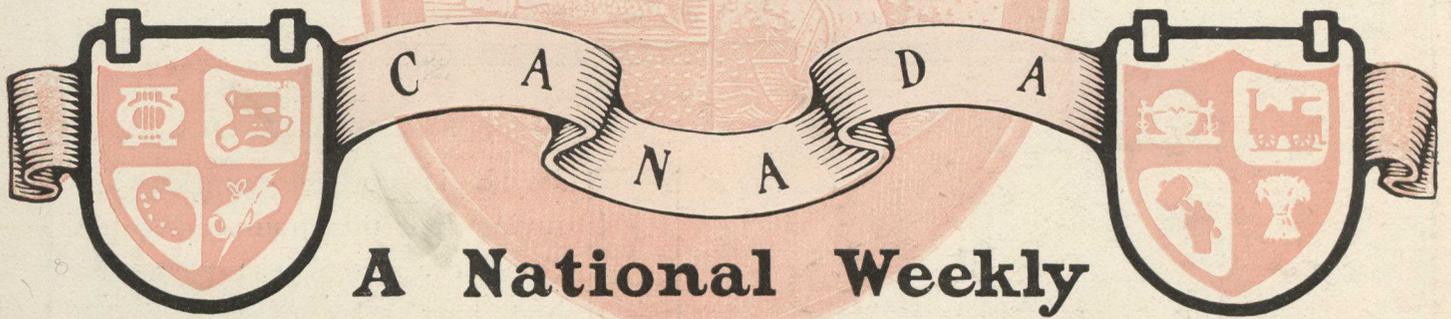


# The Canadian Courier



A TYPICAL SHAFT HOUSE.—COBALT.

JOHN A. COOPER, Editor  
THE COURIER PRESS, Limited, TORONTO

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# JANUARY

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**Editorial Talk**

**F**IVE issues in one month, and that the first month of our existence, have tested us all. At several points we should like to have done better, but the worst is over. The wheels are now moving more smoothly, and we hope to be able to introduce new and striking features almost every week.

There are two lines along which we hope to show development—Sport and Finance.

So far as "Sport" is concerned, we shall use it in the broad sense to include everything which appertains to out-door life and to athletics. Almost the only exception will be prize-fighting, of which we will not be an advocate.

With regard to Finance, we have been dealing mainly with Cobalt, it being the feature of the moment. Shortly our efforts will be more general, and an attempt will be made to cover the whole field of legitimate finance. Advertisements of "wildcats" will not be sought.

Shortly we hope to take up the question of "Civil Service Reform," and explain its purpose and its programme. This it seems to us is one of the pressing needs of Canada, and we propose to offer much information on the subject.

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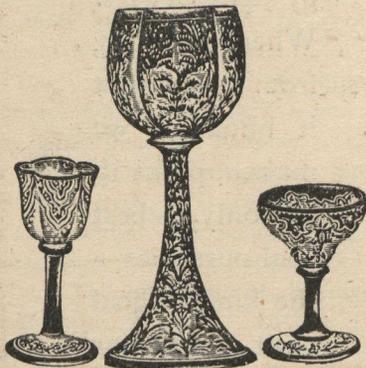
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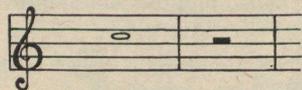
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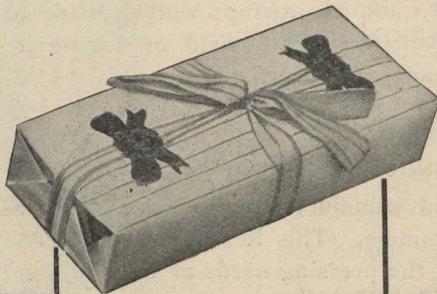
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# The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

NEWS COMPANY EDITION.

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Vol. I

Toronto, December 29th, 1906

No. 5

## Canada in 1907

**T**O forecast what will happen in Canada in 1907 with any degree of exactness in detail is out of the question. He would be a foolish man who would attempt it. Yet one may estimate certain movements, where fore-knowledge and reason combine to afford the opportunity.

In 1907, there will be a large influx of new settlers and Canada's population will be increased to a greater extent than in any other twelve months. The year 1906 holds the record. Before that the year 1905 held it. With this in our mind, why should we not expect an increase next year? All the arguments of the past still hold: the agencies at work are more numerous.

In 1907, the trade of Canada will be larger than it ever has been before. The period of rapid expansion is not yet over. The filling up of "The Last and Best West" means increased trade; the rapid building of railways, the growth of new settlements and new towns spells more buying and selling. The year 1906 was a year of investigations and strikes; 1907 should be more stable and more favourable to trade expansion. The settlement of the tariff is another beneficial factor.

In 1907 there will be an Imperial conference which will mark a new era in the history of the Empire. There have been colonial conferences, but at these the British Government has been represented only incidentally. On this occasion it will be represented officially. The questions to be discussed will be imperial rather than colonial; the decisions will be imperial and as binding on the London authorities as on those at Ottawa, Melbourne and Wellington.

The development of our educational systems will show progress in 1907. The opening of the St. Anne's Agricultural College and St. Anne's Normal School, near Montreal, will mark a new epoch in Quebec. Higher salaried teachers, new normal schools, a new Educational Council and a new

text-book system will affect Ontario, Alberta, Saskatchewan and British Columbia are laying plans for higher university teaching.

The literature read by the people will be more British and less foreign in 1907 than in any previous year. In May, the one-sided Postal Convention between Canada and the United States will be replaced by a new arrangement which will give British and Canadian periodicals an equal chance. With the proposed reduction in British postage on periodicals mailed to Canada, the new position will be accentuated.

Civil Service Reform will be a leading topic in 1907. The present methods are discredited. The recent reforms in Australia and in the United States have brought the services in those countries more nearly to the British model. Canada cannot afford to neglect a situation so full of dan-

ger to good government and efficient administration. The patronage committee must be eliminated. Appointments to and promotions in the various Civil Services must be competitive. The scholar, the well-informed specialist should get the positions now given to ward heelers or party hacks.

The national pride will exhibit itself in several directions. The taking over the dockyard at Halifax on January first will practically complete Canadian control of all fortresses and naval stations. There will be increased interest in the militia. There will be increased force in the movement looking to the establishment of a naval militia and a government-controlled shipyard for the building of naval vessels. In the day of her prosperity, Canada is thinking more seriously of the problems of coast defence and of the necessity for assisting in the policing of international waters.

With all this native growth, there will be an increased interest in trade relations with other countries and continents. Australia and New Zealand are anxious for a closer commercial intercourse and the new movement in Japan tends to open Oriental markets to Canadian goods.

The growth of Canadian clubs and of interest in native literature and native art may be classed with the growth of national pride and confidence. The two movements are complementary and contemporaneous. They have back of them the same causes and influences.

There may be, there probably will be, some disturbing influences. Aside from some great national disaster which is a possibility in every country, there is scarcely a cloud on the horizon as the New Year dawns. Let us, therefore, in the words of a native poet, sing:

O glad New Year! we hail thee too;  
Thou bring'st us joy or sorrow;  
We hope for joy; yet know that pain  
Is sent us, higher heights to gain;  
Then dread we not the morrow.



SIR WILFRID LAURIER

Who has entered on his eleventh year as Premier of the Dominion of Canada.

# REFLECTIONS

BY STAFF WRITERS.

**C**OLLIER'S WEEKLY" has extended editorially to "The Canadian Courier" a neighbour's greeting and well wishes. We appreciate the big-hearted liberal spirit which inspired the complimentary remarks and will try to be deserving. For many

A GENEROUS  
WELCOME

years "Collier's" has depicted national life in the United States by word and picture, and fearlessly, without cant, has fought for the correction of abuses regardless of whether they were committed by the Trust Magnate or the Demagogue. Should we succeed in occupying the place in Canada now filled in the United States by "Collier's" we shall have gone a long distance towards reaching our ideal of a national weekly.

The newspapers in our own country have likewise been most generous in their welcome. From Nova Scotia to British Columbia, the best wishes have been poured upon us through the medium of the editorial columns. The reception has been almost unique and we despair of ever being able to repay in a decent measure the kindness of our brother journalists.

We have ventured into a field which has hitherto been regarded as "impossible." To publish an illustrated weekly in Canada has been the dream of several ambitious journalists. It may be that we are too rash and should have waited for a larger Canada, but our reception so far has tended to confirm us in the belief that the time is opportune. If the public will be lenient while we develop and will overlook little defects and inconsistencies until our "machinery" is in full working order, we believe we can give them a journal which will truly represent that part of the Empire which the orators tell us is "the brightest gem in the British Crown."

**M**R. PRINGLE has given notice of a resolution in the Dominion Parliament to the effect that the subject of improving the condition of "the aged deserving poor and of providing for those who are helpless and infirm" is worthy of Parliamentary consideration. This brings up during the

OLD AGE  
PENSIONS

formative stage of Canadian industry the question of old age pensions, a question which in Great Britain is now within the scope of practical politics. If the question is to be discussed in Canada it should not be looked at simply as an extended phase of the question of poor relief, as Mr. Pringle's resolution would suggest. It is the Nemesis of the modern productive system that whenever the skill of an individual labourer, or group of labourers, has become well nigh automatic in its application the way is prepared for the overthrow of this advantage by the introduction of machinery. While it is true that the increase in production, due to the increased use of machinery, leads in the "long run" to a larger employment of labour, this should not lead to the smug complacency which disregards the fact that the individual labourer lives in the "short run." With every such change in industry there inevitably is, for a time at least, a displacement of labour. Every time a change in process is made there is thrown on the scrap heap of progress some part of the tediously acquired skill of the human agent in production. This does not argue for the retention of the more expensive methods of hand labour. But it must be recognised that the labourer whose skill has thus been thrown aside loses the advantage of this

skill; he becomes a less efficient producing agent and is less able to provide for himself. If a lowered cost of production, due to a change of process in industry, means an improvement in the general standard of comfort, is it expedient that society should reap this advantage while the individual labourer, whose skill is "scrapped," pays the price?

**I**N a recent editorial, "Collier's Weekly" discovered some Canadian tendencies not visible to the Canadian eye.

In the course of this editorial it stated: "In Canada to-day, statesmen in high position privately predict the complete severing of England and Canada within ten years, and count among the possibilities of their own careers responding, in the Capitol at Washington, to the call of "the Senator from Manitoba."

Notwithstanding the sobering influence, in recent years, of participation in world politics and in world responsibilities there ever and anon is manifest in the United States a relic of the old time Fourth of July oration wherein the "effete civilisations of Europe" were plentifully castigated. There was a time when it was thought that the trade needs of Canada would, if sufficient pressure were exerted, lead to her inevitable absorption in the United States. Such were the ideas of Blaine and Boutwell; such was the idea lurking behind the campaign for rescinding the bonding privilege. When this failed in Canada's day of need, what reason is there for assuming that in her day of prosperity she will desire to become part of a Republic which, while strong from the standpoint of wealth, is, from the governmental standpoint, staggering under its own bulk? In the dark days of 1849, when the Annexation Manifesto was issued, the shock of England's changing tariff policy was making itself felt in Canada. The rescinding of the preference, the breaking down of the forwarding trade by way of the canals and the St. Lawrence, and the reaction after a period of excessive trade stimulation were all germinative of political discontent. But it must be remembered that, even then, among those who favoured a change in political status only a minority favoured annexation. What Canada's future may be is at present idle to predict. Too often a statement of tendencies takes colour from the eye of the beholder. Canada's life to-day is to concern herself with the hand-picking of her immigrants, to strengthen and diversify her resources, feeling that by being true to herself she will not be untrue to anyone. But why, in the name of all that is sane and reasonable, should a representative American journal think that if a change should some time come the United States will be the lode-stone?

**T**HE West has spoken over the telephone and the message the wire carries is that public ownership has developed from a theory into an issue. Premier Roblin, taking the voice of Winnipeg as the voice of the people, will commence the construction of a line that is to be the basis of a provincial telephone system. Alberta will do likewise. Thus the dreams of a year or two ago are becoming the realities of to-day. What has caused this development? Is public ownership the child of national prosperity, even as free silver was the offspring of national depression? Is it the natural reaction against the massing of wealth by

private individuals or coteries of individuals popularly known as trusts? Or is it the outcome of education, experience and advancing civilisation?

These are questions the future alone can answer. But advocates of public ownership will point out that the Post Office Department is run at a profit, therefore the government can handle large business in a business-like manner. They will point out that the success attending the guaranteeing of the bonds of certain railways is proof that the government can easily finance large projects. They will also point to the Temiskaming railway and possibly even make minor mention of the Intercolonial Railway.

On the other hand, it may be asked if the present prosperity is not partially to blame for post office department surpluses; if management is not what bond subscribers are looking for and if they would be willing to furnish capital for a project liable to change its management and most of its employees once in five years; to be run in fact by relays of servants whose chief qualifications were their political services to the party in power. They will ask if the Temiskaming Railway owes its prosperity to public ownership or to the mineral discoveries at Cobalt, or its public ownership discovered Cobalt? If even a greater prosperity than the present can make the Intercolonial more of a dividend producer and less of a home for the poor relations of prosperous politicians?

It is out of the West that new things must come. It is the home of people who believe in "taking a chance"—who have "taken a chance." It is for the older and more settled provinces to realise that public ownership is now to the fore as an issue. It is for them to view it from all sides and to finally determine whether it is to be regarded as the inevitable or simply as a fad fitted to the needs of politicians rather than provinces.

