

The Canadian Courier

W R Haight
446 Parliament St
5064

THE WEEKLY



Read in
Nine
Provinces

H.W. McCREA

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



What is happening to your home

Is your household having a spasm of "old-fashioned housecleaning" that is making everybody's life miserable, OR, are you having a *thorough* cleansing without disturbing anything or anybody, by using a

Duntley Pneumatic Cleaner

This is the one pneumatic cleaner that is recognized throughout America as *the best*; everyone from Thomas A. Edison to the Seattle Exposition committee has testified to this, as it holds all the important awards.

We will be glad to send you descriptive pamphlets with prices or give you a free demonstration.

Write to R department

The Robert **SIMPSON** Company Limited
TORONTO



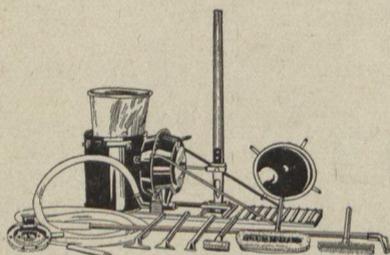
HERE are a great number of people who will hesitate to pay one hundred dollars and over for a tailor-made suit, made to order, whereas, if they could get one at about half that price, they would not hesitate to order one, two or even three in a season.

We inaugurate this season a new feature in our Dress Goods Section by allowing you to pick out your own materials direct from stock, and we will make the suit for you in any of the styles shown in our booklet and at a particularly low figure, according to the price of the material. The same applies to the Coats and Skirts. For example, a cloth costing between \$1.75 and \$2.00 a yard, we will make to your measure a fashionable suit, silk or satin lined, in any of the models shown for \$40.00, guaranteed in every respect and only high grade materials used throughout.

W. A. Murray & Co. Limited.

17 to 31 King St. East, 10 to 20 Colborne St.,
Victoria St. King to Colborne St.
TORONTO

Housecleaning made a Delightful Undertaking with a PERFECT Vacuum Cleaner



Rugs, carpets, furniture, bedding, etc., thoroughly and quickly cleaned without being disturbed.

A Cleaner that is light, strong simple in construction, effective and easily cleaned and has a blower attachment. Handpower \$25.00, water motor \$35.00 A. C. Electric \$75.00.

McKuen's PERFECT Combined Washing Machine and Boiler

A Perfect Washing Machine. The latest on the market, "1910," one that will do the washing right on the stove while the clothes are boiling, no rubbing, no damage to the most delicate fabric, producing cleaner

and much whiter clothes. A complete surprise to everybody. Prices \$10.00 and up. Purely Canadian. Patented both here and in the United States. Write for pamphlets and further particulars. Mail orders receive special attention.

The Perfect Manufacturing Comp'y
GUELPH, ONTARIO

A 12 Months' Subscription

to the Canadian Courier would be a splendid weekly reminder during 1910 of your regard for any friend. The pleasure would be increased should he live abroad.

Send \$3.00 for Canada or Great Britain; \$4.00 to U. S. Write for clubbing rates or special terms for a number of subscriptions.

CIRCULATION BUREAU CANADIAN COURIER

Use a Toronto Electric Light COMPANY ELECTRIC IRON AND GET RID OF THE HOT STOVE AND HOT ROOM

Come and see the demonstration of Electric Irons, Toasters, Stoves, Sewing Machine Motors, Etc., at

The Toronto Electric Light Co.'s (Limited)

DISPLAY ROOMS AT
12 Adelaide St. East, TORONTO, ONT.
PHONE M. 3975

Newest Large Flowering Sweet Peas Steele, Brigg's Spencer Hybrid's in Mixture



are composed of all the newest 1910 varieties of the large flowering wavy type—simply gorgeous—price per pkt. 10c; oz. 25c; 1/4 lb. 60c.

"Queen City" Lawn Grass Seed, cheaper and better than sodding. Per lb. 25c.

Roses, Grape Vines, Shrubs, Boston Ivy and Bulbs.

Catalogs Free—send for one

STEELE, BRIGGS SEED COMPANY, LIMITED
PHONE MAIN 1982
137-139 KING STREET EAST

CAWTHRA MULOCK & CO.

OWN AND OFFER FOR SALE

AT PAR, \$100 PER SHARE

—AND—

GUARDIAN TRUST COMPANY, LIMITED

WILL RECEIVE SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR

\$2,000,000 of the 7% Cumulative Preferred Stock, with a Bonus of 25% Common Stock of

Maple Leaf Milling Company

(Incorporated under the Laws of the Province of Ontario)

LIMITED

CAPITAL STOCK, Issued and Fully Paid Up \$5,000,000

DIVIDED INTO

PREFERRED (7% Cumulative)	-	-	-	-	2,500,000
COMMON	-	-	-	-	2,500,000

BANKERS FOR THE COMPANY --- Imperial Bank of Canada and Bank of Montreal

HEAD OFFICE = = TORONTO, CANADA

Mills situated at KENORA, THOROLD, ST. CATHARINES, WELLAND and PORT COLBORNE, (the last named in course of construction) in the Province of Ontario, and BRANDON, in the Province of Manitoba.

This Company a Going Concern

Right from its inception Maple Leaf Milling Company, Limited, is a going concern, and the dividend on the preferred stock accrues from April 5th, 1910. This means that the subscribers to the preferred stock will receive dividends from that date.

It is a going concern because it has taken over the whole undertaking as a going concern of the Maple Leaf Flour Mills Company, Limited, including therein that of the Hedley Shaw Milling Company, Limited.

Five of the six mills of the Company are in operation, and it is expected that the new 6,000 barrel mill now in course of erection at Port Colborne will be completed by January, 1911, and that a portion of the wheat crop of 1910 will be handled by it.

Security and Earning Power

The position of the preferred stock now being offered is specially secured, there not being any bonds ahead of it, and the Company has no bonds either issued or authorized.

The assets of the old Companies taken over stand in excess of all liabilities and without any allowance for good-will, trade marks, etc., at \$3,770,524.11, this amount being ascertained on the basis of an appraisal by the Canadian-American Appraisal Company, Limited, as of March 17th, 1910, of the capital assets taken over, and the certificate of Messrs. Price, Waterhouse & Company, as of February 28th, 1910, as to current assets and current liabilities, with a liberal allowance for all contingencies. There has also been placed in the Treasury \$1,000,000 of additional cash, which, besides permitting of the completion of a 6,000-barrel mill and a million-bushel elevator and storage warehouse at Port Colborne, and of fifteen additional elevators in the West, will provide the new Company with further working capital.

As per certificate of Messrs. Price, Waterhouse & Company, of London, the earnings of the old

Company on the present plant amounted from September 25th, 1908, to August 20th, 1909, to 218,843.38
 And from August 21st, 1909, to February 28th, 1910, to\$166,793.29
 being for the latter period at a rate equal to over 13 per cent. on the preferred stock of the Company.

Market for Output

The tremendous increase in the wheat crop of Western Canada makes additional elevator capacity particularly urgent. In the past a great proportion of the total wheat crop has almost of necessity found its way into Canadian Mills, and the conditions in this respect should be very much the same as they are at present, when the total output of the Western Wheat Belt has increased as experts expect it will from 125,000,000 bushels in 1909 to fully 500,000,000 bushels by the end of 1915.

The points at which the Company's mills are situated will place it in a very advantageous position and will enable it to lay down its flour at almost all points in Canada, at all Atlantic Sea Ports, in Great Britain, and in Foreign Markets cheaper than can be done by any other Canadian Milling Concern.

Management

Mr. Hedley Shaw, the Vice-President and Managing Director of the Maple Leaf Flour Mills Company, Limited, will be Managing Director of the new Company, and brings with him his entire staff of tried and experienced officials.

Full details regarding the terms of subscription and complete facts, as set forth in the prospectus, will be found in the large display advertisement published in the issue of The Courier of April 30th.

Prospectuses and forms of application may be obtained at any branch of the Imperial Bank of Canada or the Royal Bank of Canada, from Guardian Trust Company, Limited, Toronto, and from Cawthra Mulock and Company, Toronto.

Applications for Shares should be made upon the Form accompanying the Prospectus and should be sent together with the remittance due on application to—

Any Branch of
THE IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA
 OR
ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

GUARDIAN TRUST CO., Limited, Toronto
 or to **CAWTHRA MULOCK & CO.**
 MEMBERS TORONTO STOCK EXCHANGE
 Royal Bank Building, Toronto, Ont.

A STYLISH HAT FOR MEN



A MOST POPULAR DESIGN AND PRICE

No part of a man's apparel is more in evidence than his head wear. A hat which is not of the latest design or which shows evidences of wear, will completely mar what would otherwise be a stylish appearance. If you are unfamiliar with fashions latest requirements we can assure you that our hats are made by manufacturers whose products are always fashionable and in good form. Throughout America and Europe the name Battersby & Co., of Stockport, England,—when applied to a hat—signifies all that is correct and newest in the world of fashion. The illustration above represents one of their latest models—one which is not only correct in shape and appearance but combines the very best of material and the most skilled workmanship.

DESCRIPTION

E2-1000 This is a genuine fur felt hat. It has Russian leather sweat cushion and the trimmings are of pure silk. In shape it is the very latest style, having an even, full-round crown slightly dipped, with a rolling brim. This hat is superior quality throughout and will be admired by every particular dresser, **EATON** Price..... **\$2.50**

ONE OF THE BEST HAT VALUES EVER OFFERED FOR SALE BY THE T. EATON CO LIMITED

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY REFUNDED IS A BUSINESS PRINCIPLE OF THE T. EATON CO LIMITED

THE T. EATON CO LIMITED TORONTO CANADA

"LEITH SERGE"



"The Serge that has made the name of Broderick famous."

"Leith Serge" is made from pure botany wool by one of England's oldest, largest and best mills and we have the sole agency for Canada.

"Leith Serge" has been London shrunk, and reshunk by us and treated to a special Indigo dye which guarantees the color fastness.

"Leith Serge" comes in four weaves and four weights and retains its rich appearance under wear stress without glossing.

"Leith Serge" hasn't an equal in the world, that we know of, and we'll be pleased to make you a faultless suit of it for

\$22.50

Send for samples and measurement chart. Address Department D.

FRANK BRODERICK & CO.
THE QUALITY TAILORS
113 KING WEST - TORONTO

The Hamilton Steel and Iron Company

LIMITED

PIG IRON

Foundry, Basic, Malleable

FORGINGS

of every description

High-Grade Bar Iron

Open Hearth Bar Steel

HAMILTON - ONTARIO

ALLAN LINE TO GLASGOW

World Steamers of the Allan Line, Montreal-Glasgow Service offer excellent accommodation at very moderate rates. **Missionary** The most convenient route for passengers to Edinburgh is **Conference** via Glasgow.

For full particulars of One Class (Second Cabin) Steamers Ionian and Pretorian and of Fast Twin-Screw Steamers Grampian and Hesperian, apply

"The ALLAN LINE"
77 Yonge Street, Toronto
or H. & A. Allan, General Agents
Montreal Boston Philadelphia

Have a GOERZ LENS FITTED TO YOUR CAMERA. Old ones taken in exchange.

C. P. GOERZ, LENSES, ETC.
HUTTIG & SON, METAL CAMERA
(IN A CLASS BY THEMSELVES)
Sole Canadian Representative

R. F. SMITH, Montreal Photo Supply MONTREAL
Send for catalogue and No. 23 bargain list.

The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

Published at 12 Wellington St. East, by the Courier Press, Limited.
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Editor's Talk

WATCHMAN, what of the night? "Progress, progress," is our answer. The advertising department of the CANADIAN COURIER is trying hard to be more popular and more successful than the editorial department. The advertising staff are proud of the record for April. The average number of columns carried in April was 46, as against 35 columns a week in 1909 and 32 columns in 1908. And this notwithstanding the absence of the manager of the department who is visiting the leading agencies and advertisers of Great Britain. Of course, much of the credit is due our readers who have supported us so nobly and have given honour where only credit was due.

Summer is coming on and the seriousness of the winter reading is slowly merging into the lightness of summer pastimes. In keeping with this change, we shall next week begin a new serial, "A Mummer's Throne," by Fred M. White. This story is essentially European, but we believe that it will give our readers a change to which they will not object. Mr. White has published several good novels of which "The Sun-Dial" is the most recent. In character the story resembles "The Prisoner of Zenda," Anthony Hope's famous novel. It will be completed in seven issues.



All Lives Could Have Been Saved

No serious accident would have occurred and there would have been no cruel, laceration of the hands at

THE CORNWALL FIRE

if the hotel had been equipped with

The Simplex Safety Fire Escape

Approved of by the Ontario Government and Commercial Travellers' Association and Prize Winner at the world-wide competition at Canadian National Exhibition, Sept. 4, 1909. Recommended by many as the most compact, simple, reliable, practical fire escape ever devised.

PRICE LIST

	LENGTH	PRICE
1st floor.....	20 feet	\$2.25 each
2nd floor.....	35 feet	3.25 each
3rd floor.....	50 feet	4.50 each

Clip the coupon now. Select the appliance to suit your requirements and get as many of the fire escapes as you need to protect your family, your employes, your guests, yourself, 213 persons were burned to death in Canada last year. Don't wait for a possible fatality. There is no need of risking human life when protection is so cheap. Simply fill out the coupon and send it to-day, now, before you read another line. Beautiful descriptive literature sent Free.

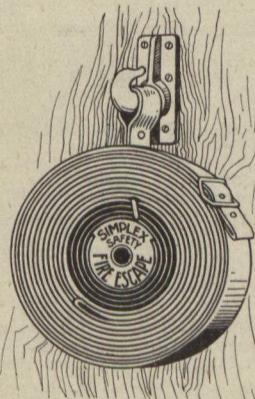
AGENTS WANTED

J. J. CORCORAN
CO

156 DUKE STREET
TORONTO
ONT.

J. J. Corcoran
Co., Toronto.
Gentlemen:
Please send me
Simplex Fire Escapes
for _____ floor;
length _____ feet.
It is understood that
if not satisfactory my
money will be returned.
Name

Address



By Royal Warrant



to His Majesty the King

G. H. MUMM & CO.

EXTRA DRY

The most exquisite dry Champagne imported

Selected Brut

A superb Brut Wine of unsurpassed style and flavor.

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

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

His Majesty King Edward VII.
His Majesty The German Emperor.
His Majesty The Emperor of Austria.
His Majesty The King of Italy.
His Majesty The King of Sweden.
His Majesty The King of Denmark.
His Majesty The King of the Belgians.
His Majesty The King of Spain.



BY APPOINTMENT.

WHITE HORSE
WHISKY
Established 1742.

Great age and fine bouquet with guarantee of purity are its recommendation.

Always ask for **WHITE HORSE** specially if you want it.

Sold by all Wine Merchants, Grocers and Hotels.

The Sao Paulo Tramway, Light and Power Co.

Limited

Report of the President and Directors for the Year Ended 31st December, 1909.

To the Shareholders:

Your Directors beg to submit their 9th Annual Report, accompanied by a summary of the operations of your Company for the year ended December 31st, 1909, which show the following results:

Gross Earnings	\$2,439,485 77	
Operating Expenses and Maintenance charges	846,626 67	
Net earnings	\$1,592,859 10	
Taxes, etc.	\$ 71,986 93	
Bond interest	300,000 00	
Dividends	978,866 70	1,350,853 63
Surplus	242,005 47	
Provision for Renewals	150,000 00	
Transferred to Profit and Loss Account	\$ 92,005 47	

The foregoing statement compared with that of the previous year, shows an increase in Gross Earnings of \$152,075.21, or 6.6 per cent., and it is a source of gratification to your Directors to have the evidence that their policy of reduction in rates; not only in the Lighting and Power systems, but also in the Passenger Department, had the result they anticipated, and not a reduction, as some may have expected. The Net Earnings show an increase of \$88,499.32, or 5.9 per cent.

While the interest charge remains the same, the taxes and dividend payments show an increase of \$148,847.22. The dividend payment increased \$142,328.24 on account of the higher rate of 10 per cent. per annum having been paid throughout the year, whereas this rate was paid in 1908 for the last quarter only. The payment for taxes increased \$6,518.98, being the amount of business tax paid the City of Sao Paulo.

The property has been maintained in the same high state of efficiency as heretofore. The amounts charged for actual maintenance aggregated \$177,562.86, an increase of \$16,141.61 over the corresponding charge of last year. In addition there was expended for renewals and charged against the Renewal Reserve the sum of \$143,367.44. An appropriation from surplus of \$150,000.00 has been made to this reserve, which with the undistributed balance leaves a credit of \$288,664.55 to take care of renewals. Your Directors declared and there have been paid during the year four quarterly dividends of two and one-half (2 1-2) per cent.

In accordance with an agreement entered into with the Municipality, all Tramway fare zones were abolished in May, and the rates of fares adopted were:—First-class, 200 reis (6.16 cents), and second-class, 100 reis (3.08 cents), the latter service being afforded by attaching trail cars to certain of the regular electric cars during certain hours of the day.

In the Lighting Department a gratifying increase is shown, largely accounted for by the reduction in rates charged. There were 1,528 houses wired for lighting purposes during the year. The number of lamps installed at the close of the year were:—Incandescent, 62,321; Arc, 1,638, as compared with 51,320 Incandescent and 1,458 Arc at the close of the previous year, a total increase of 11,181 lamps, or 21.18 per cent., while the number of light customers increased by 518, or 12.3 per cent., making a total of 4,727 upon our registers at 31st December.

In the Power Department the percentage of increase is much larger, the number of customers being 428, an increase of 67, or 18.56 per cent., while the number of H.P. connected shows an increase of 2,233 H.P., or 23.37 per cent. The General Manager reports there is every indication that manufacturing industries will require over 2,500 H.P. additional during 1910.

The expenditure on Capital Account amounted to \$767,000.65. The additions to the Hydraulic Plant at Parnahya consisted of the installation of the seventh unit, including penstock, turbine, generator, transformers and switches, the building of high-tension bus compartments, and the excavation for the 8th penstock, etc. In the sub-station at Sao Paulo there were installed one 1,000 kw. motor generator. The track mileage was increased by 9 1-2 miles of new track, with the necessary poles, feeders, trolley wire, etc. Additions were made to the Feeders, Vaults, Underground Conduits, etc., for the Light and Power Department. To provide necessary accommodation for rolling stock, a new car house was erected and miscellaneous machinery was installed in the different construction shops of the Company.

All vouchers and accounts for the year have been audited and balance sheet duly certified by Messrs. Clarkson & Cross, Chartered Accountants, Toronto, and by Messrs. McAuliffe, Davis, Bell & Co., of London, England, Auditors in Sao Paulo. The certificates of both these firms will be found attached.

Respectfully submitted,

WM. MACKENZIE, President.

Toronto, April 25th, 1910.

INCOME ACCOUNT.

Gross Earnings	\$ 2,439,485 77	
Operating Expenses and Maintenance Charges	\$846,626 67	
Interest on Bonds, Taxes, etc.	371,986 93	1,218,613 60
Surplus Earnings	\$ 1,220,872 17	

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT, December 31st, 1909.

Balance from last year	\$ 659,251 99	
Surplus Earnings, after payment of all expenses, interest, taxes, etc.	1,220,872 17	
	\$ 1,880,124 16	
Dividends, four of 2 1-2 per cent. each	\$ 978,866 70	
Transferred to Provision of Renewals	150,000 00	
Balance carried forward	751,257 46	
	\$ 1,880,124 16	

ASSETS.

Hydraulic Plant, Transmission Lines, Light and Power Systems, Rolling Stock, Real Estate, Buildings, etc.	\$17,816,820 09	
Stores in hand	708,939 81	
Accounts Receivable	\$170,167 52	
Cash in hand	343,919 78	514,087 30
	\$19,039,847 20	

LIABILITIES.

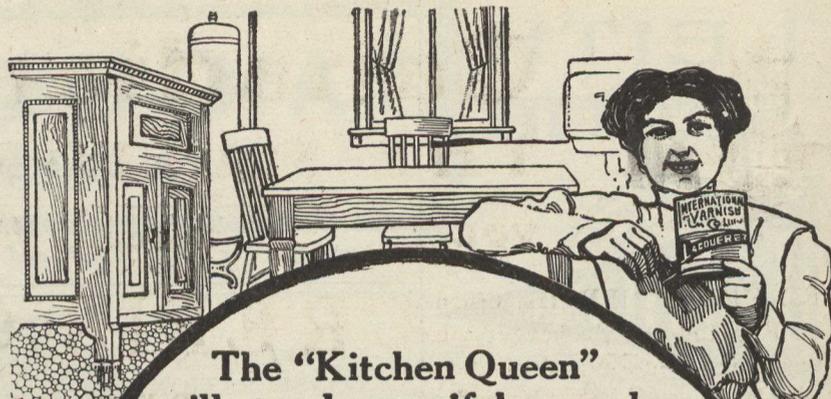
Capital Stock authorized and issued	\$10,000,000 00	
First Mortgage 5 per cent. Bonds	6,000,000 00	
Accounts and Wages Payable	\$169,949 34	
Accrued Interest Charges	25,000 00	
Unredeemed Tickets	2,393 50	
Dividend Payable January 2nd, 1910	244,997 50	442,340 34

Reserve Funds.

General Reserve Fund	\$1,281,199 82	
Provision for Renewals	\$710,000 00	
Less:		
Expended to Date	421,335 45	288,664 55
Insurance Fund for Injuries and Damages	20,852 37	
Exchange Suspense Account	255,532 66	1,846,249 40
Profit and Loss	751,257 46	
	\$19,039,847 20	

The following Directors were re-elected:—William Mackenzie, Frederic Nicholls, Z. A. Lash, K.C., Alexander Mackenzie, F. S. Pearson, Dr. Sc., E. R. Wood, Hon. Geo. A. Cox, Sir H. M. Pellatt, J. H. Plummer, R. M. Horne-Payne, Dr. Alfredo Maia.

At the Directors' meeting, held immediately after adjournment, the following officers were elected:—William Mackenzie, President; Frederic Nicholls, Vice-President; Z. A. Lash, K.C., Vice-President; Alexander Mackenzie, Vice-President.



The "Kitchen Queen" will stay longer if her realm is beautified with "Lacqueret."

The old chairs are worn and soiled. A coat of "Lacqueret" (any shade to suit your fancy) will make them look better than on the day you bought them.

Touch up the refrigerator with Oak "Lacqueret" and note the effect. The wainscoting wants a coat of Colored "Lacqueret" too—scars and scratches will vanish.

"Lacqueret" is a great rejuvenator and will help you to keep the "hired girl" by reducing her work and making her happier.

Write for our free booklet, "Dainty Decorator," and learn for yourself the many uses of this household beautifier.

Most prominent Hardware and Paint Dealers sell "Lacqueret."

INTERNATIONAL VARNISH CO.

LIMITED

TORONTO - WINNIPEG

2364



National Trust Co. Limited

18-22 KING STREET EAST
TORONTO

CAPITAL \$1,000,000
RESERVE \$650,000

This Company is specially qualified to act as
Executor and Trustee under Will. It offers
absolute security, business management and
safe investment of trust funds.

J. W. FLAVELLE, President. W. T. WHITE, General Mgr.

WALL PAPER
and Kalsomine are unsanitary.
They are ideal breeding grounds
for disease germs.

A coat of Alabastine will destroy every disease germ on the wall. Vermin cannot exist on an Alabastined surface. Alabastine is the most sanitary as well as the most artistic and inexpensive wallcovering.

It is a cement, and hardens with age. Its colors are permanent and will not rub off. They give that soft, velvety effect, which can only be produced by Alabastine. Anyone can apply it by following directions. A pail, water, and a flat bristled brush are the only necessities.

CHURCH'S COLD WATER Alabastine

None Genuine without Little Church on Label

FREE STENCILS

We have organized a Decorative Department, and are prepared to furnish FREE COLOR SCHEMES to suit your particular needs, as well as FREE STENCILS, to all users of Alabastine. Write today for particulars. Our advice is FREE. Let us show you how to decorate your Home in Harmony and Good Taste at a moderate cost.

The Alabastine Co., Ltd., 23 Willow St., Paris, Ont.



T H E

Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



VOL. 7

Toronto, May 7th, 1910

No. 23

LORD KITCHENER has returned to England and that event raises an interesting question. Why did he not visit Canada? He says he had not adequate time. Bosh! Canada will need a better answer than that. The truth seems to be either that the Canadian authorities did not want him, or he is piqued over the colonial self-reliance and colonial spirit of independence which is so manifest.

We cannot think that the Canadian Government was so small-minded as to refuse to tender him an invitation to come this way, if he intimated that he would like it. Any government which acted so childishly as that would seriously lower itself in the estimation of the people. If our government was guilty of such conduct, the truth will come out and somebody will lose reputation.

We prefer to think that Lord Kitchener has got foul of the colonial feeling of to-day. When he arrived in London he at once indulged in some boyish talk about England having yet "full youth of days," whatever that means, and added that she didn't need any aid from her colonies. Apparently he has an idea that the Britisher who lives over seas should not be allowed to take part in the defence of the Empire, much less in its government. If he has made up his mind that the colonies are too self-assertive, too independent, why doesn't he frankly say so? To say that Britain is not benefited by the affection and co-operation of her colonies is to put himself in the infant class.

Whatever the facts of the case, Lord Kitchener stands lower in the estimation of Canadians than at any time during the past ten years, and he can only win back our good opinion by an explanation of his conduct in refusing to put foot on Canadian soil.

TORONTO, Winnipeg and Vancouver are having a Y. M. C. A. campaign. This is meeting a success which makes the Laymen's Missionary Movement look like second horse. Toronto is to raise \$600,000, Winnipeg \$250,000 and Vancouver \$400,000, and the task though large seems to be easy. It should be. It seems much more sensible to think of "your younger brother" at home than of some contented if mistaken Confucianist in China. It seems so much more reasonable to make the citizens of Canada better Christians than to proselitise the citizens of Japan and China.

