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September 7th, 1907

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A National Weekly



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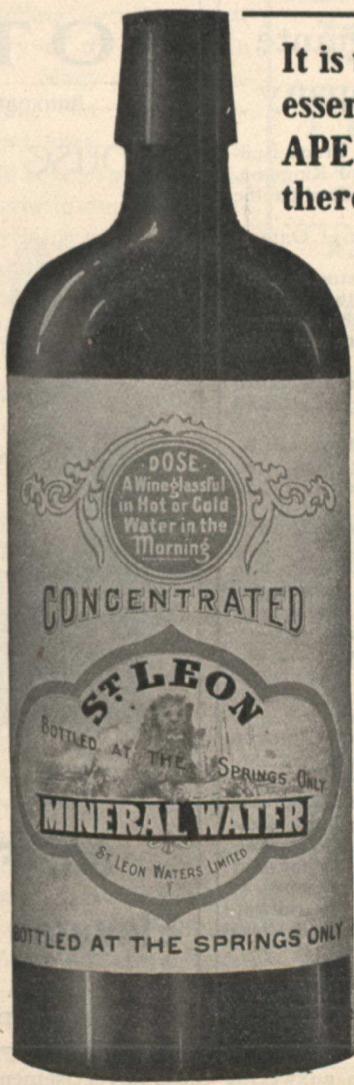
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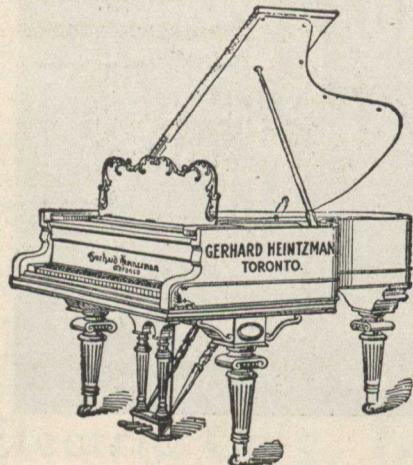
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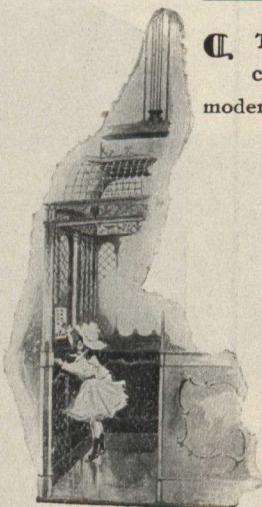
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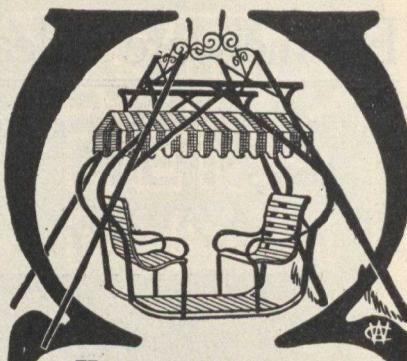
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61 Victoria Street - TORONTO

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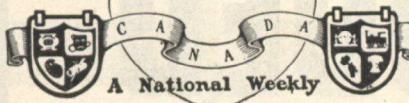


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Editor's Talk

MR. BONNYCASTLE DALE, our travelling correspondent, has the true story of the Salmon in this week's issue. Many people write about the Salmon, but only a few really know what they are writing about. Mr. Dale is a fish expert and an experienced investigator. He does not write of anything unless he has seen, examined and studied it.

This week's cover is by Mr. Butler, a Canadian Artist who is doing exceedingly well in design work. Other designs by him will appear later.

Next week the results of our first amateur photograph contest will be announced, and the winning pictures will be reproduced. These contests will be held monthly until further notice. The excellent material already received, justifies our going on with our plans as announced.

Next week's stories and other illustrated features will be found to be exceptionally strong.

Mr. Jeffery's first double-page drawing in "The Homesteaders" series will appear and will probably be framed by many a Canadian household, for it is a picture with historic as well as artistic value. In a fortnight our special Canadian Manufacturers' Association number will show how close this national weekly is keeping to all interests of this wide Dominion.

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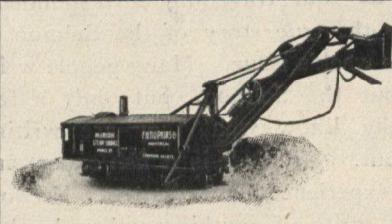
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The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

NEWS CO. EDITION

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Vol. II

Toronto, September 7th, 1907

No. 15

Topics of the Day

SEPTEMBER is the month of fairs, beginning with the Toronto Exhibition which closes to-day, and the Ottawa and London Fairs which open on Monday. In Western Canada the Fairs come between seedtime and harvest; in the East they are held after the harvest. Autumn in the East is a more pleasant season than in the West where summer melts rapidly into winter, and hence many of the smaller Eastern fairs are held in the early days of October.

The Fairs this year promise to be fairly successful, since agriculture and dairying have had a fairly successful season. The harvest is over and it has shown an average yield, abundant but not extraordinary. While the Western boom has flattened a little in the past two months, Eastern progress seems to continue buoyant. Judging from the displays of horses, cattle, sheep and swine, Ontario is not feeling the much discussed "tightness" of money. The manufacturers are hopeful and busy as usual, and altogether business seems to maintain its customary cheerfulness:

* * *

The delay in the completion of the Quebec Bridge which must result from the disastrous collapse will not affect the transportation interests, as these were not ready to take much advantage of it. It will be four or five years before the National Transcontinental line will be completed from Winnipeg to Moncton and this will give ample time to rebuild and complete the bridge. The Canadian Northern is in Quebec and beyond, but it has not yet begun its proposed line through New Brunswick. Five years from this the situation will be different and the bridge will be a necessity. It is to be hoped that nothing will arise to prevent its completion during that period.

* * *

The Dominion Rifle Association meet at Ottawa last week was the most successful in its history. The entries were more numerous and the scoring higher. Riflemen from Great Britain, Newfoundland and Australia were present, and gave a good account of themselves. Nevertheless, the Canadians won the highest honours and showed themselves quite equal in skill to those from other parts of the Empire. Indeed, it is remarkable the proficiency exhibited by Canadian marksmen considering the scattered nature of the population and the inadequacy of our rifle ranges. The Ross Rifle seems to have been a little more popular and successful this season, and it is to be expected that the manufacturers of this new Canadian arm will do everything in their power to bring it even closer to perfection.

* * *

The work of negotiating a new commercial treaty with France is said to be progressing favourably towards completion. Mr. Fielding left Paris on Monday

for London to lay the documents before the Imperial authorities in London. Afterwards he will return to Paris to complete the negotiations. The new treaty will provide somewhat generally for reciprocity on a rather broad basis. French silks are likely to be greatly favoured and Canadian farm and forest products will get better treatment in France. The duty on champagne is not to be altered.

* * *

The present prospect at Springhill, N.S., is for an all-winter strike. This is particularly unfortunate for the general public, since coal is none too plentiful. The Cumberland Railway and Coal Company, whose men are discontented, seem determined not to abandon the advantage they have gained through the work of the Board of Conciliation. The men are equally determined in their resolve to gain a greater advantage. It is a pity that wisdom was not more wisely distributed, but it must ever be, apparently, that there shall be continued disputes between employer and employed under our present economic system.

* * *

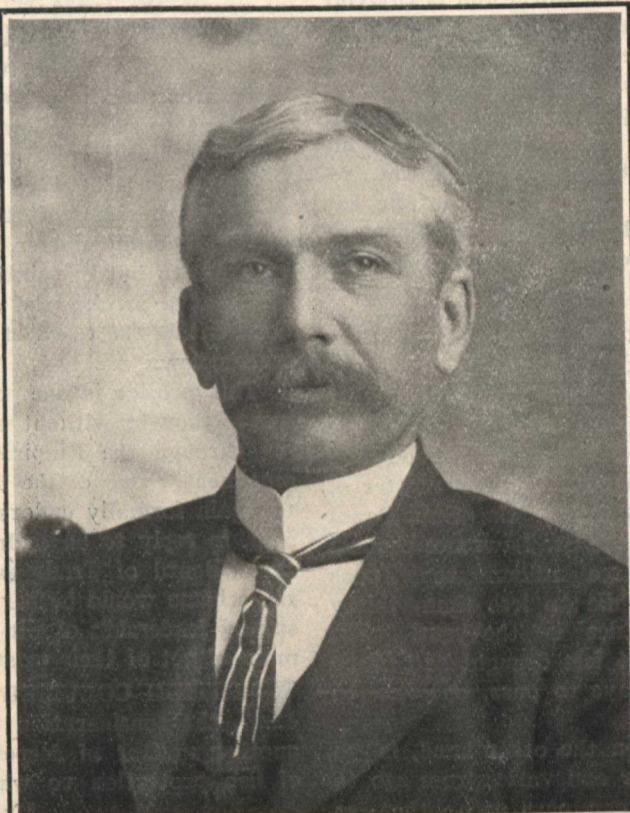
Toronto has the baseball fever very badly. It would seem as if her professional team in the Eastern League is the strongest and is likely to win the pennant this season for the first time since 1902. Montreal's team has been very unfortunate and the enthusiasm there has reached zero. For this reason, the last series between the two teams was transferred to Toronto.

Professional baseball is not an elevating sport, but it has a large place in the affections of a certain portion of the public. It is only fair to say that during the present season the Toronto fans have shown a continued growth in fairness in spite of the two or three exhibitions of rowdyism which have occurred. The players themselves seem to be gentlemanly both on and off the field.

* * *

Sir Wilfrid Laurier has at last decided to fill the two important portfolios so long vacant. Mr. Pugsley, the smooth-tongued New Brunswick politician and ex-premier, is Minister of Public Works; and Mr. Graham, leader of the Ontario Opposition, is now Minister of Railways and Canals. Both have been chosen more for their political than administrative abilities, which, by the way, is not unusual in such appointments.

In taking the portfolio of Railways from the Maritime Provinces, Sir Wilfrid has made a rather bold innovation and one which may prove beneficial to the country as a whole. Mr. Graham, having no constituents in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, is likely to allow his deputy-minister and his general manager to conduct the government railways along strict business lines. This will be somewhat of a reversal of the policy followed during the past twenty-five years, and in time it may meet with the approval of even the politicians of the Maritime Provinces.



Hon. George P. Graham, Minister of Railways.

REFLECTIONS

BY STAFF WRITERS

L A B O U R S O W N D A Y **I**T is well that Labour should have its own particular day, because this gives dignity to those who perform tasks which the historian does not usually record. The patient, honest, industrious and progressive workman is as important to a nation as the man who tills the soil or labours in the mine. These together form the basis of the nation's prosperity. The character of their life and accomplishments determines the character of national progress and activity.

Capitalists, financiers and professional men have their place, but it is not more important than that occupied by the producer, whether a skilled mechanic or a shoveller of coal. The number of the former class is small in comparison with the number of labourers, and hence politically and socially less effective in voting power and in effect upon industry. In intellectual accomplishment the inequality is less noticeable.

While to-day, the Canadian labourer is in a better position than anywhere else in the world and is enjoying a prosperity unknown in economic history, it behoves him to look ahead. After every boom comes a reaction. If he booms himself too much, pushes his wages up too high, neglects opportunities for increasing his efficiency, and generally prides himself upon his numerical strength, he will ultimately suffer. The reaction will take away from him much that he has gained. If he is reasonable in his demands and constant in his effort towards self-improvement, all will be well with him and with the nation.

CANADIANS frequently talk with pride of their magnificent waterway on the St. Lawrence between Quebec and Montreal, but few, probably, realise just how magnificent it is. A comparison with the **A G R E A T W A T E R W A Y** Suez Canal will afford a good idea of its capacity. In the matter of tonnage carried, the Suez Canal leads, but in all other respects the St. Lawrence channel is infinitely superior. But three million tons pass through the latter annually, while no less than thirty millions pass through the Suez in the year. The Suez, however, has a limit of 26 feet draught and is so narrow that when two ships have to pass, one has to tie up to the side.

The St. Lawrence channel, on the other hand, is 30 feet 6 inches deep at high water and varies from 450 to 750 feet wide, so that vessels can pass each other at full speed. Twice this season has this been done by the "Victorian" and the "Tunisian" through the Cap a la Roche cut, the most difficult part of the channel to navigate.

