

# The Canadian **C**ourier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



Read in  
Nine  
Provinces

Drawn by G. Butler

**"Sergeant Kinnaird," a New Story by W. A. Fraser,  
Begins in This Issue**

# FALL AND WINTER STYLE SHOW



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THE season of Fall Fashions for 1909 has begun. It is needless to say that we have made preparations for *this* Autumn on a scale and plan such as was absolutely and impossibly out of the question before we took over the New Building. You will soon see for yourself, doubtless, what these preparations mean to you.

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IN

# The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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## Editor's Talk

THIS week we begin the publication of a new story by W. A. Fraser, the Canadian novelist. The author of "Thoroughbreds," "Mooswa" and "Blood Lilies" needs no introduction to Canadian readers. His short stories have appeared in every Canadian publication of note, and in nearly every leading periodical in New York and London. There is hardly a famous Editor in the English-speaking world who has not addressed a request for short stories to "Mr. W. A. Fraser, Georgetown, Ont."

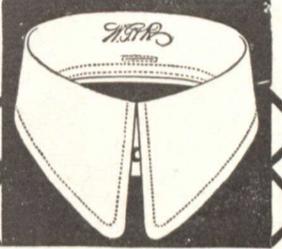
This story tells the experiences of a Western Policeman, one of the famous R. N. W. M. P.'s, who disguised as a clergyman goes forth to seek some whiskey-smugglers in the Foothills. The men whose secret he dared to probe were hard, daring, reckless chaps and the parson took extraordinary risks. To these men "spy" or "traitor" was a sentence of death. Then again, a woman comes into the case, and "twixt love and duty" once more plays a part.

The story will run through about ten issues but no reader will go away disappointed. This is our prophecy.

HON. MR. MOTHERWELL contributes to this issue a letter on the Saskatchewan wheat crop which removes all doubt as to its size. Those who have been skeptical of the wonderful figures will be reassured. Mr. Motherwell hands the Jonahs a generous antidote.



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T H E

# Canadian Courier

## THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



VOL. 6

Toronto, October 2nd, 1909

No. 18

**G**REAT BRITAIN is on the eve of a general election which is of greater interest to Canadians than any previous episode of a similar nature. It makes little difference to Canada whether Premier Asquith remains in power or whether the Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour returns to the treasury benches. A Liberal or a Conservative victory is not of much importance so far as our relations with the Crown are concerned. We are interested, however, in the House of Lords.

Every one will admit the peculiarity of our interest. That we should be more interested in the fate of the Peers than in that of the Tariff Reform movement is almost inexplicable, but so it is. Those ancestral homes, those deer forests and game preserves, and those lovely women who wear coronets are part and parcel of the British spectacle. Because we have nothing of the kind over here, we somewhat thrill with pride when we consider that we own a few shares of the "common stock" in the peerage. Indeed we have one or two shares of the preferred in Lord Strathcona and Lord Mountstephen. Besides, in the western world, we love a fight. The Lords have been showing fight. Our Senate never fights. Only once it fought—and won. The spectacle of the Lords fighting the Lloyd George Budget against the almost expressed will of a nation is so plucky that we have become interested.



**I**F the Dominion Government were to pass a law to the effect that every man selling a piece of land, farm land or city lot, should pay one-fifth of his profit as a special tax, what would Canadians think? If a farmer who buys a section of land, 640 acres, at \$5 an acre and sells it again at \$15, had to pay one-fifth of this "unearned increment" to the Government, in this case \$1,280, what would he think? If a man who bought a lot on Yonge St., Toronto, twenty years ago for \$5,000, were to sell at \$25,000 and find that he had to pay the Government \$4,000 as its share of the increased value, what would he think?

This is the principle in the British budget to which Lord Rosebery objects. He calls it the thin edge of the Socialistic wedge and the first stage in nationalisation. It is only fair to say that land taxes in Great Britain are not so high nor so common as in Canada, but this does not alter the burden of the proposed new taxes. Indeed because the unearned increment in Canada comes more quickly, it would be even less hardship to part with a percentage of it than in Great Britain where land values have grown steadily but slowly.

If Canadians object to socialistic measures and nationalisation of land at home, they surely cannot approve of these measures in Great Britain. They must sympathise with Lord Rosebery in his protest against some elements of the much-discussed Budget.



**I**F the Lords refuse to pass the Budget, the fat will be in the fire. There must be a general election. But, in addition, all sorts of things would go into Britain free of duty—especially tea, whisky and tobacco. And what a carnival of importation there will be for a few weeks! Since May, there has been an increase in taxation of various sorts, and all these increases would be recoverable at law. The army and the navy would be in a peculiar position, with little of importance happening. There would be a mild sort of chaos.

That is just why Canadians are interested. Our Senate could never get up the courage to do so noble and striking a deed, hence we have begun to think the House of Lords some pumpkins. Then again, the Peers may really be like our Senate and they may be bluffing only. In the meantime, we watch—and wait.



**P**OOOR old Hogtown—it is in trouble again, because of its gluttony. Some years ago it drove a hard bargain with a street railway company. It was so hard that at first it looked somewhat ill for the company. Then Toronto grew and grew, and the railway began to

## REFLECTIONS

By STAFF WRITERS

be profitable. The profits now have become so large that the annual share received by the city amounts to half a million dollars. This is a tremendous annual rental for a street railway

franchise, even in a city where people are generally prosperous. The trouble is caused by the ticket-buyers who are now advancing the argument that this half million dollars is coming out of their pockets and is lowering the taxes paid by all the rich men and big corporations who own city property. The franchise runs until 1921, and in the time yet to elapse the city will receive ten million dollars, all of which will go to relieve rich men's taxes. The people who pay the street car fares say this is not equitable.

The remedy is not visible. The street railway company says it is satisfied and it doesn't desire to change the fares. The city has a good contract, and is afraid to change it, lest it get the worst of the change. In the meantime the poor man continues to pay a fare which brings enough profit into the city treasury to reduce all taxes on property by five or ten per cent.

What a weary world it is. "If we had not done it, we would have been scorned for not being far-sighted; we did it and now we are worried to death because of the unearned profits we are putting in our purse." Such is Toronto's lament.



**P**REMIER GOUIN of Quebec has a problem on his hands. He announced that in September, 1910, he would prohibit the export of pulpwood cut on the crown lands of his province. Then the United States government came along and gave him a punch which staggered his good resolutions about waiting until next year to make his move. The doubt arises, because the blow was indirect. It was given in the form of an increased duty on paper going into the United States and only hit Sir Lomer through his friends the paper-makers.

Sir Lomer made a promise to the American purchaser of his timber reserves that for ten years he would not discriminate against them. That promise will not be fully redeemed until September, 1910, and we would advise Sir Lomer to wait until then. True, the provocation and the temptation are great, but a Canadian statesman should err on the side of fair-dealing rather than fall too close to strict dealing. The lane of international intercourse is long, and there are many turnings. It looks as if the United States wants to fight, but let that fact be made unmistakably clear before any Canadian retaliation is attempted. Amicable and pleasant relations between our neighbours and ourselves are too important to be prejudiced by a slight which is so indirect and casual as to be entitled to very little notice. Let us wait patiently for the big bump. If it does not come, we shall not be sorry that we waited.



**H**ON. MR. BRODEUR'S statement, on his return from London, that there will be no politics in the proposed Canadian navy is reassuring. It is to be hoped that he will begin at once by removing all the vessels now operating under the Marine Department from the realm of political traffic. There is a suspicion abroad, ill or wisely founded, that in spite of Mr. Brodeur's anxiety to eliminate politics from his department, he has not wholly succeeded. Nor can he fully realise his ambition until the whole Outside Civil Service is brought under the supreme control of the Civil Service Commissioner. This is a necessary preliminary to the state of affairs which Mr. Brodeur and the country so anxiously desire.

Strangely enough the opposition to the extension of the new Civil Service Act to the Outside Service is not coming so much from the Ministry as from the Members and their Backers. A member without patronage would be something new and a Backer without patronage would be even newer. However, it is all a matter of education, and the believers in civil service reform must continue their active agitation. This is the season and the opportunity.

A CORRESPONDENT writes us from Riviere du Loup to complain that the critics of the Government railways are unfair to the employees. He claims that the staff of the Intercolonial is as hardworking a set of men as any other railway staff in Canada. He thinks it unfair to try to make profits for an unprofitable road by taking money from conscientious and painstaking employees.

The most interesting portion of his letter contains an admission that the critics who are advocating the transfer of the Intercolonial, for operation, to some one of the three private railway corporations, are quite correct. He is apparently weary of Government mismanagement, and would prefer private operation. Indeed, he goes so far as to say that this "is likely the secret desire of every employee of the railway." This is much worse than any of us anticipated. If the new management has a set of employees who all favour private operation how can they possibly succeed in making the road a financial success? It looks as if Mr. Graham's commission had attempted the impossible.

#### STARVING FOR THE CAUSE

WHEN convictions reach the starving point, one is forced to take them seriously, however absurd the starving propagandists may have seemed. The English women who carry the suffrage agitation to the point of starving for their views are, at least, desperately in earnest and will give the world a deeper impression of their sincerity by their refusal of brown bread and treacle than by any other method of enforcement. Hunger is elemental and supremely convincing. When our neighbour professes an admiration for Bach's preludes or Whistler's "arrangements," we may be entirely unmoved or skeptical. When he goes without beef or beer, in order to buy a picture or attend a concert, we yield to his sincerity, however bewildering his desires may appear. When he is willing to starve for a cause,

we may call him a fanatic, but we must believe in the compelling earnestness of his belief.

Consequently, the suffragettes who are choosing starving and emaciation that they may hasten the day of votes for women are affording the most primitive argument in that behalf. Tears, speechifying, belabouring of the Asquith hall door will not begin to do what a few days of starvation will accomplish. Even the men who have been bitterly opposed to them are uneasy at the thought of the least of the suffragettes not having her daily bread. The vote for women may be among the issues at the next general election in Great Britain.

#### AN IMPERIAL DUTY

MR. JOSEPH BERNIER, M.P.P., member for St. Boniface, contributes an article on the Empire to *Le Manitoba*, St. Boniface, and the following is a translation of his closing paragraphs:

"Our population is composed of different elements—English, French, Scotch, Irish, Americans, Germans and many others, amongst which the Galicians and Poles are numerous. Every one must have his eyes turned towards the same goal. All must be Canadian at heart and in spirit, otherwise our great dreams for the future will never be realised; but there must be a standard around which all these citizens, whatever blood might run in their veins, can unite as a great family.

"That standard can be no other than the British flag. No people can expect to live and become great without a flag—loved, respected and cheered. The flag represents the country. The flag is that simple piece of cloth which, floating over a house or at the top of a mast, says clearly and highly the aims and ideas of a citizen. For us Canadians, the British flag means liberty and power; the British flag means union, unity of action, unity of thought. To-day more than ever should we see the raising of the British flag in all the colonies of England. It must be proved to the world that England is not isolated in her isles and that the British crown is formed with all the jewels spread in the world like Canada, Australia, New Zealand and the others.

## SASKATCHEWAN'S WONDERFUL WHEAT HARVEST

### *Hon. Mr. Motherwell Explains the Phenomenon*

Editor CANADIAN COURIER:

Sir,—Premier Scott has handed to me your wire of the 15th instant, in which you state that the public are inclined to doubt that Saskatchewan this year produced eighty-six million bushels of wheat. Such hesitancy in accepting the report is perhaps excusable when we, who are most closely in touch with the development of our province, can scarcely realise how rapidly it is reaching the high position which it seems destined to attain. And while the present results surprise them, it is well that our people should prepare themselves for the day—not far distant—when Saskatchewan's wheat crop will be measured by hundreds of millions of bushels.

With regard to the alleged production of wheat, I have to say that our Bulletin No. 13 indicated that 86,668,692 bushels of wheat would be harvested. Our bulletin did not really give an estimate of the crop, but stated that the average yield per acre was estimated to be 22 bushels. Commenting upon the estimated yield, that Bulletin said: "While these figures may be a fair approximate, it is still rather early to use them as a basis of calculation for the total yield of the province . . . ." They were, however, felt to be so nearly accurate that, unless the crop were injured by frost or by severe hail storms, practically that quantity would be threshed.

To obtain the data to which reference has been made our crop correspondents were asked early in August to estimate the average yield per acre; and upon the reports of about 900 township correspondents was based the estimated yield of 22 bushels per acre. But that estimate was made before the crop was harvested and there was still a possibility of the yields being lessened by unfavourable conditions. In order, therefore, to have the opinion of our correspondents respecting the condition of the crops at maturity, and when they had actually been harvested, a later circular was sent out to them. At the time when the first estimate was made, it could not be foreseen whether the crops would mature as well as their condition at that time gave cause to expect. There was still a possibility of their being damaged more or less. But when the second circular was returned, harvest was practically ended, and no eventuality could materially affect the results. Our correspondents were uniformly of the opinion that the harvest was completed under extremely favourable conditions and that the yield was very little below their

original estimate. There was, however, a slight change, and Bulletin No. 14, now in the press, will summarise the latest crop circular, according to which the crops are expected to yield approximately as follows:

	Est. acreage.	Average.	Total yield.
Wheat . . . . .	3,912,497	21.49	84,095,050
Oats . . . . .	2,192,416	46.9	102,821,244
Barley . . . . .	235,463	34.1	8,030,229
Flax . . . . .	278,835	13.96	3,893,306

There is, of course, a slight difference between these figures and the earlier estimate to which exception has been taken. But when analyzed that difference will probably be found to be due to a fuller consideration having been given to the hailed and otherwise damaged areas, and to a more perfect knowledge of the facts.

Certainly the hesitancy in accepting these figures must be due to a fancied exaggeration of the facts as stated. But let us refer to some of the other estimates that have been made, and to the methods employed in arriving at our estimate. The preliminary estimate of the Census & Statistics Office was 91,941,000 bushels, or an average yield of 24.95 bushels per acre. This estimate was subsequently reduced to 85,566,000 bushels. The *Manitoba Free Press* covered the province very carefully, and after making adequate deductions for losses both actual and prospective—for the harvest was still far from ended—concluded that the yield of wheat would be 70,130,000 bushels, or an average of about 17 bushels per acre. This also was the average yield estimated by the Northwest Grain Dealers' Association.

Now just a word regarding the estimates made in previous years by the Department of Agriculture. Since the organisation of the Department in 1898 it has been shown by actual threshers' returns that in every case the preliminary estimates of our correspondents were below the actual yields, and there is no reason to suppose that the present is any exception. The methods employed by the Bureau of Statistics of our department are thorough and complete. The whole crop-reporting service is divided according to the new uniform municipalities into which the province is being divided, and the area of each of the principal crops has been carefully computed for each municipality. The average yield in each of these districts is estimated by our township correspondents and the product is then computed by municipalities, after which the

totals for the province are ascertained. The scheme includes the appointment of a leading farmer in each township as a crop correspondent for his district.

The report under consideration was prepared from returns supplied by about 900 members of our crop reporting service which comprises approximately 1,300 men. Three weeks later, reports were received from 692 of the same men and are embodied in Bulletin No. 14, which estimates the yield of wheat to be 84,095,050 bushels. If any confirmation of our estimated yields were needed, it is found in the despatches appearing daily in the local press, which report yields of twice that given as the average for the province, and these reports are not estimates but actual results. Corroborative evidence is contained in the fact that the East cannot supply all the help that the West needs. Today we are receiving telegrams from all parts of our province asking for men, and we cannot secure them. Manufacturers of threshing machinery never had so great a demand for threshing outfits and the sale of binders was phenomenal.

