

# The Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



"GREEN AGAINST THE DRAGGLED DRIFT, FAINT AND FRAIL AND FIRST—  
BUY MY NORTHERN BLOOD-ROOT AND I'LL KNOW WHERE YOU WERE NURSED."

—Kipling's "The Flowers."

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

# Three Specials in Net Waists

## The Latest Styles



C162—Elaborate Waist of ecru fillet net, all-over Cluny effect; tan silk lining throughout; kimona sleeve, cuffs; front and back trimmed with wide Cluny insertion and piped with brown, navy, sky, black or tan silk. Sizes 32 to 42. Special **\$4.25**



C163—Pretty Waist of fine quality fancy ecru net; tan silk lining throughout; cut very full and made front and back with clusters of wide tucks; new Mikado sleeve, front and cuffs elaborately trimmed with wide Cluny insertion and edged with lace; same style only made in large mesh ecru fillet net, piped with navy, brown, tan, black or sky silk. Sizes 32 to 42. Special value **\$3.50**

## Extraordinary Value



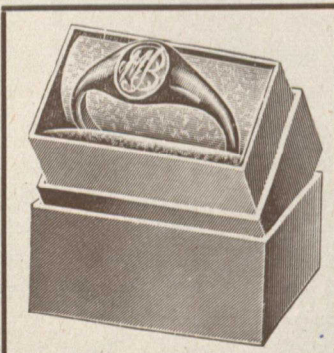
C164—Handsome Waist of fine ecru all-over Valenciennes or fancy net; tan silk lining throughout; dainty vest effect and wide tucks back and front; new Mikado sleeve, cuffs and front trimmed with heavy guipure insertion and piped with silk in shades of black, navy, tan, sky or brown. Sizes 32 to 42. - - - - - **\$5.00**

# Summer Blankets Underpriced

## NOW'S THE TIME TO BUY

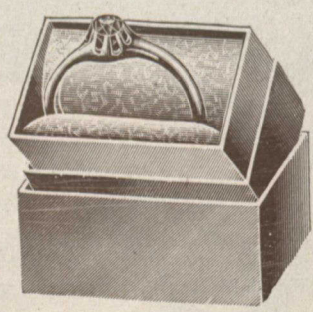
C165—Finest Swansdown or Flanelette Blankets, the very best blankets in every way on the market, beautiful soft napping, made from long, selected cotton yarns. White or grey with dainty pink or blue borders. Just the kind of blankets you need for your summer home, and nothing better for fitting out summer hotels. Remember the quality is A1, the prices and sizes are as follows:

- 54 x 76 inches, per pair, - .83
- 66 x 76 inches, per pair, - \$1.08
- 72 x 84 inches, per pair, - \$1.33



**10k. SOLID GOLD SIGNET RING**  
**Regular \$2 for 98c.**  
 ENGRAVED FREE

C166 — Ladies' and Gentlemen's 10k. Solid Gold Signet Rings, heavy, but finely finished in Roman or bright style, oval flat top for monogram, any one or two initials in neat design engraved free of charge. Regular \$2.00, **.98** for .....



**SOLID GOLD BIRTHDAY RINGS**  
**Regular \$2 for 98c.**  
 Stones Assorted as Follows—

- |                       |                    |
|-----------------------|--------------------|
| January—Garnet.       | July—Ruby          |
| February—Amethyst     | August—Sardonyx    |
| March—Bloodstone      | September—Sapphire |
| April—Diamond Doublet | October—Opal       |
| May—Emerald           | November—Topaz     |
| June—Agate            | December—Turquoise |

THE ROBERT **SIMPSON** COMPANY, LIMITED  
 TORONTO

THE ROBERT **SIMPSON** COMPANY, LIMITED  
 TORONTO

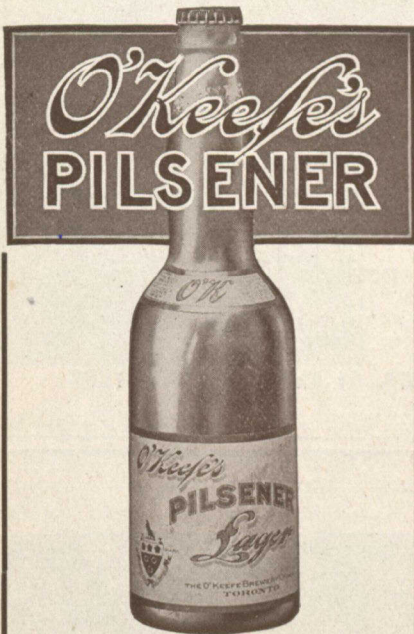


**"MORE BREAD AND BETTER BREAD"**—that is the sure result of using **PURITY FLOUR**. Made from the finest Western Canada Hard Wheat in the best equipped Milling Plant in the world, that's why **PURITY FLOUR** is full of nutriment and never disappoints in the baking.

Sold Everywhere in the Great Dominion

WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS CO. LIMITED


MILLS AT WINNIPEG, GODERICH, BRANDON



Insist that your dealer always sends O'KEEFE'S "PILSENER"

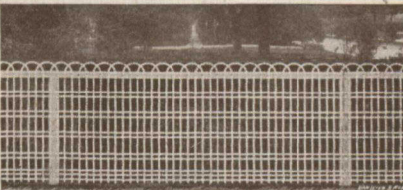
"THE LIGHT BEER IN THE LIGHT BOTTLE" (Registered)

The O'Keefe Brewery Co. of Toronto, Limited



THE UNDERWOOD Typewriter combines a reasonable price with the most exacting quality. No other typewriter represents so much for the money. If all the good points of all other typewriters were combined in one machine, it might compare favorably with the Underwood—and it might suffer in the comparison.

**UNITED TYPEWRITER CO. Ltd.**  
Adelaide Street East  
TORONTO



**IDEAL LAWN FENCE**  
The neatest and most serviceable lawn fence made. Manufactured from stiff, heavy steel wire, heavily galvanized. Better than wood or iron fences—cheaper than either. Easily erected. Write for particulars.

The McGregor Banwell Fence Co., Limited  
DEPT. A  
Walkerville - Ontario

# THE Canadian Courier

A NATIONAL WEEKLY

Published at 61 Victoria Street, Toronto, by The Courier Press, Limited

Subscription: Canada and Great Britain, \$4.00 a Year; United States, \$5.00 a Year

## CONTENTS

|                          |    |
|--------------------------|----|
| IN THE PUBLIC VIEW       | 5  |
| REFLECTIONS              | 6  |
| THROUGH A MONOCLE        | 8  |
| ROYAL CANADIAN ACADEMY   | 9  |
| THE BLOOD-ROOT           | 10 |
| TWO BRITISH PREMIERS     | 10 |
| SOME PRIZE-WINNING DOGS  | 11 |
| A CANADIAN CARNEGIE      | 12 |
| IN THE WHITE MONTHS      | 12 |
| PEOPLE AND PLACES        | 13 |
| THE YELLOW GOD, Story    | 14 |
| MY FRIEND BOB, Story     | 15 |
| DEMI-TASSE               | 16 |
| MUSIC AND DRAMA          | 17 |
| AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE | 18 |
| ARCHAEOLOGY IN CANADA    | 19 |
| FOR THE CHILDREN         | 20 |

## PUBLISHERS' TALK

THERE are two ways in which our subscribers may cooperate with us in keeping The Canadian Courier the most interesting publication in the Dominion. When any one sees or hears of an interesting photograph or series of pictures, he can let us know. We will appreciate the kindness. In the second place, every subscriber may materially assist us by mentioning this journal when writing advertisers. Advertising is necessary to our success, and the interest of our subscribers is necessary to enable us to develop our advertising patronage.

WHEN this month is completed, The Canadian Courier will enter upon its fourth volume. We are pleased to be able to state that our success has been greater than we anticipated, in spite of the adverse trade conditions of the past year.

OUR issue of May 16th will be a "Travel Number," such as was issued last year on June 1st. The summer resorts of Canada will be passed in review and much new information given about the possibilities of the season.

WE have secured the Canadian rights for a new Canadian story, by the author of "Thoroughbreds" and "Mooswa." This will run through ten issues commencing early in June. It is a horse story in Mr. W. A. Fraser's best style—and who is there who does not appreciate a love-story, with the horses playing a prominent part?

## The Wise Man's Four Wishes

*"Bread—when I'm hungry,  
'SPEY ROYAL'—when I'm dry,  
Money—when I'm 'broke,'  
Heaven—when I die."*

## Gilbey's "Spey Royal"

is distilled from the finest materials and is the choicest and oldest PURE MALT SCOTCH WHISKY obtainable.

DISTRIBUTORS:

R. H. Howard & Co., Toronto  
G. F. & J. Galt - Winnipeg  
And Others

897



"A PAINT OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOREVER"

ASK FOR THE

**CANADA PAINT COMPANY'S PAINTS and VARNISHES**

HANDY FORM—BEST VALUE

## THE STANDARD LOAN COMPANY

CAPITAL - \$1,125,000  
RESERVE - 50,000  
ASSETS - 2,250,000

Vice-President and Managing Director:  
W. S. DINNICK.

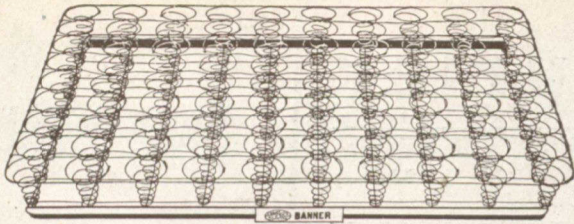
Director:  
RIGHT HONORABLE LORD STRATH  
COÑA AND MOUNT ROYAL, K.C.M.G.

HEAD OFFICE:

24 Adelaide St. East, TORONTO, ONT.

Debentures for one, two, three, four and five years issued, bearing interest at five per cent. per annum, payable half-yearly.

Write for booklet entitled "SOME CARDINAL POINTS."



**"Banner" Spring Bed—\$8  
Is Guaranteed for a Lifetime**

There are Damascus Swords—200, 300 and 400 years old—which can be bent double and yet will spring back, straight and true, when released. These blades were tempered right.

The "Banner" Spring Bed is guaranteed for a lifetime because the steel spirals are oil tempered like a sword—and will retain their strength and springiness through years of service.

It is the resiliency (or "spring") of the steel spirals, which makes the "Banner" Spring Bed so easy and comfortable.

The spirals, after being carefully tested, are japanned—to prevent rusting. Then they are attached to flat steel bands on edge, which are riveted to angle iron sides. This insures the "Banner" being absolutely noiseless—and enables it to fit iron beds without slats.

Springs that cost \$3 or \$4 soon pull out of shape—"sag" like a hammock—are never restful and easy—and must soon be replaced. The "Banner" Spring Bed costs \$8—lasts a lifetime—and gives a lifetime of comfort and satisfaction. Who can doubt the true economy of the "Banner"?

Look for this trademark whenever you buy Spring Beds and Bedding. It is your protection and our guarantee.



If your dealer will not supply you, we will. Write to our Montreal office.

**THE ALASKA FEATHER & DOWN CO. LIMITED**  
 FACTORIES AT MONTREAL, TORONTO, WINNIPEG.  
 WHOLESALE ONLY.



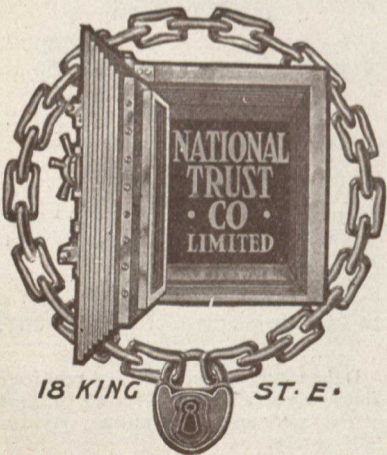
**Art Electric Fixtures**

❑ The cheapness of electric light in Toronto makes it possible to do away with old methods of lighting for the home.

❑ The cheapness of our ART ELECTRIC FIXTURES enables you to get the artistic effect you want at small cost.

❑ A visit to our art show rooms will repay you.

The  
**Toronto Electric Light Co.**  
 Limited  
 12 Adelaide Street East - Toronto



**To die  
 without a  
 will is  
 inexcusable**

—ADVISE WITH—  
**National Trust Co., Limited**  
 18-22 King St. East, TORONTO

BRANCHES:  
 Montreal Winnipeg Saskatoon Edmonton



Young Americans who do not wish to lose their hair before they are forty must begin to look after their scalps before they are twenty.—*New York Medical Record.*

**The early routine use of Packer's Tar Soap exerts a marked hygienic influence on the scalp and the future beauty of the hair.**

Our new booklet, "The value of Systematic Shampooing," contains valuable information. Mailed free.

**THE PACKER MFG. CO., Suite 85S, 81 Fulton St., NEW YORK**

**Broderick's  
 Business  
 Suits \$22.50**  
 Worn from  
 Coast to Coast

Write for  
 SAMPLES and  
 Measurement Chart

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

# The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

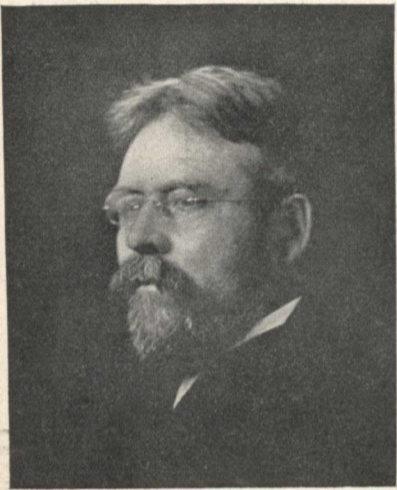
Subscription: \$4.00 a Year.

Vol. III.

Toronto, May 2nd, 1908.

No. 22

## IN THE PUBLIC VIEW



Mr. G. A. Reid,  
President Royal Canadian Academy of Arts.

THE greatest honour which can come to a Canadian artist is to be made president of the Royal Canadian Academy of Arts, which bears the same relation to art as the Royal Society of Canada bears to literature and scholarship. The R. C. A. was founded in 1880 by the Marquis of Lorne, and Mr. G. A. Reid is its fourth president. He has just been re-elected for a second term.

George Agnew Reid was born at Wingham in 1860, and has devoted his life to the study of art—at Philadelphia, in France, Spain and Italy. He is best known to the public by his two ambitious canvases, "Mortgaging the Homestead" in the National Gallery at Ottawa, and "Foreclosing the Mortgage," which is now in the United States. His landscapes and figure pictures are less popular but more important from the artist point of view. His decorations for the Toronto City Hall, donated in a spirit of civic patriotism, have never been appreciated as they deserve.

Personally Mr. Reid is the most gentle and unselfish of men, always foremost in movements looking to an increase of public interest in art matters. His work in connection with the School of Art in Toronto, the Ontario Society of Artists, the Toronto Civic Guild, the Society of Applied Arts and other organisations has been of the greatest possible value.

IN many parts of Alberta, whether in the foothills, the edge mountains, or the long, level plains, the traveller may see the telephone lines built since the present Government came into power. To the wayfarer in the absorbing foothills west of Calgary it is a touch of extreme civilisation to see the line of new poles skirting the base of the hills along the Bow; the line from Calgary to Banff. Northward last summer and east of the railway went the gangs of the Minister of Public Works, camping on the trails and stringing bluffs to coulees with copper wires; great, green reaches near the Battle River that had never seen a wire. To this ramification of copper lines on the prairie and the hills the Department of Public Works in Alberta has recently added the existing Bell system, purchased at a cost of nearly three-quarters of a million dollars. To one man chiefly the credit is due—Hon. Mr. Cushing, of Calgary, who is one of the most constructive men in the Alberta Government.



Hon. W. H. Cushing,  
Minister of Public Works, Alberta.

THE death of Sir Adolphe Caron, ex-Minister of Militia, and the anniversary of the battle of Fish Creek came oddly within two days of coinciding. Sir Adolphe died on the twenty-first of April; Fish Creek was fought on the twenty-third. It was the Rebellion of which Fish Creek was one of the notable engagements that brought Sir Adolphe sharply into the public view. Riel's execution was unpopular with a large number of Liberals. Sir Adolphe more than any other statesman outside the Minister of Justice was concerned in the execution of the rebel leader

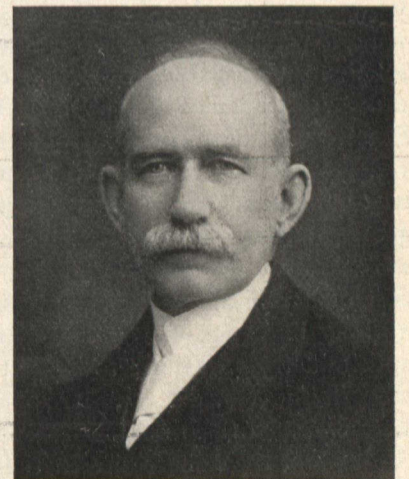
at the Mounted Police barracks at Regina. Sir Adolphe was a peculiar and striking figure in Canadian national life. He had about him much of the French chevalier; a man upon whom the cares of office seemed to sit lightly; a statesman of remarkable courage and self-control as was evidenced by his conduct in the great Conservative "bolt" of 1896, when he remained in the Cabinet as Conservative leader of the House against a clamorous opposition. Sir Adolphe was born in Quebec in 1843, son of the Hon. R. E. Caron, Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec. He entered the House of Commons at the age of thirty as member from Quebec County, and from that time till 1900 he never left the House; he was Minister of Militia from 1880 till 1892; from that, till 1896 Postmaster-General; he was knighted for his services in connection with the Riel Rebellion.



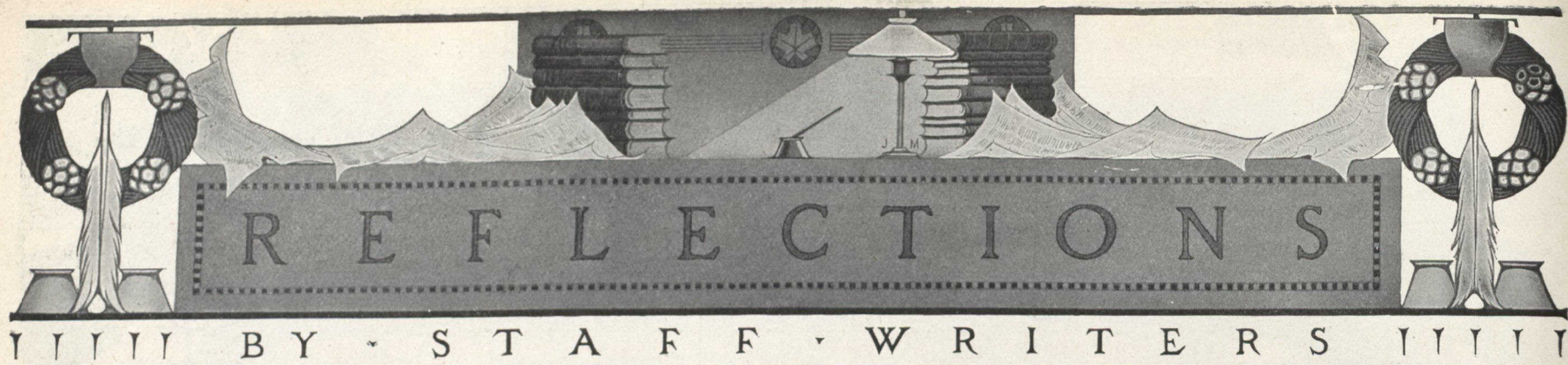
The late Charles Drinkwater,  
Legislative Representative of the C. P. R.

An episode about Fish Creek: Some time before the Rebellion a troop of rough rider-men—both halfbreeds and whites—had been drafted under a Colonel Hughes; men of the plains who knew the way of a gun and a horse but were not much on precise discipline; and for some reason or other known only to the military authorities the company was gazetted out—just a little while before the fight at Duck Lake. Colonel Hughes was much exercised over the thing but said little until the battle of Fish Creek when the halfbreed sharpshooters and rough riders of Gabriel Dumont were picking off Middleton's men with painful regularity. Colonel Hughes was in camp in the General's staff. Turning to Middleton he said rather sarcastically: "Well, General, what do you think of my raw rough riders now?" "I don't understand you, Colonel," said the G. O. C.; "to what men do you refer?" Hughes pointed across the creek as a bullet came zipping in. "My dear General, they're shooting our men. Dumont has them!"

