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A National Weekly



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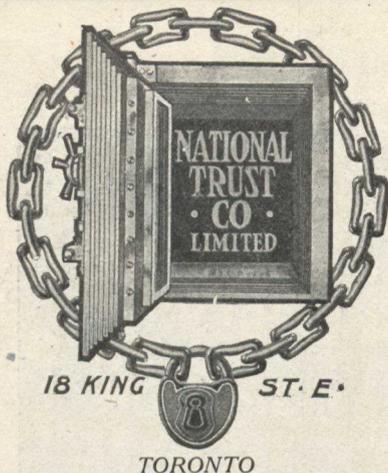
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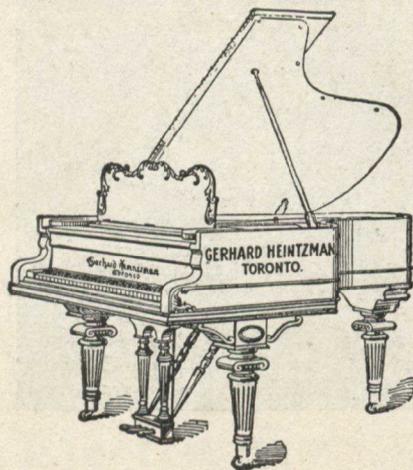
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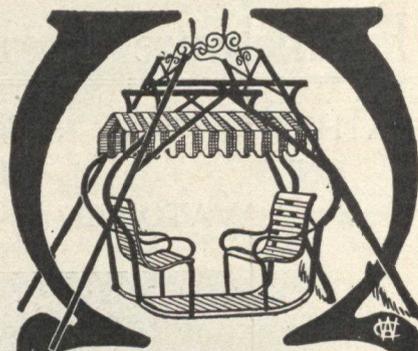


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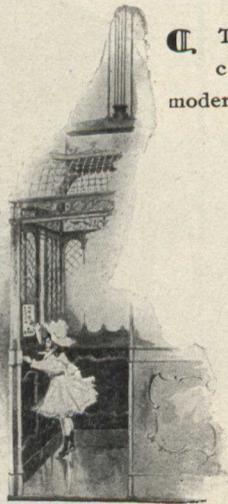
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**Editor's Talk**

THE CANADIAN COURIER is living up to its reputation as an illustrated weekly and is sparing neither dollars nor effort in securing the best pictorial work in the Dominion. Mr. C. W. Jefferys, Canada's leading artist in black-and-white studies, has just returned from a trip through the West during which he saw and sketched the varied life of that expansive country. The CANADIAN COURIER will publish "The Homesteaders," a series of four double page drawings by Mr. Jefferys, which will give its readers a graphic depiction of trials and triumphs of the people who are making townships in a fortnight and cities in a few seasons.

This week there is given a glimpse of Halifax during regatta week as this publication intends to keep up with the activities of the Atlantic provinces. The present serial by a Halifax novelist has already met favourable comment and further contributions from the Eastern writers are expected.

This issue presents some happy groups of Canadian school children while the cover is a modern illustration of Shakespeare's boy, "with shining morning face." Next week there will be Mr. Bonnycastle Dale's illustrated article on that splendid fish—the "Spring" Salmon—pages to gladden the eyes of every true sportsman.

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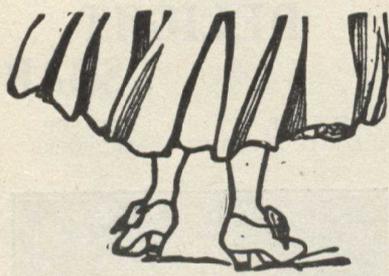
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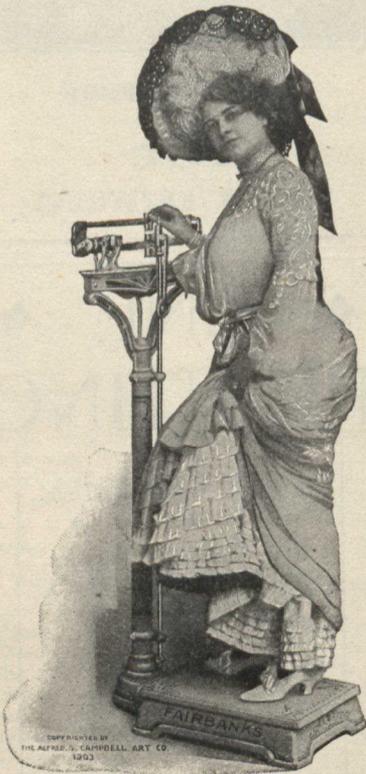
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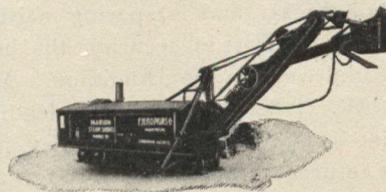
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# The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

NEWS CO. EDITION

Subscription: \$2.50 a Year.

Vol. II

Toronto, August 31st, 1907

No. 14

## Topics of the Day

AS has been intimated several times in this journal, wages have reached a turning point. Results of the recent strikes indicate that the usual and inevitable reaction is in sight. On Saturday last, 2,500 cotton operators on strike at Valleyfield went back to work, with an increase only for the mule spinners. It was a compromise decision, but the employers yielded little. The plumbers' strike in Toronto has lasted many weeks and the victory will be to the masters. And so the story goes.

The trades unions have had a long innings and wages have advanced tremendously, while the hours of labour have been lessened. It is now too expensive to manufacture for export, and industrial expansion is being checked. This is due to the present high level of wages combined with an increasing rate of interest. Relief must come from either of these points, and wages are just as likely to fall as the rate of interest. With lower wages, however, will come a general range of lower prices. Real estate is now cheaper in many places than at any time during the past twelve months.

Sir Thomas Shaughnessy has been talking to Sir Wilfrid Laurier concerning the All-Red route and faster steamers on the Atlantic. Sir Thomas hasn't told what passed between them, but it is quite likely that he intimated to the Premier that the steamship business had better be left on a commercial basis. In fact after the consultation, Sir Thomas intimated as much. Surely Canada has done enough bonusing to last one small nation a good long life-time. The present steamers are bonused by means of mail subsidies; but they have nearly outgrown their bonus stage and are working almost entirely on the basis of what they can earn. This is as it should be. Our steamship traffic has assumed proportions beyond the predictions of the last generation and is in no need of Ottawa aid.

British Columbia is getting warm on the Japanese question. The Dominion Government should act quickly if it intends to act at all. If the people of that province work themselves up into a first-rate frenzy over Oriental immigration, it will be difficult to appease them. As the agitation is led by a Liberal member of the House of Commons, the government has not the proud privilege of saying that it is the work of political agitators. This pleasure being denied to the government, it would be well to set some real machinery in motion.

People would be foolish to stop eating steel-rolled flour because of the statement of Mr. William Henry Battle that such flour causes appendicitis. It is probably

another case like that of the Ottawa doctor who said that a man's blindness was caused by too many cigarettes and it turned out that the patient never used them. The steel-appendicitis theory needs considerable further evidence to support it, before it is to be taken seriously. For the present people may safely dismiss it and go on eating bread as usual.

\* \* \*

Mr. Herbert C. Cox, who has been elected president of the Underwriters' Association of Canada, and first vice-president of the National Association of Life Underwriters of the United States, is a young man who has never courted publicity. Even in sporting circles he is not strikingly active. His business and his home life have engrossed his attention. As the son of Senator Cox it was natural that he should be prominent in the Canada Life Insurance Company; and, with his brother, he has taken a leading part in its affairs. His elevation to these high offices shows that he has by his ability won the esteem of his confreres in the life insurance field and proves him to be something more than the son of a rather famous father.

\* \* \*

The meetings of these two insurance associations in Toronto have attracted considerable attention. The members apparently desired publicity, and their remarks concerning the reformers and the legislators of North America were forcible and to the point. The net result seems to be that most of them admit that the profession needed reforming, but that it would be unwise to reform it out of existence. With this view of the situation, the general public will fully agree. Life insurance is one of the modern necessities, but like most other large activities, it is the better of a little regulation so as to keep the poorer members of the profession within a certain restricted circle.

\* \* \*

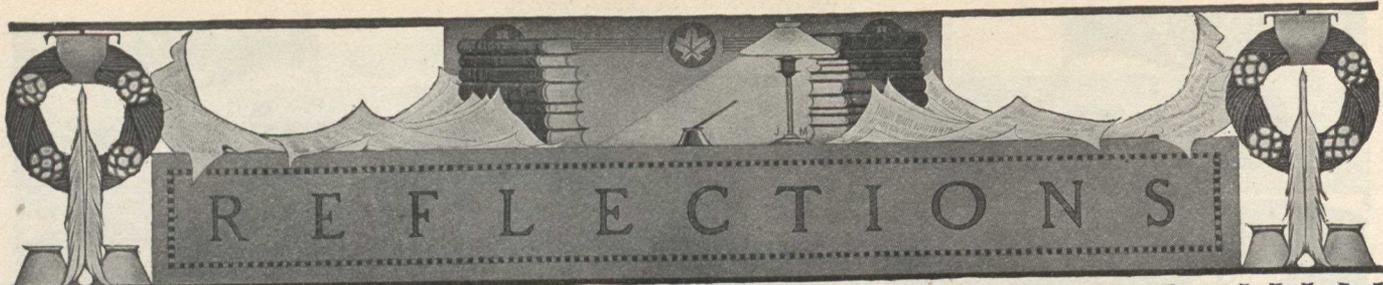
The Dominion Rifle Association is meeting this week at Ottawa and the increase in the number of entries indicates a continuation of the keen interest in rifle shooting which was aroused by the Boer War. The Government announces that new ranges are being purchased in the West and at one or two points in the East. The Department of Militia has not moved very fast in this matter as some military districts have been several years without ranges. A militia district without a rifle range is a waste of money, and a considerable amount of good money is being wasted every year in this way. In some cases, the neglect of this feature of military training on the part of the authorities is simply astounding.

\* \* \*

The rumour that Mr. Sifton has been offered the portfolio of Public Works is not surprising. Mr. Sifton is a strong man and the present government was never in greater need of men of his type.



Mr. H. C. Cox.



IIII BY STAFF WRITERS IIII

**T**HE production of iron and steel in Canada is proceeding apace. At Sydney, Sault Ste Marie, Hamilton and one or two other places, the industry is already of considerable importance. Yet Canada is importing

**NEW ERA  
IN IRON**

vast quantities of iron and steel, showing that the demand is much greater than the supply. Nevertheless there are those who predict that before many years Canada will be an exporter of iron.

The value of iron ore deposits is well illustrated by the story of the iron mines sold by Mr. J. J. Hill to the Steel Trust. These are situated near the south shore of Lake Superior and are among the most valuable in the United States. Under the deal which Mr. Hill made with the Trust, he gets a royalty on all ore taken out. It is estimated that this royalty will average seventeen million dollars a year for fifty years at least, which will make a tidy profit for Mr. Hill and his associates.

New deposits are being opened up in Canada, and one of those recently uncovered is said to be equal in value to those which Mr. Hill acquired. This Moose Mountain range is described elsewhere in this issue. It is only a short distance from the Georgian Bay and consequently not far by rail from Toronto, Hamilton and Montreal. Perhaps this winter, certainly by next spring, this ore will be coming forward by the train-load. Machinery is being installed at Key Inlet, the new Canadian Northern harbour on Georgian Bay, to handle 800 tons of ore an hour. By this means alone, several train-loads a day could be sent away by the lake route. In addition several train-loads a day could be handled over the new Canadian Northern line which in a few weeks will be completed between these mines and Toronto.

This increase in the supply of available iron ore means much for the country. Iron mines mean more than gold or silver mines because of their permanency, because of the greater amount of labour required in the preparing of the ore for market, and because of the consequent growth of allied industries. If the supply of coal does not become troublesome, Ontario will in another five years be an iron-producing district of considerable importance. Nova Scotia must look to her laurels, even though she possesses an unlimited supply of coal and splendid shipping facilities.

**I**F the people could be sure that Mr. Borden is in favour of all the reforms which he advocates and that all his followers would support him in carrying these reforms into effect, there can be no doubt that Sir Wilfrid Laurier's term of power would be terminated at an early date. The people will not believe Mr. Borden; they will listen with unconvinced minds. They will go away feeling that they have heard a strong politician speak, but they will put little faith in his promises.

This is not to say that Mr. Borden's reputation for truthfulness is not of the first order. In this respect, the public has had little if any complaint to make of the Leader of the Opposition. This peculiar situation is simply the result of a lack of confidence in political leaders, which is characteristic of the North American continent. Did not the Liberal Opposition, between 1891 and 1896, advocate many reforms which they have since

abandoned? Did not the Conservatives have an opportunity, in the same period, of effecting some of these reforms, which their leader now advocates? Will any person point out a political leader of recent times who was either able or willing to redeem all his pre-election promises?

If Mr. Borden were made premier to-morrow, the people have no guarantee that he could effect the reforms which he advocates. There is no reason to believe that he could carry even the majority of his own party for government operation of telephone and telegraph lines, for civil service reform, or for managing the government railways by an independent commission. The first of these reforms is opposed by the Montreal "Gazette," the leading Conservative organ of the Dominion. Civil service reform would be opposed by every Conservative partisan throughout the constituencies. An independent commission to manage the Intercolonial is not a reform to be expected from the Conservative party.

There is no doubt of Mr. Borden's anxiety to support public reform, the only doubt is as to his ability to carry his party as far as he himself is willing to go. If he would call a convention of his followers—members, defeated and prospective candidates, and leading workers—and have them all approve and solemnly declare for these reforms, the public might be convinced. At present they are skeptical, and with good reason. That the Conservative party has been improved by eleven years in opposition there is no doubt. That the Conservative party would make a strong effort to rule well if returned to office, there is no doubt. That Mr. Borden would form a strong cabinet if called upon, there is little doubt. That Mr. Borden is personally growing in favour with the public, there is no question. That Mr. Borden is a great reformer who would do or die is still seriously questioned by the average elector.

To Conservatives, this may seem a pessimistic view of the situation, but it is well that Mr. Borden and his lieutenants should not be misled by the cheers of their enthusiastic but somewhat insincere followers into believing that the country is with them when it is not. Their day of victory will come, but there is an immense amount of work to be accomplished before the golden sun of public approval shines above them with the full glory of a noon-day splendour.

**J**UDGE D. P. BALDWIN, who recently spoke before the Lawyers' Club at the Chautauqua Assembly on "The Commercialisation of the Law," made some severe remarks which may apply to conditions in Canada, as well as the United States. While

**AN ETHICAL  
REVIVAL** reflecting in unflattering terms upon the lawyer who is an ambulance chaser, Judge Baldwin stated: "But, while there has been a decline in some features of the law it is no worse than other professions. What is the literature of to-day and who are literary giants? Where will you find a great novelist in this country? Where are our great poets?"

"What we need is an ethical revival. We need higher standards in all our professional and personal activities. The law, in particular, must be uncommercialised. Lawyers need to pay more attention to logic, oratory, cul-

ture and general development and less to the mere acquisition of money or political prestige."

