

# The Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER,  
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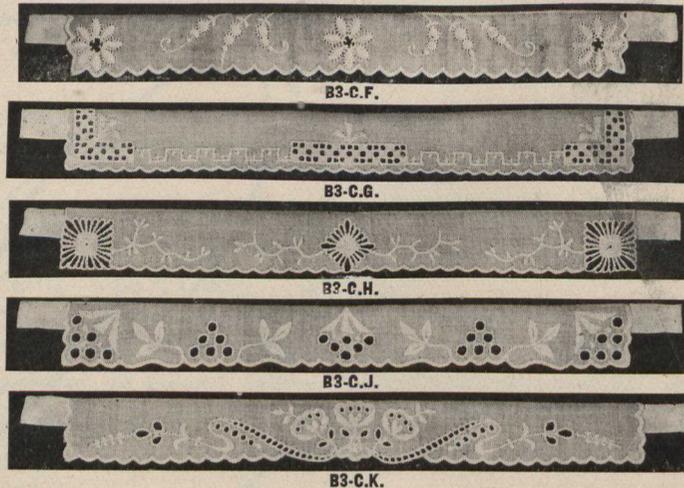
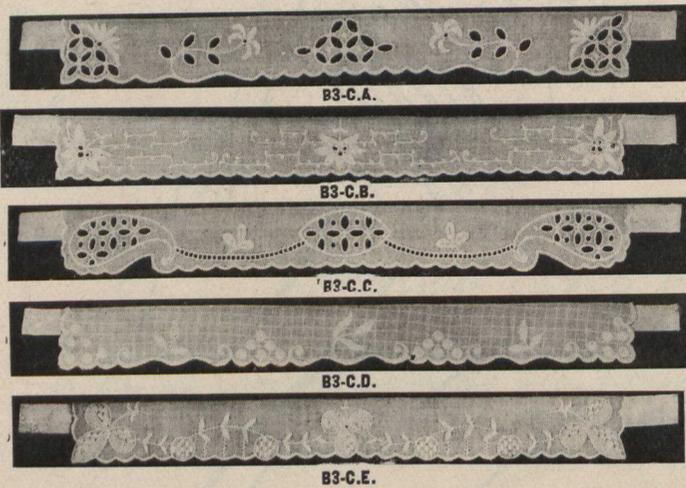
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THE  
**Canadian Courier**

A NATIONAL WEEKLY

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

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

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**PUBLISHERS' TALK**

WE should like to direct the attention of our subscribers to the wide range of our weekly collection of photographs. That word "national" is kept in constant view. The life of each province is being portrayed from week to week as fully as may be and as graphically as a large number of photographers are able to catch it. We cannot under these circumstances publish many pictures from one province each week. Nine provinces must be considered. Therefore we are endeavouring to give the best and the most important from each.

NEXT week's issue will be a CHAMPLAIN NUMBER, with a striking cover design by Tom O. Marten. The cover alone would make the number memorable. In addition to the latest news photographs there will be some historical reproductions of considerable interest. There will also be some articles which will interest the reader of next week's newspaper dispatches.

SUBSCRIBERS changing their addresses during the next few weeks are again requested to send information to this office. We also desire to notify all readers who are not subscribers that our special Three-Dollar-Cash-in-Advance offer is still open. June brought us a thousand new subscribers and July promises an equal number.



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## What Canadian Editors Think

### BOOKS VS. BROOKS.

(Halifax Herald.)

THE schools of Nova Scotia are only now closing—in the first week of July. Have the fathers and mothers of the province bethought themselves of the fact and of what it implies? We have already had a month of summer, and two months of beautiful out-of-door weather, of which every normal living being craves the enjoyment—the young most of all. During those months our children have been confined from nine in the morning until four in the afternoon, mostly in dingy, dirty, ill-smelling school-rooms, cleaned quarterly at the best, once in years or never at the worst. The birds have been singing and nesting in the trees; the lambs have been frisking in the fields; the flowers have been blooming freely during all the long bright days of these two months, inviting and almost compelling to the open air.

But the school children of Nova Scotia have been rigorously confined and driven to work.

\* \* \*

### TRAIN THE HAND.

(St. John Sun.)

WE hear much, these material days, of the value of manual training in the public schools, much of the necessity of providing boys and girls with instruction which will prove of practical use to them in their imminent task of earning a living. And it is good and sensible talk. None will decry the benefit of training the youthful hand and eye as well as the purely mental processes. In the efficient development of technical instruction lies one of the most important problems before present day educationists. But the value of education is not all in its practical side, in its possible conversion into future dollars and cents; and there may be danger that in considering too closely the utilitarian feature of public school training we may lose sight of something of greater value.

\* \* \*

### CROPS AND THE IDLE.

(Toronto Mail and Empire.)

IT is estimated that the help of 25,000 Eastern Canadians will be required to enable the West to take off the great crop that is now advancing so prosperously towards maturity. If the West has a crop of such magnitude, Eastern Canada ought to have a hum of industry that will make it difficult to spare the 25,000 men. Suppose the West has 125,000,000 bushels of good wheat to dispose of as the fruit of its next harvest. How can the manufacturing towns and cities of Eastern Canada afford to let men go to take off that harvest? It will require all our artisans' and mechanics' labour to produce enough merchandise to satisfy the demand our farmers will present when they get their grain and other staples sold and come on the market with the proceeds as buyers. If the West has a grand crop, as the prospects promise, and as everybody hopes, and if the present bright agricultural outlook in Ontario does not prove disappointing, the ranks of the unemployed should be speedily thinned. That they will be thinned to the vanishing point may be regarded as a certainty, but the disappearance of the unemployed should be almost complete now.

\* \* \*

### ALL IN THE POINT OF VIEW.

(Montreal Star.)

AS the Northwest authorities are learning, there is nothing more difficult to deal with than the religious fanatic. He cannot be frightened; he

cannot be reasoned with; he cannot be treated as a criminal. His intentions are usually of the best; but his methods are anti-social. If he did not disturb the rest of us, we might safely let him alone; but when he comes armed with Winchesters and insists upon turning our fences into firewood, society must protect itself. Still sympathy will always exist for people who are insane on the religious side. The genial Doukhobors simply want to live in their own way; but it so happens that their styles in clothing are regarded as anti-social, and society cannot allow it. Yet there was a time when Christianity itself was regarded by organised society as anti-social, and was subjected to the cruel punishments of the age. Society makes mistakes as well as fanatics do; and this is what gives us pause when it is proposed to deal harshly with the religiously insane.

\* \* \*

### THE EAST SIMPLY CAN'T PLAY CRICKET.

(Victoria Times.)

CANADA plays a cricket match with the United States annually, and generally is soundly beaten. Most of the players on the American international cricket team are chosen from amongst the gentlemen players of Philadelphia, because the Quaker City is the home of cricket in the United States. The Canadians on the international team are chosen principally from Toronto, for what reason we do not know, certainly not because the Ontario capital is the home of cricket in this country. This Canadian international cricket team is seldom or never representative of the cricket talent of the country. That is one reason why Canada has not won a game in many years. Nor is there any likelihood of its winning until a change is made in the system of selection. In Victoria there is a cricket club capable of placing a side in the field that could defeat, we believe with ease, a team of any representative club in the East. There are several finished batsmen and some good bowlers now playing in Victoria. Yet only once that we are aware of has the Victoria Club been honoured with representation upon the Canadian international cricket team.

\* \* \*

### CROPS AND CURRENCY.

(Manitoba Free Press.)

CANADA has learned to fear financial panics in Wall Street. In fact, that financial centre is watched very closely by other national centres. Canada, however, being the nearest neighbour of the United States, feels more quickly than European countries any crisis that arises there. This is particularly the case with financial affairs, because Canada does so much of its international banking through New York houses. Any measure of the United States Government that has for its object the averting of financial panics in its monetary centres will, if successful in achieving its purpose, be of advantage to Canada. To a very large extent the financial troubles of Canada have their origin in those of her neighbour. Last year the difficulties with regard to the moving of the crop arose through New York's failure to perform those services customarily rendered. The panic conditions which placed New York in that position are to be averted if the new currency legislation fulfils the hopes of its promoters. The fulfilment of these hopes will mean also better and more efficient services on the part of the Canadian institutions.

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# The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

Subscription: \$4.00 a Year.

Vol. IV.

Toronto, July 18th, 1908.

No. 7

## A WESTERN JOURNEY

IN closing this short series of letters from the West, I should like to give some impressions made by the westerners themselves. The larger number of the people seen in the trains and hotels are easterners—sightseers, commercial travellers, representatives of eastern railway and financial interests. The professional and business men are mainly ex-easterners. The clerks in the banks, offices and railway stations are largely from eastern Canada. There are business men who have come over from the United States, but as yet they are not numerous. There are business and professional men who are natives, and a number who are of foreign birth. Yet the easterner predominates.

In passing from the east to the west, the easterner changes his character to some extent. He becomes more off-hand, more cheery, more voluble and a most attractive person to meet. Anxious always to advertise the country and to impress the visitor, he is willing to go a long distance in making you feel at home. Nearly every business man is a reception committee.

That the West has contempt for the East is sometimes the theme which certain croakers in the press and elsewhere persist in discussing. I have mixed much with the westerner and seen him in many moods and I am quite convinced that there is nothing in this croak. It is a figment of the imagination. The East has the respect of the West just as the West has the respect of the East. There is no more thought nor desire for a solid West against a solid East than there is for a solid Ontario against a solid Quebec. There is more feeling between Edmonton and Strathcona or Edmonton and Calgary than there is between Winnipeg and Toronto or Montreal. Even the action of the banks in shutting down on credits and pressing the wind out of the land boom has not left much soreness. The common remark is that the "bursting of the boom" was in the best interests of the West. In fact, their complacency surprised me. They frankly admit that some people had gone wild and that these kite-flyers have been taught a salutary lesson.

The extension of the Canadian Northern Railway system and the arrival of the Grand Trunk Pacific have killed much of the talk about the greediness of the Canadian Pacific. Perhaps the lower rates on wheat and the building of many new feeders by the C. P. R. have had something to do with this also. There is more complaint about wheat inspection and the excessive elevator charges than of lack of railway attention. This is one of the notable changes in recent years.

Again, the erection of two new provincial governments has drawn off part of the criticism formerly directed against Ottawa. The West has now three governments of its own to criticise and that keeps it fairly busy.

Since I returned, a gentleman asked me if I thought that last year's poor crop and financial troubles would cause the West to be more careful and conservative. My answer was that it would have no effect whatever. Just as soon as this new bumper crop is assured, the West will be as buoyant, as extravagant and as reckless as ever. So long as there are millions of acres to increase in value from \$3 to \$30 an acre, and so long as there are new towns to be built with lots increasing in value from \$50 to \$5,000, so long will there be a boom in the West. The boom has left the older sections and gone into the newer. Not until all the new sections become old, will business become quite normal. That will be nearly a century hence.

Moreover, the westerner regards last year's experience as an

accident. It may never happen again, he already declares. He loves his country and has faith in it. He will never go east again. If he gets all the money he wants and desires leisure, he goes on to Vancouver or Victoria, where the winters are milder—he never returns East. Not that he hates the East; simply, he loves the West.

The greatest difficulty the West has just now is to provide education and recreation for its people. The educational problem has been taken hold of and in many respects the town and city schools of the West excel those of the East. Moreover, every child that goes to a public school in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta will henceforth have its school readers free. This is an educational advance which has been accomplished in only two or three eastern cities and in no eastern province as a whole. As regards recreation, Winnipeg has a "Happyland," a professional baseball team, a Country and Golf club, a new race-track, a lakeside summer resort and excursion steamers on the Red River. In the other towns and cities, athletics receive some attention, while local horse-racing is a civic sport. On the whole, however, the people find the long evenings rather wearisome. The theatre and concert halls are not well served, and "society" is not yet highly developed. Nevertheless, the people are learning very rapidly that one of the chief charms in life is to learn to spend money on other pleasures than painted women, doctored whiskey and poor-vintage champagne.

In short, aside from the newness of the buildings and the all-pervading optimism, the West is already quite like the East. There are really no very striking differences. Canada is rapidly becoming homogeneous.

Out at the Dominion Fair at Calgary this year they have an exhibit, a photograph of which accompanies this article, that depicts the cowboy riding along a trail and suddenly finding his way barred by a new wire fence and a field of wheat. The idea is typical. The roughness and the wildness of the West are disappearing with the old trails. The new roads run according to the surveyor's stakes. The buffalo herds and the Red River carts have gone; the rider of the plains must follow. Civilisation is doing its work. It is crowding out the western character and bringing in the eastern. Soon the West will be as civilised and as cultured as the East. Only in the great Peace River valley, in the last Great Beyond, can the western characteristics, save that striking optimism, survive for any great length of time.

J. A. C.



"Another Trail Closed."

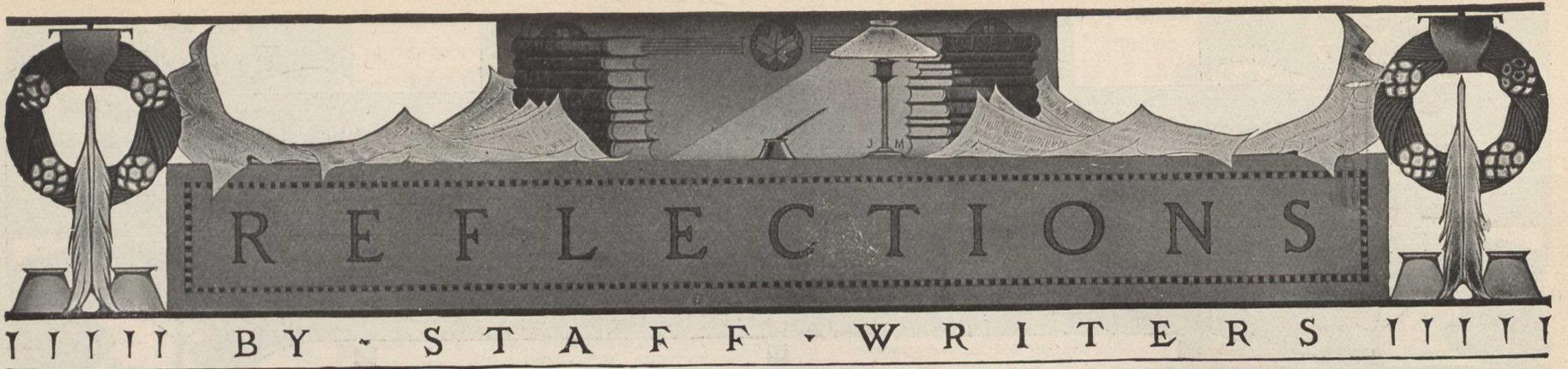
Alberta's unique Exhibit at the Dominion Fair, Calgary.

## Telephones in the West

ALBERTA and Manitoba are discussing their respective bargains with the Bell Telephone Company. It is declared that Manitoba paid the company \$212.38 for each telephone, while Alberta paid only \$143.00. Manitoba has not been able to reduce rates, while Alberta is in a better position in this respect. Alberta has not really reduced rates as these were already somewhat lower than in other provinces, yet the prospects are fairly bright. This at least is the claim.

Saskatchewan has drafted a provincial policy and will construct trunk lines parallel to all the existing railways. As the Bell lines have not been purchased this will mean duplication if a bargain is not struck. Construction will begin shortly. By legislation passed at the recent session, municipalities and rural communities may form local companies with certain privileges of connection with the trunk lines. Rural lines will be assisted by the government.

These experiments in the provincial management of the telephone monopoly will be watched with the greatest interest in other portions of Canada. The Dominion Government having apparently decided to leave the telephone business to private organisations, these provinces have undertaken public management and construction.



#### THE COMING OF THE PRINCE

CANADA will extend a hearty welcome to His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, who is now on his way to Canada. The Young Viking, in one of the greatest war-vessels ever constructed, is coming to receive the homage of the Canadian tribes. It sounds ancient or mediaeval, but it really is modern. The event will remind us that the gulf between the old and the new in civilisation is not wide.

Canada will welcome the Prince for his own sake. If he has not shown matchless strength, he has at least exhibited many of the qualities of a man and a Prince. He has moved about among the people, great and small, and has steadily increased the circle of his friends.

Canada will also welcome the Prince for his father's sake. King Edward VII has always had and retained the unswerving fidelity and admiration of the people in this portion of his dominions. To them he is the first Gentleman and Diplomat of Europe, the strong individuality which has led the Empire on to its greatest victories in Peaceful Diplomacy, the Sovereign of a world-wide Empire who has never unsheathed his sword.

And perhaps above all, Canada will welcome him for the sake of a memory—a memory of that beloved Grandmother who for so many years possessed the respect, esteem, affection and love of millions of the black and the white citizens of that same world-encircling Empire. On her grandson will be lavished much of the affection which she engendered in the hearts of all classes of Canadian citizens.

Therefore, we bid him welcome!

