

THE CANADIAN COURIER

A NATIONAL
WEEKLY

*Courier
Number*

5064
W R Haight
446 Parliament St



Read in
Nine
Provinces

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

WORTHY AND RELIABLE TRAVELLING GOODS



HENRY HUTT

Copyright 1908 by Henry Hutt

We ask you to note very carefully the description of our "Bedford" Trunk and "Bedford" Suit Case. Both these lines are made under our own personal supervision. For quality of material, finish and all the little details which go to make up a thoroughly reliable trunk or suit case, you cannot find their equal in Canada at the price we ask. We invite comparison. It will result in a verdict most decidedly in our favour.

THE "BEDFORD" SUIT CASE

X28. Fine selected cowhide, brown or russet, strong handle with leather loops, two brass locks, fancy cloth lining, with shirt pocket and inside straps—
 24 inches..... **\$4.50** 26 inches..... **\$4.95**
 Outside straps, extra **.75** Leather lined, extra **1.25**

FITTED SUIT CASE

X749. Heavy cowhide leather, brown or russet, polished brass double lock bolts, strong comfortable swing handle, fine leather lining, toilet articles arranged for either ladies or gentlemen—24 inches... **\$7.95**

FITTED CLUB BAG

X770. Selected smooth heavy bag leather, in brown, russet and black, fine brass mounts, leather covered frame, easy handle, strong leather lining, best solid black ebony brushes and cut glass bottles—18 inch..... **\$6.95**

CLUB BAG

X20. Good strong bag, heavy grained cowhide, in black and brown, japanned frame, with brass lock and mountings, good leather lining, with inside pocket—16 inches..... **\$3.70** 18 inches..... **\$3.95**

THE "BEDFORD" TRUNK

XX33. One of our best trunks, strong box, canvas covered, steel bound, brass corners, clamps, valance clamps, dowels and bolts, strong, three lever brass lock, double covered tray, two outside belt leather straps—
 28 inches... **\$4.50** 32 inches... **\$4.95** 36 inches... **\$5.75**
 30 inches... **4.75** 34 inches... **5.50** 40 inches... **6.25**

SPECIAL X883.

X883. OUR SPECIAL—High square model tourist trunk, extra heavy fibre binding, cushion, nickel bumpers, heavy clamps, three lever lock, two grain leather straps, handsomely linen-lined, two trays, top tray with divisions and folding lid. Specially made for us—
 30 inches..... **\$9.00** 34 inches..... **\$10.00**
 32 inches..... **\$9.50** 36 inches..... **\$10.50**

The "PANHARD" Tourist or Motor Coat

An absolutely "dust proof" garment for the protection of the dainty summer gown. For auto and street car.

Extraordinary Value at \$4.95

The material is specially woven in exact imitation of the expensive summer light motor coats.

In the new shades of Cream, Champagne, Tan, Ecu, Fawn and White.

The cut of the coat is perfect. Mannish in the extreme.

It is a long coat—52 inches—making a complete covering for the dress. Strictly tailored with long lines, trimmed with strappings, pockets are finished with the rounded effect of the strap, which gives the coat quite a distinguished style. The sleeves are the shape which just suits the cut of the coat. Finished with smart turned back cuffs. The collar and lapels are tailored, and can either be buttoned to the throat or nicely rolled back. Trimmed and fastened with pearl buttons. It has the new circular back.



THE ROBERT **SIMPSON** COMPANY, LIMITED
 TORONTO - CANADA

THE NORTHERN Navigation Comp'y

OF ONTARIO, LIMITED

30,000 Islands of Georgian Bay
Sault Ste. Marie and Lake Superior

*Most Direct Route to North-West
Summer Service and Equipment*

¶ In June this year The Northern Navigation Company will place in commission the new steamer "HAMONIC." She is the largest, fastest, finest passenger and freight steamer ever built for Lake Superior trade. This will give a tri-weekly service for Sault Ste. Marie and Lake Superior ports, steamers leaving Sarnia Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays.

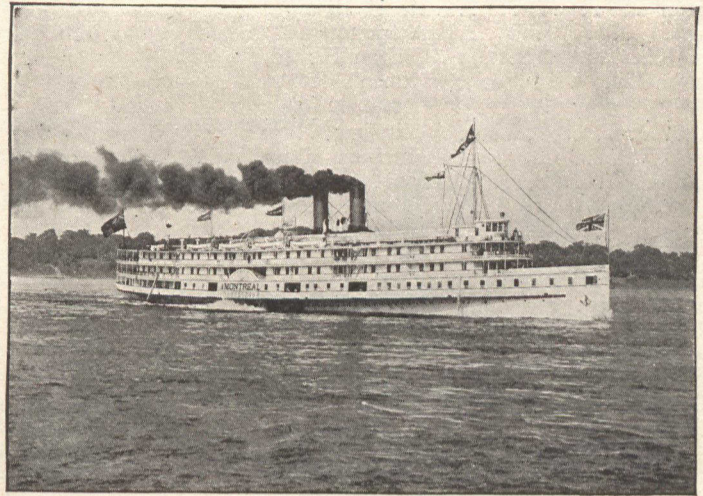
¶ **For Georgian Bay Ports, Sault and Mackinac**—Steamers leave Collingwood and Owen Sound Tuesdays, Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays. Tuesday and Friday steamers call at Sault Ste. Marie east-bound only.

¶ **For Parry Sound and Point au Baril**—Another addition to the already magnificent fleet will be the new, fine, steel, twin-screw steamer "WAUBIC," which will be launched and commissioned in June. This steamer will leave Penetang and Midland daily (except Sunday) on arrival of trains, going through the 80,000 Islands to Parry Sound and Point au Baril, giving a service much superior to anything heretofore.

¶ *Tickets from All Railway Agents.* For Spring sailings and other information address C. H. NICHOLSON, Traffic Manager, Sarnia, Ontario.

VACATION SUGGESTIONS

*"The River
St. Lawrence
Trip"*



New observation steamers "Rapids King" and "Rapids Queen" in service this season

The Scenic Route

Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Company

For illustrated booklet "Niagara to the Sea" send 6c in postage to

H. Foster Chaffee or Thos. Henry
A.G.P.A., Toronto, Can. Traffic Mgr., Montreal, Can.

Lake Ontario
1000 Islands
Rapids
St. Lawrence
Montreal
Quebec
and the
Far Famed
Saguenay River



SUMMER TOURS



The Canadian Pacific Railway provides unequalled service to all the most attractive summer resorts of the Dominion, by seashore, mountain, lake or stream. Tracks extend from the Atlantic to the Pacific, with numerous branches to popular summering places. The finest fishing, camping and canoeing country in Canada is reached by the C. P. R.

LOW SUMMER RATES FROM TORONTO TO

LAKE MASSANOGA
MONTREAL QUEBEC
LOWER ST. LAWRENCE
SAGUENAY RIVER
MARITIME PROVINCES
ST. ANDREWS-BY-THE-SEA
ATLANTIC COAST RESORTS
NEW ENGLAND
NEWFOUNDLAND

MUSKOKA LAKES
Express trains to Bala, in the heart of the Lakes, and from there steamer service for all resorts.
GEORGIAN BAY
PARRY SOUND 30,000 ISLANDS
POINT AU BARIL
PICKEREL AND FRENCH RIVERS
Most attractive fishing and camping country in Ontario

GREAT UPPER LAKES
SAULT STE. MARIE
and beyond
WESTERN PRAIRIES
ROCKY MOUNTAINS
PACIFIC COAST
Alaska - Yukon - Pacific Exposition
at SEATTLE
ALASKA

This summer the Pacific Coast Tour is especially attractive and rates are exceptionally low—only \$74.10 Toronto to Seattle and return—May 20 to Sept. 30.

Write for illustrated descriptive literature, rates, routes and any information desired.

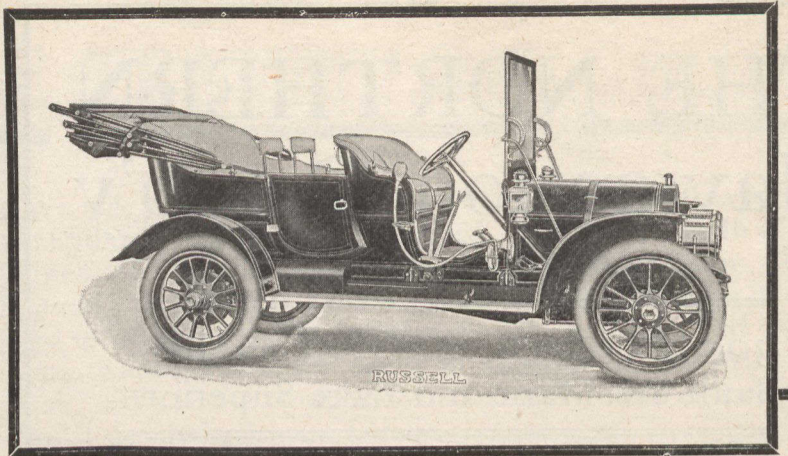
WM. STITT
General Passenger Agent, Montreal

R. L. THOMPSON
District Passenger Agent, Toronto

Some Canadian Summer Resorts and Hostelrys

It is possible to give only the names of the leading hotels, boarding-houses and other places of accommodation in the various summer resorts and outing districts, in an issue of this kind. Any person desiring further information concerning any place in Canada, where fishing, boating, hunting or any other kind of outing may be taken, can secure the same by enclosing a two-cent stamp in a letter to the Editor of "The Canadian Courier." Our "Information Bureau" is free to the public, whether subscribers or not. All sorts of railway folders and other pamphlets mailed free on application.

Location	Name	Rates per Week	No. of Guests
Lake Ontario			
Burlington	Hotel Brant	\$12.00-25.00	300
Cobourg	Arlington	15.00 up	150
Niagara Falls	Clifton House		
Niagara-on-Lake	Queen's Royal	Special	300
Muskoka			
Bala	Windsor	8.00 up	150
Morinus	Morinus House	7.00-9.00	150
Bala Park	Morton's	10.00	75
Port Cockburn	Summit House	10.00-16.00	200
Beaumaris	Beaumaris	12.00-25.00	200
Minett P. O.	Cleveland	10.00-12.00	150
Ferndale	Ferndale	8.00-12.00	100
Maplehurst	Maplehurst	12.00-18.00	125
Lake Rosseau	Royal Muskoka	Special	300
Rosseau	Monteith	10.00-18.00	200
Windermere	Windermere	10.00-14.00	200
Port Sandfield	Prospect	10.00-15.00	200
Port Carling	Stratton	10.00-12.00	85
Hamil's Point	Hamil's Point	10.00-16.00	100
Stanley House	Stanley House	9.00-12.00	200
Gregory	Mephawin	8.00-14.00	50
Hutton House	Hutton House	8.00-10.00	50
Milford Bay	Cedar Wild	5.00-6.00	50
Mortimer's Point	Rosclair	6.00-8.00	40
Lake Massanoga (Kaladar)	Bon Echo Inn	9.00-15.00	100
Kawartha Lakes			
Coboconk	Pattie House	5.00	80
Lakefield	Craig	Special	60
Stony Lake	Dulce Domum	5.00-7.00	50
Fenelon Falls	Kawartha	Special	100
Lake Simcoe District			
Beaverton	Victoria Park	7.00	100
Jackson's Point	Lakeview	7.00-8.00	150
Sparrow Lake District			
Hamlet P. O.	Peninsula Farm Resort	6.00-9.00	50
Port Stanton	Lake Shore House	5.00-9.00	65
Port Stanton	Sparrow Cottage	6.00	100
Tourist Camps			
Bolger Lake—Brunnel's Camp	Thos. Brunnel		
Boarding House	J. McArthur	Rate on application	
Magnetawan River—Simpson's Hotel and Camps	Joseph Simpson	8.00-10.00	50
Lake of Bays			
Fox Point	Ronville	8.00-12.00	100
Murray Point	Wawa	15.00 up	200
Temagami			
Lady Evelyn	Lady Evelyn	16.00-24.00	200
Temagami Island	Temagami Inn	16.00-21.00	150
Temagami Station	Ronnoco	14.00-17.50	100
Temiskaming	Bellevue	12.00	100
Georgian Bay			
Honey Harbour	Royal	10.00-12.00	150
Sans Souci	Sans Souci	12.00-15.00	65
Minneganshene	Minneganshene	10.00 up	200
Parry Sound	Belvidere	12.00 up	200
Rose Point	Rose Point	15.00-18.00	200
Pt. au Baril	Ojibway	10.00-14.00	60
Algonquin Park			
Algonquin Park	Algonquin Park	12.00 up	150
Bay of Quinte			
Glenora	Glen Island	1.00-1.50 day	
Arden, Ont.	Pringle House	7.00-14.00	50
Aylmer, Que.	The Victoria	10.00 up	200
Thousand Islands			
Gananoque	The Inn	14.00 up	100
Lower St. Lawrence, Que.			
Little Metis	Turiff Hall	6.00-8.00	100
Murray Bay	Richelieu	15.00-28.00	400
Murray Bay	Lorne		100
Quebec	Frontenac	24.00 up	500
Tadousac	Tadousac	14.00-20.00	200
New Brunswick			
Seaside	Seaside	5.00	20
St. Andrew's	Algonquin	20.00 up	250
Nova Scotia			
Digby	Columbia	9.00-12.00	50
Halifax	Halifax	Special	350
Yarmouth	Queen	10.00-12.00	60
Sydney	Sydney	20.00-25.00	100
Yarmouth	Grand	20.00	150
Prince Edward Island			
Charlottetown	Victoria	12.00 up	200
Hampton	Pleasant View	6.00-9.00	60
Summerside	Queen	5.00	50
Alberta			
Banff	Mount Royal Hotel	17.50-20.00	120
Laggan	Lake Louise Chalet	3.50 per day	
British Columbia			
Field (near)	Emerald Lake Chalet	3.50 per day	
Glacier	Glacier House	3.50 per day	



THE RUSSELL argument is this: A car of the most advanced construction expressly designed for Canadian roads and road-tested before it is delivered; a factory HERE standing behind the Car and its guarantee, no importing expense, no customs delays; a national system of branches and agencies, insuring the right care of the car wherever you go.

HUNDREDS or Russells in successful use everywhere prove the absolute reliability of this car. Write for catalogue and novel book of testimonial letters from men who KNOW.

Models from \$1500 to \$4500—from 18 to 50 Horse Power.

THE RUSSELL

CANADA CYCLE & MOTOR CO., LIMITED,
WEST TORONTO
MAKERS OF HIGH GRADE AUTOMOBILES
BRANCHES:
Toronto, Hamilton, Ottawa, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver, Melbourne, Aust.



SEND \$1.00 FOR 25 CLUBB'S PANATELLAS

Clubb's Panatellas are a five-inch, genuine hand-made, long clear Havana Filler Cigar, equal in quality to 10c. cigars. Delightfully mild, and sweet as a nut.

SPECIAL OFFER to introduce Clubb's Panatellas.—We will send this box of 25, postage paid, to your address on receipt of price, \$1.00.

A. CLUBB & SONS, 5 King St. West, TORONTO. Established 1878. 1470



PAGE WHITE FENCES

Get the Best. Styles for Lawns, Farms and Ranches. Made of high carbon wire, galvanized and then painted white. Tougher and stronger wire than goes into any other fence. Get 1909 prices and illustrated booklet.

THE PAGE WIRE FENCE CO., LIMITED
Largest fence and gate manufacturers in Canada

WALKERVILLE TORONTO MONTREAL ST. JOHN VANCOUVER VICTORIA 228

20c. Each
3
for 50c.

"OXFORD"
Newest smart English style, now so popular in London. 2 1/2 inches high at back. Also in CAMBRIDGE, 2 in. high. Demand

CASTLE BRAND
Some W. G. & R. Collar suits every taste and occasion. Quarter sizes.

W.G. & R. OF BERLIN

Are You Amongst Those Who Say Wool Is Too Hot?

If so, why doesn't nature provide animals with a cotton covering for summer and a woolen one for winter?

Animals even in tropical countries do not feel oppressively hot in summer, nor do those in the temperate zone take chills by becoming wet or on account of the changeable seasons.

The reason is, they are covered with wool (hair or fur) summer and winter alike.

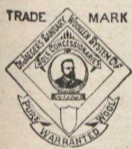
You can enjoy the same immunity from the heat by wearing wool throughout.

Woolen underwear, shirts and clothing keep the skin pores working freely, removing the feeling of oppressive heat and all fear of chills, and giving you a lightness and freedom unknown to those who have not tried it.

The Jaeger System provides absolutely pure undyed woolen underwear of gauze texture, and the smartest and most up-to-date styles in shirtings for men, who value health and comfort during business hours in the hot weather.

The needs of Ladies and Children are equally well provided for. We shall be pleased to mail catalogue or to show the goods at our own store.

A full range of latest styles in Knitted Coats and Golfers for Ladies and Coat Sweaters and Sweaters of all kinds for Men and Boys.



Sold Throughout
Canada.

Look for the **JAEGER**
Trademark.

DR. JAEGER
SANITARY WOOLEN SYSTEM
LIMITED.

316 St. Catherine Street West, Montreal
10 Adelaide Street West, - - Toronto
Steel Block, Portage Avenue, Winnipeg

Chief Office for Canada: **TORONTO**
ALFRED WRIGHT, Manager



IRISH & MAULSON
Toronto General Agents

The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

Published at 61 Victoria Street, Toronto, by The Courier Press, Limited
Subscription Per Year: Canada and Great Britain, \$4.00; United States, \$5.00

CONTENTS

MEN OF TO-DAY	7
REFLECTIONS	8-9
TOLD IN A PULLMAN SMOKER by Monocle Man	10
THE LAST TRUNK, by C. W. Jeffreys	11
EN ROUTE TO DEMARARA	12
THE BURDEN OF EMPIRE, by Dr. C. W. Saleeby	13
A CANADIAN RADICAL IN LONDON	14
SUMMER JOYS BY LAKE AND RIVER	15
SUMMER AT SIXTEEN	16
THE ACE OF SPADES, story by Lloyd Roberts	17
EL FARSI THE BARBER, story by D. E. S. Fields	18
PEOPLE AND PLACES	19
THE DEMI-TASSE	20
SIGN OF THE MAPLE	22
FOR THE CHILDREN	24
MONEY AND MAGNATES	25-26
WHAT CANADIAN EDITORS THINK	28



Editor's Talk

THIS is the season when people plan their summer holiday. To the spirit of these plans is this issue dedicated. Perhaps the advertising pages contain more of information, but the illustrations breathe the perfume of summer pleasures. We shall be pleased to supply information about any Canadian summer resort to any reader of the "Canadian Courier" who will write us.

DR. SALEEBY, a well-known scientific writer in the Motherland, contributes an article on "The Burden of Empire" to this issue. Several other articles by this writer on other phases of the same subject will appear in subsequent issues. Dr. Saleeby believes that men, strong men, are the basis of Empire, and consequently his articles will be peculiarly timely.

OUR West Indian commissioner has reached Bermuda and her letter from Hamilton is to be found in this issue. Her subsequent letters will be from the smaller islands between the Bermudas and British Guiana.

OUR leading story this week is by Mr. Lloyd Roberts, a son of the famous poet and novelist, Professor Charles G. D. Roberts. The younger man is following closely in the footsteps of the older, and his work contains much of worth and promise.



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

Abbey's
Effer-
vescent **Salt**

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

29

FLICK'S DUTCH COCOA AND CHOCOLATES.

Sold by Grocers and Storekeepers in
1/4 lb., 1/2 lb. and 1 lb tins.

Tablets in 10—15 and 20 cents.

— CANADIAN —
REPRESENTATIVES AND IMPORTERS
EDEN BROTHERS
27 1/2 Front St. E. **TORONTO.**

VICHY VICHY CELESTINS

Natural Alkaline Water



Used at meals
prevents Dys-
pepsia and re-
lieves Gout and
Indigestion.

