

Vol. III, No. 23

May 9th, 1908

Price 10 Cents

# The Canadian Courier

THE  
NATIONAL  
WEEKLY



HON. J. P. WHITNEY,

From a snapshot taken in the Autumn of 1907.

*By Pringle & Booth.*

EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER.  
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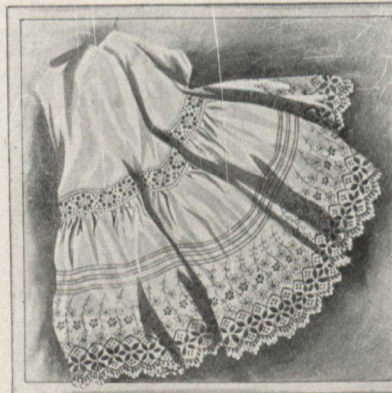
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R1-90. **Women's Skirt**, made of fine cotton, extra deep umbrella flounce of two clusters of fine tucks, two rows embroidery insertion with one row Val. insertion between, finished with wide frill of skirting embroidery, French band, dust ruffle, lengths 38, 40 and 42 inches..... **1.65**

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THE **Canadian Courier**

A NATIONAL WEEKLY

Published at 61 Victoria Street, Toronto, by The Courier Press, Limited

Subscription: Canada and Great Britain, \$4.00 a Year; United States, \$5.00 a Year

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**PUBLISHERS' TALK**

THIS week's issue is devoted mainly to the Ontario General Elections because this seems to be the most notable feature of the moment. If the Quebec elections are announced shortly a similar set of illustrations will be published. This journal is non-political, but we always try to keep the public supplied with the pictorial features of the various campaigns.

NEXT week's issue will be a travel number—something just a little out of the ordinary. Now that spring has come with its buds and leaves and rippling waters, the weary dwellers of our brick-and-cement-and-asphalt cities are beginning to think of shady lanes, sandy beaches and secretive forest glades. In order to encourage this feeling we shall publish a number of pictures showing how people are wont to enjoy themselves in July and August—a foretaste of the genuine article.

SUBSCRIBERS are reminded once more that if they have any friends who should be taking the "Courier" regularly, that these may become enrolled among the elect on the special cash-in-advance basis, viz., three dollars per annum. We are still holding the door open and are pleased to state that last week nearly two hundred new readers entered.



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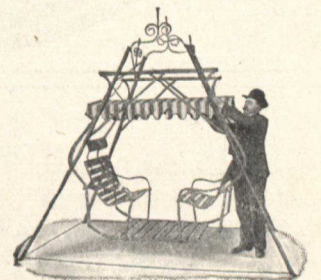
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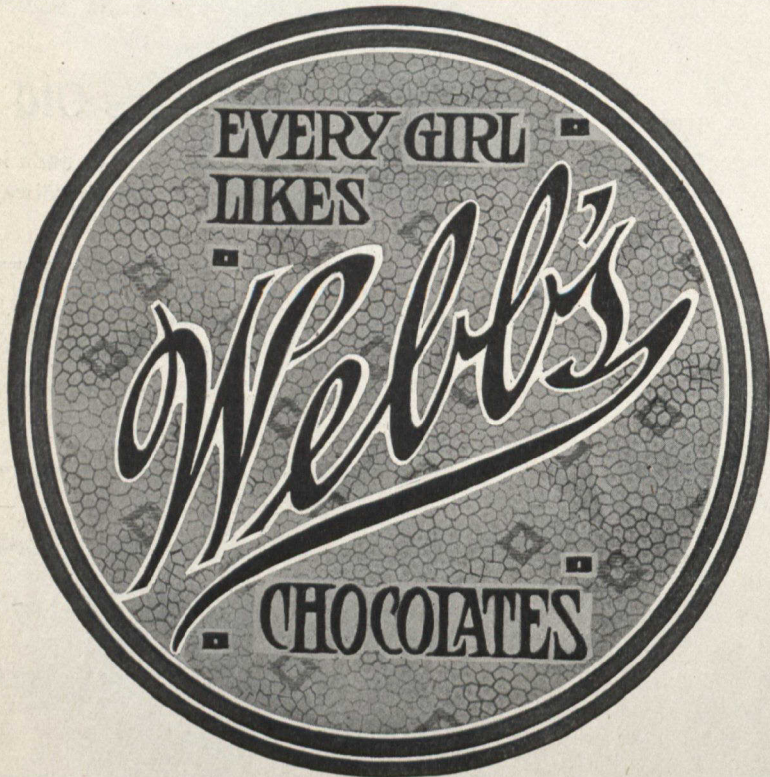
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## THE HUMAN SIDE

By ARCHIE P. McKISHNIE

### MISPLACED BENEVOLENCE.

LIFE'S incidents have their funny side. Sometimes you have to look for them, at other times they force themselves upon you.

I was seated beside a rather benevolent-looking old gentleman, on a Bathurst car the other morning, when at a certain street, a woman with a child in her arms, came hurriedly into the car in search of the conductor.

She was very much agitated, as well she might be, poor soul, for it seems she had left her purse containing all the money she had in the world, on the seat of this same car a short time previous.

When the conductor told her kindly and gently that no purse had been picked up to his knowledge, tears came into the woman's eyes and she made to leave the car.

A young man dressed in the garb of a labourer, who had entered just behind her and who had listened to the conversation, stopped her as she was passing out.

"I'm sorry for you, missus," he said. "Here's a dollar, maybe it'll help some."

The woman smiled her thanks and passed out. I doubt if there was one man on that car but would have been glad to shake hands with that labourer and who, if the truth were known, did not feel a little ashamed of himself for not proffering the woman assistance also.

The old gentleman beside me crossed over and sat down by the hero.

"That was a kind and considerate act of yours, young man," he said, beaming above his glasses. "And as I believe I'm in a position to stand a little charity better than you are perhaps, you won't feel it amiss if I give you back that dollar. Fact is I'd feel better if you took it; here you are."

The young man grinned foolishly, hesitated a little, then took the dollar and put it in his pocket.

We mentally applauded the old man's generous action, at the same time that act of the young man's in accepting the old man's money, pinched a little.

We should liked to have seen him wave man and dollar aside. Instead he thanked the old man and pocketed the dollar. Then he picked up his dinner-pail and prepared to leave the car.

"You don't happen to know the name of this unfortunate woman, I suppose, sir?" asked the old man, rubbing his hands together.

"Oh, yes, I know her well," answered the labourer. "Her name's Smith and she does my washin'. I owed her two bucks fer last week. This dollar you gave me 'll jest square my account with her. Thank you, sir. Good mornin'."

### THE TWO JOHNS.

I HAVE known them both a long time. When first I met them they were together and the many and many times I have met them since, they have always been together.

The older John in a little, frail man with the softest white hair and the happiest blue eyes I ever saw.

The younger John is a big, broad-shouldered man with a sprinkling of white in his hair and eyes very much like the older John's except in colour, for they are grey like another pair of eyes that are only a memory to the two now.

I have spent many happy hours

with this pair, walking, driving, and seated before the wide, old-fashioned fireplace of their cozy home.

Here with our pipes alight, the younger John and I would listen to the stories the older John told; stories of his early life, when with his axe he had helped wipe the timber from a portion of Western Ontario and founded the first settlement there.

There, in the half glow, one could almost fancy they saw that great stretch of wooded country, with its little clearing on a deep, still creek, and its wide, reedy bay in the foreground, as the old man depicted the wild beauty of it all.

The father loves to relate the story of those olden, golden days and the son loves to sit near, drinking in his every word just as though he had not heard the story many times before. For myself, I only know that to be near these two is a pleasure and a privilege granted to but few.

The two Johns go out but seldom now and the chats before the fireplace are becoming shorter and more broken, night by night. There must soon be a break in the golden chain and the comrades will part at the cross-roads.

I cannot think it will be different from other partings I have witnessed between them, when at a late hour the story, or the game of chess being finished, the old man would say:

"Time you was in bed, John; good-night."

And John would smile at me and get up and kiss the old John on the forehead, as had been his habit from childhood, and say "Good-night, Daddy."

Then he would steal away.

### THE FLITTING.

THE other evening at sunset, I stood upon the end of the wharf gazing across the bay.

Slowly twilight settled a misty shadow upon the waters and the one long arrow of light which rested upon them drew back reluctantly before oncoming night and faded in the western horizon.

Straight in its track a bunch of blue-winged teal came speeding, wild, frantic, free things, guided by instinct toward the wide marsh-lands far westward; their old home and nesting-grounds.

The two newly arrived immigrants who had stood silent beside me, looked at each other as the wild ducks whistled past. Then the older of the two spoke:

"They be goin' 'ome, lad," he said wistfully.

"Aye," sighed his companion, "they be goin' 'ome."

Silence for a time; then—

"They be most like 'appy fer th' goin', Tom."

"Aye, Jack, and why shouldn't 'em be 'appy, a-goin' 'ome?"

Then they passed away through the shadow, leaving me with this thought in my mind:

Gladly the wild fowl skim the darkened foam

At set of sun;

Swiftly to far-off marsh, to nest and home,

The day is done;

God grant that to our souls, at night may steal

The joy and freedom that His wild birds feel.



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A National Weekly

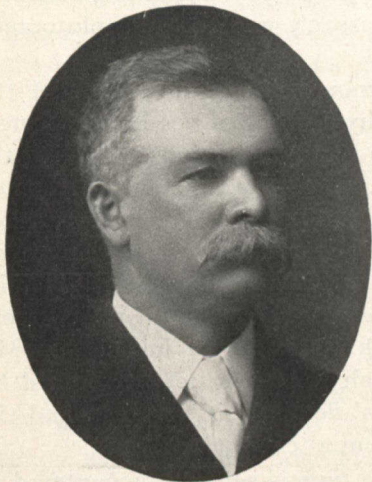
Subscription: \$4.00 a Year.

Vol. III.

Toronto, May 9th, 1908.

No. 23

## IN THE PUBLIC VIEW



Mr. W. A. Hogg,  
President Canadian Club of Collingwood.

has been mayor of the town and was recently appointed police magistrate.

CANADIAN Clubs are now electing new presidents. The Toronto club has chosen Mr. R. Home Smith, an executive officer of the National Trust Company, and one of the leaders in the movement to put the city park system under the control of a commission. The Edmonton club has selected Col. E. B. Edwards, K.C. Collingwood has elected Mr. W. A. Hogg, editor of the *Enterprise*, in succession to Mr. David Williams of the *Bulletin*. Collingwood seems to look to its journalists for its intellectual leadership, which is a great tribute to those gentlemen. Mr. Hogg was born in Collingwood forty-five years ago, when the traffic on the Georgian Bay consisted mainly of supply and lumber boats. He

THAT the Laurier Government should appoint Mr. Joseph Edmond Roy of Levis to the post of assistant Dominion archivist is proof that political qualifications are not always considered. Mr. Roy has long been known by both French and English students of Canadian history as one of the most indefatigable and effective workers in this field. Though a notary, a railway director, and an ex-mayor of Levis, he has been chosen because of his scholarly attainments and his wide acquaintance with the original sources of our history. For some years he published the *Bulletin des Recherches Historiques* and has assisted in many other literary enterprises. He has been a member of the Royal Society of Canada since 1891.

THE late Dr. Willoughby, member without portfolio of the Whitney Government and member of the Ontario Legislature for East Northumberland, was one of the genial parliamentarians who knew little about the subtleties of political life. He was one of the very few medical men that ever went into the Ontario House; the three most recent medical members there being the Hon. Dr. Pyne, Hon. Dr. Reaume and Dr. Beattie Nesbitt. With all three of his confreres Dr. Willoughby agreed in politics but differed widely in personality. He was the son of an Irishman, and the Willoughbys anywhere have retained the Irish ways as well as any of that extraction in Canada. He was born in Simcoe County in 1844, educated at Bradford Grammar School and at Victoria University in Cobourg, near which at the town of Colborne he settled as a young doctor and where he lived till his death a few days ago. He entered the Legislature in 1886 and became a minister without portfolio in 1905—being one of the group who met Premier Whitney at the Queen's Hotel in Toronto when the Cabinet was chosen. Dr. Nesbitt was another of the group ready to greet his new chief; but he received from Mr. Whitney merely a handshake and "Hello, Nesbitt!"—while Dr. Willoughby got a position in the Cabinet. The late doctor was always deeply interested in matters affecting the public health.

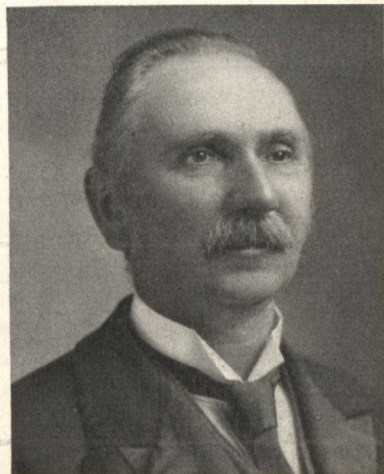


Mr. J. E. Roy,  
Assistant Dominion Archivist.

As Conservative whip during the days when his party was in opposi-

tion, Dr. Willoughby became better acquainted with the Reform members than any other of his ranks and was highly esteemed by those who "differed." Even during the strenuous session of 1903, when the Gagey charges rendered debate highly acrimonious, Dr. Willoughby's genial attitude was unchanging and helped more than once to relieve the tension.

MR. JOHN TAYLOR, lately deceased in Toronto, was one of the old commercial school, a man who was always in personality rather more marked than he was in business—in which he was more than ordinarily successful. Mr. Taylor came to Canada as a boy with his father, and knew what it felt like to be an Englishman in Canada in the days when the Britisher cut a relatively bigger figure than he does to-day; when there was no southern European immigration, and when all the movements of population between Canada and the United States were confined to Canadians going south of the Great Lakes. When John Taylor began to make paper with his brother there was no danger of a paper depletion and no pulpwood problem anywhere. In later years Mr. Taylor went into the commission business and the manufacture of soap. He was one of the first promoters of the Toronto Public Library and took a constant deep interest in philanthropic work; was a past president of the St. George's Society and a member of many clubs.



The late Mr. John Taylor.

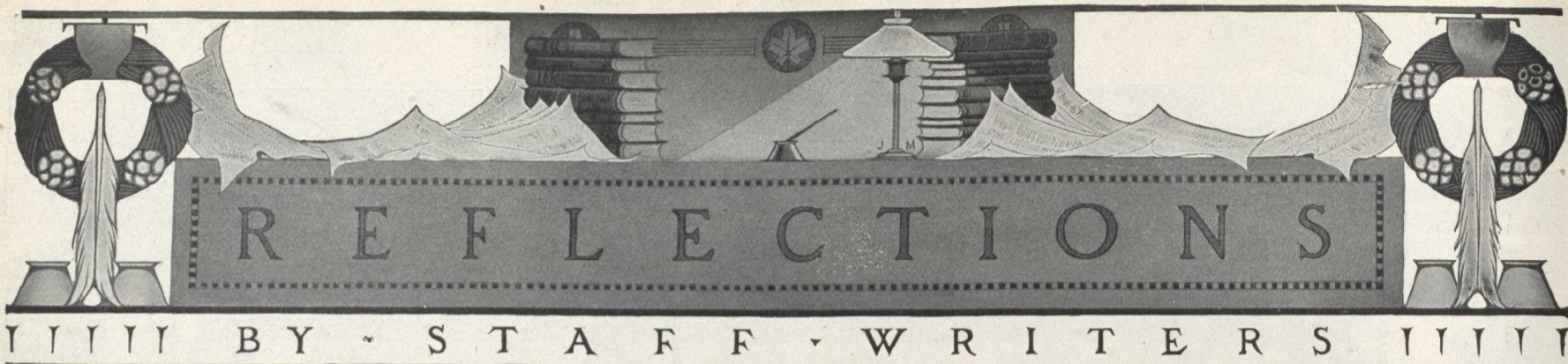
PRESIDENT ELIOT of Harvard has come out against football. In his annual college report—which seems to be looked for down at Harvard as anxiously as a budget speech—he condemns modern football, not because it interferes with studies but because it is rough. He contends that a game which can be played by only a few and that for a very short period of life is necessarily inferior to games which can be played by any one and up to the age of sixty. President Eliot is a scholar and is not a mere dilettante. He is merely asserting the scholar's point of view. In this connection it is suggestive to note that President Falconer of Toronto University is an earnest advocate of all forms of college sport.