But why should we not have eighty million bushels of wheat in Saskatchewan this year? It is true that two months ago so magnificent a crop was not expected, for the spring was undoubtedly late. But there have been since seeding such perfect weather conditions that the province has reaped a crop which, while not at all a maximum as regards average yields, is nevertheless the best that the province has yet produced, when considered in every way. And the high quality of the crop is most gratifying. There are indications that fully 75 per cent. of it will be better than No. 3 Northern, while much of it will grade No. 1 or No. 2 Northern. The average length of time in which the crops were matured was: Wheat, 112 days; oats, 105 days; barley, 92 days; flax, 101 days; and these figures almost constitute a record. The season demonstrates the productiveness of our province when given the requisite warmth and moisture as required.

Of course, in every season there are some who are so unfortunate as to have poor crops or to have them hailed. The latter contingency is not under our control, but the former is very largely in our own hands; and in such a year as this the results of energy and thrift are abundantly evident.

Yours very truly,

W. R. MOTHERWELL.

Regina, Sept. 23, 1909.

# MEN OF TO-DAY

## From Banking to Manufacturing

At Hamilton the other day, the Manufacturers elected their officers for the coming year. There were few surprises. Mr. John Hendry, the new president, has been prominent in the Association for years. Most of the other officers and chairmen of committees are men who have done much faithful service in the Association or some one of the local branches.

Perhaps the only surprise was the election of Mr. W. H. Rowley of Ottawa as the vice-president. Yet his election should not be a surprise, because as manager of the Eddy match and paper mills at Hull he is entitled to a place in the front rank. Nevertheless Mr. Rowley's taking the office is a surprise. Strong, daring, individualistic, almost abrupt in his utterances, Mr. Rowley has never sought cheap praise from his fellows. From the time he swung over from the bank manager's office to a desk beside his chief, the late Mr. E. B. Eddy, Mr. Rowley has ploughed a lone furrow and ploughed it hard. Now he suddenly succumbs and consents to public honours.

Mr. Rowley is capable of great public service. He comes of a line of men who have been generals and admirals and who were second to none in the service of the British crown. This explains something of his commanding physique and his tremendous personal force. The C. M. A. have done well to enlist his services on their behalf. When W. H. Rowley gets a cabinet minister into a corner and lays down the law to him, something must needs give way.

\* \* \*

## The Coureur of Athabasca

MR. JEAN LEON COTE is known as the "Saul" of the Alberta Legislature—though it is not known who is supposed to be the David. At any rate the man that ran against him in the big constituency of Athabasca made a bad fist of playing the harp. Fletcher Bredin, the fur trader, was supposed to be as solid in Athabasca as Frank Oliver is in Alberta. But he went down by 81 of a minority when Jean Leon Cote got out shoepacking after him on the trails of the north. Mr. Cote is a French-Canadian, though that had nothing to do with his election any more than had politics; for every man up in that country is a Liberal; and the settlers don't care for the French language any more than for Cree, if they can't get good roads along with it. The agitation for good roads in Athabasca was what put Mr. Cote into the House. Bredin seemed to be strong for a railway. Cote wanted the roads. Mr. Cote also has an idea that the homestead laws of Athabasca should be amended in favour of the settler. He says the land up there is so heavily wooded that the settler can't get his acreage broken in the time allotted without making a slave of himself, and no man in that big free country should do so. Mr. Cote makes you think of the *coureur du bois*; he has almost upon him the smell of the spruce and the camp fire. He is a picturesque member of that interesting House on the Saskatchewan.

\* \* \*

## Major Pope of the Hydro-Electric

MAJOR W. H. POPE is the new Secretary of the Hydro-Electric Commission, the organisation of municipal electric energy from Niagara Falls. He got some of his experience along the frontier in the Fenian Raid, of 1866, when he was orderly with the Cookshire regiment. Cookshire is in the Eastern Townships, where the Major was born.



Mr. Jean Leon Coté, M.P.P.,  
The Man from Athabasca



Mr. Fred. C. Salter,  
G.T.R. Representative in Europe.



Mr. Howard S. Folger,  
United States Consul at Kingston

He came of U. E. Loyalist stock. His grandfather migrated to Canada from down around Boston way. Just to show that he had no hard feelings on account of his grandfather leaving the Stars and Stripes, however, Mr. Pope went back to Boston when he was a youth to go into railway work; spent six years there and came back to Belleville, where he entered business college; got from that to the Dawson Route Transportation Co., which was long before the Klondike rush. He afterwards studied law in Belleville. In 1881 he went back to railways as assistant to the late John Bell, K. C., on the Grand Trunk, till 1904, when he was transferred to the office of Mr. W. H. Biggar, the present general solicitor for that company. Major Pope has had

as much railway legal experience as any man in Canada; has conducted a large number of investigations, his longest and most important being the affair which arose out of the St. George accident in 1889, when a bridge near St. George went down and resulted in a large number of fatalities and claims for compensation. He has also had a good deal to do with municipalities; was for several years a member of the Belleville City Council. His connection with the militia has enabled him to rise from the ranks of the 15th Regiment to the position of second in command.

\* \* \*

## A Railway Globe Trotter

NOW that the Grand Trunk Pacific has become a transcontinental road the business of its representatives in Great Britain has become of more importance. Mr. Fred. C. Salter, traffic manager for the Grand Trunk in Europe at large, with offices at Liverpool, is part of the new policy. Mr. Salter is a Canadian, born at Sarnia; going into railroading as soon as he left school, first under Mr. F. W. Cumberland, general manager of the old Northern; later on the Northern Pacific, of which he was eastern agent till he went back to the Grand Trunk. His parish extends now from the Thames to Timbuctoo—and so far as we know, to the North Pole as well. He is making a hobby of foreign trade for the Empire, which is a pretty large order. He has much the same object that Mr. Sifton outlined a year ago in the House of Commons; the establishment of commercial *attaches* in foreign countries to match up with the lively and aggressive consular service of the United States and Germany. Mr. Salter embodies the fact that the best trade developer in any country is the railway; especially a railway with transcontinental and transoceanic connections.

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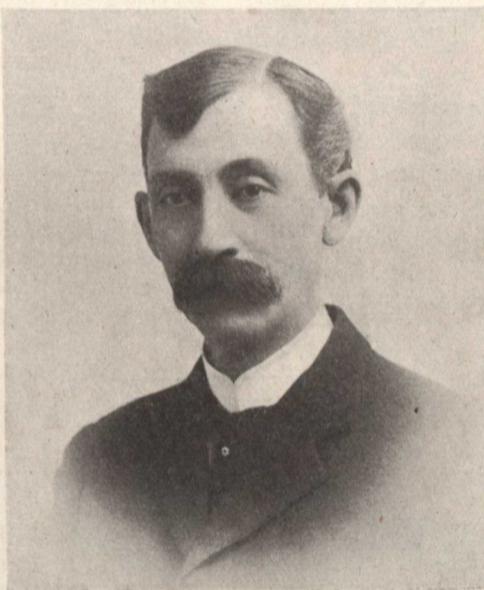
## A Steamboat King

A KINGSTON paper has been noting the young men who are making present history for that historic city, with its memories of Frontenac, Sir John Macdonald and Sir Oliver Mowat. A factor in the latter development of Kingston is Mr. Howard S. Folger. The Folger blood has counted in Kingston before. The men on the harbour docks tell with pride of the Folger brothers, Benjamin, Henry and Frederick; how they early realised the possibilities of the Thousand Islands as a Mecca for tourists; how they got their trim fleet together, and how their business grew till they became Kingston's first steamboat kings. These pioneers of the Limestone City's marine history have long been

in their graves, but in Mr. Howard S. Folger remains a worthy family successor. Mr. Folger went at the helm of the Thousand Islands and River St. Lawrence Steamboat Companies when his father, the late Mr. Henry Folger, relinquished control. Tact, good sense and decisive business judgment have been the characteristics of his administration. He has made known the Thousand Islands region of Canada to two continents.



Mr. W. H. Rowley,  
Casual Snapshot of the new 1st Vice-President of the  
Canadian Manufacturers Association.



Major W. H. Pope,  
New Secretary of the Hydro-Electric Commission.

## THROUGH A MONOCLE

### PECULIARITIES OF GAMBLING.

**I** NOTICE that the community is in one of its periodical spasms of virtue over the gambling evil. There is, perhaps, no other problem confronting the complicated civilisation of to-day which so unmistakably exposes the tendency of most "humans" to "condone the sins they are inclined to," while "damning those they have no mind to." Gambling is to most of us a most silly and pernicious habit as practised by other people, but a proof of clear foresight and an encouragement to progress of some sort as practised by ourselves. Thus the man who "follows the races" and bets on horse-flesh, will tell you quite gravely that he is encouraging the better breeding of horses, and that his winnings are not due to luck at all but to his superior ability to pick out a winning "mount." But when he takes up the paper and reads that a lot of Chinamen, who play "fan-tan" because they do not understand horse-racing and would not feel at home in the betting ring anyway, have been raided by the police and put behind the bars, he commends the vigilant virtue of the community and marvels that human beings with a spark of intelligence can be so idiotic.

\* \* \*

**T**HEN he turns to another page of the paper and discovers that there are people so purblind as to condemn his sort of gambling. They actually want a law passed to make it illegal. The things they say about it are quite as vigorous as the things he thinks about the "fan-tan" fools. Possibly he gets to wondering who these critics of the "sport of kings" may be; and there have been times when he could discover in their ranks men who got rich by "dabbling in real estate" or who habitually deal on the stock market. They think that betting on a horse race is an amazingly wicked act, but that betting on the probability that a piece of real estate will increase in value, is a method of encouraging the "breed" of real estate. They would be quite shocked to be classed with the "book-maker" or the "chink" who plays "fan-tan"; and yet when they buy real estate for a thousand dollars and sell it for ten thousand, without having done a stroke of work which really increases its value, what are they pocketing except the winnings of a lucky bet?

\* \* \*

**I**F you ask me, I can tell which I think is the most anti-social transaction—winning money on a horse race or winning money on a real estate "deal." The man who wins on a horse race may get his money from a "book-maker" or from another horse-race bettor like himself. Usually it comes out of a pocket which is accustomed to such goings and comings and does not suffer from them. Occasionally a boy is plundered; and this may lead to till-tapping or betrayal of trust. But society at large suffers little positive hurt, except by way

—possibly—of bad example. On the other hand, the man who buys real estate and keeps people off it till they crowd all about it and force up the price, hinders the growth and development of the community, presses poverty back into its slums, and "breeds"—not better horse-flesh, but disease, stunted human beings, crime and ignorance. He is an oppressor as well as a gambler; and it is a sight for the gods to see him or his hirelings sitting in condemnation on the Chinaman's "fan-tan" or the "gay boys'" unlitary dealings with "book-makers."

\* \* \*

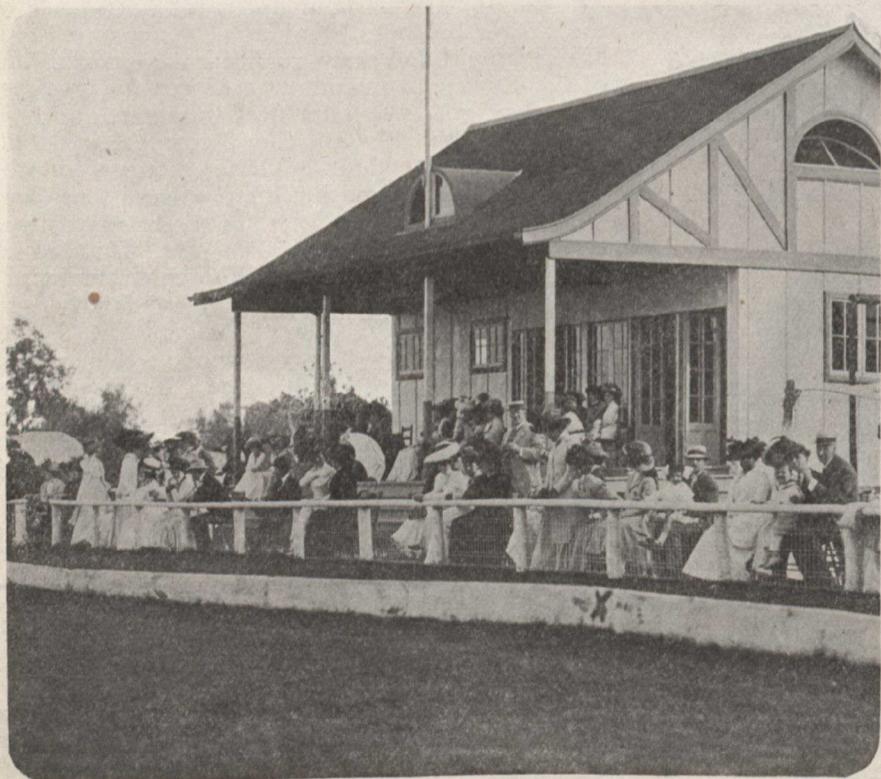
**A**S for the stock exchange, when the uniformed representatives of our Christian civilisation march by the stock exchange to raid a "fan-tan" joint, how "He that sitteth in the heavens" must "laugh." If the amounts won and lost by betting on the stock exchange were piled up beside the amounts which are won and lost by all sorts of illegal gambling, they would look like a Mont Blanc surveying an ant-hill. And as for moral difference, the advantage is all with the "fan-tan" player. I am told that "fan-tan" is usually a pretty fairly played game. Roulette as played at Monte Carlo is perfectly honest. By that, I mean that there is no "loading of dice" or "stacking of cards." It is a game of chance, pure and simple; and everything is frankly left to chance. But what of the stock exchange? Is chance given free play there; or is there manipulation of the cards, "loading of the dice," or deliberate planning to "fleece the lambs"? Why, a Bret Harte mining camp gambler would be ashamed to play against the rankest of "tenderfeet" in the way that the exploiters of a stock will "play" for the "wool" of the "lambs."

\* \* \*

**O**F course, we *profess* to make the bucket shop illegal. If the typesetter desires to put that "profess" in italics, I will have no quarrel with him. But so far as the true inwardness of a large percentage of the transactions in both places are concerned, what is the difference between a bucket shop and a stock broker's office? I am asking for information—not answering my own question. But I have heard people who have dealt with both declare that the difference consisted in the percentage of "margin" they will accept. That is, the bucket shop is the poor man's stock exchange. And so down with it! "Fan-tan" is the poor Chinaman's recreation of the gambling variety. And so down with it! The lottery is the poor man's way of taking chances. It is simple. He understands it; while he does not know whether "Soo" is a railway or a legal process. Stock speculation is far beyond his reach; but he can buy a ticket in a lottery for a pittance, and dream golden dreams for weeks while awaiting the "drawing." But down with it! What business has the poor man with golden dreams or taking chances? He should save all his money carefully for us to rake in when we put up the rent or form a combine or lift the tariff. It is really our money that he is so careless with when he gambles. Down with it! Worse still, he may take some more of our money if he happens to be where he can reach it—especially if he loses. And, of course, when we gamble, we never take anybody's money but our own.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

### POLO IS IN SEASON AT MONTREAL AND TORONTO



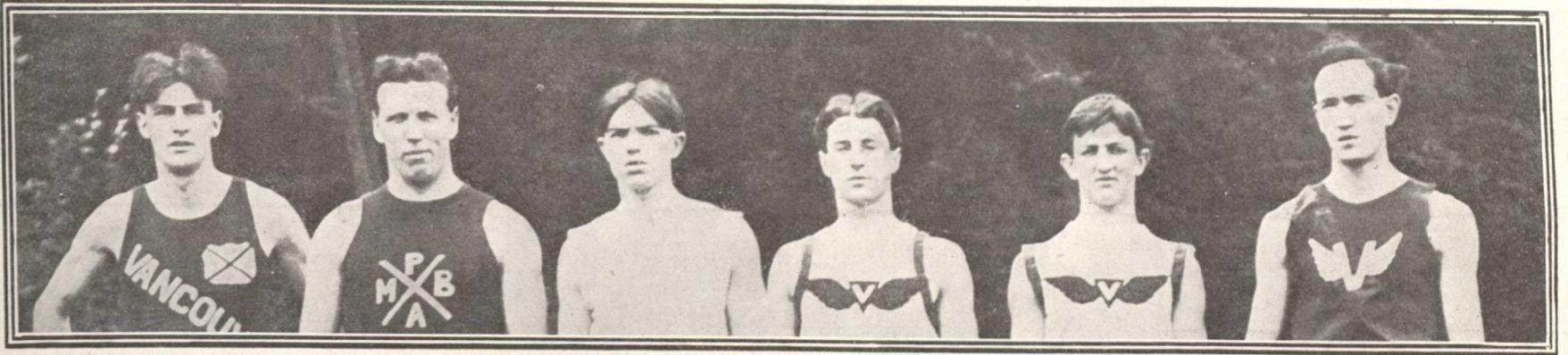
Last week society watched Polo Matches at Montreal. This is the Back River Lawn and Pavilion.