A TRIBUTE to the Fourth Estate is the appointment of Mr. William Mackenzie at Ottawa to the newly created position of Canadian Secretary of Imperial and Foreign Correspondence. The name "Mackenzie" seems to be rather fateful. Mr. Mackenzie King came into prominence through the creation of the Deputy Ministership of Labour. Mr. Mackenzie's position is not less important and will have perhaps a wider significance. Diplomatic correspondence from foreign lands direct to the Canadian capital is a fresh proof that Canada has become more than a mere colony. To handle letters of this character requires a wide and ripe knowledge of the affairs of state. Mr. Mackenzie has had a quarter of a century's experience in handling correspondence out of Ottawa; it is only natural that now he should fall into the task of handling correspondence into Ottawa. For twenty-five years he has been sending to various centres in Canada and to England, faithful accounts of the doings of the Canadian Parliament. He will now be the medium between the Government and the governments abroad who desire to know what Canada is doing. In a sense Mr. Mackenzie will occupy the same relative position towards the Canadian Government that the late De Blowitz, the famous war correspondent, bore to the governments of Europe and the London "Times,"



Mr. William Mackenzie,  
Canadian Sec. of Imperial and Foreign  
Correspondence.



# REFLECTIONS

IIII BY - STAFF - WRITERS IIII

## TEN DOUBTFUL YEARS IN ART

**D**URING the past ten years, Canadian art seems to have made even less progress than literature and education. The exhibition now being held in Toronto is supposed to represent the best work produced in the last decade; if it does, then Canadian art has more of a future than a past. There are a number of good canvases, but hardly one which is remarkable.

Among the figure and portrait painters, William Cruikshank and Curtis Williamson are easily the most notable, the latter showing "Klaasje" again, while Dickson Patterson is fairly strong. Wylie Grier's work shows steady growth but the portrait group of Mrs. Ross and children by Robert Harris, the dean of Canadian portrait painters, is a great disappointment. Charles Huot's "Through Grief and Sorrow" comes very near being the most striking canvas in the exhibition. President Reid's "Iris" is strongly poetic.

In the interpretation of the distinctive features of Canadian life and landscape, the Quebec painters excel those of Ontario. Brymner, Cullen, Dennis, Frauchere and Pinhey seem to come nearer to the distinctive than even Homer Watson and F. McGillivray Knowles. The first four are residents of Quebec and the latter two of Ontario. Is this because the older province is more national? The answer is difficult, but the speculation is interesting. The best work of the Ontario artists seems to be based more on European motifs and landscapes than on Canadian, and where native landscapes are attempted they are treated along European lines. Some of the younger artists such as Staples, Jefferys, and Miss Wrinch may yet redeem the newer province by abandoning the ancient receipts of the European studios.

The architectural drawings and sculptures show some advance, though in the latter class one misses Hebert and Allward. All the sculptures on exhibition are reproduced on another page and the reader may judge for himself what promise there is along this line.

One must not be too critical, because Canadian art has faced many difficulties and countless disappointments. The public which buys pictures has not yet become enthusiastic over native work and exceptional leaders have not arisen to lead the artists out of the trackless desert. While hoping for better things, we should be sympathetic and appreciative with what we already possess.

## AN ENTENTE EXHIBITION

**O**N the fifteenth of this month, King Edward and President Fallieres will open the Franco-British Exhibition at Shepherd's Bush, London. The press and public of the United Kingdom seem to anticipate the event with lively satisfaction over this further proof of Great Britain's friendly relationship with the Republic across the Channel. The calamity howlers who are always trying to prove that nothing but the bluest tinge of ruin is just around the corner would do well to consider the relations between France and Great Britain in 1808, when Napoleon's ultra-imperialism had made Europe a battlefield. Much troubled water has flowed beneath the bridges of Europe and America since the days of Wagram, Jena and Austerlitz. The Empire has disappeared from the capital on the Seine. Bourbons and Bonapartes have alike been swept from royal authority. The tri-colour has finally taken the place of the lilies of France and the great-grandson of George III. is to welcome a French president to an exhibition of Gallic products on British soil. There is no more talk of hereditary enmity, for King Edward seems to have inherited nothing but good-will and is determined to bequeath the same. Art and industry will unite to make the approaching exhibition a forward step in the world's commercial and aesthetic progress. In Canada, just two months later, representatives from France and the United States and the heir to the British throne meet at our Ancient Capital to celebrate the deeds of an intrepid son of Old France and to commemorate the valour of two proud races. The Union Jack, the Tri-

Colour and the Stars and Stripes will make a brave showing on the banks of the St. Lawrence and, altogether, it will be a great season for the red, white and blue.

## A NEW FUNNY-MAN

**T**HE newest Funny-Man in Canada is the editor of "Canada West," a monthly periodical published in Winnipeg. This editor lives in Chicago, but that is a mere detail and is his misfortune, not his fault. In the April number he announces that his business has been to "deliver sledge-hammer blows against a boulder of ignorance which was barring the entrance into Western Canada." This boulder had been erected by the press of Canada, Great Britain and the United States, who were writing in "blind ignorance" about the impossibility of growing great crops west of Lake Superior. He then points out that until he became secretary of the Western Canada Immigration Association which was founded about four years ago, the plain truth about the West was unknown, and that this great Association has rolled away the boulder of ignorance.

It will be news to many that the credit for the opening up of the West is not due to Messrs. Schultz, Norquay, Macdonald, Greenway, Oliver and Sifton, but to the secretary of the W. C. I. A. It will be a matter of surprise to the members of the Canadian Press Association who have made two extended tours through the West spying out the land, both taken before the W. C. I. A. was formed, that they did not know anything about Western possibilities. It will be interesting information to the dozens of special writers sent through the West by Eastern Canadian papers during the past twenty years to know that they failed to tell the real truth about the West and "helped to pile up before the gate of the temple these barriers to development and progress." It will be great news to the builders of the C.P.R. and C.N.R. and to the farmers of Ontario who sent their sons to build up the new provinces that they failed to see the possibilities of the West until the formation of the W. C. I. A. and its "stalwart coterie of intellectual quarrymen."

This attempt to set the West against the East is merely funny. It need not be taken seriously. The intelligent men of the West know that the intelligent men of the East were always sympathetic and always hopeful. The W. C. I. A. has undoubtedly done good work, but it has not done one-tenth as much as the Press of Eastern Canada. Moreover, the men in the W. C. I. A. were working for themselves, and the Press of Eastern Canada were working for others, without pay—a distinction which the new Funny-Man might take into his serious consideration.

## A MODERN REFORMER

**J**UDGE LINDSEY, of Denver, Colorado, is a man who has done a great work in criminal reform. The problem of juvenile wrongdoing is one to which he devoted early and sympathetic study with the result that the juvenile court of Denver is pointed out as a most enlightened effort to cope with crime at the source. Judge Lindsey has the rare gift of common-sense and this gift he has applied to the offences for which youngsters are brought into the court, while he discovered that many of them were mischief, not vice, and that the best way to keep a wayward boy from becoming a criminal is to show trust in his word and give him something to do. The grown-up world raised incredulous eye-brows at the suggestion of appealing to "a kid's honour." But the gentle little judge insisted on trying the experiment and to-day the cities of the continent are clamouring for him to come and tell the story of the trial. Judge Lindsey visited Canada last year and all who heard him were impressed with his singular union of shrewdness and sympathy. He is no sentimentalist. He does not call sin by pretty names, nor does he declare that the millennium is hard on the heels of the method which he has adopted.

At present the second principle in Judge Lindsey's policy is

causing some consternation. This assumes that the parents have a greater share of responsibility for his wrong-doing than the boy himself and brings these negligent relatives into court. The Denver adults who have allowed their boys to "run wild" are now being called to account and are bewildered to find themselves held legally responsible for the juvenile offences and also liable to punishment. This is an aspect of the treatment which is naturally creating much opposition but Judge Lindsey is now supported by the best citizens in the State and will probably come out victorious.

Judge Choquet of Montreal complained some months ago of the lack of a proper court for the trial of youthful offenders, and elsewhere in Canada citizens are arousing to the need of more intelligent dealing with such cases. Many a boy, guilty of little worse than a mischievous outburst, has been blackened almost beyond redemption by being associated with criminals of hardened type. There have been "reformatories" in Canada which have possessed hardly a redeeming feature. The civilised world seems to be entering on a new era in its treatment of this class of offenders. There are certain criminals in Canada who get off too easily and such leniency will bring its own punishment on the community. However, the boy who has for the first time found himself entangled with the law should be given every chance to prove that his offence was not a crime and should be placed, if possible, in the path of industry and honour—not pushed towards utter degradation.

#### MINISTERIAL ADVICE

THE advice given to the young ministers at Wycliffe College annual convocation was unusually practical and democratic, in the best sense of those much-abused adjectives. The speaker, Rev. Dyson Hague, especially urged the young men entering upon parochial duties to avoid small-mindedness—"the curse of many a man in the ministry to-day." Pettiness of mind is a miserable characteristic for a man in any calling but it becomes more disagreeable and dangerous in a clergyman than in any other, since it estranges from him the younger members of his parish—the very class it is most desirable he should reach. In the larger cities of Canada there are many influences which supplement or extend the work which in smaller communities is accomplished by the church alone. In many of the villages and towns of Ontario it would be easy to find a pastor of the sympathetic, broad-minded type who has come to be regarded as a local authority in matters literary, artistic and even musical. A great deal has been said and written of the tyranny and narrow-mindedness of the church; but in many communities the church has been the centre of those forces which mean civilisation. The petty parson has caused endless annoyance and embitterment; but the open-minded, big-hearted minister has left in many Canadian communities the influence of his personality. The man who can cheerfully take up the multifarious duties of his parish on the salary paid to the average Canadian clergyman and become broader and brighter as the years go by is not very far from heroism.

#### THE CIVIL SERVICE BILL.

SIR WILFRID LAURIER'S courage in appointing a strong civil service investigating committee last year is to be followed by a further display of courage in bringing in a Civil Service Reform Bill. Great credit is due him and his colleagues for their action in both these respects.

It is also quite evident that some of the credit for the Civil Service Reform movement should be given to the press and to Mr. R. L. Borden, leader of the Opposition. Nor is there any reason why the praise should not be thus distributed. Many great measures are the result of public agitation, followed by political advocacy within both parties. This has never been more clearly seen than in the present situation.

It is well that neither party should be able to claim sole credit for Civil Service Reform. It is a movement which should be outside of ordinary party politics, because it requires the sympathy and support of all classes within and without the Buildings on Parliament Hill. The better elements in both parties have been talking Civil Service Reform, recognising that Canada had reached the stage where the Service should be placed on a fully independent basis.

#### THE LITTLE THINGS OF LIFE

CANADA is revelling in sunshine; Great Britain is having snow-storms; the United States is having tornadoes. We extend our sympathy.

The number of general elections this year will be governed, like the price of stocks, largely by the harvest prospects.

A test of prosperity—"Did you spend your Easter at Atlantic City?"

\* \*

It is said that the subscriptions collected by the Canadian clubs for the Quebec battlefields fund amount to \$9,999,999,999 more or less. Mr. William Whyte will probably be knighted.

\* \*

Some of the Canadians who found Mr. Winston Churchill a rather disagreeable guest when he was in Canada are rather gleeful over his defeat in Manchester. Human nature in polite circles is not so different.

\* \*

A dealer explains that he cannot sell automobiles costing more than \$3,500, but the demand for "cheap" cars is greater than the supply. It must be lovely to be so rich that you can call a \$3,000 automobile "cheap."

\* \*

Bicycle meets are getting popular again. It was bad enough to have the roller-skate return, but it is worse to think that we must learn all the bicycle records over again.

\* \*

Spring, gentle spring is three weeks earlier than usual and the farmer's face beams with joy. The year 1908 will probably decide that "the Granary of the Empire" is not a misnomer.

\* \*

Toronto is discarding stone-flag sidewalks in favour of concrete, while Montreal is laying miles of stone-flags. The engineering science of Canadian cities is the most inexact science known—excepting always law and medicine.

\* \*

By a vote of 104 to 30, the Ladies' Club of Toronto have decided against allowing bridge to be played in the club. It is understood that the vote was not the result of any special work on the part of either Dr. S. Dwight Chown or Inspector Archibald, but simply because 104 of the members have common-sense.

\* \*

Eight of this year's graduates from Queen's Medical College hail from the West, three from the United States, two from Jamaica, and one from British Guiana. The latter won one of the two medals. Queen's fame seems to be undiminished.

\* \*

Col. A. D. Davidson, of the Canadian Northern land department, estimates that, 60,000 United States settlers having entered Canada in the past twelve months, 80,000 will come in the next twelve. For the first three months of 1908, the figures are 11,390 as compared with 9,626 last year. Truly Miss Canada is getting even with Uncle Sam.

\* \*

For the seven months ending March 31st, the amount of wheat inspected at Winnipeg was a million bushels greater than in the same period a year ago. The decrease in the average grade was no doubt fully counterbalanced by the higher prices. The Last Great West is a Lucky Great West.

\* \*

During the year ending March 31st, Canada's foreign trade, showed an increase of nearly twenty-six million dollars. One-third of the increase was in exports and two-thirds in imports. During recent months the buying has decreased and the selling has increased, a process which is rapidly altering the relation between imports and exports in favour of the latter. This is the logical result of the recent "tightness" of money.

\* \*

The Ontario Education Department has appointed a woman to superintend the children's sections of public libraries. It is to be hoped that she will see that these sections are well filled with Canadian and British books. The Canadian section should include all the published books of stories based on Canadian history, of which there are quite a number.

\* \*

Mr. E. M. Macdonald, the member for Pictou County, has been banquetted in Halifax and presented with an address and gold watch. Mr. Macdonald may or may not be worthy of this high honour, but it is better to treat our members of Parliament in this way than to try to prove that they are partisans and grafters. Abusing our publicists is a losing game.

\* \*

Mr. F. Percy Smith, of the Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company, has returned from New York to tell us that everywhere he went he was able to pass Canadian bank bills. This is a pleasant change. When the new Canadian mint begins to issue gold five and ten dollar pieces, we shall have a coinage which will be accepted anywhere in the world. This will be of immense advantage to us nationally.

# Through a Monocle

YOUR recent paragraph announcing — if that be not too positive a word—the accession of Mr. J. S. Willison to the ranks of Conservative journalists, has been freely quoted and quite as freely commented upon. Some writers who seem to imagine that the natural “habitat” of a journalist is a deep and unlighted groove, are surprised that the ex-editor of the *Globe* should become the editor of a commanding Conservative paper in the same city; and there are a few who even seem to imagine that the man, who had once ventured to write the biography of the Liberal leader, must thereby be debarred from ever criticising that leader’s party or policy. This would be sound reasoning if neither parties nor opinions ever changed. But the truth is that both change; and that, in many cases, this ability to change marks a healthy condition. In the present case, it would be at least as easy to show that the party which Mr. Willison once served has changed as to show that he has changed. In fact, I think that proofs of the former change would be rather easier to lay one’s hands on than proofs of the latter.

LET us be honest about it. In our politics, it is not a long stride from one party to the other. If either of our parties were to be caught without their labels, it would require a Sherlock Holmes to tell which it was that had fallen into our hands. One party is Opportunist-in-Office and usually has the privilege of selecting its policy first; while the other is Opportunist-out-of-Office and must make what it can of the remnants that are left. On the other hand, the Opportunists-out-of-Office have a wider field from which to select; for they are not obliged to translate their policies into action until “after the elections.” But even the most sincere of our partisans have pretty well got over the habit of insisting that there are differences in principle between our Liberals and our Conservatives, as there undoubtedly were once, and still are to some extent, between the British parties from which we inherited the names. To assert that our Conservative party is conservative and that our Liberal party is—in a political sense—liberal, is to talk nonsense.

I SHOULD not fancy that Mr. Willison’s mind will have to be fitted up with any different set of opinions to make him a successful Conservative editor than he required to equip him for his striking success as a Liberal journalist. He may, indeed, easily feel it more like old times to be fighting with an Opposition party at Ottawa than to be defending a Government; while if he notices any change in the sort of arguments needed to sustain the Whitney Ministry from those which did duty for Mowat, he will probably be impressed with the fact that they must be much more Radical. If we ever had a Conservative in our politics, it was Sir Oliver Mowat, while Mr. Whitney was at least as Liberal as the net result of the Cabinet cogitations at Ottawa. Except that issues change, Mr. Willison might make out a pretty good case in favour of the contention that the Willison of the *Grit Globe* and the Willison of the *Tory News* are in precisely the same position.

IT will be idle to pretend to ourselves, however, that a man can be definitely attached to a party and still be an independent journalist. He may be as far as possible from being an “organist.” He may be himself a member of the party, and not the mouthpiece of the members. And he ought to be a very influential member. He may possess a large measure of personal independence. But once a man commits himself to the policy of believing one party to be permanently better than the other, we cannot apply to him the term of “independent” in its fullest sense. An Independent can ally himself temporarily with a party whose success for the moment he believes to be of paramount importance; but he should dissolve that alliance the moment the occasion for his action has passed. In a sense, an Independent is a political party himself; and, while he may become the ally of another party, he can never become a member. Still it is far better to be a member—as I expect Mr. Willison will be—than to be

a megaphone. In practical politics, the position of the true Independent often looks impotent—though he probably has more effect on events at times than if he wore a livery. But in journalism, the Independent is in the position of greatest power.

THIS departure must be taken as the official recognition of Mr. Flavelle’s failure to establish a paper in Toronto which should be not only independent but ideal. Most of us, however, have recognised this unofficially before. It is not too much to say that the tone of the paper gradually sank from the clear notes of the muezzin on his minaret to the raucous cry of the water-carrier on the street. It may be that the proprietors of the paper wanted to sell water—or something—to make ends meet; but, if that were so, they never should have attempted to lift the white banner of ideality above the marketplace. Most other papers in Canada are striving to be as “ideal” as the people will let them; and, if the *News* had this limitation in its mind to begin with, it should have been frank enough to say so. Men who assume to lead have no right to retreat. They can die; but they are forbidden by their obligations to the cause, with which they have identified their names, to run away.

*Wid'importe*

## LORD CROMER'S BOOK

IT is interesting to know that Lord Cromer’s recent publication, “Modern Egypt,” is having a remarkably large sale in Canada. The cost of the work, six dollars, is not a small consideration to the average Canadian householder. However, the story of the making of a nation, written in the “straight-flung words and few” of the man who moulded the material is strongly attractive to all optimistic readers and the two substantial volumes are well worth the price.



Asquith's Great Cabinet Puzzle.—Punch.





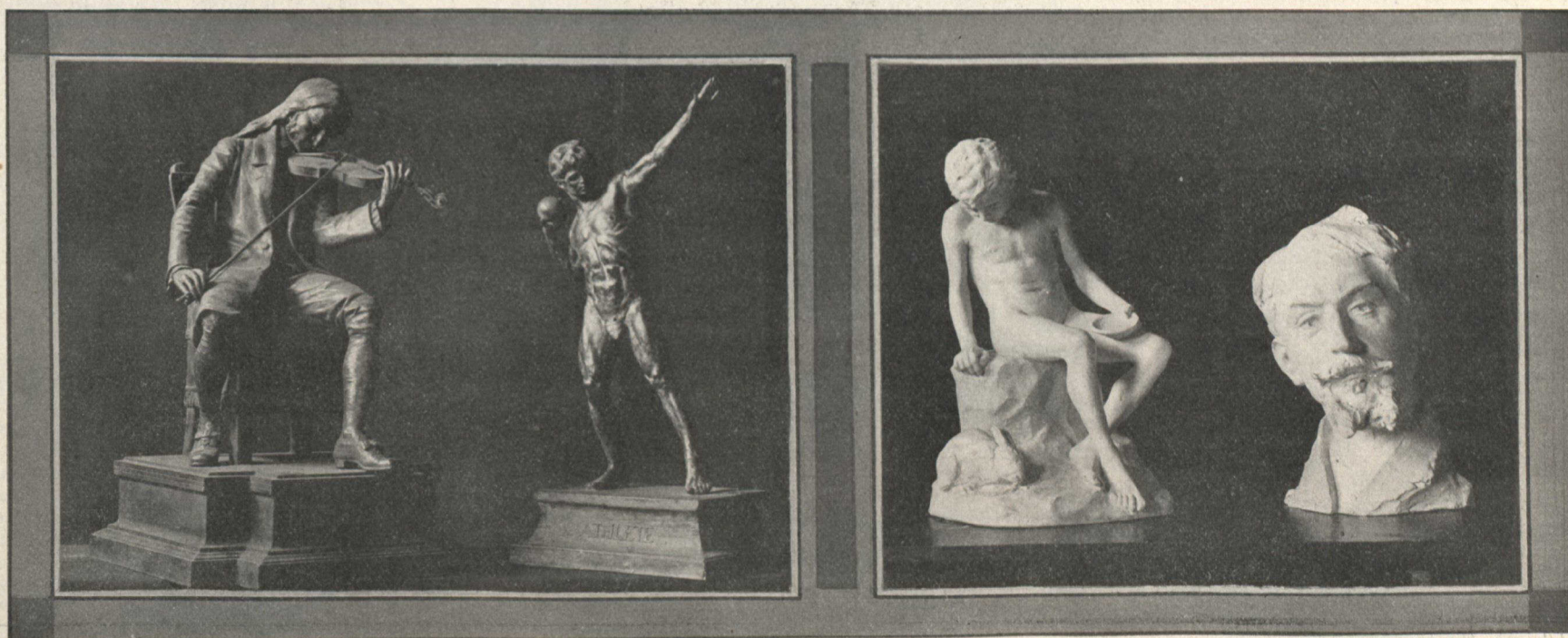
The Three Large Canvases are: "Mrs. J. K. L. Ross and Family," by Robert Harris, "The Iris," by G. A. Reid, and "Principal Hutton," by Wm. Cruikshank.



