

# The Canadian **Courier**

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



"SEPTEMBER."  
Painted by Josephine Streatfeild

EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER,  
COURIER PRESS, Limited, TORONTO.

FOR THE WEEK COMMENCING MONDAY, AUGUST 29<sup>TH</sup>

WE ANNOUNCE OUR

# FALL MILLINERY OPENING



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SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Post-  
master General, will be received at Ottawa un-  
til Noon, on FRIDAY, the 30th SEPTEMBER,  
1910, for the conveyance of His Majesty's  
Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years  
six times per week each way between ELIZ-  
ABETHVILLE and PORT HOPE from the  
Postmaster General's pleasure.

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mation as to conditions of proposed Contract  
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POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT  
Mail Service Branch Ottawa, 17th August, 1910  
G. C. Anderson, Superintendent.

SUBSCRIBERS who change their addresses  
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Give the old and the new address.

The Canadian  
Courier

A National Weekly

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Editor's Talk

DAINTY as a fabric of point lace in treatment; naive as a  
sunbonnet in subject and exquisitely humorous in concep-  
tion is the cover by Miss Josephine Streatfeild on this issue  
of the Courier. It's the feeling of the old world translated to the



new. Miss Streatfeild has some-  
thing of the genius about her char-  
acter drawing. She was born in old  
London; studied in the Crystal  
Palace School, where at the age of  
fifteen she won a scholarship; after-  
wards going to the Slade School. She  
was elected associate to the Society  
of Women Artists in London. A  
year ago she came to Canada and  
opened a studio in Toronto. Her  
specialty is pastel work and port-  
raits of children, for which she has  
got many a compliment from Lon-

don critics. For instance, if you didn't feel sure of the charm in  
the drawing that appears on the cover of this issue, you might  
attach some importance to this from the Tribune, Feb. 17, 1907:

"We find some artists who are not bewildered, who know  
what they want to do, and who can get some pleasure out of  
doing it. There is, for instance, a chalk drawing of a girl,  
"Kathleen," by Miss Josephine Streatfeild, which is simple and  
strong and full of character."

IN this issue—regretfully the last of animal stories by Charles  
G. D. Roberts. Readers who may have missed any one of  
the eight had better be sure of "The Avenger." When we an-  
nounced that Professor Roberts was the pioneer of modern  
animal story writers we spoke true. Roberts antedated Kipling's  
Jungle Book and Thompson's "Wild Animals I Have Known."

Candidly—did you ever read animal stories that quite so  
exclusively filled the bill as these of the Canadian in New York?  
The animals Roberts writes about are the animals that other  
people frequently leave out. Who but Roberts would ever have  
glorified the loon and the field mouse?

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No end of assortment in

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- Newness in Scotch Tweeds
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- All things new

The problem is further solved  
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- His Majesty The King of the Belgians.
- His Majesty The King of Spain.

# ANOTHER OPENING REMINGTON BUSINESS COLLEGE

TORONTO

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 12TH.

For the accommodation of those who found it inconvenient to enroll on August 29th, another opening date has been arranged—September 12th—at which time new classes will be formed in all departments. ENROLL NOW FOR THE SEPTEMBER 12TH CLASSES.

NIGHT CLASSES WILL OPEN WINTER TERM MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 19th.

EXPERT SHORTHAND TOUCH TYPEWRITING SPELLING, ENGLISH, etc. BOOKKEEPING PENMANSHIP RAPID CALCULATION, etc.

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TORONTO.

# A STARTLING STATEMENT!

SOMETHING FOR MOTHERS TO THINK ABOUT

We have been endeavoring to draw your attention to the fact that all jams are not pure, and that the use of Salicylic Acid, a preservative, and Aniline Dye (used to make decomposed fruit look like fresh picked) were very detrimental to health. Read this startling statement by one of England's foremost physicians, which is copied from a despatch in the Free Press, in the issue of May 26.

## SPREAD OF APPENDICITIS

Is due to use of decomposed foods treated with preservatives.

London, May 26.—A remarkable statement regarding the spread of appendicitis was made yesterday before the Farnham Rural District Council by Dr. F. Tanner, who said: "The increase general all over England, I believe, is greatly due to preservatives in foods. Not that the preservatives themselves do harm, but the presence of decomposed foods which they disguise does. I have attended thirty cases this year held to be due to this cause."

E. D. SMITH JAMS are assured to you by the Government Bulletin on Jams, No. 194, to be free from preservative and dye, which is the reason we use a sealed package. E. D. SMITH'S are not made to please the eye with Aniline dye, they're made to eat without harmful results.

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College Re-opens September 7th. Calendar on request.

Miss Charlotte Thrall, Vice-Principal. A. S. Vogt, Mus. Doc., Musical Director.

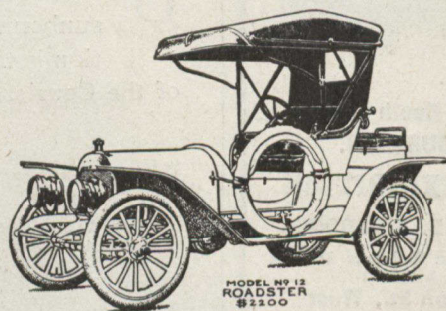
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Patron--HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

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An Exhibition value about \$500 is offered annually.

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Autumn Term Opens  
Sept. 13th.  
1910  
Calendar sent on Application



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rub—and  
Rinse—  
Dirt all gone—  
Great stuff—

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CIRCULATION DEPARTMENT

THE

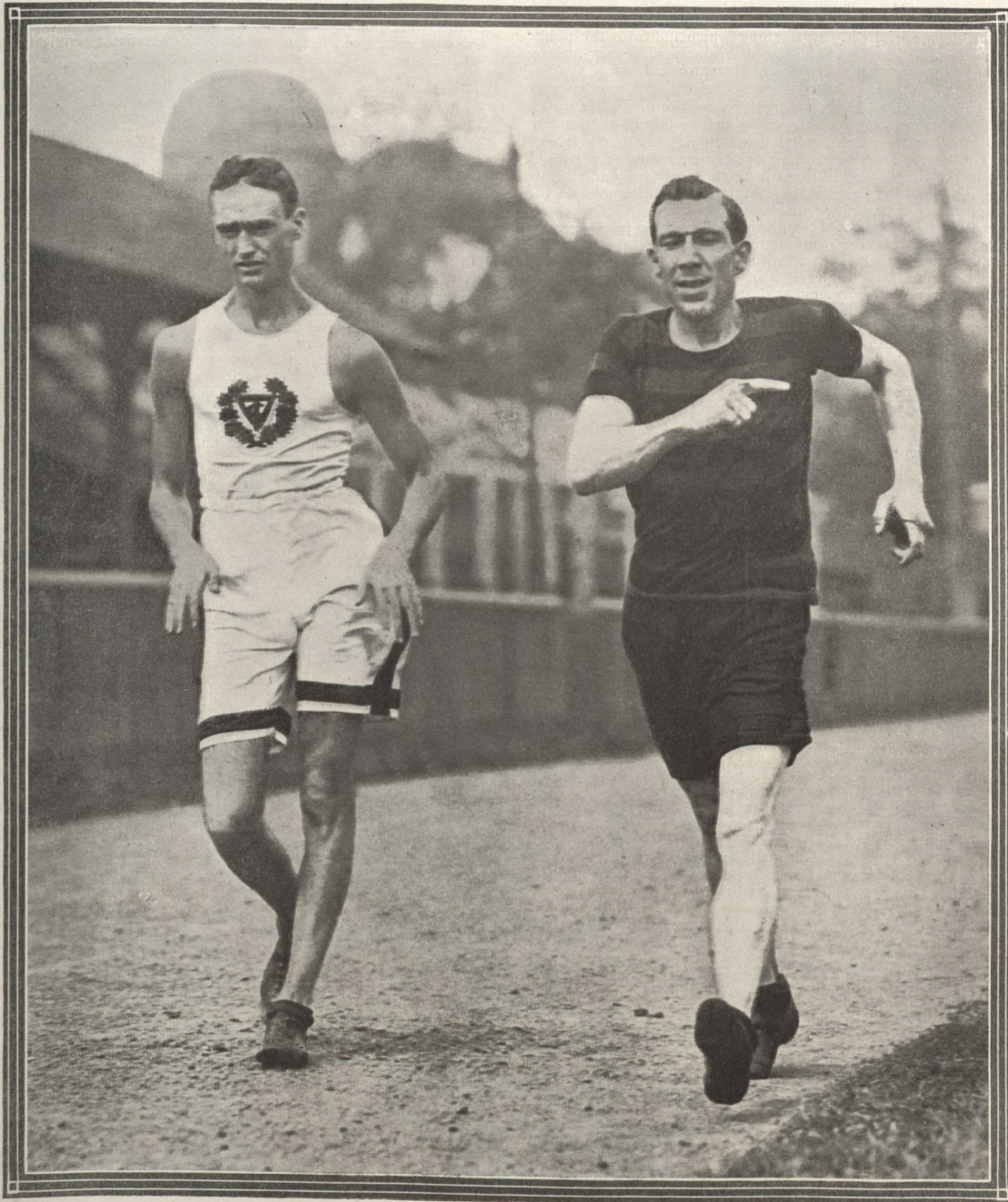
# Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Vol. 8

Toronto, September 3, 1910

No. 14



CHAMPION WALKERS ARE AS VARIOUS IN STYLE AS WOMEN'S HATS.

George Goulding, champion of Canada, shuffles along with the sinuosity of an Indian. English E. J. Webb, the world's champion, heel-and-toes off the miles with the precision of a military band. These two are to do a series of races at the Canadian National Exhibition. Meanwhile they are doing a few preliminary duets on the track. Webb's best records are: for one mile, 6.40; two miles, 13.46; seven miles, 51.32. Goulding's: one mile, 6.25 1-5; two miles, 13.39; seven miles, 52.9 1-5.

# REFLECTIONS

BY THE EDITOR

ART, architecture, sculpture and poetry are the insignia of national rank. Wheat fields, lumber yards, railways and departmental stores tell something of the prosperity of a people; but their literature and their art reveal the national character. Literature and art are broad terms, and include educational institutions, periodicals, books, public buildings and parks, art galleries, theatres and plays, musical compositions and organisations, and even house furnishings and dress. Everything which indicates the public taste in matters not connected with the business of money-making is more or less closely associated with literature and art.

Until recently Canada was so busy in opening up a new country that it had little time to study nature for the sake of its beauty, to erect buildings which were ornamental as well as useful, or to manufacture articles for their ornamental value as well as for their usefulness. Gradually, however, it has dawned upon us as a people, as it came to the Greeks and Romans in the ancient days, and to Italy in the middle ages, that there is something higher and nobler in life than mere money-making or business-getting. Having created our country, we are now beginning to beautify it. Having won our homes, we are attempting to fit them with furniture, ornaments and pictures which please and allure. Our poetry, our architecture, our painting and our music are becoming more refined and more pretentious. We are slowly learning that art has a value for art's sake.

CANADA has not yet reached the stage where art galleries are considered a necessary part of the national equipment. The nation has a small collection of pictures at the Capital, but the majority of people regard it as not more important than the gilding on the mace which lies on the House of Commons table. There are a few annual art shows in the larger cities, attended by about one per cent. of the population. There is a reasonable explanation of this, because this is a country not far removed from the elementary struggles.

Nevertheless, there are signs that we are passing from the elementary stage to higher things. Art is being talked about and occasionally patronised. Toronto is to have an art gallery soon, thanks to the bequest of the late Professor Goldwin Smith. Winnipeg got so far the other day, that it voted on a by-law to erect an art gallery, though unfortunately without success. Montreal has the nucleus of a civic art collection and museum. Soon it may be different in many cities.

ART lovers in Ontario have a rare opportunity during the present fortnight to see some excellent canvases by modern British and French artists. The fine fireproof Art Gallery of the Canadian National Exhibition at Toronto contains some sixty odd pictures imported for this year's display, and nearly one hundred and fifty native productions. This is, without doubt, the best collection ever shown in Canada at an annual exhibition.

The British and French pictures imported this year are valued at \$150,000, but the excellency of the show cannot be gauged by an estimate in dollars, as well as by a glance over the list of famous painters. This list includes the best known names of France, England, Scotland and Canada. Among the French are Gaston La Touche, Claude Monet, Gustave Courtois and Dagnan Bouveret. Among the British are Sir W. Q. Orchardson, Alfred East, Lord Leighton, Sir Luke Fildes and Mr. Charles Napier Hemy, who was elected to full membership in the Royal Academy in June. Scotland is represented by Sir Noel Paton, Peter Graham and D. Y. Cameron; Canada by Brymner, Cullen, Grier, Knowles, Reid, Staples, Watson, Beatty and a number of others almost equally well-known.

TORONTO'S annual art show has not attained to such pre-eminence without years of labour and a generous expenditure of brains and money. At first the art display was wholly Canadian, supplemented by an occasional collection of copies of famous old masters owned by some enterprising dealer or showman. Copies and fakes were soon found unsatisfactory, and the Exhibition sent representatives to England to negotiate loans of genuine original masterpieces. At first only half a dozen were imported annually, as only that number could be secured. Finally, a resident London agent

was secured, and the loan collection grew until it has assumed its present magnificent proportions. The local Art Committee, under the chairmanship of a director, meets about February and decides on the general character of the exhibition. It prepares a list of desirable pictures and artists and forwards this to the London representative. He then begins correspondence with the larger galleries and collectors, and makes arrangements for as many on the list as he can secure. He supplements this with such pictures as he himself thinks advisable, or as opportunity offers. About the first of August these are all collected at Liverpool, packed in sealed cases, and sent out in one shipment. As soon as they arrive, a Hanging Committee takes them in hand and arranges them on the walls, with the Canadian pictures, with a view of the best possible effect from a spectator's point of view. This year's hanging committee consists of five artists: Mr. William Brymner, president of the Royal Canadian Academy; Mr. Homer Watson, representing the Canadian Art Club; Mr. Wylly Grier, president of the Ontario Society of Artists; Mr. J. W. Beatty, A.R.A., and Mr. Owen Staples, O.S.A.

PROBABLY the most notable picture in the gallery this year is Sir William Quiller Orchardson's "The Borgia," painted eighty years ago. The recent death of this great artist makes this masterpiece the more interesting. His work was always marked by subtlety, dainty drawing, and dramatic intensity. "Her First Dance" is one of his earliest and most famous successes, while "The

First Cloud" is almost equally well-known to collectors of plates and readers of illustrated magazines. The latter is in the National Gallery. These two pictures exemplifying his extreme daintiness, or his supreme refinement, if the phrase is preferred. "The Borgia" is equally refined in drawing and colour, though the subject is somewhat forbidding. A man of the middle ages sitting at a table watching a guest slowly dying as the result of poison administered in his wine by his avaricious and flinty-hearted host, is not a subject which is pleasing in itself. Yet Orchardson dealt with it in such a manner as to create a masterpiece which reflects credit on his name so long as it adorns a gallery. Some day the art committee may bring out one of the famous Orchardson portraits so that we may have a chance to see the other side of the work of this noted academician.

LOVERS of animals will appreciate "Tigers At Dawn," by the late J. M. Swan R.A.

A splendid example of this artist's work was shown last year, but was somewhat overlooked by the public. It is interesting to note that a fund is now being raised in England for the purchase of a collection of his drawings still in the hands of his executors to be hung in the national galleries. Sir Lawrence Alma Tadema and other prominent artists are behind the movement. Swan was a master of the art of observation as well as of the art of painting animals as they are.

MR. CHARLES NAPIER HEMY, R.A., painter of marine pictures, was born in Newcastle-on-Tyne in 1841. His first academy picture was exhibited when he was twenty-four, after which he went to Antwerp and studied under Baron Leys. Since 1870 he has lived and worked in England. Two of his works were recently purchased for the nation by the Chantrey Trustees. "The Squall," which is shown here this year, is from the Dudley Art Gallery.

HOLMAN HUNT, second of the pre-Raphaelites, is represented by his small realistic painting, "The Shadow of Death." It represents Christ in the carpenter shop, standing erect with arms outspread; the shadow of his figure forms a cross which brings visible forebodings to the mind of his mother who is present. For the pleasure of seeing this famous, if unsuccessful, painting by the author of "The Light of the World," we are indebted to the trustees of the Leeds Gallery.

THE French pictures are vastly superior to those shown two years ago, and "The Death of Henri Regnault," a large canvas by Frederic Levé, is given the place of honour. Gaston La Touche, one of the greatest of modern colourists, is represented by a flashy picture of a theatre crowd. "The Bather," by Bougereau, is a modest study of a nude female figure.

Among the Canadian pictures, William Brymner's figure study, Wylly Grier's portraits and J. W. Beatty's landscapes are worthy of special note. Gagnon and Cullen have several light-coloured canvases which are original, to say the least.

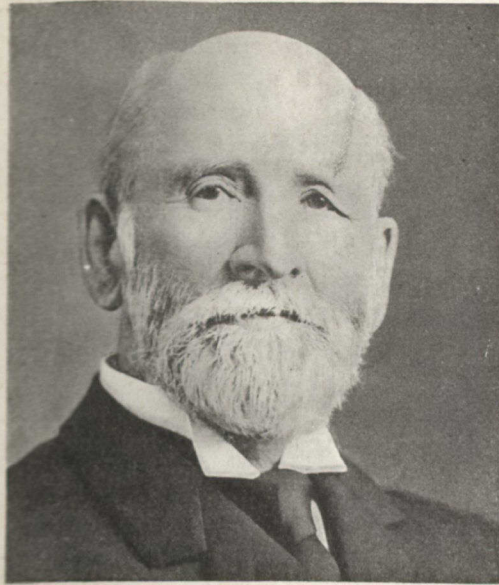


General Baden-Powell, as the Father of the Boy Scouts

Drawn by J. K. Gardiner.

# MEN OF TO-DAY

PASSING GLIMPSES OF PUBLIC MEN AT HOME AND ABROAD



**A Beginner of Things**

Mr. J. H. Smith originated Farmers' Institutes.

Ontario. The institutes were the forerunner of the department.

The first farmers' institute meeting in Ontario was held in Hamilton in January, 1884. Mr. J. H. Smith presided. He was then school inspector. Driving twice a year over the townships to see how the farmers' children were learning the three R's, he got a first-hand knowledge of how the children's parents were doing on the land—many a store-side talk where he unhitched for over-night. In the fall of '83 Mr. Smith went with a friend to visit the Ontario Agricultural College, and President Mills, fresh from the headmastership of the Brantford Collegiate Institute. They talked of how to interest the farmers in the O. A. C. Mr. Smith told Mr. Mills how he was getting pedagogues interested in teachers' institute work.

"Why not try a scheme like that on the farmers?" posed Mr. Mills.

