

The Canadian Courier

A · N A T I O N A L · W E E K L Y



EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER,
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C 100. An Ideal Summer Suit of fine all wool poplinette in black, navy, brown, and green; the waist opens in front and is made with fancy yoke trimmed with self covered buttons, 3/4 sleeves, finished with deep tuck, back finished with pleats, pleated skirt trimmed with fold of self, sizes up to 42 bust, and 37 to 42 inch skirt lengths..... **\$10.00**



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C 106. Here is a handsome skirt of fine bright lustre in a black, navy and cream, made with numerous tiny box pleats, the clusters of small tucks makes a very effective trimming. This is a skirt that good dressers will appreciate... **\$5.00**



C 107. WAIST OF FINE NET, ecru only, lined throughout with tan silk, trimmed front and back with clusters of quarter inch tucks and rows of wide Cluny insertion, collar, cuffs and mandarin sleeve, edged with lace. **\$5.00**



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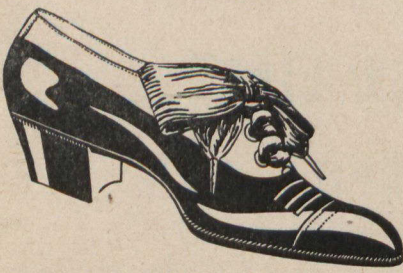
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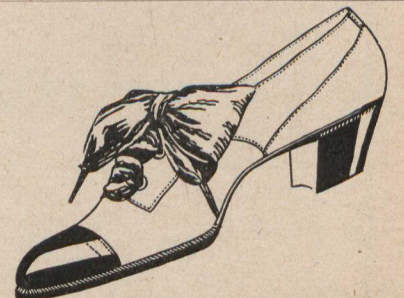


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THE
Canadian Courier

A NATIONAL WEEKLY

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CONTENTS

IN THE PUBLIC VIEW	5
REFLECTIONS	6
THROUGH A MONOCLE	8
REGINA CITY HALL	9
FREDERICTON LEGISLATIVE BUILDINGS	9
THE CAPITAL OF THE KOOTENAYS	10
THE POSTMASTER GENERAL IN JAPAN	11
THE FIRST PRIZE, Story	13
THE YELLOW GOD, Story	15
DEMI-TASSE	16
PEOPLE, PLACES AND PROGRESS	17
FOR THE CHILDREN	18
MUSIC AND DRAMA	19



PUBLISHERS' TALK

THIS week we begin the publication of a new story by Mr. H. Rider Haggard, whose novels have sold in greater numbers during the past twenty-five years than those of almost any other living novelist. Mr. Haggard paid a visit to Canada three years ago when he was compiling a report for the British Government on Salvation Army attempts to solve the problem of "Back to the Land." He was dined by the Canadian Club of Toronto, and entertained by His Excellency and the Premier in Ottawa. This new story will be out in book form in the early summer, and will be completed in the "Courier" in fourteen weeks.

IS it wise to publish a serial story in the "Courier"? This is a question to which we have given much consideration. If our readers would give us their opinions, it would be a great help. The question is one which has been discussed by weekly publishers for a quarter of a century or more. The "Courier" must discuss it once more, since it is the only national weekly and the first national weekly published in the Dominion. We shall be glad to hear from anyone who does not object to expressing his or her preference.

NEXT week there will be some illustrated features of a special nature. Senator Davis will contribute an article containing his views on Senate Reform. There will be other contributions of considerable value and interest.



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A postman in the wintry North with his dog train.

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"The Disputed Trail"

A bear and a pack-horse meeting in the Rockies.

III

"The Surrender"

A stirring incident in N. W. M. Police life. A wonderful scene.

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"Kla-How-Yah"

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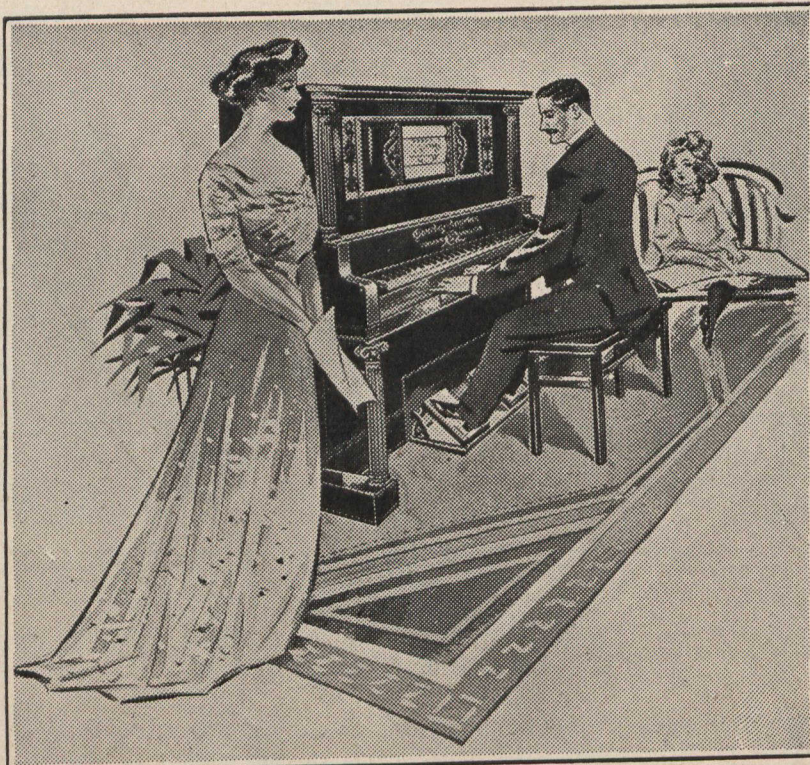
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BOOKS WORTH HAVING

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Canada

Described by WILFRED CAMPBELL and painted by T. MOWER MARTIN. This is one of the most beautiful books on the Dominion ever issued. It contains 77 coloured plates—all full page size. The reading matter is not statistical but descriptive. The seasons, the beauty of Canadian woods, the great natural features, the chief characteristics of national development are graphically described. Handsomely bound. Postpaid, \$6.00.

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By DR. ALBERT SHAW, editor of the American Review of Reviews. It is a book for young men, for fathers to give to their sons. It points out how the average man must educate and train himself to enable him to fight successfully the battle of life under present economic conditions. It describes modern opportunities and how to take advantage of them. It is a guide to success. 240 pp; postpaid \$1.25.

Any of these books may be ordered through a bookseller or direct from

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The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

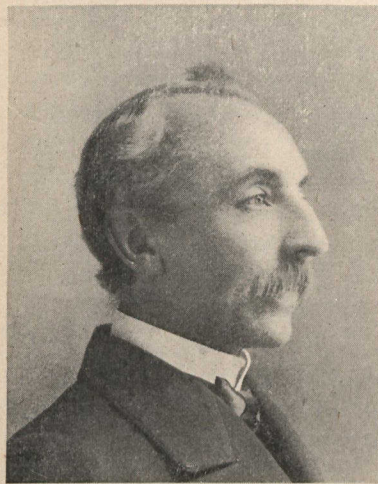
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Toronto, March 7th, 1908.

No. 14

IN THE PUBLIC VIEW



Sir Louis Jette.

STRIKING it is to note how many graduates of L'Assomption College have become prominent in the public life of the Dominion. Two of the most noted of these are Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Sir Louis Jette. The latter was born at L'Assomption in the first month of the year 1836, but was not called to the bar until 1862. Sir Wilfrid is five years younger, but was called to the bar only two years later than Sir Louis. Sir Wilfrid studied law in the office of the late Hon. R. Laflamme, once Minister of Justice for the Dominion, while Sir Louis married the honourable gentleman's niece. Both of these young men turned their attention to literature and journalism.

Sir Louis edited "L'Ordre," while Sir Wilfrid edited "Le Deffricheur." In 1872, Sir Louis entered Parliament by defeating Sir George E. Cartier in Montreal East. The year before, Sir Wilfrid had entered the Quebec Assembly and did not go to Ottawa until 1874.

In 1878, Sir Louis abandoned the bar for the bench and also became professor of civil law in Laval. Later he was Dean of the Faculty until appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec, an office which he has now held for more than two terms. He has served on several commissions, but his best known public service was in connection with the Alaskan Boundary Commission which created such a stir in the realm of international politics.

Just now the people of Quebec are wondering how long Sir Louis will be allowed to remain at Spencerwood. His long term is unusual, but so have been his public services. He seems to have no enemies and will probably continue in his present office so long as he cares to occupy it.

* * *

THE death of the Hon. Albert Clements Killam, chairman of the Dominion Railway Commission, is a distinct loss to Canada.

There was no member of the administrative service who stood higher in the public estimation. He was patient, forbearing, sympathetic and judicial. The railway officials found him courteous and fair-minded; the public found his ear always open to their complaints. To win the esteem and respect of all classes was a wonderful achievement. He was chairman of the Commission by virtue of appointment and still more by virtue of his ability. Although he had held the office only three years, he had made himself absolutely master of the situation and had worked out a system of administration which was bringing magnificent results and much public satisfaction.

Judge Killam was a Blue-nose, or at least a Nova Scotian. He was born at Yarmouth in 1849, and was still in the prime of life, as life is considered in this country where men are comparatively young at sixty. He was a graduate of the University of Toronto, being Prince of Wales prize-man in 1872. He was called to the bar in 1877 and practised for a time at Windsor, Ontario. In 1879 he removed to Manitoba and soon entered political life. In 1885, he ascended the bench. There his promotion was rapid until he was chosen for the important post which he held during the last three years of his life.

Judge Killam's end was unexpected. He was a tremendous worker and seemed possessed of inexhaustible energy. Perhaps he over-worked himself. In any case, a slight cold developed into pneumonia and the end came suddenly.

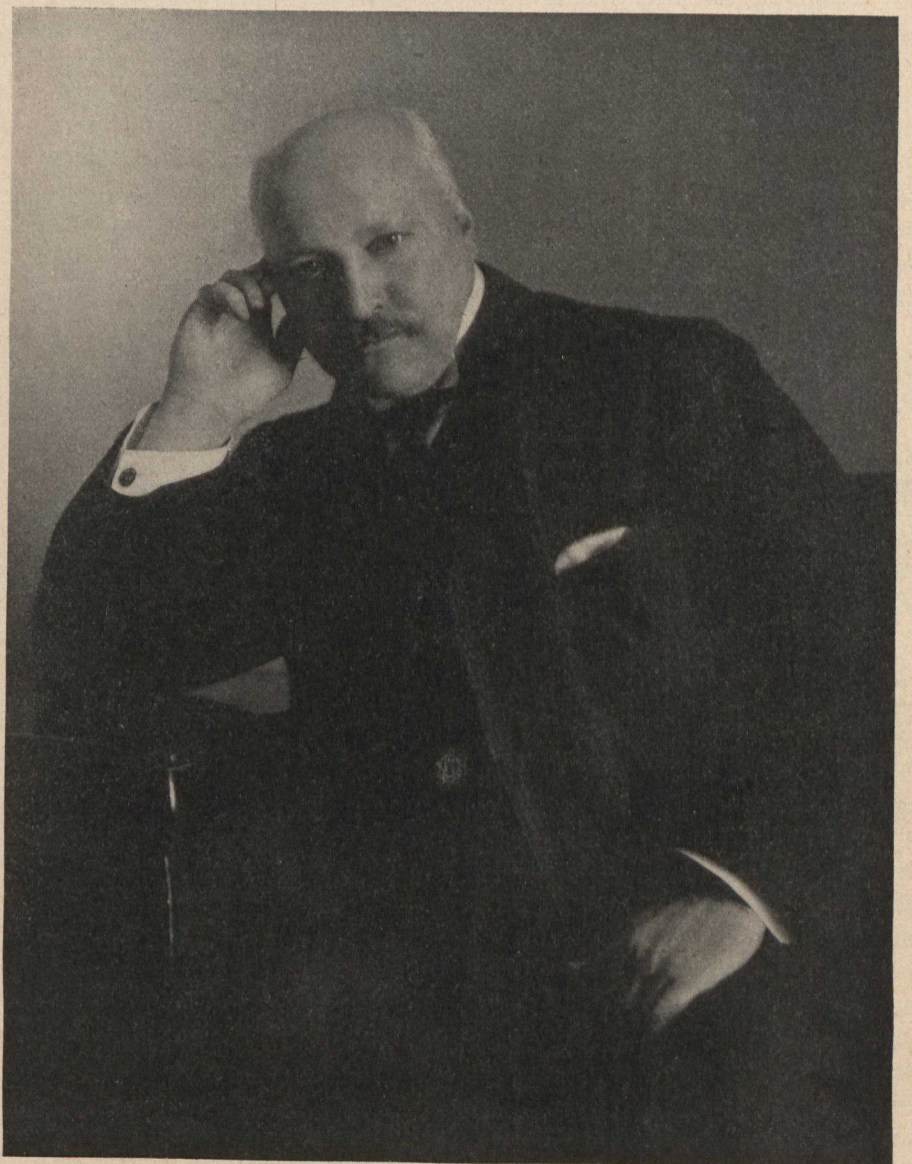
His death will disorganise the Railway Commission and it will be difficult to fill his place. It is especially unfortunate that his great services should be lost just at a time when the scope and personnel of the Commission was being enlarged. It is possible that much of

the work which has been done in connection with the Bell Telephone Company will have to be gone over again. This great piece of work was almost completed and all that remained undone practically was the writing of the judgment. Among the names mentioned for places on the Commission are those of Mr. William Whyte, of the Canadian Pacific Railway, Professor Shortt of Queen's and the Hon. H. R. Emmerson.

* * *

HON. J. P. WHITNEY, Premier of Ontario, was the guest of honour at the Borden Club banquet held in the King Edward Hotel, Toronto, last Monday night. As might be expected in a city of Toronto's traditions, the attendance at this political festivity honouring a Conservative leader was large and enthusiastic. Mr. R. L. Borden was also present and Controller Hocken presided; thus, municipal, provincial and federal interests were fairly represented. Mr. Whitney's speech covered the record of the Ontario Government since January, 1905, from the closing of pool-rooms to the Redistribution Bill. The matter of cheap power was also dwelt upon with characteristic frankness, the speaker declaring that the Government has fulfilled its promise and is now waiting for the municipalities to do their part. Mr. Whitney referred to the question of forestry protection and development and also to the proposed prison reform, concluding his remarks by kindly tribute to his hard-working and united Cabinet. The speech, while containing nothing sensational, was such as to afford suggestive material for those interested in Ontario's present needs and demands.

* * *



The late Hon. A. C. Killam, Chairman of the Dominion Railway Commission.

REFLECTIONS

BY STAFF WRITERS

ONE evening last week, when addressing the London Board of Trade, the Hon. Mr. Lemieux made the statement that the population of Canada was now 6,600,000, an increase of 23 per cent. since the census of 1901. In the past ten years Canada's foreign trade had grown from 234 to 571 millions. Domestic trade, judged by the amount of currency in circulation, had developed at almost the same speed.

WILL THIS PROSPERITY CONTINUE

During the past few months there has been a set-back or lull, and people have been wondering whether the prosperity of the past ten years will continue. The present quietness in trade seems to be traceable only to financial conditions—less money for loan purposes. So far as immigration is concerned there is no question as to the immediate future. In the ten months ending January 31st there were just about fifty thousand arrivals from the United States, or 1,675 less than during the same period a year ago. The total immigration for the same ten months was 191,208, being a 42 per cent. increase. So far as foreign trade is concerned January was also a satisfactory month, since imports decreased and exports increased. In regard to loans from abroad, money has been coming in freely and Canadian bonds sold exceedingly well in London in January and February. If the wholesalers and retailers were carrying stocks of merchandise which were too heavy, there has been a considerable adjustment in the past six months. Several Ontario factories which have been closed for a couple of months have again commenced operations. Farm produce, with the possible exception of hogs, continues to bring excellent prices.

Viewing the situation in this way, it would appear that Canada is likely to have a fairly good year. Much depends on the harvest, but not so much as some people would have us believe. Railway building, financial conditions, the world's prices of agricultural produce, and other features of the general business situation make up a total which renders the difference between a fair and a bumper crop of comparatively little importance. Canada is such a large country now, that a fair annual harvest is almost a certainty.

