

The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly



SPORTSMEN'S NUMBER

EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER.

COURIER PRESS, Limited, TORONTO.

The Countess Shoe

WE have introduced a new shoe recently and it has given satisfaction. Our idea was to rival the best American shoes for women and save our customers the duty.

Try ordering a pair of these shoes by mail. We are convinced that you will not be disappointed.



Four Dollars for Boots—Three-Fifty for Oxfords

These five styles were picked from over 100 different models from the United States, Canada and elsewhere. Made in the popular sizes and widths. Our own shoe, and we think it will do us credit.

Cut out the style you like and send in your order, giving size and width required :

<p style="text-align: center;">W 56.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">D 54.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">X 58.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">L 57.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">A 58.</p>
<p>Patent Colt, Blucher, Goodyear welt, creased vamp, high Cuban heel, dull mat calf top, medium and extra heavy oak tanned soles, B, C and D widths.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">\$4.00</p>	<p>Vici Kid, Blucher, Goodyear welt, high Cuban heel, patent toe-cap, medium and extra heavy oak tanned soles, B, C and D widths.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">\$4.00</p>	<p>Vici Kid, buttoned, Goodyear welt, patent toe-caps, high Cuban heel, B, C, D and E widths.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">\$4.00</p>	<p>Patent Kid, Balmoral style, Goodyear Welt, dull mat, kid top, high Cuban heels, B, C, D and E widths.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">\$4.00</p>	<p>Vici Kid, Balmoral style, Goodyear welted soles, high Cuban and common sense heels, patent and kid toe-caps, B, C, D and E widths.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">\$4.00</p>
<p>Send Picture with your Order</p>	<p>Send Picture with your Order</p>	<p>Send Picture with your Order</p>	<p>Send Picture with your Order</p>	<p>Send Picture with your Order</p>

H. H. FUDGER,
President.
J. WOOD,
Manager.

THE
ROBERT

SIMPSON
TORONTO - CANADA

COMPANY,
LIMITED

August 3rd.
Dept. CC

To Fish, Flesh and Fowl

LEA and PERRINS' SAUCE



adds the taste of perfection.

Ask any honest grocer for THE BEST SAUCE—He is sure to give you LEA & PERRINS'.

J. M. DOUGLAS & CO., (ESTABLISHED 1857), MONTREAL, CANADIAN AGENTS.

CUT DOWN MEATS AND PASTRIES IN THE SUMMER DAYS AND USE

SHREDDED WHEAT

It will tone up your system and supply the nourishing, health-giving properties necessary to withstand the enervating effects of hot weather.

Try BISCUIT with Fresh Fruits or Creamed Vegetables.

All Grocers—13c. a Carton; 2 for 25c.

A Great Prize for Some One.

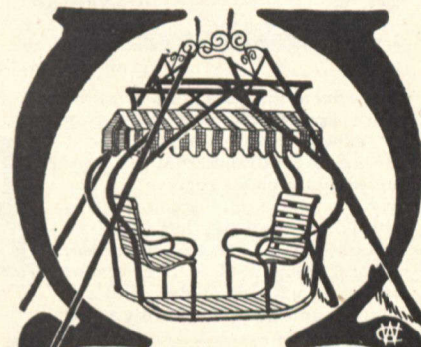
A YEAR at a
CANADIAN
UNIVERSITY
Absolutely Free

1. This will include board, fees, books and a fair allowance for pocket money.

2. Open to all matriculants and undergraduates of any recognized Arts or Theological College in the Dominion. Expenses paid while the contest is going on.

3. Write or telegraph for full particulars to the Head Office of **The Canadian Courier**, 61 Victoria Street, Toronto—Canada's National Illustrated Weekly. This Competition begins August 10th and closes October 10th. Every student who enters will make money.

WRITE TO-DAY.



Hours of Comfort and Safety

are in store for the happy folks who own an *Eagle Steel Lawn Swing*. It gives a new idea of comfort. Constructed on an entirely new principle it swings as lightly as a feather in the breeze; safe as a baby's cradle; comfortable as an easy chair. No matter how high or low, fast or slow you swing, the seats remain upright. No tilting backward or forward. Perfect mechanism. Substantial frame of carbon steel prevents all accidents.

EAGLE STEEL LAWN SWING

is made for service and hard wear. The seats can be turned back to any angle. If you desire the table or steel head rests, we have them for you. It is not a cheap, one season affair, but a swing built to last a lifetime. Nothing to get out of order. When folded occupies but little space. A child can set it up or take it down in a few minutes. Artistically finished and every part perfect.

Write for Booklet

Ontario Wind Engine & Pump Co. Limited
TORONTO

Scarboro Beach

The CITY of ENCHANTMENT
SWEPT BY LAKE BREEZES

Come and picnic in our beautiful grove, situated on the best sand beach on Lake Ontario, shallow water for bathing.

BIG OPEN AIR SHOW

Afternoon and Evening.
Refined Acts. All Novelties.

RAVEN AND HIS CONCERT BAND

FORTY PICKED MUSICIANS IN
REPertoire OF POPULAR MUSIC

Scenic Railway, Shoot the Chutes, San Francisco Earthquake, Infant Incubator Institute, House of Nonsense, Bump the Bumps, Laughing Gallery, Third Degree, Electric Theatre, Roller Rink, etc.

School Superintendents write for details
TORONTO PARK COMPANY

Electrical Heating Devices FOR THE HOUSEHOLD



3-pound Flat Iron for
Sewing Room or Nursery

RELIABILITY AND ECONOMY

The heating and cooking appliances designed and manufactured by the Canadian General Electric Company mark a new epoch in domestic science in that they employ electricity to generate heat with absolute reliability and (when properly used) with excellent economy. They are SAFE even in the hands of the unskillful, and are practically INDESTRUCTIBLE.

Serviceability has been a SINE QUA NON in the design of these appliances, and they may be expected to withstand about the same treatment that ordinary household utensils receive. They will not "burn out" when the current is thoughtlessly left "on," although such practise is, of course, not recommended. The dishes are made without solder, and the heating unit has remarkably LONG LIFE.



6-inch Stove

The Canadian General Electric Co'y, Limited

14-16 East King Street, TORONTO, Ont.

Art Electric Fixtures



THE cheapness of electric light in Toronto makes it possible to do away with old methods of lighting for the home.

☞ The cheapness of our art electric fixtures enables you to get the artistic effect you want at small cost.

☞ A visit to our art show rooms will repay you.

The Toronto Electric Light Co'y Limited

12 Adelaide Street East

TORONTO

The Sovereign Bank of Canada

Head Office - TORONTO
Executive Office, MONTREAL

Capital Paid up, 3,000,000.00
Reserve Fund, 1,255,000.00

DIRECTORS:

AEMILIUS JARVIS - President
RANDOLPH MACDONALD - 1st Vice-President
A. A. ALLAN - 2nd Vice-President
HON. D. McMILLAN
HON. PETER McLAREN
ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL, M.P.
W. K. McNAUGHT, M.P.P.
A. E. DYMENT, M.P.
ALEXANDER BRUCE, K.C.

Savings Departments at all Branches

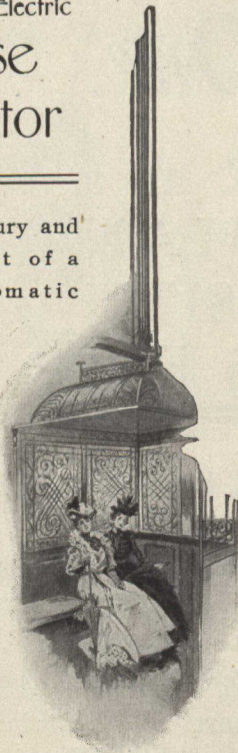
Interest paid 4 times a year

NEW YORK AGENCY - 25 Pine Street
C. E. LANSKAIL, Agent

"OTIS"

Automatic Electric
House
Elevator

☞ The luxury and comfort of a modern automatic house elevator can hardly be over-estimated. Absolute safety and the highest degree of refinement are found in the "Otis." Enquire of us about them.



Otis-Fensom Elevator Co. Limited

Head Office - TORONTO
Offices in Principal Cities

"STERLING" PURE PREPARED PAINTS



For the beautifying of your homes. Made of best materials—elastic and durable. For sale by the best hardware stores. STERLING in name; STERLING in quality.

MANUFACTURED BY
CANADIAN OIL COMPANY
LIMITED

TORONTO

Montreal Ottawa Winnipeg St. John



CHILDREN THRIVE—

grow strong and active—on pure, wholesome Bread. That's the kind of Bread you can bake from **PURITY FLOUR.** It's full of nutriment, because it is milled entirely from the very finest Western Canada Hard Wheat in the best equipped flour mills in the world. It makes tasty and wholesome Bread, and it never disappoints in the baking.

Sold Everywhere in the Great Dominion
WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS CO. LIMITED
MILLS AT WINNIPEG, GODERICH, BRANDON



Underwood

Anything that saves time, labor or money, is a means of profit. The UNDERWOOD does all three and is a very decided means of profit.

This is especially true of the UNDERWOOD BILLER. Have you seen the book about it. A copy free.

United Typewriter Company Ltd.
7-9 Adelaide Street East
TORONTO

THERE ARE MANY BAKING POWDERS



"THE LIGHT OF THE KITCHEN"

BUT THERE IS ONLY ONE

MAGIC BAKING POWDER

It is Pure, Wholesome and Economical
SOLD IN ALL SIZES.

E.W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED
TORONTO, ONT.

The
Canadian Courier
A National Weekly

Subscription: Canada and Great Britain, \$2.50 a Year; United States, \$3.00 a Year.
61 Victoria Street - TORONTO

CONTENTS

Topics of the Day 7
Reflections 8
Through a Monocle..... 10
Blake's Farewell..... 11
Halifax Regatta..... 12
Interviewing the Partridge..... 13
Black Game and Capercaillie.... 14
Records of a Great Hunter 15
The Haste of Joe Savarin, Story. 17
The Golden Flood, Story..... 20
At the Sign of the Maple..... 21
Demi-Tasse 22
Peculiarities..... 24
Children's Column..... 29
Literary Notes..... 30

Editor's Talk

UNIVERSITY students everywhere in Canada will be interested in the advertisement on page three of this issue. The Canadian Courier wants circulation and desires to be known in every part of Canada. It is becoming known. The circulation this week is 250 copies larger than last week. At this rate of increase, we would add 13,000 in a year. This, however, is not sufficiently large to suit us. We want 25,000 new subscribers in the next twelve months. We intend to get them, if energy and ambition and capital can secure them.

Next week, there will be some pictorial features of more than ordinary interest. Mr. C. W. Jefferys has been in the West taking photographs and making drawings for this journal. One of the best full pages ever published in a Canadian paper will appear next week as the first instalment of his work. The visit of the British artillerymen will also be pictured in striking form.

Congratulations are continuing to pour in—congratulations on covers and on the general pictorial features. We hope that these are but the beginning because we believe that the covers and pictorial features of future issues will be superior in many ways to those which have already set the country talking.

Windsor SALT

is all salt. Every grain is a pure, dry, clean crystal. That is why it never cakes—dissolves instantly—and goes farther than any other.

Insist on having
—WINDSOR
SALT.

Read a FREE Book about better ceilings. Tells of two thousand designs for every sort of structure from a cathedral to a warehouse—proves why our ceilings cost less. Get the book. Ask our nearest office.

The PEDLAR People Established 1861. (304)
Oshawa Montreal Ottawa Toronto London Winnipeg

At Dainty Luncheons and all social gatherings, serve **CAILLERS.** Its distinctive delicacy delights; its richness satisfies. The guests never forget the **CAILLER "taste."**



(Pronounced Ka-ler)
comes in various forms and artistic packages: Croquettes, Eating Cakes, Drinking Chocolates, Bonbons, Dessert Chocolate. Pure, fresh, exquisite.

WM. H. DUNN
SOLE AGENT AND IMPORTER
MONTREAL

VALUE

☞ Fifty per cent. of the selling value of a Catalogue rests with the printer. Our proven boast has been to make always "something better."

☞ If your lines sell at the same figure as Mr. Opposition's and his catalogue has yours beaten to a whimper, who will get the mail orders? You won't.

☞ Next time write

The **Acton Publishing Co. Limited**
Jas. 59-61 John Street, Toronto, Can.

Enamelware Headquarters

BATHS RANGE CLOSETS
SINKS RANGE
LAVATORIES URINALS



A Full Line always on hand.
Quotations cheerfully furnished.

SOMERVILLE LIMITED

59 Richmond Street East, TORONTO, ONT.

MAJESTIC METAL POLISH



MAKES WORK LIGHT
MAIDS KNOW IT
CLEANS QUICKLY
& EASILY.

See that
the name
"MAJESTIC"
is on
every tin.

ASK YOUR DEALER
FOR MAJESTIC



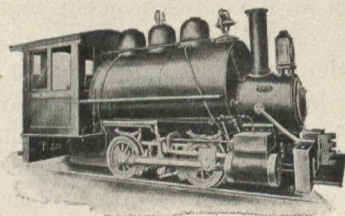
"Sal =va= dor"

Does not need to be introduced. It is well known.

From the time it was **ORIGINALLY** put on the market it easily led, so far as a Malt beverage was concerned, in the estimation of the connoisseurs. This lead it still holds by reason of the fact that the utmost care is exercise in the selection of the several ingredients that enter into its makeup, namely, the **CHOICEST BARLEY**, the **CHOICEST HOPS**, and **FILTERED WATER**—the utmost cleanliness being observed—all departments being under the superintendence of the **ONLY** Brewmaster in Canada who came from the original "Salvador" Brewery, Munich, Germany, Mr. Lothar Reinhardt, and so we say

"Salvador" Forever!

REINHARDT & CO.
2 - 22 MARK ST. - TORONTO



LOCOMOTIVES

For All Purposes

All Sizes. Prompt Shipment.

STEEL RAILS

All Weights in Stock.

Contractors' Supplies

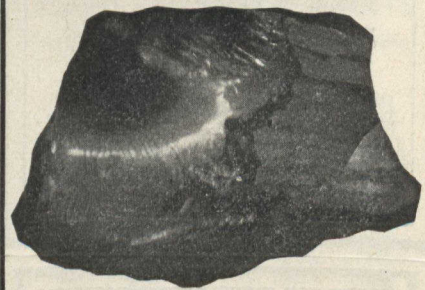
Of Any Description.

Let us have your enquiry.
Catalog sent on application.

F.H. Hopkins & Co

MONTREAL

GOOD COAL



for you, no matter where you are. Our business is not local by any means. In order to get good results you must burn good fuel. We know our coal has more heat units to the ton than any other coal on the market, so if you wish to obtain a reliable fuel—a coal which we guarantee to give satisfaction in every respect you might as well stipulate for your coal through your dealer or order direct.

THE STANDARD FUEL CO.
of Toronto, Limited

56 and 58 KING ST. EAST
Tel. M. 4103-4-5

The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

NEWS CO. EDITION

Subscription : \$2.50 a Year.

Vol. II

Toronto, August 3rd, 1907

No. 10

Topics of the Day

FOUR farmers, varying in age from fifty to sixty-six years of age, and one younger man, were recently tried at Lindsay for counterfeiting and were sentenced for terms ranging from three years to one month. Charles Burk, a clever but shiftless man was the leader in this clumsy quintette, and he was given three years. Robert Logie, a farmer with a mortgage on his home-stead, and for that reason led into this trouble, received two years. Two old men were given one month and the young man allowed out on suspended sentence. It was a strange case and indicates how men who have led blameless lives for many years will occasionally fall by a most foolish temptation.

An almost equally foolish proceeding occurred at Toronto last week. Ten young men went out on Lake Ontario in rough weather, and only one survived the unexplained capsizing of their frail gasoline boat. All were residents of Toronto Junction — a goodly-sized town which might be termed a suburb of Toronto. It is strange that young men should be so careless of their lives, and old men so careless of their reputations. This might be termed the Careless Age.

Judge Clement has raised the question at Vancouver as to whether divorces granted in Nova Scotia and British Columbia since Confederation are legal. By the B.N.A. Act marriage and divorce are placed among the subjects in which the Dominion has exclusive powers, but no one has questioned the status of these courts in the two provinces mentioned, these courts having been constituted before 1867. A stated case may go to the Privy Council.

The city of St. John, N.B., is to be the port of the Allan Line next season. The announcement is also made that the weekly service to Liverpool is to be more thoroughly equipped than ever before. Such vessels as the "Victorian," "Virginian," "Tunisian" and "Corsican" are to open the service and later on the turbiners will be taken off and the "Grampian," a lately launched Clyde vessel, and the "Ionian" takes their place. The Allan Line will have a monthly steamer to London and Havre.

Mr. A. Kelly Evans, secretary-treasurer of the Ontario Fish and Game Protective Association, recently read a paper on international regulation before the American Fisheries Society at Erie, Pa. He pointed out that since 1890 there has been a decrease in the annual fish crop of seven million pounds. He favoured a conference of representatives from the two governments and from all the states and provinces on the great lakes for the purpose of drawing up uniform regulations which would preserve this great industry. His resolution was carried unanimously.

