

The Canadian

Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



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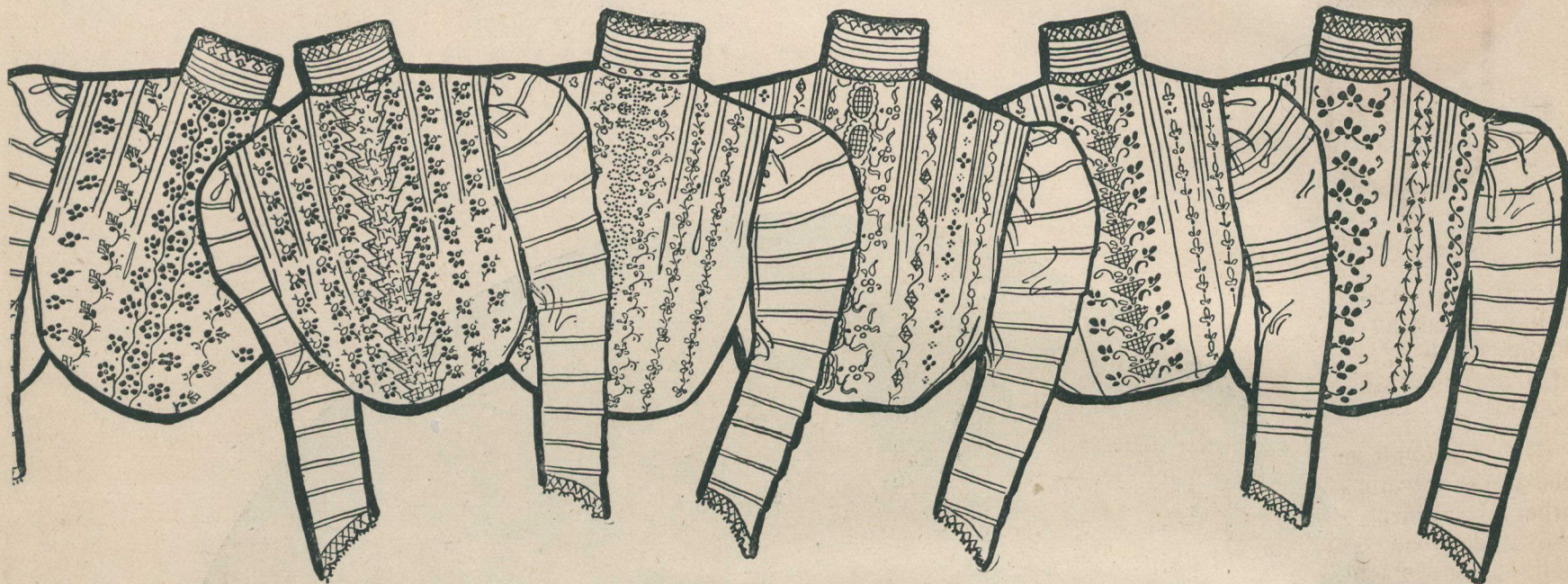
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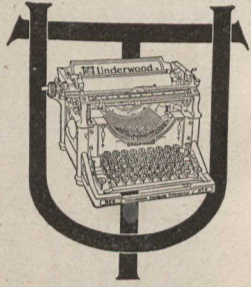
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The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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Editor's Talk

ATTENTION of our readers is directed to our change of address. Once again we have been forced to seek new quarters to meet the needs of a growing business. In our new home, there is a little corner for the use of out-of-town visitors. If this visitors' room is well patronised we shall be delighted. The "merest" reader will be welcome, and our facilities will be at his disposal.

PHOTOGRAPHERS are reminded that we go to press early in the week with our Western and Eastern editions and that photographs must reach us on Monday morning to be utilised for those issues. Late news photographs may be taken on Tuesday morning if special arrangements are made in advance.

EVERY photographer who secures a new picture, with a "news" value, will confer a favour on the Editor by sending it along. The size of the print does not matter. An unmounted photograph is even more welcome than one which is elaborately staged. Photographs not used will be returned. Remittances sent on acceptance.

WE are looking about for some new Canadian short-story writers. The stories must be short and they must be Canadian. Love-stories are least acceptable. "The Refugee" in this issue is a sketch by a student at the University of Toronto. From such sources, we should get more material.




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TORONTO CANADA

Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

VOL. 6

Toronto, June 5th, 1909

No. 1



MEN OF TO-DAY

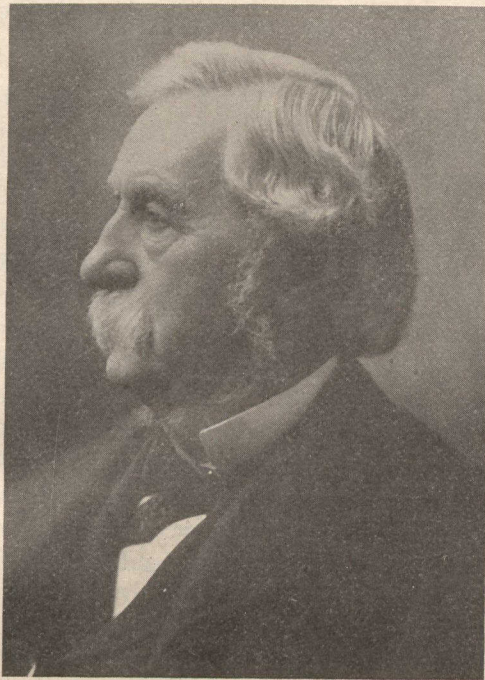
A Master of Waterways

UPPER Canada College has many sons in various parts of the earth; but the oldest as well as one of the most remarkable of them all is Mr. Thomas C. Keefer, who lives in Ottawa. Mr. Keefer was born at Thorold in 1821, which is eighty-seven years ago. He is one of the men who has made a deep study of deep waterways and railways in Canada; in fact, he began to write about such things before any of the present generation of railway men were known to the world at all. He was born near enough to the place where the Welland Canal is now to notice that some day a deep waterway would be a necessity in that part of the great lake system. He was a youth of seventeen when he got a job helping to dig the Welland, also the Erie; at which two ditches he put in seven years. After that he went to Ottawa and installed a system of waterworks which he operated for that city; about which time he won the Lord Elgin prize for the best essay on "The Influence of the Canals of Canada on Agriculture" — when Sir Robert Perks was a lad in knee breeches. In following years he was engaged upon surveys for the navigation of St. Lawrence rapids. He reported for the Canadian Government on trade with the United States; and the report bore fruit in the Reciprocity Treaty. He was one of the pioneers in Canadian railway building; making surveys for the Grand Trunk and for the railway bridge across the St. Lawrence at Montreal. A couple of years later he became engineer to Montreal Harbour; most of this before the middle of last century when the first railways were beginning. Long afterwards, but still only a couple of years after Confederation, he wrote a series of letters on the need for a transcontinental railway. He had his eye on the Saskatchewan, which he saw to be as necessary for a cross-continent system of transportation as the St. Lawrence and the Welland. Along in the eighties he became successively president of the Canadian Society of Civil Engineers and of the American body of the same. In 1905 he acted as International Commissioner for deeper waterways between the Great Lakes and the Atlantic. He is a past president of the Royal Society of Canada, which is one of the most learned bodies in America.

* * *

A Rising Nova Scotian

MR. EDGAR NELSON RHODES is one of the new Conservative members of the House of Commons—one of the band of hopefuls. He is new blood from Nova Scotia; from Cumberland, famous as the stamping-ground of Sir Charles Tupper and afterwards of big Hance Logan. Mr. Rhodes defeated Mr. Logan before the battle began. The Cumberland Liberal refused to enter the lists. Mr. Rhodes redeemed the old Conservative riding. He is a young man; born at Amherst, which the firm of Rhodes, Curry & Co. has helped to make famous as a manufacturing centre; educated at Acadia and Dalhousie universities. He is a B.A. and an LL.B. A lawyer by profession, he has become interested in practical business concerns sufficiently to become a director of the Canadian Rolling Stock Company and of the Atlantic Auto Company, Limited. He has not been a House of Commons drone. On the Public Accounts Committee he has been particularly energetic, and has done a great deal to shed light upon the methods of purchasing in vogue on the



Mr. Thomas C. Keefer, C.M.G.,
A Famous Engineer.

Intercolonial Railway. He is a hopeful acquisition to the party, to the House and the public life of the country.

* * *

The New Japanese Consul-General

WITHIN the past few weeks Canada has been reminded of her status of nationhood by at least two events — the creation of a Department of External Affairs and by the arrival at the Capital of a new Japanese Consul-General. The Hon. Takashi Nakamura, Japan's new representative in this country, arrived in Ottawa just a fortnight ago. He is a typical Japanese gentleman, small of stature, quick and alert in his bearing, though always kindly and naturally courteous. With this urbanity of manner he combines an air of decision which is made the more impressive by his sure and almost faultless command of the English language. Mr. Nakamura's fluency in English is the less to be wondered at when his remarkably varied diplomatic experience has been considered; for, although only in his early thirties, he has seen service in many lands. Passing his diplomatic and consular service examination in 1897, he was first employed in the consular service in Korea. Afterwards, in 1900, he was sent as attache to the Japanese legation at Washington, being appointed in the following year to the third secretaryship. In 1903 he was appointed consul at Foochow, China, whilst in 1906 he became secretary of the home foreign office in Tokio.

Japan, in recognition of his diplomatic services, has bestowed upon him the fifth order of the Rising Sun and Russia has decorated him with the second order of St. Anna in consequence of work done in revising the Russo-Japanese commercial treaty that followed the Portsmouth Peace Conference. His experience and personality leads to the conviction that he is a suitable person to conduct the rather difficult negotiations that are likely to be entered into between the Canadian and Japanese governments.

* * *

The Democrat of Spencerwood

SIR ALPHONSE PELLETIER, Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec, is a "democrat." Apparently the gubernatorial function in that province is no longer to be distinguished by delectable exclusiveness. Spencerwood is a resort; not a holy of holies. Sir Alphonse just about keeps open house. He has innovated Spencerwood. Business men are invited to dine with the Governor. This is against all precedent. It is almost as dangerously cosmopolitan as the action of ex-President Roosevelt in asking Booker T. Washington to the White House. Sir Alphonse has a title which he wears with as much distinction as any of his predecessors. He knows how to carry a uniform and insignia of office with gracious urbanity. White gloves to him are as native as a sceptre to a monarch. But Spencerwood has been thrown open to the "public"—at least to that section of it represented by the business man. No one can accuse Sir Alphonse of using his hospitality in order to stand solid with the people. He has nothing to do with the electorate. He is Governor. But he is a most charming host. The functions at Spencerwood though less exclusive than formerly are more useful. The man who pays the taxes has a chance to see what it looks like to be a Governor.

The Hon. Doctor P. Pelletier, Speaker of the Legislative Assembly, is a nephew and is following in the footsteps of his distinguished uncle. He and Mrs. Pelletier have maintained the reputation of the Speaker's Chambers by extremely popular dinners and salon entertainments.



Hon. Takashi Nakamura,
Japanese Consul-General to Canada.



Mr. Edgar N. Rhodes, M.P.
For Cumberland, N.S.



Hon. Dr. P. Pelletier,
Speaker Quebec Legislative Assembly.

REFLECTIONS

NEW YORK announces with a flare of trumpets that the Bank of Montreal has purchased a home in Wall Street at a cost of \$800,000. The New Yorkers seem to think their city must be "all right" when a leading Canadian bank thinks it safe to buy property there. If Canadians, they argue, think the United States is a place where they may safely invest money in competition with the perfect and well-guarded investments at home, then the United States must be getting into the "civilised" class.

Indeed, the United States is making more progress in law-making and administration than either Great Britain or Canada. The great advantages which the two latter branches of the Anglo-Saxon world possessed are being overcome. Administrative reform may be said to be rampant in the United States. Its national Civil Service is almost entirely removed from politics. Juries are showing a keen desire to uphold right and justice. If criminal-law appeals were abolished and judges were elected for ten-year periods, the United States would soon become a model country.

AS for the Bank of Montreal, it owes New York the honour which it has just bestowed. The profits it has made in that city have been enormous. Whenever New York "call loans" get up to eight per cent., the Canadian customers of the Bank know that no extra funds will be available until the rate goes down again. It is said that the Bank of Montreal has occasionally made half a million a year out of New York's periodical financial flurries.

Incidentally a few Canadians will wonder if that fixed item for real estate in the Bank of Montreal's annual statement will take an upward curve now. What a wrench it will be to make a change in that item after twenty years or so of conservatism!

HOW splendidly the Grand Trunk managed that Prince Rupert sale of building lots! How poor is the policy of the other trans-continental railways in comparison! How amateurish the governments that have allowed the new townsites of Canada to be exploited by private capital! Only Sir James Whitney's government has adopted a policy of selling the people's townsites for the benefit of the people.

Just here, many people will naturally ask, "Who will get the townsites along the National Transcontinental from Winnipeg to Moncton?" And echo answers "Who?"

CANADA stands for self-government, national, provincial and municipal, but if that story from Magrath is true the Mormons should be taught that self-government does not mean license. If the Calgary Gentile who went to Magrath to recover his Mormon wife and child, was arrested without a warrant, taken to the station by a "sheriff," knocked down, beaten, thrown through a window and finally driven on to a train—if this story is true, the people of Magrath should be taught a lesson which they will never forget. If it is not true, the man who sent out the report should go to jail.

The Canadian West has a reputation for "law and order" which is a magnificent asset. That asset must not be lost. The Americans who are pouring in are mostly law-abiding people, but no doubt a few of them have been accustomed to looser methods of administering justice than those followed in this country. If any of these people try to introduce "western" methods into Canada, the rebuke should be swift and sufficient. The Government of Alberta has not failed on previous occasions, and we feel certain that this will be no exception.

WHEAT-KING PATTEN of Chicago maintains that the price of wheat will remain high during 1909. The agricultural authorities at Washington incline to the other view. So far Mr. Patten has proved a good prophet. He now says that "the growing crop will be smaller than last year the world over."

While the bread-purchasers of Eastern Canada may be forced to pay higher prices for bread, there is some consolation in the high price of wheat. The farmers, especially in the West, will be greatly benefitted. During the past month, the western farmer who had

wheat to sell could get as high as \$1.25 a bushel cash. If prices do not soon drop, it looks as if he would get higher prices in September and October than he ever got before. This will mean much for general trade and commerce.

Though the spring opened rather badly in the West, the latest reports indicate that the late May weather was exceptionally good. Rain and heat have overcome much of the backwardness of the crops. The acreage sown is also larger than last year, though the date of the last seeding was later than in any previous year with the possible exception of 1907. It is too early to prophesy, but the West's harvest prospects look good.

THE military bands of Toronto have threatened to refuse to play at the Toronto Exhibition because military bands from Halifax and Kingston have been engaged. The former are volunteer and union bands; the latter are permanent and non-union. This is carrying unionism a remarkable distance.

It is announced from Ottawa that Sir Frederick Borden, Minister of Militia, will order the disbanding of the Toronto organisations if the threatened strike is put into effect. This is the correct course for the Minister to pursue, and public opinion will support him in any such action which he may find it necessary to take. For one military band which is composed of union players to refuse to play with another military band which is non-union, is subversive of the primary principles of military discipline. In the meantime, it is to be hoped that reason will prevail and that the Toronto musicians will reconsider their decision.

MOST of us will agree with the *Toronto Star* that it is quite time heresy-hunting in the colleges should be abandoned. Professor Matthews of McMaster is the latest to pass safely through the ordeal. The attempt of men like Dr. Carman, Mr. S. H. Blake and Rev. Elmore Harris to shackle the consciences and the tongues of the theological faculties has fallen flat, and the fate was deserved. The head of a college must be held responsible for his staff, but the college heads are seldom found fighting side by side with the heresy-hunters.

THE Militia Department offers six prizes of \$250, \$150, \$100, \$75, \$50, and \$25 respectively for the six best essays on how to introduce a system of physical and military training into the schools. It is not often that a government department goes to the public for advice, so that the exception is worth noting. Essays must be in by August first.

THE Labour Government of Australia is no more. That it lasted so long is the only wonder. That its opponents should eventually combine against it, was inevitable. The next political move in the Commonwealth will be worth watching.

BASEBALL CONQUERS ALL

INSPECTOR JAMES L. HUGHES explained the popularity of baseball in Toronto in a very few words. "I can equip two baseball teams for the same price I can fit out two lacrosse players," was all he said. Another close observer of sport gives another reason: "You don't waste too much time on baseball. A game lasts only an hour and a half. It can be played in a summer evening or in the fag end of an afternoon when the day's work is practically over."

And for those two reasons some sporting authorities are inclined to believe that the American national game will yet oust cricket among the lower classes of England. The game has a foothold there now and is gaining ground. It remains to be seen whether "An Englishman's Home" is to fall before this playful American invasion.

But there are obstacles for the game to overcome in England that it has never encountered in Canada. There the workingman takes his pleasure as deliberately as he does his beer. He does not object to starting the week with a couple of days off to rest his tired frame and refresh his dormant energies with a two-day cricket match. He has been accustomed to it for so long that it has become a habit, and he who would divorce the Briton from his habits must be of a persevering nature and not afraid of hard work.

Still baseball has come to Canada and gradually overcome every-

thing in its path. It has swept lacrosse to one side in Toronto and proved to be even a greater drawing card, on a holiday, than even the annual race meet. It has gone into Quebec and eaten its way into the affections of the French-Canadian. It has yet to be checked in any country in which it has been introduced. It may take time to conquer the Englishman—but the latter had better beware.

J. K. M.

A PETITION FOR A PICNIC

IN London, Ontario, there has recently been a somewhat novel disturbance affecting trustees, teachers and school children. It seems that there was a good old custom of giving the children the June picnic, on which occasion the trustees acted as hosts and cheerfully expended three hundred dollars of the "funds" on giving the juvenile citizens such a good time as Springbank affords. This year, however, the school board came to the conclusion that the money might be more wisely spent and that the leafy month of June, when examinations are so near, is hardly the propitious season for a picnic. Some of the petitions which resulted will not prejudice the outsider in favour of London's juniors. The Collegiate Institute pupils declare with unbecoming haste: "We, the undersigned, do hereby demand our annual picnic, and if not given to us willingly, we will take it."

If the conduct of these strenuous youngsters is in keeping with the language of their petition, the lot of their instructors is hardly to be envied. It seems that they now demand as a right what was originally a favour and express themselves in a fashion which reflects small credit on their breeding. Other school-children in Ontario may be led to reflect on the reason for Londoners having been so highly blessed, while trustees throughout the province may take warning and refrain from showering favours on the young persons of the community. It may appear to the unenlightened stranger that picnics are a matter outside the duties of trustees.

A DRAMA CONTENTION

THE revivalist known as Gipsy Smith who recently visited the city of Toronto made many friends in that community and left behind him several matters for discussion. There is no question about his sincerity and high intention and his work in Toronto undoubtedly resulted in good. However, his announcement, or rather denunciation, concerning the theatre has, perhaps, caused more talk than all his more direct and personal appeals. He was vigorous and uncompromising in his opposition to the theatre as an institution and his interview with the *Toronto News* has attracted general notice. It must be admitted, even by those who shun the more vulgar theatrical performances, that the season's list of plays in Montreal, Toronto and Winnipeg shows little that is either intellectual or truly stimulating. Now that we have come to the close of another music and drama season, we may review the display without feeling that either managers or actors have complimented the Canadian public in the choice of theatrical entertainment.