THERE are some honest people in Ontario and elsewhere who have protested against the views of the "Courier" staff in regard to public and municipal ownership. The attention of all of those who have disagreed with us is respectfully directed to the recent events in connection with Niagara Power. The two sides are

REASONABLENESS BEING ACQUIRED

coming together and reasonableness is being exhibited. The men who started out to secure cheap light and cheap power for the province were inspired by high motives. There was every prospect when they began their work, that a few private individuals hoped to make much personal gain out of franchises granted by a somewhat hopeful government. These members of the power commissions wanted to see the Province of Ontario become a cheap spot for manufacturing and a comfortable country in which to live. They desired to take such steps as would prevent either a just or an unjust monopoly from depriving the people of something to which they were fully entitled. And these men have been successful.

At the moment, they are being accused of failure by some hysterical journals and politicians, whereas the truth is that they have succeeded but in a way somewhat different from what they had anticipated. They have succeeded in two ways. They have educated people as to the real cost of light and power, and the public can never again be deceived. In the second place, they have taught the capitalists who are engaged in the business of producing and distributing power and light, that it is folly to fight against an enlightened Government and an aroused people. Mr. Beck, Mr. McNaught, Mr. Ellis and the others who have been leaders in the campaign of the past three years have every reason to be proud of their success.

True, in their enthusiasm these gentlemen may have placed

their ideals and ambitions too high. They may have neglected to fully consider the immense property rights which, rightly or wrongly, had been brought into-existence because of previous public policy. They desired to wipe the page clean and start over again. Many of us would like to do this in our private lives and in many departments of public administration. Unfortunately this is humanly and morally impossible. When a government once grants a charter to a company conveying certain rights that charter is irrevocable except after some form of impeachment.

The net result in Ontario is that the Government, the Commission and the Electric Interests are coming together to devise some plan whereby present investments may be protected and public rights preserved. This is the position which the "Courier" has always advocated. It is the attitude which has been taken, with certain differences in detail, by leading newspapers such as the Toronto "Globe" and others. It is the attitude which has been taken by the best informed capitalists and the least demagogic publicists.

The great fight which has been carried on in Toronto and through the Province was perhaps necessary in order to bring out the truth. The differences of opinion which have existed were perhaps inevitable. Further differences may arise, yet it seems at the moment as if common-sense had prevailed and that a working arrangement will be made, whereby Ontario's good name as an investment field will be preserved and whereby the various municipalities will get their light and power as cheaply as it is possible for a paternal government to give it to them.

DISTINCTIONS between faddists and scientists are hard to define. The men who invented the steam-engine were scientists or faddists, whichever you wish. There have been cases where prominent scientists said certain things were impossible—gasoline engines and electric motors, for example. These two inventions were worked out to a great extent by faddists and finally the scientists accepted what the faddists had made possible.

To-day all sorts of scientific and unscientific faddists are at work. A Canadian has invented a light portable storage-battery which is said to make electric vehicles and electric cars as cheap and as successful as gasoline motor-cars. Another Canadian is working on a flying-machine which may possibly be a success. On the C.P.R. and I.C.R. experiments are being made with gasoline and oil motor cars, while in the United States gasoline motor cars for railway use are rapidly coming into recognition for suburban runs. Electric locomotives are also being used by some of the larger railways and the St. Clair tunnel is now sacred to this form of engine. The gasoline and electric railway cars are having a great fight for supremacy.

Over in Michigan, there is a man who believes that a railway train may be drawn by suction fans operated by gas or electricity. These fans suck in the air and create a vacuum. The air rushing from behind gives the motive power. An air-ship seen last year in Canada and elsewhere was operated in this way, though not very successfully.

Smokeless powder is to be followed by the noiseless gun, if one is to believe what the newspapers are printing about Mr. Hiram Percy Maxim, son of the inventor of the Maxim gun. He was engaged in working out a "muffler" for gasoline engines for motor-car use and the thought came to him that the invention which would hide the noise of a gasoline explosion would also destroy the noise made by a shooting weapon. Further experiment proved his surmise correct. This possibility staggers one. When a shot can be fired without smoke or noise, killing one's enemies will be a comparatively easy and safe performance.

From all these occurrences, the conclusion is inevitable. Faddists, scientists and inventors have much to do with human pro-

gress, for good or for ill, and their importance must not be overlooked. The one likely to be misunderstood is the faddist, and this "reflection" is intended to be a plea for sympathy with the amateur or the professional who devotes his spare time to any social or mechanical problem.

EVERY one seems to know that there is timber in British Columbia, but most people think that Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba are tree-less plains. The discussions in Parliament recently have tended to correct the public's information or lack of information. The other day Mr. Lake asked how much lumber, on which royalties were paid to the Government, was manufactured in the three prairie provinces in 1906 and 1907. In reply, the Hon. Frank Oliver stated that in 1906, the lumber cut was 132,000,000 feet in addition to shingles and laths. As this is only the portion which pays royalty to the Government, it may safely be assumed that the total cut was fifty per cent. larger. In regard to 1907, the figures are still incomplete, but the cut is estimated to be about two million feet more than in 1906.

Nevertheless, the lumber supply in these three provinces should be safely guarded. If the settlers and lumbermen now rushing in there prove as reckless as the settlers of Ontario were, there will be very little timber in the West in ten or fifteen years. There are experts who believe that in thirty-five years it will be as difficult to find a saw-mill in Canada as in the City of New York. Yet, Mr. Southworth, Superintendent of Forestry for Ontario, estimates that if that province were to adopt a forestry policy such as obtains in Europe, it could have forests in perpetuity and an annual revenue from them amounting to thirty million dollars. There is little prospect of Ontario or any other province adopting the suggestion of the forestry experts. The cupidity of the provincial treasurers, the avariciousness of the speculators who hang about the corridors of parliament buildings and the recklessness of settlers and lumbermen are rapidly destroying what has hitherto been Canada's greatest asset. Some day, we will curse ourselves for this national folly.

HON. MR. LEMIEUX is authority for the statement that the importation of British periodicals into Canada in January showed an increase of about three hundred and fifty per cent. Such an increase in the ninth month of the cheaper postal rates is most gratifying. The figure mentioned is probably too high. Quantities of British periodicals which came in by express under former conditions, now come in by post. This may account for one hundred per cent. of the increase, leaving perhaps two hundred and fifty per cent. to be credited to the cheap rates. Even this figure is satisfactory. Slowly but surely, Canadians are learning to take a greater interest in British and Imperial affairs.

To accomplish this reform, it has been found necessary to restrict to some extent the circulation of United States publications in Canada. Under the arrangement which existed previous to May of last year, these periodicals came in here without any more hindrance or cost than if they were mailed to United States subscribers. The cheap postal rates in the United States enabled the publishers of that country to undersell both the British and Canadian publisher. During January, this restriction against the better class of United States periodicals has been relaxed and they can now be mailed to Canadian subscribers at about one-half the cost of the last seven months of 1907. The cheaper and objectionable United States publication is still under the high rate established last year.

There is a tendency among certain classes, and this includes some leading members of the Opposition at Ottawa, to criticise the existing arrangements and to suggest that the flood-gates be opened once more. This seems regrettable. Canadian publishers get a little protection by the new arrangements and British publishers get an opportunity to sell in this market. Besides these two great advantages, there is, as Mr. Lemieux pointed out in the House last week, the necessity for encouraging the national and the British ideal. It would be the supremest folly to protect Canadian manufacturers against United States manufacturers and to allow this country to be denationalised for lack of a literature of its own.

Last week, a Canadian school-teacher came to the writer to ask for some information concerning the relative strength of the British and United States navies for the purposes of a debate on "Annexation vs. Independence." She stated that she knew the United States navy was larger than the British navy but she wanted to know just how

much. When the figures showing that the British fleet is three times as large as the United States' were given her, she was startled. When questioned, she admitted that throughout the whole of her life she had never read anything but United States periodicals.

It is such incidents as these which justify the recent changes in our postal regulations and which demand their maintenance. Mr. Lemieux has investigated the subject thoroughly and knows whereof he speaks. It is also probable that if he had been in Ottawa when the recent modifications were proposed, and had been conducting his own department instead of the Minister of Trade and Commerce, the modifications had not been allowed. However, if even the present position is maintained, much will be gained for British and Canadian literature through a period of years.

MOST Canadians will be prepared to sympathise with those suffragettes who found prison life so trying that they promised the magistrate to behave as perfect ladies for one year and were thereupon allowed to return to the comforts of home life. The announcement that they will be regarded as traitors by their sister suffragettes will hardly terrify them.

THE GAOL TEST

After all, the right to vote is hardly worth the discomfort which gaol life must inflict upon the daintily-bred woman. The food must seem absolutely uninviting to those accustomed to five o'clock tea, theatre suppers and other delights of civilised life. No salads, no ices, no macaroons! The prospect is enough to daunt all but the fiercest spirits. The dreariness of prison fare is excelled by the dullness of prison garb. The woman who can don the unadorned gaol uniform for the sake of the franchise has the Spartans of old utterly beaten. Their spirit is a matter for marvelling but the average man or woman will find warmer sympathy for the suffragettes who simply could not stand the weak tea and the unfrilled garments and who were willing to promise peaceful behaviour in consideration of regained liberty, to say nothing of purple and fine linen. This is not an age when one is willing to go to gaol for ballot-privileges, while the very idea of being burned at the stake is enough to make us shrivel.

THERE will be no cessation to the process of pumping new citizens into Canada. The Dominion Government has decided to both restrict and extend its efforts in this direction. No encouragement, other than what has always existed, will be extended to mechanics and

PUMPING IN NEW CITIZENS

artisans, professional workers and capitalists. The bonus paid for farm-workers, railway construction men and domestic servants from Europe has been doubled, however, and this is expected to increase the immigration of these classes. This policy is presumably intended to keep up the good immigration work of the past few years and at the same time avoid a conflict with the trades unions which object to increased competition. It may not satisfy the manufacturers, but it will please nearly all other classes in the community. The immigration of mechanics will probably be almost as large as ever because these come mainly from Great Britain and the payments made to booking agents do not greatly affect this supply.

THE memorial movement in which Earl Grey is taking so much interest appears to be making a successful appeal to Canadian organisations from the Dominion Government to the Canadian Club. The West was early in the van, Edmonton Canadian Club acting with

THE NATIONAL MEMORIAL

characteristic promptness and generosity. An Ottawa journal suggests that the provincial legislatures shall contribute handsomely towards the needed million, and doubtless the suggestion will find favour from Prince Edward Island to British Columbia. The latter should be especially interested in the statue of the Angel of Peace, welcoming immigrants from across the Atlantic, for the Province of the Douglas fir ardently desires to remain a white man's country. There are few spots in Canada which surround the visitor with the atmosphere which only a romantic and heroic past can give. Quebec, the Seats of the Mighty, is a city to inspire the artist or the poet and is naturally a tourist resort; but its ancient charm has remained unspoiled by the noisiest and busiest of tourist parties. On account of its attraction for foreign visitors, if for no other reason, it is highly desirable that the Ancient Capital should be marked by a memorial of distinctly national character, linking the deeds of 1759 with the promise of 1908, and illustrating the spirit of the New Canada which has come out of the strife and toil of the last century-and-a-half.

Through a Monocle

ABOUT this season of the year, politics becomes a two-ring circus for the people in most of the provinces; and not infrequently we are more interested for the moment in what is going forward in the Provincial "ring" than in the Federal. Most of the tricks in the Federal "ring" have, indeed, become so familiar that they have lost the attraction of novelty; while occasionally there are new "stunts" put on by Provincial artists which awake even the most "blase" of the political audience. For instances, we are to have redistribution bills this spring in the two big Provinces. A redistribution bill at Ottawa is certain to draw full houses; and it cannot fail to excite lively interest even in the Provincial arena. In both cases, the advance agents, however, are doing their best to damp down interest—or is it criticism?—by assuring us that the acts will contain nothing startling. That interesting animal, the "gerrymander," which used to create so much comment in the shows of other days, is now, we are assured, extinct, and will certainly not be on exhibition this year either in Ontario or Quebec.

* * *

Signor MacKay has made his first formal appearance in the Ontario "ring" as a "head liner," and he seems to have given a performance which promises much. In competition with Signor Whitney, most men are at a disadvantage. What we regarded as waspishness in the erstwhile leader of the Opposition, we now regard as the bluntness of the honest man in the Premier. It is not many men who could have met the temperance delegation just as Premier Whitney did without sending them away very much madder than they were. He promised them nothing but consideration; and they did not for a moment think that he meant to abandon his position on the two-thirds clause. Yet he was allowed to escape alive. It is fair betting that ex-Premier Ross, who was himself a prohibitionist, used to exasperate them very much more. But the Premier is winning the right to talk more plainly to people, for he is establishing a reputation for plain dealing as well as plain speaking.

* * *

Since we were talking of obstruction last week, the Opposition at Ottawa have been showing us what obstruction means. Primarily irritated by Mr. Fielding's tactless remark that the minority have no rights except as the majority see fit to grant them, and then precipitated into a passion by what they believed to be Mr. Brodeur's refusal to bring down the information they wanted, the Opposition settled down to show Parliament that the minority could take rights by force, and that a Government which refused information could not do business. So much for the provocation. But was the policy of permitting the provocation to drive them into so stubborn an obstruction, over so small a matter, good Opposition tactics? That is a question which more than one good Conservative is asking this week. The Opposition made a tremendous fight; they clamorously called the attention of the country to what they were doing; they inferentially gave the people the impression that they were trying to put a stop to most scandalous proceedings.

* * *

Yet when we came to look, what did we see? Apparently nothing more than a delay in bringing down certain information. If this be all, surely the "wool" was not worth all that "cry." Worse still, what will the Opposition do to attract public attention when the Government actually do commit some real offence? It is the old story of crying "wolf" when there is nothing more formidable in sight than a hungry rat. As for the scattered insinuations against Mr. Brodeur, they can only be accounted for by the petulance of the debate and the strain of the long struggle. To utter such innuendoes without prefacing them with definite charges and backing them with definite proof, was both cowardly and ineffective. Party rancour should never carry experienced parliamentarians so far. They ought always to remember that the people, whose confidence they must win and whose

judgment they must convince, are sitting listening to them in a much calmer atmosphere than that of the arena, and that they are shocked and their sympathies alienated by every extreme and ill-considered action.

* * *

Obstruction is a weapon which I should be sorry to see wrested from the hands of the minority. It is in the public interest that they should possess some weapon which even a majority will fear. But nothing is more certain than that the minority will lose this weapon if they abuse it. That is, they must never obstruct except when they can command public support in so doing. When some great issue is at stake, then the attention of the public can be called to it by organised obstruction; but if this heavy piece of ordnance is to be unlimbered every time a Minister refuses to bring down a return which the Opposition desire, the country will begin to think that it is too costly a weapon to leave in such irresponsible hands and will thus get into a mood to stand idly by while the majority legislate it out of existence. Obstruction is now impossible at Washington, and can only be used within exceedingly narrow limitations at Westminster, so that the majority at Ottawa would have strong precedents to plead if they should decide to outlaw it there. The Opposition should think of these things before they put the country to the cost of several idle sessions in order to get a return which might trace the wasting of a few dollars.

W. D. M. P. O. T. E.

SHALL YOUNG OFFENDERS GO TO PRISON?

This question is disturbing the British as well as the Canadian mind.



Lucy Sanderson 7/10

SAVED FOR THE STATE.

Humanity. "Give the Child to me."—Punch.

The New Brunswick Elections

THE Conservative Opposition in New Brunswick made a strong fight against the Liberal Government in the provincial general elections on Tuesday of this week. An Opposition with only ten members in the last Legislature could hardly hope to win against a Government which had two score followers in that House. Nevertheless the campaign was such that the Opposition did win and Mr. Hazen and his lieutenants will now occupy the treasury benches. The Hon. Mr. Pugsley took a hand in the fight for the Liberals and some leading Conservatives from Ottawa did the same for the Opposition. The "interference" from Ottawa was about the same on both sides, although it would be just as well if the practice of having Dominion politicians interfere in provincial campaigns were abandoned by both parties.

A sample Opposition appeal may be quoted. It is a paragraph printed in large type and red ink on the front page of last Saturday's St. John "Telegraph":

**THE GOVERNMENT IS GOING OUT—
DO YOUR SHARE ON MARCH 3.**

**ELECTORS: THE SECRET BALLOT
GIVES YOU THE POWER TO PUNISH
THE CORRUPT, RECKLESS AND INCOM-
PETENT LOCAL GOVERNMENT. DO
YOUR DUTY NEXT TUESDAY AND
SAVE THE PROVINCE FROM ANOTHER
FIVE YEARS OF SHAMEFUL WASTE
AND MISMANAGEMENT.**

**DON'T FORGET THAT A VOTE FOR
ANY GOVERNMENT CANDIDATE IS A
VOTE AGAINST REFORM. VOTE THE
STRAIGHT OPPOSITION TICKET IN
YOUR CONSTITUENCY. NO COM-
PROMISE. GIVE YOUR FULL SUPPORT
TO HAZEN AND GOOD GOVERNMENT.**

The returns are incomplete but the standing will be about as follows: Government, sixteen members; Opposition, thirty members. The cry that the Government had been too long in power had apparently the same effect as in the last general election in Ontario. The school-book question bulked large.

