

The Canadian Courier

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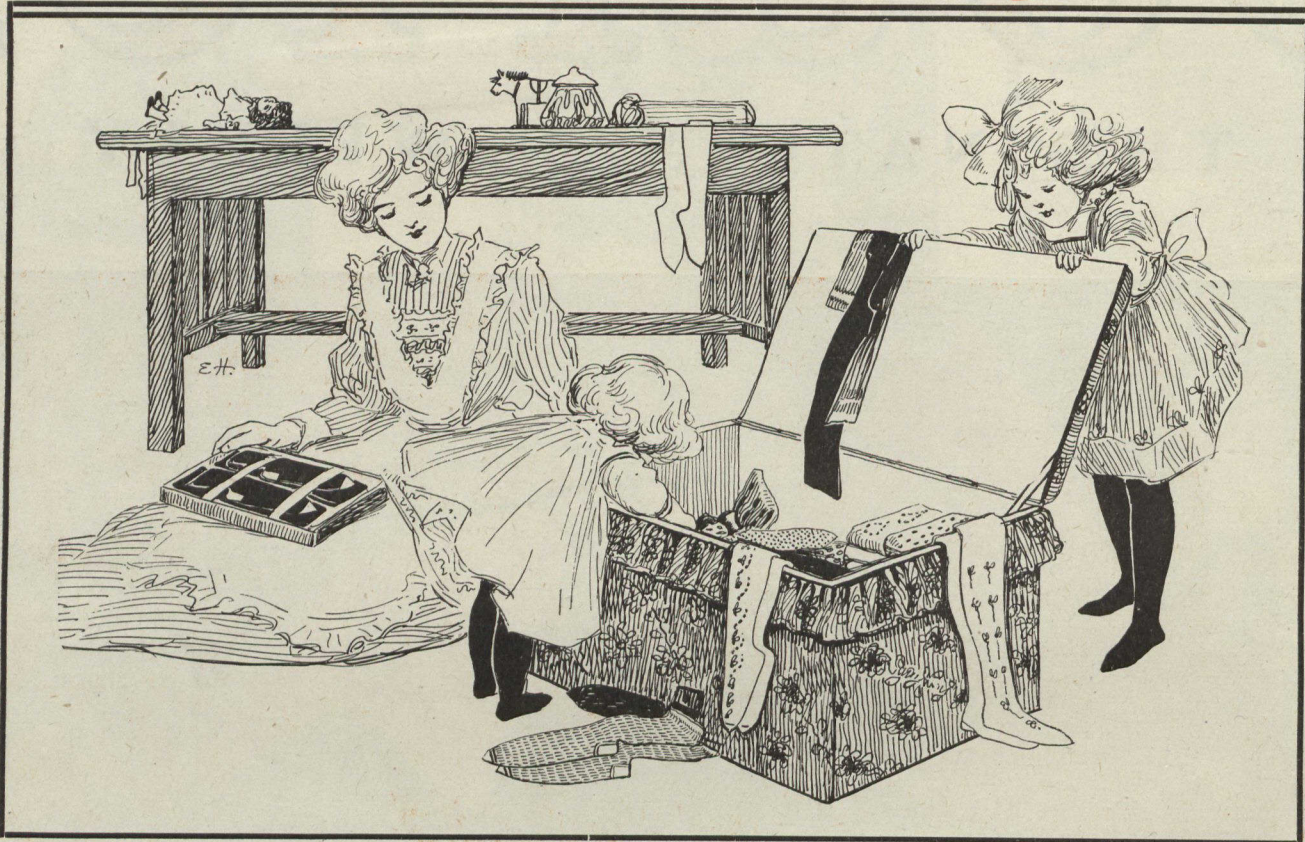
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



Drawn by Marguerite Buller-Allan.

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

Have You Enough Stockings to Last Until August?



Why we specify August is because after this sale is over six months will pass before a similar event offers hope for similar prices. Better buy a full, free, liberal supply for the next half year. We have plenty if you choose at once—English, French and German stockings of every plain and pretty sort.

AND THE PRICES---WELL, HERE ARE EXAMPLES---

Men's Imported Lisle and Cotton Socks, fancy patterns, in stripes and checks—double spliced heel, toe and sole—all sizes. Regular 25c. value. Hosiery sale price, per pair 12½c.

Men's Heavy All Wool Black Ribbed Worsted Socks, English made, heavy and warm. Regular 35c. value. Hosiery sale price, per pair 23c.

Women's Fine Imported Lisle Thread Hose, new styles in embroideries, laces and plain black, white, tan, and all the newest colours. Regular 60c. Hosiery sale price 35c., 3 pairs \$1.00.

Women's Lisle Thread Hose, black, tan, full fashioned. Regular 30c. Hosiery sale price, pair 19c.

Women's Ribbed Black Cashmere Hose, full fashioned, double spliced heel, toe and sole. Regular 45c., 50c. Hosiery sale price, pair 29c.

Misses' Ribbed Black Cashmere Stockings, seamless, double spliced heel, toe and sole. Regular 30c. Hosiery sale price, pair 18c., 3 pairs 50c.

Misses' Plain and Ribbed Black Cashmere Hose, English made, soft and fine, full fashioned, double spliced heel, toe and sole. Regular 40c. and 45c. Hosiery sale price, pair 25c.

Infants' Fancy Lisle Thread Socks, fancy patterns, fancy tops, new goods for spring. Hosiery sale price, pair, 15c., 20c., 25c.

Men's Plain Black Cashmere Socks, regular 30c., 35c. Hosiery sale price, pair 19c.

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Men's Lisle Thread Socks, all new goods, newest patterns and colours. Regular 25c. and 30c. Hosiery sale price, pair 15c.

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TORONTO

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Owned by and bottled under the direct control of the French Government

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Old As You Feel
It's a simple matter of Stomach and Liver. Take

Abbey's Effer-vescent Salt

SOLD EVERYWHERE. 31



Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on FRIDAY, 18th MARCH, 1910, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years twenty-four times per week each way, between Parry Harbor and James Bay Railway Station from the 1st April next.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of Parry Harbor and Parry Sound, and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
MAIL SERVICE BRANCH,
Ottawa, 31st January, 1910.
G. C. ANDERSON,
Superintendent.



Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on FRIDAY, 18th MARCH, 1910, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years 12-6 times per week each way, between Erindale and C. P. R. Station, Sheridan and Clarkson G. T. R. Station, from the Postmaster General's pleasure.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Erindale, Sheridan, Clarkson, and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
MAIL SERVICE BRANCH,
G. C. ANDERSON,
Ottawa, 31st January, 1910.
Superintendent.

Camphor Ice VASELINE

FOR CHAPPED SKIN AND LIPS, COLD SORES, WINDBURN.

12 Vaseline Remedies in Tubes
Capsicum, Borated, Mentholated, Carbulated, Camphorated, White Oxide of Zinc, etc. Each for special purposes. Write for Free Vaseline Book.

CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO. (Gons'd)
379 Craig St. W., Montreal

The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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Editor's Talk

SOME people say that Canada has only a little timber left; some say there is a sufficient quantity to last a century. Whatever the rights of the case, there is no doubt of the importance of the Forestry Problem. Its relation to climate is one phase; its relation to navigation and water-power is another; its relation to settlement is a third. Professor Ross will deal broadly and popularly with the subject in four articles. We commend them to the consideration of every citizen who has the welfare of the country at heart.

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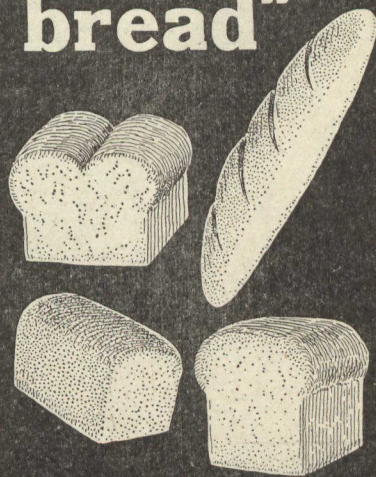
ARRANGEMENTS are being perfected steadily to provide the readers of this journal with the strongest and most attractive short stories written by Canadian writers. Last week, Mrs. MacKay's serial came to an end, and this week a series of six complete mining stories by Mr. W. A. Fraser are begun. No Canadian writer, not even Sir Gilbert Parker or Robert Barr, has maintained the quality of his story-telling style as has Mr. Fraser. His tales are not the product of fire-place musings. For these mining stories he has gone out into the wilderness of New Ontario, so rapidly being transformed by commerce, mining and agriculture, and has studied the miner face to face. He has eaten at the same table and slept in the same shack. The "vernacular" is secured at first hand. The setting is thoroughly studied. The plots are based on actual occurrences. When you have read them and felt the bite of this powerful pen, pass them on to your neighbour so that he too may enjoy the force of them.

* * *

NEXT week, the Canadian Courier will have a "Motor-Girl" cover and some special pictures of the Motor Show in Toronto. The gasoline car, for pleasure, business and commerce, is coming fast, therefore we need not apologise for the purpose of next week's issue.



"More bread & better bread"



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In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier

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Is There Any Good Reason Why You Should Not Wear EATON'S *Acme* Underwear Exclusively?

If such a question were asked you in person it is practically certain that your reply would be in the negative. You have probably noticed how popular this brand is fast becoming. There are several good common sense reasons for this well-merited popularity, and among others we may mention:—

(1) That *Acme* Underwear is of our own manufacture, consequently we know the quality of the raw materials used, the styles adopted, and the skill of the labor employed. We assure you that nothing is overlooked, and that every garment is thoroughly inspected and pronounced first-class in all respects before leaving our hands.

(2) We can save you money on every article you buy from us, since—by doing our own manufacturing—we have eliminated the profits of the middleman. In other words we leave this direct saving in your pocket.

(3) The Bare Cost of Production, plus the one small Eaton profit, is all you are paying when you buy *Acme* Underwear. Send us an order to-day.



R1-1801. Women's Night Gown made of soft finished cotton, neat Mother Hubbard yoke of six clusters of tucks and four rows lace insertion, neck finished with lace, lengths 56, 58 and 60 inches, well made and finished in every way; generous sizes. **Sale Price 47c**



R1-1802. Women's Night Gown made of soft finished cotton, neat slip-over, no button style, round neck of embroidery with ribbon draw, sleeves finished with lawn frill, well made and finished; generous width; lengths 56, 58 and 60 ins. **Sale Price 57c**



R1-1803. Women's Night Gown made of good quality soft finished cotton, neat Mother Hubbard yoke of tucked lawn; neck, front and sleeves finished with narrow embroidery; good quality, full sizes, well made in every way, lengths 56, 58 and 60 ins. **Price 67c**



R1-5801. Women's Chemise made of soft cotton, low round neck finished with lace edge, arms to match, finished below, with lace insertion, full sizes up to 40 bust, well made and finished in every way. **Sale Price 35c**

R1-5802. Women's Chemise made of good soft finished cotton, low round neck, finished with narrow edge of embroidery, arms to match, finished below with extra wide embroidery insertion. **Sale Price 50c**

R1-1804. Women's Night Gown, handsome square yoke of durable embroidery insertion, made of soft finished cotton, neck finished with narrow embroidery, full sizes, 56, 58 and 60 ins. **Sale Price 73c**

R1-1804X. Same as 1804, only extra size 40-42, No. 44 bust. **Sale Price 89c**



R1-1805. Women's Night Gown made of soft finished cotton, handsome round yoke of good quality lawn, of neat solid tucks; neck, yoke and sleeves are finished with frill of good quality embroidery, well made and finished in every way, lengths 56, 58 and 60 ins. **Sale Price 85c**



R1-1806. Women's Night Gown made of extra fine soft finished cotton, handsome square yoke of wide embroidery insertion, Swiss beading with ribbon draw, neck and sleeves finished with embroidery edge, generous sizes, lengths 56, 58 and 60 inches. **Sale Price 85c**



R1-1807. Women's Night Gown made of extra fine soft finished cotton, with handsome all-over embroidery yoke, ribbon draw, sleeves finished with narrow neat pattern embroidery, well made and finished in every way, lengths 56, 58 and 60 inches. Special. **Sale Price 89c**



R1-1808. Women's Night Gown made of fine soft finished cotton, handsome square yoke of solid tucked lawn finished with one row embroidery insertion, and below with embroidery frill, neck with Swiss beading, ribbon draw and embroidery edge, sleeves to match, full sizes, well made, lengths 56, 58 and 60 inches. **Sale Price 1.15**

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THE **T. EATON CO** LIMITED
TORONTO CANADA

We Guarantee Satisfaction or Refund Your Money



T H E

Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



VOL. 7

Toronto, February 26th, 1910

No. 13

REFLECTIONS

BY THE EDITOR

MR. FIELDING and Mr. Pugsley quietly buried the Georgian Bay canal scheme last week. It was an ordinary form of burial—eulogy for the departed, a few tears over the pier, and then “earth to earth.” The epitaph was composed by Mr. Fielding and runs as follows:

“NOT GOOD FINANCE, NOT GOOD POLITICS
AND NOT WISE AT PRESENT.”

Will the Georgian Bay canal scheme ever rise again from the dead? Of course it will. It was our own poet-laureate, Wilfred Campbell, who wrote:

“I was a dream, and the world was a dream,
But you cannot bury a red sunbeam.”

The G. B. C. is a red sunbeam to the crowd of contractors who know that all government jobs are good jobs. Think of it—let a hundred million job die? Nay, nay—not so long as there are galvanic batteries of speech and pen to infuse life into the lifeless. The G. B. C. will return in due course, as the neighbourhood cat with its nine lives. It will return again and again, and its last life may be better than the other eight. That ninth life will do duty in 1919, and who knows how rich we may be then. The National Transcontinental should be in working order by that time, the Quebec Bridge should be teeming with the airship traffic, the Hudson Bay route should be teeming with the grain vessels of the world, the Saskatchewan should be navigable from Edmonton to Prince Albert, the West should have all its lands given away and all its railways built—and for want of something better to do, we shall probably build the G. B. C. However, we shall have plenty of fun at the eight intervening burials.

POOR Mr. Asquith! He is having a hard time of it. With only two of a majority over the Unionists, he is dependent on the Labourites and Irish Nationalists for a majority. The Labourites say they will not support him, if he puts the Budget before the question of abolishing the veto of the House of Lords. The Nationalists say they will not support him unless he promises them a full Home Rule menu. If he yields to the Labourites and not to the Nationalists, he would be defeated. If he yields to the Nationalists and not to the Labourites, his chances of getting through would be better, but none too good. Much would depend on the unanimity obtaining among the Liberals. If he yields to both, he may disrupt his own party, displease His Majesty, King Edward, and place himself in an impossible position.

Opposed to him, he has a fairly strong Opposition, somewhat flushed with victory, and led by a calm, sober tactician. Mr. Balfour is quite Mr. Asquith's match in the House. The Premier has indeed a difficult task in front of him. If he succeeds, his fame as a statesman and political leader will be tremendously enhanced; if he fails to do what seems impossible, he will probably hand in his resignation and leave the decision in the hands of the electors. The events of the next fortnight will possibly tell the tale.

ONE would have expected Sir Wilfrid Laurier to be kinder to Manitoba than he has been. Was it not the Manitoba School Question which wrecked the Great Conservative Party and allowed Sir Wilfrid's frozen army to march into the warm area of power and office? And yet Sir Wilfrid refuses justice, even bare justice.

In a state paper recently presented to the people of Manitoba through its Lieutenant-Governor, the Hon. Robert Rogers and the Hon. C. H. Campbell report that in March, 1909, they interviewed Sir Wilfrid at Ottawa and asked that the boundaries of the postage-stamp province should be extended. They did not get all they asked for, but

finally an agreement was reached. They then asked that, in the consequent readjustment of financial terms, Manitoba should be put in a position of equality with her sister provinces in

the West. What more reasonable request could be framed? “As you have meted to Saskatchewan and Alberta, so mete to us.” Does that not sound fair?

What was the answer? In the words of Messrs. Rogers and Campbell, “Sir Wilfrid most strenuously objected.” He would give Manitoba only ten thousand a year—“which amount we regarded as particularly absurd.” Of course, of course.

Then these reasonable men from Winnipeg decided that they would accept less favourable terms; they would be willing to be treated as are Ontario and Quebec. This would give them the ownership of all lands, timber and ore in the new territory and all unsold crown lands in what is now Manitoba. Alas, Sir Wilfrid refused to agree to even this and he “then informed us that he considered there was no object to be gained by further continuing our conference.”

Such is the latest phase in a great controversy. The question is therefore before the Manitoba Legislature for diligent consideration. Speaking in all earnestness, it will have just ground for further strenuous complaint. Manitoba should be enlarged and should be given more liberal terms. In refusing to grant some measure of relief, we believe Sir Wilfrid has not shown that generosity and breadth of view which has so often characterised his actions and judgments.

THAT hatchet has been buried. Probably the omnibus navy resolution did it; perhaps there were other causes. Whatever the circumstances, we do know that last Thursday night, the Hon. Robert Rogers rose before an audience in the Conservative club rooms in Winnipeg and referred to Mr. R. L. Borden as “our good leader.” The proof will be found on page five of the *Winnipeg Telegram* of the 18th, first column, second paragraph, fourth line. We give these definite particulars because of the importance of these three little words, perhaps the most important words yet spoken by a Canadian in 1910. “Our good leader”! The words are not so much in themselves, but they were uttered by the Hon. Robert Rogers, and they referred to Mr. R. L. Borden. Don't you understand?

Those who know of the doubts and misgivings which have disturbed the Conservative Party during the past twelve months do not need to be told how significant is such an expression from Winnipeg. In the same speech, Mr. Rogers said “If there is one thing that makes me prouder than another of Mr. Borden, it is the magnificent stand he has taken in defense of the people of this country.” He also said “I am proud of our leader and the loyal opposition at Ottawa.” These are longer and more ambitious utterances but they cannot compare with “Our good leader.” The latter expression should become historic. It is clear, definite, pointed, brief, significant, clever, adroit, telling, expressive, momentous. To those of us who have been wondering if the Conservative Party was likely to split into two parts somewhere about Kenora, this expression comes to us as a balmy south wind, a cooling zephyr for feverish minds. The crisis is past. The rubicon is crossed and Cassius' dagger has sought its sheath.

MUCH real estate advertising graces the pages of the Canadian newspapers. Cobalt flotations have gone bad, the merger business has been overdone, the oil companies have closed a successful season, and therefore the way is cleared for the real estate boomster. As a general rule, it is safe to assume that any proposition which is over-advertised is not quite sound. Real estate which is boomed by small “ads.” may be a good investment; real estate which is boomed by full-page “ads.” is almost sure to be doubtful. Town-lot advertising is one of the oldest fake games on the continent.

Just think a minute. If you were selling lots in a good district of

a growing town, would you sell them all at once or would you sell them gradually? When you sell a few lots to people who at once commence to build houses or factories, the other lots immediately go up in value, do they not? Well, then, the sane real estate man sells gradually and gets the ascending scale of prices.

We are reminded forcibly of this weakness of small-pursed people to buy town-lots in distant places, by a statement credited to a Fort George newspaper. This honest British Columbian says that real estate dealers in Vancouver are selling \$10 town-lots in Fort George to people in Oklahoma, California, Wisconsin, Ontario and other places at \$150 to \$250. Perhaps this is an over-statement, but a courageous journalist vouches for it. There are many Fort George's in Canada just now and as a general rule it is as safe to buy mining stock in a company which does not own a mine, or an oil company which never sank a well, as to buy town-lots on a paper map.

GERMANY and Canada have had a friendly chat and have come to terms. For some time we have been suggesting that such a course would be profitable to this country. Last September, the Manufacturers pointed out that to advocate trade extensions with Germany was unpatriotic and disloyal. Nevertheless we felt that the disloyalty cry was being so overworked in Canada, that it would be safe to ignore it. We felt that if the British throne were tottering, another puny blow would not matter. Strangely enough, the reform has come and King Edward and Britannia still rule as usual.