Montreal, Toronto and Buffalo Teams competed. This week they have been in Toronto.

Photographs by A. A. Gleason, Montreal.

# CHAMPIONSHIP MEET OF THE BRITISH COLUMBIA A.A.U.



WINNERS OF CHAMPIONSHIPS AT THE FIRST ANNUAL MEET OF THE B.C. AMATEUR ATHLETIC UNION ON SEPT. 18th.

J. H. Gillis,  
Vancouver.

D. Gillis,  
Vancouver.

C. V. Raine,  
Vancouver.

Brooke Vaio,  
Victoria.

H. B. Beasley,  
Victoria.

F. D. McConnell,  
Vancouver.



J. H. Gillis putting the 16-pound shot.



W. McDowell winning the 880 yards from W. H. B. Parker; time, 2 min. 3 3/4 sec.

Championship awards were: putting 16-lb. shot, J. Gillis, 39 ft. 3 in.; 880 yards race, W. McDowell, J.B.A.A., Victoria, 2 min. 3 3/4 sec.; 220 yards dash, F. D. McConnell, V.A.C., Vancouver, 23 3/4 sec.; 220 yards low hurdles, F. D. McConnell, 27 3/4 sec.; two mile walk, A. C. Jewell, Y.M.C.A., Vancouver, 18 min., 11 1/2 sec.; standing broad jump, B. Vaio, 9 ft. 9 in.

Photographs by Canadian Picture Co., Vancouver.

## MUSIC IN THE WEST

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

TWENTY years ago most of the western music in Canada was furnished by tomtoms—to which would be added wooden whistles and ki-yis. These were the Indian dances; sun dances, thirst dances and tea dances, in which there was an abundance of rhythm, some melody and a huge noise. Every June the traveller may still hear lingering remnants of these ancient festivals that managed to survive in the teeth of missionary hymns and now of modern music. Less than seventy miles from Edmonton last June was held one of these ancient music festivals attended by hundreds of Crees and lasting six days and nights.

Early in May there was held in the capital of Alberta a music festival lasting several days—without the nights—and involving the most modern forms of advanced music, choral, orchestral, church choir and solo, men's choruses and as many other sorts and conditions of modern music as could be crowded into the programme. Last year the first of these Eistedfodds was held in that city. They promise to become an annual affair.

In Regina during the last week in May a three days' festival was held. In Saskatchewan a year ago was organised a music festival society for the entire province. At this tourney of music in Regina were heard choirs from the Capital, from Prince Albert, two hundred and fifty miles north, from Saskatoon, half-way between, from Moose-jaw, and from half a dozen other places where the cult has been spreading with such amazing rapidity, to the obliteration of the tomtoms.

In Winnipeg early in May was held a three days' festival by a chorus of three hundred voices under the baton of Mr. Fred Warrington, who, years ago, used to share with Harry Blight, the baritone honours of Toronto. At this festival were given two big works; one Mendelssohn's "Elijah," the other Grieg's "Olaf Trygvason." The Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra assisted. The affair was as popular a success as anything that ever

happened in the city of wheat. Music in Winnipeg is no longer confined to the clank of the box car. The tomtom left Winnipeg ten years ago. Indeed it is now about ten years since choral music began to be a big fact in that metropolis; since the first choral society on a large scale put on programmes beyond the reach of church choirs, of which they have several good examples in that city. They have a most enterprising and cosmopolitan Clef Club in Winnipeg; also a Conservatory of Music and one of the best bands in the Dominion.

Calgary also comes in for a good share of the musical honours. There at every fair in the glorious summertime the Indian dances still occupy the field. But the citizen of Calgary strolls out to the flats of Shaganappi Point and listens like a man in a dream; because he knows that in the sandstone city on the Bow they have as good music as can be found in any town or city west of Winnipeg. In fact, some people who do not live in that town consider the music of Calgary better than that of Edmonton. Opinions differ. They always did differ pretty strongly between those two towns. It is only ten years since Edmonton used to teach Calgary tricks in music. But at the present time Calgary has an even place. They have one of the best military bands in Calgary that ever played on a stand in that country. Two years ago this band went to England and gave concerts—thus antedating the Mendelssohn Choir by several years. One of the best organists in Canada, even in America, plays in Calgary. His name is Wrigley. In fact, the Eye-Opener is not the only big organ in that town. Two years ago when the writer was in Calgary he strolled into a Methodist Church one night where an orchestra was rehearsing; not a Sunday School orchestra either, but a full-blown symphony aggregation earnestly engaged in getting up a symphony which was given in five weeks' rehearsals, all by native talent under the baton of a most enthusiastic and competent

Englishman—whose name I have forgotten.

In Vancouver and Victoria of course they have long been in the musical vanguard with the pipes of Pan. Two years ago Walter Damrosch first went up there with his orchestra from Seattle and 'Frisco. Last season Nordica sang in those cities. They have large choral societies. Victoria claims to have produced a world-beating tenor in a class with Caruso. In that city of course they have a great deal of English talent. Musical culture quite apart from the organisation of big festivals, has long been a characteristic feature in that furthest west city. Even in Nanaimo the other day there was held a concert which was written up in the newspapers as niftily as though the programme had been given by a large choral organisation in Toronto.

The visit of Sir Frederick Bridge last year did a good deal to stimulate musical enthusiasm in the West. There are a lot of English people out there who swear rigidly by Bridge and every thing else that's English. They play bridge. It's really remarkably—in fact it was so years ago when the writer first saw the West and took part in its music—what a number of these old-land enthusiasts are to be found there, all fond of music. Hundreds of people who know Handel's Messiah almost by heart; English singers famous for "Sally in our Alley" and for other coster songs—why at a moment's notice years ago in Edmonton we could scratch up a programme of variegated music by good voices.

In ten years' time the West will begin to show the East that in one particular form of culture at least there is not so much to learn from Toronto and Montreal as there used to be. Ten years past has told the story. Ten years ago the tomtom was still a dominant note; major mode; triumphant. Thank heaven the tomtom still remains, and may it long continue—the voice of a great people who held the land before the pipes of Pan got in there with organs and orchestras and singing societies. But along with the tomtoms and the wooden whistles and the ki-yis there is growing up a native, modern music. Some day a man of imagination will corral the scattered elements and weave them all into a Canadian grand opera—in which tomtoms and the modern orchestra will be heard together.



THE BLACK STORM-WRAITH OF THE PRAIRIE

This rare photograph of a Cyclone trying to lift a lake, was taken recently by a resident of Oak Lake, Manitoba, with a small camera on a 3x3/4 film.

## A German-Canadian Mission

By J. J. BLAKESLEE

**D**R. NEISSER, of Berlin, secretary and business manager of the German-Canadian Economic Society, and the writer, the English advisor to the Association, are at present visiting Canada on a mission which can best be explained by going back a little into the history of the trade relations between Canada and Germany. It is not necessary to tell the whole story, the main points of which are sufficiently well known, it is enough to say that at present Germany is on Canada's black list with a surtax of 33 1/3 per cent. over and above the rates of the Canadian general tariff placed upon all her products entering Canadian ports. Germany on the other hand has subjected Canadian products to her maximum, i. e., her general tariff, while other nations enjoy the minimum or so-called conventional tariff rates. Germany's action was based upon the view she took of Canada's preferential rates to Great Britain, which she regarded as a violation of the most favoured nation treatment under which the two countries had before this carried on their commerce with each other. Canada's action of imposing the surtax was based upon resentment at Germany's interference with what Canada regarded as a family affair, i. e., the adjustment in whatsoever way they pleased between the Mother Country and her colonies of their mutual trade relations. Germany, too, has a surtax provision in her tariff law, but she has refrained from further retaliation; in fact, she has practically recognised that she acted inadvisedly when she struck Canada off her most favoured nation list because of the British preference, and in any negotiations for the adjustment of the commercial relations between the two countries, the question of this preference would not come in as a factor, it would be regarded as an accomplished fact. And if the British preference should be increased it is not Germany so much as Canadian manufacturers who would raise objection. Germany, however,

although she doubtless recognises that her first step was too hastily taken, nevertheless, does not wish to place herself in an humiliating position and beg to be forgiven her mistake. Under such circumstances the German Government has refrained from taking the first step towards reconciliation. On the other hand, the Canadian Government recognising that it acted quite properly in granting the British preference, feels that it is not its duty to approach Germany (before it is invited to do so) in reference to altering the present condition of affairs. In this way the whole matter came into an *impasse*, and it seemed for a time as if there were no way out. It occurred, however, to a number of those who, as merchants, felt where the shoe pinches and were more affected than the politicians by the existing conditions, that what the Government chanceries could or would not take the initiative in doing, might be brought about through the Guild of merchants. To carry out this idea the German-Canadian Economic Association was organised, its members being representatives of the principal commercial interests of Germany and of the various transportation companies. The object of the association as set out in its articles is to promote the trade between the two countries, and, in other ways, to make each country better acquainted with the trade and economic conditions of the other.

Soon after its formation the Association received a number of communications from Canadian business men making inquiries and expressing sympathy with the objects set forth. It was then resolved by the Association to send representatives to Canada to examine into trade conditions there and to make known to those who are interested in improving the commercial relations between the two countries the wishes and efforts of the Association, and the advantages that Germany had to offer as a market for Canadian products. The gentlemen named at the head of this article were sent out in furtherance of the purpose above named. It is needless to say that from the German side it was clearly recognised that they must have some-

thing to offer to Canada if they wished to obtain benefits from her. And while they did not expect an immediate and complete success, they at least hoped that a public opinion might be created in both countries that would carry the respective governments over the dead points where the wheels of negotiation seemed to have stuck. The German market is one that is capable of great enlargements and extension for Canadian products, and as Canada, not only needs outlets for her products but also needs as imports many things which Germany produces and also money and men for the development of her resources, the question of removing what we might term the export duty which the German Government now puts upon the emigration of her subjects in the shape of restrictions would probably enter as a factor in any negotiations having for their object the removal of a portion of the import duty which Canada now places upon German products. In other words, an increase of German immigration would no doubt follow upon the settlement of the existing difficulties.

It is the intention of the gentlemen named to visit the representatives of the principal industries throughout Canada and to gain as much information as possible concerning a country which is developing so rapidly, and which is, however, comparatively little known among the great body of the German people. The German-Canadian Economic Association does not represent the German Government, and its representatives now in this country have no authority to express the views of Government officials nor do they seek in any sense of the word to lobby in Canada. Their object is to make the producers of both countries better acquainted with each other and so to benefit the commercial and economic development of each.

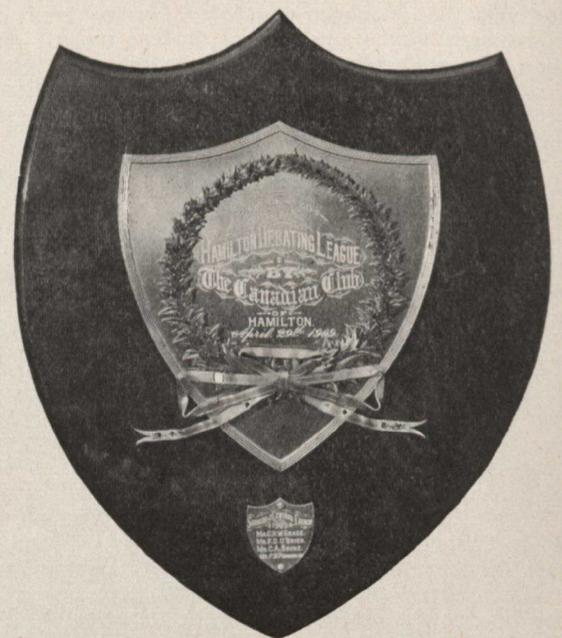
## The Innovation of The Hamilton Canadian Club

**I**N this, the decadent age of poetry, oratory, her twin sister, passes. The exigencies of these prosaic times insist that analysis and directness shall be the characteristics of a good speech and the "purple" is tabooed. Every citizen should be so equipped that he can express himself readily and to the point.

An institution which is encouraging the art of public-speaking among the young men of this country is the Hamilton Canadian Club. It entered this sphere of usefulness last year when invitations were sent out to the literary clubs of the city to discuss in debate such subjects as the navy, immigration, technical education and prison reform. Such enthusiasm was aroused that a trophy consisting of a silver shield was presented for competition. This trophy must be won three times before becoming the permanent property of any club, and is in every way worthy of the best efforts of the young men.

The innovation in the work of the Hamilton Canadian Club is significant and commendatory.

### A TROPHY FOR TALK



The Hamilton Canadian Club presents a Silver Shield for Competition in Oratory.

There is no organisation in Canada, because of its prestige and extent, better capable of evoking the interest of the young men in the problems of their growing country than the Canadian Club. The example of Hamilton should be followed throughout the whole of the Dominion.



This is how Dr. Cook, the alleged first discoverer of the North Pole, looked to the imaginative eye of Mr Cyrus Cuneo, in Illustrated London News.

## THE CENTENARY CELEBRATION

By R. S. NEVILLE, K. C.

**T**HE movement in favour of a celebration of the Century of Peace, which has existed between Canada and the United States of America, is only one of a number of projects which have been put forward by different societies, and there seems to be a general feeling that there should be a celebration or a series of celebrations during the years from 1912 to 1915 to commemorate the great events which preserved British North America to the Crown and Empire in 1812-14, and to celebrate the Century of Peace which has followed.

The events to be celebrated have a national, an imperial and an international aspect.

From the national viewpoint, Canadians will feel that the highest regard and reverence should be paid to the memory of those who saved the sparsely settled provinces of a hundred years ago to the Crown, and made a trans-continental British North America Dominion possible.

From the Imperial standpoint, the Canada of to-day is an important link in the chain of nations that encircles the world and provides the Empire with naval bases, coaling stations and centres of strength on both sides of every ocean and on every continent.

In its international aspect, the successful defence of Canada in 1812-14 will be as potent an influence upon the history of the world as the American Revolution, for it laid the foundations of another nation in the Western Hemisphere, destined to be equally as great as the United States and threw its weight in the international scales on the side of that imperial power which leads the world in the paths of peace and freedom.