From Buffalo Bones to By-Laws

Opening of the new City Hall in Regina recalls the story of adventurous days.

REGINA, the Capital of Saskatchewan, opened a new City Hall last week. This is one of many important public buildings under way in that city of the plains. The Regina of to-day is a new city; a metropolis unique among a whole cycle of new and ambitious communities; as modern as Broadway and as ambitious as Prince Rupert. Meet any man from Regina and you meet a beaming optimist; a man who because he hails



The Legislative Buildings at Fredericton, where the newly-elected New Brunswick Legislature will shortly meet.

Photograph by Isaac Erb & Son, St. John.

from the most typically western city but one on the C.P.R. gives you the Gospel of the West with a free hand. He no longer talks police and whisky smugglers and horse-thieves. He quotes statistics, bushels of wheat and clearing-house aggregates. The opening of the new City Hall is the most important item yet performed in this new and progressive programme.

Well, it's only a few years since Regina was altogether different. If Nicholas Flood Davin were alive he could tell the story of the old Regina that shambled over the infinite plains without a tree or a shrub to keep out the long glaring sunlight and the rampant winds; the Regina originally called "Pile-o'-Bones"; the headquarters of the mounted police; the town of raids and adventures; the place where Louis Riel was hanged; where there was hurrying and scurrying in barracks during the Rebellion; where Flood Davin, the humourist politician, spent his lonesome life; where once upon a time all the splendour of the united Northwest was gathered to witness an inaugural event that meant more to that land than perhaps any other such function can ever mean again.

That was the opening of the old Legislature—back about 1883. It was a marvellous sight.

Mounted policemen and scarlet uniforms and tin-pots glittering in the sun, and "feus de joie" from a hundred rifles made the plumed and pompous redskins blink with amazement. Frank Oliver was there. It was the first inauguration the present Minister of the Interior had ever seen. He said some things on that occasion about the way the new Lieutenant-Governor looked that he has probably forgotten since, but Flood Davin remembered them very well when he wrote his "House of Commons Celebrities." The opening of the City Hall last week was a brave and portentous affair; but for pomp and circumstance the other in its day had it faded.

The Regina of those days was a remarkable city. It was as lonesome a spot as you could find in the whole lone land. The buffaloes were dead and the coulees were glistening with bones that went through the town in carloads. The barracks a mile out of town was the only place where there was much colour, except in the Indian camps. The barracks was a great centre of gaiety; of redcoated splendour and system; and many sorts of talent were corralled in that village of troopers under Lieut.-Colonel Herchmer. All trails led to Regina in those days, and the trails were alive with redcoats and their quarries—Indian murderers and horse-thieves and white whisky smugglers, fetched some of them for hundreds of miles to this centre of a rude but effective civilisation on the plains.

Books and stories and poems have been written about the experiences of these riders of the plains. Books are yet to be made. No town in the world at that time had so much adventure and colour packed into it as Regina, the baldest town in Canada. So it was for years before the discovery of the wheat belts. People used to say that nobody but Indians and policemen would ever live in Regina.

And it was just a few months ago that a Conservatory of Music was started in Regina and a Choral Society organised to give programmes of the most modern and aesthetic music. The young city has grown so big and civilised that the barracks on the outskirts is now only a sideshow. The out-poster police have a dread of Regina; not because it is lonesome but because it isn't; because they like the wild places better than the routine and the drill and the city streets. The townsman has become the citizen and he has made the trailsman a relic. Regina is crowded with business; with box cars and elevators and thrifty farmers; with splendid hotels and restaurants and churches; with public buildings and schools and big, fashionable stores. The Legislature of the old days met every little while from the four corners of a vast unsettled Limbo to discuss roads and bridges and school grants and everything but party politics. The City Council and the Board of Trade of to-day talk in figures that would have made the old Legislature gasp.

It is no longer any sort of exilery to go to Regina. The taxpayer of that city has as many of the refinements of civilisation as the citizen of Winnipeg—with a few extras in the way of railway fares.



Regina's New City Hall—Recently opened.



A General View of Nelson, B.C.—from the other side of the Kootenay River.

THE CAPITAL OF THE KOOTENAYS



Mr. F. A. Starkey,

Now serving as President of the Board of Trade for the third time. An Englishman by birth, he has lived fifteen years in Manitoba and ten in Nelson.

WHEN the Man from the East gets past Laggan on the Canadian Pacific Railway, just before he comes to Field, he passes into that part of British Columbia known as the Kootenays, East and West. This great triangle has as its base the boundary line between British Columbia and Idaho, Montana and part of Washington. Its apex stretches north far enough to take in the great curve of the Columbia River, the Canadian part of which is wholly in the Kootenays. Though watered by a great stream, it has little agricultural land. It is a rolling

ocean of mountains, the chief valleys being filled with bodies of water which are called lakes—Upper Columbia and Windermere Lakes in East Kootenay; Kootenay, Slocan, Upper Arrow and Lower Arrow in West Kootenay. But every intelligent reader should look up this district on the map.

In this wonderful, three-valleyed district there are many towns, though none of them are large. The towns are Revelstoke, Nelson, Kaslo, Rossland, Trail, New Denver, Sandon, Slocan City, Fort Steele, Fernie and others more or less promising. Of these, Nelson claims to be the chief, and its supremacy is at present beyond question.

Nelson lies on the side of a broad hill on the south side of the west arm of Kootenay Lake. A few miles west is Robson and a few more miles south, Trail and Rossland. A short trip in the steamer which leaves Nelson harbour daily or oftener takes you to Kootenay Landing or, if you so desire, to Kaslo. These steamer trips are important, since Nelson cannot be approached from every direction by rail.

The town of Nelson, with its six or seven thousand inhabitants, is the product of the mining boom which struck Southern British Columbia in the middle nineties. Someone discovered the Silver King mine and Nelson resulted. When the Hall smelter was built and the C.P.R. plunged across the hills from the foot of Arrow Lake, its future was assured. When Mr. J. J. Hill connected it with the State of Washington by the Kaslo & Slocan Railway, its success was certain. Thirteen years ago a mining camp, eleven years ago celebrating its incorporation, to-day a city with paved streets cut through the rocks and up the hill-side, with a sewage system and waterworks, with gas, electricity and electric street-cars! Eleven years incorporated and much larger and more prosperous than towns in Ontario and elsewhere incorporated four and five times as long. Ambition, energy, enthusiasm, determination, daring—and Nelson became the capital of the Kootenays.

The gorgeous branches of the Bank of Montreal and Bank of Commerce indicate that Nelson's financial transactions are important. The Silver King mine petered out temporarily but the Hall smelter got trade elsewhere, for there are many mines in

the district. The lumber companies, the railway shops, the ship-yard for the fleet of boats on Kootenay Lake, the iron works, the engineering works, and various other industries added to the activity. Then followed the wholesale trade. The larger firms in Winnipeg and Victoria established branches in Nelson from which to distribute goods to the small dealers and the mining camps. There are two electric light companies—the civic plant, which is situated nine miles up Cottonwood Creek, and the plant of a private company at Bonnington Falls. The latter concern transmits power to several towns. Its capacity is 16,000 horse-power, with arrangement being made for another 16,000.

Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, president of the C.P.R., was both shrewd and thoughtful when he donated a cup to be competed for annually at the Nelson Exhibition. First he chose to encourage vegetable and fruit growing—and in this sea of mountains they are proud of these products. In the second place, he had the cup made of silver mined, smelted and refined in Canada. The combination is a most happy one, and Sir Thomas is highly respected throughout that district.

A quotation from the Nelson "News" will give a home opinion of the fruit-growing industry:

"To commercial and manufacturing industries the town of Nelson is not limited alone. In its immediate vicinity fruit-growing is already making great progress and promises to afford the means of support for a very considerable population. The shores of the West Arm of Kootenay Lake for several miles to the west and about twenty miles to the east of the city are now dotted with the homes of prosperous fruit-growers. Strawberries are unexcelled and have a standard market value of their own in the towns of the prairie provinces. Raspberries, cherries and all other small fruits yield an excellent and abundant crop while the "red apple of the Kootenays" has become notorious, and it and all varieties of apples, pears, plums, peaches, yield remarkably good crops. Not only in the immediate neighbourhood of Nelson are these orchards and fruit ranches to be found. Along the Slocan Lake and River, at various points on Kootenay Lake and on the shores of the Columbia River and Arrow Lakes, the influx of settlers is already establishing itself and the trade from these newcomers will more or less naturally centre in Nelson."

No one ever visits Nelson but desires to go back. Its salubrious climate, its brilliant sunshine and its wonderful scenery make it a delightful place for a vacation. The lake, which is really but a broadening out of the Kootenay River before it takes its final plunge to join with the Columbia River some twenty miles south-west, affords a twenty-mile stretch of navigable water suitable for small boats as well as large. The mountains shut out the winds, and the surface of the water is never dangerously ruffled. Motor-boating is becoming a most popular and extensive sport. Then there is fishing, mountain-climbing and plenty of amusement for the botanist and geologist.

What Nelson is, British Columbia is. There is perhaps no town in that largest of Canadian provinces which is so typical. Strawberries, river-steamers, saddle-horses, smelters and mountains! That sums up British Columbia, though the strawberries do not go so very far north. Vancouver and Victoria are not typical—nor on the other hand are Laggan and Field. The smooth, eastern look

of the two larger cities speaks more of an agricultural country and an older civilisation. Laggan and Field lack the smoke of the smelter and exist purely for the tourist. Nelson epitomises the characteristics of the province. It is not eastern, nor yet western; it is just British Columbian.

The Bounty on Lead

NELSON has one great desire at the moment—a continuation of the lead bounties. A petition has been prepared and sent forward to the Dominion Government. It sets forth the reasons as follows:

1. That said lead bounty has by insuring a stable minimum price, been most effective and beneficial to the lead mining industry, with it to the smelting and lead manufacturing industries, and, consequently, to the general commerce of the Dominion.

2. That such results have been produced by a relatively small expenditure, as was anticipated and as was represented when the original request for consideration was made to the Government. Out of \$2,500,000 originally voted to be expended in the period of bounty terminating 30th June next, but \$616,976.02 have been expended up to 1st December, 1907.

3. That, on account of the high tariff on lead ore and its products, still imposed by the United States Government (which it was anticipated might be reduced ere this); of the recent imposition by said Government of a prohibitory duty on our zinc ores, a product of our lead bearing veins, thus depriving us of a source of revenue, and of the fact that the lead consuming capacity of Canada has not increased proportionately to our output, since the inception of the bounty, we shall at the expiration of said bounty period, be still unable to rely on a stable minimum price for our lead, sufficient to justify its production in the form of ore, and the large expenditures on exploration and development work necessary to maintain our mines and with them the entire lead industry of Canada.

4. That, without such a stable minimum price we cannot produce our ores, during periods of low prices in the world's markets, which govern the market of Canada, and with such intermittent production the inducement to expend the necessary large sums in exploration and development will cease to exist, consequently the present ore reserves in our mines will be exhausted and with them the lead mining industry.

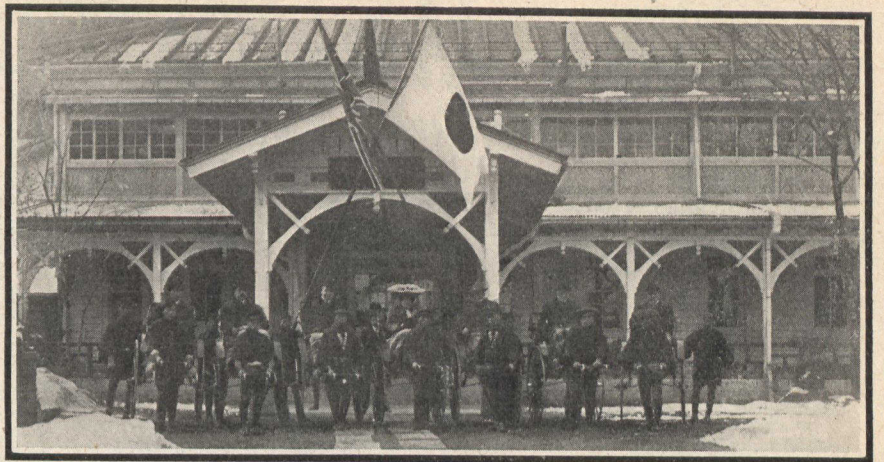
5. That, with the United States tariff and the consuming capacity of Canada as at present, the necessary stable minimum price can only be assured by a continuance of the present bounty or by extraordinary increase in the existing Canadian tariff on lead and its products.

The undersigned therefore respectfully request that the Lead Bounty Act be extended for a further period of five years with an expenditure not to exceed \$500,000.00 in any one year.

One part of Canada wants lead bounties, another steel bounties, another ship-building bounties and so on. The Government at Ottawa must have considerable trouble to even classify the various "wants." Southern British Columbia is a district which should be encouraged if any should be. It has not had too easy a road to travel and its problems are not any too easy of solution.



At the Post-office in Tokio.



At Nikko—British and Japanese flags flying.



In Front of the Imperial Hotel, Tokio.



At the Imperial University, Baron Hamao, President, at Mr. Lemieux's right.



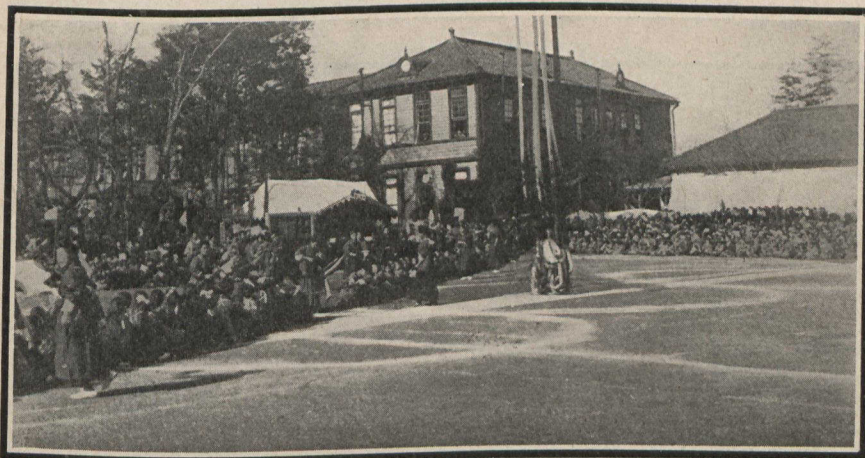
Capt. Verret, Mr. Lemieux's Secretary, at the Yokohama Station.



Mr. Lemieux reviewing the High School Cadets.



At the University—Prof. Omori the Earthquake Expert.



Tokio—Watching the School Girls Drill.



Entertained by the School Girls.

THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL IN JAPAN

NO diplomatic mission undertaken by a Canadian Minister of the Crown in recent years has attracted such wide attention as the visit of the Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux to Japan. Mr. and Mrs. Lemieux left Montreal on October 23rd, accompanied only by his private secretary, Mr. Hector B. Verret. Six days later, they sailed from Vancouver on the steamship "Empress of China." The good ship arrived at Yokohama after a fast and pleasant trip lasting a fortnight. The following day, the 14th, the party were in Tokio and the mission began. A series of entertainments

and visits were arranged by the Japanese Government which were intended to make their visitors feel at home. First there was a visit to the tribunals and courts, that the Canadian minister might see that there was Japanese justice as well as British justice. Then followed visits to the High Schools, the Imperial University, and the Museum of Arts. On the 28th, Mr. and Mrs. Lemieux were presented to the Empress. On December 7th they left Tokio for Nikko, the City of Temples, eighty miles from Tokio and two thousand feet above the sea. The cold and snow there must have made Mr. Lemieux

think of Ottawa and Montreal. Between the 8th and 26th of December the serious part of the mission was taken up and successfully arranged and on the latter date, the party left Tokio for Yokohama to return by the same vessel as had carried them to the Land of the Cherry Blossom. On the 6th of January the party was back in Vancouver and on the 10th in Ottawa. The accompanying photographs tell the story of this mission more graphically than it is possible to do in words. These are now published for the first time.

The Beginning of Hockey

Some Forgotten Facts and a Rare Photograph.

