

Vol. VII. No. 16

March 19th, 1910

Price 10 Cents

# The Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

W R Haight  
446 Parliament St  
5004



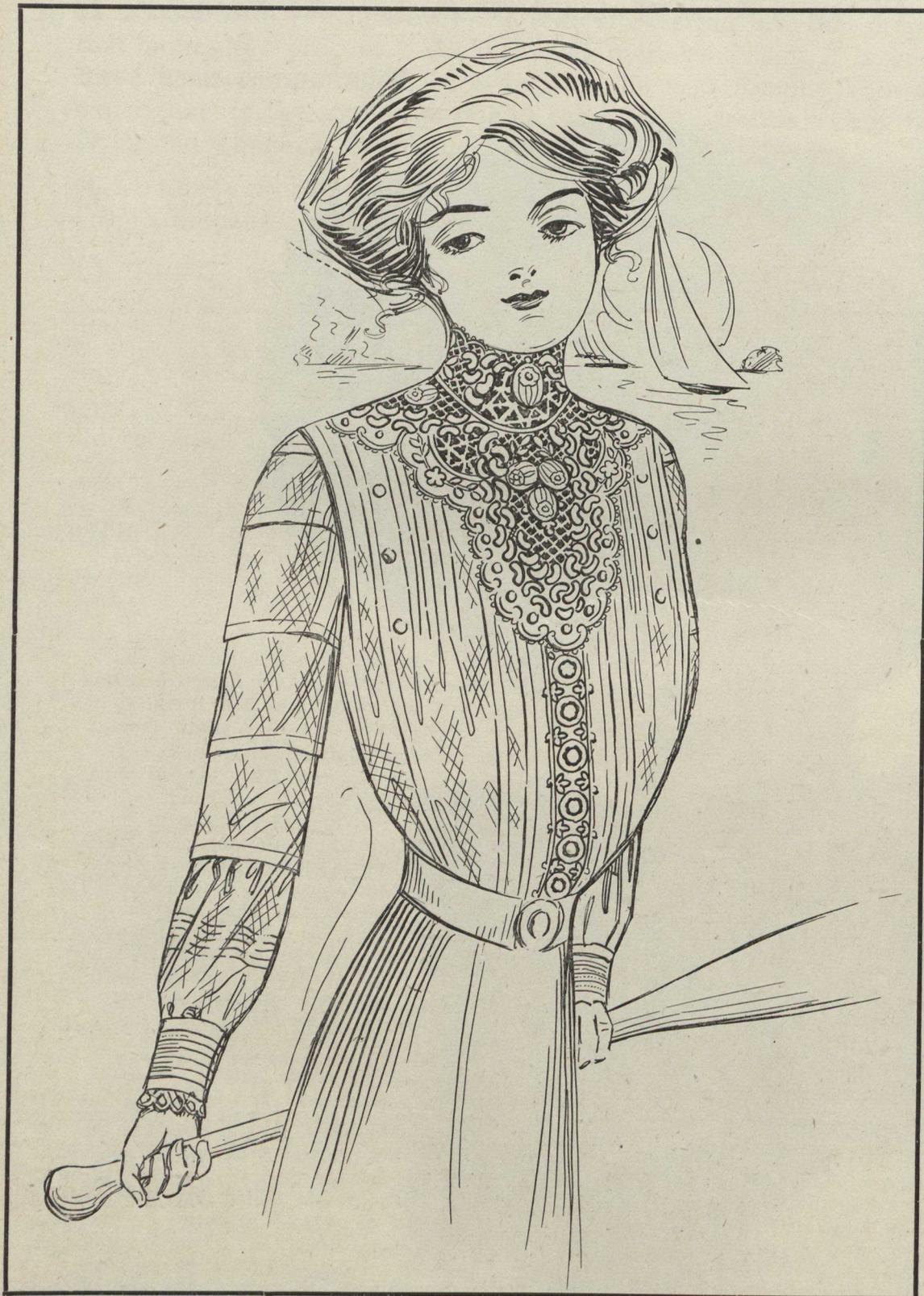
Read in  
Nine  
Provinces

Short Stories  
by  
R. S. Bond  
and  
H. Maxwell

EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER.  
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# FINANCIAL STATEMENT

OF THE

## MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE CO. OF CANADA

For Year Ending December 31st, 1909

### CASH ACCOUNT

INCOME		DISBURSEMENTS	
Net Ledger Assets, December 31, 1908..	\$12,355,474 81	To policyholders—	
Premiums (net) .....	2,049,820 41	Death Claims .....	\$384,527 26
Interest .....	700,027 00	Matured Endowments .....	240,137 00
		Surrendered Policies .....	96,257 79
		Surplus .....	86,044 54
		Annuities .....	11,843 05
			\$ 818,809 64
		Expenses, Taxes, etc. ....	452,338 20
		Balance Net Ledger Assets, December 31st, 1909 .....	13,834,174 38
	\$15,105,322 22		\$15,105,322 22

### BALANCE SHEET

ASSETS		LIABILITIES	
Mortgages .....	\$ 6,885,864 88	Reserve, 4 per cent., 3½ per cent. and 3 per cent. standard .....	\$12,065,146 16
Debentures and Bonds .....	4,858,596 62	Reserve on lapsed policies on which surrender values are claimable .....	1,938 67
Loans on Policies .....	1,818,768 55	Death Claims unadjusted .....	41,247 00
Premium Obligations .....	19,885 01	Present value of amounts not yet due on matured instalment policies .....	74,404 73
Real Estate (Company's Head Office) ..	50,528 00	Matured Endowments, unadjusted .....	2,762 59
Cash in Banks .....	233,633 42	Premiums paid in advance .....	14,282 53
Cash at Head Office .....	3,786 90	Due for medical fees and sundry accounts ..	12,078 68
Due and Deferred Premiums (net) .....	354,717 99	Credit Ledger Balances .....	36,889 00
Interest due and accrued .....	292,660 24	Surplus, December 31st, 1909 .....	2,269,692 25
	\$14,518,441 61	(Surplus on Government Standard of Valuation, \$2,973,749.51) .....	
			\$14,518,441 61

Audited and found correct,  
J. M. SCULLY, F.C.A.,  
Auditor.  
Waterloo, January 24th, 1910.

GEO. WEGENAST,  
Managing Director.

New Business (all Canadian) written in 1909 .....	\$ 8,125,578;	Increase over 1908 .....	\$ 877,114
Assurance in force, December 31, 1909 .....	59,261,959;	Increase over 1908 .....	4,568,077
Assets, December 31, 1909 .....	14,518,442;	Increase over 1908 .....	1,534,778
Surplus, December 31, 1909 .....	2,269,692;	Surplus earned in 1909 .....	508,921

Booklets containing the Directors' Report and proceedings of the 40th Annual Meeting held March 3rd, 1910, are being printed, and will be distributed among policyholders in due course.

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When making arrangements for your Spring costume—if the material you select is not of proper quality—the result will be unsatisfactory and discouraging, irrespective of the style and pattern you adopt. Our dress goods are of such superior weave and texture that the finished garment will retain its original shape wonderfully well, and present that smart, dressy appearance so much sought after. Moreover, our enormous buying facilities enable us to obtain the products of the best factories at a great saving, which is reflected in the prices we quote to you.

### VALUES OF MOST UNUSUAL INTEREST

Fr-26. Colored Silk and Wool Lansdowne, medium bright sheen, pure silk and wool, plain weave, looks very pretty in dresses and useful for linings. Colors: cream, sky, pink, fawn, cadet, helio, reseda, navy, brown, grey, myrtle, rose, 42 inch. Per yard ..... **75c**

Fr-27. Colored Wool Crepoline, medium weight dress fabric, suitable for street or evening costumes. Cream, sky, pink, helio, amethyst, champagne, fawn, cadet, rose, reseda, navy, brown, grey, green. 42 inch. Per yard ..... **50c**

Fr-28. Fancy French Wool Delaines, light weight washing fabrics, stylish new patterns in spots, dots, stripes, floral, etc., assorted colorings for spring and summer gowns or shirt waists. 30 inches. Per yard ..... **35c**

Fr-29. Cream Bedford Cord for children's cloaks, dresses and blouses, all wool, raised cord effect, washing material. 42 inch. Per yard ..... **50c 75c**

Fr-30. Colored Nun's Veiling, all wool light weight fabric, for dresses and blouses. Colors, navy, brown, green, red, cream, sky, pink, grey, nile ..... **25c**

Fr-31. Colored Nun's Veiling, all wool, light weight, dull, soft finished dress fabric, very suitable for evening wear in the light shades. Colors: navy, brown, green, red, cream, sky, pink, nile, grey, helio, turquoise, rose. 41 inches. Per yard ..... **35c**

Fr-32. Colored Cashmere, all wool, French manufacture, fast dye, medium dark and light shades, including cream. 42 inches. Per yard ..... **35c**

Fr-33. Colored Wool Henrietta, all pure wool, velour finish, fast dyes, French manufacture, staple colorings, including cream and light shades. 44 inches. Per yard ..... **50c**

Fr-34. Colored Lustre, bright finish, crisp weave, dust proof, good cloth for bathing costumes, very serviceable for dresses or skirts. Cream, navy, brown, green, red, grey. 42 inch. Per yard **25c 35c 50c**

Fr-36. Colored Wool San Toy, fine hard silk finished cord, a pretty and popular dress material for princess effects or separate skirts. Navy, brown, green, grey, amethyst, rose, taupe. 44 inches. Per yard ..... **75c**

Fr-37. Colored Wool Poplin, an all wool dress cord, silk finish, neat and stylish, popular shades. 42 inches. Per yard ..... **50c**

Fr-38. Colored Wool Armure, fine smooth pebble effect, bright finish, pure wool, splendid material for princess dresses and shirt waist suits. Leading colors; navy, brown, green, taupe, rose, amethyst. 42 inches. Per yard **50c**

Fr-39. Colored Satin Cloth, an all wool, smooth, rich finished dress material, medium weight, rich colorings for spring gowns, excellent wearing fabric. 40 inches. Per yard ..... **50c**

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is from Uric Acid in the Blood.  
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**Mail Contract**

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on FRIDAY the 8th APRIL 1910 for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years six times per week each way, between Brougham and Markham from the Postmaster General's pleasure.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Brougham, Markham and Route Offices and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT

Mail Service Branch

Ottawa, 24th February 1910

G. C. Ande

Superintendent

By Royal Warrant



to His Majesty the King

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His Majesty The German Emperor.

His Majesty The Emperor of Austria.

His Majesty The King of Italy.

His Majesty The King of Sweden.

His Majesty The King of Denmark.

His Majesty The King of the Belgians.

His Majesty The King of Spain.



**Mail Contract**

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on FRIDAY, the 8th APRIL 1910 for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails on a proposed Contract for four years six times per week each way, between North Keppel and Owen Sound from the 1st JULY next

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of North Keppel, Owen Sound and Route Offices and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT

Mail Service Branch

Ottawa 23rd February 1910

G. C. Anderson

Superintendent

**The Canadian Courier**

A National Weekly

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**Editor's Talk**

THIS week we substitute a short story by Mr. R. S. Bond for Mr. Fraser's fourth "Red Meekins" story. We thought a break in the series might add to their attractiveness. One may get tired of porterhouse steak if given too much of it at once. Mr. Fraser says that the sixth story is the best of the series, so our readers need not fear any falling off in quality. Mr. Bond is a Canadian living in Philadelphia, but being an inveterate traveller he can write a north-country tale with the best of them.

WE again remind our readers that we appreciate any courtesy which they may be able to extend to those who use our advertising columns. We believe that "The Canadian Courier" has as fine a set of advertisers as any publication in the country. We stand behind these advertisers, because we believe they are all worthy merchants. When we have a doubt, we exclude the advertisement until that doubt is removed.

Last week there were fifty columns of advertising and ninety-six separate advertisements in these columns. If you did not notice it, hunt up last week's copy and look it over.

WE would also remind our readers that suggestions are always welcome. We believe that the paper is improving as well as growing. Nevertheless we are not any haughtier than in the days when the struggle to beat the pessimists was keener. Any reader who criticises will be as fully appreciated as one who sends us a rare picture or a good anecdote.

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Geo. A. Spear, President

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European Plan. Absolutely Fireproof

RATES

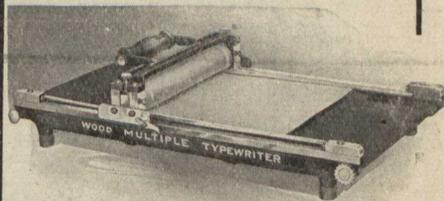
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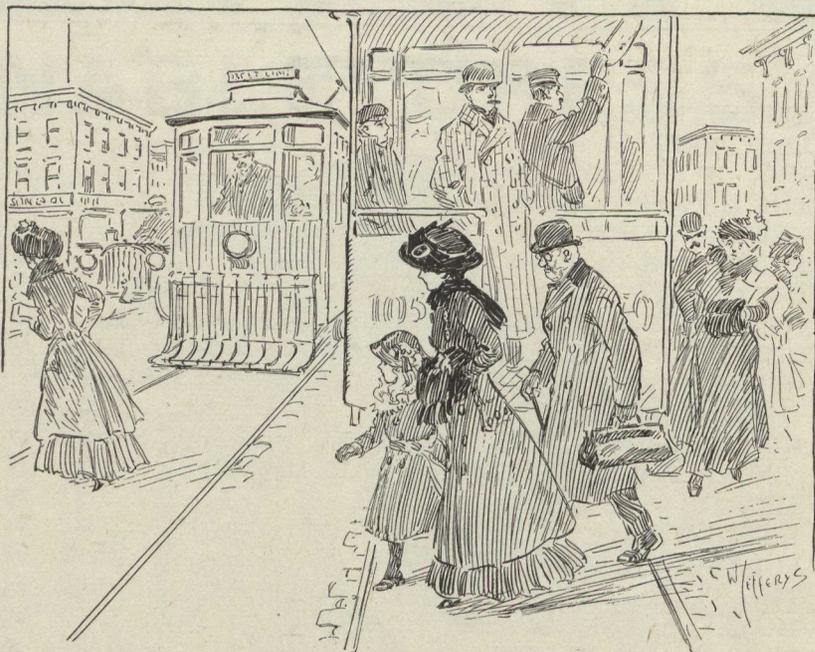
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To pass round behind the car is to run the risk of a car or an automobile on the other track running you down. The standing car prevents you from seeing the other track, or hearing the gong of an approaching car. It also prevents the motorman from seeing you.

Frequently a man will dart in front of a car that is about to start, or is already in motion, calculating on the motorman waiting till he crosses or slowing down. The closer he is to the car the less chance there is of the motorman seeing him, for he is under, rather than in front of the motorman. In another fraction of a second he is apt to be still further under.

The motormen of the Toronto Railway Company are chosen with the utmost possible care. The brakes on the cars are the most efficient that money can buy; the fenders are the best in America. But why should you stake your life on any or all of them?

Don't depend too much on the motorman. Look after yourself. Stand still until the car from which you have alighted has passed on. You will lose only a second or two.

Celerity and promptness are admirable enough, but to hurry in the direction of the cemetery is not really an economy of time.

**JAMES GUNN, Superintendent**

Toronto Railway Company

# Canadian Courier

## THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

VOL. 7

Toronto, March 19th, 1910

No. 16



### REFLECTIONS

BY THE EDITOR

WE have received a number of letters from leading men throughout the country, giving their opinions on the advisability of increasing the British Preference from 33 1-3 to 40 per cent., as suggested in a recent issue. The majority of the letters express surprise that *The Canadian Courier* or anyone else should make such a suggestion. There was an air of novelty about it—unexpectedness—which seemed to disconcert some of our correspondents. Apparently most of them had made up their minds that the 33 1-3 per cent. preference was settled for all time to come. What reason they have for such a complaisant view it is difficult to discover. At present our trade conditions are in a state of flux. Changes are being made with France, Germany, the United States and the West Indies. Why should we not make another change in our trade relations with Great Britain?

ONE great reason for considering this question just now is the state of affairs in Great Britain. It is admitted on all hands that another general election will be held there within a year. It is a possibility—a reasonable possibility—that the Unionists will be returned to power. The Asquith government is not expected to weather the storm. In saying this we are not trying to discredit the present administration. Their merits and demerits do not greatly concern us. Canada, however, must ever be keenly interested in the political movements in the Motherland and must always be considering in advance just what effect those movements will have upon Imperial relations.

If the Unionists return to power, it will be reasonably certain that the trade relations within the Empire will be readjusted. Now is the time for Canada to make up her mind whether she is willing to further extend the preference which she extends to British imports into this country. She must also consider whether she will extend that additional preference to all the Colonies who grant a preference on Canadian products. We should not wait until this question is right on top of us before we examine the possibilities of it. Imperial cohesion and co-operation have been growing in recent years. Indeed, the imperial feeling in trade and defence has developed in a remarkable manner. This is the time to consider, theoretically if you please, just how far Canada is prepared to go. Only careful consideration, given in advance, will prevent a stampede when the question is actually presented.

ONE of our correspondents, a prominent metal manufacturer, admits that he would prefer to see a larger trade in British goods and a smaller trade in American goods, but thinks the way to accomplish this is to increase the duty on United States manufactures. This is a reasonable ground, and the argument is well worthy of consideration.

Another correspondent, the head of one of our largest steel concerns, agrees with the general principle that Canada should do everything that lies in her power to increase British imports into Canada, but is not sure as to the effect upon Canadian industries.

Another manufacturer claims that the present preference has done little to increase the sale of British goods in Canada, though it has created an injurious competition in certain lines. Because the present preference has done so little to increase the sale of British goods in Canada he cannot see any reason why it should be increased. On the other hand, many people would argue that if the present preference has not greatly stimulated trade, it should be increased from time to time until the desired effect is produced.

Several correspondents fear that any further increase in the preference would effect the national revenues and hamper the finance minister.

Some of these letters will be published in a future issue. In the meantime the matter is pressed upon the attention of our readers.

In a few days it will be known just what attitude the United States government will assume in tariff matters, and the present uncertainty will be removed. If the United States decides

that Canadian exports to that country must pay the maximum duty, the situation will be one demanding serious consideration. It will be absolutely necessary to increase the duties on United States goods or to increase the British Preference. If the United States' action results in leaving matters as they are, the question of an increase in the British Preference will be considered entirely on its own merits.

MANITOBA has been having a discussion as to whether the receipts from land sales should be treated as capital or revenue. It may not be possible in all the provinces to treat money of this kind as capital, but it ought to be so under ideal conditions. Every province, like the Dominion, should have a capital account and a current revenue account. Receipts from land sales should go in the former. Expenditures on public buildings of a permanent character and for railways and roads might reasonably be charged to that account. It is a matter of book-keeping, but even book-keeping has its lessons. The greatest good derived would be the continual object lesson to the people—that land once sold is gone forever, so far as the government is concerned, and that the supply of land is limited. Fifty years from now the provinces will have little revenues from their public land and all provincial revenues must be raised by taxation. We who are living now might act differently if we could but hear the criticisms which will be made fifty years hence in regard to the careless manner in which public lands were denuded of valuable forest, or were sold outright for paltry prices. It seems to the writer that some provincial lands might profitably be leased for 49 and 99 years, much as building lots in the larger cities are leased. Then we would leave to posterity something more than a heritage consisting of a bonded indebtedness.

ALBERTA'S government finds itself in a rather precarious position. It made a contract with a company to build a railway from Edmonton to Fort McMurray, a distance by air-line of 230 miles. The company has a capital of \$50,000 and was known as the Alberta and Great Waterways Railway Company. Its head man is from Texas or some other Mississippi point, and is named Clark. These two features would make any ordinary man suspicious of it, just as everyone was in that frame of mind when the Dominion Government gave several million dollars to the Quebec Bridge Company with about the same capital stock. But, nevertheless, the Alberta Government guaranteed the bonds of the road at \$20,000 a mile. Moreover the guarantee covered 350 miles, the 120 extra being presumably for sidings and curves.

When the agreement was made public, the Hon. Mr. Cushing and several other Liberals refused to accept it and voted against it. In the Legislature which is supposed to have an Opposition as small as that in British Columbia or Nova Scotia, the vote stood 23 to 15. The ground taken by the dissenters was that the agreement was badly drawn, that the bonds were sold at too low a price, that the standard of the road would give the constructors a big profit, that there was no guarantee that any but the easy sections would be built, that the road might be built with 56-pound rails, old or new, and so on. Then again they contended that \$20,000 bonus per mile for sidings was quite too generous even in the West where people are accustomed to lavish generosity.

Perhaps the Government of Alberta is guilty of nothing worse than a piece of carelessness. We rather incline to this view. Still, they must bear the blame for that carelessness. That is a responsibility which no minister of the crown may avoid. They now propose to amend the bargain, with the consent of the company so as

to better safeguard the interests of the Province. Their promise to get an amended agreement has saved them temporarily. What will happen in the future depends largely on their success in implementing that promise. For the sake of Alberta's good name and for the sake of men like Messrs. Rutherford and Cross, who have done much good work on behalf of the baby province, it is to be hoped that the bargain can be amended so as to prevent serious loss.

**A** PLAY known as "Brewster's Millions" describes the difficulties which beset a man who had to spend a million dollars in twelve months, without actually giving away any portion of it. Those who went to the play returned home feeling that the spending of a million dollars a year was not quite such an easy task as our previous notions had prophesied. Now comes the news that a young man has undertaken to wisely spend TWELVE MILLION DOLLARS A YEAR. What a task is his!

That young man is Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., one of the incorporators of the Rockefeller Foundation which is to administer the wealth of Mr. Rockefeller, Sr. This wealth is estimated at three hundred million dollars, and invested at four per cent. it should yield twelve millions a year. This sum is to be spent for the following purpose: "To promote the well-being and to advance the civilisation of the peoples of the United States and its Territories and possessions and of foreign lands in the acquisition and dissemination of knowledge, in the prevention and relief of suffering, and in the promotion of any and all of the elements of human progress."

Here in real life, we have a comedy which, in the words of the street, has "Brewster's Millions" beaten forty ways. A man, shrewd, calculating, cunning, grasping, spends a lifetime amassing wealth. As he draws near the end of life, he finds that he has lived in vain, and that he has done more harm than good. In his agony he cries out, "What shall I do to be saved?" And the answer comes back, ringing down the centuries for two thousand years: "Go sell all that thou hast and give to the poor." So the old, wizen-faced, stoop-shouldered man of the world turns to his broad-shouldered son and asks him to undertake to expiate the sins of the father. Is it not ludicrous? Is it not a most striking commentary on human selfishness, human weakness and inhuman commercialism?

