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November 21st, 1908

Price 10 Cents

The Canadian **C**ourier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



THE
FOOTBALL
SEASON

EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER,
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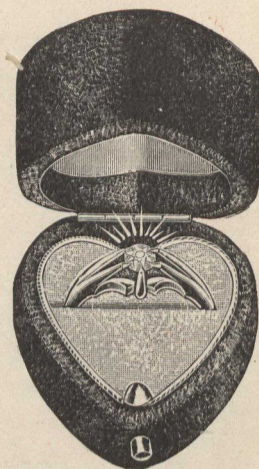
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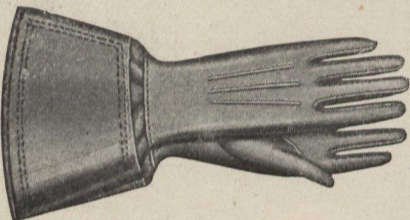
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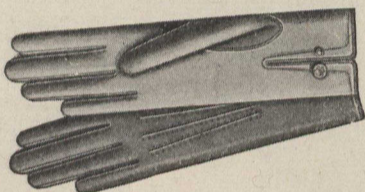
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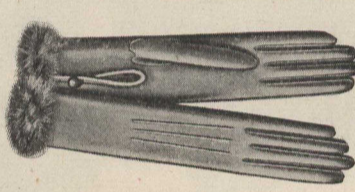


B1-637. Men's Lined Black Cape Skin "Auto" Gauntlet Glove deep bell shaped cuff and heavy elastic wrist. Sizes 8 to 10. **2.00** Price.....

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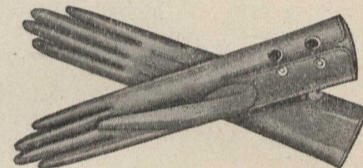


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TORONTO

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CANADA

THE
Canadian Courier

A NATIONAL WEEKLY

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

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

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PUBLISHER'S TALK

WE shall now take up a new topic. Civil Service Reform and general Electoral Reform will still be kept to the front. Our voting competition to discover who are the Ten Big Men of Canada will continue. But in addition to these and our general work we have decided to take up Prison Reform. This is a wonderfully interesting topic and it is one which has been too much neglected. We propose to pay considerable attention to it in the next few months. We begin this week with an article by Mr. James L. Hughes, Inspector of Public Schools in the city of Toronto. Mr. Hughes has just returned from a visit to Great Britain where this subject is also attracting considerable attention, and while there he made some study of the English practices and the ideas of the English reformers. This will be followed by several articles by Mr. Joseph P. Downey, M.P.P., who was appointed by the Ontario Government last year to conduct a special investigation into prison labour. Mr. Downey visited many of the large prisons in the United States and gathered a wealth of information. Other articles along this line are being arranged for.

In this connection the following paragraph from the Kingston Whig is worth reproducing:

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KEEP IT IN FORCE

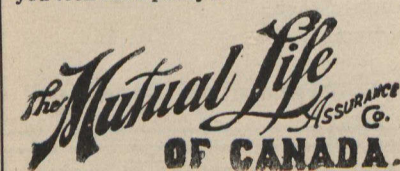
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Cut out this coupon.
Canadian Courier, Nov. 21st, 1908.

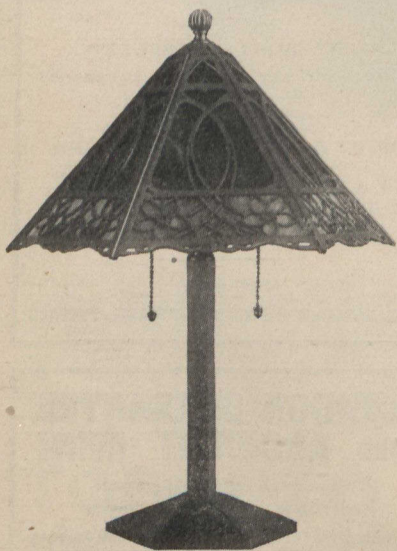
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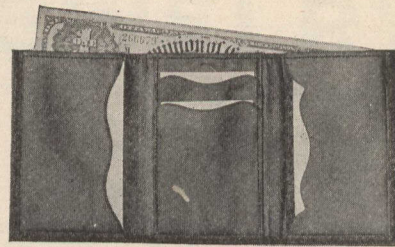
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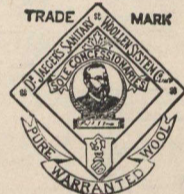
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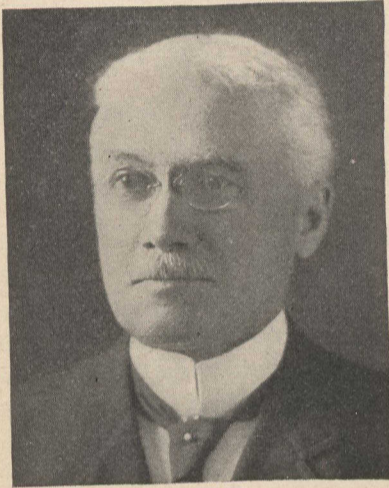
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Vol. IV.

Toronto, November 21st, 1908.

No. 25

IN THE PUBLIC VIEW



Sir Hugh Graham,
Proprietor of Montreal Star

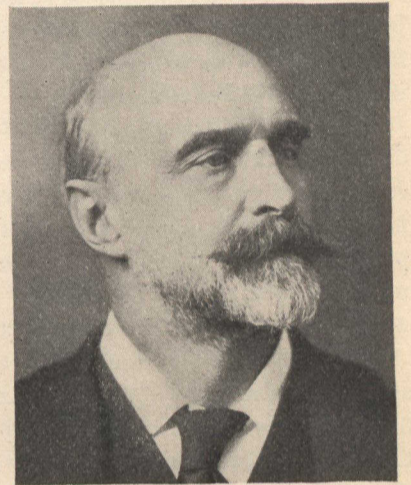
CANADA received a fair share of the Birthday honours. And by the way, few people realise how much these honours—present, past and possible—affect our relations with the British Empire. The distribution of them in Canada has been fairly well done. The people generally would not recall more than one or two of them, had they an opportunity. Sometimes, the cynic says that they are granted for political services or because somebody had done something for somebody that is Somebody. Yet the cynic has never proved much, and the Fountain of Honour flows unclouded by any dirt-throwing. The insignia bestowed by the British sovereign are not excelled by any in the estimation

of the world's public that knows.

The first Canadian newspaper publisher to receive a knighthood is Sir Hugh Graham, whose chief claim to recognition on a business basis is the Montreal Star. Sir Hugh has made the Star the most influential paper in Canada. But it is not the Montreal Star that has brought distinction to its owner, who has long been known as one of the most public-spirited men in Canada. Sir Hugh's services in fighting the smallpox epidemic in Montreal in 1885 are still spoken of for the devotion and willingness to run personal risks which they displayed; but he probably first attracted the attention of the Imperial Government when he raised his India Famine Fund, approximating one hundred thousand dollars. Later came the Boer War. Sir Hugh's activities on this occasion were known and appreciated throughout the Empire. At a critical moment when it seemed doubtful whether Canada would move, a cablegram came to the Star office that the New Zealand troops had sailed for the seat of war. Sir Hugh repeated this message to thousands of Canadian mayors and militia officers, asking what they thought Canada should do. The hearty response launched the movement for the sending of the Canadian contingents. Then there was the fund which Sir Hugh raised from the school children of Canada for the families of soldiers stricken in the war, and his anonymous arrangement to insure against death and accident the members of the Canadian contingents. The effect of these repeated acts of practical loyalty was to draw forth the kindest expressions from the late Queen, and Imperial honours for Sir Hugh were then proposed. But it was not until his interest in the late Tercentenary celebration at Quebec again attracted royal attention that he accepted them.

Sir Edward Seaborne Clouston, the General Manager of the Bank of Montreal, has earned his prefix as well as any. He is head of Canada's greatest bank; of the institution that for stability ranks next in the Empire to the Bank of England. Many people in eulogising the bank have overlooked the man who for eighteen years has been at its head. Sir Edward Clouston, however, happens to be a genuine financier who has never become even moderately famous for any other line of activity; first and always a banker; always in the Bank of Montreal. He was born

at a place where there never had been and is not yet a bank—away up on the shores of Hudson's Bay at a fur post, remote and rugged and bleak; Moose Factory, where his father was chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company. Thus the banker had the advantage of a good start in one of the greatest commercial systems the world has ever known; looking out upon one of the world's great water highways now being exploited by the newspapers as one of the grain outlets of America. Since 1865, the year when young Clouston came down out of the north to be junior clerk in the Bank of Montreal, he has been climbing and growing and increasing in prestige as a banker. He was chosen first President of the Canadian Bankers' Association in 1893, but declined the honour. He is a member of the Council of the Art Association in Montreal, a Governor of the Royal Victoria Hospital and President of the Montreal Rolling Mills Company. As a representative of Canadian finance no better candidate for baronetcy could have been found than Sir Edward Clouston.



Sir Edward Clouston, Bart.
General Manager, Bank of Montreal.

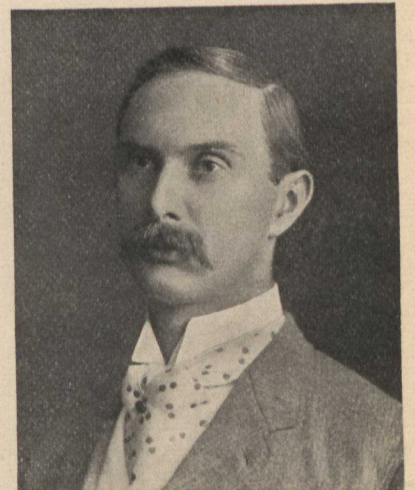
THE term of office of Major-General Sir Percy H. N. Lake expires this month. Up to March last, he was Chief of Staff, being probably the last Imperial officer to hold that position. At that time he was transferred to the Inspector-General's department, so as to allow General Otter to take up the work as Chief of Staff. This shuffle was probably due to a desire that the Militia Department be put in good working order before General Lake returns to England. He is the only Imperial officer who was ever invited to spend a second term in Canada, and when he leaves us he will carry away the best wishes of the Canadian militia. He has never "bumped" Canadian feelings and by his diplomacy has won more for progress than most of his fighting predecessors.

DR. GEORGE H. LOCKE, the new Librarian of the City of Toronto Public Library, is a Torontonian by birth but he belongs to "the exodus". He went from the University of Toronto and the Ontario School of Pedagogy to Chicago University. There he was connected with the College of Education. From there he went to Ginn & Co., Boston, and thence to Ste. Anne de Bellevue, to take up educational work in connection with Sir William Macdonald's new institution. Now he is back to Toronto—in a position which will probably absorb all his attention for the rest of his days. He will be at the head of the finest public library in Canada, in the finest library building, and surrounded by a community more open to educational development along library lines than any other Canadian community. Tall, energetic, robust of tone and speech, he should make an ideal head of this developing institution. Keen, fearless, broadminded, he will be another potent element in the intellectual life of Ontario.

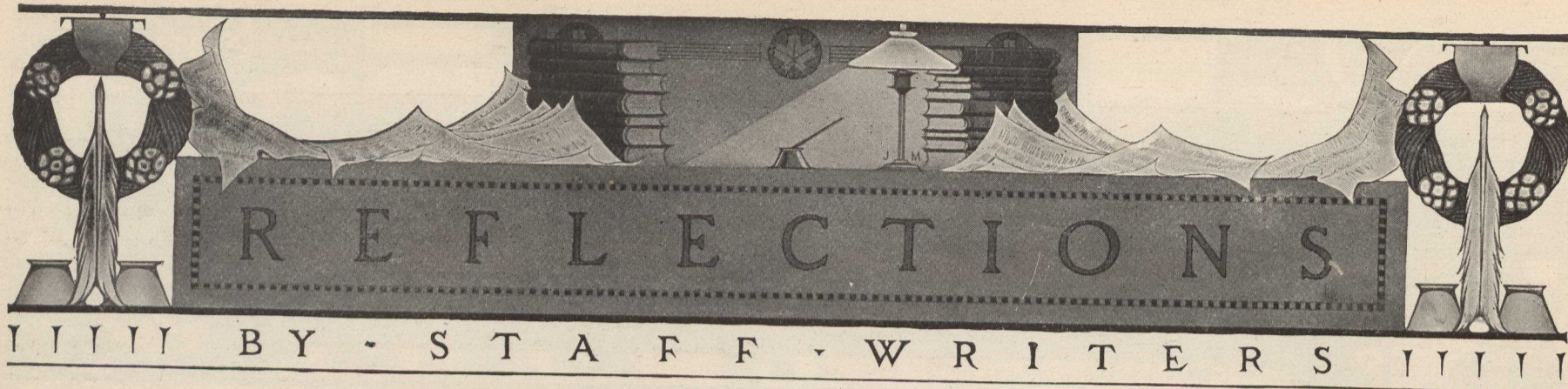
Dr. Locke, having had in his boyhood the varied experiences of a Son of the Parsonage, is no doubt prepared for the multiform demands made upon the head of a metropolitan library, who is in the fullest sense, a public minister six days in the week.



Major-General Sir Percy Lake,
Inspector-General.



Dr. George H. Locke,
Librarian, Carnegie Library, Toronto.



THAT C. P. R. STOCK

WHEN the Canadian Pacific Railway begins to pay a dividend of ten per cent. on its stock, its freight and passenger rates are to be brought under the control of the Government, that is of the Railway Commission. It will then cease to be in a class by itself, and will be classed with the Canadian Northern and Grand Trunk. Will any wise man hazard a guess as to when this great event will happen? If he desires a precedent to reason from, let him read the history of the Boston and Albany Railway, which has a similar clause in its Massachusetts charter.

In issuing this \$50,000,000 of new stock, the C. P. R. can materially affect the rate of future dividends. If this stock is sold at par, the future dividend rate will be less than if the stock were sold at 150. In other words, if this stock is sold for fifty million dollars, the company cannot pay as high dividends as if it were sold at seventy-five million dollars. By selling the stock at par, the "watering" process which has made the C.P.R. capitalisation a high one will be continued.

In Massachusetts there is a general law that all issues of new stock by railway companies must be offered to the present shareholders *by auction* at not less than par. If this rule were in force in Canada, and if this new stock were offered by auction to the present shareholders of the C. P. R., it is quite probable that the average price realised would be 150. The old stock is now selling at 175. Indeed, the new stock, if offered in small lots with payments well spread out, might bring even an average of 160. What the present shareholders do not take could then be offered at auction to the general public and there is no doubt that much of it would be taken at 150 or over. Of course, the auction would necessarily take place in Montreal, Toronto, New York, London, Paris and Berlin.

The *Ottawa Journal* in discussing this question says: "By giving profits to its shareholders in the shape of such stock bonuses instead of dividends, the company has been disguising its rate of profit. It has been unfairly inflating its capital and choking down the rate of dividend which it could fairly pay, and in doing so it has been cheating the country." No doubt the *Journal* believes, as does the "Canadian Courier," that the C. P. R. is not the only corporation in Canada which has followed this practice. There is no other corporation, however, in such an excellent position to set smaller financiers a good example.

BRIBING CONSTITUENCIES

ALL credit to the *Toronto Star* for its outspoken statement that newspapers and members of Parliament who endeavour to influence constituencies with a promise of public expenditures, should be punished. If this sentiment had been embodied in a law last session, and if all the Liberal newspapers had followed the same course as they have followed recently, most of the Liberal editors of Canada would now be in jail. Two-thirds of them ought to be fined at least. It is simply foolish and inconsistent to fine a man \$100 for giving a voter five dollars for his promise to vote a certain way, and allow a man to go unpunished for offering \$10,000 to a constituency if it votes correctly.