IN the "Canadian Courier" for December 28th, 1907, there is an article by Mr. H. J. P. Good on "Hockey," which purports to give a history of the game in Canada. The article is well written and gives a splendid idea of the progress

known photographer, of Montreal. This information would seem to indicate that hockey flourished in Montreal ten years before it grew popular in any other part of Canada. Mr. Smith writes:

"The first rules of hockey were drawn up

by old McGill men, Messrs. A. P. Low, T. D. Green, and J. J. Collins, who joined the Geological Survey in Ottawa. This series was won by the Victoria team of Montreal. The third Carnival series saw the formation of the Crystal Rink of Montreal and



Hockey Match, Crystal Palace Skating Rink, Montreal, February 26th, 1881.

This photograph is supposed to be the earliest picture of Hockey ever taken in Canada, though the game was played at least four years before. The names of the players from left to right are Messrs. A. P. Low, W. W. Weeks, P. L. Foster, Thos. Drummond, R. F. Smith, Dr. J. A. Kinloch, Fred Hague, J. J. Collins, Frank Skaife, "Chicken" Murray and F. H. Weir.



Hockey Medals of 1883, 1885 and 1886, won by and in the possession of Mr. R. F. Smith, of Montreal.

which has been made. It has little to say about the events before 1890, and is silent on the details of the earlier organisations. As a matter of fact, these have never been written down in any form which would make them accessible, and writers find difficulty in working up definite information concerning the beginnings of this and other sports. The early records of cricket have been embodied in one volume, and something similar might be done for sports of other kinds. If this were undertaken now, before the present old generation passes away, much information could be secured which will otherwise pass away with these older men.

As a contribution to these records, the "Courier" has secured the following facts and the accompanying photographs from Mr. R. F. Smith, the well-

by the writer after the spirit of football, and on the suggestion of Mr. W. F. Robertson, of Victoria, B. C., who on his return from England in September, 1878, thought the English game on the lawn could be adapted to ice. The first club by some years was the McGill University Club, December, 1878. Previous to this a game without rules of any kind was played in the Victoria Rink by teams of about fifteen on each side from the St. James and Metropolitan Clubs.

"The Victoria Rink team and the Quebec club were formed in 1880, and match games were played until the first carnival in 1883, which McGill won after a struggle with Quebec. The second Carnival championship was played for by the three clubs

mentioned and Ottawa. This latter club was formed the M.A.A.A. team, and the championship came to the M.A.A.A.

"Up to this year the team consisted of nine men, formed as in football; but as the M.A.A.A. experienced some difficulty in getting more than seven players, the number was reduced to seven. The M.A.A.A. also won a series at the Burlington Carnival in 1886.

"In the earliest rules of the first Canadian hockey clubs the stick could not be raised above the knees. This was later changed to the hips, but now seems to be limited to the roof of the rink. It would be well to return to the old rule in this respect, as it would cut out most of the rough play."

ICE-BREAKING FERRIES OF MACKINAW

By E. M. SCURRAH

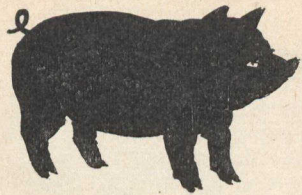
THE world in general knows there is such a thing as an ice-breaking ferry; that there is winter navigation through fields of seeming impassable ice, in different parts of the world, but the *modus operandi* differs.

The *Sainte Marie* of the Mackinaw (Michigan) Ferry Company's fleet, is here shown going at full speed through nearly forty inches of solid ice about half a mile from St. Ignace slip, toward which the big fellow has just turned its bow. The big ferry, which is seen to be loaded with box cars, made summer schedule time from Mackinaw City to St. Ignace and encountered heavy ice the entire distance. The ice at this point is always much thicker than elsewhere owing to the jams that occur in the harbour when the ice is moving about in floes and fields, in the early stages of freezing up. Ridges and windrows lie across the path of the ferries from the Straits on both shores to the slip docks, and this barricade of ice and snow is perhaps the most formidable of its path, as the snow makes a mortar of the water, which sticks to the propellor and to the ship and makes her progress more labourousome and less speedy.

At the bow deep under water a propellor is in operation which displaces the water, forming a powerful vacuum between the ceiling of ice and the water. The resultant suction draws the ice down till the vacuum is closed and the trick is done. Grooves along the ship's sides permit the disorganised ice to pass to the rear unobserved and without friction. The boat makes a clean channel through a field of clear ice without a sound, and without a movement of the ship.



The "Saint Marie," an ice-breaking ferry which defies the effect of Winter upon the waters of Lake Michigan. The broken ice is sucked down in front and passes back through grooves under the vessel.



THE FIRST PRIZE

The Story of a Vivacious Pig

By FRANK HOWEL EVANS



"I WONDER whether you'd mind fetching my prize for me," said Mabel Lowne, when Harold Brand called for the eleventh time within two days to know if she had caught cold at the Maidford bazaar.

"Certainly," replied Harold delightedly, "I'll drive over this afternoon. What was it; an anti-macassar, a chair-back, or a photograph-frame? And what was it a prize for? The prettiest girl present, or—?"

"Don't be foolish, please, but listen. I went in for a half-crown raffle, and it's the sweetest little thing you ever saw."

"Couldn't be, I am sure, if you were there."

"Do be quiet. I want to know if you'll be kind enough to fetch it over this afternoon. It won't take up much room in a trap. It's a tiny little pig!"

"A pig?"

"Yes, a dear little chap with a wriggly tail and a pair of eyes that almost wink at you. I feel quite in love with it."

"A bit of a waste," ventured Harold; "but I say, what are you going to do with it? Fatten it up or what?"

"Of course," said Mabel witheringly, "that's what one does with pets, and then one eats them. I'm sorry it's too much trouble, Mr. Brand. Of course, if I'd known I shouldn't have asked you."

"Oh, don't say that. I'd fetch an elephant if I thought you wanted it. But where am I to find the brute—the creature, I mean?"

"Ask at the Rectory and they'll tell you. I should be so much obliged to you, Mr. Brand, and I shall be very grateful for any advice you may be able to give me about its food and so on. Men are so clever, they know something about everything. Good-bye, thank you so much."

Harold left the house, feeling that for Mabel's sake he would bring home a drove of wild boars and, if she wished it, would appear with them on the Music Hall stage.

But London barristers staying in the country for a few weeks only are not as rule animal experts, and the idea that he might be called upon to advise on the prize's diet frightened him.

But the first thing was to get the animal home. So at the little inn where he was staying he borrowed the landlord's trap and set out for Maidford, five miles distant. As he passed Squire Lowne's house he saw a merry party playing tennis and Mabel cheerfully waved her racket to him.

Harold tried to take off his hat and wave his whip at the same time. But he was not a good driver, and in his efforts to be friendly executed several manoeuvres with the reins which, but for the intelligence of the aged horse, would have resulted in disaster.

When he had managed to persuade a passing labourer that he rather liked driving in a ditch and was not in need of assistance, he allowed the ancient steed to find the way out of the difficulty itself and in a few minutes was jogging along the road to Maidford.

He reached the village without any further disaster except the hair-breadth escape of an old woman who skipped nimbly from under the very wheels almost, and still had enough breath left to invoke upon the careless driver a sudden and terrible death.

"This is something awful," thought Harold, as the perspiration streamed down his face, "if I can only get back with the pig I'll never drive again. I suppose this is the Rectory."

With difficulty he turned the trap in at the gates, and extricating one wheel from a geranium bed he drove up to the house hoping that he would not be thought immoral if he asked for a drink.

He climbed down from the trap and rang the bell. A cool and fresh-looking girl with her hair not yet "up" appeared in the hall.

"Yes?" she said interrogatively.

"I've called about—about a pig," stammered Harold, fuming inwardly that Mabel hadn't won a gazelle or something romantic.

"How very nice," said the girl, "but we don't do anything in pigs just now. The last two we had we gave to the bazaar, but I can let you have some nice chickens cheap."

"Thanks very much," remarked Harold, wishing that he could be equally self-possessed, "but I don't want to buy anything, I've come to fetch the pig that Miss Lowne won at the bazaar."

"Oh! Mabel's pig," said the girl coming forward. "I didn't know it was you."

"But I'm not Mabel's pig."

"Of course not. What I meant was you're Mr. Brand, aren't you—I've heard Mabel speak of—at least, I think I've seen you before. I'm Margaret Clair; my father's not in, everyone else is away, and I'm afraid I can't ask you in."

"Not at all," stuttered Harold, the anticipated cooling drink fading away like a beautiful dream, "and if you could tell me where the prize pig is I should be very much obliged, and I'll get it home quickly as I think Miss Lowne is waiting for it."

"It's Farmer Hickman's pig Mabel won. Two miles away from here on the farm, and I think you can only drive part of the way, the rest is ploughed land. You go straight down the road and then turn to the right and the house is on the hill."

"Thanks very much," said Harold climbing into the trap and nearly heading the horse through the dining-room window. "Can I give Miss Lowne any message?"

"Only my love, thanks," said Miss Clair, leading the horse in the way it should go, "no, I should pull the left rein if I were you; that path on the right leads to the cucumber frame. Straight on is the way out."

Harold nearly jumped out with an offer to present this self-possessed young lady with the equivalent value of the horse and trap if she would recommend him to some one who would take the pig contract off his hands. But the thought that Mabel had deputed him to bring the prize home restrained him and he attempted to joke over his bad driving.

"You'll have to drive better than that if you're going to marry Mabel Lowne," said Margaret Clair in a judicial manner. "She can't stand anybody that's a rotter at sport, so I suppose there must be something else in you."

"Well, of all the—" gasped Harold with purple face. "Have you ever been smacked, young lady?"

"Not for years," was the amiable reply. "Everybody thinks I'm rude, and I suppose I am—beastly. Toodle-oo!"

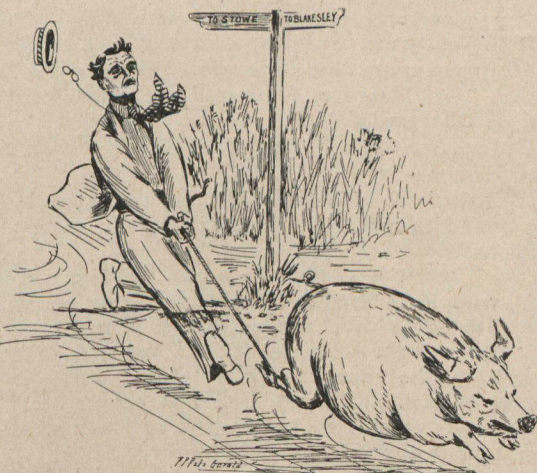
And this astonishing young lady turned back and waved her hand over her shoulder in a parting salute.

"If I'm going to marry Mabel," said Harold half aloud, "and I've never been even asked—well, if Miss Margaret Clair doesn't come to the gallows the law will be cheated. Of all the confounded cheek—here, come up you brute and we'll get that pig home."

Farmer Hickman's house was at the top of the hill, and Harold saw that it would be useless to try and drive up the rough cart track, so he tied the reins to the gate and walked up.

There didn't seem to be a seething mass of life in the yard, and when Harold had knocked at two doors and had disturbed a particularly unpleasant-looking dog in a kennel, a labourer appeared in what artists call the middle distance, covering an easy mile an hour.

"I've come for the pig," explained Harold, "and if you could pull the lever to full steam ahead I should be glad. You see my vacation's up in a fortnight's time."



"But the pig had other ideas and deliberately took the turn for Blakesley."

"Aye, the pig!" agreed the rustic, "it wor the pig as you said, worn't it?"

"It was indeed: Just simply a pig, not even a zebra or a leopard, but just a pig. Do you mind producing it?"

The labourer thought the matter over for what appeared to Harold's agitated mind to be one hour, and finally led the way to an outhouse.

In one sty there were two or three white pigs, and Harold thought that they looked particularly agile and wriggly, and wondered which particular bacon was his.

"I suppose this is all right?" he said at length. "If you'll point out the one I'm to take I'll have it and be off."

"I suppose as you be a man as were to call for a pig?" asked the labourer.

"I believe I do resemble a man who has called for a pig. Now kindly show me Miss Lowne's pig and I'll take it and be off."

"There 'e be, and fine critter 'e be an' all," said the intelligent rustic pointing to another sty.

"See here," said Harold indignantly, "I don't want any funny business; I want a pig, not a pony."

"But 'e be only pig as be leaving farm to-day," was the reply.

Harold went closer and looked at the huge black creature, which to his harassed mind looked indeed like a pony.

"Is that Miss Lowne's pig, won at the bazaar?" he asked incredulously.

"Ay, that be pig won at the bazaar."

That settled it. There was Mabel's pig, and home it had to be taken. So Harold mentally took off his coat and went in at it.

"Bring him out, then," he said, "and I'll take him down to the trap. Do you think there'll be room for him inside—or would he run behind?" he added as a brilliant afterthought.

The rustic made a horrible noise which Harold's keen legal mind classified as laughter, and in a few minutes the pig was led out into the open.

He was a gaunt, black creature, and Harold had for one brief moment horrid doubts as to Mabel's sanity when she spoke of this prehistoric looking pig as a "sweet little creature."

"If it's her idea of a joke, then," said Harold, "I'll show that I can take a joke, too, and I'll take the blessed thing back and let it loose in the middle of the tennis party. Here, Solomon, have you got a piece of string?"

The rustic, Solomon, had already tied what looked like a ship's cable to the pig's hind leg, and handed the end to Harold.

"'E'll go quiet enough, sir, if so be you don't 'urry 'im, and let 'im 'ave 'is own way. I'll 'elp 'ee down to the cart wi' 'im, then us can get the plank down for 'im to walk up into the cart, we'll tie the nettin' over 'im safe and sound, and it's generally two shillin's for the 'elpin'."

Harold's brain reeled at the conclusion of the long speech, especially when he gathered indistinctly that a plank and netting were required; whereas he had nothing but a small dog-cart with little space behind, and the pig could not reasonably be expected to occupy a seat next the driver.

"Look here, Solomon," said Harold, after thinking it over, "I'm sure you can do this sort of thing better than I can. You get the pig safely in the cart, and I'll give you five shillings instead of two."

Solomon, who would have loaded twenty pigs for half-a-crown, realised with bucolic cunning that he had struck an unexpected gold mine, and began to hint that his time was valuable, and that this was a large pig, and so on.

Harold promised him an extra half crown if he fixed the pig in the cart so that it could not move, and the procession started.

The pig, urged on by Solomon, who held the string, led the way, and Harold followed, chuckling to himself to think that after all they would see that a Londoner could take a joke.

"Where be cart, sir?" asked Solomon when they turned the bend in the hill.

"Straight on—tied to the gate."

"You be loiar," said Solomon, with rustic directness.

Harold rushed to the corner and looked.

The horse and trap had vanished!

Fearing all sorts of horrible complications, Harold tore like mad to the gate, and after him tore

Solomon with a clouded notion that he was in some way being defrauded of seven and six.

Harold strained his eyes till they hurt, but there were no signs of the trap or horse, and his temper was not improved when he felt his arm taken by Solomon.

"Where be my seven-and-six?" was the anxious enquiry.

"And where be my pig?" shouted Harold in unconscious imitation. "The horse and trap have been stolen, evidently, and I shall have to pay for them. But I'm going to have the pig, if it costs me seven pounds ten. Go and catch it instead of looking at me like a turnip."

Harold was by now thoroughly roused, and swore to himself that he would take that pig home, and very likely drive it into the Lowne's drawing-room, too, by Jove!

Solomon looked at the rope end which has slipped off the hind leg, and declared that pig catching would run the costs up to half a sovereign.

"You catch the pig, and we'll see," said Harold. And when the animal was captured he solemnly presented Solomon with—one shilling!

"My terms be seven-and-six," expostulated the aggrieved one.

"Very likely. But the tariff, as far as I am concerned, is one shilling sterling. And now, if you don't mind, I'll move."

And giving the pig a push with his foot, Harold followed it through the gate, holding on to the string with grim determination.

The pig hurried on amiably until it came to the cross-roads. Here it stopped and investigated the ditch and a heap of stones, and was seized with a desire to explore a neighbouring field.

Harold gave the string a twitch and tried to guide the prize on to the road for Stowe, his own abiding place.

But the pig had other ideas, and deliberately took the turn for Blakesley, a village three miles distant. Harold tugged and tugged, but the pig appeared to be possessed of the perversity of seven demons and the strength of seven horses. On it trotted for at least a mile, with the perspiring Harold clutching the string and hoping with fevered anxiety that the knot would hold its own.

