

The Canadian

Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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J. EDGAR.

08.

Read in
Nine
Provinces

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

What People Say About Simpson's Dress Goods



Copyright, 1908 by Henry Hutt

WE HAVE many and many a customer of this store whose friendship dates back to the old days. When such old-time friends come here they are treated with the consideration which becomes a mutual respect of long-standing. Their opinion of our progress, our growth, our development is prized the more because of their knowledge of our early promises and ambition.

☞ We have got to hear of a single one of our old-time customers who, standing in our magnificent new department of Dress Goods and Silks and mentally casting back to the little dry goods store of 1881, has not been willing to acknowledge that we have done well. There's a lady in this city who has bought black goods—chiefly broadcloths—at this store for well-nigh 30 years. She is still our satisfied and welcome customer. "I always SAID Simpson's was the place for Dress Goods" said she, with a little nod of confirmation, the first day she saw the new department; "I ALWAYS said so."

☞ In her mind, doubtless, the fact is proved to the world now, and goes without further saying. But we want every lady within reach of the store to realize it. Toronto has a Dress Goods Department unsurpassed anywhere.

☞ New Shower Proof Foulard Silks in the newest designs and colors, exclusive patterns, sold only by this store, made by the foremost Foulard manufacture in the world, extremely fashionable this season, also come in the popular wide space polka dots on the favored color grounds of Browns, Navys, Cadet, Reseda, Taupe, Rose, Black, etc. 23 inches wide. \$1.00 yard.

New Exclusive Silks at Simpson's at \$1.00 per Yard

High Lustre Dress Satins, amethyst, mouse, myrtle, mauve, bisque, navy, cream, etc. \$1.00

Novelty Dress Silks, stripes, checks and exclusive fancy patterns. . . . \$1.00

Black Cashmere de Soie, Satin, Armure, Mousseline Satins, Ottoman Cord, yarn dyed. \$1.00

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"A work of fiction of more distinguished sincerity or one animated by a more lofty purpose, never left the press."—*British Empire Review.*

MY LADY of THE SNOWS

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Thoroughly Up-to-Date

Will shortly be issued from the *Courier Press.*

☐ Only original matter will be used.

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☐ Articles by the best writers on live stock husbandry for the professional breeder, feeder and dairyman will be a leading feature.

☐ All Farm Topics will be discussed in season. Questions submitted in connection with all phases of farming will be answered free of charge to subscribers by the best recognized authorities in North America.

☐ A special crop and live stock market reporting service is being organized for the exclusive benefit of subscribers.

☐ Orcharding, gardening, tile drainage, economical construction of farm buildings and concrete work will receive special attention by experts.

☐ This newspaper will be under the Editorial Management of J. H. S. JOHNSTONE, for 10 years Associate Editor of "The Breeder's Gazette," Chicago, author of "The Horse Book," etc.

☐ A Popular Subscription Price will be charged. Full details will be presented later.

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Editor's Talk

THE editor of one of the Peterborough dailies states that the Canadian Courier is a "Grit" journal of a distinct type, but our conscience does not trouble us. Declarations that we are either Liberal or Conservative will not worry us in the slightest. Our aim is to be a non-partisan, national weekly, knowing neither one party nor the other. We are content to abide by the decision of our more intelligent readers. One subscriber, in renewing, says:—"I especially appreciate the independent character of the articles on national and political questions."

JUDGING from the results obtained by the Circulation Department of the Canadian Courier, the circle of our friendship is broadening. Steady progress is evident in every province. Moreover, the reports from those who use our advertising columns show that our readers are interested and willing to extend their patronage to those whose business announcements are found in our columns. Once more, we present our acknowledgments.

THE article in this issue by Mr. James L. Hughes, chief inspector of public schools, Toronto, is well worth an earnest perusal. His visit to Europe last year has supplied Mr. Hughes with renewed enthusiasm concerning some of his educational theories. Open-air schools are sure to become a feature of Canadian education at an early date.



Sweetens the Stomach

and, best of all, it makes you yourself feel sweet.

Abbey's
Effer-
vescent Salt

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

27

In Selecting Your Under wear for Summer Do You Consider the REAL Needs of Your Body?

Nature clothes animals with wool (hair or fur) in hot as well as cold climates—never with cotton or linen.

Cotton and linen when damp do not dry as quickly as wool—and being plant fibres they absorb carbon dioxide (a deadly poison) and other noxious substances.

Why wear either linen or cotton—both of which are uncleanly, uncomfortable, oppressive and harmful in hot weather?

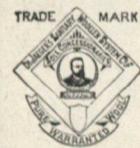
Wool is the ONLY COVERING for human beings which approaches nature's covering for animals.

If you have worn wool for any outdoor sports you know that the skin moisture is readily evaporated and that the skin is not chilled as with linen or cotton.

Woolen underwear, shirts and clothing keep the skin pores working freely removing the feeling of oppressive heat, all fear of chills, and giving a lightness and freedom unknown to those who have not tried it.

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The needs of Ladies and children are equally well provided for. We shall be pleased to mail catalogue or to show the goods at our own stores.



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Look for the JAEGER Trademark.

DR. JAEGER
SANITARY WOOLEN SYSTEM
CO. LIMITED.

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Natural Alkaline Water



Used at meals prevents Dyspepsia and relieves Gout and Indigestion.

A delightful table water with highly medicinal qualities

Ask your Physician

Owned by and bottled under the direct control of the French Government

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EATON BRAND CLOTHING

In the "Eaton Brand" Clothes will be found all that workmanship and hand tailor work necessary to the highest production of best clothing. Hair cloth running clear down the front, linen canvases, shrunk linen tape stayings, collars padded and felled on by hand, the button holes hand worked. LOOK FOR THE LABEL—IT INSURES SATISFACTION.



E3-4



E3-5. Fine English Worsted Cloths, pure wool, made up into "Eaton Brand" Suits. The colors are fashionable smoke greys, olives and browns, with neat colored stripes running through them, this season's newest, extra well tailored, with considerable hand work on them (made as described at top of this page) with best of linings, as cut E3-4. **16.50**
Sizes 36 to 44...

OUR SPECIAL \$12.50 MEN'S WORSTED SUIT

E3-8. Here we have a very fashionable suit, combining good style and workmanship, at a special price. It is made of imported English worsted, solid cloth, and comes in two designs: dark brown with green stripe, also smoke grey with blue pin stripe. Coat is made with fancy pockets and cuffs on sleeves, deep back vent in coat, hair cloth fronts, good twilled linings of Italian cloth, as cut E3-8. Sizes **12.50**
35 to 44



E3-8

SELECTIONS FROM OUR SPRING AND SUMMER CATALOGUE

E THE T. EATON CO LIMITED TORONTO CANADA E



T H E

Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



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Toronto, April 24th, 1909

No. 21

MEN OF TO-DAY

The Bisley Commandant

LT.-COL. ALEXANDER BERTRAM, of Dundas, brigadier of the 3rd brigade and former officer commanding the 77th Wentworth Regiment, has been offered and accepted the post of commandant of the Canadian Bisley team, and will have associated with him as adjutant Major Mercer, of Toronto. Col. Bertram is a member of the firm of John Bertram, Sons & Co., being the general superintendent of this well-known and old established firm of Canadian manufacturers. He has been a military man all his life, having joined No. 7 Company, 13th Batt.—this being the Dundas detachment—as a bugler in 1869. In 1872, when the 77th Batt. was organised, he became a junior officer, and advanced step by step to the regimental command. In 1905 he was appointed to the command of the 3rd Brigade and has now received the highest honour, the post of Bisley commandant, being the first rural commanding officer to be so honoured. He is one of the most genial and popular officers in Western Ontario command, and as enthusiastic in military matters to-day as when he first sounded the bugle notes as a boy recruit forty years ago.

The Bertram family are famous for their marksmanship, Lieut. T. A. Bertram having, a few years ago, won the largest number of prizes ever taken from Bisley by a Colonial officer, and Col. Bertram has been untiring in his efforts to promote rifle shooting in his district. Military ardour runs in the Bertram blood. The colonel's three sons are all soldiers and marksmen. One is an officer in the 91st Regt., and the youngest son is captain in command of the old company in which the new Bisley officer enlisted long ago, and the Bertrams can upon occasion furnish a ten-man rifle team of the one name, which is a record unique in Canada.

* * *

A Legal Playwright

A MAN who is able to write a play, see its first performance in his home town, where everybody knows him, and at the close of the performance come before the curtain and make a tactful speech without falling dead of heart failure, has in him more than the average degree of moral courage. Such a man is Mr. C. W. Bell, of Hamilton. He is a lawyer by shingle; but by real profession he is a playwright. He has written several plays. The one produced in Hamilton had not even a name. It was put on to a crowded house in which were several critics. It aroused enthusiasm—some of which plainly meant "Rah for us," but much of it was discerning appreciation. The critics took it seriously. They devoted columns to its analysis. Mr. Bell is a member of the firm Crerar, Crerar and Bell. He was born in Hamilton thirty-two years ago. At the High school he manifested the cacoethes scribendi, by becoming editor of the school paper. He went to Trinity College, Toronto. There also he did journalistic work. He graduated and studied law at Osgoode, was called to the Bar in 1899. He wrote an early play—a farce called "The Prince of Zanzibar." It was side-tracked because farces were going out of date in favour of musical comedy. Other plays of Mr. Bell have been sidetracked in a similar way. It may have been a good thing for Mr. Bell that they have been. At present he is under contract to write two more plays. Mr. Bell will yet make his mark, but not in law. His senior partners will look after the clients while he writes the play. No doubt being a lawyer he is



Lt.-Col. Bertram
Commandant Bisley Team

able to see comedy and tragedy and farce enough every week to make a play.

* * *

A Railway Minister

THE prospective new Minister of Railways in Alberta is one of those men who usually find a way or make it. Mr. Duncan Marshall is not one of the Ontario sort that would have been a dub round home and struck out west to discover that somebody needed him. He was something of a whirlwind in Ontario. Originally he was an editor; also publisher of a paper called the Thornbury *Standard* which was a strong Liberal sheet, as may be surmised. Mr. Marshall had positive opinions of his own and he had a way of expressing them with his pen. But he was also a natural orator. He went on the stump. He liked politics. He became one of the Liberal organisers in Ontario. In that capacity he met Hon. Frank Oliver, who was sufficiently charmed with Mr. Marshall's address to offer him a job out West—with a chance of making himself felt in rather a big way if he had a mind to take hold and get into the push. Mr. Marshall went on the Edmonton *Bulletin* as business manager. He succeeded. The *Bulletin* is a go-ahead sheet and much of its progressiveness has been demonstrated since Mr. Marshall went on. It was not always progressive. Time was when the *Bulletin* had things all its own way in the town which its proprietors almost discovered. But nowadays it has to hustle like all the rest. Mr. Marshall is part of the hustle. In the recent Alberta election campaign he was a Liberal member down at a town called Olds, which is a thriving community south of Edmonton. Mr. Marshall was elected. It seems likely that he will become the first Provincial Minister of Railways in Canada.

* * *

Another Newspaper Celebrity

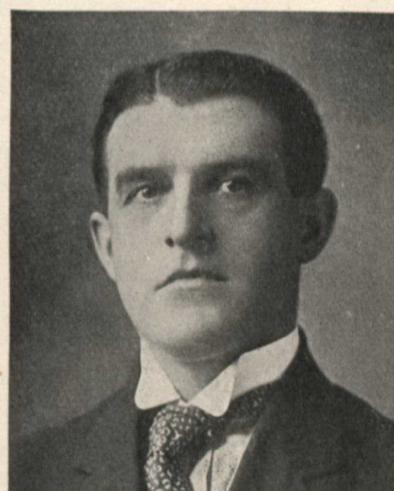
ONE of the brightest and most progressive newspapers in the West is the Lethbridge *Herald*. This paper is one of the real readables—as a western paper should be. It is breezy and optimistic and sane. The man that founded it and that still edits and publishes it is the son of a Methodist minister, and is by no means a black sheep, but a real constructive and brainy man who has a mission in life and has already accomplished a good part of it. Mr. Buchanan is a young man. He was born in Peterborough County in 1876 when his father was preaching down that way. He was educated in Trenton, Norwood and Brighton—which is equivalent to saying that his father went the rounds of those towns while his



Mr. Duncan Marshall,
New Alberta Legislator.

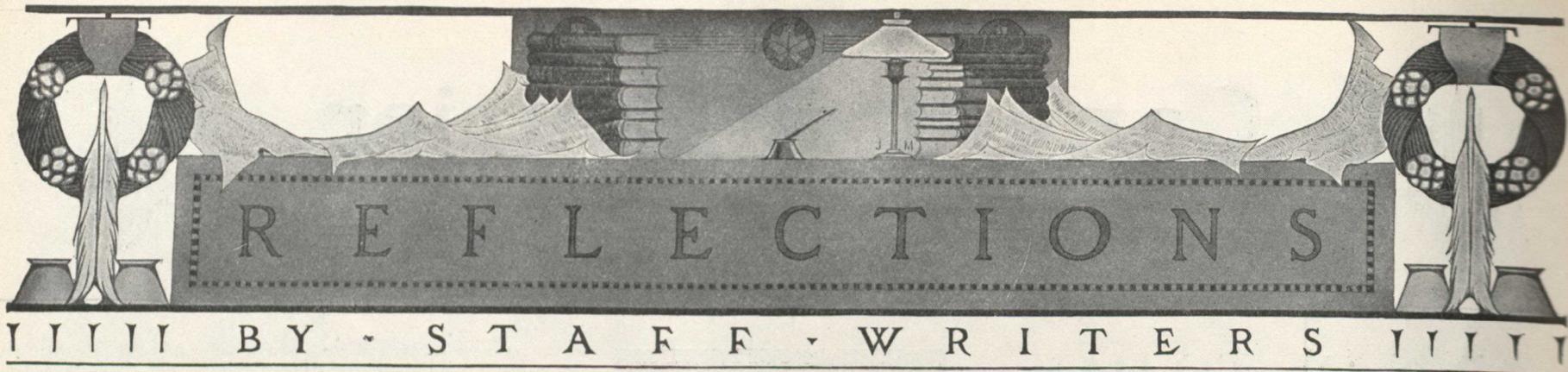


Mr. Chas. W. Bell,
Playwright.



Mr. W. A. Buchanan,
New Alberta Legislator.

son was growing up. In 1893 he went on the Peterborough *Review* which is a Conservative paper. He spent seven good years on that sheet till he got into the editorial department; from which he went to Toronto as news editor of a newspaper called the Toronto *Telegram*. Not long afterwards he migrated to St. Thomas to manage the *Journal* of that town for Mr. Brierly, of the Montreal *Herald*. The *Journal* is a Liberal paper. But when Mr. Brierly disposed of that paper Mr. Buchanan hit the trail for the West. That was in the fall of 1905 when the trails were busy with folk getting out to the unoccupied places where fortune and fame were to be made. He went to Lethbridge, which in that year had about 2,500 population, but now—thanks to Mr. Buchanan and the Lethbridge *Herald*, which he established in the interests of progress—the number of souls is not less than 8,000. Lethbridge became so big under his management that it had to have a member and Mr. Buchanan became that member.



REFLECTIONS

IIII BY STAFF WRITERS IIII

CANADA'S WHEAT CROP

PROFESSOR MAVOR'S famous report to the British Board of Trade is rapidly being discounted. Already one hundred million bushels of wheat are being produced annually in the prairie provinces. Of the land taken up by the present population, not one half is yet under cultivation. That means a growth from one hundred to two hundred millions in the near future. There are 250,000 surveyed quarter-section farms still unoccupied, and these should produce another 250 million bushels. There is thus, almost within sight, an annual production of 450 million bushels. Then there are the hinter-lands and the arid sections—and no one may estimate their possibilities. Professor Mavor's estimate will easily be doubled in the not distant future.



THE NEXT NORTHERN CITY

THE next northern city is Athabaska Landing. The Canadian Northern Railway surveyors have left Edmonton to take up the survey from Morinville to the Landing—ninety miles or so. The Alberta Government has guaranteed bonds of the new line to the extent of \$13,000 per mile. If the Canadian Northern shows the enterprise which we are accustomed to expect, the rails will be laid during the present year. No railway builders in Canada have earned their bond guarantees more quickly than the Canadian Northern.

The latest despatch from the Landing, in the *Edmonton Bulletin*, says that the dust on some of the streets is already a nuisance, and that a few warm days will make it necessary to bring out the "sprinklers." It announces that a new garage for the automobiles of the Northern Transportation Company is being erected, and that the company will grow its own flowers and vegetables necessary for the supply of their steamers. Last but not least: "The shipyards on the waterfront present a busy scene."

Those who thought Athabaska Landing a trading post where the Indians brought their furs may be astonished to read these clever remarks, but the Landing is the port of entry to water stretches totalling 3,500 miles of navigable streams and lakes on which there are already nearly a dozen steamers. Those who read the papers carefully will soon find rising quotations for corner lots, for no doubt the alluring advertisements are already written in preparation for the arrival of the railway.



A BOUQUET FOR MR. PEARSON

WHEN Mr. Dawson, editor of the *Standard of Empire*, spoke before the Winnipeg Canadian Club, he delivered a message from our old friend, Mr. C. Arthur Pearson, the publisher of that latest of imperial publications, in London. "Tell our friends in Canada," said Mr. Pearson, "that the people who do things in the motherland are lost in admiration and respect when they contemplate the forward march of Canada into full nationhood." All this and much more, intended to inform us through the voice of his capable representative, that Mr. Pearson would like us not to forget him and his great work in moulding the destinies of the Empire.

Mr. Pearson need not fear that we shall forget. He and Sir George Newnes have engraved their names on the tablets of our memory. They are the gentlemen who sold Canada to the United States. Sir George Newnes arranged with a United States publisher that Canada should be allowed to purchase only the United States edition of the *Strand Magazine* and Mr. C. Arthur Pearson made a similar arrangement for *Pearson's Magazine*. Since these arrangements went into force Canadians have been debarred from purchasing the British editions of these periodicals from the publishers thereof. A pretty pair of imperialists these! They ignored and snubbed Can-

ada in the days of her youth, and recked little of the British Dominions Over-Seas when making their business bargains. Then, after such action, Mr. Pearson dares to prate to us of "recognition and reciprocation" and of "Canada's great claims." He is perfectly justified in getting all the advertising he can for the *Standard of Empire* from generous provincial governments in Canada, but it is presumption on his part to pretend that he is lying awake at nights thinking out schemes for the benefit of this portion of His Majesty's domain. We admit the advantages of Empire, but we hesitate to accept some of the patronising phrases which flow across the Atlantic. Even our hesitation vanishes when Mr. Pearson speaks.



MILITARY TRAINING IN THE SCHOOLS

NATURAL indeed is the fear of many people that physical training and military drill in the school will tend to peace rather than war. Few object to the physical training, but many object to the military drill. Lord Strathcona's gift is to cover both, and the latter class of citizens wish he had confined his encouragement to physical training.