"Bust," by Miss F. N. Loring

A Corner showing "My Great-Uncle," by Curtis Williamson, and "Chief Justice Burton," by Wily Grier

"Mayor Payette," by Alfred Laliberte



"Reverie" By J. Lisney Banks

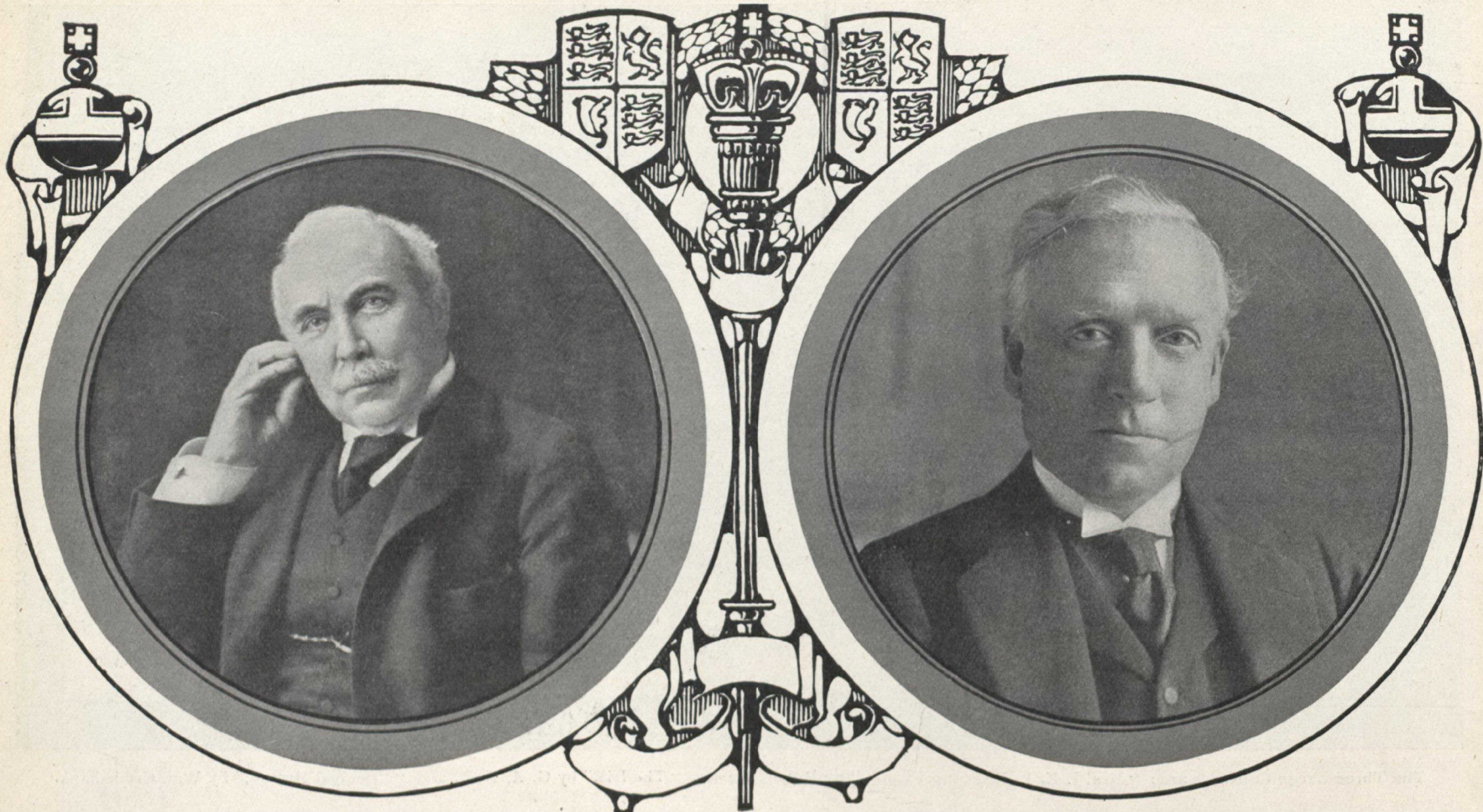
"Athlete" PHOTOS BY PRINGLE & BOOTH

"Young Boy" By Emanuel Hahn

"Half Bust" By Alfred Laliberte

# Annual Exhibition of the Royal Canadian Academy of Arts

NOW BEING HELD IN TORONTO



The late Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman,  
Premier of Great Britain, 1905-8.

The Rt.-Hon. Herbert H. Asquith,  
The New Premier.

## THE SUCCESSION

**S**IR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN has been succeeded by the Right Hon. Herbert Henry Asquith as Premier of Great Britain and Ireland. Though Sir Henry resigned a few days before his death, he virtually died in harness after thirty years of continuous parliamentary work. He was born on September 7th, 1836, the youngest son of Sir James Campbell, of Stracathro, Forfarshire. He assumed the additional name of Bannerman under the will of his maternal uncle, the late Henry Bannerman, shortly after his first election in 1868. He attained to office early, and had considerable administrative experience. He was Financial Secretary to the War Office 1871-1874 and again 1880-1882. He was Secretary to the Admiralty 1882-1884, and Chief Secretary for Ireland 1884-1885. In the latter position his notable urbanity, friendliness and good humour made him popular even in Ireland—a most notable diplomatic achievement. He was again in the War Office as Secretary in 1886 and 1892-95. In 1899, he became leader of the Liberal party in the House of Commons and when his party returned to power at the last general election he became premier.

If Sir Henry did nothing superlatively notable, he omitted nothing supremely necessary to political success. His ability to work hard and his unflinching good-humour and geniality made him at once the leader of his party and one of the most popular statesmen in Great Britain. If he did not lay down a new policy, nor found a great party, he was at least able to hold together a party which combined more contradictory and refractory elements than any British party of modern times. British cabinet ministers are not born, they must grow. "C.-B." grew into the position by retaining his health and vigour through a long life-time. Unfortunately just as he had reached the supreme test of his endurance, his strength began to fail. The death of his wife a short time ago seemed to be a serious blow and he never rallied from it.

As is usually the case, Sir Henry's successor was known before his resignation was handed in. All the signs pointed to Mr. Asquith as the new premier, and he had been practically leading the House for many weeks. When the great event occurred, Mr. Asquith was summoned to Biarritz in France, where His Majesty was then staying, to confer with him as to the new regime. It is His Majesty's privilege to say who shall be premier, but he is not likely to call upon a man who has

not the confidence of the ruling party, no matter what his personal feelings may be.

His predecessor was a Cambridge man; Mr. Asquith is an Oxford graduate. Entering parliament in 1886, he was soon marked for honours and position. From 1892-95 he was Secretary of State for the Home Department and that constituted his

And "green against the draggled drift" the Bloodroot is one of the first things stirring to show that the breath of a new life has been breathed into things long buried.

The northern winter is exhilarating, and the men of the north rejoice in it; but summer in the north is heaven. And the running of the sap, the chirping of the robin, and the uplifting of the Bloodroot's frail chalice, are welcome heralds of her coming.

In the rich woods throughout all the southern stretch of our country, from Nova Scotia to as far west as Manitoba at least, the Bloodroot is present at this season. An abundant supply of nutriment stored up in the capacious rootstock during the previous summer, enables it to rise early and develop rapidly. Beneath the surface the single leaf has wrapped itself in a protecting way about the delicate bud, and with the first warming of the mould by the spring sunshine, it works its way to the surface, still holding the bud in a close embrace. With a little more warm sunshine the bud presses upward, and when quite free from the encircling leaf, it opens gradually and becomes a blossom. It is a beautiful cup-shaped thing of from eight to twelve snow-white petals, about twice as many ruddy golden anthers and a single pistil. The pistil seems to mature before the anthers in the same blossom, and to shrivel before the anthers mature, so that any pollen that reaches it in time to fertilise it must come from the anthers of another blossom.

Under such conditions, self-fertilisation on the part of the Bloodroot is impossible. To ensure the necessary cross-fertilisation the Bloodroot, though it produces no honey material, offers a very liberal supply of pollen and thus enlists the services of the bees, in whose household economy pollen is a prime necessity. In visiting flower after flower in search of pollen, the bees effect the necessary transfer of the pollen from the mature anthers of one blossom to the mature stigma of another, and so serve the flower in a very vital way for the perpetuation of the species by means of seed.

*Sanguinaria Canadensis* is the name to which the Bloodroot answers in the roll-call of the botanists. Linnaeus himself, the real father of botany and especially of botanical classification, gave it its name. Linnaeus was never here himself, but about 1750, Peter Kalm, after whom another of our flowers is named, and who was a pupil and fellow worker, and great personal friend of Linnaeus, travelled over a very great part of our country, and made a considerable study of the Canadian flora, many fine specimens of which he took back with him to Sweden.

SAMARA.



Mrs. Asquith and Daughter.

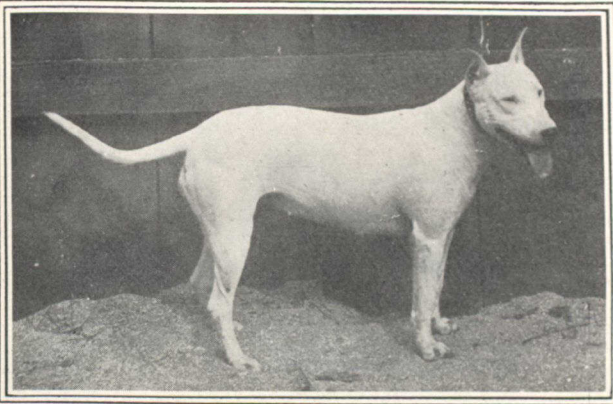
Mrs. Asquith who is the second wife of the present British Premier, was formerly Miss Emma Alice Margaret Tennant, daughter of Sir C. Tennant, baronet. She is one of the most popular women in London.

only service in the administration until he became Chancellor of the Exchequer in the recent cabinet. Like Mr. Balfour, his chief recreation is golf.

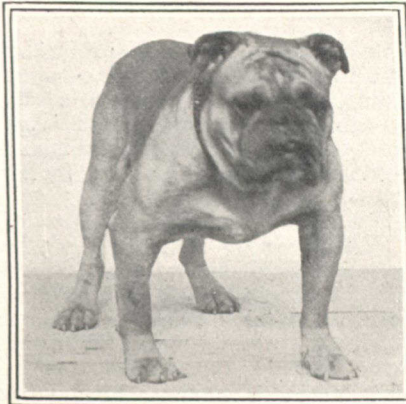
## OUR COVER

When our good earth in her yearly sail of the skies swings her great northern bow around into the sunshine, and lets the light and heat bear on her proud forefront things of beauty seem to spring from it, as Athena of old from the front of Zens.

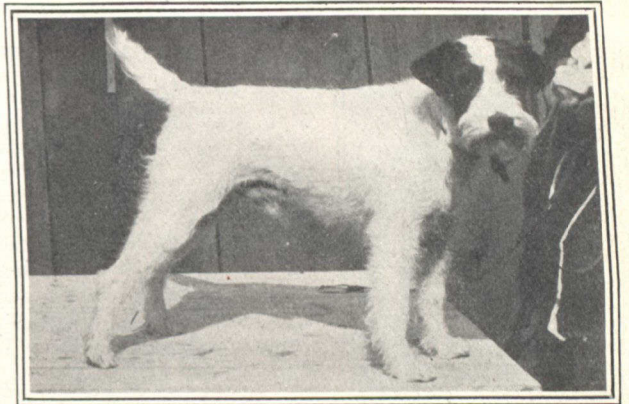
SOME PRIZE DOGS THAT HAVE WON AT CANADIAN SHOWS.



Brockton Girl—Martin & Green, Brockton, N.Y.  
Bull Terrier



Ch. Brill O'Don—Mrs. Delmont, Devon, Pa.  
English Bull Dog.



Selmonk Topper—R. E. Strawbridge, Bryn Mawr, Pa.  
Wire-haired Fox Terrier.



Bloomfield Racket. Bloomfield Rap. Moll O'Leck. Meg O'Leck.  
Four Famous English Setters—Owned by Mr. Geo. Bleistein, of Buffalo.



Commodore of Clipstone,  
E. W. Thorp, Toronto.  
Airedale Terrier.



Kildare,  
J. S. Clark, Toronto.  
Canadian Cocker Spaniel.



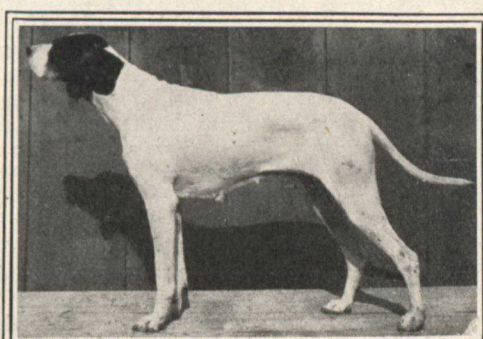
Mr. Hogan,  
J. J. Lynn, Port Huron.  
Irish Terrier.



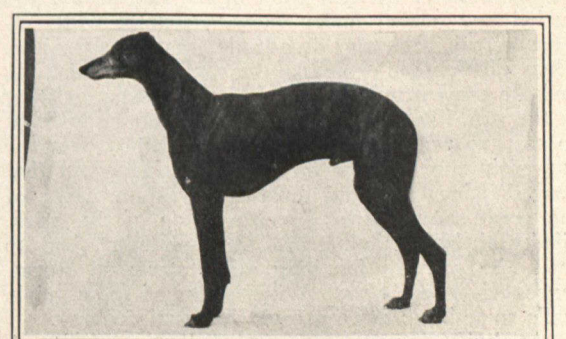
Warren Blue Blood,  
W. Rutherford, Allamuchy, N.J.  
Smooth-haired Fox Terrier.



The King's Son—F. C. McLean, Hull.  
Black and Tan Terrier.

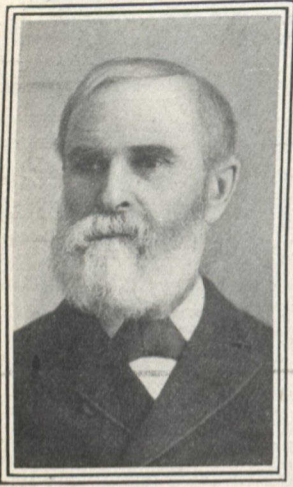


Coronation—Geo. Bleistein, Buffalo.  
Pointer.



Landsdowne Coldstream—B. F. Lewis, Jr.,  
Landsdowne, Pa. Greyhound.

# A CANADIAN CARNEGIE



Hon. J. K. Ward.

LAST year, the little town of Peel in the Isle of Man, was the recipient of a public library donated by the Hon. James Kewley Ward of Montreal. Mr. Ward is a native of Peel, having been born there in 1819. Despite his eighty-eight years, Mr. Ward is still able to move about and to take an interest in public affairs. He came to the States in 1842, and went into the lumber business, transferring to Canada eleven years later. He has taken a great interest in forestry, has been director of the Montreal Cotton Company, and president of the Coaticook Cotton Company and the Magog Textile Print Company. For many years he was chairman of the Westmount School Commissioners and has taken a great interest in social work of a general nature. He twice contested Montreal West unsuccessfully, but was called to the Legislative Council in 1888 by Hon. Mr. Mercier.

The library which Mr. Ward presented to his

native town is built upon the site of the house in which he was born. Mr. Ward supplied the site, the building, about 2,000 books and a small endowment. The walls are decorated with views of Canadian scenery and the building thus combines his love for native land and his admiration for his adopted country.

The Isle of Man has, through Mr. Hall Caine, become well known to all readers of the English language. It is said that an Irish giant lifted the Island out of Lough Neagh and planted it in its present position in the middle of the Irish Sea, about an equal distance from Great Britain and Ireland. Its extreme length is thirty miles, and its average width nine miles. It contains about 60,000 inhabitants, mostly of Celtic origin. It is very picturesque and is a great summer resort. In fact, its chief business is supplying amusement to people from Great Britain and elsewhere. Douglas, the chief town, has about 16,000 inhabitants and is noted for its quaint, narrow, crooked streets, its newer broad thoroughfares, its good hotels and lodging houses, its bay which is like to that at Naples, and its two-mile promenade along the shore.

The Island abounds in ruins and antiquities, such as the remains of Druidical temples and burial places, abbeys and castles. It seems to have been a favourite resort for all sorts of evil spirits such as bugganes, fairies and witches, who were capable of all sorts of mischief. These features and its curious history have always enveloped it in an atmosphere of romance.



The Public Library at Peel, Isle of Man, erected by Mr. J. K. Ward, of Montreal.

## IN THE WHITE MONTHS

A Reminiscence of February, '07

By NAN MOULTON

TING-A-LING-A-LING!

"Number?"

"Forty-three."

"Hello?"

"How is that train from the East?"

"Been in a snow-drift the other side of Brandon since yesterday."

"Is she likely to be in to-day?"

"Sure! About five, we think."

"Thank you."

And so the tale went on. "Six o'clock" was the next report—seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve—and at last we went to bed worn out with hope deferred. The first inquiry Sunday morning elicited the information that No. 1 finally had gone through at six o'clock that morning. All day Sunday we hung again at the 'phone receiver playing progressive time-tables with the C. P. R. agent but finally got off at nine Sunday night. Better a sleeper in a coach that may get somewhere in the march of the ages than much dwelling in the cots of the Enquirer.

Monday morning revealed to us Moose Jaw, frosted and creaking under a temperature of fifty-five below. The few men who, for their sins, were beginning their day's work along the track, were aureoled and wreathed with their own frozen breath of protest. As for our own train, there was nothing doing, water frozen, gas frozen. The sizzle of the breakfast bacon was the one sound of cheer in a world congealed.

But we thawed out eventually and went on across Saskatchewan, a Great Lone Land indeed, rather than the Land of Promise conjured from the profligate imaginations of land-agents. Its world-without-end-amen prairie lay in uncommunicating muteness under the raw glare of the sun, buried and buried under snow, eternally wide, intensely still, aching, dreadfully, luminously white. Then a little wind came like the sound of a long sigh, and the snow lifted softly and went drifting, drifting in the sun, like smoke-shadows over the snow-crust, so soft, so pretty, so almost imperceptible, over the curves in the hollows, creeping, floating. But that very drifting, soft and insidious, was the cause of the great snow-masses on either side of the track, piled high by the industrious snow-plough. And up from the railway for long miles stretched storm-fences of—guess what! Why, blocks of snow, triple walls sometimes, to keep back the cruel drifting.