**S**OMETHING there must be that is radically wrong in the much vaunted western civilisation when such a spectacle is possible. Benjamin Kidd should revise his estimate. The richest men in America and Europe are devising means to dissipate their great fortunes, and at the same time thousands of men are sacrificing virtue, manhood, intellect and the lives of their fellowmen to attain large fortunes. Previous to this foundation, Mr. Rockefeller had given away one hundred and twenty millions. Mr. Andrew Carnegie has given away nearly as much; the exact figures do not matter. Mr. John S. Kennedy and Mrs. Russell Sage have distributed twenty-five million each. Lord Strathcona and Sir William C. Macdonald, two Canadian millionaires, have given away more than five millions each.

The only excuse for these tremendous aggregations of wealth is the splendour of the atonement. Yet, at best, this is but a partial excuse. It is neither a justification nor a palliation. These gifts may increase the diffusion of knowledge and assist the advancement of civilisation—but at what a price! Let us remember, nevertheless, that it is not the individuals who are to blame so much as the system.

## LAST WEEK IN PARLIAMENT

By OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

Ottawa, March 12th, 1910.

**T**HE division on the second reading of the Naval Bill took place just before midnight on Thursday and resulted in a majority of forty-one for the Government. There is a feeling that the Government is gradually gaining strength on this matter. At the first blush the idea of an immediate monetary grant to the Old Country seemed the more useful, the more loyal and the more patriotic course to adopt under the circumstances. Now the German scare has to a large extent blown over, it is more generally recognised that the strengthening of the various parts of the Empire best contributes to the stability of the whole.

The raising of the militia in this country has done much to increase patriotism in a way hardly realised at first even by the most blatant imperialists. The marching of the troops through the streets with their bands and gay uniforms and other military display have done much to arouse and increase an interest and respect for the flag, and it is felt that corresponding enthusiasm will be raised by having a naval fleet, however small, in home waters.

The scene in the House at the second reading was dull compared to its brilliant appearance on Wednesday night when divisions were taken on the amendment to the amendment and the amendment itself. The earlier division proved an ante-climax and circumstances added a touch of colour and a thrill of electricity which was quite lacking on Thursday evening. The wives of the ministers were holding a reception in the building and when the division bells rang the hundreds of ladies with their glad costumes thronged and filled the

galleries, giving a touch of colour which, added to the fact that members themselves were strung to the proper pitch of excitement, caused a scene which will be forgotten by few who had the privilege of being present. Patriotic songs and cheers were given with a force which roused the most lethargic onlooker. The most effective speeches during the week were those delivered by Mr. Emmerson and Mr. Clare. These gentlemen, although speaking from opposite sides of the House, singularly enough took up a neutral position based upon the same convictions, and equally singularly, these convictions drove them to vote on opposite sides. Mr. Clare began by a spirited eulogy on the progress and development of Germany, which was cheered to the echo by the Conservatives. It seems to be the fashion at the present time for the self-styled patriots to extol every country but their own. Mr. Emmerson and Mr. Clare both favoured the same policy, the devotion of the money to the construction of large docks and the general development of the country. They both think that the interests of the country would be best considered in this way, instead of entering upon a policy of battleships and war. "Especially," added Mr. Clare, "as many people come to this country in appreciation of its freedom from the military restrictions and burdens which they have experienced in their own country." Mr. Emmerson was particularly anxious to deny parentage of the phrase "Tin-pot navy," which has been so frequently used from the Conservative benches. Two other excellent speeches from opposite sides, both clever, well thought out and highly technical, were delivered by two notable lawyers, Mr. Honore Gervais and Mr. Northrup.

\* \* \*

Mr. W. F. Maclean voiced the coming sentiment of the people on Thursday evening. His speech was a good example of the short but effective utterance. Mr. Maclean holds a peculiar position in the House. Conservatives call him an Independent Liberal, Liberals call him an Independent Conservative, whilst he calls himself Independent without any appendage. He expressed himself strongly in favour of the Bill, which he said did not go far enough. No country, he declared, could grow unless she developed her sea power. He cited illustrations from Athens to Port Arthur and from Themistocles to Bismarck. He shattered the argument that the proposed Canadian navy would be of no practical utility by pointing out that the same objection was made to Japan's navy in its initial stages but that it had grown to its present enviable position in twelve years.

\* \* \*

Although the naval debate has consumed most of the time of the House during the week, lively breezes have sprung up over other matters. An attempt was made on Monday to block the Nelson River Railway Bill, several members of the opposition suddenly rising to a sense of their duties in protecting the interests of the community with regard to water-powers. The outcome is that, if necessary, legislation shall be forthcoming on the matter although the Minister of the Interior stated that the point raised is already covered. There have been mutterings and murmurs over the Lumsden Committee, foretelling of a storm which will probably break next week. The three Conservative members of the committee have absented themselves as a protest against not being allowed to name counsel for the public interests involved. Meanwhile the committee is proceeding without them.

I remember my friend, Mr. Spencer Leigh Hughes, M.P., wrote an amusing series of parliamentary tales. In one he speaks of a rural M. P. who was called over the coals by his constituents, who discovered that he was frequently absent from the debates in the House. In his despair he consulted an old parliamentary hand who undertook to run down and speak for him at the indignation meeting which had been called in order that the defaulting member might be censured. At that meeting things went very badly for the people's representative until his friend spoke. This ally pointed out that attendance at debates was nothing. Debates were only the glossy veneer covering the real work of the House. He told the voters that there were such things as committees and that there the real work of the House was done. Whilst they were imagining their member dissipating in the gay city of London he was really hewing wood and drawing water in committees, without which the whole fabric of Parliament would fall to the ground. He carried his audience and an enthusiastic vote of confidence was passed. Unfortunately some busy-body—the bane of every M. P.—obtained a record showing the attendance of members at committees. Their representative's name was conspicuous by its absence.

During the week I have been visiting some of the committees and find the speeches made there more eloquent, sensible and convincing than those made in the House. Members are not speaking for Hansard. There was a veritable pandemonium in Room 62 last Tuesday when the Hamilton, Guelph & Waterloo Railway Bill was being discussed. The point in dispute was whether the company should have to do local traffic within the boundaries of the city of Toronto. A vote being taken the privilege was granted upon the restriction that they must obtain the consent of the Railway Board, who must hear counsel for the city of Toronto. This is but one of the important committee meetings being held every day in the House concerning the work of which the outside public has little knowledge. It keeps members busy and gives them a moral sense of justice when they draw their salaries.

WYNNE GRANVILLE.

# MEN OF TO-DAY

**T**WO Canadian research men are presented on this page, both of whom have received recent honours in the British Association for the Advancement of Science; one being president of the physiological section, the other of the geological section. It will be remembered that the Association met last year in Winnipeg; although long enough before 1909 it was known that Canada could produce scientists worthy of rank with most of the best in Europe.

When a country progresses at the remarkable rate at which Canada is now forging ahead—materially—it is more often the man of applied science who challenges public attention. Twenty years ago Canada was well represented by two eminent scientists, one in Montreal, the other in Toronto. Dr. William Dawson was one of the most renowned geologists of his generation. Dr. Daniel Wilson, a few years his junior, was equally conspicuous in the domain of anthropology; one studied the rocks and the earth; the other the men who in a prehistoric age had made the earth a habitation.

The parallel is almost repeated in the case of Prof. A. P. Coleman and Prof. A. B. Macallum. Here we have the practical geologist and the equally practical physiologist. And while the geological methods of Dr. Coleman may differ in detail, being more modern and experimental than Dr. Dawson's, the investigations prosecuted by Dr. Macallum through the microscope are quite as characteristic of the twentieth century. For we are constantly assured by uneasy writers for the press that the microbe population of the civilised world is not only infinitely greater in number than the human population, but that it is also part of the manifest duty of civilisation to see that the Darwinian theory, "the survival of the fittest," is not left to the microbes to work out.

## THE MAN WITH THE MICROSCOPE

**L**ET us therefore turn to the man with the microscope who for two or three hundred days in the year presides over the physiological department in the University of Toronto. Prof. Macallum is a middle-aged man; tall and Scotch and unemotional; a circumspect, dispassionate investigator of microcosms and a vendor of dry Scotch humour to the students who in the few years allotted to them endeavour to see eye to eye with the Professor through a microscope—which is not always easy. Many a student has been baffled by his first glimpse of the infinitesimal world through the binoculars of Prof. Macallum. Those stacks of little speck-strewn glass slides on the Professor's table do not look convincing to the naked eye. But they are as complete a picture of the microscopic world as is Dante's Inferno of the nether and the modern telescope of the heavens above.

Now the modern railway office or the newspaper sanctum may be a lively place; but neither is more agog with the newest developments than is the cold chemical laboratory of Prof. Macallum, whose special line of investigation is the chemistry of the cell—not recommended to the inmates of the penitentiary. For every time a new disease or pestilence or some novel manifestation of an old one begins to agitate the public, the microscopes and the germ-cultures and the test-tubes of the Professor's laboratory are diligently engaged in the prosecution of research on the ultimate properties of the germs which act upon cellular organisms.

Professor Macallum has been a life-long student. He was born in 1859 in the township of Westminster, Ont. At the age of fifteen, when most country boys are struggling out of the Fourth Reader, he began to teach. For three years while a teacher he got up his matriculation work for the University of Toronto. In 1880 he graduated with first-class honours and a medal in Natural Science. Three years he taught in the Cornwall High School, after which he studied at Johns Hopkins University for a year; became a Fellow in biology in 1884, lecturer in physiology in 1887 and in 1891 professor. Meanwhile, however, he had graduated as Doctor of Philosophy in Johns Hopkins and Bachelor of Medicine in the University of Toronto. In 1906 Prof. Macallum was elected Fellow of the Royal Society of London and in the same year received his honorary L.L.D. at Aberdeen; following year Honorary Sc. D. from Yale and in 1908 the same from Trinity College, Dublin. On his chosen line of investigation Professor Macallum has contributed

many papers to British, German and American scientific societies.

## THE STUDENT OF ROCKS

**D**R. ARTHUR P. COLEMAN is not less of a precisian, but more of a humanitarian than his confrere of the microscope. His work has brought him more practically into contact with communities and with out-of-doors people. During the past twenty years when so much of Canadian progress is in the rocks, Dr. Coleman's investigations have been of almost invaluable interest. It was he who worked up and mapped the famous Sudbury nickel areas for the Ontario Bureau of Mines. He knows the rocks of northern Ontario better than any other living man—though prospectors often carry in their grips Miller's Handbook of Geology. No matter on what phase of Canadian geology you tackle Prof. Coleman, he is always genially discursive with illuminating opinions, based upon the most rigid investigation. It may be the glacial drifts that underlie Toronto, the prehistoric formations in the rocky regions of Elora; or it may be the mute story of a boulder lying loose along the highway and kicked aside by the wayfarer, but a compend of fascinating and romantic information to this good-hearted, entertaining Professor. He is a many-sided man. Sitting at his table you would call him the beau ideal of a Professor; a man of books and of courtly, classic style; occasionally addicted to his Latin, eternally interested in books and literary studies; a man of rare cultivation and discernment. But you will learn also that he is keenly interested in art, being himself an amateur painter of good quality whose pictures have been hung in the gallery of the Ontario Society of Artists; and he is scarcely less fond of good music.

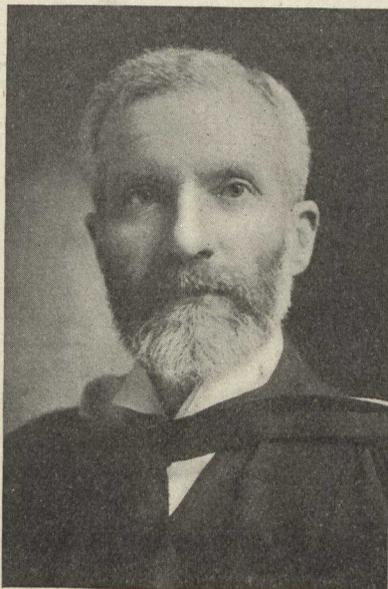
But it is the out-of-doors quality in Dr. Coleman that is the most interesting; because when he begins to talk about the rocks he has seen and tramped and studied you find that, beginning with the innocent boulder on the country road, he has followed its story clear up to the peaks of the Rockies. Few men in Canada have done as much mountain-climbing as Dr. Coleman. He has been many a snowy summer on the glaciers of the Brazeau and the drifts southward; beyond the headwaters of the Saskatchewan to the snowbound ice-fields where they begin; with his brother, a rancher in the foothills, again and again pushing up among the cathedral peaks of the northern slope of the Rockies—clear up the fabulous height of Mount Robson, which he and his brother with packs of ponies and an outfit for three months, twice explored in the summers of 1907 and 1908. This at an age when most men of nearly sixty would have as soon dreamed of climbing inaccessible mountains sheeted with snow and blinded with storms as of flying to Mars.

Dr. Coleman has the earnest, intense desire of the devotee, coupled with the orderly methods of the dispassionate investigator. He was born in Lachute, P.Q., in 1852; graduated from Victoria University in 1876; made a Ph.D. from Breslau University in Germany in 1881; next year Professor of Geology in Victoria. In 1891 he was appointed to the same position in the School of Science and the University of Toronto and two years later became geologist to the Ontario Bureau of Mines. He was vice-president of the Geological Society some years ago and was awarded the Murchison Medal by the Geological Society of London this year.

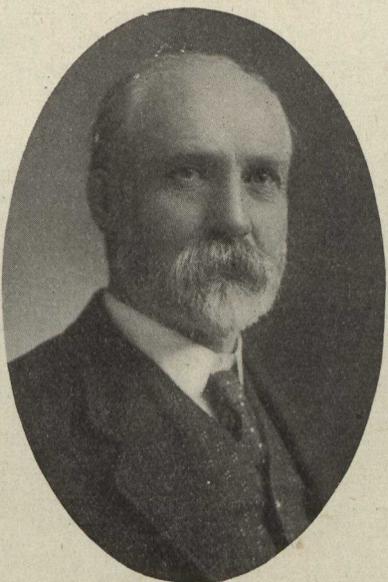
## A FARMERS' FRIEND

**S**OME of the agricultural interests of Canada are to be entrusted to a new organisation termed the Canadian Council of Agriculture. The first president of this new body is D. W. McQuaig of Portage la Prairie, Manitoba, who has for some years been president of the Manitoba Grain Growers' Association. In that capacity he has been a prominent figure before the farmers and legislators in view of the bitter fight which that body is waging against the elevator companies of the prairie provinces.

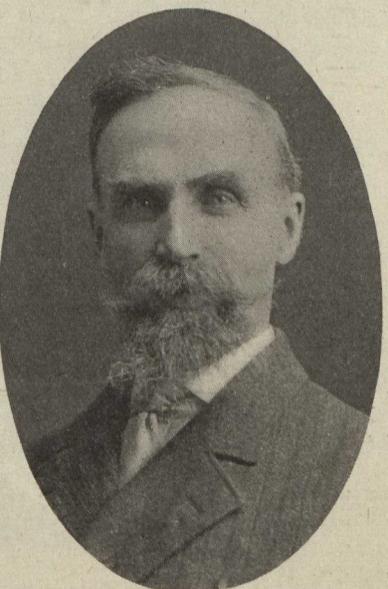
Mr. McQuaig is a native of Glengarry but he has resided in Manitoba since 1877. When he left Lancaster, Glengarry, thirty-three years ago, a journey to Manitoba took as many weeks as it now takes days. Anyway by means of the Grand Trunk Railway to Collingwood, then to Duluth, thence by train to Fisher's Landing on the Red River, and from there by boat to Winnipeg, Mr. McQuaig set foot upon the Portage Plains on or about May 29th, 1877. He was one of the first to file a homestead in this fertile region and since the time he began to plough the prairie with an ox-team, the West has heard from him on matters relating to the farmer. For years he has been a director of mutual hail insurance companies and is president of the Manitoba Grain Growers' Association.



Prof. A. B. Macallum; Chairman Bacteriological Section, British Association, 1910.



Prof. A. P. Coleman; recently selected to become a Fellow of the Royal Society.



Mr. D. W. McQuaig; President Canadian Council of Agriculture.

## THROUGH A MONOCLE

### THE MAN FROM MOROCCO

**S**ITTING in the hotel writing-room at Tangier, I fell into conversation with an English newspaper man who had been for two years back in Morocco. He made a journey to Fez on horseback with a small party of natives and an interpreter at the very time when the Roghi was alive and besieging the present Sultan in his capital. In fact, he was shot at by the rebels on one occasion, and was only permitted to ride through a district controlled by a band of outlaws on condition that he would not draw rein until he had passed it. In Fez, the only way he could live was by renting a house from a local land agent—a fine villa in a garden which he got for some extraordinarily low figure—where he lived in the house with his interpreter while his men camped in the garden. Of course, he got to know all the chief characters in that exciting drama which so nearly plunged Europe into war, and fairly regards himself as an authority on the Moroccan question.

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**T**HE Moroccan question, he says, is simply a matter of money.

The Moorish government owes a lot of money; and the question is, how shall the Moorish people be made to pay at least the interest on it? That, by the way, is a simple formula for many a great international "question," which we usually state in more intricate terms. Incidentally, this Englishman has come to have a great admiration for the Moor. In many ways, he has been sinned against grievously. For example, the late Sultan, who got into trouble for his love of European ways, showed that love by buying many European things. He wanted a bicycle, for instance, at which the truly Christian adviser or agent who undertook to satisfy this want told him that bicycles were only sold by the dozen—or possibly by the gross—when the innocent Sultan gave this wholesale order. Phonographs he ordered by the gross for the same reason—though he only wanted one—and the result is that nearly every house in Fez now possesses one. The natives enjoy them immensely; and my friend said that when he had callers in Fez in the absence of his interpreter, all he had to do was to pass out a handful of cigarettes and turn on his phonograph and everybody was contented for an unlimited time.

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**E**XCEPT in times of civil war, he says that foreigners are as safe in Morocco as elsewhere. The system of government is very simple but very effective for police purposes. Each tribe is held responsible for good order in the district it controls; and when anyone is robbed in that district—if he be an outsider—the Sultan simply levies on the whole tribe for the amount lost. He does not bother his head about the individual offenders. He leaves them for the tribe to discover and deal with; and you may be very certain that they find out who is to blame when they all have to pay a share of the indemnity for the stolen goods of which they have probably not had a sight. The city of Fez is divided into wards on the same principle, and the head men in each ward are responsible to the central government for all that goes on within their precincts. After nightfall, the gates between the different wards are closed, and no one can go from one to the other without a special permit. Thus if you are robbed at night, it must be by some one in your own ward. Just what satisfaction there is in this, I do not know; but possibly in Fez neighbours do not rob each other.

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**I**N Tangier, it was the commonest sight to see a man, from the interior stalking down the main street with one of those tremendously long rifles in his hand which we usually find only in museums. Sometimes they are beautifully inlaid with ivory and silver, and the butt is frequently a marvel of fine carving. Now they do not carry these rifles for ornament. In certain parts of the interior, the husbandmen carry them with them even in the fields. My friend and his little party were compelled by the approach of the Roghi's men to leave the main road at one time and take to the hills. The inhabitants were just getting in their harvest; and there they were on their hill-tops literally with their sickles in one hand and their rifles in the other. Some of them immediately rushed down to the invading column, and told them that they simply must turn back. They relented somewhat, however, when they heard of the danger from the Roghi; but after they had permitted the strangers to ride on, the people on the hill-tops who had not heard the bargain, opened fire on them and wounded one of the horses so badly that they had to kill him. This all took place, of course, out of the sphere of the

Sultan's influence and among tribes accustomed to levy tribute on travellers.

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**M**OROCCO is a very rich country. When its trade is properly organised, it will pour a great deal of wealth into the nation which controls it. It looks to-day as if that nation would be France. Morocco may also bring great military strength to the country with which it is allied. The Moors are fine fighters; and when properly armed and trained, will make a most valuable addition to any army. France is to-day thinking of increasing the Algerian section of her army; and, if she can get a Moorish section, too, her African legions may count effectively in the scales of European military rivalry. Some parts of Morocco will be Spanish, but Spain is not likely to go in for much military adventure. My friend told me that he had the hardest possible task getting English business houses to realise the possibilities in Morocco and to reach out for trade ready for their plucking. German houses were much more enterprising, and he instanced more than one opportunity which had been rejected in London and picked up in Hamburg or Berlin.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

### Statesmen—Father and Son

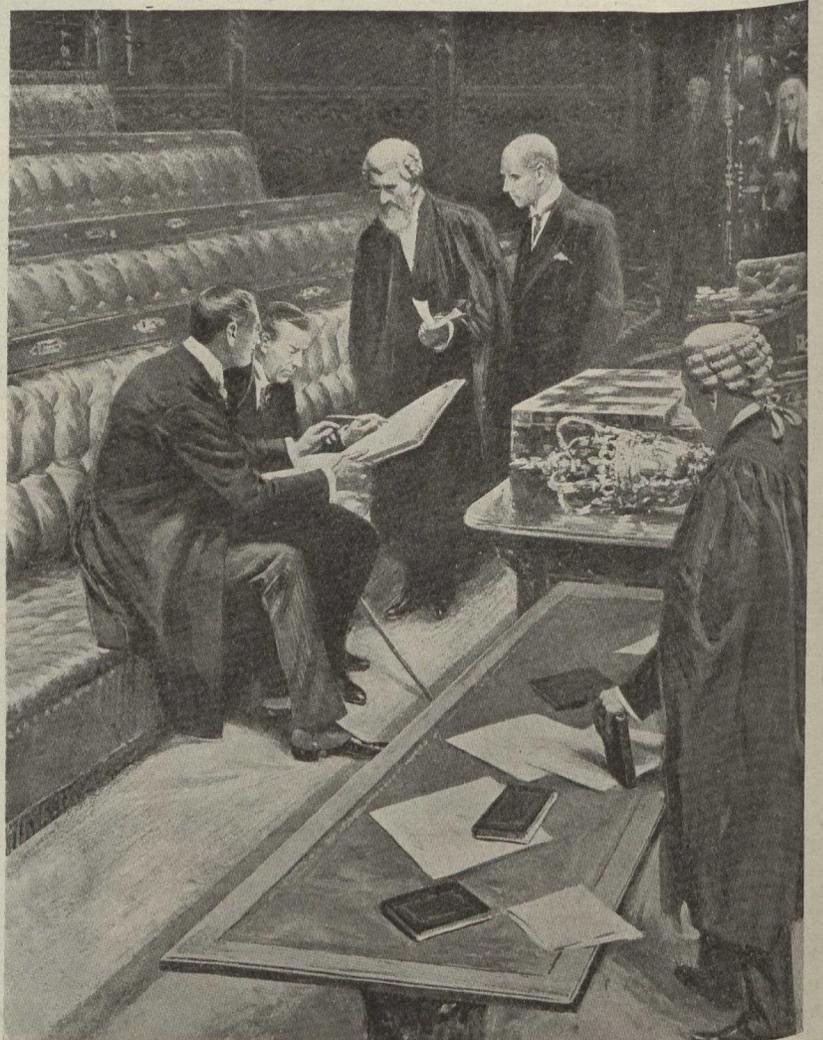
**I**T is not generally known that the first name of Mr. Austen Chamberlain is really Joseph. The good fellowship between father and son is well shown by an incident which occurred shortly after Mr. Chamberlain first moved to his Highbury residence. The estate was rather bare of trees, and Mr. Chamberlain sought to remedy the defect by planting a number of saplings in various parts of the grounds. Month by month he watched them grow and his heart filled with pride. This pride was slightly humbled one evening, however, when "Master Austen," having been scouring the surrounding country, arrived late for dinner.