Last week, the words of Mr. Robert Holmes, ex-M.P., and editor of the *Clinton New Era*, were quoted. Mr. Holmes comes very close to attempted "bribery" of West Huron, with the Militia Department an accessory before the fact. The editor of the *Acadian Recorder* also comes just as close to it when he says of Halifax's action in electing two Tories: "The constituency, of course, by this action forfeited its right to any special consideration by the Government, for it has voted against the plans and propositions formulated by that Government for the great development of our shipping and railway traffic. The benefactor has received a slap in the face from the object of its benefactions." There are other Liberal editors who are equally

guilty of this kind of conduct. There should be a law by which such men could be fined and jailed.

When Sir James Whitney was campaigning in the Ontario general election campaign, he distinctly said in Hamilton and elsewhere that he did not desire any constituency to be influenced by Government expenditures. He stated that no constituency would be discriminated against because it elected a member of the Opposition. Sir James may be an autocrat, but he certainly has that fine sense of honour which seems to have been lost by the men who occupy the editorial chairs of the Liberal press.

Liberals may bring out the "tu quoque" argument, but that argument is one which only partisans will use or accept. It matters not what the Tories are doing or have done; this is a question of public morality and decency.

WHO ARE THE CANADIANS?

A CORRESPONDENT raises a nice point in connection with the "Courier's" voting competition to discover the names of the ten men who are regarded as the "big men" of Canada. He states his belief that a Canadian who has left his country and gone to Great Britain, the United States or elsewhere to reside, can no longer be regarded as a Canadian in the fullest sense of that term. He would therefore exclude from the voting, such names as those of Sir Gilbert Parker, Professor Charles G. D. Roberts, Sir Percy Girouard, Dr. Parkin and Professor William Osler.

There is force in this gentleman's objection. To include Sir William Van Horne among the great men of the United States would be on all fours with claiming Dr. Osler or Simon Newcombe as a great Canadian. Yet if the people of the United States were to claim Sir William Van Horne as a great United-Stateser we should feel rather offended. Again, Mr. J. J. Hill is reckoned one of the great men of the United States, therefore it would seem quite impossible to claim him as a great Canadian. A man like Mr. Hill may be great and he may be a Canadian, but can he be a "great Canadian" and a "great United-Stateser" at the same time?

Nevertheless, is it not well that we should keep in our mind and favour, the youths who have gone out from our country and made a niche for themselves in some other nation's Hall of Fame? So long as they are alive there is a possibility that they may return. Mr. Andrew Carnegie went back to Scotland, and is he not now a great Scotchman?

The question is so difficult of decision, that no one on the staff of this great family journal feels sufficiently sure of his ground to express a definite opinion. Perhaps some wise reader will assist us in coming to a solution of the conundrum, "When is a Canadian not a Canadian?" Professors of international law will please not accept the invitation.

MINES AND FARM LAND

A GREAT number of people are busy just now, buying and selling Cobalt stocks. About ten per cent. of these people will make a profit and about ninety per cent. will make a loss. Those who will make a profit are the "insiders" who know exactly when to sell. They are members of pools, formed for the purpose of putting certain stocks up to certain levels so as to make a "market" for them. They are brokers and speculators who know all the inner workings of a very devious game. Those who will lose are the "public"—the great body of men who get "tips" and who stake their savings on the advice they get from some person else, who also got it from some other person. These men will wake up some fine morning to find their stock is unsalable except at a loss.

There are good mines in Cobalt and some of the stocks are an excellent investment. For the six that are good, there are twelve

that are bad. Some will go wrong because the "prospects" will not turn out as optimistic owners expected them. Others will go bad because of mismanagement or worse. Others will fail, because there were no prospects to begin with. Cobalt is a great silver camp, but like every other mining camp, its big profits will go to the man on the inside, not to the speculative public.

Just why people should prefer mining stocks to farm lands, it is difficult to see. Near Edmonton, land which sold seven years ago at \$10 an acre, is now selling as high as \$125. There is scarcely a quarter-section of good land in Alberta and Saskatchewan which has not trebled in value, or more, in the past five years. Almost any reasonable investment in good farm land will make a large profit, and in any case the chances of loss are not more than one in ten. In mining stocks the chances of winning are only about one in ten. Yet in spite of this huge difference, there is a greater rush for mining stocks than western lands.

THE SPIRIT OF THE SPORTSMAN

THE story of Willie Law, as told by the Woodstock *Sentinel-Review*, is worth re-telling. Willie won the Oxford Marathon, a ten-mile race, a few days ago. As they were nearing the end, his chief competitor was seen to be in distress. Without hesitation apparently, Willie handed over to him an extra wet sponge, which he had brought along in case of need, his competitor having neglected this precaution. Here is an act which exhibits the spirit of the true sportsman.

The writer was once watching a game of cricket at Lord's, London. A batter had reached 97 when his side needed but one run to win. The opposing bowler could have given a wide ball that would have provided the necessary run and deprived the batter of the chance to complete his century. Instead he bowled a leg ball which could easily be hit to the boundary and thus count four runs for the batter, and bring his total to 101. Unfortunately the batter missed the easy chance. The bowler still did not feel that his duty was fulfilled. He laid down a second leg ball and this time the necessary hit was made, and another "century" went into the official records. Here again was the true spirit of the sportsman.

It is unfortunately true that there is too little of this spirit in Canadian games. Too often it is "win fairly if you can, but win." Let us hope that the example of Willie Law will be emulated by hundreds of other young Canadians.

DECIDEDLY DISCOURAGING

EXTREMELY painful and decidedly discouraging it must be for all those citizens who believed the Conservative leaders to be scandal-mongers in the late election campaign. These Quebec revelations would seem to indicate that the charges did not go to the root of the matter. It begins to appear that the Conservatives might have gone farther and still been moderate.

These Quebec revelations must also be decidedly discouraging to those who attacked that part of the Civil Service Commission's report relating to employees who were "serving two masters." These critics, in and out of Parliament, declared that Messrs. Fyssh and Courtney were partisans and were conjuring up "corrupt practices" which existed only in their imagination. It now appears that these investigators were quite within the mark in their criticisms. Apparently they knew enough of what has only now been revealed to justify their language and sentiment. He laughs best who laughs last and this time it is the Civil Service Commission which has the honour.

It must also be decidedly discouraging for Mr. Brodeur to find that much of what was written of his officials is true. Doubtless he was personally quite ignorant of any wrong-doing, and he may have been wholly unconscious of the complete system of "rake-offs" which obtained under Mr. Gregory, his agent at Quebec. Nevertheless it will not add to his reputation as an administrator that in the four years he has been in office, he did not discover and punish these wrong-doers. His only chance now is to show that he will spare neither friend nor foe, briber nor bribed, but see that every offender is prosecuted, and that a system is inaugurated which will ensure the country against anything further of this kind. His is not a pleasant task, but according to his performance of it he will be judged ultimately.

It must also be extremely discouraging to Sir Wilfrid Laurier to find so much that is nefarious and dishonest among the very people whom he directly represents in the House. If these revelations had

come out in Montreal or Toronto or St. John or Halifax, they would not have come home to Sir Wilfrid in the same way. That these corrupt practices should have been revealed among the very people from whom he has reason to expect much, must be rather hard. Judging by the attitude of Messrs. Watson and Perron, the investigating attorneys, Sir Wilfrid has given them a hint to make the investigation thorough and to conceal nothing. From this one may judge that Sir Wilfrid is determined that all wrong-doing shall be exposed.

THE DUTY OF THE HOUR

MANIFESTLY the duty of the hour, on the part of every good citizen, Liberal or Conservative, is to fight the patronage evil. The extension of the scope of the Civil Service Act to all employees of the Government will be but the first step. Instructions should be issued to every portion of the service that all patronage lists are to be abolished. This idea of buying coal bags from saloon-keepers and other supplies from middlemen should receive the fullest condemnation from the leaders of both political parties and from all leading citizens who are not intimately connected with politics.

The patronage list is not a creation of the Laurier Government. It was in existence when they came into power, and many contractors changed their politics with the Government in 1896. It also exists in nearly every provincial government. It certainly exists at Toronto under the present Conservative administration there. It exists even in some of the larger cities. It is strongly entrenched in all our larger administrative bodies and to remove it a deal of cutting and carving will be required. It has flourished with the approval of all "practical" politicians and of a large number of citizens who are otherwise honourable men and safe leaders.

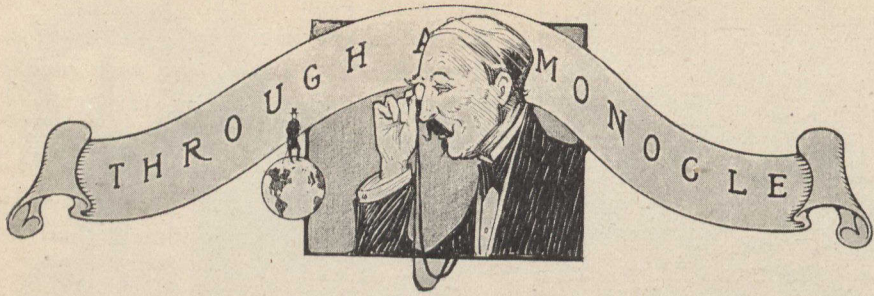
There has been a mistaken notion abroad that patronage was necessary to hold a party together. No more vicious belief ever influenced the body politic. No more fallacious precept ever existed. It was the patronage evil which made the Conservative administration, under Sir John Macdonald, notorious. It was the patronage evil which wrecked the Liberal governments of Quebec and Ontario under Mercier and Ross. It is the patronage evil which makes public ownership impossible, and which prevents the nation from receiving the great benefits that should flow from government by the people for the people.

One of the first bits of patronage which should be abolished is the sending of government advertising to papers of one political stripe only. Government advertising should be put upon a strictly non-partisan basis, and evenly distributed among the leading newspapers and periodicals without respect to their political affiliations. Sir James Whitney has already introduced this principle in Ontario and it should be introduced right speedily at Ottawa.

The cry of the good citizen should be "Civil Service Reform and the Abolition of the Patronage List." And the cry should not be directed towards Ottawa alone, but every provincial capital also.

THE MORTUARY JEST

IF a man is known by what he laughs at, then some of our modern humorists have a mental make-up not to be desired. The ancient idea of the dignity of death is one which certain of these gentlemen appear to have discarded and the effect on their daily scintillations is somewhat painful to the sensibilities. About a fortnight ago, a distinguished clergyman, the editor of a church publication in the United States, died from injuries received in an automobile accident. A Toronto evening paper, commenting on the fatality, found nothing better to utter than two would-be witticisms, inserted after more serious editorial matter. This utter lack of taste, to say nothing stronger, is hardly assurance of high-class journalism. The editor may urge that the "people" really demand such ghastly jests and a strong dose of the second Thaw trial. It is to be hoped that such citizens will realise the result of their morbid desires. The greatest sculptor on this continent has lately declared that the United States (and, perhaps, he would have included Canada) is lacking in reverence, sincerity and individuality. There must be a scarcity of creative art where there is slight capacity for wonder or awe. There must be dearth of genuine, wholesome wit, when the classic canon is violated so callously. The taste which would avoid such witticisms is hardly to be "acquired" and hence the writer is likely to repeat the offence. However, a protest from the finer-fibred class of readers might induce the would-be humorist to allow a decent interval to elapse between the interment of the dead and the perpetration of his *bon-mots*.



THE "lifting of the lid" at Quebec did not show us a man gone wrong, but the local agency of an entire Government Department acting as if the public treasury were a public fountain from which every man carried off his pailful. It was by no means only the officials of the department who had this notion. Those who sold these officials supplies for the department tell us that they charged retail prices on wholesale transactions as a matter of course. One man says that "they wanted to get all they could," and another man remarks that he charged what he chose. They were not on the "patronage list" for nothing. No wonder they were willing to discount their claims with the Chief Agent whether they needed quick money or not; and that they gave "presents" to every employee of the generous department with whom they came in contact. We are even told of a case in which a merchant's book-keeper was distributing cash "presents" to nearly every man he knew in the Government employ, and remarked that it was hard to be giving out all the time and getting nothing in return. At this, the Government employee took the hint and gave him back some of the money he had just given him.

* * *

A COMIC opera has nothing on that situation. Now where do you think the money all came from? Who ultimately paid the bills? Have you any notion that these merchants who thought themselves lucky to be on the "patronage list," and who gave presents and paid discounts to get orders, really lost the amounts of these "presents" and discounts when they came to compare their Government business with transactions with private parties? Of course not. With the loose system prevailing—no tendering, no curiosity about prices, no effort to bring in competition—they probably charged the long-suffering country a profit on the money put out in these very "presents". It was a part of their investment in these Government "deals"; and why shouldn't they get a profit on it? All this bubbling fountain of wealth at which everybody drank and was refreshed, was fed by the taxes which you and I have been paying out of our earnings through all these years. You and I are the "suckers". We are the fools who have been bled.

* * *

FIVE years of direct taxation would do this over-prosperous country of ours more good than any other one thing that could happen it. If we had to go down in our pockets and fish up every dollar that the Government spends at Ottawa, we would take a more intelligent interest in such disclosures as these. When Mr. Merchant hands the third engineer of a Government tug a present of \$200 for looking sweet as he burns Mr. Merchant's coal, we would realise that that money came right out of our pockets; and presently the tax-collectors would come around to the house and collect some more for the same purpose. That would serve to awaken us. We would want that money back, and would feel as we saw it dropped into the Treasury that that was just so much money we would not have to "dig" for during the next year. As it is, we all look upon the public revenues as "found money". We don't know who pays them, and we don't care. We are theoretically shocked at these revelations at Quebec. We exclaim—"Oh! pshaw!" But are we mad? Do we feel the way we do when a slick salesman "short changes" us out of a "quarter"?

* * *

THERE is a too general tendency to regard it as legitimate to "do" the Government. Men who would not dream of stealing a five-cent piece or of cheating another man in a business deal, will complacently treat a transaction with the Government as an opportunity to get some money which they know is not theirs. I remember talking one day at Ottawa to a young fellow who was hanging about the Capital and getting an odd job now and then from the then Government. He told me how he had hurried up to Ottawa as soon as a relative of his had been elected "member", and that he had been making a haphazard living in this way ever since. Soon he hoped to get something permanent. Moreover, a cousin of his had come, too,

on the same errand. "You see," he explained confidentially, "we must make what we can of it while it lasts." That is the idea; and you would be astonished how many people have it. The Government is an institution to "make something out of".

* * *

WILL we ever get over it? We can at least improve. They are much better in this line in Britain than we are. For one thing, people there look upon "grafting" as a disgraceful occupation. Here—let us be frank—too many of us regard it as an evidence of "smartness". We do not socially ostracise the man who is caught making an illegitimate profit out of the country. In fact, we do not ostracise the successful thief on a large scale at all in this country or on this continent. We welcome him to society. We like to ride in his automobile and to attend his dinner parties. We have come to worship money so thoroughly and sincerely in the New World that we do not ask of what material the god is made. When we see it, we bow down. So when men steal from the Government, we chiefly marvel at their cleverness. So long as this goes on, we will get "no better" very fast. We sneer at the European who worships rank and ancient lineage. At least, he has something to elevate socially except money. He has something, indeed, which outclasses money and forbids the successful thief to sit in the highest places. He can only put his grandson there. When we honour virtue and honesty as highly as success, when we pay our taxes directly out of our own pockets, when we send every civil servant who takes a bribe to penitentiary, then we may begin to escape from this sort of thing. But we have got quite a road to travel yet. The Cassels enquiry is only one of the first mile-stones.

Wid'importe

THE COST OF THE FLEET.

