whenever they were thrown open. Nor did Lesley wonder at it when, having escaped at last from the slow progress up the avenue, with its heavy grind of wheels and reluctant pauses, the party strolled into the gardens, with Sir Neil, whom they found awaiting them, as guide.

Lady Marchmont and Mrs. Kenyon were soon surrounded by friends, and, nothing loth, returned to the house. Lesley preferred the gardens, which, after the long hot day, were a rapture of coolness and freshness and fragrance, and all those gracious sights and sounds, half seen, half heard, which attend the gentle oncoming of a June night. The formal stretch of the Long Water reflected the gleam from one or two brilliantly-lit boats, and the soft illuminations which made the lawns and bowers enchanted ground. These earthly lights would pale ere long beneath the mounting majesty of the moon, but she had not yet lifted her white disc above the massed darkness of the trees. From the mullioned oriels of the old house, set wide to the sweet night, the light fell in broad yellow streams, and with it came wafts of music and laughter and gay voices.

"Miss Home, I have been seeking you everywhere," exclaimed Mr. Dennison, detaching himself from the approaching group. "I have been collecting the stragglers. La Fiammetta is about to make her appearance, and I know you want to hear her. We shall have to make haste."

Whether Mademoiselle Fiammetta's fate would be, according to Mr. Dennison, but to blaze and to vanish, there could be no question as to the brilliance of the blaze for the moment. From the illumined gardens, from the picture gallery, from the cushioned, palm-screened nooks which invited to *solitude a deux*, even from the supper-tables in the panelled dining-room, people came thronging into the hall.

The hall, with its cavernous, arched roof, was, in spite of innumerable lamps, a playground of lights and shadows.

"Odd that Wilmot won't have electric light here—thinks it an anachronism, I suppose, but it seems rather like blacking yourself all over to play Othello," Lesley heard someone say, as Mr. Dennison piloted his convoy through the throng, pressing towards the further end of the hall, where the wide arched recess under the musician's gallery was suggestively screened off.

Others beside him were desirous of obtaining a nearer view for themselves and their friends, and with such an object in view some society ladies use the methods of the average crowd.

(To be continued)