"Good idea!" said Mr. Smith, who called the first meeting in Ontario. Mr. Mills sent along some of his farm professors to help out the programme. About a hundred and fifty farmers assembled. Six addresses were given, on such various subjects as farm management, agricultural chemistry, stock-raising and fruit-growing.

This meeting was such a brimming success that several others were held during the year. In 1885 a central institute was formed. Mr. G. C. Creelman, who has since stepped into his father-in-law's shoes as president of the O. A. C., was the first superintendent. Very shortly afterwards the voice of the organised farmers—not the squeak of the old Grangers' movement or the wail of the patrons of Industry—was heard so loud in the land that a Department of Agriculture was created in the Ontario Government and a Minister of Agriculture appointed. Now there are a hundred farmers' institutes in Ontario, with a total membership of about 22,000, an aggregate of nearly a thousand meetings in a year, with over three thousand papers read and discussed. Such is the unelected parliament of the Ontario farmers, whose existence is due primarily to the gentleman whose picture appears at the top of this page.

\* \* \*

## A MANAGER OF MEN

**B**IG "Bob" Fleming is built enough like big "Bill" Taft to be his twin brother. And these two red-blooded, thick-chested men of affairs and managers of men have more in common than mere looks. Each is proverbially as good-natured as a summer sunrise, and each knows how to make the birds twitter when he gets up and fairly squared away to the business of a day's work.

It's a little doubtful whether President Fleming of the United States would be a top-notch in the story of rulers; but it's a sure gamble that Manager Taft of the Toronto Street Railway Company would be next door to a complete failure. He who doubts this, or that any other than "Bob" Fleming could manage that much-discussed corporation had better read the story of the last "agreement" between the Toronto Street Railway and its employees, the sequel to which apparently came within an ace of being a general strike of a big city's traction hands. That agreement began to be skirmished at away last May. Since

## MAKER OF FARM HISTORY

**I**T seems ancient history to talk about the time when there was no Department of Agriculture in the Ontario Government. But it's only a matter of about twenty years since that province has had a Minister of Agriculture—good old days of John Dryden! Remember the Grits. However, it's not so much a matter of politics, but of farm progress that concerns the career of Mr. J. H. Smith, the creator of the first farmers' institutes in

that time no end of conferences; only to break away again into corners, making it necessary to ring in a board of conciliation under the Lemieux Act; which board, with its unwearying chairman, Judge Barron, occupied two weeks more of negotiations when so far as newspaper reports were concerned, a spark might set up an explosion any minute, and a couple of hundred thousand people begin walking to work and home again till such time as the service could have been efficiently manned. This, too, fair on the eve of the Canadian National Exhibition, when hundreds of thousands more must be ported to the grounds and back.

Of course Mr. Fleming didn't have all to do with the company's side of the case; and there came a time when the crux of the situation depended mainly on Mr. William Mackenzie. But it's safe gossip that Manager Fleming lost as much sleep as anybody over that strike-averting settlement, and up to a certain point had more than any other man to do with the actual negotiations.

Now it's all over for two years more, and the genial sunburst up at the street railway offices has time to smile as broadly as ever. But he's got the eternal grip on that traction problem if any man in Canada has; and he has the bulldog tenacity as well as the puzzling serenity of a man who knows how far he may juggle with the public, and at the same time manage his men.

No doubt of it, Fleming is a prize men-manager. He knows how to inspire loyalty. There's nothing of the cad or the upstart about him now, more than there was when he was Mayor of Toronto. Besides, he has succeeded in helping circumstances to add a comfortable hundred thousand dollars a year to the annual profits of the company in the face of an extension of service and large increase in expenditure. Toronto has been talking "tubes" for twelve months too. But Manager Fleming kept his smile. He knows that for a few days at least the corporation which he represents will be carrying Toronto's thousands on the streets.

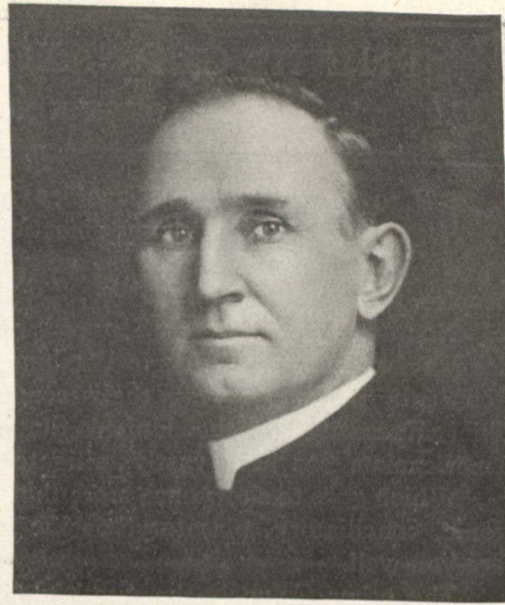
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## A PROGRESSIVE BISHOP

**P**ROBABLY the youngest bishop in Canada is Bishop A. U. de Pencier—not pronounced phonetically—who was lately put at the head of the diocese of New Westminster, that famous lacrosse city twelve miles from Vancouver. Adam Urias de Pencier was then rector of St. Paul's Church in Vancouver. He is a remarkably successful man, who had he devoted his brains to other business than clerics might have been a captain of industry.

Bishop de Pencier was born in Burrill's Rapids, down in Grenville County, Ontario, about forty years ago. From Kemptville High School he went to Trinity University, from which he graduated in arts and theology in 1895. His first charge was the parish of Marion, near Ottawa. He soon got up to Toronto as curate of St. Alban's—which is the real cathedral of Toronto, and now engaged in a huge financial effort to finish up a \$300,000 edifice, begun over twenty years ago. Next rector of Uxbridge—famous for organs—he was shifted back to Toronto, where he became senior curate of St. James', which is only the alleged cathedral of Toronto; since members of St. James' have family inheritance and burial ground under the cathedral and cathedral seat holdings must of necessity be free.

Out to Brandon was Rev. Mr. de Pencier's next move. Here he became rector of St. Matthew's and rural dean. In 1908 he left Brandon for Vancouver. Now he is Bishop of New Westminster. Which is swift progress!



**A Progressive Cleric**

Rev. A. U. de Pencier is one of the youngest of Bishops.



**Big, Overwhelming and Genial.**

R. J. Fleming is a rare combination of qualities that manage men.

## THE ANGLO-SAXON OF PEACE

By RODEN KINGSMILL

UP to date only one Canadian, an implacable Yankee-hating colonel, has made any objection to the project for the celebration of the century of peace between the English-speaking peoples.

No; the Colonel is not George T. Denison. Ever since the Police Magistrate struck hands in Washington with another Colonel, one Roosevelt, then occupying the secondary and Civilian position of Chief Executive of the United States, Colonel Denison's anti-Americanism has been vastly mitigated.

Which goes to show once more that T. Roosevelt has all the other ironic, conciliatory, placatory, pacific world statesmen beaten to a fare-you-well.

The other Colonel—the wrathful, implacable, to-blazes-with-the-Yankees Colonel, who will never, never celebrate anything but the burning of Washington, has a congenital trouble. There are other U. E. Loyalists who don't carry these hatreds so far. Seventy-five years or so they maintain, is long enough for them to meditate upon the manifold sins and wickedness of the old firm of Washington, Franklin, Adams & Co., Limited. The Colonel of the Second Part vows that he will never cease forgetting until the carburetter of his forgetter breaks. Consequently, he has resigned from his honorary office in the Army and Navy Veterans. His comrades proceeded to argue with him. They put forth pleadings that would have melted the heart of stone. The Colonel had no symptoms of cordial petrification, but he was unmoved.

There is plenty of time for the making of arrangements and the alteration of opinions, though, for the celebration will not take place until 1914, if the various nations of the British Empire continue to live at peace with the United States—as everybody hopes, and as seems certain. But if strict chronological accuracy governed it would not fall due until the succeeding summer. The final cessation of hostilities came weeks, even months, after the negotiators at Ghent had signed, sealed and shaken hands. News of peace reached New York on Feb. 11, 1815, six weeks after the treaty was signed. In the interval the battle of New Orleans was lost by our troops under Pakenham on Jan. 8, 1815, and when the vessel bearing the treaty of peace reached New York, the British, defeated in their larger enterprise, were about to advance on Mobile. They had captured Fort Bowyer, which guarded the approaches in the town. Mobile would have been an excellent base of operations in that quarter for an invader. Peace halted the British campaign to retrieve the New Orleans defeat. In the East, however, the British garrisons in the Penobscot region of Maine were not withdrawn until the spring of 1815. In distant seas British and American

blood was shed months after Washington and London had resumed pacific relations. The *Hornet* sank the British cruiser *Penguin*, off Tristan D'Acunha, March 23, 1815. Probably the last shots of the War of 1812 were those fired by the American sloop of war *Peacock*, at the East India Company's cruiser *Nautilus*, in the Straits of Sunda, June 30, 1815, more than six months after the signing at Ghent. The rencontre was unfortunate, since the British vessel assured the American commander that peace had been made. The American vessel compelled the other to surrender because Capt. Warrington thought the protest was simply a ruse to avoid capture. Washington apologised, and Captain Warrington lost his commission shortly after. Even in war, over-strenuosity seldom pays.

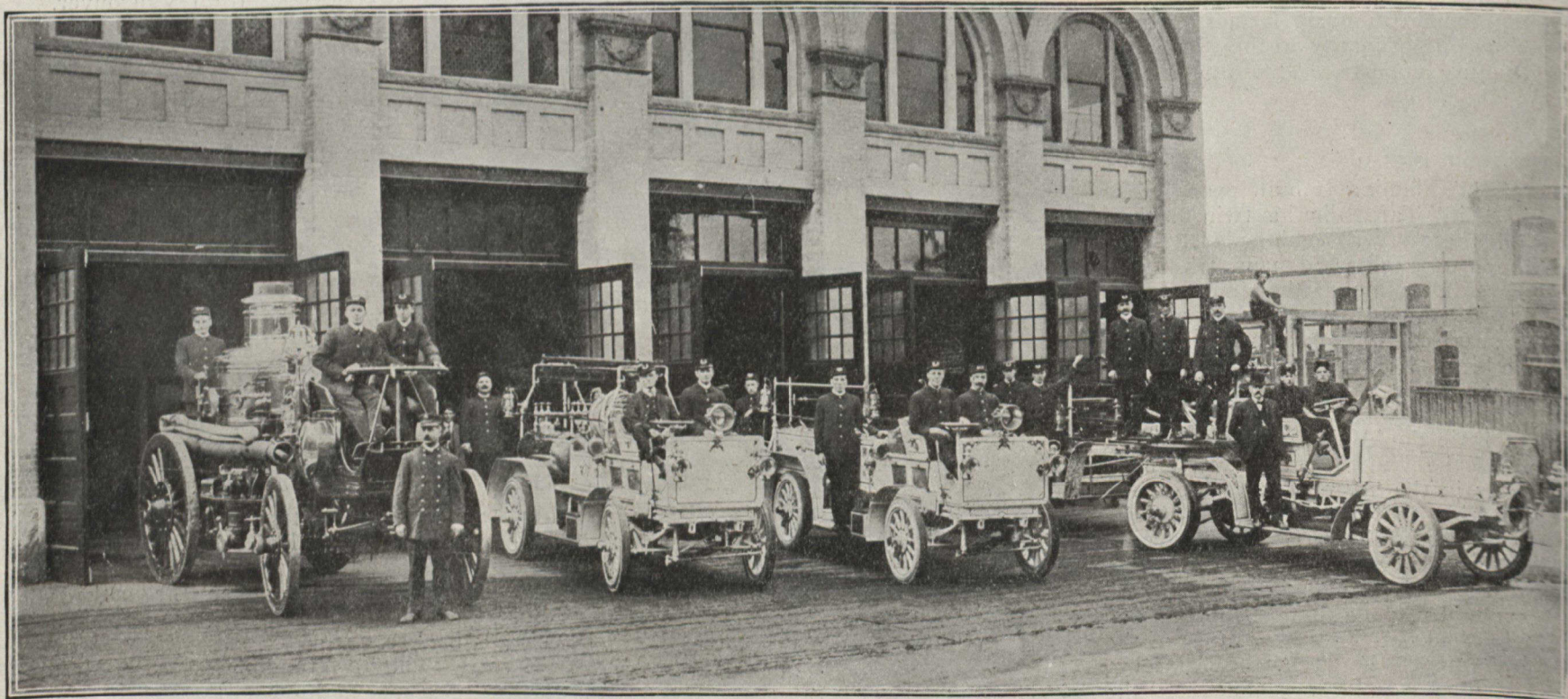
To fix the time and place of the last shots of any war requires much searching of archives. Napoleon fell at Waterloo, but the war between France and the allies did not terminate there and then. There was fighting between the French and the allies, in the suburbs of Paris, fifteen days after Waterloo. In the path of the army advancing from Germany the strong places of the north did not yield readily, and it was not until September that French resistance finally ceased. After the heart of a fire is ashes embers around the edges sputter into short and sudden life, and occasionally send forth a brief glare. It is so with war, as the British generals found in South Africa. For a fortnight after the signing of the treaty of Vereeniging there were clashes between British troops and wandering irreconcilable Boers.

The most remarkable thing about the war is the fact that the majority of the people of both nations were opposed to the conflict. Massachusetts and Connecticut exercised their right of abstention at the opening of hostilities and refused to furnish troops. Here Canadians may easily imagine what they themselves might say—and do—in a similar case. Massachusetts and Connecticut objected to having war thrust upon them and they stood aloof. However, Canada is in happier case than were the two intransigent states, for between them and the others there was only an imaginary boundary line. They had not a thousand leagues of ocean to help them. Neither were they self-contained.

A civil war—and that is what the War of 1812 was—is the most miserable and the bitterest of wars. Family quarrels are always hateful. The destruction of York, and the American General's order for the destruction of the Upper Canadian flour mills were barbarous. Equally barbarous was the burning of part of Washington and most of the Capitol by the British under Ross. Two reputations were made; Brock's and Perry's—one on each side. And at least one—Hull's—was irretrievably lost.

Since the signing of the Treaty of Ghent the town of York, metamorphosed into Toronto has welcomed, not repelled, American soldiers. Five years ago the Sixty-fifth regiment of the National Guard of New York were cheered through Toronto's streets. Today the Buffalo infantrymen are with us again. They are welcome guests, and they are like many other Exhibition visitors: they are of our own family.

### FIGHTING FIRE WITH GASOLINE



Vancouver is the first City in Canada to install an Automobile Fire Engine, as shown in this photograph, which was taken more than a year ago. Montreal and Toronto are just beginning to discuss the question seriously, and it is hardly likely that they will install Gasoline Hose Waggon before 1911.





In Western Canada, Cattle are still cheaper than Horses for working the land ; which a few years ago was full of Cattle.



**MEN OF THE WOODEN AGE.**  
Cooking Outfit of a Canadian Lumber Raft.

**Canada, the Land of Promise**

By S. RUPERT BROADFOOT.

WE are the sons of the Northland,  
Sprung from no alien earth,  
Massive and broad like the homeland,  
Boasting our might and our girth,  
Cradled and sung to by breezes  
That spawn in the ultimate North,  
Hardened by rigour that freezes  
The bones of the weakly brought forth.

We are the race of the big men,  
Proud of our tendons we feel,  
Smiling in strength at the foemen,  
Meeting their guile with our steel.  
Cunning are we with the sword-hand,  
Good neighbours when fighting shall cease,  
Praying that aye o'er our own land  
Will reign a continuous peace.

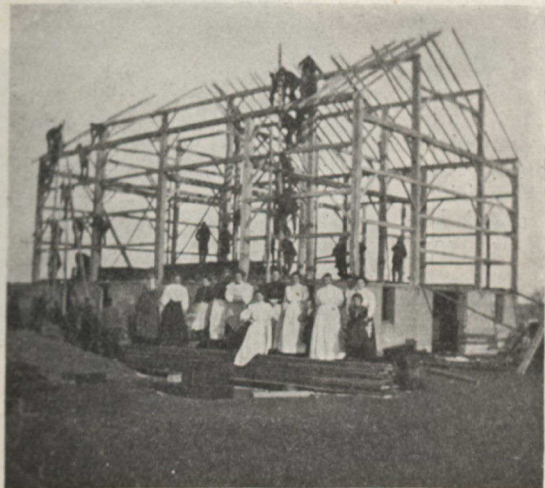
Summer-kissed by days of the fairest,  
Gilded by God's good sunshine,  
Burthened with wealth of the rarest,  
The produce of forest and mine.  
Laughing, the well-metalled mountains,  
Happy, the corn-planted plain,  
Shouting with joy are the fountains  
A prosperous fulsome refrain.

Canada's wheat fields need tilling,  
So she calls to the kings o'er the sea—  
Send us your best. We are willing  
To make them both rich men and free.  
Come to us bringing your muscles  
To garner the grain in the sheaves.  
Want is unknown here, where rustles  
The wind through the green maple leaves.

Strong like the mother that bore us,  
Brave as our red British blood,  
Sired by fathers before us  
Who conquered the bush and the flood.  
Our Dominion sends wide this message  
To o'ercrowded nation and state—  
Come all ye breeds that are stalwart,  
Enter our wide-swinging gate.



**DOWN IN THE MINE.**  
Operating a Hydraulic Machine.



**THE BUILDERS OF WOOD.**  
A new Barn just "Raised" by more than a hundred men.



**THE MODERN HOMESTEAD.**  
Canadian Farmers have an eye to the Picturesque and the Beautiful.



Tune of the Milk-pail on a Summer's Evening.

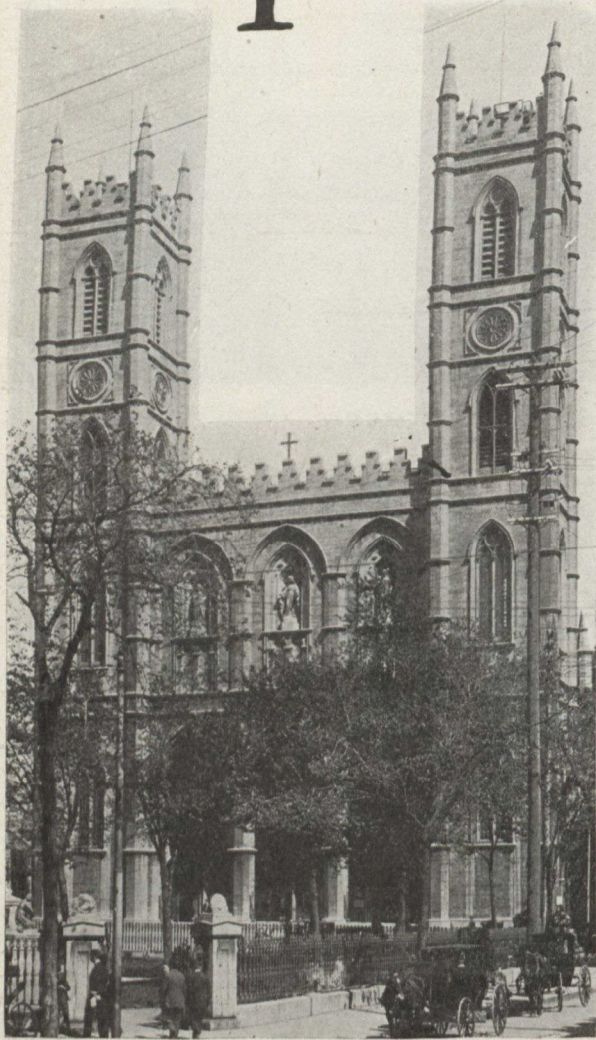


Cheese made in a Factory like this ; eaten by hundreds of tons in England.