One feature of the Toronto campaign is the enthusiasm of the Methodists. Many of the leading men in the movement are of that faith and it is said that \$260,000 of the first \$300,000 raised came from Methodist laymen. This is noteworthy as showing the progress Methodism is making as compared with the older, and at one time, stronger Protestant churches. The Massey Estate, with its provision for giving away about one hundred thousand dollars a year, swells the Methodist givings.

Speaking of the Massey benefactions, it is interesting to note that these now amount to over two million dollars. Before the late Hart A. Massey died he had given much to religious work and charity. Since 1896, the estate has continued the work along lines indicated in Mr. Massey's will. Y. M. C. A.'s in Winnipeg, Calgary and Regina, Saskatchewan Methodist College, Mt. Allison College at Sackville, N.B., Wesley College, Winnipeg, and other Methodist institutions throughout Canada have received three-quarters of a million. Toronto institutions, mainly Methodist but including the General Hospital, the Fred Victor Mission, and the Y. M. C. A., have received about a million and a half. Methodism has profited by the generosity of a fortunate member of that body, and the whole country has benefited by benefactions which have been placed without any exhibition of bigotry and with an evident intent on the part of the trustees to promote education of the highest and broadest type.

A GENTLEMAN in Toronto tells a rather curious story of a friend in England. The latter lives on his capital only and has no income, therefore he pays no income tax. He has Canadian invest-

REFLECTIONS

BY THE EDITOR

ments and all his dividends are paid into a bank in Canada and immediately re-invested in other Canadian stocks. Morally this is income; legally it is not, according to British decisions. If evasions of this kind are occurring in England, then one gets a glimpse of British patriotism from a new standpoint.

Another gentleman ventures the explanation as to why the Mexican and South American traction and power companies have their head offices in Canada. These are mostly Dr. Pearson companies and Dr. Pearson is a New Yorker. It was thought best to have the head offices in British territory, but in Canada rather than Great Britain. The dividends are not paid in England but into New York banks and the British government is again deprived of income-tax. When the money passes out of the New York banks, it is so manipulated that its recipients can truthfully say it is not income. Either the scheme or the story is a bit "fishy," we admit, but it shows that the average Britisher does not, like His Majesty the King, pay any more income-tax than he can avoid. Nevertheless, the Budget just passed after a year's turmoil raises the income tax; this must be intended to gather from the "easy" patriots what cannot be gathered from the "evasive" patriots.

THAT the Welland Canal should be rebuilt at once has been amply proven by the events of the past few weeks. While Montreal has been talking of the Georgian Bay Canal, an undertaking too enormous for present conditions and of doubtful value at best, its great competitors have been boring into the existing trade. Montreal has a great advantage over New York, if it uses it. However, New York, Boston, Baltimore and Philadelphia are not asleep, and Montreal must keep both eyes open to maintain its superiority as a port for the shipment of western grain.

During the past few weeks, most of the western grain from Fort William and Port Arthur has been going via New York, when it should have gone via Montreal. The large lake boats which cannot pass through the present Welland Canal have been carrying grain to Buffalo at one cent a bushel, in some cases at one and one-eighth cents. The railways running between Buffalo and New York have lowered their rate to four cents. Thus grain has been taken from Fort William to New York for five cents as against five and a half cents from Fort William to Montreal. This is not so serious, were it not that the rate from Montreal to Liverpool is higher than from New York to Liverpool. The steamers going out of Montreal charge about 3.75 cents as against 2.625 cents from New York. The larger number of ships in New York and this low rate have caused the grain to go there instead of to Montreal.

MONTREAL announces that several millions are to be spent on improvements to the port in the way of new wharves and elevators. These improvements will be useless so far as the grain trade is concerned unless the wheat can be brought cheaply by rail, by rail and steamer, or by steamer alone. In other words, if the rates via Montreal are not lower than the rates via New York, no harbour improvements will enable Montreal to hold its trade.

To hold its grain trade, Montreal is dependent on the rates charged via the Welland Canal and the St. Lawrence Canals. To-day the Welland Canal is so small that 85,000 bushels is the largest cargo that can be taken over the Canadian water route. Buffalo, on the other hand, is accessible to boats carrying 250,000 to 300,000 bushels. To-day, the Buffalo route is winning out because of the small Welland Canal. Yet Montreal talks about the Georgian Bay Canal and neglects to advocate the less expensive and more feasible new Welland Canal.

If the Welland Canal were enlarged so as to enable the boats with cargoes of 250,000 bushels to go as far as Kingston, wheat could be carried there from Fort William for 1¼ cents. It could be taken

down the St. Lawrence to Montreal in barges for $1\frac{1}{2}$ cents. This would be $2\frac{3}{4}$ cents to Montreal as against 5 cents to New York. Yet Montreal refuses to agitate for an improved Welland Canal.

WITH a new Welland Canal, Canadian steamers would carry Canadian grain to a Canadian port at $2\frac{1}{4}$ cents less than grain can be carried to New York. Without a new Welland Canal, the grain rate to Montreal is equal or a little higher than to New York via Buffalo. Canadian grain-carriers and the business men of Montreal seem to be asleep. They do not seem to get these facts thoroughly in their minds. They are allowing the American steamers and American railways to beat them in a traffic which should be entirely Canadian.

This Georgian Bay Canal bee seems to have got into Canadian bonnets to such an extent that common-sense is paralysed. This will-o'-the-wisp is leading them into disaster. The purely fanciful is obliterating the real. They are losing a wonderfully profitable trade because they are so busy talking about a fanciful scheme worked up by contractors who are anxious to have the Canadian Government spend another \$150,000,000. What will it profit Montreal to get a Georgian Bay Canal in fifteen years, if in the meantime it loses a valuable trade?

SUPPOSE the Canadian West has 150,000,000 bushels to export, on the average, during the next ten years. The freight on that from Fort William to Liverpool, including insurance, will amount to about 9 cents a bushel. That means \$13,500,000 a year, to be divided among Canadian railways, lake grain-carriers, and steamers sailing out of Montreal. Is that thirteen and a half million dollars a year to go to American vessels, American railways and steamers sailing out of New York?

Here is \$135,000,000 in freight on western wheat to be earned in the next ten years; and yet the Canadian vessel-owners and the business men of Montreal are willing to sacrifice it, or a large portion of it, because they are afraid to advocate enlarging the Welland Canal.

Why do they take such an infantile attitude? In the first place, they seem to think that deepening the Welland Canal might help Toronto and Kingston and Prescott. True it might, and why shouldn't

it? Again they think it might help Oswego and Ogdensburg; and perhaps it would. Again, the owners of the small lake vessels capable of going through the present Welland Canal are afraid it might put their present vessels out of business, and perhaps it would. None of these reasons will carry much weight with a reasonable man. They are so trivial that they should not cause Montreal to hesitate for a moment. A new and enlarged Welland Canal will help all the ports on Lake Ontario, but it will most of all make Montreal the grain port of North America. It will ensure Montreal being able to compete always and forever with New York, Philadelphia and Boston. It will give Montreal within three years a result which the Georgian Bay Canal could not give her in ten years.

MISSIONARY FUNDS

GREAT BRITAIN is being asked to contribute to "The Archbishop's Western Canada Fund" for the support of missionaries in the newer districts of the Dominion. The Prince of Wales has contributed \$2,000 and the total fund has already reached \$70,000. Canada should be grateful to the people of Great Britain for their kindly practical interest in the important work of providing religious instruction and general social influences for the hosts of new-comers who are settling beyond the reach of the present religious institutions.

It must also be apparent that the people of Canada are unfortunately not in a position to meet their own social and religious needs. This is due to the unfortunate circumstance that our religious leaders think that there is more glory for the Church in sending funds to China, Japan and India than in sending money to be spent among the scattered citizens along the forefront of our own extending communities. The young clergyman who decides to go to Asia to proselyte the heathen is a hero; the young man who decides to follow in the footsteps of Archbishop Langevin, Father Lacombe, E. R. Young, Dr. Robertson and Bishop Stringer is only performing an ordinary duty. It is strange how our views of these services have become warped.

Further, it is unfortunate that the Laymen's Missionary Movement tends to confirm these warped views. One would expect the laymen to have commonsense views of things, even if the clergy have gone wrong. That the Anglican archbishops find it necessary to appeal to the laymen of Great Britain, rather than to the laymen of Canada, is a severe criticism of the general Canadian attitude towards missionary work in the West.

THE CONSECRATION OF A CANADIAN BISHOP



THE TALLEST BISHOP IN AMERICA; SIX FEET FOUR, AND BUILT AS NOBLY AS A GREEK STATUE

On the twenty-fifth of April, Bishop Michael Fallon was inducted into his high office at St. Peter's Cathedral, London, Ontario.

The new Bishop is over-seer of nine of the richest counties in America, with a Roman Catholic population of 75,000, of whom 30,000 are French Canadians. Under his jurisdiction are fifty-one churches and eighty-six priests, twenty-nine missions and eight academies, one college and eighty-five parochial schools. The consecration was attended by eminent clergy from all over Canada and some from the United States. There were present Archbishops Langevin, St. Boniface, Man., Bruchesi, of Montreal, Gauthier, of Kingston, McCarthy, of Halifax, Quigley, of Chicago, Archbishop Dentenwill, Superior-General of the Oblate Order and Rev. Mgr. Shanahan, of Washington, D.C. who preached the inaugural sermon.

MEN OF TO-DAY

A MATTER OF CONSCIENCE

ONCE in a while a prominent man does something which offsets the general every-man-for-himself tendency in modern civilisation and calls attention to the fact of a conscience. Mr. William F. Todd, M.P., is such a man. The member for Charlotte County, N.B., was president of St. Stephen's Bank, which not long ago became defunct, entailing heavy losses on several of the creditors. Though not legally liable to do more than anyone else, being president and a man of means and having on his conscience the credit of the bank of which he had been the head and an honourable connection—Mr. Todd wrote his own personal paper for the sum of one hundred thousand dollars solely on behalf of the creditors of the institution. Some years ago Sir William Mulock did a similar act for the Farmers' Loan Company, of which he was president. The comparative rarity of such acts of conscience only the more accentuates such examples as that of Mr. Todd. It may have been partly local pride that led him to write off a tenth of a million on behalf of other people. He was born in St. Stephen's and knew every man, woman and child in the place as well as hundreds round about. To him the failure of the bank may have meant more than the failure of any other bank anywhere. He has both a personal and an official interest in it. When the bank went to the wall he felt that he had a duty to discharge. He did it. Although he has been some years in public life both as member of the local Legislature and of the House of Commons, Mr. Todd has never done anything in a public or political way that half so eloquently bespeaks the calibre of the man. A few more Mr. Todds in both public and private life would be a good thing for Canada. Perhaps there are more than ever get advertisement. There can never be too many. So far as can be seen—there is not much likelihood.

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THE NEW BISHOP OF LONDON

STALWART in form, strong in physical and mental activity and sterling in every act is Bishop Fallon, who on Monday, April 25th, was consecrated in St. Peter's Cathedral, London, and installed as head of the diocese.

Right Rev. M. J. Fallon, D.D., is amongst the young bishops of his time. Born in Kingston, Ontario, he graduated from Ottawa University in 1889. After further studies in Rome he was ordained there and returning to Canada was appointed professor at the University of Ottawa. Though the students of Father Fallon were always amongst those who came first at the examinations, their Professor was perhaps best known to the world as the prominent leader of athletic sports and the teams were never happy in their visits to others unless accompanied by their all-round Professor, who like the Greeks of old believed that education is the fullest development of all the faculties, physical, mental and moral. Standing six feet four, Bishop Fallon is so well proportioned that there is no trace of the *gaucherie* that sometimes accompanies unusual height and his training has given perfect poise to every movement.

It was from Buffalo, N.Y., that Bishop Fallon came to London. There as rector of Holy Angels parish he had carried out his pet work of education so as to leave an unequalled monument behind him. The parish school of Holy Angels is a massive and handsome stone structure, more like a large college than a home for the primary classes and here the then pastor visited the children of his charge and was himself a little one amongst them.

A member of the Oblates, the position of Provincial had for some time been his and within the boundaries of his provincial jurisdiction as elsewhere the magnetic power of his strong

personality made itself everywhere felt for betterment and progress. Bishop Fallon is the eldest of seven sons. His parents are now residents of Cornwall and during the consecration ceremonies the little mother and sturdy father of the new prelate had the sympathetic congratulations of the many visitors from Ottawa, Buffalo, Kingston, Toronto, Cornwall and of the ecclesiastics from all over the American continent who graced the occasion. The training of the churchman does not obliterate the human side and the feeling reference made by the new Bishop to his parents at the close of his inaugural address was one of the most touching episodes of the morning.

"You can't exaggerate in speaking about Bishop Fallon," said a friend, and this is the consensus of all who know him. Catholic and non-Catholic alike see in the new Bishop of London a man who by his efforts to apply the talents and graces given him to their highest uses makes himself the friend of all.

* * *

A FIGHTING IRISHMAN

WILLIAM O'BRIEN is second only to Mr. Red- in the public purview of the Irish question. Latterly he has fallen foul of Mr. Lloyd-George, having obtained the Speaker's permission to make a personal explanation in the House of Commons on the point as to whether or not the Chancellor of the Exchequer promised concessions to Ireland on the Budget question. Referring to Mr. O'Brien during the election turmoil the *Outlook*—strongly Unionist—had this to say of Mr. O'Brien:

"The Irish parliamentary party has fallen back to its distracted condition at the time of the great Parnellite split. Mr. O'Brien is now in something like the position in which Mr. Parnell found himself when his old colleagues turned against him at the bidding of a Liberal statesman (meaning Mr. Gladstone).

There are, however, two things which must be done before Mr. Asquith can hope to repay the services of his Irish allies with that ample measure of separatist Home Rule which alone will satisfy them. He has to get his budget through and he has to destroy the constitutional privileges of the House of Lords."

The Budget is through now; the Lords are yet untouched. Mr. O'Brien is still belligerent on behalf of the Irish tenants whose rights he signed himself to observe in the Land Purchase Act of 1903. He has had quite as turbulent a career as any other Irish Nationalist of these later years. Years he has been a journalist; reporter on the *Cork Daily Herald* from 1869 to 1875; five years after that a writer on the *Freeman's Journal*; and in 1880 he founded the paper called *United Ireland*. Three years later he was elected to Parliament from the town he was born in; again for the south division of Tyrone in 1885; with changing constituencies steadily an M. P. till 1895, when he retired on account of internal dissensions in

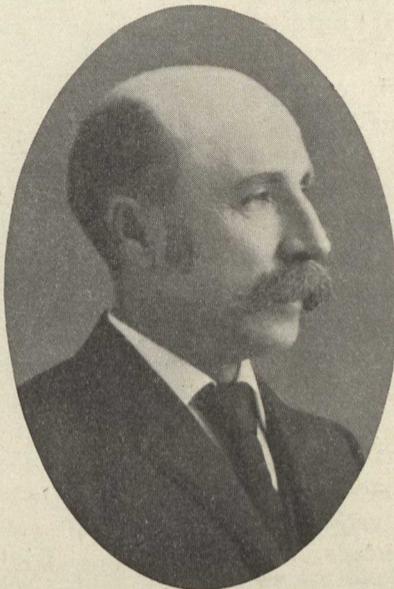
the Irish party and three years later he founded the *United Irish League* with the *Irish People* newspaper as its organ.

Mr. O'Brien is a mixture of domestic benignity and turbulence. He has been in jail for being Irish. The picture on this page shows him just after drinking tea; a homespun, plain-built man with a world of activity locked up behind his rather benevolent beard. He has his own independent views about Ireland and the political situation in Great Britain.

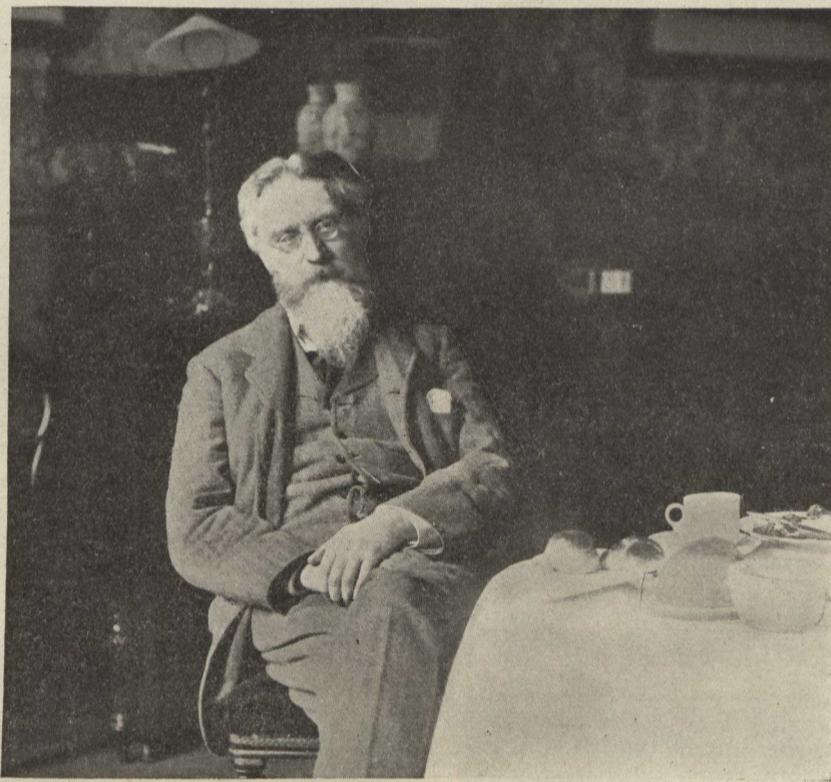
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A NEW WESTERN JUDGE

MR. J. T. BROWN, K.C., of Regina, has been appointed Judge of the Court of Appeal of Saskatchewan to succeed Judge Prendergast, lately transferred to the Manitoba Court of Appeals. Judge Brown is another of those young university men who have begun to leave their mark on western life while still young in years if not in experience. He is under forty years of age. His birthplace was Huntingdon, P.Q.; born on a farm—where his father is still a farmer. He was educated at the Academy there and at McGill University and went west very shortly after graduation. At first and for some years he practised law in Moosomin. In 1907 he was made a K.C. For three years he was a member of the Saskatchewan Legislature.



Mr. W. F. Todd, M.P.,
Who gave tenth of a million for others' sake



Mr. William O'Brien enjoys an Irish cup of tea.



Mr. J. T. Brown, of Regina,
A new Judge in Saskatchewan.

THROUGH A MONOCLE

KALEIDOSCOPIC CAIRO.

IF I could take you for a walk up a typical Cairo street and describe what I see with sufficient detail to make it live, I think that I could make this department worth your while for one issue at all events. But the crowding succession of novel sights would tax the powers of observation of a Sherlock Holmes, the memory of a Macaulay and the compass of a large volume. Men with fezes and men with turbans are as common as blackberries, and usually a flowing robe quite reaching the ground covers their figures. It hangs open at the front, sometimes disclosing a richly trimmed vest and sometimes only a rich brown bosom. The women are usually in long black gowns of varied material and richness according to the degree of wealth or poverty, and their faces are either almost wholly hidden by a heavy veil attached to a band across the forehead by a curious circlet of gold, or else they are only hidden from below the eyes by a gauzy "yasmak" or thin veil, commonly white. It is very becoming to most ladies, and creates a captivating air of mystery. The women of the less wealthy classes who walk, will frequently have gold or silver anklets jingling at their ankles, either over their stockings or their bare ankles. Their finger and toe nails are stained yellow with henna, and dark blue tattoo marks appear on their foreheads, arms and feet.

* * *

THE street is likely to be lined with one-room shops. In one will be established a blacksmith who fuses his metal over a small fire at the rear, and sharpens his tools by turning a grindstone with his foot. If he has any horses to shoe, he does it in the street. Next him may be a worker in wood who supplies motive power for his turning lathe with an instrument like a bow, the string of which is wound once around the piece of wood to be turned. Then as he pulls the bow swiftly back and forth, it whirls the piece of wood with great rapidity, and he presses against its surface a sharp chisel which he holds with his other hand and the toes of one foot. It is a most ingenious arrangement, and it speedily gives a rough piece of wood a round surface. By the same method, he can bore a hole in it and finally hollow it out. Next door, another man may be spinning cloth by turning his hands and feet into a human loom, and farther on men will be grinding aromatic drugs into powder in immense mortars with huge pestles. Tailor shops are common in which men sew industriously at the long robes the majority wear, and a frequent sight is the shop full of brass hat-shapes which are used to press the fez into proper form. The fez looks like a hat which would easily lose its spick-and-span appearance, and yet you seldom or never see one at all "off colour." The explanation is the frequency of these shops in which the Arab can get his hat pressed.

* * *

THE modes of conveyance that pass are equally varied. A cab with turbanned Arabs or eager tourists in it will dispute the way with a loping camel carrying a Beduin on its back; and you will be filled with admiration for the perfection of grace and ease with which the Beduin will let his body sway to the rolling gait of the camel. Next will come a grave Arab jiggling along on the back of a little donkey, sitting well to the rear and sticking his bare or slippared feet out almost at right angles. Carriages with veiled women peering out through the doors are the commonest sight; and when they are poorer, they ride on long flat carts which look for all the world like ladders balanced upon a single pair of wheels. These cart loads of women almost always follow the funerals which are so frequent, though when the family is in a higher position, they follow in closed carriages. Men walk in front of most funerals and sing a dirge, and the coffin among the poor is usually carried on the shoulders of four men who are relieved from time to time. A wedding procession is a less frequent but not an uncommon sight; but I shall not attempt to describe it from first-hand observation. It is joyous, musical and gaily coloured, but the bride is quite hidden from sight in a closed carriage.

* * *

THE cafes are far more numerous and even better patronised than in Paris. The popular drink is coffee, which is served in little individual coffee pots and drunk from diminutive cups. To a great extent, men frequent the cafes for the purpose of sitting to watch

the passing life of the streets; but very often they play at backgammon and sometimes at dominoes. Along certain streets, sit the public letter writers in rows, and it is curious for the European to see them writing industriously from right to left quite as naturally as we write in the opposite direction. Newspapers printed in Arabic are sold and read in large quantities to the patrons of the cafes and to people in the street; and papers in French and English are also printed and sold. The day of the assassination of the Prime Minister, fly-leafs in Arabic seemed to be issued every hour and were hawked with great earnestness by running vendors. I might add that the "newsboys"—like the donkey "boys"—are commonly men.

* * *

BY the cafe tables, the men frequently smoke the picturesque nargheli of the East. It is, as you know, a water bottle resting on the ground, through which the smoke is drawn by means of a long flexible pipe. I saw the other day a young man using a cigarette-holder on the nargheli principle. It had a small water bottle attached to the stem—a little like a nasal oil spray—and the smoke from the cigarette bubbles through the water. Women smoke quite freely the universal cigarette. Often they will not have shoes or stockings, but they will have costly bracelets, heavy anklets and cigarettes "to burn." But then the English ladies in the hotel corridors smoke cigarettes too, and they have begun to smoke them on the streets as well. It is "the custom of the country." The barefooted chap who is devoting his afternoon to showing you about for "what you like to give, Mr. American"—that is what they commonly call me—and who will be moderately satisfied with fifteen or twenty cents, will excuse himself for a moment while he rushes into a shop and buys a handful of loosely rolled cigarettes. Then men and boys make a living by gathering cigarette stubs from the pavements and gutters. The Egyptian cigarette has much honour in its own country, thus showing wherein profits differ from prophets.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

Shackleton the Humourist

BY a coincidence—just as the death of Mark Twain was the topic of newspaper talk, another cosmopolitan humourist was lecturing in Canada. Sir Ernest Shackleton is a humourist. His lecture on how he didn't discover the South Pole was as good as almost anything in Mark Twain. "Innocents Abroad," "Tramp Abroad" and "Roughing It" were all condensed in that lecture.

Shackleton the man, six feet two, broad as a door, lithe as a panther and hard as a horse-nail—so he would be set down in modern realism: and if Jack London had been official scribe for that under-the-world quartette who came within 82 miles of the earth's heel and turned back, just because they were clean out of grubstake—well, there would have been four books of blood-coagulating "literature." Whereas Shackleton stood on the stage deck in front of his stereopticon sail and kept thousands of people laughing at the most remarkable vicissitudes and privations that could possibly happen to man.