Has it occurred to the people that, adopting the same line of reasoning, physical training of youths would naturally tend to make them quarrelsome pugilists? If military drill makes men want fighting and war, why should not physical training make them desire to indulge in professional boxing and pugilistic encounters? As a matter of fact, their fears are absolutely groundless. Probably one-third of Canada's present citizens of full age have trained one or more seasons in the militia or have done more or less rifle shooting; yet these men are no more belligerent nor warlike than their neighbours. Indeed, some of the most aggressive citizens in the country are men who have never been an hour in the hands of the drill-sergeant and have never smelt either peaceful or warlike gun-powder. It was not the British army which advocated and whooped for the fight with the Boers; nor was it the United States soldiers who worked up the sentiment which caused "Our War with Spain." The people who make war are the commercial magnates, the newspaper publishers and the politicians. All modern history proves the truth of this statement.

If the pupils are taught that war is destructive of human life and wealth and that a rifle should be used only in defence of national liberty and international justice, no harm can come of it. Indeed, much is gained, for the soldier knows best what war means. Moreover, the citizen militiaman is less likely to court war than the professional soldier; if Canada does not provide herself with a militia capable of defending herself in case of attack, then she will inevitably find that her standing army will grow under official sanction.

Those who are opposing military drill in the schools should give the matter more attention before they decide definitely upon a line of opposition.



A WORTHY CANDIDATE

THE announcement that Mr. Joseph Martin, known from the steel works of Sydney to the strawberry beds of Vancouver Island as "Fighting Joe," is a candidate for British parliamentary honours is sufficiently startling. But the further statement that this redoubtable Canadian is running in the classic retreat of Stratford-on-Avon sends the small deity of things-as-they-ought-to-be into another prolonged chuckle. Quiet, old Stratford-on-Avon of Shakespearean traditions, with crowds of eager tourists ready to believe all that the guide-books say, may well be startled by the intrusion of this Strenuous Man of the West. Already Mr. Martin has laid down the planks of his platform with a defiant thump. He is in favour of woman suffrage, he loves the working-man and he is going to reform the House

of Lords. Truly, we Canadians are a brave people, with big men of the Hercules brand who are daunted by no gigantic tasks.

It is somewhat curious that Mr. Hamar Greenwood, the buoyant young Canadian from the town of Whitby, should have been elected to represent the ancient English city of York, while the stormy statesman from our Pacific Province has gone over to capture sleepy, charming Stratford-on-Avon. Some of the Canadian papers have been afraid that Mr. Martin's campaign would vex Shakespeare's ghost, but the editors of these journals forget how gentle Will loved a good fighter. His own *Hotspur* was not more impetuous than the Canadian candidate who is now riding fast and far to secure the votes of the Warwickshire town. Had he tarried in Canada, political preferment might once more have come Mr. Martin's way. In the meantime, that volatile orator may consider it better to serve at Westminster than to wait in British Columbia.



THE DECLINE OF LACROSSE

VARIOUS reasons have been given why lacrosse no longer looms large in the eye of the Canadian youth. That it is a game incomparably better fitted to young Canada than baseball or any other substitute so far offered is admitted on all sides. Yet the number of clubs in Ontario and Quebec yearly grows smaller. Nor can it be said that the Canadian boy of to-day is any less vigorous than the boy of a generation ago. He is the same strong, active product. But whereas a few years ago lacrosse had practically a monopoly of the Canadian summer the boy is now confronted by a diversity of interests. And the greatest of all these interests is the commercial.

To-day the Canadian boy is not satisfied to stay in the village or on the farm and fill his father's shoes when the latter has worn them for the last time. He wants to be up and doing—not merely looking for a living, but grasping for wealth. His father's ambition was a covered buggy; he yearns for an automobile.

And to this spirt, or ambition, if you care to call it such, is largely chargeable the decline of the national game. For more and more every day are the boys allowing commercialism to influence their whole lives—and you cannot commercialise lacrosse. To be sure we have professional lacrosse teams, but in all Canada there are only seven of them really worthy of the name, and they simply provide about one hundred players with fair wages for some of the summer months.

On the other hand, the boy hears of Marathon runners making modest fortunes in a single afternoon, and baseball players who garner the salaries of bank presidents. Naturally his developing commercial instinct turns him towards the money-making sports and lacrosse is neglected.

But through its indirect workings the commercial instinct is even more to blame. It robs Ontario and Quebec of its young men who find wider scope for their abilities and greater opportunities for accumulating the coveted fortune in the new provinces of the West. Some of them again take up the game in their new homes, but most of them are too much intent on the new game of catching the elusive dollar.

Yes, Canada as a nation is becoming more commercial every day and nowhere is this more noticeable than in the athletic sports. To be sure there are governing amateur bodies, stronger and better run than those of a decade ago. But what are they doing? Simply training athletes for the professional classes. For instance, they have given a large share of their attention to the Marathon. And the result is that to-day every Marathon runner who made a name in amateur circles is using that name to draw guarantees and gate money in professional company.

To sum it all up briefly. The ambition of the age is to make money. You can't make money in lacrosse because you can't play it often enough to permit of the paying of big salaries. Therefore the Canadian Youth is giving his time and attention to other sports and pursuits that promise a larger pecuniary reward. It is sad but true.



THE AMERICAN IN CANADA

MR. J. BRUCE WALKER, Immigration Commissioner, estimates that 70,000 Americans will come into Canada this year and that they will bring in goods and other capital to the extent of \$70,000,000. In March alone 485 carloads of settlers' effects passed through Portal, the entry port for the "Soo" line besides what came in at Emerson, Bannerman, Coutts and other points. Canada is thus getting back her own, for we have contributed a million citizens and much wealth to the upbuilding of the United States.

In a recent address to the Intercolonial Club of Boston, Mr.

Arthur Hawkes, of Toronto, likened the American in Canada to the Scot in London—"he had a knack of finding the best things that were going, and keeping fast hold on them." The American is not only entering the Prairie Provinces with a plough ready for work, but he is pouring into British Columbia and Ontario to take part in the lumber and mining development. Indeed, he is everywhere—picking up good investments. In the last ten years, half a million of these enterprising farmers, lumbermen, miners and manufacturers have crossed the boundary line into the new Land of Promise. It does not appear that it will require another ten years, before the total reaches the million mark.

Is there room for all these people? There are still in the hands of the Government 250,000 surveyed farms of 160 acres each. Counting an average of four people to each farm, this land will accommodate one million people. Supposing that one-half of those moving on to those farms shall be Americans, the half million will be provided for in the surveyed lands of the Prairie Provinces alone. This leaves out of account all the spare places in the other six provinces.

Will they come? This also must be answered in the affirmative. The emigration northward has only just begun. It is reasonable to suppose that besides getting back the million people lent to the Republic in its day of need, we will get back another million for interest. The Peace River Valley will take a quarter of a million. Northern Ontario and Quebec will absorb another quarter of a million. British Columbia would not grumble in the slightest if a quarter of a million passed northward into her fruitful valleys and fertile uplands. Some day a boom in the Maritime Provinces will bring about a settlement of the debt which New England owes to that portion of the Dominion.

The social and political effect of two million Americans in Canada need not cause present anxiety. As Mr. Hawkes pointed out, a man does not cease to love his mother because he loves his wife. If the American prospers in Canada as well as he did at home, he will not be averse to changing his political allegiance. The Canadians did it when they migrated south in the seventies and eighties; the American is doing it as he goes northward in the first twenty years of the twentieth century. There are many admirable features of Canada's Government which appeal to the new American-Canadian, and while he may not forget his mother, he will cleave unto his wife. Further, this addition to Canadian citizenship will make for a better understanding between Canada and the United States and between the United States and Great Britain. The Anglo-Saxon ideal and influence are much the same wherever met with, and Canada, the United States and Great Britain are almost one people in this respect.



THE VINDICATION OF MR. CALDER

HON. J. A. CALDER, Commissioner of Education for Saskatchewan, was charged with having made an improvident bargain for school readers to be used in his own province and in Alberta; with having let this contract go to the American Book Company, and with various other faults. So grave were the charges that in the last general election in Saskatchewan he was defeated in his own constituency and forced to seek another seat.

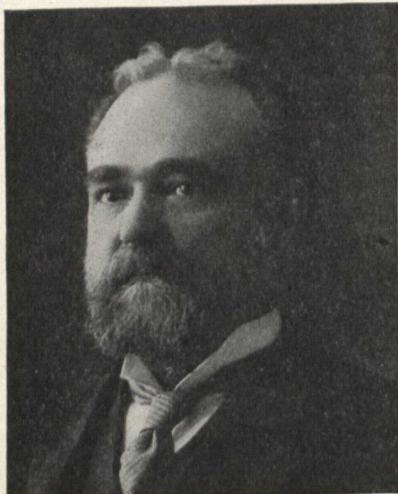
A judicial investigation followed, and a few days ago Chief Justice Wetmore and Mr. Justice Newlands handed out their judgment. It vindicated Mr. Calder in every count. They find that the contract was not given to the American Book Company; that the publishers of the books were making only a small profit on the contract; that there was no graft of any kind in connection with the transaction; that of all the tenders submitted the Morang tender was the best, and that Mr. Calder had not acted against the judgment of the joint educational council. Experts from New York, Boston and Toronto were called and the Commission seems to have taken every reasonable precaution to ensure the fullest and most accurate information. The result must be exceedingly satisfactory to Mr. Calder and to the Hon. Walter Scott, Premier of Saskatchewan, who has maintained always his faith in Mr. Calder's ability and probity.

It is to be hoped that the Opposition in Saskatchewan will accept the verdict with greater good grace than the Liberals have shown in connection with the recent investigation into the affairs of the New Brunswick Central Railway. It is unwise, in the interests of good government that any discredit should be thrown upon the judgments rendered by judicial and semi-judicial Royal Commissions. Therefore the public should support these judgments and refuse to allow the politicians to evade the consequences.

This particular case is also a warning to the public not to believe all the charges made against public men by political opponents.



PUBLIC MEN AND PUBLIC HONOUR



Hon. William Pugsley.

HON. MR. PUGSLEY, the Minister who is just now drawing the fire of the Opposition, is one of the cleverest men in public life. It was his misfortune to operate for years in a very cramped field. He was the late Andrew G. Blair's understudy in New Brunswick, and practically took over the management of that province when Mr. Blair went to Ottawa in 1896. Emmerson and Tweedie were pushed to the front in various capacities; but Pugsley was always the man. Long ago, David Russell wanted to get Pugsley at Ottawa. He gave him a great banquet at Caledonia

Springs to which the banquetters were carried on a special train, and at which "Dave" Russell made his speech through the agency of a phonograph. It was all intended as a big boom for Dr. Pugsley; but the "boom" failed to carry him into the Ottawa Cabinet that time. No man can know the inner mind of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and it is just possible that the Premier thought he would be safer with Emmerson. So Pugsley went back to Fredericton and waited.

* * *

WHEN Mr. Emmerson was accused of the one unpardonable sin in the eyes of Anglo-Saxondom, Mr. Pugsley's opportunity came again. There were those who urged the claims of other men—men who had seats in the Dominion Parliament. But the powerful Pugsley was not to be ignored a second time. He was called to Ottawa. Since then his figure has been the constant pivot of much strife. The Opposition realised that they had made a poor trade—in a party sense—when they exchanged Emmerson for Pugsley; and they have been trying to minimise the effect of this mistake ever since. In the elections, Mr. Pugsley undertook to rescue his Province from the grip of the Hazen Government, which had just routed his old party in the provincial field; and, in spite of the most strenuous opposition which the Federal contest saw at any point, he succeeded beyond the highest expectations of his friends elsewhere. He stood forth once more as "a compeller of victory." Whatever might be thought about the Mayes affidavit, Pugsley could carry elections; and that is the virtue which has usurped the place of charity in political ethics—it covers a multitude of sins. Often it has to.

* * *

IT will be noticed that the attacks on Mr. Pugsley have come chiefly from the local New Brunswick Government. It was Premier Hazen who read the Mayes affidavit to a public meeting; and it is the report of a Provincial Government Commission which arraigns Mr. Pugsley in the Central Railway matter. This indicates for the knowing, what the New Brunswick situation really is—it is a duel between two able men. Pugsley and Hazen have crossed swords, and it is not likely that both will survive the contest. When Blair was local master of New Brunswick prior to 1896, he did not quarrel very seriously with the Federal Ministers. He ruled by virtue of a genuine coalition. Mr. Hazen is at the head of a coalition, too; but the quarrel between him and Pugsley is very likely to bring about something approaching a restoration of party lines. Nor are all the Liberals warm Pugsleyites. There is the venerable Senator Ellis of St. John—one of the cleanest men who ever sat in Parliament—who has never been wholly reconciled to the capture of New Brunswick Liberalism by the Blair group.

* * *

IT is a constant marvel to the student of Canadian political history how many exceptionally able men have come out of the Maritime Provinces. It was there that Sir John Macdonald found "Joe"

Howe, Dr. Tupper, Leonard Tilley and Sir John Thompson, and in the same rich field Sir Wilfrid has discovered Davies, Fielding, Blair and Pugsley. The two leaders of the present Opposition—Mr. Borden and Mr. Foster—are both Maritime Province men; and another leader whose absence from the House is an incalculable loss to his party—Sir Hibbert Tupper—is also a Maritime Province man. No other section of the country can approach this record. In Quebec the young men take to politics as a duck does to water; and yet Quebec can hardly boast eleven first-class names since Confederation. Ontario is hopelessly behind. We begin with Macdonald, Brown and Mackenzie; and then we hesitate. If maritime union would breed a larger race of statesmen in the fair counties by the sea, we might as well give the government of Canada over altogether to these brainy fish-eaters—the "Scotchmen" of the Dominion.

* * *

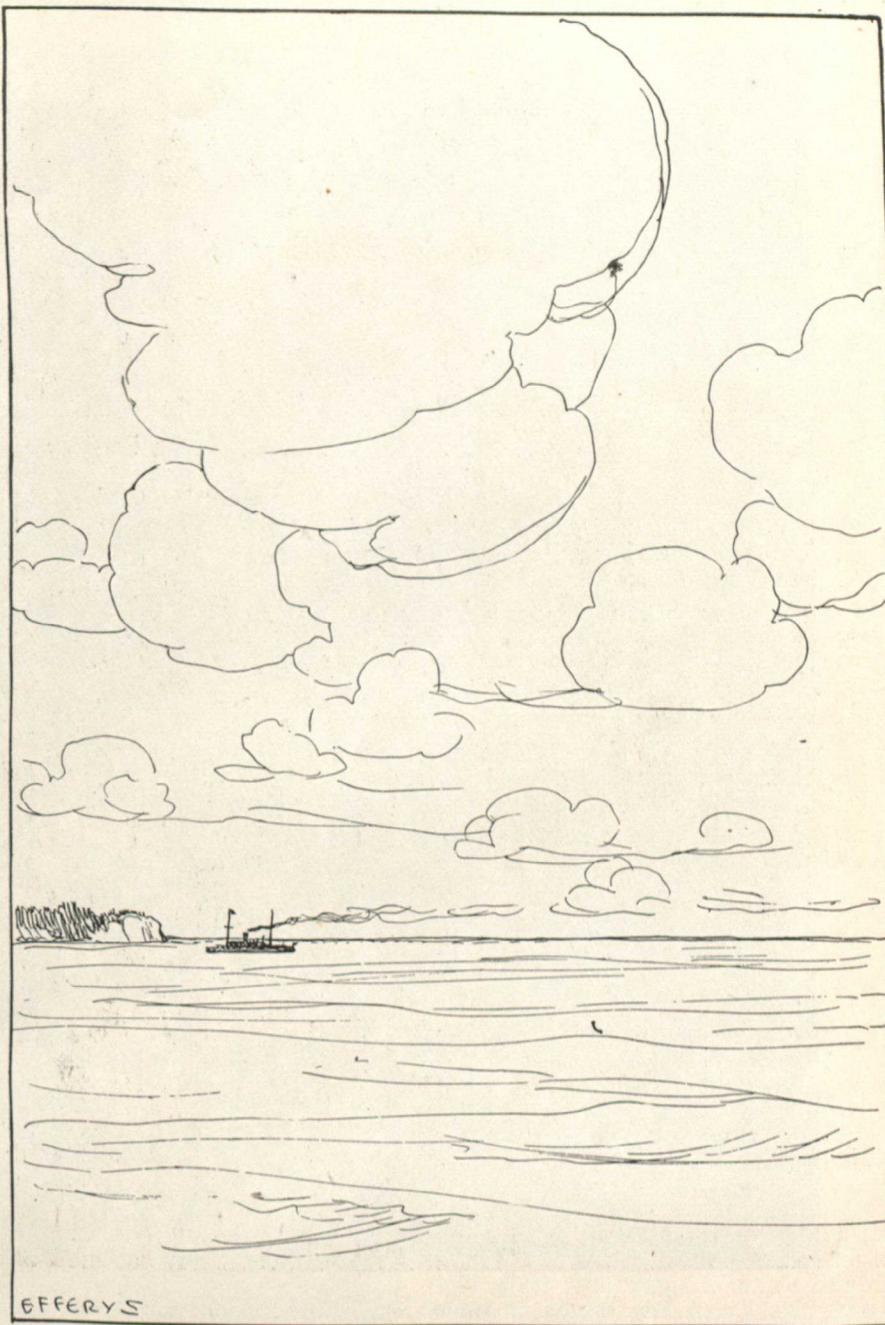
IT is a pity that public opinion in Canada does not compel public men to be more sensitive to attacks upon their honour. The fault is not with the public men but with public opinion. No man in Mr. Pugsley's position to-day is going out of his way to invite an enquiry into the whole sordid business of party management in St. John by McAvity and others, or into the jumbled affairs of the Central Railway, unless he must. It is not necessarily that he fears personal disgrace; but he knows perfectly well that no party manipulation in any city under any leadership is at all likely to emerge from a searching investigation without some smirched names and some shady transactions exposed. No leader can ever tell what is going to come to light when the actions of his subordinates are passed in review. So he avoids an enquiry if he decently can. And, in Canada, he usually can, unless somebody is prepared to make direct personal charges. This is because we are willing to be served by men under suspicion. We hold all our party leaders innocent until they are proven guilty—if they happen to belong to our party. Our custom should be to compel them to wipe from their reputations every chance spot of mud, no matter how carelessly flung or spattered from how filthy a gutter.

Wid Importe



THE EXCLUSIVES.

North Pole (to South Pole).—"Hallo! are you there? I say, old man, they nearly had you that time."
Voice from South Pole.—"Yes, I know. There'll soon be no such thing as privacy."
[With Mr. Punch's best compliments to Lieutenant Shackleton.]



A STUDY IN CONTRASTS—CANADA'S ARMY AND CANADA'S NAVY

Drawn by C. W. Jefferys.

EN ROUTE TO DEMARARA

A CANADIAN COURIER Staff-writer has been commissioned to visit the British West Indies, and to write a series of Six Letters on the Social and Commercial Characteristics of these British Colonies. She has been instructed to report on the possibility of Confederating these Islands with the Dominion of Canada. In the meantime, other writers will contribute articles on this subject, among them a native Jamaican now resident in Canada. Miss Gibson's first letter follows:

"S.S. DAHOME," HALIFAX.

16th April, 1909.