The Centennial Celebration of the events of 1812-14 will, therefore, arouse the enthusiasm of the Canadian people, invite the hearty co-operation of the whole Empire, and, if commensurate with the occasion, it will attract the attention of mankind.

We should, however, utterly fail to appreciate the unique opportunity now afforded us, if we did not invite an international celebration of the Century of Peace which has followed the war, but I entirely dissent from those whose proposals contemplate a celebration confined to Canada and the

United States only. The peace which Canada has enjoyed, has been due to the powerful protection of the Motherland and to her unmatched diplomatic success in America. Besides it has been a peace between Great Britain and the United States, and we should be taking an entirely too narrow view if we did not invite the active and prominent participation of the British Government.

Nor is this enough. We should invite France. The war of 1812-14 was simultaneous with the war with Napoleon and the last shot in each war was fired within a few months. There has been a hundred years of peace, therefore, between England and France, as well as between England and the United States. Not only have those conditions of peace been tripartite and contemporaneous, but has been a degree of parallelism between Britain's relations with France and her relations with the United States. Occasionally, during the 19th century, England and France co-operated in foreign affairs, yet on the whole they were rivals and looked upon each other as hereditary enemies. Occasionally, also, Britain and the United States worked together, but the hereditary policy of the United States was to drive monarchical institutions out of the Western Hemisphere. Friction and friendship alternated in both cases. It could hardly be otherwise, for the colonial policies of Britain and France clashed and Britain's very presence in America was contrary to the settled policy of the United States.

In the middle of the last decade of the 19th century, the relations of the two foreign nations with Great Britain were simultaneously put to the test. France commenced an expedition from the French Congo into the Soudan and the President of the United States, almost at the same time, through his Secretary of State, sent the famous Venezuelan Despatch, which went far beyond the discussion of the matter at issue, and practically, though irrelevantly, notified Great Britain to quit this Hemisphere. The danger with the United States quickly passed, but the terrible journey of the French expedition through Africa took three years to accomplish, and when Sir Herbert (now Lord) Kitchener met the French expedition at Fashoda, in 1898, Major Marchand's force was so weakened

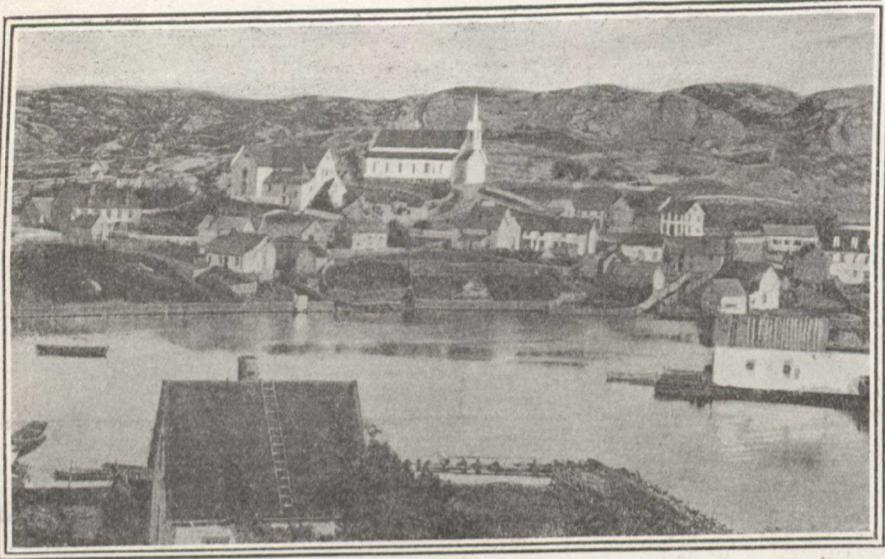
by hardship that Kitchener could easily have crushed it. But instead of either party attacking the other, Kitchener had a friendly interview with Marchand, planted the British flag beside the French flag there in the African wilds, and the two agreed to leave the question of territorial jurisdiction to be decided by their respective Governments. Considerable temporary excitement in the homelands resulted, but, as in the Venezuelan matter, so also in this, good sense prevailed, and the French agreed to withdraw from the Soudan upon getting a freer hand in Tunis.

Thus, Kitchener and Marchand, outside the bounds of civilisation, commenced that drawing together of the two flags which culminated in the agreement of 1904, by which all matters between England and France were settled throughout the world. It was the intensity of the temporary excitement that brought both nations to realise the terrible misfortune it would be to both to have war break out, no matter which was successful. It was also the intensity of the temporary excitement in the Venezuelan case that produced the same realisation on the part of the United States. Their securities had a panicky fall of a thousand millions of dollars in about 24 hours, which is the equivalent of the indemnity which France was forced to pay Germany after a disastrous defeat in the Franco-German war. Naturally, the financial and business men of the United States came to a quick understanding of the national disaster that must result if actual war should follow.

It was also in the very year when Kitchener and Marchand met in Africa that the Spanish-American war broke out, and a European combination to intervene on behalf of Spain was vetoed by England. The United States thus realised that after all England was the only friend they had, and as the result of the war was that the United States became a "world power" with extensive oversea possessions, the value of British friendship to them became much more important, and this has since been emphasized by the potent influence of England in the interest of friendly relations between the United States and Japan. Hence, it will

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 19.)

# THE CRADLE OF A NORTH POLE MARINER



The little Fishing Village of Brigus on the rocks—where Capt. Bartlett of the North-Pole Roosevelt was born and learned to go abroad in ships.



This is the sort of steamer in which the Newfoundland Captain of the Roosevelt learned what it feels like to be stalled up in miles of ice.

## The North Pole Crew in Battle Harbour

**B**ATTLE HARBOUR, Labrador, has become famous. It is the place where the most remarkable battle of words in the history of exploration and discovery began to come to a climax. It was leaning up against the window of a Labrador fisherman's shack in Battle Harbour that Commander Peary gave out to forty newspaper men who had steamed up from Sydney to see him that Dr. Cook was a romancer. It was there that Peary locked himself up for ten days while he kept the world waiting and the newspapers guessing. This was his first appearance to civilisation. It was there he came out of the wilds. And alas! poor Teddy down among the hippopotami and the elephants of South Africa knows little or nothing of the walrus and the musk oxen of the Arctic Circle. He is perhaps uninformed that two of his recent subjects have leaped into the limelight in a manner that even he was never able to accomplish. All that is left to the originator of the "Teddy" bear—which does not happen to be a polar bear—is the reflection that anyway the ship Roosevelt was the craft that carried the men that found the Pole that promises to become the biggest bone of contention ever handed out to the world from the brains of explorers.

It was at Battle Harbour that the newspaper men first saw not only the grizzled and time-wrinkled veteran Peary, but the doughty Capt. Bartlett, the Newfoundlander from Brigus, who was the discoverer's lieutenant. There they first saw Hensen, the only negro who ever saw the North Pole. Odd that tropical person should have been permitted to help locate that headquarters for Frost when Capt. Bartlett had to stay behind.

And the crew was as cosmopolitan as air. Many were Newfoundlanders, Irish and Scotch, and Americans being the majority.

But of them all, Peary was the man who stood out large and overwhelming. He has been seen and heard in Canada before; will be seen and heard a good deal in various parts of the world after this. But as he looked at the critical forty newspapermen on board that clambered ashore at Battle Harbour—this was how he looked to the representative of the Montreal Star:

"Commander Peary was aboard at work in his cabin. Presently he steps out on deck through a narrow little doorway. The door looks smaller and narrower in contrast to the man over six feet tall. Gaunt and broad, wearing a huge red moustache, he gives first the impression of a man of tremendous physique. The second impression is of a man of still greater will power. His is a strongly marked face with stubborn lines of mouth and jaw made sharper by unkempt stubble of red beard. The eyes, light blue, are bright, though deep set, under eyebrows. The jaw shapes up bony and square under the hollow of the cheek. The lean figure is clad in an old blue flannel shirt, frayed trousers and top boots rolled down at the knees. Peary has an expressive face, one that is too much worn by labour and exposure to hide his feelings. One is struck by the triumphant and yet somewhat fierce look of it. There are lines in Peary's face which tell what his words, for he is not given to expressing himself, failed to reveal."

But the Eskimos, Ootam and Hansen, Egingwah and Sigloo—they were not at Battle Harbour. They stayed up in the Arctic. Ootam, however, sent his name down to civilisation. When the Roosevelt

comes to be enshrined in a tabernacle of some national museum at New York or Washington there will be found the name "Ootam" scrawled and carved from topmast to keel in various characters and at sundry and divers times by the scholarly mannikin Ootam, who helped Peary discover the Pole, who has been with him on various expeditions, and who, having accomplished his labours had nothing left to do but write his name on the Roosevelt that the people of coming ages might know that he, Ootam, had not been an Eskimo in vain.

Then there was McMillan, of Worcester, Mass.—the topographer. "Mac," as Peary calls him, has the records. He knows more lore about the north Polar region than any other man alive, unless it be the topographer of Dr. Cook's party. Neither did McMillan see the Pole. It was McMillan who, while up at Fort Conger in the vicinity of Cape Columbia, came across the relics of the ill-fated Greeley expedition of 1881. That was last year. In thirty years there had been nothing much to change the relics of that expedition of whom seventeen in twenty-five starved to death far from the ship's cache at Fort Conger. And at Fort Conger McMillan found the "grubstake" that might have saved some of them—coffee and tea and hominy and canned stuff, potatoes and rhubarb; the grubstake of a party, the head of which had starved to death when McMillan was a child.

\* \* \*

## Peary's Newfoundland Captain

**C**APTAIN Robert Abram Bartlett was born at Brigus, Newfoundland, on August 15th, 1875, and is therefore slightly over 34 years old. He was educated at the Brigus Academy and afterwards at the Methodist College in St. John's. The original intention of the family was to have him become a physician, but his tastes were all for the sea. He therefore took a course at Doyle's Nautical Academy in St. John's to fit himself for this profession. His forefathers had all been fisherfolk and gradually attained positions of importance in the commercial life of the country, his grandfather being a member of the Legislature and his father one of the best known and respected of the merchants who operated extensively on Labrador. Like every young Newfoundlander of this class he had an early acquaintance with the sea, going to Labrador with his father as a lad, and accompanying him to the seal-fishery at 14, where he proved his ability to do almost a man's work. As required by the British Board of Trade, he had to begin his seafaring career as an able seaman, and made foreign going voyages in several vessels in the Newfoundland trade to the Mediterranean and Brazil. On his first of these voyages, made in the barque "Corisande," he was shipwrecked on the way home, at Mistaken Point, near Cape Race. Subsequently he became mate of the barque "Resina" and then changed into "steam," acting the same capacity in the steamer "Strathaven" and "Grand Lake." During recent years he has commanded the steamers "Kite," "Nimrod," "Algerine," and "Leopard," at the seal-fishery. His Arctic career consists in his having gone north as mate in the "Windward" with his uncle on the Peary expedition of 1898-1902, and as master of the "Roosevelt" in 1905-6

and again in the same capacity, in the expedition that has just ended. He is unmarried, but it is understood that he will forsake single blessedness soon after his return to Newfoundland.

\* \* \*

## The Negro at the Pole

**M**ATHEW HENSEN is perhaps the most fortunate if not the most remarkable negro that ever lived. To be of the coloured race is a big handicap in the climb to fortune. Booker T. Washington has all along been regarded as the greatest black man. But Booker T. has never seen the North Pole. Mathew Hensen has. He is the only negro who ever did or perhaps ever will see the Pole. He led the Eskimos in the cheering when the flag was hoisted. It is not related, however, that Mathew struck up a few plaintive bars of "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground," which would have been a highly appropriate sequel to "My Old Kentucky Home."

The intrepid polar explorer first made the acquaintance of Mr. Hensen in the year 1886. Peary was digging a canal in Sunny Nicaragua. One morning a short, chubby negro boy dropped in at the surveyor's camp and asked for a job. He had a wide smile and a big jaw. The combination looked good. Hensen joined the Peary staff. His Trojan methods of cleaning up things endeared him to Peary. When he formulated polar ambitions Hensen went along. He could not pronounce the word astronomy but his eyes saw things that the wise men missed. His ready wit and invention helped them out of many a dilemma. He designed the new-fangled sleds which brought the pole in tow.

\* \* \*

## Polar Musings

**T**HIS is what the editor of the St. John Sun thinks about polar discoveries:

"And thus endeth the ancient dream of Ultima Thule; of a strange land and people behind that stern barrier which has turned men back these many years; of a garden of Eden kept inviolate by guardian angels with swords of boreal flame. Knowledge has taken all this away and has left us 'nothing but ice.' It seems to be the business of science these days, this shattering of old and comfortable dreams. They took our fairies long ago, these men who peer and pry and prove things out for themselves. They have shown us our dryads but twisted trees glimpsed suddenly; our nymphs but shadows of leaves. They have followed the rainbow to its foot and found no gold. They have mined away the foundation of faith from under that city whose light to tired men's eyes was like unto a stone most precious. They have found the place where the earth turns around on its axis under a vertical north star; but they have not found why the earth turns around or why the star stays vertical. They have taken away the pot of gold from the rainbow's foot, but they have given us the ultra-violet rays. For Boreas they have given us the barometer; for Neptune's trident, the compass. Our magic carpets are gone; but we have telephones and flying machines. Puck has vanished but we have wireless. We may have lost something of our vision of the life to come, but we have gained a new vision of the greatness of this life here. Half-gods are going, but gods arrive."

# FROM THE NORTH POLE TO BATTLE HARBOUR



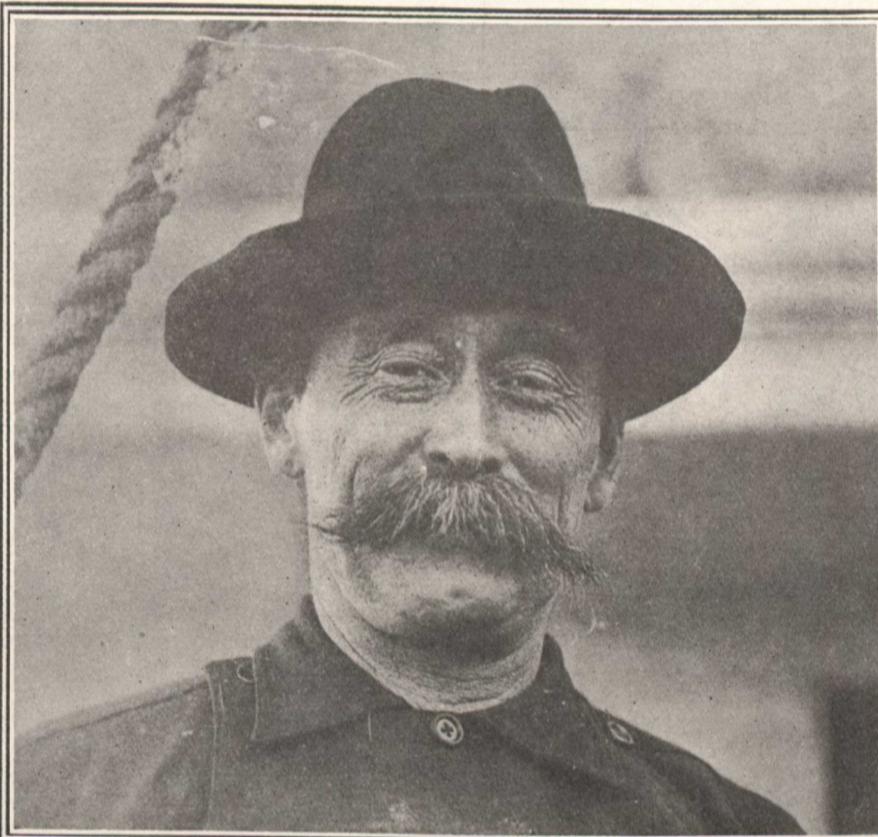
A Dog-Sled Quartette—Messrs. Donald B. McMillan and George Borup, Topographers; Mate Thos. Gushue and the Negro Hensen.