Mr. Fielding rather surprised everybody with his celerity on this occasion. There are a lot of people who think, deep down in their hearts, that Mr. Fielding must have made a bad bargain, because he did not consult them. We confess to a little disappointment ourselves. Our campaign in favour of an improvement in German-Canadian relations was not yet well under way. We were collecting information through a Berlin correspondent and expected to make a great "hit" with it. Mr. Fielding does not seem to have given any person the slightest warning. It may be that he did not tell even Sir Wilfrid about it.

The Toronto *Evening Telegram* raises a nice point in connection

with this Treaty or Convention. The Editor of that estimable journal will be allowed to ask his question in his own inimitable way. We quote:

"If the consumer 'necessarily and inevitably pays the duty,' why should the producers of Canada rejoice at the removal or reduction of the German duty on this country's agricultural products?"

"Free traders insist that a British duty on foreign food products would be a burden upon the old-country consumers of these products."

"Then the German duty on Canadian food products must be a burden upon the German consumers of these products."

"Why, then, should the farmers of Canada rejoice at the removal of German duties which they never had to pay, if free trade were true, which it is not and never was."

THAT long-drawn fight between the boss plumbers of Winnipeg and their employees has been settled by the Privy Council in favour of the bosses. The appeal was made from a decision by Judge Mathers arising out of a strike in July, 1906. It took nearly four years to carry the case through all the courts. The Judge granted an injunction against the strikers and also awarded the bosses damages amounting to \$4,000 for picketing, conspiracy and boycotting.

The principle involved was the right to picket and boycott during a strike. In other places in Canada, judges have refused to grant injunctions in such cases. Judge Mathers, however, took a different view, and the Privy Council upheld him. Whether the decision shall be considered a precedent binding on all other judges remains to be seen. If not considered absolutely binding, it will at least have considerable influence on future judicial decisions.

In accordance with trades-union tactics, it will now be in order for the labour organisations to have such legislation passed as will nullify the decision. When the British judges decided that union funds could be seized to pay damages assessed against unions, the labour party successfully sought legislation making the union funds "immune." There have been many similar examples. Of course, no government in these democratic days can afford to deny any such requests. It is "advanced legislation" don't you know.

The New British Labour Exchanges

By H. LINTON ECCLES

THE most important attempt—as it is also the first to be placed on a national basis—to deal with the tremendous problem of unemployment in Britain, is now in working order. The attempt takes the form of labour exchanges throughout the kingdom, and the idea is founded upon the schemes that have been instituted with varied success in Germany, France, Belgium and Switzerland.

Altogether no new legislation with such wide aims as this has met with less adverse criticism. The general feeling throughout the country is that the system must be given a fair trial, and that criticism would be much better postponed until the new labour exchanges have proved their ineffectiveness or otherwise. That, of course, is the only sensible attitude to adopt towards a novel institution.

The new plan of the Government for dealing with the out-of-works may be briefly described as having the general object of bringing the man who wants to work into touch with the employer who has work to offer. For this purpose a sub-department of the Board of Trade—of which Mr. Winston Churchill is president—has been formed to assume the duties of a central board of control. The United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland has been divided into eleven industrial districts, each in charge of a divisional chief.

These divisions, again, will be sub-divided into a national clearing-house, situated in London; ten divisional clearing-houses; 32 first-class exchanges for towns of over 100,000 inhabitants; 43 second-class exchanges for towns of over 50,000 inhabitants; 20 third-class exchanges for smaller towns; and 20 sub-offices for still smaller districts or urban areas. It is estimated that when all these offices are working the annual cost will be about £200,000 and that between 800 and 1,000 officials will be employed in the management of them.

Naturally, having seen something of the results achieved by these labour exchanges on the continent, I was greatly interested in their somewhat belated establishment in my own country. There is nothing strange about the idea of the State as employment agent in France and Germany and the lesser coun-

tries, but I was curious to learn how this entirely new role now adopted by a British Government would be regarded by both employers and employees in Britain. With the object, then, of informing myself in this direction, I set out to visit some of the exchanges.

These new State labour agents have no intention of hiding their light or their business under a bushel. In plain white letters on a green ground, the legend, "Board of Trade Labour Exchange" is painted over the shop. Also a sign hanging out over the door reads: "E. R.—Labour Exchange (Board of Trade)." That will do for the outside. Taking your turn in the queue, you get inside, and find yourself in what closely resembles a penny bank or a branch post-office. There is the inevitable counter between you and the clerks, and the just as inevitable grille or wire-work monstrosity on your edge of the counter. Evidently these counters were designed not to be leant across, but so that the business might be done over them as speedily as possible. And that despatch is necessary in these first days of registering, for there are hundreds, thousands even, of applicants lining up to have their names put down on the registers. One mentally, whilst waiting, figures out the proportion of unemployed to prospective employers.

Your turn comes, and the official behind the grille puts you through a brief catechism—age, trade, where you last worked, what you are willing to do, and so on. There is a refreshing freedom from red tape and silly, unnecessary questions. You are not asked what was the religion of your grandmother, or for how many children your step-father was responsible. They sensibly "cut the cackle," these new officials, and ask you only such queries as actually bear upon the immediate business of the moment—to satisfy your requirements, if possible. When he has entered his particulars the official hands you a card, stamped with a number and marked with an official seal, and says: "If you are suited before this day week, post this card to us and say so; you needn't put a stamp upon it. If you are not successful call again in seven days."

The exchanges, it should be explained, are

divided into three compartments—for employers, male and female employees respectively. Nobody pays a cent. Anyone who is out of work can go to his or her district exchange and register. The employer can write or telephone, stating his requirements. Applicants for work are first put on the "Live Register," which is kept for those who have either just registered or have renewed their application within a week, not having found employment. There is also an "Intermediate Register," for those whose cards have lapsed during the previous fourteen days, or who have been sent after jobs and have not informed the Exchange of the result. Another list is the "Dead Register," of people for whom work has been found, or who have not renewed their registration for over fourteen days.

What results may be expected from the new labour exchanges? Well, at any rate, the first will be that they will sort out the workers from the shirkers. It will separate the genuine workers from the "won't works." Previously there has been necessarily little true discrimination between the two classes. Then, as a matter of course, the skilled worker will benefit most. He is the man who has learnt a trade, who knows what he can do. He is not one of the nondescript class who are ready to "do anything," without being capable of doing anything properly. The casual labourer must remain an unsolved problem. He is bound always to alternate between employment and unemployment. He will always be the first to suffer when trade generally is bad.

The labour exchanges do not pretend to make work; no system of offices and officials can create employment. But they most certainly can regulate to a large extent the labour market. The exchanges can do nothing for the wastrels, the idlers, the tramps, the mere nomads of civilisation whose business in human society, whatever else it may be, is certainly not to live as useful members of it. But they will most decidedly prove a God-send to the genuine working man for whose labour there is a demand, either in his own or some other district. He, anyhow, will be saved the heart-breaking experience of tramping miles upon miles, chasing the shadow of employment, whose material embodiment lies perhaps in quite an opposite direction. The one question we find ourselves asking—as we have asked it about other reforms over and over again—is, why wasn't it accomplished long ago?

MEN OF TO-DAY

AN R. M. C. GRADUATE

COLONEL T. BENSON of Ottawa has the unique distinction of being the first Royal Military College graduate to receive one of the higher military commands in the Canadian army. Very few of the R. M. C. graduates have found their way into the Canadian permanent militia; most of them have either gone into the British service or into civic occupations. For a long time it looked as if the military authorities at Ottawa were distrustful of their own progeny. They preferred to get young men from England who came highly recommended by some member of the British Government or some member of the peerage. It was exceedingly curious to note the British Government making all sorts of inducements to get R. M. C. graduates and the Canadian Government absolutely refusing to give them opportunities. The situation has recently been considerably modified.

Colonel Benson is a son of the late Hon. James R. Benson of St. Catharines. He was educated at Upper Canada College and at the R. M. C. He received a commission in B Battery, Royal Canadian Artillery, in 1883. He served in various capacities in the service and finally, in 1905, was made commandant of the Royal Canadian Garrison Artillery when Canada took over the Halifax fortress. After three years there he was made Colonel and commandant of the Royal School of Artillery and head of the permanent artillery force. Late last year, on the death of General Buchan, Colonel Gordon was transferred from Ottawa to Montreal, and Colonel Benson succeeded Colonel Gordon as Officer Commanding Eastern Ontario Command.

Colonel Benson married a daughter of Captain T. Merrett, late of the Royal Canadian Rifles and a well-known resident of the city of Kingston.



Colonel T. Benson,
Officer Commanding Eastern Ontario.

A GENEROUS MEMORIAL

DO you know what it feels like to take a check-book and calmly write off a quarter of a million from profits or reserve fund or capital account—then quietly sign your name and turn the document over to a philanthropic institution? The number of men in Canada who have ever done such a thing would not make a street-car uncomfortable. Last week, however, a well-known citizen of Toronto did it, and the business which he represents and manages is still rated as high in Bradstreet's as it was the day before. Mr. J. C. Eaton has given a quarter of a million for a surgical wing to the new public General Hospital in Toronto. The Hospital Board received it gladly. Mr. Eaton was the kind of man they had been looking for; a philanthropist more practical than Carnegie, whose sole concern in giving away millions is to look after the minds of the human race, leaving other benefactors to take care of their bodies.

Quite likely Mr. Eaton doesn't consider himself a philanthropist. He has no particular theory about the case. If you should ask him the philosophy of the thing he might say that an organisation which has made millions out of the public by system and good values can well afford now and again to put something back on the other side of the ledger. At any rate, J. C. Eaton has given his quarter of a million, which is more than a third of the total amount given by other private benefactors to the new hospital scheme; and he probably never paid a score nor totaled up a year's profit with half so much satisfaction. In fact, that's the very best way any man can patronise a hospital; more comfortable than paying fees and undergoing operations. Besides, there's the monument. What more could a man want? It's all very well to have two or three big stores and half a dozen factories, and a business system that sends a delivery waggon ten miles to a summer resort to deliver a spool of thread. It's very satisfactory to fall heir to a business that employs more than ten thousand people and sends goods by mail clear out to Cariboo and down to Sydney; that buys its goods in all the marts of Europe and caters to the needs of mankind in almost everything but coffins. It's a fine thing to have a big house up on a hill with a thirty-thousand dollar pipe organ inside, a wireless station on top of a store and the other end of the system installed on the finest yacht in all the lakes of

Canada. It's good sport to have motor-boats without stint and automobiles as fine as the best; and there's no gamier enthusiast among all the motoring fraternity than J. C. Eaton, who has also a line of lake steamboats under his control. It's a matter for profound gratitude to have the kind of power in the public way that J. C. Eaton has it, without having the trouble of sitting in council, or running for a seat in the Legislature, or sitting in Parliament.

But over and above all this, representing millions invested in business and comfort and pleasure—it's safe speculation that this little quarter of a million nibbled off the edge and handed over to the Public Hospital Board in Toronto, will give J. C. Eaton a greater new interest in life than anything else he has ever done or dreamed of doing. "Go thou and do likewise"—would be a bit of advice most of us would like to put into practice. But we can't; so the best we can do is to give credit to the man who has done it.

REV. CHARLES J. S. BETHUNE, M.A., D.C.L., F.R.S.C.

IN the *Canadian Naturalist* (Montreal) for June, 1862, there appeared a short article containing a list of entomologists in Canada, thirty-six in number. The writer was Rev. Charles J. S. Bethune, B.A., of Cobourg, C.W., who credited William Saunders of London with assisting him in compiling the list. The object of the article was to make collectors known to one another. The suggestion was made that a club should be formed for the purpose of advancing the study of entomology in Canada. Out of this came the organisation of the Entomological Society of Canada, which took place on the 16th of April, 1863, in the Canadian Institute, Toronto, when papers were read by Messrs. Bethune and Saunders. Among the members were to be found many of the most eminent Canadian scientists, Professor Croft, Professor Hincks, Robert Bell, J. H. Sangster, B. and E. Billings, Dr. G. P. Girdwood. In August, 1868, appeared the first issue of the *Canadian Entomologist*, with Mr. Bethune as editor. In 1873 he was succeeded by Dr. Saunders, who continued the work until 1896, when he was appointed Director of the Dominion Experimental Farms. Dr. Bethune then returned to the editor's chair and has remained there until the completion of the 41st volume in December, 1909, when he felt himself compelled to hand over the work to a younger man, Dr. E. M. Walker of the University of Toronto.

The University of Trinity College conferred upon Mr. Bethune the degree of D.C.L. in 1883, and in 1892 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Canada. In 1906 he was appointed Professor of Entomology at the Ontario Agricultural College, a position that he continues to fill with distinguished ability.

Dr. Bethune has entered upon his 72nd year but is still rendering most efficient public service in a quiet, unobtrusive way. He deserves a prominent place among the "grand old men" of Canada.

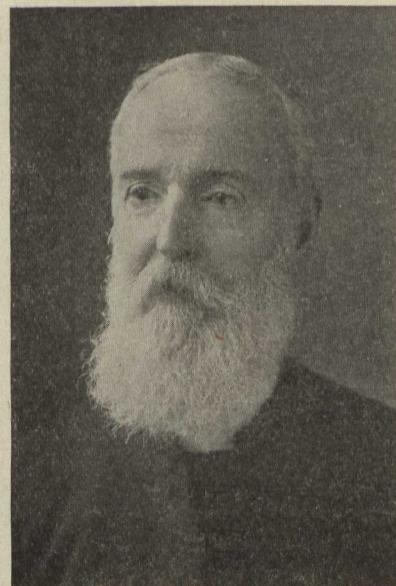
THE LATEST A.D.C.

COLONEL S. B. STEELE has just been appointed honorary A. D. C. to His Excellency the Governor-General. Colonel Steele is one of our most admired warriors. He is president of the Canadian South African Veterans' Association, which shows the esteem in which he is held by those who represented Canada in the South African campaign. He is officer commanding District No. 10, which comprises the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and the districts lying north and east of these provinces. The head of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police and Colonel Steele are the twin guardians of the West. When both were younger, Commissioner Perry and Colonel Steele were brother officers in that famous corps which has kept life and property in peace and security since the prairie was first regularly inhabited by white men. Col. Steele's experiences in the Rebellion, in the Kootenays and in the Yukon were rounded out by his work in South Africa as commandant of the Strathcona Horse, and later in charge of the mounted constabulary. He is a Companion of the Bath and a Member of the Victorian Order. His latest honour is not one of his greatest but it is the highest that a Governor-General of Canada has to offer without reference to the London authorities.

There is no sort of decorative honour that can ever make much real difference to the man Col. Steele, who four or five Governors-General ago began to be a national safeguard in the great West; and it is due in large measure to such work as his that the Canadian West has developed without bar-room shootings and wholesale risings of red men.



Mr. J. C. Eaton,
Head of the T. Eaton Co., Limited.



Prof. C. J. S. Bethune,
Ontario Agricultural College

ALL THINGS CONSIDERED

By PETER McARTHUR

SO many public questions involve an appeal to the loyalty of the citizen that a consideration of this admirable virtue may not be unprofitable. Man is by nature a loyal animal. In his childhood he lips loyalty to his mother. When he goes to school his loyalty to his chum is usually unflinching. In his adolescence he breathes fervent loyalty to some divinity of peaches and cream and in his manhood he almost invariably becomes hidebound in his devotion to some political party. All these phases of the virtue except the last are commendable, and the trouble with it is that it often obscures what should be the greatest phase of all—loyalty to country. It is a peculiar thing that most men cherish loyalty to their country as something apart from politics—as a virtue to be exercised only in case of an emergency. They regard it in the same light as they do those fat blue bottles and red painted axes displayed in public buildings and railway carriages and marked, "Only to be used in case of fire." Let a great danger threaten and loyalty to party at once gives way to loyalty to country. Rightly considered, loyalty to party should not exist except as a means of rendering effective loyalty to country, but as a rule it takes its place. If people could be made to realise that it is not by accident that countries are always referred to as feminine their conduct would be different. Our country is like a woman inasmuch as she finds the constant little attentions of greater value than great sacrifices. The little attentions, however, are the sum and substance of party politics. Because of this they are seldom rendered in a way to do the country the greatest amount of good. As our national anthem so vigorously phrases it in the expurgated stanza, "Confound their politics!"

* * *

DO men "retire" from business any more? I have not heard of anyone performing this gracious and dignified act for many a busy day. A few years ago gossip was always busy with some man who had just retired or was about to retire and the obituary notices of those happier times carried as a stock line, "He retired from business in eighteen umpty-um," etc., etc. Now the stock line seems to be, "He retained his faculties to the last and was active in business until stricken by the fatal illness." Business men of the current type seem to be as anxious to die in the harness as the old-time bad man was to die with his boots on. "Better to wear out than to rust out" is a favourite maxim with them, and they regard retirement with the same horror as they do bankruptcy. The passion for action and success consumes them like a fever. Occasionally one makes a pretence of retiring by going into the Senate, but many of our elder statesmen keep in touch with business as long as they can see the glint of gold or hear the jingle of a dollar. To parody Benedick, "Shall I never see a retired business man of three-score again?"

* * *

IN this connection I want to say that somewhere in London, England, there is a business man for whom I have the profoundest admiration. One day an American advertising agent came to my office and began, metaphorically, to weep on my shoulder.

"What do you think?" he whimpered. "I have just had an interview with Mr. Blank, managing director of the Blank Manufacturing Company. I laid before him a scheme that would double the profits of his business without risk and with trifling cost. It was a beautiful scheme and I had worked it out to the last detail. He considered it carefully and admitted that there was not a flaw in it. And then what do you think he said?"

I expressed the needful curiosity and the exasperated business doctor shouted:

"He said, 'I don't want to touch it. Your scheme would increase my business so much that I would have to give up my week-ends.' What do you think of that? He would rather play golf and shoot and all that rot than double his profits."

I didn't tell him what I thought but I simply yearned to meet that business man and tell him how much I admired a man who knew when he had enough.

* * *

A CRITIC who must be a Bohemian litterateur—his undecipherable signature looks like a helping of spaghetti—writes to say that in one of my paragraphs last week I was guilty of a mixed metaphor.

I resent the word "guilty." A mixed metaphor, properly considered, is an intellectual cocktail and that particular one was compounded to fillip the imaginations of culture-jaded readers. Not guilty, my lord!

* * *

THE programme of the Conservation Commission as outlined by Mr. Sifton leaves little to be desired except the power to make all its proposals immediately effective. It has been said that the best form of government is a benevolent tyranny, but as enlightenment advances the palm may yet be given to a benevolent commission. It is also a matter for congratulation that this commission is so largely dominated by business men, for where the national wealth is concerned it is usually the encroachment of the business man that is most to be feared. In the United States, where they are now busy locking the stable door when there is little left except a broken surcingle or two, some ravelled tugs and similar trash, the looting of the public domain is blamed entirely on the business interests. With us it shall be different. We have business men who are also public spirited citizens and to them we look with confidence for the protection of the national resources. Instead of fearing them we trust them and when our faith has been justified the historian of the future will write, "Out of the eater came forth meat and out of the strong came forth sweetness."

* * *

"It is rough on Canadians in London to be called foreigners."

"Yes, but they have compensations. Think of the joy they feel when they visit Canada and are mistaken for Englishmen."

* * *

Government at its best is organised philanthropy; business at its most practical is organised greed.

The Idealist Abroad

MR. R. L. RICHARDSON, proprietor of the *Winnipeg Tribune*, is off on a tour of Europe. While he is absent Winnipeg will have to appoint some one else to look after public ideals. R. L. is strong on ideals. When he was member of Parliament he had the same thing. He has been in turn Independent, straight Liberal and Conservative. But as Emerson says, "Consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds." Mr. Richardson's mind is not little. Even a man's ideals sometimes change.