CONTRARY to the prophecy from certain Conservative quarters, Hon. Adam Beck has been nominated as candidate for that party in London, the city of Meredith traditions. Mr. Beck is a leader of much local popularity who will probably win in a canter. Although of German descent Mr. Beck comes nearer to the English type of sportsman-politician than any other member of the Ontario Cabinet and the stables at "Headley," his London residence, have given Mr. Beck more than a provincial reputation as judge of horse-flesh. In political circles, Mr. Beck's constant advocacy of "cheap power" has given him the title of "Minister of Electricity," which is in keeping with this inventive age.



Hon. Adam Beck,  
Minister without Portfolio in Ontario Cabinet.





REFLECTIONS

BY STAFF WRITERS

A MARVEL EXPLAINED.

REASONS for the continued migration from the United States into the Western provinces must be carefully sought out. That, in spite of the bad harvest of 1907, this immigration should continue to increase is somewhat of a marvel. There must, of course, be an explanation.

In an article in the *March Success*, Mr. Herbert Vanderhoof compares the average wheat yield per acre in Saskatchewan and some of the wheat states. This comparison shows two things: First, that the average production per acre in Saskatchewan is higher than in any one of the wheat states of the Union. Saskatchewan's average is about twenty bushels, while that of the whole of the United States is 15.5. This explains why the wheat-farmer has been trekking north during the past five years.

That the wheat-farmer's views were not affected by the fall in yield last year is explained by the following figures:

	Average yield in 1907
Saskatchewan . . . . .	15.17 bushels
Kansas . . . . .	5.8 "
Minnesota . . . . .	13.0 "
North Dakota . . . . .	10.0 "
South Dakota . . . . .	11.2 "
Nebraska . . . . .	12.0 "
Iowa . . . . .	12.8 "

In other words, last year was a bad one all over the wheat district, and the comparison is still in Saskatchewan's favour. Of course the same is true of Manitoba and Alberta. As Mr. Vanderhoof points out, all this is accentuated by the price obtained. In 1906 the price ranged from fifty to fifty-five cents, while in 1907 it was from eighty to eighty-five cents. One hundred bushels at eighty cents is equal to one hundred and sixty bushels at fifty cents.

Then again, the farmers of the Mississippi States have just become fully convinced that wheat and flour can be successfully produced north of the 49th parallel. The author of the "Wheat Plant," an authority fifty years ago, stated that the wheat area went only as far north as the northern boundary of Ohio. Wisconsin and the Dakotas tried to fight down that mistake. In turn, Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta have had to fight it also. This year the *Manitoba Free Press* distributed samples of flour from Fort Vermilion, 800 miles beyond Edmonton, or 1,800 miles northwest of Winnipeg. As Mr. Vanderhoof writes in the *May Metropolitan*, "Because Canada was north of the United States it was cold. That was the fundamental reasoning with the majority of Americans until reports began to come back of a wonderful wind that came from the west and found its way through the passes in the mountains and put the cold to flight, and of days eighteen hours long and every hour full of the most glorious sunshine, and of an air so packed with ozone and so free from damp that one had to look at the thermometer to realise that it was winter."

The United States farmer has made up his mind as to the wheat-growing possibilities of the north. Nothing can stop his moving now, so long as he is able to sell his old farm at \$100 to \$200 an acre and buy good land in the Last Great West at \$15 to \$25 an acre. This explains the marvel.

AMBASSADOR BRYCE AT PITTSBURG.

PITTSBURG has a reputation for several things. It is a far cry from Mr. Andrew Carnegie to Mr. Harry Thaw—from the philanthropic dispenser of libraries-while-you-wait to the imbecile profligate who seeks notoriety even unto the padded cell. In the summer months Ontario is fairly flooded with people from Pittsburg who betake themselves to the Muskoka Lakes and Georgian Bay where their gasoline launches make the afternoons malodorous and

their Pennsylvania accent is wafted on the evening breeze. Most of them are rich and delight in letting the Canadian public know it. About two years ago six or seven young men, sons of these Pittsburg millionaires, went to a Muskoka hotel and entertained themselves by knocking down the manager and trying to choke that gentleman to death and highly resented the interference of several Canadian guests. The latter probably thought that money had gone far enough when it talked so loudly and that murderous assault was carrying plutocratic rights somewhat too far.

Hon. James Bryce, ambassador from Great Britain, visited Pittsburg last week when he was besieged by a group of hoodlum reporters who had the atrocious taste to ask him several questions regarding the present political situation in England. Mr. Bryce naturally resented the importunity of these gentlemen and, according to report, rebuked their impertinence. Mr. Rudyard Kipling in his recent letters on Canada, referring to the newspaper reporter as the Tribal Herald, complimented the Canadian young men of that class on their decent reticence in knowing what not to ask. It is to be hoped that Mr. Whitelaw Reid, on his visits to British towns, is not persecuted by questions regarding the United States' fleet's visit to Japan and the probable candidate in the next Presidential election.

The Yankee of the Jefferson Brick type is seldom encountered in the urbane United States of to-day; but this Pittsburg episode recalls some of Dickens' unlovely characters who harassed unlucky Martin Chuzzlewit. Pittsburg received a dignified snub from a San Francisco editor recently when the former attempted to instruct the Californian city as to how to receive the fleet and how much to expend on the banquet. It looks as if Pittsburg knows more about dollars than decorum and really needs a few lessons on how to behave to the ambassadors within her gates. Hon. James Bryce discussing Mr. Winston Churchill's defeat with a Pittsburg cub reporter would have been an Empire-shaking event!

THE ABUSE OF THE ANECDOTE.

A TEACHER, who had attended a large educational convention recently held in a Canadian city, remarked in criticism that the important speakers used anecdotes too freely until, in some cases, they obscured, instead of illustrating the principle. A Frenchman, who visited this continent and who subsequently gave his "impressions" of the same, declared that there was little discussion, in the European sense of the word, in social intercourse and that the anecdote was used to a wearisome degree. The "good story" is sometimes an effective weapon. President Lincoln used it more tellingly than any other statesman on this side of the Atlantic but he also knew when to drop it and take up nobler material. Sir John Macdonald loved a pertinent yarn and told it better than any other Canadian of his day; but he knew when to depend on the strength of cold reasoning. Modern speech-makers in Canada use the anecdote too freely and do not secure the most apposite stories. Some of them forget that the *raconteur* is born not made. It takes peculiar ability either to write or relate a short story and the audience suffers greatly when the man, who has a gift for matter-of-fact statement only, labours conscientiously at applying his illustrations. There are no new stories under the sun and it is not every preacher or politician who knows how to tell the old ones.

A SOUND AND SANE NATION.

WHAT with the Doukhobors of Saskatchewan refusing to wear clothes and the Dreamers of Alberta trying to prove that one of their number is God, it would seem as if Canada had some wonderful people within her borders. The Douks are not all anxious to go nude, but enough of them are to show that with a little license the whole colony might "go bad." The Dreamers are even worse. Their religion leads them to burn other people's barns and houses and to



shoot at them when they are not looking. The present trial at Medicine Hat will probably result in breaking up this sect.

In Winnipeg, Toronto and Montreal crime is on the increase, due in a considerable measure to the number of criminals who have arrived here in the last year. It could hardly be expected that out of a quarter of a million immigrants, we should not have a few criminals. Criminals migrate as much as honest people. The only point is that great precaution should be exercised at all ports of entry, and deportation should be promptly employed when the criminals are discovered.

The problem of how to fill up a new country and still keep it sane and sound is one which has not yet been solved. Canada must take a little of the bad with much of the good. All we can do is to take extraordinary precautions to limit the dangers. By enforcing the laws against criminals quickly and perhaps severely, continued residence here will not be popular among these unfortunates. Moreover, wise and prompt treatment of each case may result in changing some of them from idlers and mischief-makers to industrious citizens. Those in charge of our police, our courts and our prisons have great responsibility just now. On them depends much of Canada's reputation as a country singularly free of crime and loose living. The slightest leniency or lack of promptness in dealing with the criminal classes at the present moment would be extremely disastrous.

#### FACTS AND FANCIES.

THE socialists who wanted to hold a meeting on May 1st in Montreal were dispersed by the police. A socialist who tried to talk on the street-corners in Toronto, was arrested and fined. Yet we boast of having inherited the British principle—liberty of public assembly and speech. Our police authorities seem to think this is Russian territory.

\* \* \*

The Toronto *Sunday World* has had a quarrel with the newsboys for some weeks and the *Daily Star* is now issuing a late Saturday night edition with a hope of catching some of the trade. The newspaper competition in Ontario's capital city seems to be getting keener and keener, with the *Star* setting a furious pace.

\* \* \*

May 1st is clean-up day in St. Thomas when all front and back yards are annually robbed of all accumulated dirt. Ottawa's day for the same purpose has not yet been settled upon definitely.

\* \* \*

The other morning, the Mayor of Hull issued twenty liquor licenses for the year. In the afternoon the provincial authorities refused six of them. This is the quickest case of license reduction on record.

\* \* \*

If you were Premier of a Province and were preparing for a general election, would you take full advantage of your influential position to handicap the Leader of the Opposition? Don't answer the question rashly. Human nature is never wholly unselfish and all politicians are human.

\* \* \*

Because your business is not expanding as fast as it did in 1905 and 1906 is no proof that you have lost your "grip" nor that the country has come to the end of its development. This is Canada's resting period after ten years of wonderful progress. It is only an intermission, however. Have faith and do not be impatient.

\* \* \*

Mr. H. B. Ames, M.P., with his lantern slides has introduced a new feature into political campaigning. Nor is it Mr. Ames' first contribution to political methods. His organisation ideas have travelled through all city constituencies and profoundly affected canvassing methods. These ideas are all based on the card system as used in most large business offices. The lantern slide is attractive and its use allows voters to employ their eyes as well as their ears. Its effectiveness lies in the fact that two senses are better than one.

\* \* \*

Now that interest in Cobalt seems to be reviving, the romance of its discovery is being recalled. The blacksmith LaRose, who has been getting all the credit for having found the first bit of silver ore, has lost a little of his reputation through the publication of a letter from Mr. J. B. O'Brian, of Toronto, one of the owners of the O'Brien mine. He points out that a Mr. King, of Haileybury, found silver there in May, 1903, whereas LaRose did not happen upon it until September. It is rather unkind of Mr. O'Brian to thus rob the story

of its romantic flavour. "Mr. King of Haileybury" is not to be compared in interest with "LaRose, the French-Canadian blacksmith."

\* \* \*

Mr. Fyshe and Mr. Bazin have refused, in the witness-stand before Judge Cassels, to give any further information concerning the officials of the Marine and Fisheries Department. They practically tell the new court of inquiry that it must do its own investigating. The position is a reasonable one. The Civil Service Commission made a report and was discharged. Its members are once more private citizens, and they should not be asked publicly for any information which was not in their report. Privately they might give the new investigators pointers as to where to seek for evidence, but as they were not detectives, they should be absolved from the task of testifying as to the characters of individuals whose names would be mentioned. However, their refusal makes Judge Cassels' task much more difficult.

\* \* \*

The Ontario Hydro-Electric Commission has issued its estimate of the cost of a transmission line from Niagara Falls to Toronto, Guelph, Stratford, London and intermediate towns. The cost of construction is placed at \$3,610,000 and the yearly maintenance at \$140,000. This cost is to be divided among the fifteen municipalities to be served. All that now remains is for the municipalities to sign the contracts and the work will be commenced—perhaps.

\* \* \*

Consideration for the Knights of the Grip has led Mr. Whitney to hold the Ontario General Election on a Monday.

\* \* \*

The Hindoos are doing well. They have won out against the British Columbia Government which tried to apply the "Natal" Act to them and they have entered seventy actions against the Dominion Government for illegal imprisonment. The Hindoos have great faith in British justice as administered in Canadian courts.

\* \* \*

Mr. A. B. Crosby, recently elected Mayor of Halifax after a spirited contest, is likely to be Mr. R. L. Borden's running mate in the Dominion elections. Halifax is now represented in the House by two Liberals, Messrs. Roche and Carney.

\* \* \*

Sir Thomas Shaughnessy is busy in London hammering the Bishop of Sligo's Halifax-Blacksod steamship route. It seems strange that Canada's premier Irish knight should be so hard on Ireland's hopes and ambitions.

\* \* \*

Dalhousie University is crying out for increased accommodation. Its students are too numerous. If Acadia and Kings could be united with Dalhousie, Nova Scotia might have one fully equipped university, generously backed up by the provincial government. In the meantime, Dalhousie gains in strength year by year.

\* \* \*

Three or four British warships, of the smaller series, have been destroyed recently by collisions. If such events were to occur in the Canadian navy, there would be an even greater storm in the Marine department. Of course, our boats are not expected to go out at night or during unpleasant weather.

\* \* \*

Lieutenant-Governor Tweedie went down to open the New Brunswick Legislature last week, accompanied by a General and ten Colonels. He was received by a guard of honour and saluted by fifteen "guns" from the Woodstock Field Battery. New Brunswick is not a large province but it never forgets its dignity.

\* \* \*

The leading question of the day in Halifax: "Does the military contract at Halifax call for ROLL bacon or BREAKFAST bacon?" In St. John: "Will Premier Hazen get cheaper school-books?" In Quebec: "Will the Champlain Tercentenary be a fizzle?" In Winnipeg and Regina: "Will Sir Wilfrid Laurier agree to build the Hudson's Bay Railway?" In Edmonton: "Will the Peace River country hold ten or twenty million people and will Edmonton be as big as St. Paul or Chicago?" In Vancouver: "Will Sir Hibbert Tupper get the Conservative nomination for the Commons?"

\* \* \*

Winnipeg is to have a "Crow Club" because the black villains are destroying game birds and songsters. Crow shoots will probably be a greater incentive to skill with a rifle than even the honours and prizes of the military rifle associations.



# Through a Monocle

**N**OW is the time when the man who aspires to represent us in the Legislature must permit us to get a straight look at him.

Usually he keeps a good deal in the shadow, preferring to make his appearances under the fitful lights of a "tea-meeting" or through the haze of a party "smoker." But when the elections are on, he comes right out in the sunlight; for he knows perfectly well that his opponent will, and that a man must bulk large in the public eye to get the public's votes. This feature of an election is distinctly healthy. We grow far too accustomed to thinking of our candidates as nothing more than the standard bearers of their respective parties, and not as definite individuals who will speak for us and vote for us and carry our political "proxies," as it were, for a Legislative term. The tendency of the party system is to make us regard them as so many "little Whitneys" or "little MacKays"; but that is a bad tendency. We will be better represented and better served if we insist upon getting good representatives without too much regard for which party they may support.

\* \* \*

**I** KNOW it is useless to talk to the party man as if he might be induced to vote for the candidate of the other party because his own candidate was of the "yellow dog" description. He would rather have the yellowest canine who would yelp for his friends than the noblest mastiff who would stand against them. In fact, the true blue party man rather prefers the pup to the mastiff; for the pup will give his leaders no trouble no matter what he is asked to swallow, while the mastiff may. But surely the blind-pup party man must be growing near to extinction in this enlightened country and this enlightened age. Even our faithful adherents of party must realise that their precious party will be better off if they send it men of high ideals and sound principles who will insist upon it giving the country—or the province—honest government, than if they burden it with a motley mob of camp-followers who think only of "graft" and clinging to power.

\* \* \*

**E**MPHASIS upon the character of the candidate is what our politics needs quite as much as any other one thing just now. It makes a difference whether we elect a William Mulock or a "Billy Boodler" to support Laurier at Ottawa, or whether we send a Foy or "a something for the Boy" to sustain Whitney at Toronto. One class of men makes it easier for the party leaders to stick to their pledges and do their duty, while the other class of men makes it harder. Then, moreover, the better the character of the private members we send, the more satisfactory will be the choice of the Prime Minister when he comes to fill up vacancies in his Cabinet. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, for example, has had to go outside of his following in the House of Commons on several occasions to get suitable Ministers. The last two—George Graham and Dr. Pugsley—were both outsiders. Now who was to blame for this? No one but "you and me" who have insisted upon filling up the Commons with inferior timber.