The words of the United States judge are in the same strain as addresses lately delivered before widely-scattered Canadian Clubs. If we are becoming a commercialised continent, we are not lacking in warning against the degenerate tendency. The questions regarding great novelists and poets are, we admit, embarrassing to those who would fain believe and proclaim that these are the finest times which ever were. A greater authority than any modern orator has assured us that where there is no vision the people perish. If we are in danger of becoming blind to the beauties of Nature and Art, deaf to noble harmony and indifferent to great literature, then we are indeed in unenviable case. But it may be that this is a receptive rather than a creative age.

As to the ethical revival, we readily acknowledge, on this side of the forty-ninth parallel, that we are in need of such a movement. Both commerce and politics would be much better for a little of the patriotism which inspired those early Romans when all were for the State. Curiously enough, the novelists of the continent have roused to the situation and, although they are not great, have succeeded in arousing public sentiment regarding corruption in the factory and the senate. Mr. Upton Sinclair's "The Jungle" brought about a carnival of inspection and the American Mr. Churchill's "Coniston" provoked heart-searching among the people's representatives, even if it did not gain a governorship for the talented author. There is hope for us, after all, since we are in the Publican, not the Pharisee attitude concerning our shortcomings.

**I**N most Canadian towns and cities there is a growing class of men of ambition and education who look upon civic and political honours as distinctions to be avoided. The members of this class are not to be confused with those whose indifference is poor affectation and who finally yield to their "friends" and become political aspirants. In many United States cities it is becoming increasingly difficult to find men of superior intelligence to run for civic office. They have a genuine horror of the mud-throwing which such contests mean in certain communities and prefer to "dwell apart" from all such tumult. Some years ago, a distinguished Canadian, on being urged to become a candidate for the Commons, frankly said that he hesitated to run for office on account of the personal abuse which

#### THE SUPERIOR CITIZEN

party organs felt free to pour upon the opposing candidate. Some journals promptly seized the excuse for calling him "thin-skinned" and jeered at such sensitiveness as unmanly. While Canadian journalism is freer from personal insinuation and attack than that of the Western States, it is quite true that both by paragraph and cartoon the parliamentary candidate and the man who runs for the mayoralty are made to suffer many things before the day of decision. But this increasing distaste for civic burdens and honours on the part of men of commercial and intellectual discrimination has a sinister aspect for the state. An American critic has lately said that in the olden days the statesman honestly asked: "What can I do for my country?" while in these modern times the query is "How can I do my countrymen?" This may be the ordinary trick of painting the past in brilliant hues and failing to see anything but darkness in the present. But there is something unsatisfactory, if not rotten, in the State of Denmark when citizens of political discernment and ability regard the game as unworthy either candle or contest.

**"N**OT vicious, but a victim to 'ergophobia' or fear of work," was the medical opinion offered at the Croydon Police Court on a tramp known as the laziest man in England. "I thank thee for teaching me that word" will be the language of many who have not known how to define politely the malady in question. The classic languages are an unfailing resource for those who object to the truth according to Anglo-Saxon. Sluggard is an ugly word, although good enough for the King James version of the Bible. But ergophobic has a fine Greek ring which is almost too good for an everyday tramp. There is nothing more enjoyable than the industry exercised by others. The immortal secret of success is setting others to work, and the story of how Tom Sawyer whitewashed the fence is one of the finest treatises on the methods of a Napoleon of finance. The heights, by great men reached and kept, were attained by getting others to hold the ladder and to hold it steady. Much has been said about the essay on "A Message to Garcia," wherein the man who will run errands faithfully and unquestioningly is awarded high praise. But such a man will be an errand-boy all his life and will be grudging an increase of salary. We are all ergophobians, but the one who prospers is he who persuades his brethren to become industrious, and to find the facts while he delivers the speeches.

#### A CURIOUS COMPLAINT

## Bankers Putting on the Brakes

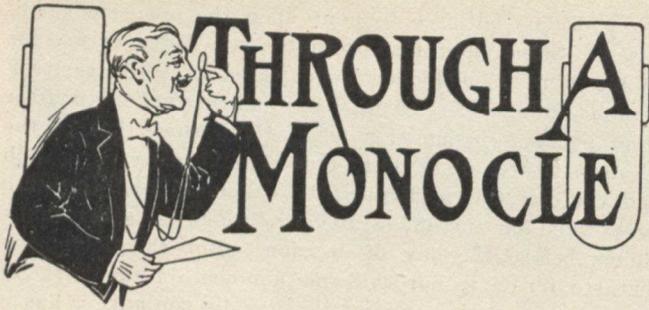
**I**N our issue of August 17th we published an article entitled "Is the Banker Fair?" showing how he is spending millions on new bank buildings and sending millions to New York while telling his customers that there is no money to loan. It was shown that between April 30th and June 30th, seven millions of Canadian money was sent to New York to be put out there in "call" loans—that is, loans to brokers and those who deal in Wall Street.

The bank returns for July are now available, and it appears that between June 30th and July 31st another five millions was sent to New York. This makes the total increase in the amount of Canadian money invested in Wall Street more than twelve millions in three months. How much was sent there in August is not yet known. We are certain, however, that on July 31st Wall Street had \$60,609,114 of Canadian money on "call" loans.

While the banks were collecting money and sending it to New York they were restricting Canadian development. During July current loans in Canada decreased five and a half million dollars, notes in circulation decreased two and a half millions, and "call" loans decreased one million. This makes a contraction of nine millions, of which five was sent to New York. This is putting on the brakes pretty tight.

Canada is prosperous. The population is increasing. The volume of business is expanding. Factories are increasing in number and size. More capital is required to continue this development. The amount of money in circulation should be larger. Yet the banker decides that it shall not be, and he draws nine millions out of circulation in one month. Wonderful man, the banker!

With these facts in front of him, the Canadian business man may decide for himself whether the banker is his friend or not. There are people who believe the banker is wise, that the Canadian boom was going too far, that it is well to have a reserve fund in New York which may later be called in to assist in moving the crops. There are others who believe that the banker has acted unwisely and harshly. There is room for argument and the public would do well to think it over. It will be noted, however, that the banks are not restricting their own expenditures, and new expensive bank buildings are being erected in many places. The banks can stop the business man's development, but the business man cannot restrict expenditures by the banks.



**D**ID you ever see Mr. Bryan's paper, "The Commoner"? There is nothing plutocratic about it—not even the paper on which it is printed. Except for Mr. Bryan's own contributions, it is not particularly interesting, and is by no means as impressive as half a dozen Canadian weeklies that I could name. Yet it constitutes the sole public link between the leader of the great Democratic party of the United States and the people of that nation. The position of the American party leader is a most extraordinary one. This case of Mr. Bryan illustrates it very well. He is not in Congress. He has no seat in any national legislative body. He has filled no such position for years. Another man is Democratic leader in the House of Representatives, and still another man Democratic leader in the Senate; and I would like to get up a guessing contest to ascertain how many readers of the Courier could give us the names of these two men off-hand. He has no vehicle of criticism of the Government except through his "Commoner" and his public speeches which he must make by invitation of various organisations. Yet he is the leader of the Democratic party without a shadow of a doubt.

It so happens that President Roosevelt is Republican leader. But he might not be. James G. Blaine was the Republican leader of his day, and he never lived in the White House. Grover Cleveland was only leader of his party spasmodically while he was President. During the last years of McKinley's term, the Republicans did not have an acknowledged leader at all; Mark Hanna coming as near to the seat of honour as anybody. All this is very hard for people brought up under the British system of party government to realise. Our leaders may be temporarily outside of Parliament; but we hop around in a lively manner until we get them seats again. They must be where they have an official right to defend their measures or to criticise those of the "other fellows." That the recognised leader of one of our parties should have no elected position at all, but should depend upon a second-rate weekly paper to get his views before the people would appear to us ridiculous in the extreme. Such a man could never carry an election.

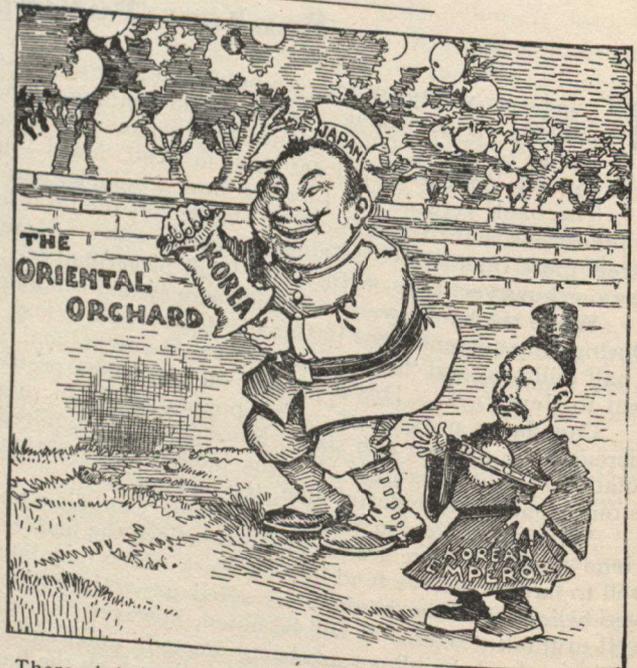
All this goes to create that condition which makes the production of national leaders in the United States so freakish and uncertain a business. A judge has the courage to impose a heavy fine on the Standard Oil Co., and immediately they begin talking of him for President. Why? Chiefly because he has got his name favourably before the whole American people; and that is a task that few Congressmen or Senators have been able to accomplish. Another man displayed courage in probing into the affairs of the insurance companies in New York; and that one act made him Governor of the State and a Presidential possibility. Imagine our thinking seriously of choosing Mr. Shepley for Premier because of his examination of insurance magnates! Another man—a State Governor—dared to tackle a railway corporation, and immediately he is in the running for the first position in the Union. We laugh at it, but it is inevitable under a system which furnishes no means whereby party leaders may earn their spurs through long and faithful services in a national Parliament.

The proper place to make party leaders is in the National Assembly. There they can be seen at work,

day after day, and year after year; and we can get some idea of what is in them. They are "tried out" in the actual business of politics, and any weak spots are certain to be detected. If any method is likely to secure the survival of the fittest, our method of Parliamentary development is, for only the fittest can possibly survive. But the Americans ignore Congress. They never know what it is doing—except in a large sense. They do not listen to its debates, cramped and crippled as they are by the rigid rule of the Speaker. Political reputations are not made in Congress at all. Thomas B. Reed made as big a reputation as Congress could create; but he never got within shouting distance of the leadership of his own party. He was an inconsiderable figure in the national field, dwarfed by such men as Platt, Quay and Hanna. McKinley's reputation looked like a Congress-made article, but it was really made in the tariff committee. If he had not had a tariff named after him, he would never have been heard of.

This is a weakness of their system of government which the shrewd Americans will cure one of these days. They will also find some means of re-marrying the executive with the legislative functions of their government. They will take their Congress more seriously, and make of it a nursery of statesmen. To be at the mercy of some accidental and momentary popularity in so grave a matter as the choice of a President, will not always satisfy one of the brightest business communities in the world when they get time from their private affairs to look a little at public matters. One freak President will be about lesson enough along this line. They had a good system to begin with—the election of a College of Electors who would get together and pick out the best man in the nation for the position of President. But that collapsed utterly. The party system over-rode it. Thus in abandoning their present method, they will not be giving up a chosen plan, but merely escaping from an accident—getting rid of a ruin. After all, constitutions must grow. They cannot be made.

Prince Louis of Battenberg, who is to be second in command of England's Mediterranean fleet, would have lost his life in Bulgaria some years ago but for his coolness. His brother, Prince Alexander, was ruling that turbulent state and Prince Louis happened to be with him when a mob broke into the palace. The ringleader held a revolver at Prince Alexander's head and ordered him to abdicate on the spot. Prince Louis came to the rescue and got the mob in hand. The result was that a few months later they offered him the throne.



There ain't going to be no Korea.—Minneapolis Journal.



The Gallery Watching the Finals in one of the Dominion Bowling Association Matches. The Chief Trophy was won by a rink from Elora..

### Is Rockefeller the Last?

**T**HE feature which made Rockefeller's career exceptional is that Rockefeller reckoned not with the future. He lived only in the present—not merely the moment, but just so much of time as he might consider to be his life. He wanted power and stopped not to consider what he would do with it when he got it. He created a piece of machinery and failed to consider whether it would be an injury to the world after it had served his purpose. He inaugurated a system based on unfairness, injustice, deceit and illegality which has polluted hundreds and thousands of human minds and has now come to be recognised as a cancer in the body politic which must be removed. Andrew Carnegie abandoned his equally atrocious system after it had reached a certain stage; Rockefeller had not even that much good sense. Like Napoleon and his ambitions, Rockefeller and his institutions are to go on until the people arise in their might and crush them utterly.

Are the big men of North America likely to learn sense by witnessing the uselessness and the harmfulness of a wealth-gathering career carried beyond all bounds of justice and fairness and reason? Will Harriman learn the lesson? Will the other United States corporation leaders learn it? Will the Canadian millionaires see the deductions?

If North America is to become the intellectual, moral and religious centre of the world, its strong men must learn moderation, must look to the future as well as to the present, must not abuse the liberty which has given them the opportunity to be leaders, and must recognise that every citizen has rights of which he can neither be justly nor safely deprived.

Rockefeller has given some of his millions away; the rest will be taken from him or his heirs gradually but surely. The structure which he has erected for himself will be torn down because it is a menace to the general welfare. The man who grasps more than he can properly use, will lose the unnecessary surplus sooner or later. The making of multi-millionaires is a harmful business and it had better be checked by the good sense of the millionaires themselves than by the compulsion of an insulted and outraged populace. Every man has the liberty of acquiring wealth; if no one abuses that liberty, it is the more likely to remain.

### Queen Victoria and the Stuarts

**A**N intense pride in her Stuart forbears was one of the late Queen's most marked and, in view of her highly virtuous character, most feminine traits. Her descent from the Stuarts through James I. was always a source of keen satisfaction to her, and she never forgave Lord Macaulay for a certain indiscretion he committed in this connection. The great historian was more famous for his erudition than for his knowledge of courts, and he failed constantly in that agreeable lip service which, from their courtiers, is the need of

kings—and queens. Her majesty once, in the course of a conversation, referred to Charles I. as an ancestor of hers. This was too much for Lord Macaulay. "Not an ancestor, ma'am," he bowed, "only a collateral." And the Queen was cross.—The Bystander.

### Carnival at Halifax

**T**HIS old-fashioned English city has enjoyed the pleasure of a visit from His Excellency the Right Honourable Earl Grey, Governor-General of the great Dominion. The citizens to greet him decorated the city with flags and bunting more extensively than ever before in its history, and carried out a programme of sports on land and sea that would be hard to equal in America. The city was crowded with local, country and United States visitors. And when the great event, the water carnival was held Aug. 9th, the climax was reached. It was estimated that some 10,000 were afloat, in steamers, boats and canoes. And some 30,000 were on the shores of the North West Arm (where it was held) viewing a sight that visitors stated was unsurpassed in America.



H. M. S. Sphinx, with Lord Cornwallis and Crew.

Photo\_by\_Climo, Halifax.



At the Ontario Rifle Association Matches. This photograph gives a view of the Mound from which the riflemen fire; behind these prostrate figures are the scorers, and behind the scorers are other competitors preparing their rifles. In the distance is the high mound, in front of which are the disappearing targets.