The mining engineers from the United States and Europe who visited Cobalt last week seemed to have come away enthusiastic. This should not lead the small

investor into buying six and ten cent shares in worthless prospects. Only a few will make money out of the great and valuable camp, and those few will be insiders and those with money enough to have special reports by experts before investing. A few speculators may win; but most of them will lose. The stock that is most widely advertised is probably the most worthless. The Hon. Mr. Cochrane, Minister of Mines, was right when he said: "I believe over-capitalisation and the putting of mines on the market before there is any development to warrant it, has been the curse of the camp."

The Canadian Bisley team has sailed for home after a none too successful expedition in search of cups and honours. The Ontario and Quebec Rifle Association meets will open shortly. After these come the Dominion Rifle Association meet at Ottawa and an international contest for the Palmer Trophy. The militia artillerymen from Great Britain are now at Petawawa.



A Temagami Guide.

The urgent need of increasing the salaries of public school teachers was never more apparent than at the present moment. In Cape Breton for instance, according to a writer in the "Halifax Herald," no less than eighty-six schools are now closed for lack of teachers and the cause is not far to seek. Many people knew the situation was pressing, but few probably were aware that things were as bad as that. Male teachers, the same writer says, have practically disappeared from the schools. Nova Scotia is dependent upon 2,500 female teachers, 2,000 of whom cannot be engaged for one year at a time if they can help it.

After a legal controversy which has been waged almost continuously since 1904, when the Act was passed, the Privy Council has issued judgment confirming the action of the British Columbia Legislature in giving the coal rights to settlers on the E. & N. land belt on Vancouver Island. At the time the Act was passed, fifty Crown grants were issued by the government, and against one of them the E. & N. railway entered an appeal by way of testing the validity of

the Act. The judge decided that the province was within its rights in passing the legislation. Before the Fall Court, however, this judgment was reversed, and then the case was taken to the Privy Council. The Crown was represented before the British tribunal by Sir Robert Finlay, Mr. Simon, M.P. and Hamar Greenwood, M.P.

The announcement that the Hon. Edward Blake is to retire from the British House of Commons cannot surprise many people. It was never a place for his activities; he was more sorely needed at home where great men are fewer and where the battle for the right is greater. If he will come back to Canada and spend his declining years here, the people will pay him that tribute of respect which is his due.

Canada, according to a certain poem of tender political association still "needs men" and Blake is yet a name to conjure with in this Dominion.

REFLECTIONS

VIII BY STAFF WRITERS VIII

AS this issue is a Sportsmen's Number, it will be in order to say something of the growing literature on sport in Canada. The late Edwyn Sandys wrote many articles for "Outing" on fish, woodcock, prairie

SPORTSMEN'S LITERATURE

chicken, duck, grouse and other wild things, and some of the best of these will be found in his volume "Sporting Sketches" (New York, 1905). Mr. Sandys' work is almost the only accessible writing on our small game. Big game seems to have had more admirers. Almost the only book on the Maritime Provinces is "Moose-hunting, Salmon Fishing, and other Sketches of Sport," by T. R. Pattillo (London, 1902). On the northerly and newer districts the works are more numerous. "Through the Sub-Arctic Forest," by Warburton Pike, appeared in 1896, the same year as "On Snow-Shoes to the Barren Grounds," by Caspar Whitney. The latter went straight north from Edmonton, while Pike sailed from Victoria to Fort Wrangel and the Stikine River. The following year came "Across the Sub-Arctic of Canada," by J. W. Tyrrell, the well known Canadian explorer. In "Sport and Travel," published in 1900, Mr. F. C. Selous tells of two Rocky Mountain hunting trips but they were in United States territory; his Canadian book, just out, is reviewed elsewhere in this issue. Every Canadian with sporting blood in his veins should read "Sport and Travel in the Northland of Canada," by David T. Hanbury, the first man to travel overland from Chesterfield Inlet to the Arctic coast. This was published in 1904. "Campfires in the Canadian Rockies," by William T. Hornaday, issued last year, is a beautifully illustrated volume which will interest almost any earnest reader.

Those who want lighter books about animals may of course turn to Ernest Thompson-Seton, now in the north pursuing his studies, to Charles G. D. Roberts and William J. Long. These three men know Canadian animals well, the two latter having studied in the Maritime Provinces.

THE man who reads only newspapers will have only unorganised information. He will know many facts but he will not be likely to have these arranged in his mind in proper groups. He will lack a definite view-point.

AN HISTORICAL VIEW-POINT

This is not to say that newspapers have not an important office. They are, however, merely news collectors, not educators. The person who desires education must go to magazines and books, where collected facts are presented in organised form and treated in relation to their historical significance.

For example, the reader of the daily paper will learn much about the progress of public ownership, but however good his memory he cannot look back over the previous twelve months and accurately summarise the features in favour of and against that movement. He must needs consult a magazine summary or a book record. So a man in business should be able to look back over a series of years and see his business in its historical relation to the life of the community. He will thus gain an historical view-point which will be his best guide in future business conduct.

These remarks are induced by an examination of Mr.

Hopkins' Annual Review for 1906, just issued. Here the events and movements of 1906 are collected, grouped, arranged and summarised by an unprejudiced expert. A person interested in mining will find in a few pages everything of importance about mining in Canada in 1906. So with regard to lumber, transportation, electricity, finance, insurance, commerce, industry, municipal conditions and public affairs. Few persons will desire to read all of its 650 well-packed pages; it is a book of reference to be consulted when information is required. Nevertheless, there are chapters which the average man will desire to read and study, because they summarise the facts relating to the subject in which he is most interested. This is the sixth year of issue of "The Canadian Annual Review of Public Affairs," and this volume is superior to its predecessors in several respects.

THERE is one insidious phrase which indicates the weakness of modern society, both as regards business and politics; that phrase is, "Will it pay?" It is becoming entirely too common. It is relegating the other phrase, "Is it right?" to the limbo of forgotten things.

For example, the newspapers in Toronto are publishing daily reports of horse-races in the United States, though they know that by so doing they are encouraging the betting fever. The worst offender is a paper controlled mainly by members who stand high in the Methodist church. Since that paper began to get out a sporting extra late in the afternoon the profits of the bookmakers have materially increased. Errand boys, mechanics, factory girls, barbers, bartenders and even higher grades of society are making daily bets on these horse-races. The Attorney-General of the Province closed all betting houses devoted to this business some years ago. It must amuse him mightily to see a Methodist newspaper playing the game of the professional gambler. Of course, the question the publisher asked himself was "Will it pay?" It does pay; his paper has a greater circulation and his advertising patronage has increased.

This incident is not singular, and the newspaper concerned will forgive us for taking it as an example. In the business world, there are many similar cases. The manufacturer could make his wares much better and truer; but he uses cheap materials and an extra coat of paint. If he is advised to make his goods more honest, he answers "Will it pay?" The workman is careless about learning his trade thoroughly; he hurries his work and covers up the defects he should have had the patience to eradicate. If you protest, he answers "Will it pay?" The mining broker puts bad prospects on the market and sells worthless shares to the public at "25 cents to-day; to be advanced to 50 cents on the 15th." Some person protests and tells him he should wait until he is absolutely sure of his mine, but he answers "Will it pay?"

In no walk of life does this line of reasoning obtain more potently than in politics. A politician seeking for votes delivers a stirring appeal to the prejudices of his listeners. You protest and tell him that he should be fair and state both sides of the case, and he comes back with the question "Will it pay?" Tell a Minister of Justice that he should ignore petitions for the release of

prisoners justly condemned and he asks "Will it pay?" Tell a party manager that some of his men are using corrupt methods and advise him to get rid of them and he cries "Will it pay?" Tell the Cabinet Minister he should not appoint party hacks without the necessary qualifications to positions in the civil service, and he repeats "Will it pay?"

If we could only exchange the question "Is it right and just?" for "Will it pay?" the world would be a much better place for all of us. It would solve many of the difficulties which present themselves daily to those engaged in government, social reform, religious work and even in commerce and industry.

THE success of pageants in England encourages us to believe that in one or two Canadian cities a similar attempt might well be made to recall the most striking incidents in our history. It goes without saying

PAGEANTS IN CANADA

that such English towns as Oxford and Bury St. Edmunds can present a varied life-story, centuries long, which shows the most interesting and distinct changes in dress and manners. In the new world we can enjoy no such retrospect. But during next summer Quebec is to celebrate the closing of a long chapter in its history. Why should not a group of patriotic Canadians prepare to present on this occasion some striking scenes from the city's past, and to introduce to us the picturesque figures who came to our shores during the old regime? There could be no more admirably designed theatre than the Plains of Abraham, themselves the scene of the crisis in our national history, with an unrivalled view of French-Canadian fields and villages, of river and of mountain opening before the audience. In several English pageants the mistake has been made of depicting too long and varied a series of historical scenes, so that the mind could scarcely retain any distinct impression. With a shorter period to illustrate, we are spared the temptation. So we should choose a few highly dramatic episodes and present them on a grand scale with all possible accuracy in the study of costume and grouping. The whole undertaking would stimulate our national imagination, bring us to appreciate more justly the character and ideals of those who were the pioneers in Canada, and they offer an unequalled opportunity for French and English-speaking Canadians of the present day to join in a manifestation of their common attachment to their native land.

THERE is so much being said just now about educational problems that it is impossible to pick up a daily paper without being confronted by a paragraph either glorifying or decrying our school system. An indignant lawyer states that Toronto children are the worst on

OUR LANGUAGE LIMITATIONS

the continent and straightway the teachers and parents of the capital of Ontario are called to account. But whatever may be the methods of the teachers and the manners of the children, the Canadian who spends even a few weeks in Europe returns to his home land with the conviction that there is one respect in which Canadian instruction fails. Neither French nor German is taught in a fashion to prove of any practical benefit, while a young Canadian would no more dream of studying Spanish than of seeking instruction in Cree. Looking at the matter from a utilitarian standpoint we can readily see how doubly-prepared for commercial or tourist life is the man who has a ready acquaintance with a language other than his own. The German is unusually keen in perceiving this advantage and is equipping himself with several languages for modern business competition. But the average Canadian of Anglo-Saxon origin looks upon the study of a language as a drawing-room accomplishment rather than a valuable business achievement. He seems to consider the

acquisition of a speaking acquaintance with French and German as purely academic or ornamental.

There will be a rude awakening for the Canadian some fine morning when he finds that South America is largely of Latin occupation and that those who understand something of Spanish have an advantage in dealing with the people of such highly-favoured lands as Brazil and Argentina. In fact, we have been laggards in language and the sooner we acquire more than a few phrases of French the more comfortable we shall feel. There is no excuse for Anglo-Saxon Canadians remaining ignorant of the language in which our premier delivers his most eloquent speeches and in which some of our greatest writers have penned so many exquisite lines. But it remains a fact that many otherwise excellent Canadian citizens pronounce the name of the Prime Minister in a fashion to make that fastidious gentleman shiver.

THERE are certain questions concerning which we do well to listen respectfully to the opinion of the man who has made their concrete acquaintance. For instance, the Canadian who has lived for some years in

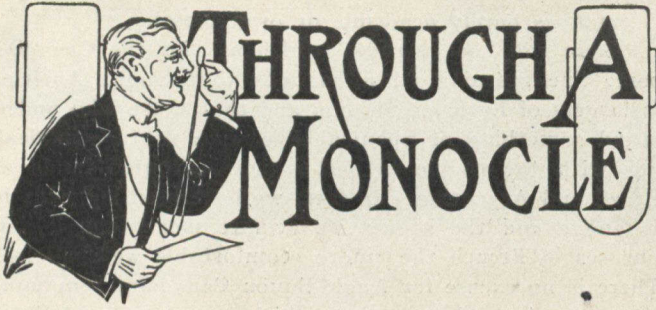
ORIENTAL LABOUR

the Southern States is likely to have decidedly different views on the negro problem from the Canadian who knows by experience nothing of the life in the land of Dixie. Of this class of affairs seems the matter of Oriental labour in British Columbia. On account of the present nervous tension between Tokio and Washington, the attitude of our Pacific province towards Japanese immigration has an acute significance. Things are happening in Seoul and San Francisco which indicate that the Japanese are not inclined to keep to the land of the cherry-blossom and the tinkly temple bells. The man who has not been out of Ontario or New Brunswick or who has paid only a hurried visit to the West is hardly in a position to sum up the problem with which the British Columbia legislature may deal. "Bruce," an Ontario man from the county which gives him a pen-name, writes in the new weekly "B.C. Saturday Sunset" to the effect that a two-fold course is now incumbent upon the Government at Victoria:

"That is to pass an act of total exclusion of all Orientals and at the same time make ample and efficient arrangements for the importation of British, German, French and Scandinavian workmen and women in such numbers that neither the G.T.P. nor any other railroad or employing body or individual will have any excuse left for employing Orientals."

These are drastic measures but the Vancouver editor evidently has a reason for his disbelief in Oriental labour and the Ontario or Nova Scotian reader would do well to consider actual British Columbian conditions ere he passes judgment. Of course, if we try to keep the Oriental out of the country, some of our missionaries may be turned away from China and Japan and be obliged to return and preach the gospel to the heathen of Winnipeg, Toronto and St. John. But whatever happens, someone must suffer and it may be better to keep our missionaries in the West and exclude yellow labour. We do not need to worry about an all-red route but we do need to keep a white Dominion.

The question is one of those which demand prompt action as international relations are being made and unmade at a rapid rate on the Pacific coast. The papers in Japan and the United States which are threatening war may be dangerous alarmists. But it is just as perilous to ignore conditions which make for strife. Amiable theorists in the provinces east of Manitoba may talk as they please about the brotherhood of man and the virtues of our Oriental allies. The man in British Columbia is face to face with the dusky labourer from China, Japan and India and is best qualified to state the merits of the case.



SOME portions of Eastern Canada are beginning to feel the symptoms of what might be called "middle age"—if there were any such thing in connection with nations. For one thing, they do not like to see their young men "emigrating" or even migrating away from them. New Brunswick has decided to make a systematic effort to keep her young men at home instead of permitting them to be lured off by the siren song of the West. They have good vacant lands of their own in this square little Province by the sea; and they make a very considerable effort to persuade the immigrant from Europe not to pass them by. But how much worse is it, they reason, that their own sons should overlook the advantage of settling on their own colonisation lands near home rather than venture into the far West where Doukhobor pilgrimages may distract their attention from farming operations and the political "land grabber" may steal the meadow lot when they are looking the other way. And this is much more reasonable than the common attitude in Eastern Ontario which complains mainly of the theft of the "hired man," and cannot understand why sensible people will pass a land laughing with the harvest where they can work for an energetic and early-rising farmer in order to seek out a country where they can get their own land and work for themselves.

* * *

The lure of the West is independence. It is not so much that they grow good wheat out there very easily and very abundantly. Our ambitious young fellows might not leave the comforts and companionships and educational advantages of the East for a few bushels more of wheat. But this ability to grow wheat in paying quantities is one of the props of that independence which we all covet. Then a man may hope to own his farm in the West when he might only be allowed to rent one or possibly work on another man's farm here. He becomes a citizen standing on his firmly set two feet in the West when he would be nothing more than a dependent—a hireling—here. That is the star attraction. The "Home Seekers" who journey to the prairies are not more sordid than the rest of us. They are no readier to sell out civilisation for a handful of dollars. But either they see less chance than we do of securing independence in the East, or else they have more courage. As for the colonisation lands of the Eastern Provinces, they lack chiefly the attraction of a big success.

* * *

People who are independent in the East sometimes are drawn by the talk of "big money" to the West, go there, look the country over, and soon return. It is not that they find the talk exaggerated, but that they discover that this "big money" has to be purchased by the sacrifice of many good things in life which can only be found in an older and more thickly settled community. Being independent here, they decide that the game of "big money" is not worth the candle. But the man, to whom life in the East offers nothing but a succession of years spent at the beck and nod—yes, and at the mercy—of some one else, sees in the prairie country an opportunity to become his own "man"—to buy his liberty quite as truly as any Southern slave ever bought his. And that is what he goes for. Schools may be few and

far between; entertainments may be an unknown quantity; shopping may be a sport denied his women folk; the next door neighbour may be discernible only by the smoke from his chimney. But every morning he rises to breathe the air of liberty; and every night he lies down with the sweet consciousness that his whole day's work has been done for himself.

* * *

That is the magic light on the Western horizon. Liberty is still—thank God!—the sweetest morsel that man can roll under his tongue. What men have always been willing to die for, it is not surprising that many should be willing to sever old associations for and to deprive themselves of much that makes life full and fruitful. It is better to be free amidst hardship than a slave amidst luxury; and the hardships of the West are such as can be conquered with a laugh, while the luxuries which are open to those cannot "buy their liberty" in the East would not constitute a very great temptation to the most sybaritic soul. We hear a great deal about the robbery of the many by the tyrannical few who control "trusts" and similar predatory institutions these days. But the people will stand a lot of robbery which does not seem to impinge upon their liberty. Yet impinge upon their liberty it does; and when the whole people learn this, the privileges of these predatory combinations will not be worth a month's purchase.

