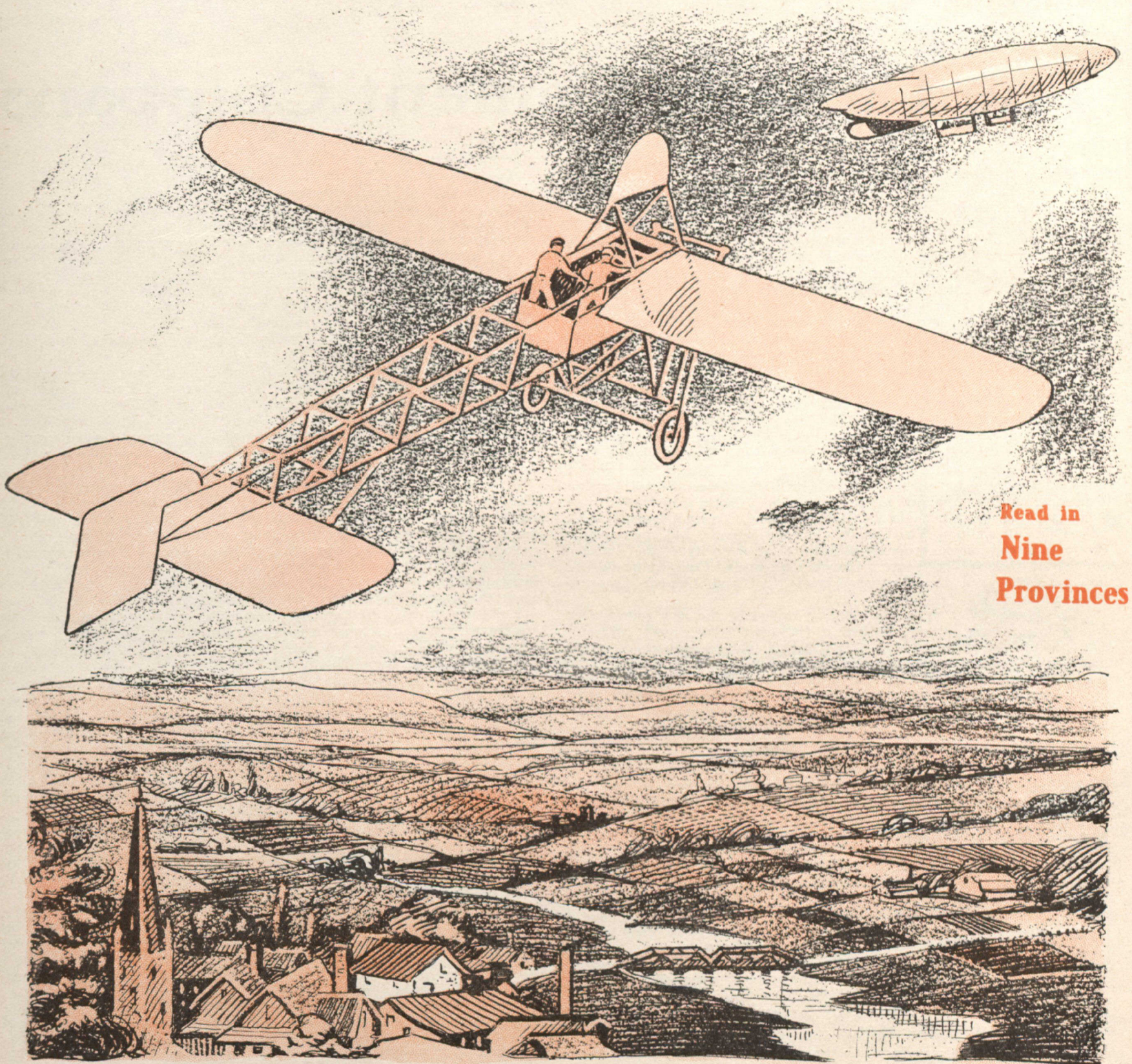


The Canadian **Courier**

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

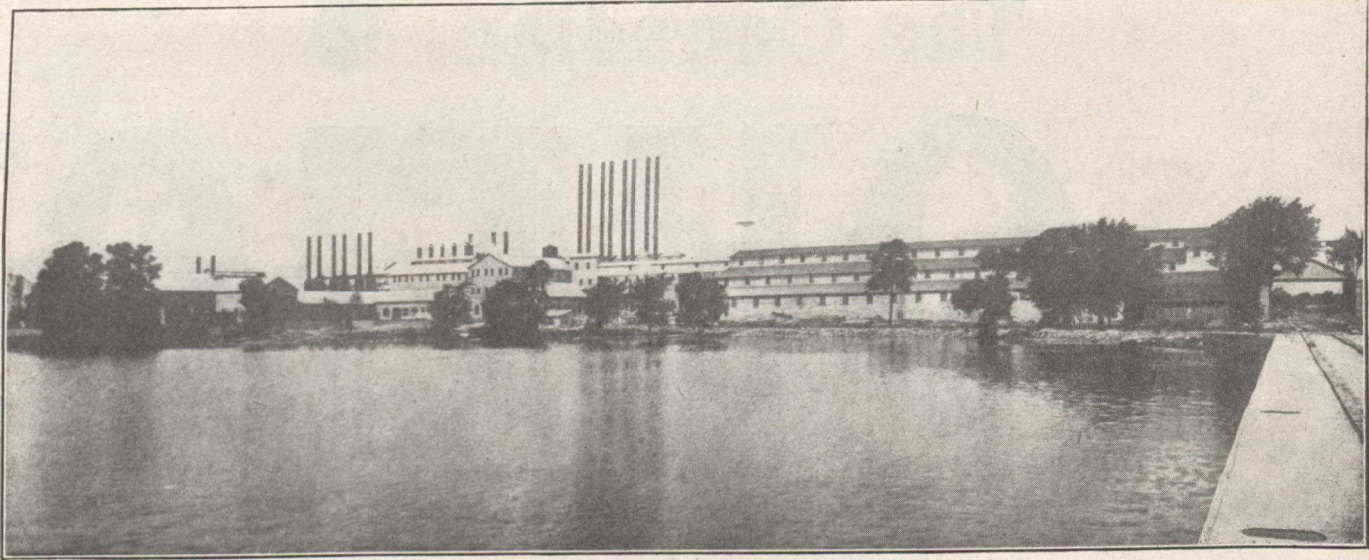


Read in
Nine
Provinces

TWENTIETH CENTURY SPEED GODS

Drawn by H. W. McCrear.

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



The Plant of The Lehigh Portland Cement Co., Belleville, Ont.

The Canada Cement Company

An indication of how rapidly the industries of Canada are developing is afforded by the announcement of the completion of The Canada Cement Company, which will represent the largest industrial consolidation that has ever been effected in Canada. Within the past couple of years it has been apparent that there were decided advantages to be gained through the consolidation of the different properties and for some months past the leading financial interests of Montreal and Toronto have been trying to arrange terms with the different companies to enter into the merger. A few weeks ago it became apparent that their efforts would be successful when a number of the leading plants were either absorbed or contracts made by which the controlling interest in the stock was secured. It was not, however, until the last few days that it was known that practically all the largest concerns had been secured and that the merger would thus be rendered a very complete one.

The ten companies that have been secured are as follows: The International Portland Cement Company, Ltd., Hull, Que.; The Vulcan Portland Cement Company, Montreal, Que.; The Lehigh Portland Cement Company, Belleville, Ont.; The Canadian Portland Cement Company, Ltd., Marlbank, Ont.; The Canadian Portland Cement Company, Ltd., Port Colborne, Ont.; The Lakefield Portland Cement Company, Montreal, Que.; The Lakefield Portland Cement Company, Lakefield, Ont.; The Owen Sound Portland Cement Company, Shallow Lake, Ont.; The Alberta Portland Cement Company, Calgary, Alta.; The Belleville Portland Cement Company, Belleville, Ont. In addition, The Canada Cement Company, Ltd., by means of contracts already made, proposes to acquire the majority of the shares of the capital stock of The Western Canada Cement and Coal Company, Ltd., Exshaw, Alta., and the Eastern Canada Portland Cement Company, Quebec, Que.

The plants which are owned and controlled by the new company are regarded as being among the best constructed and most efficiently equipped on the continent, and it is expected that on account of central management not only will a uniform standard of quality be secured in the combined product but an equitable standard of prices will be maintained throughout the whole country. Of the output the various plants are showing at the present time it is expected that the whole capacity of all the plants for the year 1909 will be in excess of 4,500,000 barrels.

Objects of the Merger.

According to the returns made to the Dominion Government by the cement manufacturers the average price obtained by them in 1908 was \$1.39 a barrel. In 1906 the average price was from \$1.65 to \$1.70, and in 1907 about \$1.60. At the beginning of the present year it was realised by a number of the manufacturers that even without any increase in price the business could be rendered much more profitable by the merger. Of several of the large competing companies on a conservative basis The Canada Cement Co., Ltd., is the outcome. The new company will own or control cement-producing plants at the central points of distribution from the St. Lawrence River west to the Rocky Mountains, and will be able to regulate the distribution of the manufactured product from these central points to the centres of consumption, while economy in the present cost of freight will undoubtedly be effected. The establishment of one executive office in the city of Montreal and the elimination of competing salesmen, middlemen and brokers should also enable the company to effect a considerable saving in the costs of the sales department.

The Canadian Market for Portland Cement.

Some idea of the way in which the demand for Portland cement has increased in Canada during the past five years may be obtained from the statistics of the Dominion Government. They show that in 1904 the whole consumption of Portland cement in the Dominion was 1,694,988 barrels of

which 784,634 barrels were imported. In 1908 the consumption, notwithstanding the general industrial depression, was 3,134,338 barrels, and no less than 3,495,361 barrels were manufactured in Canada. Existing trade companies indicate that the trade for 1909 will largely exceed that of 1908. The increase is not abnormal nor due to local causes. In the year 1888 it is estimated that less than 200,000 barrels of cement were manufactured on the North American continent, and the enormous growth of the business is shown by the fact that in 1908 approximately 55,000,000 barrels were there produced. The manufacture of Portland cement commenced in Canada in 1888, but until 1904 the importation in Canada of the foreign product exceeded the Canadian production. The report of Mr. John McLeish, B.A., Chief of the Division of Mineral Resources and Statistics of the Department of Mines, Ottawa, on the production of cement in Canada during the calendar year 1908 furnishes the following comparative statement: In 1904 the number of barrels manufactured in Canada was 908,990, and the amount imported into Canada was 784,630, while the whole consumption in the same year was 1,694,988 barrels. In the year 1908 the number of barrels manufactured in Canada was 3,495,961 and the number of barrels imported was 469,049, while the whole consumption was 3,134,338 barrels.

Great as has been the development of the Portland cement industry in Canada since 1904 it is only reasonable to assume that this growth will be largely exceeded in the immediate future and for many years to come. The enormous public works in progress and in contemplation including railways, canals, bridges, harbour improvements, piers, wharves, docks, pavements, building foundations and buildings, etc., will all require proportionately large quantities of the manufactured products. The hydro-electric development throughout the country will increase the demand, while the rapid substitution of concrete for other materials in the building trades will render necessary an increase in production on the part of the new company. The board of directors of the new company is most representative. It is one of the most representative that has ever been gathered in Canada, representing as it does interests not only from all the important financial centres but also from the men who have been identified with the cement industry in Canada ever since its inception. In this way Toronto and Montreal gain the right to representation on the board by the part played by their leading financiers while other centres obtained representation because of the active part they have played with different plants that are now included in the consolidation. The board of directors is as follows:

Sir Sandford Fleming, K.C.M.G., Ottawa, Director of The International Portland Cement Company, Ltd., and of The Canadian Pacific Railway Company; J. M. Kilbourn, Montreal, President of Lakefield Portland Cement Company, Limited; J. R. Booth, Ottawa, Director of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company; George E. Drummond, Director of The Molsons Bank; J. S. Irvin, Ottawa, Managing Director of The International Portland Cement Company, Ltd.; Hon. W. C. Edwards, Ottawa, Director of The Canadian Bank of Commerce; W. D. Matthews, Toronto, Director of The Canadian Pacific Railway; R. W. Kelly, New York, President of The Vulcan Portland Cement Company, Ltd.; Hon. Robert Mackay, Montreal, Director of The Canadian Pacific Railway; W. R. Warren, New York, Director of The Vulcan Portland Cement Company, Ltd.; W. H. E. Bravender, Calgary, Vice-President, The Alberta Portland Cement Company, Ltd.; E. M. Young, Allentown, Pa., Vice-President The Lehigh Portland Cement Company; Hon. George A. Cox, Toronto, Director of The Grand Trunk Pacific Railway; W. M. Aitken, Montreal, Director The Montreal Trust Company; Charles H. Cahan, K.C., Montreal, President The Western Canada Power Company, Ltd. The Bank of Montreal are the bankers for the new consolidation and The Royal Trust Company, transfer agents, and The Montreal Trust Company, registrar.

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Editor's Talk

WE have devoted part of this number to the most modern of all travel inventions, the airship. It seems to be a conviction that as yet Great Britain is far behind in the race for the mastery of the air. Mr. H. Linton Eccles inquires into this and points the moral. The assemblage of the first Plenary Council at Quebec calls for special notice also. We have been waiting for Commander Peary to arrive at Sydney, N.S., in order to present our readers with some live photographs of the great explorer. By the time this goes to press he will probably have arrived. Next week we shall illustrate the remarkable polar activities of the past few months. Canada has a special interest in polar explorations. We should have preferred that a Canadian had discovered the Pole. But as this now seems highly improbable, we shall do credit to those who seem to have stolen the march on the rest of mankind. Our neighbours to the south have already become neighbours to the north as well. By the time this issue is off the press the two countries of North America will have cemented another bond of sympathy in the celebration of Hudson's discovery of the river bearing his name. Canada, however, has a greater interest in Henry Hudson than has the United States. It was Henry Hudson who gave his name to the great sea lying to the north of eastern and middle Canada, and to the great fur company which for centuries preempted Rupert's Land, almost one-half of what is now Canadian territory.

Certainly the interest of the world nowadays lies in the north. We shall follow the lines of interest. Our readers next week may look for a complete exposition of the matters at present so much in the public mind.



SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Post Office Boxes and Drawers," will be received at this office until 5.00 P.M., on Friday, October 1, 1909, for supplying Post Office Boxes and Drawers.

Plans, specifications and form of contract can be seen and forms of tender obtained at this Department and at the offices of Mr. Thos. A. Hastings, Clerk of Works, Custom House, Toronto, and Mr. C. Desjardins, Clerk of Works, Post Office, Montreal.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied, and signed with their actual signatures, with their occupations and places of residence. In the case of firms, the actual signature, the nature of the occupation and place of residence of each member of the firm must be given.


Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered bank, made payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, equal to ten per cent. (10 p.c.) of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the person tendering decline to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or fail to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
NAPOLEON TESSIER,
Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
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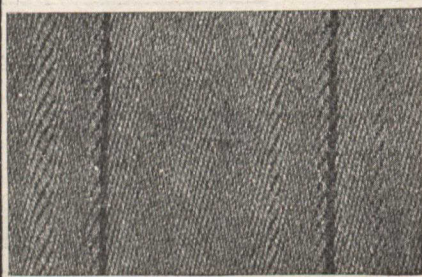
F1-100. We give this elegant broadcloth prominence and guarantee it as sure to please; quality of a value that far excels others of a similar price. Made of purest all wool yarn; absolutely fast dyes. Good suiting weight with soft rich finish—an ideal material for a beautiful tailored costume or separate skirt. Shades include navys, browns, greens, reds, greys, fawn, taupe, rose, amethyst, copenhagen, wine. 52 inches wide. Write for samples. Per yard **1.00**

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F1-115. Colored Satin Cloth. "Pirle" finish; rich cloth, in all wool; good weight, pretty for short waist or Princess effects; splendid wearing material. This fabric is a beautiful one, and is a value hard to duplicate. Colors—navy, brown, green, red, grey, taupe, fawn, wine, amethyst, rose, cadet. 40 inches. Per yard **50c**

F1-117. Colored Wool Armure. Fine smooth pebble effect; silk finish, all pure wool; nice quality for dresses, stylish. Colors—navy, brown, green, grey, taupe, amethyst, rose, cadet. 42 inches. Per yard **50c**

F1-119. Colored Cashmere. All wool, French manufactured, fast dyes; suitable fabric for house gowns, etc., light, medium and dark colors—red, navy, royal, brown, green, grey, cadet, cream, sky, pearl, nile, turquoise, rose, helio, pink, reseda. 42 inches. Per yard **35c**

F1-122. Colored French Henrietta. All fine wool, silky finish; good weight, superior value. Colors—reds, navys, browns, greens, grey, fawn, cadet, purple, white, cream, sky, pink, nile, rose, turquoise, helio, pearl, reseda. 44 inches. Per yard **50c**

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F1-130. Fine silk finished double cord effect, made from purest all wool yarns; dyes absolutely fast. Drapes and makes up into stylish costumes for street or house; exceedingly dressy and excellent wearing fabric; hard finish. The value of this cloth is much higher than the price we offer it at; we anticipate many orders for it. Colors—black navy, brown, green, taupe, grey, alic, fawn, amethyst, rose, wine. 44 inches wide. Special, per yard **69c**



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T H E

Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



VOL. 6

Toronto, September 25th, 1909

No. 17

A VERY curious instance of Western optimism has occurred within the past fortnight. The government of Saskatchewan and the newspaper correspondents at Regina have been vieing each other in keeping the public guessing as to the amount of wheat produced in Saskatchewan this year. Relying upon government bulletin No. 13, issued August 31st, the Courier last week stated that the wheat crop of Saskatchewan would be 86,000,000 bushels, and that the other grain crops would be large in proportion. These figures made all our readers open their eyes, and some of them had even the temerity to doubt. For several days the Courier staff scorned all these doubters and laughed at their fears.

In the meantime, lest Mr. F. Hedley Auld, chief of the Bureau of Information and Statistics at Regina, should have made a mistake and misled the press of the world, we wired the Premier of Saskatchewan asking for a confirmation of the bulletin. Up to date this confirmation has not been received.

The only piece of information which has since been available is a despatch from Regina dated September 10th. This appeared in the *Toronto Star* on September 18th. It was evidently written by a man who was in close touch with the crop reports of both the Saskatchewan and Manitoba governments and also in close touch with the railway authorities of the West. The Saskatchewan government bulletin, placing the wheat crop of the province at 86,000,000 bushels, was supposed to have been issued on August 31st. The correspondent's letter was dated September 10th. It is reasonable to suppose the correspondent saw the bulletin. Nevertheless he placed the Saskatchewan wheat crop at only 70,000,000 bushels.

The question naturally arises, how did 16,000,000 bushels of Saskatchewan wheat disappear between midnight on August 31st and daylight on September 10th? If we could answer the query ourselves we should be pleased to do so. Just as soon as the answer arrives we shall give it to our readers. We hope that we shall be able to clear the Government of Saskatchewan from all suspicion of having misled the public.

Whatever the rights and wrongs of this discussion may be, it is still indisputable that Canada has just gathered the greatest crop in her history. The Dominion Government estimates the wheat crop at about 160,000,000 bushels. Even taking off the 16,000,000 bushels possibly lost in Saskatchewan, and deducting another 10,000,000 for optimism and possible shrinkage, there would still be left 135,000,000 bushels of real wheat. If this wheat is properly marketed, it will put a larger amount of cash in the pockets of the Canadian farmers than they have ever had before in any one year. Other crops are large in proportion and prices are ruling high.

LORD BERESFORD has reached New York, and has spoken at the Pilgrims' Club. This is an organisation similar to that of the Pilgrims' Club of London. It exists for the purpose of entertaining distinguished foreign visitors who are not on diplomatic missions. It was natural, therefore, that Lord Beresford should be entertained by this New York organisation, which has been called the "International Friendship Cement Company."

Lord Beresford made an international speech. He paid a compliment to Canada, the country from which he had just come, and he also explained that Great Britain was maintaining a strong fleet in order to preserve peace, not to invite war. He then went on to give his real message, viz., that if all the English-speaking countries of the world were to unite to prevent war, they would be successful. He stated his belief that the time had arrived when the British Isles, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, Canada and the United States should unite in a declaration, "There shall not be war."

While the suggestion is not new, it comes at an opportune time. It is most significant that such a declaration should come from a

REFLECTIONS

By STAFF WRITERS

British admiral. It emphasises the fact that the British people are determined to maintain peace if it can be done with honour. It also emphasises a sound belief that no matter how keen the trade-rivalries of the English-speaking nations, they should all be united on this question of war versus peace. As Lord Charles pointed out, the English-speaking countries are trade countries. Trade is their business, their life and their existence. Any important war would seriously disturb trade prosperity.