Again, steamers passing through the Suez canal have to proceed at quarter speed throughout its entire length of 99 miles, while in the St. Lawrence this is not necessary, the "Victorian" having come up from Quebec one night this season with a loss of but two hours on the way.

Of the total foreign trade of \$550,000,000, Montreal is responsible for \$150,000,000 or 27 per cent., and so rapidly has commerce developed at this port that, within the past five years, the tonnage of all steamers entering the harbour has been doubled. All this has severely taxed the capacity of the port, but extensive improve-

ments are being made not only to the channel but to the harbour, which will without doubt enormously increase the business at that port.

NO T every Imperial project has so many sound reasons to be advanced in favour of it, as has the Imperial cables scheme. Indeed, it is difficult to find an argument of any kind that can be advanced against it. Boards of Trade all over the Empire have passed commendatory resolutions. The fifth and sixth Congress of Chambers of Commerce of the Empire have pronounced in favour of "a continuous chain of state-owned telegraphs." More than fifty well known and eminent Canadians, including Lieutenant-Governors, presidents of universities, judges of Supreme Courts, statesmen and clergymen of every denomination, have with singular unanimity cordially and emphatically endorsed the project. Is anything more needed?

To the average man the great objection to cabling is of course the expense. This feature is, however, taken into account in the thoroughly comprehensive scheme of Sir Sandford Fleming, who has convincingly shown that a uniform rate from land to land of a penny a letter is sufficient to cover all working expenses. This is a very different thing from two shillings four pence a word, the rate charged between Canada and Australia. On a specimen message of thirty-two words taken from ordinary reading matter, the cost at a penny a letter amounts to but one-sixth of the present cost for cabling. Thus, at a stroke, the act of cabling might become a boon within the reach of all instead of a luxury available for the few.

This project is one of utility rather than of sentiment, though, without a doubt, the electric pulse beating through the Empire would do much to stimulate sentiment. One of the latest of the Imperial statesmen to again formally endorse the scheme is Earl Grey, who said, in reply to an address from the Council of the Ottawa Board of Trade early this summer, that he felt the scheme would be carried, if the Board, under the inspiring leadership of Sir Sandford Fleming, made it the main object of their existence.

BRITISH COLUMBIA is not altogether absorbed by the consideration of the Yellow Peril. There is another matter of deeper hue and that is the question of fish protection to which that excellent sportsman,

THE FISHERY-COMMISSION Mr. Bonnycastle Dale, draws attention in the current issue of the Canadian Courier. The commission, appointed by the Dominion Government in July, 1905, is nearing the end of its voluminous labours, although its report is not yet issued to the public. The final publication includes three parts, of which the last, covering the suggested new regulations will be of most interest to the public. An important feature of the commission's proceedings was the international conference with the representatives of the State of Washington. It is cheering news that the State mentioned is prepared to adopt protective fishery measures of a nature similar to those proposed in the Dominion. Some recommendations of the commission, such as increased patrol for the suppression of poaching and fishery offences have already received the attention of Ottawa

authorities. Others need prompt and effective consideration, especially that referring to the limitation of the depth of salmon nets in the Fraser River.

It is stated, in proof of the wonderful growth of the fish-canning industry in British Columbia that, whereas in 1881 only 177,276 cases were packed, twenty years later the number of cases went up to the pretty total of 1,236,156. Canned salmon was once regarded as a picnic luxury; now it is a household necessity. The commissioners refer to the importance of maintaining the good name of B.C. salmon and discuss propositions for an official brand or stamp as a guarantee that the genuine B.C. article is being sent out. That delectable fish, the halibut, is not neglected and attention is drawn to the fact that the halibut banks of our northern waters are showing unmistakable signs of depletion. The truth is, that we Canadians have become so accustomed to regarding our resources as limitless that we regard a warning almost as a lack of patriotism. Our forests, our fisheries, our wheat-fields have been pictured from childhood as inexhaustible, and we hardly like to contemplate the possibility of their being depleted. But the work of this commission shows that we have been grossly careless in some instances regarding a supply which affords one of the greatest industries of the West.

THREE used to be a belief that the continent of America is bounded on the north by the Arctic Ocean and on the south by the Antarctic. But, thanks to the efforts of the indefatigable republic to the south of Canada, the word "America" is rapidly becoming the property of the United States, such trivial

localities as Brazil, Argentina and Chili being entirely out of the running. The English people are proverbially ignorant concerning the geography of the Western Hemisphere but it was to be expected that the inscription on the tablet, erected in Salisbury Cathedral this summer in memory of those who lost their lives in the railway accident of 1906, would be fairly reliable. But the said tablet records that it is a pledge of brotherly sympathy with mourners in England, America and Canada. The resident of this Dominion is left to wonder where this country "belongs" if not in America. If the tablet means the U.S.A., why in the name of all that is accurate could it not say so? We shall soon be regarded as a land without a continent, although we own a trifle more than three million square miles of North America.

Through a Monocle

THE American summer resort crowd is like nothing else in the world. It goes in for enjoyment with the abandon and the lack of restraint of just so many children. It is determined to be amused, and so will get amusement out of anything. It no more wears its dignity than its "plug hat," and does not believe that there is any such thing as dull care in the whole earth. Its women will cumber themselves with much dressing, but this is only an evidence of the frank abandon of the holiday, for no woman is ever enjoying herself perfectly unless she is conscious of looking well.

* * *

The sexes mix at the bathing hour with a freedom that would seem improper to the holiday-makers of a French seaside resort, and I cannot think of a word to describe how it would seem to the sternly virtuous bathers at an English resort. They do not think at the American beach of putting on their bathing dresses merely to go into the sea; they don them to hold a full dress parade for an hour before bathing, and they lie about in the sand in platoons to dry off after bathing. And it is all very pretty, and—in spite of the European's suspicion—very wholesome and moral. Families are

brought up to it, and children never get the idea that it is a sin to see more of God's creation than the human face.

* * *

But it would be lacking in frankness on my part to pretend that this freedom is not at times abused. When it is remembered that the great American cities empty themselves into these resorts—Broadway as well as Fifth Avenue—it will be inferred that some people are to be found upon the beaches who are not concerned about modesty or decorum. Broadway-by-the-Sea is no better than Broadway-in-the-City; and the license of the bathing dress and the abandon of the bathing hour offer opportunities which the police would prevent in the realm of clothes and cable cars. But this is only an incident. It is the spot on the fruit. As a rule, the play upon the beaches is the play of boys and girls, grown young again for a brief holiday.

* * *

"The spot on the fruit." That was a chance phrase, but may it not have been significant? The spot will eventually ruin the whole fruit. We enjoy a social freedom on this continent in many ways which is lacking in Europe. For instance, our young girls go about without chaperons in a manner which would scandalise Europeans. Now Europeans have not given up their freedom in this respect without a reason. They have found that, in the complicated and crowded civilisation of their continent it is not safe for young girls to go out unattended. There are too many social evils on the prowl. When our "village civilisation" developed on this continent, we, knowing everybody whom our daughters were likely to meet, relaxed our watchfulness and gladdened our eyes with the sight of their liberty. But we are approaching nearer and nearer to the European system of chaperonage as our civilisation grows more urban and complicated. We are driven to this by the same whip that drives the Europeans.

* * *

So with the misbehaviour of the few on the beaches. May it not in time result in driving our people to adopt the European system of more restrained bathing? We will not like it so well; but motives that move the people of Europe are likely to have their effect upon us. We are all much alike. First, our more refined people will refuse to expose their daughters to the scenes likely to stain their vision on a popular bathing beach; and then other people will conclude that what is not good enough for the daughters of "the best people" is not good enough for theirs. From this the path is a short one to the dismal English practice of compelling the sexes to bathe on different sections of the beach and—worse still—to bathe from "bathing machines."

* * *



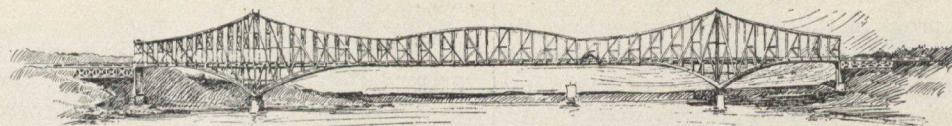
AN OBJECT-LESSON.

British Labour Member (to Swiss Peasant). "And so you go in for Universal Service?"
Swiss Peasant. "Yes; we all learn how to defend our Women and Children."

British Labour Member. "Horrible! Militarism! And you call yourselves a Free Country!"

[A mission, which is to include some Labour Members, will shortly visit Switzerland to study the Republic's system of Universal Service.—Punch.]

A NATIONAL DISASTER

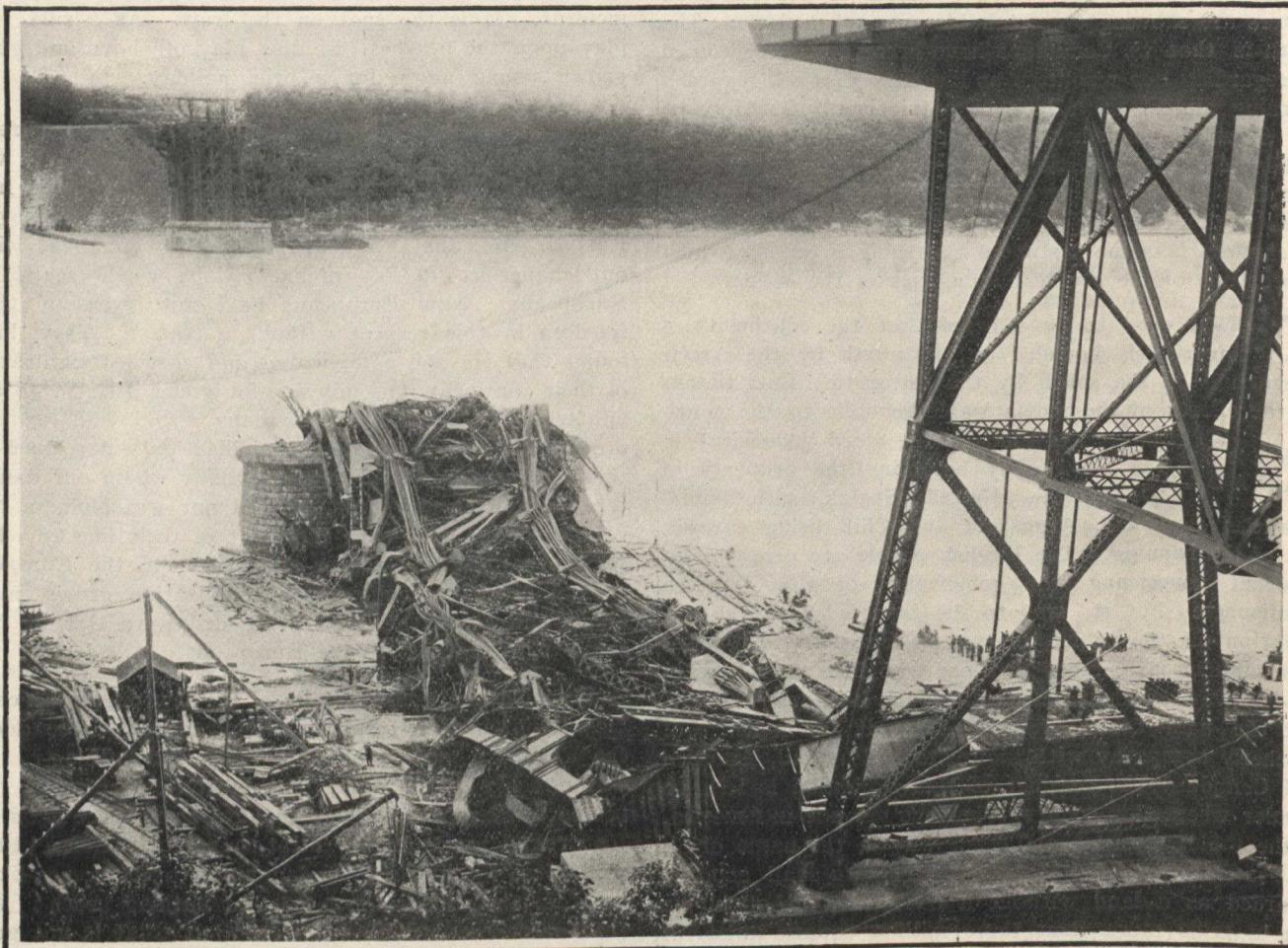


A FEW minutes before six o'clock on Thursday evening, August 29th, the great bridge being constructed over the St. Lawrence River about six miles west of Quebec collapsed and four score workmen lost their lives. It is a national disaster almost unequalled in Canadian history.