* * *

As for those of us who propose to live on in Eastern Canada, it naturally annoys us to have people move West who might stay here and improve the value of our real estate. But we should remember that they are not leaving the country. They are still within our tariff ring fence. They will still buy our industrial products and will probably be able to buy more of them because of their increased prosperity in the bountiful West. Then they will leaven that new population out there with Canadianism. We are always expressing our anxiety that there should be a large immigration thither from the British Isles in order to prevent the coming millions in the Prairie Provinces from being wholly alien to British institutions and British ideals. But it is quite as important that they should be Canadians as that they should be British. We do not want a population out there that will ignore Eastern Canada and look over our heads to the United Kingdom for their next-of-kin. That might produce some awkward results for us. So it is not good policy to grumble when our young families move to our own West in search of an independence which is denied them here—and it is, moreover, entirely useless.

At Calgary's Fair



Calgary's citizens, who had the enterprise to hold a July fair, are gratified by the eminent success it achieved in exhibits and attendance. This photograph presents a distinguished carriageful—Hon. W. H. Cushing, Minister of Public Works; Lt.-Gov. Bulyea, of Alberta, and President Van Wart of the Exhibition Association.



FAREWELL

The Hon. Edward Blake has announced that he will shortly give up his Irish Seat in the British House of Commons.

Men and Wheat

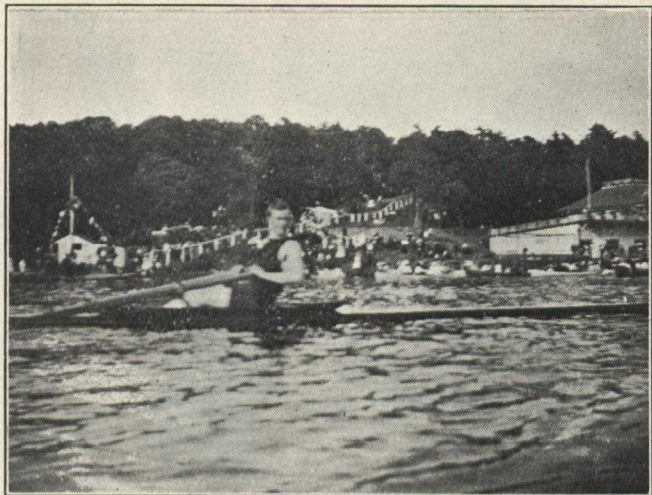
WHEAT is more important to human happiness than iron or silver or gold or diamonds; it is the most valuable product of the soil. When the annual yield of the wheat fields of the world is great, the toiling millions feel sure of cheap food; there are fewer pinched faces in the schools and the workshops. When the world's yield is small the spectre of hunger rises dimly before the eyes of the masses. Of course, the grain speculator thinks not all of this; he puts the price of grain up and down without a care for the people's welfare. To him, a thousand starving families are less important than his expanding bank account.

At the present moment, the world is face to face with a short wheat crop. Last winter the people of every wheat-eating country in the world had enough and to spare, with the exception of certain portions of Russia. Next winter it may be different. In America the harvest is the latest in many years. From Texas to Northern Alberta and Saskatchewan, there was the same backward spring. The yield in Texas, Oklahoma and Kansas

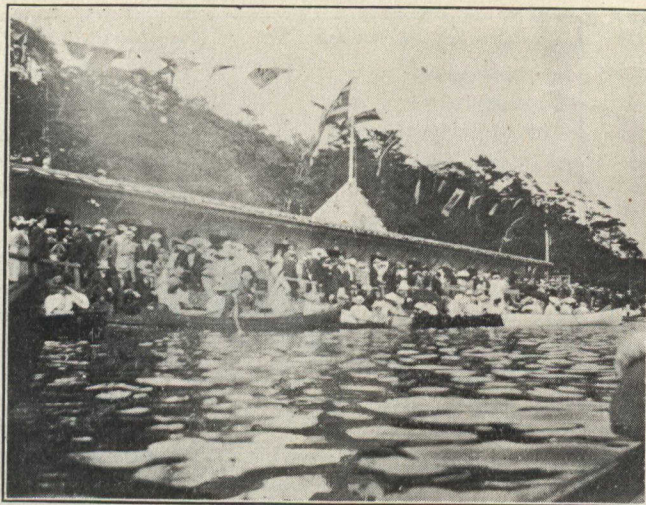
will be small and the total United States crop will be a hundred million bushels less than in 1906. North Dakota alone will have a shrinkage of thirty millions. Canada's crop will hardly equal that of 1906, although the acreage sown was greater. The average yield per acre will be about twenty-five per cent. less than normal.

The wheat-farmer is not likely to suffer much since he will get a larger price for a smaller quantity. The skilled wage-earner will not greatly feel the pinch since his wages are higher now than ever before. The unskilled labourer, the submerged tenth, will feel the pinch. So will the clerk, the book-keeper and the small tradesman who will be required to pay higher prices for all classes of goods out of a stationary revenue.

Both the United States and Canada will export less wheat than last year, and the same is true of several other wheat-exporting countries. Nations that buy wheat will suffer more than nations which produce wheat. This suffering may not be acute, but the world is certainly face to face with a continuation of high food-prices.



Champion O'Neill Nearing the Starting Line.



Sightseers at the H.A.B.C.



The Official Announcer, Mr. W. E. Hebb.



Watching the Contestants.

SNAP SHOTS AT THE ROWING REGATTA, HALIFAX

Halifax Boating Regatta

THE picturesque north west arm of Halifax Harbour was a gay spot on Saturday, July 20th, when the Halifax Amateur Boating Club held its annual regatta. The H.A.B.C. and N.W.A.R.C. club houses were "en fete," and there were numerous steamers and small craft loaded with spectators. The North Stars won the Labrador whaler race and the junior four-oars. The time of the latter was 9 min. 47 sec. The senior four-oars was won by the N.W.A.R.C., with the St. Mary's second and Lornes third. The double pleasure boat race went to Bowser and Tozer, and the intermediate fours to the Lornes, with St. Joseph's second. Then came the scullers. Richard Westhaven of St. Joseph's won the

junior single, Smith and Foote of the North Stars the double scull. In the single scull, senior, O'Neill of St. Mary's and Duggan of the St. Joseph's, competed, the former winning by three lengths in 10 min. 21¼ sec.

The loss of many English fishing boats is now believed to have been due to the fact that the man at the wheel carried in a pocket a specially forged fisherman's knife. These knives possess strong magnetic properties sufficient to deflect the compass needle two or three points. Many wrecks have occurred while steering an apparently true course, and the discovery of the knives is now believed to account for many wrecks.



A Photograph taken at 4.30 in the Morning. The Royal Military College Ball at the close of the season.

(Photograph by Henderson, Kingston.)

Interviewing the Partridge

By BONNYCASTLE DALE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

WHEN we first called, she was at home "but not visible." In front of us in the second growth of firs—a long straggling line that edged the swamp—lay her nest; in fact I felt sure of the very pile of freshly cut spruce limbs that covered it. We walked



The season is open—alas—and the slaughter of these beautiful game birds goes on unceasingly.

closely around the spicy smelling pile of boughs when "whirr"—like a bullet she rose and sped past me. I certainly could have touched her had I tried. The reason was plain. There lay the leaf and twig built nest full of eggs, thirteen yellow white ones, with that discoloured tinge so certain to be seen in the eggs of the ruffled grouse (usually called "partridge"—presume because this rhymes so beautifully with "catridge," but the limit of my gravity was passed when, leaning on his old muzzle loader—a fearful weapon over five feet long—an ancient hunter told me he had "killed a partridge with one pickle of shot").

We set the machines to command the nest, the bright eye of the lens peering out of the fir boughs, then we withdrew to a distant part of the swamp to allow the female to return. Let me here note that not once in the twenty-eight days it took to incubate, did the male bird put in an appearance. I think he mates with more than one, but I am not able to prove this point yet. I flushed the male of this clutch several times in the nearby swamp. The ancient hunter was with us and deeply impressed by the "picture takers." He could not understand how we got the photographs, and as the word "sensitive" was pure Greek to him, I have not to this date got him to even faintly understand the process. He thinks it a bit uncanny. Close observer the old man was too. He told me in the winter it was well to kill the lowest bird if you saw several in a tree, then you could kill the next one and the next all the way up, but if you shot the top one first, its fall would make the others fly. I have had other hunters tell me the same thing, but have not seen this dead-end method of making a large bag of these beautiful game birds. I much prefer the method of the deer hunters—taking off the head with a small rifle bullet. If you cannot get a flying shot and the camp pot is empty this seems natural. Most of these northern birds thus killed are the Canada grouse or spruce partridge.

At intervals of several days we visited the nest, dropping a branch occasionally in front of it to shield it from the chipping and tree sparrows. The former is well named, as of all the destructive pests in these breeding grounds the chipping sparrow causes the most damage, eating into several eggs, spattering the nest with yolk and shell and causing the game birds to desert it. The season was cold and wet and we foresaw a full period of setting. As the time went on the female would allow us to go close

and I have been within four feet of her admiring her handsome livery. Usually in the heat of the day she took a hurried flight after food and here is where Nature's seeming extravagance is beneficial. The air was fairly alive with insects. The under part of the leaves hung black with big shadflies; all the tender buds and sprouts were juicy and palatable, so a setting bird has her table always spread. If we lingered near the nest and the bird was ready to return, she always saw us—herself unseen—as she crept along through the underbrush and stood perfectly still before approaching close to the nest. Once she saw us, and the wailing plaintive note of the setting grouse sounded through the woods—a clear, low, full note—inexpressibly filled with sorrow at the presence of man. Once on her nest she remained perfectly undisturbed while all the inhabitants of this secluded spot passed on their many ways. Even the dashing entrance of our disobedient big dog did not disturb her and she seemed to dread nothing but man. Luckily no thieving fox or merciless mink had pierced with their bright eyes the gloomy spot she set in. We made a note of the hatching day and left her in peace.

A Mississauga friend of mine told me of an odd way of approaching the ruffled grouse. He was hunting in the northern woods above Georgian Bay, when in passing a little clearing in the bush, his companion noticed a partridge standing on a log evidently about to "drum" (I have watched the bird doing this. The noise is caused by the very rapid beating of the wings, and as far as I could judge the log it stands on has nothing to do with the sound, except that it elevates the bird and gives it free use of its wings. If, as is often claimed, they beat the wings against the log, the delicate feathers of this lightly plumaged bird would certainly show some marks of the contact, but this I have never been able to find. The surrounding woods help to carry the booming sound, and the body may contribute something towards causing the noise.) Neither of the Indians had a gun—only the trapping axes in their hands—as they were out to cut some stretching boards for mink pelts. "Panay meshawa"—partridge, kill it—whispered the Mississauga. Instantly the other red man fell into a dog trot around



Female Partridge and Young. The photograph was taken when the mother bird was within six feet of the camera.



The downy, tumbling, pushing yellow and brown brood at once chirped out sharp notes.

the open place, ever gathering speed. The bird turned slowly as if on a pivot watching the runner. Faster and faster went the Indian in narrowing circles; faster and faster turned the bird. A high light showed for a moment as the keen axe left the runner's hand and the bird fell stunned on the snow. Having seen a good amount of the woodcraft of the clever hunters, I fully believe the tale.

On the twenty-sixth day, one of the eggs in the nest showed a slightly chipped hole, and all the others save one bore signs of hatching. Wonderful, intricate Nature! Many of these eggs had been laid thirty to thirty-five days, yet the last laid possessed a more lively germ of life—yes, and authorities tell us these last laid eggs bring out the hardiest birds of the hatch. Some had laid exposed to the varying conditions of climate, from extreme hot noonday to chilling midnight and all but one were vital. Terrific thunderstorms had passed over, hail had threshed down, yet these delicate organisms had come safely through it all. On the next day,

one wee bird was "cheeping" in the nest, and the mother was very much disinclined to leave. On the twenty-eighth day all the downy little chaps were out, well clothed with yellow and brown down at birth, a most aggressive lot of youngsters, ready to run for cover at once. The female, with her plumes all puffed out, ran around us as we rapidly uncovered the nest. Poor bird, her alarm was uncalled for, yet no doubt she thought we would injure the young. With exquisite precaution she had laid each broken half shell outside the nest and some she had inserted one within the other when room became scarce. They showed where she had helped, with delicate bill, the struggling youngster, gently chipping the shell to allow of its escape. We were thoroughly glad of so full a hatch. Careful though we are, there is always a chance that in the cause of science we may cause injury, but not a single life was wasted this year. It was very hard to get a clear ray of light to strike the nest, the swaying trees sending wavering shadows broadcast. but after many trials we finally secured one good picture of the restless little ones. We were forced to enclose them in a small wire circle, placing them back time after time in the nest. Repeatedly they sought the nearest cover, and were adepts in the art of concealment, although I have never seen one creep under a leaf and, lying on its back, hold the sheltering leaf in place as they are said to do. Many of these beautiful fire-side Nature tales seem to happen best in the glare of the circle of the hearthfire. Nor did the mother bird attack us as I have so often heard she would. She ran backwards and forwards, once stepping right into the nest when I was setting the machine. Then she would spring up and fly a few feet, all the time calling in that low plaintive note. Once she bravely walked to within six feet of where I stood pointing the camera at her. The result I show you. Sorry that we had alarmed her so much and satisfied with the few pictures we had obtained, we stepped back when the downy, tumbling, pushing, yellow and brown brood at once chirped out sharp little notes in response to her steady calling. She was urging them by every loving method, running in and gently fanning with her wings, purring out a sweet, low call all the while, to follow her. There was a sudden movement of many tiny yellow legs, a kaleidoscope effect of hurrying brown and yellow dots over the green leaves, and the place, a moment before so populous, was now deserted and solitary.

Black Game and Capercaillie

By J. CYRIL CROWLEY

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

THE capercaillie or the cock of the wood died out in Great Britain about the year 1769. And steps were taken by the late Lord Breadalbane to re-introduce this grand bird to its former home. In 1838 and 1839 his Lordship obtained fifty-four adult birds from Scandinavia with the result that they have bred and multiplied in the old woods about Taymouth Castle, and to-day it would be an unusual thing to walk in these

magnificent woods without seeing a few "Capers." I personally have seen these grand birds on the hillsides of Perthshire and a finer sight than a cock caper speeding through the thick forest of a steep hillside would be hard to find; the hen, too, I have seen on her eggs, and a good mother she is, but more especially is she seen to advantage when the young are hatched off.

Her devotion is touching in the extreme. Upon the



Capercaillie Nest in Bracken. These eggs were sent to Canada.



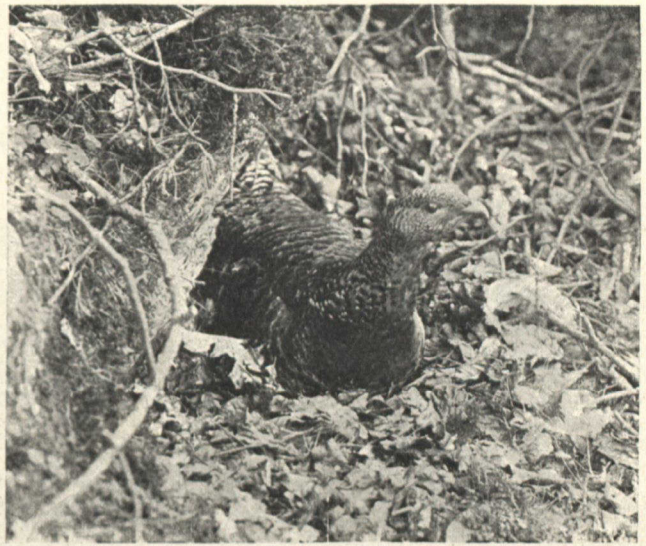
Capercaillie Nest in Open.



The Grey Hen is careless in sitting upon her eggs, often leaving some uncovered.

approach of an enemy she will feign to be wounded and fall about in the most helpless manner, to all appearances suffering from a species of acute fit, doing all in her power to attract the foe from her family. On one occasion I found a nest by observing a quantity of feathers around. Perceiving them to be capers' I supposed that a fox had captured one, but suddenly my eye fell upon a hen sitting; what her enemy had been I do not know, but that she had driven it off after a prolonged struggle was certain.

The nest is merely a "scrape" as it is called by the Scotsman. No nest is made, and sometimes there is no attempt at concealment. The eggs are merely laid in a scrape in many and various positions, some, as I have said, quite in the open, some in bracken, some under the foot of a rock or in a tree root. The average number of eggs is about eight or nine, and the period of incubation twenty-four days. The most dangerous time for the birds is when the young are a few days old when every fox and crow in the vicinity is busy bringing up its own family. These birds are polygamous, and to have too many cocks upon an estate will ensure a diminishing stock. The early spring sees many fierce fights between the males for the possession of the community of hens. Their food consists first and foremost



Adult Capercaillie or Cock of the Wood.

of the young shoots of the Scotch fir and pine needles.

The black game, a black cock and gray hen, are also inhabitants of Scotland and parts of England such as Exmoor and Dartmoor, and at one time were found in Surrey around Aldershot and Farnham, but have long since been shot off in that county. They are in fact on the decrease throughout Great Britain generally.

These birds are, as the caper, polygamous. The gray hen is a good mother especially when the young are hatched, and she certainly hides her nest more securely than the caper, but she has one great fault which is carelessness. It does not seem to matter to her whether she is covering all her eggs or not. I have often seen a hen sitting well with an egg, and sometimes two others, at least a foot away from the nest, and it is seldom a gray hen will bring off the whole clutch of eggs.