PUNCH'S LATEST PICTURE OF PREMIER ASQUITH



A PLAGUE OF VOICES

The Prime Minister has been staying at Cannes for a little rest and change.—Punch.

ROYAL CANADIAN HORSE ARTILLERY AT WINTER WORK

The Kingston Batteries recently did four days Skirmishing and Marching between Kingston and Sharbot Lake. In spite of the cold weather, the men slept in the open.



An 18-pounder mounted on a pair of bob-sleighs, moving over the ice at Fourteen Island Lake. Sir Percy Lake and Lt.-Col. Burstall on the left.



Transport Sleigh with Blankets and Rubber Sheets—in front of Tete du Pont Barracks.

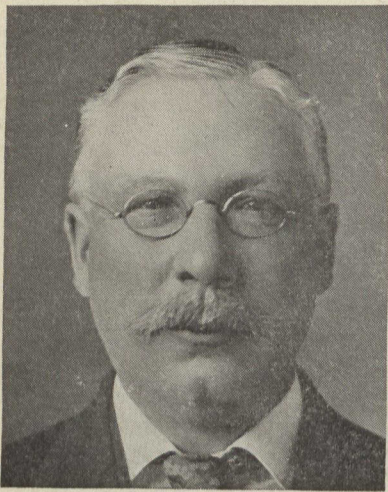


First Gun Team of Six Horses passing through the Barracks Gate, en route for a four days march

Photographs by J. G. Evans.



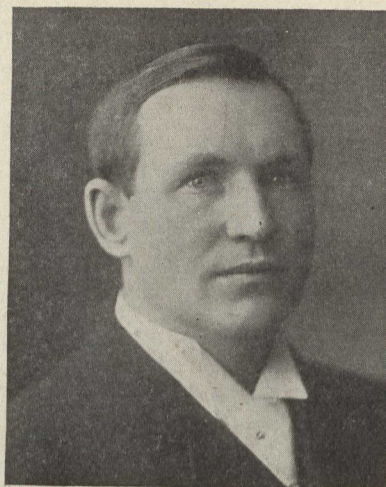
General View in Barracks Yard just before Troops set out for their Manœuvres.—Notice the Gun Mounted on Skids.



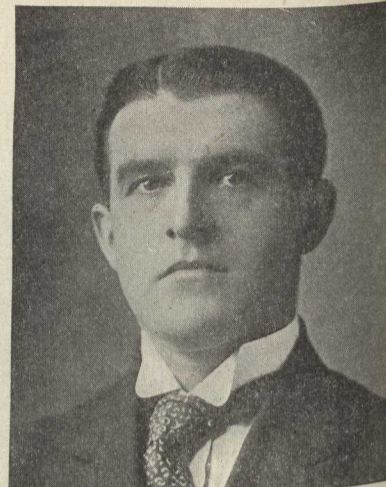
Hon. A. C. Rutherford
Premier of Alberta



Hon. Mr. Cushing
Who has Revolted



Hon. Duncan Marshall
Minister of Agriculture



Hon. W. A. Buchanan
Minister of Municipalities

PROGRESS AND POLITICS

Go West, Young Man, if you would get ahead in Public Life

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

THE third rebellion has broken out on the Saskatchewan; this time at Edmonton. It will be remembered that the second was at Duck Lake just a quarter of a century ago next month; it spread up both valleys of the Saskatchewan and took four months to suppress, after which Louis Riel was hanged and the soldiers went home half across a continent and more. The cause of the Rebellion in 1885 was land and half-breeds. The alleged cause of the revolt in 1910 is a railway—and politicians.

Things are moving pretty swiftly out West—when in twenty-five years from the era of war-paint and tomahawks the united electorate of a new province are facing a full-fledged revolt of nearly half the Liberal members of the Provincial Legislature, headed by the Minister of Public Works, who has resigned his portfolio. This should be set forth in the new advertising campaign literature of the province of Alberta, that civilisation do move on the Saskatchewan. Ontario would have taken twenty-five years to think the thing over before revolting. Only Col. Sam Hughes knows how long Ontario endured the Family Compact before the Rebellion of 1837 broke loose. Out in Alberta, which four years ago was a territory governed from Regina, and which has just got its parliament buildings less than half built on the site of the old Hudson's Bay fort, they have got the machinery of civilisation and government so perfected that the entire province is threatened with a split into two camps, clear away from the old political division, which was thirty-eight Liberals to two Conservatives and one Socialist. Chief Rutherford may well say that his province is developing. Never was such a political eruption known in the West. Even in British Columbia when two months ago two ministers resigned and forced a new general election, the McBride government was returned to power by an overwhelming majority.

What's It All About?

What will happen in Alberta? There are all sorts of conjectures. From the foothills of Macleod to the headwaters of the Athabasca, and from Lloydminster on the edge of Saskatchewan to Banff in the Rockies, there are rumours and surmises. History makes itself so rapidly in the West, that there are probably several thousand people in Alberta who do not even know the real cause of the rebellion. The newspapers say that the trouble is over the proposed Alberta and Great Waterways railroad which Mr. Cushing, the Minister of Public Works, says got its bonds guaranteed for twenty thousand dollars a mile when he was absent from his office—whereas his own engineers assure him now that the said road could be built for eight thousand a mile. Some say that the Government majority is stupidly so big that dissensions were bound to develop without any particular cause. Since the increase of constituencies the Liberal majority has been a clear case of hydrocephalus. Others darkly whisper that there is jealousy among ministers, mentioning the names of two ambitious men in the cabinet. Some repeat what has been so often said before, that Premier Rutherford is not the kind of leader to keep a restless realm in awe; that it

was time he retired to make room for a more aggressive leader—though why in heaven's name the Liberal party in Alberta needs to aggress when it has had a majority of thirty-five in a house of forty-one, no one seems able to explain.

Then again, there are those who look a little farther back into history and they say that the revolt of the entire southern wing of the party and one northern member from Sturgeon sums up the whole matter. Those who remember Alberta before it became a province will recall that there was a tall lot of speculation ten years ago as to whether the boundary line between the new provinces should run across meridians or across parallels of latitude. In Edmonton there was a disposition to buck Calgary; which two young cities had been quarrelling almost ever since Edmonton got its branch line of railway in 1892. They have been quarrelling ever since—more or less; not so often less. Calgary is the natural capital of southern Alberta. She is at present somewhat larger than Edmonton, with a future quite as remarkable on the Bow as Edmonton has on the Saskatchewan. When it was at length decided that the province of Alberta should make room for both Edmonton and Calgary the people in the south said that Calgary should be the capital; all sorts of natural reasons. Those on the Saskatchewan cried Edmonton—which for geographical and strategic reasons got the capitalship. Calgary has never been quite satisfied. But the province has made marvellous progress and in the general prosperity there has been no one who could see a calamity in Edmonton being the capital.

The Political Seesaw.

Meanwhile Edmonton and Strathcona began to bury the old hatchet which was very sharp; for these two neighbour towns used to quarrel ten years ago much more acrimoniously than Edmonton and Calgary. It was seen that some day there must be one city at that point on the Saskatchewan; and that though the Parliament Buildings should go to Edmonton, there was no reason why the new University should not go to Strathcona—which had already given Alberta its first Premier. Calgary would have had no objections to the university. Then in the rapid development of things the new agricultural college was added to the university and that also went to Strathcona. Edmonton got the penitentiary—to which she was probably welcome. Calgary got Bob Edwards—formerly a citizen of Strathcona. Lethbridge would have liked the new college. Lethbridge, however, furnished a new minister to the cabinet; Mr. Buchanan, at first without portfolio. Ponoka got the asylum, which has since been removed to Strathcona. Calgary got the normal school.

The revolt of the entire southern section following the lead of a southern minister begins to look as though the old seesaw between north and south were beginning to revive. The oddity of the situation is the bucking act of Mr. John R. Boyle, member for Sturgeon in the north. He is in alliance with the insurgents; a restless individual who for ten years has been a campaigner in Alberta. He was a struggling young lawyer in Strathcona when Mr. Rutherford was also a lawyer without public recog-

ognition. They worked well together. Mr. Boyle, however, has ambitions. If the southern contingent becomes an independent party in the House under Mr. Cushing, Mr. Boyle will probably be the head of the northern wing of Independents. If the matter should all be smoothed out and the party lines remain as before, Mr. Boyle will perhaps need watching from the cabinet loopholes.

Meanwhile the Premier and the Minister of Public Works have dined together at the Lieutenant-Governor's. Hon. Mr. Rutherford has probably passed some sleepless nights. He is a man of peace; one who may yet be glad to hand over the reins of party to younger and more ambitious men—for there are two such men in the Cabinet, Messrs. C. W. Cross, the Attorney-General, and Duncan Marshall, the new Minister of Agriculture, formerly manager of the Edmonton *Bulletin* and lieutenant to Hon. Frank Oliver.

Such is progress; in a land which ten years ago had no party politics at all except for Dominion elections; where twenty-five years ago they had war-paint and tomahawks and thirst-dances. In all the history of responsible government—where could you find swifter progress than this?

Quieter Days in Alberta.

I remember being at the Strathcona home of Mr. Rutherford ten years ago when he was something of a farmer and more of a lawyer in the new town; a benign, easy-going man who probably had no idea that in a few years he would be Premier of a vast province. In those days he talked more of prospects and less of politics. Strathcona was then an ugly wooden village set down in the midst of a lovely landscape. Mr. Rutherford was one of its first substantial citizens. He had a large yellow house among the little poplars not far from the river and a couple of children who were just beginning to go to school. In those days he was barely acquainted with Mr. Cushing, who with his brother established a planing-mill industry in Edmonton with headquarters at Calgary. C. W. Cross he knew somewhat better; a young lawyer who began to organise as soon as he got his shingle hung out. J. R. Boyle was just beginning to practise law. Mr. Marshall had not yet arrived. The young Liberals of Edmonton organised in 1899 with Mr. Edmond P. Lessard, now minister without portfolio, as one of the prime movers with Messrs. C. W. Cross and A. F. G. Harrison, now secretary of the Board of Trade. All the real politics they had in those days was Frank Oliver. Those young Liberals were a shrewd aggregation. At one of the meetings during the campaign of 1900 Mr. Harrison rose to put in a few words on behalf of Mr. Oliver, who was supposed to be facing the fight of his life with Mr. R. B. Bennett, the whirlwind from Calgary. He made an appeal to the young Liberals to support Mr. Oliver; and a prediction that in the natural order of things Mr. Oliver would be sure to become Minister of the Interior. But there was no one to predict the future of party politics in Alberta, simply because for years afterwards, and until the dissolution of the old Territorial Legislature, there was no provincial party politics anywhere between Manitoba and British Columbia.

When provincial politics did come the new provinces were born and baptised Liberal. Alberta, which had known Frank Oliver since 1880, was so permeated with Liberalism that there never has been more than the ghost of an Opposition. The present shuffle, even though it should end in Mr. Cushing's withdrawal of his resignation and the return of the insurgents to the party fold, marks an emphatic sign of the times—that politics do move along with progress in Alberta.

CANADA'S TIMBER FAMINE

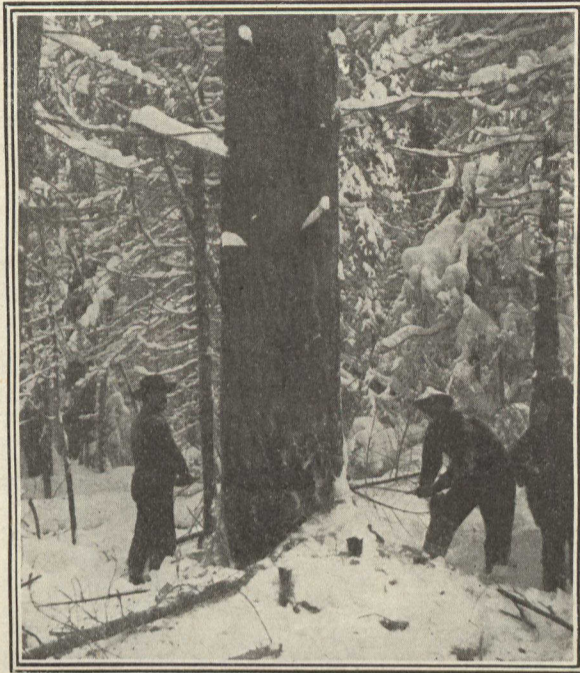
First of Four Articles on the Vanishing of the Forest

By A. H. D. ROSS, Faculty of Forestry, University of Toronto

AT the present stage of our national development, wood is an absolute necessity. In one form or another, our people use enormous quantities of it. During the present century the extension of our railway systems, the building of homes for our rapidly increasing population and the development of our mineral resources will necessitate the use of still larger quantities. Even with our present population of seven million, our annual output of sawn stuff alone averages 4,016,000,000 board feet, or 670 feet for every man, woman and child in the country. That much lumber would build a two-inch plank walk 4 feet in width and 72 feet in length—stringers and all.

To the annual output of four billion feet of sawn stuff we must still add at least ten million cords of firewood, one million cords of pulpwood, fourteen million railway ties, innumerable fence posts, telephone and telegraph poles, and about seventeen million cubic feet of piling and construction timber for culverts, trestles, bridges, etc. These figures are not mere guess-work. They are the result of a careful investigation carried on for the Dominion Forestry Branch during the summer of 1908. Expressed in board foot equivalents, the annual consumption of wood for various purposes is somewhere between sixteen and seventeen billion feet, or 1,375,000,000 cubic feet. This volume of wood is equal to that in a four-foot walk of two-inch plank (including 2x4 stringers) long enough to girdle the earth 13½ times!

If we now make allowance for the enormous



Felling White Pine. Trees of this size are rapidly disappearing in Canada.

Photo by R. H. Campbell.

she is importing large quantities of timber to supply the demands of her increasing population.

With the completion of the Grand Trunk Pacific and Canadian Northern Railway systems, and the opening of the Panama Canal, Canada will be tempted to export very large quantities of timber. Can she afford to do so? Should she not profit by the experience of older nations? About a century ago Germany found out that she could not continue her wasteful methods, and set to work to devise better methods. Later she found that she was actually compelled to import timber, and is now importing about one-quarter of her total consumption. The fact of the matter is, that there is a growing scarcity of timber all over the world.

In 1906 Sir Dietrich Brandis, the eminent forester of British India, wrote our Dominion Superintendent of Forestry, saying: "I cannot sufficiently urge upon you Canadians the necessity of concentrating all your energies upon one point, and that is the constitution of as large an area of state forests as possible, to enable Canada to supply permanently the greater portion of the coniferous timber imported into Great Britain. Prices will rise steadily, and it is for you in Canada now to seize the opportunity of laying the foundation for a magnificent development of your future wealth." This opinion is supported by M. Melard, one of the leading forestry experts of France, who says: "The forestry situation throughout the civilised world is summed up in the statement that the consumption of wood is greater than the normal production of the accessi-



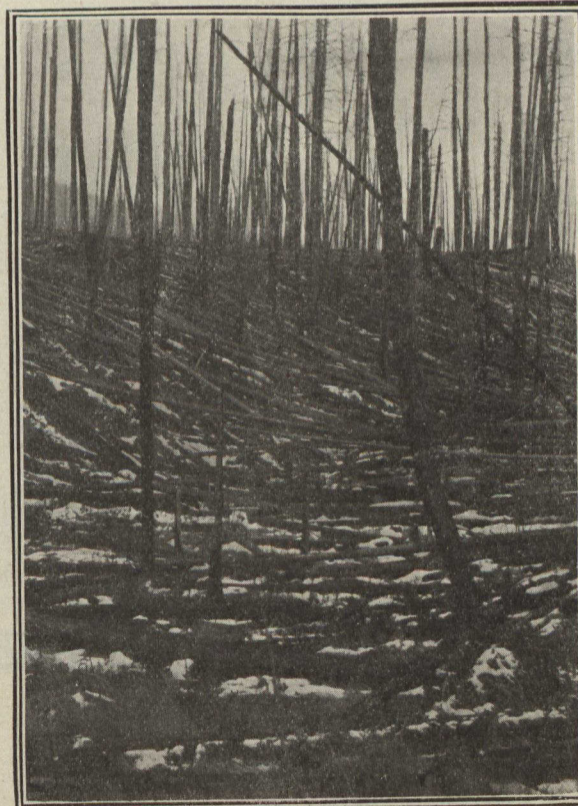
A typical Timbered Valley in the Rockies, in its virgin beauty.



In Crow's Nest Pass district where fire has done its deadly work.

amount of wood that is either wasted or left in the bush it is evident that axe and saw are felling our timber at the rate of something like twenty billion feet a year. With a population of eighty million people, how much wood will we use? Perhaps I had better ask, "How much wood will we have left to use?" For, gentle reader, I have, as yet, only told you part of the story.

During the year 1907 the United States produced 40,256,154,000 feet of lumber, besides lath and shingles, which bring the total up to about 41 billion feet—exactly ten times what Canada produced. The best informed officers in the United States Forest Service state that their timber is being cut three or four times as fast as it is growing, and that at the present rate of consumption, it will not last more than twenty-five or thirty years. Consequently they are looking to us for what they lack. We have boasted so long about our "inexhaustible timber supply" that they naturally expect to draw upon it when they get hard up. The fact of the matter is that we have no accurate knowledge of either the acreage or the amount of our timber. In 1891 it was placed at 799 million acres. More recent estimates place it at 550 million, including areas not at present merchantable. The merchantable supply is probably confined to about 250 million acres and probably amounts to between 500 and 600 billion feet, board measure. One of our first duties is to find out what we have, where it is and to carefully protect it from waste. At the present moment there are only six nations in a position to export timber, namely, Canada, the United States, Russia, Norway, Sweden, Finland and Austro-Hungary, and it cannot be many years before at least two of these will prohibit the export of timber. Germany has the best system of forest management in the world, yet



Effect of Fire. Eastern Slope of the Rockies.

Photo by H. R. MacMillan.

ble forests, the deficit being supplied by the destruction of the forests themselves," and by Dr. Wm. Schlich, the leading English authority, who says: "The great standby for coniferous timber will be Canada, provided her governments do not lose time in introducing a rational system of managing her forests." This is pretty straight talk from a man who knows. It should certainly raise the question, "What are we going to do about it?" Shall we continue in our easy-going policy of allowing wasteful methods of lumbering, exporting raw materials for the building up of foreign industries, and, still worse, the senseless destruction of enormous quantities of wood by forest fires? Is it not high time that every Canadian citizen who takes an intelligent interest in matters pertaining to the building up of this fair Dominion of ours should do all in his power to arrest the dissipation of our forest resources?

Only slowly does it seem to dawn upon us as a nation that the loss of our forests, without adequate restoration, will be the deadliest imaginable blow to our future progress and prosperity. All history teaches us that a prosperous nation cannot be built up in a desert. It also proves that a people cannot continue in power and affluence when the territory from which it draws its sustenance shall have receded into barrenness by the ruthless destruction of the forest cover — by the removal of "Nature's balance wheel." The forest is the most highly organised portion of the vegetable kingdom, and its effects upon its surroundings are so important and far-reaching that we may well liken it to Nature's balance wheel. By retarding evaporation, checking the effects of drying winds, rendering the soil more porous and fertile, retaining the moisture favourable to agriculture, and regulating the flow of water in

our streams, it is an efficient regulator of many natural phenomena.