**T**HE present situation in France is explained by the despotism of Louis XIV. and by the Revolution. The despotism taught Frenchmen to regard the government as the State, and they have never forgotten the lesson. The government for them represents all the political interests of the nation; it controls the machinery of the courts and the civil service; it guarantees all rights and privileges. We regard our individual liberty as something virtually independent of the government, which public opinion will assist us in safeguarding. In France the State is so anxious to secure to each individual his rights that it carefully hedges him around, and supervises his conduct and that of his neighbours. This well-meant paternal interest easily becomes tyranny. Furthermore, we have no great fear of our governments; when we disagree with them, we organise public meetings and begin an agitation on the lines which centuries of political struggle in England have suggested. In the end we elect a new set of men, with a definite mandate. In France there is no such organized and expressive popular opposition. In fact the government generally goes to the country only when it has carried out some policy; it can then urge that its defeat will overthrow the republic. It is readily believed, because the voters identify it with the State.

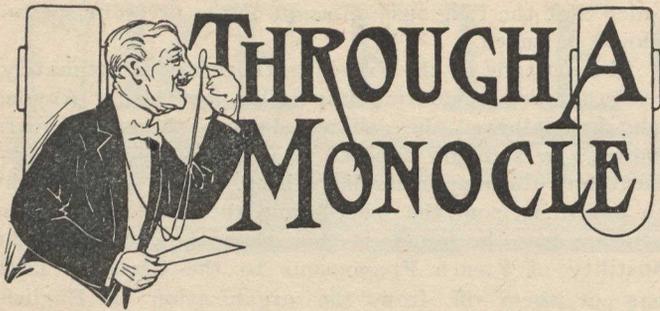
The Revolution has also been a factor. It took the property of the church and finally persecuted those who could not accept its religious opinions. Into the chaos which resulted, Napoleon brought order by the Concordat with the Papacy. The church property could not be recovered, and so in compensation the state was to pay the clergy. The state was to have a voice in the choosing of the bishops and cures, so that the work of the Revolution might not be undone. It was acknowledged, too, that Roman Catholicism was the religion of the majority of Frenchmen, not in the sense that it was to be the sole religion tolerated in the country, but in

order that the religious confusion of the preceding period should be ended.

The attitude of the French authorities, unfortunately, rendered such a solution impossible for them. Anyone who has followed the debates during these last years knows how strongly opposed to Christianify the government and its supporters have been. They have sought to banish it from the schools and the state. No better evidence can be found of this than the fact that the hostility of French Freemasons to the Christian faith has cut them off from the organisation in English-speaking countries. It will not do for the government to assign fear of the church as its motive. Undoubtedly some churchmen clung too long to their royalistic sympathies, for they, too, have had their memories of the Revolution. But the government has never offered any proof in recent years of any attack upon the republic, though it has had all the courts and officials at its disposal. The Vatican, which it now denounces as the great foe to France, ordered the French clergy years ago to accept the Republic loyally. In fact the government has no case when it has itself nominated the bishops. It could not ask more, and if they have turned from it, it must surely be at fault. Its real error has been its failure to trust its opponents, to invite them by its own confidence and just dealing to co-operate for the national welfare. Were all the charges against the church true, the government would not be safeguarding the republic by maltreating any class of French citizens. The Republic might better perish than allow its representatives to commit one act of injustice or oppression.

It is often asked how could a Christian church so lose its hold upon the people as to make this attack possible. The Revolution affords a partial answer. At the outset it had no thought of attacking a religion, but as passions were aroused, the whole position of the church was assailed. Possibly the harm done then has never been repaired. But the nineteenth century has presented its own religious difficulties, particularly in the intellectual phase. These, more conservative people, try to work out with patience and respect for tradition. But the French are nothing if not logical and thorough-going in thought; they bring things at once to a conclusion. They cry: "Christianity is out of date. Away with it. The future belongs to science, and we must not hamper our progress by maintaining a creed outworn." Of course they cannot be merely destructive. Just as the Revolutionists erected the negation of God into a system, for the people had to believe in something, so now they impose some socialist or other creed. They are mastered by brilliant ideas, which scarcely permit of practical application, but in the hope that all will participate in these, they override individual convictions. We are less intelligent, we make mistakes and meddle, but thereby we have come to know the value of adjustment and compromise.

The present situation is not all dark. It will strengthen the hands of moderates, like M. Pibot, who will do justice to all parties. The passive resistance is in itself a sign of good sense and sound political judgment. All those here who sympathised with the passive resistance in England will of necessity sympathise with those who are opposing the law in France in precisely the same fashion. Some conception of the real meaning of liberty will grow up out of the struggle. The spy-system itself suffered a blow, when it was known during M. Combes' premiership that the government was constantly informed whether army officers and their wives and children attended the services of the church. M. Combes, who was the head and front of the anti-clerical movement, had to be surrendered by his party to the general indignation at this scandal. So now, if the government goes too far, it will contribute in the end to a settlement of the difficulty. All fair-minded men will be brought the more quickly to recognise the highest interests of the nation.



**R**OBLIN of Manitoba—an old Ontario boy—is getting a reputation for “doing things.” Or, rather, to be more exact, he stands out of the way and lets the people of Manitoba do them. Their latest venture is into the telephone business; and there will be a lot of people interested in seeing whether this mixture of politics and wires will be better than that to which we are more accustomed in which the politicians pull the wires and the people get their “hello” inverted. Roblin is the man who proposed to fly a flag from every school house, and so teach the foreigners who have lately come to the country what Empire they are living in now. He does not seem to imagine that the whole duty of a Provincial Premier is to sit on the proposals of his more enterprising friends; and, because of this, the people of Manitoba have much for which to be thankful. The West seems to be growing practical Premiers, indeed, as was shown when Premier Scott packed his “grip” and hurried down to Indianapolis to get that coal strike ended. They will possibly teach the rest of us that the men who draw pay for looking after the interests of the provinces must—in this new time—have more “dig” and less dignity.

Young George Washington Stephens, who has just been appointed chairman of the Montreal Harbour Board, is a man with his foot on the threshold of opportunity. He is wealthy; and so beyond the pressure of financial need. He was born into public life; for his father was one of the best known public men in Quebec—a man of absolute integrity, of unquestioned devotion to principle, with a lack of toleration for the shifts and compromises of “the climbers” in political life which did not make for his popularity. Young G. W. cut his eye-teeth in the bye-elections just prior to the “debacle” of 1896 which brought in the Liberals for their present long term; but he was regarded as rather frivolous while his sturdy old father lived. Now, however, responsibilities are being heaped upon him. He is member of the Legislature, member of the Provincial school board—an important body in Quebec—and is now chairman of the most influential shipping institution in the Dominion. His opportunities suggest those of his fellow townsman, Mr. Ames; but George Washington is quite a different sort of person from Herbert Ames. If the preacher happened to be away on Sunday, you would be quite apt to invite Mr. Ames to fill the gap; but I do not think that the Monocle will ever see George Washington in the pulpit. Still, of course, that may be the Monocle’s fault.

George Washington is a young man. Herbert Ames is a young man. Bourassa, Walter Scott, Adam Beck, Winston Churchill, Hearst, are all young men. The young men are relieving us of the anxiety that when the present collection of old and officially wise men pass from the scene, there will be no one to steer the ships of state. But would you let these youngsters into the wheel-house?—you are asking. Can we keep them out?—I am replying. It is all very well to say that Winston Churchill is reckless and that Hearst is dangerous, but the facts remain that Churchill has beaten Balfour and that it took Roosevelt, plus Hughes, plus a panic among the solid interests of New York, to beat Hearst. Then there is “Billy” Maclean. The Liberals detest him as every boy at the “swimming hole” detests the fellow

who steals his clothes; and the Conservatives disown him. But he is breaking about all the new ground—politically—which is being ploughed up in this part of the farm.

As for George “Washington” Ross, he is being reckoned among “the old boys,” and it is understood that he is soon to join “the old boys’ club” that sits at Ottawa. Just now Ross is under an eclipse. We forget the days when he stood with Mowat as the defender of honesty in a ministry of “wicked partners.” Then he was a part of religious and “moral reform” assets of the Presbyterian party which wore the tag “Reform” when mixing with the world. Now he is a politician who has failed. And he did not give us a chance to pretend that he came his “cropper” by accident. He was like the pedestrian who slips on an icy pavement but who will not accept the inevitable promptly and gracefully. He struggles to keep his feet until everybody within sight has been notified of the coming catastrophe by the spirals his frantic limbs have cut in the air, and then he comes down resoundingly. Ross was struggling to get his equilibrium, with the whole country watching, for several years: and it was no use when he landed to pretend that he had merely seated himself. He had failed; and the world is always inhuman to a failure.

But the Monocle thinks that Ontario will be proud of Ross in the Senate. There will be no better speaker in the House, and no more clear-sighted public man. Ross was always a statesman in theory. It was in practice that he failed. Undiluted, Ross was magnificent; but Ross flavoured with “machine” oil was a nauseous mixture. To rascality, and self-seeking and election villainy and all the rest of it, he was only able to add a disgusting appearance of hypocrisy. But it was not hypocrisy. It was merely helplessness. In the Senate and without responsibility, he will always be on the high plateau of his talks to school teachers. He will cease to be a stool-pigeon and become a bird of paradise.

### Why Give up the Horse?



—N. Y. Life.

There once was a bold aeronaut  
Who the latest machine always bought  
He said: “There’s no need  
To part from my steed.”  
So he fixed him beneath, trim and taut.

# Two Views of the Hindu

Below we give two views of the Hindu immigrants who have recently arrived in British Columbia. Both have been written especially for THE CANADIAN COURIER. The first is an attempt to translate B.C. opinion into words, and is made by a well-informed newspaper man. The second is written by a Hindu journalist who is now visiting this country.—EDITOR.

## THE HINDU PROBLEM

BY "JOURNALIST"

**Y**OU coast people don't seem to take very kindly to the poor benighted Hindu," said the Man From Ontario to the Westerner, as they sat in the rotunda of the Hotel Vancouver and discussed the present most pressing problem of British Columbia. The Province has new problems every few weeks. "You're rather hard to understand, sometimes," he went on. "Last summer you were complaining of a dearth of labour. It seems to me you're never happy without something to grumble about."

The Westerner looked gently at the visitor from beyond the mountains and smiled; not grimly, not even genially—he just smiled.

"My dear fellow," he said, "stay out here a few weeks, visit our sawmills, take a trip to the canneries, note the section men, observe the cooks in the hotels, remember the nationality of the bell boys, see who runs most of the laundries, ponder upon the birthplace of the 'boy' who brings you a drink at the club, don't fail to notice the particularly Asiatic product who opens the door to you when you call at the homes of Eastern friends who have settled here, and see who waits at his table. When you have completed the census of the Japanese and Chinese in Vancouver—and don't forget there are just as many more in Victoria, New Westminster and other places—ask yourself if this young province wants any more Asiatics. I'm not going to talk any 'yellow peril' guff, but—oh, come and have a drink."

"The Hindu, my boy," continued the Westerner, as he poured himself out some of the best, that came all the way round the Horn, "can find no place in this country. His home is not here; it never can be. Come with me and listen to what white men of brawn and muscle have to say about the latest invasion from the Orient."

The two boarded an interurban car at 6 p.m. It was crowded with whites returning to the little suburban homes they had hewn out of the mighty forest. Some of the white men had to stand because several seats were occupied by Chinese, Japanese and Hindus.

"You've got to stand, Jack, while yer betters sits," cheerily cried a Central Park wit to a man hanging onto the back of his seat.

"White men don't get much chance in this country when blessed Mongolians will take their jobs for half the pay," growled Jack.

"It's time the Government stepped in and sent these fellers home, where they belong," chipped in another workingman.

"My dear boy, can't do it; imperial reasons, you know," laughed the wit.

"Imperial reasons be blanked," was the retort, "It makes me tired to read all that rot and the cheap talk about cheap labour. This isn't a cheap country, and it will be the worse for Canada when it is. Those Eastern chaps who talk that way don't know what it is to see Chinese, Japs and Hindus working where they should work, drawing their pay and sending the most of it across the Pacific, where hundreds of thousands of dollars of good Canadian money have gone and more is to follow. The Hindus don't take the jobs of the people who say we are needlessly raising a scare; if they did we wouldn't hear nonsense like that."

The Easterner and the Westerner returned to town.

"Now you've touched the fringe of the matter," said the Westerner. "I could tell you a great deal about the harm these Orientals are doing here. I should dislike to take you to their disease-breeding, morals-polluting homes, but you could learn much there and, afterwards, would, I think, agree with me that they are a curse to British Columbia. We want this to be a white Province."

## IN DEFENCE OF THE HINDU

BY SAINT N. SING

**M**EN who have been joined by the ties of danger, suffering and death are now bid to be strangers and enemies." These words of Colonel Falkland Warren, C.M.G., late R.A., appropriately describe the manner in which the India immigrants into British Columbia have been received.

But it is not Canada, or even British Columbia, which is responsible for the spirit of extreme and frenzied hostility which characterises the treatment accorded to the India immigrants in the Canadian west. The opposition has been and is merely sectional. Sensible, far-sighted and large-hearted British Columbians have not only not participated in the iniquitous crusade but emphatically denounced those who are villifying the character of the India Immigrants.

That labour unions in British Columbia should be leagued against the India Immigrants is regrettable. In opposing the India Immigrants they are running counter to their real aims and objects and to the true spirit of unionism. If the average workingman in British Columbia knew things better, he would doubtless be the first to champion the cause of the India Immigrants. While in the American continent starvation wages are a myth; in India, these very men who are now on the Pacific Coast of this country, have suffered indescribable pain from starvation wages and their poignant experience realised their banefulness. They will not cheapen wages; and they have already shown sufficient evidence of their spirit to keep up the wages. Those who are in touch with the newspapers of British Columbia have noticed that in several instances they refused to do work at wages lower than those received by the British Columbian working men.

Coming, as all of these men do, from the Punjab and the Northwest frontier provinces, where freer institutions prevail, and a large majority of them having rambled through one or more Far Eastern countries, they have very few caste distinctions; and the few they have are such which would not jar against the people with whom they are living. Any oddities or idiosyncracies they may possess now will die out fast. Sure indications of this are not wanting. There are scores of men amongst them who have adopted the Canadian methods and standards of dressing and living.