LAST week in the city of Montreal a number of representatives from the Canadian Clubs of Canada met to discuss the possibilities of a Canadian Club Federation. They decided that such a union was practicable and that a convention should be held in about a year to perfect the details.

With all due deference to these gentlemen, it is difficult to see how such an organisation is possible. The Canadian Clubs have been successful because they have not taken too decided a stand on the great questions of the day. They have afforded a common meeting-ground for men of diverse opinions and different political affiliations. They have afforded opportunities for men with a message to deliver that message under non-political auspices. In short, they have enabled the young men of the country to hear public questions discussed without committing the listeners to any line of policy or action.

A federation of Canadian Clubs would mean a Canadian Club policy—a third political party. This is not advisable, nor desirable. It would bring the Canadian Clubs into conflict with the political parties and the consequent loss would be mutual.

THE Canadian Manufacturers in annual session at Hamilton, last week, made some interesting suggestions. They revived and approved the idea of taking the tariff out of politics and placing it under a commission. The final decisions would, of course, be made as at present by the Cabinet, but all recommendations for changes would come through the commission. The latter would be a permanent body, continuously studying the relations between customs duties and trade. It would do this on the basis of fair play to the manufacturers and fair play to the consumers.

The idea is an excellent one if feasible. In the first place, it is difficult to know whether the Cabinet could give up any portion of its responsibility to an independent commission without losing prestige. True, it did this in connection with the Railway Committee of the Privy Council which was replaced by the Railway Commission, but the tariff is somewhat different. There was no difference of opinion among the people concerning railway rates and railway responsibilities. There is a great gulf between two sections of the people as to a national tariff policy. The tariff has always been a bone of political contention, and it is doubtful if it will ever be otherwise.

Undoubtedly a commission listening to complaints and suggestions would be a welcome wind-break between the public and the cabinet. If it was understood that the commission was simply an investigating and reporting committee, and was not in any sense an advisory or legislative body, then cabinet responsibility would be maintained. Even this would be an advance on present conditions, though it is doubtful if the manufacturers would be content with so small a concession.

THE manufacturers also took some notice of the possibility of the extension of trade between Canada and Germany. At present, this trade is being slowly smothered by adverse legislation in both countries. The manufacturers, judging by the report of one of their committees, are in favour of continuing the smothering policy. In a rather doubtful spirit, they rise to suggest that to broaden our trade

relations with Germany would be to prejudice British interests by encouraging Britain's greatest commercial rival. The man who wrote that report may have lacked a sense of humour, or he may have thought the public was incapable of seeing a joke. Great Britain and Germany have not ceased to trade with each other, and each country is selling the other more goods to-day than at any other period in the history of either. Refusing to sell Germany wheat, flour and agricultural implements, will not help Great Britain; it simply leaves the German market open for some other nation's wheat and flour.

The idea that Canada should shut up her markets to foreign nations because the resulting trade would benefit those foreign countries is an eighteenth century argument. It is two centuries too old. Allowing foreign nations privileges here when getting equal privileges in return is a fairly sound policy, although Great Britain does not demand even that from Germany. No person advocates giving Germany more in Canada than Canada is given in Germany.

By all means let us have a fair trade treaty which will suit both countries if such is possible. To refuse to trade with the people south of the Baltic because they happen to have a big army and a growing navy is ridiculous.



MONTREALERS have reasserted themselves. For some time it has been customary to point to Montreal as the most corrupt and worst-governed city in the Dominion. Indeed, its reputation grew so bad that the Legislature of the Province of Quebec felt justified in appointing a royal commission to investigate the civic morals of Canada's metropolis. Judge Cannon, the Commissioner, did his work well. He proved conclusively that the charges made against Montreal were justified. He proved it to the satisfaction of the Montrealers themselves.

When this had been done, the only remaining point to be considered was how to effect a remedy. The reformers of the city suggested reducing the number of aldermen from forty-four to twenty-two and creating a Board of Control similar to those of other large Canadian cities. These two questions were put before the people for decision and less than two thousand five hundred voted against either proposal. The majorities were overwhelming.

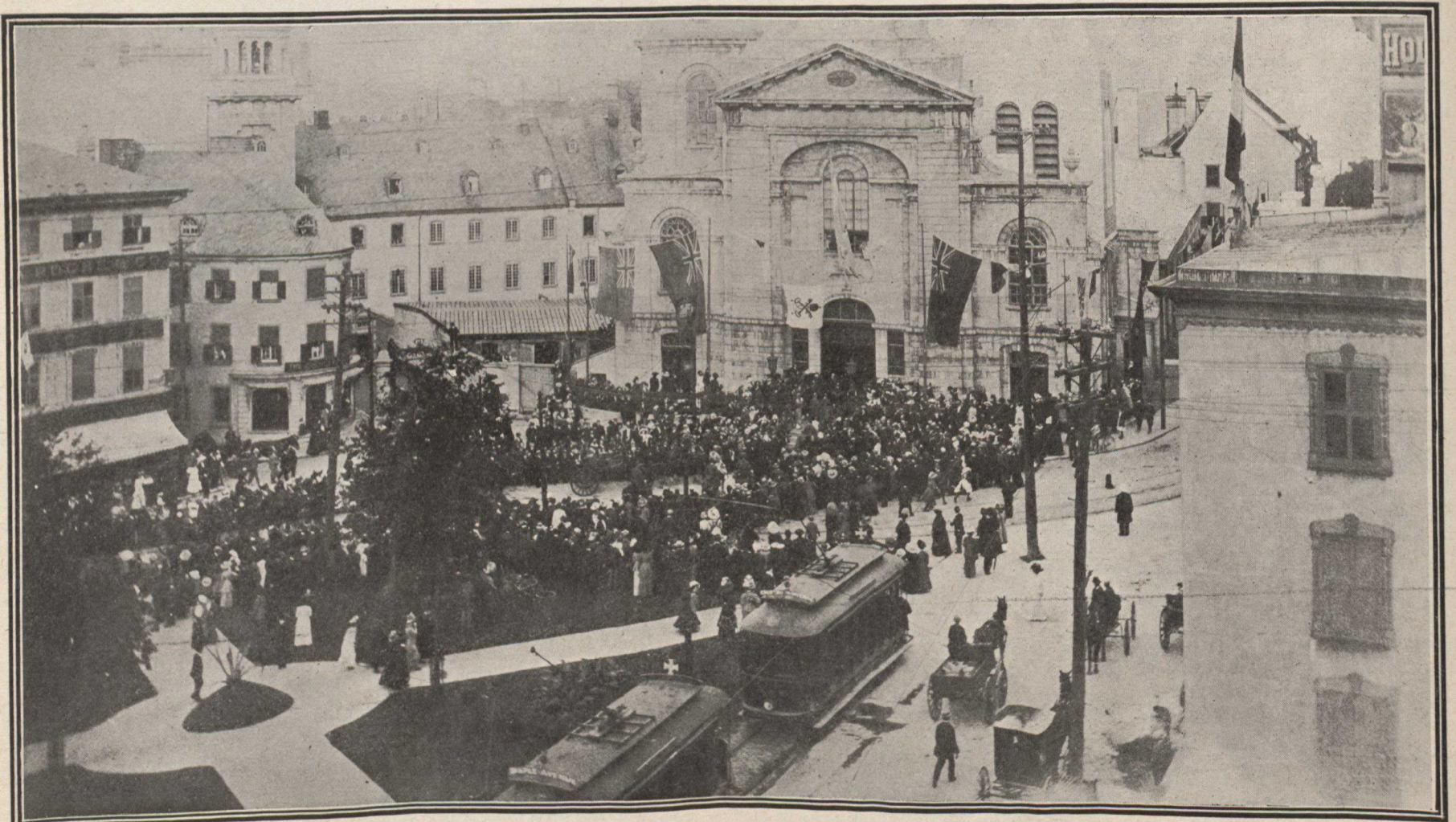
While Montreal may be proud of this victory, her people should remember that this is only the first skirmish in the campaign. If the fight is not continued with great energy, very little will be accomplished. It will be necessary to get better men into the Council and

to elect strong, unselfish men to the Board of Control in order to establish a new era at the City Hall. Civic carelessness is the cause of most civic corruption. Montrealers have been careless, and they have paid the price of their sin. If they cease to be careless and take a keener, intelligent and continuous interest in their civic affairs, there will be no need for further royal commissions and severe constitutional charges.

THE SCHOOLS OF THE WEST

A TOURIST from Great Britain who has recently been visiting our Western provinces comments with surprised approval on the generosity with which the municipal authorities provide educational facilities. In the West nothing is too good, either for the stranger within their gates or the children who are setting out for school. If one may judge of civilisation by its regard for the future, by its provision for the mental equipment of posterity, then the West is realising a standard in advance of the materialistic. It is in keeping with Canadian traditions that in the colleges and universities of these provinces you will usually find professors and presidents from either New Brunswick or Nova Scotia. The maritime provinces have done more than any other part of the Dominion for the academic stability and enlightenment of the people. The combination of Eastern scholarship and Western aggressiveness gives a desirable balance to the academic life of Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia and affords the best assurance that the youth of the land will appreciate something beyond the dollar. The value of good taste in matters of amusement or elevation can hardly be over-estimated. Where the professors are mere instructors in so much Latin or a certain branch of science, the students as a body stand aloof and consider the faculty as entirely incapable of understanding youthful aims and point of view. There must be a youth of heart, a freshness of mental discernment, in the faculty of instruction if the university or school is to give all that education demands.

The professor who possesses both dignity and sympathy, who is boy enough to appreciate manly sport and man enough to influence the student body in favour of fair play, honour and clean traditions adds, unto his scholarship, qualifications which are inestimable in educational life. Such men, so the observer remarks, are being sought for these buoyant young universities, and it will not be the fault of Western financial policy if such are not attracted to the place where fragments of every land of Europe are being formed into a mosaic of Canadian citizenship.



The Plenary Council—On Thursday of last week, Manager Sbarretti, the Apostolic delegate and the Archbishops and bishops accompanying him, arrived at Quebec and were tendered a warm reception in Quebec. Our picture shows the crowd in front of the Basilica. Photo by Livernois, Quebec.

MEN OF TO-DAY

The Editor in the Cabinet

JUST the other day there was a unique, almost a curious, gathering in Edmonton; newspaper men of Alberta and all that part of British Columbia lying hitherwards of the Rockies; scribes gathered to hear words of wisdom from two eminent men. One of the celebrities was Lord Northcliffe; the other Hon. Frank Oliver; newspaper men both. In fact long before Mr. Harmsworth dreamed of starting the magazine known as *Answers*, to be followed by his cycle of dailies and weeklies culminating in the *London Times*, Frank Oliver was the publisher and proprietor of the first newspaper ever printed west of Portage la Prairie; and that was the *Edmonton Bulletin*.

There was a coincidence about that meeting the other day which both of these celebrities missed in their speeches. Some years ago looking through the only extant files of the old *Edmonton Bulletin* clear back to the year 1880; right through the four sizes from regular news size to a folder the size of a tract—the writer came across a rather remarkable item. It was the reprint of a comment made by the greatest newspaper in the world regarding the littlest newspaper in the world; the greeting of the "Thunderer," now owned by Lord Northcliffe, to the *Bulletin*, owned by Frank Oliver; the lion noticing the mouse. I remember the *Times* devoted about three lines to that notice, alleging that the paper in question, though very small, contained the usual proportion of "draper's advertisements," and so forth; when without a doubt the editor of the *Times* had about as much idea where Edmonton's "drapers" lived as a man in Tierra del Fuego has of the north side of Greenland.

However, the *Bulletin* kept coming out. There were about nineteen reasons why it should. It had about nineteen subscribers—in winter; in summer none at all—when the people were out on the trails. It was a lone little lamp in a huge, dark land. It was the tale of the times told without much comment and little colour. Its very name was significant. In 1880 when Oliver started the paper he was a storekeeper who in the east at the town of Brampton, where he was born, had known something about a printer's case. The C. P. R. ran a telegraph line from Calgary way, up to a point about where Leduc now stands—to the Hay Lakes. There it stopped. Edmonton, which was a straggle of log shacks above and a fur post below, desired to get in touch with the civilised. Merely to print the story of the carts that came in, and the bears that were shot, and some vagrant threshing machine that got a job somewhere, would not fill even one page of the paper as big as one's hand. It was necessary to use the wire. But the wire stopped at Hay Lakes.

The citizens of Edmonton—about enough to fill a box car—got together and got the line extended to Edmonton. Alex. Taylor became the operator; afterwards postmaster for many years and chairman of the school board. The news "Alec" got over the wire was printed in the *Bulletin*, which was got out by Messrs. Oliver and Taylor. The *Bulletin* became all the rage. Everybody read it—except those of the halfbreeds who couldn't read.

The *Bulletin* grew. In the winter it boomed. In summer time it stopped circulation, because there was nobody left in town to read it. As the years passed and the town waited, trying to grow, the newspaper got a size bigger and then a size bigger still. Rev. Mr. Baird, then Presbyterian minister in the wooden church on the river bank, wrote the editorials. Mr. Oliver was not then as well versed in the English language as he is now. They were some of the ablest editorials that ever appeared in the West. By the time of the Klondike rush or shortly afterwards the *Edmonton Bulletin* was a semi-weekly published in a brick building and patronised by a share of government advertising.

Hard as the row had been to hoe in the earliest



Hon. Frank Oliver,
Minister of the Interior. The Cabinet Minister who drove dogs before he became an Editor.

years, there were knocks ahead of the *Bulletin*. Once upon a time there was an entertainment put on in Edmonton that pleased not Frank Oliver. He decided to slate the thing. He was waited on by a number of angry subscribers who demanded an apology or they would cancel subscriptions. The *Bulletin* lost the subscribers and did without the apology. But it was not long till a few fresh cart-loads of people came to town and they all took the *Bulletin*—which was evidently a paper with a purpose.

Long after that when the railway got into Edmonton there was an agitation to tax the real estate men that set up shacks on the street. There was a lusty opposition to the tax. The *Bulletin* was expected to help the opposition; was warned that if it didn't there would be a slump in the advertising. The *Bulletin* hated to lose the business; but it went dead against the real estate men; lost the business; but picked up a lot of commercial business immediately afterwards.

Hon. Frank Oliver is now the only Dominion Cabinet Minister that ever owned a western newspaper. He got up the long ladder very largely by means of the *Edmonton Bulletin*. It is his own personal organ and in the earlier days it did some "bronco-busting" against the clear Grit party in the House; in the days when "Honest Frank" was a straight independent.

* * *

A Cosmopolitan Cleric

ARCHBISHOP BEGIN, head of the Archdiocese of Quebec, has seen as much of the world as any cleric in America. He has travelled most of Europe, a good deal of Asia and has seen a good deal of Canada and the United States. He began his itinerary by going to Rome to study theology. That was when the authorities of Laval University at Quebec decided to add theology to the course—more than forty-five years ago. He was then but a few years off the little farm near Levis where his father, Charles Begin, lived to be ninety-one years of age. During his five years at Rome Rev. Mr. Begin took up with languages—Hebrew and Syrian, Chaldean and Arabic. Whence much of his travels that he might hear the languages spoken; in which itinerary he visited Austria and Hungary, Rou-

mania, Servia and Bulgaria, and the two Turkeys; the islands of Lesbos and Tenedos, Rhodes and Cyprus and Lebanon; going on to the main land he took in also Phoenicia, Palestine and Egypt; afterwards Sicily. On one of these trips he succeeded in bringing home to Laval University some highly interesting mummies.

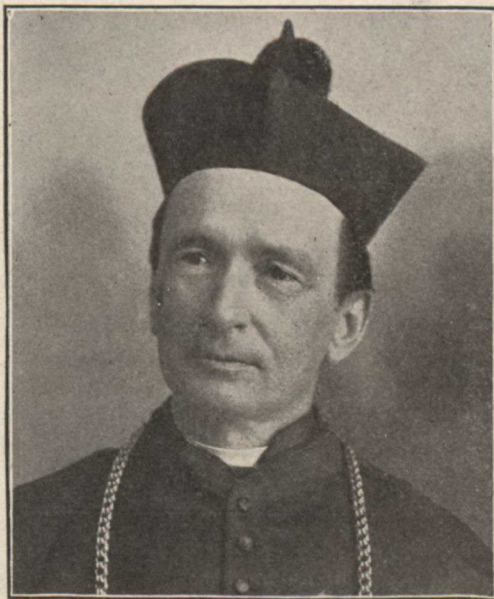
In Canada for the past forty years Archbishop Begin has been vitally identified with education and has gone through all the degrees of promotion in the Church. He has published a list of works; was principal of the Normal School at Laval till in 1888 he became Bishop of Chicoutimi, whose cathedral he brought to completion, enlarged the seminary and renovated the palace. In 1891 he was made coadjutor to Archbishop Taschereau with the title of Archbishop of Cyrene; afterwards administrator of the archdiocese of Quebec, where the Plenary Council is now being held.

* * *

The Irish Archbishop

ARCHBISHOP McEVAY of Toronto has about the same relation to the Roman Catholics of Toronto as the head of St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, has to the church of that city. The Arch-

bishop is an Irishman and most of his church folk are Irish too. St. Michael's is one of the venerable monuments of Ontario; standing directly across the road from what was once the cathedral of Canadian Methodism, the Metropolitan Church. In the old days when Archbishop Lynch was thundering in St. Michael's, Dr. Potts and men of his calibre were holding forth in the Metropolitan. Archbishop McEvay was born in Lindsay, Ont.; educated at St. Michael's College in Toronto, as well as at Milwaukee and Montreal. He is president of the Catholic Extension Society; particularly interested in the spread of Catholicism in the West.



Most Rev. L. P. Begin,
Archbishop of Quebec.



Archbishop McEvay,
Head of St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto.

THROUGH A MONOCLE

THE CAUSE OF BAD GOVERNMENT.

THE people on this continent are trying to solve the problem of how to get good government without paying the price. And it is the costliest puzzle to which the nimble brains of the North Americans have ever addressed themselves. Moreover, it is insoluble. There is only one way to get good government, and that is by public vigilance. All the machinery invented by the wit of man will not outwit the wits of the parasitic men who profit by bad government. Some systems of government help the bad governors by affording them hiding places and making it hard for the wrath of the people to take quick vengeance on them. Other systems of government expose them more directly and conspicuously to the play of public opinion. But the public opinion must exist, and there must be a readiness to take some measure of trouble to bring it into play upon the public representatives. Public opinion, which is no more than what is slightly termed "a pious opinion," is like steam generated in an open vessel. Public opinion, to be effective, must be willing to confine itself within the limits of a working organisation and so become translatable into force.

WE see on all sides this effort of the busy and impatient North Americans to work a miracle. Our Republican neighbours, for instance, fancy that they can get good national government by separating the legislative and executive functions. We make a great deal of fun of them over this delusion; and yet, when we find our municipal government working badly, that is precisely the remedy to which we fly. We establish boards of control to perform the executive functions of our civic governments. On the other hand, we are accustomed to insist that our union of the executive and legislative functions accomplished by making our executive practically a committee of Parliament—and largely responsible for the legislative programme of Parliament—has the effect of concentrating responsibility and giving us better national government than our neighbours. Again, we all on this continent preach aloud the virtues of democracy. It is "government of the people for the people by the people" which makes North America superior to caste-ridden and oligarchical Europe. Three cheers for the "hoi polloi"! Yet a favourite device across the line for securing good municipal government is to take all power out of the hands of the people concerned, and vest it in an appointed commission. But if we will look closely at any single case of bad government, we will find the fault lies in the neglect of the people. It is

not universal dishonesty that bears us down, but universal neglect. The wide-awake people this side of the Atlantic have no notion that they can all get rich by robbing their own tills. They perfectly understand that civic or national corruption despoils the many for the benefit of the very few. But they are very busy, very little inclined to give time to public affairs, and so very neglectful. The natural result is that the men who propose to make money out of the government by selling it things or doing work for it, live up to their opportunities. They are not watched; and the Government is "easy." Most men will make all the money they can in a "deal" whether it be with private individuals or public corporations; and the men who do business with governments and municipal councils are not more angelic or self-sacrificing than the rest of us. They make what they can; and a new code of ethics has grown up which regards it as a point of honour to get better pay from public bodies than from private purchasers.