Thus it appears that the value of the forest does not consist entirely in its output of lumber and other forest products, but also in the profits resulting from its regulating influence. Not until it has disappeared entirely does mankind seem to realise its importance in the household economy of Nature. With the disappearance of the forest cover, there ensue the disastrous spring freshets, low water at mid-summer when it is most needed, and the gradual conversion of fertile regions into deserts. History furnishes many examples of this very thing, and whole reams might be written upon this phase of the subject. Usually more indignation is expressed

over the felling of a single tree by the roadside, or in an open field, than by the wanton destruction of whole acres, yes, even square miles, of forest and wooded land. Only a few of the nations of the earth seem to realise the necessity of husbanding their timber resources. Resources in land are of a more or less permanent nature, and as population increases no effort will be spared to bring all that is idle under cultivation. With improved methods of agriculture, too, the area under cultivation will become more and more productive. In the same way our forest wealth should be so managed as to yield a regular and permanent revenue. Other countries are able to do this, so why not Canada?

MILLIONS FOR A HOSPITAL

The Most Completely Equipped Hospital in Canada.

TWO million and a half of dollars for a hospital is to be spent by the Hospital Trust of the city of Toronto; said money to be expended within the next few years on a scheme which for magnitude and private enterprise on a public basis has no equal in Canada. The new public General Hospital has for two years been under discussion. It has been looked at from the standpoint of expertism—medical, civic and architectural. Newspapers have devoted columns to its advocacy among the citizens, some of whom have come forward handsomely—one to the tune of a hundred thousand. Delegates have been sent to the leading hospital and university centres of the United States and Great Britain to profit as much by the experiences of other communities as might be before millions of dollars were locked up in a scheme which could never be expected to pay a dollar of dividend and would always be contingent upon an element of benevolence for support.

More than a year ago the Hospital Board with its shrewd business chairman, Mr. J. W. Flavelle, bought the site, eight acres in the upper downtown district on College Street. The land cost half a million. It is land which up to the present has been a shacktown, squalid, microby, and largely unproductive except on the basis of tenement-house rent. It was the upper end of St. John's Ward which for years has been the civic and housing problem of

Toronto; a section which has for its western limit a beautiful street, University Avenue, leading up to the Parliament Buildings in Queen's Park with the university over to the left. Descriptive writers a few years ago used to comment upon the splendid environs of the most abject area in Toronto. The new hospital will put a new face on the picture.

Early last summer the authorities commenced the work of demolition. It was something of a spectacle. There were hundreds of shacks to pull down and back yards to clear up. There were on University Avenue several decent and habitable brownstone fronts to tear away. On the east end there was the Dental College, built less than ten years ago—a four-storey building. All are gone now. Medical experts learned on the ravages of microbes advised clearing the site early and leaving the premises to the disinfection of a stiff Canadian winter before beginning to plough and to build; for of all places to avoid infection the hospital is first. So that an entire section of a city was pulled down and carted away to give the hospital room.

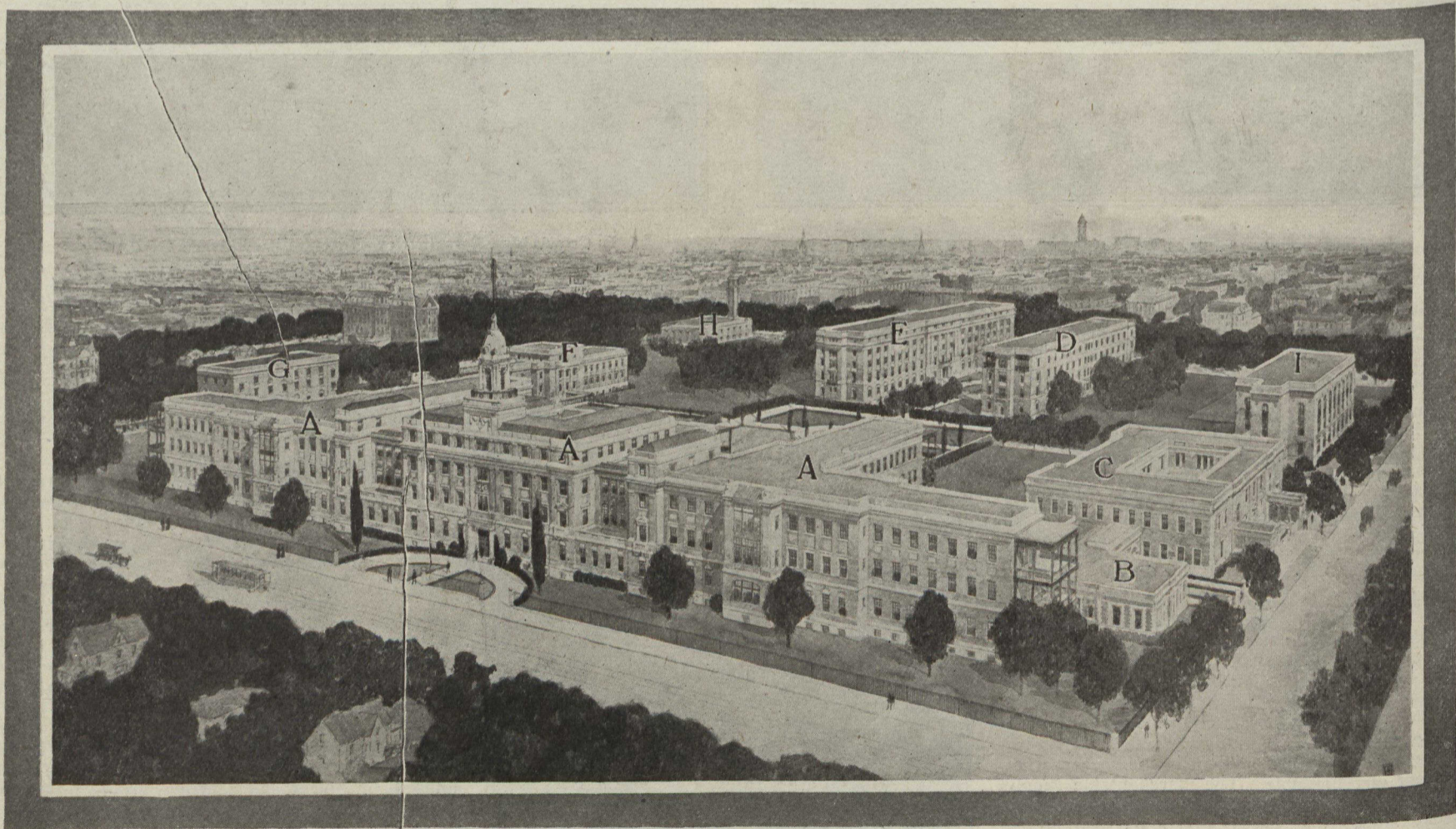
There had been discussion as to the wisdom of a central location. Some said the land was too dear and the air too dusty and the noise of passing traffic too great. Money has obviated the first. Space will do more to get rid of the other two. There is to be plenty of ground room; eight acres for a single scheme of buildings. Others argued that

proximity to the university was not the main thing. With a suburban hospital up on a hill students would be willing to travel a mile or two for clinics. Which might have been true enough; but the same remoteness would put the hospital out of touch with population, both patients and the friends of patients who desire to have a hospital easy of access. Besides, it is important to consider the facts of the case; which are that any hospital on so large a scale necessarily exists very largely for many who can't afford to pay for private wards and who sometimes depend upon friends and relatives or private citizens to maintain them at the cost of seventy cents per day—which by no means covers the actual cost of maintenance. Such patients are perfectly willing to be treated somewhat as clinical material for which the University pays to the extent of a subscription of \$600,000.

The experience of hospital authorities is that hospitals centrally located are better than those in suburbs. The present hospital when completed will be one of the most extensive in America and will certainly be the most complete in Canada. It will be the repository of the most advanced science in the treatment of disease, and for equipment will be a model and a study and therefore a stimulus to hospital enterprise all over the country. It will tend to centralise hospital work. It will also be a feature of scenic interest to the city. The hospital group of buildings will be as much an object of interest to tourists as the University or the Legislature—and considerably more than the City Hall.

Meanwhile the enterprise has served as a vehicle for the benevolent interests of a coterie of busy men who might easily have found vent for their surplus activities in other directions. On the whole the project will be one of the most interesting in the country and will have a great deal more human interest than most. Cash subscriptions to date from private citizens total \$950,000, including Mr. J. C. Eaton's recent bequest of \$250,000; City of Toronto, \$200,000; University, \$600,000; aggregate, \$1,750,000—leaving three-quarters of a million yet to be got by private subscription as soon as possible.

It is sometimes said that a hospital is not the sort of enterprise that appeals to the public imagination; perhaps because it lacks the element of speculation. But if an enterprise the magnitude of the new public General Hospital of Toronto can elicit the practical sympathies and plain everyday humanity of the people, it is better than making a spectacular appeal to the speculative pocket.



TORONTO'S NEW HOSPITAL, WHICH WILL BE READY ABOUT 1912, AND WILL COST \$2,500,000.

A—Main building fronting on College Street.
B—An emergency building equipped, including ambulances, which is the gift of private benefactors, whose names cannot at the moment be disclosed.
C—The out-patient department, the gift of Mr. Cawthra Mulock.

D—Building for private and semi-private patients.
E—Nurses' Home, with accommodation for 174 nurses.
F—Burnside Building for obstetrical cases.
G—Servants' quarters, to accommodate servants.

H—Central power house, which will supply light and heat for the entire plant.
I—Pathological Building, to be built and maintained by the University, in addition to the cash grant of \$600,000 which they have made to the enterprise.



A Lady of the early Victorian period.



Miss May Rose as "Mrs. Pinchwife," after one of Beardsley's drawings.



Miss Blanche Rose as "Lady Jane Grey."



A costume of the period of Henry VI.

Some striking figures seen at the Artist's Costume Ball held recently in London, England.



Mr. Tom Haslewood, as Richard III.



Miss Greta Morrith as "Mary, Queen of Scots."



Mr. Caton Woodville, the well-known artist, in a costume of the fifteenth century.



Mrs. Joseph as "Mrs. Ford" in the "Merry Wives of Windsor."



Hon. Mr. Brodeur and Party, on the "Earl Grey," during Trials off Barrow-in-Furness. The Earl Grey is now carrying Mails to Prince Edward Island.

A PERMANENT TARIFF COMMISSION

Now that the Surtax has been Removed and the Value of the Preferential Altered — WHAT?

FRANCE, Germany and even Japan have permanent tariff commissions. The trend of public opinion in the United Kingdom and Australia, and in the United States, as expressed at the Indianapolis Convention is that the arrangement and adjustment of the tariff should be handled by an expert commission. The other day, at Hamilton, that influential body, the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, placed itself on record as being in favour of the creation of a permanent tariff commission for this country.

The permanent tariff commission proposal has not long been seriously discussed in Canada. It received its first notable support six years ago when the Canadian Manufacturers' Association passed the following resolution:

"We recommend that the Dominion Government establish in Canada a permanent tariff commission of experts who shall have constant supervision of tariff policy and changes, and shall follow closely the workings of the Canadian tariff with a view to making such recommendations to the Government as will best conserve and advance the interests of the Dominion."

Scope of the Commission.

From that time till the present, while the question has not attracted much public interest, a great deal of quiet thinking has been done by those having at heart the maximum development of Canadian trade. The opinion of the manufacturers embodied in the resolution of 1903 has changed somewhat in respect to the duties of the prospective tariff commission. It is recognised now that the commission instead of making recommendations privately to the Government should merely assemble the multifarious details, affecting the tariff question publicly before parliament.

Mr. G. M. Murray, general secretary of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, a sketch of whom appeared in the Industrial Number of the CANADIAN COURIER, says in his recent article reprinted for private circulation from "Industrial Canada":

"The facts are what we all want. The protectionist needs them because he cannot wisely protect any business until he knows everything about that business. The Free Trader needs them to make sure he is not getting the short end instead of the long end of the deal. Parliament needs them so that it can classify scientifically the flood of imports that is sweeping through the doors of our great Dominion,

and then so adjust the duties on those imports that it will achieve the maximum good with the minimum of evil."

Mr. Murray goes on to charge the Canadian Government with bad business principles in its past administration of the tariff:

"When a private industry contemplates branching out in some new enterprise, it does not go about it in any haphazard manner. A railroad company planning to build a new road, or to extend an old one, does not refer the work to the clerks in its office, nor to the heads of the freight department, nor to the heads of the passenger department. It summons to its aid experts who have made a life study of such things, and instructs them to make the carefullest investigation into the resources of the territory to be served, the population it will probably be able to support, the climatic conditions likely to be encountered, the cost of constructing the line, the cost of equipping it, the cost of operating it, the taxes it will be required to pay, the various provincial laws to which it will be subjected and a hundred and one other things. It is an exceedingly complicated problem, the successful solution of which can only be had by the exercise of well seasoned business judgment after all the facts and conditions have been ascertained.

"Every business corporation in Canada to-day proceeds in the same way, that is to say, every one except the Canadian Government, which is the biggest and most important of them all. While marked advances and improvements are noticeable in all other branches of Canadian activity, our Government, in the important work of framing a tariff clings to methods that were out of date half a century ago.

The Kind of Men Not Wanted.

Discussing the work of former Canadian tariff commissions, Mr. Murray says:

"In the first place the Government made a fatal mistake by selecting all the members of its commission from its own Cabinet. However able these gentlemen may have been as parliamentarians or as statesmen, it is extremely doubtful if they had the business experience necessary to qualify them to act in the capacity chosen. Nor did they have the time to do justice to their important task. Each of them was more or less engaged with the politics of his own constituency. Each of them had the work of his own department to attend to, and it goes without saying that the Cabinet Minister who discharges

the duties of his portfolio conscientiously has little time for outside affairs. But in addition to these duties they undertook, with the aid of a couple of secretaries, and between sessions, to do what the German Tariff Commission of thirty members with a clerical staff of over 500, and with over 2,000 trade and industrial experts constantly available for consultation purposes took six years to accomplish.

It is obvious that a Canadian commission of this description could not cope with a situation of the exigencies of which imposed the investigation of and familiarisation with every industry in the Dominion, the materials used, the wages paid, the methods employed in production, the proportion of machine labour, and the proportion of manual labour entering into each product, and the available market.

Canada vs. Germany.

"Now," says Mr. Murray, "if Germany with an area no bigger than one-tenth of the habitable area of Canada, with a soil, a large part of which is bare and unproductive, loaded down with taxation to maintain the most expensive army and navy in the world, can, by means of such a tariff, and through the negotiation of trade treaties with countries necessarily more or less jealous and hostile, place itself in the front rank of industrial countries, what are the possibilities ahead of Canada with her unparalleled resources, her potential population and her advantageous position as a part of the British Empire if she will only seize the opportunity to get started right which a permanent Expert Tariff Commission would afford?"

Surely it is time that the tariff ceased to be made the football of party politics. Let us elevate it to the level of a business issue, where it rightly belongs. Adapting the words of Ex-Governor Guild, of Massachusetts, to conditions in Canada, let Parliament continue to divide the dutiable from the free, let it continue to fix the rates of duty that shall apply, but let it have for tariff legislation as for other legislation, a source of information which can be relied upon as official, impartial, exhaustive, freed from class and political influences, such information in short as can only be secured through the agency of a permanent, non-partisan commission of experts, the members of which are men of wide experience, well seasoned judgment and irreproachable character.

Just what effect such a commission would have on a situation like the repeal of the German surtax is open to question. A permanent tariff commission, however, continually investigating tariffs both at home and abroad ought to be able to arrive at conclusions much more complete than any Minister of Finance or any government. Irregular seesawing of tariffs is not a good thing for any country. Our tariff relations with the United States are also up for readjustment.

WILD OATS

By W. A. FRASER

Author of "Thoroughbreds," "Mooswa," etc.

FIRST OF SIX MINING STORIES



little stiff! I meets him kinder offhand like at the Nugget Hotel last night an' makes a play to boost the Little Star for you, Jack, an' what d'ye think Bolster & Co. hands out to me?"

Gray chuckled. "Said he hadn't been introduced; gave you the wall eye an' cut away, eh?"

"Kinder like that, Jack, only wuss, more cold blooded. Says he, takin' a silver cigarette case from his pocket an' lightin' one of 'em coffin nails, 'I have in my service an engineer quite competent to advise me of the desirability of such properties as I wish to purchase.' Holy Snakes! Could you beat it?"

GRAY chuckled again; then his face relaxed into its habitual solemnity. "English is no dub, Red; he knows what o'clock it is. He's got the coin at his back, an' I'd like to sell him the Little Star for two hundred thousand. I don't know nothin' about floatin' a company—an' God knows some of the veins about here is as lean as a razorback hog! The Little Star has got mighty good indications of silver; but—" Gray walked over to a cupboard, swung the door open, brought a black bottle forth by the neck, and, handing a glass to Meekins, added, "By the hokey! if I clean up this time, farmin' for mine! No more minin', never no more again!"

Meekins laughed disagreeably.

"Heard a man talk like that afore, eh, Red?"

Gray growled sarcastically.

"Sorter that way; but they gener'lly held a better hand."

"You ain't seen none of my cards. What d'you know about the Little Star?" Gray snapped.

"Nothin', nothin'. Jus' kinder mind readin', that's all."

Gray vouchsafed no answer to this sally; but stood looking, a suspicion of sullen anger in his heavy eyes, at Meekins. After a little he spoke. "If you're good at mind readin', p'raps you could tell the fortune of the Little Star, whether there's a big vein like the Lawson or the Crown Reserve in her."

"I can tell you how to put that Cockney's two hundred thousand in your pocket, if you want to know," Meekins answered.

"Tellin' is one thing, an' figurin' the dollars is another."

"You ripped up the vein to-day, didn't you, Jack?" Meekins asked.

"I opened her up some."

"An' you didn't find nothin' but calcite, with p'raps a few colors of cobalt; ain't that right, Jack?"

"S'posin' it is, that ain't your business, Red! You didn't grubstake me, did you?"

Meekins ignored the irrelevant aftermath. "Well, when Johnny Bull cocks his one-eyed winder at that hole, he don't buy; he just says, 'Ah, by Jove! Not quite up to the mark, me dear feller,' an' skins back to the hotel for a bath." Meekins grinned as he heard Gray cursing under his breath. "But if he sees some nice fat chunks of silver there, then he 'diplomatically opens negotiations,' don't he?—that's the way he puts it—an' it ends by you gettin' the dough."

"An' if in the mornin' I get a letter sayin' an aunt's left me a million dollars, Red, I'll buy you a bottle of whiskey an' a monkey on a stick, an' you can have a high old time. See?"

"Now, what I propose," Meekins shoved both hands into his pockets in utter contempt of Gray's misplaced humour, "is to let the gent from Londonderry see enough silver to knock that glass plumb out of his eye."

Gray stared in astonishment at Meekins. "He's only had one drink," he muttered; then he added aloud, in heavy sarcasm, "That's a good idee, Red. You can come over in the mornin', turn this forty acres upside down, an' jus' let the silver spill out. I'll give you ten per cent. Kinder wish I'd talked this over with you afore."

"I'll take ten per cent.," Meekins offered in fee simple for the whole statement; "an' as to how, it's this wise. We just fill that calcite vein up with cement an' gravel carryin' about three thousand ounces of silver to the ton, an' on the day as specified by Johnny Bull you put in a shot an' loosen her up. There can't be no deception, gentlemen, 'cause you have your sleeves rolled up. See?"

Gray leaned back in his chair and laughed. "Meekins, you've got a great head—for hammerin' a drill. You oughter've been a revivalist, 'cause the people don't ask too many questions in that perfession. What d'you s'pose they'd say when they know I'd been round buyin' cement an' pieces of silver to stick in a vein, eh?"

"I got the silver right enough," Meekins said quietly; "got her cached within ten minutes totin' of this spot. An' I'll jus' borrow the cement from the Silver Ledge. They're puttin' in a new engine bed on vein fourteen, an' there's tons of cement lyin' round there loose. All you've got to do is lend me a bag to bring the stuff. It wouldn't do to hook a full bag, cause they're all tallied up."