# FIRST EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS OF AMERICA

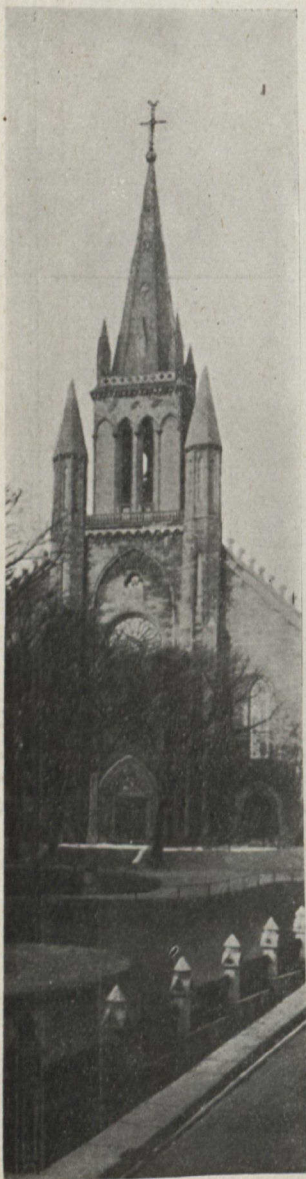
*Beginning Next Week in Montreal*

By EMILY J. HART



**A Great Piece of "Frozen Music."**

The Cathedral of Notre Dame presided over by Archbishop Bruchesi, of Montreal, accommodates ten thousand people, and is one of the most remarkable Churches in America.



**A Quiet Retreat.**

St. Patrick's has a unique architectural charm.

**N**EXT week Montreal, the commercial capital of Canada, will fairly seethe with the life and light incident to the holding of the first Eucharistic Congress of America. Two years ago the event was decided upon at the nineteenth congress of the same nature held in London, and since then preparations have been in progress, remotely at first but gathering impetus with time until now that the congress is fairly upon us, the scene of its activities and the continent generally, partake more or less of the spirit of the occasion.

The London gathering was followed by the Cologne Congress, when 70,000 Germans took part in the monster procession with which the event terminated. In Montreal Archbishop Bruchesi, the head of the diocese, and his committees have been working for months to have everything in readiness. Civic authorities, church dignitaries and citizens generally have laboured in unison to the end that the Congress of Montreal might equal and if possible surpass all its predecessors in spirit and brilliancy. The probabilities point to results far exceeding even the

most optimistic calculations. Men have been at work upon the streets of Montreal, which are now in first-class condition; citizens have thrown open their homes for the accommodation of visitors; churches, convents, and other institutions are decorated and waiting for the holding of functions and reception of guests. Thirty colossal arches of chosen architecture are nearing completion and through these over a roadway strewn and garlanded with flowers the great procession will march.

The city generally will be adorned and illuminated. Plans even for the decoration of private houses are under the direction of the committees. The colour scheme will be for the greater part brilliant scarlet and royal purple intermingled with the papal colours, yellow and white. The illuminations are to be on a scale never before attempted by the city. Thousands have been already expended on individual churches in the matter of decorating and illuminating. The great church of Notre Dame together with that of St. James and St. Patrick will be the chief temples in which services and ceremonies will take place, though every church and chapel of old Ville Marie will be called into requisition.

Already visitors of note are arriving. Of special interest to the English speaking world of Canada is Archbishop Bourne of Westminster and Primate of Great Britain, the first English Archbishop to cross the Atlantic. Cardinal Vannutelli, special representative of Pope Pius X., will arrive in Montreal on Tuesday, accompanied by Cardinal Logue, Primate of all Ireland, and special guest at the centenary of the Church in New York two years ago. Others accompanying these distinguished churchmen are the Papal Chamberlain Mgr. J. G. Kenyon, Canons Butti and Macdonald of Dundee; McCarthy, of Glasgow; Mgr. Richie Wishaw Stuart, representing Archbishop Smith, of Edinburgh; the Vicar General of Paris, Mgr. Adelin; the Bishop of Luxemburg, Mgr. Koppes; Bishop McSherry, of South Africa; and Bishop Touchet, Comtes de la Parent and De Montjou, of the Honsec Catholic Association. Accompanying Cardinal Vannutelli are his niece Signorina Vannutelli, a nephew Count Gallio Vannutelli and Prince Ferdinand DeCroix. Earl Grey and Sir Wilfrid Laurier are both expected to be in Montreal some time during the Congress. These are only a part of the great and varied gathering called forth by this unique event in the history of our country, and the many elements of which it is composed show it to be all that its name indicates—an international congress.

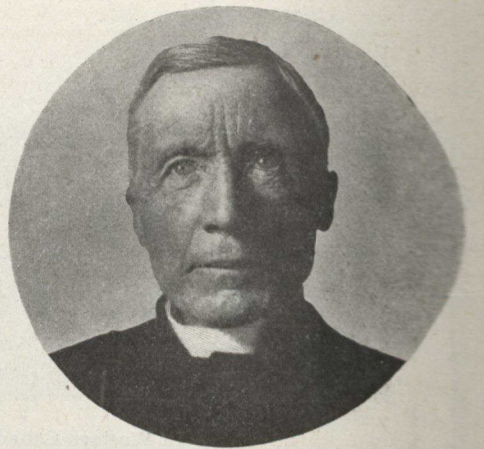
The keynote to the spirit of the time is given by the Empress of Ireland in the courtesy and attention shown its distinguished passengers. During the voyage the Coat of Arms of the Cardinal Legate are emblazoned on the grand salon, and the red, white and blue of England's insignia twines harmoniously with the yellow and white flag of the chief guest.

Amongst the things of most popular interest during the week's activities will be the solemn reception of the Cardinal Legate in St. James' Cathedral and the civic reception to the same eminent dignitary; the public meeting in Notre Dame Cathedral for Bishops, minor ecclesiastics and laymen; the Pontifical Mass at the foot of the mountain; the banquet at the Windsor; the reception of the public by Cardinal Vannutelli, Archbishop Bruchesi and others, and the grand procession on Sunday, with which the week will close.

Sectional meetings at which thirty-two papers will be read and discussed will be part of the programme. Windsor Hall will be the rendezvous for the lay gatherings; the clergy will meet at the convent of the Sacred Heart, and the ladies at Stanley Hall. The United States will be represented by its greatest churchman, Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishops O'Connell of Boston and Ireland of St. Paul will be among the speakers.

In addition to the carrying out of the purposes for which the congress was convened, results of a beneficent nature must accrue to Canada. The illuminating vista which opens up as a consequence of the intercourse which will arise, the spreading broadcast of the grandeur and wonderful possibilities of our country, are all things to be desired.

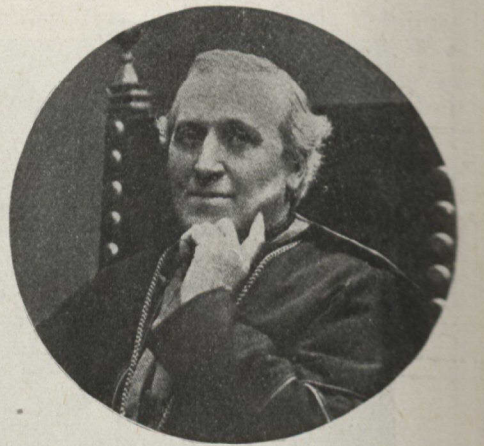
Apart altogether from the religious aspect of the event and its environment, the Twenty-first Eucharistic Congress will in a measure be epoch making, as its influence cannot but affect, though perhaps indirectly, the emigration and commercial interests of the Dominion.



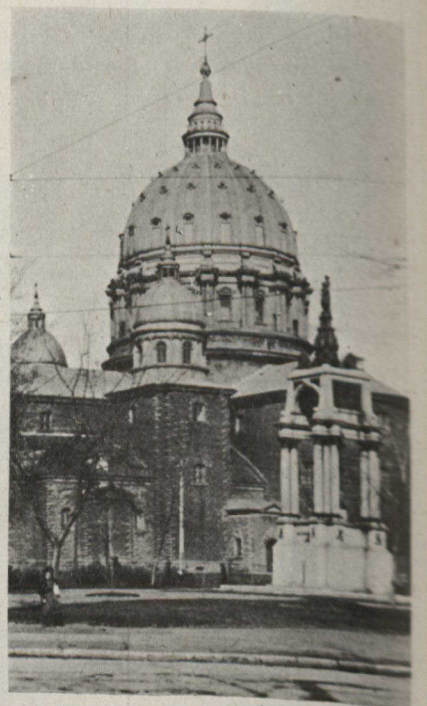
**His Eminence, James Cardinal Gibbons,**  
The Archbishop of Baltimore, is the only Prince of the Church residing in the New World



**His Excellency, Mgr. Falconio,**  
Papal Delegate to the United States.



**His Grace, Mgr. Ireland,**  
Archbishop of St. Paul, Minnesota.



**An Imitation of St. Peter's.**  
St. James', the second largest Cathedral in Montreal, has a style of Architecture different from Notre Dame, with a Dome resembling St. Peter's in Rome.



**His Excellency, Cardinal Vannutelli,**  
Papal Legate and Bishop of Palestrina.

# ORATORS IN THE CITY OF THE COW-BOY HAT

*But there are All Kinds of Hats to Wave in Calgary now*



SIR WILFRID LAURIER  
ADDRESSING THE MEETING IN  
THE RINK AT CALGARY



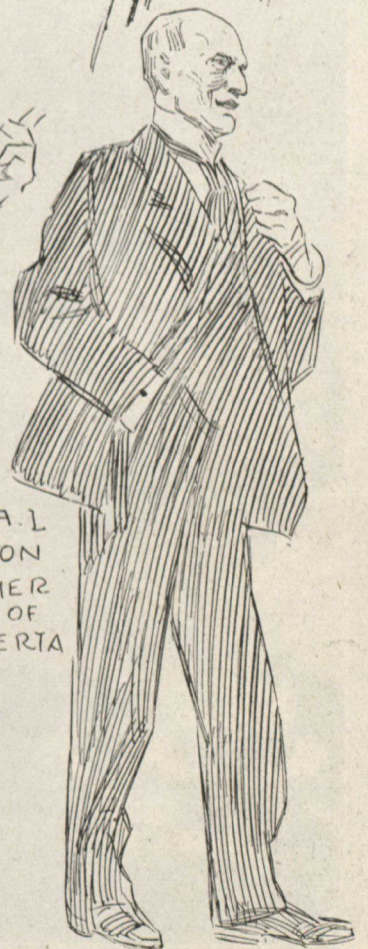
MR E.M.  
MACDONALD M.P.  
OF  
PICTOU N.S.



HON  
FRANK  
OLIVER  
MINISTER OF  
THE  
INTERIOR



HON  
G.P. GRAHAM  
MINISTER OF  
RAILWAYS



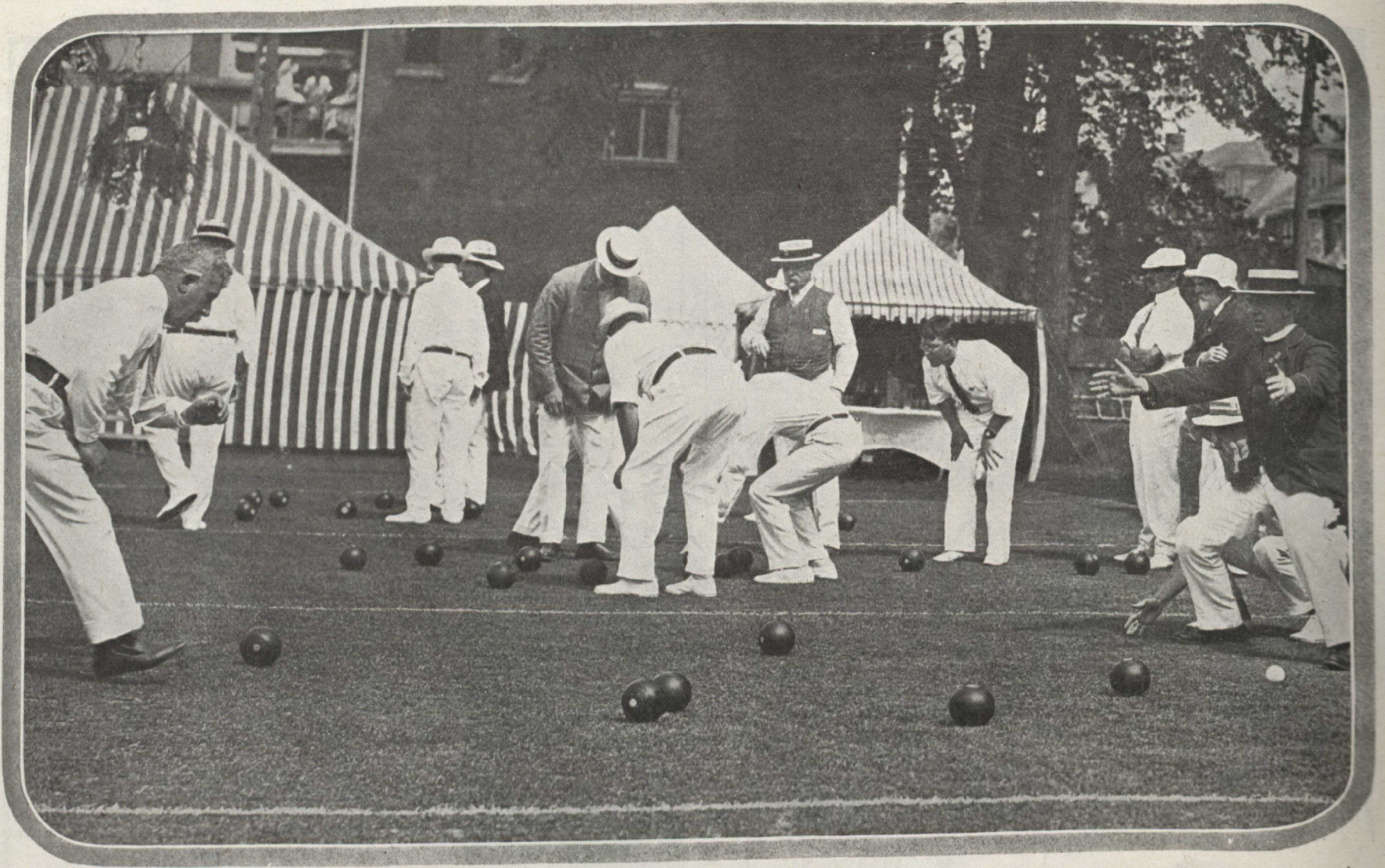
HON A.L.  
SIFTON  
PREMIER OF  
ALBERTA

GENERAL ROUND-UP OF LIBERAL SPEAKERS ON THE EDGE OF THE ROCKIES

*Drawn by our Special Travelling Artist Mr. C. W. Jefferys.*

## BOWLING MAY BE GENTEEL, BUT IT'S VERY EXCITING

*At any rate the British Knights of the "Kitty" know how to make an end lively.*



The British Bowlers now visiting Canada, have created a mild baseball enthusiasm by their scientific achievements on the green. Thursday morning of last week excitement ran high on the green of the Alexandra Bowling Club, Toronto. As may plainly be seen from a study of the two earnest men at the end, the whole science of mathematics and motion are summed up in sixteen balls and a kitty.

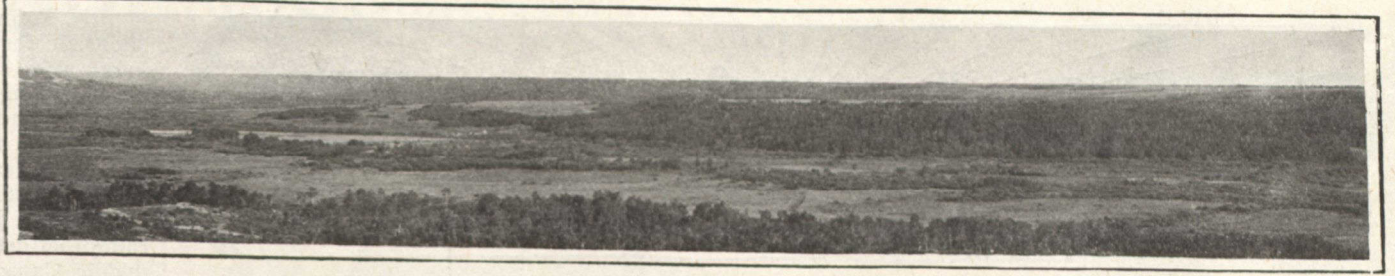
## NEW PLAYGROUNDS FOR CHILDREN OF A CITY



Last week at a cost of \$25,000, Mr. E. B. Osler, M.P., opened another supervised playground for Toronto children. He got the worth of his money in the joy of the Children that one afternoon, as may be seen in the accompanying picture.



He worked on the Ontario Bush Road.



## A PIONEER OF TWO PROVINCES

TO have helped to clear a bush farm in Ontario and then to be a pioneer on the prairies of Manitoba is an experience few men can boast. To have passed through such an experience and still be, at the age of over sixty, as hale and hearty as ever, straight as an arrow, smart as a cricket, and as young in heart as a boy, adds interest to the story of such a life when told by the actual person who lived it.

Such a life is that of William McKelvy, of Gladstone, who lives retired there after filling a most busy part in the activities that built up that prosperous town and community. Perhaps the pioneer's experience gained by being born on a bush farm in the East helped him much in the work both as constitutional preparation and educational training. At any rate the hardships complained of by some who have pioneered the West seem to have been rather a source of enjoyment to this sturdy Canadian.

"There were no hardships about it," said Mr. McKelvy; "we moved in and put up such homes as we could and got the land broken up and then teamed out our grain as soon as we had any. The railroad came after a while and then we began to make money. Now we have the finest country on earth. Anyone who would work could get along, and can yet for that matter."