### Blazing at the "Bulls"

**T**HE music of the Lee-Enfields! What can be dearer to the rifleman's heart than the bang-zip-thud of the .303 as it wends its parabolic flight straight to the core of the distant target? And where in all the realm of sport is there a more exhilarating joy—after the seconds of suspense that seem interminable—than to see the white disc raised which indicates a bulls-eye? To see that disc raised seven times in succession is the goal of every true rifleman's ambition—is what marksmen from all over Canada and a few from Australia were eagerly looking for at the Long Branch ranges last week. A few of them saw it the seven times, but, alas, the majority did not, and the ones who saw it the oftenest were not members of the Toronto regiments—in proportion to their numbers.

Mind you, it is a stirring sight to see the white disc go up. No marksman ever gets so old but that he feels a thrill at the sight—a sensation quite indescribable to the man who has not felt the jar and heard the Lee-Enfield speak. To see that disc go up even once at each range, our brave defenders will gladly toil on the ranges all summer through the blistering rays of a blazing sun, varied occasionally with drenching showers and winds that chill the numbed fingers to the bone.

If the true marksman delights above all things to see the white disc waving in front of him, what must be said of his feelings when the "black bull" comes up wagging exasperatingly at him—as it sometimes does? What he says must never appear in print. What he says is lurid, concentrated, pithy and profane. If you wish to hear a man put expression into his language, get near an old

shooter when the "black bull" bobs up jeeringly at him. It is a case of "language ain't ekal to it," as the London coster who had a reputation for artistic profanity, said, when some bad boys let down the tail board of his cart as he was going up hill with a waggon load of apples.

To the uninitiated it may be said that there is nothing inspiring in the sight of the men lying on the firing mounds—however much some of us may have pictured the reverse. There is no poetry of motion or poetry of inertia in their attitude. Let the truth be told. An extremely ungraceful sprawl is the best that any of them do, and the only motion that enters into it is when the rifle gives them an extra hard "kick." But what does your genuine marksman care for grace or poetry! Not one tinker's cuss. He is out for business. He is out to hear the music of the .303 and to try and see that white disc hoisted seven times in succession.

Apart from the scoring and the winning of medals and cups which is an old story now, the interesting feature of the O.R.A. meeting was the presence of four riflemen from Australia, viz., Sergt. McCahey, G. Ardill and W. Edie from New South Wales and H. Motton from Queensland. These men are all crack shots and are on their way home from the Bisley meeting, where Sergt. McCahey cleaned up no less than £115 in prizes. McCahey was at the O.R.A. once before, four years ago. The Australians were cordially welcomed and made to feel thoroughly at home.

In our own country, men were present from such distant points as Halifax and Victoria, and a new mounted regiment, the 15th Light Horse from Calgary, was also represented. Altogether more than 300 marksmen attended the meeting.



In the Mountains of British Columbia—Where Pupils go to School on Horseback.



A Cosmopolitan Crowd of Calgary Pupils.



Some Happy Edmonton Scholars.



A Group of Bic French-Canadian School Children at recess time.



Boys of "Grade Two," St. Patrick's School, Halifax, N. S.

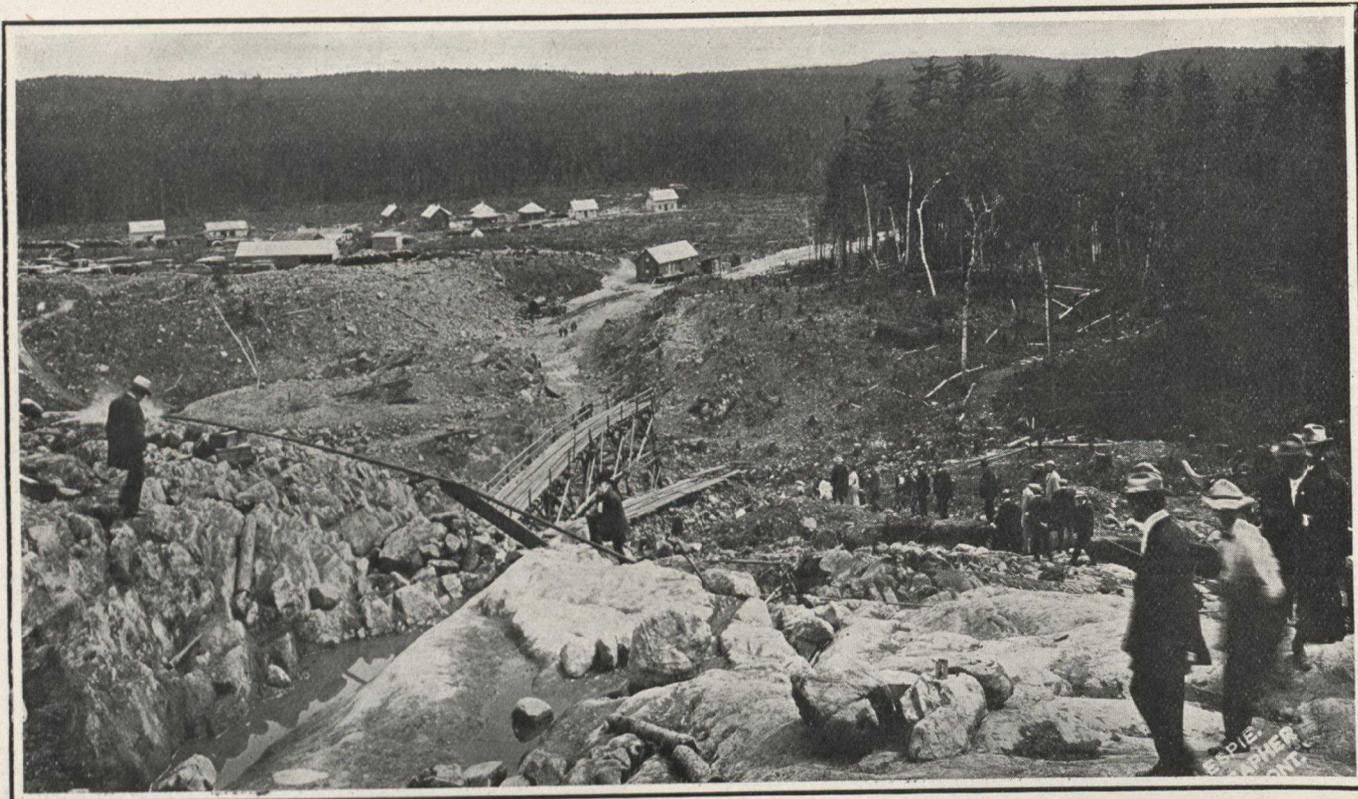
SOME CANADIAN SCHOOL CHILDREN

# The Dominies of the Dominion

**T**HE old saying, "Let me make the songs of a people and I care not who makes the laws," might be changed to "Let me teach the children of the nation and I care not who goes to Parliament." In its pioneer days, when the little red school-house, the log-cabin and the frame church were the only signs of settlement and civilisation, Canada was fortunate in the character of its educators.

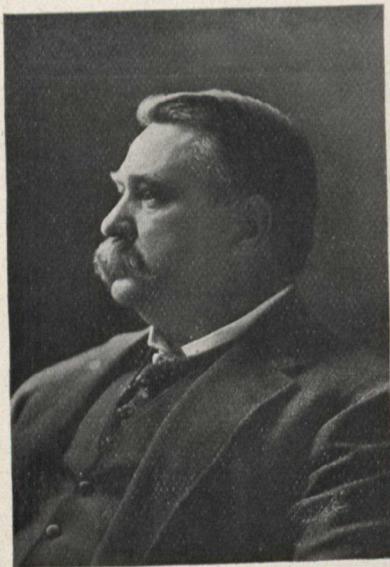
There was the canny Scottish school-master, often with Edinburgh traditions and a great reverence for the "humanities," whose attainments were held in respect by the countryside. In the old days one sometimes

came across the Irish teacher who held Trinity College, Dublin, as the finest institution in the Empire. They were stalwart and thorough disciplinarians and were not remembered any less fondly because they believed in the virtues of the birch. Their successors are not as strenuous in method, since milder days have brought gentler discipline. One of the men who combined the best traditions of the old school with the progressive grasp of the new recently passed away in Toronto. A host of those whom he trained in the principles of what he always regarded as the noblest of professions hold James A. McLellan in tender esteem. J. G.



General View of Mining Location—From Moose Mountain.

## Iron Ore in New Ontario



Mr. John W. Gates.

a width of several miles. Here are situated the properties of the Moose Mountain, Limited, the pioneer company of the district.

The existence of ore in this district was known in a general way for many years. In fact, during the gold excitement of the nineties, prospectors travelling the west branch of the Vermillion River, in search of the yellow metal, made portages across a ridge of one of the iron deposits at a point now known as the "Iron Dam." In 1902, Sudbury prospectors, through Mr. Chas. S. Osborn of Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, succeeded in interesting Mr. John W. Gates of New York and associates in this particular property. Enough exploratory work was then done to prove its value and negotiations commenced with the object of securing a rail connection between the mines and the Georgian Bay.

Messrs. Mackenzie & Mann, appreciating the possibilities of the ore tonnage as a source of revenue for their railroads, became interested in the properties of the Moose Mountain, Limited, and as a result a branch of the Canadian Northern Ontario Railway has been built from Sudbury north to the mine, a distance of thirty-five miles. The railway ends at the mines and from there north to Hudson's Bay is an unbroken

**M**OST people are now fairly well informed as to the mineral wealth of Ontario, but few have any idea or knowledge of the immense deposits of iron ore contained in the Moose Mountain Range, the present known conformation of which extends northwesterly from the northwest shore of Lake Wahnapiatae, in the District of Nipissing, to Onaping Lake in the District of Algoma, approximately forty miles. Twenty-five miles due north of Sudbury the iron-bearing rock in the Township of Hut-

stretch of virgin forest, unpenetrated as yet by even those pioneers of civilisation, the lumbermen. A year ago this railroad's present terminus was inhabited only by the moose, deer and other wild animals ranging from the clumsy black bear and cowardly wolves to the chattering squirrels and chipmunks.

Ore handling docks are under construction by the Canadian Northern interests at the Key Harbour, Georgian Bay, forty-five miles south of Sudbury, thus providing an outlet to the Great Lakes for all ores from the Moose Mountain Range with but a short haul of 80 miles from the mines to the water.

The ores from the Moose Mountain Range are hard magnetites and its shipping ores will grade higher in metallic iron than the average ores now being shipped from the Lake Superior district. Professor Coleman of the Ontario Bureau of Mines in his report for the Bureau of Mines in 1904, gives the following analyses of samples of the Moose Mountain ores:

Iron .....	62.64
Phosphorus .....	.011
Sulphur .....	.056
Titanium .....	none

The Moose Mountain Company is now actively engaged in developing its properties for the shipment of ore commencing with the spring of 1908. Camps for the single men, houses for married employees and various other buildings are now erected and already form the nucleus of what is hoped will be one of the most prosperous mining towns in the Province. Ore crushers, power plant, compressors, and so on, are to be installed at once and it is expected that next year ore will be going forward at the rate of a train load a day.

Already visitors are being attracted and last month a train of nine Pullman coaches containing the excursion of the American Mining Engineers visited the Moose Mountain mines. The members of this party were amazed at the showings of ore and all predicted great things of the new Range.

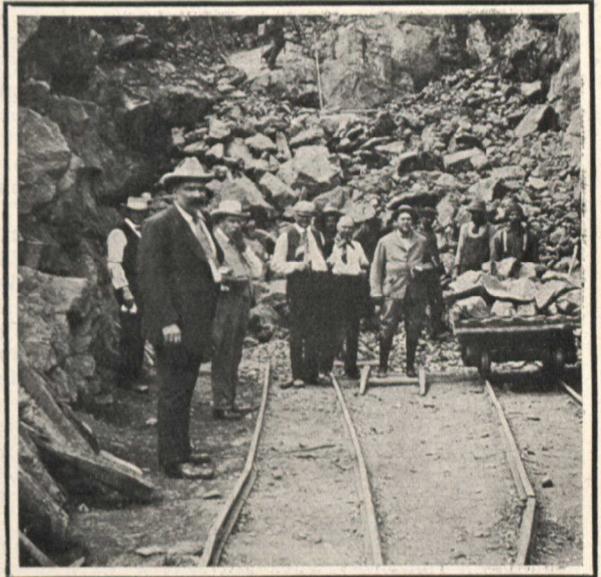
It will be interesting to Canadians to learn that Mr. John W. Gates, who has taken such a practical interest in these Ontario mines is to-day in England, where, it is rumoured, he intends to make his home. Mr. Gates, like the well-known Mr. Croker, will live the life of a country squire. He will keep a large racing establishment, just to give full play to his love of sport and speculation. Mr. Charles G. Gates will represent his father on this continent.



Mr. Gates. Mr. Mann. Mr. Mitchell. Mr. Leach. Mr. Lambert.  
Mr. D. D. Mann, Mr. John W. Gates and party, on a Tour of Inspection.



Virgin Forest at the Mines.



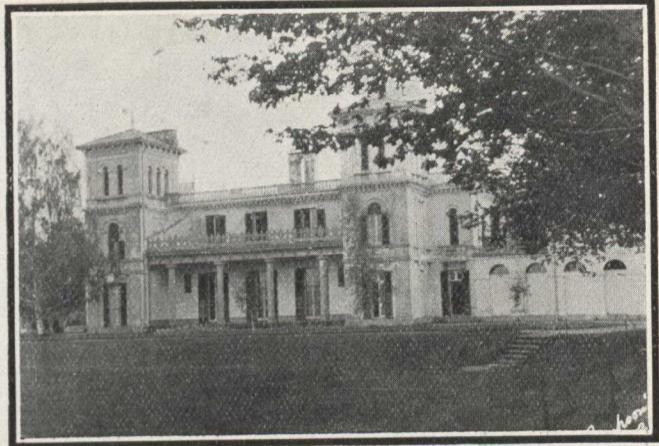
Trucking Ore from Open Cut.



Moose Mountain Iron Mines—Visiting Members of Institute of Mining Engineers in Open Stope.



The Battery and Old Gateway, Dundurn Park, Hamilton, Ont.



Dundurn Castle, Hamilton, Ont.

# Historic Dundurn Castle

By MABEL BURKHOLDER

**T**O the throngs of visitors which every summer day brings to the famous old park in West Hamilton, must come the wish to know the story of that beautiful and historic spot. To close one's eyes a moment, and forget the curious crowds of pleasure-seekers, is to re-people the place with stately dames, proud men, and gay and splendid scenes. The hoary castle walls speak of stories of the country as it was seventy years ago. The winding drives, the lodge, and massive gates, suggest—what is indeed the truth—that a proud old-countryman sought to plant a bit of the old land in the impenetrable wilderness of the new.

Allan Napier Macnab, the builder of Dundurn Castle, was born at Newark, now Niagara, in 1798. He served with some distinction, though only a lad, in the war of 1812. In 1826, he was called to the bar and settled in Hamilton, where he began the building of his stately home. Dundurn was the name of the old home of the Macnabs at the head of Loch Earne, in the picturesque province of Perth, Scotland.

