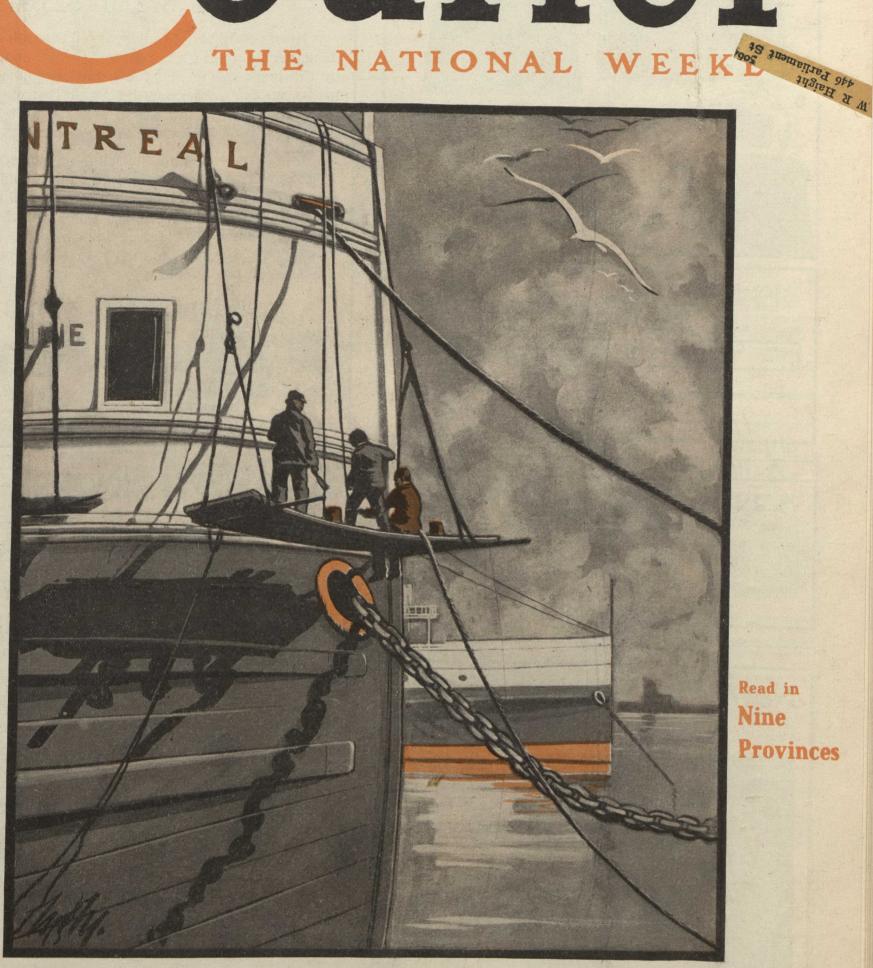
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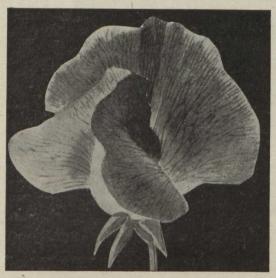
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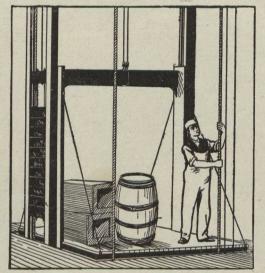
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The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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Editor's Talk

N EXT week we shall publish "A NEW-COMER'S NUMBER" which will attempt to picture and estimate the great movement in population now taking place. The tremendous immigra-tion at present in progress is one of the most wonderful movements of population and capital that the world has ever seen. It is doubtful if Canadians themselves fully realise the significance of what is taking place. That a country like Canada, with a population of less than eight millions, should be receiving new citizens at the rate of about one thousand a day is a phenomenon which requires explanation.

The explanation is not all. The in-rush of new settlers brings into being a host of new problems. Canada has perfected a transportation system by which these people are able to get to regions and districts where opportunities await them. The Dominion Government has provided machinery whereby every party is assisted in finding the most suitable location. The Provincial Governments have adopted plans which assist in an economic distribution of the new arrivals. The machinery for taking care of the movement is vast and complicated. Therefore a discussion of this machinery should be interesting.

Further, this wonderful migration creates tremendous administrative and social problems which Canadian communities must carefully consider. To make the new-comer comfortable, to make him satisfied, to assist him to attain material success, to aid him in becoming a typical Canadian citizen, is a duty which devolves on the present inhabitants of the country. The newcomer needs our active sympathy, our hearty assistance and our intellectual influence. He comes with other ideas and other ideals; we must impart to him our ideas and our ideals.

This, in brief, is the explanation of the forthcoming number. We hope that our readers will peruse it in the spirit with which it has been prepared.



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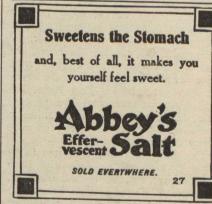


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TRACK, FIELD AND COURSE

By F. H. HURLEY

Distance Running.

DISTANCE running means any distance from a mile upwards The first requisite is endurance. That can best be developed by long walks, and runs, and these had better be taken on alternate days. The shorter the distance the more speed is required and the longer vice versa. For example: Suppose one is training for any distance from 2 to 5 miles, it will be necessary for him to take much faster work than he would require to, if preparing for a race of 7 to 10 miles, and so on. But the underlying principle, for all distances, is the same. They are all tests of en-durance, the only difference being the rate of speed at which they are run. So that the training for one will apply to all, except that the speed, and length of the runs are to be regulated according to the distance one is training for. In all races—irrespective of distance—a good rule to follow is, to run from half to three-quarters the distance of the race (three days a week) at racing pace—for the full

bit, by a trot of a few hundred yards, before starting.

The first Intercollegiate Harrier meet, between McGill, Montreal, Queen's, Kingston and University of Toronto, was held on the 13th November left. ember last, over a seven and a half mile course, and resulted in a pro-nounced victory for the Toronto team, whose photo we give on this page, as will be seen by the following results:

I—E. M. Watts, Toronto, 41.49.
2—W. E. G. Murray, McGill.
3—L. C. Tilt, Toronto.
4—G. Woodley, Toronto.
5—T. J. Farley, Toronto.
6—W. Ford, Toronto.
7—E. H. Gray, McGill.
8—T. C. Lennox, Queen's.
9—W. P. Alderson, Queen's.
10—M. A. Pope, McGill.
11—J. B. Young, McGill.
12—B. M. Sproale, McGill.
13—M. J. A. Kroyd, Queen's.
14.—E. E. Gillieneau, Queen's.



UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO HARRIER TEAM Inter-Collegiate Cross-Country Champions, 1909. G. Woodley.

distance-or a little faster-and on the alternate days, to walk from 5 to 20 miles, this depending on the distance of the race. An accessional distance of the race. An occasional fast 1-8, 1-4, 1-2, 3-4, or a mile, with a 100-yard sprint thrown in, will go a long way towards improving the pace. Another important point: One thing a runner has always to be careful of is those long races is, not to run too fast, and there will be no danger of that, if the rule, as just laid down, of but running half or three-quarters the distance, at racing pace for the full distance, be followed. Of course, there will be found now and then followed. Of course, there will be found, now and then, a big, gross, man, who will require to train every day, to get into his best form, but this class is rare, and the general rule of running but three times a week will answer best in the majority of cases. jority of cases.

The distance runner requires to be more careful, too, of his diet than the sprinter, or middle-distance man, and he had better confine himself to solids, as he must be lean, and have his stomach in the best possible condition. A quick cold bath and massage, or a "rub-down," as it is generally called, is always beneficial after exercise, and should be invariably taken. Plenty of sleep is another essential. A couple of days' rest before a race is also necessary, to enable the runner to able the runner to recover tone, and it is a good idea, too, to warm up the muscles and stretch the lungs a

IT is rumoured that the Argonaut eight intend visiting Henley again next year with a view of lifting the Grand Challenge Cup that they have tried so often and just failed to do

They should know by this time wherein their weakness lies, and

profit accordingly.

English critics say that they can never hope to win until they alter their stroke—maintaining that it is too long for the course, besides lacking in that uniformity of swing that they consider the first essential in crew rowing and that has always been so characteristic of their been so characteristic of their own as well as other successful crews.

Canadians, however, contend that it is not the style or stroke that de-

feats them, so much as the climate, and course, and the opportunities England has for developing her oarsmen. She has the pick of the universities, and as rowing has been fashionable there from "time immorial," it is not difficult to understand why she turns out the superior crews she does. But what of the Belgians? Their success must be due to their style to a great extent, surely. The English say it is what theirs originally was, and what it should be to-day, and they appear to be try-ing to get back to it again. They've had a former coach of the Belgians explaining the fine points of the stroke at at least one of their colleges. A delicious and appetizing treat for the young folks-a food recommended by pysicians for young and old alike.

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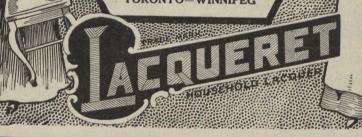
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Canadian Courier NATIONAL WEEKLY



Toronto, April 23rd, 1910

No. 21

WHEN a Canadian reads that a Labour Party has won in the Australian General Elections he may be inclined to do as the Pharisee did, raise his eyes to Heaven and thank

REFLECTIONS

EDITOR BY THE

as the United States supply of logs is not sufficient to meet the demand. Nevertheless, the question is a purely domestic one and Ontario and Quebec are pursuing a policy which would find equal favour with the United

want the logs to keep their mills going,

God that he is not like those rude Australians. Certainly, if the Labour Party of Australia be like unto the Labour Party in the British House of Commons, then is Australia deserving of some sympathy. The truth, so far as it may be discovered at this distance, is that the Labour Party of Australia would be more properly termed a Radical Party. In a country where the urban population is so large and the agricultural population so small, compared with Canada, a labour party is not so unnatural as might appear at first sight.

Besides, a labour party well led should be as efficient and as effective as any other party. Hon. Andrew Fisher, the new premier, is a man with considerable parliamentary experience. He served in the Queensland parliament before confederation. In 1904, he was minister of trades and customs, and premier in 1908 and 1909. He is a protectionist, his protection policy differing only from Canada's Protection policy in that he would protect only those industries which pay union rates of wages. This difference is not very deep, since every Canadian government, federal or provincial, has adopted the

principle of union wages on all government work.

There is one striking difference between our labour party and the Australian. Canada's trades-unionists are inclined to ignore the military and naval forces of the country as being the engines of capitalism while the Australian trades-unionists recognise that national safety can only be assured by a proper development of both these forces. Australia is surrounded by brown and yellow neighbours, and if Australia is to remain a white man's country, the military and naval forces must be capable of repelling an armed force. Therefore Australian labour is in favour of compulsory military service which Canadian labour professes to believe to be detrimental to the best interests of civilisation.

N one point, the Australian and Canadian labour men are similarly constituted; they both object to the immigration of labour unionists from Great Britain. Both countries are looking for new Population, but both have been forced by labour influences to discourage the importation of skilled mechanics. Both desire that the flow of new citizens shall consist entirely of domestic servants and farmers. There is much of selfishness in this attitude, but selfishness is so general a trait of human character even in these advanced times that the labour unions cannot be greatly blamed. The standard of living is rising in Great Britain and when it reaches the standard already raised in Canada and Australia, the colonial mechanic will not be pressing his objections so strongly.

SIR LOMER GOUIN has shown a great deal of courage and a high grade of statesmanship in his renewed announcement that in future the export of pulp-wood cut on crown lands will be prohibited. This has been the policy of Ontario for a number of years and it has Worked well in that province. As only about twenty per cent. of Quebec's export of pulp logs is from leased crown domain, the immediate effect will not be great. However, as the years pass and the Privately owned spruce forests cease to provide much timber, the new policy will have increasing effect. In the course of ten or fifteen years, Quebec will cease to export pulp logs and become a great exporter of wood pulp and of paper. In other words, instead of exporting the raw material, Quebec will export the manufactured Product. A cord of pulp logs worth \$5 will produce, roughly speaking, a ton of wood pulp worth \$15; or when manufactured further, a ton of paper worth \$50. Why should Quebec, or any other province, export pulp logs at \$5, when they may be manufactured into Paper and exported at a value of \$50?

Of course the United States paper-makers will object. They

States if the positions were reversed. When the United States objects to our conserving our national resources in this way, the flimsiness of the objection is so apparent that it may be passed unnoticed. New Brunswick and Nova Scotia will no doubt adopt similar

regulations at an early date. It is to be hoped that they will not delay their action until their spruce supply is nearly exhausted. Nova Scotia is in an especially bad way in regard to its crown lands. No scientific surveys have ever been made and thousands of miles of Nova Scotian crown lands have slipped into private hands without any benefit to the provincial treasury. It is claimed by those who know something of the facts, that Nova Scotia has the most unsatisfactory crown land administration of all the provinces. This is due to carelessness and incompetence extending over half a century.

HOW valuable the timber lands of Canada are becoming is well illustrated by the recent action of the Minister of Lands and Mines for Ontario. By a simple flourish of his pen, Hon. Frank Cochrane has added \$350,000 a year to the income from timber limits. To accomplish this, he has increased the dues on pine sawlogs from one dollar to one dollar and a half per thousand feet, the dues on square timber from \$20 to \$50 per thousand feet and ground rents from \$3 to \$5 per mile. Further, the lumbermen must pay the entire cost of fire-ranging instead of one-half as formerly.

Previous to 1887, the dues on pine sawlogs, which is the main item in this bill of charges, was 75 cents. It was then increased to one dollar. Now there is a further increase of fifty per cent. About

half a billion feet per year is the total output.

Of course the lumbermen are objecting. Some of them say the government has taken them by the throat. In the end, the people will probably be forced to pay, especially if general trade conditions continue as favourable this year as they were last year. However, the government have fully investigated the subject before taking this action and have decided that it is in the public interest. It is another phase of the agitation for the conservation of our national resources. 40

ONTRARY to expectations, the House of Commons has passed a compromise anti-racing bill. It is along the lines suggested in this column last week-legalising betting on race-tracks and absolutely prohibiting the hand-book maker, the pool room, the tipster and all the other objectionable followers of horse-racing. While betting during race-meets is legalised, the length of the meets is restricted to a reasonable period, namely, seven days per meet and two meets a year on each track.

Mr. Miller is to be congratulated on his acceptance of the compromise. On the evening of the famous defeat of his Bill in the House, Mr. Miller took a rather rigid attitude. He declared that he would rather have the old law than the compromise. Since then he has changed his mind-and in our opinion has shown both commonsense and wisdom in so doing. The old law was so indefinite as to be merely an aggravation both to the racing associations and to the antiracing influences. The new law legalises what it cannot prevent and prohibits what it cannot tolerate. It makes no false pretensions. It eliminates hypocrisy.

HORSE-RACING is a fine old sport which it would be a shame to abolish. However, when Vancouver and Victoria held racing meets which had a duration of 40 to 60 days, this historic sport of kings was degraded. The Fort Erie and Windsor tracks, maintained for the amusement of the sports of Buffalo and Detroit respectively, have always been indefensible and are still in the same position. A clause in the new act prevents race-tracks being built in future along the international boundary line for the benefit of those not resident in Canada. This might reasonably have gone farther and forced the Fort Erie and Windsor institutions out of business. They have existed for gambling purposes; and they have enabled United States gamblers to pursue practices under the Union Jack which were impossible under the Stars and Stripes.

The compromise Miller Bill was absolutely necessary to clear Canada's good name from the charge of allowing her territory to become a harbour of refuge for the gambling element from the United States. It was also necessary to prevent the growth of the gambling habit among mechanics and clerks who donated their money to handbook men. Further, it was necessary as a warning to Canadians who regarded a horse-race as a gambling rather than a sporting event that their ideas were quite un-British and also quite untenable.

Parliament and all concerned are to be congratulated on the excellence of the new law and on the splendid spirit exhibited by those on both sides.

N O hope is left to the ship-builders on the Great Lakes that they will ever be able to build warships. The Rush-Bagot Convention will soon be one hundred years old, but it is still mighty and omnipotent. Twelve years ago, the United States Congress authorised an appropriation for a gunboat to be built on one of the Great Lakes, but the Navy Department never let the contract. The money still lies in Uncle Sam's strong box. In spite of all the efforts of owners of inland shipyards, the spirit of the Rush-Bagot agreement ruled the decisions of the various secretaries of the U. S. Navy.

The disappointments of the United States ship-builders are a prototype of those coming to the ship-builders of Kingston, Toronto, Collingwood and Port Arthur. When they try to get a share of Canada's appropriation for a baby navy, they will be confronted with the Spirit of an Ancient Agreement. They must content their souls in patience and see all these fat contracts, with the accompanying pomp and éclat which comes to a shipyard receiving a naval contract, fall to the lot of those who build ships on tide-waters. Quebec, St. John and Halifax, with their more ancient civilisations and their intimate relations with past and present military pomp, are again to be favoured above their modern competitors.

HILE Ontario is boasting that the number of liquor licenses in the province have been reduced from 6,000 to 2,000 in thirty years, Nova Scotia proposes to go in for total prohibition. The only exceptions are Richmond County and the city of Halifax, where people are still to have that "inalienable right of the Britisher," the right to buy a drink when they want it.

For many years, most of Nova Scotia has been under that local option Dominion law known as the Scott Act. It did not really prohibit liquor-selling, but it made it illegal. The new provincial law will have about the same effect. There is no reason to believe that the province will enforce its own law any better than it enforced the federal law. Liquor-selling will go on illicitly as before. People will continue to get bad liquor when under a proper licensing system they might get good liquor and be saved the temptation to become law-breakers.

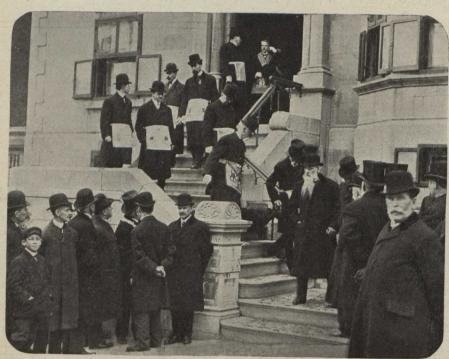
Prohibition of any kind cannot be a success in any portion of Canada at the present time. Public sentiment has not yet reached the stage where it will refuse to condone illegal liquor-selling. The Maritime Provinces are probably nearer that stage than any other portion of Canada, but much educational work remains to be done. Nova Scotia will find this out, especially since it allows the citizens of Halifax the privilege of drinking in bars and clubs, while refusing the same privilege to the citizens of Yarmouth, Truro, Windsor, Amherst and Sydney.

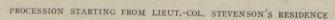
A NEW usury scheme has just been revealed in the Toronto Police Court. A man who is in need of money goes to a company and they endorse his note, charging him a fee; he is then sent to another office to get the note discounted at the legal rate—twelve per cent. When he gets his loan repaid, he finds that the two companies working together have collected from him in fees and discounts an amount equal to more than 100 per cent. interest. The ways of the loan shark are many and devious and this recently revealed method is only one of the "ways" by which the unfortunates in life's battle find a path more stoney than the one they trod before.

