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June 18th, 1910

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The Canadian **Courier**

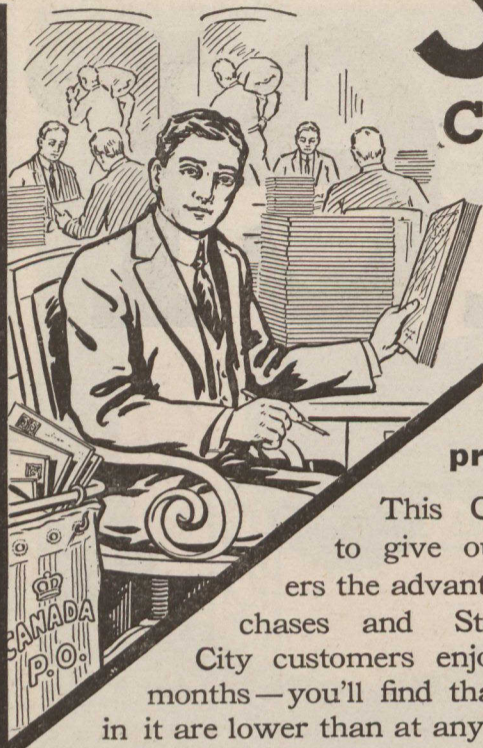
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



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"GOLDWIN SMITH—DECEASED," BY AUGUSTUS BRIDLE
IN THIS ISSUE

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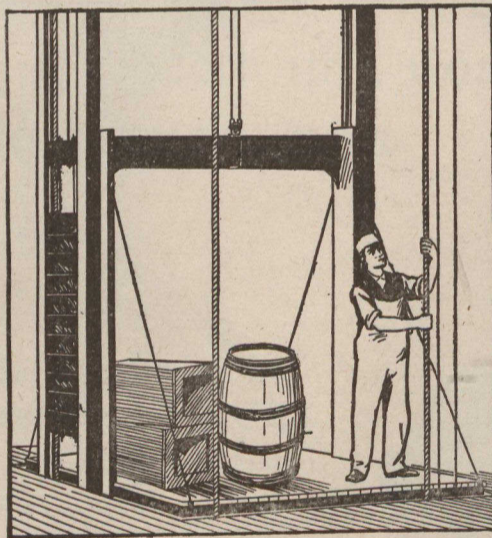
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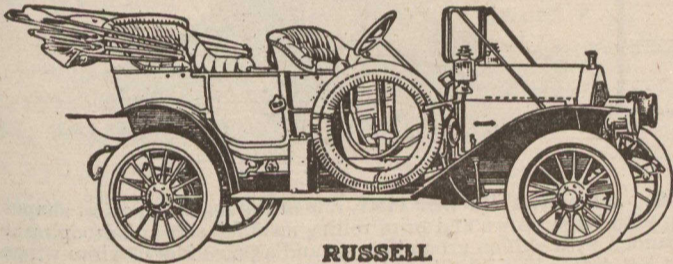
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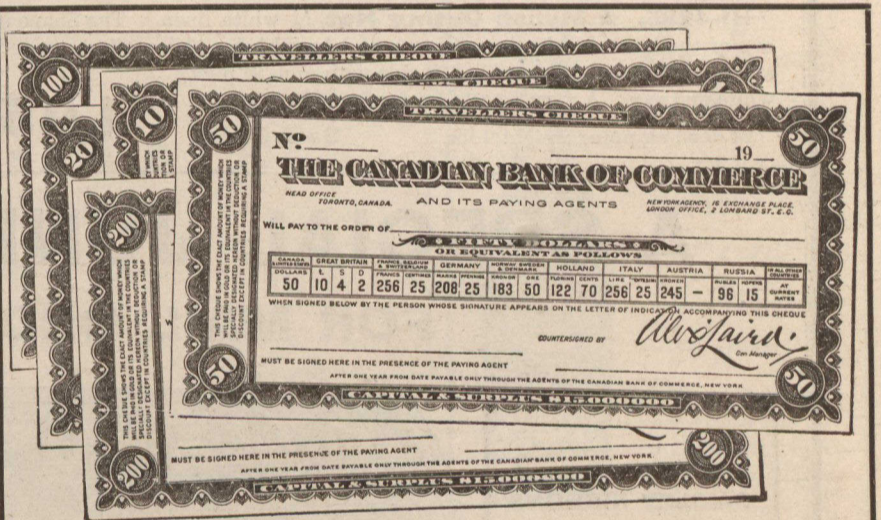
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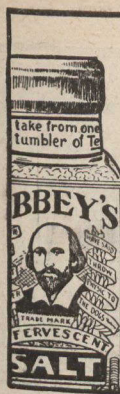
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Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on FRIDAY, the 15th July, 1910 for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails on a proposed Contract for four years six times per week each way, between LEASKDALE and SUNDERLAND Railway Station (G. T.) from the 1st October next

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Leaskdale and route offices and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT
Mail Service Branch.
Ottawa, 31st May, 1910.

G. C. Anderson,
Superintendent.

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Editor's Talk

A GAIN we present a number with a double interest. The life-work of Professor Goldwin Smith has been treated in a way which should interest every student of men and affairs. As a character and a type, all too uncommon on this continent, Goldwin Smith stood out strongly among the great men who have moulded the life and manners of the Canadian people.

The second feature of the issue is a general review of the musical season. Our progress towards national independence in musical matters is as striking as our progress towards musical excellence. Indeed, it may now be said that in music, Canada has achieved independence and self-reliance.

IT is with considerable pleasure that we announce several short stories by Herman Whitaker, a Canadian by descent, a Canadian by experience, but at present living in California. His stories deal entirely with life in the Northland and are wonderfully strong. He is the only writer who can in this field hold his own with Jack London, Stewart Edward White, W. A. Fraser and Sir Gilbert Parker. Once he wrote some "Zorra" tales, and these and several western stories were published in book form by Harpers of New York—in itself a tribute to his literary ability. Some years ago several of his stories were published in *The Canadian Magazine* but since then little has been heard of him outside of the New York and London publications. In our search for "good stuff" we re-discovered Mr. Whitaker and he has sent us some material which is worthy of being printed in the "Courier" beside the best work of Fraser and Roberts.

NEXT week's issue will be our annual EDUCATION NUMBER and it will be the best of its kind. The Playground and the Class-room are making national character and are therefore worthy of special attention. Further, education is getting closer and closer to home-life, as well as to commerce.



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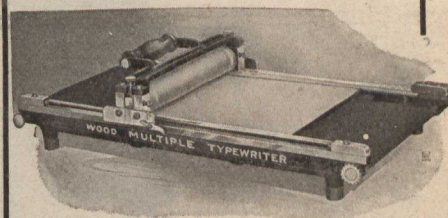
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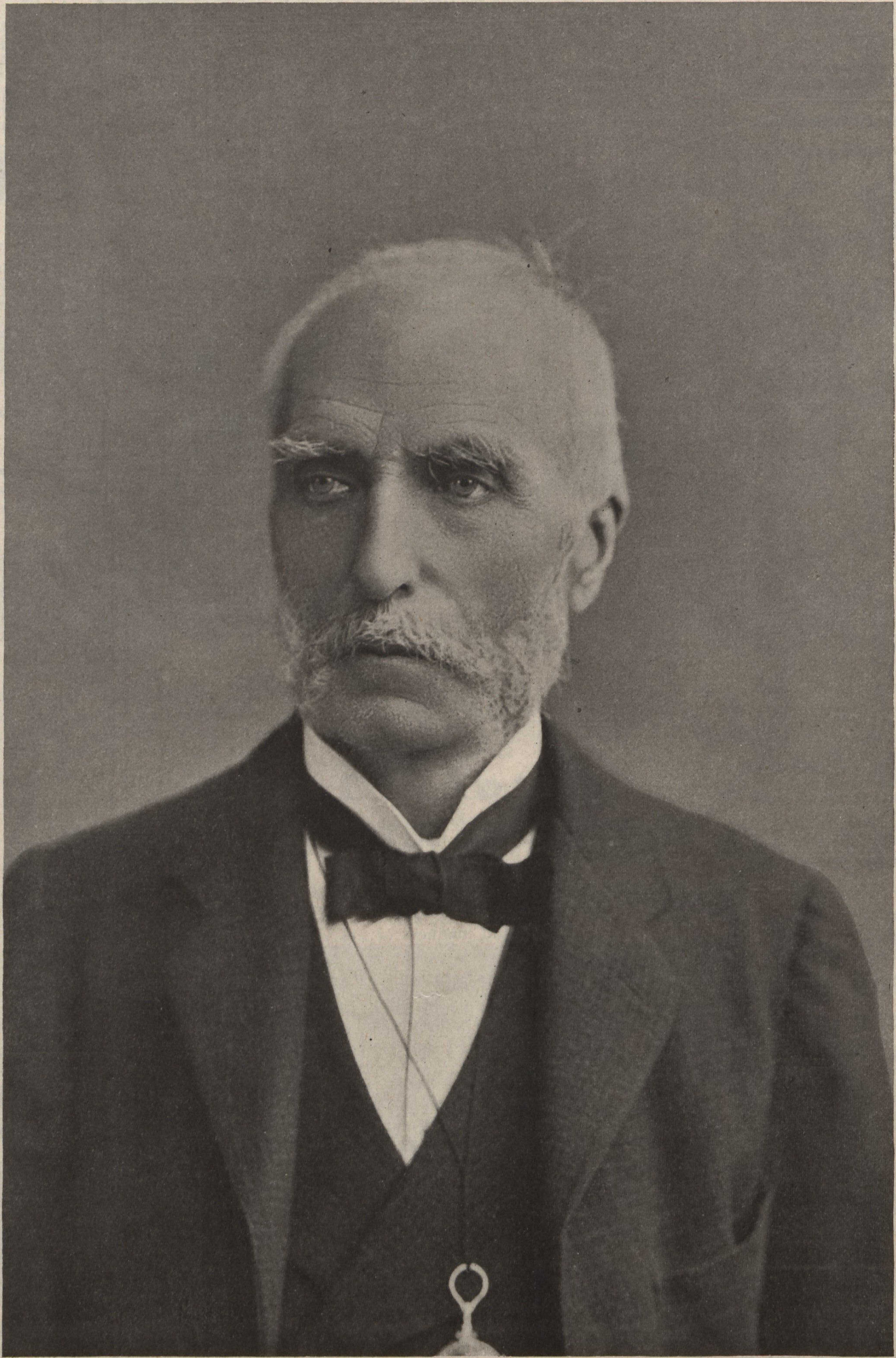
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GOLDWIN SMITH, D.C.L.



Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



VOL. 8

Toronto, June 18th, 1910

No. 3

REFLECTIONS

BY THE EDITOR

SIR RICHARD CARTWRIGHT is to be congratulated. When the Canadian Government had a revenue of thirty-five million dollars and an expenditure slightly larger, Sir Richard thought the people were being robbed by a set of unfeeling monsters known collectively as a cabinet. But the people didn't mind, apparently. In fact they rather enjoyed being robbed. Now we find that there is a similar set of unfeeling monsters in office and that they took out of the pockets of the people last year \$101,500,000, or nearly three times the amount taken by the robbers whom Sir Richard so roundly condemned. And lo, behold, Sir Richard is a member of the new set of robbers! What a whirligig!

How could it be wrong to take 35 millions from the people twenty years ago, and not be much more criminal to take 101 millions from the people in the last fiscal year? If Sir Richard would answer that question he would probably answer that "It all depends on who is doing the robbing." And he would be right. If Sir Richard and his friends were out of office, they would describe this 101 millions as the tolls gathered from innocent women, children and farmers, they would denounce such taxation as unnecessary, iniquitous, despicable, wicked, contemptible, and so on. Such is the game of politics.

WHILE congratulating Sir Richard on having lived to see the Canadian people pay 101 million dollars in one year into the coffers of the federal government, there is another point to which his attention should be directed. Every writer on government finance, who is an acknowledged authority in university or in text-book, points out that no government should take more from the people than it needs. In other words, there should never be a surplus of income over expenses. In spite of this teaching by the great financiers of the world, past and present, the Dominion Government claims to have a surplus of 22 million dollars. Here is the crime made infinitely worse.

What would be thought of the civic financiers of Toronto or Montreal, if they were to collect twenty per cent. more taxes than were needed to pay the civic expenses of the year? What would be thought of a Montreal or Toronto Board of Control which announced to the people of the city, that it had a surplus of one million dollars? Would not the members of that Board of Control be condemned as unpatriotic, unwise, unjust, stupid, and the like? Would they not be speedily removed at the next election?

If an annual surplus is wrong in civic affairs, why is it right in provincial or Dominion affairs? As Sir Richard may be too busy to answer this question, perhaps some of our readers will help in its elucidation.

EVERY free-trade authority on the continent claims that the reign of high tariffs in the United States is nearly over. Ordinarily this state of affairs would not greatly interest us. To-day it does. If the United States tariff is coming down then this is a most inopportune time to negotiate reciprocity.

The only reason why Canada would consider reciprocity, which means giving and taking, is a desire to get our products and wares into the United States at lower rates than is now possible. If this same result is likely to be secured in the near future without any effort on our part, why enter upon negotiations? Why should Canada lower a low tariff to get an advantage which is sure to come whether she lowers her tariff or not?

OF course, Mr. Doubter will say that he is not sure that the United States tariff is steadily decaying, that he desires to see freer trade established on this continent, and that he would enter upon reciprocity negotiations if the United States is willing. Mr. Doubter is therefore requested to read the editorials in the free-trade papers

of both the United States and Canada. These are prophesying that after the congressional elections in November next there will be a decided movement towards lower duties.

For example, the *Toronto Globe*, which has played such an important part in bringing about reciprocity negotiations, says in its issue of June 11th, speaking editorially:

"There will be an election in November and as the day draws nearer, indications are becoming more and more plain that the tariff is to be the great question."

"The outlook is not bright for the continuance of a high tariff. The Democrats are against it and the South is with them. The Insurgents are against it, and they have a good chance to win the West. Consumers are tired of paying double prices, and even manufacturers are coming to see that under free trade there are advantages which they have been missing all these years."

If all this is true why should Canada enter upon reciprocity negotiations? Why not wait until this high tariff comes down a peg, and then start in to barter tariff reductions?

THERE is another point which must be emphasised again and again. Statistics as to average import duties are unreliable. For example, were the duty on apples coming into Canada from the United States, one dollar per bushel (or say 80 per cent.) we would not import any apples. If the duty on oranges were 5 per cent., we would import many oranges. The average would then be worked out as follows:

Importations 1910-11.	
Apples— \$20 value duty paid (80%)	\$ 16.00
Oranges— \$20,000 value duty paid (5%)	1,000.00
<hr/>	
Ttl. impts. \$20,020	Total duty \$1,016.00
Average duty 5.07 per cent.	

Now suppose the duty on apples to be lowered to 10 per cent., and this importation to follow:

Importations 1911-12.	
Apples— \$20,000 value duty paid (10%)	\$2,000
Oranges— 20,000 value duty paid (5%)	1,000
<hr/>	
\$40,000	\$3,000
Average duty 7.5 per cent.	

In the second case the figures show a higher rate of duty than in the first, though in reality the second tariff is the more reasonable. Therefore no one should be misled by averages. When any one tells you that the average duty paid on United States imports is 21 per cent., do not let it delude you into thinking that the United States tariff is low. It is a high tariff, with many prohibitive clauses. It prohibits Canadian paper, Canadian wool, Canadian barley, Canadian eggs, and many other commodities by a tariff so high that it is an impassable barrier.

The figures show that the United States pays 21 per cent. duty on its total imports; the truth is that its industries have a protection on the average of 50 per cent.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL SAM HUGHES was in town last week and went to a baseball match. Besides being a military man, president of the Dominion Rifle Association, a member of the House of Commons, a member of the small-arms committee, Col. Hughes is a good sportsman. His name is written indelibly in lacrosse records and he can tell of many a doughty struggle on the baseball diamond. This week he is commandant of the military camp at Barriefield, Kingston.

Just now Col. Hughes is a proud man—prouder than usual. This arises from the fact that General French in an address to the garrison at Montreal paid a high compliment to the Ross rifle which Col. Hughes has so faithfully championed. General French has effectually

chilled the little opposition to that weapon which still existed in certain political and military quarters. When a man so high in the British army declares that the Ross rifle is the equal if not the superior of any other small-arm in the world, there is little more to be said upon the subject. And Col. Hughes, who favoured the weapon, when his own party were trying to prove that Sir Frederick Borden was wrong when he adopted it as the national weapon, is now a thoroughly self-satisfied individual.

Col. Hughes though getting well up in years is doing nobly in his fight against Father Time. When the Conservative party comes into power at Ottawa, if that event is not too long delayed, he will be the leading candidate for the position of Minister of Militia. He may not ever wear the honour, for politics is a fickle game, but that he at present ranks first in his party for that position speaks well for the ability of a man who a few years ago was a penniless schoolmaster.

SIR WILFRID LAURIER and Mr. Borden are each about to start on a "stumping" tour. Mr. Borden will tour Ontario to rouse the Conservatives to a sense of their duty in connection with public questions. A week or so later, Sir Wilfrid Laurier will open at Port Arthur and then proceed through the four western provinces to give an account of his stewardship.

As a creator of enthusiasm among political followers, Sir Wilfrid is the superior. He is more magnetic, more graceful, more popular. Fourteen years in the highest administrative office in the gift of the Canadian people has given him a prestige which adds greatly to his personality. Many will be proud of the opportunity to see him and hear him, who have never voted for his candidates and never intend to. The presence of these opposition voters in his audiences will, however, add to the measure of the success which will be his on this occasion.

Mr. Borden's prestige, however, is considerable. It is probably greater to-day than at any time since he entered upon the leadership of the Conservative party. The cabals and intrigues against him during the past year have come to nought, and hence his strength has been increased. Only in the Province of Quebec he is powerless; in every other province he is holding his own or gaining strength. Quebec he has never been able to master, and whether he will ever succeed in this particular portion of his work remains to be seen. He is probably doing as well as any other Conservative leader could do under present circumstances.

The series of addresses by these two leaders will be a somewhat pleasant feature during the next two or three months of what promises to be a somewhat tame and uneventful summer. Their speeches should be more educative and informing than those delivered during the session, since they will be addressed to the electors rather than to the House and since they will treat public questions on a broader and more general basis.

LORD DERBY is to take over the late King Edward's racing stables until the end of the year, when King George will assume charge of them. This unusual announcement has brought much pleasure to many people in England, where horse racing is more popular than it is in Canada. Lord Derby is an enthusiastic turfman, has had considerable experience as a soldier, has been postmaster-general of Great Britain and knows politics fairly well. Many people will remember him as Lord Stanley, the title which was borne by one of his ancestors, when he was governor-general of Canada. His father

before him was very fond of the turf and also very much opposed to gambling in all its forms.

King Edward was an enthusiastic horseman, but King George never took much interest in the turf until recent years. Indeed, when the King died, people were undecided as to whether his successor would continue the famous Sandringham stud. Apparently, King George has decided that horse racing is a national amusement which he cannot afford to ignore. If he thought it detrimental to the best interests of his people, no doubt he would ignore it. Therefore he must think it a beneficial recreation.

There is a lesson here for those who would abolish horse-racing in Canada. The amusements of a people should not be limited at the instance of austere puritans; they should rather be regulated and controlled. The trouble with racing in America has been lack of proper regulation. Now we are going to the other extreme and trying to abolish it altogether. This is not the sensible course. Abolish the hand-book men and abolish betting on races which are run for the profit which accrues to the betting fraternity, but do not abolish the sport which has much to recommend it.

WHEN TAFT NEARLY ABDICATED

WE are accustomed to regard Canada as a peaceful and harmless country, into which it can be no danger to penetrate. We pride ourselves upon the excellence of our police system and the gentle calm of our Sunday. It is curious, then, to be informed that even the prospect of seven hours' residence in Canada caused a wild flutter among high officials in Washington during the first week of this charming June. It seems that President Taft was spending a pleasant Saturday in Jackson, Michigan, and in making up the itinerary of his return journey to Washington, the officials who arranged the President's trip overlooked the fact that, while Canada occupies a few million square miles of North America, the Dominion is not exactly a section of the United States. Therefore, the Taft car was put on the schedule for a night run through Ontario.

The original arrangement would have sent Mr. Taft from Jackson to Buffalo over the Michigan Central Railroad. Suddenly it dawned upon a nervous official at Washington that the Michigan Central runs through Canada from Detroit to Buffalo. There was a terrified search of railroad maps, a hurried despatch to the authorities in Michigan and the President was saved a foreign exile which might have cost him his proud position. In any case, during those seven hours of sojourn in Canada, he would have been no longer the Chief Executive of the proudest republic in All Creation. Mr. Sherman would have reigned in his stead, but would probably have been unaware of the fact, as the Vice-President is said to be a sound sleeper.

Times have changed, indeed, since Hon. William Taft used to pack his golf sticks and fishing tackle and hie him to the classic shores of Murray Bay, where he found his Canadian holiday all too short. Being President of the United States no doubt has its attractive features, and the White House is a handsome residence, with historic associations and modern conveniences. Yet to be obliged to remain away from Canada is a privation which may well give us pause. For four long years to be exiled from the Hamilton Mountain, the Toronto water-front and the picturesque if unsavoury markets of Montreal! It is hard lines and we should rather be Earl Grey than President Taft. The latter gentleman appears to be of a daring disposition, however, as he frisked across the Rio Grande last year and had luncheon with President Diaz in Mexico. A second offence—and for seven hours at a stretch—would have been fatal, and the Republican Party would have sent a wireless to Theodore to come back and be Sovereign of the States once more.

FRITH.

THE GREAT SCHOLAR AT HIS LAST CONVOCATION



On Saturday, June 11, a day "sad with rain," the remains of Goldwin Smith were given a simple burial service at Convocation Hall, University of Toronto, and conveyed to St. James' Cemetery for interment beside his wife who predeceased him by a few months. The second photograph shows the new grave garlanded with flowers.

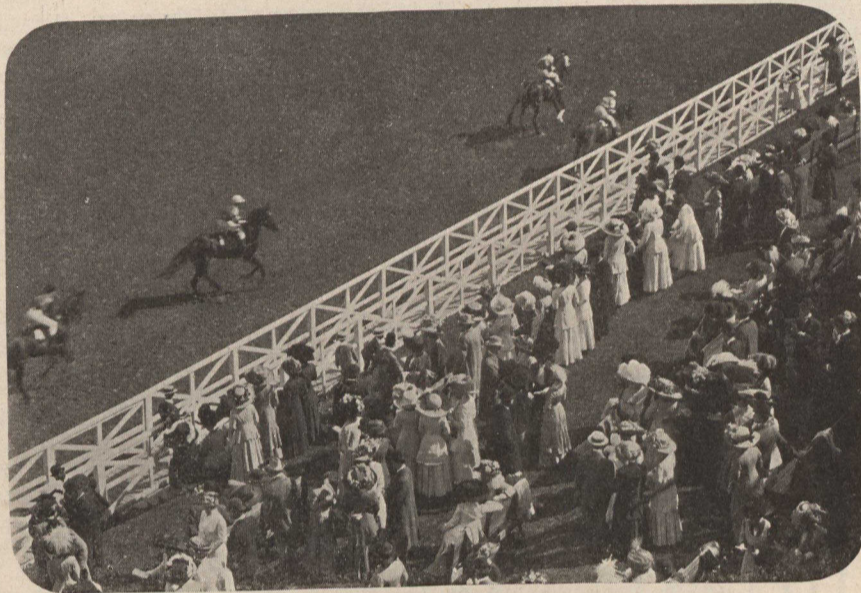
THE SPEED HORSE IS STILL THE POPULAR CANADIAN IDOL



General View of the "Blue Bonnets" Racing Track at Montreal last week.—A Saturday Crowd.