THE Montreal *Gazette* does not see much that is good in the present Ottawa Government, but one can usually depend upon the facts which it publishes. Moreover, when the *Gazette* criticises anything in connection with the St. Lawrence route, one can be tolerably certain that the criticism is just. Therefore its criticism, in a leading editorial on the 12th, of the expenditures on the Dominion Government Navy may be taken as reliable. It does not say that these expenditures have not been necessary, but merely intimates that it would be the part of wisdom that they should be officially investigated. The *Champlain* was a new boat delivered to the Government in 1904. Its cost was \$92,000. Since then the cost of this little 550-ton vessel has been \$170 a day. The *Druid* was built in the same Scotch shipyard, a couple of years earlier, and cost \$116,000. She costs \$117 a day. The *Montcalm* cost \$300,000, and is a comparatively new boat. She costs \$285 a day. In other words, eliminating interest and depreciation, these three vessels cost the country \$572 a day, or \$208,780 a year. The repairs on the vessels, in addition to those done by the crews themselves, have cost a sufficient sum, the *Gazette* figures out, to maintain constantly 61 mechanics working 305 days in each year.

The editorial concludes: "The necessity for such enormous repairs upon these steamers just out of the builders' hands is surely worth the attention of the commission enquiring into the Marine Department. May it or may it not be attributed to the reason given by the Civil Service Commission: 'Some of the Government's officers are serving two masters, and apparently succeeding with both—scripture notwithstanding.'"



One of the big engines of the C.P.R. in a Wreck at Peterborough, November 14th.

HAMILTON HERALD MARATHON, THANKSGIVING DAY



Crowd at York and Macnab Streets. awaiting the arrival of the leading runners in the Annual Athletic Event—Distance 19 miles, 168 yards.



No. 32, Holmer, Halifax, the winner. No. 26, Simpson, Peterboro, second. No. 12, Woods, Toronto, seventh. Parsons of Neepawa, Winnipeg winner, finished third.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY G. E. THOMPSON



The Hamilton "Tiger" Rugby Foot-ball Team—Champions of Ontario. They defeated Ottawa's excellent team by a very narrow margin, at Kingston, on November 14th.

PUBLIC OPINION

Editor of the "Canadian Courier":

Sir,—In reference to your voting competition, "Canada's Ten Biggest Men", are the names to be chosen from residents of Canada, or are Canadians who have moved abroad and won distinction eligible?

To me the competition would be more interesting if the names of Canadians, who have permanently settled in other countries, were omitted.

Yours very truly,
VOTER.

Toronto, Nov. 12th, 1908.

CANADA EXCELS IN FLOWERS AND FRUIT



Flowers and Decorations at the Annual Show of the Ontario Horticultural Association, held in Toronto last week.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GALBRAITH



The Apple Display, showing the latest methods in packing and exhibiting.

"MORAL HOSPITALS"

Prison Reform in England

By JAMES L. HUGHES

ENGLAND is rapidly leaving behind her the "olden time" when changes came slowly. Her social reformers, and educational leaders, and legislators are clear-sighted and prompt and definite in action for the improvement of existing conditions. The attitude of the British mind towards the young criminal has changed absolutely. The British people decided that they must stop "the legal manufacture of criminals," and they began about three years ago to establish institutions for young criminals similar to the one which Hon. Mr. Hanna proposes to establish in Ontario. One of these was established in Clonmel, Ireland, and according to the report of the General Prisons Board which was published last week, at least 70 per cent. of the juvenils criminals (between 16 and 23 years of age) are now useful members of society."

The *Chronicle* commenting on the report says: "In the past the child who fell into crime by the accident of his surroundings was often stereotyped by the penalty of prison. He came out of prison with the loss of the last shreds of his reputation and self-respect, and without much additional support from increased moral or physical development. The adoption of the so-called Bonstal system began a new era; and we have had no more welcome proof of its beneficent effect than in the report of the General Prisons Board in Ireland."

The *Chronicle* goes on to say: "The system, which is proving successful in England beyond the dreams of its originators, is to make the prison, especially for prisoners between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one, a sort of moral hospital." The moral development does not consist as formerly of reading tracts or hearing formal sermons. The young people are humanely treated; their self-respect is cultivated; they are well fed, decently housed, and kindly taught; they are trained in gardening or in some trade; and they acquire regular habits. The result naturally is, that the institution becomes a physical as well as a moral hospital for the unfortunate young people. The world is beginning to learn that the physical and moral well-being of the race are very intimately related. As the *Chronicle* well says: "Boys frequently come into prison deformed in mind and body and dulled in their senses. They leave, as many astounding exam-

ples show, new-made men, well set up in frame, mentally capable, and equipped with a craft."

The new training has faith in the "bad boy" of every type. It believes, consciously or unconsciously, that the "bad boy" was created in the image of God, and it proves its faith by its actions, by persistently and hopefully and intelligently trying to awake the dormant divinity in the boy.

The new training does not blame the boy for his badness; it knows that a boy born in the slums of a city, and brought up in the physical conditions and moral environment of the slums, is not to blame, if in early life he shows tendencies towards criminality. The new ideal holds parents responsible for the wrong tendencies and habits of their children and advocates the punishment of parents for failing to give their children reasonable opportunities for a good training. When parents are incapable, the new training takes the children away from them and provides true homes and stimulating environment for them. So throughout the civilised world the new revelation of a vital faith in a "bad boy" has led to the establishment of Children's Aid Societies, and such organisations as those founded by Dr. Barnardo in London and the Big Brothers in New York, which meet the "bad boy," when he has completed his term in jail, and convince him that some one still believes in him, and is going to give him an opportunity to start life again under fair conditions.

The new training meets the boy with a situation and not with a formal lecture about his badness and a tract about some other boy's goodness. It treats him respectfully, and not with contempt. It receives him as a member of society, and not as an outcast. It secures work for him, instead of allowing him to return to the idle, and therefore evil, life of the slum. It provides rational amusements for him, and gradually leads him to see that life has higher, broader ideals.

The new training does not expect a boy to become a perfect character in a week or in a year; and it does not lose faith in him, if he does wrong and has been sent to jail a second or even a third time. It continues to meet him at the prison gate with a strong hand-grasp, and an unshaken assur-

ance that he will win yet. How different this course is from that formerly taken by the agents of the law who felt it to be their duty to warn employers that they had jail-birds in their employ, when the young offenders were fortunate enough to secure situations in which they were beginning to lead new and productive lives.

The new training does not blame the youth for being guilty of wrong-doing. It does not treat criminality as a reason for punishment, but as a condition to be overcome, a moral disease to be treated, and in the treatment of the disease it remembers that each person has within him the reformatory elements and powers which, when they are set in self-active operation, will make him self-reforming.

The new training believes absolutely in the power of good to overcome evil. It never doubts that the good tendencies and elements in a young man's nature will achieve triumphant victory over his bad tendencies and elements, when they are set in self-active operation. The worst young man has moral storage batteries of dynamic character in his life waiting to be adjusted and set in operation. When properly started they become the dominant forces in his character.

The new training is not paralysed by fear that any manifestation of evil will necessarily be permanent in a young man's character. The wise trainer who aims to reform him—not merely to punish him; who meets him on his own ground; who never loses faith in him; who recognises the glimmering light of goodness in him when it reveals itself in any way; who genuinely appreciates the effort he makes; and who considerably sympathises with him—not for him, can kindle the slumbering fire of his better nature into a radiant glow, and start the dynamic batteries of his moral force into vigorous and reproductive character developing activity.

Ontario is to be congratulated on the forward step taken by Hon. Mr. Hanna, and it is to be hoped that the boys and girls under sixteen may soon be as considerably cared for as the youths who are over sixteen. We must soon have real children's courts whose aim will not be merely to punish the young offenders but to reform them and make it possible for them to become strong, true citizens.

The British Political Situation

Reflections of a Manchester Correspondent

Editor of the CANADIAN COURIER:

Sir,—Your article on "Protection in Great Britain" in your issue of October 3rd may possibly be misleading, as it would cause one to believe that the "Tariff Reform" movement was responsible for the Liberal defeat at the Newcastle bye-election.

Undoubtedly "Tariff Reform" won votes for the Conservatives, but the great change in public opinion was caused by the activity of the brewers, the state church, and the suffragettes. It is doubtful if the Government will be again returned to power, but the reaction against Liberalism will not be caused by one issue.

The forces antagonistic to Liberalism are very powerful, and are making a fight for their lives, so to speak. The proposed Licensing Bill would take from the brewers the drink monopoly, and the fighting capacity of vested interests is enormous. The Education Bill has made hostile to the Government, certain religious factions, and although the Government will receive the support of the forces of non-conformity, it will have to fight the all-powerful Church of England.

The Suffragettes are now a power to be reckoned with. The Canadian reader may laugh at their tactics, but here their tactics are past the laughing stage. They are forcing the serious attention of both parties, but they are strenuously opposing the Government.

"Tariff Reform" is more popular, but more on account of the depression in trade than from any other reason. It is refreshing to note that Mr. Balfour in a recent speech, said to the effect that "Tariff Reform" would be no remedy for bad trade, as countries with high tariffs are suffering more

from trade irregularities than England. Other "Tariff Reformers" are not, however, as candid as Mr. Balfour. They profess to see in a revised tariff, solutions for certain economic questions, and the social and economic problems here are infinitely more pressing than in Canada. The lower classes here live in squalor, where there can be no health, hope, or happiness in ordinary times, but their condition is absolutely indescribable when the country is suffering from an industrial depression. The "Tariff Reformer" with his enticing promises of work for all, will reap a harvest of votes from this class, but not to the extent that some people imagine.

I think, however, that the average intelligent Canadian, thoroughly conversant with British politics, would view with regret the possible early defeat of the Government, which has probably bitten off more than it can properly chew, but which deserves the greatest credit for having the courage of its convictions.

Yours very truly,

A. W. HAYCOCK.

Manchester, Nov. 2nd, 1908.

The English Lobby

MEANTIME I beg my readers not to run away with the idea that this Parliament, with all its seriousness, does not know how to amuse itself, writes T. P. O'Connor in *M. A. P.* Within the vast spaces of that great building at Westminster there are several worlds; each day and each story has its own separate and independent life. I have told how, in the earlier hours

of the day, there is a vast world of politicians who are interested in the grand committees. There is another and even a vaster world—that of the men who are interested in what is called private bill legislation, the legislation which is necessary if a new railroad or a new tramway company or a new canal has to be brought into being. This is a great world in itself. Its chief figures are, of course, the great barristers who practice at what is called the parliamentary bar. These are the giants of the profession. No men earn such gigantic incomes—even at the bar. You hear of men having as much as £20,000 a year to their credit, and yet these men, as a rule, work only four months in the year. You know, of course, that no member of Parliament can practise at the parliamentary bar; the reason, of course, is that he may have to be a member of one of the parliamentary committees which try the case, and that thus he may be put in the irreconcilable positions of judge and advocate. Many parliamentary barristers have had to give up a splendid income when they decided to enter Parliament. Sir William Harcourt told me that he was earning £15,000 a year when he entered Parliament; "and, perhaps," he added, "I was a d—d fool to have done so." Mr. Cripps, who was in the last Parliament, used to make £20,000 a year, but he gave it willingly up to be a member of the House of Commons, but he has been fortunate enough since to go into another kind of practice—as arbitrator very often—and now is as rich as ever. Lord Robert Cecil has lost considerably by entering Parliament.

In addition to the great barristers, you see the solicitors—who swarm about the place. And there is a third—who sometimes are the same as the solicitors—namely, what are called parliamentary agents—that is to say they whose business it is to influence members of Parliament in favour of their bills. This is a very lucrative branch of the legal profession, because, of course, as a rule gigantic interests are involved in these parliamentary conflicts, often millions of money.



A large French-Canadian Family—Mr. Joseph Beaudet, his Wife and their Sixteen Children.

Photographing Families in French Canada

By FRANK CARREL

ONE evening on returning to my hotel, on the brink of a lofty elevation overlooking the St. Lawrence River, after a beautiful afternoon drive through the back ranges of French Canada, I became so impressed with all I had seen, the simple life, the contented families, the



The central figure in this scene is a pathetic old man, who has become both blind and deaf.

recover from the shock of the operation, being done so quickly, as their only knowledge of photography was experienced with a tin-type likeness in a primitive studio, which generally took a half to a minute exposure.

As we drove away, we generally left the group in silent wonderment over our folding-up camera, which we replaced in our pockets and, climbing into our caleche, we were soon on our way to the next promising house. We usually detected large families by a careless look about the houses. Doors and windows were open, and through them we could see that there was an animated scene inside as well as outside.

After the first or second photograph, my youthful cabman got interested in the work, and when we stopped in front of a house he would generally call out for somebody to come out. It might be a man or a woman, but when the standing vehicle was seen, the head of the household generally appeared and we carried on our conversation with him. My first question was, "How many have you in your family,

strict observance of the Sabbath, that I sat down to chronicle my observations and reflections. To make the article more interesting, I decided to go over the same ground again on the following Sunday with a kodak and reproduce some of the family groups with whom I had become so deeply impressed.

The locality is well supplied with the old-time caleche and buckboard; so I engaged one of the former, with a youth for a cabby, thinking it the best in which to make my quest. The first house we stopped at, I had to do all the talking in French. I alighted from the high two-wheeled rig, doffed my hat to the presumed head and father of the household, and asked permission to photograph his house. The request was always readily granted. Then incidentally I mentioned that the view would be improved if all the members of the family were in it; and, if it turned out good, I would send them a copy. Then came the interesting part. The men would brush their coats, stand erect to see that their vests were hanging well, brush out the creases and straighten the watch chain, remove their pipes from view by putting them in a vest pocket, in spite of my saying that I wanted them to look natural, and not as though they were posing. The women were as nervous about their looks as the men, with this difference, that while the latter looked after their own attire, the women never failed to notice that the tie of Ferdinand or Jacques was crooked, or to suggest putting on a hat. They scrutinised thus each one of the many children, saying, "Marie, pull down your dress; Henri, take your hand off Marie Louise's chair; Mathilde, your hair ribbon is untidy," until everything was ready.

Then my pleasure arrived as I put the finishing touches to the respective groups, all the while observing the interesting expressions on every face. Invariably the women wore the most pleased and satisfied smile, while the husbands stood or sat, as though something fearful was going to happen, while it was all intensely novel to the children. If there were a loving couple, they generally got together, with a few jocular remarks. They were the only persons who took the performance with any degree of light heart or mind. When I had squeezed the bulb, I said "Merci" in my most profound and polite French, and they all took a few seconds to



An imposing and happy family group.

recover from the shock of the operation, being done so quickly, as their only knowledge of photography was experienced with a tin-type likeness in a primitive studio, which generally took a half to a minute exposure. It would take a little time to think and count them all. In one instance the man made a mistake and withdrew his first statement of "fourteen" by saying "fifteen." He had forgotten one, in the suddenness of the query. If the family was large, and most of the members present, we took a picture; if not, we took the trouble to tell them our object and pass on to another house.

There were a number of singularly funny experiences as well as sad ones in that afternoon drive. In one house, it took nearly fifteen minutes to get a twin baby to turn its face towards the camera, although I danced and sang to attract its attention, but all to no purpose. Then I remained quiet and the result was more successful. The baby turned round to see why the noise had ceased and I got my picture. In another house I saw an old man with a fine-looking face, and requested to have him in the picture. It turned out that he was eighty years of age, blind and deaf. He had been that way for seven years, and was certainly a very distressing sight, in a very poor-looking home, where all the members lived in one room, and there were over nine-

children. But, after driving over twenty-one miles, over some very rough roads to obtain these photographs, we felt rewarded by our camera spoils among the French-Canadian peasants.