THAT estimable and ancient political journal, the Toronto Globe, is usually fairly accurate in its political news, but, according to our information, it went sadly wrong a few days ago. It announced that the Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour, leader of the Unionist Party, had backed down on the question of a duty on colonial wheat; that whereas he had once advocated a slight tax on it he now favoured admitting it free. We cannot recall any statement by Mr. Balfour or even by Mr. Chamberlain that colonial wheat should be taxed. During the general elections, a statement was made by a Birmingham newspaper in which a small tax on colonial wheat and a larger tax on foreign wheat was advocated. This was accepted as a Chamberlain statement but was not fathered nor disavowed by that gentleman. However, it was accepted by many people during the campaign as a statement of Unionist intentions. To accuse Mr. Balfour of holding this idea or of using it in any way as a part of his programme is decidedly unfair. Mr. Balfour is too clever a tactician to make such a simple error. The Globe does him a great injustice, unless it has some better information than its contemporaries.

Aside from this, Canada will be pleased to know that colonial wheat will be admitted free by the Unionists if they should be returned to power at the general election which cannot be many months away. Further, it again proves that Mr. Balfour considers the colonies an integral part of the Empire and entitled to special consideration.

AN IMPRESSIVE MASONIC FUNERAL IN MONTREAL







WHEN A BIG BUSY CITY HAS TIME TO REST

Funeral of Lieut-Col. A. A. Stevenson, who joined the Montreal Field Battery on organisation in 1855, and was commandant of it for over twenty-five years. As a printer and publisher in Montreal from 1846, as a military man, Scotsman, and public-spirited citizen, he was well and favourably known to the present and the past generations.

Photographs by A. A. Gleason.

MEN OF TO-DAY

ACTING PREMIER OF MANITOBA

URING the recent session of the Manitoba Legislature, the leader on the Government side was the Hon. Robert Rogers, Minister of Public Works. The Big Chief of the Manitoba Tribes, Hon. R. P. Roblin, was ill and on order of his physician was spending the winter in the South. In his absence the Vice-Chief was forced to lead.

There are those who say that "Bob" Rogers has long been the real leader in that administrative body known as the Manitoba Executive, and that Mr. Rogers might have been Premier long ago had he so desired. Nor do those who make the statement intend any disrespect to Hon. Mr. Roblin, the Premier. He has held an office which he would willingly have surrendered, these people say, if his party friends and Mr. Rogers were agreeable. But the party decreed otherwise and so did Mr. Rogers.

There are others who bracket the two men together when speaking of them. "Roblin and Rogers"
is a common phrase in political circles. The two men
have worked together for many years and, to the
Public, have given no sign of anything but absolutely
faithful co-operation. No provincial premier ever had
a more faithful or more level assistant. If there was a more faithful or more loyal assistant. If there was Patronage to be distributed or difficult political battles to be fought, the assistant never showed signs of distress. He was always on the fighting line but never willing to take any of the honour which was due to the senior general.

Yet when the time came, the Hon. Robert Rogers proved himself quite capable of piloting a political following through the intricate mazes of a parliamentary session. This last session was a critical one, too, since there is likely to be a general election in the province before the House meets again. All the charges likely to be useful to a growing Opposition were produced and aired with all the bravado the enemies of the Government could muster. Hon. Robert met them all calmly and skilfully; and when the session was ended, his followers were

satisfied.

Mr. Rogers is of Irish descent, though born in Lakefield, Quebec, three years before Confederation. He is a son of Colonel Rogers, an officer in the British

Army, and is thereby fitted to rule Over a province which is as intensely British and as foolishly imperialist as any other in Canada. He was educated in the schools of Lachute and Montreal, but at the age of eighteen drifted West to wrestle with Ambition and Fortune.

Clearwater, a straggling village, became his abiding place. This happened to be in the political purlieus of the Hon. Thomas Greenway and in 1886 and 1892, Mr. Rogers stood up to be knocked down by this then reigning chief. About ten years ago, however, he came up to Winnipeg from the constituency of Manitou and it was only a short time till he was given a portfolio and a per-

manent influence in the government.

Outside of politics, Mr. Rogers
has fared well. Like so many other Mr. Chas. H. Lugrin, Victoria, The Man Behind a Newspaper

Westerners, speculation in land and wheat and other forms of enterprise, brought him profit and wealth. He has some of the faults and most of the virtues of his kind—the kind that has made the West the home of the speculator and the Mecca of the pioneer.

THE NEWSPAPER AND THE MAN

CHAS. H. LUGRIN may not be so well known in Canada as the Victoria Colonist newspaper. That is because under Mr. Lugrin's editorial management the newspaper has been made of more importance than the man behind. Probably most of the readers of that paper outside of British Columbia don't even know there is such man as Lugrin—who in the course of his constructive career has covered Canada clear from the capital of New Brunswick to the Capital of British Columbia; born and educated in one; doing the

best of his life work in the other.

His parents were both of U. E. Loyalist descent, and were among the early settlers of the St. John River valley. While still in his teens, Mr. Lugrin graduated from the university "standing half-way up the hill," and at the age of 22 was admitted to the Bar of New Brunewish. Shortly after he removed to Victoria County, where he Brunswick. Shortly after, he removed to Victoria County, where he held various government offices, but returned later to practise law in Fredericton. He devoted his spare moments to journalistic work, with such success that he was engaged to edit the St. John Telegraph. In this capacity he came into considerable prominence. For six years he was Secretary of Agriculture, a position which he resigned to go

Seattle at this time was attracting many from the Maritime Provinces, and it was to this young and rapidly-growing city that Mr. Lugrin came in 1891. He was admitted to the Bar in Washington, but again took up his pen to edit the Seattle Telegraph, and later, the Seattle Times. In 1897 he received and accepted an offer to edit the Colonist of Victoria, and removed with his family to that city, where except for an interval of three years of law practice, he has occupied the editor's chair on the Colonist.

While never entirely devoting himself to the practice of his

profession, he has been engaged on several cases of considerable importance. He was counsel for the Temperance Party in the proceedings which determined the constitutionality of the Canada Temperance Act. He was also employed to defend the rights of aliens to

navigate the St. John River.

In his present capacity he stands high in Canadian journalism. His professional training has been an invaluable asset to him in newspaper work. He is well-read and a keen student of affairs-possessing

a wide range of information. His style is clear and vigorous. A large number of adventure stories, numerous tracts on public questions, many articles to periodicals and magazines, and a standard work on the resources of British Columbia, have come from his pen. His inclination for literary work is probably inherited from his father and grandfather, who were both newspaper men. Nor does this family trait end in the third generation. One of his daughters, Mrs. E. Brunswick Shaw, shows a strong literary disposition. She contributes to the Sunday edition of the Colonist, under her maiden name, E. Bertrand Lugrin; and also writes for some English magazines.

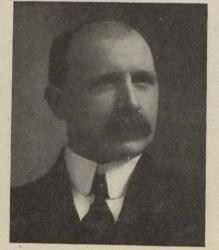
The writer had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Lugrin in his home circle, away from the heavy routine of his office, and found in this veteran newspaper man, a warm and genial personality, willing to listen kindly to the queries of the "cub" reporter. In this he was assisted by his charming wife, formerly Miss Maria Raymond, a daughter of Judge Raymond

of New Brunswick.

As a member of the Council of the Board of Trade, Mr. Lugrin takes a keen interest in municipal affairs. But his horizon is more than provincial, and although an optimist on the future of his adopted province, he is in the truest sense a Canadian citizen, with a broad outlook on the growth and development of Canada as a whole. He is one of the very best

citizens Eastern Canada ever sent West; part of the eternal debt the

West owes the East.



Hon. Robert Rogers,

Mr. William Manson, M.L.A., Who Helped to Build Two Pacific Towns.

A WAYMAKER FROM NANAIMO

THE first representative from Prince Rupert is Scotch enough to have been a Hudson's Bay Company factor. Mr. William Manson was born in the Shetland Islands, on whose bleak shores he stayed long enough to get an accountant's education — though what on earth he could have expected to make out accounts for in the Shetlands, nobody knows. At twenty years of age he got away and went just about as far as a steamboat could carry him — to Vancouver Island; to Nanaimo, where for eighteen years he was a waymaker. And he began con-

structive pioneerism in real earnest; twelve years member of the Nanaimo School Board, three years an alderman and four years Mayor of Nanaimo—the like of which never would have happened to him had he stayed in the island where the ponies come from.

What more natural than to go into politics? In 1905 the man from Shetland was elected to fill the vacancy left by Mr. W. B. McInnes, resigned to become Governor of the Yukon. In two years he was Provincial Secretary—and Minister of Education; whereby he remembered some of his youthful doubts at the academy in Shetland.

However, he got a bump at the very next election-1907; defeated at the polls; went straight up to Prince Rupert—leaving Nanaimo behind; Government Agent for two years at the new port on the Pacific. Last November he resigned his job to go once more into politics. Prince Rupert needed a representative in the Legislature; Mr. Manson was elected as the first. One of his first acts in his new capacity in the House was to introduce a bill for the incorporation of Prince Rupert. The bill was passed. Mr. Manson is still in the field; ready to grow up with Prince Rupert as once he grew up with Nanaimo. He will probably not travel far from Prince Rupert, which by the time he is done with politics will be a big commercial seaport.

THROUGH A MONOCLE

CUSTOMS IN CAIRO—AND CANADA.

S Cairo is the place where "east meets west" - where two civilisations blend — it logically follows that there is a large liberty in conduct-and in costume. When things are done in public to which you are not accustomed, you-whether you are a Christian or Mohammedan, east or west-tolerantly put it down to "the other civilisation." There is one phase of life here to which I hardly know whether to refer. I can seldom feel sure just how much Toronto-and though the Courier is Canadian, it emanates from Toronto-really wants to be told about things which are not Torontoesque. Would it like to hear, for instance, that there is a street here, hard by the principal hotels and tourist offices, where women appear, as the shades of evening fall, in great numbers on balconies one or two storeys from the pavement, dressed-well, unconventionally, and with faces painted as if they were sign boards; as, perhaps, they are. It is very like the "public women" quarters of Tunis and Tangier, except that it is not on the street level. The Tunisian might find it tame, but the Torontonian would find it amazingly frank.

P EOPLE who know native gentlemen well, tell me that they are utterly unable to associate innate virtue with the European women whom they see, dressed for dinner, sitting in the drawingrooms of the public hotels. This applies, of course, only to native gentlemen who are still unspoiled by contact with Europeans and who take the purely native view. The shock which the stoutest Torontonian would feel in walking along the street I have ventured to mention, would be only a feeble tremor when compared with the shock felt by the native gentleman when he meets the aforesaid Torontonian escorting his wife and daughters in to dinner in fashionable evening dress. There is another point of view for you. There is the east judging the west. But both east and west become accustomed to each other in this cosmopolitan Cairo, and regard each other's peculiarities as something to be dismissed with a shrug. But let us get away from dangerous ground and discuss-well, let us try differences in spelling.

ONE lovely thing about Egyptian names as rendered into English is that you cannot mis-spell them. This is because there is no authoritative European spelling. Arabic sounds and English sounds do not answer to each other; so that every writer who has tried to convey in English letters the true sound of an Arabic word, has only hoped to come as close to what his ear caught as he could. Now his ear might not agree with the next man's or his use of letters might be different; and hence the next man has satisfied himself better with a different English spelling. And so on with the next and the next; with the result that, if you hit upon yet another variety, people will only think that you are a careful observer and are trying to get nearer to the truth. Take the word "Assouan." That has the authority of our geographies and we generally regard it as fixed. But now people are more apt to spell it "Assuan." That is Baedeker's choice. The postal authorities, however, are not content with this: and you will find "Aswan" on your letters. And so it goes. Our old friend "Luxor" is more commonly spelled "Louksor" out here; and "Rameses" has lost his middle "e" and become "Ramses." But if we get among the Pharoahs, we shall be lost. Seti is now Sethos: Amenhotep has turned into Amenophis; and Queen Hatasoo is known at Hatshepsowet.

EVEN closer at hand, we have a large freedom. The names of the streets in Cairo seem to be spelled "according to the taste and fancy of the speller," to quote the immortal Sam Weller. The word for street itself appears as "Sharia" in the guide books but "Chareh" on the street corners—sometimes. As for the names, they are often so different from that of the map I carry that I do not feel quite certain that I am on the right street. But the difficulty of getting the true sound is enormous—if not insuperable. At this moment, I could not put in rigid type the sound which an Arab makes when he calls his friend "Mohammed." It is not in the least like you are pronouncing the name now if you chance to be reading this aloud. "Abdul" is easier—it is simply "Abdool," with the accent on the first syllable. The common word "sheikh" defies the alphabet. It is not

"shake"—as some phrase books put it—nor yet "sheek," but a nice blend of the two. The word we call "Pasha" is here "Basha," and the street of the post-office is Sharia el Bosta.

THEN alongside liberty in orthography, there exists liberty in dress. It would be hard, indeed, for a man to dress in such fashion as to attract more than a passing glance on the streets of Cairo. The straw hat and the overcoat go together toward evening at naturally as the bacon and the egg on the breakfast table. The natives of the poorer classes wear any combination of dress which will keep out the cold. You will see a European sack-coat worn frequently over a native cloak; and the other day we watched from our Nile boat a native labourer at one of the wharves struggling to keep the boat from damaging the landing-place, and he was dressed in a turban, a thin cloak, no shoes or stockings, and over his cloak an old frock coat with long tails and glossy seams. A vest is very often put beneath their cloaks to protect the vital parts of the body; and it comes to sight when they undress to plunge into the river as they frequently do for all sorts of purposes from merely taking a bath to helping get the rudder of the boat clear from some obstruction.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

Pronunciation in Paris

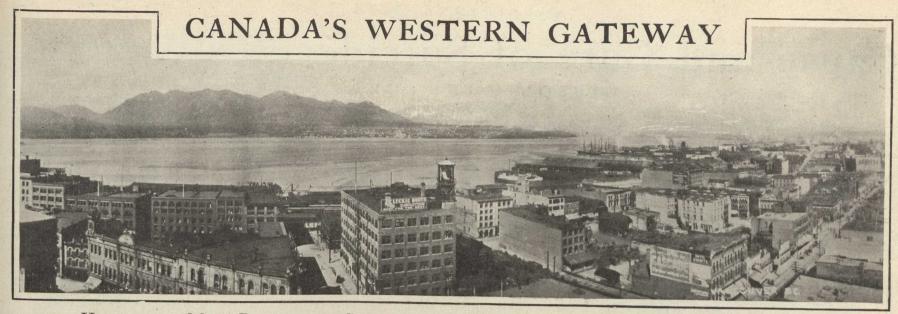
A CCORDING to some Canadians who have been in Paris there is a marked deviation in the way certain foreign words are pronounced from the way they are done in Canada. Now of course every Canadian has his troubles saying French words; and even the most fluent English-speaking French members in the House of Commons have difficulty with the accents of English. But in Paris a large number of people differ with English usage in pronouncing the improper Greek name Psyche. They persist in saying it Phishe; whereas English-speakers call it broadly, Sikee. Why? Obviously because the French pull the "h" forward into the first three letters; putting "ph" instead of "ps"—when in the Greek there was an entirely separate character for each of these sounds.

HOW WOMEN DRESS IN CAIRO



VEILED EGYPTIAN LADIES IN A "TRYING-ON" ROOM

Fashionable Ladies of the Dark Continent must keep up with the Modes of Paris.



Vancouver, Most Picturesque Seaport; Commercial Metropolis and an Imperial City

ANCOUVER is the 'Frisco of Canada; which may mean less or more than the comparison implies. Perhaps it is more to the point to say that the western gateway of Canada is five days by rail in a continuous journey from either St. John or Halifax, which are the twin eastern gateways. Just at present when the tide of westward transatlantic immigration is at the flood Viscous and the flood viscous transatlantic immigration is at the flood, Vancouver is less obvious than either of the Atlantic cities; but by some conspiracy of nature and history it happens to contain just about as many people as both put together.

The population of Vancouver is roundly and conservatively astimated at a hundred thousand.

The population of Vancouver is roundly and conservatively estimated at a hundred thousand; making her the fourth city in Canada with census of progress second to none. There is no miraculous reason for this. Vancouver has been for the best of sixty years the only mainland port by which Canada could be got into from the west; just as she has been for twenty-five years, the terminus for most of the people who pushed through the Rockies and the Selkirks by rail to see what the Pacific Coast was like to live upon—and because most of them found it a mighty good place they stayed in

them found it a mighty good place they stayed in Vancouver, while some of them desiring a quieter and perhaps more beautiful life, crossed over to Victoria on the big island.

At any rate there is no place in Canada at all like Vancouver; except Victoria, which is rather more than a third as big and contains perhaps a larger percentage of Mongolians who are the problem but not the pride of either city. Vancouver is the making of a great coast city. Her future ought to be as remarkable as any of the coast cities of the United States. She is at the feet of more natural wealth in a vast province than any of the United States ports. She is the receptacle for vast amounts of raw material in the vast amounts of raw material in the shape of lumber and minerals and fruit and grain from the prairie. Yes, there are elevators at Vancouver; a thing that few dreamed of years ago. The commercial capital of British Columbia has a big trade with the United States; a brisk and a growing trade with Japan and the rest of the Orient. She is the centre of the metropolitan life of Western Canada—for Winnipeg has long ago become a middle west city. They used to say that social pedigrees, for instance, came from east to west—just as the course of empire takes its way, so that Toronto and vast amounts of raw material in the to west—just as the course of empire takes its way, so that Toronto and Montreal got their metropolitan ideas from New York; Winnipeg from Montreal and Toronto; Vancouver and Calgary, and Edmonton from Winnipeg. But that's a half truth long since become a sort of fiction. Vancouver is fast becoming self-centred; the hub of a big western wheel whose rim sweeps further than Calgary; indeed, far into the prairie wheat lands. deed, far into the prairie wheat lands. Vancouver exerts an influence on the inland western cities perhaps more potent than does Winnipeg. She is nearer in distance than is Winnipeg to Calgary and Edwards and when Calgary and Edmonton; and when those Albertans desire a shift of climate they go not to Winnipeg, but to Vancouver; for it is something to be near the sea, and the inlanders who

make their money on the prairie like very well to go to the seaport city to spend a deal of it, and to get a bigger and more expansive conception of the country to which they belong.

There is a vast amount of shipping at Vancouver all the year round. For the year ending last of June, 1908, nearly four thousand vessels entered the harbour and rather more than that number cleared outward bound—to Seattle and number cleared outward bound—to Seattle and San Francisco, to Alaska and to Hong Kong and to Yokohama. There are steamers every day to Nanaimo; three times a day to Victoria; twice a day to Seattle; one every five days to 'Frisco; twice a week to Prince Rupert; two steamship lines to Mexico; mail steamers to Japan, China, Australia and New Zealand, whence Vancouver becomes an Imperial city. Besides there is a steamer every month to England via the Suez Canal; and every once in a while a service eastward to Fng.

every month to England via the Suez Canal; and every once in a while a service eastward to England via Tehuantepec down in Central America.