A delightful table
water with highly
medicinal qualities

Ask your Physician

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

Broderick's
Business
Suits \$22.50
Worn from Coast to Coast

Write for
samples and measurement chart
DEPT "D"
FRANK BRODERICK & Co
TORONTO, CANADA

AREA
Representatives
in 50 Cities
Ont. 220,528
Que. 541,779
N.S. 21,848
N.B. 22,911
Man. 64,327
S.C. 370,751
P.E.I. 2,194
Sask. 242,532
Alta. 231,805
B.C. 126,422

E EATON'S E

WOMEN'S FINE EATONIA BOOTS

From sole to eyelet only superior quality is thought of by the manufacturer, or the shoemaker, or this store: only one purpose is kept in mind, to make this shoe worthy the name and the high standard we have set up. That we have succeeded, the thousands of satisfied customers testify.

Popular Dress and Street Shoes



H2-242. "Eatonia." This Women's Fine Black Vici Kid Boot represents one of our most popular lines, suitable for any ordinary wear. Contains all the best features and graceful lines of much higher priced shoes. The tops are dull kid, which makes a pleasing contrast with the vamps. Blucher cut, Goodyear welted soles and Cuban heels. Sizes 2½ to 7. **3.00**
Widths C, D & E.....



H2-243. "Eatonia." This Women's Boot is exceedingly popular for street or dress wear. The uppers are made from the most satisfactory patent coltskin, while the tops are of dull kid, Blucher cut, very unique and artistic in design, slight extension edge soles and the popular military heels. Sizes 2½ to 7. Widths C, D & E. **3.00**
.....



H2-244. "Eatonia." The woman who wants a sturdy fine kid boot with moderately broad toe and tread will find this model ideal for her needs. Especially suitable for street wear, and desirable for almost any kind of outdoor use. Made Blucher cut or buttoned, fairly low heel, Goodyear welted soles, patent toecaps. Sizes 2½ to 7..... **3.00**
Sizes 7½ and 8..... **3.50**

BOOTS FOR ALL THE FAMILY IN SPRING AND SUMMER CATALOGUE

E

THE T. EATON CO LIMITED

TORONTO CANADA

E

Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

VOL. 5

Toronto, May 8th, 1909

No. 23



MEN OF TO-DAY

Bishop in the Arctic

THE farthest north bishop in America is Bishop Stringer of the Yukon, who succeeded to the magnificent territorial charge left by the late Bishop Bompas. The Yukon episcopate is not pretentious as to style. There is not much ceremonial dignity at the chapter of the diocese, which is at Dawson. It is perhaps as sublimely lonesome a bishopric as could be found in the whole wide world; in geographical extent colossal; in work unusual; in inspiration and novelty—to a man like Bishop Stringer—just as big as anything in the world can be. Herschel Island is to Bishop Stringer not so very far north. One of his children was born there. Another was born at Fort McPherson which is at the mouth of the Peel River and which to scores of overlanders in the Klondike rush seemed like the jumping-off place into an eternity of nowhere. But all these solitudes, these fur posts and outposts, are to Bishop Stringer as familiar as the face of home. He knows the tribes of that land—the Lochieux and the Eskimos and the Yellow Knives and the Slavies and the Dog-Ribs, and all the ethnological varieties of these; he eats as they do, dresses as they dress—in skins much and in the lodges often, and mushing behind dogs on the trail, for in that diocese there are no horses and not even the reindeer have been hitched. But he has the miners also; the driftwood folk of whom the poet Service sang in a fashion far foreign to the more human knowledge of the Bishop perhaps. He knows the cabin as well as the lodge. He has seen the scar of the white man of all nations on the rocks of the red man. He knows what it is to raise money—when bags of gold dust are not given away as donations. He knows what cold is; sometimes seventy below—and if a man's Christianity is proof to that he is good for anything. Yes it is cold enough some of the time to freeze up all the "drines." Bishop Stringer is his own "servant in the house." He has but one concern outside of his bishopric; that is to raise money in England for its needs.

Since Bishop Stringer graduated from the University of Toronto in 1892, his life has been one long, magnificent struggle against trying odds. He certainly deserves the praise of his fellow countrymen.

Keeper of Government Bees

FROM higher criticism to bee-hives may not seem so much of a contrast—when it is remembered what a theological hornets' nest was stirred up in Victoria College a few weeks ago. But Mr. Morley Pettit of Aylmer, Ont., was a student at Victoria some years ago and intended to become a minister. The higher criticism seems to have been out of his reach so he abandoned the ministerial idea, after having been a probationer for two years or so, and went into bee-keeping. At present he ranks as one of the foremost bee-keepers in Ontario. He keeps government bees. At Jordan Harbour, down in Elgin County, is the experiment station in bee-keeping, of which Mr. Pettit has charge. This is an adjunct to the fruit experiment station. Mr. Pettit will conduct scientific experiments in bee-keeping for the benefit of the industry in the province. He will also lecture at the Ontario Agricultural College and inspect beehives throughout the province. Mr. Pettit is an undergraduate of Toronto university. He is one of the class of young experimentalists whom



Rev. I. O. (now Bishop of Yukon) and Mrs. Stringer and two children in Eskimo costume, as worn at Herschel Island, on the Arctic Coast. Rowena, the girl (on the right) was born at Fort McPherson, and Herschel, the boy (on the left) was born at Herschel Island, at the Mouth of the Mackenzie River.

Canada is producing in increasing quantity from year to year. They are part of the country's hope.

An Intercolonial Expert

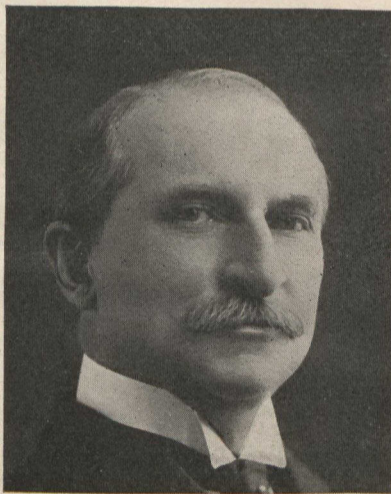
MR. DAVID POTTINGER is another of the Intercolonial Railway Commissioners appointed by Hon. Mr. Graham. He is a Canadian; born at Pictou, N.S., in 1843. Mr. Pottinger has been a long while connected with railways. At twenty years of age he became clerk at Halifax for the Nova Scotia Railway. He was afterwards made cashier of the road. Nine years later he went on the Intercolonial; station master at Halifax. In those days the Intercolonial was a novelty; had as yet given no symptoms of becoming a white elephant, and was the longest railway in Canada. For twenty years Mr. Pottinger stayed with the road, being promoted to storekeeper, and ultimately to general superintendent, about which time his name became familiar to readers of railway timetables. In 1892 Mr. Pottinger became general manager of Government lines. His appointment on the Commission is a certainty that very special knowledge of Government road operation will be available in the new management.

A Broad Minded Judge

IN 1901 some members of the Brantford City Council proposed asking Mr. Carnegie for a grant for a library building for that city, but there at once followed such warm protests from local labour circles that aldermen who were anxious to retain their seats among the city fathers lost their zeal for the project. This probably led Judge Hardy to reflect that he was in a position where he could do his native town a good turn and he wrote Mr. Carnegie, who replied with an offer of \$35,000. This tidy sum when once landed in the midst of the denizens of the Telephone City seemed so eminently satisfactory an amount with which to develop a worthy public institution that the voice of criticism made a very feeble chirp and ended in one of the most beautiful sites in the city being provided for a new building. The City Council then invited His Honour to take a seat on the Library Board, where he has been retained ever since, doing excellent work there, particularly in the direction of making the library of special usefulness to Brantford's large artisan population. He has recognised the public library to be most useful to the man who

cannot afford a private library. In addition to this, he has also been an active member of the Executive of the Ontario Library Association, which body at their last meeting chose him as president of the Provincial Association.

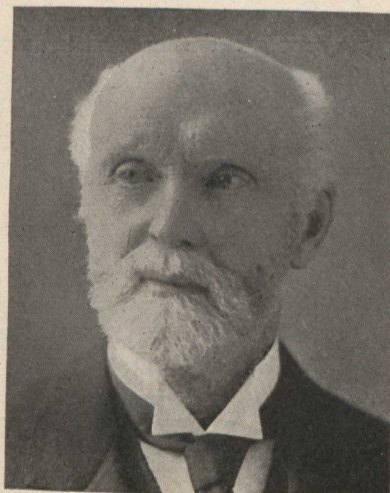
Judge Hardy takes his relaxation from his more serious official duties in lending a hand to such organisations as will benefit his fellow citizens. He was the first president of the Brantford Canadian Club and of the Brant His-



Judge Hardy,
President Ontario Library Association.



Mr. Morley Pettit,
A Noted Bee-Keeper.



Mr. David Pottinger,
General Manager I.C.R.

torical Society and is relied on for first aid in all those organisations which go to make life brighter and better in every community. He is a happy and effective speaker and among the devotees of the ancient and royal game in Western Ontario he is known as a skilful and enthusiastic golfer.

There are some things which a judge may do and some which he may not. Judge Hardy and others have shown that the bench is not so far removed from the general activities of a citizen as some people would have us think and believe.



SPORTS AND THE LAW

HAS the time arrived when the lawmakers of Canada should lend their aid to the regulation of sports? Physicians and others who make a study of the effects of exercise on the youth of the country are unanimously of the opinion that the strain caused by long distance running will impair manhood and shorten lives if indulged in during the growing period. Statistics too show that men prominent in athletics rarely live to an advanced age.

Yet every evening the streets of the city and the roads of the country are full of growing boys plodding along in a vain endeavour to develop staying qualities that will bring them some easy money or give them a prominent place on the sporting page of the newspapers. And only the other day a Toronto stripling of eighteen made the long journey from Hamilton to Toronto with the one object of proving that he had more endurance than others who had gone the distance before him.

In other ways the youth of the country is protected by law. The man who sells him cigarettes pays a fine; the man who provides him with intoxicants goes to gaol. Is it not time for our legislators to further protect him against other things that are almost equally harmful?

Of course the newspapers if they would take hold could do much to suppress what might be called the Marathon evil. But it is the newspapers that are largely responsible for its existence. Not only do they lend their columns to that publicity that is its very lifeblood but the more "enterprising" of them conduct Marathons of their own. Newspapers in this advanced age are business propositions first and public servants afterwards. They are looking for readers and some of them will go to any length the law permits to secure those readers. The law puts a certain limitation on the class of matter they print. It may be premature to suggest a censorship of the sporting page but that may yet be necessary to put an end to the Marathon massacre.



POLITICS AND THE CIVIL SERVICE

WHEN in opposition, the Dominion Liberals were in favour of a rule which would prevent a member of Parliament accepting a position in the civil service until three or four years after he had ceased to be a member. Since they came into office in 1896, the principle has been ignored and several score of members of the House of Commons have been appointed to salaried positions under the Crown. The Liberal Government, however, have to their credit, the Civil Service Act of last session which puts all the inside service under the control of an independent Civil Service Commission. Hereafter no member of Parliament may have any advantage in the "inside" or Ottawa service. They still have first call on the "outside" service, on judgeships, commissionerships and senatorships. Even here they do not always win, for the new Intercolonial Railway commission consists of four gentlemen who have never been members of Parliament, or even prominent politicians.

While the Conservatives at Ottawa, having no present prospect of getting positions for themselves, are openly advocating the civil service reform which the Liberals advocated in Opposition, the Conservatives in the Provincial Governments are not so high-minded. The other day, the distributor of law stamps at Osgoode Hall, Toronto, died and a new officer was required. Sir James Whitney's government had the appointment because there is no Civil Service Commission in Ontario, and they immediately proceeded to appoint Mr. J. H. Carnegie, M.P.P. for East Victoria. Mr. Carnegie lived at Coboconk and devoted most of his time to farming. Recently he moved to Toronto, and was apparently looking for an easy position in which to

spend his declining years. He has been rewarded with one worth \$2,200 a year. Just what value his experience in farming will be to him in the distribution of law stamps is not apparent, but no doubt he will make a creditable officer of the crown, as creditable as any other politician. The men now at work in Osgoode Hall are thus plainly told that strict attention to duties and long and faithful service does not count with Sir James Whitney's government as compared with long and faithful party service.

If Mr. Borden intends to make Civil Service Reform one of the planks in the Conservative platform at the next general elections, he should at once get to work on the Ontario wing of his party. Their conversion would be in order if the public is to believe that the Conservatives are any more in earnest than the Liberal Opposition previous to 1896. Mr. Borden might also take the question up seriously with Mr. McBride, Mr. Roblin and Mr. Hazen, and point out that as their supreme chief he has declared for the abolition of the "spoils" system. Apparently these gentlemen have not heard of the Halifax platform.



RELIGION AND CITIZENSHIP

ALL sorts of discussion are proceeding on this continent as to the causes of the low standards of citizenship which prevail in both countries. Miss Jane Adams of Chicago tries to explain why 15,000 young people came before the police courts last year in that great city. She seems to think that the religious education in the public schools and Sunday schools has been too perfunctory or has had too much to do with creeds and not enough with conduct. These young people are not inspired to conduct which is pure and noble and true. In other words, the present day teaching does not make for a high type of citizen.

An editorial writer in the *Chicago Interior* says that sectarian suspicion keeps moral instruction out of the schools. Roman Catholics are jealous of Protestants, Methodists of Presbyterians, and Jews of Christians. The moral-minded men of all religious beliefs have never got together upon even a minimum of teaching which might be made part of the school curriculum. The consequence is that the intellect is being trained, and the conscience neglected. Sectarian suspicion prevents this conscience training.

In Canada we have a large percentage of separate schools, mostly Roman Catholic, a few Protestant, in which religious teaching is a regular part of the course of study. Yet no one has brought forth any proof that the pupils from these schools have higher ideals of citizenship than those who come from the ordinary public or "godless" schools. Of all the cities in the Dominion, Montreal has the largest percentage of religious schools; yet it would appear, from general public sentiment, that the standards of citizenship are lower in Montreal than in any other Canadian city. When reform is talked about in Montreal, the general answer is that it cannot be secured because the population is so preponderatingly Roman Catholic. Sometimes these critics will use the term French-Canadian instead of Roman Catholic. If the Roman Catholic schools, with their regular course of church catechism, are not producing better citizens than the public, "godless" schools, the public ought to know it. If the reverse is true, the Church would do well to have the facts made clear.

Apathy in regard to the relation between our schools and our citizenship is so manifest that one wonders if our religious guides are not overlooking citizenship in their fidelity to creed. It does not matter much whether this country has forty per cent. of Roman Catholics or fifty per cent.; twenty-five per cent. of Methodists or twenty per cent.; ten per cent. of Jews or five per cent.; but it does matter whether we have forty or eighty per cent. of patriotic, self-sacrificing and high-minded citizens. We are spending millions of dollars annu-

ally on Christian teaching, and finding it more and more difficult to get honest public administration. We can have an enthusiastic, prayerful and non-sectarian national Congress to consider the foreign missionary field, but there is little enthusiasm over any movement intended to improve the quality of our consciences, private and public. We are anxious to send the gospel to the heathen, but we look on complacently while our jails, penitentiaries and asylums are daily growing more populous, while political crimes are becoming more and more numerous and while the idea of public service is being smothered by a crude commercial ideal.

Which is more important, conduct or creed? This is the question which lies at the root of the situation. If creed is more important, then this continent is doing well. If conduct is more important, then it is doing badly.



ROBBING THE VICTIMS

WHILE the promiscuous sale of alcoholic liquor may be objectionable, and while those who are engaged in it have had some warning as to coming reform the robbery of hotel-keepers of Ontario now being pursued is not highly commendable. In Toronto, forty men have been told that they must get out of business on August 1st and that afterwards their trade will be divided up among the 110 remaining licensees. These forty liquor-sellers had property worth about \$600,000 and in the twinkling of an eye it is taken away from them and given to their 110 competitors.

Not all the temperance people approve this system of robbery. The chairman of the License Commission, a well-known temperance man, remarked afterwards: "I think this will begin to teach the people that the British way of compensation is much better than the American way of confiscation." No doubt, there are scores of temperance men who feel the same way.

This robbery is not confined to Toronto or to Ontario. All over Canada, licenses are being taken from old-established hotels without compensation. Many men who have been in the trade for a life-time, and who a year or two ago considered themselves fairly rich, are now condemned to poverty and penury. Their trade, condoned and encouraged for generations, has been transferred or extinguished and they have been put upon the street for the general benefit of the community—but a community which has neither mercy nor sympathy.

The open bar and the treating system are undoubtedly pernicious, but who created them? The people who are responsible for them are now condemning them, but they are unwilling to pay for the destruction which they believe to be in the best interests of society. It is un-British; it is unfair; it is cruel.

We appeal to our readers, the majority of whom we believe are in favour of license-restriction and the abolition of the bar, to consider this question fairly. Surely some form of compensation which would not bear too hardly upon the community could be devised. Surely we are as high-minded and as fair as the temperance reformers of Great Britain. Surely for the sake of the trifling cost of compensation we shall not continue to violate the principles handed down to us by our British ancestors!



THE STAGE AND THE HOME

THE contention about what force should be blamed for the degeneracy of modern drama goes on with a briskness which shows that this is no ephemeral issue. The New York press is busily engaged in pointing out just which plays are worst and the managers are occupied in explaining that the public is to blame. The Canadian papers, in those cities which make any pretensions to possessing theatres, are also taking a prolonged interest in the question of what we shall see and wherewithal shall we be entertained at our "palaces" of dramatic art. The Toronto *News* recently asked several prominent women of that city for an expression of opinion on the subject and the reply of Mrs. H. M. Huestis appears to present a too-seldom-considered aspect of the subject.

This correspondent says: "The reason why demoralising plays secure enough patronage to make them pay is owing primarily to laxity in the home training of our children. The true censorship is in the hands of parents. Young girls and boys are allowed freely to attend matinee performances of the vilest order. What other result

can you expect but that these children will become, in later years, permanent patrons of just the class of drama we are deploring to-day?"

This is the most sensible conclusion reached by the modern newspaper contributor. Amusement is imperative, especially for the boy or girl, and the parent has no more right to allow the child to see a play which is dangerous or debasing than to give him poisonous food. The youngster whose home life is guarded from the elements of vulgar amusement, is not likely to become a "permanent patron" of either vaudeville or the play which appeals to the lower instincts. The press and the pulpit may publish wise editorials on the decadent drama or preach denunciatory discourses on the evils of the stage, but the true source of pure taste in either literature or drama must always be the home. Good books and plays are a tremendous influence in social life, but they are not discerned or enjoyed by those whose parents call the comic supplement "fine stuff" and characterise a drama as "a show." Censorship is but a vain and doubtful good, in comparison with that early training of the eye and ear to an appreciation of the finer elements of amusement. It is not a question of what shall be forbidden or condemned—it is a matter of what is to be appreciated and assimilated. The boy or girl who grows up with a supply of wholesome enjoyment, who is given good music, pictures and books, is not likely to be enamoured of doubtful drama. Such stuff is not a danger, but a boredom, to a decently educated citizen—and good taste is a matter of both inheritance and cultivation.



A CHICAGO STORY

STORIES innumerable have come out of Chicago, but none more interesting than the one which tells how the Montreal financiers persuaded Mr. Rockefeller to sell his stock and bonds in Wisconsin Central. It appears that the Canadian Pacific Railway wanted the road and they were able to make a bargain with all the directors except the man who represented Mr. Rockefeller. The man, Gates by name, was left to fate and chance. He, being in the dark, could not understand why the directors decided to declare a dividend on a road which was just barely out of the hands of the receiver. He went to Mr. Rockefeller and told how he disapproved. Mr. Rockefeller also disapproved and ordered his holdings to be sold. Thus the wily Montrealers by a very simple ruse, made Mr. Rockefeller feel that it was best for him to cut his connection. Had he understood the game, he would no doubt have held his interests and played for a high price. What he sold has since increased about twenty-five per cent. in value.