\* \* \*

**T**HERE ought to be enough independent men in each constituency to punish the party which insults the voters by naming a candidate who is not of the best. It is very seldom in our politics that the fate of a Government hangs upon the decision in any one constituency, so that we can forget the Government and punish its indiscreet friends in our constituency without really endangering its existence; and then the cases in which unworthy candidates would have to be rejected would probably work out about equally between the parties throughout the country, so that we could get a better Parliament or Legislature of the same political complexion as the collection of greedy mercenaries whom we might have had. Again, I am so little of a party man that it would seem to me in many elections that the party which put up the distinctly best class of nominees had thereby adopted a plank which would be nearly decisive in commanding my vote. In our politics, as we were saying a week ago, there is precious little to

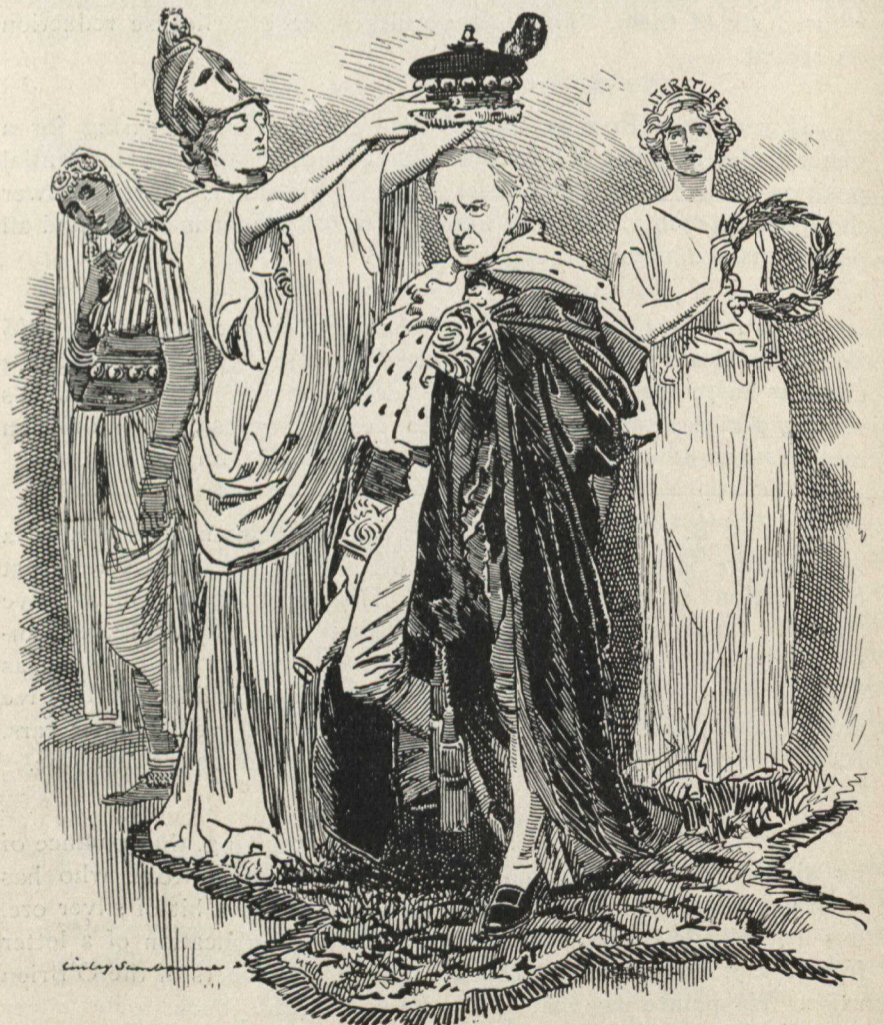
distinguish the parties from each other; and we might do worse than make it a question of candidates.

\* \* \*

**I**F we could elevate the tone of our public life, we would do more for our country than by putting either party into power. An election which would weed out the small fry and the concession-hunters and those greedy for "patronage," would be far more profitable than one which should sustain or overthrow any Government we have had in recent years. If we could get a Parliament of Peter Whites, of Edward Blakes, of D'Alton McCarthys, of Sir Henri Jolys, of Girouards, of Weldons, of Francois Langeliers, of Fitzpatricks, of Charles Tappers and of that ilk, we could afford to settle the question as to which party should form a Government by the flip of a coin. Our trouble in Canada is not that we have a bad party whose victory would set the nation back; but that both our parties have so many camp-followers that the victory of neither can emancipate the nation from its curse of parasites and blood-suckers.

*Widmporte*

**S**ENATOR Henry Cabot Lodge delivered an address on "Immigration" before the Boston City Club recently, in which he said: "We have heard a great deal lately about Japanese immigration, but it is not a subject which ought to lead, or which will lead, to any ill-feeling between the two countries. Japan does not expect, and no nation can expect, that she should have the right to force her people on another nation, and there is no more cause for offense in the desire of our people in the Western States to exclude Japanese immigration than there is in the Japanese edicts which now exclude our working people from Japan. Moreover, the sentiment of our people is not peculiar to the United States. It is, if anything, more fervent in British Columbia than in California."



JOHN MORLEY.

"Honour and Lordship are his titles."—Punch.





Lacrosse will probably be quite as popular in 1908 as in previous years. This photograph shows a large crowd of spectators at one of the big matches of 1907, at Toronto Island.

## The Whitney Cabinet.

**A** CONSERVATIVE Government for the Province of Ontario was regarded as little less than a dangerous innovation, since the Reform party had kept the even tenor of authority for thirty-three years. Four sessions under the leadership of Premier Whitney have assured even the County of Oxford that there will be no liberty-shattering legislation introduced by the present Ontario ministry. Indeed, both in style and expression, Premier Whitney is proud to be a democrat.

When the cabinet was announced in February, 1905, there were several names comparatively strange to Ontario ears. Dr. Reaume and Mr. Hanna, both from the western peninsula, took their seats in the Ontario Legislature for the first time in 1903 and their rise to cabinet rank had been assured and swift. Mr. Foy had been known for many years as Mr. Whitney's closest political friend and ally and his appointment was a foregone conclusion. Colonel Matheson was also known as a thorough Whitneyite, whose long and strenuous fighting met with appropriate honours in the hour of victory.

The selection of the late J. W. St. John as Speaker proved extremely happy and for two sessions, Mr. St. John, who represented West York, filled the position with dignity and genial courtesy. His death during the session of 1907 removed one whose loss was deplored by every member of the Legislature. Mr. Thomas Crawford of West Toronto has presided since then over the proceedings of the House.

The criticism has been made that too many Toronto members were chosen for high position but the representatives from the capital of Ontario found the long Conservative record of that city a practical, if not convincing retort. The three ministers without portfolio, Dr. Willoughby, Mr. Beck and Col. Hendrie, have done good service, Mr. Beck having attracted more attention than several of his colleagues, through his enthusiastic advocacy of "Cheap Power." The recent demise of Dr. Willoughby is generally regretted as he was one of the best-known and most popular members of the Legislature.

Probably the most admirable feature of the Whitney administration has been the attention given to educational matters and especially the liberal policy towards the University of Toronto. The development of the Cobalt district fortunately aided the Government plans in this respect.

While Mr. Whitney is not likely to secure such a majority as marked the change of 1905, he has no reason to anticipate anything but a return to power with substantial support.

## Pictures for National Gallery.

**T**HE Advisory Art Council visited the Royal Canadian Academy Exhibition in Toronto recently and selected the following works by Canadian artists for the National Gallery at Ottawa:

"The Chess Problem," by Muriel C. W. Bolton, Quebec.

"Early Moonrise in September," by Wm. Brymner, R.C.A., Montreal.

"Departure of Day," by Harry Britton, A.R.C.A., Toronto.

"The First Snow," by Maurice Cullen, R.C.A., Montreal.

"Morning in Spain," by W. H. Clapp, Montreal.

"The Wayside Cross," by F. M. Knowles, R.C.A., Toronto.

"Nocturne," by Elizabeth McG. Knowles, A.R.C.A., Toronto.

"Cap. Tourmente," by Edmund Morrice, A.R.C.A., Toronto.

"Afterglow," by G. A. Reid, P.R.C.A., Toronto.

"Looking East," by Mary H. Reid, A.R.C.A., Toronto.

"Kaulhaven Dordrecht," by S. S. Tully, A.R.C.A., Toronto.

"Klaasje," by Curtis Williamson, R.C.A., Toronto.

The Council is composed of three members, Sir George Drummond, of Montreal, chairman; Hon. Arthur Boyer, of Montreal, and Mr. Byron E. Walker, of Toronto, and is appointed by the Dominion Government to advise on all matters connected with the Fine Arts. In the absence of Sir George Drummond on account of illness, Hon. Sydney Fisher acted in his place.

Fortunately the fire which destroyed a portion of the Academy did no damage to any of the above pictures.

## Lobsters in the Pacific.

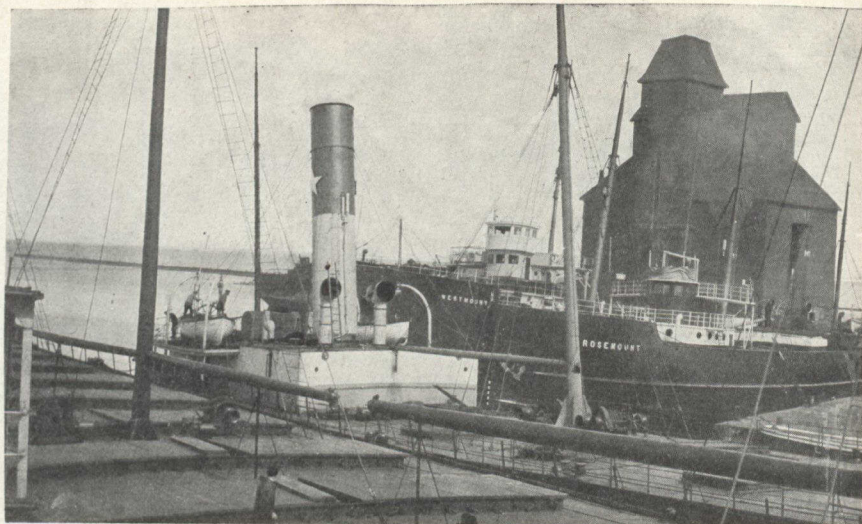
**L**OBSTERS in the Pacific are due to Hon. Mr. Templeman, of British Columbia, who while acting Minister of Marine and Fisheries in Ottawa took steps to look after this matter. Up till the other day there had never been any lobsters anywhere near the Pacific, except the cold storage variety. The lobsters of Nova Scotia were a rebuke to the Pacific province. If Nova Scotia could get a revenue of two million dollars in a year from the crustaceans, why not British Columbia? The experiment is being tried under the ægis of the Dominion Fisheries Department. Of course these pioneer crustaceans in the Pacific are purely Canadian lobsters and will not be supposed to wander south of parallel forty-nine. It will now be in order for a Nova Scotia legislator to import salmon into the Bay of Fundy.



Toronto had its Horse Show last week as this photograph indicates. This week Montreal is holding its annual affair of the same nature.



## THE BOATS IN THE GEORGIAN BAY HARBOURS ARE IN COMMISSION AGAIN



Steel Freighters, Passenger Steamers and Fishing Tugs in the Harbour at Collingwood.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MESSRS. JURY & GREGORY

## ANOTHER VIEW OF CIVIL SERVICE

**I**N Canada, there is a general opinion that the Civil Service of Great Britain is more efficient and better managed than that of Canada. It is on a more independent basis, being controlled by a Civil Service Commission established in 1855. At first only the junior situations were so controlled but in 1870, the system of competitive examination was extended throughout the Service. This Commission conducts all the examinations of candidates either for entrance or promotion. It costs about \$200,000 a year. There are two commissioners who get a salary of \$7,500 each, a secretary and registrar and an assistant secretary, two senior clerks, a senior examiner and a staff officer.

The chief difficulty in Great Britain seems to be

that the Civil Service is so large that it has a political influence which tends to unduly increase salaries. If a member of Parliament refuses to support a bill in which the Civil Service is interested, he is likely to become a "marked" man, and to find the Service working against his re-election.

An English correspondent sends an interesting letter. He quotes the following paragraph from the "Daily Mail" of London:

### "CIVIL SERVICE EFFICIENCY.

"A Civil Servant should not feel under any obligation to anyone for his 'berth,' but should rather feel, like the Volunteer in the Army, that he is conferring a favour upon his country by devoting himself to its service. There should be no 'fat'

positions.—Canadian 'Courier,' Toronto, Canada." And comments thus:

"London, April 15th, 1908.

"Dear Sir:—My answer to the above clipped from the 'Daily Mail' of to-day's date is—He does not. In fact he presumes too much on the position he holds. He is a public servant and an un-civil one and obtains his salary from his fellow brethren, who have to pay taxes to keep him in the service in which he is employed. If you want good samples of the creed you are endeavouring to preach come over to England and do business with His Majesty's Customs or General Post Office officials and then perhaps you will whine the opposite way, or perhaps it may be you are jealous because you are not one of them. No, there should be no fat positions.

"Yours faithfully,

"EXPERIENTIA DOCTET."

## SAVED FROM THE SEA AS IF BY A MIRACLE



That the Mount Temple should lie bumping on the rocks off the Southern coast of Nova Scotia, then be floated with the aid of Tugs and compressed air, and finally sail under her own steam to Halifax, is one of the greatest of wonders. Yet here lies the good ship, safely ensconced in the Dry Dock at Halifax, where all ship ailments are promptly treated.

PHOTOGRAPH BY J.H. JOST



# THE YELLOW GOD

Author of "She," "King Solomon's Mines," "The Witch's Head," Etc.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD

Resume: Major Alan Vernon withdraws from partnership with Sir Robert Aylward and Mr. Champers-Haswell, promoters of Sahara, Limited, because the editor of "The Judge" has informed him of the company's dishonorable methods. Vernon refuses to sell to Sir Robert a curious idol which has been a feature of the office for over a year, and which seems to have a talismanic quality. Vernon spends the week-end at "The Court," Mr. Champers-Haswell's home, and while there Jeeki, the negro servant, tells the story of the idol, the "Yellow God," which was brought from Africa. Miss Barbara Champers, the niece of the host, is the object of Sir Robert Aylward's and also Major Vernon's devotion. Alan finally wins Barbara's promise to become his wife but their engagement is to be kept secret. Sir Robert becomes Alan's bitter enemy on learning of the betrothal. Alan and Jeeki set out for Africa in search of treasure from the worshippers of the Yellow God, "Little Bona." In their African adventures, Major Vernon and Jeeki are attacked by dwarfs, armed with poisoned arrows, who are driven off by a cannibal tribe, the Ogula, who take Alan and Jeeki prisoners but treat them kindly on account of the Yellow God. Alan falls sick but the Ogula take him and Jeeki up the river. They reach the Gold House where the Yellow God is placed and meet the wonderful priestess, Asika, who takes them through the treasure house. The Gold House is a great revelation of riches but Alan and Jeeki become anxious when they observe Asika's determination to make the former her husband.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE FEAST OF LITTLE BONSA.



It was the night of full moon, and of the great feast of the return of Little Bona. Alan sat in his chamber waiting to be summoned to take part in the ceremony and listening the while to that *Wow! Wow! Wow!* of the death drums, whereof Jeeki had once spoken in England, which could be clearly heard even above the perpetual boom of the cataract tumbling down its cliff behind the town. By now he had recovered from the fatigues of his journey, and his health was good, but the same could not be said of his spirits, for never in his life had he felt more downhearted, not even when he was sickening for the blackwater fever, or lay in bondage in the city, expecting every morning to wake up and find his reputation blasted. He was a prisoner in this dreadful, gloomy place, where he must live like a second Man in the Iron Mask, without recreation or exercise other than he could find in the walled garden where grew the black cedar trees, and, so far as he could see, a prisoner without hope of escape.

