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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



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**The Canadian Courier**

A National Weekly

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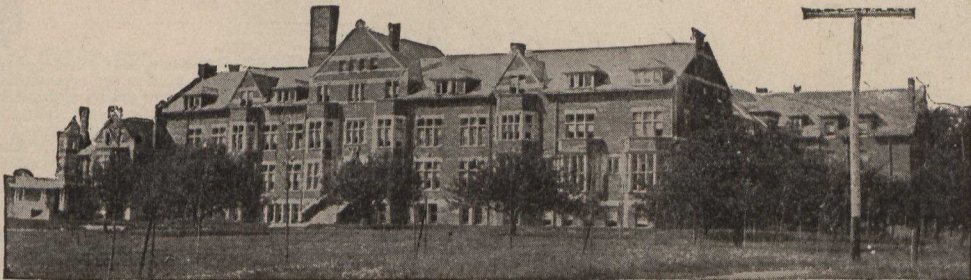
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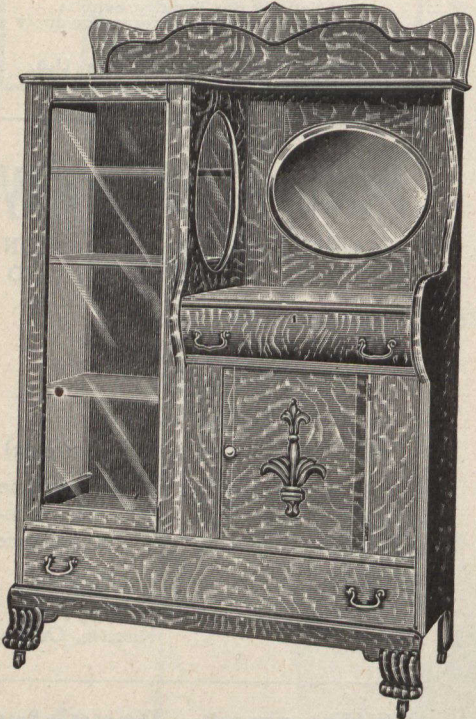
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**K2-30/726. Combination Buffet**, hardwood, figured surface oak, rich golden finish, size 21 x 46 ins., height 84 ins., one deep drawer with rounded front and fitted with lock and brass handles, large cupboard with door, one deep linen drawer; china cabinet has three adjustable shelves, large glass door, size 14x44 ins., glass on one end, and to the right of this is an oval shaped glass same as shown in cut; the top and shelf are neatly shaped and fitted with an oval British bevel plate mirror, size 16 x 20 ins., shaped claw feet, complete with easy running castors. Shipping weight about 200 lbs.

**Sale Price 17<sup>89</sup>**

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**New Colonial Design Dresser 19<sup>89</sup>**



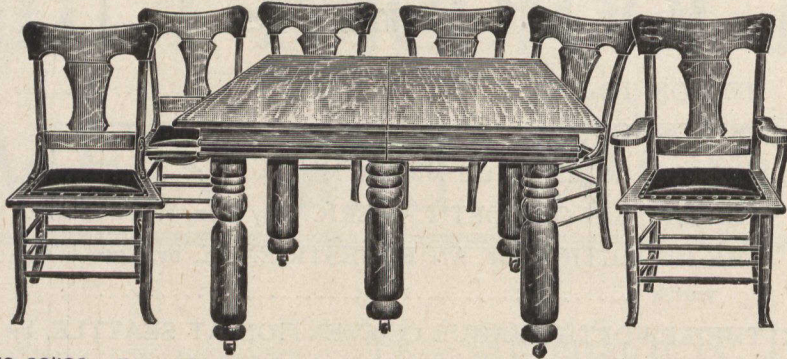
**K2-30/674. This Colonial designed Dresser** is made of hardwood, figured surface oak finish, rich golden color, large double top with rounded edge, size 22 x 45 ins., one long and two small drawers, fitted with locks and wood knobs, colonial shaped corner posts, panelled ends, scroll shaped standards supporting an extra large mirror frame, with arched top, and fitted with a massive British bevel plate mirror, size 30 x 40 ins., complete with easy running castors. Shipping weight about 125 lbs.

**Sale Price 19<sup>89</sup>**

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## HARDWOOD EXTENSION TABLE

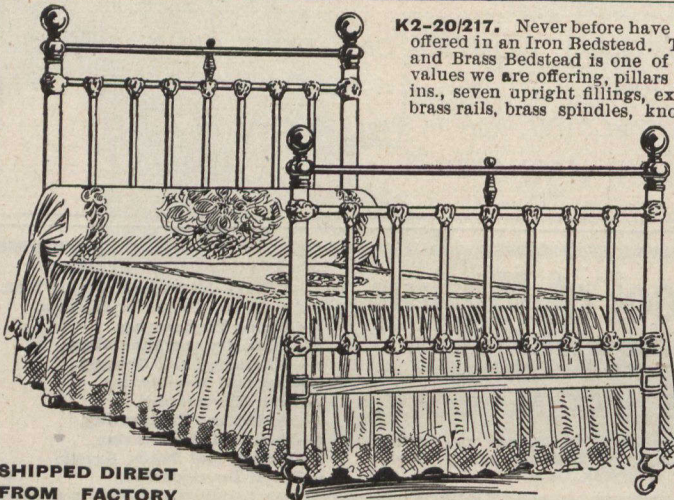


**K2-30/186. Extension Table**, hardwood, figured surface oak, golden finish, large top, with rounded edge, size 42 x 48 ins., deep rim, five neatly turned legs, easy running slides, extending to 6 feet. Shipping weight about 140 lbs. **Sale Price 5<sup>89</sup>**

**K2-30/186A. Similar to above**, extending to 8 feet. **Sale Price 6<sup>49</sup>**

**K2-46/150. Diner**, with Arm Chair to match, hardwood, figured surface oak finish, rich golden color, back panels neatly shaped and well braced, one piece back legs; small chair has brace arms, plain but strong spindles, large seats upholstered in genuine leather, in sets of five, small and one arm chair to match. Shipping weight, one set chairs, about 100 lbs. **Sale Price 11<sup>98</sup>**

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**K2-30/11. Mixed Mattress** to fit above bed, filled with choice curled sea grass, with jute felt top and bottom, positively clean and sanitary, closely tufted, 4 1/2 inch border, all upholstered in a fancy art ticking, made in sizes 3 ft., 3 ft. 6 ins., 4 ft. and 4 ft. 6 ins. Shipping weight about 50 lbs. **Sale Price 2<sup>78</sup>**

**K2-30/12. Spring Mattress**, with frame made of hard maple, strong double woven wire top, underneath which are 4 double cross cable supports, which add almost double strength to the construction, made in all standard sizes. Shipping weight about 45 lbs. **Sale Price 1<sup>89</sup>**

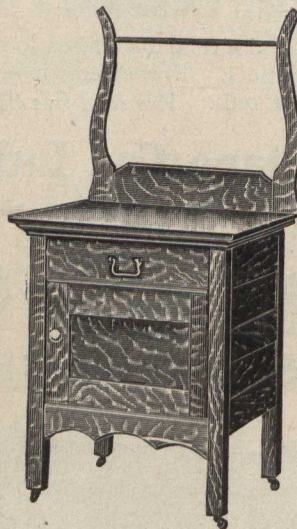
**Combination Washstand 4<sup>69</sup>**



**K2-30/674. Combination Washstand**, hardwood, figured surface oak finish, rich golden color, large double top, size 20 x 32 ins. Shipping weight about 65 lbs. **Sale Price 4<sup>69</sup>**

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**Panelled Door Washstand 2<sup>19</sup>**



**K2-30/200. Washstand**, to match Dresser K2-30/200 and K2-30/220, double top, size 17 x 28 ins., one deep drawer, large cupboard. Shipping weight about 50 lbs. **Sale Price 2<sup>19</sup>**

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**Surface Oak, Golden Finish 6<sup>89</sup>**



**K2-30/220. This handsome Dresser**, hardwood, figured surface oak finish, rich golden color, double top, size 18 x 35 ins., three deep drawers, fitted with brass handles, massive corner posts, panelled ends, fancy shaped standards, supporting a neat mirror frame with carved top, and fitted with a British bevel plate mirror, size 20 x 24 ins. Shipping weight about 100 lbs. **Sale Price 6<sup>89</sup>**

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**Hardwood Dresser, Figured Surface Oak 5<sup>69</sup>**



**K2-30/200. Dresser**, hardwood, figured surface oak finish, rich golden color, double top, size 18x35 ins., three deep drawers, fitted with brass handles, strong corner posts, panelled ends, fancy shaped standards, supporting a mirror frame with shaped carved top, and fitted with a British bevel plate mirror, size 13x22 ins., complete with easy running castors. Shipping weight about 90 lbs. **Sale Price 5<sup>69</sup>**

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# Canadian Courier

## THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

VOL. 6

Toronto, July 31st, 1909

No. 9



### MEN OF TO-DAY

#### The Bisley Commandant

COMMANDANT BERTRAM is now one of the proudest men in the military world. He is chief of the most notable team of marksmen that ever sailed the big pond in search of honours at Bisley. He comes of a family of marksmen and soldiers; and his three sons are marksmen, too. Ten Bertrams able to make bullseyes may be mustered if occasion demands; and of them all Lt.-Col. Alexander, brigadier of the 3rd brigade and former commanding officer of the 77th Wentworth regiment is facile princeps. He began to be a soldier by blowing the bugle in Company Seven of the 13th Battalion away back in 1869. Forty years a soldier and most of that time in the 77th Battalion and always a marksman, Col. Bertram is the one man best fitted by personality and popularity to command the Canadian team at Bisley.

\* \* \*

#### Law and the Gun

LAW and the gun have always been more or less associated in history. In the case of Major Mercer the gun preceded the law book. Major Mercer at Bisley may be a very good lawyer, but when he gets down to a long cool bead on a bullseye he remembers nothing but the law of optics and good steady nerves. He is the able adjutant to Col. Bertram in command of the Canadian team, and though he has not been making records on the bullseye, he is one of the best marksmen in the contingent. Major Mercer's career with the gun began when he went gunning for rabbits forty years ago or less in the township of Etobicoke where he was born on a farm; in the days when the old muzzle-loader charged with buckshot hung on the kitchen wall and came in handy for foxes at the chicken coop as well as partridge in the bush. At an early age young Mercer went to the St. Catharines Collegiate Institute; afterwards graduating from Toronto University in political science coupled with moral and mental philosophy. He studied law with the late James Beatty, M.P., of Beatty, Hamilton and Cassels. In 1889 he went into partnership with Mr. Bradford, and while not overlooking the legal end of the business, devoted spare hours to the writing of magazine articles or went gunning. His career as a professional gunner began in K Co. of the Queen's Own Rifles, which was then the University of Toronto Company. In 1895 he was a member of the Bisley team from Canada, and has always been a strong worker in both the O. R. A. and the D. R. A. in the matches of both which he won many prizes.

\* \* \*

#### Mayor of Glace Bay

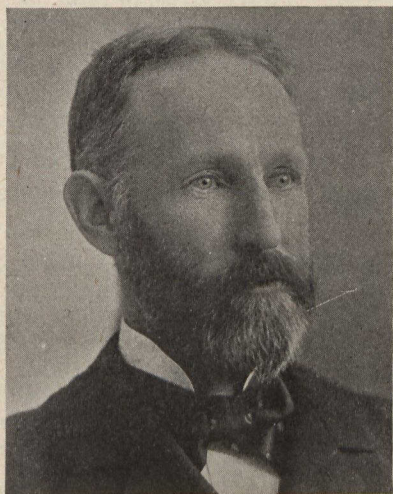
MAYOR DOUGLAS, of Glace Bay is not a military man. Up till a few weeks ago presiding over meetings of the Glace Bay Council, his chief concern, how to keep up improvements and keep down taxation in that big mining town in C. B. Suddenly he has stepped into an uncomfortable spot-light; one of the central figures in the big coal strike. He it was who opposed doughty James Duggan when the general manager of the Dominion Coal Co. called for the troops from Halifax. Mayor Douglas did not care for troops quartered in the town. He knew that by the Military Act the town would have to pay for the troops. He and his council opposed



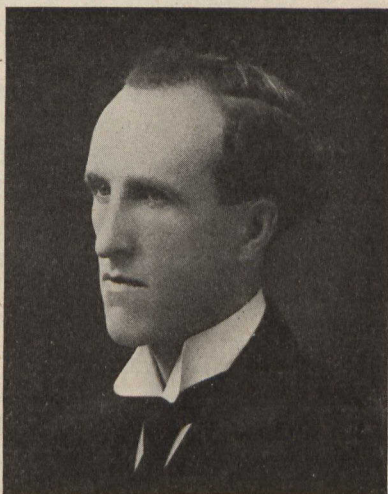
Lt.-Col. A. Bertram,  
Commandant Canadian Bisley Team.



Major M. S. Mercer,  
Adjutant Canadian Bisley Team.



Dr. Simon J. Tunstall,  
Delegate to Budapest.



Mr. J. N. Bayne,  
Deputy Municipal Commissioner, Saskatchewan.



Mayor J. C. Douglas,  
Glace Bay.

the calling of troops. Duggan insisted—and he knows how to insist. Rioting seemed probable; and to be Mayor of a rioting town is to occupy a position not to be envied. Douglas gave way. Five hundred troops came from Halifax and pitched camp in the town. The strike assumed all the formidable picturesqueness of a battlefield. Mayor Douglass welcomed the troops as cordially as possible. But he will be one of the most relieved men in Canada when the last tent-stake is pulled and the last redcoat out of Glace Bay. Naturally, being chief magistrate, he prefers the rule of himself and his local police. But he also counts the cost. Five hundred men quartered on the town and drawing military pay at the town's expense is quite as serious as a few thousand miners drawing strike pay from the U.M.W.A.. Already the merchants of Glace Bay are up in arms as well as the soldiers. Their business is falling off. What they gain from the militia they lose from the idle miners. Next year's tax rate will tell a different story from this year's. Mayor Douglas knows it. Perhaps he will not care to be Mayor another year. Certainly his position is not one to be envied. Glace Bay is too small a place to support a garrison of five hundred men.

\* \* \*

#### A Municipal Captain

ONCE more Medicine Hat, and this time it is a convention of the Union of Canadian Municipalities holding its ninth annual session in that city. One of the brainiest and busiest men at that convention is John Norman Bayne, Deputy Municipal Minister in Saskatchewan. Mr. Bayne led in the discussion on "Western Municipal Development," of which he knows as much as any man in the world. In that country municipal evolution is very rapid; quite the most progressive thing of its kind in the known world. Mr. Bayne has had a rapid career of his own: Scotch forefathers, Presbyterian faith, an Ontario farm for native health, an early inoculation of pedagogy, a dip into journalism; then the lure of the West, a season as Senior Teacher in the Regina Indian Industrial School, six years as Chief Clerk in the Local Improvement Branch of the Department of Public Works, and a Deputy Municipal Commissioner for Saskatchewan made to your hand when the office was created in 1908. Mr. Bayne is young in years, but old in service, as age goes in the West. It is a busy, heavy department these days—that of the Municipal Commissioner, with a staff of over thirty.

But it was just the other day that Mr. Bayne's branch of the service occupied two small rooms in the offices surrounding the old Territorial Legislative Buildings. At that time (1902), local improvement districts were in their infancy, and the few then existing consisted of one township each and were located principally in the settlements surrounding Battleford, Prince Albert, Yorkton, Mossomin

and Regina. Mr. Bayne assisted in creating the four-township districts inaugurated in 1904, and worked in organising many of the hamlets now grown into preposterously large and flourishing villages and towns. Pursuant to recent legislation, the whole province is being re-arranged into local improvement districts of nine townships each and subsequently into rural municipalities. A new uniform system of municipal book-keeping is now ready for trial. Between two and three thousand villagers and L. I. D. councillors and secretaries compose Mr. Bayne's official family. And Saskatchewan is only an



infant province. Mr. Bayne's family is growing rapidly and it needs all his ability and energy to train the newcomers and to meet all their growing needs.

\* \* \*

#### Dr. Tunstall of the Trails

**D**R. SIMON JOHN TUNSTALL was born at Ste. Anne de Bellevue, P.Q. His grandfather was Simon Fraser; not the discoverer of the Fraser River, but nevertheless one of the way-makers in Canada, being chief factor in the old Northwest Co., which for many years was the aggressive rival of the Hudson's Bay Co. in the fur trade. Simon Fraser was a U. E. Loyalist. Dr. Tunstall, his descendant, takes no practical interest in politics. He has spent his life at medicine; graduating from McGill University after a brilliant career, during the third year of which he began to study medicine. In 1874 he took the primary prize in medicine, graduating the next year with the Holmes gold medal. Six years later Dr. Tunstall went to British Columbia. For some years he practised in various parts of that unsettled, demi-weird province; for there was no railway in the Rockies and not many sick people anywhere. He saw the science of medicine grow up along the canyons and the coast lines along with the rest of civilisation; saw the red man acquire the diseases of the white man along with some of his other vices; saw the railway bringing in more people and incidentally more doctors; and many a tale he has to tell of long, fearsome drives over the trails to the settler's shack where he was looked upon as something of a "sky-pilot" as well as physician and surgeon; but his grandfather, Simon Fraser, was a trailsman and the trail instinct was strong in Simon Tunstall. In 1904, when the Dominion Medical Council convened in Vancouver—which in itself was a proof that civilisation had finally and fully arrived—Dr. Tunstall was elected President.

## REFLECTIONS

**A**DVOCATES of municipal ownership in Canada overlook one essential feature which makes a great difference. In Great Britain there are many wealthy men who are willing to give their time for the general good. These gentlemen may have inherited wealth or may have built up prosperous businesses. As soon as they have provided themselves with an assured income of a reasonable size, they look about for some means of helping or benefitting their fellow-citizens. A rich man in England organises his business in such a way as to leave him plenty of leisure. He does not believe in keeping himself the slave of his wealth or his business.

In America, the wealthy business man or financier keeps himself eternally busy. He is usually parsimonious in regard to his lieutenants and helpers. He prefers to perform great tasks himself, to work long hours each day, and to avoid holidays and relaxation. As for public service, he leaves that to foolish young lawyers and broken-down business men.