#### PATRIOTISM AND PYROTECHNICS

THERE is an annual outcry in the United States, after the Fourth of July, about the number of casualties resulting from fireworks or cannon crackers which have gone terribly wrong and blinded unfortunate youngsters for life instead of having kindled a mild blaze commemorative of the Declaration of Independence. As the army of injured mounts into the thousands, the outsider may be pardoned for concluding that this waste of life and limb is prodigality rather than patriotism. The worst enemies of the United States, if that large and healthy Republic has any foes, could not wish her worse luck than thousands of disabled citizens on Independence Day. The curious feature about the excess is that it comes largely from foreign quarters, from Italians, Poles and Hungarians who would not know the famous Declaration if they saw it and probably have only the haziest notions about Valley Forge and Yorktown, to say nothing of the Treaty of Versailles. The descendants of the Revolutionary heroes are content to celebrate their holiday sanely and rationally and can see no good reason for showing gladness of heart by blowing off the head. New England, like Old England, takes its pleasures sadly and its independence soberly.

While the cracker craze has not yet affected Canada to a very disastrous extent, we are prone in other fashion to mistake pyrotechnics for patriotism and to take loud talk for satisfactory performance. During elections the orator who talks in bromidic phrase of the horny-handed sons of toil, assuring the farmer that he is the vertebral column of the commonwealth, is frequently mistaken for the real friend of agricultural interests, although he may not have spent half-an-hour of his political existence in studying the relation of western harvests to the general prosperity and may have a vague notion that the rotation of crops is a sort of merry-go-round. The man who talks loudest at such seasons of what he would do for his native land is often the one who would content himself with "doing" his country to the limit of his political opportunity. Pyrotechnics we have in profusion, and a pretty blaze they make in green and crimson fire; but patriotism of the working order is another matter which is

more often shown by the unostentatious citizen than by the expert in "set pieces" of Niagara or Montmorency oratorical display.

#### TO HIM THAT HATH

MANITOBA has to be enlarged from 64,000 square miles to 250,000—a long-delayed but perfectly just extension. Just why Ontario should be enlarged from 220,000 to 400,000 square miles, and Quebec from 341,756 to 800,000, is not easily explained nor justified. It seems to be a case of "to him that hath, shall be given." Both these large provinces had previously all the territory they required and much more than they can develop in the next hundred years. It would seem as if the Dominion authorities were anxious to get rid of these unorganised territories so as to relieve themselves of responsibility for their government and development.

Some Ontario papers are complaining that Manitoba is getting the Hudson Bay ports and Ontario only the low shores of James Bay. Manitoba is certainly entitled to both the ports and Ontario has little or no claim to the portion she did get. Quebec has even less claim to Ungava and the east shore of Hudson Bay. It is not meet that the papers of either Ontario or Quebec should complain.

The great difficulty in this territorial adjustment is that the large provinces are getting larger, and the small provinces smaller. Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island combined were not so large as Manitoba was before its present extension. These three provinces will have now just one-fifth as much territory as Manitoba, one-eighth as much as Ontario and one-sixteenth as much as Quebec. True, the Maritime Provinces territory is of better quality and much more inviting to the ordinary earth-dweller than the districts which have just been added to the other provinces, but that is not important enough to make even the shadow of an excuse. It would have been difficult to detach any territory from Quebec and give it to the Maritime Provinces, but it would at least have been possible to prevent increased inequality.

The only remedy the Maritime Provinces now have is to effect a union and make a strong bid for a larger population. If they cannot see their way clear to do this, they must remain small and insignificant, with a rapidly diminishing parliamentary representation. The resolution passed by the House preserving their representation at Ottawa is merely an expression of opinion and does not really effect the purpose which it purports to accomplish.

#### THE MATTER OF CLOTHES

THESE are the days of the year when civilisation has its smallest hold upon the inhabitants of the cities and towns. The farmer, accustomed to the outdoor life, pursues his work in his blue-jeans with a smile and a whistle in spite of the heat. Civilisation never has a strong hold upon him, no matter what the season of the year. He is always more or less natural, and the summer season finds him wrestling with nature in a way which if not primitive, at least has much in it that is decidedly natural.

On the other hand, the dwellers in the towns and cities are, during the cooler weather, closely encased in patent leather shoes, starched shirts, creased trousers and all the formalities which men and women have devised to restrict the freedom of existence. It is only when the hot weather comes that this straight-jacket of civilisation can be loosened and removed. Then it is that men change their highly-cultivated appearance and proclaim themselves savages of a more or less harmless type. They shake themselves free of polished desks and asphalted streets and take themselves off to indulge in dreamy sails, vigorous paddles, or exhilarating whipping of bass and trout streams. They get back to nature and nature's amusements. They try to perform the impossible—to forget the straight-jacket. They are like the long-confined canary which breaks out of

the cage, flies around a bit, finds freedom irksome and comes back to the cage for a rest.

It is well, however, that city men should occasionally clothe themselves in dirty trousers and negligee shirts and seek diversion where nature presents an unconverted face. It is well indeed if these savage-instincted citizens succeed in getting away in small groups to amuse themselves in such feasts and pow-wows and dances as have marked the natural man during all the centuries of human existence. It is not in the bar-room or the long verandah of the summer hotel that this can be attained. The true relaxation can be secured only by travelling away back among the smaller lakes and along the shady shores of the northern rivers.

#### DISTRICT DISPLAYS

A UNIQUE feature of the Dominion Fair at Calgary was the district displays which were in competition. Usually a district centres around a large town, and led by the Board of Trade and other organisations, the people brought samples of what they produced to make a collection. Granum district won the first prize. It contained Alberta red wheat fifty inches high, red clover, alfalfa, grasses, vegetables and honey. Regularity and completeness were the qualities which won. Red Deer exhibited coal, lumber, brick, sandstone and a growing apple tree. Raymond showed sugar and garden stuff; Medicine Hat flour, bread and canned goods; High River sacks of grain showing the district's growth from 500 bushels in 1900 to 50,000 bushels in 1907; Macleod strawberries and grain; Didsbury coal, butter, cheese and flour; Ponoka pickerel and an albino moose head; Pincher Creek butter, coal, coke, raw petroleum and apple blossoms; Vegreville a miniature elevator in operation; and so on. In addition there were special displays by Saskatchewan, by Prince Albert and Moosejaw districts, and by British Columbia.

The district display idea is one which might be profitably adopted by the managers of fairs in Eastern Canada. Fruit from Niagara, tobacco and beans from Essex and Kent, and similar displays from other Ontario districts would do much to improve the Agricultural Palace at Toronto's great annual exhibition.

#### CANADA AT THE FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION

CANADA'S exhibit at the Franco-British Exhibition appears to be all that this "granary of the Empire" could desire. In an advertising age, when all the devices of art and commercial literature are brought to the aid of the merchant or nation, the design of the "Golden Hopper," originated by the Canadian Commissioner, Colonel Hutchison, appeals to the popular fancy as a picture of Canada's harvests. The fact that the French element in Canada's population is so large makes her representation at the Franco-British Exhibition peculiarly desirable. King Edward's policy has been to abolish the idea that any national enmity should exist between the countries divided by the English Channel, and in the present Exhibition the Canadian representation is especially welcome as coming from a land which has seen the political union, if not the fusion, of the two races. The Exhibition in the capital of the Empire is fortunately set in this Champlain year when the pioneer efforts of the France of the Seventeenth Century are being celebrated in the pageant held in this premier British colony with a French-named prime minister. Whether on the St. Lawrence or the Thames, the adventures and achievements of French and British appear to be jointly exploited in this year of Grace, 1908.

#### FEW FRENCH IMMIGRANTS

IN this year of Champlain and the Franco-British Exhibition, when the great *entente* appears to such glowing advantage, it may well occur to the Canadian to reflect over the small French immigration during the Nineteenth Century. The Republic of France may be as pleasant a land as was the kingdom in the days when Mary Stuart sang her eulogistic farewell as she departed for Knox-ruled Scotland. The religious strife which sent so many of her sons abroad disappeared long ago and the modern French agriculturist or merchant appears to find in his native land such opportunity as he may desire. Even in the United States, the great blending-place of race and creed, there is a comparatively small French element. During the last century the immigration rate from France was much lower than that of Germany or Italy and the only colony over which the French displayed any pronounced enthusiasm was Algiers. Should any considerable numbers leave the compact republic during the next score of years, the

claims of this country will surely be taken into consideration, for no country outside the territory of the Tricolour can afford such a congenial home for the French as Eastern Canada. The cry of race animosity is seldom heard in the Dominion of to-day and the language problem is by no means insoluble.

#### UNION OF MUNICIPALITIES

THIS week there is meeting in the city of Montreal, the Union of Canadian Municipalities, of which Alderman L. A. Lapointe is president and Mr. W. D. Lighthall honorary secretary-treasurer. Among the questions to be discussed are: City government by board of control, city government by commission, provincial municipal boards, uniform municipal accounting, sinking funds, bill boards and advertising monstrosities, and the handling of criminals.

This Union is a grand institution. It is doing valuable work through its annual meeting, its branches, and its excellent organ, "The Canadian Municipal Journal," in educating those who are called upon to administer our municipalities and in unifying municipal administration throughout Canada. Since our universities, being busy with the study of Hebrew and Greek, give so little attention to these important topics, it is absolutely necessary that there should be some class-room or lecture-hall to which the students of municipal law and administration may go. The Union supplies the need and hence is deserving of the highest commendation.

#### AN APPEAL TO PACKERS

MORE than once or twice has come the urgent appeal from Canadian representatives abroad that our farmers and fruit-growers should exercise the greatest care in packing the produce sent across the sea. This is a case in which the careless or dishonest packer can do an infinite deal of harm. The reputation for sending defective wares abroad is easily gained for us by a few exporters who either do not know their business or fancy that they know it too well. The yearly waste in this country in the apple trade alone is serious enough without our creating a wrong impression by the cases of inferior fruit badly packed which are sometimes exposed to public criticism at Liverpool. Repeated protests from abroad do not seem to have had the desired effect and it would seem as if the individuals ought to be reached by way of warning. Canada's fruit resources are too magnificent, the methods of the majority of our fruit-dealers are too far above the cheap tricks of the dishonest few, for us to risk considerable discredit by failing to direct attention to the importance of thorough packing of our best orchard and vineyard products.

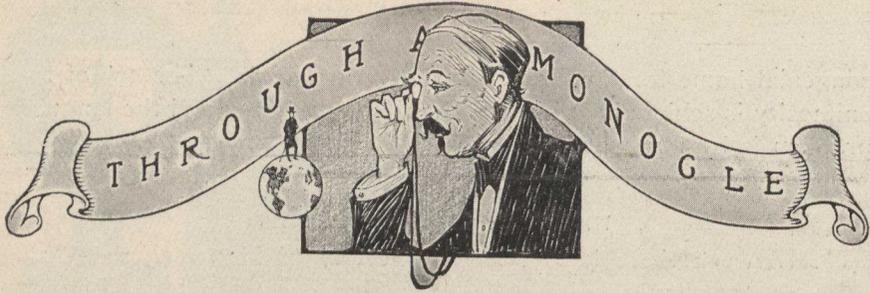
#### CONSOLIDATED SCHOOLS

THE movement for consolidated rural schools seems to have died away. Professor Robertson and Sir William Macdonald have been most generous and persistent, but they are apparently powerless. The farmer dislikes paternalism and also expenditures which come directly out of his pocket. He dislikes direct taxes and believes that schools and school-teachers should be provided by the government.

In order to keep up the consolidated school at Hillsborough, P.E.I., Professor Robertson has offered to contribute \$800, if the parents would contribute \$400 in fees. Towards this school, the provincial government already contributes \$1,015 and the Macdonald fund \$1,400. That Professor Robertson has to adopt so radical a departure in order to keep the school going is discreditable either to the system or to the people of the district. If the school cannot be maintained without private charity, it ought to be abandoned. Self-respect demands some better solution than that at present offered.

#### POLICE AND MUNICIPALITIES

POLITICAL government in large cities, where manhood suffrage obtains, is so much a failure that the police force must be in the hands of an independent commission. In Fredericton, the change from aldermanic control to commission control, was made a few days ago. Most of the other larger cities have already inaugurated the system. Montreal is the only notable exception, and there would be a much better enforcement of the law there if the aldermen could be persuaded to introduce "civil service reform." Politics and the administration of justice should be entirely separate. The enforcement of the law and the prevention of crime are two most important municipal functions. They should be performed by men absolutely independent of any person connected with the business of vote-getting.



WE are now entering the penumbra of the Champlain Tercentenary at Quebec; and most people have decided whether they will make the venture, or stay at home and read about it in the papers. There is much to be said in favour of both plans. Undoubtedly the celebration will be an historic event. The pageant will present to the eye a series of living pictures culled from the most picturesque features of our early history. We will witness the discoverers and founders of Canada at work, and will be able to realise in some degree the sort of world in which they laboured. We will even be shown glimpses of the French courts which these men of courage and restless enterprise left to face danger, hardship and toil amidst savage conditions and savage men. All this sounds very hackneyed to write it; but I rather anticipate that we will get a better sense of the meaning of the words when we see the very figures who did these things playing their roles under our eyes.

\* \* \*

WHILE doing a little reading for the affair, I have been struck, as never before, with the reality of the pioneer spirit. Here was Champlain, for instance, enjoying a pension at the court of Henri Quatre in Paris, the most civilised and luxurious court of the day. He was geographer to the king, and could have lived the life which at that time seemed most attractive to ninety-nine out of every hundred of his fellow-men. But there was a fire in his blood which would not let him rest in the lap of luxury. As soon as he heard of an expedition venturing out to explore the mysterious regions of the New World, he was eager to go with it. Nor was it that he wished to win renown in this way which would advance his position at court. Apparently he did not care two straws about his place at court, except in so far as it enabled him to get the ear of the king and forward his efforts in Canada. He came out to America for the love of the thing itself; and lived through long winters with a handful of companions, so badly fed that they died of scurvy, or even in the tent of an Indian chief.

\* \* \*

THOSE must have been dreary days on Ste. Croix Island, in the "Habitation" at Quebec, in the Huron country in Northern Ontario. Compare it with the festivities and gayeties of the Louvre and Fontainebleau. The winters dragged slowly along with this little company of men wondering whether disease or the spring would reach them first—with less of the interest of the outside world in their lives than so many lumbermen imprisoned in a shanty—with at least nothing to hope for but the final planting of a small and struggling community in the midst of forests and Indians—and, all the while, the gay life went on in Paris and its enviroing chateaux, where the best company in the world was gathered, where the latest play was to be seen, the latest poem heard, the latest picture enjoyed; and these men might have been in the thick of it. But they were thinking of building—not of living. They were carving out for France a new Empire, and preparing the way for the coming to these savages of the Holy Religion.

\* \* \*

SUCH men must be measured by different standards than we are accustomed to apply to life. Their passion is not to get—it is to do. The most of us are hurrying about with our little scoop-nets trying to gather in as much of the flotsam of life as comes within our puny reach; while men of this sort only give our selfish labours and rotting heaps of refuse a passing glance of scorn as they stride on to fields where quarried stone may be laid on quarried stone in solid permanence. They are the architects of the world, while the most of us are only chip-gatherers dodging about between the legs of the Builders. We make ourselves very cosy and warm with our fires of chips, and we are very gay withal as we sit ruddy in the blaze or dance merrily about in the shadows. But, in the morning, there is only a heap of ashes to tell where we have been—and we are a part of it. But up in the morning light rises the stern, grey structure of imperishable stone which the Builders have made; and it will see a

thousand such chip-gathering generations come and go, and cast the flickering light of their casual fires upon the names of the Builders carven over the portals of the edifice that lasts.

\* \* \*

WE have such men in our day; but we can hardly see them for the thronging crowds made up of the rest of us. They never did jostle each other. But Cecil Rhodes was such a man. His accidental wealth may have disguised this fact from us somewhat, but he only got his wealth because it was the chief weapon of the time in which he lived. He was really an Empire-builder. Then Lord Cromer must have had something of that spirit. There are men of this character scattered throughout the country to-day who are thinking more of the future of the nation than of their own little piles of "chips"; but they lack the opportunity or the ability to build high enough for the idlers to see. We stumble over their work on the way to the "show grounds," and heartily curse them for cranks. But they are the "village Champlains" of the present, scorning our ruder Fontainebleaux in this tinsel age, and building as best they can the superstructure of the nation which Champlain died to found.