Racing at Blue Bonnets.

THE second big meet of the Canadian spring racing season concluded with Saturday's finals at Blue Bonnets at Montreal. The racing fraternity have had several handicaps to put up with this spring. For one thing, the discouraging weather has tended to affect the performance of the horses and the attendance of the public; again, the duration of the meets has been limited to seven days; undoubtedly, the death of his beloved Majesty, the King, has cast a gloom over the sport of kings. However, despite these drawbacks, both the Woodbine and Blue Bonnets people are satisfied. The bookies have got away with a lot of money and the public has seen several good runs for their dollars. Possibly the most outstanding feature of the Montreal meet was the showing of home-bred equines against the thoroughbreds of United States tracks. "Red" Walker



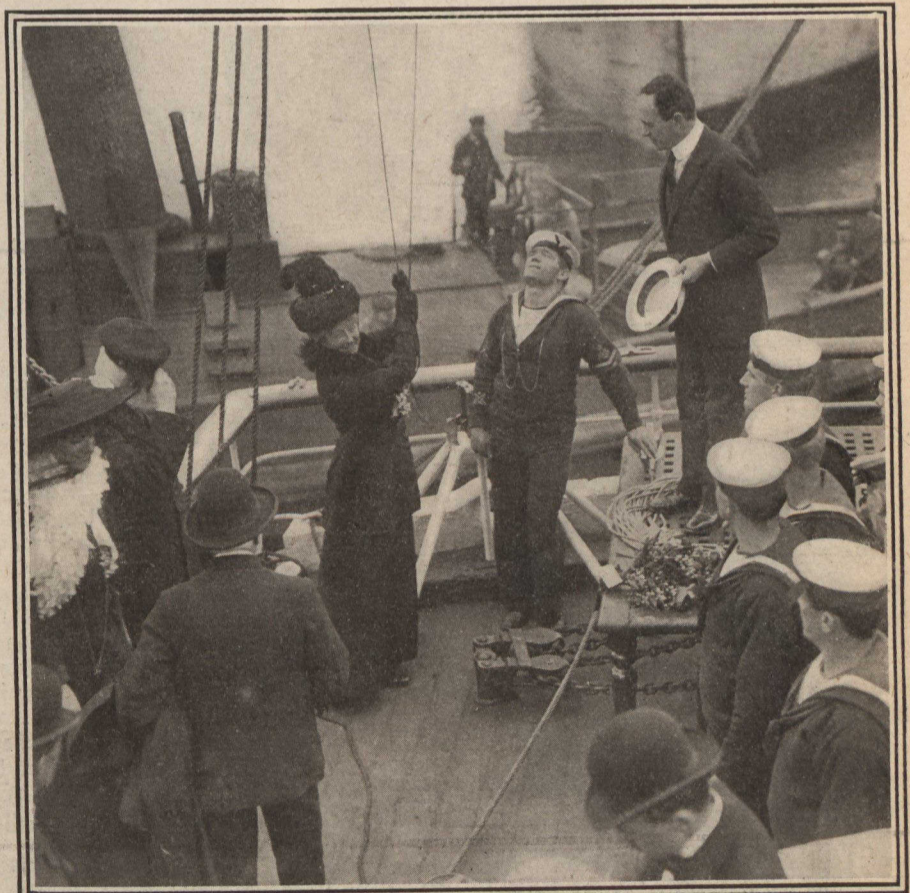
Blue Bonnets—Horses going to the Post. Part of the Members' Lawn. One of the best-gowned smart sets in America on parade.
Photograph by Gleason.

beat all Canadian owners with five wins to his credit. The horses which brought him victory were, Pretty One, Belle Kinston, Loscar and Orcagna. Mr. John Dymont only brought two horses to the meet—P. T. Clark, a two-year-old which ran first, and Chief Kee loping in third. Busy, D. Lorne McGibbon's horse, scored a second for his owner. David Watson's Adoration from Quebec, crossed the line and finished third on another occasion. Robert Davies of Toronto, who has missed two seasons at the Blue Bonnets, came to Montreal with Sir Edward and was in the money. The Seagram Stable entering Mill on the Floss, did well, as did that other celebrated stable, the Mackenzie, relying on Dunc Campbell in the event for two-year-olds. Great competition existed among the riders of all these horses. Burns and Pease were the jockeys who showed the best class, each having nine and eight wins respectively—pretty good work.

A SUMMER CRUISE TO THE SEAS OF THE SOUTH POLE



Captain Scott's "Terra Nova" leaving the Docks in London, on her long voyage to the South Polar Seas. Captain Scott will join her at New Zealand.



Lady Bridgman Breaking the Pennant on the "Terra Nova." Captain Scott stands with hat in hand.

Photographs by London News Agency.

Goldwin Smith as an Oxford Man

By KENNETH N. BELL, Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford.

WHEN Professor Goldwin Smith was asked his opinion of the Rhodes Scholarships his answer was a characteristic criticism. He said it might very well be that education in an old country unfitted one for life in a new one. The remark was in some sort a criticism of himself as well as of the Rhodes bequest. For no one ever bore more indelibly the stamp of English education than he. Intellectually he belonged to the finest type turned out by the older universities of England. The famous classical and philosophical course at Oxford, universally known as "Greats," has as its object to produce just such men as he—men of sterling intellectual honesty, whose minds have been trained to take nothing for granted, to bring everything to the touchstone of a true scholar's creed. Not that Goldwin Smith was ever the scholar pure and simple, the man whose only world is the world of books. Oxford, which trains the cabinet ministers and lawyers of Britain, and the civil servants of both Britain and India, has fewer such sons than she is often given credit for. Few journalists have had a knowledge of "current events" more comprehensive than had the late Regius Professor of Oxford. Yet no one will deny that if Goldwin Smith was a journalist he was something more. His originality of view, the sweep of his intellectual horizon and the loftiness of his standards of judgment stamp him as the scholar whom the oldest university of Great Britain honoured with one of her highest distinctions.

Then was Goldwin Smith after all only fit to breathe the rarefied air of an Oxford common room—was he, as he feared the returned Rhodes scholars would be, spoilt for the breezy and strenuous life of Canada by the too exalted standards of an aristocratic and ancient civilisation? Fresh from his graveside one would not willingly say that this was so. But twenty years ago the country was full of attacks on the doctrinaire politician whose ignorance of Canada was only equalled by the vigour with which he displayed it. He found so much to criticise in Canada, that most Canadians felt that his gospel was the gospel of suicide and nothing more. Is it true, then, that when Oxford

sends us the most distinguished of her sons to spend forty years of his life amongst us, it is after all only a solemn warning of how Oxford training spoils those who profit most by it, for Canadian life?

Our memory of Goldwin Smith is an emphatic denial. True that he was such a critic of Canada as no new country has had in its midst since the world began. But the time will come, if it is not here already, when Canada will be proud of the monument which his writings have raised to her, proud of the criticism which, if it was often more than candid, was always inspired by the feelings of a true Canadian patriot. The future Canadian historian will find that the Bystander's matchless style has marked forty years of Canada's annals with a distinction very rare in the history of the American continent. But Goldwin Smith has done something more than illuminate Canadian records with the glamour of an Oxford stylist. His whole life was a testimony of the value to Canada of another side of Oxford training. If ever a man knew how to "play the game" it was Goldwin Smith. Like all true sportsmen, he loved a fight and the joy of good hard hitting according to the rules. But no man was ever less likely to "dodge the referee," to show petty spite, or wantonly to turn a public disagreement into an opportunity for private slander. Again, if he was a ruthless and destructive critic of political democracy, his life was the life of a model citizen. Every duty of citizenship—the duty of charity, of social service, of ready self-sacrifice to the common good—he zealously and persistently fulfilled. This corporate feeling can be learnt anywhere for it is the obvious duty of the civilised man. It becomes part of the nature of the best type of English gentleman, for it is part of his education in school and college. It is what the Rhodes scholars appreciate and value in their three years at Oxford and as shown forth by Goldwin Smith, it is an example which must appeal to every member of a truly democratic community. More than his scholarship, more than his distinction, it is this which made him the pride of Toronto and of Canada. He was an English gentleman, and in honouring him, stern critic as he was of her, Canada honours herself.

His Political Views

By JOHN A. COOPER

IN the first two issues of *The Canadian Monthly*, published in January and February, 1872, appeared two poems entitled "Marching Out" and "Marching In." These poems described the marching out of the last of the British garrison at Quebec, and the marching in of the Canadian troops. They were signed "York," but in my volume I have written the words "Goldwin Smith" below "York." I do not know where I got my information that Goldwin Smith wrote the poems, nor whether it is accurate. Professor Goldwin Smith was the godfather and editor of the publication and it is reasonable to assume that the poems may have been from his pen. In the second poem, the "spirit" of the old garrison addresses the new:

"Old England well hath kept the post,
Keep ye the post as well.

"Rich is the store she leaves her heir
In mine, in farm, in fold,
But she leaves a treasure richer far
Than corn, or mine, or gold.

"Proud will she be to see you grow
In wealth by land and main,
But prouder when misfortune's power
Is met and leaves no stain.

"Swear that if e'er by fortune's spite
To yonder foe it fall,
He shall enter not through the trait'rous gate
But over the ruined wall.

"Swear, if again the invader come
Vaunting, as then he came,
Defeat perchance that flag may know,
But never shall know shame."

If Goldwin Smith wrote those lines, then there need be no charge that he was an annexationist. They breathe a militant spirit of nationalism to which even a jingo could take no exception. Yet the same pen wrote that controversial and historical volume, "Canada and the Canadian Question," which, if it did not advocate annexation, at least predicted that Canada would ultimately be absorbed by the United States. He founded a political philoso-

phy which was the basis of the campaign in favour of "Commercial Union." He furnished a political cry which Sir John Macdonald ultimately met with his famous phrase, "A British subject I was born; a British subject I shall die."

In the light of history and in the light of cold logic, absorption of Canada by the United States was not an impossibility in the seventies. Economically it would have been beneficial. As Goldwin Smith was a cold logician, he declared that the natural trend of North American trade was north and south, and that to try to drive Canadian trade east and west was a task too superlative to be attempted by wise men. Yet so far as developments have gone Goldwin Smith was wrong. Inherited British stubbornness has enabled Canadians to do that which forty years ago he thought impossible. To-day Canada's trade, Canada's development and Canada's national life-blood flows east and west, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. To-day Canada is economically, commercially and politically independent of her southern neighbour. The impossible has become a reality. What the future holds in store for us no one may accurately prophesy.

His influence as a scholar, as a journalist and as a publicist had been greater, far greater, had his political views been otherwise. There were always a large number of people who hated him because of his anti-imperialism. I do not know any incident which better illustrates the attitude of the public towards Goldwin Smith than one in which the Canadian Club of Toronto was concerned some years ago. Certain prominent members were rather afraid to ask the Professor to speak, but the majority of the executive decided that he should be invited. He accepted and came. The meeting took place on the first floor of the now departed Webb's restaurant. The members received him enthusiastically, and the meeting was a tremendous success. A year or two afterwards he again spoke to the Club with great success. None appreciated the pleasant result more than the Professor, and to mark his appreciation, he sent every member of the Club an autograph copy of "Shakespeare: The Man," with his compliments.

Although he was the first president of the National Club of Toronto, the members of that institution were not proud of the fact. Nor were they willing, until quite recently, to hang his portrait on their walls beside the portraits of other past presidents.

Because of Goldwin Smith's views as to our ultimate destiny, he never exercised a dominating political influence. Possibly he never aspired to political leadership; certainly it was difficult to attain it on the lines of policy laid down in that volume. Hence, he was more or less forced to content himself with intellectual leadership. Through his articles, books and addresses, he exercised an influence which was everything but political. He made Canadian literature possible; he created an interest in art, foreign and native; he raised the standards of education and scholarship; he elevated the ideals of journalism; he broadened the conception of citizenship. He was a living link between the culture and scholarship of early Victorian England and the culture and scholarship of Canada that is to be.

PUBLIC OPINION

Editor, *Canadian Courier*:

Sir,—I beg to offer the following comment on your remarks on "When Laurier Comes West" in your issue of May 21st. You say, "He (Laurier) will listen to what the people of that portion of Canada have to say." Will he? What possible chance has the Premier to learn the thought of the average man of affairs whose life is centred in his work and home, who belongs not to either party organisation, but who, at election time, after attending a meeting or two on each side, votes for the candidate he prefers; the man who with others of his kind is Canada, and whose vote is the same controlling element in the country's politics? And this man could tell Sir Wilfrid, or any other Premier or would-be Premier, some things worth their attention.

But, throughout his tour, hurried and confined strictly to the beaten paths, the Premier will, every moment of the time, be surrounded—hedged in—by the officers, committee and heelers of the local political association in each place he visits. He will hear as much as he chooses of what they have to say, but, so far as "the people" are concerned Laurier will do the talking. Such of them as care to jostle for a place with those of the faith, will listen to him and the rest will scan his talk in next day's paper.

On the subject of reciprocity with the United States, if his ear be placed to the ground, he will learn, I venture, that Canada has outgrown the idea of kow-towing to that country for any supposed favours; that she has no notion of going one hair's-breadth more than half way to meet her large neighbour; that she feels within herself all the forces necessary for her full development as a part of the great Empire to which she belongs, and is quite ready to endure some temporary inconvenience if necessary, while her own citizens, manufacturers included, are working out the problem of supplying her many and widely various needs.

A. E. WHITE.

New Westminster, June 7th, 1910.

Editor, *Canadian Courier*:

Sir,—In your editorial columns in your issue of June 4th you make reference to Banff in the following words: "And the excellent C. P. R. hotels at Banff, Lake Louise and elsewhere." As a resident of Banff I wish to ask that you would endeavour to correct the impression that unfortunately prevails to a large extent regarding the hotel accommodation here. Besides the C. P. R. hotel, which was in 1887 the only first class hotel in Banff, there are five or six hotels offering accommodation quite on a par with the average first class hotel of the east, and of these some are far superior to the average.

Also, you might make known, through your widely read paper, that the visitors to the west can be accommodated with the best of service all the year round (though the C. P. R. hotel only remains open through the summer months). By making this correction of the prevalent misapprehension of the conditions here you will be doing the gateway of the National Park only simple justice.

Another feature that might influence prospective visitors is the fact that there is a large number of furnished cottages to be secured here and parties wishing to spend a lengthy vacation can do so at a moderate expense by renting a suitable cottage and keeping house during their stay.

W. ALEXANDER.

Banff, June 7th, 1910.

GOLDWIN SMITH—DECEASED

BORN AUGUST 23rd, 1823; DIED JUNE 7th, 1910

Scholar, Historian, Journalist and Litterateur—and
Fine Old English Gentleman

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

THE death of Goldwin Smith came simply and naturally. The old man of letters and philosophy gradually slipped away, half unconscious for two days before the end. Some months ago—in February last—he had an accident which may have been the immediate cause of death. At any rate he never recovered fully from the fracture of his thigh-bone. He was so old a man that even with his unusual vitality the bone refused to set. So he gradually wore away; died without recognising a soul, unable to indulge in any further "guesses at the riddle of existence"; just a remarkable old man and much of an intellectual world-figure played out. That was all.

That was at three-twenty in the afternoon of Tuesday, June 7th. Evening papers of that day had full front page accounts of the event, the man and the career. They had been expecting it for months. Special writers for both newspapers and magazines had been preparing obituary articles framed up ready for immediate insertion at the psychological moment—different from the death of King Edward or Mark Twain, to whom the end came suddenly. For the time being the demise of Goldwin Smith made as much of a stir in Toronto at least as that of either the other two celebrities. Days after the event and until the imposing funeral on Saturday last the chief cities of Canada and some in the United States were concerned as over some natural phenomenon.

Goldwin Smith—was actually dead! Hundreds of people went out to John Street to gaze at the old Georgian mansion half-obscured by the huge elms; the seven-acre retreat of a great intellect now these forty years; people who had never read a line of the man's writings; many who had never even seen him. Round about the Grange there have grown up battlements of boarding-houses four storeys high; such as gave the deceased Professor a good deal of grave concern for some years back. Hundreds of people in that congested part of Toronto into which the Jews have been crowding for years knew before night that the landlord of the classic seven-acres was dead. Hundreds who had never before seen the Grange went on a brief pilgrimage to gaze in past the ugly red fence, among the stately, shimmering elms and the wonderful greens at the faded brick house. People of many languages and nationalities; what did most of them know about the life of Goldwin Smith? Little or nothing. Themselves Canadians of yesterday and of tomorrow, they had sometimes seen the man as he rode out in his easy carriage for an afternoon turn over the hills to the north. Sunken under the rim of his fedora hat, that seemed of late to have got too large for him, they had regarded him with an eye of wonder; the old man of books—a strange, half-melancholy figure; a man apart from the scurrying crowd of a city, who now and then gave out some doctrine about men and politics and history and literature which the newspapers published as though it had been the voice of an oracle. In fact if Goldwin Smith had been charlatan

man who forty years ago when he came to the country had predicted that the day would come when Canada would be absorbed by the United States. To him the great movement of population from Europe to the new world was not national—but continental. And the common people wondered—if the old scholar really knew.

Now the old sage is dead; and we shall have no more *pronunciamentos*. He was buried on a day of much windy rain; when the grand old elms before his faded house were whispering of a new year of leaves; when the red peonies, his favourite flower, were at the full of bloom in the secluded spots of that old English garden; when the social columns of the newspapers were full of the chronicles of June weddings, and when the whole face of the country which for forty years Goldwin Smith had been studying through a glass was quivering with beautiful life; and while he lay dead in the Grange the University of Toronto held its convocation procession across the campus—Chancellor and President, professors and students; and for the first time in many, many years the venerable, tottering Professor, wisest of all, was not one of them. Last year he was helped across the campus to Convocation Hall by the professors. He sat upon the platform somewhat crunched down; a lean, wrinkled, dry figure whose face was lighted up with the pale cast of much thought. Day after Convocation this year there was another—much more solemn and slow; up to the edge of the campus to Convocation Hall; professors, news-



journalists who could teach Goldwin Smith the rudiments of modern journalism; perhaps a few writers who could much better express the sentiment of Canada; but the death of any of them could not have made quite the stir in Canada that the passing of this strange man did.

Why? In a country which is above all things practical and progressive and utilitarian—what magic had this austere Professor that he was able to furnish pages to the newspapers even when his own pen was forever laid down? Nobody quite knows. Canada has never had quite such a distinguished intellectual citizen as Goldwin Smith; never one whose life doctrines were so opposed to the whole trend of modern progress and sentiment. Goldwin Smith had lived forty years—packed with thought—in Canada. He had never seen half or quarter of it. He had never quite understood it. To the country a riddle, he saw Canada as a somewhat self-willed young thing who would persist in having sentiments about empire and government with which he could not agree. Never in his forty years here did he once flatter Canada—as do many distinguished Englishmen visiting here nowadays. Our politics rarely pleased him. He criticised our party government; quarrelled with our systems of election; chided us for municipal mismanagement; rated us about our lack of civic spirit; criticised us more than any man that ever lived. Yet we took off our hats to Goldwin Smith and read every word he chose to put in the newspapers; a good deal of what he put into books; listened almost reverently when he got up to speak on a platform. Why?

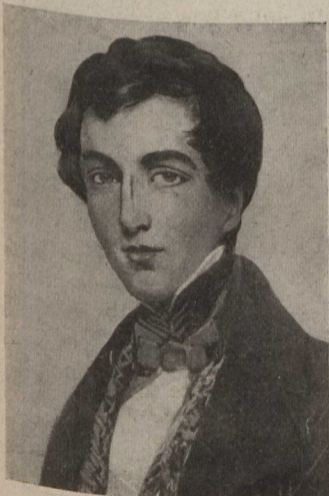
Well, we scarcely know; except that we are fond of kings—and in the world of intellect Goldwin Smith was something of a king. He was a thinker. What he thought he was not afraid to say—out loud. We respected him for his convictions. He was a man of many intellectual interests. He studied life at many points. He was never in a rut. He was not a mere professor; not only a writer of books; not simply a great political journalist and a publicist. He was a singular, fascinating, unquarrelable intellectual man who with a rare command of language had a habit of dignifying the pettiest squabbles of our public life into something like a national issue. So we paid court to him; because in all the world we



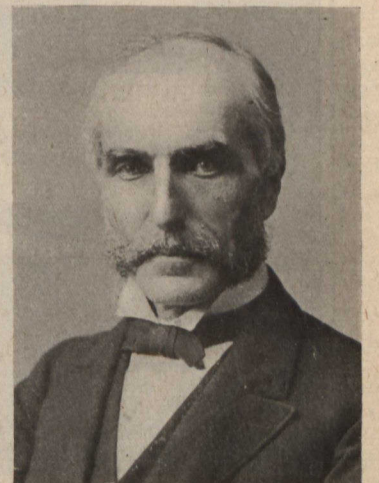
Hallway of the Grange—Almost every litterateur, diplomatist and statesman who has visited Canada in the last half century has been "interviewed" in this distinguished portion of a most interesting residence.

paper men, charity workers, labourites—and ordinary citizens. Goldwin Smith was there; again the centre of interest—but he was dead. In place of the University Latin, the rites of the church. Chancellor and President were there—but only as chief public mourners. And they said that this wise man who in life "guessed at the riddle of existence" had much religion after all.

Not in many years has there been a death and funeral in Canada so notable and imposing as that of Goldwin Smith; not at any rate since the death of Sir John Macdonald. But when Macdonald died in 1891 it was a smaller Canada than the twentieth century land that now speaks with regret and much veneration of the dead Professor. Yet we have hundreds of professors in Canada; hundreds of political opinionists—and some thinkers; scores of



Goldwin Smith at 17
From a Portrait at the Grange.



Goldwin Smith in Middle Life
From a photo by Ellicott & Fry.

But amid the bewildering, half-vague ideas the plain people had of this man there was one which most of them never forgot—being themselves Canadians of to-day and to-morrow as this man was a great Englishman in Canada. He was the

THE MANY-SIDED MAN

HIS EDUCATIONAL CAREER.