* * *

AS for the politicians, municipal, provincial and federal, they adapt themselves to environment. Some of them—more than we sometimes are inclined to believe—go into public life with high ideals, inspired by noble examples of great statesmen they have read of in other countries or other days; and expect to win lasting fame as the leaders of their people up the steep paths of national greatness. But it does not take them long to discover that the people do not want to be led that way. In fact, they do not want to be led in any direction. All they ask of their representatives is to attend to the public business as best they may, and—for any sake!—leave them, the people, alone. They do not want to be bothered about public affairs when stocks are going up and good crops are waiting to be harvested and business is booming. If the political parties will get up a good "shindy" now and then, they rather enjoy reading about it in the papers; and a red-hot municipal scandal will divide their attention with the standing of the lacrosse league. These are among their recreations. But as for taking up public business seriously and giving it valuable time, our people are not so foolish. They will not lose a chance to make a thousand dollars for themselves in order to keep the politicians from adding a dollar or two to their taxes.

* * *

SO, as we have said, when things go very bad, they clamour for a new system. They blame everybody and everything except themselves. Until we can learn to think in something better than dollar marks and to assess honour at least as high as money, we shall have badly governed cities and political scandals by the bushel.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

FROM THE NORTH POLE TO COPENHAGEN

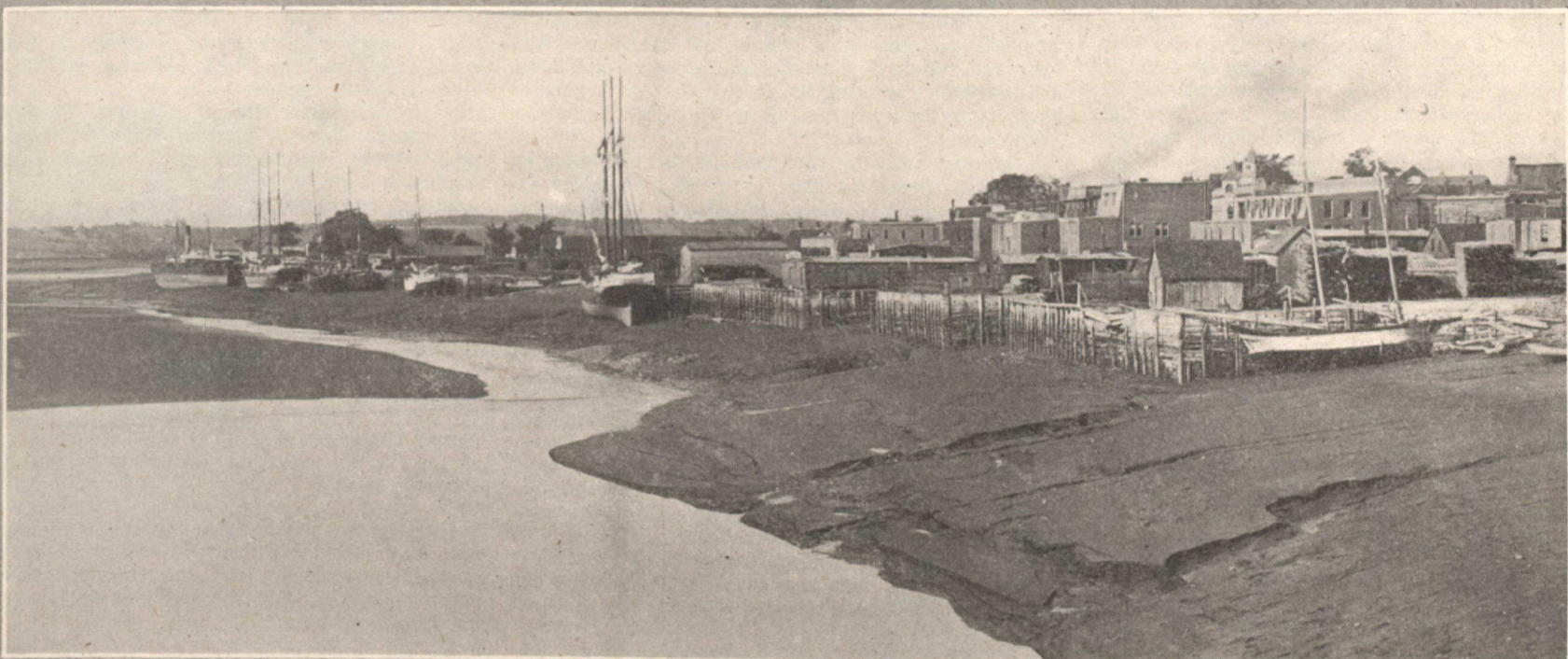


Dr. Cook, the alleged pioneer of the North Pole Territory, doffs his winter cap to the summer straws and the silk hats of Copenhagen. He is greeted on the landing by the Crown Prince of Denmark. Dr. Cook is now in Brooklyn, his home city. His rival, Peary, having given an interview at Battle Harbour, Labrador, to forty reporters, discrediting Dr. Cook's story, sailed for Sydney, N.S. and thence to New York.

FUNDY'S TIDES WHICH RISE AND FALL SIXTY FEET



High Tide on the Avon River at Windsor, Nova Scotia.



Low Tide on the Avon River at Windsor, Nova Scotia.

Sydney and the Pole

IT is rather a significant fact that although the place that both Peary and Cook got to does not belong to Canada, the place they started from does. There is no town in the world more in the world's eye of late than Sydney, N.S., unless Copenhagen and Battle Harbour. And the tide has been rising and falling at Sydney a good many times since Peary sailed out of there in July, 1908, and Cook from the same place in July, 1907. Probably Sydney, N.S., will never have the same chance to become famous again. The only Pole now left to discover is the South Pole, and there's no advantage in sailing from Sydney to locate that. Unfortunately the Equator has been discovered a good while; nothing new about that—except that now it will be possible to take one of the meridians for a new equator running through the Pole.

It is a remarkable coincidence that Henry Hudson, the great explorer whose discovery of the Hudson River is being celebrated this and next week, had a notion of finding a short cut across the North Pole; and very likely when he got into Hudson's Bay among the ice-floes he imagined he was not very far from the North Pole. But Henry Hudson was almost as near to the Equator as he was to the Pole—and a hundred times nearer counting by the time and trouble of travelling. For he had only little tubs rigged up with sails.

Whereas most of the known world was discovered by the sailing vessel, it has been reserved for the steamship to worm its way up to the place where dog-sleds could be used for locating the Pole. This again is behind the times. The automobile or the gasoline motor-boat never had a chance to look in on the Polar regions. And as for the airship—more modern than either—Walter Wellman is probably still engaged in the construction of his.

Airships on Canadian Prairie

AIRSHIPS for the prairie farmer is the expectation of a London *Post* man who watched the tournament at Rheims. He was romantically dreaming of the pioneers in Western Canada who are supposed to be isolated from one another by dreary leagues of snow. Having nothing to do in the winter time but feed a few cattle, the "exile from home" decides to go visiting; but instead of hitching up the bob-sleighs or the dogs which used to be the swiftest winter-trailers on the prairie, he packs his family into a "comfy" little airship with the thermometer 40 below on the ground and 50 below at the height; hot bricks for the feet—off they go, guiding their course by the elevators half a mile below. And the *Post* man winds up by calling this "the greatest impending

social revolution which the aeroplanes of Rheims have heralded."

Already the hyper-scientific of a commercial bent are figuring on the possibilities of city traffic by means of airships. Cities that are contemplating elevated roads and underground roads to supplement surface traffic will do well to wait till they see what can be done with street-cars in the air—not to mention aerial taxi-cabs.

Did Cook Do It?

A SPECIAL correspondent of the London *Times*, who went to Copenhagen to interview Dr. Cook, came away satisfied of his good faith. He is convinced that the explorer is an honest man, and that he believes he reached the Pole. The next question is whether he is scientifically capable of making the observations which he claims to have made, and of bringing back an accurate record thereof. Dr. Cook himself contends that his observations will stand the test of astronomical experts. Unfortunately his original note-books and instruments were left behind in Greenland for direct shipment to the United States. The hope is expressed that no accident may happen upon the southward voyage to these vital credentials of success, from which the explorer seems to have parted with rather imprudent light heartedness.—*Toronto News*.



The Whaling-Steamer arrives in a Vancouver Island Port with a huge Fin-Back in tow.



A Sperm Whale almost twice the height of a man, lies high and dry on the Dock at Sechart, B.C.

Photographs by R. C. Andrews

MODERN WHALING ON THE PACIFIC

By BONNYCASTLE DALE

"SEE! Those islands, three of them." Involuntarily I turned and followed the direction of the outstretched finger of my fellow-passenger on the *Tees*. We were heading into the swell westwards along the west coast of Vancouver Island. Instantly two of the so-called islands spouted bushy columns of spray.

"Humpbacks, madam," I informed her. "And just what is a humpback?" she queried. As my assistant Fritz was eager-eyed and open-mouthed, all ready to add to the sum of knowledge, if not to the gaiety of nations, I nodded my head and he thus informed her. "A humpback is a whale, Madam, so named from the hump upon the back; it is a true mammal, giving birth to its young alive and suckling them after the manner of land animals. Look! they are rising again; they are surface feeding now. Look! down they go. See! the flukes splashing under last. They will come up again soon."

Alas for my youthful naturalist, the whales had sounded deeply. For a minute, for five, for ten, the party stood intent, eagerly awaiting the next rise and blow.

"They have sunk," quoth she. "Oh! they can stay under the water for hours," said Fritz.

I here interposed my slight knowledge, as all modern writers agree that the whales may stay one hour under the water but generally less.

"Finbacks, finbacks!" cried the lad. Right off

our bows, a short mile distant, two finback whales rose and spouted. Through the glass we could see the sharp fins pointing backwards that distinguished them from the hump and short-over erect fin of the humpback.

On our right the backbone of the tall ridge of mountains that mark the centre of Vancouver Island were green to their tops with cedar; some of it yellow cedar along this ridge. In places the snow line stood sharply out above the green. Far off, over Ucuelet and Clayquot, mighty peaks stood outlined against the summer blue of the sky. We rounded Cape Beale; where the huge, smooth rollers rocked us like a toy boat is rocked. Good stiff sea boat the *Tees* is—but she can wallow when she wants to. I heard Fritz tell one of the crew "he was not a bit afraid; except when she threw her anchor upwards and caught it in her smokestack."

Now through miles of exquisite scenery, amid myriad islands in Barkley Sound we speed until the whaling station of Sechart is reached, after something over a day's run from Victoria. I had been warned of the smell that would assail us. How could you expect a steady run of animals being cut up and tried out and have no odour! I have stood in preparing houses in big cities where I found it less bearable. As Fritz told one weary passenger, "The old man that sells the sweet lavender has not paddled in yet. This company spends large sums perfuming the air."

It is truly a sight that fills one with wonder to

see the mighty carcasses of the whales floating, some over eighty feet in length. Look carefully at the stout whaling steamer. See that her length is not very much greater than the largest of the animals she hunts. See the modern merciful harpoon gun on the bow. A shot, truly delivered, will place the explosive right in the lungs and instantly kill this mammal, the greatest of all the things that move and breathe upon this globe. This company is so licensed that extermination by a host of wasteful individuals is impossible. It operates two stations upon our island in the summer; and one in the winter. I gathered expert private opinion and it leads me to believe that there are as many whales along our coasts as when the company first started. Here is sport for the man with an India rubber stomach. In the great swell that rolls ceaselessly in this mis-named Pacific these whaling steamers perform antics that make old sailors feel uncertain as to safe anchorage of that last meal. For hours I listened to them spinning their yarns. It reminded me of a boy telling of a fish he had on the end of a line; only remember this fish (?) can tow the boat at good speed when the engines are working full speed astern; and that the line is big enough to moor a modern freighter.

But it is the whaling station we want to see. A gang of silent, swift working Japs are flensing a sulphur bottom whale. This species is less rare

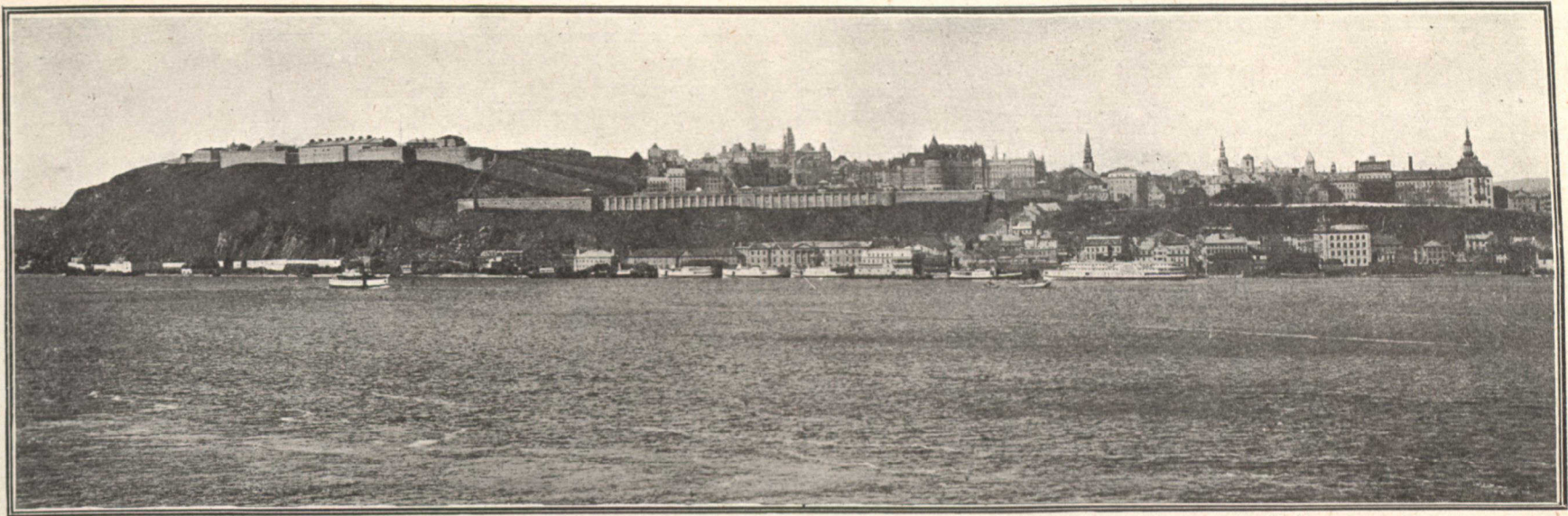
CONTINUED ON PAGE 14.



Taking the Oil from a Sperm's Head is a good deal like taking slabs from a Douglas Fir in a British Columbia saw-mill.



And when the last leviathan is dissected the Oil is loaded on Steamer bound for England.



The City on the Hill where the first Plenary Council ever held in Canada convened on September 19th.

Canada's First Plenary Council

By MARGARET L. HART

THE old and historic city of Québec has been the scene of many an epoch-making event and the blue waters of the St. Lawrence have witnessed matters of import to nations amongst the greatest in the history of the world. The spirit of splendid achievement still surrounds



Mgr. Sbarretti,
President of the Council.

the rocky face of this, Canada's oldest city, and within its walls there is taking place an event which, as a national movement and in its results, may be pronounced as taking rank with the most far-reaching and unique of the century. This event is the first Plenary Council of the Roman Catholic Church in Canada. The Council is being held in Québec for the reason that it was there that the Church was first established in New France, the brilliant and saintly old city being the See of the Laval, Canada's first bishop. The great gathering has been convened at the call of the Most Reverend Donatus Sbarretti, Apostolic Delegate to Canada, who in a Letter of Indiction dated the second day of May of the present year, laid the matter before the ecclesiastical world of the Dominion. The communication, which is addressed to all the Most Illustrious and Most Reverend Metropolitans and Bishops, and to the Right Reverend Vicars and Prefects Apostolic in the Dominion of Canada, as well as to the Right Reverend Abbots and Very Reverend Superiors of Religious Orders or Congregations, and to all others who by law or custom should be present at Plenary Councils, gives in a general way the reasons for bringing the Council into existence. These are shortly epitomised as, making provision for the future spread of the pure light of the Gospel, that errors which may have crept into the discipline of the Church or otherwise, may be driven out, that morality and solid culture may be imparted to the young, that the emigrant may be provided for in his present and future necessities, and that the entire society of Canada may be more imbued with the spirit of Christianity, to the end "that all things may be restored in Christ, Who is the way, the truth, and the light." The letter then proceeds to state that to attain the desired objects in the most effective way possible, harmony, the employment of a common means and a union of forces are required, and these can be most readily attained by the common council of all the prelates, who after deciding the things to be done and to be avoided, shall promulgate a general law for the entire Church within the Dominion of Canada.

His Holiness, Pope Pius X, has given the seal of his assent and approbation to the great meeting,

over which His Excellency, the Apostolic Delegate to Canada presides. The Council is happy in its president, Mgr. Sbarretti, who has made the procedure and matter of councils the study of years and for whom the claim of superlative knowledge in this connection is made. The solemn and ceremonial opening took place on Sunday, the 19th inst., in the Basilica of Notre Dame, the far-famed temple on the site of which the little votive chapel of Champlain once stood. The two days preceding were devoted to the preliminary details of nominating officers and members of commissions and determining officially the order to be observed in the examination and discussion of decrees. Questions coming before the Council will be subjected to rigorous study and analysis and will be given first to the particular commissions and afterwards to the plenary meetings, and again to special bodies before being sanctioned and publicly promulgated in the solemn sessions which will be held in the Basilica every Sunday during the term of the Council. Even then the judgments will not be at an end, the acts and decrees having all to be submitted to the Holy See for final examination and approval.

When it is recalled that the Church in Canada is now three centuries in existence and that during that time she has inaugurated many movements for the spiritual uplift and temporal progress of her people, yet never before convened a gathering such as that which is in progress, it might be concluded that special forces are at work to bring about a

result so telling and comprehensive. Most assuredly; for the forces hidden under no guise of mystery are to be found in the present conditions of the everyday life of the country. Only a decade ago and our country was spoken of as a colony and our citizens as colonists. To-day Canada is termed a nation and its people nation builders. Similar conditions are found within the Church, which in Canada until lately was regarded as that of a missionary country, needing support and guidance even in many local matters from without. Now conditions are changed and to provide for national needs and probabilities will be the work of the first Plenary Council, which has already on account of its functions and constitution been termed the first National Council of the Church in Canada. As the now famed Plenary Council of Baltimore provided for the spiritual needs of the Catholics of the United States in a broader sense than had been before possible, so shall the first Plenary Council of Canada do for the Catholic people of the Dominion.

From what has gone before it will be seen that the present Council corresponds in every particular with that of an ecclesiastical council as defined by the Catholic Encyclopedia, which states that the said council is a legally convened meeting of members of the hierarchy for the purpose of carrying out their judicial and doctrinal functions by means of deliberation in common, resulting in regulations and decrees invested with the authority of the whole assembly. The particular decrees upon which the present synod will deliberate have not been given to the public, though much guessing has been hazarded upon this and other points of the event, one paper venturing the assertion that "it is not unlikely that the whole body of Catholic doctrine will be solemnly reaffirmed and the disciplinary laws laid down which will form the groundwork of all future gatherings of the sort, as well as of those within ecclesiastical provinces and those which are purely synodal," which though somewhat obscure is liable to come true in part at least.

At this moment and in this connection it may be interesting to enumerate the various kinds of councils or synods within the great body of the Church. These are seven in number, the first in importance and scope being the Œcumenical Council to which the bishops and others entitled to vote are convoked from all over the world, at whose meetings the pope or his legate presides and the decrees of which are binding upon the entire Catholic universe. Next in order is the General Synod of the east or west, composed of the episcopate of either part of the world. Patriarchal, national and primatial councils represent a whole patriarchate, nation or several provinces subject to a primate. Provincial councils are those attended by what are termed suffragan bishops and other dignitaries of an ecclesiastical province under their Metropolitan or head, while diocesan synods are composed of the general clergy of a diocese under its bishop or vicar-general. Visitors' synods were formerly held at Constantinople and were composed of prelates from any part of the world who happened to be in the city. Lastly there has been the mixed synod in which both civic and ecclesiastical representatives met to settle matters secular as well as those pertaining to the Church. The truth that the Church



The beautiful Interior of the Basilica of Notre Dame.



The Archbishop's Palace—Home of the Most Reverend L. P. Begin.



The Basilica in which the Sessions of the Plenary Council were held.

regards a council as something not to be lightly convoked is seen in the fact that from the first Ecumenical or Council of Nice in 325 until the last or Vatican Council summoned by Pius IX and which met on December 8th, 1869, and lasted until July 18th, 1870, only eighteen councils intervened, making but twenty in all during the two thousand years of the life of the Church.