The Voting Competition

ON Monday noon, the leaders in the voting competition were: Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Lord Strathcona, Mr. Goldwin Smith, Sir William Van Horne, and Mr. William Mackenzie. The complete list now includes 57 names. Most of the ballots have come from Ontario, the other provinces being somewhat behind with their opinions.

We reproduce herewith two sample ballots, one from Lindsay and one from North Bay:

Lord Strathcona—the Greatest Pioneer.
William Mackenzie—the Greatest Financier.
Goldwin Smith—the Greatest Thinker.
Sir Wilfrid Laurier—the Greatest Leader.
Sir Charles Tupper—the Greatest Statesman.
Sir William C. Van Horne—the Greatest Builder.
J. R. Booth—the Greatest Lumberman.
Hon. W. S. Fielding—the Greatest Economist.
Hon. A. B. Aylesworth—the Greatest Lawyer.
Sir W. C. MacDonald—the Greatest Philanthropist.

Laurier, Fielding, Sir Charles Tupper—Statesmen.

Goldwin Smith, Charles Gordon—Literature.
Donald Smith, Van Horne, William Mackenzie, Sandford Fleming—Pioneers.

J. A. Macdonald—Editor, Preacher, and all-round man.

A Curious Petition

An earnest young preacher in a remote country village concluded a long and comprehensive supplication by saying: "And now let us pray for those who are dwelling in the uninhabited portions of the earth."



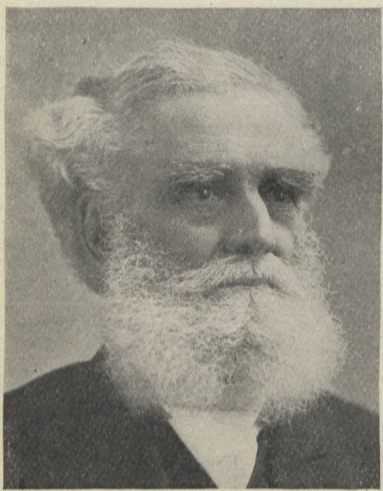
An historic "rig," often seen near Murray Bay.



A Double Electrical Locomotive drawing a train out of the St. Clair Tunnel. This double engine will draw a train of 1,000 tons up a two per cent. grade at a rate of more than 10 miles an hour. The use of electricity has quadrupled the capacity of the Tunnel.

PHOTOGRAPH BY J. WESLEY SWAN

A FUSS AND A TUNNEL



Mr. Joseph Hobson, C.E.,
Engineer, St. Clair Tunnel.

When an invitation reached me, asking that I be one of a party to go to Sarnia to witness the formal opening of the electrified St. Clair Tunnel, I wondered why the Grand Trunk were making so much fuss about the stringing of two or three wires through a bit of a hole in the ground. I had gone through the tunnel several times, usually being

asleep at the time. Once I went through it in daytime. The porter closed all the air vents, shut all the doors, and lighted the lamps. There were a few minutes of darkness and that was all I knew about it. To ask a number of journalists to go from Montreal, Toronto, Buffalo, Detroit and Chicago to the little town of Sarnia just to see some officials go through the tunnel seemed to me to be something outlandish. Yet this very outlandishness attracted me and I went along to discover why Mr. Fitzhugh, and Mr. Davis and Mr. Bell should leave their busy offices and take their private cars up to this little border town. I said to myself that I needed a holiday anyway and that to take it as the guest of the Grand Trunk, would be economical and possibly entertaining.

Now I am filled with wonder that the fuss was not greater, and I shall tell you why. Supposing the Grand Trunk had built three more tunnels under the St. Clair River, between the United States and Canadian shores, it would have been a great undertaking and people would have marvelled. Four tunnels side by side under this boundary river, to accommodate Grand Trunk trains, would have been something remarkable. Yet the same result has been accomplished by making it possible for the one tunnel to do four times as much work as before. When steam-engines were used, only one train

could go through the tunnel each hour. The coal-smoke and coal-gas given out by an engine hauling a big train, so filled the tunnel that it took an hour to clear it out and make it safe for the next train crew. If an engine were to break down in the tunnel, the train crew were in danger of suffocation and the passengers likely to suffer much discomfort. Now by the use of electricity, four trains can be run through every hour, and there is not the slightest danger to the life and comfort of crew or public. In fact, the party of inspection and the guests made the official trip through the electrically-lighted, clean-white tunnel in flat-cars, a feat utterly impossible under the old conditions.

Nor was the change from steam to electricity as easy as it appears. In the first place, to get an electric engine capable of hauling a 1,000-ton train through that tunnel was a task requiring much scientific knowledge and great mechanical skill. The contract was undertaken by the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, who built a number of double-unit engines which they hoped would be able to draw such a train up the 2 per cent. grade which obtains in coming up out of the tunnel on to the general level of the shores. When these engines were tested it was found they would do their work satisfactorily. They will pull one of the big Grand Trunk trains up the grade at a rate of ten to fourteen miles an hour with apparent ease. The accompanying photograph shows one of these double-unit engines emerging from the tunnel with its load.

Of course the scientific problem also involved a decision as to the form of electric power, form of transmission and other similar items. Should it be a third-rail system or an overhead trolley system? Should it be single-phase or three-phase? If the trolley system, what kind of trolley? How should the trains be handled after the yard on either side was reached, so that the electric engine could be uncoupled and the regular steam engine be put in place for the rest of the journey? How should the power be generated? These and a hundred smaller questions were asked and answered. It was finally decided to use alternating current, with a three-phase system for the distribution of power required for pumping water out of the tunnel, and for other motors required in the round-houses, with a single-phase distribution for locomotives and general lighting. The single-phase locomotive is comparatively new for work of this kind so far as

America is concerned, but it has been much used in Europe. The New York Central has 41 of these locomotives in use, each with four 250-horse-power geared motors. The tunnel locomotives have three motors instead of four, but of the same power. The Mariazell Railway in Germany has 23 single-phase locomotives with two 175 horse-power motors each. Each half-unit Tunnel engine may be used separately, but when two are used together they are under one control. The equipment has been in continuous operation since May 17th, and this service is said to be the heaviest railway service handled by electricity in the world. The equipment was not, however, taken over from the contractors by the Grand Trunk until about ten days ago.

The power plant, while not notably large, is one of the most complete. It is located on the Port Huron bank of the St. Clair River, about 100 feet distant from the centre line of the tunnel. A car-line along the rear of the building and a dock, provide for bringing in coal by rail or water. The coal is all handled, crushed and fed by machinery, the Jones Under-Feed Stokers being used. The ashes are also discharged and taken away by gravity. Two Westinghouse Parsons turbo-generators are installed, though one is sufficient to generate all the current required. All the latest and best subsidiary appliances are installed in a model building.

One interesting feature of the proceedings at the formal taking over of the plant was the presence of Mr. Joseph Hobson, the venerable engineer under whose guidance the tunnel was originally built. The tunnel shell consists of cast-iron rings, built up in sections, the inside diameter being about nineteen feet. It took two years to build and was completed in 1890, one year under contract time and at a saving of \$300,000 below the estimated cost. From portal to portal, the tunnel is 6,032 feet. The Sarnia approach, or deproach, is 3,300 feet and the Port Huron approach 2,500 feet. The total length is thus over two miles. Mr. Bion J. Arnold, the engineer directly in charge of the work, paid a high compliment to Mr. Hobson for the magnificent work which had been done eighteen years ago. The Grand Trunk officials congratulated the Westinghouse Company for the excellent installation which it had made. The general public will congratulate the Grand Trunk on the final engineering triumph which makes its double-track road from Montreal to Chicago, one of the best in the world.

C.

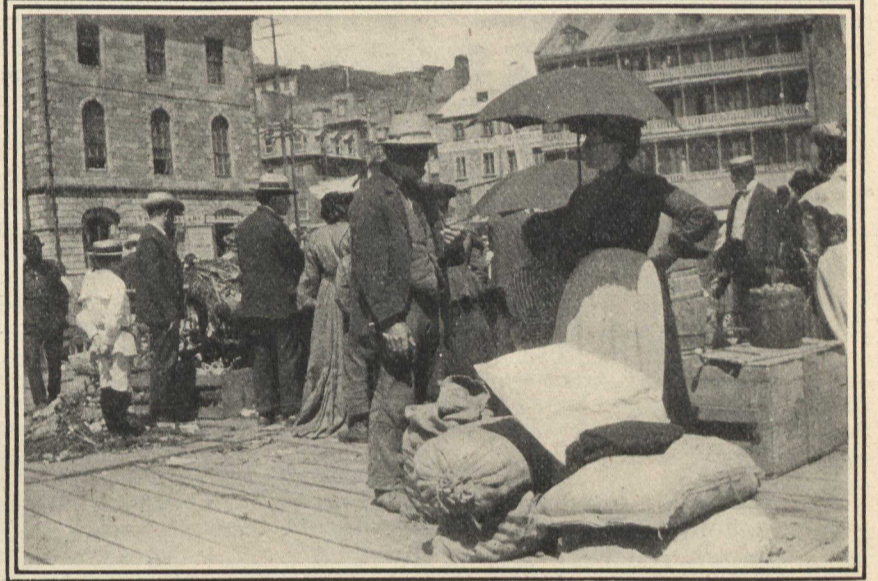
WHEN THE HOUSE-KEEPER GOES A-BUYING



Montcalm Market in the City of Quebec.



St. John Market.



Champlain Market.



A Typical Market Scene in Province of Quebec.



Brantford City Market.



A Cold Market Day in Kingston.



A portion of Hamilton's Busy Market.

The Rationalisation of Pierre Corteau

By R. S. BOND



IT has always been a source of wonder to me why we yielded to Pierre that summer and allowed him to lead us to Riviere Verlac. For all we knew to the contrary, the river might exist solely in his imagination, and we be going on a wild-goose chase that would eat up our vacation without giving us the opportunity to enjoy a single day's fishing.

Our party consisted of Rod Henry, Jack Waters and myself, and when we left old Broadway our highest aims were to cast our flies over the silvery waters of the Restigouche and Metapedia, those ideal fishing grounds of Northern New Brunswick. Little thought we that we were to have an experience that up to that time we had imagined existed only between the covers of a book.

We reached Metapedia late one afternoon in middle June, expecting to find a little one-horse country town devoid of decent hotel, and a place in which it would be practically unbearable to spend any time. We were, however, agreeably mistaken. Accommodation, it is true, was scarce, not through the absence of hotels but on account of the fulness of every one there. Fully half a mile of private Pullman cars, resplendent in their glittering coats of new spring paint, greeted our eyes as we left the train. The siding was filled with them. And the hotels were filled with their owners. Millionaires from Chicago vied with millionaires from Pittsburg and New York for the best seats at the table, while other millionaires glared hungrily in from the doorways, a seat at the second table being the best they could procure.

Fish, fish, fish. The air was simply permeated with stories of fish. The sole thought of every guest seemed to be the possibilities of a good catch to-day, to-morrow, and the days following. Pockets were bulging with fly wallets, reels, and the thousand and one accoutrements of the fisher.

Outside, the benches and lawns were filled with French and Indian guides and canoe men, nonchalantly smoking their rouge quesnel or petit rouge. Little excitement prevailed here. It was simply an every-day occurrence for these men to witness the clamour and flurry of hundreds of fish-crazy men. Their only thought during the summer months was to secure employment in any capacity, guide, canoe man, or interpreter, and now that this had been secured, they were perfectly content to take life easy until such a time as their pro tem employers were ready to start.

Such was the scene that met our gaze as we alighted from Metapedia. Rod had been there before and it was nothing new to him, but to say that I was surprised would be to put it mildly.

Entering the hotel which Rod had chosen for us and in which fortunately he had reserved rooms, we were greeted with shouts of recognition from several acquaintances whom we would have as soon expected to meet in Asia as here.

"Got the fishing fever, too, boys?" shouted Charley Vanderfelt, who was sitting in a comfortable arm-chair which commanded a view of the dining-room door.

"Sure have, Charley," replied Rod. "Where you going this year?"

"Upper Branch, I reckon. Where you going?"

"I thought of Lake Simpson. Don't know for sure, though. I'll think it over later. Right now I'm going out to get a guide."

A roar of laughter from all sides greeted Rod's remark.

"There's no guide available within a hundred miles," explained Vanderfelt, in answer to Rod's look of amazement, "except crazy Pierre Corteau."

"Who's Pierre Corteau?" I asked, for the first time taking an active part in the conversation.

"Oh, he's the queerest halfbreed this side of the Quebec line. He knows the woods like a book and was once the best guide in Metapedia. But one time he went off on a fishing trip with a companion. The latter has never been seen since, but three weeks later Pierre was found wandering aimlessly up and down the banks of the Oxford dead loony, as the Indians say, unable to tell where he had lost his companion, but crying again and again that he was dead. They brought him home and he's never been right since. Every year about this time he comes around looking for employment, but he is

never able to find any person rash enough to entrust himself to his care."

"Where's the Oxford, Van?" asked Jack. "I never heard of a river by that name around here."

"Why, it's a little river that flows into the Restigouche about 60 miles east of here as the crow flies," replied Vanderfelt, "but it's fully a hundred miles unless you either have wings or an air-ship. It's a dirty-looking brook, filled with copperas, and only one of seven that come rushing down the gullies in Papoose Mountain. No person ever fishes in them, for even if any self-respecting salmon would live there, he could never leap the falls or stem the current of the Oxford. I followed it up the hill for a mile or two once and the farther I went the worse it got, so I came back in disgust."

"I followed two or three of them myself one year," remarked an elderly man reclining on a couch, "and I guess they're all the same; nothing but falls, rocks, and chasms."

"De Oxford she heap all right. Go far, and get plenty feesh. Riviere Verlac she dere too. Much best place in Restigouche County for feesh, I tell you."

I looked up with a start. Framed in the doorway stood one of the most magnificent specimens of manhood it had ever been my fortune to see. Fully six feet four, and straight as an arrow, with huge muscles standing out and showing clear through his sweater, he looked the typical protector for three city-bred men on a fishing trip.

Intercepting my glance, the giant remarked in his peculiar mixture of broken French and Indian:

"You want go Riviere Verlac? Many fish, trout, pickerel, salmon—so long," and he stretched out his ponderous arms as if to measure an imaginary fish. "Pierre Corteau tak you. Me good guide. Me know all rivieres, lacs, and streams on Restigouche. Me go cheap. Take me, monsieur. Me good guide."

I hardly know what possessed me to take Pierre. I believe it was the sad, wistful, hopeless look in his large, dark eyes that decided me. He looked to me like no half-witted man, and a feeling arose within me that I should like to bring a look of brightness to the face of the big guide. His eyes searched my face with a wistful look.

"You tak me, monsieur," he pleaded, and I took him. And what is more, I take him each year when I leave the heat and dust of the city and while away my vacation on the crystal waters of Riviere Verlac. No guide with me can take the place of big, brave, daring Pierre Corteau.

Three weeks later we left our team in care of a boy, ten miles west of Squaw Mountain, and took to the canoe. All day we glided along the river, catching an occasional glimpse of our finny friends darting away from our neighbourhood, or leaping tauntingly in our wake. On several occasions we begged Pierre to let us cast our lines, but no; we were going to Riviere Verlac, where fish in millions were to be found, and we let him have his way.

Towards twilight the second day out from our team we reached the Oxford.

"We pitch tent here, monsieur," remarked Pierre. "To-morrow early we go up river and at night we camp on Verlac."

I looked around me. Pierre had shoved the canoe a few strokes up a dirty little stream that fully came up to the evil name Vanderfelt had given it. Below were the shining waters of the Restigouche; above was a noisy falls fully fifty feet in height over which the reddish brown water of the Oxford rumbled noisily. Farther up the hill other falls could be seen, the same muddy-looking water giving them an uncanny appearance in the fading light.