At Swift Current we were balled up again, track blocked ahead. We played cribbage, read magazines

and nibbled at almonds and chocolates, but the train did not move. We looked out of the windows at a town, which, whatever it might be under more favouring skies, was that day the abomination of desolation. An odd unlucky had-to-be-out-er struggled blindly and swiftly along for shelter, a legend from a yellow eating-house stared in the air, and some marooned freight cars waited sullenly the will of whatever gods demoralise railway traffic, but the train did not move. The Sleeping-Car Conductor flirted intermittently with the Strawberry Blonde, the News-Agent settled down opposite the Girl-in-Brown, and the facetious Fat Man tried to amuse his prim-lipped wife. "Dear, dear!" she moaned, "if one were going to a dying friend, one would never get there in time." "Be in time for his resurrection, perhaps," irreverently chuckled her husband. But the train did not move. The porter came through and lit every second jet and the emergency candle, the sunset burned pallidly beyond the dimming white, a coyote wolf dancing on his toes for cold lifted up an unmusical protest against the infrequency of supper before travelling westward. And the train began to move. It lurched and crawled, went more swiftly, then bumped dreadfully. That was when we hit a drift, but conquered, we learned later. Then we stopped again. This was repeated ad. lib. throughout the evening which we beguiled by a rubber at whist with the facetious man and his serious wife. She protested she couldn't play cards, but he reminded her that once she had won a silver thimble at a card-party and it behooved her to live up to that thimble. She resigned herself and won. The moral is found in George Ade.

We were to get off at Medicine Hat. Would the conductor waken us a half-hour before? Yes, but the conductor rather thought we could continue our game to-morrow night, the road was all drifted in, and we could only progress bit by bit as the snow-plough cleared it. So we went laughingly to our berths. It was a wonderful world at which one lay and looked out when awakened by the frequent jerks of the train, a world of a different quality from that of the morning, a world with all its colour softly perfect and subtly luminous under a low half-moon, little vague towns fading past through the star-stilled night, then the moon sinking and the little stars fading and one great dawn-star darting rainbow rays over magnificent spaces, then the canary and green of the first dawn-light, and the slow dawn itself widening across the ranges of the cattle-country.

Several times during the morning there were herds of antelope close to the track, pretty, startled things hunting for their breakfasts. Once there was a scrambled Indian encampment and once a great busy construction camp array with tents and waggons. Horses were pawing for their tucker too beneath the more yielding snow of Alberta, and later, under a sudden flurry of snow, cattle turned huddled protesting backs to the storm and gathered up their four feet into one spot exactly like a folding-table that's just going to collapse. A clanging of bells and scurrying of passengers and porters and we're at The Hat, after forty-one hours spent on a sixteen-hour journey, but a forty-one hours made very pleasant and comfortable by the courtesy and thoughtfulness of the C.P.R. officers.

A soft snow is falling at The Hat, veiling its funny environing hills that look as though they had been squashed while hot, and a blessed Chinook is on its way through the passes, and the white months "see their finish."

### Not Born in Stratford

THAT Chairman Mabee of the Railway Commission was not born in Stratford, Ontario, as has been stated in the public press; that therefore he never went to school in Stratford, is the corrective statement recently made by the editor of the Listowel "Banner." According to that authority Mr. Mabee was born in Port Rowan, County of Norfolk; that he studied law in Toronto—which seems to be a common thing for Ontario lawyers to do; that he hung his first shingle in Listowel, which is not very far from Stratford on the Grand Trunk, and remained there five or six years before removing to Stratford at the age of twenty-eight or twenty-nine. This seems to be an adequate account of Chairman Mabee's earlier career. It was probably a good thing for Listowel that Mr. Mabee practised law in that town and was for five or six years one of its leading citizens. No doubt many of Judge Mabee's pleasant recollections of early struggles with the desire to sleep in the office chair belong natively to Listowel rather than to Stratford. Listowel is probably an ideal place for a young lawyer to begin a career, and Chairman Mabee's memories of the old town ought to make good telling for those who happen to know Listowel. And if you must shift one leg of the compass from Stratford to Listowel, the distance to the Chairmanship of the Commission is geometrically about the same. And as one of the poets truly says—which is more than some of us can do—"I remember, I remember the house where I was born."

A man is in a fair way to national fame when counties and towns dispute over the school where he gave or received his first "licking" and over the office which displayed his first shingle.

# PEOPLE AND PLACES

NEW streaks are reported in immigration out West. A band of negroes will settle near Edmonton—where up till lately there were but two negroes. Germans will settle in the Kootenay and go into raising grapes. Doukhobors will trek to the Columbia River district and have secured 3,000 acres of land.

\* \* \*

THE rush of United States settlers from across the border still continues. Of the quarter million immigrants to Canada last year, nearly forty thousand were United States farmers, of whom at least five thousand brought into the West as the proceeds of land sales not less than forty millions of dollars.

\* \* \*

AT St. John the report of winter navigation shows that three thousand immigrants landed during the season; this record is very close to that of the previous winter, which was the highest ever known.

\* \* \*

MEANWHILE in the far north the traders are beginning to come down. Some have reported at Edmonton. They begin to feel themselves right on the world's map, these remote fur traders who used to be kings in an inaccessible wilderness—now their talk is of gold and copper and iron and prospective railways.

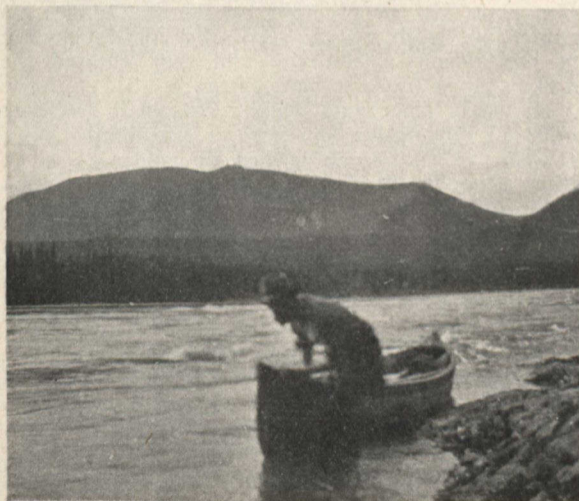
\* \* \*

THREE brothers in Vancouver named Becker have fallen part heirs to a fortune of two hundred million dollars; an estate away down in Maryland where the elder Beckers were grantees of vast estates from the British Government prior to the American Revolutionary War. During the Revolution, Washington and his men confiscated the property which was put out at long lease; but the leases have since expired and the heirs have begun to fight for the land; the fight in the courts which they were not able to put up in the ranks of the army. The family have drifted about a good deal and these brothers, one of whom is a logger in a British Columbia camp, went as far west as Maryland is east.

\* \* \*

PACK horses are going into Findlay on the gold route. Bishop Stringer from Dawson is out to civilisation again; on his way to London to attend the great Pan-Anglican Congress. The Bishop is a famous character in the Yukon; quite as celebrated as was Bishop Bompas, whose bishopric he took. He has been in the far north a great many years and has been out to civilisation only now and then.

\* \* \*



Gold Seeker on the edge of the rapids along the Peace River.

\* \* \*

THERE is a man living in Windsor who used to pass his idle moments computing from the flow and the volume of the Detroit River and the percentage of limestone deposits it contained in solution, just how many thousand tons of lime were carried down the river in a year. This man was only amusing himself in a scientific way; but since that time the United States Geological Survey has been busy on an analysis of the water in the Great Lakes to find out what minerals are constantly held in solution there. A comparison of these analyses

shows that the water of Lake Superior contains the least amount of dissolved solids; that of the Lake Huron outlet, including water derived from Lakes Superior, Michigan and Huron, ranks next. Taking into account the flow, it is found that 3,350,000 pounds of dissolved minerals pass out of Lake Ontario each year. Of this great quantity, 441,000 pounds come from Lake Superior, 666,000 pounds from Lake Michigan, 913,000 pounds from Lake Huron, 840,000 pounds from Lake Erie, and 490,000 pounds from Lake Ontario. The lake waters are excellent for use in boilers and for other industrial purposes.

\* \* \*

THE Great Lakes are alive with vessels. Two thousand men are finding work at Port Arthur and Fort William. Railway camps are active. Work has begun on the section of the Grand Trunk Pacific west of Edmonton. Six thousand men are reported as being needed in the near future on this line alone. Nearly five hundred miles of this road have already been built. It is expected that Winnipeg and Edmonton will be joined again this year by a direct route on the completion of that part of the transcontinental.

\* \* \*

AT last the United States Steel Corporation is definitely to invade Canada with an army of eight thousand people. During the coming summer docks will be built at Sandwich along the Detroit River and the beginnings made of a mammoth iron and steel plant that when completed will give rise to what is expected to be a "model city" of eight thousand inhabitants. The company have more than a mile of property along that beautiful river, and it will not be long till in the interests of industrial Canada and of the Steel Corporation the lovely fruit farms and pastures along one of the most beautiful and majestic rivers in the world will be no longer a distinctive charm to the poet and the painter.

\* \* \*

A RIVAL to Caruso, the famous tenor, has been discovered in Victoria, B.C. This new artist is Signor Guido Ceccotti, who has lately been giving thrills to the people on the coast and is expected to challenge Caruso's title to the tenor premiership of the Continent if Mr. Hammerstein of the Manhattan Opera House decides to take him on. At present the Signor is under a local manager at Victoria. If he succeeds in getting Caruso into the musical arena he will be the first world-beating tenor singer ever brought to light in Canada.

\* \* \*

A CANADIAN doctor living in Chicago has discovered that heat is not a mode of motion. He says it is imponderable ether accumulated in excess. The name of this doctor is Andrew J. Park and he is a graduate of Victoria College as well as of Harvard. It may interest people who don't live in Canada to know that a Canadian doctor from a land of frost—according to popular fancy—should be able to find out anything new about heat. However, Dr. Park has been living in Chicago, where a man is liable to discover a great many new things. Chicago is said to know a little more about absolute heat than any other city in the world. In fact a joker who had never read Stead's book about Chicago said that hell was within Chicago city limits. Being a graduate from a theological college, however, Dr. Park may not have troubled about this. He seems to have been intimately acquainted with Lord Kelvin who endorsed his theory. He will lay his discovery before the Association for the Advancement of Science in June. When his theory is worked out it will be possible for the lodger to request his landlady to send up a little more imponderable ether.

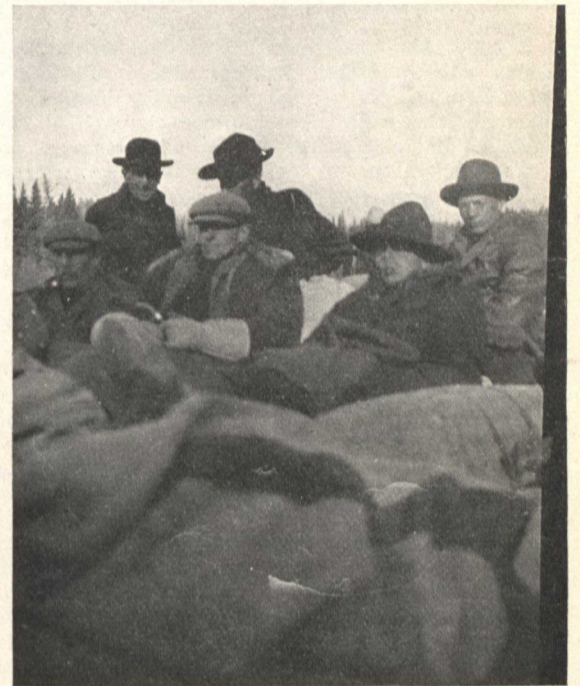
\* \* \*

IN St. Thomas, Ontario, there is a movement to license barbers. This is putting the hair-cut on a professional basis. Prospective barbers will have to stand an examination in shaving and administering a shampoo. There will have to be barbers' colleges where courses are given in massage and in singeing the hair. Those who get through by a close shave or a hair's breadth will be thankful for the license. Meanwhile there are barbers' colleges in Toronto where they shave a man for nothing in order to get subjects upon whom the apprentice may operate.

THE first Canadian skyscraper west of Toronto—barring perhaps the Union Life building in Winnipeg—is to be shoved up in Vancouver; thirteen stories high; cost six hundred thousand dollars. This modern office building will have all the regular features of eastern skyscrapers, including elevators running four hundred feet a minute. There will be two hundred and sixty offices, which is an average of twenty offices to the floor.

\* \* \*

IN the far north, trade and people are beginning to move. In six weeks the whole of the northern system of rivers should be open. Peace River prospectors are already flocking to that great valley



Voyageurs from six counties aboard this York Boat en route by the Athabasca to the Peace River.

ahead of the railway. Most of the prospectors are from the United States, and they have complete outfits to begin farming; also they will need to wait a while before a railway gets in. So far no land is for sale in that country except a section owned by the Jesuits. Homesteading will be the rule, at least until the railway and the land speculator go into the last great wheat belt on the American continent.

\* \* \*

ONE of the most famous shipbuilders of the East has passed away in the person of Senator Lovitt. Born in Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, six years ago, he followed the sea for many years, becoming commander and later builder of ships in his native town. An eastern editor pays him this tribute:

"By the death of Senator Lovitt the Senate has lost an excellent member; for though he rarely made set speeches in that body, his judgment was continually sought for by his colleagues, and with them his views on maritime questions had much influence. In his earlier years no man connected with the shipbuilding industry of the Maritime Provinces was better known in St. John than Mr. Lovitt. He lived here months at a time, fitting out ships built by his firm; these vessels came here constantly, and Mr. Lovitt constantly looked after them. Somewhat younger than most of the great shipbuilders and shipowners of the palmy days of that industry here, Mr. Lovitt knew them all."

\* \* \*

DAWSON mounted police are back from the Herschell Island patrol, having been gone eighty days on one of the most exacting trips in the world; back strong and hearty; shaggy as grizzly bears and strong as lions. Five toboggans and twenty dogs made the parade down the street, four of the dogs having played out on the trip. At Herschell the patrol met the Edmonton mail packet that plies down the Mackenzie carrying letters and newspapers that take the best part of a year to get in. The five men ate nearly a ton of meat on the trip and were on the trail fifty-six full days out of the eighty days; storm or shine, no matter how many points below zero.



THE

# YELLOW GOD

BY

H. RIDER HAGGARD.



AUTHOR OF "SHE"

"KING SOLOMON'S MINES"

"THE WITCH'S HEAD", ETC.

Resume: Major Alan Vernon withdraws from partnership with Sir Robert Aylward and Mr. Champers-Haswell, promoters of Sahara, Limited, because the editor of "The Judge" has informed him of the company's dishonorable methods. Vernon refuses to sell to Sir Robert a curious idol which has been a feature of the office for over a year, and which seems to have a talismanic quality. Vernon spends the week-end at "The Court," Mr. Champers-Haswell's home, and while there Jeeki, the negro servant, tells the story of the idol, the "Yellow God," which was brought from Africa. Miss Barbara Champers, the niece of the host, is the object of Sir Robert Aylward's and also Major Vernon's devotion. Alan finally wins Barbara's promise to become his wife but their engagement is to be kept secret. Sir Robert becomes Alan's bitter enemy on learning of the betrothal. Alan and Jeeki set out for Africa in search of treasure from the worshippers of the Yellow God, "Little Bonga." In their African adventures, Major Vernon and Jeeki are attacked by dwarfs, armed with poisoned arrows, who are driven off by a cannibal tribe, the Ogula, who take Alan and Jeeki prisoners but treat them kindly on account of the Yellow God. Alan falls sick but the Ogula take him and Jeeki up the river. They reach the Gold House where the Yellow God is placed and meet the wonderful priestess, Asika, who takes them through the treasure house.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### THE HALL OF THE DEAD.



THEY went through doors, and by long half-lit passages till they came to great gates guarded by old priests armed with spears. As they drew near to these priests the Asika loosed a scarf that she wore over her breastplate of golden fish-scales, and threw the star-spangled thing over

Alan's head, that even the priests might not see his face. Then she spoke a word to them and they opened the gates.

The Asika led the way down a passage which they saw ended in a big hall lit with lamps. Now they were in it, and Alan became aware that they had entered the treasure house of the Asika, since here were piled up great heaps of gold, gold in ingots, gold in nuggets, in stone jars filled with dust, in vessels plain or embossed, with monstrous shapes, in fetishes, and in little squares and disks that looked as though they had served as coins.

"You are rich here, lady," he said, gazing at the piles, astonished.

She shrugged her shoulders. "Yes, as I have heard that some people count wealth. These are the offerings brought to our gods from the beginning; also all the gold found in the mountains belongs to the gods, and there is much of it there. Look, these are prettier than the gold," and from a stone table she picked up at hazard a long necklace of large uncut stones, red and white in colour.

"Take it," she said, "and examine it at your leisure. It is very old. For hundreds of years no more of these necklaces have been made."

Alan thanked her, then remembered that the man called Mungana, who was the husband, real or official, of this priestess, had been somewhat similarly adorned, and shivered a little as though at a presage of advancing fate.

"Oh, my golly! Major," Jeeki ejaculated, pointing to the wall, "look there!"

"Come and see," said the Asika, and taking a lamp from that table on which lay the gems, she

led him past the piles of gold to one side of the vault or hall. Then he saw, and although he did not show it, like Jeeki, was afraid.

For there, each in his own niche and standing one above the other, were what looked like hundreds of golden men with gleaming eyes. At first, until their utter stillness undeceived him, he thought that they *must* be men. Then he understood that this was what they had been; now they were corpses wrapped in sheets of thin gold and wearing golden masks with eyes of crystal, each mask being beaten out to a hideous representation of the man in life.

"All these are the husbands of my spirit," said the priestess, waving the lamp in front of the lowest row of them, "who were married to the Asikas in the past. Look, here is he who said that he ought to be king of that rich land where year by year the river overflows its banks," and going to one of the first of the figures in the bottom row, she drew out a fastening and suffered the gold mask to fall forward on a hinge, exposing the face within.

Although it had evidently been treated with some preservative, this head now was little more than a skull still covered with dark hair, but set upon its brow appeared an object that Alan recognised at once, a simple band of plain gold, and rising from it the head of an asp. Without doubt it was the *uraeus*, that symbol which only the royalties of old Egypt dared to wear.

Meanwhile his guide had passed a long way down the line, and halting in front of another gold wrapped figure, opened its mask. "This is that man," she said, "who told us that he came from a land called Roma. Look, the helmet still rests upon his head, though time has eaten into it, and that ring upon your hand was taken from his finger."

"Indeed," answered Alan, looking at the sunken face above which a ring of curls appeared beneath the rusting helmet. "Well, he doesn't look very gallant now, does he?"

"There is one more white man," she said, though we know little of him, for he was fierce and barbarous and died without learning our tongue, after killing a great number of the priests of that day, because they would not let him go."

Jeeki advanced, and actively as a cat the priestess leaped on to his back, and reaching up opened the mask of a corpse in the second row, and held her lamp before its face.

It was better preserved than the others, so that its features remained comparatively perfect, and about them hung a tangle of golden hair. Moreover, a broad battle-axe appeared resting on the shoulder.

"A viking," thought Alan, "I wonder how he came here."

"She say," explained Jeeki, between his chattering teeth as the Asika began to talk, "that all rest these johnnies very poor crowd, natives and that lot, except one who worship false Prophet and cut throat of Asika of that time, because she infidel and he teach her better; also eat his dinner out of Little Bonga, and chuck her into water. Very wild man, that Arab, but priests catch him at last and fill him with hot gold before Little Bonga because he no care damn for ghosts. So he died saying: 'Hip, hip, hurrah! for houri, and green field of Prophet, and to hell with Asika and Bonga, Big and Little. Now he sit up there, and at night time worst ghost of all the crowd, always come to finish off Mungana. That all she say, and quite enough, too. Come on quick, she want you, and no like wait."

By now the Asika had passed almost round the hall, and was standing opposite to an empty niche beyond and above which there were perhaps a score of bodies gold-plated in the usual fashion.

## CHAPTER XV.

### THE GOLD HOUSE.

"How you like Asiki-land, Major?" asked Jeeki, who had followed him and was now leaning against a wall fanning himself feebly with his great hand. "Funny place, isn't it, Major? I tell you so before you come, but you no believe me."

"Very funny," answered Alan, "so funny that I want to get out."

Just then the Asika arrived, and by way of excuse for his flight, Alan remarked to her that the treasure-hall was hot.

"I did not notice it," she answered, "but he who is called my husband, Mungana, says the same. The Mungana is guardian of the treasure," she explained, "and when he is required so to do, he sleeps in the Place of the Treasure and gathers wisdom from the spirits of those Munganas who were before him."

"Indeed. And does he like that bedchamber?"

"The Mungana likes what I like, not what he likes," she replied haughtily. "Where I send him to sleep, there he sleeps. But come, Vernoon, and I will show you the Holy Water where Big Bonga dwells; also the house in which I have my home, where you shall visit me when you please."