Moreover, he could no longer disguise from himself the truth; Jeeki was right. The Asika had fallen in love with him, or at any rate made up her mind that he should be her next husband. He hated the sight of the woman and her sinuous, evil beauty, but to be free of her was impossible, and to offend her, death. All day long she kept him about her, and from his sleep he would wake up, and, as on the night of his arrival, distinguish her leaning over him, studying his face by the light of the faintly-burning lamps, as a snake studies the bird it is about to strike. He dared not stir or give the slightest sign that he saw her. Nor, indeed, did he always see her, for he kept his eyes closely shut. But even in his heaviest slumber some warning sense told him of her presence, and then above Jeeki's snores (for on these occasions Jeeki always snored his loudest) he would hear a soft foot-fall, as, cat-like, she crept towards him, or the sweep of her spangled robe, or the tinkling of the scales of her golden breastplate. For a long while she would stand there, examining him greedily, and even the few little belongings that remained to him, and then with a hungry sigh glide away and vanish in the shadows. How she came or how she vanished Alan could not discover. Clearly she did not use the door, and he could find no other entrance to the room. Indeed, at times he thought that he must be suffering from delusion, but Jeeki shook his great head and did not agree with him.

"She there right enough," he said. "She walk over me as though I log, and I smell stuff she put on her hair, but I think she come and go by magic. Asika do that if she please."

"Then I wish she would teach me the secret, Jeeki. I should soon be out of Asika-land, I can tell you."

All that day Alan had been in her company, answering questions about his past, the lands that he had visited, and especially the women that he had known. He had the tact to tell her that none of these were half so beautiful as she was, which was true in a sense, and pleased her very much, for in whatever respects she differed from them, in common with the rest of her sex, she loved a compliment. Emboldened by her good humour, he had ventured to suggest that, being rested and having restored Little Bona, he would be glad to return with her gifts to his own country. Next instant he was sorry, for as soon as she understood his meaning she grew almost white with rage.

"What!" she said, "you desire to leave me? Know, Vernoon, that I will see you dead first, and myself also, for then we shall be born again together, and can never more be separated."

Nor was this all, for she burst into weeping, threw her arms about him, drew him to her, kissed him on the forehead, and then thrust him away, saying:

"Curses on this priests' law that makes us wait so long, and curses on that Mungana, who will not die and may not be killed. Well, he shall pay for it, and within two months, Vernoon, oh! within two months—" and she stretched out her arms with a gesture of infinite passion, then turned and left him.

"My!" said Jeeki afterwards, for he had watched all this scene open-mouthed, "my! but she mean business. Mrs. Jeeki never kiss me like that, nor any other female either. She dead nuts on you, Major. Very great compliment! 'Spect when you Mungana, she keep you alive a long time, four or five years perhaps, if no other white man come this way. Pity you can't take it on a bit, Major," he added insidiously, "because then she grow careless and make you chief, and we get chance scoop out that gold house and bolt with bally lot. Miss Barbara sensible woman. She see all that cash she not mind, she say, 'Bravo, old boy, quite right spoil Lady Potiphar in land of bondage, but Jeeki must have ten per cent., because he show you how do it.'"

Alan was so depressed, and, indeed, terrified by this demonstration on the part of his fearful hostess, that he could neither laugh at Jeeki nor swear at him. He only sat still and groaned, feeling that bad as things were they were bound to become worse.

Above the perpetual booming of the death drums rose a sound of wild music. The door burst open, and through it came a number of priests, their nearly naked bodies hideously painted, and on their heads the most devilish-looking masks. Some of them clashed cymbals, some blew horns, and some beat little drums, all to time, which was given to them by a bandmaster with a golden rod. In front of them, with painted face and decked in his gorgeous apparel, walked the Mungana himself.

"They come to take us to Bona worship," explained Jeeki. "Cheer up, Major, very exciting business, no go to sleep there, as in English church. See god all time and no sermon."

Alan, who wore a linen robe over the remains of his European garments, and whose mask was already on his head, rose listlessly and bowed to the gorgeous Mungana, who, poor man, answered him with a stare of hate, knowing that this wanderer was destined to fill his place. Then they started, Jeeki accompanying them, and walked a long way through various halls and passages, bearing first to the left and then to the right again, till suddenly through some side door they emerged upon a marvellous scene. The first impressions that reached Alan's mind were those of a long stretch of water, very black and still, and not more than eighty feet in width. On the hither edge of this canal, seated upon a raised dais in the midst of a great open space of polished rock, was the Asika, or so he gathered from her gold breastplate and sparkling garments, for her fierce and beautiful features were hid beneath an object familiar enough to him, the yellow, crystal-eyed mask of Little Bona. Arranged in companies about and behind her were hundreds of

people, male and female, clad in hideous costumes to resemble demons, with masks to match. Some of these masks were semi-human, and some of them bore a likeness to the heads of animals, and had horns on them, while their wearers were adorned with skins and tails. To describe them in their infinite variety would be impossible; indeed, the recollection that Alan carried away was one of a mediæval hell, as it is occasionally to be found portrayed upon "Doom pictures" in old churches.

On the further side of the water the entire Asiki people seemed to be gathered; at least, there were thousands of them seated upon a rising, rocky slope as in an amphitheatre, clad only in the ordinary costume of the West African native, and in some instances in linen cloaks. This great amphitheatre was surrounded by a high wall with gates, but in the moonlight he found it difficult to discern its exact limits.

Jeeki nudged Alan and pointed to the centre of the canal or pool. He looked and saw floating there a huge and hideous golden head, twenty times as large as life, perhaps, with great prominent eyes that glared up to the sky. Its appearance was quite unlike anything else in the world, more loathsome, more horrible; man, fish and animal, all seemed to have their part in it, human hair and teeth, fish-like eyes, and stout, bestial expression.

"Big Bona," whispered Jeeki. "Just the same as when I sweet little boy. He live there for thousand years."

Preceded by the Mungana, and followed by Jeeki and the priests, the band bringing up the rear, Alan was marched down a lane left open for him till he came to some steps leading to the dais, upon which, in addition to that occupied by the Asika, stood two empty chairs. These steps the Mungana motioned to him to mount, but when Jeeki tried to follow him he turned and struck him contemptuously in the face. At once the Asika, who was watching Vernoon's approach through the eye-holes in the Little Bona mask, said fiercely:

"Who bade you strike the servant of my guest, O Mungana? Let him come also, that he may stand behind us and interpret."

Her wretched husband, who knew that this public slight was put upon him purposely, but did not dare to protest against it, bowed his head. Then all three of them climbed to the dais, the priests and the musicians remaining below.

"Welcome, Vernoon," said the Asika through the lips of the mask, which to Alan, notwithstanding the dreadful cruelty of its expression, looked less hateful than the lovely, tigrish face it hid. "Welcome, and be seated here on my left hand, since on my right you may not sit—as yet."

He bowed and took the chair to which she pointed, while her husband placed himself in the other chair upon her right, and Jeeki stood behind, his great shape towering above them all.

"This is a festival of my people, Vernoon," she went on, "such a festival as has not been seen for years, celebrated because Little Bona has come back to them."

"What is to happen?" he asked uneasily. "I have told you, Lady, that blood is *orunda* to me. I must not witness it."

"I know, be not afraid," she answered. "Sacrifice there must be, since it is the custom and we may not defraud the gods, but you shall not see the deed. Judge from this, Vernoon, how greatly I desire to please you."

Now Alan, looking about him, saw that immediately beneath the dais and between them and the edge of the water, were gathered his cannibal friends, the Ogula and Fahni, their chief, who had rowed him to Asika-land, and with them the messengers whom they had sent on ahead. Also he saw that their arms were tied behind them, and that they were guarded by men dressed like devils and armed with spears.

"Ask Fahni why he and his people are bound, Jeeki," said Alan, "and why they have not returned to their own country."

Jeeki obeyed, putting the question in the Ogula language, whereon the poor men turned and began to implore Alan to save their lives, Fahni adding that he had been told they were to be killed that night.

"Why are these men to be slain?" asked Alan of the Asika.

(Continued on page 21)

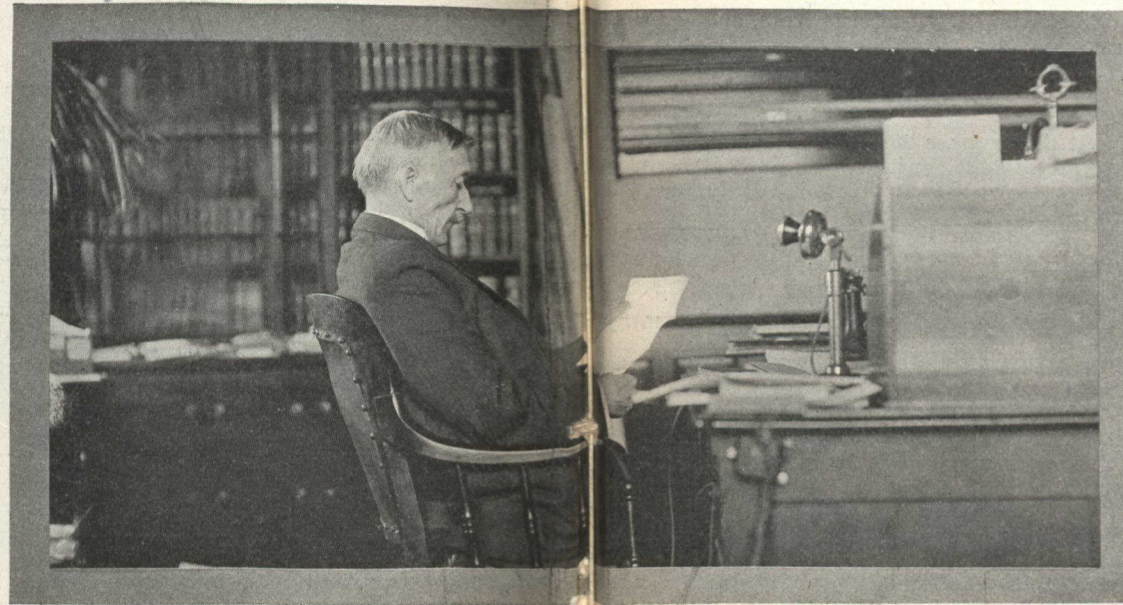


# MEMBERS OF THE PREMIER PROVINCE CABINET, 1905 - 1908

THE FIRST CONSERVATIVE CABINET IN ONTARIO SINCE CONFEDERATION



Speaker of the Legislature—Honourable Thomas Crawford.



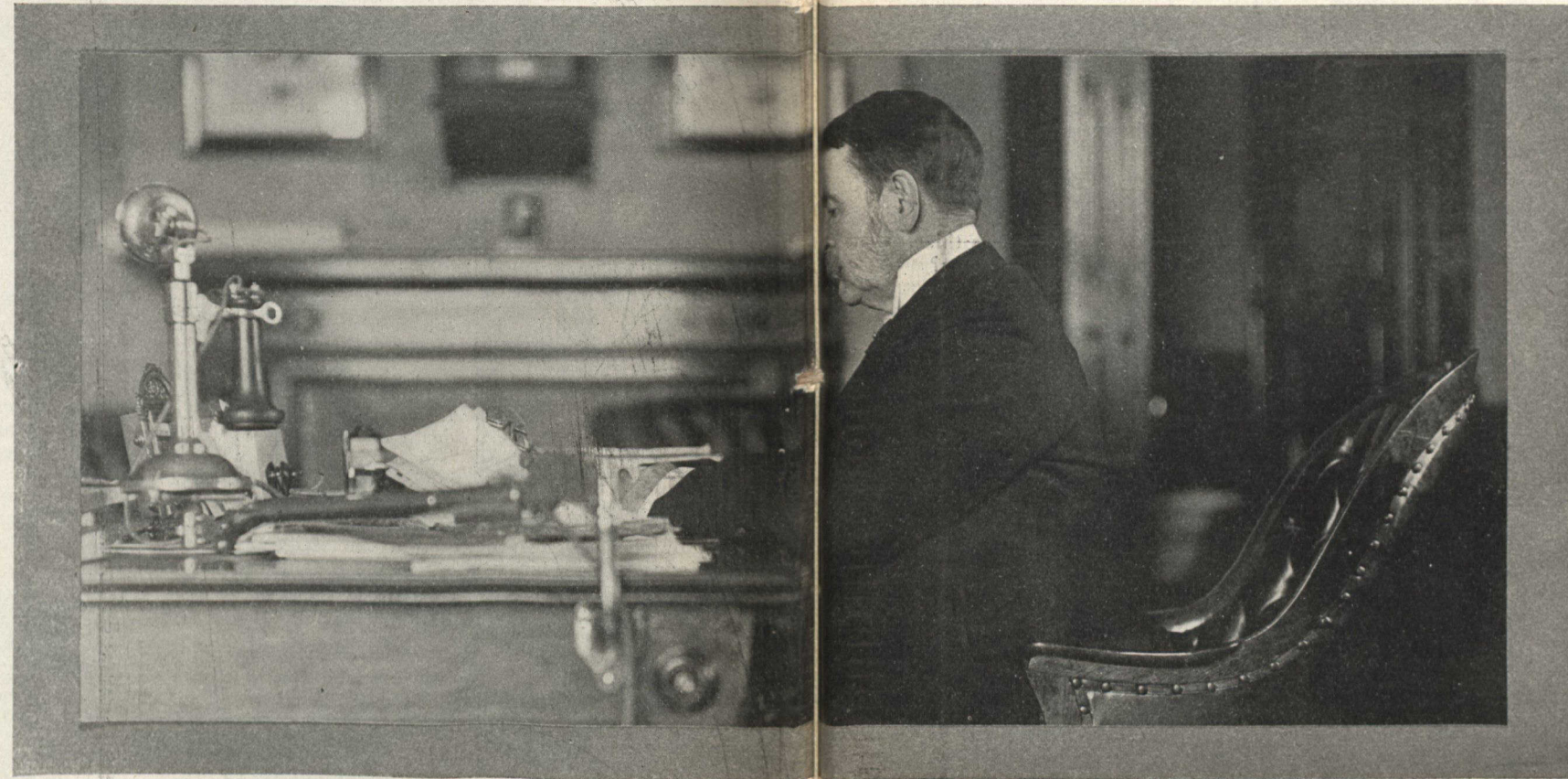
Minister of Lands and Mines—Honourable F. C. Cochrane.



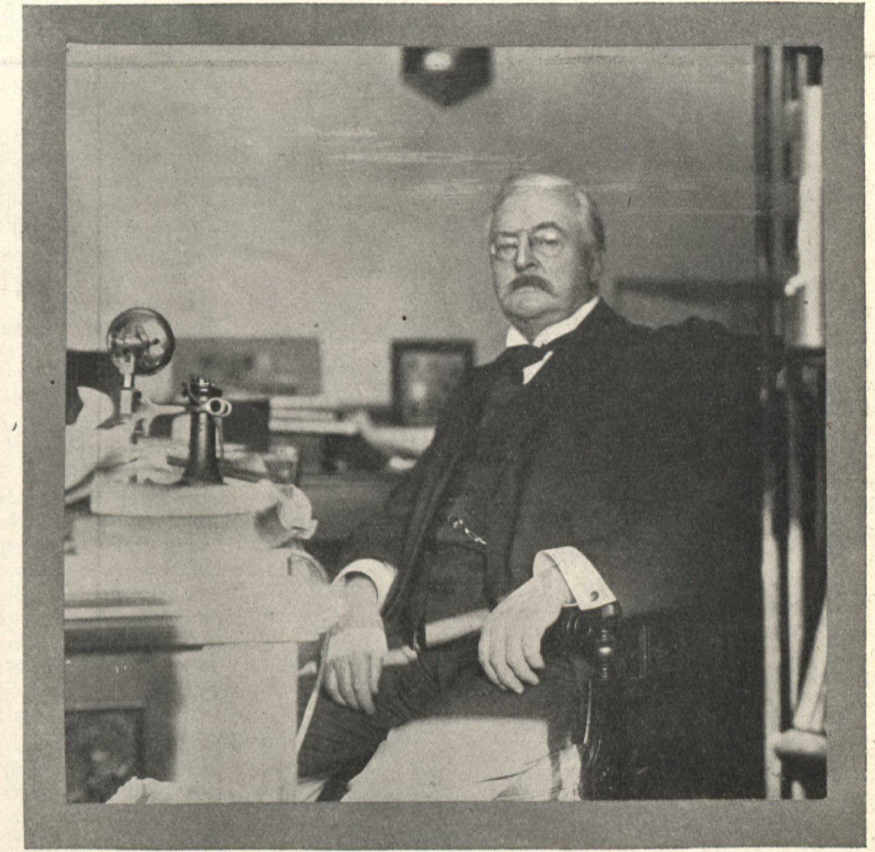
Minister of Public Works—Honourable J. O. Reaume, M.D.