"If ever three sane men went on a fool's errand, we are those men," remarked Jack. "I think the Frenchman's got a bee too many in his bonnet, and we'd better mooch back to the Restigouche."

"Give him a show, Jack," I replied. "Somehow I have a feeling that Pierre's all right. He says he'll show us Verlac to-morrow, so give him a chance."

"Well, this is your picnic," returned he. "If you can stand it I can, but I tell you right now, there's nothing doing in the fish line in this noisy old mud-hole."

I did not deign a reply but rolled myself in my blankets and dropped off to sleep, even the combined noise of the falls and Pierre's snores being in-

sufficient to keep me awake after the hard day's paddle.

Early next morning we were awakened by Pierre, ate a hurried breakfast, shouldered our loads, and started. The guide led the way, the birch bark canoe over his head as though it were a toy, while we followed behind with the provisions, bedding and tackle.

Toward noon I became aware of a dull roar ahead, and shortly afterwards rounding a knoll, we came upon a sight that perhaps a dozen New Yorkers have never witnessed. From the bowels of the earth gushed the turbulent waters of the Oxford. Above was the granite slope of the mountain. With a wave of his hand Pierre pointed to the seething caldron and exclaimed:

"Ze Oxford she come from earth here. Up nort' six, seven miles she go in, but dar they call her Riviere Verlac."

"Well, I be darned," spluttered Rod. "The river is underground for a ways. No wonder it's muddy."

"Oui, and over dar you see Riviere DuLong. She come into Restigouche one, two, mile from Oxford. Seven river he come out earth down here. Up nort' all one—ze grande Verlac, where we go."

"Well, what do you think of that, boys?" exploded Rod. "He says these seven dirty little rivers are all one big one up above where they dump into this mud-pile. Here, Pierre! Off we go! This looks good enough for me."

For three weary hours we toiled, now up, and then down, for what Pierre called Papoose Mountain was really a series of hills, that from a distance looked like the vertebra of some prehistoric mammoth. Not a trace of water could be seen, but thus far Pierre's prophecy had been fulfilled, and we were content to be led blindly along and trust to him to bring us to the promised fishing ground.

It was four o'clock nearly when we came to the long-thought-of river. As we topped one of the higher hills we saw shining below us, the breadth of a river of goodly dimensions; so goodly in fact that I make no doubt it is known to many by some other name although to Pierre and me, Verlac was always perfectly satisfactory.

There it was! No dirty, mud-filled water here, but clear and sparkling as the Restigouche itself, and more so if this were possible.

Slowly gliding along, it suddenly disappeared with a roar into the earth at the foot of a precipice to reappear later as seven muddy, turbulent streams, the outer two of which joined the mother river over nine miles apart.

Heedless of Pierre's cries, we quickly covered the remaining distance, got out our reels and rods, and in less time than it takes to tell it, were casting the enticing fly over the crystal water. After his fruitless attempts to restrain us, Pierre stood by in stolid silence while we tried cast after cast, each as ineffective as the one before.

"I thought you said there were fish here," growled Rod, turning to the guide.

"No fish here," he replied, with a smile. "Monsieur Lafrance have wire stretched up river 'bout two mile. Fish all above wire."

"What!" interrupted I. "Does anyone live in this forsaken place?"

"Pierre nodded. "Heap big hunter and son live here," he explained, "ten, twenty years now. We go up above wire and you see fish jump to-night. To-morrow we fish, and sleep at Lafrance's house. Me tried say fish she no here below wire, but you all fish, fish, fish, long time and catch nothing. Now is late. Must camp. Come!"

Wonderingly we followed him along the shore. In a short time he stopped. "Look!" he said. There stretched across the river was the wire net, and above the net it seemed as if the water was alive with salmon, leaping and darting to and fro over the broad expanse of the river.

I had very little sleep that night. My whole thoughts were on the morrow, but of the morrow when it did come, I can now give but a very meagre account. I only know that we fished. And such fishing! Our rods seemed to be constantly bending, and our lines whistling through the air, as we played salmon after salmon that whole livelong day.

That night, footsore and weary, and with a load of fish that would delight the heart of a cook at Delmonico's, we reached the hut of Lafrance.

Pierre went ahead to prepare the host for our coming. Smilingly the latter trod down the path toward us.

"Hard luck, eh?" he cried, looking in our creels. "I told Camille this morning fish no bite to-day. Too hot and bright. Never mind. Good luck to-morrow maybe."

"Hard luck!" We looked at each other in amazement. I cannot speak for myself, but I remember that the mouths of Rod and Jack hung open, and their eyes seemed to pop out of their heads. If this was hard luck in this region, heaven pity our poor muscles after a day's fishing when the salmon were in a biting mood. Hard luck!

Crestfallen, we followed the jovial Lafrance up the path, being too surprised to even remonstrate with him. After a hearty meal, however, I took up the gauntlet and asked:

"What do you call good luck in these parts, Monsieur Lafrance?"

With twinkling eyes, and a quick glance at his son, who was dexterously rolling a cigarette for Rod, Lafrance replied:

"Good luck, monsieurs? Well, what I really call good luck happened to Camille and me the first year we pitched tent on this spot. Camille's mother was alive then. We were all very fond of fish, but every hook and line we had we lost in an upset down near Squaw Mountain. I could not spare the time to go to Metapedia especially for hooks, but it grieved me sore to sit on the bank and see the salmon darting and leaping within a couple of feet of my hand without the slightest fear, occasionally splashing a dash of water in my face as if to dare me to molest them.

"Night after night I'd lay awake for hours trying to devise a scheme for getting my revenge on them, and at last I hit upon a plan.

"You see that coil of barbed wire, monsieurs? Well, I ripped a stretch off that very coil, fastened one end to the tree yonder, and had Camille fasten the other across the river, so that the wire hung about two or three inches above water. Then I told Camille to get worms and bait every barb well. This was in the morning. That night we came back, and when we went to our wire, we had 140 of the finest salmon you ever saw. We took them off the barbs and put them in the boat and almost swamped it with the weight before we got ashore.

"But we had hard luck that time, too. I counted the barbs next day and there were 143.

"Camille," I said, "are you sure you baited every barb?" And I declare if that lazy boy didn't say he was in a hurry and might possibly have missed the three, and I guess he was right, too, for we often set the wire after that and always got a fish on every barb."

The old man looked up as he finished and we greeted his gaze with a roar of laughter.

A hurt look overspread his face, and turning to his son he said:

"Camille, the gentlemen don't believe me. Show them the wire if they want proof."

"We believe you, monsieur," reassured I. "You needn't show the wire."

"You believe Lafrance, monsieur?" inquired Pierre with a frightened look. "Mon Dieu!" and devoutly crossed himself.

Poor simple-minded Pierre. If we believed, it must be true, and like all other wonders it filled him with fear.

The reader may judge for himself as to the truthfulness of this story. For my part I have always had my doubts about the yarns spun by Lafrance, but have been perfectly satisfied to make my face express the opinion that they were credited, for, reasoned I, "he knows I don't believe them any more than he does himself, but the telling would lose half its charm were I to noticeably show that his veracity was doubted."

For a full week we fished Riviere Verlac. I can't say we ever got better catches than the first day for the simple reason that in my estimation it would be impossible. The fish were as plentiful as we wished every day, and it was a continual run of cast-strike-play-net, cast-strike-play-net. What more could we desire?

At the end of the week, lovers of fishing as we were, we had had enough. We bade good-bye to Lafrance at sunrise one day, went down to the river and started to load our outfit into the canoe. Pierre was not there when we did this and I will never forget the look of horror that came over his face as he came around the corner of the hut and realised what we had done. I could see the blood leave his face, and his huge frame totter any way as he walked rapidly toward us.

"Mon Dieu!" he cried, in a voice laden with alarm. "No get in canoe. No get in canoe, monsieurs. Two, t'ree year ago Monsieur Bennett him and me leave here so. Go down river below curve. Pretty soon ze rapid get too strong. Can't stop. Go, go, go! Get dar to hell place where water go

down. Me say 'jump!' and Monsieur Bennett and me get ready. To brink of fall we go and I leap—leap far like Indian man leap. Me catch limb of tree and get on shore, and look 'round quick. Dere holding on upset canoe I see Monsieur Bennett. He give one cry, then down he go with canoe, down, down, where Riviere Verlac go into ze mountain. I could not help him, monsieurs. I could not at all. I walk up and down and call and cry, but no use. Monsieur Bennett he dead. Zey say I go crazy. Mon Dieu, I do not know. I only know that Pierre Corteau, the much grand guide of Metapedia, he lose his man. Me came back and say, 'Man die! Man die!' I no could think where he die till now when I see you load canoe. Now I know how Monsieur Bennett die. Now I know, mon Dieu. Now I know."

"We couldn't have gone past the wire, anyway," said Jack gravely.

"I no think of dat, monsieur," replied Pierre. "Ze wire he no dere t'ree years ago when I here with Monsieur Bennett. Lafrance he put him in river last summer to keep salmon from going down river in fall, and no be able come back."

"You're all right, Pierre," I said, and gave his hand a reassuring clasp. "I'm sure it wasn't your fault that Bennett got drowned, and I'll not forget you for what you've done for us."

"Merci, monsieur," replied Pierre, as we shouldered our loads and started toward home.

When we reached the place where the river started on its subterranean travels, Pierre threw down his load and walking over to the brink of the falls gazed earnestly into the foamy water that flowed swiftly and smoothly over the brink, down, down, until the sight of it was lost, but a dull roar showed where it again regained its feet on solid ground or rock beneath. It seemed to have a peculiar fascination for him.

"Right dere he go down," he shuddered, pointing his finger beneath. "Right dere. Ugh! Me no like go dere. Heap hell place. Ugh!"

He started back with a shiver, but had barely turned to rejoin us when the earth seemed to crumble beneath him. He fell sprawling on his face, his feet dangling into space, his hands clutching wildly at the edge. He pulled himself halfway up, but again the treacherous earth gave way. This time Pierre went with it, and with a gurgling cry disappeared into the murky depths.

We had had no time to help him, for the terrible drama had taken but an instant for its enactment.

Pierre was dead. It was no use standing there gazing with pale, affrighted faces. He was dead.

"Shall we tell Lafrance?"

I jumped as if someone had struck me.

Cap in hand Rod stood in front of me and repeated his query.

"Shall we tell Lafrance?"

"No," I replied, awakening from my reverie. "No. What good can it do? No mortal hand can save Pierre now, so why give pain to his friends by telling of his fate? No. Come on. This place is gruesome. Come on, boys. I want no more of Riviere Verlac. Ugh; as poor Pierre would say, 'Heap hell place down dere.'"

I will not tell of our twistings and turnings for the next three days. Four times we lost our way, but at noon on the third day we heard the welcome roar of the river. Did I say welcome? It was in a way, for did it not mean the end of our aimless wandering? But still the roar of the water as it left its nether vaults filled me with horror. I could not but wonder where in its course it had left its latest victim, and I was half afraid to look at it again for fear his body would greet my gaze, lying mangled and torn where it had been thrown on the shore.

The faces of Rod and Jack expressed the same fear. We read each other's thoughts, it seemed, for Rod remarked:

"Don't go, boys. We'll follow the ravine a ways and strike the river lower down."

"I'll not be a coward," snorted Jack. "Come on. I'll go ahead if you're scared."

Suiting the action to his word he strode ahead, while Rod and I with a nervous laugh followed.

Rod reached a place where he could command a view of the river first. I seemed to be keyed up to such a nervous tension that when he stopped I did the same, and gave not a thought to the absurdity of my standing there like a graven image instead of covering the remaining distance. The only comfort I gave myself later was that Jack, too, stood there, his hand resting on my arm and his usually ruddy face, pale with apprehension.

A yell, half fear, half surprise, from Rod awakened me from my stupor.

"My God, men, step lively!" he shrieked. "It's Pierre, and alive as sure as I'm a man."

It needed nothing further to bring our blood surging back through our veins. Together, we three traversed the remaining distance to the river, this time as fast as we could cover the ground.

Sitting by a fire drying his clothes was Pierre—our Pierre, not one whit the worse for his ducking as far as we could see; but better by far, for as he caught sight of us, he got to his feet and met us part way up the slope. Better? Yes, a thousand times, for the Pierre who met us was rational, as rational as we were ourselves, and, I doubt not, more so in our half-hysterical condition.

The peculiar gleam had left his eyes, and the old Pierre of years ago stood before and greeted us.

"River heap wet," he said with a smile. "Me not quite dry yet, you see. Me just come up two hours ago, and fire not dry me quite to now."

"But how did you get here, man?" I asked. "We thought you dead. Here, take some food and then tell us about it."

"Me tell first," said Pierre. "Me no hungry now."

"Not hungry?" we exclaimed in the same breath. "Not hungry? Why, it's three days since you ate."

"Monsieurs are mistaken," replied Pierre emphatically. "With Monsieur Bennett, Pierre had breakfast."

We looked at him in amazement.

"He's mad as a March hare," whispered Rod.

Pierre caught the look if not the words.

"No mad," he said, half angrily. "Listen. When I go down falls up on Riviere Verlac I fall twenty-five, thirty feet and strike in deep pool. I start to swim and pretty soon something grab me and I hear somebody say:

"Keep up courage. I'll get you all right."

"Mon Dieu! I scared. Die I no want, but for ghost to get is worse. I try to make myself drown, but no! A hand is on my clothes and I be pulled out. And dere on bank stand Monsieur Bennett. I think it ghost at first and most faint, but he touch me and I touch him, and he hard. No ghost; for ghost all air, my grandmere say.

"He tak me out through passage on river, I think maybe DuLong branch, to his home. He have home all cage in and no can get out. He live dere t'ree year, but I save him now. Come."

We did not half understand what he was driving at, but we followed after him. He rushed to our baggage and hastily secured the axe and all the available rope. Then picking up the tent as though it were a rubber ball, he darted off toward the east.

"Come on!" he shouted, and again we yielded and followed.

For ten weary miles he led us a weary chase. Time after time we were obliged to call after him to stop while we regained our wind. He chafed under the delay, and as soon as our breath began to run smoothly, he would up and away again, leaving us to follow after as best we could.

All of a sudden he stopped and lifted his hand for us to do likewise. We were on the brink of a precipice. Two hundred feet or so below lay a fertile valley, but what immediately struck me as peculiar was that there appeared to be no access to it. A solitary hut near the centre was to be seen, showing that a human had at least been there, but I could see no outlet or inlet. It was true a river wound its way across the valley, but this was plainly one of the underground branches of Riviere Verlac poking its nose to the light for an instant, for it came from, and disappeared again into, the sheer walls of the precipice.

I measured the dimensions of the valley with my eye. I saw that it was no more than 200 yards in length and hardly that in width.

I drew my gaze toward the hut again. A man emerged, and at sight of us uttered a cry of joy.

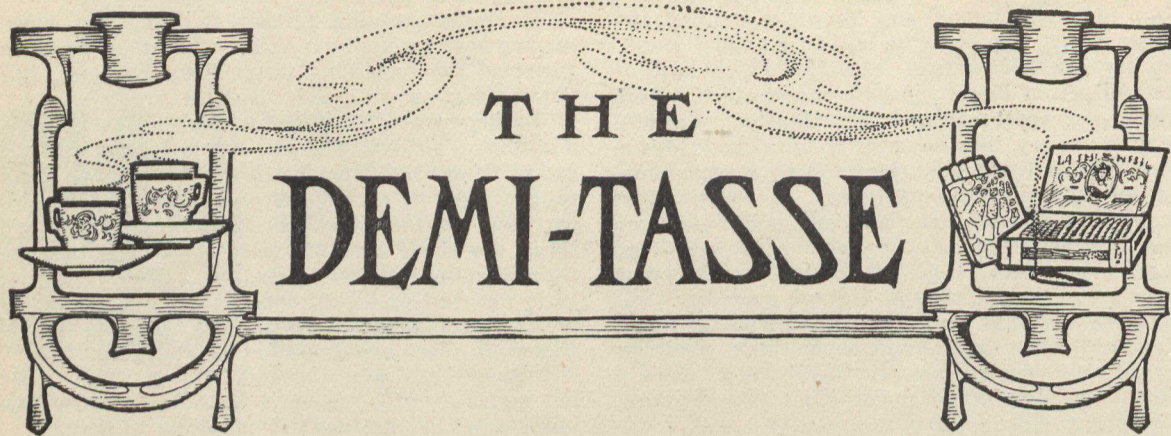
"Pierre!" he shouted, "Pierre! Hurry up!"