"Where have you been?" inquired paterfamilias, fixing the well-known monocle, "and why are you late?"

"Well," replied Master Austen, without the suspicion of a smile on his countenance, "I have been out for a constitutional, but I would have been here hours ago if I had not lost myself in those woods of yours."

Mr. Austen Chamberlain was one of the most popular postmaster-generals England has ever had. An incident of his career at St. Martin's-le-Grand was his astonishing appearance one day in the refreshment room of his employees, where he lunched just as any other postal official might.

### A STATESMAN AND A SIGNATURE



HON. JOS. CHAMBERLAIN SIGNING THE ROLL

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's entry into the House of Commons was as unexpected as it was welcome. The Member for West Birmingham came into the House from behind the Speaker's chair, leaning on the arm of Mr. Austen Chamberlain and accompanied by Lord Morpeth. While Sir Courtenay Ilbert read the oath, Mr. Austen Chamberlain wrote his father's name in the roll of Parliament. Then the pen was placed in Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's left hand, and he touched the signature, thus attesting its validity and "signing" the roll. The incident was responsible for many sympathetic remarks, for the chief champion of Tariff Reform has not been in the House since July, 1906. The taking of the oath by Members of both Houses is, of course, an essential formality, and there are various pains and penalties for those who neglect to take it.—*Illustrated London News*.

# NEW TENDENCY IN CANADIAN ART

Observed in The Ontario Society of Artists' Exhibition for 1910

By SERANUS

SINCE a very considerable section of the Canadian people are interested at the present time in pictures, the thirty-eighth exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists being open in the new Carnegie Library, College Street, Toronto, one may be pardoned for indulging in a little retrospect in art matters. On the opening night the scene was truly brilliant. The extraordinarily old-world and old-time character of the ladies' dresses, many of which suggested the play of "Van-ity Fair" as presented by Mrs. Fiske, with scarves falling from bare shoulders, with aigrettes and feathers in turban heads of thick plaited hair, with swinging ear-rings, with short, diaphanous skirts or long, clinging, high-waisted ones, proffered the strongest contrast imaginable to the works upon the wall.

These were about as modern as could be. The great spaces of Canadian sky and water, the snowy, rutted roads through New Ontario, were flanked by splendid and daring attempts at story pictures from Palestine and the Orient. Years ago we used to go to see an assortment of Canadian "views" and very good some of these were. Occasionally a dash of breadth was contributed by a marine or two, and the first glimpse of the Rockies. Now, one is confronted by fine character studies. There are at least three or four pictures of the old but ever new subject, the Mother and Child. In the dusk, in the firelight, at the waiting room of a station, in the homely crib or by the luxurious family hearth, the Mother and Child are beautifully and sympathetically drawn. Some day a Canadian artist may create a Madonna and her Babe which will rival Raphael's, because most of the Italian Madonnas are, as everyone knows, studies of Italian peasant life although the feeling of the pictures may be entirely scriptural. The Montreal men sent some striking canvases. The rich and true turquoise of the St. Malo seas moved one to intense enthusiasm, for although the shores of Lake Simcoe yield as pure a colour the historic interest is not quite equal to that of "A Saint Malo, beau port de mer!"

A portrait by Dyonnet was extremely successful, not only on account of its technical quality and finish but from the strong original bent of the subject. The rather inscrutable gaze of the black eyes, the cut of the beard, the position of the hands—all is admirable. Into the psychic perplexities of the story underlying "The Slave" one would like to have time to explore. There is an attractive mixture here of the decorative and the human which makes for a strong work of art. The expression of the executioner, or whatever he is called, and the fair form of the captive on the floor supply the "story" part and one is set thinking. Contrasted to this, take C. M. Manly's noble autumn landscape of golden and russet oak trees. The dignity and beauty of this spacious canvas, framed in plain flat green, must be seen to be thoroughly appreciated.

However, mere size is not the criterion in a canvas, even if collectors do sometimes buy pictures by the square yard.



THE RIDEAU VALLEY.—MARY E. WRINCH.



THE COUREUR-DU-BOIS, BY A. SUZOR-COTE, R.C.A.



EVENING IN A NEW BRUNSWICK HARBOUR—GRAND MANAN. BY R. F. GAGEN, A.R.C.A.

The size of the reproductions in the official catalogue for this year's exhibition is misleading. Mr. Manly's fine and majestic study of autumnal contour and colours being represented by a cut three by one-and-a-half inches. Mr. Manly has painted in recent years two of the best landscapes ever produced in Canada, "Exit, Lord Sun," and "Evening on the Conestogo," to which must now be added "To Golden Autumn Turned." This picture is for sale at the very modest valuation of five hundred dollars.

If fewer women's names are noticed on the catalogue than in former years, those who exhibit show much strength and insight. Miss Florence Carlyle has four good pictures. She is impressionistic without being muddled. Her flecks of sunlight, green leaves and dancing shadows are palpable but convincing. Her work satisfies. Mrs. Reid shows delightful monotonous of twilight and nightfall effects, which, if not poignant and eye-seizing, are eminently sug-

gestive of human interests. Mr. Jeffery's "Linemen of New Ontario" stood out in its blue and yellow as a Picture Poster of imposing effect and much significance. The Isle of Wight and Dordrecht, the Fraser River, some bits of England and the Maritime Provinces, show that great variety of *locale* is present in this exhibition and constitutes one very good sign of progress. The days of the old-fashioned "views" of Canadian scenery are over. Early painters paved the way. They did their best and many of them have left us beautiful things to look at, but their successors are doing still better work. The modern outlook is broader. The Canadian artist of today need not of necessity travel more than the men of the '70s and '80s, but the chances are that he will do so. He need not go outside of his own country for material, but if he does, he will have courage and intuition developed in him to depict the new material.

## SOME OBSERVATIONS

BY A NON-CRITIC.

A PAINTING is different from politics. There are only two sides to politics. There was a time in Canadian art when there was but one opinion about pictures. It may be in-

consistency in a painter to change his style. He may be foolish to stick to one line of subject till he has worn it threadbare. At the same time—a man sometimes does a big thing in a half-awkward way without knowing why, and the thing persists; in after years men shrug and say, "Well, if So-and-So had only stuck to that vein he would be up with the big ones now."

Now the O. S. A. is just the sort of aggregation in which to observe this subtle *chiaroscuro* of transition. The men who have kept pace with the general progress of paint have been under influence, within and without, from a wider range of subjects, more travel in their own country, a more definite idea of "nationalism" in art, an increasing perception of the difference between themselves and other men, recognition of bigger things in younger men, of cruder things also; hence specialisation.

Perhaps there has never been a show of pictures in Canada which presented quite the diversity of type and style and subject as this exhibition. That of the Royal Canadian Academy while on a possibly higher level of general merit, is necessarily rather restricted in range by its traditions. The exhibitions of the Canadian Art Club, conceded by the most critical to be more distinctive and selective in type and treatment than that of any other art body in the country, is still the work of a coterie of men who from the sheer lack of numbers could not hope to present so wide a diversity of points about pictures. To each body its own *genre* of excellence and sphere of influence—else why the distinction? There is more than room for all. To the O. S. A. by all means let us concede the broad field of differentiation represented by a large number of promising and vitalising talents entering the profession by the wide-open but somewhat narrowing door.

Suppose that in ten years we have another peaceful and friendly secession—what will it be but progress, which we shall probably get no other way?



THE DRINKING PLACE—HARRY BRITTON.

# Inspection of Canadian Banks

By A SHAREHOLDER

THE instructive and able paper of Mr. Z. A. Lash in your issue of March 5th is a valuable and timely contribution on a subject which at the present period of the revision and renewal of the Banking Act of Canada is much occupying the thoughts of the business community, whether interested as parliamentarians, shareholders, or in general enterprises.

The ramifications of the branch system of the Canadian banks, the relations of these outside spheres of financial energy to the central authority of the head office, much similar to that of corps and divisions of armies in the field to the general staff at headquarters, is most clearly and succinctly related. The difficulty, if not the almost impracticability of an additional governmental audit of each, and all, of the outer spheres is ably set out, and the efficacy of the bank's own travelling inspectors should their work be properly done is admirably demonstrated.

The argument as to the inspection of the outer field is stated so convincingly that the self interest of the general managers, and of the proprietors might appear to be a sufficient guardianship.

There are, however, other points of inspection which might be touched on.

The collapse of banks has not been caused, in the main, by the failures in the individual branches, but by the errors in the head office; in the centre and not at the extremities; in the wholesale and not in the retail dealings with the bank funds. It is here that unbiased inspection is advisable.

The suggestion is made, in the paper, that a remedy might be found by making a change "which would place the management on a safe and proper basis." But how can this remedy be applied? Not by the shareholders who at present have to be satisfied with such information of the condition of their property as the management may choose to give them. Directors, experience has proved, may be either parties to the concealment, or not be sufficiently alert to ascertain the true conditions. In either case the shareholders, by the annual reports, and the community, by the sworn statements to the government, are kept in ignorance of the real facts. An impartial and government inspection of the head office would be a reasonable safeguard and an additional security.

When bank collapses have disclosed themselves it has been proved that by two or three days of independent special auditors in the head office the whole real and inside condition of the bank has been at once disclosed. Such an audit is then not only possible, but is effective, and the possibility of such a one being made, at occasional intervals, would be a deterrent preventing undue risks and effecting a remedy before matters have gone too far.

Better to have the doctor feel the pulse, before the patient is at the point of death.

But by whom is such an inspection to be done? It is suggested by Mr. Lash, that this should be made by "the government and the banks themselves acting through the Canadian Bankers' Association." Let us consider this.

A bank is a fiduciary undertaking which is carried on confidentially, first, as to the individual business of its customers; second, as to the bank's own sources of trade.

It is a competitive business in which its current conduct must be preserved, both as to its customers, and to itself from the intrusive scrutiny of its banking competitors. It cannot open its books to a competing bank. The very fact that under the Banking Act the powers of investigation by "the Bankers' Association" do not come into play until after a bank has failed, and is to be wound up, show that intrusion into the current business of an active bank is not approved of by the bankers themselves.

Inspection carried on under the auspices of the other banks through the Canadian Bankers' Association might be provocative of discord, an interference with the private concerns of the customers, and, by laying them open to their older and larger competitors, be an injustice to the younger banks who are endeavouring to add to the facilities of the business of the community. Expansion in banking facilities would be throttled at its birth.

Banking inspection for the protection of the general public can only be done by independent and judicial government audit.

Apart from this inspection and verification of the general business conditions of head offices of banks by outside enquiry, there are some potent incidents which call for immediate and independent government action.

The right of the issue of currency for use by the general public is one of the valuable privileges

and sources of profit of Canadian banks. The stability of trade depends upon the unquestioned value of the bank notes in the hands of the public. This privilege is granted to the banks under the Banking Act, and security for the notes is provided, first, by the undertaking of the government to redeem the currency of a failed bank out of the accumulations of the Bank Note Redemption Fund in its hands, to which the existing banks make an annual contribution, each in proportion to its note circulation; second, in the event of a deficiency in this fund to meet the notes outstanding, by an assessment upon the remaining solvent banks to make up such deficiency.

The currency notes of Canadian banks are thus as good as gold. Each bank endorses the notes of its fellow banks, and is in its proportion, responsible for their face. By the Banking Act of Canada a bank may issue as many dollars of currency as the dollars of capital stock which have been subscribed and fully paid into its funds. The existence of so much fully paid-up stock conveys the right to issue an equal amount of currency notes, but no more, and penalties are provided should any over-issue take place.

To the Bankers' Association has been committed the issue of currency notes to the chartered banks, and they have issued them to each as asked for,

so that by this central agency, provision has been made for the original issue and also to watch against any over-issue. If this scrutiny of the over-issue is of importance, how much more so is the scrutiny of the actual paying up of the bank's stock which is the basis upon which the currency within the prescribed limit is permitted. Yet strangely enough there has never been any, and the very source of this right of issue has been left uninspected. The developments of two recent bank failures have shown that their bank stocks were actually not paid up, yet currency to the full extent was issued. In the one case it has been reported that a large portion of the bank stock was subscribed and paid for out of the bank's own money. In both cases it is stated that directors gave their own notes for the unpaid stock, which were then discounted out of the funds of the banks themselves.

Not one dollar of new or outside money was paid into the banks for these portions of the stock upon which currency was authorized to be issued to the public, yet "the management" of presidents, directors, and managers, in their reports to the government, and in the annual reports to their shareholders stated these bank stocks to be "fully paid up."

Whatever differences of opinion there may be upon the methods adopted for independent inspection, it is certainly incumbent upon the government, who are primarily liable for the currency issued, to prove by government inspection that the bank stock on which currency is issued has been actually and fully paid up, and is not merely an empty shell. In this direction an immediate remedy can be applied.

## The Church and Politics

By REV. G. H. READE

THE Church, interpreting as it should the best interests of the community, must of necessity array its forces on the side of that upward path of progress which tends to create a higher standard of good for the benefit of the community at large. As a whole the Church in England strives and strives nobly for that ideal, and though there be detractors who affirm that the forces of the Church are stationary and not progressive, an examination of such deterrent criticism reveals the magnitude of their error. It is somewhat disconcerting, therefore, to find in Canada a considerable section of Canadians endorsing this adverse statement of the Church's influence for progress in the Mother Country.

For, in the first place, the complex organisations of the political parties, who of course create and uncreate the laws of the land, are a matter of much moment to the responsible authorities of the Church; so much so, in truth, that it is well-nigh impossible for any leading authority of Church government to take too one-sided a view or to become too ardent a partisan of the objects of reform which constitute the political platforms of the great parties who strive to rule the Empire. There can be no doubt much that is beneficent is contained in the proposed legislation each party advances, yet, the Church in its earnest seeking for national good has to weigh the "pros" and "cons" of every measure, judged not from a sectarian, not from a socialistic, but, indubitably, from a national standpoint. The constitutional form of government has to be taken as it exists to-day, not from a fancied or chimerical illusion of what it may be to-morrow, and, therefore, the standard of progress, perforce, must be gradual, development measured justly and carefully, and the final evolution of national righteousness allowed to work out its own salvation by steady and consistent ideals of good permeating all measures. And, assuredly, it is not by hurried and ill-advised legislation, legislation which seeks only to gain a certain goal, however good, by leaping over the many essential stepping stones, whereon that goal should have been surely, if slowly, founded, can true and ultimate good result to the nation.

Examine one or two cases in particular.

It is impossible for the Church to follow blindly the ultra-socialistic tendencies of the Labour Party. Why? Because the true ideals of Socialism are legislatively to-day in a constructive stage. The Socialist in England tries to build his fabric of legislation too fast, and the Church in its wisdom realises the truth of the parable which asserts that a nation of men which builds too hurriedly or without matured judgment, builds on a foundation uncertain and insecure. And this, with no wish or aim to decry any of the honest efforts made by Socialists to help their fellow men.

Then there is the political creed of the ex-

tremists of all parties. The Church dare not follow them in their vagaries, be they Tory, Radical, or Nationalist. Great moral reforms are introduced by each in turn, but the tendency of such reforms is, as a rule, towards narrow sectarian prejudices, or systems advantageous to one section of the community and not the whole, or founded purely on the peculiar and particular views of the political party which introduces them. How can the Church take any definite side?

Examine the Licensing Bill. The Church represented by its Bishops pleaded hard for a modified form of legislation without openly taking the part of either political party and the honest man must admit in criticism their attitude was on behalf of the general good of the nation as a whole, for those who sinned and those who were sinned against by the evil of the existing drink traffic.

Examine the Education Bill. The Church again struggled for a pacific solution, willing and ready to forego much to insure that end. But no, the sectarian forces of the Government would not give way, and the measure had to fall to the ground.

But turn to the positive side of the landscape of the Church's influence and what is found?

The dignity of the Sabbath is upheld in dear old England, while yet the great nations of Europe and others, who are set forth as the paragons of progress, have not so ordered the rest of that holy day.

The untiring efforts of the Church, individually and corporately, to effect the religious education of young England, without which moral progress in the future is incomprehensible, can only be gauged by the immense sacrifices of its members during the past forty years.

The aged and the sick are championed, the wife and the beggar are helped; is it a religious or a civil force that so acts? How hardly indeed have governments been prevailed upon to do the minimum of these their bounden duties?

The bonds of science and the fellowship of higher education are one with their Church in efforts of progress, and the Church is one with them.

Still too does the Church protect the sanctity of the marriage laws, still does she wage her warfare against intemperance and impurity independent of any political aid.

Is the larger spirit of tolerance and charity the outcome of legislation? A thousand times no. It is the direct result of a better understanding of the message the Church professes to carry and the teachings of that message.

Then is not the Church progressive?

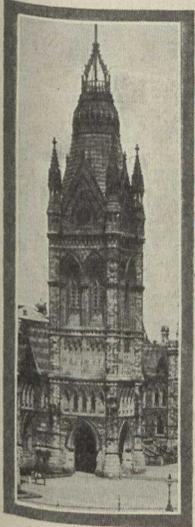
Unquestionably. She is not a political body though her enemies so often assert it; she is not moulded to the forms and fashions of years gone by; she has rather learned and is learning to adapt herself to the lessons gained from humanity.

# THE CONTRASTS OF PARLIAMENT HILL



*A Moving Picture of National Life in Three Phases:—Scenery, Statesmen and "Scoundrels."*

**A** YOUNG man now in Canadian public life but not in Parliament—to which, however, he had ambitions—was one day paddling down the Ottawa River towards the Houses of Parliament. Miles up the river he and his companions had been getting glimpses of that noble pile of buildings which dominates the Ottawa quite as well as the British Parliament does the river Thames — with infinitely greater beauty of landscape. By nature something of a prose poet with the instincts of a statesman, this young man suddenly stopped paddling as round a bend he caught sight of the towers and domes of Parliament Hill in a clean, lordly sweep. Being impulsive and patriotic he said to his companions:



"Boys, it's beautiful! Those buildings were the expression of a creative epoch and a poetic impulse in the people of Canada."

So far as the scene is concerned he spoke with authority.

No scene in Canada better challenges admiration than the part of the great pine-land valley marked by Ottawa in the foreground and backgrounded by the dim Laurentian hills.

It was winter when I first saw the Capital and there is no winter landscape with a greater charm whether on the Saskatchewan, the Bow or the St. Lawrence. The light is that of diamonds. The air has a nip that stirs the blood. At its best it is the climate of northern Alberta—minus the chinooks. At its worst it seldom becomes slushy like normal Toronto. It is the north; and you know it. You would not be surprised to see a team of dogs go racing down the street with a toboggan and a red-sashed "musher" behind. You may observe characters almost as unusual and quite as borean; for it is the city of the coonskin coat and the lumberjack. Here come river-drivers for a touch of metropolitan life even as their ancestors used to in the days when Bytown was a village in the woods. Pack-trailers and prospectors and outlanders many; fur-coated women and red sleighs robed with musk-ox; jumpers loaded with cordwood and sleighloads of hay that come blundering down the main street and down Wellington Street in front of the Parliament Buildings; it is all snap and go. Ottawa is no place for a loafer. It is one of the smartest cities in America; also one of the crudest. Once it was a huge lumberyard and a rendezvous of river-men. Most of the lumberyard has been relegated to Hull, across the river, leaving only the remnants in the Capital, which years now to have done with the wooden age and to substitute the age of electricity.

But that is a mere incident. Nature may have intended Ottawa for a borean Pittsburg, as some hope it will become, because they think that at

By **AUGUSTUS BRIDLE**

present Parliament overtops the city. Nature primarily intended Ottawa to be a place of beauty and in spite of man she has succeeded very well in doing it. Those pioneers who took a hand in the design did a good deal, however, to spoil the picture. The most obvious feature is that the main street is either too close to the Parliament or else that the Parliament grounds should have been extended clear down to Sparks Street, leaving one side of the street open of walls for half a mile; so that the visitor might walk up street among the people and at the same time see what gives the real scenic and architectural character to the place.

Otherwise the parliamentary environs are perfect—except for the sheer absence of trees from the grounds. Seen from the city street the towers are imposing without being possessed of absolute grandeur. By night they are much more admirable; thanks to the long sweeping arcs of mellow lights that curve in tiers from the hill down to the street and give a mellow aspect to the buildings which is lacking in the hard light of day.

But the river, not the town, is the real doorway of Parliament. The building seen from the river or the river scanned from the hill is equally fascinating. Here is the valley at your feet; sheer down a copse-wood bank spangled with birches and hardwoods and little pines to the frozen river. Here the dome of the Library bulks up crisp and jangling with keen light seen for many a mile up and down the Ottawa; behind that again the centre tower rising higher with its flap of flag when the House sits and its coronal of electric lights that go out when the House adjourns and are visible over the entire city.