Minister of Agriculture—Honourable Nelson Monteith.



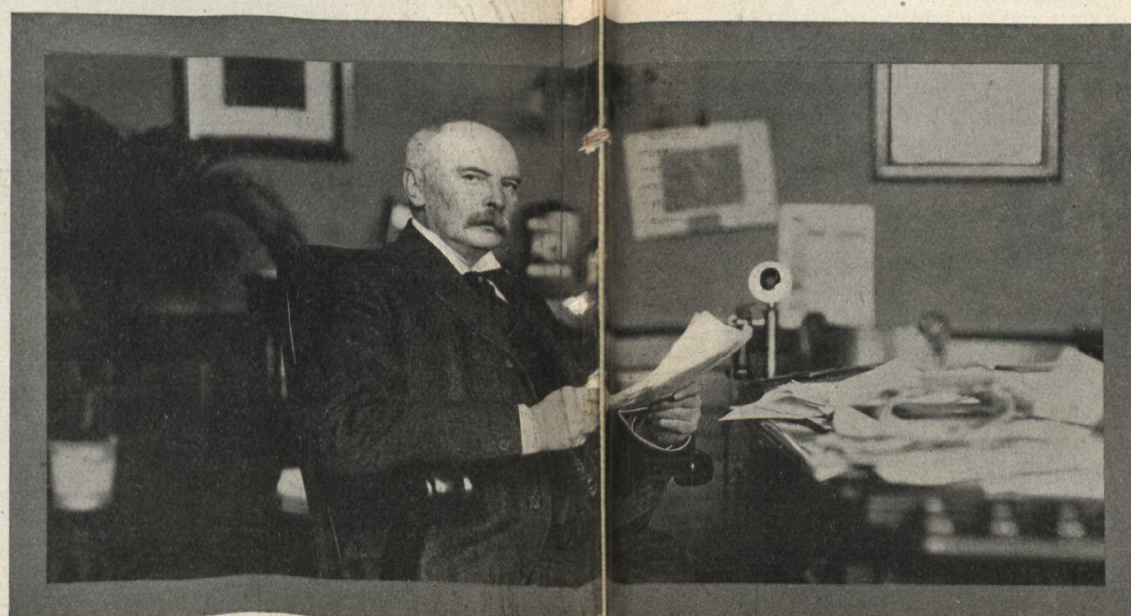
President of Council and Premier—Honourable J. P. Whitney, K.C., LL.D.



Attorney-General—Honourable J. J. Foy, K.C.



Secretary and Registrar of the Province—Honourable W. J. Hanna, K.C.



Treasurer of the Province—Honourable A. J. Matheson.



Minister of Education—Honourable R. A. Pyne, M.D., LL.D.

Without Portfolio—Honourable J. S. Hendrie.

Without Portfolio—Honourable Adam Beck.



# A DESERT MEETING



LIKE all men who lead a solitary life, Robert Kingston had his bad times. Days when he remembered his family at home, days when he thought of his Oxford friends and wondered what they were doing; days, again, when he thought of neither of these things, but merely felt a dull aching void, a need of something

he could not define. "It is the cry of the man for the womanfolk," his servant said gravely to him one of these days; and had been sorely beaten for his remark.

So to-day Abdullah rode at a discreet distance behind his lord and said nothing; but he had beaten his son, who had acted as cook-bottle-washer to the little party, and he only awaited the passing of his master's mood to cheer the way with one of his interminable day-long stories of devils and men and the magic of the desert.

Robert Kingston was returning from a year's solitude in the desert lands west of Khartoum, where he had been engaged on government survey, and he looked in a week's time to the mild dissipation of Khartoum.

He looked round with the languid gaze of the tired man. Before him stretching away to the hills on the horizon were soft waves of sand desert shimmering in the morning sun. Behind him the same landscape stretched back to the tiny black dots which proclaimed the oasis from which he had started that morning. To the left desert with hills some five miles away, and to the right again a drear waste of sand in the same soft rolling contours.

An exclamation from Abdullah made him turn sharply to see the man's arm stretched out towards the western hills.

"What is it, Abdullah?" he asked.

"A camel, master, and—by Allah—a woman!"

"Nonsense," laughed Robert. "What would a woman be doing here?" But he pulled nervously at the strap of his field-glasses. In another moment was revealed to him the astonishing sight of a woman urging a racing camel down the steep rock-strewn slope of the hills. It was too far away to see her face, but she sat her mount superbly, and her dress showed her to be unmistakably a European. "Shout, Abdullah," he ordered, and Abdullah's ear-splitting yell was seen to reach the woman, who waved a white handkerchief and fell to lashing her camel with fury.

A score of times the two riders were hidden from one another, but at last Kingston pulled up on the crest of a wave and the unknown rode up to his side. She was undeniably tired, he observed, and her face looked pinched, while her eyes blazed like glowing coals.

Kingston was a little at a loss. A solitary life does not quicken one's speech in dealing with social matters. He raised his hat conventionally. "Good morning! Very warm day, isn't it?" was the best he could manage as she came within bowing distance.

"Thank God! Oh, thank God! An Englishman," and with that she broke down, and covering her face with her hands, she sobbed as if her heart would break.

"Here, I say," he remonstrated, groping in his pockets.

She pulled herself together with marvellous rapidity. "We must be getting on," she said. "They will be on our heels in a minute."

"Who?" asked Kingston, mystified.

"Why—oh, of course, you don't know," she said with the ghost of a smile. "I am being followed by men on camels—Bedouins, I think. All night they have been behind me."

Kingston looked up sharply, and as he did so a solitary figure silhouetted sharp against the brilliant sky, topped the rise of the hills over which the girl had ridden, and seeing the little group, had halted and waved to his companions behind.

"My father is Colonel Baker, the Egyptologist," she explained. "We started from Khartoum a week ago to visit the site of some ruins. He arrived at the spot and camped about half a mile away. Father went off to his excavations with two of the men, and one was preparing supper. I strolled away to the top of a little hill near at hand to see the vine and to keep an eye on the cook from a distance. Suddenly I heard shouts and yells, and, to my horror, I saw a band of Arabs break out from behind them. My father fired at them as they came, but he was overpowered in a second. Said, the cook, with wonderful presence of mind, cut loose

By C. DUNCAN CROSS

the camels and stampeded them as the men were rushing across from the ruins to the camp. They must have hidden their own camels some distance off. Said mounted one camel and yelled, 'I go for soldier, missis. You ride east, too,' but they shot him as he went. I managed to catch my camel, and as I rode I saw the Arabs dashing away for their own mounts. Since then—it is six hours ago—they have been following me. Oh, what shall we do?"

"We'll just have to go on together, that's all," said Kingston, cheerfully.

"I'm afraid my camel won't last much longer," she said, nervously. "See, he's beginning to fail, poor brute."

"No matter," he said in his quiet matter-of-fact way. "Jezebel is quite fresh, and she will carry two as easily as one. Camels are my one luxury here, and I fancy I've got the best in the Soudan."

They had now come to the crest of a rise, and he looked around. A cluster of little figures were riding fast down the distant hills, and as he closed his glasses he laughed grimly. "Fifteen, at least, and there may be more. Too long odds for us. We'll have to run for it. What about Abdullah? Ah, there he is."

Abdullah, the strategist, and his son had withdrawn to one of the hollows, and were lying watching with considerable interest the approach of his master and the strange girl.

"I come with you, master?" asked Abdullah.

"Yes," said Kingston sternly. Then to the son—a smart lad of sixteen—"Those men bad men. We ride north and they follow us. When they have gone out of sight you take camels and ride to the police post at Argeh. Give this to the officer there," and as he spoke he scribbled a note. "Pursued by twenty Bedouin Arabs. Send help.—KINGSTON."

"All right, master," said the lad, grinning. "I ride like hell. I have baggage camel. It too slow."

"Very good," said Kingston shortly. "Buck up when you do start."

The pursuing Bedouins on seeing this change of course also altered their direction and made as if to cut them off.

They rode side by side in silence for a time before the girl spoke. "What will become of my father?" she asked.

"Since they didn't kill him at once, they will probably hold him with the idea of ransom," he said to cheer her up, though in his heart he knew quite well that the object of the attack was not ransom but slavery.

"My father has always taken me about with him on his expeditions this year, and I am quite an expert camel rider," she said brightly.

"How long can you last?" he said bluntly.

"Longer than my poor beast," she said, and even as she spoke the camel crossed its legs and pitched forward, to lie kicking feebly with a broken leg. As it fell, Kingston reached out, caught her by the waist and dragged her with a tremendous effort on to the peak of his saddle.

"No good wasting time," he said grimly, as she gazed at the fallen beast.

"But we can't leave it here to die," she said with a sob in her voice.

"Abdullah has a rifle. He will put the poor brute out of its pain," he said gently, and once more he urged his mount into its long loping gallop.

Once more silence fell upon them. Sybil apparently was content to rest with his strong arm round her and to trust herself to the care of this brown lean-faced man who had so suddenly come into her life. Kingston, too, was at rest. Curiously, the immediate danger troubled him but little. A queer satisfaction was spreading over his soul like a shower over thirsty land. The touch of this girl's hand on his shoulder as she steadied herself gave him a sense of happiness such as he had never felt in all these long lonely years. The boy in him, so long dormant, awoke and he laughed gaily.

For an hour they rode in silence, each immersed in thought; but his thoughts outstripped his judgment, and when he was dreaming of an English cottage with honeysuckle and roses and a wife—he pulled himself together and dashed into conversation for a tonic.

"My idea is to get those hills ahead of us a few miles. On the other side there is an oasis, where my escort should be waiting for me to-night."

She cried out in delight. "Then we are saved in another hour's time!"

"An hour," laughed Kingston. "How far do you suppose those hills are away?"

"Ten miles at the outside," she answered.

"Nearer thirty," he laughed. "Desert distances are deceptive."

"But won't they cut us off before then?"

"Depends on their camels. Jezebel is fresh, and so is Abdullah's camel, but theirs may be as tired as yours was. If we can't get there before them we'll just have to edge away to the west and make the best of it until young Said can get help from the police post. At the west we have rifles, and we can put up a very pretty fight for it."

"But why risk our lives if their object is merely ransom? My father is a rich man and can pay."

"I'm afraid I misled you at first," said Kingston, gravely. "It is more probable that they are a band of slave raiders from the interior who have been carrying off natives for sale in Moorish territory. I was warned of them, but I thought they had been headed off by the Camel Corps who are out after them."

"Slaves?" she asked, with distended pupils. "Oh, thank God, I met you. If I had been taken!" and she shuddered piteously. "Swear that they shan't take me alive."

"You shall not be taken alive," he said gravely.

After a pause. "Jezebel could do it alone quite easily," she remarked. "It's I who am keeping her back. Let me get down."

"Don't talk like a fool," was his gruff reply.

"Let me get down and hide till they have passed," she persisted, stirring in his arm. "Both of us need not be sacrificed. I will get down," and she made a resolute effort to free herself.

He was obliged to drop his chain to restrain her. She fought unavailingly for a short time, but his arms closed round her like a vice.

"Do you think I'll lose you now I have found you?" he said, and she looked into a pair of fierce eyes in which she saw that which caused all her resolution to melt in a flush of colour which dyed her face and even the tips of her ears to a glorious rose.

Kingston himself was surprised. What was this stray girl to him whom he had found but an hour ago?

The hills were perfectly clear ahead now, and they could see the countless holes in the upper faces where the workers for thousands years ago had delved for gold. But Jezebel was no longer the camel she had been. The four hours' gallop with a double load had tired her, and Kingston could feel that little sinking between the strides which tells the experienced rider that the end of endurance is beginning.

"I know cave," said Abdullah eagerly. "We camp there long time ago. I lead."

"Good man, Abdullah," said Kingston, as the fellow forged ahead. "He knows these hills like a book, and he will fight like a lion for me."

As they reached the foot of the hills, Kingston pulled up abruptly and took his carbine and cartridges from the sling. She looked at him questioningly.

"All right," he laughed. "I'm going to try a little rifle practice from here until you are safe in the cave. Then Abdullah will cover my retreat."

The pursuers were quite clearly visible now, lashing their tired camels furiously as they saw they had brought their quarry to bay.

Kingston ran up his sights to seven hundred yards and fired a careful shot.

A long puff of dust and the whistle of a ricochet rewarded his efforts. "Refraction," he muttered.

Another shot into the bunch of the pursuers brought down a camel with a run and sent its rider flying a fluttering mass of white twenty yards ahead of his beast. A third shot, as the bunch was scattering, sent a man toppling from his mount, and the band halted. Once more the carbine barked, bringing yet another man to earth, and at a wave from their leader the Bedouins galloped into a little hollow when they were free of his fire, and evidently consulted as to what should be done with this Englishman who shot so well. Kingston glanced upwards to see the flutter of a handkerchief as the girl and Abdullah reached the ledge on which was the cave; and he smiled as Abdullah lay down in the calm style of an old campaigner to cover his retreat.

As he turned to climb, a head showed itself above the saucer in which their pursuers lay, and a moment later a bullet sang through the air and powdered the sandstone face of the cliff above his head. Evidently there were two sides to the question, he thought, he ran up the slope.

Abdullah's rifle spoke, but without effect, and soon he was climbing amid a perfect storm of bullets, one of which struck him as he was about to throw himself panting at the cave's mouth.

He staggered and would have fallen backwards



had not the girl reached forward and dragged him to her side.

A yell arose from the Bedouins, and the little dots swayed forward in an irregular line. But the rifles in the cave were held by old and hardened campaigners, and four men dropped ere the attackers had covered two hundred yards. The rush was stopped, and the Arabs took cover in one of the innumerable little valleys which spread themselves in a network over the plain.

For a long time no move was made on either side, but as Kingston swept the horizon with his glasses he descried in the far distance a gleam of brightness moving amid a cloud of dust. In half an hour more this resolved half into a body of camel riders twenty or thirty strong, and as he looked he saw a single figure sneaking back out of rifle shot to warn the approaching band.

After a long colloquy the attackers were seen to be retiring, leaping and bounding in the most fantastic fashion to avoid the fire which never came; for a comparison with Abdullah showed the total amount of ammunition to consist of no more than thirty rounds, and that would have to be saved for the attack.

Smoke began to rise and camels were hobbled as though they had decided to camp for the night. Two sentries, however, were sent forwards half-a-mile on each side of the cave with the evident intention that the fugitives should not slip away unperceived.

"Abdullah, you sleep; I keep watch," commanded Kingston, and to the girl he said: "You had better get some sleep, too. You will want it to-night. There is no immediate danger now, Miss Baker; they will wait for the night to rush us."

Abdullah, a true camelman, retired obediently to the back of the cave where Jezebel and her companion chewed and grunted; but Ethel with a wry face decided against the interior and lay down beside Kingston with her back against the cave on a coarse blanket. She was deadly tired, her eyes heavy lidded, which told their own tale, had black hollows underneath, and she sank into a heavy slumber.

An hour before sunset Abdullah awoke and began to move about the cave questioningly. "Master," he whispered excitedly, "I think there passage here. I go see," and he disappeared over a heap of loose rocks down one of the old workings which the olden miners had tunnelled hundreds of years ago. It was half-an-hour later when he returned, his face ablaze with excitement.

"Master, I find way out," he gasped, and in sentences broken with wild gesticulations and Arabic phrases to supplement his English, he told of his stumbles down a rough shaft half-closed by the fall of debris, through a small opening and up another rock-hewn passage to a boulder-covered entrance to the clear air outside.

"But we can't take the camels," objected Kingston.

"No matter, Master. I steal camel when Bedouin man fight."

"Yes, but then we're no better off, for they will follow as soon as they find we are not here. It will be sunset in half-an-hour, and then they will come. Let me think."

"I have it," he said at last, "you take the woman and I'll hold the cave. You go for help with her and bring back."

Kingston roused the girl gently with a pressure of the hand. But when she found her position she sprang up hastily, and if she seemed beautiful in her pallor before, how much more now with a blush mantling brow and neck and ears.