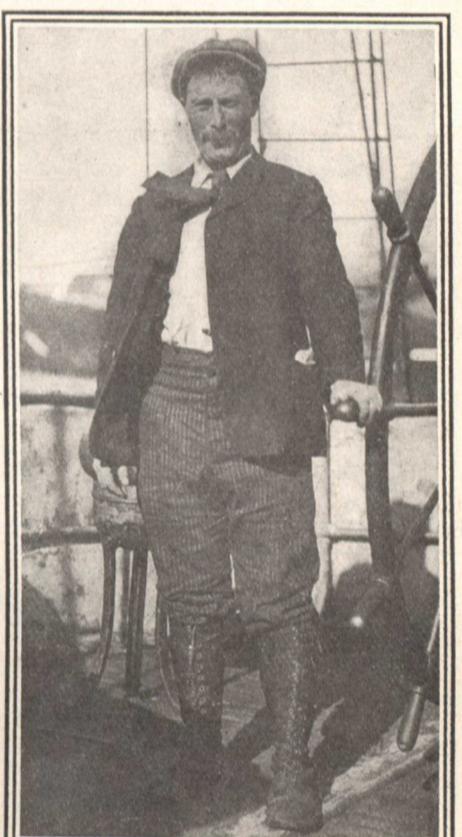
This is the whole North Pole Crew as they sat for a Canadian Photographer at Battle Harbour.



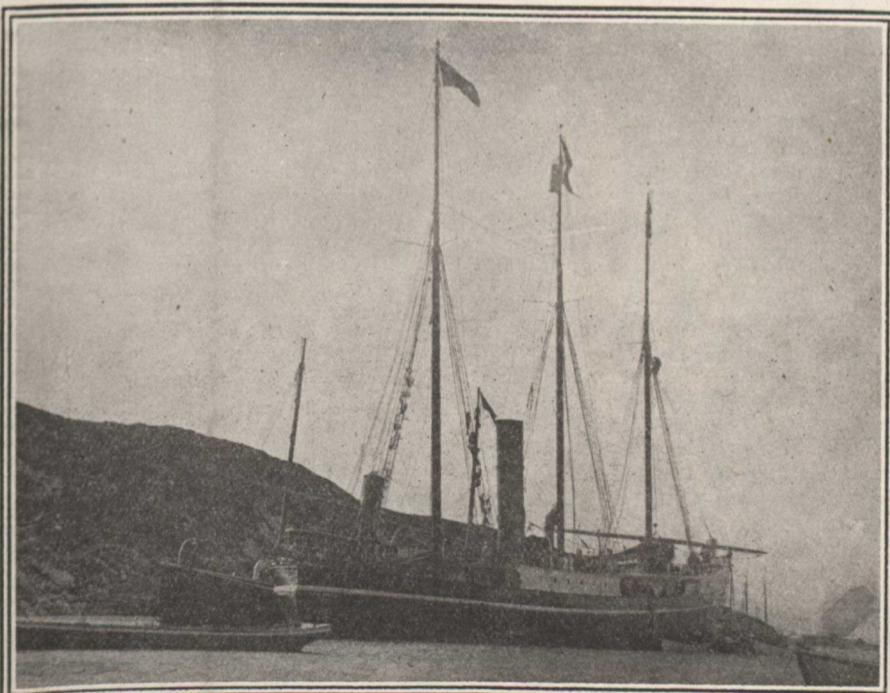
Hensen—With the Aurora Borealis Smile.



PEARY OF THE NORTH POLE



Capt. Bartlett, the Man from Newfoundland



The Ship that Carried the Crew—The Roosevelt.



The Sledge in the Middle of these three Sleds is the one that went to the Pole.

Photographs by H. O. Dodge, Sydney. (Taken for the Canadian Courier at Battle Harbour.)



# THE DEMI-TASSE

## A SINCERE PRAYER.

IT was in the days when Inspector Seath and Inspector Hodgson went to and fro spreading consternation in the high schools and collegiate institutes of the Province of Ontario. The former was especially an object of dread to the sensitive instructor or the nervous pupil, while the "Seath grammar papers" were feared from one end of the province to the other. In fact, the candidate for examination, when he saw "John Seath" at the top of the paper, simply dropped his head into his hands and groaned in despair, making only a feeble attempt to unravel the mysteries of interrogation. The one anxious inquiry was: "Has Seath set any of the papers?"

Just as this trepidation was at its height, Inspector Hodgson visited a high school in Western Ontario, of which the Principal was an extremely religious gentleman who usually added a petition of his own to the ordinary morning prayer. The Principal, on the first morning of Inspector Hodgson's visit, made the formal prayer and annexed a fervent petition for a blessing on the visiting inspector, adding more fervently: "And, O Lord, we do beseech Thee to soften the heart of his colleague."

\* \* \*

## SMITH'S TOUCHING STORY.

"I AM sorry, Smith, but I can't do a thing for you," said the friend to whom Smith had related his hard luck story. "I am borrowing all I can to carry on my own business and am having a hard time to keep my head above water. Our old friend Jones, with whom you roomed at College, has just returned from the West where he made a fortune in mining. He is single and hasn't anyone to look after and I think he would help you out."

"That's a good suggestion," said Smith enthusiastically. "I practically kept Jones the last year in McGill and if he has money I am sure he will help me over this crisis."

Jones is delighted when Smith's card is presented. "Why Smith, old boy, this is the most agreeable surprise of my life," was his greeting when Smith was shown into his private office. "Where did you drop from? Sit right down," and to the coloured porter, "I'm not in to anybody for an hour. Now Smith, tell me all about yourself since you left college."

"Well," began Smith, "I was married that fall to—"

"Married! That's fine. Just what I ought to have done. Just what every man ought to do. Here I am nearly forty and without a tie in the world. But go on tell me all about it. Any children?"

"Yes, we had two," said Smith, "but—"

"Two, that's great. I certainly envy you old man."

"But," continued Smith, "a year ago my wife died and—"

"Died? That's terrible. Almost worse than never being married," said Jones, "and those two dear little children with no mother!" Here the tears came to Jones' eyes.

"The two children died, too," continued Smith, "got scarlet fever about six months ago and both went."

At this, Jones' handkerchief goes to his eyes and his voice breaks as he tries to sympathise with his friend.

"And to cap the climax my creditors are pushing me so hard, that unless I can raise five thousand dollars within the next ten days I am a bankrupt."

Jones breaks down completely at this end and pushes a button, and to the coloured porter who answers the summons said, between sobs, "Put this fel-fellow out, he is break-breaking my he-heart."

\* \* \*

## MORE THINGS IN HEAVEN AND EARTH.

THE pipe organ is said by some musicians to be the instrument without a soul, depending on mechanical appliances to produce the various effects of pipe-organ music. The pipe organ has great potentialities, however, as the following little episode will show.

It was the occasion of the building of the present big organ in the Metropolitan Church, Toronto. The large rear organ was finished and Dr. Tor-

rington, the venerable organist of the time, was lingering about one evening trying out the instrument. A number of musical people wandered in; among them two or three very prominent Methodists known to the world of music. Dr. Torrington was prevailed upon to give a private recital. He pulled out a number of stops and played a few full-blooded noiseful passages, after which he paused and looking about at the party he said with poetic enthusiasm: "Gentlemen, that's earth."

Nods from the musical ones present. He pulled out a few more stops; shut off a few and began to play a ravishing strain on the echo organ.

"Ah, gentlemen," he said happily, "that's heaven."

Approbatory signs from the musical ones present, all glad to know that heaven and earth are both present in one place in a modern pipe organ.

But in an unguarded moment one of the party not so good a Methodist as the rest and quite carried away by the Doctor's analogies, said crisply: "Say, Doctor, now give us hell."

But the musical ones said it was language fit not for a church. The Doctor declined to play the Hades selection.

\* \* \*

## A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

New York with gladness was aflame  
And proudly welcomed with acclaim  
A Polar hero o'er the seas,  
Who'd been where gasoline would freeze.  
New York exclaimed in haughty glee,  
"We've had Explorer Cook to tea."  
Said Sydney with a sigh so weary—  
"Oh, get along! We've dined with Peary."

\* \* \*

## BETTER THAN SERVICE.

THERE was once a semi-weird character in the north of Ontario and his name was Pologue. He was known of shantymen and river-drivers. He wrote a ballad and the same was published in a Toronto weekly, at great length—deservedly. It was not a soothing sort of poem; but jaggedly full of things that are understood best by the shantymen. The title was, "The River Giants." The editor of the *Haileyburyian*, Mr. C. C. Farr, whose opinions on literature are the standard for that part of the country lying round Cobalt, met Pogue one day shortly after publication of the poem.

"Pogue," said he, "do you mean to tell me you wrote that ballad?"

"Sure I did," was the reply. "Every word of it."

"I don't believe you," said Farr. "It's a mile too good for your style."

The poem might have passed into the usual obscurity that lies in wait for current literature; but a week or so ago the Ontario Legislature Cabinet took a junketing trip up to the Cobalt country in company with Lord Beresford. The party stopped at one of the camps where were gathered a number of the river giants alluded to by the poet Pogue. Out of deference to the Admiral, and in order to give him a real northern thrill, one of the big shantymen with a broken English style stood up to his enormous height, big and brawny in his shoepacks—and he recited to the assemblage in the open air the entire ballad—nearly half a page, "The River Giants."

The effect was magical. Lord Beresford had never heard anything like it. Members of the Cabinet pronounced the ballad better than any of the songs of the sourdough or the "ballads of the cheechako." And the fact that a river-driver, six-foot-two in his shoepacks, should have learned by heart the whole of the ballad written by Pogue is a tribute to Pogue, who is now in Los Angeles doing something in journalism, but whatever it may be not equal to the doughty and bloody ballad in which the great line ends—"I'll ross you from toe to chin."

\* \* \*

## MORE POLE.

FIRST Citizen to Second Citizen walking down Jasper Avenue, Edmonton: Do you think Peary discovered the North Pole?

Second Citizen: H'm! Rather cooked-up story. The Toronto Mail of yore would call its ancient enemy, the Globe, a Cook book. Now the

Mail's wrathful editor says with indignant mien: The d— Pearyodical.

\* \* \*

## HIS OPINION OF DAN.

DANIEL WEBSTER, the great American statesman and orator, used to enjoy telling the following story concerning his first visit to his parental home in New Hampshire after he had become known to fame.

As he approached the homestead he met an ancient darkey who for many years was attached to the place and whom he knew from his earliest boyhood. The latter, not having seen him since he was a youth, did not recognise the distinguished visitor and Mr. Webster, with the intention of surprising him, began to question him as follows:

"Can you tell me, my good man, where the Webster homestead is?"

"Why, sah, you's right at it, sah, dat's it dar."

"You seem to be pretty well acquainted around here. Do you know anything of the family?"

"Do I. Well suttently I does. I done lived all my life right heah on de place."

"Well, then, perhaps you can give me some information. The name Webster is now famous down in the country where I come from. There were two boys, were there not?"

"Two boys, yes sah, Zeke and Dan—knew 'em from childhood sah."

"Well really, that's interesting. You know they are great men now, and I have come a long distance just to see the place where they were born. What kind of boys were they, anyway?"

"Well, sah," replied his coloured informant, "Zeke weren't a bad kind of fellow at all, but that air Dan was a reg'lar darn fool."

\* \* \*

## THE HAPPY MEDIUM.

TEN-YEAR-OLD Thomas had been away for the holidays and on his return had to submit to fatherly interrogations.

"I hope you were a good boy, Tommie," remarked his paternal parent.

"Pretty good," was the cheerful response.

"Well, I hope you weren't a really bad boy."

"Not very," said Thomas thoughtfully. "I was just comfortable."

\* \* \*

## ONE ON THE CHOIR.

IN one of our city churches recently there was a difficulty amongst the singers and it being rumoured as a settled fact that the choir would not sing a note the next Sabbath, the minister commenced the service in the morning by giving out that hymn of Watts', "Come ye who love the Lord." After reading it through, he looked up very emphatically to the choir and said, "You will begin to sing at the second verse—Let those refuse to sing who never knew our God." They sang.

\* \* \*

## FROM OUT THE SILENCE.



Ethel (finding the sermon tedious, and thinking it high time for the collection). "Oh, Mother, do pay the man, and let's go home."

# SERGEANT KINNAIRD



## CHAPTER I.

FROM Montana, Chief Mountain nods his white locks to the Crow's Nest in Canada. And a day's ride beyond is a crease in the Rockies from which swaggers Belly River to run in the foolish winding path of a lost child. Fifty miles on its way, a reaching bank of yellow clay throws it, like the loop of a lariat, about a corral of wooded flat, etched by thin red lines of dog willow and the soft grey of silver leaf, with here and there the ghost post of a white poplar.

On the high cut-bank sat a Sergeant of Mounted Police peering moodily into the hollow. "That's what I call untrammelled hell, Somers!" he exclaimed, as the lifting wind came twanging up from the river, vibrant with Piegan and Blood war cries. "Crisp up here, and look at the firewater dance!"

A slim figure in khaki that had sprawled in the buffalo grass behind, lazily curled to a seat, and a boyish voice growled discontentedly, "I'm sick of Nichies!"

The Sergeant laughed ironically. "You sick of them, you moist water colour of a trooper! Heavens! your regulation number is the last but three. Wait till your soul has starved for years in Fort Nelson, with nothing to eat but food—your whole life tied up in a beefskin, steers, whisky, and N. W. M. P.—that's the writing on the wall. Ride, ride, ride—when the sun is sheol, and the blizzard is loaded with buckshot, and the paths of glory lead to steers, stolen or strayed!"

"You've got botts, Sergeant; but bite your own ribs," the youth replied gravely.

"This breaks the monotony. It's elemental man in a pastoral play—he acts natural." And the Sergeant swept his long arm over the bushed hollow that held a corraled riot, a pantomime of decorated devils. Campfires flared petulantly in the erratic wind, small red eyes blinking in the dusk that was settling down over the lowland. Shadowy figures darted here and there like wolves of a pack at play; voices chanting guttural war songs to the boom and twang of tomtoms mingled with a crackle of rifles; the howl of train dogs and the shrill voiced cries of squaws cut the heavier turmoil.

"They're drunk. Phew! I can smell 'em!" the constable exclaimed.

"Yes, the Government has given each animal down there, from patriach to pup, five dollars of license in depravity. All the treaty money we saw paid out to-day will be in Stand Off to-morrow; the dead Indians will be buried in the branches of those willow trees; and the whisky runners of Stand Off will have another laugh on the police."

"Why don't we catch the whisky runners?" Somers queried petulantly.

"That's what the Comptroller at Ottawa asks the Commissioner at Regina; and the Commissioner sends the query along in a big blue envelop to Major Dixon at Fort Nelson; the Major interrogates the detachment; and Troop C curses the outlaws at Stand Off; and Stand Off laughs. It's a long answer, kid, and you're welcome to it."

"Make open the Trail!" an Indian Cried, pushing forward

By W. A. FRASER

"It's no answer. Why don't we catch them?" the boy persisted.