Clearing house returns for Vancouver in 1908 were nearly 184 millions; putting her fourth in Canada, keeping pace with her rank in size. The assessed value of property in Vancouver is well

up to a hundred millions. Buildings erected in 1908 totalled in value, six millions.

Truly may it be said, that unless a man has seen Vancouver he does not know Canada. What the future has in store—who can tell? There is an epic of development in that city; which so far as the west is concerned, may be called the real barometer of Canada.

No city in Canada has a more convention

barometer of Canada.

No city in Canada has a more cosmopolitan character than Vancouver. Its nearest approximation in that respect is Winnipeg. But in Winnipeg the Mongolian is less numerous than the Icelander—of whom they have none in Vancouver. It is interesting to note how the cosmopolitanism of the west-coast city compares to that of Halifax and west-coast city compares to that of Halifax and St. John, where white immigration from Europe first touches Canada. There is a marked difference. Nine-tenths of the European immigration enters Canada by way of Atlantic ports. A small fraction of this pushes through the Rockies as far as Vancouver, some of whose increment of population is recruited from the Orient—but much less now than formerly, thanks to British Columbia now than formerly, thanks to British Columbia objections in the name of a "white man's Province."

At any rate barring Victoria, the commercial metropolis of the most westerly province in Canada is the terminus of west-bound travel. In which more of a respect Vancouver is much more of a finality than either Halifax or St. John, where the land immigration movement begins on its sweep across Can-



The Busy Wharves of Commercial Vancouver, the Cosmopolitan Canadian City on the Pacific.



Hastings St., the Main Artery of Traffic in Vancouver

Art in St. John

MR. J. PURVES CARTER is a wizard of art galleries. A few months ago he dug around Laval University in Quebec and unearthed half an acre of alleged rare old canvases by great masters long since dead. By an acre of alleged rare old canvases by great masters long since dead. Reproductions of some of these were published in the COURIER. Now he has been discovering masterpieces in St. John, N.B.; pictures worth more than a hundred thousand dollars, comprising canvases by men whose names are famous to all but the Excessivist School of Art Iconoclasts in Paris.

Mr. Carter is supposed to know what constitutes a great picture. He is an English connoisseur who was

is an English connoisseur who was for a long while assistant to the director of the London Museum. His discovery of the St. John treasures was almost purely accidental. While in Quebec establishing an art museum at Laval and furbishing up some of his masterpieces there he met Mr. John F. Gleeson, who is a well-known collector in St. John. Mr. Gleeson invited Mr. Carter down for a visit. As a result Mr. Carter discovers rare pictures in that city aggregating in value over a hundred thousand dollars.

Some of these are at Bishop Casey's palace. The most valuable among them includes a work representing the "Adoration of the Magi," identified as a fine specimen of "Jacopo Bassano," 1590, valued somewhere near \$50,000 and must be nearly 400 years old.

Cause and Cure of Suicide

By PROF. J. GIBSON HUME

In 1908 there were ten thousand suicides in the United States. In Canada for the same year there were forty-five attempts to commit suicide—no record of the number who were successful. Canada's suicide rate is one of the lowest in the world; that of the United States one of the highest. Both are new countries. What are the causes of suicide? Are they national or individual or climatic? Are they inherent in the individual? Considering that suicide is most frequent in the north temperate zone—will Canada develop a ratio of suicide to population analogous to that of the United States?

Most of these phases of the suicide problem Prof. I. G. Hume discusses in the following article. Prof. Hume is a well-known authority. He is at the head of the Department of Philosophy in the University of Toronto. His observations are well worth considering.

"TO BE OR NOT TO BE-THAT IS THE QUESTION"

THE statistics of Suicide in European countries have been compiled and investigated by such writers as Gubski on Russia, Geck on Prussia, Eulenberg on Prussian school children, Proal on French children, Bertillion and Durkheim on France, Morselli on Italy, and by others on other countries. The results of these investigations have been placed before the public by excellent articles in *The Nation*, *The Independent*, *McClure's*, *The Popular Science Monthly*, etc. In the United States over ten thousand a year of existing a startling record a tarrible harvest.

of suicides is a startling record, a terrible harvest of death. It is more than one each hour of every day in the year. Many people rank this sad list with the large number of insane, also rapidly increasing, and regard both of these as "social wreckage," that we may deplore but cannot avert. "Suicide is simply a by-product of civilisation." Is this fatalistic attitude to be the conclusion of the whole matter?

The European investigators have endeavoured to discover the influence of climate, season, weather, age, sex, marriage, profession, race and religion and have constructed their tables along these lines showing the following results:

Suicides are most numerous in the north temperate zone where civilisation is at its highest development. The greatest number of suicides occur in June, the least in December. There are more in June, the least in December. There are more suicides on the fine bright days, fewer on the dull

Suicides become more frequent with each decade of the advance in age. Suicides occur more frequently among the unmarried than among married men and women, and those without children are much more prone to suicide than those who have With the notable exceptions of India and Japan, where women have the higher rate, the suicides among men are much more numerous than among women.

Suicides are most numerous among the Protestants, less among the Roman Catholics, least among the Jews and Mohammedans; frequent among those of the Germanic race; very much less among the Irish, the same tendencies and proportions being found after emigration.

Kinds of People Who Suicide.

Suicides are much more prevalent among those in the learned professions; less among the labouring classes; more among the city labourers, being strik-ingly higher in crowded manufacturing districts, while very much lower amongst labourers in agricultural pursuits in the rural districts.

Clergymen form an exception among the learned professions, the proportion being only about half as great among them; on the other hand suicides are very numerous among soldiers. Among convicted criminals suicides are more apt to occur among first offenders overcome with shame than among old and hardened "professionals" though the rate among the latter rises with the imminence

of the death penalty.

Though all painful and incurable diseases are sources of temptation to suicide, this is more frequently yielded to when in addition the disease has originated in or is connected with disgrace or dis-

honour.

In looking over such statistics the first thing that strikes one is the failure to take into account the complication of insanity. There should be separate tables for the sane and the insane. Morselli estimates that a least one-third of the suicides are insane.

In trying to estimate the influence of religion it is also misleading to lump together the believers and the unbelievers who are nominally attached to any creed, the belief or the lack of it having more significance for this enquiry than the particular form of the creed.

In the study of the influence of family rela-

tions a significant table might be added in the United States for the divorced.

The attempt to estimate the influence of educa-

tion by the profession is superficial.

A great deal of ingenious speculation has been indulged in to try to account for the high rate in June and on bright days. That in bright weather the "cosmic powers" seem more kind and thus allure to suicide, that they show their indifference and thus drive to suicide suggests the query is there not something deeper, more vital to be looked for? Why in short, is this person worrying himself about the attitude of the "cosmic powers" to him? How the beauty of a rare day in June may embitter is finely expressed in Burn's "Bonnie Door"."

Doon":

"How can ye chaunt ye little birds
And I sae weary, fu' o' care?"

The trouble here is not the weather but the thwarting of the mating impulse and the faithless-

There is evidently a great need for a careful study of the underlying mental factors, the "moral causes" as the French term them. In short, if we are to make progress and get into a close grip with the study of this subject, we must get behind the statistics to the most careful and thorough examination of the individual cases to discover the psychology and ethics of suicide. arrested before the act was consummated could be directly interrogated, in other cases letters written or words spoken to relatives might furnish a clue to the state of mind and the motives controlling the suicide.

Reasons Why They Do It.

In the case of murder society empanels an investigating committee to discover the murderer, who is thereupon dealt with in such a way as to protect society and give a warning to others. The self-murderer is beyond human judge and jury yet his act is a menace to society and efforts should be made to prevent further suicides from occurring. But before we can hope to accomplish very much to prevent or cure this deep malady we need a much more accurate diagnosis. Though one writer dismissed the question of suicide among the children of Prussia by saying that it was probably due to "race characteristics" the commission appointed by the Prussian Government has succeeded in throwing much light on the various influences that had their bearing on the cases of these un-fortunate children. We need to have in each coun-try a similar inquiry into the cases of the adults so

try a similar inquiry into the cases of the adults so afflicted. The following are some of the lines that might be taken up in such an investigation:

Physiological: The influence of epileptic, neurotic, dissipated parentage. The influence of nerve-exhausting vices. The influence of mental overwork, of monotonous employment, of sedentary occupations, of various diseases.

PSYCHICAL: The influence of the excessive pursuit of fame or wealth or pleasure with the consequent worries and disappointments.

(It is evident that in proportion to the exaltation and elation of expectation in business or in love, in speculation and in gambling is the resultdepression and despair in defeat and though recklessness may have been the cause of the failure

this does not in every case restrain from still greater and more criminal recklessness.)

LITERATURE: The influence of morbid sentimentalism in prose and in poetry representing death as extinction, ignoring or denying the moral element in life, conduct and destiny. The influence of dramatic representations of suicide sometimes as in the case of Romeo and Juliet as the tragic ending of passionate love leading disappointed lovers to imagine that to be deep in sentiment is a sufficient reason to be devoid of sense. Hood's "Bridge of Sighs" is said to have led many another

"unfortunate" to copy the fate he all too pathetically describes.

The influence of realistic accounts of suicides

in the newspapers often initiating imitative epidemics for suicide may thus breed suicide.

Social Relations: The influence of solitariness, loneliness, brooding. The absence or presence of social ties. The sex instinct and the effect of the perversion or thursting of this of the perversion or thwarting of this.

Then as a result of all this questioning, as the purpose of it, we should endeavour most strenuously to discover in what ways and to what extent we might utilize educational, moral and religious influences to co-operate with the hygienic in keeping men and women in physical and mental health and in normal, sane and suitable activity.

Ever with the data already in our possession we have a certain amount of suggestion as to what could and should be attempted in a preventative and

Hamlet Was Probably Insane.

In the first place it is highly probable that suicide is closely allied to insanity. A large proportion are undoubtedly insane who commit this act of folly. Many others are in all likelihood in the incipient stages of mental aberration, and nearly every one of them probably is in a more or less morbid state of mind, being obsessed with some one of the various "phobias" that render sane action more or less difficult. Hence one line of remedial action would be to endeavour to secure an extension of the hospital method of dealing with those who are not insane but are either threatened or believe that they are in danger of this affliction. At present the prevailing tendency is for such an one to conceal his condition and to brood upon it instead of seeking expert advice, and just as a few years ago the consumptive was regarded as beyond hope of cure, so to-day any tendencies suggesting the danger of insanity is the beginning of despair to very many. Alienists know better, but the public is uninstructed. Unfortunately the term "insanity" has been so limited to the last and seldom curable stages that people do not know that the earlier stages are quite curable in a vast number earlier stages are quite curable in a vast number of cases by proper treatment. And then, too, it should be a matter of more common knowledge that many perfectly sane and healthy people have danger zones, as for instance, the impulse to jump from heights or into running water. Probably quite a number of those who have gone over Niagara Falls did not go there with any such intention. gara Falls did not go there with any such intention.

Then it would seem to be sufficiently obvious that the absence of family ties and the lack of children has its dangers. In times of great national peril or local calamity, as at the San Francisco earthquake where people are drawn together like a big family, suicide tends to disappear. Clearly we should reconsider whether the individual or the family is the real unit in society. At present we legislate and discriminate against the family. In places where the franchise has been extended to women, the unmarried woman is given a vote and her married sister is excluded. Then, too, the system of indirect taxation that is the cornerstone of the whole editors in the transfer of the transfe the whole edifice in the United States and Canada places the chief tax on the children. It costs two hundred dollars and upward a year to feed and clothe a child in the home of the middle classes. What proportion of this goes into the coffers of the millionaire owners of various trusts and combines? It is so much more important to protect infant industries than to protect infants!

Too Much Civilisation.

But though taxation and representation, tariffs and legislation may have great importance, there are more significant influences at work. It is claimed that ariginal that are more significant influences at work. ed that suicide is an inevitable concomitant if not a necessary result of advance in civilisation and extension of education, and the statistics may be plausibly appealed to in substantiation of this claim. Furthermore, though the cry of the suicide goes up to high heaven against our boasted civilisation, yet many have stopped their ears so that they can neither hear nor heed with the scientific shibboleths "survival of the fittest," "elimination of the unft"; survival of the fittest," "elimination of the unfit" nay, it is a veritable sacrilege to interfere with this beneficent elimination. Surely when we have come to our senses we shall realize that suicide is in reality an unerring index of maladjustment in civilisation, of failure in education calling for prompt and earnest effort to readjust society and improve education. A proper civilisation should endeavour to guard all its members; it dare not view with equanimity the destruction of any of them through either vice or crime, disease or folly. them through either vice or crime, disease or folly. A true education also should deter from vice and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.

SOME OF THE GARDENS OF CANADA



Garden and Lawn of a well-known Yacht Club, whose beautiful grounds were originally a mere sand-bar.



English Gardens at Provincial Government House, Toronto.



Ornamental Plot in a small Public Park.



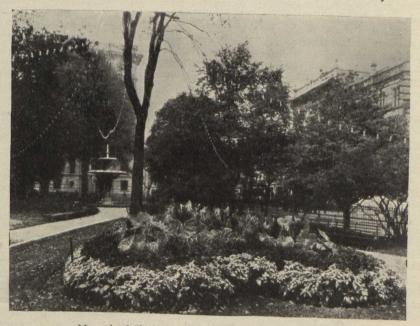
Plots and Borders at Osgoode Hall, Toronto.



Floral Broidure to a Park Driveway.



Bit of Blossomland and Shade in a Residential Suburb.

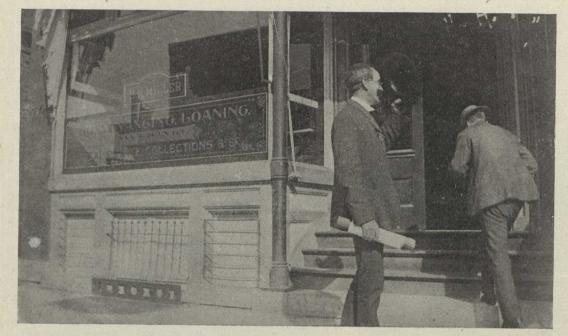


Mound of Foliage in the Gore Park, Hamilton, Ont.



Miller, the Anti-Gambler

Snapshots of the M.P. who went on a Three-Months Tilt Against Race-Track Gambling



Mr. Henry H. Miller takes off his hat to an Elector who may want a Loan or a Deed Drawn

N the town of Hanover, county of Grey, On-tario, there is one of

By SCOTCH-CANADIAN

intends to fight it through again, quite independent of politics.

the most unusual insurance offices in Canada; uncommon because of the kind of man who owns it and when he is not in Ottawa, occupies it. In the Parliamentary Guide, Henry Horton Miller, member for South Grey, and father of the largely amended Anti-Gambling Bill, is put down as a real estate man, a Methodist and a Reformer.

Those who know the plodding, thrifty little German-Scotch town of Hanover will not suspect Mr. Miller of any dizzy speculations in real estate; though along with insurance and conveyancing he may manage to buy and sell farm property with an the most unusual insurance offices in Canada;

though along with insurance and conveyancing he may manage to buy and sell farm property with an occasional town house and lot. But a Methodist and a Reformer, Mr. Miller surely is. Only one other member in the Guide is scheduled as a Reformer—David Gordon of Wallaceburg, who has never been known to reform anything, except the beet-sugar business in Kent County. Henry H. Miller is a Reformer who reforms—or at any rate tries to. The Anti-Gambling Bill was as drastic an effort to reform an alleged evil in Canada as any measure that ever came before the House. In the Commons debates it has taken second place to only the Navy Bill and the wrangle over the Transcontinental. In Committee it has been discussed ten times more than any other bill of this session.

Mr. Miller as practical sponsor for the Bill was chairman of the special committee which sat from

chairman of the special committee which sat from December till the end of March and haled witnesses of all ranks and many professions, giving evidence to show either that betting on race-tracks and handbook betting down town was the cause of gambling propensities—or that it was not. At twelve o'clock on Monday, April 4th, shrewd observers of the House of Commons predicted that the Bill would carry by two to one. The Minister of Justice was in doubt. Several other ministers assented to part of the bill. The Premier was uncertain. A few hours later one of the most avaiting divisions of hours later one of the most exciting divisions of the session resulted in a bowl-out for the bill by a majority of one.

A Nightmare to the "Touts."

For the time being, Henry Horton Miller was dreamed about by race-track men and jockey clubs and bookmakers and handbook artists and even the Governor-General, who patronises with distinction the great race meets of Canada. For a brief while his quarrel with the Minister of Justice was of more his quarrel with the Minister of Justice was of more newspaper concern than the tariff or the navy. In hundreds of stables throughout Canada and the United States horse-owners were speculating on the outcome of the Bill that might reduce horse-racing to the level of merely "sport of kings," and the lovers of horseflesh—right on the eve of the big race meets in Canada. They are all breathing easier now. The Miller Bill for the present is on the shelf; and it becomes of interest to see what manner of man it was who fought it through House and Committee and according to his own statement

politics.

For H. H. Miller is a Reformer; and he began to be one years ago in the old farmhouse in the County of Grey.

"Henry, it is a mean boy who does not fight fair and square. Take a licking like a man, but I would be ashamed of you, if you did a cowardly trick."

Thus spoke Miller, the elder, a sturdy farmerfather; who was a good Methodist, too. It was where the blood is rich and hot—the country life. A family of healthy boys needed such a moral tonic and on the field of battle, at the public school, or picnic ground, it was well to have an ideal for boyhood's wars.

Henry Horton Miller has lived to honour his father's instruction. It is a far cry from a farm in the neighbourhood of Owen Sound to an influential the neighbourhood of Owen Sound to an influential place in the Dominion Parliament. There must needs be pluck and perseverance; a fight with men and affairs. It required ability, which he has; money which he has made; and courage not a little. But the words, "Henry, fight fair and square," have been among his best assets.

A Many-Sided Man.

From the public school Henry Miller went into life; some would say into business, but it was more. There were church and country. He prayed, worked, read and played. That was his university training. A worthy pastor, who did not see things as he did, pointed out a "higher calling"—the ministry. His answer was prompt and decisive—"Business is my calling." He is not a lawyer and yet he pleads in the Division Court "with the best of them." He has given his eldest son to law. But he is a "business man" and we venture the opinion that he thus saves the community more suits than his neighbours know aught about. Nor yet has he any academic From the public school Henry Miller went into saves the community more suits than his neighbours know aught about. Nor yet has he any academic letters to his name. He looks the scholar, has the tastes of one, and has been able to traverse many fields of learning. Mrs. Miller and her daughter also love culture more than society. He is thus a plain man; a self-made man; a force in the world. Politically, he could scarcely be called a son of the late Dr. Landerkin. Though he has largely entered into his political inheritance, few men had less in common. They were great friends, ever

tered into his political inheritance, few men had less in common. They were great friends, ever loyal and appreciative. But the old standard-bearer belonged more to the ancient heroes, while the younger is modern to the minute.