So the pioneer looks at it. There is another side to the story, only seen by the onlooker who gets the tale first-hand from one who has been through the life depicted. To be born on a bush farm in the Ottawa Valley, spend the years of youth clearing the land, chopping, logging, and stumping, getting to school when work allowed, and learning to read by light of fire or candle with mother as teacher; then hewing square timber on the Madawaska as first work for others, and river-driving on the Ottawa at its most romantic stage, will hardly appeal to the present generation as a desirable life in the years now usually full of enjoyment.

Following this Mr. McKelvy came to Winnipeg, when that city was only a hamlet, and homesteaded at Gladstone. His first two crops were destroyed by the grasshopper invasions of those years. The first wheat he raised he hauled

By GEORGE R. BELTON

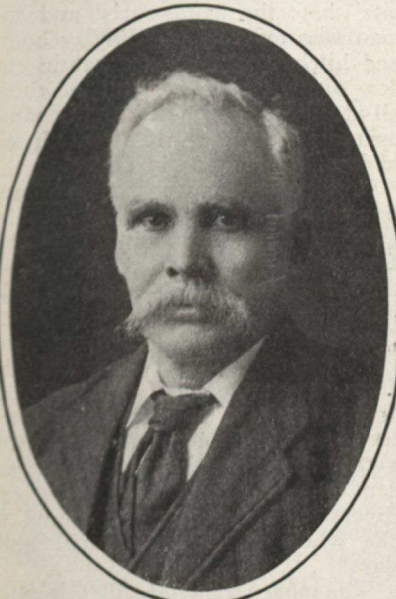
to Portage la Prairie and sold to the Hudson's Bay Company for seventy-five cents per bushel.

This crop was five hundred bushels and was hauled about fifty miles in a waggon, making ten trips, each with a return load of necessities. On these trips he camped out by the waggon or at such places as were then available for stopping houses—many of them worse than a camp outside. On such trips women and children often accompanied the father, and to hear Mr. McKelvy tell of those days you would think they were real camping or hunting experiences.

The possibilities of such a life as is here sketched as the basis for fiction are almost unlimited, but this is a plain tale of mere fact and the romance and embellishment the reader must add to suit his own taste. Not much imagination is needed to make up the tale. And when it is fully told it will differ in detail alone from many other stories of the lives of pioneers of the Great West who hewed out the path of prosperity for one of the most prosperous peoples on the face of the earth—the farmers of the Canadian prairies.

For not alone in the annals of great men who lived in log cabins is the story of pioneerism most eloquent; but rather in the humbler chronicles of men such as Mr. McKelvy.

TO all the way-makers and path-finders in Canada this brief sketch of a pioneer is recommended. In these bustling new times when the young man just out of school has his clinch on a promising job at a salary that would have made his father or his grandfather grow dizzy, it is of great interest to know more about those who bore the burden and the heat of the day in the making times of Canada. New Canada owes a large debt to the men of the log-road and the smoke line. For all photographs and stories of such folk whether written by themselves or by others, the CANADIAN COURIER is a ready market.



But Mr. McKelvy is quite as well acquainted with the Prairie Picture at the head of this page.

## A WOMAN'S VIEW OF THE WEST

*Glimpses of One who Neighboured with the Trail-bound*

By MARJORY MACMURCHY

IT would be an easy task to count the books which have been written on the Canadian West by women who have lived in Western Canada.

Few indeed are the books which have been written of that country by women who went to it from the older parts of Canada. The strongest claim that Mrs. Murphy's narrative makes is that it is such a book. It is a woman's book about Canada, a straightforward, frank, gay, true account of life and living by a writer who makes her good comradeship felt in the pages of her story. "Janey Canuck" went out from Ontario. She has lived long enough in the West to know the difference between years when settlers do not make fortunes and glad years when gold is carried out of the fields. She has seen many varying settlements. She has heard the friendly, and sometimes the sad, story of new settlers. She knows that these stories are true, because she was neighbour to all these people. Instead of writing a traveller's book, or giving herself with serious purpose to the task of telling what women may expect to find in the West, the writer speaks in a friendly soliloquy of what one woman thought and saw and lived for many score of days. But the friendly soliloquy presents vividly the exact picture of how the prairie earth and sky harbour people who give their new fortunes to the West.

It is to be understood that far more of books, reading, and seeing sights, goes to the making of Mrs. Murphy's chronicle than will come into the life of the average woman in either eastern or western Canada. But, while the interest from books is good, Mrs. Murphy quotes from many writers and generally quotes well—it is not the bookishness but the life that makes the value of "Janey Canuck in the West." Mrs. Murphy has kept the power to perceive what will be graphic and

interesting to the world outside in scenes which have become familiar to her. How many Canadians would have thought of describing minutely the trappings belonging to men in a lumber camp? But as soon as the description is down on the printed page it justifies itself abundantly. Outside of Canada it will probably rank with Shackleton's account of hablements meant for Polar regions.

"Since coming into camp I have been much impressed by the clothing of a lumber-jack. It is a model of utility, being calculated to keep him warm without being burdensome. He fully believes in the meteorological maxim that waves of cold are waves of death. At the same time his clothing is not unpicturesque. In the early part of the season, when the snow is dry, he wears moosehide moccasins—the shoes of silence. He keeps a pair of larrigans for a change. They are brothers to the moccasin and are made of oil-tanned cowhide, with flexible soles.

"In soft weather he dons a thick shoe of snag-proof rubber with a lining of red eiderdown. This is not used in the winter because of the tendency of rubber to draw the frost. The cook and cookee wear dolges, a style of shoe almost universally worn in these sub-arctics. The dolge is made of an excellent quality of soft felt, with a woollen fleece lining. They are easy to walk in, and are free from the jar that accompanies leather footwear.

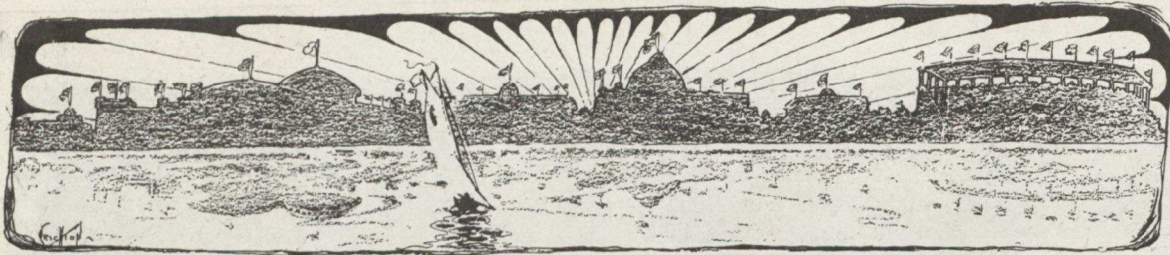
"The lumberman's stocking is known as the 'Lombard sock.' It comes up to his knees and is held by a gay cord running through and round it. the stockings may be of any colour or combination of colours and are usually in good taste. To ensure warmth he generally wears underneath these a thick pair of home-knit socks of ordinary length.

"He wears knickerbockers of brown corduroy or trousers of mackinaw, that wonderful material

which bids defiance to rain, snow, or cold. His undershirt is of wool and his shirt of blue or grey cotton, fleece-lined. (I happen to know these particulars because I ordered the things in Winnipeg myself). Over these he dons a sweater, or a waistcoat, and tops all with a sheep-lined jacket of tan duck, known commercially as the Hudson's Bay coat. His cap is of blue felt and has a flap behind which is fur-lined. This flap may be tucked inside as lining, when not required. He wears two pairs of mittens—one of wool and the other of unlined moosehide. He does not object to paying a good round price for his clothing, but it must be of the very best quality. He will not tolerate any deception on this score."

With a keen delight in every new morning and in every new companion whom she meets, Janey Canuck writes of days and nights on the plains of Manitoba. What she has written rings true. The new life is hard, but to most healthy, hard-working people, it tastes sweet. Most people, like Janey Canuck herself, have their own unspoken reasons for happiness. Sometimes a tragedy makes the bright sky dark and threatening. The chronicler tells how she found in a new graveyard a new grave. Fastened to the iron cross by the grave was a typewritten epitaph, hung there by a young Swede whose wife had died. The voice of the epitaph is a lonely cry in a new country.

A death like this seems sadder in a country where new fortunes are being made happily. But the new fortunes, happiness and sadness added together, make life. The strong, joyful claim of the West and the longing for "back home" are both to be found in Mrs. Murphy's book. It is loyal to the old and the new. No one who reads this narrative can doubt how joyful and how strong the claim of the West is. Mrs. Murphy tells a true story of work and hardship as well as of the splendid freedom and opportunity. And the story has been told in a woman's way. These qualities make "Janey Canuck in the West" a valuable book for the many who will read it. It will be of the greatest value, possibly, to the intending settler from overseas.



# CANADA'S GREAT FAIR

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

Drawings by A. T. Crichton.

THE Canadian National Exhibition is the only fair in the world's fair class that has a surplus every year. It is the only annual fair in the world which has gate receipts of world's fair dimensions. Last year the big days at the Canadian National Exhibition were bigger than the big days at either Jamestown or Portland. The total number of people who paid admission into the big fair last year ran close up to a million. The biggest single aggregate was 140,000—which was Labour Day. The Canadian National has a system as perfect as Eaton's or the Canadian Pacific. If it were not so—would there be any surplus?

Every year you hear calculators say that very soon the big fair will have reached its limit. But as our cartoonist shows on this page there have been thirty-two years to this young lady's life, and in 1910 she is better looking than ever. Of course, it's easy for the cartoonist to say such things. But the facts prove it.

The marvel still remains: Why practical Toronto, devoid of any sort of spectacular imagination, is able to operate a yearly fair of such dimensions without merely doing the old vaudeville turns over again? To answer that one must find out what makes the big fair anyway? Is it Shorthorns or pictures? prize pigs or the Spithead Review? the machinery building or the midway? One thing certain—cattle and hogs are not making such progress that the hogs of this year are much different from the hogs of five years ago. There's a limit even to the perfectibility of a hog; or of a horse or a Jersey cow. And there are about seven hundred thousand people every year who never go near the pens; just as there are several hundred thousand who never go near the pictures. There are probably half a million who never visit machinery hall; and its quite possible that a large number never bother about the fine arts building or the transportation building or the fruits and vegetables.

There may be a few who never listen to the barkers on the Midway; and in spite of the fact that the grandstand is usually packed at every twice-a-day performance there may be a few thousand who never see the open-air vaudeville or the nocturnal spectacle. In fact, the number of things that a large number of people never see at the fair at all would very likely make up the whole fair if put together.

Of course everybody hears the bands. The crowd round the bandstand is by all odds the best average cosmopolitan crowd to be seen at the fair. Music suits everybody.

In fact the kinds of people who go to the Fair are quite as numerous as the kinds of things to be seen at the Fair. There are cynics who never patronise the dogs and pessimists who steer clear of the cattery. There are poetic people who never buy Coney Island red-hots and practical folk who don't care a continental about the masterpieces which Dr. Orr and his associates so lavishly import every year from Europe.

It's all a matter of giving all of the people something of what they want; and some of the people all they want—most of the time. The Canadian

National is able to do this—and at a surplus. Which is something.

But who are the people that pad up the gate receipts and pack the street cars in the biggest local transportation problem in Canada? Are they citizens of Toronto? A good many of them are. But there are easily a hundred thousand people in Toronto who have never been inside the gates; just as there are thousands in Paris who have never seen



AGE BUT MAKES THIS FAIR ONE MORE FAIR

Thirty-two years old in 1910 and grows much handsomer every year.

the Louvre. It's a good comfortable thing to know, however, that both the Fair and the Louvre are get-at-able whenever one feels like going.

Plenty of Toronto people grouch about the annual invasion in September. They complain that the visitors crowd them out of the restaurants, elbow them off the street cars, and tramp all over their five-cent shines on the sidewalk. So be it. But they keep coming. The railway companies make special rates just as they used to do. The street railway people put on extra cars. The business folk of Yonge street keep on paying the Retail Merchants' Association so much a foot frontage for the pied and fanciful decorations on the street—welcoming the thousands that come by rail and boat and automobile and even in farmers' buggies to the Fair.

It's Toronto's annual big festival and it is responsible for the spending of several large fortunes every year for what people think they need. It's a good thing for Toronto. It seems to be a good thing for the people. It's the one time of the year that certain folk set aside for a three-days' outing, where they can combine some business with a whole lot of pleasure or some pleasure with a good deal of business, just as they feel inclined. It's the one thing that determines when trade begins to revive in middle Canada. It comes at the time when the farmer is able to reckon up how much he is in for the year; threshing all done; hogs fattening; fall wheat just going in; when the townspeople are getting ready for the fall trade, and when the old town that sets the pace for Ontario is getting into the big swing of the fall and winter business. Yes it's also the time of the fall millinery openings; for conventions of all sorts; for gatherings together that might never happen at all if left to the whims of the calendar.

So the crowd at the Fair is a happy, huge conglomeration of a little of everybody. Farmers and townfolk; villagers and financiers; the housewife who puts down her own pickles and the society lady who buys hers out of one of the fifty-seven varieties; the top-hatter and the man with the "cow-bite" hat; the motor-carist and the man who pulls on his Sunday boots and hitches up the democrat in the dew of the morning. You see them all at the Fair animated by the same open-air festival spirit of which we have only too little in Ontario.

Besides, it's a huge mix-up of nationalities. This year there will be an American Day and a West-of-England Day; the big band from the Grenadier Guards and the little bands from the towns and cities of Canada; the foreign pictures and the home-made ones; the machinery from across the tariff wall and the things made at home under a protective tariff for revenue only; altogether the biggest two-weeks' assemblage of things and people and diversified interests to be found in the whole history of human holidays.

The money value of this Canadian festival of business and pleasure may be estimated. The buildings alone are worth \$2,000,000; grandstand \$225,000, with a seating capacity of 16,800. The surplus of receipts over expenditures last year was \$65,000; year before \$47,000.

The growth of the institution is best outlined in cold figures:

Receipts, 1883	\$ 56,911
Receipts, 1893	87,247
Receipts, 1903	162,065
Receipts, 1908	234,137
Receipts, 1909	249,603
Prizes paid, 1883	23,138
Prizes paid, 1893	31,232
Prizes paid, 1903	37,515
Prizes paid, 1908	44,823
Prizes paid, 1909	42,870
Admission to grounds, 1883	171,765
Admission to grounds, 1893	267,192
Admission to grounds, 1903	527,320
Admission to grounds, 1908	585,544
Admission to grounds, 1909	693,686

Admissions to Grand Stand:

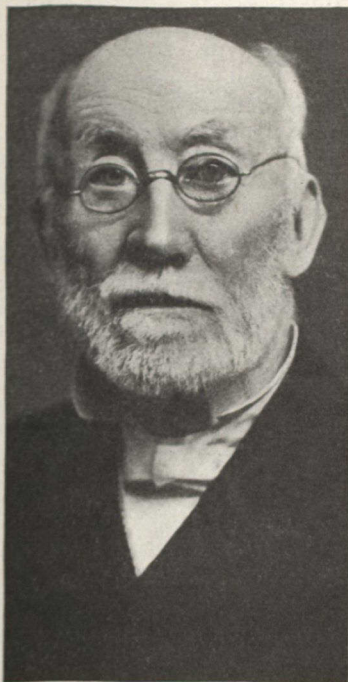
1903	135,043
1908	219,020
1909	238,482

A category of the great men who have pressed the opening button at this Exposition could of itself make something of a roll of honour. This year the officiator is Col. Baden-Powell, representing war on land. He will impart still more military complexion to an affair which is already a compound of the arts of war and of peace. Last year Lord Charles Beresford did the turn, representing war on water; as a result of which the grand stand night spectacle this year is a naval review at Spithead. Two years ago Lord Roberts was invited; Lord Strathcona has been one of the most celebrated; Li Hung Chang perhaps the most unusual of all.

But after all it's the countryman who makes the Fair; and the best there is in the Canadian National Exhibition was fore-ordained half a century ago in a prize pumpkin at a township fair where the bull calf bellowed and the housewife paraded her patchwork quilt.

# A METHODIST QUADRENNIAL

*Interesting Convention in the Steamship City*



**The General Superintendent**

Rev. Albert Carman, D.D., Seventy-seven years of progressive dogma, and seldom a doubt.

ONE more quadrennial general conference of the Methodist Church in Canada; this time at the steamship city of Victoria, just as near the fringes of the heathen Orient as it's possible to hold conventions in Canada. And it has been a highly interesting conference. For the first time in the history of Methodist quadrennials the General Superintendent came in for a slating at the hands of one of the lesser brethren—who had at least a coterie of supporters.

But this is begging the question. Rev. Dr. Albert Carman, he of the much-wrinkled face, the keen, hard eye and the strident uplifted voice, has been a candidate for

"Who's Who" for nearly half a century. He was a "big gun" in the Methodist Church before most of his detractors were able to eat out of a spoon. He has been General Superintendent of the Methodist Church in Canada ever since the union in 1883. Before that he was both preacher and scholar; teacher of mathematics in Albert College—named after him—in Belleville. He has two sons in journalism, both well and favourably known, one of them an author of considerable repute and one of the most influential writers in Canada.

Not more proud of these sons, however, is the venerable doctor than he is proud of his half-century connection with the church militant in Canada: and Dr. Carman knows as well as any the scent of battle. Not once, but many a time, has he flung down the gage; as he did the other day in Victoria when he scored the millionaires who import into their churches propagandists of the higher criticism; by which, of course, he referred to the Rev. Dr. George Jackson, lately pastor of a prominent Toronto church, and now equally eminent as a professor in Victoria College, and Rev. Dr. Workman, lately professor of Old Testament exegesis in Wesley College, formerly in Victoria. Dr. Workman has recently been preaching to the Metropolitan Church congregation in Toronto. He is the man who long ago argued that such writings as the Book of Isaiah make no allusion to the Messiah; for which eventually he lost his chair in Victoria College, became a free lance and was afterwards admitted to Wesley College in Montreal.

Dr. Carman, who has camp-meeting religion mixed up with his scholarship, has been fervently disagreeing with Dr. Workman a long while. And when Rev. George Jackson came from Edinburgh to preach a modified higher criticism in a Toronto millionaires' church the superintendent came at him openly on account of a certain book which was considered dangerous for young men. The newspapers had a plethora of the Jackson controversy. The faculty of Victoria were divided; majority in favour of Mr. Jackson; one church-working, head-of-missions millionaire writing plainly to the press in his defence and against Dr. Carman—who has since been waiting till his trumpet should sound at the quadrennial.