"If I walk to Edinburgh, you brute, I'll stick to you," he muttered. "Thank goodness, here's a village. I'll see if anyone will board and lodge you while I go back to Stowe and explain to Mabel."

By this time they had arrived at Blakesley, and up the street turned the pig, with Harold in the rear, his collar limp, his hair dishevelled, and moving almost at a run to keep pace with the possessed animal in front.

"I say," gasped Harold, as the pig, attracted by a bucket in front of the butcher's shop, stopped and had a pleasant search for food. "I say, will you look after this thing that calls itself a pig? I'll pay you anything."

The butcher, who was standing in front of his shop, looked at the pig and then at Harold.

"Certainly," he said; "bring it in here."

He opened a side gate, and to Harold's intense delight and surprise, the pig walked in, and was soon installed in an empty stable.

"By Jove!" said Harold, "that's a relief. Now will you keep it here till I send for it?"

"I'll keep it right enough," answered the butcher; "but what I want to know, young man, is what are you doing with my pig?"

"Your pig!" almost shrieked Harold.

"My pig, that's the word. He was won at the Maidford Bazaar by Thomson, over the road, and I bought it from him for a pound and meant to have sent for it to-day. You seem to have been a bit in front of me, mister. I don't want to be nasty, but have you got anything to say?"

"Nothing," said Harold feebly, "except to ask you to kill me. This world doesn't seem to be the place for me."

"I don't know anything about killing you, but I am going to kill the pig to-morrow morning, and now you can hook it."

"No," said Harold firmly, "it's my pig—at least, it's a lady's pig, and I will not go without it, and here I stop till I get it back."

"Right you are," replied the butcher; "then you stop and keep the pig company till I fetch a policeman."

And he banged the door and left Harold in the stable with the animal that had been his undoing. For what seemed a weary hour he sat in the manger and watched the monstrous pig slumbering peacefully till he almost felt inclined to strangle the creature with his handkerchief.

At last the butcher reappeared, bringing with him the village constable, who, not having had a case for a year, was rather undecided as to the proper procedure. He first of all hinted that he should

have to apply for a warrant, which would take a day to procure, and then he suggested that it should be treated as a case of disorderly and the criminal locked up for the night in the stable on bread and water.

"Now, look here," at length broke in Harold, "if you wouldn't like to stun me and then hang me, may I suggest that you come with me to Stowe, where I can prove my respectability?"

After a suggestion from the policeman that this would be compounding a felony, the proposition was adopted, and Harold set forth like Eugene Aram, the gyves upon his wrist being excepted.

On the road to Stowe the policeman drew a voluminous store of reminiscences concerning the days when people were hanged for sheep stealing, and expressed a professional regret that the annexation of pigs did not nowadays call for capital punishment.

Harold bore it all in silence, trying to think out an effective speech of sarcasm for the time when explanations would ensure his release.

"Now then," he said, when they arrived at Stowe, "we'll go and see Mathers, the landlord, and he'll tell who I am, and if necessary I'll pay for the pig."

"I'll take five pounds now and say no more about it," observed the butcher.

"Can't be done," interposed the policeman; "it'll be agin' the law."

Harold almost chuckled as he thought of his captor's confusion when he was identified, and led the way boldly to the inn.

"Now then, Mathers," he said, when the landlord had been fetched, "will you kindly tell these intelligent people that I am a respectable person and not a highway robber?"

"Certainly, sir. What are you doing with my lodger, you two? He's been staying here for three weeks, and if he wasn't respectable, do you think I should trust him with my horse and trap? By the way, sir, where have you left them? I'm wanting to run over to the town after tea."

The question hit Harold with a sickening thud, for he had forgotten in his anguish all about the conveyance which had so mysteriously disappeared.

"I don't know," he stammered, wondering whether there was any fresh trouble anywhere.

The landlord looked grave and puzzled, and listened intently while the butcher and the policeman told a damning tale about a stolen pig, and then he respectfully but firmly explained that he was sure Mr. Brand had not stolen the pig; but he would really like to have his trap and horse back again.

"Stealing a horse and trap as well; that'll mean five years," observed the policeman, making a note.

"Oh, hang it all," said Harold, "I'm sick of this. Take me up to Mr. Lowne's, and I can explain things there."

"Aye, up to Squire Lowne's," agreed the policeman. "He be a justice, and we could lock prisoner up in his stable."

And once more Harold set out, accompanied this time by three interested parties, two of whom apparently wished him much evil, while the third, with all due respect for his lodger, was anxious about his property. From her window Mabel Lowne saw the pageant approaching down the drive, and her heart leapt with anxiety. Could it be that Harold—in that moment she called him Harold to herself—was in any trouble? He looked so grim and determined, and there was a policeman, too—whatever could the matter be? She rushed downstairs and found the men in the study, while her father sat at his table and listened to various statements with a puzzled air.

"Oh, do you mind bearing me out in saying that I went for your pig, Miss Lowne," said Harold, when he saw Mabel at the door.

The story was told again, and with Mabel's help, Harold was freed from the charge of pig stealing.

"My pig was a dear little white thing," explained Mabel. "and Margaret Clair said she would keep it for me till I called."

"Margaret Clair," interrupted Harold, "why, she was the girl—"

"There is Miss Clair," said the innkeeper, looking out of the window, "and driving my horse and trap, too!"

And surely enough, down the drive came the trap, with Miss Margaret Clair flourishing her whip and looking as calm and demure as a nun.

"I've brought your pig, Mabel," she said, looking round on the interested little crowd. "It's in a basket behind, and I think this is your trap, Mr. Mather—I found it tied to a gate, so I borrowed it. And how is everybody?"

She jumped down, kissed Mabel, and looked at Harold without moving a muscle of her face.

The innkeeper mounted to his trap, and at Harold's request took with him the butcher, who

was satisfied that he would have his pig, and the policeman, who was disappointed at losing a case.

"Now, then, Margaret Clair," said the Squire, with an attempt at sternness, "I think I trace your hand in this. Will you explain?"

"Well, you see," said Margaret Clair, calmly, "I rather fancied this white pig myself—oh, yes, there he is—and I thought Mabel would much sooner have the other one, so I sent Mr. Brand after the black one. But when he had gone I sort of repented and went after him. Then, when I found he had left the trap at the gate, I thought perhaps it would be stolen and that it would be rather nice if I drove over myself. And there you are, you see."

"Margaret Clair, I consider you've behaved disgracefully," said Mabel hotly, while Harold felt tempted to ask for ice for the back of his head.

"That's what everyone's always saying," was the calm reply; "but I say, Mabel, I would teach your young man to drive better before you marry him. Let's have a look at the ring. I suppose you're engaged by now?"

Mabel flushed up to the eyes, and the Squire looked wrath.

"Quite right, sir," said Harold quickly. "I didn't like to give Mabel a ring till we had your consent. I hope you don't mind?" he concluded lamely.

The Squire grunted something about being very young, but did not object when Harold took Mabel's hand.

And Mabel did not object either, though she was still blushing.

"Miss Margaret Clair," said Harold half an hour later, "I shall send you the biggest box of chocolates and the prettiest brooch in London, and," he added under his breath, "may the fates protect all bachelor men when you're two or three years older."

"Thanks very much—and," added Margaret Clair respectively, "I think that little pig would be very nice roasted."

And when Margaret Clair was invited to help eat that poor little pig two days after, she noted with approval that a half hoop of diamonds flashed on Mabel's left hand.

The Weaver of Snow

IN Polar noons when the moonshine glimmers,
And the frost-fans whirl,
And whiter than moonlight the ice-flowers grow,
And the lunar rainbow quivers and shimmers,
And the Silent Laughters dance to and fro,
A stooping girl
As pale as pearl
Gathers the frost-flowers where they blow;
And the fleet-foot fairies smile, for they know
The Weaver of Snow.

And she climbs at last to a berg set free,
That drifteth slow:
And she sails to the edge of the world we see:
And waits till the wings of the north wind lean
Like an eagle's wings o'er a lochan of green,
And the pale stars glow
On berg and floe.
Then down on our world with a wild laugh of glee
She empties her lap full of shimmer and sheen.
And that is the way in a dream I have seen
The Weaver of Snow.

—Fiona Macleod.

In the Cool of the Evening

IN the cool of the evening, when the low, sweet
whispers waken,
When the labourers turn them homeward, and
the weary have their will,
When the censers of the roses o'er the forest-aisles
are shaken
Is it but the wind that cometh o'er the far green
hill?
* * * * *
In the beauty of the twilight, in the Garden that
He loveth,
They have veiled His lovely vesture with the
darkness of a name!
Through His Garden, through His Garden it is but
the wind that moveth,
No more; but O, the miracle, the miracle is the
same!

In the cool of the evening, when the sky is an old
story,
Slowly dying, but remembered, aye, and loved
with passion still,
Hush! . . . the fringes of His garment, in the
fading golden glory,
Softly rustling as He cometh o'er the far green
hill.

—Alfred Noyes, in "The Nation."

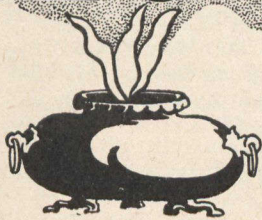


THE

YELLOW GOD

BY

H. RIDER HAGGARD.



AUTHOR OF "SHE".

"KING SOLOMON'S MINES."

"THE WITCH'S HEAD", ETC.

CHAPTER I.

SAHARA, LIMITED.



SIR ROBERT AYLWARD, Bart., M.P., sat in his office in the city. It was a very magnificent office, quite one of the finest that could be found within half a mile of the Mansion House.

"There is so much in externals," Mr. Champers-Haswell, Sir Robert's partner, would say in his cheerful voice. "We are all of us

influenced by them, however unconsciously. Impress the public, my dear Aylward. Let solemnity without suggest opulence within."

Sir Robert was seated at his ebony desk playing with a pencil, and the light from a cheerful fire fell upon his face. In its own way it was a remarkable face as he appeared then in his four and fortieth year; very pale, but with a natural pallor, very well cut, and on the whole impressive. His eyes were dark, matching his black hair and pointed beard, and his nose was straight and rather prominent. Perhaps the mouth was his weakest feature, for there was a certain shiftiness about it, also the lips were thick and slightly sensuous. Sir Robert knew this, and therefore he grew a moustache to veil them somewhat. To a careful observer the general impression given by his face was such as is left by the sudden sight of a waxen mask.

"Great heavens!" he muttered, "what a game to have played; and it will go through. I believe that it will go through."

He stopped at the table, switched on an electric light, and made a rapid calculation on the back of a letter with a blue pencil.

"Yes," he said, "that's my share, a million and seventeen thousand in cash, and two million in ordinary shares, which can be worked off at a discount—let us say another seventeen hundred and fifty thousand, plus what I have got already—put it at only two hundred and fifty thousand net. Two millions in all, which, of course, may, or may not, be added to—probably not, unless the ordinaries boom—for I don't mean to speculate any more. That's the end of twenty years' work, Robert Aylward."

He walked down the room, and stopped opposite an ancient marble, staring at it—

"Not Venus, I think," he said with a laugh. "Venus never made any man rich." He turned and retraced his steps to the other end of the room, which was veiled in shadow.

Here upon a second marble pedestal stood an object that gleamed dimly through the gloom. It was about ten inches or a foot high, but in that place nothing more could be seen of it, except that it was yellow and had the general appearance of a toad. For some reason it seemed to attract Sir Robert Aylward, for he halted to stare at it, then stretched out his hand and switched on another lamp, in the hard brilliance of which the thing upon the pedestal suddenly declared itself, leaping out of the darkness into light. It was a terrible object, a monstrosity of indeterminate sex and nature but surmounted by a woman's head and face of extraordinary, if devilish loveliness, sunk back between high but grotesquely small shoulders, like to those of a lizard, so that it glared upwards. The workmanship of the thing was rude yet strangely powerful. Whatever there is cruel, whatever there is sensual, whatever there is inhuman in the dark places of the world, shone out of the jeweled eyes

which were set in that yellow woman's face, yellow because its substance was of gold, a face which seemed not to belong to the embryonic legs beneath, for body there was none, but to float above them. A hollow, life-sized mask with two tiny frog-like legs, that was the fashion of it.

"You are an ugly brute," said Sir Robert, contemplating this effigy; "but although I believe in nothing in heaven above or earth below, except the abysmal folly of the British public, I am bothered if I don't believe in you. At any rate from the day when Vernon brought you into my office my luck turned, and to judge from the smile on your sweet countenance I don't think it is done with yet. I wonder what those stones are in your eyes. Opals I suppose, from the way they change colour. They shine uncommonly to-day. I never remember them so bright. I—"

At this moment a knock came on the door. Sir Robert turned off the lamp and walked back to the fireplace.

"Come in," he said, and as he spoke once more his pale face grew impassive and expressionless. The door opened, and a clerk entered.

"I don't think I rang, Jeffreys."

"No, Sir Robert," answered the clerk, bowing as though he spoke to a Royalty, "but there is a little matter about that article in 'The Cynic.' We are paying this paper thirty guineas to insert an article about Sahara, Limited, and they say that if they have to put in the 'national and imperial' business they must have twenty more."

"Indeed, Jeffreys? Why?"

"Because, Sir Robert—I will tell you because you always like to hear the truth—their advertisement editor is of opinion that this Sahara, Limited, is a national and imperial swindle. He says that he won't drag the nation and the empire into it in an editorial under fifty guineas."

A faint smile flickered on Sir Robert's face.

"Does he, indeed?" he asked. "Well, we don't want to quarrel with them just now—feed the sharks. But surely, Jeffreys, you didn't come to disturb me about such a trifle?"

"Not altogether, Sir Robert. There is something more important. 'The Daily Judge' not only declines to put in any article whatsoever, but refuses our advertisement, and states that it means to criticise the prospectus trenchantly."

"Ah!" said his master after a moment's thought, "that is rather serious, since people believe in the 'Judge' even when it is wrong. Offer them the advertisement at treble rates."

"It has been done, sir, and they still refuse."

"That will do, Jeffreys. When Major Vernon comes in, give him my compliments and say that I should be obliged by a word or two with him."

The clerk bowed and went as noiselessly as he had entered.

"Let's see," added Sir Robert to himself. "Old Jackson, the editor of 'The Judge,' was a great friend of Vernon's father, the late Sir William Vernon, G.C.B. I believe that he was engaged to be married to his sister years ago, only she died or something. So the Major ought to be able to get round him if anybody can. Only the worst of it is I don't altogether trust that young gentleman. It suited us to give him a share in the business because he is an engineer who knows the country, and this Sahara scheme was his notion, a very good one in a way, and for other reasons. Now he shows signs of kicking over the traces, wants to know too much, is developing a conscience, and so forth. As though the promoters of speculative companies had any business with consciences. Ah! Here he comes."

Sir Robert seated himself at his desk and re-

sumed his calculations upon a half-sheet of note-paper, and that moment a clear, hearty voice was heard speaking to the clerks in the outer office. Then came the sound of a strong, firm footstep, the door opened, and Major Alan Vernon appeared.

He was still quite a young man, not more than thirty-two or three years of age, though he lacked the ultra robust and rubicund appearance which is typical of so many Englishmen of his class at this period of life. A heavy bout of blackwater fever acquired on service in West Africa, which would have killed anyone of weaker constitution, had robbed his face of its bloom and left it much sallow if more interesting than once it had been. For in a way there was interest about the face; also a certain charm. It was a good and honest face with a rather eager, rather puzzled look, that of a man who has imagination and ideas and who searches for the truth but fails to find it.

"Jeffreys tells me that you want to see me about something, Sir Robert," he said in his low and pleasant voice, looking at the baronet rather anxiously.

"Yes, my dear Vernon, I want to ask you to do something, if you kindly will, although it is not quite in your line. Old Jackson, the editor of 'The Judge,' is a friend of yours, isn't he?"

"He was a friend of my father's, and I used to know him slightly."

"Well, that's near enough. As I daresay you have heard, he is an unreasonable old beggar, and has taken a dislike to our Sahara scheme. Someone has set him against it, and he refuses to receive advertisements, threatens criticism, etc. Now, the opposition of 'The Judge,' or any other paper, won't kill us, and if necessary we can fight him, but at the same time it is always wise to agree with your enemy while he is in the way, and, in short—would you mind going down and explaining his mistake to him?"

Before answering, Major Vernon walked to the window leisurely and looked out.

"I don't like asking favours from family friends," he replied at length, "and, as you said, I think it isn't quite in my line. Though of course, if it has anything to do with the engineering possibilities I shall be most happy to see him," he added, brightening.