To get a parallel for it, one must go back to the col-

1898 was marked by an accident very similar to that at Quebec. Part of the bridge collapsed and fifteen workmen were killed or drowned. Neither the loss of life nor the loss of property was so great as on this occasion, and the bridge was reconstructed and is now in daily use.

The cause of the Quebec disaster is as yet unknown.



A View of the Collapsed Quebec Bridge—From the Levis Shore.

Photograph by Livernois.

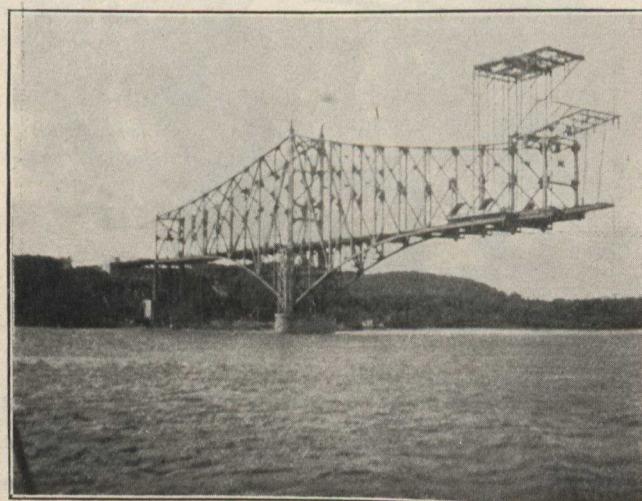
lapse of the Tay bridge in Scotland on the night of December 28th, 1879. On that occasion a great storm swept down the river and it gave way as an express train with seventy passengers was crossing bound from Edinburgh to Dundee. Not a single person on the train escaped.

The bridging of the St. Lawrence at Cornwall in

It may have been that the anchor pier was unequal to the strain put upon it, or that the outer pier settled and caused the mass of iron to twist and fall. Only the public investigation which the Dominion Government has already ordered will determine where the weakness lay. That, however, will not bring back to life the men who were carried down to death, or lessen the financial loss sustained.

In 1899, the Dominion Government made a grant of one million dollars towards the building of the bridge which was then estimated to cost four millions. This year, in Parliament, Mr. Fielding raised that estimate to nearly eight millions. The two shore spans were completed and the south anchor and cantilever span was nearly finished. It was these latter advanced portions which collapsed. The cantilever span hung out over the river and its stress was borne by the anchor span. Both went down together.

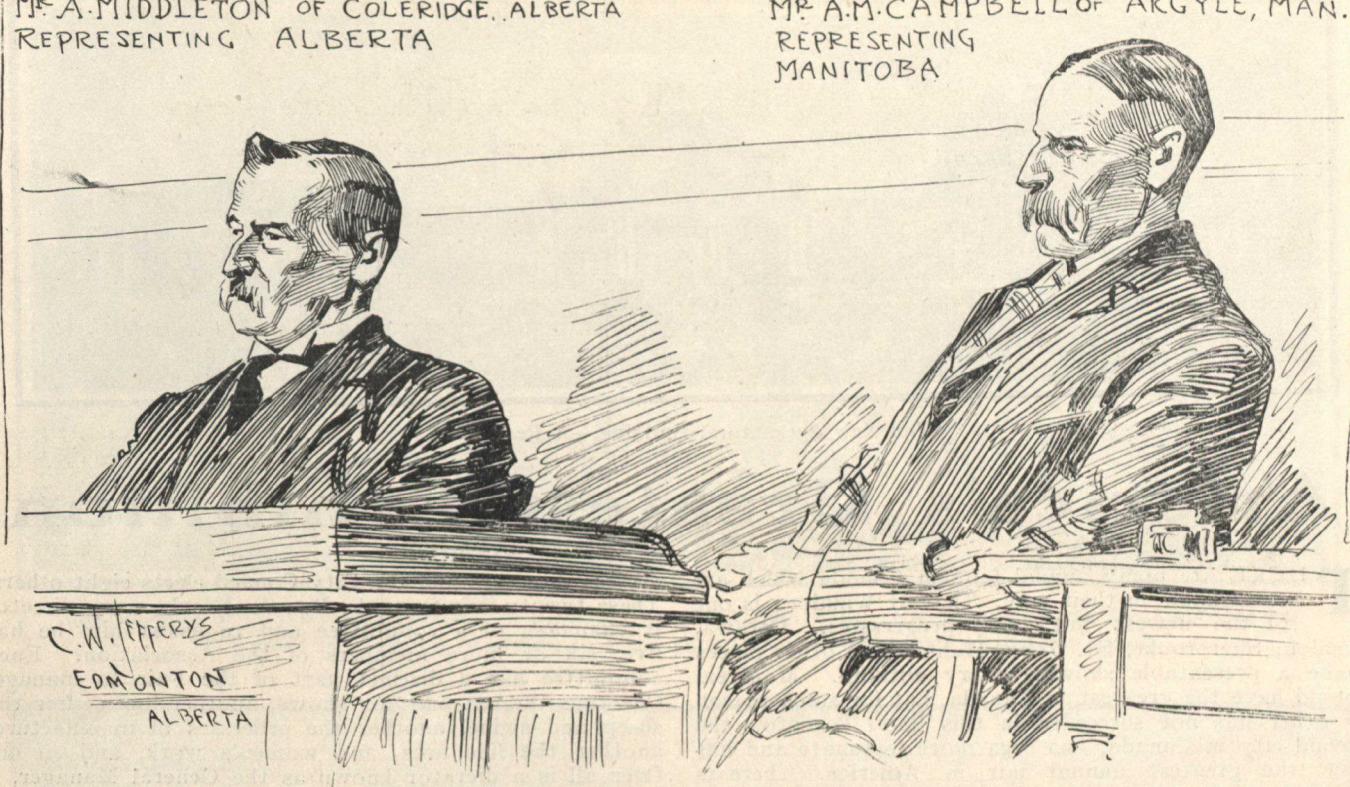
At the point where the bridge was being built, the St. Lawrence River is 2,500 feet wide at high tide. The centre span was to be 1,800 feet in width and to consist of two cantilever spans with a suspended span between them. The two anchor spans added another 1,000 feet, and the two truss spans nearest shore 420 feet more. This would make a total bridge length of 3,220 feet. The present Forth Bridge has two spans of 1710 feet in length, but each one is ninety feet shorter than the centre span planned for the Quebec bridge. This made the latter structure a notable undertaking—the greatest ever undertaken by bridge builders.



*As the Bridge Looked Before it Fell.

MR. A. MIDDLETON OF COLERIDGE, ALBERTA
REPRESENTING ALBERTA

MR. A. M. CAMPBELL OF ARGYLE, MAN.
REPRESENTING MANITOBA



Members of the Beef Commission appointed by the Governments of Alberta and Manitoba, to investigate the conditions of the Beef and Pork Industries in the two Provinces, in session at Edmonton.

The Beef Commission

AFTER many weeks taking evidence at various points in the West, and some lively incidents, especially towards the last, in Winnipeg, the Beef Commission has closed its public sessions, and the commissioners are now at work digesting the accumulated mass of testimony.

Charges of a serious nature were made in the closing hours by Mr. W. D. Brauer, who lives in New York and carries on business in London, Liverpool, New York and Chicago, and some in Canada, in exporting live stock and also as a commission salesman in Liverpool and London. His charge in brief was that Messrs. Gordon, Ironsides and Fares had tried to crowd him out of the market by unfair means. He had also a quarrel with the C.P.R. inasmuch as they did not appear to him to have any control over their stock yards. But, though this is the charge in brief, it was not made briefly or in such mild language by Mr. Brauer. He admitted that he had had some very bitter quarrels with the C.P.R., but his grievance was always with the company and not with individuals. There seemed to be no business system in the yards. Every man had a key which fitted all the locks, and although he had dealt in all the large markets of the world, he had "never come in contact with such a band of pirates in his life." From November last until a few weeks ago, he had kept up a continuous warfare with the C.P.R. in an effort to obtain the same advantages as were allowed his competitors, notably Gordon, Ironsides & Fares, and the company had now promised certain reforms. He believed efforts had been made to drive him from Winnipeg as a cattle buyer.

In reply, Mr. Gordon denied that his firm had endeavoured to drive Mr. Brauer from the field, and termed him the most persistent American he had ever met.

Incidentally there were some diverting incidents not strictly on the bill of fare. For instance Mr. Brauer nearly got into a fracas with Mr. H. A. Mullins, another competitor whom he had charged with unfair methods. Then Mr. R. L. Richardson, proprietor of the Winnipeg Tribune, was called before the commissioners and severely lectured on account of unwarranted statements in his editorials. He admitted that one editorial at least was written by Mr. Knox Magee in ignorance of the facts, and he apologised for the statements complained of.

From all of which it will be seen that Commissions are not always the dry and tame affairs they have been generally considered, especially if they are not too much restricted as to the evidence that may be taken.

The finding of the Commission is not likely to prove

any individual or company guilty of improper conduct, but it will no doubt include many suggestions of value to the beef trade of the West. That portion of Canada is a great producer of cattle and if the people are to reap the greatest possible profit for their labour, improvements and regulations of considerable variety will be required from time to time.

History Repeats Itself

No. 14, Duddington Park, Portobello,
Edinburgh, Scotland, Aug. 7, 1907.

Editor "Canadian Courier," Toronto :

Sir,—One sometimes forgets that the present rush to Canada is not the first that has taken place, nor the second. An old book, the property of an acquaintance of mine, recalls the emigration from the North of Scotland to Canada early in the last century. This book is entitled "Summer Rambles in the Northern Highlands," and was published by William Hunter, Hanover Street, Edinburgh, in 1827. The following is a passage taken therefrom, part of which seems but an echo of what one has been hearing for the past year or two :—

"We encountered some stragglers from the emigration tribe we had seen at Cromarty preparing for voluntary expatriation. They were chiefly young people who had probably remained behind to quench the household fire or pay farewell to kindred residing at a distance. Only one or two of them understood or spoke English. They declared that since they could no longer reside in Sutherland they would much rather go to America than settle in any other part of Scotland."

"Shortly after meeting them we picked up a letter, which, as the seal was broken, we took the liberty of perusing. It was the production of an emigrant dated from the "promised land," and professing to give his parents a faithful narrative of the fortune which had attended him in the wilds of Canada. He acknowledged that unremitting toil was the emigrants lot, but still eulogised the country of his adoption as a land of refuge. 'Come out next spring, one and all of you,' were his concluding words."

Appropriate enough, they are the concluding words of numerous letters sent home from the Great North West—the land of the future—at the present time.

I am, etc.,

Miss Isabella Turner.



The New Agricultural Building.—A Rear View.

America's Greatest Exhibition

THREE are many annual fairs in Canada which are remarkable in their way. That at Winnipeg is one of the newest but most progressive. Ottawa, London, Sherbrooke, St. John, Halifax and other places make a presentable showing every autumn. Montreal should have the greatest in Canada, but for some reason or other has not succeeded in this line. Toronto, the second city in Canada, has been more fortunate and has now the greatest annual fair in America. There is nothing on the continent to equal it in number and size of buildings, in range of exhibits and in attendance. About 500,000 people passed through its gates in the eleven days last year; the number will probably be greater this year. In other words, the average attendance is 50,000 a day.

If you would like to know what a crowd of 50,000 people means, get ten of your friends in a row and have them march around you in a circle. Then compute the time required to count 1,000, and multiply this by fifty. Or if you live in a small town with 2,500 inhabitants, figure out how large a crowd you would have if you got these people all together in one spot; multiply that crowd by twenty and you have the result. It must not be forgotten that this is the audience for one day only; there are eleven successive audiences of fifty thousand each. It is estimated that during the eleven days, over 250,000 people come into Toronto from outside points.

The Exhibition is managed by an Association, made up of 130 representatives from various bodies such as the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, the Board of Trade, the various cattle and horse associations of the province, the Press Association, the Royal Academy and Ontario Society of Artists. These representatives elect

sixteen directors and the City Council elects eight others. These twenty-four form the Board. Nearly every director is chairman of a committee and to assist him he has five, six or more members of the Association. Each committee has a distinct part of the Fair to manage. One runs the cat and dog shows, another looks after the sheep and swine, another the processes of manufacture, another the fine arts and women's work, and so on. Over all is a dictator known as the General Manager, a man capable of answering definitely and decisively five

Dr. Orr.