Parliament has heard much of the jolly, old teaser from South Grey. He was like the proverbial cat, that usually came back, in spite of gerrymander or bad luck. Time alone caused his defeat. Then happily the Senate conserved his wisdom and perennial merriment. But Parliament is likely to look again and for some time to come to that part of the map, marked South Grey. The friends of its now famous member are glad to know that he sits easily in the electoral chair. His enemies may not have all discovered the true metal of his armour. Long

ago it was said on the stump: "Miller must have opposition before he can speak." Then the township halls had eager hours of both comedy and tragedy. He took his knocks like a maiden receives a bouquet. He laughed off a stinging thrust as if he were receiving a compliment. It was aggravating, for it stole both hearts and votes from the foe. Then when his turn came he put in the spur and pursued to the very gates. It was not all light play-acting for he knew very well that "the best way to parry was to strike." Then he stood in the open field with his "bridges burned." Opposition to-day will seldom hurt and not likely silence him in Parliament. It is not the success of the hustings that counts always in the forum. But South Grey is not so far back in the woods that its member may curtly be reckoned an impossible statesman.

He Knows Canada.

As a Canadian both by birth and choice, he knows Canada's history, its people and its problems. He has made his own business—conveyance and insurance—a conspicuous success. He has travelled with his family throughout all the provinces, not for air scenery or fich but with inquirities mind with his family throughout all the provinces, not for air, scenery or fish, but with inquisitive mind and generous heart. He is not "a parish politician." At home—and he loves no place like Hanover, where every other person is a German—he loves privacy; enjoys a friend at his table—not forgetting the clergy; is frankly ambitious, though a member of no society, not even the Masons. He is happy teaching in Sunday School, never forgets at Thanksgiving to send many an anonymous turkey and always has time to speak to and help everybody. Representative, then, in his case is no misnomer. His services in Parliament reflect the views of Canada as he knows it and loves it. He could do no other than father the bill, so widely known by his name. He is the embodiment of the antigambler. It is not his narrowness or intolerance, but the native-born Canadianism, which he is and breathes.

hreathes.

As one sees him walk up street, a tall, lithe figure, with a breezy, western swing and jaunty, confident air, his office motto—"Always prompt, never negligent"—looms up in a suit of clothes. He is partial to the dark, soft felt hat, broad enough "for Bryan," but not too large to shade his be spectacled eyes. Scotch grey tweed is also a favourite for it recalls the multitude of Scotch ballots he reaps at every election. Anyone will look twice at his strong face and remember it too. For it has a profile which is the easy prey of the artist's pencil. And he is young enough for our children to frame his cartoons among the great men of Canada.

Art in Canada

Observations of an English Critic

By EMILY VAUGHAN JENKINS

By EMILY VAUGHAN JENKINS

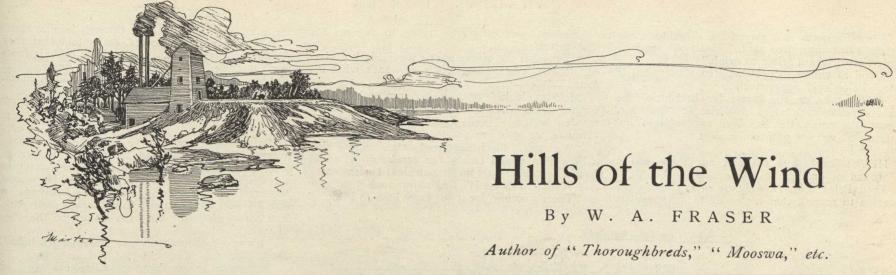
DURING my study of Canadian art I saw many sketches and paintings which by reason of their more or less slight artistic merit are in imminent danger of being lost or destroyed; but which will eventually be at least as precious as those untutored drawings of ancient and mediæval draughtsmen to which we owe all our knowledge of the dress, occupations, and customs of bygone ages. Canada is so afraid of being thought uncultured should she chance to prize art more lowly than that of the academies of the Old World, that she scarcely dares to take notice of any art produced within her bore. to take notice of any art produced within her borders; but this juvenile timidity is needless in the case of pictures that in any way serve to illustrate her annals. In fact, for historical purposes the topographical transcript of a scene aimed at by the conscientious amateur or the self-truth partiet has conscientious amateur or the self-taught artist has greater value than attaches to the more brilliant achievements of the highly trained academician who juggles with facts to satisfy the ideals of his particular school

who juggles with facts to satisfy the ideals of particular school.

The prosaic sketches by Mrs. Simcoe, now honourably housed in the British Museum; the unique paintings by Paul Kane and Cornelius Kreighoff, the most unpretentious drawings that are sole pictorial record of some first stage in the making of Canada—all these have a claim which I cannot too strongly urge on every Canadian capable of realising that the events of to-day are the history of to-morrow.

to-morrow.

The Dominion Government is doing splendid service to posterity in its archive department and museums are being built in the various provinces, but a more speedy and concerted effort is necessary to rescue the pictured memories of primitive Canada from danger of destruction or oblivion. Canada from danger of destruction or oblivion. Had the fire which recently wrought havoc with the Ontario Parliament Library occurred in her University building hard by, the whole of Paul Kane's life work would have been lost to the world.



NEW organ in the sitting-room of Peloo

Trout's hotel indicated the full advancement of Silver City.

Red Meekins, who had come in from his claim, the Big Pine, sat in a chair beside the proprietor listening to the travail of the organ. Presently he turned to Trout and remarked, "That Silver Town of the Companies of the companies of the turned to Trout and remarked, "That Singer Tomato is a hummer at the melojun, Peloo.

"That's an organ, Red. 'Tain't one of 'em hinky-dink melojuns," Peloo reproved with considerable asperity, "an' the gent that's workin' it ain't a vegetable—his name happens to be Senor Tomasso. He's a I-talian musicianer in the theatre"

"Where's that other I-talian was here, Peloo?"

Red queried in the way of covering the defeat.
"Which one? There's such a slue of guests "Which one? There's such a s puttin' up at the Trout House now."

"Lamonte was his name."
"He was a Frenchy, an' he went out perspectin' for the Lost Mine. Leastwise I kinder got that give me on the side."

Tomasso had struck up "The Suwanee River" with its infectious swing, and a dozen voices took up the refrain in twelve separate keys.

During the turmoil Bill Slack and Toady Downs came in and took seats beside Red. "There's been a feller shot up," Slack an-

"Was he a white man or a Dago? Them Dagoes is always carvin' theirselves?" Red asked.

"Hank Speers has gone out for him," Slack answered. "I heerd it was that loony feller Lamonte, that was wild goose chasin' after the Lost Mine up in Keewatin Hills."

"Windows asked to be a been well as the control of t

"Kinder queer about 'em hills," Peloo observed solemnly. "I don't take no stock in ghosts; but there ain't nobody monkeyed with that Lost Mine Injun story but what's got the wu'st of it. McLean got drowned in the Devils Pool lookin for it, an' 'em two half-breeds, Descoigns, they got shot up, an' nobody ever knew how."

"Yes, there's a whole bunch of fellers killed,

or broke a leg, or spent their lost dollar, an' never got nothin'," added Red.
"That's ol' woman's yarns!" Slack growled disdainfully. "I'd go up there in a holy minute if I thought there was any gold. There ain't nothin' up there, not even the evil speerits the Injuns tell

"Terrible purty name 'em hills has got," Red observed,—" 'Hills of the North Wind,' Injun for the same bein' Keewatin. Most too purty a name for a nest holdin' only goblins an' evil speerits."

The organ groaned dismally as Tomasso prepared for a fresh assault. When he had touched

pared for a fresh assault. When he had touched their sympathies with "Starlight" and been carried

their sympathies with "Starlight" and been carried off to receive his reward at the bar, Peloo said: "Well, fellers, I wouldn't bet again both propositions. Gold's been brung out of 'em hills, because I seen it, an' I'm danged if you could bribe the feller to go back again or tell where it was." "Did he get scairt?" Red queried. "He must've seen somethin'." "Who was it, Peloo?" "Felix Gouin." "He's a French breed, an' I wouldn't believe one

"He's a French breed, an' I wouldn't believe one of that tribe on oath," Slack offered. "A breed would run a mile if an owl coughed in the dark. Guess that's what he heerd, an owl."

"Kinder think it was Gouin that put it inter Lamonte's noddle to go huntin' for that Lost Mine."

Lamonte's noddle to go huntin' for that Lost Mine,"
Peloo said reflectively. "They was thick as two
thieves here for about a week."

"If he did, Peloo, an' Lamonte's been shot up,
looks as if there was somethin' in the Injun's story
about had luck strikin' anyhody that butts inter

about bad luck strikin' anybody that butts inter their fam'ly ghost business," Red suggested. "There was both nutty," Slack sneered. "I see

that Lamonte about here, an' I figgered he was off

his chump. I wouldn't be afeared to go up into 'em hills the darkest kind of a night."
"Danged if I would," Peloo declared emphatically, "an' I ain't afeared of anythin' that wears hair! I've heerd more'n one feller that was jus' as full of the country are Stack on they'd heard some days. grit as you are, Slack, say they'd heerd some dang queer noises in 'em hills at night when they was camped on Duck Lake."

"Talkin' of speerits," Red interjected, "there is

a happy land not far away. Come on' boys let's suppose that bar's the Keewatin Hills, an' take a

outer 'em speerits."

"What about us gettin' back to the Big Pine? e's growin' late, Red," Slack asked.
"Soon's we've had a drink, Slack, you can slip

out an' get the ponies, an' we'll hit the trail for the Big Pine," Red replied. "You're boss, Red," Slack concurred with will-

ing resignation.

"Better'n it uster be, Peloo, when we had to drink lemon pop," Red said, removing with the back of his hand a dew that lingered in the stubble of his rufus mustache. "Let's go an' hear Tomato—what d'you say his name was Peloo?"

what d'you say his name was, Peloo?"

"I'll write it on your shirt cuff, Red."

"Only fellers in the hotel business can afford b'iled shirts," Meekins retorted. "'Em movable kind of cuffs you've got, Peloo, is fu'st rate where a feller's travelin' light as to his shirt."

Slack and Downs had laughed at Peloo's sally because he was master of the bar; because Red had stood treat they now laughed at his retort.

had stood treat they now laughed at his retort.

THE hilarity was interrupted by the advent of

THE hilarity was interrupted by the advent of Constable Hank Speers. He was dripping wet. "It's an awful night!" was his first greeting. "Give me a pint of dryin' fluid, barkeep." "Is she rainin', Hank?" Red asked foolishly. "Rainin'! Do I look like it? It's a nice, lovely moonlight summer evenin', only Egg Lake an' the Montreal River is havin' a ketch as ketch can wrastle up there in the valley, an' I got too clost." wrastle up there in the valley, an' I got too clost. Then Speers turned to his revivifier with a quiet assumption that Red's foolish question had merited the reply courteous. "Did you get

"Did you get that feller that somebody plugged?" Peloo asked.
"Yes, an' the feller what plugged him too, I

"Gouin! It was Lamonte was shot, wasn't it?" "Yes, and I nabbed Gouin sence I come back. I guess you can help, Peloo. I want to use that feller guess you can help, Peloo. I want to use that feller that's havin' trouble with the pianner in there—Tommy. I'll tell you what I want, Peloo." The Constable drew a small sheet of paper from his pocket and spread it out on the bar, continuing, "I got this in Gouin's pocket when I dropped on him. You see 'em spots on it?"

"Looks like blood," Peloo surmised.
"I figger it is "An' that's musical."

"I figger it is. An' that's music wrote on it,

Peloo scanned the paper intently, and then an-

nounced that it was music.

"Well, a breed don't carry music round with him as a reg'lar standby, an', there bein' blood on it, I figger Gouin took that outer Lamonte's pocket when he shot him. That's thumbprint in the cor-

ner."
"Lamonte was all the time monkeyin' with the

organ, an' I see him one day makin' a plan of music on paper. Guess you're right, Hank."
"What did he want to kill a feller to get a bit of music for?" Red asked. "I heerd of a feller up north that shot a Scotchman for playin' the bagginger, but that was kinder to get rid of music."

pipes; but that was kinder to get rid of music."
"You got me, Red," the Constable acknowledged in a perplexed manner; "I can't make it out, neither. there wasn't nothin' else touched on Lamonte, He had a watch an' some money. He was jus' lyin'

there in the pass leadin' into Keewatin Hills, look-in' as if he was asleep, an' there was a hole bored through him commencin' at his back."

"That's the way a half-breed does his shootin', from behind," Slack declared.
"I was thinkin'," the Constable went on, "that it might be a good idee to get Tommy there to kinder size up this music that's wrote here."

"What for?" Peloo asked.
"I don't know exactly: but it's the only also

"I don't know exactly; but it's the only clue we got. I read a lot of detective stories, an' someonly clue they had too. If it's a letter they get what they call a writin' expert, an' bein' music I guess Tommy there is the only feller in these parts that knows anythin' about it."

Peloo took the paper in his hand, saying, "I'll ask Senor Tomasso to see what he can figger up

"I wouldn't say nothin' to him about where she comes from," Speers cautioned.

T OMASSO looked at the music that Peloo handed him, assumed his most professional air, ed him, assumed his most professional air, placed it on the organ, and ran a few notes with one hand. "Curious," he said, "I can't remember it. Think it's by Wagner."

"Lamonte was the gent's name," Peloo blurted out, then stopped suddenly in confusion at a sharp glance from the Constable.

"Don't think it," objected Tomasso. "I'll bet drinks for the house it's Wagner!" and again he made little tentative excursions up and down the

made little tentative excursions up and down the keys with his fingers. "Listen to this, gents," he said finally, and with elaborate fingering he played.

Tomasso was a fair performer, also considerable of a poser; so he threw his whole capacity into the weird refrain. The organ wailed and reverberated. The barbaric quality of the music cut into the elemental nature of the men of the woods who listened, their imaginations probably quickened by the memory that the blood stained paper holding the score was now a tongued witness of murder—to the slaying of the man who had lain out there in the moon-

light as if asleep on the trail.

It was with a sighing relapse of breath that Red It was with a sighing relapse of breath that Red muttered as Tomasso wheeled from the stool, "Danged if that ain't as creepy as the bagpipes!" Tomasso scowled. "Bagpipes!" he snorted. "Did you ever hear grand opera?" "Guess I never heerd that feller play," Red admitted; "but you're purty good at it." Tomasso's indignation fled at this flattery, and he smiled complacently at Red's mistake.

he smiled complacently at Red's mistake.

"Could you figger up anythin' out of that, Mr.
Tommy?" the Constable asked.

"I don't understand," Tomasso said.

"Could 'em music things stand for words?"

Tomasso looked puzzled, not knowing of the paper's importance. In his perplexity he turned

paper's importance. In his perplexity he turned again to the organ and sang a wordless refrain to the score. Red and Slack caught themselves humming the weird refrain. It was creepy, as Red had declared

humming the weird refrain. It was creepy, as Red had declared.

"I'll tell you what it's like," Tomasso said, as he finished, "it's like a storm at sea shrieking through the rigging. It's what we call mad music, a seeking for something, trying to harness the turmoil to music."

"It's kinder like that," Peloo agreed.

"With some wolves throwed in, howlin' their level best," Slack added.

"Would you mind playin' it again mister?"

"Would you mind playin' it again, mister?"

Speers requested.
"What're you tryin' to get out of it?" Peloo

whispered.
"I'll put the screws on that breed an' see if I can't make him sing that same thing—see, Peloo? But I want to get kinder familiar with the rime of it." When Tomasso had played the dirgelike thing for the third time, Red said, "That's the kind of music that drives a feller to drink."
"Bein' as you're so pressin', Red, don't mind if

"Bein' as you're so pressir, ited, and I do," Peloo said suggestively.
"It orter be on the house for harbourin' the cause of complaint," Red proclaimed; "but Mr. Tomat—the musicianer has been mos' obligin' an' entertainin', an' my proposition goes.

THEY adjourned to the bar, and there was a

round of drinks.
Then Peloo said, "The house now rises to the occasion to remark that it's ready to discharge its

Meekins was diligently trying to recover his

"Danged if the bridge ain't gone!" Slack declar-"Black Water's chewed it up, that's what it's

Meekins looked with angry reproach at the surging flood which had swept away the primitive wooden bridge. "Well, I'm dashed!" he growled. "How're we goin' to get to the Big Pine now?" "We can't," Slack answered flatly. "There ain't a hoss livin' that'd tackle that cranky crick, an' if he did he couldn't get up that straight bank acrost." "Well, I'm danged!" Red objurgated. "There's nothin' for it but to go back to Peloo's."

"There's nothin' for it but to go back to Peloo's,"

The neble see higher throughout Abert Have Along pa

obligations. What'll you all have, gentlemen?" The Constable, as cause of the trouble, felt called upon to keep up his end; so that at the

expiration of half an hour Tomasso having gone back to the organ, the four friends were left somewhat in a mellow, confidential mood.

"I don't mind sayin', fellers," Peloo remarked, "that I've heerd that kinder dead march piece before." He looked with wise gravity at Speers and

He looked with wise gravity at Speers and winked.

"That's what I was sorter drivin' at," the Constable observed. "Was it the Frenchman an' the

breed?"
"It was," Peloo declared dramatically. danged breed would stand there a howlin' by the organ, an' Lamonte he's a thumpin' the ivories an' awlin' somethin' on paper. See?"
"Makin' it up," Speers suggested, nodding his

head.
"That don't prove nothin'," Slack objected.
"They was both nutty. You fellers put me in mind of ol' women that, when they hear a dog howl, they

say it's a sign somebody's goin' to die."
"Slack," Meekins put his hand on the last speak "Slack," Meekins put his hand on the last speaker's shoulder, "you go and get the hosses an' we'll pull out for the Big Pine. I know it's stopped rainin', I feel so danged dry. I ain't goin' to get full to-night, 'cause I'm on the water waggon."

Meekins laughed foolishly as his foot missed the stirrup. "This black mud's so danged slip'ry!" he

remarked as an extenuating explanation to Peloo and Speers, who stood in the doorway. At the next try he made it, and, lifting to the saddle, sang out, as the impatient horse lurched forward, "Goodnight, boys. Hope Slack don't want to go up into the Keewatin Hills to-night."

As the horsemen swung to the trail from Silver City, the cupping hoofs beneath them driving up a spray of soppy mud, Slack uttered in staccato gasps, "Guess—it's stopped rainin'—'cause—the supply—had run out."

"Must've come down to beat Noah's big storm,"

Red added.

A huge moon leered at the riders complacently from over the tree softened outline of Keewatin Hills as their horses ate into the westward trail at a pounding gallop. The two men had lapsed into the silence that comes with sleeping Nature's hush. Where the trail swept the base of Keewatin Hills with the curve of Eugene's simitar, suddenly loomed, like a cavern door, dark and forbidding, the Devils Pass.