Moral: Canadians are learning the financial game, and we shall soon be able to out-American the Americans.



WINNIPEG'S PROPOSED CENTENNIAL

WINNIPEG proposes to hold a Centennial Exhibition in 1912, not to benefit that city alone but to demonstrate the capabilities and resources of Western Canada. Last week, a party of seventy Winnipeggers under the leadership of Mayor Evans, started on a barn-storming expedition through the provinces to test public sentiment. Apparently they were quite successful. At every town they visited they were enthusiastically received and overwhelmed with assurances of hearty support.

The arrival of Lord Selkirk's settlers on the banks of the Red River in 1812 is certainly worthy of a centennial celebration. This was the beginning of the real settlement of that great district. Progress was slow and it was not until the Dominion Government created the Province of Manitoba in 1870 that organised development began. When the Canadian Pacific Railway and the Great Northern locomotives began to belch smoke over the back yards of the growing village the boom began. From Winnipeg it extended west and south, and later north-west, until now the whole prairie district is as busy as a beehive. The history of this development, with a picture of the present conditions, cannot be put into print and picture. It requires a more vital presentation such as a Centennial Exhibition would give.

Every portion of Canada can afford to contribute, through the national treasury, a small amount to guarantee the success of such an undertaking. To do it properly will be costly, but it must be thoroughly and appropriately done. As a national advertisement, appealing especially to the people of the United States living directly south of this new wheat district, it would be worth much to the West and even more to Canada as a whole.

THROUGH A MONOCLE

TOLD IN A PULLMAN SMOKER

THERE are few places that I like better than the smoking-room of a Pullman. I often learn more there while waiting for the porter to make up my berth than I used to learn in a week in a college class-room. It is a sort of side-window looking into life. The other night, two men sat down opposite each other near the window—one taking the only chair, of course—and began to tell each other stories about how they, and certain other fellows whom they always called by their first names, made "sales." I did not gather what they themselves sold, but the hero of their epic whose name was "Billy" sold automobiles. And the tales they told of "Billy's" prowess and "Billy's" nerve and "Billy's" colossal success kept me entertained till the porter would have had time to make up the berths of a whole car. It seemed that "Billy's" most punishing method was to "make the other man feel small." All these old-fashioned ideas about pleasing your customer and ingratiating yourself with the man to whom you hope to make a "sale," did not "go" with "Billy." He knew a trick worth several of that.

* * *

A PROSPECTIVE customer complained to "Billy" one day that he had taken up considerable of his time. "Your time!" vociferated "Billy." "Your time! How much is your time worth? I suppose you consider yourself lucky if you can sell your time for ten dollars an hour. Now my time is worth at least fifty dollars an hour on an average, and I have got the books to show it. Talk about wasting your time! Why, I'll pay you ten dollars an hour for your time while we are trying this machine." And much more of the same sort. "And," said the man who was telling the story, "it went." That is, the customer was overawed by the bluff. Pounded into a mentally pulpy state by this assault, he did not resent "Billy's" impudence, but stayed and bought the car. Then one of the two told how he sold a grocer something—it may have been a cash register—by the same method, somewhat attenuated. Another man had been pleading with the grocer for an hour, the grocer sitting superior with "a sour face on him." Then this man sailed in with a profane attack upon the grocer's business capacity that quite staggered that worthy, and, in ten minutes, the trick was done.

* * *

"THE thing," said one of them impressively, "is to make the other man feel foolish. Make him feel that you know more about it than he does. If you let him keep the superior position, then he prides himself on keeping you from 'selling' him. When you go out, he says—'Ah, ha! that man couldn't talk me into taking his goods.' But if you put him in his place right off, he is not so cocky—you can

convince him that you have got the very thing he wants. Even if he does not buy, he thinks you are a smart fellow." I put this down here for the benefit of young salesmen, and will make no extra charge for the hint. Of course, I do not warrant the goods. I do not know whether this is good or bad policy when face to face with a husky customer. It ought to result in getting the salesman thrown out the window. But it may not. These men did not look as if they usually made their exits in that way. Still any reader who tries it must do so at his own expense.

* * *

I HAVE been wondering ever since if that is modern trade. In writing the good old word "trade," I apologise to it for mentioning it in such a connection. This sort of thing is certainly not "trade" as we peaceful—and, I hope, polite—people have always understood it. It is much more like highway robbery. It is taking a man by his mental throat and choking his money out him. There is no doubt whatever that big corporations, which stand to clear fat profits on the sale of their goods, can afford to pay mental and verbal thugs to go about "sandbagging" feebler folk into taking their wares and paying for them. But never in the world can that be called business. It is foot-padding. It is holding up a merchant in his own store and going through his cash box. It is all very well—though very uncharitable—to feel contempt for a man who is mentally weaker than you are; but you have no more right to use your superior mental strength to stun him into a condition of mind when he will give his money to you than you would have to use superior physical strength to the same criminal end.

* * *

IT is no wonder that we have corruption in politics when we will openly boast of thuggery and corruption in private business. Corruption in private business we certainly do have to an alarming extent. It is not only a matter of secret commissions to agents of other men—which we are now making illegal—but the systematic misrepresentation that goes on in the selling of goods. We have come to such a pass that we are inclined to regard a man as a fool who takes a merchant's word for the quality of his wares. We expect him to look out for himself. If he is to be caught by lying, well, so much the worse for him. When the grocer and the dry-goods merchant will betray their trust, why should they expect the politician whom they employ to have a higher standard of honour? The alderman may steal from the citizen at the City Hall, but he is fairly certain that the citizen will steal from him out of his basket of groceries or his parcel of dry goods. Usually the politicians do not try the methods of the "thug." They would not dare. There would be men in their constituency who would resent it and rally the cowardly others to a similar resentment. Highway robbery so far is confined to the methods of "honest trade."

THE MONOCLE MAN.

AMATEUR PLAYERS OF TORONTO—WINNERS EARL GREY DRAMATIC TROPHY FOR 1909.



Mr. T. W. Lawson

Mr. Douglas Kelley

Miss Christobel Robinson

Mr. Eric T. Owen

Miss Elsie U. Maclean

Mr. J. Beverley Robinson

THE LAST TRUNK — By C. W. JEFFERYS



C.W. JEFFERYS

“Oh, George! Here’s another dress I positively *must* find room for.”

The Travel Season

THERE was a time when the travel season in Canada was limited to July and August—that is, where people travelled for pleasure only. Now the travel season in Canada embraces the twelve months of each year. Moreover, Canadians have their own particular routes, their own steamers and their own fashions of travelling.

When a Canadian desires to take a trip to Europe he now prefers a Canadian line of steamers where formerly he was certain to go via New York. The traffic by the Canadian passenger steamers on the Atlantic has quadrupled at least in the last five years. In the same way when a Canadian makes an excursion to Asia or Australia he goes by the Canadian steamers sailing from Vancouver. If he desires to go to the West Indies or to South Africa

or to France he may still use Canadian steamers. Jamaica is probably the only favourite visiting ground which cannot be reached directly by a Canadian steamship.

While the tourist traffic on the steamship lines has been increasing at such a wonderful rate, the pleasure traffic on the steam railways has also been growing rapidly. The great difference between the two is that the tourist travelling on Canadian railways is divided into two almost equal parts—one-half Canadian and one-half United States and British. The number of visitors from Great Britain and the United States is increasing yearly. Each section of the Dominion has its yearly quota of tourists from the outside. The Maritime Provinces are visited each year by large numbers of persons from all of the cities lying between Boston and Washington. The summer resorts along the St. Lawrence and in the Highlands of Quebec get their visitors from pretty much the same district of the

United States. Ontario with its Muskoka, Lake of Bays and Temagami districts, gets a large number of visitors from the central portion of the United States. All these people are fleeing from the great heat which prevails in the American cities during July and August. In the west the tourist traffic is still confined to two classes—the man who is anxious to see the Last Great West in its development period and the men and women who seek the majestic grandeur of the far-famed Canadian Rockies.

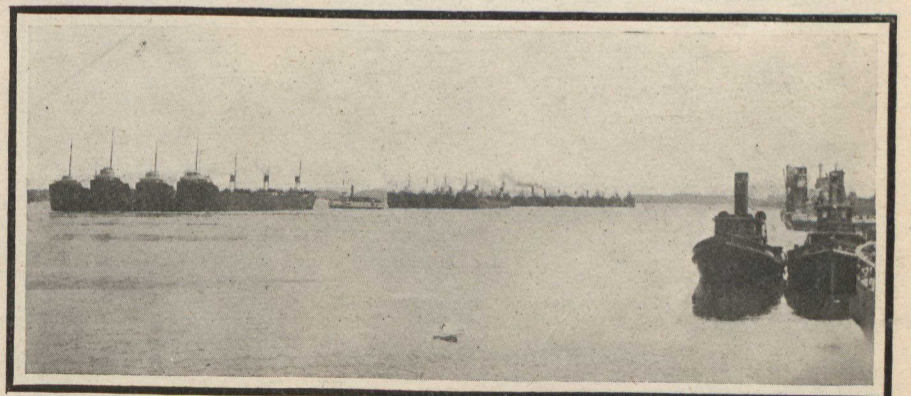
Canada is destined to have a continuous and increasing tourist traffic. Her cool climate, her varied scenery and her great stretches of lake, river and mountain are destined to draw a great annual pilgrimage. She will be the holiday portion of the North American continent; the place where men and women will seek rest, recreation and health. She has been richly endowed by nature for this very purpose.

OPENING OF NAVIGATION AT SAULT STE. MARIE

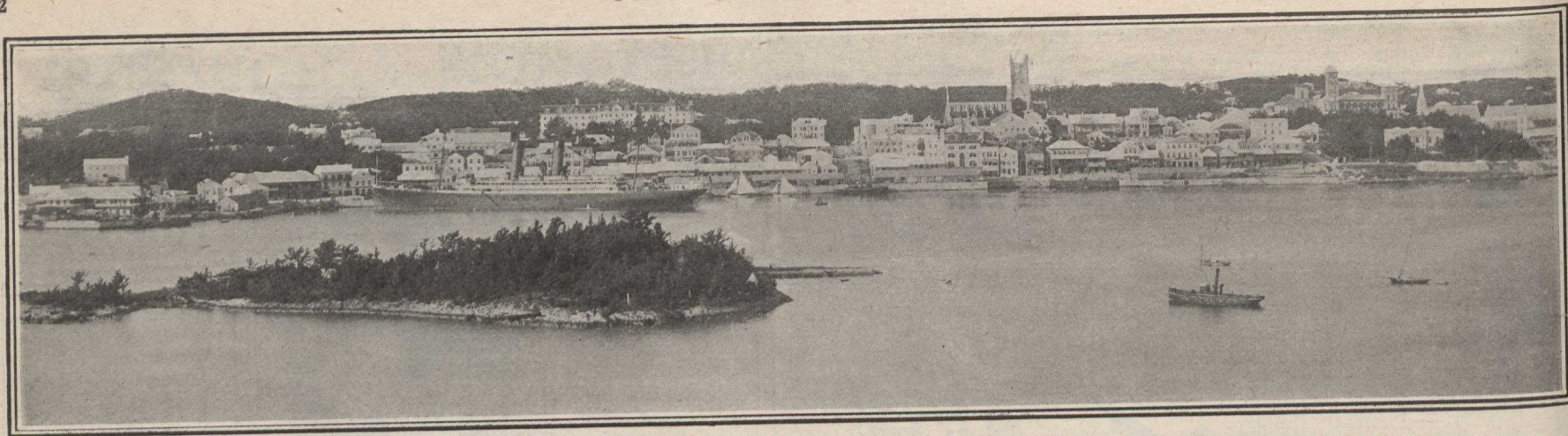
The Ice above and below Sault Ste. Marie is usually the last to break up on the route from Montreal to Fort William and Port Arthur.



A View below the Locks—Sault Ste. Marie in background.



The Steel Trust Fleet at anchor in the River below the Locks.



The beautiful Town of Hamilton, Bermuda, the first port of call for Canadian Steamers engaged in the West India Trade.

EN ROUTE TO DEMARARA

This is the second in the Series of Six Letters written by our Staff Correspondent, descriptive of her trip through Bermuda and the West Indies. In this letter Miss Gibson tells of the sail from Halifax, the arrival at Hamilton, and a day spent in this land of super-abundance and filled with interest at every turn. It will be interesting to follow Miss Gibson on her Journey, to Demarara, and note the impressions gathered, and the experiences encountered.



Pau-Pau Tree, Bermuda.

Since then there has been little to record, and

S.S. "Dahone."

19th April, 1909

Dear Mr. Editor:

I cut short my last letter in order that, as I told you, I might see what I could of Halifax, and have come away with very agreeable impressions of that city which far exceeded my expectations as regards its surroundings. In summer its environs must be really beautiful and remind one greatly of Vancouver and Victoria. We expected to have left immediately after midnight on the 16th, but it was only about 6 a.m. of the 17th that unmistakable noises overhead warned me that we were getting ready to depart; so hurriedly dressing I got on deck to find that we were going at fairly good speed down the sound, or Arm is, I believe, the correct name. It was a lovely sunny morning, and promised well for the coming voyage. In another hour the pilot had left us and we were started well out to sea.

are a small company on board, as after April the season for tourists is practically over; but the steamer is most comfortable, which to my mind makes ample amends for the absence of a large number of passengers. The state rooms are particularly roomy, mine, indeed, being quite as good as a small room in a hotel, and if I mistake not, the berths are wider than the usual bunks on board ship. To-day the temperature is much higher than it has been, and by to-morrow when we are due to arrive in Bermuda, I expect we shall be warm enough. The steam heating is still on in the cabin but will probably be turned off to-night.

* * *

20th April. Although we have been off Bermuda for the best part of the day, it was only this afternoon that we were able to land, owing to some steamer being in our way at the wharf. However, since then I have endeavoured to see what I could of this "Beautiful Bermuda." Unfortunately, my descriptive powers fall far short of giving you any real idea of its loveliness. Perhaps if I say, "I have fallen in love with it," you may get some faint conception of what I would convey.

First of all, imagine the wonderful clear blue sea, then innumerable islets, they say there are three hundred and sixty-five! The main land, studded with tall cedar trees, the white walls and glistening white roofs of the numerous bungalows and villas showing conspicuously among the foliage. Then high above and behind the landing stage the tower of the cathedral and other public buildings, the busy wharves, on which, as the "Dahone" approaches, so many of our black brethren stand waiting to receive us. The stream of vehicular traffic and bright-robed pedestrians passing along the marine promenade, the very British-looking policemen stationed under the shed, with evidently nothing

very particular to do, even to the white fox terrier—somehow there is always a small dog in every crowd. These are some of the pictures I saw as we waited to disembark. But once ashore, it was hard to realise that it was only four days since I had vainly endeavoured to see the surrounding scenery through the blinding rain and steam which obscured the windows of the train as it journeyed to St. John and Halifax, while now I found myself in the land of bright sunshine, singing birds, ripening fruit and brilliant flowers. Bright-hued oleanders, in some instances growing down quite close to the coral reefs which the waves of the Atlantic had hollowed into fantastic caves. Not far off a large bed of strawberries seemed to invite picking, while the magnolia tree and prickly pear cactus brought back memories of far distant Italy; and the delicious scent of the lilies, growing as they do in large plots of ground, convinced us that there is nothing exaggerated in the pictures of the numerous "brochures" of this delightful land. Then the inhabitants are so genial and friendly, and the officials of the different public buildings so pleasant and courteous, the black population so intelligent, and shall I add respectful, that I thoroughly enjoyed my visit ashore at Hamilton, and returned to the "Dahone" with my hands laden with the flowers with which I had been presented.

There are some wonderful caves to be seen about eight miles away and I had intended to visit them this afternoon, but time failed. If I ever come back to Bermuda, as I hope to do some day, for a longer visit, I may be able to tell you something of them.

To-morrow we expect to leave for St. Kitts, which will be one of our longest runs, not being due to arrive there until the 25th.

Yours truly,
Sidney A. Gibson.

Natural Resources

THAT movement inaugurated by ex-President Roosevelt to conserve the natural resources of the North American continent has had considerable influence in the Dominion. The Hon. Sydney Fisher, Minister of Agriculture, is bringing in a Bill to create a permanent commission which will superintend this economic feature. The commission will comprise some thirty representative Canadians and be non-partisan in character.



A quiet Pathway in Bermuda, bordered by Oleander Trees in full bloom.



One of the white-roofed Residences that help to make Bermuda beautiful.



A Quiet Summer Afternoon on the Lagoon, Toronto Island

PHOTOGRAPH BY PRINGLE & BOOTH

THE BURDEN OF EMPIRE

By DR. C. W. SALEEBY, F.R.S.

IT is unfortunate that more attention is not paid in the current thought of our day to the all-important and little-recognised distinction between two kinds of human progress—racial or inherent and traditional or acquired. If, of any generation, individuals of a certain kind are chosen for survival and parentage, the character of the species will change. If what we call the best are chosen, their goodness will be transmitted in some degree, and the race will advance; but if what we call the worst are chosen their badness will be transmitted in some degree, and the race will degenerate. If the race degenerates—through, say, the selection of the worst for parentage—the time will come when its heritage is too much for it. The pearls of the ancestral art are now cast before swine, and are trampled on; statues, temples, books are destroyed or burnt or lost. If an empire has been built the degenerate race cannot sustain it. There is no wealth but life; and if the quality of the life fails, neither battleships, nor libraries, nor symphonies, nor anything else will save a nation.

FURTHER TO FALL.

THIS, of course, we all know, though no one who observed our legislation or read our Parliamentary debates would suspect that it had ever entered into our minds. Empires and civilisations, therefore, have fallen, despite the strength and magnitude of the superstructure, because the foundations became weak; and the bigger and heavier the superstructure the less could it survive the failure of the foundations. If the Fiji islanders degenerate there is little consequence; if the breed of Romans degenerate, all their vast mass of acquired progress and power crushes them into dramatic ruin. This image, I believe, truly expresses the relation between the two wholly distinct kinds of progress, which we have yet to learn to distinguish. Acquired progress will not compensate for racial or inherent decadence. If the race is going down it will not compensate to add another colony to your Empire; on the contrary, the bigger the Empire the stronger must be the race—the bigger the superstructure the stronger the foundations. Acquired progress is real progress, but it is always dependent for its maintenance upon racial or inherent progress, or, at least, upon racial maintenance.

I believe, then, that civilisations and empires

have succumbed because they represented only acquired or traditional or educational progress, and this availed not at all when the races that built them up began to degenerate. The only explanation of racial degeneration yet offered by the historians is the Lamarckian one of the transmission of habits of luxury and idleness from parent to child—an explanation which the modern study of heredity empowers us to repudiate. What theory of this alleged degeneration is there to offer in its place, and especially what theory which explains racial degeneration amongst not the conquered but the conquerors, amongst the successful, the Imperial, the cultured, the leisured, the well-catered for in all respects, bodily and mental? Why is it that not enslaved but imperial peoples degenerate? Why is it that nothing fails like success?

What I believe to be the true and sufficient answer has been given by no historian; the key to it is only forty-nine years old. The reason is that no race or species, vegetable, or animal, or human, can maintain its organic level, let alone raise it, unless its best be selected for parentage. It is true of a race as of an individual, that it must work for its living, and we know its degeneracy. Society works and hands over its pre-digested food to such social parasites amongst ourselves. You must struggle or you will degenerate, even if only with rhyme or counterpoint, and not necessarily for bread. "Work is the law," as Ruskin said, whether for a livelihood or for enjoyment. Living things are the product of the struggle for existence; we are thus evolved strugglers by constitution, and directly we cease to struggle we forfeit the possibilities of our birthright.