"Has anything fresh happened?" she asked.

"Yes," he said, returning to his desert manner. "Will you be ready to start with Abdullah at sunset?"

"And you?"

"I stay behind here to keep those gentlemen employed for an hour or two to give you a sporting start," he said lightly. "Then I shall come on."

"Then I think I will wait, too," she said with decision.

"Impossible," he said, curtly. "I want to get you off my shoulders. The responsibility is too great."

"You swear you will come on after us," she said, pitifully.

He swore it eagerly. "There is not the slightest danger to me," he lied.

At last, as the sun showed red and dusky above the horizon, Abdullah made a move, prostrating himself first before his master and saying a few broken words in Arabic, to which Kingston replied in curt phrases. At last, with profound dejection,



"Dear Heart, I cannot."

Abdullah signed to her to follow him and disappeared down the tunnel.

Sybil held out her hand. "You swear?"

For all his answer he took her in his arms and kissed her passionately. Then thrusting her away roughly, "Go," he said, "or I shall come too."

But he came to earth with a thud as he saw a dense mass slowly pushing its way into the picture. A Bedouin's head! First the peaked covering, then a black forehead, then the whites of the eyes, and he stood spellbound as the whole face appeared and glared uncertainly into the blackness of the cave. Evidently a scout who wondered if the occupants were all asleep. Instantly the spell broke. He threw up his carbine, and a scream echoed the thunderous roar of the shot, as the man flung up his hands and rolled limply down the slope gathering a miniature avalanche on the way. This was the signal for a chorus of yells and a volley of Martini bullets directed at hazard to the cave's mouth. An hour passed in dead silence. Abdullah must be well away by now, he thought. Suddenly a grey-clad figure stole up from the back of the cave and laid a cold hand upon his shoulder.

"Sybil!" he gasped. "What are you doing here?" The girl fell on her knees and sobbed. She clung to his arm like a frightened child.

"Abdullah said that I should find you dead," she whispered. "But I couldn't go any further."

She hid her face in her hands most sweetly, but he took them in his strong hands and drew her to him. As he tried to speak of his love, his voice broke and he could only sink to his knees and kiss the strong little hands whose nervous grip sent the blood coursing through his veins so madly.

She first came to earth and pointed to the cave's mouth; the moon had risen, and now the scuffling was explained. Up the slope, dragged by ropes from above, was slithering a weird carcass with limp wobbly legs and a neck that curved unnaturally. It was the body of one of the camels he had shot, and round its belly were tied three or four of the wooden saddles to save a repast-work, from behind which the attackers could enfilade the cave. Not a man was visible, for the wily Bedouins had tasted too much marksmanship from the little carbine in the cave. As Kingston went forward cautiously to survey; but as his head showed up against the dark background a bullet sang past his ear and buried itself in the sandstone just behind him.

"Covering party," he said, cheerfully. "We must retire to our citadel," and they made their way

to the back of the cave where the old tunnel began.

As a last hope Kingston fired a shot, and then, taking the girl's hand, raced down the tunnel. His shot had given him a few minutes' respite, for as they reached the open air they heard the reverberation of the futile volleys fired into the darkness. But there were men on the crest of the hill, and he had only time to drag the girl into another opening.

"I think this is the end," he said, with a tightening of his arm around her. But she, with her woman's faith showing clear above the fog of imminent death, was quite calm.

"Dear," she whispered, "it is only the beginning, for surely God would not part us after so short a happiness." She handed him the revolver he had given her. He refilled it with a shudder, "Dear heart, I cannot."

"You promised," she reminded him; and he took it dully.

They could hear the scouts on the hill calling shrilly to those in the cave, and the answering yells of the attackers as they emerged from the tunnel. Then there came a panic and a fresh clamour of voices, but as no attack seemed imminent, Kingston dared to look out. The Bedouins seemed distracted. Some with hands uplifted were screaming inarticulate curses, others were running down the side of the hill and scattering like startled rabbits.

"The Camel Corps and the boy!" he yelled delightedly. There was no fear of attack now, and she came forth and stood beside him. Round the shoulder of the hill came a galloping camel, happily with a mad rider waving a sword and swerving after the fashion of the British subaltern in action. Behind him pounded in a choking cloud of sand some ten uniformed men in straggling line who broke into a squealing cheer as they caught sight of the quarry.

As they reached the bottom of the slope the subaltern trotted up dripping and happy. "Your father's all right, Miss Baker," he said, cheerfully. "We stalked on the camel guard first whilst the rest were occupied with you. Then we came on for the fun. Oh, it was a lovely show—a lovely show!"

"Just go on and prepare the Colonel," said Kingston in an "off" voice, and the boy, with a queer look at their faces and a glance at their clasped hands, trotted away.

"You meant it?" said Kingston with a catch in his voice. "It wasn't just—"

"Must I say it again?" she asked with a low happy laugh.

"Dearest! Yes; and every day of your life."

Over the crest of the rise was hurrying a pompous red-faced man followed by the subaltern who, like the little gentleman he was, pleaded weariness and incapacity to hurry.

"Sybil, my dear child!" he exclaimed.

"Mr. Kingston, sir, I shall never be able to thank you—"

"I hope so!" said Kingston quietly; and to the dismay of the colonel, to the joy of the subaltern, he lifted the girl's hand to his lips.

## A Song of Beauty.

Oh, sing me a song of beauty! I'm tired of the stressful song,  
I'm weary of all the preaching, the arguing right and wrong,  
I'm fain to forget the adder that under the leaf lies curled,  
And dream of the light and beauty that gladdens the gray old world!  
Oh, sing of the emerald meadows that smile all day in the sun!  
The ripple and gleam of the rivers that on through the meadows run!  
The birds—let them sing in your singing and flash through the lines you write,  
The lark with his lilt in the morning, the nightingale charming the night,  
The butterfly over the flowers that hovers on painted wing—  
All these, let them brighten and lighten the beautiful song you sing!  
Though under the leaf the adder of death and of gloom lies curled,  
Oh, sing, for a space, of the beauty that gladdens the gray old world!

—Denis A. McCarthy, in *New York Sun*.





T H E

# DEMI-TASSE



*Just a sip of darkest Mocha,  
As the lazy moments pass,  
And a murmur of soft voices  
O'er the fragrant Demi-Tasse.*

## TIMELY RHYMES.

A little snow, a stretch of slush,  
For spring is in no hurry,  
While April vanishes with shrieks  
'Mid lots of wind and flurry.

Toronto smiles in confidence,  
For Doctor Orr is back  
From Europe's dangerous highways  
And ocean's stormy track.  
He's got some dandy pictures  
Likewise a gorgeous band,  
The "only" Exhibition  
Is sure to be on hand.

The rooms are all "took" at the Chateau  
By the Prince and the Yankees, you know.  
And Johnnie Canuck will have hardly a look,  
Because—Johnnie hasn't the dough.

There is a Commissioner Fyshe,  
Who served up a highly-spiced dish  
Of things in Marine  
Which shouldn't have been,  
And gratified Borden's fond wish.

## AN HONEST PLAINTIFF.

"MY client has come into this court with the mantle of honesty in his mouth; not to lure fifteen bullocks and costs out of the other side's pocket," remarked the Irish counsel in an arbitration case heard in London this week.—*Daily Mail* (England).

## ONE LESSON.

SAID a sweet-faced young Sunday-School teacher to her class of bright little Canadians: "Now, children, what lessons may we learn from the life of Samson?"

"Not to let a woman cut yer hair," said a small chap whose uneven locks betrayed an amateur operator.

## CUPID AT THE HELM



A Spring Fancy.—Punch.

## A FRIENDLY SUGGESTION.

SAID a good Reformer to a strong Conservative: "Your party makes a mistake in not having a Presbyterian minister somewhere at the head of

affairs. There's a good deal of Scotch blood in Canada and the *Globe* never did a better stroke of business than when it put Rev. J. A. Macdonald in the editorial chair."

"It's a good idea," replied the Conservative cautiously. "If we had Rev. D. C. Hossack for the *Mail and Empire*, 'Ralph Connor' for the *News* and Rev. R. E. Knowles for the *World*, we'd be doing fine."

## NEWSLETS.

WHEN Caruso was in Canada, he was offered four positions—one in a church choir and three on newspapers as caricaturist, as elections will be on. But Caruso came too high.

Ralph Connor has been preaching in Toronto. Winnipeg papers say it was none too soon. Next Sunday a distinguished Methodist will address his congregation on the "Evils of Novel Reading."

A horrible outrage has been perpetrated! Some one has added the "lily" to Mr. Muir's song, *The Maple Leaf Forever*, and it is rumoured that the flower of ancient France is now entwined with the shamrock and the rest of 'em. A patriot demands that the leek of Wales shall be substituted for that modest but insidious *fleur-de-lis*. So there you are! Lilies or leeks? It would be a nice subject for a "tercent" debate.

A socialist lecturing in Canada says that man was originally a fish. That's why the modern woman likes to be in the swim.

Canadian detectives are ever so humane. They simply hate to catch a murderer. They'd rather detect little boys buying cough candy on Sunday.

## OUR FASHION HINT.

Dorothy. "I am to write a paper for our Home and Hearth Club on the Merry Widow hat. Can you tell me anything of its origin or history? I like to be up-to-date on a wide subject like this."

You have indeed chosen a wide subject, my dear Dorothy. There is nothing more broadening than the study of the Merry Widow headgear. In fact, it is an evolution, beginning with the Sad Spinster turban which was a narrow affair leaving room for only a few ribbon loops and continuing in the form of the Weary Wife toque, to emerge finally in the glad expanse known to womankind and cursed by mankind as the Merry Widow hat.

## FAILED.

THEY were on the mighty deep. The great ocean liner rolled and pitched.

"Henry," faltered the young bride, "do you still love me?"

"More than ever, darling!" was Henry's fervent answer.

Then there was an eloquent silence.  
"Henry," she gasped, turning her pale, ghastly face away, "I thought that would make me feel better, but it doesn't."—*The Southwestern's Book*.

## ONE WAY OF DOING IT.

"COME in, William," said the daughter of the member of the Legislature who has his home down the C. and E., as her timid suitor halted outside her father's study door. "Father, I wish to introduce my Bill in the house with hope that you will give due consideration to the same."—*Edmonton Saturday News*.

## SURE OF PORRIDGE.

LORD BUTE tells a good story concerning a poor Scotch widow and her family whom he used occasionally to visit. The old lady earned a precarious living with her needle, and she was in such straitened circumstances that she and her children lived almost solely on oatmeal porridge throughout the week. Sometimes on Sunday mornings, how-

ever, as a special treat, the children were allowed a cup of tea for breakfast. One Saturday night, Lord Bute called on the widow with the object of offering some temporary assistance, and during his stay a little girl came into the room and ran up to her mother. "Mither, mither," she cried, "will we hae tea for breakfast to-morrow morn?"

"Aye, dearie," replied the widow, somewhat sadly, "if we're spared."

"An' if we're nae spared, mither," inquired her little daughter anxiously, "will we just hae parritch?"—M. A. P.



The Husband of Woman Suffrage.—Life.

## THE FIRST OF MAY.

Fling up again the swearing pipes,  
Bring forth the coal-stove, cold and gray;  
Unpack your camphorated clothes—  
You'll need them, faith, this day:  
The flannels doffed with light excuse,  
The coat of fur laid well away;  
And when you've found your overshoes  
Come out and greet the May!

The unflannelled fool now gurkles thus:  
"By dose is dwice ids wodted size;  
Ad twid boiled gooseberries, by eyes,  
Butch, butch they greet, this day!"  
For, oh! the ground is white with snow,  
And of its passing none can say.  
But anyway, put on your mitts  
And come and greet the May!

S. English.

## POINTING THEM OUT.

AN American actor was once seeing London from the top of a 'bus. As they swung down the Strand he asked the driver to point out the places of interest. "Right you are, sir!" agreed the driver, touching his hat. "There's Luggit 'ill, where they 'ang 'em." A little later: "There's parliment 'ouses, where they make the laws wot does it, across the way. An' there's Westminster Habbey, where they buried the good 'uns wot didn't get 'anged!"

## EXPERIENCED.

AFTER a Suffragist riot outside the British House of Commons, a constable was asked by a Member if they had had many people in the row. "Never saw such a sight here in my life, sir." "Really? Were they very unruly?" "Awful, just kicking and scratching, and going on anyhow." "And you didn't get hurt?" "No, thank you, sir. You see, I am a married man, so I know how to handle women."—Mrs. Alec Tweedie.



# PEOPLE AND PLACES

ONE of the Ontario provincial papers excoriates the stove peddlers who now that the spring is here are on their way through the country places. This type of vendor will be remembered as peculiar to warm weather. He knew that the old family stove in the farmhouse was cracked in seven places and had lost two legs and had to be held up by bricks; besides that it smoked whenever the wind was east and either burned the bread or refused to cook it. As against all this, behold the marvellous range on his waggon in the lane; a stove with an oven beneath and a tank behind, racks for towels and stands for tea-pots and all the frills ever known in a stove—a range worth seventy-five dollars at least, offered to the farmer's wife at her very door for little more than half price. And when the family had gathered about the waggon the peddler took one of the stove lids and banged it into the fence to show that nothing short of an earthquake could break it. Usually he sold a range about every mile at from ten to fifteen dollars more than the same could have been bought for from a regular dealer.

ONE of the most remarkable of all the constructive things done on the western end of the big transcontinentals this year is the tunnel at Field. This tunnel which calls for the partial demolition of two mountains is now under construction. Field used to be as quiet a little town as you could find in a picture. Now it is one of the noisiest. The man with the shovel and the pick roams the streets at night. The tourist who goes out to Field this summer to have a pious peep at the serenity of Lake Louise up near the clouds may sit on the edge of the lake and look down into the placid depths and hear the mountains creak with dynamite.

LONDON, Ontario, has unearthed a new poet. This happens on an average in London about every ten years. The latest discovery is Mr. Ray Palmer Baker, who has just published a book of verses called "Croynan Hall." The story concerns the United Empire Loyalists and their early struggles in Canada; seems to be a romance rather than a reality; a sort of recrudescence of Tennyson in a new land. Mr. Baker has offered all the profits from his book for the first three months to the National Battlefields fund.

THE miners of Nova Scotia are to receive a pension. This is one of the results of the recent session of the Legislature. There are twelve thousand miners in Nova Scotia; by the new arrangement all these will be beneficiaries of the fund on the following basis—each miner to pay three dollars a year, the Government half that amount, and the Company employing the miner seventy-five cents.

WHILE Mr. Kelly Evans has been down in the Maritime Provinces lecturing on the value of game preservation, the Government of British Columbia has been busy arranging for a vast new game preserve in the East Kootenay. This new home of big game will be located in the mountains somewhere between the Crow's Nest branch and the C. P. R. main line.

THE mouth of Detroit River has become so crowded with vessels that it seems necessary to do something new and radical by way of deepening the exit. Anyone who has ever been down the Detroit River knows that no waterway in North America is more crammed with ships; that the biggest ships on all the lakes go down that narrow, tortuous ribbon of water, making their way by creeping and groping out through the Limekiln Crossing which has been deepened and dynamited every year to give room. Vessels pass through this cut one at a time as cautiously as though it were a canal. Even then collisions occur and sometimes men are killed piloting these monsters out of the rock-bound cut. One township in Lambton County averages a death list of two men every year in this river. Now it is proposed to petition the Marine and Fisheries Department to deepen the channel at the place known as Fighting Island which channel is the upper end of the Limekiln Crossing.

PROPHETS are busy on the fruit output of the big valleys in British Columbia. Two C. P. R. officials have been into the Okanagan to determine the probable increase in the fruit output of that

region and what must be done by the railway to haul it out. They predict that in two years the output will be doubled. It is expected that the railway company will put barges on the lake there. The White Valley and Irrigation Company are pushing work on the dry reaches in order to increase the area of the fruit lands.

