

"FORM IN CURLING," By J. K. MUNRO IN THIS ISSUE

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February 27th, 1909

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# The Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

5064  
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“CURLING.”

Drawn by T. W. Mitchell

EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER,  
COURIER PRESS, Limited. TORONTO

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FEBRUARY 27th  
—1909—

# The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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## Editor's Talk

THE season of 1908-1909 will be known as one of the greatest curling seasons Canada ever saw. The mild spells have been hard on the ice, but on the whole curling has flourished as it never flourished before. The Montreal Carnival has given a chance for a fresh series of contests there and the Winnipeg bonspiel was more brilliant than ever. Then there are the curlers who have visited Scotland to prove that the game has changed its abode—its home is now in Canada. Hence our cover for this week.

THE series of letters on the commercial outlook for 1909, begun last week, will run through three issues. We are deeply indebted to nearly a hundred of the most prominent business men of Canada who have contributed so cheerfully to this symposium. These contributions cannot all be published, but they are all reflected in the summaries which may be found in this issue and next. That so many of our correspondents are conservative and yet confident is a sign that Canada is maintaining her reputation for solidity and stability.

AGAIN we would remind our friends that they are helping to make this journal. By mentioning it to friends and inducing them to subscribe and by writing us whenever a suggestion is possible, or a photograph is available, they can greatly assist in that continued development of the paper which is desirable. Everyone can help. No reader is without his influence and his opportunity.



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## How Wall-papers can correct defects

PUT a tall "silk hat" on a table or shelf next the wall, crown up.

Ask a friend to look at it from a distance of ten feet or so and say how high it is.

Then remove the hat and ask him to place his finger on the wall at the height of the hat.

Now, push the hat under his finger and you will find he has placed it very much higher than the hat measures.

That is because of its peculiar shape, which creates an Ocular Delusion as to height.

\*\*\*

This same law of Illusion is made skilful use of by Decorators in the treatment and selection of wall-paper design.

Just as a striped suit will make a stout person look taller so will certain peculiarities in wall-paper design make a room look higher and narrower, or lower and wider.

Other peculiarities of Color and Design produce a dignified effect, or a cozy one, a chilling effect or a cheerful one.

Such use is called "Corrective Treatment," its object being to secure symmetrical effect and pleasing proportion in the room.

Knowledge of this kind has much to do with success, and with permanent satisfaction, in Home Decorating.

That is why a little book, by Walter Reade Brightling, just published, should be of decided interest and advantage to Home-makers.

\*\*\*

It tells how to use Wall-papers so as to make a room seem larger, smaller, wider, higher, lower, dignified, or cheerful, by the deliberate use of Ocular Delusion in certain forms of design or certain colorings.

There are Colorings in Wall-decoration which convey a distinct impression of Cheerfulness or Restfulness to the mind, while others convey a sense of Depression or Irritability.

Brightling's book entitled "Wall-paper Influence upon the Home" covers this subject acceptably for popular use.

It supplies information by which any Home can be made to look cheerful and restful at small cost.

The book is well worth a dollar though it costs only 25 cents at your wall paper dealers, or by mail from the publishers, Watson-Foster Co., Ltd., Ontario St. East, Montreal.

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## What Canadian Editors Think

WANT MORE FIRE RANGERS.  
(*Fort Frances Times.*)

IT is impossible for a few men scattered over two or three hundred miles to properly protect our timber reserves. It is almost a waste of money to give an inadequate service. The force should be increased and a patrol kept during the summer months sufficient to properly safeguard what is one of our most valuable assets. It is easy to talk about reforestation and reserves, but it strikes us our first duty is to protect what we have already got. When preparing the estimates for this year we would therefore suggest that the Minister of Crown Lands include a larger amount for fire ranging purposes for this district. Up to date the local government has received within the last six months over \$10,000 on account of purchase money for islands in Rainy Lake. These islands are all timbered and the owners are entitled to some protection against fires being started and spoiling their beauty.

\* \* \*

ON THE MAIN LINE NOW.

(*Lethbridge Herald.*)

LETHBRIDGE, some of these fine days, will be on a C. P. R. main line between Montreal and Seattle. The C. P. R. has secured control of the Wisconsin Central and it is reported that it is negotiating for the Pere Marquette, a railroad with a main line from Detroit to Chicago. The Wisconsin Central gives the C. P. R. an entrance to Chicago from the west, and the Pere Marquette would provide it with a direct route to Detroit, where it would join its present line running to Montreal. Thus it will be seen the road would have practically a direct route from Montreal, through to Chicago and St. Paul, and thence over the Soo line to Spokane and on to Seattle. This route would become more direct on the construction of the Weyburn branch to Lethbridge. Once the Pere Marquette is acquired this route would come into actual existence and Lethbridge would be on the main line of traffic between the two oceans.

\* \* \*

GIVE ME A HOME BY THE SEA.

(*St. John Telegraph.*)

CONTENTED newcomers are the best possible advertisement any country can have. The general outlook in New Brunswick was never so good as it is to-day. A great deal of money is being expended in railway construction, and this will be the case for several years to come. When the Grand Trunk Pacific and the International have been finished it is quite probable that a road down the St. John valley will be in process of construction. This development will mean increased land values and a better market for all our agricultural population. Several railroads are seeking running rights over the Intercolonial—a good sign in itself—and it is probable that the Dominion Government will soon apply a policy of expansion to that railroad. How does New Brunswick compare with the West? Do New Brunswickers who go to the prairie country escape hard work and discouraging conditions? Some may. One man from this province, formerly of Victoria County, writes to the *Victoria County News* from Elkton, Alberta, telling of his experiences. He lives thirty miles from a railroad, but he expects that a branch of one of the Hill roads will soon cross the country near where he is located. The land costs \$15 an acre, and he says that is cheaper in the end than the

land given away in New Brunswick because the latter is not cleared. He cleared land in Victoria county, "waited ten years for the stumps to rot," and then moved West.

\* \* \*

TRY NEW BRUNSWICK.

(*Fredericton Gleaner.*)

MR. F. W. HIRST, editor of the *London Economist*, who has recently been on a visit to Canada, has since his return been getting off some of the impressions he gathered while in this country, through the columns of his paper. He is rather severe on the West. Towards the other provinces he is somewhat more kindly. He says: "The English farmer who wants a certain amount of society and home comfort, with reasonable prospects of steady prosperity, will do well to look first at Ontario, British Columbia, Nova Scotia, and Quebec." Was it by accident or design that New Brunswick was omitted from this list of eligible localities in which it is desirable that Englishmen should settle? Probably neither. It is more than likely that the advantages which this province offers to settlers have never been brought to the notice of Mr. Hirst. Five-sixths of the people of England have never heard of New Brunswick. This ignorance is no fault of the English people. They are familiar enough with Canada as a whole, with the Northwest provinces, with Quebec, Ontario, Nova Scotia and British Columbia, because these provinces are keenly alive to the fact that if they would attract people as immigrants they must take some active steps to bring the advantages which they have to offer to the knowledge of these people, and they have taken these steps.

\* \* \*

VANCOUVER ROUTE AN ECONOMY.

(*Edmonton Saturday News.*)

AT present it is necessary for a shipment of Alberta grain by way of Vancouver to travel via Cape Horn or the Suez Canal to reach Liverpool. But even with such round-about routes, a saving of no less than six cents a bushel can be made over the cost of a shipment by way of Fort William. Then there is the very important advantage that Vancouver is an open port the year round and that by using it all the loss, inconvenience and bad blood that the inevitable shortage of cars at the end of a season produces is wholly avoided. The farmer can ship with just as good results in February as in October.

\* \* \*

BANISH MILITARISM.

(*Vancouver World.*)

ONE desirable result which the visit of King Edward to Berlin is likely to have in Great Britain is the checking of the spirit of militarism which, carefully fostered and encouraged, seems to be making considerable headway in the British Isles at present. At this juncture in European politics, the friendly meeting of no other two monarchs would have more effect in allaying apprehension, and in banishing the spectre of war from the popular outlook, than this at Berlin. Even the publication of Count von Schlieffen's article and the added importance and publicity it has gained from quotation by the kaiser, will prove of benefit, as it reveals Germany, usually pictured as the type of military aggression, in the unwonted light of a people alive and apprehensive of the dangers to which the empire is exposed.



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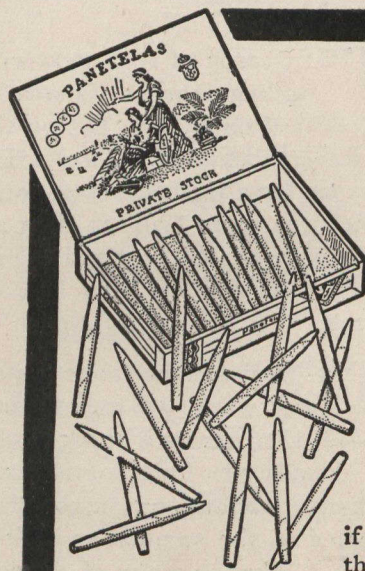
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# Canadian Courier

## THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

VOL. 5

Toronto, February 27th, 1909

No. 13



### IN THE DAY'S WORK

#### The Passing of Mack

WHEN Mr. Edmund E. Sheppard founded *Saturday Night* in the City of Toronto, he gave to this continent a new type of newspaper and to that new type added the force and influence of a unique personality. He had but two disciples who pleased him—one was called away before his budding genius had fairly developed, the other remained to succeed the master. When *Don's* pen grew tired, *Mack* took up the work. Now, by an unfortunate turn of fate, *Mack* has ceased to be. The owner of the signature, Mr. Joseph T. Clark, remains; but as he has gone to the *Toronto Star*, back to impersonal journalism, the unique personality of *Mack* may be said to have vanished. The race of personal speechmakers-in-print is extinct so far as *Saturday Night* is concerned and to create a new race will require many years of care and toil.

Many voices may be heard whispering: "Will you no' come back again?" and he would not be a bold prophet who expressed the conviction that *Mack's* voice cannot be silenced for any considerable period. The time, the man and the journal

will meet and demand that *Mack* shall come back. We drain a glass to *Mack's* second coming!

\* \* \*

#### The Death of "Knoxonian."

JOURNALISM has sustained a loss of another kind in the death of the Rev. Dr. Grant of Orillia. Twenty years ago, an article signed "Knoxonian" in *The Week*, or *The Canada Presbyterian* made every reader to pause. His reputation and influence were then at their height. An early graduate of Knox College, he had as masters and friends, Professor George Paxton Young and Principal Michael Willis. Such publishers as the late Mr. Gordon Brown, Mr. C. Blakett Robinson and Mr. J. A. Macdonald appreciated



Mr. J. T. Clark.

his contributions on questions of the day, lay and ecclesiastical, and he never lacked opportunity. He had a clear, logical, forceful style which illuminated the subject to the delight of the ear trained to feel easy arrangement and smooth phrasing. Whether he will be remembered most as a journalist or preacher remains to be seen. In both fields he excelled, and in both he fought the good fight.

\* \* \*

#### There's Many a Slip

MR. ROBERT HOLMES, ex-M.P., publisher of the *Clinton New Era*, and a past president of the Canadian Press Association, has been appointed to a position in the Customs department at Toronto. It appears that Robert was named by the Premier for the position of King's Printer at Ottawa in the event of his defeat in West Huron at the General Elections last October and that he carried the appointment in his left breast-pocket. However, the machinery slipped a cog one day and Mr. Charles Parmalee received the appointment much to Mr. Holmes' disappointment and—possibly—to Sir Wilfrid's also. Now because of this mean trick, in the Premier's absence on a speech-making



Bishop-Elect Sweeny.

tour—let us assume, Mr. Holmes has to be content with a \$2,500 job instead of a \$5,000 position, and with Toronto instead of Ottawa. Such are the chances of those who wait upon princes' favours.

\* \* \*

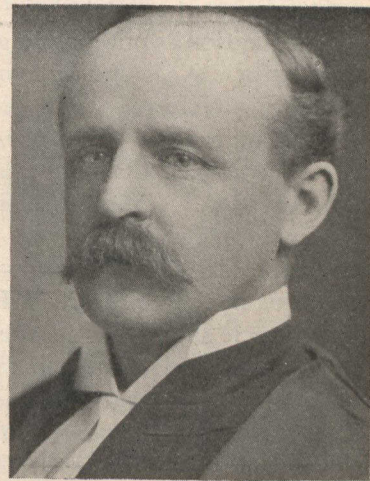
#### Mr. Justice Anglin

MR. JUSTICE ANGLIN has been appointed to succeed Mr. Justice MacLennan in the Supreme Court of Canada. It is understood that in pursuance of the rule, promoting from provincial higher courts to the Supreme, the position was first offered to Mr. Justice Osler who declined for private reasons. Judge Anglin was next in order and he accepted. He is in every way fitted for the high honour. Though he has been on the bench less than five years, he has already made for himself a most enviable reputation. Patient, courteous and thorough, he has won his reputation in the face of a natural prejudice again one so young in years and experience being vested with so great an authority. He is a son of the late Hon. Timothy Anglin, once Speaker of the Commons and a brother of the talented actress, Miss Margaret Anglin.

\* \* \*

#### President Taft, March 4

NEXT Wednesday President-elect Taft will be inaugurated in the Ottawa of the South. Of all the heads of republics Mr. Taft is best known to Canadians—in person. For sixteen years Mr. Taft and his family have spent their summers at Murray Bay on the St. Lawrence. He has three children, the eldest a student at Yale, the only daughter a student at Byrn Mawr College, near Philadelphia, and the youngest, Charlie Taft, at his uncle's private school in Connecticut. Mrs. Taft was a school teacher. She, with as many of her family as may be induced to leave the glamour of Washington, will probably continue to visit Murray Bay during the four years that the President is required to keep away from the fishing streams of Canada. Mr. Taft has just returned from Panama. He says the big canal will be opened for traffic by 1915. He is enthusiastic. One of his strong characteristics is enthusiasm. It may be a mere coincidence that the Mendelssohn Choir of Canada will on inauguration day sing in the city where Mr. Taft got his nomination for the Presidency. By courtesy they will probably sing "The Star Spangled Banner" as an encore to "O Canada" which is being prepared for the event. On that day Canada will thus be interested in two events.

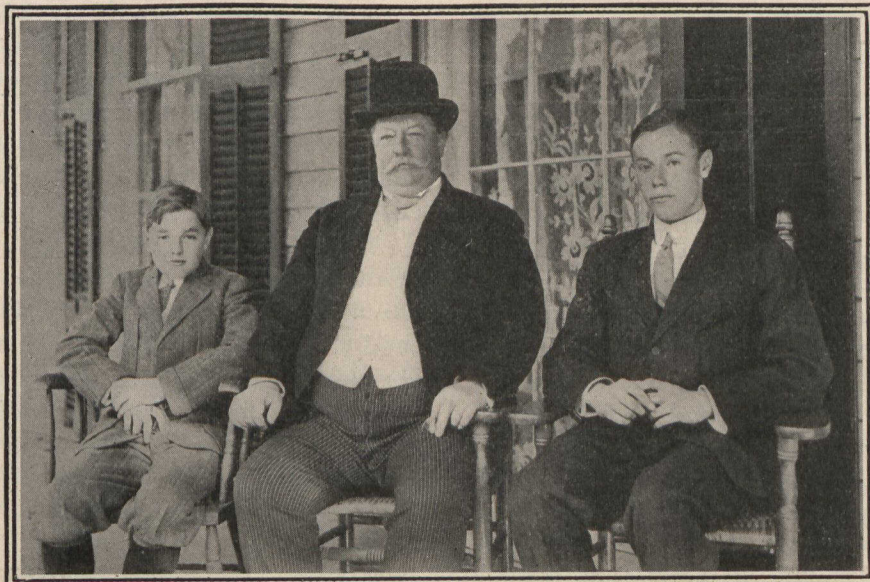


Mr. Justice Anglin.

\* \* \*

#### A Bishop-Elect

THE election of Archdeacon Sweeny to the bishopric of the Diocese of Toronto appears to be eminently satisfactory. The Bishop-Elect is an Englishman by birth but is possessed of none of the aggressive Anglicanism which has sometimes kept his well-meaning countrymen from appreciation in colonial territory. In 1878 he graduated from McGill University, afterwards taking a theological course at the Montreal Philip's Church, Toronto, in 1882. Diocesan College. He came to St.



President-Elect Taft and his two Sons.



#### FREE TRADE IN PAPER

NO person, public journal or class of the community is in favour of free-trade. Among the farming community, probably forty per cent. would vote for free-trade if they had an opportunity. In any other trade or profession, there would be an even smaller percentage. There is a partial exception. The Canadian manufacturers are in favour of free-trade in raw materials and a few lines of manufactures which are not produced here and this accounts for the "free list" in the Canadian Tariff. But on the question of general free-trade, both consumers and producers are fairly solidly opposed to it.

The *Toronto Globe* has an occasional editorial which indicates that there is still one editor on that ancient and influential journal who still preserves some of the hereditary principles of the ancient regime. The *Toronto Star* is also showing an inclination to raise the question, though not editorially. It has been publishing a series of articles which aim to show that the manufacturer and importer are wily individuals who would "hold up" the public if they get the opportunity. Otherwise there is no free-trade argument or agitation.

In one of these articles, the *Star* points out that Canadian newsprint is being offered in the United States at \$1.72 per hundred, while Canadian consumers pay \$1.95. It is usually the case in protectionist countries that the export price is lower than the domestic price, hence the information is not startling. It does indicate, however, that paper manufacturing is one of the industries which, like coal-mining, can do without protection. The present duty on paper runs from fifteen per cent. on carload lots of newsprint, to twenty-five per cent. on small lots of news and thirty-five per cent. on coated paper and the other higher grades. This protection is absolutely ridiculous.

Unprinted paper is raw material to the whole publishing and printing trade, and the price of unprinted paper is important to every consumer in the country. Unprinted paper is one of the "raw materials" which should be on the free list. The duty on printed paper should be kept at its present rate, so long as Canada maintains a policy of moderate protection, but no good is served by maintaining a high duty on that which is raw material to an extensive and important industry, especially when the Canadian paper manufacturers supply evidence that they are able to do a successful export business.