RED'S cold-blooded scheme of knavery was like a heavy body blow to Gray. He sat for a long time pulling at his pipe; the pop-pop of his lips as he shot forth the smoke crackled on the heavy silence of the room like the bursting of horse chestnuts in a fire of leaves. Through twenty years of scorching heat and blizzard cold he had sought the pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow. Twice he had touched the hem of the purple robe of wealth and had been well kicked in the ribs by the foot of adversity hidden beneath. At that very link in his chain of thought he worded this somewhat more prosaically for Meekins, "I got a raw deal twice in my life, Red—"

"I know," Meekins interrupted. "When Hardy beat you out of the Golden Oriole."

"Yes, that was 'bout the only time I was chuck full of murder. I'd 've killed Hardy if he hadn't skun out, I'd 've ripped him up like an ol' rubber boot! Then I sold the One Horse mine to a bunch from Pittsburg— But what's the use of talkin'? It makes me dead sore! I never got nothin' out of it 'cept the first payment."

"Well, you got yer chance to break more than even with the game now."

"I don't call it gettin' even to turn crook just because you've been bunkoed yourself," Gray argued.

There was a lack of fire in his tone that Meekins caught; there was a dragging intonation as if the speaker was uttering an abstract thought with his mind dwelling on something more impressive.

"Bein' a crook is gettin' caught, I figger," Meekins declared doggedly. "You've heard, an' I've heard, of a good many deals up in this field, an' the whole boilin' of lawyers an' Gov'ment legal department is jus' up to their armpits tryin' to give somebody some kind of a square deal. Minin's kinder like swimmin'—you leave your Sunday clo'es to home when you go at it."

"That's right enough, Red; but I don't lose no sleep 'cause the other feller's crooked."

"No; an' they don't lose no sleep if you ain't got a nickel in your pocket. The gent as gets your mine for two hundred thousand will soak the public with it as a million-dollar company—or perhaps five."

Gray sat sullenly silent, a heavy frown on his face, and Meekins asked abruptly, "Ain't the Little Star no good, Jack? It's close up to the Silver Ledge, an' the veins there is packed like herrin's in a bar'l."

"Why, it's sure got to turn out a good mine," Gray answered; "but a feller can't cross trench forty acres of land in a month, an' I just ain't dropped onto no big vein yet."

"Then don't be a fool!" Meekins advised. "You ain't cheatin' nobody by lettin' 'em have the Little Star at two hundred thousand; only if you had that money in the bank I guess you an' the wife'd feel you could afford a little holiday an' be set up for life."

GRAY rose and paced the floor. In an aimless manner he wandered to the cupboard and brought forth the black bottle again. Meekins was considerable of a drinker himself; but he gasped as Gray tossed off half a tumbler of the raw whiskey.

"That'll brace you, Jack," he ventured. "You've got yer chance right now to make yer pile. I'll bet you've swore a dozen times, since you've been minin' an' seen all the crooked work that's bein' done, that

RED MEEKINS had his collection of antique silver hidden under a large boulder of conglomerate rock half a mile from the Silver Ledge shafthouse. When even the professors of geology and mineralogy had disputed with heat the age of these samples of ancient art, Red had troubled little over the matter, being more largely interested in the subtle endeavour of acquiring his contorted slabs of pure silver quietly and the equally difficult business of finding a secretive purchaser.

In short, Red was "high grading," assimilating the precious metal from the sorting board of his employers, the Silver Ledge Company.

This high grading was a peculiarly fine point in the ethics of stealing; it was looked upon as something akin to beating the customs. Meekins found a touch of exhilaration in outwitting the company's two detectives. The detectives worked as ordinary miners; they slept in the one big room of the bunkhouse, which contained thirty beds; they ate at the table with the men, and fancied that they were unsuspected; but Red knew. A massive-jawed fighting bulldog was turned loose nightly in the ore-house to guard the sacks of high-grade ore; but Red Meekins rubbed shoulders with the two detectives as fellow workmen, shied a rock at the bulldog if he saw him nosing about alone, and went on high grading.

It was a species of woodsman's instinct, something akin to a sixth sense, that told Meekins somebody had found his cache of silver under the big rock. For two sweet moonlight nights he watched Farren and Riley, the detectives, as they sat in vigil near his cache waiting to pounce upon the unknown depositor. On the third night dark clouds smothered the moon, and Meekins took his little bag of ore from under the very noses of the watchers and hid it in a badger hole a mile away.

IN the way of establishing an alibi should his absence from the bunkhouse cause an inquiry, Meekins, after he had hidden the silver, called at the log shack of Jack Gray, owner of the Little Star mining claim.

"How's she showin' up?" Red asked as he took a seat on Gray's bunk. "How's the vein lookin'?"

"Not too bad," Gray answered, with the conservative caution of an oldtime prospector.

"I heard you shootin' to-day," Meekins offered.

"Hope you ripped up a silver sidewalk—you had calcite enough before."

Gray ignored the matter of silver sidewalks and passed the speaker a plug of tobacco, saying, "Fill your pipe, Red."

Red lighted the pipe and drew at it with tantalising deliberation. He was thinking. Evidently Gray's shot had discovered no bonanza; his whole manner held the somberness of defeat. Meekins finally hazarded, "I heard you'd sold the Little Star, Jack."

"Well," Gray answered, shuffling about the shack as he spoke, "I've sold it, an' I ain't. Two hundred thousand if the vein shows native silver; that's the bargain, Red. Mr. Downs was to come to-morrow to look at the vein."

"An' the mineral, Jack, got it?"

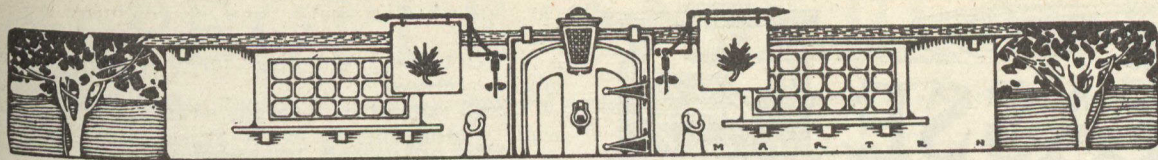
"Well, we're hopin'. She looks good to me."

"He ain't got it yet," Meekins muttered to himself. And somehow a thought of his own little silver horde came tangently into his mind like a correlative factor. Here was a trinity of holdings that, concentered into one, would certainly be advantageous."

"Say," he ejaculated as he fussed at the pipe bowl with his knife, loosening the tobacco, "I'd like to see you soak that Englishman that's bluffin' round here 'bout buyin' a mine. A mine! It's a pup Bank of England that Bloater Bangs wants."

"Boulbee Downs is the gent's name, Red; you've got his handle sorter twisted," Gray advised.

"His name don't cut no ice, Jack; he's a porky



AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

Charming Capilano.

By MABEL E. CREWS.

pencilling of the leafy bowers to the outlining of the rockiest boulders, the tracing of every fern and

"WHAT was the most beautiful bit of scenery that you saw while you were away?" asked one young lady of another, as they were comparing their last summer's trips to the Pacific Coast. "Was it Banff, Laggan, the Kicking Horse Pass, Field, or the Glacier?"

"No, it was none of these," replied the second lady, "but the most delightful feature of the journey was the Capilano Canyon."

"The Capilano Canyon!" exclaimed the questioner. "Why, I never heard of it. Where is it, anyway?"

Probably the majority of tourists to the Coast are like this young lady in their ignorance of this charming place, as it is a little off the regular line of travel and is seldom exploited.

It is located about four miles from the city of Vancouver, and to see it properly involves a walk of about eight miles. This would mean little to our English cousins, but Canadians are not much inclined to pedestrianism, and so, many, when they hear how far Capilano is from the street cars, decide to leave it out of their itinerary. In doing so they undoubtedly make a great mistake as they miss one of the finest sights in the world.

This delightful spot is reached via North Vancouver, a small tug bringing us across from the city proper. After a short ride on the street car to the end of the line, our path leads along a picturesque country road until we reach the first canyon. Here a suspension bridge swung amid the tree-tops, spans the entire canyon. It appears to be quite an easy feat to pass over this bridge thus poised in air, but the boards seem fairly to jump from under your feet, so that it is really an undertaking to get over at all gracefully. From the centre of the bridge at quite a dizzy height the view is magnificent. All about mighty firs toss their proud heads towards heaven, and to be up among the tree-tops means a very different thing in the West than it does here with us. Everything in the great West is on such a large scale that we often fail to realise its vastness except by comparison with what we see elsewhere.

The vegetation is truly wonderful, and some of these monarchs of the forest give us some idea of to what great height the Douglas fir and others can attain. The walls of the canyon are thickly wooded and between them rushes the Capilano River.

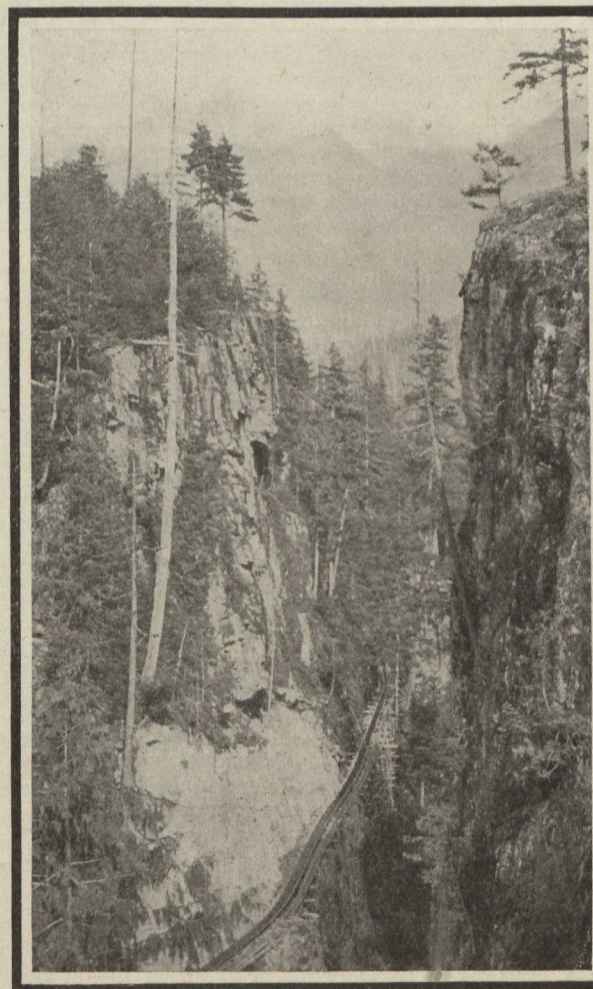
Some of our party here took to the conventional road, but nothing so tame for the younger ones. Along the side of the canyon runs the flume, which, I may say for the benefit of those who are uninitiated, is a trough of running water which serves to carry the shingle bolts down the mountain-side. It is built on trestle-work along the walls of the canyon about half way up, and so gives a splendid vantage-point for viewing the canyon. A narrow plank walk outside of the flume enables the Chinese boys to run along and loosen the timber when a jam occurs. This walk is, of course, not intended for tourists, but nevertheless it is the only way to properly view the canyon, so we threw aside all fears and boldly started out. Occasionally at a dangerous spot there is a railing to depend upon, but mostly this is absent, so that some careful manoeuvring is required at first until one becomes proficient in the art, so that he can view the landscape at the same time.

Almost a stone's throw across, at places, the opposite side of the gorge throws heavenward a wall of rock, now green with shrubs and lofty trees which seem to vie with the rocky cliff in its upward course, now bare and barren rock. Below, sparkling and foaming, the Capilano River pushes its way among the rocks and glides into shelving crevices and shady crannies of the cliff. Now and then it splashes up over a rock and falls into crystal spray. At times the channel becomes so narrow that the turbulent water is confined within close bounds, but again it rushes out, leaping wildly down in a rippling fall.

But constantly watching this mountain torrent makes us dizzy and we look about to rest our eyes. All is brightness, life, colour and beauty. How wonderful and how magnanimous nature seems! Her dainty fingers appear to have lavished unbounded care and skill upon each spot. Alike from the



A Suspension Bridge swung amid the tree tops, spans the Capilano Canyon.



Half way up the Canyon side runs the flume, from whence a splendid view may be obtained.

Photographs by P. I. Tait.

the tinting of every pebble speak eloquently of her powers.

Little wonder then that we were impressed with the charm and beauty of the place, each step unfolding new scenes of verdant splendour—who would not be! There is but one regret—that such a beauty-spot should be so difficult to reproduce by photograph. The high, thickly-wooded cliffs almost shut out the sun and make the dusky river anything but responsive to the camera. Then, too, it is impossible to give a comprehensive idea of the depth of the canyon which, though not stupendous, is very considerable. For these reasons photos of this canyon represent a great deal more labour than the casual observer would believe. One of our party, a gentleman who has done quite a little globe-trotting in his time, expressed the opinion that for condensed beauty, nothing in the world can rival this canyon. There may be some grander, deeper and more rugged, but of its kind, Capilano is "par excellence."

The walk up to the second canyon is full of pleasant surprises and thorough enjoyment to all. The last few turns each reveal grander scenes than before, until at last, standing on the little bridge there, we look back and survey the gorge lying before us. Beyond the bridge the flume extends several miles, being nine miles long in all, but time would not permit us to discover this, so we crossed the bridge and turned our steps toward the Canyon View Hotel—and eager steps they were now, too, for the noon hour was well advanced. On a beautiful site this new and comfortable hotel commands a splendid view of the mountains and the Vancouver Lions. It is said to be the highest hotel (not in price) on the Pacific Coast. It seemed a pleasant spot to spend a holiday, but we had not long to stay. After dining we retraced our steps along the flume, but such delights could well be repeated, and we enjoyed them again to the full. A short walk beyond the suspension bridge to the street car, and a few moments on the boat brought to an end this day's outing which was one of the most delightful and impressive of our whole western trip, and we felt that if we saw nothing more we had not crossed the continent in vain.

Feminine Influence in Recent Elections.

THE women of Montreal can claim a good deal of the credit of bringing about the recent very marked reform in municipal affairs. There has never been a municipal campaign in Montreal in which the various societies of women have played such an active part as during the one which closed on February 1st, with the election of a Board of Control and the entire rout of the whole crowd of aldermen who have held sway at the City Hall for a great many years past.

The Local Council of Women, headed by Miss Dr. Ritchie-England, and assisted by a number of the Professors of McGill University, carried out a most aggressive campaign in support of the slate selected by the Citizens' League, and had a number of regular committees organised to attend not only to the distribution of all kinds of literature and postal cards, but also for a personal canvass of all women who had a right to vote at the municipal elections. Their work is said to have borne the best possible results everywhere they went, and the number of women voters to go to the polls was by far the largest in the history of Montreal.

The Women's Temperance Union was also at work for some months before the election canvassing especially for the candidates who were in favour of an early closing by-law and offering the greatest opposition to the aldermen who had voted against the Parker early closing by-law, and were again seeking election.

The Local Council of Women have done such effective work that it is now certain that it will be a permanent organisation giving its best support to the Citizens' League in its endeavour to get cleaner civic government for the city of Montreal.

Ex-Mayor Laporte, who is at the head of the Citizens' League, is simply enthusiastic regarding the work done by women's societies, and after the election had been won, he made a point of personally seeing the officials of the Women's Association, and on behalf of the Citizens' League, thanking them for the work they had carried out in such an efficient manner.

Two Officers Resign.

AT the Executive meeting of the Dominion Women's Council two resignations were received, that of Mrs. Willoughby Cummings, corresponding secretary, and the treasurer, Mrs. Frost of Smith's Falls. It was arranged that the annual meeting should take place in Halifax at the end of June. Three life patrons, Mrs. William Mackenzie, Mrs. A. E. Kemp and Mrs. Massey Treble, all of Toronto, were accepted.



THE DEMI-TASSE

Toronto's Cruel Ways.

IN the days when Hon. A. S. Hardy was Premier of the Province of Ontario, he once met a Liberal supporter to whom he descanted on the virtues of the aforesaid province, dwelling particularly on the charms of its capital. This was magnanimous of Mr. Hardy, considering the unflinching contingent of Tories sent by Toronto to the Legislature.

"You meet people in Toronto from all over the country," said Mr. Hardy with enthusiasm. "It seems to be a perfect Mecca."

"It's certainly the tomb of the prophets," replied the good Liberal with gloom.

* * *

A Song of Sadness.

DEPRESSION reigns within my soul,

A tear is in my eye;
I breakfasted on plain oatmeal,
For eggs are awfully high.

I'd like to have for luncheon
A little dish of hash;
But I must count the pennies o'er
And not be bold or rash.

I think with joy of dinner,
Alas! it's milk and nuts.
No more for me the festive roast,
The joy of royal "cuts."

I hate the sight of lettuce
And cabbage makes me ill,
I loathe the meek milk pudding—
Yet meat would swell the bill.

It's so expensive living
I think I'd like to die;
And yet if I should perish,
The coffin would come high.

* * *

Their Idle Moments.

THEY were talking of fiction, the other evening, and a woman who occasionally writes book reviews remarked:

"It is such a mistake to believe that distinguished men like heavy novels. Dr. Watson of Queen's University is one of the ablest men I know, but when it comes to reading fiction he chooses the most frivolous stories he can find. Years ago, I noticed Sir Oliver Mowat reading a novel on one of the Muskoka boats. I was anxious to find out what absorbed the attention of the Premier of Ontario, so I was very rude and looked over his shoulder, only to find that he was reading 'Dearest,' by Mrs. Forrester."

* * *

Hail to Halley.

SUCH strange news from Halley's comet
Do we hear by latest mail.
Scientists have just discovered
It has poison in its tail.

Never mind the strife of nations,
Sigh no more o'er troubles deep.
If we just meet Halley's comet
It will put our woes to sleep.

Bargain days will be forgotten,
All the mad dogs will be killed,
Anguish over civic grafting
Will just flutter and be stilled.

Good old Halley! He's a wonder!
Just as fun is growing stale,
Whish! He sends a lovely comet
Which has poison in its tail.

* * *

What Would You Have Said?

LORD MONCK was Governor-General of Canada at the time when we became a more-or-less united Dominion. But he has a better claim to immortality than mere office could bestow, if we may judge from the following specimen of his repartee.

Thackeray, anxious to enter Parliament, stood for Oxford, thinking he might win the seat from Monck, who then represented it. Meeting his opponent in the street one day, Thackeray shook

hands with him, had a little talk over the situation and took leave of him with the quotation, "May the best man win!"

"I hope not," said Lord Monck very cordially, with a pleasant little bow.

* * *

An Aylesworth Anecdote.

ONE day recently, an irate "old-time" Liberal called on the Hon. Mr. Aylesworth, Minister of Justice, to give the author and abettor of the Newmarket Canal a bit of his mind. Be it known to the few who are ignorant, that the Newmarket Canal is a million-dollar public undertaking in the constituency of the Hon. Mr. Aylesworth, and the bad Tories claim that there is not sufficient water in the neighbourhood to float anything but a small raft.

"I consider," said the irate "old-time" Liberal, "that this is a reprehensible act on the part of a representative government. Some person should be impeached."

This was language quite fit for such an august occasion and it should have made a deep impression. But the Cabinet Minister from North York merely smiled gently and benignly.

"My friend," said he, "would you allow me to explain? This is an age of scientific development. Ten years ago, who believed that wireless telegraphy would be in common use to-day? Then if wireless telegraphy, why not in ten years more waterless canals?"

* * *

The Retribution of Time.

MR. W. R. WHITE, K.C., of Pembroke, is getting along life's journey, but his stories are still fresh and crisp. Just now he is telling how a barber worked off an old joke at his expense.

"I went in to the barber shop to get a shave, and I was in a desperate hurry. So I said to the man, 'Can you shave me with my collar on?' 'Sure,' said he, 'Mr. White, I believe I can even cut your hair with your hat on.'"

* * *

Pretty Personal.