In this expanding and invigorating outcome of Catholicity in Canada the laity have a share, public prayers having been offered for months and a special fast enjoined in order that the true Pente-

costal Spirit may descend upon the deliberators. From a spectacular outlook the solemn public ceremonies will undoubtedly be magnificent. The gorgeous Basilica will form an unexcelled setting for lofty mitre and gleaming crozier, the flash of pectoral cross and pastoral amethyst, while much prelatial purple in sinuous ebb and flow will be seen in many a procession of grace and dignity. The bell of the cathedral will sound over the broad bosom of the St. Lawrence and receive an answering peal from sweet and countless spires and to the blue firmament that once sheltered the intrepid Cham-

plain shall rise the grand notes of *Veni Creator* and the incomparable *Te Deum*. To the people of Quebec the important aggregation of ecclesiastical ambassadors cannot but come as a gracious and welcome visitation and the members of the Council will have with them the sympathetic co-operation of the entire Catholic world, which will expectantly await measures and decisions having for their object the betterment of the children of Mother Church, and in their potency reaching out for the protection and welfare of generations yet unborn.

THE RAILROADING EDITOR

SIMILKAMEEN, Chilliwack and Vancouver, J. P. McConnell and "Jim" Hill are into an entanglement nowadays. From reading the reports it is hard to say whether Hill or McConnell is in the deepest. At time of writing the editor of the *Sunset* is "mushing" it over the Hope trail beyond the Hope mountains to see why in the world Similkameen and Chilliwack and Princeton should be cut off from Vancouver. McConnell is a unifier. He would have British Columbia knit together by railroads. He has been over a large number of the mountain trails by pack-saddle and portage and he knows how it feels to be cut off from communication with the outside world like Vancouver when other communities are right in touch. Time was when Vancouver itself was cut off; when to go live there was to be clean out of the world as known to Montreal, Halifax and Toronto. But since that time Vancouver has become a centre of modernity. There is almost everything in that city that is needed to make life highly civilised except grand opera. But the Similkameen is in effect as far from Vancouver as Vancouver used to be from Winnipeg. But Similkameen is getting close to Spokane because Hill is building a spur of his Spokane road up into that remote part of the province.

So it has occurred to the editor of the *Saturday Sunset*—who is usually in the lead when a new trail is opening up—that whatever the reasons may be for the C. P. R. refusing to tie Vancouver to Similkameen and Chilliwack, it is his business to find out for the sake of the public who read his paper. He has gone over the route. If it is possible for Hill to connect Spokane to Similkameen why not the C. P. R. connect Vancouver?

Not for Similkameen's sake only. Vancouver has a stake in the case. There are resources up the Hope trail; so much so that the critical McConnell has to say this:

"This district is now Jim Hill's preserve. He will own the trade of this district by right of first occupation. Spokane will benefit hugely by this trade. Princeton coal mines are already figuring on a market for their coal in Spokane. Store stocks of all sorts will be brought here. Most of the goods in the stores bear American brands. American tobacco is sold as freely as Canadian. American goods of all kinds take equal place with Canadian. American sawmill products have completely driven out those of the coast mills. Jim Hill's line will be a veritable sluice of trade into Spokane.

"The coal company has one seam alone from

which 400 tons per day could be shipped to Vancouver for the next hundred years. These mines lie about 160 miles from Vancouver. They are 375 miles from Spokane. This coal will sell in Spokane for around \$6.75 per ton. That coal should sell in Vancouver for less than \$6.00 per ton. The C. P. R. rate on Nicola coal for 220 miles is \$1.80 per ton and that is an excessive charge. On a fair basis of freight charges from Princeton to Vancouver the rate should be a good deal less than a dollar.

This is an example of how circumstances help to make men if men succeed in getting up against the circumstances. A few years ago McConnell was writing good "ad." copy down in Toronto. He had no particular axe to grind, nobody's grievance to air and no cause to champion. After a year or so roughing it on the trails he located in Vancouver and started the *Sunset* which has been the means of starting a good many ripples of thought in the vicinity of Vancouver. Now he is onto the railway problem. Not content to sit in his sanctum and abuse the C. P. R., he packs his dunnage bags and gets out on the trail to find out at first hand what there is in the grades and the engineering problems of the road to Similkameen to keep the C. P. R. out and to let in Jim Hill. He is finding out.

Modern Whaling on the Pacific

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.

than the two we saw while rolling along the Straits of Juan de Fuca. Watch these men closely as they cut and slash and drag and roll up the big strips of blubber. They solve the Oriental question for us at once. They are working. Put an equal number of us white men there and we would be kicking. Some five hundred barrels of oil a week and two hundreds of tons of fertilizer these brown men of Nippon turn out. A whale disappears in a few hours after it is hauled out onto the slip.

Step by step we followed it; into great tanks, ever stirred or ever bubbling; through vats and pipes and strainers until we stood before the sample bottles containing as pure an animal oil as the market offers; as pure a white fat, or stearine, as tubs ever held.

Further on we found a warehouse partially filled with the heavy-smelling fertilizer destined for Honolulu. It is expected that the fresh flesh will eventually be canned for the Japanese market. My informant had himself eaten of the meat and said it closely resembled beef.

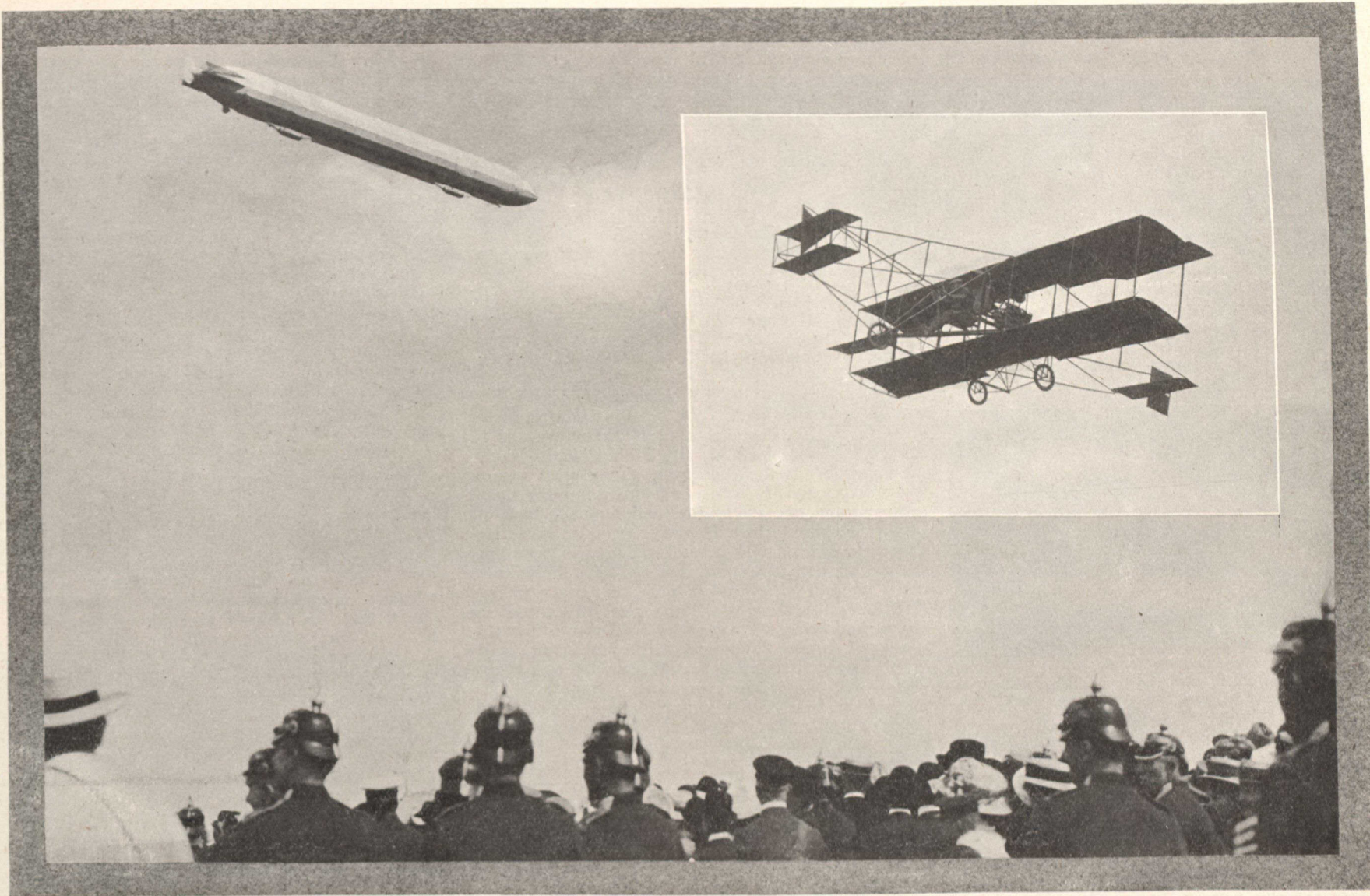
Very rarely is a sperm whale taken. These provide an excellent oil in great quantities. All of the big station was clean and well ordered; the mighty pile of bones and the heaps of short whalebone; the big ear drums weighing several pounds each; the huge barnacles that attach themselves to the sides of the whales.

I was conversing with the store-keeper at Ucu-let and he related to me how when his schooner was becalmed in the Behring sea, a huge whale rose alongside and calmly began to scratch barnacles off his side, using the schooner as a scratching board. My Jonson says the whale was longer than the schooner. All his companions were afloat in the small boats; and he was not greatly desirous of the company of so large a visitor. He tells me the whale stayed beside his craft some hours dislodging its unwelcome parasites. These are about the size of a tea cup and attach themselves to the skin of the whale by suction.

Our attentive host came down to the wharf's end with us. Here the crew of the *Tees* were putting some three hundred barrels of whale oil aboard. There were already some four hundred barrels in the hold from the further western station of Kyu-quot. When winter storms make it impossible for even the staunch steam whalers the Norwegians send this company to operate in the huge seas; then the station in the more sheltered waters of the Gulf of Georgia is opened and a fair catch obtained. I hold no retainer for this company; but I think those that hold the stock are fortunate men.

Our west coast is a feeding ground for these huge beasts. The run of grill—as the old whalers call the little red shrimp that swims near the surface—is literally inexhaustible. We ran into a flock of Pacific fulmar, the whale bird, so called from eating of the same food and frequenting the feeding grounds of the whale. There must have been twenty thousand of these birds. So gorged were they with the little shrimp that unless they could empty their mouth and throats and thus lightened fly away, they were obliged to dive under the *Tees* to escape being struck.

Homeward bound to Victoria, we ran into an exceedingly large swell. Our good ship *Tees* bowed and rolled and tossed. Then thanked we the hardy men that caught the whales and gave us seven hundred barrels of oil as ballast to partially steady our bounding steamer. There on the wharf at Victoria we saw the last chapter in the story of the whale. The barrels of oil in mid-air; on their way to the hold of the Blue Funnel *en route* to Liverpool.



ZEPPELIN ARRIVES IN BERLIN

A Photograph of the crowd in Temple Hofer Field, in Berlin, welcoming the arrival of Count Zeppelin's Giant Airship. It was a scene of most remarkable enthusiasm. The Kaiser himself expressed the greatest admiration for the veteran Aeronaut and saluted him on both cheeks. The inset picture shows Curtis, the American Aviator, flying at Rheims.

WANTED, BRITISH AVIATORS

By H. LINTON ECCLES

THE great Aviation Week at Rheims came to an end with due *eclat*, and will be remembered in history as the first international flying contest ever held. This meeting of men of all countries who have been grappling for months and years with the problem of flight has been remarkable in other respects than the bare achievements of Farman and Curtiss, Latham, Paulhan and Bleriot. Brilliant and epoch-marking as those results are, they can only be considered as aerial stepping-stones toward the final mastery of the last unconquered of the elements. There is the Great Beyond—the true and complete mastery, which is not quite yet.

The present, however, is an opportune time to look around and take stock of things—to weigh up the tangible against the intangible, the accomplished against the yet-to-be-accomplished.

Not so long ago men who said they were going to try and fly were looked upon as among the worst affected of a long line of impossible cranks. People had, of course, laughed before at revolutionary innovations, and their previous discomfitures, when those innovations became everyday institutions, did not prevent them (or their descendants) from making another demonstration against these hare-brained enthusiasts. The detractors have been discomfited once more—now, perhaps, for the last time, since, with this latest experience hot upon them, they will think hard before laughing again.

For the conquest of the air is proceeding in grim earnest, and nothing can now stop the eventual triumph of man over this new and illimitable domain. The popular imagination was caught by the Frenchman Bleriot's sensational

flight across the English Channel—a feat which aroused more excitement among English and French people alike than the successful swimming of those elusive twenty-one miles of water would have done. Everybody is looking forward with confidence to the day when regular passenger trips will be possible, and no man of sense scorns Curtiss, the American's, prediction that airships will soon be transporting people across the Atlantic.

The international band of intrepid flyers came in for all due praise and lionising. Most of them took full toll of their admirers, and much had to be forgiven them for what, through their uncon-

querable youth and ambitions, they had achieved.

But there at the champagne centre, watching these men whose names are already familiar to the world by reason of what they have done in the newest field of adventure and exploration, one felt impelled to ask, where are the British aviators?

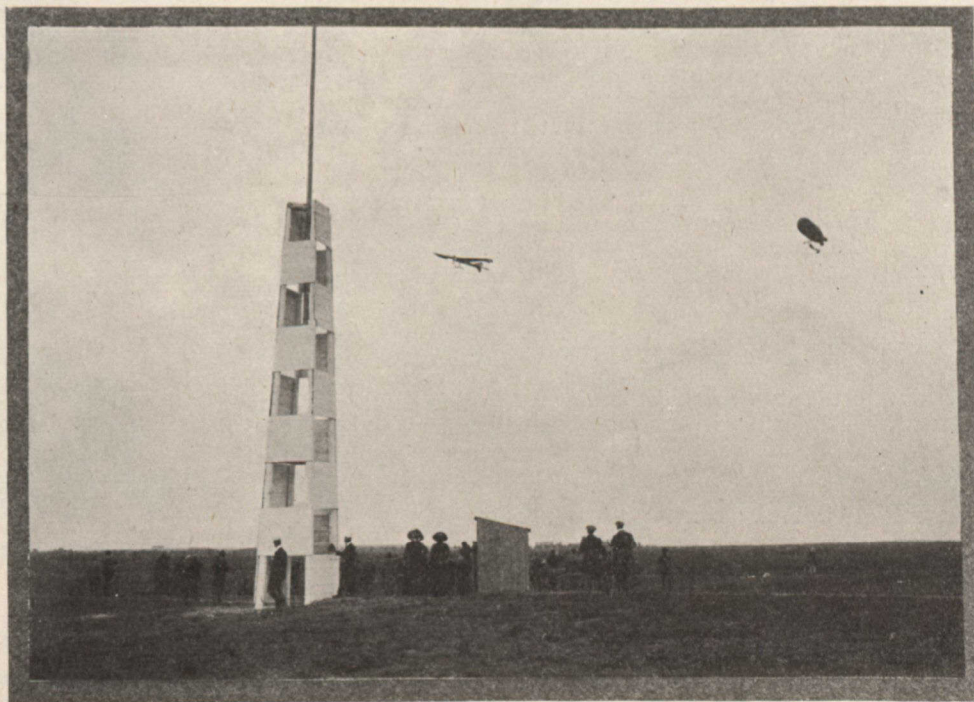
There was a full colony of Frenchmen, for the sons of Gaul have unmistakably taken the lead in aeroplanes, just as Germany has shown the way in airships with her Zeppelins. France leads the world in aviation, with only America and Germany to seriously contest her supremacy. Other nationalities were represented in the second string, but you

had to look hard for the Britisher. You found him, overshadowed by the crowd of competitors, seated in a Wright machine, which is not British-made. He was regarded as little more than a tyro.

It set one thinking deeply as to whether there really was in this big Empire, which had so long led the world in mechanical invention—whether there was a son of our soil capable of beating these super-clever foreigners with a machine that was home-made. Supreme on the seas, were we to be left behind in sailing the vaster atmosphere above?

Farman, who won the Grand Prix for the record distance flight of 118 miles, is claimed as a British subject. But he has lived the greater part of his life in France, and was proud to fly under the French flag. Curtiss, who lifted the Gordon Bennett prize and attained a speed of 47 miles an hour, is said to be "almost an Englishman"; while Latham, who was only just forestalled in the Channel flight by Bleriot, has English ancestors.

But why should we be reduced to this expedient of trying to prove



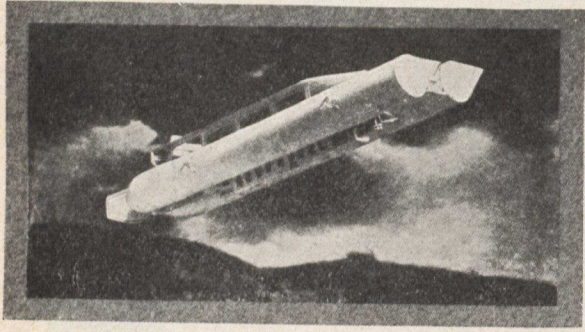
Latham's Aeroplane and a Dirigible Balloon flying together at Rheims. They fly close to the ground, and the course is marked out by poles as shown here.

Copyright Photographs by Halftones, Limited

that somebody else, flying under some other flag, is really an Englishman, or ought to be? They were not our men, and to put the matter bluntly, we were out of it.

Whilst the American and Frenchmen were setting up records at Rheims, Mr. Cody, in his adopted country, was making a flight of seven miles. It made the Britisher rub his eyes to see in the public prints that this established a record for England. In the same columns he could read of several flights approaching the hundred miles, and one—Farman's—of well over the hundred.

A further nasty knock was the announcement that Bleriot and Latham have signed a contract to compete during October in a flight which will be decided on a chosen ground within a few miles of London. The only conclusion one could find was that the two Frenchmen were coming over to show us how to do it. Perhaps the English experimenters



A Model of an Airship intended to carry a number of people. In case of accident the top acts as a parachute

will take a few hours' rest from their labours and try to pick up a few wrinkles by watching this contest!

The meagre reports that have reached the mother country dealing with the experiments of the two young Canadians, Messrs. Baldwin and McCurdy, have set people on this side wondering whether it is left to them to recover for the Empire its lost prestige. At present it would seem that they, too, are not sufficiently advanced to toe the line with the victorious champions of France and America.

Canadians, however, are ambitious enough to do their share in the conquest of the air. Two young graduates of the School of Practical Science, University of Toronto, have gone into the flying machine business. "Casey" Baldwin, the well-known former Toronto halfback, and his partner Mr. McCurdy, are foremost among aeroplane inventors on this continent. With the encouragement of Dr. Andrew Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone, these young chaps have constructed three successful machines, the Red Wing, White Wing and June Bug. Their latest experiment, Baddeck No. 1, at Petawawa a few weeks ago came to grief. How-

ever, Baldwin and McCurdy will learn their best lessons in the school of experience. They are busily occupied at Baddeck, N.S., at present perfecting the damaged airship. Big things are yet expected of it and of them.

THE FLYING MAN

By HAMILTON FYFE

(Written at Baraques, near Calais, the Saturday before Bleriot made his sensational flight across the Channel.)

HE is a new type in our rapid, complex civilisation—the Flying Man. He is the latest development of the process of change which began with the driver of the steam engine. My grandfather used to tell me of an early engine-driver on the London and Birmingham Railway (now the North-Western) who was looked upon as a dare-devil, as a man without regard for danger, who carried his life in his hand—because he travelled at the desperate, the almost impious pace of twenty-five miles an hour! After the steam-engine came the motor-car, and now we have the flying-machine, which cleaves the air at something like fifty miles an hour, and will develop ere long, so we are led to expect, a speed of a hundred or even more. What kind of men are they who trust themselves to these frail structures of canvas and wood and wire, who run the risk every time they go up of coming down with a run and being smashed to atoms? It requires a different kind of courage, this, from any other dangerous adventure: it requires courage mixed with absolute calm, a cool head as well as steady nerves. Pull the wrong lever, press the wrong pedal, misjudge by even a little your engine's capacity or the wind's force, and all is up with you. What sort of men are they who possess these qualifications? That is what I came to Baraques to see.

Here upon the cliffs, a few miles out of Calais, is the canvas garage, unpretentious and weather-stained, in which is housed the aeroplane with which Louis Bleriot hopes to fly the Channel and win the *Daily Mail* thousand-pound prize. Here, too, is to be found the aviator himself—a tall man, well-knit, in the prime of life, his Viking-like face, with its hawk nose, wide-apart eyes and firm chin, all indicative of the enterprise and daring which have carried him through accident and disappointment to success—for he will succeed. And his face is impassive, calm. It is not only that he is perfectly calm and collected when he makes his ascents. Even more wonderful is his command over himself in face of the perpetual small worries and daily disappointments which are the lot of the Flying Man.