"REVERSED SELECTION."

THE case is the same with races. Directly the conditions become too easy, selection ceases, for it is as successful to be incompetent or lazy or vicious as to be worthy. The hard conditions that kept weeding out the unworthy are now relaxed, and the fine race they made goes back again. Finally, there occurs the phenomenon of "reversed selection," when it is fitter to be bad than good, cowardly than brave, as when religious persecution murders all who are true to themselves, and spares hypocrites and apostates, or when healthy children are killed in factories, whilst feeble-minded children or deaf-mutes are carefully tended until matur-

ity, and then sent into the world to reproduce their maladies. Under reversed selection such results are obtained as a breeder of race-horses, or plants, would obtain if he went to work on similar lines; the race degenerates rapidly, and if it be an imperial race its empire comes crashing down about its ears.

All empires and civilisations hitherto have involved the partial or complete arrest or reversal of the process of natural selection, and the racial degeneration which necessarily ensued has been the cause of their invariable doom. When a race is making its way by force, as by incessant war, selection is stringent. The weak, cowardly, diseased, stupid, are expunged from generation to generation. As civilisation advances, a higher ethical level is reached, all true civilisation tending to abrogate and ameliorate the struggle for existence. The diseased and weakly and feeble-minded are no longer left to pay the penalty sternly exacted by Nature for unfitness, they are allowed to survive and multiply. A successful race can, apparently, afford to permit this as a race that is fighting for its existence cannot. But in reality no race can afford this absolutely fatal process.

WHAT SHOULD EDUCATION DO?

THERE is thus a real risk involved in the accumulation of acquired, traditional, or educational progress. Not only does it tend to abrogate or even to reverse selection, but it serves to disguise the consequences of this abrogation. If a sub-human race degenerates the fact is evident; but such a nation as our own may quite well degenerate, whilst the accumulation of acquired progress, transmitted by education, almost completely cloaks the fact. We may be congratulating ourselves upon our progress, upon our knowledge, our science and art, our institutions, legal and charitable, whilst all the time the breed is undergoing retrogression. Here it may be suggested that education has a function for race-culture in addition to the obvious fact of its necessity in order to realise the inherent potentialities of the individual. Its function is to provide a level of public opinion and public taste, such that the finer specimens of each generation shall receive their due reward, and shall not be crushed out of existence or perverted.

So far as many kinds of genius and talent are concerned, our immediate business is, perhaps, less to endeavour to produce them by breeding, if that be possible, than to make the most of them when they are vouchsafed us. Lastly, a hope may be warranted which I will define. It is that, though education as such has never hitherto averted the ultimate failure of all civilisations, yet the case may be

different to-day, in that our acquired or traditional progress, transmitted by the process of education, and accumulating from age to age—not in our blood and bone and brain, but mainly in books, whereby the non-transmission of the results of education is circumvented in a sense—has reached the point at

which the laws of racial or inherent progress has been revealed to us as to none of our predecessors. Having the knowledge of these laws, it is possible that we may avert our predecessors' fate by putting them into force. If we do not we must ultimately become "one with Nineveh and Tyre."

A CANADIAN RADICAL IN LONDON

HIS VIEW OF THE NAVAL DISTURBANCE

London, 21, 4, '09.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN COURIER:

Sir,—A few remarks on the war scare, at present disturbing the peaceful citizens of Europe, by a Canadian observer in London, might be of interest to the readers of the COURIER. As your readers know the yellow press of this country, presumably instigated by a class of persons of whom I will speak further on in this letter, and who would probably like to conceal their motives, is doing its best to excite the fighting passions, usually dormant among Englishmen—not that Englishmen are averse to fighting, by any means, if occasion demanded.

among the aristocracy, especially those living on unearned incomes, are the people who really want war. The instinct of self-preservation has a lot to do with it. They are probably right in thinking that a war fever would divert the attention of the people from economic questions, which are evidently becoming too hot for them. If they would only be content to confine their sphere of "uselessness" in providing news for the society columns of the fashionable dailies, much harm would be left undone.

Already one-half the revenue of Europe is spent on military and naval efficiency. Unfortunately the prospects are that this useless expenditure will assume larger proportions. This money is sadly

policy of the two-power standard, but there is nothing in it to be proud about. A large boy has no occasion to wear laurels, because he happens to be the victor in a fight with a much smaller boy. Blake or Nelson achieved victory by their ability and courage. Nelson's pillar in Trafalgar Square would have assumed the dimensions of an ordinary tombstone if the English fleet had been stronger than the French fleet at the battle of Trafalgar.

Diplomacy, I think, is a cause instead of a preventative of war. Business between nations should be above-board. Secrecy in international affairs is out of date. If you could only get the people in the different countries to trust each other, there would be no need for war. Instil international confidence and war will cease. One has every reason to be optimistic over the establishment of this confidence. The commerce between nations has sown the seed of a better feeling, and unless war-scare artists provoke a war, peacemakers have every reason to be hopeful.

I noticed with extreme regret that the Dominion Government passed a resolution offering to help this country in the event of war. Although I have no fault to find with the sentiment of this resolution, I think it would have been much better for that sentiment to have been understood. Canada at the



The Day of the Summer Picnic rapidly approaches

PHOTOGRAPH BY PRINGLE & BOOTH

This country is suffering from *Dreadnoughts* on the brain, and I believe that certain people are encouraging this panic from personal motives. It is estimated that \$1,200,000 is the profit made by the builders on one *Dreadnought*. Obviously these builders will not object to more *Dreadnoughts*. This will merely suggest how one of the vested interests will benefit. The case of the man who amasses wealth during a time of war is too well known to excite comment, although it cannot fail to excite suspicion when he clamours for war. It is much easier to get rich in this patriotic way than in honest commerce in times of peace. The yellow press, which is now bursting with patriotism, is writing loud articles on national insecurity, but everyone knows what a war, or even rumours of war, would mean to the yellow press. Some of your readers may be surprised to learn that the yellow press has even a greater influence over the people here than in America, and if a war should arise between this country and Germany, I am confident that the yellow press in both countries will be responsible for it. Personally I can conceive of no meaner men under heaven than those who will use their admittedly brilliant talents in provoking a war, knowing well themselves that they will never fight.

Just a word of the class to whom I referred above, who are aiding the yellow journals. Those

needed for more productive purposes. A mere fraction of the amount of money spent on *Dreadnoughts* in this country would provide a comfortable shelter for the poor unfortunates who are forced to sleep in the open. A stroll along the Thames Embankment about 2 a.m. would convince the possessor of the most hardened heart that immediate relief should be given to these people. The only reason the present government has for not giving more assistance to the submerged tenth of this country, is that it cannot afford it. Much more money should be spent on education. England spends comparatively an insignificant amount on education. The readers of your paper can readily judge the standard of education for the poorer classes here, by a certain type of Englishman met with in Canada.

There is a huge difference between bigness and greatness, but it is very hard to make people here appreciate that difference. For instance, a man would be a big man if he measured six-foot-three in his stocking feet, and weighed 250 pounds, but that would not make him a great man. A great man is one who will develop as far as possible the deeper and better feelings of his nature. As it is with men, so it is with nations. England has achieved bigness, and to a certain extent greatness. I would like England to be a great nation. There certainly is a substratum of common sense in the present

time of the South African War clearly demonstrated to the world her willingness to aid the mother country. My objection to the resolution is that it will help to fan the present flame of panic, from which no good can result. Scare-mongers are urging the government to follow the brilliant example of the colonies. Some of the exponents of the conservative party are using this resolution for party purposes. It will be remembered that Canadians did not exactly relish Lord Dundonald's criticisms on Canada's military affairs. Now I do not for one moment suggest that the Dominion Government had any intention of embarrassing the Liberal party here. Unfortunately national defence has become a party question. It has been the curse of more than one big national problem that it has degenerated into a mere party squabble. The Liberals are now accused of being the unworthy fiduciaries of a great trust. Canada should carefully weigh and consider any offer it makes to this country. No rash promises should be made. In the time of Britain's need Canada would not be found wanting, but much harm would be done in fanning a flame which threatens to swamp civilisation.

Yours very truly,

A. W. HAYCOCK.

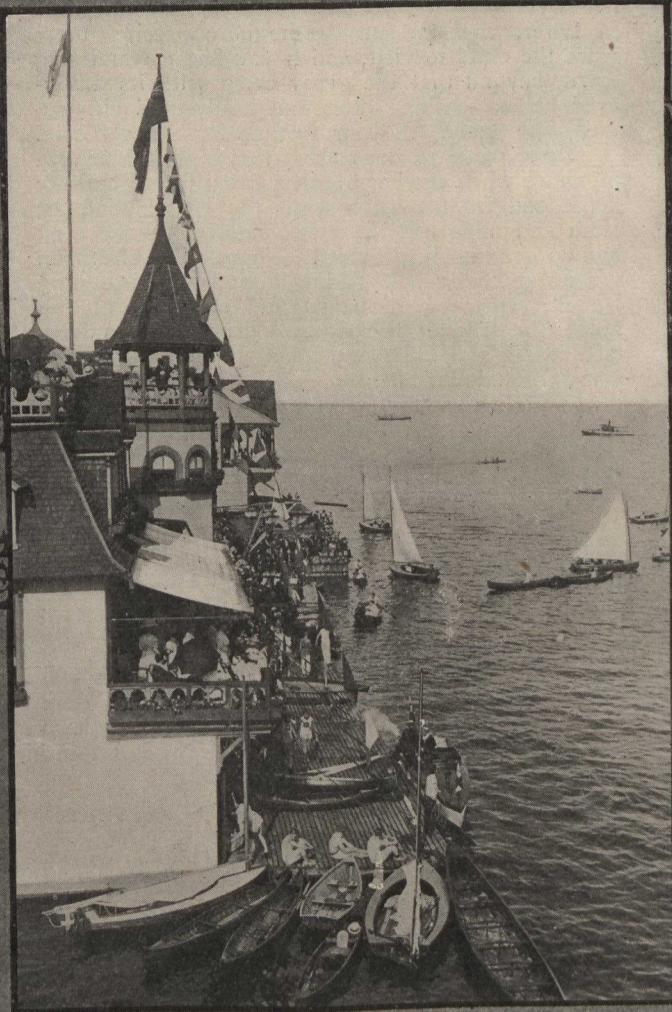
SUMMER JOYS BY LAKE AND RIVER



After the Dip in Lake Ontario.

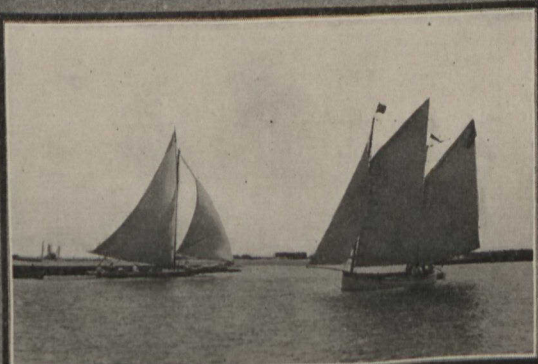


The Beach at Sunnyside, Toronto.



THE TWO VARIETIES OF CANOEING.

In Canada there are two kinds of Sport with a Canoe. The one is found in the Harbours, in front of the large boat-houses where a Regatta is an event in which a man may win pleasure and fame. The other is found in the back country, beyond the railway, beyond even the colonisation road—where the secrets of the wild are gradually being solved by yearly bands of adventurous enthusiasts



Small Yachts, Sailing Skiffs and Sailing Dinghies are to be found in all the Harbours on the Great Lakes and on many of the thousand smaller lakes with which Canada is studded



Bellevue Hotel, situated on Lake Temiskaming, where the River Ottawa makes its beginning.



An Artificial River used as a Log Chute, from a small lake near Lake Temiskaming.

Summer at Sixteen

“WHAT are your plans for the holidays?” wrote Nancy in her last letter, and the date above said the fourth of May, which shows that Nancy’s mind is already mapping out the months to come with characteristic eagerness. “Is it to be L—, or are you going to desert us and look for a new summer resort to conquer? We have taken the cottage again from the first of June. Father says the Merry bungalow is to be vacant as they are abroad, and if your mother still thinks she would care about it, he will arrange to have particulars sent to her. It is right next door to us, honey, and although there never could be another summer like the last, still we might manage to have some sort of a time.”

Yes, Nancy is right! There never could be two summers like the last. One thing necessary to holiday happiness is that everybody should be congenial, and that probably was the secret of last summer’s success. The question always was, “What shall we do now?” and no matter what the proposition it was hailed with enthusiasm. We were what Nancy’s brother and the other boys called “the right sort of sports” and rather than risk the loss of this flattering reputation we never dared throw cold water on even the most thrilling suggestion.

A couple of hours in each morning were spent at the bathing beach where the yellow sand sloped for fifty yards before the water covered your head. Beyond that was the sand-bar lying shallow and warm in the morning sun, and at the first plunge there was always a cry of “Who shall beat to the sand-bar?” and a cheer for the victor. But oh! the misery of it if you are only a beginner and scared to go beyond the end of the wharf without the water-wings or a strong arm to hold you. And those who swim seem to have such a peculiar sense of humour and think it funny to let you “go” just when you are out of your depth and chuckle gleefully with your nose and mouth full of water and your heart full of rage. They will tell you what you lack is nerve, and you will tell them that you know now why they are so proficient in the art, and return to your water-wings until your confidence in human nature is restored.

The arrival of the steamer at 11.30 was an event not to be overlooked. There was always the de-

lightful uncertainty of some person exciting disembarking—there even might be a package for you—or, failing that, there was the mail. By the time the post-office had been visited and the letters read, luncheon was ready for you, and you were ready for it.

Later, when the sun became more merciful, there were the cliffs to visit, and if you had a wandering spirit, beyond that the gypsy camp with its dusky-eyed babies, barking dogs and beady-eyed old women who would tell your fortune for a silver coin.

There were glorious fishing trips with luncheon on shore when the boys built a camp fire to boil the kettle and fry the catch while the girls spread the cloth and unpacked the moist sandwiches the cook had so generously provided. There were afternoon cruises on the launch, gliding in and out of the tiny islands, with tea on board and a moonlight sail home, the still air broken by merry choruses from last season’s operas, and the plaintive tinkle of Jerry’s mandolin.

At night the great casino of the hotel was filled with a throng of white-frocked maidens and their sunburned partners, and woe to the lass who “skipped” a barn-dance or a waltz! Dear me, it was a serious affair, this filling of programmes.

All too soon the days grew short and the nights cold, and as the little white steamer carried off boat-load after boat-load of the big family that we had been, a loneliness came over us, and we too, hurried to depart.

Soon the cottages will be opening up again, but there will be strangers in them; strangers who will paint their piazzas red where last year they were green, whose hammocks will be stiff and new, whose—well, they will be different, and after all, I think I must tell Nancy that we will not go.

Temagami Inn

By S. A. WHITE.

IT WAS early evening when the steamer “Bell of Temagami” swung into the wharf at this wilderness hostelry, and the sun’s mote-filled rays fell aslant through the firs upon the rock-fringed shore, lending additional enchantment to an already ideal scene. The Inn itself presented an appearance wholly unique and altogether pleasing.

It is framed entirely of large and symmetrical logs, smoothly barked and perfectly sawn, an architectural gem of forest house construction. The window frames and door jambs are of smooth boards painted white; across the front a wide verandah runs, and its pillars are enclosed in small sapling trunks put on somewhat in the way of veneer. Probably no other building of this nature can claim a nicer harmony, a more perfect restfulness. There is some strange charm about it, all in keeping with the great expanses of trees, waters and rocks which surround it.

Inside, the place is fitted up to accommodate guests as they would expect to be accommodated at any modern hotel; and, truly, there is no disappointment in store for even the most fastidious. Everything is charming, refined, picturesque, yet homelike. The lounging-rooms, dining hall, the sleeping-chambers, bath-rooms, all are excellent in their furnishing and leave nothing to be desired in the way of service.

Although everything is what might be called perfect, the big, homelike sitting-room, into which the front entrance opens, appeals to one perhaps more strongly than anything else, and it deserves a descriptive space of its own.

Black bear skins are strewn on the floor in front of the fireplace, inviting a dreamy contentment in sitting gazing at the symbols of the chase. Above is a beautifully mounted deer-head on whose antlers hang the meshes of the fishing-nets. His great eyes look out above you as if he would pierce the confining walls and see once more the Temagami wilds he roamed.

Around Lake Temiskaming

“THE call of the wild” is one that comes to most well-regulated men at least once a year. In this connection there is no spot on this continent which occupies such a commanding position of “splendid isolation” as the Kipawa and Temiskaming Lake district. Here is a virgin wild, easy of access, in the heart of New Ontario, and skirting the wilder portion of the good old Province of Quebec. It is a district of magnificent water stretches, virtually teeming with fish, while its forests are yet alive with game of every variety from the partridge to the stately moose.

The Kipawa and Temiskaming Lake district, which comprises some thousands of square miles of primeval wild, is bounded on the south by the Ottawa River, on the west by Lake Temiskaming, which is really an expanse of the same river, and on the north by the Ottawa River. It lies north of Lake Ontario, and due north of Buffalo. Temiskaming Station is the rail end of the Canadian Pacific Railway branch line from Mattawa, and the trip from the latter place carries one through forty miles of as picturesque country as could well be imagined. Temiskaming Station is situated on the south end of this famed Lake Temiskaming—a magnificent body of water from one to seven miles wide, and extending north for a distance of fully seventy-six miles, navigable by the largest steamers. During the summer season daily trips are made over the lake by the commodious steamers of the Temiskaming Navigation Company, the starting point of which is at Temiskaming Station.

A short distance from Temiskaming Station, in the heart of beautiful grounds overlooking the lake towards the Quebec shore, is the Bellevue Hotel, commodious and modern in all its equipment—electrically lighted throughout, and with a supply of pure spring water piped some thousands of feet from the Laurentian Hills.



Temagami Inn.

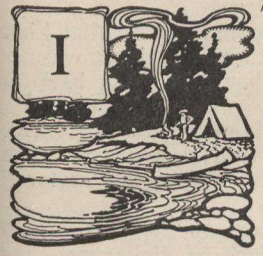


The Steamer “Belle of Temagami.”

THE ACE OF SPADES

I.—THE PROPHECY.

By LLOYD ROBERTS



It was Sunday evening. The lumbermen were sprawling over bunks and benches, mending, reading and smoking. A group about the stove were joining in the chorus of a rough backwoods chanty that was famous throughout the lumber camps for its lilt and indecency, and a half dozen

more were deep in a game of high-low jack.

A swarthy French-Canadian dropped a coverless magazine of ancient date and sauntered down to the end of the long deal table to peer over the shoulders of the players.

After a while a tall blonde, with the physique of a Viking, yawned ponderously and leaned back against the logs.

"Say, boys, I reckon I've had erbout enough of this. Let's git Frenchy to tell us our fortunes."

This took the zest out of the game and the men rose to relight their pipes and stretch their legs. MacTavish collected the scattered cards, shuffled the pack a few times and held them out to Francois.

The French-Canadian was noted for his skill in foretelling the hand of fate. Many times his statements had been verified, until the simple men about him believed in his infallibility. If he had ever missed the mark that they had forgotten it, but they remembered that George Smith had been forwarned of calamity six months before his little girl had died of typhoid fever, and Bob Hines was told of his good fortune long before Bessie Saunders had thought of accepting him. They could show the sceptic a dozen excuses such as these for their belief in his prowess.