Pierre was hastily tying together our ropes, and seeing his purpose we fell to with a will. When the ropes were exhausted we used strips cut from the tent and were soon grasping the hand of the long lost Bennett, for he it was who had emerged from the hut.

When we had again reached the place where we had met Pierre that day, and Bennett had feasted on good wheat bread, the first he had tasted for three years, he told his story.

Like Pierre, he too had started to swim when he struck the smooth water beneath the falls. He had soon gained the bank and was surprised to find it broad and gradually sloping as if at some time long ago the underground river had been considerably larger, and now that it had receded, had left this shore. He had followed the stream and found where it divided, and divided again until seven currents dashed through as many tunnels. Six of them in turn he followed to where they rushed into

(Continued on page 21)



A MISER, SURE!

DURING the recent election, the people of a certain happy constituency in the Province of Quebec found themselves with two candidates belonging to the Reform party. It was quite impossible to introduce national issues or fight about whether Sir Wilfrid were the inspired leader of his native province. Consequently, the candidates were simply obliged to fall back on personalities and resort to direct attack. On one eventful October night they met on the platform and the elder, Louis—let us say, Lafontaine—was fiercely denounced by his opponent.

"Ah!" said the latter, in bitter scorn, "what has this man done for you? He gets twenty-five hundred dollars a year from the country for what he calls his services—and what does it profit the people who put him in? Does he spend it at your shops or on your charities? Does he show you the colour of this patriotic coin? No, my friends! Such a course is far from his thoughts. He"—with a dramatic pause—"he saves it. Look at him, now!" The audience turned to gaze at the abashed and blinking Louis, whose spectacles were pushed down almost to the blushing tip of his nose. "Why, look at his spectacles!" continued the agitated orator—"is he using them? No—he saves them." The artist in economy was among the slain on the morning of the twenty-seventh, while his triumphant rival will soon have a chance of scattering the good Canadian dollars among those who sent him to Ottawa.

* * *

THE DRIVES ARE ON KELLY.

A WEEK or two before the people of this vast Dominion created much noise and dust on their journey to the polls, several well-known Canadians were discussing the prospects as they stood near a historic corner of the Capital. That Jehu, known to all political circles in Ottawa, Charles Kelly whose cab was constantly patronised in the old days by Sir John Macdonald and Sir Charles Tupper, is a Conservative of the old school, and expressed himself as hopeful of Mr. R. L. Borden's triumph. "I'll tell you, Charlie," said a Toronto visitor, "if Borden gets in, you'll get three times the ordinary fare from me during the year."

"And if he doesn't carry the country," said Charlie briskly, "I'll drive you for nothing."

The Toronto man is now rejoicing in the prospect of a winter of free drives about the picturesque streets of our Washington of the North.

* * *

NEWSLET.

A delightful contemporary refers to Lady Wilfrid Laurier. Now, that is a new title to Canadians. We shall soon be hearing of Lady James Pliny Whitney and Lady George Drummond. There is nothing like thoroughness in the matter of titles.

Mr. Dan McGillicuddy must hand over one hundred dollars to Mr. "Calgary Eye-Opener" or go to jail with hard labour for two months. But Dan'll say it was worth it, to print just what he's been thinking for the last six months.

Lord Mount Stephen's gift of \$73,300 to Rev. Dr. Barclay of Montreal has caused more misery in the manse than anything else which has happened in Presbyterian circles. Ralph Connor absolutely refuses to be comforted.

* * *

A GENTLE REMINDER.

MR. LOWRY is a man with a moderate income and one child, a boy of eleven or twelve years, whom he is already sending to a French master, who is accustomed to be paid every Monday. Recently Mr. Lowry sent Henry to his lesson without the usual bank-note. That evening the father did as he always does—looked over the boy's exercise, and this is what he found Henry doing his best to put

into Parisian French: "I have no money. The week is up. Have you no money? Has your father no money? I need money. What is the day of the week? The day of the week is Monday. Does your father know the day of the week?"

* * *

AN UNFORTUNATE REPLY.

"I see," said Mr. Henry Peck mildly, "that they're trying to keep feeble-minded women from marrying."

"No woman that wasn't feeble-minded would want to marry some men," said the lady, with a glance of idle scorn.

* * *

THE ALTERNATIVE.

First Guest: "Won't you join me in requesting young Squalls to recite?"

Second Guest: "But I don't like recitations."

First Guest: "Neither do I. But if the young beggar doesn't recite he'll sing."—*New York Globe*.

* * *

SUPPRESSED SENSATIONS.

THE *Century Magazine* of New York has been obliged to suppress an article which should have illuminated the Christmas number. It was an animated interview granted by the Kaiser to an enterprising United States journalist. Now that the *Century* has come to grief, the *CANADIAN COURIER* does not mind admitting that it had secured a wildly exciting interview with Hon. G. E. Foster in the course of which that gentleman expressed his views concerning the Editor of the *Globe*. But Dr. Chown says it would simply never do for the Christmas number and so it has gone the way of other too-interesting material.

* * *

A WITTY BISHOP.

BISHOP BURGESS of the Long Island Diocese of the Protestant Episcopal Church, is one of the few graduates of the University of Oxford among American clergymen, and so entitled to wear the Oxford hood.

At a service recently, another bishop, also an Oxford man, nodded toward the officiating clergyman, and whispered excitedly to Bishop Burgess:

"Why, look, he has got an Oxford hood on!"

"So he has," said Bishop Burgess.

"But he is not entitled to it. He has no Oxford degree. That man is wearing a lie on his back."

"Don't call it a lie," said Bishop Burgess, "call it a false hood."—*Short Stories*.

* * *

NO ADVERTISING.

"But look here," said the indignant antiquary, "in my article on early Grecian sculpture I distinctly mentioned Phidias. Why has his name been deleted?"

The editor smiled quietly. "When," he said, "you find old man Phidias getting his work advertised in this paper under five shillings a line you come right around and let me know."

* * *

CAMPAIGN CROPS.

"When we are enjoying the fruits of victory," said the campaign solicitor, "you will be sorry you denied us a campaign contribution."

"No, sir," answered Mr. Dustin Stax. "For men in my circumstances the fruits of victory too frequently prove to be lemons."—*Washington Star*.

* * *

A CHEAP BLOWOUT.

A canny old Scotchman, MacDougal,
Who, like all of his people, was frugal,

Whene'er he felt fine,
'Stead of ordering wine
Would go blow himself on a bugle.

—*Success*.

* * *



The Br

What he wished to be.

What he became.—Punch.

PEOPLE AND PLACES

VANCOUVER is able to show eastern cities some things by way of respect for local history. The Carnegie Library Museum there contains enough western historical souvenirs to tell the story of discovery and development in the West without a single line in a book. Here may be seen the portrait of Simon Fraser and of Captain Cook; complete collections of old Hudson's Bay forts of the earliest period; characters in that great drama—men and women of the early time, the way-makers; picture of the first white woman born in British Columbia; Captain Vancouver also—the doughty, God-fearing mariner who explored Vancouver waters and left a name to the island and city, is there in all his pious glory. Afterwards comes modern history; the makers of politics in that land; members and premiers. More interesting yet is the representation of the trade routes; the old pack trains; the wheel-barrow pack train from Yale to Barkerville—and a hundred other things which show that in the matter of estimating and glorifying the deeds of the pathmakers in the land, the city of Vancouver has much to teach the cities of the east.

S. T. THOMAS, Ont., however, is strong on historical matters; not having a large museum or such a wealth of history and geography to draw upon, the local historians and annalists of the Talbot Street settlement have formed a society which has done a great deal to preserve the memory of the regime of old Colonel Talbot, the dictator

he was appointed to the position of botanical and entomological expert at the Experimental Farm in Ottawa. Mr. Fletcher belonged to half a dozen botanical societies and wrote extensively upon subjects that are rather neglected by the average Canadian.

TWELVE lives in five days, from October 30th to November 3rd inclusive, is the death toll on the National Transcontinental, between Ingolf and Dryden, a distance of one hundred miles. At this rate last winter's record will be trebled, and the cost of the new cross-continent road will have to be recorded in human lives as well as dollars and cents. Investigation has proven that all the accidents that have occurred are due to causes which may be classified under one of four heads, namely, the employment of incapable men in handling dynamite; the probable use of an inferior grade of dynamite; the lack of proper facilities for thawing dynamite; and general carelessness in the handling of deadly explosives, the result of too great familiarity. The recent loss of twelve lives in five days was due to one or more of the above mentioned causes. The report of the death of two men on Parsons' work near Vermilion Bay on October 30th, was the first intimation that the winter's list of casualties had commenced, and although it was expected that reports of deaths singly and in couples would be received every few days as the season progressed, no one was prepared for the terrible hap-

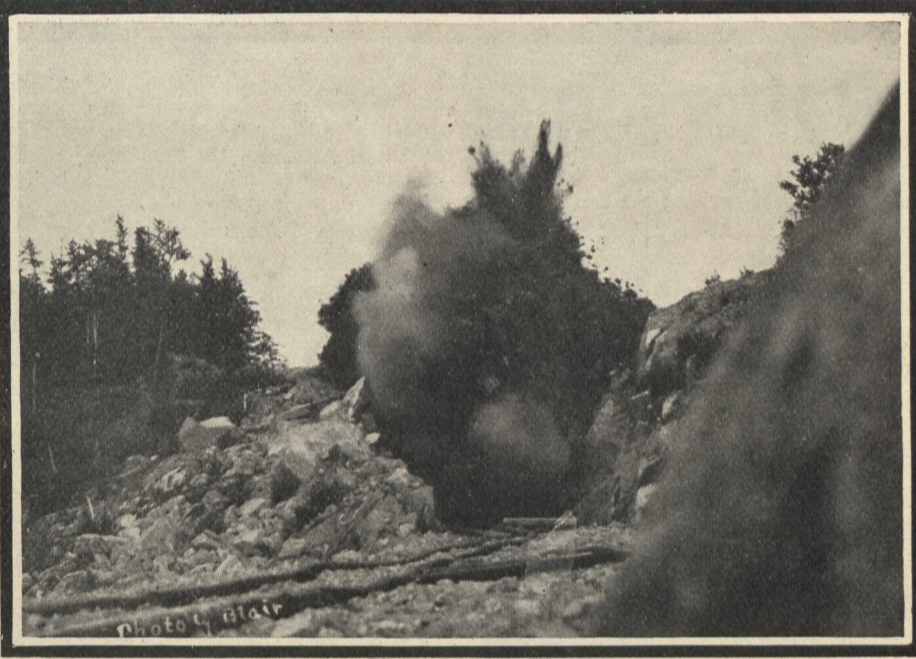
interests of humanity, draw forth some action. The Transcontinental Railway is a national work. The nation is made responsible for these fatalities. Canada has a Department of Justice with the fullest possible facilities for investigation of such conditions and the department will doubtless make a move in view of the list of appalling accidents.

THRILLINGLY weird was the experience of a St. John citizen one night last week. Just about to go to sleep this citizen and his wife were startled by a strange noise in the room; a flitting of nocturnal wings with a cold swish-swish that quite decided the citizen, who was not much on natural history, that if the thing wasn't a bat it was surely an owl. So he got out of bed and started a battle with the creature. First thing he got hold of was a hair brush which he hurled at the swishing object with such force that he missed his aim and the brush fell upon the bed, whereat the woman in the case screamed and tried to hide beneath the clothes of the bed; but in so doing the brush managed to wriggle inside and the bristles of it coming in contact with her arm made her certain that the beast which her husband was chasing had got into the bed. By this time the citizen had brought the pillows into the line of fire; with one of these he managed to bring down the flying beast. The swish of the wings ceased and the light was turned on.

"Well, wouldn't that jar you!" said the man



After the Explosion—From a photograph taken on the N. T. Ry, just east of Kenora, where so many fatalities have occurred.



The Explosion—An unusual picture taken on the N. T. Ry, showing the tremendous force of each blast.

of a century ago. The Elgin Historical Society is one of the liveliest things of its kind in Canada. Next year in all probability there will be a celebration in that part of the country to commemorate the opening of the famous Talbot Road, the once military highway, which has as much historic value in that part of Canada as the old stone Roman roads in England. Of course interest in this sort of agreeable research is kept up largely by a few people, chief among whom are Judge Ermatinger and Mr. James Coyne, both long members of the society and both historical enthusiasts without superiors anywhere in Canada.

THE recent death of Mr. James Fletcher has removed a man who knew more than any other in the country of the world of flowers and insects—a realm in which he happily wandered. Mr. James Fletcher was not a statesman; he never had anything to do with making history in the House of Commons; he was never in newspaper head-lines; but he spent his life studying the insect and plant life of Canada. Not so much as a poetic enthusiast, perhaps, but more of a practical man who while he saw the beauty of insects and flowers was able to trace the intimate relations between the same so as to discover things of great practical benefit to farmers and fruit growers and horticulturists. He was born in Ashe, Kent County, England; coming to Canada in 1874 he entered a bank; two years later entered the Parliamentary Library in Ottawa. Soon afterwards he was made honorary entomologist in the Department of Agriculture, and in 1887

penings of the following Tuesday when ten men's lives were sacrificed. The first accident was a straight case of an explosion in a thawing-house. While this class of accident is not infrequent, it is not as common as the premature explosions out on the work, which in many cases can be indirectly traced to the thawing-house. One of these two victims was thawing some dynamite, the house being heated by the usual wood stove, while his companion was chopping wood outside. The explosion wiped them both out of existence. The exact cause will never be known, and although it may have been due to a spark flying out upon a stick the probable cause was an explosion of the gases formed by the drying dynamite.

The accident north of Dryden is without doubt one of the worst in the history of the road. Here were seven men toiling contentedly at their work and the next moment without an instant's warning were hurled into eternity, their bodies buried under masses of rock which it took hours of superhuman effort to remove. The morning of that same day three more lives were snuffed out north of Ingolf. The men were drilling and the point of their drill evidently struck the base of an old hole, the full charge of which had not exploded. The contact of steel with dynamite is always fatal. The fact that all the dynamite in the old hole had not exploded, itself points to a defect in the explosive, and most likely it was not thawed out when the shot was fired and so remained a menace to life.

These incidents should on behalf of the labourers on the National Transcontinental and in the broader

who was not up to much on natural history.

"What is the horrid thing, dear?" asked the woman.

"Nothing but a confounded moth!"

The moth, however, was a Canadian Giant Moth, and is now one of the decorations in the window of a St. John barber shop.

WINTER wheat in Ontario adds nearly eighteen millions of bushels to the aggregate yield of more than a hundred million bushels in Canada. At the same time, the banner province produced more than a hundred million bushels of oats. Wheat is no longer even a staple in Ontario agriculture. It really doesn't matter vitally whether the Ontario farmer raises wheat or not, except that winter wheat makes good flour, especially when mixed with spring wheat from the West. Mixed farming and the raising of stock has turned acres into hay and roots and ensilage corn that used to be devoted to wheat. In the old days the farmer worried the liver out of himself trying to get twenty-five acres of land plowed for fall wheat. If the weather was dry and the land was hard the farmer got about ten acres in by the first week in September and hardscrabbled in ten more by October; half of it got heaved by the frost; weeds and chess grew on the vacant places; and half the rest of the crop got rust and shrunk before threshing time came. But the farmer understands better how to raise wheat now, in a time when he has managed to find out that wheat is no longer the main source of revenue.