**W**HILE this is the general rule, there are some exceptions. In Toronto, for example, the Exhibition is managed by a small board of public-spirited citizens who give their services absolutely free of charge. In recent years, Mr. W. K. McKnight, M.P.P., Mr. W. K. George, and Mr. George H. Gooderham, M.P.P., have occupied the position of president and have contributed largely to the Exhibition's success. Indeed, the wonderful progress of this famous annual fair is due largely to these three men who have given so freely of their time and their ability. The value of such services to the city of Toronto and to the Province of Ontario has been tremendous and an example has been set which might reasonably be emulated by a greater number of wealthy Canadians.

There are other examples in the city of Toronto. Mr. J. W. Flavelle has laboured unselfishly for about eight years to provide Toronto with a General Hospital which would be a credit to the city and the province. The difficulties he encountered were enormous. Yet he will soon see the foundations laid for a two and a quarter-million dollar hospital which will be second to none in America. This task has been performed almost single-handed, and in the face of considerable civic apathy.



**I**N other cities there are men equally generous, if their names are less familiar to the writer. In Montreal, Mr. G. W. Stephens may be mentioned as an example. His work in connection with the Montreal Harbour is worthy of the highest commendation. Nevertheless, it is doubtful if the wealthy citizens of Montreal are as public-spirited as in Toronto. They give freely of their wealth for public institutions, but are more chary of their time and attention. To make municipal

ownership a success, a man must contribute time and business ability rather than money and this is what wealthy Canadians steadily refuse to do. They have a false notion that it is beneath their dignity to serve the public personally, and so long as this notion obtains, the success of municipal ownership must be doubtful.



**F**OR example, in Port Arthur and Fort William and in Guelph, where municipal ownership has shown its greatest success, there is a distinct tendency to place the management of the municipalities in the hands of an independent, salaried commission. Port Arthur and Fort William have a common street railway system which, while profitable, has not been well managed and which has been a disturbing factor in the life of these two progressive communities. The best people in both cities agree that an independent, salaried commission could operate the railway to greater municipal advantage and satisfaction. At present the commissioners are elective, and the average commissioner is a politician who is too often seeking personal advantage.

In Guelph, the management of the civic utilities has devolved on a few public-spirited citizens who find the aldermen hard to satisfy and petty in their methods. The result is much the same as in Fort William and Port Arthur—a cry for a small salaried commission to manage the city's affairs.



**T**HE larger the municipality, the more difficult it is to make municipal ownership a success. There must be a continuous policy and elected city councils are not likely to provide it. An alderman works hard mastering a problem and about the time he is in a position to be valuable to the community, some petty ward politician beats him at the polls.

A story is going the rounds just now about a large water main which was laid on one of Toronto's principal new thoroughfares. In putting it down, connections for houses were inserted every twenty-five feet. After the work was completed, it was discovered that by existing regulation, no lot less than fifty feet wide may be sold on that street. Therefore, every house may have two connections with the water-main instead of one. This is only one of the many extravagances which are costing Toronto large sums of money each year.

As for Montreal, extravagance and waste have been so rampant, that municipal government in that city has become a joke among the other municipalities and a night-mare to the citizens. French-Canadian influence at the City Hill is said to be the deteriorating influence, but the blame more probably resorts upon the ignorance and fickleness of the voters and upon the selfishness of wealthy citizens.



**M**UNICIPAL ownership and operation are excellent in theory, but impossible in practice except in small communities with exceptional public spirit. When Canada gets over the crudeness which is a mark of the new nation, the aggregation of new communities, municipal ownership might be a success, providing that the next generation of citizens is more patriotic and public-spirited. In the meantime, it can be adopted only in a modified form. An independent, salaried, expert commission would probably handle a public utility as well as a private corporation, but not better. The principle of leasing the franchises, with a share in the profits and control of rates, is probably as good a scheme as has yet been devised for this continent in its present economic stage. In the adoption and working out of this principle, Canada is far ahead of the United States.

### 'UMBLE HYPOCRITES.

**L**ORD CURZON has uttered a timely protest against the wave of self-depreciation which appears to be sweeping over the British press. "A little pessimism," says the ex-Viceroy, "may be a good thing as a corrective for national vanity, but I venture to say there is too much of a spirit of decrying ourselves abroad in the land at this moment. There is an element of hypocrisy and cant in it." Humility is an excellent virtue, so long as it does not become acute. It may reach the stage when the professor thereof lays himself open to the suspicion of resembling Uriah Heep—and in all fiction there is no more detestable and kickable character than that same 'Umbler Uriah. It is neither natural nor wholesome for the Britisher to prolong his attitude of "miserable sinner."

For some years it has been the fashion for a certain group of



pessimists to use the words "degenerate" and "decadent" with regard to modern physical and moral conditions in the British Isles, and it is not a manly course of denunciation to overwork either adjective. **It is not well for either a nation or an individual to hear constantly about failure, and wrong-doing, for there is a point where humiliation becomes enervation and blank discouragement.** Let us look on the bright side of our civilisation if we want to get strength for the day's work. It is better to look to the Milners and Cromers than to dwell upon the Unemployable. Admit our shortcomings, by all means, but make a national fit of the blues of wholesome brevity.

### THE DICKENS' PENSIONS.

**P**ERHAPS the fact that the British Parliament has granted a pension of two-dollars-and-a-half a week to each of the four grand-children of Charles Dickens—Mary Angela Dickens and her three sisters—will do more than any abstract discussion to amend the copyright laws. There is no British writer whose works are dearer to a great community of readers than Charles Dickens. His characters are more real to us than the people whom we meet every day, his "fellowships" are known wherever the Anglo-Saxon has set up a tent. Some years ago, an edition de luxe of the Dickens' novels was published, for the first set of which Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan is said to have paid one hundred thousand dollars. Yet the grand-daughters of the novelist are none the richer for the immense yearly sale of these books of world-wide fame. Had Charles Dickens owned real estate, instead of becoming proprietor of castles in the Dreamland of Letters, his descendants would hardly have been pensioners on parliamentary bounty. The situation is such as to rebuke poignantly the legislators who have regarded the copyright laws with indifference. Had these been of proper scope there would have been no necessity for the pension which looks more like an act of charity than an act of justice. While everyone will feel that this sum is rightly appropriated, there cannot but arise a resentment at the circumstances which give the works of such writers as Dickens over to the publisher. We are eternal debtors to the author of "David Copperfield," and the impoverished state of these descendants looks like a public reproach.

FRITH.

### THE HAND BOOK

**A**MONG the unadulterated curses of modern horse-racing the hand book wins by a city block. It is worse than the old-time pool room. It permeates every fibre of the social and business structure. It shows its ugly head on the glossy as well as the seamy side of life. It bobs up serenely just where you least expect it, and there is not a

single phase of city life that is not affected directly or indirectly by it.

With the late lamented Mr. Tweed, it is in order to ask: "What are we going to do about it?" Under the circumstances (the more's the pity) we can only say, "The best we can." There is nothing to be said, morally or in any other way, in favour of the hand book, except, perhaps, that it exists, like many other undesirable things, **because there is a public demand for it.** People want to bet their money on horse-racing as well as on the rise and fall of stocks or wheat. More than this, the percentage of the game is so overwhelmingly in favour of the layer of the odds, that human cupidity is aroused to a more than ordinary pitch. There always will be a certain contingent which keeps chasing the spectre of "getting something for nothing" through the moral and financial graveyard.

Horse-racing is dead to stay dead in Chicago, erstwhile the best racing town in the world. The war between the pool rooms and hand books on the one side, and the race track managers on the other, killed it. When it became possible for any whippersnapper of a clerk to plunge into a cigar store and get his bet down at "ticker odds," the tracks started a war. The pool rooms and hand books joined the issue, the track gates were closed to stay closed and the open pool room went out of commission also. But the hand book stayed and flourished. When the lid was supposed to be clamped down so tight that not even a ten-dollar note could be slipped under it, there were dozens of places where money might be bet at any hour of the day or night. Occasionally some deluded loser would "squeal," or the police would get wise all of a sudden, and then there would be a raid, a ride in the waggon, a fine next morning, and the game would go merrily on as before. It goes that way to-day, and what one municipality can do with it another can, no more and no less. It is a factor to be dealt with by the police. Public sentiment is the only weapon at all competent to cope with the hand book.

At least partial suppression of this curse of sport is within the power of the police, when backed by public sentiment, and within that alone. If the police make a business of locating the hand books and the magistrates inflict the penalty of imprisonment—not fine—on those who are brought before them charged with handbooking, the evil will be reduced to a minimum. If the strictures in the public press are well founded, the police force must know of the hand book in Toronto. If it does, let it be held to a strict account. History tells us that many raids on betting rings on race courses have originated in the hand-booking fraternity, invariably a dog-in-the-manger, rule-or-ruin sect. In the British House of Commons, Sir Boyle Roche once remarked: "I smell a rat; I see him brewing in the air, but, mark me, I shall yet nip him in the bud." It will be well if public sentiment aids the police to "get" the hand book before the hand book "gets" the sport of horse-racing.

J. H. S. J.

## LORD BERESFORD'S VIEWS

**A**S Lord Charles Beresford is to be in Canada in September and will speak to several audiences, it will be interesting to many persons to know his views on the present naval situation. His most recent speech was delivered in London on Wednesday, June 30th, and the *Daily Mail* reports it as follows:

Lord Charles Beresford spoke of the grave warnings given by Mr. Asquith, Sir Edward Grey, and Mr. Balfour. What the people wanted now was a definite programme to achieve the patriotic determinations expressed. "If we adopt a shipbuilding programme now I am inclined to think that the wild and insane competition now proceeding between the naval powers will cease. The position is more serious than is generally known, but that is no reason for panic or hysteria, or for small party recriminations. Our policy must be on big, broad, national lines. Party differences have nothing to do with national defence." (Cheers.)

The main causes of the serious state of affairs now existing were three in number: (1) Large arrears in shipbuilding, (2) false economies, and (3) the absence of a proper strategical department of the Admiralty to keep us quietly abreast of our warlike needs. "I deplore the ridiculous situation in which we have placed ourselves with regard to Germany. We humiliated ourselves by imploring Germany not to go on with her shipbuilding programme because we wanted our own money for social reform; then, when Germany looked after her own business we insulted her by describing her action as treacherous, cowardly, underhand, and unscrupulous."

After a reference to his former success in drafting a shipbuilding programme Lord Charles Beres-

ford advanced another, which (he says) has been drawn up with the assistance of friends whose knowledge of war and shipbuilding is supreme.

The programme, intended to be completed by March 31st, 1914, is as follows:

Battleships (including the extra four, which the Unionists are now demanding) . . . . .	10
Second-class cruisers . . . . .	18
Commerce-protection cruisers . . . . .	18
Destroyers of a new and enlarged type . . . . .	24
Docks . . . . .	4
Extra men . . . . .	16,000
Restoration of depleted stores, coal supply and ammunition.	
Total cost from £55,000,000 to £60,000,000.	

"This country possesses forty battleships of pre-*Dreadnought* types. Many of us think they are better ships than the *Dreadnought*. In any case they are excellent ships. Yet these lunatics declare that we have got to scrap them!

"What do the wild men want? They have created this insane competition, and now they want us to lay down two *Dreadnoughts* for every one laid down by Germany. That would land us in an expenditure of eighty-four millions sterling on *Dreadnoughts* alone before the present German programme ended. And it would make not the smallest provision for other units of the fleet. Yet a fleet of *Dreadnoughts* without cruisers and scouts and destroyers is like an army consisting entirely of heavy artillery without cavalry or infantry.

"It is true that the proposal I make does not allow for the possibility of German acceleration, nor for the proposed laying down of four *Dread-*

*noughts* by Austria. Let us talk about those things when they happen, not before. The policy of the Admiralty is wrong. It has been dictated by false economy, and does not make your fleet efficient, or anything like it. When the controversy started this country possessed a four-power standard in big ships. At the present rate we shall scarcely have a one-power standard in 1914. But if these wild men had their way they would run us into an expenditure of 200 millions sterling and bankrupt the country."

Lord Charles Beresford spoke in detail of his other proposals. He wants fifty-two more destroyers, bringing the total up to 134. The new boats must be swift and strong, for North Sea work; many of the destroyers we possess were designed with France in our eye. Docks on the North Sea are of the first importance. By providing opportunities for cleaning keels they may make a difference of four knots in the speed of our vessels.

Seamen should be obtained at once, for it takes six years to train a seaman-gunner and a lifetime to train a capable officer. The Royal Marines, who have the admiration of the entire fleet, are broken-hearted at the prospect of being snuffed out of existence. So are the coastguards.

One resolution was carried amid applause declaring the Government programme inadequate, and another requesting the Chamber of Commerce to consider Lord Charles' address with a view to vigorous action by the chambers of commerce of the Empire. A third urged "upon the leaders of the parliamentary parties the desirability of co-operation with a view to such measures or votes being passed as will provide the necessary money, whether by loan or otherwise."



## THROUGH A MONOCLE

### ONE MAN RULE

WE can talk about our dead-level democratic institutions and "rule of the majority" and "government by the people" until we have achieved sore throats, but the truth is that the most democratic communities in the world still love to be ruled by ONE MAN. It is the strong leader who dominates; and is very hard for this sort of "king" to do any wrong. Take, for example, our good friend, Teddy Roosevelt. He had the free and independent people of the American Republic hypnotised while he was at Washington; and it was only after he had persevered in his intention not to seek a "third term" and had got Taft actually nominated by the Republican Convention, that the duly elected legislators for that free and independent people—the members of Congress—dared to call their souls their own after Roosevelt had indicated the way in which they should walk. As he went out of office, we heard a lot about his troubles with Congress; but they were all troubles which dated from the nomination of Taft. If Roosevelt had been coming back to the White House, Congress would have remained as docile as per usual.

\* \* \*

AND now they are talking of nominating Roosevelt for Mayor of New York. If he is nominated, Tammany might as well make it unanimous. There is no reason to believe that Roosevelt has any particular knowledge of the municipal situation in New York City or that he would be able to master the intricates of the most difficult civic problem in the world; but the New Yorkers—in common with the rest of the American people—probably believe in his magic power to make the plunderers of the people "back up," and they would elect him Mayor with a "whoop." People are criticising President Taft because he does not take the Senate by the back of the neck and shake a lower tariff out of its pockets; but they forget that Taft has no such plenary powers as Roosevelt possessed. Would the people support him in a war with both Houses of Congress? No one knows, and least of all, Taft. But if Teddy, the Terror, had wanted a lower tariff, he would have had Congress coming around to offer it to him on a silver plate. Republican Congressmen would not have cared to go back for re-election next year with Teddy's stamp on them—"Opposed my policies."

\* \* \*

AND the same thing is true of the bluff and bull-doggy British people. They love to be governed by a MAN; and they generally have been. Those of us whose memory runs well back can remember quite a succession—Palmerston, Disraeli, Gladstone, Salis-

bury, Chamberlain. Just at present, they seek a MAN; and British politics are in a welter because of his absence. The differentism of Balfour may look very pretty from the gallery; but a great people feeling their national life at stake at every turn, do not lean upon "philosophic doubt" with any degree of confidence. Rosebery might lead them if he only were stable and dependable as well as brilliant; and Lloyd-George might lead them if he had a wider vision of Imperial duty. As it is, they are at a loss whither to turn; and the determination of the militant group of Tariff Reformers seems to be the most solid point in the whole morass.

\* \* \*

AS for the French democracy, it has always been susceptible to the lure of "the man of horseback," because such a figure looks to a nation of military glory most like a MAN. The present generation however, is turning to the man at the office desk. Clemenceau is the latest figure which has impressed itself upon the people; but it is now to be seen whether or not the daring cynic has not presumed too far. To blaspheme the national susceptibilities by taunting Delcasse on his martyrdom was to come very near to profanation of the holy of holies. The dominance of the MAN in monarchical countries with few constitutional restrictions, is, of course, the expected. Yet he is by no means always the monarch. Bismarck and Buelow had each their hour of supremacy—the former a long hour. Where there is no popular voice, as in absolute monarchies, it cannot be raised for anybody or anything; and where it is cut up by race distinctions, as in Austro-Hungary, its cry is difficult to interpret. But my point is that the freest and most untrammelled democracies love a MAN quite as certainly as the most absolute monarchies.

\* \* \*

NOR is Canada any better. For years, Sir John Macdonald governed us much as he chose. There were precious few things that Sir John could not have done. It is all very well to say that he governed in the temper of the people; but he had a vast amount of influence in making that temper. Sir Oliver Mowat had very much of a free hand within his narrower field; and he has left his personal impress upon our ideas and institutions. Quebec broke away from the Conservative fold under the magnetism of Mercier; and Sir Wilfrid Laurier is to-day the master of Canada in a sense which he himself hardly seems to appreciate. The truth is, that Laurier has never appeared to realise his power. Tarte said so when they were in Opposition together; and he shows no appreciation, now that he is in power, of the mandate-in-blank which this country has given him. Yet a Premier who has lost Tarte and Blair and Mulock and Sifton without shaking his position, ought to know fairly well how firm his footing is. If I were a party in Opposition—which is like saying: "If I were a mob or a mountain range"—I would seek first a MAN.

THE MONOCLE MAN.



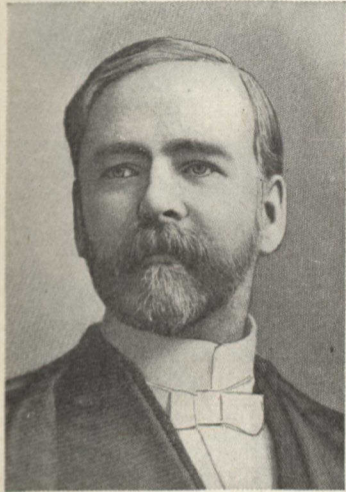
A General View of Winnipeg Exhibition, held July 10th to 17th



# THE MISSION OF NORTH AMERICA

By THE HONOURABLE W. A. WEIR\*

THE development of two democratic peoples on this part of the North American continent, living side by side in perfect peace and harmony, is a matter of the greatest interest. We Canadians are happy to read of and watch the marvellous growth of our friends and



Hon. W. A. Weir.

and cousins across the international boundary and to take note of their expansion to imperial greatness. We wish to them and their children in the most hearty and fraternal manner the fullest measure of success in all their high aims, and the happy achievement of a magnificent destiny. We feel that the best interests of the two peoples are indissolubly linked together; that the problems of government which you may be called upon to solve must, in the process, be of invaluable help to us; that the achievement by you of social reforms and intellectual development cannot but have a preponderating influence upon our own destinies.

From this point of view, sir, I may be allowed, with all due humility, to refer to some conditions in the development of the United States and Canada of minor and yet considerable importance.