He took the pack in silence and sat down. The men crowded around. "Who, eh? MacTavish? Good!" He broke the pile in two and shuffled them forwards and backwards without changing his hold. The lumberman cut. Then the fortune-teller placed them one at a time, face up, upon the table and in the smoky light of the lantern above his head proceeded to read the riddle of the greasy, thumb-marked cards before him. His voice was slow and solemn, and the men listened immovable while he told of their comrade's love affairs, the success of his next year's crops, how he should beware of a foreigner who would try to involve himself and his hard-earned capital in a scheme that meant ultimate failure. Finally he paused and eyed the cards narrowly.

"Jim, yer goin' ter have a mighty narrer squeak fer life 'fore long! First squint I took I thought yer was done fer, but the second I sees yer not."

MacTavish leaned forward anxiously. "No, by gosh, yer not! There's a short, dark man jumps in an' snatches yer from the clutch of Death. But—but—" and Francois looked up with an uneasy smile on his lips, "he's goin' ter git it good and plenty. There ain't no escape fer *him*!"

He stared at the fixed faces of the men about him and they stared back at him, and suddenly he seemed to read their thoughts.

"I knows what yer thinkin' of boys, an' maybe yer right. I reckon I'm erbout the shortest and darkest man here, all right; but that don't mean much. Ain't Jake there dark enough? an' Hal too fer that matter?" However, his voice was unconvincing and the smile had left his face. The men named looked uncomfortable and could not hide it.

"Say, Frenchy, what kind of a thing is it?" drawled MacTavish. "Perhaps we kin dodge it, yer know. I ain't goin' ter have one of the boys chuckin' away his life because of me. Not much I ain't!"

"This ain't somethin' that *may* happen, but sure *has* ter happen, Jim, an' it don't do no good makin' a fuss erbout it," answered Francois resignedly. "It ain't yer fault no more'n an earthquake is."

A sort of gloom had settled over the camp. The whole gang had joined the group about the table, and the only sound was the sharp crackling of the burning wood in the huge stove.

Hal broke the silence and his voice sounded huskier than usual.

"Can't yer tell us jest *which* one of us is doomed? If it's me I ain't afeared of knowin' it, an' if it 'tisn't me I'd sort of feel more like sleepin' ter-night. Eh, Jake?"

"Yer right, Hal. Guessin' is a heap sight worse than knowin'. Tell us Frenchy."

The fortune-teller had relapsed into a black reverie with his eyes fixed on the cards. It was

some minutes before he aroused himself. Then he gave a low mirthless chuckle.

"Don't worry boys. I reckons it's me all right enough. I don't rightly know *how* I know, but I sort of feel it in my bones. Here I'll prove it to yer sure enough."

He picked out the four aces and shoved the rest of the pack aside. Then he untied a red bandana from about his neck and made the man nearest him bind it tightly over his eyes.

Now, Jim, shuffle the four cards and place 'em face down in front of me. If I pick the ace of spades nothin' can save me!"

MacTavish obeyed. The cook leaning over his shoulder, looked as if he had seen a ghost.

Jake was much relieved at the French-Canadian's conviction that it was his own death he read in the cards, and a sudden sense of pity not unmixed with deviltry, awoke in his brain. Why not make the man's prophesying seem false, and who knows, perhaps save his life by a very simple expedient?

Just as MacTavish announced he was ready, Jake shot out his hand, lifted the edges of the cards until he found the ace of spades, drew it out and replaced it with the jack of hearts from the top of the discarded pile. One or two of the men grinned faintly at his audacity.

Francois stepped close and paused with his fingers a few inches above the row of cards. He appeared to be waiting for guidance or prompting from some unseen spirit. For almost a minute he stood there without a muscle moving and the crowd about scarcely dared to breathe for fear of breaking the spell. Their rough kindly faces were full of awe and expectancy, as their eyes strained on those thin bent fingers.

Some had begun to think that their comrade's trick had destroyed the test, when the hand slowly moved across the cards and dropped on the second from the end. The other snatched the bandage from its owner's eyes as he turned the card over.

A roar of laughter shook the camp. It was the jack of hearts!

The French-Canadian's face had been strangely pale in spite of the swarthy skin. As his eyes caught the flash of red the blood rushed back to his lips and a low gasp of relief escaped him.

Then as he stared at the piece of pasteboard in his hand his eyes opened wide with surprise, and suddenly he realised what had been done. His face grew hard and drawn and he sank heavily into his seat.

The laughter instantly stilled. Jake drew the ace of spades from its hiding place under the edge of the table and threw it onto the others with a poor attempt at humour.

"I reckon yer escaped that time, Frenchy."

"No, boys," he answered dully, "I'm marked. That would have been the ace of spades if yer had let it be, an' it don't make no difference what I drew."

A murmur of protest and encouragement went up from the onlookers, but he stilled it with a wave of his hand.

"No, boys, *the cards don't lie!*"

II.—THE FULFILLMENT.

IT was the first of May, three months after the affair of the four aces. A week before, the last of the winter's "cut" had been "got out" and the men had returned to the outskirts of civilisation for a few crowded and hilarious days of freedom. Now they were back on the upper waters of the Tobique, a little soberer than usual, but prepared for the hardships of the "drive."

For the space of a hundred yards, and from the top of a steep bank to half way across the narrow frozen stream, the logs had lain piled like cordwood, waiting for spring to give them freedom. The last three days of heavy rain and melting snow had burst asunder the rotting ice and started the logs in a blind, jostling mass down the swollen, yellow channel.

But deep and swift as the river was, few of the logs would have reached the mills a hundred miles below unaided. In their clumsy panic they would ram and shoulder each other high up on either bank lose their way up "bogans" and smaller tributaries, spread out over submerged marshes where the sinking waters would leave them high and dry, far from the main river, and endeavour to crowd *en masse* around narrow bends that could not accommodate a tenth of their number, and so cause jams

to form that nothing less powerful than dynamite could break.

So the "lumberjacks" had now become "sackers" or stream-drivers, and exchanged their axes for cant-hooks and pike-poles with which to herd their unwieldy flock into civilisation and the shriek of buzz-saws. Strung out on both sides of the river, they kept pace with the lumber, pushing and prying and preventing dawdling, half the time wading up to their waists in the icy flood and risking their lives a hundred times as they sprang across the wallowing backs beneath them.

Though the winter had gone without unusual event, Francois' certainty of approaching death had not weakened. If not this month, well then the next, and he would continue doing his duty as he saw it without being influenced by his fears. His strange psychical powers had prepared him for what was to happen and nothing he could do would delay or prevent it. However, from one of the gayest men in the camp he had become the most preoccupied and quiet, and his fellow lumbermen understood in silent sympathy.

For a time the drive moved on swiftly and without serious hindrance, and anticipation of a near return to families and snug farmhouses kept the rough jests and boyish shoutings ringing in the wet, shaggy spruces above the river. Even MacKenzie, the silent boss, grinned cheerfully over the successful close of the season's work and the fulfilling of his contract.

Then one morning as they returned from an old deserted camp along their route where they had spent the night, they discovered a jam had formed opposite the mouth of Little River. In the few hours of darkness a solid tangled mass, a dozen feet in height and a hundred in width, had blocked the stream. Logs had been sucked down to fill the chinks below and wedged into the gravel. Their ends stuck out at every conceivable angle. Each moment fresh ones were joining their fellows and the water was already banked a good five feet higher above the jam than below.

MacKenzie glanced at it, muttered a curse beneath his breath and sent one of the men back to the camp for a stick of dynamite. Then he and MacTavish studied the problem carefully by scrambling out upon the jam, and finally agreed upon the vital spot.

The boss fired the fuse himself and dropped the explosive in between the chinks. A moment later a dull roar made the ground tremble beneath the feet of the watching men and a column of water shot high into the air, scattering huge logs in every direction as if they had been chips. Bark and gravel and splinters rained about them.

Next instant with much grumbling and growling the mass settled forward, gathered momentum and swept down. In its magnificent strength stout timbers were snapped in two like matchwood. Great arms rose and fell above the chaos and its voice shook the woods like the bellowing of thunder.

But the dynamite did not completely accomplish its design. The tail end of the barrier stuck fast in the bend again.

Instantly MacKenzie called to MacTavish and Francois, who were standing beside him, and ran out upon the logs. They followed behind, armed with their short, heavy peavies. It was no use shattering good timbers with explosives, except in extreme cases. A small jam could usually be opened by hand and this was a simple enough affair.

The three worked swiftly, throwing all their strength where it was most needed. Soon it was evident that the main strain came on one huge timber and they attacked it warily, ready to leap for safety if the need arose.

Francois was too busy at first to think of anything but the work in hand. But now as they pried and wrenched at the key log, realisation of his expected fate and the danger they were in sent a wave of dread through his body. Ordinarily such danger would have been taken philosophically as being all in the day's work, for the French-Canadian was no coward at heart; but the months of patiently waiting for some horrible death had sapped his courage and strained his nerves to the breaking-point.

And the blonde giant, of all men in the gang was straining and panting here beside him, calm and unconcerned. Had he forgotten the part he was to play in the tragedy? He felt fierce resentment of his comrade's indifference, and hated MacKenzie that he should have put him in such a position. He was too full of his fear to argue with himself as he had at first, that the hand of fate could not be pushed aside and the uselessness of endeavouring to escape

it. As he strove to conquer his feelings he worked doggedly at the stubborn timber.

Suddenly it gave a foot. Instantly the French-Canadian dropped his peavie and leaped for shore in mad panic. Each second he expected the solid timbers beneath his feet to spread and grind him between, and it was not until he reached the top of the bank and heard the whole gang roaring with laughter, that he realised it was a false alarm.

He knew he had become a coward in their eyes, and his face flushed red with shame. The loss of his peavie was disgrace enough, for it was a sort of honour among lumbermen never to surrender their implements whatever happened, and he had discarded his without excuse.

He was about to rush back to recover it before it was too late when he saw the whole mass begin to move. Jake had jumped and taken the place he had deserted, and now he and MacTavish were making for shore with absolute coolness, but without waste of time. The boss won the far bank in safety.

It was a pretty sight to see the two leap nimbly from log to log as they rose and fell beneath their feet. Their heavy boots with their half-inch spikes bit into the bark and saved them from slipping. Their peavies were held in both hands as balancing poles.

Their comrades had been watching in silence. But now a low gasp went up. MacTavish was seen to stumble and fall forward among the moving timbers. An upreared log was about to crash down upon him, when Jake paused in his flight, reached out and jerked him from under his collar. MacTavish scrambled up the shifting mass like a cat and next moment was free of danger.

But it was not so well with his rescuer. The pause had cut off his retreat. There was but one chance for life and he took it. He sprang far out into the boiling torrent. Next moment the falling timbers churned the water where he went down.

Fifty feet below his head came to the surface and his hands clawed madly at the water. It was evident to his helpless comrades that he could not swim. They ran down the shores and waded in as far as

they dared, to reach for him with their pike-poles, but the rush of logs drove them back to land.

Then Francois, burning to wipe out his disgrace and ignoring all thoughts of his own safety, ran out upon the heaving, grinding floor of logs in a mad endeavour to rescue the drowning man. Before he could reach the open water in their advance, the whole mass swept over the other's head and sealed his doom inevitably.

But still the French-Canadian leaped back and forth, searching for some opening where his comrade's head might appear, and more by his luck than skill, escaping the same fate. The men running down shore yelled for him to come back and cursed him for a fool and an idiot.

Finally, a quarter of a mile below, he realised the helplessness of further effort and regained the shore in safety.

MacKenzie clapped him sympathetically on the back. "Don't take on about it, Frenchy, fer yer did the best yer could. An' I don't reckon none of the boys think yer a coward *now* fer yer little loss of nerve further back. This ain't no child's play, an' accidents *will* happen."

The friendly speech of the boss made him a little less dejected, but he felt himself the cause of the other's death. He looked at MacTavish thoughtfully.

"Jim, he not only saved *your* life, but *mine*, too. I see it all now plain as the nose on your face. I guess it were the fates workin' out after all, an' not my fault."

"Nobody says it was, Frenchy. Yer drunk!" answered MacTavish roughly.

"Because of what the cards said," Francois went on unnoticing, "I was dead certain I was the one meant ter die. But didn't Jake grab on to the ace of spades an' stop me gittin' it? He side-tracked my doom onto himself when he done that, an' saved my life. Yes, boys, he saved me then, though he didn't know it, just as much as he saved Jim now." He turned to walk away.

"Yes, boys, as I says before, the *cards don't lie!*"

EL FARSI THE BARBER

By D. E. S. FIELDS

MOHAMMED the Syrian had been talking fully an hour, and had related a number of stories to his attentive hearers. It was at the entrance of a *gourbi*, before a pile of ashes which hid dying embers left from the recent fire of brush. The night was damp, and from the ground arose heavenward a mingled odour of earth, musk, and Alpine plants.

Stretched on the ground, rolled up in a burnoose of goat hair which protects from cold at night and heat in the day, my eyes followed in the horizon the moving flames of a fire. For some time I ceased to hear the storyteller; then he began to sing. It was a slow and languishing melody, constantly repeated, accompanied by the confused cadence of an invisible tomtom, in which a fifteen-year-old girl, Maileh, wept over her absent lover, who had gone toward the desert and failed to return.

But the singer stopped; he drew from his neighbour's narghile a smelling puff, and as I rose asked me to listen to him a moment more.

"Thou art sad, sahib," said he. "Is it that Maileh's misfortune has moved thy heart and thoughts? I am going to tell thee a story well known in Syria, my country, which will chase the clouds that have darkened thy eyes. Listen!"

I settled myself in an easy position, hearing again in the silence that preceded the first words of my storyteller the far away barking of a dog and the murmur of whispering among the group of listeners. Then all was still, and Mohammed began thus:

*

FORMERLY, in the reign of a master just but severe, whose reputation stood like a halo above the immense Mussulman Empire, lived a well known barber, noted for his obstinate temper and for his vanity. He lived in a small town, near the capital of the Empire. His name was El Farsi. Son of a camel driver whose life had been spent in driving his beast from one town to another without accumulating a fortune, he had at last settled down in a well patronised shop, where he sold leeches and at the same time shaved the skulls and cheeks of the most respectable citizens. He had even acquired in his delicate profession a renown that had spread over the white walls of the small city.

"One day, as he was standing before the door

of his shop, a donkey driver passed him, with his beast heavily loaded with two bundles of firewood.

"The man was known to him; so he called, 'Hey, old sage Ahmed! Good luck to thee!'

"'Good morning, barber,' answered the man. 'Is it thee who will take my wood to-day?'

"'I am willing to,' said the barber, and he examined the merchandise, reflected a moment, and asked, with a malicious smile, 'How much dost thou want for all the wood I see on thy animal?'

"'Well,' said the donkey driver, 'I shall be satisfied to have ten copper pieces; for I long to go back to my village.'

"'All right,' loudly said El Farsi, 'ten copper pieces for all the wood I see on thy ass! I agree; unload!'

"Ahmed untied the old ropes that bound the firewood and threw it down. But immediately the barber, seizing the pack saddle that had fallen at the same time, carried it into his shop, and ordered his servant to bring the wood.

"The donkey driver, not understanding this action on the part of the barber, looked perplexedly from the bald back of his animal to the mocking face of the man as he received the ten copper pieces.

"'But thou hast taken my pack saddle!' exclaimed he.

"'Well, is it not made of wood, and hast thou not sold all the wood that was on thy donkey?'

"'By the holy name of Allah, barber, thou art a rascal! The pack saddle alone is worth three times more.'

"'I believe it,' retorted El Farsi; 'but it was a bargain. I gave you the price agreed upon.' And all that the poor donkey driver could say would not persuade the other to give back the saddle.

"However, it was getting late and the poor fellow had to decide. The barber, a little feared for his bad tongue, had gathered all the jokers on his side, who laughed at Ahmed's misfortune and his woebegone face.

*

AT last he left the place, leading his animal behind him. Arriving at the shop of a public writer, he told the man of his adventure and asked what he should do.

"'Go and ask audience of the kadi,' answered the public counsellor at law.

"He went there, and the judge propounded only one question.

"'Thou hadst sold all the wood that was on thy beast?'

"'Yes, master,' answered Ahmed.

"'Well, then, the barber is right and the bargain is regular. Go away.'

"He went away, unable to understand that kind of justice, and concluding that the kadi was as much of a rascal as the barber. He went back to the public writer, who said:

"'The Sultan, the Master's master on our earth, is a good man. Go and see him; I will write thee a petition. He alone can have thy goods restored to thee.'

"He took the petition, went to the palace, and was ushered before the Prince of Believers. He knelt before the great man, and exclaimed:

"'O Prince just and good, thy name has spread all over thy Empire like a veil that lights us! I beseech thee—' and he related his story, his forehead on the ground, while a chamberlain handed the petition to the Prince.

"'So, then, ass driver, thou hadst sold all the wood that was on the back of thy donkey?' asked the illustrious monarch, yawning.

"'Yes, Prince,' said Ahmed.

"'Well, thou canst go thy way; the barber was right.'

"The ass driver was beginning to doubt himself now. The veil of justice and the light of the Empire had condemned him also. Could it be that he was really wrong? Had he been cheated by his own simplicity, and had the barber been more clever than dishonest?

*

SUCH were the reflections of the unhappy fellow as he withdrew from the presence of the Prince. But what would his wife say, who was waiting for him in the next village? Surely she would beat him. And he lamented, wept, in a corner of the steps leading to the palace.

"Just then a beggar happened to pass that way. On his head he had a green turban as a mark of holiness; his long white beard which fell on his chest from a pale and sweet face indicated his respectability, and his eyes and manners gave one confidence. He drew near the man, leaning on a knotted staff, and, squatting before him, asked gently:

"'A misfortune has entered thy house, my brother. Wilt thou trust me? I am Mohammed-el-Haji.'

"Then the donkey driver lifted up his head and again repeated his story; he wept, and finally was near doubting divine justice after having been denied the human.

"'Oh, my brother, what wert thou going to say?' interrupted the old man, coming nearer. 'Go back again and see the barber, for he was right, unhappily; but listen to me.'

"And in a whisper he gave him a good piece of advice.

"Suddenly the face of the man brightened. He rose with haste, thanked the beggar warmly, emptied almost his purse in his alms box, embraced him, and returned to the town. Soon he arrived before the public writer, who exclaimed, as soon as he saw him:

"'Holloa, old man! Hast thou obtained justice?'

"'Alas!' answered the ass driver, 'justice is not to be found in this world, and the Prophet's precepts are rarely followed. But keep my ass for a little while. I am going to the market-place, and will soon come back.'

*

HE soon was again before the barber's house. The man was leaning against his door, and when he saw his victim he began laughing.

"'Well,' thought Ahmed, 'those laugh best who laugh last. I wait my turn!'

"'Here thou art!' said the barber. 'Thou lookest quite happy.'

"'Indeed I am,' answered Ahmed cheerfully. 'I have just met a relative of mine who is going to get married this very day, and my friend and I are going to take him to his handsome bride. But tell me—thou hast a just reputation in thy profession, and I would like that thou shouldst shave us, my friend and me. We must be worthy to be present at the festival. How much wilt thou charge to shave us both?'

"'You are not among my customers,' said the barber, 'neither thou that I know, nor thy friend that I do not know. However, in compensation for the bad bargain I caused thee, I am willing to shave you both for a small silver piece, though you will certainly notch my razors.'

"'A small silver piece, it is a great deal for my

PEOPLE AND PLACES

LITTLE STORIES BY LAND AND SEA, CONCERNING THE FOLK WHO MOVE HITHER AND THITHER ACROSS THE FACE OF A BIG LAND.

REVIVAL AT REGINA.