In a greater or less degree this unalterable calm seems to be an acquired character of all the Flying Men. They cannot, it is evident, afford to indulge

in the ordinary imperfections of human nature. They must have themselves completely in hand. To give way to annoyance is a luxury they must sternly forego. Latham, the youthful, elegant, deliberate competitor is like that. The Wrights are like that, and Wilbur Wright's pupil, the Comte de Lambert, whom I have been to see several times at Wissant, near here, has the Wright manner highly developed. He is imperturbable, steady-eyed, balanced to a nicety. He speaks with the brake on, very much as Bleriot does. His two Wright biplanes are ready in the fine shed he has had built for them close to the splendid stretch of sand which will make Wissant a famous *plage* before many years are past; and he begins at once a series of trials preliminary to his attempt upon the Channel. Time and experience must decide which is the more useful, the single or the double plane (there are some who put their money on the tri-plane even). But there can be no dispute as to the superior charm and beauty of the monoplane, whatever make it may happen to be.—From *London World*.

Mr. Chesterton and Cigarettes

CIGARETTE smoking has long been catalogued among the "evils" the world over. There are extreme temperance societies which view the cigarette as a greater curse than whiskey. Legislation has been attempted to curb the traffic. In Canada there have been frequent petitions sent to Ottawa with the object of inducing the government to prohibit the manufacture and sale of cigarettes. Generally the bored members' waste-baskets received them, for a good many of the worthy lawmakers themselves would be rudderless if they sacrificed their indulgence in the much-maligned form of the weed. Canadians are not extremists. Their attitude towards the cigarette has been conservative. They have realised that the cigarette has a contaminating influence, and there are restrictive measures in force which offset this influence for those youth of the country who are most susceptible to it.

In that usually most tolerant country, the United States, however, there has been some radical cigarette legislation. Eight states of the Union have it upon their statute books that the cigarette is banished and in some cases smokers are liable to arrest. This condition of affairs calls forth a scathing rebuke from that eminent English man of letters, Mr. G. K. Chesterton. In the *London Illustrated News* he says:

"If a policeman can take away my cigarette, there cannot be the slightest rational objection, on a warm day, to his taking away my overcoat. In wet weather he might change my boots for me violently in the street, or suddenly garrot me with a muffler. The thing is a typical mild human indulgence, enjoyed by most people and over-enjoyed by a few, a thing like scent or sweetmeats."

THE ISLAND OF SEA COWS

By HENRY SMITH

IT may not be generally known that an amphibious animal called the Sea Cow existed in great numbers on the coast of the Island of St. John, now Prince Edward Island, during the latter years of the eighteenth century. These animals were exceedingly large, some of them having been known to weigh as much as four thousand pounds. They made their home in the waters of the Northumberland Straits and often, especially in the summer season they visited the Island Colony and usually resorted to one or two particular spots near the North Cape. So numerous were they that often as many as two or three hundreds of these enormous creatures would go on shore at once. As far as can be ascertained these animals were not found in any other part of the eastern coast of America excepting in this locality. These waters, which were comparatively shallow, having a soft, sandy bottom abounded in shell-fish, upon which the sea cows existed. They were provided by nature with large tusks which enabled them to dig, out of the bottom of the sea, the oysters, clams and mussels which in that early period were so abundant.

Governor Patterson, the first chief magistrate of the colony, assumed the right to license, upon payment of an annual fee, what was then called "the sea cow fishery," an industry carried on entirely on dry land. When these animals landed the "fishermen" managed to get between them and the water. They then probed those nearest to them with long

poles sharpened at the points to resemble the sea cow's tusks. The animals thus probed, probed those ahead of them and this set the whole herd in motion towards the woods. It sometimes happened that without any apparent reason the entire number would turn back and make for the sea. When this occurred it was impossible to oppose, with any effect, the onrush of these monstrous beasts. Like many other amphibious animals, sea cows were more at home in the water than on the land and when driven into the forest they lost their natural sagacity and scattered in different directions, becoming insensible to all danger. In this condition they were easily killed by their pursuers.

From 1770 to 1775 the sea cow fishery was a very profitable business as during that period these animals were caught in large numbers. The hide of the sea cow was of great strength and was used by the early settlers of the colony for rough harness and many other useful purposes. If kept dry this skin, which was said to be more than an inch in thickness, would remain strong and tough for a long time without tanning or dressing of any kind. This animal's oil, which the early French inhabitants of the island used very readily as a food, was said to be the finest of all animal oil. The teeth or tusks of this extraordinary creature, which somewhat resembled the tusks of the elephant, were very valuable and the ivory was close-grained and of a superior quality.

There are at least two districts in Prince Edward Island called after this marine animal—Sea Cow Head at the entrance to Bedeque Harbour on Northumberland Straits, and Sea Cow Pond on the North Point some miles farther west. Both of these locations were landing places for these enormous sea-monsters.

After the close of the American War in 1783 United States fishermen found their way into the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the wholesale slaughter practised by them in a few years deprived the island colony of this valuable source of revenue and the great sea cow became absolutely extinct.

Prince Edward Island, the smallest province in Canada, is one of the most interesting and romantic. It is in some respects much of an enchanted island. It is the land of summer delights; of fruitful farms and fat fisheries; of busy people and of folk who know how to enjoy life. Since the sea cows roamed the beaches and waded in the tide-waters there are more cows in Prince Edward Island than ever before. But the cows on the island now are of a different breed. There may be more profit in the ordinary milch cow that makes the dairying industries of Prince Edward Island; but the story of the sea cows is much more historically interesting.

From the whales of the Pacific to the sea cows of the Atlantic is as far as Canada is wide; the cows had much the same use as the whales now.

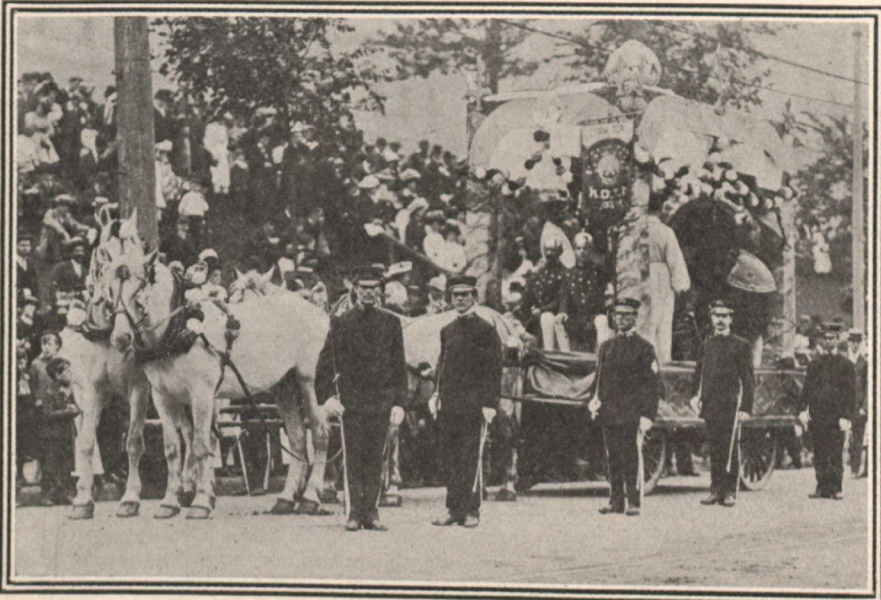
MOVING SCENES IN "BACK TO MONTREAL"



Moving Crowds watch the Industrial Parade



Industry in Festive Garb on Busy Streets



The White Horse Chariot of the K.O.T.M., of Quebec



A Lithograph Company's Chariot, Beribboned and Gay



Start of the Three-Mile Race in the Canadian Championship Series at Montreal

Photographs by Gleason.

Memories of Montreal

THE old boys who came back to Montreal last week had a good time. The programme, which was outlined in these pages last week, came off without a hitch. Perhaps the features about which the visitors will talk when

again they scatter to the four winds will be the pyrotechnic display of Tuesday evening and the grand parade on Wednesday morning. The fireworks at Price's Island drew an audience of 100,000 people, and was pronounced the most successful spectacle of its kind ever witnessed in Montreal. The parade, illustrative of the industrial progress of

the city, was an eye-opener to many of the spectators whose absence from their native city had naturally entailed ignorance of the great development which the chief commercial city of Canada has made in the last ten years.

The famous Blue Bonnets races were the scene of the largest crowds in the week of celebration.

A CORNER IN SPLITS

The Story of a Smart Young Man in the Tropics.



DO not quite understand what led me to do it, but no doubt the inherent desire for travel peculiar to those born east of the boundary line separating the Maritime Provinces from the rest of Canada, prompted me to take the trip. I was out of a job in Hamilton and after roving the streets from the

depot to the mountain for over a week with no results, I decided to rely upon my pen to procure an antidote for the ennui that was gradually throttling me. I did not care for a remunerative position so much as for something out of the ordinary to do. The remuneration could come later. What I wanted was a change of scene, something on the moving picture style, a few foreign lands; a few mixups with individuals of various temperaments; in fact, something doing to relieve the throbbing of that sea-blood so that I could calmly settle down to civilisation and respectability again.

And so one day—to get down to fact—I dropped in the post office box, letters to the various steamship companies sailing from Montreal, setting forth my desire for travel as an employee on their ships, in any capacity, captain, ship's carpenter, pantry boy, or deckhand—even as stewardess if they could guarantee to rig me up so as to pass muster.

In due time the replies began to come in. Most of them gave me the "merry ha ha," for which I promptly blessed them in choice language gathered from my evil associates of younger days; but one of the lines—the Y. R. Company—was more obliging. A steward's berth was ready for me, their letter said, and neither knowing or caring whether the ship made weekly trips to St. Pierre and Miquelon, or yearly voyages to Van Dieman's Land and return by way of Patagonia, I packed my trunk (from now it must needs be a "kit") and got out of Hamilton. I did not know where I was going nor when I would return.

"Out of it, out of it," sang the wheels, and my heart was glad. Some days afterward I wrote the following poem:

*The scene was changed. It was a ship that slowly
made its way
For foreign lands, with foreign men for passengers.
By day
We watched the fleeting Lawrence shores; the distant
mountain crest.
By night we watched that no Chinese our kit bags
would molest.*

*I knew that salty smell again though years had
passed me by
Since I had breathed the salt sea tang, or cast my
roving eye
Far off where Neptune, Heaven meets, where earth
unites with sea.
But all the time my other eye was fixed on some
Chinee.*

I was on the *Pathfinder*, Captain Lemuel Sanderson commanding, one of the Y. R. ships with a roving commission, that leaves Montreal once or twice a year (more or less) for anywhere (according to her cargo) and back again. You are liable to meet the *Pathfinder* in any port of the world. I do not believe there is one she has not visited during her twenty years of service. Her voyage is never mapped out in full when she leaves the home port. The captain knows to where her cargo is billed, and occasionally has orders to pick up a return load at some port more or less remote from her destination. Generally, however, he receives his orders either by letter or cablegram when he has unloaded his cargo. If not, he starts on the homeward voyage calling at any ports along the road in which there is a possibility of picking up a few tons of hemp or a few casks of rum or molasses.

On this occasion the company's agent had told me we were going to Rio de Janiero, with only two stops en route—Halifax and Havana. Halifax had no charms for me. I had already been surfeited with Point Pleasant Park, the Citadel, the Public Gardens, and her thousand and one attractions. Beautiful as they are they will at last pall to a certain extent when visited too often. But Havana and Rio de Janiero offered an opportunity of real pleasure. Already I could see myself strolling up the Prada de Marti or lolling on the square, in front of the Hotel Ingletterre, listening to the regimental band. Yes, Havana was well worth a visit

By R. SLADE BOND

and so was Rio, and in anticipation of the pleasures awaiting me I fell asleep that first night on the *Pathfinder*.

AS a general rule the *Pathfinder* was not burdened with a superabundance of passengers, but this trip was an exception to the rule. According to the purser we carried 160 cabin, 80 second cabin and 350 steerage—the latter a savage looking collection of Chinese from Nanking and vicinity, bound for Cuba via Vancouver and Montreal. A ferocious, hungry, thieving, gambling, ill-smelling, dirty lot of no-accounts they were. I was green at sea life and as they had filed aboard at Montreal I made a mental calculation and concluded that the Chinks outnumbered the white men on board by at least seventy-five.

The first and second cabin passengers were mostly employees of Canadian companies in Rio de Janiero with their wives and families, returning from their vacations at home, or for the first time sailing for Rio to take up their work. They were good spenders and determined to get every bit of pleasure possible out of the few remaining days of their vacation. The barkeeper reported that at the rate they had started, the whiskey and ale would be exhausted before reaching Halifax. This was exaggeration but nevertheless when we arrived at this port our stores of these especial brands of fire-water were so low that they had to be replenished.

That gave me an idea. Why not run a drink emporium of my own during the trip? I had brought only a limited amount of money with me, and as Havana, and especially Rio, offered chances to spend a few dollar bills, I was only too anxious to make any easy money wherever possible. True I could count on some from tips, but not much.

I pondered over matters for the greater part of one night. I believe it kept me from getting seasick. It was a sure thing that I could not buy the stock of whiskey, nor even of ale—my assets would not stand the strain. Then again it was highly improbable that the bar steward would sell it to me even if I had the price. The captain was remarkably strict about our drinking anything stronger than lemonade.

"The Chink" gave me the "grand idea." The Chink was the largest and ugliest of the steerage passengers. Of course they were all Chinks, but he we had dubbed THE Chink at first sight. He must have been second cousin to a mandarin, brother-in-law to Buddha, or Worthy Grand Slayer of the Hip Sing Tong, judging from his appearance and his domineering air among his brother Celestials. The Chink owned the steerage. He always occupied the most prominent place in the gambling circle which daily congregated on the whalesback; he always dug his chop sticks into the rice-pot first—and incidentally last; and he it was who poured the daily grievances of the yellow men into the ear of the bored chief steward. So that I was not in the least surprised when The Chink appointed himself spokesman to come to me.

"Mistler Stewart."
"Well?" I said, as I eyed him up and down.
"Me good Chinaman. All lest bloys good Chinamen, eh?"

"You're dandies," I ejaculated heartily. "What's wrong now? Do you want me to appoint myself a committee of one to tell the captain that the rice you had for dinner to-day was mouldy, or do you want my tin steamer trunk for a chop suey chaffing dish?"

"Me no savvy," he replied, but I was sure the beggar did. His knowledge of English was far better than he admitted.

"You know how bad and so hot the water for dlink is," he continued. "Chinamen no can dlink warm water. You get me six, sleven, ginger ale. How much?"

"Splits, do you mean?" I asked.
"Yes, splits, splits. That's the word you call him," he replied. "How much?"

Now the half-pint splits of ginger ale sold for five cents at the bar but I realised that no steerage passenger was allowed to go near that part of the ship. I could easily get ten cents for them—for a matter of fact I might get fifteen.

"They will cost you ten cents each, old boy," I advised him.

His hands flew up in protestation.
"Too much! Too much! You play only five cents, and poor Chinaman, he play ten. You make

too muchee plofit. I give you six cents, sleven, eh?" but as he saw me walking away he weakened, as I knew he would. "All light. All light," he called out, and when I turned around he was holding out seventy cents in his dirty paw.

My first transaction in splits netted me 35 cents and a brilliant idea.

"If the Chinamen will give ten cents for a split," I argued to myself that night, "why not corner splits and thus avoid the possibility of the other stewards sharing in the profits? And if I corner the splits and there are none for the first cabin passengers to mix with their whiskey, why shouldn't they come to me? In that event splits stock would go up in value." It looked good to me.

For three days I bought splits and surreptitiously stored them away in a safe hiding place. To avoid suspicion I bought alternately from the day and night bartenders and their helpers, and from the purser whenever I found the bar deserted by its rightful keepers. I had over thirty cases stored away before they began to notice its scarcity, and my money was practically all spent.

"Splits seem to be selling pretty fast, don't they?" the purser asked one morning.

"They do, sir," replied the bar steward. "At this rate they'll be gone before we reach Havana. I can't see where they're going, either," he added perplexedly. "I don't seem to have as many empty bottles as I should."

"I'd cut out selling to the stewards until we can stock up again," advised the purser as he walked away.

I was hanging around the bar waiting to purchase another half dozen bottles and heard it all. "Say, Jim," I exploded, "I suppose that means we will have to drink warm water for a week, don't it?"

"Looks like it, Thomas," he replied. "Howsoever, I calculate I can scare up a few bottles for you to-day. You can take them off to your glory hole and make them last out the trip. I wouldn't do that for any of the others, but you don't booze and I've noticed that you get ginger ale every day regular."

I purchased my half dozen and sneaked off to my storage room. That day I took the night bar steward into my confidence. I had to wake him up to do it, and when the next morning dawned, the corner was almost completed. When the morning eye-openers were over, the corner was a reality.

Jim reported to the purser that the splits were gone. "I was sure there were half a dozen cases below," he remarked, "but when I went for them this morning there was only one. We used that up before breakfast."

Just then a trio of passengers lined up at the bar.

"Whiskey and ginger," they ordered almost simultaneously.

"We are out of splits," the bar steward apologised. "All out."

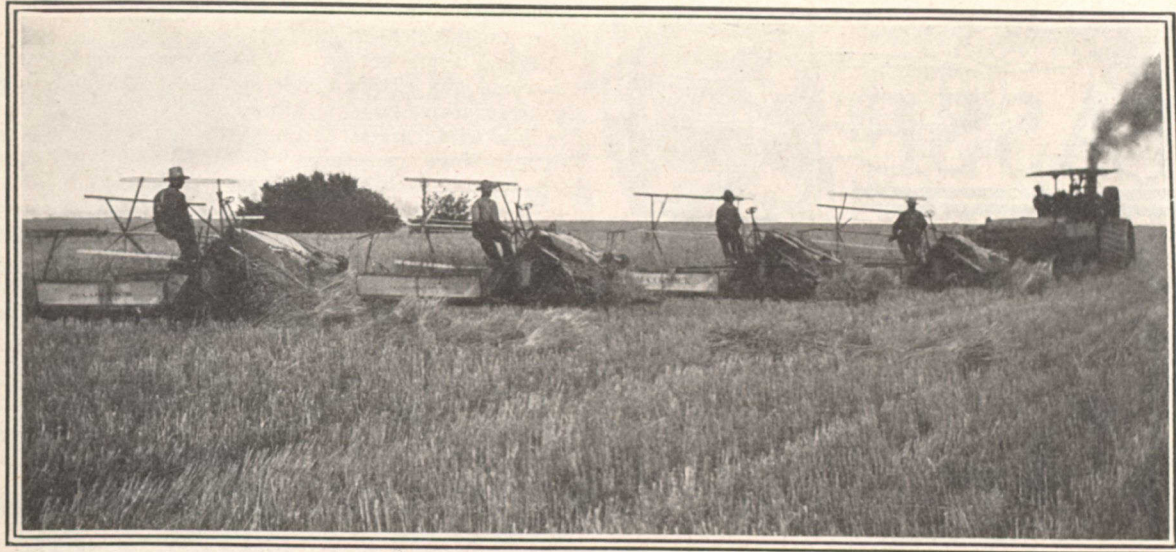
And once again the trio uttered a simultaneous cry, and this time it was "Out of splits!" Your Rio man must have his ginger ale with whiskey. Plain soda, or whiskey neat, possesses no charms for him.

I felt a little ashamed for a moment and slipped away to deal out a couple of dozen splits to my Celestial customers. I had no scruples about overcharging them. Numerous scorched shirts and missing collars had to be settled for, and if I could not get anything out of the guilty ones, I would at least take it out of the race. So I passed out splits to The Chink and his fellow countrymen. "It will be about the last you'll get at ten cents, boys," I remarked as I dumped the emptied bottles through convenient port holes. "Splits are going up to-day."

The Chink profited by this remark to purchase the last half dozen I had with me, which he carefully locked in his wicker basket.

ALL day long the heat was intense, and all day long the sole topic among the male element in the first and second cabins was splits, or rather the absence thereof. It must be true that the absence of something increases the desire for that thing, where slight desire previously existed, and brings into being in the mind where desire was dormant, a longing for the absent food, beverage, or whatever it might be. This was proved to my complete satisfaction, for the lady passengers now became sure in their own minds that ginger ale they must

CONCLUDED ON PAGES 25-26.



Mr. Fred. Engen, near Saskatoon, cuts his wheat with a train of eight-foot Binders drawn by a Traction Engine.