Fundamentally, the growth of a people depends far less upon its material wealth than upon its sincere adherence to ideals. Carlyle pointed out the notable fact that the Arabs, once they had sincerely adopted the message of Mahomet, changed from the insignificance of wandering tribes to a race of conquering heroes, whose power spread within a century from Spain to Delhi. Their subsequent decadence is undoubtedly due, in a large measure, to the diminution of their devotion to the ideals that once governed them. It is, sir, perhaps not impertinent to say that every sincere American and Canadian should occasionally pause in the great struggles of modern life for wealth or honour or happiness and ask himself this question: Is my country remaining sincerely attached to the noblest ideals? For true is the saying of holy writ that

\* These sentiments by the Treasurer of the Province of Quebec were expressed in an address by him at the Banquet of the International Association of Accident Insurance Underwriters at Niagara Falls, on July 15th.

many shall not live by bread alone, and this applies to nations as well as to individuals.

In one respect, at least, the United States has earned the applause of all thoughtful students of history, viz., in regard to the maintenance of its public schools and institutions of learning. Vast sums of money have been expended thereon, for the people have realised that in the education of their children was one of the strong safeguards of liberty and good government.

And yet even in regard to our schools, certain dangers exist. For example, do we teach history of the broadest and most unbiased sort? I fear that in many instances what is called history in our schools frequently inculcates in the minds of our children the germs of national and even personal prejudice. This state of things could and should be promptly remedied.

Again, do we give to the status of teacher all the importance it deserves? What is there of more grave import to the future of the world than the qualities and character of the teachers of children? Bulwer Lytton has well said that the youth of a nation are the trustees of posterity, for a nation lives in its children. And yet we will pay far more remuneration to the curator of an insolvent estate than to those who form the minds of the children that are soon to control the destinies of the state! One result of this is that the teaching profession is shunned by many who are best qualified for it. Men who devote their talents to this work are becoming scarcer and scarcer. The work is falling more and more into the hands of young women, who in spite of all the aptitudes lack some of the qualities that are requisite for the education of the boys of a nation. The Scotch dominie during the last three centuries has been a great source of the development of Scotland and Scotchmen. In Canada, the dominie has disappeared from our rural schools and to my mind we have thereby lost an important factor in the production of moral and mental force in the rising generations.

The sanctity of family life must ever be a strong factor in the growth of a nation. It is attacked in our days most fundamentally by our loose laws of divorce. Herein surely is matter enough for consideration by all good citizens.

Have our newspapers developed along healthy lines? In many instances it seems to me that the moral force of the newspaper is controlled by the counting-house and circulation department. The people want news of crime and rapine, of scandal and wrong-doing, and many papers who aim at large circulation yield to the desire. Is there not in this also, matter for consideration in reference to the ideals and tendency of the age?

The growth of corporations is a marked feature of the last and present century. Our mines, our manufactures of every sort and kind, our trans-

portation facilities, whether by land or sea, are practically all under the control of corporations, to whom extravagant powers are sometimes given by our legislatures. Immense wealth is thus controlled by a few men. Corporations are soulless and their actions often prove it. Men will do things for a corporation that they would scorn to do for themselves.

Will anyone maintain, for example, that the relation of corporations to our legislatures through their eminent counsel and friends will merit the approval of the future historian of our times? Have our legislatures gained thereby in public esteem? Do our best men now, as a rule, find public life inviting? I fancy that a consideration of these questions will bring conviction to many minds that the moral tone and public spirit of this continent is still susceptible of improvement. What we sow, that shall we also reap, is a lesson ever applicable to peoples as well as to individuals. A nation cannot afford to be careless in the preservation of its ideals.

But I do not want you to think that I am entirely a pessimist. I yield to none in my appreciation of the work accomplished by the manhood and the womanhood of this continent in developing its resources and building up its communities.

The magnificent temples of worship, the splendid institutions of charity and philanthropy all through our vast territories prove the existence of sturdy moral elements.

We have taught and are teaching to the world by our democratic customs and institutions the best lessons of liberty, fraternity and equality.

The strong adherence to the policy of peace that is characteristic of the United States and Canada shows also the broad humanity of our countries. The growing influence of this continent will ever be, I am confident, both diplomatically and in every other way, exercised to prevent the horrors of international war.

It is our glorious privilege to work for the dissipation of prejudice, hate, discord, racial greed and spoliation and for the recognition of the mutual rights and obligations of all classes of the children of men who live under the same broad canopy of the eternal skies. It is possible for us to place less and less importance upon the purely local or national interest and to act and legislate so as to advance the common, cosmopolitan and fraternal good of humanity. In this way can the people of the American continent become more truly great and thus shall we do our part in ushering in the glad time foreseen by the poet Tennyson:

"When the war drum beats no longer  
And the battle flags are furled  
In the parliament of the nations,  
In the federation of the world."

## FIVE ENTERTAINERS AT A POLITICAL PICNIC

THE NORTH YORK CONSERVATIVE GATHERING AT JACKSON'S POINT RECENTLY



Mr. R. R. Gamey, M.P.P.  
The Manitoulin Fighter



Mr. Herbert Lennox, M.P.P.  
Member for North York



Sir James P. Whitney  
The Premier



Hon. Dr. Pyne  
Minister of Education

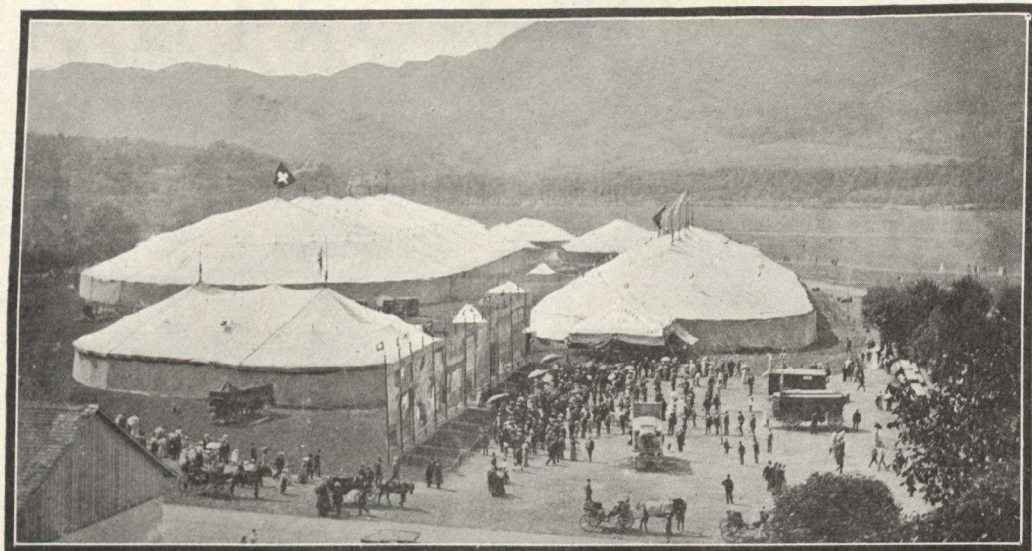


Wm. H. Hoyle, M.P.P.  
Member for North Ontario





In Private Life.



The Circus which Roams Over the World.



In Professional Life.

# EVOLUTION OF AN EQUESTRIENNE

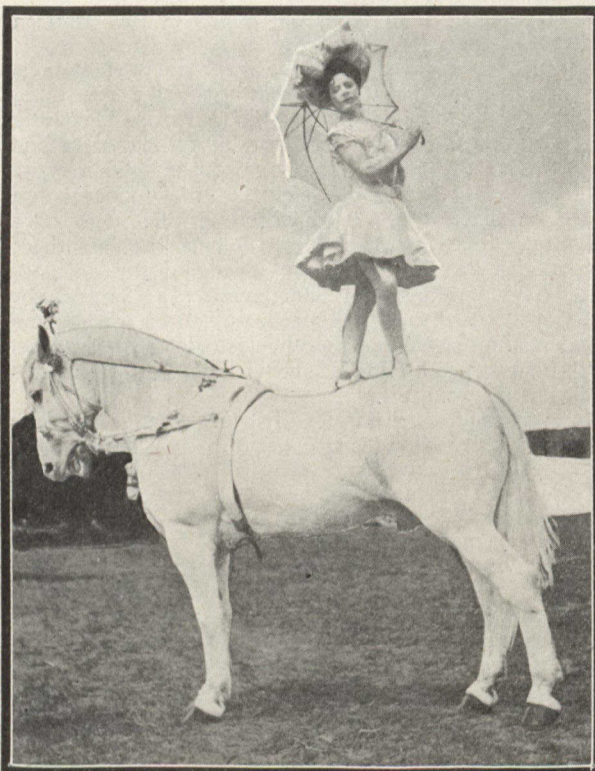
By ROSE WENTWORTH



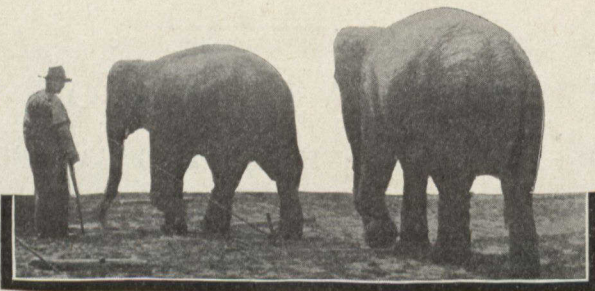
THOSE who see the ten-minutes or quarter-of-an-hour performance of the equestrienne have little idea of the long training and persevering work which go to the mastering of the art. For twelve years I have been engaged in these performances, almost exclusively, and now feel that the work has become almost second nature; yet, it has demanded a severe professional preparation.

Fall River, Massachusetts, is my native town, but I am partly a Haligonian by training, for, when I was a small child, the family moved to Halifax where we lived for some years before going to London, England. There, I became interested in pantomime and, when a little girl friend of mine went on the stage and became one of the fairies in "Alice in Wonderland" and "Puss-in-Boots," I was determined to join her. At first, my parents were very much opposed to the work, but when I cried bitterly over the disappointment, my father, like most good American citizens, let me have my own way. So I became a member of the company—one of the tiniest. Consequently, most of my life has been spent upon the stage, and the work has always been my chief pleasure.

For years, dancing was my daily performance, and I appeared in the pantomime, not only in London, but in other English cities, becoming fairly familiar with the British audience. The English pantomime is the best in the world, but the United States excels in circus management. In England the greatest care and pains are taken in the production of these entertainments and hundreds of children will be included in dances or chorus. A good deal is said about such work being too severe for young people and the public seems to consider them wearied little victims. All I can say is, that, in the best companies, the children are well taken care of, a good matron is provided, rest and sleep are regarded as essential and education is by no means neglected. Every morning, some instruction is given and the little ones generally enjoy the life.



With Dolly, Her Favourite Horse.



The Women of the Circus at Afternoon Tea.

mirrors that it produced the illusion of diving.

Finally, Mr. Bailey suggested that I should take up equestrian work. The suggestion appealed to me at once, for I have always been fond of horses. I should say that such a feeling must exist before there can be any success in the work. No doubt, some people would consider the practice and training very trying; but, like every other vocation, it is a delight to those who feel that it is their chosen field. I never become tired of it and, although I have two performances a day, there is always a feeling of fresh interest in my part of the programme.

It has often been asked if the work is not dangerous. I have been injured more than once and come next to breaking my neck in the feat of turning somersaults while engaged in an equestrian act. But increasing confidence comes with each day's successful outcome and the thought of danger never enters my head as I go into the arena. The horses must be most carefully selected and trained for this class of circus work and there must be a kind of sympathy or understanding between horse and rider if there is going to be real art or magnetism in the performance. An audience is usually very quick to respond to any skilful or daring act in connection with the management of a horse. The world will always be interested in a horse—in the ring, at any rate—whatever may become of the horse as a useful, "driven" animal. So it is easy to feel encouraged to do one's best and to amuse and excite the public. No one who does not get a genuine thrill out of pleasing the crowd can succeed in the equestrian world. It has to be a kind of mutual entertainment.

My first equestrian performance was not exactly a pleasing occasion. It took place in Chicago and, so far as the mere performance was concerned, it was successful enough and I was not the least bit nervous. But the trouble came, because an older woman, an expert in equestrian acts, had displeased the management and I was called on to act as substitute. Naturally she was furious about a youthful newcomer taking her part and, after the performance, gave me a bad quarter-of-an-hour with her tongue. An angry *prima donna* was not a circumstance to her. Being a mere girl, I became frightened and cried so hard that the management consented to keep her two weeks longer, instead of dismissing her at once. However, taking the life altogether, there is a lot of friendliness and good feeling among the members of a show like Barnum and Bailey's. There are hard work, constant travel and the risks of the road; but, in a good company, everything is managed and arranged down to the smallest detail, and it is all a matter of method, from the time you reach a city until you leave in a special car.

The routine after arrival generally means a parade at ten o'clock in the morning, which lasts from an hour to an hour and a half. Then an afternoon performance comes, with a rest of several hours before it is time for the night show. The women usually spend a short time together with just the ordinary feminine amusements — afternoon tea,

My best friend during my professional career was Mr. James A. Bailey of the Barnum and Bailey shows. His attention was attracted to my work in the course of a pantomime performance, and he engaged me for a great enterprise at the Olympia Theatre, London, which surpassed anything else of the kind I have seen. The dimensions of the stage may be judged from the fact that three hundred small dancers stood in line for the first row. Mr. Bailey, who was very quick to detect ability for a special line of work and was always willing to advance an ambitious performer, asked me to undertake one of the "illusions," as they are commonly called. My easy task was to lie on a mirror, which was so surrounded by several revolving





A Clown and His Wife



The Women of the Circus find Relaxation in Doing Fancy Work.



The Circus Kitchen.



Clowns at Play.



"Two of My Friends and Me."



"I Make Friends with the Bear Trainer."



A Mother, Sister, and Five Daughters.



"I Finish my Paris Trip Ingloriously—in the Hospital with a Broken Leg."



The Visit of an Italian Countess.

sewing—and talk. The night performance is generally followed by a rush for the train. So, we do not have much time for anything beyond the work and amusement we find in our own tents.

In Europe, the circus company from America is very warmly welcomed and applauded. France and Hungary appealed most to me, and I found Budapest a delightful city. In these countries amusement seems the very life of the people and in Hungary, especially, they take very kindly to equestrian exploits. Germany is not so friendly to the circus and takes its pleasure more seriously. In Berlin a royal aide-de-camp came down to visit the tents and one of the managers, not knowing he could understand English, wished him—well, somewhere else. But the aide-de-camp was quite familiar with English swear words and—the Kaiser never did come.

Sometimes I am asked about the best preparation for equestrian work. I think part of my own success is due to my long apprenticeship in dancing. Some of the new students of this act think it is all a matter of quickness and balance; but there is a good deal more in it than that. There must be a style and dash which nothing but a long practice in graceful movement can give. You must be something more than an ordinary trick rider to make the people enthusiastic.

Everyone in public life, whether on the stage as actress or acrobat, looks forward to a holiday in her own quiet home. Sometimes I cannot get away for more than a week during the year, and then I am off to my own pretty place in Willow Grove, Pennsylvania, where my mother and father are happy all the year round, with a garden and chickens to look after. There is not much time for rest,



A Clown who Would a'driving Go

the work is hard but is exciting—and there's everything in liking it.

### Canada at Bisley

THE Lee-Enfield and the Ross no longer crack out at Bisley. The whole shooting match is over, and now the friends of the targeteers in every quarter of the Empire eagerly await their return home that they may hear from their own lips how the bullseyes were all won,

and help them spend the prize money. Canada is going to be en fete on the arrival of her sharpshooters. There are rumours of preparations for a big time at Montreal, Ottawa and Toronto. Winnipeg is just dying for a sight of Sergeant Blackburn.

The team, which Colonel Bertram and Major Mercer took over, has earned every bit of this attention, too. The Prince of Wales, presenting the prizes the other day, especially complimented them in these words:

"Our brothers from across the seas are always welcome here, and I am pleased to learn that two hundred and sixty of them came over to compete for the various prizes. I understand Canada is represented by the best team we have ever seen, and I heartily congratulate them on having won amongst other prizes the McKinnon, Kolapore and Jubilee Cups, and my own prize."

The list of winnings to the credit of Canada comprises fourteen prizes and cups. The only disappointment to the happy marksmen is that the King's is not among them. Corporal Burr of London got away with that, but not without, however, a tussle with Lieut. Morris of Bowmanville, who stood third.

Sergeant Blackburn, by the way, is a Westerner to be proud of. He made the best individual showing though not on the team, capturing the Prince of Wales' prize, the Wingrove Cup, the Birmingham Metal and Munition Company's Cup, and tying for the Martins Cup.

A despatch tells us that Dr. J. O. Orr has cabled asking that the Bisley trophies be exhibited at the Toronto Exhibition, but the matter, which is in the hands of the D. R. A., rests with them.



# The Epworth League Convention at Seattle

*The Impressions of an Epworth Leaguer en route to the Convention—Third Article.*

By REV. ERNEST RICHARDS, B. D.

THE programme, which pardonably boasted that not a single advertisement was to be found in its pages, bore the title, "Eighth International Epworth League Convention." This was a misnomer. It was a National Epworth League Convention, with a small, valiant Canadian contingent attached—a brave contingent which had traversed a continent in its pilgrimage to Seattle. Not one single country outside the United States, save Canada, was represented. The United States, not to mention Canada, has large missionary churches in China, India and the Malay Peninsula, but evidently the word "International" did not include them, any more than it included the numerous M. E. missions in continental Europe and the near East. This was the more disappointing because Seattle is desirable of being considered as the gateway to the Orient.

In no hypercritical mood does the writer suggest that the lack of the international spirit was observable throughout the earlier part of the convention. At first, it seemed extremely difficult for the American section to remember the Canadian Epworth Leaguers from the north and east, and yet the utmost courtesy and enthusiasm had been shown by the various delegations which the Canadians met en route.

In the Armoury, where the convention was held, the enormous preponderance of American flags was proverbial, but a certain incident, in the writer's opinion, bore more significance in the direction of lack of international esprit de corps.

The subject of discussion was "Christ Enthroned in the Nation," with several divisions, as "in the political, the industrial life, etc." An American minister had eulogised the political life of the United States, and at the psychological moment the convention choir leader started the American National Anthem, which the audience sang with lusty vigour. But at the close of this, when a bold Canadian away back in the audience started "God Save the King," the response was not quite so enthusiastic as might have been reasonably expected. It is only fair to add that this state of affairs was considerably improved towards the close of the convention. But more of this anon.