Most of the immigrants come from those districts of Northwestern India where the winters are cold and there is a long and regular rainy season in addition. Besides they belong to the races which possess wonderful "vitality" and "elasticity" which have been tried and proven many a time. These men and their tribesmen have fought for the imperial interests in the rigorous winters of Tibet and China and in the scorching summers of Somaliland and Egypt. Not one of these men professes Christianity. But they live moral and sober lives. Not one of these 2,500 immigrants has been convicted of any crime. Not one of them is polygamist. In cleanliness of person they can hardly be excelled.

While they are fast adopting the Western standards of living, it is the earnest prayer of the writer that they may not learn to indulge in drinking or other vices, which may be prevalent amongst the people with whom they come in contact.

# A Bank Interlude

By R. E. COX



Mr. C. E. Neill,  
Chief Inspector of Royal Bank.

Early last spring the Royal Bank, anxious to start an invasion of the Province of Ontario, opened negotiations for the purchase of the Ontario Bank, but from the start the plan was opposed by General Manager McGill and it fell through.

When President Cockburn reached Toronto, after he had been summoned in haste from Europe in August, and found the position the bank was in, he at once asked the Royal Bank if they would make an offer.

To Mr. C. E. Neill, chief inspector of the Royal Bank, was given the task of reporting on the condition of the Ontario. Mr. Neill reached Toronto on the morning of the second Saturday in September and immediately went to work on the books of the Ontario Bank. All day Saturday, Sunday and Monday he kept at it, and with the assistance given him by the inspectors of the Ontario he was ready for General Manager Pease and the solicitor of the Royal Bank when they reached Toronto from Montreal on the following Tuesday morning.

His statement drawn up on a piece of the note paper of the King Edward Hotel showed what he considered

THE Royal Bank of Canada came very near buying the Ontario Bank. President Cockburn and the executive of the Ontario held out every inducement to the Royal in order to prevent the Ontario being forced into liquidation, and the management of the Royal did everything in their power to secure the \$13,000,000 of deposits held by the Ontario. The failure of both efforts comprises the story of one of the most dramatic incidents in the history of the Ontario Bank.

was the position of the Ontario and the very best offer the Royal could make for it.

There were the figures, and they showed that the entire capital and reserve of the Ontario Bank were gone and the current loans and discounts in such a shape that the very best offer the Royal could make for them was \$300,000, exclusive of good-will.

General Manager Pease was in a quandary. He just longed, with all the keenness of a banker, to secure those \$13,000,000 of deposits, but he could not see how he could possibly do it.

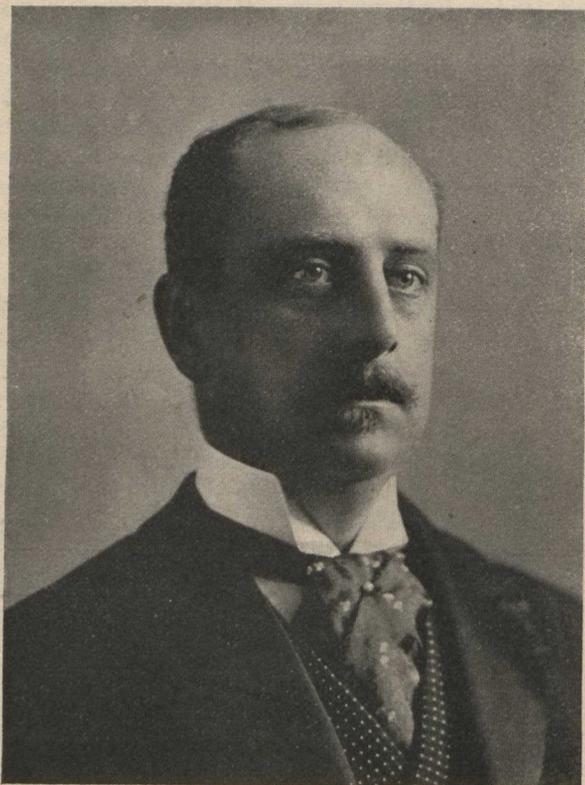
In the first place, the shareholders of both banks would have to ratify the deal, and by the Bank Act three months notice would have to be given them. Then the depositors of the Ontario Bank, when they saw the directors were advising the acceptance of an offer under 30 cents on the dollar, would know there was something wrong and a run on the bank would surely result.

Finally, the Royal Bank was not well enough known in Ontario to check a run by putting up its sign on the branches of the Ontario, and at the end of three months the deposits might have completely disappeared, and the Royal would be paying \$300,000 for practically an empty shell. How Mr. Pease tried and tried again for a solution of the problem and how President Cockburn wished he might find it!

There they were seated at the table in the board room of the Ontario Bank, the officials of the Royal just as anxious to secure the big deposits of the Ontario as the Ontario officials were to save their institution. It was not to be. All day long they struggled with the problem, but the solicitors could not find a way out of the difficulty, and at a last conference in the evening General Manager reluctantly stated to President Cockburn, "The Royal Bank cannot touch the proposition."

The figures prepared by Mr. Neill were turned over to the Bank of Montreal and were the only ones at the disposal of the latter when they agreed to take over the Ontario. Mr. Neill's offer was very close to that made by the Bank of Montreal after their Mr. Stavert had made a full examination of the books. The Royal was willing to pay \$300,000, and with \$150,000 for good will this would have meant \$450,000. The Bank of Montreal with \$150,000 for good will and \$250,000 for shareholders is paying a total of \$500,000.

General Manager Pease of the Royal Bank returned to Montreal regretting his bank was not big enough to permit of his taking advantage of the situation, but still determined to carry out an invasion of the Province of Ontario. President Cockburn, with the figures prepared by Mr. Neill before him, was now certain that unless the bigger Canadian banks came to the assistance of the Ontario Bank it was insolvent.



Mr. E. L. Pease,  
General Manager of Royal Bank.

## The Snowstorm

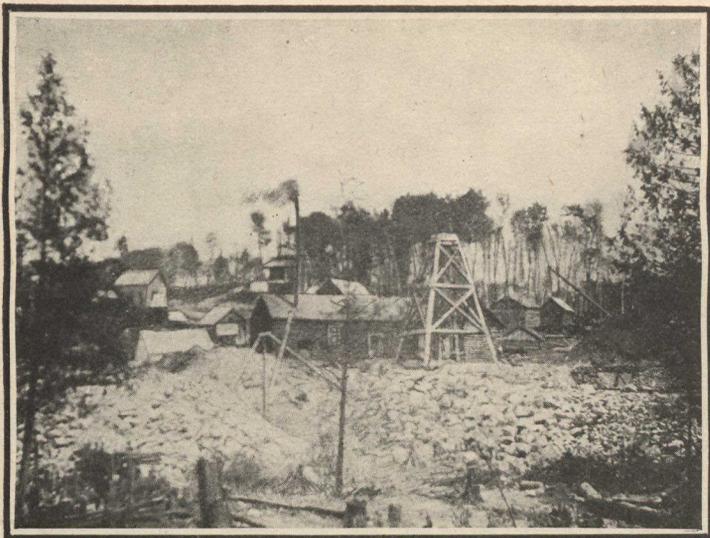
By FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT

For twenty years, Rev. F. G. Scott has been known as one of our most sincere poets. Among his early verse we find stirring lines in memory of the Canadian soldiers who fell in 1885. His latest volume, "Hymn of Empire and Other Poems," published last autumn, contains several nature poems of which one of the most sympathetic is quoted below.

The sky is hid in a snowy shroud,  
And the road in the woods is white,  
But the dear God watches above the cloud  
In the centre of light.

In the wood is the hush of the snowflakes' fall,  
And the creak of a lumberman's sleigh,  
But in Heaven the choirs of the Master of all  
Make praise alway.

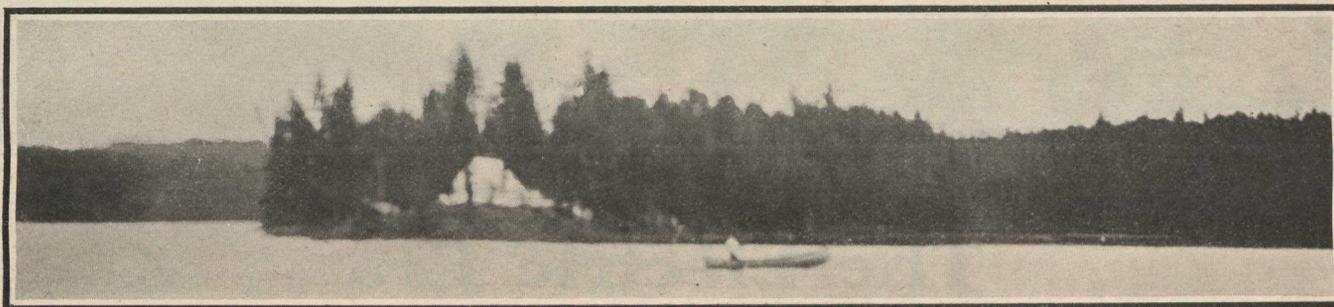
Up there is the throne of the Triune God  
And the worshipping multitudes,  
And here is the long white Winter road  
And the silent woods.



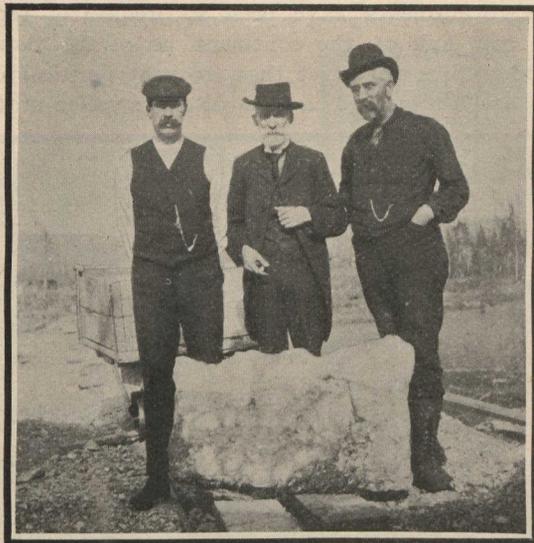
The Drummond Mine.



Dr. Drummond, author of "The Habitant," who is keenly interested in the region.



Professor Miller, the Provincial Geologist, in his canoe on Giroux Lake—his camp in distance.



Duncan McMartin (left), Capt. Harris (right). The former with La Rose, staked some of the La Rose properties.



Cross vein on the La Rose. It is said that over \$300,000 of silver has been taken from this cutting.

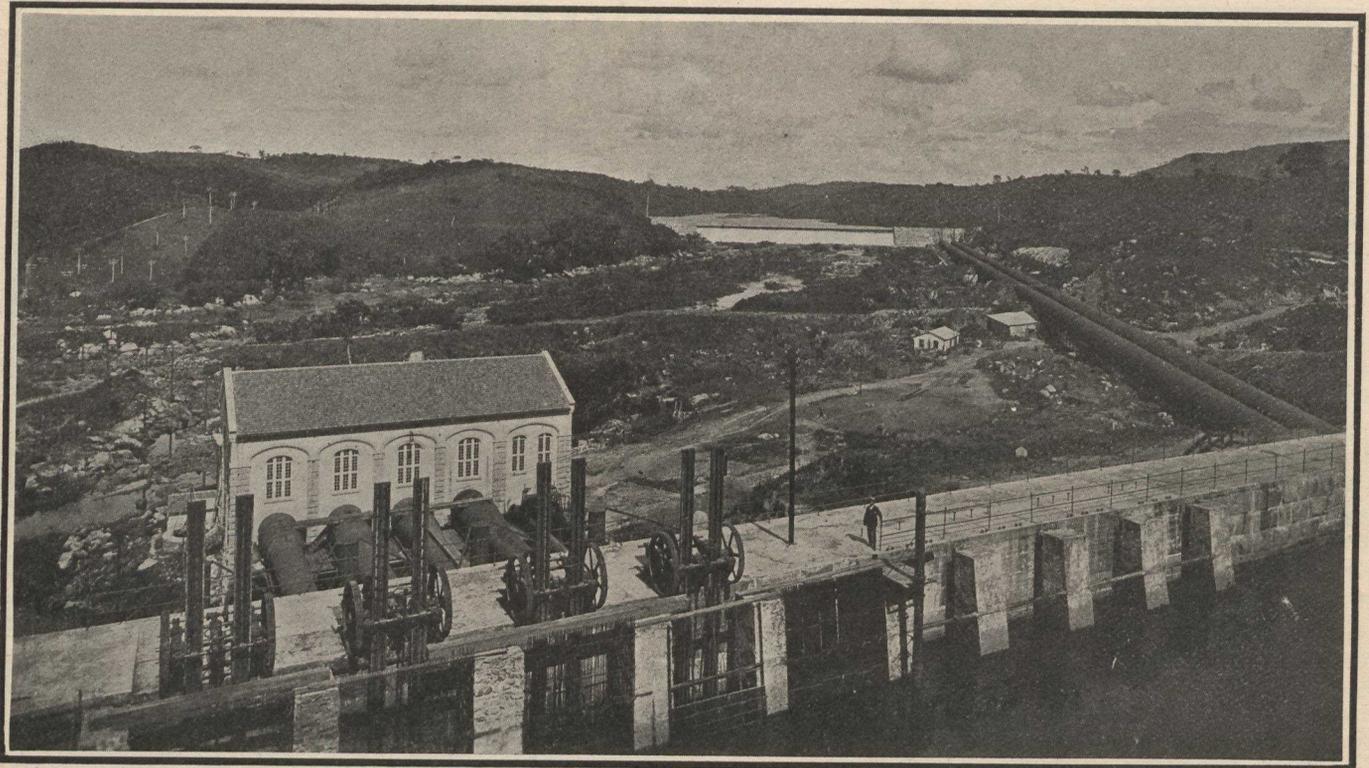


The Nova Scotia Mine and Mr. J. Jacobs (left).