Early education at Eton College. Graduate in Classics from Magdalen College, Oxford; scholarships for Latin and Greek, 1842, 1845; Chancellor's prizes for Latin Verse, Latin Essay and English Essay; elected Fellow of University College, 1847; called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn, 1847; Hon. Fellow of Oriel College; Assistant Secretary to the Royal Commission in the State of the University of Oxford, 1850; member of the Popular Education Commission, 1858; Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford, 1858; Professor of English Constitutional History at Cornell University, Ithaca, N.Y., 1868.

Came to Canada in 1871 and appointed Senator of Toronto University; elected to Council of Public Instruction, Toronto, 1874; President Provincial Teachers' Association; President of the Modern Language Association; member of Toronto University Commission in 1905.

AS A JOURNALIST.

Wrote leaders for the *Pall Mall Gazette*; contributed articles on "Current Events" to a magazine called the *Canadian Monthly*; mainstay of *The Nation* (Toronto), devoted to literature and politics; conducted *The Bystander*; founded the *Toronto Week* in 1884; wrote until a year ago for "*The Farmers' Sun*" (*Bystander*); contributed more or less regularly for many years, articles to the *New York Sun*; wrote constantly on current topics for leading magazines and periodicals in Canada, England and the United States; Hon. President of the Canadian Press Association and Toronto Press Club.

AS A LITERATEUR—HIS WORKS.

Irish History and Irish Character; Lectures in Modern History; Three English Statesmen, Cromwell, Pitt and Pym; Essays on Reform; Short History of England; Lectures and Essays; History of the United States; Oxford and Her Colleges; Bay Leaves (Translations from the Latin Poets); Specimens of Greek Tragedy; Essays on Questions of the Day.

we somehow believe there was not another much like him. He was the great intellectual Englishman in Canada; and if he had been twice as great an American—doubtless we should have thought of him the less; though we have long known his singular attachment to the United States.

Did Goldwin Smith himself ever understand the homage that Canada paid him—in spite of some of his opinions? Did he estimate how much of it was due to the fact that he was a great intellectual Englishman instead of a great Canadian or a citizen

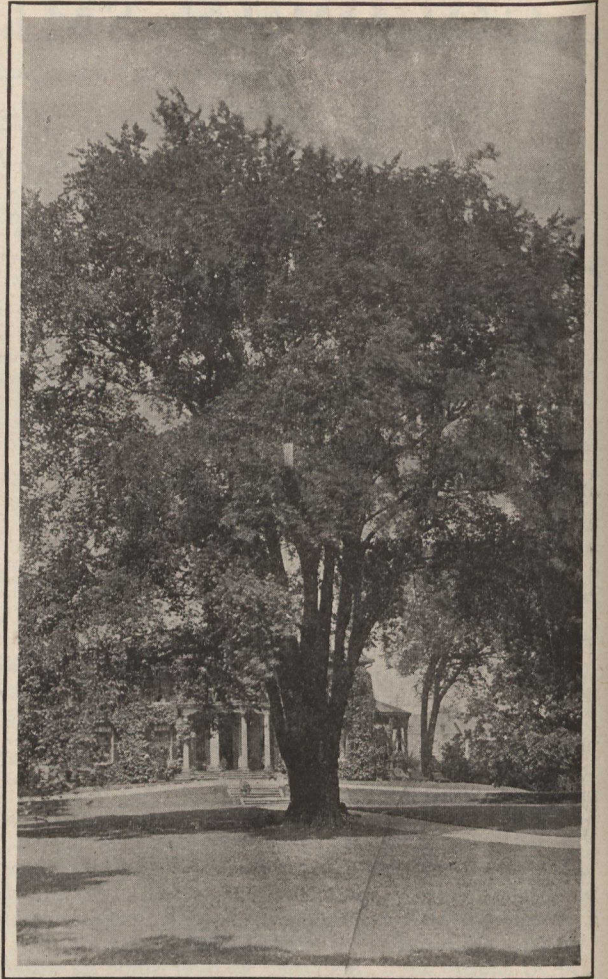
of the United States? Perhaps not. Which makes part of the enigma of the man's life.

Altogether a strange life. It had begun to be singular before he left England, where he was remarkably successful in educational work; where in the world's greatest culture university he was Professor of Modern History at the age of thirty-five. Then suddenly after having once visited the United States and siding with the North in the Civil War—he left Oxford and England; as he himself said for family reasons. Two years later a strange picture of the Professor appeared in that political novel of Disraeli's, "*Lothair*." The scholar and the statesman had vitally disagreed. Disraeli pilloried Goldwin Smith in this fashion:

"The Oxford professor, who was the guest of the American colonel, was quite a young man, of advanced opinions on all subjects, religious, social and political. He was clever, extremely well informed, so far as books can make a man well-informed, but unable to profit even by that limited experience of life from a restless vanity and overflowing conceit, which prevented him from ever observing or thinking of anything but himself. He was gifted with a great command of words, which took the form of endless exposition, varied by sarcasm and passages of ornate jargon. He was the last person one would have expected to recognise in an Oxford professor; but we live in times of transition.

"The professor, who was not satisfied with his home career, and, like many other men of his order of mind, had dreams of wild vanity which the new world, they think, can alone realise, was very glad to make the colonel's acquaintance, which might facilitate his future movements. So he had lionised the distinguished visitors during the last few days over the university, and had availed himself of plenteous opportunities for exhibiting to them his celebrated powers of exposition, his talent for sarcasm, which he deemed peerless, and several highly-finished picturesque passages, which were introduced with extemporary art."

So it was perhaps some unaccountable distaste of the old world and some hankering for the new that first brought Goldwin Smith away from the cultural associations of dear old England; first to the United States and as Professor of History to Cornell University, which was then just being founded by Ezra Cornell in Ithaca; a raw, untutored spot in a region of great natural beauty—which Goldwin Smith himself has so happily delineated in a little brochure published just after his last journey on a train, when he went to lay the



The Grange, its famous porch, and its more famous lawn—This fine property has been left by Professor and Mrs. Smith as a civic park and art gallery.

corner-stone of a new hall in the University. The opening paragraph is a specimen of the great writer's best style—elegant and impressive, with a fine musical melancholy; the sort of writing that if it were music would be marked *piano* in the score and played on muted strings:

"It was on a November morning in the year 1868, a morning chill, dark, and sad with rain, but bright in my life, that, having travelled by the night train from New York, I first set foot in Ithaca. I was received by Andrew D. White, and after breakfasting at the Clinton House, taken out on the hill by Ezra Cornell in his well-known buggy. There then stood



The Professor in his remarkable library, showing the desk at which he wrote his famous books, pamphlets and editorials. By this old-fashioned fire-place he entertained his friends and smiled upon his enemies.

Photograph by W. James

Dr. Bruce Macdonald, LL.D. Canon Cody, LL.D. Sir William Meredith, LL.D. J. W. Flavelle, LL.D. A. H. U. Colquhoun, LL.D. Goldwin Smith, D.C.L. Byron E. Walker, LL.D., C.V.O.



The Commission which was appointed to lay down a new constitution for the University of Toronto, held some of its meetings in Goldwin Smith's dining room, out of courtesy to the aged Professor.

Photograph by Galbraith, Toronto.

on that hill one far from imposing block of building, Morrill Hall I believe it is now called. The Campus had not been laid out. No bridge was over the creek. All was Rome before Rome was built, and for the newcomer from that venerable city by the Isis had the full charm of novelty.

"Now, after the lapse of a little more than a single generation, re-visiting Cornell, I see all these buildings, homes of learning and science in every branch, while the fair Campus is busy and cheerful with the life of three thousand students. Such is the magic of American energy and enterprise."

The Professor was too markedly English to escape notice in Cornell. He writes:

"In those days I used to keep up my British habit of taking exercise by long walks. I would go to Dryden, spend the night there, and return on foot next day. Farmers with their teams seeing me plodding on foot and not understanding the British mania would kindly offer me a ride. Once I fell in with a farmer who was on foot and had a long walk and talk with him. He let fall something which seemed to imply that he took me for an American. Candour compelled me to confess that I was only a Britisher. 'Yes,' he said, 'I knew you to be a British by your brogue.'"

In a curiously impersonal paragraph he speaks of his work at Ithaca:

"Two years the English Professor spent in teaching at Cornell, and in his long life there have not been two better or happier years than those. He is often reminded of them by the greeting of an old Cornell pupil."

At Cornell Goldwin Smith became intimate with Agassiz, James Russell Lowell, and Bayard Taylor as in England he had known perhaps less intimately such men as Macaulay and Froude, Melbourne and Peel, Wellington and Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell. Then of a sudden he left Cornell—still retaining his lectureship—and came to Canada. He naively says that it was a desire to be among such of his relations as he had in Canada. At first he boarded—still a bachelor. In 1875 he married Mrs. William Henry Boulton and in the family mansion of the Boultons he set up a miniature replica of an English estate in Toronto; in what was then the heart of a small residential city. He became the first intellectual citizen of a land much younger than the United States, just struggling through a period of great depression, groping and fumbling to find its way on the map of politics.

Perhaps there was more than mere family connections that induced the Professor to come to Canada to live. He was above all an Englishman; and in the United States it would have been hard

for an Englishman to live as Goldwin Smith has always lived so delightfully and austerely here—a perfect autocrat, with all the simple, quiet tastes of a man of letters and much of the almost profound dignity of an English gentleman. He was a strange triangular embodiment of England, the United States and Canada.

In all America there was not such a house as "The Grange," built best of a hundred years ago in the pure colonial style. The gardener's house at the front gate resembles a gamekeeper's lodge in England; tenants' cottages at the rear; almost English elms—though much finer; great sweeps of sward as green as Ireland; stone pillars and facings and the homeliest of red brick—and at the solid oak door at the ring of the leisurely bell came the butler in full dress, politely bowing the visitor in.

The hallway—as large as a big room; studded and beamed with walnut—enough as the Professor himself said to have built a house in itself. On the south stained-glass window a Latin motto—that of the Boultons; north over the winding vast staircase another—that of the Smith family. Then the rooms; immediately to the left an apartment hung with replicas of oil portraits; then the big dining-room—more portraits, historic and profound; finally if you would see the Professor himself you came to him in the long, sombrely magnificent library to the west.

There was the real Grange; the book-house—in which a Washington Irving might have revelled;

a billiard table loaded with books and papers; the tick-tock of a half-silent clock; dim, lofty cabinets of books—a room whose very walls were books, and whose windows looked out upon the pensive charm of a strangely quiet spot in a bustling big city. Here was the room in which Goldwin Smith did all his multifarious writings in Canada; to which after days of isolation in a bedroom after his accident he was brought down and a bed made for him that he might have his last glimpse of life among the books, and from which a gangway was laid so that on the last few fine days of his life he might be taken out to the open where the birds were nesting in the big elms. Here also his body lay before being moved to the big drawing-room.

The first time I interviewed Goldwin Smith he sat near the west window of the library. Skull cap, lean legs crossed and thin fingers locked he gazed penetratively out of the window.

"No," he said crisply when the subject was first announced, "I shall not talk to you about the housing problem. I have been too long unable to visit the homes of the poor as I used to do."

He referred to the time when amid the busy labours of journalism, writing for magazines, making of books and studying public questions he had been closely identified with the work of the city in which he had come to live. In those days he went out much; a more familiar figure on the streets of Toronto than the Mayor; well-known in the sanctums of editors, at the banquets of press associations and boards of trade; at the convocations and public gatherings of the University; at the conventions of teachers whose president he was; at meetings of charity whose chairman he had been; on bowling greens where he had shot many a good bowl; at the National Club whose first president he was—a singular, alert, analytical man forever interested in the affairs great and small of a growing city, on which he had kept tab so astutely as well as upon the outlook of men and of nations.

Most of his opinions of men and events had been formulated in this very room which might have been called the inner temple of thought in Canada. It seemed like a cloister at Oxford; the pale quiet of the brain; cold, reasoning, dispassionate—yet not without pathos and humour.

"You have a magnificent library, Professor," I ventured to say.

"No," he replied curtly. "My library is not magnificent. It is useful. I have read every book



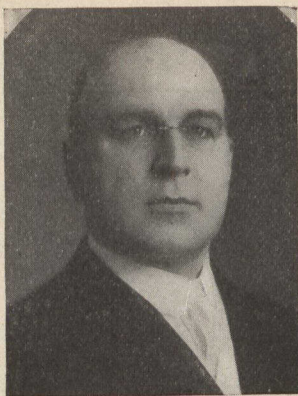
Goldwin Smith's last appearance in the Annual Convocation Procession at the University of Toronto—June, 1909. He is seen here (centre) supported by Sir Charles Moss and Professor Mavor.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 26.

BRIEF MUSICAL BIOGRAPHIES

Written in the Major Mode

By VOX HUMANA



Dr. A. S. Vogt
Conductor Mendelssohn Choir



Mr. Frank Welsman
Cond. Toronto Symphony Orchestra



Dr. Albert Ham
Conductor National Chorus



Mr. W. O. Forsyth
Teacher of Piano

so far as Mr. Welsman was concerned, on one condition only—that he be allowed to organise an orchestra in the Conservatory and with such other talent as he might draft in. The present Toronto Symphony Orchestra under the effective business management of Mr. H. C. Cox, is the result. The story of that orchestra is one of the most encouraging things in the history of Canadian music. Its success is due primarily to Mr. Welsman; scarcely less to the ambitious and courageous backing of Mr. Cox, who has done more for music than any other layman in Canada.

Dr. Charles A. E. Harriss is the foremost musical promoter in Canada. He is an Englishman who has been in Canada long enough to know what Canada is like as a field for music, and in Montreal most of the time. He has brought out more big things from England than any other man in Canada. He toured Sir Alexander Mackenzie, Sir Frederick Bridge and the Sheffield Choir. He is now engaged in an Empire tour for a big Glasgow chorus. He has composed some rather notable works; most ambitious of which is the cantata "Pan," performed under his own direction and in presence of the late King Edward at Covent Garden. Dr. Harriss is a wealthy man who does not need to depend on music for a living. He has purchased Earncliffe, the baronial home of Sir John Macdonald in Ottawa. Exceedingly ambitious, there is little in the way

of sheer music promotion in Canada or the Empire that Dr. Harriss would not attempt. One of the leaders in the Winnipeg musical world is Mr. Fred Warrington, who is the conductor of the choral society there and who has been the pioneer in really modern musical work in the wheat city. Mr. Warrington was known for many years as the leading Canadian baritone. That was during his residence in Toronto, where for many years he was leader of the Sherbourne Street Methodist choir. In the old Philharmonic days under Dr. Torrington he distinguished himself by taking at a day's notice the difficult solo part in an oratorio assigned to a United States baritone who failed to arrive. After leaving Toronto he went to Detroit, where for some years he did vocal teaching both there and across the border. But in Winnipeg he is doing a work which in the east he would have missed altogether—and did it after middle age.

Dr. Edward Fisher is the most capable musical administrator in Canada. Some say that he is more of a business man and an organiser than a musician—which is, however, not the case. Dr. Fisher has got to where he is as the head of the largest musical school in Canada and one of the very largest in America primarily because he is a musician. He came to Canada from New England; about thirty years ago—first as a private teacher and as organist of St. Andrew's on King Street, where on a memorable Sunday morning the present editor of the *Globe*, then a country preacher and a "theolog" down to Toronto for a Knox College exam., heard in one service his first "heretic," Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, and his first "kist o' whistles" played by Dr. Fisher. It was only after some years of teaching and studying the ground that Mr. Fisher decided to open a conservatory of music, which was at first a very small affair; afterwards moving to a building at the corner of Yonge Street and Wilton Avenue, now occupied by a hotel. But Dr. Fisher had a strong faculty of organisation and of getting round him good men. He so built up the reputation of the conservatory for efficiency and business administration that some twelve years ago it became necessary to move—to the present premises at the corner of University Avenue and College Street, where nearly two thousand pupils a year are enrolled and taught by a corps of specialists in various departments not excelled by those of any other similar institution in America.

Frank Welsman, conductor of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra and known as perhaps the most brilliant piano player in Canada, was born in Toronto—not very many years ago. He was always bent upon music. At the Model School he was playing the piano. As a mere lad in knickers he went to the College of Music, studying under Dr. Torrington. Here he learned both piano and violin and some theory. When seventeen years of age he went to Germany, at first quite undecided as to whether he would study violin or piano. His teachers soon settled it—that he must study the piano. Krause, the celebrated teacher of the Liszt method of playing the piano, was his first teacher. He studied theory with Schrenck and orchestration with some of the best masters; intending when he got back to Canada to start an orchestra—which, however, he did not do till after some years of teaching piano at the College of Music. Then he was got by Dr. Fisher to go to the Conservatory;

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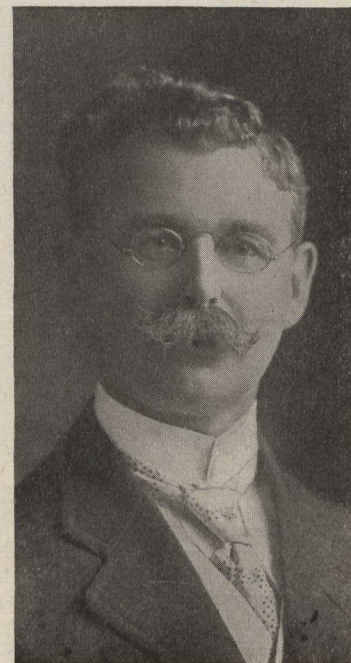
Few of the younger musicians in this country have achieved so much in a few years as Mr. Frank Blachford, the concert-master of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra and the leader of the well-known Toronto String Quartette. Mr. Blachford was born in Toronto; but he has long since become a well-known figure in various parts of Canada. When quite young he went to Germany to perfect his knowledge of the violin which he has chosen as his special medium of expression. He spent four years, 1897 to 1901,

on the Continent and came back to Canada to do in violin work something what his senior, Mr. Welsman, has been doing in piano and Dr. Vogt in choral work. As a violin player he exhibits a rare combination of virtuosity and restraint; somewhat conservative in style but always temperamental. Mr. Blachford is a hard worker and considerable of an organiser. He was the first to see the practical possibilities of chamber music, in middle Canada at least, and his organisation of the Toronto String Quartette is a good proof that he was not wrong. These players are the Kneisels of Canada, and much of the credit is due Mr. Blachford for so wisely picking his associates and his programmes, and working up his clientele.

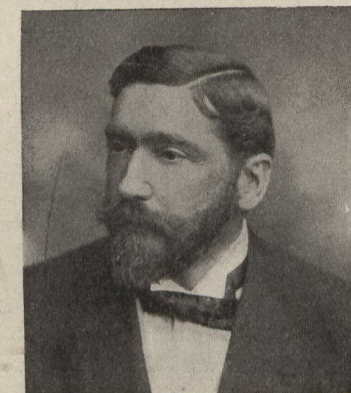
The conductor of the Elgar Choir in Hamilton is one of the rising musicians of the younger sort—who has already to his credit a distinctive achievement in a choir which does work of a remarkably fine character. The Elgar Choir is in a minor sense the Mendelssohn Choir of Hamilton. It grew out of the choir which Mr. Carey had under his direction at Knox Church in Hamilton. Mr. Carey was born near Hamilton. He was a pupil of J. E. P. Aldous in piano and theory and in voice culture under Elliott Haslam. In 1900 he spent some time in Europe where he made a special feature of voice production and song interpretation. He has had a wide experience as a



Mr. Bruce Anderson Carey
Conductor of the Elgar Choir in Hamilton, Ont.



Mr. H. M. Fletcher
Conductor of the Schubert Choir and of the People's Choral Union; initiator in Canada of the Dornrosch method of teaching choral music to inexperienced people.



Dr. Charles A. E. Harriss
Montreal and Ottawa; promoter of Music in Canada; composer and conductor of his own works.



Dr. Edward Fisher, Director Conservatory.

conductor of various choirs in Canada and may be expected to continue giving a good account of himself in the musical and especially the choral world.

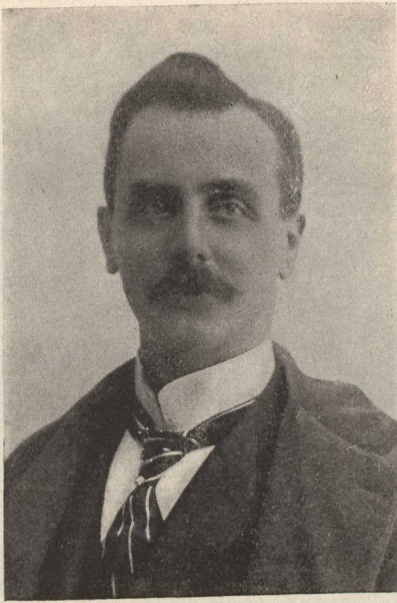
Hector Charlesworth is known to thousands of readers in Canada as the late "Touchstone," the music critic of the *Mail and Empire*, in which position he succeeded Mr. Parkhurst. In a peculiar sense he combines the qualities of a critic of music and drama, a real newspaper man and a literary writer. He put in several years as reporter on Toronto dailies. For several years he was city editor of the *Mail and Empire*, of which for some years previous he was chief reporter and music critic. For two years he was reporter and critic on the *Toronto News* under its reorganised management. He is now special writer and critic of *Saturday Night*—which is another of his old loves, for years ago he was associated with Messrs. Sheppard and Clark on that paper. As a writer of graceful and convincing English few excel Mr. Charlesworth. He was once considerable of a minor poet. Besides he has a capacity for hard work of a variegated kind that makes him a most interesting personality on a paper where quality and quantity and hustle are a desideratum.

The *doyen* of Canadian music and drama critics is Mr. E. W. Parkhurst of the *Toronto Globe*. Mr. Parkhurst is an Englishman who before he came to Canada many years ago—in 1870—played the violin in the orchestra of the Italian Cathedral in Hatton Garden. His opinions on music and drama have been studied more consecutively than those of any other man in Canada. When he first came to this country he was a short-hand clerk in the offices of the General Eastern and Western Freight Agents of the Grand Trunk Railway at Montreal and Toronto. He went from that to a reportorial job on the *Mail* and for years he did music and drama on that paper as well. Eleven years ago he was appointed to a similar capacity on the *Globe*. He was for ten years musical editor of *Saturday Night*. Three years ago he started the paper known as *Musical Canada*, of which he is still publisher.

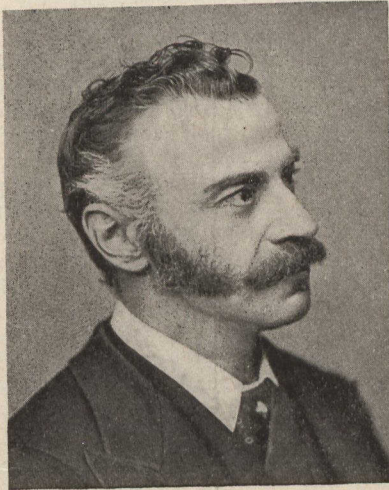
Mr. W. O. Forsyth has for years been one of the leading teachers of piano in Canada. He has studied and taught piano and nothing else—except theory and harmony. He has found in the piano an instrument which quite satisfies him for a life work; and he is a born enthusiast in that class of work. In his knowledge of the piano he has no superior and few equals in Canada. He has a long list of clever and some distinguished pupils to his credit, all of whom owe much to his power of teaching, his enthusiasm and his special knowledge.