Sir Allan won his title in the rebellion of 1837, by his active work at Montgomery's tavern, near Toronto; and at Navy Island, where he ordered the U.S. supply ship "Caroline" to be cut from her moorings and allowed to drift over Niagara Falls. After the close of the trouble he became engaged in Parliamentary affairs—even becoming premier of Canada. As a statesman, he was not to be ranked with John A. Macdonald, who laboured with him, but he could make a ready speech, and never lost his popularity. In his later years, when he had become a victim of gout, it was a common sight to see him borne into the House, swathed in flannel, to push some relentless attack on his opponents.

Although his most ardent admirers could not claim that he was a great politician, he was extremely popular (and that not only in Hamilton) because of his manly, sympathetic nature. One biographer has said: "He may be called a Canadian epicurean. Carpe diem—'enjoy life day by day,' was his motto." A local historian in Hamilton recalls the fact that, when Sir Allan returned from England, whither he had gone in the interests of the Great Western railroad, he received a great ovation. At the "reception" were all classes, from the highest down to the poor old negro, Lord Goderich, who had lost both legs on a man-of-war.

The Macnab family consisted of a son and two daughters. The son, unfortunately, shot himself in his youth, while out hunting in the woods. Of the daughters, Sophie, the eldest, was a great beauty, and also a singer. She is still remembered in Hamilton for her quaint ringlets and her large, beautiful eyes. In 1855, she married the Right Honourable Viscount Bury, afterwards Earl of Albemarle, and became a favourite court beauty. She is still living, and, as many will doubtless remember, has a son who came to Canada with the Duke and Duchess of York, and visited the home of his grandfather during his brief stay in Hamilton. Minnie, the other daughter of Sir Allan, married Sir Malachy B. Daly, son of Sir Dominick Daly.

Sir Allan died suddenly on August 8th, 1862, aged 64 years 6 months, and was buried at the east side of the park in an enclosed plot. The property then fell into the hands of Senator Donald McInnes, from whom it was

purchased by the city for the sum of \$60,000. It has since been converted into a public park, the spacious rooms in the castle affording ample room for a museum and art gallery.

What would the old Scotchman say, could he arise and see the sacrilegious feet which scamper through the parks, the ludicrous monkeys which jabber amusement for the crowd, the collection of butterflies and coins which adorn his drawing-rooms? Yet he loved Hamilton—loved it as a hamlet, when it used to be addressed in the mails as "Burlington, near Ancaster"—loved it as a thriving town, when its future was assured. Doubtless he would agree, that, since he has no future use for his beautiful home, it is best left as the heritage of his beloved townspeople.

## Bargaining with Death

**N**OW Des Moines comes forward with the "First Society of Eternal Youth." Its constitution declares that its object shall be to renew and perpetuate the youth and strength of its members, and every one shall contribute his share "toward banishing the spectre of disease and death from the face of the earth."

Any member who is unfaithful enough to dally with rheumatism or to be laid up for bodily repairs of any kind is subject to a fine of ten dollars for the first offence and excommunication for the second. What the penalty is for dying is not stated.

Here, then, we have the quest for the Fountain of Youth reduced to a card-index system. Every generation has its appropriate manners. Not long since, Andrew Carnegie is reported to have said that he would willingly pay a hundred million dollars for an additional ten years of life. In a former and more romantic century we meet with a certain Dr. Faust who proffered his soul for the same bubble. In their common object they typify the sons of men for all time. From the day that Adam and Eve violated the terms of their lease, the luckless children of earth have sought to bribe the angel at the gate, that they might clamber back into Paradise—the earthly realm of enduring life.

Mortal man dreams ever of terrestrial immortality. Through all the ages the keys of alchemy and philosophy have been filed and hammered that they might pick the lock that holds him here a captive for the grave. The report that the only man who so far has escaped is having an unhappy time of it, does not deter his boudien brother. He is more than willing to take his chances. Ahasuerus, the Wandering Jew, may have our commiseration; but which of us, having the opportunity, would not risk changing places with him?

No one of us is so poor or so unworthy that he is not ready to bargain with death. Let the spectre name his price, and we give up our loves and our tobacco with equal promptness. He may have our fortunes and our homes, our pride and our achievements and aspirations—yea, even our eyes and ears—if he will but smile upon our prayers.

—Lippincott's Magazine.

# THE MAN OF THE MOUND

A STORY OF A NEWFOUNDLAND MYSTERY

By THEODORE ROBERTS, Author of "Brothers of Peril,"  
"The Survivors," etc.

**H.** M. S. "Falcon," flagship of the Newfoundland Fisheries Protection Squadron, lay at anchor in Frenchman's Harbour and flew the week's wash of her crew to the invigorating wind. The season was mid-September; and there was a tang in the air that was not to be denied by three stout hearts in the little cruiser's gun-room.

"Now is our chance to bag a good head apiece," said Rodway. "Round in St. John's, what with girls and tennis and golf, a man can't call his time his own."

Mr. Rodway was sixteen years of age—and felt it.

"D'ye think we can find a guide, in this forsaken hole?" queried Brown.

"No,—nor a nurse-maid, either," replied Wallace, senior midshipman.

"Look here," cried Rodway, "I'll lay you five to one—in shillin's—that I'll walk as far as you, an' shoot as straight."

"Oh, shut up, or we'll leave you at home," retorted Mr. Wallace. "I'm not at all sure," he added, reflectively, "that it would be just the thing to allow a kid like you to toddle 'round after self-respecting caribou."

"There's something in that," drawled Brown.

"All right," said Rodway. "I'll go by myself and take both my rifles."

"Oh, come now," laughed Wallace. "It's bad form to let your hair fly off at a little bit of kiddin'. Of course we'll be glad to have you—and I'm much obliged I'm sure, for the use of the rifle."

So, early next morning, they set out, guideless, into the brown and extensive barrens. After four hours of the roughest tramping they had ever experienced, uncheered by any signs of deer, they sat down and devoured all the food they had brought along with them.

"May as well clean it up," remarked Wallace, helping himself to the last thick slice of bread and butter; "for it's easier to carry inside than out."

Rodway lit a cigarette, climbed wearily to the summit of a rocky knoll nearby, and began a half-hearted inspection of the country through his glasses. Suddenly he turned and descended to where the others lay, smoking and grumbling.

"I've sighted 'em," he exclaimed, in a hoarse whisper. "A dozen if there's one, by George."

Wallace and Brown jumped to their feet and picked up their rifles.

"Close?" queried Wallace, scarcely above his breath.

"Yes—well, about two miles away, I think," replied Rodway, nervously and still in guarded tones.

Even Brown was too delightfully excited to remark the absurdity of conversing in whispers for fear of startling game two miles distant. All three ascended to the top of the knoll and Wallace and Brown, under the directions of the proud Rodway, feasted their eyes (with the assistance of the field-glasses) on the distant herd. Even at two miles they were shaken with what is commonly known as "buck fever." It was the first experience of the kind for even the senior midshipman; but he had gathered a good deal of mixed information on the subject of stalking and shooting the Newfoundland caribou from acquaintances in St. John's.

"We're to win'ward of 'em. We must crawl 'round and get to leeward," he informed the others. "They're not much with their search-lights but they're wonders with their noses."

On the strength of his knowledge of the characteristics of their intended victims, Wallace took the lead on a

course intended to place them down-wind from the caribou. There was plenty of cover and he took every advantage of it; and Rodway followed his example with uncomfortable zeal. Brown, however, stalked along at his full height.

"If they are short-sighted," he said, "why should we begin crawlin' until we get somewhere near them? And as for their precious noses—I, for one, don't smell any stronger standin' up than squirmin' along on my stomach."

Cheerless dusk was creeping over the wilderness when the three sportsmen, fatigued, empty-handed and faint with hunger, came upon a queer looking mound of rocks and poles from which ascended a trail of smoke.

"Well, by my Sam," exclaimed Rodway.

The sight of even so poor a human habitation in this desolate wild through which they had travelled all day without sighting a living creature save the elusive caribou, and a few grouse and snipe, was too much for Wallace and Brown. They stared, speechless, with an unfamiliar sensation of awe in their hearts. Rodway, however, was not so easily impressed.

"If that's not the smell of cookin' then call me a Dutchman," he said.

At that moment the figure of a man appeared, issuing from an opening in the mound and immediately standing erect in an attitude of keen attention.

"Hullo, there," cried Rodway.

The man started violently, seemed to hesitate, and then advanced toward the three gun-room officers of the "Falcon." Wallace recovered his faculties sufficiently to step in front of Rodway and address the mound-dweller.

"We're in rather a hole," he ventured. "Haven't the least idea where we are—lost our compass, y'know—and are keen enough to wolf a hundred-weight of grub."

The man came close and peered at them through the gathering dusk.

"R. N.?" he queried, in a voice that trembled slightly.

"Right O," replied Rodway. "We belong to the 'Falcon' and came ashore this morning to shoot several herds of caribou. But Brown here lost our compass."

"Shut up, you young ass," whispered Brown. "This man may not enjoy your babbling any more than other men do." The only inhabitant was possessed of very sharp ears.

"Oh, let the kid talk," said he.

All three looked with renewed amazement. His hair reached to his shoulders. His lower face was covered with a flowing beard and his mouth was hidden by a sweeping moustache. His clothing was ragged and of fisherman's quality, and on his feet were raw-hide moccasins. To have such a figure of fun speak of him as a kid was too much for Rodway's temper and vanity. He opened his mouth—but Wallace wrenched him aside so suddenly that the only result was a bitten tongue.

"Come into my hut," said the man with the beard. They followed him in silence, stooping to enter the low doorway and then blinking around at the fire-lit interior. The walls were lined with trimmed poles. Caribou skins lay on the earthen floor, which was several feet below the ground level. The furniture consisted of a rough table, a bunk and a stool. Pelts of fox and lynx were nailed to the walls, here and there, and several pairs of snow-shoes lay in a rack overhead.

The visitors speedily made themselves at home—put



"His hair reached to his shoulders. His lower face was covered with a flowing beard—and his mouth was hidden by a sweeping moustache."

aside their rifles, cartridge belts and leggins and found seats on the floor from which they could watch their host at work over the fire. The meal of bacon and venison, tea and bread, was soon ready, and the four crowded around the table, perched on little heaps of firewood.

Afterwards, tobacco burned and tongues wagged. The midshipman told many stories of gallantry and adventure to which their host listened with kindling eyes. At last, taking advantage of a lull in the chatter—"Have you heard of the 'Essex?'" he asked.

"Well, rather," exclaimed Rodway.

"Got on the rocks, didn't she?" queried Wallace.

"She bucked a reef and sank just north of Frenchman's Bay," replied the hermit. "That was six years ago last July—the tenth of July."

"And there was the devil to pay," said Rodway, eagerly. "I've often heard about it; for the chap who commanded her was spoons on an aunt of mine. I've often heard my gov'nor talk about it."

"She was rather a rotten old tub," said Brown. "Don't see why the Admiral raised such Ned at having her put out of the way."

"I was there when it happened," said the man of the hut. "Weather thick as soup. Heard her strike. Then they all came off in boats—except the commander. When the fog cleared in two hours, there wasn't a sign of her. She'd slipped back—off the reef—into deep water."

"That's the way of it," said Rodway. "Nevill—that's the chap who commanded her—swore he'd not go ashore and stand court-martial. The 'Essex' was his first command, you see, and he'd rather go down with her than have his sword taken from him. But the others got away, and the court of enquiry decided that Nevill was entirely to blame—and he had taken his medicine. Dashed hard lines, I call it. Tompkins, who was acting first lieutenant, told my gov'nor that Nevill and he were both on the bridge, lookin' out sharp for the white-topped spar-buoy that marks the channel into the bay. The old lady was slopping along at about quarter-speed. They sighted the buoy—both of 'em; but as they struck, Tompkins saw the white top flap away from the channel-mark—and I'm dashed if it wasn't a bunch of wreckage with a brace of gulls perchin' on it."

"I think I'd have come ashore with the others, if I'd been Nevill," said Wallace.

Brown shook his head. "They'd have called it 'gross carelessness'. He would have been asked to get out of the service—at least," he said.

"I call it dashed hard lines," grumbled Rodway.

"It must have been hard on—the lady Mr. Nevill was engaged to," remarked the hermit.

"She'll never forget it," replied Rodway. "She's a good-looker, too—but she's cut away from everything since that. She says that the Admiralty as good as murdered Nevill—for if they hadn't been known as hard-hearted and pig-headed, he'd have taken his chances."

"He should have taken them anyway," said Wallace. "Those duffers ashore might not have understood, but the Service would have."

"So you don't think he was to blame?" asked their host intently.

"I think it was beastly bad luck," replied Brown.

"Same here," said Wallace.

"And he was a fine chap—and a clever sailor," said young Rodway. "My gov'nor thought no end of him."

The mood of the company had become serious and reflective. Each man smoked in silence for awhile and stared at the subsiding fire. Suddenly the hermit got to his feet and faced the midshipmen.

"What would you have to say to this Nevill, if he were still alive?" he cried. "You have pity for his memory—and excuses—but suppose he had swam ashore—and hidden for six years—what would you say to him? Give me the truth, by God, for I'm desperate."

They looked at him in amazement and dawning comprehension. He read their eyes by the flickering light.

"Yes, my name is Nevill," he continued, more quietly. "Captain John Nevill, R.N.—that is who I was before I crammed the old 'Essex' onto that damned reef. I meant to go down with the old tub—but somehow, when I found myself in the water, I couldn't help making a fight for life. The fog was still thick when I crawled up the land-wash. I heard the voices of Tompkins, and DeMille, and my men—but I turned away from them and hid among the rocks. When the fog cleared I saw them looking for my body—wading 'round among the black rocks—and I wished to God I'd not fought the tide and the surf. And ever since then I've been worse than dead."

His guests gazed at him with blanched faces.

"Six years—in this place," whispered Brown, with a thrill of horror in his tones.

Suddenly Rodway sprang up and extended his hand. "I'm glad you swam ashore," he said, huskily. At the same moment Wallace and Brown joined him.

"Nelson himself couldn't have stood up against such cursed bad luck as that," said Wallace.

Brown, who was on the verge of tears could not express any appropriate sentiment. But he shook the hermit's left hand, patted him on the shoulder and babbled strange oaths.

Early next morning, the three midshipmen set out for their ship. Their parting with the bewhiskered hermit was cordial—even tender. They halted on the summit of a knoll and turned their faces toward the mound with its plume of smoke.

"Don't forget, sir," shouted Wallace.

"Don't forget," shouted Brown.

"I'll tell her—to make sure you'll not forget," shouted Rodway.

Then they dipped over the brow of a knoll and were lost to view.

"God bless that girl—and those three charitable kids," cried Nevill. Then he knelt awkwardly, on the brown loam of the barren and covered his face with his hands.

### Only Millionaire Redskin

THERE has just arrived in London from the United States an interesting visitor in the person of Quannah Parker, the mighty warrior chief of the Comanche Indians. He has journeyed to England on the personal invitation of Mr. Bryce, the British Ambassador. He is accompanied by the favourite of his three wives, Too Nicey, said to be "the pearl of the redskins' wigwam." Parker is said to be a millionaire and the richest copper-coloured man alive. He was not a full-blooded Indian, however, but it was his mother, not his father, from whom he derived his white blood. She was Cynthia Ann Parker, stolen in 1836 by the Comanches, and searched for by Texans for years unsuccessfully until 1860, when she was recaptured in a fight between whites and Comanches.