Dear Mr. Editor—

"I am arrived," as the French say, that is I reached Halifax last night at 10 o'clock. Having left Toronto on the night of the 13th inst. in torrents of rain, I was agreeably surprised to find on getting to Montreal the next morning that though the weather conditions were dull and cold the down-pour had ceased. This, as I had the whole day to spend in the city, meant a great deal to me. Again taking the Canadian Pacific train the same evening I found myself next day about noon at St. John. Later on I may have something to tell you about the latter place, but on this occasion I only left the carriage while it was being swept during the making up of the train. Indeed to go out of the station was impossible as the rain had recommenced, with, if possible, renewed energy. It seemed as if all the country, visible from the windows of the car, had become for the time being veritable "fog-land" with, in many places, considerable coatings of snow.

However, to-day I am again favoured by having a dry day and have been going about Halifax since early morning trying to pick up any information re the British West Indies which I think might interest your readers. In talking to one of the chief men of the city I was fortunate in getting some of his views on the importance of developing the trade

between Canada and these Islands. I learned that the rivalry which in former days existed between the United States and Canada still continues. There is undoubtedly need for something being done to aid on this development of trade between our great Dominion and the British West Indies, for notwithstanding the efforts of the Government in that direction, by subsidising a line of steamers, Canada has not made remarkable progress in expansion of her exports of manufactured goods. It is time that there had been about twice as much flour shipped last year via the port of Halifax as in the previous year, and so far this season there has been a moderate increase over the same date last year; but in such lines as textiles, boots and shoes and many other manufactured goods, Canada has made no progress whatever.

The Pickford & Black Steamship Company have been very generous in their encouragement to Canadian manufacturers. They have offered them especially low rates for their travelling men, in the hope that they would be encouraged to systematically canvass the trade of the Islands, but so far as my informant could learn not more than half a dozen firms took advantage of this offer during last year. Some, too, who might have done business direct, seemed to be content to sell through New York exporters, quite overlooking the great advantage of closer contact with the West Indian consumer, and the risk they run of having the New York dealer

substitute an American product for theirs if it should pay him better to do so. I may mention that I was also fortunate this morning in obtaining an interview with Premier Murray who, though too much occupied to enter at any length into the question, is thoroughly in favour of consolidation with Canada and the British West Indies. In my next I hope to tell you something of my surroundings on board, but as we sail, or rather steam, immediately after midnight, I must take advantage of what has now become a very fine day to see as much of the city as I may.

It may interest your readers to know in advance the places which I hope to visit. On the 21st we expect to be in Bermuda. After calling at St. Kitts, Antigua, Montserrat, Dominica, St. Lucia, St. Vincent and the Barbados, we shall reach Trinidad on the 29th. Two days later we reach Demarara where we are to spend three days. Returning we are due to reach Halifax on May 23rd.

Yours truly,

SIDNEY A. GIBSON.

Imperial Edmonton

ACCORDING to the resolution passed last week by the Canadian Club of Edmonton, Edmonton is decidedly imperialistic. They approved the resolution passed in the House of Commons with regard to Canada's attitude towards the British navy, and urged the immediate "organisation of a Canadian naval service." But they did more. They added:

"And, in addition to this, as a fitting inauguration of Canada's participation in Imperial naval defence, and from considerations of high strategy, —giving notice to the world at large of the solidarity of the empire—that Canada do now offer to the British navy a battleship of the *Dreadnought* type. "And that this resolution be forwarded to the Prime Minister of Canada."



Annual Sale of the King's Fat Stock at Slough—General View from the Sheep Pens

COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPH BY HALF-TONES, LIMITED

King Edward's Interest in Agriculture

By J. H. S. JOHNSTONE

BBRITAIN'S pre-eminence in the breeding of pedigree live stock is axiomatic. If you want the best you must seek it in the tight little isle. Horses, cattle, sheep and some sorts of swine have there all reached their state of greatest improvement. If it is true that wherever in the world's greatest routes of commerce there exists a safe and spacious harbour for sea-going ships there also will you find the Union Jack flung to the breeze; so it is true that wherever lies a fertile breadth of grain and grass, there also will you see the work of the British improver of live stock. From "Zembla's shores unto far Peru" the seed stock taken from Albion has added countless millions to the value of the native herds and flocks.

Britain's breeders stand in a class by themselves. There is a reason. From the time of King John and the Magna Charta they have had the royal example and co-operation in the advancement of their interests. Wisely conceived and properly executed laws have encouraged and cheered them on to greater achievements. Establishing a breed even under the most favourable conditions, is a slow and disappointing process. Heredity's forces in the improvement of live stock are elusive, the unconquerable tendency to reversion menacing the most careful breeder at all times. Continuity of effort, spread over many years and directed by far-seeing and brainy men willing to bide their time, alone have brought success.

It is conceded among the nations at large that only British perseverance could have achieved the results which now bulk so proudly on the horizon of the farmer the world around. But these results never could have been attained had it not been for the royal interest and example in the work. People faced by the stern necessity of making a living from day to day must of necessity seek profits by the way—they cannot extract sustenance from a climatic impossibility of attainment in less than one hundred years or so.

Here the landowning element of British breeders, the nobility included, encouraged by the Crown's example, has filled the breach. Secure in the tenure of their lands, they, and the tenant-farmers as well, have handed on the work of improvement from sire to son. Working always along a well-defined line, they have brought the steady lamp of experience to light their path. Turnings to the right or left and stumblings in the dark have been avoided. Mutations have always been in the line of the forward march of progress.

Never in the history of live stock improvement during all the past centuries has a British monarch showed keener interest in agriculture in all its branches than has King Edward. Never have the land owners and tenant-farmers received greater encouragement to persevere in their great work. On the royal farms are maintained herds, steeds and flocks of the purest lineage, and, if we may judge by the prize lists of the greatest shows, the highest individuality. At the fat stock exhibitions, as well as at those for breeding animals, the King's stock takes its chances with the best in Britain. It wins or loses on its merits and it is always to be reckoned with when the judges distribute the ribbons.

Many prime cattle, sheep and swine are fattened annually on the royal farms. The finished product is always sold at auction in time for the Christmas market. Everyone is free to come and bid—the high dollar gets the stuff; no favourites are played. The illustrations show typical features of this annual vendue.

If Ontario Had Police

ONTARIO and the other eastern provinces are complaining that there is no provincial police force. All the police belong to the towns or cities and if a desperado commits a crime in one town and escapes there is no co-

ordinating force to pursue him. The following account, sent out a few days ago from Edmonton, shows how the R. N. W. M. Police do their work in such a case:

"With a force of eighteen mounted policemen scouring the countryside for miles around Leduc and Strathcona, Fred Kane, the convict, who made a sensational escape through the window of an express train near Strathcona, is still at liberty and the chances of his arrest are slight. Every train passing through Portal and Emerson is being searched.

"Two hours after his spectacular escape five men from the local R. N. W. M. P. detachment supplemented by a number of officers and the officers from Leduc and Wetaskiwin were on the scene, but no trace of the fugitive could be found. The police spread out in fan shape from where he was last seen and all Thursday night and all day Friday were scouring the country for miles around.

"Inspector Worseley has communicated with all the police in Alberta and has also wired a description of Kane to all of the railway officials throughout the country.

"It is thought that immediately after his spectacular exit from the train Kane went to the home of one of his friends where he was supplied with a horse and sufficient money to ensure his getting away. The police have interrogated all of the settlers within a radius of twelve miles from the point where the escape was made but all deny any knowledge of the existence of the escaped prisoner. Should Kane not be located to-day a large force from Saskatchewan will be added to the man-hunting posse."

Ontario is laying its plans for a provincial police force, every member of which will be available for service in any portion of the province. Pennsylvania has a mounted police force of this kind which has won general approval. The people in outlying villages and districts can by such means be given as thorough and efficient protection as the people in the larger centres. Moreover, the force being maintained at the general expense is never hampered by the parsimony of town councils, who are thinking more of the tax-rate than of chasing hoboes and fugitive house-breakers.

OPEN AIR RECOVERY SCHOOLS

By JAMES L. HUGHES

WHILE many agitators both in Germany and England are speaking and writing about war between these countries, the thoughtful and philanthropic men and women in both countries are planning persistently to improve the conditions of children, especially of the neglected and feeble children of the poorer classes. The Greeks put the feeble children out to suffer the exposure test in order that the weaker might die and only the stronger survive. Christian philanthropy in modern times makes the feeble child a national care, and every possible pains is taken to develop the weaker department of his nature. England has long had special schools for mentally defective children and for those whose physical defects were confined mainly to their limbs. New England led the world in caring for the blind, and in providing an education for them. France did a similar work for the deaf. Germany has the honour of leading in trying to educate and at the same time to strengthen the bodies of children who are neither blind, nor deaf, nor crippled, nor mentally defective, but who are lacking in general vitality, who are physically below par, as so many children in great cities are, and whose lives must inevitably be short and comparatively ineffective unless they are in some way aided in their development.

It is estimated that from three to five per cent. of all school children in European schools belong to this class and suffer from anæmia and various forms of incipient diseases. German educators first provided open air schools for such physically debilitated children, where they could get pure air, free play, good nourishment, and comfortable rest in connection with their school work, as essential elements in their true development. England is following Germany. London conducted one such school in 1907. In 1908 there were three, and I was delighted to find two of the London teachers who visited Toronto in 1907 under Mr. Mosely's arrangements, in charge of one of these open air centres. They have the same good Irish name now. Only one of them answered to that name in Toronto.

The first school for the physically unfit was opened in Charlottenburg, Prussia, in 1904. It was found to be necessary to remove a large number of backward children from the regular schools to the special classes for backward children. The school doctor made a careful examination of these children and found that many of them in a debilitated state owing to anæmia and various diseases in an incipient stage. In consultation with the educational authorities it was proposed that a new type of school should be opened during the warm weather in which the pupils might live in the open air, and have plenty of good food, exercise and rest, and in which the curriculum should be changed by abandoning much of the book work and mere "memory ballast" of the ordinary elementary schools and making the work consist chiefly of manual training, drawing, singing, nature study, and more concrete work suitable for outdoor conditions. The hours of instruction were reduced by about one-half.

The place chosen for the school in Charlottenburg was a large pine forest. A simple wooden shed was erected in which the children might work or sleep during rainy weather, and portable wooden school buildings were used for class work in cold or unpleasant weather. In England, London and Bradford have chosen pleasant places in the suburbs, and the general arrangements are similar to those in Germany. The children sleep on reclining chairs, and rugs and waterproofs are provided for the comfort and protection while resting. Baths and freely used under the direction of the school doctor for anæmic and nervous children, and mineral baths are used for scrofulous children.

The children, except a few who live near the place chosen for the outdoor school, come to school on street cars, or are brought in special carriages. School begins about eight o'clock. On arriving, the pupils get a bowl of soup with bread and butter, or some other refreshments. School lessons are short,



An Afternoon Rest at the Open-Air School.



Sketching at the Open-Air School.

and a rest is taken after each lesson period. About ten o'clock a glass of milk and another slice of bread and butter are given. One half of the children play or work at manual training or read interesting books while the other half are engaged under the direction of the teachers.

A dinner consisting of meat, soup and vegetables is given at noon. After dinner the children sleep or rest for two hours on their reclining chairs protected by their rugs when necessary. At three o'clock classes are resumed, and at four light refreshments, milk, bread and jam, are supplied. From four to six, or later, according to the season, the children play or listen to stories, or are entertained in other ways by their teachers. Before going home they are given soup and bread and butter.

The influence of life in open air schools is most satisfactory, as shown in various parts of Germany and in the four schools in England. Physically the children show a great improvement, even in a few weeks, in appetite, appearance, power of attention, and tendency to play, as well as power to continue playing without fatigue. The medical examination at the end of the open air term has shown that the weight of the children increased on the average one-half pound per week, and in some cases as much as a pound and a half per week. Of anæmic children, eighty per cent. show improvement, and over forty per cent. have been pronounced cured by the doctors. Of scrofulous children more than eighty per cent. show improvement, and about twenty per cent. are cured. Of those with lung affection sixty per cent. show improvement, and twenty-two per cent. are cured. Another very satisfactory result is shown by the fact that the children are more free from colds, and better able to endure the trying conditions of the winter than they were before their experience in the open air schools. Some teachers

report marked improvement in the eyes of those whose eyes had been so weak that they could not live in the sunshine without suffering; and others state that the voices of many children increased in volume to a notable extent.

Educationally the results are quite as satisfactory. The power of sustaining interest and attention, and the mental alertness of the children are greatly improved, so that in most cases it has been found that the children are able to keep up with the regular classes, instead of being sent to the special schools for slow and backward pupils.

Morally the results are manifestly good. The conduct of the children soon improves. They become more orderly, more punctual, more cleanly, and better in temper. They soon gain more power to do their own work, and thus become self-directing and self-reliant. They respond, too, more promptly and more effectively to the directions of their teachers.

Such advantages in the physical, mental and moral development of the children are naturally to be expected from good conditions, pure air, sunlight, baths, good food, free play, interesting work, short lessons, and happy lives. One of the best of the new experiences of the little ones is their real life in touch with nature.

The German teachers report that the teaching methods adopted in the open air schools have had a good influence in revealing better methods for the regular schools. Arithmetic is based on actual measurements. Each child is supplied with a tape line for measurements, and mathematical conceptions are gained from real things.

Geography becomes a vital study in an open air recovery school. The children make great relief maps in which they construct mountains and rivers, and peninsulas, and capes, and islands, and lakes, and bays, and straits, and illustrate other geographical terms constructively. They are also trained to observe the influence of rain and climate, and the older children make maps of the surrounding districts to scale.

By nature study the children are trained to observe the conditions and processes of life development. The growth of plants, animals, and insects may be shown by the study of real conditions. There is a highly influential moral development in training a boy to watch in sympathetic spirit the growth of young birds in a nest, or the operation of ants in their daily life. The apperceptive centres of some of the highest moral ideals may be started by planting a seed, and watching a feeble plant.

The general influence of the open air recovery schools is admirably summarised in the report of Mr. T. H. Jones, one of the London Inspectors, who says in his report, "The school has been most successful, and its influence on the health, the minds and the character of the children has been most beneficial."

Dr. Sears, writing about the children in the London open air recovery school in 1907, says:—"The general effect of the open air school life upon the children was easily discernible in their improved colour and less restrained demeanour. They seemed brighter and more full of spirits at the end of the school days than at the commencement. Their movements were brisker and their intellects were keener as a result of their attendance at the school."

Mr. Blair, the executive officer, and Mr. Kerr, the medical officer of the London schools, in their report, state that "from the notes upon each case it is clear that every single child who attended the school improved in health, and that the improvement was as a rule greatest in those who were most debilitated at the outset."

Canada's revenue for the fiscal year ending March 31st amounts to \$84,000,000, or just twelve millions below the preceding year. Considering the state of trade the world over, this is a fairly good showing. For March, the revenue showed an increase of half a million, so that the prospects for the next twelve months are exceedingly good. The consolidated fund expenditure for the year was probably about equal to the revenue.

IN THE ABITTIBI COUNTRY



Making a Traverse.



Survey Party—A Sunday Afternoon in Camp.



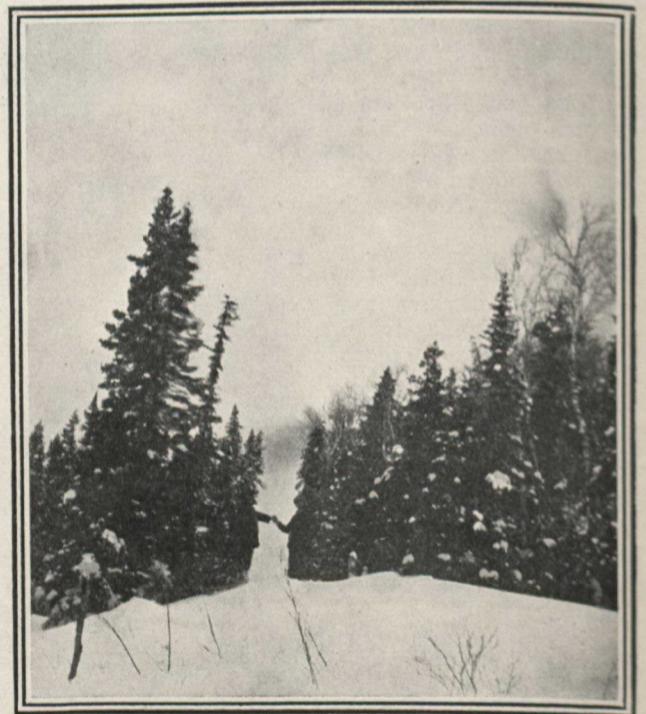
Moving Supplies by Dog Train.



After Supplies are all sent in, the Camp follows.



A General View of a Winter Survey Camp—On the Shore of Lake Abittibi.



Inter-provincial Boundary between Ontario and Quebec crossing an Island in Lake Abittibi.

Abittibi in Winter

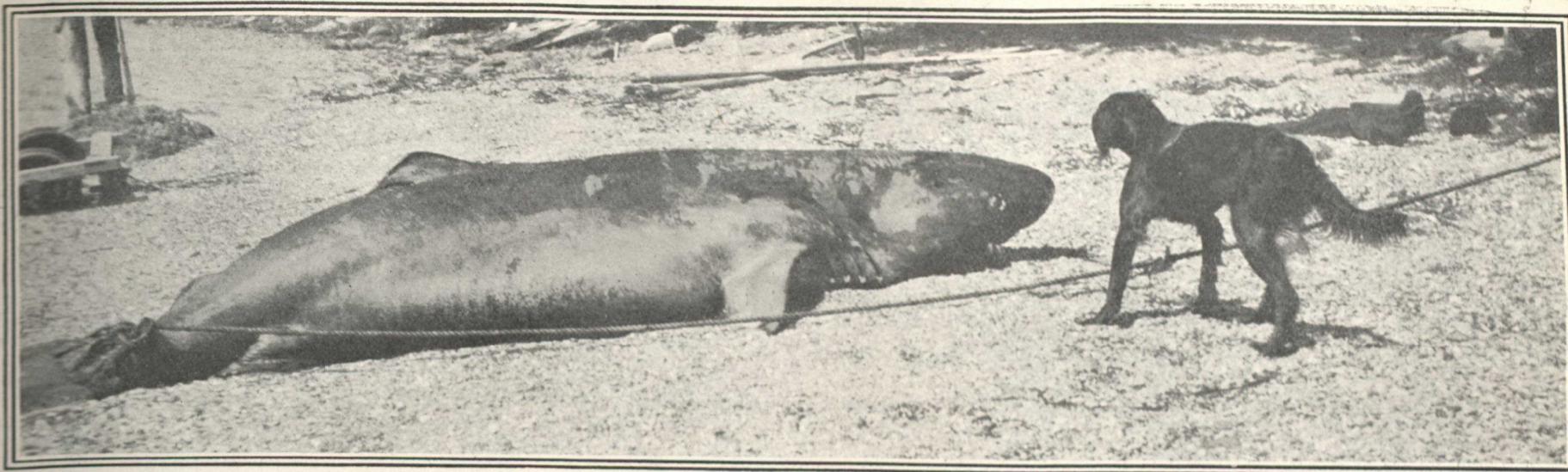
NORTHERN Ontario lakes are usually surveyed in the winter season, because then it is much easier to get an accurate shoreline. In summer to get along the shore, much cutting of trees and underbrush is necessary. Moreover, it is easier to work on the ice than in a canoe. Winter surveys are always more satisfactory. Moreover, the season's development usually indicates what districts will be opened up in the following year, and the winter survey enables

the authorities to get a good idea of the timber resources and to run lines which are necessary to lay out new townships.