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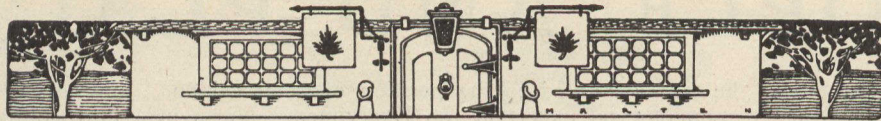
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AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE



Mlle Lerner, a talented Russian Pianist, who is coming to Canada this season.

EVERY once in a while someone arises to make frightened remarks regarding that creature whom no one has seen—the New Woman. In truth, she is like Sairey Gamp's convenient "Mrs. Harris" and exists only in the imagination of the sensational paragrapher. The New Woman is only the Old Eve, after all, and will never forsake the dainty ways of femininity to walk in sterner masculine paths. She may earn her own living in ways of which our grandmothers never dreamed, but she will not forget the primitive pastimes of her sex—and she usually returns, sooner or later, to the domestic ways of which the author of "Proverbs" thoroughly approves.

There was a time when the woman who addressed a few words to the public was regarded with a mixture of curiosity and condemnation. Woman might talk as long and incoherently as she pleased in private and go uncensured.

But when a woman of breeding and education ventured to express her views on subjects beyond the kitchen or the pantry to any assembly approaching the dimensions of an audience, she was satirised and caricatured as a being who would fain snatch the livelihood of man. However, that phase of feminine experiment has safely passed and the woman who has ideas of her own on music, literature, drama or economics and who knows how to express them is sure of a respectful hearing.

Yet there is an essential difference between the masculine address and the feminine—a difference which is piquant and suggestive. The environment is so utterly of the home-making sex when woman gives a lecture or a "lecturette." That courtly Hebrew, Lord Disraeli, once said: "It takes woman to make a drawing-room; man can only make a library." Into the address on art, domestic science or Bernard Shaw, the true woman brings the atmosphere of the drawing-room—the background of soft hangings, pictures and flowers. All these reflections came to mind on a Friday evening in October as I listened to a gentle voice discourse on modern drama in a room where everything spoke of domestic and artistic grace. And when a musical maid played an exquisite Schumann nocturne as interlude, one felt assured that whatever modern woman may choose as her sphere, she will make it unmistakably feminine and alluring.

* * *
HOTEL MANNERS.

A WOMAN visitor from the United States to Canada recently remarked: "I am so sorry that hotel manners are invading Canada. They are not pretty." She proceeded to point out unobtrusively a matron whose elbows rested indolently on the dinner-table as she drank her coffee. The said matron had shapely arms, gleaming bracelets and a profusion of diamond rings. But the effect was ungraceful and loud.

"Now," continued the United States visitor, "we consider our mother's instruction, 'keep your elbows off the table,' prim and old-fashioned. But there was a good deal of common-sense, as well as correct breeding in the advice. That woman is likely to spill coffee on her delicate lace sleeves before dinner is over. Hotel manners are nearly always slovenly and Bohemian."

"I don't know," said another visitor from Uncle Sam's territory. "Some men get their first lessons in table etiquette from observing the guests at a really good hotel."

"Such men are to be pitied," said the first speaker with dignity. "The dining-room at home is the place to learn how to eat."

* * *
THE NATIONAL COUNCIL.

THE National Council of Women has been meeting in Ottawa, reviewing the work accomplished and the work to be done by the various feminine organisations therein represented. The delegates who meet at that council are fine examples of sane, progressive womanhood, no faddists who believe in

"Expecting all things in an hour—
Brass mouths and iron lungs."

The federation of societies, towards which Lady Aberdeen did so much, in the days when the present Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland was Governor-General of Canada, has become a large and effective body which will doubtless go far towards organising and unifying the industrial and charitable work of women's societies. At the head of the National Council of Canada is Lady Edgar, whose literary and legislative ability has always been at the service of this country, of which her late husband Sir James Edgar was a distinguished citizen. In 1909 the International Council will meet in Toronto—the most notable feminine gathering to be held in that City of Conventions.

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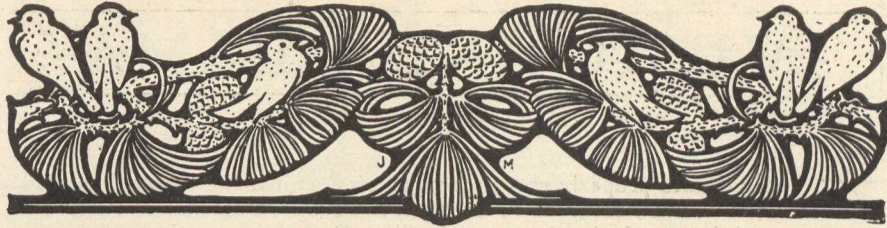
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FOR THE CHILDREN

A SENSE OF SMELL.

CONSTANCE M. LOWE.

The sense of smell may often be
Excited very pleasantly,
For when one sees a lovely rose,
Oh! what a blessing is a nose!—*Little Folks.*

* * *



Little Sister Sue.

* * *

SUSAN'S GREEN BOW.

BY ALICE TURNER CURTIS.

SUSAN was in the country on a visit to Grandmother Dodge, and the little girl was quite sure that there was no more lovely place in the whole world than the brown farmhouse, with the white porch over the front door and the big piazza on the side.

Susan could play about the green yard and in the big barn, and had her playhouse under one of the big trees in a corner of the pasture; and although there were no other children for her to play with, she was never lonely.

One reason why Susan enjoyed her playhouse so much was on account of a goat that was pastured in the next field. A high board fence was between the field and the pasture, and Susan's playhouse was close to the fence.

The goat would sometimes try to poke his head in between the fence boards, but never quite succeeded.

One day Susan tired of playing with her pieces of broken china, her bright tin dipper and the rag doll, Dinah, who was always such agreeable company, and began to wonder what she would do next. She looked toward the high board fence and saw the goat feeding in a distant part of the field, and as Susan watched the goat she remembered how funny it always looked when it tried to get its head in between the low boards.

"I know I could get my head between those boards," said Susan to Dinah, putting up her hands to tie the lovely green-ribbon bow more securely. It was a new ribbon. Grandmother Dodge had brought it home from the village only the day before.

"Now watch me, Dinah!" commanded Susan, standing the rag doll where her eyes of black beads were fixed directly on the fence; and then Susan tipped her smooth brown head and slid it carefully through between the boards. Then she tried to lift it a bit, thinking gleefully that she was really smarter than the goat, and hoping the goat would see her.

The goat did see her. The nodding green ribbon waved suggestively between the fence boards. "O-ho!" said the goat. "Another bunch of green grass for me!"

Susan had just decided to go back to play, but, some way, she could not tip her head so easily with the board fence holding it so closely. She moved this way and that, making the green ribbon wave invitingly, so that the goat came faster and faster, and in a moment Susan felt a fierce tug on her hair.

"Oh!" screamed Susan. "The goat will eat off my head!" And she twisted her head so quickly and screamed so loudly that not only did the goat jump back in surprise, but Susan found her head free again, and stood up straight on her own side of the board fence, and looked reproachfully at the goat, from whose mouth hung an end of her beautiful green hair ribbon!

The goat looked so solemn and chewed on the ribbon so perseveringly that the little girl forgot to be sorry about her loss, and laughed aloud.

"Old billy-goat thought it was a new kind of grass," she confided to Dinah, as she brushed the hair back from her face and started home across the pasture to tell Grandmother Dodge.—*Youth's Companion.*

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NO FEES—NO PRIZES

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MUSIC AND DRAMA

A PLAY with scenes from the Emerald Isle is almost certain of popularity. In the United States, during the last few years, there have been—quite properly so—strong protests against the "stage Irishman"—the hideous creature of exaggerated brogue and doubtful wit, who has appeared frequently in cheap vaudeville. But the romantic Irish play is entirely another story and the public, Hibernian or Caledonian, is always glad of its coming. A production of this class will be seen by Toronto theatre-goers during the week beginning November 23rd, when "Ragged Robin" will be presented at the Princess Theatre with Mr. Chauncey Olcott in the title role. It affords a vivid and faithful picture of life in the Green Isle in the early part of the last century and, interwoven with the everyday happenings of peasant life, are delightful bits of fairy and folk lore, illustrated by songs and elfin dances and enhanced by a picturesque background. Mr. Pitou, who has placed many fine productions in Irish drama on the stage, has spared neither pains nor money to make this performance a spectacular triumph. The songs composed for "Ragged Robin" by Mr. Olcott are said to be gems of melody—among the most popular he has written.

THE Goodman play, "The Test," in which Miss Blanche Walsh appeared as luminary, has not been especially popular in Canada. It was played at His Majesty's Theatre in Montreal and at the Princess, Toronto. Miss Walsh does not improve in artistic restraint and suggestion with the passing of the years and is becoming known in a type of play, more strenuous than satisfying. "The Test" belongs to the class known popularly as "problem" plays and fails to present coherently any complication worth consideration.

ON November 12th was given the first of a series of recitals to be held at the Royal Alexandra Theatre, Toronto, for the benefit of the Hospital for Sick Children and the Toronto Free Hospital for Consumptives. The theatre company has generously denoted the use of its handsome auditorium and the recitals are to be under the personal direction of Mr. Harry Girard. Miss Agnes Cain-Brown, Miss Louise Le Baron, Mr. Carl Haydn and Mr. Tom Daniel are the well-known artists in the recital programmes and the most prominent citizens are extending their patronage.

THE two concerts to be given by the Schubert Choir in Massey Hall, Toronto, on February 22nd and 23rd will be two of the most notable musical events of the season, as they will mark the only appearance of Mr. Emil Paur and the Pittsburg Orchestra in Toronto. Mr. Paur has just completed his new symphony, "In Der Natur," which will be played at one of the concerts in addition to other orchestral novelties.

The chorus of the society will sing the following numbers with orchestra: Mozart's opera, "King Thomas," "Kaiser March," Wagner, "The Shepherds' Chorus" and the "Hunting Chorus" from *Rosemunde*, the "Battle Hymn" from *Rienzi* and the dramatic "Liberty" by Eaton Faning. The unaccompanied numbers will include "Weary Wind of the West," eight parts, Elgar, "Cradle Song," six parts, Brahms, "Who is Sylvia?" six parts, Schubert, "Up, Up, Ye Dames," Leslie, "King Arthur Had Three Sons," Boughton, and four vocal dances, "Tender Music all Inviting," "Her True Love She Greeteth," "As Dewdrops at Morn," and "Hark Silver Bells Chiming," by Schubert.

THE members of the Sheffield Choir, on their return to England, may speak with truth of the appreciative audiences in Canada but they will be able to say little regarding hotel accommodation. According to all reports from Hamilton and Ottawa, the arrangements for the "comfort" of the visitors left a great deal to be desired. In fact, our "Mendelssohnians" who go to Buffalo and New York would hardly put up with such accommodation as was provided for the English visitors. The latter took the situation cheerfully but certain Canadian observers were moved to wonder where the management went wrong.

M. MAURICE MAETERLINCK, who, it is announced, is to receive the Nobel prize for literature this year, has been called by some fanciful writer, "The Belgian Shakespeare," although there is little of the "myriad-minded" Elizabethan dramatist in the delicate fantasies which bear the Maeterlinck mark. Normandy has recently been this dramatist's home, where he has purchased the ancient Abbey of Saint Wandrille. Its ruined state has been altered to habitable conditions, without destroying the picturesqueness dear to a poet's heart. The Nobel literary prize covers a multitude of compositions, from "Barrack-Room Ballads" to "Monna Vanna."

The Sobs of a Suffragette

COULD anything be more in the nature of comic opera than the hysterical collapse of Miss Pankhurst, who, after electing to go to gaol, delivered a perfervid oration and then took refuge in tears? This is a noble champion, an impressive leader of warriors! Tears are about as futile as voting, said a pessimistic Canadian on the night of October 26th, and the lady who cannot refrain from hysterics in the police court is hardly likely to show much discretion at the polls. The "sisterhood" will probably be highly disgusted by this outburst of idle emotion but the general public will find entertainment in the scene. It really takes one back to the good old days of Amelia Sedley and Dora Copperfield when tears, fainting fits and smelling salts marked the path of the heroine. Christabel Pankhurst sounds like a good, sensible name but the owner thereof has gone to pieces just as sobfully as if she had been Amaryllis Montmorency. One could have forgiven her for many attacks on the House of Commons but her tears shall not be forgotten. Why, oh why, did not Christabel die game? One can admire a cheerful loser, an enemy whose body is found near the wall; but a weeping martyr—never! Even the woman who would consider voting a dreary nuisance had some regard for the pluck which sustained the suffragette. But her tear-stained banner is trailed in the dust.

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In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier

The Rationalisation of Pierre Corteau

(Continued from page 15)

the side of a rock, leaving no shore on which he could pursue them farther. Luckily he had saved his canoe and provisions. They had caught on a rock and thankfully he dragged them ashore. With despair in his heart he started along the course of the seventh and last river, and reached the valley from which he was rescued by us. There for three years he had lived. Wild fruit there was in plenty and for the first two years, before Lafrance had put up his netting, there were also fish. Having nothing else to do he had caught and dried hundreds of these, and many a time during the last year had blessed the day when he had thought of doing it, for without the fish he would have been hard put to it to procure sufficient food. His gun and ammunition had been saved, but he used them but seldom, for he could not tell how long he must remain there before being rescued.

Twice, hearing shots in the distance, he had fired two charges in quick succession, the distress signal of the woods, but each time the precious ammunition had been wasted without avail.

Once a deer had been brought crashing from the top of the hill, and once a moose, but very seldom would he allow himself to discharge his rifle, even for food.

He had tried to carve a way up the rock with his axe but found it impossible, and for three years had lived his hermit's life. He frequently visited the scene of his mishap, and there three days ago, he had rescued Pierre. He took him to the valley, but Pierre had no idea of living there all his life. He had Bennett take him down each river, and each exit he studied long and carefully.

At last he found one where the water was of a lighter shade. He rightly reasoned that it was the sunlight shining through, and that here there was but a few feet of water separating him from the surface.

Instructing Bennett to return to the valley, he plunged into the seething cauldron and succeeded for the second time in thwarting the river of its prey.

There is little else to be told. Pierre has regained his senses and Bennett has regained his liberty. The latter I often meet on my way to the office, and often jokingly ask if he wishes to join us the coming summer when we go to Riviere Verlac. He never does, but Rod and Jack and I inevitably go, and as we step off the train at Metapedia we are always sure to see the smiling face, and grasp the honest hand, of big, brave Pierre Corteau.

The Family of Guinness

THE famous Guinness family is no *nouveau riche* concern. The first Guinness, according to the records of the family, was alive and kicking in Ireland somewhere in the thirteenth century. Only the name then was Magennis. Along about 1300, a McGuinez, squire to some valiant knight, was himself knighted on the field of battle and was thereafter known as Sir Don Guinez. Another of the family was created Viscount Magennis of Iveagh, but the title became extinct in the seventeenth century. The fortunes of the Guinness family were laid in 1759, when Arthur Guinness, gentleman, of Dub-

lin, bought the St. James's Gate Brewery in the Irish capital from Mark Rainsford. A couple of years later he married an heiress. It was their son who married the greatest heiress of the day, the daughter of Benjamin Lee. In addition to barrels of money, she had the blue blood of Edward III. in her veins and was of the proud families of Percy, Stafford, and Mortimer. They named their son and heir Benjamin Lee Guinness, and when he came into his own he spent a fabulous sum in restoring the ruined Dublin Cathedral to its present magnificent state. For this Queen Victoria made him a baronet. The present Lord Ardilaun is his son.