Mr. Good.

Mr. Ross.



A Snapshot of the Manager, his Press Agent and his Amusement Director.

hundred and ninety-nine questions in as many consecutive minutes.

Every day during the Fair, the directors have luncheon to which a hundred people are invited. In the eleven days, over a thousand invitations will be issued. One subject is discussed each day; for example, on Manufacturers' Day, the speaker was Sir Daniel Morris, Director of Agriculture for the West Indies, an officer of the Imperial Government. It is a sort of "Canadian Club" luncheon.

The revenue of the Fair is approximately \$200,000 a year. This is derived from gate receipts, grand stand receipts, ten per cent. of the receipts of the midway shows, and twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars from dining hall, cigar, peanut and other "concessions." A "concession" is the right to carry on a certain line of business for a profit. The expenditures are for entertainments of one kind or another, for musical organisations, for help, light and prizes. The latter will total approximately \$50,000.

The grounds and buildings of the Fair are owned by the City of Toronto and are leased to the Exhibition Association for about six weeks in each year. When the Fair is not on, the property forms an attractive park. The buildings are now mainly brick and steel, and the city's investment is over a million dollars.

This year the Fair was opened by His Excellency, the Governor-General. The day was somewhat showery and dismal which accounts for the poor picture which accompanies this. The opening invocation was by His Grace, the Archbishop of Toronto. The address to His Excellency was read and presented by W. K. George, Esq., President of the Association.

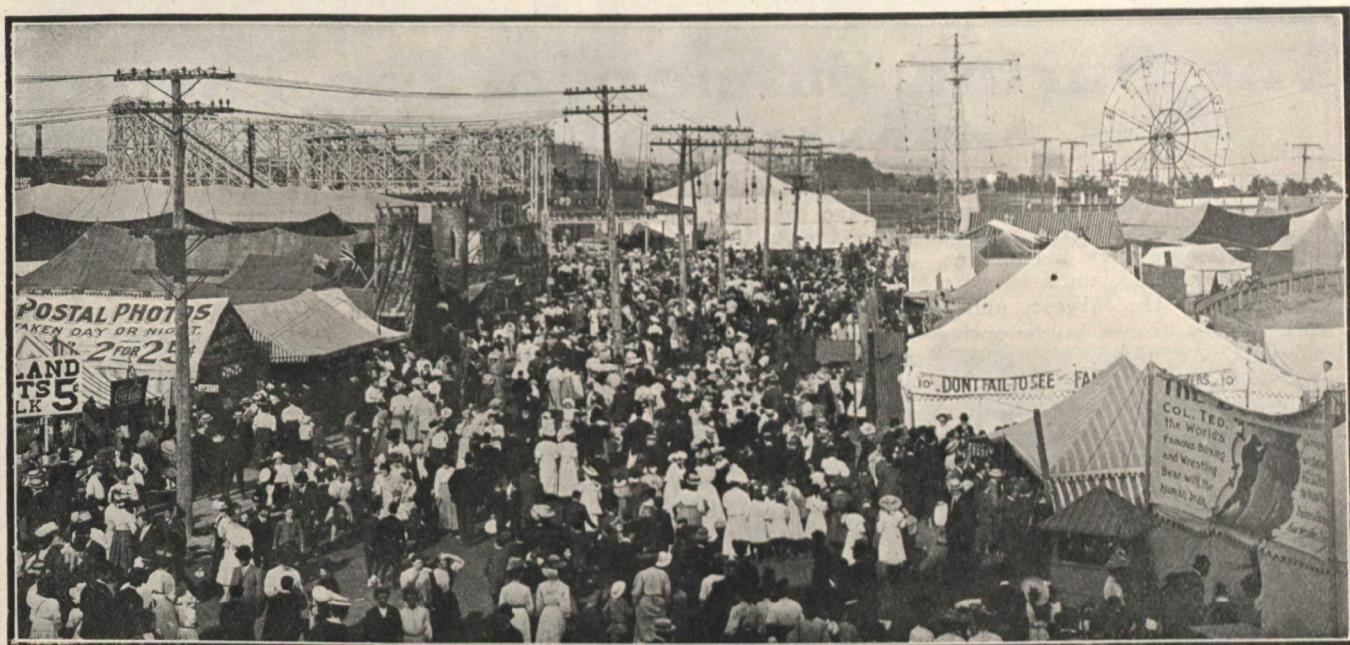
The aim of the management in recent years, aside from improvements in exhibits and buildings, has been



His Excellency, the Governor-General.



The Opening of the Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto, August 27th. His Excellency the Governor-General performed the ceremony standing in a box shown in the right centre of the photograph.



The Midway.—This picture shows that amusements are popular even at a National Exhibition.

to attract people during the first week. The public had acquired the habit of waiting until the second week, and this had to be broken up. Various means were adopted with considerable success. During the first week tickets are sold six for one dollar good either at the entrance or the grand-stand. This year, the sale of these amounted to \$45,000. The attendance for the first weeks of 1906 and 1907, according to the general estimate was as follows :

	1906	1907
Tuesday.....	21,000	15,000
Wednesday	45,000	55,000
Thursday	35,000	45,000
Friday	32,000	43,000
Saturday	45,000	60,000

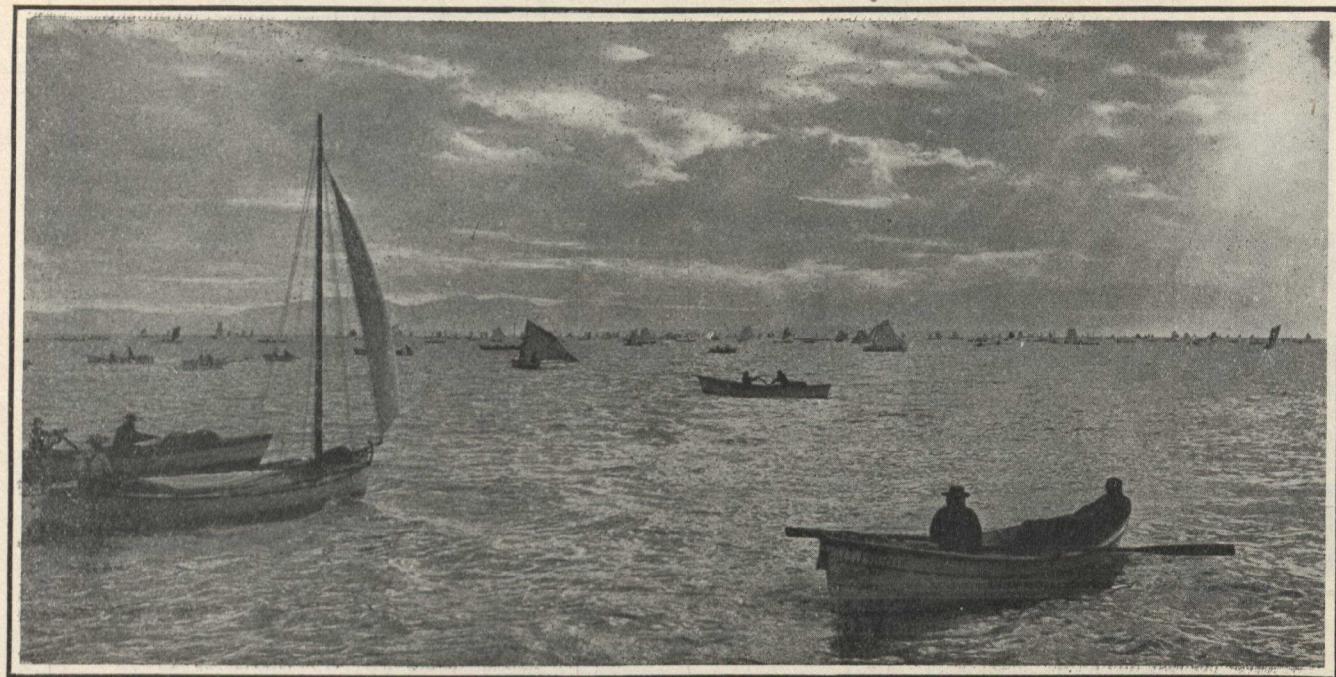
This comparison indicates the success which has attended the effort to make the first week more important and thus relieve the crowding on the second week.



The new Grand Stand which seats 15,000 people. It is almost entirely of steel and cement.



On the Plaza, with Natural History and Railway Buildings in the distance.



The Fraser River Fishing Fleet.

The Spring Salmon of the Pacific

By BONNYCASTLE DALE

Photographs by A. Bailey and the Author.

AMONG the millions of salmon that leave the distant, and yet unknown, playground of the Pacific Ocean where they live unseen and unmolested for three to four years, until they attain maturity, the Spring Salmon is the largest, and most valuable fish. One other variety "runs" in the spring or early summer, the Sock-eye. Accompanying these two commercially esteemed salmon is a large handsome sea trout, called the Steelhead, a fish that is also excellent eating; but unlike the salmon does not perish at spawning time.

Our study of these most interesting schools of fish is made on the Straits of Juan de Fuca, those old historic Straits inseparably connected with the names of Barclay, Vancouver, Puget, Baker, Whidby, names vividly brought back to us every time we see the mighty mountains, the deep sheltered sounds, the great islands that still bear these honoured names.

We may roughly divide the salmon into two classes, those that "run" in the spring and early summer and those that "run" in the fall. We have pictured for you the Quinnat or Spring, the Sock-eye classified as Blue-back and the Steelhead trout, all first-class fish and as we get them here early in the season they are firm-fleshed, being caught in salt water.

The Spring Salmon is a very handsome fish. We have stood and watched them swimming around in hundreds in the great inclosures where they have been trapped—big full-backed, deep-bodied, silver-scaled beauties—many of them weighing sixty and seventy pounds and an odd one going close to one hundred. It was remarkable to see the young salmon and many herring swimming fearlessly amid this captured mass, but the great throng of imprisoned fish ceaselessly circled and paid no attention to the choice live bait so ready to hand.

Now remember we are showing you this fish as it appears in July while still in salt water. We dissected these fish and found them usually to be of rich red flesh, but strange to say, some, and these appeared darker under the scales, were quite white fleshed, therefore useless for first-class canneries. It seemed a dire waste to sell a big firm Spring for twenty-five cents, a fish weighing thirty to fifty pounds, just because its flesh was not of the brilliant salmon red the trade has taught the consumer to expect. These white flesh fish are equally as good but will not sell to the regular trade when canned.

Another strange thing we found was that many of the Springs were striped, red and white flesh appearing side by side in the same fish. None of these, although they were inward bound to the spawning ground had deteriorated or become distorted, thus proving to us that they were not matured enough, as later, in the salt water,

long before they approach the mouths of the fresh water rivers, these fish become hollow-sided, gaunt, hooked jawed. You would not recognise this magnificent fish two months from now. They are bound for the Fraser River, as many as run and escape the gauntlet of the fish traps strung along the shore of the Straits of Juan de Fuca on the Canadian side and the islands of Gulf of Georgia on the United States side. Hundreds of gill drift nets are flung by Japanese fishermen into the muddy swift running Fraser. The salmon will urge their way through the rapid currents, up leaping canyon waters, up the very falls, straining, leaping, striving, until the sides are worn and torn to the bone, the fins ragged and frayed. If swept back they descend the swift waters, tail first, ever onward the dying procession swims, until at last they reach the shallow water, hundreds of miles from the river mouth, where the welcome gravel beds tell of good spawning grounds. Here the "nest" is formed, here the large red eggs are laid and impregnated—and here after a few days watchful care, the emaciated starving fish, for the maternal instinct is so strong that food is entirely neglected, die by thousands; nor is there a record of a single salmon of all the millions, that have ascended every creek, stream and river on this great northern Pacific Coast all these ages, ever returned to the sea. We do not agree with writers that say it is the fresh water that emaciates these fish, as they are found in that condition a full hundred miles out in the salt water of the straits.

An immense number of these salmon are caught in the fish traps and are speedily taken to Victoria where they are "light-salted" for the German market, the white-fleshed ones are used by some companies, but it does not pay to can them, although some of this is done, many Springs are chilled or frozen or used fresh in the markets. Now it is necessary to maintain large plants for the capture, preservation or canning of these and other salmon. I think all concerned will agree with me when I say that only once in four years is the "run" of all salmon large enough to make a fair profit for the large amount of capital invested. This is an off year and as far as I can see without much chance of a fair return of interest on the huge investments. Further, the deepest-thinking men I have spoken with all agree that the number of salmon annually reaching these shores is slowly but surely decreasing, nor have we any proof that our well run hatcheries are making up for the immense quantities caught. It therefore seems sensible to preserve these most valuable fish while yet it is time. Make a close season of one entire year in four, in fact there are men interested in the salmon fishing that would be willing to have a close season every other year.