## Music, Poetry and Painting.

Listen to the Chaudiere; a mile or so below the hill; the music of the water that made the Indians think poetry. It's all there as it was centuries ago; the same Chaudiere that now has been computed into horsepower and will some day be harnessed and hitched to drive the wheels of what some call the coming Pittsburg of the north. Perhaps so. But the droon of the Chaudiere is at present the finest music in Ottawa. It is the tuneless melody of a beautiful land. Never mind the steam-clouds and the saw-screches of Hull. They are but an episode. Chaudiere is the voice—of the real splendid Ottawa which to the unbiased mind is the meeting-place of the tribes, of the chiefs of the white men, as once it was the gathering place of the tribes that pitched wigwams. And you reflect that the Queen of England was well advised when she placed her finger on the map and said, "Let this be the Capital of Canada." No painter could have chosen it better.

Ottawa as Parliament Hill is frozen music, and poetry, and painting, and whatsoever else in art you have a mind to call it; and when Sir Wilfrid Laurier called it the future "Washington du Nord" he was not merely sentimentalising as was the young man in the canoe, for he has been in the real things of Parliament Hill more vitally than any

other man in Ottawa; but he has the patriot's pride in the glory of the place.

The man who designed the Canadian House of Commons had a sense of dignity and proportion. The House looks as noble within as the buildings seen from the river do without. It runs with its length at right angles to the entrance, lying east of the main tower as the Senate chamber, a perfect duplicate as an architect's drawing but in everything else dissimilar, lies to the west. It is an axiom in science that things are known by the light which they reflect. In the House of Commons rather singularly the observer is impressed—first of all with the light itself. Fresh from the dazzling brilliance of the white winter street, the eye is benignly rested by a soft mellow lustre that pervades all parts of the chamber equally and has the character of high-toned moonlight. Were it not so comfortable one might think it supernatural; and although in Ottawa it is not the fashion to look upon high for all things, the eye involuntarily wanders to see whence comes the light, and discovers that it is not daylight but a diffusion from a series of burners skilfully concealed behind an immense field of thick glass panels, an oblong of sixty luminous squares each massively framed in carvings of walnut beams. Years ago there were huge chandeliers that obstructed the view. Now there is a clear sweep to behold the marble facings of the pillars, the gothic arches and the ecclesiastical stained-glass of the windows—all of which are conducive to the profoundest of meditations and sometimes serve a useful purpose in diverting the mind when the talk below becomes dry and dreary—as it surely does even in that lively and interesting aggregation of political personages known as the Canadian House of Commons. We shall probably never have more dignity in our national life than is unconsciously embodied in the design of our Parliamentary interior.

As a mere matter of history—which has a habit of dignifying by elimination of details—we have had a good deal of high character in Parliament. The man who has never been at Parliament and who has read House reports only when orations have made the programme carries with him that sense of fine regard for the assemblage of a young nation; and it is well that this should be so. The average constituent, having helped to elect a promising candidate, thinks that Parliament is a composite of brainy, important men who are engaged in the business of statesmanship for six months of the year; even though he has to look through the tedious pages of Hansard, franked to his postoffice address by the member, to see just what the member has been doing.

## The Land and the Men.

And if that same average elector were to sit in the gallery and look down upon the House in session he would not be profoundly disappointed. As a mere picture the House is a remarkable representation. If you are not a political student or a party worker you will incline to forget the machinery that elects these two hundred and twenty men. You will see in the House of Commons the humanised focus

of a vast, interesting land whose mere geography is just beginning to be obvious. The schoolboy who has headached over the rivers and the coast waters and the mountain ranges of Canada might be taught a very lively lesson in Canadian geography if he could sit in the gallery of the House with his teacher and see the men that Canada sends from the furthestmost boundaries to discuss matters of government.

Perhaps the United States Congress is a spectacle more heterogeneous, from a large number of small states. But the House of Commons is quite as interesting a collection; not perhaps as types, of which we have fewer than the United States; most obviously engaging because first of all it is the most remarkable bi-lingual parliament in the world. Immediately you single out the Premier as the most distinctive man in the House and also as the most consummate master of French and English in any Parliament. Leaving out of count his Ministers for the present you look for the French members, most of whom are on his side of the House; the unmistakable atmosphere of the parish and the *habitant*, the priest and the river-front farm, the bush-runner and the town lawyer—happily focussed in these two score or so of men who are the solidest single interest in the House, the most seldom heard in debate and often the most eloquent when they are.

But if the members of the House spoke half the languages of Europe they would be scarcely more cosmopolitan than they are; gathered from mountain and prairie, from mining camp and lumber woods; from the cultivated township and the fur post; the Ontario manufacturing town and the fishing village down on the Atlantic; from the Yukon and from Cariboo; from the Bay of Fundy and the Gut of Canso; the commercial metropolis and the hamlet. There are men in that House who deal with millions of money and men who have driven dogs; old-timers from the lumber camps of the north shore and downy-faced youths who never even slept over-night on a farm; men from the ranches and from the canyons; some who know the chinook and some who have never been within eyeshot of a real mountain; men who represent the little Englands, Scotlands and Irelands and Germanys of Ontario, and those who are elected by the polyglot communities that hail from most of the countries of Europe to the wheat lands of Saskatchewan and Alberta. The social and industrial basis of Canada might be reconstructed from the House of Commons; its manufacturing and its mining, its lumbering and its agriculture, its fruit farms and its cattle ranges. Men there who know primarily the plains; cunning in the trails of the fur post—able to wear moccasins with dignity; men who see mountain peaks every morning—except when in Ottawa; men who own steam ploughs on the prairie and have redskins for neighbours in the hills.

There is that eclectic character to the Canadian House which would be much less noticeable in the Imperial Parliament; not in the mere professional vocations so much as in the vast number of things many of the members have turned their hands to before they settled down finally to one or more occupations in some part of Canada. The average M. P. in Ottawa is an experimental, finding-out individual who in the mutations and shiftings of communities in a new land and in an era of expansion has tried his fortunes at a great variety of things. I should say that the members of the Commons were as capable a body of citizens as could be found in any country under the sun.

The casual critic who had never seen a parliament would reflect that these men have a marvellous responsibility in a great land; that the problems with which they are called upon to deal are of such large and constructive interest that no man of all the two hundred and twenty should find time a drag on Parliament Hill. In this the closing year of the first decade of "Canada's century," it must be patent to every member of the House that in ten years the nature and business of government has so multiplied and extended that many of the concerns of politics are of almost imperial interest. As a mere matter of business expansion the Parliament of 1910 is to that of 1878 as a department store to a cross-roads country store. The actual business of Parliament is enough to keep every member in Ottawa hustling and thinking and working for the common good and the glory of his country every minute of his time in the Capital, which is at least a practical phase of patriotism.

### Patriotism and "Scoundrels."

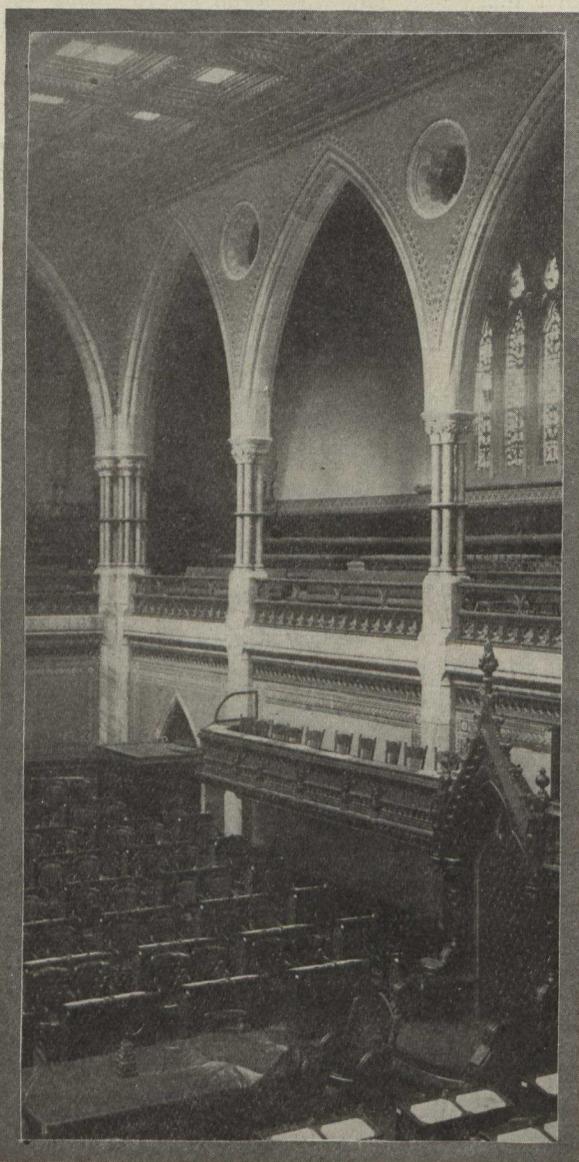
An old cynic has said that "patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel." One might spend a few hours in Ottawa, however, without suspecting that in the case of a percentage of members it is anything worse than the casual diversion of a bored



Chaudiere Falls—Where Ottawa gets its nature-music and its water-power.

man. But there is another phase to the picture; and it is expressed by a typical debate in the House of Commons.

By a sort of irony the first voice I heard in the House was Mr. Foster. From his customary seat beside the leader of the Opposition he was delivering—mainly to the Premier opposite—a highly Fosterian speech. The tones were clear and the voice was loud. The cadences fell with a highly certain stroke. As to gesture and attitude, the speech had most of the elements of an oration. The member for North Toronto and ex-Minister of Finance was obviously in earnest—as a patriot



Interior House of Commons, from the Opposition Benches; the Speaker's Chair; right front desk to the left opposite is the Premier's; right front desk to the left on this side, Mr. R. L. Borden's; next, Mr Foster's; Press Gallery above.

should be. Now and again in consonance with the deadly strokes of his vowels, his right hand descended categorically upon the left; now he put a hand on each desk across the aisle and leaned dramatically across the table while he looked with searching analysis into the face of the Premier who, having peculiarly locked his fingers, regarded him astutely—as he has done many an hour before.

From the oft-repeated allusions to the First Minister it was evident that the speech was of broad national interest. The more earnestly the Premier regarded the speaker the more dramatic Mr. Foster became. Applause from the Opposition benches was loud and frequent. When the speaker turned to face his own party, the desks rattled a volley. But over the Government side there spread a sort of transitory sneer. Evidently the speaker was accusing the Government. The ablest debater in the House was acting in the capacity of arch-critic. His moral sense was roused. The morality of the entire Opposition was roused. It was a fighting episode. To one who had never heard of Mr. Foster it would have seemed that a prophet had arisen in Israel. The sentiments lauded by the Opposition were of a lofty character. The country's interests were being assailed. There was an enemy at the gate. The Government and the Prime Minister were

exhorted to be up and doing while yet it is called day. And to the uninformed onlooker it was evident that a great moral issue was at stake, and he felt quite uplifted that such a bit of real drama had been his first glimpse of the parliamentary stage.

So abstruse was the look of the Premier; so impassioned the words of the speaker. It was not the Navy Bill and the separatist bogey. It was not the German scare. Neither was it the surtax and our relations with the rest of Europe. It was not the maximum tariff and our manifest destiny as an integral part of the American continent.

In short there was nothing in the Empire or in Europe or in the international relations of North America that caused this eruption of moralising oratory from Mr. Foster. The cause was purely Canadian. It was even narrower; it was party. The spectre that Mr. Foster was trying to banish had plainly been evoked by the Government—and it was big enough to have become a fundamental issue. It had corrupted the springs of national and political life. The time had come for Israel to set her house in order. Good government demanded it; the Opposition clamoured for it; the people from sea to sea were waiting anxiously—for a moral regeneration.

When Mr. Foster sat down it looked as though the only thing for the Government to do was to make a confession through the Prime Minister and by a resolution abolish patronage.

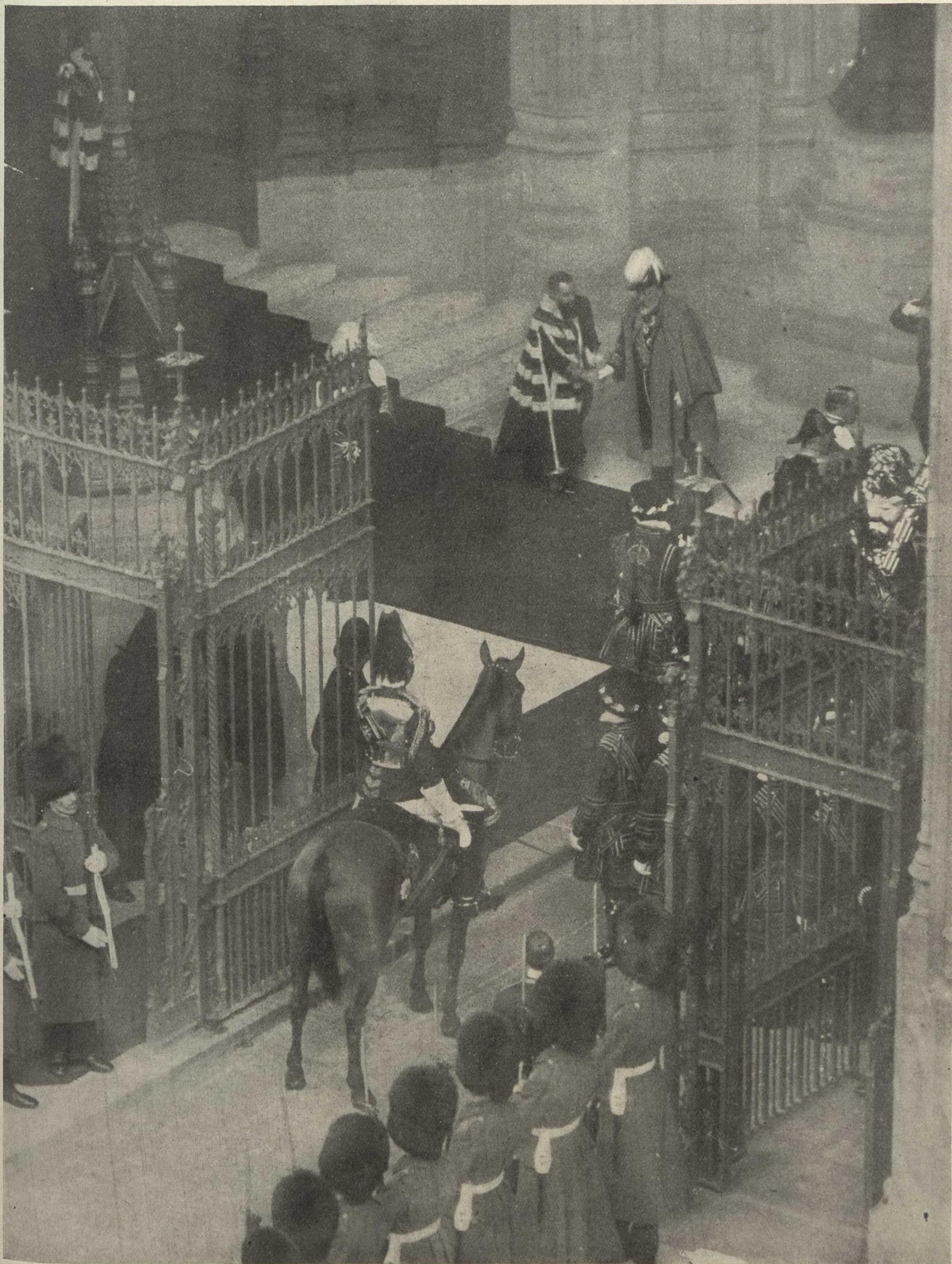
Did six members passionately and simultaneously arise from Government benches to rend their garments and put on sackcloth and ashes? Nay, verily. Coolly and calmly Mr. Hugh Guthrie, member for South Wellington, rose from the front benches; armed *cap-a-pie* with documentary evidence which for days he had been collating from Hansards and from correspondence of departments. For much more than an hour he spoke; and the burden of his clever and finely destructive speech was to show—that whatever might be the infirmities of the present Government regarding the patronage system, and they were few indeed—the whole spectre of patronage had been far uglier in the day when Mr. Foster was Minister of Finance. He read letter after letter to prove that Mr. Foster was himself a past grand master in the art of patronage; that in the ancient days the prophet himself had been one of the destroyers of Israel; and that it ill became him or any of his to cast the first stone at the Liberal Government, who had indeed, as he could show, done much to mitigate the evils of patronage.

Thus ended Mr. Guthrie—apologist. The tables were turned upon Mr. Foster. Did the member for North Toronto sink into his seat and hide under the brim of his Christie hat? Nay verily. He had a wintry smile and a satisfied chuckle. He had launched his bolt. He had ripped up the seams and had precipitated three hours of trouble. Hansard would be his witness—and Mr. Guthrie's also. It was evidently the first concern of statesmanship, to discover scoundrels, past and present, in the party opposite.

Which so far as ordinary observation goes is a good share of the parliamentary business at Ottawa.

# OPENING THE NEW BRITISH PARLIAMENT

*A Spectacular Ceremony at the Heart of Empire*



The King and the Queen ride from Buckingham Palace to the Palace of Westminster in the State Coach. After assuming their Robes of Office they proceed to the House of Lords. The Commons are summoned, and His Majesty reads the Speech from the Throne. This picture shows the King arriving, and being received by the Duke of Norfolk.



#### WHERE AVALANCHES AND SNOW SLIDES SOMETIMES BURY TRAINS

This is a picture of the famous Rogers Pass, near Glacier, B.C. Last week more than sixty men were killed by a swift avalanche of snow, caused by an outbreak of warm weather in the glacial regions. In a region such as this the most elaborate protective measures in the shape of snowsheds and vigilance, patrols occasionally become ineffective against the overwhelming forces of nature. The calamity serves to accentuate the fact that the C.P.R. has done a remarkable work in reducing such catastrophes to a minimum.



#### WHEN THE LAKE BOAT GOES INTO WINTER QUARTERS.

This photograph represents a small section of Sarnia Bay—at the north end (the one pictured) are the sailing craft or vessels of light draft, further on are the Canal draft steamers, and south of them the large freighters and Upper Lake passenger boats. There are some 30 vessels wintering there at present, amongst them being the Hamonic, Huronic, Saronic, Ionic, Dunelme, Pellatt, Winona, Imperial, Neepawah, Corisande, Sarnia City, Diver, Katahdin, etc. Each of the vessels has a caretaker, who sometimes is a married man, and his family make the ship their home during the winter. These form a sort of exclusive colony, and nearly every night there are informal dances and parties on one or other of the craft. Soon, however, there will be less fun and more work in the shipyards.

Photograph by John Boyd, Sarnia.



# HUNTING MEN IN NO-MAN'S LAND

*Story of a Stern Chase Through the Wilds of Ungava*

By R. S. BOND

"MOOCH! Now, Wolf, Mooch you."

The big wolfish-looking led-dog pressed his breast more firmly against the strap. With head bent and tongue lolling he dug his nails into the crusty snow. Behind, his six team mates, urged forward by the galling whip-lash, followed. A few moments of frantic effort and the hill-top was gained. Without waiting for the command, Wolf squatted on his haunches and gazed at his masters as if begging a word of approval for the mighty feat just accomplished. The other dogs at once began to snarl at each other ignoring him entirely. They had not been on the trail long enough to become friends, but ample time had been spent to show them that Wolf was not to be annoyed. When the journey began there had been eight dogs to the team. Now there were seven. The eighth, on the third day out, had attempted to dispute the leadership, with fatal results to himself. Now the led-dog was respected and left alone. The others could not afford to squabble with one so rough.

On the sledge behind sat two men painfully trying to catch their breath in the frosty air. Oxygen they must have to supply those panting lungs, but every intake was like inhaling a dozen sharp pointed needles. They placed their heavy mittens over their faces and drew the life-giving air through the fur, while their eyes watered, and their hair, moistened through exercise, froze in stiff little strands where it had escaped from the confines of their caps.

"Cold, ain't it?" inquired the heavier of the two. "Rather," replied his companion. "Cold, and getting colder. Thank heaven there are no more hills in sight ahead. Nor a storm," he added.

Paul Weber looked at the sky anxiously. "I wonder just what would happen, Jim," he inquired, as he loosened a frozen ball of ice from the thongs of his snowshoe, "if we ran up against a storm here in Ungava. I've been thinking a powerful lot about it these past few days up here where there's nothing but us, the dogs and snow—ever that endless expanse of snow—and I've concluded that after a good storm there'd be nothing left but snow; not even old Wolf up there, the weather-hardened old devil."

"And some day when the Gulf Stream breaks away from its channel and bathes the Ungava shores, turning this iceberg into a vineyard, Professor Somebody from Somewhere would be able to add the skeletons of two detectives, a wolf-dog and six mongrels to his collection," replied the other, breaking into Paul's flow of speech.

His listener shivered. It was all right for Jim Driscoll to make a jest out of it, but the possibilities of realisation were too great for him to appreciate the joke. "Lord," he said, as he rubbed his ears, "You get on my nerves. Let's talk of something else."

Driscoll laughed. "Don't take it so seriously, old man," he said. "We will pull through all right. Surely Cormier won't go much farther north."

"If he does," he added, "he will get out of the fur-bearing country, unless he is after polar bears and seals. But come on. It is too cold for a teta-tete," and in a moment, answering to the cry of "Mooch-Wolf-Mooch you," the led-dog had tightened his traces and the team were bounding over the level field of white. The exercise of keeping pace with them brought a rush of warm blood to the faces of the men, and the talk of storm was soon forgotten. Every few minutes one or both would be obliged to leap on the sledge for a brief rest; then, when the north wind began to send chills down their backs, the rasping of snowshoes over the crusty snow would be heard again, with the frequent crushing of crust as it failed to withhold their weight. Some day had apparently been warm enough to form this crust and two days' journey in the rear they had been able to proceed without

snowshoes. Now, however, the crust was gradually getting thinner and thinner and if the present cold snap held out they would soon be compelled to slacken their speed as no new crust would be formed and the present thin sheet would be too frail to hold them. Luckily for them, their quarry, Cormier—Cormier, that thieving Frenchman who had six days' start of them—had passed before the crust would bear his weight, so that his trail was clear as day. Owing to their ability to cover the ground so much more rapidly, they must have nearly caught up with him. In another day, or two at most, Cormier would be run down. That is, if there was no storm to shut out the tracks. If there was a storm they would have to return defeated, if they returned at all, and of this Paul at least was doubtful.