* * *

"More than half a century ago Dr. Torrington left behind him his beloved England, the country of music-



Edward Broome, Mus. Doc.
President Toronto Clef Club



Mr. E. R. Parkhurst
Critic of Music and Drama

lovers and of soft voices, to cast in his lot with the people of Canada. His first position in Canada was as organist and choirmaster of St. James Methodist Church, Montreal. During his twelve years there he was connected with many musical organisations, had charge of the 25th Regiment (King's Own Borderers) band, the Montreal Orchestral Union, and other companies. When the patriotic people decided on a musical festival by way of welcoming the Prince of Wales, our late King, on his visit to Canada, the leadership was given into the hands of Dr. Torrington. When, later, the cousins across the line were about to celebrate the first Peace Jubilee in Boston they invited the Doctor to take charge of the Canadian contingent. Not content with having his occasional help, they set about securing him for themselves, and to this end offered him the organ in King's Chapel, Boston, which he accepted. He formed and conducted societies throughout the state, conducted the mass rehearsals for the second Jubilee, took part in the Harvard Symphony, and Handel's and Haydn's orchestra, keeping up the while the organ recitals in many churches, among them Henry Ward Beecher's, and also in the Boston Music Hall.

"In 1873 he came to take the organ and choir of the Metropolitan Church, Toronto. So strong a factor in the success of the church did his music become, that in places throughout Ontario the Metropolitan is still spoken of as 'Torrington's church' by the middle-aged men and women.

"Among Dr. Torrington's early efforts was the reorganising of the Philharmonic Society, which, under his direction produced such works as 'The Messiah,' 'Elijah,' 'Hymn of Praise' and 'Creation.' At the present time the Toronto Festival Chorus, organised by him in 1886, West Toronto Chorus, with the Toronto Orchestra, are, under his direction, producing similar works. Dr. Torrington stands identified with many musical events of note, among them the special performance to celebrate the late Queen's Jubilee of succession to the throne; the opening of Massey Music Hall in 1894, by request of Mr. Hart Massey, the donor of the Hall, with Handel's 'Messiah,' and the gala musical performance with orchestra and chorus in honour of the present King's visit in 1901. In recognition of his worth, the University of Toronto bestowed upon him the degree of Doctor of Music.

"To the world at large, Dr. Torrington is the musician pure and simple; to his pupils he is known as autocrat; but to the 'hearthside folk' he is the genial, kindly soul, the faithful friend, the 'Torrington' whom his followers admire as a man and love as a boy—yes, as a boy—for enough of the eternal genius of youth is his to keep him a boy till the end of the chapter."—Jean Blewett in the *Canadian Magazine*.

MUSIC IN CANADA

A Form of Art which has done Millions for Trade

QUESTION is often asked — is Canada a musical country? That depends. On a basis of spending money for music—yes. Perhaps no people anywhere spend quite so much *per capita* for the art of music as Canadians. Part of that depends on the fact that Canadians are fairly well off. Musical education costs money. Ask the piano teacher or the director of the Conservatory. Also—ask the piano man; and the vocal teacher, and—well, there's no end to the list of people who are building up Canada's reputation as a country addicted to, fond of, and spending much of its money on music.

Just by way of illuminative figures—to show how money is spent on music in this country. Take Toronto, which is considered the music centre of Canada; which largely it is. Toronto spends every year on choral music alone more than fifty thousand

and dollars; of which twenty thousand and upwards goes to the Mendelssohn Choir, six or seven thousand to the National Chorus, ten thousand to the Fletcher choruses, three or four thousand to the Oratorio Society under Mr. Sherlock, and as much or more to the Toronto Festival Chorus under Dr. Torrington.

This takes no account of the fact that the Toronto Conservatory of Music, one of the most gilt-edged concerns in America, takes in a gross aggregate of just what you may be able to figure out on a basis of seventeen hundred students regular and casual, spending anywhere from fifty to five hundred dollars each in a year. The College of Music, less ambitious but doing quite as good work so far as it goes, helps to augment the amount. The Metropolitan School of Music at

West Toronto is another; and there are a score of ladies' colleges and semi-private schools whose annual receipts for musical education alone run up into many thousands of dollars. Besides there are the scores of private teachers who have fees varying from fifty cents a lesson to twenty-five dollars, and some of them fifty dollars a quarter of twenty lessons each.

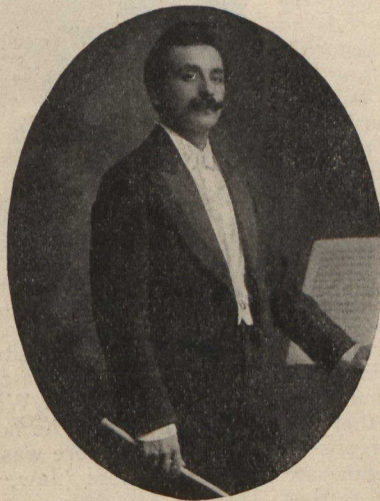
All this vast annual aggregate in a single city is independent of the grand total spent for pianos alone. Toronto is the centre of the piano-making industry in Canada. There are ten firms in Toronto making pianos. Every week upwards of three hundred pianos are turned out of Toronto factories—to be sold all over Canada. The average price of a piano is not less than two hundred and twenty-five dollars; ranging in price from twelve hundred dollars for a cabinet grand down to a hundred and fifty for a commercial piano. Thousands of people all over Canada are discarding the old cabinet reed organ, swapping it for the piano. Never was such a piano boom known in any country of equal population as has been known during the last ten years in Canada. This is a mark of progress. The piano has worried its way into the wilds of the new coun-



Mr. Hector Charlesworth
Critic and Special Writer



Mr. G. D. Atkinson
Whose Choir won the Earl Grey Trophy



Prof. J. J. Goulet
Conductor Montreal Symphony Orchestra



Mr. Frank Blachford
Leader Toronto String Quartette



Main Street of Saskatoon, where the Saskatchewan Sangerfest was held.

try, even into the Yukon. As an item in the art-development of a new country it is entitled to some respect. Canada as a piano-manufacturing country stands high. There are no more than three or four foreign makes a bit better than the best made in Canada; which include half a dozen well-known standard makes.

An interesting feature of music development in Toronto is the recent movement of music houses to the main retail thoroughfare. A few years ago not a piano could be bought on Yonge Street. Then Gourlay, Winter & Leeming went in near the Eaton store. The R. S. Williams Co., whose factory is in Oshawa, moved in a few blocks lower down. The Bell firm, with factory in Guelph and head ware-rooms in Toronto, got in almost opposite. The Gerhard-Heintzman firm for some years occupied large premises below that again; till a few months ago they moved out to their palatial premises on Queen Street opposite the City Hall where they have one of the most modern and best equipped piano palaces in America. Still more recently the old Heintzman firm have begun to vacate their old quarters on King Street West. Having bought a seven-storey building from a large retail firm on Yonge Street above Queen, they are now engaged in refitting it throughout for a grand salon, combination offices and ware-rooms, concert hall and recital halls. To cap the climax along come the Mason & Risch Company, who for these many years have done business in the old stand on King Street. They have bought a lot on the west side of Yonge Street and have now complete plans drawn up for a most beautiful and complete six-storey building which for the sale of pianos and the display of pianos as an art product will have no superior and few equals anywhere. Besides, the old firm of Whaley-Royce, music dealers, who for so many years have done business at the corner of Yonge and Richmond, a few months ago moved up into a fine new-fitted and rebuilt premises on upper Yonge. This leaves only the Nordheimer firm in possession of King Street where they intend to stay. And this instance of piano trekking serves as a very good example of the way lower Yonge Street is becoming the big retail centre of Toronto.

In the making of organs Canada needs to learn but little from any other country. There are many creditable varieties of the cabinet reed organ made in this country; and some not very creditable. Most of these are made in smaller towns and a large majority of them in Ontario. As to pipe organs—there is one Canadian firm that have managed to get to the very top in the grand art: that is the Casavant Freres of St. Hyacinthe, P. Q., whose organs go across the border, competing with the very best in the United States; indeed, there is no firm in America with the reputation for beautiful pipe organs of the more costly quality than the Casavants have got. They are so busy building organs clear across Canada and down in the United States that a church music board anxious to get a new organ had better consult them a year in advance of the time they want the organ opened. One of their most notable organs in Canada is that of Notre Dame Cathedral in Montreal. They have now two big organs about to begin in Toronto where they have already six or seven installed, including one of the finest in Canada. One of the two—that in St. Paul's Anglican Church—will cost thirty thousand dollars and take rank as in some respects the finest organ in America. There are other firms; one large firm, the Warren, that for many years have built some of the best organs in Canada, including the very costly and elaborate organ in the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, costing now that it has been the second time rebuilt, not less than thirty-five thousand dollars. Some small firms

also make a specialty of smaller pipe organs of very exceptionally good quality.

On the practical art side we are doing very well. Complaint is sometimes made that Canada is rather laggard on the side of musical composition. At the recent music tourney it was decided that not a single amateur of all the scores who competed had sent in anything worthy of being considered. This was seriously disputed by some of the contestants and their friends who happened to know some of the very good work that had been done. Of professional composers we have no particular lack; except that so far most of our professional people have been too busy making money out of teaching and performing to bother with composition. We have had a large turn-out of various sorts of work for solo voice and chorus, for piano and for violin, for organ and for band, for string quartette and for orchestra. A good bit of this has been tommyrot. Much of it has been very good. We have sinned most grievously in the matter of national anthems; of which we have had scores, mostly "punk," and a few good ones; one unsurpassable—"O Canada," by the late lamented Calixta Lavallee of regrettable memory, for had he lived what might we not have got! Still there is hope. We may yet have a Canadian symphony and a Canadian grand opera.

THE SASKATCHEWAN SANGERFEST

By ISABEL C. ARMSTRONG

NOT content with growing "No. 1 Hard" and seeing towns and cities spring up as if by magic on the prairies, the people of the provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta are also intent upon cultivating an appreciation of the fine arts and developing latent talent. In the cities, the towns, the villages and the prairie homes are to be found those who have brought with them old world culture, or still more frequently those who have enjoyed exceptional advantages in an educational way in Eastern Canada or the United States.



Rev. E. B. Smith
President Saskatchewan Musical
Festival, 1909-1910.

Music, the greatest of all great arts, has its numerous devotees and in order to promote musical interests, provincial musical festivals have been organised where orchestral and choral societies, church choirs, quartettes and soloists enter into competition for first place in their various classes once a year. The first Saskatchewan Musical Festival was held in Regina a year ago. On the twenty-fourth of May, 1910, musicians from all over the province gathered in Saskatoon.

Empire Day was a gala day in the mid-province city, picturesquely situated on the banks of the swift-flowing Saskatchewan River. Seventy-five business men from Winnipeg had reached the town that morning. The horse-races had attracted many visitors, and there was the army of musicians representing Moose Jaw, Regina, Battleford, Prince Albert, Lloydminster, Humboldt and many other parts. As a result, hotels and restaurants were filled to overflowing.

We have the themes. All we lack is the composers. They will come—in due course. We are yet too close to the clank of the box car and the cough of the steam shovel.

Take our brass bands. Here we are in a parlous condition. Years ago we had some particularly good bands in Canada. We have yet two or three worthy to stand up before a critical public. But if there is one in Toronto—we have not been listening of late. What is the matter with our bands? Deponent saith not. There has been a decadence. We need a band revival. We need as good bands in Canada as the best in the United States—and as near as possible to the great military bands from across the water.

As to orchestras. Most of our regular theatre orchestras are decisively bad. In Toronto there is only one good orchestra—out of eight; and that is in a vaudeville house. All the others are away below par; and yet they play to thousands upon thousands of people every year and no one seems to object. In Montreal there is improvement. There part of the symphony orchestra under Prof. Goulet put up a really fine programme of music every night at the Academie Francaise. Even in Ottawa there are a couple of decent theatre orchestras; and in Winnipeg and Vancouver—surely as good as most in Toronto.

In symphony orchestras we have done vastly better. We have four—some playing up to the top notch of amateurism, and some of them much beyond, well up indeed into the big touring orchestra class. The best and biggest of these is in Toronto, organised four years ago out of the conditions created by the indefatigable Dr. Torrington, the real father of both orchestral and choral music in Toronto. That is the Toronto Symphony under Mr. Frank Welsman, who as a pianist and a conductor has no equal in Canada; one of the real constructive musicians whose band has done a greater and a higher average of master works than any other two orchestras in Canada and in the near future will be on a par with some of the very best bands in America. Mr. Donald Heins in Ottawa has developed a band of amateur players who have run away with two or three Governor-General's awards. In Montreal Prof. Goulet has an orchestra that ranks second only to the Toronto Symphony. In Quebec City there is an excellent symphony orchestra. In Winnipeg and in Vancouver as yet none. Time will tell.

The members of the Regina Clef Club, ninety strong, had planned wisely and well for such an emergency. They had engaged a "special" to convey them to their destination and house them during their stay in Saskatoon.

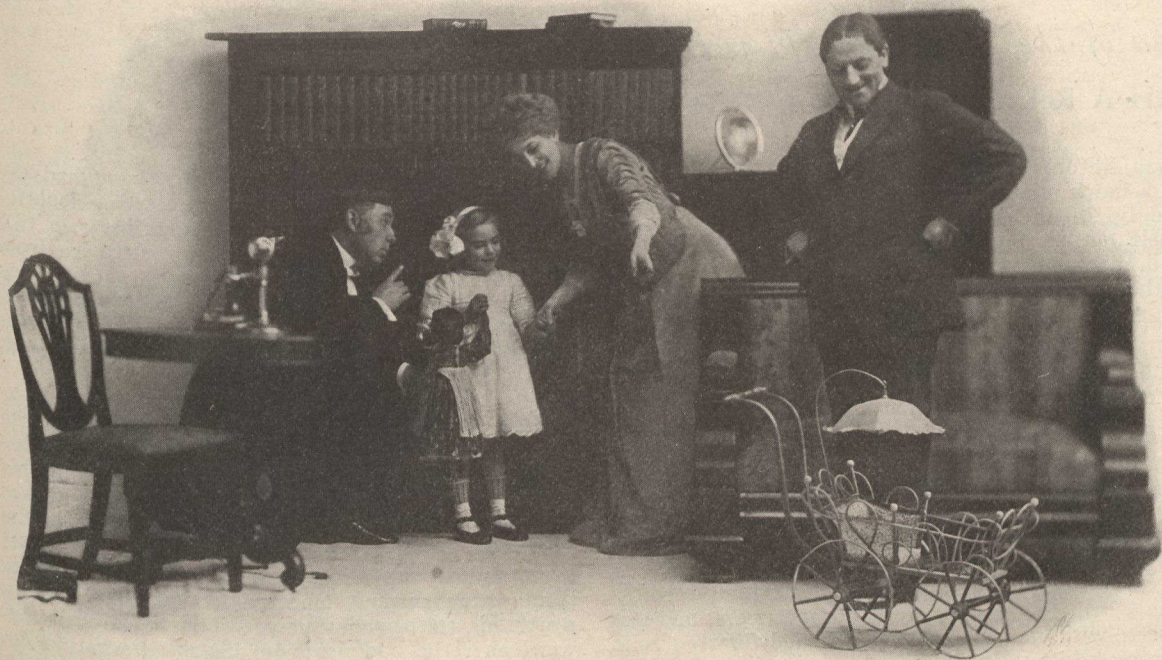
The festival president, Rev. E. B. Smith, and the secretary-treasurer, Mr. J. D. Macdonald of Saskatoon, and other members of the executive did all in their power to make it pleasant for the guests and make the wheels run smoothly.

The rink, the largest available, was converted into an auditorium and, adorned with red, white and blue bunting and flags, presented a very attractive appearance. Best of all, the acoustic properties were good and the competitors were thus heard to advantage. Every seat in the great hall was filled when in the evening the Sangerfest proper opened with selections by the Saskatoon Symphony Society, an organisation of which any city might well be proud.

One of the outstanding features of the evening's programme was the rendering of "Hiawatha's Wedding Feast" (Coleridge Taylor) by the Prince Albert Choral Society. Ambition and enthusiasm characterised the competitors of this northern town. Their entries included all classes from solos to choral work and among the contestants were artists as well as singers richly endowed by nature. One young girl, Miss Tyren, was considered one of the festival discoveries. Possessed of a soprano voice of rare beauty and strength, she created a furore and a bright future has been predicted for her.

At eleven-thirty on Wednesday the Festival annual meeting was held when it was unanimously decided to accept the cordial invitation of Prince Albert to hold the next Festival there.

Wednesday evening's programme was marked by two features—the presentation of Elgar's "Banner of St. George," by the Saskatoon Philharmonic Society, and the presentation of "Joan of Arc" (Gaul) by the Regina Clef Club. All the soloists acquitted themselves admirably. Of three complete works rendered by choral societies, it was undoubtedly the best performance of the Festival.



A Charming Domestic Scene from "The Bachelor Baby," starred by Francis Wilson
 Photograph by Sarony, New York

THE FOOTLIGHTS OF NEW YORK

By SYDNEY DALTON

THE stage is really in a most flourishing condition just now. Of course it is a reflection of the general prosperity of the country. During the days of the financial depression of the season before last, things languished alarmingly—especially for the actors, who must have thought that each pay-day was the last one. People naturally give up theatre-going when they get hard up. But this year the New Yorker has his proverbial "wad" again, and he is scattering it about in the accepted New York manner. Any theatre that harbours a play that can pretend to be in the least worth while can draw an audience, and the very best of them can sell their seats for weeks in advance.

In "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," which has been lately so well received in Canada, Forbes Robertson has met with his usual success. If this great English actor were to come before the footlights and merely read a patent medicine advertisement he would draw an audience. He is always a great artist. His voice, his diction, his personal-

ity, his art and his intellect all combine to mark him one of the greatest actors of the age.

For some time we had heard rumours that Francis Wilson had the "legitimate" bee in his bonnet. I remember that he appeared in a curtain-raiser called "Pere Marquette" a few seasons ago and made a very good impression as an actor. So now he has been and gone and done it entirely, and not only has he made a descent on Broadway with a farce comedy—or "comedy farce," as he calls it—but he has written the play himself. It is quite funny in parts, and Francis Wilson is much the same Wilson as of yore, when he talked comic songs in musical comedy.

The play hinges on the antipathy of a bachelor for children, and his discomfiture upon learning that a lately deceased brother has made him guardian of his five-year-old child. There are some humorous situations in the developments, followed by the bachelor's devotion to and love for his niece. It must be confessed it is rather an ordinary play, and if it were not for the humour of Wilson himself, and the delightful and fascinating acting of Baby Davis, a little tot of about four or five, the play would not long endure. Wilson is essentially a comedian. He is least satisfactory in his moments of seriousness, but fortunately they are few in "The Bachelor's Baby." But after all it makes a good evening's entertainment and makes one laugh, and that is Wilson's chief concern.

By all reports the New Theatre is "making good," both artistically and financially. It is an experiment worth while watching. There are not a few who contend that national art must of necessity be a natural growth that is in no way fostered by endowment. Henry Miller, the noted actor and manager, has raised his voice in scorn against the new institution, and Sir Charles Wyndham has condemned it as a "national" institution because of the financial support it is accorded by the New York millionaires. These gentlemen may be right and they may not be right. Theoretically their contention is correct, doubtless, but they seem to forget that the drama is not the only art that money has successfully fostered and established in America. All the great orchestras, for instance, have been established and supported by the rich patrons of art in this country, and while it may be contended that they are essentially exotic institutions they have eventually become part of the artistic life of the people, and have proved of inestimable advantage to the musical life of the country. They have developed taste and appreciation, and the future growth of the art of music—native music—must in large measure be attributed to these imported "toys of the rich." This applies to the New Theatre. Certainly the managers, business men, first, last and always, have not done all in their power to establish a national drama, therefore let us be thankful for a new insti-

tution that is not compelled to consult the box office as the final and only criterion of merit and success.

Among the new plays the New Theatre has produced I have seen "Don," a clever play by Rudolf Besier. The cast was well chosen. Such excellent actors as E. M. Holland, as Canon Bonnington, and Matheson Lang, as Stephenson Bonnington, a young enthusiast, unconstrained by conventionality, a law unto himself, enhanced the excellent ensemble; and the staging, etc., was admirable—a feature of all the productions at the New Theatre.

Personally I am in sympathy with the New Theatre, and I admire the way the directors have minded their own business and gone their own way. They are willing to abide by public opinion and let their detractors talk and fume without answering or antagonising them in return.

MUSIC IN OTTAWA

The "Washington Du Nord" has Good Music as well as an Art Gallery and a Parliament

By WENSLEY THOMPSON

THE musical season in Ottawa is over—lasting, however, rather longer than the parliamentary season. Ottawa audiences have certainly been favoured with a plethora of good programmes, almost as varied as could be given in any of the great music centres.

The season practically opened in October and the first item of real importance was the recital given by Madame Blanche Marchesi on the 19th. Then followed a concert by the Royal Welsh Choir, recitals by Marie Ricardi, Dora Gibson, Grace Smith, Mark Hambourg, Guy Maingy, etc. The National Grand Opera Co. gave three excellent performances in November, and particularly of "Il Trovatore." It was a great pity they were not better attended. The concert in aid of the Lady Grey Tuberculosis Hospital with Madame Donalda as prima donna, netted this worthy institution over \$900. The Manhattan Opera Comique Co., a first class organisation from New York, did not draw the houses their performances merited. The Ottawa Choral Society, conducted by J. Edgar Birch, and the Orpheus Glee Club, conducted by J. A. Smith, each gave a rousing good concert. The churches have added their quota to the season's enjoyment. Mr. Arthur Dorey started his usual Sunday evening recitals in September at Christ Church Cathedral.

Special mention must be made of the splendid work accomplished by the boy choristers under his control. A choir of seventy-five selected voices under Mr. Birch gave an excellent rendering of "The Messiah" at Christmas. Dr. Harper of St. Andrew's gave a recital on the 3rd of November. Mr. Herbert Saunders of the Dominion Methodist gave a concert on the 7th of November and on the same evening a sacred cantata was held at Knox Church.

The Dominion Theatre (late Bennet's) the city's home of vaudeville, has played to capacity all season and the final week was characterised by the engagement of Miss Alice Lloyd, a fitting star to shine on the closing night of this popular house.

Doubtless the most interesting local event of the season was the winning by the Ottawa Symphony Orchestra of the musical trophy donated by His Excellency the Governor-General. More power to Donald Heins and his clever instrumentalists. This makes the third consecutive year they have won the coveted prize. Their final concert, succeeding their success, was attended by a large and appreciative audience and they were deservedly honoured with a civic reception, Mr. and Mrs. Heins being presented with a handsome silver tea and coffee service.

Ottawa theatre orchestras also play quite as well as the average in Toronto—perhaps better. Besides it must be remembered that Ottawa has a "smart set" which is not surpassed for cosmopolitanism by any city in Canada; and they are excellent patrons of good music.