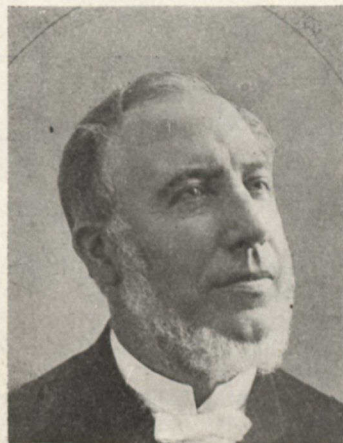
And it did. The venerable Doctor asserted his criticism of the higher critics as the head of the church. He was sincere. As an administrator he was profoundly respected. As a doctrinaire he was doubted. Rev. James Allen, a superintendent of home missions and once pastor of a wealthy Toronto church, went strongly against Dr. Carman.

## The Strong Administrator.

IT looked for a while like a church crisis. But better counsels prevailed. Dr. Carman is too well respected to be disregarded; even though his utterances may at times be indiscreet. And he loves the brethren, who can ill afford to lose his old camp-meeting grip on the general assemblies.

In the virility with which Dr. Carman assailed this evil of modern theologies he reminded one of the good old days when that other and even more dramatic war-horse of Methodism, Rev. Dr. Douglas, waxed eloquent in Miltonic periods about the scapegraces of society in the Methodist Church and the ram-paging scoundrels of politics in the Parliament of Canada. There is a heap of good in Dr. Carman. He means all he says. For good old-fashioned orthodoxy such as made the church a power in the log-bee days he is *facile princeps* of them all. And whether he is wrong or right—in the main—it is a treat to know that he is able to vindicate the dignity and the prerogatives of a general superintendent by bringing down the gavel with a whack and delivering himself *ex cathedra*.

That he has been granted an associate in the Rev. Dr. Chown need not in the least detract from Dr. Carman's dignity even though it may make him less of an autocrat. He is a pioneer. In his day and well up till now he entirely filled the bill. But



Rev. Wm. Briggs, D.D.  
Book Steward



Rev. J. W. Graham, D.D.  
The Educational Secretary



Rev. T. Albert Moore,  
Secretary of Moral and Temperance Reform.



Rev. T. E. E. Shore,  
Secretary of Foreign Missions.

the Canada of to-day is a bigger land than it was when he became the overseer, and judged even by the progress of Methodism is so large a problem that the venerable Doctor might well be glad of a helper west of Ontario.

## A Conciliator.

NOW the Rev. Dr. Chown, lately secretary of Temperance and Moral Reform, is quite a different species of cleric from Dr. Carman. Dr. Chown, however, is not a freethinker, but quite orthodox; a hard campaigner and a man for the firing line. He has been a strong preacher. Years ago, when he preached on a vacation in a western Ontario town, the venerable pastor of the church said to the writer: "Well, sir, if that sermon was entirely original with Chown he is a genius." Of course the sermon was original; though at that time it was not fashionable for a few Methodist ministers to plagiarise from high sources. Since that time Dr. Chown has won his spurs even outside of the pulpit. He is a man of outspokenness. John the Baptist was not much plainer of delivery than he. A year or so ago he was badly misquoted by some western reporter as scoring the social evils of the West. He had been out there seeing and hearing things in the interests of moral reform; and of course being a different sort of man from Bob Edwards he said what he did say in a very different way, though he may have seen much the same sort of things. Since he quit the conventional pulpit to become outposter in social and moral reform Dr. Chown has been one of the real militants in Methodism; and he was quite sincere when he said that to be appointed associate superintendent was to tear him away from the child of his heart. He is a man of fine physical presence; a real stalwart and as full of aggressiveness as an egg is full of meat. With him on the western end of the overseerage the Methodist Church in Canada should go on to prosper.

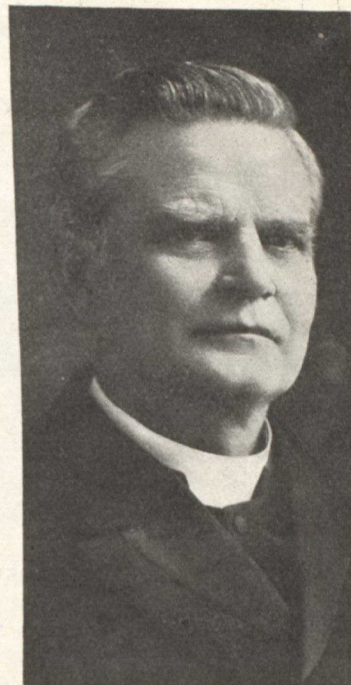
REV. MR. GRAHAM, re-elected Secretary of Education, is rather a marvel in Methodism. He is one of the "boys." But the position he holds belonged for many years to one of the reverend seniors in Methodism, Rev. Dr. Potts, known on two continents as a great platform speaker and an expert at raising money for the work of theological education. Mr. Graham became Dr. Potts' associate when the work got too extensive for one man. Before that, however, he had been a prominent preacher, having occupied two leading Canadian pulpits, St. James' in Montreal, and the First Methodist Church in London, Ont. He is almost as Irish as Dr. Potts, the son of a minister who in his day was one of the leaders of Methodism; at college one of the most popular men—known to his near associates as "Murphy," no doubt because of his Irish. As a preacher he retained his youthful exuberance, which he has not lost since he became a dignitary. His parish is the whole of Canada. He is doing a big work which no man could do well and be either a bigot or a conventionalist.

REV. DR. BRIGGS, manager of the Book Room, is another Irishman. He has been a long while in Canada; preached for a number of years in the leading churches and did it so well with such a nature gift of interesting pulpit talk that it was accounted a loss to the preaching ranks when he was selected by the General Conference years ago to manage the book room.

But there is more than eloquence in Rev. William Briggs. From coast to coast, wherever books are bought, he is indirectly recognised as a man who knows how to keep a big ledger balanced on the right side when it comes to making a report to the quadrennial. The Methodist Book Room, like many other great concerns, began in a small way, largely to issue church and Sunday School publications. But it has grown into a large publishing house, issuing a large number of books that have nothing whatever to do with the church except to make money.

Rev. T. A. Moore, who succeeds Dr. Chown, has made a big reputation for himself as Lord's Day Alliance Associate,

REV. T. E. SHORE, M.A., B.D., is the man the Methodists chose the other day to carry on the work of the late Dr. Sutherland as secretary for Foreign Missions. A position like that requires a great deal of business acumen; successful mission work depends a good deal on organisation. Mr. Shore has this qualification. He has made good in the big city pastorate he has held. He knows all the inner workings of his church—especially Methodist missions. Recently he made a tour of the world, visiting foreign missionaries in the field.



**The Western Superintendent.**

Rev. S. D. Chown, D.D., is as tenacious and aggressive as his senior Dr. Carman, but a very different sort of man.



For the Sake of Her Offspring She would take no Risks with the Man.

# THE AVENGER

By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

Drawing by Charles Livingstone Bull.

FROM their cave in the cleft of Red Rock, where the half-uprooted pine tree swung out across the ravine, the two panthers came paddling noiselessly down the steep trail. In the abrupt descent their massive shoulders and haunches worked conspicuously under the tawny and supple hide, in a loose jointed way that belied their enormous strength. Where the trail came out upon a patch of grassy level, starred with blossoms, beside the tumbling mountain stream, they parted company, the female turning off across the tangled and rocky slopes, while the male went on down to hunt in the heavy timber of the valley bottom.

Game was scarce that spring, and the hunt kept them both busy. They had no misgivings about leaving their two blind, sprawling cubs to doze on their bed of dry grass in the dark inner corner of the cave. They knew very well that in all their range, for a radius of forty or fifty miles about the humped and massive hogback of Red Rock, there was no beast so bold as to trespass on the panthers' lair.

It was perhaps a half-hour later that a man came in sight, a halfbreed squatter, moving stealthily up the farther bank of the stream. His dark figure appeared and disappeared, slipping from rock to tree, from tree to wild vine thicket, as he picked his way furtively along the steep and obstructed slope. Not a twig cracked under his moccasined steps, so carefully did he go, though the soft roar of the stream would have covered any such light sound from all ears but the initiated and discriminating ones of the forest kindreds. His small, watchful eyes took note of the grassy level on the other side of the stream, and with a sure leap to a rock in mid-channel he came across.

He arrived just a few feet below the spot where the female panther had taken her departure, digging in her broad pads heavily in the take-off of her leap. The grasses, trodden down in the heavy footprints, were still slowly lifting their heads. At sight of this trail, so startlingly fresh, the man crouched instantly back into the fringing bush, half lifting his rifle and peering with vigilant eyes into the heart of every covert. He expected to see the beast's eyes palely glaring at him from some near ambush.

In a few minutes, however, he satisfied himself that the panther had gone on. Emerging from the bushes, he knelt down and examined the footprints minutely. Yes, the trail was older than he had at first imagined, by a good half-hour. Some of the trodden grass had recovered itself, and a crushed down beetle was already surrounded by ants. He rose with a grim smile and traced the trail back across the green patch till it mingled with the confusion of footprints, going and coming, which led up the mountains. In this confusion he overlooked the traces of the other panther; so he was led to the conclusion that only one of the pair had gone out. If this was the path to the lair, as he inferred both from the number of the tracks and the fitness of the country, then he must expect to find one of the pair at home. His crafty and deep-set eyes flamed at the thought; for he was a great hunter, and a dead shot with his heavy Winchester.

FOR days the halfbreed had been searching for the trail and the den of the panther pair. His object was the cubs, which, as he knew, would still

be tiny and manageable at this season. A good panther skin was well worth the effort of the chase; but a man in the settlements who was collecting wild animals for a circus had offered him one hundred and fifty dollars for a pair of healthy cubs. The halfbreed's idea was to get the cubs as young as possible and bring them up by bottle in his cabin, till they should be large enough for delivery to the collector.

Before starting up the steep and difficult trail, the man examined his rifle. A panther at home, protecting her young, was not a foe with which he could take risks. She commanded the tribute of his utmost precaution.

A careful survey of the slope before him convinced his practised eye that the den must be somewhere in that high cleft where the broken spaces of the red sandstone glowed brightly through dark patches and veils of clinging firs. He marked the great, half-fallen pine tree, with its top swung out from the rock face and its branches curling upward. Somewhere not far from that, he concluded, would he come upon the object of his search.

Difficult was the ascending trail, now slippery with wet moss, now obstructed with thick, low branches which offered no obstacle to the panthers but were seriously baffling to the man, he climbed swiftly and noiselessly. His lithe feet, in their flexible moosehide moccasins, took firm hold of the irregularities of the trail and he glided over or under the opposing branches with as little rustling as a blacksnake might have made. Every few moments he stiffened himself to the rigidity of a stump and listened like a startled doe as he interrogated every rock and tree within reach of his eyes. Ready to match his trained senses against those of any of the wilderness kin, he felt confident of seeing or hearing any creature by which he might be seen or heard. Mounting thus warily, in some twenty minutes or thereabouts he came out upon a narrow shelf of rock beneath the downward swing of the old pine tree.

CAUTIOUSLY he peered about him, looking for some indication of the cave. This, as he told himself, was just the place for it. It could not be very far away. Then suddenly he shut himself down on his heels as if with a snap and thrust upward the muzzle of his Winchester. Lifting his eyes, he had seen the black entrance of the cave almost on a level with the top of his head. A little chill ran down his spine as he realised that for those few seconds his scalp had been at the mercy of the occupant. Why had the beast not struck?

The man took off his old cap, stuck it on the muzzle of his gun, and, raising it cautiously, wagged it from side to side. This move eliciting no demonstration from within the cave, he scratched noisily on the rock. Having repeated this challenge several times without response, he felt sure that both panthers must be away from home.

Nevertheless, he was not going to let himself be over-confident. He was too sagacious and instructed a woodsman to think that wild creatures would always act the same way in the same circumstances. It was not impossible that the occupant of the cave was just waiting to see. Drawing back some six or eight feet, the man wriggled slantingly up the slope of the rock, with the muzzle of his Winchester

just ahead of him, till his face came level with the entrance. Every muscle of his body was strung taut for instantaneous recoil in case he should see before him two palely flaming eyes, afloat, as it were, upon the darkness of the interior.

But, no, at first he could see nothing but the darkness itself. Then, as his eyes adapted themselves to the gloom, he made out the inmost recesses of the cave and realised that, except for a vague little heap in one corner, the cave was empty. In that case there was not a single moment to be lost. With one piercing backward glance down the trail, he slipped into the cave, snatched up the two kittens, regardless of their savage spitting and clawing, and thrust them into an empty potato sack he had brought for the purpose. Hurriedly twisting a cord about the neck of the sack, he wiped his bleeding hands upon his sleeve with a grin, slung the sack over his left shoulder, and hurried away. Having captured the prize, he was quite willing to avoid, if possible, any immediate reckoning with the old panthers.

TILL he reached the grass patch by the stream he took no pains to go silently; but made all possible haste, crashing through the branches and sending a shower of small stones clattering down the ravine. The angry and indomitable kittens in the bag on his back kept growling and spitting and trying to dig their sharp claws into him; but his buckskin shirt was tough, and he paid no attention to their protests.

At the edge of the torrent, however, he adopted new tactics. Leaping to the rock in midchannel, he crossed, and then, with great difficulty, clambered along close by the water's edge, well within the splash and the spray. When he had made a couple of hundred yards in this way, he came to a small tributary brook, up which he waded for some eighty or a hundred feet. Then, leaving the brook, he crept stealthily up the bank, through the underbrush, and so back to the valley he had just left, at a point some little distance farther down stream. Thence he ran straight on down the valley at a long, easy trot, keeping always, as far as possible, under cover, and swerving from time to time this way or that in order to avoid treading on dry underbrush.

His progress, however, was quite audible; for at this point in the venture he was sacrificing secrecy to speed. He had fifteen or sixteen miles to go, his cabin being on the farther slope of the great spur called Broken Ridge, and he knew that he could not feel absolutely sure as to the outcome of the enterprise until he should have the little captives secure within his cabin.

As he threaded his way through the heavy timber of the valley bottom, a good six or seven miles from the den in Red Rock, he began to feel more at ease. Here among the great trunks there was less undergrowth to obscure his view, less danger of the panthers being able to steal upon him and take him unawares. He slackened his pace somewhat, drawing deep breaths into his leathery lungs. But he relaxed no precaution, running noiselessly now over the soft carpet of the forest, and flitting from tree-trunk to tree-trunk as if an enemy was at his very heels. At last, quitting the valley, he started on a long diagonal up the near slope of Burnt Ridge Spur.

The face of the country now suddenly changed. Years before a forest fire had traversed this slope of the ridge, cutting a clean swath straight along it.

The man's ascending trail thus led him across a space of open, a space of undergrowth hardly knee deep, dotted with tall rampicks, or fire stripped tree-trunks, bleached by the rains, and inexpressibly desolate. Having here no cover, the man ran his best, and finally, having crossed the open, he dropped down in a dense thicket to rest, breathing hard from that last spurt.

IN the secure concealment of the thicket he laid aside the complaining burden from his back, stood his rifle in a bush, let out his belt a couple of holes, and stooped to stretch himself on the moss for a quick rest. As he did so, he cast a prudent eye along his back trail. Instantly he stiffened, snatched up his gun again, sank on one knee, and insinuated the muzzle carefully between the screening branches. A huge panther had just shown himself, rising into view for an instant and at once sinking back into the leafage.

At this disappearance the man grew uneasy. Was the beast still trailing him, belly to earth, through the low undergrowth? Or had it swerved aside to try and get ahead of him, to ambuscade him by and by from some rock or low-hung branch? Or, on the other hand, had it given up the pursuit rather than face the perils of the open? The man was annoyed at the uncertainty. Raising himself to his full height in order to command a better view of the trail, but at the same time keeping well hidden, he



stood hesitating, doubtful whether to hurry on as fast as possible, or to wait awhile in this safe ambush in the hope of getting a shot at his pursuer.

BACK to the cleft in Red Rock, beneath the downswung pine, came the female panther. She had been lucky. She had made a quick kill and satisfied her hunger, and now she was hurrying back to nurse her cubs.

Just before the door of the cave she caught the scent of the man. The fur rose angrily along her neck and backbone, and she entered in anxious haste. Instantly she came out again, whining and glancing this way and that as if bewildered. Then again she plunged in, sniffed at the place where the kittens had lain, sniffed at the spots where the man's feet had stepped, and darted out once more upon the ledge. But her appearance was very different now. Her eyes blazed, her long and powerful tail lashed furiously, and her fangs were bared to the gums in anguished rage. Lifting her head high, she gave vent to a long scream of summons, piercing and strident. The cry reached her mate and brought him leaping in hot haste from his ambush beside a spring pool where he was waiting for the appearance of some thirsty deer. But it did not reach the ears of the running man, who was at that moment threading a dense coppice far down the valley. Having sent out her call across the wide silence, she waited for no response, but darted down the trail. The tracks of the despoiler were plain to follow, and her nose told her that they were a good half-hour old. She followed them down to the water's edge, out on the rock, and across the torrent. Then she lost them.

When her mate arrived, crouching prudently behind a thick fir bush to reconnoiter before he sprang out into the grass, she was bounding frantically from one side of the stream to the other, her enormously thick tail upstretched stiffly, as a sort of rudder, through the course of each prodigious leap. For a moment or two the pair put their heads together, and the mother apparently succeeded in

conveying the situation to her mate in some singularly laconic speech. Almost at once, as it seemed, their plans were completed. The two started down stream, one along each bank. A couple of minutes more, and the man's trail was picked up by the female. A low cry notified the male, and he instantly sprang across and joined her.

It seems probable, from the female's future actions, that the two bereaved animals had now a fairly right idea of what had happened. The absence of blood or sign of disturbance in the den or on the trail conveyed to them the impression that their little ones had been carried off alive; because, to a wild creature, death is naturally associated with blood. It is possible, moreover, that there was nothing so very strange to them in the fact that the man should wish to carry off their cubs alive. What was so precious to themselves might very well be precious to others also. Mother birds, and mother quadrupeds as well, have been known not infrequently to steal one another's young. If, then, the panthers imagined that their kidnapped little ones were still alive, the furious quest on which they now set forth had a double object, vengeance and rescue.

They ran one behind the other, the female leading and they went as noiselessly as blown feathers, for all their bulk. From time to time, being but short winded runners and accustomed rather to brief and violent than to long continued effort, they would pause for breath, sniffing at the trail as it grew rapidly fresher, and seeming to take counsel together. Their pursuit at length grew more stealthy, as they approached the farther side of the timbered valley and realised that their enemy could not now be very far ahead.