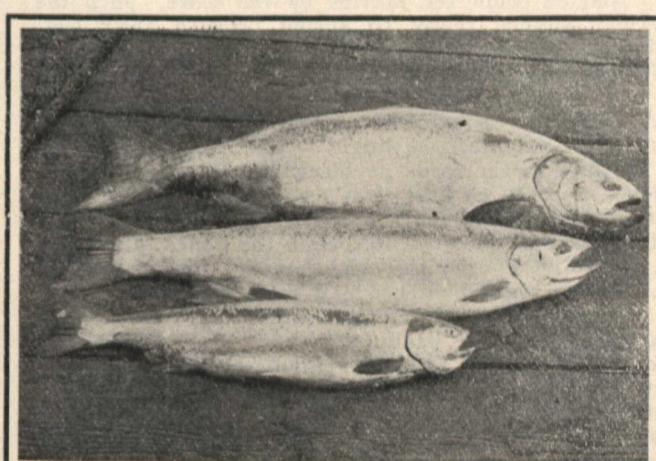
A Good Catch of Spring Salmon.

For hundreds of miles along this coast in the United States and Canada every bay and sound, passage and arm, is literally filled with nets of one kind and another.

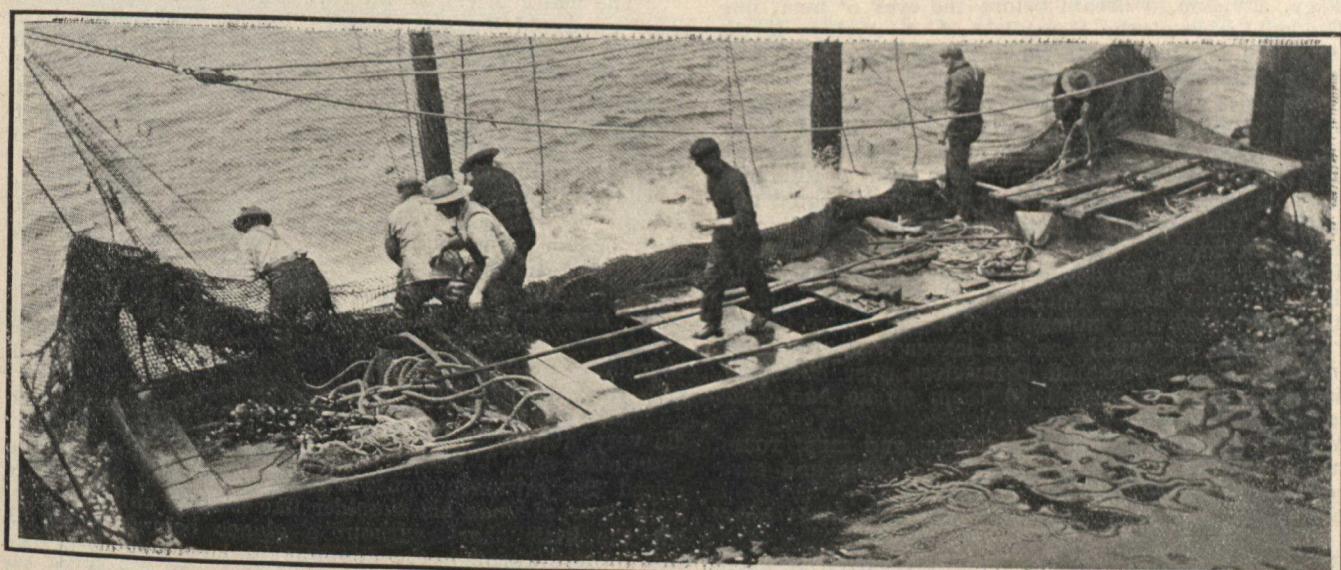
Every possible obstruction is placed in the way of the salmon doing for us what nature intended they should—reach the spawning grounds and reproduce the species.



A Sixty Pound "Spring." Salmon, supported on two pike-poles.



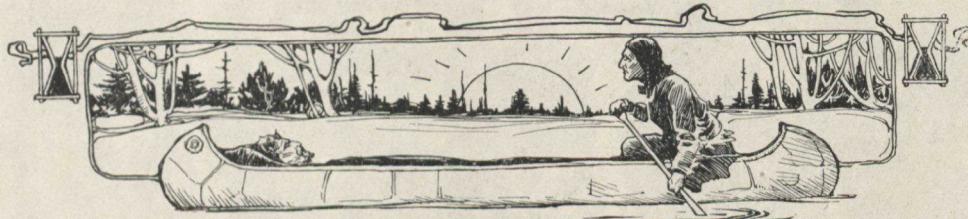
From the top: The Spring Salmon, the Steelhead Sea Trout and the Blueback or "Sockeye" Salmon.



Taking Salmon out of "Spiller" in the Fish-trap.

THE INEVITABLE HOUR

A Sketch by MARJORIE PICKTHALL



SOMETIMES, when the children were at play in the straggling streets of Fraserville, a whisper would rise, a thought flash from group to group. They would bunch together awhile and stand and gaze like deer. Then they would drift toward the east end of the main street, where the shanties and snake-fences, the gay gardens and thriftless fields faded off into green forest. Here there used to be a little two-roomed shack, bowered in wild grape vines and willow bushes. And if the children saw a certain figure under a certain tree, the drifting movement would become a run, the whisper would become a shout. A shout of "Ole Varenne! Ole Varenne is come home again!"

Ole Varenne, ever strange, ever familiar, bearing with him the glamour of wandering, the gipsy charm that draws the heart of youth! Old Ole, with his salient tread, his incurable loneliness of heart! One of his willows grew aslant a brook and a bank of grass. On this green bank Ole would lie, watching the wind in the willow leaves—there was a legend in the village that his eyes were so keen he could really see the wind, like the pigs could—or listening to the robins in the dawn; or to the phoebe-bird as she called in the evening, while the dragon-flies hawked to and fro across the stream. To the children his desultory untrammeled housekeeping was ideal. And he could tell stories by the score, until the fairy-rings seemed ready to spring beneath their feet, and his quaint words became music to which the doors of elf-land opened. But best they liked to hear of things that had really happened, when Ole was in the mood.

"A whole day I followed north, and along the great shining river-beaches," he might begin, "and the waterfowl as thick in the reeds as black flies in June. Then I lifted up my eyes to hills that's not down on any map, and thought in my pride I was the first to climb them. Until in a little hollow I come upon the bones of a white man, worn light as pith, and among 'em an arrow-head. Then I was chastened and went careful. But the land was empty as a desert, though beautiful as the green pastures o' the psalmist." * * *

Or,—"Then I met Running Hawk, and we made the Great Bear Lake, and so west away to the Mackenzie and Old Fort Good Hope. And little we won for our pains." * * *

Or again—"Lost Lake? Lost Lake? Ay, I've seen it, as have many. A colder breath through the blizzard, a whisper on the plains, a glimmer under the dawn. But I've never reached it. In my mind none ever will. 'Tis a mirage, a vision, a dream before the eyes o' men, like the Golden Cities o' the South" * * * And so forth, and so forth; tales of all the peril and mystery that haunt the unknown north.

One summer Ole stayed away for many months. And when the willow-leaves were yellowing he flitted home by night like some quiet bird of passage, and the children found him in his old place. But there was a difference in him; his face was worn and tired, and he would not talk much. The day after found him knocking at Doctor Macpherson's door.

After that he lay all day long under the willows, and watched the slim leaves fluttering down. The children did not know that the moments of his life were falling away from him as quickly as the leaves from the tree. The doctor's words repeated themselves over and over in his brain, and he replied to them as he had done before.

"You are an old man now, Varenne, and must roam no more. Is there no kind body who'd come and care for you for awhile?"

"None, doctor. The trees and the wild birds have been all the kin I owned."

"But you must take care. You have lived a hard life—"

"And an end must come to it soon or late. I ask the truth."

"That is wise. The end is very near. It is the heart, Varenne. The least exertion, the least weariness"—

"But how long?"

"A few weeks at most, I fear. Eh! man, I'd help you if I could."

"You have no call to grieve, doctor. Grief is for the young, not for the old man who comes to the end of the trail. I'll mind your words."

"So much left to do," thought Ole. "There was the branch o' that river to follow up. And there was the hills that touched the Arctic seas. And there was the skies and the winds and the wild swans calling up the spring. Why didn't I die up thereaway? Now I'll die here and they'll bury me in yon stuffy churchyard, and never a pine in sight. I'll be that crowded and scrouged among they other folks I'll scarce be able to stretch to my length and sleep. They'll get me a coffin, too, with a shiny piller—whereas all a man needs is a blanket and balsam boughs when he takes his rest. Oh, why didn't I die up thereaway?"

At night he gazed through the thinning leaves to the full red moon and the solemn stars. "O Lord, I can't rest among they strange folk!" he cried.

In a couple of weeks Ole Varenne took to his bed—his bed of sweet-fern and bracken with the worn blanket over it.

"Can I send for no one, Varenne?" asked the good doctor.

"You can send this letter," said Ole, "and maybe I'll have a friend at the last who'll do my will for me. Nay, 'tis naught you could do, sir."

The doctor took the letter and forwarded it. It was addressed to a priest at a trading-post that touched the Arctic Circle.

The winter wore away, and the spring dawned. The stream made music again, and the birds built in the willows. And at last, one golden April evening, a man came to Ole's door and made the sign of greeting. He was an Indian, erect and old. One of the village boys had directed him to the place, though scarcely understanding his few words of English; and now the boy, round-eyed, hid among the vines to watch.

"I have come," said the Indian simply, and sat down on the bench at Ole's side.

Ole Varenne lay back in his chair; his eyes were at peace, and the last of his strength seemed suddenly to go from him. "I have waited long for you, Running Hawk," he said.

"The white priest at the fort sent a messenger to find me," answered Running Hawk, "but we had followed the caribou beyond the River of Still Water, and were in camp beside the Little Pools. When I knew of your need, I turned south as the bird that follows the summer. But the winter was heavy on the lands. When the ice went, I built me a canoe and came here through a chain of waters. And what would you of me, my brother?"

Ole stretched out his arms to the open door. "I am dying," he whispered, "and I cannot die here. I'll get no sleep in this crowded place. Lay me in your canoe and take me north again. I die very soon."

"The heart of the wounded horse turns to the meadows where he was foaled," said Running Hawk after a silence; "we old men go down to the land of shadows together. I, that linger a little longer on the trail, will help thee through the gates."

"Take me north," said Ole Varenne, "for now I shall die very quickly."

"Come then," replied the Indian. He stooped and raised the shrunken figure in his arms, and the white head drooped upon his shoulder like a tired child's. They left the little shack without a glance behind. And as they passed through the doorway, a long tendril of the wild grape slipped from the eaves and fell across it, as if to bar any from entering again.

"The canoe is near," said Running Hawk, striding

softly through the newly-budded willows. The boy followed, pale-faced, wondering.

Running Hawk laid Ole in the bottom of the canoe, and wrapped his blanket around him in straight folds. The old man lay still, gazing at the opal April sky with calm eyes from which the life seemed slowly withdrawing. The other old man stepped in and took the paddle.

"Rest thee well," he said to Ole Varenne, "we go north." The canoe swung slowly upstream toward the lilac mist that veiled the north. The water before the bows was like green malachite, and astern it was a fine tracery of spreading foam, mixed with the broken reflections of stars.

"Sleep is good after a long trail," said Running Hawk, bending to the stroke. "Under the great pines, at the foot of the great hills, rest comes sweetly. I shall not stay long behind thee."

The canoe gathered way, cleaving the clear water like a dark fish. The narrow stream was like a path of emerald and amethyst. Ole's eyes still calmly sought the northern stars. Presently the canoe swung silently round a curve and was gone. But the boy stood still under the willows, wordless, thrilled, a tingle of tears upon his cheek.

For he knew that from this journey Ole Varenne would never return.

THE DANCING FALLS

THE STORY OF ONE POOR INDIAN.