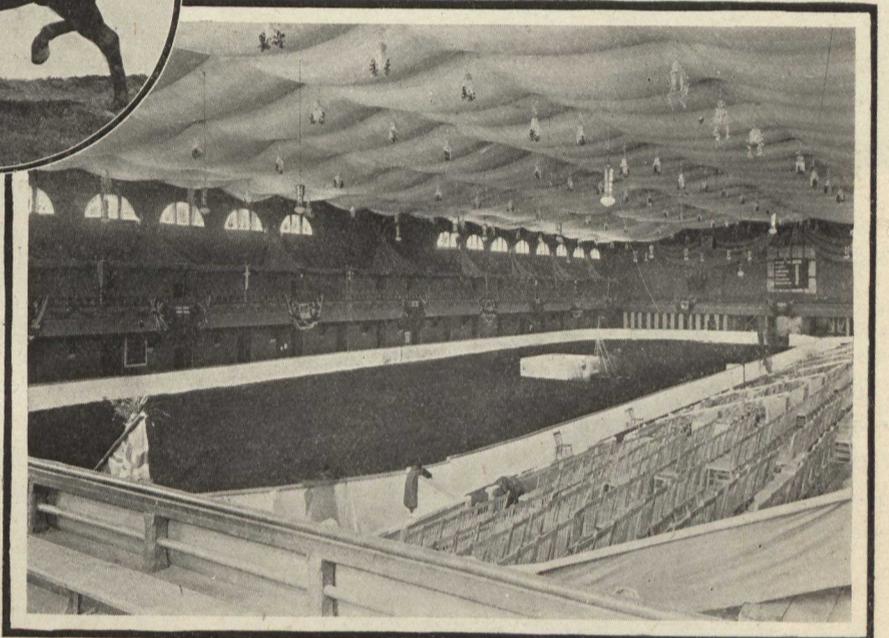
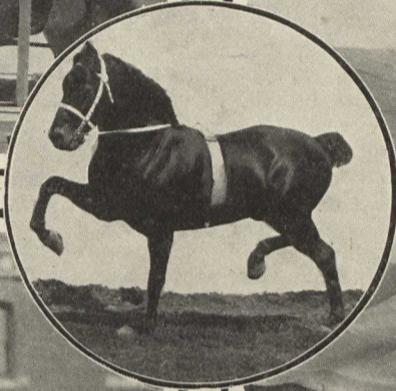
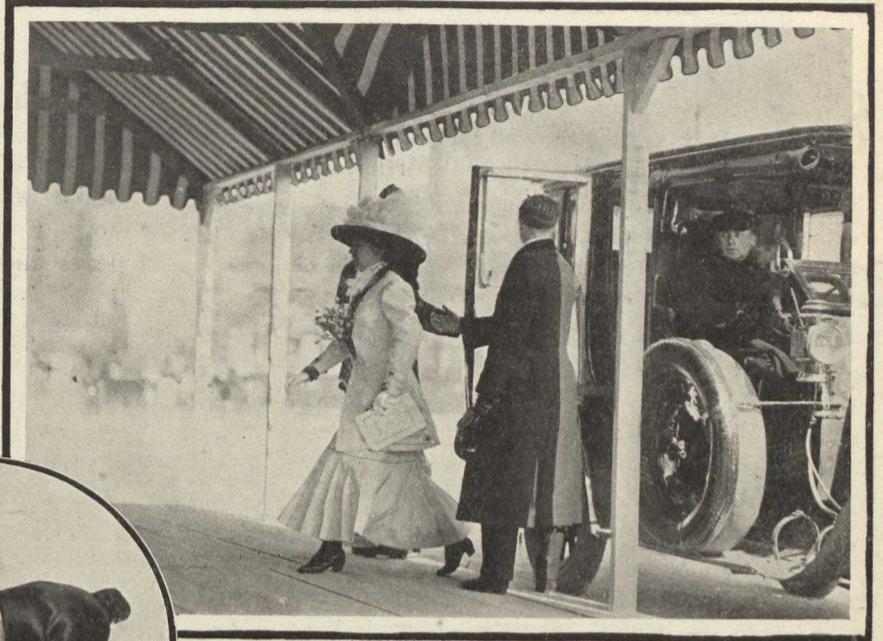
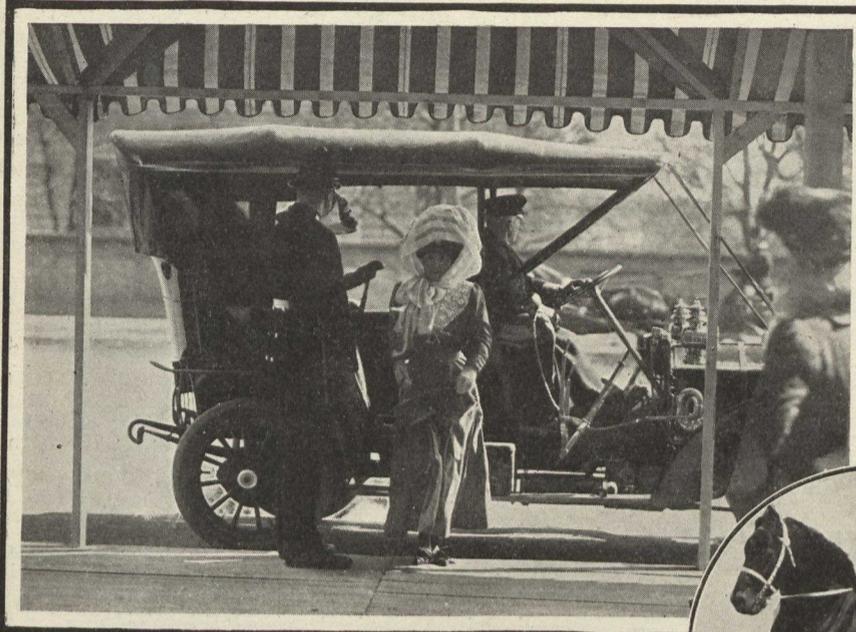
It was the story of No-Man's land; not even Eskimos; nothing resembling mankind except Emperor penguins three and a half feet high. Shackleton's men had barrels of fun with those penguins which they photographed on the cinematograph and fetched back to civilisation to amuse millions. They had sport with the automobile which they left at the ice-barrier; with the four Manchurian ponies one of which dropped into a crevasse and was never seen again; fun with the sleeping-bags frozen stiff; with the Englishman who dropped into a chasm and politely called to his companion—"Well, Morson, if you're not too awfully busy, I'm down a crevasse and can't possibly get up." They even managed to contrive a picnic out of frost-bitten heels that had to be thawed out on another fellow's wishbone; and they had all sorts of grim jesting about the six meals a day they were going to eat when they got back to the ship—whereas on the backward trip they lugged a sledge twenty-four hours without a bite, ate the flesh of a pony that had dropped on the trail two months before, and got dysentery when the mercury was forty below and the wind forty miles an hour. At another stage they made "beef-tea" from the frozen blood of another pony.

The whole narrative as told by Shackleton was as fascinating a book of delicate, clean humour as anything in Mark Twain; totally devoid of egotism; destitute of even an allusion to the "awful enemy" that Jack London would have ranted about. It was the story of four men who went through incalculable hardships over glaciers and high mountains, down crevasses and through the deep eternal snows where no man had ever been before—all with a grim British grin and a determination to amuse themselves and the rest of mankind.

Besides, it was a story of science; of accurate, infallible observation carrying its own proof in photographs and cinematograph records; making it possible for mankind to understand the South Pole infinitely better than most of us comprehend the North Pole, and comparatively easy so far as experience is concerned for Lieut. Scott to go over the trail and "do the bit that's not done."

THE MOTOR-CAR AS THE SERVANT OF THE HORSE

CANADIAN AND MILITARY HORSE SHOW IN TORONTO, LAST WEEK



The progress of the Motor-Car and the progress of the well-bred Horse proceed side by side, strangely enough. Some one has said that the Automobile has become the servant of man, and the Horse his companion. These pictures show the society people of Toronto using the car to visit the Horse Show in the Armouries last week. The central picture shows Graham & Renfrew's Pony, "Plymouth Horace." The lower on the left shows Mr. H. C. Cox's "Lord Myrick" the Champion Harness Horse of the Show.

A SOLDIER AND SCOTSMAN IS LAID TO REST



Flag-draped Casket of Lieut.-Colonel John I. Davidson being borne from St. Andrew's Church, King Street, Toronto, by eight stalwart members of the 48th Highlanders, April 30th.



Gun-carriage bearing Casket, on top of which were the Colonel's Claymore and Bonnet. In the rear his charger is led, with jack-boots reversed in the stirrups. A most impressive public funeral.

DAWN OF THE DEMOCRACY

By H. LINTON ECCLES

LONDON CORRESPONDENT OF CANADIAN COURIER

BIG things are happening in the field of British home politics, things which are beyond parallel if we turn to the past, and which will inevitably have their influence in shaping the future into something as much unlike now as now is unlike what was before free-born citizens had



Premier Asquith

any say at all in electing those men who were to govern them.

What stands out beyond everything else in 1910 is the change that is coming over the complexion of political parties at Westminster. The change was in the making long since, doubtless before the present generation was entitled to its votes, but the making of it has had a tremendous impulse during the three months that the present Parliament has been sitting. And what a remarkable three months it has been! Of legislation in the ordinary sense there has been none, nor was any of that character foreshadowed in the King's speech

read upon the opening of Parliament. The nature of the serious departure was indicated also in the King's speech. "His Majesty's faithful Commons" were to consider the relations existing between the two Houses. And they have been doing practically nothing ever since, because the relations existing between the two Houses of Parliament formed the vital business of the 1910 government.

After some skirmishing, during which plenty of "copy" was made out of secret bargainings supposed to be carrying on between the leaders of

the government and the leaders of their Irish and Labour allies, this unique Parliament got to real work. The Prime Minister tabled his now famous veto resolutions, which were the concrete expression of the government's line of action in "considering the relations between the two Houses."

All the essential considering had been done, of course, months, nay years, before. There was no mystery about what was what of the Lords, by the three Democratic parties, Liberals, Nationalists and Labourites. The only new thing to be learnt from the veto resolutions and the debates to follow them was the extent to which Mr. Asquith's government was prepared to go in the fight against the Lords. Well, the Premier was very nervous perhaps at first. It was a big thing he had on hand, and he was hardly sure how far he could rely upon his allies, and especially upon the moderate section of his own party. This moderate section, led by the Foreign Secretary (Sir Edward Grey) and the War Minister (Mr. Haldane), with whose ideas Mr. Asquith had a very large sympathy. This section preferred to try and reform the Upper House, and for a time the government dallied over the idea. But the allies wouldn't have reform at any price; this, they said, was no business of theirs in the Parliament. They were sent to the country because by throwing out the Budget the Lords had trampled upon the rights of the people. The moderate section with their policy of reforming the Lords was overruled by the more thorough, more numerous, and more militant sections, and reform was shelved.

To put it rather crudely, Mr. Asquith came up to scratch and followed the more courageous policy. His final decision was publicly declared on April 14th, in the House of Commons. His statement amounted to this: He declared that if the House of Lords fail to accept the policy embodied in the Veto Resolutions, or decline to consider it when it is formally presented, the government will immediately tender advice to the Crown as to the steps that will have to be taken if that policy is to receive statutory effect in this Parliament. Mr. Asquith added that unless the government are able to give

statutory effect to their policy in this Parliament they will either resign office or recommend a dissolution.

This "advice to the Crown," which will be tendered by the Premier—since it is practically certain that the Lords will reject the Veto Bill—will provide, it is understood, for the creation of about five hundred Peers, supporters of the government of course, to ensure the passing of the Veto Bill, and afterwards, doubtless, to give effect to a scheme of House of Lords reform.

When, late at night, Mr. Asquith brought in the Veto Bill, embodying the resolutions which the Commons had just passed, he had a particularly warm reception from his followers. But the reception was tame to what followed after he had made his statement in a concise ten minutes' speech. Liberals, Labourites, and Nationalists cheered and shouted and waved their hats and handkerchiefs for a matter of three or four minutes, whilst the Conservatives kept a stony silence. The demonstration was repeated with added emphasis when Mr. Asquith left the House after the adjournment of the sitting, and the exultant cries rang down the corridors and out into the almost deserted streets of Westminster, blending gladness with a significant note of menace against the Lords who had dared to attempt again to put their foot upon the necks of the people. It seemed like the eve of a day that would bring revolution—bring not bloodshed but the triumph of democracy.

This will go on record as one of the greatest scenes in the history of British parliaments. There have been great moments before. Sometimes the student of history thinks the really profound things have all happened. But there will be great moments again. Nobody knows, of course, what great parliamentary days are in the making for us, but certainly, whatever happens to eclipse it for a time, April 14, 1910, will be remembered along with them.

Imagination can conjure up plenty of scenes that would be great, if they happened. One of them, not perhaps very far off, is when a Democratic Prime Minister comes back from an appeal to the country on the supreme issue of Peers or People, with a clear hundred majority over the Constitutionalist Party. Another, when the grant of self-government is made by a solid progressive vote to that dependency of Great Britain which is at once the nearest to her in distance and the furthest away from her in prosperity and contentment. And there are lots of other scenes that might be realised.

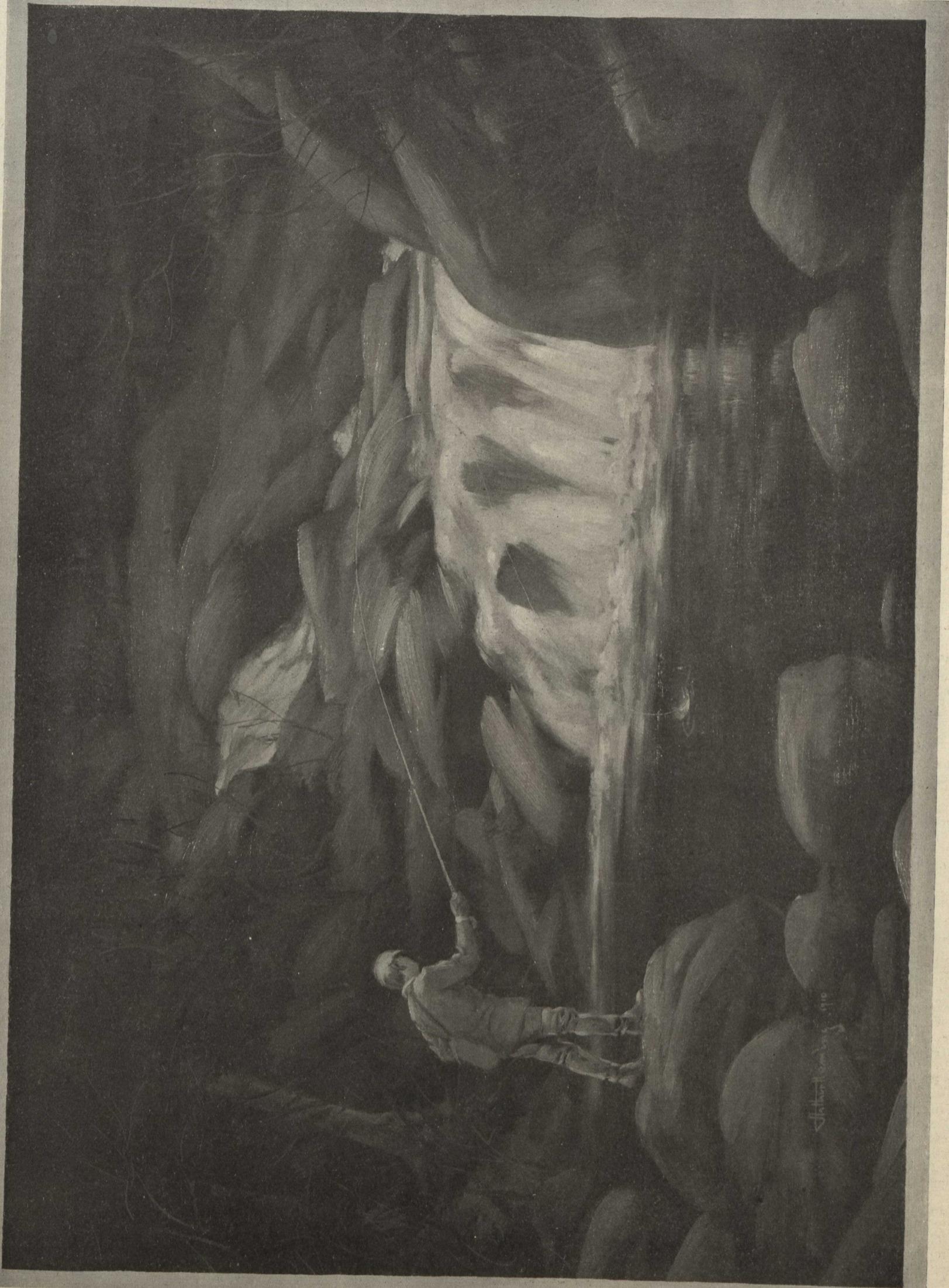
AN ACCIDENT ON THE HUNTING FIELD



The English Parliamentary Steeplechase is an ancient institution, but it had not been run for three years until this year. Unfortunately the day at Epping was marred by an accident which befell Rt. Hon. James Tomkinson, M.P., a septuagenarian. While leading in a race he was thrown and carried off unconscious. He afterwards died.

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WHAT DID THE LORD'S DAY ALLIANCE DO ABOUT IT? MAY FIRST WAS SUNDAY



AT DAYBREAK ON THE FIRST OF MAY, THE OPENING OF THE TROUT SEASON IN ONTARIO
Fourth of a Series of Studies of Canadian Life to be Drawn for the CANADIAN COURIER, by Arthur Heming.



E. M. Macdonald, Pictou, N.S.



Oswald S. Crocket, York, N.B.



F. B. Carvell, Carleton, N.B.



Col. McLean, Queens-Sunbury, N.S.

THERE are all sorts of personalities in Parliament; which is partly what makes Parliament — though some people allege that Parliament is party government which has been responsible for stifling a lot of personalities. It takes a pretty severe case of John Robinson to go up from the back townships to Ottawa and remain just plain John R.

Nevertheless even party government can't keep some men always down; and you may observe idiosyncrasies in members even when they are not talking. Of course the Cabinet is the most interesting single collection of personalities in Ottawa. But this article has nothing to do with the Cabinet: just a few of the plain everyday members, most of whom never aspire to become Ministers. Take them from coast to coast; first Nova Scotia.

Macdonald from Pictou.

For instance, the member for Pictou. His name is E. M. Macdonald, L.L.B., K.C. A most engaging man; genial, smiling, critical—and belligerent. He is said by some to be a blocker; something of a tactician. A strong party man; a Liberal; believes profoundly in Laurier but has no objections to Mr. Borden, who comes from the same province as himself. His speech on the Navy Bill was one of the few good ones. Of course being a lawyer and a learned one, speech to Mr. Macdonald is not difficult. He was born at Pictou; an eminent representative of the constituency in which he was born; likes Nova Scotia — wherein he shows good taste; but by no means a provincial—much interested in matters over on the Pacific. A good-looking man; wears a red *boutonniere* with distinction; has a commanding voice and is able to look bellicose, even tragic, when occasion demands it; has a good time in Ottawa but does plenty of work; constant at committee and a great believer in caucus. He has had trouble enough getting elected sometimes; twice tried and was turned down for the Federal House; once unsuccessful at local elections but sat for two terms there, resigning to go to Ottawa. He moved the address in reply to the Speech from the Throne in 1905.

From the neighbouring province come two men who are considerably heard in the House: Carvell and Crocket. Mr. Frank B. Carvell wears a carmine vest. Himself a Methodist, he is the son of a bishop

Parliamentary Personalities

Casual Glimpses of a Few Characters in Ottawa

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

in the Anglican Church; partly Loyalist descent and part Irish. He is also a lawyer and an LL.B.; educated mainly in Boston University — though he has not contracted the habit of big words. Mr. Carvell has

been two terms in Ottawa as member for Carleton; sat for one session in the local Legislature. In Parliament he is quite frequently heard; has a rather pugilistic air and in Committee — Public Accounts — once gave symptoms of desiring to trounce Mr. Cash who is a much bigger and stronger man than himself. Altogether a clever and capable man is Mr. Carvell who, if he were always as much in earnest as he is effective in speech, would be a good deal of a personal contribution to the Liberal side of the ledger.

Crocket the Dredger.

The member for Carleton sometimes takes keen delight in lambasting Mr. Oswald Smith Crocket, who being from the same province — member for York — happens to be on the other side of the fence in the House. Mr. Crocket is one of the most pugnacious men in the Commons. One of his pet diversions is badgering the Minister of Public Works. He is strong on dredging accounts, and on this subject he manages to rile up a good deal of sediment in the Public Accounts Committee. Not precisely an inspiring type of man; yet considerably interesting and a clear-cut type; both in appearance and behaviour quite unlike any other man in the House. His interest in a debate is almost cat-like. No one ever knew Mr. Crocket to affect the sublime. He is more concerned with boring into the weak spots of Liberal epidermises; delights to see the other man wriggle. Pale cast of countenance, sharp features, a satirical smile — Mr. Crocket takes an almost morbid interest in the alleged villainies on the other side of the House. But he is a very capable man.

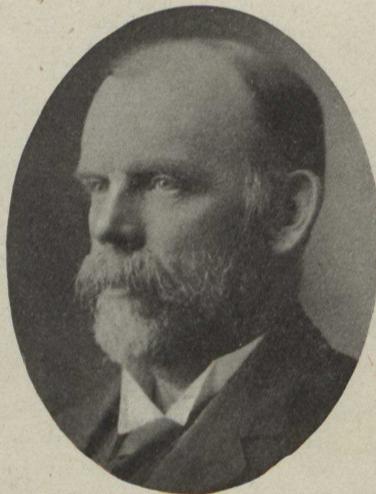
From Queens-Sunbury, N.S., comes Col. Hugh Havelock McLean, one of the most considerable men on the overflow side of the Liberal party. In his own part of the country the Colonel is one of the most valuable and representative of citizens; prominent in the militia; eminent in finance; chairman of boards and a director many times over; interested in most of the big developments in that busy potential province. He also is a lawyer — which



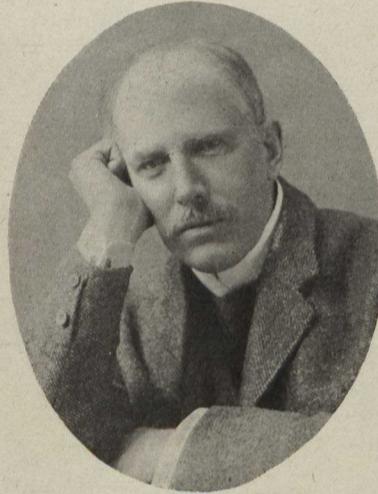
Hugh Guthrie, S. Wellington, Ont.



Col. Hughes, Haliburton, Ont.



Dr. M. Clark, Red Deer, Alta.

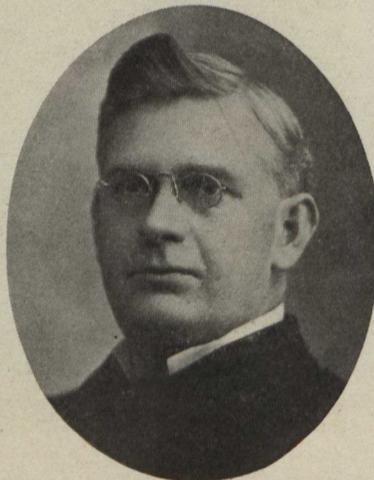


C. A. Magrath, Medicine Hat.

A TRIO OF WESTERNERS



Martin Burrell, Yale-Cariboo, B.C.



Ralph Smith, Nanaimo, B.C.



Albert Champagne, Battleford.

so far makes four Maritime lawyers mentioned in this article. The portrait on the preceding page scarcely does him justice. In the House he looks much older than on the military field. He has a very capacious mind; able to carry a large load of business. Accustomed to handling briefs—being many times over solicitor for large corporations—he can pack his memory with a vast amount of detail when he is required to deliver himself in the House. He is a strong Imperialist and has the courage of a great many convictions. His manner of speaking is much less impressive than the matter of which he speaks. He seems to be thoroughly in earnest and in the matter of national information is a good deal of an encyclopaedia.

Among the Ontario members Mr. Hugh Guthrie is easily one of the most important. He is the member for South Wellington; the son of Mr. Donald Guthrie, who in his day was one of the ablest minds in the Ontario Legislature as well as the foremost lawyer in the city of Guelph where Mr. Hugh Guthrie is still one of the leading citizens. He has inherited much of his father's brains. Chairman of the Railway Committee now for three sessions, he has not failed of recognition in the House—which he eminently deserves. There are few abler debaters in the Commons than Mr. Guthrie. He is not inclined to speak often. When he does take the trouble to prepare a speech he carries weight. There is a large vein of satire in him which gives his masterly elucidation of a party politics problem a great deal of force. When Guthrie begins to develop a smile—look out for a detonation somewhere. He has a fine sense of method. Often he lounges in the House as though very noticeably bored—which he very probably is. But he is capable of concentrating his interest in a very remarkable manner. Outside the Cabinet he is one of the strongest men in Parliament. Inside the Cabinet there are but two or three men who are his equal in debate. There was a time when Parliament and South Wellington expected a great deal from Mr. Guthrie. Perhaps he has disappointed some of his more ardent admirers. But he has not yet grown too cynical to be a real distinguished contribution to parliamentary life.

When the Soldier Talks.

Quite obviously contrasted to Mr. Guthrie is Col. Sam Hughes of Victoria and Haliburton. The Colonel's limpid enthusiasm for his country is as marked as Mr. Guthrie's able cynicism. He is very well known in Canada. Some know him mainly as the brother of Inspector "Jimmy" Hughes of Toronto; which does both of them an injustice. The Colonel, however, is every inch as entertaining as the Inspector; at times very amusing; sometimes a good bit of a bore in the House. But even when the gallant out-riders and empire-builder is most prolix in debate he is often most entertaining. He has what they call "character." There is no one in the House at all like him; none with the simple, abounding enthusiasm for his country and the Empire; none with his bland idealism based upon war and history. The Colonel wastes time with child-like unconcern. He is able to speak in two languages—when he is far more interesting than convincing in one. No doubt as to his patriotism. He burns with it. Members on his own side may yawn and go out when he speaks. Hon. Mr. Lemieux may affably interrupt him by way of baiting him a bit; but the Colonel is not discouraged.

And the Colonel has done quite as much as he has talked. That enthusiasm made him shoulder arms at fourteen years of age; sent him to the Fenian Raid when a youth; to the Queen's Jubilee commanding the 45th Battalion in 1897; made him president of the Dominion Rifle Association; led him to offer to raise corps for the Soudan, the Afghan War and the Transvaal—where he served conspicuously on railway transports and lines of communication and as commander of the mounted brigade, being mentioned often in despatches. A thorough-paced soldier is Colonel Hughes—and for what he has done on the field on behalf of his country and the Empire he deserves more than any reward he will ever get for talking to the Commons.