"That's where Lamonte got hisn," Red said. Fifty yards beyond, Slack muttered, "Comes of hookin' up with a breed. He orter knowed better'n to travel with one of that kidney."

A NOTHER half-mile, silent but for the rubber-like pound of the hoofs, and with a snort of affright, Red's horse stiffened his fore legs, swerv-ed, and then stood still, throwing his head irritably up and down, the bit clanking against his set teeth.

Slack said resignedly, looking again at the rushing

water.
"An' "An' get the laugh throwed inter us good an' plenty," Meekins contributed. "Peloo'd be in bed,

"We got to go," Slack persisted.

"I ain't goin' back six miles like a danged fool!" Red declared. "Goin' back there means boozin'. I been off the liquor for three months boozin'. I been off the liquor for three months 'cept to-night, an' I ain't goin' to take a chanst. We'd have to wait two or three days, p'raps, an' I got to be on my claim to-morrer.

"How're you goin' to get there?" Slack asked.
"By ridin' the trail through Keewatin Pass, that's how! 'Tain't more'n four miles farder."
Meekins swung his horse as he said this. Slack

turned his mount and in silence rode at the other's side. At the mouth of Devils Pass Slack checked his steed, saying:
"'Tain't much use us goin' in there.

jus' as like to hit the wrong trail an' fetch up at Loon Lake."

"Thought you wasn't feared of 'em squaw

stories," Red sneered.

"I ain't feared of nothin' no more'n you are,"
Slack retorted angrily; "but I don't want to go moonin' round like a stray goat jus' for the fun

of the thing."

"Well, I'm goin' to the Big Pine to-night by this trail!" Red declared. "All I got to do is keep bearin' to the lef' an' come out inter Kettle Valley; then it's as good as a sidewalk to the Big Pine. If you want to go back to Peloo's, Slack, jus' tell 'em that the air up in these hills kinder made your lungs ache an' you didn't care to tackle it. Don't say nothin' about the ghosts, or they'll laugh at you,"

'Of all the danged fellers to be sot in their way that I ever see, you've got 'em skinned both ways of the jack, Mr. Meekins! You're wuss'n a kid, an' I'm goin' to play the fool humourin' you. Shove along, an' we'll see who's afeered, an' who's a

But Meekins had slipped into the gloom of the pass; for the moon had now dipped behind the barrier of Keewatin Hills and the penciled line of the trail had blurred to nothing.

WITH heads low hung in the freedom of slacked rein the horses sought the trail with cautious stride. Sometimes a stone clinked a metallic note from the iron shoes; sometimes a quickened rush told of a muskeeg stretch; sometimes a rocky wall told of a muskeeg stretch; sometimes a rocky wall brushed leg or arm as the path they rode looped some sharp point; but always they drove into a deeper gloom which lay in heaviness upon their hearts. Strange broken fragments of the organ's wail came hauntingly to Meekins in the sombre stillness of the gorge. Once Slack's horse misplaced a hoof and floundered on the giving edge of a cut bank, and, startled, he cried out in sudden fear; then he coughed and swore to reassert his nerve. "Kinder dark," Red threw back; "but in a mile

she'll hit the open. I been through here wunst."

The uplift of the horses' backs told that they climbed a heavy grade. A wind blew in their faces now; it chilled as though beyond lay snow.

"We're gettin' there," Red called back to Slack, "I'm gettin' ol' Keewatin's breath."

"I wisht he was gettin a punch in the face!"

"I wisht he was gettin a punch in the face!"
Slack muttered to himself. "I'd like to give him

Soft wailing strains came from the pine boughs overhead as the wind cut through their wirelike screen. Afraid, Slack rode with nerves as vibrant as though he dangled over a precipice. He almost screamed in agony when something, perhaps a startled wolf, fled in noisy haste across their path. The horses snorted. They too seemed on the edge of fear.
"I was a fool to come inter these danged hills!"

Slack muttered.

Red spoke to his horse some needless word, as

though he sought a change to the silent strain.
Gradually, imperceptibly, the wind grew stronger as they rode the hill. The music of the pines was now one lengthened hum, as though bees hung on

one very limb.

"We're on top, Slack," Red advised, as their horses flattened to level going. "This gully is on the divide; then we dip down into the valley."

"This wind's blamed strong!" Slack growled.

"She blows through here like a funnel."

"This cut ain't more'n ten feet wide, that's why," Red explained, "an' the sides is about three hun'red feet up. Guess this is where the gold is—or p'raps the ghosts."

Slack shivered, and exclaimed, for the horses had checked after the stiff climb, "Push on, ol' man. I'm about sick of this dungeon!"

Their way lay over stones which caused their mounts to flounder as they rode. They left behind the heavier gloom of the lower hills, and some reflected moonlight crept through the gorge.

A hundred yards beyond the narrow cleft was ended by an amphitheater; it was like a colosseum. On its edge Red checked his horse to say:

"There's two or three openin's leads from this

There's two or three openin's leads from this.

I guess ours is the fu'st on the left."
His words echoed back from the encircling walls. The sound caused Slack to say: walls. The sound caused Stack to say. "The wind's died out all of a suddent."

H IS voice was cut by a demoniac scream which died away in a low wailing note of anguish. Slack felt his scalp twitch. A cold chill crept up his back, and on his forehead beads of perspiration. clung cold and clammy. The horses stood in

clung cold and clammy. The horses stood in trembling fright.

"What's that, Red? My God! What—"

The wailing note which had sunk to nothing came again, faint, growing in strength, until at the pitch of a scream it was smothered by a roaring medley, as through huge fiends fought in the arena of the encircling walls

of the encircling walls.

Slack's horse, terrorstricken, or perhaps the man, drunk with fear, drove with unconscious hand, galloped off to the left and through the first opening

in the rocky barrier.

n the rocky barrier.

Red's horse plunged and fought against the pull of his rider's hands. Fighting they struggled across the amphitheater with its wailing cries. Through another cleft in the rocks the horse sought for escape. Struggling, trying to check the frightened beast, Red was smashed against a jutting rock which caught a leg and swept him from the saddle which caught a leg and swept him from the saddle where he lay stunned by the fall.

H E lay for a long time crumpled up among the boulders. The grey light of dawn crept in through the creviced rock, and when he opened his

through the creviced rock, and when he opened his eyes wearily it was day.

Half stupid, the wailing voices of the rocks threw him back all the hours since he had left the house of Peloo. "Say, Peloo," he muttered drowsily, "I'm sick of that tune! Tell Tomato to stop playin' the melojun."

Returning consciousness told him all the hard, bitter facts, brushed away the cobwebs from his unnerved brain. He looked out on the cold grey rocks, and then the memory of his horse, the ride up the hill, the fight for lost control, the crashing fall, came back in jostling sequence. And all the time the heavy roar, the wailing, vibrant note, alternated with sudden times of quiet.

Red tried to rise. With a cry of pain he fell

Red tried to rise. With a cry of pain he fell back. One leg useless, wrenched somewhere. As he lay helpless his mind took up the vivid things of the night pondering all the of the night, pondering all the many whys and hows. It was time to think, a good chance for a slow

working mind to solve problems. After a long time he chuckled; then he swore softly. "I jus' got to lay here till Slack hikes back to find out why I ain't comin'," he said to an unobtrusive rock that nestled at his shoulder; "but I got these sounds kinder sorted out. Guess I been dumped right in the middle of the Injuns' ghost

He gazed contemplatively at a wedge of rock,

V-shaped, that broke the circled wall to his left. "It's the wind," he soliloquised. "This danged hole's built kinder like an organ-wuss'n Peloo's. Even as he spoke the wind, which blew in fitful gusts, split by the trident rock, cried out in pain,

its echoes booming from the other wall. "Yes, 'em's the ghosts," he said conclusively. "It's dang like that thing Tomato played, too!"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 29.

THE WILY CHINEE

Concerning the Great Determination of one Ah Sing

By JEAN EDOUARD SEARS

"The master of any vessel carrying Chinese immigrants shall incur a penalty of five hundred dollars if he lands or permits to land in Canada from such vessel any person of Chinese origin without the permit therefor required by this act."—Sec. 23, Chap. 95, R. S. 1906.

ATE one day in the autumn of last year a Chinaman lay tossing in a dirty bunk in one of the numerous shacks which abound in the city of Vancouver thinking of his far-away home and whispering to himself unpleasant things against the steamship companies which charged such an outrageous amount of money for the piece of cardboard which would pass him along. He had lived in British Columbia almost twenty years and during that time had amassed a fortune that had been dutifully sent home to China and now he intended to follow where he could live with his wife and children in luxury to the end of his days. But with the money charged by the steamship companies for transportation he could live merrily for a year and being like all his countrymen of a thrifty nature he was casting about for a scheme that would land him in his country passage free.

When a Chinaman starts to puzzle out a way to save money it takes him but a little while to think out a solution. The next morning found Ah Sing at the gang-plank of the China boat making the same of the chinaman starts to puzzle out a way to save money it takes the same of the chinaman starts to puzzle out a way to save money it takes him but a little while to think out a solution. ing himself most obstreperous and clamouring for the captain. At last the captain was brought and Ah Sing commenced to put his scheme into oper-

"What is the matter?" asked the captain, frown-

ing down upon the struggling group.
"Huh!" said one of the men, "this bloomin' chink wants to get aboard without a ticket; says he will cook his way over."

"Captain, me heap good cook," shouted Ah Sing in his shrill piping voice. "Me cookee potato, lice, meat, puddinee all kinds; me likee cook heap much, no wantee money."

"Go away you — heathen, you are about the tenth man who has come here and said that," roared the captain and poor Ah Sing was led away crestfallen. Not to go far, however. When a Chinaman intends to save money he does not give up upon the non-success of one scheme but meets

failure with another.

Now the Vancouver freight-stowers are not being paid Now the Vancouver freight-stowers are not naturally an observing body of men, not being paid for observing, so no one noticed a small Chinaman dart down the freight plank of the big China liner during the lull at noon hour. No one noticed him squirming his way among the cases until he reached the coal bunkers and no one heard the scuttle of the coal as this same Chinaman scrambled in.

Ah Sing however was not sufficiently versed

Ah Sing, however, was not sufficiently versed in the ways of ocean liners or he never would have hidden there. Wherever ships dock there will be found people endeavouring to stow away and it naturally follows that the ship's officers expect these stowayayay and institute a therewerk search for them stowaways and institute a thorough search for them. Stowaways and institute a thorough search for them. The coal bunkers had been utilised too many times to be overlooked by the searching squad and so not more than six hours had passed before Ah Sing heard the searchers exploring the neighbouring bunkers. Nevertheless he felt safe for upon entering he had scraped a hole among the coals large enough to hide in and now pulled down the sides until even his head was covered.

At last the searchers entered the section in which he lay hidden and one of the deck-hands stepped in and commenced to tramp over the coals. He found nothing suspicious and stepped out. Happening to glance back, however, he saw a stream of bright gleaming red running down from the top of the city and steeped out.

of the pile and stopped, gazing open-mouthed.

"Holy sufferin' cats, look at the blood runnin' down them coals," he whi'spered.

His companion who carried the lantern turned also looked with awe at the spectacle of a stream of blood which sprang from the top of a

heap of coal, ran down the surface for about four reet and then disappeared. They were just about to flee disconcertedly and inform one of the officers when the first gave vent to a stifled laugh and quickly closed the door.

"Hush," he said, laughing, "it's not blood at all; it's a Chinaman's pig-tail. Call the rest of the boys and we'll have some fun."

In a minute almost all the dools hard, but the dools hard, the land the land to the content of the dools hard, the land t

In a minute almost all the deck-hands had gathered around the bunker entrance and one of the men took hold of the thin red line. It was sure enough a Chinaman's que neatly plaited with red silk. He first gave a gentle tug but nothing hap-

"It's anchored, boys, but I guess we can get it

out alright," he said.

Two or three of the men then took hold and commenced to pull in earnest. It was not long before the air was rent with a series of piercing yells mingled with Chinese and English curse words whilst the coal began to heave in a most remarkable

"I guess we've got him," said one of the pullers.
"You certainly have," answered a man outside.
"Gee, but I wish I could swear like him—have to take some lessons."

"Bring the yellow peril out here."
"Yellow peril nothin, he looks like the Black

Plague."

These and other rude jests were thrown about by the men while little Ah Sing begrimed and scared, was dragged unceremoniously forth from this place.

his hiding place.

"Why it's the bloomin' chink who wanted to see the captain this morning," exclaimed one of the men. "Going to cook rice with yourself, chink?"

"Yep, me heap good cookee lice, potato, meat. You wantee cook? Me heap clean cook, washee pan heap clean, washee dish heap clean."
"You're a clean mongolian alright, alright," said a sailor. "Come, boys, let's give him a wash."

With that they grabbed the hapless Chinaman, tightly tied a rope around his waist and carrying him to the side of the steamer dropped him overboard, sousing him up and down until he hung limp like a wet towel. He was then hauled up, allowed to lie on the deck until revived and with sundry kicks and cuffs driven along the freight plank onto the wharf from whence he fled beaten but not de-

LATE one rainy afternoon following the events above recorded, a Chinaman was seen to board the C.P.R. ferry at Vancouver enroute for the fair city of Victoria. He was a poor, sorry-looking Chinaman with ill-fitting clothes and seemed to be without a friend in the world. Nevertheless he had many friends right in the city of Vancouver yet knew no one in Victoria whence he was bound. He was going over to meet the China steamen the He was going over to meet the China steamer, the Tango Maru, which called at Victoria on her way from the Orient to Vancouver. But why should one go to meet a boat which could come to him and why should a man leave a city full of friends to go to a city of strangers? It was a proceeding which would have made one wonder, if he knew the circumstances.

Arriving at Victoria the Chinaman was one of the first to leave the steamer and walked with his shuffling gait through the city and down into Chinatown. That night he slept in one of the dark alleyways which abound in the district and was up with the sun waiting for the stores to open in order to make some purchases. He first ascertained that the Tango Maru would touch at the Quarantine Station about eight o'clock that evening and dock at the Outer Wharf a few hours later where she would lie until morning, landing her passengers and freight for Victoria. No passengers would be taken aboard, however, until on her way back to China from Vancouver.

The mysterious Chinaman then visited a Chinese

haberdashery where after considerable bargaining he bought a cheap suit of clothes bearing the label "Kow She, Shanghi." A cap with the same label attached was then bought and he donned the new clothes. Resplendent in his new array he next visited a stationery store where he purchased a Chinese envelope and a Hong Kong stamp, addressed the envelope in Chinese hieroglyphics to himself at Pekin, affixed the stamp and made some curious marks there is which respectively. ed the envelope in Chinese hieroglyphics to himself at Pekin, affixed the stamp and made some curious marks upon it which resembled the Hong Kong postmark. This apparently constituted the day's work for he now lounged around gazing in store windows until dusk. About eight o'clock the Chinaman visited one of the coal yards on the waterfront and commenced to perform strange antics. Going to the top of a pile of coal he would lie down and roll to the bottom. This was done several times until his clothes, face and hands gave him the appearance of a coal-heaver.

The Tango Maru docked at the Outer Wharf in Victoria at midnight and the immigration officials went aboard to give the necessary permits and examine the Chinese. The Chinamen were all lined up along the deck to facilitate matters. As they were tumbling out from below they were joined by a strange Chinaman grim-looking and dirty who had clambered aboard from a small boat now adrift and stealthily joined the procession.

All the Chinamen passed the officials until it came to the turn of the stranger. The Canadian officials failed to make him understand English so the Chinese interpreter was called. He found that the Chinaman was eligible neither as a student

the Chinese interpreter was called. He found that the Chinaman was eligible neither as a student nor an immigrant and as he seemed to lack both understanding and money the captain was brought

and one of the officials said:

"See here, Captain, you'll have to take this passenger back to China, he is not a student and he has not the five hundred dollars to pay the immigration fee."

"The h—— I will," shouted the captain.

saw that all the Chinese passengers were able to pay their way before we started."

"Well, he hasn't got a red cent now, so I'm afraid we'll have to send him back," answered the

The captain glanced keenly at the Chinaman and then said, "I never saw that chink before; I bet he just sneaked aboard."

"Perhaps you have not seen him before," remarked an official. "He looks as if he stowed away in the coal bunkers. He is just from China alright. His hat is marked "Shanghai" and we found a letter from Hong Kong addressed to him at Pekin. All his clothes appear to have been bought in China and he is clearly trying to come in here without paying so back he'll have to go. I guess you can make him work his way across."

"I have got all the men I need now," roared the captain. "Besides, what is the use of a chink who cannot understand English? This company is not going to keep anybody in idleness for a trip

is not going to keep anybody in idleness for a trip so I'm going to throw him off, officials or no

"Oh, well," answered one of the immigration, "I guess you can throw him off if you want to, but you know the penalty. Read section twenty-three, chapter ninety-five of the Revised Statutes of Canada and then think whether it would be cheaper to throw him off or give him a free passage back to China." sage back to China."

The captain took two or three turns up and down the deck talking to his first officer and going to the Chinaman yelled at him to get below, emphasing his words with a few hearty kicks. He then turned to the immigration officials and said:

'I suppose we can proceed to Vancouver, eh?" The Chinaman scrambled down into the bowels of the steamer and running to a corner squatted there, each hand thrust up the opposite sleeve, muttering to himself:

"Go to China now. No have to pay. Ah Sing heap smart man."



AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

A Young Canadian Pianist.

By Sydney Dalton.

THE list of Canadians who have achieved international fame in the art of music is not one that requires much time to recite. There are a few names recognised the world over, first and foremost that of Mme. Albani, one of the greatest sopranos the world has known.

Ellen Ballon.

Mme. Pauline Donalda and Mr. Edmund Burke are heard to-day, and recently Europe has sung the praises of Kathleen Parlow, a little Canadian girl who promises to rank among the great violinists. There are others, but at best they are few. Of course, considering the extreme youth of Canada and its inartistic environment it is not a half-bad showing. In literature, painting and sculpture Canadians have done quite as much as in music, even more, and there is no reason to hasten to the conclusion that the people of the Dominion are not artistically gifted. Art, like a taste for olives, is largely acquired We

must first of all pass through the early stages of transcontinental railway building, of wheat growing and general pioneer work, and per interim, let us be thankful if the infinitesimal spark of artistic achievement is fanned into the smallest flame, or even saved from extinction.

And it would seem that the spark is being fanned. If Canadians have taken time lately to read the meagre notices about a few artistic fellow-countrymen they have possibly seen something about a recital given lately in New York by a little Montreal girl who has been studying there with the famous pianist Rafael Joseffy. Her name is Ellen Ballon. Three years ago she was studying in Montreal, with Miss Clara Lichtenstein, and she was considered a very unusual little genius. She played the works of Bach particularly well, and anyone who knows Bach knows that he requires fleet fingers and much delicacy and finish.