The bird will sit well and defend her nest against any small foe such as a crow or rat. In habits this bird is very similar to the caper, in fact they sometimes interbreed, and hybrids are shot nearly every year in Scotland. The photograph of the gray hen here reproduced has, most unfortunately, a stem of coarse grass just reaching to the tip of the bird's beak, giving her the appearance of having a long beak similar to that of a woodcock.

The Records of a Great Hunter

A REVIEW OF A BOOK BY F. C. SELOUS

NO one in the huntsmen's world bears a higher reputation than F. C. Selous, a man who has hunted on several continents and written several interesting volumes of experiences. His latest book deals with deer-hunting trips in Newfoundland and Canada, and is one of the most charming recitals ever written by a game-hunter. To Canadians it must have a special charm.

Mr. Selous writes about other animals than deer, and the following extracts from his volume will give some idea of both matter and style:

BEAVER IN THE YUKON.

"Along the Macmillan the beavers live for the most part in houses built against the banks. These are large domed structures, solidly built of sticks of all sizes up to the thickness of one's wrist, firmly held together with mud. They can only be entered by diving into the river and coming up beneath them. All through September and October until the river freezes up, the beavers work very hard, cutting down trees and storing up food for the winter. When they have felled a big tree, they lop off all the top branches and drag them down the bank into the water, and then take them to their houses.

"When we came down the river again in October we found immense quantities of poplar boughs all packed tightly together under the water, and extending in some cases for twenty yards below the beaver houses. Con-

sidering that the current in the Macmillan River is very rapid, it is a mystery to me how these boughs were kept in position.



A Prize Caribou Head secured by Mr. Selous.

"When the river is frozen solid, the beavers live comfortably in the grass-lined chamber in the middle of

Footnote:—"Recent Hunting Trips in British North America," by F. C. Selous, London, Withersby & Co., Illustrated.



A Newfoundland Caribou with extra large horns.

Reproduced from "Recent Hunting Trips in British North America."

their wattle and mud houses, and whenever they are hungry, dive down into the water below the ice, and fetch one of the boughs from the store so providently collected in the early autumn. They then gnaw the bark from it at their leisure.

"Louis told me that there are seldom more than two old beavers in these river bank houses, with their last year's young ones. He also assured me that in the early spring, before the ice has broken up, beavers will gnaw a hole just the size of their bodies through the ice two feet in thickness in order to procure fresh food. Whether there is any truth in this story or not I cannot say. Every white man I asked about it in the Yukon district believed it, but, on the other hand, Louis Cardinal, who had a wonderfully intimate and accurate knowledge of all the animals of the North American wilderness, declared most emphatically that he has on many occasions seen beavers coming out to feed in the early spring through holes which they had themselves gnawed through the ice."

CARIBOU IN THE YUKON

"Squatting down at once, I soon witnessed a sight which will live long in my memory.

"One after another four magnificent old caribou stags walked slowly one behind the other into full view on the open ground in front of us. I had already shot four fine caribou, and I now only wanted two more—the head of one for myself, and the complete skin of another

for our national collection at South Kensington. All these four caribou were heavy old stags, and all of them carried such fine heads that it was a difficult matter to decide which were the best.

"They presently got down into a hollow in the ground, and I was able to get quite near them. I might very easily have killed all four of them, as, after the two which I thought were the finest were lying dead, the other two did not run away, but stood still, evidently wondering what had happened to their companions. These caribou had neither smelt nor seen me, and as they had probably never been fired at before, the report of my small bore rifle had conveyed no meaning to them. As soon as I showed myself and walked towards them, however, they trotted off.

"I must confess that it cost me an effort to allow them to do so, for they carried away two splendid pairs of antlers, certainly finer than those of the first three caribou I had shot, and since, as yet, there are no restrictions as regards the numbers of game that may be shot in the Yukon territory, I should have contravened no law but that of my own conscience had I added their heads to my collection of trophies.

"I now examined the two slain stags. They were both magnificent specimens of the finest race of caribou on the North American continent. The horns of the one measured over fifty-seven inches in length, those of the other fifty-one inches, and they were both of them very big heavy animals in splendid condition."

A MIGHTY MOOSE.

The finest moose ever shot by Mr. Selous was secured in the Yukon, September 18th, 1904. Here is the story in the hunter's own words:

"We at once made our way up the valley for perhaps a couple of hundred yards, and then having reached the edge of the spruce forest, commanded a view over a large extent of open ground in front of us—open, that is, except for a short growth of stunted willow scrub. And there, not more than a hundred yards away from us, we saw a magnificent bull moose walking slowly down the open valley and evidently entirely unsuspecting of danger.

"His horns, I saw at a glance, were of huge size, and almost white in colour, as were those of the first bull I had shot ten days previously. In Eastern Canada I think it is rare to meet with moose anywhere except in forest-covered country, but in the wild mountain regions of the Yukon territory these animals may sometimes be seen in the autumn on bare open ground well above timber line.

"A view of such a mighty-antlered prehistoric-looking beast, standing clear of all cover on the bare snow-

(Continued on Page 19)



Shooting Duck near Edmonton.

THE HASTE OF JOE SAVARIN

By W. A. FRASER, Author of "Thoroughbreds,"
"The Lone Furrow," etc.



THIS is a story of how, on the 13th of August, a White Man does not know everything.

It was all in that land of spruce forest and moss-covered muskeg, ribboned by rivers that rush many miles an hour over cataract beds, and jewel-set with sapphire lakes, and lakes sometimes of emerald; and of its animate life, the patrician Cree Indian and the conglomerate Breed harassed forever and ever the trumpet-voiced moose, and the velvet-coated bear and the caribou—the wood-caribou whose head is rigged like a ship, all spars and yards; even his snow-shovel in front being like the bowsprit of a delicate yacht.

In this wondrous land, even ten times more wondrous than the quick memory of this little story, was the happening to the wise White Man.

A thousand and three hundred miles toward the Arctic from Winnipeg, the Athabasca River meets the Pelican, and the two have a little trouble over the matter. They bubble and boil among the boulders that once were shirt studs in the bosom of some glacier or iceberg; and the disturbance is called Pelican Rapid.

Here also is Lake Wapiscaw Portage, which has nothing whatever to do with this story, except that I was there with three adherents when Louis Larue came drifting down the jade-green bosom of old Athabasca.

The atmospheric illusion of a northern river are not for the mastering of a White Man. It is a simple science of twenty years' tuition to know, half-a-mile away, whether a log or a large York boat comes one's way.

That day of Larue's coming, the afternoon sun smote something that rested on the river's breast two points up.

"It's a York boat," I promptly exclaimed. "It will be the Hudson Bay outfit for Fort Wapiscaw."

Sutherland, who was all Indian but his name, answered: "By goss! dat's funny York boat; she's birch bark."

"Dat's Peterborough canoe," declared Lemoine.

Then the optical sleight-of-hand proceeded. It was as though I looked through a reversed telescope. As the something came nearer, it grew smaller; until, touching the bank at my tent, it was a Peterborough canoe, in which sat Louis Larue, Joe Savarin, an Indian, and one of my men from the Saskatchewan.

The tale was soon told. On the Saskatchewan was dire trouble; I was needed with excessive promptitude. John, the man in charge there, had things at sixes and sevens, which made up the bad luck number of thirteen.

My man had come across country to Lac la Biche; there hiring Larue to bring him down in the canoe.

But also was I needed just where I was for a few days; so I told the canoe men to eat, drink and rest.

Now, there is nobody in the world so difficult to understand as a half-breed—not even a zebra is more incomprehensible. To be told to rest a couple of days, under full pay, in the usual order of things should have been like a gift from the gods; but Joe Savarin's square black face grew sullen with discontent.

Louis was steersman, which was being captain, and the converse was with him. They must go back at once, he said.

I intimated that what they must do, and what they would do would be affairs of divers results,—they would camp there until I was ready to go. This ultimatum was really somewhat tentative, for if they had pulled

out for Lac la Biche, I might have failed in detaining them.

An Indian or a Breed is not much given to words, except when he is making a speech at a tea dance, or is very drunk; so Louis shrugged his shoulders, in tribute to his French ancestry, and in his dark face hung a heavy scowl that was altogether of his Indian extraction.

Having practically locked them up, out of diplomacy I was kind to the prisoners. Fat pork and bannock were ever at their elbow, to the end that they might forget their discontent. They were made to smoke and drink tea until their eyesight failed; but still, once an hour, Larue came to me with questions of the start. Each time he brought a different tale of the wherefore of their haste—the water was falling; La Biche River was running dry—they would never get back; his nets were in the water at Lac la Biche and would rot. Memory fails to chronicle the arguments he invented with recurrent versatility. I think Savarin helped him.

Had he but told the true reason, it might have been different; but, in equity, a Breed can no more understand a White Man than a White Man understands a Breed.

I started with them in two days, leaving the man who had come from Saskatchewan.

Once under way, they were no more desirous of speed than was I; a man who is needed in two places at once loves not the midway.

Savarin and the Indian leapt to the collars of the tracking-line as greyhounds might have cast from the leash with eyes enamored of a flitting hare.

The Athabasca was low, long points of rock-cobbled bottom running out far from shore. In the stern, Larue, paddle in hand, sweeping the canoe the full length of the tracking-line out to the proper depth, ate into our progress. It was slow going; much strain for the head-way gained.

I had seen canoe trackers race against each other, but never had I been in at such eagerness. Savarin was tireless—a wolf that tracked hour after hour a wounded buck. When he should have eaten, he lighted a pipe and, holding it between his strong teeth, pushed on; when he must eat, because even determined energy must have food, there was a quick frying of pork, a minute for a smoke, the tea-pail emptied in great draughts, and then on again.

Crouched in the canoe, I cared not; it was his energy, his muscles, his way of going. Larue sat silent and heavy-faced, his fierce black eyes watching every rock, every eddy, every treacherous pool.

At Red Stone Rapid he passed the paddle to me and, leaping to the bank, put his broad, massive shoulder to the tracking-line.

How the canoe quivered like something that struggled for life, as the many thousand tons of water clutched at its tissue sides and roared an angry mane at its smiting prow! Demons of great strength grasped my paddle, twisting until tense muscles tore apart in many places.

Sometimes the mastery was with the flood, and the men on the bank, hanging in the leather collars, were pulled in their footing; then the tried craft, swept back from the greater velocity, would ease a little, and the trackers would regain the inches they had lost.

Three times we battled with the narrow gate that was the point of struggle. The third time, inch by inch,

we crept through the blue stream that was a wedge between the rock points. And when we had passed, the thin-shelled craft floated in serene content in a bend of quiescent water, as though there were nothing in all that land but peace.

Somehow I had an abnegating thought of incompetence as Larue crept back to the canoe. Perhaps the three silent, coffee-colored men were accrediting the two failures to the inexperience of the "moneas"; the very term "moneas," applied to the Whites, meant literally, "greenhorns."

All day, through the vast solitude, tabulating our progress by river points, we struggled. The sun sank behind the terraced shale-bank of the river, fluttering ribbons of gold from between giant spruce and poplar as it fled. A chill rose up from the mountain water until I shivered; but still Savarin, head down, tireless-legged, swung on in the leading collar of the tracking-line.

At last when the night gloom hung over our shoulders like the black cloth of a camera, Larue cried: "Ho, boy! Chasqua! Campezi ici!" The collar slipped from Savarin's shoulder, and Buckshot, the Indian, reached the canoe to shore, hand over hand on the line. Larue had given his brief order in three languages—English, Cree, and French.

Soon we basked in a luxurious prodigality of blazing dry poplar. This and a blanket were all that distinguished us from the forest animals. I slept. In three minutes, it may have been less, Larue touched me on the shoulder, saying: "Grub pile ready, sir."

By a necromancy of time, it was five in the morning.

Savarin, insatiable of exertion, was assimilating large quantities of pork and bannock. He was touched with a devil of attainment: but for Larue and the darkness, I fancy he would have gone on tracking all the previous night.

Again we took up the warfare with old Athabasca. The victory of the previous day had been thirty-five miles; now again the fight was on.

How deceptive the slope of gravelled points! Time and again I marvelled at the useless wide detour of Larue's sweep, but always to be rebroken of my vain conceit. Sometimes from the canoe I saw the narrow margin of an inch between us and the rock; sometimes we touched the underlying bar; but always onward.

The second day was a replica of the first. But we camped in an earthy night-dream of the Happy Hunting Ground. Under three giant spruces, whose dropping needles had cushioned the earth till it was a gentle bed of silk-like wire, we spread our blankets. Then we ate. It was not an evening meal, it was simply a matter of needed food. And after, almost in silence, there was a pipe.

I watched Savarin curiously as I smoked. Apart from the camp-fire he crouched, like a large wolf, looking into the southern sky. Along his gaze, high hung, was a bright star.

Questioning Larue with my eyes, I nodded toward the man of silent meditation.

Louis swept at the star beacon with his full hand and whispered: "Lac la Biche." I understood—indeed I had surmised it. Just beneath the twinkling mark lay the home of Savarin; and in his face was the dull hunger of unconquerable longing. What was it? Which one of the many tales had a birthright of truth? In my own mind had been evolved a solution born of knowledge of these forest dwellers. In all the world there is not their equal for gambling. Probably some other, favoured

of the chance-god, had stripped Savarin at the guessing game; now, with the trip-wage, he would retrieve his lost fortune. It must be that.

The pipe emptied, drugged by the balsam breath of the guardian spruce, I attained to Nirvana. It was a night of oblivion, a brief, sweet resting in the toilless Paradise of the Buddhists.

There was a faint gray light when Larue's voice, soft in its Cree schooling, summoned me back from Nirvana.

From the river a chill mist-like cloud crept up the bank, rendering the hot tea a vintage of delight.

"Marse!" and forward to the making of La Biche River that day.

At the first spell, I spoke of two conditions which should be reversed. Savarin was most undoubtedly close to shatterment—the pace was a killer of high degree; while I, pinned between the thwarts of the cedar craft, was like unto a bird-cage in a coat pocket. To say that I was cramped was like speaking of a luxurious relaxation of muscle. I had lock-jaw—paralysis; even my eyes were weary gazing over the sun-mirrored water.

So I begged Larue to entice Savarin into the canoe; I would play train-dog on the tracking-line.

He was horrified. An Ogama, also a government official, could not track with a Nichie; besides, they were in a hurry.

His look—and a Breed has a supercilious stare down to a fine art—plainly intimated that it was no time for amateurish experiments.

Perhaps I was unwise in referring to Savarin's palpable condition; it may be that, out of revenge, he said something to Buckshot.

At any rate, I achieved to the collar, with the Indian in lead on the line.

Gaily enough we essayed the upward way of the seven-mile current—perhaps in the rapids it ran a hundred; I think it did.

Buckshot has a new motive in life. Next to unlimited firewater, there is nothing so great in delight to an Indian as the "doing up" of a paleface.

Buckshot had the stride of a giraffe. He seemed to rest in the collar; when it was smooth going, I verily believe he slept as we travelled. But the two days' strain of Savarin's fierce striving handicapped him almost back to my class.

After a time we came to a long reach of red willows. Perhaps there was a tracking path through this on the eyebrows of the river bank—I even think that at times my feet did strike it; but for the most part I was skidded over the shrubbery like a trailed coat by the taut line that came to me from the Indian's shoulders.

If Buckshot knew that he was toting anything but the canoe, he gave no sign; head down, the gable of his shoulders thrown forward, and long arms pendulous in their swing, he strode. When the willows were too thick for traverse, he walked in the water. So did I. I would have given dollars for the lead, but pride of race forbade me remonstrance.

Savarin had relapsed into somewhat of content. We were still making good time, which was everything.

Once, as we circled a quick sweep of bank wherein there was quiet water, the line was slack to our going; it sizz-zipped through the waters as though we pulled a net of many fishes. Buckshot, perhaps, had an eye in the back of his head; certainly he did not turn his face half an inch to accomplish the vile trick which he put upon me.

Softly going till a strain reached into his leather collar, he suddenly raced forward, and the tracking-line, snapping taut to the canoe like a fiddle-string, yanked me from the river bank as though I had been a trout on a fish-hook. But Buckshot's onward course dragged me from the water as easily as it had pulled me in; and as we were in a great hurry, I said nothing about this little side issue.

The Indian did not even smile, which was aggravating; his heavy face suffered a transient expression of hurt surprise to pass over it, as though he disapproved



"Dat's Joe Savarin's old Wife," he exclaimed.

of my delaying the progress of the party to its destination.

At four o'clock we were opposite La Biche River. We had made ninety miles in three days against the impetuous river.

Crossing over, the gods of fate threw the dice once in my favour. A twist in the wind clutched Buckshot's hat and, flaunting it for a hundred yards, threw it to the swift waters of the Athabasca. I laughed; even Savarin, I fancy, smiled; for Buckshot gave a wolf-like howl of dismay. However, we were in a hurry, and the hat could keep right on to Grand Rapids for all we cared.