There are a couple of men from Alberta who are as unmistakably interesting as any two men in the House. Dr. Clark from Red Deer is one of them. C. A. Magrath is the other. One is an Englishman; the other a Canadian. Dr. Clark is from Manchester. He is a Free Trader. A most engaging man. You may have an informing chat with the Doctor almost anywhere in Ottawa. Genial; ruddy of face; outspoken and quasi-intellectual, he trots out his views with a sincerity that is very refreshing after you have listened to some of the artful obscurantism in the rank and file. They say he carries his old-country modes of thought with him always. However, he is keenly interested in the West, of which he is a very capable citizen. He studies labour problems with a huge appetite. He rarely loses a chance to get information; wastes little time—so far as his own mental equipment is concerned. When he speaks in the House he never fails to make his meaning intensely clear. Argument delights him. As a mere politician not remarkable; has strong symptoms of statesmanship—which nowadays is by some confounded with theories of government. Dr. Clark is popular. He is also effective. He is one of the ablest men that ever came out of the West.

But as a real westerner Dr. Clark is very far behind either Magrath or Glen Campbell; or Albert Champagne. Of Magrath from Medicine Hat we have spoken in the *COURIER* before; one of the easterners who pounded over the prairie trails finding out things when there were no

English but remittance men in that part of the country. Of Champagne also we have spoken; the stalwart and genial member for Battleford, Sask., who was once member of the Mounted Police and grew up with the West; trail-making and camping till he drove stakes in Battleford and got into politics. Both these are a different breed of men to such as Dr. Clark.

But all three of these together, raised to the Nth power would not make one Glen Campbell, member for Dauphin, Manitoba. Glen Campbell is the giant of the House. He stands six feet four in moccasins. His Stetson "cowboy" hat is one of the features of Ottawa. He himself is a remarkable character. He is the son of a Hudson's Bay Company factor; born at Fort Pelly back in the fur days; learned to drive dogs as soon as he was able to walk; learned Cree before he understood English—for he heard far more of it. Once upon a time he addressed the House in three languages—English, French and Cree. He is fairly master of each. The nearest approximation to Glen Campbell in that House in the matter of experience is Hon. Frank Oliver, who vitally disagrees with Mr. Campbell on some matters of policy. When he was quite a youth, rawboned and black of hair as a Cree, supple as a wildcat and able to ride any sort of animal ever saddled or hitched on the trails, Campbell was sent away to Edinburgh, back to the old land for schooling; for schools were scarce on the prairie. He learned as easily as a fish takes water. Though he never became a University graduate Mr. Campbell imbibed a good deal of the forms of culture in college life; and then he hit back to the prairie that had cradled him; back to the tepees and the pemmican-men. Seeing the fur era passing out—he went into farming and politics; first in the Territorial Legislature; afterwards elected to Ottawa where he is the most unusual member ever known, and on the street among a squad of river-drivers Glen Campbell the mighty would be singled out as not only a character, but in a hand-to-hand scrimmage a perfectly dangerous man. Glen has a pretty good time at Ottawa. Once in a while he takes a trip out to help along some Conservative rally; but mainly he sticks pretty close to the House where he is as regular an attendant as any and drifts all over the Opposition when he gets weary of his own bench.

Conmee the Casuist.

For sheer human, up-country, out-of-doors interest "Jim" Conmee is the mate to Glen Campbell—on the other side of the House. Conmee is the member for Thunder Bay and Rainy River; known these many years in the Ontario Legislature; a contractor and a builder of railways; mining promoter and expert in waterways; once a trooper in the 8th New York Cavalry under General Custer in the American Civil War; the slouch-hatted, moon-faced, smiling big casuist who is said to have one of the astutest intellects in the House of Commons, able to wind lawyers round his little finger, as shifty and problematical a customer as ever faced an Opposition. Conmee is the unusual of unusuals. He is the front door of Algoma. There is an Indian mystery about Jim that makes him a curious problem in Ottawa—as he used to be in Toronto. Half this session he has been juggling with a scheme to harness and dam the waters of the Rainy River country. Members opposite and even some on his own side shot holes through the Bill till it looked like a kite escaped from a hurricane; but Conmee cheerfully came back to the tatters, and the way he squirmed round the details made him seem like the great unsophisticated, when the House knows very well that Conmee has most of the cunning of a heathen Chinese with most of his mystery.

Then there's the squad from British Columbia; Ralph Smith from Nanaimo on the big island; the English-Canadian, stout-necked and dynamic; champion of labour but not a Socialist; born at Newcastle-on-Tyne; cradled among the coal-heavers and now one of the big figures in the coal country on Vancouver Island; a wholly interesting and aggressive man who never wastes time when he talks.

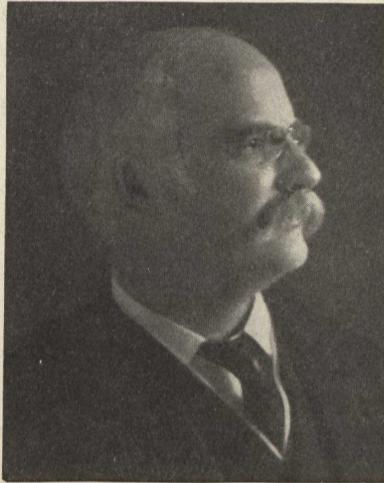
Martin Burrell from Yale-Cariboo, the mountain-locked constituency where votes are hard to collect, and where from the midst of a fertile fat fruit farm a man may look up into a mountain with a mine in it—is one of the strong men on the Conservative side. He is known in the West as one of the kings in the fruit industry.

There is Mr. T. W. Crothers of West Elgin, the lawyer from St. Thomas, Ontario, who has been "mentioned in despatches" lately as one of the Conservative possibilities; a clear-thinking, unemotional, rather concise man who made something of a reputation for his connection with the Ontario Text-Book Commission.

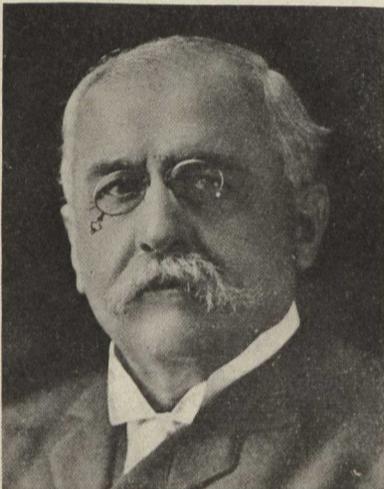
Mr. W. S. Middleboro of North Grey is another legal light; a typical Ontario man—in nine cases out of ten they can be identified abroad almost as easily as the New Englander. Mr. Middleboro often rebukes the sinners on the Liberal side; doing it gently, but firmly and with great dignity. He was once Mayor of Owen Sound.

In many respects most distinguished is Mr. Louis Lavergne, whose good qualities are too numerous to crowd into the brief space of this article; whose ancestors came from Limoges, France, in the days of the *fleur-de-lis* in 1650; a born aristocrat yet a plain man of the people; born at St. Pierre, P.Q.; a lawyer in Arthabaska whose Mayor he is by acclamation and of whose agricultural society he is secretary-treasurer; in politics a Liberal, the Whip for Quebec and winner of the biggest Liberal majority in the election of 1904.

Of Judge Doherty, speculated about as a possible Conservative leader, the *COURIER* has spoken in a previous issue. He also is entitled to more space than can be given him here.



Ex-Judge Doherty, St. Ann's, Mont.



Louis Lavergne, Drummond, P.Q.

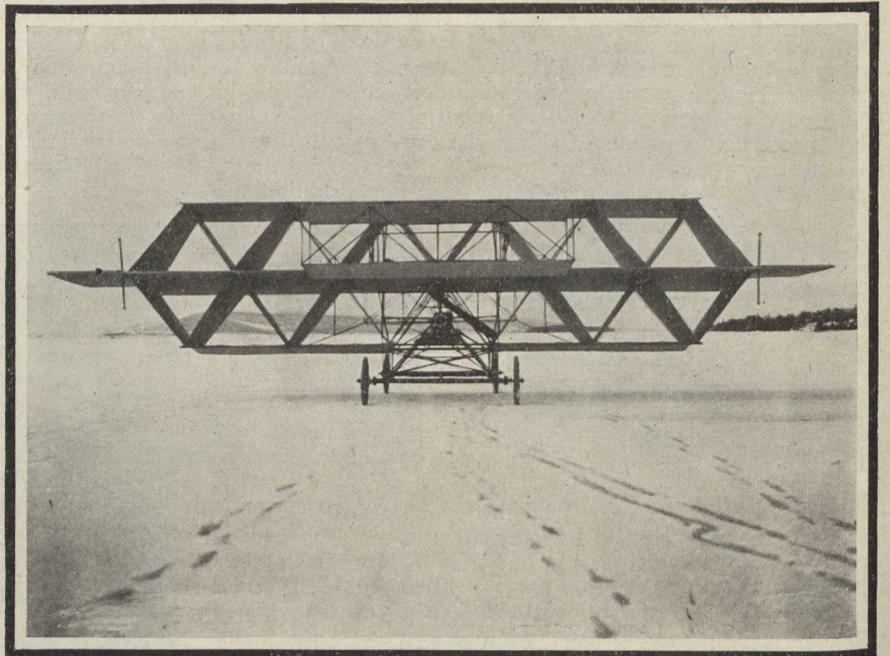
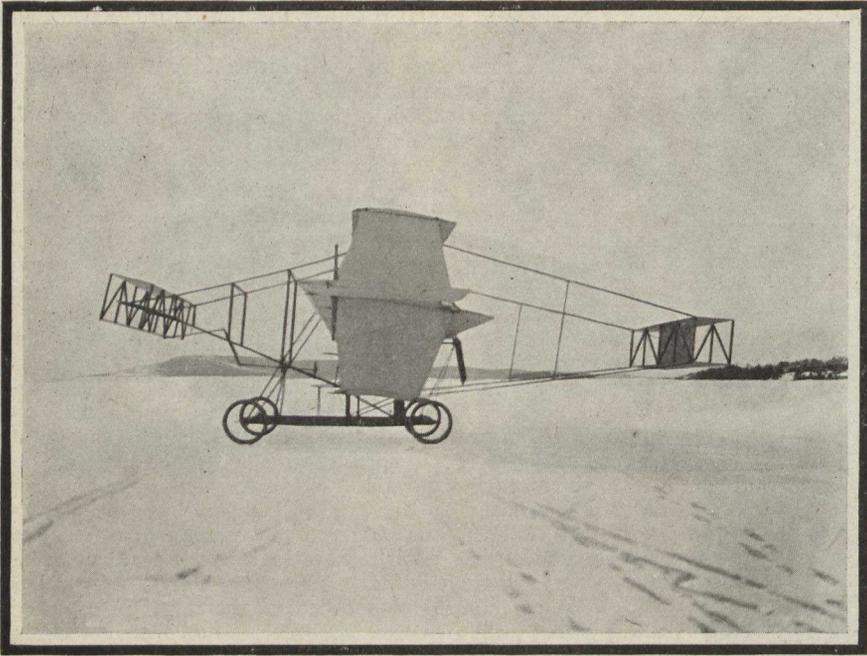


T. W. Crothers, W. Elgin.



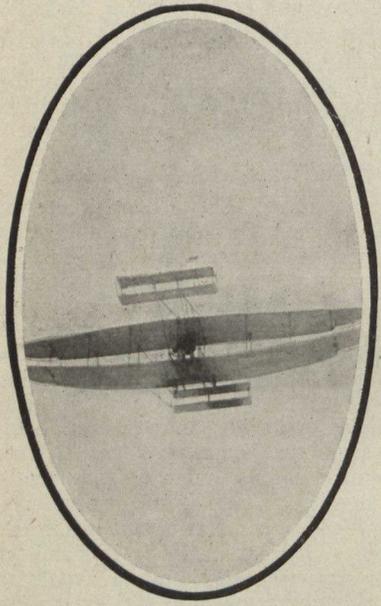
W. S. Middleboro, N. Grey.

SOME OF THE AIRSHIPS BUILT AT BADDECK, NOVA SCOTIA

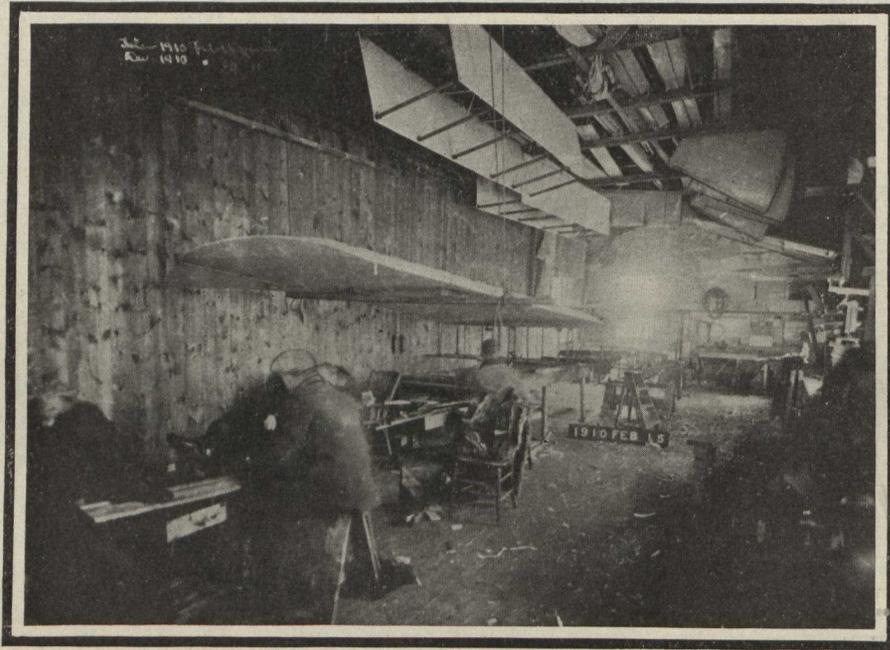


Side View of a Tetrahedral Triplane made by Canadian Aerodrome Company, at Baddeck.

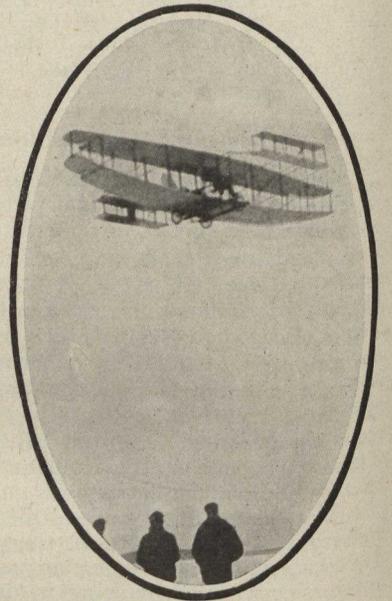
Front View of the same. This is Dr. Graham Bell's favourite machine, as it embodies his special principles.



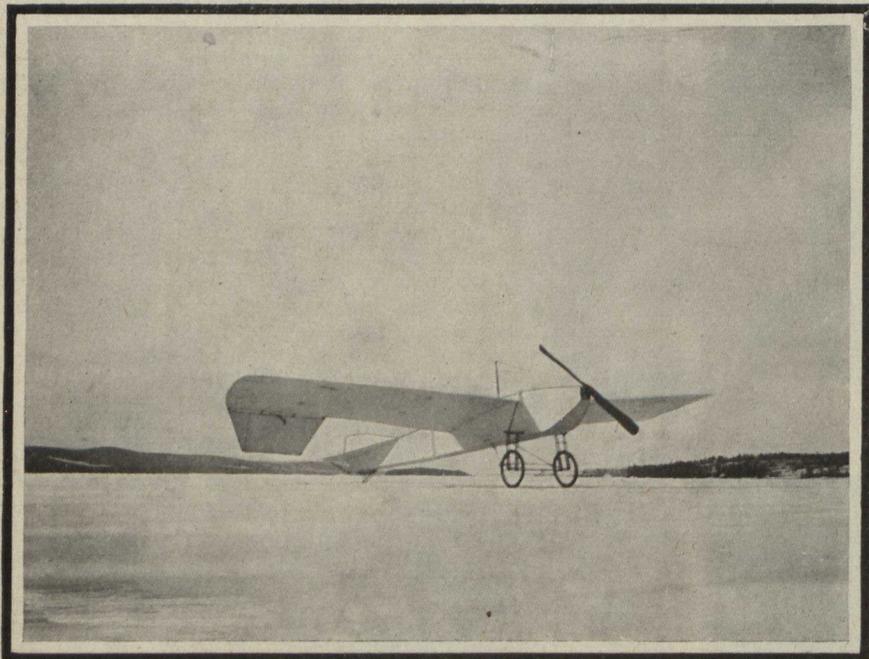
A Biplane in Air at Baddeck.



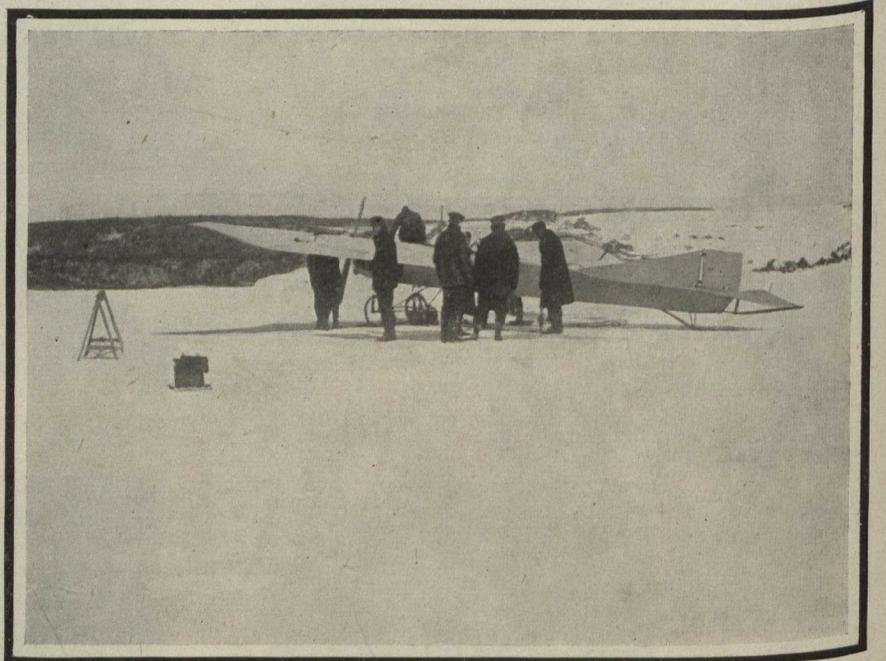
Noon-hour in the Workshop.



A Fair Flight over the Ice.



A Monoplane in Motion, probably fifteen feet above the Ice of Bras D'Or Lake.



Another View. This was made for Mr. Hubbard, of Boston, by Canadian Aerodrome Company.

Why, Casey Baldwin?

By NORMAN PATTERSON

"WHY should a young man with a university training and undoubted ability waste his time in airship-making?" I said to Casey Baldwin. "I can understand a wealthy young man taking it up as a sport, but I cannot understand your taking it up as a business."

"Why should it not be as good a business as any other?" answered Baldwin. "Is not the making of torpedoes for war-vessels a somewhat similar business? Was not the making of automobiles ten years ago as peculiar a business as making airships to-day?"

"Then you really take your business seriously?" said I.

"I most certainly do," answered the young Canadian engineer who has been conducting a series of experiments in aviation for a period of nearly three

years. "I expect that the Government will soon establish an aviator corps and they will need experienced men. I also expect that the rich men in Canada who buy automobiles, yachts and motor-boats will soon be buying airships. At Baddeck, Nova Scotia, we have succeeded in making airships that are beyond the experimental stage. We can guarantee that our ships will fly. I want to tell you also that an aeroplane as an instrument of sport is far ahead of all creeping things such as automobiles and motor-boats."

THE DELUDED FEMALE

An Amusing Story of Mr. Redhorn and a Charming Widow

By J. J. BELL

Author of "Wee MacGregor"

THE little village of Fairport-on-Clyde was in a ferment of speculative gossip. Since the taking fire of the local police constable's chimney (which event had, appropriately enough, coincided with the local celebrations of the great Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee) nothing had occurred to stir to such an extent popular excitement. The arrest of a tinker on a charge of bigamy, the stranding of a dead whale, two parliamentary elections, the marriage of the minister, the long-continued fog of the year 1905, the week-end visit of a golf champion in the following year, the birth of a three-legged chicken—these events had in their times given rise to considerable and even heated discussions; but never during the last decade had tongues wagged as they were wagging now.

The Grey House had found a tenant at last! Perhaps one ought to say that a tenant had found the Grey House; but for years the latter, with its many blank windows and big, neglected garden, had seemed to be looking for the former. The Grey House was a good house—so everybody in Fairport declared—but it would take much money to put it in habitable condition. And Fairport was wondering, among other things, how far Fairport would benefit materially. The baker, the butcher, and Peter Danks, the fish merchant (he objected to "monger"), were inclined to be optimistic, whereas the grocer shook his head and quoted numerous instances of "swells" getting all their provisions from the city in order to save sevenpence-ha-penny or thereabouts; and whilst the joiner and plumber professed themselves hopeful, Joseph Redhorn, the painter, expressed the gloomy opinion that all Fairport would get out of the job would be the profits on board and lodging supplied to the small army of tradesmen certain to be imported from Greenock or Glasgow.

"Na, na," said Mr. Redhorn, on being rallied by some of his neighbours, "it's no' dypepsia this time. It's a presentiment, or forebodin', which ye'll see realised in due season."

"He's been at the dictionary again," the piermaster flippantly remarked, winking at the other members of the group, and Mr. Redhorn smiled sadly—nature had provided him with a notably melancholy visage—but not ill-humouredly.

"But," put in the slater, whose hopes fluctuated hourly, "but d'ye no' think it's a guid sign that she's comin, to stop in Clover Cottage till the big hoose is ready for her? It looks as if she was for superintendin' the wark hersel' instead o' puttin' it into the charge o' some o' thae big firms in the toon. Eh?"

"To me," replied the painter, "that has nae signefiance whatsoever. The probabeelity is that she's wantin' to get to Fairport as quick as possible for her health's sake."

"Her health's fine," said the butcher. "When she was here thon day last week, I jist said to the wife: 'Whaever she is, she's nae vegetarian.'"

"She didna appear to me to be a great eater," the plumber observed, and spat gracefully over the pier rail.

"That's the advantage o' a meat diet," returned the butcher, who weighed fifteen stone eleven pounds, warming to his pet subject of debate. "A curious thing about vegetarians is that they seem to keep on hankerin' for meat. They ca' some o' their messes by meat names. Ye can get vegetarian steaks an' chops. I yinst tasted a chop . . . I think it was made o' beans an' turmits an' nits an' ile."

"Spare ma feelin's, man!" cried the painter. "Has ony o' ye had ony conversation wi' the ledgy?"

"I had," said the piermaster. "An' rale nice-spoken she was. We was arrangin' about her luggage for when she arrives on Thursday. She's comin' wi' the three-ten boat. It's a peety she's a weedow, but she'll maybe no' be lang in that condection."

"She's a lovely creature," observed the young baker, who wrote poems modelled on those of Burns. "A lovely creature!" he repeated, unabashed by the snigger of Mr. Danks.

"We'll ha'e to tell yer maw about this," said the piermaster. "Yer rolls ha'ena been up to the mark the last few mornin's, ma lad."

At this juncture the postmaster joined the group.

"Still at it!" he cried jocularly. "Still discussin' the prospects o' future wark an' neglectin' the present opportunities—as Ridhorn might say."

Weel, I've got a bit news for ye. Did ye notice a young man wi' a bicycle, a wee while back? He was sendin' a telegram, an' him an' me got on the crack. He gi'ed me some information about Mrs. Methven."

"Did he? What did he tell ye?"

The postmaster enjoyed the curiosity which he had aroused.

"Hurry up, man! Tell us what he said. What is she? Whaur does she come frae?" came a shower of questions.

"She comes frae some place near Edinburgh," he said at last. "She's been a weedow five year. She writes books, but pits a different name on them."

The faces of several of the men fell.

"Writes books!" said one. "I doot that'll no' bring siller to Fairport."

"It'll maybe tak' siller oot o' Fairport," said another. "D'ye mind the man that rented Edengrove? He wrote books. You'll mind him, Ridhorn?"

"Five pound three an' nine," the painter replied with a reminiscent sigh.

"Aw, ye needna be feart about the cash in this case," the postmaster resumed. "She's a weedow wi' a fortune. She writes nouvelles for fun. But that's no' a' about her."

"What else is there?"

"She's been in jile," said the postmaster. He waited till the exclamations were exhausted, and added: "She's a female suffragette, if ye ken what that means."

"Oh, criftens!" murmured Mr. Redhorn, while the others expressed themselves more loudly in varied fashion. "Ma worst forebodin' is aboot to be realised!"

"Havers, Ridhorn!" said the piermaster. "Ye never foreboded onything like this. Ye never kent she had been in jile. Dinna pretend ye did. An' what difference is it gaun to mak' to Fairport?"

"Difference!" cried Mr. Redhorn in his high voice. "I tell ye," he said solemnly, "it'll shake Fairport to its vera foundations!" And without another word he turned his back on the astounded group and walked rapidly away.

HAD Mrs. Methven been a criminal of the deepest dye, her arrival at Fairport, on that fine spring afternoon, could scarcely have attracted more attention. The attention, however, was of a furtive sort, and might have escaped the notice of a less acute person than Mrs. Methven.

"They evidently regard us as wild beasts," she remarked to her companion, an elderly lady, as they passed down the pier; and to the piermaster, a minute later, she said sweetly: "I am sorry to see you have so many unemployed in Fairport." Whereat the piermaster grinned sheepishly and dropped a threepenny bit.

The local cab was in attendance, and when Mrs. Methven and her companion had driven off, down the loch, to Clover Cottage, at which two maids and the luggage had arrived by the morning steamer, the piermaster took care to repeat the observation just made to him. Which created considerable indignation among those who had peered from windows, spied from doorways, peeped round corners, or pretended to be discussing matters of supreme importance in the vicinity of the pier.