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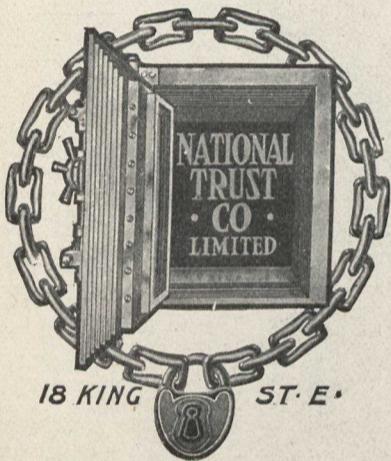
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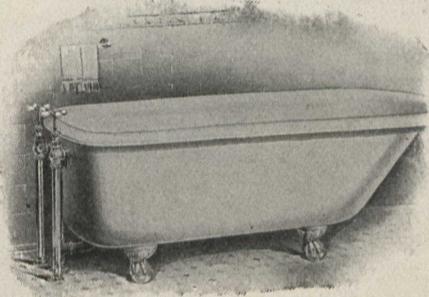
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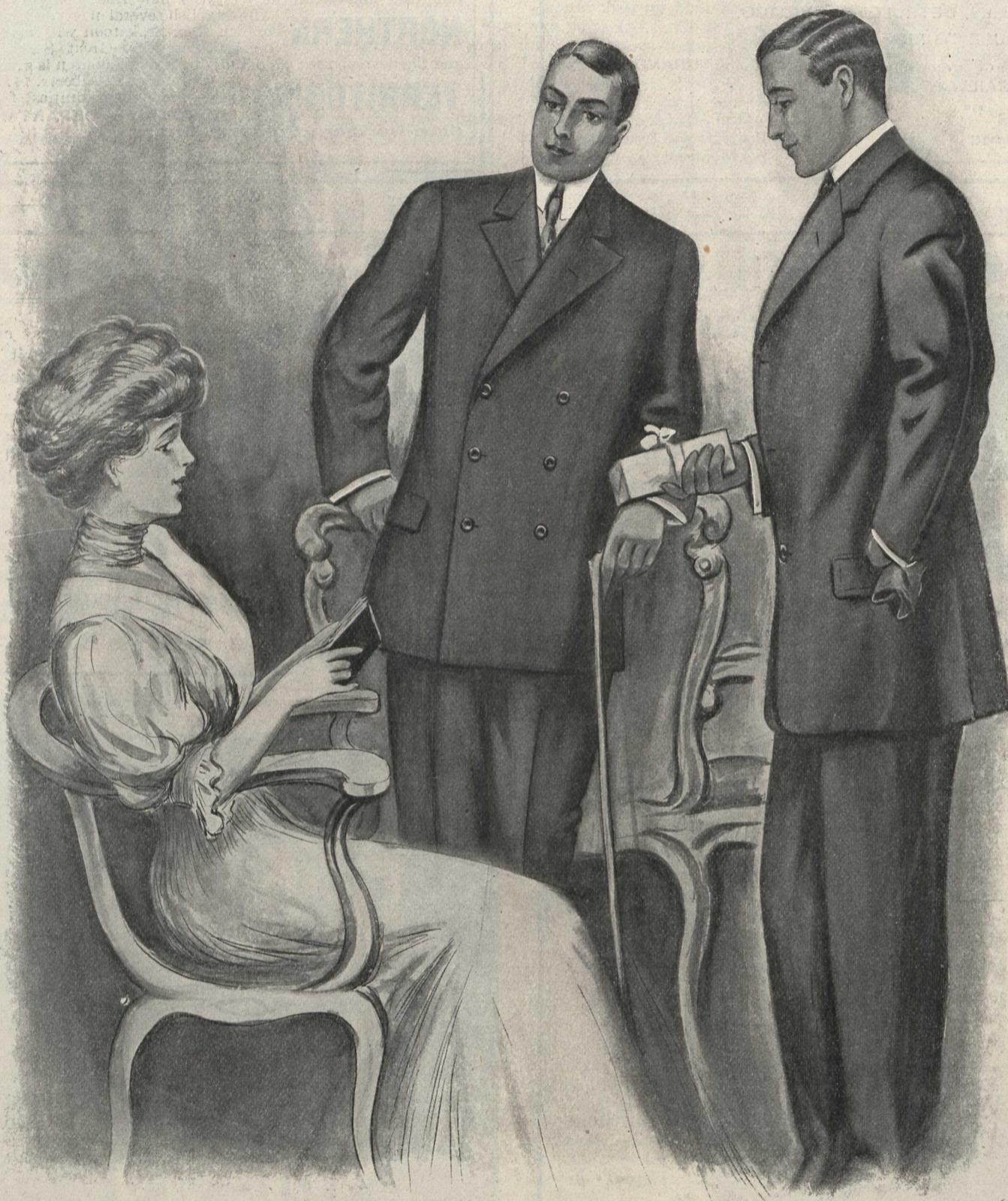
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Measurement Chart

DEPT "D"  
**FRANK BRODERICK & Co.**  
TORONTO, CANADA.

# Semi-ready Tailoring



☐ Semi-ready Stores may not carry the largest stock of clothes. ☐ We show better variety with half the stock carried by a ready-made clothier. "Largest" is not an attractive superlative. ☐ One beauty of the Semi-ready physique type system is that any store can get along with half the stock and half the number of salesmen and yet do twice the business. And on top of that we back up Semi-ready with 200 cloth patterns of suits we make to measure and tailor to order in four days. That's our Special Order Department, where we make clothes for men at \$18, \$20 and up.

## Semi-Ready Tailoring

81 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

Head Offices: Semi-ready Limited, Montreal