One of the veins on the Nipissing—marked X.

SOME VIEWS FROM COBALT.



Panorama of Dam, Pipe Lines, Reservoir, Power House and Transmission Lines in Sao Paulo, Brazil.

## The Electric Era

**F**ROM Cape Breton to Vancouver, the people of Canada are interested in hydro-electric development to such an extent that even Cobalt pales before the spark of excitement which the subject of "power" kindles. Montmorency, Kaministiquia, Niagara, Decew, Kakabeka and Winnipeg are words to conjure with in these days and there is hardly a community in which the subjects of electric development and transmission are not being discussed. This question will eventually mean changes in the village and in the rural districts almost as radical as those in the great manufacturing centres.

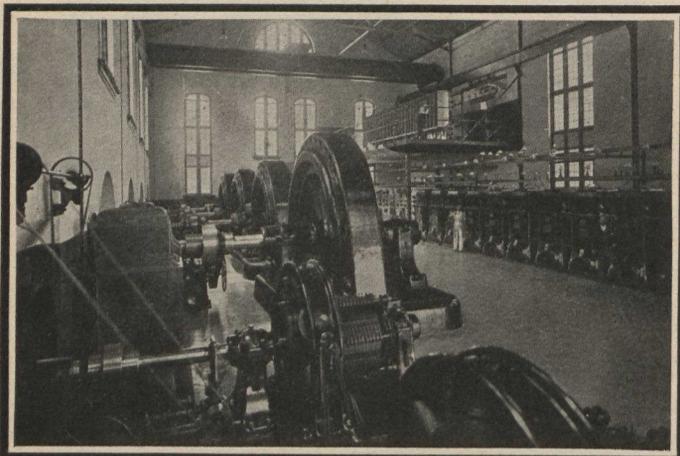
The story of the construction of the modern plant and of the engineering difficulties overcome by modern brains and muscle forms as enthralling a narrative as ever was told by the Arabian romancer. Three-quarters of a century ago Tennyson foretold the days when we should "rift the hills, and roll the waters, flash the lightnings, weigh the Sun." All these are sober facts to-day and even the "airy navies" in the "central blue" may be fighting before 1910.

Away down in Brazil, which once suggested only coffee, diamonds and a capital of picturesque charms,

about 30,000 greater than that of Toronto, the modern electric movement may be seen at its best. South American governments have been so frequently represented in our half of the continent as of the "comic opera" order that we forget that frequent political disturbances are limited to a few of the smaller states.



Sluicing an earth dam in Mexico—The earth in solution is discharged through the pipes, and the water runs off leaving the earth behind.

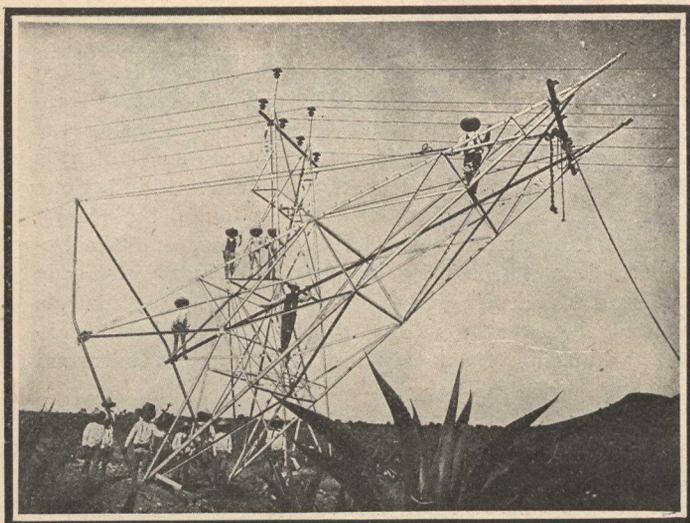


Interior Power House, Sao Paulo.

electric development is already advancing with such strides that the richest country in South America will soon be richer still. At Sao Paulo, with a population

In Brazil, foreign enterprise can always count on the sympathy and protection of the Government. Every year sees a great increase in the English, United States and Canadian capital invested in the highly-favoured territories of the south, and the enterprises which demand early attention are those connected with electric development. Money by the millions must be expended in this direction, and the authorised capital of the Sao Paulo Tramway, Light and Power Company is eight and a half millions. The hydraulic plant at Parnahyba includes the power-house, primary and secondary dams and pipe lines. At Rio de Janeiro, where the works are less advanced, the authorised capital stock is at twenty-five millions.

But, while the achievements of electrical engineering in South America and Mexico are worthy of admiration, the work involved in the transmission of power from



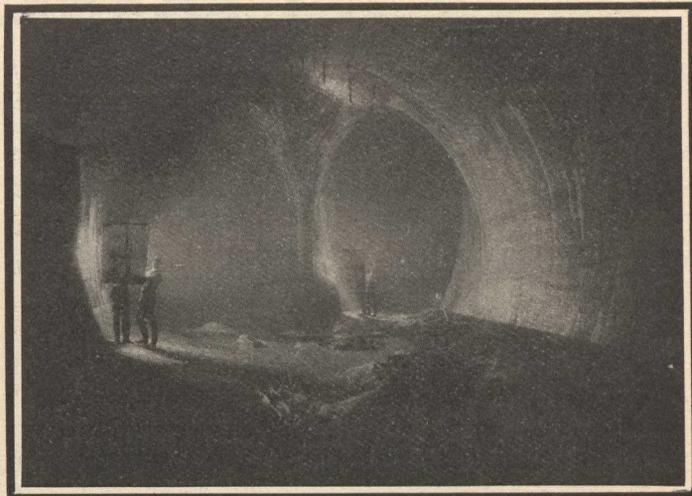
Upending a Transmission Tower in Mexico.

Niagara to points in the United States and Canada, makes other feats look like child's play. In the case of the Electrical Development Company, for example, a huge coffer dam had to be built across the stormiest part of the river, where the mass of water from a thousand miles of great lakes appears to gather force for its final plunge over the cliffs. Hence each rock-filled wooden crib had to be sunk into its place with infinite care. For two years the work went on until the dam was a solid reality and Niagara was obliged to turn aside. The erection of this structure was absolutely necessary, because it was found that 14 acres had to be reclaimed in order that a concrete gathering dam 20 feet high might be built for the purpose of diverting the water of the river into the wheel-pit where the turbines are placed.

But it was "down below" that the most gigantic toil was required. Through 160 feet of rock the excavators forced their way to make chambers for the turbines and to form the tunnel that extends from the centre of the river. The water of the Niagara River thus pours into the deep wheel-pit from which the revolving turbines rotate a shaft, which in turn revolves the electricity producing generators. Half a mile away from the power house is situated the transforming house. The current, when generated, is carried in ducts at a voltage of 12,000 volts to this house. It is there raised to 60,000 for long-distance transmission to the transforming house at Toronto.

Not many citizens realised what it meant when the words, "They are all ready at Niagara," were uttered on the night of November 19th and a room in Toronto was straightway flooded with light. But we are only at the beginning of Niagara illumination and industrial force. The old saying about setting the river on fire has been reversed in this western hemisphere, and we are going to use the greatest current in the world for setting Ontario towns alight and turning the wheels of a province. Canadian brains and dollars have accomplished no more remarkable results than the conveying of Niagara's energy by eighty miles of steel towers to the capital of Ontario.

A great controversy is now going on in Ontario and in Quebec, as to whether the private companies which have commenced the work of hydro-electric development are not likely to reap too rich a harvest. It is the old quarrel in new form. The users of power in the manu-



Bullnose, where two small tunnels join and make the main Tail Race Tunnel, which is 33 feet across.—Electrical Development Company, Niagara.

facturing centres of the two provinces are vitally interested in getting their supply at a low rate; and they are appealing to municipalities and governments to assist them. The fight is a merry one, but a satisfactory solution to all concerned will no doubt be found.

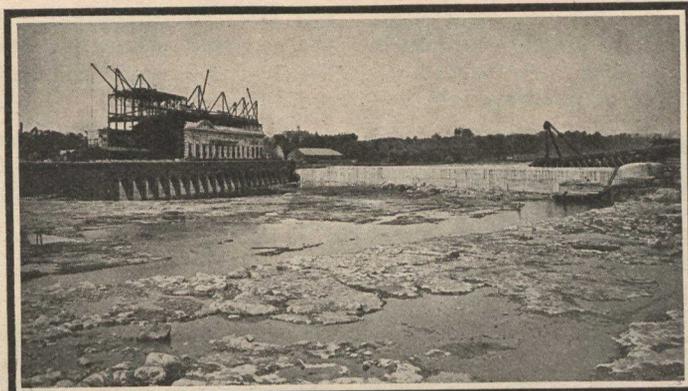
### A Modern Miracle

**T**HE Spirit of the River was exceeding sad, for there were strange sounds and sights on the borders of the stream and she wondered why so many human beings went to and fro, hammering and hauling, piling stones and raising towers of steel. In the ages that the Spirit had dwelt in the River, sleeping beneath the coverlet of ice in the winter, laughing between the verdant banks and foaming over the cliff during the fragrant midsummer days, she had come to believe that the human race is made of hurry and unrest, because there were ever crowds, blackening the bridges, clanging in cars along the shore, buying their foolish bargains at the places where bright, painted paddles and fluted shells are sold to the passer-by.

But in her heart the Spirit had been proud of the crowds and the clamour because it was the beauty of the River that had drawn them by its rainbow lure, and the noisiest of all the human creatures was silent for a moment when he saw the snowy splendour of the cataract or the upflung fury of the rapids.

A change had come that chilled her to the heart. The clamour no longer paused on the banks but entered the torrent that she had deemed no human thing might brave. Strange tools pierced the rocks, huge stones were patiently piled against her strength and at last she realised with shrieks of helpless wrath that man was no longer content to marvel but intended to chain.

Then in the long winter night there came the Spirit of the Wind, sweeping her sorrow away by a vision of what was to be. For the Spirit of the Wind told of a myriad twinkling lights, where before there had been darkness, of a million turning wheels where before there had been desolation, and the Spirit of the River no longer hated the man-forged chains, but saw them in the moon-rays as a link which joined the force of the waves and the far-off mountain streams with the power that sheds the light and sets all the wheels awhirl. Therefore, she cried in triumph to the December sky: "Behold, I am greater than ever has been dreamed."



Dam, Forebay and Sluice-gates—Electrical Development Company, Niagara.

# Canada in 1906

**T**HE story of the last twelve months in Canada has been one of general prosperity and development, although we have shared to some extent in the disasters that have made this a memorable year. From the loss of the "Valencia" last January to the wrecking of the "Monarch" in December, there has been an unusual record of marine and lake disasters.

The West has become more than ever the most interesting scene of nation-building and the immigration of last spring showed how strong is the increased British leaning towards Canadian provinces.

Politically, it has been a season of investigation, the insurance commission appointed by the Government last February having been the most important body of that class. The changes in the Dominion Cabinet, consequent on the death of Hon. Raymond Prefontaine, resulted in Hon. L. P. Brodeur becoming Minister of Fisheries and Hon. William Templeman receiving the portfolio of Inland Revenue. Among the new senators are Mr. Robert Jaffray, Dr. Douglas, Mr. Peter Talbot, Dr. Deveber and Dr. Philip Ray. The conference of provincial premiers at Ottawa was an event of unusual interest.

The two movements of most importance to the business world have been the wonderful development of transportation facilities and of electrical energy. "Trade follows the flag" has been revised to "towns follow the trains." The Grand Trunk Pacific has made considerable progress, its western terminus, Prince Rupert, having been selected, the Canadian Northern has completed the line between Toronto and Parry Sound, not to mention its thousands of miles in Quebec and in the West, while the Ontario Government Railway is turning almost unexplored districts into camps. Mining has received attention seldom accorded that industry, and the Cobalt boom has grown with each month. The most unpleasant feature has been the strike among coal miners in the West, which seems to have been fairly settled.

Socially, the visit of Prince Arthur of Connaught last

March and April was the most interesting event. Banquets have shown public sentiment towards certain leading men, the most impressive of such events being the banquet given to Sir Wilfrid Laurier by Ontario Liberals in February, the March celebration at Brantford in honour of Dr. A. Graham Bell, the November banquet given by Montreal Liberals to Hon. W. S. Fielding, and the December banquet given by the Toronto Board of Trade to Messrs Mackenzie and Mann. Mr. Andrew Carnegie favoured the country with a visit, during which he expressed himself vivaciously as in favour of universal peace.

The most interesting event in our sporting annals was the Marathon triumph of Mr. William Sherring, Hamilton's champion runner, who was received enthusiastically on his return in May.

British Columbia's firm opposition to Hindoo labour showed the trend of Western feeling regarding further importations of Asiatic workmen.

In the religious world, the movement towards church union among the Congregational, Methodist and Presbyterian bodies has been the most noteworthy development.

The appointment by the Whitney Government of the University Commission and the resignation of President Loam have slightly stirred educational circles. The meeting in Toronto last August of the British Medical Association was the most important convention of the summer.

Altogether, the Western harvest, the transportation increase, the electric development and the opening up of vast, new territories give Canadians every reason to believe in greater things for 1907. The worst feature of the year's history has been the exposure of commercial and political corruption. But the fact of exposure and the national shame for such conditions show that we are by no means conscienceless in matters of public morality.

## Happenings of 1906

**P**RACTICALLY there is no great difference between December 31st and January 1st. But with the New Year there is usually a certain amount of retrospect which is occasionally edifying, if undertaken in what is conventionally called "the right spirit."

For some reason, which scientists cannot make plain, this has been a year of disaster by volcanic eruption, tidal wave and earthquake. Vesuvius spread desolation abroad in March and April, the terrible San Francisco earthquake almost destroyed the finest city on the Pacific on April 18th, August 22nd witnessed a similar catastrophe at Valparaiso and on September 18th, a typhoon at Hongkong devastated thousands of small craft.