A survey party was busy during the past winter, in completing the survey of Lake Abittibi. The lower lake was surveyed last year, and the upper, which is on the Ontario-Quebec boundary line, this year. This party, under the direction of Mr. A. T. Ward, of Speight & Vanostrand, spent two and a half months in this district. Their supplies were sent in by sleigh from the railway to the lake shore and then taken over the ice by sleigh and toboggan. Supplies were usually sent ahead by dog

train to the next camping spot, and when all were transported the party followed with the camping outfit on sleds.

The weather was fairly moderate, the climate being slightly milder than the corresponding districts in Manitoba and Saskatchewan. In January and February the thermometer ranged daily between twenty degrees below and ten degrees above zero. In March it was considerably warmer, ten degrees below being the coldest, while at noon "thawing" conditions were usual. The party lived in tents, heated by stoves, and all came through the experience without any untoward results.



The Ground Shark—From a Photograph by the Author.

THE GROUND SHARK

By BONNYCASTLE DALE, With Special Photographs by the Author

THE lad Fritz and I had just descended the mountain. My assistant was badly overheated and my heart was beating like a sledgehammer. The eagle far up the foothills of the Olympics had been hard to locate and harder to picture. I told the panting lad to lie on the sands to cool ere he ventured into the cold water of the Straits of Juan de Fuca, those great straits which divide Vancouver Island from the most northerly point of the United States—the Olympic Range.

We sat admiring the great animals of the sea as they plunged and leaped. Hair seal in pursuit of the run of salmon were gorging themselves in their peculiar wasteful way—a few bites out of a captured fish and then a swirling plunge, a great awkward smashing crack on the water with the big hind flippers, and away after another one. Further out a passing school of porpoises were rising and falling, leaping at times in a flashing cloud of spray. One single whale, a sulphur-bottom, rose and fell three times ere it sounded for another great mouthful of the tiny crustaceans, squid and jelly fish that it engulfed so greedily. Within reach of our strong telescope we could study that master of the seas, the sea lion. I wish some of the old writers that tell such wanton tales of the devil-fish, that great inert harmless squid, could see the real terror of the sea when he is thoroughly aroused; the sea lion is as much the master of the denizens of the deep as is the lion of the beasts of the forest.

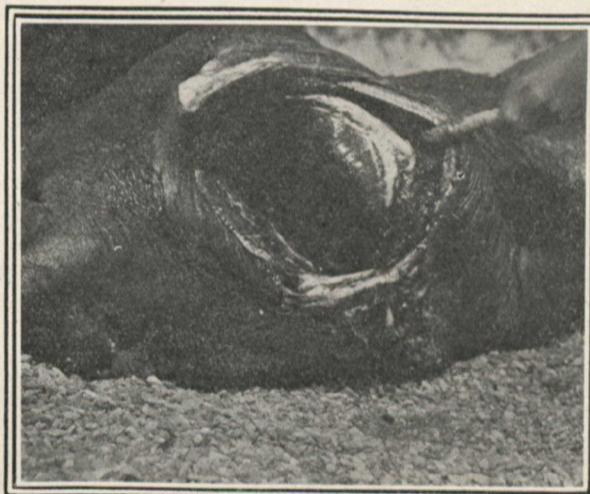
Well, an hour's telescopic study had cooled the overheated bodies, and we plunged into 45° water with a swift run down the sloping sands—not quite as fast as we ploughed our way out, for Fritz raced in to within a few feet of a great shark that was sulking along on the bottom. We had no sooner recovered from the shoreward race than I remembered that no shark seen so close to shore along these coasts could be other than a ground shark feeding on crustaceans. Squid, small dog-fish, weak salmon, anything that moves will partially fill the great vacancy Mother Nature has given this greedy fish and called it a stomach. Now, there was just a chance that this might not be a common ground shark, harmless to man. It might be a deep-water shark, ill or injured, thus straying near the shore. Sometimes the regular sea-tiger, that big, alert shark with long cruel teeth, which infest tropical waters, strays as far north as these unruly straits. I think injury or illness causes them to wander thus far north, as we have no records of them ever having attacked any one in the water in these colder northern currents. In fact, this very cold may render them sluggish.

We knew of these two families of sharks, one laying eggs in the soft muddy bottom of the sea, or else sending them adrift in parchment cases, as does the ray or skate, and the other, giving birth to its young alive. To make sure which this was we raced to a projecting reef that edged the sand to the east. There was no doubt that the big, dark thing that slowly passed us was a large, soft mud or ground shark. Needless to say we decided that the water was rather too cold for swimming, anyhow, in spite of the fact that the ground shark is considered harmless.

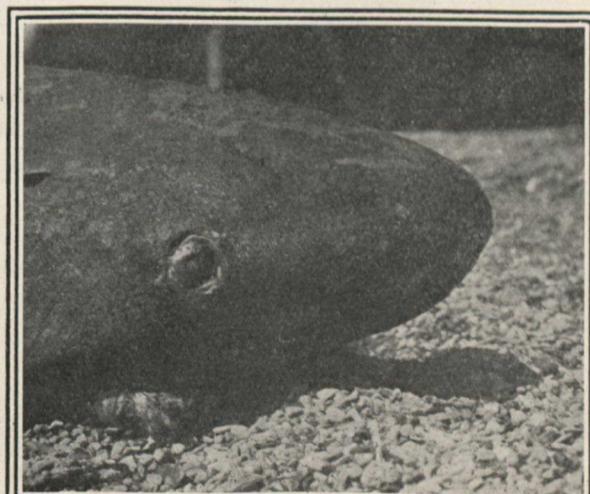
It was fully a year later that we had an opportunity to dissect and thoroughly examine a species of



Starting to Dissect the Ground Shark.



A Huge Cavern for a Mouth.



A Great Blunt Nose.

this family. It was at Sooke, that exquisite wee harbour, carved out of the solid syenite rock by the

Good Old Dame, aided by wind and tide and river current. A large specimen of the ground shark had swum into one of the big salmon-traps and the men had put a rope on the big sluggish creature's tail preparatory to drawing it out of the net when the manager thought of me. He had the ton of soft flesh hoisted aboard one of the scows and brought into the harbour. Fritz espied the great black-looking body as we paddled into the harbour. It was so huge that we could not pry it over so that it might not fall into the water, and as the wonderfully clear sea-green eyes seemed to say it was yet alive we were afraid of losing it; so the men kindly poled the big scow ashore and plumped the big shark into the shallow water. So soft is the body formation that it flattens out towards the shape of the ground it lies upon. There was life in the big beast, but how much we could not tell. We tied it behind our Rice-Lake canoe and paddled hard with the tide to keep it afloat and moving. It gave one or two big convulsive rolls, so I laid my knife handy so that I might slash the rope in case it took a notion to sound with us attached to it. Many were the anxious glances we cast as we passed over the deep channels, and when we were far from shore. However we made the home shingle safely and tied the big animal securely, for drag it an inch above its floating level we could not.

Next morning our Gordon setter Daisy found it bright and early, and the way she raced along that beach and leaped yelping over our latest specimen was a sight to gladden the eyes of any dog owner. Finally she decided that it would not charge her, and as the sea had run away and left it fifty feet up the beach she decided it was safe to leave it and risk it swimming away. So she came back and watched us at our morning meal; then with smiling mouth widely opened and glad tail frantically wagging, she escorted us to the beach to show us what she had found. We had a set of knives for her find, all sharp and keen and ready. The once emerald eyes (real living jewels all these sharks have for eyes) were clouded, so no doubt the animal was dead. We measured it—10 feet 7 inches from blunt snout to widely truncated tail tip. All of the skin was coated with an armour of fine spines, while the pigment that coloured the body was black. This, however, can easily be rubbed off by attrition and leave the shark a whitey-grey looking thing. The delicate little orifice that did duty for a mouth was thirteen inches across and eleven inches in extent when opened by Fritz's full strength. It disclosed an armoury of rows of small, sharp teeth that would have furnished a dozen animals with a full set; these rows of teeth were set on a jawbone that could be slowly rolled inwards or outwards, bringing new rows of teeth into play. Fritz counted over 760 and then lost track. The mouth inside was black and white spotted. The nostrils, three inches across, while the ear was only an inch, showing truly how much sensitive fibre there is in fishes outside the actual auditory nerve. Along the side of the head were five great gill openings, each large enough to force the two clenched fists into.

We measured the girth of the great creature, seven feet and a half about. Luckily it does not seek man for prey. I often think how well it would

CONCLUDED ON PAGE 20

THE LITTLE GREY LADY

A Story of Men's Schemes and Women's Wits



STOURTON forgot at once the gloomy, half-lit appearance of the house, the cold, uninhabited air of the hall and passages, the sombre bearing of the solitary manservant who had ushered him in. This grey-headed old lady, with the delightful face and quaint air of having stepped out of some mediæval picture, but whose unfortunate deformity was only too apparent, charmed him at first sight. She sat in a great chair before a fire heaped with logs of wood, whose pleasant heat seemed to strike a reassuring note after the draughts and general chilliness through which he had passed. Her smile of welcome lent her features a sweetness which was more than sufficient compensation for those misshapen shoulders. A cloud of vague misgivings vanished as he bent over her outstretched hands.

"It is Mr. Ronald Stourton, I am sure!" she murmured. "You've done me so great a kindness that I scarcely know how to welcome you."

He laughed good-humouredly and began to unfasten his travelling coat.

"You expected me, then?"

"Max, my nephew, telegraphed that you would bring me the letter. I cannot tell you how important it is to me, how thankful I am to you."

He produced a long, leather case, and taking a letter from it, carefully replaced the portfolio in his pocket.

"It is a very small matter, this, for gratitude," he said. "Only I am afraid that I must ask you to excuse my remaining here, even for a moment. Technically I believe that I am guilty of a misdemeanour in paying even this hurried call. I have to be in Downing Street as quickly as possible."

She poured out a cup of coffee from an arrangement of wonderful appearance which stood by her side.

"Do not stay for a moment longer than you wish," she murmured; "but you must positively have something to warm you before you go. I am sure that you are cold. I know what crossing is like in such weather. Ah! I see that you are smiling at my machine. Well, coffee is one of my hobbies. I always make it myself, and my friends are so good-natured as to pretend that they like it. You must give me your honest opinion. Will you pardon me if I just glance through this letter? There is a question, then, which I want to ask you about Max."

He accepted the cup of coffee, as he would have accepted almost anything from such a delightful old lady. He sipped it first. It was strong and of a delicious flavour. He drank it off and set down the cup. Suddenly, as he stood upright again, a queer giddiness assailed him. His hand went up to his head and he staggered back. The floor rose beneath his feet. Strange sounds throbbed in his ears. He clutched at the air with outstretched hands. He tried in vain to drag his limbs towards the door.

"Good Heavens!" he cried. "Let me out! I am ill! Let me out! Send—for a cab! Eighteen—Downing Street!"

He collapsed and lay stretched upon the floor. The little old lady sat and watched him over the top of her letter. The smile which parted her lips now was of altogether another order.

"FOR your muscles," the girl said, looking up at his averted face with a quiet smile, "I must always entertain a most profound respect. But as for your manners, I think that they are abominable!"

The man was a little startled. He looked at her quickly, and meeting the laughter in her eyes, drew himself up stiffly.

"I am sorry if I have given offence," he said. "May I ask in what way I have laid myself open to such a rebuke?"

She leaned a little forward, as though to look into his face, but his broad-brimmed hat was pulled well over his forehead, and his profile was as expressionless as though carved out of stone. She raised her eyebrows in humorous self-expostulation. The man was impossible, but so tantalising.

"Well," she said, "your first appearance upon the scene was opportune enough. I came round the corner running for my life, and after me the tramp. I was so overjoyed to see you that I forgot

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.*

to look where I was going, caught my foot in the root of a tree, and over I went."

"I trust," he said, "that you are not going to attribute your sprained ankle to my appearance."

"Don't be foolish!" she answered. "It is your manners I am attacking now. There I lay stretched upon the ground—a pretty object I must have looked—waiting for someone to help me up, and you, well, you ignored me in favour of the tramp. It was detestable!"

"I had an idea," he said, "that you were in no hurry. The tramp was!"

"In no hurry!" she repeated. "Heavens! have you ever tried lying on your face, with half of you in a furze bush, your skirts all disarranged, and no positive assurance that your leg wasn't broken?"

"I have never tried it," he answered simply; "but I was very anxious to make the acquaintance of your tramp."

"So anxious that you ignored me!" she remarked.

"I felt," he said, "that you would wait."

The girl leaned right forward this time. She meant to look into her companion's face. What she saw to some extent satisfied her.

"You took a great deal for granted," she remarked. "And I think you were very brutal to the tramp."

The man's lip curled slightly.

"Shall I go back and apologise?" he asked. "As for being brutal to him, that is nonsense. He deserved a thrashing and he got it."

"And I had to pick myself up!"

"My dear young lady," he exclaimed testily, "the other affair was more important."

The girl frowned slightly. After all, there was something of the boor about this man.

"My name," she said, "is Esther Stanmore. My father will wish to add his thanks to mine. Will you let me know your name, and where he will find you when he returns?"

Then the man really smiled. He seemed for the first time to find a grim humour in the situation.

"My name is John Paulton," he said. "I am a friend of your father's gamekeeper, Hegg, and he has lent me his cottage for the summer. I believe your father has taken him up to Scotland for a few months."

If he had expected to surprise her, he was disappointed. She accepted his information as the most natural in the world.

"I remember hearing about your coming, Mr. Paulton," she said, "and I have seen you in the woods. I am ever so grateful to you, of course, but I wish you would notice that I am limping."

He slackened his pace at once.

"I am very sorry," he said. "Is there anything I can do to relieve you? Will you rest here while I go up to the house for a pony?"

"How can you think of such a thing," she exclaimed, "after the fright I have had?"

"Then I really don't see—" he began.

"You might offer me your arm," she suggested.

"I don't think that I can walk any further alone."

He did as she asked in silence. She leaned heavily upon him, and they moved slowly along the path. He seemed determined not to encourage any conversation. She, however, was of another mind.

"Are you quite alone in Hegg's cottage?" she asked.

"I have a friend with me," he answered.

"A dark, clean-shaven man, rather pale?" she inquired.

"Yes."

"He was standing at the gate when I came by," she remarked.

He frowned.

"And I recognised him," she continued.

"Indeed!"

"He used to be my cousin's servant," she remarked. "The best man he ever had, I have heard him say."

He bit his lip.

"It is quite probable," he answered shortly. "I believe that he used to be in service, before—before he saved some money."

They emerged from the wood. The footpath which crossed the field in front of them led past a cottage built of grey stone, and with an ancient, red-tiled roof. A man was leaning over the gate, smoking a pipe. Directly he saw them, he thrust the pipe in his pocket and disappeared. The girl smiled.

"Your friend," she remarked, "is shy."

The man muttered something underneath his breath. The girl's smile deepened. She pointed to the cottage.

"I shall not try to walk any farther," she said. "I am going to beg the hospitality of your porch. Do you think that if we asked your friend very nicely, he would go up to the Hall for me, and tell them to send a groom down with a pony and a side-saddle?"

He opened the gate and motioned her to enter, with a gesture of grave politeness.

"I will find you a chair," he said, "and then, if you will permit me, I shall go myself to the Hall."

His anxiety to escape was a little too obvious. She answered him coldly.

"That must be altogether as you wish," she declared. "I am only sorry to give you so much trouble. If my foot were not very painful, I would struggle on somehow or other; but I am sure that I could not manage the stiles."

"If you will excuse me for a moment," he answered, "I will fetch you a chair. There is not the slightest necessity for you to walk any farther."

SHE heard his voice inside—quick, imperative, alert, the other man's smooth and respectfully acquiescent. The girl smiled to herself. This was so like the conversation of two friends! Did he really think that she was so easily hoodwinked?

Presently he came out, carrying a chair, which he placed carefully in a corner of the tiny lawn overgrown with wild flowers.

"You will excuse my not asking you in," he said shortly. "The rooms are small and stuffy. It is much pleasanter out here."

"I have no wish at all," she answered stiffly, "to intrude upon your hospitality. Thanks very much for the chair, though."

"Is there anything I can do for your—ankle?" he asked uncomfortably. "Would you like some—er—some hot water?"

She looked down at her foot gravely.

"You might feel whether it seems to you very much swollen," she answered, lifting it a few inches from the ground.

He stooped down and took it carefully into his hand. It was a long, slender foot, very soundly but daintily shod, and there was a faint silken rustle as she moved it carefully backwards and forwards. He held it for a moment very lightly—perhaps for a little more than a moment. Then he rose abruptly to his feet.

"I cannot feel any swelling at all," he announced. She was much relieved.

"I dare say, then, that it is nothing serious," she declared cheerfully. "I am so glad. If there is anything I detest, it is having to stay indoors."

"It is certainly tedious," he admitted. "I do not think that you need fear anything of the sort in this case, though."

"I am so fond of walking—in the woods," she murmured.

Left rather abruptly alone, the girl found herself confronted with a moral problem. Mr. John Paulton, as he had called himself, had excited her curiosity. The means of gratifying it were close at hand. Was she justified in using them? The man inside the cottage was, of course, his servant. He had stayed once at the Hall with her cousin, and would doubtless answer any of her questions. It was not, she admitted to herself reluctantly, a nice thing to do; but, on the other hand, Hegg had no right to lend his cottage to mysterious strangers who might be hiding from their creditors or from even worse things. It was inconsiderate of Hegg, especially as she was alone at the Hall. She decided that she had the right to investigate the matter thoroughly. And of course she did nothing of the sort. Even when the man came out a few minutes later to once more offer her some tea, she let him go without a single question. It was not possible.

He was back again in less than half an hour, followed by the groom with a pony. He helped her into the saddle and stood bareheaded to see her go.

"I feel," she said, looking down at him with a very expressive light in her soft, grey eyes, "that I haven't thanked you half enough."

"Please do not think any more of such a trifle," he protested. "Your gamekeeper would have done all that I did just as effectually."

"But my gamekeeper was not there," she objected.

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DOWAGER EMPRESS OF RUSSIA IN ENGLAND

A photograph of Queen Alexandra (on the further side) and her sister the Dowager Empress of Russia entering Westminster Abbey

THREE MEN—AND GERTRUDE

A Story of Life in the Great London

By PEGGY WEBLING

IF Miss Gertrude Gillespie had not possessed one of the most appealing and gentle natures in the world, not to mention blue eyes with entangling lashes, it is doubtful whether three sensible young men would have regarded her in the light of a problem.

Miss Gillespie was an orphan, living in private apartments—at attic with a sloping roof and the use of what was known as the "drawing room"—in the dulllest of dull streets in Pimlico. She was a typist and shorthand-writer, and two of the afore-said young men, Arthur Palgrave and George Frederick Jones, met her when she was employed at Gilderstein's, Limited, a wholesale printing firm.