"We wasna lookin' at her," they declared almost unanimously; the chief exceptions being the butcher who had reassured himself as to the absence of any striking indications of vegetarianism; and the young baker who, having reasserted his opinion that she was "a lovely creature," rushed into his shop and committed sundry lines to the blank side of a paper bag what time twelve two-penny mutton pies in the oven below were rendered unsaleable.

Amongst the few inhabitants of Fairport who did not witness the arrival was Mr. Joseph Redhorn. At three o'clock (prompt) he had resumed his work upon a garden railing, a furlong from the pier, up the loch. He was determined to behave precisely as if nothing had happened—or, to be exact, was happening. But while he refused to look at the steamer as it approached the pier, he could not help hearing the chunk of paddles; and it must be recorded that he dealt with several of the ornamental tops of the railing less methodically than was his wont.

At twenty-five minutes past three his youthful

apprentice joined him, panting, and, after a glance at him, took up pot and brush.

"What like time is this to come back to yer wark?" Mr. Redhorn demanded sternly. "If ye canna eat yer dinner in an' oor, ye best get oot o' the pentin' business—an' become an artist. I'm no' gaun to pander to yer luxurious notions—mind that!"

Willie was not unused to reproofs, but the severity of his master's tone on this occasion fairly took him aback.

"I wasna eatin' a' the time," he replied; "I—I was watchin' the boat comin' in."

"Ha'e ye never seen a boat comin' in afore?"

The boy dipped his brush and slopped it on a rail.

"See here, ma lad," Mr. Redhorn cried, "pent costs money, an' the grass is green enough."

Thus admonished the boy painted carefully for the space of five minutes. He was fond of his master, and, after the feeling of resentment had passed, put down the latter's crustiness to the score of dyspepsia, for which, by the way, Mr. Redhorn was famed in Fairport, and which seemed to the boy a much superior complaint to the more popular one of indigestion. As a matter of fact, the painter was year by year becoming more and more immune from the trouble, but in a place like Fairport reputations, however quickly they may be made, are not lost in a day. At the end of the five minutes Willie very casually remarked—

"I seen her."

"Did ye?—what are ye talkin' aboot laddie?" The second query came fast on the heels of the first.

"The ledgy was in jile."

Mr. Redhorn frowned, but said nothing.

"Ye should ha'e been at the pier," said Willie.

"I had neither the curiosity nor the ambection to see the deluded female ye refer to," Mr. Redhorn coldly returned. "Pey attention to yer pentin', or ye'll never live to taste the sweets o' success."

"What's a deluded female, Maister Ridhorn?"

"I'm tellin' ye to pey attention to yer pentin'."

"I'm peyin' attention! . . . What for did she get the jile?"

"Haud yer tongue, laddie!"

For awhile the work went on in silence. At last—

"D'ye think we'll get the job at the Grey Hoose?" inquired the apprentice.

"That," said Mr. Redhorn, "is a question, but it's no' the question I wud ask—the burnin' question, to quote a famous poet—"

"What's burnin' aboot it?"

Mr. Redhorn waved aside the impertinence with his brush.

"The burnin' question is," he said ponderously, "whether I could accep' the job at the Grey Hoose, supposin' it was offered to me on a silver salver by a flunkey on his bended knees. That's the burnin' question!"

"D'ye think she wudna pay her accout?" Willie asked after a short pause.

"Criftens!" exclaimed the painter impatiently, "did ye never hear tell o' principles—high moral principles?"

"Ay, I've heard ye gassin'—I mean speakin'—aboot them, but I didna ken what ye was drivin' at. What wey wud ye no' tak' the job, if ye got the chance?"

Mr. Redhorn sighed. "I doot ye're ower young to understaun', Willie," he said; "but when ye're as auld as me ye'll ken what principles is—an' likewise hoo easy it is to part wi' them for cash. There's lots o' talk nooadays aboot business principles, but to mony a man, includin' masel', alas! the first business principle seems to consist in no' permittin' ony principles to interfere wi' business. There ha'e been times when I've worked for folk that I could ha'e kicked with supreme satisfaction—if ma moral principles had got the better o' me. But ye see, they didna. I mind paperin' a room in a certain man's hoose, an' hearin' him ill-treatin' his wife in the next room. But I completed the job, an' was gled to get the cash later on—"

"I daur say ye was," said Willie, who was finding the conversation rather dull. "Ye wud ha'e wantit to kick him if he hadna peyed ye."

"Ay," continued the painter, ignoring the interruption, "I've aye sold ma principles for cash—an' whiles made a bad debt . . . But think what a gran' thing it wud be to refuse the Grey Hoose job—I wudna be surprised if there was a couple o' hunner pound in it—on principle! What

a gran' thing it wud be to staun' up an' say to this deluded female: 'Mem, it is ma duty to thanx ye for yer offer; but as yer ritous an' savage an' unseemly carry-ons are entirely ag'in ma principles, I respectfully decline to pit a brush to yer hoose for a' the cash in creation!' Wud that no' be a gran' thing, a splendid thing, Wullie?"

For several seconds the apprentice gazed wide-eyed and open-mouthed at his master.

"But she wud jist get anither penter!" he cried. "I dinna see ony sense in—"

"That's enough, that's enough!" said Mr. Redhorn, with a groan. "Pey attention to yer pentin'. Ye dinna understaun'. Ye dinna realise what harm thae deluded females are daein' to the nation forbye theirsels. Their riots may be forgotten, an' the broken windows can be repaired, but—"

"Davie, the glazier, was sayin' he wished she wud ha'e a fling at some o' the windows in Fairport. It wud be a fine job for him. Was it for breakin' windows she got the jile?"

The painter did not vouchsafe a reply, and another spell of work was done in silence.

"Maister Ridhorn."

"What?"

"She doesna look a bad yin."

"I didna say she was bad. I said she was deluded; an' when folk gets deluded ye can dae naething wi' them. Pey attention—"

"But, Maister Ridhorn."

"Criftens! What is it, laddie?"

"Am I to mind ye to tak' yer medicine the nicht?"

Mr. Redhorn frowned, then laughed mirthlessly.

The boy looked hurt. "It wudna be the first time I had minded ye," he said in an aggrieved voice, "an' ye was aye pleased wi' me for daein' it."

"True, Wullie, true," said his master more kindly. "I had nae business to expect ye to distinguish atween ma moral aspirations an' ma pheelsical infirmity. Jist mind me to tak' ma medicine—a dooble doose, if that'll afford ye ony amusement—an' I'll be gled to ha'e yer company at tea, includin' cake an' sardines. Meantime we'll baith pey attention to the pentin' o' thae railin's, which was oreoriginally erected by a gentleman reputed to be a great thinker—chiefly aboot hissel', to judge frae the way he treated ither folk. But we're nane o' us perfec', laddie, an' I'm aye ready to admit it. Proceed!"

MRS. Methven had resided in Fairport a full fortnight without creating any sensations otherwise than mild and pleasant. The minister had called upon her, and she had attended public worship, both events being favourably commented upon by the villagers who, after all, were quite as smart as the smartest of us in judging from outward appearances. Mrs. Methven gratified the shopkeepers. Perhaps the butcher was at first a trifle disappointed in the daily orders for Clover Cottage, but undoubtedly his expectations had been exaggerated by his too sanguine temperament. On the other hand, the grocer was jubilant. "Everything first quality, an' never a word aboot price!" he confided to all and sundry. Mr. Danks, the fish merchant, declared that a more genuine lady had never entered his shop, and that her taste in fish was far and away superior to that of many summer visitors who considered themselves "toffs." As for the young baker, he took to murmuring the words "beauteous being," and made experiments, somewhat costly, in marzipan, which he tried on his mother, not altogether to that good old dame's bodily benefit.

"I tell't ye she wud shake Fairport to its vera foundations," said Joseph Redhorn, after reviewing the contents of the baker's window, one Saturday afternoon, "but I'm thinkin' we wud ha'e been safer wi' an or'nar' earthquake."

The joiner, plumber, and slater were disposed to agree with him, for as yet no extra business had come their way. It was variously rumoured that Mrs. Methven was too deeply immersed in the writing of a book to give a thought to Grey House, that months might elapse ere she turned her attention to its renovation, that she had purchased it merely in the hope of being able to sell it at a profit, that she was about to return to politics and, incidentally, jail. Wherefore, while one section of Fairport's population remained cheerful another was growing depressed.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Methven was resting and deliberating upon her future. Although the "cause" was as dear to her as ever, she had decided that her militant days were over. Henceforth her work lay behind the fighting line. She had recently learned that she was not so strong as she looked. And being a sensible woman, which is generally a women with a sense of humour, she argued that

she could quite easily get rid of her worldly goods for the furtherance of the cause without the expensive advertisement of actual martyrdom.

The end of May saw the completion of her plans. They were not without their subtlety.

"GOOD-AFTERNOON!"

Mr. Redhorn turned hastily from the bench whereon he had been mixing certain colours. The dingy paint store was suddenly flooded with sunshine, and in the narrow doorway stood the "deluded female."

"I trust I am not disturbing you," she said pleasantly. "I learned from your assistant, whom I met on the road, that you were to be found here. Can you spare me a few minutes, Mr. Redhorn?"

For a moment Mr. Redhorn remained speechless, petrified. As through a mist he saw a tall lady—little more than a girl she seemed to him then—with dark hair and eyes, clad in a gown of pale grey, smiling upon him in the friendliest way possible. Fifty years had not blinded him to beauty.

He remembered his manners ere he recovered his wits, and doffed his cap.

"Would you mind if I sat down, Mr. Redhorn? The sun was hot as I came along."

With his cap, the painter awkwardly dusted the only chair on the premises, and finding his voice, apologised for the chair's lack of a back.

She thanked him with a pretty smile, seated herself gracefully, and looked him full in the eyes.

"Do you know, Mr. Redhorn," she said quietly, "I did not expect to be so kindly received. Indeed, I was almost afraid to call upon you."

"Afraid, mem?"

"Yes. But I'm not afraid now. You are not so—so terrible as I expected to find you."

"Me terrible?" said Mr. Redhorn helplessly.

"Maybe ye've come to the wrang place. I'm Joseph Ridhorn, the penter." From sheer force of habit he was about to add "paper-hanger and decorator," but she continued—

"Terrible, but just."

"Somebody's been tryin' to cod ye, mem," he cried involuntarily. "Was it Peter Danks, the fish-monger? That man's had his knife in me ever since—"

"Mr. Redhorn, pray understand at once that I have not been discussing you with your neighbours. 'Terrible, but just' was the impression I had formed of you, and I am only too glad to find that it was partly wrong. Still, I fancy you could be terrible."

Mr. Redhorn rubbed his long nose, and stole a glance of mingled gratification and suspicion at his visitor. "Terrible, but just!" Undoubtedly, he had been called worse names in his time.

"It may be," she went on, "that you and I differ as regards a certain matter much before the public at present, but I earnestly hope not. In either case, I am about to throw myself on your mercy."

At this the painter could not help stepping back a pace, in doing which he came into violent contact with the bench. Nevertheless he accepted the bench's support, and wiped his forehead.

"As you are doubtless aware, Mr. Redhorn, I have recently acquired possession of a house in Fairport. It is a large house, but I hope to find a use for every room in it. I don't mind telling you—though I trust you not to repeat it in the meantime—that I intend to convert Grey House into a sort of holiday home to which workers for the cause of women's suffrage may come to recruit. You understand?"

"I—I perceive yer meanin', mem," he stammered.

"I was sure you would," she said graciously. "It is very pleasant to be understood so readily. And now I have come to you to ask your assistance."

And now was Mr. Redhorn's opportunity for exercising his high moral principles! "The deluded female" was about to ask him to undertake the painting of Grey House; probably, also, to prepare an estimate of cost of same. His moment had come! But the speech he had so often rehearsed in secret, all save the words "respectfully decline," had vanished from his memory. Still, the two words would be sufficient—if he could only say them. . . . To his shame he knew that he could not say them. Yet, perhaps, it was not the temptation of the cash involved in one of the biggest—if not the biggest—jobs in his experience that alone brought about his feeble state of mind. Leaning against the edge of the bench, he gazed helplessly at the dirty floor.

"I have come to you to ask your assistance, Mr. Redhorn," she repeated in low, persuasive tones.

"Ye're welcome, mem," he returned at last in a far-away voice, without looking up. "I'll dae ma—ma best to please ye."

"How good of you!" Certainly this was the most agreeable prospective customer of the painter's career, but he was now too confused to appreciate the agreeableness as he ought to have done.

"I'll tell you what I want in a few words as possible," she continued briskly. "Before converting Grey House from its present condition, I very much wish to convert the people of Fairport from theirs. You understand?" (Mr. Redhorn didn't, but he made an inarticulate sound which was cheerfully accepted as indicating assent.) "I am simply determined to gain the sympathy of Fairport towards our cause. With a colony of sympathisers around it, Grey House will indeed be a happy resting place for our tired labourers. So, to begin with, a few friends and myself are going to hold a meeting in the hall, on Friday evening of next week, when we shall do all we can to put our aims and so on, clearly before the people of Fairport. I am confident that the people will understand our position from our brief speeches as they cannot be expected to do from the newspapers. And so I have come to the man whom I believe to be respected by the people, the man whom I know to be just, the man whom I know to be gifted with much intelligence and the power of expressing himself—I have come to you, Mr. Redhorn, to ask you on Friday evening of next week, to take the chair."

It is no exaggeration to say that at these words the brain of Joseph Redhorn reeled, and that he reeled slightly himself. He put out a hand to steady himself and knocked over a pot of pink paint.

Too late Mrs. Methven sprang from her seat. A spirt of paint reached her pearly grey skirt. For a moment she looked thoroughly angry, but the expression of the luckless painter's countenance was too much for her sense of dignity. Still flushed, she broke into a kindly laugh.

"Oh, mem! What ha'e I done?" cried Mr. Redhorn in horror and dismay. "Eediot that I am!" he added, securing turpentine and a handful of clean rags, and falling on his knees.

"Don't distress yourself," she said gently and untruthfully; "it's a very old one, really."

With babblings of apology and self-reproach he strove to remove the stains, but was far from successful, the pearly grey fabric being of a peculiarly absorbent nature. "I've made it waur!" he groaned despairingly. "Mem, gi'e me a pentin' job to dae for ye—onything ye like—an' I'll dae it for naething, an' thank ye for the opportunity. Oh, yer bonnie dress! Oh, mem, what can I say?"

"Not another word, Mr. Redhorn, please. We can't help accidents. If I may, I will sit down again until the turpentine dries. I'm so fond of the smell! And perhaps you will allow me to explain what I would like you to do at our meeting." And the painter having resumed his position at the bench, a picture of misery and humility, she proceeded to talk as he had never before heard woman talk.

Doubtless she was taking an unfair advantage; yet who shall say that Mr. Redhorn's ultimate acquiescence in her wishes resulted wholly from the upsetting of a paint pot?

Half-an-hour later she took her departure, leaving him in a semi-dazed condition from which he did not fully recover that day, while her final words kept jumbling in his memory till long past midnight.

"I'm so glad I can depend on one man," she had said. "If you were to fail me, I don't know what I should do. I don't believe I could face the Fairport meeting without you. But I know you won't fail me. I trust you. Good-bye, Mr. Redhorn. We shall meet again before the event. And remember that all this is a secret between us."

The ensuing ten days were almost more than Joseph Redhorn could bear. His faithful apprentice referred to the "meddicine" every three hours or so. Vain were the master's reprimands, his protestations that his agony was mental, not physical; and eventually he was compelled to take Willie into his confidence.

"An' what about the job?" said Willie.

HOW he found courage to set out for the hall, Mr. Redhorn does not yet know. He has only a dim memory of leaving his abode while the rest of Fairport was taking its evening meal, sneaking along a back way, and gaining admittance to the little committee room behind the platform through the window. According to his watch he spent two hours and twenty minutes in solitude ere the ladies arrived, not that their arrival was any relief to him. "We are going to have a splendid meeting," said Mrs. Methven brightly, ignoring the chairman's abject nervousness. "You have kept our secret, Mr. Redhorn?"

THE KLONDIKER'S WOOING

Being the Story of a Woman who Trusted, and a Man who did not Fail

By EDITH TYRELL

I HAD arranged a little lunch party one Sunday some few years ago—one of those short resting places in life's uphill road where one stops by the wayside and is refreshed by intercourse with congenial spirits.

On Saturday I was doing the necessary ordering, when the ring of the telephone interrupted me and in answering it I found my husband, lately returned from a trip to the Klondike, had called me. He said, "I had forgotten all about your little party when I met Jim Hadley and invited him to lunch with us to-morrow. He is from the Klondike and when you get over the first shock he will give you, you will be glad to have met him, for he is decidedly a type of what that country can produce in a man who has prospered there. Jim has made already over a million and two years ago did not have a cent." My heart rather sank, but I decided to make the best of it.

When my friends had all arrived on the Sunday I had only just time to give a word of explanation about our unexpected guest, when Jim Hadley arrived. He was a dark man, short and rather fat, and had evidently not been shaved for several days. His clothes were tweed of a large plaid pattern and he wore a red tie which was slightly askew. There were two buttons wanting from his vest, but in spite of these very apparent defects in his apparel, he appeared perfectly at his ease and greeted us all with the glad hand.

As we went into lunch and took our places Jim was rather quiet, but as we all began to talk he joined in and then we forget all about his personal appearance for he was clever and talked well and soon we all grew interested in what he had to tell us. His profound belief in himself and the Golden North was marvellous. He described the glorious scenery in vivid word pictures, and his stories of life in the Klondike mining camp were so glowing with interest, that he made every one present wish to see that country.

Turning to me from one of my young friends, who especially seemed to interest him, he remarked, "If you will only promise to chaperon it, I will run an excursion to Dawson City next summer to be composed of young ladies." With a wave of his hand which included all my friends, he said, "You will all pan out gold there. I will take you for trips up the creeks, give you your grub at the Northern Cafe, and have a picnic on the Dome to witness the midnight sunset. Only say you will come, girls, and leave the rest to me." We were rather astonished by this proposition, but took it as a joke. After a great deal of merriment and real enjoyment, in which Jim joined as heartily as anyone, our little party broke up, having proved more of a success than I had hoped it could be.

Later in the afternoon, Jim Hadley met my husband on the street and stopped him, saying, "Those were fine girls I met at your house to-day, especially Miss Polly, but I did not know any of them well enough to propose to, so I have just sent a telegram to a girl I know in Nova Scotia, asking her to meet me in Toronto and marry me." Several days later Jim came to see me, and I naturally congratulated him on his approaching marriage. He seemed very glum and after a slight pause said, "Belinda isn't coming. I just came to call and thank you for your kindness, as I am off for the west to-night. I must get into Dawson over the ice." After talking to me a little while he appeared more hopeful, for I told him that probably the suddenness of the telegram had upset Belinda, and that if he wrote a letter, explaining most carefully just what he wanted her to do and where she was to meet him, that she might see things in a different light. He seemed somewhat cheered but as he shook hands with me he grew quite despondent again and said, "I hoped to meet my little girl in Toronto, but I'm afraid she isn't coming."

BELINDA Browne lived in a little village in Cape Breton. She was the village school teacher. She had always been poor and worked hard, but just at this time life was particularly dull because there had flashed across her sky a bright meteor which for the moment, had lighted everything with a truly golden light. It had been her old school friend, Jim Hadley, who, after an absence of fifteen years, had returned to his native place. How well she remembered the old days when Jim used to drag her to school on his sled and carry her dinner basket, or in the summer the boats he had made for her to sail in the ponds and inlets from the sea, and how he would always bait her hook because

she hated to handle the nasty bait, when they went smelting from the end of the wharf. Then Jim went away to college. He had written several times to her, but the letters had stopped and she had only had news of him through a mutual friend who told her that he had gone out West. Her mother and father had died, and it was necessary for her to earn her own living, so she had accepted the position of village school teacher in her own little town.

Suddenly that winter there had been a great stir in the place. Jim Hadley had come back for a visit from the Klondike. He was the same Jim only more enthusiastic, and the money flowed like water through all the village. Every one of his friends was presented with a piece of nugget jewellery. Belinda had a beautiful long chain of small nuggets that went around her neck several times. Jim had paid for repairs on the old church, and many other needed town improvements were done by him, but as suddenly as he had come he had gone, and for Belinda a great deal of joy and light had gone with him.

ONE snowy Sunday afternoon, Belinda was sitting in her room thinking sadly of the future; regretting that she could not do more with her life than pass the rest of it in this little village where she had been born. She would marry perhaps, and live in one of the little houses and have some geraniums growing in her windows, and a small monthly rose bush. The wildest flight of her imagination would then be a trip to the annual exhibition at Halifax. She thought sadly of all Jim Hadley had told her of the West and the Golden North where he had been, and she could almost imagine she had seen it herself from his vivid descriptions. But alas! It was not for her.

Just as her thoughts had reached this point, she was interrupted by the little boy from the post office with a telegram for her. She had never received a telegram before and could hardly open it for the trembling of her fingers. The boy said, "Pa says it is awful important and it's from Jim Hadley." She quickly tore open the envelope and read these words on the yellow form: "To Miss Belinda Browne, Arichat, Cape Breton, Nova Scotia. If you will marry me, draw on me for five hundred dollars and meet me in Toronto February 14th. Answer immediately. Signed, Jim Hadley."

Belinda was dazed, though not annoyed, but after reading the telegram several times and kissing the paper as if Jim had written it, she went to consult her aunt with whom she lived, though in her heart she had already decided to go to Jim when he wanted her.

Her aunt read the telegram over to herself three times. After the third reading she carefully took off her glasses and rubbed them as if she had not been quite sure of its remarkable contents, and after reading it again, ejaculated: "Well, I never heard tell of the like. More tom foolery of that Jim Hadley. If you take my advice you will pay no attention to his nonsense. If he had wanted you why couldn't he have married you like a decent Christian when he was down here. Oh, no, he must be doing something that nobody else would think of doing, and anyway, asking you to marry him in a telegram. How do you know, Belinda Browne, he would be there to meet you if you did go?"

After more conversation with her aunt, Belinda was at last convinced that it would be most unwise for her to go on such a journey, so she sadly went to the telegraph office and sent off a pathetic little message: "I would love to come, Jim, only aunt does not think it would be right. Signed, Belinda."

About a week later, Belinda received a letter from Jim explaining matters very clearly to her, telling her that it was not possible for him to come now as he must hurry into Dawson over the winter trail to be there for the spring "clean up." He ended his letter by telling of his homeless condition and how he longed more and more for the companionship of his little school friend. If she only had love and courage enough to come, everything would be brighter for him, and he would try to make her happy.

This settled the matter with Belinda, so without consulting anyone this time, she hurried to the telegraph office and sent this telegram to the address in Toronto that Jim had given her: "I will come

to you in Toronto on February 14th, Jim. Signed, Belinda."

Jim had hurried through his Toronto business, being too restless to remain there and when Belinda's telegram reached his Toronto address, he had already left for the station, but the messenger hurried after and handed him the envelope just as the train was pulling out of the Union Station. Jim having given up all hope of Belinda's coming was leaving for the West to arrange some business before he went to the Klondike. Now her message put him in quandary, but after much thought he sent the following telegram to Belinda from North Bay:

"Miss Belinda Browne, Arichat, Cape Breton, Nova Scotia. Trust me more and come on to Calgary. Will meet you there February 19th. Answer Calgary. Signed, Jim Hadley."

As the train drew into Calgary after its four days' trip across the continent, Jim was the first person who jumped off. He ran into the telegraph office where a message was handed to him. He eagerly tore it open and read these words:

"Will come to Calgary, but you will be sure to meet me there, Jim, won't you?? Belinda."

After that he went about his business with a smile that his friends laughingly said could be seen for a mile. When his other business was completed, he went to the tailors and ordered a suit of clothes more striking in design than any he had yet worn. He bought a red tie with wide green stripes across it. When he was arrayed in these with a large nugget pin stuck in the tie and a watch chain made of nuggets, he considered his costume was complete.

The train that was to bring Belinda to Calgary would arrive there on Sunday morning at four a.m., so the Saturday before was a busy day. He had to procure a license, and a wedding ring. As to the size of the latter he had some difficulty in deciding, but bought one to fit his own little finger and wore it proudly for the rest of the day.

About four in the afternoon Jim went to one of the minister's houses and being shown into the study where the minister was busy preparing his Sunday sermon, Jim burst out, "Say, do you marry folks?" The minister smilingly said he did. "Well, I want to be married to-morrow morning at four o'clock on the Eastern Express. My little girl is coming on the train and I want to meet her and get married and go right along on the car. I'll make it worth your while, parson."

ON matters being more fully explained, the minister consented to go with Jim to meet the train and perform the marriage ceremony. These matters being safely attended to, Jim sent off a telegram to Belinda on the train to assure her of his presence in Calgary. The rest of the time he found difficult to fill.

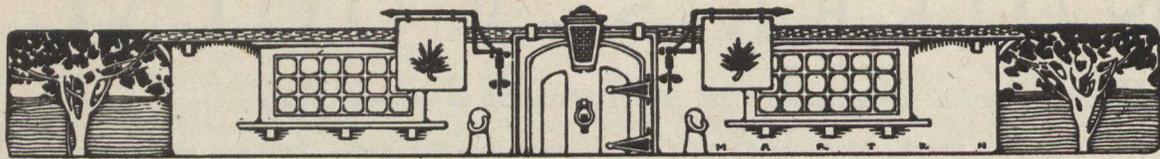
Every few moments he would rush from the hotel to buy something that he thought might please Belinda. First it was a large bridal bouquet of the most expensive flowers he could get. Then it would be several boxes of candies or different kinds of fruit, or some piece of jewellery with which to deck his bride. Then again, it would be books and magazines. The time passed very slowly, but at last it was time to dress and put his things into his travelling bags. The man who came to call him and take the bags down received a tip of five dollars because Jim said as he handed it to him that he did not often have to call a chap for his wedding.