FLOATING of the S.S. *Mount Temple* the other day down at Iron Sound Ledge in the Atlantic marked the biggest feat ever carried out by the salvage corps of the eastern coast. The big liner went on the rocks last December and since that time a large fortune and the ingenious energies of many men have been spent on the flotation. The salvage corps worked at the vessel all winter in storm and in shine. The entire cargo was first removed and it was found that the ship lay parallel with the main ledge and fair across three ledges of rock that held her up as if on skids. Of course she was full of water and to get and keep the holds dry for floating was one of the biggest problems. Enormous air compressors were used; so much machinery was required to run these that the salvage hulls had not boiler capacity enough; so the boilers of the wrecked ship were used as auxiliaries. The men worked in three air locks night and day, tightening as many as seven thousand rivets before the day came when with every barrel of water out of her hold the steam could be got up in the forward boiler and the vessel came off the ledges under her own steam. Yet they say in print sometimes that Canadian maritimers are not great seamen! An interesting photograph of this vessel will be found on page ten.

AMONG all the modern pioneers whose lives are a compound of hardship and romance that of the construction camp doctor is one of the most striking. The medical man in the outpost camps

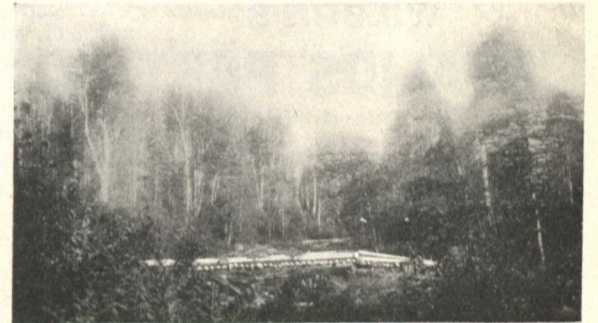


The railway construction doctor in the north country never drives a buggy nor an automobile.

far beyond the end of the steel has a circuit beside which the circuit of the old saddle-bag preacher would have been a day's walk. This medico among the dagoes knows the tote-roads and the sloop-roads and the blazed trails as well as any surveyor. His main business is to hit the trail on his horse carrying his kit in his saddle. Often in the trail he performs operations. One young doctor met a dago who was coming into camp on a load of logs—crazy with a toothache. The navy stopped the doctor and demanded that his tooth be drawn; so the young man got him down on the snow, sat on his chest and drew out the molar amid frightful screams and dago curses heard for a mile. Then he rode on to look after a case of dynamited leg in a camp somewhere.

A SCHOOL for cowboys has been started in England. The object is to teach Englishmen what they ought to learn if they expect to become citizens of Western Canada. Prominent men who have been in the colonies are interested in the scheme. A miniature ranch has been started within twelve miles of London. The principal of the school takes something less than a thousand dollars of the aspir-

ing frontiersman's money before he teaches a lesson in the art of cowboying; after that the victim is taught how to mount and throw a horse; to pack a pack-saddle, to brandish the stock whip and to throw a lasso—in short about a hundred things that if he ever has to do at all in Western Canada he will learn a great deal better by actual experience and for less money than he will pay the ranching teacher in England. The fact of the matter is that Western Canada does not need graduated cowboys; she is able to produce all the native cowboys she needs; in fact the cowboy is just about defunct already and will soon be a gentle memory among the wheat fields and the threshing machines. This school for cowboys is perhaps another of the mild swindles that are so effective with some people in the mother land.



One of the totes of Northern Ontario.

FORT FRANCIS is jubilant over having at last got into direct connection with the big American cities by means of the line from Duluth. A large deputation from St. Paul, Minneapolis and Duluth went on the first train that arrived in Fort Frances from Duluth direct. The town had a holiday and a huge banquet at which everything was said that could possibly be said to show that Fort Frances is a city where the power of water is mighty in the land; for Fort Frances though not a prohibition town is a water-power centre. Mr. Shaw of the Canadian Northern Railway was one of the guests. He predicted that in twenty years his road would carry as many millions of bushels of grain to Port Arthur and Duluth as Mr. Hill's road would carry.

## An Indian Greeting.

TELLING about the Indians of the Pacific coast as he found them in 1846, Mr. Paul Kane, the Canadian artist, tried to give an idea of their language as he found it at that time. The example which he quotes would have delighted Max Muller, and it may interest some readers in this country. In his "Wanderings of an Artist" he seems not to recall any particular individual of the name of Clark who might have impressed the Indians of the Columbia River, but American readers will at once think of the comrade of Major Lewis in the famous expedition of 1803.

"I would willingly give a specimen of the barbarous language of this people, were it possible to represent by any combination of our alphabet the horrible, harsh, spluttering sounds which proceed from their throats, apparently unguided either by the tongue or lip," says Mr. Kane. "It is so difficult to acquire a mastery of their language that none have been able to attain it, except those who have been born among them.

"They have, however, by their intercourse with the English and French traders, succeeded in amalgamating, after a fashion, some words of each of these tongues with their own, and in forming a sort of *patois*, barbarous enough certainly, but still sufficient to enable them to communicate with the traders.

"This *patois* I was enabled after some short time to acquire, and could converse with most of the chiefs with tolerable ease.

"Their common salutation is *Clak-hoh-ah-yah*, originating, as I believe, in their ancestors having heard, in the early days of the fur trade, a gentleman named Clark frequently addressed by his friends, 'Clark, how are you?'

"This salutation is now applied to every white man, for their own language affords no appropriate expression."—*Youth's Companion*.



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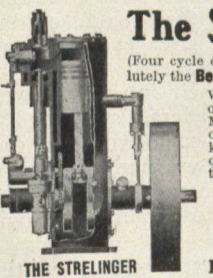
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**HITHER AND THITHER**

THE quarrel about the Shakespeare Memorial goes merrily on. Some of the discussing literary men have fallen into poetry on the subject. Mr. Alfred Austin and Mr. William Archer have expressed themselves in agitated verse as entirely opposed to the project, feeling, as John Milton did before them, that Shakespeare's "hallowed bones" need no memorial in stone or marble. The members of the committee go bravely on, however, in spite of the dismal prediction that some uninspired Anglo-Saxon sculptor will be chosen to mould the statue which is to be set up in Portland Place. If the author of the *Midsummer Night's Dream* can return in spirit to the London which he loved, one can fancy him breathing an echo of Puck's mocking cry: "What fools these mortals be!"



Mr. F. R. Benson as Richard III.

Mr. and Mrs. Benson are in charge of the Shakespeare Festival at Stratford-on-Avon.

Mr. G. Bernard Shaw naturally has many remarks to make on the subject and insinuates that a sculptor is after a commission, a contractor after a job and a chairman after a knighthood. Mr. Shaw is nothing if not dramatic and stirs up strife in a delightfully thorough fashion. On the new provisional committee there are many names of influence, including Mr. A. W. Pinero and our very own Sir Gilbert Parker. Miss Corelli is also on the brilliant list.

\* \* \*

MR. HENRY MILLER, who is now managing the Savoy Theatre, New York, is a Canadian by birth. Mr. Miller and the Ottawa actress, Miss Margaret Anglin, had an extraordinary success with Mr. Moody's play, *The Great Divide*, in which Mr. Miller played the hero's part. Once more Mr. Miller, who has temporarily given up acting, has been blessed by theatrical good fortune. The drama, *The Servant in the House*, which has been the attraction at the Savoy for some time, is hailed as the most original of the year's plays. The playwright is the husband of Miss Edith Wynne Matthison who was well-known to Canadian audiences in the early days of Ben Greet. It is generally admitted that it was Miss Matthison's genius which made those "greenwood" productions of five years ago so rare in magnetic quality.

\* \* \*

THE conceit of North America is occasionally disturbed by the reflection that Central America and South America were busy with certain features of civilisation before Sir Walter Raleigh smoked Virginia Leaf and were establishing universities before the *Mayflower* had reached Plymouth with the ancestors of all good United Statesers on deck. A Yale doctor has arisen to remind this part of the American continent that the first Spanish settlements in South America antedated England's settlements in North America by nearly a hundred years. When Harvard University was yet a dream, the University of San Marcos in Peru was a fairly flourishing institution already older than Cornell is to-day. When Cornell celebrates her hundredth anniversary, this Peruvian university will be celebrating the four hundredth. It is just as well to be reminded of youth.

\* \* \*

EXHIBITIONS are not always a soaring success. Toronto, of course, manages to pick up a few dollars towards the first week in September, but Toronto has the exhibition habit and makes money out of her Ontario friends every season. Buffalo did not find the Pan-American affair of 1901 a financial gratification, St. Louis is reticent as to the Exposition of 1904, while Jamestown is frankly doleful as to the dollars lost in the Exposition of last year. Of course there was the wonderful World's Fair at Chicago in 1893 but that was a White City all by itself and its equal will not be built for many a day. Taking all these events into consideration it is not surprising that a San Francisco editor remarks: "An evidence of Canadian sanity appears in the fact that the observance of this historic event (the voyages of Champlain) will not take the form of either a world's fair or a national exposition."

\* \* \*

THE marriage of Miss Shonts of New York to the Duc de Chaulnes, a French nobleman of many debts and limited gray matter, attracted some attention a few months ago. The bride's father had been rash enough, in the years before his daughter's maturity, to draw up a list of rules for the guidance of young women in choosing a husband and the world was naturally diverted by seeing Miss Shonts drive a coach and four through the paternal rules. In fact, the fair New Yorker chose just the sort of man whom her father had carefully condemned. On their arrival in Paris the Duke and his bride were met by a huge welcoming party of the former's creditors who were curious to see how far the good U. S. dollars of Papa Shonts would go towards paying for flowers, bracelets, automobiles and boots which their aristocratic customer had "charged." The troubled bridegroom was taken violently ill and died. Now, after a few months as the bride of an impecunious nobleman, the daughter of Mr. Theodore Shonts may return to this continent a charming widow and a stately duchess.

\* \* \*

"THE richest square mile in the world" is asserted regarding that territory known in London, England, as "the city." On April first a new law came into force by which 114 ancient parishes were made into one. The work formerly done by 250 officials will in future be carried on by twenty-one with the activities properly centralised. One of the parishes—All Hallows—has a population of only fifteen and the population of many of the 114 is below fifty. Most of the parishes have significant historic names of which "St. Andrew by the Wardrobe" is perhaps the most striking. It is the greatest financial centre in the world which has been unified and re-organised by the recent change, a district which controls an immense supply of the gold which helps to make the commercial world go round.

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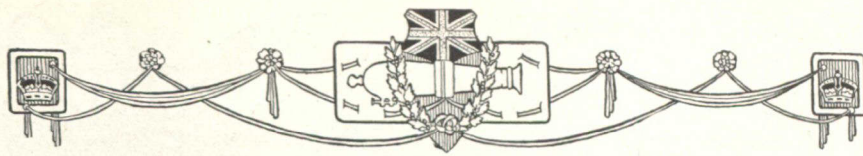
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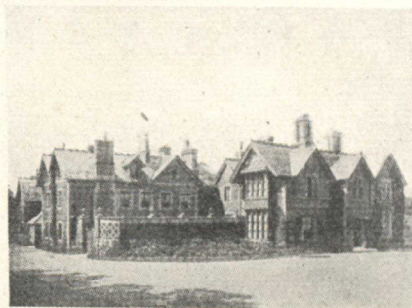
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BRITISH GOSSIP



York Cottage, formerly a royal residence.

THE royal residences are changing in character since the days of Queen Victoria. Balmoral, the Highland palace which was so dear to her late Majesty, has been little used by King Edward. The Prince and Princess of Wales have resided occasionally at York Cottage, which is now said to be inadequate to the needs of the household of the heir to the throne. Alterations are to be made in several of the royal residences and York Cottage, which has been rented at times to friends of the King, is to be renovated and enlarged.

THE STORY OF HIS LIFE.

MR. HALL CAINE shares honours with Miss Marie Corelli as "successful" modern novelist and, in consequence, the tale of his adventures as written by himself under the title, *My Story*, and published in M. A. P. will prove widely interesting. Mr. Caine's literary style has degenerated sadly but the public buys the trashy, sensational *The Christian* and *Eternal City* more eagerly than it once bought that noble novel, *The Deemster*. Hence it is not at all surprising that Mr. Caine should have a good opinion of the British fiction devourers and should even write a defensive essay on our dear old friend, *Vox Populi*. Mr. Caine's best books are those early tales of the little Isle of Man, of whose life he must have been keenly observant at a very early age. The novelist gives a quaint and homely description of the island people among whom his childhood was spent and cheerfully admits that his early disadvantages were of the greatest service in quickening sympathy and imagination. It was a life of true, Arcadian simplicity with no railways and hardly a newspaper. This first sketch is written with so much quiet charm that the reader wishes Mr. Caine had not forsaken the Manx scenes of his early novels for the fierce light that beats upon the vulgar London music-hall. May he go back to the island in the Irish Sea!

THE DAY OF THE DANCER.

THE interest which London takes in dancing has greatly increased during the last two years. Dignified journals are not above publishing rhapsodical paragraphs regarding the highest kick accomplished by the latest favourite. In this respect, London is even more frivolous than New York. The former city was loud and lengthy in its admiration for Mlle. Genee, a danseuse who performed feats of marvellous agility. A New York manager contrived to tempt her across the Atlantic with a vaster contract than has been. But the fair and fantastic Genee did not arouse New York critics to such frantic encomiums as London had bestowed.

The latest sensation of this sort, which has been mentioned before, is Miss Maud Allan, who is advertised as the Canadian dancer, inasmuch as the whirling artist was born in Toronto and was three years old ere she left the dejected Dominion for San Francisco. English managers have a mistaken fancy that Canada will be highly pleased with such an advertisement, but, as a matter of fact, Canada prefers to be known by her Ralph Connor of the *Sky-Pilot of the Foot-hills* rather than a freak dancer whose pride it is to surpass the lady who danced before the fastidious Herod.

THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE.

MR. KEIR HARDIE has returned to England and the Indian Empire breathes freely once more. Mr. Hardie is now expounding to the British public the principles for which he talked in sultry Hindustan and explains that wherever he went he was under the red flag, which, by the way, has nothing to do with the "all-red route." The red flag means Mr. Keir Hardie's special brand of socialism, for socialism is of many divisions and orders and Mr. Hardie's is of a choice growth indeed. Mr. Hardie seemed to be of the opinion that whatever distress he saw in India was all on account of British government. But it is much more comfortable to have Mr. Hardie at home. As the bard of the *World* has written:

"Sleep soundly in your beds,  
Keir Hardie has returned,  
Drive worry from your heads,  
Sleep soundly in your beds,  
The homeward path he treads,  
With not one lesson learned;  
Sleep soundly in your beds—  
Keir Hardie has returned!"

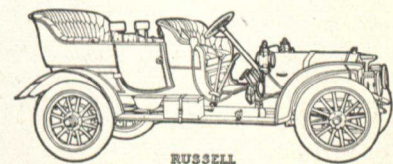
OFF TO NIGERIA.

NIGERIA is becoming a fashionable resort and the "Lady of Niger" limerick has lost all power to terrify those who are in search of novelties in the way of climate and character. Mr. Churchill seems to have enjoyed Nigeria, and humbler British subjects are anticipating a little trip up the Niger as soon as circumstances will allow. Travel is becoming so universal that a suburbanite will soon be such in name only.

The latest announcement in inventions, however, threatens to do away with the attraction of Nigeria and other foreign luxuries. The wonderful instrument whereby we shall see objects thousands of miles away will change travel from the sight-seer's standpoint. The inventor of this modern magic declares that people in New York will be able to see their friends in London and Paris, which will of course be extremely convenient—for New Yorkers. Northern Nigeria is fairly far away and its remote charm is likely to last for some years, in spite of the applied cinematograph.

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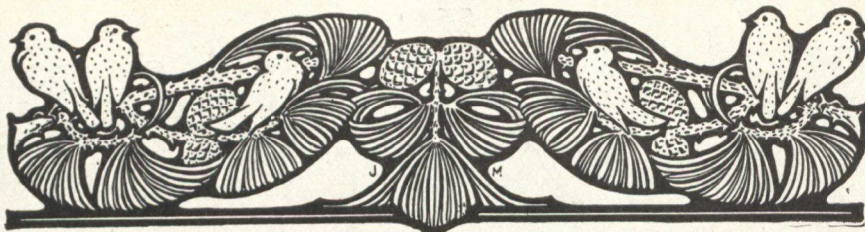
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**F O R T H E C H I L D R E N**

**GUINEAGATOR AND ALLIPIG.**

BY FLORENCE A. EVANS.