Mr. Donald Heins
 Conductor Ottawa Symphony Orchestra



Forbes Robertson in his library at his home in London

BLACK SWAMP

A Little Drama of the Forest World with a Tragic Ending

By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

THE brook, which had rattled down so gaily with many a laughing rapid and clattering white cascade from the sunlit granite terraces of Lost Mountain, fell silent and hung back as it drew near the swamp. Wheeling wide in slow, deep, purple-dark eddies it loitered for some hundred yards or so between dim overhanging ranks of alder, then sank reluctantly beneath a great arch of mossed cedar roots and was straightway lost in the heavy gloom.

Within the swamp the huge and ancient trunks of cedar and tamarack crowded in a sort of desperate confusion. Of great girth at the base, some towered straight up, seeking to get their tops out into the sunlight, under those sparse patches of far-off, indifferent sky. Others slanted ponderously and laid upon their neighbours the responsibility of supporting their burden of massive branches. Yet others, undermined in youth by some treachery of the slough, lay prone above the water holes for a portion of their length, and then turned skyward, ineffectually, as if too late awakened from their sluggish dreams. The roots of the trees were half uncovered—immense, coiled, uncouth, dull-coloured shapes, like monsters struggling up from the teeming primeval slime. Brook and swamp, trunk and tree wallowed together.

In truth, there was a suggestion of something monstrous in all that the eye could see in Black Swamp. The heavy, indeterminate masses of mud, or patches of black water, lying deep between and under the contortions of the roots; the thick, grey rags of dead cedar bark; the rotting stumps, some uprooted and half engulfed in the inert morass; the overpowering, windless shadow, which lay thick, as if no sound had ever jarred it; above all the gigantic tangle of trunks and roots, stagnantly motionless, with the strained stillness that is not of peace, but of a nightmare. From a branch of one of the sullen trunks hung a globe of lightest-grey, papery substance, with a round hole in the bottom of it. In and out of this hole steadily moved two venomous streams of black-and-white hornets.

SUDDENLY it seemed as if the spirit of the monstrous solitude had taken substance and was moving among the inert shapes of root and trunk. A massive, fur-clad beast, dull black in colour, with high, humped haunches and heavy, shapeless limbs, its hind feet grotesquely semi-human in outline, its head swinging low on a long, clumsy neck, came picking its way with a loose-jointed gait over the jumble of roots. With little, twinkling, deep-set eyes it peered beneath each root, investigated each crevice in the ancient bark, looking for grubs and beetles, which its great paws captured with amazing, though awkward-looking, dexterity. For so huge a beast as the great black bear, which could pull down an ox when the need arose, to busy himself in the hunting of grubs and beetles seemed one of the whimsicalities of Nature, who pursues her ends indifferently through mammoth or microbe.

Near the tree of the hornets the bear found a half-rotten stump. Sniffing at it with instructed nose he decided that it held grubs. Clutching at it with his long, hooked claws he tore away one side of it, revealing a mellow-brown, crumbly interior channelled by wood grubs in every direction. Those which were in view on the erect portion of the stump he first picked out delicately and devoured with satisfaction. Then he turned his attention to the big slab which he had ripped away, and which lay on a hummock of firm ground at his feet.

But the bear was not the only connoisseur of grubs in Black Swamp. Some dozen inches before his nose a particularly fat maggot was squirming in the shallow remnant of its chamber, dismayed at its sudden exposure to the air. The bear was just on the point of picking it up when it was pounced

upon by one of the great black-and-white hornets as a hawk might pounce on a rabbit. Pricked with the tip of the hornet's sting the fat grub lashed itself out in one convulsive squirm, and then lay still. Straddling over it the hornet rolled it together cleverly, then, plunging her mandibles into its soft body, proceeded to drain its juices.

For some moments the bear had watched this performance with curious interest, his little eyes twinkling wickedly. Now, he had had enough of the show. Stretching out one mighty paw he laid it down deliberately on the hornet and her prey. For a moment he left it there as if his act had been one of considered punishment. Then, withdrawing the paw, he eyed the flattened insect, and proceeded to swallow her and her victim together.

BUT the hornet was not quite dead, for the rotten wood was soft and full of unevenness, and this insect, with its burnished, black body barred with creamy white, was no mere peppery little "yellow-jacket" wasp, but the great hornet of the woods whose sting can pierce the hide of the moose. No sooner had the bear picked up the dangerous morsel than he spat it out again with a *woof* of surprise and ground it into nothingness with an angry sweep of his paw. Then he fell to shaking his head, clawing awkwardly at his mouth, and whining a fretful protest at the sting. Lumbering down to a swamp hole close by he plunged his muzzle again and again into the chill black mud. After a brief period of this treatment he returned to the stump and went on with his banquet of grubs, stopping every now and then to shake his head and grumble deep in his throat. When another big hornet, catching sight of the feast, pounced upon a grub he smashed her and ground her up instantly without caring how many tasty morsels were annihilated in the process.

When the stump had been quite torn to pieces and every maggot extracted from it the bear moved on to the tree of the hornets. He did not notice the nest, for he did not take the trouble to look up. If he had done so, being in a rage against the

venomous tribe, he might, perhaps, have had the rashness to climb the tree and declare a doubtful war. As it was, he noted only that between two great roots, which sprang out like buttresses from the base of the trunk, there was a space of dry earth, covered with the minute elastic needles of the tamarack. Here he threw himself down with a grunt and fell to rubbing his face awkwardly with his thick forepaws.

BUT he was restless, the old bear, either because the grubs had not satisfied his hunger or because the sting of the hornet still rankled in his jaw. Almost immediately he got up on his haunches and stared all about, sniffing, with his nose in the air. The monstrous confusion of roots and trunks monotonously repeating itself as far as he could see through the shadow appeared to offer him nothing worth his attention. But presently he lurched forward as if he had made up his mind what to do. Shambling grotesquely, but picking his way above the slime as delicately as a cat, he kept on for perhaps a hundred yards. Perhaps his nostrils had caught, across the stagnant air, the tang of running water. It was running water that he came to—for the brook, though often foiled, often diverted, often turned back upon itself and almost lost, had succeeded in saving for itself a clean channel through the water holes and chaos of the swamp.

Just at this point the brook ran through a dark, but living pool—brown, but transparent, with here and there a gleam of elusive light, as in the eyes of some dark-eyed women. To this pool, and others like it strung here and there through the swamp, had gathered many fish—trout, suckers and chub—fleeing the too direct rays of the high midsummer sun.

Lumbering down the sticky bank the bear squatted himself on his haunches close to the edge of the water and stared at it fixedly. After a time his eyes began to discern the fish which thronged in its deep centre. Having assured himself that the fish were there he lay down on his stomach in a hunched, shapeless position, with his face close to the water and one paw unlifted. It looked like a difficult position to hold, but the bear held it, motionless as one of the great roots, and quite as inert looking, till by and by some of the fish, which had been frightened away by his coming, swam slowly back to the weedy edges to feed. These fish were suckers, weed eaters, thick bodied and sluggish in movement, very different from the swift, ravaging trout. A spark flashed into the deep of the bear's eyes as he saw them coming, but not so much as the edge of a nostril quivered. A big sucker, with a snout that overhung and opened and shut greedily, came nosing the mud close up under his face. With a lightning scoop the waiting paw descended, and the fish, amid a noisy splash, was hurled out upon the bank half stunned. Before it could recover itself enough to flop the bear was upon it. Picking it up between his jaws he carried it lazily back to that dry couch he had found beneath the tree of the hornets, there to be eaten at his leisure.

WHILE the bear, ponderous, sullen, was mauling and mumbling over his meal in that uncouth solitude there came, moving briskly down the brook's margin, a gay little figure that seemed an embodied protest against all the dark and enormous formlessness of the Swamp. It was as if the world of sunlight, and swift motion, and bright vitality, and completed form had sent in its herald to challenge the inertness of the gloom.

The tripping little figure was about the size of a fox, and with the long, pointed, inquisitive muzzle of a fox. Its abundant fur was of a cloudy, irregular, yellowish grey, darkening at the tips and shading to almost black along the back. Its tail was long, light,



and vividly barred with black. Its dainty, fine-clawed, handlike feet were bright black. But the most striking thing about it was its face, which was very light grey, with a large black patch around each eye like an exaggerated pair of spectacles. The eyes themselves were extraordinarily large, dark, and lustrous, and glowed with a startling, almost impish intelligence.

The raccoon was not given, as a rule, to daytime prowlings, his preference being for moonlight rather than sunlight. Nor, usually, was he given to haunting the sinister recesses of Black Swamp. But he was a wanderer, and capricious as all vagabonds, and he had somehow discovered that there were crawfish in the brook where it flowed through the swamp. He was an ardent fisherman, deft and unerring with his handlike claws. But to-day his fishing was unsuccessful, for never a crawfish was so considerate as to come his way. He saw the suckers and trout gathered at the middeeps of the pools, but he was too impatient, or not really hungry enough, to wait for them to come near shore. While he was watching beside the big pool wherein the bear had recently fished with such success a wood mouse unwarily came out of its hole just at his feet and was captured before it had time to see its peril. This prize contented the raccoon. Having nibbled hardly the half of it, he ran up the bank. After a pause he turned aimlessly into the still turmoil of the trunks and roots. As the luck of the wild would have it his erratic progress brought him presently to one of the great buttressing roots of the tree of the hornets. He mounted it, of course, followed it nearly to the base of the trunk, and stopped abruptly at sight of the bear.

The bear, who had but recently finished his meal of fish, was lying half asleep on the dry tamarack needles between the roots. He had well eaten, but the sting in his mouth still fretted him, and his mood was ugly. His great head was moving sullenly, ponderously, from side to side. Ominous, and dark, and ill shapen, he looked strangely like a portion of the swamp come alive. The raccoon scrutinised him with eyes of bright, mischievous disdain. The bear, looking up, caught sight of him, and aimed a treacherous blow at him with his tremendous, armed forepaw. Light as a feather the raccoon avoided him. It was as if the very wind of

the blow had swept him from the place of danger. The bear grunted at his failure, and fell to licking his paw. The raccoon, who had slipped around the tree, mounted another root and gazed at his rude assailant impishly. Then, glancing upward, his liquid eyes detected the pendant grey globe of the hornets' nest, pale in the gloom.

The raccoon knew that inside of every hornets' nest or wasps' nest, at this time of year, was a mass of peculiarly succulent larvæ and immature insects. If this grey globe had been a wasps' nest he might, perhaps, have attacked it at once, his long hair, thick skin, and skill in protecting his eyes enabling him to brave, without too great cost, the stings of the ordinary "yellow jacket." But he noted well the formidable insects which hummed about this nest; he knew the powers of the black-and-white hornet. Having stared at the nest for several minutes he seemed to come to some decision. Thereupon he tripped off delicately over the tree roots to the brook to resume his hunt for crawfish.

IT was by this time getting far along in the afternoon. As the gloom deepened at the approach of twilight the bear went to sleep. The darkness fell thicker and thicker till his breathing bulk could no longer be distinguished from the trunk beside it. Then, from narrow openings in the far-off tree tops, fell here and there a ray of white moonlight, glassy clear but delusive. Under the touch of these scant rays every shrouded mystery of the swamp took on a sort of malignant life.

About this time the raccoon came back. In that phantom illumination, more treacherous than the dark, his wide eyes, nearly all pupil, saw as clearly as in the daylight. They gleamed elfishly as they took note of the sleeping bear. Then they glanced upward toward the hornets' nest, where it hung just crossed by one chill white pencil of a moon ray. Softly their owner ran up the tree. At the base of the slim branch—hardly more than a twig, but alive and tough—which held the nest of the hornets the raccoon stopped. He wanted the contents of that nest. But he did not want to test the prowess of its guardians, which were now, as he well knew, all within, too heavy with sleep to fly but as competent as ever to sting. After some moments of deliberation he bit the twig through and let the nest

fall. Then he scrambled hastily down the tree as if eager to see what would happen.

His purpose, perhaps, in dropping the nest was simply a wanton impulse to destroy what he desired but could not have. Perhaps he thought the nest would roll into a shallow pool at the other side of the tree, and so drown its occupants, after which he might rifle it at his own convenience. Or, possibly, he calculated that that would happen which presently did. The nest fell, not into the water, but between the upcurled forepaws, and very close to the nose, of the slumbering bear.

The bear, awakened and startled by its light fall, growled, and bit angrily at the intruding nest. At the same time, with an instinctive clutch he ripped it open, not realising just what it was. The next instant he knew. With a *woof* of rage he tried to crush it and all its envenomed populace within. But he was too late. The great hornets were already swarming over him, crawling, burrowing deep into the fur about his face and neck and belly. Furiously they plunged and replunged their long, flame-like stings. Clawing, striking, snapping, grunting, whimpering, he rolled over and over in desperate effort to rid himself of the all-pervasive attack. But the foes he crushed had already left behind their poison in his veins. For a few moments his monstrous contortions went on, while in a glassy patch of white light, on the trunk above, clung the raccoon, gazing down upon him with liquid, elfish eyes. At length, quite beside himself with the torment, he reared upon his hindquarters, battling in the air. Then he plunged forward and went scrambling headlong over the slippery black jumble of roots.

THE great beast's first impulse, one may guess, was simply that of flight, of mad effort to escape from foes whom he could not cope with. Having no heed of his direction the blind guidance of trunk and root led him around in a rough circle till he came almost back to the tree of his fate. Between him and the tree, however, lay a spacious patch of morass, fairly firm on the surface, but, underneath, a slough of viscous mud. His eyes almost closed by the stings, the bear plunged

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A MUMMER'S THRONE

A New Serial by the Author of "The Sun-Dial," etc.

CHAPTER IX.

A PLOT WITHIN A PLOT.

BEFORE any further questions could be asked, the queen was back again. From beneath the long train thrown over her arm she produced a bottle and glass together with a plate of sandwiches. Florizel noted these with a gleaming eye. Presently the colour came back to his cheeks; he gave a deep sigh of satisfaction as he drained the last sip of the foaming amber in the glass.

"I am another man now," he said. "After all, there is not very much harm done. Did you begin to imagine that I had deserted you, Fritz?"

"I—I am afraid so," the king stammered. "I was a blind fool, Florizel. It seemed to me that I was absolutely alone in the world. I did not care what happened. But in one sense my eyes were clear enough—I saw what was coming."

"You saw the danger from Rutzstin, then?"

"I did. Each day he grows more insolent. He opens my correspondence. He forbids me to go here and there. I am a prisoner in my own palace. The very guards about the place pay more deference to my chancellor than they do to me."

"The man is mad," Florizel said. "His brain has been going for a long time. Your marriage was the crowning blow—it meant the destruction of all his fondest dreams. He has played on your indifference. He has arranged matters so that all Montenegro looks upon you two as frivolous creatures given over to the pursuit of pleasure. He had hopes of a peaceful revolution, but that has not materialised. Now he is going to strike in another way. Schenteim is in Rusta with two thousand of his hillmen. They are scattered all over the town, but they are ready to rise at a given signal."

The king started; he smote his forehead despairingly.

"I am a murderer!" he cried. "I have murdered the sweetest and dearest woman who ever gave her heart to a blind man. My sweetheart, I have betrayed you—I have betrayed you to death as surely

By FRED. M. WHITE

as if I had laid hands upon you. And I could have got you away so easily a little time ago. Any excuse would have been sufficient. And now—"

His voice broke and he was silent. There were tears in his eyes as he held the queen's hand to his lips and kissed it. Her smile was brave and steady.

"What does it matter," she asked, "so that we are together again? Believe me when I say that this is the happiest moment I have known since we came here nearly a year ago. My mistake was in believing that I was born to be a queen, in thinking that the stage was the same as life itself. But to take you away—"

"But I want to go—now. If I could only—my dear Florizel; is it possible—"

"I was coming to that," Florizel went on. "The sword hangs on a thread."

"I know it. But when is it going to fall? Can you tell me that?"

"Yes, I am here for the purpose. It was because they thought I knew too much that they kidnapped me and took me into the mountains. I had a friend amongst them, or it would have gone hard with me. But I learnt everything. The blow falls to-morrow night at twelve. The signal is a rocket from the ramparts here. A hundred-picked men will overpower the guard, if they need overpowering, and then the castle will be taken. Rutzstin will be here, and so will Schenteim and a dozen of his confidants, passing as your guests. After the performance of the play is over they will induce you to enter the anteroom by the side of the stage, and then—my dear friends, I cannot possibly say any more!"

The queen was the only one who maintained the least composure.

"Then it will be our turn," she said calmly. "You are sure of your facts, Florizel?"

"Madame, would that I were mistaken. I could only get back here in time to warn you of the inevitable. I had to pretend to escape from the

hills. I dropped into a ravine as if a shot had been the end of me. My friend followed and pretended to put a couple more bullets into my carcass, and went back with the news that I was finished. How I got here, Heaven only knows. If I could do anything, if I could lay down my life—"

"Dear friend, there is no need," the queen said softly. "I have seen all this coming. My great drawback was that I did not know when. And, sooth to say, I did not care. It seemed to me that I had lost more than life already. But I was going to give my liege a chance. By a strange coincidence our foes have fixed upon to-morrow night. The dramatic performance here was no mere chance, for I have been planning my scheme for weeks. The great trouble was that I could not see my way to getting all our enemies together in one spot. They have been good enough to save us all that anxiety. Fritz, is the yacht ready?"

The king started at the inconsequence of the question.

"The yacht is always ready, dear," he said. "The mischief is that I am not allowed to use it."

"You are quite certain that you can rely on your crew?"

"You need not worry about that, Nita. My captain and crew are all English."

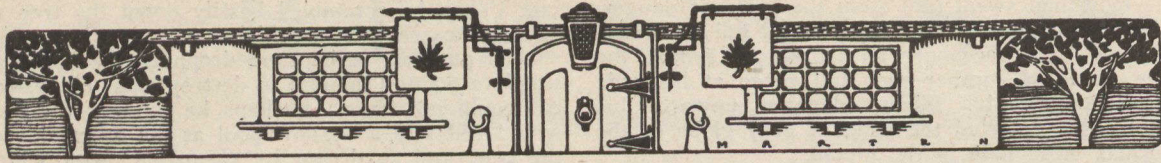
"Ah, I had forgotten that. No treachery to be found there! Now I shall leave it to you to see that steam is up any time after midnight to-morrow. There will be something like thirty or forty fugitives besides ourselves. These, of course, represent the full company from the Oderon besides the supers who represent the stage army in the play."

"The yacht would accommodate a hundred," the king said.

"Oh, there will be no necessity for that many," the queen smiled. "Fritz, you will not regret—"

"Regret!" the king exclaimed. "What is there to regret? What am I but a mere puppet, a monkey chained to the organ of my master! A pinchbeck king, with straw sticking out of my broken boots! If you had not come into my life it would have been

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AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

The New Era Brings Changes at Court.

POSSIBLY it is somewhat early to speculate on the important changes that will take place at Court now that the new era has begun, nevertheless it is without a doubt that they will occur. The new Queen, who is known to be of a very loyal disposition, will naturally desire to surround herself



The Countess of Shaftesbury.

with those friends who have served her faithfully as Princess of Wales. It is natural also, that being very studious and serious-minded, the new members of her Court will incline in that direction, therefore it may be surmised that the social ideal will trend more to domesticity and philanthropy, rather than to the brilliancy that has existed during the past.

All the ladies of the new Court are aristocrats in the older sense, representatives of what may be called the higher domesticity. First on the list and highest comes, I suppose, the Duchess of Devonshire, who is to be Mistress of the Robes; a great lady, refined, exclusive almost to a fault, one to whom the social side of life is uncongenial, the domestic side the only one worth cultivating. Then Lady Shaftesbury, bright and always beaming, yet a woman, like her sister, Lady Beauchamp, of wide religious and intellectual interests, the sister of the Duke of Westminster, and wife of the Queen's Chamberlain; and in their turn Lady Bradford, a quiet and kindly, simply arrayed little lady whom the Queen is glad to number among her most valued friends; Lady Powis, as exclusive as the Duchess of Devonshire; Lady Airlie, born the Lady Mabel Gore, whose husband fell at Diamond Hill; Lady Stradbroke, a grand-daughter of that Madame de Falbe whom Queen Alexandra honoured with her friendship; Mrs. Derek Keppel, Lady Eva Dugdale and Lady Katherine Coke.

It is a well-known fact that the Queen is very devoted to her three brothers—the Duke of Teck, whose portrait and that of his wife and children appear on this page—Prince Francis of Teck, and Prince Alexander of Teck, and that very shortly the title of Royal Highness will be conferred upon them in place of their present title of Serene Highness by which they have hitherto been known. A more united and affectionate family than the Queen and her brothers could scarcely exist—a characteristic which has served to strengthen the admiration and respect in which she is held by many loyal subjects.

The social world, not within the immediate circle of the Court will likewise be seriously affected. There will be no royal balls for at least another year. The second Spring Meeting at Newmarket was abandoned. In June, however, there will be a certain amount going on. The Derby and Oaks will be run for, and it is understood that the Ascot meeting will take place, but the royal pavilion will be closed, as it was after the death of Queen Victoria. All those who are favoured with vouchers for the Royal Enclosure—should it be open—will have to appear in deep mourning, and it will be the blackest Ascot ever remembered. The July meetings will, of course, take place, but here the late King will be missed as much as anywhere, for His Majesty was never absent from these meetings if he could help it. Goodwood will not be very "glorious" this year, and Cowes will have a very gloomy Regatta week.

* * *

Unconscious Poetry.

By "SERANUS."

IN this year of grace, or disgrace, as the case may be, it is amusing to look back and see what Charles Dickens said of Toronto when he visited it many years ago, and when Canada was evidently a small place indeed by comparison with the United States. Quite in the style of too many modern writers the illustrious novelist rushed across the country, jotting down with characteristic terseness his impressions of men and things. Here is what

he said of Toronto. The church, I suppose, is the original Cathedral of St. James, on King Street East. "The country round this town being very flat, is bare of scenic interest, but the town itself is full of life and motion, bustle, business, and improvement. The streets are well paved and lighted with gas; the houses are large and good; the shops excellent. Many of them have a display of goods in their windows such as may be seen in thriving country towns in England, and there are some which would do no discredit to the metropolis itself. There is a good stone prison here, a handsome church, a courthouse, and an observatory for noting and recording the magnetic variations."

Dickens has left behind him a singularly beautiful passage descriptive of Niagara which possesses



QUEEN MARY.

A favourite portrait of her Gracious Majesty.

the interesting feature of being very nearly poetry, not quite, though apparently couched in prose.

I think in every quiet season now,
Still do those waters roll and leap and roar
And tumble all day long;
Still are the rainbows spanning them,
A hundred feet below.

Still when the sun is on them
Do they shine and glow;
Still when the day is gloomy
Do they fall like snow.

But always does the mighty stream appear
To die as it comes down,

And always from its unfathomable grave
Arises that tremendous ghost of spray
And mist, which is never laid.