The manager blames the public, and the public seldom talks back. As we remarked several weeks ago, the Toronto woman who said that the home is the source of dramatic, literary and artistic taste is nearer the truth than any censor. If we are a musical comedy people, with the mental equipment which such productions demand, we shall have musical comedy to the end of the chapter, while those who care for anything finer will ultimately leave the theatre to the patronage of those who cannot appreciate anything beyond the trivial tinkling of "The Isle of Spice." The good old days of Gilbert and Sullivan seem to have departed, while the tragedy which fulfils Aristotle's requirements is an unknown quantity on the modern stage.

FRITH.

SHIPYARDS AND NAVAL DEFENCE

SHIPYARDS are a first necessity for a country with ocean commerce and a navy. Canada has some inland shipyards, but none on the ocean. There should be well-equipped yards at Halifax, Sydney, St. John, Levis or Quebec, Vancouver and Esquimaux.

Germany has done more to encourage shipyards in recent years than any other country. A firm desiring to go in for a large yard could get government land on easy payments, with cheap water rights. It would be given special sidings from government railways. The Government would use its consuls and other officials to help it get orders. It would also receive from the Government an assurance

as to the continuity of work for a substantial period at schedule and profit rates. This latter assurance would make its financing easy. Such a policy would soon produce several good shipyards on our ocean coasts.

These shipyards would build our ships, both war vessels and commercial vessels. We buy a score of vessels of one kind or another each year which might just as well be made in Canada. Some people are asking that a duty be placed on British and foreign-built ships so as to encourage home production. The German plan, roughly outlined above, is cheaper and more reasonable. Moreover, the Government must soon place orders for some naval vessels. Canada is destined to have a navy sooner or later. Now is the time to devise a carefully worked-out plan which will provide by gradual development for the needs of the next half century.

In addition to building new ships, the new shipyards would provide repair shops for all the vessels which reach our coasts. At present when a large liner is injured, temporary repairs are made and the ship sent across the ocean for permanent repairs. This is nonsensical. It would be equally foolish to buy cruisers or dreadnoughts from Great Britain until we had a place in which to repair them. It is estimated by naval experts that one-fifth of all war vessels are always laid up for repairs. If we had but five naval vessels, they would require one shipyard continuously to keep them in repair.

Under our present system of making repairs to government vessels, the repairs usually cost more than the vessels. This is due partly to the inadequacy of our present yards. They are not encouraged by the government or the people, are not given continuous work which would justify the latest equipment and the most skilful workmen. There is also at present the drawback which comes from a government trying to run a government shipyard. All successful shipyards must be able to do both government and commercial work in order to produce the best results.

Shipyards imply dry docks. Montreal has plans for a new dry dock to cost two and a half millions. Halifax has a dry dock, but St. John and Sydney have none. Esquimaux has an excellent dry dock. Shipyards could be established at Halifax and Esquimaux at once if the Government so desired. It would require from three to five years to build adequate dry docks at Sydney, St. John and Montreal. Therefore the first orders should go to those who would establish large yards at Halifax and Esquimaux. By the end of five years, there would be sufficient business in sight to find work for a shipyard at Montreal and another at St. John.

Up to the present time, Canada has been busy building railways and canals and in developing inter-communication. We are far from being through with work of this kind. While this huge task has been confronting us, it was only natural that the question of ship-building and ship-repairing should have been neglected. We have, however, reached a stage where further neglect would be unwise. No doubt, when the Ministers of Militia and Marine return from the Imperial Defence Council next month, they will be prepared to recommend some sort of preliminary naval and commercial policy to their colleagues. The subject will be prominent next session. Now is the time for publicists, journalists and the public generally to gather information and to make preparations for a general discussion of the new national policy. A people which cannot build ocean-going vessels for either commercial or naval purposes, is not of much account. Canada may become the "granary of the Empire," but if it is not able to build even a 5,000-ton freight boat or a third-class armoured cruiser it will never be counted of much importance in the Council of the Nations.

A writer in the *Engineering Review* points out that in the last two years, the greater part of the \$230,000,000 additional capital put into German industrial concerns, has gone into steel-making, engineering, armament and ship-building plants. The Weser yard at Bremen is large enough to construct four huge ships at once, while the Krupp yard can provide for eight or ten. At Wilhelmshaven, three dry docks capable of docking a 25,000-ton vessel are rapidly approaching completion. Such development means commercial as well as naval strength. One has only to go to New York to see how the German passenger and freight boats over-top nearly all others in size, carrying power and commercial success.

Canada cannot expect to compete on a large scale at present with either Great Britain or Germany in the making of naval or commercial vessels. She can nevertheless make a beginning which would give Canadian steel-makers, engine and boiler-makers, and kindred manufacturers an opportunity of trying some experiments and of developing along new lines. When we have learned to make small boats successfully, we can then turn our attention to larger vessels. At present we cannot do any more than make a fair-sized dredge or a lake passenger boat. Yet our steel-making facilities and our mechanical abilities should be the equal of any country in the world.

The writer hopes that the Canadian Manufacturers' Association will take the subject up and give its members and the public some information at its annual meeting in September. If the matter is left to the Government, progress must necessarily be slow. Governments in this country are more apt to follow public opinion than to create it. The manufacturers, especially those interested in steel and machinery, should educate the public as to the possibility of making Canada one of the great ship-building countries of the world. For after all, it is a commercial as well as a naval question, a manufacturing as well as a government problem.

C.



WHEN POLITICIANS SHOULD OR SHOULD NOT

FOR pyrotechnics, the Quebec Legislature has everything else "faded" this year. The arrival of Henri Bourassa and his faithful squire, Armand Lavergne, was sure to precipitate rare tiltings—not necessarily at "wind mills"—and to bring on brave battles with what it would be pointless to compare to Quixote's "wine sacks." To them joined himself another doughty knight in "P'tit Jean" Prevost, who was very bitter because his late colleagues in the Ministry had left him to his fate when attacked by the Opposition, though stoutly defending Mr. Turgeon. These three have made incessant war upon the Gouin Government, and have received payment in kind from the Premier—who is a hard hitter—and Messrs. Taschereau, Kelly, Devlin and Weir. The galleries have enjoyed the fray hugely; and it has made good reading in the papers. One fiery journalist, Mr. Asselin, took the wordy battle so seriously that he smote a Minister on the orifice whence the words issued, and he was promptly haled off to the deepest dungeon in the castle by the minions of the Government and kept there in mediaeval fashion until an Opposition lawyer managed to come at his rescue.

* * *

SIR Lomer Gouin has certainly increased his prestige by his bearing during the melee. While less provocative than some of the others, he was singularly effective whenever he took seriously up the task of repelling an attack. It was hardly realised before that he was so good a debater. As a conservative statesman and leader of legislation in his own House, he has adways been a success; and this year he has exhibited both these capacities to a considerable extent. The finances of Quebec are—as I presume everyone knows—much better than they were. The addition to the Provincial subsidies nicely lifted the Province out of the rut in which it had been grinding along with such difficulty for years. There is more now to spend on good roads, on education, on sanitary legislation and the like; and the Gouin Government has been spending it with good judgment. Our Provinces generally seem to be well governed just now; and capable Provincial Governments are half the battle.

* * *

THE prediction ventured in this department that Mr. Bourassa would make a mistake on leaving the Federal for the Provincial field, seems in way of fulfilment. No man could have fought harder than he has this last session; but the subjects which offer themselves for his absorbing industry and oratorical skill in the provincial field are hardly suited to his kind of Parliamentary ability. He is the champion of great national causes rather than the critic of petty scandals. His "metier" is to make set speeches on largely theatrical questions with an entire people in the audience, and not to sit down in a committee of business men and discuss the details of local administration. At Quebec he has appeared to be chiefly a disturbing element. He has badgered the Government and quite supplanted the Opposition; but he has not created a feeling in the Province that the tax-payers would like to see the present Ministers turned out and a Bourassa Cabinet installed in their places. He has made a good share of the fun; but he has not recommended himself as a maker of policies.

* * *

PREMIER Whitney set his fellow statesmen in Canada a good example when he made a non-political speech on public questions to his constituents in Morrisburg. Whether we agree with what he said or not, does not matter. The point is that the Premier of a Province thought it worth while to forget for an evening that he is a party leader, and talked to his people as a public man. Our public men owe us something for their elevation to positions of prominence and influence. We put them where they have unequalled opportunities to study public questions at first hand, and we have a right to demand that they shall share with us the fruits of their

opportunities. This is a duty quite apart from their party labours. It is an educational task, and instruction should not be coloured by prejudice or warped by party passion.

* * *

FOR instance, there is no reason why Mr. Aylesworth should should not lecture to the people occasionally on their relations to treaty-making and the treaty history of Canada. These are subjects in which we ought to be interested, if we are not; and Mr. Aylesworth is in a position to possess a lot of special knowledge regarding them. Most of us are at sea just now as to what we ought to do about the Waterways Treaty, the fisheries question, the admission of these American "training ships" to our inland waters. Mr. Aylesworth could help us very materially in coming to a conclusion if he would talk to us frankly, informally and without any secondary intention to make party capital. The lectures on historical subjects which we used to get from the late David Mills were of the utmost value. Then Sir Wilfrid Laurier could lecture on the political history of Canada for a generation and more; and we would be the better for his statements and deductions. Sir Richard Cartwright and Sir Charles Tupper could treat the same subject with unparalleled knowledge. You smile at the thought of the party wrangling which might come of it. But my point is that it should not. These men should forget—as Mr. Whitney did—to which party they belong. In some way we could solve the old problem—"How to make our politicians useful."

THE MONOCLE MAN.

Dr. Richard Arthur, president of the Emigration League of Australia, urges Britain to organise a system of emigration which would send Britain's overflow to the British colonies. The same idea was advocated several years ago by Mr. Beckles Willson in the *Canadian Magazine*. The chief reason for such a movement is "The Mother-country has landless men, the Colonies have manless lands."

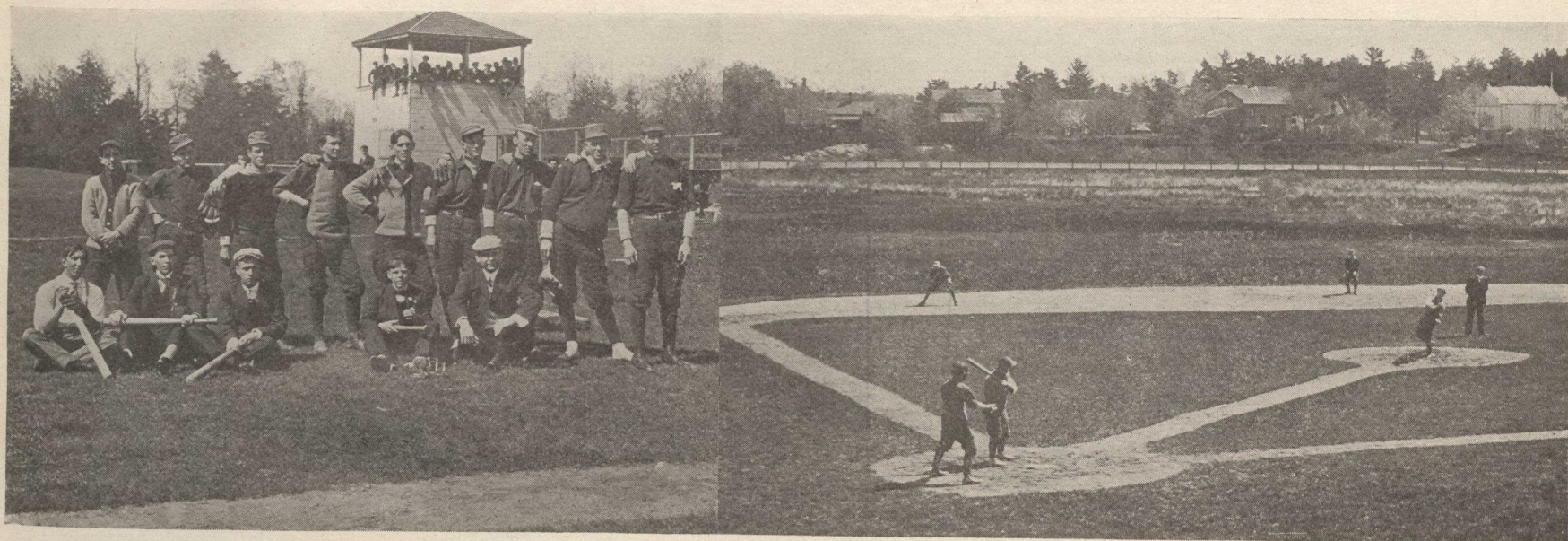
FROM THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION



"THE SHADOW."

A Striking Picture, by E. Blair Leighton, now on exhibition in London.

BASEBALL FLOURISHES IN THE SMALL TOWNS



Georgetown possesses a good baseball team and a splendid "diamond."

THE MONTREAL MARATHON ON VICTORIA DAY



The crowd which filled the M.A.A.A. bleachers till they overflowed.



Holmer at the 26th mile



Sherring and Meadows



Woods (2) with his father running beside him



Woods (2) and Cibot

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EDWARD COSBY

Montreal's Marathon on May 24th was a good one. The distance was 26 miles, 385 yards. There were thirteen starters and six finished. Dineen, a white-haired veteran of 48, would have been third, but by an error he quit a lap too soon. Abbie Wood was the winner, although Hans Holmer was only fifty yards behind. Cibot was third, Orphee fourth and Meadows fifth. The time was 2 hours 39 minutes, a record.



Their Excellencies, Lord and Lady Grey (latter with umbrella) receiving their guests at a Garden Party given by them in Toronto on Saturday last.



The Refreshment Tent, which was well stocked and well patronised.



Mr. D. D. Mann's House, where Their Excellencies lodged during their Toronto visit.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY A. A. GLEASON

Royal Society of Canada

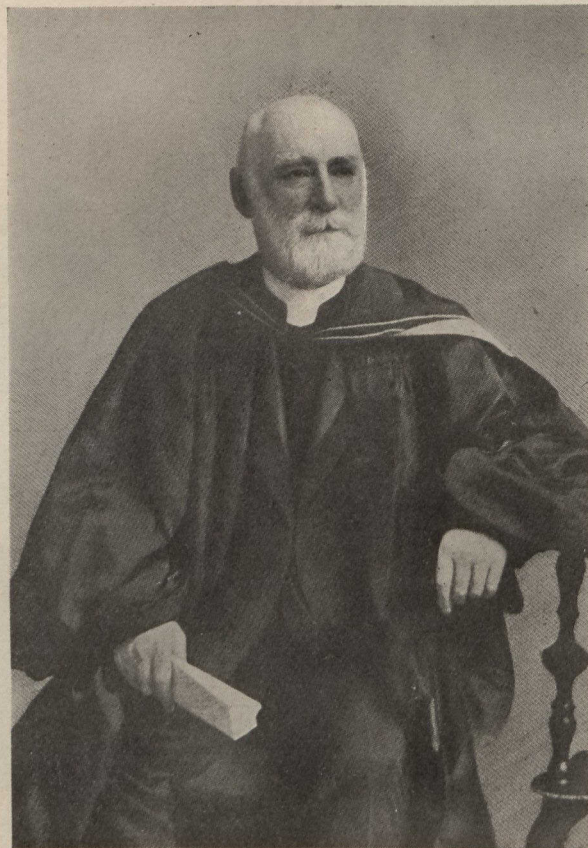
By J. M. PATTON

THE Royal Society of Canada, the country's court of last resort in matters intellectual, has been in session during the past week in Ottawa. It is a venerable body to which every respect is due; for it is composed of men of prestige and position in their respective fields of work and is, moreover, eminently representative of Canadian intellectual life.

Indeed, the highest honour in the gift of the Society, the presidency, goes this year to a Western man, Rev. Dr. George Bryce, of Manitoba University. Dr. Bryce is, to be sure, a native of Ontario, owning as his birthplace the little village of Mount Pleasant. He is, too, a graduate of the Provincial University at Toronto and of Knox College, but he has been for many years identified with educational and other interests in the West. He was the first pastor of Knox Church, Winnipeg, and was instrumental in founding Manitoba College and Manitoba University, at which latter he now holds a professorship. Prof. Ramsay Wright, of Toronto University, is the new vice-president, whilst Mr. Lawrence M. Lambe of the Canadian Geological Survey and Dr. W. D. LeSueur, both of Ottawa, were honoured by being re-elected treasurer and secretary respectively.

The meetings of the Royal Society do not appeal strongly to the general public, even in Ottawa. That this should be the case is a fact which at first strikes a person with some surprise. In the face of this comparative indifference on the part of the public and the press he is led to ask what are the supposed functions of this assembly of notables, how does it endeavour to perform them and in how far is it successful in its efforts? It cannot, at present, be said of the Royal Society of Canada, as it has been said of the French Academy, that its paramount function is "to impose a high standard in matters

of intellect and taste." With the energy of our Anglo-Saxon ancestry surging in our veins, with

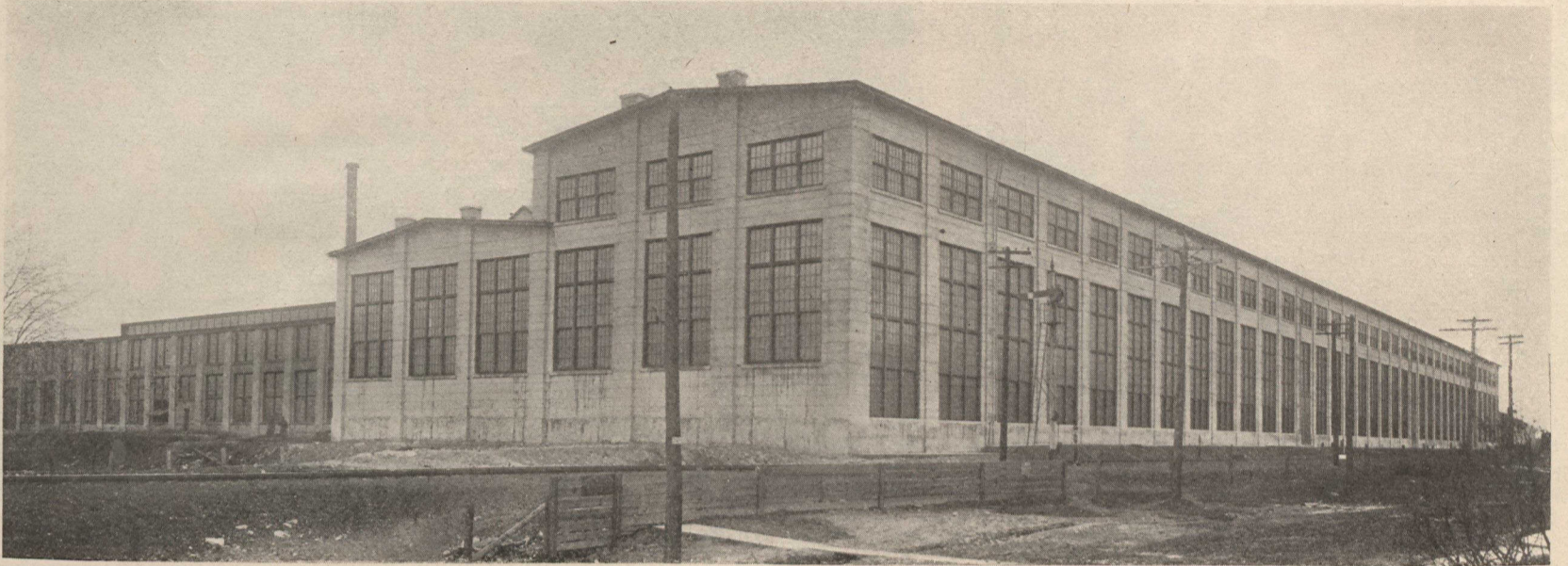


Rev. Dr. George Bryce, of Manitoba University, recently elected President of the Royal Society of Canada.