The duty is especially hard on publishers of periodicals. All American periodicals and newspapers come into this country absolutely free of duty. The only protection afforded this class of the community is the lower postal rates which are given by the Canadian post-office to domestic as against United States periodicals. Aside, however, from this small class of the community, the general interests paper users demand that the duty on paper be seriously considered.

#### LIQUOR-SELLING IN CLUBS

A NEW club is being organised in Toronto and this has raised the question as to whether liquors should be kept there. The discussion is a new one so far as this country is concerned. No club, which is a real club, has ever existed without having liquor and tobacco as well as victuals in its pantry. There are clubs without liquor and victuals, but they are only a feeble imitation of the real thing. There are military messes where there is liquor and not victuals, but these too are not the real article. No club, which is fully worthy of the title, has felt that it could dispense with liquor.

The purpose of a club is to provide a home for its members, when their own home is not available. Its members take luncheon there, when they are not prepared to go home or to a public restaurant for that privilege. They take dinner there on occasion for a similar reason. When the family is away to Atlantic City or to a summer resort, the club becomes the real home. The out-of-town member sends his bag up from the station and lodges at the club during his stay in the city. The real club is a home.

Now if this be true, to keep liquor out of a club is to keep it out of the home. Temperance reform has become prohibitive when it goes so far as to forbid drinking in a home. We are indeed getting a long distance forward in parental legislation if we are to be forbidden to drink liquor in our "castles" or to offer it to our private guests.

Probably the real need of the situation is a better definition of what is a club and what is not. A definition may be difficult but it should not be impossible. There are in this country some clubs which have been organised simply for the purpose of providing a certain number of persons with private drinking quarters. These should be abolished, or at least should have their licenses revoked. The genuine club, managed by responsible citizens, and providing rooms, meals and other privileges for its members should have all the advantages and all the freedom of a home. When such a club takes advantage of that freedom and provides liquor for those who have no right to its privileges its charter should be revoked. The test will, at times, be a delicate one, but surely it may be applied if the license departments honestly try to meet the situation.

#### SELECTING A BISHOP

NO doubt, the Anglican Church generally must feel keenly the unfortunate situation which has been created in the Toronto Diocese by the growth of two theological colleges and by the manifest division of the Diocese into two opposing camps. Trinity College is the ancient and "high church" training school and Wycliffe College the newer and "low church" institution. Every clergyman is forced to attach himself to either section and the result was illustrated when a dead-lock arose over the election of a new bishop. Under Provost Macklem, the Trinity adherents lined up behind the name of Bishop Thornloe; under Mr. S. H. Blake, K.C., the Wycliffe faction lined up in support of Canon Cody. Bishop Thornloe got a majority of clerical votes, and a minority of the laity. Canon Cody received a minority of the clergy and a majority of the laity. Thus neither could get the election, although two or three days and several ballots were taken. Finally a joint committee of sixteen was appointed, eight from each faction, and they decided upon Archdeacon Sweeny. There were several more prominent men on each side, but all were passed over because no strong man from the one faction was acceptable to the other.

It looks as if the diocese was suffering from having two strong characters, such as Provost Macklem and Mr. Blake, in its ranks. Mr. Blake is the founder of Wycliffe and the dictator of the Wycliffe party. Provost Macklem, who has done so much for Trinity, by arranging the federation of that college with the University of Toronto, was forced to take the leadership of the Trinity party. Neither has shown any of the great qualities of leadership in this contest; each has proved himself small and narrow and quite unsuited to the position of influence to which he has attained. Even were Bishop-elect Sweeny to prove himself a grand administrator, these two faction leaders have dealt this great church a blow, the effect of which will remain for a considerable period.

In spite of the manifest superiority of Bishop Thornloe over Canon Cody as a candidate for this important office, it would have been a virtual victory for the Trinity party, had it yielded gracefully and allowed Canon Cody to be elected. He is a thorough scholar, a brilliant preacher, a progressive and enthusiastic leader of men and he would have been a worthy addition to the House of Bishops. No such yielding could have been expected from Mr. Blake; but it could reasonably have been expected from Provost Macklem, who has proven himself in other situations to be possessed of high statesman-like qualities. By accepting defeat, he might have achieved a great victory.

Bishop Thornloe, Canon Cody, Canon Welch and other strong

men, any of whom might have been bishop under different circumstances, should make some definite movement to see that this break in the church is repaired. It is a piece of un-Christian folly to allow this struggle between Trinity and Wycliffe to be continued. Even from the standpoint of Protestantism as a whole, as well as from the view-point of the Anglican Church throughout Canada, this dissension, diversity of aim and divided effort is highly discouraging. Canadian Protestantism is looking forward to a union of forces in the broad field for future development, if not a unity of government, and this conflict of Trinity and Wycliffe is a deadly impediment to progress in a great central diocese. Furthermore, antagonisms and jealousies in any portion of the Protestant body reflects seriously on the whole.

★  
MILITARY CAMPS

A NUMBER of protests against our attitude on the subject of annual militia camps have been received. Some construe our remarks to have been an attack on the rural militia, which is quite incorrect, and others think we belittle the work of organisation which makes a camp possible.

There is no doubt that the rural militia is just as important, if not more important, than the city militia. The writer of these articles has never held any other opinion. Let this clear statement place that point beyond dispute. Nevertheless, he believes that the rural militia are, on the whole, being improperly trained, and that one-half or more of the money now spent upon them is wasted. Our whole system of annual training comes near to being a farce. The writer questions if even the annual provincial and Dominion rifle matches are of any considerable value. It has been charged that they breed "pot-hunters" rather than possible sharpshooters in a possible war, and there is room for argument on behalf of the statement.

What Canada needs is what Lord Roberts says Great Britain needs, a citizen army with a higher average of shooting ability. By all means let us have a headquarters staff, a corps of guides, an army service corps, a medical corps, and all the other organisations necessary to transport and supply soldiers in time of war. Let us have a permanent militia which will do military duty in time of peace and cover the assembling of the citizen army in time of war. Let us have rifle and ammunition factories. Let us have a permanent camp at Petewawa to train the permanent militia and to give field training to higher officers. But above all, let us have a citizen soldiery that can fire bullets to advantage. Taking five thousand men to Niagara camp and teaching them how to get their own meals, how to roll blankets, and how to live on food which is hardly fit to eat, is not making soldiers. In the first place, the best young men will not go; and in the second place if they did go, they would not get much benefit from it. They can be better trained at home, on "the village green" as we have said, learning to shoot as well as to salute. Training at home requires two pre-requisites, travelling drill-sergeants and local rifle ranges. These would be less expensive than annual camps, with their costly maintenance and their highly padded pay-sheets.

★  
NO VAUDEVILLE FOR HIM

THE man who worked the "wireless" on the helpless *Republic* has sailed for England on a holiday, after refusing a vaudeville engagement offered him by sundry New York managers. The reports of a reliable press place the highest offer at one thousand dollars a week, but all who care for a "white" man's dignity must be glad that Mr. Binns, the operator, refused to cheapen his pluck by exhibiting himself to a hysterical crowd, quite as ready to applaud a pugilist as a patriot. The kind of service which Mr. Binns rendered is such as is far removed from either the sensational or the spectacular and it would have been utterly beneath its quality to place himself at the stage disposal of a vaudeville manager.

There is no doubt that cheap vaudeville is the most popular form of amusement in our modern cities. That the quality of entertainment at these resorts is steadily degenerating seems to be the opinion of many who are observant of modern tendencies. In Canada, there is an increasing number of protests against its character. One of the most vigorous of these, written by Mr. George Wright of Halifax, appeared recently in the *Ottawa Evening Journal*. In the course of his remarks, Mr. Wright says of vaudeville entertainment:

"The performances which they are placing before the public for its amusement are mainly made up of vulgar jokes and acts and profane and coarse sayings."

This charge can hardly be proved against all vaudeville theatres, but that there is too much of such stuff is lamentably evident and

the coarser the performance, the more popular it seems to become. Hence, it is gratifying to find that the man who did his duty during that time of stress and peril is somewhat above the job of appearing between the acts of a "Fluffy Ruffles" and an equilibrist of astonishing gifts. A thousand dollars a week is a tempting offer but, in spite of the saying attributed to Walpole, some men are above, even the vaudeville manager's price.

BINDING EAST AND WEST

THERE is something kaleidoscopic about the railway situation in Canada. The commercial face of the country has been changed within the last decade by construction of main and branch lines. Every year brings a new programme of extensions, which involves a readjustment of the viewpoint from which one regards the national development.

Each year henceforth, for some years, the Grand Trunk Pacific will complete notable links in its great length. Provision made within the last year for new links in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, will secure to enormous tracts of virgin country their first convenient railway service. Alberta, especially, will in 1909 be affected by construction in many directions,—north, north-east, and west of Edmonton, and also towards Calgary and the winter wheat districts of the south.

Manitoba, south of her big lakes, is remarkably well served by railways. There is, in truth, no wheat-growing territory in the world so well supplied with transportation. But the demand is for more lines. Bills are now before the Manitoba Legislature, providing for the construction of Great Northern lines, westward from Winnipeg to Brandon, and across Saskatchewan. The Great Northern is J. J. Hill, and where he is concerned, enterprise always takes long views of things.

Mr. Hill, several years ago, announced his resolve to build a line east and west across the Canadian prairie country. He would tear down tariff walls. It is not against him to say that his Great Northern interests inspire his political thinking. For many years he has planned to secure a large share of the grain export business of the Canadian West. Whether he builds a trunk line east and west, or extends his North Dakota branches into Canadian territory, he aims to draw traffic to United States ports. The idea may not be entertained that he proposes to cross the heavy unremunerative country north of Lake Superior, and connect with Montreal.

The United States manufacturer is in the Western Canadian market. He thinks he will dominate it in the future. If the tariff wall can be broken down there will be more traffic for such roads as the Great Northern, carrying goods into Western Canada, as well as bringing grain out.

Mr. William Whyte, of the Canadian Pacific Railway, who, in his zeal for Western development, is very much more than a mere railroad magnate, believes that in less than fifteen years, the population of Canada will be greater west than east of Lake Superior. As a defence against excessive Americanisation of the West, he has consistently preached the doctrine that Canada must enlarge to the utmost possible extent the facilities for the East trading with the West. Mr. Whyte's view is absolutely sound, as a moment's consideration shows.

The railways which connect Winnipeg with populous Eastern Canada are western lines, inasmuch as without them the West could not be served. They bind the East to the West and the West to the East as nothing else could. They are the abiding symbol of Canadian nationality, and, as they increase in number, they make the nationality the more abiding also. Geography has been liberal to us. It has laid a leviathan responsibility upon our shoulders. The lakes are the friend of the West in the summer, but steel is its defence against the rigours of winter. The railways are more vital to the national prosperity than water; for rails can do without help of navigation; but navigation, of itself, would be helpless against the forces that tend to an identity of interest between the Western United States and the Western Provinces.

The function of railway transportation in the West, then, is to maintain liberal communication with the East. On purely commercial grounds, it is infinitely more important to the East than to the West that it should be so. This is true, also, as a matter of sentiment. It is not necessary to argue that the present day prosperity of Eastern Canada is the fruit of transportation in the West. The rural population of Ontario has declined. The manufacturing population of Ontario has enlarged out of all proportion to the increase of Ontario's demand for Ontario-made goods; while the Winnipeg warehouses of Eastern manufacturers tell an eloquent story of the origin of modern Canadian growth and pay tribute in the fullest sense to the wisdom of the rail connection with the East.

The National Transcontinental will carry the business of the Grand Trunk Pacific to tidewater. If it were worth while building the line between Winnipeg and Quebec, with public money, for the purpose of serving a new piece of line from Winnipeg westward, it is infinitely more important that the whole of Ontario should be crossed by the Canadian Northern Railway which has built up nearly 4,000 miles of lines beyond Lake Superior, and which brings to navigation, one-third of the exports from Western Canada, and takes into Western Canada, a corresponding quantity of supplies for the growing population of the prairies.



THEY have had a great and wise Royal Commission at work in England for the last three years; and it has ended by discovering that poverty produces race degeneration. Possibly if they would name a Royal Commission of scientists, it might chance to hit upon the astounding fact that water runs down hill. We have been hearing a lot of talk about race suicide; but there is no race murder that can approach that committed by a social system which produces the idle rich at one end and the submerged poor at the other. Both ends degenerate. It is a nice question which is the more pitiable spectacle—the silly, supercilious, ignorant, animal “degenerate” of inherited wealth, or the sodden, sullen, ignorant, animal “degenerate” of inherited poverty. But the latter deserves more pity. Somebody has been awfully and criminally to blame for the condition of the gilded fool, whereas it may only have been overwhelming circumstances and inherent weakness which diverted into the abyss the stream of humanity which produced the ragged “incapable.”

\* \* \*

POVERTY is the worst enemy that a people can permit to pass its gates. We hardly know the meaning of the word in Canada. We have people who know the lack of money for perfectly legitimate desires. We have some few—seldom sons of the soil—who know hunger; but we have none who look forward to chronic hunger as a companion for life. Our people practically never suffer from the real degrading power of poverty which lies in hopelessness. There is a common impression that poverty is to be found extensively all over the Continent of Europe. That, however, is an impression which calls for elucidating comment. In France, there is very little poverty of the sort which has brought degeneration in England. Wealth is remarkably well distributed in the French Provinces, largely because land is well divided. There are practically no large estates; and one searches the French cities in vain for the depressing slums which are to be found in some of the British cities. In Italy, there is a want of money which would make dire poverty in such a country as ours or among such a people as the English; but the Italian climate and buoyant temperament defy it to kill hope or even to cloud a blue sky.

\* \* \*

NORTHERN countries seldom harbour poverty of a murderous sort. The climate makes too good an ally. The very poor die. The Scotch race, for example, knew poverty of the bitterest kind; but it did not destroy the race. It destroyed only the weaklings. Poverty must be allowed to fester before it works race degeneration. That is the deadly work of the slums. A distinction must always be made in our minds between hardship and poverty. The distinction is largely mental; but mental forces rule the world.

The barbarian tribes which swept down on Rome were poor in the sense of possessions; but they were equals in their “poverty.” There was no class amongst them eating its heart out because it must go hungry in the sight of feasting. When one lacked, all lacked. The pressure of such poverty is invigorating. Weaklings succumb—to the great benefit of the race—but the stalwart survivors have been schooled by hardship and refuse to accept their fate. Out of such conditions come the mightiest races.

\* \* \*

BUT Whitechapel, cheek by jowl with Park Lane; that is the killing combination. Hope dies and envy thrives. Men sell their manhood and women their purity for the gauds which they see dangled before their eyes. Self-respect follows self-reliance into the mists; and the figure which slouches forward, stripped of all that once made a British subject the peer of kings, is a pitiable prop to carry the glory of an Empire that won Crecy with its yeomen and liberty at Naseby. If you will stand some morning at the top of Trafalgar Square and see the material which John Bull is recruiting into his army, you will realise why the degeneracy of the race, as it is shown in the city slums, is awakening the gravest misgivings amongst Imperial statesmen. It is all very well to create a fine new army on paper; but how will Whitechapel Jack stand the work in the field? Britain has won her battles in the past by the superior qualities of her individual soldiers; but, in the South African affair, we saw her turning to her Colonies “for men who could ride and shoot.” If Waterloo was won on the play grounds of Eton and Rugby, there may be another Waterloo lost some day in the grim alleys of London.

\* \* \*

THE cure? Abolish poverty. That does not mean abolish the symptoms or the results of poverty. Some people think that if the poor would not drink, they would be all right; while others are convinced that it is all due to the wasteful way they cook. There was a man who lived some time ago who knew better than this. His name was Solomon. He said, “The destruction of the poor is their poverty.” He did not imagine that it was drink or incapacity or lack of thrift or any of the fruits of poverty. Some of these same fruits are borne by gilded idleness as well; and their effect upon the constitution is about the same in both cases. There are plenty of people who will tell you that you cannot abolish poverty; and they will stand in the midst of a land which to-day hardly knows the meaning of the word—and which a generation or two ago knew nothing of it whatever—and insist that they are right. The fact is that the discovery of America abolished a vast amount of poverty; and it is only of late that we have been importing a little of it into our economic Eden. We had lots of hardship but precious little poverty. I wonder if I dare put it more plainly. Poverty is like pure white—it only exists in contrast with something else. Abolish idle, irresponsible and wasteful wealth; and you will not be able to find “poverty” with a divining rod.

*W. D. M. P. O. T. E.*

## WHEN IT IS MERELY A MATTER OF SEASONS



University of Toronto, from Queen's Park, in February.

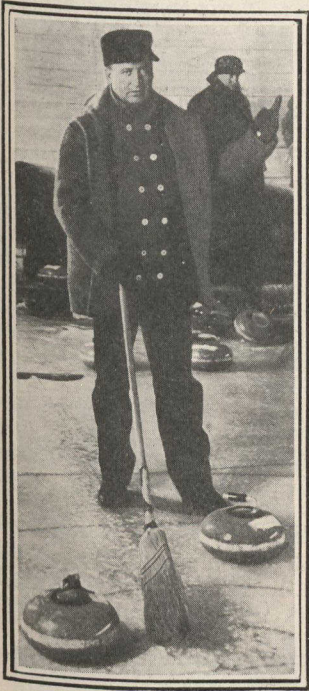


The same view in Summer.



# FORM IN CURLING

By J. K. MUNRO



"With the In Turn."

THE opinion has been epidemic for years that curling is composed of three parts luck and one part refreshments with just enough Scotch accents to give it a flavour. But statistics show that this opinion is utterly at variance with facts. It took something more than luck to give the Canadian curlers in Scotland nineteen victories out of twenty-two games played. The Rennie rink of Toronto had something more than a rabbit's foot up their sleeves when they won the championship of Toronto five years out of ten from fields ranging from 60 to 90 starters. It takes something more

than luck to have such men as Braden, Rochon, Lemon and Dunbar figuring annually among the big competition winners at the Winnipeg bonspiel.

As a matter of fact, curling runs better to form than horse-racing, so well indeed that the big Canada Life Single Rink Competition in Toronto may be wiped out because of it. The beaten ones in this year's games are wailing, "What chance have we? There are, say, about one hundred rinks entered. Out of these the curling critics pick about ten that have a chance for the gold cup and one of the ten always wins it. Why should the rest of us contribute to buy prizes for these ten?"