Mr. Engen has an Elevator for a Granary capable of holding 35,000 bushels.

PEOPLE AND PLACES

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

BRITISH DOMINIES ON THE PRAIRIE.

ALBERTA is importing school-teachers from the Old Country. On his recent trip to England Mr. D. S. Mackenzie, the Deputy Minister of Education for Alberta, interested himself in getting the British teachers to come out to the vacant schools on the prairie. It used to be easy a few years ago to get teachers enough from Ontario. That was when the schools of Alberta were not numerous and when teachers in Ontario were as thick as sparrows on a telegraph wire. Now Ontario has a hard time getting teachers enough for her own schools, while the schools of Alberta are thick on the trails. Alberta has a Normal School busy turning out pedagogues; but in that country so many of the teachers find it more profitable after a while to listen to the lure of the land and the real estate office. The British teachers are to help solve the problem of education in Alberta. There is room for two hundred of them before the close of the year. Mr. Mackenzie, the deputy minister, is a Strathcona "old boy." He was for years the successful headmaster of the Strathcona Public School; a man who stuck to the school when other men went into business. He is a good deputy; a hard worker and a man who takes his profession too seriously to dabble much in politics.

* * *

PIONEERS IN POLAR REGIONS.

THE North Pole discoveries are interesting to Canada. Many people are hoping that Captain Bernier will have located the Pole before he gets down again. For a good many years Canadian travellers have been skirmishing around within a few hundred miles of the Pole. The Klondike trek started a line of caravans moving that way ten years ago. But long before that there had been a thin grey line of dog-drivers and mushers and line-trackers pushing up into that charmed but not charming circle of the Midnight Sun. Away back in 1863, a missionary, Rev. R. Macdonald, discovered gold on Birch Creek below Fort Yukon. In 1865 Rev. Mr. Bompas, afterwards Bishop Bompas, now dead, went up there, starting from St. Paul, Minnesota, by waggon; a Lincolnshire curate who pushed up into that tremendous country of the "sourdough" and the "cheechako" so far that in more than forty years he never wanted to come out again. Bishop Bompas was known to all the Klondikers; known to the Crooked-Eye Indians, the Lochieux; known to the "cheechako" and the "sourdough." He had no ambition to find the Pole but he had a good share of the Pole with him most of his life in that frozen country. At Forty-Mile and at Moose Fort and at White Horse—the missionary, both Church of England and Roman Catholic, was found trying to civilise the north while other men were shoving through the Circle to find the Pole which never can be civilised.

* * *

THE "BOSS" WOMAN.

WOMEN have managed to "butt into" most of the occupations supposed to be pre-empted by men; but the most innovational intrusion of all in Canada is the case of Mrs. Bennett in Saskatchewan. Of course women in Saskatchewan did queer

things years ago. Not so long ago it was the fashion in the Doukhobor settlements for women to haul the plough—in which, however, they did not oust the men but the horses. Mrs. Bennett comes next in point of novelty without overstepping the bounds of absolute propriety. She is a railway contractor. She came up from Wisconsin and not being in the best of health decided that the out-of-doors was the place for her. She is now boss of a gang building a side line of the Canadian Northern from Maryfield to Bienfait. She has a gang of four, which includes her husband and the three boys. She is the master. The husband and the boys take turn about at the cooking in the tent, quitting half an hour earlier than the rest of the gang for that purpose. Mrs. Bennett keeps right on at the scraper and the plough.

* * *

CUTTING WHEAT WITH A TRACTION.

CUTTING wheat with a traction engine is something new in the farm annals of Western Canada. Near Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, Mr. Fred Engen has a sixteen-hundred acre farm which this year is nearly all in wheat—with the remainder in flax. Fourteen hundred acres or more of wheat takes a deal of cutting. At ten acres a day for one team and a binder it would take more than four months. Mr. Engen has found a trick worth two of hiring a lot of teams and binders. He has four eight-foot binders drawn by a traction engine. An eight-foot binder is two feet wider than the average binder used in the eastern provinces. To see this battery of eight-footers mowing down and binding up the wheat behind that traction engine is enough to make a real healthy Cree Indian hit the trail for the ends of the earth. This is not harvesting. It is industrialism in the field. It is the grim and inventive twentieth century that drives out all the pastoral charm and puts in its place the romance of a big thing.

Mr. Engen has also an elevator of his own right along the C. P. R. tracks—capable of holding thirty-five thousand bushels. This is "some" granary. Mr. Engen will not starve this winter. He is a very modern farmer. He is right up with the big ones. He is one of the biggest farmers in Canada—though he is still a few acres behind the biggest wheat farm in the United States. This Dakota farm contains twenty thousand acres; biggest farm in the world—all devoted to wheat; employs three hundred men harvesting five hundred thousand bushels of grain—total value over three hundred thousand dollars. No, this is not farming. It is Agriculture; capital A and all the flourishes; capitalism on the land—anything but the dear old homely way of the farm where we learned to mow fence-corners. No, there are no fence-corners in Saskatchewan; none in Alberta; in Manitoba none.

Plainly there is a danger of the big farm. Most big farms are a curse. Canada would be better off with small farms; up to a section of land at the outside. No man can farm more land than that without becoming a mere agricultural capitalist. But of course the ranchers had their day—and land unlimited. The West is a land of big things and large ideas.

Again, on the ten thousand acre farm of Morris

Adler, at Nanamaka, along the Bow, there was threshing of barley and cutting of spring wheat all in the same day; barley shipped direct to the brewers of Calgary beer, which is said by some experts to be the finest beer in America. One thousand acres of this farm yielded Mr. Adler 42,000 bushels of wheat. Mr. Adler has eighty-five horses and a 120-horse-power traction engine.

Then on the Ridgway farm south of Wadena, Sask., Mr. H. C. Pierce has cut his grain with a kerosene engine, 27-horsepower; peculiarity of which is that the engine hauls a plough and a binder at the same time, cutting an eight-foot swath, ploughing the swath next and dumping the sheaves on the ploughed land. He had the whole farm ploughed for next year's crop by the time he was done cutting. This is enough to make even Motherwell, the Minister of Agriculture, take a fit.

* * *

A LIVE ADVERTISING MAN.

MR. C. C. JAMES, Deputy Minister of Agriculture for Ontario, is one of the most hard-worked officials in Canada. He is a scholar and a student of public affairs. He has expert knowledge of agriculture. In his office he is sharp as a steel trap; never has time for mere pleasantries; tells few stories; always up to the eyes in the affairs of the farm and mowing down work—acres of routine—with a master hand. He is a man of cultivation; is said to possess the finest Tennyson library in Canada; reads widely; observes well; correlates his observations into opinions—and when he goes abroad he has some hard and fast ideas about Canada that count for something in the telling. He went to England this summer. While there he gave utterance to his views in unmistakable fashion; some of the most interesting expressions of opinion that have ever gone to help enlighten the citizens of the British Isles on the real condition of things as they are in Canada. Among other wise things, for instance, he said this:

"The other day a retired army officer called upon me, and in the course of conversation he asked, 'What prospects can Canada offer to a man like myself, with about a thousand pounds ready cash and an income of five hundred pounds a year?' I replied, 'My dear sir, spend the next couple of months in Canada instead of on the Continent. Book to Toronto, go to my headquarters in the Government Buildings, and we will map out a little tour which will enlighten you far more satisfactorily than anything you may read or hear over here. Within easy reach of towns having their electric light and electrically operated street cars you can buy with that sum a small freehold property with a comfortable dwelling house, stabling, and pasturage. You will be within easy reach of good schools for your children; a social club where men of your own class will welcome you; you can golf and yacht and fish and shoot. At Toronto and Hamilton a couple of good race meetings are held every year. You can hear good music and often see a good play. If you want big game, a day's railway journey will take you where you will need a guide and be assured of excellent sport. In the winter there is curling as well as ice yachting and ice hockey, and snow-shoeing.'"

THE DEMI-TASSE

SYMPATHY NOT WANTED.

GLADYS is a Havergal College girl from Belleville. The main characteristic about Gladys was her sanctity. This statement admits of no hint of disparagement. Ask the rest of Miss Knox's girls—class of 1910. They will tell you something of the virtue of the fair-haired, *petite* creature; how her pale blue eyes fixed themselves ever upon the ceiling during the learned disquisitions of the French teacher; and how once she even worsted the redoubtable Canon Cody in a theological controversy over Jonah and the famous whale.

This summer Gladys and her father and mother and little brother Willie went to Coboconk during the hot weather. Coboconk is not a swell resort in any way. I don't suppose it would appear on the map at all but for the significant fact that Mr. William Mackenzie, the railroad magnate, was born five miles away at Kirkfield, and because the fishing is reputable.

Gladys did not care for catching fish—that she considered barbarous. Her ideal was to be a fisherman though—a fisher of men. This was the inspiration of a visit one night of Mr. Simpkins, the village parson. Mr. Simpkins was an earnest young man. His tale of parochial woes left the city girl with a vivid impression. She almost cried her eyes out when he had gone, and she solemnly vowed that her last energies should be employed in the reclaiming process as regards Jem Smith, the drunkard, who lived on the hill with his wife and children in uncommon misery as gossip had it.

The very next afternoon she set out to the domicile of the monster who outraged womanhood and defenceless, innocent babes. Little Willie went along too, all immaculate and very uncomfortable in his spotless Eton collar.

A slatternly woman with but two teeth and a homely grin answered a timid knock.

"You are Mrs. Smith?" said Gladys, and her eyes were wells of pity.

"Yes'm, reckon I am," was the pleasant return. "Oh, Mrs. Smith!" Two dainty arms in summer lingerie flung themselves around Mrs. Smith's neck. A trembling young lady sobbed sympathetically.

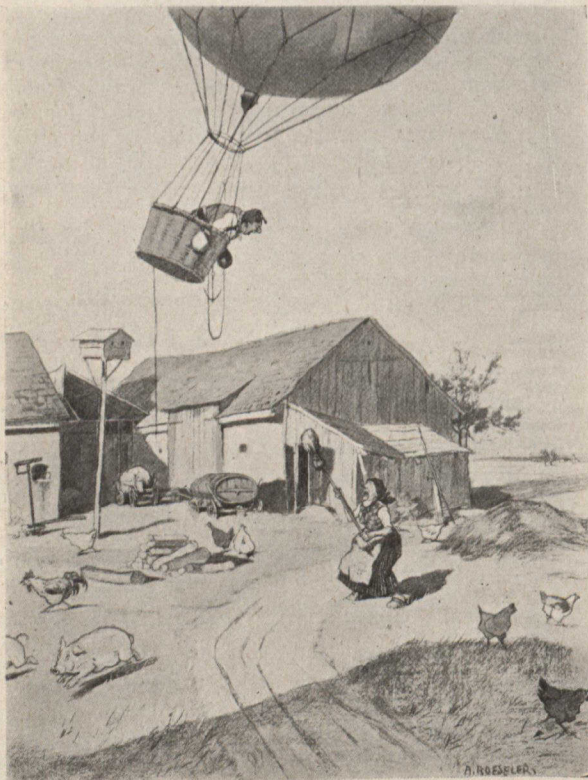
"O, you know—you know Mr. Smith drinks—so I heard—and I thought maybe I could help you."

Mrs. Smith shook in turn, but not with sob-hearty merriment was her malady. She disengaged herself.

"Why, young miss, Jem's all right; I like him

* * *

ENTIRELY OUT OF DANGER



Hello! this is great, up in a balloon.—this is the time I can tell my wife exactly what I think of her.—*Fliegen-den Blatter.*

better when he's drunk—more fun in him, you know. Won't you come in and have a bite?"

Gladys and Willie refused the very kind invitation to dinner. They were strolling homeward along the white, dusty road when Willie suddenly broke the silence:

"You're a gusher!"

School friends of Miss Gladys say that she will even go to Shea's now. She has retired from the reclamation business.

* * *

LORD BERESFORD'S WIT.

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD has charmed all the Canadians whom he met with his engaging smile and his bright talk. To those who got close to him he told some good stories which are now going the rounds. When the Toronto Canadian Club urged him to go on, though the appointed hour for closing had arrived, he remarked, "I am too experienced a boxer not to quit when time is called." To a veteran who was on parade for the veterans' inspection and who told the admiral of all the engagements he had been in, he genially remarked, "What a pity your mother hadn't had twins." He showed his heels to a fresh young reporter at Montreal with a suave comment, "Your part in this game is to get everything you can out of me and mine is to allow you to have—nothing!" Another newspaper man during the course of an interview said:

"Some of your critics, my lord, say that you have placed the Admiralty at a disadvantage in that they cannot reply."

The eyes of the pride of the navy twinkled:

"Do they say that I have been placed at a disadvantage?"

"No, the Admiralty, sir," from the humble scribe.

"The Admiralty—the Admiralty; they are always being placed at a disadvantage."

By one who saw the incident it is stated positively that the hero of a hundred fights completely lost his nerve—was "flabbergasted" so to speak—when at an exhibit in the Manufacturers' Building at the Canadian National Exhibition, a tall, thin woman, with spectacles, leaned over a railing and shrieked:

"Say, Jim, I see Mayor Oliver in there with the Lord!"

* * *

HIS FIRST OFFENCE?

MR. JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM, ex-M.P., is about equally well known as a great horseman and a great distiller. He has also a ready wit, pleasing but never bitter, and he enjoys a joke none the worse if it be somewhat at his own expense. Here's a characteristic story:

Some years ago the Seagram employees, quite an army of them, were holding their annual outing and picnic. Among the visitors present was Mr. Bleeker Powell, then as now Collector of Inland Revenue, of Guelph. There was something of a hitch in the proceedings and Mr. Seagram said to Mr. Powell: "Bleeker, what shall we do to start things going?"

Powell suggested that they two should run a 100-yard foot race. The match was made and, though some years his competitor's senior, Mr. Seagram won easily. Mr. Powell owned himself fairly beaten.

"Yes," said Mr. Seagram, "and it's the first time I ever did beat the excise—that they knew it."

* * *

A UNIQUE TOAST.

THERE have been many clever toasts formulated by clever men, but Mayor Munroe's toast to His Majesty King Edward VII, on the occasion of a banquet to the visiting Ontario legislators to the new town of Elk Lake, is among the best. Here it is:

"May the skin of an Elk Lake blueberry be an umbrella large enough to cover all his enemies."

* * *

SEIZING THE OPPORTUNITY.

IN a certain Ontario local option town is a citizen, who despite the legal precaution for his salvation, persists in his adherence to the cup that cheers. He is a thorn of vexation in the sides of his virtuous fellows. Especially, does old John Smith, the cobbler, feel sore distressed at heart at the habits of the convivial one. Recently, old John came to

the conclusion that extreme measures for reformation must be taken.

One night he saw the wayward soul steering a weird gait down a side street. Suddenly, to his consternation, he saw him plunge to the left, and, in his wild career, through the white gate of the little village cemetery. John Smith went home. He would teach this desecrator a lesson.

Ten minutes later he, too, entered the cemetery. But he came through another gate, and he sneaked along with something white under his arm. He stepped behind a huge tombstone. In a moment, when he reappeared, the old cobbler was garbed in folds of white—a sheet.

He stood still, raised himself to his full height, and gazed about him. His eye lit upon the figure of the drunkard lying there upon the ground in the pale light of the moon, old John Smith began to speak:

"Behold, I am the Apostle Paul."

No reply. Down in the village, the town bell struck the hour of twelve.

Again the deep, sepulchral voice:

"Behold, I am the Apostle Paul."

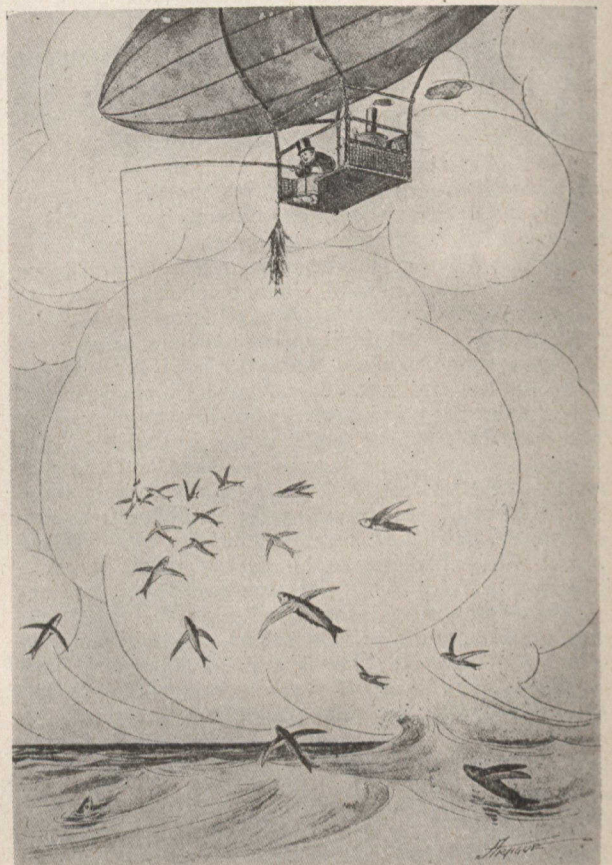
Then a voice drawled out with a bored air:

"Oh you be, be you? Well—well. Say, did you ever get an answer to that long letter you wrote to the Ephesians?"

And the wraith vanished into the night.

* * *

A SPORT OF THE FUTURE



All on the Fly.—*Life.*

* * *

WHO OWNS THE POLE?

Did Peary find the North Pole or was it Dr. Cook? On this vexatious question one could surely write a book.

Whose little hammer was it nailed the flag upon the spot?

(A hammer is an implement that's overworked a lot.)

Why all this fuss and fuming? Who wants it, anyway!

When offered to the President what did he have to say?

"Thanks for your generous offer of the Pole just as it stands,

But really it would only be an elephant on my hands."

So why not at the North Pole build a little bungalow?

The piece of ice between them wouldn't matter there, you know.

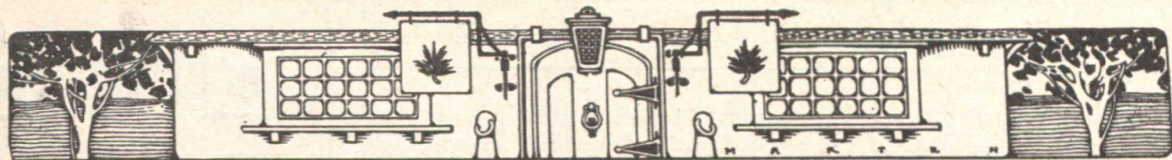
They could live in it together, coal would be the only cost,

And it's ten to one the temperature would soon dispel the frost.

* * *

GOING UP!

Pat—An' phwat the devil is a chafin-dish? Mike—Whist! Ut's a fryin'-pan that's got into society.—*Boston Transcript.*



AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

AN AEROPLANE COSTUME.

SO many ladies have now indulged in aeroplane flights that a special costume is being offered to lady aviators by a London firm of outfitters. Our photograph shows this dress, of which the main idea has been to avoid as far as possible any garments that will impede the movements of the wearer in the event of an unexpectedly sudden descent and also of any frills or furbelows that might become entangled in the wires and machinery of the aeroplane.



A new costume for Female Aviators.

ness counts for much. A man may erect his white umbrella or may even do without one and simply carry a campstool and canvas and sit in the eye of a whole village and no one will interrupt him because the people around are industrious, sensible and particularly clever at minding their own business. Otherwise one would not see those square brick houses, those massive barns, even neat and opulent shops and concrete-paved streets.

The Canadian landscape painter has always ranked high but within the last few years several pictures have been produced which are very nearly great pictures. Perhaps they are entirely great, only, as they do not reach us from Glasgow or Edinburgh or Bond Street we are shy about calling them great. If our artists would agree to the proposal, a Canadian Exhibition should be held every two or three years in London. The carefully chosen work, at its best, of Archibald Brown, Manly, Harris, St. Thomas Smith, the Reids, Wyly Grier, and many others, with an occasional dash of expatriated Canadians like Horatio Walker, would surely attract attention and in the end wrest genuine admiration from those who know. Such an exhibition might not create what London dearly loves, a sensation, like the Woolly West of the Hippodrome, artificial redmen and property wigwags, but it would result in something better than a sensation. It would be seen that art was seriously cultivated and on the whole successfully followed in Canada, too long identified with utilitarian schemes. It would be seen that the quality of the product was high especially in technique, even if in quantity and in the domain of imagination the output as yet is small. It would certainly be seen that a hundred or so of such pictures might compare very well with works by contemporaneous British artists, especially in the direction of noble and sufficiently varied landscape.