**G**UINEAGATOR and Allipig were a pair of young alligators. They had been given their rather unusual names by their owner because the animals had been bestowed upon her while she was mourning the untimely demise of a pair of guineapigs.

It was soon found, however, that interesting as the new pets were, it was none too easy to make them comfortable during our cold, Northern winter; so they were passed on to us, as we had a conservatory in which an even heat was maintained at all times, and where, it was argued, the palms and other tropical plants would make it seem homelike to them.

So thoroughly chilled had the alligators been before coming to us that it took them months to regain their accustomed activity. They were about fifteen inches long, and above they were black with bright yellow markings, while their under parts were yellowish white. Their eyes were yellowish green with vertical pupils like those of a cat. When under water they seemed to prefer to keep their eyes closed, which, as they possessed two sets of eyelids, the inner closing from the side, and the outer one from bottom to top, was quite easy for them to do.

During this period of inactivity the alligators refused all food, even choice morsels of fresh fish, and, when we rubbed these latter on their respective noses, would retire into their pan of water and scratch the nose vigorously. Fearing that so long a fast might prove harmful, we pried their mouths open and fed them by force.

As spring came nearer they grew much more lively, and when we placed them out on the floor they would run with almost incredible speed. Once while enjoying a promenade, Allipig almost met with disaster, for our new puppy who had wandered into the room, picked him up and began to chew him, when he was himself seized by the nose. And then ensued a few minutes of pandemonium, for the puppy yelped and danced about, and the alligator hissed and swished his tail, and it was a matter of some difficulty to separate them. The puppy nursed a sore nose for several days, and Allipig sulked over his outraged feelings.

When the warm, bright May weather came, the two alligators were placed in our fountain, a change of residence which seemed to give them the liveliest satisfaction, and they expressed their pleasure as well as they were able by their croaks of "Goonk, goonk." They would bask for hours on some rocks which projected above the water, or swim lazily about, croaking to announce that they were ready for more food when any one approached. The only thing that disturbed them was when any of the dogs of the neighbourhood came for a drink, when they would retire under the hollow iron-work in the centre of the fountain, hissing until the intruder departed. Once Guineagator sallied forth when our puppy was quenching his thirst and gave him such a nip that he retired with howls of dismay and refused to approach the place for some time thereafter.

Once we heard a tremendous fluttering and chirping near the fountain; we discovered that a robin, while attempting to drink from the lower basin, had fallen in, and been set upon by the two alligators who were just starting to devour him alive. We rescued the bird and found that he was not yet seriously hurt, though most of the feathers on the under part of his body were gone and he was bleeding from several bites.

When pieces of meat were left upon the rocks they would often turn themselves broadside to them, and, with a skilful blow of the tail, knock the food into the water. With whatever was given them to eat they would at once hasten into the water, evidently with the intention of drowning it, an instinct derived from their ancestors who fed on living animals. Once a pickle-jar filled with living tadpoles was emptied into the fountain. These tadpoles at once began to swim round and round the edge of the basin, all going in the same direction, and the alligators soon took advantage of this fact to make a hearty meal. Opening their mouths with their curious, white, immovable tongues, to the utmost extent, they took up positions on the inside of this living circle, now and then closing the gaping jaws to gulp down whatever number of tadpoles happened to be swimming through at that particular moment.

By this time the alligators had grown so large and strong that we stood in some awe of their sharp teeth, and their food was presented to them on the end of a long steel knitting-needle. Allipig one day seized this, as well as the piece of meat which it held, and we had some difficulty in recovering it. This greediness was the cause of our two pets being banished, for on a later occasion, one of them fastened his sharp teeth in the finger of a member of the family who was about to feed them, and our mother declared that such dangerous pets must be given away. So we offered them to the New York Aquarium, where they were gladly accepted.

\* \* \*



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**The Yellow God**

Continued from page 14)

"Because I have learned that they attacked you in their own country. Vernoon," she answered, "and would have killed you had it not been for Little Bonga; it is therefore right that they should die as an offering to you."

"I refuse the offering since afterwards they dealt well with me. Set them free, and let them return to their own land, Asika."

"That cannot be," she replied coldly. "Here they are and here they remain. Still, their lives are yours to take or to spare, so keep them as your servants if you will," and bending down she issued a command which was instantly obeyed, for the men dressed like devils cut the bonds of the Ogula, and brought them round to the back of the dais, where they stood blessing Alan loudly in their own tongue.

Then the ceremonies began with a kind of infernal ballet. On the smooth space between them and the water's edge appeared male and female bands of dancers who emerged from the shadows. For the most part they were dressed up like animals, and imitated the cries of the beasts that they represented, although some of them wore no clothing whatsoever. To the sound of wild music of horns and drums these creatures danced a kind of insane quadrille, which seemed to suggest everything that is cruel and vile upon the earth. They danced and danced there in the moonlight till the madness spread from them to the thousands who were gathered upon the farther side of the water, for presently all of these began to dance also. Nor did it stop there, since at length the Asika rose from her chair upon the dais, and joined in the performance with the Mungana, her husband. Even Jeeki began to prance and shout behind, so that at last Alan and the Ogula alone remained still and silent in the midst of a scene and a noise which might have been that of hell let loose.

Leaving go of her husband, the Asika bounded up to Alan, and tried to drag him from his chair, thrusting her gold mask against his mask. He refused to move, and after a while she left him and returned to the Mungana. Louder and louder braved the music and beat the drums, wilder and wilder grew the shrieks. Individuals fell exhausted, and were thrown into the water, where they sank or floated away on the slow moving stream, as part of some inexplicable play that was being enacted.

Then suddenly the Asika stood still and threw up her arms, whereon all the thousands present stood still also. Again she threw up her arms, and they fell upon their faces and lay as though they were dead. A third time she threw up her arms, and they rose and remained so silent that the only sound to be heard was that of their thick breathing. Then she spoke, or rather screamed, saying:

"Little Bonga has come back again, bringing with her the white man whom she led away," and all the audience answered, "Little Bonga has come back again. Once more we see her on the head of the Asika as our fathers did. Give her a sacrifice. Give her the white man."

"Nay," she screamed back, "the white man is mine. I name him as the next Mungana."

"Oho!" roared the audience. "Oho! she names him as the next Mungana. Good-bye, old Mungana! Greeting, new Mungana! When will be the marriage feast?"

"Tell us, Mungana, tell us," cried the Asika, patting her wretched hus-

band on the cheek. "Tell us when you mean to die, as you are bound to do."

"On the night of the second full moon from now," he answered, with a terrible groan that seemed to be wrung out of his very heart, "on that night my soul shall be eaten up and my day done. But till then I am lord of the Asika, and if she forgets it death shall be her portion, according to the ancient law."

"Yes, yes," shouted the multitude. "death shall be her portion, and her lover we will sacrifice. Die in honour, Mungana, as all those died that went before you."

"Thank Heaven!" muttered Alan to himself, "I am safe from that witch for the next two months," and through the eye-holes of his mask he contemplated her with loathing and alarm.

At the moment, indeed, she was not a pleasing spectacle, for in the heat and excitement of her mad dance she had cast off her gold breastplate or stomacher, leaving herself naked except for her kirtle and the thin spangled robe upon her shoulders, over which streamed her black, disordered hair. Contrasting strangely in the silver moonlight with her glistening copper-coloured body, the mask of Little Bonga on her head glared round with its fixed crystal eyes and fiendish smile as she turned her long neck from side to side. Seen thus, she scarcely looked human, and Alan's heart was filled with pity for the poor bedizened wretch she named her husband, who had just been forced to announce the date of his own suicide.

Soon, however, he forgot it, for a new act in the drama had begun. Two priests, clad in horns and tails, leapt on to the dais, and at a signal unlaced the mask of Little Bonga. Now the Asika lifted it from her streaming face and held it on high, then she lowered it to the level of her breast, and holding it in both hands walked to the edge of the dais, whereon priests disguised as fiends began to leap at it, striving to reach it with their fingers and snatch it from her grasp. One by one they leapt with the most desperate energy, each man being allowed to make three attempts, and Alan noted that this novel jumping competition was watched with the deepest interest by all the audience, at the time he knew not why.

The first two were evidently elderly men, who failed to come anywhere near the mark. Their failure was received with shouts of derision. They sank exhausted to the ground, and from the motion of his body Alan could see that one of them was weeping, while the other remained sullenly silent. Then a younger man advanced, and at the third try almost grasped the fetish. Indeed, he would have grasped it had he not met with foul play, for the Asika, seeing that he was about to succeed, lifted it an inch or two, so that he also missed, and with a groan joined the band of the defeated. Next appeared a fourth priest even more horribly arrayed than those who went before him, but Alan noticed that his mask was of the lightest, and that his garments consisted chiefly of paint, the main idea of his make-up being that of a skeleton. He was a thin, active fellow, and all the watching thousands greeted him with a shout. For a few seconds he stood back gazing at the mask as a wolf might at an unapproachable bone. Then suddenly he ran forward and sprang into the air. Such an amazing jump Alan had never seen before. So high was it, indeed, that his head came level with that of the fetish, which he snatched with both hands, tearing it from the Asika's grasp. Coming to the ground again with a thud, he began to caper to and fro, kissing the

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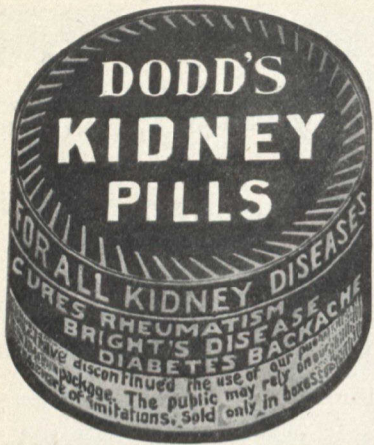
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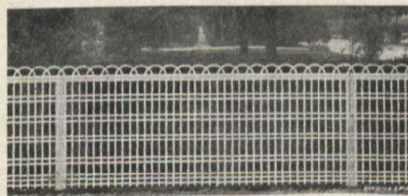
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mask, while the audience shouted.

"Little Balsa has chosen. What fate for the fallen? Ask her, priest."

The man stopped his capering and held the mouth of Little Balsa to his ear, nodding from time to time as though she were speaking to him and he heard what she said. Then he passed round the dais where Alan could not see him, and presently re-appeared holding Little Balsa in his right hand and in his left a great gold cup. A silence fell upon the place. He advanced to the first man who had jumped and offered him the cup. He turned his head away, but a thousand voices thundered, "Drink!" Then he took it and drank, passing it to a companion in misfortune, who in turn drank also and gave it to the third priest, he who would have snatched the mask had not the Asika lifted it out of his reach.

This man drained it to the dregs, and with an exclamation of rage dashed the empty vessel into the face of the chosen priest with such fury that the man rolled upon the ground and for a while lay there stunned. Now he who had drunk first began to spring about in a ludicrous fashion, and presently was joined in his dance by the other two.

At first Alan thought that the thing was a joke and that the men had merely been made mad drunk, till catching sight of their eyes in the moonlight, he perceived that they were in great pain, and turned indignantly to remonstrate with the Asika.

"Be silent, Vernoon," she said savagely, "blood is your *orunda*, and I respect it. Therefore, by decree of the god, these die of poison," and again she fell to laughing at the contortions of the victims.

Alan shut his eyes, and when at length, drawn by some fearful fascination, he opened them once more it was to see that the three poor creatures had thrown themselves into the water, where they rolled over and over like wounded porpoises, till presently they sank and vanished there.

This farce, for so they considered it, being ended and the stage, so to speak, cleared, the audience having laughed itself hoarse, set itself to watch the proceedings of the newly-chosen high-priest of Little Balsa, who now had recovered from the blow dealt to him by one of the murdered men. With the help of some other priests he was engaged in binding the fetish on to a little raft of reeds. This done, he laid himself flat upon a broad plank which had been laid ready for him at the edge of the water, placing the mask in front of him, and with a few strokes of his feet, that hung over the sides of the plank, paddled himself out to the centre of the canal where the god called Big Balsa floated, or was anchored. Having reached it he pushed the little raft off the plank into the water, and in some way that Alan could not see, made it fast to Big Balsa, so that now the two of them floated one behind the other. Then while the people cheered, shouting out that husband and wife had come together again at last, he paddled his plank back to the water's edge, sat down, and waited.

Meanwhile, at some sign from the Asika all the scores of priests and priestesses who were dressed as devils had filed off to right and left, and vanished, presumably to cross the water by bridges or boats that were out of sight. At any rate now they began to appear upon its further side and to wind their way singly among the thousand of the Asiki people who were gathered upon the rocky slope beyond in order to witness this fearsome entertainment. Alan observed that the spectators did not appear to appreciate the arrival amongst them of these priests, from whom they

seemed to edge away. Indeed, many of them rose and tried to depart altogether, only to be driven back to their places by a double line of soldiers armed with spears, who now for the first time became visible, ringing in the audience. Also other soldiers, and with them bodies of men who looked like executioners, showed themselves upon the further brink of the water and then marched off.

"What's the matter now?" Alan asked of Jeeki over his shoulder.

"All in blue funk," whispered Jeeki back, "joke done. Get to business now. Silly fools forget that when they laugh so much. Both Bongsas very hungry, and Asika want wipe out old scores. Presently you see."

Presently Alan did see, for at some preconcerted signal the devil priests, each of them, jumped with a yell at a person near to them, gripping him or her by the hair, whereon assistants rushed in and dragged them down to the bank of the canal. Here, to the number of a hundred or more, a wailing, struggling mass, they were confined in a pen like sheep. Then a bar was lifted and one of them allowed to escape, only to find himself in a kind of gangway which ran down into shallow water. Being forced along this he came to an open space of water exactly opposite to the floating fetishes, and there was kept a while by armed men with spears. As nothing happened they lifted their spears and the man bolted up an incline and was lost among the thousands of spectators.

The next one, evidently a person of rank, was not so fortunate. Jumping into the pool off the gangway, he stood there like a sheep about to be washed, the water reaching up to his middle. Then Alan saw a terrible thing, for suddenly the horrid, golden head of Big Balsa, towing Big Balsa behind it, began to swim with a deliberate motion across the stream until, reaching the man, it seemed to rear itself up and poke him with its snout in the chest as a turtle might do. Then it sank again into the water and slowly floated back to its station, directed by some agency or power that Alan could not discover.

At the touch of the god the man screamed like a horse in pain or terror, and soldiers leaping on him with a savage shout, dragged him up another gangway opposite to that by which he had descended, whereon, to all appearance more dead than alive, he departed into the shadows. The horns and drums set up a bray of triumph, the Asika clapped her hands approvingly, the spectators cheered, and another victim was bundled down the gangway and submitted to the judgment of the Bongsas, which came at him like a hungry pike at a frog. Then followed more and more, some being chosen and some let go, till at last, growing weary, the priests directed the soldiers to drive the prisoners down in batches until the pen in the water was full as though with huddled sheep. If the horrible golden masks swam at them and touched one of their number they were all dragged away; if these remained quiescent, they were let go.

"Lady," he said to the Asika, when she paused for a moment from her hand-clapping, "I am weary, I would sleep."

"What," she exclaimed, "do you wish to sleep on such a glorious night, when so many evil-doers are coming to their just doom? Well, well, go if you will; for then my promise is off me, and I can hasten this business and deal with the wicked before the people, according to our custom. Good-night to you, Vernoon, to-morrow we will meet," and she called to some priests to lead him away, and with him the Ogula cannibals whom she had given to him as servants.

(To be Continued.)

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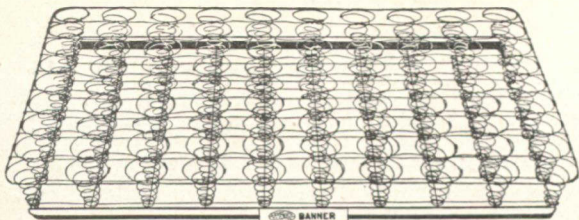
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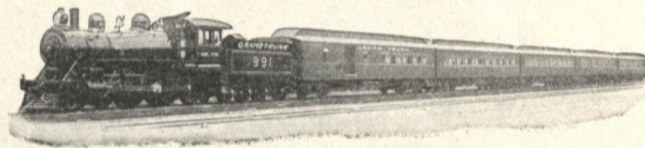
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