Mammoth Diamonds

THE London *Chronicle* says that diamonds are getting on the public nerve with the cutting of the great Cullinan. They have split it, and are making two stones of it, and when all is done it seems that we must calculate the value in carats. It is a matter of so much a carat. And the Cullinan stone at its biggest will be worth less than four million pounds, while its little brother will be only half as valuable. And this is nothing to the "Braganza," which weighs 1680 carats in its present state, and is worth, according to the expert, more than £58,000,000. This is—we may say it bluntly—not true. You can not eat a diamond, or drink it, or sleep in it, or make any use of it but to win a woman's smile. As a solemn fact of economy, it may be asserted that there is no man on earth who would give fifty-eight million pounds for a diamond. Because there is no man on earth that will buy the thing at the price he can not sell it at. Now is there a man who will buy a diamond for fifty-eight millions on the chance of another man's wanting another woman's smile?

Sayings of School-Boys

THE humour of the school-room has a delightful fascination all its own, and its originality is undeniable. Some excellent examples are given by Arthur L. Humphreys in "Salt and Sincerity." During a Scripture lesson which was being taken by a clergyman, some boys were asked each to give a text from the Bible. One lad said: "And Judas went and hanged himself." "Well," said the reverend gentleman, "that is hardly a good text"; and pointing to another lad, asked him to give a text, and the response came: "Go thou and do likewise."

An Easy Mark

Burglars visited Mark Twain's new home at Redding, Connecticut, a few days after the humourist with his family had moved in. When informed of the nocturnal raid Mr. Clemens at once prepared the following notice and posted it on the door:

"NOTICE—To the Next Burglar: There is nothing but plated ware in this house now and henceforth. You will find it in that brass thing in the dining-room over the corner by the basket of kittens. If you want the basket, put the kittens in the brass thing. Do not make a noise—it disturbs the family. You will find rubbers in the front hall by that thing which has the umbrellas in it—chiffonier, I think they call it, or pergola, or something like that. Please close the door. Yours truly,

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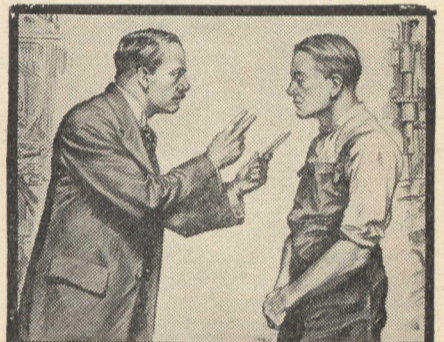
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What Canadian Editors Think

PERSONALITY IN POLITICS.

(Montreal Standard.)

THE mass meeting which shouts and cheers its approval, may not contain many voters, but even sober people are carried off their feet by tumult and popular effervescence, especially in large centres, directs the vote. Personality must always bulk in human affairs, and the Hyperion curl of Lord Beaconsfield was invaluable. The moral earnestness of Gladstone was sublime; but people remembered that though he was good he was prolix, and they turned from the homily to the brilliant epigram of his rival. Explanations as to why public opinion was so slightly affected by the appeals which the Opposition made to it during the recent campaign will be forthcoming; but it is probably not too far-fetched to suppose that the personality of Sir Wilfrid Laurier had more effect in producing the result than any well-reasoned argument. The winning smile of Sir John A. Macdonald, the cordial grasp of his hand, the delightful aspect which seemed to diffuse happiness — these features never failed to capture the people. Similarly, when Sir Wilfrid Laurier, graceful to a degree, suave, magnetic, with the classic head, the white hair, and the silver tongue, addressed the people, the gracious impression was more potent than argument. And then, too, he did not bother about figures, or the laborious elucidation of principles, which perhaps are well enough in the corner of a room. He made epigrams. He pursued a delicate vein of irony. He offered a refreshing hint of humour.

* * *

THE ENGLISHMAN IN CANADA.

(Vancouver World.)

IT is always a dangerous thing to interfere in a family quarrel. A man may roundly condemn his own kin and yet be ready to fight any outsider who agrees with him. So when in the heat of partisan warfare Canadians call each other rascals, the newcomer, be he whom he may, will do well not to applaud too loudly, still less to state his cordial agreement with both parties to the controversy. Let us put the boot on the other leg. Suppose that a Canadian went to England and proceeded to find fault with every social institution, quoting English papers in support of his animadversions (and he would have no difficulty in finding quotations) what would be thought of him by the people amongst whom he had come? One can imagine him saying to a Conservative, "The Liberal leaders are miserable statesmen, aren't they?" and the Conservative, who would cordially approve the sentiment in the mouth of another Englishman, replying, "Oh, well, you know, after all, while Balfour would make a better job of it than Asquith, still Asquith has his good points," etc., an admission he would never dream of making to an English Radical. This is the philosophy of it: we are not concerned to be perfectly fair to our own because we know that we make allowances which the stranger will not make, and we know that they know it. But because the stranger has no reservations, we are not prepared to endorse what he says, even though he but repeat what we have ourselves said. We may think and say what we please to a member of the family; that is his business and ours; but it is our business and his in quite another sense if any outsider seconds the motion. And that is why the Englishman who has been here for any length of time can

say that of things Canadian which the newcomer must not. For he has himself become Canadian in his love for the country and his liking for its people, and he will not only criticise, but defend. He is no longer an outsider.

* * *

"TEDDY" AND THE BIG GAME.

(Victoria Times.)

ACCORDING to a press despatch President Roosevelt has given an order for two hundred huntsmen's trumpets for use in his South African big game-killing campaign. That is the proper hunting idea, and again has the president demonstrated himself to be a man of infinite resource. One can picture the stirring scene that will electrify the jungle. First, there will appear a noble-looking Zulu, wearing a necklace of ivory beads and a dignified smile, mounted upon a zebra. He will have the largest of the trumpets and with a shower of golden notes will inform the denizens of the African wilds, to wit, the majestic lion, the graceful jaguar, the lordly elephant, the beauteous rubber-neck giraffe, the gorilla (image of Standard Oil), the reticulated rhinoceros, the portly hippopotamus, the generous mouthed crocodile and the elongated boa-constrictor, that Mr. Roosevelt is due to arrive. Then there will follow one hundred and ninety-nine Matabele, mounted on ostriches, who will drown the roar of the Zambesi with a fanfare such as even the walls of Jericho never heard, and, lastly, in an armoured train, equipped with four 12-inch, two 9-2 inch and several quick-firing pieces of ordnance, the president will appear. From the conning tower Mr. Roosevelt will direct operations. At the sound of the trumpets the aforesaid denizens of the jungle will form in serried ranks and march majestically across the dead line—as advertised in the native journals—chanting

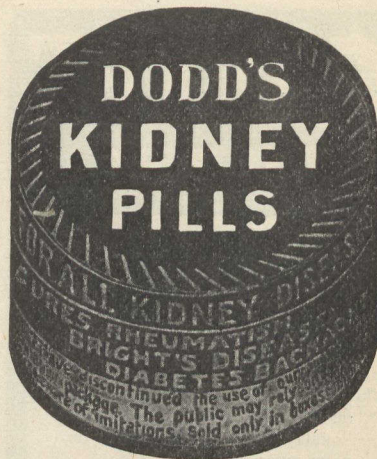
"Ave, Caesar Imperator,
Morituri te Salutant!"

* * *

THE ARCH ANTI-IMPERIALIST.

(British Whig, Kingston.)

WHAT a pity it is that "the grand old man," as Goldwin Smith is affectionately called by many persons, cannot forget some things, or cannot be induced to refrain from discussing them! They are unpopular. He does not care for that, and does not, it is assumed, care how many agree or disagree with him. He has been writing to the Manchester Guardian, a paper with a large circulation, and giving shape to a very distinguished heresy. It is antiquated also. He does not see the sense of the imperialists trying to "detach Canada from the hemisphere to which it belongs." It need not be detached in order to grow patriotically into closer union with the mother country. His idea is that sooner or later Canada will become a part and parcel of the United States of America, its population of six millions becoming lost among the eighty odd millions in the republic to the south of it. This is not a new idea. It has been hugged, as a precious thing, by Mr. Smith for many long years, and the expression of it has at last become tolerable. Some years ago there was a violent protest against it. The Whig recalls when the Sons of England repudiated the unpatriotic sentiment in most emphatic language. The average Canadian has bright visions of the future, and he is surprised that Mr. Smith does not see things in the same way and write accordingly.



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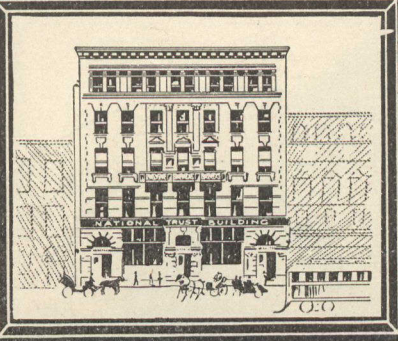
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From a financial standpoint the Grand Trunk Railway System is the largest organization in Canada, and one of the greatest in the British Empire—the total capitalization of the Grand Trunk and its subsidiary lines being \$353,268,487. Including the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway the total capital at June 30th, 1908, was the enormous sum of \$447,898,932 for the entire Grand Trunk and Grand Trunk Pacific System of Railways.

The present total mileage of the Grand Trunk, including its subsidiary lines, is 5,300 miles, with a double track mileage of 1,035, which makes it not only the longest double track railway in Canada, but the longest continuous double track railway under one management in the world.


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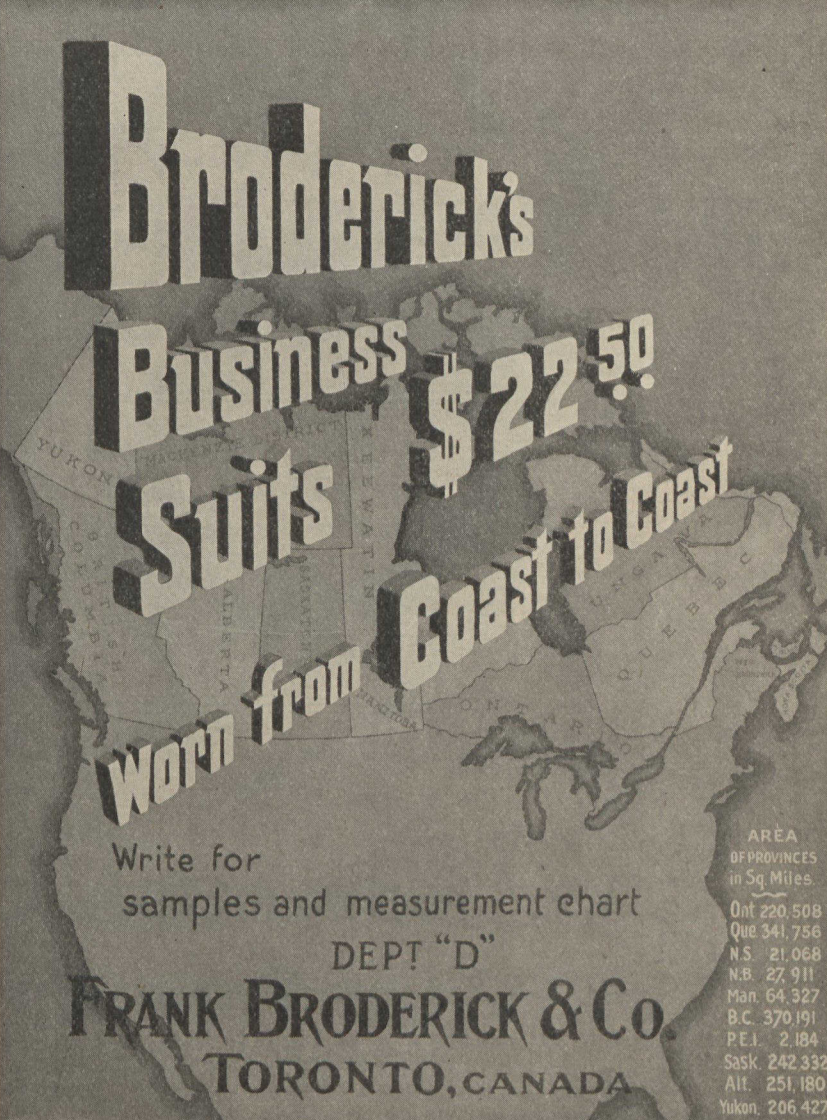
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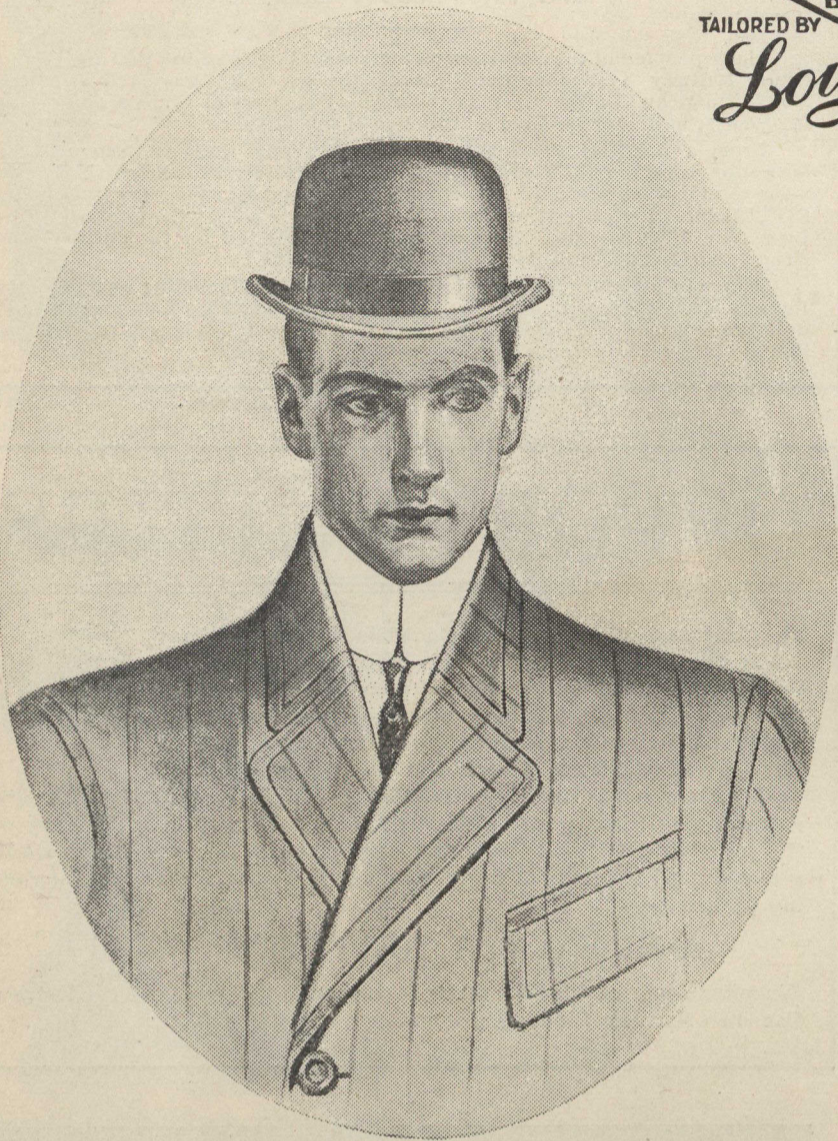
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