REGINA is at present supremely interested in a revival—not merely of business, however. For some weeks now two evangelists have been working in that western city. The other day the editor of one of the papers found that he had put so much time on getting one of the revival sermons in shape for his people to read that he had no time to write the usual editorial. Every day the same paper devotes a front-page story to the movement. Elaborate reports of the services are given. Newspapers and churches and revivalists all working together—it looks as if Regina has room and time for other matters than crops and speculation in land. This may be a phase of the laymen's missionary movement. At all events it has caught on. People out west take hold of a new thing hard—if at all. It doesn't matter what the new thing may be, so long as it appeals to the imagination and the judgment. This does. The people of Regina reckon that gospel talk won't do the town any harm; and a good deal of it appeals to the imagination—so they turn out to the meetings in large numbers; the thing becomes popular—so why should not the editor spend two hours a day boiling down a sermon about the road to heaven instead of writing an editorial on the crookedness of the other paper's politics?

* * *

THE BOOMS OF ST. JOHN.

FACTS and figures about the lumber of New Brunswick. The ships of St. John have been poetised often enough. The lumber booms of St. John and the Grand Falls are better in prose—though they would make great pictures. It is estimated that there will be coming down the St. John River this summer one hundred and thirty-five million feet of lumber. A good deal of this is old lumber held up from last year. The St. John Lumber Company alone has nearly forty million feet hung up in the main river and the tributaries, and if this all starts to come down before the Van Buren booms are hung, as they say down there, somebody will be busy on the river and no mistake.

* * *

COAL-OIL MYSTERY AT PRINCE ALBERT.

NEW excitement at Prince Albert—is John D. Rockefeller interested in the north? A mysterious stranger was seen round town, registered as Mr. Parkinson; supposed to be an emissary of the company which by some people is periodically supposed to have designs on the most of Canada. This mysterious emissary inquired round town for some way of getting out to Ile a la Crosse and Buffalo Lake, where there are known to be big oil deposits. Being a silent man and having no other explanation to offer of his insane desire to go to Buffalo Lake, he is very naturally suspected of a desire to bore for oil.

* * *

SPEED SHOW AT VANCOUVER.

THERE has been a horse show in Vancouver. Usually is a horse show there every spring. Fine town for horses—we had almost said as fine as Calgary and some of the other prairie towns; but perhaps not according to size. At any rate there are more fine horses in Vancouver than in any place out there except Winnipeg. The horse show of Vancouver was pulled off successfully; whereas it will be remembered that the famous Toronto horse show was scratched this year because nobody took enough stock in the thing to push it along. But at the Vancouver horse show there were automobiles enough to make a motor show. Getting to be a fine town for cars; style and speed and class—all to be found in the West nowadays. They seem to have a large variety of motors in Vancouver, according to the words of the scribe, who said:

"While the wealth and fashion of the city were supposed to be paying homage to King and Queen Equine, who held high court in the big show ring, due homage was also rendered to the motor car. There was about the finest gathering and display of big buzz waggons drawn up on the outside of the Horse Show building that has been seen in Vancouver for many a day. Everything in the self-propelled line was pretty well represented there—from one-cylinder runabout to the big six-cylinder,

seven-passenger limousine—the aristocrats in motor-dom. And after people had duly admired the various four-and-six gaited animals shown on the inside they came outside and used up whatever admiration they had left on the four and six-cylinder annihilators of time and space."

* * *

TWICE DEAD, BACK IN TOWN.

WESTERN papers are sometimes long on reporting a man dead before the event. Writer of this page in fact once read of his own sad death-bed experiences written up in an enterprising Edmonton sheet—at a time when he was eating four meals a day at Battleford, down the river. Wish being father to the thought, perhaps. Now a man has turned up at Edmonton who has twice read his own obituary in the press. He is Dr. Baldwin, who has been medical officer for a long while to the Mounted Police, and so for a good share of his life has been outposting in places where a man may be dead a long while—even though he be a doctor—without the outside world knowing anything about it. Dr. Baldwin had not been in Edmonton since it was an aggregation of wooden buildings. He has



"Dendraspis" the Greyhound which won the Waterloo Cup in February last. The owner, Mr. J. E. Dennis, is on the right.

been renewing his youth in trying to dig up landmarks—which in Edmonton nowadays are about as hard to find as they used to be in Herculaneum.

* * *

THE INCOMPREHENSIBLE YAKS.

THE Yaks have arrived. Thus does a scribe in the *St. John Sun* describe the yaks: "Huge swaying hulks—each was coated with an overdose of long brown hair that stuck out in the most unheard of places and had evidently grown indiscriminately and with no very great regard for the exigencies of art; and each was equipped with a pair of long and disquieting horns. These were being moved about in the most warlike fashion. Sand Point has had some queer arrivals. All manner of beasts have disembarked there, but never yaks. In appearance they are buffalo, goat and common barn yard ox all rolled into one. But even this conveys no real impression of the beast. The Yak is possessed of a grunt that closely allies itself to that of the pig, only more so. In volume the unearthly noises emitted by the animals are only approached by the fog horn. The yak has evidently come to stay. It is improbable, however, that he will ever be permitted to invest the precincts of a civilised community."

THE BOOKS OF VICTORIA.

IT is not so long ago that Robert Barr, the Anglo-Canadian novelist, made the assertion that Canada was more concerned over bottles than books. However true or false that may have been, there are some parts of Canada where just now there is considerable diversity of opinion regarding books. Out in Victoria, for instance, there is a writer who regularly reviews books in a publication called the *Bohemian*. The editor of the *Times* in that city does not admire the *Bohemian* reviewer's taste. Evidently, he says, there must be a lot of bad books in Victoria, or this reviewer would not get so many bad ones to review. He inclines to think that if the P. M. G. knew of the kind of literature preferred by the *Bohemian* there would be doings in the mail department. And he sums up *Bohemian* after this fashion—showing that there is room for a wide range of opinion in that new country on many other matters besides railways, Orientals and wheat: "Probably *Bohemian*, who is an accomplished rounder of multiple personality—editor, lounge, politician and patriot, according to his opportunities—has been endowed with a keen nose for garbage. Or he may have a jackal in his retinue continually on the prowl for offal. However that may be, there is no question that *Bohemian* has access to a highly flavoured class of 'problem' novels, and that he discusses and analyses them with an unctious that is at once satisfying to himself, disgusting to persons of normal passions and a menace to the morals of his younger readers—if he has any."

* * *

A FARMER WHO ADVERTISES.

THERE is a somewhat unique personality in the vicinity of New Westminster, whose ordinary name is just Kerr, but who by reason of his methods of business is known as "The Farmer's Friend." Mr. Kerr lives at Peachvale—which is not a particularly brilliant name but means more than poetry. He is a wealthy fruit farmer, poultry raiser, member of the New Westminster Board of Trade, president of the Publicity Association, by which the outside world learns what sort of place and country New Westminster is, and he also belongs to several fair boards. Mr. Kerr has gone a step farther in modern farming than any other man in that part of the country. He has an advertising expert; not for the purpose of advertising his farm or his poultry—but to set forth the advantages of the land which he sells, for he is a real estate man as well. He has a large staff of employees, pays high wages, does not overwork his men, and every year he gives a dinner to his staff in the month of April, just when the blossoms are beginning to come on the trees. A sample of Mr. Kerr's modern way of thinking may be found in the following extract from an article entitled "The City Moves to the Farmer's Door":

For obvious reasons it is possible for but comparatively few people to own farms close to large cities, but in recent years the cities have been going to the farms. It is a great boon to an agricultural community to have an electric line run through it, for this virtually brings the city up to the farmer's door, giving the advantage of growing crops, and raising stock on comparatively cheap land, and at the same time most of the advantages of a man close to the city. Electric lines have done much towards keeping that boy on the farm concerning whom we hear so much nowadays. Most young people who think they cannot be content on the farm do not dislike the farm itself, but they crave the social advantages the city offers. They leave the farm and go to the city in pursuit of what the farm fails to give; when the city comes out to them by means of electric railways, offering hourly service, they are usually wise enough to see the advantages the farm offers as a home in comparison with the city."

* * *

THE C. P. R. AT EDMONTON.

C. N. R. made Edmonton a big town, put it on the main line, when the C. P. R. had side-tracked it. The C. P. R. had a side line from Calgary to Strathcona, but it never got over the river. Now it has purchased terminals and will build a high-level bridge. The people say the C. P. R. tried to kill Edmonton, but they are content to let by-gones be by-gones.



THE DEMI-TASSE

FOXY JAMES.

There is a bold Premier, Sir James,
Who to smoothness has never made claims.
But you'd hardly believe
What he has up his sleeve,
For at bargains he beats all the dames.

* * *

AN INTREPID ISLANDER.

MISS Agnes Deans Cameron, who is supposed to live in Chicago during such time as navigation in the Arctic Circle is closed, has lately been lecturing in Canada, to audiences of her delighted countrymen (or countrywomen), telling tales of the explorer's way in the north. Miss Cameron is of Scotch descent, and not the least ashamed of it. In fact, she tells her auditors, before she has been talking ten minutes, that she has an ancestral fondness for "Caledonia, stern and wild."

She is a native of Vancouver Island and is somewhat amused at the remarks addressed to her by those who know little of our Pacific Province.

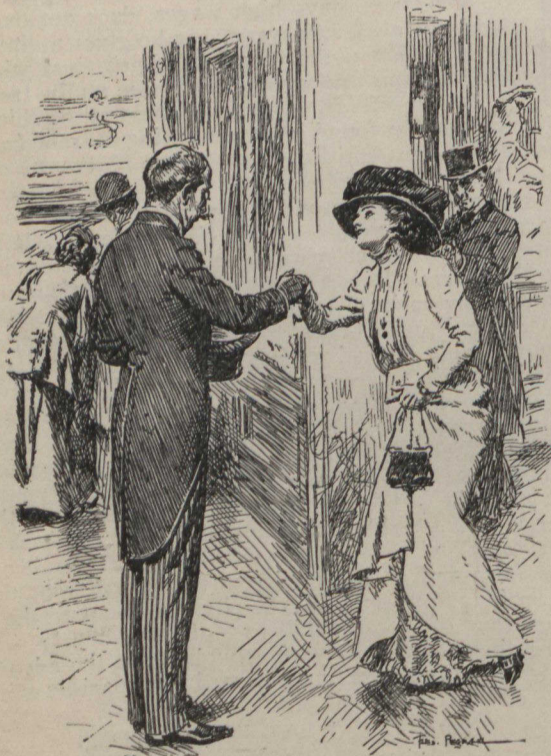
"Isn't it dreadfully lonely to live on an island?" asked a young admirer of Miss Cameron's dauntless ways.

"Lonely!" was the emphatic echo. "Well, we have salmon and seal and strawberries and roses; consequently we don't have time to feel exactly solitary. You see, Montreal, New York and a few other little cities are on an island. So we're not exactly out of it."

* * *

MATTERS OF FACT.

SIR Wilfrid has gone Sir James Whitney one better. The former has just placed an order for *Dreadnoughts* with the Simpson Company of Toronto, at a price which makes New Zealand simply gnash its teeth to think of the bargains Canadian prime ministers are able to pick up. A cynic, who is married, declares that the department stores should look after the feeble-minded women



A LONG FAREWELL.

She (effusively). "How nice it is to have met you again after all these years, my dear Captain Burlington."

He. "Major now! That was ten years ago, you know."

She, (still more effusively). "How time flies! Well, congratulations and good-bye. I hope you'll be a General when next we meet."—*Punch*.

also. This suggestion is passed on to the Provincial Secretary's department.

Abdul Hamid II. has suddenly become what Mr. Gladstone called him. Even the Conservatives of Nova Scotia and the Democrats of U.S.A. have refused to consider him as leader. There's nothing left for him but a chicken farm in Macedonia.

A suffragette is suing the Mayor of Montreal for five thousand dollars. The mayor of Toronto left town just in time.

* * *

A SEVERE TEST.

A SOMEWHAT important citizen recently walked into the office of a Canadian newspaper and requested the services of an expert stenographer. An alert little lady awaited his dictation, but he regarded her with a doubtful eye.

"Can you take all kinds of stuff?" he asked carefully.

"I am used to everything," she answered confidently.

"All right. Go ahead, please." And the important citizen proceeded to dictate four lines, which caused the office-boy in the corner to drop a large parcel and stare curiously at the worthy gentleman who "sure was batty."

There was a moment of quick clicking at the typewriter and the "dictator" read slowly from the sheet presented for his inspection:

"Twas brillig and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe."

"Ah!" he said with a sigh of satisfaction. "If you know the Jabberwock stuff, you'll do."

Then the two friends of Lewis Carroll's immortal "Alice" smiled comprehendingly at one another.

* * *

A WASTED DISCOURSE.

THE visit of Dr. Orr to Toronto, and his highly instructive addresses on Biblical literature have been regarded with some caution, both by the Higher Critics and their friends. The reverend visitor has been implored to be "explicit," lest the wayfaring man, to say nothing of the newspaper reporter, should misrepresent his views on the early chapters of Genesis.

This desire for a decisive attitude recalls the consternation experienced by a worthy Hamilton pastor, years ago. He had been preaching at Grimsby Park with the laudable desire to show that the latest discoveries in science were quite in harmony with the salient points of Biblical history. He admitted, however that the "day" of Creation did not mean what we moderns understand by the monosyllable. As he was leaving the auditorium, he was accosted by a dear old lady who exclaimed tearfully: "Oh, Dr. B—, I am so thankful that I am not like you—I believe in the Bible."

What the well-known D.D. said is not recorded.

* * *

APPROPRIATE!

AT a certain dinner given in Edinburgh, in honour of a distinguished surgeon named Wallace, the guests were somewhat startled to observe at the head of the toast list the familiar quotation: "Scots wha' hae wi' Wallace bled."

* * *

DEEPLY INTERESTED.

THE play was one of Shakespeare's tragedies.

Mrs. Simmons and her little boy, having been unable to secure seats in the parquet, were well located in the front row of the first balcony, where they could see better and hear almost as well as if they had been farther forward on the main floor.

Mrs. Simmons was agreeably surprised at the interest that Bobby appeared to take in the somber drama. He sat leaning forward, with his elbows

on the cushioned railing in front of him, resting his head on his hands, deeply absorbed. As the curtain went down on the first act he straightened up.

"Well, dear, how do you like Shakespeare?" asked his mother. "Are you enjoying the play?"

"Mama," said Bobby, with the air of one who has made a great discovery, "there are sixty-nine men here that have got bald spots on the top of their heads! I've counted 'em five times!"—*Youths' Companion*.

* * *

THE JURY'S VERDICT.

A SOUTH Missouri man recently was tried on a charge of assault. The state brought into court as weapons used, a rail, an axe, a pair of tongs, a saw and a rifle. The defendant's council exhibited as the other man's weapons, a scythe blade, a pitchfork, a pistol and a hoe. The jury's verdict is said to have been: "Resolved, that we, the jury, would have given one dollar to have seen the fight."—*Bellman*.

* * *

FATHER'S "JOB."

IT is customary in many public schools for a teacher to ask a pupil his father's occupation. The following is the result of such questioning in a school in New England:

Teacher—What is your father's occupation?

Little Boy—I can't tell you.

Teacher—But you must.

Little Boy—My father doesn't want me to tell.

Teacher—I insist on your telling me. I have to know.

Little Boy (tearfully)—He's—he's the fat lady at the dime museum.—*Youths' Companion*.

* * *



"Now, what do I do next?"—*Life*.

* * *

THE COLONEL'S OPINION.

HE was a fine type of the old southern colonel, the fiery scion of a race of cavaliers. Also, he was exceedingly wrathful. He had just received a letter from a man, "a low soht of puhson, suh, I assuah you," which displeased him immensely, and he was debating, inwardly, how best to convey to his vulgar correspondent an adequate expression of his (the colonel's) opinion of him. But his stenographer was a lady. The colonel snorted, made two or three false starts, and finally dictated: "Sir—My stenographer, being a lady, can not transcribe what I think of you. I, being a gentleman, can not think what you, being neither, can readily understand what I mean."—*Argonaut*.

* * *

MISTAKEN SYMPTOMS.

Many a girl thinks she has broken her heart when she has only sprained her imagination.—*Life*.

* * *

OPTIMISTIC.

A CERTAIN lady prides herself upon always looking at the bright side of things. "My dear," moaned her husband one day recently, "I tossed restlessly on his bed, 'it's the doctor I'm thinking of. What a bill his will be!'" "Never mind, Joseph," said his wife. "You know, there's the insurance money."—*Argonaut*.

* * *


LOGICAL REASON.

Jinks—"Have you selected a trade or profession for your boy?"

Winks—"I shall make a plumber of him."

Jinks—"Has he a bent that way?"

Winks—"He's born for it. Tell him to do a thing immediately, and he won't think of it again for a week."—*Tit-Bits*.



Nature's Gift

The pure water of the skies, falling to the earth, filters, filters, filters on down to the bed rock where it can penetrate no deeper. Then it flows, a tiny rivulet, deep down beneath the surface of the earth, gathering as it flows a bit of this mineral and a bit of that from the rocks until it comes to the earth's surface again, laden with health-producing, health-preserving elements—the gift of Nature herself. This is

MAGI WATER

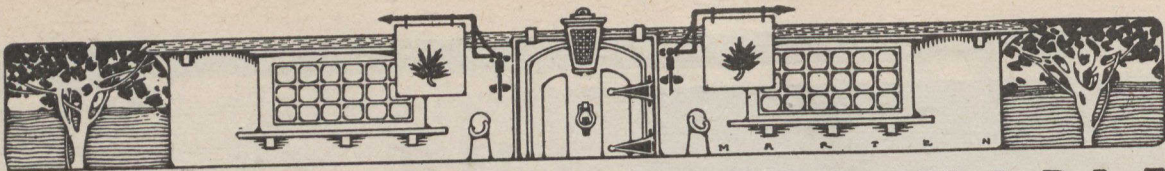
Were it stopped in its flow even 100 feet before it reached the Magi Spring, it would not be the same water—it could not contain the same elements in the same proportion that it does; just by lack of passing through that hundred feet of rock strata and gathering the minerals that it does in that hundred feet. Did it run on 100 feet beyond the Magi Spring it could not be the same water—it would gather more minerals—enough to destroy its present perfect proportion of elements—perhaps enough to destroy its flavor, deliciousness or wholesomeness. Then don't you see that **no** other mineral water can possibly duplicate the qualities of Magi Water? Use has proved its superior deliciousness and healthfulness.

Magi Water is a pure, natural spring water bottled exclusively at the Springs. Comes in pints, splits and half gallons, still or carbonated. Can be had at cafes, hotels, bars, druggists', on all R. R. dining and cafe cars and at your grocer's by the bottle or by the case.

Magi for Rheumatism. For over 70 years Magi Water has been prescribed by many of the most prominent members of the medical profession with wonderful success for treatment of rheumatism, gout and similar ailments due to disordered kidneys and troubles arising from digestive disturbances. Everyone of gouty or rheumatic tendencies should make it a health *rule* to drink a bottle of Magi Water every morning before breakfast. The result will be surprisingly beneficial.

CALEDONIA SPRINGS CO., Ltd., Caledonia Springs, Ont.





AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

SPRING FLOWERS AND PERFUME.



Mrs. Huntley Drummond, in "A Russian Honeymoon."

AND the spring is here, and the blue skies and green swards, the reiterated chirp of the robin and the first, faint evidences of bursting foliage. So are the flowers here, too, with their glad, gay, inspiring brilliancy and their haunting fragrance; and of all the season's glories whether of form, or colour, or fragrance, it is to that small, fragile, transitory, unobtrusive, unexclusive, most appealing, crowning beauty of the spring-time that we, con-

sciously or unconsciously, submit. Perhaps its invisible fragrance is its most subtle charm, but, however that may be, it is the one that is most widely disseminated and most perpetuated by the perfumer's art.

With regard to this art there is an interesting article in the last *Lady's Pictorial* dealing especially with the perfume-making of Grasse a little town of Southern France, "high on the Alpine foothills, back of aristocratic Cannes and twenty kilometres from the azure Mediterranean waves, but in plain view thereof."