France and Russia have had a full share of European and American attention. President Fallieres was elected in January and in October Clemenceau was asked to form a ministry. The latter has made a forceful prime minister and has pushed the policy of separation between church and state so far that at present there is tacit strife between the two and the season of good-will means little in Paris.

In March, Russia was granted representative government and in May, Witte resigned and was succeeded by Goremykin who found it impossible to reconcile conflicting parties and who resigned last summer. The dissolution of the Duma was a crushing disappointment to those who believed that Russia is on the verge of happier things.

The Moroccan conference of the "Powers" at Algiers which opened last January was the most important event in Europe.

The marriage of King Alphonso of Spain and Princess Ena of Battenberg, the coronation of King Haakon of Norway, the death of King Christian IX. of Denmark,

and the birth of a son to the Crown Prince of Germany were the most conspicuous events in royal circles.

The sweeping victory of Liberalism at the British elections last January introduced a change of political issues, as the Labour Party is strongly represented. At present the entente cordiale between Lords and Commons does not exist, inasmuch as the latter would not submit to the former's mutilation of the Education Bill, the work of Hon. Augustine Birrell of "Obiter Dicta" fame. The "suffragettes" who went to jail for disturbing the peace, thinking thereby to bring nearer votes for women, have afforded material for amusement rather than edification.

The Sultan and the Shah are both in bad health and no one seems to deplore their condition. The death of the latter might arouse once more Russian yearnings towards the Persian Gulf.

President Roosevelt's visit to Panama indicates how great is the national significance of the canal enterprise. Cuba has had political troubles of her own which will probably end in annexation to the United States. The gubernatorial contest in New York state aroused unusual interest, inasmuch as Mr. William Randolph Hearst exerted in vain all the resources of yellow journalism to place himself in the coveted residence at Albany. The most serious foreign complication threatening the United States at present is the "Japanese question," which involves the racial problems of the Pacific states.

The five months' visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to India indicated the feeling that India should be fully recognised as England's most important Eastern possession, in view of the present Oriental unrest.



Five Minutes for Refreshments

Photograph by R. R. Sallows, Goderich



"Look Pleasant, Please!"

Photograph by R. R. Sallows, Goderich

# Two Easily Gained Reputations

A STORY OF BRITISH LIFE IN INDIA

By DEKOW

**W**HETHER I deserved the reputation I gained during a three months' leave, I shall allow the readers of the following lines to judge. About fifteen years ago, as a subaltern in India, I obtained three months' leave with the object of spending it in Kashmere shooting Big Game. I took great pains with my kit and having purchased two excellent rifles, one grilling afternoon saw me leave my station in the plains for Goulmerg, then the centre of attraction in Kashmere, where I intended to stay for a day or two in order to procure a good shikari\* and to look up one or two friends who had offered to give me the benefit of their experiences.

Before I proceed any further I should state that not being a red hot favourite with my colonel I had experienced no little difficulty in obtaining my leave, in fact it was only when I mentioned that I intended shooting Big Game that he condescended to forward my leave application to the General, and then only to save a reputation of which he was immensely proud and which he had gained for himself by constant repetition of it, that he had never refused an application for leave for the purposes of sport.

Well, it turned out in my case that the spirit was quite willing but the flesh was deplorably weak, for when, after two sweltering days spent in the train, and a jolting, livershaking one spent in trying to retain my seat in a Tonga,† I arrived at Murree and saw the comfortable quarters that had been prepared for me at Powell's hotel I decided to defer the continuation of my journey to Goulmerg for a few days and to enjoy the comforts of Murree. The days passed quickly and lengthened into weeks, there was plenty of gaiety, picnics, tennis, racquets, balls and charming partners induced me to forget entirely my previously planned Big Game expedition and I was having a right royal time. However, there came a morning after an unusually late night when I had almost proposed to three different women, and was only prevented from doing so owing to the uncertainty in my own mind as to which I preferred, that my conscience pricked me as I was taking my early morning tea in bed, and finding I had only three weeks of my leave unexpired. I decided on at once continuing my journey to Kashmere. Of the chances of getting any shooting in so short a time I knew I had none, and my only object in leaving Murree was to be able to say when I rejoined my regiment in the plains, that I had been to Kashmere.

For weeks my ponies, which I had sent on ahead for the purpose of using them on the road, had been waiting for me somewhere on the Kashmere road and eating their heads off. Hastily springing out of bed I reduced my kit to only the bare necessities I should require for a fortnight, and telling my bearer of my intentions, ordered him to proceed to the Tonga station with my things (as I had to do the first part of the journey in this conveyance), with a note requesting that I might immediately have a Tonga placed at my disposal, and hurried off myself to have breakfast and to arrange for the remainder of my kit to be cared for until my return.

Within a couple of hours of my decision I was bowling along in the miserable, jolting, bone shaking, two wheeled contrivance to the accompaniment of jingling bells which hung at the horses' heads and a cracked bugle which the Syce‡ insisted on blowing incessantly with annoying zeal and energy. After proceeding in this manner for some hours, during which I had wondered

considerably what wicked angel had influenced my conscience to so great an extent as to cause me to leave my comfortable quarters and all my charming partners at tennis and balls in order to endure such untold discomforts, and after I had more than once vowed that never again when applying for leave would I specify either my object or my destination, I arrived at a Dakbungalow§ where I was to sleep the night and where my ponies were waiting for me. With a great joy I dragged my aching self from that conveyance and with a still greater joy I was soon splashing in a hot tub which my excellent bearer had immediately procured for me, having purloined a kettle of hot water from the bearer of another Sahib\*\* whilst his back was turned, however, that was no concern of mine, and as my bearer was a Pathan who stood over six feet I felt sure that I should not be annoyed by any considerable wrangling in the compound when the matter of his annexing the hot water was discovered.

After having had a fair dinner I retired early and did not wake the next morning till the bearer informed me that my ponies were ready. Hastily dressing and disposing of breakfast I watched my kit packed onto a pony, and, mounting another, my little caravan commenced its march, a march which was going to gain for me, without any undue zeal or any evil intention on my part, a reputation as a Shikari with many, and as a Poacher with one disappointed individual.

On the evening of the seventh day of my march I passed a native on the road who got into conversation with my bearer which resulted in the pair of them running after me to inform me that within a few hundred yards of me there was a very large stag with enormous antlers and that I could, without any difficulty, approach close enough to get a shot at once; now I knew very well that it was the custom in Kashmere then for a sportsman who had arrived early in the season and taken possession of a valley to consider it exclusively his own for shooting purposes, so long as he remained there, so I was most careful to enquire whether there was not a Sahib encamped in the valley already, but my informant was positive that there was not. He said that he lived in it and for weeks had not heard a shot fired or seen a Sahib, so, dismounting, I put together my rifle and, slipping half a dozen cartridges into my pocket, told my bearer to remain where he was with the ponies and followed my self-appointed guide.

After we had been walking about three quarters of an hour my guide made signs for me to proceed cautiously and together we crawled to the top of a ridge, the guide being slightly in advance. On reaching the top, and before looking over it, we paused just for an instant to recover breath, after which the guide cautiously raised his head and looked over, immediately beckoning me to approach. Very carefully I crept up to him and, on looking over the ridge, I beheld a sight which positively rivetted my eyes to it, for there, not two hundred yards below me, was a magnificent stag carrying what I felt sure would turn out to be a pair of record antlers. He was grazing unconcernedly whilst I inserted a cartridge into my rifle, took careful aim and fired. With a bound he swung round and fell dead almost on the same spot on which he had stood. As darkness was coming on, I told my guide to run back and fetch my bearer and ponies, having decided to spend the night there. Before I went to sleep that night I had decapitated and skinned my stag and also had decided that as I had secured so magnificent a trophy I would proceed no further into

\* Native Hunter.

† A two-wheeled, springless cart, drawn by horses at a gallop.

‡ Groom.

§ Rest House.

\*\* English Gentleman.

Kashmere, my object in coming having been gained beyond all my expectations. I slept on the open hill-side that night and early on the following morning, before it was light, after having well and gratefully rewarded the native who had guided me to the stag, I was on the road again with my face turned towards Murree and the magnificent antlers safely strapped onto my spare pony. On my arrival at Murree, the antlers were duly inspected and measured by an admiring crowd at the hotel. The measurements were published in the papers and I was the most envied man in the place.

On the last evening of my leave (I was to return to my regiment on the following day), I was very late for dinner, and when I entered I found all the places at the table in the dining room, except mine, occupied, conversation was in full swing, and I was able to get to my place unnoticed. There was a stranger at the table whom I had never before seen, and in the course of conversation some one asked him when he got back from Kashmere and what luck he had there. Immediately his features underwent a change and I saw that a sore point had been touched upon. "Got back this evening," he answered, "and had the very worst luck; fell in with a poacher." At once all eyes were turned in his direction and, seeing that he had an attentive audience, he proceeded to relate how, on arriving at a certain valley, nearly two months previously, he had found it inhabited by a splendid stag, in addition to an abundance of other game which he patiently refrained from firing at for fear of alarming the stag and causing it to leave the valley, intending to have a go at them later, after he

had bagged the stag. But luck had been against him all along and in spite of all his efforts he had been unable to get close enough to it to obtain a certain shot and at last one morning he had been horrified to find its mutilated remains minus the head and skin, and was informed by his Shikari that he had heard that a Sahib who had been passing along the Kashmere road on the previous night had bagged it. He said that his rage and disgust on hearing this had been unmentionable, and if ever he came across the d—d poacher he would give him a piece of his mind. Before he had finished relating his grievances I saw that all the eyes at the table were turned towards me enquiringly and, feeling that it was I to whom he was alluding to as a poacher, I related amidst a roar of laughter, how I had bagged a stag which might have been the one he had vainly stalked for so long a time. For a while his language to me was dreadful, but after he had recovered from the first shock of meeting the man whom he had been wishing so eagerly to come across for the last few days, I was unable to convince him that it was not a premeditated act of poaching on my part, and to this day I believe he thinks of me as a Poacher. But on rejoining my regiment a few days later I was most heartily congratulated on having secured so fine a trophy, and I heard my Commanding Officer remark to the second in command, "Never had any idea that he had the energy to make so keen a sportsman; nearly refused him his leave because I thought he only intended to lounge it away at some hill station."

## A Lucky Mishap

By G. M. L. BROWN

### I.

"Well, what next, Jennie?"

"How much have we, do you say?"

"Just seven hundred."

"Are you sure he won't take your note for the balance?"

"Certain!"

"Not if it's endorsed, Fred?"

"I won't ask anyone to endorse; I've tried honest borrowing and a man would rather lend a thousand than endorse for a hundred—I know I should."

"When has it to be paid?" Jennie had known the date for months.

"To-morrow," Benson answered mechanically.

"Then see Mr. Fraser to-night and try your eloquence upon him. I don't see how he could—"

"Of course you don't, dearest. Now I'll try; but I know I might as well talk to the statue of Maisonneuve. Fraser is as exact as a ship's chronometer, and as close—heavens!—if I were to offer the thousand all but one cent, he'd refuse. I never heard of anyone quite his gauge. He scolded Currie the other day for putting a bill in a number eight envelope when it might have been squeezed into a number seven. There's ten cents a thousand difference in the price, so he saved just one tenth of a mill. He bought a padlock last week, and as it happened to need oiling he sent the boy back for a rebate to cover the cost of the oil."

"Now Fred; you know that's not true!"

"Well, Falconer gives his affidavit that it is; and I know that it's just what the old chap would do."

"And yet if you pay the thousand dollars he will give you a liberal share in the business."

"Oh, it's a splendid offer; but I'm certain he felt sorry as soon as he made it."

"Perhaps that is just your imagination, Fred. Anyway, the offer is made and you mustn't lose it—we've got to do something right away. See him again, dear, and—and—I'll be planning while you're gone."

"All right, little woman; perhaps we'll pull through somehow, but I have my doubts."

And Benson prepared to go.

### II.

Benson's employer, the old gentleman so freely discussed, was a prosperous commission merchant in Mont-

real, with a threefold business on his hands, from each branch of which he had amassed a fortune. Fred Benson, who entered his employ a few years previously, had been placed in the export department, where he applied himself with such energy and judgment that its profits bade fair to equal those of the other two branches combined. Hence his speedy advancement, and finally, the offer of a partnership in the business.

Here, however, a difficulty arose. Mr. Fraser learned to his displeasure, one day, that Benson occupied a flat in Westmount, the aristocratic suburb of the city, which cost him fifty dollars a month rent.

"Did ye ever hear of the likes of that!" he exclaimed with disgust. "I don't see how a man in his senses can pay such a scandalous rent."

"Benson," he called.

"Yes, sir,"

"I'm shocked—disgraced, indeed—to hear of your extravagant habits, mon."

"I don't think I'm extravagant, Mr. Fraser."

"And payin' fifty dollars for a house!"

"Well, we couldn't do better, and live comfortably."

"Tut, mon; I paid just one poun' six, when we first went to housekeeping."

"But that was not in Montreal, Mr. Fraser—you're speaking of some Scotch village, aren't you?"

"We—el, that's neither here nor there. How much, like, have ye saved up by now?"

"Not a great deal, I admit. I had five hundred in the bank last year, but—"

"Five hundred poun's?"

"Heavens, no—dollars."

"Mon,—ye're joking."

Benson regretfully convinced him, however, that it was no joke. Whereupon Mr. Fraser disclosed his plans, but proceeded to make such stringent provisions that the poor fellow's hopes fell as quickly as they had risen.

"I'll allow ye three months to show me a thousand to your name in the bank, and then I'll take ye in. But hold!" added the canny Scot. "It'll no do to leave it so ye can put your note in for a month or anything like that. Better bring me the money—a thousand dollars—an' I'll invest it for ye at five per cent. After a year ye can have it back; but I'm bound to see ye've

got some thrift in ye before I gie ye the runnin' of a shippin' trade worth thirty thousand poun'."