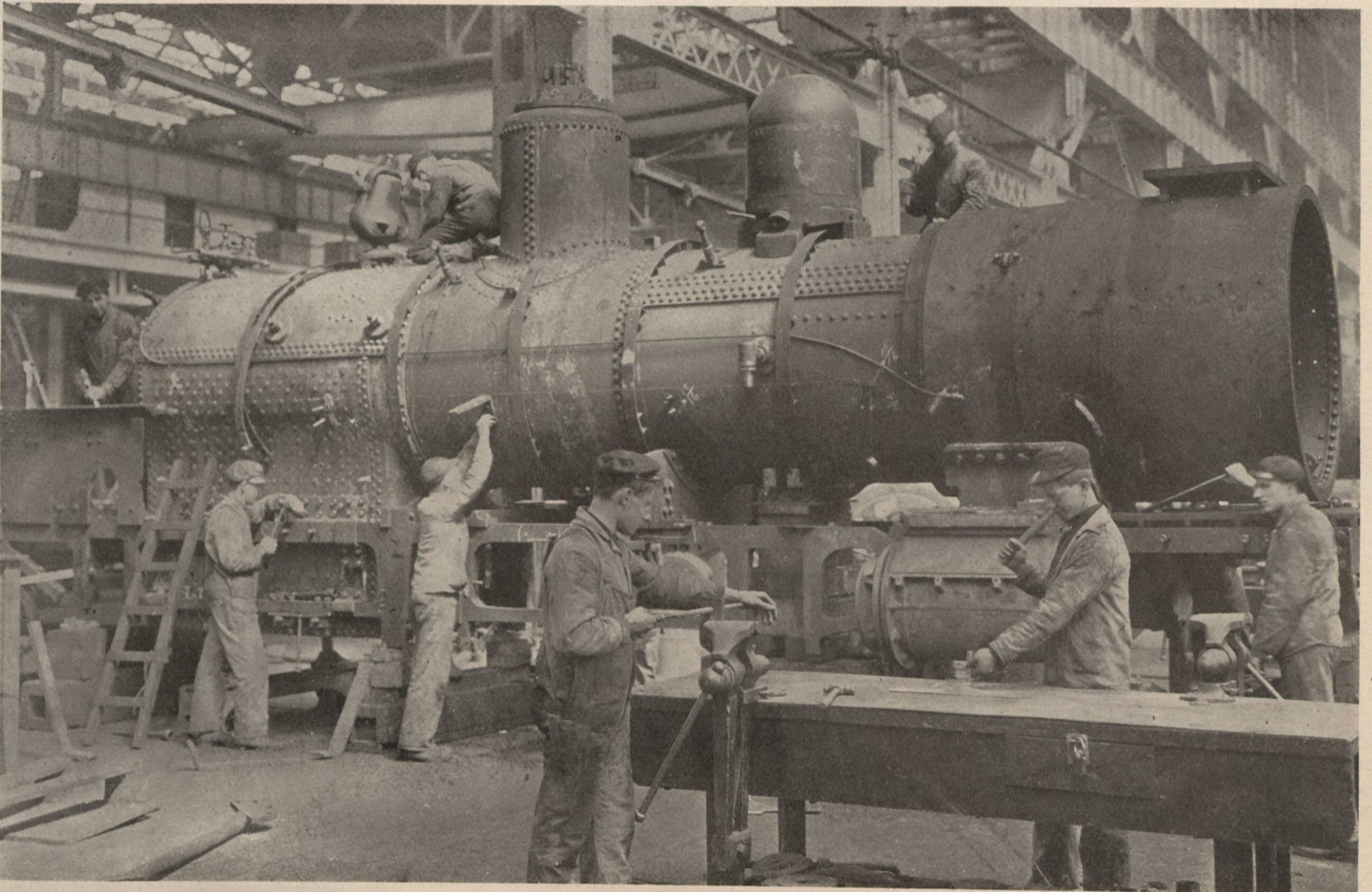
our American admiration of "the man who does things," and with so great a mass of raw material yet to be sifted in our history and literature, our attention must be turned more to the investigation of sources and the examination of first-hand materials. At a later stage in our intellectual development we can properly welcome the predominance of selection, of conservation and of refinement. Now this preliminary work that is first required in the literary and historical spheres of the Royal Society's labours is of as little interest to the general public as is the highly technical investigations of science.

While, then, the public may seem indifferent to the proceedings of such bodies as the Royal Society it is by no means so apathetic towards the great body of writers and investigators who build upon the results obtained by the members of such societies. Both the savant and the practical man are essential to each others success; it took Faraday and Bell together to give us the telephone, and the efforts of both Hertz and Marconi were necessary to give us wireless telegraphy. It must be admitted that the Royal Society of Canada is doing excellent work in these preliminary and basic investigations and that it is solicitous that the results of its labours should be available to those who can use them. During the past year it issued some twelve hundred copies of the reports of its transactions, a great many of which are placed in public libraries throughout Canada, where they can be consulted by all who desire to do so. Through its affiliated societies it is reaching into special and local fields of research, while its membership is being kept in touch with the latest development in literature and science by such means as the Society's delegation to the British Association which meets in Winnipeg the coming August and by being placed on the mailing lists of similar foreign societies. Canada needs such institutions as the Royal Society and as she grows the need for them will be all the more evident.

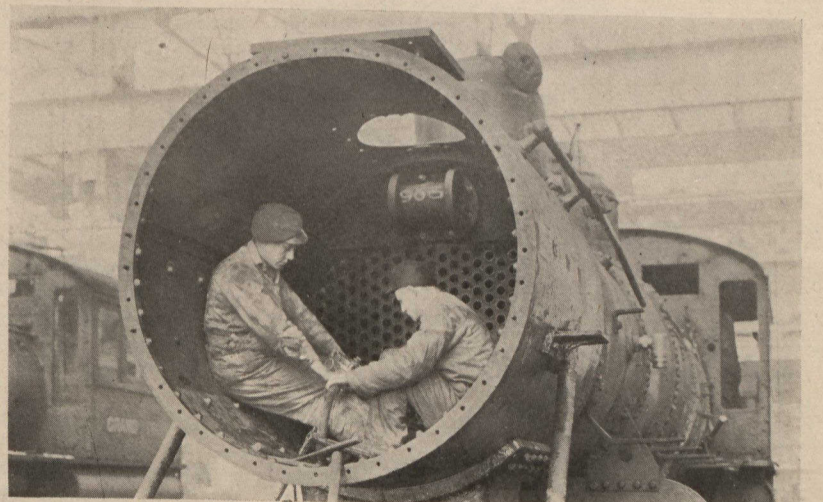
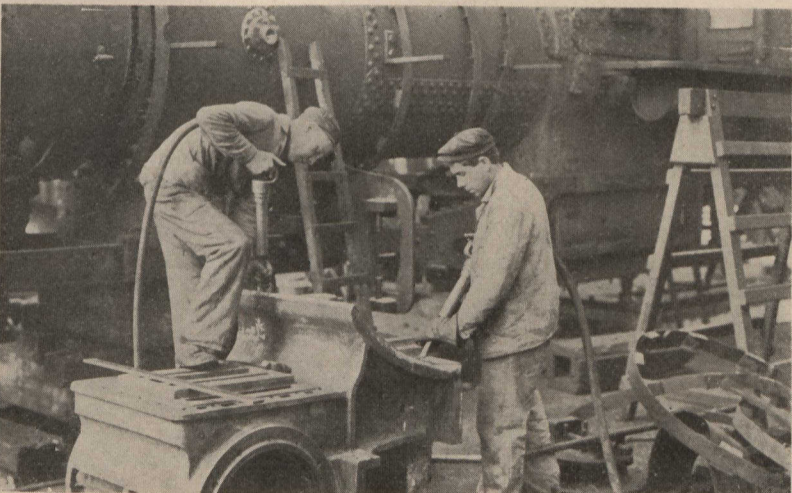
KEEPING RAILWAY LOCOMOTIVES IN WORKING ORDER



The extensive new shops of the Grand Trunk Railway, at Stratford, Ont.



The G.T.R. is proud of its apprenticeship system.—All these workers are apprentices.



MOTHERHOOD IN BEING

In which a plea is made for deeper regard for the "mothers in the ranks" and an argument is made for a better "selection of parents."

By DR. C. W. SALEEBY, F.R.S.

IT is the selection of parents that alone has raised us from the beast and the worm. This continuous and apparently invincible thing, human life, which began so humbly and to the sound of no trumpets, in Southern Asia or the neighbourhood of the Caspian Sea, but which has never looked back since its birth, and is now the dominant fact of what might well be an astonished earth, depends in every age and from moment to moment upon here a baby, there a baby, and there yet another. If but one of all the "hungry generations" that have preceded us had failed to secure the care and love of its predecessor, the curtain would have come down, and a not unpromising, though hitherto sufficiently grotesque, drama have been ended for ever. It is, thus, to the conception of parentage as the vital and organic link of life that we are forced. No generation, whether of men, or animals, or plants, determines or provides, as a whole, the future of the race. Only a percentage, as a rule a very small percentage indeed, of any species, reach maturity. These it is who, in the long run, make history.

It is possible that a concrete case, common enough, but wonderful nevertheless, may help us to realise afresh the conditions under which human life actually persists. Forced inside a motor-omnibus one evening, for lack of room outside, I found myself opposite a woman, poorly clothed, with a wedding ring upon her finger and a baby in her arms. The mother's face roused in me feelings which a sonnet of Wordsworth's might have expressed, or a painting by some artist with a soul, a Rembrandt or a Watts, such as we may look for in vain amongst the be-lettered to-day. Here was the spectacle of mother and child, which all the great historic religions, from Buddhism to Christianity, have rightly worshipped, the spectacle which more nearly symbolises the sublime than any other upon which the eye of any man, himself once such a child, can rest; the spectacle which alone epitomises the life of mankind and the unalterable conditions of all human life and all human societies, reminding us at once of our individual mortality, and the immortality of our race; the spectacle which alone, if any can, may reconcile us to death, the spectacle of that which alone can sanctify the love of the sexes; the spectacle of motherhood in being; the supreme duty and supreme privilege of womanhood.

EXHAUSTED MOTHERHOOD.

THIS woman, utterly unconscious of the dignity of her attitude and of the contrast between herself and the imitation of a woman, elegantly clothed, who sat next to her, giving her not a thought nor a glance, nor yet room for the elbow bent in its divine office, was probably some thirty-two or three years old, as time is measured by the revolutions of the earth around the sun. Measured by some more relevant gauge, she was evidently aged, her face grey and drawn, desperately tired, yet placid, not with due exultation, but with the calm of one who has no hope. She was too weary to draw the child to her bosom, and her arms lay upon her knees; but instead she bent her body downwards to her baby. She looked straight out in front of her, not at me nor at the passing phantasms beyond, but at nothing. The eyes were open, but they were too tired to see. The face had no beauty of feature nor of colour, nor of intelligence, but it was wholly beautiful, made so by motherhood, and I think she must have held some faith. The tint of her skin and of her eyeballs spoke of the impoverishment of her blood, her need of sleep and rest and ease of mind. I could have stood up and cursed aloud the whole scheme of things. She will probably be killed by consumption within five years, and will certainly never hold a grandchild in her arms. The pathologist may lay this crime at the door of the tubercle bacillus, but a prophet would lay it at the reader's door and mine.

While we read and write, play and prattle and prose, this woman, and myriads like her, are doing the essential work of the world. "The worm waits for us as well as for her and them; and in a few years her children and theirs will be Mankind." If

there be a poet or a painter alive who is more than an applauded prostitute, and who has the genius that is "the clearer presence of God Most High in a man," let him leave unsung or undepicted and undisplayed the ephemeral subject and the trivial dexterities which serve merely to make visible the darkness of what is called art in this barren time, and tell us how the Deity within him regards such a spectacle as this; or if he can learn nothing from childhood and motherhood dethroned let him be silent—he has nothing to say that men and women need to hear. Let him cry aloud and spare not. Let him tell us that if this is the fate of mothers in the ranks which supply the overwhelming proportion of our children, our nation may number Shakespeare and Newton amongst the glories of its past, and the lands of ancient empire amongst its present possessions, but it has no future; that if, worshipping what it is pleased to call success, it has no tears nor even eyes for such failures as these, it may walk in the ways of its insensible heart and in the sight of its blind eyes, yet it is walking not in its sleep, but in its death.

THE DOOM OF NEGLECTED NATIONS.

LET him say that in such a state a country is already doomed and damned almost past recall; and that, if it is to be saved, there will avail not "Broadening the basis of taxation," nor teaching in churches the worship of the Holy Mother and Holy Child, whilst motherhood is blasphemed at their very doors, but this and this only—the establishment, not in statutes but in the consciences of men and women of a true religion based upon these perdurable and evident dogmas: that all human life is holy, all mothers and all children; that history is made in the nursery; that the individual dies; that therefore children determine the destinies of all civilisations; that the race or society which succeeds with its mammoth ships and its manufactures but fails to produce men and women, is on the brink of irretrievable doom; that the body of man is an animal, endowed with the animal instincts necessary for self-preservation and the perpetuation of the race, and that, if the possession of this body by a conscious spirit, "looking before and after," is anything more than a "sport" of the evolutionary forces, it demands that, the blind animal instincts notwithstanding, the desecration of motherhood, the perennial slaughter and injury of children, the casual unconscious birth of children for whom there is no room or light, or air, or food, and of children whose inheritance condemns them to misery, insanity, or crime, must cease; and that the recurrent drama of human love and struggle reaches its happy ending not when the protagonists are married, but when they join hands over a little child that promises to be a worthy heir of all the ages.

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF PARENTAGE.

WE are assuredly as responsible for posterity as any parent for any child. Before the nineteenth century this fact could be realised by very few. To-day, when the truth of organic evolution is a common-place, and when the plasticity of the forces of evolution is slowly becoming realised, we must face our tremendous responsibility and privilege in a spirit worthy of those to whom such mighty secrets have been revealed. Parentage and birth—in these the whole is summed. At the mercy of these are all past discovery, all past achievement in art or science, in action or in thought. The human species, secure though it be, is only a race after all; only a sequence of runners who—*quasi cursores, vita lampada tradunt*—hand on the lamp of life, as Lucretius said. This it is which, to the thoughtful observer, makes each birth such an overwhelming event.

It is a great event for the mother and the father, but how much greater if its consequence be only half realised? Education in its full sense, "the provision of an environment," as I have defined it, is a mighty and necessary force, for nothing but potentiality is given at birth; but no education, no in-

fluence of traditional progress, can avail, unless the potentialities which these must unfold are worthy. The baby comes into the world. The fate of all the to-morrow depends upon it. Hitherto its happening has depended upon factors animal and casual enough, utterly improvident, concerned but rarely with this tremendous consequence. Fate may be mistress, but she works only too often by Chance, as Goethe remarked. Fate and Chance hitherto have been at work determining—for progress, to death of the individual makes imperative; and forces have been at work determining—for progress, to some extent, but most imperfectly—the parentage of these headlong babies. Yet the human intelligence cannot remain satisfied with their working, and much less so when it realises how they can be controlled, how effectively, and to what high ends.

THE PRODUCTION OF A SUPERIOR RACE.

IF these babies differ immeasurably from each other, as they do; if these differences are, on the whole, capable of prediction in terms of heredity; if the future state of mankind is involved in these differences, which will in their turn be transmitted to the children of such as themselves become parents; and if this business of parentage will be confined to only a *small* proportion of these babies, "of whom one-half will be dead within five years"; if these things be so, cannot these babies be chosen in anticipation? There would thus be effected an enormous vital economy, and the human intelligence would so make its supreme achievement—the ethical direction and vast acceleration of racial progress. What man can do for animals and plants, can he not do for himself? Give imagination its fleetest and strongest wing, it can never conceive a task so worth the doing. This, and this alone, is what requires to be brought home to the general reader and the reformer alike. Says Mr. H. G. Wells: "It seemed to me, then, that to prevent the multiplication of people below a certain standard, and to encourage the multiplication of exceptionally superior people, was the only real and permanent way of mending the ills of the world. I think that still."

THE GREAT IDEAL.

SO surely as this belief, which is the crowning and practical conclusion to which all the teachings of modern biology converge, comes to life in men's minds, so surely the difficulties will be met, not only on paper, but also in practice. I am prepared to deny that there is anything, either in the character of the individual man and woman, or in the structure of society, that makes the ideal of race culture impossible to-day; and to deny as well, that we must wait for further knowledge of heredity. Little though we surely know so far, we have abundance of assured knowledge for immediate action in many directions. But it is public opinion that governs the world. If it were, as it will be one day—which may this article hasten—an elementary and radical truth, as familiar and as cogent to all, man in the House or man in the public-house, as the fact of the earth's gravitation—that racial maintenance, much more racial progress, depends absolutely upon the selection of parents, if the establishment of this selective process in the best and widest manner were the admitted goal of all legislation and all social and political speculation—who can question that the thing would be practicable and indeed easy? Without the formation of public opinion this is as hopelessly utopian and inaccessible an ideal as words ever framed; public opinion once formed, nothing could be more palpably feasible.

Before we dictate courses of procedure, and even before we can expect profit from scientific investigation, this public opinion must be formed. The idea of eugenics, or good breeding, must be instilled into the conscience of civilisation like a new religion—a religion of the most lofty and austere, because the most unselfish, morality—a religion which sets before it a sublime ideal, terrestrial indeed in its chosen theatre, but celestial in its theme. If the intrinsic ennoblement of mankind does not answer to this eulogy, where is the ideal that does?

THE BRANTFORD TO HAMILTON MARATHON RACE



Crowd on James Street South, Hamilton, May 24th, awaiting the arrival of the runners.



G. Cook, of the 91st Highlanders Athletic Association, who ran Second.



Claude Pearce, who ran Third.



E. Cotter, of Burlington, winner of the Race. Distance 26 miles. 176 yards, time 2.51.53

THE HAMILTON MARATHON

By DONALD B. SINCLAIR

HAMILTON is the home and centre of the Marathon industry in Canada. Ever since "Billy" Sherring, her favourite son, galloped home ahead of the world's fleetest footed at the Athens Olympic some three years ago, there has been a constant crop of budding aspirants to long distance honours sprouting up in the footsteps of the doughty hero. Several of them, with others from other Canadian sporting towns, making in all forty-three, faced the pistol on May 24th for the long lung-testing contest between Brantford and Hamilton.

Great interest was manifested in the holiday race because of the value of the prizes offered. The leader of the field was to receive an opportunity to exhibit his prowess as the representative of Canada at the next Olympic games at Athens, all expenses guaranteed by the *Spectator* Co. of Hamilton.