It was Arthur Palgrave who propounded the problem of what to do with Gertrude to his journalist friend, Frank Stoddard.

"Miss Gillespie is one of the most charming girls I've ever met," he explained. "Nobody to take care of her—amazingly simple and unsophisticated—she doesn't seem to have any women friends, and she's lost her job at Gilderstein's."

"How was that?" asked Stoddard.

"Oh, they took on half a dozen girls for the Christmas work, and they've all got the sack. Business is awfully bad," answered Palgrave.

"Rotten! Nothing doin'!" added Jones.

"Is she entirely self-dependent?" asked Stoddard.

"Absolutely," said Palgrave. "She only got twelve and six a week at Gilderstein's, but I never heard her complain."

"I wish I could tell you what to do with the young woman, Arthur," said Stoddard, "but I know there isn't any opening at our office. Can't she change her profession? We're overrun with typists. Let her try—try—hospital nursing—or—"

"Salome dancing," suggested Jones.

Palgrave's kind face looked grave and troubled. He was inclined to take all things in a serious spirit. Stoddard, who was shrewd and suspicious, winked at Jones.

"I wish you would introduce me to Miss Gillespie, Arthur," he said, "I am sure she must be a very interesting girl."

* * *

SO Gertrude held a reception, the following Sunday, at her lodging-house. A small servant admitted the three young men to the "drawing-room," telling them she would be "down dreckly." The room was dark and gloomy; rain-flecked windows hidden by dingy curtains; springless arm-chairs, a despondent little fire, raked into one corner of the grate; a bunch of faded flowers in a vase of stale water.

"Cheerful!" observed Stoddard, glancing about him.

"Every home comfort," added Jones.

"Poor little girl!" murmured the sympathetic Palgrave.

When Gertrude entered she looked like a pale, but fresh flower. She was a slight girl of middle height, with a quantity of soft, fluffy hair—amber coloured hair, her one beauty—and very blue eyes shaded by long lashes. Her well-worn dress was neat and short, with a cheap, but dainty, little frill round the neck.

Directly he looked at her Stoddard understood his friend's feeling of responsibility. For such a girl to be entirely self-dependent, alone in the world, filled him with unreasonable annoyance. He felt that she was injured—he didn't know by whom—and he instantly began to meditate over Palgrave's question—"What can we do with her?"

Gertrude received her guests with pretty self-possession. If she showed any preference at all, it was for the mixture of slang and extravagance which Jones called conversation, but she listened to Stoddard on politics and Palgrave on literature with flattering complacency. They talked frankly about her prospects.

"I am living on my capital, seven pounds in the Post Office Savings Bank," said Gertrude.

"Can't you go in for making hats, or dresses, or something of that sort?" asked her newest friend.

"Get yourself lost for a week or two and then go on the music-halls," suggested Jones.

"I feel so helpless," said Gertrude. "There is no demand for the work I love, the work I could do."

"That is—?" asked Palgrave.

"Oh, taking care of a home, trying to make people happy—I can't quite explain."

"Domestic racket?" said Jones.

His words jarred on the two other young men. Her frank speech, with its unconscious appeal for

an ordinary, sheltered life of love and marriage, touched them both.

"Not domestic racket," said Gertrude, repeating the words gravely, "domestic peace and helpfulness—sewing and singing, and quiet joys."

"Don't you forget cookin'!" exclaimed the hopeless Jones, "That's the pick of household virtues."

Both Palgrave and Stoddard decided, as they walked home that night, not to encourage George Frederick Jones to visit Miss Gillespie. He did not appreciate her, and it was very evident to their sensitive eyes that he only bored her.

Stoddard, a week after their first meeting, put Gertrude into a situation. One of his friends consented to make room for her in his office. Palgrave felt a pang of jealousy at the journalist's good fortune in serving her, but Jones expressed himself as "thundering glad."

Gertrude, finding her new employer elderly and irritable, successfully struggled with—to quote Jones again—the tearful habit, and worked hard and conscientiously.

"At last I feel independent, thanks to you!" she said, more than once, to young Stoddard.

He became a frequent visitor, even more frequent than Arthur Palgrave, but they rivalled each other in devising little pleasures to add colour to the grey life of the lonely girl. She was very grateful, and a good listener. Both the young men talked well, and if Palgrave firmly believed that Miss Gillespie was intensely interested in art, literature and the drama—his favourite topics—his friend was equally certain that she was absorbed in politics.

* * *

AT the end of a month Stoddard began to realise that all the happiness of his days depended on Gertrude. Palgrave had long been conscious of the same thing. Perhaps there was a touch of patronage in both cases, she was so very meek and so very teachable.

"When I can afford it, I shall marry Gertrude," thought Stoddard, for he was a practical man with no old-fashioned faith in love and a cottage.

"I think I shall ask Gertrude to wait for me," thought Palgrave, with a confidence which was the outcome of her evident willingness to accept him.

As for George Frederick Jones—he had apparently drifted out of their lives. They never met him at Miss Gillespie's lodgings, and agreed that she had grasped the fact of his inferiority.

One day during the coldest week of freezing February, Arthur Palgrave made his way to the dear, dreary street in Pimlico. A light fog had been hanging, like a dripping veil, over London since the early morning. It threatened to drop and roll into yellow denseness as night came on.

The young man consoled himself during the cold tramp through endless streets by the thought of Gertrude's pleasure and gratitude. He was surprised to hear, when he reached the house, that Miss Gillespie was not at home. No! Mr. Stoddard had not called for her. That was a relief. She was not with him.

As Palgrave turned away from the house, annoyed and disappointed, the small servant spoke again.

"Miss Gillespie's not coming back," she said.

"Not coming back!" he exclaimed. "What do you mean?"

"No, she's not," declared the small servant. "She's given notice to the missus, and we think she's took herself off."

"Took herself off—where?" said Palgrave, astounded into repeating the words.

"Took 'er 'ook!" explained the girl.

Palgrave saw the landlady. It was true that Miss Gillespie had given a week's notice and paid her rent, but the small servant's remarks were in the nature of rumour. Miss Gillespie was expected to return any minute.

He waited, pacing backwards and forwards in the "drawing room." It was past seven o'clock. His vexation changed to anxiety. He began to fear that Gertrude had lost her way.

A peal at the bell at twenty minutes past the hour—Palgrave kept on looking at his watch—made him hurry into the passage. Before the servant had started upstairs from the kitchen he had thrown open the street door and effusively greeted—Stoddard.

The two friends, whose cordiality had cooled of late, discussed the situation with some warmth. They each resented the other's anxiety.

"I don't mind telling you, Arthur, that Miss

Gillespie is—well, how can I put it?—not formally engaged to me, but—"

"Dear old Frank! I'm so sorry, but how on earth can any man be so self-deceived?" interrupted Palgrave, laying a hand on his shoulder.

"What right have you to say that?" cried Stoddard, shaking him off.

Palgrave smiled disagreeably.

"You had better ask Gertrude!" he answered.

"But where is Gertrude?"

"I mean to find out."

"So do I!"

They left the house together. The dripping veil of fog had changed into a heavy, yellow ochre blanket.

"I shall go to her office first," said Stoddard, glaring at his friend.

"Of course, you are at liberty to walk in that direction with me, if you choose," was the cool reply.

They did not waste any more words. The office where Gertrude was employed was closed, and the caretaker unable to tell them anything about her.

"You had better go home, Arthur!" said Stoddard suddenly. "You look played out."

"What about yourself?"

"Naturally, I shall continue the search."

"Confound your cheek! So shall I."

They walked on for a few minutes, lost in thought. Then Stoddard spoke.

"We had better work together, and when we meet Gertrude—when we are face to face—she shall choose between us. Agreed?"

"Agreed!"

It was easy enough to settle to work together, but what was actually to be done was a more difficult matter.

Stoddard suggested "police." Palgrave gloomily muttered the word "hospitals."

They ultimately returned to Gertrude's lodgings in the vain hope that she might have returned. Then they expended a great deal of energy in finding their way to the private house of her employer. He had retired to rest, but the young men succeeded in rousing him—and most of the other people living in the street—but he had no advice or consolation to offer them.

Stoddard, who had made a specialty of inquests during his early reporting days, was possessed with the dread that Gertrude had fallen into the river in the fog. Palgrave, who was rapidly developing a violent cold, favoured the idea of a loss of memory.

Slowly the long, cold, foggy night passed by. A drizzling rain heralded dawn. The outline of the houses began to loom through the dank air. There was the occasional rattle of an early milk-cart, or the trip-clip-clop of a late hansom.

At five o'clock in the morning, after walking about all night, the faithful, depressed lovers of Gertrude took their breakfast at a coffee-stall. Their collars were turned up to their ears; their faces were grimy; Stoddard was smoking the last of a cherished packet of cigarettes, and Palgrave's cold had reached the stage when he could only croak.

"You'd better come in to my place and get a sleep," said the former, sipping the hot coffee gratefully.

"Thanks, old man!" said Palgrave.

"I shall look for her in earnest to-morrow!" continued the undaunted Stoddard. "All London shall know she has vanished."

His companion sneezed, and nodded his approval.

They linked arms—drawn together in their mutual misery and fatigue—and slowly tramped away through the lifting fog to Stoddard's lodgings.

* * *

IT was late in the afternoon of the following day when the evening newspapers were flaunting the "Extraordinary Disappearance of a London Girl," that the two young men, arm in arm, and haggard after their night in the fog, met with their old, half-forgotten friend George Frederick Jones.

Jones, for once in his life, was angry and indignant—and Jones was not alone.

"Are either of you fellows responsible for this tomfoolery?" he exclaimed, flourishing the newspaper in their faces.

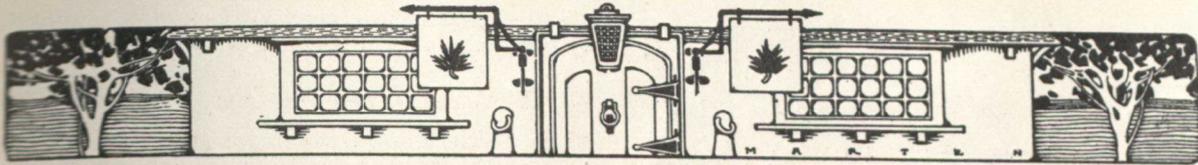
Stoddard and Palgrave stared at his companion. It was Gertrude.

"Are you safe?" gasped Stoddard.

"What does it mean?" croaked Palgrave.

"It means that we were married yesterday morning," said George Frederick Jones; "but we didn't want to advertise it to all our friends."

"We have been engaged for months and months," added Gertrude, and she waited, with a sweet smile, to be congratulated.—M. A. P.



AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

THE INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS OF WOMEN.

ALL eyes seem to be turning toward the coming Quinquennial Congress of the International Council of Women. From the north, south, east and west, from remote parts of the earth, women renowned for learning and culture will assemble in Toronto "to confer," as the constitution declares, "upon questions relating to the commonwealth, the family and the individual." On June 2nd, delegates from over the Pacific, from Tasmania and Australia, are expected to arrive in Vancouver and those who issue from the different countries of Europe and cross the Atlantic are expected to reach Montreal by the eleventh, where they will be the guests of the local Council until the morning of the fifteenth. Then Ottawa will claim them for the day and Their Excellencies will provide entertainment in the form of a garden party. On June 16th the whole armament will have arrived in Toronto and the doors of the halls of learning, once so rigidly closed against women, will be opened wide to receive them. The proceedings will be intensely interesting and probably no more important body of women has ever met.

A partial survey of the programme would almost mislead one into the belief that it was a great social organisation, for no effort is being spared to make the visit not only a great moral success but one of delightful memories. A trip to Lake Simcoe is to be anticipated, where Lady Edgar will receive them at her beautiful summer home. Mrs. Sanford will be a hostess at Hamilton, and, of course, Niagara will be visited, and the great cataract will for the first time sing to so unique an assembly the music of its everlasting monotone that so charmed the savage centuries ago. Its magnificence is still undiminished by the inroads of scientific advance; but for how long—who can tell?

Attractive as these diversions are, they will occupy only a small fraction of the time, the first week of which will be devoted wholly to business matters. The second week will be given up to the work of the Congress, which is subdivided into nine departments—Art, Education, Health and Physical Training, Industries, Laws concerning Women and Children, Literature, Philanthropy, Professions for Women, Social Work and Reform, each of which will receive its due portion of consideration.

* * *

THE DAILY GRIND.

TROUBLE or difficulty seems to be only of relative value. There are those who would lavish all sorts of pains upon the accomplishment of some cherished project, and count it all as nothing, while others would begrudge the slightest effort for the same purpose. The end in view and what it means to us make all the difference. The *Illustrated London News* draws attention to some such thought as this by referring to the recently published "Letters" of Ruskin, wherein a rather strange thought is addressed to one of the most high-minded women of the day, Lady Mount-Temple. Ruskin invites her to imagine that she is guest for whom Martha of Bethany "cumbered herself with much serving." "Now," he says, "just get a bit of paper and write down your orders to the cook on that supposition." Then he leaves her to draw her own inferences—probably that an undue expenditure on table supplies which her guest's presence would not warrant, should stand condemned at once. And how willingly, with what peculiar care, she would proceed to make out her order! But then the writer continues, although daily use may dull the perception of it, the duty is equally ennobled when it is done merely for those whose health and happiness are one's special charge in life. This is what puts spirit and zest into the management of the household and makes it such a splendid task. The motive and purpose that lie

behind all the irritating detail of domestic duties are what redeem the work from all triviality and elevate it to dignity and importance inestimable.

* * *

THE ART OF CONVERSATION.

ONE of the most reassuring signs of the age is apparently a revival in the art of conversation. And how is it accounted for? One writer, Pearl Humphrey, attributes the advance to the education of women. Nowadays, women understand the outstanding features of most topics, and as they have also introduced many new topics since they began to be active in public ways, they not only are not a weight upon conversation, but they contribute much



Mrs. R. L. Borden, Wife of the Leader of the Opposition.

to it that is both interesting and instructive. Formerly the intelligent woman who could bear her part in talk with men was rarer than to-day, but even then she had to draw her knowledge from second-hand experience and intellectual deduction, but now she talks from her own knowledge, and her opinions have more weight. Men grew tired pouring out the treasures of their classical minds to women who had to have every other sentence explained to them, but now the average dinner-table talk among cultured people is worthy of the name of conversation, and we may no longer consider it a dead art. We would not want to resurrect the ponderous utterances of the Johnsonian period, or to appoint an autocrat such as Coleridge, but let us rejoice greatly in the revival of an art which, perhaps, is the most potent and glorious of all arts and one that is of inestimable value in the spread of knowledge, culture and happiness.

* * *

EXTRAVAGANCE!

WHO would be so bold as to define and limit it? What one might call extravagance another might consider provident econ-

omy, and what one might call economy another might consider "penny wise and pound foolish." The Empress Josephine was, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, wonderfully extravagant. Even the Emperor counselled moderation. But when his request was acceded to a noticeable diminution of deference on the part of the people followed. Was Goldsmith extravagant when out of the kindness, or impulse, of his heart, he parted with his only suit of clothes, and had to immure himself within the confines of his own small room till relief came in the form of another suit? How many inventors have been obliged, and in the face of condemnation, to lavish upon their "hobby" all the money they could accumulate!

England does not seem to consider it an extravagance to invest millions in the equipment of Dreadnaughts, and Germany freely pours out her gold for the perfecting of the airship. Perhaps it was economy that prompted the well-to-do grandmother to present her little grandson with a top instrument when he had implored her for a violin that he might make beautiful music like—, but who could censure the child for throwing it away in disappointment?

Probably all will agree that it is a mistake to deprive oneself of conveniences in order to indulge in luxuries. Yet, even here there is a little room for doubt, for someone looks up and says quite decidedly that a few dollars spent upon a beautiful object or upon an act of pleasure or of humanity could bring into the lives of some people a fullness of which the strictly practical mind could never conceive of. Perhaps it was with some such emotion that the bright girl lovingly tucked her bunch of music and magazines under her arm as she was accosted by her friend with, "What extravagance! But I have been looking for you for the last half hour. I want you to help me to decide upon a new suit. Come."

"Are you getting another suit?"

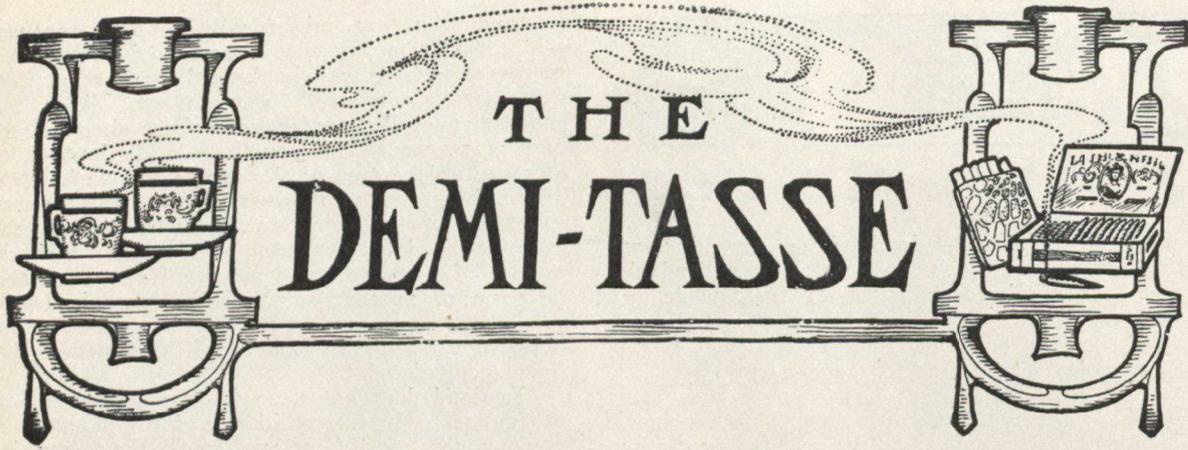
"Oh, not a cloth—a fancy one of silk and lace."

And it was just the other day that a lady squandered fifty dollars in seeds, plants and shrubs to beautify her garden this year. So who can define the term, or prescribe for others? Of course, expenditure should be proportioned to income, necessities and luxuries each receiving a share, but the average woman knows best the condition of her own affairs, and ought conscientiously to fix her own standards and abide by them. "Circumstances alter cases."

* * *

MODERN "ANTIQUES."