IN one of the large cities a street-car collided with a milk-cart and sent a can of milk splashing into the street. Soon a large crowd gathered. A very short man coming up had to stand on tiptoe to see past a stout woman in front of him. "Goodness!" he exclaimed. "What an awful waste!"

The stout woman turned round and glared at the little man and said, sternly: "Mind your own business!"—*Harper's Magazine.*

* * *

Where He Came In.

THE consul in London of a continental kingdom was informed by his government that one of his countrywomen, supposed to be living in Great Britain, had been left a million of money. After advertising without result he applied to the police, and a smart young detective was set to work. When a few weeks had gone by his chief asked him how he was going on. "I've found the lady, sir." "Good! Where is she?" "At my place. I got married to her yesterday!"

* * *

A Novel Fee.

FATHER DOOLEY had just tied the knot. He looked expectant. The bride looked sheepish, and Pat, shifting from one foot to another, looked guilty. At last he began: "I—I—don't like to be mane, father, but I changed me clothes in a hurry and left me wages in me other pants." Then he added, in a whisper: "Take me down in the cellar; I'm a plumber, and I'll show ye how to fix the gas meter so't won't register more than 40 per cent."

* * *

Rapid Transit.

IN response to a growing demand in his home, Henry Kitchell Webster, author of *The Sky Man*, once went to his father's house, borrowed the family highchair, and started taking it home by hand. Not only did he have to wait long for his

car, but when it finally came its conductor was a humourist.

"Aren't you pretty big for that chair?" that official ventured.

"Yes," admitted Webster wearily, "I grew up while waiting for the car."—*Success.*

* * *

The Cabby and the Actress.

MISS FANNY BROUGH, who is appearing at the Empire Theatre in Mr. Malcolm Watson's little play, "Change of Front," is a great friend of the fast disappearing race of London "cabbies," and it was from one of those gentlemen that she received what she regards as her greatest compliment.

She was on her way to the theatre one morning in a hansom, and on arriving at her destination, she alighted and handed her fare to the driver. To her great surprise, however, the cabby gravely handed it back to her with the words: "Good luck, Fanny, here's your money back."—*M. A. P.*

* * *

Other Fish in the Sea.

A TEACHER in one of our elementary schools had noticed a striking platonic friendship that existed between Tommy and little Mary, two of her pupils.

Tommy was a bright enough youngster, but he wasn't disposed to prosecute his studies with much energy, and his teacher saw that unless he stirred himself before the end of the year he wouldn't be promoted.

"You must study harder," she told him, "or else you won't pass. How would you like to stay back in this class another year and have little Mary go ahead of you?"

"Aw," said Tommy, "I guess there'll be other little Marys."—*Tit-Bits.*

* * *

His Opportunity.

CASEY'S wife was at the hospital, where she had undergone a serious operation a few days before. Mrs. Kelley called to inquire as to Mrs. Casey's condition.

"Is she restin' quietly?" Mrs. Kelley asked.

"No, but I am," said Casey.

* * *

A Hand-Me-Down.

A WELL KNOWN advertising expert, responding to the toast "Sartorial Progress," at the banquet of the recent convention of the Tailors' National Association, spoke somewhat as follows:

"I am glad that you clothiers who advertise nowadays print pictures of men's and boy's fashions. Thus you smarten up the country and tend to abolish the dreadful custom of cutting down dad's suit to boy's size. I remember how in the distant past my little brother rushed whimpering into the sitting-room one night.

"What's the matter?" I asked sympathetically.

"Oh," he murmured, "pa's had his beard shaved off, and now I guess I've got to wear those old red whiskers!"—*Lippincott's.*

* * *



Rector.—"So your son in London is to be married, eh?"

Mrs. Carter.—"Yessir, he is, and to a lady on the stage, too—but not a horrid sinful play-actress. He says she's a serio—which sounds quite all right, don't it?"—*Punch.*

PEOPLE AND PLACES

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

To Make an Aeroplane Safe.

MR. A. J. ROBERTS, a clever Australian inventor, has applied the gyroscope to the aeroplane in order to solve the problem of making aeroplanes balance automatically. The gyroscope which Mr. Roberts has invented exerts a balancing force equal in weight to 300 lbs. placed 18 inches from either side of the centre of gravity. The gyroscope is driven by electricity, and is controlled by a pendulum which swings right or left according to the tilt of the aeroplane. It sets either of three switches in action, two of which tend to correct any tilt to right or left, while the third controls the gyroscope while the aeroplane is in equilibrium. The invention is very clever, and experiments are being tried with full-sized aeroplanes. Mr. Roberts is working on a small aeroplane which is to be controlled by wireless telegraphy. This aeroplane will not need a pilot to go up in it, as it can be steered to any point, and will also be capable of carrying a projectile. Its importance as an instrument of destruction may be imagined. All Mr. Roberts' inventions are being tested by the British War Office.

The first gyroscope railway in America is now being built by the Canadian Pacific Railway to circle Okanagan Lake in British Columbia.

* * *

Some Refutations.

LATELY, Commissioner Perry of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police has been looming large in the jaundiced imaginations of some eastern journalists, who have asserted that he was about to go to South Africa and organise there a force of mounted police. Now, the Commissioner arrived at Winnipeg the other night and denied that he had any intention of being translated to the veldt. His services were not required in South Africa; apparently the newspapermen were ignorant of the fact that as fine a body of mounted police as existed anywhere kept order in that once troubled land. Another rumour the Commissioner repudiated. It has been aired throughout the country that the R. N. W.

M. P. was so hard up for recruits that the officials had it under consideration to import men from across the pond. According to Commissioner Perry, the service was not quite so unpopular as that. There were plenty of strapping young chaps throughout the broad Dominion who were eager to become riders of the plains. At present, since the last recruiting tour, the strength of the force exceeds the limit by fifty. Why, just a couple of weeks ago, one hundred and three prospective constables were roped in at Toronto. Inspector Fitzgerald, Ottawa, a veteran R. N. W. M. P. man, who had charge of the enlisting, was fairly besieged at the Walker House in the Queen City. He ran out of application forms and had to wire Ottawa for more. Moreover, most of the men whom he accepted were Canadians born and bred, hailing from western and central Ontario. Commissioner Perry dilated somewhat interestingly upon the general condition of the force. An evidence of the great interest which the man in the street takes in this arm of the law, was the early exhaustion of the annual edition of the R. N. W. M. P. report. Such interest is extremely encouraging to the hard-working officers and their men; but as Commissioner Perry suggested, the interest of the public may become mere morbid inquisitiveness and a hindrance to the force in the performance of its duty. Circumstances in certain cases often rendered it necessary that there be reticence about facts; hence the regulation prohibiting the divulgence of any particulars whatsoever by mounted policemen. The public should be patient and await developments. Sometimes, on the other hand, the R. N.

W. M. P. were willing to provide copy for the newspapers with regard to certain matters. Instance the alleged killing of "Dutch Henry" south of Moosejaw not long ago; this story, said the Commissioner, he would have informed any interviewer was utterly false. Had this been done a whole lot of trouble might have been saved to a gullible public.

* * *

Booming New Brunswick.

DOWN in New Brunswick there is a boom in the air. Especially does the city of St. John feel growing pains. President T. H. Estabrooks, of the Board of Trade, contributed a very interesting suggestion for the city's advertising campaign the other day. The chief of the tradesmen would open wide the gates of St. John the first week in March, and hospitably beckon all the newspaper editors of New Brunswick within the walls to discuss certain matters. The problems of St. John would not be the only thing on the programme. The dozens of other cities, towns and villages of the province have interests in common with St. John. Mr. Estabrooks, who knows the situation well, thinks that a representative gathering of New Brunswick newspapermen could afford excellent advice to secure a municipal unity of purpose for the whole province.

* * *

Saskatchewan to the Fore.

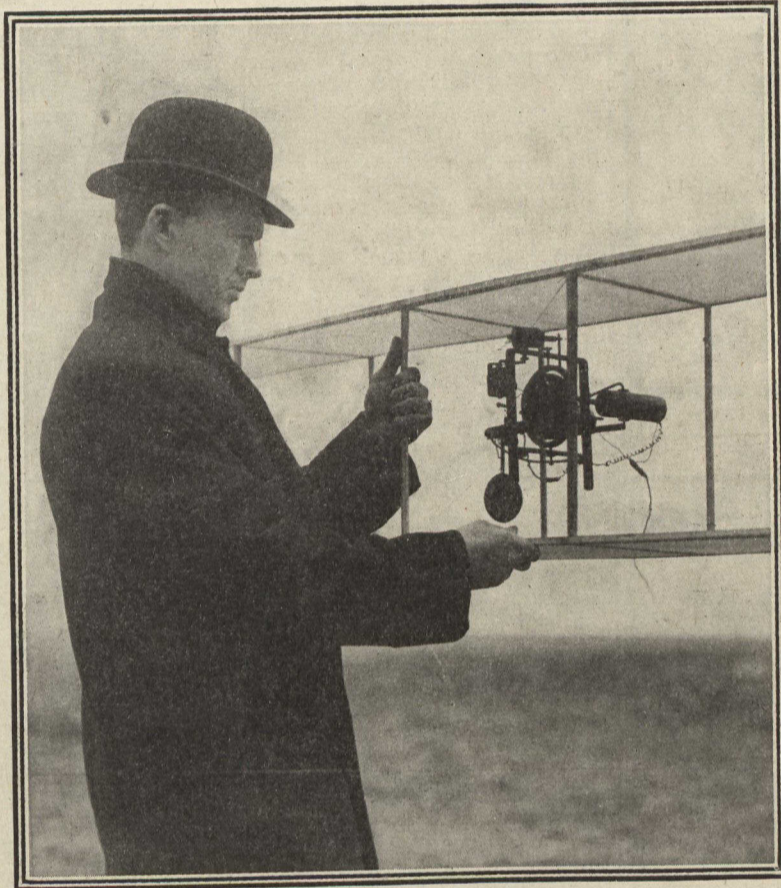
MR. J. H. Haslam recently made a statement before the Regina Canadian Club which made Saskatchewan people sit up. He remarked that the Dominion Government was discriminating against the province in its immigration policy. Mr. J. Bruce Walker, Immigration Agent for the Ottawa authorities at Winnipeg is on the trail of Mr. Haslam. Mr. Walker takes Mr. Haslam to task for ignorance of facts. He submits that fifty per cent. more immigrants both from the United States and Europe, climbed the fence into Saskatchewan last year than chose to settle in Alberta or Manitoba. Never did Saskatchewan receive such a share of the Government's advertising. The publicity efforts of the immi-

gration officials created a situation presenting difficulties very hard for them to handle. The immigrants came thick as locusts. The department facilities were much too weak to handle the land "hungerers" at Morse, Gull Lake, Scott and other centres. Six new immigration halls and numerous tents at these places proved much too inadequate to house the inflowing multitude. Of the 45,081 homestead entries made in the three provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, 28,081 were Saskatchewan entries. This year the prospects are rosy. The month of January showed fifty per cent. increase over January, 1909. Says Mr. Walker:

"So long as an abundance of homesteads of the best land in the world is still available in such generous quantities as it is in Saskatchewan, the work of directing attention here shall go on with ever increasing vigour."

The following are the homestead figures in the vacant land districts: Humboldt, 5,676; Prince Albert, 14,954; Estevan, 4,419; Battleford, 9,501; Moosejaw, 62,502; Regina, 815. Eighty per cent. of this area is available for crops, according to Mr. Walker. Should sixty per cent. be brought under cultivation, without counting the addition to last year's area, Mr. Walker is of the opinion that Saskatchewan would yield 250,000,000 bushels of wheat.

Perhaps it would be as well for a while to stop pipe-dreaming about the future of wheat and do a little more in the direction of improving social conditions. If the West is to be nothing but a granary of the Empire—well, it will probably breed rats.



Gyroscopic Aeroplane, clever invention of Mr. A. G. Roberts, an Australian, now being tested by the British War Office.

Bewitching, Dainty, Lasting

The lilies from which we distill this dainty perfume grow in the far-off "Flowery Kingdom" and are cultivated by Japanese gardeners who know, as do no others, the art of raising fragrant flowers.

Taylor's

Jap Lily Perfume

The perfume made from the distilled essence of these lilies gives a charming odor, one that delights the most whimsical.



\$1.00 an Ounce at Leading Dealers

John Taylor & Co. Limited Toronto, Canada



St. Lawrence Season 1910

Montreal to Liverpool

Royal Mail Service

Corsican	May 6,	June 3
Virginian	" 13,	" 10
Tunisian	" 20,	" 17
Victorian	" 27,	" 24

Montreal to Glasgow

Ionian	May 7,	June 4
Gramplan	" 14,	" 11
Pretorian	" 21,	" 18
Hesperian	" 28,	" 25

Gramplan and Hesperian are the largest and fastest steamers sailing between Canada and Scotland. Ionian and Pretorian carry "one-class" Second Cabin passengers at very moderate rates.

For full particulars of sailings to Liverpool, Glasgow, Havre and London, and rates, apply to any Allan Line Agency.

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PARIS OFFICE

60 RUE DE PROVENCE

MONEY AND MAGNATES

Sometimes Insiders Get Fooled.

SO it happens that insiders as well as the mere trading element sometimes get their disappointments. Mention is made of this because a great many Montreal brokers and traders have been poking a good deal of fun at some of the directors and officials of the Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Co. because the Board of Directors at a recent meeting failed to live up to expectations and instead of increasing the dividend to a 6 per cent. rate, declared a quarterly dividend at the old 5 per cent. rate.

Ordinarily such matters would not attract so much attention but just in the present instance there has been so much merriment over it as far as the outsider is concerned, that it has got to a point where it is not safe to mention the word dividend to some of the Richelieu directors. The main reason for this merriment is that it is claimed that some of the directors and a few of the leading officials of the company have recently been the largest buyers of Richelieu in the expectation that the dividend would be increased, and as it was not, they have been landed with the stock up around the top level.

It was common gossip in Stock Exchange circles in Montreal, that a few of the directors had even stated that the dividend was to be increased, and it was these practically official statements that evidently resulted in some of the local brokerage houses going a little further than usual in their recommendation to some of their clients that Richelieu was an attractive buy for an immediate advance. It was even hinted that one of the directors of the company was a member of a local pool that had recently been picking up a considerable amount of the stock, and if there is anything that is impressive to the average man, it is to see inside buying of this kind. Naturally there was consternation when the word came from the board room that the directors had declared the dividend at the old rate, and it is reported that a few of the directors had received so many calls on the 'phone asking for explanations, that they decided to take an early train for the woods. Some local brokers also felt so keenly about the matter, after having recommended the stock so strongly to their clients, that they immediately notified the latter that they would take the stock off their hands at the price at which it had been purchased. Of course this action was not taken with a view of establishing any precedent, but only as confirmation of the fact that they had had the information from the very best possible source.

The very next day the directors of the Minneapolis, St. Paul and Soo Railway, more commonly known as "Soo," the stock of which is so largely held both in Toronto and Montreal, gave the market a pleasant surprise by increasing the dividend on Soo Common from 6 to 7 per cent. This increase had been looked for so often for the past couple of years that traders had become very sceptical as to whether it was ever going to be increased or not, but the information that it surely would be was first received in Montreal after the Soo interests had a conference with Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, and naturally Toronto quickly got the tip over the wire from Montreal.

Mr. Robert Meighen, the president of the Lake of the Woods Milling Co., fairly startled the Montreal market when he recommended to the board of directors that the company for the half year ending January 31st, should pay a very attractive bonus of 5 per cent. in addition to the regular dividend of 6 per cent. per annum. This will mean a dividend of 16 per cent. per annum on Lake of the Woods Common, and when a milling company gets to paying such dividends as that, it will not be long before the average man makes up his mind that our milling concerns have something to do with the high cost of living.

* * *

Where a Policy was Conservative all the Way Through.

IT is not often that any Canadian industrial concern adopts such a conservative policy as that which President Harris of the Nova Scotia Steel & Coal Co. will announce to his shareholders at the annual meeting in March in connection with the expenses that resulted from the redemption and premium on the old bonds, and the issue of the new bonds. The financing in this connection placed the company in a very much stronger financial position than it previously had been, and the usual course that is adopted in connection with such expenses is to charge them up almost entirely to the property account. The Nova Scotia statement to be submitted at the annual meeting, however, will show that the entire amount, aggregating something over \$180,000, has been written right off out of the profits of the year and not a single dollar of it has been charged up to the property account.

The whole plan of financing in connection with the Scotia Company during the past year seems to have been handled in the most careful and conscientious way by Mr. Harris and his associates and the shareholders will naturally be greatly pleased when they find out that the closing action in connection with it was just in line with the conservatism that had been shown right along.

* * *

To Spend a Million and a Half on Hotels Alone.

THINK of it! The Canadian Pacific Railway will during the year 1910 spend close to a million and a half dollars in simply making additions and extensions to the different hotels it now has stretched out like a chain across the continent. Even buildings that were erected a few years ago are proving altogether too small for the demand for space that is made on them during certain months of the year, and as the great secret of the hotel business seems to be in handling the maximum number of people when the rush is on, new wings and additional floors have been suggested by the company's architect. It is only a few years ago since the C. P. R. established a new summer resort at St. Andrew's by the Sea, and notwithstanding the fact that the company has the large Algonquin Hotel and several cottages, it will erect an additional building during the next few months that will practically double the capacity of the hotel.

Then at the Chateau Frontenac at Quebec, it was only last year that the company completed the erection of a new wing that supplied some two hundred additional rooms, but for a number of weeks last summer guests had to be turned away almost daily. A new St. Louis Street addition is now planned.

At Montreal, it is the intention of doubling the capacity of the Place Viger Hotel, notwithstanding the fact that it is situated a considerable distance from the English section of the city, and what has been said of these may also be applied to almost every hotel and chalet situated through the

National Trust Co. Limited

18-22 KING STREET EAST
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CAPITAL \$1,000,000
RESERVE \$650,000

This Company, with its experienced staff, is in a position to administer estates efficiently and economically. We solicit interviews and correspondence regarding Wills.

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ALFRED WRIGHT, Manager



IRISH & MAULSON, Limited
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The Merchants' Bank

of Canada

President, SIR H. MONTAGU ALLAN
Vice-President, JONATHAN HODGSON, ESQ.
General Manager, E. F. HEDDEN

Paid-up Capital, - \$6,000,000
Reserve Fund and
Undivided Profits, - 4,602,157
Deposits. (Nov. 30) - 49,471,594
Assets, " - 66,800,51

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SAVINGS DEPARTMENT at all Branches.
Deposits of \$1.00 and upwards received and interest allowed at best current rates.

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Foundry, Basic, Malleable

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of every description

High-Grade Bar Iron

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36 Toronto Street
TORONTO

Rocky Mountains. The most important change in this section will be made at the big hotel the company now has at Banff, while farther west important changes will also be carried out in connection with the hotels at the terminal points on the Pacific coast.

All of which is a reminder of the confidence that the big men at the head of the C. P. R. have that this country is going to go ahead at a very fast rate, and that just as it makes arrangements to handle a larger crop that may be produced in the Northwest, so it must give equal attention to maintaining Canada's reputation by being able to accommodate the large amount of tourist traffic that is coming to this country from every part of the world.

Looking for \$100,000 Men.

SCHWAB, the big United States Steel man, once remarked that he was looking for a hundred thousand dollar man to look after his steel plant. The difficulty was to find that hundred thousand dollar man. He reasoned that the best man at any price was a cheap one, and it is evidently with the same thought in mind that the directors of the Canada Cement Co. went to Mr. F. P. Jones, the general manager of the Dominion Iron & Steel Co., and made him an offer that would total up over \$20,000 a year, to assume the management of the cement company, and then after a while along comes Mr. J. H. Plummer, the president of the Dominion Iron & Steel and Dominion Coal Companies, and offers Mr. M. J. Butler, a member of the Intercolonial Railway Commission, the salary it is said of \$25,000 a year, to take full charge and management of the two big industrial concerns down by the sea.