By W. S. WALLACE

EZ-HAW the Indian was a trapper. He lived beside the Dancing Falls in a log-shack that is still standing, black and rotten and boarded up, beside the painfully new saw-mill of the Ghost River Lumber and Wood-Pulp Company. About the shack was a level clearing, in which was cultivated an acre of potatoes. The clearing had been held by Ez-haw's father and grandfather in undisturbed possession, and Ez-haw himself continued there unmolested until the country about the Dancing Falls began to be opened up.

The opening up of the country began with the advent to power of a Provincial Administration far to the South, which prided itself on its progressive policy with regard to the newer parts of the country. Soon surveyors, timber experts, geologists, began to swarm up into the bush to spy out the land. They reached the Dancing Falls in the summer of the flying-worm pest, when all the tamarac died in the northern bush. With some resentment and much apprehension Ez-haw saw them overrun the country with axe and brush-hook, transit and chain, and plant their symbolic iron stakes and wooden posts in the heart of the virgin wilderness.

The following winter, Ez-haw had his hunting lodge at Clear Lake, which is five days' paddling from the Dancing Falls; and he did not see his wife from September to May. In the beginning of May he gathered his peltries in bundles, and set off with Antoine, his son, for the Hudson Bay Co. post. When he had disposed of his peltries, he turned the bow of his canoe toward the Dancing Falls.

It was a bright, clear afternoon when he reached the vicinage of the Falls, one of those days when the senses are alert and alive. As the canoe drew near its destination, there became audible to the acute ears of the paddlers a distant rattling sound. Several times they rested on their paddles and listened intently.

"Wood-pecker," said Antoine.

"No, hammer," said Ez-haw, dipping his paddle again.

In a few minutes they turned a bend in the river, and came in full view of the Falls. Immediately the cause of the hammering revealed itself. A rough mill of white sawn planks and scantlings was in process of erection beside the foaming waters of the chute.

"Saw-mill," said Antoine, resting on his paddle.

"Ah-ha," said Ez-haw.

The door of the shack they found closed and locked. In answer to Ez-haw's kicks and calls, however, it was opened, and Ez-haw's wife appeared.

"Oh, husband," she exclaimed in Ojibway, "I'm glad to see you. I've been frightened badly by those men over there at the mill. They have been drunk, and I have had to keep the door locked day and night."

"H'mm," grunted Ez-haw.

"They've stolen pretty nearly all our potatoes, too," she said.

Ez-haw deposited his pack beside the doorstep and, having lit his pipe, sat down to think.

When he had smoked his pipe, he rose, put it in his pocket, and walked over the clearing towards the mill.

The workmen were eating their afternoon snack in the shade of the cook's tent. As Ez-haw approached, they gazed at him in silence, busy with their pork and beans and tea.

At a respectful distance he halted, and, removing his hat from his head, said, "I like spik to de boss."

A large, round-shouldered, red-bearded man, with his

mouth full of bread, spoke up and said, "Well, what do you want?"

Ez-haw fingered his hat, and seemed searching for words. "I want you—go—way," he said finally.

The big man smiled. "Where's the beans, cook?" he asked, looking about him.

"Over by them buns," said the cook.

The big man helped himself liberally, and then sat down again. "And so you want us to go away, do you?" he said, resuming the conversation.

"Yes," said Ez-haw.

"Why d'you want us to go away?"

Ez-haw again seemed to search for words. At last, "My place here," he said.

"Oh, well, you don't need the whole earth to move around on, do you?"

No answer.

"Besides," pursued the big man, "what will you do if we won't go away?"

Silence.

"Eh, what'll you do then?"

Ez-haw raised his eyes. "Go see Indian agent," he said.

"Well, go and see him," retorted the big man. "Anything else you want?"

"Yes," said Ez-haw.

"Well, what?"

"I want money for potatoes."

"Well, that's fair enough," said the boss. "Your old woman was so scared of us, we couldn't get near enough to her to pay for the potatoes we took. How much do you want?"

"I dunno," said Ez-haw.

"Well, here's five dollars," said the big man; that ought to be enough."

Ez-haw took the money and put it in his tobacco-pouch.

"Anything else?" said the boss.

"No," said Ez-haw.

"Well, good-bye."

"Good-bye."

The next day Ez-haw and Antoine set off to see the Indian agent at the Baie des Peres, which the railway time-tables call North Mattiskaming.

Ez-haw told him, in Ojibway, about his troubles. The agent listened patiently, and then said:

"I'm sorry, Ez-haw, but I'm afraid nothing can be done. You see, these saw-mill men have evidently taken out their papers for the land about the Falls, and intend to build a pulpwood mill there. A man would be a fool who started out to build a mill before he made sure of his title to the land. If you had only cultivated a little more land, you might have fulfilled the conditions for a squatter's title—but one acre of potatoes is hardly enough. No, I'm afraid there's no use kicking against the pricks. Just go and build somewhere else, and get a legal title to your land, and then no man on earth can put you off. If you were to take out papers for some good land up there—you ought to know the country pretty well—you might be a rich man, some day, Ez-haw."

Ez-haw left the agent's office dazed and with a feeling of homelessness. He wandered down the main street to the new railway station, and gazed at the traffic rattling by. As he watched, the T.R.R. express came in with a shriek and a rush, and slowing down, disgorged onto the station platform a multitude of homesteaders.



THE CONSUL'S NIECE

A STORY OF THE SIXTIES

By ALICE JONES, Author of "Bubbles we Buy,"
"Gabriel Praed's Castle," etc.

This story is founded on the well known event of the late Captain Taylor Wood's taking the Confederate privateer Tallahassee out of Halifax Harbour by the Eastern Passage, while two American cruisers were awaiting her in the main channel.

Resume: Judge Fawcett, the United States Consul at Halifax during the American Civil War, was much disturbed when there appeared, in the British harbour, the Confederate craft, "Onondaga." He and his niece, Millie, attended a dance on board the English flagship, and the latter recognised in Jack Carter a young Southern lieutenant from the "Onondaga," her former playmate and lover. Millie discovers that the two Federal vessels are to seize the "Onondaga," and, regardless of honour, warns a Southern girl, Adeline Lester, the cousin of Jack Carter, that the Confederate ship is in danger. Millie meets her former lover and they renew their betrothal. On the eve of the attempted seizure of the Confederate ship, Millie attends a ball at Government House where an English officer, Captain Palliser, forms a plan to aid her.

THROUGH the stream of gaiety there ran that night an undercurrent of graver interest. Men stood in corners and talked quietly, and even women turned from their partners as they heard the murmured word "Onondaga."

Though the French guests of the evening had arrived, everyone seemed waiting for something.

It was clear what that something was when three figures in grey uniform appeared and, after greeting their host, crossed the room to join Adeline and her friends.

At the sight of them Millie's heart sank into depths of despair for every moment had been making her more certain that the "Onondaga" had sailed.

This despair was in nowise mollified by the fact that her eyes were resting wistfully on Jack Carter's yellow curls.

He was speaking to Adeline. She was saying something that made him turn his head as though for a careless survey of the room. Now, he found her, he bowed and smiled, and she returned the bow, putting all her heart into that brief salutation.

But just then Captain Palliser's voice reached her as from a distance.

"Don't you think you had better come and dance before you make any more blunders?" she heard, and turning saw his proffered arm.

Blushing deeply, she took it, and they joined the stream tending towards the ball-room.

"I'm sorry if I were stupid," Millie began penitently, "but you know it always bewilders me to see them."

"Yes, I know it," he put in, "you are like Moses surveying the Promised Land from Mount Pisgah."

A bitterness in his voice caused her to look up to see that face was pale and set as though with resolute self-control. Surely, she could not have offended him? It was only a passing misgiving. She had few thoughts to spare for this faithful friend to-night.

Without any excuse, Captain Palliser turned from the crowd into a small ante-room, quite deserted now.

Millie's mind was in too great a maze for her to notice the significant determination of his action.

It was a relief to sit down in this quiet place with Captain Palliser, who did not matter, and wait. All life seemed to have revolved itself into waiting.

The rhythm of the waltz was torture to her overwrought nerves.

"I hate that music," she murmured.

"It's all part of the show, the dance before Waterloo, when you know 'music rose with voluptuous swell'"—he said, absently, leaning forward, elbows on knees.

"Oh, don't!" Millie cried in a pain-sharpened voice.

The words so plainly revealed the night's tragedy to her.

He looked up in quick compunction.

"What a stupid owl I am! Forgive me. I was thinking aloud," he paused, then began with ominous quiet; "Look here. I'm going to bother you about myself for a bit, if you don't mind. There's something I must say before number three comes."

At last she understood. He was about to offer her the best that man can give to woman, and she could only hurt him in return. Oh, if only he wouldn't! But nothing could have turned him from his purpose now.

"I meant to hold my tongue, for I fancy it's not much use speaking, but now I see that it's fairer to you to give you the choice," he said in a tone of forced hardness. "You see, it's this way. I've a comfortable income of my own, and if I chose, could leave the service when I married and take my wife home to an old grey house among the Sussex beechwoods and corn-fields. Such a land of peace, Millie, where every man, woman and child would have a kindly greeting as you passed through the village. God knows I would do all I could to make you happy there! Wouldn't it be best to cast in your lot with me, and let me take you away from wars and rumours of wars?"

He had put such a check upon himself that he had spoken no word of passion, had asked her for nothing. This she never noticed. Her only purpose was to stop him as soon as she could.

"It might be best," she answered softly. But, oh, I'm so sorry—it isn't possible."

She heard him catch his breath sharply, but she dared not look at him.

"You would rather have the yellow-haired rebel with all his war risks?"

For all his effort at lightness, the words came hoarsely. "He has always been the only one, you see," she murmured.

"Yes, I thought so. But there's nothin' to look so heartbroken about, child. It's not your fault."

A burst of music came from the ball-room and he sat up straight, as he said, in a final fashion, "There's number three beginning. Now I'm going to obey Miss Lester's orders and take you to meet her, or him, or them in the garden. Only, remember, if the enemy makes you cry I shall punch his head." The smile with which Millie greeted this was wan.

"How good you are!" she whispered.

He was standing now and offered her his arm.

"It's the first time I have been reproached for an excess of virtue. I wish my pious aunt could hear you. I'm sure she would make a will in my favour 'right away,' as you say in your country. Come!"

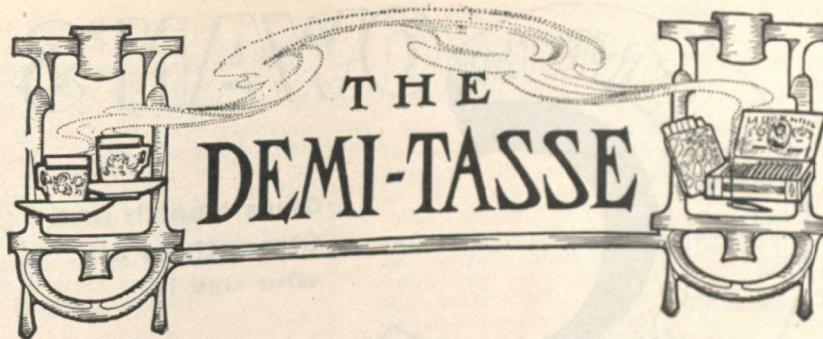
They passed through the crowds in the doorways out into the soft gloom of the garden, where paper lanterns made bright spots of colour under the trees.

From the windows long rays of light streamed out showing the red coat or white dress of a wandering couple.

When once clear of the light, Palliser looked towards the glimpse of harbour between the houses.

"The moon isn't up yet, and there are clouds coming up from the south. The bad weather isn't over, I

(Continued on page 24)



TIMELY RHYMES.

Now cheerful Charles is out of it,
His health was really bad;
And so he Public Works resigned,
While Laurier grew sad.
While Laurier grew sad,
But sunshine breaks on Ottawa,
Her troubled night is o'er,
Since Genial George is going to run
Our railroad schemes some more.

* * *
WILL HE BE MISSED?

Mr. Winston Churchill, who made more enemies in less time than any other Englishman who has exploited himself in Canada, is to visit East Africa and Uganda during the coming Autumn, in order to become personally acquainted with some of the problems in the Protectorates of those regions. If the natives should be so rude as to devour the Under-Secretary for the Colonies, should we be sorry for Winston or his encircling hosts?

* * *
WHY?

Harold is a bright young Hamiltonian, who is one of those elements which go to make a truly Ambitious City. Recently his allowance of peanut taffy was restricted and Harold put in a protest. "It's bad for you, dear," explained his comforting mother.