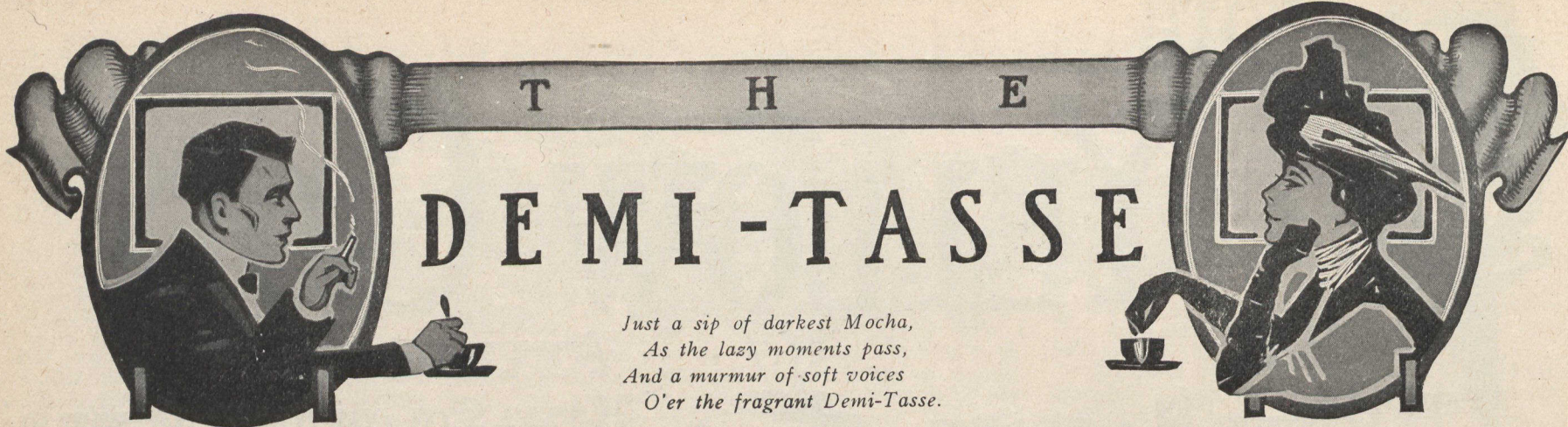
"I don't know what it has to do with; that is what I shall be obliged if you will find out," answered Sir Robert, with some asperity. "One can't divide a matter of this sort into water-tight compartments. It is true that in so important a concern each of us has charge of his own division, but the fact remains that we are jointly and severally responsible for the whole. I am not sure that you bear this sufficiently in mind, my dear Vernon," he added with slow emphasis.

His partner moved quickly; it might almost have been said that he shivered, though whether the movement, or the shiver, was produced by the argument of joint and several liability or by the familiarity of the "my dear Vernon," remains uncertain. Perhaps it was the latter, since although the elder man was a baronet and the younger only a retired Major of Engineers, the gulf between them, as any one of discernment could see, was as wide as that which separated Dives and Lazarus in the parable.

"I think that I do bear it in mind, especially of late, Sir Robert," answered Alan Vernon slowly.

"That's all right. My motor is outside and will take you to Fleet Street in no time. Meanwhile you might tell them to telephone that you are coming, and perhaps you will just look in when you get back."

(Continued on page 21)



WHERE PAT PROTESTED.

A TEMPERANCE orator seldom gives a dry discourse. A speaker on that subject recently told in the Metropolitan Methodist Church, Toronto, a mother-in-law joke with a novel feature, inasmuch as Pat was represented as loving his wife's mother with a great affection. But the mother-in-law was taken ill and the attending physician took Pat aside to tell him the true state of affairs. In the retirement of the woodshed, the doctor solemnly informed Pat of the serious condition of the old lady.

"She's very ill, Mr. Murphy."

"What wud ye advise, Docthor dear?"

"You must send her to a warmer climate at once."

Pat promptly handed the physician an axe.

"Then you've got to do it, sorr—I cudn't."

* * *

SHOCKING!

THE blunders that *will* be found in the best of papers were being discussed not long ago by several Canadian editors, and one of them told of a visit he once paid to a small manufacturing town and of his subsequent write-up.

"You might imagine my horror when the first sentence, which should have read: 'Selcombe is a thriving community of three thousand souls,' was deciphered as: 'Selcombe is a thieving community of three thousand fools.' Of course Selcombe wouldn't accept any apology and rival towns rejoiced."

* * *

AN UNFAILING SIGN.

"Harris is head over heels in love with Miss Blake."

"But what does *she* think of Harris?"

"I think it must be mutual because they are both declaring that they believe in Platonic friendship and that it's quite possible for a man and a woman to be the best of friends without falling in love."

* * *

THEIR DESTINATION.

BOBBY is the son of a Methodist minister and has had the experience of "moving" four times in the space of his eight-years life. He disapproves strongly of the itinerant system which is the bane of the Methodist clergy. Some time ago an elderly minister was visiting Bobby's father and directed his attention to the small boy, asking him many questions of a semi-theological nature. Finally the course of the conversation turned to heaven and Bobby was asked concerning the abode of the blest.

"Yes," said the youngster, with a sigh of deep weariness, "I know. It's the last place we're going to move to."

* * *

HOW IT LOOKED.

IT was during the writing lesson, and the teacher had written in large, rounded characters on the board the word "Multiplicant."

"Now," she said, "who can tell me any mistake in the construction of the letters in this word?"

A grimy little hand shot up. "Well, Rosie, you tell us what you think."

"Please, ma'am," piped Rosie, "h'I think your t looks like h'ell."

* * *

AN UNPLEASING NOTE.

SPEAKING of the methods adopted by some of the unions throughout the country in righting their wrongs, Senator Dolliver of Iowa says it reminds him of an Irishman who, upon hearing for the first time of the braying of a donkey, remarked, after waiting for the last discordant note to die away, "Faith, you are no doubt in great pain, but I had

more sympathy for you before you complained."—The Argonaut.

* * *

AN ENGLISH VIEW OF ROOSEVELT.

Smack of Lord Cromer, Jeff Davis a touch of him, Little of Lincoln, not very much of him, Kitchener, Bismarck, and Germany's Will, Jupiter, Chamberlain, Buffalo Bill.

—St. James's Gazette.

* * *

AN UNEXPECTED QUESTION.

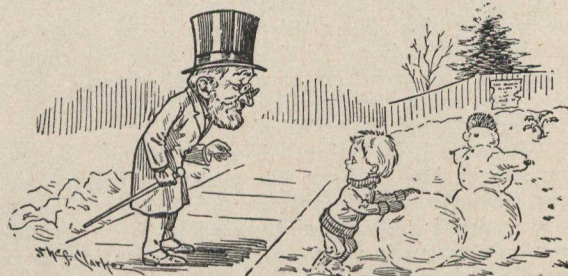
"What shall I play?" asked the organist of an absent-minded clergyman.

"What sort of hand have you got?" was the unexpected reply.—Tit-Bits.

* * *

FEED THE BRUTE.

A YOUNG woman who thought she was losing her husband's affection went to a seventh daughter of a seventh daughter for a love-powder. The mystery-woman told her, "Get a raw piece of beef, cut flat, about an inch thick. Slice an onion in two, and rub the meat on both sides with it. Put on pepper and salt, and toast it on each side over a red coal-fire. Drop on it three lumps of butter and two sprigs of parsley, and get him to eat it!" The young wife did so; and her husband loved her ever after.



* * *

"Well, well, my little man, how is it you're not at school?"
"Cos I've got a bad cold in my head."—Life.

* * *

ECONOMY IN EXCESS.

JAMES J. HILL, the railway magnate, was talking in Kansas City about railway economy:

"Economy is excellent," he said, "but even economy must not be carried to excess. Railways must not be managed as a certain New York necktie manufacturer manages his business. A drummer in this man's employ showed me the other day a letter from the firm. It ran thus:

"We have received your letter with expense account. What we want is orders. We have big families to make expenses for us. We find in your expense account fifty cents for billiards. Please don't buy any more billiards. Also we see two dollars and twenty-five cents for horse and buggy. Where is the horse, and what did you do with the buggy? The rest of your expense account is nothing but bed. Why is it you don't ride more in the night time?"

"John says you should stop in Boston, where his cousin George Moore lives. John says you should sell Moore a good bill. Give good prices—he is John's cousin. Sell him mostly for cash. Also John says you can leave Boston at 11.45 in the night, and get to Concord at 4.35 in the morning. Do this—and you won't need any bed. And remember, what we want is orders."—Washington Star.

* * *

QUITE COOL.

THE imperturbability of the Englishman, says a Cincinnati journalist, is a characteristic which, for all time, will excite the admiration of the more volatile American and the emotional and mercurial

Frenchman. Nothing seems to ruffle the serene calmness of the true-born Briton. He is never taken off his guard. He is equal to every emergency. No circumstance, however surprising and demoralising, ever can disturb his poise.

We recall vividly one instant in which British placidity came out triumphant. It happened at a Japanese hotel, the walls of which, being of paper, had not the resisting qualities of lath and plaster. A tourist party of revellers had been up most of the night celebrating the queen's birthday to the queen's taste, and as dawn came on, one of the bacchanals, seeking his own apartments, crashed through the wall of a room occupied by a long-suffering Englishman.

The latter, rising from his bed in his pajamas, approached the intruder not unkindly. "I say now, my good chap," he remonstrated, "you have got into the wrong suite, don't you know?"

An American under like conditions would have made a demonstration with firearms, while a Frenchman would have cried out that he was being murdered.

* * *

THE TREATMENT.

PROFESSOR — of McGill University had just finished a lengthy lecture on poisons and antidotes.

"Supposing you were called to attend a patient who had swallowed ten grains of oxalic acid, what would you administer?"

"The sacrament," shouted an Irish student from the rear of the hall.

* * *

NOTHING STRANGE.

BLOBS: "There seems to be a strange affinity between a coloured man and a chicken."

Slobbs: "Naturally. One is descended from Ham and the other from eggs."—Cassell's Magazine.

* * *

PARTICULAR.

A SOUTHERN gentleman had ordered Jake to have his carriage ready at a certain hour. The hour came, but no carriage. At length, after a delay which had thoroughly exhausted the patience of his employer, Jake drove serenely up.

His boss thundered, "Jake, you trifling rascal! Here I've waited for you one solid hour. You've run with these worthless niggers until you are as sorry as the sorriest of them."

Jake received the tirade with bowed head. Then he slowly raised his head and said in a tone fraught with injured innocence:

"Boss, you sho is misunderstand me. I don't run wid dat rag-tag gang. I makes it a 'tic'lar p'int ter 'sociates myself wid nothin' but de bung-tung." — Lippincott's Magazine.

* * *

THRIFTY.

HARRY LAUDER is the hero of a Broadway story. This vaudeville top-liner, who recently visited New York, is accused of stinginess. As a matter of fact, he's merely thrifty. He heard that one man in particular had criticised severely the manner in which he drew the purse strings tight. Not long afterward this man asked him for an interview. Lauder gave him an address, and told him to come at ten o'clock the following night. In the meantime, he did a bit of stage managing. When the caller came, he was ushered into a garret in a poor tenement, in a bad part of town. There sat Lauder, blue with cold, by the light of a single candle, and scribbling away. "Arre ye goin' to putt doon what I say?" Lauder asked.

The reporter assured him, with pride, that he never made notes during an interview. "My memory is excellent," he boasted.

"Weel, then," said Lauder, "we'll aye save the licht." And he blew out the candle.

PEOPLE, PLACES AND PROGRESS

ANOTHER prairie town—Minitonas—has been eaten up by fire—the worst enemy of the new towns in the West. A few weeks ago North Battleford began to burn up. Everywhere these wooden towns—hundreds of them in the wheat lands—are taking the best precautions they can against fire. Always the fire hall is one of the first public buildings to go up, often before there is even a Council hall. The volunteer brigade is sometimes more important than the town council. For these towns are wooden towns, and the winds in that land are high; and in low temperatures fires must be heavy.



A Wooden Town on the Wheat Lands.

So it sometimes happens that in the coldest of weather a lot of folk in these new communities are burned out of business and home, because with the fire-fighting equipment they are not able to fight fire well. The picture shown herewith is not Minitonas, but one of the newest of the wooden towns on the wheat lands, and the kind of town that but for a wide main street would be in great danger of going up in smoke.

* * *

THE picturesque and somewhat mysterious soldier who wrote the book, "The Great Lone Land," after his marvellous trip across it in the early seventies, has written a letter to Major Larmour, of Stratford, Ontario, recalling the time when he was a resident of that town, away back in the Fenian Raid days. General Butler's letter is full of the same warm-hearted impulsiveness that breathes all through his book along with a good deal of pardonable egotism. He says:

"Bansha Castle, Bansha, Co. Tipperary,
"8th February, 1908.

"My Dear Major Larmour:—I received yesterday a very grateful reminder of old times and friends in the shape of the pamphlet, 'Canada's Opportunity,' which you so kindly sent me. I do not think that I could have had sent me from any part of the world a message more entirely pleasant to me, for all that a life of forty years ago had apparently drifted away into a great, lone land of oblivion, cold, dry and remote. Again, your paper has called up a host of old friends and faces. You date the pamphlet at Stratford and the name instantly brings back to memory the lines of railway stations I used to know so well. In 1868, I had charge of the 'Look Out Men,' as they were called, and I had to visit the stations along the frontier once a month—Point Edward, Windsor, St. Thomas, Adelaide, etc. Perhaps if you could spare the time you would tell me of the old friends. You write with such expression and energy that I gather you are well and strong notwithstanding the lapse of years. For myself I cannot complain.

"With every good wish and regard, I remain,
"Yours most sincerely,
"W. F. BUTLER."

* * *

A RACE from St. John, N.B., to Trinidad—3,500 miles—has just been pulled off in right good earnest by a couple of enterprising New Brunswickers—Bell and McGarigle. Neither of them did it on a wager, but as a pure matter of rivalry in business. They were partners in the moving picture business and they had arranged to open a show down in Trinidad. But they had a disagreement and broke the pact. McGarigle, however, decided to go ahead with the show down in Trinidad. Bell got wind that his rival had started for the West Indies via New York. He decided to get ahead of Mac and to hold the show himself. He used the cable and the long distance phone to great advantage; and the cable informed him that his rival was certainly negotiating for the show in Trinidad. So Bell packed his grip and started. He had to go by way of Halifax, which meant some delay. There by an edge of a few minutes he caught the steamer

"Rosalind" which landed him in New York before Mac was able to get out. By an inevitable coincidence both men got the same steamer at New York—the "Marvel"—and then of course the fun commenced. Bell said: "By the great horn spoon! I'll have that show when I get to Trinidad." Mac expressed his infinite and ultimate doubts. The passengers watched the show. Touching at Grenada, Mac stole a march on Bell by a secret cable to Port au Prince to the Board of Works to engage the hall which belongs to the Government. So it looked to him as if Bell was out of the running. But when the "Marvel" landed at Port au Spain at eight in the morning, Bell got the only small boat to be had and went ashore, leaving his rival at the porridge course in the dining-room chuckling to think how he had made a moving-picture show of Bell all to no purpose. But when in leisurely style Mac sauntered ashore and went up to the office of the Board of Works he was sadly jolted to find that Bell had the hall engaged. Alas! for the schemer—it was necessary for the lessee to make a deposit and this he had not done over the cable. Bell was just handing over his fifty dollars when he went in. So Bell opened the show in Trinidad and Mac sailed back to New York. Which is a case of one of the swiftest and tightest races ever known on the Atlantic.

* * *

THE following letter stands as a correction of an error in figures quoted on this page in a recent issue of the "Courier":

"London, Ont., February 28th, 1908.

Messrs. "Canadian Courier,"

"Toronto, Ontario.

"Dear Sirs:—We note in your issue of February 15th, page 17, that you have an article in which you state that British Columbia shingles have decreased in price 75 cents per thousand. This is an error, the correct reduction being 25 cents per thousand off the price list dated May 30th, 1907. As your article is misleading to the public who are interested in the shingle business, we would be pleased to see you correct the same. As we are the Ontario agents of the British Columbia people, we have the correct information.

"Yours truly,

"FERGUSON LUMBER COMPANY."