"Because we wear a uniform, and picket a troop horse instead of hobbling him and ride from point to point according to Form D. We can't jump over the red tape, that's why. Across the line the Yanks would turn the job over to John Wilkie; he'd slip in men that didn't look alike animated posters, and find out where the whisky was brewed. We patrol the border, right enough; but all we catch there is just a bluff. They're moonshining it up in that stone wall somewhere." Kinnaird nodded toward the mass of gloom that rose against the western sky.

"But the Major doesn't think that way," the boy objected. "He's been writing Sergeant Hawke, at Border City, wiggling us for not catching the runners crossing the line. God of Great Prairies! I've sat in the saddle that locoed for sleep I've had to rope myself to the horn!"

Suddenly a low, tremulous howl moaned over the hill, and the gaunt form of a wolf outlined against the chrome sky from a knoll on their left.

The boy laughed. "Let's pull our freight, Sergeant. We're in bad company."

As Somers rose to his feet a rifle snapped viciously down in the hollow. There was a low, whining "Pzing-g-g!" and a bullet buried itself in the hill.

Kinnaird laughed as the constable, throwing himself back to earth, said, "Somebody's knocking, Sergeant. See who it is!"

"Some drunken Nichie potting at me for the wolf."

As Kinnaird spoke there was a tattoo of rifle shots, and bullets passed in music like the flight of humming birds. Pounding hoofs were drumming at the trail that angled up the hill, and the "Ki-yi-yi!" battle cry of Indians carried to their ears.

Kinnaird spread the flat of a hand above his eyes. "They're running something—something on a cayuse," he said. "Hope it's a whisky runner and they get him. Come on, youngster, we'll mount! These red devils may stampe our horses."

As the policemen coiled the picket lines of two horses that had been feeding and swung to the saddles, a galloping cayuse slipped from the hold-

ing shadow of bush, and a hundred yards behind a group of pursuing Indians hung on its trail.

"It's a breed," Kinnaird advised, "and the Nichies are stark, staring, murder drunk. Line up, Somers! Let the breed slip through, and then close in! Put that hammer down!" he added sharply, at the click of a cocking carbine.

The breed had raised the crest of a bank, and on the level, his cayuse, lean neck stretched like a swan's galloped from the merciless slash of rowels that bit into its flank. The rider's face was a mask of dread. As the fleeing horseman thundered past, Kinnaird held his wide brimmed hat aloft, and called to the Indians, "Halt!"

On they swept like galloping fiends, their yellow bodies vermilion smeared, their raven hair flicking the breeze like pirate flags.

The Sergeant flung his heavy bay fair across the trail, and, throwing the muzzle of a gun forward, cried again, "Halt!"

A shower of dirt spattered against the khaki as, almost thrown on its haunches, a cayuse slid on braced feet till its chest rammed the officer's leg.

"Make open the trail, Soldier Ogama!" an Indian cried, pushing forward. "I am Two Moons; and Dupre, who now skulks like a wapoos (rabbit) behind you, has spoken with the forked tongue to Sleeping Water, who is squaw in the tepee of Two Moons."

"Ho, brother," began the Sergeant, using the same soft voice of dignity in which the Indian had spoken; "we, who are soldiers of the White Mother, have sat here in peace with our faces held to the yellow sky, our eyes not seeing the evil of firewater that is down in your tepees. Our horses have eaten of the sweetgrass, and now we journey back to the fort with a report of the trail that is quiet. Then the soldiers will sleep in the fort, and your people will sleep in their tepees; and when the sun comes again in the sky trail they will journey back to the reserve; and their rations will not be cut, nor will any of the young bucks go to Stony Mountain where they die choked by the walls of the jail. I have spoken, Chief. Go back in peace!"

"Give into our hands the pinto man, who is Dupre!" Two Moons demanded.

Kinnaird wheeled his horse, and, putting his hand on the breed's shoulder, said, "You are my prisoner in the name of the Queen!"

He nodded to Somers, and the constable drew a pair of handcuffs from his blouse and clicked them over the wrists of Dupre. Then the Sergeant threw his horse as a barrier against the crowding Indians, saying:

"Dupre is a prisoner of the Great White Mother; and her soldiers must defend a prisoner with their lives. He will be taken to Fort Nelson, and when you tell to the Major Ogama of the wrong, he will be punished."

"We will take Dupre. Ho, braves! the wrong was in our tepees, and his punishment must be judged in the Chief's lodge!" A gaunt Indian pushed in his pinto between Two Moons and Kinnaird; and as he said this his thick lips lapped at

his huge yellow fangs: it was like the snarl of a hungry wolf.

"It is the firewater that speaks, Police Ogama," Two Moons interrupted; then calling imperiously, "Lone Wolf, come back!"

But the Indian drove his cayuse forward, and as his bare leg rubbed Kinnaird's boot, he spat in the Sergeant's face. Then at a dig from his heels the pinto sprang like a cat from the trail.

Kinnaird turned a handkerchief that was knotted about his neck and wiped his cheek, saying in a suppressed voice, "That is the way of a skunk, Nichie; but when we are on duty we do not kill skunks. Some day I will put you where you may spit no more!"

He turned toward Two Moons, asking, "Do we take the prisoner in peace?"

A scream of terror at his back, a cursing command from Somers, caused the Sergeant to wheel his horse just in time to drive him like a battering ram into the lean ribs of a cayuse, on whose back an Indian, knife in hand, thrust with vengeful cut at the cowering Dupre. Kinnaird's revolver held its cold barrel in the Indian's face as he said:

"Go back with Two Moons, or I'll take you to the fort, too! Back, or you come with me, dead or alive!"

"Ho, brothers!" the Chief cried. "It is enough—evil enough has been done. We fight not with the soldiers of the Queen. If Dupre is taken to the fort, Two Moons will go to tell the Police Ogama of Kamoos Dupre's dog way. Come, braves, we go back, lest there be bloodshed. Our tribe has smoked the pipe of peace. We eat of the Queen's rations, and we make not war with her soldiers. *Marse! marse!*" he bellowed.

And reluctantly, with scowling faces, the young bucks, their lips muttering the vile blasphemy of Indians, turned their ponies over the back trail, and trooped slowly, like melting shadows, into the gathering gloom that hung over the valley, a black pall.

The Chief, holding last in caution, wheeled his pony on the edge of the bank, and his voice came harsh and shrill, crying, "In the White Mother's hands now is punishment for Kamoos Dupre; but the long trail brings him again to the tepees of the Bloods! Two Moons will not forget!"

His voice was smothered by the approving cries of his braves which rang like the fierce call of a wolf pack.

Dupre shuddered; and the Sergeant said, "Keep that tribe the length of a day's gallop from your throat, Dupre. Now move out in front, and no tricks!"

The halfbreed, true to his heritage, eased of his terrible enemies, swaggered. "By Gar!" he cried, "you got no right put han'cuffs on me! Tak' de t'ings off! I can't ride."

"Shut up! Move on, you miserable coyote!" the Sergeant growled.

"You got no warrant for arrest, I t'ink me," Dupre persisted. "I won't go de fort! That Nichie he's lie for me. Dey go for steal my hoss—dat's all."

"Look here, Dupre!" Kinnaird snarled, "If you sling lip at me, I'll throw this quirt into you good and plenty!"

The quirt hissed through the air and landed on the rump of Dupre's cow hocked cayuse. The troopers' horses broke into a gallop behind, and they swung over the trail to Fort Nelson, forty miles away.

They had ridden for a mile, when Kinnaird spoke out of a moody silence bitterly. "Thank God, this is my last day as Number 860! That, back there—he swept his gloved hand over the back trail—"to have to stand for a filthy Nichie spitting in your face for a dollar a day! I've had five years of it. I have these," he lifted his arm with its carrying of three stripes, "not a sou in my pocket, and fit for nothing but to sit a horse."

"Are you going to cut it?" the boy queried.

"Yes, my five years is up to-day, and I won't take on again."

"Who'll get Captain Holland's inspectorship? When Little Snake shot him, I thought the bullet carried promotion for you, Sergeant. You're the man for the place."

"Marriages are made in heaven, kid, and inspectorships in Ottawa. I don't care. But there's water ahead. That's Fish Creek, and we'll camp for the night."

Dupre sat staring moodily into the fire as Somers boiled a fierce decoction of tea in the copper kettle; and when Kinnaird, filling a pipe, tossed him the plug of tobacco, saying curtly, "Have a smoke!" the breed worded the thoughts he had been turning over and over in his mind.

"By gar! ain't no use you fell's tak' me Fort Nelson. Dat Nichie won't come for mak' charge; I don't do no'ting." His tone changed to a wheedling

whine. "I got seeck little boy, me. S'pose you let me go on my shack I don' mind give you fifty dollars, me."

"You hound!" the Sergeant exclaimed. "Do you think we're breeds, to take a bribe?"

Dupre's shallow face grew black in his disappointed anger, and he babbled in foolish sneering. "Dat's all I got me—s'pose 'tain't 'nough. You mak' big mans you'self tak' one mans pris'ner. Why you don' catch de whisky jacks, eh? Dey got plenty money—dat's why, eh?"

"You're a liar, pinto man!" Kinnaird retorted.

"Dat's de trut'. Why don' Constable Somers tell de p'lice 'bout he whisky runners at Stand Off, eh? Cause de head mans, Mayo, he got tam fine girl, Chris. An' Somers he's mak' de good wit' dat Chris girl—dat's why."

With a cry of rage the constable sprang to his feet; but Kinnaird's strong arm, thrust across his chest, barred him from the insulting breed.

"Let me go!" the boy pleaded. "I'll kill the vile lying animal!"

"Leave it to me," the Sergeant answered, a smothered quiet in his tones. He reached down beside his saddle and picked up a quirt, saying sternly, "Get to your feet, Dupre! By Heavens! men can't stand too much, even if they are policemen. I'm going to teach you to keep your dirty tongue still where white women are concerned."

The breed crouched like a sullen dog till the whip sang through the air and stung his back. With a curse he sprang to his feet. Again it hissed snake-like. Dupre threw up his arm, and the diverted lash bit into his cheek, drawing a tribute of blood.

Kinnaird threw his quirt down in disgust, saying wearily, "There, I lost my temper? But what is one to do?"

Encouraged by the cessation of hospitalities, Dupre vented his anger in threats. "I'll mak' report to de Major dat you strike de pris'ner. You get broke, M'sieu' Sargen'! Dem stripe will be strip from you' sleeve!"

Kinnaird laughed, and turning to Somers said, "That's why I stopped you, boy—though it had to be done."

Presently Dupre was handcuffed by his right wrist to the left wrist of Somers, and side by side they lay down on the constable's grey blanket, while Kinnaird stretched himself a few feet away on the other side of the prisoner.

For a long time the Sergeant lay staring up into the night sky, jewelled with millions and millions of blue-white diamonds. He could hear the steady slumber breath of the boyish constable, and the guttural suck of the breed's—even in sleep he was like an animal.

Strangely the malicious words of Dupre about the girl at Stand Off lingered distastefully in his mind. They were in a land barren of women, and Somers was but a boy. What if there was really some cause? Scandal swept the prairies with the same curious leaping of distances as did the Indian's knowledge of far away events. What if there was something—something—Kinnaird slept, not the deep sleep of a toiler, but the police sleep of the plains, which is shattered to wakefulness by the fall of a leaf or the soft slip of a foot.

Slowly a pair of lids lifted from the black snake-eyes of the breed; his sucking breath stilled. The Sergeant's broad chest rose and fell in the light of the flickering fire with a steady rhythm that told he was asleep.

Then the breed's moccasined foot slipped along the grass, and gently, gently, rolled toward his free hand a faggot of willow. His nervous fingers clutched it, and with the gentle pass of a juggler he swept it over the sleeper on his right and through the loop of a leather pistol belt. With the noiseless stealth of a lynx creeping slowly inch by inch, he carried the belt to his side, his bead eyes gleaming with lurid ferocity in the red light of the dying fire. As his bluish fingers, clutching the butt of a six-shooter, drew it from its leather pocket, a buckle clinked softly, like the faint chirp of a cricket.

Flat on his back, chained by the right wrist, not daring to move, the breed, waiting with closed lids lest the slight noise had carried to the ears of the sleepers, did not see that Kinnaird's eyes were open.

The Sergeant lay staring in cautious quiet, wondering why this sense of dread held him on the alert. Nothing moved; there was no sound—just the soulless red of the dying embers. What had waked him with a sense of evil? The form of the breed was motionless in sleep.

Ah! Dupre's swarthy fingers had moved; they clutched something. A sudden tinge of fire red lay like blood on steel.

As Kinnaird drew a hand free of the blanket, some part of his anatomy creaked. Two hands sprang into action the same instant; and two bodies writhed and twisted, dragging the constable by his chained arm. There was the sharp bark of

a six-shooter; and then the breed was hurled to earth, Kinnaird's knees on his chest, his arm almost torn from its socket as the pistol was wrenched from his grasp.

"What do you think of that, Somers? The sweep meant to murder us!" Kinnaird panted, as, forced to his knees by the drag of handcuffs, the constable stared in half-wakened wonderment. "Unlock that bracelet and slip it on this coyote's other wrist! There!" the Sergeant continued, rising as the steels clicked home. "Boil the kettle. We'll have a cup of tea and pull out. I don't want to sleep beside a snake."

## CHAPTER II.

An Indian dreads the law; and Two Moons abode in his tepee far from Fort Nelson.

But Major Dixon gave Dupre three months in the guard house because he was evil, even for a breed, and was known to belong with the men of Stand Off.

David Kinnaird placed on his iron cot a khaki uniform, a red tunic, a pair of blue-black breeches with wide yellow stripes down the side, and walked out in a suit of tweed, no longer Number 860 of the N. W. M. P.

He continued on across the barrack square, running his eye up the tapering white pole in its centre, to rest for a second with a little feeling of regret on the Union Jack that fluttered lazily from its peak as he passed to the Commandant's quarters on the farther side.

As he approached, Major Dixon drew a chair close to his own on the verandah, saying, "Hello, Mister Kinnaird! Sounds odd, doesn't it, Sergeant—the civilian touch, I mean? Sit down. There's a cigar. What about the whisky runners at Stand Off to-day? Still think you can bag the lot with that detective scheme?"

Kinnaird puffed a cloud of smoke from his lips and nodded confidently.

"It's devilish risky. They'd shoot you in a holy minute if they caught you spying on them. They killed Sergeant Blain for less. He was supposed to have been drowned fording Bleeding River; but there was the mark of a lariat about his neck."

"If I succeed—"

The Major interrupted Kinnaird eagerly. "You could take on again in the vacant inspectorship. I wouldn't dare even suggest this thing to headquarters, and you do it all off your own bat; but if you can get convicting proof that they're moon-shining, I'll slip down a force strong enough to corral the whole outfit. If I report that you broke up that damnable traffic, the powers will make you inspector."

"Well, I'm going to try it."

"I want to tell you something, Kinnaird," the Major said, casting his voice in a confidential tone. "I brought young Somers up from the border patrol because of talk about a girl at Stand Off. Chris is the name. Probably nothing in it; but you know what talk about a woman does to a youngster in the force. And that cursed breed Dupre—"

"I know. He's a lying hound! I have known Somers, in the East, since he was born, and if duty demanded it he'd arrest his own father. His honour is as bright as that medal," and he touched a silvered disk that hung from a red and black ribbon on Dixon's black tunic.

"But what about the girl? He used to see her in Border City."