That Benson had not succeeded in meeting this simple condition we have already seen.

## III.

Before starting on his doubtful mission—"to beard the lion in his den"—as he ruefully expressed it, Benson took out the precious roll of bills and proceeded to count them for the twentieth time—five hundreds, five twenties and ten tens.

"Don't lose it, dear, whatever you do," said Jennie, kissing him goodbye.

"I'll try not to, little wife," Fred replied with a laugh; then he stepped out into the night.

"I may as well walk," he muttered, as he faced the bracing wind. "I may think up some scheme in case the old man is obstinate. But I'm afraid my chance is ended. What a pleasant reflection to think that I can't raise three hundred dollars in a city full of friends! It might be easy enough if I could return it, but the old fox has seen to that. I suppose he'll make Falconer the next offer. George! I wish I knew what to do."

For fifteen minutes the young man strode ahead, lost in thought. Then, finding himself facing the gray mansions of Beaver Hall Hill, he turned to the right and descended to the old business quarter of the city—a section alive with bustle and activity by day, but at night deserted, badly lighted, and but poorly guarded by police. Presently he came to the ruins of the Board of Trade Building, whose high skeleton walls cast grim shadows across the dim thoroughfares and far up on the walls of the warehouses opposite. Mr. Fraser's offices lay but two blocks beyond this, and as the old gentleman was invariably to be found in his counting-room till the clocks tolled nine, thither Benson was hastening.

## IV.

"Hands up!"

The words were hissed rather than spoken. Brought partially to his senses, but not sure that he was the person addressed, Benson peered through the gloom. In front of him loomed a huge, dark figure, and under his eyes gleamed something strangely suggestive of force.

"What in the deu—"

"Throw up your hands or I'll bore a hole through you—d'ye hear?"

Reluctantly Benson did as he was bid. Though no coward, neither was he a fool.

"Now I'm goin' through your pockets. If you yell or try to get away I'll fix you worse than a target; d'ye understand?"

"That seems tolerably plain."

"And no back talk, my boy; remember that."

"Just as you say," replied Benson grimly.

With an additional threat the robber began his search. First he tried his victim's right vest pocket—nothing; then his left vest pocket—a watch and chain that Jennie had given him; next he dived into the right trouser pocket—

"Good heavens!" groaned Benson. "There it goes!"

A moment later he stood hatless and breathless with pockets inside out, gazing helplessly at the retreating figure. Whereupon, as he tells the story to his friends, his senses and the robber returned simultaneously.

What brought the rascal back Benson never knew—probably he had been seen by a policeman. "Anyway he tore around the corner like mad," runs his graphic narrative, "so I thought I'd better try a hold-up myself."

Nerving himself for a second encounter, Benson crept forward in the shadow. Fortunately he recalled a trick of his boyhood, which, though never considered very manly, and certainly requiring no display of skill, was decidedly effective, as he had proved in sundry youthful escapades.

Waiting till the robber had almost reached him, Benson suddenly dropped before him on the pavement. To his satisfaction the huge mass shot forward into space; then descended with a thud, and an explosion of profanity, upon the rough pavement. Fred sprang at the sprawling mass and clutched it firmly.

"Now," he panted, "Let me see you move and I'll knife you. Sorry to have given you such a tumble, but I want that money back. Don't budge—d'ye hear?—or I'll cut a hole through you."

The robber heard, but was too dazed to offer any objection; and Benson leisurely regained his watch and money, which he quietly transferred to their respective pockets. Then, seeing a pedestrian in the distance, and realising his weakness, for the knife was a myth, he

called for assistance. The shout, however, aroused his opponent who, with a quick wrench, succeeded in freeing himself. In another moment he had regained his feet and to Benson's dismay disappeared before he could give chase.

After relating his story to a policeman and the usual sympathetic crowd that had gathered, Benson limped to the nearest street lamp to count his money. Apparently satisfied, he called a cab and drove directly to his home.

## V.

"Well, dear, what does he say?" asked an eager voice, as Fred mounted the steps.

"I didn't see him, Jennie."

"You didn't see him?"

"No, dear; there was no need."

"What do you mean?" gasped Jennie.

"Count that!" was the reply, as he emptied his pocket upon the table.

Jennie did so with eager fingers.

"Oh, Fred, there's eleven hundred dollars! Did you get a loan of four hundred?"

"Yes, dear, a kind of—er—accidental loan."

"From whom?"

"Frankly, dear, I don't know."

"You don't know! Why, Fred, how funny. When has it to be paid back?"

"I don't even know that dear. I'm not sure that I want to pay it back—not to the man I got it from. We may have to give it to charity."

"Why, how strange!" said Jenny.

"Yes, dear, and—er—how convenient!"

## The United States Postal Question

"THE hour for reform has struck," declares the Philadelphia "Inquirer," in concluding an editorial on the defects of the postal system. Almost everybody agrees, in the face of an annual deficit of nearly \$15,000,000, that this amount must be saved somewhere. But at whose expense! "How about the \$20,000,000 annually stolen from the post-offices by the 'railroads' by 'vast swindles involved in the weighing game,' and 'robber rates' for the use of postal cars," asks "Ridgway's"; while other papers remark that if the Government would pay the \$20,000,000 it costs to transport the matter now carried free on government service, it would more than make good the deficit, or that if we only had a parcel-post system, like other civilized countries, the huge profits now enjoyed by the express companies would fill the postal treasury to overflowing. That the ax will fall on the railroads or express companies, however, does not seem to be seriously expected. Third Assistant Postmaster General Madden would like to solve the difficulty by raising the postal rate on periodicals from one cent a pound to four, a "solution" that would, in the opinion of many, wipe a number of popular magazines out of existence and increase the subscription price of the rest. Readers of this magazine may be interested to know that the postage on our last week's issue alone was over \$900. Mr. Madden's plan would increase this to \$3,600." In Canada the postal rate on periodicals is half a cent a pound, and, on some routes, a quarter of a cent. In this connection it is interesting to notice that Canada finds its postal system choked with American periodicals and proposes to use an ax of its own. To quote the New York "Evening Post":

"Canada has given notice that after May 7 next the postal convention concerning second-class matter will be abrogated. This action affects the newspaper and magazine rate of one cent a pound, and will seriously restrict the circulation of all sorts of periodicals beyond the Canadian border. It appears that the reason for the discrimination is two-fold: First, the Canadian mails are forced to carry enormous quantities of alleged second-class matter at a loss; next, Canadian trade suffers by the advertising in such magazines. We assume that the former reason only need be taken into account, and it is easy to see that there are great inconvenience and expense to Canada in this service, with very little reciprocal advantage. Evidently, her newspapers and magazines profit very slightly by the convention, ours enormously. In short, the bargain was always so bad a one for her that we doubt if an adjustment can be made by simply overhauling the registry list of journals classified as second-class matter. What is important to note is that the Canadian position is not that of declaring a boycott, but simply that of withdrawing from a one-sided agreement."

# A Prisoner of Hope\*

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

By MRS. WEIGALL

Resume: Esther Beresford, who has been at Miss Jenkins' private school for ten years, is visited by Mrs. Galton, her stepmother's sister, with a view to the former's leaving school. Major Beresford and his wife are at Malta. Esther is a beautiful girl, who has earned her schooling by music teaching and is a great favourite with her French grandmother, Mme. de la Perouse, who lives nearby. The old lady resolves to send her out on her first voyage into life, with a suitable wardrobe and letters of introduction. Esther goes to bid farewell to two old friends, Mrs. Hanmer and her son, Geoffrey.

"I might have warned her before she went to-day," said the old lady, tremulously. "Yet at the same time, it is far better not to put such ideas into the child's head, since they grow there naturally enough. But Geoffrey, I am sure, is too generous to bind her to so uncertain a future, and the girl must have her chance."

And that chance reminded her of her promised letter to Malta. She sat down to her table, and drew her dainty letter-paper towards her, stamped with its simple crown, and the envelope was addressed to Mme. la Duchesse de Menilmontant, Paris.

"My Dear Old Friend,—I break the silence of more years than I like to count to ask you a favour, and if ever you have loved me, or I have done you a kindness, I pray you to grant it.

"My granddaughter, Stephanie's child, is going out to her father, who is with his regiment in Malta, immediately. Will you ask Adela to be kind to her? She is beautiful and dowerless, and this would be a chance for her, but I fancy that Henry Beresford made something of a 'mesalliance' in his second marriage; and my granddaughter is a second edition of Stephanie and myself, therefore I can commend her to you without fear. I heard from Adela once that you were thinking of paying her a visit. Please God it might be while my dear child was in the island, so that you might see her for yourself.

"Adieu, dear Henriette. If my travelling days were not over I should, long ago have availed myself of your many invitations.—Yours,

"Antoinette de la Perouse."

And when the letter was in the postman's bag she felt easier in her mind.

From the wooded road that led to the village of Aborfield Esther walked in a day-dream. She had so much to think of, and so much to wonder at, that when she passed Geoffrey Hanmer going homewards with a basket on his arm she did not recognise him until he spoke.

"Why, Esther, are you too grand to recognise your old friends now?"

"Geoffrey! I never saw you!" she cried, facing round on him.

Geoffrey Hanmer was a tall, well-built man, with a face that of late had grown so accustomed to lines of care that there were crowsfeet now about his eyes. His suit of blue serge and straw hat were well worn, but he looked every inch the squire of Aborfield as he threw back his broad shoulders and smiled into her eyes with his honest blue ones. His mouth, under his brown moustache, was a firm one, and looking at Geoffrey Hanmer one would have said that here was a man who had his back to the wall through life, and was prepared to fight for success until he won it.

"What have you got in that basket, Geoffrey?"

Esther was looking at him with dancing eyes of amusement, for it was suggestive of butter or good honest marketings, and he held it by the handle with an air of trepidation.

"Be careful, Esther; it is a setting of Mrs. Yorke's eggs, to put under one of my hens. I want to try Wyandotte, as I believe they are remunerative in every way."

Two years ago Geoffrey Hanmer had walked by his father's side through his broad acres with the air of a future monarch, who had manservants and maidservants to wait upon his lightest whim; to-day he was monarch of himself alone, but he had come into his kingdom like a conqueror.

"I hope you are doing well this year," said Esther,

walking at his side through the long stretch of grass meadows that led up to the Hall from the high road. As he looked down at her he thought, with a pang at his heart, how lovely she was, with the sun upon her bright hair and the clear fresh oval of her cheek.

"The balance is on the right side so far, Esther," he said, confidently. "It will be a matter of some years, I know, but I am convinced that I shall succeed in paying off all the charges on the estate, and in beginning again with a clear outlook and not a debt in the world. I wish that my mother would not ignore so resolutely the fact of our poverty; but I believe that she has never forgiven me for staying on here in the dear old house instead of letting it to strangers and retrenching at Dieppe or Boulogne."

"All your friends think you have done what is right and brave," said Esther, gently. "You have done a much finer thing in facing the county in altered circumstances than you would have done in running away and leaving the village to strangers."

The egg basket was between them, but he managed to throw a world of passionate gratitude into his voice as he answered her.

"I am quite satisfied if you think that I have done right. But oh, Esther! I cannot bear to think that you are going away!"

Suddenly across the girl's mind there flashed the memory of words and looks that made it seem possible to her that something for what she was not prepared might be said—some demand made for which she had no answer ready, and she broke in hastily:

"Yes, I am very sorry to go for many reasons. But is that not your mother on the terrace, Geoffrey?"

"Yes; she is beckoning to you. Do you mind going in at the little gate, Esther? I must confess that I have not got the courage yet to face my mother with a butter-basket on my arm, so I shall go round by the back yard." And Esther, glad to escape for once, opened the wicket and ran through, up the flagged path.

Mrs. Hanmer met her warmly. "Why Esther, my love, what is all this I hear about your going to Malta for the season? Such a gay station as it is, and such fun as you will have! Dear me! how I wish I could persuade that dear, stupid, money-grabbing son of mine to throw his cares to the wind and take me out, too! This place is as dull as ditchwater, and Geoffrey is too absurd with his poverty mania."

Esther tried to get in a word edgewise, but Mrs. Hanmer was too quick for her, and waived her aside like a troublesome fly. "My eyes are not very good, but I am sure that he was carrying a basket. Why did he not get one of the stablemen to carry it? Only Geoffrey is so full of the simple life that I suppose it is correct to do everything for himself, though I am sure I hope no one will ask me to lead it!"

Mrs. Hanmer was a handsome florid woman of middle age, who was well dressed and fond of good living, and who had never known what it was to be without a maid and a pair of horses till now. She possessed an endless fund of small talk, and was not famous for tact; but she had always been a good friend to Mme. de la Perouse, and Esther loved her for that.

"Of course you will stay to lunch, and Geoffrey will walk back with you. And how is your poor dear grandmother? I expect she will feel your departure dreadfully, and I can't think how you can have made up your mind to leave her."

"There was no choice for me," said Esther, distressed. "My father sent for me, and, of course, my first duty is to him."

"My experience of young people," said Mrs. Hanmer, with a faint sniff, "is that their first duty is always to themselves, and, of course, Malta is far more amusing than Grandchester, only, somehow, I never connected you with being a soldier's daughter, Esther. Your stepmother has been a long time sending for you."

Esther smiled faintly, knowing by experience that to argue with Mrs. Hanmer was useless, and they entered the house in silence.

Aborfield Hall was a long, white, stone building with a blue slate roof, built in the form of a half square. The garden was a wide expanse of green lawn, set here and

there with cedar trees sloping up to the park of beech and elm trees. A line of glasshouses stretched away to the back, and the long windows of the lower floor were open to the warm September air. The drawing-room was long and low, and filled with old-fashioned furniture covered with crackling chintz that matched the apricot curtains. There was an old Broadwood piano in the corner with a gilt harp beside it, and the walls were hung with family portraits, delicate Romneys, and more robust Lelys, while every corner of the room was filled with flowers that represented long hours of toil on Geoffrey's part to have been raised at all.