At the mouth of La Biche, Larue's son was waiting with a wagon. Larue pere had arranged his transport when leaving home, owing to the low water in La Biche River. He had said nothing of it to me; an Indian loves the extra card up his sleeve. The boy was barren of food. He had expected his father back two days before and, in the waiting, having nothing else to do, had eaten everything. There was a family of Indians camped there; of course they had helped him. A marked peculiarity of a small Indian party is that they never have anything to eat in the tepee.

Also, our commissariat was depleted. Larue had provisioned us to the making of La Biche River, expecting supplies there.

However, the main thing was to press forward, because of the fifty-seven reasons Larue had given me at Pelican. So the canoe was loaded upside down on the wagon, and, marshalled like a body-guard to it, we started.

I have noticed this in the Northland, that it always rains when one has nothing to eat; the hungrier one is, the harder it rains. Of course, in winter this is changed to snow.

Larue's son wasn't hungry at all, therefore he was voluble. Perhaps he thought I needed cheering up. At any rate, he turned the driving reins over to his father and strode at my side.

If a Breed discourses of civilisation, his tale is garnished with graphic recitals of wild drinking bouts; of fights with the town dwellers; of feminine conquests; that's the limit. Young Larue had wandered far in these many fields of adventure, and nothing on earth except a shot-gun would have checked his narrative.

We travelled far into the black wall of the night. At times it seemed as if we swam through the atmosphere, it rained so. But travelling with a canoe diagonally across a wagon, through a spruce forest, in the night, has its eventual limitation; otherwise I fancy we should have kept right on until Lac la Biche, fifty miles away, was reached.

We lay down under the rain and let it rain. What mattered it? it couldn't wet us; we were living rivers—little lakes on foot. In candor I may admit that I did crawl under the wagon with its canoe roof.

Toward morning the rain ceased, but it was only a trick of the elements; they knew what they were about. As we proceeded, the trees, the bushes, the grass, were watering cans; at each tap of the wagon wheel, at each brush of the canoe, at every breath of wind, the water splashed on us joyously, eagerly.

The onward progress would have proved monotonous had it not been for a smiling bit of muskeg we essayed. It lay so smooth and fair, that I believe Larue, with all his forest knowledge, went at it too eagerly—it was something to be clear of the forever-and-ever trees. At any rate, half way across, the wagon commenced to disappear; the horses were swimming in black mud. The extrication, in brief, was a matter of strategy. The ever-present rope and chain were in the wagon—Larue fils had not been able to eat them. The vehicle salvaged from the Slough of Despond, we took up our pilgrimage.

Toward evening we swung out to an open prairie—an outspread Gobelin tapestry of illimitability, flower-spangled till it was a field of cloth of gold.

As I rode beside Larue the driver, a strange figure came undulating across the scarlet vista. Like a Castilian don he was, sitting on his high-spirited horse like a statue.

"It's Ladouceur, the free-trader," volunteered Larue.

The horseman reined in his steed beside our wagon; through his stirrups peeped moccasins of exquisite workmanship.

That night we camped with him. His hospitality was large; and his little French wife, Marie, had the glory of cleanliness in her soul. The genial grace of her sweet smile claimed us as brothers.

When we left in the morning, I had acquired the moccasins.

It was sixteen miles to Lac la Biche. A mile short of the Post, Savarin, who had been riding, for the road was good now, dropped to earth and, jumping a fence, started at a lope across the fields.

Larue, nodding his head sideways, volunteered an explanation: "Joe, he's live for dat house. S'pose me he's for big hurry see hees leetle boy, he's plenty silk."

We were rising a hill. At the top, looking down over a prairie valley, I saw an emerald-bordered jewel of blue—Lac la Biche.

Nestling on its southern side, the Hudson Bay Fort gleamed white in the strong sunlight like a thung of marble.

To the right, high on the hill, was a huge Catholic mission.

Suddenly a wail, like the night cry of a she-wolf, came up the winding trail. Next we could see a straggling line of Breeds and Indians toiling with bowed heads up the hill.

"What is it?" I asked Larue, as we met them.

"Dat's Joe Savarin's old wife," he answered. "Hees little boy he's die for sure two days. Dese fell's dey's bury him. By Goss! I'se sorry for poor Joe. He's fond for dat leetle boy. By Goss! I'se sorry."

He turned his massive head away from me toward the horses. It dropped. And we went down the hill to the little white fort that rested beside the sapphire lake.

That was why Savarin had thrust so eagerly at the river trail; while I, not understanding, had judged him as white men are prone to judge the Indian.

For always will the memory of the haste of Savarin linger as a rebuke.

A MIGHTY MOOSE

(Continued from Page 16)

covered ground, in the midst of magnificent mountain scenery, is a sight that once seen can never be forgotten.

"But it was impossible for me on the occasion about which I am writing to give much time to the contemplation of the wonderful picture so suddenly presented to me.

"A magnificent specimen of a moose was walking past me, right in the open, and well within shot. A sudden eddy of wind might have alarmed it at any moment, and I did not want to take any risks about securing a pair of horns, whose equal for size and rugged beauty I was never likely to see again. I therefore fired as quickly as possible and my bullet must have passed right through its heart as I afterwards found that it had struck the centre of the shoulder.

"At the shot the great bull stood still, and reloading my single barrelled rifle as quickly as possible, I fired a second shot, which again pierced its shoulder within a few inches of the first inflicted wound. For some seconds the dying animal still stood motionless, and I had reloaded and could have fired again before it fell, had I not felt sure that it was mortally wounded. Suddenly, without ever having moved its feet from the moment my first bullet struck, it lurched over sideways and fell flat on the ground stone dead.

"It was indeed a splendid creature. I made its standing height at the shoulder six feet eleven inches, taking the measurement as carefully as possible with a steel tape. Its magnificent antlers measured five feet seven inches in a straight line right across the palms, with no long straggling points, and were extraordinarily massive and heavy. On the left hand antler there were twenty-three points, and on the right eighteen, or forty-one points in all.

"Altogether, it seemed to me that I had at last obtained a trophy worth a king's ransom, a trophy which would have well repaid a journey to the very end of the earth to get. When weighed at Selkirk on the Yukon in the following October, the horns and skull of this moose turned the scale at seventy-five pounds.

"I am quite aware that a number of moose heads of considerably larger dimensions than those I have just recorded have been obtained in the Kenai Peninsula in Southern Alaska, but the moose in that locality appear to be a local race in which the average size of the horns is much larger than in any other part of North America.

"My big moose was killed hundreds of miles from the Kenai Peninsula on a western spur of the main range of the Rocky Mountains, and I think I may fairly say that it is one of the biggest and heaviest moose heads ever obtained in British North America, and it is at any rate the finest hunting trophy that has ever fallen to my rifle."

THE GOLDEN FLOOD

By EDWIN LEFEVRE



Resume: Mr. Richard Dawson, president of the Metropolitan Bank, New York, is visited on a Thursday, by Mr. George Kitchell Grinnell, who wishes to deposit \$100,000, and presents an Assay Office check on the Sub-Treasury. One week from then he deposits \$151,000, a fortnight later \$250,000, and three weeks later \$500,000. He makes no revelation of his business, and on his desiring to make a deposit of \$1,000,000, the pompous president becomes excited. A deposit of \$2,500,000 follows, then \$5,000,000, and the following Thursday, \$10,000,000. Mr. Dawson employs Costello, a detective, who reports that Mr. Grinnell lives quietly, but has a load of bullion bars taken to the Assay Office every Monday. The flood continues until Mr. Grinnell has nearly thirty millions in the bank. The president in desperation seeks again to discover the source of the fortune. He is baffled once more, and Mr. Grinnell increases his deposits to \$35,000,000, and informs Mr. Dawson that Miss Grinnell, his sister, shares the secret of his wealth. The president then warns the plutocrat, Mellen, of the gold calamity. They tell Grinnell of the harm of too rapid increase in gold supply. The latter refuses to become either alarmed or confidential. Mr. Mellen and Mr. Dawson resolve to sell bonds and buy stocks. Mr. George Mellen, the brother of the richest man in the world, is warned of the situation. Mr. Grinnell then announces his desire for drafts on foreign banks. He takes a sight draft on London for two million pounds sterling. Mr. Grinnell then requests the financier, Mr. Herzog, to buy for him a hundred millions of bonds on margin.

"I SEE! I see! Good!" He arose and, unable to contain himself, extended his hand and said: "Mr. Grinnell, I am certain you are a great man. I am proud to have your confidence. Bye-and-bye, when it does no harm, you will tell me all, and I shall see if I am right?"

"Some day we shall both see whether we are right or not," said Grinnell composedly.

"Yes, yes. Now answer me: Do you find that great wealth is also a great temptation?"

"I do not," answered Grinnell frankly.

"There are many things you would not do for money if you were penniless, much less would you do them, having fifty or a hundred millions. Is it not so?"

"There are many things I should like to do if I had a thousand millions," said Grinnell, very earnestly.

"Precisely. That's what you told them. Ah, William Mellen! William Mellen!" and the little old man shook his head and raised his hands ceilingward, as though he saw the richest man in the world there and were apostrophizing him. "You have imagination, but only one pair of eyes. I see!"

"You know him?" Grinnell asked.

The Hebrew banker, at this question, instantly became merely a banker. He said, briskly: "If bonds are too low, stocks are too high; much too high. It would be well to sell some to those wise rich men who wish to buy them; for the public is not buying stocks. Only the rich can buy—and suffer, it may be, eh, Mr. Grinnell?"

"I shall be glad to join you in such an operation, Mr. Herzog."

"Thank you, sir; thank you. You leave it to me?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well. It is possible you are rich; but it is certain you are wise, Mr. Grinnell. First, we shall buy bonds for you. That is the investment operation. For one hundred millions we may buy one hundred and twenty millions par value, of the best bonds in the world. After that will come the—ah—" He paused and looked at Grinnell. The young man, his face still impassive, said:

"Yes, sir. If you wish any more money—"

"I will let you know, Mr. Grinnell. Come every morning at half after nine. Please let me have your name and address. There is much I should like to ask you; but bye-and-bye, you will tell me of your own accord, and your lawyer is?"

"Col. Gordon McClintock. You know him?"

"Yes. I shall not need him. Come to-morrow morning. There is much to do. Good-afternoon, Mr. Grinnell," and Mr. Herzog shook hands warmly with the young man.

It happened as Mr. Herzog had said. The friends of the Mellens's were told in the strictest confidence to sell bonds for good and sufficient reasons. They told their friends, also in strict confidence; and their friends told their friends, and their friends their friends, even unto the fourth and fifth generations, until there came the panic of the millionaires, for these men, in the nature of things, had no poor friends. Their aggregate sales were torrential, appalling. The professionals were too frightened to buy or sell anything, unless it was life insurance policies without the suicide clause.

And the flood of fine investment issues rolled resistlessly over the corpses of little speculators who bought them one day, thinking them incredibly cheap, only to see them on the next day incredibly, fatally cheaper, because the rich were selling! And the insane boom in stocks waxed greater, madder, more stupendous! Because the Mellens were buying!

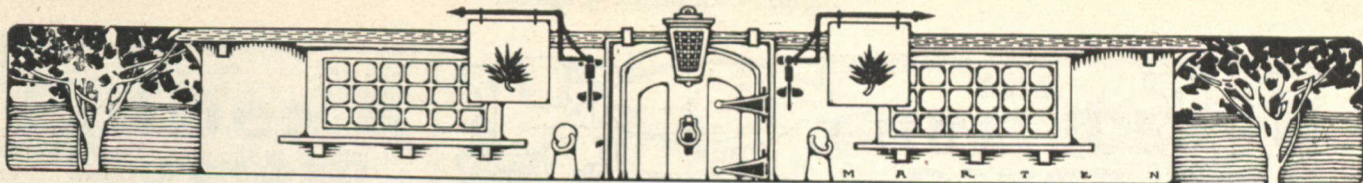
It could not continue much longer. The Secretary of the Treasury came to New York twice that week to confer with the great financiers, who listened intently—and suggested nothing. The country at large fixed its eyes on Wall Street and endeavoured to see clearly. The tide must turn. The public began to buy bonds outright—to buy a few bonds, pay for them and then, frightened at its own temerity, doubtful of having after all secured bargains, run breathlessly home and lock up its purchase, and not look at the next day's quotations for fear of finding that the price of the same bonds had dropped farther.

Still the public had begun to buy. But not before Wolff, Herzog & Co. had purchased for \$117,000,000 bonds which a month before could not have been purchased for less than \$143,000,000, all for account of Mr. George K. Grinnell; and had sold short 250,000 shares of stocks at an average price of \$190 per share, stocks which four weeks previously could not have been sold at \$125 per share, these for account of "Account G," which included equally Mr. George K. Grinnell, Wolff, Herzog & Co., of New York; I. Benjamin & Co., of London; Stetheim & Sons, of Frankfort and Amsterdam, and Goldschmidt Freres, of Paris. And because of these operations the bond market steadied and the stock market ceased to advance, and people plucked up courage and bought bonds and sold stocks, until bonds began actually to rise slowly and stocks to decline steadily and greater courage gained thereby. And because the public, which is everybody, is greater than anybody, greater even than the richest man in the world, the Paradoxical Panic was checked.

There came a lull. After all, the public had but ceased to fear to buy bonds. It must be made to fear not to buy them; for bonds still were much too low and stocks very much too high. Wherefore, the "Evening Scold," which had been importuning Mr. Isaac L. Herzog for an expression of his views, was at last able to publish an interview, double leaved, in its front page, in which the great financier strongly urged investors not to sell bonds but rather to buy. As for stocks, it was not wise to buy them but rather to sell. Investors need not be anxious over fundamental business conditions. Speculators, on the other hand, had before them a highly dangerous stock market.

It was the first and only interview any newspaper had ever been able to obtain for publication from Mr. Herzog; and the "Evening Scold" was so uniformly ill-natured and impartially condemnatory that it was above suspicion. It was ultra-Mugwump in politics, art,

(Continued on Page 23)



AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

WHENEVER a journalist of to-day desires to make the modern woman realise her shortcomings, he or she harks back to the days of the salon in pre-Revolutionary France and shows how brilliant were the gatherings which had coffee and repartee in the rooms whose hangings have long ago crumbled into dull grey dust. Mrs. Hylton Dale wrote an article for the "Nineteenth Century" some time ago in which she declared that the Frenchwomen of the salons of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were the most charming women who have ever lived and were justly celebrated because they were "superb hostesses" and possessed in an eminent degree the supreme qualities of tact, charm and sympathy.

A masculine writer on the same subject rebukes the women of to-day for their lack of intellectual inspiration and asks "where are the salons of to-day?" We must admit with all meekness that such women as ruled the salons are not to be found among the hostesses of this continent. But neither are such brilliant men as discussed with those women everything that the sages had forgotten to say. It is just possible that the men of the present age are partly to blame for the mental dullness of modern social entertainments. It may be that they are hardly capable of appreciating such wit as flowed freely from the lips of the ladies of the salon, and prefer a less sparkling refreshment. It takes both guests and hostess to form a salon.

Queen Alexandra's fondness for the gentle shades of grey and mauve is well-known, as is also her preference for small hats. M.A.P., that English weekly of interesting bits of information, tells of how in 1863 on the coming of the Danish princess to England, she unconsciously established a rivalry to the beautiful French Empress Eugenie.

"On the marriage of the then Prince of Wales it became clear to all those of our countrywomen interested in dress that the French Empress had now a formidable modistic rival. The Royal bride had the great advantage of flawless youth and perfect beauty on her side; she had no need to rely on any artificial aid, and in place of the purples and greys, the rather bright greens and chestnut browns, affected by Spanish Eugenie, the Danish princess proved the admirable sartorial value of pure white and of azure blue. Tulle—'illusion,' as it was then called—was the young Princess of Wales's favourite material for evening gowns, and the gossamer fabric set off her radiant beauty to wonderful advantage.

"At a time when Paris had decreed that large picture hats, to which were added curtain-like veils, must be the only wear, the future Queen of England was introducing the close-fitting smart sailor hat, her only other form of head-gear being the significantly named *Princesse bonnet*, which, as first worn by her Majesty, was almost as simple as the shape affected by the modern trained nurse. Only comparatively lately has the Queen adopted the elaborate and becoming floral toque which had become so universally worn both in London and Paris, and which owes its success to the exquisite perfection of modern artificial blossoms." For the last fifteen years, she has shown a remarkable fondness for lavender and purple and has created a fashion in amethysts by her frequent wearing of those stones.

"I feel greedy of every summer day," said a Canadian woman wistfully, "think of making jam and jellies when you are longing to be in the woods or on the water."

"Don't bother about jam and jelly," replied a spinster

sister, who has no household needs to consider, "it's cheaper to buy them, I believe. Do a lot of pickles and catsup next autumn and spend these days outdoors."

"It's all very well to advise, but you don't know anything about it." Then the careful Martha explained the extravagance of "bought preserves" and also descanted upon the adulteration of "the stuff you get in the shops" until the unsophisticated spinster admitted that perhaps it is just as well to forego an occasional morning or afternoon by the water and put up raspberries and red currants, to be later on put down by the hungry household.