And while the complaint sounds childish and is altogether at variance with the old saying that every curler could see the greatest player in the game by simply looking into a looking-glass, there is a deal of truth in it. In the single rink competition this year the "dope artists" did even better. Looking over the 102 rinks entered, they picked four to win the four different sections. Of the four, two appeared in the semi-finals, while one, Major R. Rennie's Queen Citys, finally won the cup.

Nor is that all of it. For this same Queen City rink won the Toronto bonspiel in which thirty-two rinks started. Two of them, skipped by H. T. Wilson and Tom Rennie, won the Ontario Tankard, while the Rennie Granites also finished third in the Toronto bonspiel. If that is not running to form, it is something phenomenal in the line of luck.

Take another example. Toronto Granites and Lindsay played a primary game the day before the Tankard finals were played. The returns from the other seven Tankard districts were all in and the critics figured it out: "Shut your eyes and take your pick of Granites and Lindsay, but the winner of that game will gather in the Tankard without a great deal of trouble." And it was even so. For

the Granite-Lindsay game was not over till the last stone was played, but once safely through that, Granites went right through the finals with comparatively little trouble.

Numerous other instances of curling running to form could be given. In fact, in the single rink a few years ago six rinks were picked as the "class" of the eighty starters and not one of those rinks was beaten till it met one of the other six, while two of them figured in the finals.

Of course there is luck in curling—there is in every branch of sport—and when two rinks are evenly matched a lucky shot that turns an end may decide the result of the game. But the old rule, "Luck goes with the best play," applies in curling better than perhaps in any other game and the man who goes into a curling competition armed with nothing but horse-shoes will play about as prominent a part as would the late lamented Mr. Samson were he to tackle a battery of Maxims with that same old jaw-bone of an ass.

For curling, like warfare, has taken on modern improvements that tend to make it more of an exact science. Played as it was, and is even now, on the lochs and burns of Scotland "with a straight handle," and played only at infrequent intervals, the result of almost any game was probably a guessing match. But played as it is in Canada to-day on sheets of ice as level as a billiard table with prepared surfaces that catch every turn of the stone and played day



W. A. Carson, a Veteran of the Winnipeg Thistles, Delivering a Stone.

after day almost all winter, it is a game wherein skill has supplanted luck and the player with a good eye and steady hand cares little for any rabbit's foot his opponent may have concealed about his person.

Still there are certain superstitions peculiar to curlers and the most pronounced of these is the "13-hole." There's many a man whose name is known to the curling world who would rather lose an end than win it if that win would make his score total the much-abused 13. He'll tell you of many a game he was in a fair way of winning when he got in the "13-hole" and stayed there till the other fellow was so far in front that he never got within hailing distance of him again. And he honestly believes that unlucky 13 was to blame for it all. However, some traces of the dark ages of curling must survive even the march of science. And the 13 hole is one of these.

## The Curling Season of 1908-9

THAT the curling season of 1908-09 has been the busiest in the history of the roarin' game in Canada no one can for a moment dispute.

The choosing of a team for Scotland started curling talk early and curling talk breeds curling. The result has been bonspiel on bonspiel all over

the West with more than enough left to cover all the dates that could be worked in between the weekly thaws in Ontario.

The selection of the team for Scotland was no light chore. Every curler of the thirty-five on the team had to pay his own expenses and though curlers as a rule are a prosperous lot, not every man who ought to have gone, or who wanted to go, could spare the time and money. However, the team as selected have won nineteen games out of twenty-two played, and have been banquetted and treated to bag-pipe music to their full capacity. So that part of the season can be duly marked successful.

In Quebec, Montreal started the season with all the old clubs and one new one in full blast. Earl Grey also dropped in from Ottawa early in the season and played a daily game which helped things away to a good start. Also the ladies curl in the East. The curling season in the Quebec Branch of the Royal Caledonian Curling Club could only be successful. And it was.

In Ontario, Fergus opened the season with bonspiel, haggis and pipes in commemoration of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the introduction of the game in the Scotch village and the province as well. Then other bonspiels came thick and fast. London held one that was something more than an imitation of its big Winnipeg sister; Kingston broke into the limelight with a gathering of "brithers a'" that gave the game a new lease of enthusiasm in the east end. Then other bonspiels came so thick and fast and mixed up with the O. C. A. curling competitions till the "busy day" card had a steady job.

Out on the prairies every place on the map—and some besides—has a curling club and every curling club has a bonspiel. It's a race for dates and the work of an architect to keep those dates from conflicting. And then there's the Winnipeg bonspiel.

Oh, yes, it has been a busy curling season. Every one of the fifteen thousand curlers in Canada will tell you that.

## The Winnipeg Bonspiel

"LET me be buried in Winnipeg." These were the last words of a dying Scotch curler. And if Canuck immigration agents would cease their talk about miles of ripening wheat rippling in the breeze and invade the land o' cakes carrying banners with the inscription: "Five solid months of curling," the population of the prairies would be doubled in a single year.

For the great Canadian West is the natural home of the roarin' game. And Winnipeg is its natural centre. It is therefore hardly to be wondered at that for twenty-one years, Winnipeg has been running an annual bonspiel and that that bonspiel has gathered size and strength till it is more of a national institution than a mere gathering of men armed with brooms and Scotch accents. In fact, Winnipeg Bonspiel has come to be to winter-clad Manitoba what Toronto Exhibition is to Ontario in the good old summer time.

This year 162 rinks of four men each entered the various competitions, but they were only a fraction of the crowd who visited Winnipeg. Excursions were run from different parts of the Canadian West and the States to the south. The curlers brought



Heather Club Rink, Winners of the Finals (Irons) in Ladies' Bonspiel at Montreal Carnival.



Lachine Ladies who won Final (Granites) in Ladies' Bonspiel at Montreal Carnival.



Thomas Rennie, Skip. John Rennie, Vice. Bert Nichols. C. O. Knowles. H. T. Wilson, Skip. Dr. Hawke, Vice. R. Hunter. F. Tremble.

TORONTO GRANITE RINKS—WINNERS ONTARIO TANKARD, 1909

By courtesy—Curler and Bowler

their wives and families, their friends came too and brought theirs; and while the men folks yelled and swept and curled, the ladies held high revel and spent various parts of the season's wheat crop in the departmental stores, varying things a bit by crowding the rinks and shrieking their appreciation of good plays when important games were on.

This year's play showed that the area of expert curlers is growing wider, though enough of the old cracks are in at the finish to show that the play ran pretty well to form. For instance, Joe Lemon, the old Winnipeg Granite crack, carried off the Grand Challenge. Rochon of the same club gathered in the Veterans' competition with a rink of frisky youngsters whose combined ages went up over the 200-year mark. Braden of Thistles, always there or thereabouts when the jewellery is handed round, was just beaten out in the Tetley Tea by Walker of Carberry and the Thistle "kids" with a new skip won the Empire and were in at the finish of the International. Minnedosa carried off the two-rink Tuckett competition and two prizes went to Minneapolis, Hastings taking both, one the Royal Caledonian and the other for the best uniformed rink. There were over thirty competitors for the uniform prize.

So on the whole the prizes this year have been well distributed. Enough cracks have won to show that curling runs to form; enough newcomers have carried home jewellery to prove that everyone has a chance; and everyone agrees that the Winnipeg Bonspiel of 1909 was the greatest and grandest of them all.

The Ontario Tankard

THE blue ribbon of Ontario curling is that rather battered silver can known to every curler as the Tankard. No curler who won it ever forgets the feeling and no curler ever threw a stone in Ontario but hopes some day to have that feeling. It has been the top notch of Ontario curling since 1875 and each club that holds one of the banners that goes with the temporary possession of the Tankard puffs itself out a bit and feels just a trifle above its neighbours.

This year Toronto Granites are the winners and for the first time since 1900 the Tankard is held by a city club. And this despite the fact that clubs from the towns and villages claim they are handicapped by having to play on the keen pebbled city ice which has a much wider draw than the ice they

are accustomed to. All of which must show that curling thrives on country air. For cannot the rural curler concede his city "brother" a handicap and still beat him with surprising regularity?

But it is sad to remark that the year 1909 has shown traces of diminished interest in Tankard curling. Whether it has been the mild winter, or the surprisingly large number of bonspiels, who shall say, but some of the Tankard groups this year have shown a woeful falling off. Take the far western group, for instance. In it only two clubs, Windsor and Sarnia, played in the primary. Where were Chatham, Detroit, Grand Rapids and other enthusiastic clubs which usually take part in the competition? Where were such clubs as Southampton and Owen Sound in the north? They were all alive as usual, for did they not appear at one or the other of

Toronto Queen Citys and Peterborough, two strong clubs, met Scarboro Maple Leafs on two succeeding soft days and the men from the township simply drowned them.

Still the group champions curled in a way that showed their victories were not chance work even if it was generally conceded that Toronto Granites outclassed the others. Hamilton Thistles gave them their hardest argument and led the ultimate winners for more than half the journey. In fact, Granites had to do almost phenomenal work to overcome Thistles' early lead, even if they did roll up a comfortable majority at the end.

Orillia was expected to prove the strong contenders in the finals, but the veteran Toogood did not strike his real form till after Ingersoll had put them safely into the Governor-General. Then



R. Johnston. J. G. Murdoch, Skip. Jas. Bryan. Geo. H. Smith.

Murdoch Rink, of Lucknow, which won the Diamonds at Fergus Bonspiel.

numerous bonspiels? Surely it cannot be that a certain commercialism is creeping into curling and that a number of clubs would rather compete for material prizes than the somewhat empty honour of entering the Tankard class. As to the curling in the Tankard finals this year, it was generally good even if many of the old familiar faces were missing. Lindsay, winners five times in the last twelve years, fell before Toronto Granites in the primary. Galt, twice winners in recent years, went down before Ingersoll. Dundas, always a strong combination, went under to Hamilton Thistles.

the men from the north showed their real class by beating out the strong Peterborough rinks for the consolation silver. Ingersoll as runners-up for the Tankard showed surprising strength even if Granites did double the score on them. Their "pony" rink skipped by O. E. Robertson curled a pretty draw game and gave their opponents a battle for every end. For half the long twenty-two end game they were always within striking distance of Granites but in the latter half experience told and the result was as a tale that is told.

That Granites had an advantage in knowing the ice everybody must admit. The skips of the visiting clubs had their troubles in getting the right "borrow" and many of them were beaten before they had arrived at a proper understanding of when a stone should be swept. Many a well meant rock wrecked on a guard that on country ice would have sailed straight to the shot. Still Granites' games, except that against Hamilton Thistles, who should know city ice as well as their opponents, were won by margins that left no doubt in the minds of the critics that their two rinks were easily the strongest in the finals and that the Tankard for 1909 is resting just where it belongs.

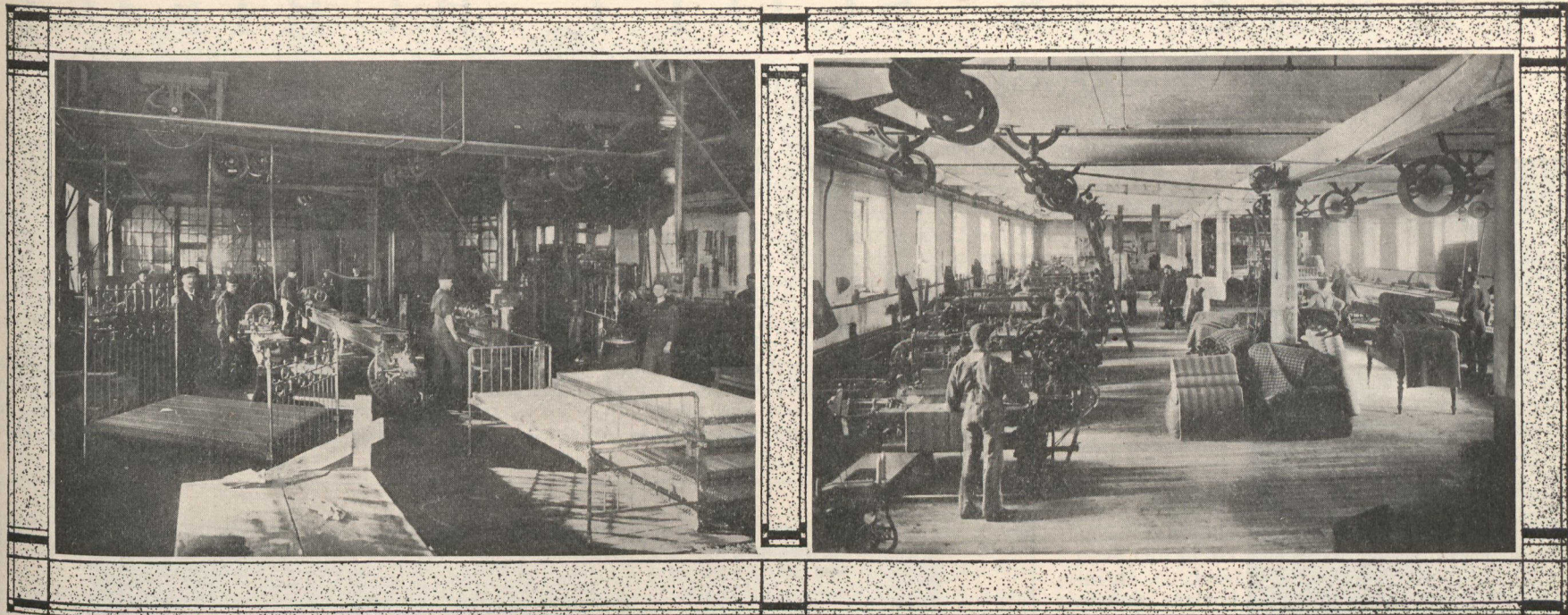
But right here it might be stated that the Ontario Curling Association must wake up and keep abreast of the age if they are going to maintain interest in the Tankard competition. With Winnipeg offering prizes to the value of \$5,000 at their annual bonspiel and villages like Fergus putting up diamond rings for their visitors to curl for, the O. C. A. must expect a falling off in its principal competition if it asks its clubs to curl for glory alone. This is a commercial age and even curlers, the most amateur of all sportsmen, do not object if they find jewellery and glory at the same time.

Another thing that keeps clubs out of the Tankard is that the competition is too hard work. Two eighteen-end games in a day means from eight to nine hours hard work. A man has to be in training to stand it. And most men who curl have something else to do besides training for Tankard competitions. The O. C. A. must cut the length of Tankard games and add individual prizes to the Tankard or it will find itself several miles in the rear of the procession.



CANADIANS WHO WON THE INTERNATIONAL AT THE WINNIPEG BONSPIEL.

Top Row, from left.—J. Ingram, Smith, J. Lemon, C. C. Chisholm, W. G. C. Martin, H. H. Elliott, J. W. Hewett. Second Row—Andy Russell, T. J. Lowe, A. B. Cushing, Sam Savage, Hood, E. J. Rochon, E. J. McKittrick, Frank L. Cassidy, J. Dundas, W. J. Craham, W. Leslie. Bottom Row—J. Kress, M. Campbell, W. H. Whalen, D. M. Braden, W. J. Finlay, F. Barnes.



Machine Shop.

Central Prison Industries.

Woollen Mill.

# CENTRAL PRISON INDUSTRIES

A Consideration of Work's Curative Effect

By DR. J. T. GILMOUR, WARDEN

PRISONS, like prophets, are not without honour save in their own land. The tireless energy of the Hon. Mr. Hanna and the work of the Ontario Prison Commission have awakened an unprecedented interest in the prison problem. Fortunately for the race, Ontario is not alone in this movement. Several of the States, including the District of Columbia with the city of Washington and many European countries are experiencing a similar awakening. There has been no such zeal manifested since the days God found it necessary to enervise the prison warden at Phillipi with an earthquake, which speedily resulted in the prison conference where Paul and Silas gave addresses with infinite benefit to Asia Minor's leading penologist. Investigators are practically a unit on three points as essential to successful reformatory effort, viz., the inestimable value of a large farm, properly equipped and well conducted workshops for teaching various trades, and an up-to-date system of indeterminate sentence and parole. In mentioning these three we are not unmindful of those powerful reforming agencies, religion, education, and a school of ethics.

When the Central Prison was opened thirty-six years ago it had considerable land which has gradually been absorbed by factories, streets, and railways until to-day it has practically none. Under these circumstances different governments have recognised the necessity of suitable industries, with

the result that the Central Prison shops to-day have no superiors in any prison of equal size. A diversity of tastes and abilities calls for a diversity of trades, hence we have the shoe shop, tailor shop, woollen mill, machine shop, rope and twine mill, and the woodworking shop.