One of the object lessons easily learned at the convention was the fact that whatever may be the calibre of the rank and file of the American Methodist ministry, the bishops, like the United States presidents, are men of strong personality and of great devotion to their ideals. In this connection comparisons are odious, but Bishop Quayle, president of the Epworth League of the M. E. Church, was easily first in popular esteem; he is a born speaker and lecturer, Johnsonian in appearance, but with rippling humour in his address.

The subjects for discussion which are of international interest were: "Christ Enthroned Among Men," "Christ Enthroned in the Nation." Each subject had subdivisions and thirty minutes was allowed to each speaker.

Bishop Hughes, M. E. Church, made a valuable contribution to the subject of "Christ Enthroned in Man's Intellectual Life." But Bishop Warren's address—really a paper read—on "Man, the World's Greatest Asset," suffered from the typical American failing of grandiloquence; his point, however, that character in activity was the only vital contribution man could make, was well taken. But of all the speakers hitherto, the most salient divisions of

thought were contributed by Dr. Du Boise, who supplied for Bishop Galloway. He characterised the condition of our citizenship in the nation to-day as fraught with the danger of a trinity of evils: First, the god of wealth; second, enslavement of our whole Christian system of education; thirdly a pantheistic psychology by which individual moral responsibility is minimised.

Bishop Hendrics, from the south, suggested that the most undesirable citizens of the States were not necessarily foreign born. It was also refreshing to hear a southerner speak well of the negro

vention one may moralise indefinitely, but a few words may suffice.

In the first place I have already pointed out that, in the main, the convention lacked international features; one further word therefore will suffice. It was not international in the sense that the recent Woman's Congress was international; but everywhere the Canadians were most kindly treated and the arrangements for excursions, information, etc., were well planned. It was common to meet persons in the streets wearing a League badge, which bore the legend "Ask me," i.e., for information.

The potentiality of the convention to Epworth Leaguers is undoubted, but its boundaries in this direction would have been increased with more attractions for the so-called unregenerate.

To all Canadians, standing as Canada does at the parting of the ways, the words of Dr. Sheppard of Chicago should be laden with much food for thought. Referring to the question of immigration he said: "We have never doubted the providence of God at the Dispersion, shall we doubt him at the ingathering?"

Whatever Canadians may think of immigration there can be no possible room for doubt that in the United States opinion is very much divided as to the wisdom of shutting out any healthy class of people coming from Europe. America presents the spectacle to-day of the ingathering of the nations, and

in the main Americans are optimistic as to results. But one note of criticism may not prove inopportune. As a rule American orators who favour indiscriminate immigration from Europe, rarely consider the potentiality of the following question: "How far has the Latin, Slav and Magyar modified, to its detriment, the original Anglo-Saxon?" The writer may be pardoned for intruding his own moralisation, but during years of residence in the United States this question has frequently forced itself upon him. It is not a question of mere breaches of civil and moral law, but of radical differences in habits of mind and life.

In the question of suggestiveness of future Canadian problems, the convention should prove invaluable to the one hundred Canadians in the party. However, though the Canadian delegates gave a splendid account of themselves in the person of Rev. S. T. Bartlett, Rev. W. T. Smith (president of London Conference), and Dr. Chown, one could have wished that the Canadian Epworth League had sent, in the language of the advertisements, a greater galaxy of talent. It is the fashion of Uncle Sam to treat Johnny Canuck lightly, therefore we wished the Maple Leaf to have been shown to the best possible advantage.

It seemed a matter to be regretted that on an occasion of this kind when every opportunity offered, a greater effort was not made to show our cousins across the border the full strength of our institution in Canada.

It is a much-to-be-lamented fact that all societies of this kind feel it their duty to have special hymn books, containing a large number of new and popular hymns. Some of the new hymns are good; most of them are at best mediocre, and are not to be compared with the standard hymns of any leading denomination. We deplore the effect of the "Sunday Illustrated" on the artistic tastes of our young people; why not deplore the effect of doggerel hymnology on the poetic and musical taste of Epworth Leaguers?



A Main Thoroughfare at the Seattle Exposition.

in the person of Booker T. Washington. In this connection Rev. Dr. Coleman of New York made several forceful remarks. He was absolutely in favour of admitting all, even the Chinese, if they were willing to be men as citizens. Dr. Coleman had a way of asking people who objected to emigrants where they, the objectors, came from originally.

It were futile to attempt even a brief resume of the numerous addresses; it were equally futile to suggest that many of our American friends were not eloquently suggestive; but it were equally futile to deny that they, mainly, lacked originality and statesmanship in their speeches; and notwithstanding many good things uttered, there was, with few exceptions, a decided tendency to deliver eloquent orations on idealistic themes, rather than thoughtful addresses on practical topics.

It is in no partisan Canadian spirit that I suggest that our own Dr. Chown stands out in conspicuous and pleasing contrast in this matter. He had convictions and committed himself to definite statements. Whilst not finding a solution in socialism to the industrial problems of the age, he did not consider modern competition as Christian. His salient attack on all classes of idlers and all unrighteous methods of making money, were calculated to stimulate thought.

A decided change of feeling in favour of the international character of the convention took place on Friday, when the Rev. S. T. Bartlett, general secretary of Canadian Leagues, addressed the convention on "The Enthroning Hosts." "The Maple Leaf" was sung at the instigation of an American. At the close of the singing Mr. Bartlett pointed out that the convention banner included the British flag which in Canada was supreme. This demonstration was well received, as was also his speech, and at last our American cousins began to realise that Canada was alive—that there was indeed a Canadian delegation.

On the general tenor and influence of the con-



# RECENT PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE MOTHERLAND

THE CANADIAN TEAM WHICH HAS MADE A RECORD AT BISLEY



Sgt. Smith, G.G.F.G., Ottawa    Sgt. Russell, G.G.F.G., Ottawa    Sgt. Mitchell, 13th, Hamilton    Capt. McVittie, 48th, Toronto  
 Major Jones, P.E.I.    Major Mercer, Adjutant    Col. Bertram, Commandant    Sgt. Richardson, Victoria    Sergt. Freeborn, 13th, Hamilton  
 Lieut. Smith, 24th, Chatham    Sgt. Kerr, 48th, Toronto    Lieut. Morris, Bowmanville    Sgt. Kelly, 10th, Toronto



South African Boys at Bisley. The youngest is only 14 but he scored a 99. Most of them are sons of Boers.



Their Royal Highnesses, The Prince and Princess of Wales, in a private box at the Eton and Harrow cricket match.



His Majesty, The King, receiving an Address from the University authorities on the occasion of his recent visit to Manchester. In the carriage were also the Queen, Princess Victoria and the Hon. Mr. Haldane, Secretary of State for War.



The Grand Trunk Railway's new building which they have just erected on Cockspur Street, London, England. The carvings are by Mr. W. S. Frith and Mr. Albert Drury, and in the main office there is a frieze by Mr. Frank Brangwya. All three are famous artists.



# THE GARDEN OF THE GULF

*A Tale of Close Quarters with a Polar Bear.*



I AM a detective — or more truthfully, I *was* a detective, but at the offset I wish to enforce the idea upon the reader that emphasis must be placed strongly on the word 'was.' Those days, and nights, of shadowing, trailing, deceiving and hoodwinking my fellow men and women are a thing of the past. And this is not a detective story even. I simply had to bring in the fact of my being a detective to account for the experience that I am about to relate.

It started on the little schooner *Mary Jane*. Never mind what country's flag she flew—Canada, or the United States. To the uninitiated she was a simple little fishing boat that paid very frequent visits to the Prince Edward Island shores, remained a few days, then scurried rapidly southward, from whence she was sure to return before many tides.

To the confidential men of at least one government she was more than an innocent fishing smack. However, I believe I said this was no detective story. I have friends in both countries and have solved many a tangled riddle for both governments, and plainly speaking it was no person's business what I was doing on the *Mary Jane* one early spring day in 19—. I am not going to tell my reason for being on this mysterious little craft. My space will be amply filled with what happened when I was off her—and an ignominious getting off it was to a sleuth who prided himself on his ability to keep out of trouble.

We were heading for Prince Edward Island—the Garden of the Gulf they call it, although in the early spring before the leaves begin to open it is a barren, bleak-looking garden to be sure. The *Mary Jane* was far from roomy at best, and in my cramped position, hidden behind a few barrels of salt pork, the lack of space was painfully apparent. I had already been cramped up for twenty-four hours without a wink of sleep, and now in the midnight watch when not a soul could be seen on the after deck, I felt it was time to ease my aching limbs. arose and gave one delicious stretch. Then in a flash dark shapes appeared from nowhere and engulfed me.

It was all over quickly. The *Mary Jane*, innocent fishing boat though she was, had no room for spies. Securely wrapped in a heavy piece of sailcloth with a lump of lead from the ballast for a companion, I was carried to the side.

I remember the hum of gruff seamen's voices as I lay balanced on the rail, and the command to heave me over. Not a moment even was given to make my peace with my Maker. I felt myself tearing through space, down, down, hundreds of feet it seemed, although I knew full well that the *Mary Jane's* deck was a bare ten feet from the water line. I drew my knees to my chest as I fell, feeling already the ice-cold water of the Atlantic as it soaked through the canvas and choked the life out of me. My knife was in my belt and I decided to at least make an attempt to live; who knew but that the shore of at least a floating ice-field was not near?

Thud! I struck; not water, but something solid, the impact with which caused stars, crescents and forks of gilt-edged lightning to dance before my eyes. At the same moment I heard a crash as the *Mary Jane* ran full tilt into the ice field upon which I had fallen.

Gruff voices, cursing, ordering and expostulating came to my ears. But I had no time to listen. My knife had already cut a slit in the canvas and I was in the open in a minute. I was surprised to find myself fully a dozen feet from the edge of the field. No doubt when I struck I had involuntarily rolled over and over to a place of safety. But I could not reason the matter then. With head bent low I raced across the ice—my destination anywhere in an opposite direction to the *Mary Jane*. I was careful, however, to keep an eye open so that I did not strike the water on the other side.

When a good eighth of a mile lay between myself and the edge of the schooner I squatted on a piled-up hillock of snow-covered ice and watched the lights from my late home twinkle in the darkness. After a while they began to move, and gradually became dimmer and dimmer. Backing away, I figured it, and while the receding lights

By R. SLADE BOND

filled me with feelings of lonesomeness, I was thankful that they were receding. I did not wish a game of hare and hounds on the ice field in which I played the part of the hare.

When the lights had practically disappeared toward the northwest, I picked my way carefully back to my late shroud. It was still there, and gratefully I dragged it away from the edge. In spite of my adventure I was inexpressibly sleepy. The shroud, as I called it, was waterproof and would make a good mattress as well as covering. The night was warm and my overcoat was fur-lined and heavy. Still, to make doubly sure of not being awakened by the chill blast of a northwester before my sleep was over, I crawled through the slit in the canvas.

"Funny old place for a siesta," I murmured drowsily to myself just before I sank into a delightful slumber. And I learned later that it was far more funny than I imagined.

I have always dreaded the next part of my story. Incredulous smiles, open derision, and sneers of disbelief have been my lot when telling it. However, I always had satisfaction in the end. I was willing to wager good money that I could prove my statements and invariably won. The harbour-master at Pictou, the captain of the revenue cutter — but wait, I have promised the Government to be sparing of names.

I awoke; there was nothing startling about that. In fact, it was to be expected sooner or later. There was a delicious feeling of warmth at my back although the tip of my nose assured me that the weather had changed and it was anything but warm. I yawned drowsily, trying to imagine a reason that would account for such a difference in temperature between the back and front portions of my body.

Was I frozen? Alarmed, I kicked my foot backwards to see if I had full power over my muscles.

The answer was entirely different from what I had expected. I heard a grunt as some unwieldy body slid away from behind me, followed by the hasty patter of feet. Immediately the temperature of my back dropped at least forty degrees. I could feel the cold shivers run up and down my spine, and my hair I am sure stood on end.

Grasping my knife, I stuck my head through the slit in the canvas. Standing not thirty feet away, his small, bright eyes looking at me inquisitively and his huge, shaggy head moving from one side to another stood my bed-mate—a polar bear of the first water, the pure, unadulterated stuff, all wool, or fur rather, and a yard wide.

I don't know which was the most alarmed. With a bravado I was far from feeling I shouted at him and waved my hands furiously. He gave an affrighted woof and scuttled across the ice. I followed joyously. Here was where I would show the superiority of the human over the brute. But my calculations were wrong. Suddenly Bruin reached the open water. Apparently he was loath to take a bath so soon after rising. Or perhaps he wished his breakfast first. At any rate he turned, stood on his hind legs, opened his ponderous jaws and snarled—yes, actually snarled at his bed-fellow.

And then I ran, and did not stop until I had reached my canvas upon which I dropped and watched him, ruminating in my mind as to the probable outcome of this adventure.

Bruin gazed at me for a while, then turned his attention to the water. Soon he captured a fish of goodly dimensions and began to regale himself.

That reminded me that I, too, was hungry, but as I was not gifted with natural fishing tackle like my northern friend, I was forced to content myself with munching one of my last hard-tack sea biscuits and draining the last drops from my tea-can, which luckily I had brought with me when I boarded the *Mary Jane*. This done, I cast my eyes around my floating home.

Strange as it may appear, it was the first time that I had attempted to size up my chances of escape. Fatigue had claimed me the night before and when I awoke there had been enough excitement in the air to keep my mind on matters other than the chances of getting to land. The chances of being eaten were what worried me, for I fully believed that polar bears were particularly fond of castaways, and that I had been foreordained to keep this handsome specimen from dwindling to a shadow with starvation. It was a great relief to learn that I was to have a little time to myself at

least before Bruin would have finished his fish and be ready for his meat course.

And then the thought struck me that it was Friday. I fairly danced with delight. Surely no well-brought-up bear would molest me on a Friday. My chances of escape appeared brighter by far, now that this thought gave me relief.

However, I was anxious to get to shore. Friday or no Friday I was not going to tempt Providence, and the ice-field, no matter how large, was far too small for myself and yonder fish-eating quadruped.

Far off in the distance I could see the Prince Edward shore. Between me and land, however, was at least three miles of open water. Still a fresh northeaster was blowing and it would not take long to drive the ice in-shore. The field itself was perhaps half a mile in length and an eighth of a mile wide, but the wind had caused a fairly heavy sea to come up and an occasional crack showed me that pieces from the edge were breaking off and rapidly decreasing the area. Even now I could see several cakes of goodly size drifting in the wake of the mother field, and the problem came up in my mind just how much would be left of the original field when it had drifted to shore, which it undoubtedly would do with the present wind. I sincerely hoped that I would be fortunate enough to stick to the large part and not be carried away on the flotsam.

With this end in view I took up my stand as near the centre as I could, and the bear, evidently guided by instinct as acute as my reasoning powers, deemed it advisable to squat far too near my location for my complete satisfaction.

Not fifty yards from one another we sat and viewed the distant shore, my furry companion shaking his wise old head knowingly from side to side and giving an occasional grunt of alarm when a larger piece of ice than usual would break away from its parent with a resounding crash.

The wind had been increasing steadily, and naturally the ice had yielded to the force of the rising waves and was becoming more and more rapidly a jumbled mass of smaller cakes.

The stern truth was not brought home to me with full force until a louder report than usual sounded at my very feet. I sprang back just in time to escape slipping into the widening gap beneath my eyes. The other cake, on which Bruin squatted, was gradually drifting away and I realised that the field had broken squarely in two. The bear's portion yielded to the force of a mighty wave and rose high in the air, the pure green ice showing for an instant until with a mighty splash of spray it sank into the ocean. The spray fell to the very feet of my former companion. He sniffed it disdainfully, then trotted to the edge of the water between us. I had congratulated myself that I was well rid of him. Whether it was that he appreciated my company or whether my cake appeared larger and safer to him I cannot tell, but after taking the temperature of the water with a hairy paw, he gave a whimper and plunged into the waves.

I could see his glistening nose ploughing toward me, and a splash of salt spray as his big, heavy paw occasionally missed connection with the water and showed clear and white above the crest of a wave.

I met him at the edge, determined that the field, or what remained of it, should not be burdened with double weight. As his snorting nose drew near I sat down with my hands braced behind me, and when his foremost paw fell on the ice I brought my heavy nailed boot down on it. With a whimper of pain he sank back and swam toward the left.

I shoved myself across the ice after him. Here, near the edge, it was almost impossible to stand upright and I was in momentary terror lest I should either slip off or that portion on which I sat should become dissected from the rest.

Bruin made better speed as a swimmer than I did as an ice-boat and he was half up on the field when with a frantic kick I attempted to push him back. The slope of the ice aided me for he slipped into the water with a growl of rage. A floating block struck him a sounding whack and with a sniff he sank out of sight.

"Drowned," I muttered as I hastened toward the centre, but five minutes later when I looked over my shoulder and saw him sitting on his haunches calmly licking his wounded paw, and glaring wrathfully at me, I formed another opinion. I verified my suspicions later in a large encyclopedia where I learned

CONCLUDED ON PAGE 25





## PUNCHINELLO

By ESTELLE M. KERR

"PUNCHINELLO, Punchinello!" the Sicilian children cry  
 As they flock to where the pretty mimic stage is reared on high.  
 "Punchinello! Quick, begin it!" Hands and feet will not keep still;  
 "Ah!" the little curtain's lifted! Now they listen with a will.  
 You're surprised, if you'll admit it, for I was myself, to see  
 Dear old Punch disporting gaily, off in sunny Sicily.

Here his costume's somewhat altered, but he's up to his old tricks,  
 And his same old love of beating all the people, plainly sticks.  
 Punchinello was Italian, and he lived there long ago,  
 Then he went to France, and England, always popular, and so  
 Changed his costume with his language, and he sailed across the sea,  
 Judy, Toby and the Baby, came with Punch to you and me.





## LACKING INTEREST.

**D**URING the Quinquennial Congress of Women in the city of Toronto, Miss Agnes Laut and Mr. Arthur Stringer had much to say which was worth hearing, about the press and the public. Miss Laut showed that the women who complain of the brassy tinge of the newspaper could easily bring the management to time by agreeing to boycott the firms who advertise in yellow journals. The whole discussion was decidedly interesting and tended to show that there is a dual responsibility in the matter of exploiting sensations.