Harold retorted with bitterness. "I'd like to know why all the good things are so bad."

* * *
HIS BITE.

A few years ago, when the Boer War was in progress, the papers were full of the gallant General Sir John French, the officer who relieved Kimberley. Since that war he has been rapidly advanced, the climax being his recent appointment as Inspector-General of the Forces in succession to the Duke of Connaught. Sir John French, although a genial Irish soldier, is also a rigid disciplinarian. M. A. P. tells of a trooper whom he had sentenced in a word or two to fourteen days' confinement to barracks and who remarked confidentially:

"Old French don't bark a bit, but don't he bloom'in' well bite!"

* * *

FIRST WEEK OF SEPTEMBER.

The Exhibition days have come,
When crowds are in the land,
When Willie sleeps within the bath
And dreams of fireworks grand.

* * *

THE SOUVENIR SNATCHER.

The Yankee plutocrat is alleged to be a great souvenir hunter and in his flaming zeal he occasionally forgets that such historical features as the Ayr Bridge and the Hathaway Cottage would be quite spoiled by exile to the United States. "Punch" recognises this failing when it tells of the girl from Pittsburg whose "poppa" wishes to buy the Domesday Book from the British Government to add to his collection "over home."

* * *

A SMART BOY.

There is a family in Ottawa where a certain bright youngster hears a great deal of talk about mental and physical affairs, and he has already a theory of his own about the ills that flesh is heir to. Recently his grandfather was speaking of not feeling well and finally declared:

"It's a liver trouble, I believe."

"Grandad," said Charlie, with an air of gentle rebuke, "don't you know that you should live above your liver?"

The astonished grandfather gave up further talk of his ailments.

* * *
QUITE A ROAD.

"Who owns this hotel?" asked an Irishman on his arrival at the Frontenac in Quebec. "The C. P. R." was the reply. He continued his journey through Canada, asking who owned the steamboats that he saw at Owen Sound, the huge grain elevators which towered above Fort William, the stupendous irrigation ditches of Calgary and the mechanism by which he sent his telegraphic messages and express packages, and in each instance the reply was the same—the C. P. R. Finally he met some men on the street one day and asked if they would be kind enough to tell him what time it was.

"Do you mean the C. P. R. time?" he was asked.

"For hivins' sake!" the amazed Irishman asked, "do the C.P.R. be ownin' the very hours of the day in this country?"—Edmonton Saturday News.



"Did you have a good trip?"—Life.

* * *
A CATASTROPHE.

Thieves broke into the house of an A' goma editor the other evening and stole seventy dollars and forty-two cents; thus were the accumulation of many long years of incessant toil swept away in a single night.—Massey News.

* * *

A VALUABLE PORTRAIT.

In analysing the secret of King Edward's popularity among his subjects, a French writer recalls a story which is worth retelling. He relates how, when His Majesty was driving along a country road in Scotland one day, he came upon an old market woman struggling under a load which was more than she could manage.

"You might take part of this in your carriage," cried the old woman to the King whom she did not recognise.

"Alas, my good woman," replied His Majesty, "I'm very sorry but I'm not going

the same way. However, let me give you the portrait of my mother."

"A lot of good that'll do me" was the reply.

"Take it all the same," said the King, smiling, and he put a sovereign, bearing Queen Victoria's effigy in the palm of the astonished old peasant.—Buffalo Commercial.

* * *

THOUGHTFUL OF HIM.

"See here," said the lady, "you told me that work would only cost me \$13 and here you've sent in a bill for \$14."

"Yes'm," replied the carpenter: "you see, when I came to think the thing over afterwards I was afraid maybe you'd be superstitious about that 13."—Catholic Standard.

* * *

HIS RECREATION.

Sir Henry Taylor used to relate how on one occasion he went to see Lord Hamond, then the Under-Secretary for foreign affairs, of whom it used to be said that he was never absent from his post. On this day, however, he happened to be away, and when the doorkeeper was questioned on the subject, he said:

"His Lordship has gone to a funeral, sir, and it's the only day's pleasure he's had for two years."

* * *

PORRIDGE, NOT PUNCH.

Citizens of prohibition Kansas had presented a silver service to a battleship.

"But how do you reconcile yourself to the punch bowl?" was asked of one of the delegation.

"Punch bowl!" ejaculated the Kansan, "Goodness! We thought that big thing was for oatmeal mush."

* * *

TOO EXPENSIVE.

A parsimonious papa, whose son was away from home, demanded that the latter should send him a detailed account of his expenses. The boy did so, and was finally much surprised to receive the protest:

"I don't mind some of these items, but I object strongly to your spending money on ribbons for typewriters. It's foolish extravagance."

* * *

A FOWL REMARK.

"Judge," said Mrs. Starvem to the magistrate, who had recently come to board with her, "I'm particularly anxious to have you try this chicken soup."

"I have tried it," replied the magistrate, "and my decision is that the chicken has proved an alibi."

* * *

HALL CAINE'S AUTOGRAPH.

Hall Caine has a great horror of the autograph hunter, but during his last visit to America he was trapped by a wily collector in a very curious way. One day a porter at the hotel brought him a registered letter. He signed the receipt, and was then asked to sign a second paper, which he was told had to be returned to the sender of the letter. New to American ways, he did so, and when he opened the letter found it to be a note of thanks for his autographs, which he had, of course, appended to the paper.

* * *



Blacksmith.—"Tha knows 'im. 'E was t'mayer one year."
Old Man.—"Nay, 'E never got as 'igh as that. 'E wor' nobbut ex-mayor."—Punch.

Music and Drama

THE evolution of the Canadian National Exhibition, as the old Toronto Fair is now called, has seen great changes in the music provided for the enlivenment and edification of the hundreds of thousands who visit the spacious grounds and buildings during the most crowded fortnight of the season. The various fine bands in Ontario were at one time considered quite good enough for the Exhibition, and in the matter of bands the province is far better equipped than many older communities. Preston and Berlin, as one might expect from German settlements, have sent musical organisations which are a credit to the community. But the powers which run the Exhibition finally decided to add unto the best of local bands, some famous foreign organisation which would give the people daily concerts.

We shall not soon forget the visit of the Coldstream Guards Band in 1903 when those splendid players in the scarlet and gold roused Canadian enthusiasm to exhilarating heights. Their playing of Tschaikowski's "Sullenelle" or "1812" at Massey Hall was the occasion of such applause as even Toronto does not often give. Bandmaster Rogan deserved the maple leaf jewel which a local firm bestowed and departed on the best of terms with Canada. Then came the Black Watch and the Irish Guards Bands which kept the Exhibition music up to the standard.

This year the Directors have had the good fortune to secure the Duss Band, which has proved educative to the throngs who have listened every day to the programme rendered with artistic seriousness by this organisation, whose leader's fine professorial countenance is in keeping with his conscientious and musicianly interpretations. The famous Tschaikowski overture is heard once more and the school-children of Canada learn from those wonderful, clashing strains out of which come peace and triumph that the year "1812" told a troubled story for more than our own young Dominion. The conductor is wise enough not to confine the programme to selections of a classic nature and gives the happy multitude some of the merry old dances and ballad refrains which our grandmothers and great-grandmothers played and sang in the wilderness. We wonder how many boys from farm or school-room go back to some remote corner of Ontario with a new idea of band music and a fresh ambition to excel—all as a result of hearing such overtures as were not heard at the Exhibition in its early days.

* *

The death of Richard Mansfield on August 30th at the age of fifty has removed one of the most eminent actors of the day, an artist whose earnest attention to detail, whose thorough knowledge of stagecraft and devotion to the higher interests of drama can ill be spared in a day when we



Conductor Duss.

are afflicted with the flippant and the trivial in the name of dramatic art. Few critics agreed with the buoyant Mr. Dale when in

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a magazine analysis he called Mr. Mansfield the worst actor of the day, as that bitter though airy article betrayed a touch of personal dislike. Mr. Mansfield, as a stage director, was said to be unamiable and imperious. He had none of the urbanity which made Mr. Joseph Jefferson so generally beloved. But, as an actor, Mr. Mansfield contributed greatly to public enjoyment of the best plays and his comparatively early decease will be widely regretted. His last appearance in Toronto was in 1906, when the plays, "Richard III," "The Merchant of Venice," "Beau Brummel" and "Don Carlos" were produced. Perhaps of all his Shakespearean roles, that of "Henry V." will be most vividly remembered. Of his lighter parts, that of dashing "Monsieur Beaucaire" was most popular. Mr. Mansfield's carefulness about stage production was proverbial. In "Richard III," there was more than a Plantagenet splendour which almost detracted from the intense, intellectual malignity of the spirit dominating the play. Mr. Mansfield was usually regarded as an American actor, although his birth in Heligoland made him a British subject.

* *

Toronto is to hear several fine orchestras this winter. It has been announced that the Thomas Orchestra of Chicago will as-

sist the Mendelssohn Choir, the New York Symphony Orchestra is to be associated with the National Chorus, while the Pittsburg Orchestra will appear with the Schubert Choir. Mr. H. M. Fletcher, the conductor of the last-named organisation, has been invited to give a concert in Cleveland but as yet no decision has been made in the matter. Mr. Emil Paur has had some slight friction with certain Federated Musicians who flourish on United States soil; but the difficulty has been happily overcome and all is peace and harmony once more in the Pittsburg Orchestra.

* * *

Dr. F. H. Torrington has enjoyed an European holiday and has returned with renewed vigour to his various musical activities. The Festival Chorus will soon resume practice and the usual performance of "The Messiah" will be given during Christmas week in Massey Hall.

* * *

It is announced that Mr. E. S. Willard will not make an American tour this year. A fortnight of "Willard" plays has come to be regarded as an annual occurrence in Toronto and Montreal and it is to be hoped that Mr. Willard has not finally withdrawn

from American theatres, although, if he should come again, we pray for a better "support" than that which last accompanied him.

* *

Miss Fritzi Scheff has recovered from her serious illness and has returned to America. Her season opens next Monday in New York with her reappearance in "Mlle. Modiste." The announcement was made twelve months ago that this charming and sprightly artist would visit Canada during 1907, but it must have been but an idle rumour. Miss Scheff's last appearance in Toronto was on the occasion of the concert given in Massey Hall for the entertainment of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, when Madame Calve was the most prominent singer.

* *

Miss Ethel Barrymore, who will come to Canada this season, has been receiving general praise from San Francisco critics for her playing in "Carrots." John Barrymore will be seen at the Princess Theatre, Toronto, during next week in "The Boys of Company B."

* *

Mr. Arthur Symons, the London critic,

says: "We have not in our whole island two actors capable of giving so serious, so intelligent, so carefully finished, so vital an interpretation of Shakespeare, or indeed of rendering any form of poetic drama on the stage, as the Englishman and English-woman who have come to us from America in the guise of Americans: Julia Marlowe and Edward Sothern." But the sad and stern fact remains that the Sothern-Marlowe engagement in England was a financial failure, all on account of the over-advertising by agents whose zeal outran discretion.

NOT IN THE PRESCRIPTION.

He was impecunious, seedy, out-at-the-elbows, and the doctor knew better than to expect a fee.

"For the inflamed eyes," said the benevolent physician, "dissolve as much boracic acid as you can put on a five-cent piece in half a glass of water."

"Thank you, doctor," murmured the patient, turning away. A moment later, however, the surgery door was opened and the patient sidled in.

"I say, doctor," said he, "where do I get the five-cent piece?"

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Peculiarities

TOILING four hours in a small boat against the tide and accompanied by a large whale on either side of the boat, was the unique and disagreeable experience which befell four residents of Victoria recently, in the straits off Trial Island. The men had been fishing, when the tide caught them and carried them to sea. For four hours they struggled, watched by the whales who saw in the incident a possible meal, should the boat upset. Eventually the rocky island was reached in safety.

A French-Canadian resident of the Portage la Prairie district is making quite a respectable income by the destruction of wolves. Recently he brought in 107 heads for which he received a bounty of \$214, or \$2 a head.

A wall with a history, which has withstood the gnawing tooth of time for one hundred years at Kingston Mills, Ont., fell with a great crash a few days ago. The wall belonged to an old stone mill which was built by the government for the accommodation of the U. E. Loyalists, who drove in some instances, 100 miles to reach it. A year ago a crack appeared in the wall, which grew wider with the lapse of time.