Geoffrey came in while they were talking, and presently luncheon was served in the sunny dining-room.

"And what do you think of little Esther going off to Malta alone? Eh, Geoff?" she said. "I say she will marry a smart soldier before she has been there a month, and will turn up her nose at all her old friends before she comes back again."

"Esther would never do that!" said Geoffrey, cutting up his bread into tiny pieces. "I would stake my life on Esther's faithfulness."

There had been a time when Mrs. Hanmer had been terribly afraid that Esther would marry Geoffrey; now she seemed almost annoyed that there appeared no likelihood of such an event. But at this moment Geoffrey broke in.

"Esther, come and sing once more. Perhaps it will be some time before I have the chance of accompanying you again."

"Yes, do, dear!" cried Mrs. Hanmer. "You will be singing to some fine young officer's banjo in a week's time, no doubt. You will be sure to have lots of admirers on board ship."

The lid of the piano that Geoffrey held in his nervous fingers fell with a crash, and in the shock to Mrs. Hanmer's nerves she said no more.

"What will you sing, Esther?"

Geoffrey's sad eyes looked into hers, and Esther suddenly grew pale. Life was a tragedy, after all, and she had not before recognized the sorrow that one heart can lay upon another all unwittingly.

"Esther, sing that German good-bye song that you gave us when you were here last," said Mrs. Hanmer, from the comfort of the sofa and her knitting.

"Oh, no! I can't!" said the girl suddenly.

But it seemed to Geoffrey Hanmer that the parting song might touch Esther's heart into softness, and he struck the first chords.

"Sing it, please," he said, harshly. "My mother likes it."

And Esther, wonderingly, took up the first notes tremulously, then swelled into strength and song. It was a wonderful voice, said Geoffrey to himself, through teeth set rigidly to keep down the sorrow that rose in overpowering strength at the sound of that exquisite bird-like soprano.

"Es ist bestimmt in Gottes Rath  
Das man vom Liebsten was man hat  
Muss scheiden.  
Wie wohl doch nicht im Lauf der Welt  
Dem Herzen—ach so sauer fällt  
Als scheiden: ja scheiden."

Were there ever such words, or such a rendering of them? And one hot tear splashed down from Geoffrey's eyes, unseen, upon the ivory keys.

"Very sweet, my love—very sweet!" said Mrs. Hanmer. "And your voice is certainly very nice. I should think it will be a great help to you in society."

"If you are thinking of going back now, Esther, I could walk with you," said poor Geoffrey, desperately, and the girl, whose eyes were bright with tears, gladly assented.

"Well, good-bye, my love, though we shall meet again before you sail," said Mrs. Hanmer. "And I hope you won't forget that beauty is deceitful, and favour is vain, and that there are nothing after all like old friends."

Esther and Geoffrey did not speak until they were outside the park, and when the girl made some attempt at praising the condition of the garden and parkland, the credit of which belonged to her companion, but the trouble of his white face checked the words on her lips.

"Esther!" he said, hoarsely, "you know what it is to me to part with you! You know that it has been my dearest wish for a long, long time to call you my wife. You were too young two years ago, and then, after our trouble, I had no right to ask any woman to marry me, or to ask her to wait for me, even! But I can't let you go now, Esther, without telling you what I feel for you! There will be lots of other men to

tell you such things when you go out to Malta, but you will never have anyone who loves and admires you so well as I do!"

"Oh, Geoffrey!" said Esther, faintly, "I am so sorry—"

"Why are you sorry? I know that you don't love me now—I have read it often enough in your eyes—but some day perhaps, when you remember my words, you may grow to love me!"

He had her hand now in his, and in the solitude of the field-path, among the trees, there seemed to be no one but they two in earth and sky.

"I am not sure what I feel—I do not know!" stammered Esther. "Oh, I wish I knew what to say!"

He looked down at her, so brave and strong and honest in his love.

"Darling!" he said, "say nothing now, for I would not have you promise anything before you are sure of yourself. But my love for you is so great that I would wait for you all my life if only you told me to hope."

Esther's lashes hid her troubled eyes. She had never thought seriously of love. Vague dreams of some happy state of which she knew nothing had come to her sometimes, sleeping or waking, and she had wondered what they meant. Geoffrey was so much a part of her life that she had not asked herself what her friendship for him signified, and even now she was uncertain.

"Oh, I don't know! I don't know! Tell me what I must say, Geoffrey!"

"You are not sure of yourself, Essie—you are not sure, and therefore your love cannot be the right sort— not what I want, or you would be certain of yourself!"

He was so brave in his disappointment that Esther felt suddenly unhappy that she could not give him the answer he needed.

"Perhaps when I go away I shall know better," she said, timidly. "You see, I have not had much experience of the world, and I am very ignorant, Geoffrey, about many things, and I am not half good enough for you—"

"You—not good enough for me! Esther, you are the most lovely and the most perfect woman I have ever met. You would be a crown to any man's life. How dare you say such things?"

A robin was singing his autumn song in the wood behind them, and the sweetness of the message touched the heart of the girl.

"Esther, will you wait, and give me your answer in three months?" pleaded Geoffrey. "You will know your own heart by then."

"Yes, I will wait for three months, and then I will write to you and answer your question," said Esther, eagerly.

"Are you sure that I am asking nothing dishonourable of you?" said Geoffrey, quickly. "I want you to know before you go away that you are perfectly free— although I am bound!"

"That sounds a very fair bargain—oh yes, a very fair bargain!" scoffed Esther, lightly. "We are both free for three months, say, rather."

But Geoffrey shook his head. "I am the captive of your eyes and your smile, Essie. I cannot—I do not wish to be free!"

Esther smiled back a little tremulously, for she was still little more than a schoolgirl, with feet timidly straying beyond the bounds of her childish life, and this sudden glimpse of the possibility of the unhappiness that a woman could make for a man frightened her, and she laid a trembling hand upon his arm.

"Oh, I want to make you happy! I do, indeed!" she said, pitifully, and suddenly the man stooped, and put his arms about her and kissed her on the lips, and in that kiss the heart of the woman, Esther Beresford, awoke.

She trembled away from him, hiding her face in her hands, and he, manlike and blind, did not see that now was the moment to ask her the question once again.

"I am sorry—I could not help it! Forgive me, Esther!" he stammered. "But I simply could not help it, you looked so lovely!"

Esther murmured something incoherent, and he dared not look at her again, fearing her displeasure, and they walked on side by side in silence to the door of the cottage.

Under the gentle influence of Mme. de la Perouse, both young people recovered their serenity; but the quick eyes of the old lady discovering that there was something tragic in the air, she gave them no opportunity to be alone together for the rest of Geoffrey's visit.

TO BE CONTINUED



**W**E must have the tunnel! Such is said to be the cry of Prince Edward Island. And some newspapers even talk of secession from the Dominion if this certain communication with the main land is not forthcoming. However, this kind of talk savors of politics.

Seven hundred deer have been shipped out of the districts east and west of Algonquin Park, Ontario, thus proving beyond a peradventure that sportsmen sometimes shoot something besides each other.

People are prophesying that Manitoba elections will be held between seed time and haying of the coming year but Premier Roblin is too busy talking telephones to bother with such minor matters.

Prof. Wm. Osler, regius professor of Oxford, in an address in the Medical Building of Toronto University, charged that it was a reflection on the sanitary intelligence of the Canadian public that typhoid fever exists so generally. He advocated the establishment of an academy of medicine for the clinical, medical and pathological societies.

The Winnipeg School Board recently decided by a unanimous vote to make a second attempt to induce the Manitoba Legislature to legislate in favour of compulsory education. Manitoba teachers have resolved along the same lines. And now comes the Western School Journal and points out that compulsory education is, to say the least, a mixed blessing. It says: "It is questionable, indeed, whether our schools, with their present curriculum and under their present discipline are adapted to the education of youths whose natural inclination is to truancy." Verily it is a thin question that hasn't two sides to it.

The Great West admires a hero but it idolises a heroine, and at present all British Columbia is standing hat in hand to Mrs. Thomas Patterson, wife of the light-keeper at Cape Beale. When the bark Colmar was wrecked off that point, Mrs. Patterson fought her way over the almost impassable trail to Bamfield, and sent from there the Quadra which arrived just in time to take off the crew of the doomed Colma. Mrs. Patterson's terrible night trip, in the wildest storm and with trees crashing on every hand was a remarkable feat both of endurance and courage.

Recruits at Esquimalt are as scarce as farmhands in Ontario. The required strength of the garrison is 300 men, but at present it is down to 105 and a reinforcement of two lieutenants and 25 men is on the way west from Quebec.

The agitation against compulsory flag flying on Manitoba schools grows apace. It is partially provoked by a spirit of economy and partially by a Canuck's repugnance to doing anything he is told he "has to."

Dominion Parole Officer Archibald says only 2 1/4 per cent. of paroled prisoners return to criminal careers.

A suggestion to introduce the parole system into politics is in order.

Montreal is again talking Georgian Bay canal. It would follow the course of the French River from Georgian Bay through Lake Nipissing and Trout Lake to the Ottawa River, and down it to Montreal. Friends of the project estimate it would cover 3c. per bushel on grain transportation, and that alone, going as it always does, to the producer, would mean \$3,000,000 more for the people of the West or enough to pay interest on the 100 millions required to build the canal.

Hon. W. H. Cushing, Minister of public works in the Alberta Government, has been visiting the state capitols of Minnesota and Wisconsin gathering ideas to be embodied in Alberta's new legislative buildings. They are to be worthy of the great west, built of stone, and costing a round million dollars.

While the prairies talk of zero and fuel famines the Victoria "Times" tells of strawberry plants in blossom. All of which shows that one half of

Lumber has struck the highest price ever known on the Pacific Coast. A log famine is given as the cause, and there are no signs of relief as heavy snows are driving the loggers from the woods.

The fuel shortage in the Western provinces is still causing much suffering. The strikes at Lethbridge and Fernie started in March. They were settled when the thermometer struck zero. The railroads have done all in their power to help matters, even putting fuel cars on express trains. But it takes time to get mines that have been practically lying idle in working order and more time to dig coal after they are working. Fuel promises to be a luxury in the West all winter.

The prairie provinces are looking for a record year in railway work next year. The four great lines, the Canadian Pacific, the Canadian Northern, the Grand Trunk Pacific and the Great Northern are all reaching out for new territory. New records in mileage and construction speed are looked for.

The youthful criminal and how to handle him to the best advantage is occupying considerable attention at different points. Winnipeg wants a children's court, while the management of the Boys' Home in Montreal purpose purchasing a farm of 200 acres near Montreal and to equip it so that boys convicted of petty offences may be cared for there. Imagine sentencing a boy to hoe turnips or pick potato bugs! Takes all the romance out of crime, doesn't it?

The extension of the Quebec Central Railway to St. George, Bruce Co., has been officially opened. Hon. W. A. Weir, Provincial Minister of Public Works officiated at the opening ceremonies.

The resignation of Hon. R. F. Green, Commissioner of Lands and Works, the dissolution of the provincial parliament and an election on Feb. 2nd, will keep British Columbia talking for the next month. Hon. R. F. Green's resignation looks like a concession to the public outcry against the Kitamaal and Kaien Island scandals, and despite his popularity the Hon. Dick McBride may have trouble ahead.



Rev. J. W. Graham,  
Recently appointed Assistant Educational  
Secretary of the Methodist Church.

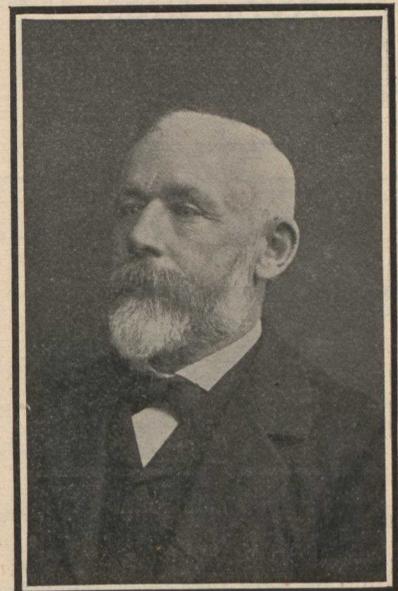
Canada has some difficulty realising how the other half lives.

Edmonton and Victoria have formed Canadian clubs. Hon. C. W. Cross is the leading spirit in the former place while the mayor is the instigator in the latter.

The first through train has been run over the Halifax and Southwestern, and a through passenger service has been inaugurated. The new road is 230 miles long and runs along the sea shore of Nova Scotia from Halifax to Yarmouth through the Annapolis Valley.

Commissioner Coombs states that the Salvation Army will bring 25,000 to 30,000 people from the British Isles during the coming year. And still there's room for thousands more—if they'll work.

A project to reclaim 380,000 acres of semi-arid land near Medicine Hat by irrigation has been financed. The work will cost about a million dollars and will start as soon as the frost is out of the ground.



Allan Studholme, M P.P.,  
Recently Elected as a Labour Representa-  
tive from Hamilton, to the Ontario  
Legislature.

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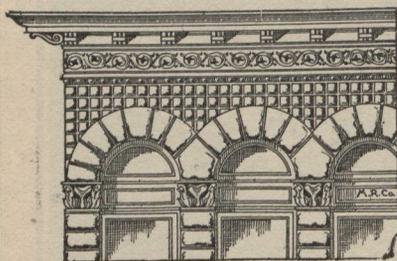
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## Editorial Opinions

The editors from coast to coast have been saying kind things about THE CANADIAN COURIER. Here are a few extracts from among the scores that have reached this office:

"Thrice welcome, THE CANADIAN COURIER. Welcome first for itself, so clean and wholesome in appearance and matter. Welcome second for its editor, John A. Cooper. Welcome third, to a National Weekly from Toronto. With no undue flourish of trumpets, but with evidence of care and skill in its production, it comes among us as a worthy representative of sound journalism. We ask our people down by the sea to give it their support. The hope of our national life, lies in bringing to the assistance of an honest and pure press, the interest, influence and backing of our Canadian people."—*The Suburban*, Halifax, Dec. 1st.