At this time Ellen Ballon was a little girl of eight. Long black curls hung down her back, and her pretty little face and large dark eyes lent added

At this time Ellen Ballon was a little girl of eight. Long black curls hung down her back, and her pretty little face and large dark eyes lent added attractiveness to her remarkable playing. She was born in Montreal, but is descended from a race which is conceded to have the greatest amount of instrumental talent—the Russian Jew. The Jews of Poland and Russia have probably produced more eminent pianists than any other race. One readily recalls such names as Chopin, de Pachmann, Godowsky, Lhevinne and Hambourg, and the list is much longer, so this little Canadian girl has a pianistic lineage of undeniable excellence.

Three years ago she was placed under the great Hungarian pianist and teacher, Rafael - Joseffy, in New York. A better choice of a teacher could not have been made, for not only has he imparted to her much of the knowledge of his great art, but he has been a loyal friend and wise guide to the little girl in this critical stage of her career. After three years study she has made her initial appearance in New York, and on March 7th she played in Mendelssohn Hall, with the assistance of the Damrosch Orchestra, before a large audience that contained an unusual number of musical connoiseurs. The happy influence of her teacher was apparent in the programme which was chosen for the occasion. Two concertos with orchestra, the Beethoven in C major and the Mendelssohn G minor, were followed by a group of Bach numbers, a Prelude in G minor, from an English suite, the Fantasia in C minor and a prelude and fugue. This was a programme of admirable selection for a young girl of such tender years. The habit is unfortunately prevalent of allowing young children to attempt grown up programmes. I mean that prodigies who have

a remarkable technical proficiency and a mature sense of artistic proportion and insight are too often allowed to essay works which not only demand these qualities but also a thoroughly matured emotional and intellectual equipment, which no child possesses, no matter how talented. Neither the Beethoven nor the Mendelssohn concertos, however, demand these qualities impossible to childhood. They require considerable technique, a smooth, legato touch, great artistic perception in detail, such as phrasing, pedaling nouance, etc.—in short, all the requirements of thorough musical talent. And these Ellen Ballon possesses in a very remarkable degree. She played these works as well as any mature pianist could play them and a great deal better than they are often played by artists of international reputation. She has a beautiful tone and an unusually smooth legato — features of her playing which bear the impress of Mr. Joseffy, for he is noted among pianists for these same qualities.

The future is bright with possibilities for this

The future is bright with possibilities for this young artist. Away from the piano she is still just a charming little girl, entirely unspoiled, and without a grain of conceit. She is strong and healthy, mentally and physically, and she is not allowed to overwork at her music.

Remember that name—Ellen Ballon—for she should one day be famous, and Canadians will take time from their great task of Empire building to speak of her with pride.

The Woman's Art Association of Canada. By "Seranus."

T HIS organisation, known familiarly to Torontonians at least as the "W. A. A.," has probably received plenty of criticism in the days of its youth and has now, one thinks, pretty well established itself in public opinion as something the community cannot do without. The natural question was asked at its inception—why a "woman's" art association? However, the foresight and enthusiasm of Mrs. Mary Dignam, the originator of the movement, has been rewarded by an ever increasing membership and a revival of interest in old Canadian loom work, and there is no doubt that the establishment of a general bureau where women who are working at embroideries, lace-making, enamelling, wood carving, modelling and painting, book-binding and illustrating, may exhibit their wares in comfort and exploit such an art product to the best advantage, is a good thing. The best answer to that question would be in the form of another question: if we had no Art Association among us similar to what we take to be an excellent organisation in every way, where else could women workers find a suitable depot for their wares? The latter cannot be taken around from house to house like china-cement, or cheap rugs, or work-aprons, or Swiss waists carried in a black valise by Armenians. If put in random windows on busy streets they immediately take on another aspect and are sure to be "downed" by the glitter of jewellers' shops or the rival claims of Oriental bazaars. They look their best when shown alto-

gether and here the Association scores by providing the necessary atmosphere or background for the many wares quite varied enough in themselves, which is also centrally situated in a quiet and refined locality. Mrs. Dignam is widely and favourably known as the president of this society; a woman of much executive ability, easy, affable, and capable; of domestic tastes and virtues; a good teacher of drawing and painting, tactful and considerate as speaker and hostess; an excellent artist herself. She inaugurated the practice of importing valuable foreign pictures, notably from the Hague, where she has long had family interests and has been criticised for so doing. Naturally, local art



Miss Jessie Chadwick,

A very talented English Singer and Dancer, who is extremely popular in Germany, where her particular type of beauty is much admired.—The Bystander.

may have suffered a little thereby, but if so, Mrs. Dignam's own output would be affected. We are old enough now to drop all such narrow, provincial ways of looking at art and probably hostile voices are nearly all silenced by this time. What has really been done by a continuous presentment of fine Dutch pictures is that the public have been made thoroughly acquainted with the work of Israels, Maris, and others of a famous school, and such familiarity counts for a good deal of increased pleasure and culture among hundreds who cannot travel and see Holland in person.

The Dutch pictures are, however, not so interesting as our own French County of the sufficient of the su

The Dutch pictures are, however, not so interesting as our own French-Canadian homespuns, of which so many were sold at the Congress last year. They arrive in bales of splendid colouring: topaz, copper, and Indian red; reseda, olive, and amethyst; pearl, tan, rose, and tourmaline blue. They may be a trifle rough to the touch but they give phenomenal wear. They arrive also in stripes, and for men and boys in suitable greys, both light and dark.

wear. They arrive also in stripes, and for men and boys in suitable greys, both light and dark. Far from being "narrow" in themselves, the members of the Art Association are eager and anxious to interest all classes of people, from the lace-maker or artisan woman who may be ignorant of ballades and blue china, to the distinguished visitor from Washington or the Capital. They have maintained excellent lecture courses at different times and they still have tractive musicales once a week in the winter season, in which the keenest interest is taken, as is displayed by the excellent attendance. They have established branches in a good many other towns, but, as it is with music, it is not always possible to say just which town is going to take up the art question and develop it successfully. Knowledge comes but art still lingers, paraphrase Tennyson, in many otherwise fast-growing and thriving communities, as is surely the case with our Canadian towns. There is no hurry. Canadians are getting and producing all the art they quire, for art can wait while the sons, and daughters too, go out to the prairie we found new homes and make new ties.

Teey, are not yet and never want to be, a nation of Sybarites.



A POSED GROUP

Earl Grey and Lady Grey, with Lady Roberts and Lady Sybil Grey, being photographed on the Lawn of the Strathcona Residence

Photograph by A. A. Gleason.

DEMI - TASSE

Newslets.

M R. William Lyon Mackenzie King has a bill against combines in the Commons. Dear me! We thought that young man was going to be quiet for a few weeks. As an understudy to Theodore Roosevelt he is a strenu-ous success. But some of the unregenerate are wishing he would take the silence cure and let the papers forget his four initials for a while.

The Grand Trunk Railway has received permission to enter the State of Rhode Island. That is "going some." Now just watch the C. P. R. steam into Cape Cod and the Canadian Northern rush up the slopes of Cape Hatteras.

Mr. Aylesworth is going to The Hague early next month and there is not a bit of truth in the story that he is going to retire. The Globe says he will be in his usual place next session and it ought to know. There will be fireworks at Newmarket-on-the-Canal when he returns from dear old Holland. But Rev. R. E. Knowles of Galt has declared the Minister of Justice flippant, for his treatment of the anti-gamblers. Knowles is Irish and ought to know a joke—even if it looks like a Cabinet Minister.

Nova Scotia is going dry and Hali-Nova Scotia is going dry and Hanfax is the only community in that province which will be allowed licenses. The number of Nova Scotians who will hear the "Call of the City" during the time of drought will make Halifax look like Toronto.

The Conservatives have held a caucus and declared for Leader Borden. Mr. F. D. Monk sent a floral tribute of a broken column.

President Plummer of the Dominion Coal Company says that he simply loves the Dominion Steel people and has the very highest opinion of the way they receipt their bills.

Controller Spence declares that Toronto gaol is played out. All the Weary Willies are going to vote for that wise controller when he comes out, urged by a host of anxious friends, to contest the mayoralty.

A Song of Stocks.

The men who deal in stocks and bonds

Are getting awful scared;
They try to keep things looking nice
And have reporters "squared."
They hardly mention margins,

Except below their breath, And of the festive dividend They're frightened most to death. Within the bucket shops there reigns

A soft and peaceful calm,
The rustling of the daily press
Has failed to bring a balm.
Each paper now to Stock Exchange

Has sent a trusty scout, And the Editor Man will get you "Ef you don't watch out."

His Specialty. HEN I was alderman," said an elderly Canadian citizen, who has filled with distinction a variety of offices, "I never accepted any favours—not even tickets to a ball

game."
"You were different from most of them," said an admiring supporter.
"Ah, yes!" was the reply. "I never believed in petty graft. What's a ticket to a ball game? Timber limits were my weakness and they're worth while."

Willing to Pay.

THE peddlers of Toronto recently met in solemn conclave, for the purpose of forming a union. Several

press representatives attended, in the press representatives attended, in the hope of securing fugitive copy. One of the reporters was approached by an aspiring peddler, who gave him some interesting information and then insinuated gently that he (the gentleman of the "stand") would like an extensive press notice in connection with the forming of the union. "It'll be worth a quarter to you if

"It'll be worth a quarter to you if you give me a write-up," he remarked genially.

"That'll be enough for a column, at

least," said the newspaper man, dodging the twenty-five cents.

What the "Grip" is.

THE following will be appreciated by the many to whom reminiscences of that troublesome disease "la grippe" are still fresh and ten-

Asked what made him so ill, an Irishman replied, "Faith I had the grip last winter." To draw him out the questioner asked, "What is the

grip, Pat?"

"The grip," answered Pat. Don't you know what the grip is? It's a disease that makes you sick months after you get well."

The Victim: Dear me! How fortunate that you found that letter. M wife gave it to me yesterday to post.

'Twas Ever Thus. THE WOMAN. By GERARD P. B.

So I remember him? Why? Well, I should say so. He was once one Of my nice boys. (Now don't tell Anyone what I've just begun To tell you.) This is it all. I had a dozen men In those days, whom I could call To do what I wished, where and when

Did not matter. But, to be just, Jack was the nicest, and I Had only to say that he must Do this or that. He never asked why. He was most useful. As a matter

I favoured him more than the rest. It was here that he failed in his tact. He looked on a kiss, as no matter for

Yes, truly—and we had such a row. I knew all was right, that I could trust Jack

To say nothing at that time or now. I used often to wish he'd come back; But he didn c. Perhaps it's as well. He said that I broke his heart; But men are accustomed to say Such stories to girls. It is part Of the game they think they must

play Then I married Sir Frank. I must say. I think I did right, but I would like to know

What became of Jack. Did he drink Or enlist, or what did he do To forget? What? You don't mean to say That Lord Cashall, the head of

Grey's Bank
Is my old lover Jack Grey?
Why, my God! He's far richer than
Frank.

THE MAN.

We sat and talked in whispers low To suit the lights around us.
Nor heeded others' weal or woe
(Alas! 'tis many years ago)
And none has guessed and none did know

The secret tie which bound us.
We loved each other dearly, so
We sat and talked in whispers low.

Now, though 'tis many years ago No other tie has bound us, And I have wandered to and fro, Yet none did ever guess or know That once we kissed when lights

were low, Nor wove a love tale round us. We loved each other dearly, though Alas! so many years ago.

She Took Notice.

A N inspector one day visited a country school taught by a young lady, and in the course of the lesson said, "Now children, I wish you to take notice of what I do, and then write an account of it.

Then he stepped to the blackboard and wrote a sentence upon it.

All the children except one wrote

All the children except one wrote in effect that the inspector came into the school and wrote on the blackboard, "I love a good school."

One little girl, however, followed instructions more literally, and completed the story by adding:

"And then he went to the platform, sat down, played with his watch chain, twirled his mustache, and winked at the teacher."

A Limit to Her Faith.

DURING the progress of a big "protracted meeting" for which the South is famous, an ardent sister of the church, who usually came in an old-fashioned buckboard drawn by the family horse, was late for a par-ticularly important service and was

Explaining the reason for being late the good sister said that the horse had taken fright at a passing train and bolted and that the wreck of the rig had prevented be. of the rig had prevented her from being on time.
"My dear sister, such little things

should not make you late for divine services. You should trust in the

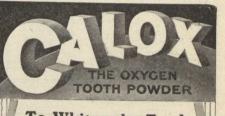
should not make you take services. You should trust in the Lord."

"Well, brother," she replied, and there was a look of calm peacefulness on her face, "I did trust in the Lord till the bellyband busted and then I had to jump."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Talegraph

Not Advertising His Folly.

IN an article recently published about the famous banking house of Coutts, in London, there is repeated an anecdote about Wellington which is, at any rate, amusing. The great Duke of Wellington banked at Coutts'. A certain artist, having painted a portrait of him, came for his remuneration. The Duke proceeded to count out a number of notes and coins somewhat laboriously and slowly. The artist suggested that a check would do equally well and save his grace trouble; but the victor of Waterloo turned on him with some bitterness and said, "Do you think I want Messrs Coutts to IN an article recently published with some bitterness and said, "Do you think I want Messrs. Coutts to know what a fool I made of myself."



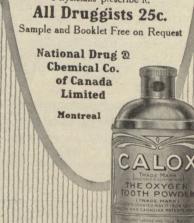


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remedies they had tried failed, and they believed their case hopeless.

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Cause of Suicide

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.

crime by giving mental discipline, poise and self-control. It should also supply objects of interest in art, literature, science, philosophy and philanthropy that should banish brooding and encourage optimism brooding an and heroism.

This raises the question of moral training and moral teaching. Here we must admit that though even in we must admit that though even in ancient and pagan literature there are noble passages showing that in spite of the element of physical courage that may sometimes be involved yet at bottom suicide is a species of moral cowardice; nevertheless, we must admit that since the time of the Strieg was find examples of moralists Stoics we find examples of moralists inventing plausible and pernicious arguments in favour of deliberate suicide. Even in quite modern times the subtle and able thinker, David Hume, is found among these apolo-gists for suicide and when one notes the ability he displays in dealing with other subjects one is simply amazed at the drivel he is guilty of writing on this topic. The following has been frequently quoted from David Hume as justifying suicide: "It would be no crime for me to divert the Nile or Danube from its course if I could where then is the crime of if I could, where then is the crime of turning a few ounces of blood out of its natural channel?"

Now as a matter of fact, neither an individual nor a nation even has the right at a mere whim to turn rivers from their courses regardless of consequences, or what is the sense in international waterways commis-sions? But where there is the most glaring fallacy and begging of the question at issue is in assuming that what may be done with a stream of water may also be permitted with a stream of blood. Curiously enough, too, it has never been noticed by those who quote this argument so glibly that it might be applied about glibly that it might be applied about as well to justify murder. Such contemptible quibbling scarcely deserves the attention of serious refutation. One would suppose that it could hardly impose on any but the most hopelessly stupid, but unfortunately many morbid minds contemplating suicide have little power of accurate reasoning and are powerfully im-pressed by such sophistries. What has literature done to coun-

teract these false conceptions? Much has been done but still not enough. That the rate of suicide among clergymen is so strikingly different from that among soldiers shows something as to the value and in-fluence of right views of life. The early Christian Church by its most explicit teaching and discipline did much to check suicide. Judas Iscariot is not a good model for imitation.

In our own day the great popular educator is the newspaper. Very often it palliates or excuses this crime. More frequently by its realistic accounts of harrowing details of suicide with full details of the means employed it actually stimulates and

employed it actually stimulates and initiates suicidal epidemics, continuing to pile up new excitements toward it and more complete instructions as to the way to do it.

We no longer allow the public to gloat on the public execution of criminals. We are attempting to eliminate the improper or suggestive of crime from our billboards; how long are we going to allow the long are we going to allow the pestiferous "yellow journal" to debauch the imagination and destroy weaker brethren struggling with this temptation? It must not be forgotten that the actual suicides are only a small proportion of those who have been tempted and many are living very near the edge of a precipice. How despicable to push them over!



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Years ago, in the West, one was regarded as a "tenderfoot" unless he drank, swore, gambled and had "killed his man".

Today, the "bad man" is regarded as a nuisance whose proper place is the penitentary.

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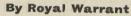
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PEOPLE AND PLACES

RANSPORTATION of artillery has been and is to-day the one constant study of military experts. Many ideas have been propounded, but have failed in the initial experiments. The use of motor waggons with which the artillery in Montreal are experimenting, have been in use for some few years, although the French cars are of a somewhat lighter build.

Some greater test, than transportation of artillery upon government-made roads by motor, must be tried before any real and reliable decision can be arrived at. The success of motor transportation would mean the reorganising of not only the artillery but possibly of the whole of the present

military transportation organisation.

The ordinary motor waggon is at present of undoubted commercial value and there is no reason why it cannot be used to transport light artillery



Motor-Transport of Artillery Ordnance.

and ammunition from base or rail head-to-head of supply depot, but for

and ammunition from base or rail head-to-head of supply depot, but for heavier work, everything depends upon the nature of the country.

Major Brown, of the Canadian artillery in Toronto, expressed his opinion very favourably upon the subject and pointed out the advisability of experimenting with motor traction, which, he was under the impression, was now under consideration by the government.

The government have now in use traction engines, small tractors, steam lorries, inter-combustion engined lorries, motor omnibuses and motor cars. With headquarters of a regiment there are sixteen motor cars.

With headquarters of a division four motor cars and a mounted brigade carries three.

carries three.

An army of six divisions, comprising about 20,000 men there are in use thirty motor cars.

That motor traction will eventually be used by the artillery is simply a

In general, the demand for horseflesh, for an army, is greater than the

supply.

Sir Conan Doyle, who has studied the pros and cons, emphatically states that cycles must take the place of horses. He quotes the cost of the yeomanry, \$2,150,000 a year, compared with that of a cyclist Territorial, which is a little more than that of the ordinary infantry Territorial. He considers the cyclist more effective for home defense, while he is more mobile, more invisible, less vulnerable, and a quicker and more easily concealed scout.

There is a good deal to be said for these contentions, and no doubt for rapid concentration in the event of a raid or invasion, the cyclist has the advantage over the mounted man. In fact, the time, if not already arrived, is near when the horse will not play such an important part in warfare. The cycle is less costly not only to purchase, but to maintain—it is of a height which can be protected by low bush—it is sufficiently light to be carried over obstacles, by its rider and sufficient equipment can be loaded to its frame to suit military purposes. In short, it possesses so many advantages that its permanent position in the army is but a matter of time.

To Teach the Young Idea.

M R. G. S. COSSAR, of Glasgow, is a wealthy Scotch philanthropist and has hit upon an excellent scheme for the training of young boys to an industrious life along agricultural lines. Mr. Cossar visited New Brunswick last fall and had a consultation with Mr. Wilmot in reference to his colonisation scheme.

He owns a large estate adjoining Lord Rosebery's holdings in Scotland and also a large farm in Glasgow where forty boys are given employment. Mr. Cossar has purchased the Belyea farm and by its acquisition has secured Mr. Cossar has purchased the Belyea farm and by its acquisition has secured a most suitable place for continuing the training of the forty odd boys he has now in Scotland. He will pay them wages, giving them an opportunity to refund their passage money and after this is done, they will be at liberty to enter the employment of other farmers.