A Canadian citizen, speaking in defence of the average newspaper of the Dominion, told that when he was travelling through Michigan some time ago he lent a copy of the *Toronto Globe* to a young woman sitting across the aisle in the car who appeared to wish to see a Canadian paper. About ten minutes' perusal of the Grit Bible was quite enough for the Michigan maiden, who returned the paper with the criticism:

"My, but your papers are awful slow! There's only one suicide and a murder on the front page and there ain't a single divorce that I can see. We've got some *style* in our papers, with real noos about the Goulds and the Thaws."

\* \* \*

## THE WRONG SUSAN.

**A** SMALL boy, who is fond of wild-flowers, but who is easily confused in the matter of their names, recently surprised the family by saying: "I know where there's a whole field of those flowers with black centres—you know—cross-eyed Susans."

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## A COINCIDENCE.

**O**N the notice board of a church near Manchester, says the *Manchester Guardian*, the other day the following announcements appeared together: "A potato pie supper will be held on Saturday night. Subject for Sunday evening, 'A Night of Agony.'"

A Canadian visitor to Philadelphia was once somewhat alarmed by a similar strange juxtaposition. At a restaurant in that city where Scripture texts are placed on the walls, interspersed with items of the menu, the hungry man from Ontario was confronted with the announcement:

"Mince pie, five cents," while beneath it was the stern admonition: "Prepare to meet thy God."

\* \* \*

## A CRUEL SUGGESTION.

**M**AGISTRATE DALY of Winnipeg, dismisses drunks and vagrants with the advice that they should find work on the trains and in the harvest fields. This is so inconsiderate. The humane treatment of the imbibor and the loafer demands a rest cure, after an exhausting appearance in the common court.

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## NEWSLETS.

King Peter of Servia is reported to be very ill—sinking rapidly, in fact. Mr. James Simpson of Toronto has been urged by his loyal friends to apply for the position.

Burglars have stolen valuable relics from the Normal School, Toronto. Culture is spreading among the criminal classes. Next thing we know, a modern *Bill Sikes* will be stealing Professor Ramsay Wright's "Lecture on the Mosquito."

Hon. Louis Philippe Brodeur, Canadian Minister of Marine, and Sir Frederick Borden, Minister of Militia, dined with the King at Buckingham Palace. Forgotten were the cruel jibes of the *Toronto News* at the failure to economise in the department of the Honourable Gentleman who sent out our Arctic fleet. Forgotten, too, were the untender flings of the *Calgary Eye-Opener* at the picturesque and military figure which directs the movements of the Canadian War Department. King Edward made the kindest of hosts and the colonial ministers wore recherche costumes with touches of Cobalt panne velvet.

The Whitney Government announces that cutting privileges on certain Crown lands are to be disposed of by public tender only. "Alas, for the

brave days of old!" murmurs Cap. Sullivan as he wipes a salt tear from his eagle eye.

The Quinquennial delegates who went out to the Coast actually compared the British Columbia mountains with the Alps. "So awfully patronising—these foreigners," murmured the Editor of the *Vancouver Saturday Sunset* as he proceeded to write of the decadence of Mont Blanc.

Toronto citizens are terribly afraid of getting hydrophobia. "You'd never know if they *did* get it," sneers a Hamilton critic.

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## ONE WAY OF DOING IT.

**O**N a blank form, recently sent out to Ontario farmers by the Agricultural Department of the Provincial Government, one of the questions is: "How many servants do you keep?"

To this a humorous yeoman wrote the following reply: "Can't keep any. Only way to make them stay is to marry them."

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## TROUBLES IN THE TENT.

Showman: "I don't know as we can give any kind of a show this afternoon."

Assistant: "What's the matter?"

Showman: "That fresh kid's been in the cage of the man-eating lion, having a romp, and the critter is as playful as a kitten; the farmer we rented the Sacred Cow from India from, says the money ain't payin' him for the loss of his milk route, and the Wild Man from Borneo says he's got to have a day off to register and see the police parade."—*Baltimore American*.

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## POEMS YOU SHOULD KNOW.

**T**HE firm of a Toronto publisher recently held a picnic in Oshawa and a special sheet announcing the event contained the following burst of song by Mr. E. S. Caswell, which will appeal to all who have suffered from picnics and will strike dozens of responsive chords in the human heart:

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said,  
When summer sunshine's in the land:  
"A picnic would be simply grand"?

Can there be one who does not love  
To join his family, and shove  
Aboard a packed excursion train,  
And come home in the pouring rain  
With tired hands and arms and back,  
And shin-bones that are blue and black?

If such a picnic he enjoys,  
He should be wise, and join our boys.  
He'll come back home in proper style,  
His face will wear a sunny smile.  
And this will be his only fear—  
"The picnic comes but once a year."

\* \* \*

## PERHAPS A RUMOUR.

A tenderfoot went out to Yuma,  
And there he encountered a puma,  
And later they found  
Just a spot on the ground—  
And a puma in very good huma!  
—Douglas (Ariz.) *Despatch*.

\* \* \*

**A** "WELL-KNOWN physiologist" has let out to *The Daily Mirror* the secret of the way to avoid depression. "Be cheerful," he says. As secrets are being given away, Mr. *Punch* does not mind giving his clients a golden rule for avoiding poverty. It is as follows: "Be rich!"—*Punch*.

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## A CONTAGIOUS IDEA.

**I**MITATION may be a nuisance rather than a form of flattery. A writer in the *Outlook* tells of an incident in a bank which is as amusing as it is probable. The teller was asked by a woman for

a new envelope for her bank-book. It was passed out, and the lady behind, noting that her own envelope was a trifle dingy, also asked for a fresh one.

The third woman said "Me, too," or words to that effect, and so it went down the line. When the teller's patience and his stock of envelopes threatened to give out, he determined to call a halt.

A fastidiously dressed lady appeared at the window, holding out a perfectly gloved hand.

"I should like one, too, please," said she.

"One what, madam?" asked the teller.

The lady flushed and began to look comical.

"Why," she stammered, "what the other ladies had."—*Youth's Companion*.

\* \* \*

## TAKING CARE OF NAPOLEON.

**A** TORONTO manufacturer on a recent visit to Chicago, met a prince of industry and a genial good fellow with whom he had done considerable business. The Chicagoan was small of stature but large of heart. He entertained his Canadian customer at one of the swellest clubs and they had a most enjoyable evening together. About midnight the host summoned his chauffeur and they started, the visitor thought, for his hotel. Instead they pulled up at the residence of the host, who insisted on his friend stepping in, just for a minute, to have one more cold bottle.

"No, no," demurred the Canadian, "it's too late and it wouldn't do to disturb Mrs. —"

"Nonsense, that's all right. Come on in," persisted the host.

But the visitor was obdurate. "Run me to the hotel," he pleaded. "We'll say good-night now. Your wife wouldn't like it."

"Look here, Mr. —," and the little fellow straightened himself to his full height, "I want you to understand that I am the Napoleon of my family."

Just then there appeared at the entrance a most imposing specimen of femininity, 200 pounds in weight, as proud-looking as Beelzebub and as grand as a queen.

"Good-night, Mr. —," she said sweetly. Then grasping her lord and master between the shoulders she observed: "I'll take care of Napoleon"

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## A CONTRAST IN VOICES.

**I**T was in the federal elections of 1896. The Remedial Bill was the dominant issue; in some constituencies it was the whole case for and against the Government. One of the speakers at a meeting in Kerry, Arthur Township, was a big man with a sonorous voice and an impressive delivery. The audience was Irish Catholic; the speaker was an Orangeman. All went well until, near the close of his address, the speaker referred to separate schools in these words:

"As a citizen of this Dominion I believe it would be better if all our children were educated in the one school. But if my Roman Catholic fellow-citizens have conscientious objections to sending their children to the public school, then I, as a liberal-minded Protestant, am quite willing that they should have their own schools."

Half way down the centre aisle sat a peak-nosed, red-headed son of Kerry, with a voice as thin as your little finger. Here was his chance to go to bat and he went:

"That isn't phat ye said at t' Orange picnic at Rot-say."

"Those, sir," and with an impressive wave of his hand the orator turned to the chairman, "those, sir, are the identical words I uttered at the Orange picnic at Rothsay."

"You're a liar, Smith! I was there and I heard ye an' ye said ye were down on separate schools."

The point thus forcibly raised was never settled. It was lost sight of in the general uproar that the contrast between the deep, bass tones of the speaker and the shrill, counter-tenor of the interrupter had produced.

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## A CHRISTIAN WARNING.

We deem it a solemn duty to warn young couples either to avoid thirty-nine cent hammocks or else to hang them very low.—*Christian Work and Evangelist*.

\* \* \*

## CAPITALISTIC REFLECTIONS.

The pronoun "I" and the interjection "O" are never written without using a capital. Let "U" be added, and it signifies that the writer has got no capital at all.—*Judge*.



# PEOPLE AND PLACES

LITTLE STORIES BY LAND AND SEA, CONCERNING THE FOLK WHO MOVE HITHER AND THITHER ACROSS THE FACE OF A BIG LAND.

## THE OLD WOODEN BRIDGE.

PASSING of the old wooden bridge in older Canada is emphasised by the old covered bridge at Napanee. This old bridge has become too rickety for modern traffic and is to be torn down. It was built in 1840 and at that time was evidently intended for military purposes. Why it was covered no man probably knows. Sixty-nine years—lacking one of the age of a man—the old mediaeval “pons” across the Trent River has stood up to the changing traffic. As one of Napanee’s own poets has said:

“But still ’tis sad to part with one  
Who hast so long withstood  
The blasts of storm, the heat of sun,  
And foaming, raging flood.

“We fain would have thee longer stay,  
And with skilled hands we’ll try,  
Beneath thee something stronger lay,  
And straighten what’s awry.

“And so to keep thee yet awhile  
Whom our forefathers knew,  
For thou wast made when ’twas the style  
To make things good and true.”

Naturally Napaneeans are fond of the old bridge. It was there when most of the present men now living came on the scene. The poet says nothing as to the kind of timber in the bridge—which was probably oak; for that was the age of the hardwoods in Ontario, even in the land of the pine. It was built in the woods. The timbers would be cut within twenty rods of the road where the bridge crossed the river. In all Canada then there was not a single iron bridge; perhaps none in the world. The age of iron and steel had not come. It was the age of wood when men in Canada were cunning with the axe. Even cross-cut saws were not invented. The trees were chopped down and squared with the axe. The planks for the floor must have been cut by the ancient “whip-saw” with one man standing down in a pit and the other on a scaffold. No union carpenters worked on that job. The builders were woodmen who probably made a “bee” of the job, charging nothing for labour or time. They knew more about trees than about anything else in the wide world. They were enemies of trees—because the trees were in the way. In those days no man was able to sell the timber which now no man’s money is able to buy. The timbers of the wooden bridge at Napanee if sound and sold to-day would be worth more than enough to build one of the many iron bridges that are being used on even country highways now.

## VICTORIA THE BEAUTIFUL.

PRETTY things have been said before about Victoria, the city beautiful. We have got used to expecting compliments and rose-water about this most English city in Canada. Nobody in his sober senses would ever say a harsh word about Victoria. The very name makes it immune. And now Miss Agnes Deans Cameron hits it off in a book written for the Minister of the Interior, in which she says: “The sun never sets with greater beauty than over the edge of the Sooke Hills, tipping the rough-hewn silver of the Olympics with a rosy glow and spilling itself in prodigality over the waters of the Fucan Straits. On the streets of this polvelot town the Indian clam-digger brushes the immaculate red tunic of Tommy Atkins, and the sailor from Esquimalt hobnobs with the Hindoo. The city of Victoria runs out in bloom and buttercups to the country lanes, and the firs of the forest creep into the city streets.”

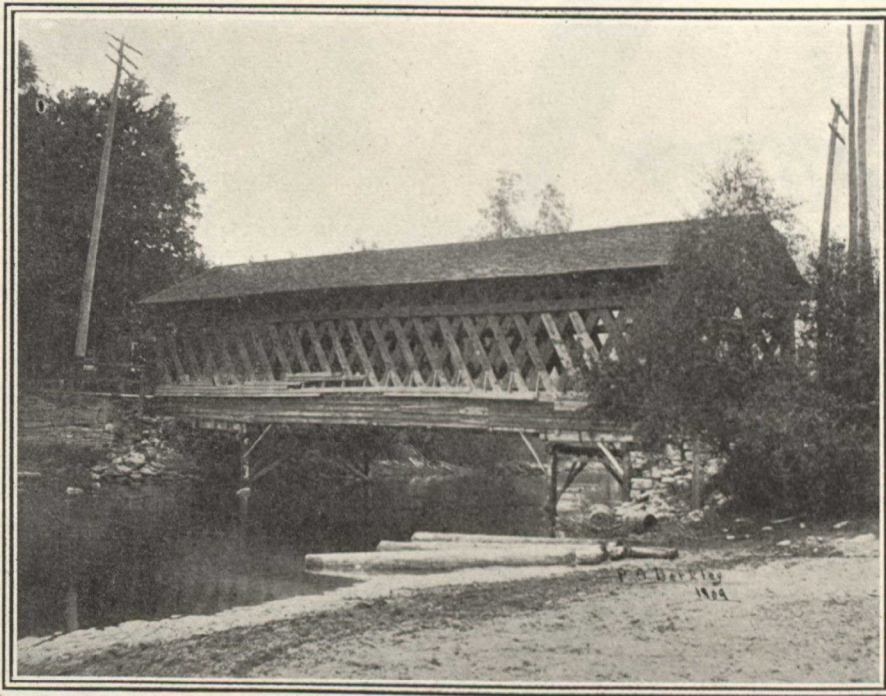
## THE PELICAN’S CRUISE.

THE crew of the steamship *Pelican* are an enviable lot. This boat has just sailed away from Montreal on her summer voyage which is an excursion by the big northward loop round Newfoundland, through the Hudson’s Straits into Hudson’s Bay, where the summer will be spent coasting

Labrador and Ungava Bay clear down to Churchill and York Factory. After a summer of idle zest among the cool fastnesses and solitudes of iceberg land the *Pelican* will come out in the fall carrying packs of mail from the posts. She is about the only link the outposters up there have with the civilised world. Last January, for instance, a fur post clerk at Fort George began a letter to a friend in Toronto, telling him the news of the post, such as it was; the crimp, half ridiculous, half sublime experiences of Indians and huskies and traders. By several instalments he wrote the letter, keeping tab on the doings of the settlement as they occurred. When the *Pelican* made her first voyage out the letter was mailed. It reached Toronto near the end of May.

## THE TEESWATER TURTLE.

THERE is a turtle up in the Teeswater River that carries on his back some of the local history of the town. Nineteen years ago a number of schoolboys from the ninth concession were fooling along the banks of the river and they spied this turtle. Mat Scott, being a romantic young customer, caught the turtle and carved on its carapace his initials with the date. He chucked it back in the river and went his way—which ultimately led him out to Revelstoke, B.C. Ten years later Mr. Walter Pinnell caught the same turtle and carved his initials and the date alongside Scott’s. Again the turtle was



A Wooden Bridge at Napanee, Sixty-nine Years Old.

turned loose. Nine years later and only a couple of weeks ago another denizen of Teeswater captured the living log-book and did another job of carving. And in nineteen years that turtle had not moved a quarter of a mile from the spot where he was originally caught.

## THE SCALES OF JUSTICE.

MR. GEORGE BRADBURY, member for Selkirk, Man., in the House of Commons, has a record for one thing. One cause only he has championed and he has been at the game for twelve years. In all that time he has been more or less instant in season and out of season trumpeting the rights of certain people and the wrongs which others are inflicting on them. He is the man who does not believe that a few men with fishing licenses should be made overlords of the northern lakes, catching the fish and cornering the market, getting rich in a very scaly way at a cost of two dollars each a year for license. Mr. Bradbury claims to have lowered the price of fish to the consumers of Winnipeg. He says that before he went into the fisheries agitation the licensees were shipping the prime fish from Lake Winnipeg, Lesser Slave Lake, and even from the Great Slave clean out to the markets of the United States, right past the noses of Edmonton and Winnipeg. But things are different now. Mr. Bradbury has earned the gratitude of all those westerners who love fish; and that

country is more famous for its fish epicures than Ontario or Quebec.

## PIONEER IN PICTURES.

EIGHTY-TWO years of age is Mr. James Egan of London, Ont., who for a long while was one of the pioneer photographers of Canada. Seventy-eight years ago the Egan family came from Devonshire to Canada; first to Quebec and then west to the village of Woodstock, which was then hardly big enough to make a photograph. Mr. Egan when he grew up started a newspaper in Woodstock; the first paper ever published in the county of Oxford. Four years before London became a city he moved up there and became a photographer; the only picture-taking man in the town on the Thames. He went to Rochester, N.Y., to study photography, which he practised for many years until he passed through all the phases down to the age of the kodak fiend, when he discovered that it’s every man’s business to be a photographer and retired. He was made inspector of weights and measures. Last week he celebrated his eighty-second birthday.

## MAKING A UNIVERSITY.

THEY are making a university to order in Saskatchewan. Plans are now being prepared in Montreal for the buildings of what is expected to be a great university. That is, the University of Saskatchewan has one thousand acres of land and expects to build a university capable of accommodating five thousand students. This is fifteen hundred more students than are in attendance at Toronto University. But of course Queen’s Park is a small place and in these accelerated days even universities grow rapidly. The entire scheme for this mammoth university includes administration, engineering and library buildings; electrical, civil and mining departments; a large convocation hall, capable of seating 2,500 persons, with a small adjacent hall, having a seating capacity of about 600. The plan also embraces two gymnasium buildings, a large medical building and a general hospital with 250 beds; a law building, a separate dental building, and also one for pharmacy. There will be a structure for the training of teachers, the space provided for on the plans being sufficient to lodge 400 pupils. Besides this group of buildings, there will be an observatory structure and twelve fine residences for the professorial staff of the university.

Without being discourteous or discouraging to the University of Saskatchewan, it might be added that having got so much and a really good faculty of professors, all she lacks to become a great university is a fund of constructive ideas of national calibre.