* * *

ACCORDING to the Lethbridge "News," coyotes are becoming a great pest in the West. A bounty has been placed on their hides as once upon the heads of wolves, but in spite of it the brutes are multiplying a great deal faster than the settlers find it comfortable. These animals are death on chickens and young lambs and are usually a difficult thing to hunt. Coyote dogs are in great demand. Calgary has a large number of these hounds such as are shown in the illustration. These two are



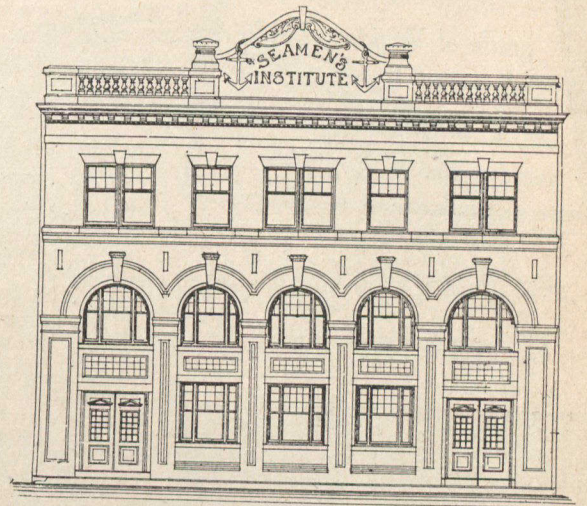
An Irish Wolf-Hound and a Great Dane.

respectively an Irish wolf-hound and a great Dane. The average coyote has not much chance with either of these. The resident of the western town who happens to own one of these great dogs will regale you for half an hour telling how the dog does his

work; the kind of strangle-hold he gets on the coyote; and in the case of the great Dane it is always a clutch on the windpipe that results in cutting off the coyote's supply of good fresh air.

* * *

AMONG the best of the many good things in St. John, N.B., is the Seamen's Mission, which has grown naturally out of conditions in that great winter port. In the past few years this work has grown to immense proportions. St. John is looking after



Seamen's Institute, St. John, N.B.

its sailors; not alone the sailors of St. John but the mariners of Canada; the men who do Canada's work on the salt seas; who are doing their pioneer part in building up the vast interior that none of them ever see or ever will see. It is a curious fact that these outposters could never live on the seas of land in our great West; they are wedded to the sea; were almost born on the sea and expect to die with the sound of the sea in their ears. And because the sea is a big, rough thing that often plays hob with the lives of these hardy men the people of St. John on behalf of Canada are doing their best to take care of them and to make them a home when the sailors are in port—which is the time when the average sailor is most of all at sea. Hence the Seamen's Mission, for which a new Institute is now to be erected at a cost of fifteen thousand dollars and for which the people of St. John are appealing for help all over Canada—and deservedly. The features of this new building will be a large recreation hall for sailors and firemen; a lavatory, bath and store-room; a concert hall suitably furnished, capable of seating five hundred; a reading room and library; accommodation for officers, engineers and stewards. Lord Strathcona has given a thousand dollars. Five thousand dollars so far has been subscribed. The treasurer, to whom all donations should be addressed, is Mr. J. W. Cassidy, St. John.

* * *

THE old grist mill is now beginning to pass away; but if Mr. J. W. Pearce, M.P.P. for North Hastings, has his way it will not pass without a struggle. He has a Bill before the House to assess certain of these mills at twenty-five per cent. of their value instead of sixty per cent. as at present. For with something of a poetic eye he sees that the big consolidated mill miles away with millions at its back is making it eternally harder for the little mill to fight out in the home town and to hold its custom. He remembers the day when the grist mill and the saw mill were the biggest industries in many an Ontario town; the days perhaps when the two mills were run by the same engine, and when the big saw was not busy on the logs, the stones and the hoppers were busy on the farmer's grist fetched many a weary mile. And the waiting farmer paid his toll, so much of the flour for every bushel ground, getting the flour of his own wheat and none else's. And for many a year the grist mill thrived on this, till the rollers came and the miller had to take out the stones and put in the new machinery at a heavy cost in order to make standard flour; when he gave the farmer flour ground from somebody else's wheat, without having him wait around the store till the grist was done. Then the big mills got buying the wheat and selling the flour and the little miller had to do the same. And the big mill grew and grew in the distant centre, taking the eastern wheat shipped by rail away from the little town with its mill. Now comes Mr. Pearce with his Bill on behalf of the old grist mill.

Windsor SALT

is always the same, whether you buy a 5c. sack or a carload.

There is only one grade of Windsor Table Salt—the best—and all of it measures up to the same standard of quality.

A Mother's Testimony



About a month ago I received one of your **LITTLE BEAUTY HAMMOCK COTS** and find it perfectly satisfactory in every respect and would not like to part with it, for it is the best thing I ever saw.

Write for a copy of "BABY'S SLEEP" telling all about it.

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FOR THE CHILDREN

BELINDA.

BELINDA was the smallest cat That ever you did see;
One day Belinda met a rat Quite twice as large as she.
Now what are you to do When a rat's as big as you?

Belinda said "I'm not afraid Of any rat alive;
I'd swallow any rat that's made, Or two, or four, or five."
Now, how could she do that— Such a very little cat?

The rat replied, "I never knew A cat as brave as I,
And as for such a cat as you, I'll make you into pie."
Did you ever see a rat Dine off a pussy-cat?

Belinda said, "Superior cats Think fighting only fun.
Just call a lot of other rats; I'll rat them, every one."
Now, don't you think that *that* Was a most courageous cat?

Then other rats joined in the fight, Big, little, short and tall,
Grey, brown and brindled, black and white—
Belinda ate them all!
D'you wonder how I know?
Belinda told me so!

* * *

JUNGLE.

There once was a knowing raccoon, Who didn't believe in the moon.
"Every month, don't you see, There's a new one," said he;
"No *real* moon could wear out so soon."

* * *

WISE BEFORE THE EVENT.

MR. SLIM: "Willie, didn't you go to the trunk-maker's yesterday and tell him to send round the trunk I ordered?"
Willie: "Yes, pa."
Mr. Slim: "Well, here is the trunk, but no strap. Didn't he say anything about the strap?"
Willie: "Yes, pa; but I told him I thought you hadn't better have any strap."—Cassell's Magazine.

* * *

A FOOLISH LITTLE GIRL.

BY MABEL CORNELIA MATSON.

I HAVE seen a little lass— Little lass I know,
Gazing sadly in the glass, Grieving, grieving so,



Office Boy. "Please, Sir, my grandmother's dead, and I must get off early to go to the funeral match—I mean the football ceremony—that is—" [Exit in confusion.—Punch.]

That her hair is dark and straight,
With no hint of curl;
That her eyes are gray, not blue—
What a foolish girl!

Sighing o'er her sun-browned cheeks,
Wishing they were pink;
She's a very foolish girl,
Don't you really think?

Darling, do not hide your face,
Let me tell you true,
Just the dearest, sweetest lass
That I know, is—you!

* * *

TIMOTHY BROWN.

OH, Timothy Brown was a terrible scamp,
And lessons he voted a bore!
French, grammar, geography, history, sums,
He vowed he'd not learn any more.
At the end of the year he knew nothing at all

About anything under the sun—
French, grammar, geography, history, sums,
He'd forgotten them, every one.

One day a rich uncle said, "Timothy Brown,
I'll ask you a question or two;
If I'm forty-five and you're younger than I,
How much am I older than you?"
Well, Timothy Brown he thought for a while,
And at last he discovered this fact,
That he had not a notion how long he'd been born,
And he didn't know how to subtract.

"Come, when is your birthday? I'll give you a tip,"
Said his uncle, and patted his pate.
But Timothy Brown he burst into tears
And couldn't remember the date!
That's the end of the story of Timothy Brown—
A story that's terribly true,
And perhaps there's a moral for no one at all
And perhaps there's a moral for you. —St. Nicholas.

* * *

A WORD TO THE OLD.

LITTLE Charles, four years old, when he had pulled himself up on the foot of the couch, and scrambled along to where his grandmothers' head rested, ran his chubby hands over her wrinkled cheeks, and made the following suggestion:
"Gan'ma, you need a new face—this one's all rumped up." —The Circle.

MENNEN'S

BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

The Box that lox

"Strenuous Life"
of outdoor folks need not carry the penalty of pain and annoyance which winter weather brings. The daily use of

Mennen's Borated Talcum Toilet Powder
after bathing and after shaving keeps the skin smooth and healthy. It not only heals but soothes all Chapping, Chafing, and skin troubles of winter and summer. It is indispensable in the nursery.

For your protection the genuine is put up in non-refillable boxes—the "Box that Lox," with Mennen's face on top. Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30, 1906. Serial No. 1542. Sold everywhere, or by mail, 25 cents. Sample Free.

GERHARD MENNEN CO.
Newark, N. J.

Try Mennen's Violet (Borated) Talcum Toilet Powder—it has the scent of fresh-cut Parma Violets.

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In Policies in force	\$4,179,440
" Assets	1,271,255
" Reserve	966,221
" Income	171,147
" Surplus	300,341

The income from interest shows a handsome increase over the previous year, though the same high standard of securities has been maintained. The SAFE investment of money is, and must always be, of infinitely greater importance than the interest return therefrom, and this principle has ever guided the management of this Company in the investment of its funds.

INSURANCE IN FORCE, OVER \$51,000,000

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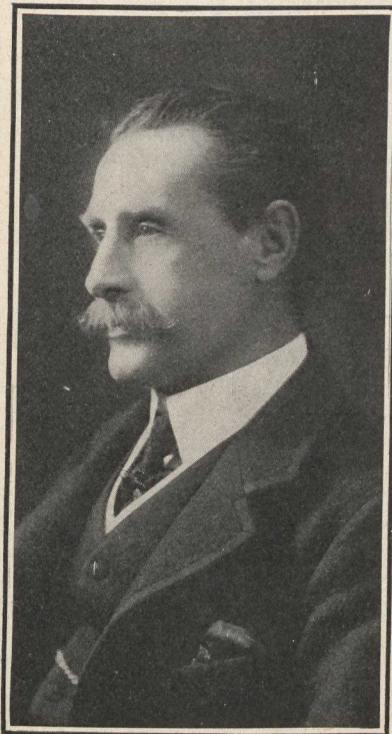
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KANSAS CITY, MO., New England Bldg.
NEW YORK, N. Y., Broadway Maiden Lane Bldg.
PORTLAND, ORE., Chamber of Commerce.
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CITY OF MEXICO, MEX., Equitable Life Ins. Bldg.
LOS ANGELES, 621 Trust Bldg.

MUSIC AND DRAMA

THE TROPHY COMPETITION.

THE Earl Grey Musical and Dramatic Trophy Competition held at Ottawa last week was the second event of that nature, the first being held last year when His Excellency, the Governor-General,



Colonel J. Hanbury Williams,
Convenor of Executive Committee for
Trophy Competition.

initiated the custom of offering handsome trophies in each class of presentation. This year, thirteen companies registered for competition but the traditional ill-luck associated with the number was not characteristic of last week's events. Ottawa was very much to the fore with six companies, three of them musical and three dramatic; Montreal sent four companies, Toronto, two, Quebec, one. It is to be regretted that Winnipeg, which sent such an excellent dramatic company last year, was not represented at the second contest but sent the trophy to the Capital. Professor H. W. Parker, Professor of Music at Yale University, who acted as judge in the musical competition, and Mr. F. F. Mackay, Director of the National Conservatory of Dramatic Art, New York, judge in the dramatic competition, were the guests of Earl Grey during the week.

On the opening evening two Ottawa societies supplied the programme. The Ottawa Choral Society gave a programme consisting of Coleridge-Taylor's *Death of Minnehaha*, Gounod's *By Babylon's Wave* and Elgar's *My Love Dwelt in a Northern Land*—the last being the test for all competing choral societies. Dr. J. Edgar Birch, conductor, was in charge of the programme, while Miss Louise Baldwin and Mr. Cecil Bethune were soloists. The other company to appear on opening night was the Ottawa Garrison Dramatic Club, twelve members of this organisation presenting Mr. Henry Arthur Jones' *Joseph Entangled*, a comedy which proved highly enjoyable to the large audience, which greeted the first entertainment in the competition.

On Tuesday night, Montreal companies held the boards. The Canadian metropolis sent four dramatic companies. In fact, Quebec and Ottawa were the only cities to compete for the musical trophy. The company under the management of Miss F. de Wolfe Fenwick put on a play entitled *Society for the Protection of Suffering Servants* which was dis-

tinctly a disappointment, both as to subject and interpretation. It was a farce of an extravagance which wearied instead of amused. At its close the audience was fairly certain that the trophy would not go to Miss Fenwick's feeble aggregation. The Aubrey Company, also from Montreal, played *The Chorus Lady* with much more finish and aplomb than the first Montrealers had displayed, although the evidence of the drama's condensation was too plain.

The most interesting night, from a spectacular standpoint, was Wednesday, February 26th, which was known as military night, considering that, by Earl Grey's request as a tribute to the Toronto Garrison Dramatic Club, there were many of the officers and N. C. O.'s of the G. G. F. G., of the 43rd Duke of Cornwall's Own Rifles and other military bodies present in uniform. The Quebec Symphony Society, under the conductor, Mr. Joseph Vezina, which won the musical trophy last year, gave the first half of the programme and so delighted the large audience that Mr. Vezina was frequently called upon to acknowledge repeated applause. The Processional March from Gounod's *Queen of Sheba*, Luigini's *The Voice of the Bells*, Lalo's *The King of Ys* and Schubert's *Entracte No. 2 in B Minor* were the most impressive numbers in a most carefully-executed programme.

Twelve members of the Toronto Garrison Dramatic Club on the same evening gave Leo Trevor's *Brother Officers*, a play which had already been well-received at a Toronto performance. Lt.-Col. Septimus Denison, as the sacrificing hero, had the most strenuous part to play, which he acted with such spirit and sympathy that the adjective "amateur" seemed hardly applicable. Of the feminine members of the cast, Miss Heloise Keating made the most decided impression in the part of the Dean's wife. Altogether, the mid-week performance was most satisfactory.

On Thursday night, the Ottawa



Mr. F. C. T. O'Hara,
Hon. Secretary of Executive Committee
for Trophy Competition.

Thespian Club put on a sprightly gastronomic farce, *Food and Folly*, written by Messrs. Walters and W. W. Edgar of Ottawa. They also gave the finest dramatic production of the competition, the one-act drama in which Mrs. Fiske was so memorable—*The Light from St. Agnes*, in which

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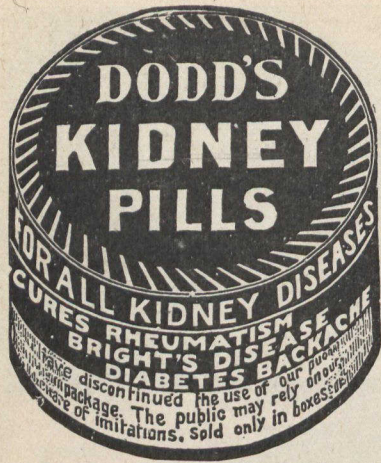
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Mrs. W. W. Edgar, Mr. C. M. C. Bruton and Mr. H. McD. Walters were equal to the demands of a decidedly poignant bit of tragedy. The Montreal Amateur Dramatic Club in *A Game of Bluff* provided an hour of genuine amusement.

Friday night again belonged to Ottawa and was strictly musical, programmes being rendered by the Canadian Conservatory of Music, a string organisation, and by the Orpheus Glee Club, the former being conducted by Mr. Donald Heins, the latter by Mr. James A. Smith. On Saturday, the final night, three companies took part in dramatic presentations, the Players' Club of Ottawa, the Dickens' Fellowship of Toronto and the New Garrick Club of Montreal.

The decision of the judges was promptly handed out and published in the Monday papers. Both trophies are won by Ottawa, the musical trophy going to the String Orchestra of the Canadian Conservatory of Music, while the dramatic prize belongs to the Ottawa Thespian Club, which gave *A Light from St. Agnes*, by far the most effective production in the week's programme.

* * *

THE SCHUBERT CHOIR.