*Nidmporte*

#### A NOVEL WELCOME.

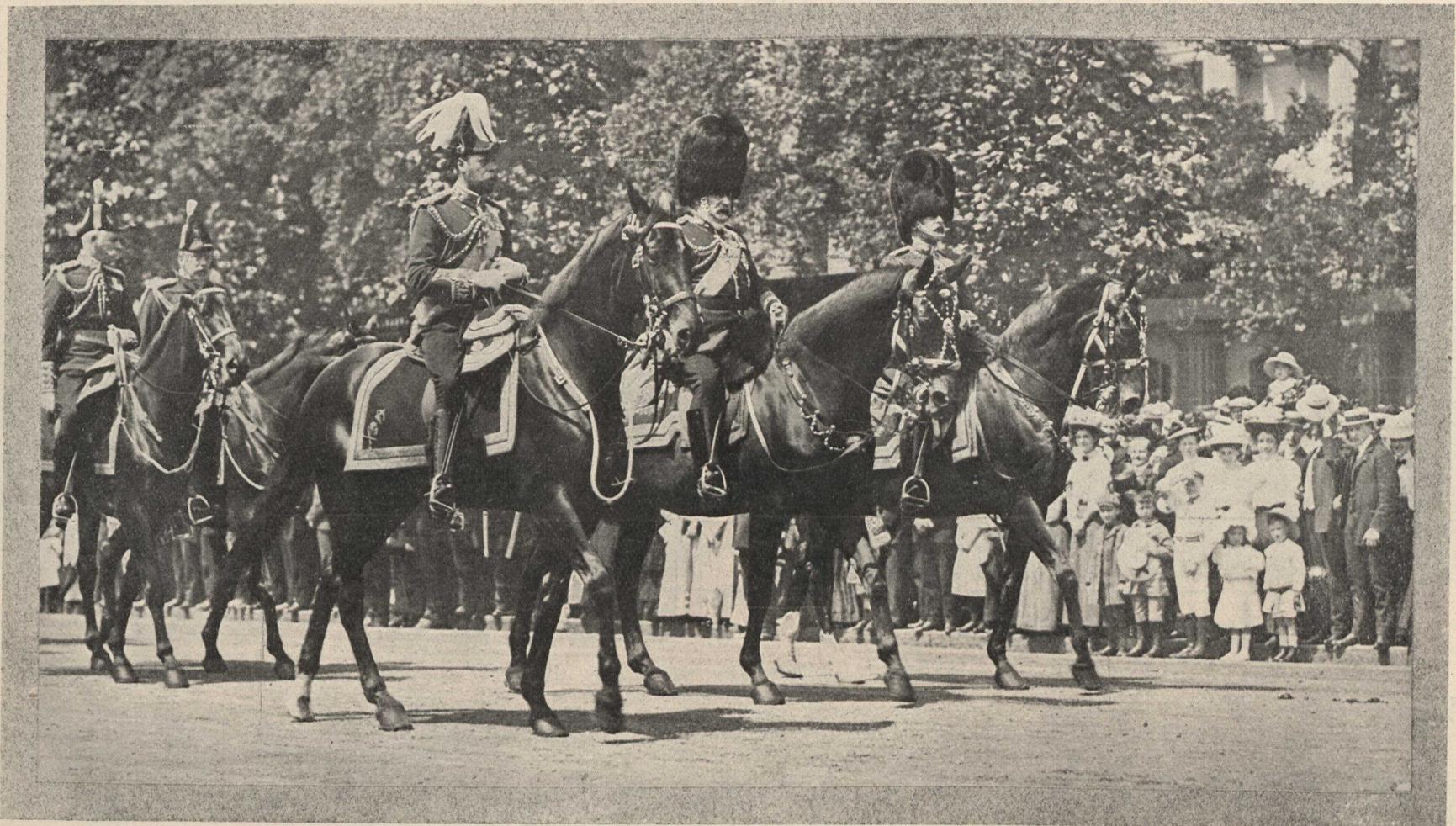
PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT is an enthusiastic soldier, and he has had a thorough military training. On one occasion, says M. A. P., when he was travelling by steamer along a Canadian river, he saw a man standing on the bank who was waving a pocket-handkerchief tied to a stick. The Prince immediately pulled out his own handkerchief and waved back again. "Why did you do that?" asked one of his suite. "The man signalled the words, 'Welcome to Canada,'" replied Prince Arthur, "and I signalled back again, 'Thank you.'" It is worthy of note that although there were a number of officers on board, the Prince was the only person who was able to read the stranger's message. It may be remarked, en passant, that Prince Arthur was some time ago awarded a certificate of proficiency as an instructor from the Aldershot School of Signalling.

#### "THE TIME IS OUT OF JOINT."



John Bull (suffering from emaciation due to famine in imported meat). "Butcher, what of the beef?" Butcher (in elegiac mood). "The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the sea."—Punch. John Bull's meat supply comes from the west side of the Atlantic and this year the supply is somewhat meagre and prices are high.

# IN HONOUR OF KING EDWARD'S BIRTHDAY



His Majesty, King Edward, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught proceeding to the Trooping of the Colours at the Horse Guards Parade on the King's Birthday. The anniversary is celebrated in June, although His Majesty's actual birthday is in November.

## THE FRUIT HARVEST OF VANCOUVER ISLAND



Strawberries that are large and luscious.



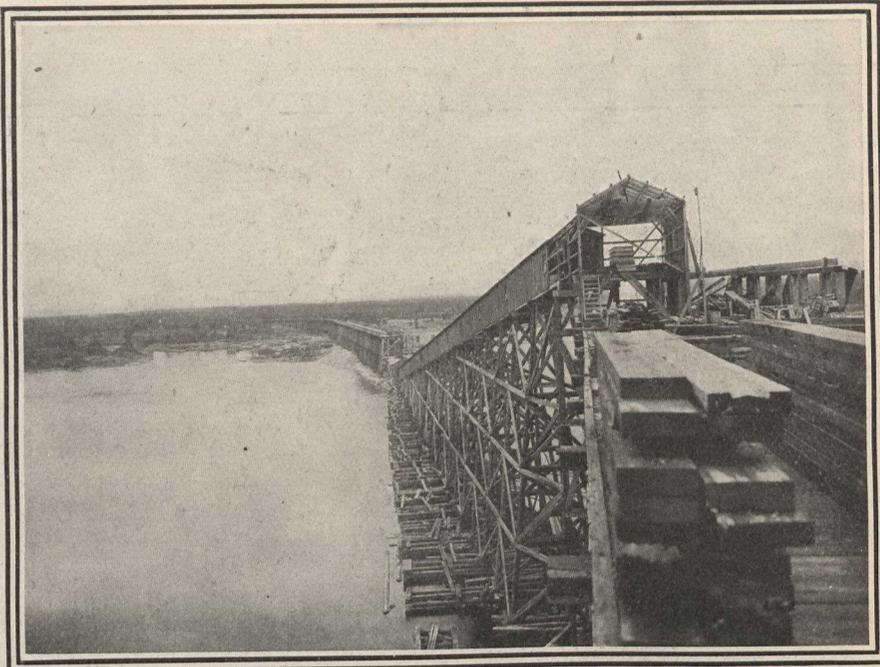
A general view of a Fruit Ranch.



A Red Currant Bush.



Japanese Strawberry Pickers have largely displaced the Indians.



Views of the new Piers and Ore-trestles at Key Harbour, Georgian Bay.

## THE WAY OF THE IRON ORE

**M**ORE than twenty years ago the village of Sudbury was located on the main line of the C.P.R.; and for a large number of years the most that Canadians knew about Sudbury was that it looked quite as desolate as any of the other forlorn little railway towns in that part of the world. Nobody ever spoke about it without regarding it as one of the last places in Canada to see anything but rocks and lumber shanty men, with an occasional diversion by way of a blast of dynamite somewhere back in the hills.

And truly if the old prophet recorded in Kipling's "Kim" had lived at Sudbury he might have asked of many a plainsman from Winnipeg—"What dost thou know of the hills?" For the hills round and about Sudbury looked as though it might need a wise prophet to say there was anything worth knowing about them, except that they were as hard as granite knew how to be, and as high as the eminences some people call mountains.

The hills are the same old hills as they were in the days when the most important thing people knew about Sudbury was that it was mentioned in the geology books as the place where all the world's nickel came from. But even that large fact did not make the modern Sudbury, although by means of nickel the trackside town got to be bigger than a conglomeration of shanties and a resort for lumber-jacks. There are old-timers in Sudbury who remember when the first nickel mine was opened, and when the first sidewalk was built of slabs five feet wide and sixty feet long; but in the same breath they will tell you over and over that now, since the railways began the grand march on the rock town, they have eighteen passenger trains arriving at and leaving that town, which is now something of a city. That again is anticipating and misses altogether the story of how copper got into the calculation; copper, which has given Sudbury a suburb in the shape of Copper Cliff, where three miles away is the huge copper smelter that keeps up a population of two thousand people and provides a rival to Sudbury in baseball. Copper Cliff is about three years old; and the plant at that place cost as much money as the whole town of Sudbury is worth and much more than its assessed value. But Copper Cliff must also be set down to the credit of Sudbury.

Then came the iron—which is the story of Moose Mountain, thirty-five miles north from Sudbury; the hill one hundred and fifty feet high into whose maw you may walk and see the magnetite iron glaring black and green out of the rocks, where the United States professor went hunting moose till he discovered that Moose Mountain had something inside of it bigger and more important than anything alive or dead that happened to be on top of it. That was iron; and iron has much more to do with a railway than moose; and if it were not for the iron of Moose Mountain not half the story about Sudbury could be told.

So there was evidently something in the hills about Sudbury that made it

altogether unnecessary for the settlers to worry much about the churlish soil that had to be scratched a good deal to laugh garden truck, let alone grain. And it was only an economic fact, perhaps, but nevertheless a spectacular surprise, that within sixty days two short lines from the metropolis of Ontario and the second city in Canada should race in to that blinking little city with their first trains over the line, their new timetables, and their new ways of putting not only Toronto on two main lines west, but also Sudbury on two main lines south and Parry Sound on the same route as Sudbury.

Hence the splurge. Hence the hope of Sudbury; the merry march and clank of the railroads and the jaunt to Moose Mountain where by now there is a great, ragged hole in the hill whence come great hummocks of iron ore. The plant at Moose Mountain is not one of those palatial outfits so dear to the imagination of the British promoter; but a rough and ready wooden thing that happens to have all the insides necessary to test out Moose Mountain to the limit before it becomes needful to sink a fortune in a new and improved permanent plant. Here are crushers and grinders; the ore that comes out raw from the blasting is trundled out on a track from which the cars are unloaded into a gentle, jiggling, oscillatory crusher that cracks the hummocks of sixty-per-cent. iron as a squirrel cracks oak nuts, and sends them on down to a lower level to the grinder that pulps the stuff till it looks like a heap of ordinary nut coal; and then the ore from Moose Mountain is ready for the decks of the ore cars.

Now, Moose Mountain is still a rude, raw thing there in the heart of a rusty solitude; a coughing, black and fretful thing that makes the moose cropping on the hills wonder what is going to happen next; but it is an economic fact that spells out to a finality many miles away from the hills where the moose are. For if you follow the spur line of the Canadian Northern back you get once more to the main line of the new short route that leads

southward and away to Toronto and Parry Sound—and to Key Harbour.

Key Harbour is one of those creations that used to be read about in fairy and giant stories. It is also a place of historic interest, for it was here at the mouth of the French River that Champlain first saw Georgian Bay and the beginning of the rest of the great lakes that he thought he had left behind him down around Lachine.

"What are you going to call this place?" was asked of an official of the line. The official scarcely knew. Key Harbour is good enough just now; but in view of the history and that this is the great Champlain year, some one thought the place should be called Fort Champlain.

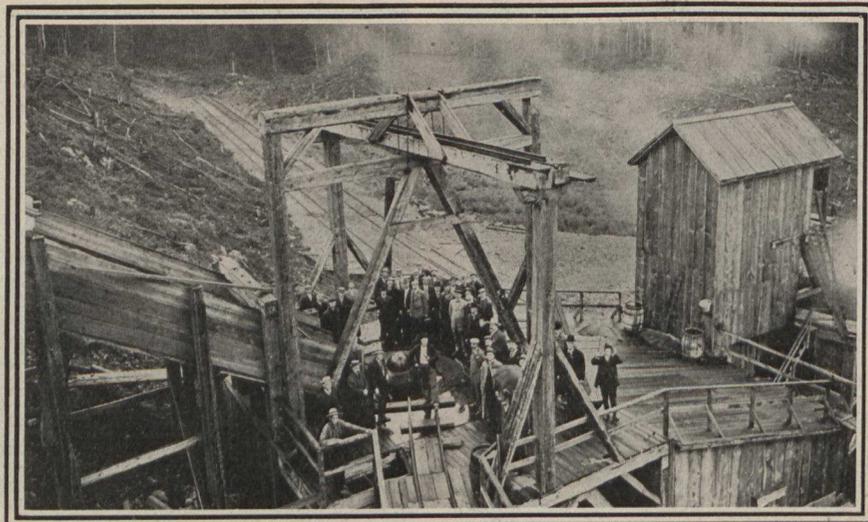
However, the place does very well just now without calling. It is as different from Moose Mountain as a wood-yard is different from a coal mine or a foundry. At present the biggest thing there is the ore dock and the chute and the elevator; docks on which trains may run from the big hill levels loaded with ore, and dump to the drop below where the ore that the ship-holds cannot carry away may be stored and loaded by a chain carrier and elevator.

Rather crude as yet; but nigh to half a million invested there in wood and iron to make an outlet for the ore from Moose Mountain; the ore that may also be shipped from Parry Sound—for the man from Parry Sound is on the job and he has nine reasons to one why, if there are docks and ships and train-loads of ore, they should be at the Sound, which has the finest natural harbour along the shore.

So from Moose Mountain to the smelter at Midland or Toronto or Hamilton or all, is a long swing in the imagination for the folk in the moose country; for the dwellers in the hills that for so long have been undisturbed by anything bigger than a moose. But it is all the beginning of a new way up on those hills; part of the story of brains and capital, and energy applied to the problem of making the hills shell out their contents, and the railways haul it out to the places where it meets the coal.

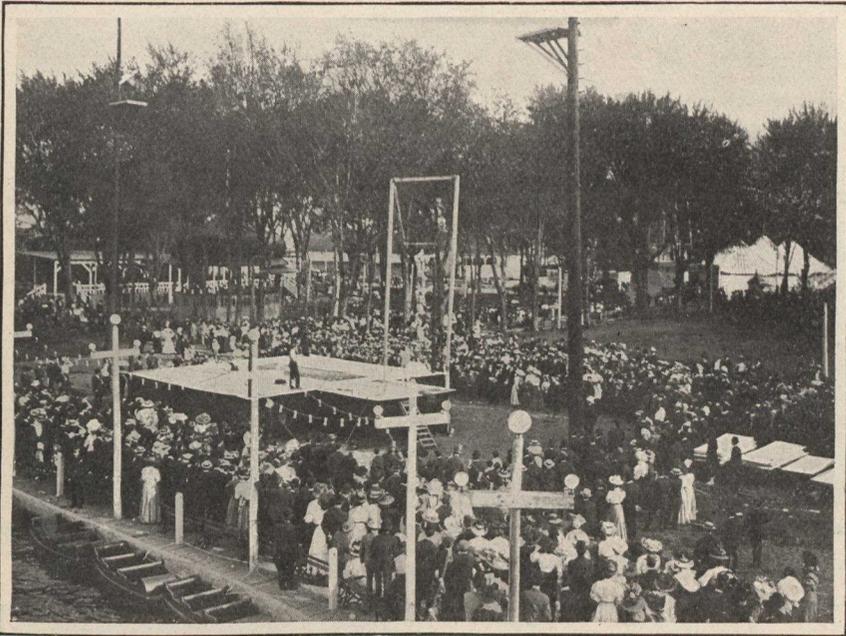
Coal—! Here comes a fuel man who years ago used to punch up into those granite hills for cordwood and used to wonder what would happen to the fuel trade in Toronto when the cordwood was too far away to haul at a profit. He says that meeting the coal from the United States may be necessary at present. But he also urges in no uncertain voice that it is the duty of governments to explore the hill and to see if the heights that hold the copper and the nickel and the iron do not also contain the coal that is needed to unite these into a big economic and industrial fact right on the premises—making it necessary to haul out nothing but the finished products.

With a coal find in these regions they will form Richest Ontario, giving the province which has prided itself on agriculture a stern, rock-filled district with all the material in its own dark hills for a new way for the iron.

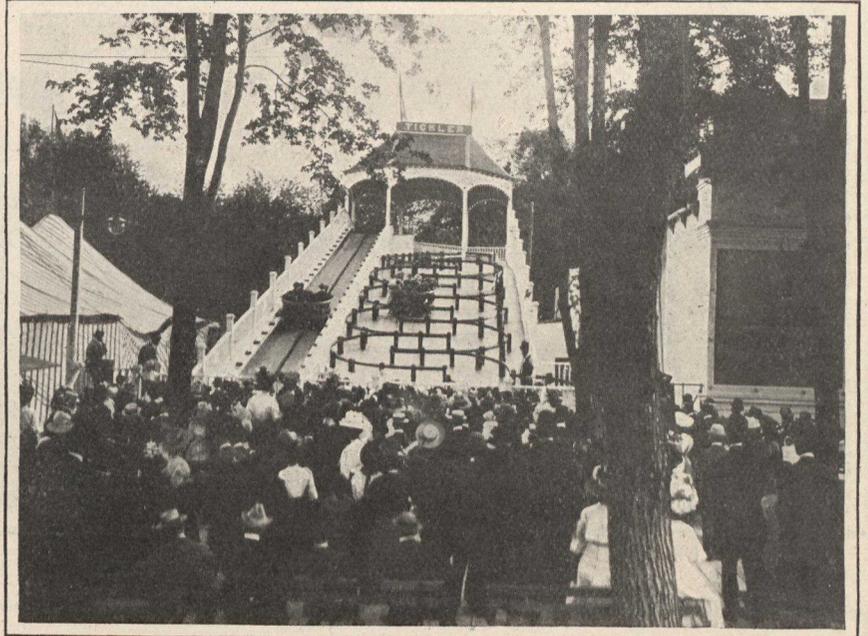


Around the Crusher, Moose Mountain Iron Mines.

# SUMMER AMUSEMENTS IN OUR LARGER CITIES



A General View of the Open Air Performances—The smaller shows cost from ten to twenty-five cents besides the general admission of ten cents. There are also usually a few open-air attractions in addition to a free band concert.