For such an exhibition it would be desirable not to confine the subjects to things too purely Canadian. A recent visitor to Canadian art galleries who desired and expected to lecture on Canadian art upon her return to England last year passed by some of the most striking and truthful efforts of our best artists because they were defective from the national standard and lacking in the great essential, from her point of view, of strong local colour. Pictures of autumnal foliage were eagerly sought after and found with difficulty, while noble sunsets, lonely moorland and olive sea coast were abundant and convincing but not at all what the stranger required. Diligent search resulted in a few snow scenes and log-rolling pic-

CANADIAN LANDSCAPE.

THE other class of people who truly enjoy nature in all its aspects are the artists. They are seldom if ever inclined to melancholy unless times are bad and pictures not changing hands, but this is a mere mundane and sordid matter. The fine flower of melancholy is not theirs and they are a class much to be envied. Day after day they go forth and study nature, and everything is grist that comes near the palette or paint box. Go up into the Conestogo or Doon country not far from Berlin, Ont., and you will see their white umbrellas dotting the meadows in several directions. Look as long as you like but do not meddle with them. They are for the most part a silent clan, these painters of Canadian landscape and had rather not talk small talk. It is a gentle and pastoral scheme of country that surrounds them and the remote-

tures, with harvestings on the prairie, and Rocky Mountain peaks, which were duly scanned, analysed, and set down in a notebook, but one could see that there was some disappointment at the comparatively small number of typical Canadian canvases.

Easily the most enthralling picture of the loan section at the exhibition this year was Lord Leighton's wonderful harmony of form and colour, "Summer Slumber." Lord Leighton himself was an unusually handsome man with a head of wavy hair and a dignity of mien that went well with his exalted office of president of the Royal Academy. One of the delights of living in such a centre as London is the chance afforded of accidentally meeting some famous member of society, perhaps in a very ordinary way. The writer recollects a crowded night at the Court Theatre with excellent actors on the stage and enthusiasm in the audience and our attention somewhat divided between proscenium and auditorium in consequence of the rumour of royalty. The evening progressed and the prince or princess for whom we were waiting did not arrive, but instead of H. R. H. or H. S. H. or whatever it was on that occasion we were chiefly interested in the appearance of a remarkably handsome and attractive man sitting just in front of us and before half the entertainment was over had recognised him as Sir Frederick Leighton, painter of great excellence and charm, although at that time not P. R. A. Delicacy and strength were blended in the fine profile turned occasionally in our direction and the thick hair had not yet turned very grey. Leighton was the friend of Burne-Jones and Millais and a most delightful and high-minded gentleman.

COMPETITION IN ART.

AS an incentive to all Canadian workers in every sort of applied art and home industry comes the announcement just made by the Canadian Handicrafts Guild of Montreal that they will hold a national competition in December in that city. The competition is under the patronage of Her Excellency Countess Grey, Lady Aberdeen and Lord and Lady Strathcona. The range of work includes weaving, needlework, whether lace, embroidery or plain sewing, knitting, basketry, pottery, metal work, bookbinding, leather work and wood-carving. The prizes are generous and there is no entrance fee, the object of the Guild being simply to give impetus to the development of the handicrafts movement in Canada. The Canadian Handicrafts Guild is comprised of the leading ladies of Montreal who give much of their time to the advancement of Canadian arts and crafts and it is hoped their first national effort will be far-reaching in its beneficial results.

EARL GREY'S SENTIMENTS.

EARL GREY, at the inauguration of the Women's Canadian Club of Vancouver, gave a stirring address upon subjects which are engaging the highest philanthropic efforts of the day. Amongst other things His Majesty's representative said: "Whatever advantages the city may possess in position, in natural beauty, climate, in the physique of its citizens, all these advantages will count for nothing of the women by their example and influence do not lead the community in the direction of righteousness, sacrifice and service." He had no words of encouragement for the suffragette, but rather for the domestic woman, the "angel of the hearth," and in her hands he left the well-being of Canada. He declared with Roosevelt and other authorities on the subject, that the woman who served her country best was she "who brought up her children in such a manner as would fit them to be the best citizens of the Empire."

All who follow closely the signs of the times are bound to confess that there is a strong, refining, Christianising principle permeating and enriching modern life, which is directly traceable to the ennobling influence of femininity, and to-day as ever, men, strong and courageous as they be, look to womankind for that tenderness and sympathy which alone spurs them on to greater deeds.

A SHORT while ago there died at Seattle under sad circumstances, a man who had at one time been a prominent European artist and was an intimate friend of Queen Elizabeth of Roumania, and also of our late Queen Victoria. It was Marcus Pollock, who, after a life of vicissitudes, died in a charity ward. This noted artist came to Seattle about a year ago and established classes in wood-carving, he having been for many years foreman in the art shop of Queen Elizabeth at Bucharest where wood-carving was one of the special subjects. He numbered amongst his patrons the nobility of Europe.

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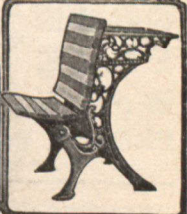
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In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier

HARD TO DO IT.

"THE actor," said Roscius de Hamme as he gazed over the sward at the summer hotel where he was resting, "should always forget that he has an audience. He should immerse his soul in his lines, and"—

"That's all very pretty," interrupted Horatio Tiewalker. "It isn't half so much trouble to forget that he has an audience as to forget that he hasn't one."

* * *

APPLY PUT.

"WHAT," asks the individual who always is studying conundrums; "what is the difference between a phonograph and a woman?"

"That's easy," asserts a gentleman who has just been compelled to give up all his money for the new-dress demand. "Because you start a phonograph talking by giving it money, but you stop a woman's talk that way."

* * *

FEMININE INTUITION.

THEY stood in the purple gloaming of the hazy June twilight. Above them drooped the wistaria; from afar drifted the fragrance of the dewy honeysuckles. It was an evening to inspire the heart and to thrill the soul.

"Evangeline," sighed Hector Montmorency, "I cannot begin to tell you how much I love you."

"You"—she hesitated—"you might at least try, mightn't you? If you give me but an inkling perhaps I can guess the rest."

He should have known better than to think of marrying a woman who was such a good guesser.

* * *

PITY.

Policeman—"Move on!"
Young man—"I'm no tramp."
Policeman—"What are you?"
Young man—"I'm an artist."
Policeman—"Ah, poor fellow! Here's ten cents."

* * *

WHAT MORE COULD SHE ASK?

"YOU used," she complained, "to treat me so affectionately, and to use so many words of endearment when you spoke to me. Now you are so matter-of-fact."

"Well," he replied, with a yawn, "didn't I prove by marrying you that I liked you?"

* * *

TOO BAD!

SHAKESPEARE was at the height of his glory. "But," asked Anne Hathaway, "why do you look so gloomy? Aren't the editors all accepting your stuff?"

"Yes," sighed the bard; "but I will never have the opportunity to write poetry for a breakfast-food concern."

Losing all his energy, he went into the dumps, wearing a scowl that wouldn't come off.

* * *

THE SIGNS OF NEWNESS.

"Did you attend the opening at Malletstein's roof-garden last night?"
"Yep."

"Anything new there?"
"Yep; some of the audience. They laughed at the jokes."

* * *

PRACTICE FOR A SHARP-SHOOTER.

CARDINAL LOGUE, the Irish prelate who was in this country last fall, went to Coney Island one day, tucked his ecclesiastical robes

around him and had a great time shooting the chutes and doing all the other things there are to do at Coney.

The party came to a shooting gallery. The Cardinal took a rifle and rang bullseye after bullseye, and did many fancy stunts in shooting.

"Where did you learn to shoot so well, your Eminence?" asked one of the astonished spectators.

"In Ireland, practisin' on English landlords," replied the Cardinal.

* * *

Crawford—"Why don't you tell your wife the baby is crying?"

Crabshaw—"If I did she would sing it to sleep."

* * *

An egotist is a man who expects a woman to marry him for himself alone.

* * *

Mr. Hall Caine's latest exploit is to appear as an actor in a theatre at Douglas. He gets more and more like dear old Shakespeare every day.

* * *

Adam never appreciated anything because there was no one to have less than he.

* * *

"A 'SORT OF COUSIN.'"

THE lawyer eyed the woman in the witness-box in patient despair. Then, on the authority of a writer in the *Detroit News*, he rallied visibly:

"You say, madam," he began, "that the defendant is a 'sort of relation' of yours. Will you please explain what you mean by that—just how you are related to the defendant?"

"Well, it's like this," replied the witness, beaming upon the court. "His first wife's cousin and my second cousin's first wife's aunt married brothers named Jones, and they were cousins to my mother's aunt. Then again, his grandfather on his mother's side and my grandfather on my mother's side were second cousins, and his stepmother married my husband's stepfather after his father and my mother died, and his brother Joe and my husband's brother Harry married twin sisters. I ain't ever figured out just how close related we are, but I've always looked on him as a sort of cousin."

"Quite right," assented the lawyer, feebly.

* * *

THE SYMPATHETIC POST-MASTER.

THE rural free delivery reaches its flower of perfection in Vermont.

"Mr. Carrier," said a lady who is summering among the mountains, "I have a letter, received several days ago, saying a package has been forwarded to me by mail. I have not received it yet. Have you seen anything of it?"

"A package?" asked the rural free deliverer.

"Yes, sir."

"What kind of a package?"
"Why, a small package—a box, in fact—covered with paper, containing some of my property."

"A small box; pasteboard, probably?"

"Yes."

"Let me see," pondered the rural free deliverer. "A package? Oh, yes, I guess that was your package I delivered to Mrs. Brown down in the foothills a few days ago. She hadn't had any mail for a long time, and I kind of felt sorry for her."

Use

Toronto

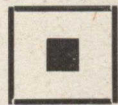
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ST. LOUIS, MO., Century Bldg.
ST. PAUL, MINN., Germania Life Bldg.
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LOS ANGELES, 621 Trust Bldg.

SPECIAL EUROPEAN REPRESENTATIVE

In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier

LITERARY NOTES

THE PASSING OF CLYDE FITCH.

THE other day news flashed from Germany that Mr. Clyde Fitch was dead. Broadway paused; London was profoundly shocked; and thousands of Canadian patrons of the theatre joined in the general expression of regret at the word of the passing of a magician who so often had exhibited his powers, and compelled their laughter and their tears. There was no more interesting figure connected with modern English-speaking stagemod than that dapper, little man who often wrote and produced three or four successes annually. He was at times the hero of newspaper and magazine talk enough to make him almost a rival to George Bernard Shaw. The bright young men of the press were forever figuring whether it was seventy-



The late Clyde Fitch in his artistic home at Hinchcliffe.

five or one hundred thousand dollars he received in a year as royalties from his plays; women interviewers returned to the editorial desks and scribbled reams of "gush" about the personal attractions of the dramatist; very few were the favourable dissertations on the literary aspects of his work. The New York dramatic critics would accuse him of being mercenary and he would smile blandly; they said he had no conception of the cherished ideals which tradition associates with the stage, and his reply would be a widely quoted lecture on the drama, past and present, before the English department of Harvard, Clyde Fitch remained to the end what he always was, "A typical American in spirit and a child of his age."

His period of activity dated but from the year 1890, when Mr. Richard Mansfield produced *Beau Brummel*. The short nineteen years have shown him prolific to the extent of upwards of fifty plays. Frequently the haste of the workman is evident. Digressions pain the critical observer, but the vast majority of the audience is oblivious to defects in the face of the light scintillation of Fitch's dialogue and the originality and lightness of his situations. Recently, the critics have noticed a perfecting influence in the work of the playwright. Mr. Martin Birnbaum, a personal friend of Mr. Fitch, on July 17, wrote in the "Independent":

"Even his harshest critics will admit that he has succeeded in crowding his mass of work with many delicious scenes, and things of permanent value and abiding interest. It

is true he has never realised a lofty, universal conception. He has, as yet, given us no play completely flawless or perfectly rounded. He must still be judged in the bulk of his work and not by a single play. If, however, he will keep on over-riding barren, captious criticism, and will not let his powers be crushed into extinction by it; if he will curb the impulse to start on a fresh track too often, and try faithfully and fearlessly to perfect his work, according to the high artistic standards and ideals which we believe are his, there can be but one result."

But death has removed a man, in his prime, who by training, experience, sympathy and knowledge of conditions, was eminently fitted to write the long-awaited "Great American Play."

* * *

THE Macmillan Company announce the near publication of Sven Hedin's "Trans Himalaya: Discoveries and Adventures in Tibet." This work, because of the great interest at the moment in exploration and discovery, is eagerly awaited. It will be in two volumes containing over 400 illustrations. Another book in this field which this house will issue of particular interest to Canadians is a work on Labrador by Dr. Grenfell.

* * *

MR. WILLIAM WATSON has edited a complete edition of the poems of Dr. Johnson to be published by John Dent. Mr. Watson's edition will be noteworthy in that it will be the first complete collection in one volume since 1785 of the work of the famous poet.

* * *

MR. E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM several of whose short stories have appeared in the CANADIAN COURIER, has recently issued a splendid novel entitled "Jeanne of the Marshes" (Copp, Clark Co.) It might have been named differently because Jeanne was a French heiress, educated in a convent, and introduced to society through London drawing-rooms. She only knew the marshes of Norfolk by accident, being taken there by her stepmother on a visit. These marshes, however, affected her life considerably and play an important part in the story. If critical at all, the story is intended to portray the foolishness of electric lights and bridge whist. The Princess of Strum, broken in purse and reputation, strives to keep herself alive by her bridge winnings, and this leads her and her partner, Captain Forrest, into difficulties which eventually bring them within sight of prison walls. To make a living out of bridge requires something more than luck—it requires deceit. One of their victims, a member of the nobility, discovers this and accuses them. He is made a prisoner and secreted for months in an old smugglers' den because he refuses to pass his word that he will not use the information which he has gained. Their trouble is increased by Jeanne's refusal to obey the command of the princess and marry a Belgian count who is willing to pay a huge sum for a beautiful maiden who has flouted him and who is said to be a wealthy heiress. In the end, of course, the fair maiden is saved and the wicked are punished, the hero being "Andrew of the Marshes," a lover of nature and a man who despises the "knights of the electric light."

* * *

MR. MAURICE HEWLETT'S new story, "Letters to Sanchia," is appearing serially in the "Fortnightly Review."

MacLaren's Imperial Cheese

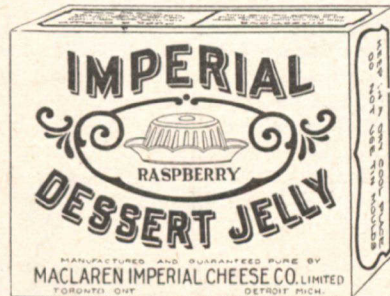
is widely known and appreciated as the best cheese in the world. The same careful selection of the raw product—the same thorough supervision of every process of manufacture has placed our



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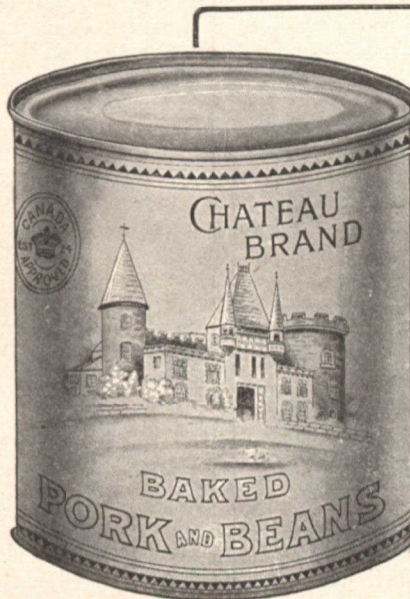
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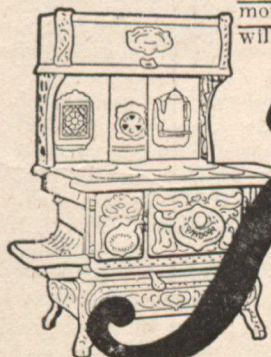
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Don't allow a few extra dollars to prevent you from taking the perfect-cooking, sure-baking, easily-regulated Pandora in place of a cheaper stove. In a season or two Pandora will pay the difference in the fuel it will save—and it will keep on saving until it has paid for itself.

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gives, and it is, therefore, the duty, and should be the pleasure of

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to whom she has a right to look for protection, to insure his life while yet in good health for her benefit when his strong arm and active brain shall have been stilled in death.

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MONEY AND MAGNATES

HOW CROWN RESERVE CAUSED MANY TO LOSE MONEY.

PARADOXICAL as it may seem, there is not a single mine in Cobalt that has been the means of so many Montrealers making and losing money as Crown Reserve. It does seem strange that a mine that has been such a great money-maker should be the cause of so many people losing a lot of money. Only the other day I had a leading official of one of the largest corporations tell me that the success attained by Crown Reserve was the most unfortunate thing that had befallen Montrealers since the opening of the Cobalt camp. As word of the great money the people in Crown Reserve were making was spread about, hundreds and even thousands of people were lured into other Cobalt concerns in the hope that they might turn out just as the Crown Reserve had. But they didn't. Most of them never made a showing of any kind and thousands of people are minus a few hundred or a few thousand dollars it had taken years to gather together. But as a rule the insiders made money whether the mines made a showing or not because they saw to it that they let the public in on stock only at a much higher figure than they paid for it themselves. In other words, if they did not make the money in the mine they made it on the stock, and the public (always desirous of making a little easy money) gave them their chance to make it.

* * *

WHEN C. P. R. SHAREHOLDERS GATHER TOGETHER FOR THE TWENTY-EIGHTH TIME.

IN a little over a week the shareholders of the Canadian Pacific Railway will gather together for the twenty-eighth time to hear the reports of the business the company has done during its fiscal year.

Twenty-eight years of existence and gross earnings in excess of seventy-six millions of dollars for one year! That is advancing considerably for a Canadian corporation, is it not? The previous year the gross earnings amounted to a little over seventy-one millions, making the increase for the year over six millions. Of course it is not the railway company alone that contributes such huge earnings for there are the steamship lines, the system of hotels, the land department with its hundreds of miles of land, the gigantic telegraph system, the express business and many other smaller lines that the C. P. R. always makes a point of controlling itself, such as its own sleeping-cars, its own series of lunch counters, the Caledonia water springs, and numerous grain elevators. All together they go to make one of the most complete and, many even say, one of the most perfect organisations found in the world to-day. Such a statement is another proof of the fact that we do things well in Canada.

Ask the ordinary man along the street how the Canadian Pacific Railway makes so much money and the answer will most likely be that it is from carrying so many people. But such is far from being the case. More than double the amount of money is taken in through the freight department, than is contributed by the passenger department. To be exact, the amount of gross earnings received from the freight department for the past fiscal year was \$48,182,520, while the total receipts from the passenger department was \$20,153,000. Other departments, such as sleeping-cars, elevators, telegraph and express, contributed \$7,198,977, and mails, \$778,822, all together making up the total of \$76,313,000.

The principal manner in which this money was spent was in the general account of what are known as transportation expenses. Under this heading comes the payment of the vast army of employees employed by the company throughout the world, and as good men are as a rule expensive to get and keep, the total outlay under this heading amounts to \$25,568,989, or more than five million dollars above the total amount of money that is received from carrying the millions of passengers the company handles in the course of a year. The account that takes the next largest amount of money is that of maintenance of equipment which absorbed \$11,080,886, but then it takes almost as much money to maintain the road and its buildings as it does to keep up the equipment, for under the heading of maintenance of way and structures there is a total of \$10,074,049. Then quite a long way after comes general expenses, which took \$2,356,402, and traffic expenses, totalling \$2,123,000. Under the heading of commercial telegraph is a total of \$933,000 and still smaller accounts are those of lake and river steamers and parlour and sleeping-car expenses. By all these means the company found it possible to spend \$53,357,748, leaving a total of \$22,955,572 with which to pay the various fixed charges, dividends, etc. The total amount paid to the shareholders of the common stock was \$9,000,000, but in addition they received \$1,500,000 out of the interest on the land funds. After payment of this dividend, as well as the one on the preference shares, the net surplus for the year carried forward was \$3,847,161.

In forming an accurate opinion about the showing made in the annual statement it must be remembered that while it is now September, the statement is for the year ending June 30th last. Particular mention is made of this because it was only in the last few months of the company's fiscal year that there was any distinct improvement in the amount of freight and passenger traffic to be secured. Since the beginning of the new fiscal year, however, there has been a very much more rapid increase in the amount of business offering and on this account the earnings of the company have been showing larger increases than were possible at any time during the fiscal year.

An idea of just how business did fall off in the early part of last year may be found from the fact that the net earnings of the company's steamship department showed a shrinkage of over \$700,000.