Might this not pass for very creditable verse? Unconscious poetry is found in many pages of Blackmore. Lorna Doone, loveliest and most truly romantic of bygone novels, contains several beautiful specimens of an artistic digression which should never be attempted by second-rate authors. The result in the latter case might be something like the following, which is an attempt to convert a bit of prose from the *Delineator* fashion book into verse. It scans, too. The iambic pentameter is all right, all right, whatever may be our opinion of the ideas expressed.



Lady Eva Dugdale.

This ladies' skirt in medium sweep or round, Consisting of a five-gored upper part, Is lengthened by a straight and gathered flounce. Stitched to long hip depth, Fashion's closest fit. This graceful skirt has tucks around the hips: A very charming semi-princesse dress, In net, or voile, or any summer silk, It would be dainty; at the lower edge, In medium size, the skirt will measure four Yards and three quarters. It might be combined With blouse waist as below—a pretty style. The waist, that closes in the back, is trimmed Effectively with tucks to match the skirt. The Dutch low neck, and sleeves with deep full cuff Are new and most attractive. For the skirt, Five yards at forty inches wide required; For twenty inches waist and forty hip. Three yards of same for forty inches bust.

A good elocutionist could make something of that.

* * *

The Women's Aerial League.

IN London there has recently been formed a Women's Aerial League of Great Britain, an association that does not mean to let the grass grow under its feet. The *Tatler* records the progress they have already made. "There is a charming *réunion* on the first Thursday of each month, at which during tea there is always an excellent musical programme followed by speeches on the subject of aviation by some authorities on the new sport. These are both smart and interesting affairs.

There are some 700 members now on the roll, and the president of the league is Lady O'Hagan. Just now it has a great scheme on foot to buy a piece of land somewhere in the vicinity of London for the practise of aviation, and also, if possible, to raise enough money among themselves and their friends to build an airship and present it to the nation. At a recent at home Sir Percy Scott made a racy speech on the future of aerial warfare and on the necessity for the motto, "Wake up, England," to be impressed upon us as a nation. He congratulated the league on its energy and enterprise."



The Duchess of Teck and her Children.



The Duke of Teck.



H. R. H. the Princess Alexander of Teck.

—The Bystander.

THE DEMI-TASSE

Newslets.

THE things that the Nationalists of Egypt are saying about Theodore Roosevelt remind us of the good old days when Sir Richard Cartwright camped on the trail of Sir John A. Macdonald, or those of more recent times when James Pliny Whitney spoke his inmost thoughts concerning G. W. Ross.

Dr. Elmore Harris has once more gone on the warpath after an unorthodox professor. This is really unkind of the heretic-chaser. Now that the warm weather has set in, we should prefer to forget the orthodox abode of the unblest. "Dr. Elmore" should go to his Muskoka home and have a house party of McMaster professors, who would settle their little differences amicably over the walnuts and the—lemonade.

Hamilton brick makers are to produce thirty million bricks during this season. And not one of these bricks will be thrown at Toronto.

The London Methodist Conference has a motion of censure for Hon. A. B. Aylesworth and his dangerous clemency. But it has never a word to say about the Methodist clergyman who signed the petition. Consistency, thou art a jewel of rare and radiant gleam!

Two suffragettes have been arrested in Boston. This is coming near home, and the officers of the Canadian society had better beware.

The Toronto Board of Control is trying to make up its mind. Such a job is a mere sinecure. The Toronto Board of Education is also in a quandary. It would be too bad to make a medical appointment on the merits of the case.

* * *

COURT NEWS



Mr. Browning (pompously): This is a great day for us at home. My daughter comes out 't' to-night.

Mrs. Diggle (surprised): You don't say so, mister! So does my 'usband; 'e's been in for a month.—*The Tatler.*

* * *

Good Training.

IT is well known that the Canadian poet, Bliss Carman, is of unusual height and stalwartness, with a bearing which does credit to his early training. Mr. Arthur Stringer, also a Canadian writer of lofty verse, is

another well-grown author with a height over six feet.

It is told that on one occasion, these representative Canadians were walking along Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington when they met John Kendrick Bangs. Mr. Bangs saluted them playfully and the trio paused for a chat.

"You're both Canadians, aren't you?" asked the writer of "The Houseboat on the Styx." They assented.

"Say," drawled their questioner, "do they train poets on a trellis in your country?"

* * *

In the Month of June.

Who mournfully does hang his head
And blushes such a fiery red,
And seems to wish himself quite dead?

The Bridegroom.

Who walks with an elastic tread,
And smiles upon the bridegroom's dread,
And chuckles as the twain are wed?

The Usher.

Who smiles in quite a happy plight,
And wonders if her hat is right,
And hopes she does not look a fright?

The Bridesmaid.

Who shows a sweet triumphant face,
And glides with such a pensive grace,
And thinks the world a lovely place?

The Bride.

* * *

What He Was Doing.

IT is said that some years ago a Mayor of Toronto who was anxious to appear extremely busy, made a point of attempting to surprise certain officials, in order to catch them in neglect or idleness. This course of action on the part of the chief magistrate did not lead to an overwhelming popularity, and he soon found himself regarded with coldness. He persisted in his overzealous vigilance, however, but made no alarming discoveries.

One morning he arrived at the City Hall at the hour of eight and proceeded to the office of Dr. Charles Sheard, to find that dignitary in his shirt sleeves absorbed in the toils of the day.

"Dear me," exclaimed His Worship mildly. "What are you doing here so early?"

"Minding my own business," was the laconic reply, to which the mayor made no response save a hasty retreat.

* * *

Passing the Pitcher.

"A YOUNG couple very recently married came into our store the other day," said the silversmith, "with a big silver pitcher, and wanted us to change the initials on it so that they could give it to another couple as a wedding present. They had received three others themselves. We can sometimes do it, and I sent it up to the workrooms, but word came back that it could not be done in this case because the initials on it had already been erased four times."

—*New York Sun.*

Why don't the silversmiths make these pitchers thicker, or, at least, put heavy plates on them where the initials are to be placed? Sometimes we are almost convinced that the silversmiths are not doing all they

might to advance human happiness. —*Chicago Record-Herald.*

* * *

Sharing the Stream.

A GAMEKEEPER found a boy fishing in his master's private waters.

"You mustn't fish here!" he exclaimed. "These waters belong to the Earl of A——"

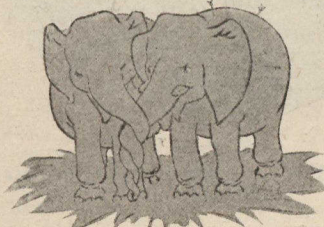
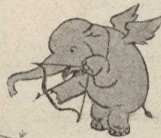
"Do they? I didn't know that," replied the culprit; and, laying aside his rod, he took up a book and commenced reading.

The keeper departed, but on returning about an hour afterwards he found the same youth had started fishing again.

"Do you understand that this water belongs to the Earl of A——?" he roared.

"Why, you told me that an hour ago!" exclaimed the angler, in surprise. "Surely the whole river don't belong to him? His share went by long ago!"

* * *



Cupid: By cooky! this is hard work. —*Life.*

* * *

A Royal Pun.

SIR FRANCIS BURNARD, the late editor of *Punch*, was requested one night in company to make a pun extempore.

"Upon what subject?" asked Burnard.

"The King," was suggested.

"Oh, sir," he replied, "the King is no subject."

* * *

That Settled It.

SUPERINTENDENT of Insurance William H. Hotchkiss said at a dinner in New York, according to the *New York World*:

"There are not so many people buying annuities from the insurance companies as there used to be. This, perhaps, speaks well for human nature. An annuity holder, you know, is apt to be selfish.

"I heard the other day, though, of an annuity holder against whom the charge of selfishness could not be brought.

"This man lived on and on. Year after year his annuity was paid. Finally, when his age seemed about 110, the company sent a special agent to his house to make sure that James Montrose in his proper person was really getting the annuity.

"The agent found James Montrose, an aged man, but hale, making a chicken coop in the back yard.

"Are you Mr. James Flagg Montrose?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, I am," the old man answered.

"Are you the Mr. Montrose who draws the annuity from the Dash Company?"

"Yes, sir, I am, and my father before me," said the old man."

"Spreads Like Butter"
Sold only in 15c and 25c blocks
For sale by all Grocers.
Manufactured by
THE INGERSOLL PACKING CO., LTD.
Ingersoll, Ontario, Canada



LET ME INTRODUCE YOU TO A FRIEND.

I want to get a sample of my Ruby Rub Metal Polish into your hands.

I know if you use this polish now, when there is Spring shining up to be done, you will always have Ruby Rub in your home.

It can be used with safety on any article of brass, silver, copper, zinc, plated ware, harness trimmings, etc.

I make the way easy for you to try this great polish. Cut out this ad., take it to your dealer and he'll sell you a 10c tin of Ruby Rub for 5c.

If your dealer cannot supply, write direct. Enclose this ad. and Five Cents.

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Only the world's best, is good enough for Canadians. We go 'round the world in our search for the ingredients of Ideal Orchid Talcum Powder. The tale we use comes from Sunny Italy. The exquisite perfume is extracted from Orchids which grow only on the Island of Borneo. "Ideal Orchid" is the sweetest and most delightful Talcum Powder obtainable. If your Druggist cannot supply it, send 25c. for full size box. SOVEREIGN PERFUMES LIMITED, Toronto.

G. H. MUMM & CO.
EXTRA DRY

IS THE MOST EXQUISITE DRY CHAMPAGNE IMPORTED
S. B. TOWNSEND & CO. MONTREAL SOLE AGENTS FOR CANADA



For The Children



The Butterfly Wedding

By "FERNVIEW."

MRS. JUNE was very busy getting everything ready for summer. "School will soon be out," she said, "and I must have the fields and woods ready for the little folks to play in." So she made buds and blossoms by the thousands. She hid wild strawberries for the children to find. She made the birds so happy that they sang and trilled their best and sweetest songs. She covered the fields with daisies, dandelions and clover. She called the prettiest little white clouds to play in the blue sky. "It is a beautiful world," said Mrs. June; "I want everyone to be happy." And all nature rejoiced.

"This weather is ideal," said old Mrs. Butterfly to her husband, as they flitted busily about, laying in a supply of good things to eat. For, you must know, that a handsome young butterfly called Velvet Body was to marry their slender young daughter, Gauzy Wing. Now you will understand why the old folks were so very busy. Almost all the insects were invited, and a large party was expected; consequently great preparations were necessary.

Where was this great event to be held? Why, in the old summer house, to be sure. The soft green moss that had almost overgrown the disused floor made a beautiful carpet. An obliging Robin Redbreast, whose home was in the apple-tree, overshadowing the summer house, said he would pipe his merriest song for the guests to dance to. Mr. Wasp agreed to stand sentry at the door, and use his dagger on any person who tried to force his way into the gay company, but could not produce his invitation, written on a rose-leaf, by Mrs. Butterfly herself.

Who so rude as to try to come in without an invitation, you ask? Well, as I said, nearly all the insects were invited. There were the Crickets, the Grasshoppers, the Beetles, the Gnats, the Ants, the Spiders, the Mosquitoes and the Flies. The Caterpillar and the Cut-Worm wanted to come, but the butterflies all said, "No, we can't have you, for you are worms."

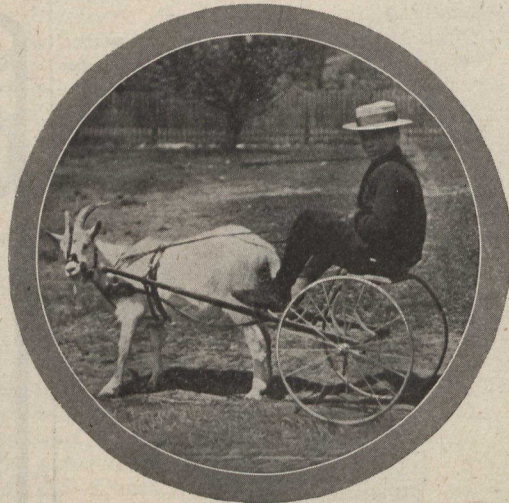
"Worms!" was the indignant response. "And pray what were you yourselves but a short time ago? Deny it if you can."

The butterflies grew quite red in the face, but turned up their noses and said, "Well, we have risen in the world since then."

So lest these unwelcome worms, who claimed a right to come on account of their relationship, should venture to intrude, even after the decided snubbing they received, Mr. Wasp was hired to guard the scene of the frolic. The eventful day at length arrived, and the guests came in all the splendour at their command. Miss Gauzy Wing carried a peach-blossom fan and Velvet Body had a pansy in his button-hole. Everything went off splendidly. They served honey-dew in blue-bells, and only once was the pitcher overturned. That was when Father Cricket was boasting that he could pipe louder than Robin Redbreast. He had just drawn his bow to prove his words to his cousin the Grasshopper, when he overturned the frail pitcher in the waiter's hands. Then, in place of it, Madam Butterfly, who was a very re-

sourceful housekeeper, served apple-blossom cider in a honeysuckle. Some declared this more refreshing than the honey-dew.

The happy guests danced and chatted till the shades of evening fell, and the fire-flies, whose services had been bespoken, came with their little lanterns and showed the way home. After the last guest had gone, old Mrs. Butterfly, who was a very tidy housekeeper, brushed up the crumbs with her wings and set the summer house to rights.—*Christian Guardian.*



"BILLIE"

A little white Goat who likes to have his picture taken.

The Handy Box.

By MIRA JENKS STAFFORD.

"GRANDMOTHER, do you know where I can find a little bit of wire?" asked Marjorie, running in from the shed, where an amateur circus was in preparation.

Grandmother went to a little closet in the room and disappeared a moment, coming out presently with the wire.

"Oh, yes, and Fred wanted me to ask if you had a large safety-pin?" Marjorie looked a little wistful, as if she did not quite like to bother grandmother.

There was another trip made to the closet, and the safety-pin was in Marjorie's hand. "You are a pretty nice grandma," she said, over her shoulder, as she ran out.

Not very long after, Marjorie came into the kitchen again. This time she stood beside the sink, where grandmother was washing dishes, and twisted her little toes in her sandals, but seemed afraid to speak.

"Fred wants to know—" began grandmother, laughing.

"Yes'm," said Marjorie, blushing.

"If I can't find him a piece of strong string?" finished grandmother.

"Oh, no—it's a little brass tack!" declared Marjorie, soberly.

She was a patient, loving grandmother, and she went to the little closet again. Marjorie could hardly believe her eyes when she saw the tacks, for there were three!

"He—said—" she began slowly, and stopped.

"You ought to tell him to come and say it himself," and grandmother laughed, "but we will forgive him this time. Was it 'Thank you,' he said?"

"He feels 'Thank you' awfully, I'm

sure," said Marjorie, politely, "but what he said was that if it wasn't too much bother—well, we could use a kind of hook thing."

Her grandmother produced a long iron hook, and Marjorie looked at her wonderingly. "Are you a fairy?" she asked, timidly. "You must have a wand, and just—make things!"

Grandmother laughed. "Come here" she said, and she opened the little dark closet, and from the shelf took a long wooden box. This she brought to the table, and when she opened it Marjorie gave a little cry of delight.

It seemed to her that there was a little bit of everything in it. There were bits of string, pins, coloured paper, bobbins, balls, pieces of felt, and every sort of useful thing generally thrown away.

"When I knew my grandchildren were coming here to spend the summer," she said, "I began on this box, and whenever I find anything astray that would naturally be thrown out I just put it in."

"Do you want me to help save, too?" asked Marjorie, who thought the story should have a moral.

"You must start a handy box of your own when you go back, and keep it in the nursery; you don't know how many times a day you will be able to help the others out. A little darning yarn, an odd thimble, a bit of soft linen, and all the things that clutter and would be thrown away go to fill up a handy box. You can be the good fairy of the nursery."

"It is just wonderful!" said Marjorie. "If I had a little—just a little wooden box I would begin to-day, and when I go home I can have a larger one."

Grandmother smiled, and going into her closet, brought out a smaller wooden box, just the right size. From that moment Marjorie was a collector, and her usefulness began.—*Youth's Companion.*

The Boy Who Forgets.

By PAULINE FRANCES CAMP.

I LOVE him, the boy who forgets! Does it seem such a queer thing to say?

Can't help it; he's one of my pets; Delightful at work or at play.

I'd trust him with all that I own, And know neither worries nor frets;

But the secret of this lies alone In the things that the laddie forgets.

He always forgets to pay back

The boy who has done him an ill; Forgets that a grudge he owes Jack,

And smiles at him pleasantly still. He always forgets 'tis his turn

To choose what the others shall play;

Forgets about others to learn The gossip things that "they say."

He forgets to look sulky and cross When things are not going his way;

Forgets some one's gain is his loss; Forgets, in his work-time, his play.

So this is why I take his part; Why I say he is one of my pets;

I repeat it, with all of my heart; I love him for what he forgets!

—St. Nicholas.

VICHY CELESTINS

Standard Natural Alkaline Water

A Delightful Table Water with Highly Medicinal Qualities



Standard Remedy for Dyspepsia Stomach Troubles and Gout

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SUGGESTED TOURS

Between Sarnia and Collingwood through Lake Huron to S. S. Marie thence via North Channel of the Georgian Bay returning same route **\$32.00**

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Between Winnipeg and Toronto via any Railway to Port Arthur or Duluth, thence Nor. Nav. Co. Steamer to Sarnia and G. T. Ry. to Toronto returning same route **\$55.00**

Rates quoted include meals and berth on steamer.

The above tours are applicable in the reverse direction, and are a few examples of the many attractive trips which can be taken via the Northern Navigation Co.

Full information from all Railway Agents, or address.

C. A. Macdonald, Asst. Mgr. Collingwood.
E. W. Holton, Eastern Pass. Agent, Sarnia.



Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on FRIDAY, 8th JULY, 1910, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years six times per week each way, between MAPLE and VELLORE from the 1st August next.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Maple, Vellore and intermediate offices and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,

Mail Service Branch
Ottawa, 23rd May, 1910.

G. C. Anderson,
Superintendent.

PEOPLE AND PLACES

A New Kind of Insanity.

MANY weird things come to the attention of the men who look after the immigrants. Especially do the officials who have charge of the deporting of undesirables not find their lives monotonous. Romance looms up every week—scenes of tragedy, scenes of comedy. An interesting incident occurred the other day—something rather new for Canada. A big train crept into Ottawa populated mostly by Russians. There was nothing in that to cause cub reporters to prick up their ears; many incoming foreigners hiking for the prairies are given a glimpse of the capital city en route. But this train was not westward bound. It was pulling in the opposite direction—full of deports, so the officials said. They also calmly said in answer to journalistic queries, that all the foreigners on the train were demented. Nor were they joking. Of course, there are many forms of insanity. Brainstorm was not one of the symptoms of this. The Russians were afflicted with a peculiar malady common to those of the Slavic temperament—intense homesickness. Nostalgia is the name in the psychology books for it. The Canadian Immigration Department has so far, except in rare instances, been saved nostalgia troubles. However, other governments have been worried. The United States spends a large sum annually returning Russians who yearn for their little villages, out of place in the western hustle.

* * *

Indian Drama.

OBERRAMMERGAU gets the credit for being the home of the Passion Play—perhaps not altogether justly so. This year the great drama is being produced once more there. But Canadians won't need to cross to Europe to see it. The Passion Play is due to come off on the British Columbia coast—acted by the Skale Indians who hunt and fish on the Fraser. For several days the Fraser has been black with hundreds of redmen speeding from Puget Sound in their canoes. The big United States reservations in Washington and Oregon are silent places now, depleted of the Indians, who have been granted permission to attend the religious celebration of the Canadian tribesmen. Even up in Alaska, Indians are hastening to join the babel of tongues. The British Columbia village has become a vast, picturesque panorama; Skwa, which ordinarily is the usual western fur station—shops, shacks, houses; withal a touch of romance in the little painted church from whose steeple booms for fifty miles into the mountains, the first brass bell that ever went over the trail to the northwest.

* * *

A Round-Up in Saskatchewan.

SOME of the yellow fever wastrels who turned their faces northward during the mad rush of '97 from Edmonton to the Yukon gold fields lost more than their health en route. For instance, between two and three hundred horses belonging to the caravans ran derelict. These steeds and their descendants have always been the cause of considerable calculation on the part of ranchers. Expeditions have been sent out to round them up—none achieving the expected results. The horses can run like original mustangs. Many a home-bred equine of the ranch has run himself

to death, trying to rope in the Yukon stallions. At last, ranchers have come to the conclusion that running down the wild horses is too costly a job. Not so the government. The Department of Agriculture wants the stray steeds. They have given the Messinghall outfit, Sounding Lake, a two-months contract to do the capturing.

* * *

Boosting Moncton.

CERTAINLY the mushroom towns of the prairie can teach the staid cities of the East a few things—in the matter of municipal advertising, for instance. There is hardly a town in the West minus a boost club, the Greater Regina Club, formed a few weeks ago, being the most noticeable of the latest publicity organisations, in the wheat country; fat salaries, five thousand up, are being paid by the new cities to advertising experts. But the East is waking up. Particularly maritime Canada has gone in for hustling. Front page editorials are preaching sermons on action—Moncton, N. B., in point of fact. There the other night was brought into inception the Greater Moncton Club; object, "Build, Boom and Boost Moncton, and make this district the Manchester of the Maritime Provinces." The prime boosters of Moncton have outlined their programme. They would show prospective manufacturers the beauties of their town, fan the flame of patriotic fervour among the citizens, and best of all, "Make the city a more attractive place to live in." Excellent ideals, those of Moncton. Why should not the New Brunswick town take on a Manchester aspect? What need of young Moncton chaps piking out West when their home town has stores of natural resources which don't need a Conservation Commission to point out; not forgetting a snug little harbour that might be developed for a few dollars?

* * *

Harbour Boom at Montreal.

LATELY Montreal has been talking harbour. These are quite interesting days at the big port. Expansion is in the air. A few days ago, the Canadian Northern docked its first ocean liner at Montreal. Besides the C. N. R. Liverpool greyhounds, a new direct line of steamships from Naples is to make the metropolis its Canadian terminal. All this development in a year has kept that energetic body, the Harbour Commission, on the jump. Additional facilities must be secured. Mr. G. W. Stephens and his Board have been studying Europe for the improvements—with Chairman Stephens as scout. Mr. Stephens has just returned. He has made a statement advising innovations. According to him, the problem before the Canadian seaport is—how to extend the navigation season from six to eight months. To solve this, the Commission plan to deepen and widen the ship channel to the sea, and bring into requisition a larger type of ice-breaker than that now in use—all of which will mean an expenditure of a million and a half dollars. The job is to be begun at once. This year the harbour will be dredged thirty-five feet; pier accommodation will be enlarged; eastward from Victoria pier for seven miles a high-level, double-track railway will be built. At present, eighteen steamships can load and discharge at once; when Victoria pier is made a high level four more leviathans can perform these functions.