She was the wife of a chief then, and he was killed in a fight. She had forgotten English and wished to return to the tribe, which she was not allowed to do. She had two sons, who remained with the redskins. One died many years ago, the other is chief of the tribe today and is just now our visitor. For the last ten years he has lived at a little place some sixteen miles west of Fort Sill, in the new State of Oklahoma. Parker frequently journeyed to Washington to see the late President McKinley on behalf of his tribe, while he has had many chats with President Roosevelt.

But the most famous redskin now living is undoubtedly "Alec" Kennedy, who is justly proud of the two service medals he owns, and which were awarded him for the work he did in Africa during the Egyptian War. His headquarters are at Edmonton, on the Upper Saskatchewan River, at the end of the railway—the real jumping-off place in the Canadian Northwest. He is in the employ of the Indian Department of the Canadian Government, and has been most of the time since the Hudson Bay Company's territory was taken over. Before the change he was employed by the company. His present occupation is guide and interpreter to the Indian Commissioner and other Government officials.

When the Louis Riel rebellion broke out, Kennedy found himself at the head of a band of bateau men, whose business it was to transport the government stores and ammunition for the troops. He did his work so well as to attract the personal attention of Wolseley, who was then in Canada. Years later, when the famous soldier was in Egypt and it was decided to send an expedition to Khartoum he recalled the faithful services of the Indian and his skill and intimate knowledge of the ways of rivers, of boats and boatmen. Wolseley sent for him and bade him come at once with a select party of bateau men to Egypt. Kennedy was under fire more times than once on the Nile, but remembers few of the accompanying circumstances—or, at least, he will never tell of them—perhaps because he has been shot at more than once at home and has never been hit. He is descended from a member of the famous party of Scots, led by Lord Selkirk, who went into the Hudson Bay territory as settlers a hundred years or more ago. His grandfather was therefore white, but the Indian blood undoubtedly predominates in Alec. He himself has married a full-blood and has several children.—M.A.P.



# THE CONSUL'S NIECE

A STORY OF THE SIXTIES

By ALICE JONES, Author of "Bubbles we Buy,"  
"Gabriel Praed's Castle," etc.

This story is founded on the well known event of the late Captain Taylor Wood's taking the Confederate privateer Tallahassee out of Halifax Harbour by the Eastern Passage, while two American cruisers were awaiting her in the main channel.

Resume: Judge Fawcett, the United States Consul at Halifax during the American Civil War, was much disturbed when there appeared, in the British harbour, the Confederate craft, "Onondaga." He and his niece, Millie, attended a dance on board the English flagship, and the latter recognised in Jack Carter a young Southern lieutenant from the "Onondaga," her former playmate and lover. Millie discovers that the two Federal vessels are to seize the "Onondaga," and, regardless of honour, warns a Southern girl, Adeline Lester, the cousin of Jack Carter, that the Confederate ship is in danger.

"**W**HY don't you tell him yourself," she asked deliberately.

Millie gave her a glance of wrathful disdain.

"Don't be a fool," she said in the familiar words of childish squabbles. "How can I tell him anything? How could I ever speak to him?" she protested.

"He'd speak fast enough.

"No, he wouldn't. Besides," she hesitated, and then with a gulp brought out the bitter assertion; "he'd like it better coming from you."

The words had a wonderful effect.

With an agile swoop Adeline bore down upon her and had her in her arms.

"You beloved goose! So that's it! Did you not guess that I was so glad to see Jack because he brought me news of Tom Appleby—poor Tom, who is a prisoner with your horrid Yankees. Still, Jack told me he is alive, and I had been sure he was dead."

At this her voice failed, and the untidy yellow head drooped to her friend's shoulder, as a sob came.

"Oh, Millie, I'm so unhappy and homesick."

"Oh, and so am I."

And the two girls cried together, and comforted each other, as though no unnatural strife had come to separate them. Presently the buoyancy of youth reasserted itself and a mischievous laugh came from Adeline.

"Shall I tell you what Jack said on the flag-ship yesterday?"

"Do."

"If I had that long-nosed Englishman on board for a week, I'd teach him to take care of Millie Fawcett when I'm round."

A little gasp, half delight, half dismay came from Millie.

"Oh, Addie! He didn't think—did he?"

A masculine step on the stair and a decisive knock at the door made them start apart in dismay.

Adeline's hands went up to her disordered tresses as she whispered:

"That fool of a woman has let a man in. Come," she added in honeyed tones.

Was either of them really surprised to see Lieutenant Carter's spare, well set figure and clean shaven face with its steady blue eyes? What became of Adeline, whether she melted into space or more prosaically left the room, Millie never heeded.

She only knew that they two stood looking into each other's eyes as across a great gulf.

Was it fancy or did his face really harden into sternness?

At any rate, when he broke the silence his words were cold.

"You would not recognise me, yesterday.

"How could I?" she answered in genuine surprise that he should have thought such a thing possible.

"Did you want to?" he persisted.

"I don't know," she faltered helplessly—then, losing

her last semblance of composure, "Oh, it's all so wretched!" she cried in despair.

"God knows it is," he answered, his face taking on a haggardness unnatural to his youth.

The sight stirred all her latent tenderness, though the question she put was strange, would have been cruel but for its wistfulness.

"Then you don't like fighting against your country:

There was a steel-like spark in his eyes as he answered:

"I am fighting for my country," then with a deep-cought breath, "But this is no use. Millie, do you really hate me?"

The words, the tone shook her sorely.

"No, oh no," she gasped. "I came here to-day to get Adeline to warn you that the Onondaga should not delay here an hour."

"Why not?"

With the question came the rigidity of a man on duty and he was all the keen officer, intent on information.

His aspect reminded Millie of her treachery to her uncle, but she held firm.

"Every hour you stay increases your danger," she insisted.

"How?"

"You can guess that I hear more than other people do. I know that you should be ready to fight against fearful odds as soon as you leave the harbour. I can't tell you any more. I may be a traitor in saying as much as this, but—oh, I couldn't bear to have you go out to—"

Her voice broke in sobs, and at the sound the barriers fell, and she was enfolded in arms clad in rebel grey cloth, while a gilt button left the mark of its obnoxious letters "C.S." against her cheek.

"Poor little Millie," she heard in deep tones of tenderness. "It's no use. War or no war, we belong to each other, don't we? Tell me, if I live through all this, and come to you at the end, either a defeated man or else one who has helped to defeat you and yours, will you still belong to me?"

She lifted her head to look up into the pleading eyes, and with all her soul she longed to answer "yes." But her honesty held her back.

"How can I tell?" she said in a troubled voice, then returning to her overruling fear:

"You will go now and tell the captain, won't you?"

"Yes, it's my duty to report what you say to him, though he must know that we are already followed here. Anyway, if we are betwixt the devil and the deep sea—not that I mean to call your venerable uncle names"—he put in with a frank laugh—"it isn't for the first time, and I guess the Onondaga and her captain are equal to it."

This becoming touch of pride seemed meet and right in Millie's eyes.

"But you mustn't worry your dear heart about me, Millie," he added softly.

"How can I help it?" and her hand clung to his as though it would never let go.

He touched her hair with infinite gentleness as he asked:

"Even if I am a rebel, you want me to do my duty, don't you?"

"Yes, Jack," came the mournful little answer, as

though she foresaw that duty could never be an easy matter.

"And if I shouldn't come out of it, you won't be ashamed to remember me, will you?"

"Don't, Jack."

"You haven't told me what you would say to the defeated man who came to you?"

Clear and firm came her words:

"I should say, 'Thank God,' Jack."

For a moment they clung together in a deeper joy than their happy betrothal had known. Then, there had been southern moonlight and the mocking-bird's song. To-day, the chill south-east wind drove the rain against the window.

With all the greater intentness they held to those few minutes' respite from the waiting shadow of war and death.

It was Millie who first yielded to the claim of the present and drew herself from that dear grasp.

"Please let me go now," she said, "I must get home before uncle does, or how shall I account for being out in the storm? It would be dreadful if he ever knew that I came here to Adeline."

Jack gave no sign of loosening his hold and his air was pugnacious as he asked:

"Surely he isn't unkind to you?" then with sudden inspiration, "Millie, if you aren't happy with him, let us go now and find someone to marry us, and I can leave you with Adeline and Mrs. Singleton."

The thrilling possibility set Millie half laughing, half crying.

"Don't be absurd, Jack," she protested. "Uncle's an old dear, and it's only that I couldn't bear to hurt him as it would if he guessed that I hadn't been true to him. And oh Jack," in a whisper, "that—the other—wouldn't be right, would it?"

The momentary light faded from his face.

"It wouldn't be right to take you from a comfortable home now, when the worst is yet to come," he agreed. "And so, Millie, it must be good-by? I mustn't even walk through the storm beside you?"

"No," Millie answered with a sob.

"Well, at any rate I have something now to warm my heart in night watches. I used to try to keep from seeing your face, but it would always come back. Now, I can welcome it."

As he spoke he was fastening her waterproof with gentle fingers. He would say no word to detain her and make the parting worse. But on the repressed pain of his face came a new gleam of purpose.

"You are going to the ball at Government House to-night?" he asked.

"I suppose so," she answered listlessly, "but you'll be gone?"

There was both hope and fear in the question.

"That depends. We may not. If any of our men do go there I shall try to be one. At any rate keep the third and fourth dances free."

Millie's face reflected the hopefulness of his, though she protested:

"Where's the use? I couldn't be seen dancing with you, you know."

"Oh, we'll get Addie to manage somehow. Perhaps she can take me to you in the garden. At any rate, keep those two dances free. The third and fourth. You'll remember. And now, child, go."

He loosened his arms, and Millie went forth alone into the storm, while he remained behind.

They had both forgotten all about poor Adeline waiting patiently in her bedroom.

Millie felt herself a mixture of hypocrite and traitor when she had to face her uncle at that day's early dinner.

All private scruples were however swept away in a great wave of dismay at his exultant announcement:

"The Governor and Admiral are likely to have a finer picnic to-morrow than they had yesterday. They can take a sail out for three miles to-morrow morning and pick up the pieces of the Onondaga after she has met the Vermont and Connecticut. They'd have done their friends better service if they had listened to me, and sent her packing yesterday. Now, our ships are off the harbour and she can't escape them. A pilot spoke one of them this morning and came in with the news. The whole town is astir with it, and will make a circus out of this naval fight that's got to come off. Dancing on a volcano—who was it said that? These rebels will learn what it means by to-morrow."

As he talked Millie sat staring at him in speechless misery.

He paused, rubbing his hands in his habitual fashion.

She could not help it. Her self-control was gone. "Oh, uncle, don't. Think of all those lives!" she gasped, and broke out crying.

Never was man more aghast than the Judge. He had got into the way of looking to Millie for a chorus to all his expressions of feeling, and this exhibition of feminine weakness took him completely aback.

With rueful remembrance of the fine hysterical attacks to which his late wife had treated him, he decided that even Millie could not be always counted on as superior to her sex.

All the same, it was in a wistful tone that he said: "Perhaps you're right, child. This war has brought the savage to the surface in all of us. Only remember," and his voice was again crisp and clear, "the sharpest remedies may be the most merciful in the end."

Millie had pulled herself together and answered:

"Oh, I never meant to blame you, uncle. Indeed, I know you would give your life to stop this war, if you could."

"God knows I would, child."

"You mustn't mind me," she said. "One can't help getting worked up over it all, you know."

"Yes, I know," he agreed with a sigh.

"And now what about this ball to-night? Do you want to go?"

Millie's heart sank at this hint of uncertainty. Judge Fawcett was so punctilious in his attendance on all official ceremonies that she had never doubted his going.

"Just as you like," she murmured, and her uncle announced that he had decided to stay at home himself, but that she might run in and ask their neighbour, Mrs. Warden, to take her.

Veiling her relief, Millie checked the quick thought that with that fat, short-sighted chaperon she would enjoy more liberty than under her uncle's eye.

The rooms of the old colonial Government House furnished a brave show of uniforms that night.

"I am glad that our northern star has not failed us," said the painted and tightly-laced General as Millie made her uncle's excuses.

As they passed on, Millie's eyes swept the various bright groups in restless search.

She noted one thing that vaguely surprised her. Captain Palliser was amongst the men already gathered round Adeline Lester and she saw him write his name on her card, bow and turn away.

A moment later he had joined her and was demanding his dances.

"They're playing the first now, and I have taken the second. I see three and four are marked," he added with a peculiar look in his eyes. It was now that she noticed a suppressed intensity, widely different from his usual coolness.

"Yes," she answered, startled, then seizing the first topic that came:

"I saw you getting a dance from Miss Lester. I didn't know you knew her."

As she spoke she realised that her words sounded like the pique of rivalry.

It did not matter with Captain Palliser of course; he was so comfortably middle-aged in her view, but why did he look at her so strangely?

"I had not that honour," he answered, "but Colonel Caldegate was sent like a retriever to fetch me. My charms have evidently impressed the lady."

"Isn't she sweet?" Millie demanded.

"Delightful!" was the dry response.

"Are you going to dance with her?" she went on with a vague feeling that she was putting her foot in it.

"Yes. She has given me number four—one of those you have reserved," he said, significantly, and Millie's heart beat faster with remembrance of Carter's words, "Addie will manage it."

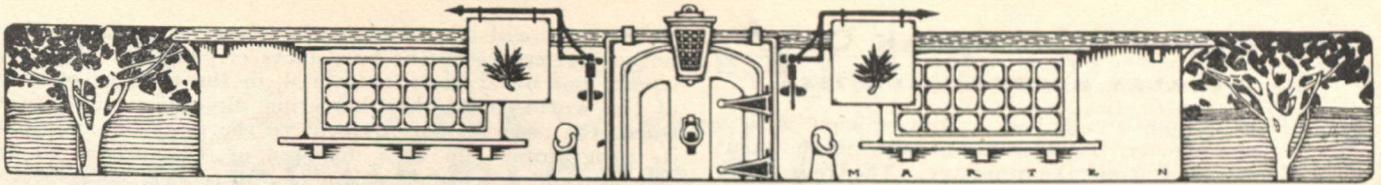
But other partners had found her out and the next few minutes were occupied with her programme.

At another time her girlish vanity might have been stirred by the eagerness to secure dances, and by the protests over those reserved ones. Now she wished impatiently that she could be left to watch Adeline holding her court at the other end of the drawing-room.

Never had her friend looked better than in her green tulle ball-dress, but was it only Millie's fancy that she had an air of restless nervousness?