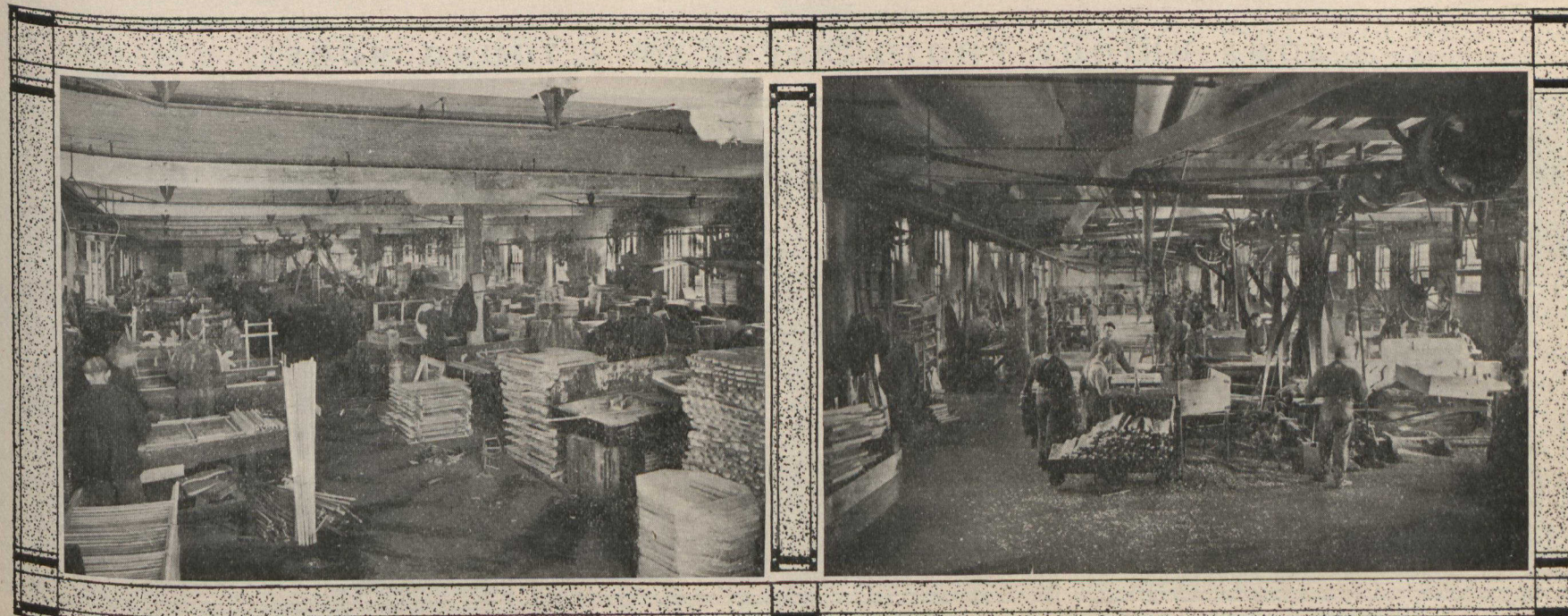
Recent years have heard much of manual training, which undoubtedly has a useful work to do, but the best teaching in the world is to enable young men to produce a finished article having an assured commercial value. In this age of specialisation the instructions must be up-to-date, or the pupil is heavily handicapped when he competes for labour in the labour market. In the woodworking department of the Central Prison men are taught to work stickers, hand saws, shaping, turning, grinding and making knives, setting and sharpening circular and band saws, carpenter, joiner, bench work, and painting and decorating, including striping. This teaching fits men for work in the great diversity of wood-working industries scattered throughout the land. A very considerable number of men on leaving prison are able to obtain work at good wages who were veritable hoboes when they entered prison. The machine shop, woollen mill, tailor shop and shoe shop give equally satisfactory results. Within the past two years the painting department of one of the largest manufacturing concerns in this city was manned entirely by men who learned their trade in the Central Prison. A few years ago

a strike was called in one of the largest broom factories in Toronto because the proprietor refused to dismiss an ex-convict. The proprietor very kindly stood by the principle of giving the ex-convict a chance in the world, and with the concurrence and aid of the Minister of Justice the broom factory was most successfully manned with Central Prison graduates. To-day there are a number of free labour men employed as foremen and instructors in the Central Prison who were once inmates and learned their trade there.

There is much that needs improvement, much that needs a new creation that we hope is not far distant, and, while our industries may be improved, we know of none to copy with that end in view.

The bugaboo of prison labour is most unjustly viewed by some both from the interest of the social and antisocial class. Does free labour wish to be taxed to keep prisoners in idleness, and send them out worse than when they entered prison, a prey on society necessitating policemen and law courts, which increase the taxpayers' burden?

Another argument is to manufacture for the state only. This robs free labour of the customer that pays the highest prices and never incurs a bad debt. If there be any who feel that the new revelation is to come entirely from other lands let us remind them that there are "a few names even in Sardis."



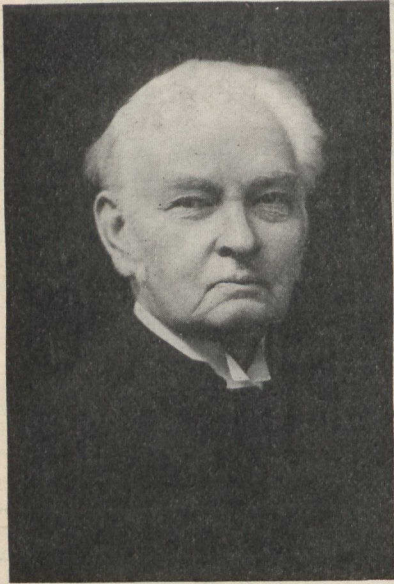
Assembling Department.

Central Prison Industries.

Wood-Working Shop.

# WHERE IS SCOTT BURIED?

The Revival of the Tragic Story of Thomas Scott



Dr. George Young, who witnessed the Murder of Scott.

THERE is no more painful chapter in Canadian history than that which chronicles the murder of Thomas Scott by order of Louis Riel. The term "murder" is used advisedly, for no one who reads the story can help coming to Lord Dufferin's conclusion: "The killing of Scott was . . . an inhuman slaughter of an innocent man, aggravated by circumstances of extraordinary brutality."

Whatever may be thought of his political associates or his "cause" in 1870 or 1885, Louis Riel himself was a being capable of a treachery and cruelty, absolutely fiendish; and, if his richly-deserved execution had taken place at the former date, many good Canadian lives would have been saved.

A dispatch from Winnipeg, dated February 8th, 1909, appeared in many of our newspapers recently, stating that Ambrose Lepine, the "Lieutenant-Governor" and "Adjutant-General" of Louis Riel, President of the Rebel Government that held possession of Fort Garry during the winter of 1869-70, had offered for the sum of two thousand dollars to point out the spot where the body of Thomas Scott is buried. The Winnipeg correspondent remarks:—"While tradition declares the corpse was sunk in the Red River, Lepine insists that it was secretly buried and the spot marked."

There is residing in Toronto a retired missionary of the Methodist Church, Rev. George Young, D.D., now over eighty-eight years of age, who was with young Scott in his last hours and whose account of the cruel tragedy was published in his volume, "Manitoba Memories," 1897. Dr. Young's account is all the more harrowing, for its evident restraint, and the reader is stirred again to wonderment that Riel escaped so long the just punishment for his crimes. The gruesome subject of burial is thus dealt with:

"I requested permission of Riel to remove the body to my home, and take it thence to Kildonan for Christian burial. To this he consented at first, but quickly withdrew his consent. In the morning I was informed that Riel had consented that if I would come, together with the Bishop of Rupert's Land, and guarantee that the burial should take place quietly, without any demonstration, he would allow us to

remove the body; but when we applied, he promptly refused us, on the ground that the adjutant-general insisted that it must be buried in the fort. . . . But was it so disposed of? . . . After the arrival of Colonel Wolseley and his troops, and the dispersion of this abominable confederacy, we were allowed to open the grave and search for his body."

There follows a quotation from a Winnipeg paper of that date, giving an account of the search, which resulted in finding only the rope with which the arms of Thomas Scott had been bound. One of the guards, several months after, informed Dr. Young that, before the box was buried, the body was taken therefrom, and after it was weighted

those who gushed over that leader's execution and lamented his fate might have saved their sympathy for a better man. Captain George Young, of Winnipeg, the son of the venerable minister, has in possession two strange relics—the rope which bound Scott when led to his death in 1870 and the handcuffs he (Captain Young) used upon Louis Riel fifteen years later when in command of the escort that took him to prison at Regina—"both gruesome mementoes framed together upon the same shield."

Whether the present Lepine report is merely an idle rumour matters little. The bravery of the young Irishman, whose only offence was loyalty to his Queen, shall not be forgotten in the country which



FIRING PARTY.

O'LONE. KENNEDY. O'DONOGHUE. THE COFFIN.

RIEL.

REV. G. YOUNG. THE VICTIM.

ALFRED SCOTT.

## THE DEATH OF THOMAS SCOTT.

(Illustration by courtesy of Methodist Book Room, Toronto)

heavily with chains, placed about it like a network, was plunged through a hole in the ice, and thus made to sink quickly to the depths of the river. "Thus," adds the historian, "having pursued the poor young loyalist to his death, and denied Christian burial to his mutilated body, they rested not until they had chased it down to the deepest depth of their muddy river."

This "climax of crime and cruelty" is shown to be merely the worst of Riel's many barbarities. So,

gave him little more than a martyr's grave. Had the Archbishop of St. Boniface been at home, the crime would never have been committed, and it must be a matter of lifelong regret to "Mr. Commissioner Smith" (Lord Strathcona) that his efforts to save the brave youth were all in vain. The fourth of March is a black day in the annals of Fort Garry but "neither tomb, tablet nor monument shall be needed to perpetuate Thomas Scott's memory."

J. G.

## SOME UNIQUE PHOTOGRAPHS OF A YOUNG MOOSE



A five months Baby Moose, raised by an Indian, Joe Twain, on the Montreal River, Northern Ontario, about eight miles from Elk Lake. Twain is training it and expects to use it for driving purposes.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY H. A. GREENE



# CANADA'S OUTLOOK FOR 1909

F. A. HUTCHINGS  
A. E. AMES

W. H. WYMAN  
T. A. RUSSELL

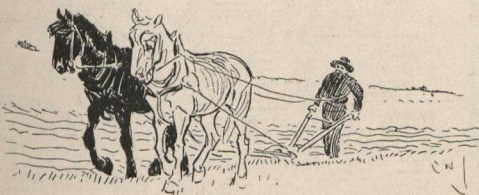
**T**HIS is the second instalment of opinions as to the commercial and financial possibilities of 1909. Some of those whose opinions have been solicited are not optimistic and refuse to write pessimistic letters. One large manufacturer in the woollen line writes that he has no doubt as to a betterment during the year, "but as there has been no evidence as yet in the way of orders, we would not like to go on record as striking the optimistic note." Another manufacturer in a large way says: "I have given this my careful thought and I write to say that I do not think the situation just now can be materially helped by optimistic letters. . . . We have been trading, in anticipation, on our future. We have reached a point where the country, or rather the various countries, are trading tired. They need to wait a little for conditions to catch up." The letter is marked personal, but we have ventured to quote these sentences.

The manager of a life insurance company, not in Toronto or Montreal, writes: "I do not see any good reason for feeling overly optimistic regarding the business outlook for at least another year." He is afraid of fresh inflation and prefers "normal growth on a sound basis."

Another correspondent who does not care to write for publication says: "I can see no reasons why the general trade of the country should not show vast improvement over 1908." This gentleman is manager of a large loan company and he prefers to leave the talking, as he says, to the "bankers, manufacturers and producers."

A lumberman, whose business interests are broad, writes: "I do not see anything in particular to prevent a fairly good year for business, but it is early yet to form any opinion that would be worth publishing."

A third instalment of letters will appear next week.



FROM E. V. HUTCHINGS, PRESIDENT THE GREAT WEST SADDLERY CO., LIMITED, WINNIPEG.

Editor *Canadian Courier*:

Sir,—I have your esteemed favour of the 6th inst., and notice you say Canada seems to be suffering from a little timidity.

I presume you mean by this a little business timidity in reference to the future, and I might tell you that as far as we, in the central portion of Canada, are concerned, we do not see any reason why this should be. When you look over the splendid territory contained within the bounds of Canada, and the wonderful development that is going on, we cannot see any reason for this state of affairs, especially in the great city of Toronto.

When you consider that after such a tight money market, as we had last year, few failures have taken place, that the prairie section of Western Canada has grown a good crop for which they have obtained good prices, thus distributing many millions of dollars among the farmers of the West, and when you consider that the C. P. R. is spending six millions in further perfecting their roads; that the Saskatchewan and Alberta Legislatures are going to assist railways to a very large extent throughout their territory; that the Dominion Government is borrowing thirty millions to push on the G. T. P., and the G. T. P. will likely spend another thirty million in the western country; that the C. N. R. is busy sending out their lines and completing branches to

the Hudson Bay; that the Great Northern is going to complete their line in Manitoba, and to commence their large terminals in Winnipeg; this together with the large amount of money that will be spent by the different municipalities throughout Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, as well as the different local governments; the large immigration that is bound to come into this country this year, especially from the American side; the large amount of acreage that will be put into crop this year in the West, and the excellent way the cattle have gone through the winter on the western plains, all tend to make this one of the busiest years we have ever had in Canada.

In addition to this the money market is easy, capital is going to flow in for investment as fast as the settlers will require it, and money is going to be cheap. The Americans have for years past been lending money out very largely throughout their prairie section, but their prairie section has now got so that it does not require but very few loans. In fact they are now so well off that they have become a lending community, and have money to send out elsewhere and they are pushing this money into our prairie section, not only in the land business, but in the money-lending business, so that everything points to a great future in the West, and to a very great advance, and if the people in the East are timid we would say to them, start up your industries and before eighteen months are over, you will see the same thing repeated as in 1906, when the wheels of industry throughout Canada could not turn fast enough to supply the demands of the West.

Therefore if you have any timid manufacturers, tell them to brush up their machinery, get it in perfect running order. Times are going to be good, especially in Western Canada. We have the great wheat belt of the world, and there is only about five per cent. of it utilised, but the balance is going to be put under cultivation. The world wants it and is willing to pay a good price for it. Therefore get your houses in order, and ready for business. You will not be ready any too soon.

Yours truly, E. V. HUTCHINGS.



FROM MR. A. E. AMES, OF A. E. AMES & CO., BANKERS AND BROKERS, TORONTO.

Editor of the *Canadian Courier*:

SIR,—Responding to your letter of the 6th inst., the most important permanent ingredients in Canadian commercial life are agriculture, mining, fishing, lumbering, manufacturing, and supply of money, with railroad building on so large a scale in this period as to be of importance, temporarily, almost equal in rank with some of the other divisions mentioned.

Crops last year were most satisfactory. Of course what they will be this year has yet to be determined. The value of mineral products is steadily increasing. Fisheries and timber may be counted upon for fair returns. Manufacturers may have a few slow months, but should, I think, be very busy during the last half of the year. Railway building in Canada during 1909 is on a very large scale, with the Grand Trunk and Canadian Northern completing transcontinental systems and the Canadian Pacific making important extensions. For these and all other needs of a legitimate character there is, and is likely to be, a sufficient supply of money. Last year we got in \$200,000,000 of money from

Great Britain, through placing securities there, and further sums will be available this year, though our requirements will probably be less.

While Canada had her recent period of tight money, it was not as intense and debilitating as that in the United States; so the Canadian recovery is quicker, and our business people are in good courage.

Thus far, actual internal conditions practically all seem favorable to a very successful year, with the crops as the one important feature yet to be determined.

In addition to the foregoing there are three facts which will have an influential bearing upon the courage and aggressiveness of Canadians engaged in financial and commercial business, as follows:—

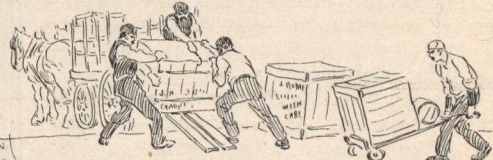
Enterprises of Canadians in large foreign transportation, light and power companies have been uniformly successful, and several millions of profits have been cashed, in this connection, within the last twelve months.

The Sault Ste. Marie industries have been put on a strong basis, and the Sault will, no doubt, become one of our flourishing industrial centres.

The Steel-Coal judgment is in, and energies and nerves which have been worn by lawsuits will be released from tension and given more profitable exercise.

Canada appears at present to be pretty well house-cleaned, or, if you like the figure better, the decks seem cleared for action. It would appear to be a time for the exercise of courage, but this should be held in some restraint. The temptation is to be spendthrifts when money is plentiful and there may be danger in the ease with which it can now be procured from England.

Yours truly, A. E. AMES.



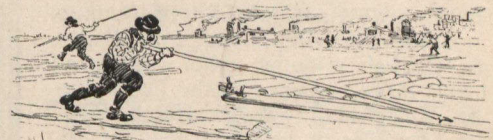
FROM MR. W. H. WYMAN, MANAGER CORTICELLI SILK COMPANY, MONTREAL.

Editor *Canadian Courier*:

Sir,—In answer to your inquiry I desire to say that there is no doubt that all business is on the eve of a boom. Last year's retrenchment must result in a largely increased production and sale. The signs of this industrial revival are already manifest; both sales and orders in nearly all lines of trade are largely in excess of last year. We have already learned some lessons from the experience of the past eighteen months, and I feel quite confident that these lessons will result both in increased business and increased profits.

In addition to these general reasons for better times, there is also the national reason. The great development on this continent is sure to carry Canadian development with it. Indeed, our national development has only just begun.

Yours sincerely,  
W. H. WYMAN.



FROM MR. T. A. RUSSELL, GENERAL MANAGER CANADA CYCLE & MOTOR CO., LIMITED, TORONTO JUNCTION.

Editor *Canadian Courier*:

Sir,—I am glad to have the opportunity of expressing myself on the outlook for business for 1909.

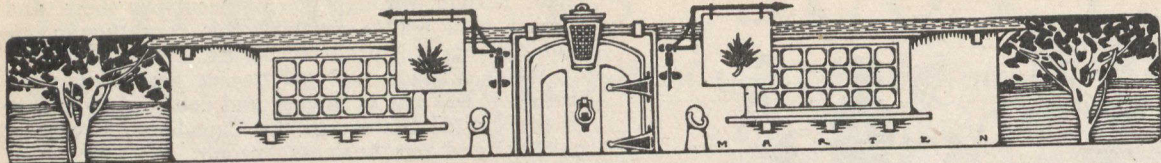
I presume that few businesses are affected by the general trade conditions more than ours, as the bicycle is, to some extent, a luxury to a great many people who use it, and the automobile is also in the same class except with those people who use it for strictly business purposes.

The year 1908 was a quiet one in the business, but I am pleased to say that the indications for 1909 are, that it will be the largest year in the automobile business that we have had in Canada.

Our fiscal year begins in August and our automobile sales for the six months past are almost as great as for the twelve months ending July 31st, 1908.

I have just returned from a trip to the West and find a very hopeful condition of affairs there. In quite a few businesses, the orders are not as large as some people had anticipated but all appear to have confidence, and optimism prevails. In fact, it is questionable if some districts through the West will not suffer from the return of too much confidence, rather than from the lack of it.

Yours truly, T. A. RUSSELL.



## AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

### The Hostess at the White House

THE inauguration of Mr. Taft as President of the United States, which takes place in Washington next month, is an event of social, as well as political importance. The wife of the President has a difficult part to play in a capital where the representatives of all governments meet on a democratic footing, in a country which professes to have no class distinctions. For years there were no grown-up young people to enliven the White House festivities. Mrs. McKinley's extreme delicacy made her almost a recluse and the terrible tragedy which darkened the last years of her invalid life invested her with a deeply pathetic interest. Mrs. Cleveland, among modern chatelaines at White House, was the most brilliant in personal charm but Mrs. Roosevelt has played the part of consort to a stormy spouse with consummate tact and delicacy. The most interesting social event during President Roosevelt's regime, was the marriage of Miss Alice Roosevelt, the only child of his first wife, to Mr. Nicholas Longworth. This winter, Miss Ethel Roosevelt, a very young and serious maiden, makes her debut.

The wife of the President-elect is said to be representative of all that is finest in American womanhood — conservative in social ideas, gracious in manner and resourceful in meeting the varied demands of a modern diplomatic circle. Mrs. Taft's literary preference is reported to be the fiction of Jane Austen, a taste which would assure us of the sanity and gentle humour of the Lady of the White House. There are two sons and one daughter in the Taft family. The latter is yet at college, but will probably leave school next year, to enjoy the social gaieties of a Washington season. There is no country where a young girl is given more fun and freedom than she finds in the United States. In fact, the expression, "having a good time," is said to be strictly western, and our English cousins regard it as an "Americanism." If anyone in the world deserves sunshine and roses, it is a nice girl, and everyone, regardless of national boundaries, hopes that Miss Helen Taft will have all the dances that her heart desires—with the right partners, too—and, if she has time to come across the border and try the rink and toboggan slide at Rideau Hall, Canadians will be more than pleased to entertain such a guest.

### A Lady of High Degrees

THE Women's Canadian Club of Toronto was addressed this month by a distinguished English scientist, who was introduced to a large audience in the Conservatory of Music Hall by Dr. Helen MacMurchy. Perhaps no better estimate of the lecturer's work and achievements can be given than the words of introduction, which by courtesy of Dr. MacMurchy, we publish herewith:

"Lady Moss, and members of the Women's Canadian Club of Toronto:

"At the kind suggestion of the President, I have the distinguished but undeserved honour of presenting to you this afternoon a lady whom you will all be glad to see.

"She is a great traveller. Leaving her native shores in the summer of 1907, she proceeded to the Farthest East, by way of the Mediterranean and the Red Sea. Passing India and China, she arrived at Japan, and there began the series of researches under the auspices and at the request of the Royal Society, which, I venture to predict, will make her name famous.

"And now, we welcome her from a still longer journey, five thousand miles by sea, across that ocean which joins the Farthest East to the Last Great West, and three thousand miles across our own beloved land. She has seen the sun rise over the sublime peaks of the Rockies, and watched from the C. P. R. express one thousand miles of wheat lands, waiting, under Canadian snows, for the first breath of the Chinook winds and the Canadian spring. The day before yesterday, she was in Winnipeg, and saw next day our great inland waters icebound. Now we bid her welcome in our own

home city.

"She has also attained marked academic distinction. A Doctor of Science of the young and vigorous University of London, a Doctor of Philosophy of the old and famous University of Munich, she is a member of the Professoriate of the University of Manchester in the Department of Science, the first woman to hold such a post. She is also a scientist of authority and eminence. From her experience in Palaeophytology (a word which, being interpreted, means the study of ancient forms of plant life) in England, by one of these flashes of insight which seems to be the only infallible proof of genius, she saw that among marine coals would probably be found a most important source of new material for the palaeophytologist. This, she embodied in a communication to the Royal Society, and the Royal Society received it with such attention that they sent her to Japan, where in 1907, 1908 and 1909 she has done the work of which we now hope to hear some account. She is also a woman and this is the greatest title of all. And I think, Madam and Ladies, that I speak for you, as well as for myself, when I say that, when all is said and done



Mrs. Taft and Miss Helen Taft.

which can be said or done in the brief span of human life, we know that the greatest a man can be is to be a man, and the greatest a woman can be is to be a woman.

"In your name, Madam and Ladies, I have the honour to welcome heartily to this place, Dr. Marie C. Stopes, the first woman to address the Women's Canadian Club of Toronto. It will always, I know, be a proud and pleasant memory to us all and to the President and officers of the society that we were the first of her own race and of her own Empire to receive her in public on her return from successful and brilliant researches in Japan, to congratulate her upon her achievements there and to welcome her back after all the travels and dangers she has undergone."

Those who heard Dr. Stopes were deeply impressed, not only by her scholarship and daring research in a difficult field, but also by her delightfully simple and straightforward personality. The members of the Women's Canadian Club of Toronto are now fully persuaded that they have amongst them those capable of introducing whatever distinguished guests may come and that it is possible

to broaden and brighten the lives of many by securing for an hour's illuminating talk just such lecturers as this first woman speaker in the club's history. The dream of Tennyson's *Princess Ida* was fantastic enough in its academic embodiment. But there are lines in her famous address which must remain as an inspiration to higher mental life; such as:

"Oh, lift your natures up!  
Knowledge is now no more a fountain sealed.  
Drink deep until the habits of the slave,  
The sins of emptiness, gossip and spite and slander die."

We women are frequently accused of pettiness—of being small in our ambitions, our work and our friendship. We must always have more to do with the details of toil or art than have our brothers; but we can keep from being petty while doing little things. Never was the world a better place for "us women" than it is to-day and it is such scholarship and simplicity as that of the notable English visitor which will help towards a broader and more charitable spirit in the widening world where women work and play.

Mr. Charles Kingsley kindly delegated to us the task of weeping, but we utterly refuse to add the lachrymose mood to the list of our privileges. Niobe is hopelessly out of date and it is to be hoped that the nervous goddess (whatever her name may be) will follow speedily.

It is interesting, by the way, to conjecture the future action of the Royal Society with regard to women, who, like Dr. Stopes, have attained such scientific heights as would entitle them to fellowship in that august body. The Royal College of Surgeons in London, England, is ready to confer degrees on women students and the only consistent course for the historic scientific society, whose recognition is so highly prized, will be to honour scholarship and research, irrespective of sex. The day is not far off when such justice will be done, and then, prouder will be the happy woman who has the right to the initials "F. R. S." after her name than she who has attained a vote.

\* \* \*

### A Curious Request

IN the State of Illinois there is a senator who has recently been interviewed by many unmarried women who complain that they cannot distinguish married from unmarried men, on introduction, because, forsooth, they all bear the title of "Mr."

The senator, like all good men, lends a ready ear to feminine protest and declares that there should be a distinguishing title for the married man, so that his domestic state may be known at once. Senator Ettelson even announces: "Let us make it felony for a married man to use a bachelor's title. The change will be for the good of society. It will be a bulwark for the home. It will protect susceptible unmarried ladies." These are alarming words.

It might occur to the sophisticated reader that these "susceptible unmarried ladies" must be confiding to an extraordinary degree when they are unable to discover whether a man friend is bachelor or Benedick. It would be just as well for the senator to suggest their using a little ordinary discretion before allowing the undistinguished "Mr." to call or send roses and bonbons. Unfortunately the English language is so conservative that a new title is a serious matter to introduce to public attention and to enforce in general usage.

However, wonders may be wrought by legislation and if Illinois takes up the subject with the energy it devotes to the wheat market and pork packing, there may be a day of stern reckoning for these unworthy sons of the State who fail to advertise themselves as appropriated citizens.

\* \* \*

### The Tube Gown

THE vagaries of Dame Fashion are to be expanded or compressed into a new style of gown which, according to the columns on frills and the cartoons on modern whims, is to make the feminine form resemble a stove-pipe—round and unvarying from shoes to turban. This is the saddest news yet, but latest advices are more consoling, being to the effect that Paris is to adopt the "tube" only for a month or so and is to blossom into something more "comfy" when the Easter lilies and bonnets adorn the land. The tube gown is not a thing of loveliness and flexibility. In fact, its stern and uncompromising exterior strikes terror to the heart of the woman who dislikes being moulded like jelly or blanc mange.

CANADIENNE.

# SKATING UNDER SUSPICION

A Story of Shopping Across the Border

By MIRIAM

THE sin that is dearest to the border woman's heart is said to be smuggling. Of course she does not call it by that naughty name nor does she think it sinful. If she did she would not entertain it for a moment.

The inland townswoman knows nothing of the border woman's temptation and may therefore live a fairly pious life in comparison. It is no doubt due entirely to geographical conditions if nine-tenths of border femininity are "suspects," with how much reason, none know but themselves—not even the Collector of His Majesty's Customs as events sometimes prove.

It was early in a frosty January. The friendly relations between Uncle Sam and Miss Canada were firmly cemented by a solid sheet of ice, miles long and feet thick. Ten jolly maids and matrons had flung care and convention to the winds and seemed to have received invisible wings in exchange, so gracefully did they glide across the glistening crystal surface of the river on their "little shining runners." Peals of merry laughter rang out and greeted other skaters equally happy.

It was a perfect day. The sky was cloudless, the air frosty and the ice flawless—the kind of day to make healthy Canadians boast of their native climate.

"It's ideal," said the Fancy Skater. "Saw you ever such a sheet of ice? Hear it crack! That's a sure sign that it's safe."

"Magnificent!" "Charming," echoed the others with various degrees of enthusiasm.

"Yes, it's all these and more too," said a grey-eyed matron whose digestion was always good. "It's horribly appetising. I could eat a sea serpent."

"Or mermaid," suggested nautical Ruth. "We might have a cold storage picnic," ventured Kathy. "It would be like Elizabeth's mid-winter picnic at the Baltic, only we have nothing to eat."

"Jokes aside," said the Traveller, "we've been skating nearly three hours and I'm famished too. Let's go and get some refreshments. I know the finest place and only a step from the shore. I had some of the most delicious bouillon there last week while I was waiting for the ferry on my way home from New York."

"I know the very place," chimed in Patricia. "It's a side line in a store where they have the daintiest muslins and such lovely laces. There are treasures undreamed of."

"There goes Patricia! She's a shopper by inspiration as well as habit. She punctuates her existence with bargains of various values. She'll smuggle sure if we go," laughed the Fancy Skater good humouredly.

"Nothing of the sort," retorted the accused. "I want bouillon and nothing else. I'm languishing for bouillon. Come let's make it a Dutch treat."

As they were almost at Uncle Sam's front steps Patricia's motion carried unanimously and in a few moments a merry party of skaters sat sipping a steaming beverage.

"Girls, Girls, do look!" exclaimed Patricia. "Look at that lovely muslin. Didn't I tell you? The piece with the rose buds! It's just the daintiest, and only ten cents a yard. The very thing I want for a tea apron." Then aside to the pretty saleslady, "I'll take a yard and a half, if you please. No, you need not wrap it. I'm skating, you know, and it would be such a bother to carry. I'll just slip it inside my blouse," and thus the shopper by inspiration as well as habit disposed of her purchase.

"I've a committee meeting at five-thirty and just an hour to make it. Sorry I can't stay with you, but duty must be done so—*Au revoir!*"

Now if the charming Patricia's besetting sin had not been sm—shopping, it would most assuredly have been punctuality. She had never been known to break an engagement nor to be late for an appointment, and as she flew gracefully across the ice it looked as if this would be no exception.

Naturally the winter season is rather dull in the Customs Department for those accustomed to respond to the hourly whistle of all sorts of river craft during the summer months and perhaps just a little more of the "weed" is consumed and more reminiscences are exchanged than in navigation's balmy days. On this particular afternoon two of these officials sat talking "shop" over their pipes.

"I'll tell you what," said the elder man, "this here winter smuggling is a pest, and has got to be put a stop to, afore it begins this year. In the summer it's our duty to land what comes off the steamers and such, in the regular way, and we don't need to

bother our heads too much about what we don't see, though I don't deny there's plenty comes across the line that ought to be swelling the revenue. In winter it's different. There's too much time to watch what's going on along the river front, but mostly it's too blamed cold to scent a suspect and see what he's up to."

"What *she's* up to, you mean," laughed the other.

"Him or her, it's all the same, and it's too blamed cold."

"Well, between ourselves, I believe more women are addicted to smuggling than men, but, tut! what does it all amount to?"

The first speaker continued vehemently, apparently directing his venom against womankind: "It's my opinion it ought to be stopped. Their fathers or husbands, or both, send men to Parliament to make laws for them to break. I'd like to see wife or daughter of mine—"

"By George!" he exclaimed, going closer to the window for a wider range of vision, "there's a bevy of them now."

"Who? Your wives and daughters?"

Ignoring this bigamous interruption, he continued: "First day there has been safe crossing and they are up to their unholy tricks. Come, let's round them up."

Then the two men put on their overcoats and sallied forth as befitted the guardians of Edward the Seventh's revenue, just as Patricia reached the shore and sat down to take off her skating boots. Her fingers were a little cold and the buckles a bit refractory. Perhaps the officers felt an atom of compunction, perhaps Patricia looked appealingly. We cannot tell what prompted their action, but in a moment both were helping the jolly little girl out of her difficulty; and when she smiled her thanks and hastened up the street to keep her appointment the rosebud muslin for the tea-apron lay lightly on her bosom.

"Look at them! They see us and are making tracks for the opposite shore. Shouldn't wonder a bit if they would skate along it and cross farther down and get away from us after all. They know how to evade the law. They are cute enough for anything."

"No, they are coming straight in," said the less anxious one. "They haven't the slightest suspicion that there is a deputation from the Government awaiting them."

In the meantime, the nine enthusiasts, by bouillon reinforced, loth to leave the ice, glided fearlessly and unconsciously towards relentless fate, which suddenly confronted them in blue uniforms and brass buttons.

"This way, ladies, to the Customs House, if you please."

## THE DYNAMITE "JAG"

A Strange Story from the Wilds of British Columbia

By HAROLD SANDS

WHEN my gifted friend the Old Prospector hits the last trail and passes over the Great Divide his kind will be extinct. There cannot be another like him left on this too-sad earth of ours. For that reason I have made it my particular business to collect the pearls of conversation which he distributes as lavishly as he hands out large doses of "hootch" whenever I visit him. The old chap is spending the evening of his days in Vancouver.

"When I first struck it, it was the most God-forsaken place between the Arctic and hell," he remarked once, "and now you see what it's become," and he waved his knotted hand as if to take in all the region between Stanley Park and the head of False Creek.

Calling upon him the other night I happened to have an old copy of a Toronto paper showing all the places which had voted for local option.

"It's a good thing you're not back there, old man," said I as he poured out a generous portion of liquid named after a man who also is known for his race-horses.

"Sir," interrogated Alicia of the Fancy Scrolls, "What do you mean? Since when has there been a tax on exercise? Our skates were 'made in Canada,' I assure you."

"We've nothing to do, whatever, with exercise, Miss, and we don't doubt you got your skates honestly, but we saw you coming from the States. You may as well come along and pay duties. The quietest way is the best and the cheapest. We don't want to make it unpleasant for you ladies, but duty must be done." Patricia's very words but how different they sounded!

The Traveller was the first to grasp the situation or rather to express herself upon it. "The wolves! they want the bouillon! They want duty on it. Oh, this is rich!"

"Rich! I call it outrageous and I won't submit—not I."

"Nor I."

"Nor I."

"You don't mean that we are going to be subjected to the indignity of being searched?" asked Ruth.

"That's our painful duty," replied the man of duties, "and really, ladies, it's getting chilly. You'd better not delay."

Thoughts of Patricia and her rosebud muslin and its fate came and went unuttered.

"There's a lady officer," suggested the grey-eyed matron of the good digestion, tentatively. Her eyes sparkled with exhilaration or fun or both. Then, aside, to those nearest her. "Let's go! It will be such fun to tell about afterwards. Why, when the Customs people find out how they have been fooled, we can bring miles of muslin over and they'll never dare to look our way."

A whispered consultation took place and then nine pairs of skates carried their respective owners towards the seat of customs with more apparent than genuine reluctance.

Somehow all the buckles and straps, as in Patricia's case, refused to be undone by benumbed fingers and a semblance of gallantry was aroused in the shivering Customs officers bent upon doing their duty. At last, however, clumsy and unaccustomed fingers had unlaced and laced the last pair of boots and nine suspects filed in to be "searched."

The woman officer awaited them, apologetic but duteous. They insisted that she should do her work thoroughly and well, and when it was done she had found no dutiable goods—and not even a purse—in their possession. They all owed Patricia for the Dutch treat. Then the nine muses filed out again, goddesses of a comedy that could not be thoroughly appreciated by the officers of the Crown who inspired it.

Now, it is whispered by the dearest friends of the nine that "they can bring anything they like over and never get caught." Strange to say, these two officers, at least, do not seem anxious to renew the acquaintance begun on that January afternoon.

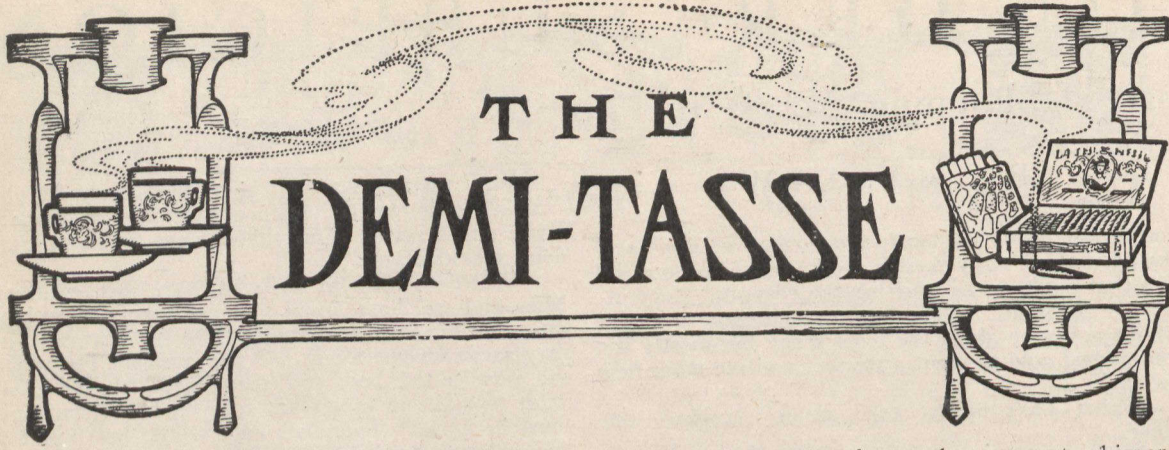
"My young and unsophisticated friend, there's where you make a great error," he answered. "So long as the manufacture of dynamite is allowed by a paternal government all the distilleries in the land can go out of business for all I care. Meanwhile, here's a ho."