SO much is written and talked about spurious antiques nowadays that one is inclined to look askance at even the most genuine treasure of antiquity. A gentleman who ought to know affirmed not long since that, although it was not generally known, East Indian souvenirs were manufactured in large quantities in Birmingham, England, and in Germany especially, and shipped to dealers in the Orient. Miss Helen Zimmern also states in the *National Review* that most of the scarabs and Egyptian souvenirs sold at Cairo and Alexandria are made in Birmingham and Italy, and that those false Egyptian antiques are found in nearly all museums, especially those of recent formation. The instinct for copying seems to be innate in man, for many false scarabs, apparently of Greek make, have been found among the winding sheets of Egyptian mummies where they were wrapped in the dim dark ages of the past. And who would have thought that Michel Angelo, at a much later period, would have resorted to such deception? But it was in his early youth, and at the instigation of a dealer that, when he carved his child Hercules, he discolored, chipped and buried it. Afterwards it was resurrected and sold as an excavated treasure. The fraud was discovered and it fell upon his hands, but Cesare Borgia, foreseeing the coming greatness of the sculptor, rebought it. Apropos to this a story is told of M. Chasles, who paid a large sum of money for a collection of about 27,000 autographs, including letters from (let us speak it in a whisper) Jesus Christ, Alexander the Great, Lazarus, Mary Magdalene, Pilate, Judas, Alcibiades. The case was brought into court, but the counterfeiter was dealt with rather leniently, as his lawyer pleaded that the greater burden of the blame was due to the gullibility of M. Chasles.



RIVALRY, NOT FOES.

THE papers and the people of the Province of Ontario were agreeably surprised when Premier Whitney announced before the close of an uneventful session of the Legislature that he had a high opinion of the industry and businesslike capacity of Mr. A. G. MacKay, Leader of the Opposition. Sir James' complimentary speech was received with vociferous applause from both sides of the House and furnished an example of the cheerful amenities which relieve the tedium of debate and show that politicians are capable, at moments of personal appreciation, of dropping the ordinary strife over ways and means.

Political opponents, in fact, have been known to be strong personal friends. It is true that Mr. Ross and (the then) Mr. Whitney were born antagonists, with a healthy desire to be "up and doing," for one another. But the late Hon. A. S. Hardy and Mr. Whitney were sincere friends, with a mutual admiration for each other's fighting qualities. It is related by one who ought to know that there was one occasion when this private regard was ruffled by a political breeze. Mr. Hardy had been, for the time, deeply offended by Mr. Whitney's ultra-vigorous remarks on the necessity of legal reform. During the evening session, it became evident that Mr. Hardy was anxious to adjourn over the following day. But he was decidedly unwilling to approach the Leader of the Opposition on the subject, although it was highly desirable to have that gentleman's approval. However, the latter solved the difficulty by sending a message across the House, whereupon the "Honourable Arthur" smiled once more. A prominent member of the Government came upon the leaders about an hour later, shaking hands in the shadow of the books behind the throne, for it was long before the days of the spiral staircase to the press gallery.

"So you and Whitney are at peace again," he remarked to the Premier afterwards.

"At peace!" echoed Mr. Hardy. "Why, we never quarrel. I couldn't have slept if I hadn't shaken hands with Whitney."

It was frequently remarked that Hon. J. M. Gibson, the present Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, was, in his days as Attorney-General, decidedly friendly with the Conservative Leader, forming a friendship which makes present officialdom decidedly comfortable.

SOMETHING DOING.

A CANNY Scot is seldom without a good word for his native land and will discourse with fervour on the good qualities of Sandy, with a comparative contempt for Pat and John Bull. Such a citizen was recently expatiating to an Irish-Canadian friend on the industry, intelligence and integrity of "God's own people, the Scotch." The latter spoke up for the land of Erin but the Scot waved a majestic hand impatiently.

"What have the Irish ever done?" he asked crushingly.

"And whom haven't the Scotch done?" was the retort.

The mercury fell.

NEWSLETS.

MR. PETER RYAN has broken into journalism with an article on our banking system. Perhaps it was Peter, after all, who wrote that fascinating lyric beginning "I know a bank."

Hon. William Pugsley remains entirely deaf to the entreaties of the *Toronto News*, which pleads for his resignation with a daily burst of plaintive sobs.

It is rumoured that the *Calgary Eye-Opener* will move to Toronto. Hamilton papers have unkindly copied. It is also reported that, in consideration of such an event, several of Toronto's most prominent citizens are already planning for removal to some nice little place in the country.

Police Magistrate Denison has devised a new

form of punishment. All anarchists, annexationists and nihilists who appear in the Toronto courts are to be sentenced to one bath and a thorough reading of the Colonel's new book.

HIS DRAWBACK.

A YOUNG theological student, full of importance and Higher Criticism, went to a rural community two summers ago, to supply for the month of August. He preached vigorous discourses on the historical aspects of the Old Testament books and elder members of the congregation slept soundly during his triumphant progress from Genesis to the Minor Prophets. When the regular pastor returned, he referred gratefully to the services of the young brother.

"Well," said a venerable farmer mildly, "I suppose he's a smart boy and means well; but he'd be more powerful if he didn't talk so much about that blamed thing he calls the Original."

PLENTY OF TIME.

One morning Dr. Gilmour entered the barber shop of the Central Prison, Toronto, and asked the tonsorial operator if he had time to shave him.

"Yes, Warden," was the prompt reply, "about eight months."



MAD AS A HATTER.

Autocrat—"I assure you, Madam, the effect is charming—most absurd and grotesque."

Victim—"Oh, very well, if you're sure it's all that, I'll decide on this one."—*Punch*.

HINDERING THE BOOM.

THE pride of locality, which is so insisted upon in certain small western towns, had an amusing illustration, says a writer in *Puck*, in a place by the name of Puxico. The landlord of the tavern was telling a friend about the arrest of "a feller for walking down Main Street in the middle of the afternoon in his stocking feet. He's in jail now," continued the narrator, when the other interrupted.

"Why," cried his friend, "it isn't a crime, is it, for a person to walk in his stocking feet? Personal liberty, my dear sir—"

"Aw," replied the eloquent landlord, "personal liberty is proper enough as long as it don't interfere with the rights of other people. Anything that tends to add to the silence of our little city is an

offense against the general welfare. We're public-spirited here, even if we ain't exactly metropolitan."

THE SESAME.

IT is 2 o'clock in the morning, and in a temperance town at that. A belated individual approaches the faithful officer, who is trudging his beat, and asks confidentially:

"Could you tell me where I can get a drink at this time of night?"

"No, sir!" says the officer, rebukingly.

The belated individual goes on his way, but at the next corner he has a new idea, so he returns to the faithful officer and inquires confidentially:

"Could you tell me where we can get a drink at this time of night?"—*Life*.

RENAMED.

First Struggling Poet: "Just think what a wonderful poet Poe was, and they say he sold 'The Raven' for \$10."

Second Struggling Poet: "He wasn't a poet—he was a wizard of finance."—*Life*.

IT WOULD NOT SHOW.

THAT everything should be neat and shipshape is most important aboard a yacht. A writer in the *Mariner's Advocate* tells the story of the captain of a certain sloop, who crossed the deck in a hurry, seemingly very much perplexed. A lady stopped him and asked what the trouble was.

"The fact is, ma'am," he said, "our rudder's broken."

"Oh, I shouldn't worry about that," said the lady. "Being under water nearly all the time, no one will notice it."

BEWILDERING.

Ned: "So it turned out that the prisoner was really insane."

Ted: "Yes. He lost his mind trying to follow the hypothetical question put to him by the prosecuting attorney."—*Brooklyn Life*.

A PARODY ON LEGAL COSTS.

A bright young lady in a lawyer's office had a little experience the other day with the cashier in the same and afterwards she rendered him the following bill:

J. M. Morris, Esq., in account with B. N. Brown.
RE PLUGGED MONEY.

| | |
|--|--------|
| Attg. Mr. Morris and receiving instructions; also mutilated coins (45c) | .05 |
| Attg. to deposit same in my purse | .05 |
| Attg. Miss Simpson and asking her to accompany me home on car | .05 |
| Obtained her consent | .05 |
| Accompanying Miss Simpson and getting on car | .05 |
| Attg. conductor on car and placing bad 10c. piece in box and running risk of being arrested | .25 |
| Attg. Mr. Morris following morning, making report and handing him good ten-cent piece | .05 |
| Attg. Miss Simpson same night, asking and obtaining her consent once more to accompany me home | .05 |
| Ascending street car | .05 |
| Attg. conductor again and putting another bad ten-cent piece in box, thus running great risk | .25 |
| Attg. Mr. Morris following morning and handing him good ten-cent piece, reporting, etc. | .05 |
| Attg. Mr. Morris and receiving instrs. to get rid of bad quarter | .05 |
| Polishing up bad quarter to make look like new one | .05 |
| Attg. grocery shop and trying to persuade grocer that money good (engaged 20 minutes) but unsuccessful | .10 |
| Fee considering what best to do under circumstances, when decided to return same | .05 |
| Subsequently attg. Mr. Morris returning mutilated quarter | .05 |
| Total | \$1.25 |

JUST THE SAME.

The Magistrate: "You seem to have committed a very grave assault on the defendant just because he differed from you in an argument."

The Defendant: "There was no help for it, Your Worship. The man is a perfect idiot."

The Magistrate: "Well, you must pay a fine of fifty francs and costs. In future you should try and understand that idiots are human beings, the same as you and I."—*Illustrated Bits*.



FOR THE CHILDREN



A TRUE STORY

By Mrs. N. Van M.

THERE was once a little girl whose papa would take her on his lap on stormy nights and tell her a true story of what happened to him. And this was the story he told:

One night, when the thunder roared, and the lightning flashed, and the rain fell in torrents, he was out in the dark woods all alone, trying to find his way home. He could only see when the lightning flashed, and he walked on and on without knowing where he was wandering. All at once, however, there was an unusually bright flash of lightning and he saw close by him some low bushes that looked as if they would shelter him from the rain, so he got down on his hands and knees and crept under them, and, to his surprise, found that he was in a small cave. He felt very glad to know that he was safe out of the storm. But, after a while, as he lay there, he heard something breathing heavily, and when the lightning flashed again he saw two bright eyes looking at him. Of course, he was frightened at first, but he was brave enough to strike a match, and there, near him, he saw a great big black bear. Bears are afraid of thunder and lightning, so this poor old fellow had crept into the cave to hide himself. When the man crept in the poor bear was probably glad to have him for



An April Day in the Park.

company, for he did not try to hurt the man and did not even growl.

Morning came, the rain stopped, and the sun shone warm and bright. The man crawled out of the cave and so did the bear. When they both got out into the warm daylight they stood and looked at each other. If the man had struck at the bear or had run away from him perhaps the bear would have attacked him, and torn him, for he was very hungry and was, after all, a wild beast. But the man looked him straight in the eyes, and said, gently, "Well, old fellow, good morning!" And the bear just gave a little grunt, as if saying "good morning" or "good-by," and turned and trotted away.

In the clear daylight the man soon found his way home, and, when he got there, he told his little girl the true story of what had happened. And she liked it so much that she asks for the same story on every dark and stormy night.—*The Circle.*

THE FAMILY TREES

By E. H. THOMAS.

A GREAT many years ago Polly and Amy Ann went to school together. School "kept" all summer, with just one holiday on the Fourth of July. The schoolhouse looked like a square black box. There were no trees round it, and no grass, for the children's feet, playing tag and leap-frog, had worn the ground as hard as a floor.

The other children ate their luncheon in a little

crowd on the door-step, but Polly and Amy Ann knew a pleasanter place. It was a secret; they never told anybody. Just behind the schoolhouse was a beautiful meadow, belonging to Amy Ann's father. Through the meadow ran a brook, with little fishes in the bottom and blue flag along the edges, and by the brook grew an elder-bush. Polly and Amy Ann called this bush their house, and under it they always ate their dinner. There was only one trouble. The bush was just a little bit too small to shade them both. If Polly's head was in the shadow, Amy Ann's pink sunbonnet was in the sun.

"Wish we could build a wing to our house!" said Polly.

"Why, so we can!" cried Amy Ann, nodding her bonnet excitedly. "Let's we do it! Two of 'em!"

The little bonnets bent close together while they planned it all out. After school Amy Ann borrowed her father's spade, and they set off for the woods. There they found two baby elm-trees, and they dug them up with the wee tink roots and all. They planted the little trees by their playhouse—Amy Ann's on one side of the brook and Polly's on the other. They did not know that they were keeping Arbor Day, for it had never been heard of then. So they had no singing nor speeches; only the little wren that lived in the elder-bush kept saying, "Chirp! Chirp!" And her nine children poked their little brown heads over the edge of the nest and said, "Chirp!" all in concert.

The little trees grew and grew; so did Polly and Amy Ann. They got to be young ladies, then middle-aged ladies, and then old ladies. Nobody called them Polly and Amy Ann now; they were Grandma White and Grandma Grant.

Grandma White lived a long way from Grandma Grant and the meadow and the old schoolhouse. But she did not forget them, and there was no story that her little Amy liked so well as the story of the two little elm-trees and the nine little wrens. So when Grandma White went to visit Grandma Grant she had to take Amy with her.

You should have seen how happy the two grandmothers were! And you should have seen what fun little Amy and little Polly had together! And how the first thing they all did was to go down into the meadow to look at the little elms.

But they were not little elms any longer! They were tall, beautiful trees, and they held out their long green arms to each other over the little brook.

"What is it that says 'Chirp, chirp?'" asked the little girls.

They looked up, and saw a little wren's nest in the tree.

"Perhaps these are the grandchildren of the wren that lived in the elder-bush," said the grandmothers. "This must be their family tree." — *Youth's Companion.*

* * *

THE SPRING FAIRY.

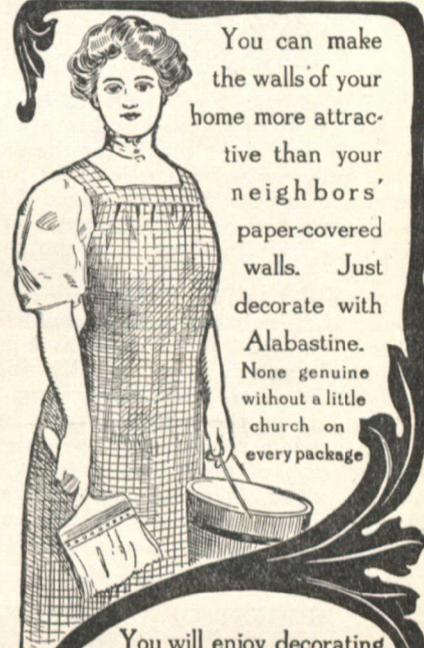
She paints the sky a starry blue
And carpets earth with green;
While at the magic of her wand
A thousand buds are seen;
The wood flower lifts a smiling face
Tall trees outstretch their arms,
A chipmunk steals from out his nest,
A captive to her charms.
The air is filled with fragrance rare,
The birds lift voice and sing,
All nature smiles in greeting thee,
Our welcome fairy, Spring.

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Old Fort Abittibi in the Winter-Time—The Surveyors' Metropolis

PEOPLE AND PLACES

Little Stories by Land and Sea, concerning the folk who move hither and thither across the face of a Big Land.

OLD FORT ABITTIBI.

OLD Fort Abittibi—it's a baldheaded burg. Surely of all cities and towns in Canada this is one of the places for the average man to stay away from. So it is; for the average man never has a chance to behold this paradise of the winter surveyor and the hunter in the northern wilds. In Abittibi there is a church and a store and a factor's house; two or three other houses—not occupied always. The store never has a fire because if it had the Indians would live in it altogether. The factor's house is as huge as a castle and as ugly as a beaver-dam. But it's the baronial mansion, the palace and the court, and the only place in that part of the Abittibi region where hilarity once in a while reigns supreme—unless it is in the shifting camp of the survey parties. It has a few people; but not enough to constitute real population. The church has a flag-staff, a bell and a pine tree—and a service once in four months.

* * *

BIGGEST OF ALL BRIDGES.

ASTONISHING how some of these western young cities get fame abroad. A score of these new towns are known all over Canada, and some of them over a good deal of even the United States, for some local characteristic or feature that lifts them above the commonplace. Last year Medicine Hat got a mortgage on immortality from Kipling. Now Lethbridge goes on record as having the biggest bridge in the world—the C. P. R. bridge across the Belly River; and the Lethbridge *Herald* proceeds to compile for its readers some facts about this bridge that make very engaging literature for those who like comparative statistics of big things. It says for instance:

"The Lethbridge bridge is nearly five times as high as the Victoria bridge at Montreal, and over twice as high as the famous Forth bridge. Other huge bridges which approached the Lethbridge giant in length are the bridge over the Dnieper, at Jakaterinoslaw, Russia, which is 4557 feet in length, the Alexandrowski bridge over the Volga, near Syzran, 4871 feet; the Severn bridge, 4162 feet, and the Empress bridge over the river Sutlej, on the Indus valley railway. Of the bridges which approach the Lethbridge bridge in height, the Kentucky bridge is important, having a height of 275 feet, 6 inches above the water, while the C. P. R.'s own bridge over the Fraser River is 125 feet high. The structure which spans the Victoria Falls of the Zambesi River has the advantage of the new C. P. R. bridge in height but fails in comparison in length."

* * *

THOSE RED RIVER SETTLERS.

THE Red River settlers held their first reunion a few days ago in Winnipeg. These remarkable people are among the most celebrated pioneers in Canada. The wheat-buying, land-crazy world that makes up a good share of the life of Winnipeg has got moving at a pace far beyond the old settlers who first introduced the white man's way along the Red. For the folk that Lord Selkirk fetched out to the prairie back in the fur days were no common lineage. They were people who began to build a civilisation which their children's children are working out—in many respects probably very much different from what the pioneers intended or expected. And yet the work and the life of these pathmakers is highly appreciated in Winnipeg as may be gathered from the following introductory paragraph in a report of the first meeting—this from the *Manitoba Free Press*:

"Doubtless the shades of Lork Selkirk and the

Selkirk colonists hovered last night around the gaily decorated hall of the Kildonan and St. Paul's Agricultural Society. And if they did they looked down upon three or four hundred men and women whose breasts swelled with a great pride of ancestry; men and women who with clear eyes scanned the gap of one hundred years and lived in the days when their forefathers left York Factory on snow shoes for the valley of the Red River. It was impossible not to feel last night that one moved among an aristocracy. It was impossible not to see in those present a stock which for generations had called Western Canada their land of birth, even before Manitoba was not. Whence came they? They came from all the region of the Red River. They came by car and they came by train and Ross Sutherland came specially from the Pacific coast. And who were they? They were the descendants of the Selkirk colonists. To give their names would be superfluous. They were all there, or at any rate every name and every family that old Kildonan and the banks of the Red River have known these hundred years was represented. Every other man was a Matheson or a Sutherland or a Ross, and every other woman was a Gunn, or a Henderson of a Murray or an Inkster, or some other name which is a household word on the banks of the Red River."

* * *

WORLD'S MOST CURSED MAN.

IN the matter of baseball Canada imports a good many players, sometimes exports them—and once in a while produces a real live umpire. The man who is called the world's leading umpire is a Canadian. He was born in Guelph, Ontario, and his name is Robert D. Emslie. For some years he lived in St. Thomas. He was not born an umpire. He was for long years a player. He went into the game when the locals round London, Ontario, were hitting it up hard. He played in St. Thomas and was one of the best amateur pitchers in Canada. Away back in 1884 he got into the professional game with the Merritt Club of Camden, N.J. From 1888 until now he has been following the devious fortunes of an umpire in the United States. He has been cursed as roundly and deeply as any man alive.

* * *

NEWS FROM THE NORTH SEA.