## PULP AND PAPER.

THE difference between pulp and paper is aptly epitomised by the difference between Batiscan and St. Mere. These are two French-Canadian towns on the St. Lawrence. Both are in the spruce belt. One has been manufacturing pulpwood; the other paper. Batiscan became the shipping point of the International Paper Company, one of those hungry and benevolent corporations from across the line. The pulpwood of Batiscan, chopped and peeled, loaded and teamed in the woods of Batiscan, went over the border; for every cord of the same gross profit to Batiscan about six dollars. So they say that the population of Batiscan is no greater to-day than it was a few years ago when the pulpwood industry started up there. As to St. Mere, it has gone ahead—on paper. There is a paper mill in St. Mere which employs as many hands as the population of Batiscan. The cord of wood that left six dollars to Batiscan and one dollar to the government left between thirty and forty-five dollars to St. Mere when it was ground into pulp, worked into fibre and made into paper. The circumstance is peculiar. Strange that Batiscan, witnessing St. Mere’s success, does not start a mill of its own and pocket the profit.



LITERARY NOTES

MR. W. M. MacKERACHER, of Montreal, is a Canadian poet who showed promise in his last volume issued about a year ago, entitled "Canada, My Land, and Other Poems." He has been active since then and his new work, "Sonnets and Other Verse," which Mr. William Briggs is shortly to bring out, is awaited with interest.

Disease is a theme not often treated by poets, yet Mr. Thaddeus A. Browne, an Ottawa man, contemplating the ravages of consumption in this country, has been inspired to write a volume which will be issued this fall, called "The White Plague and Other Poems."

Mr. Edward W. Thomson's journalistic and poetical contributions are familiar to the Canadian public. Mr. Thomson's "The Many Mansioned House," containing his now famous "Peter Ottawa," will be ready shortly. There is to be a United States edition of these poems, but under the different title of "When Lincoln Died and Other Poems."

The popularity of Mrs. Nellie McClung, the Winnipeg lady, who wrote "Sowing Seeds in Danny," came with a genuine Western rush. A year ago she was unheard of exclusive of her intimate friends. To-day hundreds of Canadians have formed acquaintance with her unique personality through reading her work. Mrs. McClung makes the welcome announcement that "The Second Chance," a new book introducing some of the old "Danny" characters, is under way.

Mr. T. Herbert Chestnut, news editor of the Montreal *Witness*, who signs his literary efforts with the nom de plume Allan Douglas Brodie, has in preparation a volume of short stories to be called "Chicoutimi, a Romance of the Saguenay Country, and Other Tales."

Mr. Robert W. Service, "the Canadian Kipling," has arranged with Mr. William Briggs for the publication of a successor to "Songs of a Sourdough," entitled "Ballads of a Chechako." There is an advance sale of already 15,000 copies of this new work, which establishes a record as far as the sale of Canadian verse is concerned. The rugged dramatic quality of Mr. Service's work has made a universal impression. In two years 40,000 copies of "Songs of a Sourdough" have been disposed of in Canada alone. There have been also large editions exhausted in the United States and Europe. The other day *Triad*, the New Zealand magazine published at Auckland, devoted seven columns to the consideration of Canada's popular poet and his verse.

Newspapermen, especially, will appreciate Dr. Morgan's efforts of the last few years to bring his "Canadian Men and Women of the Time" up to date. The new complete edition is promised early next year.

In addition to certain books announced recently in this column concerning the Canadian West, is "The People of the Plains," by Amelia M. Paget, Ottawa.

Dr. Edward Manning Saunders is writing a biographical work of the lives of Judge Johnstone, Hon. James

Howe and Sir Charles Tupper. This book should prove a worthy contribution to the history of the province of Nova Scotia.

Mr. Robert W. Chambers' work always takes well with Canadians. His new story, "The Danger Mark," has begun a serial run in *The Saturday Evening Post*. New York society life is the theme.

All is expectation for the appearance of Mr. G. K. Chesterton's book dealing with that alternately horrible and dear, delightful man, George Bernard Shaw.

A good many people are wondering what the first chapter of Mr. Arthur Stringer's "The Gun Runner" has to do with the rest of the story.

Robert Barr's "Cadillac" has appeared in England. Mills and Boon are the publishers.

The *Bystander* says:  
 "Most enjoyable was the supper given recently to Mr. J. M. Barrie at the Duke of York's Theatre in honour of the 300th night of 'What Every Woman Knows.' The deep stage of the theatre with the last set of the piece, all chintzes and prettiness, made a bewitching background for the scene. Supper was served at little flower-laden tables, and among the guests, who numbered over sixty to meet the company which has so brilliantly interpreted Mr. Barrie's work, were the Duchess of Sutherland, looking very beautiful, and Lady de Grey, a symphony in grey with her abundant grey hair, and wearing a grey dress; Lady Lewis, Miss Ellen Terry, M. Bernstein, who is one of the lions of the season, and Mr. Comyns Carr.

"Mr. Barrie made a very telling speech with just that suspicion of his Scotch accent, and Mr. Carr and Mr. Gerald Du Maurier were also in first-rate form. As for Mrs., now Lady Tree, she charmed everybody with a little verse of her own dedicated to Mr. Barrie, which she recited with a merry grace. Here is the impromptu trifle:

"Had I the tongue as I've the heart  
 To tell the praise of Barrie's art,  
 My speech would be a poem;  
 And yet my thoughts, too nice for  
 prose,  
 Are just what every woman knows,  
 And so he's almost sure to know  
 'em."

THE American press is worrying about Mr. Rudyard Kipling. The thorn that troubles is his "The City of Brass." Mr. Winston Churchill, the Englishman, has termed that poem "harsh gibberish." The New York *Sun* suddenly discovers that Mr. Kipling has shown little of the true attributes of a poet. It characterises his "Recessional" as "the cheapest semi-religious commonplace." The "Barrack Room Ballads" and "Departmental Ditties," in the opinion of this learned journal, are "mighty fine in their own way, but they are only excellent good music-hall warbles." The whole of Mr. Kipling's poetry "at its best is a *tour de force*; at its worst, as in the 'City of Brass,' falling on us in these days of molten brass it is an international outrage." Probably the midsummer heat of the American metropolis is affecting the New York *Sun's* literary editor.

**Whenever you see an Arrow Think of Coca-Cola**

Whenever, wherever, however you see an arrow, let it point the way to a soda fountain, and a glass of the beverage that is so delicious and so popular that it and even its advertising are constant inspiration for imitators.

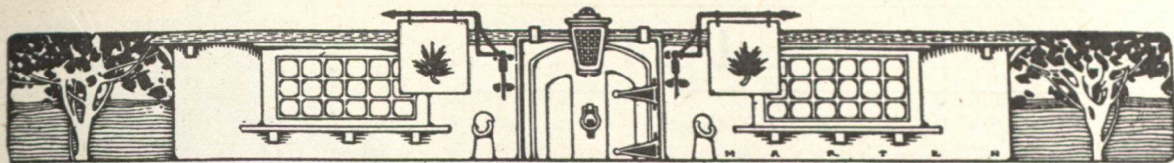
Are you hot? → Coca-Cola is cooling.  
 Are you tired? → Coca-Cola relieves fatigue.  
 Are you thirsty? → Coca-Cola is thirst-quenching.

Do you crave something just to tickle your palate—not too sweet, but alive with vim and go? Coca-Cola is delicious.

**5c Everywhere**

Whenever you see an Arrow think of Coca-Cola.





## AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

### THE WOMEN'S CANADIAN CLUB OF MONTREAL

"THERE is not a war in the world, no, nor an injustice but you women are answerable for it; not in that you have provoked, but in that you have not hindered," wrote Ruskin in 1864. Perhaps at no time in history have women been so capable of influencing wisely as in this century. A young



Lady Drummond,  
President Montreal Women's Canadian Club.

woman's whole career is towards this end. Nowadays, she attends university and receives an education that in its course and kind of study is the same as a young man's. A woman endeavours to know what her husband is likely to know for she may always help him by what she knows. She acquires an intelligent understanding of affairs. She reads and thinks for herself and takes little for granted. The result is that the influence she exercises is more beneficial, the restraint she enjoys, more judicious. Women of the present day are taking a deep interest in public questions as well as in patriotic and charitable institutions.

The Women's Canadian Club of Montreal has been formed with the purpose of encouraging this interest; of uniting Canadian women in a work that will tend to the progress of the country; and of affording them opportunities of hearing eminent speakers who will give inspiration and instruction.

The club is not restricted to English-speaking residents of Montreal. Many of its members are women of French origin. The vice-presidents are Miss Hurlbatt and Madame Beique.

The season of the club's activity opened auspiciously on the 3rd of last November in the Royal Victoria College. The president, Lady Drummond, presided, and seated with her at the committee table were, among other notable people, the president of McGill University, the vice-rector of Laval and the president and secretary of the Montreal Canadian Club. Following luncheon, an informal address was given by Lord Milner.

In December the members of the club were impressed with a phase of life presented to them by Miss Wald of New York in a charmingly interesting and suggestive address on "Settlement Work and its Value as a Social Factor." The lofty teachings of such men as Kingsley and Ruskin resulted in a movement in England about 1867, and at a later time in the United States. Splendid success had been achieved. In the Settlement in New York, there is now a systematic service of modern district nursing. Playgrounds, carpenter shops and debating clubs have been established and buildings furnished free of cost that the poor may have opportunities for pleasure. New hope has been given, the atmosphere has been changed and burdens have been lightened for those in daily contact with the sad side of the large city.

"The Creation of a National Spirit" was the subject of the next address to the Women's Canadian Club. Mr. Henri Bourassa, the speaker, gave expression to his well-known views, and advocated autonomy in all things.

In February, Professor Colby of McGill Univer-

sity spoke on "The Situation in the Balkans." Dr. Colby dwelt briefly on the general significance of the near eastern question as affecting all mankind, and considered a number of issues that have to do with Bulgaria, Serbia, Roumania and Greece.

The season of the club closed March 12th with an instructive lecture on "Medicine and Colonisation," by Dr. John L. Todd. A prosperous season it has been. A membership of three hundred has increased to four hundred. With the quickening influence of new thoughts, fresh interest has been aroused in affairs at home and abroad, while the social intercourse afforded at the luncheons has added to the meetings its own peculiar charm.

MRS. ROBERT JENKINS.

### THE ARTFUL AID OF THE MODISTE

IS it true that we are becoming rich, progressive and alert, but less imaginative, less childishly gay, and less romantic than our forefathers? Do we lack the power of letting ourselves go, or fail to understand the art of laughter? Are we "stiff," and do we need to apply ourselves more to the cultivation of the gentler morals, as some people tell us? Perhaps we are in need of more pageants to stimulate the imagination, or maybe it would not come amiss to indulge one's propensity for "dressing up," and "making believe," and appealing more to the romantic side of nature. To be too easily satisfied is as dangerous as to possess a little learning, so says the poet:

"Every want that stimulates the breast  
Becomes a source of pleasure when redrest."

When the effect of dress was remarked upon at the recent suffragette meeting in London, it was



Miss Hurlbatt,  
Vice-President Montreal Women's Canadian Club.

stated that "a man will listen to, and be persuaded into, almost anything by a woman in a smart and becoming gown." However true that may be of other countries one could never believe that it would apply to the practical man of Canada—not that his artistic ability is undervalued, but because one realises his practical intellectual bent.

Then the lady goes on to say: "Send out a party of 'dowds' to plead a cause or do business with men, and failure is the result; but send forth a bevy of women in 'creations' and striking headgear, and the day is theirs. If every suffragist were dressed by some leading modiste, is it too much to say that every man would give way to their arguments?" This does seem sweeping to us quietly bred Canadian women, but perhaps there might be more in the artful aids of fashion than one imagines.

### LIFE PROLONGED

IT is said that, notwithstanding the fact that life and the things of life are pursued with a fever heat, the greatest desire of humanity at the present age is longevity. In fact this breakneck speed that permeates even the slightest actions seems but to add zest to life, and to keep awake a wholesome interest that precludes the very appearance of ennui.

"I should like to live about five hundred years,"

a gentleman remarked not long ago, "with life going on just as it is to-day; life is really too short."

Although such an extravagant wish is foredoomed according to the course of nature, yet scientists are making heroic efforts to find a means of prolonging man's days upon earth, and the latest conclusion arrived at by Professor Metchnikoff is that one hundred and twenty years will come to be considered as the approximate natural limit of old age, and that the years of man's working capacity will also be greatly extended. Some of the suggested means of accomplishing this end is to abolish worry completely, not sleep too late, and never take more than two meals a day, and these must be consumed with the greatest deliberation, taking even ten times as long as usual. In following this course one will become accustomed to light meals which will in time produce greater health with the ultimate result of extra length of days, youthfulness of appearance and happiness of temperament—to say nothing of the wonderful convenience accruing from such simplicity of living.

The French and German doctors especially are making most extraordinary discoveries about eating and drinking. One scientist is fully persuaded that man can live by Gruyere cheese alone as it contains all the nutriment and all the constituents necessary for human life. Another maintains that certain nerve troubles, such as neuralgia, loss of memory and violent headaches, can be treated alone by complete abstinence from food for considerable periods; and, in fact, the less people eat at all times the better they are; and that whenever any nervous or internal disorders overtake one the surest means of cure is in fasting, and the more one fasts the more one desires to fast. Now this might be carried to a dangerous limit, and as some one suggests the time might come when a draught of water will be as satisfying as a sumptuous repast—only one might meet with the same fate as did the Frenchman's horse.

But a still more interesting theory is that one's actions can be controlled by eating certain foods—that certain meats will produce certain mental effects, and that certain fruits will bring about certain other states of mind. Experiments in this direction might be of great value in finding out the results produced by different foods, and when the list would be complete, the millennium would in all probability have dawned, and at last the children of humanity would have attained perfection. Matthew Arnold says that "bodily health and vigour are connected rather intimately with a perfect spiritual condition, and the moment we disjoin them from the idea of a perfect spiritual condition, and pursue them, as we do pursue them, for their own sake and as ends to themselves, our worship of them becomes as were worship of machinery." And he quotes from Franklin, who says: "Eat and drink such an exact quantity as suits the constitution of the body in reference to the services of the mind," and from Epictetus, who considered that "it is a sign of a nature not finely tempered to give yourself up to things which relate to the body; to make, for instance, a great fuss about exercise, a great fuss about eating, a great fuss about drinking, a great fuss about walking, a great fuss about riding—all these things ought to be done merely by the way; the formation of the spirit and character must be our real concern," the attaining to a perfection in which the characters of beauty and intelligence are both present, and which thus unites what Swift calls "the two noblest of things, *sweetness and light*."

"The immense spiritual significance of the Greeks is due to their having been inspired with this central and happy idea of the essential of human perfection."

### A PRAYER

The simple things? Ah, these appeal to me—  
The mirror of a pebbled brook; a tree  
Breeze-rocked; some mother's lullaby—a prayer,  
Wove with the fragrance of contentment there,  
And shorn of all its conscious piety.

The simple things—the rhythm of the sea;  
The field-song of a farm-hand echoed free  
And pulsing on the early morning air,  
The simple things!

The dull drone of the honey-laden bee;  
A babe within a mother's arms, and she,  
Her eyes deep with a tender love, as fair  
As any queen. The simple things? I bare  
My heart, O Lord, and ask, as gifts of Thee,  
The simple things.

—STACEY E. BAKER, in *New Zealand Graphic*.



# HANKEY'S FLIGHT

By PEGGY WEBLING



## In the Hot Summer Time Consider This Contrast

### Home Baked Beans

Demand hours of attention in a hot kitchen over a hot oven.

Are seldom wholly baked.

Are often baked on the outside only, leaving them mushy, broken and indigestible.

And when done are neither as tasty or as digestible as Chateau Brand Baked Beans, so that labor has been lost.

### Chateau Brand Baked Beans

Are steam baked through and through with a heat twice as great as can be got in the ordinary oven.

Are wholly digestible with a mealy taste and nutty flavor that the very best housekeeper can not get from the oven in the home.

And they save all the toiling and the broiling, the work and the worry, and counting fuel cost less than the home-baked variety.

Chateau Brand at grocers for 10c, 15c and 20c a box.

**WM. CLARK, Montreal**

Manufacturer of High-Grade Food Specialties

THE members of the Lyre Club were discussing aeronautics. It began by Waterton, who writes leading articles for the *Daily Blunder* holding forth on the probabilities of German invasion. "Chick" protested that such an idea was up in the air. Rupert Jones agreed, declaring that that was the great danger of the future.

"Why shouldn't we invade Germany in British airships before they invade us?" said young Ford.

"Impossible!" replied Rupert Jones who is always serious. "We are behind the times in aeronautics as in everything else. Our Government offers no encouragement to the inventive mind."

"If it did, I should be able to retire," observed Waterton of the *Daily Blunder*.

"Shouldn't red-hot, bubblin' patriotism be enough encouragement by itself?" suddenly asked Hankey.

Nicholas Felix Hankey is an honorary member of the Lyres. He is a pale young American, with smooth hair, a thoughtful, melancholy face, and a soft voice. He smiles rarely, but when he does his expression is as bland and child-like as the heathen Chinese.

"That's all very well," grumbled "Chick," in answer to his remark. "But when the patriotism of most people is only lukewarm, how can it bubble?"

"That's so! You're right," said Hankey. "I confess I'm prejudiced on this subject. The Hankeys have always fought for their country. Our family first came into prominence in the War of Independence—ancestor was playin' in the Washingtons' yard when George operated on the cherry tree—and we've kept on the patriotic racket ever since."

"Then why don't you stop in your own country?" asked Rupert Jones bluntly.

"Always been a traveller," said Hankey. "Went on the road as a 'drummer' when I left college—Cornell University, electrical engineer—and began to study aeronautics many years ago."

"What is a 'drummer'?" asked young Ford.

"Commercial traveller, sonny," said Nicholas Felix. "My line was electrical fittings—designed 'em myself, always had a taste for art—but when I got struck on airships, my word! I gave up everything else. Yes, sir! Airships are an absorbin' study. I don't know anything to beat 'em. My brother and I—never heard of my brother? Why, every man, woman and child in the U-nited States of America knows Senator Hankey—well, my brother and I started this thing together. It was before Bert got sent to Congress, thanks to the affection of his fellow-citizens, and the expenditure of a hundred thousand dollars."

"Where did you get the money to play with aeroplanes?" asked Waterton.

Hankey, whose imperturbable temper was never ruffled by interruptions, explained that his father was a famous speculator until he met with financial reverses—to give his exact words, "The old codger went bust on real estate"—and then described to us how he invented his first airship, assisted by his brother, the Senator, and started operations by erecting a workshop on a bit of waste land in New Jersey.