Early that evening a deserted fur trader's shack was reached. The ashes were hardly cold in the fireplace.

"Here night before last," muttered Paul, as he sifted the ashes through his fingers. "That wood will burn longer than twenty-four hours" and he pointed to a pile of ash logs cut in stove wood length. "He made a heavy fire yesterday morning and thawed himself out before starting. And we will follow his good example to-morrow morning. Heaven knows when we will get another chance to sleep beneath a roof."

"I often wonder," said the other, as he began to prepare shavings for the fire, "why Cormier only took \$300 and left the bulk of the money in the safe. He might just as well have taken it all instead of that mere pittance. Why he must have spent nearly all of it in Fort Bacon for provisions."

"I have thought of that, too," replied his companion, "but what I wonder at most, is why we are fools enough to risk our lives in this frozen wilderness for a \$300 man. For myself, I'd rather pay the money out of my own pocket and get back where a fellow can have a feeling of warmth once in a while."

"Who wouldn't," exploded Jim. "Why nobody would take this trip for a paltry \$300. But we've just got to round up this Cormier. The Bank of \_\_\_\_\_ is the Old Man's standby in slack times and we can't fall down on a case for them."

"Well, say we report him dead, and refund \$300 supposed to have been taken from his shack."

"And have him turning up at Chicoutimi next spring to queer us forever with the bank? Not much. No, Paul, it's up to us to 'Mooch.' We can't return without the Frenchman."

In the morning the sky was dark and threatening. They were not weather prophets enough to be sure of a storm, but that lowering sky looked dangerous.

"Perhaps we had better camp here until it's over, if it's going to come," advised Paul, but the stronger spirit hustled him into his furs, and once again the crunch of the crust was heard under foot. "If it's going to snow that's all the more reason for haste on our part," reasoned Jim. "With Cormier only two days ahead of us if still travelling, but more probably only a few hours ahead, safely home, I am not going to run a chance of losing the trail." And his word was law.

By noon they had reached Little Whale River, striking it south of the western portion of Clearwater Lake. Contrary to their expectations, the trail led them toward the east in the direction of Seal Lake. After a three hours' camp, during which time the trail never deviated from the river for more than thirty yards, they had it figured out that Cormier's camp was on the river or possibly on the shores of Seal Lake. "At most we can't be over

seventy-five miles from there," remarked Jim. "Even if a storm does catch us we have only to follow the river and we will find his shack."

Paul did not reply. Every few minutes he glanced nervously over his shoulder toward those billowy clouds coming from the north-west. He shivered when a slight stir of cold, biting wind struck the back of his neck, and half an hour later glanced apprehensively at a tiny crystal snowflake that had dropped on the sleeve of his coat.

"I guess it's coming, Jim," he announced, showing him the sparkling particle, alongside of which its exact duplicate now rested; at least it looked like a duplicate although no doubt a microscope would have shown a great diversity in the formation.

"Let it come," replied his matter of fact companion, but nevertheless he glanced around at the approaching clouds, and his voice had a different ring to it at the next command to "Mooch." For the first time the wolf-dog felt the sting of the lash, which he acknowledged by a show of gleaming teeth and a lunge forward that whirled them over the snow at a quickened speed. The crust had vanished now and the travelling was harder for the dogs so that the men were able to keep pace with them without so frequently resting on the load.

By dusk the mercury had dropped several degrees and small particles of frosty snow were falling all around them. A forced night march was thought of, but the idea abandoned. This would only increase the chance of passing Cormier's shack without seeing it.

After half an hour's shovelling a hole was dug to the ground sufficiently large to accommodate themselves and the dogs, and to allow them to build a fire. As they cooked and ate supper they glanced anxiously at the falling snow, which was now so thick that objects could be discerned only a few yards away. Already Cormier's trail was becoming faint. By morning, if the storm kept up, there would not be a trace of it.

The wolf-dog, too, seemed to feel uneasy. He stalked sullenly among his fellows, watching the falling snow with blood shot eyes, occasionally snapping as a larger flake than usual brushed his nose. His whole attitude suggested uneasiness if not alarm.

By morning a good three inches had fallen, and the storm had not abated. On the contrary it seemed to be worse. An early breakfast, quick harnessing of the dogs, and they were off. Cormier's was their only chance for safety—Cormier's, where they could be secure until the storm had spent itself.

But they had barely started before it came on in all its fury. Driven by the wind the snow stung their faces sharply every time they turned toward the north-west. The mercury continued to drop. The little thermometer on the rear of the sledge registered 30 degrees below zero at noon. Not a trace of the sun could be seen; nothing but drifting, blinding snowflakes, and the two rear dogs, bravely doing their duty in spite of the elements. It was necessary now to hold to the guide-ropes of the sledge to keep from becoming lost. If one of them should get separated from it, he would only miraculously find it again. The tall trees that skirted the river could only dimly be seen, but they served to guide them on their way. Above the roaring of the storm could be heard the frightened whining of the dogs, and occasionally the angry snarl of the wolf-dog.

By three o'clock the thermometer registered 37 degrees and was still dropping. Paul crossed over the sledge and joined the other.

"I can't hold out much longer, Jim," he gasped. "I am about all in."

Jim brushed the frost from his mustache before replying. He had looked for this for some time and

although not surprised, he wished a few seconds to collect his thoughts.

"You must keep up, Paul," he replied. "Good God, man you can't give in. Lay on the sledge a while and get your breath."

"And be frozen in ten minutes? No, I'll die fighting. Say, Jim," he added, "I guess it's no joke about Mr. Somebody from Somewhere finding us when the Gulf Stream changes, is it? This is our last case—me and you."

His companion turned on him suddenly. "You never gave in before, Paul," he said fiercely. "Don't do it now. We'll manage somehow, and get out of this like we have many another tight box. I'm stronger than you so lean on me. We'll get to Cormier's soon."

He linked his arm in Paul's and together they trudged on for another hour. They did not try to camp and make a fire. That would have been impossible unless they could find a shelter where they could escape the wind. Even if they had been able to start a fire it would not have lasted a minute in that storm. Their only chance—a very meagre one at that—lay in forging ahead. To stop would be death.

They were almost perished. Every minute it was necessary to rub their faces to keep the blood circulating, and once when Jim's nose began to whiten, his companion grasped a handful of snow with which he rubbed it vigorously. Their hands were numb, so numb that it was impossible to keep a grip on

the ropes and they had been obliged to wrap them around their waists.

Moustaches and eyebrows were heavily coated with frost from their breath. Had it not been for the efforts expended in keeping up with the sledge they would have been frozen long ago. Swinging arms and clapping hands availed nothing. On the contrary, it seemed but to give the wind more access to their chilled bodies.

Then suddenly Paul's snowshoe snapped. At the next step his leg sank in the snow half-way to his hip. He floundered helplessly a moment, then with the aid of his companion, got both feet on the remaining shoe. The two looked at each other with ghastly smiles.

"It's the end, Paul," said Jim calmly. "I couldn't have gone much farther anyway, so it does not make a great deal of difference. I don't know but what it's best to have it over with sooner."

The other did not reply. Too well he realised the truth of his companion's words. Without snowshoes he would have no chance at all.

"It's getting warmer though, pardner, don't you think?" queried Paul, "or is it that I am freezing? Yes, that's it. I'm freezing," he added. "That isn't such a bad way to die, Jim. Do you know my hands feel awful warm and comfortable."

Of the two Jim was the most alarmed. A look of fear spread over his usually fearless face. Stooping he lifted his lighter companion and threw him across his shoulders.

"Mooch, damn you, mooch," he cried, and as the whimpering team again moved off, he stumbled along with his burden.

"On Wolf. On! on," he shrieked above the tumult of the gale, and an answering bay from ahead in the storm told him that his dumb companion was doing his best.

But strong as he was he could not long carry that dead weight. Scarce a sixteenth of a mile had been covered when with a gasping cry he dropped on the load. He pulled a fold of burlap over his companion's body, and the tears sprang to his eyes. "I can't carry you any farther, Paul," he gasped. "I'm all in, too." Then as he brushed the freezing drops away he broke out into a torrent of curses.

"But I'm all right here, Jim," murmured the other. "Don't you think it's getting warmer? And I'm so sleepy, too. So sleepy. Jim—do you think Cormier—do you suppose—Professor Somebody—so sleepy and warm—"

Again the blinding tears that comes but seldom to the strong man, filled Jim's eyes. He buried his face in his fur gloves and dropped forward in an ungovernable fit of sorrow. When he had gained control of himself to a certain extent he crawled back toward where he had left the other, but the sledge was empty except for the provisions and the tent.

CONCLUDED ON PAGE 28.

# "EXCEPT JACK LESLIE"

*A Delightful Little Comedy, Telling of Miss Milner's Way With Her Admirers*

THE long dinner with its elaborate courses, perfectly cooked and admirably-served, was at last over, the servants had set the dessert on the table, and vanished; Miss Dorothy Milner was alone with her seven guests.

They were all men, and all bachelors.

On her right sat the Marquis of Hendon, on her left the Earl of Marshpool; at the opposite end of the table was seated Mr. Jack Leslie, who was Miss Milner's estate agent, the only guest present who couldn't boast of a title; on Leslie's right was Lord Charles Hereward, on his left Lord William Winton; the two men facing each other at the centre of the table were Major Sir Vincent Chudleigh, and the Honourable Trevor Tressingham.

It was rather lonely for Jack Leslie.

The others had been graciously invited to dinner, while he had received a curt intimation from his hostess, whose paid servant he was, that he was required to attend. It was understood to be part of his duties to fill any chance vacant place at Miss Dorothy Milner's table. On no other occasion was he ever honoured with a hospitable invitation. He enjoyed free quarters at the home-farm, and received a salary of £500 per annum.

He earned every half-penny of his salary.

"It would be too stupid to go and sit alone in my ridiculously-large drawing-room, so I'll stay here while you smoke, if I may," said Miss Milner.

"Good Heavens! Fancy even dreaming of deserting us!" murmured the Marquis with a look of unutterable devotion. He was a smart, dapper, compactly-made little man, who rode very straight to hounds, and was beginning to make a name for himself in politics. Out of the hunting-season he was very regular and diligent in his attendance at the House of Lords.

"We simply couldn't allow you to leave us," said the Earl, who was the head of a great banking-house, and a daring motorist. He enjoyed the distinction of having been fined for driving at excessive speed more times than any other man in the kingdom. His driving-license had recently been withdrawn, and he was now experimenting hopefully with aeroplanes. There was as yet no statutory speed-limit in respect of aeroplaning.

"We should all follow you to the drawing-room if you did," said Lord Charles, who was a brilliant barrister in large practice, and marked out by general consent as a future Lord Chancellor. His practice was principally in the divorce court, and fashionable ladies scarcely considered themselves properly divorced unless Lord Charles had been briefed in the action.

"It would spoil everything if you left us to the tender mercies of each other," smiled Lord William.

"For my own part," said the Honourable Trevor

By H. MAXWELL

Tressingham, "I can only say I should decline to remain."

The only person who omitted to make any comment on Miss Milner's remark was Jack Leslie, but then, of course, he was not expected to, so no one noticed the omission. He was there just to see that everybody else had everything they wanted, and to keep the decanters circulating, and to hand round the cigars and cigarettes, and to provide the smokers with lights, and generally to be attentive and watchful without being in the least obtrusive.

Miss Milner smiled very charmingly and bewitchingly round the table at her guests one after the other; Jack Leslie excepted, endorsed her desire to stay; and of course she didn't smile at him; then folding her hands demurely in her lap she said:

"And now I am going to tell you something. I am going to tell you why I asked you all to dinner to meet each other, with myself the only woman present," she continued, "but I am not going to apologise for having failed to provide you with other feminine society."

"I should think not, indeed," said the Marquis in a shocked tone.

"You are so very kind," she proceeded, "that you make it quite easy for me to tell you. I have had no peace at all, I think I can honestly say that, no real peace since I inherited my enormous fortune six months ago."

"Dear me!"

"What a shame!"

They all expressed feelings to the same effect in different terms. There was an outburst of keen, genuine sympathy from every one present except Jack Leslie.

"I don't think you can have any idea," she went on, "although you are all rich men, how intensely miserable it is possible to be when you are the owner of upwards of five million pounds, with an income of two hundred and fifty thousand pounds a year."

"Five millions, upon my soul!"

"I say nothing of the innumerable offers of marriage I have received."

She paused, but no one offered any remark. They had all proposed to her at one time or another. All except Jack Leslie.

"Many of the offers I know were purely disinterested."

Here six heads were courteously inclined in her direction.

"Half-a-dozen of them were such as I am proud to have received, such as any woman would be proud to receive. But the majority of them were utterly undesirable, and the fatigue and weariness

of being constantly proposed to is exhausting and depressing to a degree no man can form any conception of."

"I expect that's true," said the Marquis, glaring at the Earl.

"I'm convinced that's true," said the Earl, glaring fixedly at the Marquis.

"But that is only one, though not the least, of the many forms of affliction I've had to put up with during the last six months. I have been invited to adopt orphans without number. The individual begging-letters I receive by every post are past counting, and so are the letters from the ingenious people with inventions, which only want financing to make them and me richer than anyone has ever been rich before. I say nothing about the requests for my patronage I receive from tradesmen, nor of the number of unknown friends who desire to honour me with hospitality. If I accepted all the invitations sent me to stay in other people's houses I should never spend another night in my own home. I fancy I must have more friends, more acquaintances, more well-wishers, more persons anxious to help me, more love and more kindness than any other woman in the whole world, and yet it all makes one supremely miserable."

"My dear lady, we understand, I am sure we understand," said the Marquis, in a voice that vibrated with the tenderest pity and compassion. "We all understand; Marshpool, Charles Hereward, William Winton, Trevor Tressingham, Vincent Chudleigh, and myself, we all understand; and I know I am voicing their sentiments as well as my own when I say that if it is in my power—if it is in the power of any one of us—to mitigate, even in the smallest degree, those annoyances and worries, which when summed up in the aggregate must cause you untold misery and exquisite suffering, you have only to indicate how you think we can help you, in the certain knowledge that we shall interpret your wishes as obligatory and imperative commands, and feel proud and honoured," he glanced round the table, "proud and honoured to do your slightest bidding."

A murmur of applause greeted the Marquis' eloquent and courtly little speech.

"You are wonderfully good," faltered Dorothy Milner, momentarily overcome with emotion at these kind words. "Thank you," she said. "I am deeply touched by your ready sympathy. I have felt—and her voice sank to a pathetic whisper—"I felt I was too weak to stand alone, and that if my life was not to become a continuous round of unrelieved misery I must have someone always at hand to shield and protect me against such awful ordeals in future."

She concluded, and there were several moments

of tense and thrilling silence, broken only by vague murmurs of profound and respectful sympathy.

"May I go on?" she inquired faintly.

"Please! Please!" they cried.

"You can see to what I am leading up?"

"We hardly dare to guess," they answered.

"I have only one alternative. I—I—perceive I must marry."

"You must," the six chorused unanimously.

Then with one accord they rose and formally proposed to her, all except Jack Leslie. They had to be quick and brief for fear they should be forestalled by somebody else.

"Be a marchioness," said the Marquis, the fraction of an instant ahead of Marshpool.

"Be my countess," snapped the latter, coming in a good second. And so on.

Then they stood and waited.

Jack Leslie retained his seat, and helped himself to a glass of port with exaggerated deliberation.

II.

"Oh, you are marvellously kind, but please don't stand," she cried; "I am sure any one of you would make me an efficient protector. I like you all, but I can't marry you all. Oh, do sit down, Marquis. If you don't, I shall have to stand up, too. Thank you. Thank you, Lord Marshpool. There, now we are comfortable again. I had no intention of provoking this generous outburst. I am overwhelmed. You do me too much honour, indeed you do."

There was another spell of silence, until the Marquis with a comprehensive bow to his fellow-guests said:

"May I speak for you all?"

"You may," they said. It seemed they had reached a deadlock, and all were glad and relieved that the Marquis should take the lead.

"Don't stand up," said Miss Milner quickly, as the Marquis once more prepared to rise.

"Thank you, I won't," he answered. He cleared his throat, and then: "Are we to understand you are willing to marry one of us who are here?"

"Yes," she said.

"But you feel unequal to making a choice?"

"I do. When personal merit is so equal, to choose one would be making an invidious distinction. Oh, why did I ever meet you all? Why didn't I meet only one? It is a terrible predicament."

"Pray do not allow yourself to be needlessly distressed," said the Marquis. "We will extricate you from your predicament. It is a very simple matter. We will draw lots for you."

"I am not sure that I like the plan," said Miss Milner quietly, and suddenly looked much less helpless, though perhaps even more dazlingly adorable.

"Don't you think it savours a little of disrespect?" she replied with decision.

"Then we'll abandon it and try to devise some other method," said the Marquis with grave courtesy. "No doubt your instinct is right, no doubt. I can conceive I should dislike to be drawn lots for myself. I regret having suggested the idea. We all regret it."

"It was my fault, Marquis, my fault," she murmured disconsolately.

"Can you suggest any way out of the impasse yourself, dear lady?" asked Trevor Tressingham.

Then was broached a suggestion which for passing novelty had never been dreamed by any present.

"What do you say to tossing up for her, we might go odd man out," said Vincent Chudleigh genially. The chilling and stony silence in which his remark was received caused him to flush as red as a turkey-cock.

"There is certainly something in what Sir Vincent proposes," she said with one of her most winning smiles.

The others were positively aghast.

"My dear Miss Milner, you couldn't possibly allow yourself to be tossed up for," observed the Marquis in dignified horror.

"Appalling," said the Earl.

"No, I should decline to be tossed for, but Sir Vincent's notion of going odd man out has suggested another idea to me. By odd man out I understand a process of elimination which goes on till only one is left in. Am I correct, Marquis?"

"I believe so, but really it is so long since I—"

"Very well, let us try to devise some process of elimination which will leave only one," continued Miss Milner with pleading diffidence. "Who will start it? Who will set an example by eliminating himself? Who will be the first to retire

from the contest? Who will perform an act of self-sacrifice, if I may dare to call it so, and deprive me of the privilege of becoming his wife?"

She looked helplessly round at them all.

"I won't," replied the Marquis promptly; "here's a chance for you, Marshpool."

"Not much, thank you for nothing," said Marshpool.

"You don't catch me," said Lord William.

"Nor me," cried Lord Charles.

"I flatly decline to retire," said Tressingham, and Sir Vincent electrified them all by saying he was — if he would.

"Then there is no nobly disinterested soul amongst you?"

"Not to that extent, Miss Milner; you are trying us too high, you are putting too great a strain upon us," said the Earl, and the others at once agreed with him. "I couldn't in conscience do it," he went on, "for I feel that you would be much happier with me than with Hereward, or Winton, or Tressingham, or Chudleigh. A man can't go against his conscience."

The rest spoke to the same effect.

"Oh, please, please," cried Miss Milner, who had been sitting with her hands pressed tightly over her ears for the last five minutes. "Oh, please be quiet. I shall never forgive myself for having made you quarrel. It is my fault. I ought never to have made my unfortunate suggestion. Oh, do please stop talking, and try to be friends again."

And then it was that Miss Milner made the brilliant suggestion that won instant approval from everyone.

"Mr. Leslie, I want seven sheets of paper, seven envelopes, and seven lead pencils," she announced peremptorily. "Kindly obtain them for me."

Leslie went out and presently returned.

"Now distribute them, please."

He distributed them to each of her guests, placing the seventh sheet of paper, the seventh envelope and the seventh pencil beside her.

"I don't want these."

"You said seven."

"I am perfectly aware of what I said. These are for you. Be good enough to take them away and return to your chair."

He snatched up the articles and sat down.

"What's the game, Miss Milner?" inquired the irrepressible Major.

"Listen, please. I can't be drawn lots for, and I won't be tossed up for, and since none of you will cede your chance in favour of the rest, there is nothing for it but to decide the matter by the vote of the majority. I ask you to write down two names; first, the name of the man you consider will make me the best husband; then, underneath the first name, an alternative choice, the name of the man you consider next most suitable. I must request you to consider yourselves pledged to secrecy. Insert your vote in the envelope, and close the envelope. Mr. Leslie will bring the envelopes to me. I promise to abide by the decision of the majority. Is that clear? Do you agree?"

"I presume we may vote for ourselves?" said Charles Hereward.

"You may vote exactly as you please, but you must write two names, two different names."

The situation was most unusual. It contained all the elements of comedy and many of serious drama. To many of those present it must have suggested the famous casket scene in "The Mer-

chant of Venice" when foreign princes sued for the hand of Portia.

"You will examine the votes yourself?" asked Tressingham.

"Naturally."

"And when will you announce the result?"

"At once. I will send for the successful candidate to come to me."

"And the rest of us?"

"I will say good-night to the rest of you now."

She rose, and the Marquis sprang to the door and held it open for her.

"Good-night to all but one," she said, and then she was gone.

III.

"Here you are, Leslie, here's mine." The Marquis licked his envelope, and stuck it down.

"And mine—and mine."

It had taken them much longer to vote than might have been expected. The first name had presented no difficulty, and they had all scribbled it off in a moment, but the second name had required a deal of thinking. In contrast to the rest, Jack Leslie finished his voting in about a second and a half.

"Don't be long, Leslie, we shall be anxious to know our fate," said the Marquis on a note of forced cheerfulness.

Leslie replied with a nod, collected the envelopes and went out.

The six men sat grimly silent, affecting to be unconscious of each other's presence.

The minutes dragged along with painful silence. It was like enduring lingering torture. Five minutes elapsed. Then ten. The strain became intolerable. At the end of ten minutes the Marquis spoke to the Earl.

"A feeling of very natural delicacy would, I think, prevent Miss Milner from announcing immediately the name of the happy man," he said, with a valiant attempt at a smile. "We must not be impatient. One hesitates to criticise one's hostess."

"Particularly as she may be one's own future wife," struck in the Earl.