COSMOPOLITAN to a point of positive mix-up is Prince Albert. But it seems that not now is it Southern Europe that knocks at the door so much as Scandinavia. One of the papers up there has started to get out a regular column of news from the frozen north for the edification of its readers who may be feeling now and then a shade homesick for the icebergs of Iceland and the fogs of the Baltic. There is for instance a budget from Denmark; another from Sweden; one from Iceland and another from Norway; all written by the newspapers correspondent at those points—or rather seated in his office in Prince Albert with a pair of scissors and a pot of paste, trying to make himself believe he is interested in the politics of Norway, when he knows very well he is pining for the baseball season to begin and the ice to get moving down the Saskatchewan. It gets to be a very eclectic business, running a newspaper in a polyglot country like the Canadian West.

* * *

A UNIVERSITY CITY.

SASKATOON gets the University of Saskatchewan. That's flat. Regina and Prince Albert and Moosejaw are beginning to recover. They were

all after it. They all deserved it. There should have been four universities. But Saskatoon had the geographical advantage. She is central. She is also rapidly becoming a centre of population. Sleepy old burg a few years ago; just the place then for a college—perfect somnolence on the banks of the South Saskatchewan. But Saskatoon is too lively now to need a college yell. The other night the citizens painted the town flame red with torches and a brass band, when the Minister of Public Works went up there with a couple of the University governors. Keen delight in matters educational; as much furore as Toronto makes over a Longboat or a Scholes. No doubt about it they have the real afflatus out on the prairie. If a thing is a good thing they chuck up hats for it—from higher criticism to baseball; long on cricket at Saskatoon also; very English in spots; altogether a promising, featuresque little city with a very decisive future.

* * *

WHEN BELASCO WAS CANADIAN.

IT is a fact that David Belasco, the leading play-author and play producer of America, spent his early boyhood in British Columbia. David is a Jew; born in San Francisco; so desperately poor were his people that they moved up to Victoria, B.C., in 1862, when David was a lad of three. They started a little store, which Mrs. Belasco operated while the father of David went to Cariboo after gold. The story of David's unfolding career in the city of Victoria is told by the *Vancouver World*, of which story the following is part:

"The space occupied by the store was about 12x12, and in a rear room the family of small children huddled like bees in a hive. In this room the family slept and ate. It was their living room in more sense than one, and they contrived to drag out an existence in those poor quarters and look well and hearty. Upon the return of Belasco pere from Cariboo with empty pockets the family continued the business on Johnson Street for several years. As he grew older David was sent to Father Maguire, a Catholic priest, who was then attached to the B. C. Mission. After school hours David obtained some light employment. His first "job" was delivering programmes for a company of strolling players then occupying the old theatre that stood on Government Street. For the sake of economy, shoes and stockings for the children were dispensed with in the summer months and the young boys of the Belasco family went to school and work in bare feet and ragged trousers. The budding genius of the family, after he had distributed the programmes, was given a ticket of admission to the pit, where he was accustomed to curl up in a corner and drink in the words, so to speak, as they fell from the lips of the players, and although then of the tender age of ten years, he had already imbibed an excellent conception of some of the best authors. He was a studious boy, too, and when he was not otherwise engaged, devoted his spare time to studying his lessons and laying up a store of theatrical knowledge that in after years was to lay the foundation of his worldwide reputation as an author."

The Gound Shark

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 13

be if there were more things for us to dread, then some of this devilish-killing fever that is in the heart of man might have more of an excuse for being.

Using the knife we found two inches of fatty muscular tissue beneath the skin. Now, what a find for a patent liver medicine man this would be. The great yellow livers filled almost the entire body cavity for seven feet—imagine a shark with liver complaint, poor beast. These fatty livers, weighing fully a hundredweight astonished us; never had we seen so large an organ in any body we have dissected. This big female had been feeding on lesser sharks lately; we call them dog-fish, but they are small sharks just the same. We found many of these inside. Another strange bit of digestive apparatus are the huge irregular lumps of white muscular fat that are in the stomach. A four-inch heart is large for any fish, for remember this animal is a true fish. Now if you dissect a shark you want some part to preserve. It seems to us that the teeth are the only parts that can be dried and preserved. The bones are the most beautiful, clear transparent masses we ever found, but they all pass away before the sun and the wind and the salt sea's action.

Soon our task was ended, a pleasant task if your specimen is fresh and you know enough not to soil your hands and to let the knife do the work. Fritz is getting to be very clever with the knife. You ought to see him at the table. If he operated that way, alas, I should have no specimens.



MURAD CIGARETTES

Fifteen cents is not very much for a trial box of MURAD Cigarettes.

But it's enough to convince you, that, for the price, MURADS are the finest Turkish Cigarettes that you've ever smoked.

When you pay 15 cents for a package of cigarettes why not have the best—MURAD Cigarettes?

Don't let your tobacconist try to convince you that there are other Turkish Cigarettes "just as good" as MURADS.

Because there are not—not at the price, 15c. for 10.

S. ANARGYROS. 485



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

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

**The O'Keefe Brewery Co.
of Toronto, Limited**

**It pays to Advertise in the
Canadian Courier**

Because you reach the best class of
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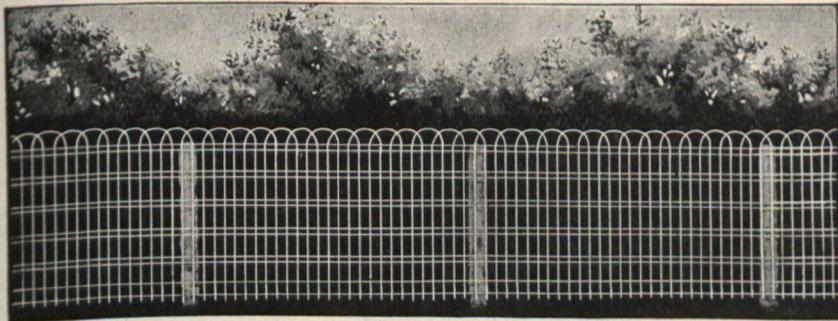
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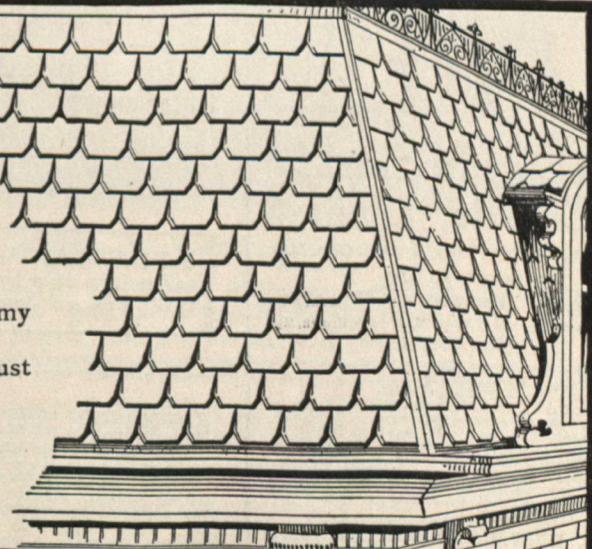
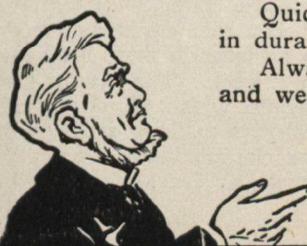
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MONEY AND MAGNATES

Bitter Fight Between Big Milling Concerns

THE two big Canadian milling companies—the Lake of the Woods and the Ogilvie Flour Mills Company—are fairly flying into each other's faces and are calling one another all kinds of names as a result of the recent boosting of the Canadian wheat and flour markets. The fight has benefitted every consumer of bread in Canada a good deal more than anyone can readily imagine. Had it not been for this fight the price of bread would surely have been advanced throughout Canada quite a few months ago. Had these two companies formed an alliance long since, would flour have been selling at perhaps \$7 a barrel instead of the \$6.50 quoted by the Ogilvies and \$6.10 quoted by the Lake of the Woods, but the trouble always was that those interested in putting the market prices up could never get Mr. Robert Meighen, the president of the Lake of the Woods Company, into line. Mr. Meighen would not stand for any such agreement and maintaining that the wheat market was being placed on a fictitious level, would not advance the price of his flour, the quality of which was considered fully equal to that of the other companies.

When the Ogilvies were quoting \$6.35 a barrel for the best grade, the Lake of the Woods Company were quoting only \$6.10 for their highest grade and the next day when the Ogilvies put up their price to \$6.50 a barrel, Mr. Meighen took an entirely opposite course and said that the Lake of the Woods Company believing the export demand for flour did not warrant a higher level of prices, were maintaining the price of their highest grade at \$6.10. Mr. Meighen even went further and said that the domestic market (which meant Canada) should not be forced to pay a premium on the export price.

The present fight started last fall when the Ogilvies were claiming that the western wheat crop would total 125,000,000 bushels. The Lake of the Woods Company after waiting to get full details stating the crop would run only somewhere between 80,000,000 and 100,000,000 bushels. The latter estimate is proving much nearer the mark, and the English market not getting as much wheat as they had been led to expect, have gradually been bidding up wheat prices and flour prices have advanced with them and it will not be long before bread prices follow suit. The results of the fight between the two big Canadian milling concerns make it look as though it were lucky for Canadians that there is not any monopoly in this particular line.

* * *

Saviour of Dominion Iron and Steel Company

TO Toronto goes the honour of having carried the Dominion Iron and Steel Company back from the brink of liquidation and having placed it on what looks like quite a safe foundation.

Back in 1903 when the company got into such bad shape that very few believed it would ever get on its feet again, Mr. Ross and Senator Cox suggested that Mr. J. H. Plummer, the assistant general manager of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, and Mr. Frederic Nicholls, general manager of the Canadian General Electric (both of Toronto), should take charge of the big Sydney company. They both reluctantly did so, Mr. Plummer because he had plans laid for a rest after many years of hard work, and Mr. Nicholls because he had so many other things to attend to. But right from the start the team worked together with splendid results, Mr. Plummer having fine executive ability while Mr. Nicholls was an authority on all forms of iron and steel. Within three years the works had recovered much of the lost ground and when the shareholders wanted to thank Mr. Plummer he would always modestly point to Mr. Nicholls and say it was due in greater part to him. Then Mr. Nicholls withdrew and Mr. Plummer, notwithstanding his delicate health, kept right at his task and fought the Dominion Coal Company right through three different courts till finally he won out and was in a position to say to the shareholders of his company that within two years they would get back all the dividends owing them for the past six years. The thousands of shareholders of the Dominion Iron and Steel Company will always be indebted to Mr. Plummer for all he has done for them. At no time was he a large shareholder in the concern but he felt he had a task to perform and once he took hold of it, he meant to win out. Seldom has the opportunity been luckier in finding the man.

* * *

The Ontario Mining Boom

RECENT characteristics of the mining situation in Ontario may be summed up in "lower prices for stocks and many new stocks." The market is rather over-loaded. The foolish public with savings to burn have been satisfied for the time being. The real investor is floating companies of his own, or getting in "on the ground floor" on some other man's proposition. Every person buying mining stocks should remember that no mine is successful until the public own the stock. There are not five exceptions to this rule in Cobalt to-day. By the way, it is rumoured that the Lawson fight is settled but the details are not fully revealed. If ever a crowd of speculators wasted three fat years in more inglorious fashion, the world has yet to hear of them.

* * *

Rivalry Between Toronto and Montreal.

IN the great rivalry that exists between Toronto and Montreal, the latter points out that it is, by far, the leading stock centre, while Toronto can justly claim it is the mining centre of the Dominion.

It is rather curious that Montreal, seeing it does so much business in the regular industrial, railway and bank stocks, cannot attract more mining business than it does, away from its western rival. Somehow Toronto has entrenched itself as the main mining centre and although, during the past year, several Montreal houses, have made very desperate efforts to land some of the Cobalt and Gow Ganda business, little success has been achieved. So much is this the case, that a big financial centre like Montreal can hardly lay claim to a real live Mining Exchange. During the boom times there is an Exchange that has short daily sessions but even then business is very moderate and some houses that deal direct with Toronto by wire do more business in a day than the whole Mining Exchange does in a week. The reason given for the big difference in the two cities is that Toronto, with its hundreds of English towns around it, has a large crop of speculators to draw from, while Montreal is surrounded by French Canadian towns, the inhabitants of which are not nearly as much given to speculating—in stocks at least—as their brethren in the Ontario towns.

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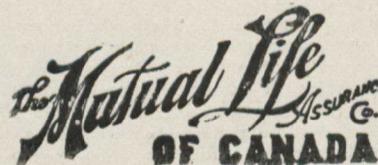


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while its ratio of expense to income was smaller than in previous years.

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Poverty in Canada

(London Advertiser.)

IN the old land the public authorities have found it necessary to strictly superintend the housing of the poor to prevent slums from becoming plague spots. In many cities they have erected municipal dwellings and destroyed insanitary tenements. In this country, however, we have allowed individualism to go too far. We have not the hopeless, inherited poverty of the old world to claim public attention, and the building of homes for the poorer classes has gone on unregulated. It is not at all surprising that in the larger cities of the country some of the old world conditions in this respect are being reproduced. It is time that the public authority stepped in to remedy these conditions, and prevent them from arising where they do not exist. Even in this "far-flung" city, where the tenement is unknown and every householder has his stretch of ground there is need of stricter supervision of building.

Welcome Americans

(Montreal Star)

SEVENTY thousand American immigrants are promised for this year in the Northwest. They will be doubly welcome. They make the best kind of settlers. But it will be just as well for those who are endeavouring to encourage British emigration to Canada to take note of these figures. An American is very like an Englishman—he loves the land he has left, and admires its institutions. Those who talk of an "American peril" at this time are unduly alarmist; but we can hardly expect born Americans to be as eager as born Britons to "keep the flag a-flying" over Canada.

Senatorial Mascot

(Saturday Sunset)

PEOPLE talk about reforming the Senate as if the Senators were a bunch of bad little boys, whose habits of cigarette smoking and orchard robbing were a scandal to the country. But that is not the case, as everyone knows. The real trouble with the Senate is that it is old, decrepit, and lacks a sense of humour. Not having any sense of humour it is a joke. If Senators were humourists they would turn the laugh on their critics. But instead they dodder along in solemn senility from the political shelf to the tomb, the butt of wags and derided by the unfeeling public. What the Canadian Senate needs is a man of humour.

Is Canada Cultured?

(Kingston Standard.)

IS it because England is an old country that literature flourishes there as to the manner born while in Canada it is little more than an exotic? Or is it because we are so engrossed in materialism and the pursuit of wealth that we have no time for the things of the mind and all that goes to make up what is termed culture? Or is it because, being a colony, we hang to our mother's apron strings in this as in many other aspects of life and action, and lack initiative? To whatever of these causes it may be attributed, the fact remains that, even among people of wealth and so-called refinement we can discover no trace of the enthusiasm for literature that is shown, for instance, by such a celebration as that of the centenary of the birth of Edward Fitzgerald, the famous translator of the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.



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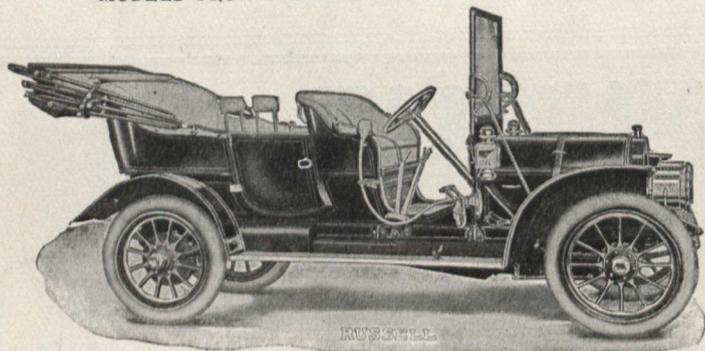
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MUSIC AND DRAMA

WINNIPEG MUSIC FESTIVAL.

WINNIPEG holds its second annual music festival during the first three days of this week. To the Oratorio Society of Winnipeg is due the splendid series of concerts that mark the close of the season just as the country becomes interested in the wheat crop again. Two of the works given this year are Mendelssohn's "Elijah" and Grieg's cantata "Olaf Trygvason." These are not new works, but in a sense they are big works; quite big enough for the Sheffield Choir who did the "Elijah" in Toronto last fall, and the Mendelssohn Choir who for two seasons have given the Grieg cantata as one of their big repertoire numbers. The Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra has been engaged for the entire festival. This is the usual band that Winnipeg gets, because Minneapolis is only a few hours ride from Winnipeg. It is a good band; by one enthusiastic Winnipegger last year said to be the equal of any in America; but of course there are others. It will never be practicable to send the Toronto Symphony Orchestra to Winnipeg. It is matter for great pride, however, to reflect that in choral work the wheat city is able to produce its own talent; and that the Oratorio Society is doing just as big work for its day and country as any other choir in Canada is doing. There is no end of talent in Winnipeg; plenty of enthusiasm; plenty of money; and the festival of 1909 ought to be a fine achievement in art.

* * *

SINCERITY IN AN ORCHESTRA.

IT seems probable that even the crack American orchestras have something to learn from the modest yet marvellously efficient Dresden Orchestra that came to Canada the other day and got a house so small in Toronto that it was hardly worth while for the conductor to go to his desk at all. There have been big orchestras here from the United States; all the biggest ones except the Philharmonic of New York under Safonoff. We have been told that American orchestras because they pay big salaries have bigger players and a more perfect ensemble. True, but little fault can be found with the mere ensemble of such bands as the Boston Symphony, the Theodore Thomas, the New York Symphony—or even the Pittsburg, perhaps. All these bands have a degree of technical perfection that is satisfying and in some cases astounding. Nobody ever suggests that the Boston Symphony makes the whimper of a mistake; or the Theodore Thomas plays out of tune. Nobody doubts that Damrosch has some of the best players in the world. But after all—do not these big bands play largely as show bands? Have they the perfect reflective atmosphere and the quiet sincerity that the Dresden people brought with them? These people did not pretend to be the greatest orchestra in the world. They are not the greatest. There are better orchestras in Europe. They are not as high on the salary list as the big American orchestras. Perhaps as individual players they are no better than any of the big ones this side of the water. But behind all that and bigger than all—they played with a temperate enthusiasm and a sincerity of motive and an absorption in the work that seems a long way from the stunning technical performances sometimes given here by United States bands. This is not to say that there is no sincerity in an American orchestra. Perhaps it means that the sincerity is sometimes of another kind. It certainly does mean that the Dresden Orchestra did not come as a star aggregation largely for the purpose of beating other bands; but they came to play Tschaiakowsky and Dvorak; not so much to do "stunts" or to capture the almighty dollar.

* * *

POPULAR-PRICE CONCERTS IN MASSEY HALL.