Figuring this out on a basis of the working days of the year, it would amount to over \$80.00 a day, and while the salary seems a pretty big one, a Steel director remarked to me the other day that the right man, with proper organisation, would save the companies three or four times that every year in operating costs alone. The funny part of it all was that Mr. Jones knew nothing whatever about cement, while Mr. Butler knew very little if anything of either steel or coal. In both instances they were selected, it rather looks, for their powers of organisation.

Both managements are sure to be watched with much interest.

C. M. Hays Begins Presidency Very Auspiciously.

MR. C. M. HAYS has entered upon the presidency of the Grand Trunk Railway under particularly auspicious circumstances, as he was able to announce to the shareholders very shortly after his appointment that the company would be able to pay the full dividend on both the first preference and the second preference stock, while it had been forced to pay only half the dividends during the trying periods of 1908 and the early part of 1909.

The outlook for general business for the G. T. R. is particularly bright as far as 1910 is concerned, a railway being dependent perhaps more than any other corporation on the general prosperity of the country it feeds, and every one is agreed that the Province of Ontario, from which the Grand Trunk is said to draw pretty near two-thirds of its total revenue, both in passenger and freight traffic, should just about have one of the most prosperous years in its history. Of course Mr. Hays has a giant task in working out the many problems that confront the Grand Trunk Pacific, but he wants to have its success stand as the great feature of his life work, and given good times and favourable conditions, it should not be very long before the Grand Trunk Pacific is able to supply the old Grand Trunk with a considerable amount of profitable traffic and in return receive just as much business of an attractive character from the older company.

The English shareholders have always shown the utmost confidence in Mr. Hays, and were always willing to accept any statement he might make to them regarding the outlook and possibilities of both the G. T. R. and G. T. P. The shareholders have certainly had to put up with a good deal in the past, and at one time it must have looked to them as though they were not very likely to ever get very much of their money out of the enterprise, but Mr. Hays has already done great things for them and it rather looks now as though he would be able to do still greater things for them. If there is one thing more than any other in which Mr. Hays has been particularly fortunate in his endeavour to work out the many problems that confront both the G. T. R. and the G. T. P., it is that he has been able to surround himself with a corps of officials who are just as sincerely enthusiastic about their work as is Mr. Hays himself.

How Big Issues of Securities are Taken up so Quickly.

THE average man is generally puzzled to know how issues of securities amounting to over a million dollars can possibly all be subscribed for within an hour or so of the time that the subscription lists were opened.

A record for the shortness of time in which the public offering was taken up was made the other day when the new Canadian Car & Foundry Co., which represents all the leading car construction companies of Canada, made an offering of some \$1,200,000 worth of securities. The subscription lists were open somewhat less than half an hour, and even in that period the entire issue had been applied for very close to three times. Naturally the outsider cannot possibly see how there could possibly be such a keen demand for any class of securities on the part of the investing public, and the secret of the success of the whole thing is due to the fact that the houses that handle the issue, make their plans well ahead with the result that even before the subscription lists are opened, they have got in touch with different firms in London or on the continent who are quite prepared to take almost the entire amount of the issues and afterwards dispose of them among their clientele. In this particular case, where a record as far as Canadian issues is concerned, was made, the class of security being that of an equipment company, was especially attractive to a number of prominent London houses who knew that a great proportion of their clients could very readily take them off their hands.

Of course it would be impossible to expect such a result from applications from the general public, as it takes a particularly large number of small applications to absorb any large offering. Most of the recent issues have shown that there are thousands of investors throughout Canada who are always on the lookout for these public offerings, more particularly where instalment payments are allowed, and a director of one of the largest Canadian banks remarked to me the other day, that he was certain that this disposition on the part of Canadian interests to invest in Canadian bonds and securities had shown greater expansion during the past couple of years, than in any previous ten years in the history of the country.

Coupon.

KEEPING INVESTORS INFORMED

Holders of securities and prospective purchasers can secure accurate information by communicating with us.

We maintain a Statistical Department replete with reports on the standing of Bonds and Stocks.

Investors are invited to write us.

A. E. AMES & CO.

INVESTMENT BANKERS LIMITED

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PELLATT & PELLATT

(Members Toronto Stock Exchange)
401 Traders Bank Building, Toronto

BONDS AND STOCKS
also **COBALT STOCKS**
BOUGHT AND SOLD
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Private wire connections with
W. H. GOADBY & CO., Members
New York Stock Exchange.



FACSIMILE OF TRAVELLERS' CHEQUES

ISSUED BY

The Canadian Bank of Commerce

These cheques are a most convenient form in which to carry money when travelling. They are **NEGOTIABLE EVERYWHERE, SELF-IDENTIFYING** and the **EXACT AMOUNT PAYABLE** in the principal countries of the world is shown on the face of each cheque.

THE MUTUAL LIFE OF CANADA

wrote during 1909 new business (all Canadian) amounting to **\$8,125,578** making total insurance in force December 31, 1909, **\$59,261,959**. Its net surplus earning for 1909, over all liabilities was **\$508,921.25**, while the ratio of expense to income was less than for the previous year.

HEAD OFFICE - WATERLOO, ONT.

ASSETS
\$8-617-908

CAPITAL (SUBSCRIBED) \$2-500-000
CAPITAL (PAID UP) \$1-500-000
RESERVE FUND \$1-250-000

CENTRAL CANADA

LOAN & SAVINGS COMPANY
TORONTO

DEPOSITS RECEIVED AND DEBENTURES ISSUED

THE Paid-Up Capital Stock of Chartered Banks in Canada is (in round figures) \$94,000,000 and of Loan Corporations \$55,000,000. Perhaps you never before realized the strong position that Loan Companies occupy in the development of the Dominion which these figures disclose and, to the conservative investor, the Stock and Debentures of a Loan Company are undoubtedly most satisfactory.

The Association offers investments at 4½% and 6%, payable half yearly. Full particulars and Annual Report on application.

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LONDON, ONTARIO

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YOUR NEW SPRING SUIT

And we claim your order on the merits of our goods, desirableness of patterns, correctness, of style, perfection of fit and upon unsurpassed value.

The Prices Start at--- \$22.50

Send for Samples and Self-Measurement Chart to Department "D"

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Boys prepared for the Senior Boarding Schools. New and specially designed building. Hot water heating. Electric light. Ample grounds.

Apply for information and prospectus to **W. T. JOMBER, B.A. (Oxford)**
Headmaster

WILD OATS

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 16.

neatly folded parcel had fallen from the papers in Gray's hand.

"Praps that's a diamond pin present for you," Red opined as he picked it up. "But first see if there ain't a check there, an' what Bloater says."

Gray opened the papers and discovered the preliminary agreement he had signed earlier in the day.

"That's the old one back," Red advised. "He's got the new ones all drawn up. What does Bloater Jones say, Jack?"

Gray ran his eyes slowly down a typewritten letter, and Meekins saw his face turn to an ashy hue and his heavy lip stiffen to hard lines.

"What does he say, Jack? Old man, there ain't nothin' gone wrong? He ain't squealin', is he?"

"Gimme that little package, Red!"

Gray with trembling fingers opened the package and Meekins saw nestling in the white paper half a dozen grains of discoloured oats.

"I don't understand, Jack!" he gasped. "What's it all about? What's that got to do with Bloater Brown an' your mine?"

GRAY passed the letter to Meekins, and sat, his head hanging heavily on a limber neck, while Red perused the contents aloud. The letter explained that the assayer had found the samples of ore very rich in silver; the writer might add "suspiciously rich." He had also discovered, in the process of pulverizing the ore, probably half a pint of oats. This curious blend of agricultural product with silver, hitherto unknown in mineralogy, had caused him to examine closely the conglomerate carrying the silver, and he had classed it as manufactured cement, mixed with loose gravel. These startling inconsistencies had induced Mr. Boulbee Downs to decline the purchase of the Little Star mine, and he was returning enclosed the preliminary agreement.

The letter fell from Red's hand. He sat staring helplessly at Gray.

The latter roused himself to say, "I knew I never could have no luck!"

"The oats was in the feed bag!" Red moaned. "Twenty thousand bucks! If I'd only had a clean bag!"

"Wullneritis" the Latest

WITH reference to singing—which gets a new turn every little while from some new faddist, either in voice-production or interpretation, of which latter Herr Ludwig Wullner, at present touring the United States and soon to visit Canada, is an eminent example: the *Musical Leader and Concert-Goer* of Chicago alleges that we are all in danger of a new infection. Nothing to do with dog rabies or Halley's comet cyanogenic poisoning; but quite as fatal as either so far as it goes. The paper in question calls the epidemic "Wullneritis"; which will be better understood when it is known that Herr Wullner is a singer who interprets all sorts of songs without much voice, but with a great deal of interpretation. So the *Musical Leader* says:

"Especially has it attacked the younger singers, although conductors, pianists, readers, violinists, and vocalists generally, have a mild form of the disease, symptoms of which are found in the rolling of the eyes, spasmodic gestures, frenetic waving of the hair, and a generally disordered imagination. We are having a large dose of temperamental display and every little whippersnapper of a school singer is giving himself the airs of a tragedian. That which Dr. Wullner does with impunity, others may not dare. It is his expression of his art, but his imitators are really his detractors, for in

Garden Freshness of "SALADA"

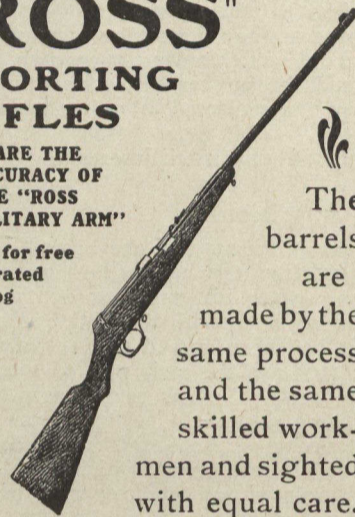


Fresh and fragrant from the gardens of the finest tea-producing country in the world. Ask your grocer for a package to-day — you'll like it.

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SHARE THE ACCURACY OF THE "ROSS MILITARY ARM"

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The barrels are

made by the same process and the same skilled workmen and sighted with equal care.

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Send for Price List and specimens of work

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Economical Ceiling and Walls for the Dining-Room



Did you ever stop to consider how much dust and dirt clings to, and is continually falling from, the ordinary plaster or papered ceiling? How unsanitary, especially for the dining-room. If you want a clean, sanitary dining-room, cover the ceiling and walls with

METALLIC

No dust or falling bits of plaster—no vermin, always fresh and clean—the most sanitary wall covering for the dining-room. Metallic Ceilings and Walls are made in many artistic designs, suitable for any size room, and are absolutely fireproof.

Write for our beautiful free booklet, "Interior Decoration in Metal." Just the information you want about ceilings and walls. Phone Parkdale 800.

MANUFACTURERS

The Metallic Roofing Co. Limited
TORONTO & WINNIPEG

HOLBROOK'S WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE

The Sauce that makes the whole world hungry.

Made and Bottled in England

SAUCE

BOVRIL

Stands Alone

BOVRIL differs from all fluid or solid extracts for all that is good in Beef is in BOVRIL.

To get rid of the undesirable and to keep the desirable has been successfully accomplished in the manufacture of BOVRIL.

This is the secret of BOVRIL—This is why BOVRIL gives immediate strength to the muscles, warmth to the blood and tone to the nerves.

Among its many imitations there is nothing like BOVRIL.

D-1-10

Perhaps

The Newell post was not intended as a buffer on a "slide for life," but that boy must work off his surplus energy in some way. Don't rebuke the little man, he may yet solve the problem of practical aerial navigation.

Buy a can of

Lacqueret

(Household Lacquer)

and repair the damage in a moment.



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ASK YOUR DEALER FOR THE "DAINTY DECORATOR" AND COLOR CARD

INTERNATIONAL VARNISH CO.

Limited

Toronto, Canada

them the grotesque is reached. They bring tragedy to a simple Mozart melody, forcing passion to tatters, in the belief that they are displaying temperament. . . . The noisier a tenor is, the better pleased is the audience. Never a thought is there as to the real lack of art or to the uncouthness of shouting at the top of his voice; so long as he makes the welkin ring his success is assured."

Caruso's Nervous Pose

SIGNOR ENRICO CARUSO, who, it is rumoured, is shortly to marry a beautiful Sicilian girl, is a great sufferer from stage fright. As a matter of fact, he hardly ever appears in public without experiencing the most acute nervousness.

Curiously enough, he delights in this, for he believes that it eggs him on to do his best.

"There is only one kind of trouble that I adore," he has said; "it is the trouble that takes me in ambush when I go on the stage. I am then seized with nervousness, and the anguish alone makes my voice what it is. . . This fever reveals itself to the public by many mysterious effects, which fill it with emotion; but let it be known that Caruso on the boards is not responsible for the pleasure he may give to others, and that everything is due to that redoubtable deity called 'stage fright.'"

Certainly a modest view to take of his fame.

A Lengthy Beat

MOST people have a hazy notion of the district and the wide expanse of country which is patrolled by the Royal North-West Mounted Police. Under special arrangement with the Dominion Government, which controls the police, the provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta are well covered by this force. In Saskatchewan there are police stations at Regina, Yorkton, Moosomin, Maple Creek, Battleford and Prince Albert and in Alberta there are stations at Lethbridge, Macleod, Calgary, Edmonton, Fort Saskatchewan, Athabasca Landing and Fort Chipewyan. In the Yukon district there are stations at White Horse and Dawson. In the Northwest Territories, stations stretch from the La Pas and Norway House, near the Manitoba boundary, to Split Lake, which is half way to Hudson's Bay, to Fort Churchill and Fullerton and again to Fort Resolution on the south shore of Great Slave Lake; to Fort McPherson near the mouth of the Mackenzie River and finally to Herschell Island in the Arctic Ocean.

The area covered by this force comprises a great many square miles. The official force is as follows:

	Square miles.
Saskatchewan	250,650
Alberta	253,540
Yukon	207,076
Northwest Territories	1,922,735

Total 2,634,001

On September 30th last year the strength of the force stood as follows: 51 officers, 600 non-commissioned officers and constables and 558 horses.

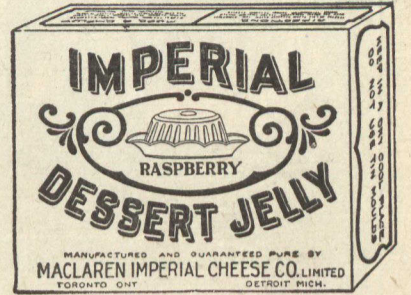
In addition to the four divisional posts in Saskatchewan there are 78 detachments, while in Alberta there are 64 detachments. The main strength of the force is in the southern and more populous portions of the two provinces. The present arrangement with this province expires on April 1st of next year, but will probably be renewed for another five years. Between November, 1908, and September 30th, 1909, this force handled a total of 6,888 cases with 5,849 convictions.

Doctors differ on some points, but they are unanimous in declaring that selected nuts are the most nutritious of all foods. HAVE YOU TRIED

Imperial Peanut Butter



the most nourishing and appetising of all pure foods? MacLaren—of Imperial Cheese fame—makes it. That's a surety of its purity and quality. Imperial Peanut Butter is especially good and wholesome for the young folks. A better or a purer food for them you cannot buy. Just the concentrated goodness of extra selected Spanish peanuts. Try a bottle.



A dessert every member of the family will like—a coaxing, appetising food for invalids and children, and nourishing as well. You can make it quickly—any flavor you desire. Directions on every package.

Sold by all Grocers.

Manufactured and Guaranteed Pure by

MacLaren's Imperial Cheese Co., Limited
TORONTO

1833

COUGHS, COLDS, "LA GRIPPE"

Every one is familiar with the distressing symptoms of the above-named ailments—although they do not seem serious enough to justify the employment of a physician—remember "a stitch in time saves nine" and that if these ailments are allowed to run on unchecked they may terminate in diseases most destructive in their results, such as Bronchitis, Pneumonia, Lung Troubles, and Tuberculosis.



WILSON'S Invalids' Port

(à la Quina du Pérou)

is composed of the most efficient drugs in the Materia Medica for the cure of these complaints, and these ingredients are scientifically blended so as to get their most beneficial effects.

Ask YOUR Doctor.

BIG BOTTLE

Sold at all Pharmacies Everywhere.

57

Hotel York

New York



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

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

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

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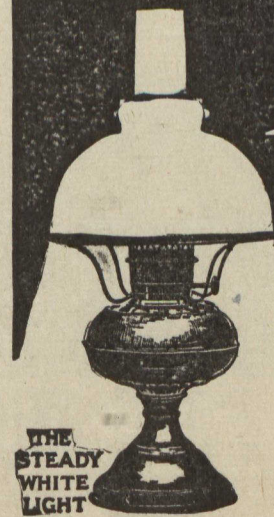
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SCOTCH
"MOUNTAIN DEW"
POSITIVELY THE FINEST WHISKY IMPORTED

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The RAYO LAMP is a high grade lamp sold at a low price. There are lamps that cost more but there is no better lamp at any price. The Burner, the Wick, the Chimney-Holder—all are vital things in a lamp; these parts of the RAYO LAMP are perfectly constructed and there is nothing known in the art of lamp-making that could add to the value of the RAYO as a light-giving device. Suitable for any room in the house. Every dealer everywhere. If not at yours, write for descriptive circular to the nearest Agent of

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THE STEADY WHITE LIGHT


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High Grade SMOKING MIXTURE



2 oz. tin costs	- - -	.25
4 oz. " "	- - -	.40
8 oz. " "	- - -	.75
16 oz. " "	- - -	\$1.50

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HUMIDOR TINS**



O'Keefe's
PILSENER

Insist that your dealer always sends
O'KEEFE'S "PILSENER"

"THE LIGHT BEER IN THE LIGHT BOTTLE"
(Registered)

**The O'Keefe Brewery Co.
of Toronto, Limited**

Galt Shingles

ANY progressive minded, unprejudiced man must admit that as a roofing material for any building, public or private, slate has only one advantage—durability. It is not water-tight. It is very expensive to lay and more expensive to repair. Its immense weight necessitates a heavy roof-frame and massive walls.

And you can't concede even permanence to slate in comparison with "GALT" Steel Shingles. Don't you think that a roof which keeps out snow and rain, is handsome and dignified in appearance and fire and lightning proof for 50 years is a better investment than one that leaks for three hundred? That's what a roof of "GALT" Shingles does. They are easily laid by any man and will last indefinitely without any attention whatever. Locks or seams are automatic and complete in each sheet—no trimming, punching or soldering required. "GALT" Shingles are the result of years of study and effort to produce for a reasonable price, a practical roofing material suitable for all classes of buildings.

Our free booklet "Roofing Economy" fresh from the press tells all about this modern roofing. Name and address? 17

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GALT, ONTARIO.
Winnipeg - DUNN BROS.**



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Right Up-To-Date. Get busy and send for our Price Catalog. We ship direct from Nurseries to Planters. Thirty years and something new. May we have your order while the assortment is complete. Dependable stock at the Central Nurseries.

A. G. Hull & Son, St. Catharines, Ont.




BY APPOINTMENT.

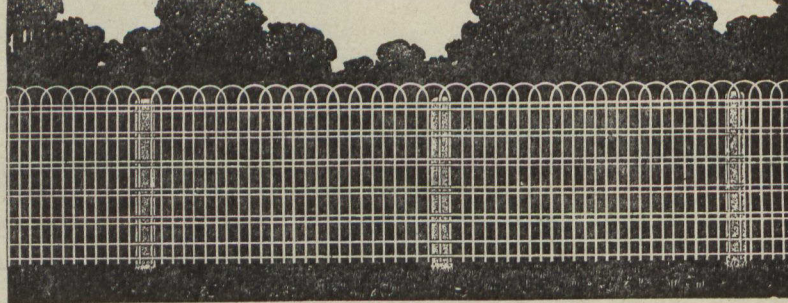
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Largest fence and gate manufacturers in Canada

WALKERVILLE TORONTO MONTREAL ST. JOHN WINNIPEG VICTORIA

Motors and Aeroplanes

Aeroplane Prices.