Basketry is an art which has lately come into vogue and bids fair to keep its place among the beautifying crafts. Our early memories of the art associate themselves with the fragrance of sweet hay and excursions to Indian camps, unsavoury but mysterious. It is curious how the least graceful or attractive of the dusky weavers had a natural gift in shaping and colouring the materials which finally emerged in quaint and vividly-stained forms. The Indian woman can teach us much of the art of basketry, which is ancient, indeed, as it goes away back through the centuries and, like all other crafts, began in the East.

In Muskoka and among the islands of the Georgian Bay, many are the baskets offered by the wandering bands of Indians to the tourists who are usually quite ready to inspect the sweet-smelling wares and to pay fancy prices for the real native manufactures. In British Columbia, the Coast tribes have several individual styles that have proved most popular and are being introduced in Eastern Canada. From Mexico and Arizona come bright and varied shapes which have a curious history woven on their bulging sides. Like the old china cups and saucers which told the story of the runaway princess, these baskets from the sub-tropics have quaint legends intertwined with their crisp strands.

In the States, basketry has become a favourite subject with the women's clubs and, although it has made its way more slowly in Canadian homes and clubs it has finally "arrived," and for the time wood-carving and pyrography have retired to the background and given place to the softer art. The

extremes of the country meet in this fashion and we find that the most interesting specimens of basketry come from British Columbia and the Maritime Provinces.

CANADIENNE.

The Trail to Lillooet

By E. PAULINE JOHNSON, (Tekahionwake)

Sob of fall and song of forest, come you here on haunting quest,
 Calling through the seas and silence from God's country of the West?
 Where the mountain pass is narrow, and the torrent white and strong
 Down its rocky-throated canon sings its golden-throated song.

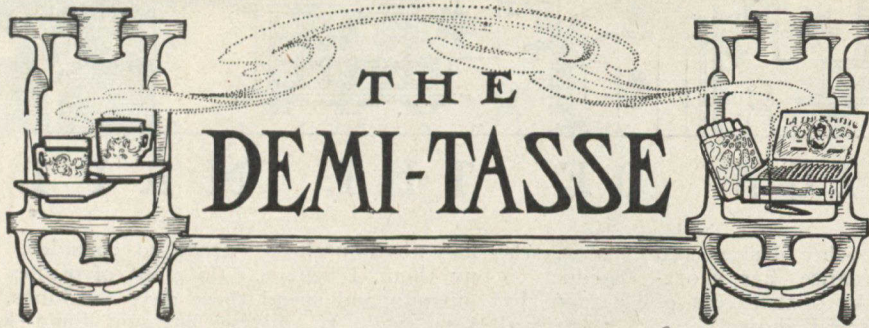
Here, the placid English August and the sea-encircled miles;
 There, God's copper-coloured sunshine beating through the mountain aisles,
 Where the water fall and forest voice forever their duet,
 And call across the canon on the trail to Lillooet.

—Canadian Magazine.



Lady Parker,

Formerly Miss Amy Van Tine of New York, married to Sir Gilbert Parker, 1895.



CRICKET CONDEMNED.

THE Belleville Old Boys have recently been celebrating in the picturesque town on the Bay of Quinte. A souvenir issued two years ago, on the occasion of a reunion, contains some interesting tales about the Belleville of olden days. Among the records of the Methodists of the town in 1848 is found this entry:

"Isaac Reeves' case was taken up, and it was agreed that he should make an acknowledgment in class and promise not to play at cricket in future, or lose his standing in the church."

The modern compiler playfully adds:

"The records show that the orders of the church were obeyed, and the whilom cricketer gave up his wickets and wickedness together."

It is difficult to believe that a game so associated with dignified sport as cricket should have been considered a dangerous diversion half a century ago. Poor Isaac Reeves! One cannot help surmising how he filled the void in his life. Did he play croquet or carpet balls? He surely belonged to these more enlightened days, when members of the church are allowed to play almost any sort of ball, and even have been known to whack the umpire.

EMPHATIC.

It is hard to please everyone—especially if the "one" be a woman. Larkins, a respectable citizen of an Ontario town, was recently absorbed in his evening paper when his wife attempted to interest him in the affairs of the neighbourhood.

"Isn't it a shame the way Frank Raymond is carrying on with that Shepley girl! And his wife's not been dead a year."

"It's a beastly shame," said Larkins, dreamily, as he looked for news of the "market."

"Henry," she said, sternly, "the best of men don't seem to be able to act with any sense, if a silly girl shows that she admires them."

"H—m," said Larkins, impatiently, "money's tighter than ever this month."

"Henry," persisted the lady, "if I were to die, do you think you'd marry again?"

"Not on your life," said the enraged Henry, bringing his fist down with emphasis.

"You needn't tell the people next door about it," said his wife, tearfully—and Henry took his paper and pipe upstairs.

THE WRONG FEE.

As the young man was donning his evening suit preparatory to keeping a social engagement, he ran his hand into his pocket, and was surprised to find an envelope there. On opening it he discovered \$25 in bills.

"Now, where in thunder did I take on all this money?" he said. "It isn't mine, for I never carry my bills around in an envelope."

Then he sat down to think where he had worn the suit and how he had come by the \$25. "The last place I wore it," he mused, finally, "was when I was best man at a wedding a month ago. But I gave the minister his money. I remember distinctly giving him something, and it must have been his fee. If I didn't give him the money, what in the world did I give him?"

He called up the clergyman by telephone. "Do you mind telling me," he asked, "what

I gave you for a fee at Blank's wedding?"

The answer came back very distinctly and cuttingly: "Young man, you gave me a box of vile-smelling cigarettes."—St. Thomas Times.

A SURE THING.

"Look here, that horse you sold me runs away, kicks, bites and tries to tear down the stable at night. You told me that if I got him I wouldn't part with him for one hundred pounds."

Dealer—"Well, you won't."—Tit-Bits.

NOT THE NOBILITY.

In the "Grand Magazine," the course of a burlesque gossip, one Englishman says:

"I saw on the hotel register at the Cecil the other day the name of Charles Marquis of Toledo. Somebody—probably the clerk—had put a comma after the Christian name, and a reporter of the 'Daily Wail' or 'Daily Comical' was making a frantic effort to have his card sent up to the Marquis of Toledo, presumably a visiting Spanish nobleman." The Toledo was, of course, Ohio, U. S. A.

"The best instance of that kind I know," said a friend, "relates to an American, Mr. James Isaac King, of Buffalo, N.Y., who registered at a London hotel, and the next day was besieged by credulous press men anxious to get a glimpse of the dusky monarch, James I., King of Buffalo."

THE WRONG HOME.

Teacher—"What is a coal magnate, Tommie?"

Tommie—"I don't know madam; I only thought those things come in cheese."

HEARTS OR CLUBS.

A certain Miss Brown, of New York, had entered upon social settlement work, with a sympathetic heart towards sufferers in the slums. A woman of this district

had been sadly beaten by her drunken husband and had been taken to the hospital, where she was commiserated by several visitors. On her recovery she went to the settlement house to thank Miss Brown for her interest in the case. Finally she asked the lady: "Ain't you married?"

"No," was the cheerful reply.

"Gee," remarked the beaten one, regarding the spinster with pity from eyes that were still purple and black, "it must be fierce to be an old maid."

ON THE WRONG TRACK.

A ticket collector on a railway got leave to go and get married, and was given a pass over the line. On the way back he showed to the new collector his marriage certificate by mistake for his pass. He studied it carefully, and then said, "Eh, mon, you've got a ticket for a lang, wearisome journey, but no' on the Caledonian."—Cassell's Magazine.

HOW TO ESCAPE.

A now well-known author once drifted down into Arkansas in search of local colour. As he was "roughing it," his appearance was not calculated to inspire the local landlords with confidence. In one town he was shown to a room on the third floor, reached through many narrow and winding passages. From the one window it was a straight drop to the ground.

"Say, how would I get out of this place in case of fire?" he asked the landlord, who had brought up his grip. The other eyed him coldly.

"Wall," he drawled, "all yo' would have to do would be to show ther night-watchman—the one with ther shotgun—a receipted bill for yo' board an' lodgin', an' get him to tie up ther bulldog."—Bellman.

THE NET PROFIT.

A New England man tells of a prosperous Connecticut farmer, painfully exact in money matters, who married a widow of Greenwich possessing in her own right the sum of ten thousand dollars.

Shortly after the wedding a friend met the farmer, to whom he offered congratulations, at the same time observing:

"It's a good thing for you, Malachi—a marriage that means ten thousand dollars to you."

"Not quite that, Bill," said the farmer, "not quite that."

"Why," exclaimed the friend, "I understood there was every cent of ten thousand dollars in it for you."

"I had to pay two dollars for a marriage license," said Malachi, with a sigh.—Harper's Monthly.



Wealthy Pork King. (prospective buyer of old Scotch manor). "Waal, I guess the place'll do bang up. But old man Hame's advertisement will have to come down."—Punch.

Gilbey's "LONDON DRY" Gin

is of highest quality. Distilled from the finest materials.

Gilbey's "Spey Royal"

A pure malt Scotch Whisky. Pot still with the honest flavor.

Ten Years Old

For sale throughout Canada in all the best bars and in Railway trains. **ASK FOR IT.**

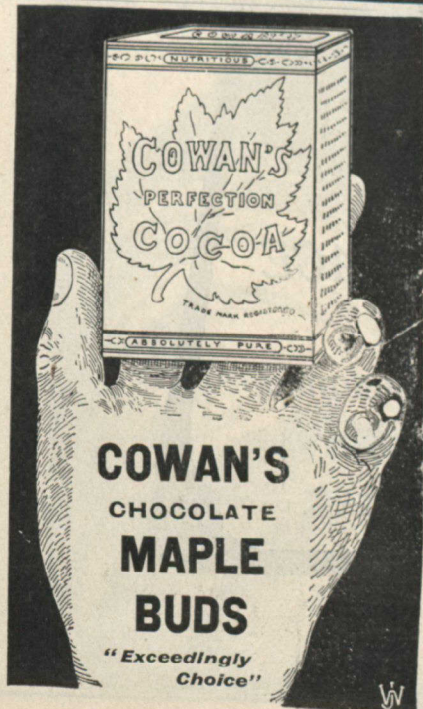
R. H. HOWARD & CO.
Toronto, Distributors

Brown Brothers

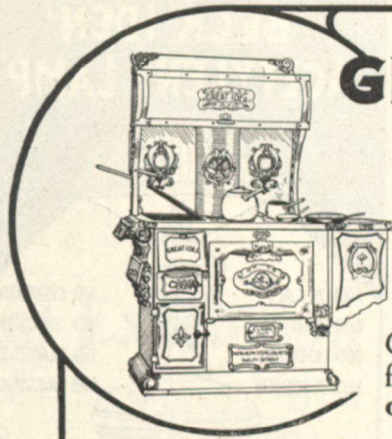
LIMITED

51-53 Wellington Street West
Toronto

Headquarters for Account Books, Every Description Loose Leaf Ledgers and Binders, Stationery for Office, Bank or Factory; Leather Goods, Purses, Letter Cases, Portfolios, Printers' and Binders' Supplies; Bookbinding—every style of the Art; Paper—full supply, every kind and size.



COWAN'S
CHOCOLATE
MAPLE
BUDS
"Exceedingly Choice"



THE GREAT IDEA RANGE

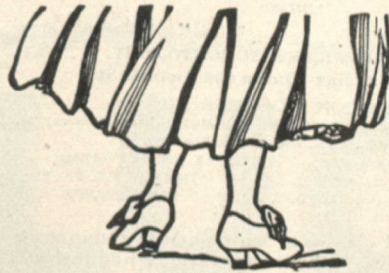


has oven top made double, insuring nice, even heat in the oven.

Great Idea Ranges have a deep firebox with Duplex Grates for coal or wood.

Great Idea Ranges have all flues, even under the oven, lined with asbestos, held in place with another sheet of steel inside, which retains all the heat.

GUELPH STOVE CO., Limited, Guelph, Ont.



DUNLOP "Comfort" RUBBER HEELS

In all sizes for
Ladies and Men

The two hands on every pair



Trade Mark

Price the pair **50c.**



Trustees

desiring to be relieved of the management of estates, advise with

National Trust Company
Limited

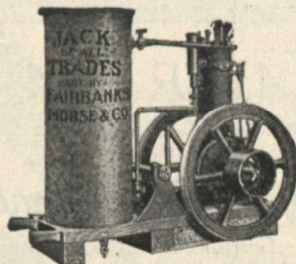
Montreal

Winnipeg

BRANCHES:

Saskatoon

Edmonton



Make the Farm Pay

A FAIRBANKS-MORSE JACK-OF-ALL-TRADES
GASOLINE ENGINE

will pump water, saw wood, shell corn, run cream separator, in fact furnish power for any purpose.

Every Farmer Should Have One

Cut out this advertisement and send it to

The Canadian Fairbanks Company

26-28 Front Street West, TORONTO

Limited

Please send me (without cost to me) your catalogue with full information regarding your Gasoline Engine for farm use

NAME

TOWN..... COUNTY.....

ENNIS & STOPPANI

McKINNON BLDG., TORONTO

will mail on request copy of Quotation Record showing the recent low figures made on New York Stocks, the range of prices for several years, capitalization, bonded debt, surplus profits, dividends, when payable, and other useful information.

BECK-IDEN ACETYLENE LAMP



NO HEAT
NO DIRT
NO ODOR
NO SMOKE

NO CHIMNEYS
NO WICKS
NO MANTLES
NO VARIATION

BECK-IDEN ACETYLENE LAMP CO.,
86 Notre Dame St., W. Montreal. 6

A Splendid Sermon

on health, is the label on every bottle of

Abbey's Effer-Salt

Just follow the directions—take a morning glass—and you will find yourself growing stronger and feeling better every day. 148



CABLE ADDRESS, "CANDEC"

The Canadian Detective Bureau

LIMITED

MAX F. KELLER, GEN. MANAGER WILLIAM H. WELSH, GEN. SUPT.

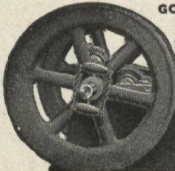
GENERAL OFFICES: TORONTO, ONT.
Crown Life Building—Queen and Victoria Sts.

BRANCH OFFICES

OTTAWA, ONT., Trust Bldg., Sparks St. MONTREAL, P.Q., Bank of Ottawa Bldg.
WINNIPEG, MAN., Bank of Hamilton Bldg.
ST. JOHN, N.B., Pugsley Bldg. HALIFAX, N.S., St. Paul Bldg.
VANCOUVER, B.C., Inns of Court Bldg. DAWSON, Y.T., N.C. Bldg.
NEW YORK, N.Y. LONDON, ENG. PARIS, FRANCE

¶ This Bureau is prepared to undertake all classes of legitimate detective work for railroads, banks, insurance companies, other corporations and private individuals.

¶ Our offices being located from one end of the Dominion to the other give us specially good facilities for handling business for clients with connection throughout the various provinces.



GOES LIKE SIXTY
SELLS LIKE SIXTY
SELLS FOR SIXTY

\$65

GILSON GASOLINE ENGINE

For Pumping, Cream Separators, Churns, Wash Machines, etc. **FREE TRIAL**
Ask for catalog—all sizes

GILSON MFG. CO. LTD., 113 York St., Guelph, Ont.

USE Ideal Salt

THE WESTERN SALT CO.
Mooretown, Ont.

"THUNDER CAPE" LAKE SUPERIOR



A FRESH WATER SEA VOYAGE

(1500 Miles on the Great Lakes)
VIA THE

Northern Navigation Co's Splendid Steamers

Lakes Superior and Huron—Georgian Bay—30,000 Islands—Mackinac Island
CHARMING TOURS AT CHEAP PRICES—SERVICE FIRST-CLASS

For Information and Literature Address

C. H. NICHOLSON

Traffic Manager
176 Front St., Sarnia, Ont.

**Mackenzie King as a
"Meditator"**

IT happened on a downtown corner one noon hour soon after the miners went on strike at Cobalt. A group of seasoned toilers was discussing the situation between puffs at their equally seasoned pipes. The conversation had turned to ways of settling strikes, and the advan-

ages of arbitration and conciliatory methods were being weighed.

Not much was being said. It was a time for deep thought. Finally out of the silence one of the group took his pipe out of his mouth long enough to say, "I hear Mackenzie King has been called in to meditate on it."

And nothing more was heard but the puff, puff of the pipes.

Canadian National Exhibition

1907 TORONTO, ONT. 1907
AUGUST 26TH TO SEPTEMBER 9TH

\$45,000 in Premiums	\$400,000 in New Buildings	\$45,000 in Attractions
GREAT AIR-SHIP DEMONSTRATION PASSENGERS CARRIED IN ANY DIRECTION		
BEST GRAND STAND ATTRACTIONS YET		
Historical Art Loan Collection	Grand Spectacle "SEIGE OF BADAJOS"	Processes of Manufacture
THE PLACE TO SEE CANADA REDUCED RATES ON ALL LINES OF TRAVEL		

**PRIZES
For Amateur Photographers**

Contest Number One

Best outdoor picture containing some figures, either human or animal. First Prize—\$3.00 cash; Second Prize—a year's subscription; Third, Fourth and Fifth Prizes—a half year's subscription. Closes September 1st.

Contest Number Two

Best outdoor picture of animal life, serious or amusing. Same prizes as in contest number one. Closes October 1st.