SATURDAY of this week the Toronto Symphony Orchestra are making an experiment. For a good while back there has been a lot of newspaper criticism and kicks from so-called music lovers in Toronto that Massey Hall has departed from the straight and narrow way set down by its founder, and has practically euhred the poor man out of his cheap concert. For the high price of concerts in Massey Hall the authorities of the Hall have been blamed; which to begin with is a very shallow judgment. No doubt the Hall management fix the price of their own special attractions; events for which they alone are responsible. But who ever heard that the management were responsible for the price the Mendelssohn Choir charges for tickets, or the National Chorus, or the Toronto Symphony Orchestra? These organisations fix their own scale of prices at just the figure they think they can collect from the public and at the same time pay all necessary expenses, making a profit if possible. Few of them make any money. Some of them lose. The cost of a choral concert in Toronto has been going up of late years. Public taste demands more now than it used to do. Criticism is abroad. Societies are competitive. Each is after special attractions. Time was when no society dreamed of importing an orchestra. The Mendelssohn Choir fetched over the Pittsburgs about ten years ago. Now most of the choral societies import orchestras. This means they have to charge more for tickets. The Hall also costs more. Quite logically, perhaps, the management argue that a society which charges two dollars maximum for a ticket has a greater earning power than a society which charges a maximum of one dollar. Wherefore the rental of the Hall is graduated according to the price of admission fixed by the society. So that having established a certain high average of price for a certain type of concert, it would be suicidal perhaps for the Hall management to bring on similar concerts themselves, charging only half the price. In fact a big orchestra or a big artist exacts a certain high price which makes a low-price concert impossible. The number of these is increasing. However, the popular-price critics remain. To prove how sincere a number of them are, the Toronto Symphony Orchestra are putting on a concert this week without reserved seats. Twenty-five cents admits all over the house. This is as cheap as dirt. What will be the result? Will the hall be packed with eager cheap-lovers? That remains to be seen. But it seems almost obvious that if Toronto is to have a large number of cheap concerts it should be in some building other than Massey Hall.

The Little Grey Lady

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 14

"It was my good fortune," he answered gravenly. "Nothing more."
She gathered up the reins and smiled down at him. The men whom Esther Stanmore smiled upon seldom forgot it.

"I shall have to confine my afternoon walks to the homewoods," she remarked. "They are just as pretty, really. Good afternoon, Mr. Paul-ton. We are such close neighbours that we are certain to come across one another again soon, I hope."

But Paulton, though he bowed, did not echo her wish.

* * * *

And yet in less than three weeks they had reached the end, the last barrier through which one looks into Paradise. They were seated on the trunk of a fallen tree, the sunshine distorted into queer, zigzag stripes and gleams playing away from their feet into the heart of the silent wood. A squirrel had just scampered across the path. From the hidden places beyond, a pigeon was calling softly to his mate, a woodpecker was busy amongst the branches of a beech-tree, and all the while the west wind sang in the rustling canopy above their heads. They alone of all the living things were silent.

"I think," he said, at last, "that up to now I have dreamed, not lived. The commencement of life is here."

She looked at him a little wonderingly.

"You are losing your sense of proportion," she remarked, smiling. "It is here, if you will, that one may dream of life and be happy. Yet it can be nothing save an interlude. Life is not in these woods—no, not the commencement or the end of life. It is the Paradise of dumb beasts, this. We, alas! have to seek for our Paradise in different places."

"A month ago," he said slowly, keeping his eye fixed upon the ground, "I should have needed no one to have told me where Paradise lay. If I were the Ronald Stourton of a month ago, I should not hesitate for a single second to grasp it—now."

"Ronald Stourton!" she repeated softly. "So you are Ronald Stourton?"
"Yes," he answered. "I have heard you speak of my people."

"I thought you were in Paris."

"I was. I came to England on an important mission from the chief to the Prime Minister a month ago. I bungled it hopelessly. I was taken in by a trick which should not have deceived a child. There isn't any particular secret about it now. I brought across a draft of the proposed understanding between France and England as to their neutrality in the Russo-Japanese war. The draft was stolen from me by an agent of the Russian Government or by someone who means to dispose of it to the Russian Government. I am suspended for the present. Immediately the draft is transferred to the Russian Ambassador, and the thing comes out, I shall be dismissed from the service."

She looked at him—as a woman knows how to look at such times. Her hand rested lightly upon his shoulder.

"Oh, I am so sorry," she said softly. "I felt all the time that you were in trouble. But can nothing be done? Can't the person be found who stole the paper?"

"The cleverest detective in England has the matter in hand," he answered, "and it was at his particular request that I disappeared. The person whom he strongly suspects is being watched day and night, and it is supposed that he has not yet had an

opportunity of disposing of the papers. That is why I am still merely on leave. It is a sickening story, but I am glad that you know the truth. You will understand now why I must go away."

"I understand nothing of the sort," she answered decisively. "Of course, it is shocking bad luck; but even if you have to give up your profession, there is plenty of other work in the world for a man, isn't there? How old are you?"

He smiled. He thought her manner charming, but it was certainly original.

"I am thirty-four next birthday. Too old, you see, for any of the services. I might go abroad, of course; but it is a far cry from diplomacy to ranching."

She looked at him thoughtfully. "You are well off, aren't you?" she remarked. "Most of your family are."

"Yes," he answered drily, "I am well off. I am spared the luxury of having to work for a living, at any rate. But I am a sorry idler."

"Quite right!" she assented. "I detest men who do nothing. It always ends in their dabbling in things which they don't understand at all."

He groaned. "Don't!" he begged, digging his stick savagely into the ground. "I can see myself—a J.P., perhaps a county councillor, a director of city companies—Heaven knows what!"

"Aren't you a little premature?" she said, smiling. "You are not sure yet that you have finished with diplomacy."

"I am perfectly certain that diplomacy has finished with me," he answered ruefully. "Pardon me!"

He picked up the letter which had slipped from her waistband and handed it to her. His eyes by chance fell upon the address, and he started.

"Miss de Poulgasky!" he repeated. "Forgive me, but I could not help seeing. It seems strange to see that name here."

She nodded sympathetically.

"It is her father, of course, to whom those papers will be sent," she remarked. "I was at school with Corona, and we write to one another now and then. My uncle, who came down last night, seems very friendly with them. This letter is really from him. And that reminds me. I am no longer without a chaperon. I want you to come and dine with us to-night."

He shook his head. "Don't ask me! I am not in a fit humour to meet people."

"There is only my uncle, and I think that perhaps he may amuse you. He is such a thorough cosmopolitan. I believe that he is equally at home in every capital of Europe, and he has the most marvellous collection of anecdotes. Come and dine, and afterwards I will show you my rose-garden."

"If you will—" Their heads came very close together. He seemed to have a good deal to say, and she was very well content to listen. In the end he forgot for a brief space of time all his troubles. And she forgot to post her letter.

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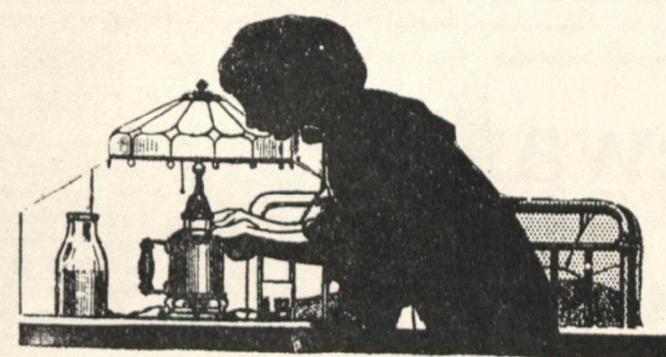
He was watching the sunset from the terrace. Behind him was the empty drawing-room. He had arrived, after all, a little early; eight o'clock was only just striking by the stable clock. She could scarcely be down yet. He had left her barely an hour ago, and he was in no humour for a *tete-a-tete* with this wonderful uncle. So he leaned over the worn, grey balustrade and wondered which way the rose-garden might lie. Were other men so much the sport of Fate as this, he asked himself bitterly, that the greatest joy of life should shine down upon him whose feet were fast set in the quag-

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mires—a tantalising dream—an impossible—yes, an impossible—?

Then the chain of his thoughts was snapped. Every pulse of his body seemed to cease beating. He was listening. Behind, in the drawing-room, someone was talking to Esther, and the voice—what folly! He turned slowly round as one who expects to confront a ghost. Esther was standing in the window, and by her side a smooth, clean-shaven old gentleman in glasses, who smiled benevolently upon him and went on talking. What folly! He dragged himself to meet them. He was ill at ease, scarcely conscious of where he was. But he watched Esther's uncle. His manner was certainly queer, but he watched. He saw things which sent the blood rushing through his veins at fever heat.

Dinner was served at a small, round table drawn close up to the open window. The Stanmore cook was famous, and Esther's uncle had had a word or two with the butler about the wines. Nevertheless, it was an ill-balanced trio, and Stourton especially was talking all the time at random. Mr. Heslop Stanmore was quietly entertaining, but Esther was too worried at her guest's strange demeanour to find much pleasure in her uncle's conversation. She made several attempts to establish more natural relations between the two men, but without the least success. She felt all the time that there was nothing they both of them desired so much as her absence. At last she got up and left them.

"I shall give you a quarter of an hour, no more," she said, glancing at Stourton. "You can smoke where you choose here."

The butler with great care set the Chateau Yguem and port upon the table and withdrew. Then Mr. Heslop Stanmore leaned back in his chair and laughed softly.

"My dear fellow," he exclaimed, you have my sympathy. You have indeed. All the time you have been getting surer and surer, longing to get up and take me by the throat; and instead you have had to swallow your dinner and make polite speeches. Come, you can relieve yourself now. All your suspicions are correct. I am the little, hunchbacked lady of Hyde Park Terrace. I stole those papers—it is my profession, you see. I am very sorry indeed to have inconvenienced you; but one must live, and I am a younger son."

"Where are they?" Stourton asked between his teeth.

Mr. Heslop Stanmore shrugged his shoulders.

"My young friend," he said, "I am thankful that you did not ask me that question a few hours ago, or I might have been compelled to have resorted to subterfuge. I have had the utmost difficulty—by the by, you really ought to try this Chateau Yguem. No?—the utmost difficulty in disposing of them. I have been watched day and night, and so has Poulgasky's house. However, I have managed it at last. My niece Esther, with whom, by the by, you seem to be on remarkably good terms, is an old school-friend of Corona Poulgasky's, and I got her to enclose my papers this morning in a letter to her. The post went out, I believe," he continued, raising his wineglass and looking critically at its contents, "at four o'clock. A delivery is made in London to-night. It is just a question—rather a near thing, I should imagine—whether those papers are not already in Poulgasky's hands."

"Did Es — Miss Stanmore know what she was doing?" Stourton groaned.

"My dear fellow," her uncle demonstrated, "do you think that I should dare to give away my secrets to a child? She has not the slightest idea!"

Esther stepped suddenly in through the window. Her forehead was slightly wrinkled. She held something in her hand.

"My dear uncle, will you ever forgive me?" she exclaimed. "I started for the post, but I forgot all about my letter."

What followed was probably the most amazing thing Esther had ever witnessed. Her uncle made a spring for the letter which she held in her hand, only to find himself caught by the throat and flung back into his chair. Stourton stood over him, grim and threatening. Just in time he saw the glint of steel. The revolver fell harmlessly upon the floor; a strong hand held him like a vice. Then Ronald turned to the girl.

"Esther," he said, "will you give me that letter?"

She was very pale, but she did not hesitate for a moment.

"I do not understand why," she answered; "but if you ask for it, of course I will."

Mr. Heslop Stanmore, with Stourton's knuckles very near his throat, did not find speech easy. But he said one word!

* * * * *

They opened his wedding present a little dubiously. It was a copy of Harrison's "First Steps in Diplomacy." They looked at one another and laughed.

"I am afraid," she said, wiping the tears from her eyes, "that my uncle is a very black sheep, but he certainly has a sense of humour."

Stourton put the book carefully on one side.

"We will treasure this volume," he remarked. "Some day, when your uncle has a birthday, I will send him a little text-book I have on the art of 'Making Up.'"

"Oh, East is East."

(Victoria Colonist)

WHEN you are sunning yourself in the garden this morning, listening to the chirping of the birds as they hop from bough to bough, and observing how well the flowers are coming on, read this sentence, from a dispatch which we had yesterday morning from Charlottetown, P. E. I.: "No mail has been received from the mainland since Monday, both steamers being tied up in the ice." If it happens to rain to-day, just alter this paragraph to suit.

Coal and the Tariffs

(Manitoba Free Press.)

THE objections on this side of the international line to reciprocity in coal come from Nova Scotia. Reciprocity would open a great market in the New England States to the coal operators of that province, but they evidently prefer to be barred out of that market and have the existing duty of 53 cents per ton retained on soft coal entering Canada. The Provinces of Ontario and Quebec are extensive importers of coal, and this province is relatively a larger importer, although less than one-tenth of the total amount of soft coal used here being imported from the States. Saskatchewan, like Manitoba, Ontario and Quebec, would welcome the making of soft coal, like hard coal, free from tariff taxation. Alberta does not import coal, but to some extent exports it, and would therefore welcome the opening of the United States market, which would mean that a considerable coal trade would be built up by the Alberta producers. The British Columbia coal producers, needless to say, are keen to get free entry into the United States market.

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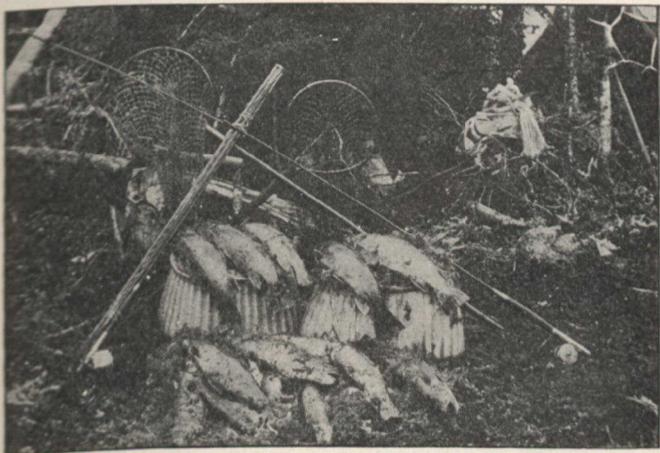
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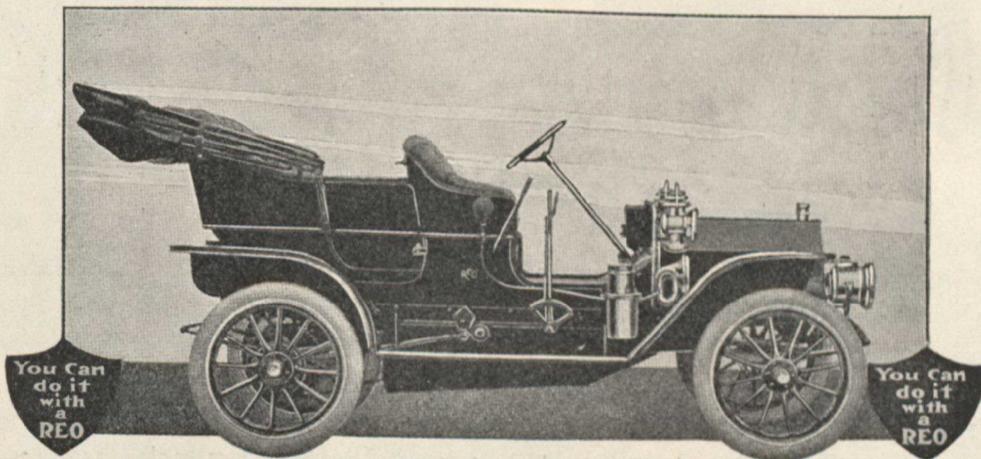


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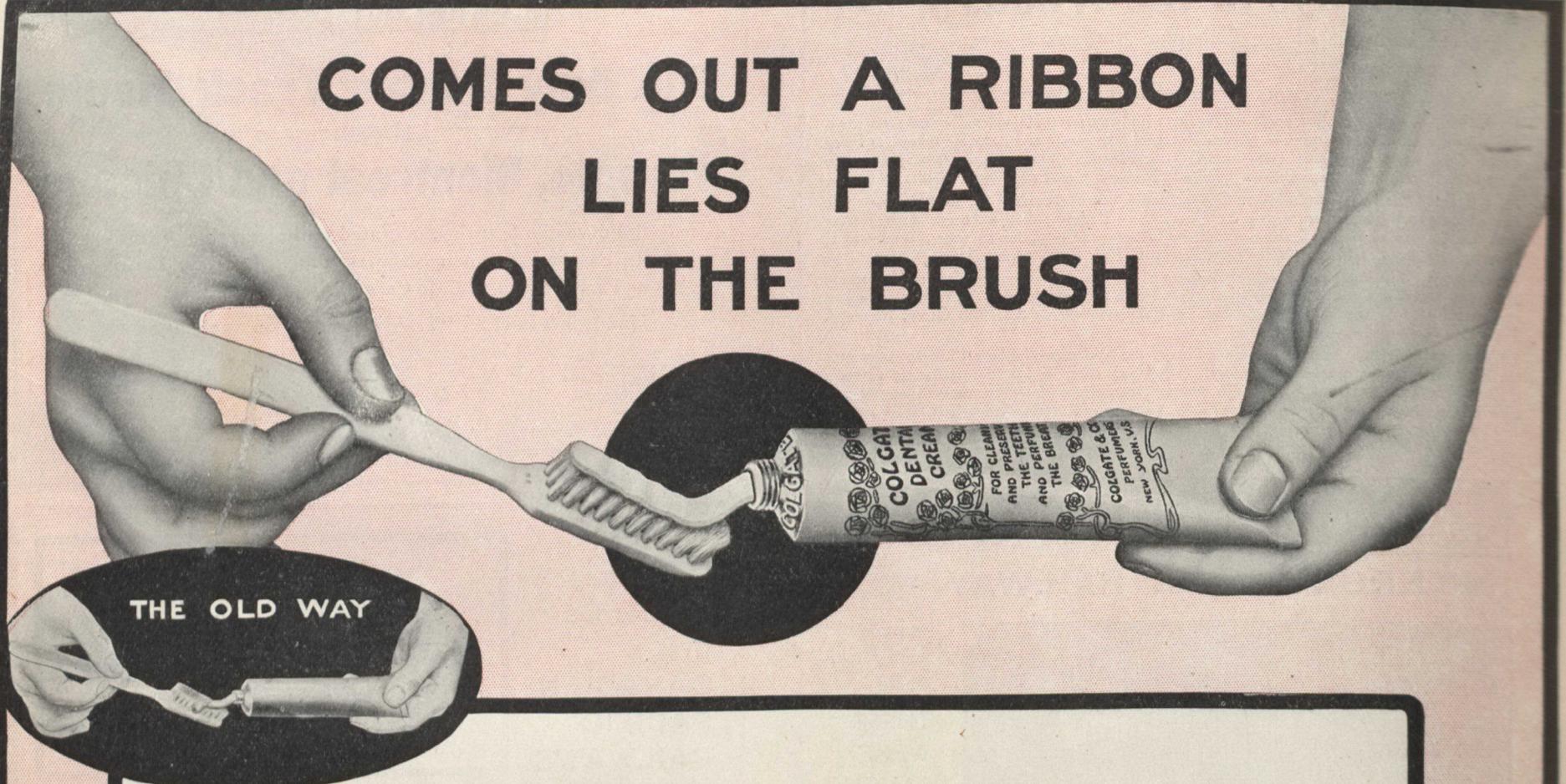
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