"Who built this place?" asked Alan, as she led him through more dark and tortuous passages. "It is very great."

"My spirit does not remember when it was built, Vernoon, so old is it; but I think that the Asiki were once a big and famous people who traded to the water upon the west, and even to the water upon the east and that was how those white men became their slaves and the Munganas of their queens. Now they are small, and live only by the might and fame of Big and Little Bonga, not half filling the rich land which is theirs. Slave," she added, addressing Jeeki, "set the mask upon your lord's head, for we come where women are."

Alan objected, but she stamped her foot and said it must be so; having once worn Little Bonga, as her people told her he had done, his naked face might not be seen. So Alan submitted to the hideous head-dress, and they entered the Asika's house by some back entrance.

It was a place with many rooms in it, but they were all remarkable for extreme simplicity. With a single exception, no gilding or gold was to be seen, although the food vessels were made of this material here as everywhere. The chambers, including those in which the Asika lived and slept, were panelled, or rather boarded, with cedar wood that was almost black with age, and the little furniture which they had mostly made of ebony. They were very insufficiently lighted, like his own room, by means of barred openings set high in the wall. Indeed, gloom and mystery were the keystones of this place, amongst the shadows of which handsome, half-naked servants or priestesses flitted to and fro at their tasks, or peered at them out of dark corners.

"Does my house please you?" the Asika asked of him.

"Not altogether," he answered, "I think it is dark."

"From the beginning my spirit has ever loved the dark, Vernoon. I think that it was shaped in some black midnight."

They passed through the chief entrance of the house, which had pillars of woodwork grotesquely carved, down some steps to a walled and roofed-in yard, where the shadows were even more dense than in the house they had left. Only at one point was there light flowing down through a hole in the roof, as it did, apparently, in that hall where Alan had found the Asika sitting in state. The light fell on to a pedestal or column made of gold.

(Continued on page 21)

# MY FRIEND BOB

A Story by Richard Dark.

"MY friend Bob, a person nearly twenty-one years of age, was dining with my wife and myself at the bungalow. Bob has at present two desires in life—he longs to own a beard *in posse* and a "blue" *in esse*. The latter ambition he may perhaps legitimately indulge, since it appears not unlikely that next season he will represent his University on the cricket-field; but so far, though his hot water is brought regularly every morning at eight o'clock, some freak of fate has decreed that it should not be really necessary for him to shave more than once a week. Yet on the whole he bears up pretty well.

I say, he bears up pretty well, but on this particular evening he seemed to lack his usual buoyancy of spirit, and sat strangely silent and distraught.

After dinner, when my wife had left us, he selected one of my cigars, and having tested it severely, was good enough to express himself satisfied with the result. For awhile we smoked in silence. Then—

"I say, old chap," he began.

"Say on," I entreated.

"Who was that parson who was hanging round Miss Bradley the whole of the afternoon?"

"What—the man I saw you positively glaring at when he passed her the bread and butter?"

He laughed a trifle constrainedly.

"Was I? Well, I thought he seemed a bit of an ass, anyhow."

"He is a very earnest-minded young man," I replied severely. "His name is Jones."

"Is he—er—that is, is she—are they?"

"Oh, no; at least, I don't think so. She's fond of curates, that's all. Almost anybody will do at a pinch, but she likes curates best. You see, she caught the fever when young, and has never got over it."

"Young!" exclaimed Bob indignantly. "Why, she can't be over four-and-twenty."

"No, I don't suppose she ever will be now. After all, twenty-four is a very nice age, Bob. Do you admire her?"

"I? Oh, no, not particularly; only she seemed a bit—well a bit different from the ordinary girl one meets."

"You mean different from those you were speaking of yesterday, when you said that all girls were alike, only some were fatter than others?"

"Yes, quite different; more—more—hang it, you know what I mean, Horace."

"No, I don't," I said stoutly.

"Well, she's more the sort of girl one could get—er—chummy with, don't you know?"

"But I thought you said she was entirely taken up with the curate. Did you get an opportunity of talking to her?"

"No, not much," admitted Bob. "As a matter of fact, she only spoke to me once, when she asked me for the bread and butter, and then that chap Jones cut in with it."

"Did she really ask you for the bread and butter point-blank?"

"Yes."

"And you hadn't spoken to her before?"

"I believe I was just introduced at the beginning of the afternoon."

"It's a pity you're such a confounded misogynist, Bob," I said thoughtfully.

"Why?"

"Oh, I don't know; only a girl doesn't usually ask one for things like that unless she's—well, rather attracted."

"Think not?"

"I'm certain of it," I replied.

"Oh, well," he said, after a pause, "it doesn't matter to me, you know."

"Not a bit," I agreed heartily.

A shade of disappointment crossed Bob's face. He finished his cigar in silence, and soon afterwards said "Good-night."

## II.

Three days later Bob met Miss Bradley again, and contrived in the absence of a rival to monopolise her society for the space of an hour and a half. The following morning I caught sight of him punting slowly up-stream by himself, faultlessly attired in immaculate flannels. It was not, however, till a week had passed that he made any reference to the

subject in conversation. Then one evening on the verandah, "I've been thinking," he said, "that it's about time I settled what I was goin' in for."

"The idea does you infinite credit," I answered. "What have you got in your eye?"

Bob blushed. It is an accomplishment which still gives him occasional trouble.

"Oh, one or two things. What do you think would suit me?"



"You wouldn't make a bad policeman."

"Well, I don't know. Something rather robust, I should think. You wouldn't make a bad policeman."

He took no notice of the suggestion, but after thinking deeply for a minute or so, asked, "What's the age limit for the Church?"

"Twenty-three, I believe. Have you been offered a bishopric?"

He made no reply. Then, "I say, old chap, what's the least a fellow can settle down on?"

"A bachelor," I said, "ought to be able to live quite comfortably on—well, let me see."

"I wasn't thinking of exactly a bachelor," interrupted Bob.

"Oh, I understand. How much can a man who is not exactly a bachelor settle down on? It's a wide question, Bob, but I suppose the amount he can settle down on depends a good deal on the bills his wife wants him to settle up."

"Yes, but in a general way, don't you know?"

"In a general way. Oh, anything from a pound a week upwards. Some do it on less, though. I knew a man once—he was a gardener—who assured me that when he married he owed five pounds, had seven and sixpence in the Post Office Savings Bank, and was making fifteen shillings a week. Curiously enough, he afterwards reared a family of exactly fifteen children."

"I might have known," said Bob bitterly, "that I shouldn't get any sense out of you."

"You must forgive me," I answered penitently.

"I have done my little best, but really I know hardly anything about domestic economy. Why don't you consult Mildred? She's a mine of information on the subject. You'd better mention that you're thinking seriously of the Church as a profession; it will give her something to go upon. You see, clergymen often have such large families."

Bob rose with a disgusted expression on his face. "Of all the hopeless rotters!" he exclaimed and strode away into the twilight.

A little later I was joined by my wife.

"What's happened to Bob lately?" she asked.

"Oh, the usual thing. He's taken to spending his time alone with his soul in a punt, on the chance of meeting the Bradley girl."

"She's a disgrace to the river!" exclaimed Mildred, indignantly. "Why can't she let him alone?"

"They like them young, you know," I reminded her.

"Young! Why, she's old enough to be his grandmother."

"After all," I said, "she doesn't mean him any harm. It's Jones the curate she really wants. She's merely amusing herself with Bob, and employing him as a lever. Jones is a shy man, and needs a stimulus. But I fancy he's nearly ripe; I caught a wild gleam in his eye at the vicarage yesterday when he saw Bob making play. A day or two more ought to settle him."

"I call it a shame," said my wife.

## III.

The succeeding week Bob was forced to spend away, in fulfilment of an engagement he had contracted some time previously. During his absence the curate capitulated. A day or two after Bob's return I came across him on the river. He was lying in a punt, under an overhanging willow, engaged in smoking and in absorbing the contents of what appeared to be a very sporting paper. On my hailing him he looked up lazily.

"What an energetic beggar you are! Have you pulled all the way up from the bungalow?"

"My slothful friend," I replied, "there is more virtue in pulling at an oar than a pipe."

"Hang virtue!" said Bob wickedly.

I brought my craft alongside, tied her up to the bank, and relapsed among the cushions at the stern.

"Bob, can you brace yourself to bear a shock?"

"What are you driving at now?" he asked pleasantly.

"She's engaged," I said. "It occurred last Friday."

"Queen Anne's dead," answered Bob.

I sat and marvelled at his apparent indifference.

"I thought she'd bag Jones," he continued, in a tone of reflection.

"Yes, said I; "we all felt pretty sure of it. But it must have been a bit of a blow to you Bob. You seemed to be going fairly strong a little while ago."

He laughed derisively.

"You didn't really think I was keen on the girl?"

I began to feel a trifle annoyed with him.

"Oh, no; not really. I suspected from the first it was merely a case of calf-love."

Bob coloured. I had found the joint in his harness.

"Look here, old chap; do you particularly want chucking into the river?"

"Good lord, no!" I answered. "I never really cared for bathing."

"Some of you people would irritate Job. Just because a fellow steers clear of girls as a rule, you think he can't speak to one of 'em without falling in love up to the neck. As a matter of fact, I saw all along how things were, and I thought I'd do Jones a good turn by making the running for a bit. He'd never have come up to the scratch if I hadn't."

"Bob," I said, "I apologise. I see now that I was mistaken. But you seemed so much in earnest that night we were discussing ways and means."

He laughed even more derisively than before.

"By Jove! Did I really take you in?"

"Entirely. I could have sworn you meant it. And yet all the time it was——" I hesitated.

"Sawdust," said Bob: "pure sawdust."

## HOSS SENSE

BY CY WARMAN.

When the pheasant stops his drumming,

When the autumn's cyclone's coming,

When the gaunt gray wolf of winter is let loose

In the Injin Summer: Sonny,

Wouldn't you give ready money

For the wings and for the wisdom of a goose?

When the hoss that you are riding

Smells the cinnamon in hiding,

When he wheels and snorts and gives his head a toss;

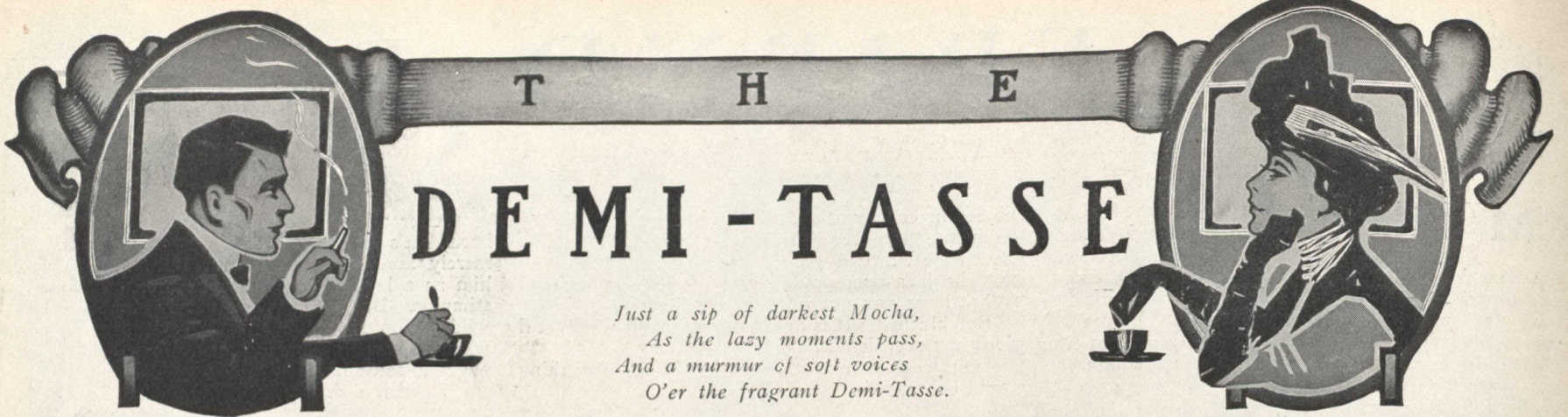
When he tries so hard to tell you

That the cinnamon can smell you—

Don't you wish you had the hoss sense of a hoss?

Mr. Jawback—"My goodness! What are you in such a stew about?"

Mrs. Jawback—"Well, I have a right to fuss. I'm to deliver an address at the Don't Worry Club this afternoon and I'm afraid it's going to rain."



Just a sip of darkest Mocha,  
As the lazy moments pass,  
And a murmur of soft voices  
O'er the fragrant Demi-Tasse.

#### A HEAVY JOB.

ONE night there rushed into the Agnes Street police station, Toronto, a citizen of Hebrew features and accent who called excitedly for a member of the force.

"What's the matter?" asked a splendid young constable of Irish birth and of six-feet-three stature.

"I have a lodger," said the complainant excitedly, "I am from York Street and I have a lodger who is trying to get away without leaving me de money. I want him seized—and I have a witness."

"But this isn't the place to make a complaint like that," responded the other, "it's another court ye want," and he explained to the excited landlord the procedure for gaining his dues. However, after repeated advice and expostulation, the gentleman from York Street still plaintively remarked:

"But I have a witness. I tell you he must not get away."

"This is no place for ye," said the officer in final anger, "get out of this with ye."

As the wailing landlord departed, the man in blue turned to a newspaper reporter and said with a sigh: "Think of the time Moses must have had with the like of him for forty years."

\* \* \*

#### TIMELY RHYMES.

That excellent barrister, Blake,  
Is sure that the church is a-shake.  
He thinks it a scandal  
To light a tall candle  
And makes Wycliffe theologues quake.

There are thoughts that we'd hate to express,  
There are feelings one dare not confess.  
They are such as MacKay  
Has when Whitney goes by—  
But they're only political stress.

In Manchester City, dear Winston did run,  
And he talked six times daily to each mother's son.  
So they all had enough  
And they treated him rough,  
While Canada thinks it was glorious fun.

J. G.

\* \* \*

#### AN UNLUCKY NUMBER.

THE judge, who is also a philanthropist in a small but practical way, was visiting the cells in a prison, talking sympathetically with the prisoners, some of whom he had sentenced.

His efforts were generally well received, but one man was quite unmoved by his friendliness. He returned curt replies and absolutely refused to expand.

"I'm no criminal," he said at last; "I'm only a victim."

"A victim of what?" the judge inquired, with friendly interest.

"A victim of number thirteen, that's what I am."

"A victim of number thirteen!"

"Yes—a judge and twelve jurymen."—*Short Stories.*

\* \* \*

#### NEWSLETS.

FIFTY Doukhobors are to pilgrimate from Fort William to Montreal. "O Chilly Band of Pilgrims!" The Douks are a worthy people who have merely made the mistake of interpreting too literally the steamship agent's advertisement of the Dominion of Canada as a modern paradise, a veritable Garden of Eden.

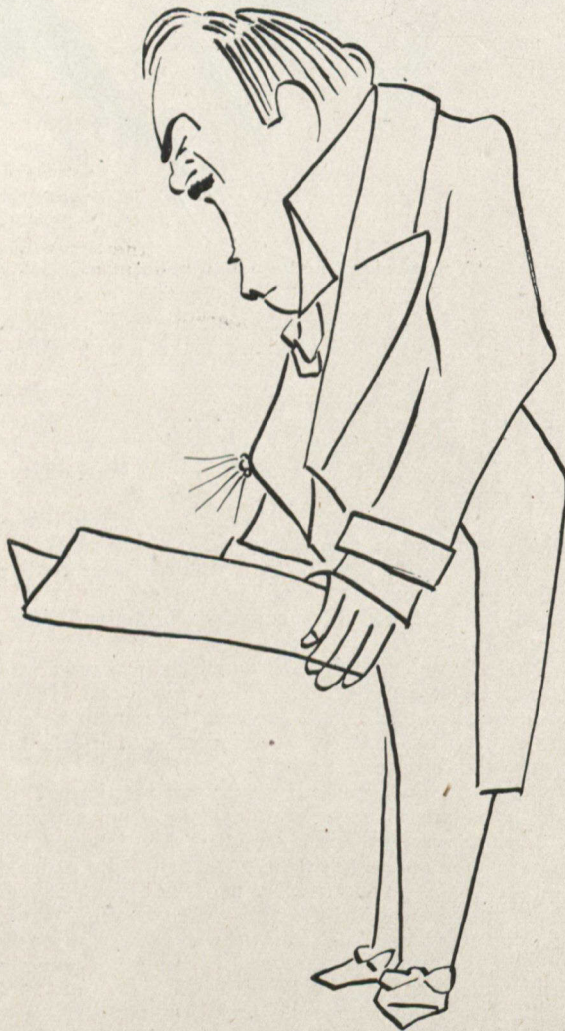
Four hundred monkeys recently became intoxicated on a German ship and had the time of their lives, setting the crew at defiance and absolutely refusing to go to their cages at eleven o'clock. The Southern States are wondering what it feels like to be a monkey.

Mr. G. Bernard Shaw won the \$1,000 fiction prize which *Collier's Weekly* offers every three

months for the best story accepted during the quarter. Mr. Shaw has returned the cheque with a letter of first-class abuse, worth five dollars an epithet. Not since Mr. W. F. Maclean gave up his extra indemnity as M.P., has such an event stirred this continent. Needless to remark, Mr. Shaw is Irish. Ralph Connor is said to have burst into tears and exclaimed "It's no' canny," when he heard of the wilful waste.

There is a fantastic-footed spinster by the name of Maud, who is dancing to crowded houses in London, England, in this merry springtime. An archdeacon has audibly disapproved of her *Salome* performance which out-Oriental the Orient. And now the City of Hamilton rejoices, for it is revealed that Maud was born in Toronto—once known as the Good—and took her first tottery steps on the way to the Yonge Street docks.

\* \* \*



Caricature of Caruso, by Himself.

There was a great singer, Caruso,  
Whose notes to the heavens, they flew so,  
That others took pains  
To equal the strains,  
But were really unable to do so.

\* \* \*

#### OXFORD ANECDOTES.

IN a second edition of "Reminiscences of Oxford," by Rev. W. Tuckwell, M.A., there are some choice stories of historic worthies. The Rev. Moses Griffith is the hero of several anecdotes. Once when reading the lesson at morning service he came to the long pedigree given in the third chapter of St. Luke. "Which was the son of Heli," he began, and then casting a sad eye at the remainder of the list of names, he added, "the rest neither concerns you nor me, so here endeth the Second Lesson." On another occasion an Oxford physician, re-

markable for his abstemiousness, was invited to dine with Mr. Griffith. "The doctor" did scant justice to the dishes; "My maxim, Mr. Griffith, is to eat and leave off hungry." His host threw up his hands, as he was wont.

"Eat and leave off hungry. Why not wash and leave off dirty?"

On one occasion, so fame reported, the science students were invited to relate instances of surprising animal instinct. Whereupon, it was announced by an imaginative student, to the consternation of the professor, who did not appreciate jokes, that he "knew a man whose sister had a tame jellyfish which would sit up and beg."

\* \* \*

#### AN EXACTING FRIEND.

"I hear yer frien' Tamson's marriet again."

"Aye, so he is. He's been a dear frien' tae me. He's cost me three weddin' presents an' twa wreaths."—*London Tit-Bits.*

\* \* \*

#### HIS RETORT.

A KENTUCKY colonel was telling a Northern friend about a man who had called him a liar. "And what did you do?" inquired the friend mildly.

"What did I do, sah? I went to the funeral, sah!"

\* \* \*

#### KNEW THE SIZE.

"I WANT some collars for my husband," said a lady in a department store, "but I am afraid I have forgotten the size."

"Thirteen and a half, ma'am?" suggested the clerk.

"That's it. How on earth did you know?"

"Gentlemen who let their wives buy their collars for 'em are almost always about that size, ma'am," explained the observant clerk.—*Everybody's Magazine.*

\* \* \*

#### DISCREET MR. ASQUITH.

WISDOM and wit are about evenly balanced in an utterance of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, which lately went the rounds in England.

Mr. Asquith was recently speaking in a Welsh town, when he was somewhat rudely interrupted by a voice in the audience, which demanded to know his position as to woman's suffrage.

"That," Mr. Asquith replied, blandly, "is a subject I prefer to discuss when ladies are not present."—*Youth's Companion.*

\* \* \*

#### FILLED THE BILL.

IT is better sometimes to know what not to do than to be possessed of all the positive information of the universe. Thus was the boy of the *Philadelphia Press* story wise beyond his years.