THE third season of the Schubert Choir of Toronto under Mr. H. M. Fletcher culminated happily in the two concerts given on Monday and Tuesday nights in Massey Hall. Toronto can hardly be accused of lukewarm interest in her choral organisations. The four audiences of traditional Mendelssohn size which packed the hall three weeks ago might appear to have exhausted local enthusiasm; but thousands more were in attendance this week, among whom were noticed many members of the Mendelssohn Choir. The conductor of the Schubert Choir arranged for a programme of two-hours' length and carried out his intentions admirably. There were three choral numbers, the *Rosemunde* chorus, *How Merry is Life* and Gounod's *Ave Verum* forming the introductory work by the Choir. The latter was especially interesting, as forming an indication of the advance in phrasing and interpretation made during the last season. Schubert's *God is my Guide* was another a capella number given with delicacy and devotional fervour. Kremser's *In Winter* by the male voices was a bright bit of choral colour and the Boughton folk song, *King Arthur Had Three Sons*, was decidedly the most popular choral number of the evening, the effects of emphatic humour being obtained with much force and spirit. As encore, the Storch nocturne, *Night Witchery*, was acceptably given by the full chorus. The *Blue Danube Waltzes* by John Strauss was a well-received number by the women's voices and Max Bruch's *Roman Obsequies*, for eight part chorus with orchestra formed a strenuous closing number. Mr. Emil Paur, the Director of the Pittsburgh Orchestra, received the heartiest welcome to a city which has always regarded him and his work with enthusiasm. The *Tannhauser* overture proved that the orchestra's vigour and musicianly qualities are unabated, in spite of a slight conflict with the musical unions and a change of concert master. The tone poem, *Death and Transfiguration* by Richard Strauss was a magnificent rendering of the great work in which the most arresting composer of to-day depicts the mortal tragedy and the immortal triumph. But it was the Rubenstein group, the *Feramos' Ballet Music* in which Director Paur and the orchestra which he conducts with such imperious magnetism came in for such applause as fairly forced an encore from the Pittsburgh musicians who

proceeded to play the march from *Lohengrin* with a verve and brilliancy which left their hearers with an Oliver Twist desire. Torontonians will be glad to hear that Mr. Fletcher has engaged the Pittsburgh Orchestra for 1909 also, and Mr. Emil Paur may be assured of Canadian appreciation and good fellowship, so long as he chooses to "come o'er the border."

A Great Company

The Canada Life makes remarkable progress in its Sixty-first Year.

THE old proverb, that "a person is known by the company he keeps," may be paraphrased by saying that a country is known by the institutions which have grown up within its borders. A very striking example of continued growth and prosperity over a long series of years is shown in the history of the Canada Life Assurance Company, at once the oldest and largest Canadian life office. That a company sixty-one years old should be able to show substantial growth and progress such as is revealed in the sixty-first annual report of this company is an indication at once of its inherent strength and good management, as well as of the sound condition underlying our Canadian business life.

The keynote of the report is contained in the following statement from the president's address: "The one consideration of paramount importance in the affairs of a life company is the absolute safety of every contract." The report points out that on all the business written since 1900 reserves are held on the stringent 3 per cent. basis, and this includes no less than \$55,775,063.35 of the policies in force. The remaining older assurances, amounting to \$61,725,763.67, are valued by the HM 3 1-2 per cent. table. This standard of valuation, it is stated, enables the company to take rank, as to relative strength, among the leading life offices of the British Empire. The total policies on the company's books now aggregate \$117,500,827.02, having been increased in 1907 by \$4,928,798.63.

The assets of the company were also increased during the year by \$1,714,866.86, and now amount to \$33,995,411.25.

It is pointed out that the intrinsic values of securities owned by the company are materially greater than the values shown, but as the company is under no necessity to sell them at unfavourable prices, policyholders will later on enjoy the increase in value to which their worth entitles them. In the meantime their interest-earning power is in no way affected, and the company having during the past year purchased securities bearing a higher rate of interest than those formerly held, the return yielded by investments shows an improvement.

Perhaps the most striking statement of the report is that since its inception the company has paid or credited policyholders and their representatives with \$8,089,622.17 more than they have paid to it. Such a record is claimed to be unique in the history of life insurance in this country, and it is certainly substantial evidence of a long period of successful management.

The income of the company was in 1907 \$5,059,794.54, an increase over 1906 of \$140,363.94. At the same time the expense and lapse ratios were reduced.

The president's address makes reference to the recent excitement and unrest in connection with the proposed new insurance legislation, but that has in great part subsided, and doubtless in the year on which we are just entering the business of this great company will show still further gains over those of the year just closed.



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The Yellow God

(Continued from page 10)

Ten minutes later the splendid, two thousand guinea motor brougham drew up at the offices of the "Judge," and the obsequious motor-footman bowed Major Vernon through its rather grimy doorway. Within, a small boy in a kind of box asked his business, and when he heard his name, said that the "Guv'nor" had sent down word that he was to go up at once—third floor, first to the right and second to the left. So up he went, and reached the indicated locality.

"Now, then, Alan, what is it? I have a quarter of an hour at your service."

"It is about that Sahara flotation, Mr. Jackson," he began, rather doubtfully.

The old editor's massive face darkened. "The Sahara flotation! That accursed—" and he ceased abruptly. "What have you, of all people in the world, got to do with it? Oh! I remember. Someone told me you had gone into partnership with Aylward, the company promoter, and that little beast, Champers-Haswell, who really is the clever one. Well, set it out, set it out."

"It seems, Mr. Jackson, that 'The Judge' has refused not only our article but also the advertisement of the company. I don't know much about this side of the affair myself, but Sir Robert asked me if I would come round and see if things couldn't be arranged."

"You mean that the man sent you to try and work on me because he knew that I used to be intimate with your family. Well, it is a poor errand and will have a poor end. You can't—no one on earth can, while I sit on this chair, not even my proprietors."

There was silence, broken at last by Alan, who remarked awkwardly:

"If that is so, I must not take up your time any longer."

"I said that I would give you a quarter of an hour, and you have only been here four minutes. Now, if you will take my advice, you'll go out of this business as soon as you can."

"Why?"

"Because, Alan Vernon, I am sure you don't want to see your name dragged in the dirt, any more than I do." He fumbled in a drawer and produced a typewritten sheet. "Take that," he said, "and study it at your leisure. It's a sketch of the financial career of Messrs. Aylward and Champers-Haswell, also of the companies which they have promoted and been connected with, and what has happened to them and to those who invested in them. A man got it out for me yesterday, and I'm going to use it. As regards this Sahara thing, you think it all right, and so it is from an engineering point of view, but you will never live to see that sea which the British public is going to be asked to find so many millions to make. Look here. We have only three minutes more, so I will come to the point at once. It's Turkish territory, isn't it? And putting aside everything else, the security for the whole thing is a Firman from the Sultan?"

"Yes, Sir Robert Aylward and Haswell procured it in Constantinople. I have seen the document."

"Indeed, and are you well acquainted with the Sultan's signature? I know when they were there last autumn that potentate was very ill—"

"You mean," said Major Vernon, looking up.

"I mean, Alan, that I like not the security. I won't say any more as there is a law of libel in this land. 'The Judge' has certain sources of information. It may be that no pro-

test will be made at once, for bak-sheesh can stop it for a while, but sooner or later the protest or repudiation will come, and perhaps some international bother; also much scandal."

CHAPTER II.

THE YELLOW GOD.

Alan Vernon walked thoughtfully down the lead-covered stairs, hustled by eager gentlemen hurrying up to see the great editor whose bell was already ringing furiously, and was duly ushered by the obsequious assistant-chauffeur back into the luxurious motor. There was an electric lamp in this motor, and by the light of it, his mind being perplexed, he began to read the typewritten document given to him by Mr. Jackson, which he still held in his hand.

As it chanced, they were blocked for a quarter of an hour near the Mansion House, so that he found time, if not to master it, at least to gather enough of its contents to make him open his brown eyes very wide before the motor pulled up at the granite doorway of his office. Alan descended silently, and with a firm step walked straight into Sir Robert Aylward's room.

"How did you get on with Jackson, Vernon?" Sir Robert asked.

"I did not get on at all. He will not touch the thing on any terms, and indeed means to oppose it tooth and nail."

"Then he will find himself in a minority when the articles come out to-morrow. Of course it is a bore, but we are strong enough to snap our fingers at him."

Alan felt that the crisis had come. He must speak now or for ever hold his peace; indeed, Aylward was already looking round for his hat.

"Sir Robert," he broke in rather nervously, "I have something to say to you, something unpleasant," and he paused.

"Then please say it at once, Vernon. I want to dress for dinner; I am going to the theatre to-night, and must dine early," replied Aylward, in a voice of the utmost unconcern.

"It is," went on Alan with a rush, "that I do not like the lines upon which this business is being worked, and I wish to give up my interest in it and retire from the firm, as I have a right to do under our deed of partnership."

"Perhaps, Vernon, you remember that you hold over 1,700 of the Syndicate shares which we have worked up to £18, and think it wise to capture the profit in sight; generally speaking, a very sound principle."

"You are mistaken, Sir Robert," replied Alan flushing. "The way that those shares have been artificially put up is one of the things to which I most object. I shall only ask for mine the face value of £1 which I paid for them."

What is called an awkward pause ensued; in fact, it was a very awkward pause.

Mr. Champers-Haswell, who was present, remarked that the weather was very cold for April, and Alan agreed with him, while Sir Robert found his hat and brushed it with his sleeve. Then Mr. Haswell, in desperation—for in minor matters he was a kindly sort of man who disliked scenes and unpleasantness—muttered something as to seeing him—Alan—at the Court in Hertfordshire from Saturday to Monday.

"That was the arrangement," answered Alan bluntly, "but possibly, after what has happened, you will not wish that it should be kept."

"Oh! why not, why not?" said Mr. Haswell. "Sunday is a day of rest, when we make it a rule not to talk business, and if we did, perhaps we

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might all change our minds about these matters. Sir Robert is coming and I am sure that your cousin Barbara will be very disappointed if you do not turn up, for she understands nothing about these city things, which are Greek to her."

At the mention of the name of Barbara Sir Robert Aylward looked up from the papers which he affected to be tidying, and Alan thought that there was a kind of challenge in his eyes. A moment before he had made up his mind that no power on earth would induce him to spend a Sunday with his late partners at the Court. Now, acting upon some instinct or impulse, he reversed his opinion.

"Thanks," he said, "if that is understood, I shall be happy to come. I will drive over from Yarleys in time for dinner to-morrow. Perhaps you will say so to Barbara."

"She will be glad, I am sure," answered Mr. Haswell, "for she told me the other day that she wants to consult you about some outdoor theatricals that she means to get up in July."

"In July!" answered Alan with a little laugh. "I wonder where I shall be in July."

Then came another pause, which seemed to affect even Sir Robert's nerves, for, abandoning the papers, he walked down the room till he came to the golden object on the stand that has been described, and for the second time that day stood there contemplating it.

"This thing is yours, Vernon," he said, "and now that our relations are at an end, I suppose that you will want to take it away. What is its history? You never told me."

"Oh, that's a long story," answered Alan in an absent voice. "My uncle, who was a missionary, brought it from West Africa. I rather forget the facts, but Jeeki, my old negro servant, knows them all, for as a lad my uncle saved him from sacrifice, or something, in the place where they worship these things, and he has been with us ever since. It is a fetish with magical powers and all the rest of it. I believe they call it the Swimming Head and other names. If you look at it, you will see that it seems to swim between the shoulders, doesn't it?"

"Yes," said Sir Robert, "and I admire the beautiful beast. She is cruel and artistic, like—like finance. Look here, Vernon, we have quarrelled, and of course henceforth are enemies, for it is no use mincing matters, only fools do that. But in a way you are being hardly treated. You could get £20 apiece to-day for those shares of yours on the market, and I am paying you £1. I understand your scruples, but there is no reason why we should not square things. This fetish of yours has brought me luck, so let's do a deal. Leave it here, and instead of a cheque for £1,700, I will make you one out for £17,000."

"That's a very liberal offer," said Vernon. "Give me a moment to think it over."

Then he also walked into the corner of the room and contemplated the golden mask that seemed to float between the frog-like shoulders. The shimmering eyes drew his eyes, though what he saw in them does not matter. Indeed he could never remember.

"No, thank you," he said presently. "I don't think I will sell the Yellow God, as Jeeki calls it. Perhaps you will kindly keep her here for a week or so, until I make up my mind where to stow her."

Alan was outside at last. The massive granite portal vanished behind him in the evening mists, much as a nightmare vanishes. He, Alan Vernon, who for a year or more had been in bondage, was a free man again. He remembered that this step of his

meant that, sooner or later, within a year or two at most, Yarleys, where his family had dwelt for centuries, must go to the hammer. Why had he not accepted Aylward's offer and sold that old fetish to him for £17,000? There was no question of share-dealing there, and if a very wealthy man chose to give a fancy price for a curiosity, he could take it without doubt or shame. At least, it would have sufficed to save Yarleys, which after all was only mortgaged for £20,000. For the life of him he could not tell. He had acted on impulse, a very curious impulse, and there was an end of it, perhaps because his uncle had told him as a boy that the thing was unique, or perhaps because old Jeeki, his negro servant, venerated it so much and swore that it was "lucky." At any rate, he had declined, and there was an end. But another and a graver matter remained. He had desired wealth to save Yarleys, but he desired it still more for a different purpose. Above everything on earth he loved Barbara, his distant cousin, and the niece of Mr. Champers-Haswell, who until an hour ago had been his partner. Now she was a great heiress, and without fortune he could not marry her, even if she would marry him, which remained in doubt. For one thing, her uncle and guardian, Haswell, under her father's will, had absolute discretion in this matter until she reached the age of twenty-five, and for another, he was too proud.

When Alan had left the office, Sir Robert turned to Mr. Champers-Haswell and asked abruptly, "What the devil does this mean?"

Mr. Haswell looked up at the ceiling and whistled in his own peculiar fashion, then answered, "I cannot say for certain, but I tell you that of late our luck has been too good to last. The boom, the real boom, came in with Vernon, and with Vernon I think that it will go."

"At any rate it must leave something pretty substantial behind it this time, Aylward, my friend. Whatever happens, within a week we shall be rich, really rich for life."

"For life, Haswell, yes, for life. But what is life? A bubble that any pin may prick. Oh! I know that you do not like the subject, but it is as well to look it in the face sometimes. There, let's get out of this before I grow superstitious. Got your hat and coat? So have I, come on," and he switched off the light, so that the room was left in darkness except for the faint glimmering of the fire.

"Good Lord deliver us," chimed in Mr. Haswell in a shaking voice behind him. "What the devil's that?"

Sir Robert looked round and saw, or thought that he saw, something very strange. From the pillar on which it stood, the golden fetish with a woman's face appeared to have floated. The firelight showed it gliding towards them across, but a few inches above, the floor of the great room. It came very slowly, but it came. Now it reached them and paused, and now it rose into the air until it attained the height of Mr. Champers-Haswell and stayed there, staring into his face and not a hand's breadth away, just as though it were a real woman glaring at him.

He uttered a sound, half whistle and half groan, and fell back, as it chanced on to a morocco covered seat behind him. For a moment or two the gleaming, golden mask floated in the air. Then it turned very deliberately, rose a little way, and moving sidelong to where Sir Robert stood, hung in front of his face.

Aylward staggered to the mantelpiece and began to fumble for the switch. He found it at last, and next instant the office broke into a blaze of light.

(To be continued)

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Along Canadian Northern Railways

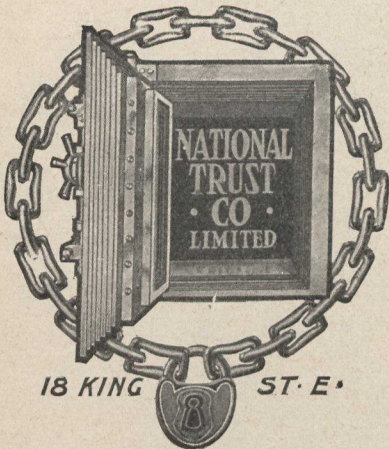
There will be a Canadian Northern exhibit from six provinces, at the Sportsmen's Shows, at Toronto (March 21-28) and at Montreal (April 4-11.)

The Canadian Northern sporting territories extend over four hundred miles in Nova Scotia; six hundred in Quebec; two hundred in Eastern Ontario; three hundred between Lake Superior and Lake of the Woods; and across the Prairie Provinces.

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Prospective travellers' enquires answered by any of the following:—WINNIPEG, G. H. Shaw, Scott Building, Main Street; TORONTO, Wm. Phillips, Canadian Northern Building; MONTREAL, Guy Tombs, Canadian Northern Quebec Offices, St. James Street; QUEBEC, Alex. Hardy Quebec and Lake St. John Offices, HALLIFAX, P. Mooney, 124 Hollis Street.



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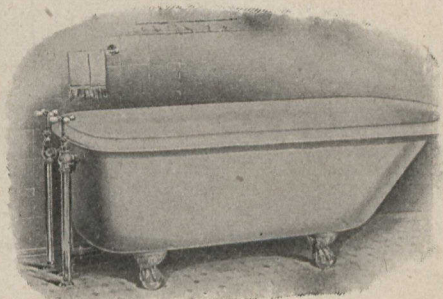
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