The right Collar adds pleasure to summer outings—

When canoeing, playing tennis, or enjoying outing trips, the ORDINARY collar is a ceaseless cause of annoyance. The snappy, trim appearance soon disappears—a few minutes' exercise with a paddle or a tennis racquet on a warm day finishes them. Not so with

CHALLENGE
BRAND
WATERPROOF
COLLARS & CUFFS

They ALWAYS look neat and dressy—ALWAYS comfortable because they CANNOT WILT—fit snugly and have the dull finish and texture of the finest linen collar. Made in all the latest styles. "Challenge" Collars are waterproof, do away with laundry expenses altogether, can be cleaned by a rub from a wet cloth.

If your dealer hasn't "Challenge" Brand, we will supply you direct, Collars 25c., and Cuffs 50c. per pair. Send to-day for our new free style book, "Hints for Careful Dressers"—Fashion's latest dictates.

THE ARLINGTON CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED, 54-64 Fraser Ave., TORONTO, CAN.

A few of the successive effects that follow the use of

WILSON'S
Invalids' Port

(à la Quina du Pérou)

The earliest visible effect produced in stimulation of the appetite; The action of both nerves and muscles is excited; Digestion is assisted and stimulation promoted; Activity is developed in the flow of the secretions.



The necessary constituents of tissue and blood are supplied to the system; Physical strength and endurance are greatly increased and the previous improvement in the action of the nerves and muscles is confirmed. Energy and capacity for persistent effort of mind are imparted; manliness and courage are restored; and a feeling of confidence, of fearlessness and capability to endure pain is established.

Ask YOUR Doctor.
BIG BOTTLE
Sold at all Pharmacies
Everywhere.

59

In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier

Broderick's

New Greys

Q We have just received a large shipment of the new grey SUITINGS so popular this season.

Q The patterns are particularly nice and exclusive to us.

Q Order that Summer Suit NOW.

Q Send to Dept. "D" for Samples and Measurement Chart.

PRICES START AT
\$22.50

Frank Broderick & Co.
QUALITY TAILORS
113 West King - TORONTO



"HEWSON"
The "KARAT MARK" of Pure Wool on Your Underwear

"HEWSON" protects you against annoyance and loss. Protects you against fraud and imitation and assures to yourself the very BEST OBTAINABLE UNDERWEAR.

A "HEWSON" garment is just as shapely, the lines are just as good after six months wear as when you first buy the garment.

If you cannot get "HEWSON" at your regular Haberdashers, write us direct.

"EVERYTHING IN THE UNDERWEAR LINE."

Hewson Woolen Mills Limited
AMHERST, NOVA SCOTIA



Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on FRIDAY, the 24th JUNE, 1910, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years six times per week each way between Carluke and Hamilton from the 1st JULY next.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of Carluke and Hamilton and Route Offices and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT

Mail Service Branch
Ottawa, 6th May 1910

G. C. Anderson
Superintendent.

In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier

An Attractive Investment

No sounder nor more attractive investment can be found than that represented by the First Mortgage Bonds of successful Canadian Industrial concerns.

In such a field the 6 per cent. Bonds of the Canadian Cereal and Milling Company, Limited, are especially attractive because, in addition to the high-class security that lies behind them, we are offering them at par and interest to yield the full 6 per cent.

This gives you 6 per cent. on the money you invest, and should you at any time desire to realize on the Bonds, there is always a ready market for them.

Full particulars on application.

Investment Trust Company, Limited

Corner St. Francois Xavier and Notre Dame Streets
MONTREAL

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FRED PAGE HIGGINS
CHARTERED ACCOUNTANT
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MEMBERS MONTREAL STOCK EXCHANGE

Studies of leading corporations published weekly in circular form. General market review also given.

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Member Montreal Stock Exchange

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Carefully edited studies of leading Canadian securities mailed on application. Facts and figures compiled by experts.

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MONEY AND MAGNATES

Stock Exchange Seats at \$30,000 Per.

THE Montreal Stock Exchange now proposes to increase the number of its seats from fifty-five to sixty and to hold the five new seats at \$30,000 each.

About a couple of years ago the Exchange increased the number of its seats from fifty to fifty-five and held the five new seats at \$25,000 each, and even at that had to hold them for quite a little while before anyone seemed anxious to buy them at that figure. Then during the last few months quite an active demand sprang up for them and in about a couple of months the whole five seats were gone and there were some transfers of seats from old members at as high as \$27,000 for the seat.

Back about five years ago the seats were selling under \$20,000 apiece, but during the past few years business has been increasing at a pretty rapid rate and the possibilities of larger returns from commissions owing to the very much larger volume of business that has been done regularly on the Exchange it has become worth a good deal more to have the advantages that are now attached to the seats of the Exchange, and with business promising to show the increases that it does at the present time with a great many more securities being listed from day to day it would seem as though it would not be long before the five new seats are disposed of.

As a matter of fact there is every indication that St. Francois Xavier Street in Montreal, the street on which the Montreal Stock Exchange and a large number of brokerage houses are located, is destined to become the Wall Street of Canada.

The history of the Wall Street market of New York has shown that there can be only one big exchange in a country, and while other cities have in time had their own individual exchanges the activity on them could never be said to compare with that which is witnessed under ordinary conditions in the Wall Street market.

This makes it rather apparent that the Montreal market will continue to be, what it always has been, the big market of Canada, and yet at the same time the exchanges in other cities will undoubtedly at all times do a considerable amount of trading in the particular stocks that are made a specialty of on them.

Just what possibilities there are in the price of seats may be gathered from the fact that Wall Street has seen them sell as high as \$88,000, so that Montreal with its stock exchange seats at \$30,000 has still a long way to go before it joins the Wall Street class.

* * *

Canadian Brokerage Houses Establishing Branch Offices.

CANADIAN brokerage houses are beginning to spread out with branch houses in different Canadian towns somewhat on the lines that big New York houses have for years past had chains of branch offices throughout different sections of the States.

Montreal houses during the past year seem to have been devoting particular attention to this new development of their business, and while there seems to be a tacit understanding between Toronto and Montreal brokers that they shall not invade each other's cities, still they are spreading out more particularly through the fields which they regard as their own natural preserve.

One Montreal firm, for instance, already has branch offices in Quebec, Ottawa and Winnipeg, while houses with connections through the Maritime Provinces in addition to having their Montreal offices have offices in St. John and Halifax.

Up to the present time Toronto seems to have centred its attention more particularly to Winnipeg, very much in the same way as the big Eaton store did when it decided on broadening the scope of its business.

With the way that people generally throughout the country are devoting ever greater attention to bonds and stocks, it rather looks as though it would not be very long before some of the Toronto houses opened up branch offices in quite a few of the larger Ontario towns with a view of having somebody who would be able to keep in personal touch with the majority of their customers.

Of course now that Winnipeg has a stock exchange of its own it may be that business there will develop so quickly that the houses that are members of the stock exchange will begin to look upon the city of Winnipeg as their own natural field, and would be averse to eastern firms opening up offices in that city and would rather make arrangements by which their own houses should have working agreements with Toronto and Montreal houses, by which they would handle such business as the Eastern houses might have in the West.

* * *

Royal Bank Forms Another Link Between Canada and the Mother Country.

A LONDON cable the other day brought the news of the formation of still another link in the chain of closer financial relations between Canada and the Mother Country by announcing that the Royal Bank of Canada had concluded arrangements for the establishment of a branch in London and had been fortunate enough to secure premises at No. 2 Princes Street, immediately opposite the Bank of England. The Royal Bank has been coming to the front very rapidly during the past few years and the prominent part that it has been playing in a number of the larger deals and the important consolidations has made it rather apparent for some little time past that while still retaining their important connections in London and throughout Great Britain that they would very shortly be forced to obtain their own headquarters in the financial district of London, close to the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street, as the Bank of England is usually called.

The site secured by the Royal for its branch is quite an historic one, having at one time been the site of the Old Coffee House, in which the brokers of the early days used to gather to transact their business, and out of which gradually grew the London Stock Exchange itself.

The Royal Bank always had a habit of taking even such important steps as this very quietly and unostentatiously and even before any announcement

Reasons for Buying Bonds

1. They afford, when properly selected, ample security.
2. Several different classes are available, the investor being able to suit his individual needs.
3. The interest on them varies from 4 to 6% per annum payable half-yearly.
4. They have a ready market and may be promptly sold if funds are required for other purposes.
5. The bonds we offer are the obligations of Municipalities and Corporations having assets of value many times exceeding their bond indebtedness.

Municipal Bonds yield 4 to 5%
Corporation Bonds yield 5 to 6%

Full particulars on request.

A. E. Ames & Co.

Investment Bankers Limited

7 and 9 King St. East, Toronto

VITAL FACTORS IN BUSINESS

The greatest economy, a wise selection of business and the greatest care in the investment of funds, are *vital factors in every business*. They have placed the



in the front rank. *Its Actual Results* to policyholders have never been excelled and *results count* in life insurance just as they do in any other business.

HEAD OFFICE - WATERLOO, ONT.

PELLATT Members Toronto Stock Exchange

401 TRADERS BANK BUILDING
TORONTO

BONDS AND STOCKS
also COBALT STOCKS
BOUGHT AND SOLD
ON COMMISSION


Private wire connections with
W. H. GOADBY & CO., Members
New York Stock Exchange.

The Canadian Office & School Furniture Co.

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



In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier



WINDSOR TABLE SALT

"Windsor Table Salt is the salt for us. We pay our money for good salt—made right here in Canada—that every one knows is absolutely pure. We certainly won't pay fancy prices for an imported salt with a fancy name."

Windsor salt is all salt—pure, dry, dissolves instantly, and lends a delicious flavor to every dish.

IT'S WINDSOR



Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on FRIDAY, 15th July, 1910, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years three and six times per week each way, between BOLTON and CASTLEBERG, BOLTON and MOUNT WOLFE from the 1st August next.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tenders may be obtained at the Post Offices of Bolton, Castleberg, Mount Wolfe and route offices and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
MAIL SERVICE BRANCH,
Ottawa, 27th May, 1910.
G. C. ANDERSON,
Superintendent.

Chief Office for Canada: TORONTO
ALFRED WRIGHT, Manager



LONDON & LANCASHIRE FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

IRISH & MAULSON, Limited
Chief Toronto Agents

SANDERSON'S SCOTCH MOUNTAIN DEW

POSITIVELY THE FINEST WHISKY IMPORTED

In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier

of the establishment of the London branch had been made from the Head Office word had come by cable from an outside source of the important move that had been made by still another banking institution, a move that is sure to result in a great deal more of British capital being secured for Canadian industrial and public utility concerns.

It also marks still another step onward in the rapid headway the Royal is taking among the leading banks of the country.

* * *

Now the Larger Canadian Towns are Offering Attractive Power and Traction Propositions to the Investor.

THE possibilities of the larger towns of Canada from the point of view of electrical power and traction enterprises is emphasised by the negotiations that have recently been concluded by which prominent Montreal capitalists secure the controlling interest in the Sherbrooke Railway and Power Co., and immediately placed a large amount of additional capital in the treasury of the company in order to permit of the erection of a larger power plant and extensions and improvements to the street railway system.

These public utility enterprises have always been in marked favour, not only with the Canadians but also as well with the English investor, more especially as the interests who created them have in almost every instance attended to the financing of the companies in the very attractive form of issuing handsome bonuses of common stock along with the first mortgage bonds, which always represent a first lien on all the properties of a company.

Enterprises like the Rio de Janeiro Tramway, Light, Heat & Power Co., the Sao Paulo Tramway & Power Co., the Mexican Light & Power Co., all have very handsome bonuses of common stock along with their 5 per cent. bonds, and in every instance this common stock has quickly become very valuable because of the large earnings the concerns were able to show on it.

In the case of Sao Paulo the stock which the bondholders received in the form of a bonus has sold above 150 while the bonus stock of the Rio Company has already sold above par, and the shareholders of Mexican Light & Power at one time saw their stock sell well above the 90 mark.

It is understood that in the near future there will likely be an issue of about \$600,000 of the first mortgage bonds of the new Sherbrooke Railway & Power Co. and they will carry with them a very attractive bonus of common stock.

The town of Sherbrooke has during the past few years grown to be the centre of a very rich section of the Eastern Townships, and already boasts of some fairly large industrial plants, either within its limits or in the towns which can easily be reached by means of transmission lines from the new power plant which the company will construct.

The company owns three different water-powers on the river just at Sherbrooke and the engineers have recommended that the forces of the three falls should be united and that the new power plant should be erected at the foot of the lowest fall. This will enable the company to greatly increase its amount of power and to make arrangements to supply a great many more customers than has been possible up to the present time.

In addition the electric traction system will be greatly improved, and additions made that will within a very short time contribute considerably to the earning power of the company.

The tremendous development that is taking place in the asbestos centres of the province of Quebec, all of which are situated within a comparatively short distance of Sherbrooke, has been a great boon to the town of Sherbrooke itself, and its geographical position will mean that it will share in every bit of the development that may take place in almost any part of the Eastern Townships of the province of Quebec.

That a number of the larger Canadian capitalists are satisfied that there is a great future ahead of the town is shown by the manner in which they have invested their own capital in its industrial enterprises.

COUPON.


Un Meilleur Choix.

IL y a quelques jours M. Jules Fournier, journaliste et un des rédacteur du "Devoir" de Montreal, publiait une série d'articles dans lesquels il critiquait sévèrement la députation canadienne-française de la province de Québec, au Parlement Fédéral. L'auteur de ces articles a été longtemps correspondant parlementaire du "Canada." Il est observateur et aime à rendre publiques ses observations. A-t-il exagéré? Nous n'en savons rien; mais comme lui nous sommes d'avis que pour guérir une plaie il faut commencer par la découvrir et ensuite la montrer au médecin. M. Fournier a découvert des défauts chez un certain nombre de députés et il n'a pas craint de les laisser connaître au public afin que ce dernier sache à quoi s'en tenir et ait l'occasion d'entreprendre une réforme aux prochaines élections.

Mais pour réussir dans cette réforme il faut commencer par le commencement. A la veille des élections, il y a ce que l'on est convenu d'appeler deux conventions dans chaque comté. Les électeurs sensés être les plus influents et les plus intelligents de chaque parti se réunissent et font le choix respectif de leur candidat. C'est dans ces sortes de réunion que doit commencer la vraie réforme. Combien de fois a-t-on vu dans ces conventions une imposition ou le choix d'un candidat qui n'aurait par remporté la majorité des votes des délégués s'il n'avait pas été imposé par les gros bonnets du parti. Cependant on devrait dans ces conventions s'efforcer de faire un choix judicieux et d'avoir à coeur de présenter à l'électorat un homme intelligent, énergique et honorable. Il ne faudrait pas amener à la face des électeurs une de ces nullités, comme la chose s'est déjà faite, pour ne citer qu'un exemple, aux dernières élections fédérales dans les comtés du Lac St. Jean et Chicoutimi ou, dans le but d'humilier le député actuel, un certain groupe avait essayé de lui faire mordre la poussière avec un homme qui, non seulement n'était pas digne d'être un représentant du peuple, mais qui n'aurait jamais dû être un candidat. Heureusement, malgré une lutte acharnée, et un hasard de circonstances, les électeurs ne se sont pas laissés prendre au piège et ils ont choisi pour les représenter le plus intelligent et le plus capable des deux. Tous les comtés n'agissent pas ainsi. Il est bien facile avec des promesses de tromper la masse des électeurs.

Chaque convention, libérale, conservatrice ou nationaliste, devrait donc se faire un devoir et une règle de choisir un candidat digne de représenter le peuple et qui serait une acquisition non seulement pour leur comté, mais aussi pour le pays entier.

L. R. G.



Ross Rifles

Whether you want a rifle for military target shooting or for use in the field, the Ross will fill your requirements.

The Ross Mark III is recognized to-day to be absolutely the best of military target weapons and in the most important matches in Canada are being used almost to the exclusion of all other makes.

The Ross Sporting Models are winning favor by their accuracy, speed and power, and are being used throughout the Empire.

Send for illustrated catalogue describing all the "Ross Models."

The Ross Rifle Co.
Quebec, Canada



Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on FRIDAY, 24th JUNE, 1910, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years six times per week each way, between UTICA and UXBRIDGE from the 1st JULY next.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Utica, Uxbridge and Espom and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
Mail Service Branch
Ottawa, 6th May, 1910.
G. C. Anderson
Superintendent.

ASSETS
\$ 8,617,909

CAPITAL (SUBSCRIBED) \$2,500,000
CAPITAL (PAID UP) \$1,500,000
RESERVE FUND \$1,250,000

CENTRAL CANADA

LOAN & SAVINGS COMPANY
TORONTO

DEPOSITS RECEIVED
AND DEBENTURES
ISSUED

Queen's University and College KINGSTON ONTARIO.

ARTS
EDUCATION
THEOLOGY
MEDICINE

SCIENCE (Including Engineering)

The Arts course may be taken without attendance, but students desiring to graduate must attend one session. There were 1517 students registered session 1909-10.

For Calendars, write the Registrar,
GEO. Y. CHOWN, B.A.,
Kingston, Ontario.

14

In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier

HILL CROFT

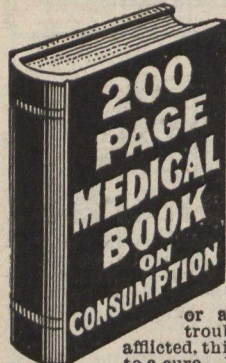
BOBCAYGEON - ONTARIO

A Residential School in the Country for Young Boys

Boys prepared for the Senior Boarding Schools. New and specially designed building. Hot water heating. Electric light. Ample grounds.

Apply for information and prospectus to
W. T. COMBER, B.A. (Oxford)
Headmaster

Consumption Book



FREE

This valuable medical book tells in plain, simple language how Consumption can be cured in your own home. If you know of any one suffering from Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma or any throat or lung trouble, or are yourself afflicted, this book will help you to a cure. Even if you are in the advanced stage of the disease and feel there is no hope, this book will show you how others have cured themselves after all remedies they had tried failed, and they believed their case hopeless.

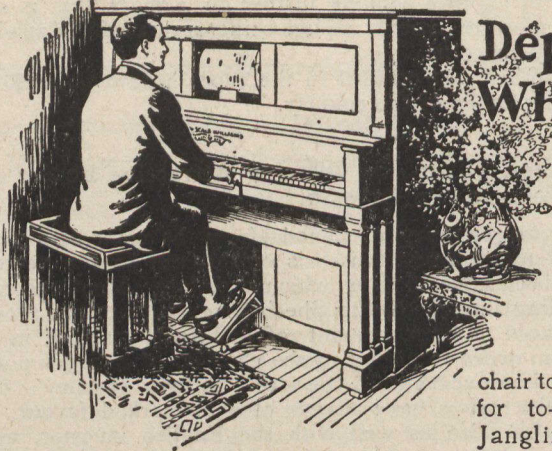
Write at once to the Vonkerman Consumption Remedy Co., 1575 Rose Street, Kalamazoo, Mich., and they will send you from their Canadian Depot the book and a generous supply of the New Treatment, absolutely free, for they want every sufferer to have this wonderful cure before it is too late. Don't wait—write today. It may mean the saving of your life.

Subscription Agents

are wanted for Ontario districts. Terms salary or commission. Can place several good men immediately. Apply with references, to

Circulation Bureau, Canadian Courier - Toronto, Ontario

The Work You do Tomorrow Depends on What You do Tonight



After a wearing, grinding day, you need more than food and an easy chair to make you ready for to-morrow's work. Jangling nerves and whirling thoughts must

be soothed and pacified. Restful sleep would do it—"if I could only sleep".

Softly stealing o'er our senses, Music smoothes away the trials of the day—brings the brain back to its normal rhythm—soothes, and quiets, and rests

Because music is created by the best that is in us—and makes its appeal to the best that is in us. The best investment a business man can make is a

NEW SCALE WILLIAMS PLAYER PIANO

It means more than pleasure. It means relaxation from business cares. It means mental rest and mental quiet—peaceful sleep—and the conservation of energy. The New Scale Williams Player Piano merely plays the notes. You create the music. You interpret the thoughts, the ideals, the very souls, of the masters.

Or you can wander in musical fields as fancy leads from grave to gay—with dashing songs, light opera, grand opera—anything and everything scored for the Piano, is at your command, to be created anew by your interpretation. You rebuild when you relax. Music relaxes mind and body. The New Scale Williams Player Piano is a mental tonic.

Business men can hear our Player Pianos at any time they choose to visit our ware-rooms. An ideal way to spend a half-hour or so at noontime or during the afternoon, is to visit us and listen to some of your favorite selections played on a New Scale Williams Player.

The Williams Piano Co., Limited, . . . Oshawa, Ont.

BRANCH OFFICES: { Winnipeg, Man., 323 Portage Ave.
Montreal, Que., 733 St. Catherine St. W.
London, Ont., 261 Dundas St. 169 A

Goldwin Smith--Deceased

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

in it; some many times over." Nevertheless it had a sombre sort of magnificence. I recalled some of his own works, such as I had read; especially "Lectures in History" and "Canada and the Canadian Question." Many a choice paragraph of the former had I memorised on railway trains when the pellucid charm of the language was as captivating as the perfect panorama of landscape seen through the car window. The other I had read earlier; when its strange, discursive argument seemed as austere unorthodox as the writings of Huxley or Herbert Spencer; about the time that the average youth at high school first learned that the great Goldwin Smith was an agnostic—such a dangerous man! said the preachers.

"I suppose," he went on rather dreamily, "that if I had been a student of mathematics I should have been content with a single cabinet of books. As I have studied history I require walls of them."

Almost the measured calm of a philosopher; but the voice of one whose lack of philosophy had made him in middle age discontented; an old man—querulous. Carlyle was so—but more so. Emerson less—but Goldwin Smith had sometimes much of the serenity of Emerson; touches of Whittierian benignity; but withal a doubtful, dissatisfied man whom pure intellect had not been able to lift to the cold, dispassionate heights of Herbert Spencer. In this very room he had talked with savants and litterateurs and plain people; with statesmen he had known in England; with farmers who on back concessions read the weekly column of the "By-stander" in the *Weekly Sun*; with labour leaders and heads of charity.

He talked—mainly of himself; at first of his connection with educational matters in England; rummaging up for me a hoary book, the report of the Royal Commission of which in 1858 he had been a leading member. He pointed out a list of great names.

"I am the only one left," he said. What a voice from the past! "And you enjoy this quiet spot?" "Yes," he said with a smile. "I seldom leave it now. I shall perhaps never board a train again. Indeed, I seldom walk on the streets of Toronto now. There are so many street-cars and automobiles and bicycles that an old man like me is in danger of being run over. So I go toddling about here with my cane, the *custos* of the place."

I wanted to think of some historic parallel, but could not; oh, for a line of Horace! "*Odi profanum vulgus et arceo*—" Yet this man was himself part of the crowd as well as of the cloister.

"This old place is very dear to me," he went on. "But what changes! When I came here we were in the heart of fashionable Toronto. Now we are beset by boarding-houses. Toronto is becoming very modern."

After half an hour of sadly courteous reminiscence he showed me out through the dim labyrinth of rooms to the hall. At the door he paused and pointed to a rare old walnut cabinet filled with curiosities.