As the train drew into the station that dark stormy morning, Belinda's pale little face could be seen pressed against one of the pullman car windows, doubt, fear, and hope mingling in her expression. Jim waved his hat as he saw her, and was on board before the train stopped.

To poor, little, lonely, trusting Belinda, the sight of that face made up for everything. To her the atrocious clothes, the brilliant tie, and the nugget jewellery were quite the most beautiful things in the world for were they not part and parcel of her Jim.

All Jim said as he folded Belinda in his arms was, "You're a brick."

While the train waited in Calgary, the minister got on board and in the little stateroom, with conductor and porter as witnesses, Belinda, holding in her small travel-stained hand the bunch of pure white flowers that Jim had bought, trustingly and lovingly gave her life into the keeping, for better or for worse, of her old school-fellow.



AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

A Canadian Horsewoman.

By AMY R. BARTRAM.

RICHLY endowed is Mrs. Adam Beck of London, Ontario—health, wealth, beauty of feature and character, honour, applause and motherhood; and as in every life which rises above the ordinary, there are some events which stand out like fixed stars, for her are the acclamations of every lover of the horse in Canada, England and the United States upon the succeeding occasions when with hunter or driver Mrs. Beck has won the coveted trophies, but these fixed stars are eclipsed by the meteor radiance in the trail of her staunch support of every philanthropic movement in the Forest City.

To begin this sketch properly, we must go away back to when in 1872 the famous English Cricketers came over to Canada to meet the cricketers of Toronto, Hamilton, Ottawa and London. The champion Grace and Mr. J. C. Ottaway, barrister, of Old London, were numbered in the renowned eleven. Mr. Ottaway passed through every city heart-whole until in Hamilton he met and loved Marion Stinson (now Mrs. P. D. Crerar of Hamilton whom Earl Grey the other day designated "the Commander-in-Chief of the Tuberculosis Forces in Canada"). Their marriage was consummated in Hamilton five years later. Mr. and Mrs. Ottaway went to London, England, and Lilian Ottaway (Mrs. Beck) was their only child.

Notwithstanding the fact that her early widowed mother, Mrs. Ottaway, brought her six-year-old daughter to Hamilton, Mrs. Beck really belongs to London, for her girlhood was passed in the pursuit of her studies in Old London and Brussels and in 1898 while still in her teens, the Hon. Adam Beck, the then rising young politician and ardent sportsman, wooed and married Lilian Ottaway, bringing her to a London home. By a strange coincidence, Mr. Beck had prepared for his bride the home where ten years before her existence her father had with the cricket team been entertained by the late Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Hyman. The Hyman home in Richmond Street North with its Liberal associations had been remodelled and as "Headley" became the



Little Miss Marion Beck.

home of the Conservative Cabinet Minister. "Headley," by the way, is called after the country seat of Mrs. Beck's late uncle, Sir John Bridge of Surrey, England.

Previous to coming to London, Mrs. Beck as Lilian Ottaway had won fame on the turf and her handling of the ribbons was the admiration of all beholders, while as an equestrienne her peer was not, and is not, to be found in Canada. She had shown her own horses in New York and Chicago, winning distinction with "My Lady." With the establishment of Headley and the magnificent stables, (Mrs. Beck's separate from those of her husband), new life was infused in the London Hunt Club, of which the Hon. Adam Beck is Master. This enthusiasm has continued without abatement, cross-country runs being held bi-weekly almost the whole year.

Shortly after her marriage, in Toronto and Ottawa, Mrs. Beck's little mare, "Sparkle," covered herself and her owner with glory, responding splendidly to the reins in the hands of Mrs. Beck and carrying off in a short space between fifty and sixty awards. "Lady Norfolk" (which animal still has her stall and receives no end of attention), a beautiful harness horse, won the lion's share of honours at Toronto and Montreal shows in 1906-07-08 and this brings us to her great international triumphs with "My Fellow," when at the International Horse Show in Old London last year, first and second prizes went to this thoroughbred hunter. The week just closed has witnessed another Horse Show in Toronto with the Beck horses still to the fore.

The sweeter phase of Mrs. Beck's life is on the same pinnacle. Possessed of a contralto voice of rare sympathy, she has studied under the best masters in Europe and New York and this talent is never withheld from serving as the magnet at any concert or entertainment whose object is philanthropic. To Mrs. Beck's winning personality, executive ability and co-operation was due the success of the Made-in-London Exhibition by which in the neighbourhood of seven thousand dollars was contributed towards the furnishing and maintenance of the Tuberculosis Hospital in London, opened a fortnight since, and thus she proves herself a worthy daughter of "the Commander-in-Chief of the Tuberculosis Forces in Canada."

For the last decade Headley has been the scene of the entertainment of distinguished visitors to London, the Viceregal parties during the Minto and present regime having been received by the Hon. Adam and Mrs. Beck. It is an ideal home and its brightest jewel is the demure little daughter, Marion, who daily grows more like her beautiful and talented mother and is a truly charming picture when with a tall groom in attendance she takes her morning rides astride her little Welsh pony, Brownie, with an ease and grace wonderful for her six summers. Miss Marion has an earnest desire to learn to ride like "Mama" instead of astride.

Mrs. Beck's versatility is exceptional, riding, driving, golf, tennis, with a wide range of musical and intellectual interests, and rising pre-eminently above these is the charm of her sweet womanlines. Add fair colouring to the accompanying photograph which was taken in England last year at the time of Mrs. Beck's presentation at Court, and nothing further need be said of her beauty.

* * *

The Kindly Deed.

MANY are the stories of experiences, unique and interesting, which have befallen Madame Tetrzzini during her tour in America, and the following incident recounted in *M. A. P.* adds another to the diva's record of good deeds.

A girl, whose acquaintance she had made in San Francisco, travelled to New York to hear the prima donna sing in *Lucia di Lammermoor*. She was taken ill in the great city, and was told by the doctor that if she went to the opera she went in peril of her life. During one of her daily drives, taken by the doctor's orders, the young invalid stopped at the singer's residence in West End Avenue and told Tetrzzini the story of her disappointment.

"You mustn't worry," said Tetrzzini, "and perhaps in a day or two you will be well enough to come and hear me sing." But the singer was too much of an optimist.

Next day the girl was too ill even to take her drive.

She rang up Tetrzzini on the telephone and poured her tale of woe into the singer's ears.

"Well, my dear," answered Tetrzzini, "if you can't come to hear me at the opera you shall hear me sing now. I have an accompanist with me, and if you listen, I will sing the Mad Scene from *Lucia* for you."

The girl was delighted. So was the telephone operator who happened to have heard the latter part of the conversation. She notified all the exchanges that were not engaged, and in a few seconds the prima donna had an unseen audience of some hundred or more appreciative telephone operators waiting at telephones all over the town to hear the difficult music sung by its greatest living exponent. It was twenty minutes before the excerpt was finished, and during that time there were more wires "engaged" than ever remembered in the history of the New York telephone.

When the last note died away Tetrzzini took up the receiver and was astounded to hear a chorus of "Brava," "Bis," "Encore," and other expressions of appreciation come over the wire. The invalid was too grateful for spoken thanks, but the singer treasures a letter.

* * *

The Duchess and the Abbey.

THE young Duchess of Westminster, who recently lent her beautiful house in Upper Grosvenor Street for the annual exhibition and sale of the Royal Irish Industries Association, is one of the most popular hostesses of her day. Her home is a veritable art repository, and the pictures in Grosvenor House are worth a visit alone, including, as they do, Gainsborough's famous "Blue Boy," which was lent to the recent art exhibition at the Franco-British Exhibition.

The Duchess delights in telling an excellent story about the Shah of Persia who was very fond of paying compliments to English ladies.

When the Duchess of Westminster was presented he greeted her heartily. "I have heard so



Mrs. Adam Beck, of London, Ont.

much about you," he said. "Your worthy name is well known even in my country."

The Duchess was surprised at first, then a light dawned upon her. "Gracious me, I do believe he mistakes me for Westminster Abbey," she said, and, what was more, she was right.

* * *

Swallow Song.

By MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL.

O LITTLE hearts, beat home, beat home,
Here is no place to rest.
Night darkens on the falling foam
And on the fading west.
O little wings, beat home, beat home.
Love may no longer roam.

Oh, love has touched the fields of wheat,
And love has crowned the corn,
And we must follow love's white feet,
Through all the ways of morn.
Through all the silver roads of air
We pass and have no care.

The silver roads of love are wide,
O winds that turn, O stars that guide.
Sweet are the ways that love has trod
Through the clear skies that reach to God:
But in the cliff-grass love builds deep
A place where wandering wings may sleep.
—*Youth's Companion*.

* * *

Remarkable Versatility.

BOOTH TARKINGTON relates how he wrote for five years before he had a single manuscript accepted. During those five years his earnings were just \$67, of which the major portion came from a relative "for services rendered," \$20 for the sale of a drawing, part represented two prize essays, "and the rest," concluded Mr. Tarkington with pride, "was earned by shovelling snow for the neighbours."

DEMI - TASSE

Newslets.

NOW it is announced that the charwomen of Toronto are about to form a union. It is humbly suggested that it be named the Sisterhood of Suds.

A convict has been released from a penitentiary in Minnesota because he wrote such perfectly poetry that the editor of *The Century* begged the governor to let such a bright young poet go free. Now we may expect all the convict contributors of the CANADIAN COURIER in the Kingston Penitentiary and the Central Prison to write in, urging us to do something. There's nothing succeeds like distress.

These are the days of April showers. But the tearful skies are as nothing compared with the sobs which break from the Toronto *News* over the dissensions which are rending the Liberal associations of that city.

Mr. Joseph H. Choate has called Lord Kitchener "The greatest living soldier in the world." Colonel Sam Hughes never had much of an opinion of Joseph.

A new suffrage society has been formed, with a view to obtaining the franchise for the women of Ontario. Sir James Whitney has been asked to be honorary president, and Colonel Matheson is taking an active interest in the organisation.

Mr. James Conmee is worrying over the roving rights of the Ottawa and Montreal Power Transmission Bill. The honourable gentleman from Port Arthur is so concerned about the poor public. He hates to see a democracy get the worst of a power project. Sunny Jim is the true friend of the workingman.

Mike Banks, an Austrian, has been discovered in possession of a blind pig at Niagara. Next thing we'll find out that Bridget O'Flaherty is an "Oitalian."

A Wise Youth.

HE had studied by himself, and came up for examination to college with inadequate preparation. He approached ancient history with fear and doubt, for he had had little time to stuff himself with the history of the Cæsars. The paper contained a question at which the young man looked with dismay: "What can you say about Caligua?" He did not remember that Caligua was the worst

of a long line of mad and bad Roman Emperors. But a witless inspiration came to him, of the sort that often saves the young and the ignorant. He wrote: "The less said about Caligua the better." He passed.

What We Pay.

Beef is soaring to the skies,
Butter takes a gentle rise,
Real estate is out of sight,
Strawberries are just a fright,
But the highest one of all
Climbs beyond our humble call;
Rubber's made a record fine—
Oh, to own a rubber mine!

Simple Directions.

PROFESSOR RICHARDS of Yale enjoys a joke, and his pupils often come to him when they have heard a new one.

Such was the case when one of the students said to him:

"Professor, wouldn't you like a good receipt for catching rabbits?"

"Why, yes," replied the professor. "What is it?"

"Well, you crouch down behind a thick stone wall, and make a noise like a turnip.

Quick as a flash came the reply: "Oh, a better way than that would be for you to go and sit quietly in a bed of cabbage heads and look natural."

Consolation.

THE small boy had been informed of the desirability of being cheerful and looking on the bright side of things. He put this into practice at the earliest opportunity, selecting his grandmother as a victim of his good spirits. The old lady was afflicted with rheumatic gout and was complaining of the pain in her right foot.

"Never mind, Granny," he said consolingly, "Just think of the awful time you'd have if you was a centipede."

Hardly Flattering.

HUGH STOWELL Brown used to relate how, on one occasion when he made his appearance at Edinburgh under the presidency of the Lord Provost of the city, a wealthy baillie rose with much *empressement* to propose a rather obsequious "vote of thanks" to "his worship, the Lord Provost, for the great sacrifice of his valuable time which he

has made in coming out to attend this lecture!" * * *

Hunting for Trouble.

A TRAVELLER stopped at a country hotel in Arkansas. There was no water in his room when he arose in the morning and he went downstairs and asked for some.

"What for?" the landlord asked.

"I want to wash my face."

The landlord directed him to a creek near by, and he went there for his ablutions, followed by several children, who stared at him in amazement.

The traveller washed his face and combed his hair, as best he could, with a pocket comb.

The children circled about him with wide-open eyes. Finally the largest boy said: "Say, mister, do you all take all that trouble with yourself every day?"

Some Curran Stories.

LORD CLARE was a determined enemy of Curran whilst he was at the Bar. The Lord Chancellor ruined his practice at the Chancery Court, and his clients were always sufferers. Indeed Curran stated that the losses in his professional income from the animosity of Lord Clare amounted to no less than thirty thousand pounds. The incidents in court in consequence of this disagreement were sometimes ludicrous. On one occasion, according to an old writer, when it was known that the advocate was about to make an elaborate argument in Chancery, Lord Clare brought a Newfoundland dog upon the Bench with him, and paid much more attention to the dog than to the barrister, and the fact was commented on by the profession. At a material point in the argument the Chancellor lost all decency, and turned quite aside to fondle the dog. Curran stopped at once. "Go on, go on!" said Lord Clare.

"Oh, I beg a thousand pardons, my Lord!" was the ready reply, "I really took it for granted your Lordship was engaged in consultation."

The friendship that existed between Curran and Egan for many years was interrupted by a quarrel so bitter that a duel was the consequence. They met on the Fifteen Acres, and on the ground Egan complained that the disparity in size gave his adversary an unfair advantage. "I might as well shoot at a midge as at him," said Egan, "and he may hit me as easily as a turf-stick."

"I tell you what, Mr. Egan," said Curran, pistol in hand; "I wish to take no advantage of you whatsoever. Let my size be chalked out upon your side, and every shot which goes outside of that mark may count for nothing." The contest after that was not a deadly one, though they fired, neither was hit, and a reconciliation followed.

How He Knew.

"SPEAKING of eggs," said Mark Twain, "I am reminded of the town of Squash. In my early lecturing days I went to Squash to lecture in the Temperance Hall, arriving in the afternoon. The town seemed very poorly billed. I thought I'd find out if the people know anything at all about what was going to happen, so I turned in at the general store.

"Good-afternoon, friend!" I said to the storekeeper. "Any entertainment here to-night to help a stranger to while away an evening?"

"Yes," he replied. "Shouldn't be surprised if there's a lecture on. I've been sellin' the cheapest eggs all day!"



Clean Teeth Never Decay

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In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier



Unemployable Gentleman (on seat). "Wot O, Bill! Got a job? 'Ow d'yer like it?"
Ex-Unemployable. "So so, Charlie—if only the sudden change don't play 'avoc wiv my constitootion."—Punch.

FOR THE CHILDREN

The Swallow's Nest.

CHARLEY came from school one Friday afternoon. He was going home with his grandfather, at whose house he was to spend the next day. It was the month of May; and the drive of ten miles among the green trees and fields was very delightful.

There were no playmates for Charley at grandpa's; but with a calf at the barn, several broods of chickens, and four kittens, he found enough to occupy his mind. He was up very early in the morning, and it was after ten o'clock when he came into the kitchen rather hungry.

"Look under the cloth on the table, Charley," called his grandma from the sitting-room. "You'll find a little cake I baked for you. Don't you see it?" she asked, coming into the kitchen. "There, that one."

"Oh!" said Charley, "I thought that was a loaf."

Then, taking the cake in his hand, he sat on a rock at the foot of a tree a little distance from the house, and began to eat with great relish.

Not far from him, and a little way from the other buildings, was the corn-barn, and at one end of its roof was a bird-house, which had been taken by two little birds for their home. Charley saw one bird come out and fly away. While she was gone, her mate kept watch at a short distance to see that no harm came to the eggs that were within.

Charley noticed that, in flying, these birds had different motions from the sparrows and robins which lived about his own home in the city, and, when he went nearer, he saw that they were swallows.

As he watched them pass in and out of their house, he observed that there was something inside that opened and shut like a door. It was pressed back when the birds went in, and sprang into place again as soon as they were inside. Charley could not make out what it was, and ran to the house to ask about it.

"Grandma," he said, "is there a real door to the swallows' house?"

"They make one for themselves," she answered, "there is no door to the box. You know their house stands where it is exposed to all the winds, and, on some days since they came, they must have felt the cold very much. But I saw one come flying home one day with a turkey's feather in his beak, and they worked away at it very busily until they had placed it as you see. It keeps out the wind, and makes the house much more comfortable."

Charley went back to look at the door again, and wished he could be small enough, for a few minutes, to go inside the bird-house, and see just how it was fastened. But he could not have his wish, and the swallows kept their secret.

SUSAN CHENERY.

* * *

What the Fox Thought.

BY WEBB DONNELL.

NAT had a very exciting story to tell to Ned—all about how he had been down in the lower field and had seen a fox, and how the fox had cantered off and disappeared in the ground.

"I found the hole," said Nat, eagerly, "an' we'll get the hired man to go with us to-night and dig out the little ones! It's just time now for the little foxes to be in the nests, Mr. Cummins says."

The boys' father had told them of

a little tame fox he used to have when he was a boy, and ever since Nat and Ned had been wild to get a baby fox to "bring up."

Jackson, the hired man, agreed to go with them that evening when his work was done, and seven o'clock found them at the hole in the field. None of them saw a pair of sharp eyes watching from the bushes.

It was hard work digging in the stony soil, and, dear me! when they got to the end of the little tunnel in the ground there was a great disappointment in store for Nat and Ned—there were no foxes there!

The owner of the sharp eyes stole softly away, and if she had any thoughts upon the subject, and I'm quite sure she did, this is what they were: "What stupid folks to go to all that trouble without finding out beforehand something about the habits of foxes! Then they would have known that we always take our babies and scamper off to hole number two as soon as we find that somebody has discovered hole number one. That is our protection." — *Youth's Companion*.

* * *

The Two Gowns.

BY MIRIAM S. CLARK.

MY mama has a pretty dress
Of silk, that's rich and fine;
She wears it when there's company

Or when she's out to dine;
The collar has a velvet bow
Below my mama's face;

The skirt is long, and very wide,
The sleeves are trimmed with lace;
It shines and shimmers in the light.

All changing, gold and green;
I smile at her, and whisper low,
"My mama is a queen!"

My mama has another dress
That's cozy, soft and red,
She wears it on "home evenings,"

When I am going to bed;
And after I have said my prayers
And when I've said good-night,

I'm not afraid of hurting it,
I hug up to it, tight,
And say, with arms round mama's

neck,
"Oh, have you ever guessed,
That though your blue silk gown is

grand,
I like this dress the best?"

—*St. Nicholas*.

* * *

His Spelling.

BY E. P. E.

LITTLE WEE had been brought up to be polite, and not to interrupt when there was company unless it was very important. He always remembered this and kept very quiet. One day there were visitors, who talked and stayed and stayed, until poor little Wee was tired. He wished them to go, but not for anything would he let them see this.

All of a sudden he thought of a nice plan that his mother and father knew when he was too little to spell and they did not want to hurt his feelings. So in a little pause in the ladies' talk, Wee said, in his prettiest way, "Mother, please can't we be a-l-o-n-e?" And all the visitors laughed and kissed him good-by, and gave him his good mother all to himself.

* * *

The Gentleman in Grey.

HUSH, little May! Snuggle here by my side:

Do you see in that corner a door open wide?

That's the door of a house: if you watch it a minute,

The shy little owner will come and sit in it.



Tea Time Talks



It's always tea time when
you are tired or thirsty.

The Quality of Tea

is very important to the tea drinker. Yet how is he to detect adulteration? Tea can be adulterated by the use of stems, twigs and coarse leaves; by mixing various grades of leaf; by the use of coloring matter as Prussian blue, etc.

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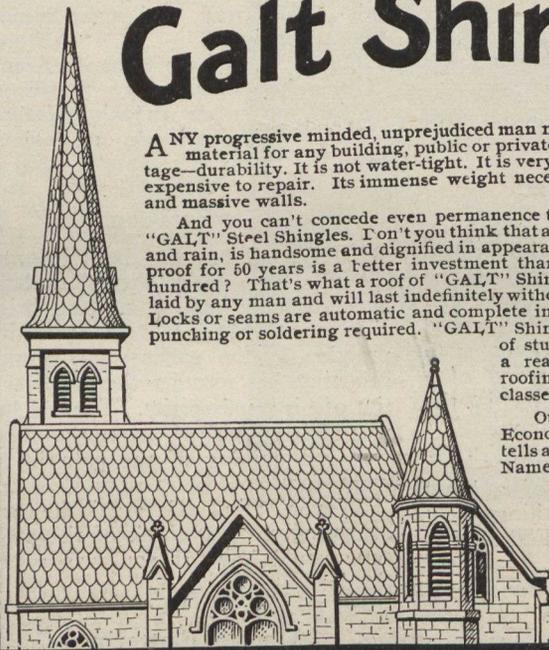
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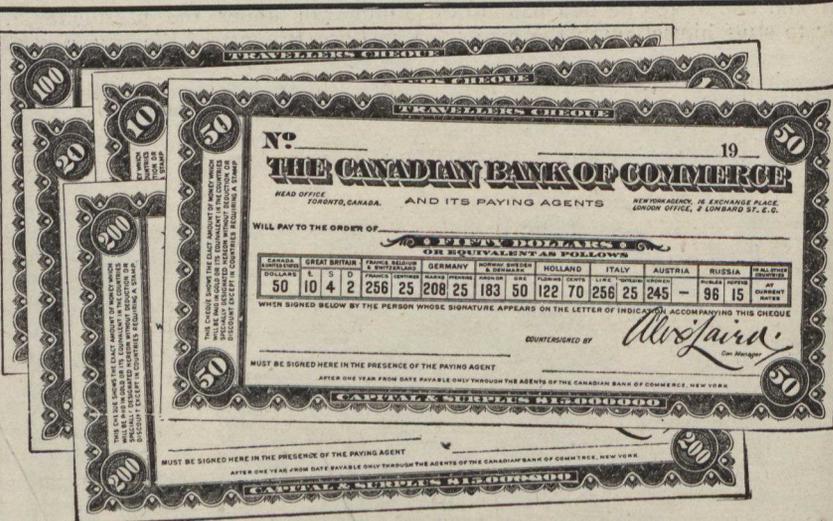
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PEOPLE AND PLACES

An Old Landmark in Grimsby.

ONE of the most picturesque and historic landmarks in Grimsby is the old house built by Col. Robert Nelles in the year 1798. It is perhaps the oldest house in the district and was the meeting-place of the Union Lodge No. 7, A. F. & A. M., in 1802. It is noted for many local historic events and is now in the possession of Mr. and Mrs. Adam Rutherford.

* * *

Skeena Indians Unionise.

ADVANCEMENT of civilisation is not without certain ill effects, for the Skeena Indians having been inoculated with the "trade union" germ recently held a "pow-wow" which resulted in the following ultimatum being sent to owners of steamboats:

Port Simpson, B.C., April, 1910.

Capt. Gardner:

Dear Sir,—We, the young people of Port Simpson, held a meeting at which we decided and agreed not to work on Hudson's Bay Company's and Foley's boats or on the Welch & Stewart boats, unless wages are raised to sixty dollars per month.

(Signed) JOHN NELSON,
Chairman.

J. RYAN, Secretary.

Last year at Port Simpson the Indians were earning \$50 a month and

months. It is an increase of over twenty-six millions as compared with the previous high record of 1907-8.

At the present the regular monthly increases over the corresponding months of last year are running considerably over ten millions per month and indications point to a total trade in the neighbourhood of eight hundred million for the current fiscal year.

The total imports for the year were \$375,783,660, an increase of \$77,659,868 over 1908-9. Exports of domestic products totalled \$279,211,537, an increase of \$36,607,951.

Exports of foreign products totalled \$22,146,992, an increase of \$3,238,419. The chief items of export for this year, with comparative figures, are as follows:

	1908-9	1909-10
Agriculture ..	\$71,997,207	\$90,433,747
Forest	39,667,387	47,517,033
Animals and their produce	54,349,646	53,926,515
Mines	37,257,699	40,087,017
Manufactures	28,957,050	31,494,916
Fisheries . . .	13,319,664	15,627,148

The total trade for March last year was \$66,564,208, an increase of \$13,250,000. Imports for the month totalled \$43,391,991, an increase of about \$10,500,000. Exports of domestic products totalled \$22,199,275,

A HOUSE WITH A HISTORY



Built by Col. Robert Nelles at Grimsby, Ont., in 1798; now occupied by Mr. Adam Rutherford.

board, and even as high as \$55. The year previous they were earning less, so they naturally concluded that they were entitled to a yearly raise. Finding that they had "counted their chickens before they were hatched," they made the irretrievable error of "killing the goose that laid the golden egg."

The Hudson's Bay Company and Foley, Welch & Stewart at once engaged a competent white crew to do the work formerly undertaken by the Indians, and these were glad to do it for \$50 a month, so the Indians will have to find other fields for their scope.

* * *

Canada's Increase of Trade.

STATISTICS from Ottawa give an interesting tablet of last year's increase in Canada's total trade for the fiscal year ending in March, 1910. The total trade of Canada for last year figured at \$677,142,189, being an increase of no less than \$117,506,238, or over twenty per cent., as compared with the preceding twelve

as compared with \$18,397,974 in March of last year.