"Evidently supported by a staff of capable writers." . . . "Better to begin moderately and improve constantly than to attempt too much at the beginning and then be compelled to fall off." *Sentinel Review*, Woodstock, Dec. 5.

"A new periodical was started in Canada last week, . . . described as a 'National Weekly.' Typographically it is excellent; in design and illustration it is artistic; in literary interest it is promising—but its tone must be decidedly changed before ever it can attain the place and influence of 'a national weekly.'"—*The Sun*, St. John, N.B., Dec. 4.

"It is to be hoped that the COURIER will make a permanent place for itself as one of our regular Canadian periodicals."—*Record*, Sherbrooke, Que., Dec. 3.

"THE CANADIAN COURIER is making a bold bid to be Canada's national weekly. The second number is to hand, and is a distinct improvement on the first. . . . We have heard a good deal of late of attempts to check the flood of U.S. literature. . . . One way to aid this is to subscribe for really worthy Canadian publications. THE CANADIAN COURIER is one of this type."—*World*, Vancouver, Dec. 13.

THE CANADIAN COURIER is published weekly, at 81 Victoria Street, Toronto. The subscription price to addresses in Canada, Great Britain and United States, is Two Dollars and Fifty Cents a Year. Write for Sample Copy and Special Offer.

The Canadian Courier



ALTHOUGH Mrs. Langtry has never been regarded as a great actress, it is somewhat incongruous to consider her as a vaudeville artist, doing the "turn" which that sprightly form of theatrical entertainment demands. But the world is so serious about its commercial affairs in these days that it regards brains in drama as a dangerous, if not deadly quality, and hence turns to vaudeville to be amused. On this continent, at least, the theatre is commonly regarded as a place of idle entertainment where puns are at a premium and jokes of the mother-in-law order are ever welcome.

The "Jersey Lily" is a rather faded (or perhaps we should say "overblown") flower in the year 1907 but, for the sake of the days when she was bonnie Kate Hardcastle, many will witness her vaudeville appearance.

In February, Miss Annie Russell is to appear in Toronto in a revival of "The Midsummer Night's Dream," in which the star plays the part of "Puck." A New York critic shrewdly says of her choice of character: "This role was not considered an important one by Shakespeare; but then Shakespeare had never seen Maud Adams in 'Peter Pan.' That Miss Russell had the advantage over the bard in this respect was indicated by the spirit of her performance, by her pictures and postures, and by the fact that she selected the character for herself in preference to 'Helena.'"

"Miss Russell, who hasn't been seen in New York for two or three years, represented 'Puck' in a vein of whimsical humour that was very delightful."

Additional local interest has been aroused in the production from the fact that Miss Catherine Proctor who takes the part of "Hermia" is a Canadian actress whose work has been favourably received in the great metropolis.

The theatrical offerings of these holiday weeks continue to be light and airy, with the possible exception of such harrowing melodrama as "The Queen of the Convicts," which has been recently inflicted on Canadian cities. Next week, the Augustin Daly Company will present those two English musical comedies, "A Country Girl" and "The Cingalee." The former is one of the most exhilarating chasers of the blues ever seen in Canada and those who enjoyed it three years ago will be only too glad to hear "The Rajah of Bhong" again.

The Savage Opera Company will appear in Toronto during the second week of February in four performances of Puccini's opera, "Madame Butterfly." It is probable that the Toronto singer, Miss Florence Easton who created such a favourable impression in Canada last year as "Gilda" in "Rigoletto," will be given a leading part.

Mr. Willard has made his second visit to Montreal this season. It must be admitted that "Colonel Newcome" has not proved a companion for the great popular success, "The Middleman" or even "The Cardinal." Perhaps it will sometimes be recognized by contriving playwrights that between fiction and drama there is a gulf fixed.

Even the novels of the eighteenth century are not exempt from musical and dramatic experiment. Of all homely fiction, one should have thought "The Vicar of Wakefield" with what Taine has called its "Flemish charm," unsuited to stage purposes and light musical effects. But it has been turned into romantic opera and produced at the Prince of Wales Theatre in London with no less an artist than David Bispham as "Dr. Primrose," the foolish, lovable old parson, father of those unforgettable beauties, Olivia and Sophia. Nothing could be in greater contrast to the vulgarity of the modern music hall and the dreariness of the average problem play than the naive kindness of the old vicar's household. But speaking of Goldsmith, this dramatisation of his fiction may lead to a sumptuous revival of that delightful comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer."

Unusual interest is being manifested in the forthcoming production of Handel's "Judas Maccabaeus" by the Oratorio Society and under the direction of Mr. J. M. Sherlock in Massey Hall on the last day of January. The chorus will be assisted by two soloists from New York—Mr. Daniel, basso, and Mr. Beddoe, tenor, and the soprano part will be taken by Mrs. Mabel Manley-Pickard.

A unique article by Ray Stannard Baker entitled: "New Music for an Old World" appears in the Christmas number of the "Windsor Magazine." It is concerned with the dynamophone, Dr. Thaddeus Cahill's extraordinary invention. This description is a realisation of Bellamy's "Looking Backward":

"Dr. Cahill's new invention suggests if it does not promise, a complete change in the system by which a comparatively few rich people enjoy the best music to the exclusion of all others. Instead of bringing the people to the music, the new method sends the music to the people. As I have said, the instrument itself produces no music, it merely gives out electrical waves of various sorts which are carried over wires like a telegraph message. Highly skilled musicians, located in a quiet room distant from the whirr of the machinery, regulate the production of these waves by playing upon keyboards similar to those of the pipe-organ. Connecting with the central plant, cables are laid in the streets, from which wires may be run into your house or mine, or into restaurants, theatres, churches, schools, or wherever music is desired. Upon our table, or attached to the wall, we have an ordinary telephone receiver with a funnel attached. By opening a switch we may turn on the music. The electric waves reach our ears as symphonies, lullabies, or other music, at the will of the players."

Montreal, Nov. 15th, 1906.

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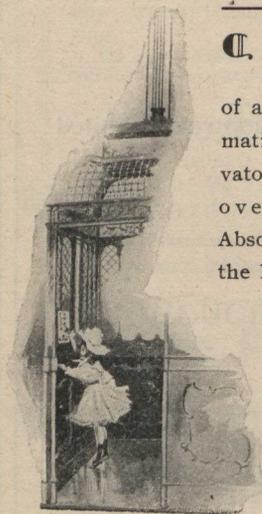
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## DEMI - TASSE

Resolved

**T**HIS world would be a happy place,  
If noble thoughts we'd think;  
If we would early go to bed  
And seldom have a drink.

These Christmas feasts are all a fraud,  
They leave us sad and glum.  
I'll ne'er again of Christmas fare  
Partake the smallest plum.

The presents I have lavished on  
Appreciative friends  
Have left my income badly frayed  
With all unmeeting ends.

I do resolve that every week  
I'll save a small amount,  
That I may have in 1908  
A good, fat bank account.

I'll give up reading silly jokes  
And read some solid stuff;  
Of foolish fiction full of love  
I've really had enough.

Cigars, I always have been told,  
Will hurt the strongest heart;  
I'll give them up—at least I'll try—  
And bid their joys depart.

My diet has been all too rich,  
My system needs a rest;  
I think I'll live on fruit and nuts—  
They're easy to digest.

My language has been sometimes  
marked

By words of slang and stress;  
In future, "pshaw" and likewise  
"fudge"

My meaning must express.

In fact, I'll live so very plain  
And think so awfully high,  
I'm almost scared before next year  
That I shall surely die.

### A Fowl Matter

Several clergymen were recently discussing the career of a young minister whose mother made many sacrifices that he might attend the university.

"You know," said one clerical enthusiast, "that woman kept poultry and devoted all the money she made in that way to her son's education. She was a noble creature."

"That's what I call hencouraging," was the flippant comment.

"No," said a third, who was born in Scotland, "I call it 'egging' him on to the university."

The first speaker refused to indulge in further eulogy.

### According to Bernard Shaw

They were seated before the glowing grate and his eyes rested dreamily on the blazing coals, while her gaze was fixed upon his fair brow and slightly parted lips. He shivered gently when she spoke, as he had been hoping, for, and yet fearing this hour.

"You must have seen," she said firmly, "that my sentiments towards you are stronger than mere friendship. Henry, for some weeks I have yearned to ask you this question, but have feared to disturb your sweet boyish unconsciousness. Of course you have seen that I detest you. But life is a stern and practical affair. When may I make you my husband?"

He blushed furiously and buried his face in his trembling hands. "Give me

time!" he faltered. "This is—is—so—"

"Don't dare to use that deadly adjective 'sudden' and I warn you, Henry, that I'll throw the parlour-lamp if you offer to be a brother. Be modest, if you must, but let us not be obvious."

"But I don't want to be married," he finally pleaded. "It's really an awful bore."

"Everything's a bore," she affirmed pulling his left ear as far as it would go and then applying a flickering match to the end of his nose. "Life is the most disagreeable thing one can imagine and I'm sure I don't know why I dislike you so fiercely. But fate or some other fool force has decreed that I shall pursue you and I'm going to do it if I have to take a balloon and follow you to the North Pole."

He drew a long, deep sigh and raised a haggard but not unhandsome face. "What's the use?" he asked despondently, "this is a case of man and superwoman. I yield, but I think you should know that my father died in a lunatic asylum and my mother is in a rest cure."

"I'd prefer homicidal mania," she said, thoughtfully. "But one can't have everything. Isn't it wonderful when two human beings loathe each other as we do! Ah, Henry! It is useless to struggle against the doom of deadly matrimony. Let us show the world how to be lonesome though married."

"His face suddenly brightened. "After all, you will be away at the Gorky Club most of the time, won't you?"

"I'll promise to be away from home at all lucid intervals, and whatever you do, don't have my kimono and slippers warm when I come in from the office. If you greet me with a smile I'll throw Ibsen's Unabridged at you."

"I shouldn't dream of smiling," he said hurriedly.

"Then that's over," she said in relief, as she pressed an ardent blow on his blushing cheek.

So they were married and lived scrappy ever after.

J. G.

**That Boy Again**

A small Canadian ventured into the room while his eldest sister was entertaining a masculine caller.

"Mr. Harris," the youth finally interrupted, "I wish you would take me with you some day."

"Take you with me!" echoed the caller. "Where do you want to go, Bobbie?"

"I heard Mr. Grant next door say you were on the water waggon and he guessed you'd soon fall off. I'd love to help you drive."

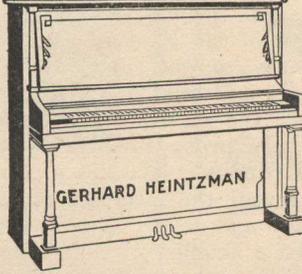
**A Transformation**

A young doctor who is making arrangements to depart for the West, was informing an elderly man in the profession of his intentions and concluded:

"After I get there, I'll sit like patience on a monument, waiting for a practice."

"And after you get the practice," chuckled the other physician, "the monuments will be on your patients."

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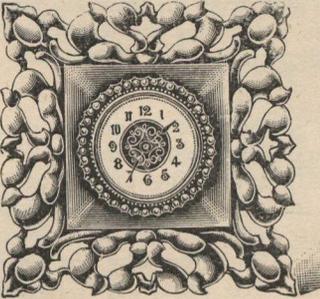
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TORONTO JUNCTION, ONT.



**F**OR some years Canadians have resented fiercely the representation of their country as "a land of ice and snow," or as the scene of Indian warfare. But, as the varied life of the nine provinces develops, the Canadian of the East realises the picturesqueness of the early Western life as literary material and ceases to grumble over the stories and pictures that frequently prove misleading to our English friends. It takes a Jane Austen to reveal the interests of the common-people and so far Canada has not produced a novelist of that class.

For instance, such a story as W. A. Fraser's "The Offcasting of Niche-mous" forms a Canadian counterpart to such Kipling tales as "Without Benefit of Clergy" and "Georgy Porgy." The dweller in a small inland town reads with quickening pulse of such a land as this:

"In the mouth of the Pass, nestling among the grass-covered foot hills like a string of blue-green jade stones, lies a crescent of water, delicately slender as a new moon—the Kootenay Lakes. In the lakes swim the gold-shimmered rainbow trout, almost the size of a giant salmon. When the south-travelling sun bends to its autumn sleep over the snow-crested hills to the west at even-tide, elk and caribou and bears and gray wolf steal down from the spruce forests, which lie like a velvet mantle on the breasts of the uplands, to the empurpled waters and drink in leisurely content, for it is far from the leather-scented trail of man."

We have become so accustomed to regarding Mr. Carman as a poet that it is with something of a shock that we come across an essay over his signature. We spend the first few moments in wondering why the lines do not scan. His prose style, as exemplified in "The Kinship of Nature," is vigorous and picturesque. In a recent article, "Designer and Builder," Mr. Carman displays a keen discernment of the qualities that make for symmetry. Most of us remember the lines of O'Reilly:

"For a dreamer lives forever  
But a toiler dies in a day."

In his analysis Mr. Carman tries to unite the best in doer and dreamer to form the ideal citizen and thus defines him:

"It is easy to build castles in the air; one may spend whole days in that seductive occupation; and it is almost equally easy to lay one brick upon another without giving thought to anything except the mortar between them. But he is master of the world who can both plan and achieve, who keeps his plans within the bounds of the achievable, and brings his achievements up to the requirements of his plans. His castles are projected in Spain, but he sees them reproduced perhaps after long years and perdurable patience, from the solid ground before his eyes."

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