"Good health," I responded, and as we put our glasses down I asked him to take pity on the limited understanding of a tenderfoot and kindly explain.

"Did I never tell you what happened at Jack Fletcher's cabin at the time Jim Hill was building his jerkwater line from Kaslo to Sandon?" he asked. "My boy, it's an old story, so ancient and fishlike I'm almost ashamed to repeat it."

"Of course you know Jim Hill started to build his line in the eighties, soon after Eli Carpenter came down from the Slocan with chunks of silver large enough to give even Cobalt operators spasms. Kaslo, which is half-way up Kootenay Lake, became the liveliest town on the Canadian map in those days, while Sandon, built in the gulch at the other end of the road, ran it a close second and ultimately

(Concluded on page 21)



## MENDELSSOHN ECHOES.

FOR about a fortnight after the big Mendelssohn concerts, there are all sorts of yarns about the days of yore. Some "old-timers" were relating the pioneer experiences the other evening and one of them told about the earliest concert which "resulted" financially in about four hundred dollars to the good. There was a repetition of this concert and, to the dismay of the committee, it was discovered a day before the event that hundreds of seats were unsold. Whereupon, the valiant committee took possession of the tickets and gave them to grateful and admiring friends. In these days of one dollar for a seat in the top gallery, and "glad to get them," this early prodigality is hard to realise.

There was an interesting story, also, about the famous baritone, Campanari, who was engaged once upon a time, to sing at a Mendelssohn Choir concert but who failed to put in an appearance. There was a hurry call to Boston and New York and a substitute soloist appeared on the scene. But a Canadian reader happened to pick up a *Musical Courier* a few days afterwards and became possessed of the information that Campanari was singing in Philadelphia, on the evening he was too ill to appear in Toronto. The next year, the name of Campanari appeared on the bill for a big concert in Massey Hall and the committee of the Mendelssohn Choir, burning with the memory of ancient wrongs, sent a polite little note to Campanari's manager, suggesting that it would be "awfully awkward" for the melodious gentleman to be "had up" in the courts of Canada for a breach of contract. The manager blandly sent back "how much," the Mendelssohnians carefully studied the pitch and decided on one hundred dollars—and a cheque for this amount came back *prestissimo*, with a minor note in the key of D.

A Toronto man who was in Buffalo last year met a musical citizen who told him solemnly that Toronto must be a fine temperance town.

"Why?" asked the visitor.

"Well, we had about six of your Mendelssohn Choir committee over here this year for a small celebration and, of course, in ordering drinks, we asked the Toronto visitors to specify their poison. To our astonishment, the expressions 'ginger ale,' 'apollinaris,' 'phosphate' came from the Canadian guests in rapid succession, while we just sat there looking at them. We ordered the quiet drinks like little gentlemen but took the youngest Toronto man aside afterwards to ask if they were a temperance delegation. He laughed and said that it just 'happened' that they were all devoted to the water wagon. But, by Jove," concluded the Buffalo man, "they don't sing 'Scots Wha Hae' as if they'd been brought up on lemon phosphate."

## A WISE PROVISION.

A CANADIAN who has seen a good deal of the north country in Ontario counties was telling of an experience he had in Deloro, in remotest Hastings. He had been "lured" into a poker game and showed in its early stages that he was quite equal to the natives. In fact, at its conclusion, he was seventeen dollars richer than he was before the game began. He was somewhat pleased over his luck and straightway began to devise ways and means of spending his winnings.

"Hold on!" said one of the players. "You've got to hand that over to the church. All the poker money goes to the cause."

It was even so and the lucky stranger slowly and sadly handed over his little pile.

## THE SHYNESS OF SAMUEL.

ON the eve of leaving London for Canada, says the *Argonaut*, Mrs. Brooke, who wrote "The History of Emily Montague," the first novel written in Canada, gave a farewell party, Hannah More, Dr. Johnson and Boswell being of the company. Dr. Johnson was obliged to leave early, and apparently departed after wishing his hostess health and

happiness. Shortly afterward, a servant whispered to Mrs. Brooke that a gentleman was waiting below to speak to her. Running downstairs, the fair novelist found the venerable lexicographer.

"Madam," said he ponderously, "I sent for you downstairs, that I might kiss you, which I did not choose to do before so much company."

## DISSATISFIED.

SHE had a telephone in her apartment, and one day called up the telephone company and asked that the service be discontinued.

"We are sorry to lose you," said the man who took her message. "Are you dissatisfied with anything?"

"I am," said the woman emphatically.

"I am very sorry," said the man. "Perhaps we can help you. What is it you do not like?"

"Single blessedness," said the woman. "I am going to be married to-morrow."—*Montreal Witness*.

## TEACHING US A WORD.

A UNITED STATES politician named Crum-packer has called President Roosevelt a "gar-goyle." Isn't that a lovely word—and so unhackneyed! We recommend it, without charge, to Sir James Whitney, Mr. R. L. Borden and all other users of nervous English.

## CONSERVATISM.

HERBERT, aged four, was suffering from an attack of croup. His grandmother had the case in hand; she is a Christian Scientist, but she is also a strong believer in the right of every individual to decide for himself in all personal matters. Accordingly, after explaining that God is all powerful and could cure him without the aid of medicines, she felt it incumbent upon her to point out that many very worthy people believed in goose grease. "And so, Herbert," she said in closing, "you must decide for yourself. I will rub you with goose grease, if you wish."

The small boy relapsed into profound thought, and at last said:

"Well, grandma, we *know* about goose grease; you just rub it on. I don't b'lieve God will mind a little thing like goose grease; I fink He'll do all He *can* for me, anyhow."—W. H. M. in *Woman's Home Companion*.

## OVERDOING IT.

A YOUNG Englishman, after he had been in Devil's Valley for a couple of months, began to grow thin. Wyoming cooking did not appeal to him. Besides his squeamish appetite, there was another thing that the natives held against him—his outlandish custom of taking a bath every morning. One day his landlady was discussing him with a friend.

"I tell you what, Sal," said the visitor, "he's jest a-wastin' away a-grievin' for some gal back east thar."

"Nothin' o' the kind," said the landlady, contemptuously. "You mark my words, now—that young feller he's jest a-washin' hisself away."—*Everybody's Magazine*.

## THE HEIGHTS OF LUXURY.

A NEW YORKER, who has just returned from the Cobalt District in Canada, was deeply impressed by the report he heard of a fashionable wedding in the back country. Two *habitants* met on the train and took the seat next to his.

"Ah, Antoine," one of them exclaimed, "eef you 'ave h'only been at dees wedding of Pierre Coubertin an' Emilie La Roche you shall nevaire forget heem. So gentil! So much luxury! H'every one so 'appy an' so grand an' fine! Theenk of eet, Antoine!—h'everyone wear de Prince h'Albert pants an' dreenk de real ginger ale!"—*Harper's Weekly*.

## THEY LIVE

The good things some men did are still walking around on two feet.—*Life*.

## HER AMBITION.

"WHY, if it ain't Lucy Simmons!" exclaimed one Richmond negrees not long ago on encountering a friend in the street. "Whar on earth has yo' been?"

"I'se been workin' hard," was the answer.

"Now dat I thinks of it," continued the first dardy, "seems to me I did hear of yo' workin' night an' day. What's de matter?"

"It's jes' dis way," explained the second negress. "I's under bonds to keep de peace for lickin' dat good-for-nuthin' husband o' mine. De jedge he says ef I comes befo' him agin or lays my hands on de old man he gwine to fine me ten dollars."

"I see. Youse workin' hard to keep outer trouble."

"No, I ain't. I's workin' hard to save up dat fine."



Visitor. "And so you're leaving Paris. Of course you've been to the Louvre?"  
Fair American. "Yes, I bought this Collarette there."  
Visitor. "Ah, no. I mean the Pictures, you know."  
Fair American. "There, Mommer! I said there was a Gallery by that name!"—Punch



# PEOPLE AND PLACES

LITTLE STORIES BY LAND AND SEA, CONCERNING THE FOLK WHO MOVE HITHER AND THITHER ACROSS THE FACE OF A BIG LAND.

## THE RICHEST SYRIAN IN CANADA.

**KALIL FARAH** is one of the romantic culminations of Cobalt. Kalil is a Syrian. He is also known as "Big Pete." Pete has struck it rich. He weighs two hundred and sixty pounds, and every pound of him is as glad as a baby with a spoon—because Big Pete is one of the pets of Cobalt. Five years ago when the writer was up in New Liskeard, Pete kept the Canada Hotel. He was a burly host and a bad man to dispute a board bill with. He had been up on the edge of the clay belt two years then. Like a lot of other people, he had no idea of getting rich out of mines when he went up. He went hunting up in the moose country, and as the northward movement to the clay belt was on he decided to drive stakes in the town of New Liskeard. This tin plate hotel was the first thing he started. He hung on to that till he sold it for huge money; then he drifted over to the Cobalt camp where he began to play mines as some chaps play horses. He bought the Cobalt Central mine for a thousand dollars. That mine put Pete out of the reach of want even though he should out-live Methuselah. Already he is the Colossus of New Liskeard. He owns the electric light system in both Liskeard and Haileybury. He owns the Long Lake Lumber Company at Charlton; whole blocks of real estate in northern towns and in Ottawa, where he is landlord also of the Dominion Hotel, besides a whole raft of real estate in Toronto and New York. Oh, he is a successful Syrian, is Big Pete, alias Kalil, and he knows how to take care of both his money and himself. In the early Cobalt days he was a holy terror to the camp filibusters. Now he is a smooth, plump gentleman in Montreal, where he lives—surely the richest and smoothest Syrian in Canada.

## UP-TO-DATE TOWN THIS.

**A DAILY** newspaper in one of the central Ontario towns the other day had one of the liveliest stories ever seen on a front page. The city editor, who sometimes acts as chief reporter, had been doing an extra stunt that morning and had dug up some information that his contemporary missed altogether. He discovered that about six thousand years ago a place known as the Garden of Eden was established on the earth, and that there was a flood and an ark and an ancient Egypt and a whole lot of other historic things which help to throw light on why the tax rate in that town is twenty-seven mills on the dollar. In short, he told the story of Creation—because a Toronto divine had been talking on that subject and it seemed like good warm reading.

## NEW KIND OF PROSPECTING.

**NICE** gruesome find that of Charles McLeod, who on a journey up in the remote regions of the Nahanni River, hundreds of miles north of Edmonton, found the bones of his two brothers who were murdered on that trail. McLeod knew his brothers were dead ones three years ago; but he had no idea of the story that lay lurking for him by accident up on the Nahanni. Three years ago the two McLeods left Fort Simpson to go hunting. They were never seen again. Lately McLeod was travelling with a band of prospectors up the Nahanni. Hundred and fifty miles up one evening they made camp; found there a blazed tree and a pile of old ashes—curious trace of some other camping party, but who? Spooking round as travellers will, they found on the tree the date "May, 1905," and under that the initials of the two McLeods. So they took

that camp for a clue and followed the trail of it. Every little while they discovered traces of the trip made by these two murdered McLeods. One of the party having cut his foot, remained behind to fix up his wound, and he found under a brush heap the skeletons of two men. These skeletons had all the marks of genuine McLeods, besides telling the story of gunshot wounds inflicted by the unknown murderers.

## THE MADDING CROWD IN REGINA.

**OUT** in Regina they are taking note of the traffic on the streets in a way that makes you think of London Bridge. They have been counting the waggons and buggies and buckboards, and Indians on cayuses, and Blackfeet with travois trailing families, and mounted police, and automobiles, family phaetons and stylish Victorias, dump carts and baby carriages—all passing over the intersections of streets with the railway tracks. For the Railway Commission has been sitting in Regina and they have in that city already so many railway lines that they have problems of traffic quite commensurate with the truly western pace of progress. In six days of casual count on the five intersections the number of moving objects that crossed over was 20,637. This is what the average Indian might call "going some."

## A BIG LITTLE GOVERNMENT.

**ONE** of the liveliest legislatures in Canada is the little parliament of Prince Edward Island. They have a large number of public issues down in that "Garden of the Gulf" where government by discussion seems to have reached a science. A report of a single day's debate in that House recently included fisheries, rural telephones, claims in respect to winter communication, telegraph service, fishery award, refund for cost of criminal prosecution, provincial share of the cost of construction of railways on the mainland, and several other matters. The Hillsboro' bridge came in for a whack; also the tunnel to the mainland which in that province is the same sort of chimera which the Yonge Street bridge is in Toronto. The *St. John Globe* correspondent thus speaks of one of the prominent members of the House: "Mr. William Laird, brother of Hon. David Laird, at present Indian Commissioner for Canada, seconded the address. The tallest man in the house, possessing a sonorous voice and a rich fund of Scottish humour, he is one of the most picturesque characters. This is his first session in the legislature, at least in the Lower House, although he was a member, years ago, of the now defunct Legislative Council. A farmer himself, Mr. Laird dealt mainly with the agricultural policy of the government, pointing out that the country has to thank the Liberals for all the progressive measures, such as the establishment of seed fairs, the good seed movement, establishment of scholarships at Truro Agricultural College and the energetic prosecution of an effective campaign of agricultural education."

## NINETY-FIVE DOLLARS' WORTH.

**A THREE-DAYS'** fox hunt is reported, from South Easthope, near Stratford, to Georgetown, which is the better part of a hundred miles. This was a beautiful black fox, and it was followed remorselessly for three days by the earnest Nimrods who started it up. They wounded the magnificent beast early in the chase, and trailed its blood most

of the remaining three days. They ran it down at last and got it; sold its skin to a Georgetown man for \$95 and pocketed the money, which very probably they earned. But there is one beautiful black beast less in that part of the country, which the Lord knows has long enough been destitute of even a few remaining traces of the splendid wild life that once made the woods of Ontario a holy joy to a man even without a gun.

## THE WEST SHORE.

**THERE** are several ways of getting to New York from Buffalo, and Canadians use all the different lines. Perhaps the average Canadian would say the West Shore Railway is not so popular as it once was. Yet the contrary is the fact, for it is doing more business than ever. The road has recently been improved by the New York Central management and its grade nowhere exceeds thirteen feet in the mile. Of course passengers must still be ferried across the North River to the 42nd Street Station, but the new terminal on the city side has been rebuilt and is now one of the best equipped. The new building was opened last month. It is much larger and more imposing than the one it replaced and contains every provision for the comfort of passengers. Its canopies cover all the ferry docks at the electrically-operated bridges, and there is no exposure of the passengers to the weather. The accompanying photographs give some idea of this new structure.

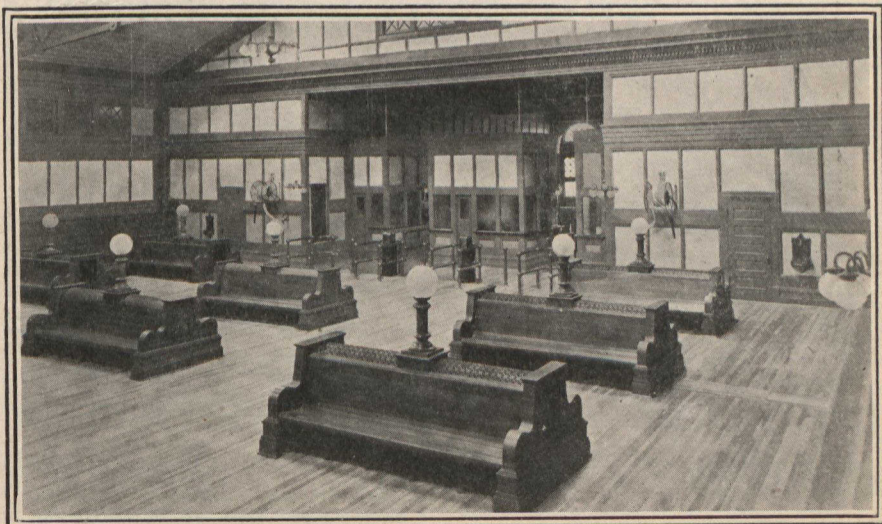
## THE STORY OF THE STACKS.

**THE** editor of the *Renfrew Mercury* is a shrewd observer and something of a gentle philosopher, it seems. The other day he took a drive through part of his constituency and took notes of the signs of the times. Interested profoundly in the welfare of the farmers who subscribe to his valuable paper, he had a keen eye for signs of prosperity or otherwise; those little symptoms of folk-life which to the trained eye mean more than books. He had an eye for cattle and horses; for strawstacks and barns—but of all things he noticed particularly the strawstacks which at this season of the year in Ontario form so much of both landscape picture and story on the country roads. And this is what he said in his paper; as good a bit of economic writing as has been done in Canada these many years:

"Taking a drive through the townships round about Renfrew to-day one is furnished with some outward and visible evidence of a drouth last summer by an absence of those strawstacks which ordinarily stand around every farmer's outbuildings, constituting a permanently set table to young stock. There seems to have been plenty of room in the barn for whatever straw went through the separators last autumn when the threshers were around, and into the mows to join the straw evidently have gone the haystacks which in other years were wont to stand like lone sentinels or any other old thing in fields. Earlier in the winter the same absence of straw and hay stacks was to be noted; so their dearth is owing to no excessive feeding during the past few weeks when the mercury was low. While the winter was still young, there were in evidence indications not only of drouth last summer, but of dryness in the fall; for in December there were people driving their cattle some distance to water, and water holes were cut in every creek, a condition which two thaws have effectually relieved. What is wanted is a winter thaw."



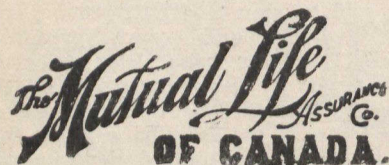
The New West Shore Station, 42nd Street, New York.