The Tickler—A tub on wheels with a cushioned circular bench is started down a bumpy incline. By the time it reaches the end of its journey, the occupants are pretty well shaken up.



Lighted Tower.



Listening to the Band Concert, (Toronto)



Scenic Railway.



A crowd of Newsboys enjoying a special outing at the Park.



Distributing Gifts to Orphan Children who have been given an outing by the Automobile Club. See page 17

## White Cities

CANADA has long had amusement parks of one kind or another. A permanent amusement park with continuous performances during the summer months is an institution of recent growth. Hanlan's Point, Toronto, an amusement place controlled by the Toronto Ferry Company, is one of the oldest and still one of the best. Sohmer Park, Montreal, can probably boast an equal age. Dominion Park, also in Montreal,

marked the beginning of a new era. It is a "white city" such as are to be found in all the larger cities of the United States. It was followed last year by Scarborough Beach Park, Toronto, and by the Happyland Park, Winnipeg.

The photographs shown here were taken in Dominion Park and Scarborough Beach Park and are typical of all white cities. Within the walled enclosure, to which patrons pay a 10-cent admission, there are all sorts of amusements such as were to be seen on the Midway at Chicago's World's Fair, and the Pike at St. Louis World's Fair. The "Shoot the Chutes," the Scenic Railway, the free

band concert and the free open-air performance are supplemented by a number of small entertainment houses. These latter are designed to afford amusement for children and the varying tastes of adults, and incidentally to swell the coffers of the park. The visitor may go into the House of Nonsense, the Musical Theatre or the Incubator House. He can buy candy for the children or take them for a ride on the donkies or the merry-go-round. There are places for picnics and a lunch room. In short, there are within the walls all the devices for innocent amusement known to the experts who cater to the public along this line.

# THE DOMINION FAIR AT CALGARY



Red Indians in Holiday Dress entering the Gates on Opening Day.



Great interest was taken in the Horse Races.



The Fair was attended by about 100,000 people.



From the Entrance to the Grounds—One of the Prettiest Views.



A General View of the Race Track, Judging Ring and Grand Stand.

# PEOPLE AND PLACES

**T**HE Dreamers are the latest trouble of the Mounted Police; and for rough doings they give promise of being a much different problem from the late wandering Doukhobors. For the Doukhobors hadn't even clothes, whereas these fanatics from the south who desire to discover the promised land of the Doukhobors are well provided with rifles and knives and revolvers. They threaten to open fire if arrested; and the well-known restraint of the police may be counted on to keep the actual bloodshed down to a minimum. It would be so easy just to shoot the fanatics down—for they are doubtless wild shooters that could not hit a man on a horse except by accident. But the mounted police have never been addicted to massacres even in the Indian days, and it is hardly probable they have changed their traditional tactics with the Dreamers.

**I**T seems that a seaman down in Halifax has been fasting for thirty-four days; not because he was a fanatic, but because he couldn't get anything to eat. Thomas Meikle held a mate's certificate when he was found on a pile of rags near an old vacant distillery in Point Pleasant Park, and for more than a month, unable to get work and too proud to beg, he had been wandering in the by-way places of Halifax till his original two hundred and thirty pounds was worn down to half that weight.

**VICTORIA**, whose newspaper men sometimes complain that the English city on the island is not up in modernity to the hustling towns on the plains, has evolved one very modern thing that Saskatoon and Calgary and Edmonton and Winnipeg will never have in a million years. That is a high pressure salt-water system for putting out fires. The system has been installed by the B. C. Electric Railway Company and is in style a replica of the plant which the city fathers intend to put up. The plant was tested the other day and a Victoria newspaper report summarizes the system somewhat as follows:

"A ten and twelve-inch suction main feeds the salt water into the pump, which forces it through the six and eight-inch mains which the company has laid throughout its premises. On the latter are seven three-outlet hydrants and twelve stand-pipes throughout the buildings and yards. Ordinarily these mains are filled with water from the city's system, but as soon as the alarm is given the man in charge of the pump pulls a lever which turns on the motor, and inside of a few seconds the salt water at high pressure is available, the valve admitting the fresh water from the city's system to the company's mains being automatically shut off."

**W**HEN a far eastern man goes west he is likely to do some things that even the born westerner does not dream of doing. Mr. Karl M. Creelman, of Truro, N.S., who now lives in Winnipeg, has completed the circuit of the world on a bicycle. Of course Mr. Creelman did not ride his bike on any of the seven seas, but he kept to his saddle every inch it was possible to find *terra firma* enough to wheel on. The remarkable thing about the story is that it took place nearly ten years ago and it has only now come to light. It was in 1899 that Mr.

Creelman left his Truro home, which he had never left before, and started on this globe-trotting trip. When he left his native town he had three cents which was handed him by one of a gang of small boys that followed him out of town to see where he was going. His itinerary runs thus-wise: He crossed the American continent, passing through Winnipeg on August 25th, 1899, and afterwards went to Vancouver, thence to Melbourne and across Australia; thence to China, Japan, Ceylon and across India, where he was four months ill of malarial fever in Benares. Next he went to Bombay, whence he sailed to Aden, visited through Arabia, the Suez Canal, and Egypt, where he spent five weeks. He went through England, Scotland and Ireland, returned to London, crossed the continent of Europe and did Belgium, Holland, Germany, Italy and France, crossed back to Liverpool and returned thence home to Nova Scotia.

**A** MAN who has built five thousand boats lives in Vancouver. Andy Linton is the oldest boat-builder in British Columbia and probably the oldest in Canada except those famous veterans we hear of every little while down in the Maritime Provinces. Andy does not build ocean liners; but he puts up mighty good fishing smacks and gold-prospectors' boats, and he has been turning these out at the rate of nearly one boat a day for the last twenty-five years. Of course he has help and a little saw-mill, as well as most of the modern appliances for craft-making. And there is perhaps no boat-builder in the world whose crafts have plied on a greater variety of waters or seen more hazardous and topsyturvy trips than these barques of Andy that are built to suit the streams they navigate as well as ever were the birch bark canoes of the oldest boat-builders in America—the Indians.

**W**HALING in the St. Lawrence is the latest fish story evolved during the recent hot weather. Nobody of late has seen the proverbial sea-serpent anywhere, so that the Montreal whale seems to fill what is popularly known as a long felt want. The regrettable feature of the story is that the whale did not make a dramatic escape churning the water to a foam on its way to the finny deep, but it was actually harpooned a few miles below Montreal by the well-known local whaler, Joseph Pilon. Mr. Pilon had no whaling outfit, either, such as they have up at Herschell Island. All he had was a crew and a couple of stout skiffs in which he had about all the excitement that comes to the average seaman in a lifetime—till along about evening, opposite Varennes, whose inhabitants will vouch for the story, he caught the whale, twenty-five feet long, and towed it back to Montreal.

**B**OSTON capitalists promise to make the Fraser River the biggest gold-dredging field in the world. They state that the Fraser River swarms with placer gold at an average of twenty cents a cubic yard of material lifted, when ten cents a yard would be a paying proposition. New dredges will be built at once to replace the old ones which have been letting gold slide by them for a good many years. One of these gold dredges is a remarkable

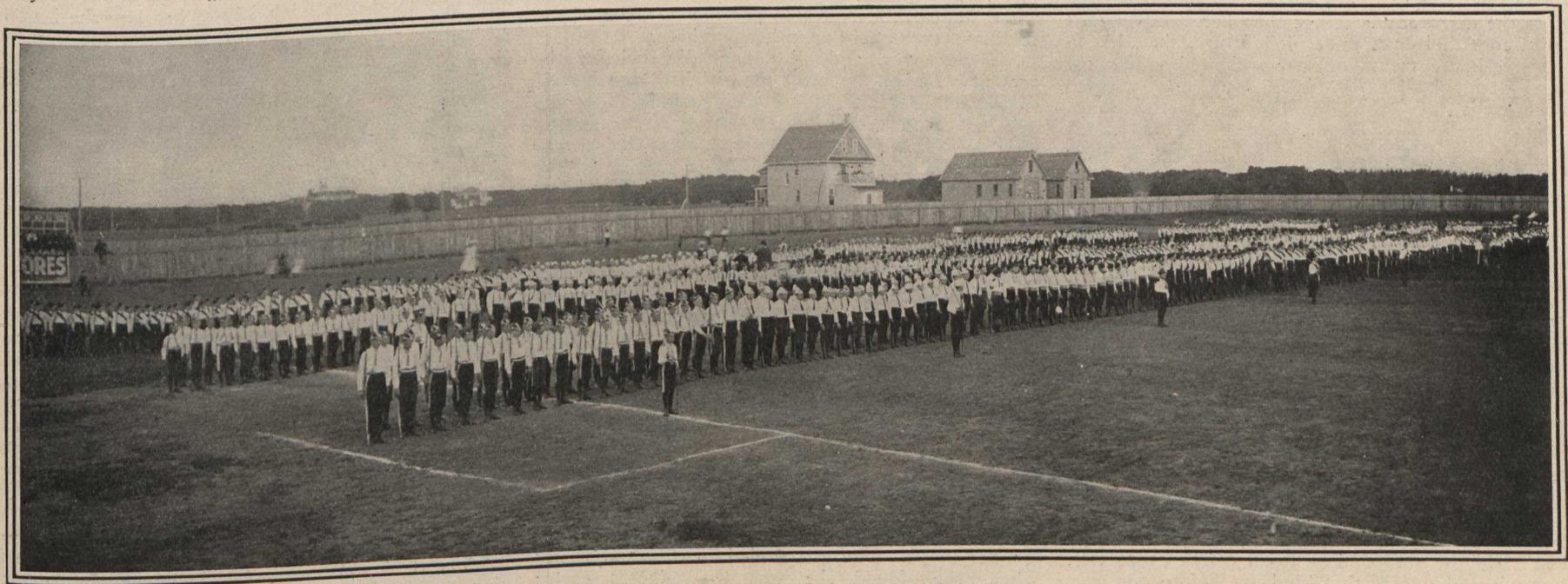
sight; quite as unusual a craft as can be found on any waters; anchored and guy-roped in mid-stream it is a combination of barge and factory and steam-shovel—most of the excitement of railroad-building, with the difference that the stuff taken out by the dredge has money in it.

**D**EAN FERNOW, of the School of Forestry in Toronto University, is one of the most cultured members of the faculty of that institution, and he has charge of a department that nowadays is a great deal more practical value to Canada than Greek and Latin roots. The roots of the trees and the mathematics of forestry are Dean Fernow's particular business. At the same time the Professor takes a keen interest in music and in art. In his address to the Nova Scotia Lumbermen's Association on July 1st, he outlined a forestry policy for Canada in the following summary:

"That a shortage of natural supplies is in sight; that wasteful lumbering not only destroys useful material, but wastes the soil; that climate and water-flow are unbalanced by forest destruction. Nobody in his senses would proclaim that a timber famine is in sight in Canada, if only the needs of the present population are to be considered, for Canada has at present the largest per capita allowance of forest area in the world, namely, at least 40 acres, or more than five times as much acreage as the next best supplied countries, Sweden or the United States."

**T**HOSE highly moral folk down in Chatham are incensed over the skull-fancyings of some people who have been picking up relics from the river bank of the old graveyard eaten into by the Thames. Various opinions obtain as to the immorality of this practice; some were always indignant when London medical students went down there and picked up a few for scientific purposes; others are quite sure that the present skull-fanciers are vandals. At the same time there was once a clergyman in Catham who on a visit to Walpole Island bought of a Pottawatonic Indian a beautiful skull for five dollars; and as he was crossing the island with his booty he was met by a reverent if not reverend old chief who forbade him to remove the ancient skull—because he did not believe in the traffic of skulls. As to whether a white man's bones are more sacred than an Indian's, neither science nor religion has yet declared.

**A** CERTAIN lady whose home is she scarcely knows where is just now having a royal time at the expense of one of the steamship companies at Victoria. Not being desired in Victoria, she was deported towards Seattle; but at Seattle she was not wanted, so she was retransported towards Vancouver, where she was not permitted to land. Already she has made four round trips on the triangular run between Victoria, Vancouver and Seattle and has been living luxuriously, fanned by ocean breezes and fed on the best the bill of fare affords, but unable to land anywhere. Querv: When airships come into vogue, how will the authorities prevent undesirable immigrants from landing? And what a fine time it will be for the smugglers!



One Thousand Schoolboys on Review in Winnipeg, on occasion of the annual inspection of the Cadets. The drilling is supervised by Lieut.-Col. Billman of the 90th Regiment.



T H E

# THIRTEEN WEEKS

A Romance in Three Chapters

By VIOLET IRWIN



## RESUME OF CHAPTERS I AND II.

This story by a Canadian writer describes an episode in the life of Miss Athol Munroe, a vivacious young lady who was cool enough to dare men to become engaged to her. One of these was a Mr. Pendleton, who held an option on a big Cobalt property and was trying to sell said option and make a fortune. Another was a visiting engineer from the United States, also interested in the same mining deal. On the first occasion that Miss Munroe met Hebdon they signed an agreement to become "affianced husband and wife." Their bantering went so far that the lady made a false step—she asked the man to kiss her at parting. This made a doubtful impression upon Hebdon, who, until this occurrence, seemed to be greatly impressed with the bright and witty young lady. Athol writes repeatedly to Hebdon after his departure but comes to the conclusion when she receives only one letter, that he regards the evening's "engagement" as a joke.

## III.



THE crisis in her own affairs began to weigh upon Athol to the exclusion of all else. Having run on the rocks herself she was now fully persuaded of the excellence and wisdom of Margaret's course, and had made a flying visit to the country, "Just to see if she could stand it!" Margaret had

smiled over the lengthy telegram that, regardless of expense, explained her coming. It was characteristic of Athol to decide to live on interest now that she had spent the capital.

The first day had passed quickly enough on the wings of intimate talk and gossip; the second as pleasantly in driving about the country; on the third a heavy rain shut them in and it dragged unmistakably, the next crawled to an early and welcome bed hour, and on the fifth day Athol had taken her departure.

"Don't think me altogether horrid," she had said, as they stood on the little station platform, deserted save for themselves and an emaciated mail bag. "It is not that I don't want to stay with you, dear, but I could not live in this place, that is all!"

"No, I see that you could not," the older woman had replied with a touch of wistfulness. For a moment weakness seemed to be in the ascendant; it was very nice and very simple just not to be able to do the disagreeable thing; then her mind jumped ahead to Athol's yet undecided future, that, like a boarding-house menu, offered a limited variety of equally unpalatable provision, and in her own monotonous days tasted the sweets of certainty.

"Let me know what you decide!" she had called through the window, and Athol, sparkling now with the thought of her return to the city, had gaily shouted back:

"My romance may pan out yet, you know! I counted and the first of May is exactly thirteen weeks from the night of our dinner; thirteen has always been my fatal number!"

The train moved out, and Margaret, standing alone, wondered if her little sister was building a castle of hope on the sand. It had only been a little joke, that last remark, she knew, but it proved the thing to be still in her mind, a hovering possibility.

By the end of March Athol had worried herself sick and Mrs. Martin-Brown, seeing how things promised to go, had carried her off for a trip to New York, giving Arthur Dobson the name of their hotel and wisely refraining from mentioning it to her companion. The wily woman knew that wealth is never surer of its strength and attractiveness than amid the surrounding luxury of a great city. It is when things of that kind are before our eyes that we want them most; in Canada, Sherry's and a box at the opera are but pleasant sounds and

memories; in New York they become vital and their possession a necessity.

For the first week Athol had given herself up to gaiety and enjoyment; the shops proved an alternate torment and delight to the impoverished girl, but the evenings, arranged by Mr. Dobson and his accomplice, left nothing to be desired.

Then George had announced his intention of coming to the city, and Athol had not forbidden him. On alien soil they seemed to get away from the laws that bound him, and he was the strongest bulwark in her fast weakening defence against Dobson; the girl realised uneasily that in all their gaiety the latter had been a persistent, and if not desirable, at least an indispensable, figure. But it was not until she was face to face with the other man, that she realised how utterly tiresome he had been.

For this one morning she managed to elude Mrs. Martin-Brown, and met George in the museum; there was hardly a chance of their being discovered, but the possibility added a spice of romance to their meeting, not unacceptable to the girl. Wandering together for an hour in the galleries she was very kind to him, allowing him to hold her hand surreptitiously behind a stone sarcophagus, and even to kiss her beneath the dome of the model Pantheon, more for the fun of the thing than for sentiment!

They drove down Riverside in a pelting rain, welcoming the steamed glass of the hansom as guard against possible recognition by some penetrating and too knowing eye. Like children they built a house of cards and dreamed a promised land and at last, grown bold, lunched together at Martin's. Wit mingled with their wine and the perfect, understanding sympathy between them gave a rare flavour to the simple meal. In answer to his devotion she found in herself a greater tenderness than she had ever before confessed; so for the moment they lived en Espagne.

The quest of a necessary trifle took them across Twenty-Third Street and into one of the larger stores, and as Athol crossed the door the house of cards, that had for the past hour seemed so secure a dwelling, fell scattering about her feet; Spain vanished with its rainbow tinted landscape; all at once they were back in the throbbing heart of the big American city, and not ten feet in front of her stood Mrs. Martin-Brown!