J. H. Crocker, the well-known Y. M. C. A. athletic trainer, started the runners upon their gruelling journey on the Paris road at 9.18.52. For the first five miles all ran well, with Bennett, the chap who showed Chicagoans a few things at the Marathon there in the fall of 1906, leading. At ten miles Bennett continued to lead. A few "also rans" dropped out at this stage. Cook of Hamilton, Harry Lawson of Toronto, Near of Toronto, and Eddie Cotter chased Bennett closely now till the seventeenth mile. At that point, Cotter shot up into the front, and Bennett was forced to drop behind. Cook came right after Cotter, but the latter soon began to run away from him in fine style. It was all Cotter from there to the end.

Cotter finished fresh, six minutes ahead of Cook, whose time was 2.5.43. Claude Pearce, the I. C. A.

C. runner of Toronto, was next in 3.00.03. Lawson was fourth.

Nine others, making thirteen of the forty-three starters, stuck to the end.

The race, as a whole, in the opinion of Hamilton sporting writers, was not quite of the class to which Hamiltonians are accustomed. The reason given is that the best young blood are envying the pecuniary advantages enjoyed by Shrub and Longboat, and are joining the professional ranks.

Eddie Cotter, the Hamilton boy, who will spend the *Spectator's* loose change at Athens, came first into prominence in the *Herald* race of 1905. All Canada joins in wishing him the same good fortune that attended him the other day, and hopes that he, like Sherring before him, will fulfill the Marathon ambitions of the Ambitious City.

America and the Masters

By common report, which may be exaggerated, the United States possesses a great number of "Old Masters" which are spurious. Some of these forgeries have been made in Europe and some in America. The following "skit" on the subject appeared recently in *Punch*:

CAUGHT by our representative at the Savoy Hotel, Mr. Cyrus K. Garner, the famous millionaire collector of Chicago, willingly consented to discuss the removal of the 60 per cent. tariff on all works of art imported into the United States.

"It will," he said, "make a great difference to me. In fact, that is why I am visiting Europe. Now that one can freely take back whatever one buys I mean to buy in earnest. I mean to make this effete island and that old back number of a continent contribute the best there is to my walls.

"I'm a bit of a poet in my way," he went on. "I've made my money out of pork, and artists paint their pictures with hogs' bristles, I'm told. Do you see? My idea is that a man who has made his money out of pig's flesh can't spend that money more poetically than on the products of pig's hair. That's why I'm out for old masters.

"Now they tell me there's a house here in London called Artford House, or something like that, that's full of Old Masters. Well, I'm here to buy it. I'm here, too, to do a deal over your National Gallery, if you've got enough business enterprise to consider it. Then I shall go over the Paris, where I'm told there's a unique called the 'Venus of Milo.' That's my programme, young man. But I wouldn't have thought twice about it as long as the 60 per cent. tariff was on."

Our American correspondent telegraphs that the consternation which was expected to reign at Coromaker's great fine art store in Pittsburg is quite absent. "Yes," said Mr. Coromaker, when asked his opinion, "the lifting of the impost will no doubt tend to cause many of our connoisseurs and collectors to go to Europe direct for their pictures; but that will not injure our business. We were prepared for it, and have now a number of agents in London and on the continent whom we shall keep supplied with excellent works of the Barbizon school. The only difference will be that these pictures will now cross the Atlantic twice, instead of never having travelled at all; but a corresponding rise in price will recoup us for the outward journey, and of course the journey back is the connoisseur's affair."

EN ROUTE FROM DEMERARA

Our Special Commissioner to the West Indies has completed her journey to Demerara and return. This week's letter is written from Antigua. Next week's letter, the last of the series, will be profusely illustrated from exceptional photographs.

Off Antigua, 13th May, 1909.

Dear Mr Editor:—

Since leaving Trinidad we have paid our return visits to Barbados and Dominica. I have already told you something of what I saw on our downward trip and now homeward bound, I have tried to see a little more. From a picturesque point of view Barbados lacks something, owing to the absence of surrounding high hills, but the capital, Bridgetown, is in itself an interesting town and the public buildings, as I think I mentioned, are handsome and worth a visit. I was particularly pleased with the Anglican Cathedral; it is much older than I had expected, some of the many vaults in the nave dating from about 1650. Bridgetown boasts no electric car service, but the open trams drawn by mules afford pleasant runs. Taking one of these to Hastings, I had an opportunity of seeing something of the result of the withdrawal of the British troops, in the vast collection of empty buildings, once occupied by the garrison, and built at enormous expense. If the Empire had some of that wasted money now we might put it to better use.

From Barbados we came to St. Lucia, which island was new to me, not being included in the itinerary of the outward voyage. As at the former place, the native boys indulge in really splendid diving contests for coins thrown by the passengers on the steamers. I have witnessed the same thing in the bay of Naples in comparatively shallow water, whereas in the West Indies it is quite "a deep sea fishing" competition. The little I saw of St. Lucia impressed me very favourably. At Castries, the chief town, we had the great advantage of getting right up to the wharf. The *Dahome's* only business at this port was to take on water and coal. The former bears an excellent reputation and as the coaling process is carried on almost entirely by native women, each bearing a basket with a load of about one hundred pounds, on her head, it is a most interesting, if somewhat dusty, sight. My visit to the botanical gardens delighted me greatly and owing to the courtesy and generosity of one of Messrs. Pickford and Black's agents, who accompanied me on my visit, I bore away such a bouquet of roses, ferns and frangipanni as would have been the envy of those living in a northern latitude.

The cathedral of Castries varies considerably from those on the other islands owing to the quantity of fresco work employed in its mural decoration. Some of the upper portion of this bears very visible evidence of the earthquake which took place here two years ago. Later in the day I came unexpectedly on the cathedral again and found a very large congregation assembled for evening service, which during the month of May is held here every night.

Yesterday we returned to Dominica for an all too short visit. Arriving about 7 a.m. I went ashore after breakfast, having received an invitation from the Hon. I. Cox Fillau to visit some of his estates on this island. Unfortunately, owing to the *Dahome* being due to leave at 5 p.m. my sight-seeing was considerably curtailed and I can say nothing of the sulphur springs, the waterfalls and some other features which are the glory of Dominica. They had had some heavy rain in the early morning ashore, and Diablotia, the highest peak of the Caribbean archipelago and said to be over 5,000 feet, wore a rather heavy cap of cloud, but the surrounding hills were bathed in sunlight and verdure, and I enjoyed our drive over beautiful roads, over which huge lizards ran out of our way, and either side of which were thickly bordered with heavily-laden lime trees, sugar canes, etc., while tall palms waved majestically over all. Short bridges took us across some of the many rivers—there are reputed to be three hundred and sixty-five—rushing down from the mountains.

Our first stop left us a hundred feet or so below the agent's house, to which a short ascent on foot took us. Here seated in the cool porch with open slats and looking over the tropical blue sea far beneath us, I had my first drink from a perfectly fresh cocconut and a subsequent light repast on some of the jelly, which by the time the nuts have reached northern climes has become a solid mass and constitutes the well known fruit in our home markets. It seems a pity that some enterprising firm does not start a canning factory for the preserving of some, if not all, of the many rich tropical fruits which never can, under present conditions, come to our shores at all.

Resuming our drive we arrived at my host's residence, "Wall house Estate," and there I experienced some of the hospitality which has earned for him the title of "prince of entertainers." After lunch I had a glimpse at some of the photos and curios brought back from many of the foreign lands he has visited, and then "inexorable time" ordered out the carriage again and we returned to the little town of Roseau by way of the botanical gardens, which I had previously seen and which are equal in beauty to many others which are the pride of the "B. W. I." and British Guiana. The Roman Catholic cathedral I found well worthy of a visit and the "vista" from one of its open doors into the well kept gardens of the adjoining handsome presbytery made a most beautiful picture. Shortly after I returned to the *Dahome* and we left the fair island of Dominica about 5 p.m. Until dinner time we had lovely coast views, after which darkness set in and we were out at sea once more.

This morning found us off the harbour of St. John, Antigua. It is a very long and sometimes, as to-day, a very rough row ashore. I had three negroes and the poor fellows had a pretty tough

time taking me over, being frequently drenched by the water we were shipping, which often splashed up to me in the stern. However, though rough, I was very glad I made the passage, for Antigua proved much more interesting than I had anticipated from its appearance out at sea. From the roadstead, the twin towers of the Anglican cathedral had made a most imposing landmark, and I was in no way disappointed by a visit to the interior. I have never seen an exactly similar building. Outwardly it is of stone, inwardly of wood, each being independent of the other, so designed to withstand earthquakes, one of which in 1843 destroyed the former ancient edifice, and the devastating power of which is amply shown in the shattered condition of some handsome but very old tombstones in the surrounding churchyard. The public library is a most creditable institution and the botanical gardens, which like the similar beautiful enclosures of the other islands, are charmingly situated on rising ground a short way out from the city.

Even Antigua is not without its tragedies. Passing by the court house I was attracted by the stir of people on the steps to go up to ascertain the cause. Looking in one of the open windows I had a momentary glimpse of the interior and learned that it was the trial of a woman for the murder of a little girl of eleven. I had no time to wait, perhaps, so much the better. Returning to the wharf I was fortunate in finding the harbour launch on the point of starting and stepping on board had a pleasant steam over to the *Dahome*.

Yours truly,
SIDNEY A. GIBSON.

CANADIAN PRESBYTERIANISM

By DR. QUILL

THE General Assembly is the annual review of Presbyterianism in Canada. As its men and measures belong to the national assets the opening of its Parliament in Hamilton on June 2nd is of great public interest.

The officers of this supreme church court are few and its procedure simple. The chairman or president bears the striking title of Moderator—a term of Huguenot descent, like the veteran presbyter who at present graces the position. The office is a popular gift and insures a year of many honours. In clerical etiquette he becomes "the Very Reverend," and of Frederick B. DuVal, it may be said that no name has been added to this very select list of "the Fathers" who measures up better to the traditions of "a learned and godly divine."

Two joint-clerks, Dr. R. Campbell of Montreal, and Dr. J. Somerville of Toronto, hold the keys and decipher the documents. In them are to be found distinct types of "Auld-kirk" and "Free," and are thus glowing proofs of the blessings of "the Union." Dr. E. A. McCurdy of Halifax should be named in the same breath with the above, as he is General Agent of the "Eastern Section." He is one of the "big-men" of the Maritime Synod, and the wonder is that he has so long avoided the Moderatorship.

The network of organisation is woven out of forty-two "Conveners," who in the business of the Church are the "Heads of Departments." Eleven elders are in this executive. Mr. R. Kilgour of Toronto, whose name stands for financial soundness, is chief of the Trustee Board and thus scrutinises all investments and safeguards the endowments. Sir T. W. Taylor of Hamilton, as a son of the manse, lends his high judicial acumen to the protection of Church property. Mr. J. K. Macdonald, a prince of financiers, has long been devising ways and means for Aged and Infirm Ministers, whose finances are small. And Mr. J. Henderson, also of Toronto, has been "a son of consolation" indeed in his support for Ministers' Widows and Orphans.

Dr. E. D. McLaren, Dr. S. Lyle and Dr. R. P. McKay are "the Great Triumvirate" in Home Missions, Augmentation and Foreign Missions. For only a "coalition" of interests can secure the best results. Many others stand near "the throne," such as Rev. J. S. Sutherland, the "optimist," from Halifax; Rev. W. A. J. Martin, the Convener par excellence, of Brantford; and Dr. Carmichael, the last of the Apostles to the "dispersed of Presbyterianism."

John Knox drew from the fountain of learning in Geneva the conviction that education was the strength of Protestantism. The six theological colleges of the Church join hands in confirming the same ideal in a "far-flung Dominion. Since Ex-Principal McLaren, "the grandest of them all," has laid down the burden at Knox College, the courtly Principal of Queen's, Dr. Gordon, may be called the

"dean of all the Principals." President Forrest of Halifax as master polemic, has done service on many "glorious fields." Principal Patrick, however, holds the central dais in the public eye. The man himself, so polished and deft of touch, and as masterful as the syllogism itself, is from Alpha to Omega, academic. Thus if he shows a weakness in handling the great matters of the Church, it is in assuming the attitude of one who thinks that both the postulates of Euclid and the Principal of Manitoba College are axiomatic.

Church Union has reached the "critical hour." Five years ago these brave theological knights marched out to the music, "that a union of the churches to be real and lasting, must carry the consent of the entire membership." Will the tune be changed? Dr. Sedgwick, whom Providence has spared out of a brilliant array of churchmen, has the ability and spirit to do his Church a great service at this "the parting of the ways." Dr. McMullan of Woodstock, whose mind and heart are ripe enough to be trusted, must needs be a member of that solemn conclave which will issue this matter. Principal MacKay of Vancouver led the first open attack upon the "Union breastworks," and is still the best recruiting general of the opposition. Dr. R. Campbell, ex-moderator and clerk of assembly, has also issued his ultimatum.

But Principal Patrick has beside him good advisers and loyal churchmen. President Falconer of Toronto University has already stepped to the front on behalf of Union. Dr. Armstrong of Ottawa, who yields to no man a better title to Calvinistic principles, knows the Canadian Church and sentiments as few do. The Moderator himself, as the "keeper of the gates" between the East and West, might well be the mediator between all extremes, and is yet frankly in favour and ready to give his powerful support to the cause of Union.

Some are asking will Higher Criticism be ventilated? We may safely answer, no. There are several books by advanced critics and yet in no Presbytery or Synod have they been "put under the ban." Hence although both Knox and Queen's are at this Assembly making loud appeals to the Church, yet in the face of unmistakable spiritual awakenings there is no disposition to engage in an indifferent heresy war.

The ways of the various members of the human race are often past explaining. A writer in M. A. P. tells an amusing story of a gentleman who wrote one day asking for a ticket of admission to the Strangers' Gallery of the House of Commons. He was politely informed that the gallery was closed, and he could not therefore be admitted. Shortly afterwards he wrote again saying: "As the gallery is closed will you send me six tickets for the Zoo?"

FOR VALUE RECEIVED

The Strange Tale of Some Family Jewels

I.

By FRED. M. WHITE



KITTY FOSTER looked just a little guilty as she met the eye of her cousin. As a rule, she was a girl who did not allow herself to be carried away with any gushes of feminine enthusiasm. But, then, Count Boris Stephanoff was an exceedingly handsome man, and there was something in his melancholy air and dark eyes which made him popular wherever he went. For the rest, he moved in very good society. He was supposed to be exceedingly wealthy, and he certainly posed as a patriot. It was only during the last week or two that he appeared to have singled out Kitty Foster for especial favour, so that people began to ask themselves questions, and Kitty was in a fair way to have her pretty head turned. After all said and done, there is something alluring in the spectacle of a handsome man who is supposed to have left his country at the dictates of his conscience. There were certain people, on the other hand, who proclaimed the man to be no better than a brilliant adventurer, who, on the strength of an elegant manner and some dubiously-acquired wealth, had skilfully managed to engineer his way into society. But society, in its easy-going way, showed no signs of asking questions, and so long as the Count chose to inhabit a suite of expensive rooms at the Carlton, and gave the most excellent dinners, what did the rest matter? If he liked to play at Socialism, there was no reason why he should not indulge his vanity, and if he had an occasional weakness for addressing Anarchist meetings down Peckham Rye, that was his look-out.

It was astonishing in how short a time this handsome, persuasive Russian had made a distinct niche for himself in the fabric of society. He was always so terribly in earnest, too, so that he began to gather around himself certain disciples who deemed it to be the thing to join in the social movement. Chief amongst these satellites was Kitty Foster, to the great disapproval of her cousin, Gerald Forsyth, a distinguished ornament of the British Corps Diplomatique at Vienna. There was something cynical about his smile now, something that aroused Kitty's anger, as he strolled to her side just as Count Stephanoff turned away. Kitty nodded coolly enough, though it was fully six months since she had last met her cousin indeed, she had not the remotest idea till the last moment or two that he was back in England.

"Let us get out of this crush and chat awhile," Forsyth suggested. "I don't suppose you want to dance any more this evening. And, besides, I presume you have given up all those frivolities since you have joined the followers of that fellow, Stephanoff."

"You know nothing about him," Kitty retorted.

"My dear girl, that is a point distinctly in his disfavour," Forsyth said coolly. "I haven't been knocking about the Courts of Europe all these years for nothing. If I don't know a cosmopolitan like that, you may be sure he isn't worth knowing. And there are scores of people here to-night who are equally ignorant."

"The man is a great patriot," Kitty said, warmly.

"Really! Now, wasn't it Dr. Johnson who said that patriotism was the last refuge of a scoundrel? Frankly, my dear child, I don't like it at all. I am sure the less you see of that man the better. Oh, I don't know anything, but my instinct rarely plays me false in such matters. Now look here, Kitty, we have been pretty good friends, and we have had few secrets from one another. Now, tell me honestly—isn't that man making use of you for some purpose?"

Kitty Foster was too honest to deny the truth. In some strange way her cousin had hit upon the correct solution of the problem.

"I won't deny it," she said; "in fact, I don't want to deny it. What I am going to tell you now is distinctly a point in the Count's favour. You would think a man like that would have taken care of his money, seeing that before he was exiled from Russia all his estates were confiscated. He had barely time to get away with certain articles of personal property such as family jewels, and the like. I understand that the Stephanoff stones are very fine indeed; in fact, if they were properly sold they would realise a

fortune. And yet, Count Stephanoff is so deeply in earnest that he is trying to sell those jewels now wholly and solely to provide means for furthering the cause that he has so deeply at heart."

"He told you all this?" Forsyth asked, quietly.

"Certainly he did," Kitty went on. "I don't believe anybody else knows a word about it."

"But why did he tell you?" Forsyth persisted. "You can't buy these precious heirlooms, you know."

Kitty laughed and shook her head. "Of course not," she exclaimed. "But then, you see, I might be in a position to find a purchaser. There are scores of women in society to-day who would give their ears to possess those diamonds, and that, between ourselves, is just the suggestion the Count has made to me. He shrinks with horror at the idea of exposing these things for sale in a public auction-room. He says he would never cease to regret it if he had reason to believe that those historic gems were destined to grace the neck of some pork millionaire's wife from Chicago. What he would like to do is to dispose of these gems by private contract to somebody of real position, or, at any rate, to somebody who has the cause of freedom generally at heart."

"You seem to have learnt your lesson pretty thoroughly," Forsyth said, thoughtfully. "One might actually hear you quoting the very words of our distinguished patriot. And so, after all, to put it plainly, you are about to join the ranks of the honest brokers in society. I suppose you will have a commission if you bring off what the Count considers to be a satisfactory deal?"

"You are absolutely horrid," Kitty said, indignantly. "The thing has never been mentioned. I don't suppose I should even have given it a second thought if the name of Mrs. Hammersleigh had not flashed into my mind."

"Which Hammersleigh is that?" Forsyth asked. "Do you mean the lady who is building herself a house in Park Lane—wife of that ironmonger fellow who made such a pile out in America by sweating his workmen, and then wormed his way into society afterwards by certain glaring acts of what he called philanthropy? I suppose a woman like that would think nothing of a hundred thousand or two."