The two panthers knew all that it concerned them to know about the man, except his object in robbing them of their little ones. They had often watched him, followed him, studied him, when he little guessed their scrutiny. They knew where he lived, in the cabin with one door and one window, at the back of the stumpy clearing on the side of

Burnt Ridge. They knew his wife, the straight, swarthy, hard featured woman who wore always some bright scarlet thing round her neck and on her head. They knew his black and white cow, with the bell at her neck which made sounds they did not like. They knew his yoke of raw-boned red steers, which ploughed among the stumps for him in the spring and hauled logs for him laboriously in the winter. They knew the disquieting brilliance that would shine from his window or his open door on nights when all the forest was in darkness. Above all, they knew his incomprehensible power of killing at a distance, viewlessly. On account of this terrible power they had tried to avoid giving him offense. They had refrained from hunting his cow or his steers, they had even respected his foolish, cackling chickens, being resolved in no way to risk drawing down his vengeance upon them. Now, however, it was different.

As the two grim avengers followed the trail, like fleeting shadows, a red doe stepped leisurely into their path before she caught sight of them. For one instant she stood like a stone, petrified with terror. In the next she had vanished over the nearest bushes with such a leap as she had never before achieved. Those grim beasts might have sprung upon her neck almost without effort; but they never even raised a paw against this easy quarry. It was a higher hunting that now engrossed them.

WHEN at length the two running beasts came to the edge of the open ground on the slopes of Burnt Ridge, they hesitated. The female, though the more deadly in the persistence of her hate, was at the same time the more sagacious. First of all, she wanted to recover her cubs. No mere vengeance could be so important to her as that. She shrank back into deeper cover and started off to one side to skirt the dangerous open. But, noticing that her

CONTINUED ON PAGE 24.

# JAMSUT THE DACOIT

*A Tale of Outlaw Bullets and a Hindu Woman's Love*

By W. A. FRASER

CUMMINGS was a superintendent of police in Upper Burma. That in itself was sufficient guarantee for adventures galore. There they don't rust out: fever kills off some, the Dacoits take off many more, cholera nips one once in a while, and at long intervals one gets promoted into a higher billet, or retired on a pension just large enough to keep him from starving to death.

This isn't anybody's fault—it never is; it's just the way of the land.

Cummings had a couple of other names, which had not come to him either at his birth or his baptism; they had simply been tacked on as certain peculiarities developed themselves.

The Burmese called him the "Devil-catcher," because several of their number, of an affinity close to the spike-tailed gentleman, had been run to earth by Cummings.

To his fellow European officers he was "Bob the Good" at full length, but generally "Bob."

Also another party was Mrs. Bob, only she wasn't—quite.

Mah Pyu considered that she was quite Mrs. Bob; but that all came from her early training, which lays no particular stress upon the marriage ceremony.

To Europeans it was immoral; but it wasn't really—it was only Buddhistic. It was marriage according to Karma.

It was Mah Pyu who told Bob one warm May morning where Jamsut the Dacoit and his men were hiding. How she knew concerned not Bob; if she said so, it was so. That much of Mah Pyu.

Nice distinctions as to conventional laws were not in Mah Pyu's line—which was, perhaps, unfortunate. But Bob could always stake his life on her truth and fealty—which was something.

Jamsut had killed a white police officer, and slain defenceless villagers, until murdering had simply palled upon him. Now he was going to make a bold stroke, was Jamsut: he was going to attack the *thanna* where Cummings and his men were stationed, and kill them all—so said Mah Pyu.

To wait until they attacked him would be an easy game; but when the wily Dacoit attacks an armed post, he always has his retreat well planned

—so, unless he is killed outright, he is very rarely caught.

Bob knew this, and knew that the chances were greatly against his getting hold of Jamsut. If he could capture Jamsut, perhaps it would be the straw which would break the camel's back of opposition to his promotion.

His men could march eighteen miles in six hours, and when the morning broke Jamsut would find himself in the toils.

Yes, there was a guide: Pho Thit would show Thakine "where Jamsut ate his rice."

From nine until three they marched—Cummings and his twenty stalwart Punjabis; and then Pho Thit stopped and held up his hand. Jamsut was near—Jamsut, whose hands were red with the blood of the murdered men and helpless women!

His retreat was well chosen for safety. It was in an almost impenetrable jungle: bamboo, cane, the gigantic elephant creeper, cactus, aloe, and other jungle scrub growth.

Cummings was about to circle his men to cut off retreat, when Pho Thit explained that the ground all about the Dacoits' camp was planted thick with short, sharp, bayonet-like bamboos, which would rip open the soldiers' legs like so many swords, if they went charging through them.

"There is a clear path to the stockade," explained Pho Thit, "and Thakine and his black warriors can charge right up it, and capture all the Dacoits."

This was against Bob's usual order of doing things, and against his better judgment; but he took Pho Thit's advice, and told his men to follow him in close order when he gave the word to rush Jamsut's position.

They took a slight rest after their long tramp, and the tall Punjabis took each a little black pellet from the small pocket in their Khakke jackets and ate it. That was to bring the warm glow which was so pleasing to their tired stomachs.

Bob sat silently waiting until they had rested a little. He needed nothing; *his* stimulant was in front—Jamsut! If he had not been so close to the enemy he would have smoked a little.

Then they moved forward into the darker mass: twenty-two dark objects melting like shadows into

the gloom of that deathly still place. Stealthily they crept along the path, which Pho Thit, by an unerring instinct, seemed to find in that vaultlike jungle.

The low-drawn note of the "fever-bird" sounded at Cummings' elbow. It made him start, it was so close. The silence of the jungle was so intense that it struck his ear like the note of a shrill whistle. He could almost have sworn it was Pho Thit, it was so close.

No, it wasn't: there is was again, just over in the jungle; and they trudged on, only the shuffle of their feet among the dry leaves disturbing that awful silence.

Once or twice a button struck a gun, back there among the men; it sounded like the snap of a pistol to Bob's strained ears.

All around was intense darkness; ahead of them half a hundred blood-thirsty Dacoits, and Jamsut, perhaps asleep, perhaps waiting to receive them with a volley. They must be nearing it now, for Pho Thit had said that it was not far but he dare not speak to him, though he were right there at his side.

As he turned, again the bird-call sounded at his elbow.

It must have been Pho Thit that time. He turned to see. Pho Thit was gone! Now it sounded again louder just over in the jungle.

Then, without a second's warning, hell belched forth in their very faces! The fire from the murderous guns scorched Bob's hair: a pair of red-hot tongues had gripped his arm, and bore him to the earth—it was a bullet scorching its way through his flesh.

Then the darkness closed in again, and all was still; only the cries of the wounded, and the curses of the enraged Punjabis, as they realised that they had been led into a trap, woke the echoes of the jungle.

True to their military instincts they stood their ground, and fired volley after volley into the darkness ahead of them. It was too late: the harm had been done; Jamsut and his men were stealing away through the thick jungle like evil spirits returning to Hades.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 25.

# AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

A DEPARTMENT MAINLY FOR WOMEN

## A Chat With Marie Dressler.

A Canadian Actress who is a great favourite on Broadway

By SYDNEY DALTON

IT was at the close of the first act that I was taken in hand and conducted through the intricacies of "behind the scenes" until we stopped before a door that admitted us to the "star" dressing room. Miss Marie Dressler was sitting on a couch, still with all her gorgeous war paint of the first act on.

"Yes," said she, after a few kindly words of greeting and a hearty handshake, "I acknowledge the soft impeachment: I am a Canadian. I was born in Coburg, Ontario, and immediately thereafter the town became a summer resort." Miss Dressler's happy smile, which is always so near the surface, showed itself, and one could readily see that she had followed the line of least resistance in devoting her talents to comedy.

"It is a long journey from Coburg to the star position in the Herald Square Theatre, New York," I suggested.

"Indeed it is, and I am as much surprised as anybody. As a young girl I realised that it was necessary for me to turn my hand to something in order to earn a livelihood. After a careful survey of the situation I decided that the stage offered more inducements for a girl than most other things. So I adopted it as a profession, purely from necessity and in order to support myself. I had no idea that one day my name would be flashing in electric signs along Broadway." A reminiscent look was in Miss Dressler's eyes as she thought of those early beginnings.

"And doubtless fame has not been thrust upon you," I remarked.

Despite the make-up and the strange costume Miss Dressler had put aside the manner of the comedienne.

"Ah, fame is thrust upon few of us. This is the result of hard work and a most trying life. But at last the journey's end is in sight. There is a little place up in New England that I call home now, and I am looking forward to the time when I shall bid good-bye to the footlights and all the kind audiences that have made success possible. I shall retire within a few years."

I could not help congratulating Miss Dressler upon the fact that she is among that small minority of stage folk who have foresight enough to put aside the nest egg necessary to make retirement a possibility. Somehow the audience out in front always seem to think that actors are people who make a lot of money and have an unwritten law that they should spend it as expeditiously as possible, and it is surprising how many actors live up to that reputation.

"I expect that my present play, 'Tillie's Nightmare,' will be my last. I consider it the only play I have ever had that offered me just the opportunity that I have always wanted. The people seem to like it. It is the greatest success I have had, so why not end my stage days with it?"

All of which goes to prove that Miss Dressler's mirth provoking and irresponsible attitude on the stage does not always obtain when the footlights have been turned out.

"Was 'Tillie's Nightmare' an accidental find or was it written for you?" I asked, curious to know

how it was that a part so perfectly fitted to the star should have been created.

"Not only was it written for me," was the reply, "but it was entirely my own idea. For many seasons I had such a part in my mind. I thought out the situations, even many of the lines, and when it was completed and the play all written I taught almost every word to the company, in order that everything should be just as I wished it."

Now, one does not have to exert one's memory very much to recall the names of several comedians and comediennes who would, without hesitation select Lady Macbeth or Portia or Nora or Romeo or Hamlet as the role for which they consider themselves best suited; such things seem to be the irony of fate. But Miss Dressler is in no such predicament. She knows in what channels her talents run quite as well as anybody else, and, as I have remarked before, she has followed the line of least resistance and it has led her to success.

About at this point in our conversation the second act was on, and out in front the stately and handsome Miss Broske, as Maude Blobbs, sister of Tillie, was singing her song "Life is What We Make It, After All," and that seemed to be a suitable reflection of Miss Dressler's philosophy and career.

"Surely, Miss Dressler," I said, with a touch of anxiety in the question, doubtless, "surely you will appear in Canada before you unpack your make-up box for the last time?"

"I hope so," was the answer. "When we finish our New York run I wish to pretty thoroughly tour the country, and I should like to include at least Toronto and Montreal in the route. It is eight years since I have been in Canada. Needless to say I have a very soft spot for the land of my birth, and I have always received such a hearty welcome when I did go there that I do not like the idea of retiring before I see how they like me in my best play. . . . And now," said Miss Dressler, rising, "I hear it is time for me to go and put on my 'sick' make-up for the last act."

There is no doubt that in "Tillie's Nightmare" Miss Dressler has a musical play that shows her at her best. She could make a wooden Indian laugh with her droll grimaces, her very original shrug of the shoulders, her comical lines and fantastic costumes. In short, she is really funny, and never has



Miss Marie Dressler,  
As she looks off the stage.



Miss Dressler,  
As Tillie Blobbs in "Tillie's Nightmare."

to resort to horse play, and the many cheap tricks of the average comedian, and she possesses the rare quality of being able to relapse into a serious vein for a few minutes without making a burlesque or "mushy" situation out of it. The stage will lose one of its funniest and cleverest laugh-makers when Miss Dressler retires to her New England fireplace.

She is supported by a company that is almost uniformly good. Miss Octavia Broske plays the part of the spoilt, ambitious and heartless sister of Tillie excellently, and sings well. Horace Newman as Harvey Tinker, an unappreciated inventor, and the vaudeville team of Frost and Snow, played by Miss May Montford and Mr. George Gorman, are among the others who are responsible for the undeniable success of "Tillie's Nightmare."

## From a Far Country.

THE world is full o' wand'rin' roads, but I am sick for home:

My longin' is all for the low boren that runs by my mother's door.

I wish my feet was set on it, I wish that I was come

In sight o' home once more.

Och! there is sorrow on me, it sours my hard-worn bread,

It comes between me an' my rest, it burdens all my days,

I am grievin' for my kindred, for the livin' an' the dead

An' the old pleasant ways.

My eyes grow dim with cloudy dreams, the road drops from my sight,

I feel no more the bitter wind that raves, an' strikes, an' chills. . . .

I feel the breath of Irish air, I see the mellow light On the blue Wicklow hills.

I see no more the weary clouds, weighted with comin' snow,

Nor yet the rigid pine trees above the frozen steep. . . .

I see the silver Liffey, where the shinin' waters flow towards the foamin' leap.

The world is full o' wand'rin' roads, an' I must onward roam,

An' eat the bread o' grief upon the highways o' the earth,

But my longin' is all for the wee white road that leads to my boyhood's home,

In the green land of my birth.

—Helen Lanyon, in *American Magazine*.

## The Great Poet's Son.

LORD TENNYSON, who completed his 57th year last week, is best known, of course, as the son of his father, from which accident, like many sons of great men, he has suffered in his turn.

Nevertheless, says a writer in M.A.P., as statesman and administrator, he has helped to shape the destiny of the Empire in the Antipodes. When his name was mentioned as Governor-General for Australia, outspoken Colonials who had never seen him, shook their heads and cried: "Won't he fancy himself!" But before Lord Tennyson had been in the Dominion a month he had created a totally different impression.

Although he has not inherited his father's astounding poetic genius, he possesses a pretty turn for verse himself; but, being the very essence of modesty, publishers have bombarded him in vain for samples of his poetry.

His lordship has much of the poet in his appearance: the high-domed forehead, the piercing eyes, and the expressive mouth are singularly suggestive of the first bearer of the title; but the son is smarter in appearance, more alert, and not without a certain gift of humour, which flashes out unexpectedly and in odd places. He once told a good story at an Australian banquet of a London youth he met one day in the vicinity of Park Lane.

"What is your name?" asked Lord Tennyson.

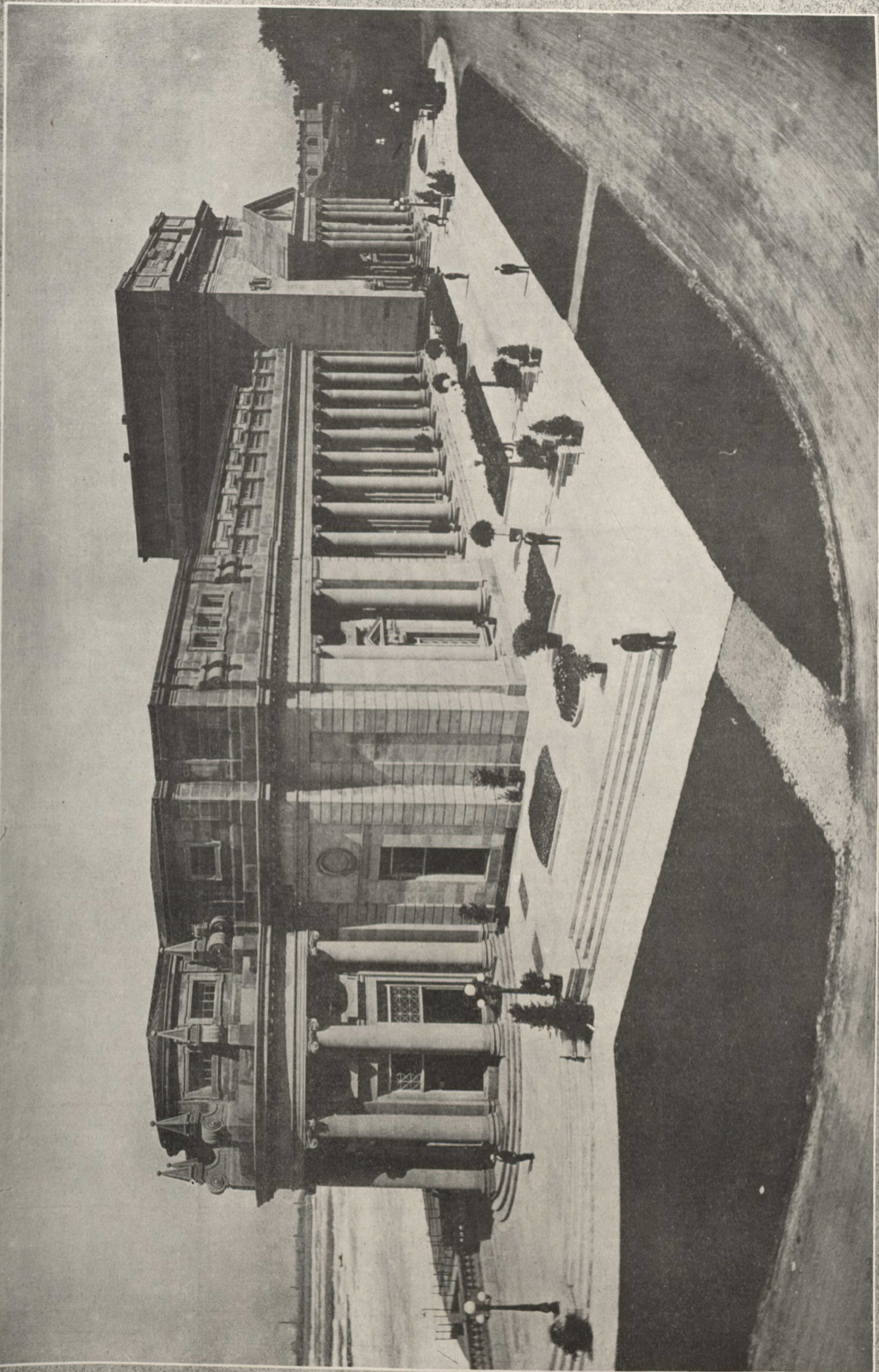
"Alfred Tennyson Hicks," replied the boy.

"Alfred Tennyson!" I presume you know after whom you were named?"

"Rayther. I was named after me uncle on me mother's side. 'E lives over the mews."

## Base Ingratitude.

ENGAGEMENT rings, as every maiden knows, have been lost in many different ways, but a new way was added to the list in New York the other day, when an elephant stripped one from the finger of a young lady and swallowed it, together with the peanuts which she had held out to him



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# DEMI - TASSE

## Newslets.

MR. J. A. MACDONALD, of *The Globe*, has startled the universe by declaring that he will devote some of his surplus energy to the cause of international peace. Anyone who has heard that worthy Celt recite "The Pipes of Gordon's Men" will readily understand the soothing effect he will have in the cause of goodwill to everybody. George E. Foster, ex-Minister, seconds the motion.

A Chicago pastor and his wife have taken to the vaudeville stage. Another argument in behalf of higher salaries for the clergy.

One has to be so careful about diet in these days. A man at Port Stanley swallowed a wasp with his pie. It is not pleasant to have a yellow jacket for the lining of the stomach.

Hon. William Pugsley is the most "promising" politician of the bunch. He simply sheds pledges all over the smiling land, until the only song chanted by his audience is the old-time favourite "Oh Promise Me."