As a physical or mental shock may bring a man suddenly from under the influence of alcohol, the evidence of her sight dashed the intoxication of her dream forever; without an exclamation or sign of any kind that might have attracted attention, the girl turned and swiftly left the place, followed in amazement by George, who had not seen the all too familiar figure intent upon her purchase.

It was over, and all danger diverted for the present. For one moment the girl had seen herself suspended over the pit of social annihilation, she had felt as a criminal feels fleeing from justice, and the dream was done. Mrs. Martin-Brown was a good and tried friend, but also a woman of the old school of absolute conventionality. She knew George, knew his wife, and all the commonplace, unhappy story of two personalities at variance, of discord, dissent, and as one wore on the other, almost enmity, and knowing all her eyes would have been very quick to seize on the significance of his appearance with Athol, and to condemn it; and to be condemned by Mrs. Martin-Brown was, in the social pool of their city, to be lost.

Yet even in the horror of her first shock Athol could not help being amused to find, so keen had been the perception of her senses in that one second, she even knew that Henriette was at the time buying a pair of tan silk hose. She and George could laugh in their ultimate safety, but the afternoon was spoiled the flavour gone and each was secretly relieved when a tea appointment made it necessary for her to go. The girl smiled wearily and wisely when she found she was ten minutes early; romances are all very well, but the real castle in Spain is apt to be damp and unventilated.

They stayed in New York longer than they had intended, one link in the chain of amusement being hardly completed before another was in the forge, and it was not until the very last days of April that Athol reached home. Without giving any reason she had insisted on being back before the first of May, for now the date was approaching it had begun to haunt her; reason forbade her but she still cherished a hope.

Since that one happy day with George the monotony of Arthur Dobson had seemed more than ever dreadful to her; but money was fearfully low with her now, and she had unconsciously set this date as the deciding point. After the first of May there seemed only days—an interminable number of days and years, a great darkness with only the candle light of his possible coming to relieve it. How small that chance was she did not dare to say to herself, or rather she had told herself a hundred times that there was no chance, none whatever, and yet on the morning of the first persisted in waking up with a feeling of expectation; and as she lay collecting her dream-scattered thoughts, suddenly the date smote with a white light on her mind. She shut her eyes and tried to make time pass, then rose reluctantly and dressed, consuming as long as possible in the operation. It was going to be an endless day, and she had kept herself free from engagements on purpose.

She remained indoors all morning, calling herself a silly goose, for who but the most ardent lover would come so early? Yet every ring brought her to the head of the stairs with a listening ear. After lunch she took some work and sat in the window, but never had work seemed less interesting; as time went on her hands trembled with expectation and her ears ached with listening, and all the time she was calling herself a silly goose, till the clock began to tick it out with its wig-wag tongue, and she almost fancied that it pointed a derisive hand at her: "Silly goose, silly goose, silly goose!"

No man would come on such an errand after ignoring her letters, but if he did not come he might write, and she could hardly keep still when on the last mail she saw the carrier come up to the door. She seized eagerly the envelope the maid brought but it was only a bluish-white, oblong and very thin, and loudly proclaimed its nature without the address of her milliner in the upper corner. It was a large bill she knew and she preferred not to look at it just now; so she waited, and soon her heart began to ache with a dying hope. It was already half-past five and if he did not come by six she must give him up; her hands lying idly in her lap, she began to wonder if after all she had cared for the man.

The mere chance of evading Arthur Dobson for a thing possibly worse would surely not make her feel like this. With all her romantic tendency she had not gone the length of believing in love at first sight, but perhaps love did not wait to be believed in; after all she might be in love, not with the man, but with the image of him she had created in her own brain. What if he stood in the door now and was unlike her vision of him? She was afraid for a moment, but could he be less attractive to her than Dobson?

Athol began to pace the floor and to think hard. They were grim thoughts; luck had been against her always, this time she had played on the wrong colour and played the fool into the bargain, and thinking of Dobson she began to be a little bit uneasy about that foolish little contract. What, she wondered, had Hebdon done with the paper? Pish!—chucked it into the waste-paper basket and her letters after it! She looked at the clock and found it five minutes to the hour, then she began to walk about again and to think of Dobson, but even estimating the convenience of his wealth and his great devotion to herself failed to hide or to reflect a glory on his dullness. She could find no objection to him, only that he was too nice; and tomorrow he would come and sit just so in the arm-chair as he had sat before, and tell her of his love

in a few well-chosen and carefully enunciated words, as he had done several times before, and then he would ask her to be his wife.

She took a book and set her mind deliberately on the text and when she had read for what seemed quite five minutes she looked up. It was one minute to six. She read again for a long time without taking in a word of the sense. This time she was afraid to look; five minutes past! Hope lay dead, and it seemed to Athol that in setting a limit she had slain him with her own hand; still trains were late, cars delayed, she would wait till a quarter after. The sickness of hope deferred was upon her, a great emptiness within and without.

When the hands pointed to the quarter she closed her book and rose wearily; she had been the dupe of her own faith in a saving chance, and suddenly she felt old. Well, she would dress, for to-night must be lived through—and to-morrow would bring Arthur Dobson! Already she saw his ghost sitting in the armchair, waiting. Of course she knew if she asked for a week or two weeks longer she would get it; one of her chief grievances against him was that he always gave in. Then the

thought of that bluish-white envelope came to her mind with its warning. There were many other white envelopes, thin ones, on their way to her, she knew. Why wait? It would be better to have it over; fortunately there would be unlimited credit for the future Mrs. Dobson. She felt very sorry for herself and two great tears that had been long held back rolled down over her cheeks.

There were wheels outside but she had listened so often without cause that now she paid no heed. They stopped and her heart seemed to stop with them. A ring, a step in the hall and a man's broad shoulders in the doorway, and the girl stood with trembling knees, for he had come!

One moment Hebdon hesitated, his eyes unaccustomed to the light, then he crossed straight to her.

"What! Crying?" he said, and a tender railery in his voice seemed to add, "Is this a reception for a lover?"

Again the eyes, star-innocent and clear, were raised to his.

"I was afraid you wouldn't come," she said simply.

Then he took her in his arms, and because she saw he was laughing at her Athol hid her face in his coat. She felt his lips touch her hair softly.

"I have a pledge to return," he said, "a pledge of sincerity," and she allowed him to do it with interest.

"Why didn't you write?" she asked presently, when she conveniently could, and John Hebdon, smiling at the eternal feminine, answered honestly:

"Your letters were too clever, little woman. I saw you could run with any class—and knew I could not; so I was afraid of wearying you with my own dullness, for I wanted you to want to come with me as well as to do it. We leave to-morrow evening. I have taken a passage for myself and my wife sailing Thursday, and I must have one day in New York."

To-morrow! This was his will then, and well she knew he would take no denial! She felt the mastery in his voice, and the strength of him, and his arms about her, and she laughed aloud, joyfully, right in the face of the Dobson Ghost.

THE END.

# A BEGGAR TO CHEER

A COMPLETE STORY BY IAN MACLAREN

IT was a hot summer day, and there was not a breath of air in the schoolroom where the prizes were being given. For an hour the boys had gone up to the platform and received their honours from a distinguished general officer, who had come in full uniform, because he was going to review the cadet corps, and seemed to be on the verge of apoplexy. The refrain fell as a soothing murmur on one's ears. "Second Form, first prize, Tomkins, junior. Second prize, Gregory Tertius. Special prize for Latin prose, Denham. Third Form, first prize," and we had it over again with only a change of names. I was falling into a pleasant mood of meditation, and was just withdrawing within my subliminal self, as the Psychological Research Society would say, and hastening away to some foreign land, when my nephew, for whose sake a middle-aged and moderately stout gentleman was making a Christian martyr of himself, nudged me unceremoniously, and brought me back from my wanderings.

"Wake up, and watch for all you're worth." We were on friendly terms. "Biggest event of the day coming off, and we are all as keen as mustard to know who is the winner. Latin verse? I should think not, nor any of that rot. It's the merit prize, and this is how they work the show. Old Daddy—that's the head, you know—and the form masters meet, and after a big pow-wow they settle who's the fellow that has done best in the school over the whole concern. See?" And when I didn't quite see, he explained at greater length. "It's the fellow who has done his work as well as he could, whether he got any prizes or not, and who played the games like a good sportsman whether he was smart or slow at them, and who was a decent, straight, good-natured chap in his house, and a fellow that the school liked. The masters are pretty cute, and know more about the fellows than they think, and if it isn't old MacKinnon pulls it off, I'll—well, I'll eat my hat." And I had never seen my hopeful nephew in such a state of honest and unselfish excitement.

It was not necessary for Dick to pay forfeit in the way he promised, or perform any other sleight-of-hand trick, for after the head had given an elaborate and didactic explanation of the theory of this prize, during which the General nodded approval and twisted his moustache, he approached the crisis, and it was the only moment in the day when there was anything approaching stillness in that room.

"After the most careful and impartial consideration, my colleagues and I have unanimously agreed to present for this honour, in certain ways the highest given in this ancient school, the name of Donald Ian MacKinnon."

Before the name was out, my scapegrace, by way of being in the front flight, had already one foot on the form and on the tail of my coat, and before the first syllable of MacKinnon's former Christian name had passed the master's lips, he was standing bodily on my coat, and at the last syllable of the surname he let off the first yell. After which it was pandemonium, and although I have heard noises in my day, and seen tumults, I never witnessed anything like the uproar which followed on the award of the merit prize. Every boy stood on the highest thing he could find, and so wrought upon susceptible

relatives and old boys present that they also hastened to climb wherever they could get foothold, while mothers and sisters, as well as the young women generally, carried away by the contagion of emotion, clapped their hands and waved handkerchiefs, and made some gallant attempts to join in the cheer. Personally, I object to any commotion, and especially inside a building—I do not see why people should not control themselves, and express their approbation quietly; but in sheer self-defence, because everyone round me was standing on something, and I was left, as it were, in a pit, and in danger of being suffocated, I scrambled up—though quite unsuited now for mountaineering—beside Dick, and according to the libellous accounts he gave in the family, "cheered like old boots, and made a bigger shindy than any visitor in the room." This was, of course, a pure and scandalous invention, but I secured one advantage by joining my nephew on the form. I had a full and satisfying view of the winner of the blue ribbon. What the General said to him was as follows:

"Proud to give you this—eh—prize. Most honourable—ha—hum. Shows lots of pluck and—eh—staying power. Made good start—eh. Stick in and be—er—credit to school and country and—er—good soldier of the Queen. Like to shake hands with you."

During this masterly deliverance I could only see MacKinnon's back, which suggested indescribable misery, and when he turned round, amid cheers that might have rent the roof, I was rather disappointed by the front view. He was short and stocky, powerfully but clumsily built, with a heavy and unintelligent face, and I could see in him no sign of talent and no grace of distinction. He came heavily down the little stair and stumped along the passage, white and scared looking, and plunged in among a group of his fellows like one anxious to hide himself after some disgraceful escapade.

"No," said Dick, when I questioned him about this favourite of the school, "he's not what you would call clever at his class work, for he'll never get past the fourth form, and he's not very strong in games—never was in his house eleven or fifteen; he can run a bit, and he came in third for the mile, but of course he isn't made for a sprinter. Fact is," said Dick with some reluctance, "old Donald is a bit heavy all over." And then, as some further explanation was necessary, Dick opened the mystery.

"He does as well as he can, and a fellow can't do any more, but the strong point about old Don is that he's so jolly glad when another chap pulls off the event, and he's always round about with a cheer. He goes with his house team to every match and if a fellow drives a four or kicks a goal you could hear Don a mile off, and if some beastly swat gets a scholarship at the 'Varsity and Daddy preaches a sermon over it, Don will scream himself hoarse, as if he had got the scholarship himself. He's always doing decent things to little chaps, and always glad if another fellow has luck. Don't know whether you quite catch on, but that's why he's the best-liked fellow in the school. He's such a beggar to cheer."

Three years afterwards Dick had obtained his commission, and was under orders for South Africa. He came down for a final visit, and after we had

talked of many things I inquired what had become of MacKinnon, and Dick woke at once to enthusiasm.

"Well, you see, he had horrid bad luck in the Sandhurst exam.; if the examiners had had the sense of a tom-tit they would have let him straight through, for he has the constitution of a jackass and nerves of steel, don't you know; and he can see further than any man I ever met; and he has more sense in his head than all those fool examiners together. But they stuck him in French or German—it doesn't matter which; so the poor chap didn't get into the army. There's no end to his pluck, though—and if he didn't get a commission in his militia battalion up in the north, and have another shy for the army through their examination; but the fools plucked him again. Horrid hard lines, and a pretty jolly loss to the army, missing old Don. How he would have drilled his men! And how he would have got them to work and fight too!"

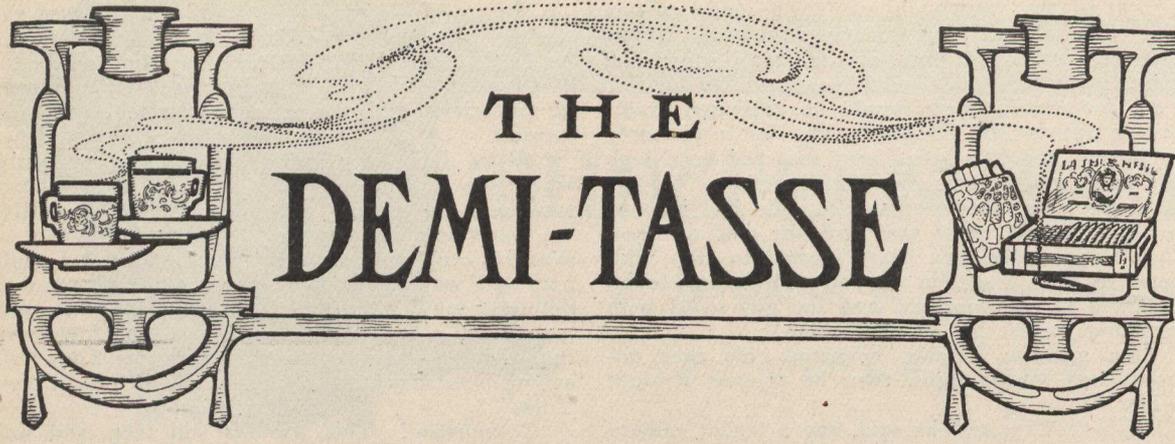
"It will be all the worse for him, since the war has broken out, if he can't get to the front. He seems to me just the kind they want for South Africa; not a book soldier, but a first-rate sportsman."

"He is that to the ground, and it would have been a black shame if Don had been left at home when so many weeds are prancing about. But he isn't, you bet—I'm coming to that. He never gives anything up; first or last, he gets to the post, and he's going out in spite of them all. Know how he did it? When he couldn't get in through the militia, and he got wind of the war, if he didn't join the volunteers, and what do you think he's done? He's raised a section of fellows where he lives up north, and he's going out in command. Leaving Southampton next week; and I only wish we were going as soon, for there is going to be some pretty stiff fighting. They couldn't keep Don at home, don't you know, when there was something hot going on." And it was evident that the old admiration was still as strong for the winner of the Merit Prize.

They all went out, sooner or later, Dick and Don and the rest of them, till there seemed nobody left of the strength of young Britain; they all landed and disappeared into that mysterious and sad Hinterland, where so many strange and regrettable incidents took place, and so many promising and gallant young fellows laid down their lives. We were greedy for news at home, but we only heard of men if they had greatly distinguished themselves, or if they had made the last sacrifice, and in neither list appeared the names of Dick or Don.

Rumours then began to filter through the press of an incident which was not regrettable, and which, if it were true, might be called romantic, something to cheer and comfort the folk at home. It appeared—for by-and-by the news grew clearer—that when one of our columns had been out-manœuvred and obliged to retreat with heavy loss, a small detachment which had been stationed to hold a position of strategic importance had either been forgotten and not called in, or had been intentionally left to make such fight as they could and hinder the Boers for a few hours before, like larger bodies of troops, they hoisted the white flag. Nothing was heard of

(Continued on page 21)



# THE DEMI-TASSE

## HIS TIP.

**F**LANAGAN had just landed in Montreal. Without a job, he naturally turned for advice to his only friend in Canada, the headwaiter of the Corona Hotel.

"I don't know what I can do for you," said his friend, who was also from the city of Dublin. "If you only knew how to wait on tables, I might be able to give you a job here."

"I can learn it," hopefully responded Flanagan.

The headwaiter gave him the opportunity. He was duly instructed as to the duties of a waiter and, after a while, was assigned to a table.

"Now," cautioned his friend, "whether you can hold your job or not depends upon the way you can please the patrons of the house. I can tell how you get along by your tips. Here comes a man who is a pretty liberal tipper. I will put him at your table and we will see how you make out."

Flanagan did his best, and as the guest retired and he was cleaning up the dishes, the headwaiter, anxious to learn of his success, went over to his table.

"Did Mr. Jones give you a tip?"