"That is the Mrs. Hammersleigh I was thinking about," Kitty explained. "Of course, she is vulgar and ostentatious, but, really, she is not a bad sort, and I know that she would very much like to possess a collection of jewels having a history attached to them. We should be doing Mrs. Hammersleigh a kindness, and getting a great deal more money for the gems at the same time. At any rate, I have spoken to Mrs. Hammersleigh about it, and I am going to dine there the day after to-morrow to discuss the thing thoroughly. Count Stephanoff has been asked to join us, and he has promised to bring his family gems with him. You need not be in the least alarmed, my dear cousin. I am acting on the dictates of friendship alone; indeed, I think it very flattering of the Count to take me into his confidence."

Forsyth made no reply for a moment or two. He was apparently thinking deeply. There was a queer dry twinkle in his eye which Kitty did not appear to notice.

"We won't say any more about it," he remarked. "By the way, where is Mrs. Hammersleigh living till her house is finished? I suppose I shall have to give her a call, though we haven't met for such a long time. Don't be at all surprised if I drop in after dinner the evening after to-morrow. You see, if I have a weakness it is for old historic diamonds."

II.

THE elaborate dinner was drawing to a close now. The cigarettes were on the table, and Count Boris Stephanoff bowed gracefully at an intimation from his hostess that he might smoke. The handsome Russian was absolutely in his element now. He had dined wisely and well; indeed, for a passionate patriot, whose whole heart and soul was in the future of his beloved country, he had a very nice discrimination in food and the choice of his wines. He sipped his liqueur luxuriously. He was pleased to approve of the flavour of Mrs. Hammersleigh's cigarettes.

During the whole of the meal nothing whatever

had been said in connection with the diamonds. That matter could be discussed in detail in the drawing-room later on.

Meanwhile, Stephanoff sat there smoking and chatting as if he had not a single care in the world. There was something in his low, sympathetic voice which appealed to his companion.

Mrs. Hammersleigh rose at length, the fair embodiment of good-natured middle age, blessed with a fair digestion, and absolutely unlimited means. For a woman who had begun life in the deeper depths she possessed a deal of inherent good taste; indeed, she was a born expert, as most of the West-End dealers knew. She liked her money's worth, and usually contrived to get it, though, on the present occasion, she was prepared to stretch in the amount of the cheque she was disposed to write for the Stephanoff diamonds. Of historic gems she possessed very few, and here was an opportunity of obtaining a large collection with a minimum of trouble. Suspicious of most people and most things, Mrs. Hammersleigh took absolutely for granted everybody whom she met in society. If a man or woman happened to be there, then their claims to be considered persons of importance were to be taken as a matter of course. Just for the moment, Count Stephanoff stood on a very high pedestal in her estimation indeed. She smiled upon him sweetly.

"You will come up as soon as you are ready," she murmured; "then we will have a look at those wonderful stones."

It was quite half-an-hour later before the Russian lounged up the stairs, and found a seat in the drawing-room. He fell to talking, in his usual easy fashion on a score of topics, not one of which bore the least relationship to the business in hand. Mrs. Hammersleigh began to fidget in her chair uneasily.

"Don't you think we had better get to business?" she suggested.

"Positively I had forgotten all about it," Stephanoff smiled. "Let me play the part of a conjurer."

From various inside pockets he proceeded to produce half-a-dozen shabby-looking flat cases, which he opened one by one and laid on the table by the side of his hostess. The shaded electric lights played on the streams of livid fire, sparkling in all the colours of the rainbow—purple, and green, and gold. Stephanoff had by no means exaggerated the beauty of his gems. They danced and sparkled there like things of life. Mrs. Hammersleigh swooped upon them as a hungry hawk might have pounced upon a pigeon. For once in her life she forgot to bargain. For once she was given over to whole-hearted admiration. Stephanoff stood there, pulling carelessly at his moustache, as if utterly indifferent to the impression which his diamonds had made.

"That is all," he said. "Of course, as you are aware, the great amount of value goes in a small amount of space. Apart from the artistic beauty of the gems, it seems to me that their price is absurdly exaggerated. It is almost incredible to imagine that anybody would be glad to give a hundred and fifty thousand pounds for a few stones like those."

Stephanoff dropped the remark quite casually. And yet there was a finality about the sum he mentioned which admitted of no argument and no compromise. With perfect good breeding he was informing Mrs. Hammersleigh what he wanted for his treasures. And the lady was not disposed to believe that he was putting an exaggerated value on the stones. She was still gazing at them with deepest admiration when the door opened and a footman came in.

"Mr. Gerald Forsyth," he announced.

Forsyth strolled into the room quite coolly and casually, as if his appearance there had been the most natural thing in the world. He nodded coolly enough to Kitty, then he held out his hand warmly to his hostess.

"I seem to have come just at the right time," he said. "Perhaps you will be good enough to introduce me to Count Stephanoff."

The Russian murmured something as to the meeting being a pleasure. Yet, at the same time, he appeared to be somewhat ill-at-ease and disposed to shuffle somewhat over the business which had brought him there this evening. In the most casual way he bent down and began to close the covers of the various cases. Mrs. Hammersleigh held out a fat, protesting hand.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 23.

THE REFUGEE

By ISIDORE GOLDSTUCK

IT was about half-past two of a warm, sunny afternoon in May, when our ship, the "Empress of Russia," left the harbour of New York for England. Most of the passengers on board, it seemed, were wealthy people, who were taking a trip to Europe for pleasure. They were all very cheerful, and stood in groups on the deck, laughing and chatting among themselves.

Unnoticed by this gay company, there stood in a retired part of the ship, a young man of about twenty-eight, apparently a Russian Jew; rather poorly dressed, with a thin, pale face, sad looking eyes, and a thick black moustache. He stood apart from the cheerful young men and women, and seemed not to notice or pay any heed to their loud laughter. I regarded him for a few minutes and passed on my way.

One morning (it was, if I rightly remember, four days after our setting out) I found him leaning over the rail, and looking thoughtfully into the water. From his appearance and behaviour I understood that he must be very miserable, and I felt—I can't account for it—an intense longing to inquire of him about his sorrow; but I did not dare to disturb him. At last, however, taking courage, I approached him, and in a low tone said: "Shatom Alechem." He did not stir. I repeated it a little louder when he suddenly turned round, and appeared a good deal startled. I, too, became perplexed, and we thus stood for more than half a minute looking into each other's face.

"Excuse me," said I, recovering, "Excuse me, I—I thought you were a Jew—a fellow countryman. I hope I am not mistaken."

"No, you are not mistaken, sir," he replied in a sad tone. "I am a Jew."

"Yes, I am a Jew," he added after a short pause, during which he had been staring at me, and then returned to his former position.

The following evening I entered into a conversation with him and he told me his sad story:

"I was serving in the Russian army," he began, "when the war in Manchuria broke out, and together with our whole battalion, in which there were many other Jews, I was sent to Port Arthur. There, under the leadership of that "gallant" Stossel, all my co-religionists fell, fighting for Russia. I, too, received some serious wounds, but fortunately, or rather unfortunately, remained alive, and was sent back to Russia."

At these last words an outburst of tears interrupted his voice; but he soon recovered and continued:

"I was sent back to Russia, I said, to Adessa, where my parents were living; and imagine—no, you can't imagine!—I walk through the street approaching our house—but, God of Abraham! What do I see? The whole house is destroyed—the windows, the doors, broken. I rush into the house—empty."

Here he became silent, and again hung his head absorbed in thought.

"Friend," said I, deeply moved, "Friend, will you continue?"

Here he suddenly raised up his head and looked into my face as if he had never seen me before; but soon, as if he were reminded of something, added:

"Why? Wherefore shall I molest you with such things? You are a free Canadian, a cheerful youth—why disturb your happiness?"

I entreated him, and he resumed:
"Next, I remember, when I opened my eyes, I found myself in a clean white bed, and a nurse holding my hand. I was in a critical condition—they told me—too sudden a surprise."

At the last word he took a red handkerchief and wiped off a tear:

"I soon found out that in the *pogrom which had taken place in Adessa—indeed, all over Russia—during my absence, my father and mother were killed. My old father! My dear mother! A horrible death they had! kerosene, they—those furious beasts—poured upon them, and burned them alive. This happened while I was fighting, shedding my blood for the Russian nation."

At the last words his voice trembled; he ground his teeth and went on:

"I swore revenge! I joined one of the secret societies, not for the purpose of liberating Russia. Nay! I will not sacrifice my life for a people, which can drive nails into the heads of human beings, which can cut open bellies, and fill them with feathers; saw off hands, pierce eyes, and fill them with sand and commit other cruelties of which the Middle Ages did not know. I entered this or-

ganisation in order to cause as much terror, as much devastation and destruction among the Russians as I could; and I have succeeded—I have satisfied my revenge. At last I had to flee from Russia. The "Relief Fund" furnished me with the necessary expense, and I set out to America. At New York, in Castle Garden, after those long examinations—those "Tortures," it was finally decreed that I had to return. To return?" he repeated, as if he did not believe what he had just said. "Whither? Whither shall I return? To my country? To my home?—I have no country! I have no home! We are a nation of "vagabonds and rogues," driven from one country to another. We had—we had a country, a powerful and fruitful one; but they have deprived us of it—driven us out—dispersed us among the nations, who despise and mock us."

"But our time will come, too!" he enthusiastically burst forth, after a short pause. "Zionism, the modern Messiah, will lead us back to the land of David, to the land of the Maccabees!"

He slowly arose, and began to walk to and fro with slow strides. I can yet call up his earnest look, full of despair, his thin, pale cheeks—indeed, the whole scene remains fresh in my memory.

"This Sheeny," I heard a voice behind me, "Must still be mourning over the fall of Jerusalem." A burst of loud laughter followed. I wanted to turn round, when the Russian young man (who,

of course, did not understand this "Joke") made a few steps towards me, and in that ever-despairing voice said:

"My friend, I am returning to Russia. To Russia! My mind shudders at the recollection. The "Goddess of Liberty" has shut the gates before me. What am I to expect now?—Death? Nay, this word cannot express it, nor will the Auto-de-Je of the Middle Ages. They will torture me, torment me! I am a two-fold criminal—both a Jew and a revolutionist."

Having said the last words, he approached the rail, and looking into the water, which was then quite restless, said:

O! that these raging waves of the ocean would swallow me alive ere I reach that cursed country."

He remained leaning on the rail and I went off. On the next day at four o'clock, as I was sitting in the cabin, thinking about the strange meeting I had, I was suddenly aroused by loud shrieks over head. In terror I threw myself out upon deck. "Too late, too late," I heard the people say, as the life boats were let down. "He's gone." I at once knew what had happened—the wretched man had made an end of his sufferings. The waves continued their usual course, the ship again advanced at its usual speed, and the people soon regained their composure. On the twenty-seventh of May, the "Empress of Russia" entered the harbour of Liverpool.

VALUE OF CANADIAN CLUBS

Opinion of Mr. J. A. Macdonald as Given to the Fort William Club.

I CONCEIVE of The Canadian Club, not as a doer of things but as a maker of opinion. One of its advantages is that any man can say anything he likes, knowing that every member has the same right. These Clubs exist right across the continent, and in them all classes of men meet, not to do things, but to make opinion. This is the function of the Canadian Club. When you cease to do things, you will begin to make opinion and that will be your function. The importance of a club like this lies in its background—the Canadian Democracy. Our Canadian Democracy is not a democracy such as the Greeks enjoyed, where the few were free and the great multitude were slaves. It is not such a democracy as the French Republic meant. What we mean by a democracy is that all citizens are under obligation to do every man his share in estimating what are the laws under which men should live, not in making laws. We elect men to our Councils and Legislatures and Parliament, as though laws could be made. We shall never come to an understanding of democracy until we come to know that laws are not made—that laws ARE. The men who go to Parliament no more make the laws under which men should live than the medical men and the scientific men and go into the laboratory and make the laws by which things coalesce, or out into nature to make the laws by which things grow. LAWS ARE! The business of scientific men is to study the facts, to examine what actually are the laws by which things combine and grow and make them known for the advantage of man. The same is true of social institutions. Men do not make laws, Laws are. The business of men in Council, Legislature and Parliament and everywhere is to ascertain what are the laws by which men may live together in a socially organised state. This is one of the functions of an institution like the Canadian Club, to estimate what are the laws of life, industrial, commercial, social and political. If that be true, this follows: in a democracy where the right to vote belongs to every man, the obligation to make that vote represent public opinion rests upon every man. We pride ourselves on our right to vote. We think it a great thing. We tell new men coming to our land that they are to be citizens of this land. We put upon these newcomers the responsibility resting upon the scientific man, to study what are the laws of life. Public opinion is the expression of general representative opinion in a community on any live public subject or interest. Without your public opinion your democracy cannot stand. I should like you to think, first of all, what public opinion must be in your community and in your land if the democracy is to be strong. In the first place it must be informed public opinion if it is to be at all effective. In the

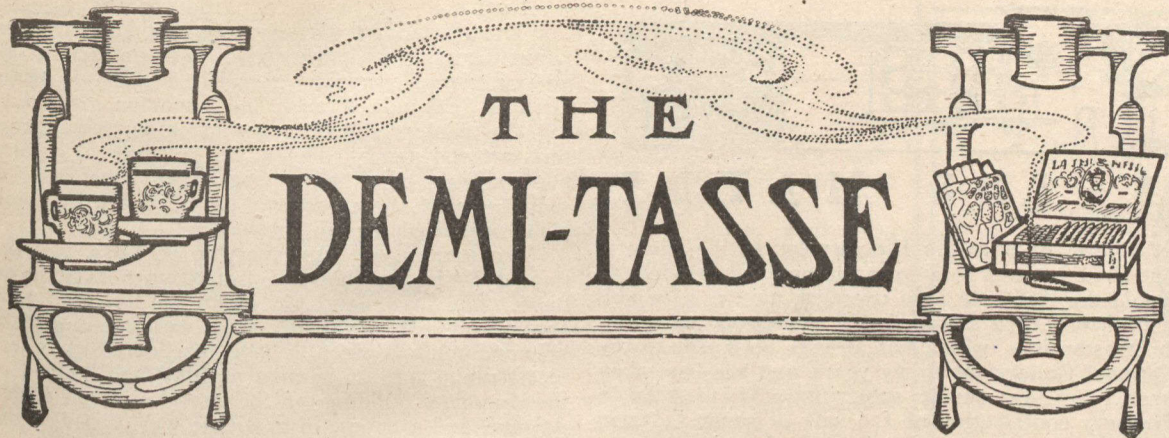
next place it must be alert. There is much public opinion that is informed but is not active. On many public questions, what is everybody's concern is nobody's concern. Much opinion is warped by men's own interests. Ordinarily men are straight and honest, as I find them. But generally, when a man's own personal interest is concerned, his judgment will go wrong, his perspective will be awry. He will be sound on the tariff until some interest of his own is affected. I have known high tariff men who were strong free-traders in the materials involving their own interests, in the making of stoves, for instance. When our own personal interests are concerned our judgment goes wrong, human beings as we are. More than that, informed active, public tone is as needful in the community as in the individual. A local interest often disturbs and warps the judgment of a community.

Stories of the Czar

NOT the least interested spectator of our present naval situation must be the Czar, who, by the way, is expected to pay a visit to this country shortly, says *M. A. P.* Nicholas II is keenly interested in everything to do with the sea, and possesses what is probably the finest collection of miniature men-of-war and other vessels in the world. His collection numbers over fifty specimens, each model being most beautifully and accurately constructed. It is said that some of these models have cost hundreds of pounds each. Some years ago, he gave orders for a model to be made of the *Lucania*, the vessel which for many years held the record between Liverpool and New York, and he has many other replicas of famous merchant vessels which are perfect in every detail.

As is well known, the Czar is very superstitious, and he has often consulted spiritualists and others claiming supernatural powers. Among his most treasured possessions are some ancient coins, which came to him in a curious manner. Some years ago, a certain Jew dreamed three times that the spirit of Czar Alexander III appeared to him, and told him that some coins which he owned, and which had been procured from a wonder-working rabbi, had the power of shielding anyone from all evil, and begged the Jew to give them to Nicholas II. The former was greatly impressed by his "visions," and at once took steps to have the coins presented to the Czar. He sent them, with a description of his dreams, to the Russian Ambassador at Vienna, who had the coins conveyed to Nicholas. The Emperor was greatly pleased with the gift, and caused the donor to be profusely thanked.

*Massacre of Jews.



THE DEMI-TASSE

SHE GOT THEM—NEARLY ALL.

VAST as are the possessions of the British Empire, they hardly compare with the small Canadian's conception of them, who, coming in from school exclaimed:—

"Thank goodness, our geography examinations are over!"

"How did you get along?" she was asked.

"Pretty well. I answered all the questions. The only one I wasn't very sure of was 'Name the British possessions,' and I answered, Europe, Asia, Africa, America, Australia, New Zealand and the Islands of the Seas, so I guess I got them nearly all."

* * *
NEWSLETS.

LORD MINTO has cabled congratulations to Col. Hendrie. It is now up to the gallant colonel to send a few lines of felicitation to King Edward on the latter's pleasant little winning of the Derby Stakes. Evidently the Irish member who referred to King Edward as "the pace-maker" was not so far wrong, as the brogue would imply.

Hon. Philippe Roy says he is tired of life. One would think he had been a steady attendant at the Woodbine.

After Hon. J. S. Hendrie and Hon. Adam Beck have had such a joyous Saturday on King's Plate day, Hon. W. J. Hanna has decided that it would be lucky to be a cabinet minister—"without portfolio."

It is remarkable how quickly these new northern towns become civilised. An editor in Elk Lake has a libel suit on his hands.

Gipsy Smith is to visit Montreal, at the special request of the City Council.

Hon. William Pugsley will not be asked to spend the vacation at the summer house of Mr. Crothers of West Elgin.

The candidates at the arithmetic examination for entrance to High Schools will wrestle with the problem: "If it takes the City of Toronto seventeen years to discuss a pure water supply, how long will it take the City of Montreal to get pure politics?"

* * *
A GENIAL GENTLEMAN.

THIS is the season when the show bouquet which the bride carried and the "chiffon over silk" of the bridesmaid make glad the columns of



Harold (after prolonged inspection). "He isn't vewy intewestin', is he, Mabs."—Punch.

society in the daily papers. The bridegroom is always painfully inconspicuous at these affairs and seems to crave no notice from the curious throng. At a wedding in Toronto, the bridegroom became so nervous and distressed, as he started on the procession down the aisle with the fair bride on his arm, that he actually bowed and smiled at a grinning acquaintance in a side pew, and exclaimed in loud but faltering tones:—

"It's—it's a very nice day!"

* * *
A CHEERFUL LOSER.

WHEN Sir Charles Tupper returned to Ottawa, after the dark defeat of 1896, he was greeted by old friends who wore long faces and were much surprised to find the former leader in the best of spirits.

As he walked along Sparks Street, the day before the House was to assemble under the Laurier rule, Sir Charles was accosted by a Liberal from Nova Scotia.

"Well, I don't suppose you've enjoyed the summer," was the latter's cheerful remark.

"On the contrary," was Sir Charles' bland reply, "I have enjoyed a most delightful outing."

* * *
THE OTHER SIDE.

JONES, who is a vegetarian and of an argumentative turn of mind was recently urging Jackson, who is fond of roast beef and pork chops, to join the ranks of those who shun meat.

"You'll feel ever so much better if you give up all that flesh diet," he said complacently. "It's coarsening to the nature, too. Wasn't it some wise old German who said that a man becomes like what he eats? Think of what you may look like if you keep on eating pork!"