All semblance of rivalry was sustained, but there was a swift interchanged glance and smile that warmed the heart of each girl more than all her little triumph.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



## AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

NOT often in these dull, prosaic times does a flash of old-fashioned romance brighten the record of the day's work. But during the last fortnight the Southern States, and even the New York papers have enjoyed a recital of a deed as romantic as ever was done in the days when our very great-grand-parents rumbled off in the stage coach to Gretna Green. Miss Julia Jackson Christian, the only granddaughter of the great Confederate leader, General "Stonewall" Jackson, has been ever since her childhood, the idol of the Southern people, who have recognised in her bright, generous spirit an inheritance of the splendid courage which inspired the men who wore the grey. Several years ago I knew her in the pretty town of Charlotte, North Carolina, where Miss Julia, as winsome and merry a school-girl as ever kept a household lively, lived with her grandmother, the widow of the great general. Like most girls of Dixieland, Julia Christian is both pretty and spirited, and when she discovered that the talented young Virginia lawyer on whom she had bestowed her affection was not regarded with favour by her unsympathetic father, the impetuous little lady straightway fled from Atlanta to Charlotte, and was married to Mr. Edmund Randolph Preston before her cruel parent fairly realised the fact of her departure. Mrs. Jackson is fully in sympathy with her motherless and romantic grand-daughter and the warm-hearted South, where the magnolias bloom and the serenade is yet a vivid memory, wishes all good fortune to the girl who has laughed at locksmiths. The bride is a typical Southern girl—which is the best and the last word as to feminine charm. Whatever may be said of the modern Yankee girl—of her money, her accent and her over-emphasis—the Southern woman is still as delightful as in the days when she inspired such soldiers as the world has seldom seen.

Many, many centuries ago, when the Britons were painting themselves blue with that mysterious dye of which the old green-backed history informed us, there was a colour which was in imperial fashion and which came from the ancient city of Tyre. If you were an empress or closely related to the royal family, it was the proper thing to wear purple and, if possible, fine linen. The Tyrian purple must have been of a softness and splendour such as modern science and art rarely produce. But once more Tyrian purple is the fashion, although the correct shade is so expensive as to leave a light pocket-book. Our grandmothers would not have liked the combination of navy-blue with purple. But we are making queer experiments nowadays with greens and mauves, browns and French grays. Therefore, blue and purple form a combination not to be despised. "But purple is a trying colour," some will object. Never mind! If it is the fashion, you may look sallow, withered or ghastly—but do not be different from your neighbour. Look like a fright if you will, but, at all costs, be in fashion.

The suffragettes are a rather curious body of agitators, in the eyes of most Canadian women. We may be a provincial order of femininity, but the physical struggle for votes hardly appeals to our sympathy. Surely we have

enough to worry over without being obliged to listen to the blandishments of political candidates. It may be deadly benighted, but I admit that I belong to the majority of Canadian women and do not care the least bit

### A FAIR SOUTHERNER.



Julia Jackson Preston, Grand-daughter of General "Stonewall" Jackson.

in the world for the ballot. Politics is an interesting game but it is a man's game—and so very muddy. But woman will purify politics. Will she? Not by means of the ballot, say those who know something of the way woman suffrage has worked in Colorado and elsewhere. But one thing is certain. If woman ever really wishes to vote, she will attain her political aspirations. Woman has always had what she wanted. Eve wanted that beautiful rosy apple and she got it. She wanted Adam to eat the smaller half—and he obediently took a bite—and apple-sauce has needed sugar ever since. If the Canadian woman should at any time really wish to spoil ballots, Sir Wilfrid, Mr. Whitney, Mr. Roblin and that delightful Westerner, the "Honourable Richard," will simply hand over the political machine with "Certainly, Madame."

The ancient and honourable game of croquet has known a surprising revival this summer, and the click of the mallet is once more heard in the land. An English critic, speaking of the pastime says:

"Its survival and recovery are the more creditable by reason of the ridicule that it has had to live down. What other game has been the butt of keener shafts? What other game has been so associated with love-lorn curates and the simpering objects of their calculating affections? To-day it is no longer a mere excuse for philandering, and this particular season it has a new interest as being one of the very few games in which the supremacy has not passed overseas."

In Canada, croquet was once a game for others than the clergy. Why it should be regarded as an amiable game is difficult to understand for, to those who know, the critic is telling the simple truth when he says that no other game is, on the face of it, so spiteful.

CANADIENNE.

### The Song my Paddle Sings

By E. PAULINE JOHNSON

West wind, blow from your prairie nest,  
Blow from the mountains, blow from the west.  
The sail is idle, the sailor too;  
Oh! wind of the west, we wait for you—  
Blow, blow!  
I have wooed you so,  
But never a favour you bestow.  
You rock your cradle the hills between,  
But scorn to notice my white lateen.  
August is laughing across the sky,  
Laughing while paddle, canoe and I  
Drift, drift,  
Where the hills uplift  
On either side of the current swift.

And up on the hills against the sky,  
A fir tree rocking its lullaby  
Swings, swings,  
Its emerald wings,  
Swelling the song my paddle sings.

## Shall the Pulpit Speak Out?

By CHARLES HERBERT HUESTIS

A SHORT time ago I had a conversation with a young preacher. He told me he was on the point of resigning from the ministry. The reason for his proposed action was that he no longer held the beliefs, especially with regard to the Bible, that he was supposed to preach, and he did not think it honourable for a man to receive the support of a church from whose faith he had drifted.

This young preacher is a representative of a growing class in this country at present. They have come up out of the theological seminaries where they have spent years in the study of the Bible from the standpoint of modern historical criticism, and have therefore acquired an attitude toward the Scriptures differing widely from the orthodox position. But the mass of the people to whom they are to preach have not had these advantages; in the Sunday School the lessons are prescribed and treated in the "quarterlies" as though no work had been done upon the Bible for the past half century; and the leaders in the Young People's movements organise Bible studies from the old conception of the Bible as a treasure house of proof texts rather than a progressive revelation of God to a single people in the past.

Under these circumstances what is the young preacher to do? There are three courses before him. He may remain in the church and avoid preaching upon dangerous topics. He may resign from the ministry and find some other occupation. He may stay in the ministry and speak out. If he accepts the first of these courses he must inevitably lose self respect and independence of thought. If he accepts the second like Jonah he runs away from his calling. Then let him speak out!

This is the duty of the educated ministry of to-day, a duty it owes both to itself and to the people to whom it ministers. It is the duty of the educated minister of to-day to be a leader in Bible study, and to conduct his people, and especially the children and young people of his charge, wisely and constructively into the assured results of the modern study of the Bible. Not only must he lead them to the new point of view with relation to the Old Testament Scriptures, but he must prepare them for that new adjustment of thought that must follow, for instance, the results of the critical study of the Nativity and Resurrection narratives of the New Testament. Only in this way shall the young people of the church be saved from the destructive force of the sceptical appeal which will surely come when criticism is used as the artillery of men who are hostile to religion.

The bubble of Science-and-the-Bible scepticism was pricked by the very simple fact that it is not the function of the Bible to teach science. In like manner may that of the Theology-and-the-Bible be made unattractive and innocuous by an appreciation of the fact that religion does not come out of the Bible but the Bible has come out of religion.

Red Deer, Alberta.

## The Peace Conference

From the London "Outlook"

WHETHER the regulation of warfare does or does not make for the promotion of peace, it is at all events a subject of vast and varied importance. It has engrossed the Conference at The Hague; it threatens to swamp it; yet the discussion of its principles and details has aroused next to no popular interest. We may regret that this should be so, but we cannot wonder at it. The world's interest in the Conference of 1907 vanished before the Conference had assembled. With attention prematurely and injudiciously concentrated on the question of the limitation of armaments, and on the attitude of the Powers towards Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's proposals, the actual meeting of the Conference came with the disenchanting effect of an anti-climax directly it was made clear that the chances of any practical step towards disarmament were non-existent. The Prime Minister can no longer disguise the fact that his incursion into foreign affairs, unfortunate in itself, has been doubly so in its reflex action upon the prestige of the Conference. The world has followed its debates with the apathetic consciousness that it was really over before it met. We believe this point of view to be not only mistaken but dangerous, and dangerous above all for a maritime Power like ourselves. But its entire naturalness should be an impressive warning against the self-destructive folly of submitting an ideal

to international discussion without due preparation and without reference to the hard facts of politics. The Conference has never truly recovered, in the average opinion of the world, from the blundering diplomacy that first raised the issue of disarmament to the place of honour on its programme and then disposed of it before a single delegate had reached The Hague. Moreover, it has been very apparent that the Conference, like our own Imperial Conferences, suffers from the absence of all the usual aids to deliberation. It needs an organisation like our recently evolved Secretariat, some permanent machinery for collecting data and collating views. In the absence of such machinery its programme is hopelessly overloaded, its debates are diffuse, it touches a dozen momentous questions for every one it settles, and ends by wearying with its technicalities and its cumbrousness the attention of mankind.

## The Canadian Climate

AN English newspaper, "The Bystander," in commenting editorially on the alleged Weather Bill in the Canadian Commons, says: "It seems that Canada has suffered so much from slanders concerning her climate and other conditions that a Bill making such libels punishable is to be introduced into the Dominion Parliament. It will be a fine patriotic Bill, but we are glad we haven't passed a similar one in this country. Otherwise, we should, most of us, be spending this winter—we mean this summer—in gaol."

"The Canadian Meteorological Department will have to be uncommonly wary in its language. Instead of hurricanes, they will have to talk of 'the balmy zephyrs that caused the apple crop to be premature.' Lightning will become unknown. 'The exquisite sky-rocket that electrocuted a Toronto citizen the other day was much admired by residents in the neighbourhood. Those who possessed waterproofs were also greatly struck by the copious showers that followed this bright display.' Chilblains will be known as heat-spots, and a cold in the head might be called a 'pepper-pip.' The Dominion could adopt as its motto:

Now is the winter of our discontent  
Made glorious summer by this Act of Parliament.  
And all animals presuming to be Arctic could be exterminated."

## Oliver's Visit to Vancouver

From "B. C. Saturday Sunset"

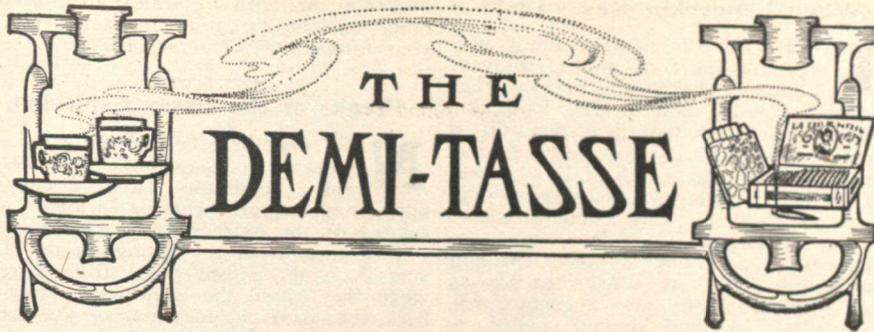
HON. FRANK OLIVER, Minister of the Interior, has been in Vancouver and vicinity the last few days looking into the Oriental immigration question. On the principle of a white British Columbia the Minister expresses himself without reserve. It appears to be simply a question with him of what is the best method to exclude Oriental labour. From his published utterances and in conversation with him, I gather that he believes the matter should be dealt with in the general immigration policy of the Dominion, which has been to keep out all undesirables. What Hon. Mr. Oliver is informing himself upon is how far the people of this province would go in applying the word "undesirable."

What is an undesirable immigrant? The immigration law defines him as one who is liable to become a public charge, one who is a criminal, or one afflicted with contagious or infectious diseases. The Immigration Act also provides that an immigrant convicted of any offense against the law within twelve months after his arrival may be deported.

The alien labour contract law provides that labourers may not be brought into the country under a contract. This regulation, there is good reason to believe, is being systematically violated in this port by Japanese employment bureaus.

Outside of this regulation there is none which can meet the case of the Japs except the understanding which exists between the Japanese Government and that of the Dominion of Canada that no more than 400 shall be allowed to leave Japan for Canada during a year. This understanding, we all know, the Japanese Government is evading by issuing passports to its subjects to Honolulu, where they remain a short time and re-embark for Canada. Many of the passports of the recent arrivals show that the Japs had left their country only four or five months before landing here.

British Columbia will await with interest and some anxiety for the action of the Dominion Government as the outcome of Hon. Mr. Oliver's visit.



# THE DEMI-TASSE

## BIDE A WEE.

"The Campbells are not coming yet,"  
Is Laurier's latest word,  
While "Archie" murmurs sadly—  
"A case of hope deferred."

\* \*

## A SEASONABLE EFFECT.

Act 2, Scene—One of our large summer hotels.

New Arrival—"And does your Lake Huron air affect the nerves?"

Proprietor—"Indeed, sir, it does. When I started the business I charged one dollar a day. Now I have the nerve to charge five."—Warton Echo.

\* \*

## FOR BUFFALO'S HOME WEEK.

"We'd like to have the Kilties' band,"  
The Buffalo stranger said;  
"They look so cute and march so well,  
With such a gallant tread!"

'Twas thus they talked to Doctor Orr,  
Who frowned in sudden dread:  
"Nay, nay, Toronto show is on—  
Take Hamilton instead."

\* \*

## ANOTHER MARK ANECDOTE.

Mark Twain declares that he has an ancestor who came over on the "Mayflower." When asked what became of the illustrious gentleman, Mark gravely stated that the ancestor lost his life while standing on a small elevated platform, which suddenly gave way under his feet.

"Do you reckon he was hanged?" asked an interested listener.

\* \*

## NOT ETHEREAL.

A coloured preacher who had only a small share of this world's goods, and whose salary was not forthcoming, became exasperated. At his morning service he spoke to his church members thus:

"Bredern and sistern, things is not as they should be. You must not 'spect I can preach on uth to you an' boa'd in Heben."

\* \*

## NOT THE MILKMAN.

A young man who had prolonged his call on his sweetheart a few nights ago, was surprised when a window in an upper storey was raised as he left the house, and the voice of the mistress called out:

"Leave an extra quart this morning, please."—Bruce Herald.

\* \*



Musical Critic (to host). "Very firm tread your daughter has."—Punch.

## NOT CLEAR.

The comments of United States papers on our affairs are sometimes perplexing. The San Francisco "Argonaut," which is the most "clipped from" weekly on the continent and a boon to many exchanges, remarks regarding our First Minister:

"Premier Laurier's enthusiastic welcome home by thousands of people in Ottawa, after his visit to London and the conference of colonial premiers, gives the impression of a republican more than a monarchical form of government in Canada."

Now, what does our Californian contemporary mean? Is it republican to be enthusiastic? Was it not a United States orator who declared that a republic is always ungrateful? Canada is assuredly a democracy, but a right royal one, and if His Majesty, King Edward VII., should happen to come to Ottawa or Toronto his welcome would leave Pretoria Night naught but a very-back number. Because we know how to welcome a Premier, who may have political opponents but no personal enemies, we are not to be written down republican.

\* \*

## THE POOR INDIAN.

The Walkerton "Telescope" tells of an Indian who is camped near the station in that town and is known as Cephias Cabbage. He is the interpreter of the Saugeen band, and talks English as perfectly as a white man. They tell this rather good story on Cephias. Some years ago he bought a lot of apple trees from a nursery agent, but did not pay for them as per contract. He was repeatedly billed through the post, but dunning letters didn't disturb him any, and at last the account was placed in the hands of a collecting agency. Soon after a representative of the agency visited the reserve, and one of the first men he met was Cephias himself. The stranger, of course, did not know him, and proceeded to enquire if he knew a man named Cephias Cabbage.

"Oh, yes," was the reply, "I knew him well. He was a good man, but, poor fellow, he's dead." That was enough. The stranger left the reserve without making a collection.

\* \*

## WORTH WHILE.

"Didn't your father say you were not to go in swimming? You'll get licked when you get home."

Johnnie—"I guess you're right enough. But what's five minutes' lickin' to two hours' fun?"