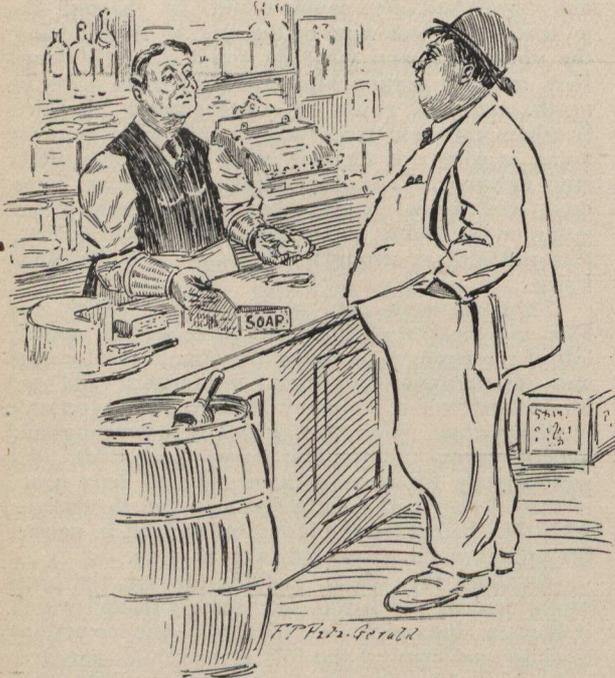
"Yes," replied Flanagan, "he gave me a tip all right. He told me in this country I ought to be carrying a hod."

## DELIBERATE DEFIANCE.

**T**HERE once lived near old Niagara a sturdy character known to the peninsula as "Hank." He possessed an extremely fine orchard but just in front of his home was a large plum tree which, to mix floral metaphor, was the apple of his eye. There came a terrific thunderstorm one sultry July afternoon and, after a particularly vivid flash of lightning the cherished tree was seen to be in splinters.

Most men would have been somewhat startled or dismayed at such a disaster. But the owner of the despoiled plum-tree, in a fit of rage, darted from his cottage and shook his fist at the clouds from which came ominous crashing.

"Now," he yelled in defiance, as he removed his weather-beaten hat, "take a hack at Hank."



"Oi want a cake av soap."  
"Do you want it scented or unscented?"  
"Nivir moind. Oi'll just take it wid me."

## A CAREFUL CANDIDATE.

**J. S. FULLERTON, K.C.**, the eminent counsel for the City of Toronto, tells a story of a candidate of Scotch descent in a rural constituency west

of Toronto who, some years ago, applied to him for assistance at a campaign meeting.

"There is nothing I would have liked better than to be with you on that evening," said Mr. Fullerton, "but I am afraid it will be impossible. I have such a pressure of work in my office that I cannot get away for some days. However, possibly later on in the campaign, I'll be able to go out and give you a hand."

The candidate was importunate until he learnt that Mr. Fullerton's refusal was final.

"Ah, well!" said the candidate, "I would like very much to have had you for the meeting, but I suppose I'll have to get Mr. Du Vernet. He speaks just as well as you do, but he doesn't keep a horse and I'll have to hire one for him."

## OUR REASONS.

O, no, we are not going  
To see the glad Tercent;  
The heat will be quite awful  
And then we hate a tent.  
To view the glorious pageant  
We do not care a cent;  
Because on bread and butter  
Our "dough's" already spent.

## CANNED GOODS.

**E**VERY one out West appreciates the Indian's respect for canned goods. The fortunes of the chase are proverbially uncertain. The buffalo has disappeared from the plains and the Indians of the West now more and more rely upon the bounty of the white man and content themselves with a diet of canned goods. A story is told of an Indian named Pete who was the original discoverer of a valuable mine. The grateful owners of the mine, after it had made some millions for them, presented Pete with a house and lot and \$500 in cash. He was apparently a cautious Indian and realised that he must provide for his old age. Possibly in the years that had passed since the advent of fur traders at Fort Churchill a strain of Scotch blood had been injected into the aboriginal veins.

Anyway, he decided that it was his duty to provide for his old age and never to want for something to eat. He invested his \$500 in canned corn, canned tomatoes, canned peas, canned beef, canned pork and beans, in fact every kind of canned goods that are turned out of a Canadian factory. When he had finished his purchases, he had a house surrounded by canned goods.

One day he happened to stray into a saloon of the neighbouring mining camp and saw for the first time a gramophone. It was grinding out sweet music—Caruso was singing. Pete, as has been said before, was of a cautious disposition. This was a new idea to him. He looked carefully and somewhat diffidently into the nooks and corners of the room before he was convinced that the voice was emerging from the strange-looking machine on the table. Once assured of the fact, he walked up to the instrument very respectfully and surveyed it from side to side. He walked to the rear and back again to the front. His face bore a troubled look.

"Wonderful thing that, Pete, isn't it?" called the proprietor from over the bar, who had been watching the Indian's bewilderment with amusement.

Pete stood in silence, but after a moment or two, his face cleared up. The problem was solved.

"Ugh! Canned white man!"

## AN IDEAL INTRODUCTION.

"Long introductions when a man has a speech to make are a bore," said former Senator John C. Spooner. "I have had all kinds, but the most satisfactory one in my career was that of a German mayor of a small town in my state, Wisconsin. I was to make a political address and the opera house

was crowded. When it came time to begin the mayor got up. 'Mine friends,' he said, 'I haf asked been to introduce Senator Spooner, who is to make a speech, yes. Vell, I haf dit so, und he vill now do so.'"

## POSSIBILITIES.

Bryan *may* be President  
Before the year is up;  
And Lipton yet may capture  
America's bright cup.

## THEIR LITTLE WAYS.

**I**T is said that the Canadians who fought in South Africa during the late Boer war earned a certain notoriety for getting provisions in time of stress and were not too particular about inquiring the price of fowl or vegetables. A potato field seemed to disappear as by magic when the Canadian boys were near enough to lay active hands upon the tuber dear to Sir Walter Raleigh.

Lord Roberts had heard complaints of a bright and enterprising Canadian group and when it was suggested that the Men of the North should be sent to take a certain position, the great little "Bobs" said quietly:

"Oh, I suppose they could grasp the situation. In fact, those young Canadians would *take* anything."

## JUGGLING WITH THE ALPHABET.

**M**OST people in the British Empire have heard of M. A. P., one of the brightest of the un-illustrated English weeklies. There was also P. T. O., which meant People Talked Of. Lately the former journal has absorbed the latter and this circumstance leads *Punch* to remark that P. T. O. has gone to P. O. T. and now M. A. P. is on T. O. P.



PERILS OF BALLOONING  
Only Balloon during Full Moon.—Life.

## MARY HAD A LITTLE MOUTH.

Mrs. J.'s patience was much tried by a servant who had the habit of standing around with her mouth open. One day, as the maid waited upon the table, her mouth was open as usual, and her mistress said:

"Mary, your mouth is open."

"Yassum," replied Mary; "I opened it."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

## THOROUGHLY UNIONISED.

**A**N Irishman working with a railway section crew, under the supervision of a rabidly union foreman, was advised that he would have to become a member of the union if he wished to hold his place. Accordingly, Pat came to work with a union card in his pocket, and was allowed to continue his labour.

That afternoon, however, the new union man was found to be missing from the ranks. He remained away from his work for about an hour. Upon his return the foreman jumped on him with both feet, figuratively speaking, and took him seriously to task for his apparent neglect of duty.

"See here, you Mick!" he roared, "what d'ye mean by playing off on your work like that? What d'ye think you're doing—givin' an afternoon tea? Say!"

"Well," replied Pat, calmly lighting his pipe, "wasn't yez after tellin' me thot I hod to belong to the union? Sure yez did! An' I done it, didn't I? An' I bought meself a suit of union clothes, an' a pair of union shoes, an' a pair of union socks, an' a union hat, an', begobs, along forninst two o'clock I happened to want a dhrink uv wather, an' I wint, like the good union man thot I am, down to the Union depot fer to git it."

Pat held his job.—*Short Stories*.

# THE HUMAN SIDE

By ARCHIE P. MCKISHNIE

JIM.

Jim sorter didn't like th' thorts, I guess

Of leavin' hum thet night;  
You see his ole man was so bent and thin

—The folks all said he thort th' world o' Jim,  
An' folks was right.

Jim marched away though only fore he went,

He kissed thet poor grey head—  
"Wall, good-bye Dad, course I'll pull through all right,

You watch fer me t' come an' keep th' light

Aburnin', Dad," he said.

Seems I kin see 'em yet, thet poor ole man,

A-sayin' "Good-bye, Jim;  
Take keer an' don't get shot, fer you see

I'll be a-watchin' fer you, so I'll be;"  
—Wall nigh boun' up in him.

Jim marched away an' thet ole man o' his,

When winter settled in,  
Ud creep down t' th' office every night,  
Through sleet an' snow, sorter expectin' like

T' hear from Jim.

But no word came an' he'd creep hum again,

An' th' ole lamp he'd light  
An' set in th' winder, allers had  
So folks all said, been bound up in th' lad,

An' folks was right.

Wall, Jim kim back, his breast nigh shot in two,

Back t' his Dad;

Kim up along th' ray th' ole lamp cast,

So thet them two jes' met ag'in at last—

Kissed an' war glad.

An' on th' mornin' thet Jim's soul took flight,

An' we stole in,

We found 'em both a-sleepin' peacefully;

God an' th' angels understood, you see,

He's 'bout bound up in Jim.

\* \* \*

## THE PICKET AND THE SCOUT.

ALL day the battle had ragged and the steel-coated missiles had whined and sung above the earth. At night all firing ceased and the dead sulphurous smoke from the guns hung low, held down by the dark, heavy storm-clouds that had threatened rain all day.

Dalton, rifle in hand, passed from the ammunition tent into the night. It was raining and Dalton raised his aching head and let the cool drops lave his powder-stained face. War had ceased to be a new and terrible thing to him, like it once was, but there is always reaction. He was tired.

A night attack was feared and Dalton had been assigned picket duty. As he passed along between the gun-carriages he heard an old soldier say: "There goes one on 'em now, poor chap." Dalton understood the significance of the remark. Of course if there were a night attack, the pickets would be cut off first. He quite realised his danger, but oddly he did not care. To him the soft, swishing rain and the peace of night were heaven after the deafening crash of a day of hell. His soul was at peace.

Far down the line he found his post. He leaned against a slender fir and hummed a snatch of song. Weariness had made him light-headed, fanciful. He wanted to lie down and sleep there

in the close gripping darkness and the soothing rain. But he was a soldier on picket duty. He could not control his fancy from roving, try as he would. He started walking to and fro upon the crest of the hill. It seemed to him that his twin brother Charlie, Charlie his old companion and play-mate, was with him. But, he told himself, that could not be. Charlie was his brother no longer. Charlie was fighting with the enemy. He dismissed the fancy with a shudder and came back under the fir-tree again. No, he could not rid himself of the illusion. They were skirting the shaggy bush, through the deep, still night together. It was very late and the rain was falling. Charlie held his hand and they were very happy. They were boys—boys out in the night.

Just below Dalton a bush stirred and a stone rattled down the hillside.

The picket's rifle was levelled. "Who goes there?" he challenged. In answer a dart of red and yellow leaped toward him and Dalton's finger pressed the trigger of his rifle. The Mauser message of death sped home.

Dalton swayed and sank to the rain-sodden grass. Once more his fancy was roaming.

"We'll just rest here a bit, Charlie," he murmured, "then—we'll go—"

Next morning they found the picket and the enemy's scout lying close together, on the hillside.

Feature for feature, they looked the same. The uniform only made the distinction.

High up on the hillside they buried the picket and the scout in one grave.

\* \* \*

## HIGH FINANCE.

IT was late afternoon. The dark green shadow of the trees stretched almost across the river; the pond-lilies seemed resting, their white heads nestling against their wide, palm-like leaves.

Beneath the great elm, on shore, Billy Swipes, the champion dog-fashioned swimmer of Rivermere, was holding an argument with Fatty Clive, champion frog-fashioned swimmer of Rivermere.

A little apart from the champions sat Towset Teft. Towset was merely a hanger-on; a despised, red-headed, freckled-faced atom of humanity, who had been nick-named "leech" by the champions, on account of his tenacity to stick.

Towset was digging his bare toes into the sand and listening with a pleased expression on his face to the arguments of the champions. Occasionally his little blue eyes would dart a glance from beneath their white lashes at the bigger boys, but knowing from past experience that the best thing he could do was keep quiet, he simply listened and held his tongue. At last things reached a crisis. Billy Swipes jumped to his feet and standing above Fatty Clive said with a sneer:

"I'll bet my new Rogers knife against your two-bladed toad-stabber that I kin swim 'cross this river dog-fashion quicker'n you kin dog-fashion. Are you on?"

"I be," cried Fatty, struggling to his feet and starting to shed his clothes.

"Here, Towset, you'll be referee and hold th' stakes," cried Billy. "Put up your stuff, Fatty."

"There you be," cried Fatty, tossing his knife to the stake-holder.

At last the boys stood ready at the edge of the river awaiting Towset to give the word "Go."

The referee scratched his red head

thoughtfully and squinted across at the champions. Then he spoke for the first time.

"Somethin' tells me as neither of you boys 'll make it," he said.

"What?" The champions turned and looked at Towset in wonder. "Not make that little distance? You're batty."

"Well, in case you shouldn't, I suppose the stake-holder gets the stakes, eh?"

"Sure he does," both champions agreed.

"And supposin' now, jest fer case of argument, neither of you should make th' start, what then?"

"Why, it holds. You get th' stakes, nunny. Now give th' word."

"Are you all ready?" cried Towset, placing the knives in his pocket with a glad grin.

"Yes."

## At Lambton and Scarborough

THE week of July 6th has been a busy one socially, even for Toronto, where the summer season is yearly becoming gayer, as more and more Torontonians conclude that, at least in hot weather, there is no place like home. They decide accordingly to spend the summer in their own cool residences with a variety of visits to the many country clubs, or a run to Niagara either by steamer or motor car. Last week the picturesque Lambton Golf Club, reminiscent of the valley of the Thames in England, was taken possession of by that jolly and unconventional crowd, the American Golfers' Association, all of whom, avowedly out for a good time, proceeded to have it. In this they were ably assisted by the Torontonians, who are noted for their hospitality to the stayer within their gates. The golfers' time was fully occupied between the serious business of golf and the numerous entertainments arranged in their honour. The moonlight sail on the *Macassa*, to which they were invited by his Worship the Mayor, was pronounced one of the most delightful, the attention from the Corporation being greatly appreciated by the visitors. On this memorable trip the entertainment was provided by Mr. Lowe and Mr. George Lyon, who ably assisted the orchestra by buck and wing dancing, merry-widowing and those arts in which these two notable golfers excel. One evening the men of the Association indulged in a Liars' Night at the King Edward Hotel, while the women of the party consoled themselves with bridge in the yellow drawing-room. Special mention must be made of the beautiful trophies which the Golf Association brought through in bond to be played for at Lambton and which comprised loving cups, bowls, fitted dressing bags and silver photograph frames.

On Friday afternoon Mr. Albert Austin, on behalf of the Lambton Club, was the recipient of a handsome solid silver punch bowl, which the Golf Association presented as a souvenir of their visit and a token of appreciation of the kindness of the Toronto golfers. One evening the party went by private car to Scarborough Beach, where they dined at long tables in the pavilion before indulging in the strenuous amusements of the park.

In connection with Scarborough Beach,

"All right, I'm goin' t' give th' word now. But before I give it I want'er say that you'd best swim clear o' them pond-lily roots yonder. I see two big water-snakes there this mornin'. All right now, go!"

But neither of the champions moved. They stood staring across toward the lily-roots.

At last Fatty turned and with a foolish grin started to put on his clothes. Billy did likewise.

Towset, his red head in his hands, sat squinting dreamily across the river. The space between the advancing tree-shadows and the farther shore had narrowed to a milky line that mirrored the blue-green of the bank amid the declining rays of the sun. But Towset saw nothing of it. He was thinking of the game of high finance.

one cannot help thinking of the real treat provided for the children of Toronto's various institutions by the Motor League on Friday morning of last week, when the 107 cars, many driven by their owners, who gave up a day's business or pleasure for the purpose, proceeded to Scarborough, decorated with flags and laden with smiling little ones all eagerly looking forward to one of the happiest days of their lives. After enjoying the various amusements of the beach, the children flocked to the pavilion where each one was provided with a bottle of pop and a box containing all the necessities of luncheon, from meat pies to cake and candy. After luncheon they were rendered still more happy by each receiving a suitable present from Mr. Geo. Gooderham, who gave an informal luncheon on the verandah for some of those who had lent their cars. Mr. Noel Marshall, who came out in a big Russell car, also gave an impromptu luncheon, his party including His Worship the Mayor, the Hon. J. J. Foy and Mr. Russell, who all entered into the picnic with zest. Afterwards they visited the Tickler, the animal show, the chutes and other intellectual amusements.

This week the fortnightly dance will be given at the Argonaut Rowing Club, when there will be the usual happy mixture of girls, just-outs and not-outs, and boys ranging in age from fifteen to fifty.

Next Tuesday the Yacht Club dance, which is of a more formal nature, takes place and the tables at the club house are already booked for the well-served dinner which precedes the dancing for those who are lucky enough to secure accommodation.

On Tuesday there was a general exodus to Niagara-on-the-Lake to attend the bowling tournament, where a staff of men have been working on the green lawns for the last few weeks bringing them to the acme of perfection. Over three hundred bowlers, eighty more than last year, took part in the tournament, the majority of them staying at the Queen's Royal.