"Certainly," continued the Marquis, with a bow to Hereward. "Certainly, but perhaps I may say this much, charming and gifted creature as Miss Milner is, dowered with every attraction, physical, mental, and material; one cannot hide from oneself that in matters of real difficulty she is extraordinarily helpless. What could be more strange than the present situation? I admit that we are all most eligible husbands. I admit the hardship of having to choose between us. Yet most women would feel some preference for one of us. If she wanted mere rank she would choose me. If she wanted rank with a spice of recklessness she would choose Marshpool. If she were fascinated by brilliant intellect she would choose Hereward. If personal beauty appealed to her she would choose Winton. If subtlety of wit and the prospect of playing a leading role in high politics possessed attractions for her she would undoubtedly choose Tressingham. If she were caught by the glamour of military heroism she would infallibly choose Chudleigh. It is very odd when you come to think of it that all these advantages weigh with her so equally that she can't make up her mind between us. It is a very curious case, a very curious case of a very helpless woman, if I may say so without offence."

It was a finely discriminative speech.

"I agree," said the Earl, "her helplessness is phenomenal, but don't you think that under the circumstances it is merely an additional charm?"

"I think so," said Lord William firmly.

"Oh, pray don't misunderstand me, I am not disparaging her," said the Marquis hastily. "I am in the highest degree sensible to the additional charm she derives from her helplessness. I go so far as to say that I should admire her less if she were—were different."

They all assented to this view, and then fell to silent rumination of such an extremely interesting point.

"Do you know we've been sitting here for upwards of an hour?" said the Marquis suddenly.

They had realised it, but they had been trying hard not to.

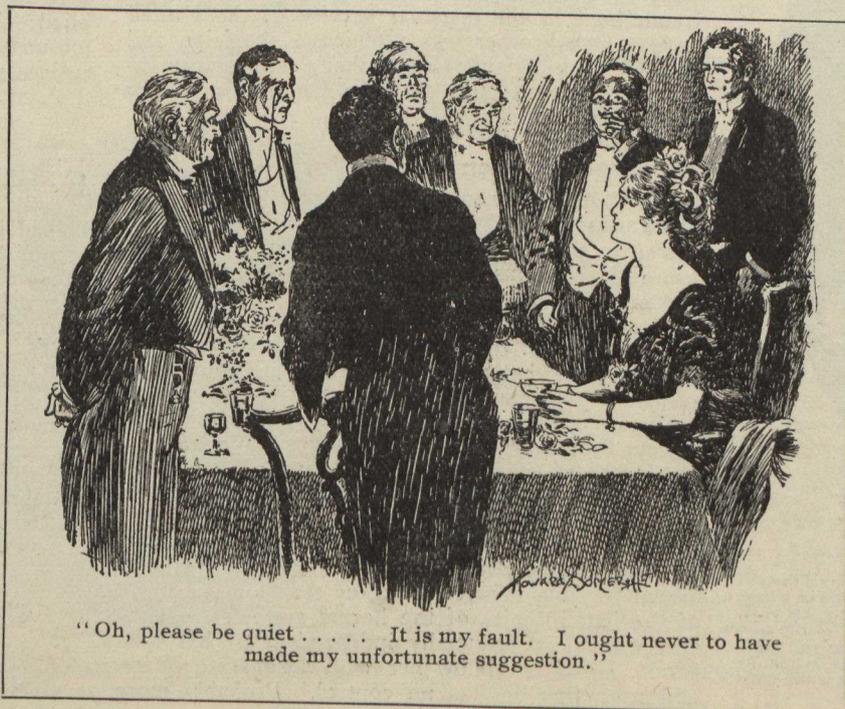
Tressingham rang the bell with some violence.

The butler and four footmen trooped in with surprising promptitude.

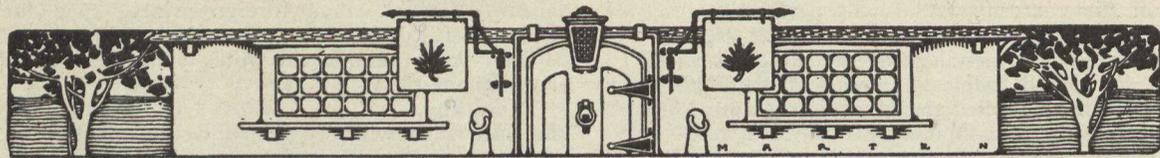
"Will you request Miss Milner to let us know how much longer she expects us to remain here?"

"Miss Milner will not appear again"

CONCLUDED ON PAGE 30.



"Oh, please be quiet . . . . It is my fault. I ought never to have made my unfortunate suggestion."



AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

Feminine Affairs at 'Varsity.

NOT long ago Dr. Falconer, President of the University of Toronto, made a suggestion to the Board of Governors that a woman dean be appointed to the staff of the University, in view of the fact that the number of women students is constantly increasing. The matter is being given serious consideration, and already names have been suggested for the position. Miss Knox, principal of Havergal College, Toronto, is spoken of, as is the name of Miss Keys, sister of Professor Keys, who, at the present time, is on the staff of Vassar College, teaching literature. Miss Keys is an authority on the dramas of Shakespeare. After leaving Toronto University, from which she graduated, she went to Germany and studied for five or six years, returning to take up her appointment on the staff of which she is now a member.

The idea will probably find great favour with the feminine faction of 'Varsity, who must feel the want of such a person who will look directly to their interests. The suggestion, it is understood, will be acted upon in a short time.

\* \* \*

A Canadian Romance.

THE remarkable and romantic experiences of a Canadian woman whose story, is closely connected with the history of the ex-Empress Charlotte, were recently described by the *London Standard* in the following little sketch:

"She was a native of the village of Philipsburg in Missisquoi County, at the Canadian end of Lake Champlain. Her father, named Joy, was a retired sea-faring man of small means and a large family, whose principal if not only inheritance was intellectual brightness, physical charm and stout heart. The daughter in question received practically all her education at the village school, ere she left home to make her way in the world. She began what may be termed her public career as a rider in a western circus; the early days of the American Civil War found her in Washington, where she met an Austrian Prince with the peculiar name of Slam-Slam. He was an honorary colonel of a Federal regiment of volunteers and saw some service. Acquaintance with the Austrian party led her to Mexico a few years later, and there she became the companion of Empress Charlotte, accompanying her to Europe when the poor woman went in search of succor

for her husband's waning cause. Of course, there is a love affair in the story, and, as might have been guessed from the first, she married Prince Slam-Slam and lived for a time in his Austrian castle.

"During those days of magnificence she did not forget her old mother in the simple Canadian home, and at the Philipsburg post office was regularly received a package bearing the crest of the house of Slam-Slam and containing a substantial remittance for the mother of the Princess. But the Franco-Prussian war of 1870-71 brought to a close that splendid period of the Canadian girl's life. Prince Slam-Slam joined the German Army as a colonel of cavalry, and in that whirlwind of death by which the German mounted force decided the battle of Gravelotte, he lost his life. Then followed years of widowhood, but this Canadian woman seems to have been born into fortune, for she made a second marriage with a wealthy English gentleman, and the former Austrian Princess returned to her British allegiance.

"About ten years ago she visited the United States for the express purpose of presenting colours to regiments that her first husband had commanded. The newspapers devoted pages to accounts of her career, and they claimed her as an United Stateser, according to their little way. At Washington she was the guest of the President, and the ceremony



Miss Dorothy Levitt,

Who has already won fame as a racing motorist and has ordered a Farman Biplane. She has learned to fly in France under the tutorship of Farman himself. She proposes to fly at the Aviation Meeting in England during the coming year. Photo by Halftones, Limited.

of presenting the colours was attended by many prominent public men.

"Nor were the careers of other members of her family obscure. One sister married a Chicago millionaire, and a second took for her husband a gentleman high in the consular service of the United States. One brother was a Chicago physician and the eldest, inheriting his father's sea-faring instincts, became a pilot on Lake Champlain, living at Rouse's Point."

\* \* \*

Women of the World.

A STUDENT of sociology has recently compiled a statement showing the relative positions of women in the various countries of Europe. In this respect Italy seems to be the most backward, seeing that a married woman can not sign a check even for her own money, nor can she give evidence in a court of law. In France married women may give evidence, but not without the consent of their husbands. Nor may they seek employment without a similar sanction. Women may practice as attorneys, but they may not be judges. In Germany one-fourth of the female population is self-supporting, and wives and husbands have a joint control over the children. In Norway the work of enfranchisement is nearly complete, and it is probably the only country in which women are regularly drawn for jury service. Turkey stands at the head of the list, in spite of the harem system. A married woman is financially independent of her husband. He must endow her with a separate estate, and over this he has no control. Probably more



Miss Irene Desmond,

The Bride of Sir Richard W. H. Levigne, Bart. Miss Desmond played in "The Merry Widow" and "Les Merveilleuses," both at Daly's Theatre, London, England. Her husband is the tenth holder of an Irish baronetcy.—*The Bystander*.

laws for the protection of women exist in Turkey than in any other country in the world.

\* \* \*

Democratic Ideals Discussed.

TO find oneself at the mercy of the inquiring mind of the American newspaper reporter is altogether quite a hopeless position, and possibly the most graceful and expedient way out of the situation is to answer the questions asked and have done with the matter. No doubt so thought Lady Laurier, the wife of our Premier, who, on her way to the Hot Springs, Ark., was approached by one of these individuals and requested to discuss her view of democratic ideals in social life of America.

During the interview which took place Lady Laurier is reported to have said: "I haven't observed anything democratic in the social ideas of America. Americans display a far greater eagerness and awe for social prerogatives than do Europeans. Titles are of far greater value on this side than in Europe. Americans pay unqualified homage to royalty, while in Europe their value is disproportionate to their station. Americans seem to need the title and Euro-

peans the money. I do not believe in such marriages. Americans should marry at home and Europeans likewise. A title cannot mean anything in America, because it was bought."

When questioned as to her sympathies with regard to the suffragette movement Lady Laurier replied:—"It is indecent, unheard of, and altogether too unwomanlike for a woman to compete with masculine superiority."

\* \* \*

Mrs. Asquith.

ENGLAND'S Prime Minister himself would be the first to admit how very much he has been helped in his public career by his brilliant and accomplished wife, who, as Miss Margot Tennant, occupied a unique position in political society. Her wit, originality, and charm are still the delight of an increasing circle. For instance, a story is told in *M. A. P.* that she had once the bright idea of varying the too formal luncheon party by inviting some husbands without their wives, and some wives without their husbands; the theory being that the presence of one's legitimate partner is apt to check one's conversational brilliance. The party was a tremendous success, and one who we believe was present wrote the following epigram:

Husbands and wives,  
The plague of our lives  
The problem I have a big task with;  
For laughs should be hearty  
At my luncheon party,  
Men and woman—now whom should I Asquith?



Miss Rica Garda,

Of Berlin, who has come into £80,000, bequeathed by a distant kinsman who made a large fortune in the Argentine, and of whose existence Miss Garda was hardly even aware until early last year, when she met him during a brief visit which he paid to the German capital. Dying childless at Buenos Ayres, her kinsman left a will bequeathing £80,000 of his fortune to Miss Garda, whom he described as "a relative I am indeed proud of, for she is the most beautiful woman in the world."—*The Bystander*.

# DEMI - TASSE

## Making Sure of the Porter.

A POPULAR girl was departing from an Ontario town for the far West, and her masculine friends were gathered in gallant array to see that she was supplied with violets, roses, magazines, chocolates and all the various comforts which the twentieth century girl demands. Her brother had addressed a few words of advice to the porter, backed by silvery enforcement, when a second young man approached. "Here," he said, handing the half of a torn bill to the porter, "I've given the lady the other half, so if you look after her well until she reaches her destination you'll know where to get the rest of your money."

\* \* \*

## The True Test.

A TORONTO woman who employs a charwoman of undoubted honesty and industry was recently surprised when the latter referred to the crest of the family. "What do you mean by a crest, Mrs. Jones?" "It's a crest what belongs to my husband's family m'am—a sort of eagle with its wings a-flapping." "Why where did your husband get the crest?" "Oh, he's a real gentleman, he is. He never done a day's work in his life since we were married, bless him. He's the real sort." And the honest charwoman beamed with pride as she turned once more to her scrubbing.

\* \* \*

## Sydney Smith's Retort.

THE story is told that when Sydney Smith was dining with Lord Lyndhurst, the conversation happened to turn on the subject of suttee—the practice in India of the widow being burned on her husband's funeral pyre. For the sake of argument, Sydney Smith began to defend the practice and asserted that no wife who truly loved her husband could wish to survive him. "But if Lord Lyndhurst were to die, you would be sorry that Lady Lyndhurst should burn herself to death?" was the sudden and embarrassing question of one of the guests. "Lady Lyndhurst," came the deliberate reply, "would no doubt, as an affectionate wife, consider it her duty to burn herself; but it would be our duty to put her out; and, as the wife of the Lord Chancellor, Lady Lyndhurst should not be put out like an ordinary widow. It should be a State affair—first a procession of judges, then of the lawyers." "But, pray, Mr. Smith, where are the clergy?"

Instantly came the sly response: "All gone to congratulate the new Lord Chancellor."

\* \* \*

## A Prose Poet.

IT is said that the author of the following prose poem, "Useless Griefs," is a Canadian by birth. "Walt Mason" is a name which has become familiar as the writer of peculiarly jocular and common sense rhymes.

A hundred years ago or more, men wrung their hands and walked the floor, and worried over this and that, and thought their cares would squash them flat. Where are those worried beings now? The bearded goat and festive cow eat grass above their mouldered bones, and jay birds call in strident tones. And where the ills they worried o'er? Forgotten all for ever more. Gone all the sorrow and the woe that lived a hundred years ago. The grief that makes you scream to-day like other griefs, will pass away; and when you have cashed your little string, and jay birds o'er your bosom sing, the stranger, pausing there to view the marble works that cover you, will think upon the uselessness of human worry and distress. So let the worry business slide, live while you live, and when you've died, the folks will say, around your bier: "He made a hit while he was here."

\* \* \*

## Cause for Pause.

Your eyes are the bonniest blue, dear,  
Your features and figure are fine,  
Your heart—ah, I know 't would be true, dear,  
Should I say to you: "Darling, be mine."

But alas, there's a frightening fear, dear,  
That will not allow me to speak.  
You are spending three thousand a year, dear;  
I am making twelve dollars a week.

—Boston Transcript.

\* \* \*

## Keeping to His Policy.

A WESTERN editor had one invariable, inflexible policy; he would not make a direct contradiction of anything that appeared in his paper, because, as he put it, admission of error cost him the confidence of his readers. One day an irate citizen slammed his way into the office.

"Sir," he exclaimed, with degrees of emphasis, "in this copy of your newspaper you have said that I was hanged."

"Well?"

"When, I haven't been hanged. Not only that, but I've never been con-

demned, or even accused of crime. I demand an immediate and full retraction!"

The editor hesitated; then he smiled, as one who had solved a delicate problem. "I'm sorry," he said. "I am really sorry we said you were hanged. And I can't directly contradict it, because that would make our readers lose confidence in us; but I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll say in to-day's paper that you were cut down before life was extinct."

\* \* \*

## The Usual Thing.

"Doctor, is it absolutely necessary to operate on me?"

"N—no. But it's customary."

\* \* \*



Vicar's Wife: "Can't I persuade you to come to our next mother's meeting?"  
Mrs. Jenkins: "It's very kind of you, mum, but I never was a Society woman."

\* \* \*

## What Next?

THE Montreal *Witness* revives an old story in a new form as follows:

"The City Hall is a peculiar place. Last week two young ladies entered that edifice to make their prayers. This morning a man walked in and asked the guide to direct him to the bar.

"The bar," said the astonished official.

"Yes," answered the stranger, "I want a drink."

"But you can't get a drink here," came the reply.

"Why not?" queried the visitor. "This town isn't dry, is it, and this place is a hotel. I saw the name outside—Hotel de Ville."

\* \* \*

## A Bit of Conservation.

AN Englishman hired an Irish cabby to get him to the train. The Irishman's horse was going very slowly and the Englishman stuck his head out of the cab window and said:

"Whip him up. Give him the gad. Hit him in a vital spot."

"An' sure," said the cabby, "I've hit him in every vital spot but the ears and I'm saving them for the hill."

\* \* \*

## Capital Quips.

THE demonstration on Wednesday evening shows that singing has become very popular in the House, and I am given to understand that there is a movement afoot to extend the idea next session. It is suggested that during the recess members rehearse suitable ditties. Sir Wilfrid Laurier will practise the favourite Gregorian chant of Peter the Hermit whilst Mr. R. L. Borden will practise "Over there, over there, oh! what must it be to be there." There will be an accompanying chorus by Opposition front benchers. Judge Doherty will sing a selection from "H. M. S. Pinafore," Mr. Aylesworth "You never miss the water," but the *piece de resistance* will be Mr. Glen Campbell's rendering of "Where did you get that hat?"

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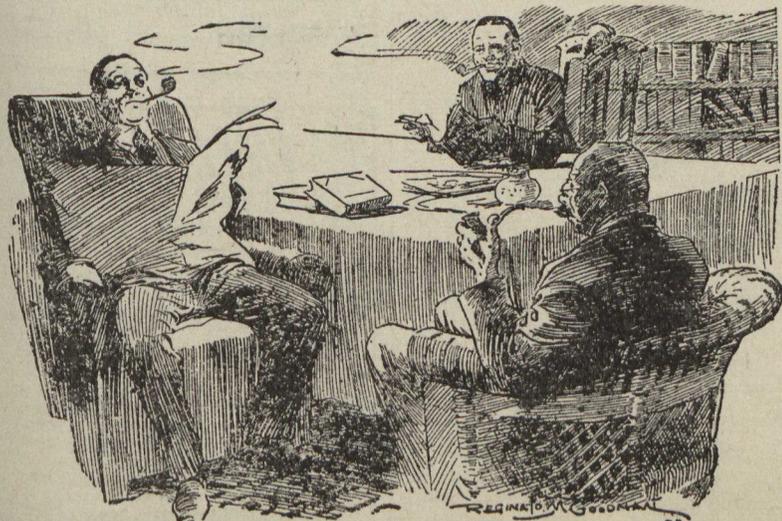
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Charlie: "I say, old chap, what's the extreme penalty of the law for bigamy?"  
Old Adsum: "Why! two mothers-in-law, of course."—M.A.P.

# FOR THE CHILDREN

## An Invitation.

ARCHIBALD SULLIVAN.

LITTLE trout among the shallows where the water ripples white, Won't you leave your weedy nursery, come with me and spend the night?

I've a bath-tub all enamelled—soap that smells of flowers and things, Sponge and towel so soft and downy I could wash the angels' wings. Nurse would give us nice warm water, rub us dry and help us dress, And you could sleep behind the pillows in the downstairs linen press.

—Windsor Magazine.

## The Peacock Lantern.

BY SUI SIN FAR.

IT was such a pretty lantern—the prettiest of all the pretty lanterns that the lantern man carried. Ah Wing longed to possess it. Upon the transparent paper, which covered the fine network of bamboo enclosing the candle, was painted a picture of a benevolent prince riding on a peacock with spreading tail. Never had Ah Wing seen such a gorgeous lantern or one so altogether admirable.

"Honourable father," said he, "is not that a lantern of illuminating beauty, and is not thy string of cash too heavy for thine honourable shoulders?"

His father laughed. "Come hither," he bade the lantern man. "Now," said he to Ah Wing, "choose which lantern pleaseth thee best. To me one is as beautiful as the other."

Ah Wing pointed to the peacock lantern and hopped about impatiently whilst the lantern man fumbled with the wires which kept his lanterns together.

"Oh, hasten! hasten!" cried Ah Wing.

The lantern man looked up into his bright little face.

"Honourable little one," said he, "would not one of the other lanterns please thee as well as this one? For indeed I would, if I could, still keep the peacock lantern. It is the one lantern of all which delights my own little lad, and he is sick and can not move from his bed."

Ah Wing's face became red. "Why then dost thou display the lantern?" asked the father of Ah Wing.

"To draw attention to the others," answered the man. "I am very poor and it is hard for me to provide my child with rice."

The father of Ah Wing looked at his little son.

"Well?" said he. Ah Wing's face was still red. "I want the peacock lantern," he declared.

The father of Ah Wing brought forth his string of cash and drew therefrom more than double the price of the lantern.

"Take this," said he to the lantern man. "Twill fill thy little sick boy's bowl with rice for many a day to come."

The lantern man returned humble thanks, but while unfastening the peacock lantern from the others his face looked very sad.

Ah Wing wrinkled his brow. The lantern man placed the lantern in his hand. Ah Wing stood still holding it.

"Thou hast thine heart's desire now," said his father. "Laugh and be merry."

But with the lantern man's sad face before him Ah Wing could not laugh and be merry.

"If you please, honourable father," said he, "may I go with the honourable lantern man to see his little sick boy?"

"Yes," replied his father, "and I will go too."

When Ah Wing stood beside the bed of the little sick son of the lantern man, he said:

"I have come to see thee, because my father has bought for my pleasure the lantern which gives thee pleasure; but he has paid therefor to thy father what will buy thee food to make thee strong and well."

The little sick boy turned a very pale and very small face to Ah Wing.

"I care not," said he, "for food to make me strong and well—for strong and well I shall never be; but I would that I had the lantern for sake of San Kee."

"And who may San Kee be?" inquired Ah Wing.

"San Kee," said the little sick boy, "is an honourable hunchback. Every evening he comes to see me and to take pleasure in my peacock lantern. It is the only thing in the world that gives poor San Kee pleasure. I would for his sake that I might have kept the peacock lantern."

"For his sake!" echoed Ah Wing.

"Yes, for his sake," answered the little sick boy. "It is so good to see him happy. It is that which makes me happy."

The tears came into Ah Wing's eyes, and his voice, when he spoke was very gentle.

"Honourable lantern man," said he, turning to the father of the little sick boy, "I wish no more for the peacock lantern. Keep it, I pray thee, for thy little sick boy. And, honourable father"—he took his father's hand—"kindly buy for me at the same price as the peacock lantern one of the other beautiful lanterns belonging to the honourable lantern man." — *The Designer.*



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Penny Postage Heaton.