\* \*

## CHOPPING HIM OFF.

Borrowby—"I had the pleasure of meeting your wife and little boy the other evening, Grimshaw. By Jove! that's a great kid; chipper as a squirrel, bright as a dollar, and—er—speaking of dollars, can you let me have twenty, old fellow, till day after to-morrow?"

Grimshaw (coldly)—"Don't slam the door as you go out, Borrowby."—Smart Set.

\* \*

## HIS LIMIT.

In a western Kentucky town Ben Watson had saved the life of Myra Underhill. She had fallen into a river, and as she was sinking for the third time, her rescuer reached and saved her.

Aunt Tabby Wilson, the oldest woman in the village, was loud in praise of the heroism of the young man, and at once

declared that Ben and Myra must get married. But Ben demurred. The arrangement did not suit him.

"Why not marry Myra, Ben?" said the old lady. "She's a nice girl, and we'll have a fine wedding."

"She is a nice girl, all right," replied Ben, "but I don't think we oughter marry. Seems to me," he went on, "I have done enough for Myra."—St. Louis Star.

\* \*

## THE TRAPPER'S DEDUCTION.

The professor had complained that the world in general still looks on science in a slighting way, and that reminded one of his companions of a story of a Western trapper.

The trapper, noticing a place where roots had been dug up, examined the spot carefully. Then, as he rose and brushed the earth from his knees, he said, with calm conviction:

"This was done either by a wild hog or by a botanist."—The Washington Star.

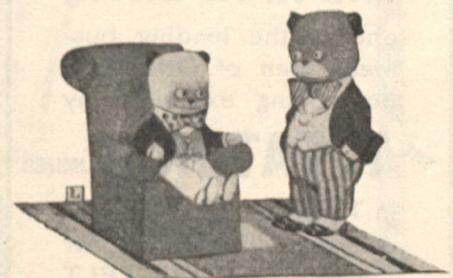
\* \*

## HOW PAT GOT IN.

Dr. George A. Gordon, pastor of the Old South Church, Boston, tells how a witty Irishman stood before the gate of the other world, asking for admission. St. Peter refused him, however, telling him he was too great a sinner to enter there, and bade him go away. The man went a little distance from the gate and then crowed three times like a rooster. St. Peter at once threw open the gate and cried out:

"Come in, Pat! We'll let bygones be bygones."—Lippincott's.

\* \*



Kyoodle: Yes, poor Rover was caught by the Butcher.  
Puggoodle: Now I suppose we may expect the wurst.—Life.

\* \*

## THE NECESSARY MEASURE.

One morning Douglas Jerrold and Compton proceeded together to view the pictures in the Gallery of Illustration. On entering the ante-room they found themselves opposite to a number of long mirrors.

"Look at that picture," said Compton, pointing to his own reflection.

"Very fine," said Jerrold, regarding it intently, "want's hanging, though."

\* \*

## ANOTHER MAN.

An English magistrate who has lately taken to himself a wig, said severely to the prisoner: "H—m, I think I've seen you here before on a similar charge."

Drunk - and - disorderly Woman—"No, your 'onour, s'elp me, never! The last time I was up afore a bald headed old cove not a bit like ye."

\* \*

## TWO SOURCES OF HOPE.

It is said, reports "Lippincott's," that the people along the coast of Newfoundland are expert wreckers—not in that they wreck vessels to rob them, but in that they know how to avail themselves legitimately of the opportunities afforded. In this connection Sir Wilfrid Laurier used to tell of a meeting between a priest in charge of a parish near Cape Race and the bishop of his diocese.

"How will your people do this winter?" asked the bishop.

"Very well, I think, your reverence," replied the priest, cheerfully, "with the help of God—and a few wrecks."



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### When Landerkin was "Up."

THERE have been many funny incidents on the floor of the House of Commons at Ottawa, notably when Nicholas Flood Davin or Dr. Landerkin were on their feet, but it is doubtful if anything more amusing was ever heard in the House than the speech of Dr. Landerkin on March 30th, 1894, on a motion to go into committee of ways and means to discuss the tariff.

Landerkin, as hundreds of Canadians who have had the rare pleasure of hearing him speak, are aware, was a genuine wit, from whose tongue humour rolled in resistless torrents. On dull days in the House, when some prosy member was droning away, and chamber and press gallery were practically deserted, the cry, "Landerkin is up," never failed to put life into the House. From out of committee-rooms, smoking-rooms and subterranean passages, members and reporters would come tumbling into the chamber, anxious to miss nothing of the treat that awaited them.

On the occasion in question, Landerkin had been attacking the National Policy, and incidentally criticising the personnel of the Ministry. At that time the Controllers (Hon. N. Clarke Wallace and Hon. J. F. Wood) and the Solicitor-General (Hon. J. Curran, Q.C.), referred to by the speaker, had not quite the rank of Cabinet Ministers, and were not admitted to Privy Council deliberations. Some, if not all, of them were present during the speech.

In the course of his remarks, Dr. Landerkin said: "The other day I was going by the Privy Council Chamber. I saw the two Controllers and the Solicitor-General sitting outside. They were apparently tying the door. I overheard their conversation—and I was not eaves-dropping, either. They were complaining bitterly because they could not get in. The question of the tariff was before the Government, and they thought they ought to have a voice in the discussion. The Controller of Customs says: 'I have a large following behind me in this country.' The Solicitor-General says: 'So have I.' But they did not get in. They had their hats in their hands, and I understood afterwards that they were waiting for the free lunch that is served there during tariff discussions."

The gale of laughter which punctuated every sentence of this remarkable sally may be faintly imagined. It cannot be described. The House fairly rocked with tumultuous applause.

### Hear, Hear.

A HAMILTON minister, Rev. J. S. Williamson, jumped into fifteen feet of water at Grimsby Park and saved a woman from drowning. Which was a great deal more like the old church militant than spending one's life in trying to find out whether or not some one is selling peanuts on Sunday.—Ottawa Evening Journal.

### Early Rising Extraordinary.

A RECENT graduate from Harvard was given a confidential clerkship in the office of the president of a huge railway system.

The young aspirant was not told at what hour he should report; so the first morning he appeared in the office of his chief at nine o'clock. He found the president hard at work. Nothing was said of the clerk's tardiness.

On the second attempt the clerk presented himself at eight-thirty, only to find that the president was there ahead of him, working hard.

The third day the young man went at eight o'clock, with the same result.

That night as he went home the clerk took counsel with himself, and determined to be ahead of the boss the next morning. Accordingly he arrived at the office at seven-thirty the fourth day, but there was the chief working away as if he had not left the office at all.

As the clerk entered, the president

looked at him with a quizzical air. "Young man," said he, "what use do you make of your forenoons?"—Literary Digest.

### Freaks of the Essex Explosion.

NOW that the echoes of the great explosion at Essex have died away, and conditions are becoming normal again, some curious incidents are related of the extraordinary disaster.

Two farmers were driving on the Tecumseh road, sixteen miles from Essex, when they heard the explosion. Turning back, they drove up to a man on the roadside and said: "Why did you shoot at us?"

"And why should I shoot at you?" asked the man in surprise.

"That we do not know," one of them replied.

"Well, the truth is I did not do so," replied the man.

"What was the noise," was the next question.

"To tell the truth," said the man, "when I heard the detonation, I rushed down the cellar, thinking one of my wine casks had burst." And the three laughed heartily over the incident.

Another story is told of a man who was being shaved in a barber shop when the explosion occurred. The razor was torn violently from the barber's hand and blown forcibly into the wall, while the customer, with one side of his face shaved and the other covered with lather, got out of his chair and ran wildly down the street.

### Passing of Simon Fraser's Daughter

THE thrilling and adventurous career of Simon Fraser, whose exploration of the Fraser River one hundred years ago has left his name permanently inscribed upon the annals of British Columbia, was brought vividly to mind by the death in Toronto a few days ago, of his daughter, Miss Harriet Fraser, at the age of eighty years. Miss Fraser had been quietly living at the House of Providence for the past twelve years, and was attended in her last hours by two nieces, Misses Catherine and Margaret Fraser, of Hamilton, daughters of Mr. Simon William Fraser.

Official recognition of public service is often tardy, and it was only about two weeks ago that the government of British Columbia settled upon Miss Fraser an annuity of \$600 for life, in commemoration of her brave father's pioneer work for that province. It was Miss Fraser's last wish that this bequest might be sent yearly to her two nieces, who are now the sole surviving granddaughters of the celebrated explorer. Three grandsons, however, are settled in the United States.

The remains were taken to Cornwall for interment in St. Andrew's Cemetery, beside those of her parents.

### The Coming of the Japanese.

THE Canadian Government has been inquiring into the reports from

British Columbia as to the large influx of Japanese. The representatives of the Japanese Government state that the agreement made with the Canadian Government a few years ago as to restriction is being rigidly observed. Before leaving their own country the Japanese must procure passports from their Government, and the Japanese Government agreed that not more than one passport per month for each district would be issued to its citizens who desired to come to Canada. As there are about forty districts, this would permit about 500 a year to come to Canada direct from Japan. This number has never been reached, and the agreement is still in force. The Japanese, however, arriving in British Columbia are from Honolulu, American territory, and over them the Japanese consuls have no official authority. They can do a great deal, however, in dissuading their people from leaving the Hawaiian Islands, and this will be done. Many of those who have arrived have gone to the United States, and some of those now on the way are destined for the Great-Northern. The

Canadian Government is hopeful that with the co-operation of the Japanese Government they can limit this immigration to such an extent that no ill results will follow to the western provinces.

**A New Road.**

Mr. M. F. Rittenhouse, the Chicago lumber merchant, who has done a great deal for his old home, Jordan Harbour, in Lincoln County, Ontario, by building a fine school and presenting an experimental fruit farm to the government of the province, is now going to build two miles of model macadam road with wide boulevards and concrete walks down to the lake shore. The work is to be done under the supervision of Mr. A. W. Campbell, Deputy Minister of Public Works.

**Nova Scotia Prosperous.**

So much is heard about the crops in the West that it is just possible we may forget that there are crops also in the East. According to the Government report issued a few days ago, it appears that the Nova Scotia crops will be above the average. From 10 to 25 per cent. more land has been under cultivation than last year. The unusually cool spring has caused the crop to

be from one to two weeks later in maturing, but July weather has been ideal for growth.

The fruit estimate is considerably above last year, and some correspondents look for a record yield. Generally speaking, the fruit promises to be larger and of finer flavour than last year's crop. Apples will be much in excess of last year, and the quality will be exceptionally good.

Hay will fall from 15 to 20 per cent. below the average. Present indications are that the potato and root crop will be a record one. The potato bug has not been as industrious as usual this summer.

Altogether, Nova Scotia is favoured this year, and the whole country rejoices in her prosperity.

**A Capable Bird.**

A persistent hawk has taken more than a hundred chickens from the premises of Walter Wade in Bloomfield. The bird is of the pigeon species, swift of wing, and seemingly sure of its prize every time.

The people about the house have endeavoured to scare it away, but it invariably gets its prey. Once it starts on its upward flight all the small birds in the vicinity set sail for it, endeavouring to force it to release its victim, but the hawk

soon outstrips them and gets away with its tender morsel.—Hartford Courant.

**A Joke on Canadian Clubs.**

President Earle, of the St. John Canadian Club, has furnished the first "jolly" on these institutions. At the Earl Grey luncheon, he pointed out that these national clubs were non-political, non-sectarian, non-everything. In fact, the position is such a nonentity that it reminded him of an Irish captain of dragoons, who, on the eve of battle, thus addressed his company:

"Men, we are about to engage the enemy. Will you fight or will you run?"

"We will, sor."

"What will you do?"

"We will not, sor."

"Thank you; I thought you would."

**Lead Us Not Into Temptation.**

Cecil was much impressed by the Sunday School teacher's plea for missions, and decided to save his pennies for the heathen. He made a great effort and failed once or twice. Then he prayed, "O Lord," he begged, "please help me save my money, and—don't let Jim the peanut man come down this street."—Louise Driscoll.

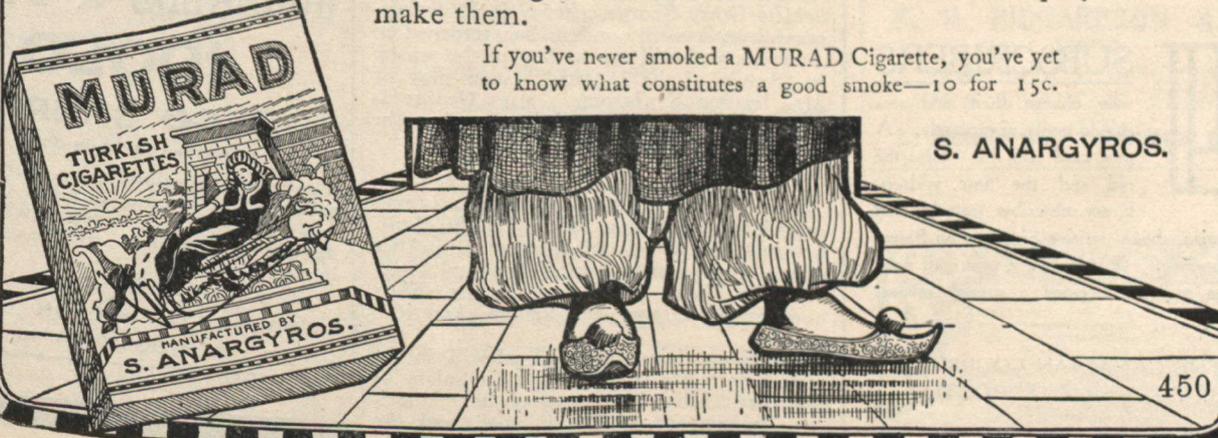


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## Turkish Cigarettes

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## Dramatic Notes

THE opening of the Royal Alexandra in Toronto has been the most interesting event in Canadian theatrical circles for some time. From the decorative and hygienic standpoint the new theatre is far ahead of anything else in the city. Shea's Theatre is fairly attractive in vaudeville performances, but is so stuffy that after the first half hour one finds the atmosphere undesirable. The Royal Alexandra seems to be decently ventilated and mechanically well-equipped as an amusement hall. It is to be hoped that after this year it will be something other than a vaudeville theatre, for its luxurious equipment leads one to expect the higher order of dramatic entertainment.

\* \*

The Princess Theatre, Toronto, usually provides light and spectacular enjoyment during Exhibition fortnight, when the crowds that fill the city to overflowing have an acute desire to be amused. This week Mr. Leo Ditrichstein and a clever cast have satisfied the multitude with "Before and After," which lives up to its announcement as a screaming farce, and provides an evening of clean hilarity. Next week the spectacular attraction, "The Land of Nod," will probably draw large crowds to the King Street theatre.

The season of 1906-7 was an unusually good one at the Princess, and a glance at the forthcoming plays assures us that Toronto is to enjoy even better things this season. Such artists as Maude Adams, Eleanor Robson and Ethel Barrymore, to say nothing of Ernesto Novelli, arouse bright anticipation.

\* \*

Miss Margaret Anglin and her mother have arrived in New York from England. During the three months of their absence they were motoring in Italy and France. Mr. Henry Arthur Jones is writing a play in which he is anxious for Miss Anglin to create the leading role in London this coming season (so New York press despatches report), but Miss Anglin will continue her success as "Ruth Jordan" in "The Great Divide" until next spring, when she will fill a special engagement in Australia. She will present several new plays in the Commonwealth, among them a new version of "Joan of Arc."