Mr. Cossar's Queen's county farm is peculiarly adapted to fruit growing and it is his intention to enlarge the already extensive orchard on the place and give fruit growing in New Brunswick a thorough trial. Mr. and Mrs. Pulley are to be the managers of the farm.

It is ideas such as these which will be of untold benefit to Canada's future and too much credit cannot be bestowed upon the organiser of such a practical and philanthropic scheme. If the adoption would only take the place of libraries and other institutions, which benefit the few—how greatly would the Dominion prosper.

the Dominion prosper.



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MONEY AND MAGNATES

Toronto Interests at Head of New Big Milling Concern.

NTARIO is certainly going to play a very prominent part in the future of the milling industry in Canada. According to leading milling interests, it is only a matter of time when all the largest mills in the country will be situated at different points about the lakes that surround the province, mainly because such sites seem to have some advantage over any others that may be selected in any other part of the country. It may be that for the small local market that surrounds a mill, there may be other points just as attractive, but when it comes to building a great big mill that must look to the export as well as to the home market, in order to be able to dispose of its large output, officials of different companies are prac-

that must look to the export as well as to the home market, in order to be able to dispose of its large output, officials of different companies are practically agreed that these Ontario points are the most advantageous of all.

And so it is that we find that the new big Ontario milling concern which will be known as the Maple Leaf Milling Co., Limited, and will absorb the Maple Leaf Flour Mills Co., Ltd., and with it the Hedley Shaw Milling Co., has already under way the construction of a 6,000-barrel mill, a million bushel elevator, and storage warehouses right out on the new piers that have been constructed at Port Colborne. Naturally it takes a pile of money to carry through such big undertakings, and the men who are at the head of the new company, including Mr. Cawthra Mulock of Toronto, Mr. Hedley Shaw, founder and head of the Hedley Shaw Milling Co., and Mr. D. C. Cameron, the western lumberman, who organised the Maple Leaf Flour Mills Co., Ltd., have supplied \$1,000,000 of additional cash capital, which besides permitting of the completion of the entire new plant already under way at Port Colborne, and the construction of some fifteen new elevators throughout the West, will and the construction of some fifteen new elevators throughout the West, will provide the new company with further working capital to go right ahead and get its full share of the larger business that is offering, not only throughout Canada, but more especially in Great Britain and various foreign markets.

Canada, but more especially in Great Britain and various foreign markets.

Just what the elevator capacity of Canada is going to be a few years hence, it is almost impossible to say, but some idea of how it is going to increase may be gathered from the remark of Mr. Wm. Whyte, the vice-president of the Canadian Pacific Railway, to the effect that while the western country was now producing at the rate of about 135,000,000 bushels of wheat, that by the end of 1915 it will have increased to over five hundred million bushels, and that it would not be very long after that, before Canada is producing even more wheat than all of the United States. When it is remembered that last year our neighbours to the south produced somewhat over seven hundred million bushels, it will be seen that the mills of Canada will have all they can do to cope with the western crop.

As old Robert Meighen of the Lake of the Woods sometimes says: "Up to the present time the amount of the western lands under cultivation does not exceed the amount of land that has been set aside for roads."

Incidentally, Toronto will benefit by the organisation of the new big milling company, as it will have its head office in that city, while all its mills, with one exception, are situated within the Province of Ontario, in addition to the Port Colborne mill, the locations being St. Catharines, Thorold, Welland and Kenora. The only mill at present outside the province is the one at Brandon, Manitoba.

Brandon, Manitoba.

Eight of the Largest Oatmeal and Flour Concerns of Ontario Join Hands in the Canadian Cereal and Milling Company, Ltd.

WHEN one looks at some consolidations, it rather seems as though a great WHEN one looks at some consolidations, it rather seems as though a great many companies were simply adjusting themselves to the modern business conditions that prevail. In a number of cases, the possibility of making anything like fair profits is made very remote, owing to the keen competition that exists between different concerns in the same line of business, and the necessity that arises therefrom, to have large selling forces to cover the various parts of the country. Take, for instance, the larger oatmeal and flour concerns of the Province of Ontario, which are now entering into a consolidation, to be known as the Canadian Cereal and Milling Company. In a number of instances, two or three of the eight companies included in the consolidation would be competing for the same business, each having their own salesmen on the road, and in many instances having to provide for heavy freight charges in order to ship the bill of goods that might have been sold freight charges in order to ship the bill of goods that might have been sold a long way from the mill at which it is manufactured. In this way, the Flavelle Company of Lindsay, for instance, would be shipping some of its output right through to London or Tillsonburg, while on the other hand the London and Tillsonburg concerns might be shipping part of their output back to Lindsay. At first sight it does look like needless waste. Then again, the economics of business have developed to a great extent during the past few years, and it is easily seen that great benefits must accrue from having one central management and standardising the various brands manufactured.

And so it is that eight of the larger oatmeal and flour concerns of Ontario will come together with its head office in Toronto. Almost in every instance,

will come together with its head office in Toronto. Almost in every instance, the various concerns are particularly well known throughout the province as they have almost without exception, been in existence a great many years and have gradually grown from very small beginnings to a point where they have each and every one become an important factor in the general trade.

The various brands manufactured by the different companies will of course be manufactured as in the past, but special attention will be paid to developments that will enable the company to meet the demands of the larger market that prevails for their products both in Canada and in foreign countries. The large amount of additional capital that is being put into the treasury of the new company will permit of it doing business on this larger scale, and besides permitting of the erection of an additional mill and a line of elevators, will provide the new company with the ample working capital of elevators, will provide the new company with the ample working capital of over \$500,000.

The companies to be included in the consolidation will be the Flavelle Milling Co. of Lindsay, the Goldie Milling Co. of Ayr, the Tillson Co. of Tillsonburg, Walter Thompson & Son of London, P. McIntosh & Son, Toronto, Jas. Wilson & Son, Fergus, D. R. Ross & Co., Embro, and the Woodstock Cereal Co. of Woodstock.

On their present capacity, the mills of the company will have the total daily output of 2,350 barrels of oatmeal and rolled oats, 2,200 barrels of flour,

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CONTINUED ON PAGE 26.

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J. P. BLACK, Montreal, Que.

Director Dominion Textile Company; Director Montreal Cotton

C. S. WILCOX, Hamilton, Ont. President Hamilton Steel & Iron Company, Limited; Director Traders' Bank of Canada

E. V. TILLSON, Tillsonburg, Ont. President of the Tillson Company. W. A. STROWGER, Toronto, Ont.

Company
GEORGE GOLDIE, Toronto, Ont.
Wice-President Goldie Milling Company
J. W. McCONNELL, Montreal, Que. Director of the Canadian Light & Power Company, Limited; Director Quebec Railway, Light, Heat & Power Company

BANKERS OF THE COMPANY—Traders' Bank of Canada.
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SOLICITORS—James Bicknell, K.C., Toronto; H. A. Lovett, K.C., Montreal.

HEAD OFFICE TORONTO

MILLS AT TILLSONBURG, LINDSAY, TORONTO, LONDON, MITCHELL, SEAFORTH, FERGUS, EMBRO, WOOD-STOCK, AYR, GALT

OBJECTS OF CONSOLIDATION

The Canadian Cereal & Milling Co. was formed to acquire as going concerns the milling properties of the following companies: The Tillson Company, Tillsonburg. The Flavelle Milling Company, Ltd., Lindsay

say.
P. McIntosh & Son, Toronto.
Walter Thomson & Son, Ltd., London.
Jas. Wilson & Son, Fergus.
D. R. Ross & Son, Embro.
Woodstock Cereal Company, Ltd., Woodstock.
Goldie Milling Company, Ltd., Ayr.
All the properties are in good physical condition, and the Company at its inception will have the following output per twenty-four hour day:

four hour day:

2,350 bbls. oatmeal and rolled oats.

2,350 bbls. oathear and 1
2,200 "flour.
100 "rolled wheat.
450 "split peas.
155 "pot barley.

340 tons of feed.

And a total elevator capacity of 700,000 bushels.

ESTIMATED EARNINGS

Leading officials who have made an examination of the output of the different concerns estimate that the new company on its first year of complete operation, based on the increased output and the savings to be effected through consolidation, should show net earnings of approximately \$200,000. After providing for the payment of the 6 per cent. interest on the bonds, this would be equal to about 13 per cent. on the preferred stock, and after the payment of the 7 per cent. cumula-tive preferred dividend would leave a surplus of about 6 per cent. on the common stock. The economies of consolidation will result from the concentration of management, the standardizing of brands, and the elimination of a large amount of freight charges.

COMPANY'S STRONG FINANCIAL POSITION

The large amount of additional capital being placed in the treasury of the new company, besides permitting of the erection of a new mill and a line of elevators, will provide it with the ample working capital of over \$500,000.

Most of the men who have helped to make the companies included in the consolidation pre-eminently successful, besides retaining a very substantial financial interest in the new company, will be actively identified with it. Mr. J. D. Flavelle, of the Flavelle Milling Co., will be President; Mr. George Goldie, of the Goldie Milling Co., Vice-President and Managing Director, with headquarters in Toronto.

CONTRACTS

Pursuant to the provisions of Section 43 of the Companies' Act, Chapter 79, Revised Statutes of Canada, 1906, the following contracts are noted:

Agreement between James Wilson & Son and A. J. Nesbitt, dated March 1910; agreement between Woodstock Cereal Company, Limited, and A. J. Nesbitt, dated 1910; agreement between the Tillson Company, Limited, and A. J. Nesbitt, dated 1910; agreement between the Tillson Company, Limited, between Walter Thomson & Sons, Limited, and A. J. Nesbitt, dated 1910; agreement between Goldie Milling Company, Limited, and A. J. Nesbitt, dated 1910; agreement between Goldie Milling Company, Limited, and A. J. Nesbitt, dated 22nd March, 1910; and agreement between A. J. Nesbitt, dated Canadian Cereal & Milling Company, Limited, dated 5th April, 1910.

Application will be made to have the securities of the Company listed on the Montreal and Toronto Stock Exchanges.

Decompositions and forms of application may be obtained from the Investment Trust Company and members of the March and the Investment Trust Company and members of the March and the Investment Trust Company and members of the March and the Investment Trust Company and members of the March and the Investment Trust Company and members of the March and Investment Trust Company and members of the March and Investment Trust Company and members of the March and Investment Trust Company and members of the March and Investment Trust Company and members of the March and Investment Trust Company and members of the March and Investment Trust Company and members of the March and Investment Trust Company and members of the March and Investment Trust Company and members of the March and Investment Trust Company and Investment

Prospectuses and forms of application may be obtained from the Investment Trust Company and members of the Montreal and Toronto Stock Exchanges. Applications may be sent to

The Investment Trust Co. Limited or through any branch of The Traders' Bank of Canada and Royal Bank of Canada



Buy Hosiery Made by the Largest Mills on a 2-for-1 Guarantee

We guarantee the following lines of Pen-Angle Hosiery to fit you perfectly, not to shrink or stretch and the dyes to be absolutely fast. We guarantee them to wear longer than any other cashmere or cotton hosiery sold at the same prices. If, after wearing Pen-Angle Guaranteed Hosiery any length of time, you should ever find a pair that fails to fulfill this guarantee in any particular, return the same to us and we will replace them with TWO new pairs free of charge.

That 2 for 1 guarantee—the most lib-eral given anywhere eral given anywhere
—is backed up by
the largest hosiery
mills in Canada. You
can depend upon the guarantee being ful-filled to the last let-

Buying hosiery on this plan you make doubly sure of satisfaction, for if the hosiery does not fulfill the guarantee the makers have to pay a double consists. penalty.

But after you've worn a pair of Pen-Angle Hosiery you'll understand why we give this 2 for I guarantee, for you will have discovered your ideal hosiery—form-knitted, seamless, longest-

The reason for Pen-Angle superiority is due to the exceptional quality of the cashmere and cotton yarns we use. And because we knit them on Penmans' exclusive machines. We have the sole rights to use these machines in Canada.

Seamless Hosiery

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

They reinforce the feet, heels and toes—the places that get the hardest usage—without you ever being aware of any extra thick-

Don't be content another day with hosiery which has those horrid seams up the leg and across the foot—with hosiery

less serviceable—but get Pen-Angle 2 for 1 guaranteed hosiery

For Ladies

For Ladies

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

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

No. 1150.—Very fine Cashmere hose. Medium weight. 2-ply leg. 4-ply foot, heel and toe. Black, light and dark tan, leather, champagne, myrtle, pearl gray, oxblood, helio, cardinal. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

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

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

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

For Men

No. 2404.—Medium weight Cashmere half-hose. Made of 2-ply Botany yarn with our special "Everlast" heels and toes, which add to its wearing qualities, while the hosiery still remains soft and comfortable. Black, light and dark

tan, leather, champagne, navy, myrtle, pearl gray, slate, oxblood, helio, cadet blue and hisque. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

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

No. 1090.—Cashmere half-hose. Same quality as 500, but lighter

No. 1090.—Cashmere half-hose. Same quality as 500, but lighter weight. Black only. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.00; 6 pairs, \$2.00.

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

Instructions

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

Catalog Free

If you want something different than the styles and shades listed, send for handsome free catalog which shows an extensive line in colors.

Penmans, Limited, Dept. 40, Paris, Canada

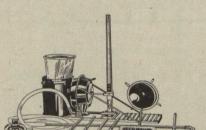


CARD OF THANKS

The Business Editor of the Courier begs to present his sincere thanks and appreciation to the many new subscribers who have recently joined our ranks, and also to the many who have not only renewed their subscriptions but have along with the cash, contributed a sense of hearty good-will to this enterprize.

April Twenty Third, Nineteen Ten.

Housecleaning made a Delightful Undertaking with a PERFECT Vacuum Cleaner



Rugs, carpets, furniture, bedding, etc., thoroughly and quickly cleaned without being disturbed.

A Cleaner that is light, strong simple in construction, effective and easily cleaned and has a blower attachment. Handpower \$25.00, water motor \$35.00 A. C. Electric \$75.00.

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A Perfect Washing Machine. The latest on the market, "1910," one that will do the washing right on the stove while the clothes are boiling, no rubbing, no damage to the most delicate fabric, producing cleaner everybody. Prices \$10.00 and up. Purely Canadian. Patented both here and in the United States.

Write for pamphlets and further particulars. Mail orders receive special attention.

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IRISH & MAULSON, Limited Chief Toronto Agents





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Great age and fine bouquet with guarantee of purity are its recommendation

Always ask for WHITE HORSE specially if you want it.

Sold by all Wine Merchants, Grooers and Hotels

Money and Magnates

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 24.

100 barrels of rolled oats, 450 barrels

of split peas, 155 barrels of pot barley and 240 tons feed, and a total elevator capacity of about 700,000 bushels.

Mr. J. D. Flavelle of the Flavelle Milling Co., will be the first president of the company, while Mr. George Goldie of the Goldie Milling Co., will be vice-president and managing director. In addition to them, a large number of the other officials who have helped to make the various companies preeminently successful, will, in additional part of the other officials.

ber of the other officials who have helped to make the various companies preeminently successful, will, in addition to having a large financial interest in the new company, be actively identified with it.

The capital of the new company is as follows: 7 per cent. cumulative preferred stock, authorised \$2,000,000, to be issued \$1,250,000; common stock, authorised \$2,000,000, to be issued \$1,250,000, while the only bond issue will be of 6 per cent. first mortgage sinking fund 20-year, there being authorised \$1,000,000, of which \$750,000 will be issued.

Acting on behalf of the underwriters, the Investment Trust Company, Ltd., have arranged for a public offering of \$1,250,000 of the 7 per cent. cumulative preferred stock, the same to carry with it a bonus equal to 50 per cent. of common stock. Of this amount, over \$800,000 has already been taken up in firm subscriptions and the allotment of it guaranteed. This will mean that there will only be a little over \$400,000 available for the public. The earnings of the new company for its first year of operation will, it is believed, exceed \$200,000, an amount which after the payment of the 5 per cent. exceed \$200,000, an amount which after the payment of the 5 per cent. interest on the bonds, will leave over 13 per cent. available on the preferred stock, and after the payment of the 7 per cent dividend on the of the 7 per cent. dividend on the preferred, would still leave a surplus of over 6 per cent. on the common.

The Shareholders' Boom.

This is a growing time for the shareholder in legitimate Canadian corporations, says the Toronto Star

corporations, says the Toronto Storecently:

"Following the increase from 8 to 9 per cent. by the Canadian Bank of Commerce there was the Royal Bank's change from 10 to 11 per cent., and only recently the increase by the United Empire from 4 to 5 per cent. Among other leading financial institutions which have raised their dividends are Central Canada Loan from 8 to 10, National Trust from 8 to 9, Canada Permanent from 7 to 8, and Toronto Mortgage from 6 to 7.

"In the railway group there has

and Toronto Mortgage from 6 to 7.

"In the railway group there has been the advance from 5 to 6 on Twin City common, the rise from 6 to 7 on Soo common, and this week the increase in the Havana Electrics common dividend from 4 to 6.

"In the industrial group there have been some conspicuous changes. The Lake of the Woods Milling Co. declared a \$5 bonus. The first quarterly dividend at the rate of 7 per cent. was declared on Canada Cement preferred, as was the first dividend preferred, as was the first dividend of 13-4 on Amalgamated Asbestos preferred. The F. N. Burt Company began dividends at the rates of 7 and 4 per cent. on the preferred and common stocks, the Kanunistiqua Power Co. has begun dividends at the rate of 3 per cent. per annum, and the new Co. has begun dividends at the rate of 3 per cent. per annum, and the new Carriage Factory merger made their first half-yearly declaration at the 7 per cent. rate on the preferred stock. "It was the fashion among financial writers early in the year to publish lists of companies which might be expected to increase their dividend rates this year. Only three or four of the predictions have come true."

FOR THE CHILDREN

An Honest Decision.

By Elizabeth Price.

IT was Friday afternoon, and Lester brought his weekly report from tool. Mother looked sorry when school. school. Mother looked sorry when she read it, and Lester stood by, red and uncomfortable, for it was not the sort of report that makes a boy proud and his mother happy. It said, "Deportment Unsatisfactory," while as for the lessons, there was not a single "Excellent," only "Fair," or at most, "Good."

Mother did not say anything, because she had said on other Friday

afternoons all she had to say on the same subject. She only sat looking at the report a long time, while Lester wriggled and twisted.

At last she spoke, very quietly: "It must be stopped, Lester. For more than a month your conduct has been 'Unsatisfactory.' I have reasoned with you and given you chances to do better, and you have abused them. I shall try you once more, and then unless your next report is a very good one—as good as you used to have—my little boy must be punished."

Lester stopped wriggling. That st word awed him. "How?" he last word awed him.

-oh, what had he not meant to accomplish this week! But mother could not—could not keep him away from Westchester! She never could break his heart like that! His feet fairly flew over the ground; this suspense must be ended.