THE name of John Henniker Heaton will go down to posterity as that of the man who carried the Imperial Penny Postage Scheme, the Anglo-American Penny Postage, the introducer of Telegraph Money Orders in England, and the Parcel Post in France. Away from the footlights of Westminster he is author, journalist, newspaper proprietor, owner of large tracts of land in Australia, chess-player, and collector of old and rare books. Mr. Henniker Heaton attributes his success to the absolute belief in the cause he has always advocated. Honours do not appeal to him—in fact, he has refused the K.C.M.G. four times.

Tracing the story of Imperial Penny Postage, Mr. Heaton said recently to an interviewer of *M. A. P.*: "Well, when I first entered Parliament I found that I was just one little cogwheel in a mighty machine, as my friend, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, describes it. I could not hope to be a Gladstone, so I decided to specialise on one subject, to play on one string: cheap and perfect communication by post and telegraph with all parts of the world.

"When I was a young man in Australia, the postal system was literally crying out for reform. Many times up in the cattle stations I have written letters for the stockriders, and each letter, remember, in those days cost sixpence to go to England. This prohibitive charge was a serious item, and it meant fewer letters passing between dear ones in Australia and 'the old folks at home.'

"It was in Australia, where I saw and learnt so much, that the idea came to me that, if ever I had the chance I would throw my heart and soul into postal and telegraph reform work. That chance came on my election to Parliament, and the result is that for more than twenty-five years I have occupied the unenviable position of preacher-in-ordinary to the post office.

"I am told, too, that the mere mention of my name in the precincts of St. Martin's-le-Grand used to produce an explosion of anger similar to the rage of George III., when his son, the Prince of Wales, in revenge for some paternal punishment, shouted 'Wilkes for ever!' outside his Majesty's door at Windsor."

For the work Mr. Henniker Heaton had set himself to do he naturally required some training. First of all he visited every representative post-office in the world, and learnt by heart every postal guide. His next step was to publish in the *Times* a list of some sixty reforms then urgently needed, and he has had the satisfaction since of seeing nearly every one of them carried out. These form the subject of a special work, the *Ideal Post Office*.

His work does not by any means cease, though, with the reforms that are already brought about, and he intends going on and on until penny postage is universal and there is a penny a word rate for cablegrams throughout the British Empire.

\* \* \*

Premier of the Big Island.

MR. ALFRED DEAKIN, whose fine tribute to Lord Kitchener has been so widely quoted, has had a remarkably interesting career. The son of an accountant, he was a full-fledged barrister at twenty-one, a leader writer on the *Melbourne Age* at twenty-two, an M.P. at twenty-three, and a Minister of the Crown at twenty-six.

According to the story told, Mr. Deakin was just half-way through a leading article when his political destiny was determined. A body of electors from West Burke had called upon the proprietor of the *Age* to invite him to become the Liberal candidate for their district.

Unable to comply, he told them that he had a clever young man on his editorial staff whom he could confidently recommend. Mr. Deakin was called in, and in less than a year he wrote "M.P." after his name.

In his early manhood Mr. Alfred Deakin was keenly interested in Spiritualism, and it was while pursuing his studies in the occult that he first met his wife, who was the daughter of Hugh Browne, for several years one of the leading figures in Spiritualistic circles in Melbourne. Thus, when he first emerged into political prominence, he was almost invariably depicted by cartoonist in a white sheet, and in mysterious ghostly attitudes.

Of the days Mr. Deakin spent on the *Melbourne Age* there is a good story told. Conversing one day with Mr. David Syme, the proprietor of the *Age*, the Hon. John Gavan Duffy remarked, with a twinkle in his eye: "My dear Syme, you ought to have something more than a Deakin on your staff. You ought to have a bishop in the office."

"A bishop! Why?"

"Because, you know, the *Age's* statements are sadly in need of confirmation."

\* \* \*

Mr. Forbes - Robertson's Versatility.

MR. FORBES - ROBERTSON, whose golden voice has become the universal admiration of American audiences, is an actor who might have been successful in half-a-dozen callings. He began life as an artist, and his pictures have achieved distinction on the walls of the Royal Academy.

His choosing of a stage career was the result of chance rather than through the following of any deliberate purpose on his part. One day W. G. Wills, whose drama, *Mary Stuart*, was then having a run in London, called upon his father, and presently fell to lamenting the shortcomings of the actor who was playing the juvenile role.

"I've been looking everywhere for someone to take his place," said Wills. "Have you thought of my son, Johnston?"

The upshot of it was that Mr. Forbes-Robertson there and then decided his career; and since that moment, now nearly thirty years ago, he has never been out of an engagement.

When Mr. Forbes-Robertson produced "Macbeth" at the Lyceum Theatre he had a curious experience with an army of over-ambitious supers.

One night, during the battle scene, a soldier, who was stationed on a particularly tall piece of scenery, accidentally lost his footing and fell headlong on to the stage. The effect was exceedingly realistic, and after the performance Mr. Forbes-Robertson complimented him on it.

The next night, however, to everybody's consternation, almost every super occupied some place or other of vantage, and at a given moment—that was when each was certain that Mr. Forbes-Robertson was on the stage—each rolled from his perch at the back, only stopping at the footlights. That night the tragedy was very nearly turned into an acrobatic performance.



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## Literary Notes

*The Man Who Stole the Earth*, by W. Holt White. Copp, Clark Co., Toronto.

From Alexander to Napoleon, there have been mere humans who have desired to control the universe. But the task has proved too formidable for battle-axes and muskets. Air-ships and high power explosives were the means used by John Strong to bring all creation under his sway. It would spoil the effect of Mr. White's highly imaginative and dramatic narrative should we tell how far his conquering hero triumphed in his remarkable ambition.

\* \* \*

*The Sporting Chance*, by Alice and Claude Askew. Ward, Locke & Co.

All lovers of the horse and the racing game will find "The Sporting Chance" to their liking. Those who have followed the race-track revelations at Ottawa recently know that the paddock, the betting ring, and the judge's stand teem with romance. English tracks are no exception, as readers of the breathless pages of "The Sporting Chance" will realise.

\* \* \*

Somebody called Mr. Hamar Greenwood a foreigner during his recent electoral campaign, but that was a slight insult compared with that meted out to his brother Canadian, Sir Gilbert Parker, who was charged by some Bohemian litterateurs with being a plagiarist. A radical paper, called the *Star*, printed an attack on Sir Gilbert by an American, Benjamin A. Nead, which claimed that the novelist in the "Seats of the Mighty" had presented facts, ostensibly the product of his own imagination but really cribbed from an old book, "Memoirs of Major Robert Stobo of the Virginia Regiment." Thirty parallel passages were quoted as proof. Sir Gilbert explained matters to his constituency. He admitted that he had used material from the book in developing his character of Moray; but he denied that acknowledgment had not been publicly made for his indebtedness to it. Sir Gilbert submitted that when "The Seats of the Mighty" began its serial run in the *Atlantic Monthly*, there was the following note after the title: "Being the Memoirs of Capt. Robert Stobo, sometime officer in the King's Regiment, and afterward of Amherst's Regiment."

\* \* \*

*The Literary Digest* has the following comment on Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts' "The Backwoodsmen."

*The Backwoodsmen*, by Charles G. D. Roberts. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.50.

Mr. Roberts gives us fourteen stories of men and animals and one story of men only—fifteen in all—and we like the animals better than the men, perhaps because we know less of animals and therefore are not so critical. The story-teller can do almost anything he likes with an animal so long as he is interesting, and the chief trick of making an animal interesting is to endow him with a sort of childlike humanity. But pictures of men must in some way conform with universal experience, and Mr. Roberts' men do not always do this. We may doubt, for instance, if such an one as "Red McWha" was even so "gentled" as in Mr. Roberts' story, while other of his human characters are too artificial to be spontaneous. "Nature faking" is permissible with animals, because we don't know enough of them individually to be sure that it is faking; but the standard for human beings is much more exacting. Nevertheless the fourteen stories are good reading.

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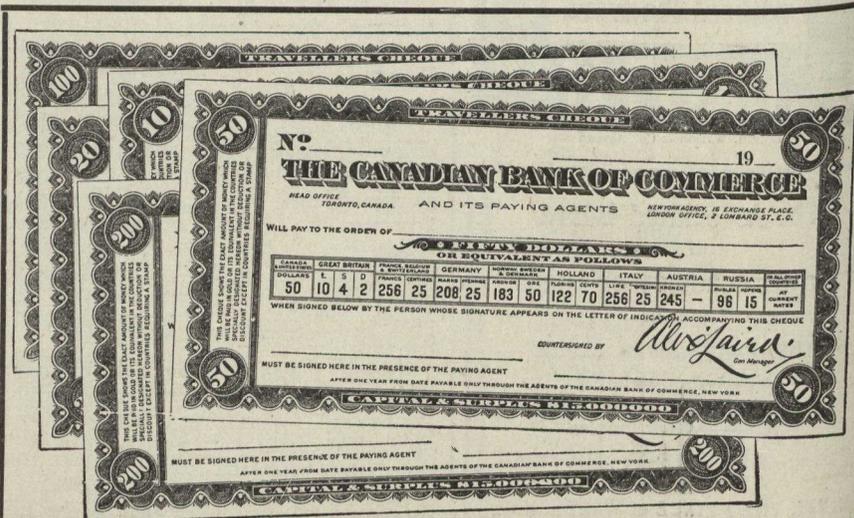
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wrote during 1909 new business (all Canadian) amounting to **\$8,125,578** making total insurance in force December 31, 1909, **\$59,261,959**. Its net surplus earning for 1909, over all liabilities was **\$508,921.25**, while the ratio of expense to income was less than for the previous year.

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# MONEY AND MAGNATES

## New President Mortgage Association.

At the twenty-third annual meeting of the Land Mortgage Companies' Association held in Toronto last week, Mr. R. S. Hudson, of the Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation, was elected President. The other officers are as follows:—First Vice-President, C. W. Cartwright, Hamilton; Second Vice-President, Edward Saunders; Secretary-Treasurer, George H. Smith; Executive Committee, V. B. Wadsworth, Walter Gillespie, G. A. Morrow, Toronto; C. Ferree, Hamilton; William Buckingham, Stratford; J. H. Helm, Port Hope; J. W. Stewart, St. Thomas; A. M. Smart, Hume Cronyn, London.



Mr. R. S. Hudson

Mr. Rufus Sawyer Hudson was born at Chelsea, Que., in 1843, and is of United Empire Loyalist stock. After a public school education in Ottawa he went through Upper Canada College and the University of Toronto, taking a distinguished course in both institutions. He then became mathematical master in the Brockville High School, and his course in life seemed well defined. However, the business world was attractive and in 1877 he yielded to its call and joined the staff of the old Canada Permanent Loan and Savings Co. In 1900, when the big amalgamation of the Toronto loan companies took place he became Assistant General Manager. When Mr. J. Herbert Mason, the General Manager, retired five years later, Mr. Hudson and Mr. John Massey became joint General Managers. Under their jurisdiction the Canada Permanent has made splendid progress and it is now in a better position than at any other time in its history.

\* \* \*

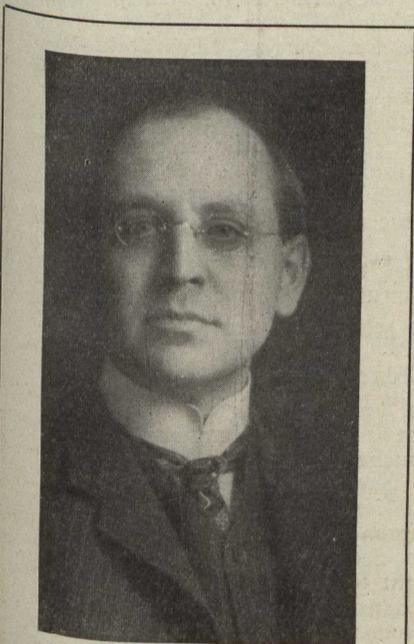
## Industrials More Popular.

TIME was, and not so very long ago, when the Canadian investor would shy at a Canadian industrial proposition if a broker put it up to him. There was good reason too for the nervousness of the man who had money in a joint stock company doing an ordinary industrial business. Now things are different, and it only requires that the stock exchange houses which brought out most of the recent issues should make an active market for them, and the public will willingly "come in." There appears to be only one reason for the success of Canadian industrial companies within the past few years. Good times have helped of course, but the big thing has been the improvement in men. The discerning banker who studies every change in the commercial situation as each new phase is developed will tell you that the change in commercial methods in the past ten years has been revolutionary. Businesses which were presumed to be dying because of hostile legislation, but which are really affected with dry rot have been put on their feet by good management and the concerns have been made commercial successes without regard to duties, bounties or any other artificial help.

\* \* \*

## Crow's Nest Coal Co.

LAST week's meeting of the Crow's Nest Coal Co. in Toronto was the first annual gathering under the new management. It is just about a year since Mr. J. J. Hill, of the Great Northern Railway, took control of the company with Mr. Elias Rogers of Toronto as president. Senator Jaffray, Sir Henry Pellatt, Mr. E. R. Wood and Mr. G. G. Lindsey retired, and directors more in sympathy with Mr. Hill's ideas were appointed. At this year's meeting the Board was re-elected as follows: President, Mr. Elias Rogers; Directors, Mr. E. C. Whitney of Ottawa, Mr. H. B. McGiverin of Ottawa, Mr. O. M. Robinson of Granby, Col. W. P. Clough of New York, Dr. J. P. Graves of Spokane, and Mr. Mark H. Irish of Toronto.



Mr. Mark H. Irish.

The president reported an increased output during the year and a general improvement in assets. He showed that during the year they had secured an advance of from five to ten cents a ton for their coal, and an advance of about forty cents a ton for their coke. He did not, however, make any statement as to when dividends would be resumed. According to the directors' report the earning on the \$6,500,000 of capital was about 2¼ per cent.

Mr. Mark H. Irish, the only new director on the board, is an important addition from the Canadian point of view. Mr. Irish is one of the most prominent of the younger business men of Toronto; is possessed of keen business ability and has a high standing

for integrity. His election should create additional confidence in the minds of the shareholders. He is president of Messrs. Irish & Maulson, Limited; is a past president of the Canadian Club of Toronto, a Governor of the General Hospital Board, and is also prominent socially and politically.

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SEALED TENDERS addressed to the postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on FRIDAY the 8th APRIL 1910 for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years 24 and 48 times per week each way, between Port Colborne and Street Letter-Box and Port Colborne and Grand Trunk Ry. Station from the 1st JULY next.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Port Colborne and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,  
Mail Service Branch,  
Ottawa, 24th February 1910  
G. C. Anderson  
Superintendent.



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SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on FRIDAY, 22nd APRIL, 1910, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, six times per week each way between Crowland and Welland from the 1st July next

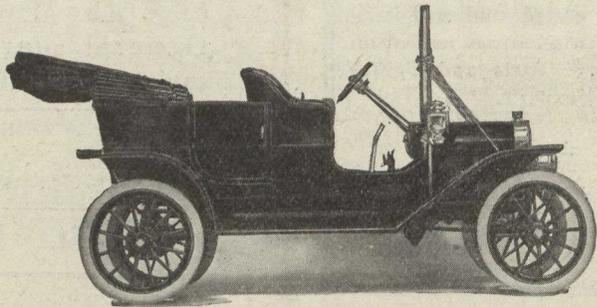
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Ottawa, 9th March, 1910.  
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# PEOPLE AND PLACES

**N**OW that spring is flirting with us it is of some interest to observe what a contract she is to have when she flips her green handkerchief down some of the concessions of Ontario up towards Georgian Bay. The picture on this page was taken a week or so ago before the first warm spell. It shows that a country doctor may have as many troubles getting to a patient as Dr. Cook had getting to the North Pole. A good many Canadians seem to be getting restless over the winter. They sigh for the melting spring to come in the middle of March as though March hadn't the real right of way as a bang-up, unadulterated winter month with license to howl unchecked and to bite unmuzzled, and to go with a rip and a bang from coast to coast raising Cain without stint. A good blustering March usually means a fine blowy April and a lovely May. Three years ago we had a sultry March; also we had nipping frosts in July that killed both corn and beans in several counties of Ontario. Let's be thankful for the seasons as they march along; and for the snow that heaps up over the fall wheat—as long as we are not country doctors or undertakers or sewing-machine peddlars.

## LAST OF THE SNOW



Puzzle—Find the Driver

## Canadians in Paris Flood.

**C**ANADIANS figured in the great Paris flood which cleaned gayety off the boulevards, and wrought havoc in the lowly houses of the poor. J. A. Clark, St. John, was in the French capital and witnessed the thrilling scenes. Mr. Clark says that most of the damage took place in the residential districts along the Seine. The houses were all old and constructed of wood. They were floating in the streets like barges; sewers and water pipes were choked

by the overflow; one of the greatest underground railway systems in the world was ruined. The Misses Curry, of Windsor, Ont., are two other Canadians who have been picturing the horrors to their anxious friends at home. The young ladies are attending school at Colombes. When the papers came from Paris one morning announcing the plight of the city, they decided that school should not keep and left for the capital to take in the scenes. At night they came back to Colombes. They got a surprise—more flood than they had bargained for. The plague of waters had descended upon Colombes; moreover, there was a wall of water twelve feet deep about their homes. The school girls made the best of an awkward situation by abandoning their rooms to fate and ascending to the attic storey where they were confined for several days.

## A Perplexing Situation.

**T**HAT half-a-million-dollar fund which is to set Queen's University on its legs is heaving into sight. The college authorities have bargained with Andrew Carnegie for a hundred-thousand-dollar contribution provided that they can raise the rest of the money. They have almost fulfilled their part of the contract. Recently Messrs. Hon. Wm. Harty, M.P., Principal Gordon, H. W. Richardson, C. Bermingham, and G. Y. Chown handed the treasurer twenty-five thousand. Then along came Dr. Douglas, New York, offering \$50,000 to endow a chair in Canadian and Colonial History, to be held by Mr. W. L. Grant, son of the late principal of Queen's. His gift would complete the four hundred thousand. But there is a hitch in the proceedings. Dr. Douglas won't go into his pocket except on conditions; certain changes have to be made in the University constitution before he will write a check. Shall the trustees of Queen's and the General Assembly assent to the demands of Dr. Douglas, take his money and receive Mr. Carnegie's donation, or shall they go out and try to dig up the vexing fifty thousand somewhere else? That is a big problem before them to-day. In Kingston the general feeling is that the constitutional amendments will be made, and the endowment secured as soon as possible.

## Halifax and the Chinese Invasion.

**T**HE other Sunday four yellow men, quondam citizens of the Republic, in bond to Uncle Sam, got off a boat at Halifax. Haligonians were not a little curious at their presence. They nudged each other and were reminded that the new immigration restrictions upon Chinese had come into effect, whereby Halifax is to be the regular half-way house for Chinamen leaving or entering the United States. Washington regulations state that Chinamen must come or go only by way of Frisco, Seattle and Boston. Two thousand celestials, it is estimated, will be brought to Halifax annually by the plant Line boats, then shipped across the continent to the Pacific ports. The C. P. R., who take charge of the transporting don't take any chances with their Johns. Should an ex-laundryman slip away in a crowd, there is a five-hundred-dollar head-tax to pay into the Ottawa treasury. Every Chinaman looks alike to a Canadian, and so there is little probability of even an astute railroad detective catching up with a derelict.

So far the Maritime Provinces have been spared the perplexities of the brown man and the yellow man that of late years have so complicated the politics and the industrial life of British Columbia. But if Halifax and St. John are to take a hand in building the new Canadian navy, it's only fair they should have a fling at international problems.

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### The Wind Up of the Hockey Season

THE hockey season is over, or practically so; an odd game or two, perhaps, and Canada's most fascinating—to say nothing of exciting—winter sport will be a thing of the past. Looking back with a critical eye, one fails to find any startling features, except in a few isolated cases, but the general improvement in the quality of the play, as well as the increased interest in the game, as evidenced by the large number of teams engaged, is very manifest.

Indeed to such a degree of excellence has the game now attained, that we feel justified in saying, that our hockeyists are to-day the best in the world. This may seem high praise, but it is richly deserved.

Of course this condition of things hasn't been brought about without an effort—rather has persistent and well directed practice been responsible for it.

It is not the intention or purpose to go into the details of any of the games, as that has already been done in the columns of the local press, one might say almost *ad nauseam*, but merely to refer briefly to the prominent features in some of them.

That there have been surprises goes without saying. Perhaps the greatest of these was in the game be-

and simple? This is liable to occur in hockey, as out of it, and the recent changes in the position of the teams is probably due more to hard practice than anything else. Let us hope so, at all events, and take this as a guide for the future.

\* \* \*

Edward Payson Weston, the most wonderful walker in the world, is a living example of the benefits of a temperate life (he is a total abstainer) and exercise, as the promoters of health and preservers of physical vigor. He is now engaged in a tramp across the American Continent, and is days ahead of his schedule. He has announced his intention of walking 80 miles on his 72nd birthday—a wonderful feat for a man his age.

\* \* \*

THE Inter-Collegiate hockey season wound up in a bit of a muddle. Toronto Varsity appeared to have the championship won when defeated by Queen's on Toronto ice and McGill in Montreal threw the Toronto students into a tie with Queen's and McGill. At a meeting to arrange the play-off Varsity were ordered to meet McGill at Ottawa and the winners to meet Queen's in Ottawa, Queen's as last year's champions being given the bye. Varsity entered



Queen's University Hockey Team which won the Intercollegiate Championship by defeating McGill University Team at Ottawa on March 5th.

Photograph by J. G. Evans

tween the Kingston Frontenacs and the Prestons, where the former team, after being what was considered hopelessly beaten, seemed all of a sudden to take on a new lease of life, and with that desperation that is said to be born of despair, rose to the occasion, and in their now famous "whirlwind finish," scored 3 goals in 6 minutes, thereby winning the match, and the Junior O. H. A. championship, in the very last minute of the play—in fact they had but 40 seconds to spare!

Another genuine "surprise," and a truly remarkable feat, was that of Fred. Taylor of the Renfrews—the "Millionaire Club"—as they are called, in scoring a goal, by skating backwards, as though, not content with the overwhelming defeat his team was administering to the unfortunate Ottawas (the final score was 17 to 2!), he wished further to add insult to injury.

Other cases might be mentioned where the "unexpected" certainly happened, but not in quite so startling a manner, as those just given.