"Say! I haven't worked so hard since I played football for Yale—special invitation, because I happened to be the fastest 'half-back' on re-

cord," continued Hankey, in a parenthesis, "and Bert and I got flyin' in less than six months. Of course it was an advantage having grown up, as you might say, in the same 'block' as the Wright brothers—chums all our lives—but the Hankey airship was entirely and completely my own invention. Won't trouble you boys with technicalities, but you ask any aeronaut what he thinks of the Hankey Principle and I guess his answer may surprise you.

"Well, sir, Bert and I kept our plans dark. Met with a few accidents but that didn't worry us any—I studied surgery, you know, in Michigan, and it's a perfect cinch to see Bert set a bone—and this was the beauty of my invention, you could pack it up!"

"Pack it up?" repeated Waterton.

"That's so," answered Hankey. "We could pack it into a fair-sized trunk, and convey it over the ocean as snug as a bicycle or a sewin' machine."

"What was the object of packing it up?" asked Rupert Jones.

"That was the great point," said Hankey. "Have you forgotten that my brother was an influential Senator? He laid the plans of our airship before the President—we always put up at the White House when we visit Washington—and Mr. Taft spoke these extraordinary words: 'Hank!' he said to me, 'could you smuggle this cute little invention of yours into Europe?' 'That would be as easy, sir,' I said to him, 'as rolling off a log.' Then the President pondered for a bit, looking at me kinder doubtfully, but I went on kamlly eating my oysters, and I kicked Bert under the table to leave everything to me.

"'Hank,' says the President at last, 'I want you and your brother to take a bird's eye view of Germany on behalf of this great and glorious country.' I naturally asked him why Germany? We are very friendly to Germans in the U-nited States. 'That is my affair, Hank,' says Mr. Taft, squarin' his shoulders. 'What I want to know is—will you do it?' 'Sir,' says I, offering the President my hand across the table, 'I'm your man!' So we settled terms and closed the deal."

"What did he pay you, Hankey?" asked Rupert Jones.

"That little matter," replied Hankey, solemnly, "is between me and my conscience. Well, sir, Bert and I started for Europe within a week. I was two years at sea—first mate, mercantile service—so I'm always ready to start on a journey good and slick. Landed at Bremen, with our two 'grips' and the airship packed as snugly as a salmon in a tin—I ran the biggest salmon-packing factory in British Columbia for six months, so I know what I'm talkin' about—and then we took train to Saxony."

"Why?" interrupted Waterton.

"Because I knew of a quiet little place on the shores of the Elbe where we could get our machine into shape—spent my holidays there when I was studying music at Leipzig—and there we made all the arrangements for the great flight. We were both of us close as clams—not a word to anybody—and the villagers just thought we were a couple of 'luneys' makin' believe to be dicky-birds.

"Success crowned our efforts—that was a favourite expression of mine when I wrote political articles for a leadin' Boston journal—and at last the eventful day came."

Hankey spoke the last words most earnestly, and became very solemn.

"We launched our sky boat at nine o'clock in the evening," he continued.



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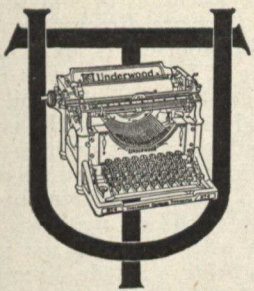


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TABLE  
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"It was a fine, clear night, the middle of last month, with moonlight flooding the waves of cloud—been a poet all my life, published three books of sonnets—and our wonderful airship sailed aloft, like a heron over the prairies. My brother was crew and I was captain. The river Elbe was beneath us, like a tangled ribbon between its rocky shores. We dropped a private greetin' to the King of Saxony as we sailed over Dresden—His Majesty has always been real chummy to me—and headed for Germany."

"How fast did you sail?" interposed "Chich."

"Tre-mendous speed!" replied Hankey. "There was a stiff breeze, but luckily it blew at our backs. Bert steered at the beginnin' of the trip, and he kinder lost his way and we found ourselves 'skooting' across Bohemia before we knew where we were. That didn't worry us any. We'd gotten our machine fairly in hand and the whole blessed night to play about. So we just had a look at Bavaria, saw Austria-Hungary in the distance, and skirted Switzerland as neatly as a taxi cuts across the top of Bond Street.

"Then at the dead hour of night, I took my place at the helm and turned her head towards the heart of Germany. Wurtemberg dropped behind—Stuttgart—Frankfurt—then I began to get my bearings, and I let her rip!

"Say, boys, it was great! It was glorious! My brother, the Senator, took notes—everybody knows that he and I are champion shorthand writers—and I kept on the lookout for Berlin.

"It was close on dawn when we sailed over the outskirts of the city. 'Guess we'd better drop down a bit,' said Bert. 'Right,' said I, and we proceeded to do it. Then—a turrble thing happened!"

Nicholas Felix paused, looked at each of us in turn with his soft blue eyes, and went on in a deep, impressive voice.

"Boys, we were seen! We were spotted! We were observed! The trouble began with shoutin' and runnin' about at one of the military stations on the outskirts of the capital. We could see 'em plainly through our glasses. There were groups of men gathered together in the courtyard, all of 'em gesticulatin' and pointin' up at the sky. 'Let's bolt!' said Bert, gettin' scared. 'No, sir!' said I. 'We're in for the fun, and, by ginger, we'll have it!'"

"So I dropped as near to the earth as I dared. My word! It was more excitin' than a football match in the U-nited States. The news flew, and soldiers seemed to spring out of the ground. I guess they thought we were the first ship of the vanguard of an aerial foreign navy.

"They began to shout to us to descend. 'Catch me!' said I to Bert. We kamly sailed away from the barracks over the city. Lights flashed into the windows, and people ran out of the houses. Troops of soldiers, routed out of their beds, began to pour into the streets. You never heard such a yellin' and roarin' and guttural shoutin'! It was simply terrific. Bert and I fairly chuckled, and then I was seized with an inspiration—we sailed away in the direction of Potsdam!

"They must have 'phoned to say we were coming, for I tell you, boys, by the time we got to the royal residence the whole of the Imperial family were out on the roof of the palace. There they were, ladies and babies and all, clingin' round his Imperial Majesty, who was dressed in a special costum in honour of the occasion—a kinder military-naval-aerial suit—and I naturally thought

they would give us a cordial reception.

"No, boys! It was too good an opportunity for his Majesty to miss. We could see him waving his hand and almost hear him givin' orders, and the next minute—bang, bang, bang! All the princes began to pop away at our airship with their revolvers. It was darned unfriendly, to say the least of it.

"Bert was as pale as a ghost. 'Hoch der Kaiser! Es lebe der Kaiser!' I shouted at the top of my voice to give 'em confidence, but, of course, they couldn't hear me. Bang! Bang! Bang! It was louder and louder, for a troop of the Imperial Guard had been trotted on to the roof, and began to blaze away at a word from their royal master.

"S'pose we get a move on?" said I to Bert, and I turned her round and slowly, quietly—it was the most elegant, dignified thing you ever saw in your life—we sailed away.

"The city behind us looked on fire, and the musket shots grew fainter and fainter. The sun was high before we descended on the shores of the Baltic Sea. Say, boys, we dropped to earth as gently as a sparrow comin' down on a chimney-pot, and the very next day we started for America. But I wanted to spend an evening at the Lyre Club, so I just took in London on my way."

"What became of your airship, Hank?" asked half-a-dozen voices at once.

Hankey shook his head with a gloomy smile, and impressively uttered the single word:

"Bust!"

"Did you lose everything, Hank?" asked Waterton.

"Yes, sir, everything!" answered Hankey, in a sad, resigned voice. "But you see I bear it like a philosopher. There is only one thing that I value more than philosophy, boys, and that thing is the truth."—M. A. P.

### Great Things in Little

THE Italians are wonderfully clever in working with the most minute things. A skillful Italian has made a beautiful little boat out of a pearl. The sail is of beaten gold studded with diamonds. A tiny ruby serves as a headlight. The rudder is an emerald, and its stand is a little slab of ivory. The boat weighs less than half an ounce, and is valued at five thousand dollars.

Not to be outdone by a man, an ambitious Italian woman has painted on a canvas, so small that half a grain of corn hides it from view, a windmill with the miller, and a horse and cart with people in the cart.

Some of the Italian mosaic workers in Florence will take bits of stone and glass no larger than grains of mustard seed and fashion them into the most graceful flowers and other designs on shirt studs.

### International Studio

THE excellent June number of the *International Studio* contains two important architectural articles. The first of these is on American Country Houses, by Albro and Lindenberg. The second is on Recent Designs in Domestic Architecture. There is also a paper on gardening in its relation to architecture. Other articles are on Philip Wilson Steer, the President of the New English Art Club; the water-colours of M. Jeanes; and the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers. Among the art notes there is mention of the fact that Sir Edmund Burne Jones' Wheel of Fortune has been acquired for the Victoria National Gallery at Melbourne.

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**MONEY AND MAGNATES**

BIGGEST INSTITUTION BUT NOT BIGGEST DIVIDEND.

THE fact that the Bank of Montreal, regarded as the leading and strongest financial institution in Canada, pays only 10 per cent. dividend annually, while many of the smaller institutions can pay as much as 12 per cent., is often the cause of a great deal of discussion in financial circles. The explanation is a very clear one and was made one day by Sir Edward Clouston, the general manager of the Bank of Montreal, in answer to the request, made by one of the small shareholders of the bank, that the shareholders should get a little more of the large profits it was known the bank was making. Sir Edward stated that he would not recommend any increase above 10 per cent. till the Rest Fund, which stands at \$12,000,000, was equal to the paid-up capital of the bank, \$14,400,000. He considered, and openly said so, that the directors in the early days of the bank had gone ahead increasing the dividend too quickly rather than accumulating a large rest fund. In the cases of the smaller banks that were paying large dividends, the rest funds were as large, if not larger, than the paid-up capital. At the present time the Bank of Montreal is putting aside about \$500,000 annually for the rest fund, but it is already a great many years since shareholders have been hoping for a larger dividend. Even at that it takes \$1,440,000 a year for the Bank of Montreal to pay its dividend, but in a great many instances it has been shown that small shareholders have their largest investment in its stock and with the greatly increased cost of living they would like to get a little more out of their investment.

\* \* \*

SAVED CANADA IN DEPRESSION.

THE statement that it was the big railway enterprises that prevented Canada from feeling the effects of the depression much more than it did is borne out by the remark made to me the other day by a leading Steel interest that Canada is the only country in the world that had a steel plant and a locomotive plant in full operation right through the siege of depression. They were the Dominion Iron and Steel plant at Sydney and the Canadian Locomotive Works at Kingston, Ont. Unless it had been possible to keep these two big plants in operation a great many dependent concerns would have suffered a good deal more than they did with the result that a great many more people would have been without employment. It was the orders from the Canadian railways that enabled them to keep in full operation.

\* \* \*

ATTENDING BOARD MEETINGS AS A BUSINESS.

ATTENDING directors' meetings only. At first sight it looks like a nice soft job and one that could not possibly take up any man's entire time. There are, however, in Montreal quite a few capitalists who do nothing else but attend board meetings. That is, they no longer have any particular business of their own which they devote particular attention to and their only casual attention to the other concerns in which they are directors.

Perhaps the most active and busy director in Montreal is Mr. Charles R. Hosmer. While he still has a private office in the C. P. R. Telegraph Building he has long since ceased to take any active interest in the telegraph department of the big railway which he founded and established. He is now a director in so many concerns that some days he starts out for meetings shortly after ten o'clock and it is close to six o'clock before he gets through with his last one. Mr. Hosmer seems always to take a real live active interest in the concerns he joins and in order that he may attend all meetings tries to arrange to have them held on days and at hours when they will not interfere with other meetings. In some instances, besides being a simple director he is also a member of the executive committee and this takes up still more of his time. Among the meetings that are always held in the morning are those of the Bank of Montreal, the Montreal Light, Heat and Power Company, the Royal Trust Company. The Ogilvie Flour Mills Company, of which he is president, always meets at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, the Canadian Pacific Board is always called to order at 2.30 p.m., while the London and Lancashire, the Laurentide Paper and Pulp Co., and the Edwardsburg Starch Company always meet later on in the afternoon.

Another of the older capitalists, who has retired from business and now devotes his entire time to corporations of all kinds, is Senator Robert Mackay. He can almost always be relied on to form one of the necessary quorum and is always on time. A few of the board meetings he attends regularly are those of the Bank of Montreal, the Canadian Pacific, the Bell Telephone Company, the Lake of the Woods Milling Company. In connection with his punctuality in attending meetings there is a very interesting little story told about Senator Mackay. In some corporations it is the custom to allot a certain amount, in the form of remuneration, for each meeting, and this amount is divided up among those present at the meeting. One very stormy winter day, when most directors would prefer to remain in their own offices till it was time to drive up home, there was to be a regular meeting of the board of the corporation in question and Senator Mackay made a point of being sharp on time. As the clock in the office pointed to the hour at which the meeting should be called to order, Senator Mackay called the secretary's attention to it and signing the directors' book felt he was entitled to the appropriation set aside for the whole board. The secretary of course felt he had to give it to him, but hardly had the Senator left the office with it, when some of the other members of the board dropped in to attend the meeting. The secretary had to tell them that Senator Mackay had declared the meeting adjourned. They were only sorry that they had not been a little earlier in order to be able to split up with the Senator and for a long time afterwards the latter had the laugh on them, remarking how well it pays sometimes to be on time.

Another of the leading capitalists who devotes his entire time to different corporations is Mr. R. B. Angus, the former general manager of the Bank of Montreal. Mr. Angus does not belong to many boards, but he seems to devote the utmost time and attention to the few with which he is identified. Up at the Canadian Pacific headquarters his counsel is always most eagerly sought for by Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, while down at the Bank of Montreal, Sir Edward Clouston, the general manager, always likes to discuss anything of importance with him before submitting it to the whole board.

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## WHAT CANADIAN EDITORS THINK

THE FIRST AND THE FOURTH.  
(*Edmonton Bulletin*)

THE American revolution was the result of misunderstanding and mismanagement and it left behind a trail of bitterness between two countries that, by all claims of kindred and tongue, should have been on terms of closest friendship. The Declaration of Independence changed the history of the world and gave the destinies of the North American continent a new direction. Upon what the effect upon Canada would have been, if the United States had remained faithful to the British flag, it is impossible to speculate with any certainty but the separation of the two countries is now lamented on neither side of the international boundary. The confederation of the provinces that is celebrated on Dominion Day was a national evolution accomplished without any violent paroxysm, and under British auspices. The Fourth of July signalises the birth of a new nation, and the severance of British ties. The two countries are now working out their own destinies side by side. Each believes its own system of government to be the better. Each has distinct traditions and individual national ideals. Each has sympathy and cordial good will toward the other, yet there is on both sides a complete absence of any inclination to interfere in the affairs of the other or to merge, in the least degree, individuality or national sentiment.

\* \* \*

FARM EDUCATION.  
(*Fredericton Gleaner*)

ANY system of education which aims at or proposes to help the people who work on farms, must be a system that will help the elementary rural schools; because these are the schools where the future men and women on the farms will get their formal education. The few men who are to be doctors have to be spared from other occupations until they are twenty-two or twenty-four years of age. But can the ordinary farm boy be spared from the farm until he is twenty-two or twenty-four years of age? That is entirely impracticable; and perhaps undesirable and unnecessary. The ordinary boy on the farm should have, as far as he can get it, the education that will fit him to become a good farmer. If he cannot have a chance of college life, the knowledge and uplift of the college must be taken to him at and in the school to which he does go. The appalling waste of child-time in thousands of our rural schools is little less than a crime against humanity.

\* \* \*

THE GREAT CONFEDERACY.  
(*Kingston Standard*)

THE question that suggests itself to a Canadian reading these words is this: Has Canada any part to play in this great consummation? May it not be that the cement of this enduring friendship shall be found in the land which is the daughter of England and France, and which is related by community of blood to the United States? We cherish in Canada the British and French tradition, and we are bound by the strongest links to the United States. If old France and Old England are to swear enduring peace with New England and Young America, surely Canada as a daughter of the Old Lands and the intimate neighbour of the new, holds in a sense the threads of things.

Our position in relation to these three world-powers is absolutely unique, and it should not be for nothing that we hold that unique position. What its significance may be depends on ourselves.

\* \* \*

THE NEW ROMANCE.  
(*Victoria Colonist*)

OUR times are more prosaic. Instead of caravels and pinnaces we use steamships moving faster than the wind. Instead of sluggish caravans we use swift railway trains. Instead of despatching messengers to all parts of the earth and waiting months for their return, we flash a message half way round the globe and get an answer within a few hours. The gentleman adventurer of the Twentieth Century does not stand on his high-pooped ship, keeping a sharp lookout for other gentry of the same kidney, who would regard the acquisition of his venture as an eminently proper and profitable conclusion of their own. He sits at an office desk, and the genius of the greatest artist could hardly make a romantic figure out of him. He does not spread his velvet cloak upon the ground that his Sovereign may pass by with unsoiled slippers; but he sends his merchandise beyond the borders of civilisation, so that heroic, though humble pioneers may blaze a pathway for an army of workers. Thus the business men are as truly nation-builders as the statesmen, the soldiers or the adventurers, whose names historians preserve, and whose deeds, mellowed by time, which has cast a mantle of charity over the motives that prompted them, are the admiration and inspiration of us all.

\* \* \*

HOPEFUL HAMILTON.  
(*Hamilton Times*)

A LOAN of \$4,000,000 of 4 per cent. perpetual consolidated debenture stock of the Canadian Northern Railway just issued in London has special interest for the people of Hamilton. It is the financial step which will enable the company to carry out its policy of building the line from Ottawa to the international boundary, passing through Hamilton, and placing this city on the main line of this great Canadian system and giving it another connection with Oshawa, Port Hope, Trenton, Belleville and Smith's Falls. In the placing of this loan the C. N. R. reserves the right to issue further stock or bonds to the limit of \$30,000 a mile. The C. N. R. has had its eye on a connection with Hamilton for some years past, and the action now taken indicates that building operations will not be long delayed. Probably, ere long, the public may have enlightening information as to the purpose for which considerable city property has recently been secured. The entry of the C. N. R. into Hamilton will give this city additional importance as a railway centre and add to her attractions as a favourite location for industries which seek the cheapest power and the best shipping advantages to be obtained in the country.