A Section of the Waiting Room.

**\$54,694,882**

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made very substantial gains in other departments of its business:

- (a) It gained in Assets ..... \$1,329,098
- (b) " " " Reserve ..... 948,268
- (c) " " " Income ..... 302,571
- (d) " " " Surplus ..... 348,296

while its ratio of expense to income was smaller than in previous years.

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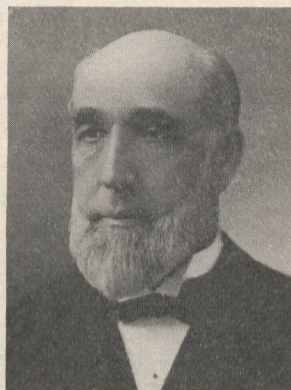
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The increase in new business from the United States was not quite as large as in 1907, the British business was about equal to the record of that year, while the new business in Canada increased over \$300,000. The total business in force on the first of the year was one hundred and twenty million dollars; the total assets were nearly thirty-seven million dollars, and the total

income for 1908 was over five and a quarter millions. The increase in assets during the year was nearly three millions.

This is a wonderful record, and the president, Hon. George A. Cox, and his associates must be extremely well pleased. Canadians generally will not regret to learn of the continued success of this company in which they have so many millions invested. National success is made up of a large number of individual successes. National stability is composed of a great number of individual cases of stability. Perhaps it is safe to say that in no line of endeavour and activity is the Canadian record so clean and so encouraging as the record of its life insurance companies.

The Canada Life's increase in surplus is the largest in any year in its history, showing that its management has been frugal and careful without sacrificing anything of enterprise and progressiveness.

\* \* \*

**The Excelsior Life**

THE Excelsior Life Insurance Company has issued its nineteenth annual report, and every stockholder in that company must be pleased with the information given. The income of the company shows a very creditable increase, while the rate earned is 6.72 per cent. The expenses of the company decreased 6.5 per cent. in ratio with income. By these and other improvements the company is able to add approximately two hundred thousand dollars to its reserve funds. There was a very creditable increase in the amount of insurance in force during 1908. Altogether, one gathers that the Excelsior is being carefully and satisfactorily managed.

\* \* \*

**A Forget Incident**



Senator L. J. Forget.

ONE of the most interesting incidents of Senator Forget's financial career, that is known only to his intimate friends, is one that resulted in his being elected a director of the Montreal Street Railway, of which he is now president.

It was away back in 1884 when the company operated only a horse car line. The Senator, who was then a member of the Montreal Stock Exchange, was just beginning to spread out quite a little and from time to time executed some very large orders for the Fathers of the Sulpician Seminary, a regular customer that has since those days made barrels of money for the Forget crowd.

One morning Mr. Forget went down to the Exchange, having with him an order to buy 1,000 shares of Montreal Street for the Sulpician Fathers, an order for 500 shares of Street for a group of his customers, and intending to buy 500 shares for himself. That day for some unknown

reason Street Railway stock was quite weak and even the filling of the orders for 2,000 shares did not make it advance very much. Just after Mr. Forget had filled his orders, one of his friends on the Exchange went over to him and told him that even some of the directors were claiming that Street was just about to pass its dividend. Mr. Forget could not believe it because he felt that the company had at least made enough to justify the dividend being maintained. He immediately left the Exchange and went to see Mr. Henry Joseph, the president of the company, and asked him if it were possible that the directors might pass the dividend at the meeting to be held that afternoon. Mr. Joseph replied that while the dividend had just barely been earned, he would advise it being declared. The stock immediately recovered.

Mr. Forget was of course greatly relieved, but the big surprise of the whole incident occurred the following day, when the broker who had sold Mr. Forget most of the 2,000 shares came to him and said his client could not make delivery of the stock because he had sold short in anticipation of the dividend being passed. Further investigation showed that the client was even a director of the Street Railway Company and he had tried to take advantage of information he secured as a director to take such dastardly action as to go short on the stock.

Mr. Forget then had to compromise with this director, the latter being forced to pay some \$30,000 on the stock he could not deliver. Of course the incident soon became known to the leading interests in the Street Railway Company with the result that the director who had sold stock short was forced to resign and Mr. Forget was elected to fill the seat left vacant by his retirement. Ever since that day the Forgets have increased their interest in Montreal Street till to-day the Senator is the second largest shareholder and with his associates has practically the controlling interest in the stock.

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# MUSIC AND DRAMA

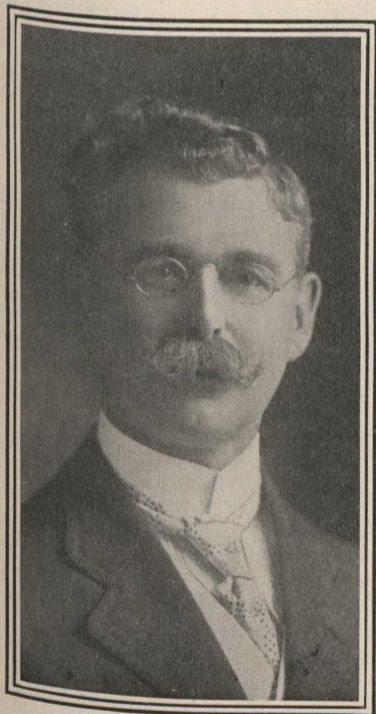
THAT fortunate composer, Sir Edward Elgar, is having a record year in performance of symphony and cantata. A discussion arose recently as to the first Elgar selection produced by the Mendelssohn Choir and it was discovered that his setting of Mr. Andrew Lang's lyric, "My Love Dwelt in a Northern Land," holds that place. The first Elgar chorus to arouse general enthusiasm in Toronto was "The Banner of St. George," its success being assured from the impression of the original stirring lines:

"It comes from the misty ages,  
The banner of England's might."

The Elgar Choir of Hamilton gave two concerts last week which were successful to a degree which meant a triumph for the conductor, Mr. Bruce Carey, and his faithful co-workers in the chorus. The unselfishness and artistic devotion of these hundreds of Canadian singers who have reached the stage of "all for the joy of the working" should be recognised by those who enjoy the choral concerts which gladden the coldest month of the year. The magnetism and intellectual grasp of the conductor mean much but there must be the material capable of response. The county towns of York and Wentworth are fortunate in having men who can inspire such choirs and members who have the spirit and understanding to interpret the great works in choral composition.

\* \* \*

MR. H. M. FLETCHER, the conductor of the Schubert Choir, has done a nerve-wracking amount of work during the last five years in



Mr. H. M. Fletcher,  
Conductor of Schubert Choir

the training of nearly a thousand singers but his energy seems all unexhausted by the training of three choruses. This department goes to press before any account of this week's concerts may be given, but the programmes as published show no diminution of effort to make the Schubert Choir concerts "events" in the musical season of Toronto. Mr. Paur's genius is at its best in his latest symphonic work and his magnetic qualities as conductor long ago won him a unique place in the esteem of Toronto's concert-going public.

\* \* \*

THE amateur dramatic organisation is not cultivated sufficiently in Canadian towns and cities. Earl

Grey's activity in promoting competition for dramatic and musical trophies has stirred local ambitions to some extent. Parkdale's Olivet Dramatic Club has done good work this winter in "She Stoops to Conquer" and is preparing for further flights. The Goldsmith and Sheridan comedies have survived the fashions of more than a century and *Kate Hardcastle* and *Lady Teazle* will probably be on the stage a hundred years from now.

\* \* \*

THERE was an attendance of over one thousand on Wednesday night of last week when the Ottawa Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Mr. I. Albert Tasse, gave a sacred concert in St. Anne's Church, Ottawa. This orchestra consists of over sixty musicians and is an unusually well-balanced organisation which, it is pleasant to learn, meets with local appreciation and support.

\* \* \*

LAST week was a record for Toronto theatres, the Princess finding "The Merry Widow" the greatest popular comic opera it has ever given the public the opportunity to hear. It is reported that Manager Sheppard is urging the company to give Toronto another week this spring. Certainly, it would be assured of crowds every night and for every matinee, down to the "extras." The company producing this Viennese opera was excellent. Both melodies and wit were such as to place the ordinary musical comedy at a perceptible distance from the "Merry Widow's" sparkle and lyric charm.

\* \* \*

THE gifted young Canadian violinist, Kathleen Parlow, recently won many triumphs in Holland. During a visit to Christiana some months ago she was the recipient of a very fine Guaneri violin, presented by the son of Bjornsen, the great Norwegian poet, dramatist and novelist. St. Petersburg distinguished her by conferring an order usually reserved for those who have rendered more strenuous service than the providing of sweet sounds for imperial and grand ducal ears. Conductor-composer Johann Halvorsen, of Christiania, has dedicated a concerto to her, likewise Erich J. Wolff, of Berlin.

\* \* \*

MISS EDITH MILLER, the well-known Canadian contralto, who has been absent from Canada for some years, will return for a tour at the beginning of April next. She has made great headway in England, and has sung for the principal societies, both orchestral and choral. Among her most recent successes may be mentioned Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius" and the "Kingdom" with the Royal Choral Society, and "Samson and Delilah," and a concert performance of "Carmen" with the London Choral Society. Her recitals in London have also been very successful, and have been attended by royalty. She also had the honour of singing before His Majesty the King at the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society's concert, and afterwards, at His Majesty's request, presented to him.

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ASSETS—Total assets for security of Policyholders, \$2,020,102.72. The net assets are \$1,638,759.09, an increase of \$227,428.71. Not a dollar lost during the year or in any previous year.

RESERVE FUNDS—On the Government standard of valuation the Reserve Fund is \$1,425,666.17. Company's Special Reserve, \$39,997.86. The increase in both funds total \$192,363.90. Ordinary outstanding liabilities are \$43,656.37.

NET SURPLUS on Policyholders' account on Government standard, \$169,436.55. The amount excluding paid-up capital and the Special Reserve was increased 93 per cent.

INCOME—The cash income solely from premium and interest, \$454,790.94; increase, \$65,235.04.

Interest income, \$92,515.20, more than pays death claims and all expenses of the Company, excepting agents' compensation and agency expenses. Interest earned on mean Net Assets, 6.72 per cent.

DISBURSEMENTS—Expenses decreased 6.5 per cent. in ratio with income, and 4.5 per cent. in comparison with insurance in force.

DEATH CLAIMS of the year \$50,685, or \$3,070 less than 1907; death rate 44 per cent. of expected. The Company thus retains its supremacy in this respect, as a result of careful selection.

MATURED ENDOWMENTS paid \$19,500.00. That the profit results on these and other investment policies were satisfactory was evidenced by the holders taking out new policies for fully three times the amount of those matured. Although not a quinquennial distribution year, the profits paid Policyholders increased 41 per cent.

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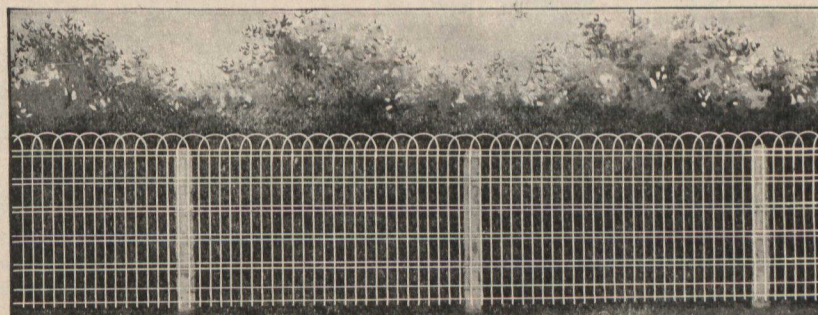
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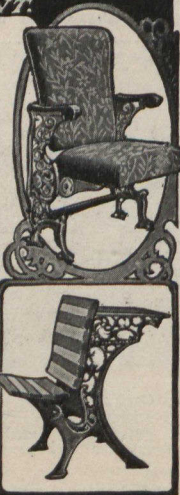
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MILLIE'S BIRTHDAY CLOCK.

By IDA KENNISTON.

MILLIE "wiggled" her "well foot" impatiently. The other was so bound up in a plaster cast that she couldn't "wiggie" it if she tried. "Mama, how long will it be before I can be up and dressed?" she asked.

"A week, Millie; but you can sit up in bed now."

Millie looked rather sober. She was an active little girl, who loved to run and jump as well as any boy. But when she had tumbled on the verandah, she got a sprained ankle and bruises that meant bed and the doctor's care for a month.

"But, Mama! Day after to-morrow is my birthday! How can I have any fun spending my birthday in bed? And I'll be nine years old!"

"We'll see, Millie," said her mother.

The next day Mrs. Gray came into Millie's room with a big sheet of white cardboard, shears, paste-jar, a paper box, and two china plates.

"I am going to let you help make something for the birthday, Mildred."

First, Mrs. Gray put one of the plates down on the cardboard and with a sharp pencil marked lightly round the edge of the plate, making a big circle on the cardboard. Then she put the smaller plate in the middle of this circle and marked around that, too. Then she gave the cardboard to Millie to cut carefully around on the line of the larger circle.

"What is it for, Mama?" asked Mildred.

"For a clock-face," answered Mama smiling.

Then Mrs. Gray gave Millie an old page from a calendar, with the dates marked on it in big numbers. She told Millie to cut out the little squares with the numbers from 1 to 12. By the time Millie had done that her mother had marked on the cardboard the twelve places where the numbers were to go, and she let Millie paste them on, the 12 and the 1 and the 2 and all the numbers, in a circle, just as they looked on the little round clock that was ticking away on the shelf.

Then they made the clock-hands, cut out of the stiff card and covered with gilt paper. Mama fastened them on the big card in such a way that they could be moved around like the hands of a clock. Then the clock-face was done, and Mrs. Gray told Millie to set the hands at 8 o'clock.

"To-morrow, when you are nine, you may move them to 9 o'clock," said her mama, "but you will be awake and begin the day at 8. You and the clock will have a busy day."

At 8 o'clock, next morning, Mrs. Gray brought the clock-face. She had fastened a bright scarlet ribbon to the back, to hang it up by, and she hung it up on the wall where Millie could see it. Then she went out and came back with a big hat-box.

"The first birthday gift," explained Mrs. Gray, "will be at 8 o'clock, the next one at 9, and you will have a present every hour."

She let Millie take the cover off the big hat-box. Inside there were twelve compartments, divided off by cardboard, and each one covered with a paper cap that just fitted. It made Millie think of a big pie cut in twelve pieces. Each piece had a number on top, and the numbers went round in a circle, like those on the clock, from 1 to 12.

"You may take the cover from No. 8 and see what the first present is," said Millie's mother.

Millie carefully lifted number 8, and found a fat brown envelope. Open-

ing this, she saw two very pretty paper dolls, and each had six different dresses and hats, ready to be cut out.

"How lovely!" exclaimed Millie. "These are the prettiest paper dolls I ever saw."

Then she put the cover on the big hat-box, and Mrs. Gray set it on the table, and brought the clock so that Millie might move the hands to 9 o'clock. Mrs. Gray had marked on the dial in red ink, "Next gift at —"

Millie spent a happy hour playing with the dolls. At 9 o'clock she found a big package of candy. She moved the clock-hands so that it read "Next gift at 10 o'clock."

At 10 she found the present was a story-book which kept her happy for the next hour. At 11 the hat-box showed a little note that said "The 11-o'clock present is in your top bureau drawer." Mama brought it out, and Millie was delighted to see a gay flannel kimona that Mama had made for her.

It would take too long to tell of all the presents; but every hour brought a different one. There were some picture-puzzles; a set of underclothes for her best doll, all cut out and ready for Millie to make; a silver thimble, and, best of all, the ring "with a blue stone" that Millie had admired when papa and she went shopping.

Once Millie fell asleep, just before 4 o'clock, and when she woke up it was nearly 5, and she had two presents at once.

So the birthday in bed did not seem long after all, and it was a very happy little nine-year-old girl who kissed her mama good night, and went to sleep to dream of funny clock-faces and bundles of birthday presents. — St. Nicholas.

\* \* \*

THE TWO RABBITS.

"WILL you lend me your hutch?" said Mrs. Longears to Mrs. Whitenose. "I want it for my babies."

Mrs. Whitenose was a good, kind rabbit, and she lent the house to her friend.

When Mrs. Longears' babies were able to run about, kind Mrs. Whitenose went to her and said:

"Can I have my house now that your children are getting strong?"

"I am sorry," was the reply she got, "to have kept you out of your house for so long. Would you be so kind as to let us stay just a little longer, until the children are strong enough to look after themselves?"

Mrs. Whitenose was very kind, and she said she would. She went away, and later called again.

"Can I have my house now that your children are strong enough to take care of themselves?" she said.

"I should think not!" answered Mrs. Longears. "What do you want with a house?"

"I want to live in it," said the poor rabbit.

"Well, then, if you want to live in it," said Mrs. Longears, "you will have to turn us out. We are here now, and unless you can beat us all we shall stop here."

Mrs. Whitenose went sadly away. She told her tale to some friends, and wicked Mrs. Longears and her children were turned out of the house and driven away.—Tiny Tots.

\* \* \*

KINDERGARTEN LUNCH.

By ADELAIDE V. COOKE.

Why, kindergarten is just fun, It's out before it seems begun. You see, there's always something new,

For teacher sort of plays with you; It's first a story, then a song, Which keeps the time from being long.

And then, there's something else, you know;

For every day to school you go You take a little lunch to eat— Two sandwiches, and a cake that's sweet.

It tastes so good and is so nice That most times you could eat it twice.

—The Youth's Companion.

\* \* \*

WINTER-TIME.

Late lies the wintry sun a-bed, A frosty, fiery sleepy-head; Blinks but an hour or two; and then, A blood-red orange, sets again.

Before the stars have left the skies, At morning in the dark I rise; And shivering in my nakedness, By the cold candle, bathe and dress.

Close by the jolly fire I sit To warm my frozen bones a bit; Or with a reindeer-sled, explore The colder countries round the door.

When to go out, my nurse doth wrap Me in my comforter and cap; The cold wind burns my face, and blows Its frosty pepper up my nose.

Black are my steps on silver sod; Thick blows my frosty breath abroad; And trees and house and hill and lake Are frosted like a wedding cake.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

\* \* \*

THE CAVALIER.