"Humph!" snorted the unconvinced Jackson, "I'd just as soon look like a jolly, comfortable pig as like a bunch of asparagus. Why, old man, you're the chap who should look out. You may become a cabbage head."

* * *
HARD ON HEAVEN.

A CERTAIN Presbyterian minister living in a West Ontario town had been extremely ill and, on his recovery, was visited by a Methodist brother who expressed his satisfaction that the other pastor had been "spared."

"Yes," said the invalid, "I've had a very serious siege of it. At one time it looked as if I would be taken from my friends."

"Let us be thankful," came the comforting reply, "that the Lord heard the prayers of your family. But for Divine mercy, you might now be in a better world."

* * *
LIKE A MENTAL MOVING PICTURE.

BAKER: People who have been near drowning say that in an instant all the events of their past lives are presented to their mental vision.

Barker: I don't believe it.

Baker: Why not?

Barker: If it were true they wouldn't allow themselves to be rescued.—Life.

* * *
A DELICATE HINT.

SANDY and his lass had been sitting together about half an hour in silence.

"Maggie," he said, at length, "wasna I here on the Sawbath nicht?"

"Aye, Sandy, I daur say you were."

"An' wasna I here on Monday nicht?"

"Aye, so ye were."

"An' I was here on Tuesday nicht, an' Wednesday nicht, an' Thursday nicht, an' Friday nicht?"

"Aye, I'm thinkin' that's so."

"An' this is Saturday nicht, an' I'm here again?"

"Well, what for, no? I'm sure ye're very welcome."

Sandy (desperately): Maggie, woman! D'e no begin to smell a rat!—Success Magazine.

* * *
PUTTING EXPRESSION INTO IT.

THE teacher of elocution was nearly discouraged, says a writer in the Boston Transcript. He urged his pupils, in some excitement, to put more expression into their recitations.

"Too flat!" he exclaimed, "Too colourless! You can do better than that. Try again. Now! Open your mouth and throw yourself into it!"

* * *
CLAP YOUR HANDS.

AN amusing incident occurred at Tremont Temple, Boston, a while ago, during a Sunday School convention. The musical talent was good, and the appreciative audience applauded each number of the programme, until Dr. Lorimer, feeling that the demonstration was out of place, stepped to the front of the platform and said that he was glad those present were enjoying the concert, but he must request them not to clap their hands, considering that they were in the house of the Lord.

The next number following his comment was a vocal duet. The singers had not anticipated Dr. Lorimer's request, and the audience was somewhat startled when their clear voices rang out with "O clap your hands, all ye people."

Even Dr. Lorimer joined in the smile which spontaneously spread over the entire audience.



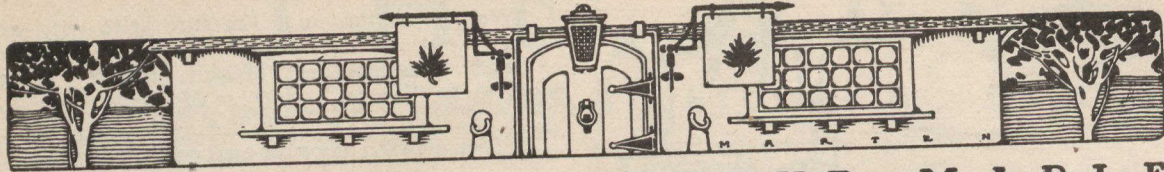
"The Missing Link."—Life.

* * *
THE RIGHT PARTY.

A MATRON of the most determined character was encountered by a young woman reporter on a country paper, who was sent out to interview leading citizens as to their politics. "May I see Mr—?" she asked of a stern-looking woman who opened the door at one house. "No, you can't," answered the matron, decisively. "But I want to know what party he belongs to," pleaded the girl. The woman drew up her tall figure. "Well, take a good look at me," she said, "I'm the party he belongs to!"—Argonaut.

* * *
WHEN LANGUAGE FAILED.

THE new minister soon learned that a certain man had the reputation of being the most profane person in the neighbourhood. He was therefore looking for an opportunity to talk with him about his bad habit. One day, the man was going to the market town with a load of potatoes, and the minister joined him. On the way up a steep hill, the tail-board of the waggon came loose, and the load of potatoes rolled down the hill. In great silence, they proceeded to collect the vegetables. The parson drove, and the farmer collected the potatoes. When they were nearly through, the minister was led to express his surprise that the man took the misfortune so quietly. "Parson," said he, "it is not out of respect to you that I have kept quiet. If you have any language adequate to this situation, kindly let it out."



AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

AT THE WOODBINE.

EACH succeeding year adds an increased interest to the Woodbine races at Toronto and the season which is just closing has apparently established a record. Day by day people have surged by the thousands to Woodbine Park and without any visible sign of weariness.

As the first out-door fashionable event of the season every feature of it pulsates with vitality, and a general rejuvenation of spirit prevails. Nature, resplendant in the beauty and charm of renewed life, is reflected in the fine raiment that is everywhere in evidence, for if there is one event more than another that attracts society at large, and furnishes an incentive for the display of feminine attire with all its possibilities for graceful and artistic effect, it is the races.

To the mere on-looker the scene is one of great beauty and interest. The artificial structures flaunt in new coats of colour, and the banners of the Empire wave in the crisp breeze. Everywhere is spread a heavy carpet of vivid green which, outside of the rail, is encircled with a track resembling a band of turf-coloured velvet. In the distance the lake lies, dotted with sails and deepening towards the horizon into deep indigo blues, while above a canopy of azure stretches in illimitable grandeur. Vice-Royalty is there with its train of glittering attendants, and is welcomed with ceremonious dignity, smiles, flowers and music. Men of renown in all the callings of life are present, and society leaders and members add their quota of brilliancy to a background worthy of it. Art spared no pains to attain perfection this year, and nature co-operated and heightened the effect with sun and warmth and colour.

The weather has been so especially fine as to allow much freedom in the choice of dress, and although the tailor-made suit was never altogether forsaken, there were times, as on the opening day and the holiday, when the daintiest textures and most elaborate designs were to be seen.

"Twentieth century western civilisation has out-rivalled the Orient and the ancients," observed one gentleman whose attention had been directed to a dull rose-coloured satin gown that was trailing the grass, and hung about the figure in long plain classic lines, and over which fell a tunic of heavily embroidered net. On the well arranged coiffure rested a fine broad-brimmed hat with an exquisite bunch of osprey.

"It's plain, isn't it? I mean it isn't fussy and full."

It was not fussy, and the beautiful lines were not broken by a superfluous fullness.

A fine view was usually obtainable from the stand, especially when the air was cool enough to incite the people to action, and they moved about on the lawn in the sun, or gathered in groups. Then at times a special undercurrent of excitement swept among them, and often as a race proceeded enthusiasm increased till at last it broke into an uproar of applause for the winner. Betting is said to be a great aid to enthusiasm.

"But that concerns men chiefly—and of a certain temperament," someone interposed.

"Chiefly—yes. But I know a lady who made ninety dollars yesterday on —."

"Really? But isn't it very unusual—I mean to risk heavily?"

"Small successes are dangerous, you know, sometimes, and encourage one to greater risks."

"Yes—but —"

Just then the horses appeared on the track, and each one was immediately intent on picking out the probable winner of the next race.

* * *

THE "HOLBEIN."

WHETHER the much talked of Holbein picture of Christina of Denmark is to remain in the possession of the Duke of Norfolk, or be purchased by England, or cross the Atlantic to adorn the walls of some American art gallery, still remains a question. The Duke's reason for selling the picture is said to be the tax which has lately been imposed upon such luxuries, and which demanded too great a drain upon his income. Of course the picture is very famous, and has been in the family for centuries, but if on research it proves to be among the entailed belongings of the Arundels, according to the Act of 1627, then the Duke will be permitted

to dispose of only his life interest in the picture. But should it not be among the entailed articles, or should the Act have been repealed, neither of which is probable, then England will endeavour to retain the masterpiece, which has already been lent to the National Gallery for thirty years, and she has taken steps to raise a public subscription (headed by a Treasury contribution of £10,000) of about \$325,000 to cover the amount offered by an American.

Hans Holbein in the reign of Henry VIII was closely identified with the Earl of Arundel, who possessed many of his works. As court painter the artist became a great favourite, and the king used to send him upon very important missions. It was after the death of Jane Seymour that he was dispatched to Brussels to paint the portrait of the young widowed Duchess of Milan, who was suggested, for political reasons, for Henry's next queen.

In the space of three hours Holbein succeeded in getting the portrait, which reveals so much delicate, child-like grace and simple dignity that one cannot help feeling pleased that the little widow of sixteen years escaped the unenviable position of being queen to Henry VIII of England.

His Majesty was charmed with the picture and proposed at once, but Christina is said to have sent back word that she would gladly have accepted him had she possessed two heads. This reply, however, is fictitious, and as the political reasons were disposed of, the marriage never took place.

It was said of Holbein that "He is complete in intellect; what he sees he sees with his whole soul; what he paints he paints with his whole might," and with the swiftness and vigour of a master's hand who never doubts his own powers. Many of his works are owned in England, but more of them are scattered over the Continent, and as his influence on English art was so great as to practically raise to perfection the art of painting in England, where he spent so many industrious, successful and—yes, happy years—it seems a pity that this treasure should have to seek refuge in another land.

* * *

THE WINNIPEG W. C. T. U.

THE Winnipeg Branch of the W. C. T. U. is, according to the report, in a most prosperous condition and doing excellent work. At the twelfth annual meeting, which was held on May 19, there was a large and enthusiastic attendance, and the year's work was reviewed most concisely and satisfactorily. Mrs. G. R. Crowe was unanimously re-elected president, and in the course of a very interesting address Mrs. Crowe graciously acknowledged the honour conferred upon her and drew attention to the importance of the association work.

Among the numerous activities of the association the educational classes were reported to be an unqualified success and popular with the girls of all nationalities, Norwegian, Swedish, Danish, Russian, German, Icelandic, French and Canadian girls, during the winter, studied together languages, literature, art and music. The classes in physical culture and millinery also had a large attendance and the social side of the work was provided for by small clubs organised for the purpose.

The society has a membership of 1,114, and the treasurer's report showed a satisfactory balance on hand. The Travellers' Aid committee has been very active, and several pathetic cases were mentioned of help and comfort given to poor, bewildered travellers in a strange land. The next meeting will be held in the fine new building of the association on Ellice Avenue, and a tribute of gratitude was passed to the friends who had been instrumental in providing it.

* * *

McGILL'S CONTRACT WITH ROYAL COLLEGE OF LONDON DISCONTINUED.

THE officials of McGill University have announced that the local examinations for entrance, which are held each year throughout the Dominion in conjunction with the Associated Board of the Royal College of Music, London, England, are to be discontinued. Although the contract with the London Association has been given up, as it entailed a heavy burden upon the one visiting English examiner, McGill will henceforth conduct independent examinations of the same nature and in the same way, as it is believed they afford the best possible guarantee for the maintenance of the high standard of musical education, and have attracted many candidates from all parts of Canada.

The new syllabus giving full information as to the conditions of the examinations may be obtained at the office of the secretary of the McGill Conservatorium.

MR. J. Gardiner Merritt, the sculptor, is very fond of illustrating the need of dress reform for women by the following experience:

"I heard a young man, a rather lazy young man, tell a pretty girl the other day that he envied woman her idleness, that he would like to have been born a woman.

"The girl, tossing her head and snorting, answered:

"You'd like to be a woman! Oh, yes! Just try it for a day! Fasten a blanket and counterpane 'round your legs; buckle a strap 'round your waist so tight you can't draw a full breath or eat a hearty meal; have your hair all loose and fluffy, so that it keeps tickling your ears and getting into your eyes; wear high-heeled shoes and gloves a size too small for you; cover your face with a veil full of spots, that make you squint; fix a huge hat on with pins, so that every time the wind blows it pulls your hair out by the roots; and then, without any pockets, and with a three-inch square of lace to blow your nose with, go for a walk and enjoy yourself. You would like it!"—*Judge.*



On the Members' Lawn at the Woodbine, where Nature and Dame Fashion have co-operated to make a perfect scene.

BOOK NOTES

"MARRIAGE A LA MODE"—By Mrs. Humphry Ward. Musson Book Co., Toronto.

A NOVEL by Mrs. Humphry Ward is always an event in the reading world. Marriage a la Mode, the latest creation of the author of Robert Elsmere, attracted wide attention during its serial run in America and Europe. It appears now in book form and its sale is already assured.

Mrs. Ward's claim to popularity is that she is interesting—intellectually so. She discusses problems of the day, and her readers are led unconsciously to think about them also. She permits no sensationalism or suggestion of yellow journalism in the handling of her themes; every idea appears rational and logical; the whole conception and expression is the perfection of literary taste and style. Her work is an inspiration to the reader.

Hitherto Mrs. Ward has found material for her novels in the social life of Europe. She now treats of American society for the first time.

Marriage a la Mode is the culmination of the author's recent trip to the United States and Canada. Canada does not cut much figure in it. A kaleidoscopic description of a railway journey from Toronto to Niagara, with a vivid picture of the electric power works at Niagara—that is about all. Evidently our prosaic existence did not appeal to Mrs. Ward. The romantic possibilities of the Republic were much greater to her eyes. There they have big public questions. Mrs. Ward's mind loves to wrestle with anything of that nature. She found something that suited her mental stature in the great divorce evil. That problem of the most tremendous import to the welfare of the American nation at the present moment, is the motif of Marriage a la Mode.

The divorce fad has spread so rapidly in the United States that it is almost an accepted necessity of the people. A man must have a new wife just as a fresh cigar when a former one has served its purpose; a woman requires another husband like she does an additional dress when the old one has grown somewhat shabby and no longer pleases her vanity. Mrs. Ward blames her own sex almost entirely for the progress of divorce. A passage from Marriage a la Mode will illustrate her opinion:

"It is the women who bring the majority of the actions. . . . It is not passion that dictates the majority of these actions; no serious cause or feeling indeed of any kind; but rather an ever-spreading restlessness and levity, a readiness to tamper with the very foundations of society, for a whim, a nothing!—in the interests often of what women call their individuality!"

Daphne Floyd, the heroine of Mrs. Ward's novel, is the type of the wealthy irresponsible, modern American woman described above. Young, beautiful, accomplished, heirless to millions, polished by contact with the very highest educational advantages American civilisation can offer, she should have been a source of congratulation to that civilisation. But Daphne Floyd recognises no obligation to society for its generosity. Her whole being was centered in herself. She marries in a moment of impulse young Roger Barnes, Oxford man, of good family, poor, of a country where it is a crime to be poor—not because she ever en-

tertained the thought of the match being advantageous to the state; not because she ever loved him; but because he was good-looking, was considered "quite the thing" with his titled family, accent and the rest. Barnes takes her off to his ancestral English home. There she immediately arouses the enmity of her husband's exclusive relations with her advanced ideas on art, society and household management. Having subdued these slow people by means of her American business audacity and push, she now picks faults in her husband. His "happy-go-lucky" squire habits disgust her. Then, Mrs. Fairmille, an old flame of Roger's turns up unexpectedly. Daphne, being aware of Roger's early relations with this woman, grows insanely jealous of her. Finally she accuses Roger of unfaithfulness. Roger, though innocent, cannot satisfy her as to his inculpability. In truth, she is tired of him. She trumps up a charge against him and flees to the States with her child. Roger follows in vain. A settlement cannot be reached. The divorce laws do the rest, though Roger still remains her husband according to English law. He now plunges into a wild career of dissipation. The ravages of this, and the weight of his trouble brings him almost to death's door. His friends make every effort to effect a reconciliation with his wife. At last, owing to the pleading of one of them who meets her at Niagara, she consents to return to England for an interview with her divorced husband. She does so. But Daphne and Roger could never be united again; she did not "measure up to him."

That is an outline of the main story in brief, but its power must be read to be realised. As a piece of execution it will rank as the best work Mrs. Ward has done yet. The story moves from point to point with the swiftness of a drama; the characters enter and leave the stage at the exact and proper moment; there is nothing superfluous—no empty, long-winded descriptions to retard and pad the story. You have the story told in the best manner Mrs. Humphry Ward can tell it, and when it is over the book is done. The book is packed with terse passages. Take the widely-quoted description of Roosevelt, page 72, too long to be quoted here. It is not far from literature, we think. On the whole, this novel is decidedly the best book of the present season, and should receive a wide reception from thinking readers everywhere.

* * *

"SPECIAL MESSENGER"—By R. W. Chambers. Appleton's.

Robert W. Chambers writes the best light romantic story in America. He has a tendency to over-colouration and strained emotion, but these faults are overshadowed by his brilliancy of delineation. Mr. Chambers has of late years given us strong and vivid pictures of fashionable New York society life. The clash of arms now attracts him, and, in the "Special Messenger" we have some short stories of the American Civil war. The Special Messenger is a spy in the Union army, a daring young woman, an altogether charming creation of American womanhood who will afford an altogether delightful subject for an hour's dreamy reflection, on an idle afternoon, in a hammock, with a pipe to help things along. A capital summer book.



The secret of beautiful hair is a clean, healthy scalp.

If the glands of the scalp are obstructed and the hair roots bound down by scales and dandruff, proper nutrition is impossible, and sooner or later the hair is sure to lose its lustre and become thin and ragged.

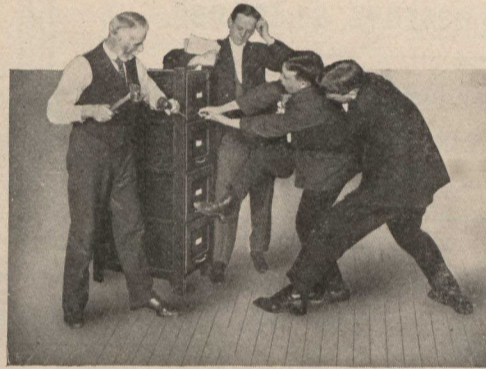
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not only cleanses the scalp, but, through the action of its special ingredients, imparts a healthful tone to the underlying glands. Its routine use, therefore, keeps the scalp clean and healthy, thus preserving the gloss and beauty of the hair.

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MONEY AND MAGNATES

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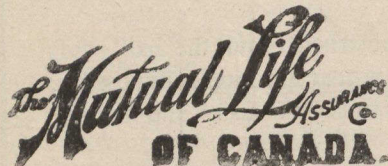
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will guarantee you an income in your old age. Do you want it?

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 \$8,143,485

CAPITAL (SUBSCRIBED) \$2,500,000
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CENTRAL CANADA

LOAN & SAVINGS COMPANY
 TORONTO

DEPOSITS RECEIVED
 AND DEBENTURES
 ISSUED

Interesting Incident in Construction of C.P.R.

THERE is an interesting little story in connection with the extremities in which the Canadian Pacific Railway crowd found themselves before the Dominion Government undertook to guarantee the bonds of the company. It was just after the Government had again refused to guarantee the bonds and the capitalists were endeavouring to get as much of the road built as possible that Lord Mount Stephen (who was one of those most heavily interested) called his brother-in-law, Mr. Robert Meighen, the president of the Lake of the Woods Company, into his office and immediately told him that he wanted him to build a certain section of the line. Mr. Meighen at once pointed out that he did not possess the slightest knowledge about railway construction, but Mr. Stephen (as he was then) insisted that he should take the contract. Mr. Meighen unwillingly did so and immediately started to have the work on the particular section carried out. He had got as far as buying a great proportion of the ties that would be required for the section when it became known that the Government had finally agreed to guarantee the C. P. R. bonds. Once this was done there was no difficulty in finding experienced contracting firms who would undertake to do the work. Needless to say Mr. Meighen was reimbursed for all the money he had expended, but it was the first and last railway construction contract that he ever had anything to do with.