All photos for these competitions not winning a prize will be returned if postage for that purpose is enclosed. Mark "Contest Number One" or "Contest Number Two" and put full name, address and description on back of each photo.

Address: PHOTOGRAPH EDITOR
CANADIAN COURIER
61 Victoria Street - TORONTO

**FELUCCA
CIGARETTES**

Fourteen generations of experts have served the House of Maspero.

The secrets of blending tobaccos have been handed down from father to son for over three hundred years.

These are the men who make FELUCCA Egyptian Cigarettes. The world's choicest tobaccos blended by Egyptians—could anything promise greater pleasure to the man who places quality above price?

Served in the most exclusive clubs—sold in the best hotels, and by all tobacconists.

10 for 25c.

MASPERO FRERES
CAIRO, Egypt.

446

The Golden Flood

(Continued from Page 20)

THE STANDARD LOAN COMPANY

CAPITAL - \$ 900,000
RESERVE - 50,000
ASSETS - 2,500,000

VICE-PRES. AND MANAGING DIRECTOR
W. S. DINNICK.

DIRECTOR:
RIGHT HONORABLE LORD STRATHCONA AND MOUNT ROYAL, K.C.M.G.

HEAD OFFICE:
24 Adelaide St. East, TORONTO, ONT.

☐ Debentures for one, two, three, four and five years issued, bearing interest at five per cent. per annum, payable half-yearly.

☐ Write for booklet entitled "SOME CARDINAL POINTS."

THE IMPERIAL TRUSTS CO. OF CANADA

ESTABLISHED 1887

GEO. H. GOODERHAM
PRESIDENT

4% INTEREST credited half-yearly, on deposits of \$1.00 and upwards, subject to withdrawal by cheque.

JAMES G. FORRESTER,
MANAGER

17 Richmond St. West, Toronto



8 RICHMOND ST., EAST - TORONTO
ALFRED WRIGHT, MANAGER

The THIEL Detective Service Co.

— OFFICES —

CHICAGO, ILL., Monadnock Bldg.
DENVER, COLO., Majestic Bldg.
KANSAS CITY, MO., New England Bldg.
NEW YORK, N. Y., Broadway Maiden Lane Bldg.
PORTLAND, ORE., Chamber of Commerce
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Mutual Savings Bank Bldg.
SEATTLE, WASH., New York Bldg.
SPOKANE, WASH., Empire State Bldg.
ST. LOUIS, MO., Century Bldg.
ST. PAUL, MINN., Germania Life Bldg.
CITY OF MEXICO, MEX., Equitable Life Ins. Bldg.
MONTREAL, CANADA, Liverpool, London and Globe Bldg.
WINNIPEG, MAN., Union Bank of Canada Bldg.
LOS ANGELES, 621 Trust Bldg.
TORONTO, CANADA, Suite 604-5-6, Traders' Bank Building.

literature, finance, and base-ball. The morning papers "verified" the interview and reprinted it prominently on the next day. And into Wall Street poured hordes of men, of all ages and political complexions—Jew and Gentile—of all degrees of fortune, and of no fortune at all, but all of them men who believed in Mr. Herzog's integrity, and particularly in his sagacity. There followed a Great Day. Mostly, the public bought bonds. The selling pressure really was over by now, the enlightened millionaires being practically bondless; so bonds rose quickly, unchecked. And stocks declined, not so quickly, but every whit as steadily.

Mellen read the Herzog interview in Dawson's office. When he was done with them, he carefully folded the newspapers and piled them neatly on the table. It was an unailing habit of his—that and saving the twine that came with parcels.

He arose, with a troubled expression on his face, and said to the president:

"Herzog is a very able man. I don't like this interview. He speaks too confidently." Into Mellen's eyes came the puzzled, indecisive look which Dawson had seen there so frequently in the last few weeks, and so seldom in the previous twenty years.

"He has a considerable following," admitted the president, in a cheerful voice, as though to keep his friend from dwelling too much on sorrow. "They have been heavy buyers of bonds and heavy sellers of stocks. That's for Europe. They've sold us nearly all the sterling bills that we needed for Grinnell's drafts. Grinnell has practically drawn all his money and sent it to London."

"I don't like it, Richard; I don't like it a bit. Perhaps we've been too hasty; and yet—" He stared at Dawson unseeingly. "Where did he get it?" His lips were dry; he moistened them with the tip of his tongue and pressed them together.

"William, every bullion dealer in the world has been interviewed. Costello had twenty men in the West visiting the mines and smelters. We have had reports from the Klondike, from the Transvaal, from Australia, from mining engineers everywhere. We have even gone over the manifests of vessels that have brought bullion here and to other ports this year. Costello was twice in the laboratory. Since he promised to stop depositing, Grinnell has been idle. The dynamo has not been running."

"But there must be a mine."

"I am certain the gold does not come from any mine on this earth."

"He may have accumulated it." The richest man in the world said this without conviction.

"Who gave him the money to pay for it?" asked Dawson, in an intentionally controversial tone, because he vaguely feared his friend's doubts at this late hour. "And it somebody gave it to him, from whom did the giver buy it?" Not from any smelter, or mine, or dealer in the last five years. That is certain, too.

"Yes, yes; that's it," said Mellen, irritably, because the answer would not come. "Is he under surveillance still?"

"Costello returned from the Pacific Coast Tuesday night, and I told him not to lose sight of Grinnell for one instant." The president approached the ticker.

"H'm!" he said. "Quite a rally in bonds." From force of habit the richest man in the world drew near. He passed the tape through his fingers slowly; then he told Dawson:

"I think we'd better help stocks go down." Seeing a doubtful look in the president's eyes, he added: "Oh, we'll get them back cheaper."

The door opened and Costello entered—he had instructions to walk into Mr. Dawson's private office without being announced, no matter who might be there with the president. Dawson merely looked inquiringly at the detective, but the richest man in the world walked up to him quickly and asked: "What is it, Costello?"

(To be Continued)



EXCLUSIVE LIGHTING FIXTURES

W. J. McGUIRE, Ltd.
TORONTO and MONTREAL



"The Lake Shore Express."

Fast Train for

MUSKOKA LAKES

LEAVES

TORONTO 10 A.M.

Observation Dining-Parlor Cars.

Connecting at Bala Park and Lake Joseph with Muskoka Navigation Co. Steamers, arrive B-aumaris 2.15 p.m., Port Cockburn 3.00 p.m., Port Sandfield 3.30 p.m., Royal Muskoka 4.30 p.m., other points in proportion.

Offices: Corner KING and TORONTO STS. and UNION STATION. Main 5600 and 5179.



DELIVERY DAY AND NIGHT

AUDITS INVESTIGATIONS SYSTEMS

STIFF BROTHERS

Chartered Accountants

Imperial Bank Building, 2 Leader Lane, Toronto
TELEPHONE MAIN 1210

F. H. RICHARDSON & CO. LIMITED

REAL ESTATE, INSURANCE AND FINANCIAL AGENTS.

83 Victoria St., - Toronto, Ontario

6% BANKING BY MAIL

Our Certificates of Deposit secured by first mortgages on improved real estate offer the safest form of investment of funds, yielding 6 per cent. per annum. Write for booklet "K."

FIRST TRUST & SAVINGS BANK
CAPITAL \$100,000.00 BILLINGS MONT.

Peculiarities

STRATFORD must be getting to be a nice place for a hungry man to keep away from. An exchange says that when twelve o'clock noon strikes, Stratfordites rush home and tackle a lot of villainous hot bread, pies and spices. Still, if you will notice, there has been no protest from the doctors and undertakers.

The marching Doukhobors say they are in search of a land of perpetual sunshine, where they will not have to work, but just eat bread and onions all day. The country is full of fellows like that, only we call the others "husky Hoboes."

The Amherstburg "Echo" is authority for the statement that a gentleman named Lounsbury, of Wheatley, Ont., is wearing the smile that won't come off—no, it's not oats, but a new boy, according to the despatch.

A Saskatchewan man lost a five-dollar bill and advertised for it, with the result that a stranger brought around a fiver to him. Then he found his own bill laid away in another pocket. This should convince everyone of the value of advertising.

The Amherstburg authorities are discussing the laying of a stone walk on one of their principal thoroughfares, and the "Echo" says that the old wooden walk is "on its last legs"—and the people who use it may be on cork legs, if they are not careful.

An Essex County farmer, while working in the fields, came across a large blue racer snake in a defiant attitude. The racer was probably inviting him to do a hundred yards sprint or possibly to engage in a catch-as-catch-can contest, but the farmer was no sport, and merely batted it on the head. Thus does outdoor sport degenerate from lack of a little enthusiasm.

The Hamilton Chief of Police is keeping a strict censorship over the moving pictures shown in the various amusement resorts in that city. One of the pictures complained of was labelled "Sowing Wild Oats," but the Chief did not think it was so tremendously dreadful. Probably the Chief has heard that sowing wild oats is a different proposition from playing Puss in the Corner.

The British Admiralty has rejected the application of a negro who wished to enlist in the navy. It would almost seem, however, as if a black tar would be a better article, for who ever heard of a white tar?

An old-time baseball player says that ball players are not what they used to be. In the good old days, he says, they were not afraid to lose a little of their hide in sliding for bases. A piece of tissue paper was good enough for a plaster then, but now, he says, they are a lot of gingerbread men and afraid to slide. Something like this would probably suit him:

Oh for a hide that will not crack,
A skin that's thick and sound;
A cuticle that will not bust
When sliding o'er the ground.

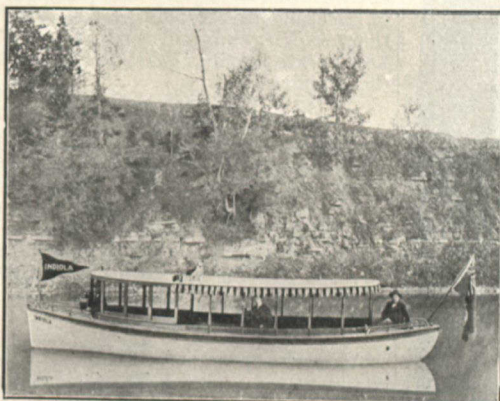
And now a dentist has come forward who says that tin makes a more durable and effective filling for teeth than gold. He says that it is hard to make people believe it, but that they are gradually coming round to this view.

No more to smile from ear to ear,
No satisfaction now to grin,
Since gold-filled teeth are obsolete,
Who cares to show a row of tin?

Montreal's housebreakers appear to be a courteous and gentlemanly class of men, and the citizens are, no doubt proud of

VISITORS TO TORONTO

who don't know where to go, will do well to take a sail on the Humber River aboard the Launch



Works: "Sunnyside." Boat Houses: Humber Bay, P.O.

"Indiola"

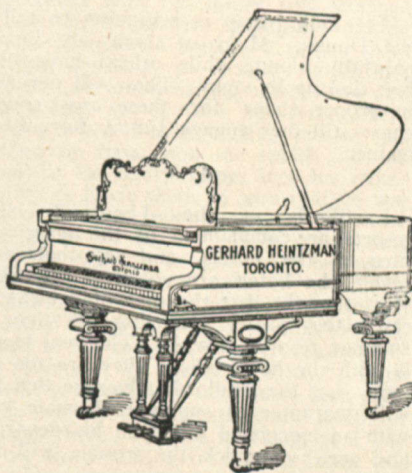
LIGHTED BY
ELECTRICITY

SEATS FORTY PEOPLE

I build Launches, Skiffs and Canoes and have at all times, for sale or hire, any sort of craft desired.

I. N. DEVINS

57 FULLER STREET
TORONTO



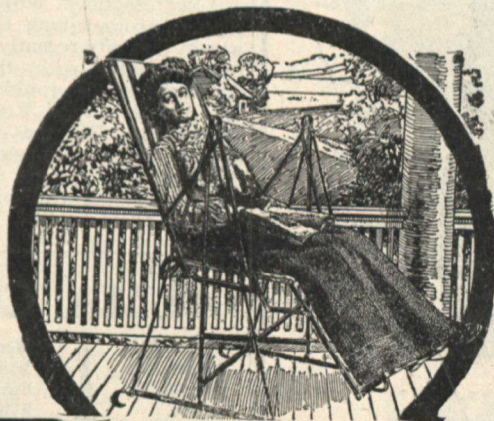
ESTABLISHED NEARLY 50 YEARS

Gerhard Heintzman Pianos

hold the place of honor as Canada's most artistic piano.

Factory: Sherbourne Street } TORONTO
Salesroom: 97 Yonge Street }

HAMILTON SALESROOMS: Corner King and Catherine Streets.



LAWN REQUISITES

COMFORT CHAIRS in Swing and Morris Style. The Ideal Chair for Lawn or Verandah.

LAWN SEATS in Wood and Iron, stained, painted and varnished.

METALLIC LAWN VASES, large range of sizes.

RICE LEWIS & SON LIMITED
TORONTO



HOW ABOUT BABY?

Build up your own and your children's constitutions by taking the health-giving and muscle-forming tonic—

Wilson's Invalids' Port

All Druggists—everywhere.

them. The other evening one of these individuals cleaned out a man's house, and on departing, encountered the owner approaching his house. "Did you want to see anybody in the house?" enquired the owner. "I beg your pardon, I made a mistake in the number," was the pleasant reply. After exchanging cordial "good-nights," they separated. How much nicer for a housebreaker to have a few pleasant words of greeting for the man he has just robbed than to be gruff and surly about it—and how much better a start he will get with the plunder.

* *

A black man named Fountain was arrested in London the other day, and was described by the constable as being "half-tanked." The man himself informed the court that he had a good job waiting for him, and was liberated with a warning. Perhaps the job was to fill the other half of the tank.

* *

A hotelkeeper at Hubbards, N.S., where summer traffic was light, has adopted the excellent plan of posting notices in the hotel to the effect that a mermaid has been seen disporting herself in the bay adjacent to the hostelry, in proof of which he shows a tress of hair which, he says, was pulled from her head by a fisherman. Why not show also the kind of bait the fisherman was using when he made his great catch?

* *

The long tramp is beginning to tell on the Douks. Many of them are limping painfully along, while others have their feet tied up in sacks. They will never get in proper shape for these cross-country chases till they engage Jimmy Reynolds as trainer.

* *

Landlords at the Thousand Island resorts are complaining of the scarcity of men at the hotels, and say that, as a result, the hotels are not well patronised. It is thought that the men stay away because they prefer a hardier life than the summer resorts provide. The real trouble is with the hotel bills. They are too athletic. Let the landlords advertise that they will guarantee to supply each male guest with an emaciated bill upon his departure, and see how quick the trouble will fade away.

* *

A correspondent writes to the "Stratford Herald," complaining that when the circus was in that city recently a lot of people suffered greatly with thirst, as no public drinking fountain could be found except the one at the Grand Trunk station. Well, well, well! Did the correspondent never hear of circus lemonade, and does he think that the circus people turn out those large tumblers of beautiful pink and amber stuff just for their health?

ALMA COLLEGE

Rev. R. I. Mrs. Jean Residential Ladies.

Warner, D. D., Principal. Wylie Grey, Lady Principal. School for Girls and Young 27th year begins Sept. 10th.



University affiliation. High School Classes, also Junior department. No better facilities anywhere for study of Music, Fine Art, Commercial, Domestic Science, Elocution, Physical Culture. Most Southerly College in Canada. Six-acre campus. For year book write Principal Warner, St. Thomas, Ont.

INFANTS' DELIGHT SOAP

"BEST FOR LITTLE FOLKS"

"BEST FOR BIG FOLKS"



BORATED—PURE

10c

SOLD EVERYWHERE

O'KEEFE'S PILSENER



So Light is it and So Good is it that it Stands by Itself.

Brewed Right? Yes, indeed.
Bottled Right? Yes, Positively.
Acts Right?

No one ever said it didn't.

"The Light Beer in the Light Bottle"

The O'Keefe Brewery Co. of Toronto, Limited



No matter whether it was

Cosgrave's Pale Ale Half and Half or Porter

that you have been trying, you found each of them up to the mark, didn't you?

That's because they are brewed right, matured properly, and wholesome.

The Cosgrave Brewery Co. of Toronto, Limited

Pints and Quarts at Dealers

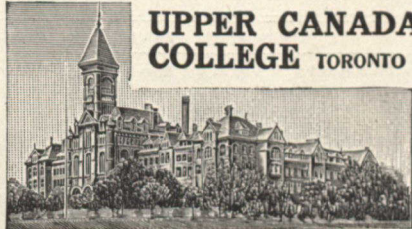
St. Andrew's College—Toronto



A Residential and Day School for Boys.

Handsomely new buildings. Modern equipment. Lower and Upper Schools. Boys prepared for the Universities and Royal Military College. Calendar on application. Autumn Term commences September 11th, 1907.

Rev. D. Bruce Macdonald, M.A., LL.D., Principal.



UPPER CANADA COLLEGE TORONTO

Autumn Term begins Wednesday, Sept. 11th. Examinations for Entrance Scholarships, Saturday, Sept. 14th.

Courses for University, Royal Military College, and Business.

The Regular Staff comprises 15 graduates of English and Canadian Universities, with additional special instructors.

Senior and Preparatory Schools in separate buildings. Every modern equipment. Fifty acres of ground, 4 Rinks, Gymnasium, Swimming Bath, etc.