The usage of perfume, the writer says, is as old as the world, and is perfectly compatible with the laws of hygiene. Although there are perfumes and even flowers which under certain conditions give off effects that are not beneficial, yet there are also many antiseptic properties attributed to the essences employed in the making of perfumery. And although there are odours as grateful to the senses as is beauty to the eye and music to the ear, yet an excessive use of them, as everybody knows, is very undesirable. During the year oceans of the most delicate perfumes are distilled in this little town, and shipped to dealers in all parts of the world, and, indeed, many *marques* that bear a Parisian label are of Grasse origin.

The flower girls and women are most picturesque in large, flat, pancake hats of plaited straw, striped skirts and softly gathered kerchiefs around the throat. Some of them also have large, square, flower-laden baskets on their backs, and each has a smile upon her face. At break of day they descend from their homes on the hill-sides to the lower slopes and valleys where great irrigated garden plots blazon the landscape. In the springtime the

sembling that of the rose, while the rose and orange flower each yield quite a different perfume from that naturally looked for. The scent of any blossom, except the jasmine, can be fabricated by the scientific combination of the ottos, or oils, of many different flowers. The real violet perfume has been made only recently; that of a generation ago, although it was made from the flower, resembled its odour very little.

* * *

A UNIQUE DISCOVERY.

TO those whose inclinations lead them into remote and strange places of the earth for the purpose of investigation, an interesting field is suggested in the Swedish island of Gothland, forty miles out in the Baltic Sea.

One of the chief features of the island, the *Quiver* informs us, is its prodigal possession of old churches exemplifying early Gothic architecture. There are the remains of ten specimens in Wisby alone, the chief town of the island, with a population of 8,000, and the oldest of these was completed in 1046 A.D. How ancient they must look, and what a quaint old-fashioned town it must be! To the modern mind probably the chief charm of the edifices would be the history attached to them. Old churches must enfold a tale of love and war. To each block of stone, to each evidence of artistic ornamentation, to each trace of honest industry, what romance might cling. If the crumbling walls would but yield up their secrets with their dissolution—but they won't.

Some, however, are obtained by delving, and Professor Hennerberg, a German musician, in the course of his visits among fifty-nine churches of the island, has hit upon what he believes to be one discovery of interest. It is the remnant of an old organ, the exterior of which is adorned with paintings dating back to 1240. Long ago the instrument had been superannuated from the work to which it was originally destined, and had been turned into a sacristy for the safeguard of holy vessels and vestments. The organ is considered, beyond all doubt, the oldest in the world. The holes for pedals and manuals are placed as in the modern instruments, and inside one can see the bellows, and judge of their action.

Could the first organist of that little church in the far-gone century have been suddenly transported and set down before one of the marvellous structures of a twentieth century edifice, what would his emotion have been!

* * *

THREE AMATEUR ACTRESSES.

MRS. HUNTLEY DRUMMOND, who played with so much humour and such fine interpretation, the part she took in the recent musical and dramatic competition, is a well-known lady of Montreal. She is an American by birth, a New Englander. Formerly she taught in Montreal both acting and elocution. It is ten years since Mrs. Drummond did any acting. At the competition for the trophy, she went into it again from pure love of her art. Everything connected with the stage is of interest to her. The dramatic contests she thinks an excellent thing for Canada. Mrs. Drummond will be remembered as Miss Reynolds, the leading lady of the Garrick Amateur and Dramatic Club of Montreal. Mrs. Drummond and Mrs. Leacock are graduates of the same dramatic school in Boston.

Mrs. Stephen Leacock, who displayed such ability and such a charming personality in the leading character of the play presented at the competition by the University Dramatic Club of Montreal, is the wife of Prof. Leacock of McGill University. Mrs. Leacock was born in Toronto, the daughter of Colonel Hamilton. She is and has been most interested in the drama. In 1900 she had two brief seasons on the stage. She was in the first of the dramatic competitions, playing Bernard Shaw's "Arms and a Man" and her acting was much commended by Langdon Mitchell, the judge. Mrs. Leacock always meant to be an actress but ill health prevented her. She has an opportunity now to go on the professional stage and if she accents, she will pursue a career for which her talents eminently fit her.

Miss Marguerite Jancy, in private life Miss Anne Ethier, who won the Margaret Anglin bracelet in the Earl Grey dramatic competition, studied her part largely unassisted. She took a few lessons at one time from La Salle Conservatoire, playing twice in "Catalane" in the St. Henri Club and "Marcella" in "The Sign of the Cross." At the competition, Miss Jancy made a decided impression in her character of Lionnette, the wife in La Princesse de Bagdad. Last year she won the gold medal given by *La Patrie* in a dramatic competition. Miss Jancy is also very much interested in music and is at present taking singing lessons under Mr. Davis of McGill College. She intends going to Europe to continue her musical studies.



Mrs. Stephen Leacock, in "A Russian Honeymoon."



Mlle. Jancy Winner of the gold bracelet offered by Margaret Anglin

violets roses and narcissi are the principal blooms, and in the autumn the jasmine and tuberose. All are grown in the open sun except the violets, which require shade, and so are hidden between the rows of olive trees.

There are different processes employed in the making of perfumes, and many truths have been brought to light through the art. White blossoms have been found to yield the most fragrance, while those of yellow or of orange tints yield the least. A strong light decreases the odour of perfumes, and the otto, or ethereal extract, of any flower resembles the perfume of that flower very little. The odour peculiar to the rose and jonquil is a combination of essences obtained after a long and tedious process. Nearly every odour requires a different process to bring out its full value. Lilies give out an odour re-

THE KING'S EMPIRE

With 25 Colored Plates and upwards of 670 Reproductions from Photographs :: :: ::

Complete in 24 parts. Part I now ready. 20c per part or \$4.80 for complete set if paid in advance. Postage paid.

If you want to see part I fill in order blank below and mail to us. If the work appeals to you, and you would like to take advantage of our cash offer, send in \$3.75 and we will send you the balance of the parts as issued.

Binding covers supplied at nominal cost.

If you see Part I you will send for the balance.

Please send to.....

Of.....

Part I of the King's Empire for which I enclose 20c.

Cassell & Co.
LIMITED
Publishers

42 Adelaide St. W., Toronto

The Merchants' Bank

of Canada

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

Paid-up Capital, - \$6,000,000
Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits, - 4,400,000
Deposits. (March 31) - 39,915,055
Assets, " - 55,460,251

124 Branches in Canada

General Banking Business transacted

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

TORONTO OFFICES:

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

BANK
OFFICE
SCHOOL
& OPERA CHURCH
FURNITURE LODGE
MANUFACTURED BY
CANADIAN OFFICE-SCHOOL
FURNITURE CO. LTD.
PRESTON --- ONTARIO

LITERARY NOTES

CONCERNING FISH.

ANYONE interested in fish may write to the Minister of Education, Toronto, and get a copy of "Fishes," by C. W. Nash, lecturer on Biology for the Ontario Department of Agriculture. This 122-page volume gives concise descriptions of all the fish known to inhabit the waters of the province, with good drawings of the leading varieties. It will be found that, contrary to general belief the pike and the mascalonge are of one family, the Lucidae. There are three varieties, green pike, common or northern pike and the mascalonge. It will also be found that whitefish, salmon and trout are all grouped in one family known as Salmonidae. The whitefishes form one genus, the ciscoes or herrings another, and the salmon and trout a third. There are good descriptions of the small-mouthed black bass and the large-mouthed, green or yellow bass, which are two varieties of the genus micropterus of the family centrarchidae or sunfishes. Every real sportsman will want to take a copy of this handy volume with him on his next fishing trip.

* * *

"LITTLE PEOPLE."

A CHARMING and wonderful book is "Little People," by Richard Whiteing, author of "No. 5 John Street." It is a delightful story which is not a story, a book of economics, social science and philosophy without any reference to these three great sciences. The Little People are those who are never heard of; in other words, the masses. They are "a section of the quiet folk who form the vast majority of our kind." You cut out the great men in politics, literature, science, art and commerce, and the rest are the Little People. Some of them are peers, some peasants, some duchesses and some needlewomen, but they are all Little People "who just want to keep themselves to themselves." Most of them in England, of which Mr. Whiteing writes, are ratepayers, but not all. They "are the average people, many of them failures as we reckon success, some of them incompetent, all of no account."

Mr. Whiteing tells about them sympathetically, how they are born, how educated, how they learn the lessons of life, how they fade away into the great beyond. He aims apparently to awaken sympathy for those not mentioned in newspapers and illustrated periodicals, but who nevertheless perform the great tasks in life and uphold by their industry and labour the upper and famous classes. But it is the spirit, the kindly spirit of these little essays which makes them so attractive. (Toronto: Cassell & Co. Cloth, \$1.30.)

* * *

MODERN LIFE.

A REALLY remarkable book at a low price is what may be truly said of "The Meaning of Modern Life," edited by Professor Charles F. Horne. It contains a series of lofty lectures and addresses by the leaders of modern thought including Sir Oliver Lodge, Prince Kropotkin, Count Tolstoi, President Eliot, President Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson, Max Nordau, Maurice Maeterlinck, Carroll D. Wright and other well-known thinkers. The latest information on many phases of modern thought is to be found in these essays, including hypnotism, psychic research, anarchism, labour organisations, sport, universal suffrage, art, patriotism, evolution, beliefs, religion, and economic problems. A tremendous mass of

facts and ideas, in a readable form, is combined in this volume of over five hundred pages. At the end are references to other works on each of the forty subjects dealt with by the forty essayists, with suggestions as to further study along the particular line of thought which has been dealt with. The volume is sold at one dollar by the Canadian Newspaper Association, Stair Building, Toronto.

El Farsi, the Barber

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 18

friend and me,' observed Ahmed, 'but so be it, it is settled.' And he paid the price required before numerous witnesses among idle people who had gathered around them. Then he left the place.

A SHORT time afterward he came back, pulling his donkey, which looked as sad as its master was joyful, and, stopping before the barber, he exclaimed:

"Eh, El Farsi, celebrated barber, time passes! Hurry to thy work! We are waiting to be shaved."

"And thy friend?" inquired the barber.

"Forsooth! here he is, my friend, my best friend," and he drew his donkey nearer to him.

"How is that, old ruffian? Thou wouldst like to have thy donkey shaved by me?"

"That is just what I say, good man. Hast thou not promised to shave us both, my friend and me? Well, as thou saidst in another circumstance, it is a settled bargain—a regular bargain, as said the kadi after you."

"They went to see the judge again in great pomp, for all the people of the town followed the two parties; but the judge could not say a word, he laughed so much.

"To say nothing is not a judgment, and the barber refused to comply with the request. So they went before the Chief of the Believers.

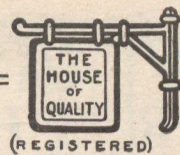
"Then, barber, it has been arranged that thou wouldst shave the ass driver and his friend for a small silver piece?" said the illustrious monarch. "Then the ass driver is right, and thou art going to comply with the conditions of the bargain right before me!"

"He was forced to obey. From the top of the tail to the top of the ears, the hair of Ahmed's best friend fell under the famous razor. Never was such a festival in the small town; for the executions of the Prince's verdicts were rendered in public.

"From that day El Farsi had only fakirs and beggars to shave, and most of the time these did not pay him. So, like his father the camel driver, he never made a fortune. The donkey driver, on the contrary, enjoyed high rank at court for having in one day amused the Prince so much."

Such was Mohammed's Syrian story. After having finished it, he stretched himself on the bare ground, and I departed for my hut amid the furious barking of watchdogs. — *Sunday Magazine.*

A student at a medical college was under examination. The instructor asked him: "Of what cause, specifically, did the people die who lost their lives at the destruction of Herculaneum and Pompeii?" "I think they died of an eruption, sir," answered the student.—*The Argonaut.*



Good Style at its Best

It is a feature more attractive than mere correctness that makes our displays of particular interest to women, it is the knowledge of genuinely good style interpreted in an uncommon way.



A comparison of our goods with others always shows that it costs no more to have good style

Two and Three-Piece Suits

Made by best New York tailors

Better Class Coats

Particularly adapted for travelling wear

London-Made Tweed Walking Coats and Inverness Coats

Just now we are making a special display of

Fine Waists, Linen and Reppe Suits, and Summer Dressings

Fairweathers
LIMITED
84-86 Yonge St., Toronto

Spring Excursion to

NEW YORK

Thursday, May 20th

\$15.50 TEN DAYS' LIMIT \$15.50
ROUND TRIP

Trains leave Toronto via Canadian Pacific Railway at 3.45 p.m. with coaches and at 5.20 and 7.15 p.m. with coaches and through sleeping cars.

Trains leave via Grand Trunk Railway with coaches at 12.15, 4.05, 4.40 and 6.10 p.m. Sleeping cars from Buffalo.

DIRECT TO GRAND CENTRAL STATION, NEW YORK

New York Central R.R.

THE "HUDSON RIVER ROUTE"

For full particulars apply at C. P. R. or G. T. R. city ticket offices, Cor. King and Yonge Streets, and Union Station, or address Frank C. Foy, Canadian Passenger Agent, New York Central Lines, 80 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont. Telephone 4361 Main.



"AMERICA'S GREATEST RAILWAY SYSTEM"

FOR THE CHILDREN



THE TROUBLES OF TROTTY

And how Uncle Duds found a Cure for them

By Alice M. Raiker

HIS name wasn't really Trotty, you know. His name was one of Trotty's many troubles, for what was the use of having a name like Algernon Dudley Trefusis if everyone called you Trotty? Even Uncle Duds, who never did anything that wasn't perfect in Trotty's eyes, very seldom called him by his proper name, and when he did he generally said "Al-ger-non" and laughed. But then he mostly said "Trots, old man," and that sounded a lot better than Trotty.

Trotty would have been a very nice little boy if he hadn't had so many troubles. Everything was a trouble to Trotty, and if he hadn't a trouble of his own on hand, then he would trouble over the troubles of Patsy and Pickles, or Moppet and Baba.

But Uncle Duds wasn't a "stunning uncle" for nothing; he knew what to do about everything, from making boats to taking splinters out of the Baba's paw. And I'm going to tell you how he found a cure for Trotty's troubles.

Trotty was seven, and a man, when you remembered that the twins were only four.

One morning, as he stood on the nursery hearth-rug, he was making this fact clearly known, to



THE MAKING OF A FISHERMAN.

On summer mornings early
When the sun begins to shine,
I like to take my can of bait,
Likewise my rod and line.
And slip off to the river
With not a soul in sight,
To watch the round-eyed sunfish splash
And feel the minnows bite.
And if my luck is with me,
And I chance to land a string,
Then gee! I'm gay at breakfast,
And as proud as anything.

prove that he was entitled to the largest share of the box of chocolates Uncle Duds had left overnight, when they were in bed.

"You kiddies are so jolly greedy!" he remarked.

"It's different with me—I'm a man!"

"Me a man, too!" cried Pickles indignantly.

"Go on, silly! Who ever heard of a man in a muslin frock?" said Trotty laughing

"Me isn't—me won't—me hasn't—you're horrid!" spluttered poor little Pickles, quite overwhelmed by the disgrace of his ribbons and laces.

"Me's a dirl, so me dot dem all!" said a sweet little voice suddenly, and Trotty and Pickles turned to behold Patsy in the corner, the box in her lap, and quietly devouring the contents.

Here was a real trouble for Trotty, indeed! Long after Nurse had rescued the chocolates and

divided them equally, Trotty continued to hold forth upon Patsy's bad behaviour.

Another trouble, in the shape of a wet afternoon, rendered Trotty so full of grumbles that the twins, who were happy little souls, refused to play with him, and nurse was reduced to despair.

"Really, Master Trotty, I can't think what makes you so cross!" she said.

"It's all very fine—how would you like to have your chocolates—"

"Dir it me, Affol!" cried Patsy at this moment.

"Oh, Master Athol, dear! You mustn't, really, you know!" cried Nurse, hastening forward just in time to rescue Trotty's new book from being torn by Pickles' eager little fingers.

Yet another trouble! Trotty was having a field day! While he was indignantly lecturing the disconsolate Pickles, the door opened and in walked Uncle Duds.

"Oh, Nunkie, Nunkie!" cried the twins rushing forward to clasp their fat little arms round his knees.

By this time Trotty had made himself so cross and miserable that he felt rebellious and a little ashamed, so he turned his back on his uncle, and stood screwing a grubby holland cuff into his eye, like the naughty, unhappy little boy he really was.

Uncle Duds waited patiently for a few minutes, then, as Trotty made no movement, he crossed the floor, and laid his big brown hand on Trotty's yellow curls.

"Why, Trots, old man, you're never in trouble again surely?" he said gently.

Trotty suddenly turned and faced his uncle, his eyes tearful, his cheeks flushed, his voice shrill and choky.

"It's all very fine!" he said—this was his usual way of beginning an explanation—"but first I tied a blue bow on Moppet and she dragged it in her milk, then the Baba tore it, then Patricia took the chocolates, then it rained, then Athol nearly tore my book, and then—then—"

Uncle Duds sat down and gathered Trotty on his knee.

"Trots," he said, and only once had he spoken so gravely to his little nephew before—the day he found Trotty throwing stones at Moppet—"it makes me very sorry to see how selfish and cross you can grow over so many imaginary troubles! Suppose you had no nice cat and dog, no chocolates or picture books, no little brother and sister—what then? Do you know, there is a little boy who comes for me to draw pictures of him sometimes, such a beautiful little boy, Trots—not only because he has blue eyes and curly hair, but because he is so patient and uncomplaining and has so few pleasures in his life. One morning, a few weeks ago, he came to me full of excitement. The kind people at the Mission Hall were going to take a lot of little children into the country for a whole long day, and he had been promised a ticket. Ever since then he has done nothing but talk about it, and to-day is the day. I did not see him yesterday, so I called early as I passed this morning, to give him something to buy goodies. He opened the door himself, and I saw at once that something was wrong. Then he told me that there were not enough tickets to go round—some of the children were obliged to be left out—and he was one! Wasn't that a very real trouble, Trots? I wish you could have seen how bravely the little fellow bore his disappointment.

"Perhaps I'll have another chance some day!" he said, trying to smile, with the tears in his eyes, when I came away! And Trotty, he is only two years older than you!"

Uncle Duds had never looked so grave before.

Trotty hung his head in shamed silence.

"Poor 'ickle boy!" said Patsy softly. "Me would 'ike to give him my best dolly!"

"Soft little heart!" said Uncle Duds. "We go one better, Patsy! We'll take him to the Zoo tomorrow and give him a right royal time to make up for his disappointment.

And they did!

Poor little Bobby never forgot his happy day, and after that, it had to be a very real trouble indeed to make Trotty complain.

"The rippingest uncle in the world" had found a cure for all the Troubles of Trotty!—*Little Folks.*



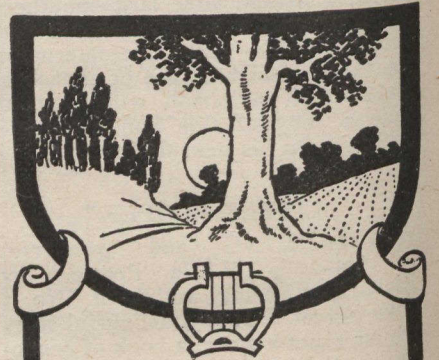
Save
Your
Face

It's well worth while. Don't let your cheeks get rough or red, or your lips chapped, when you can so easily prevent it by using

CAMPANA'S ITALIAN BALM

It will keep you skin fresh and soft and free from chaps in spite of winds and sun. 25c cents at your druggist's.