A DESPATCH from London dated the 18th inst. says: "Aeroplanes are at last 'on the market' in England, the Humber Company to-day issuing the first aeroplane price list ever published in this country. Following are some of the quotations:

"Monoplane, with 3-cylinder 30-h.-p. engine, \$2,250.

"Monoplane, with 4-cylinder 50-h.-p. engine, \$3,875.

"Biplane, with Humber 4-cylinder 50 h.-p. engine, \$5,500.

"The leading dimensions of the \$5,500 biplane are: Width of main planes, 41½ feet; length of main planes, 36 feet; surface, 482 square feet; surface of rudder, 12 square feet; surface of ailerons, 32½ feet.

"In twenty years the present price list will be chiefly interesting, aeroplaneists admit, as showing the tremendous development that is expected to take place in this industry."

* * *

Motors in London.

THE *London Outlook* in a recent issue has the following interesting editorial note:

"It scarcely needed the genial speech of Sir J. H. S. Macdonald at the Scottish Motor Exhibition dinner in Edinburgh this week to convince us that the motor is fast displacing the horse for all kinds of vehicular traffic, commercial as well as for luxury of travel. Less than a year ago observation kept in London established almost an equality in motor and animal vehicles; more recent records showed that on a single day in a particular thoroughfare the number of the latter had increased to 1,178, and of the former diminished to 775. But the commercial motor is a comparatively new factor; only the largest trading-firms having hitherto been able to employ them. According to the Lord Justice Clerk, however, 'the day of the boom of the commercial vehicle is fast approaching, if it has not already been entered upon,' and of its rapid progress there can be little doubt, for every commercial vehicle put on the road driven by mechanical power is not only an advertisement of the firm whose name it bears, but advertises the success of motor traction. That success is not without its unfortunate drawback, for the displacement of the animal-drawn vehicle is already producing such a dearth of horses that the War Office cannot obtain what are required for military use. The remedy of course should be to adapt the motor to all the purposes of war except for mounted troops."


* * *

Another Canadian Motor.

CANADA has another motor factory ready for action—the Hupp Motor Company of Detroit have built a factory at Windsor. The first Hupmobile was completed in November, 1908, and already 2,000 cars are in use. The output of the Detroit factory this year will be 5,000. Their chief feature is a four-cylinder, twenty horse-power car which sells for \$950. It is a business man's car, a staunch, well-built, thoroughly equipped machine carrying two passengers. Its chief feature is the Bosch high-tension magneto, such as is used on costly cars. This does away with spark control. Spark coils, batteries and wiring are dispensed with.

* * *

THE motoring season seems to be with us most of the time nowadays. All winter almost any good car has been running about town through and over and sometimes under the deep snow. A few years ago a car hibernated as regularly as a bear. But they make better cars now.



Vapo Cresolene
ESTABLISHED 1879

For Whooping Cough, Croup, Sore Throat, Coughs, Bronchitis, Colds, Diphtheria, Catarrh

"Used while you sleep"

VAPORIZED CRESOLENE stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough. Ever-dreaded Croup cannot exist where Cresolene is used. It acts directly on the nose and throat, making breathing easy in the case of colds; soothes the sore throat and stops the cough. CRESOLENE is a powerful germicide, acting both as a curative and preventive in contagious diseases. It is a boon to sufferers from Asthma. CRESOLENE'S best recommendation is its 30 years of successful use. For sale by all druggists. Send Postal for Descriptive Booklet. Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, of your druggist or from us, roc. in stamps.

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Canadian Agents
Leeming-Miles Building, Montreal, Canada.

By Royal Warrant



to His Majesty the King

G. H. MUMM & CO.

EXTRA DRY

The most exquisite dry Champagne imported

Selected Brut

A superb Brut Wine of unsurpassed style and flavor.

There is probably not a club in the world where men of taste gather where the name of **G. H. MUMM & CO.** is not a synonym for the best champagne that can be had.

Royal Warrants have been granted to Messrs. G. H. MUMM & CO. by

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- His Majesty The German Emperor.
- His Majesty The Emperor of Austria.
- His Majesty The King of Italy.
- His Majesty The King of Sweden.
- His Majesty The King of Denmark.
- His Majesty The King of the Belgians.
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CANADIAN HOTEL DIRECTORY

The New Russell

OTTAWA, CANADA
250 rooms

American Plan \$3.00 to \$5.00.

European Plan \$1.50 to \$3.50.

\$150,000.00 spent upon Improvements

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(The Home of the Epicure)

European Plan, \$1.50 up. Montreal

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TORONTO, CANADA

—Fireproof—

Accommodation for 750 guests. \$1.50 up. American and European Plans.

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American Plan \$2-\$3. European Plan \$1-\$1.50

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TORONTO, CANADA. F. W. Messop, Prop.

European Plan. Absolutely Fireproof

RATES

Rooms without bath, \$1.50 up

Rooms with bath, \$2.00 up

Calgary, Alberta, Can.

Queen's Hotel Calgary, the commercial metropolis of the Last Great West. Rates \$2.00 per day. Free 'Bus to all trains. H. L. STEPHENS, Proprietor

In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier

MUSIC IN CANADA

The Economics of Orchestras

CANADIANS are not unpatriotic about music. There is a pardonable and a growing pride in the achievements of our own home-produced organisations, some of which are beginning to shape up with the best. We have said such a thing as this so often regarding the Toronto Symphony Orchestra that it may sound as though that's all there is to say about it and as though there were no other orchestras in Canada to talk about.

But that is not all there is to say and the Toronto Symphony is not the only band of its kind in the country worth enthusiasm. There are at least three other orchestras in the country whose performances entitle them to public regard at the hands of the press. One is in Montreal under Professor Goulet; another in Ottawa under the leadership of Mr. Donald Heinz; the other in Quebec known as the Quebec Symphony. All these give concerts of high merit every little while, and it is the intention of the CANADIAN COURIER to feature the interesting story of this quartette of orchestras at an early date.

Thousands of Patrons.

Meanwhile the Toronto Symphony has given its fourth regular concert for this season to another crowded house with another magnificent programme. This means that up to date, counting the concerts given with the National Chorus and the concert given in Hamilton two weeks ago when the orchestra got an ovation, no fewer than eighteen thousand people have heard this ambitious and artistic organisation which three years ago gave its first concert in Toronto. This has been made possible only by a perfect system backed by capital and enthusiasm. Much of the credit is due Mr. H. C. Cox, who put the orchestra on its present professional footing after its withdrawal from the Toronto Conservatory of Music, which gave it origin under the leadership of Mr. Frank Welsman. As was pointed out by Mr. A. S. Vogt last year at a meeting of musicians and art folk generally, no city can be called an art centre that has not a permanent orchestra; no matter what the choral or teaching or picture standards may be. In this respect Toronto has begun seriously to be an art centre; though it is doing not a whit more than can be done by any other city of similar size in the Dominion.

Net result of the scheme is—twelve thousand dollars loss to the guarantors this year. Symphony orchestras eat up money. Professional players can't be paid even the union scale for rehearsals three times a week through a season of seven months without money coming in plentifully from some source. Big solo artists of the calibre of Gadske and Rachmaninoff and Bispham and Kreisler and Mischa Elman can't be got simply as a matter of compliment. It costs the best part of a thousand dollars every time one of these soloists appears in concert. They always get their money no matter what the box office receipts. This can't be kept up year by year without a big organisation, a deal of patience and a lot of optimism that is not afraid to go down into its check book when the scratch comes at the end of the season. Most men prefer spending loose money on horses and stocks and real estate to passing it out in the interests of art. A score or so of Toronto men, however, are not afraid to write checks for a thing that in many years can't possibly hope to pay its legitimate expenses, let alone a dividend.

For to improve an orchestra to get it in line with the big touring aggregations that come across the border free of duty means to spend more money this year than last and to keep up the increasing ratio *ad lib.* and without stint. There is scarcely an orchestra in America that really pays its way—if you take into account the actual outlay on capital and current account. In some places there is a permanent list of guarantors as in Pittsburg, the "village of millionaires," as Victor Herbert called it. In Chicago a huge popular subscription from ten cents up to fifty thousand dollars gave the Thomas Orchestra its million-dollar home. In Boston Colonel Higginson pays the annual net *ante* for his own gratification, even with a fat series of "pop" and classical concerts in the orchestra's own hall. In New York there are guarantors and private benefactors besides all sorts of good business management.

Enterprise in Canada Also.

It is worth while to have in Canada something the same spirit and system and determination in the cause of good music. It is worth while to have it in more places than one. It is as possible to have it in Montreal as in Toronto; should be easier; many men there, for instance, who spend hundreds of thousands on pictures—such as the late Sir George Drummond, whose pictures were valued at more than a million. Fancy—what a million dollars endowment would do for a public permanent orchestra! How much more than it could ever do in the cause of art when spent on a private collection of pictures.

However, all these things will come in due time. The concerts given in Toronto have stimulated public interest to a very high degree. They are of a character that deserves the best possible appreciation from the public. The concert given on February 14th under the baton of Mr. Welsman was a worthy successor to the series of fine performances given both this year and last by the same people. It is not necessary here to criticise the programme, which left little to be desired by any one. There is a growing bigness and quality of tone in all the sections of the orchestra; a much better response to the baton; an increasing power of interpretation and of tone production—with the smooth, satisfying sort of tonality that makes a really good symphony orchestra just about the finest music in the world, covering the whole range of musical expression without words.

This much—which is the main and the justifying thing—is due to Mr. Welsman, who has proved himself to be rather more of a discovery in the leadership line than even his best friends could have predicted. With so able and ambitious, so hard-working and conscientious a leader, backed by so capable and aggressive an organisation, there is nothing to prevent the Toronto Symphony Orchestra from writing its story bigger and bigger with each successive year. Indeed, the results are seen even concert by concert. And it does not require a man of any musical ability beyond the most ordinary appreciation to perceive the improvement.

As a mere suggestion of what Montreal is actually doing in the orchestral line mention may well be made of the excellent orchestra which plays every evening during the season in the Academie Theatre under Prof. Goulet. There



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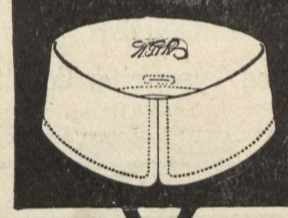
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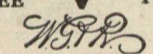
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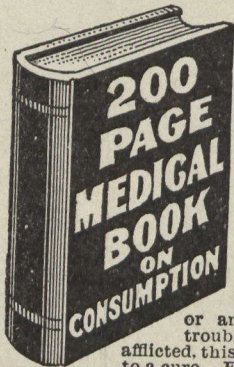


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is no theatre orchestra in Canada which comes anywhere near this in point of size, distribution of instruments, balance of tone and interpretation of repertoires—which are as carefully selected and evidently as well rehearsed as though the band were doing the programme on the concert stage. The average musical programme in this theatre—which is, of course, all French—consists of not less than half a dozen good representative numbers which would do credit to almost any small-sized orchestra. There is an utter absence of the fatal drumophone effects that make the average Canadian theatre orchestra a worse bore than the worst drivel of a play. Indeed, the audiences listen so well to the *entr'acte* music that they quite forget the length of the intermission.

* * *

The Music Hall Manager.

MUSIC in Canada has lost one of its forces in the death of Mr. Stewart Houston. The late manager of Massey Hall was a man who combined knowledge of music, business capacity and financial acumen in an unusual degree. He understood the idiosyncrasies of a prima donna quite as well as he did the peculiarities of the public. The one he had no prospect of reforming. The other he had some hope that some day, somehow, they would begin to appreciate high-class attractions at high-class prices. It must be said that to a large extent Mr. Houston succeeded. Not that he was responsible for the marked development in musical discernment and preferences the last ten years; but it has been proved over and over again that the public of any city the size of Toronto has learned to pay big money every season for music, whether home-produced or imported, that is of a character much in advance of the things appreciated a few years ago.

Of course there are peculiarities about popular taste that no one can explain. Many and many the time Manager Houston faced the discouragement of empty seats in a huge hall—and a high-priced virtuoso to pay for the performance. Sometimes the fault was the public's; now and again it may have been the manager's; very often it was circumstances over which neither had any control. As a city advances along musical lines it pays more and more of its money for its own productions, and proportionately less to imported talent. This is one of the best possible signs. There are cities which depend almost entirely upon importations. Detroit is such a city; no better place in America to appreciate touring orchestras and solo artists of all kinds; but in the most backward condition regarding choral societies and local orchestras; much different to Buffalo or Cleveland; much inferior to either Montreal or Toronto in that respect.

Manager Houston's ambition was to elevate popular taste. He rarely booked attractions that were merely mediocre and never anything vulgar. He kept a shrewd eye on developments across the border and in Europe. At the same time he was actively in touch with the lecturing fraternity; with dramatic organisations and literary talent; just as he was versatile in dealing with horse shows and open air exhibitions. He had the touch of constructive imagination that went far to make the really great manager of a big music hall. In that respect it will not be an easy matter to replace him.

* * *

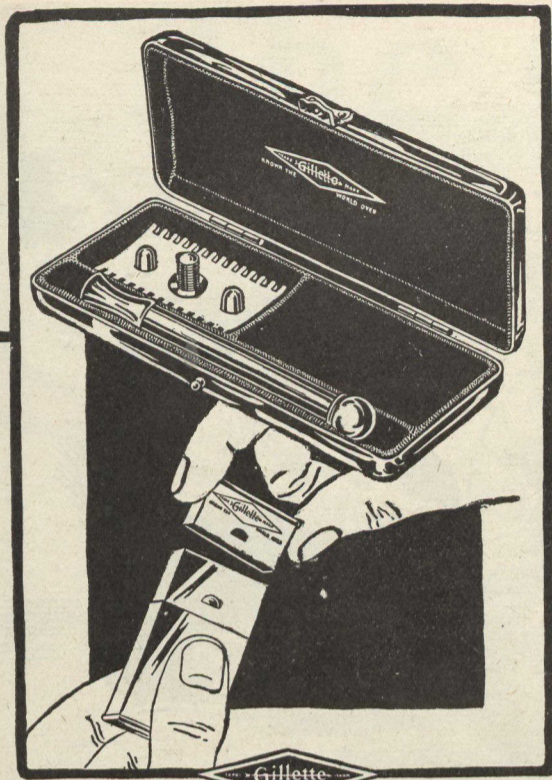
Emil Paur, the Inspirationist.

EMIL PAUR came to Canada again this week; as usual for the past two years in conjunction with the Schubert Choir under Mr. H. M. Fletcher. No greater contrast between two men could be imagined. Mr. Paur is almost all Mr. Fletcher is not. He is a musical genius who works his sweet will in connection with an orchestra. Mr. Fletcher is a hard-working organiser who does a useful educative choral work with a large number of people who when they begin to study under him know little or nothing about music. Mr. Paur hails from the music centres of Europe; from Vienna, where he knew Brahms and Liszt. He has conducted orchestras in four American cities; including the Boston Symphony, the New York Philharmonic and the Pittsburgh Orchestra, of which he has been the leader now these six years. Mr. Fletcher is a Toronto man who has worked steadily up from the most humble beginnings with a serious handicap in both circumstances and temperament, till he has got to the point where he is able to show results of a unique character in musical education. He is one of those who believe that any one can be taught to sing if he is taken young enough. He is probably exaggerating. But it is on that principle of democracy that he has worked with his choristers and on account of that he has got certain results.

The results are well worth while. The Schubert Choir sing with much better method and precision and technical finish than any but a very few of the leading choral societies in Canada. Sometimes they achieve real beauty in tone.

Mr. Paur is so different from Mr. Fletcher that the two work in perfect accord. Perhaps each supplies what the other needs. At any rate, Mr. Paur is able to help Mr. Fletcher very materially in getting results from his chorus when it sings with the orchestra. Mr. Fletcher's experience with a modern symphony orchestra is necessarily limited. He has put his attention and effort on choral work almost entirely, and he is willing to admit that he is not a born genius with the baton when it comes to getting effects from a body of players many of whom know more about the intricacies of music than he does. Besides, to take the baton of Emil Paur is no slight responsibility. Paur has the faculty of working his men as few conductors have. He is a sublime inspirationist at the baton; and he is able to get results from a body of players that few conductors are able to equal. With Mr. Paur it is not a supreme matter that he have a perfect aggregation of solo players in each section. He could give the big things with a very indifferent band—so far as mere individual technic is concerned. He could even get results of a highly musical character from a rather poor sample of a brass band. He is a wizard; but he is full of ideas and a man of liberal education in music. He is an intense student and an interpreter who has been all his life in touch with the biggest movements in music. Moreover, he has an American ambition. He has succeeded in managing Pittsburg as no man ever did. The village of millionaires is no easy place to carry out a scheme such as Mr. Paur has succeeded in doing; the latest phase of which is that he has got a band of ninety players and a guarantee endowment of fifty thousand dollars a year over and above all the profits that accrue from performances.

To have done this in Pittsburg and to have remained a real master of serious music is proof of some sort of genius; the kind that Mr. Paur has—whatever that is.



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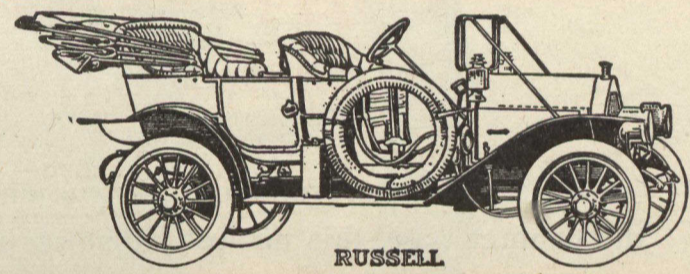
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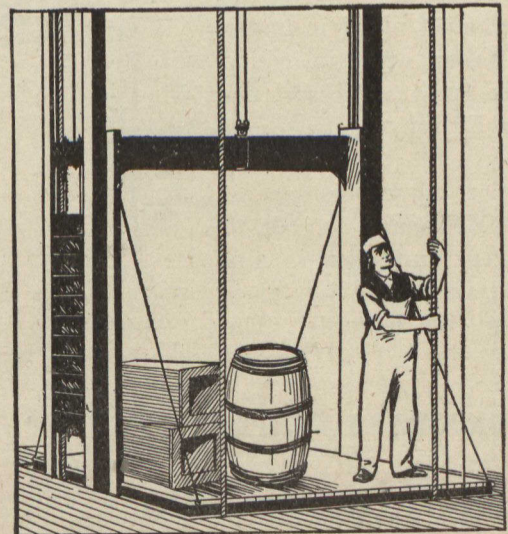
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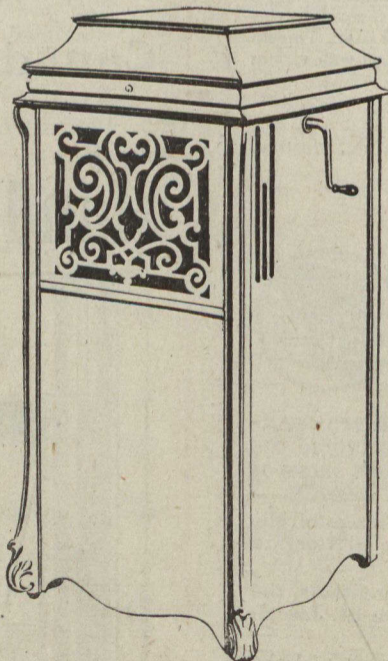
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