"Are you after the job as office boy?" asked the merchant.

"Sure!" replied the youngster.

"Any previous experience?"

"No, sir, nothing previous about me, and I don't whistle."

"Hang up your hat!"

\* \* \*

#### REASONS FOR HASTE.

A TRAVELLER, finding that he had a couple of hours in Dublin, called a cab and told the driver to drive him around for two hours. At first all went well, but soon the driver began to whip up his horse so that they narrowly escaped several collisions.

"What's the matter?" demanded the passenger. "Why are you driving so recklessly? I'm in no hurry."

"Ah, g'wan wid yez," retorted the cabby. "D've think I'm goin' to put in the whole day drivin' you around for two hours! Gitap!"—*Philadelphia Ledger.*



Women's Musical Club of Toronto.



Mrs. George Dickson,  
President of Women's Musical Club, Toronto.  
PHOTOGRAPH BY KENNEDY

Dickson, Mrs. Sanford Evans, Mrs. H. H. Langton, Mrs. H. D. Warren. While it must be admitted that the Winnipeg club has out-stripped Toronto in numbers and financial enterprise, it is interesting to note that two gifted women, Mrs. L. A. Hamilton and Mrs. Sanford Evans, have played equally in the organisation of the two associations and are claimed by both Ontario and Manitoba.

The treasurer's statement of 1907 gives a balance of over three hundred dollars, with a disbursement for the year of \$1,635. One of the interesting items is the closing concert in aid of the Edward MacDowell Fund. There was a recital by Madame Katharine Fisk and also the Kneisel Quartette concert. During the last season, there were two public recitals, one by Mr. Francis Rogers, the second by Madame Olga Samaroff, each being artistically delightful.

The first meeting for the season is held on the first Thursday in November and thereafter, every Thursday, until the close of the season in April. The rules for active members show the thoroughness with which the work is executed. The first, for instance, demands that "any member of the programme committee, being unable to arrange the programme assigned to her must supply a substitute from the Board of Directors who will undertake her work." The second rule provides against avoidance of responsibility by requiring that members of the programme committee shall keep an exact record of the club members invited by them to perform, and the reasons given when they refuse to do so.

The election of officers, held about a fortnight ago, resulted in the choice of Mrs. George Dickson of St. Margaret's College as President. Mrs. Dickson is one of the most artistic and capable members of the club and has always been among its guiding spirits. Hence, the members may look forward with confidence to the season of 1908-9. The other officers recently elected were: First Vice-President, Mrs. J. A. Street; Second Vice-President, Mrs. Arthur Pepler; Third Vice-President, Mrs. Willson Lawrence; Secretary-Treasurer, Miss Grace Boulton. The remaining members of the Board of Directors are Mesdames H. M. Blight, H. H. Langton, F. J. Peterson, Ten Eyck, J. D. A. Tripp, Frank Welsman, Frank Kenrick, Stewart Houston, Edward Fisher and Faulds; Misses Flavelle, Madeline Carter, Gunther, and Morris.

The following programme as given in the Conservatory Music Hall last Saturday was enjoyed by a thoroughly appreciative audience:

1. Trio for Piano, Violin and 'Cello—Op. 148. Nocturne ..... Schubert  
Miss M. Bruce, Miss M. Millichamp and Mrs. Franklin Dawson.
2. Recitative—"Willow Song" and "Ave Maria" from "Othello," Act IV.  
..... Verdi  
(Desdemona) Miss May Perry; (Emilia) Miss Dunstan.
3. Piano—Concert Waltz ..... Strauss-Schutt  
Miss Caldwell.
4. Songs—(a) Shadows ..... Harry Jacobs-Bond  
(b) Many a Dream ..... George Henschel  
(c) When Love Abides ..... Clough-Leighner  
Mrs. Frank MacKelcan.
5. Silhouettes for two Violins and Piano ..... Paul Juon  
(a) Idylle. (b) Douleur. (c) Conte Mysterieux. (d) Bizarrerie.  
Mrs. F. Kendrick, Miss M. Millichamp and Miss B. Mason.
6. Songs—(a) He Loves Me; (b) Allah; (c) Before the Dawn .. Chadwick  
Miss Van Horn.
7. Piano Concerto—C Major with Reinecke Cadenza ..... Beethoven  
Miss Mona Bates.  
Orchestral accompaniment on 2nd Piano—  
Miss Mary Morley.

THE GREATEST TENOR.

NOT for many months has such interest been created in a musical event as that aroused by the Caruso concert which will take place in Massey Hall, Toronto, next Monday night. Montreal is also to have a Caruso concert and in spite of the fact that many Canadians have heard the great Italian in New York, everyone appears to be intent on securing seats for this event.

It is such a mercenary age that one is not surprised to read in the *Argonaut* a paragraph setting forth the musical "gains" of the last season in New York. "Of the rewards gained by the voices and fame of the singers, undoubtedly that falling to the first of present-day tenors, Caruso, \$56,000 for the season, is by far the most munificent."

THERE are two women's musical clubs in Canada which may fairly claim foremost rank among such organisations. One of these is in Winnipeg and the other in Toronto. Some weeks ago, the *Canadian Courier* published an account of the work and aims of the Manitoba club and, with the conclusion, last Saturday, of this season's work of the Toronto society, one may well take into consideration its history and prospects.

The club has just completed its tenth season, but the latest available report of its membership and work is that of April, 1907. According to this, the membership is 268, of which the active list includes 19 pianists, 7 violinists, 3 cellists, 1 harpist, 31 vocalists and 2 essayists, making 63 in all who bear the burden of this successful organisation, although the associate members, now over two hundred in number, are enthusiastic in their support. There are nine honorary members: Lady Sybil Grey, Lady Evelyn Grey, Lady Clark, Miss Clark, Miss Elise Clark, Mrs. George

**Build a \$5,000 Business**  
OF YOUR OWN  
There is big money in a Collection Agency, if you "know how." I teach you all the secret of the business, give you complete plans, all forms and systems, and show you how to succeed.  
I BUILT A \$5,000 BUSINESS in two years—made \$5,000 gross profit and do far more to-day. You can do the same. My instruction is practical, thorough and invaluable because it is the result of this experience.  
**No Capital Needed—Spare Time Enough**  
You make no investment, take no risk and can start work evenings.  
**Turning Accounts into Cash**  
Every merchant, manufacturer and business man has many accounts—both easy and hard—and gladly shares the proceeds.  
**Read What Students Say:**  
"Fees close to \$3,000 for one firm," writes F. E. Pinkerton, of Illinois.  
"Averaging \$1,000 weekly in bills to collect and half what I get in is mine."—Geo. W. Purcell, Colorado.  
"Notwithstanding extensive experience, your lessons were a revelation to me."—A. L. Carson, Illinois.  
"Starting with no practical experience I have about 50 clients now and am adding several new ones daily."—C. Z. Curlee.  
"Received list of claims from you and will now give my entire time to my collection business."—Thorwald Holmes, Colorado.  
**WE SEND GRADUATES BUSINESS** Write to-day and I will send you full names and addresses of the above and other successes, also full synopsis of lessons, money-making plan and free pointers  
Address W. A. SHRYER, Pres.  
American Collection Service, 66 State St., Detroit, Mich.

**THOUSANDS OF LADIES**  
Throughout Canada have used and are using that truly wonderful toilet preparation  
**Princess Complexion Purifier**  
to clear their faces of Freckles, Moth-patches, Tan, Sunburn, and all discolorations. It is all that can be desired as a skin tonic. Price \$1.50, express paid.  
**SUPERFLUOUS HAIR**  
MOLES, WARTS, etc., removed forever by our method of Electrolysis. SKIN and SCALP treatments, CHIROPODY, etc. Consultation free at office or by mail. Send for Booklet "R."  
**Hiscott Dermatological Institute**  
61 College Street, Toronto. Tel. M. 831.  
ESTABLISHED 1892.

**TWO NEW BOOKS**  
**Trails and Tales in Cobalt**  
By W. H. P. JARVIS  
CLOTH, \$1.00  
"Let not the reader think that these stories, which I have tried to tell in truth of color, are all fiction; in fact, they are, many of them, true, while the thread that binds the tales, namely, the story of the prospecting trip in Cobalt, is true almost to the point of being history."—PREFACE.  
**Croynan Hall—The Maid of the Mask—A Tale of Rothenburg**  
A Volume of Poems by  
RAY PALMER BAKER, B.A.  
Instructor in Modern Languages, Highfield School, Hamilton  
CLOTH, \$1.00.  
The opening poem of this choice volume is a very fine composition, having its theme in the fortunes of certain New England families during the Revolutionary War, and is destined as an introduction to an epic commemorative of the struggles and achievements of the United Empire Loyalists. All three poems are marked by quite exceptional literary strength and beauty.  
POSTPAID  
**WILLIAM BRIGGS**  
29-33 Richmond Street West  
TORONTO



Wedding Silverware

When buying silverware for wedding gifts, you may be sure you are getting value if the above trade-mark is on the article. We guarantee our goods. If any piece bearing our trade-mark does not prove to be of first-class wearing quality, or develops a flaw of any kind, we will replace it, no matter who it was purchased from.

Standard Silver Co.  
LIMITED  
TORONTO, CANADA

SAVINGS ACCOUNTS

Interest Paid at the Rate of  
**3 1/2 %**

Accounts are subject to cheque without notice. Interest added half-yearly. Sums of \$1.00 and up received. Special attention is called to the fact that interest is calculated on the DAILY BALANCE

**CENTRAL CANADA**  
LOAN & SAVINGS COY.  
28 KING ST. E. TORONTO.

University Students

The Canadian Courier last year paid all the expenses of one student attending the University of Toronto. It is willing to do the same this year for two or three students. Write for particulars of our University Scholarship Competition. Open to students of all universities and colleges in Canada. Circulation Manager, CANADIAN COURIER, Toronto.

# Gillette Safety Razor

NO HONING  
NO STROPPING

## Face Insurance.

You insure your life, nouse, business holdings, etc., etc. Why not your face? The Policy of the "GILLETTE" is to insure you against further shaving troubles, dull unhoneed razors, cuts, time lost, money spent.

A GILLETTE Razor establishes a long term insurance policy for YOUR face.



BUY the Gillette Triple Silver Plated Holder and 12 double edged flexible blades—packed in velvet lined leather case for \$5.00. Sold by all the leading Jewelry, Drug, Cutlery, Hardware, Sporting Goods and Department Stores. If your dealer cannot supply you with booklets, write us.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO.  
Canadian Factory, MONTREAL.

5

## COWAN'S

COWAN'S  
Chocolate  
MAPLE BUDS  
"Exceedingly Choice"

# COCOA

## PAGE WHITE FENCES

Get the Best. Styles for Lawns, Farms and Ranches. Made of high carbon wire, galvanized and then painted white. Tougher and stronger wire than goes into any other fence. Get 1908 prices and illustrated booklet.

**THE PAGE WIRE FENCE CO., LIMITED**  
Largest fence and gate manufacturers in Canada.  
WALKERVILLE TORONTO MONTREAL ST. JOHN WINNIPEG 219

**LONDON & LANCASHIRE FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY**

8 Richmond St. East, Toronto  
ALFRED WRIGHT, Manager

Write for new Catalogue of the

of Toronto, Canada.  
Enter any time. No Vacations.  
W. H. SHAW, President.

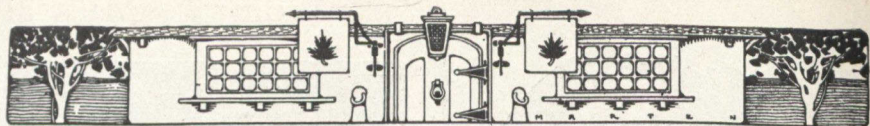
## You Want The Best DON'T YOU

The unanimous opinion of Insurance Critics is that our "IMPROVED SECURITY" Accident Policy has reached a degree of perfection never before attained.

There is no reason why you should not have it. Let us send you full particulars

**The Sterling Accident & Guarantee Co. of Canada**  
164 St. James Street, Montreal

**WILLIAM THOMSON & CO., GENERAL MANAGERS.**  
Would you care to canvass for us on a liberal commission?



## AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE THE LADY WHO TOLD.

EVERY woman retorts scornfully when man tells her that she cannot keep a secret. Once more, however, the papers are making cynical remarks about the way in which the news of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's resignation became public. The story goes that it was desired to keep the resignation the exclusive information of a small circle until Mr. Asquith had formed his cabinet. But at luncheon at Biarritz, Mrs. George Keppel, speaking to King Edward of his holiday, made some reference to a change of plans. A French diplomatist overheard the remark and, promptly rushing to the conclusion that Sir Henry had resigned, telegraphed the news to Paris. By this premature announcement, Mr. Asquith's plans were upset and that deliberate statesman was correspondingly annoyed.



Miniature Portrait of Mrs Geo. Keppel.  
From The Girl's Realm.

The three Keppels, Hon. Derek, Hon. George and Captain Colin, have always been in close attendance upon the royal family. Hon. Derek Keppel and Mrs. Keppel accompanied the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall, the present Prince and Princess of Wales, on their tour of the Empire in 1901. These Keppels are younger sons of the seventh Earl of Albemarle whose wife was a Canadian, Sophia Mary, second daughter of Sir Allan Napier Macnab. The lady, accused of unconsciously betraying a state secret, was Alice Frederica Edmonstone, daughter of an English admiral. Mrs. Keppel is pretty, graceful and—vivacious.

### FOR BATTLEFIELDS PARK.

THE Daughters of the Empire have taken up with enthusiasm the work of assisting in raising funds for the Battlefields Park at Quebec. It will need many dollars before that historic spot will be properly set apart and adorned as its memories deserve. We are far, indeed, from those days of turmoil and bloodshed when France and England were struggling for supremacy on three continents. While we live in more peaceful days, it is well to keep in remembrance the deeds and virtues of the brave men who laid down their lives on the stormy September morning when Wolfe and Montcalm, courageous besieger and chivalrous defender, died in their country's service. War is a horror which we hope to be spared but none of us are ashamed of the martial blood of Britain which flows in our veins and now manifests itself in less turbulent forms of activity. Canada is in no danger of militarism, as her citizen soldiers have proved nobly equal to such emergencies as have arisen; but she can unite remembrance and prophecy by honouring the valiant of 1759 and erecting a fair statue of Peace to symbolise the days which are to be.

### A VICEREGAL WEDDING.

A WEDDING is always of interest to the feminine observer or reader. Let an awning be stretched in front of a city church and every woman passer-by will linger to catch a glimpse of the bride. The weddings in the great English cathedrals, with every environment of stately tradition, have a picturesqueness which fascinates the world of womankind. The marriage of Lady Ruby Elliot, second daughter of Lord Minto and niece of Earl Grey, to Lord Errington, eldest son of Lord Cromer, was the most imposing ceremony in England during last month. The Queen, the Empress Marie of Russia and Princess Victoria were present at a ceremony which united two young lovers whose fathers have played leading parts in modern Empire-making. The Queen's gown was naturally of public interest, for the crowd always takes pride in the royal taste. On that occasion both Queen Alexandra and her imperial sister wore gowns of amethyst velvet—a colour for which Her Majesty has always shown a decided liking.

CANADIENNE.

## The Eden Memory

Now, when the Angel missioned with the sword,  
At Eden-gate his burning falchion drew,  
And when our sad First Parents had passed through,  
How did that garden mourn their fate untoward!  
The fourfold rivers from their urns were poured  
With unconsolated repinings; and the dew  
Did stand like tear-drops in the heart's-ease blue,  
And waned the lilies' golden honey-board.

The breathing air henceforth was but one sigh  
That all around that lonesome pleasance ran,  
While Voices asked—and lapsed without reply. . . .  
Such wistful airs about my garden fan,  
I dream, some grief of Eden still must lie  
At heart of every garden made by man!

—Edith M. Thomas, in Success Magazine.

## Archaeology in Canada.

THE Archaeological Institute of America was founded in 1879 to promote such study and research, to increase the love of art and to contribute to the higher culture of the country. It was incorporated by special Act of Congress in May, 1906. It is composed of twenty-two affiliated societies located in leading centres of culture and has a membership of over two thousand. It has founded the American schools at Athens, in Rome and in Palestine and has recently organised the School of American Archaeology to direct the researches of the Institute in the American field.

A circular recently issued states: "Recognising the essential unity of all intellectual culture, which knows no political divisions, and believing that the co-operation of all Americans, whether citizens of Canada or of the United States, who are interested in the study of the past, would be mutually helpful and stimulating, the officers of the Institute, at the suggestion of Canadians prominent in the educational world, ask whether it is not desirable to form affiliated societies of the Institute in the principal cities of Canada so that we may join in the work of archaeological investigation, and of spreading archaeological knowledge."

The organisation in this country shall be known as the Department of Canada of the Archaeological Institute of America and is designed to promote such study and research in the Dominion in all the fields represented by the work of the Institute. At the present time these fields are: Greek, Roman and Oriental Archaeology, the Art of the Renaissance and the primitive civilisation of the American continent. The societies formed in Canada shall have the same officers and shall bear the same relation to the Institute as the societies already organised according to the regulations of the Institute adopted in December, 1907. Each affiliated society in Canada shall have, in accordance with the existing by-laws, two representatives in the Council of the Institute for the first fifty members and one additional councillor for each additional fifty members.

The advances made by the Institute of America are in the spirit of the fraternity of scholarship and it is pleasant to record that four Canadian cities, Montreal, Ottawa, Kingston and Toronto, have already taken steps toward the formation of such societies, the practical organisation to be made next autumn. The Institute in the United States wisely chose Dr. H. L. Wilson, Professor of Roman Archaeology at Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, to visit Canadian cities to explain the work and aims of the organisation. Professor Wilson is a Canadian by birth and a gold medalist of Queen's University in the Department of Classics. Some years ago, Professor Wilson went to Baltimore for post-graduate work, where he met with marked success and he has since carried on his favourite study in Italy and Sicily. Last winter Professor Wilson gave a lecture on "Rome" at the University of Toronto and during last week his travel talk on "Rambles in Sicily," given in the galleries of the Women's Art Association, Toronto, proved graphically delightful, both in illustration and comment.

Professor Wilson met with gratifying success in Montreal, Ottawa, Kingston and Toronto on his archaeological mission. The fee for life membership is one hundred dollars; for ordinary membership, ten dollars a year. It says a good deal for Canadian appreciation of the subject of archaeology, that these four cities have provided already substantial membership lists. The Department of Canada may therefore be regarded as fairly established. Dr. Johnson of the University of Toronto may be addressed by those in Toronto or its vicinity who wish for information regarding the new societies. The field which will probably be of most interest to the Canadian societies is that found in the primitive civilisation of this continent.

It is pertinent in connection with the work of these new societies to refer to the explorations which have been carried on for years by a Canadian yet in his thirties—Mr. C. T. Currelley, a graduate of Victoria College, whose archaeological work in Greece, Crete, Arabia and Egypt has been of great value to his native land. Mr. Currelley was associated with no less an authority than Dr. Flinders Petrie in his Egyptian labours. At present Mr. Currelley is at Luxor, Egypt, where he is endeavouring to secure for the University of Toronto, archaeological remains of decided significance to all students of past civilisations.

## Literary Notes

AMONG publications dealing with the varied forms of artistic production, *The Studio* is easily first. The issue of April 15th opens with an illustrated article, *A Pioneer Painter of Holland: William Roelofs*, in which the "emotional landscape" is a striking feature. The article, *A Swedish Sportsman Painter: Bruno Liljefors*, an exquisite reproduction of *The Straw-Rick* (pastel) by F. L. Thompson, some old cupboards in Austrian collections, architectural designs by Mr. D. Knickerbacker Boyd of Philadelphia, a wealth of illustration from the Royal Society of Painter-Étchers are only some of the attractive numbers in this sumptuous April issue. *The Studio* is published at 44 Leicester Square, London, England, and enters this country by Canadian Magazine Post.