For many years Lord Mount Stephen, who in those early days had sunken almost his entire fortune in C. P. R., was one of the largest shareholders of the company. At the present time he has disposed of almost all his stock but still follows the affairs of the company very closely from his home in England.

* * *

Canadian Capital in Foreign Countries and Its Results

CANADIAN capitalists and, more especially, Canadian banks, have been pretty severely blamed for their action in promoting large Canadian enterprises in foreign countries, such as Mexico and Brazil, instead of helping to develop the resources of their own country with the capital.

The best answer to such criticism seems to be the large amount of money such enterprises in the City of Mexico, Rio de Janeiro and Sao Paulo have sent back into Canada in the form of dividends. Bond interest and dividends from these concerns now amount to over a million dollars a year and this is all money that can be employed in Canadian enterprises and has been secured very much faster than if the original capital had been invested in Canada.

Then again the very large investment made by Canadians in Mexico quickly resulted in the Bank of Montreal opening a branch bank in the capital of Mexico and this departure was followed by very much closer trade relations between Mexico and Canada.

President Diaz of the Mexican Republic has personally entertained the Canadian capitalists who started the Mexican Light and Power project, among them being Mr. James Ross, the first president of the Mexican Power, and Sir Edward Clouston, the vice-president of the Bank of Montreal, who served as president up to a few months ago, and expressed his great pleasure that Canadians should have become so largely interested in the enterprise that would mean cheaper electric power for the whole Federal State of Mexico.

One day that Mr. James Ross and Dr. Pearson, the consulting engineer of the Mexican Light and Power, were sitting at luncheon with President Diaz the latter casually asked when they expected to be able to deliver electric power into the city of Mexico. Dr. Pearson, in his usual optimism, was on the point of answering in about nine months' time when Mr. Ross reached over and kicked him on the foot in order to prevent the Doctor from committing the company to any fixed period. President Diaz saw the move and Mr. Ross quickly remarked that electrical power enterprises were very uncertain things and that as a rule engineers were quite a little bit out in the estimate they made of the time for construction work. President Diaz was so pleased with the enterprise shown by Canadians that he granted them very valuable franchises throughout the Federal State of Mexico. In this way it will be seen that Canada is bound to benefit to a considerable extent by the closer trade relations between the two countries, and Canada's exports to Mexico have shown a big increase since Canadian capitalists invaded the Southern Republic.

* * *

One of the Chief Factors in Big Real Estate Boom

ONE of the chief factors in the big real estate booms that are being enjoyed by almost every city in Canada is the large amount of money that English and Scotch insurance companies are sending into Canada to be invested in mortgages on real estate. This line of business has shown phenomenal increases during the past few years owing principally to the very much higher rates that could be secured in Canada as compared to England. In the Old Country people will hardly pay more than 3½ or 4 per cent. for mortgages, but in Canada the rates vary from 5 to 6 per cent. in the Eastern cities to from 8 to 10 per cent. in Winnipeg and Vancouver.

During the period of tight money last year one English fire insurance company alone managed to place over a million dollars in this way in Canada.

* * *

Jealousy Between the Biggest Banks

IT is a matter of more than passing interest that the Bank of Montreal should just at the present time be engaged in the construction of a new Toronto home for itself at the north-east corner of Queen and Yonge streets at a cost of \$800,000, while the Bank of Commerce is taking possession of its new million dollar home down in Montreal within a stone's throw of the palatial headquarters of the Bank of Montreal.

To the passer-by it rather looks as if each of the two biggest Canadian banks were invading the home cities of the other and were doing it in a way that would put the two big institutions almost on an equal footing in both the biggest cities. The Bank of Montreal was quick in endeavouring to go the Bank of Commerce one better in Toronto after the Commerce had surprised all Montreal by tearing down such a fine building as the Temple Building on St. James street in Montreal in order to make way for its own home.

COUPON.

National Trust Company

18-22 King Street East, Toronto. LIMITED.

CAPITAL AND RESERVE, \$1,550,000.

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of Canada

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 General Manager, E. F. HEBDEN

Paid-up Capital, - \$6,000,000
 Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits, - 4,400,000
 Deposits. (March 31) - 39,915,055
 Assets, " - 55,460,251

124 Branches in Canada

General Banking Business transacted

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Subscribers mentioning the "CANADIAN COURIER" in answering advertisements are protected by our guarantee against loss. That is to say, we guarantee our subscribers against loss due to fraudulent misrepresentation in any advertisement appearing in this issue, provided that mention of the "CANADIAN COURIER" is made when ordering.

This guarantee of our advertisements appearing in the "CANADIAN COURIER" is, we believe, the broadest, strongest and best ever given to the subscribers of any periodical. It means much to our readers as well as to our advertisers.

Advertising Manager, CANADIAN COURIER

HEAD OFFICE FOR CANADA - MONTREAL
 W.M. MACKAY, Gen. Manager. J. H. LABELLE, Asst. Manager.



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 GENERAL AGENTS
 Office: "Royal Building," 27 Wellington St. E., TORONTO
 Telephones: Main 6000, Residence, North 3571 and M. 978.

PEOPLE AND PLACES

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

ANOTHER TREASURE ISLAND.

BELL ISLAND off the coast of that other remarkable and somewhat haunted island, Newfoundland, has developed a mystery. For some time past explorers have been finding out "tokens" and other such things that seem to indicate that once upon a time somebody buried a treasure on the island. The somebody has been designated as the late Capt. Kidd, who seems to have bestowed pirate treasures on islands in the seven seas. One moonlight night not long ago a man and a boy rowed over to the island of iron. The man started digging on the beach with a pick. He unearthed something hard—which, however, was not at all like anything described in Poe's gold-bug story; but it was a simple human skull under a slab of rock. Later another superstitious citizen of St. John's rowed across to the island nocturnally. He also discovered a skull and rowed away again. Afterwards he seemed to be haunted by a voice that seemed to whisper in his ear—that he had omitted to bury the skull. So he went back and buried it. All which has little or nothing to do with a buried treasure, at least so far as an ordinary man can see. But the folk in those parts are not ordinary. They are intensely superstitious. They are fond of mysteries. To them a token is something to observe as religiously as a Delphic sign by the Romans of old. A party has been organised in St. John's to search for the hidden treasure.

* * *

A "CELEBRATED" WEDDING.

A LADY who used to live in London, Ont., where she was born in comparatively simple surroundings, has just been married in New York. She married a gentleman named James Mayer. This has produced a mild sensation in the bosom of the *Advertiser*, on whose front page Mr. and Mrs. Mayer are shown leaving the church after the ceremony. A correspondent from New York sends an illuminative note which seems to show that marriage in New York is a far more ominous affair than marriage in London, Ont. Miss Bessie Shoebottom, who is doubtless a very charming woman, might have been married in London to a man with just as much brains and personality as Mr. Mayer; but she never would have got her picture on the front page of the newspaper. Oh, dear, no! It seems, indeed, to be a remarkable thing that a city in Canada should be able to produce a woman good enough to marry one of these United States millionaires. At any rate the wedding report, evidently written by a woman, contained this information:—

"There was a gathering of the Havemeyers yesterday afternoon in the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church for the marriage of John Mayer, of Morristown, and Miss Bessie Shoebottom, which took place at 3.30 o'clock. Mr. Mayer's first wife, you know, was a Havemeyer, one of the late Theodore A. Havemeyer's daughters, and yesterday's bride is a daughter of the late Captain William Baker Shoebottom, of London, Canada."

* * *

DOCTORING ON THE TRAILS.

PIONEER epics are not all dead even in Saskatchewan. A few days ago Donald Munro, who lives at a place called Mirror, was seriously injured by a falling tree. His spinal chord was fractured and one of his legs broken. He was practically paralysed; unable to get relief from the local physician, who knew very little about spinal diseases. Happened, however, that at Coblenz, forty miles distant, was a doctor who had made a special study of spinal affections. The neighbours reckoned that if they could only get Donald over there he might get help. But the doctor assured them that it would be impossible to move him in any rig. So in true Biblical style twenty-four of the near-by folk rigged up a litter. Twenty-four men, with Donald atop on the litter, they went on a two-days' journey across the prairie. Six at a time they spelled one another—though it looks as if twelve men could have done the trick as well as twenty-four. However, they all wanted to be in on the act; and after a night's camping and a second day out they reached Coblenz with the injured man. At Coblenz they were made the guests of the town. Donald will probably recover.

* * *

DIAMOND KING IN ONTARIO.


THERE is a man in Peterboro', Ont., who has five hundred diamonds. But he never bought one of them. He has several hidden in a rock. He is a sort of diamond Capt. Kidd. But he is not a pirate. He did not steal these diamonds. Neither did he make them. He picked them up. Mr. O. S. Ferguson is the man. He used to have a tin shop. But about sixteen years ago he started to pick up diamonds in Ontario. He is not the first man who has done this. Diamonds have been credited to various parts of Northern Ontario. But Mr. Ferguson is the first man to make a real collection. He refuses to tell where he got them. But he has them safe enough. He has sent some of them away to Tiffany and has tested them out. A few years ago when Albani was in Cobourg she tried to buy a string of these stones from Mr. Ferguson. He declined to sell them. A short while ago he paid three hundred dollars to have one of them finished for a wedding present to his daughter.

* * *

A SASKATCHEWAN COBALT.

LAC LA RONGE is the place that seems lately to be attracting the attention of Prince Albert. This lake, which is a hundred and sixty miles north of the city and near the Churchill river, has been discovered to possess rich treasures of copper and gold and iron. A company has been formed to exploit. This company owns sixteen quartz claims round Lac la Ronge, comprising over eight hundred acres. A writer in the *Davidson Leader* very happily and optimistically alludes to the find in these words:—

"Although from time to time for years past trappers, fur traders and Indians have made frequent allusion to the hills of copper and islets of silver in



INGERSOLL
 REGISTERED TRADE MARK
CREAM CHEESE

"Spreads Like Butter."
 Sold only in 15c and 25c blocks
 For sale by all Grocers.
 Manufactured by
The Ingersoll Packing Co., Ltd.
 Ingersoll, Ontario, Canada.

Good Underwear

Cotton and Linen Underwear
 Feel Nice and Cool When
 First Put On

But—They get wet, clammy and oppressive in a short time, and are very liable to give you a chill. And because they retain the poisonous exhalations of the skin they become uncleanly very quickly.

Pure undyed wool is nature's own covering for all warm-blooded animals, in hot and cold climates. It possesses the natural properties of absorbing and *at once* evaporating perspiration, keeping the pores healthily active and the body relieved, in nature's way, of excessive moisture.

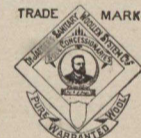
Garments made of pure wool do not chill when damp, nor do they become offensive like linen and cotton.

One woollen garment will keep sweet as long as three or four of linen or cotton. So that, in the long run, wool is cheaper than cotton. It saves laundry bills, doctor's bills and the wear and tear of constant washing.

Pure undyed wool is the only clothing fit for human use.

Jaeger Pure Woollen Garments fulfil nature's intentions, and are made for men, women and children in the finest summer textures. The greatest care is taken to have these garments perfect. Jaeger System also includes smart shittings for men; Golf Coats, Socks, Stockings, Coat Sweaters, Blouses, etc.

Send for catalogue, or better still call and see the goods at our stores, where every courtesy and attention await you.



Look for the **JAEGER** Trademark.

DR. JAEGER
 SANITARY WOOLLEN SYSTEM
 CO. LIMITED.

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LUBY'S PARISIAN HAIR RENEWER
 is a scalp food and tonic. It nourishes the roots of the hair and stimulates them to new growth. Always cures Dandruff.

All Druggists 50 cents a bottle
R. J. DEVINS, Limited, Agents
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LONDON & LANCASHIRE FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

IRISH & MAULSON, Limited
 Toronto General Agents

Cosgrave's Pale Ale

contains all the tonic properties of hops and the stimulating health building qualities of malt.



Let your next order be **COSGRAVE'S** At all bars and dealers

In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier

THE THIEL

Detective Service Co. of Canada, Limited

E. R. CARRINGTON, Secy. & Asst. Gen. Mgr.

OFFICES IN CANADA:

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SPECIAL EUROPEAN REPRESENTATIVE

In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier

Preparing for The Attack

The tide is coming in and the children are all excitement as each wave comes closer to the fort they've built to resist the attack.

Is there any other such place to build bone and muscle and courage for the battle of life as at the seaside?

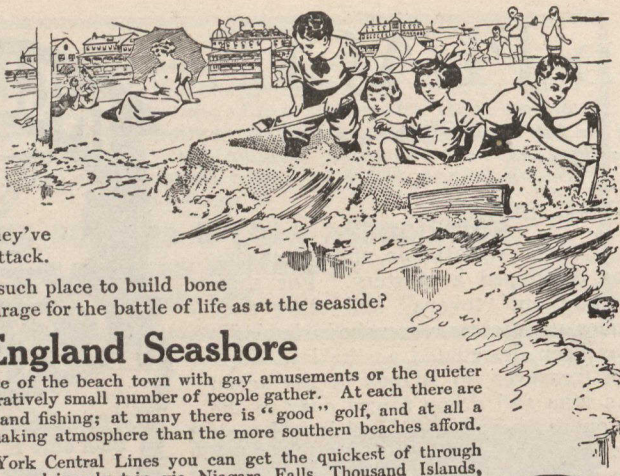
The New England Seashore

gives you your choice of the beach town with gay amusements or the quieter beach where a comparatively small number of people gather. At each there are surf bathing, sailing and fishing; at many there is "good" golf, and at all a ruddier-complexion-making atmosphere than the more southern beaches afford.

Going via the New York Central Lines you can get the quickest of through service or take a more leisurely trip via Niagara Falls, Thousand Islands, Adirondack Mountains, Lake George or Lake Champlain.

For folders, time tables or particulars apply at C.P.R. or G.T.R. city ticket offices, Cor. King and Yonge Sts., and Union Station, or address:

Frank C. Foy, Canadian Passenger Agent, New York Central Lines, 80 Yonge St. Telephone 4361 Main.



that locality, the stories they told were so weird and so much like some of those in the Arabian Nights, that few were disposed to believe them. But it has been proved by those who visited that country last year that gold, silver, copper and other minerals exist there in great abundance."

It is claimed that the Lac la Ronge deposits lie in precisely the same formation of rock that contains Cobalt on one end and the Yukon on the other. All you have to do is to look at the map to note that La Ronge is just about halfway between. Anyhow the explorers have gone in there with pack and wagon and high hopes.

They have trekked and camped and brought back samples some thirty, some a hundred-fold. There may be another Cobalt or even a Yukon. But we remember that when the Yukon craze struck the world

about twelve years ago, Prince Albert people got highly excited. Not dreaming that within two hundred miles of their own town lay such a prospect as La Ronge, the Board of Trade got out an elaborate and convincing pamphlet, showing beyond peradventure of a doubt that via Prince Albert and Green Lake was a much more sensible route for overlanders than via Edmonton. They did not succeed in establishing the route. Now they don't care a continental whether they did or not. They have great hopes of La Ronge. Here in Ontario we have all we can do to keep track of Cobalt, Elk City and Gow Ganda and their various mining propositions.



On the road to Lac La Ronge.



A Break in the Journey. The Transport halts for food and rest.

A VICTORIA HOME-BUILDER.

ANOTHER of the fine early English women of Victoria is Mrs. Frederick Carne, who has lived in that part of the world for best of half a century. It was in the fifties that Mrs. Carne with her young husband came out to America and settled on Lake Superior. But California with its gold fields attracted them. Superior was a desolate place; about as bleak and lonesome a part of the world as anybody could have chosen; had enough for even an Orkney Islander let alone a young English couple from the shady lanes of England. So they decided to try balmy California. But Mrs. Carne went back to England with her baby. They parted in New York in 1855; he to the gold fields. He had not been there long when the Fraser river furor started him northward. He went to British Columbia. In a few years she followed. Five years ago, Mr. Carne died. Mrs. Carne, who is the mother of several children, is now seventy-six years of age but still managing the business.

"THE BACKWOODS POOR."

DOWN in Oshawa they have discovered a new poet who writes of "the backwoods poor." According to his way of thinking the people who live in the back places of the earth and who by their poverty have contributed to the character of the nation, are entitled to a place in the public regard. We were under the impression that most of the backwoods poor had vanished out of Canada since the mortgages began to lift. We have been imagining that the farmer was among the happiest of mortals; one of the kings of the earth. But along comes Mr. Barton and says:—

"Then memory ope'd a casement, and I saw in the nor'west,
With none of the noise of the city, none of its fierce unrest,
A rocky, pine-clad island, by the soft blue waves caressed,
Calm and peacefully quiet, as an island of the blessed.
And murmuring hum of insect, music and scent of pine
Soothed my heart's sadness, as in that far-off summer time
When friends sat and talked together of life and care and pain,
And all its joys and sorrows, and the end we all would gain.
These rocks so grand and silent, these waters so calm and deep,
The moonlight on the river and scent of the pines so sweet,
May bring calm to the city weary, banish his pain and care,
But to the man fate compels to toil for a living there,
They are the hands that would bind his heart and soul in chains,
Crushing life's hope within him, mocking his labour and pains,
Only the faith of his fathers keeps him from sinking down
In his despair and anguish, to the depths of beasts around."

Hotel York New York



NEW AND ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF
Seventh Ave., Cor. 36th St.
EUROPEAN PLAN

RATES \$1.50 to \$2.50, with detached bath
\$2.00 to \$4.00, with private bath

Occupies the geographical centre of the city, near the vortex of travel. Within from one to five minutes' walk of twenty-one theatres. Cars pass the door, and within five minutes of all the large retail shops. Norman Grill Room. Cuisine of superior excellence. Moderate prices.

H. G. WILLIAMS, Manager

2 in 1
SHOE POLISH
once used and you will discard every other.
Insist on getting it.

Black and all Colors, 10c and 25c tins 186

PAGE WHITE FENCES
Get the Best. Styles for Lawns, Farms and Ranches. Made of high carbon wire, galvanized and then painted white. Tougher and stronger wire than goes into any other fence. Get 1909 prices and illustrated booklet.

THE PAGE WIRE FENCE CO., LIMITED
Largest fence and gate manufacturers in Canada

WALKERVILLE TORONTO MONTREAL ST. JOHN VANCOUVER VICTORIA 222

C. P. GOERZ, LENSES, ETC.
HUTTIG & SON, METAL CAMERA
(IN A CLASS BY THEMSELVES)
Sole Canadian Representative
R. F. SMITH, Montreal Photo Supply
MONTREAL
Send for catalogues and No. 21 bargain list.

Oshawa Fireproof Building Materials
You can gain buying from us everything in the line of Fireproof Building Materials for Exteriors and Interiors. Free Catalogue for the asking.

PEDLAR People of Oshawa
Montreal, Toronto, Halifax, St. John, Winnipeg, Vancouver

FREE BASEBALL SUPPLIES FOR BOYS

The attention of Canadian boys is everywhere directed to the offer of the Canadian Courier to help them play the game this summer. We ask you to undertake the sale of Couriers in every town and village in the country—any place especially where we have no agents. We pay you a good profit on your sales, and, as a special summer introduction of the Courier, we are giving away as rewards unlimited baseball goods. What do you need?