There is also an interest in the perusal of the export of wheat from Canada during last year. During 1909, 26,000,000 bushels were exported, being, unfortunately, a decrease from 1908, when 28,000,000 bushels were exported. In 1909 there was a total of 1,700,000 sacks of flour sent out of Canada. The destinations of the flour and grain, after an investigation, proved most interesting. While Great Britain was the biggest importer of both grain and flour, yet large quantities were sent to such countries as Belgium, Holland, Germany, Italy, France and South Africa. The same wide field is shown in connection with the export of flour. The fact that Canadian grain and flour can compete successfully in the world's markets is highly significant of the future of the grain and flour exporting business of this country. The flour milling companies have not only a large home market but an ever growing foreign demand for their products.

You know how good MacLaren's Imperial Cheese is—the tastiest and best cheese in the world. Just you try

MACLAREN'S IMPERIAL PEANUT BUTTER



You'll declare it delicious. It's a wholesome food for young and old as well. The most nutritious parts of carefully selected and tested Spanish Peanuts are simply concentrated in our Imperial Peanut Butter, making it the delight of connoisseurs and recommended as "the purest of all pure foods" by the medical profession.

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When that tube is used up, if you should chance to be in Vancouver, or in a country village in Ontario, or anywhere else in Canada between Atlantic and Pacific, you can get exactly the same tooth-paste—under the same NA-DRU-CO Trade Mark—at the same price.

So with **NA-DRU-CO Tasteless Cod Liver Oil**, the great tonic, with **NA-DRU-CO Cascara Laxatives**, **NA-DRU-CO Blood Purifier** or any other of 125 NA-DRU-CO

Toilet and Medicinal Preparations. They are on sale under **one trade mark, at one price, throughout the Dominion**. Should your druggist not have the particular article you ask for in stock, he can get it for you **within 48 hours** from our nearest Wholesale Branch.

When you get an article bearing the NA-DRU-CO Trade Mark you have the best that money can buy. But if for any reason you are not entirely satisfied with it, we want to get it back. **Return the unused portion to your druggist and he will refund your money.**

Ask your physician or druggist—men of standing in your community—about NA-DRU-CO preparations. They can tell you, for we will furnish to any physician or druggist in Canada on request, a full list of the ingredients in any NA-DRU-CO article.

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Paid-up Capital, - \$6,000,000

Reserve Fund and

Undivided Profits, - 4,602,157

Deposits. (Nov. 30) - 49,471,594

Assets, " - 66,800,510

143 Branches in Canada

General Banking Business transacted

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT at all Branches.

Deposits of \$1.00 and upwards received and interest allowed at best current rates.

TORONTO OFFICES:

13 Wellington St. West 1400 Queen St. West
Parliament and Gerrard Sts. (Parkdale)

In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier

MONEY AND MAGNATES

One of the Younger Generation Who is Doing Things.

SOME men never seem to be as happy as when they are doing things. This applies more particularly, it rather seems, to men who are actively identified with industrial and financial propositions very largely perhaps because their energies and talents are developed to such a great extent by the big transactions which they carry through that they cannot stand inactivity but must apply their mental forces and abilities rather to pass along from one deal to another and all the time endeavour to carry them all through successfully.



Mr. Cawthra Mulock.

Young Cawthra Mulock of Toronto is rather a striking indication of just such a man. For some months past Toronto has fairly marvelled at the manner in which he took hold and carried through the National Iron Works proposition down at Ashbridge's Bay. It was only last fall that he was still engaged in a fight to secure the Ashbridge Bay site for his new enterprise, and yet to-day a most modern plant stands on the site, which is turning out cast iron pipe of a quality which is said to be superior to anything that has ever been turned out in Canada. An indication that experts must consider it of pretty good quality is that the City Engineer of Toronto the other day after a thorough inspection recommended that the company should be given the contract for the entire requirements that the city would take of three, four and six-inch pipe for the year 1910.

So fast have the orders come in that Mr. Mulock has made arrangements to double the capacity of the present works and already the contract for the extra machinery and equipment has been given. Of course, it is the intention that it should grow into a big iron and steel enterprise but Mr. Mulock evidently goes on the theory that it is best to do one thing right before passing on to another.

Now Mr. Mulock is to be found at the head of the interests who are organising the Maple Leaf Milling Company, Limited, with a capital of \$5,000,000, and intends through it that the Province of Ontario should occupy the position that it deserves in the milling industry of Canada. For a great many months Mr. Mulock has been quietly at work getting his plans into shape to permit of the present organisation and even before any public announcement of it had been made he had arranged for a large amount of additional capital being placed in the treasury of the new company, which by permitting of the erection of a 6,000 barrel mill, and a million bushel elevator at Port Colborne as well as extensions to other mills owned by the companies taken over, would enable the Province of Ontario to say that it had a milling concern the total output of which was fully equal to that of any of the older of the milling concerns of the country.

Closely associated with Mr. Mulock in the new enterprise will be Mr. Hedley Shaw of Toronto and Mr. D. C. Cameron, the western lumberman, who have made such a success of the old companies, and then when the directors will require the advice of a wheat authority they will be able to fall on the counsel of Mr. C. W. Band, the vice-president of the James Carruthers Company, Limited, who will also be a member of the board. And when one looks at the way Canada is developing one cannot help saying that it is a man who does things that Canada needs most of all, and the younger he is the better it will be, because of the longer period in which he will have to do things. Ontario is to be the gainer by both enterprises.

* * *

Trying to Make Good on La Rose.

THE coming summer will see the greatest project of development work that has ever been carried out in Cobalt put through on the different properties of the La Rose Mining Company. Mr. D. Lorne McGibbon, the rubber magnate, who is now at the head of the La Rose concern has talked the matter over at great length with his associates, and they have decided to leave no stone unturned to get the best possible result out of each and every one of the properties now included in the La Rose chain. For weeks Engineer Watson has been at work preparing such a plan and when he submitted it at a meeting of the directors held the other day at the King Edward Hotel at Toronto, the latter were unanimous in recommending that it should be carried out as quickly as possible and then as a result of it the directors will be in a position to know just what portion of the properties they should go ahead and sink their shafts and what portion should be left alone for the present at least. The whole problem seems to have been approached in a way that makes La Rose look almost just as much like an industrial as a mining enterprise. Of course there are a number of enterprises in which Mr. McGibbon is largely interested, but in none of them does he seem so desirous of making good as he does in this La Rose proposition.

* * *

Biggest Banking Firms in the World Securing Canadian Connections.

THERE was a short announcement that came over the cable the other day, that certainly set the leading financial interests of the country a-thinking. It was that the big international banking firm of Lazard Freres, with offices in Paris, London and nearly all the other principal European centres, had become large shareholders in the Royal Securities Corporation, a concern which during the past year has been very prominently identified with the larger issues of Canadian securities.

For some months past, we have heard a good deal about the large amount

CONTINUED ON PAGE 26.

An Attractive Industrial Bond

The first mortgage bonds of the larger Canadian industrial concerns are in marked favor among investors, because of the high class of security that usually stands behind them. The

6 Per Cent. First Mortgage Thirty-Year Gold Bonds

OF THE

Carriage Factories Limited

are especially attractive from such a stand point, because they constitute a FIRST CHARGE ON ALL OF THE COMPANY'S PROPERTIES, NOW OR HEREAFTER ACQUIRED Besides the yearly net earnings of the Company are sufficient to pay its bond interest several times over. We are offering a limited amount of these Bonds at par and accrued interest to yield the full

Six Per Cent.

Prospectus and full particulars on application.

J. A. Mackay & Co.

Limited

Montreal Toronto

PELLATT

& PELLATT

(Members Toronto Stock Exchange)

401 Traders Bank Building, Toronto

BONDS AND STOCKS
also **COBALT STOCKS**
BOUGHT AND SOLD
... ON COMMISSION ...

Private wire connections with
W. H. GOADBY & CO., Members
New York Stock Exchange.

McCuaig Bros. & Co.

MEMBERS MONTREAL STOCK EXCHANGE

Studies of leading corporations published weekly in circular form. General market review also given.

COPY MAILED ON APPLICATION

157 St. James St. - Montreal

In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier

Athletic News and Views

By F. H. HURLEY

CANADA will be well represented in the singles at Henley this year. Lou Scholes, the winner in 1904, is to try again, and, if he can reproduce the form he showed on that occasion, he should win.

He is a great sculler and a fine specimen of Canadian manhood, standing 5 ft. 11½ inches high, and weighing, in his best rowing condition, 172 lbs.

The late Ned Hanlan, in speaking of Scholes, after his victory in the "Diamonds," declared that he (Scholes) could row a mile and a half faster than he could himself in his best days—high praise certainly.

Scholes, at that time, was rowing remarkably fast, and in the race referred to, defeated F. J. S. Kelley, of Oxford, the greatest sculler that ever rowed for the coveted honour, after a terrific struggle, and in exceptionally fast time. As he has not done much rowing since that time, however, it may be that he will not—in

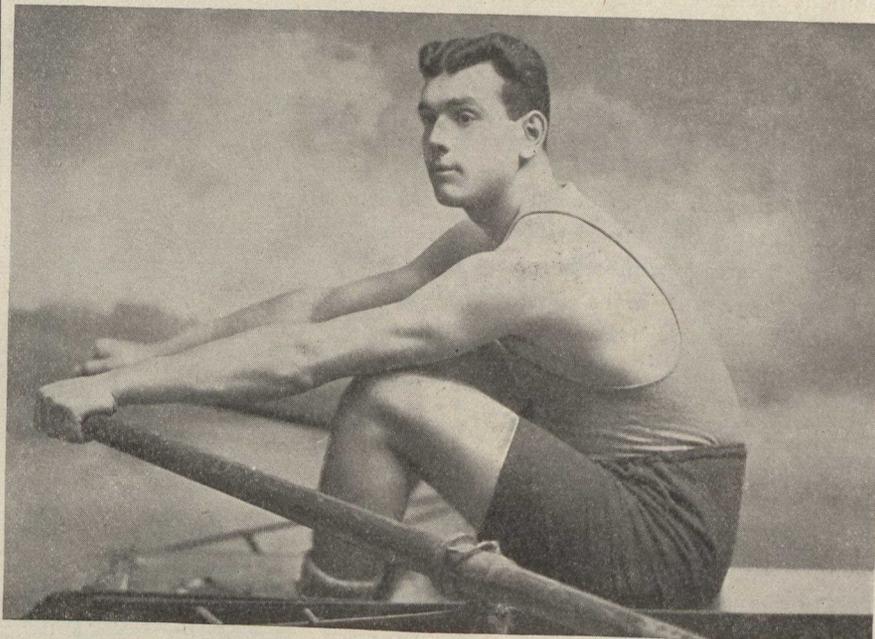
The showing of the Vancouver team against the world's champions has stimulated the management of the locals to greater efforts than ever before and they will be represented by a strong team when the whistle blows for the first game in the championship race this summer. Many new eastern men will appear on the lineup and if the importation of eastern material stands for anything the Minto Cup should be as much as won by the Con Jones' men.

But while eastern players may be expert, finished, etc., opinion will always be at variance that they are as valuable to a team as the man turned out in the west. At any rate when the Vancouver and New Westminster teams come together this summer some light should be thrown on this point, for the world's champions will practically be opposed by an eastern team in the regular league series.

And while Vancouver has gone in-

WINNER OF THE DIAMOND SCULLS, 1904

Will he get back to his old time form for 1910?



Lou Scholes Getting in Shape for the Henley Regatta

the very much hackneyed phrase — "come back." He has no doubt himself but that he will be able to row as well as ever, and, if that should prove true, there isn't likely to be any one competing this year, capable of defeating him.

* * *

Fred Cameron Honoured.

FRED CAMERON, of Amherst, N.S., was given a great reception on his arrival home from Boston, after winning the Marathon race, and the championship of America that goes with it. In addition to a civic address, he was presented with a gold watch, and his trainer, Mr. Trenholm, with a purse of fifty dollars.

Cameron deserves well of his people, and they have not forgotten to appreciate him in the proper way. This is as it should be. He is a sterling little runner, in every sense that word implies, and is a credit to his country.

* * *

Lacrosse on the Pacific Coast.

THE lacrosse clubs are getting ready for what is expected to be one of the best seasons of the national game on the Pacific coast.

to the importing business liberally the champions will have practically the same team which defended the Minto Cup against the Regina club and Tecumsehs, besides winning the league series with the Vancouvers last year. There may be one or two changes owing to the retirement of players, but the champions recognise the strength of their team and they are loath to make any more changes than are absolutely necessary.

The schedule is announced and from now on events should lead up quickly to the opening of the season. New Westminster will not only have to defend the Minto Cup in their league series with the Vancouver team, but they will also have to settle matters with the Montreals. This series will be amongst the most important that the champions have ever been called upon to play, for the Montreals will come west with the reputation of being one of the best teams ever got together in the east, with the advantage of playing much the same style of game as the present cup holders. They are said to be fast and experts look for the New Westminster team to be extended all the distance to retain the cup, while many in the east are hopeful that the challengers may be able to accomplish what the Tecumsehs failed to do.

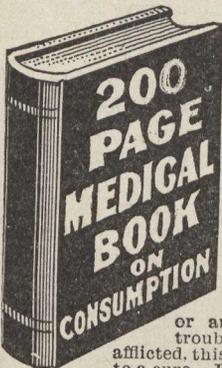
Feel "Fagged Out"?
It's Unnecessary. Take

Abbey's
Effer-Vescent Salt

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

29

Consumption Book



FREE

This valuable medical book tells in plain, simple language how Consumption can be cured in your own home. If you know of any one suffering from Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma

or any throat or lung trouble, or are yourself afflicted, this book will help you to a cure. Even if you are in the advanced stage of the disease and feel there is no hope, this book will show you how others have cured themselves after all remedies they had tried failed, and they believed their case hopeless.

Write at once to the **Yonkerman Consumption Remedy Co.**, 1555 Rose Street, Kalamazoo, Mich., and they will send you from their Canadian Depot the book and a generous supply of the New Treatment, absolutely free, for they want every sufferer to have this wonderful cure before it is too late. Don't wait—write today. It may mean the saving of your life.

THE PEOPLES BUILDING & LOAN ASSOCIATION

Head Office; The Peoples Buildings
LONDON, ONTARIO

There is invested \$76,259,970.55 in Canadian loan Company Debentures, which evidences the popularity of this class of investments.

Our Debentures pay 4½% per annum, payable half-yearly.

Write for 17th Annual Report

A. A. CAMPBELL
MANAGING DIRECTOR

Safer— More Convenient

Other Money Orders cost just as much and lack some most important advantages possessed by

Dominion Express Money Orders

which are paid immediately on presentation—no advice to wait for.

Dominion Express Money Orders are cashed, not at one particular office only, but anywhere, by Express and Ticket Agents, Bankers, Merchants—in fact by any business man who knows you.

If lost, destroyed or stolen the money is promptly refunded, or a new Order issued without additional charge.

Dominion Express Money Orders are the safest, and most convenient means of sending money by mail.

In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier



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

"Used while you sleep"

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

THE LEEMING-MILES CO., Limited
Canadian Agents
Leeming-Miles Building, Montreal, Canada.

HILL CROFT BOBCAYGEON - ONTARIO

A Residential School in the Country for Young Boys

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

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

Queen's University and College

KINGSTON ONTARIO.

ARTS
EDUCATION
THEOLOGY
MEDICINE

SCIENCE (Including Engineering)

The Arts course may be taken without attendance, but students desiring to graduate must attend one session. There were 1517 students registered session 1909-10.

For Calendars, write the Registrar,
GEO. Y. CHOWN, B.A.
Kingston, Ontario.

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OPEN TO ALL

The first comer, of reasonable ability, in any town or village where the Canadian Courier is unrepresented, will hear of something to his advantage on referring to this offer by mail. Reading people preferred and if you appreciate the Courier so much the better.

CIRCULATION BUREAU
CANADIAN COURIER
TORONTO

Kid Gloves Cleaned

Send us 10 cents (stamps or silver) with each pair, and we will return them to you perfectly dry cleaned.

DYEING and FRENCH DRY CLEANING
of Every Description
UNGAR'S DYE WORKS, Halifax, N.S.

In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier



Lawrence Park

COMBINES THE DELIGHTS OF
OUTDOOR LIFE AND FREEDOM
WITH THE COMFORT OF A HOME

GIVE your children every consideration when purchasing a home-site.

Give them play-grounds where they may obtain the benefits of out-door pastimes unmolested; give them the opportunity to make the most desirable acquaintances as play-mates; let them enjoy to the fullest the invigorating atmosphere of a location designed and planned by eminent architects to produce health and happiness for its residents—finally—give them a home in Lawrence Park, Toronto's newest and most select suburb.

Here they may have grounds a-plenty, health in abundance, and an ideal home.

Lawrence Park is situated at an elevation of 640 feet above Lake Ontario—think of the benefits derived from this alone—unrivalled ventilation, bracing atmosphere, elimination of the city's smoke and soot and the many advantages of a comely home, though only 30 minutes are consumed in reaching the business sections.

Phone Main 7281 and an automobile will be at your service to show you Lawrence Park in its entirety.

NORTH TORONTO OFFICE:

YONGE STREET, Opposite Glen Grove

Open Daily from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. PHONE NORTH 4894.

LAWRENCE PARK ESTATES

The Dovercourt Land, Building & Savings
Company, Limited

24 Adelaide St. East - TORONTO

PHONE MAIN 7281



Money and Magnates

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 24.

of English and foreign capital that was finding its way into the country, but there has not been any other single incident that has served as much to indicate the attention the biggest banking interests of the world were paying to Canada, and things Canadian, as did the one resulting from the announcement that such an organisation as Lazard Brothers had completed arrangements by which they would become the largest shareholders in a Canadian concern like the Royal Securities.

Thinking it over, it rather looks as though such an arrangement would be mutually satisfactory to both concerns. With Canada going ahead the way it is, it is only natural that a big concern like Lazard Bros. should be posted on just what is occurring, and should like to get a connection that would enable them to keep close in touch with Canadian enterprises. The prominent part that the leading interests behind the Royal Securities Corporation have taken in connection with the largest flotations that have been made from Canada during the past year, would seem to indicate that the Lazard firm had got in with the right people on this side.

On the other hand, the market in Canada for Canadian flotations is necessarily a somewhat narrow one, especially after the number of public offerings that have been made for some months past, and on this account a great proportion of all future offerings will, almost of necessity, find their way on to the London and foreign markets. Such a condition naturally calls for some other connection than has prevailed up to the present time, as between the head office of the Bank of Montreal and its London office, or even through what has been known as the Canadian Agency, a concern through which most Canadian issues have been engineered in London for some little time back. By securing closer relations with the Lazard firm, the Canadian Corporation will be able to take advantage of the connection the latter has in almost every country of Europe, as well as throughout Great Britain, and the high standing of the firm will mean that whenever it recommends an issue, it will be very readily taken even by investors in different European countries who up to the present time have heard very little, if anything, about Canada or the opportunities for investment here.

Sao Paulo's Showing.

SAO PAULO is capitalised for present and future needs, but nevertheless it showed an increase in earnings last year of 6.6 per cent. This is much better than most large corporations with which it might reasonably be compared. The net earnings increased 5.9 per cent. All this notwithstanding a lowering of fares on the tramway system and a lowering of rates in the lighting department. Three-quarters of a million were spent on capital account, for new machinery, new tracks and a new car house. The assets are valued at nineteen million as compared with sixteen million stock and bonds. Nearly one hundred thousand dollars was carried to profit and loss after paying ten per cent. in dividends. This is a wonderful showing for this Pan-American corporation, showing that the enthusiasm of the promoters and of the investors who have accumulated the stock was based on both knowledge and judgment. Perhaps there was an element of good luck mingled with some judicious management. People are accustomed to see companies of which Mr. William Mackenzie is president do well.

Advertising and Profits

SEVEN DAYS
vs.
SEVEN HOURS

NOT every advertisement that is printed brings a profit to the advertiser. An advertisement must be planned for the medium used. The medium must go to readers who want the article advertised. These are the first and second commandments.

As for mediums there is an abundance, all of them good if properly used. The CANADIAN COURIER will sell some articles because it goes to the best buyers in every province of Canada. Its advertisements live for seven days, whereas an advertisement in a newspaper lives for seven hours. That explains why its space is worth seven times that of a newspaper with the same circulation. Can you figure that out?

CANADIAN COURIER :: :: :: :: :: TORONTO

PUBLIC OPINION

What is a Westerner?

Editor CANADIAN COURIER,

Sir,—Your "Reflection" in a recent issue, on the representation of the West in the Dominion Cabinet is, in part, to me, quite enigmatical.

You say: "Western Canada received its first recognition in 1888 when Hon. Edgar Dewdney became Minister of the Interior. The real representation came when Hon. T. M. Daly of Brandon succeeded Dewdney, for Mr. Daly was a real Westerner. In 1905 British Columbia got its first honour, Hon. E. G. Prior being given a portfolio."

The Hon. Edgar Dewdney came to British Columbia about 1858. Was his appointment not an honour to British Columbia, and was he not a real representative or a real Westerner? And what constitutes a real Westerner—to a real Easterner?

A. E. WHITE.

New Westminster, B. C., April 26th, 1910.

A National Policy.

Editor CANADIAN COURIER:

Sir,—In forwarding my subscription, I would like to say that you deserve the greatest credit for bringing back Mr. Heming to Canada. His clever and accurate nature sketches appeal especially to those of us who are familiar with the western wilds.

You have well said that a Canadian paper should be a national one, and there is no uncertain sound in your utterances on national issues, in a journal which is creditable to Canada.

I agree most heartily with your "editorial reflections" in issue of 2nd April, in summing up the benefits or injuries to Canada, from reciprocity with the United States (or with "America"). Had that country been openly hostile in trade matters, all these years, we could hardly have fared worse. Both parties in Canada accept as true, the oft repeated declaration that the hostility of the United States to us in our tariff relations, has been a real blessing to Canada nationally and commercially. If that is the case we should view with suspicion any trade advances on their part, as a sort of "Greeks bearing gifts" apparition. Could we not at least get along as well as during the last few years?

I am a poor free trader as free traders go. In supporting unrestricted reciprocity against my will, I have been pleased ever since that my party was soundly beaten on that score. I look at the practical side of the question, in spite of the laboured and involved arguments put forward by Canadian free trade editors—that theories of a hundred years ago must govern present conditions.

My creed is that if all nations that we trade with, adopted free trade, its adoption by Canada would be a good thing—and not until then. At present the free trade country seems to have no weapon of offence, or even defence such as we wielded so effectually against Germany and the United States recently.

It is probably best that the Canadian Government allowed President Taft to get out of the *impasse* constructed by his tariff friends, but we should let it go at that, and serve our "friends" notice that we will not again relieve them from the effects of their own folly.

Had we reciprocity with "America" for the last twenty years, in all probability we would be in the position of

a vassal nation to it, with our magnificent natural resources ruthlessly plundered by United States barons, and our industries owned and held idle by great United States trusts.

It has never seemed right to me that Canada should play the part of a hewer of wood and drawer of water (power)—a mere vendor of natural products, for the United States manufacturers. It never seemed sensible that we should ship wheat from Manitoba and the West, across the line in order to enable Chicago and New York millers and grain men to make a profit by sending this wheat (mixed) or its products adulterated, to the British Isles, when we could send it ourselves. It is a standing invitation for them to corner it.

It looks bad to see that we sell only ninety millions of dollars' worth of goods to their eighty million people, while our eight million buy one hundred and ninety millions of dollars' worth of goods from them. Comment seems idle.

What we want rather than reciprocity, is an even stronger immigration and national policy to assimilate the foreign elements into good Canadian citizens. Fortunately in the West, splendid law and order and the prestige of the R. N. W. M. Police have made this work easy. I cannot say as much for Ontario.

Again, we want a strong and sane policy conserving our natural resources, especially do we want the export of nickle, pulp, and timber prohibited. We do not want to be left some years hence with useless holes in the worthless ground, to mark whence our minerals went, nor blackened stumps and fire-swept areas where our forests were. Unlike crops from the ground, there is no second crop from the mineral lode unless it be in the form of manufacturing of the metal extracted.

Our waterpowers must be kept from trusts and private ownership as far as may be practicable. They are the future salvation of the country when United States coal will be either exhausted or its export from the United States prohibited. It is quite possible that coal of good quality may be found in Ontario, but we have no assurance.

Those who oppose the prohibition of the export of pulp, timber, nickle, etc., should remember that if these mines of wealth were across the line, the exportation of them in a raw state would be prohibited at a moment's notice, when it became advisable, regardless of the interests of any other country, friendly or otherwise.

We should remember that "America" never shows us any favours from friendly motives. Its present anxiety about reciprocity is accentuated by the fear that the British Isles will adopt some measure of tariff reform, and will discriminate against Uncle Sam, who appears to think that he can build a wall against all the world, and still shove his goods into all foreign markets, on the plea that no nation must discriminate against him. China brought him to his senses in short order a few years ago.

It is always the best policy to call "American" bluffs. Uncle Sam despises a nation that cringes, and respects a nation which talks to him face to face. We may have had a hundred years of peace with him, but we have been on the verge of war nearly a dozen times.

Yours,

HENRY J. WOODSIDE.

Ottawa, 19th April, 1910.



Guaranteed to Wear Longer or you get 2 pairs free



We guarantee the following lines of Pen-Angle Hosiery to fit you perfectly, not to shrink or stretch and the dyes to be absolutely fast. We guarantee them to wear longer than any other cashmere or cotton hosiery sold at the same prices. If, after wearing Pen-Angle Guaranteed Hosiery any length of time, you should ever find a pair that fails to fulfill this guarantee in any particular, return the same to us and we will replace them with TWO new pairs free of charge.

Let us again remind you that we guarantee the following lines of Pen-Angle Hosiery to outwear others. That means the best wearing hosiery sold anywhere.

The reason why they will wear longer is because of the exceptional quality of the cashmere and cotton yarns we use. And because we knit them on Penmans' exclusive machines. We have the sole rights to use these machines in Canada.

They're Seamless

These machines form-knit the hosiery to fit the form of the leg, ankle and foot perfectly, without a single seam anywhere to irritate your feet or rip apart.