\* \* \*

STRIKES AND MILITIA.  
(*Sydney Record*)

THERE will be very general regret in this county that it has been found necessary to call out soldiers in aid of the civil power in the town of Glace Bay. But we feel bound to say that from our knowledge of the

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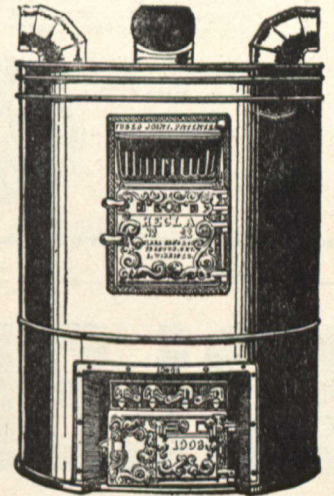
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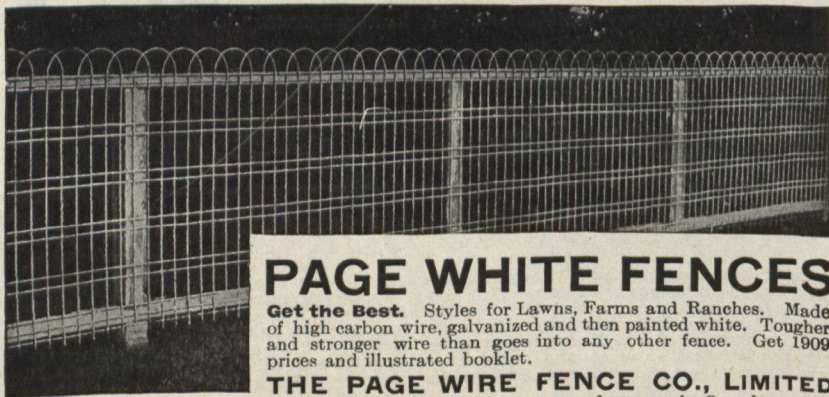
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occurrences in connection with the strike, and particularly those of yesterday, Judge Finlayson in our judgment could do no other than issue the call for the militia. We also feel bound to say that for the state of affairs which led up to the bringing here of soldiers we consider Mayor Douglas of Glace Bay as responsible. He was the one man invested with wide powers to preserve order which he made little or no attempt to use. The expense, not inconsiderable, which the town of Glace Bay will now be at by reason of the presence of a large body of soldiers is after all but one aspect of the situation. The chief regret in the minds of all our people will be that those to whom is committed the ways and means of preserving the public peace and above all of protecting citizens who desire to pursue their ordinary callings should so signally fail in their obvious duty at a time like the present.

\* \* \*

### HANDICAPS THE CANADIAN FARMER.

(Kingston Standard.)

THE idea has been dinned into us Canadians that Liverpool quotations rule the wheat markets of the world. We had really commenced to believe it until ocular demonstration seemed to disprove it. Our farmers living near the boundary soon discovered that they could sell through American elevators and realise eight to twelve cents per bushel more for their wheat than at home. This appeared to knock the very bottom from under the theory that Liverpool rules until it was discovered that the Americans were re-selling our grain to Liverpool.

But the same applies to oats and barley, which do not go to Liverpool. The price of oats is abnormally high in Canada at present, but as a rule the American farmer realises seventeen cents more for his oats and twenty cents more for his barley than does his Canadian brother. Again the Canadian farmer has to pay about one-third more for the implements, tools and other paraphernalia necessary to his operations, than does the American. Gasoline engines are fast coming into use here as on the other side. We have to face a duty of 30 per cent. on the engines and we pay 26 cents a gallon for gasoline as against 11½ cents that it costs the Minnesota farmer.

\* \* \*

### BLAMES THE INTERCOLONIAL

(St. John Sun.)

IF New Brunswick and Nova Scotia are backward and sleepy no one thing has been so much to blame as the Intercolonial, smothering the initiative and energy of our people with its narcotic political influence. For a quarter of a century this institution has been a ball and chain on Maritime progress, and that not because it has failed to satisfy the transportation needs—for in an ordinary routine way it has given excellent service at reasonable rates—but because of its failure to serve as a stimulus to provincial development or local enterprise; because, in short, it has been a government road. It has made us a people dependent upon political favours; a people who, when there is anything to be done, ask the government to do it, instead of driving ahead ourselves; a people to whom the idea of unsubsidised enterprise is an almost inconceivable thing—paupers almost. And having made us political lotus eaters the Intercolonial has failed itself to do the work we should be doing. It carries traffic expeditiously and cheaply, but

does absolutely nothing to develop new traffic, to open up new territory, to encourage and assist the establishment of industries throughout its territory. It has never even stirred itself sufficiently to unite with its feeding branch lines. It has never extended its efforts beyond its right of way.

\* \* \*

### TO KNOW CANADA.

(Victoria Colonist.)

TO know Canada is not a very easy matter. The most that anyone can hope to do is to know something about all parts of it. One of the points upon which public men should acquire information is the geography of the country. A Cabinet Minister who came west a few years ago was of the opinion that Vancouver Island lay off the State of Washington, and could not be reached by a car-ferry except from a point in that state. When told the facts, he asked his informant to bring a map, so that he could get the actual facts of the case impressed upon his mind. He did not know, but he wanted to, and that's the next best thing. A recent visitor, who knew a good deal about Europe, was surprised to be told that the whole of the island could not be seen from Victoria. A prominent Toronto business man, on his way to Australia, expressed surprise at being told that the city of Vancouver was not on Vancouver Island. Two very distinguished scientists were talking with a Victoria man. "We are three thousand miles from Montreal, and yet in Canada," said one. "And sixteen hundred miles from Dawson," said the Victoria man. "Take that in," said one scientist to the other, who replied, "I can't yet; but I'm trying to."

\* \* \*

### THE NEW MIGRATION.

(Victoria Times.)

OUR people are no longer going to the United States. The Americans are coming to Canada. Three transcontinental railways will soon be spanning the Dominion, fed by numerous branches reaching out in all directions north and south. The small cities of four decades ago have grown into great centres of population. Many places which a few years ago were merely crossroads, gopher "towns" or impenetrable forests are now cities of from ten thousand to a hundred thousand people. The Great Lone Land, once the home of the buffalo and the prairie chicken, for years after the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway thought to be fit for nothing higher than meagerly sustaining the life of these lower orders, are producing more than a hundred million bushels of the finest wheat ever grown, not to speak of other products of equal or greater value and volume. British Columbia, once designated as a sea of mountains incapable of producing sufficient wealth to pay for the grease on the wheels of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company's cars, contains the world's future supply of timber. Her valleys yield fruit of the first quality. Her waters teem with the very finest varieties of food fish.

The statesmen of Great Britain, who a few decades ago were divided in opinion as to whether it would be better to let Canada seek her manifest destiny by joining her fortunes with the United States or reach in other ways a solution of perplexing problems which were continually arising to trouble them, now perceive that the future destinies of the Empire may be wrapped up in this country.



## The Garden of the Gulf

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 14

that the porpoise and the seal are not the only animals who can dive. In fact Bruin can show them both a few stunts when he feels like it.

Our cake was not now more than twenty or twenty-five yards square, but to counteract this, land was not over half a mile away, and on the shore I could see a couple of fishermen trying to launch their boat. They waved encouraging hands but I realised that their task was no easy one. The drifting ice rendered it dangerous even to attempt to launch a boat, for already several of the smaller pieces of the field were smashing themselves to fragments on the rocky shore.

As particles from the edge of the field, or what was left of it, broke off and drifted away, Bruin and I gradually drew closer to each other. For my part I began to creep as near the edge as I dared and I believe Bruin did the same in an opposite direction, but even then the space between us began to grow very scant indeed. I believed that it would soon come to a wrestling match between us, and felt myself incapable of getting the better of my surly northern foe.

To give this tale the proper thrill I know there should be a death grapple at this point and a great spilling of blood. But there was not. There was only a spilling of bear, for suddenly the remaining part of the ice field went to pieces. I suppose the shore breakers were responsible.

My first feeling was one of thankfulness as I saw Bruin sailing away on a four-by-four particle, vainly looking for a larger piece to which he could swim for refuge. His small, red eyes blinked, and he whined in fear as he pitched and tossed on his unstable raft.

Clinging to my own rocking refuge I watched his frantic struggles to keep a balance on the pitching, heaving ice-cake. For a few minutes he was successful, but the ice again split, and pawing, whining and snorting he was thrown into the seething mass of billows. His head shone slick and white as he swam hither and thither with paws ever reaching for a foothold, but never able to find it. Then, one of the heavier cakes crushed him against another, and with a shrill cry he sank from view. This time he did not reappear.

I, myself, had been crouched on hands and knees watching the unequal struggle and at the same time finding it no easy matter to keep on my own raft. I wondered how long it would be before the final crash that would come and send me to join the bear. But the fishermen had managed to launch their heavily-timbered boat. Warding off some of the ice cakes and dodging others, they crept closer and closer to where my tossing craft threatened momentarily to end my career.

A shout of encouragement, a few leaps from cake to cake, and a head-long tumble into their pitching boat, and I was saved. The shore was near and we managed to reach it without anything worse than a thorough drenching with the spray.

And that is all. Not much of an adventure compared with some of the thrilling tales we read, but plenty thrilling for me.

I do not think it would be a breach of confidence to add that when the *Mary Jane* docked at Georgetown two days later with a roughly patched bow, and the appearance of having been engaged in a naval battle or football match, I was there to welcome her, and—but I must go no further. As I said before I am a detective—or was—and we'll let bygones be bygones.



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**An Ethical Dispute**

MR. RALPH CONNOR has of late years been hammered hard by critics who find his books "goody-goody" and full of sentimental, unpractical ideas of virtue. Now comes a change and a shock. A brazen subscriber to *The Westminster*, in the pages of which Mr. Connor's latest story is at present enjoying a serial run, rises in all his might and with wrath denounces and criticises the editorial policy of that magazine for publishing "The Foreigner," the first three chapters of which he considers flagrantly indecent. *The Presbyterian*, the eminent organ of the Presbyterian Church of Canada, rushes to the rescue of the popular Winnipeg pastor-novelist. In the leading editorial for July 22nd entitled "Facing the Facts," it says:

"Readers of *The Westminster* will hardly need to be assured that neither the author nor the publishers of 'The Foreigner' would willingly be parties to anything whose moral tendency was injurious or doubtful. If conditions are depicted in the chapters referred to of which it is too painful to read, this has been done because it seemed necessary that these things should be set down in such a way that the people of Canada would be constrained to take notice of them. The danger in this country at the present moment, with the great influx of foreign population and the rapid growth of cities like Winnipeg and other large centres, is that conditions which will be a shame and a menace to our national life, will be created while good people, who could do something to prevent such an outcome, are wrapped in happy ignorance of what is going on about them. Unbelievable as it may appear, Ralph Connor's picture is drawn from life. The conditions described as existing in the house of Paulina Koval were found among the foreign colony of Winnipeg. The people of Canada have a responsibility in this matter. Our future citizens must not be allowed to degenerate into mere brutes. The horrors of the Old World slums must not, if we can help it, be reproduced in this new land. And first we must know the facts."

The attitude of *The Presbyterian* is creditable. Judging by what has appeared of it, Mr. Connor's new story should not seriously wound the delicate moral sensibilities of even a Canadian. The unlovely Winnipeg conditions pictured would afford fine inspiration for the hysterics of a muck-raker, but Mr. Ralph Connor has treated them with realism which is artistic.

**THE EARWIG.**

BY HAZEL PHILLIPS HANSEW.  
 The Earwig sat on a broad lettuce leaf;  
 A philosopher grave was he,  
 And the point that he pondered—and pondered with grief—  
 Was, The Things That Ought Never To Be.  
 "Oh, I can't understand the ways of the world,"  
 Was the soul of his constant complaint;  
 "For what is the use of a brush to a Fox,  
 When he's never been taught how to paint?  
 And what is the sense of a pen for a Pig,  
 When he can't write a line, I declare?  
 And what is the good of a comb to a Cock,  
 When he never has grown any hair?  
 And why should the Stairs have a foot and no leg?  
 (I really can't get over that!)  
 And why don't The Things That Come Under One Head

In cold weather put on a hat?  
 Why is it the Cricket will never play Ball?  
 And the Grasshopper don't brew his Hops?  
 And why does the Ax never ask to have bread  
 Or potatoes along with its Chops?  
 Why doesn't the Dog sail the sea in his Bark?  
 Or the Kangaroo publish her Tail?  
 And if she can never put on her new Kids,  
 What do they the poor Goat avail?  
 Why doesn't the Fish weigh things with her scales?  
 Or the Sun build a house with its beams?  
 And why does the Door never eat up its jamb?  
 So wasteful to keep it, it seems!  
 And why does the Turkey that's dead never smile  
 When a Merry Thought's still in its breast?  
 And why—" He stopped short. He'd been seized by a hen  
 And nobody e'er heard the rest.


**Canadian Magazine**

THE *Canadian Magazine* for August presents its usual attractive bill of fare. The selections have been made with due regard for the mid-summer weather. The chief articles are: "Victoria, the Aristocrat," dealing with Vancouver's beautiful capital; "In the Land of Windmills," reflections of a tour through Holland; "The Witchery of the Alps"; "Tennyson's Treatment of the Worth of Life"; and "An Hour with Oliver Wendell Holmes." William Wilfred Campbell and Virna Sheard contribute some light and airy verse; and there are five excellent short stories by Marjorie L. C. Pickthall, George Herbert Clarke, E. S. Kirkpatrick, Lilian Vaux MacKinnon and Anna B. Fries. The regular departments of the magazine—"Current Events," "At Five O'Clock," "The Way of Letters," "Within the Sanctum," "What Others are Laughing At," and "The Merry Muse"—are maintained with material as interesting as ever.

**Millionaire's Health Axioms**

MR. DANIEL K. PEARSONS, the Chicago millionaire, who has announced his intention of giving away his last million dollars during the next twelve months, is one of the most notable figures in American educational life. Born of humble folk and never having the advantages of an early education, he conceived the idea, directly he became rich, of founding colleges, and for this purpose he has already given considerably over \$4,000,000. Starting life on a farm, he worked his way to an academy, became a teacher, and eventually a physician. He is now over ninety, and is as hale and hearty as many men half his age.  
 Dr. Pearsons not only preaches thrift, but also practises it. "I don't think I ever foolishly spent twenty dollars in my life," he boasts. "I once went to a theatre, and I have been ashamed of myself ever since. I have never seen a horse-race or a baseball match." A young man who had more than once benefited by his help walked into his room on one occasion smoking a cigar. The old doctor listened to what he had to say patiently. "Young man," he presently asked in a mild, drawing tone, "how much did you give for that cigar?" "Ten cents." "Um. Ten cents in smoke," he growled, putting on his hat and walking out, leaving his astonished visitor alone in his study.

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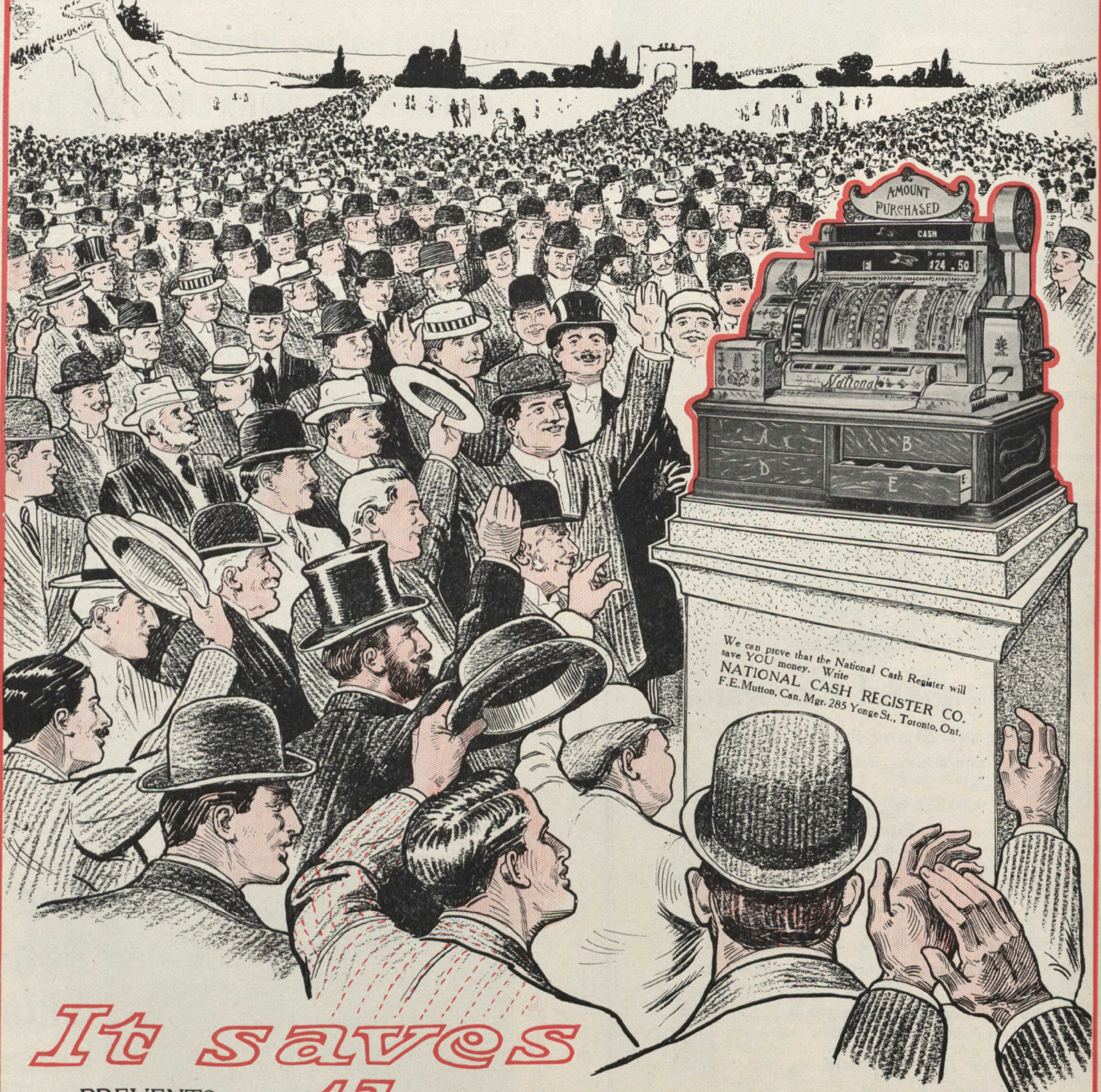
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