On Monday evening the bowlers were occupied by a bridge tournament. On Wednesday a smoking concert in their honour was arranged at the Casino. The usual week-end dance will be the event of this evening.

L. M. P.

## LITERARY NOTES

## A TELLER OF MAGIC TALES.

JUST the day before the great holiday in the United States, there passed away a gentle soul whose literary creations belong to a realm wider than republic or empire. Joel Chandler Harris was a Southerner, indeed, with all the charming courtesy for which his native Georgia is famous; but his *Uncle Remus* stories appeal to the world of human sympathy and imagination where state boundaries are unknown. It is many years since Brer Fox and Brer Rabbit first became familiar to the fancy of childhood, and none of us who have known of their philosophy and adventures can believe that they are not immortal figures in that fairy district which is better than any material kingdom. To have charmed every child who has listened to *Uncle Remus*, to have given tired grown-ups an hour in the land of make-believe, is the wizardry which Joel Chandler Harris wielded. A multitude of letters came to him from friends whom he never met save on the printed page and all over the world those who came beneath his genial spell have paused in the turmoil or enjoyment of a summer day to send a grateful and regretful thought to the darkened home in Georgia where *Uncle Remus* has finished his last story.

\* \* \*



Mrs. Craigie, ("John Oliver Hobbes.")  
A Memorial Plaque, by A. Drury, A.R.A., placed in University College, London.—Illustrated London News.

\* \* \*

## THE OPEN WINDOW.

IT is some years since the reading public made the acquaintance of *Barbara* who wrote so charmingly of *The Garden of a Commuter's Wife*. The latest volume by this author, who seems to have discovered a literary gold-mine in her flower-beds, is a tale of the months, twelve chapters, which, under the title, *The Open Window*, give a glimpse of the changing year with stories of New England country life against a manifold background. The sunny humour of the earlier narratives characterises this breezy book also and this opening paragraph on the ways of August is by no means a bit of nature-fakery:

"It surely requires a certain amount of natural philosophy, adaptability to fruit and salad lunches, and an aptitude for lounging in shady places and watching the grass grow, or gazing through the trees skyward from the depth of a hammock, to make August even a mildly pleasurable month. Night is August's strong point; her full moon sheds a placid, coppery light, making the glistening green of the corn-fields, heavy in ear, look wet and cool; but in the daytime, the Harvest Fly proclaims the heat insistently,

mould born of heavy dew invades the pantry, and the milk is curdled by the shock of frequent thunder."

These sketches of mingled reverie and laughter are well worth a place beside the other Barbara books. Toronto: The Macmillan Company.

\* \* \*

## CHATEAU ROYAL.

FROM one of the most dramatic stories ever written, Carlyle's *The Diamond Necklace*, is taken a title-page quotation for the novel, *Chateau Royal*, by J. H. Yoxall: "The Age of Romance has not ceased; it never ceases; it does not, if we will think of it, so much as very sensibly decline." The background of *Chateau Royal* is the France of to-day, the France of automobiles and model roads but the author takes us far from the beaten track and introduces the reader to a France with olden charm, even the charm of the ancient *Maison*. "Let us pass into this haunt of twilight memories and scent the perfume of the past still lingering here. It is an odour acrid and mortal, as of ashes, the ashes of the fitful fever and the brief zest of life. Dead as dust and ashes is Madame Julie, and dead too is her poet, Alain Leu; all that was mortal of them long ago consumed in the slow flame and simmering heat of the great brown bed of earth."

It is an entertaining chronicle, this of the adventures of Francis Benedict Stewart, written with a grace of historic allusion and atmosphere all too unusual in the ignoble army of modern historical novels. Toronto: The Macmillan Company.

\* \* \*

## THE HOBBS MEDALLION.

ON the first of July, Lord Curzon of Kedleston unveiled the medallion of "John Oliver Hobbes" (Mrs. Craigie), which has been placed in the General Library of University College, London, of which the late Mrs. Craigie was a student.

After the delivery of Lord Curzon's address, one of the treasurers of the John Oliver Hobbes memorial fund handed to the college treasurer a sum of money for the foundation of the John Oliver Hobbes scholarship in modern English literature.

The medallion, which was executed by Alfred Drury, A.R.A., is of bronze, framed in dark wood. On the corners are figures representing literature and comedy. A replica of the medallion is to be sent to America, Mrs. Craigie's birthplace.

\* \* \*

## THE SHORT STORY.

THE short story has thrived so luxuriantly (so rankly, say some critics) on American soil that there are now monthly magazines made up exclusively of this product. In his latest work, remarks *Current Literature*, "Professor Brander Matthews makes the claim that the short story, as a distinctive literary type, was first consciously defined and used by Edgar Allan Poe. According to Professor Matthews, it was Poe who first laid down the true principles of short-story construction—unity and singleness of intention—in a review of Hawthorne's "Tales," written in 1842. His technical theories made little impression in the United States at the time, but they were quickly seized upon by French writers, worked out well-nigh to perfection by Merimee and Maupassant, and later accepted, as Professor Matthews tells us, by masters of the short story in every modern language; coming back to the United States by way of France, here to reach their widest, if not their most exceptional development."

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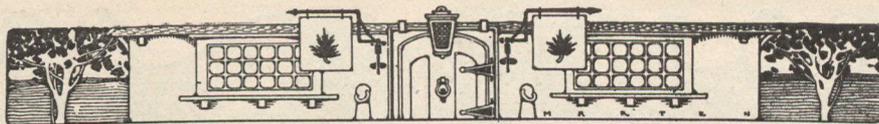


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AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

THE MALIGNED CANOE.

THIS is the season when the foolish citizen rocks boats and upsets canoes, while many who have never been in a craft of the latter sort talk about its being a dangerous affair and nervous mothers are worried to death if their daughters are out on the river or lake in "one of those dreadful canoes."

No one who loves a canoe can hear the dainty boat condemned without a pang of indignation. The canoe is all right if properly handled but it is not a matter to be managed by any smart young person who imagines he knows all about paddling the first time he sets out in the unfamiliar craft. A boy who is not master of the lightsome ways of a canoe and who yet asks a girl friend to trust herself to his management of its course, is acting with a selfish thoughtlessness that frequently brings its own punishment. This month we are reading daily the same old record of canoe fatalities, and would-be wiseacres are blaming the canoe, while human carelessness or lack of skill is the cause of the tragedy. If people will rock boats, by way of diversion, and insist on treating a canoe as if it were *terra firma*, they will sooner or later find themselves in Muskoka lakes or beneath the St. Lawrence. But the canoe should not be blamed, for there is nothing more responsive to comprehending control and there is no music sweeter than *The Song My Paddle Sings*.

\* \* \*

A LADY OF DISCRIMINATION.

IF Mr. William Jennings Bryan can be disconcerted, he must have qualms when he reads in independent journals the items about the Taft family as the next tenants of the White House. It is blandly taken for granted that the genial Secretary for War will be the next President of the greatest republic on earth. Mrs. Taft is the object of general feminine interest and, as she has been one of the leading hostesses in Washington for many seasons, her qualifications for *châtelaine* of the White House are widely known. In her wide knowledge of literature and interest in all the aesthetic influences in modern life, Mrs. Taft is typical of the cultivated American woman. He was a wise citizen of the United States who said: "Our women are an aristocracy." We hear too much of such paltry creatures as the Anna Gould woman who has just achieved her second notorious "alliance" and are likely to forget the immense force wielded by the quiet, sane, broadly-informed women who constitute the "best," if not the noisiest social circle.

Mrs. Taft is not fond of the lime-light but, as a matter of course, she must now yield to the claims of the camera. Her tastes are being discussed in every personal column on the continent and it is to be hoped it is true that her favourite novel is *Pride and Prejudice*, while *Vanity Fair* is a close second. The woman who prefers gentle, suave Jane Austen to the modern novelist is sure to be no slave to silly impulse. After one reads the latest items about "best sellers," and contemplates the dreary waste of the up-to-date book counter, it is like a breath of country garden air to recall *Pride and Prejudice* and *Sense and Sensibility*. So, if Mrs. Taft becomes hostess of the first mansion in beauti-

ful Washington there will be two homes on this half of the American continent in which the novels of Jane Austen will have honoured place: the White House in the capital of the United States and the "Grange" in the capital of Ontario.

\* \* \*

FRESH AIR FUNDS.

IN every large Canadian city, the fresh air fund appears to be fairly established. It seems but a short time since the slums needed blankets and now fresh air and country life are the demands and are being met with alacrity. The youngsters who belong to happy, well-conducted homes are in the majority in this spacious Canada of ours and are being given an abundance of sunshine in our all-too-brief northern summer. Can any sight on earth be jollier than the brown-faced small persons who are "paddling" along our lake shores in these happy holidays? But there are other children to whom July means a burden of noise and heat, whose wistful eyes are asking for just a few days of such jollity as the more fortunate are enjoying by the month. Fresh air means strength and life to these poor little slum-dwellers and may the cities see that they have at least a fortnight away from "home."

\* \* \*

AN INTERESTING OCCASION.

THE school-teacher has had a great part in building this forty-one-year-old Dominion. Her work, in the early days, meant long hours and small remuneration, while the pupils who returned to thank or praise her were not a large host. Tablets to soldiers, statesmen, or merchant princes are not uncommon, but a tablet to a school-teacher is rare indeed. On July 4th in the school-house in Bowmanville a tablet to the memory of the late Miss Moorcraft, who was famous as a trainer of the youth of Durham County, was unveiled in the presence of a large gathering of her old pupils, many of whom went from Toronto to be present at a ceremony which did honour to the name of one of the "Makers of Canada."

CANADIENNE.

SECLUSION.

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY.

A forest pool may lie  
Close hidden in a thicket,  
So still the leaves that die,  
Leaf upon leaf, may lie  
Unstirred by e'en a cricket.

Here may the blushing day,  
In hidden sanctuary,  
Hide her sweet heart away,  
And sing, all sad, all gay,  
The mystic songs of faery.

Here, close and dear, may lie  
The starry sisters seven—  
Fresh-shining from the Sky—  
Unheard to voice the sigh  
They dared not breathe in Heaven!

Like to your heart, most Fair,  
Is this seclusion saintly,  
No voice may clamour there,  
Where e'en the perfumed air  
Of love can stir but faintly!

—Canadian Magazine.

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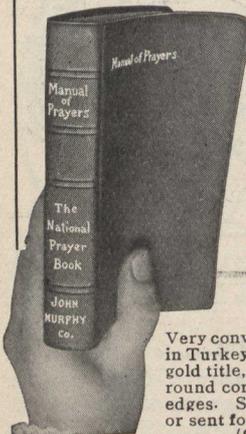
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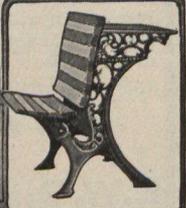
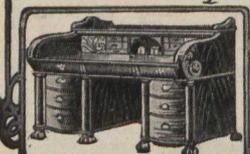
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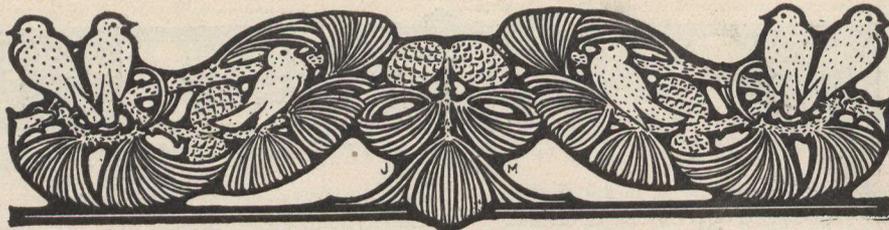
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## FOR THE CHILDREN

### WHY THE ROSE IS QUEEN OF FLOWERS.

(A LEGEND.)

Long years ago, when sin first entered in The soul of man, and sorrow came by sin; When our first mother, in that Garden sweet, Transgressed her Lord's command—"Thou shalt not eat." Then by His just decree, from that fair place She was thrust forth, to wander in disgrace; An angel with a dreadful, flaming sword, Barring the beautiful garden of the Lord.

Then as she wept, and mourned her lost estate, She, to the heavenly guardian of the gate Addressed one plea—that from the myriad flowers, That grew in Eden's Heaven-implanted bowers, One blossom only she might take to cheer Her self-inflicted exile, long and drear; One flow'ret only, from that land of flowers, In mem'ry of a thousand blissful hours.

Then the great angel heard her trembling prayer, And from the garden plucked one flower most fair; A single glorious rose! and from that day, Through all the ages that have passed away, No other flower can with the rose compare, Sweet perfumed emblem of a hope most rare; Blossom that bloomed in Eden's perfect bowers, An angel's gift! the Queen of all the Flowers! —Marjorie Scott Pitman in *The Girl's Realm*.

### THE TEA-SET.

BY REBECCA D. MOORE.

IT was hard to be off visiting alone without father and mother, but to be without one's brand-new china tea-set was simply unbearable. This is the way it had happened. The day before, father had rushed into the house and told Marjorie that she was going to make a short visit at Aunt Ann's. Carrying her little suit case, marked with her initials, he had whisked her off to the station without so much as saying good-by to mamma and brother. On the way he had explained that he and mother must go away from them all for a little while, and she was to stay with Aunt Ann. A friend was to look after her on the train and deliver her into Aunt Ann's hands. The excitement of the trip kept Marjorie cheerful for a while. Then Aunt Ann had been very kind, and had made her little teeny-weeny biscuits for supper. But that had all been yesterday; to-day she was lonely. When Aunt Ann had said that the minister's daughter was coming over a little while that afternoon, Marjorie had brightened at the thought of having a little girl to play with, but, alas! a big, grown-up young lady had enter-

ed Aunt Ann's little parlour. Miss Alice, however, had very pretty pink cheeks and smiled in such a way that it was not long before Marjorie was telling her all about papa, mama, brother, and the new tea-set.

"How would you like to make a tea-set?" said Miss Alice, who, smiling and taking Marjorie's hand, led her into the garden. They went straight to the circle of bright poppies where Miss Alice selected a big poppy-pod from which the petals had all fallen. A straight piece of stem stuck in one side made a spout, while another curved piece was the handle. A tiny bit of stem left on where the pod had been picked was enough for the handle of the cover. Now there was a truly teapot that would not tip over, because the flat part of the pod made a neat little stand.

"And can you make cups and saucers, too?" exclaimed the delighted Marjorie.

Miss Alice said nothing, but began to look for some smaller poppy-pods that would stand up nicely. With her little pearl-handled knife she cut off the top, and adding a curved handle of stem, she had a little cup, with a saucer all fastened to it.

Marjorie made the next herself, and then they worked together until enough were finished for a large family. "Wouldn't nasturtium leaves make good plates?" suggested Marjorie.

"The very thing," replied Miss Alice. "Now our dishes are all ready, so you may set the table on the flat rock. Then I must go home, for it is nearly my tea-time."

"O Miss Alice," cried Marjorie, clinging to her, "it's a lovely tea-set, and I don't want you to go, for you are as nice as a truly little girl!" — *Youth's Companion*.

\* \* \*

### THE MAP OF FAIRYLAND.

I've hunted all the atlas through, And this I cannot understand, How is it that they do not give A single map of Fairyland?

Yet Fairyland's a place of note, A kingdom beautiful and sweet: Now, do you think folks ought to sell An atlas that's so incomplete? — *Little Folks*.

\* \* \*

### TIED WITH A SNAKE.

WHILST a number of gentlemen were sitting at dinner in India, one of the party was seen to grow pale. Presently he said calmly to his friends, "A snake has twined itself round my leg and the leg of the table and gone to sleep." The company at once rose to their feet, proposing to kill the animal. But the snake-bound man warned them that if they aroused it, it would stick its fangs into him and he would be a dead man. "Leave me alone and I will sit here quietly smoking till the creature awakes of its own accord, when it will probably uncoil itself and go away peaceably." This plan was agreed to, not without some opposition from the other guests, and for more than one hour, which seemed insufferably long, the prisoner sat in grim silence. At last, however, his prudence and patience were rewarded by the snake untwisting itself and gliding off without taking the smallest notice of its human pillar. — *Little Folks*.

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## A Beggar to Cheer

(Continued from page 15)

them for some time, and it was taken for granted that officers and men—only a hundred or so—were safe in Pretoria. But a Boer prisoner told a curious story which at first was not believed, that this detachment, after a brisk fight, in which they had lost somewhat heavily, had established themselves with such skill in their position, and that they had held it against every attack. Nature, in fact, had constructed their fortress, and, as she had also provided them with water, they could only be reduced by assault, which the Boers never like, and in which they would have to spend their men prodigally. From the evidence of other prisoners, it began to be believed that there was some truth in the story, and the general in command ordered that an effort be made to open communication. A scouting party advanced as far as it was safe in the direction of Kleindorp, and heliographed for all they were worth, because it was known that if the detachment were still in their place they had the signalling apparatus with them. By-and-by an answer came back in code, and even the signallers, hardened to such work, were excited when they read it out:

"Kleindorp safe. Sitting tight. Boers beaten off twice. Plenty of water and rations, and ammunition. Senior officers killed; MacKinnon in command. Glad to see you when you can come along."