\* \* \*

THE *Canadian Magazine* for May appears in seasonable forest-green covers between which may be found articles and poetry of attractive quality. *The Japanese in British Columbia* by Margaret Eadie Henderson takes into consideration the place and achievement of this Oriental race in Canada's westernmost province but, the political aspect of the situation is gracefully ignored. *Conestogo*, written and illustrated by C. M. Manly, A.R.C.A., gives a vivid and picturesque description of the Waterloo village which has proved such an attractive spot for several Ontario artists. The sturdy descendants of the "Pennsylvania Dutch" settlers have found a faithful historian. History, drama and art are well represented in the current issue and the poetry by James P. Haverson, S. A. White, Virna Sheard, Lloyd Roberts and Isabel Ecclestone Mackay is of an unusually imaginative quality. The form of the *villanelle* is not often chosen by Canadian poets but Mr. Haverson uses it with dainty skill in *Remembered*. Mrs. Sheard's *At Dawn* and Mrs. Mackay's *Fairy Singing* are poems that would illumine any magazine. In fiction this May number is weak. *Frieda's Engagement* by Madge Macbeth is an ultra-foolish monologue of amateurish style and *Burrows' Important Engagement* by Alfred Palmer is mediocre.

Stephens' Ink is pleasant to write with and follows the pen ungrudgingly, even when much evaporated in the inkstand. It is the best ink for fountain pens. Resolutely refuse substitutes of

Stephens' Ink

## GAINS OVER 1906

—MADE BY—

The Mutual Life ASSURANCE CO. OF CANADA

|                      |   |             |
|----------------------|---|-------------|
| In Policies in force | - | \$4,179,440 |
| " Assets             | - | 1,271,255   |
| " Reserve            | - | 966,221     |
| " Income             | - | 171,147     |
| " Surplus            | - | 300,341     |

The income from interest shows a handsome increase over the previous year, though the same high standard of securities has been maintained. The SAFE investment of money is, and must always be, of infinitely greater importance than the interest return therefrom, and this principle has ever guided the management of this Company in the investment of its funds.

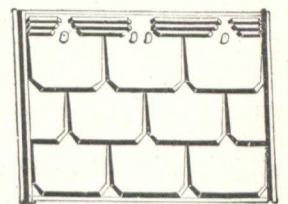
INSURANCE IN FORCE, OVER \$51,000,000

HEAD OFFICE WATERLOO, ONT.

## BOVRIL

For family use is one of the best and most economical of foods—costing as it does only a matter of 3½ cents a cup when bought in the 16 oz. bottles.

It is all pure, strength-giving nourishment, and for this reason it should find a place in every family.



## Eastlake Steel Shingles

either Galvanized or Painted

Are Always Reliable They are more economically durable and quicker to apply than any others, fitting accurately—and therefore most easily laid.

They have been thoroughly tested in all kinds of climates, invariably proving **Fire, Lightning, Rust and Weather Proof.**

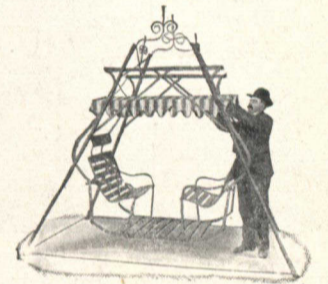
If you're building, make sure of satisfaction by ordering EASTLAKES for the roof—fullest information if you write.

Metallic Roofing Co., Limited,  
WHOLESALE MFRS., TORONTO, CANADA.

## STAY AT HOME

this summer and

## GET ONE OF OUR



## Steel Lawn Swings

The children enjoy it so much they won't want to go away and will spend hours in it every day. Old as well as young enjoy it. Will last for years. Can be taken apart in a few minutes and stored for winter. Swings as light as a feather, and is perfectly safe. You can take your lunch in it, sleep in it, read in it—in fact, it is made for comfort and ease.

DO NOT COMPARE IT WITH those cheap wooden affairs, as they are not in the same class whatever. This is an article for a lifetime, with ordinary care. Once seen, you will want one.

SEND FOR BOOKLET No. 75, with nice photos, and our Swing Song with music, sent free to parents.

DON'T FORGET that we manufacture and deal in WINDMILLS, GASOLINE ENGINES, PUMPS, TANKS, WATER SUPPLY APPLIANCES.

Ontario Wind Engine & Pump Co.

LIMITED

TORONTO and WINNIPEG

## THERE IS A NEW SOAP IN TOWN.

Of making many soaps there is no end, so a new soap is not an uncommon thing. But this is an uncommon thing in a new soap, for it has a character and quality as superior and distinctive as Mennen's Borated Talcum Toilet Powder to which it is the natural complement.

Mennen's Borated Skin Soap, put up in a distinguishing blue wrapper, has the same attractive individuality which has made Mennen's Talcum Powder famous the world over. Soap and Powder supplement each other in the work of caring for the skin and improving the complexion.

Mennen's Borated Skin Soap is made of the very choicest and finest of ingredients. Its standard of delicacy is the delicate skin of the infant and its use for the baby's bath will promote the healthfulness of baby's skin.

Mennen's Borated Skin Soap is really an essential to the toilet of refinement as Mennen's Borated Talcum Toilet Powder.

# Windsor SALT

is all salt. Every grain is a pure, dry, clean crystal. That is why it never cakes—dissolves instantly—and goes farther than any other.

Insist on having  
—WINDSOR SALT.

## A Mother's Testimony



About a month ago I received one of your LITTLE BEAUTY HAMMOCK COTS and find it perfectly satisfactory in every respect and would not like to part with it, for it is the best thing I ever saw.

Write for a copy of "BABY'S SLEEP" telling all about it.

The Geo. B. Meadows, Toronto  
Wire, Iron & Brass Works  
Company, Limited  
479 Wellington St. W., Toronto, Canada

# GILLETT'S

HIGH GRADE

## CREAM TARTAR

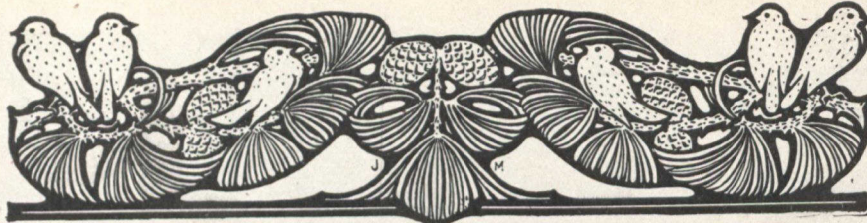
ABSOLUTELY PURE.  
SOLD IN PACKAGES AND CANS.  
Same Price as the cheap adulterated kinds.

E.W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED  
TORONTO, ONT.

## LONDON GUARANTEE AND ACCIDENT COMPANY LIMITED

Guarantee and Fidelity Bonds.  
Sickness and Accident Policies.

Phone Main 1642. Confederation Life Building  
COR. YONGE and RICHMOND STS.



## FOR THE CHILDREN

### SPRING SONG.

"SPRING! Spring! Spring!" sang the brook, as it danced along beside the little path in the park; but the great city outside did not stop to listen. The carriages and the waggons and the street cars made so much noise, and the people were so busy rushing here and there, that they did not hear it, but the squirrels in the park heard it and chattered, "Spring! Spring! Spring!" as they jumped from one bare branch to another. The sparrows heard it, too, and they chirped, "Spring! Spring! Spring!" as they hopped about among the bushes, and far down under the bridge the little "hermit of the bog" heard it, and pushed his head up through the cold earth and raised his red and yellow hood to look across the brook, where on the other side another little hermit was just waking up.

"Good morning!" he called out; "is it not beautiful to be awake in the spring?" But no reply came from across the brook and the wind blew so sharp and cold in his face that he was about to draw down his hood to keep warm, when a shivering little voice beside him said, "z-z-z."

"Dear me, how cold and hungry you do look! Come in out of the wind and have a sip of honey to cheer you up a bit. I am sure you have had no breakfast."

"Breakfast!" said the shivering little bee, "I have just gotten up, and have not had a bit to eat since my supper, which was so long ago that I am not sure that I ever had any. Your honey is so refreshing and I am so happy, I really must go out and sing with the brook. Was there ever a song so sweet as this song of the spring?"

"Oh, pray do not go! I am so glad to have you here. I was lonely before you came, for it is so early that there is not one to talk to except the hermit across the brook, and he could not hear me when I called to him just now."

"Let me take your message," said the friendly little bee; "I should be glad to do it," and away he flew with a greeting from one hermit to the other, and then, if you had been looking, you would have seen them smiling at each other across the singing brook.

But no one was looking except the brook and the squirrels and the sparrows, and they were so happy when they saw them peeping out of their queer little hoods, that they sang the song of spring more loudly, so that the wind and the sun took it up, and together they made such a great chorus, that the busy city outside paused to listen, and then the people, too, began to sing, and, at last, the whole world rang with the beautiful song of "Spring! Spring! Spring!" —*Kindergarten Review.*

### THE DISOBEDIENT TOAD.

MAMA TOAD lived under the geranium hedge with her little family. They were very happy in their lovely green and red home. All day the little horned toads played about in the bright California sunshine. Flowers bloomed about them the year round, golden oranges hung upon the trees above their heads, and the air was full of perfume.

No one disturbed the little toads.

The humming birds and butterflies flitting about among the flowers were their friends. So was Fritzie, the little dog who lived in the house near by. It was great fun for the little toads to frisk about the dog, and when he ran after them to hide under the hedge.

Then the little girl came. The toads peeped anxiously out at her with their bead-like eyes before they ventured forth. Then the oldest and bravest of them ran close to her.

"Oh, mama!" cried the little girl, "just see those dear little things wif points around their heads."

After that she was their friend, and they loved to play about her.

Soon after that they heard a noise, and peeping out saw a great creature with something in his hand with which he made a loud sound, which caused them to scamper back to their hiding-place and tell their mother about it. The mother looked out, then gathering her family about her, said:

"My children, the long-legged creature that you see there is called a boy. He makes the most terrible noises not only by screaming, but also with a tin horn which he puts in his mouth. He is the enemy of all toads, therefore beware of him. Keep under the hedge and you will be safe."

The oldest of the toads often peeped out at the boy and saw him romping with the girl and the dog.

"I believe my mother is mistaken," said he. "Grown people don't know everything. That creature looks kind. He never hurts the dog, and besides, it is getting very dull here under the hedge." At that he ran out, but hastened back, for the boy ran after him, crying, "Oh, what a beautiful horned toad!"

Pleased at the compliment, toady proudly raised his head and ventured forth the next day. This time the boy did not seem to see him. Growing bolder and bolder each day and forgetting his mother's warning, the silly toad approached the boy nearer and nearer. At last, longing for admiration, he ran over the boy's foot. With one spring the boy was upon him, had him in his hand, and alas! in spite of toadie's wiggling, he put him in a box with cotton and chloroform which he had been keeping for the purpose. The poor little toad soon fell into a deep sleep from which he never awakened.

Down under the hedge the mother waited in vain for her silly child.

If you will go to that boy's room you will see the little horned toad stuffed and hanging on the wall, a warning to all toads who disobey their mother.

\* \* \*



HER FIRST LOSS.

"Mummy, Mummy! My tooth has come unstuck!"

# MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

### "A SAFE HIT"

When Mennen's was first introduced it made a hit immediately, and was then and is now specially recommended by physicians everywhere as perfectly pure and safe. It has proven a summer necessity, a boon for comfort of old and young.

### Mennen's Borated Talcum Toilet Powder

prevents and relieves Chapping, Chafing, Prickly Heat, Sunburn, and all skin troubles of summer. After bathing and shaving it is delightful; in the nursery, indispensable.

For your protection the genuine is put up in non-refillable boxes—the "Box that Lox," with Mennen's face on top. Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30, 1906. Serial No. 1542. Sold everywhere, or by mail 25 cents. Sample free.

GERHARD MENNEN CO.

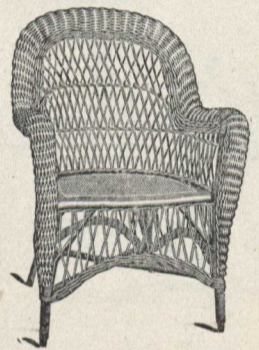
Newark, N. J.

Try Mennen's Violet (Borated) Talcum Toilet Powder—it has the scent of fresh-cut Parma Violets.

The Box that Lox



## Get Gendron Goods



### REED FURNITURE

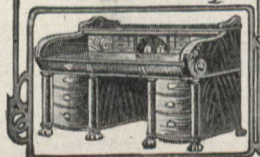
for Summer use, especially Verandah and Yacht Sets.

Ask your dealer or write Dept. "C"

The Gendron Mfg. Co., Limited, Toronto

## The CANADIAN OFFICE & SCHOOL FURNITURE CO. PRESTON, ONT.

Manufacturers of High Grade Bank & Office Fixtures, School, Library & Commercial Furniture, Opera & Assembly Chairs, Interior Hardwood Finish Generally.



## The THIEL Detective Service Co. of Canada, Limited

—OFFICES—

Toronto, Canada

Suite 604-5-6, Traders Bank Building

- MONTREAL, CANADA, Liverpool, London and Globe Bldg.
- WINNIPEG, MAN., Union Bank of Canada Bldg.
- CHICAGO, ILL., Monadnock Block.
- DENVER, COLO., Majestic Building.
- KANSAS CITY, MO., New England Bldg.
- NEW YORK, N. Y., Broadway Maiden Lane Bldg.
- PORTLAND, ORE., Chamber of Commerce.
- SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Mutual Savings Bank Bldg.
- SEATTLE, WASH., New York Block.
- SPOKANE, WASH., Empire State Building.
- ST. LOUIS, MO., Century Bldg.
- ST. PAUL, MINN., Germania Life Building.
- CITY OF MEXICO, MEX., Equitable Life Ins. Bldg.
- LOS ANGELES, 621 Trust Bldg.

**SIR FREDERICK BRIDGE**

The Organist of Westminster Abbey is coming to Canada.

Sir Frederick Bridge, the great organist from London, who plays in Westminster Abbey, is coming to Canada and will be heard in recital. It is to be expected that he will play one of the Bach Fugues for those compositions are wonderful tests not only of technical achievement but of musical temperament. There are a thousand organists who can play every note of those Fugues correctly but only rarely can we find one who treats them as anything more than mere exercises in manual work and pedaling. Musical temperament does not necessarily dwell in every person who can play scales in double thirds. Often it is found in men and women whose knowledge of the technical side of music is only rudimentary. For such persons the Gourlay-Angelus piano-player is especially designed. The Angelus piano-player is a complete musical technique. It can produce the tones in an infinite gradation of volume. The music can be instantaneously quickened or retarded and therefore, phrasing, which is the soul of music and the test of temperament in the player is just as possible with the Angelus as with the expert pianist. This amazing player, by all odds the best on the market, as it was the first, has been secured by the firm of Gourlay, Winter & Leeming to install as an interior attachment of the Gourlay Piano an instrument which leads the van of Canadian pianos. The Gourlay-Angelus is worthy of a place in the most artistic home, for while the player is a mechanical device, it responds instantly to the temperament and taste of the person who is operating it. Anyone who imagines that this is an exaggeration is under a mistake. See the instrument at the warerooms on Yonge St.

**The Yellow God**

Continued from page 14)

which was placed behind an object like a large Saxon font, also made of gold. The shape of this column reminded Alan of something, namely, of a very similar column, although fashioned of a different material, which stood in the granite-built office of Messrs. Aylward and Haswell, in the City of London. Nor did this seem wonderful to him, since on the top of it, squatting on its dwarf legs, stood a horrid but familiar thing, namely, Little Balsa herself, come home at last.

Followed by the Asika and Jeeki, Alan walked up and looked her in the face, and to his excited imagination she appeared to grin at him in answer. Then, while the priests prostrated themselves, he examined the golden basin or laver, and saw that at the further side of it was a little platform approached by steps. On the top of these golden steps were two depressions, such as might have been worn out in the course of ages by persons kneeling there.

Seeing that these things interested him, the Asika volunteered the information through Jeeki, that this was a divining-bowl, and that if those who went before her had wished to learn the future, they caused Little Balsa to float in it and found out all they wanted to know by her movements.

"Where does the water come from?" asked Alan, thoughtlessly.

"Out of the hearts of men," she answered with a low and dreadful laugh. "These marks are those of swords, and every one of them means a life." Then, seeing that he looked incredulous, she added, "Stay, I will show you. Little Balsa must be thirsty, who has fasted so long, also there are things that I desire to know. Come hither—you, and you," and she pointed at hazard to the two priests, who knelt nearest to her, "and do you bid the executioner bring his axe," she went on to a third.

The dark faces of the men turned ashen, but they made no effort to escape their doom. One of them crept up the steps and laid his neck upon the edge of gold, while the other, uttering no word, threw himself on his face at the foot of them, waiting his turn. Then a door opened, and there appeared a great and brutal-looking fellow, naked except for a loin cloth, who bore in his hand a huge weapon, half knife and half axe.

Now, for the first time, Alan really understood what was about to happen, and that what he had imagined a stage rehearsal was to become a hideous murder.

"Stop!" he shouted in English, being unable to remember the native word.

The executioner paused with his axe poised in the air; the victim turned his head and looked as though surprised; the second victim and the priests, their companions, looked also.

Again the weapon was lifted, and as he felt that words were no longer of any use, even if he could find them, Alan took refuge in action. Springing on to the other side of the little platform, he hit out with all his strength across the kneeling man. Catching the executioner on the point of the chin, he knocked him straight backwards in such fashion that his head struck upon the floor before any other portion of his body, so that he lay there either dead or stunned.

At this sight the Asika burst into a low laugh, then asked Alan why he had felled the executioner. He answered, because he would not stand

by and see two innocent men butchered.

"Why not?" she said in a surprised voice, "if Little Balsa, whose priests they are, needs them, and I, who am the Mouth of the gods, declare that they should die? Still, she has been in your keeping for a long while and you may know her will, so if you wish it, let them live. Or, perhaps you require other victims," and she fixed her eyes upon Jeeki, with a glance of suggestive hope.

"Oh! my golly!" gasped Jeeki in English, "tell her not for Joe, Major, tell her most improper. Say Yellow God my dearest friend, and go mad as hatter if my throat cut—"

Alan stopped his protestations with a secret kick.

"I choose no victims," he broke in, "nor will I see a man's blood shed—to me it is *orunda*—unholy; I may not look on human blood, and if you cause me to do so, Asika, I shall hate you because you make me break my oath."

"Good missionary talk that, Major. Keep up word in season, Major. If she make Christian martyr of Jeeki, who get you out of this confounded hole?"

Then the Asika spoke.

"Be it as you will, for I desire neither that you should hate me, nor that you should look on that which is unlawful for your eyes to see. The feasts and ceremonies you must attend, but if I can help it no victim shall be slain in your presence, not even that whimpering hound, your servant," she added with a contemptuous glance at Jeeki.

"That very satisfactory," said Jeeki rising from his knees, his face wreathed in smiles, for he knew well that a decree of the Asika could not be broken.

Taking no notice of his words, with a slight reverence to the fetish, she passed on, beckoning to Alan. As he went the two prostrate priests, whose lives he had saved, lifted their heads a little and looked at him with heartfelt gratitude in their eyes; indeed, one of them kissed the place where his foot had trodden.

Alan followed her through a kind of swing door which opened into another of the endless halls, but when he looked for her there she was nowhere to be seen. A priest who was waiting beyond the door, bowed and informed him that the Asika had gone to her own place, and would see him that evening. Then bowing again, he led them back by various passages to the room where they had slept.

"Jeeki," said Alan, after their food had been brought to them, for it was now past midday, this time, he observed, by men, "you were born in Asikiland; tell me the truth of this business. What does that woman mean when she talks about her spirit having been here from the beginning?"

"She mean, Major, that every time she die her soul go into someone else, whom priests find out by marks. Also Asika always die young, they never let her become old woman, but how she die and where they bury her, no one know except priests. Sometimes she have girl child who become Asika after her, but if she have boy-child they kill him. I think 'this Asika daughter of her who made love to your reverend uncle. All that story 'bout her mother not being married lies, and all her story lies too, she often marry."

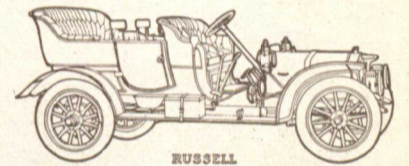
"But how about the spirit coming back, Jeeki?"

"Expect that lie too, Major, though she think it solemn fact. Priests teach her all those old things. Still," he added doubtfully, "Asika great medicine woman and know lot we don't know, can't say how. Very awkward customer, Major."

"Quite so, Jeeki, I agree with you.