While the company's main through line from Montreal to Vancouver reaches a total of 2905 miles, the network of branch lines has been spread out in all parts of the country to such an extent that the company now has a total of over 10,000 miles of track.

With only twenty-eight years of existence behind it, many of the officials now at the head of affairs have been with the company practically from its inception. And how they have been fooled in their estimates of the way business would grow! It is a safe bet that from Sir William Van Horne down into the rank and file there is not a man who ever even dreamed that the business of the company would grow the way it has. Every provision that has been made for future growth has in a short time been entirely inadequate. Terminal facilities that it was thought would be sufficient for a generation were insufficient for the business offering at the end of five years. COUPON.

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WHAT CANADIAN EDITORS THINK

HARMONY IN WATERLOO.
(Galt Reporter)

WE, of Waterloo county, well know that it is possible to fuse English, Scotch, Irish, German and Dutch into a people loyal to the best of British traditions. Here, as perhaps nowhere else in the British dominions, have the Britisher, the German and the Dutchman met on common ground each to work out his own salvation in a peaceful field, under a constitution guaranteeing liberty of conscience and equality of citizenship to all. The welding of the races has gone on steadily, until there is scarcely visible a line of demarcation to distinguish one from the other. The men of other races born under foreign flags have been quick to acknowledge the justice of British rule and its adaptability to their requirements. Waterloo county has, in fact, been a Union of South Africa on a small scale. See how it has flourished! Mark the occupations of its people! Note the high standard of its educational institutions, of its farming life, of its industrial pursuits! The mixtures of races which have occurred in Waterloo have made it the best county in Canada. Each race has brought to bear on what is produced the native talent of industry. One has vied with another in the material enrichment of Canada, in the strengthening of constitutional rule, in the development of a strong democracy, in the support given to religious institutions.

COIN MORE OF OUR OWN SILVER.
(St. Thomas Times.)

THE Royal Mint at Ottawa has not coined a great deal of money and there is complaint that American silver is flooding the country. The Government has pursued a vacillating policy in this matter. Some years ago it brought down legislation to encourage the banks to ship back silver to the United States. The act seemed to work well enough, but for some reason it was discontinued after a year's trial, only to be re-enacted at the last session. It is an accommodation to American tourists to have their own money taken at par and merchants naturally seek to accommodate them where a sale is in sight. Were Canadian silver coins accepted at par throughout the United States the result would probably not diminish the output of the Royal Mint. But, except along the border, our coins are only accepted in the United States at eighty per cent. of their value and this naturally has the effect of reducing to the minimum their circulation in that country. The silver coins of both countries are only worth as bullion about forty per cent. of their face value. The seignorage or profit made by the Government on coining silver is quite large and there would be a greater coinage, and, of course, a greater profit if all the fractional silver used in Canada came from our own mint.

NEED THE BRITISH.
(Manitoba Free Press)

IT is of great importance to Great Britain that her people, who desire to carve out their fortunes in the newer parts of the Empire, should have the opportunities which the older and more crowded country cannot give them. It is of transcendent importance to the Empire—to Great Britain, and to the oversea Dominions—that the Colonies should be settled by British citizens. Canadians have already pledged themselves to take steps to give the British immigrant a warmer welcome and a better

chance in the Dominion. An analysis of our immigration statistics shows that we are in real danger of having poured into our national life too large a percentage of non-British blood. The problem of the retention of the British spirit is for us a serious one; and we will welcome all the help we can obtain from our brother Britons. The same problem is pressing in South Africa, and in a different form in Australia. So that it is eminently a matter for an Imperial Conference.

A NECESSARY CORRECTION.
(Winnipeg Free Press.)

ACCORDING to James J. Hill "you can no more increase the price of an article with a tariff than you can lift yourself upstairs with your footstraps." Mr. Hill evidently means "value" instead of "price." The tariff can be made to affect prices by affecting the supply of certain commodities, but prices can go up and down without changing their value or relation to each other. With this amendment Mr. Hill's statement is correct.

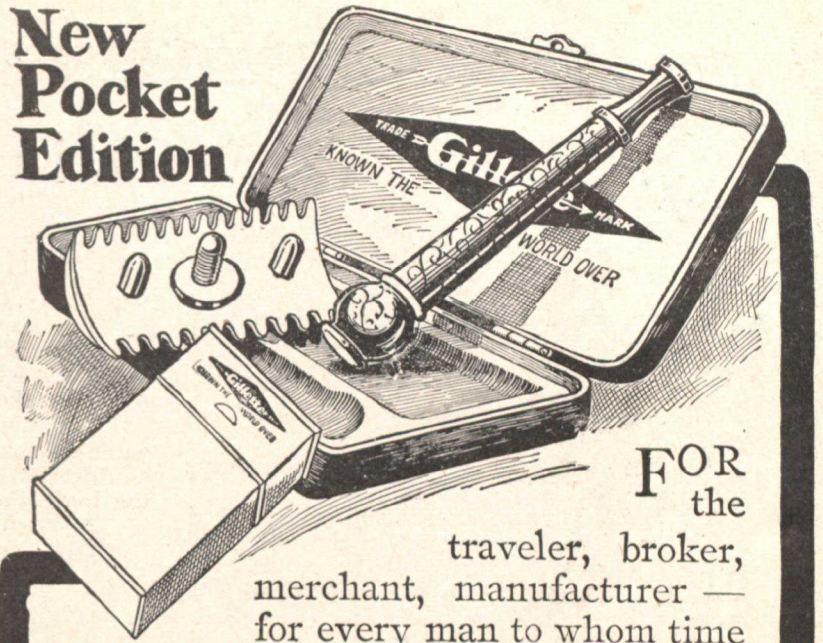
TRAVEL AND LEARN.
(Montreal Herald.)

TO the majority of Eastern Canadians the west is almost as much of an unknown land as is the province of Quebec. Mr. Murphy started out with the idea that as Secretary of State he ought to know a little more about the country which makes ever increasing claims upon the attention of his department. The reasoning applies just as well to men in every branch of business. If the railways would get together and organise some "Seeing Canada" excursions at an attractive figure there ought to be a lot of business to be done at it.

BRITISH NAVAL WORKS.
(London Advertiser.)

A MATTER which has for some time engaged the attention of the British Government is the proper provision in the way of docks for the great ships which are being added to the navy, time having rendered many of the existing docks inadequate. Amongst other works it has been decided to construct two floating docks which will take the largest battleships and materially add to the docking accommodation. These structures have been subjected to considerable criticism, but after a very searching inquiry the admiralty has become satisfied that they can be properly used in British waters. They are being increasingly used in other countries, there being larger ones in the United States and Germany than any the British navy requires. One advantage of floating docks is that they have a mobility which is not possessed by graving docks and can be placed where they are strategically necessary. Another, and perhaps the most important advantage is the rapidity with which they can be constructed, it requiring but a year and a half to complete one. They are also much cheaper than graving docks. The life of a floating dock is limited, however, to forty years. One of these floating docks will be situated in the Medway, where are to be found the necessary conditions in regard to depth of water and the needed protection. The admiralty has thus far kept the location of the other floating dock secret, and is considering the possibility of building large graving docks at other places on the east coast.

New Pocket Edition



FOR the traveler, broker, merchant, manufacturer — for every man to whom time

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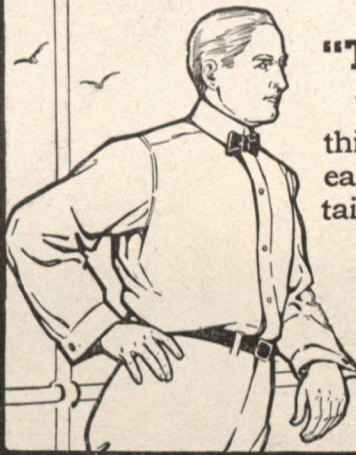
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FOR THE CHILDREN



THE LITTLE FAT ONE

BY SUI SIN FAR.

LEE CHU and Lee Yen sat on a stone seat beneath the shade of a fig-tree. The way to school seemed long, the morning was warm and the road dusty.

"The master's goggles can see right through our heads," observed Lee Chu.

"And his new cane made Hom Wo's fingers blister yesterday," said Lee Yen.

They looked sideways at one another and sighed.

"The beach must be very cool to-day," said Lee Chu after a while.

"Ah, yes! It is not far from here." Thus spoke Lee Yen.

"And there are many pebbles."

"Of all colours."

"Of all colours," echoed Lee Chu, shaking his head.

The two little boys turned and looked at each other.

"Our honourable parents need never know," mused one.

"No!" murmured the other. "School is so far from home. And there are five new scholars to keep the schoolmaster busy."

Yes, the beach was cool and pleasant, and the pebbles were many and the finest in colour and shape that Lee Chu and Lee Yen had ever seen. The tide washed up fresh ones every second—green, red, yellow, black and brown. Also white and transparent beauties. The boys exclaimed with delight as they gathered them. The last one spied was always the brightest sparkler.

"Here's one like fire and all the colours in the sun," cried Lee Chu.

"And this one—it is such a bright green! There never was another one like it!" declared Lee Yen.

"Ah! Most beautiful!"

"Oh, most wonderful!"

And so on until they had each made an iridescent little pile. Then they sat down to rest and eat their lunch—some rice cakes which the mother had placed within their bag-like sleeves.

"I think," said Lee Chu, "that these are the most beautiful pebbles that the sea has ever given to us."

"I think so too," assented Lee Yen.

"I think," again said Lee Chu, "that I will give mine to the Little Fat One."

"The Little Fat One shall also have mine," said Lee Yen. He ran his fingers through his pebbles and sighed with rapture over their glittering. Lee Chu also sighed as his eyes dwelt on the shining heap that was his. Then they rose slowly.

The Little Fat One ran to greet them on his little fat legs when they returned home at sundown, and they poured their treasures into his little tunic.

"Where do these come from?" cried Lee Amoy, the mother, when she tried to take the Little Fat One on her lap and found him too heavy to lift.

Lee Chu and Lee Yen looked away.

"You bad boys!" exclaimed the mother sternly. "You have been on the beach instead of at school. When your father comes in I shall tell him to cane you."

"No, no, not bad," contradicted the Little Fat One, scrambling after the stones which were slipping from his tunic. His mother picked up some of them, observing that they were particularly fine.

"They are the most beautiful pebbles that ever were seen," said Lee Chu sorrowfully. He felt sure that his mother would cast them away.

"The sea will never give up as fine again," declared Lee Yen despairingly.

"Then why did you not each keep what you found?" asked the mother.

"Because—" said Lee Chu, then looked at the Little Fat One.

"Because—" echoed Lee Yen, and also looked at the Little Fat One.

The mother's eyes softened.

"Well," said she, "for this one time we will forget the cane. I shall not tell your father."

"Good! Good!" cried the Little Fat One.—*New Idea Woman's Magazine.*

BENNIE'S MISTAKE

BY WEBB DONNELL.

THE tin-pedler's old red cart jolted slowly up to the door. Bennie came down from the waggon-house loft two steps at a time, to be on hand when

that wonderful drawer was pulled out from behind, for wonderful, indeed, were the treasures that drawer contained. There were knives, jew's-harps and pocket-combs. There were smart blue, red and green pencils.

Bennie stood looking into the drawer, with open-eyed admiration. Suddenly an idea occurred to him. He would slyly take out one of those pencils and put it in his pocket. Then before the pedler went away he would take it out and hand it to him. Would he not be surprised to see how cleverly it had been done, right under his nose, and he not knowing anything about it? A minute later the pencil was in Bennie's pocket, and Bennie was absorbed in some new wonders the pedler was showing—so absorbed that he forgot all about the pencil until the old red cart had turned down the road and was out of sight. Then Bennie was

frightened, and very penitently told his father about the pencil. Old Charlie, the horse, had just been harnessed, to carry some grain to the mill. Bennie had never seen just such a look as was on his father's face as he said, hurriedly, "Jump into the waggon—quick!—quick!" and old Charlie had never before felt the reins handled as they were then.

How they raced down the road! A man coming up the road turned his team into the gutter to let them pass. Old Charlie must overtake the red cart before it reached the next house! And the good old horse did overtake it just in time.

"My little boy has something to say to you, sir," said his father to the pedler, who was a stranger on that road.

Then Bennie shamefacedly told his story.

"Well," said the pedler, "I did see you when you took the pencil—out of the corner of my eye—but I didn't let on. Yes," to Bennie's father—"I s'pose I should have mentioned it at the next house, and said he was a sly boy. But I see how it was now."

Bennie's father knew what to say to a little boy who had made a mistake, and this is what he said: "You can't play with fire, Bennie, without running a big risk of burning your fingers." And Bennie knew just what was meant. He did not need another lesson.—*Youth's Companion.*



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A CORNER IN SPLITS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.

have. When it was plentiful they hardly looked at it, but now they had a "longing." You cannot fail to have heard some female friend or relation express a "longing." It is something that has to be gratified before peace will be restored.

And the lady passengers had a longing. I sat on the ventilator and smiled. I was not then married, but I had a married brother or two and was real wise. Things would now begin to move my way.

Naturally it was a married man who started the ball rolling. He had worried the stewards sick requesting ginger ale, and when Henry (the night bar steward in whom I had confided), at a wink from me, hinted to him that "yon feller on the ventilator had a bottle or two so he'd heard," the Hon. Jacob Wetherby made a quick dash toward me.

"I hear you have some ginger ale," he remarked.

"I never said that I had any that I know of," I replied.

"But you have, haven't you?" he insisted, with a hopeless look. "I suppose you are saving it for yourself, but my wife has been half crazy for it all day, and I'll make it worth your while if you can scare up a couple of bottles."

"Now that I think of it, I believe I have a few bottles left," I remarked, "but they are worth 15 cents to me, and I don't want to sell them even at that price. Still so long's your wife's got a 'longing,' I'll let you have a couple. But," and I looked around cautiously, "I don't want this advertised. I can't afford to sell any more at that price and I'm doing this to be obliging."

I looked the crowd over and thought it advisable to keep my seat on the ventilator, which I did until my next customer came.

"Are you married, steward?" he began bluntly.

"Not guilty, sir," I replied.

He frowned. "Then I suppose you don't know anything about a woman's 'longing'?"

"Splits is now a quarter per," I interrupted, as I looked across the deck to where Wetherby had another friend engaged in whispered conversation. It was no time to procrastinate or quibble. I was the man of the hour.

"I have fifty cents that says you're a robber," replied he of the frown, "but —" and a moment later another pair were quaffing splits.

Next day the run on splits was phenomenal. The Chink and his fellow countrymen contributed very little, the quarter price being apparently too steep for them, but the other passengers were constant buyers. Every minute that I could get away from my work I sought the ventilator, and my coming was always the signal for a grand concerted rush in my direction. I was certainly popular — or rather my stock in trade was. Even the purser dug down in his pocket for twenty-five cents, and carried the bottle off to the bar for something to mix with it.

"It looks like one of our bottles, Tom," he said before he left. "I hope you came by it honestly."

"I hope so too, sir," I replied. "I paid real money for it anyway."

"Where?" he inquired.

"Why, in Halifax of course," I replied. "You don't suppose I got it on board, I hope?"

"I've heard rumours to that effect, Tom," he said as he looked at me sternly. "If I thought they were true I would put you off at the next British port. This is not going to make a good advertisement for the boat at all."

"Why," I suggested, "I should think you'd be glad some person was on the job to furnish gingers. Isn't this better than having a couple of hundred passengers raising a kick all the time? You can't blame me for stocking up. It wasn't for me to dictate to you at Halifax and advise you to put in a supply. I thought you could see far enough ahead for that."

"Well, how much more have you?" he queried. "I might buy—"

"Oh, no, you mightn't," I told him. "This isn't your picnic at all, and anyway I've only got six or eight bottles left. See," and I showed him a basket by my side.

He departed and before long I was obliged to go below to refill my basket.

The night bartender was waiting for me in the hold and we divided our first dividend. "Twenty per cent. of profit so far is \$16.80, Henry," I remarked, and he smiled as he pocketed his share.

"You'll clear about \$200, won't you, Tom?" he asked.

"I will if this thirst keeps up tomorrow and day after," I replied. "They'll have me cleaned out by then."

And the thirst kept up. The heat attended to that, assisted by the 'longings,' so that by the end of the two days I only had a few bottles left. Almost every person drank ginger ale—even the captain, to whom I presented half a dozen bottles with my most engaging smile.

He glared at me as I gave them to him on the bridge. "Something seems to tell me you're a regular robber, Tom," he growled. "In fact I'm sure you are, but, boy, it's a smart trick, yes a — smart one," and he winked—actually winked.

WE were due at Havana Thursday afternoon and when Thursday morning arrived there was a falling off in sales. In fact my remaining bottles—there were only eight—were not selling at all. Henry sauntered among the passengers, who were unaccountably silent and taciturn when I was in their neighbourhood, and reported to me.

"They says they'll see you in hades before they gives you another quarter, Tom. They's going to fast today and drink all they can hold in port."

I fished out two bottles of ginger ale and we sat on the lifeboat swinging our legs idly as we sipped it. Half way down the deck a dozen pairs of eyes watched us hungrily, or thirstily rather, and when we poured our second bottles, the temptation became too great for he with the "longing" wife, and amid the jeers of his companions he purchased another pair of splits—which left me but two in stock. His did not do him much good, for his companions good-naturedly but forcibly took them from him and hurled them overboard, much to the disgust of The Chink who leaned over the rail and sadly watched them bobbing up and down among the flying fish until they were lost to view in our wake.

"Muchee dam fools, 'Merican men," he informed a Celestial friend. "Vely muchee dam fools."

"S'long's there's nothing doing for the Ginger Trust, let's declare a dividend," advised Henry. "And after we're through I've got a plan to pay for the treatment these guys are handing us. I've been in Havana before and you bet every place that sells drinks don't pass out ginger ale for a few centavos."

I took out my remaining stock and

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threw the basket overboard. It had served its purpose well.

"Well, Chink, old boy, here's the last of it," I cried, holding up the two bottles. I said it so the others could hear, and felt satisfied at the gloomy looks of defeat that spread over their faces.

The Chink approached.

"Allee gone?" he inquired.

"All but two."

"How muchee for one?"

"Same price, Chinkee, same price. Only a quarter."

"Allee light. Give me one," and he handed over the quarter to me.

"Give him mine, Tom," said the bar steward. "I'm full right up."

I passed the bottle to The Chink and the quarter to Henry, this latter part of the transaction being plainly a disappointment to the Chinaman. I realised why when Henry passed the quarter back with but one word of explanation.

"Lead," he said.

"Lead?" I inquired, then looked at it. The Chink was throwing his empty bottle overboard, watching me out of one eye. I beckoned to him.

"Chink," I said, "you're worse than I am. Here, have one on me," and I passed him over the last split, and carefully laid the lead quarter on the top of the cork.

He chuckled as he pocketed it and walked away. Then we declared the final dividend. I am ashamed to state how much I really made out of the deal. Still, I needed the money.

THAT afternoon Henry volunteered to show the passengers, or such of them as wished to take advantage of his offer, around Havana. We had it all planned out beforehand. I knew that as soon as they landed they would search for gingers, and was sitting at a corner table when Jim led them to Braga's.

They formed a line two tiers deep along the front of the bar and for ten minutes the bartenders were kept busy pouring out imported ginger ale.

The Chink and two friends slipped in later and stood waiting at the end of the bar, but were ignored.

Three dozen hands lifted glasses to three dozen pairs of lips simultaneously, and three dozen voices a moment later queried "What's the cost?"

The Cuban smiled. "Imported ginger ale, you know, senors," he explained. "Una peseta, cinco centavos, what you Americans call 25 cents."

Three dozen voices shouted "Twenty-five cents again!" and three dozen pairs of eyes looked around for Henry. But he had laid a quarter on the bar and disappeared. Henry always was honest. Most of us would have left without placing a quarter on the bar.

Through the side door I saw the Chinamen file out, but a few minutes later when I joined Henry on the other side of the Prado, I was surprised to see the Chink go in again. He came out with something — unmistakably a bottle — swelling his blouse pocket. Again I hailed him.

"What you got?" I asked ungrammatically.

"Ginger ale," he replied.

"You didn't pay twenty-five cents for it, did you?" I asked in amazement.

"All samee you right," he whispered. "I pay quarter all lite." Then as he glanced furtively over his shoulder he added, "Lead quarter, too, stleward. That make three bottles for one quarter. Chinaman muchee big rogue likee 'Merican stleward, eh?" and he was gone.

LATER I met the purser in a place where Cuban manufactured ginger ale was sold for five cents. He was negotiating for ten dozen cases.



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