The country had been so perplexed by the surrender of battalions with hardly any loss of life, and were so sick of somebody's incompetency; the country was so anxious for some evidence of the old English pluck, and some sign of military efficiency, that this event—only a slight affair, after all, a matter of a handful of men holding a village—touched the imagination and roused the interest of the people. Here was one officer and his men, together with the poor fellows who had fallen, who hadn't hoisted the white flag, and didn't mean to. They noticed the cheery spirit of the message; people began to speak up and down the land of MacKinnon and his lads "sitting tight." When householders came downstairs in the morning they opened their paper to hear news of Kleindorp, and when, as week followed week and there was always the same story, though not in the same words—Kleindorp had not been taken, and MacKinnon was "sitting tight," the Homeland grew proud of the courage and determination of the little garrison. Everywhere citizens were also reminding themselves that MacKinnon and his men were only volunteers, and had not had the training of the regulars.

Really, it did not matter much for practical purposes whether Kleindorp held out or not, for it was only a detail in the widespread war, but there was bitter disappointment at home when one morning a report appeared that Kleindorp had fallen. The account certainly came from Boer sources, for they were between Kleindorp and the main forces; but their information had been too often justified in the event, and there seemed nothing unlikely in the statement. After all, it was only a question of sending a large enough force of Boers and wasting so many men; and however staunchly the little band stood, and however fiercely they fought, they must be overcome. As no mention was made of surrender, it was supposed that they had died fighting, and the thought that they had fallen at their post, every man of them, filled the nation with a sad pride. They

had "sat tight" till they died. What remained now was to get the account of the last fight, and to honour the memory of the unconquerable dead.

Two people at least in the nation held firmly that Kleindorp had not fallen, and that the imperturbable MacKinnon had held his own. One was Don's parish minister in the north, who snorted with indignation at the lying news which those southern newspapers were spreading, and refused stoutly to make suitable allusion in his prayers. "They are men of their hands," he said, "and there will be six MacLeods among them, who are very pretty fighters, and it is not this man who believes that the Boers have taken Kleindorp." The other optimist was my hard-headed and cynical senior partner, a typical conveyancing lawyer, who prided himself on being impervious to popular enthusiasm, and who pretended that he had never been touched by the Kleindorp excitement, but who now would allow no one to say that the Boers had won. "As soon as our fellows can get near enough to heliograph again, they'll get the old message, or my name isn't Jabez Foster." And it seemed a just Providence that he should be the first to bring me the news. The shouting had only begun on the street, and I was rising to learn the cause, when the door of my room burst open, and the maddest of old gentlemen, who that morning had been my senior partner, burst in, very glorious and nearly incoherent.

"Kleindorp taken, is it? MacKinnon dead, is he? Didn't I say it was a Boer lie? They don't get rid of MacKinnon so easily. Hear this!" continued my insane visitor. He then tried to read the telegram in the evening paper, and couldn't, because something had gone wrong with his glasses—or it may have been with his eyes. So he flung his valued pair of spectacles, without a moment's hesitation, into the grate, and threw the paper to me, while he opened the window of our respectable office, and, being now evidently beyond all hope of recovery, joined in the cheer which was running up and down the street.

"General Douglas's column," so the telegram read, "advancing in the direction of Kleindorp, have re-established communication with the garrison. Signalled to MacKinnon: 'Are you still there?' And got following answer: 'Rather! Where did you think we were? Boers asked us to surrender and offered us free passage to British lines. Told them to come and take the place. They tried pretty hard, but we beat them off again. Have hoisted Corporal MacLeod's red shirt on the highest pole we could get, and mean to keep the old flag flying till you come along.'"

The war correspondents had picturesque descriptions of the relief of Kleindorp, but I liked my nephew's account of how they "came along" best of all.

"The whole column was mad with excitement, and sang 'Soldiers of the Queen' as we marched on Kleindorp, and, as you may expect, I was the proudest man of the whole lot, as I thought of Don and that day when he got the Merit Prize. The scouts reported that the Boers had retreated and that the road was open, so the General rode forward to be the first to meet the garrison, and as his galloper of course I was with him, which was good luck for me. They knew we were coming, and if Don hadn't got his whole command outside their trenches; and, by the way, the earthworks, our engineer fellows said, were simply A1 in position and construction. They were standing in line when we came up, and the men that couldn't stand had been brought out and laid on the ground that they

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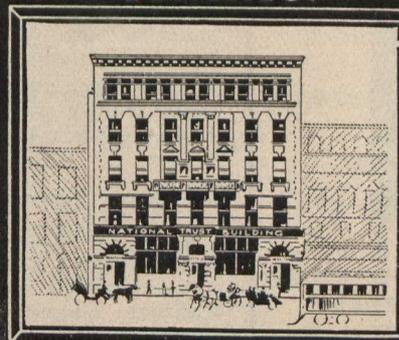
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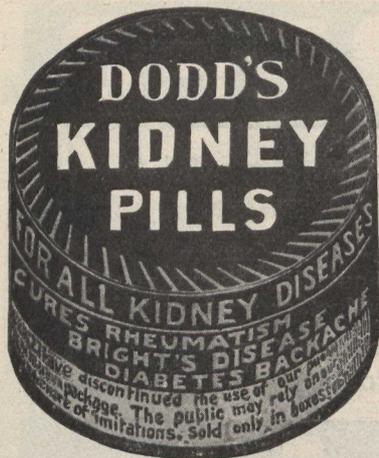
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might have their share of the fun. You never saw such a set of objects; every one of them had been wounded, and they all had bandages somewhere or other, and Don was tied up half a dozen places; but their rifles were as clean as new pins, and every man as smart as he could make himself, and behind them, over Kleindorp, floated MacLeod's red shirt. Old Profranity—by the way, that is the General—was worse that day than we had ever heard him; but he's a good old sort, and I'll leave out those bits. He pulled up in front of Don's weird line, and the first thing he said was, 'Gentlemen, salute the flag!' and as I'm a sinful subaltern, every man jack of us, from the General down, saluted MacLeod's red shirt, and Leigh-Harrison said to me, 'The War Office should have ordered six dozen and distributed them to the Army.' Then the General looked up and down the line, and after he had tried once or twice, he said (errors excepted, as they say in the accounts), 'Lieutenant MacKinnon, non-commissioned officers and men of the Skye Fusiliers, regulars and volunteers together, you have done the pluckiest thing in the history of the British Army since the charge of the Light Brigade, and (several errors excepted) one of the smartest ever done any time. In the name of the Queen and the Army and (torrent of errors excepted) the whole country, I thank and honour you.'

"Then old Don, who was looking, if possible, duller than ever, and was a fearsome figure, suddenly bellowed with all the strength left in him, 'Three cheers for the Queen, and another for General Douglas!' and fell flat on the ground, having lost most of his blood and hidden away three bullets in different parts of his body. Those tomfool papers at home would likely say that he was going to die of his wounds, but of course you know by this time that he didn't. And it would have done you good to have seen him when the General went himself to the hospital—he'll be forgiven a lot of his talk for that—and read the Army Order to him: 'Lieutenant MacKinnon, of the 4th Volunteer Battalion, to be Captain in the 1st Battalion of the Skye Fusiliers for distinguished service in the field.' So old Don has got into the Army after all, and into one of the swellest regiments. He's my senior officer, too, by the way, now; but I'm jolly glad, and the Skye fellows are as proud as peacocks. Everybody has been congratulating him, and saying all sorts of decent things, and he can't understand it. He never can see that he has done anything, don't you know, and he's been such a beggar to cheer other fellows that he's quite put out when they've taken to cheering him."

### CRICKET IN CANADA.

A CURIOUS variant of English village cricket is that played on the high prairies of Western Canada. There are always eleven Englishmen willing to play in the "away-back" settlements of that far unfenced countryside. It is a pleasant thing for me to remember that I coached and captained the first eleven representing an up-country settlement in the Saskatchewan Valley and that we won more matches than we lost during two seasons. Prairie wickets crumble after the first half-hour, and it was necessary to use matting. There were three baseball-players in the team, and it was always a matter of speculation, as to how many runs they would make. They invariably went down the wicket to get the bowling full-pitch, and if they hit the ball it would travel a great distance. Generally it was a "skyscraper into the sun-meadow"; that is, in baseball parlance, a lofty hit to the on side. A much

more rudimentary form of village cricket was played in a little settlement almost on the international boundary line. The wickets were always pitched in a buffalo track, one of the groove-like trails in the prairies which had been travelled, perhaps for centuries, by the migrating herds of buffalo on their way to the summer pasturage. On one occasion a tremendous drive took the ball into American territory. It was lost in a gopher's hole for some minutes. The nice question: Are cricket-balls duty free under the American tariff? was discussed after the match. It was decided that the ball had been fielded in bond, and an American present appealed to Washington for a final decision. No answer was returned to the query. All American officials have not the American sense of humour, perhaps.—E. B. O. in *Outlook* (England).

### "BOBS" AND THE MOTOR CAR.

IN its account of King Edward's mammoth party at Windsor, M. A. P. remarks:

"I should add as another feature of this year's garden party that it marks the marvellous development of the motor-car as a means of locomotion. I see in several of the papers that there were no fewer than 1,000 motor-cars drawn up in the grounds of Windsor Castle. Among them was, of course, the motor-car of Lord Roberts. One of the incidents which, I think, must have rewarded the patient and good-humoured crowd that watched the arrivals in the streets of Windsor, was the failure of the dauntless hero of so many forced marches and successful raids to ascend the modest height of Castle Hill, and compelled to get down from his derelict motor and perform the rest of the journey on foot. 'Bobs' doubtless did not find that task very difficult. Of the many things I have read about the remarkable man, one that has always struck me most was that he made it a rule to always keep in condition, so that whenever any emergency comes he has not to go into training, and get rid of the over-eating, over-drinking, and over-ease into which so many very fine soldiers fall when, their campaigns over, they spend their leisure time in the Capua of London society. Horse exercise every day, very little food, still less drink—such is the regime of Lord Roberts, with the result that the small and almost fragile body is taut as a piece of ship's rope, and he is ready to go to any part of the Empire for any bit of work, however rough, in spite of his seventy-six years."

### AN ENGLISH VIEW.

MR. R. L. BORDEN, the leader of the Conservative party in the vexed sphere of Dominion politics, lacks the "magnetism" of Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the latter's gift of oratory in two languages, says the *Outlook*. But his integrity is unquestioned, even by his political opponents, and should he be returned to power he will certainly rule his cabinet more vigorously than the present Canadian Prime Minister has done of late years. Obviously Mr. Bourassa is destined to succeed Sir Wilfrid as the dominant political personality in Quebec. He may rest content with the localised omnipotence of the late Honore Mercier, a popular hero somewhat of the Gambetta type, to whose grave the people of Quebec make a yearly pilgrimage. But it is more likely that years, which bring the philosophic mind, will enlarge his views and make him a better, because a more logical, Imperialist than "Laurier *non sine lauru*." If so, Papineau will stir in his grave at the thought of his grandson's conversion.



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General Passenger and Ticket Agent, MONTREAL

**SECURED INVESTMENTS**

**The Peoples Building and Loan  
ASSOCIATION**

428 Richmond Street, London, Ont.

loans all its funds on first mortgages on real estate. If you made a Deposit, took out a Debenture, or made an Investment in the Permanent Dividend Paying Stock with us, this would be your security—

- 4% Paid on Deposits, Withdrawable by Check.
- 4½% Coupons on all Debentures.
- 6% Dividends on Permanent Stock.

Call or write for a copy of the 15th Annual Report. All business strictly private.

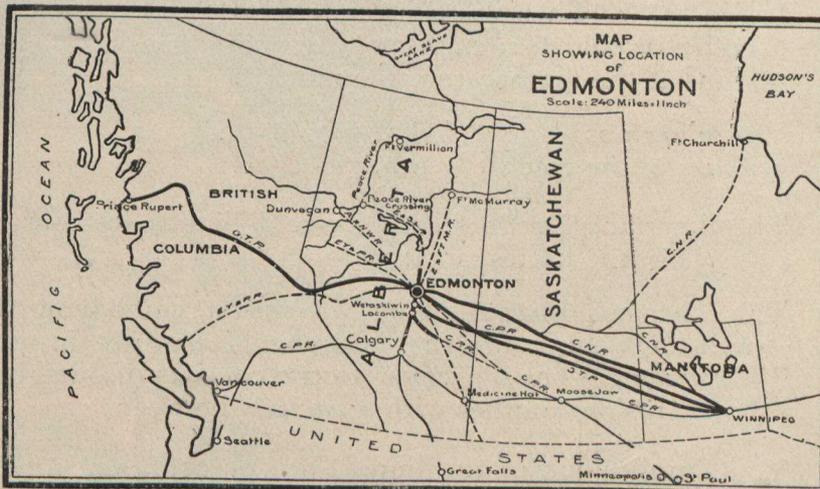
**A. A. CAMPBELL, Managing Director.**

**EDMONTON**

The Centre of the West  
Why not Extend Your Business Thereto

Population 20,000. Assessment \$21,985,700.  
1907 Building Permits \$2,289,755. Tax Rate 13½ Mills on the Dollar.

Calgary and Edmonton	Canadian Northern
Grand Trunk Pacific (building)	Canadian Pacific (building)
Edmonton and Lesser Slave Lake	Edmonton, Yukon and Pacific



The object of this advertisement is to attract the attention of Loan Companies, Wholesale Houses, Jobbing Warehouses and Manufacturers to EDMONTON as a centre worthy of their consideration when extending their business in Western Canada. Write A. G. Harrison, Secretary of the Edmonton Board of Trade for further information.

**Broderick's**  
**Business**  
**Suits \$22.50**  
Worn from Coast to Coast

Write for SAMPLES and Measurement Chart  
DEPT "D"  
**FRANK BRODERICK & Co.**  
TORONTO, CANADA.

# THE THERMOS BOTTLE

AFLOAT AND ASHORE



**C** The outing and vacation outfit that doesn't include THERMOS Bottles is not complete. Whether you're off for a day's picnic or for a cruise, if you take with you THERMOS Bottles containing hot and cold liquids you can have **real** refreshments for your guests and yourself any time, anywhere, in spite of wind and weather, summer or winter.

## What the THERMOS BOTTLE DOES

**For Baby** —The Thermos Bottle keeps milk warm and sweet, day or night, making it easy for mothers and nurses. Filled, cleaned and emptied same as any ordinary bottle.

**Sick Room** —The Thermos Bottle will keep medicines and nourishment at the right temperature. By doing away with the germ-collecting pitchers or other open vessels the Thermos Bottle prevents infection. Saves steps for nurses—a boon for invalids.

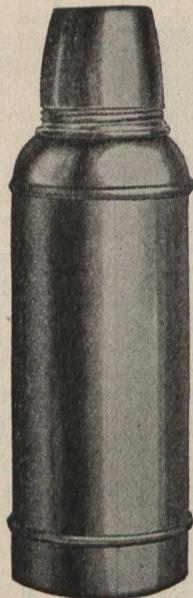
**Travelling** —No more vain longing for a refreshing drink on tedious railway journeys. Travellers can simply put into their grips one or two Thermos Bottles filled with hot coffee or cold lemonade or any liquor they want at the temperature they like it.

The Thermos Bottle keeps liquids hot 24 hours in the coldest weather.

The Thermos Bottle keeps ice-cold liquids ice-cold 72 hours in the hottest weather.

The Thermos Bottle is a new invention, embodying the well-known principle that heat or cold *can't* get through a *vacuum*. The Thermos Bottle consists of one glass bottle inside another with a *vacuum* between.

You simply pour in the liquid, hot or cold, and cork it up. The Thermos Bottle will keep it that way. Filled, cleaned, emptied, same as any ordinary bottle.



## JUST THE THING FOR OUTDOORS

**Outings** —When Picnicking, Yachting, Hunting, Canoeing—on any kind of trip—anybody can have hot drinks or cold drinks always ready if they are put into Thermos Bottles before the start.

**Motoring** —Motorists can fill Thermos Bottles with any liquid they want at any temperature they like, and no matter where they go or what happens they have hot and cold refreshments at hand.

**Luncheon** —At the office, the shop, anywhere, the Thermos Bottle will provide hot coffee or cold milk for luncheon, making the noonday meal more enjoyable, refreshing and invigorating.

The Thermos Bottle is the greatest thing for the comfort and convenience of yachtsmen ever invented.

*Aboard the Boat or Ashore for Luncheon* it supplies hot or cold refreshments without fire or ice.

The Thermos Bottle keeps *hot* Soup, Bouillon, Clam Chowder, Coffee, Toddy, Hot Scotch or any other liquid.

The Thermos Bottle keeps *ice-cold* Water, Milk, Lemonade, Ginger Ale, Champagne, Gin Rickey, or any other drink.

*Equip yourself with Thermos Bottles.* You can get a basket made for six, or a leather case for one or two.

**THERMOS BOTTLES ARE SOLD AT ALL FIRST CLASS STORES; YOU CAN BUY THEM EVERYWHERE. OR WE WILL SHIP DIRECT, PREPAID, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, IF YOUR DEALER WONT SUPPLY YOU. PINTS, \$5.00; QUARTS, \$7.50.**

WRITE DEPT. "A" TO-DAY FOR FREE BOOKLET TELLING ABOUT ALL THE WONDERFUL THINGS THE THERMOS BOTTLE DOES.

**CANADIAN THERMOS BOTTLE CO., LIMITED**  **MONTREAL, CANADA**