They reinforce the feet, heels and toes—the places that get the hardest usage—without you ever being aware of any extra thickness.

You see, these machines increase the wear resistance of Pen-Angle Hosiery and at the same time make them more comfortable—your ideal hosiery.

Make up your mind right now that you will never again buy hosiery with horrid seams up the leg and across the foot—hosiery less serviceable—but get Pen-Angle 2 for 1 guaranteed hosiery.

For Ladies

No. 1760.—"Lady Fair" Black Cashmere hose. Medium weight. Made of fine, soft cashmere yarns, 2-ply leg, 5-ply foot, heel, toe and high splice, giving them strength where strength is needed. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

No. 1020.—Same quality as 1760, but heavier weight. Black only. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

No. 1150.—Very fine Cashmere hose. Medium weight, 2-ply leg, 4-ply foot, heel and toe. Black,

light and dark tan, leather, champagne, myrtle, pearl gray, oxblood, helio, cardinal. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

No. 1720.—Fine quality Cotton hose. Made of 2-ply Egyptian yarn with 3-ply heels and toes. Black, light and dark tan, champagne, myrtle, pearl gray, oxblood, helio, sky, pink, bisque. Box of 4 pairs, \$1.00; 6 pairs, \$1.50.

No. 1175.—Mercerized. Same colors as 1720. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.00; 6 pairs, \$2.00.

For Men

No. 2404.—Medium weight Cashmere half-hose. Made of 2-ply Botany yarn with our special "Everlast" heels and toes, which add to its wearing qualities, while the hosiery still remains soft and comfortable. Black, light and dark tan, leather, champagne, navy, myrtle, pearl gray, slate, oxblood, helio, cadet blue and bisque. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

No. 500.—"Black Knight." Winter weight black Cashmere half-hose. 5-ply body, spun from pure Australian wool. 9-ply silk splicing in heels and toes. Soft, comfortable, and a wonder to resist wear. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

No. 1090.—Cashmere half-hose. Same quality as 500, but lighter weight. Black only. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.00; 6 pairs, \$2.00.

No. 330.—"Everlast" Cotton Socks. Medium weight. Made from four-ply long staple combed Egyptian cotton yarn, with six-ply heels and toes. Soft in finish and very comfortable to the feet. A winner. Black, light and dark tan. Put up in boxes. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.00; 6 pairs, \$2.00.

Instructions

If your dealer cannot supply you, state number, size and color of hosiery desired, and enclose price, and we will fill your order post-paid. If not sure of size of hosiery, send size of shoe worn. Remember, we will fill no order for less than one box and only one size in a box.

Catalog Free

If you want something different than the styles and shades listed send for handsome free catalog which shows an extensive line in colors.

44

Pen-Angle Hosiery

Penmans, Limited, Dept. 40,

Paris, Canada

CARD OF THANKS

The Business Editor of the Courier begs to present his sincere thanks and appreciation to the many new subscribers who have recently joined our ranks, and also to the many who have not only renewed their subscriptions but have along with the cash, contributed a sense of hearty good-will to this enterprise.

April Twenty Third, Nineteen Ten.

CALABASH

High Grade SMOKING MIXTURE



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

**PACKED IN
HUMIDOR TINS**

Here and There

A Crown of Gold.

AMONG the numerous stories that are told of the late Bishop of Lincoln, one is related how, some years ago, speaking to a class of Sunday School scholars, Dr. King found that the conversation turned apropos of a hymn that had just been sung upon crowns of gold.

"Will I wear a crown of gold one day when I go to Heaven?" asked a little girl.

"Yes, if you are good, you will all wear crowns of gold," said the Bishop.

"My daddy wears one now," shrilly piped a small boy in the front row.

"Not now," said the Bishop, indulgently. "Not now—but he will one day."

"Yes, he does wear one now," persisted the literal little scholar. "He wears one on his tooth."

It was on another occasion when visiting a local Sunday School that Dr. King was asked to say a few words to the little scholars before they dispersed after the afternoon classes. The day was hot and sultry, the children were all young and clearly fidgety and anxious to be let out.

"My dear little children," said the Bishop, "I, ah—I hardly know what to say to you."

"Well, thay Amen, and thit down," lisped the youngest scholar.

Shrewd Young Prince.

THE following is an amusing story of young Prince Alexander of Battenberg, while at Eton:

"Like many other little boys, he ran short of pocket money and wrote an ingenious letter to his august grandmother, Queen Victoria, asking for some slight pecuniary assistance. He received in return a just rebuke, telling him that little boys should keep within their limits, and that he must wait till his allowance next became due. Shortly afterward the undefeated little prince resumed the correspondence in something like the following form: 'My dear Grand-mamma: I am sure you will be glad to know that I need not trouble you for any money just now, for I sold your last letter to another boy here for 30 shillings.'"

The Banker's Puzzle.

IN our issue of March 12th we published the following puzzle:—

"An eccentric banker offered a prize of a Christmas turkey to any of his clerks who could pack a thousand sovereigns in ten bags in such manner that any sum which might be called for, from one to a thousand pounds, could be handed over in one or more bags, without opening either of them. The seniors regarded the offer as "one of the governor's little jokes," and took no further notice of it. But the youngest clerk in the bank, a smart lad fresh from school, claimed and won the prize. How did he manage it?"

We are in receipt of a solution from Mr. C. V. Mulligan of Omeme, for which we shall have the pleasure of sending him the CANADIAN COURIER for six months in appreciation of his trouble in working it out. Mr. Mulligan claims that the amount or number in each bag would be 489, 1, 256, 2, 128, 4, 64, 8, 32, 16.

If any inquisitive person can find a flaw in this solution, there is another six months' subscription awaiting him.

CANADIAN HOTEL DIRECTORY

The New Russell

OTTAWA, CANADA
250 rooms
American Plan \$3.00 to \$5.00.
European Plan \$1.50 to \$3.50.
\$150,000.00 spent upon improvements

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(The Home of the Epicure)
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Accommodation for 750 guests. \$1.50 up.
American and European Plans.

Grand Union Hotel

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

Hotel Mossop

TORONTO, CANADA. F. W. Messop, Prop.
European Plan. Absolutely Fireproof
RATES
Rooms without bath, \$1.50 up
Rooms with bath, \$2.00 up

Calgary, Alberta, Can.

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



Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on FRIDAY the 27th MAY 1910 for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years 12 times per week each way, between Connor & Palgrave Railway Station and Palgrave & G. T. Ry. Station from the Postmaster General's pleasure.

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

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
Mail Service Branch
Ottawa, 14th April 1910

G. C. Anderson
Superintendent.

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Brass Bed
No. 1913

EVERY QUALITY BED IS SOLD UPON HONOR
and every Quality Bed is the *best* that trained artisans, intelligently directed, can produce; with a full measure of conscience wrought into the beautiful, finished Quality craftsmanship. No slipshod methods are tolerated in the Quality plant. Nothing is ever good enough, unless perfect. Quality Beds are put together to *stay*. Quality Beds never rattle nor wobble. Quality joints never work loose.

Quality Beds

are sold with the privilege of trial for *thirty days*. At the end of that time, if you don't agree that you never had as good a bed, the dealer takes it back and the incident is *closed*. Further—if at the end of *five years* your Quality Bed hasn't stood firmly, without flinching, you simply ask for your money—and *get* it. This agreement is plainly covered by the Quality Guarantee Ticket, attached to all Quality Beds, brass or enamel. Just say on a postcard, "Send me 'Bedtime'" and we'll mail free, the handsomest bed catalog you've ever seen. Write *now*. 25

Look for
the
Quality Tag

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WELLAND, ONT.

The Real
Quality
Guarantee

The Circulation of the Courier

is constantly extending into new fields and there is work everywhere in building up a growing connection with new readers. Just at present we want particularly several responsible and able canvassers for work in Toronto and elsewhere.

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Natural Alkaline Water

A delightful table water with highly medicinal qualities

Ask your Physician

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

Not Genuine without the word

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Bolvin, Wilson & Co., Agents



Hewson Underwear

embodies an abundance of beauty, comfort and quality that appeal immediately to the fastidious man. When you enter a store, with the idea of getting the best underwear, don't waste your valuable time examining inferior brands. Right at first - - -

Ask for Hewson

The name is your guarantee of a pleasing garment, well fitting, durable — "the best in Underwear."

HEWSON WOOLEN MILLS, Limited
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Cosgrave's Pale Ale



is absolutely pure, is brewed from only the choicest and best materials. It combines the richest tonic and food qualities.

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EXTRA DRY

IS THE MOST EXQUISITE DRY CHAMPAGNE IMPORTED
S. B. TOWNSEND & CO. MONTREAL SOLE AGENTS FOR CANADA

The Scrap Book

ST. THOMAS, Ont., intends to revive a well known song entitled "Put Me Among the Girls," which will be rehearsed with vigour until June 8th. On the following day many masculine hearts will beat rapidly, for St. Thomas is to be stormed by 200 young lady students from Cincinnati. These young students are on a visit to New York and have asked the M. C. R. officials to arrange a two-hours stay in St. Thomas. Mr. S. H. Palmer, the divisional passenger agent of the M. C. R., has the matter in hand and will endeavour to have the local authorities interest themselves in the forthcoming visit.

The party is travelling under the name of the Radnor College Educational Tour. It is rumoured that nearly every town along the route has sent invitations to the party to visit them, where a warm reception would be accorded. Time alone prevents their acceptance. It is very doubtful, if the invitations had joined in with their plans, whether the 200 scholastic ladies would ever reach their destination.

It is hardly probable that St. Thomas will petition to change its name to St. Anthony.

* * *

Wizard Carter's Wand.

UNDER Mr. J. Purves Carter's magic touch, another valuable old master has been discovered in Halifax, N.S., and Miss Wallace is the proud possessor of "Diana at the Chase," a genuine Van Dyke, valued at \$150,000.

The picture was purchased by her late father, a barrister in Halifax, many years ago in London for a small sum. Miss Wallace has already refused \$10,000 for her treasure.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Carter will visit every town and village in Canada where his skill and knowledge may lead to more valuable discoveries.

The public are beginning to follow Mr. Carter's movements with keen interest and an amusing story is told of a certain old lady, who claims to be a connoisseur of art, relating to all present at a spiritualistic meeting, that she was certain beyond doubt that Mr. Carter was the reincarnation of an old master.

It is to be hoped that the compliment will spur Mr. Carter on.

* * *

The Sun-Worshipper.

SENATOR TILLMAN became reminiscent one stormy day: "Yes, this is bad weather. It is nothing to London, though. Once, on a dripping water day in London, a sulphur-brown or pea-soup fog in the air, and everybody drenched to the skin, I sat on a bus top beside a Parsee in a red fez. When the Parsee got off, the driver of the bus, touching his hat with his whip, said to me: 'Would you mind tellin' me, sir, what sort o' chap that is?' 'He's a Parsee,' said I. 'An Indian, you know; a sun worshipper.' 'Worships the sun, does he, sir?' said the wet and shivering driver. 'I suppose he's come 'ere to 'ave a rest?'"

Don't Mention It.

THE politest man in Boston collided violently with another man on the street. The second man was angry.

"My dear sir," said the polite one with a bow, "I don't know which of us is to blame for this encounter. If I ran into you, I beg your pardon; if you ran into me, don't mention it."

—Success.



Give Children Good Bread and Butter

YOU may say bread is bread and all children want plenty of it. In a way, that's true.

But it makes considerable difference whether the bread you give your children now counts just as a "filler" or whether it counts for future health. For there is a vital difference between breads made from different flours.

The most healthful as well as the cheapest food in the world is bread made from

Royal Household Flour

This bread isn't merely something to fill a hungry stomach. It is a perfectly balanced food, rich in strengthening, blood-making material.

It counts for long life.

It counts for a vigorous constitution.

It counts for bone and muscle making and good rich blood.

And this because "Royal Household" is made from the finest wheat in the world — the famous Red Fyfe — richest in high quality gluten, most in demand, and most valued in all the markets of the world.

Growing children thrive on bread made from "ROYAL HOUSEHOLD". It gives them just the nourishment their systems need and in the most digestible and tempting form.

And it is natural food. It takes the place of meat, at one quarter of the cost, and is more quickly assimilated.

There is no better flour in the world than "ROYAL HOUSEHOLD", it is best and most economical for Bread, Pies, Cakes, Rolls, Muffins, Biscuit, and all family baking.

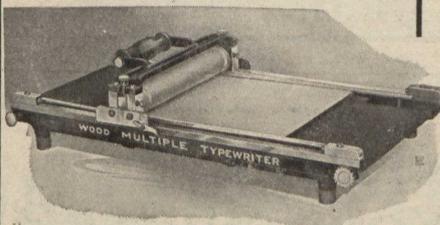
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NEW SCALE WILLIAMS PLAYER PIANO

answers that oft repeated statement "of what use would a Piano be in our house? Nobody can play".

The fingers of the great pianists are but highly trained pieces of mechanism. It is the soul of the artist, communicated to the fingers, which plays the music.

The New Scale Williams Player Piano gives you the fingers of the masters. The years of drudgery of practice—the expense of teachers—are wiped away.

The man and woman, who had not the time or opportunity to train their fingers, can still produce the music that is a part of their being.

The New Scale Williams Player Piano brings forth the enchanting melodies of the masterpieces of music just as the masters wrote them.

You—without knowledge of the purely mechanical

part of piano playing—can still put into this music all the soulful expression which you possess.

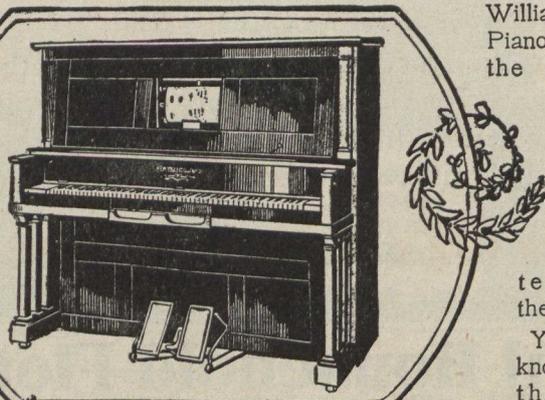
New Scale Williams Player Piano is the universal storehouse of music. Playing 88 notes, it reproduces everything that has been written for the piano—the classics, grand opera scores, favorite hymns, songs and melodies in a lighter vein.

We make both the 88 and 65 note New Scale Williams Player Piano in Louis XV, Mission and other handsome designs.

Our richly illustrated booklets show the wonderful mechanism of this Player Piano and give descriptions in details. Write for free copies and also our plan of easy payments.

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They wear longer and as they absorb but do not retain moisture or perspiration are healthier. They are guaranteed to fit and are made from samples you may choose.

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IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION THE "CANADIAN COURIER."

The Deluded Female

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 18

Joseph allowed he had done so, adding that in answer to numerous inquiries he had merely replied that he might attend the meeting.

"It will be a surprise when you step upon the platform! And it will make all the difference to us when the audience sees that we have your support. Oh—and about your speech. Well, you have only to declare the meeting open in a few words, and introduce the speakers, and, if you feel inspired make some remarks at the end. I have jotted down what is actually necessary on this slip. And, by the by, this other slip bears an invitation which I want you to give at the beginning."

Mr. Redhorn examined the second slip, shook his head, and groaned. "There's no' a man in Fairport wud accept' this invitation."

"But you will give it, Mr. Redhorn?"

"Mem," he said dully, "I've come to the condection o' mind whaur I wud staun' on ma heid if ye said the word—an' I'm nae acrobat, an' never was."

SIX ladies followed by the chairman appeared on the narrow platform. A slight flutter of applause ended in a great gasp. Then there was laughter.

Mr. Redhorn began to speak without delay. At the last moment he had nerved himself to his task, and he remembered some of the speech which he had been studying for more than a week.

"Leddies an' gentlemen," he began, "seein' that this is ma first appearance on any platform in the capacity o' chairman, I beg ye will kindly excuse ma incapacity, as the leddies to ma richt an' left ha'e kindly consented to excuse it. Ye ken the objec' o' this meetin', so I needna' harp on that—Johnnie McPhee, keep yer feet still!—but afore introducin' the speakers o' fame an' experience—oh, ye'll be surprised when ye hear them!—I ha'e an invitation to—to proclaim." Here Mr. Redhorn paused to cough, and received a few personal remarks from the audience, such as "Wire in, Ridhorn; ye're daein' fine!" and "Mind ye dinna get the jile, Joseph. We'll maybe no' bail ye oot!" Then he read from a slip as follows: "Ye will observe several vacant chairs on the platform, gentlemen. I ha'e plesure in invitin' ony gentlemen in the audience to show their sympathy wi' the cause, an' to support the chairman by fillin' them."

At this there was a burst of laughter and ironic applause which, however, suddenly subsided. For, to the utter amazement of the chairman and the majority of the audience, several men rose slowly to their feet. They were the local fish merchant, the grocer, the butcher, the young baker, the slater, the piermaster and a couple of gardeners—in short, the most important men in the village. For a brief space they stared suspiciously at one another, and appeared about to resume their seats. But the young baker, his face on fire, led the way, and one after another they shuffled awkwardly to the platform and bashfully took seats. It is worthy of record that they filled the vacancies exactly.

From that moment the success of the meeting was assured. If the audience was not wholly sympathetic, it was at least attentive, and Mrs. Methven and her colleagues were allowed to explain themselves to their hearts' content.

A FEW weeks later, Mr. Redhorn and his apprentice were working on the interior of the Grey House.

On a certain afternoon Mr. Redhorn, who chanced to be in unusually bright spirits, was whistling "The Girl I Left Behind Me" through his teeth, when the boy (not necessarily inspired by the tune) put the question:—

"What did ye say was a deluded female?"

The painter's whistling ceased abruptly, and for a long minute he painted in silence. Then—

"I've jist the yin thing to say about a deluded female, laddie; and that is: She's no' to be compared wi' a deluded man, which is a creature wi' high moral principles, noted for bein' terrible but just. The species is no' unknown in Fairport. N.B.—Pey attention to yer pentin'!"

The Anecdote

SENATOR LA FOLLETTE tells of a friend who went to New York for the Hudson-Fulton celebration and while there had a counterfeit five-dollar note passed on him. One night after a banquet he handed a cab driver this bad note by mistake. The driver gave him his change—a one-dollar bill—and whipped up his horse. Suddenly he realised what he had done. "Hey, there! Stop!" he shouted after the man. "That bill's bad." "It's good enough for you!" shouted back the driver, without stopping. And Senator La Follette's friend, examining his change under a street light, found that he had exchanged his bad five for a spurious one with a cab ride thrown in.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER had a dry wit of his own. He once received a call from a young woman who wished to secure material for an article of 3,000 words on "Young Women in Literature." "It was a fetching subject, full of meat," explained the young woman afterward, "and I saw not only 3,000 words in the story, but at least 6,000. But I never got any further than the first question. Mr. Gilder's answer took the very life out of me. I asked him: 'Now, Mr. Gilder, what would you say was the first, the chief, the all-essential requisite for a young woman entering the literary field?' I waited with bated breath, when he answered: 'Postage stamps.'"

THE death of Sir John Colquhoun, the thirteenth Laird of Luss, who succeeded to the family estates on the death of his cousin, Sir James Colquhoun, only three years ago, brings to mind the fact that the annals of the Colquhoun family may be said to constitute the history of Scotland. The family history is remarkable, inasmuch as it dates back to the year 80 A.D., and it is made up of a long and glorious succession of struggles, raids, and deaths on battlefields; while the extraordinary family feud between the Colquhouns and the MacGregors of to-day still cherish in their possession charters containing the grant of lands bearing the signature of King Robert Bruce.

The principal seat of the family, Luss, at Rosdhu, which is picturesquely situated overlooking Loch Lomond, and which stands upon a promontory flanked by glorious woods on either hand, facing Ben Lomond, was built by Sir John Colquhoun, Lord High Chamberlain of Scotland under James I., and Ambassador to the Court of Queen Elizabeth during the reign of Mary Queen of Scots.

The late laird is succeeded by his eldest son, Sir Ian Colquhoun, who is twenty-three years of age.—M. A. P.

YOUR PLANS FOR NEXT SUMMER



should include at least one trip through Canadian Northern territory. The railways of the Canadian Northern System traverse the finest summering country in six provinces—from the ocean shore of Nova Scotia to the foot-hills of the Rockies. **HERE IS A CHOICE---**

IN ONTARIO—Sparrow Lake, Lake Couchiching, the entire range of the Muskoka Lakes, Georgian Bay, and the newest fishing territory in Ontario—the Georgian Bay Hinterland.

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IN NOVA SCOTIA—The Ocean Shore from Halifax to Yarmouth, Lake Rossignol, the Annapolis Valley, and the Gulf of St. Lawrence side of Cape Breton Island.

IN THE WEST—The Superior Divide (Port Arthur to Lake of the Woods), the rivers, lakes, woods of Manitoba, and beyond the Saskatchewan up to Edmonton.

Inquiries to Information Bureau, Canadian Northern Railway System, Toronto, Ont.



TROUT FISHING

The season opens May 1st. and it is not too early to plan a Spring fishing trip—commence by securing copy of 1910 "Fishing and Shooting," *Sportsman's Map* and literature descriptive of Canada's fishing grounds best reached by the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Write or Illustrated Literature and all Information to
R. L. Thompson, District Passenger Agent, Toronto



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AND THE ONLY LINE REACHING ALL THE PRINCIPAL TOURIST RESORTS OF ONTARIO.

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Write Advertising Dept Intercolonial Railway, Moncton, N. B.



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A clear idea of all this will give you a greater-than-ever appreciation of the quality of the Russell—the car which is made as good as possible through and through. The extremes to which we go are necessary, for they mean all the difference between a certainty and a problem—they mean value away beyond the cost involved.

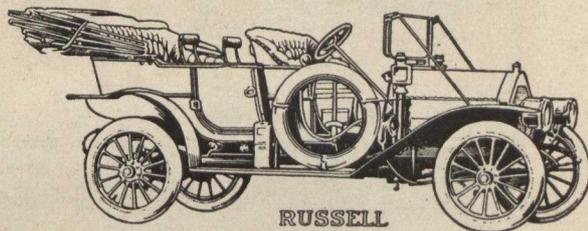
If you will call at our nearest branch we will show you just what all these points are which have made the Russell success. You owe it to yourself if you're buying a motor car.

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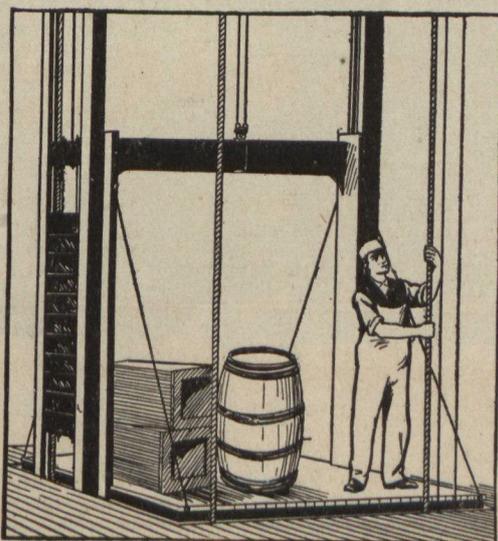
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Please enclose stamped envelope for reply.

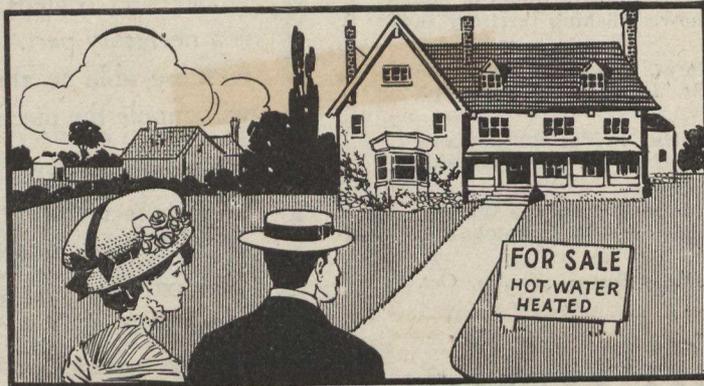
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You have, no doubt, noticed that the first question a prospective buyer or tenant asks about a house is, "How is it heated?"

Now, if you can answer that your house is heated by a hot water system you have a great argument in its favor. You give it the highest commendation when you say it is heated by the

Daisy ^{Hot} Water Boiler & King Radiators

We want you to make a careful, critical examination of the Daisy Hot Water Boiler. We want you to go into every detail of its construction and get full information about its exclusive features and the tests it has stood.

We want you to do this for your own ultimate good—so that when you invest in a heating system you will not buy in the dark.

We know, that, when you have the facts before you, you will realize why seventy per cent. of the boilers in use in Canada, to-day, for hot water heating systems, are Daisy Boilers.

Daisy Hot Water Boilers are made in the largest and most modernly equipped plant in the country. The very highest grade of materials and expert workmanship are employed.

But the strongest feature of the Daisy Boiler is its design. It is so constructed that it makes use of all the heat generated in the fire cham-

ber—none of the heat is wasted up the chimney or radiated into the cellar. It is under perfect control, so that every part of the house is evenly warmed and held at any desired temperature. It gives plenty of heat for the coldest days in winter, and comfortable warmth without overheating during the chilly nights of early summer.

We are ready to give you every opportunity to thoroughly investigate the merits of the Daisy Hot Water Boiler. It will pay you who are building to sell or rent, as well as those who are building a house to live in, to take advantage of this opportunity—pay you in the life of the system, its efficiency and economy.

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Though no radiator in operation is subjected to a higher pressure than ten pounds, we test each separate section and each assembled King Radiator to a pressure of one hundred pounds. The slightest imperfection or sign of weakness sends the radiator to the scrap heap. This test is most rigidly adhered to.

The design of the King Radiator is compact and neat in appearance, lending itself readily to any scheme of decoration.

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