"I talked with him on the trail of her. He's but a boy—I don't know," Kinnaird interjected somewhat wearily. "But I want to— He's rather in my charge— His mother— It's got nothing to do with his duty to the force—that's like steel—it's just himself. I want to break it up. There, that's all Major. It has nothing to do with the M. P.—it's between the boy and me."

"And Chris Mayo, the outlaw chief's daughter?"

"Yes. That's one of my reasons for a holiday in Stand Off. If there is anything foolish between the girl and Somers, I'll break it off somehow. I can't let him throw his young life away."

## CHAPTER III.

Kootenay Jack, Cayuse George, and Tough Wilkins sat on the verandah of the Lone Pine at Stand Off, flipping Colt bullets at a family of gophers that occupied basement rooms in the prairie just across Broadway.

Square and angular, like the abutment of a bridge, the stopping place lay against the dominating verandah, from which thrust a lean semaphore shaped wooden arm carrying the crisp inscription, "Thad Mayo."

# PEOPLE AND PLACES

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

## FROM FLAT-BOAT TO PRIVATE CAR.

**T**HIRTY years ago one day last week Mr. D. D. Mann arrived in Winnipeg on a flat-boat via the Red River. The day before that the railways built and owned and operated by Mackenzie and Mann west of Lake Superior hauled 412,000 bushels of western wheat towards the lakes. Mr. Mann got in Winnipeg when there were less than a hundred thousand people west of and including Winnipeg. He estimates the present population of that territory as not less than a million and a quarter with at least a million bushels of grain a day being handled on railroads whose aggregate mileage is more than ten thousand miles. Mr. Mann knows how a few thousand miles of these roads have been built. He helped build a good many hundreds of miles of the C. P. R. before he went into partnership with Mr. Mackenzie to begin the Canadian Northern—which in its inception was a little bit of a spur line running up into the Dauphin country from the C. P. R.; now three thousand miles of road in the West.

\* \* \*

## A MUSK-OX MYSTERY.

**D**R. COOK relates as part of his Polar story how that he and his men after some hours of fasting came across and killed over a hundred musk oxen. Any one who knows anything about musk oxen will be inclined to inquire first why did he kill so many; and second, how on earth—or ice, or water—did he do it? The musk-ox is an animal two-thirds the size of a buffalo. It is found only in the Arctic circle. Its southernmost habitat in Canada is north of Great Bear Lake. Travellers up in that country tell how shy and exclusive the musk oxen are and how hard to shoot. They herd in small herds remote from camps, and so difficult to approach that the Indians have to resort to strategy to get them where it is possible to shoot them. They regard them with such pious veneration that they have been even known to pray to the brutes when in the act of trying to corral them, in order that they might not in their superior wisdom and cunningness take a notion to turn back and scatter away.

But Dr. Cook with his Eskimos managed to slay more than a hundred of these inaccessible animals. How he did it is a mystery. Why he needed so much beef is another mystery—unless it was for the dogs. Dr. Cook may be a great scientist; and he may be a great hunter; but if he is as much of a scientist and a hunter as he would seem to be, he surely would not set out trying to exterminate the musk oxen for the sake of one glorious battue.

\* \* \*

## PRAIRIE CHAPELS ON WHEELS.

**C**HAPELS on wheels are to become a feature of religious life in the West. So many towns have bobbed up along the old trails and the new in that vast land of the wheat, that to build churches fast enough to get all the people to church is not possible. It is usually hard enough to get the average man to church when the church is just across the road, although church life in the west is quite as active in some ways as anything else in that progressive land. One little town of slightly more than a year old with a population of five hundred people had four congregations not long ago. There is hardly a town without some sort of church, whether the people meet in a school-house or in a hall over a store or in a tent. But there are many of the new crude little places where the church has to wait its time, and to get the people to church in these scattered communities it is necessary to take the church to the people. Hence the chapel on wheels. This is about to be inaugurated by the Roman Catholic Church in the West and is a scheme in which Archbishop McEvay, President of the Catholic Extension Society, is much interested. The church on wheels has never been tried in Canada before. It has been for some years, however, a feature in the Western States. Two years ago the Catholic Church there put a chapel on wheels for the use of the bishops. Years before that the Anglican Church had one of its western bishops in a cathedral car. This was the first cathedral car in the world. The chapel cars of the Canadian West will make it possible for the outpost man to get to church at least once in a while.

\* \* \*

## A VISION OF MONTREAL.

**W**ITH the Hudson celebration in New York State and the unusual amount of polar peregrinations brought to light of late, it is of interest to a scribe in Montreal to imagine what kind of place Montreal will be ten years from now when railroads have been put through to Hudson's Bay and Montreal holds another celebration. In an easy poetic outline a prophet in the *Montreal Standard* draws a picture. He may have

been stimulated by the recent election of the ratepayers in that city to clean up municipal affairs by inaugurating a Board of Control—although the vision was penned before the vote was cast.

\* \* \*

## IMPERIAL FREE TRADE IN BRAINS.

**T**HE number of Imperial globe-trotters is increasing. A few years ago Sir Charles Dilke was the best-informed Imperialist in the House of Commons. His book on the Empire was regarded as a classic and the last word of an observant man. Most other Englishmen stayed in England. This man travelled and saw the Empire with his own eyes. Nowadays there are many hundreds of Imperialising globe-trotters. Most of them come to Canada, which receives hundreds every year. They usually cross the continent and get a notion of our vast distances as contrasted with little England. They see our crops and our busy people. They make speeches at Canadian Clubs and give interviews to reporters. Usually they manage to differ about as widely regarding the present condition and manifest destiny of Canada as we differ ourselves in politics. They observe that we are prosperous and that we are not altogether savage. We are expected to be somewhat uncouth by comparison. But it is remarkable to most of these observant Englishmen how nearly we approximate to Old Country standards considering that we are so near the United States with whom we do most of our foreign business. Our loyalty to the flag and the British throne is to them all a spectacle for profound admiration—Kipling and Beresford, Milner and even Stead; scores of others, even the shrewd and commercial Northcliffe, have noted the signs of the times and are free to acknowledge that Canada is the greatest colony. Then, of course, most of them go home and proceed to forget most of it. Our Governors-General have been chief of the Canada-advertising agency among British nobility. Invariably they carry back a good story. They have a good time here. They make good speeches here. We listen well; no better listeners anywhere than Canadians—and certainly we know how to applaud almost anything that sounds good, especially if it comes from a man we know and that the world knows too.

One of these days some of these super-clever Britishers will be coming to Canada to live. Some time this century we shall see a migration not only of British labour and capital, but of British brains as well. When that movement gets under way, Canada will begin to materialise Earl Grey's prediction that this country is destined to be the effective centre of Empire, not financially perhaps, certainly not in politics, but in commerce and life.

\* \* \*

## THE GOOD OLD THRESHING TIME.

**T**HRESHING season is on. Clean from the oat fields of Prince Edward Island to the gardens of Victoria, B.C., they are threshing; though what they thresh in gardens besides sweet peas may best be explained by the old-time back-concession query: "Well, got y'r pumpkins thrashed yet?"

Threshing time in Canada is the most important season of the year. It is the season which produces Thanksgiving and puts money in circulation. It was so in the old days when Canada produced 15 million bushels of wheat and winter wheat at that; down on the Ontario farm, and down in Nova Scotia, threshing day was the time the farmer found out what sort of business farming was anyway, and whether he might not better have rented his farm and gone on out west or struck to the lumber woods. Threshing time put cash in circulation from the town banker to the farmer, and from the farmer to the storekeeper, and from him back to the wholesaler, and so back to the bank again; and if the wheat happened to be half chaff, or the oats were cut by grasshoppers, or the barley spoiled by the wet, or the peas full of bugs, the circulation of that life-giving cash was obstructed and people felt the pinch all round.

So it is in the country at large when Canada produces 150 million bushels of wheat in a year, and when more than half of it comes from Saskatchewan. The banks in the east have been sending out wads of money to buy wheat and the money has gone to the farmer, then to the storekeeper, and then to the wholesaler and—well we hope that's the way of it, although bank managers have a habit of telling us lately that in the circulation our money very often gets astray, and to find the reason you have to ask the real estate man and the speculators.

Just the same, the season of the threshing machine's hum and the early toot of the whistle is the time that gladdens the heart; when the pitchfork brigade turn out in the dew and pull pocketfuls of apples as they pass the orchard—and from seven a.m. till dusk in the barn or on the open prairie, wealth rolls out of the spout to the farmer and the country.



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**MONEY AND MAGNATES**

**SIR THOMAS SHAUGHNESSY'S CHANGE OF FRONT.**

WITH Sir Thomas Shaughnessy just back from his annual tour of inspection over the thousands of miles of road that now comprise the Canadian Pacific, some of his associates are telling quite a good story of his complete change of manner in discussing the condition of the different divisions with the divisional superintendents. Sir Thomas always makes it a rule that each superintendent should join him at the beginning of his particular division and remain with him till he passes out of it. In past years Sir Thomas generally spent most of his time drawing attention to the many improvements that must be made and in saying good-bye insisted that the superintendent should see that the many urgent improvements should be carried out at once. It was almost an unheard of thing that any complimentary reference should be made. This year, however, Sir Thomas seemed satisfied that actual conditions warranted a change of front and in leaving almost every divisional superintendent, made a point of congratulating him on the fine condition in which he had his part of the line. Some of the older superintendents were taken entirely off their guard as they had been looking for the usual list of things that should be done, and when Sir Thomas instead took occasion to compliment them they scarcely knew what to answer. One of Sir Thomas' associates who has made a number of trips across the continent with him remarked to me that he did not think any stronger proof could be given of the excellent condition of the road than that Sir Thomas himself should be satisfied with it.

\* \* \*

**LONDON KEEPING A WATCHFUL EYE ON CANADA.**

LONDON is certainly keeping a watchful eye on the financial side of Canadian enterprises just now. One of the principal reasons for it is undoubtedly the large English connections enjoyed by the Bank of Montreal. Through it scores of English houses and people have made handsome profits in Canadian enterprises and this has resulted in a great many more people every year following the cue from the London office of Canada's leading financial institution. It was through this connection that Londoners recently announced their intention of taking up their option on \$2,000,000 of the common stock of the Dominion Textile Company. Before doing so they had their own accountants go into the affairs of this big cotton merger and the latter made such a favourable statement regarding the company's financial position that insiders knew it would not be long before the London interests would announce their intention of taking a substantial interest in the company. Now comes the announcement that English interests have requested that a special offering of the securities of the new big cement merger known as the Canada Cement Company should be made in London, and likewise that the English investing public should be given an opportunity of becoming identified with the asbestos industry in Canada by an offering in London of the securities of the Amalgamated Asbestos Corporation. A prominent London broker who is now in Canada stated to me the other day that nearly all the London houses who make a specialty of colonial business were devoting particular attention to Canada. Lord Northcliffe, of the *London Times*, goes still further and says that he can direct hundreds of millions for investment in Canada and all he wanted was to feel satisfied that the enterprises deserved the attention he was drawing to them through his various publications.

\* \* \*

**HOW RAPIDLY ASBESTOS INDUSTRY IS DEVELOPING.**

SCARCELY had the merger of a number of the leading asbestos companies in the rich serpentine belt of the Thetford district of the Province of Quebec into the Amalgamated Asbestos Corporation been effected than it became evident that Canada was going to dominate the asbestos trade of the world. And now the concentration of management has barely been carried out and yet word comes from the general management that already the orders for future deliveries are so large that the entire output of the various properties is sold ahead for some little time.

But such a result has not been reached without the attention of leading financial interests in London and New York as well as of Montreal and Toronto being attracted to the rapid manner in which the asbestos industry was developing and the great possibilities there were for it. As a result, prominent London houses after careful investigation asked to be allowed to attend to the arrangements for and issue of bonds at that centre, which will result in English interests having large holdings in the Amalgamated concern as well as prominent Philadelphia and Montreal financiers. And to think that only a year ago market interests in Montreal had barely heard of the great wealth of the asbestos fields situated only a little over a hundred miles from the city, and to-day inquiries are coming from all parts of the world regarding them. Expert engineers who have made a study of the different asbestos fields throughout the world state that the Canadian deposits are far richer than any others in the whole world and express the opinion that there is practically an inexhaustible supply in the serpentine belt in which the various properties of the Amalgamated Asbestos Corporation are situated. Through the amalgamation the industry has been placed on a very firm basis, has received the support of the strongest banking interests, and from all appearances is destined to quickly accentuate the fact that the mineral resources of Canada are equally as rich as those of any other country in the world.

\* \* \*

**AVERAGE CANADIAN SEEMS TO HAVE MONEY TO INVEST.**

PERHAPS the average man throughout Canada hasn't a little money put by awaiting investment! Since the beginning of August four large public offerings of stock have been made in Canada and yet after them the big cement merger known as the Canada Cement Company comes along and makes an offering of \$1,800,000. Would the people of Canada be able to stand such a large amount? A great many, and among them very prominent bankers thought not, but what was the result? In less than a week subscriptions had been received for as much as \$2,800,000 indicating that the entire issue of \$1,800,000 had been over-subscribed by fifty per cent. Perhaps the most striking feature of the subscription lists was the thousands of small subscription received from all parts of Canada, which will result in the new merger starting out with a larger number of shareholders than any other Canadian concern ever had at its inception.

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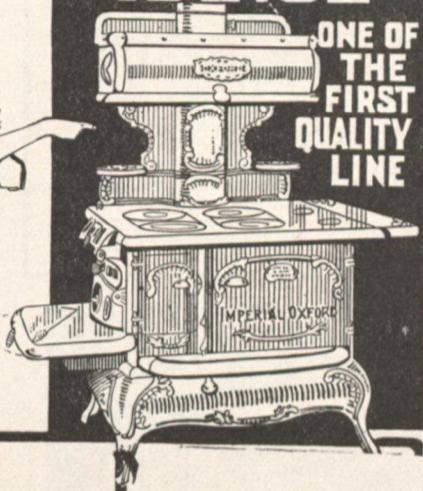
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**Centenary Celebration**

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

be seen that the happy relations which have existed now for a decade between Great Britain and the United States are contemporaneous with the changed relations between England and France.

The British Treaties with Japan have given stability to international relations on the Pacific, and Britain's example has induced France, Russia and the United States to fall in line. The integrity of China has been guaranteed, the principle of the "open door" established, and there is now a fair prospect of peaceful development in the Pacific Hemisphere; while in Europe the Anglo-French *entente* paved the way for the more recent friendly agreement with Russia, France's ally.

Thus it will be seen that through the influence of Great Britain a League of Peace has been established which encircles the world and holds in check such aggressive ambition as still remains outside; and it must be patent to all observers that the means which has enabled the Mother Country to exert such a powerful influence for peace and international stability has been her preponderance at sea. Not alone the maintenance of the British Empire, but the peace of the world itself cries out for the maintenance of Britain's naval power. But it is also highly important that other peacefully inclined peoples should manifest their adherence to the policy of peace, and to the international *entente* which is the only guaranty of its success.

In the present condition of the world's affairs, if peace is to be maintained, the friendship of Great Britain, France and the United States is of the utmost importance, and anything that will draw these powers closer together will not only be for the benefit of Canada and the British Empire, but for the peace of the world at large, and the advancement of Christian civilisation.

Nothing could do more to promote a continuance of the friendly relations which now exist among these three great powers than that they should join in a great celebration of the peace, which, so far as their own relations are concerned, they have enjoyed for a hundred years, and it would be to the lasting honour of Canada if she should be instrumental in bringing about this celebration. There is no other place so fitting for it as Canada. This is the one country that all these nations have fought for and the celebration of the peace should be held on our frontiers as evidence of final reconciliation and as a final recognition of the permanence of our Imperial relations.