By ALDIS DUNBAR.

MY rocking-horse is made of wood; Perhaps he'd gallop if he could, But when I really want to race, He rocks me in the same old place! I crack my whip high in the air, And never get to anywhere!

So when my grandfather rides me All the way round the nursery, Or prances with me, out the door, And tips me over on the floor, That's more fun than a rocking-horse— Unless he came alive, of course!

—New Idea Magazine.

\* \* \*

KID GLOVES.

Nursy put a 'beaut'ful pair o' new gloves

On my fat little hands to-day; But, you know, they sort o' scare me. Cause I heard my nursy say, "Those gloves is very 'spensive ones; White knitted ones would do; But those is made o' real kidskin." Oh, dear! I wonder who—

Cause o'en when big Uncle Bob Comes out wif' us to stay, He kisses mother; 'en he says, "How are the kids to-day?" Now, who you s'pose he means by "kids"?

Why, Bruvver Ted an' me! I wonder who on ear' got skinned To make these gloves for me?

—Sunday Magazine.

# The Dynamite Jag

(Continued from page 15)

# MURAD

beat it. Both subsequently went to the dogs when the eight-hour day strike tied up the Kootenay.

"But as for the railway itself, although we got mad when detained by an avalanche and called it a jerk-water road, and although we applied worse names to Jim Hill when we paid freight rates, it was a most magnificent example of engineering and pluck. Why, the wheels of the little engine and the narrow-gauge cars hung onto the mountain sides by their eyelashes and there wasn't solid ground enough on the off side of the right-of-way for a flea to hop along between us and kingdom come."

"Suppose you tell me the dynamite story instead of continuing this more or less truthful account of an American railway on Canadian soil."

"I was Jack Fletcher I was talking about, wasn't it, young 'un?" cheerfully responded the Old Prospector. "Well, he had a cabin up near the Whitewater mine, about half-way between Kaslo and Sandon. The most extraordinary tragedy ever enacted in British Columbia took place in that little shack perched upon the side of a hill, amid the overpowering majesty of the mountains which surrounded it. You see I've got a happy turn for the picturesque, haven't I?" snickered the old man, and then he liquored again.

"Well, to make a long story short, Fletcher ran up against the toughest kind of luck. The vein on his fraction near the Whitewater suddenly ran out and all his visions of hard-won wealth faded in a moment. He was in a very despondent mood when one night Jack Thomas, a little Welshman who had a job on the railway, went up to see him.

"Got any whiskey?" was Fletcher's first question as Thomas entered.

"Not a drop," was the reply.

"O hell!" said Fletcher.

"The miner told the railroadman all his troubles and a brilliant inspiration came to Thomas.

"I've read of Mexican miners getting drunk by eating dynamite when liquor failed 'em. Why shouldn't we try it? I see you've got lots of sticks."

"Bah!" was Fletcher's answer.

"Whoever heard of a dynamite jag? Still, I'm willing to make the try if you are."

"And I'm blest if those two con-sarned fools didn't sit there for several hours and eat three sticks of dynamite between 'em. After a while Fletcher got good-natured, he forgot all about the lost vein and wanted to sing. Thomas, on the other hand, became as surly as a grizzly with a syrup can caught on his paw, and told Fletcher to shut up. Finally they got to fighting and Fletcher shot a hard right into Thomas' ribs. Instantly there was a terrific explosion.

"A few minutes later Fletcher came to my cabin—I lived about a mile away—and told me of the circumstances. He borrowed a lantern and said he intended to walk down to Whitewater and give himself up. On the way down he evidently decided to commit suicide for he threw himself into a deep ravine.

"We found his scattered remains the next morning. He had landed in a soft spot, but the concussion had been great enough to set off the stick and a half of dynamite which he had consumed."

"But I don't see how a dynamite jag would reconcile you to the loss of all the distilleries in the country," I remarked.

"You don't? Well, it's easy. I should fill up on dynamite, seek the nearest bluff and join Fletcher. When they filled a basket with my remains I should be reconciled to everything. Savvee?"



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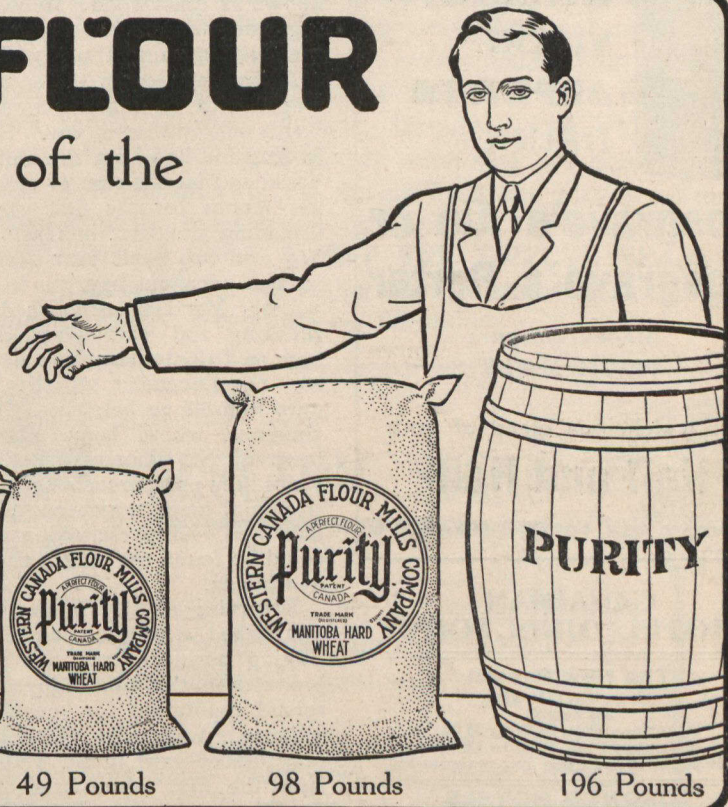
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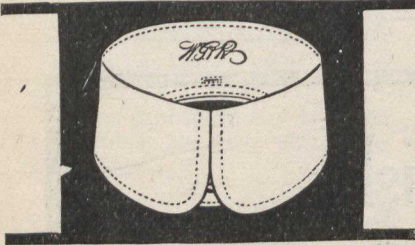
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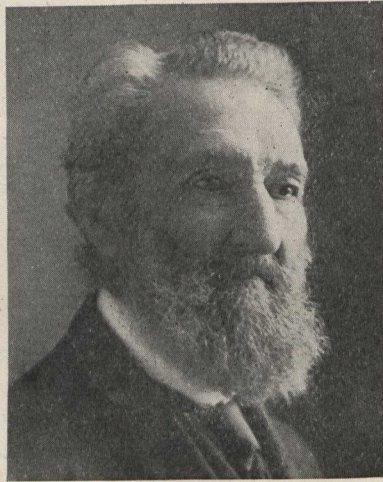
Makers  
Berlin.

## A Typical Ontario Pioneer

THE late Samuel Day of St. Thomas was a type of the Ontario pioneer—a type that will never be duplicated and which is now fast disappearing. These men found this fair province, a vast forest; they transformed it into a smiling garden. They were physically and intellectually strong men; never softened or weakened by the luxuries of modern civilization; always fighting with the most difficult situation which ever faced a nation of pioneers.

Sixty-one years ago a fond Devonshire mother accompanied her eighteen-year-old boy from their home near Exeter to Plymouth, where she had engaged passage for the lad right through to Port Stanley, on the shores of Lake Erie, where some Devonshire friends had located. It proved to be a final separation, for mother and son never saw each other again, the latter having never since crossed the Atlantic. The voyage to the new world, by sailing vessel, occupied full seven weeks, and was a decidedly rough passage.

Landing at Port Stanley, the young



The late Ald. Samuel Day,  
of St. Thomas.

pioneer paid a teamster half a dollar to convey him and his belongings to the then hamlet of St. Thomas, where he stopped at a hotel in what was known as Blackwood's Hollow. Having served some time as apprentice to the blacksmithing trade, young Samuel Day engaged in the same line of work with William Barrett, afterwards his brother-in-law. His wages in England had been two shillings per week, so that the sum of eight dollars per month for the first year in his Canadian situation, increasing to \$12, \$16 and \$19 each year successively, seemed excellent pay.

Later Mr. Day established a blacksmithing and carriage-making business at Talbotville, where he prospered. On December 28, 1855, he took unto himself a helpmeet, Eliza Fitzsimmons, whose home adjoined the town of St. Thomas. For fifty-five years they prosperously sailed the matrimonial main together, and were as hale and well-preserved a couple as could be found the length and breadth of Canada.

Returning to St. Thomas, Mr. Day established a waggon and carriage-making business, and for years his products in this line enjoyed a widespread reputation for substantial excellence. Later he established the first lumber yard in St. Thomas, and built the first white brick house in St. Thomas, and the fifth brick house of any kind to be built in the town. The material for this house, which still stands and is occupied, was teamed from London. Taking, as he did, considerable live stock in the way of trade, Mr. Day found it advisable to purchase a fifty-acre farm not far

from the city, which was the first exclusively stock farm, perhaps, in the province.

Another business enterprise which occupied Mr. Day for some years was the buying and shipping of oak timber to England, for shipbuilding, and of hickory, which he shipped to Germany.

While prosecuting his business affairs with native shrewdness and ability, Mr. Day found time to take an active and energetic interest in municipal and national affairs. It is a notable fact that half a century ago Mr. Day was a member of the Town Council of St. Thomas, even as he was the other day an alderman of the same place, grown to a city of 15,000 inhabitants, elected for the second time handrunning at the head of the polls, and polling in 1908 the largest vote ever cast for any municipal candidate in that city.

In later years Mr. Day purchased an excellent farm not far from the city limits, in Yarmouth township, and it was while an agriculturist he was invested with all the offices in the gift of the township and county. While school trustee of Yarmouth he built the school-house which is still occupied on the Gravel Road. For seven years he filled the office of Reeve of Yarmouth, and sat one year in the chair of Warden of Elgin County. At the expiration of that term the ratepayers of the township, in recognition of Mr. Day's long and efficient services, presented him with a handsome and beautifully engraved gold watch, bearing within the case an inscription of appreciation and the date, "January 1st, 1878." This time-piece Alderman Day carried to the day of his death.

It was during his term as Warden of the county that Mr. Day was instrumental, in the face of much opposition, in purchasing the present poor farm, and establishing the Elgin House of Industry, which at that time was the second institution of the kind to be established in Canada. The wisdom of that action has since never been questioned, the House of Industry having proved a haven of refuge for many a poor soul stranded on the shores of adversity.

Shortly after retiring from the duties of Warden of the county Mr. Day was induced to enter the field for Parliamentary honours in the riding of East Elgin. The representing member, William Harvey, had served only one term when the Government of Sir John A. Macdonald resigned. Mr. Day ran in the Conservative interests but was defeated.

While Warden of Elgin he also actively supported the granting of a \$200,000 bonus from the county for the building of the Michigan Central Railway through this district.

Renting his farm for a period of three years, Mr. Day enjoyed a well-earned respite from the serious cares of life, spending some time in the Canadian Northwest, where one of his sons had located. Subsequently he resumed farming for a time, but several years ago purchased a property in St. Thomas. Throughout his long career Alderman Day's motto had been to do unto others as he would be done by, and his only regret was, he said shortly before his death, that he never again saw his mother after parting from her on the quays of Plymouth.

### A SAD STATE.

When her large wax doll came to grief, Katherine came to her mother and said: "I don't want to cry, but my tears are all unfastened."

# Dewar's

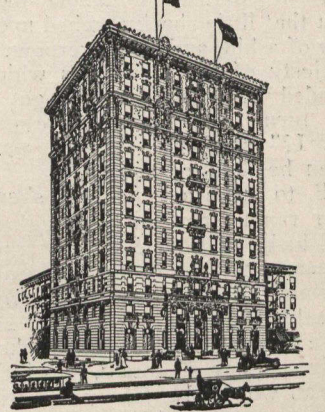
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TORONTO, CANADA

AREA  
BY PROVINCES  
450 Miles  
Ont 220,500  
Que 151,100  
N.S. 21,000  
N.B. 22,000  
Man 66,300  
P.E.I. 7,000  
Sask 242,500  
Alta 251,000  
Man 208,427

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**Book**  
**PEDLAR People of Oshawa**

Montreal, Toronto, Halifax, St. John, Winnipeg, Vancouver

SUBSCRIBERS who change their addresses  
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Give the old and the new address.

In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier

# SHREDDDED

## A Hot Breakfast on a Cold Day

two Shredded Wheat Biscuits—heat in oven, pour on hot milk and salt to taste. Makes you feel "fit as a lord."

Sold by all grocers, 13c. a carton; two for 25c. 1407

# WHEAT

## Vichy Celestins

There is only one Genuine "VICHY" Water. It comes from the *Celestins Spring*, which is so highly prized for its curative properties in Kidney and Bladder Complaints, that the water is bottled under French Government Supervision, and sealed with a Special Label to prevent substitution.

ASK FOR VICHY CELESTINS



## O'Keefe's STAR BEER

### Is In Tremendous Demand

Everybody seems to be drinking "Star" Beer, these days. Everybody may drink it, too, because "Star" Beer contains less than 1 1/4% of alcohol, and is non-intoxicating.

That is why it is so popular—why orders are pouring in—why "Star" Beer is meeting with such unqualified success in the homes.

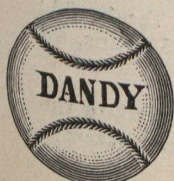
"Star" Beer has the delicious flavor and body of the finest lagers, but owing to the special method of brewing, it contains very much less alcohol.

Have your dealer send up a case.

THE O'KEEFE BREWERY CO., LIMITED  
TORONTO. 940



BOYS earn this splendid baseball outfit by selling 15 pieces of our lovely jewelry at 10 cents each.



GIRLS secure this handsome gold laid bracelet for selling 15. It sells easily. We trust you with Jewelry. Write for it to-day to Consolidated Specialty Co., Sta. D., Toronto.



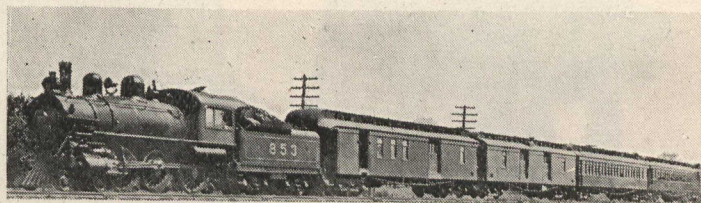
## Try the Saline Waters of the "ST. CATHARINES WELL"

For Rheumatism and kindred diseases and for all forms of Nervous Trouble. Hydropathic treatments with massage, diet, rest, supervised by Physicians and Nurses.

For those who cannot spare time or expense of a trip South, try instead the tonic influence of "THE ST. CATHARINES WELL"

### REACHED BY GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

Apply THE WELLAND, St. Catharines.



## WINNIPEG EXPRESS

DAILY FLYER FROM TORONTO AT

10.15 P.M.

Standard and Tourist Sleeping Cars, Dining Car and Coaches.

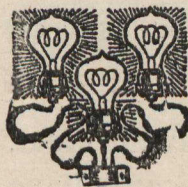
## CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

Only direct line to Western Canada. Fastest time. No change of cars.

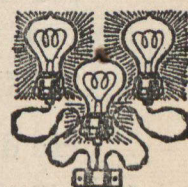


## A RE-CREATION OF BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

The Commercial opportunities opened up by the Canadian Northern Railway System are unequalled in the British Empire. In 1897 the Canadian Northern operated 100 miles of railway. It now controls 5000 miles in the most promising parts of the country. Hundreds of new town-sites have been created west of Lake Superior and many new enterprises have been made practicable in Nova Scotia, Quebec, Ontario, Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. All these newly developed territories are bristling with business opportunities for the enterprising and they are clearly described from the commercial view-point in the new edition of the publication—**A MILE A DAY FOR TWELVE YEARS**—a copy of which is free for the asking from the Information Bureau, Canadian Northern Head Offices, Toronto.



## ELECTRIC SIGNS



Are always valuable, but they are doubtless at their extreme efficiency during the portion of the year when darkness comes early.

At this time the streets are filled with people coming home from work and going out again after the evening's meal, who can be appealed to by this most striking method of advertising.

TORONTO ELECTRIC LIGHT CO., LIMITED  
12 ADELAIDE STREET EAST

# The EDISON PHONOGRAPH



"The Rivals"

**Thomas A. Edison  
did another wonderful  
thing lately**

**H**AVING brought his Phonograph to a point where not even the most critical could ask for improvement, he multiplied its entertaining ability by two.

He did this by producing a Phonograph Record that plays, sings, or talks twice as long as the standard Edison Records.

He did this without increasing the size of the Record, making it a Record that can be used on old instruments as well as new.

He did it without affecting in any way the clear, rich, musical tones for which Edison Records have always been famous.

He calls this double-length Record "Amberol."

Doubtless you have heard sound reproducing instruments; perhaps you have had it in mind to buy one; maybe you are uncertain as to which make to buy; but—

**Have You Heard  
An EDISON PHONOGRAPH  
play an Amberol Record?**

**Y**OU can do this at the store of any Edison dealer. When you go, note the Amberol music, not found on any other record of any kind; note also the reproducing point of the Edison Phonograph that never wears out and never needs changing; the motor, that runs as silently and as evenly as an electric device, and the special horn, so shaped that it gathers every note or spoken word and brings it out with startling fidelity. It is these exclusive features, vital to perfect work, that should claim your attention.

One of the greatest pleasures which the Edison Phonograph affords is making Records at home. This can be done only with the Edison.

Ask your dealer or write to us for catalogues of Edison Phonographs and Records.

**NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH COMPANY**  
115 Lakeside Avenue - - - ORANGE, N. J.

New York, 10 Fifth Ave.; London, Victoria Road, Willesden; Sydney, N. S. W., 340 Kent St.; Mexico City, 4a Tacuba 33; Buenos Aires, Viamonte 515; Berlin, Sud Ufer, 24-25; Paris, 42 Rue de Paradis.



**The Edison Business Phonograph enables the stenographer to get out twice as many letters.**