"The Star-Spangled Banner" has no encore with some of the Argonauts.

The natives of Lapland have just completed a census of the reindeer. This is good news for Santa Claus.

There is chaos in Nicaragua. Poor old Chaos! He's been such a long time at Nicaragua that he must begin to feel like the oldest inhabitant.

The Ancient Order of Hibernians have been meeting in Kingston. The Limestone City always did like a little excitement.

Gas has been found near Montreal. Toronto sneers at this report as so much hot air.

Restrictions on amusements may be removed by the Methodist Conference. Won't they lead the country a dance.

\* \* \*

## A Tactless Friend.

AT a wedding, celebrated not long ago in a Canadian town, there was a woman friend of the bridegroom who had not seen him for two years and who impulsively kissed the bride on being introduced.

"You know, I used to know your husband quite well and he even read me extracts from the letters of his 'dear little Jessie.' I've wanted ever so much to meet you."

The bride drew herself up with a haughty dignity and froze the impulsive, new-found friend.

"Excuse me," she said coldly, "my name is Eleanor."

The bridegroom mentally resorted to mild profanity.

\* \* \*

## Rising Republicans.

Taft burns with indignation  
And stoutly does protest  
That as for "queering" Roosevelt,  
He did not do his best.  
He smiles on Theodore, you know,  
But wishes, with a tear,  
That lions in far Africa  
Had eaten him last year.

\* \* \*

## Making It Hot.

THE *Globe* and the *News* are exchanging such compliments as make the warm weather more tropical. The former says that the latter is devoid of chivalry and reminds the editor of the evening organ that he once wrote a lovely life of Laurier.

All this fuss over a trifle of 250,000 acres which once surrounded a castle in Spain.

\* \* \*

## The Canadian Cruiser.

We have a dandy cruiser  
A navy of our own,  
Which now doth sail the Seven  
Seas—

Dominion colours flown.  
The *Rainbow* is the name descried  
And may it prove us yet  
A bow of promise in the fleet—  
And not a warlike threat.

\* \* \*

## He Did Not Know.

SENATOR LA FOLLETTE is credited with this, regarding a notorious financier:

"He got rather a setback in a talk he had last session with one of his auditors. 'Money?' he said. 'Bah! There are thousands of ways of making money.'"

"Yes, but only one honest way," one man remarked.

"What way's that?"

"I thought you wouldn't know it," was the reply."

\* \* \*



Neighbour:—Hi! Come quick; your Mary's fell in t' pond.  
Farmer (excitedly);—What has?  
Neighbour:—Mary; your wife.  
Farmer (relieved): Mary! Lor, you did give me a turn; I thought you said mare.—*The Tattler*.

\* \* \*

## Spiritual "Mixer."

"A SPIRITUAL 'mixer'" is the name that is being given to Wm. O. Sealey, member for Wentworth County, Ontario, in the House of Commons. He has been given the name because of a speech he made recently at the new town of Osealey, which was called after him as a mark of gratitude for what he had done for the town.

The speech was made at a garden party in the new town. Mr. Sealey was chairman at the speechmaking feature of the party, and, after referring to the commercial and educational progress of the town, he expressed the hope that the various denominations would unite in building a church.

The rest of the story may be told by quoting a newspaper of the neighbourhood, which, in reporting Mr. Sealey's speech, says: As the community has honoured him with naming the new postoffice and town after him, he felt particularly proud and interested in its growth, and especially along spiritual lines. Therefore he

would take pleasure in laying a hundred dollars on the corner stone of the first church that was built, irrespective of denomination, because he was brought up in the Methodist church, his wife was a Presbyterian, he lived next door to a Catholic church, his nearest neighbour was an Episcopalian, while his grandparents were Baptists, and there was much good in them all.

\* \* \*

## Staff Humour.

The Government estimates Canada's population at 7,489,871, and apologises for having to state it in such round numbers.

Substitution of motor-driven battle-ships may drive Dreadnoughts to the scrap pile, which, however, will be better than having statesmen drive the latter to the same thing but with pile struck out.

Should people who attend baby shows be described as spectators or audience?

The Province of Quebec has a surplus of nearly a million dollars, and in the nightmares of R. L. Borden that old province has a surplus of about that many Liberal voters.

And now listen to the captious critic asking if Canada's cruiser *Rainbow* will live up to the rainbow's reputation of putting in an appearance usually after the storm is over.

With still more denials being flung at his head, it would seem that Dr. Cook discovered only a pole of gold and scaled only the peak of popularity.

Roosevelt is reported to be showing fight, which was to be expected, because for a long time the magazine pictures have had him showing his teeth.

Italy has launched her first Dreadnought, and it's only a matter of time till some of these Dreadnoughts will be getting afraid of each other.

And now England knows the answer to the burning question, "Can Crippen come back?"

Japan may grab China and Russia by sections, but she has annexed Corea all at once in the belief that there's no sense in making two bites of a cherry.

\* \* \*

## Church-going Prisoners.

WHILE talking to a former Governor of Illinois, who was noted for the quickness of his wit, an English tourist spoke with special fervour of a sight he had seen in another State.

"I attended a Sunday service for the inmates of the state prison," he said, "and I learned that of the two hundred and eight persons now confined there, all but twelve voluntarily attend religious services held in the prison chapel twice each Sunday."

"Most extraordinary," said the Governor musingly. "I am sorry to say it is not so with us. But then," he added soberly, "in Illinois, you see, most of the respectable people do not come to prison."—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

\* \* \*

## Getting His Way.

"CHARLIE dear," said the young mother, "I have decided on a name for the baby. I shall call her Imogen."

Charlie seemed to be lost in thought for a moment. He didn't like the name, but if he opposed it his wife was sure to have her way.

"That's nice," he said presently. "My first sweetheart's name was Imogen. She'll take it as a compliment."

"Huh! Well, we'll call her Mary, after my mother," came the quick reply.

# PEACE AND PROSPERITY

The publishers of the CANADIAN COURIER are at peace with the reading public of Canada, because every reader admits the growing value of the weekly issues. To produce a national weekly in a country of eight millions inhabitants is not an easy task. The competition from New York and London is almost overwhelming—to say nothing of Philadelphia. Nevertheless, we have nearly four years of tolerable success to our credit. When the first issue appeared, one successful publisher gave us nineteen weeks to live. Perhaps that was as much as we deserved—then. Sometimes we wonder what that gentleman thinks now. He would wonder if he could see our list of subscribers in Halifax and Vancouver.

## The Future

But enough of the past. The future issues of CANADIAN COURIER will be more striking in many ways. No other publication in Canada is able to boast of such an excellent array of great writers. Indeed, with scarcely an exception, there is not a Canadian whose work is acceptable abroad who does not contribute to the CANADIAN COURIER.

Charles G. D. Roberts  
W. A. Fraser  
Arthur E. McFarlane  
Herman Whitaker  
Sir Gilbert Parker  
Arthur Stringer

are a few of these great names. Then, among the writers with a purely national reputation, the best are on our contributing staff.

## National Topics

The great difference between this journal and all others is that we consider only national topics, leaving all local subjects to be dealt with by provincial publications. Of course, most topics are both provincial and national, but there are two points of view. We take the national. Furthermore, our editors try to eliminate creed, race and politics, and see the underlying facts and principles.

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## PEOPLE AND PLACES

### A Tax On Brains.

THERE is at least one phase of this tariff discussion which has not as yet been touched. So thinks the Royal Architectural Institute of Canada, lately airing its views in Winnipeg. This body expressed itself frankly the other day; it wants a tax on brains—principally Uncle Sam's brains, which the members think are allowed to mix too freely in the Canadian building trade. The R. A. I. C. claims grave grievances; that they are losing money and prestige because of unfair American competition. Here is the situation, and it does look as if the Canadian designer of buildings was not getting quite a square deal. Suppose a Montreal architect received a sudden, bright inspiration and perfected plans for a public building under proposed erection—say in Boston. Now suppose that his plans, of all those submitted, were considered the most satisfactory by the building promoters. Lucky dog! you exclaim. But wait—the promoters would turn that clever Montrealer down. Why? Just because the United States Government has a restrictive clause which prohibits any other than a citizen and resident of Uncle Sam's country from tendering plans for a building on the south side of the line. The United States architects have prevailed upon their Government to adopt this exclusive policy. Thus they have secured professional protection for themselves, and they have furthered the interests of native art by striking a blow at polyglot architecture. So far Canada has not retaliated—and it's retaliation, which the Royal Architectural Institute wants. American architects are given the freedom of the Dominion. They are taking the big jobs away from Canadians. If there is a skyscraper or a big hotel or station to be built, who gets the contracts? Some "expert" from New York. What is more, this "expert" employs the contractors from his own country whom he knows; often imports the fine materials with which he is better acquainted than those of native production. Are not Canadians competent to compete with their American rivals? Where are the dozens of chaps who graduate every year from the big engineering schools at Toronto or Montreal or Kingston?

"It's not a question of competency; it's one of experience," said an architect to the writer the other day. "Chaps trained in Canada can build just as good skyscrapers as the fellows across the line. United States architects have built more of them, that is all; they have made their 'rep'; the public trusts them, while they are inclined to doubt us. There will have to be some educational work done. Let the Government keep out the American architect like he shuts us out, and we'll show our public what we can do."

\* \* \*

### Gold Hunters of Nova Scotia.

ANTIQUARIAN pursuits are the rage in Nova Scotia just now. Treasure seekers are just as busy in the province down by the sea as they have been lately on the coast of Ireland, where recently there has been evinced a revived interest in trying to dig up the galleons of the Armada, which went on the rocks about five hundred years ago. Fort Lawrence is the scene of the Nova Scotia activity. Picks and shovels have been rooting up good soil for money which the expelled Acadians,

at the time of the American Revolution, are supposed to have put into the ground. So far, a great many people have lost a lot of sleep, done a lot of work, and found no money.

\* \* \*

### Medicine Hat Gas.

NATURAL gas was what Rudyard Kipling smelled when he got off at Medicine Hat on his Canadian tour a few years ago; so he described the town as having "all hell for a basement." But the gas at the Hat had a history long before Kipling made it famous. Part of the story has just been written in one of the August magazines by a writer called W. Lacey Amy, and it makes rather interesting reading. It was back in '83 that the first gas was tapped near Medicine Hat at Carlstadt, west of the city forty miles. It was the C.P.R. which did the drilling, and the corporation used the bit of gas which they unearthed to light a section house. In 1891, the town of Medicine Hat borrowed a drill from Sir William Van Horne. They put it down into the earth 660 feet, and up came the gas.

The gas was there—but there wasn't enough money in the town to



A Scene that might have been Recorded in Scripture

One of the Mennonite converts in the Community near Collingwood being immersed in Georgian Bay

get it out. For fourteen years the town burned coal oil. That was till 1905, when the aldermen persuaded the people to risk a few dollars and take a chance at the gas. The drill dropped down; the town treasury was dribbling away; and the gas was not coming up.

Medicine Hat citizens began to complain to the Mayor. He was wasting the city resources on a chimera. The situation was becoming serious—for the Mayor. If he were to stop drilling and had nothing to show for the expended dollars—well, he might be mobbed, and there was only one train a day out of Medicine Hat. If he persisted boring for gas—probably there wouldn't be much wasted on him. He was courageous. He went on boring.

"Next morning the miracle happened. To this day they tell of it. At nine o'clock the citizens were electrified at the sight of the Mayor, coatless and hatless, rushing from his harness store up the centre of the road, vainly striving to overtake a workman in better training a hundred yards ahead. The citizens, scenting something unusual, joined in the chase. At the well everything was going up in the air. At just 1,010 feet a terrific blow had been struck—a flow that registered when

they got it under control, 100 pounds pressure in eighteen seconds; 250 pounds in one minute and twelve seconds. Their eyes began to bulge as the register ran up to 300, 400, 500, and finally stopped at 600 pounds to the square inch."

\* \* \*

### Goldwin Smith's Literary Executor.

MR. T. ARNOLD HAULTAIN, who for eighteen years acted in the capacity of private secretary to the late Goldwin Smith, is editing the memoirs of the deceased scholar. The reminiscences should prove one of next year's big books. For several years before his death Goldwin Smith spent much time and thought in consultation with Mr. Haultain, recording his impressions of the many eminent figures in world politics of the past two generations with whom he had come into intimate contact. Some of the most important part of this material was dictated during Professor Smith's last illness. This Mr. Haultain considers he will have to thoroughly revise.

In addition to this work, Mr. Haultain is seriously considering writing a book on Goldwin Smith himself, for which task no one will deny him eminently qualified. Who of all the special writers who for the past few weeks have been summing up the career of Canada's grand old man of letters, should be better fitted

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(2) Matured Endowments	2,135,879
(3) Surplus	1,761,859
(4) Surrenders	1,392,738

Total Cash payments . . . \$9,803,310

### AND STILL IT HOLDS

Reserves invested for security of policyholders \$12,065,146  
Surplus over all liabilities . . . . . 2,269,692

Total paid to and held for policyholders . . . \$24,138,148

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## MONEY AND MAGNATES

### Fight for Control of Montreal Street.

AND now the fight is on between the old guard that has been in control of the Montreal Street Railway for a number of years past and the new and younger group who are back of the Canadian Power Company, and who are now desirous of affecting a consolidation between this Power Company and the Montreal Street Railway. With the annual meeting of the Street Railway set for November next, it will be seen that there is still considerable time for various manoeuvres, but there are men on both sides who are sure to make the last rounds of the fight particularly interesting.

Perhaps one of the most interesting features of it is the division among the Forget interests. When the big Montreal Power deal was put through, Rodolphe Forget was then a member of the firm of which his uncle, Senator L. J. Forget, was the head, but now while the Senator will head the old guard of the Street Railway, in their endeavour to retain the control of the traction system of the metropolis, it is said that Mr. Rodolphe is taking a very active, but at the same time somewhat quiet part in the plans that the Canadian Power crowd are making. Among the larger shareholders of the Street Railway Company are some of the principal religious institutions of Montreal, such as the Seminary of St. Sulpice and the Grey Nuns, and it is taken for granted that all these will remain faithful to Senator Forget. In addition, many of the older estates of Montreal hold considerable amount of the stock, and this too, it is felt, will to a very considerable extent be turned over to the old crowd in the belief that they will work out the destiny of the street railways more to the advantage of the shareholders of the company than would any other crowd who will be trying to satisfy the shareholders of a power company as well as those of the Street Railway System. On the other hand, the new group have for months past been accumulating a considerable amount of stock in the open market and have been quietly going about securing proxies wherever possible, so that in this way they control, they claim, about 35,000 to 40,000 shares, which, off-hand, would seem to be just as much as the old crowd would be able to lay claim to. Taking this into consideration, it rather looks as though the balance of power will go to the side that will be able to pick up the largest amount of stock either in the open market or by proxy between now and the beginning of next November, when the transfer books of the company are closed in anticipation of the annual meeting. In the old guard of the Street Railway are some who are, as shareholders in the Company, absolutely opposed to any proposed consolidation between a new company like the Canadian Power and the Street Railway, and they have placed themselves on record as stating that they would fight the matter through every court before they would allow any such deal to go through that is proposed by the new group that is looking for control.

A feature of interest by way of contrast to the street railway situation in Toronto is—that by the old agreement in Montreal the traction company pays a fixed annual sum to the city; whereas in Toronto the payment to the city is on a basis of percentage of receipts.

\* \* \*

### Why Milling Mergers Were Delayed.

WITH such a general tendency in the country towards forming mergers and consolidations, many have often wondered how it was that with the milling industry of the country in the hands of such a comparatively few companies, that there should not have been at some time or other some tacit understanding or agreement as to the price at which flour should be sold to the consumer. Seeing that the companies control the wheat situation of the country to such a large extent, it would seem, off-hand, a pretty easy thing for the four or five largest companies to have some understanding in order to hold up prices and then make some agreement as to the division of the territory.

Fortunately for the consumer there has never been anything of the kind, although at different times it is an acknowledged fact that some of the leading interests of some of the principal companies have tried to see if they could not effect an arrangement by which there should be some such working agreement if not, in fact, actual contract between the different companies.

Anybody who is in a position to know just what the milling situation is in Canada if asked why it has not been possible to bring about such an agreement with the companies, will frankly tell you that it has been because old Robert Meighen, the president of the Lake of the Woods Milling Company, has always been the great stumbling-block, and although such an agreement would have resulted in very much larger profits for his company, he would not for a moment consider any such proposal. Anybody who knows Mr. Meighen at all well will quickly appreciate just what a stand he would take in such a matter, and while three or four companies might desire to have such a working agreement, they recognise that as long as there is one company which stays out of it, that it would be impossible to obtain any great benefit from it. In other words, there cannot be any agreement to maintain prices at any one level unless all the companies who are factors in the market, are willing to stand by it. Just as soon as any one company is willing to cut the prices ten or twenty cents a barrel, just as soon will there be an end to the agreement between the other companies, because they will be forced to meet the cut in order to be able to keep their share of the market. What Mr. Meighen has always contended, and his reasoning will undoubtedly sound good to the millions of consumers in the country, is that there should never be any understanding or agreement on the price of any necessary of life. During the last few months there has been some talk of a possibility of a combination of bakers in the Province of Ontario, but the moment he heard of it Mr. Meighen was out with a strong protest, notwithstanding the fact that by it the milling companies would again be the gainers. Of course, he was not sure that the men who contemplated such a combination would be able to carry through their plans, but he certainly made it very clear that they never would get a chance of putting them through as long as he could find an obstacle in their way to prevent it. Of course, many people might say that it is easy now for Mr. Meighen to take such an attitude, because he is in that very fortunate position of having millions, but then again he was just as strong an advocate of the principles he is now following out, when he didn't have anything like millions, as he is to-day.

COUPON.

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Comfort and satisfaction may be ensured by wearing "HEWSON"—be sure the name is on the garment—It is your guarantee that you are getting a soft, fleecy garment of pure wool. All good stores sell it.

HEWSON WOOLEN MILLS, Limited  
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## For The Children

Here in this corner you'll always find  
Stories and Rhymes of the Children's kind.



### Late Jenny.

By MARGUERITE EVANS.

"LATE JENNY" was what everyone called her; mamma, papa, big brother Bob, and even the Chinese cook, only he called her the "late lil gal" which of course meant the same thing.

"Late Jenny" never wanted to go to bed at night until it was far too late for a little girl to be up, and she never wanted to get up in the morning until it was far too late for a little girl to be in bed. So, she was late for breakfast, late for school, late for lunch and late getting home from school, for she was always kept in for being late in the morning, you see.

Mamma and papa had scolded her and whipped her, and punished her in all sorts of ways, but nothing ever did any good.

At last, grandma, who had come on a visit, thought of a plan. So, one morning, when Jenny had been called and didn't get up, grandma said: "Just let her alone."