\* \*

The last weeks of August have been enlivened by such productions as "Bertha, the Sewing-Machine Girl," and "Parted on Her Bridal Tour," the latter being a dramatisation of one of the immortal works of Miss Laura Jean Libbey, the idol of the housemaid and the butcher boy. But what a vista of woe opens before the imaginative at the very sight of the flaring poster announcing "Bertha, the Sewing-Machine Girl." All the suffering and oppression known to virtuous and toiling girlhood are suggested by this simple yet eloquent title. We did not behold "Bertha," but we trust that she came triumphantly out of it all and rolled away in victory and a crimson motor car.

\* \*

Miss Grace George, after a decidedly successful season in London, has returned to America, and will appear late in the season in "Sylvia of the Letters," a new play by Mr. Jerome K. Jerome. Miss George is appearing at present in "Divorcons" at the Lyceum Theatre, New York.

\* \*

The biggest music-hall contract ever negotiated, according to the "Daily Mail," has just been concluded between Miss Alice Lloyd, the popular comedienne and sister of Miss Marie Lloyd, and Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger, the well-known American agents.

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# Peculiarities

It seems almost incredible, but it is a fact nevertheless, that when General Manager Hebden, of the Merchants' Bank at Montreal, was in Liverpool recently, he handed a cable message addressed "Montreal," to a middle-aged post-office official, who asked him in what state Montreal was located. At first Mr. Hebden thought the man was not serious, but soon discovered, to his amazement, that he was

\* \*

A committee of prominent ratepayers of Pincher Creek, Alberta, has reported unanimously in favour of changing the name of the town, and this will probably be done at an early date. Now is the time for citizens all over Canada to get busy and send suggestions. Wonder when Medicine Hat will decide to take a new handle?

\* \*

A journey of seven thousand miles is the extraordinary trip taken recently by Judge Burbidge, of the Exchequer Court, who travelled from Ottawa to Dawson City to hold the first sitting of the court ever held there. The cases heard included actions of intrusion against leaseholders of hydraulic claims.

\* \*

A quantity of Indian bones, skulls, arrow and spear heads, estimated to be between 600 and 1,000 years old, were discovered recently at Point Grey, Vancouver Island, while repairs were being made to the government road. They will be turned over to the provincial museum.

\* \*

The St. Catharines Board of Trade will memorialise the government to substitute a nickel coin for the present five-cent piece, which is considered too small. They will also ask for a bronze cent instead of the present coin, which they think too large.

\* \*

Twenty-nine active members of the Alpine Club of Canada have climbed the prescribed height of ten thousand feet above sea level. They include one from Melbourne, Australia, residents of many States across the line, and Canadians from New Brunswick to British Columbia. Plans are now being discussed for the erection of a club-house at Banff next season.

\* \*

Residents of British Columbia, when they are not wrestling with the Japanese problem, have been speculating upon the probable length of the turbans worn by the Hindoos in that province. At last the problem has been solved—but by an accident. A Hindoo attempted to get work at the Granby smelter, but not being a union workman, a hose was turned upon him, and he was chased away. In his wild flight up the mountain his turban uncoiled, and it is said that thirty feet of it were left floating in the breeze as he disappeared from view.

\* \*

A Miss McDonald, of McAdam, N.B., had the extraordinary experience, a few days ago, of being struck by an express engine, thrown ten feet in the air, and able to joke about the affair a few minutes afterwards. She had been talking to some friends at the station, and stepped backward without noticing the engine, which was not going at great speed. She was not injured, and her chief feeling was one of surprise.

\* \*

Patrick Corcoran, a resident of Welland, Ont., has died recently at the age of 103 years. He is said to have been a total abstainer from liquors and tobacco in any form, and to have escaped the jars of married life by remaining a bachelor. Though a great reader, he never wore glasses.

\* \*

A peculiar situation has arisen among the Indians on the Metlakatla reserve, B.C. Recently they were paid for lands sold to the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, and, as most of them had never before seen such large sums of money, they have positively



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declined to labour any more as long as the wealth lasts. All efforts of the canners to induce them to go out after the salmon have failed.

\* \*

Seals in the St. Lawrence among the Thousand Islands, was the very unusual sight witnessed by passengers on a river steamer lately. Three of them are said to have been seen sunning themselves on a great boulder near Westminster Park. They seem to be getting boulder and boulder.

\* \*

Vancouver, that home of novel and uproarious sports, is to have another novel contest on August 31st. A Scotchman named McLaglen, who claims to be the world's champion at jiu-jitsu wrestling, has been challenged by a local Japanese named Kanada, who defies his right to the title. The Scotchman is considerably over six feet in height and heavy in proportion, while the Japanese is but five feet six inches and a light weight. Mere strength, however, does not count for everything in this style of wrestling, but a knowledge of anatomy does. The object is to seize the other man in so painful a manner that he will be forced to yield. The signal of defeat is three knocks with the hands on the mat. If this is not given, a bone or limb is promptly broken. The sympathy of all Canadians will doubtless be with the Japanese in view of his name.

\* \*

A well-known contractor of Montreal went into a building on St. James Street the other day, leaving his horse standing outside. When he came out, he found the animal propped up with scantlings on all sides. He is a Scotchman, and what he said cannot be repeated in print.

\* \*

Pushball on horseback was the novel sight to which Winnipeggers were treated a couple of weeks ago. The ball is five feet four inches in diameter, and was obtained in England at considerable cost. It is blown up (must take a day or two) and laced exactly the same as an ordinary football. At first the horses were a little afraid of it, but soon lost their timidity and became as excited as their riders. The ball may be kicked but not touched with the hands. The horses breast the ball, and seemed to be much interested in keeping it rolling. It is intended to have regular practises at this curious game.

\* \*

Perhaps the most curious mania ever heard of has been reported to the Montreal Board of Health. It is that of a woman who has a habit of collecting garbage and refuse and taking it to her home. The woman resents anyone coming to the house, but the neighbours complained, hence the action. It is thought that her mind may be unbalanced.

\* \*

An archbishop travelling on a hand-car would indeed be a strange sight, but this Archbishop Duhamel, of Ottawa, was obliged to do at some points on his recent pastoral visit. This method of travelling was resorted to when trains were late or did not stop at places which the Archbishop wished to visit. Many out-of-the-way points were touched at, and canoes were frequently used.

\* \*

An Igorrote village may again be seen at the Canadian National Exhibition this year. If all we hear about these people is true, Toronto will soon become a dog-gone city.

\* \*

No more will the young men of Victoria, B.C., bathe in the inner harbour. Early this month a nine-foot shark was discovered feeding under the C. P. R. wharf. Two young men go out in a canoe, and by skilful manoeuvring managed to drop a slip-knot over its tail. The shark did not pay much attention to them until it was too late. Despite its struggles, it was then towed over to a float and dispatched by clubs.

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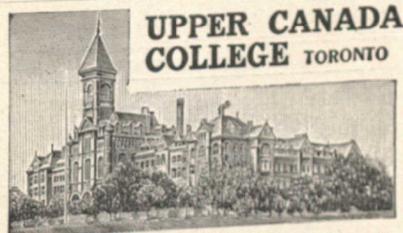
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**N**INE-YEAR-OLD Tommy was going to a party.  
"Here is half a crown, and mind you take a four-wheeler home, Tommy, if it rains," said his father.  
But Tommy came home drenched to the skin.  
"Why didn't you take a cab?" said his father.  
"I did," said Tommy, "and sat on the box all the way home. It was the greatest fun."  
—Pittsburg News.

THE COW.

The friendly cow all red and white,  
I love with all my heart:  
She gives me cream with all her might,  
To eat with apple tart.  
She wanders lowing here and there,  
And yet she cannot stray,  
All in the pleasant open air,  
The pleasant light of day;  
And blown by all the winds that pass,  
And wet with all the showers,  
She walks among the meadow grass  
And eats the meadow flowers.  
—Robert Louis Stevenson.



"I think I shall have to grow a beard, Molly. How would you like me with a beard?"  
"Would one be enough, Uncle?"—Punch.

HOW IT TASTED.

"How do you like the ginger ale, Harry?" asked his uncle of a small boy who had taken a drink of that sort for the first time.  
"It's pretty good," said Harry, doubtfully. "But it tastes like your foot asleep."

MEANEST.

"In looking back over the events of a checkered career," remarked a round-faced, middle-aged man in a downtown hotel yesterday, "I believe the meanest thing I ever did was while I was a small boy in school. I got another boy to play hookey with me one day. No, there wasn't anything so mean about that. He didn't have to do it unless he wanted to. But the joke of it was that I had a note excusing my absence that my father had written for me some time before and which I hadn't turned in. Of course, that fixed up my absence on the hookey deal all right, but the other boy had to eat off the family sideboard for an entire week. It was the meanest thing I ever did."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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## Literary Notes

**M**R. ALSTON RIVERS, of London, announces the publication in October of Mr. Lawrence J. Burpee's "Search for the Western Sea." Though nominally a volume of the Story of Exploration series, edited by Dr. J. Scott Keltie, secretary of the Royal Geographical Society, Mr. Burpee's book will be brought out in a more elaborate form than any of the preceding volumes.

The "Search for the Western Sea" is really the story of the exploration of Western Canada, or what we now call the West. Throughout the whole period of French rule in Canada the great object of discovery was the Mer de l'Ouest. As the course of Canada took its way westward this alluring sea was ever before the explorer's ambitious eye, and when the country became British no man had yet crossed the mighty boundary of the Rocky Mountains. The task was finally taken up by British explorers, and finally completed by Alexander Mackenzie, the first explorer to find the overland route to the Pacific.

To that mine of historical wealth, the Dominion archives, the author of this volume resorted for some of his material which, transmuted by literary alchemy, becomes the romantic and stirring story of Western discovery and development. Special arrangements are being made for a Canadian edition of this book, which will contain a number of maps and about sixty illustrations, including rare portraits of early Western explorers and pictures of long-forgotten trading posts.

\* \*

"How Doth the Little Spelling-Bee," by Owen Wister, is a delicious bit of fun at the expense of the "fonetick" folk who would reform spelling and abolish orthography. The author of "The Virginian" and "Lady Baltimore" enters with zest upon the description of Chickie University and its absurd students. When they had assembled, the scholars sang this irrational anthem:

My spelling 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of spelling-bee,  
Of thee I sing;  
Land of the pilgrims' pride,  
Land where my fathers dide,  
For spelline simplifide  
Let freedom ring.

It is perhaps unnecessary but irresistible to add that this volume is dedicated neither to President Roosevelt nor Mr. Andrew Carnegie. (The Macmillan Company.)

\* \*

This autumn will see the fifteenth printing of "The Divine Fire," the book which made the reputation of Miss May Sinclair. "The Helpmate," Miss Sinclair's new novel, which has been running as a serial in the "Atlantic Monthly," will be published next month by Henry Holt & Company. It is not so strong or sane a work as the former, and is marked by the neurotic morbidity which disfigures the fiction of several of our modern novelists. Emotional excess is its chief defect, which leaves the reader anxious for a good, breezy, out-of-doors book, by way of relief.

\* \*

Those gasoline specialists, the Williamsons, have devoted themselves to the motor yarn with a zeal untempered by discretion. The "honk" of the automobile is heard in every chapter, and the love story, which is dragged in by the hair to give the narrative a human interest, is so badly manufactured as to halt dismally. A superlatively beautiful and "culchawed" heroine from the U.S.A.—Chicago preferred—an English chauffeur, who is a duke incognito, and then the chapters go "chug, chug," while the scent of the gasoline hangs o'er us still. A cake of violet soap should be given away with each Williamson automobile.

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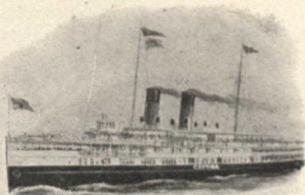
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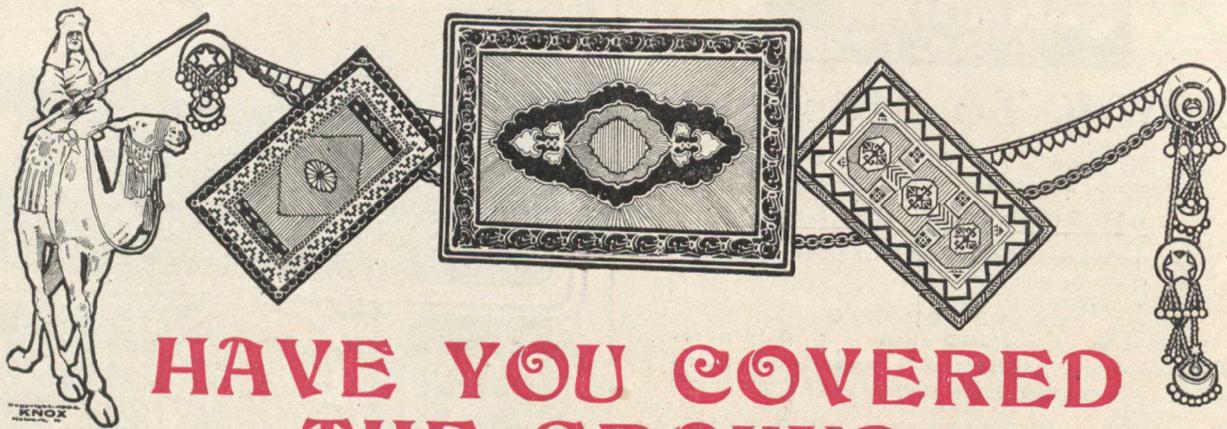
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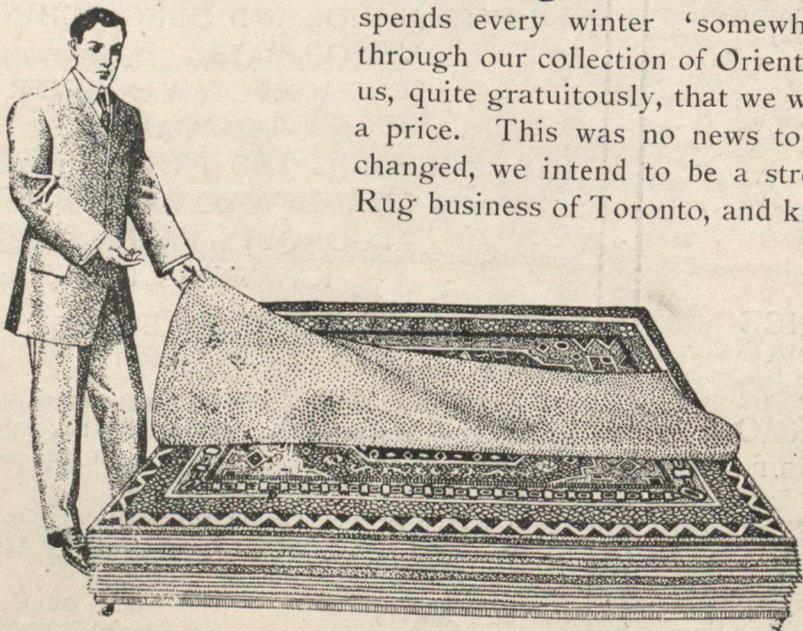
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