Mother was sewing, as she nearly always was, but she dropped her work, and the hand trembled that she held out for the report. Maybe she had felt the suspense, too. She read the few words, and her eyes filled with tears, and Lester knew what that meant. "It isn't fair!" he burst out. "Teacher didn't mark me fair! I have been good! I don't deserve to

thave been good! I don't deserve to stay at home! I didn't do wrong!"
"Wait, Lester—wait, dear." Mother's voice was very gentle. "If you tell me on your honour that this report is unfair, if you really think you deserve to go to Westchester, you may go. You remember what I said

may go. You remember what I said a week ago; you know the conditions. I leave it to you to decide."
"Then I'll go all right," said Lester, positively. "I haven't done a thing that ought to keep me away."
"Very well, dear." The busy needle

was at work again.

Lester tore outdoors to play noisily with Sport and make himself believe



THE TRILLIUM PATCH

One of the earliest Wild Flowers to Blossom in the Spring.

asked, swallowing over a lump in his throat.

'You will have to stay away from the sleighing-party one week from tomorrow.

Lester sat down, feeling as if he suddenly grown too weak to stand.

Mother had folded the report and

Mother had folded the report and laid it aside. She picked up her sewing again, and said, "It all depends on you, Lester."

Lester walked away slowly. Not much danger of his forgetting—no, indeed! There should be an "Excellent" over against every item in next Friday's report. He would show what he could do, for once. But miss that sleigh-ride—never!

He thought of nothing else all

He thought of nothing else all afternoon, remembered it twelve times on Saturday, six times on Sunday. day, twice on Monday, once on Tuesday, and next thing he knew it was Friday again, and teacher was handing out reports. His heart came into his mouth as he looked at his. "Conduct Unsatisfactory." "Lessons Fair."
Not one "Excellent"—not even a "Very Good." And he had meant

he was having a fine time, while mother folded away the poor little report and waited.

She did not wait in vain. It was bedtime. "I can't go, mother. It wouldn't be honest, and I am honest, if I do act mischievous in school. I did deserve it—teacher was fair. I've whispered and played instead of studying, but I don't think I'll ever studying, but I don't think I'll ever forget again. I'm going to be the best boy in the whole world after this." And mother held him close, and said, "I knew my boy could be trusted to tell the truth, and he hasn't disappointed me." disappointed me.

The party rode away the next morning without Lester. He tried to be brave and cheerful, but the ordeal was a hard one, and Lester never forgot it, for it did him much good in spite of the headens. good, in spite of the hardness-or perhaps because of it.

In the evening, when the pleasure-seekers had returned, the little figure crept again to mother's room. "It's been pretty hard," said a queer, choky voice, "but I'm glad!"

-Youth's Companion.



Tea Time Talks



you are tired or thirsty.

From Tea Plant to Teapot

The fragrant buds and young leaves of "Salada" Tea are scrupulously kept from contact with human hands.

When you open the air-tight lead package of "Salada" it exhales the fresh fragrance of the plantation.

'Salada'' Ceylon Tea is the best tea, grown under the best conditions. The soil of the sunny hill slopes, the growth and culture of the plant, the careful picking and scientific packing, all count as factors in its goodness.

Bulk tea cannot retain either fragrance or flavor. Its ity evaporates. "Salada" is never sold in bulk. quality evaporates.



Ask your grocer for "Salada" Tea or send for a free trial package which makes 25 cups of delicious tea. We will mail it to you without charge. Say whether you use Black, Mixed or Green Tea and the price you pay per pound.

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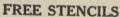


A pail, with watera brush-and a pkg. of Alabastine

are all you need to transform an ordinary-looking wall into a beautiful and artistic wall which will appeal to the most refined taste. Any one can apply Alabastine. Alabastine colors are permanent—they do not rub off. They give that artistic soft, velvety effect which can be produced only by Alabastine. It hardens with age, becoming a part of the wall. Alabastine can be re-coated without removing the old coats.



Alabastined walls are now the most popular. There is nothing so charming, so sanitary, so cheap. In the modern home, Wall Paper, held on by flour paste, is now tabooed. The sales of Alabastine in Canada have doubled in the last two years.



To still furthur popularize Alabastine and again double its sales, we have organized a Decorative Department, and are prepared to offer FREE COLOR SCHEMES and FREE STENCILS to all users of Alabastine. Write today for particulars—our advice is FREE. Let us help you to beautify your home at moderate cost.

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Jaeger Light Weight Pure Wool Underwear is the Only Safe Kind To Wear In Spring and Summer

You can change from heavy wool underclothing to light wool underclothing at any time without danger of catching cold.

Many people wear their heavy wool underclothing until the weather becomes oppressively warm because they are afraid of catching cold.

There is danger changing from heavy wool to cotton or linen, but no danger changing from heavy wool to light wool.

There is always danger in damp or chilly weather in wearing linen or cotton and just as great or greater risk from overheating and getting chilled in warm weather.

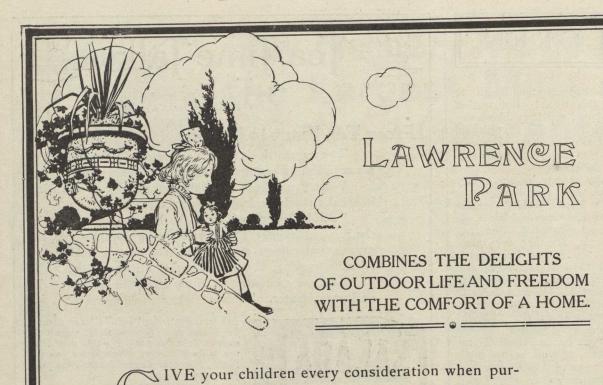
There is more comfort and health protection in **Jaeger** light weight Pure Wool Underwear than in any other kind.



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TORONTO WINNIPEG



chasing a home-site. Give them play-grounds where they may obtain the benefits of out-door pastimes unmolested; give them the opportunity to make the most desirable acquaintances as play-mates, let them enjoy to the fullest the invigorating atmosphere of a location designed and planned by eminent architects to produce health and happiness for its residents—finally—give them a home in Lawrence Park, Toronto's newest and most select suburb.

Here they may have grounds a-plenty, health in abundance and an ideal home.

Lawrence Park is situated at an elevation of 640 ft. above lake Ontario-think of the benefits derived from this alone - unrivalled ventilation, bracing atmosphere, elimination of the City's smoke and soot and the many advantages of a comely home, though only 30 minutes are consumed in reaching the business sections.

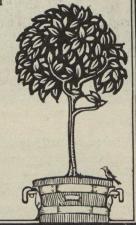
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The Sauce that makes the whole world hungry.

Made and Bottled in England

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To the Critic Higher Up.

There may be small excuse for it, You may have little use for it, And curl your super-story lip in

supercilious way;
You may regard it banefully,
And pass it up disdainfully,
But when it gets the money wotinel have you to say?

-Chicago Tribune.

The Marmalade Steeple.

IN Buckinghamshire, England, recently they have been making marmalade at a parish rectory and applying the proceeds to the building of a church spire. Will that spire be known to future generations as "the marmalade steeple?" That is what happened across the Channel in Rouen. France, where, in 1507, in Rouen, France, where, in 1507, the second tower of the magnificent the second tower of the magnificent Gothic Cathedral was finished, the money for it coming from the sale of indulgences for eating butter in Lent. Ever since then the name "Tour de Beurre" (The Butter Tower) has clung to it. Similarly the ancient First Church at Wetherersfield, Connecticut, the cornerstone of which was laid in 1761, has been of which was laid in 1761, has been popularly known as "The Church that was built of Onions," because so much of the money that went into it was derived from the sale of that vegetable by the parishioners. vegetable by the parishioners.

Brutal Customs Men.

A DMIRAL LORD CHARLES BERESFORD, at a dinner in New York, defended the customs of-ficials of the part

ficials of the port.
"These intelligent young men," he said, "in a difficult position conduct themselves adroitly. The stories are false that make them out to be brutal and indelicate. If it were Turkey

'In the days before Batoum fell to Russia," he resumed, "a sailor on an English ship lying in Batoum harbour went ashore and bought himself a pair of trousers. He put the trousers on His ald once were quite trousers on. His old ones were quite worn out, and he told the dealer to throw them away. Then he started forth into the street proudly.

"Soon he met a group of customs They stopped him, and their officials.

chief said:
"'Those are new trousers you've

got on?'
"'Yes,' said the sailor. 'I just

bought them.'
"'Then,' said the customs chief,
'you must pay duty on them.'
"'Then,' said the customs chief,' said

"'But I've got no money left,' said the sailor. And this was true. His last copper had gone to pay the shopman's bill.

"'No money?' cried the chief.
'That's very bad for you, then. You'll have to leave the trousers with us have to leave the trousers with us

have to leave the trousers with in that case.'

"'But I've got nothing under them,' objected the sailor.

"'Never mind; we won't look,' and the chief and his men all repeated that there was no fear—they would the sailor.

none of them look. "But other people may shouted the desperate sailor.
"The officials shrugged their shoul-

ders. "'That,' they said, 'is no concern

of ours.'

"And so the poor sailor was forced, willy nilly, to lease his new purchase behind and to gallop to is ship as best he could, making up, in speed what he lacked in drapery." speed what he lacked in drapery. Tribune.

Hills of the Wind

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19.

His own words suggested to Meekins a startling new line of thought. At first it was too subtle and tentative for expression. Silently he worked it out, and slowly.

"I've got it!" he muttered after a time. "That lost gold mine is here

somewheres. That greasy breed found it, got scared out, an' was tellin' Lamonte how to find it by these wind noises. Lamonte writ it down to kinder remember it, so he'd know when he come to the spot. (Whisht Slack'd come. My leg's painin' like—). Then that fool breed gets crazy, an' is sorry for givin' up the secret, or was sorry he gave away about the gold, or somethin', pumps a bullet into Lamoute, an' steals the a bullet into Lamonte, an' steals the paper back. That's what!"

At the end of an hour the unearth-

ly music had ceased; the craterlike opening in the rocks was as quiet

and restful as a cavern should be.

Red explained this phenomenon to his friend the boulder. "The wind's died out or shifted, I guess."

As Meekins idly scanned the rocky wall at his back he suddenly gave a cry of startled joy. A two-foot vein of white quartz showed little splashes of bright yellow where the peeping sun threw a shaft of light on its face. He squirmed over on his side, drew a knife from his pocket, and picked

at one of these.
"By hokey, it's gold!" he said in an awed voice. "I've found the Lost

THEN he lay gazing in quiet content at the vein of richness. For another hour he lay waiting for the advent of the relief. The ring of ironed hoofs on the stony path raised a medley of echoes. Some other man that rode with him laughed, and myriad

fiends cackled in this freakish place.
"Whisht I had a foghorn to try
this out," Red joked at himself.
From where he lay Meekins saw

a horse's head poke through the narrow inlet on the right. "I'll give her one boost," he chuckled, "an' touch up Slack's nerve, jus' for fun."

With that he bellowed like a bull, and wild begets seemed to fill the

and wild beasts seemed to fill the arena with their rage. Red saw the riders check their horses in dismay

and peer about the place.
"Guess I'd best not get too gay
he muttered. "Slack'll bolt." H

hardly raised his voice about a whisper as he called, "Here I am, Slack. Yours truly, Red Meekins."

Reassured, Slack pushed his horse into the huge potlike place and, sighting Meekins, slipped from the saddle. "Hope your had your breakfast.

"Hope you had your breakfast, Bill," Red observed ironically. "I come soon's I saw you wasn't turnin' up," Slack offered in extenu-ation of his delay. "Are you hurt-ed?" ation of his delay.

"My left leg's on strike an' won't walk none," Meekins answered. "Glad

walk none," Meekins answered. "Glad you fetched that spare hoss."

"I rounded up Dave here to come along an' help look for you," Slack continued. "We'll lift you to the saddle now. Can you sit a hoss?"

"Soon's I've finished a little business I come here for to transact," Red answered quaintly. He winked at Dave as he asked, "Slack, you're workin' for me by the day ain't you?" you?"
"I allow I am."

"I allow I am."

"But on this extra occasion that don't go," Meekins said. He pointed a finger at the rocky wall across the narrow cleft and added, "Jus' stake that vein of quartz carryin' free millin' gold in the name of Meekins, Slack & Co. Guess we'll call her the Ghost Mine."



You Can Go to New York

9:30 a. m. (except Sunday) Connecting with Empire State Express at Buffalo. Arrives New York, 10:08 p. m.

3:45 p. m. (except Sunday) Coaches to Buffalo, Sleepers Buffalo to New York. Arrive New York 7:26 a. m.

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The SCRAP BOOK

Women and the Franchise.

M R. STEPHEN GUYON, a New Zealander, in a recent issue of *The Englishwoman's Review*, champions the cause of woman's franchise more strongly than the women do themselves. New Zealand was the first to enfranchise women, where they were a success from the start.

Speaking of the last general election in New Zealand, Mr. Guyon says: "The number of women who voted was only two per cent. less than the number of men who recorded their votes; that they took pains to prepare themselves to vote with knowledge and judgment. Every political meeting held before election political meeting held before election consisted largely of women of the voting age, all of whom took a keen and intellectual interest in all the subjects under discussion."

New Zealand women have proved beyond the possibility of a doubt that women can use the vote with judgment with submoses and with dig

ment, with calmness, and with dig-nity. It is scarcely too much to say that they have furnished the best argument women could use for the vote, namely, that women would raise politics to a higher level and intro-duce sweeter manners, purer laws. The first Australasian women to receive the franchise were also the first to conceive and adopt a practical scheme for stemming the appalling death rate of babies, which is common in all civilised countries to-day, and is due to the strain and stress laid upon parents by existing moral and economic conditions.

Women's sphere in life is undoubtedly like man's—to rise, to elevate, and to-day we find that women are

holding very high and responsible besides lucrative positions. Women in England were much in-terested when cables reported that Mrs. E. H. Harriman had taken over Mrs. E. H. Harriman had taken over a controlling interest in the Night and Day Bank in New York City. But now they proudly affirm that London has gone a step farther through the opening of a bank for women exclusively. This new financial institution, though really a branch of Farrow's Bank, Ltd., is conducted solely by women and to all intents and purposes, will maintain its individual unity as an establishment in which mere man will not be a factor. There is a safety deposit vault annex, while an insurance posit vault annex, while an insurance business also is handled and the bank will buy or sell stocks or bonds for those members of the fair sex who may care to risk a "flyer" in the realm of speculation. Miss May Bateman, author of a number of poems, and a handful of novels, who has had journalistic experience ex-tending from London to South Africa has been deluged with congratulatory telegrams on assuming her position as pioneer woman bank manager in the United Kingdom.

The Art of Matrimony.

BETWEEN sixty and bright English girls passed through Toronto last week for the West in search of fortune and hus-bands and hope to increase bands, and hope to inaugurate their careers in Canada in a charming variety of occupations—governesses, helps, companions, nurse girls nurses, teachers, etc. They have independent ideas and are not wholly without means. This was the first party of the season sent out by the Women's Immigration Association of

This probably means matrimony; as there are still a good many lone-

some bachelors on the prairie, baking their own bread and running their own washboards, as was depicted on

a page of the Courier last week.

Over in Boston there is a school of matrimony, in which the prime essentials of wedded life and happiessentials of wedded life and happiness are now being taught—to both sexes. In this academy girls, including many from the best families in the city, are being trained five days a week in the arts which will equip them to become ideal wives, mothers and housekeepers. This institute is them to become ideal wives, mothers and housekeepers. This institute is under the direction of some of the most distinguished ducators in Boston and is strictly of a practical character. The matrimonial course includes the following subjects: Literature, ethics, child study, household arts, house-building, textiles and sewing, hand work and design, music, dental hygiene, home nursing, and

dental hygiene, home nursing, and care of delinquent children.

Young men have given their ideas upon matrimony, which are based upon a financial calculation. The average consider matrices impossible average consider marriage impossible under \$1,200 to \$1,500 a year. Others go as high as \$5,000.

Incandescent Mantles.

INCANDESCENT gas mantles, al-INCANDESCENT gas mantles, although a boon to householders, have tried the patience of individuals more than any other invention of recent years. So flimsy in fabric, it is no wonder that their manufacture is somewhat of a delicate operation. Made of the finest quality of cotton which undergoes quality of cotton which undergoes many processes to clean it of all chemical impurities, it is woven into tubular lengths, the standard finished mantle being 2.5 in in length and mantle being 3.5 in. in length and

These short lengths of fabric are saturated in a bath of nitrate of thorium. This process of immersing cotton webbing in nitrate of thorium and subsequently burning off the cotton is a basic invention of the mantle

industry.

The thorium bath is termed the "lighting fluid," and is composed of approximately 99 per cent. of nitrate of thorium and I per cent. of nitrate of cerium in solution of distilled water at the rough saturation of ter. After a thorough saturation of the pieces of webbing in "lighting fluid" they are run through fluid" they are run through a second set of rubber rollers, piece by piece, which removes the superfluity of lighting fluid and also distributes a uniform amount of nitrates into the webbing texture: these are then

uniform amount of nitrates into the webbing texture; these are then stretched upon glass tubes to dry.

The next operation is the forming of the head loop. This is accomplished by folding in one end of the tubular fabric and plaiting the folded portion and sewing an asbestos cord through the plates. The cord serves to support the mantle on to the wire in the finished product. The plaiting and sewing of the cord is performed by machinery in medium grades of by machinery in medium grades of goods, but in the high grades of mantles it is done by hand and requires skilled workers skilled workers.

Thus is your mantle completed, and while its use is universally acknowledged, it is eminently regretable that incandescent mantles cannot be made from steel

from steel.

Of course there are all sorts of gas mantles. Some are made to read by; others to be sworn at. Some burn out in two weeks and some last a few months. a few months. Some increase the amount of light. Others don't — so that gas mantles may fairly be put down as one of the worries of civilication. civilisation

CANADIAN PACIFIC

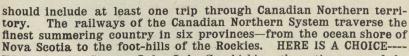
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Inquiries to Information Bureau, Canadian Northern Railway System, Toronto, Ont.



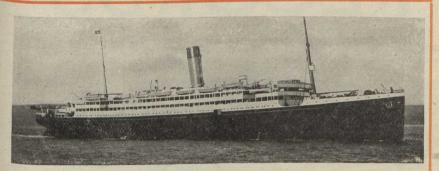
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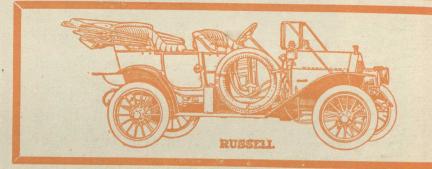
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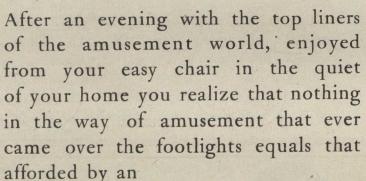
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