Such a surprised little girl as "Late Jenny" you never saw, when she came downstairs about ten o'clock and found what time it was. Breakfast was all over, of course, and papa and brother Bob were away down town. Grandma was sitting by the window knitting a stocking, and when Jenny saw that she said: "Why, grandma, what are you knitting that for? I thought you were going to finish my mittens this morning."

Grandma kept on knitting, and said: "I thought some other time would do just as well for the mittens; there is no hurry."

"But you know I wanted them for Saturday. I am going nutting with the girls."

Grandma just smiled and kept on at the stocking. Then mamma came in, but instead of scolding her as Jenny expected, she picked up a magazine and began to read.

"Aren't you going to get me any breakfast, mamma?" asked the little girl, for she was feeling pretty hungry, you see.

"I shall be getting lunch ready after a while," mamma answered, and kept on reading.

"Late Jenny" began to feel rather queer, I can tell you. But just then she remembered a rent in her best dress which her mamma had promised to mend, and she asked about it.

"No, I haven't mended it yet," mamma answered, "there is no hurry."

"But I want to wear it to school this afternoon, to the concert. I cannot recite in my old dress."

Mamma didn't pay any attention to this, but just kept on reading.

But that wasn't the worst. Neither papa nor Bob were coming home to

lunch that day, and mamma kept it so late that poor Jenny either had to go without or not go to school that afternoon; worse still, mamma hadn't mended her dress, and grandma was still knitting away at the stockings as if she had forgotten all about the mittens Jenny needed so badly.

"Late Jenny" cried and coaxed until she was tired but neither mamma nor grandma minded a bit; they just kept on laughing and chatting with each other as if she were not there at all, and at last she went away up stairs and cried herself to sleep.

Then, what do you think happened? Why, a great, big, black witch came in through the window riding on a broomstick. She lifted Jenny up and set her in front of her on the broomstick, and away she went out of the window and over the tops of the trees on the lawn and out to a great, green forest where the trees

worry to their parents just like you."

"But I won't be a cat! I won't, I tell you!" screamed Jenny, "and I wouldn't eat a dear little bird if I starved to death."

"Oh, wouldn't you!" laughed the witch. "Just you wait and see."

Then she mounted her broomstick and rode away, and one of the cats which was sitting near Jenny made a spring and caught a pretty little bird and began chewing it up. Jenny gave a dreadful scream, and then—she wakened up!

But what do you suppose she did first thing? She jumped out of bed and ran to the mirror. When she saw she was really a little girl and not a black cat she knew she had been dreaming, but she was pretty thankful to know that, you may be sure.

Always after that Jenny tried to be on time for everything and succeeded so well that after a while no

one ever even thought of calling her "Late Jenny," and you may be sure her mamma and all the rest of her friends were glad she had dreamed about the witch and the black cats.



A WATER BATTLE.

Splash your hardest! Make the enemy choke and gurgle. And then, because it is only a friendly war, hold his feet up in the air while he shakes the water out of his ears.

Photo by Pringle & Booth.

were very close together and so high you couldn't see the tops of them.

Then they stopped, and Jenny began to look around, and what do you suppose she saw? Why, the greatest lot of black cats you ever heard of! And such a quarrelling time as they were having, all scratching and spitting at each other and tearing each other's hair with their sharp claws! Jenny was dreadfully frightened, you may be sure, and asked the witch to take her back home again.

"Oh, you can't go home any more," replied the witch. "You are a cat now, you know. You're not a little girl any more."

"I'm not a cat! You nasty old witch!" cried Jenny. "I won't be a cat! I'll be a little girl in spite of you!"

The witch shook her broomstick at her. "You had plenty of chances to be a little girl," she said, "but you were always late for everything, so the only way to do was to turn you into a cat. Now, it won't matter how late you are, for you can stay up all night if you like, and sleep all day, and when you get hungry all you will need to do will be catch a bird or a mouse and eat it. All the other cats you see were little girls once, but they were late for everything and a

### The Question.

By KATHERINE L. HAYFORD.

THE children had been teasing grandfather with questions all the long, rainy afternoon. He had been very patient, but he had not read his newspaper.

They had asked where clouds came from and where they were going; where the sunbeams were when it rained, and why no one

had ever counted the sand particles on the shore; but when they asked where yesterday had gone, grandfather sighed.

"Don't bother him any more," Mary said.

Grandfather laughed. "Let me ask you a question," he said, "and if you can't answer it you must not ask me any more to-day."

The children agreed to this plan, and grandfather asked, "How can you make eight out of thirteen?"

The children retired to a corner, and were still for some time. At last Dorothy tiptoed back. "Can it be done on paper?" she asked.

"Yes," said grandfather, "and with one stroke of the pencil."

The children trotted away to the library, and no more was heard from them until tea-time. Their faces showed that they had "given up."

After tea grandfather called them and drew the Roman numerals—thirteen. Then he drew a straight line through the centre horizontally, cutting the ten and each I at the centre, making eight.

"Oh," said Ned, laughing, "grandpa knows everything—that's why we ask him so many questions."—*Youth's Companion.*



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## WINDSOR TABLE SALT

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**MENNEN'S**  
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A PINK powder—not a rouge. This powder is a scientific preparation for the softening and beautifying of the skin. Sold everywhere or mailed for 25c. Sample Free. GILBERT MENNEN COMPANY, N.Y.C., U.S.A.

## Lord Northcliffe On Seasickness

Gentlemen—Your letter of the 14th of September reached me on my return to England from a journey to Newfoundland and back, during which I have seen and heard abundant evidence of the fact that Mothersill's Seasick Remedy appears to be, in nineteen cases out of twenty, an absolute cure for mal-de-mer, and also for what Americans call "Car-sickness." I have taken it, on many occasions, with excellent effect and no after effect. You are quite at liberty to make use of this letter, as I think it a duty to express my opinion on the subject. Yours truly, NORTHCLIFFE, Sutton Place, Guildford, Surrey, England.

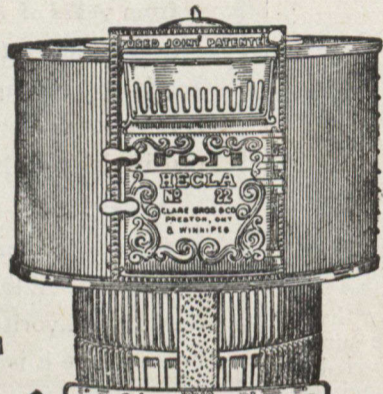
Mothersill's Remedy Quickly Cures Sea or Train Sickness. Guaranteed safe and harmless. 50c and \$1.00 a box at all Drug Stores and Drug Departments. If your druggist does not have it in stock he can get it for you from any Wholesale Druggist in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Pittsburg, Baltimore, San Francisco or Canada.

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When we first began to build furnaces, some thirty years ago, the various parts of the radiators were bolted and cemented together. No matter how tightly the iron and steel were fastened, the difference in the expansion and contraction of the two metals eventually pulled the bolts loose, ground out the cement and left openings through which gas, dust and smoke escaped into the house.



101

About 20 years ago, we discovered and patented FUSED JOINTS.

Instead of bolting and cementing steel and iron together, we fused the materials at a white heat.

The joints thus formed are permanent and indestructible.

Twenty years use has proved the value of Fused Joints. They will not leak—they are absolutely gas, smoke and dust tight—

and will always remain so as long as the furnace is in use.

Fused Joints insure "Hecla" heated homes being always supplied with an abundance of fresh, warmed air, untainted by gas or dust.

"Hecla" Furnace is the only furnace with Fused Joints.

Fused Joints are only one of the patented features of "Hecla" Furnace that mean so much to every man who is going to put in a new furnace this season. Our furnace book describes and illustrates them all. Write for free copy.

Send us rough diagram of your home, and we will plan the heating arrangement and give estimate of the cost of installing the right "Hecla" Furnace—free.

## Clare Bros. & Co. Limited, Preston, Ont.

## Jamsut the Dacoit

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 17.

It had taken six hours to come; it took twelve to return, for there were wounded to carry, and dead.

"He missed the devils that time," the Akunwun said, when they brought poor Bob in, nearly dead from loss of blood.

Mah Pyu said nothing, but stared at him, in a dazed, helpless sort of way through her big almond eyes. Then she went out and got Nat Glay—Nat Glay, the race pony—and the two vanished together.

The sergeant of police had bound up Bob's arm, so that the loss of blood had been stopped.

It was at Pagan, twenty miles away, that Baboo Sen, the civil surgeon, was; and there also was Mah Pyu and Nat Glay two hours after they had left the stable—which was quick work for a Burmese girl; but the Burmese saying is, "Love is a sharper whip than a skate's tail," which is as a flexible file.

Baboo Sen was fat, but that didn't matter to Mah Pyu. The sahib would die, she said, if he did not get there quick, and the Government would blame him; besides (and she whispered this in Baboo Sen's ear), if he were long in getting there, and the sahib died, perhaps a Burmese dah would carve Baboo Sen just a little.

All this is why the fat doctor hurried so, and got there in time to cut off Bob's arm, but the fever had set in, as it always does. Day after day the fever-bird sat in the big tamarind tree outside of the bungalow.

"It is Pho Thit," he would say; "he is betraying us! Look out!"

Then one day the padre came over from Pagan with Baboo Sen.

Mah Pyu did not know much of European ways, but she knew what *that* meant.

She went out into the little bamboo house the sahib had built for her, and threw herself on her face, and cried, "It is all over!"

Then she prayed, in her poor heathen way, to Buddha to spare this sahib.

Inside the padre had told Bob something. It was bitter work, the telling of it; but it was best that he should know.

The delirium had left him; but he was weak—so weak.

"And you wish to do it?" the padre was saying.

Bob nodded his head.

"I think it is best," said the padre. "It was all wrong before, but this will right it. And it won't matter now." This was a peculiar sort of consolation; but some sacrifice had to be made to the amenities, even by the padre.

Then Mah Pyu was called; and there, with Baboo Sen as witness, she was made Mrs. Bob,—quite!

The surgeon had other patients at Pagan, whose bodies needed care; also were there souls to mend at that place.

So the doctor and the padre journeyed sorrowfully back, the Christian duty having stepped in where the surgeon had failed.

He won't last through the night," said the doctor.

"He has done a Christian act before he dies," said the padre.

Next day "Bob the Good" was not dead, nor the next. Within a moon he was well again.

Then he took stock of himself. "My promotion has dipped slightly behind the hills. I am shorn of an arm; the padre has righted a moral wrong, and I am an outcast from mine own people."

"Buddha is good," thought Mah Pyu, as she saw the life coming back that had gone so far out into the dark.



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THE AVENGER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17.

mate was not following her, she stopped and looked back at him inquiringly.

The male, more impetuous and more bent upon mere revenge, showed himself for a moment beyond the fringe of the woods. In that one moment, though it was impossible that he should have detected the man in his hiding across the open, he nevertheless seemed to receive some impression from the man's challenging eyes. He felt that his enemy was there, in that dense clump of young firs. Instantly he dropped upon his belly in the undergrowth, flattening himself to an amazingly inconspicuous figure. Then he began creeping, slowly and with infinite stealth, out across the space of peril, beneath the full, revealing glare of the sun. The female gave vent to a low whimper, trying to call him back. Failing in that, she stood and watched him anxiously.

She could just see his tawny back moving through the light green leafage of the scrub. He was crawling more swiftly now. He had covered nearly half the distance. All at once there came a spurt of flame from the fir thicket and a sharp, cracking report. In the next instant she saw her mate rise straight into the air on his hind legs, clawing savagely.

SHE knew very well what had happened. This was the power of the man. She knew her mate was dead. A further sullen heat was added to her hate; but it did not make her reckless. She ran away down the slope, skirted the open at a safe distance, and closed in once more upon the man's trail a good mile farther on. She had got ahead of the fugitive; for even now she could hear the faint thud-thud of his loping feet. She hid herself far up a tree, some twenty feet from the trail, and waited.

As the man came up, she eyed him with a mingling of mad hatred and anxious question. She saw the bundle on his back writhe violently, and she caught a little growling complaint that came from it. That settled her policy. Had she thought that the cubs were dead, she might have dropped upon the man from her post of vantage. But the cubs were alive. For their sakes she would take no risks with the man.

When he had passed on, she followed at a safe distance. The strange procession crossed the ridge. It neared the clearing and the cabin. At this point the panther heard, some little way back from the trail, the tonk-tonk of a cowbell. There was no need of following the man so very closely for the moment. She swerved aside, ran straight, like a cat going for milk, through the thickets, and with a burst of intolerable fury sprang upon the cow's neck. There was not even a struggle; for the animal's neck was broken before it had time to know what was happening. The desperate mother tore her victim; but ate none of it. Then she hurried on toward the cabin. At least she had tasted some beginnings of vengeance.

As she reached the edge of the clearing and came in sight of the cabin, the man was just entering the door with the precious bundle in his hands. She saw the door close behind him. At this she whimpered uneasily, and started round to skirt the clearing and come upon the cabin from the rear.

As she went she caught sight of the two red steers feeding in the pasture close by the fence. She crept up, eyeing them, but too sagacious to

reveal herself in the open. As luck would have it, one of the steers at this moment came up close to the fence, to scratch his hide on the knots. With a snarl the panther struck at him through the rails, and drew a long, ragged gash down his flank. Snorting with pain and terror, the steer turned and raced for home, tail in air, and his comrade, taking the alarm, bellowed nervously and followed him.

A few minutes later the man came out of his cabin, followed by his wife. The steers were at the barn door, a place they usually avoided at this season. One of them was shivering and bleeding. The man examined the wound—and understood. Turning to the woman, he said:

"That there's the mother's work. We must hunt her down an' settle her to-morrer, or she'll clean out the farm."

Letting the frightened steers into the barn, he waited anxiously for the tonk-a-tonk of the black and white cow coming home to be milked. When she did not come, that too he understood only too well, and his wide mouth set itself grimly. It looked as if those were going to be an expensive pair of cubs.

After dark, late, the mother stole up to the cabin. Everything was shut up tight, barn, shed, and house alike. At the doorsill she listened long and intently, like a cat at a mousehole. Her fine ear made out the heavy breathings of the man and the woman within. It also at length distinguished some faint little growlings and gruntings, such as the cubs uttered only when they were well fed. She prowled round the house all night, the pale flame of her savage and anxious eyes glowing upon it from every direction. Then, at the edge of dawn, she stole away, but not far, to a hiding place where she could command a view of the cabin door. It was within that door that her cubs had vanished.

THE sun was not a half-hour high when the man set forth, and the woman with him, to hunt down the dangerous adversary they had challenged. The woman, who carried a rifle of the same pattern as the man's, was almost as sure a shot as he. The continued absence of the cow, the wound on the red steer's flank, the defiant network of tracks all about the cabin, showed clearly enough that the fight was now to the death. The man and woman knew there would be no security for them so long as the mother panther remained alive. Therefore they were in haste to settle the matter. They picked out a distinct trail and followed it. It led them straight to the body of the slain cow, which the slayer had visited twice in course of the night, just to satisfy her thirst for vengeance.

But at the moment when the two indignant hunters were examining the carcass of the cow the panther was at their cabin door listening. She had seen the man and woman hurry away. Now she could hear quite distinctly the little complainings of her young. She pushed against the heavy door till it creaked; but it would not yield. Close by was the window. Standing up on her hind legs, she stared in. At last she managed to make out the two cubs lying in a corner in a box of rags and straw. The sight scattered all her caution to the winds. Scrambling up to the windowsill, she dashed her head and shoulders through the glass. That the jagged fragments cut her mouth and muzzle severely she never

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**THE INGERSOLL PACKING CO. Limited**  
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**Lait-Larola**

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**PRESERVES THE SKIN**  
but beautifies the Complexion, making it SOFT, SMOOTH AND WHITE, LIKE THE PETALS OF THE LILY.

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stop the meanest, nastiest, most persistent headaches in half an hour or less. We guarantee that they contain no opium, morphine or other poisonous drugs. 25c. a box at your druggists', or by mail from

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heeded at all. Forcing her whole body through, her powerful haunches caught the window frame and carried it with them to the floor. Writhing herself free of this encumbrance, she darted to the box of rags, snatched up one of her cubs by the loose skin of its neck, sprang through the window with it, and bore it off into a growth of tall, rank grass behind the barn. Returning at once to the cabin, she rescued the other cub in the same way, and brought it triumphantly to its brother.

ABOUT this time she heard the man and the woman coming back. Instead of trying to get away, she coiled herself flat in the grass and began to suckle her cubs to keep them quiet. Her hiding place was the most secure that she could have found within miles of the cabin, the man having never any occasion to go behind the barn (as she had seen by the absence of tracks), and the rank growth furnishing complete concealment. Crafty woodsman though the man was held to be, it never entered his mind that so shy a beast as a panther would take covert thus within the foe's stronghold.

At sight of the shattered window he fell into a rage, and when he found the cubs gone he exhausted ingenuity in consigning to every torment the man who had tempted him into speculating in panther cubs. Storming noisily, he hunted everywhere—except behind the barn. For a time his wife sat composedly on the woodpile and cheered him with pointed backwoods sarcasm. At last, however, the two went over the ridge, to recover the skin of the other panther before it should be spoiled by foxes, and during their absence the mother got both cubs safely carried off to a hollow tree some five miles farther along the ridge.

That night, while the man and the woman slept with boards nailed over their window, the panther bore her little ones far away from the perilous neighbourhood. She had no more thought of vengeance now. By difficult paths, and across two turbulent streams, she bore them into the deep hill forests of the neighbouring country, a barren and difficult region, where the farthest wanderings of the man were little likely to penetrate.

### Public Opinion

Editor CANADIAN COURIER:

Sir,—As you seem to have offered space to any one who might have a thought to suggest on the reasons for the visit of the Queen's Own to England, I hope you will not take this letter amiss whether you print it or not. It happens that I gave one of the lieutenants a letter of introduction to some relatives in the Old Country, and in doing so casually explained that the regiment was being taken to Aldershot by Colonel Pellatt at his own expense in the interests of Imperial defence. Now I do not know Sir Henry, but he is a soldier, and I believe he is a patriot, and surely there can be no question as to his prime motive in this matter and I honour him for it.

I believe you rightly hold that our best, if not only defence at present, is in Imperial unity of purpose; and as the strongest bond of union is the attachment of the son to the institutions and traditions of the father, it is the part of wisdom to strengthen that attachment by all possible means. This, I believe, to be the best as well as the true solution of your question as to the trip of the Queen's Own.

Yours sincerely,  
A READER.  
Hanover, Ont., Aug. 22nd.

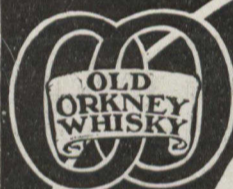


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5



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