A LEAGUE BALL A BAT A MASK
FINGER GLOVES CATCHER'S MIT SUPPLIES

We have a very attractive proposition to be had for a postal card. How many copies can you sell? **Manager, CANADIAN COURIER, Toronto.**

FOR VALUE RECEIVED

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15.

"No, no," she cried; "it is a sin and a shame to hide those beautiful gems away. And, besides, there is no reason why Mr. Forsyth should not know what we are doing. The Count is desirous of disposing of his family jewels, and I have almost agreed to buy them; in fact, I don't think I could possibly part with them now. Are they not altogether magnificent?"

Forsyth examined the cases coolly through his eyeglass. "Stupendous," he said. "And yet it seems to me that I have seen something very like them before. But I recollect that when I last had the pleasure of handling these things there was also a necklace with three large black pearls in it. Probably the Count has forgotten to take it from his pocket. The mistake is quite a natural one amongst such an embarrassing show of riches as this, or perhaps the necklace has been forgotten. Are you quite sure, Count, that you haven't got it in your pocket?"

There was a distinct challenge in the question, a steady gleam in Forsyth's eyes which was not lost upon Kitty Foster. With a sudden strange apprehension that something was about to happen, the girl turned swiftly to the Count. She saw that his face had grown pale, and that his lips were trembling. In a way which was almost mechanical, he passed his hand behind his back and produced another case from a pocket in the tail of his coat.

"Most extraordinary thing on my part," he said, with an uneasy grin. "Just for the moment, I really—er—had actually forgotten the necklace. I hope Mrs. Hammersleigh will forgive me. I hope she will not think I am guilty of keeping anything back."

"She wouldn't," Forsyth said airily. "Anybody can see from the expression of your face that the thing was a pure oversight. And now, if you will excuse me, I should like—"

What Forsyth might have said was cut short by the entrance of the footman, bearing on a salver a card on which a few words were hastily scribbled in pencil. This card the footman handed over to the Russian.

"A gentleman downstairs to see you sir," he said, "on most important business. He said he is very sorry to trouble you at this time of the evening, but he will not detain you more than five minutes. Shall I say you are coming?"

The Russian cast a hasty eye over the pencil message and crushed the card in his hand. He pitched it with apparent carelessness into the fireplace, where it fell short, and lay there unnoticed.

"If you will excuse me one moment," he said to his hostess, "I will leave these things in your hands for a minute or two."

The minutes passed on. There was the sound presently of the closing of the front door, and Forsyth turned to his companions with a genial smile.

"He isn't coming back again," he said. "My dear Kitty, you have seen your passionate patriot for the last time."

III.

"BUT what does it all mean?" Mrs. Hammersleigh protested.

"It means that that man is found out," Forsyth said, coolly. "It means that those gems are no more his than they are mine. As a matter of fact, they are all Lady Courtfield's. Oh, I don't say that Stephanoff is altogether an impostor. I understand he is well born, and all that kind of thing, but the fellow is an impudent

thief, and has been so for years. I have to thank my cousin here for putting me on the track the first time. For when she told me the romantic story of the disinterested patriot and his family gems I began to prick up my ears. You see, it is about six months now since Lady Courtfield lost her jewels. I am one of the few people who know anything about it, because, you see, Lord Courtfield is my chief at Vienna. Lady Courtfield came to England for a long visit, and she brought her gems with her. She didn't keep them in the house, but whenever she needed the stones for wear she always sent a trusted messenger to the bank with a letter or fetched the things herself. After she had been in England some little time she had occasion to return to Vienna in a hurry, and, of course, she could not come away without her diamonds. Judge to her surprise when she went down to the bank to get them to find that they had altogether vanished. "Stolen!" Mrs. Hammersleigh cried.

"Well, that is what it came to," Forsyth went on. "They had been taken away the day before. The whole thing appears to have been planned in the most careful and thorough manner, and it was worked like this. The day of the robbery happened to be very thick and foggy. About half-past eleven o'clock in the morning a brougham with a pair of horses drove up to the bank, and a footman went into the establishment with a letter to the effect that Lady Courtfield had called for her gems. No great surprise was occasioned by the fact that her ladyship was disinclined to leave her brougham as the day was so wet and foggy. But even then no precautions were neglected, although the footman was wearing the Courtfield livery, and there seemed to be no doubt as to the identity of Lady Courtfield's handwriting as set out in the letter which the footman had carried into the bank. One of the chief cashiers obtained the jewels from the strong-room, and actually carried them himself into the street. There was no mistaking the Courtfield brougham, to say nothing of the black horses each with a white blaze on his face and white fetlock. It was almost too dark to distinguish the features of Lady Courtfield, though the cashier professed to recognise her voice as she looked through the window. He says he gave the jewels into the lady's own hands and asked for a receipt. Lady Courtfield pointed out the fact that he had the receipt already, and that it took the form of the letter which the footman had carried into the bank. At any rate, no suspicion whatever was aroused, and the thieves got off with the jewels, to say nothing of twenty-four hours' start into the bargain.

"Now, a good many people would have made an instant fuss and outcry, but not so Lady Courtfield. She naturally laid an account of her loss before the police, and they advised her to keep the matter entirely to herself. She was quite ready to fall in with the suggestion, because, you see, nothing whatever could be gained by publicity, and there was just the chance that the policy of silence would put the thieves off their guard, and render them more careless in their dealings with the stolen property. So the days went by, and the public got no hint of what had taken place; and doubtless, by degrees, the thieves began to imagine that Lady Courtfield had gone back to Vienna without taking her jewels with her, and that, down to the present moment

CONCLUDED ON PAGE 25.



A Luxurious Home in the Wilds

At Temiskaming Lake—leave your frock coat and topper at home—Get your nerves restored by absolute relaxation and spend a delightful summer vacation. You may do all the roughing you like, and at the same time the "Bellevue" offers you most of the luxurious comforts of your own home.

TEMISKAMING LAKE

A Lake in the Northlands, bordering on the unlimited wilds of picturesque Canada—Hunting, Fishing or Canoe Outings galore, Unexcelled Climate, Cool Nights for rest and recuperation.

THE BELLEVUE HOTEL

Like a New York City Hotel—beautifully situated in Nature's garden—Gasoline Launches, Boating, Lawn Tennis, Bowling on the Green and Alleys, Billiards, Ball-room in separate recreation Hall, insuring quietness in hotel proper. Ice cold Laurentian water piped from springs in the hills. Hot and cold Baths on all floors, Sanitary Conveniences, Electric Lighting, Modern in every way—An Ideal Vacation Home near the Wilds of the North.

Pleased to send information and beautiful booklet. Write "THE MANAGER, TEMISKAMING, P.Q."

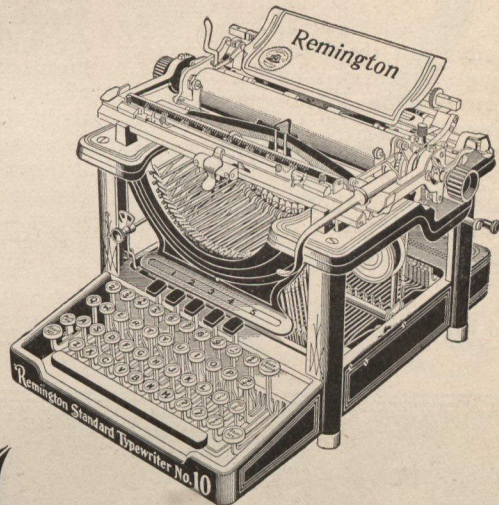
Open for season 1909—June 25th. Boats leave the Hotel Dock daily for the famous Cobalt Silver Belt calling at Haileybury, Liskeard and intervening points. (1596)

Remington



The name that stamps the character of your writing machine as certainly as your letter head signifies the character of your business.

The name of the FIRST practical Typewriter—the name which to-day distinguishes the BEST Typewriter—the name which means Typewriter.



The name that stands for the latest and greatest development in writing machines.

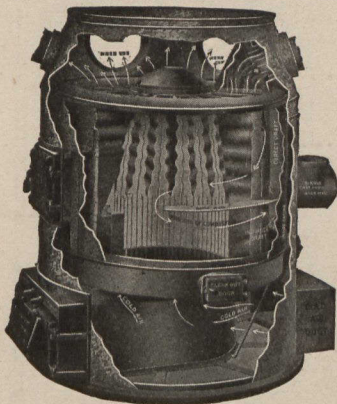
See the new models 10 and 11

Remington Typewriter Company LIMITED

144 Bay Street, Toronto

THE CELLAR COOL The Living Rooms Warm

One outstanding feature of The Kelsey System is that no heat is lost by radiation in the cellar or basement. All air, as quickly as heated, passes through the hot air chamber and on to the part of the building to be heated. This is only one of the distinctive features that make the Kelsey like no other Heater.



KELSEY

It is more Economical. It is more Efficient. It is more Durable than any other.

Write us and let us explain fully.

The Jas. Smart Mfg. Co., Limited, Brockville, Ont.

Western Branches—Winnipeg, Man., Calgary, Alta.



FOR THE CHILDREN



DOWN MULBERRY LANE

By M. H. C.

ISOBEL hopped out of bed, ran to the window and pushed up the blind. Early as it was the bright sun streamed the morning world with its yellow light.

"O! good," she cried, and right away began pulling on her stockings and shoes, and tumbling somehow into her clothes.

For this was the day of the picnic, the day when mother was to take the five of them, Belle, Gretchen, Jane, Patty and herself on their first visit to the old grove far down the end of Mulberry Lane, where it had been decided that this day of gladness was to be spent. For one long week they had planned and chattered about it. Of course there would be a violet patch, and a dear little pebbly brook where one could paddle in bare feet and the sun didn't eat you up as it did on the beach. And a swing! Oh! there would be a swing, where two could sit together and touch the treetops with their toes.

And the day had come at last. Promptly at eleven they started, five fresh-starched, happy little maidens, running races, playing tag, tearing off and coming back all out of breath. Nurse warned them that it was their own little legs that must carry them home, for Belview beach wasn't like the city, and there were no cars or carriages to carry them in.

However, this didn't serve to dampen their spirits, and they gaily marched along, down the beach past the big club-house and soon out into the country road, into the shade of the spreading trees and away from the glaring noon heat of the beach.

"Let's call out to Sydney when we pass his house," suggested Belle, "and maybe if Mrs. Morris asks her,

Miss Myers will let him come along too."

So Sydney was invited to the picnic and everyone was glad when his aunt said that he might go along, for they all liked the little, dark-eyed lad who lived in the rose-covered cottage at the end of the lane.

It was Patty's sharp eye that first caught sight of the swing between the oaks. "I'll dare you to beat me," she challenged them, and away they went like a flock of young hares, leaving mother and nurse to follow at a more dignified rate of speed.

Then the fun began. Such a day as it was, and how good the lunch tasted that was spread for them under the big oak trees that grew just beside the brook. "I do believe," said Gretchen, "that this very spot we are sitting on now is where the wood fairies hold their revels. See how beautiful the moss is. Oh! do keep still everybody for a minute, shut your eyes and maybe we shall hear the tinkle of their voices."

There was silence for nearly ten seconds, and then Jane burst out with, "Why, I know what's the matter; it's Sydney. Fairies never come out when boys are around," and she looked reproachfully at him.

"Well, I think it's silly, anyway," said the little boy, "listening for fairies when I'm just starving."

Mother laughed merrily and thought the fairies had had taste not to like little boys, and that Sydney was right about the lunch, so they all turned their attention to the good things before them. It's wonderful how much better chicken sandwiches, apple tart, chocolate cake and ginger ale all taste when you eat them sitting on a mossy carpet with the blue sky for a roof and the trunks of the gnarled old oaks for your walls, than they do at any other time. But such is the case, as

Belle, Gretchen, Jane, Patty, Isobel and Sydney would everyone tell you if you were to ask them.

* * *

IT really didn't seem any time, though they were all hungry again, until tea was ready, then after that the packing up had to be done. This wasn't quite so much fun, for everyone was tired, and Pattie could not find her sunbonnet nor Sydney his ball. By the time they were all ready the sun was beginning his downward course into the sea, and the little bird's merry chirrup had a weary note.

"Hurry, children," Mrs. Morris told them. "I don't want your mammas to scold me for keeping their little girls out too late."

Just then Gretchen yawned noisily, and Jane said "O, you rude thing!" "Don't be cross, Miss Jane," nurse said. Then turning to Mrs. Morris, "I'm afraid if we don't hurry there is going to be trouble, ma'am. They're getting sleepy and cross already."

"Never mind, nurse, we're well on our way and it won't be long now," and Mrs. Morris took Jane's hand and gave it a squeeze. There was a tear in Jane's eye, for she didn't like being told that she was cross, although she knew it was true enough.

"Come, girls, I'll race you to the end of the lane," shouted Sydney, and with a whoop Isobel and Gretchen flew after him, not going to be outdone by a mere boy. But Gretchen lagged wearily before the goal was reached, and when Mrs. Morris and the others came up she was seated on the stump of an old tree and declared she couldn't go a step farther.

"Nurse will take your hand, dear," said Mrs. Morris, "and there is Sydney's house in sight already." But in spite of her cheery words she was really worried, for there was the whole length of the beach to be travelled yet and the children were getting more drowsy every minute.

Sydney's aunt was waiting for them at the gate and insisted that they should all come in and rest. Mrs. Morris thought it better that they should hurry on, but the sight of Jane's weary eyes and Gretchen's sleepy lids made her give way. "But it must be only for a minute, dears, and then we must be off again."

So they went in, and Sydney's aunt hurried off to get them each a cookie and a glass of milk. They were all thirsty, the milk was cool and refreshing and the cookie a flake of sweetness that melted like a dream. They all thanked Miss Meyers for being so good to weary travellers. "And now, we really must go," said Mrs. Morris, "their mothers won't know what has become of them." But when they went to look for Gretchen, there she was cuddled up in a big arm chair with Isobel squeezed in beside her, and the two of them fast asleep.

"Oh! children, how shall I ever get you home if you go falling off to sleep at this rate?" cried poor Mrs. Morris.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," suggested Miss Meyers, "we'll put the two of them in the big express wagon and you can draw them home."

"But I'm too tired to walk, too," wailed Jane and Bell together.

"Well, my dears, you can have the old carriage that Sydney rode in when he was a baby, and nurse will wheel you."

Sydney chuckled when he saw the funny sight they made when they



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CONCLUDED ON PAGE 26.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23.

neither she nor the bank had the least idea of the true state of affairs. As it so happens the policy has paid, because you see, at the present moment, I have Lady Courtfield's jewels in my possession, and our clever Russian friend has had all his scheming for his pains."

"But how did you know?" Kitty burst out.

"Oh, the purest accident in the world," Forsyth explained. "The Count has been suspected for some time, for various rumours from the Continent have reached us from different quarters. Of course, it was quite natural, feeling so very secure, that the thieves should try and dispose of their property to the best advantage. They felt absolutely certain that Lady Courtfield had not discovered her loss, and here was a chance of making about three times as much as if the gems had been disposed of through the ordinary legitimate channel. And when my cousin here told me about her patriot and the sacrifices he was making for the benefit of his struggling country, then I was suspicious enough to have my own views on the subject. That is why I invited myself here to-night, and why I came just in the nick of time."

"But that card?" Mrs. Hammersleigh asked. "How did the man manage to get warned and slip away just at the moment—"

"Oh, I did that myself," Forsyth said, coolly. "Unless I am greatly mistaken the card is lying in the fender still. I bribed your footman to bring it up in ten minutes' time, because, you see, I didn't want to have a fuss here. I felt convinced that directly he read my message on the card he would throw up the sponge without the slightest hesitation. If you look at the card you will see that I merely volunteered to take the custody of Lady Courtfield's diamonds off his hands, and invited him to take himself out of England without delay."

"It should never have been allowed," Mrs. Hammersleigh protested hotly. Perhaps she was regretting the loss of the diamonds to a much greater extent than she was regretting the unfortunate occurrence. "I cannot understand why you should choose to let that man off in such an easy fashion. In my place—"

"In your place, my dear lady," Forsyth said, as he dropped his card into the fire, "I am quite certain that you would have acted in a precisely similar fashion. The Count has high connections in the Russian Court, and— Well, after all said and done, the thing has ended favourably enough. But I don't think that my cousin here will be taking much stock in patriots for the future."

"That indeed I shan't," Kitty laughed unsteadily. "And now, if you please, let me try and forget all about it."

Perks Must Wait

(Kingston Standard)

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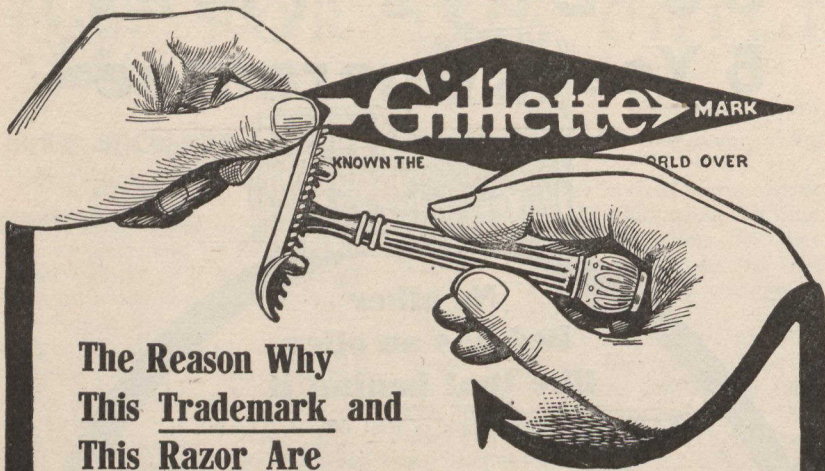
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The Colour Line

(Victoria Colonist)

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The Smart Woodbine

(Ottawa Journal)

IF the Toronto police were to try their gol-darnedest, they might be able to stop gambling at the Woodbine. But Toronto is proud of its Woodbine. The Woodbine furnishes the smartest race meets in America, which means something. It sets on social pretension a cachet which all but the unco guid in Toronto unshamedly seek. But who would bother about a horse race unless he had a shilling or so up on the result?

Down Mulberry Lane

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24.

were all ready. Mrs. Morris pulled the express waggon with Gretchen and Isobel in it, and nurse pushed the carriage with her two rather overgrown charges. Pattie declared that she could walk well enough, so off they started.

Jane's cottage was the first to be reached, and how the people on the verandah did laugh when they saw the queer procession stopping at their gate. They all ran out to see the sleepy picnickers, and Jane's big brother, Max, lifted the still dreaming little girl up in his arms and carried her into the house.

"Poor Mrs. Morris," Jane's mother said, "it was so good of you to give the kiddies such a lovely day, but how tired you must be. Next time you must let me go along and help."

"Indeed I will, although they were no trouble when they were awake, but I didn't know what to do with them when they all commenced to fall off to sleep," Mrs. Morris laughed. "But never mind, it is all over now, and I really think they have had a jolly day."

And so on down the beach, until each little bundle of weariness was safely delivered. Many a smile there was at the funny sight they made, and each wakened up sufficiently to say what a good, good time they had had, and brave little Patty, who had walked all the way, begged Mrs. Morris to promise that she would take them all again some time soon.

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