**"C. M. C."**  
GARTERS FOR MEN  
MERCERISED COTTON 25c. PURE SILK 50c.  
"C.M.C." MEN'S GARTERS  
With new "C.M.C." Midget Clasp. It won't tear. It can't come off. No Pulls or Cord to cut or wear. Made entirely of best English elastic. Sample pair mailed on receipt of 25 cents. State color required.  
MANUFACTURED BY  
C. H. WESTWOOD & CO., Limited, 84 Bay St., Toronto

**THE CAR FOR SATISFACTION**



A Certain Man reads a Motor Car Advertisement—he is seriously considering the purchase of a 1908 Model Automobile. He does what the slang purveyors call "Some tall thinking." He picks out the distinct features and weighs them in the balance, Reliability, Endurance, Speed and Comfort. Just as the broker worries over the ticker, so is this man speculating over a new machine. Are you this man? Then don't speculate! Get in on the ground floor with a fact of paramount importance:—

Our customers' Complete Satisfaction is Our Best Advertisement and Business Asset.

A Demonstration speaks louder than Words.

Ask for the Russell Catalogue.

**CANADA CYCLE & MOTOR CO. Limited**

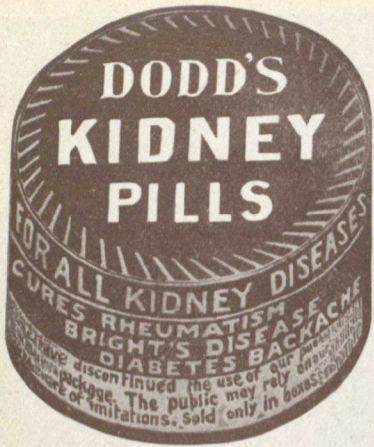
TORONTO JUNCTION, CANADA

MONTREAL OTTAWA TORONTO HAMILTON  
WINNIPEG VANCOUVER MELBOURNE

**The Strelinger**  
(Four cycle one to four cylinder). Absolutely the Best Marine Engine ever made  
We also carry in stock several of the best makes of 2-Cycle Marine Engines, and a full line of Boat Accessories. Let us know your wants and we will quote prices. ENGINES 1-1-2 to 50 H.P., \$33 to \$2,500.  
Write for our 1908 Catalog.  
**The Strelinger Marine Engine Co.**  
Dept. C. Detroit, Mich.

**Berlin Lion Brewery**  
**Wurzburger Beer**  
See that our label is on every bottle.  
Manufactured of pure malt and hops.  
**C. N. Huether**  
Berlin Ontario

**Duc de Montebello**  
A champagne of the highest quality. Try it and be convinced.  
For sale at all the best hotels and clubs everywhere



# HOTEL EMPIRE

For Families and Transients  
Broadway and 63d Street, (Lincoln Square) N. Y. CITY



IN THE VERY CENTRE OF EVERYTHING.

All surface cars pass or transfer to door.  
Subway and "L" stations, two minutes.

### ALL MODERN IMPROVEMENTS

Rooms, with detached bath, \$1.50 per day up  
Rooms, with private bath, 2.00 " "  
Suites, with private bath, 3.50 " "

European plan, also Combination Breakfast;  
EXCELLENT SERVICE—FINE MUSIC

W. JOHNSON QUINN, Proprietor



IF YOU WANT  
**HEALTH  
STRENGTH  
VIGOR  
APPETITE**

DRINK

**Cosgrave's  
Ale**

OR

**Cosgrave's Porter**

Made from pure  
IRISH MALT.

Or a delicious blend of both

**Half and Half**

Always Ask for Cosgrave's

**The Hamilton Steel  
and Iron Company**  
Limited

PIG IRON

Foundry, Basic, Malleable.

FORGINGS

of Every Description.

High Grade Bar Iron.  
Open Hearth Bar Steel.

HAMILTON - ONTARIO

But to come to the point, what is her game with me?"

"Oh! Major," he answered with a grin, "that simple enough. She tired of black man, want change, mean to marry you according to law, that is when Mungana dies, and he die jolly quick now. She musn't kill him, but polish him off all the same, stick him to sleep with those dead 'uns, till he go like drunk man and see things and drown himself. Then she marry you. But till he dead, you all right, she only talk and make eye, 'cause of Asiki law, not 'cause she want stop there."

"Indeed, Jeeki, and how long do you think that the Mungana will last?"

"Perhaps three months, Major, and perhaps two. Think not more than two. Strong man, but he look devilish dicky this morning. Think he begin see snakes."

"Very well, Jeeki. Now listen to me—you've got to get us out of Asiki-land by this day two months. If you don't, that lady will do anything to oblige me, and no doubt there are more executioners left."

(To be Continued.)

### THE PRINCE'S PROGRAMME.

A DESPATCH from London, England, states that arrangements have been completed for the visit of the Prince of Wales to Quebec in July to attend the tercentenary celebration and inaugurate the monument on the Plains of Abraham to Wolfe and Montcalm. He will go no further than Quebec, and his stay will not be extended over a fortnight. The Prince will cross the Atlantic on a fast cruiser, probably the *Minotaur*, which will be accompanied by another cruiser as an escort. He will leave Portsmouth July 16th, and reach Quebec on the 23rd. The British Atlantic fleet will go over in advance of the *Minotaur* and her escort, to take part in the celebration and give a fitting welcome to the heir to the throne. His Royal Highness will be accompanied by a brilliant staff. Among the staff will be Sir Francis Hopwood, permanent Under Secretary for the Colonies, who, of all men in England, probably knows most about the colonies.

French and United States squadrons will also be at Quebec, and invitations have been sent to France and to all the colonies to send delegations to take part in the celebration.

The Prince, on landing, will be received by the Governor-General, and will be presented with an address by the Dominion Parliament. The scene of the landing of Champlain will be reproduced, and the old navigator shown arriving with a crew in a replica of his ship. The fetes will then be formally opened by the Prince in a speech, to which Sir Wilfrid Laurier will reply.

The programme for the following days is:

July 24—Dedication of the battlefield; military and naval review.

July 25—Review of the fleets.

July 26—Thanksgiving day; services in Roman Catholic and English cathedrals.

July 27—Naval display ashore by 10,000 sailors; representation of the bombardment of Quebec by the British fleet and army under Saunders and Wolfe.

July 29—Prince of Wales leaves Quebec.

### THE MAN AND HIS JOB.

IT pays to get ready for the opportunity. True it is that you may have to wait some time for the real opportunity to come; but that is far better than being forced to say: "I missed the chance of my life just

because I wasn't prepared." Get ready for the opportunity, and the opportunity will soon be ready for you.

One day the president of one of our great railroads was dictating a very important address, which he had been asked to deliver on the "liability of the employer." A great many technical terms, referring especially to interstate railway legislation, were employed. The \$18 per week stenographer took the whole bundle without a single inquiry.

"Now, don't get stuck, my friend," spoke up the president anxiously, "if I hand out some new ones to you just speak up, and I'll give you the correct spelling. I've no time to go over the manuscript and can't take any chances."

"I am quite familiar with every phrase you have given me so far," said the young man simply.

"How long have you been in the railroad business?"

"Since I got this job, sir."

"How in blazes did you get on all these curves I am taking you around?"

"I study railroad law at night. I know it isn't needed for my present job, but I thought the day might come when I might need it."

The president dropped his notes. He ran his hand through his iron gray hair and brought it down on the desk with a bang.

"Young man, I see that day coming!" he said with the weight of conviction.

It did not come at once, by the way, but the young man was gradually promoted to an assistant secretaryship with an excellent future in view. — Ottawa Journal.

### THE SHEFFIELD CHOIR.

THE Ottawa Board of Trade and the Mayors of Montreal, Ottawa and Toronto have united in extending a cordial welcome to the Sheffield Choir which will visit Canada next November. The choir will leave Sheffield on October 23rd, take a special train to Greenock and embark on the Allan steamer, *Grampian*, which has been chartered for their trip. The choir is expected to arrive in Montreal on November 2nd. There it will be given an official welcome by Mayor Payette and the Board of Trade. The choir will be in Ottawa on November 4th and in Toronto on November 6th, 7th and 8th, thus giving the city of many choruses an extended opportunity of meeting and hearing the famous Sheffield singers. The Mayor and Council of Toronto, the Board of Trade, the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, the Mendelssohn Choir and the University of Toronto will entertain the English guests. Niagara Falls will be visited on November 8th, London, November 9th, and Hamilton, November 10th. The members of the choir will embark for England from Montreal on November 13th, after eleven strenuous days and nights in the Dominion.

### THE CATKINS.

BY MARY A. THOMPSON.

IF every pussy-willow were  
A kitten soft and gray,  
When snowflakes fell upon their fur,  
What would those pussies say?  
Each tiny paw, despairingly,  
Would clutch the slender bough,  
And every little kit would cry  
"Meouw! Meouw! Meouw!"

But when the sunshine came again,  
And April days grew warm,  
I'm sure that all the pussies then  
Would quite forget the storm,  
And stretch out all along the stem  
To dry their silken fur,  
While every single one of them  
Would purr and purr and purr.



Head Office for Canada: MONTREAL  
WM. MACKAY, Gen. Manager. J. H. LABELLE, Asst. Manager.

The Largest and Strongest Fire Insurance Company in the World.

**Maguire & Connon**  
GENERAL AGENTS  
Office: "Royal Building," 27 Wellington St. E., TORONTO.  
Telephones: Main 6000. Residence, North 3571 and M. 978.

### CANADIAN HOTEL DIRECTORY

| TORONTO HOTELS  |  |
|---|--|
| <b>King Edward Hotel</b><br>—Fireproof—<br>Accommodation for 750 guests. \$1.50 up.<br>American and European Plans.   |  |
| <b>Palmer House</b><br>200 Rooms. \$2.00 up.<br>American and European.  |  |
| <b>Rossin House</b><br>European \$1.00 up<br>American \$2.00 up<br>Accommodation for 500 Guests. Fireproof.   |  |
| ONTARIO HOTELS  |  |
| <b>Caledonia Springs Hotel</b><br>(C. P. Ry.)<br>CALEDONIA SPRINGS, ONT.<br>American Plan, \$3.00 up.<br>Accommodation for 200 Guests.                                |  |
| <b>The New Russell</b><br>OTTAWA, CANADA<br>250 rooms.<br>American Plan \$3.00 to \$5.00.<br>European Plan \$1.50 to \$3.50.<br>\$150,000.00 spent upon Improvements. |  |
| MONTREAL HOTELS   |  |
| <b>The Place Viger</b> (C. P. Ry.)<br>American Plan, \$3.50 up.<br>Accommodation for 200 Guests.  |  |
| QUEBEC HOTELS   |  |
| <b>The Chateau Frontenac</b><br>(C. P. Ry.)<br>American Plan, \$8.00 up.<br>Accommodation for 450 Guests.   |  |
| MANITOBA HOTELS   |  |
| <b>The Royal Alexandra</b> C. P. Ry.<br>WINNIPEG, MAN.<br>European \$2.00. American, \$4.00.<br>Accommodation for 600 Guests.   |  |
| BRITISH COLUMBIA HOTELS   |  |
| <b>Glacier House</b> (C. P. Ry.)<br>GLACIER, B. C.<br>American Plan \$3.50 up.<br>Accommodation for 200 Guests.   |  |
| <b>Hotel Vancouver</b> (C. P. Ry.)<br>VANCOUVER, B. C.<br>American Plan \$3.50 up.<br>Accommodation for 400 Guests.   |  |

The Old-time Spring Medicine for Children  
No Longer a Disturbing Dream. Give Them

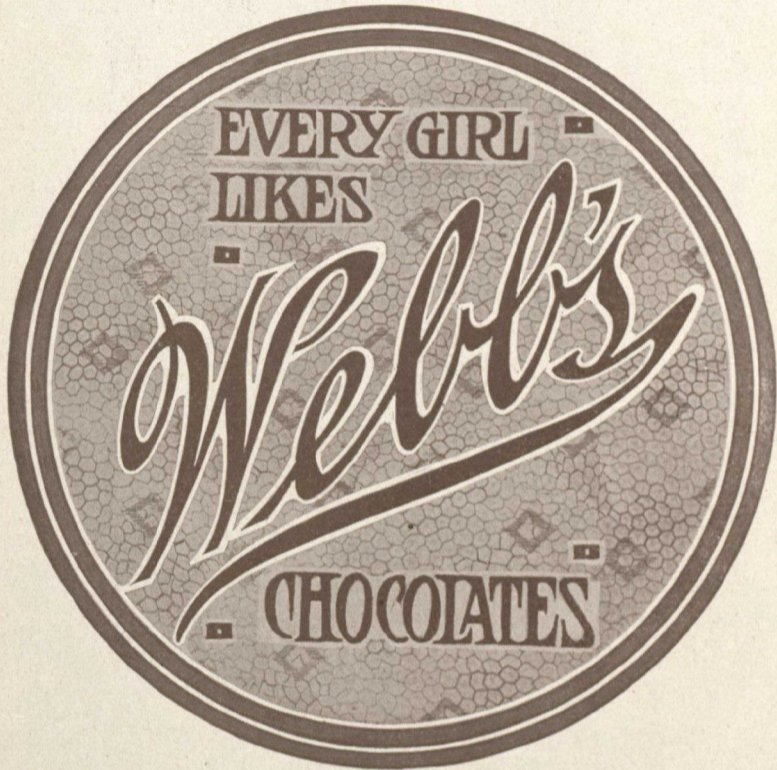
# SHREDDED WHEAT

It tones up the system in a natural way, keeps the stomach clean and the bowels active, and gives the needed nourishment for growing boys and girls.

THE PROPER FOOD FOR OLD AND YOUNG.

All Grocers, 13c a carton, 2 for 25c.

902



E. D. Smith's **JAMS, JELLIES** and **PRESERVES** are not only guaranteed Pure, but a trial will convince they are superior in flavor to the strictly home-made varieties.

ASK FOR  
**E. D. SMITH**  
BRAND

Made from choice selected fruit and pure sugar, and nicely put up in glass jars and gold-lined tins. Direct from Winona, Ontario, the finest fruit district in Canada.

Sold by all good grocers.

W. G. PATRICK & CO., Melinda Street, TORONTO

SELLING AGENTS FOR ONTARIO

911

## Michie's West India Cocktails

are a skilful and pleasing blend of pure liquors of the finest quality. They are specially adapted for home use, saving all the trouble necessary to produce a pleasant mixed drink.

75c A BOTTLE

MICHIE & CO., Limited, 7 King St. West

Telephone Main 7591

## THIS MONTH OF MAY



is the month for the first trips to the holiday summer resorts of the Muskokas, the Laurentians from Montreal, Lake St. John, the Ocean Shore of Nova Scotia, Cape Breton Island, the Superior Divide, and the Real North West.

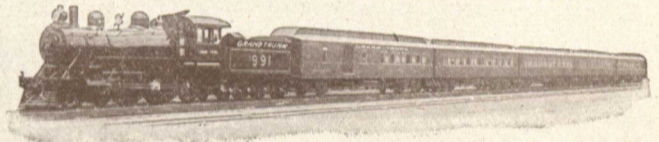
Write for booklets describing the best country in six provinces, served by the Railways of the Canadian Northern System, to the Information Bureau, Head Office, Canadian Northern Railway System, Toronto.

**GRAND  
TRUNK  
RAILWAY  
SYSTEM**

### The Great Double Track Route

The Longest Continuous Double Track Railway in the World under One Management, and the Only Double Track Railway between Montreal, Toronto, Niagara Falls, Chicago and principal Canadian centres

4 Fast Trains (2 Limited and 2 Express) between Montreal and Toronto each way daily.



#### FINEST EQUIPMENT

The excellence of the Dining Car Service on the Grand Trunk System has won it a continental reputation.

All particulars, folders, descriptive literature, etc., sent free on application.

W. E. DAVIS  
Passenger Traffic Manager  
Montreal

#### SOLID VESTIBULED TRAINS

G. T. BELL  
General Passenger and Ticket Agent  
Montreal

## CRAGG'S SPECIAL RAZOR



Sizes—  
Narrow, Medium and Wide

Sent anywhere in Canada, Postage Paid, on receipt of price . . . . . **\$1.25 each**

**ARGUMENT**—These Razors are made under special formula by the celebrated firm of Wade & Butcher, Sheffield, England, whose name and guarantee is coupled with our own. The guarantee is full and unqualified. Purchasers being sole judges as to their merits. A razor not being satisfactory can be returned to us when another will be sent in its place.

**CRAGG BROS. & CO.**

THE OUTLERY HOUSE OF HALIFAX  
HALIFAX, N.S.

Reference by Permission — THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE — R. G. DUN & CO.



## The Canadian Detective Bureau

LIMITED  
MAX J. KELLER, GEN. MANAGER WILLIAM H. WELSH, GEN. SUPT.

GENERAL OFFICES: TORONTO, ONT.  
Crown Life Building—Queen and Victoria Sts.

#### BRANCH OFFICES

OTTAWA, ONT., Trust Bldg., Sparks St. MONTREAL, P.Q., Bank of Ottawa Bldg.  
WINNIPEG, MAN., Bank of Hamilton Bldg.  
ST. JOHN, N.B., Pugsley Bldg. HALIFAX, N.S., St. Paul Bldg.  
VANCOUVER, B.C., Inns of Court Bldg. DAWSON, Y.T., N.C. Bldg.  
NEW YORK, N.Y. LONDON, ENG. PARIS, FRANCE

This Bureau is prepared to undertake all classes of legitimate detective work for railroads, banks, insurance companies, other corporations and private individuals.

Our offices being located from one end of the Dominion to the other give us specially good facilities for handling business for clients with connection throughout the various provinces.

# LACE CURTAINS TEMPTINGLY PRICED

These genuine Nottingham Lace Curtains have been made expressly for us by a well-known maker of fine goods, and the dainty designs are exclusive. So great was our order for these goods, that we obtained a large slice off the ordinary prices, and we are now sharing this privilege with you. THE EASY EATON PRICES should certainly appeal to everyone who'd save.

TRY OUR MAIL ORDER SERVICE for every household need. If our goods are not exactly as represented in both quality and price, we will exchange, or you may have your money and all transportation charges back.

Very serviceable design, per pair

**1.00**



K1-CC1. Nottingham Lace Curtain, 54 inches wide, 3½ yards long, a very pretty design and very serviceable, Colbert edges, white and ivory, per pair..... **1.00**  
Postage Extra 26c.

Something Pretty in Nottingham  
Curtains, per pair

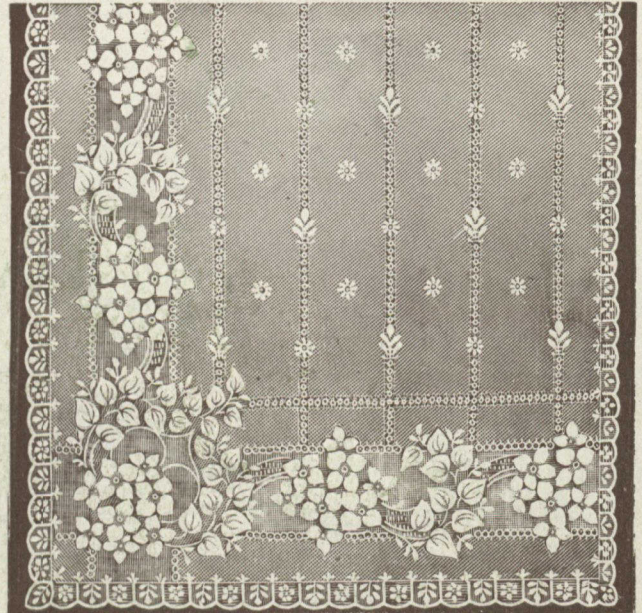
**1.50**



K1-CC3. Nottingham Lace Curtain, 52 inches wide, 3½ yards long, a very pretty one, will wear well, finished with overlapped edges, white or ivory, per pair..... **1.50**  
Postage Extra 28c.

Very Desirable Nottingham Curtains,

per pair **1.25**



K1-CC2. Nottingham Lace Curtain, 50 inches wide, 3½ yards long, a very desirable pattern, and good wearing Colbert edges, white and ivory, per pair..... **1.25**  
Postage Extra 23c.

Nottingham Curtains, Fine Lace  
Effect, per pair

**2.00**



K1-CC4. Nottingham Lace Curtain, 52 inches wide, 3½ yards long, very fine and lacy effect, Colbert overlapped edges, white and ivory, per pair..... **2.00**  
Postage Extra 27c.

Write for our  
New Spring  
and Summer  
Catalogue.....

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

Surprising Prices  
in our New Summer  
Supply Catalogue. Write for it