After all, aren't we sometimes prone to attribute success to luck, or may be fortuitous circumstances, when in reality it is nothing but merit, pure

a vigorous protest against this arrangement and as it passed unheeded they withdrew from the Association. Queen's then met McGill in Ottawa and defeated them for the championship. Queen's afterwards successfully defended the Montagu Allan cup against Ottawa Cliffside, champions of the Inter-Provincial Union

\* \* \*

FROM hockey to baseball is almost a hop-step-and-jump in Canada, with a brief interim of marbles and skipping-ropes. The small boy, however, does not linger so long over his marbles as he used to. He yearns for the corner lot and the padded mitt. Already baseball fever is commencing. The first touch of real green on the grass of either March or April gives the "fan" the tired feeling about hockey. Curling is over. The stones are corraled and the brooms stacked away. The curlers are talking about bowls and speculating on the teams for next summer's tournaments. Spring may be determined so far as women are concerned by the desire for a new hat. But the masculine seasons are marked out by the panorama of the sports.

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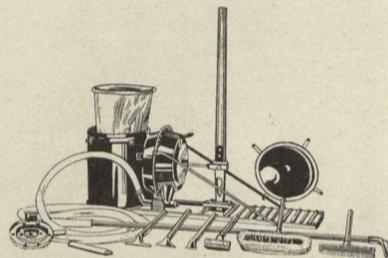
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Let us again remind you that we guarantee the following lines of Pen-Angle Hosiery to outwear others. That means the best wearing hosiery sold anywhere.

The reason why they will wear longer is because of the exceptional quality of the cashmere and cotton yarns we use. And because we knit them on Penmans' exclusive machines. We have the sole rights to use these machines in Canada.

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These machines form-knit the hosiery to fit the form of the leg, ankle and foot perfectly, without a single seam anywhere to irritate your feet or rip apart.

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Make up your mind right now that you will never again buy hosiery with horrid seams up the leg and across the foot—hosiery less serviceable—but get Pen-Angle 2 for 1 guaranteed hosiery.

### For Ladies

No. 1760.—"Lady Fair" Black Cashmere hose. Medium weight. Made of fine, soft cashmere yarns. 2-ply leg. 5-ply foot, heel, toe and high splice, giving them strength where strength is needed. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

No. 1020.—Same quality as 1760, but heavier weight. Black only. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

No. 1150.—Very fine Cashmere hose. Medium weight. 2-ply leg. 4-ply foot, heel and toe. Black,

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No. 1720.—Fine quality Cotton hose. Made of 2-ply Egyptian yarn with 3-ply heels and toes. Black, light and dark tan, champagne, myrtle, pearl gray, oxblood, helio, sky, pink, bisque. Box of 4 pairs, \$1.00; 6 pairs, \$1.50.

No. 1175.—Mercerized. Same colors as 1720. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.00; 6 pairs, \$2.00.

### For Men

No. 2404.—Medium weight Cashmere half-hose. Made of 2-ply Botany yarn with our special "Everlast" heels and toes, which add to its wearing qualities, while the hosiery still remains soft and comfortable. Black, light and dark tan, leather, champagne, navy, myrtle, pearl gray, slate, oxblood, helio, cadet blue and bisque. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

No. 500.—"Black Knight." Winter weight black Cashmere half-hose. 5-ply body, spun from pure Australian wool. 9-ply silk splicing in heels and toes. Soft, comfortable, and a wonder to resist wear. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

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No. 330.—"Everlast" Cotton Socks. Medium weight. Made from four-ply long staple combed Egyptian cotton yarn, with six-ply heels and toes. Soft in finish and very comfortable to the feet. A winner. Black, light and dark tan. Put up in boxes. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.00; 6 pairs, \$2.00.

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If your dealer cannot supply you, state number, size and color of hosiery desired, and enclose price, and we will fill your order postpaid. If not sure of size of hosiery, send size of shoe worn. Remember, we will fill no order for less than one box and only one size in a box.

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Penmans, Limited, Dept. 40, Paris, Canada

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is constantly extending into new fields and there is work everywhere in building up a growing connection with new readers. Just at present we want particularly several responsible and able canvassers for work in Toronto and elsewhere.

CIRCULATION BUREAU: CANADIAN COURIER, TORONTO

## Champion Walker of America

By F. H. HURLEY

TO have reached the proud position of champion walker of America, if not indeed of the world, after but two years of spasmodic training, is surely an achievement of which any athlete might well be proud. The subject of our sketch has accomplished all that, and in so impressive a manner that no doubt can remain, in the minds of those who have seen him perform, that he is the greatest exponent of the heel and toe mode of progression that has as yet appeared.

Donning walking-pumps for the first time six months previous to the Olympic games of 1908, and making what progress he could in that limited period, he sailed for London as Canada's representative, and there, in competition with twenty-five of the best walkers in the world, succeeded in finishing in fifth place. Although, as it will appear, he did not on that occasion win many honours for himself or his country, his style, nevertheless, was favourably commented upon, and he learned much of the art that he has since turned to profitable account, so much so indeed that it has largely been instrumental in enabling him to beat the world's record for the mile (6.26 by G. E. Larner), although unfortunately the time he made—6.25 1-5—has not been accepted as a record, on account of a shortage in the track of a few feet.

When it is considered what limited opportunities he has had for development, chiefly because of the comparatively few athletic meetings held in Canada in the course of a year, it will be readily seen what possibilities the future has in store for him.

He is now twenty-five years of age, stands 5 feet 10 inches in height, and weighs, in athletic dress, 145 lbs.—an ideal build. He has always been strictly temperate in his habits, never

having used liquor or tobacco in any form, and he certainly considers that his regular life and common-sense methods of training, which he



George Goulding,  
Champion Walker of America

has always endeavoured to have based on moderation, to be the chief elements in his success.

## Hunting Men in No-Man's Land

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 18

Fifty yards in the rear he stumbled across a body in the snow. A smiling whitened face was turned toward him.

"It's good-bye, Jim," said a weak voice. "It's good-bye for ever now. Tell them all—that freezing—freezing isn't so bad. And—Jim—keep on—keep on—you'll win out yet—my coat and gloves. Oh Jim. I'm so sleepy—so sleepy—"

Then there was silence, while despite the cold, despite the storm, Jim stood bareheaded. The face below him was whitened, frozen from forehead to chin, but he knew only too well the look that overspread it. It was death. Tearing off one glove he thrust his benumbed hand into the other's clothing to his breast. No. There was not a heart-beat.

"Dead. Paul, dead." Mechanically he dragged the body toward the sledge. Mechanically he marked a cross on a slab of wood from the supplies, and drove it into the snow at Paul's head. Then the thought of his being also dead in a few hours unless succor came, brought him to his senses. Hastily he removed the furs from the still form beneath him. Poor Paul would need them no more, and although they were a tight fit, the survivor managed to crawl inside.

"I must move," he muttered. "I must move or die." Still mechanically he gave the cry to mooch, and by force of habit compelled his tired limbs to carry him forward. Then the thought of Cormier came. Cormier the cause of it all. With a volley of oaths, the dogs forged ahead.

"To Cormier, Wolf," he cried. "On to Cormier or death."

The thermometer on the sledge reached 48 degrees below and burst.

Jim looked through half-closed eyelids across the room. He could see a portion of a rough cabin with furs drying on the walls. Steam from a boiling kettle eddied aloft and faded into nothingness. The aromatic odour of coffee and frying bacon blended together into a perfume delightful. Somewhere in the room a woman was humming a tune. He turned on his side, uttering a groan of pain as he did so. At the sound the woman turned and eyed him compassionately. "You feelin' better, Monsieur?" she questioned. "You feel lak yo' can eat?"

"Where am I and how did I get here?" he demanded. He shuddered as he thought of the snow, and listening intently he heard the howl of the wind outside.

"My man he pick yo' up last night in de snow," explained the woman. "Ye layin' down near froze, and when he pick yo' up yo' say 'Professor Somebody. Ha. Ha! Yo' no know you talk lak' that. My man he bring yo' here. Three dogs all froze dead he leave. The rest all came here. Big dog, so cross an' mad, he bark or my man no find yo'. We has to tie him up he so cross."

"That's Wolf, the old villain," murmured the man. "So he saved me, eh? Good old Wolf."

She only caught a word here and

there. "Wolf you say, eh?" she remarked. "He look all right lak' wolf. Much worse for mad though. Wolf no so bad as big black dog of yo'. My man, he say, dog one big devil-dog. He say 'kill, but no, dog who save master must no be kill, so me, I chain him up. My man he hot-head you call it. He French, and me Indian," and she threw her chest out proudly. "Me full-blood Indian, but spek' good Englis just lak' my man Cormier do."

Jim started. Vainly he tried to rise upon his elbow, but fell back with a moan. Cormier. The man he was after. Cormier, the thief; Cormier, the cause of Paul's death; Cormier, his rescuer. Ah. This last made a difference. But he must forget the rescuing part of it. Cormier should go back with him. Duty first always. Then he smiled. Blistered from frost bites as he was it was nonsense to think of going back for days. He must be the unwilling guest of Cormier. And then, when the Frenchman had nursed him back to health he must reciprocate by taking him to prison. Under his breath he cursed the circumstances that had brought this thing to pass. Still it must be done. Jim Driscoll never yet had failed to do his duty.

"My man he very good to me," rambled on the squaw, delighted to have some person to talk to, even although it was but an unresponsive invalid, and equally pleased at the opportunity afforded to display her knowledge of English. "He go hunt every day, snow, storm, or fine, and make much money in winter. Last fall though," and she became suddenly sad, as is the nature of her race, "bad Indian he come here one day while I and my man be fish, and steal all food. He leave us nothing—nothing but one or two bag potato" and she held up one of the potatoes she was paring. "My man he have no money. Winter he coming soon, and we starve with nothing to eat but meat, or get sick which be as bad with no doctor here. So Cormier he go to village far away and borrow money from rich Englishman. Then he come home with flour, sugar, fish, lots good food for we all winter. Now my man hunt more hard each day so next spring he pay back rich man money he borrow."

The squaw had unwittingly furnished him food for thought during the long day, and for many days after, during the period of his convalescence.

When the man of the house returned at night, and after throwing two fresh pelts on the floor, turned toward the stranger. Jim had no difficulty in recognising him as the Cormier he was after.

The Frenchman smiled as he saw that his guest was conscious. "You soon be all right again Mr. Driscoll," he remarked.

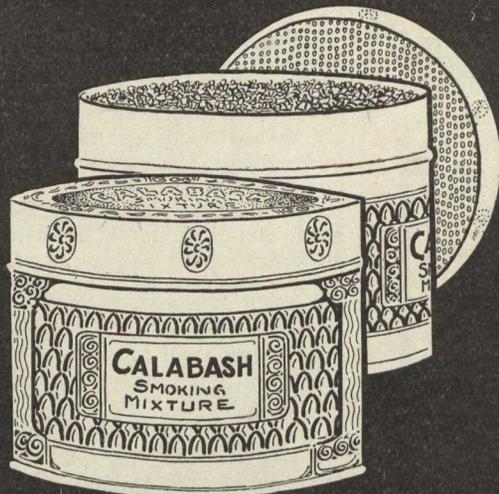
Jim started. He had forgotten his papers and the warrant. Clearly Cormier had not.

The hunter smiled again. "You see I know your name, Monsieur," he said. "You near dead and I look through papers to see who you are and where from. I no expect to see stranger up here so soon. But papers say you hunter too. Hunter for little game, eh? Bimeby I talk to you. Now—" and he placed his finger on his lips and glanced toward his squaw wife. "You papers be all in you pocket, Mr. Driscoll," he added. "My wife she no can read Englis."

Jim understood. It was several days before the men were alone. The squaw wife had been sent for a fresh supply of firewood and would be gone at least an hour, and Cormier had returned from the hunt earlier than usual. For a while they smoked in silence, broken at last by the hunter.

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## Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on FRIDAY the 22nd APRIL, 1910 for the conveyance of his Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years six times per week each way, between Oakville and Trafalgar from the 1st July next.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Oakville and Trafalgar and at the office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,  
MAIL SERVICE BRANCH,

Ottawa, 4th March, 1910.

G. C. ANDERSON,  
Superintendent.

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Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Don, Toronto and Route Offices and at the office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,  
MAIL SERVICE BRANCH,  
Ottawa, 4th March, 1910.  
G. C. ANDERSON,  
Superintendent.



## Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on FRIDAY the 15th APRIL 1910 for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years six times per week each way, between Bowmanville and Tyrone from the 1st July next.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Bowmanville and Tyrone and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,  
Mail Service Branch  
Ottawa, 28th February 1910  
G. C. Anderson  
Superintendent.

# HOLBROOK'S

WORCESTERSHIRE

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# SAUCE

"I suppose I will have to go back with you?" he said.

The other looked at him sadly. "I hate to do it after what you have done for me," he replied, "but duty is duty you know. Your wife has told me all about your provisions being stolen and about your *borrowing* the money to buy more, also that you are going to pay it back next spring. I believe her, too."

They looked at each other through the wreaths of tobacco smoke.

"My wife she will feel ver' bad when I be arrest," remarked the Frenchman. "She be ver' hones' and say would rather starve than steal." He turned away and buried his face in his hands. "So would I for mysel', but my wife I love ver' much and for her I tak' the money. It's ver' hard, don't you think, Monsieur," he muttered.

Jim tried to steel his heart with thoughts of the body of his friend laying in the cold deep snow. "It's hard, but it's got to be done," he said, then turned and went outdoors to feed the wolf-dog.

Next morning Cormier was off to his traps before sunrise, and a few hours later Jim harnessed the dogs and threw on his heavy wraps. The air was frosty, but the sun was shining cheerily and it was not unpleasant outdoors, that is if you kept moving. "Where you go?" queried the squaw.

"Why Amineta I think I'll follow your man's trail and spend the day with him," he replied.

After he had given the cry to "mooch" he turned. "Amineta," he called, "Amineta, if your man gets back before me, tell him 'thank you' for me."

The squaw puzzled her brain all day wondering what the Englishman meant. She repeated the words to her man that night and for a moment he stood lost in thought, then taking a lantern he strapped his snowshoes on, and went along his morning trail. That night he had returned by another route. He had only gone a few hundred yards from the house when the trail of the dog team separated from his own. A piece of paper stuck upright in the snow where the trails separated caught his eye. He picked it up. "The warrant," he muttered. Then he waved his hand to an imaginary friend far off down the southern trail. "Good man," he breathed. "Good man. God bless you. Bon voyage, Monsieur. Bon voyage."

With a newborn sense of freedom he turned toward his home and his squaw-wife. As he entered she arose from the cot on which she had been laying. He clasped her in his arms. "I hope the spring come early so I can pay my friend in Chicoutimi quick," he said. And she smiled as she murmured, "Yo' good hones' man, ain' yo', my man?"

Three weeks later a sledge drawn by three lean mongrels and a wolfish-looking led-dog passed down the one street of Fort Bacon. Strapped to the sledge was a man. The Chief, who had just arrived from Montreal to try and obtain information as to the whereabouts of his men, scarcely recognised the fever-stricken face of Jim Driscoll as they carried him into the doctor's home. When they pulled off his gloves a piece of paper fell to the floor. Walking to the lamp the Chief scanned the wavering lines.

"Am sick. Paul dead and buried. Cannot find Cormier. Am going to tie myself to sledge and trust to Wolf. Don't look for Cormier. Jim."

During the illness that followed, the Chief watched by the side of his subordinate. His secretary came up from Montreal and during quiet moments of the sick man they attended to business that needed his personal

attention. Day after day the Chief listened to the ramblings and wanderings of his patient, and tirelessly administered the simple remedies available, until at last he had the satisfaction and reward of gazing into a clear eye, mirror of unclouded brain.

"So you could not find the Frenchman?" he remarked, when the patient was stronger. "That's too bad. Where do you suppose he is anyway?"

Jim blushed and his eyes fell. "I really don't know, Chief," he replied. "There was no trace of him. Snow covered his trail after the third day out."

The other crossed the room and laid his hand on that of the sick man. "Jim, old man," he said, "you told me all about it days ago. Amineta and poverty, trapping and paying of debts, freezing and Professor Somebody. I know it all, Jim," and his voice grew husky, "you're an awful liar, Jim, when you're in your right mind, but somehow I believe you're clear white."

The invalid arose on one elbow. "I suppose I'm fired now," he said.

The Chief gently laid him back on his pillow. "Shut up, Jim," he laughed, "you are raving again. Keep quiet will you until I dictate my report to the bank, and then we'll talk over the future."

He called his secretary.

"Operative J. D. reports," he dictated, "that in pursuance with instructions received, he, in company with operative P. W., searched diligently throughout a large portion of Eastern Ungava for a trace of Cormier. They were unable to learn anything relative to his whereabouts, and in operative J. D.'s opinion —"

Out of the corner of his eye he glanced at the bed. The occupant's face bore a happy smile, his eyes were shut, and his deep, regular breathing told its own story.

## "Except Jack Leslie"

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 19.

to-night, sir," said the butler. "I understood her to say that you knew that. Her orders were that we were not to disturb you till you rang. She is strolling in the grounds with Mr. Leslie. We've been drinking their healths in the servants' hall. As no doubt you know, sir, they're engaged to be married."

"Leave us just a moment, will you?"

The butler and the four footmen trooped out again.

"How did you vote, Hendon?"

"For myself, and Leslie."

"And you, Marshpool?"

"For myself, and Leslie."

"And you, Hereward?"

"For myself, and Leslie."

"For myself, and Leslie," said Winton and Chudleigh in a breath.

"I also voted for myself and Leslie," said Tressingham. "I voted for him simply because I conceived him impossible."

They all said "So did I" to that.

"I suppose she was in love with Jack Leslie all the time," said the Marquis after a long pause.

"I expect so, and he with her, but for reasons one can well understand he wouldn't speak. She has made use of us very cleverly to get her own way."

Then they all went out into the hall and were helped on with their overcoats by the butler and the four footmen, and escorted to their waiting carriages.

"Good luck to them," said the gallant Major.

The others said nothing. Their thoughts were entirely occupied in pondering upon Miss Dorothy Milner's helplessness in the matter of choosing a husband.

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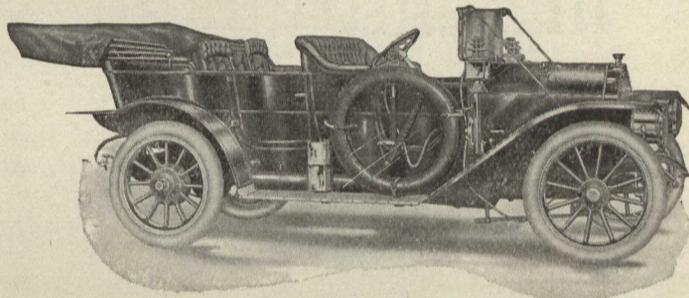
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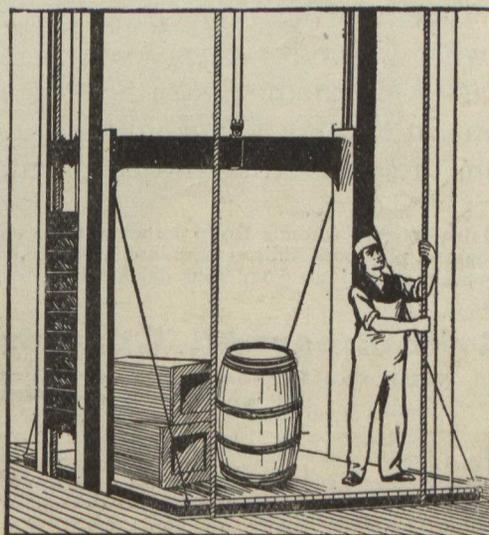
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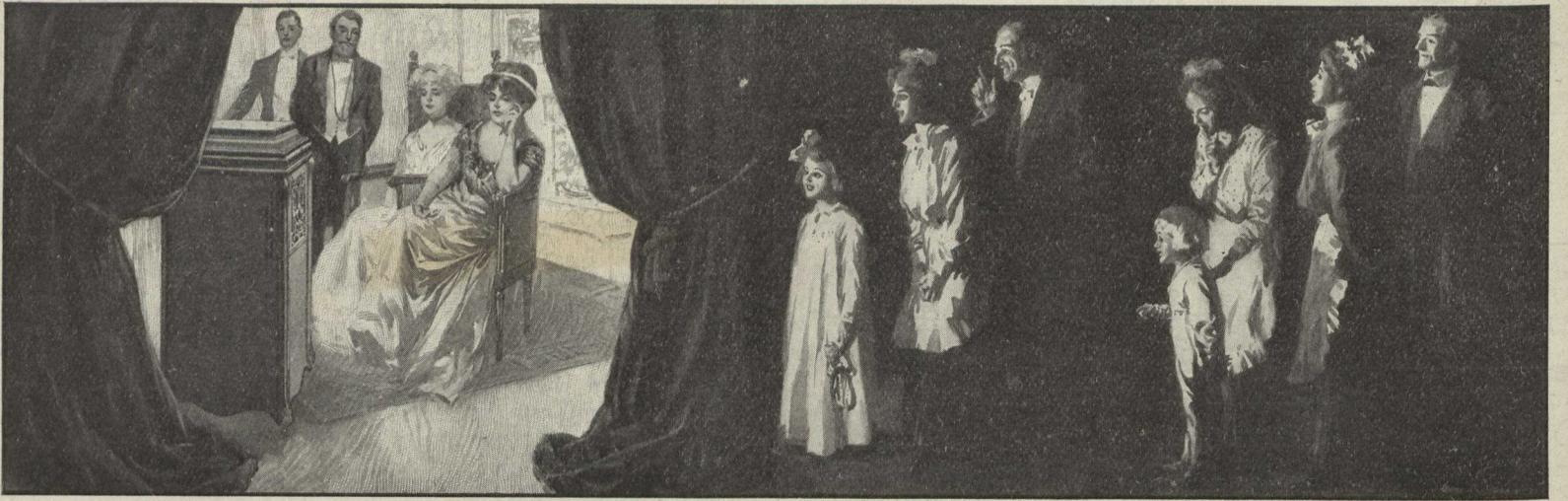
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Edison Amberol Records (play twice as long).....	.65
Edison Grand Opera Records.....	.85c to 1.25

**National Phonograph Company, 115 Lakeside Ave. Orange, N. J.**

With the Edison Business Phonograph you dictate at your convenience,  
and the typewriting department does the rest