But the propriety of Canada initiating a Centenary Celebration at all rests rather upon the local events of the war of 1812-14 than upon the Century of Peace. The war with Napoleon was, and the peace with both France and the United States, has been as wide as the British Empire; but the war of 1812-14 was mainly an attack upon, and a defence of Canada, and, therefore, local. The celebration of peace, if taken by itself, might as well take place in the West Indies or in the English Channel where it would be more convenient for both Great Britain and France.

On the other hand, it is eminently fitting that Canada should initiate a national and imperial celebration of the successful defence of the British Provinces and of their expansion and consolidation into a great trans-continental Dominion. And as the peace followed the war, so the international celebration of the Century of Peace would naturally

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follow the national and imperial celebration.

It will be this very opportunity to show our patriotic spirit and our vigorous nationality by honouring the heroic defenders of our country and rejoicing over our huge expansion and consolidation that will enable us to enter into a final celebration of the Century of Peace with a national status and as a nation among nations, not as a mere dependency or "possession" of Great Britain. This is in accordance with the spirit of the Empire to-day. The Mother Country looks upon us no longer as a colony, but as a sister nation and invites our advance to equality of status with herself. It is the same with the Commonwealth and the other self-governing Dominions of Greater Britain. We have become an Empire of Nations.

Canada has really two motherlands, Great Britain and France; and the United States owes much of its civilisation to its English language and literature, its fundamental laws derived from the Common Law of England, and its representative form of Government, derived, mainly, from the British system. It is eminently fitting, therefore, and not unnatural, that Great Britain, France, the Daughter States of Greater Britain and the United States should draw together in a joint celebration which will manifest their common interest in the progress and peace of the world and their common policy of standing against any aggression that might endanger the doctrine of the Balance of Power upon which the national liberties of the world rest.

It has been suggested that a celebration of the victories of the war would arouse feelings of animosity and be incompatible with a friendly international celebration of the Century of Peace. Even if this were probable, it should not deter us; for it is more than all important that our people, and particularly the rising generation, should learn to value British institutions, British connection and Canada's power to increase the mighty influence for good that the British Empire exercises upon the world's civilisation. But, to my mind, a celebration that would show how highly we value our Canadian nationality and our share in the Empire, would increase the respect of all nations for us and none more than that of the United States.

We do not resent the celebration of the Fourth of July, and eminent British statesmen attend its festivities, even in London. Our King, when Prince of Wales, touched the hearts of the American people by baring his head before the tomb of Washington, "the father of his country." But Washington and his fellow patriots are no more worthy of monuments and reverence than are the heroes whose defence of Canada in 1812-14 laid the foundations for an equally great nation. The Americans would be wholly misled as to the spirit of the Canadian nation and would hold its patriotism in contempt if it neglected to honour the memory of its founders and saviours. The misunderstanding of the Canadian regard for the Mother Country was one of the inducements of the war of 1812-14; for many Americans thought Canadians would be glad to shake off the "galling yoke" of the parent state. We should see that no such misunderstanding can ever occur again. We can command the respect of other nations and avoid misunderstanding only by showing pride in our country and Empire. But we need not be jingoes; our patriotism should have higher motives; our imperialism should respect the legitimate aspirations of other nations and races.

LITERARY NOTES

MUCH regret is being expressed in England because of the announced retirement of Miss Helen Mathers, who in private life is known as Mrs. Henry Reeves. Miss Mathers has been writing for thirty-four years and twenty novels stand to her credit. Her best known work of course is "Comin' Thro' the Rye," a book to whose phenomenal popularity no less a person than Mr. James Hardy paid the compliment that wherever he went he was sure of finding it and the Bible. "Comin' Thro' the Rye" was composed when Miss Mathers was barely out of her teens. The young author, in her modesty, planned and executed her work without the knowledge of her family. She gained confidence as the construction of the story progressed. When it was about half completed she braved a publisher with the manuscript. There was no rebuff. This publisher was a very shrewd gentleman. He at once arranged that Miss Mathers should finish the book. She wrote at top speed and "Comin' Thro' the Rye" was soon upon the book counters. A very tired young lady awoke to find herself famous.

The withdrawal of Miss Mathers now from the literary world is in itself significant. Her chief reason which has inspired this action, according to herself, is "the terribly unsatisfactory condition of the book market—at any rate so far as the author is concerned." Miss Mathers claims that under prevalent conditions no novelist can continue in the profession and keep self-respect. In a published interview the other day she stated:

"I think there are several causes for this state of things and chief among them is the natural popularity of the 14c. edition. The public are reaping a fine harvest of cheap editions at the expense of the author; no one is going to pay \$1.12 or \$1.50 for a novel when it can be bought after the lapse of a few weeks or months for 14c. Unlike the paper-covered 12c. editions, the 14c. books can be kept and given a place on the bookshelves.

Of course, booksellers are not going to stock \$1.12 novels which remain unasked for in the shop while the public wait patiently for the cheap edition.

"The motor car is another factor in the decline of the novel; people have no time to read while they are travelling about the country. What the ultimate result of the cheapening of novels will be I do not know; I can only think that in time the best authors will cease to write and will turn their brains and energies to some other way of making a living."

\* \* \*

MR. JOHN W. DAFOE, a delegate from Winnipeg to the Imperial Press Conference, has just issued a small pamphlet containing impressions of the visit of the overseas journalists to the heart of the Empire. The other day Mr. J. A. Macdonald, another Canadian delegate, told what impressed him most. Mr. Macdonald's views were pessimistic. He saw the flotsam and jetsam of civilisation in England. Mr. Macdonald sounded a warning. The presence of this decadent social condition appealed to him as a terrible menace. Mr. Dafoe, on the other hand, perceives no signs of rotteness in the nation. His is a healthy, rosy picture of English society. To quote a few words:

"Of all the impressions which remain after the visit to England, with its unexampled opportunities for seeing things on the inside, the one

which is strongest is that the home-keeping race is young, progressive and virile, not stale and decrepit as it is often represented as being. Great Britain in conjunction with her overseas children is entering upon a new career, but for her it is no last adventure of Ulysses. It is not a case of:

"Death closes all; but something, ere the end,  
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,  
Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods!

The English race, not only in the wider horizons of the new lands, but in the old home, is not old, but younger; it is vigorous, prolific, stout-hearted, keen brained. Consider how the handful of Britons who occupied the "little isle set in the silver seas" less than three hundred years ago, have peopled and taken possession of great areas in every continent. When England and Scotland became one country by the accession to the English throne of James of Scotland the island held only some five million souls. To-day the descendants of that sparse population number more than 100,000,000 and they hold in addition to the home land the fairest stretches of the younger world—United States, Canada, Australia and New Zealand—while their language is conquering the whole world. In trade and commerce the development has been equally marvellous. These are not signs of racial decrepitudes."

\* \* \*

"THE WHITE PLAGUE AND OTHER POEMS."

By Thadeus A. Browne—Briggs.

THIS is about the time of year when the annual deluge of pretty Canadian poetry books is due to choke the bargain counters of the land. Among the early arrivals is a volume by young Mr. Thadeus A. Browne, of Ottawa. This gentleman and his publishers claim to have struck "a new note in literature." It is to be hoped that few will desire to pay the piper or dance to his tune. Mr. Browne's book contains as its leading feature "The White Plague," a sixteen page treatise upon the horrors of consumption with crude fanciful pictorial conceptions of the disease which among artistic monstrosities, as a critic remarked the other day, "Have the 'Martyrs' beaten a mile." This long painful dissertation is supplemented by a number of the usual insipid Canadian type of effusions about love, and April, and in this case, as a climax, some verse of which Mr. Tom Longboat is the theme. Mr. Browne's book is the silliest lot of morbid drivel which has appeared in this country since Dr. Fisher's, "The Child of Destiny."

\* \* \*

THERE is but one thing in this world that Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch loves better than writing and that is yachting. Like many famous Englishmen, Mr. Quiller-Couch dates his fondness for aquatic sports from his Oxford days. At college, he stroked the Varsity crew and was a prominent figure in the rowing world. When Mr. Quiller-Couch is not on the water he gives up most of his energies to literature. He is an exceedingly careful worker. His plots are usually developed during long tramps into the country, the form in which he takes his exercise when a landlubber. Mr. Mark Twain considers himself slow and he turns out 2,000 words a day, but Mr. Quiller-Couch's limit of daily output is 1,000 and often but 150 words.

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## Sergeant Kinnaird

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.

At one corner loomed a desolate pine in solitary loneliness. It was an auk's egg—a connecting link between the present sweep of grassed prairie and the dim past of forest age. The pine's huge, gaunt arms drooped somberly against a sea of gold, through which a red sun sank to rest in the mighty cradle that curved from Chief Mountain to the snow silvered crown of Crow's Nest. Jagged peaks bit with purple teeth into the chrome sky with the angular harshness of a Titanic saw.

Broadway, worn to chocolate baldness by its monopoly of traffic, held for a hundred yards to the east its city lines of straightness, and then, as if indifferent of its unshacked prairie way, crawled loosely in looping bends to a point of obliteration.

But all these things of elemental grace were lost on Kootenay & Co. They were busy potting the gophers. It was a game of chance for the drinks. A shot apiece, and the gopherless marksman paid. A bullet from Kootenay's six-shooter had just rolled to one-side a little fawn coloured head that for a second had peered inquisitively from a neck ruff of tawny earth, when Tough Wilkins exclaimed:

"Jinks! thar's an outfit trailin' from the east. Give me a kind of jump when I fu'st looked. It's complected like a Mounted P'lice team."

He rolled his eyes in apprehension; but the others laughed, and Kootenay, seizing the rung of his chair, tipped him to the verandah floor, crying, "You scrag necked son of a jack pine! what you want to throw a fright like that inter us fer?"

As the three men watched, giving up the gopher play for raillery of the police, a cloud of dust beat up from the trail behind the approaching team, its centre split by the form of a galloping horse.

"Thar comes Chris," Cayuse George cried. "Chinook's eatin' up the trail as if 'twas a gen'ral of p'lice on that buckboard, an' he wanted a bite of him."

They saw the galloping horse overhaul the more leisurely team. His chestnut coat glistened patches of reflected gold as he capered in unwilling restraint while his rider conversed. As horse and rig started again, Kootenay called through the open door:

"Matt! Matt; Whar the devil's that dago?" he growled to the unanswering interior.

A sinister, olive skinned face hung forward through the door at that instant, and a pair of piercing black eyes, animal like in their restless query, searched the little group, as their owner asked, "What you want? Who lose dis time?"

"Thar's guests comin' fer you," Kootenay answered, jerking his thumb down Broadway. "Chris is roundin' up patrons fer the Lone Pine, an' you'd better fry a stack of bacon, cause it's most grub pile time."

The buckboard swung up Broadway to the verandah, and a tall, athletic man in clerical black slipped quietly from the vehicle.

"Holy Smoke!" muttered Cayuse in appalled whisper. "If it ain't a sky pilot! An' us a-figgerin' it was some man!"

"Wall," Kootenay drawled, "thar's a heft of beef about them shoulders that I reckon might prove tough ropin' if the owner was riled."

The girl slipped from Chinook's back, and, in a voice that held an imperious tone running through its apparent softness, called, "Matt, Preacher Black is going to make

camp here to-night. Stir around and help get him located!"

Matteo was a Corsican. His vitriolic blood effervesced at the touch of Kootenay's caustic chuckle, and, turning away in sullen anger, he entered the front room, flung into a chair, and, tilting its back to the wall, sat in an attitude of insolent inhospitality.

When Preacher Black entered he stood for a second looking about inquiringly, and then said, "I'd like to get a room for to-night, and supper."

"De house full. Dis ain't stoppin' place fer sky pilots no time," the Corsican snarled.

"There is room, Matt," a clear voice contradicted sharply from the door.

As the girl came forward, Matteo, squirming uncomfortably from the stab of a pair of fearless brown eyes, growled, "Ver' well Miss Chris; you de boss here. I'm jus' de cook, eh?" Then he swaggered to the verandah, and Chris, calling a halfbreed, directed him to take the preacher's baggage to a room.

It was indeed David Kinnaird that disappeared through a doorway behind the breed. He had ceased to exist as Sergeant of Mounted Police at Fort Nelson, and had demised as David Kinnaird on the long circuitous trail of deceitful covering, to reincarnat at Mound of Bones as the Rev. David Black, missionary to the good people of Stand Off.

Out on the verandah Matteo was venting his spleen in words of sarcastic villainy. "To-night dere's no game of draw, senors," he began. "De Prote'ant pries' he's make de bank, an' you must pray. Ho-ho! Stan' Off is goin' be holy city! Pha-a-a!" and Matteo spat contemptuously.

"Kinder runs through a crack in my cocoanut, Matt, that you feel like a cowpuncher as has parted unceremonious from a buckin' hoss."

"What's dat, Kootenay?" Matteo snapped.

"Wall, Chris called your bluff, an' you quit."

The Corsican's sallow face blanched livid at the drawling taunt. "Sapristi! Can a senor fight the senorita? Is a bronco broken by one t'row de rope?"

"Wall," Kootenay answered lazily, "I'll take it all back, Matt, when you make good with the sky pilot."

"Matt'll sure stampede the preacher. He's wuss hostile'n a grizzly when his pan's hot," Tough Wilkins proffered ironically.

"I'll gamble the licker he don't," Kootenay drawled. "I ain't more'n moderate learned in men critters; but the stranger favours a jaw as don't run to quittin'."

"Tough don't play my han'," the Corsican snapped, "if I don't make dat mission coyote pay for de drinks. I set de five-gallon keg on de table for everybody."

At that instant a harsh lipped bell clanged with the persistence of a perambulating alarm clock broken loose to wander in automatic discord till it ran down. Chair legs wailed in anguish on the plank floor of the verandah as the sitters sprang to high heeled riding boots filled the front room with a clattering echo as the men charged with the exuberance of boys for the supper room.

Matteo, who was major domo of the Lone Pine, took a seat beside the door, where it was his custom to collect fifty cents from each diner as he issued. There was anticipatory satisfaction in his face, and his black eyes turned furtively to the door at every sound of an approaching step.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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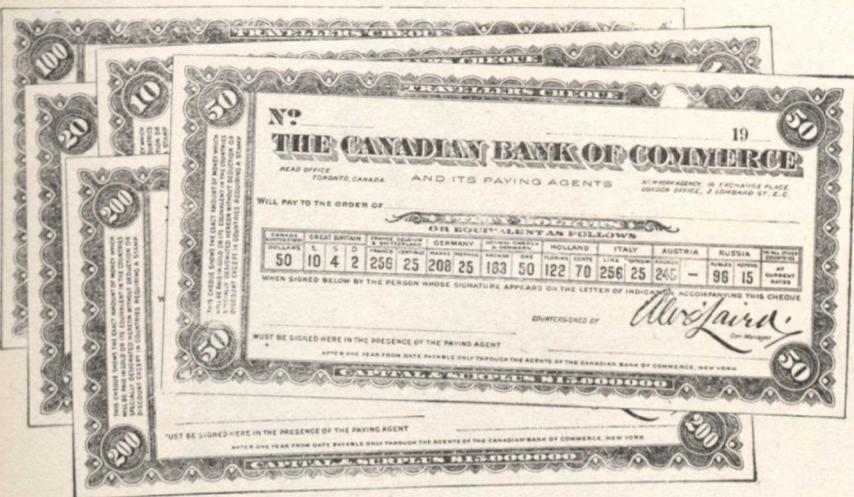
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