The great bridge across the St. Lawrence at Quebec, with its length of 3300 feet and height of 150 feet above the water at high tide, has rightly been regarded as a triumph of engineering skill, but according to the Lethbridge "Herald" it will only be a culvert compared to the Lethbridge bridge across the Bellyis which is to be 5327 feet long, and 300 feet above high water.

Of a truth we know little about the strangers who may be dwelling in our midst. According to the Amherstburg "Echo," a Father C. F. Checlzli, a Coptic Abyssinian ex-priest, former envoy of the ecclesiastical department of Abyssinia and president of Valnia University in Eastern Africa, lectured in a Baptist Church there recently on the customs and traditions of his native land. Father Checlzli is said to be the most learned negro in all the world, holding degrees from Oxford and Cambridge Universities and speaking fifteen languages.

Most extraordinary is the manner in which Henry Carter the bricklayer with the broken back, is defying all the theories of medical science. Although his back was reported to be broken last spring by a fall at the Canada Foundry, Toronto Junction, he is otherwise in good health and is now practically free from pain. A few days ago he performed the marvellous feat of shaving a fellow patient at St. Michael's Hospital—a really wonderful performance, considering his condition.

According to a Medicine Hat despatch, natural gas is now being bottled up in tanks and will be exported to take the place of gasoline as a commercial commodity. Some difficulty is being experienced in obtaining a suitable material for these tanks, which will be at once strong enough to stand the pressure and light enough to keep freight rates within reasonable bounds. It is thought aluminum may prove serviceable. If the experiments prove satisfactory, the gas may take the place of gasoline in motor cars and engines, as its cost would be less than one quarter that of gasoline.

Snake stories are still going the rounds, which remind us that summer has not quite departed. One of the latest is of a battle between a small fox terrier and a four foot black snake at Henderson's camp, Sunbury, Ont. For some time the dog dodged the coils of the snake but was finally caught, when the contest became very lively. Over and over they rolled, the dog biting his adversary until it was obliged to let go. The

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dog was almost played out, and it looked for a time as if he would be beaten, but he never gave up till the snake ceased squirming.

* *

General De Negrier of Paris, a distinguished French officer who has seen much service in Algeria, and come safely through a few duels, was relieved of his wallet while boarding a street car in Montreal a few days ago. Montreal is fast becoming a desperate and dangerous place, and doubtless the general would feel safer in Algeria.

* *

A picnic of a somewhat unusual character was given at Victoria Park, Calgary, two or three weeks ago, to all former residents of the Maritime provinces. No less than 2000 ex-easterners were present as well as 4000 westerners, making a respectable sized crowd. Throwing the hammer, tossing the caber, sack races, potato races, tugs of war and all such sports as Maritimers are supposed to delight in, were liberally provided and patronised.

* *

A novel objection from a rifleman about to enter a contest is, that the ammunition furnished may be too good—yet such was the objection advanced by warrant officer Blackmore of the Newfoundland team on the eve of the D.R.A. matches at Ottawa. In Newfoundland, the riflemen purchase their own ammunition and generally use a cheap quality, so that trouble was expected with that supplied by the Canadian authorities which is said to be much superior and likely to cause difficulty in the elevation of the rifles.

* *

For some unexplained reason, farm hands are particularly averse to milking cows, but it seems as if the problem was to be solved by electricity in the lower Fraser Valley, at least, if the British Columbia Electric Railway company can accomplish it. It is said that the system has been successfully tested and that one man has ordered his barn to be equipped with the apparatus. The milking is done by means of tubes which are fastened to the cow's teats and which operate with contractile force by the creation of a vacuum. The tubes are connected to a motor which alternately creates and fills up the vacuum. In this manner it is said a cow may be milked in five minutes very nearly as well as by hand.

* *

Some of the old timers in the newspaper field have been exchanging notes lately, and it seems that the palm must be awarded to Mr. W. R. Davis of the Mitchell "Advocate" who says with pardonable pride:—"For 48 years this paper has been under the management of the present proprietor, and although we passed through two fires, one of which completely destroyed our type, we never missed an issue." A splendid record indeed. A good second and third however, are Mr. T. McLean for 36 years the publisher of the Seaford "Expositor," and Mr. M. A. James who has been for 30 years in continuous control of the Bowmanville "Statesman."

TONGUE TO BALANCE TAIL.

For more than a week a school teacher had been giving lessons on the dog and so when the inspector came down and chose that very subject, there seemed every prospect of the class distinguishing itself on brilliant essays about our canine friends. Things were progressing quite satisfactorily, and the master was congratulating himself on the trouble he had taken, when alas! a question was asked which made him tremble for the reputation of his scholars.

"Why does a dog hang his tongue out of his mouth?" asked the inspector.

"Yes, my boy?" he said to a bright looking lad who held up his hand, while the light of genius was in his eye.

"Please, sir," cried the pupil, "it is to balance his tail!"

And the teacher groaned in anguish.

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THE CONSUL'S NIECE

(Continued from Page 18)

fancy."

Millie made no answer. Her heart was beating too hurriedly, and she failed to see the point of the remark.

Palliser lead her along a broad path to where at the end of the walk stood a great elm. From its shadow came a gay voice:

"Is that you, Millie? Here we are, Mr. Carter and I. Let's change partners. Come, Captain Palliser. I'm dying for a turn."

Millie did not care what they did. She only knew that they had gone and that she was alone with Jack Carter.

With a gentleness that was almost solemnity he took her in his arms.

"It's for good-by, Millie," he whispered, his cheek against hers.

"You're going?" and she put back her head to look up into his face. "Oh, but Jack, the cruisers! Don't you know that there are two outside?"

"Yes, sweetheart, we know," he soothed her. "But if I were sure when we were sailing I could not tell you. I only know it's good-by."

The great forces of Love and Death brooded around them, during those moments when they clung together in the warm darkness.

How few those moments seemed before footsteps came along the gravel, and Ade-line's voice called:

"Jack, are you there? You're wanted. Mr. Horsham says time's up and I promised to fetch you. Come along. Captain Palliser, you'll take care of Millie, won't you?"

"Good God, what did he ask better?" the man said to himself in bitterness of heart as he stood beside the girl, feeling her silent suffering in every nerve.

Millie stood motionless until the light of the doorway had caught Jack's figure and it was lost in the crowd.

Then as she moved, Palliser took her to a seat where they stayed for a while without an interchanged word.

Millie was the first to speak.

"I can go in now," she said.

"There's no hurry. Better wait a bit longer."

"But my partners?"

"They must bear their loss."

"And yours?"

"I haven't any. I kept myself free for eventualities."

"For me, you mean," she said gratefully.

"Yes, for you," was the quiet answer that made her wish she had held her tongue.

"Look here," Palliser began, "if — if there's any excitement to-morrow morning, please don't go out alone—to the Point or anywhere like that, I mean. You can't really see anything. It all must happen outside the three mile limit, you know, and you'd only distress yourself. I'd come for you if I weren't on duty."

Something in the reserve of the last words struck Millie's notice.

"Down at the forts?" she asked quickly.

"No," he hesitated, and then said: "A military launch starts at daybreak, just to see what's going on. I fancy," then with a change of subject, "Look how black the night is now. There's not a star to be seen. If the Captain of the Onondaga is wise he will take his chance of slipping out to-night and getting away. And by Jove, I believe he's going to do it, or else why should those men have left before twelve? That's it, you may be sure. They've only been sent here for an hour as a blind."

"Oh, do you really, really think so?" Millie cried with a new echo of hope in her voice.

"I'm sure of it," he asserted, thankful for the effect of his words.

They helped her to go in and play her part through the rest of the evening, while she kept at bay thoughts of to-morrow's fears.

That night Millie made no pretence of going to bed

(To be Continued)

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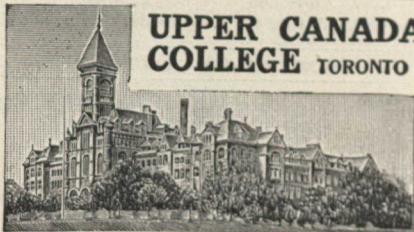
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For the Children

A HAPPY STATE.

I T had been a most delightful picnic, but it occurred to Bobby as he watched the elders of the party clearing away the remnants of the feast that he had eaten a great deal—perhaps a trifle too much for comfort.

"Would you take another piece of this cake, Bobby?" asked a kindly disposed person, surprising what she took to be a wistful look in the little boy's eyes.

"No'm thank you," said Bobby. "I think perhaps I could chew it, but I know I couldn't swallow it."

* * * MODEST TOMMY.

The camel has nine stomachs—I heard it at the Zoo.

Now, wouldn't I be happy

If I had only two!

Oh, yes, I'd brim with gladness

And call my life a dream

With one for just roast turkey

And one for just ice cream.

—Puck.

* * * A MISUNDERSTANDING.

"No, Bobby," said mother; "it is not right To whine or cry or pout. An angry boy is a shocking sight—I don't want one about."

"Now, when you're angry don't scream or roar—

I won't have growls and grunts. You may go to your room and shut your door,

And stamp your foot just once."

When next Bobby felt his temper flare He flew to his room and put With most extraordinary care,

A postage-stamp on his foot!

Carolyn Wells.

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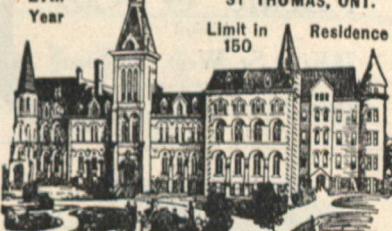
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CANADA

Literary Notes

ABOUT two years ago, there arose in the Toronto "News" a discussion, occasioned by a letter from Mr. W. A. Fraser concerning the relative "morality" of English and American fiction, in which the author of "The Lone Furrow" and many other works was rather in favour of the latter as being more healthy in tone than the novels of the older hand. This controversy is recalled by a recent discussion arising from the statement of a New York publisher, that contemporary British fiction has a smaller circulation than formerly in America for the reason that the novel of perfidious Albion "is not innocuous enough for the American public." However, this gentle and flattering theory is knocked on the head by the English publisher, Mr. Alfred Nutt, who states that although the English novel does not sell so readily in America as it did twenty years ago, the British fiction which is most popular with the readers of the United States is of the undesirable class. Much of this morbid stuff is by women writers, and these exploiters of the nauseating may be found in the United States as well as in England. There is no reason whatever for the New York publisher to declare: "We are holier than thou."

* *

Mr. J. B. Kerfoot of New York "Life," who writes ideal tabloid reviews, has a word to say about "Spirit Lake," Mr. Arthur Heming's last work. "It is hoped that neither the Talking Moose nor the Buffalo Spirit will incur the displeasure of the nature-faker baiters, but will, without affidavits, be allowed to join the company of the Unicorn and the Mock Turtle. The stories, although not particularly impressive are sufficiently readable."

* *

The Asiatics and their ways are receiving their full share of attention from the literary world. The most interesting and anxious part of the American continent just now is the coast where East meets West, whether in the "land-locked blue" of British Columbia or the streets of reconstructed San Francisco. "The East Unveiled" by F. A. McKenzie is the rather alarming title of a book which has attracted much attention in England this spring and summer. "The Asiatic Danger in the Colonies" by L. E. Neame, published by George Routledge and Sons, of New York, is one of the latest volumes on Asiatic immigration and will be read with interest by Canadians both in East and West. The importance of the issue is apparent to all those who look beyond parish and provincial boundaries. A Californian authority speaking of this British writer's treatment of the question, says:

"The author tells us that it is indeed the most weighty of all colonial problems, and he finds it easy to make his word good. He writes with moderation, with a freedom from invective, and with a reliance upon indisputable fact which largely strengthens his case and which make his book a weighty and valuable contribution to the literature of a world-wide issue."

This book will probably be read in Victoria and Vancouver and it should be read in Ottawa, Toronto and Halifax as well.

* *

The newspaper, "Tidningo" of Stockholm announces that Mr. Kipling has been designated to receive the Nobel literary prize for 1907. What will the Hague Conference say to this?

* *

"Bob, Son of Battle," is one of the novels-of-several-years-ago which we have not forgotten. The author, Mr. Alfred Olivant, has written a new book, which is as odd as it is enjoyable. "Redcoat Captain" is a hero after every childish heart, and those grown-ups who have not forgotten the way to "that country" will make friends with him without the formality of an introduction.

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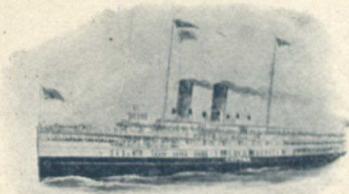
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