Entrance Scholarships for both resident and day pupils. Special scholarships for sons of old pupils.

Successes last Year: 2 University Scholarships; 10 first-class honors; 45 passes; 6 passes into the Royal Military College.

H. W. AUDEN, M.A. (Cambridge), Principal.



We are doing a **GREAT WORK** in training about 1500 young men and women each year for the activities of Business Life. We help them to succeed. May we not aid

you? Write for catalog to

CENTRAL Business College

Yonge and Gerrard Streets, Toronto.

W. H. SHAW, Principal.

RIDLEY COLLEGE

ST. CATHARINES, ONT.

Residential School for Boys

Lower school for boys under fourteen entirely separate.

Upper school prepares boys for the Universities, R.M.C., and Business.

New building; 85 acres of ground.

Re-opens Tuesday, Sept. 10th, 1907.

REV. J. O. MILLER, M.A., D.C.L., PRINCIPAL.

TRINITY COLLEGE SCHOOL

PORT HOPE, ONTARIO

Residential School for Boys

Founded 1865

Boys are prepared for the Universities, Royal Military College and business pursuits. Special attention given to the younger boys.

In each of the last three years this school has obtained first place in the Entrance examinations for the Royal Military College.

Next Term Begins September 12th.

For Calendar and all particulars apply to the Headmaster—

Rev. Oswald Rigby, M.A. (Cambridge), LL.D.

For the Children

BED IN SUMMER.

In winter I get up at night
And dress by yellow candle-light.
In summer, quite the other way,
I have to go to bed by day.

I have to go to bed and see
The birds still hopping on the tree,
Or hear the grown-up people's feet
Still going past me in the street.

And does it not seem hard to you,
When all the sky is clear and blue,
And I should like so much to play,
To have to go to bed by day?

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

THE ORIGIN OF DAYLIGHT.

(From "Natives Races of British North America," by C. Hill-Tout.)

Very long ago in the ancient days it was always dark, the daylight being then shut up in a box and carefully stowed away in the dwelling of Kwaietek, the Sea-gull, who alone possessed it. This condition of things had gone on for a long time when Skaukw, the Raven, determined to make his brother, Kwaietek, share his precious treasure with the rest of the world. So one day he made some torches, and lighting some, went down to the beach and sought, when the tide was out, for Skwatsai (sea-urchins' eggs). Having found as many as he required, he took them home, and after eating the contents, placed the empty shells with the spines still attached to them on a platter. Stealthily taking these to Kwaietek's house, he spread them over his doorstep, so that he could not come out without treading upon them and running the spines into his feet. Next morning when Sea-gull came out of his dwelling he trod upon the shells and ran several of the sharp spines into his naked feet, which made them so sore that he was obliged to keep indoors and nurse them. Later on in the day the Raven came along ostensibly to pay a friendly visit, but really to see how far his stratagem for procuring the Skwail or daylight had been successful. He found Sea-gull laid up, unable to walk. "What is the matter, Brother Kwaietek?" said Raven. "Oh," responded he, "I think some of your children must have been playing on my doorstep last night and left some sea-eggs there; for this morning, as I was leaving the house, I trod upon some, and the spines must have pierced my feet, and now they are so sore and swollen in consequence that I cannot put them to the ground without pain." "Let me look at them," said Skaukw; "perhaps I can find the spines and take them out for you." So saying, he took hold of one of his brother's feet and pretended to take out the sea-urchin's spines with his stone knife. He dug the instrument in so roughly and gave Sea-gull so much pain that the latter cried out in his agony. "Am I hurting you?" questioned Raven. "It is so dark I cannot properly see what I am doing. Open your Skwail-box a little and I shall be able to see better." Sea-gull did as the other suggested, and slightly opened the lid of the box in which he kept the Daylight. Skaukw continued, however, to hack away at his foot under the pretense of taking the spines out, and presently Sea-gull cried out again. "It is your own fault if I hurt you," said Raven. "Why don't you give me more light? Here, let me have the box." His brother gave him the box, cautioning him the while to be careful and not open the lid too wide. "All right," said Raven; and he opened the lid about half-way. Then he made as if to continue his operation on Kwaietek's foot, but as soon as he turned round he swiftly threw the lid of the box wide open, and all the Daylight rushed out at once and spread itself all over the world, and could never be gathered in again. When Kwaietek perceived what Skaukw had done, and that his precious Skwail was gone from him, he was greatly distressed, and cried and wept bitterly, and would not be comforted.

Thus it is that the sea-gulls to this day never cease to utter their plaintive cry of K'n-ni—ni—K'n-i.

Mothers, Listen!

Do not spend your nights walking the floor with Baby, but put your child in one of our **LITTLE BEAUTY HAMMOCK COTS**, where children never cry. Swings itself to and fro, up and down, with every movement.

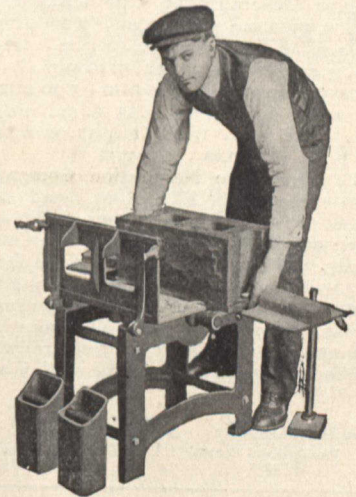


Cot shipped to you at our expense on 30 days' trial. If not satisfactory in every particular return to us.

Write a postcard for Booklet B, containing testimonial letter from satisfied parents.

THE GEO. B. MEADOWS
Toronto Wire, Iron & Brass Works
67 Wellington Place - TORONTO

A Business That Assures A Fortune



Patent Applied For.

There is no business more profitable, pleasant and certainly successful than the manufacture of

CONCRETE BUILDING BLOCKS

made on our new face down machine which enables the operator to put a colored or a stronger mixture in the mould first, on the face, to keep out dampness.

The remainder of the block can be made of coarser material.

We also have other style block machines and one is a combination making both triple-wall and two-wall blocks, and also a brick machine.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE

P. DIERLAMM

Dept. D **STRATFORD, ONT.**

Head Office for Canada: MONTREAL

WM. MACKAY,
Gen. Manager.J. H. LABELLE,
Asst. Manager.The
Largest
and
StrongestFire
Insurance
Company in
the World.**Maguire & Connon**
GENERAL AGENTSOffice: "Royal Building," 27 Wellington St. E., TORONTO,
Telephones { Main 8000.
Residence, North 8571 and M. 978.

The Bay of Quinte Railway Company

Connecting with the Grand Trunk Railway System at Napanee and Kingston. Connecting with the Canadian Pacific Railway at Tweed.

Connecting with the Central Ontario Railway at Bannockburn.

Connecting with the Kingston & Pembroke Railway at Harrowsmith.

Connecting at Deseronto with steamers operating on the Bay of Quinte and Lake Ontario.

Trains leave Napanee for the north at 7.50 a.m., 12.10 p.m., 1.25 p.m., and 4.25 p.m.

Trains leave Tweed for the south at 7.00 a.m., 7.20 a.m., and 2.55 p.m., and for the north leaving Tweed at 11.30 a.m. and 4.50 p.m.

Trains run between Deseronto and Napanee as follows:—

Leave Deseronto at 1.00 a.m., 1.40 a.m., 5.55 a.m., 7.00 a.m., 7.20 a.m., 9.50 a.m., 11.30 a.m., 12.40 p.m., 12.55 p.m., 3.45 p.m., 6.10 p.m., 7.40 p.m.

Leave Napanee at 2.20 a.m., 3.30 a.m., 6.30 a.m., 6.35 p.m., 7.55 a.m., 10.30 a.m., 12.05 p.m., 1.20 p.m., 11.00 a.m., 4.30 p.m., 6.50 p.m., 8.15 p.m.

The Deseronto Navigation Company operate the str. "Ella Ross" and str. "Jessie Bain" running between Picton, Deseronto, Belleville and Trenton, as also the str. "Where Now" making the famous 50-mile ramble from Gananoque to all points in and around the Thousand Islands, connecting with all trains at Gananoque, as well as making the railway transfer between Gananoque and Clayton, N.Y.

E. WALTER RATHBUN,
President and General
Manager.J. F. CHAPMAN,
General Freight and
Passenger Agent.

THE HAMILTON STEEL & IRON COMPANY, LIMITED

Forgings

of Every Description.
...Estimates Furnished...

Pig Iron, Iron and
Steel Bars, Rail-
road Spikes, Axles,
Washers, Etc.

HAMILTON - CANADA

Literary Notes

THERE is one respect in which many communities of the United States set Canadians an example—the preserving of local historical matter. It is true that we have Provincial historical societies, but we need more local pride in our counties and towns which would lead to the formation of societies whose especial care it would be to preserve records and documents of historic value. There is at least one Canadian community which has realised its duty in this respect and has gone far towards performing it. Niagara has set the Province of Ontario, and, indeed, the Dominion of Canada, a worthy example regarding the preservation and amplifying of local records. Some day the writer with the gift of imaginative expression will come upon these stored-away chronicles and will give the Dominion a bit of literature. It is easy to shrug the shoulders and say that ours is a country with no history, but scorn of this order is merely a revelation of the despiser's ignorance.

* *

The serial story, "The Weavers," by Sir Gilbert Parker, reaches its thirty-sixth chapter in the August number of "Harpers' Magazine." There is a blending of the spirit of East and West in this latest work and there is little of the Canadian fiction-writer who gave us "Pierre and His People." From the "spectral, early morning light, which is all Egypt's own," to the London opera is a picturesque turn of the kaleidoscope.

* *



Mr. Archie P. McKishnie, author of "Gaff Linkum," recently reviewed in this column.

* *

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, who writes that interesting department, "Through the Magic Door" for "Cassell's Magazine," has much to say concerning the recent outpour of Napoleonic stories and essays, and makes it plain that he has little admiration for the character of the "Little Corporal." Among the out-of-the-way matters which the author of "Sherlock Holmes" brings to light is the following: "By the way, talking about Napoleon's flight from Egypt, did you ever see a curious little book called, if I remember right, 'Intercepted Letters'? No; I have no copy upon this shelf, but a friend is more fortunate. It shows the almost incredible hatred which existed at the end of the eighteenth century between the two nations, descending even to the most petty personal annoyance. On this occasion the British Government intercepted a mail bag of letters coming from French officers in Egypt to their friends at home, and they either published them, or at least allowed them to be published, in the hope, no doubt, of causing domestic complications. Was ever a more despicable action? But who knows what other injuries had been inflicted to draw forth such a retaliation? I have myself seen a burned and mutilated British mail lying where De Wet had left it; but suppose the refinement of his vengeance had gone so far as to publish it, what a thunder-bolt it might have been!"

CANADIAN HOTEL DIRECTORY

TORONTO HOTELS

The Arlington
King and John Streets
200 Rooms. \$2.00 up.
American Plan.

King Edward Hotel
—Fireproof—
Accommodation for 750 guests. \$1.50 up.
American and European Plans.

Palmer House
200 Rooms. \$2.00 up.
American and European.

Rossin House
European \$1.00 up.
American \$2.00 up.
Accommodation for 500 Guests. Fireproof.

ONTARIO HOTELS

Caledonia Springs Hotel (C.P.Ry.)
CALEDONIA SPRINGS, ONT.
American Plan, \$3.00 up.
Accommodation for 200 Guests.

Hotel Royal
HAMILTON
Largest, Best and Most Central.
\$2.50 per day and up. American Plan.

MONTREAL HOTELS

Corona Hotel
453-465 Guy Street. 125 Rooms
\$1.00 up. European.

The Place Viger (C.P.Ry.)
American Plan, - \$3.50 up.
Accommodation for 200 Guests.

St. Lawrence Hall
European Plan.
300 Rooms. \$1.00 per day upwards.

QUEBEC HOTELS

The Chateau Frontenac (C.P.Ry.)
American Plan, - \$3.00 up.
Accommodation for 450 Guests.

MANITOBA HOTELS

The Royal Alexandra (C.P.Ry.)
WINNIPEG, MAN.
European, \$2.00. American, \$4.00.
Accommodation for 800 Guests.

BRITISH COLUMBIA HOTELS

Glacier House, (C.P.Ry.)
GLACIER, B. C.
American plan - \$3.50 up.
Accommodation for 200 Guests.

Hotel Vancouver (C.P.Ry.)
VANCOUVER, B. C.
American plan - \$3.50 up.
Accommodation for 400 Guests.

37 YEARS' RECORD

As "results speak louder than words," so also a Company that can point to a "successful record of 37 years" is sure to receive the patronage of the Canadian public, which is quick to discern sound and progressive management in the interests of policyholders.

The Mutual Life
ASSURANCE CO.
OF CANADA.

has just such a record for successful management from the establishment of the Company in 1870 up to the present day, as the following summary will show:

Total Payments for Death Claims,	
Matured Endowments, Sur-	
rendered Policies, etc.....	\$ 7,476,529 26
Add Present Assets Dec. 31 '06	10,385,539 84
Amount paid to Policyholders	
and held for them.....	\$17,862,069 10
Total Premiums received....	17,338,715 05
Excess of Assets and Payments to	
Policyholders over premium re-	
ceipts.....	\$ 523,354 05

HEAD OFFICE - WATERLOO, ONT.



Trans-Canada Limited

New cross-continent flyer

3 1/2 Days to Vancouver

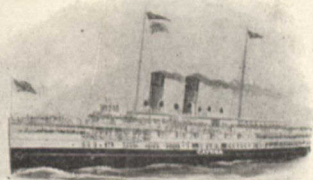
fastest time across the continent
made by any railroad.

Leaves Toronto at 1.45 p.m.
every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday
during July and August.

Palace Sleepers Only.

Tickets, berth reservations and full particulars at
C.P.R. City Ticket Office, corner King and Yonge Streets.
Phone Main 6580.

Niagara Navigation Co. (Limited)



CONNECTING

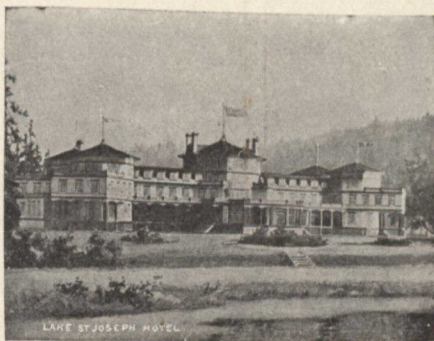
TORONTO — NIAGARA FALLS — BUFFALO

6 trips daily (except Sunday). Write for Illustrated Booklet.

B. W. FOLGER, Manager, TORONTO, CANADA

CANADIAN NORTHERN AND QUEBEC & LAKE ST. JOHN RYS

☐ The NEW and SHORT ROUTE to the FAR-FAMED ST. MAURICE and SAGUENAY RIVERS and to the delightful SUMMER RESORTS and FISHING GROUNDS North of Quebec.



**Lake
St.
Joseph
Hotel**

☐ A new and delightful Summer Resort, overlooking one of the most beautiful lakes in Canada. Only 50 minutes' ride from Quebec or seven hours from Montreal by the Canadian Northern Quebec Railway.

Hotel Roberval, Lake St. John

☐ Most Northerly Summer Resort in Eastern America. Passengers leaving Toronto at 10.00 p. m. may reach Hotel Roberval, Lake St. John, at 6.55 p. m. following day by this route.

A beautifully illustrated guide book free on application to:

ALEX. HARDY,
G. P. A., Q & L. St. J. Ry.
QUEBEC

GUY TOMBS,
G. P. A., C. N. Q. Ry.
MONTREAL



**CANADIAN
NORTHERN
ONTARIO**



THE
**LAKE SHORE
EXPRESS**

FAST TRAIN
FOR

MUSKOKA LAKES

Leaves Toronto 10 a.m.

Connecting at Bala Park and Lake Joseph with Muskoka Nav. Co. Steamers arrive Beaumaris 2.15 p.m., Port Cockburn 3.00 p.m., Port Sandfield 3.30 p.m., Royal Muskoka 4.30 p.m.; other points in proportion.

OFFICES:

Corner King and Toronto Sts. and Union Station, TORONTO
Main 5600-5179

**GRAND
TRUNK
RAILWAY
SYSTEM**

“Highlands of Ontario”

The ideal Summer Resort region of America, including the following fascinating districts:

MUSKOKA LAKES

LAKES SIMCOE AND COUCHICHING

LAKE OF BAYS

MAGANETAWAN RIVER

TEMAGAMI

LAKE NIPISSING AND FRENCH RIVER

30,000 ISLANDS GEORGIAN BAY

ALGONQUIN PARK

KAWARTHA LAKES, Etc.

40,000 SQUARE MILES of
lake, river and island scenery.

1,000 to 2,000 feet above sea level. Fishing—Shooting—Canoeing—Camping. PERFECT IMMUNITY FROM HAY FEVER. Splendid train service to all districts via GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM.

Booklets descriptive of any of the above districts free on application to J. D. McDONALD, District Passenger Agent, Toronto, Ontario.

W. E. DAVIS
Passenger Traffic Manager
MONTREAL

G. T. BELL
Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agent
MONTREAL

In answering this advertisement please mention Canadian Courier.