"Here are the wine-glasses used by Governor Simcoe at Castle Frank," he said. "You will observe that they are without standards. So that a man must perforce empty his glass before setting it down," he added with a luminous smile.

Once when chrysanthemums were becoming the rage a lady went into dithyrambs over 'mums before the Professor.

"But the chrysanthemum is not a poetic flower," he remarked gravely.

O'Keefe's PILSENER

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

"YOUR FAVORITE WEEKLY?"

Journalism in some form permeates the life-blood of the Canadian people. It is one of the means by which men live, in the higher sense. MONEY is being made by finding and guiding the currents of popular approval of our literary "household goods". Thousands of small places in the Dominion need agents of the Canadian Courier. Will you profit by this chance?

CIRCULATION BUREAU, CANADIAN COURIER.

Jaeger Underwear Helps the Body to Throw off Impurities.

All underwear is made either from natural animal covering, or from vegetable fibre of some kind.

Wool in its natural condition throws off the impurities secreted from the body.

Plants borrow and retain.

In the same way Pure Wool Underwear helps secretion in a natural way, safeguarding against colds, chills and dampness, while linen or cotton borrows from the dampness of the atmosphere as well as from the body.

Jaeger light weight Pure Wool Underwear gives greater average comfort than any other kind, is far more sanitary, requires less frequent laundering and gives longer wear—All weights and sizes for men and women.

TRADE MARK

Dr. JAEGER'S SANITARY SYSTEM WOOLLEN CO. LTD

231 Yonge St., Toronto.
316 St. Catherine St., W., Montreal.
Steele Block, Portage Ave., Winnipeg.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND'S NOVELIST

By MARJORY MACMURCHY

NO other province in the Dominion has been so attractively, delicately painted as Prince Edward Island has been by Miss Montgomery. Her three stories, "Anne of Green Gables," "Anne of Avonlea," and "Kilmeny of the Orchard," are transcripts of the out-of-doors of one of the loveliest islands in the world. Homesteads and country schools, woods and orchards, wild rose hedges and the song of the salt air from the gulf, long red roads and field-stone dykes, stand in her stories exactly as they do in everyday life, homes and wayfarings of the island people, who are as hardy and individual, as adventurous, well-doing and intellectually able, as the best friend of the Canadian type could wish for its permanent development. The island temperament has *bonhomie*, and enjoyment of life is interpreted with unfailing gayety in Miss Montgomery's island stories.

"Kilmeny of the Orchard," which is published, as was the case with Miss Montgomery's former books, by L. C. Page and Company of Boston, will charm its readers with the shining light and shade and loveliness of the Island landscape. Eric Marshall, a young Nova Scotian college graduate, who is to enter into a business partnership with his father, and for a friend's sake first teaches for some months in an Island school, closes the schoolhouse door behind him and looks on such a scene as this.

"The sun was slanting in warm yellow lines through the thick grove of maples to the west of the building, and the dim green air beneath them burst into golden bloom. A couple of sheep were nibbling the lush grass in a far corner of the play-ground; a cow-bell, somewhere in the maple woods, tinkled faintly and musically on the still crystal air, which in spite of its blandness still retained a touch of the wholesome austerity and poignancy of a Canadian spring. The whole world seemed to have fallen, for the time being, into a pleasant untroubled dream."

Later, when the schoolmaster meets Kilmeny in the orchard, the poet in the Island novelist will not be denied an ecstatic praise of light and earth and sky. "They lingered in the orchard until the long, slow-moving shadows of the trees crept to their feet. It was just after sunset, and the distant hills were perfect against the melting saffron of the sky in the west and the crystalline blue of the sky in the south. Eastward, over the fir woods, were clouds, white and high heaped like snow mountains, and the westernmost of them shone with a glow as of sunset on an Alpine height.

"The higher worlds of air were still full of light—perfect, stainless light, unmarred of earth shadow; but down in the orchard and under the spruces the light had almost gone, giving place to a green, dewy dusk, made passionately sweet with the breath of the apple blossoms and mint and the balsamic odours that rained down upon them from the firs."

The story of Kilmeny brings the schoolmaster to find her in the orchard by the strains of her violin, which is her only voice, for Kilmeny is dumb. If Anne, little friend of all the world, was genial and happy and generous, an imaginative child who trusted everyone, Kilmeny is a remote maiden, a romantic heroine. Kilmeny is under a spell. Kilmeny's mother had married a man who believed himself to be free, but whose first wife proved to be living after his second marriage. Kilmeny's mother became utterly bitter. Her father was cruel

to her. She never forgave him, refusing to speak to him even when he was dying. When her child was born dumb, she believed it to be a punishment, and kept Kilmeny in entire seclusion, which was not broken even after the mother's death. She is an utterly innocent, beautiful child when Marshall finds her in the orchard. Although she cannot speak she can hear, and when the schoolmaster talks to her she answers him by writing on a slate. Miss Montgomery, on the whole, has handled this uncommon and difficult situation skilfully. But it must be confessed that Kilmeny's conversations are too long and too eloquent to have been written on a slate. But in such a situation what can a novelist do? The romantic pathos of Kilmeny's inherited punishment and her beauty stay with the reader like a strain of lovely music after the book has been closed. It is a happy ending, for she finds speech at last through love.

It would be easy to praise Miss Montgomery's books too highly. They are delightfully fresh and simple, with the charm of what is naturally attractive and wholesome, and they are enriched by the play of a poetical fancy.

"Kilmeny of the Orchard" does not show any decided advance on "Anne of Green Gables." It lacks Anne's genial spirit and her spontaneous humour. On the other hand "Kilmeny" does not owe to any other book what "Anne of Green Gables" owed to Mrs. Riggs' "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." It is not likely that Miss Montgomery has shown all her powers yet. Her stories do not reveal genius, but they are the work of a charming talent. The spirit of goodness in them and the deep spirit of a strong national life ring as clearly as evening bells. If any reader doubts this, let him listen to little Anne when one of her friends wishes for wealth and diamonds.

"We are rich," said Anne stanchly. "Why we have sixteen years to our credit, and we're happy as queens, and we've all got imagination, more or less. Look at that sea, girls—all silver and shadow and vision of things not seen. We couldn't enjoy its loveliness any more if we had millions of dollars and ropes of diamonds. You wouldn't change into any of these women if you could. Would you want to be that white lace girl and wear a sour look all your life, as if you'd been born turning up your nose at the world? Or the pink lady kind and nice as she is, so stout and short that you'd really no figure at all? Or, even Mrs. Evans, with that sad, sad look in her eyes? She must have been dreadfully unhappy sometime to have such a look. You know you wouldn't, Jane Andrews!"

"I don't know—exactly," said Jane unconvinced. "I think diamonds would comfort a person for a good deal."

"Well, I don't want to be anyone but myself, even if I go uncomfited by diamonds all my life," declared Anne. "I'm quite content to be Anne of Green Gables, with my string of pearl beads. I know Matthew gave me as much love with them as ever went with Madame the Pink Lady's jewels."

A prominent United States publisher is said to have under consideration a novel from the pen of A. P. McKishnie, *Toronto World* Editorial Staff. This is not Mr. McKishnie's first. He published "Gaff Linkum" a couple of years ago, and has written numerous short stories.



HAVE YOU TRIED AN IMPERIAL PEANUT BUTTER SANDWICH

It's just delicious. Spread on the Peanut Butter as you spread Imperial Cheese and you have a sandwich at once tasty and appetising. MacLaren's reputation is sufficient guarantee of purity



nutriment and quality. An appetite-provoking food—good for young and old alike. The concentrated goodness of extra special selected peanuts. That's all.

The food young children and delicate folks enjoy—a wholesome and nutritious desert for all. Made in a moment—any flavor desired. Particular housewives always have several packages in the house.

Sold by all Grocers. Manufactured and Guaranteed Pure by MacLaren's Imperial Cheese Co., Limited TORONTO

Quality Brass Bed No. 1913

EVERY QUALITY BED IS SOLD UPON HONOR

and every Quality Bed is the best that trained artisans, intelligently directed, can produce; with a full measure of conscience wrought into the beautiful, finished Quality craftsmanship. No slipshod methods are tolerated in the Quality plant. Nothing is ever good enough, unless perfect. Quality Beds are put together to stay. Quality Beds never rattle nor wobble. Quality joints never work loose.

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SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on FRIDAY, 15th JULY, 1910 for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years six times per week each way, between Dunbarton and Toronto from the 1st October next.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of Dunbarton, Toronto and route offices and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
Mail Service Branch
Ottawa, 30th. May, 1910

G. C. Anderson
Superintendent.

Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on FRIDAY, the 22nd JULY, 1910 for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails on a proposed Contract for four years six times per week each way, between ATHA and STOUFFVILLE from the 1st October next.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Atha, Stouffville and route offices and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT
Mail Service Branch,
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The Scrap Book

An Election Yarn.

A GOOD election story is being told in England just now. In one of the constituencies, a canvasser happened upon an artisan busy reading the addresses and studying the faces of the two candidates.

"Well, what do you think of them?" asked the canvasser.

The voter shrugged his shoulders, and said nothing.

"Which candidate would you like to vote for?" persisted the other.

"Don't know nothing about none of 'em," replied the British elector, "but by what I can see of 'em, I think 'eaven as only one of 'em can get in."

* * *

Reformed Too Soon.

A N eminent speaker at the Congregationalist meeting in the First Congregational Church, East Orange, was telling the other day of a West-erner's opinion of the East.

"This man," said the speaker, "was a prominent churchman and had occasion to visit New York, where he remained for a few days. In writing of his experiences to his wife in the West he had this to say: 'New York is a great city, but I do wish I had come here before I was converted.'"

—Newark Star.

* * *

Lucky Judas.

WHEN the Passion Play at Oberammergau was in progress ten years ago an American visitor spent much of his spare time looking up the actors in their homes and chatting with them about the play. One complaint he met almost everywhere was the tremendous fatigue the performers suffered at the close of the eight-hour performance. Coming to the home of Hans Zwink, the Judas of the play, he found the painter-actor in quite a cheerful mood.

"Does the performance fatigue you so much, too?" the tourist enquired.

Ere Herr Zwink could reply his little ten-year-old son chirped up:

"Pa, he don't get so tired. He hangs himself at three o'clock and comes home two hours before the others."—Harper's Weekly.

* * *

Incorruptible.

THE lady of the house hesitated. "Are my answers all right?" she asked.

"Yes, madam," replied the census man.

"Didn't bother you a bit, did I?"

"No, madam."

"Feel under some obligations to me, don't you?"

"Yes, madam."

"Then, perhaps, you won't mind telling me how old the woman next door claims to be?"

"Good day, madam," said the census man.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

* * *

Difficult Situation.

ABOUT a year ago a cook informed her Boston mistress that she was apt to leave at any time, as she was engaged to be married. The mistress was genuinely sorry, as the woman is a good cook and steady. Time passed, however, without further word of leaving, though the happy-man-to-be was a frequent caller in the kitchen. The other day the mistress was moved by curiosity to ask: "When are you to be married, Nora?"

"Indade, an' it's niver at all, I'll be thinkin', mum," was the sad reply.

"Really? What is the trouble?"

"'Tis this, mum. I won't marry Mike when he's drunk, an' when he's sober he won't marry me."—Judge.

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BLACK SWAMP

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 19

straight forward into this morass. His first instinct was to struggle frantically back, but as he fell his nose had dipped into the mud. The chill of it was like a balm to his tortured nostrils and lips. He wallowed straight ahead, plunging his face deep into the icy slime. The drench of it soothed the scorching of his stung belly. The anguish of his eyelids was assuaged. Again and again, buried now to his shoulders, he thrust his face into the ooze. Then, with the salving of his torment, his senses seemed to return.

The swamp, as we have seen, was in all things monstrous. It was monstrous now to its offspring and victim in warning him too late. The patch of morass was of great depth, and the bear was sucked under so swiftly that even as he turned to escape he sank to the neck. His huge forepaws beat and clawed at the stiffer surface, breaking it down into the liquid ooze beneath. Presently they also were engulfed. Only his head remained above the mud. A beam of moonlight lay across the scene, still and malignant, and the raccoon watched from the tree with an untriumphant curiosity. When at last that terrible and despairing head had vanished and nothing remained but a long convulsion of the mud, the raccoon came daintily down from his post of observation and examined the remains of the hornets' nest. It was crushed and pounded quite too flat to be of any further interest to him, so, after a disdainful wrinkling of his fine black nose, he tripped away to seek again the world to which he belonged—the world of free airs, and dancing leaves, and clamouring waters, and bright, swift, various life, and yellow moonlight over the fields of corn.

The Mummer's Throne

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

all the same—I should never have sold myself to that awful woman to gratify the ambitions of a madman! If you can show me a way to save your life, then you will have saved my soul for me. But can you, sweetheart?"

The queen smiled bravely. "I can and will," she said. "I would do anything to get out of this place, where my days have been so wretched. And Florizel will come with us."

"Florizel is your humble servant to command," the prince murmured. "I have some little personal anxiety, too. When those wolves once taste blood they will not know when to stop. They will not disdain the breaking of a butterfly. I shall not breathe freely till I see you and Clarette safely on board the yacht to-morrow."

"And you will tell us your plan, dearest?" the king asked.

"I think not, my lord," the queen smiled. "It is a good plot, and I am rather proud of it. All you have to do is to go on as if you suspected nothing. When you are summoned to the anteroom to-morrow night, go without the slightest hesitation. I shall come just as I am from the stage. And the rest will be so easy—so easy, my dear husband. You have not seen our play yet, you have not troubled to come to any of the rehearsals. It is much on the same line as the piece you first saw me in. I am not seeking to gratify any personal ambition, it is all part of my scheme. The performance will be a little late because it is part of my plan that the last act shall not be

finished until we are asked to see our jailers. And you shall see how a woman's wit shall be victorious against all the plotting of those murderous traitors. And now, don't you think that we have talked here long enough? I must go back to my guests. I will leave you to decide what is to be done with Florizel. He must not be seen here."

It was an easy matter, however, to find a hiding-place for the prince. So far as that was concerned, he might stay where he was, seeing that those apartments were sacred to the king. Here was a whole suite of them, and the matter of food presented no difficulty.

The music was still drifting dreamily on as the queen returned to the ballroom. The dark, sinister figure of Rutzstin loomed in one of the doorways presently. He stood there as if watching something, his eyes were hard and sombre. He was master there, and he knew it. Only a few hours more, and all this would be changed.

"You do not dance?" the queen asked gaily.

A sour smile lit up Rutzstin's wrinkled face ominously for a second.

"My dancing days are over, madame," he said. "There are some that dance even on the edge of a volcano. They did it in the saloons at Versailles before the Revolution. And history is a thing that is apt to repeat itself."

There was no misunderstanding the threat underlying this insolent speech. Just for a moment the blood glowed in the queen's cheeks, then she smiled again.

"But you will come and see me at to-morrow night?" she said.

"Ay, I'll come and see you do that," Rutzstin croaked. "What is it that Shakespeare says?—'A poor player, who frets and fumes her hour upon the stage, and then is seen no more!' Do I quote the poet correctly, madame?"

"Perfectly," the queen said gravely. "'And then is seen no more!' Now, I wonder if you would be very distressed if that proved to be true. Do you think you would, Count?"

The queen turned away without waiting a reply to her question. She did not see the murderous gleam in the old fanatic's eye. He was blind to all beauty now; he could see nothing but that wild scheme of his for the expansion of the territory of Montenegro; he was prepared to wade in blood to get to it. And all the glitter and gaiety and frothy folly was so much added fuel to the blaze of his passion. He could hear the noise and bustle in the theatre as he came out of the king's cabinet after a private audience the following afternoon. The curtain was up, and the queen, together with Bertha Venis and Clarette and the rest of the company, was watching the manager drilling the stage army of supers who seemed by no means raw to the work. Rutzstin frowned as he saw the Montenegro uniform degraded, as he would have called it.

"This must not be, madame," he said harshly. "After all, this is only a play. It is not the custom with any nation to allow the national uniform to be dragged—"

"Do you presume to dictate to me?" the queen asked gently.

Rutzstin muttered something under his breath.

"They are no subjects of ours," the queen went on. "They came with the rest of the company—they are from the Oderon Theatre."

"I know a soldier when I see one," Rutzstin said madly. "Those men have carried arms before."

"Of course they have. My good Rutzstin, in any first-class theatre it is the object of the management to make everything as realistic as possi-

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ble. And when I want your opinion on this or any other question, I will ask for it. You can go."

The queen stood there calmly, her head erect. There was just a little colour in her cheeks, but she betrayed no sign of the anger that moved her. Something brutal and bitter trembled on the tip of Rutzstin's tongue for the moment; he caught his lip between his teeth and held it with savage force. After all, it did not matter. It was only for a few hours longer, and the struggle would be finished, the house of cards come fluttering to the ground. Outside under the oleander trees on the boulevard Rutzstin encountered Schenteim smoking a cigarette. The big black-bearded mountaineer looked strangely out of place in his frock suit and glossy hat. He carried his gloves in his hand.

"Well, you old wolf," he said jocularly. "Why so pleased, why so

amiable? Egad, you look like the conspirator in fifth-rate melodrama. Where are the dagger and the bowl, comrade? Has the little queen been offending you again?"

Rutzstin growled something in the back of his throat.

"For the last time," he said; "for the last time, Schenteim! After today she shall be no more than a white wisp of flesh for the crows to pick. You are ready?"

The big man laughed cheerfully as Rutzstin passed on. He glanced up at the castle overhead blazing in the sunshine. His smile was not pleasant to see.

"I shall be ready, dolt," he muttered. "Oh, yes, we shall be ready! And you think to make sure of me, Rutzstin, eh? There are two heads to fall to-night—and there is a third. And when that has fallen our dear old Rutzstin will be at rest, too!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

LITERARY NOTES

"THE Arch Satirist"—Frances de Wolfe Fenwick; McLeod and Allen, Toronto.

A few weeks ago, we made some remarks about a first novel by a young Toronto lady, Miss Tate. This week we are to tell something of another first novel by a Montreal young lady, Frances de Wolfe Fenwick. Miss Tate's story was a slender, delicate tale of far away Japan—nothing Canadian in it. The publishers of Miss Fenwick's tale advertise it as a "wonderful Canadian novel" with its scene laid in Montreal. Although it may seem paradoxical, there is very little of the atmosphere of the Dominion in "The Arch Satirist." Of course, Miss Fenwick talks of ski-ing, skating, and tobogganing as the diversion of the society folk who chatter through her three hundred and fifty-eight pages. She describes a

mountains and the throbbing streams. The Arch Satirist is uncomfortable pessimism. It is the kind of a story we may look for a century or so from now, when we become very very old and cynical.

* * *

While we in this country are sitting down and beginning to wonder whether the big Canadian novel is going to come out of the west, or middle or east of Canada, it would not be bad policy to look round and see what the other colonies of the empire are doing besides growing wheat or raising sheep. We might get a few ideas. There should be reciprocity in matters aesthetic in the Empire as well as in trade or politics. If Canadians read Australian novels and Australians read Canadian novels, each country would know more intimately the life of the other. But they don't.

All this apropos of an article in the *Canadian Magazine* for June, entitled "Australian Literature," by Katherine Hale, the clever literary critic of the *Toronto Mail and Empire*. Canada still bears the palm over Australia in literary work, is the opinion of this writer. Similar obstacles bar the progress of art in both countries. We are both a little raw—think overmuch of how to get rich quick—and do not afford that splendid leisure essential to the litterateur. Summing up prevalent conditions in Australia Katherine Hale says:

"It would appear that literature in Australia has not yet come into its own. There is no full-throated chorus of great singers as there is in Canada, nor were the beginnings of its art life so propitious. It is a land which lacks tradition, and the great natural forces beautiful and limitless, are still overshadowing the life of the spirit.

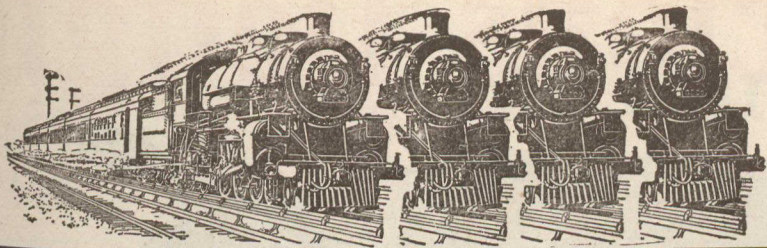
Of the writers which appeal to her Katherine Hale mentions Adam Lindsay Gordon, "the single outstanding lyricist of Australia"; Marcus Clarke, the descriptive writer; Nat Gould, novelist of the race-track; Rolf Bolderwood, author of "Robbery Under Arms," and Mrs. Campbell Praed, who will be remembered for her serial "The Lost Earl of Ellan," which ran in the *Canadian Magazine* in 1905.

None of the above are stars of the first magnitude. As Katherine Hale remarks: "The era of bookmaking, of song singing, of creative enterprise in art has not yet arrived. The great land is waiting; and while it waits, the sorrowful forest does not stir, the sun-colours dissolve, and re-create and die, the magic South shines on and the shadowy past that still awaits interpretation, holds for its discoverer the great secret inviolate."



Miss Frances de Wolfe Fenwick.

hockey match at the Arena. But where, on a clear winter day, would Miss Fenwick pick up her chief character, Liol Ricossia, ex-pet of Montreal society, consumptive, drug fiend, cigarette fiend, scion of degenerate Italian nobility, poet with all the glorious, riotous genius of a Shelley? Transplanted continentalism—that is the explanation. Will Canadian writers ever learn not to hearken after the unreal, to eschew the melodramatic. There is plenty of material just down the street. The smoke of that foundry over there belongs to an Englishman. Five years ago he drifted across steerage—the grime of his last job even worn out of his clothes. Now he employs five hundred hands—almost an epic! Miss Fenwick can write. There is no doubt about that. There are epigrams of real distinction in *The Arch Satirist*. The author has served an excellent literary apprenticeship as secretary to the well-known essayist Dr. Andrew Macphail. But she has not caught the spirit of the country—the tugging optimism of the prairies, the mighty



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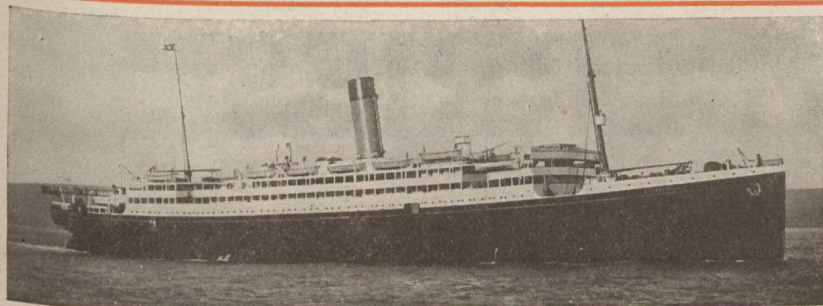
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" AUG. 4th	"ROYAL GEORGE"	" AUG. 18th

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