E. G. WEST & CO.
TORONTO



Finest Pianos in Canada sold on such purchase terms that every home may own one

WE want you to know more about the New Scale Williams Pianos—what magnificent instruments they are—and WHY. Our free booklets give these facts—tell what famous pianists, teachers, singers, colleges and schools think of these faultless pianos. And they are FACTS that you should know about the

New Scale Williams Piano

Let us send the booklets and show you how you may have any style of the New Scale Williams Piano—grand or upright—and pay for it on our new purchase plan. Cut out the coupon and mail to us today.

Name.....
Address.....
The Williams Piano Co. Limited,
Oshawa, Ont.
21

The Hamilton Steel and Iron Co. Limited

PIG IRON
Foundry, Basic, Malleable

FORGINGS
of every description
High-Grade Bar Iron
Open Hearth Bar Steel

Hamilton - Ontario

MONEY AND MAGNATES

Frowned Down on Crown Reserve

NOW that so many Montrealers have made so much money out of Crown Reserve mining stock, it is interesting to look back a little over a year ago and see the diffidence with which the banks and merchants viewed the prospects of the mine. This was before the first big strike had been made on the property. One large shareholder and director, for instance, was also a member of a large local manufacturing company and on the prospectus of Crown Reserve his position with the other company was mentioned. When his associates found this they asked that the firm's business name should not be used in any connection with the mine. In another instance the general manager of a bank went to a firm whose account they were handling and told the members of it that he had been told that one of them had been speculating in Crown Reserve and if it was not that he felt certain the other members would not do anything of the kind that he would close the account at once. Even after the mine was beginning to make good some of the members of the pool had to pay as much as 30 per cent. interest on short loans in order to get money to carry their stock.

The insiders, however, were just as confident as the outsiders were diffident, some of them going so far as to mortgage their homes, furniture and everything they had in order to raise money with which to buy more stock. It has made more money for more Montrealers than any other silver mine ever did.

* * *

Visiting the Old Lady of St. James Street

A RATHER elderly visitor from the country was visiting the handsome premises of the Bank of Montreal for the first time the other day when he approached one of the messengers, with the gold buttons, and asked him if he could get a look at the directors of the big bank. The messenger, greatly surprised at first, realised that it was the idle curiosity of a visitor who had seldom been in Montreal, and looking up at the clock in the main hall replied that the directors would in a few minutes either come in the front door and cross the ground floor to the elevator or would come from the office of the general manager. While waiting, the visitor remarked that for many years he had been anxious to see the men at the top of the big bank and so the messenger undertook to point them out to him as they passed in.

The board meetings are held twice a week during the winter months, on Tuesday and Friday mornings, and although the members almost without exception are very busy men they always try to make a point of being present.

As seems only natural, the group of men that gathers in the board room, now situated up on the first gallery, is the wealthiest that govern the affairs of any Canadian enterprise, and what is most striking is that almost without exception they have made every dollar of their huge fortunes themselves.

The first member of the board to arrive was Sir George A. Drummond, K.C.M.G., the president. While the meetings begin at 11.30 o'clock, Sir George always makes a practice of dropping in about half an hour ahead of time and goes in to see Sir Edward Clouston, the vice-president and general manager. For years past these two men have been closely associated in the direction of the affairs of the big institution that is now handling considerably more than a hundred million dollars of the savings of the Canadian people. Sir George Drummond, although rather short, has a very striking appearance. Always very quiet and reserved, he is very democratic and is to be seen around the business streets much more frequently than most of the other big men.

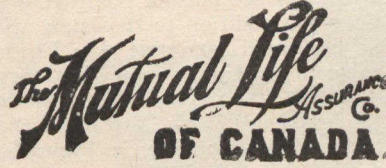
The Drummond millions of course, have been made in great part out of sugar but then again Sir George, especially in late years, has spread out into different enterprises both in Canada and in Mexico that have contributed quite handsomely to his bank balance. While Sir George was chatting with Mr. Clouston, all the other directors passed in and walked over to the elevator. The first to arrive was Sir W. C. Macdonald, the tobacco king. Although well over seventy years, he walked with a short, quick, springy step and his ruddy complexion rather indicated that while he had made more tobacco than any other man in Canada, he had added to the profits of his business by not being addicted to it himself. A few moments after in strolled Mr. E. B. Green-shields, whose name, at least, is known all over Canada, owing to the large trade the dry goods firm of Greenshields does throughout the country. While waiting for the elevator he was joined by Hon. Robert Mackay formerly of the firm of Mackay Bros. Some twenty years ago this firm was right at the top of Canadian wholesale dry goods houses, but about ten years ago the members decided they had made enough money to last them for a while, so decided to liquidate. Ever since, however, the present Robert Mackay has been busy, making money in other ways and is a great believer in the principle that the only way to have it, is not to spend it. Mr. Mackay is one of the most recent additions to the board of the big bank, it being only a few years since he was invited to leave the board of the Merchants Bank to go along St. James Street to that of the B. of M., as it is generally called around the city. Then came in together Mr. R. B. Angus and Mr. James Ross. For a great many years these two big magnates have been associated in various deals and before coming over to the meeting Mr. Angus had very likely been up in Mr. Ross' office in the Dominion Coal Company discussing the affairs of the coal company. Mr. Angus back many years ago, was general manager of the Bank of Montreal and resigned in order to take over the management of the Minneapolis, St. Paul and Soo Railway for the men who afterwards built the Canadian Pacific. Mr. Angus is one of the most striking figures in Canadian financial circles. He is what you would call "a fine-looking old gentleman." Always perfectly groomed, and carrying himself very erect, no one would ever dream he is as old as he is, but then he goes on the assumption that a man is only as old as he feels. Mr. Angus' great hobby has always been making money and his associates will always tell you that once in a deal, he nearly always manages to make more money than anybody else.

Mr. James Ross' is a figure one never forgets. Almost naturally one would call him the "Napoleon" of Canadian finance. He has a wonderfully large head, so large in fact that it seems too large and heavy for his small, short body. Once you have caught a glance of Mr. Ross' eye, you will never forget it. It feels as though he had looked right through you, so strong and penetrating is his eye. The last member to arrive was Mr. Charles R. Hosmer, the youngest outside interest on the board. As he walks over to the elevator there is a friendly nod here and there. Like Mr. Mackay, Mr. Hosmer up to a short time ago was a member of the board of the Merchants Bank, but his

When you are old

who will provide the money to keep you?

Will you be compelled to keep on working the same as some old men you know?



will guarantee you an income in your old age. Do you want it?

A small monthly saving now will secure you against want when you are old; it will also care for your loved ones when death calls you from them.

HEAD OFFICE . . . WATERLOO, ONT.

SAVINGS ACCOUNTS

Interest Paid at the Rate of

3 1/2%

Accounts are subject to cheque without notice. Interest added half-yearly. Sums of \$1.00 and up received. Special attention is called to the fact that interest is calculated on the DAILY BALANCE

CENTRAL CANADA
LOAN & SAVINGS CO.
26 KING ST. E., TORONTO



National Trust Company
LIMITED.
18-22 King Street East, Toronto.

CAPITAL	-	-	-	\$1,000,000
RESERVE	-	-	-	550,000

TRANSACTS A GENERAL TRUST BUSINESS.

J. W. FLAVELLE, President.**W. T. WHITE, Gen. Mgr**

SELECTING INVESTMENTS

Every person with surplus money available for investment needs to exercise care when making selections suitable to his individual needs.

We mail monthly a list of Bonds and Stocks yielding from 4 to 6 per cent. from which choice can be made.

A copy will be sent regularly upon request.

A. E. AMES & CO., LIMITED
TORONTO - CANADA

Head Office for Canada, MONTREAL

W. M. MACKAY,
Gen. Manager.**J. H. LABELLE,**
Asst. Manager.



ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY LIMITED

The Largest and Strongest Fire Insurance Company in the World.

Maguire & Connon
GENERAL AGENTS

Office: "Royal Building," 27 Wellington St. E., TORONTO.
Telephones: { Main 6000.
 Residence, North 3671 and M. 978.



One Dozen Slices of Toast for Half a Cent

That is the average cost of making toast on an ELECTRIC TOASTER at your breakfast table.

Such delicious toast cannot be made over any kitchen fire where gases saturate the bread and the fire is uneven.

Housewives should not neglect the opportunity to visit our showrooms and see for themselves how easy toast can be made by electricity and how delicious it is.



TORONTO ELECTRIC LIGHT CO., Ltd.
12 ADELAIDE STREET EAST

Ross Rifle Mark III

Experience overcomes Prejudice

Early in 1908, thanks to articles in the party press, it was almost impossible to secure a fair trial for Ross Rifles.

Young shots were using them somewhat and old ones opened their eyes when at the P.Q.R.A., Private Porter with a Ross III won the tyro aggregate with a score only three points lower than the winner of the Grand Aggregate. The wonderful success of the Ross Rifle at Bisley and all the Canadian matches has convinced rifle shots now that it is a handicap not to have a Ross.

You will not be doing justice to your skill this year unless you use a

Ross Rifle, Mark III

Write for Catalogue which contains also full description of the Ross Sporting Rifles made in Canada, combining the accuracy and power of our Military Arm with great style and handiness.

Ross Rifle Co. - Quebec, Que.

great popularity resulted in his being invited to climb a little higher.

The meetings as a rule last from thirty to forty-five minutes, and in discussing them one day with one of the directors he remarked that while the board left things pretty generally to Sir Edward Clouston, the discussion about different points was always quite general. Most of the members had been serving together so long on the board that they knew each other's way of thinking and as a rule found means of expressing their views in very few words. Representing as they do different interests and lines of trade, the members of the board can always have a pretty accurate idea of the general situation throughout the country.

It was the present board that was responsible for the building of the new \$1,000,000 addition to the bank, which is now regarded as the handsomest on this continent, and one day I was discussing the enterprise the board had shown in building it with Sir George Drummond, the president, and he quietly answered that he considered that the old board had shown more enterprise and confidence in the future of the Dominion when they had erected the old building that fronts on St. James Street almost fifty years ago than the present board had in erecting the new large banking room, that has attracted so much attention.

Incidentally, it is the only banking house in Montreal that remains without a sign of some kind to indicate what it is, the management evidently believing that anybody who does not know where it is, can easily find out, and the bank can gain a little advertising through the asking.

* * *

Canadians again Buying Canadian Pacific

CANADIAN investors, traders and speculators have for months past been getting back into Canadian Pacific Railway stock. Not for quite a few years have the company's transfer books shown anything like the number of Canadian shareholders that they do at the present time. The change is due to a different view as to the prospects of the company. Back ten years ago when the stock was for the first time approaching its par value of \$100 a share a large percentage of the Canadian shareholders seeing quite a big profit were very willing sellers, while English and European investors, on the advice of their bankers were steadily picking up the stock. By the time the stock reached 150, Canadians were pretty well out of the stock, in fact it was surprising to see the small number of dividend cheques that remained in the country when the semi-annual payments were sent out. Then came the period of the Jefferson Levy boosting that finally resulted in the stock crossing 200 as he had predicted it would. Then the stock after selling ex-rights suffered along with all others in the period of depression and worked its way back to around 150 again. When it did, it was noticed that the stock, which for some time had been traded in mostly on the Wall Street Exchange and in London, was coming to life again on the Montreal Exchange and brokers reported that people who had not held any of the stock for years were buying again and in most cases, too, for investment. This sort of buying rather indicated to traders that it was about time to get aboard, with the result that on many days the transactions in C. P. R. on the Montreal Exchange were larger than either in Wall Street or on the London market. It has been a great money-maker for a great many people, and seeing that Canadians pour most of the money into the company's treasury, it seems good that a fair proportion of the profits should go back to Canadian shareholders.

* * *

The Hardest of Hard Luck

AMONG the many vicissitudes caused by the long endeavour of the Dominion Iron and Steel Company to get on its feet and pay back to its preferred shareholders six years of deferred dividends, none seems as tragic as that which befell Mr. "Jimmie O'Connor," the well-known horseman of Montreal, who was the largest individual holder of Dominion Iron and Steel preferred.

Back in the days when Iron preferred was paying a seven per cent. dividend "Jimmie," who had been a great plunger in the Montreal and Wall Street markets, decided to withdraw from the whirl of speculation and decided to pick out some sound investment for the bulk of the fortune he had been fortunate in amassing. With this view he picked out Steel preferred, as there was a cumulative seven per cent. dividend on it, and placed \$200,000 in the stock, buying 2,000 shares at \$100 a share, the market price at that time. That was late in 1902 and after that only one half-yearly dividend was paid on the stock, that due on April 1st, 1903. Then the dividend was passed and the company gradually found itself on the verge of liquidation and the big block of preferred stock Mr. O'Connor had purchased at \$100 slumped all the way back to \$20 a share, bringing the market value of his investment of \$200,000 down as low as \$40,000, or a loss of \$160,000, and this, too, on what looked like a gilt-edged investment. Of course Mr. O'Connor was greatly distressed about it, but he held right on and when the hostilities broke out between the Dominion Iron and Dominion Coal companies he sold out, at a loss, some Coal stock he had, and threw in his lot with the Steel Company. Right through he was confident Steel would win out and always wanted the decision to go to court rather than to be settled by compromise. When finally the Privy Council decision was handed down six years had elapsed since he had received any dividend and the company owed him \$84,000 on his stock. The day before the Privy Council handed down its judgment Steel preferred was selling around 72. Next day it jumped to 90 and Mr. O'Connor could see how, before long, he would be able to get all his money back if he wanted to sell out. When the stock again sold at \$100, the original price at which he had bought, he decided he could afford to take on a few more hundred shares and did so. When the stock touched 110 he bought a little more and only a couple of weeks ago when it crossed 120 he took on still a little more.

But the long period of worry and anxiety had been too much for him and when he saw his stock back to the level he had bought it he was totally unnerved. As he said himself, there was something jumping up and down inside and he could not sleep. Then two days before the Steel directors met to decide on the payment of an initial dividend as a result of the damages secured from the Coal Company, Mr. O'Connor was stricken down by apoplexy at the supper table, shortly after he had returned home from his broker's office. The stroke, although the first one, quickly proved fatal and within a few hours he had passed away without ever hearing the reorganisation plan that was to mean a big fortune to him in return for his patience and perseverance in staying with his stock. At the time of his death the market value of his holdings plus the \$84,000 coming to him in back dividends gave him a profit of \$112,000 on his original investment, but as he remarked one day, even if the stock sold at \$200 it would not repay him for all the worry he had had.

COUPON.

TURBINES

Allan Line Royal Mail Steamers

Montreal and Quebec to Liverpool

Proposed Summer Sailings—1909 (Subject to change)

STEAMERS	From MONTREAL	From QUEBEC
Corsican..Fri. 7 May	3.00 a.m.	2.00 p.m.
*Virginian..Fri. 14 "	9.00 a.m.	7.30 p.m.
Tunisian..Fri. 21 "	3.00 a.m.	2.00 p.m.
*Victorian..Fri. 28 "	9.00 a.m.	7.30 p.m.
Corsican..Fri. 4 June	3.00 a.m.	2.00 p.m.
*Virginian..Fri. 11 "	9.00 a.m.	6.30 p.m.
Tunisian..Fri. 18 "	2.30 a.m.	1.30 p.m.
*Victorian..Fri. 25 "	7.00 a.m.	5.00 p.m.
Corsican..Fri. 2 July	2.30 a.m.	1.00 p.m.
*Virginian..Fri. 9 "	6.00 a.m.	5.30 p.m.
Tunisian..Fri. 16 "	3.00 a.m.	1.00 p.m.
*Victorian..Fri. 23 "	5.30 a.m.	4.00 p.m.

*Royal Mail Steamers.

THE Allan Line in announcing their Sailings for 1909, as per schedule appended, reminds their friends of a few salient facts.

1. The Allan is the Premier Canadian Line. First vessel, 1822. Mail steamship service established 1854 with four steamers aggregating 10,000 tons.
2. The Allans were the first to build a steel ocean steamer—Buenos Ayrean, built in 1881.
3. The Allans were the first to adopt bilge or side keels, minimizing rolling. Now all passenger steamers have adopted this principle.
4. The Allans were the first to build steamers with covered-in or protected deck. Now they are universal.
5. The Allans were the first to adopt the turbine engine for ocean going steamers—Victorian and Virginian, each 12,000 tons. Now they are being followed by other Lines—the King's yacht, battleship Dreadnought, etc., etc.

The aim of the line has been to lead in every improvement for the safety of the ship and the comfort of the passenger. Three new steamers have been added in 1907-08—Corsican, Grampian and Hesperian, aggregating 31,000 tons, making a total tonnage of 175,000 tons.

The vessels are modern, high-class hotels, are famed for their cuisine, polite attention, good ventilation and absolute cleanliness.

Time of passage from port to port, 7 to 8 days. For passage apply to any agent or

H. & A. ALLAN, Montreal



IF
YOU
WANT
HEALTH
STRENGTH
VIGOR
APPETITE
DRINK

Cosgrave's Ale or Cosgrave's Porter

Made from pure
IRISH MALT.

Or a delicious blend of both

Half and Half

Always Ask for COSGRAVE'S

THE THIEL

Detective Service Co. of Canada, Limited

E. R. CARRINGTON, Secy. & Asst. Gen. Mgr.

OFFICES IN CANADA:

Montreal - Toronto - Winnipeg

F. G. Robinson, Mgr. J. E. Stein, Mgr. J. J. Brown, Mgr.

OTHER OFFICES:

CHICAGO, ILL., Monadnock Bldg.
DENVER, COLO., Majestic Bldg.
KANSAS CITY, MO., New England Bldg.
NEW YORK, N.Y., Hudson Terminal Bldg.
PORTLAND, ORE., Chamber of Commerce
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Mutual Savings Bank Bldg.
SEATTLE, WASH., New York Bldg.
SPOKANE, WASH., Empire State Bldg.
ST. LOUIS, MO., Century Bldg.
ST. PAUL, MINN., Germania Life Bldg.
CITY OF MEXICO, MEX., Equitable Life Ins. Bldg.
LOS ANGELES, 621 Trust Bldg.

SPECIAL EUROPEAN REPRESENTATIVE

Oshawa Fireproof Building Materials
You can gain buying from us everything in the line of Fireproof Building Materials for Exteriors and Interiors. Free Catalogue for the asking.

PEDLAR People of Oshawa
Montreal, Toronto, Halifax, St. John, Winnipeg, Vancouver

In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier

Winners of Dramatic Trophy

ON page ten of this week's issue we publish a group portrait of the "Amateur Players," of Toronto, winners of the Earl Grey Trophy at Montreal. This troupe presented "Candida" and one performance of this will be given at the Princess Theatre, Toronto, on May 19th, under the patronage of His Excellency, the Governor-General.

In his report, the judge makes the following statement concerning the work of these players: "To find flaws here, criticism must verge upon hypocrisy. The acting was on the highest plane of art, excelling, in my opinion, that of the New York production of the play. The Marchbanks of Mr. Owen was far more truly psychological and temperamental than that of Mr. Arnold Davies, and was quite adequate to one of the most difficult parts of the modern drama."

Real Burglar Proof Safe

A CURIOUS modern invention is to be seen by a favoured few in the Bank of England. It is claimed to be an absolutely burglar proof safe, because at night it is lowered into a sub-vault of heavy masonry and concrete. When the safe reaches the bottom of the vault, it is fastened down by massive steel lugs, operated by a triple time lock. Until these lugs are released automatically at a fixed time no human agency can raise the safe. As for breaking through the sub-vault and walls of stone and concrete ten feet thick, even with dynamite—well, the burglar must shake his head sorrowfully and admit that he has met his Waterloo in that safe.

The Zoological Province

(Montreal Herald.)

"FOR the greater honour and distinction" of the province, Ontario has been granted a new crest, which in the language of heraldry is thus described: "Upon a wreath of the Colours a bear passant, sable, and the supporters, on the dexter side a moose, and on the sinister side a Canadian deer, both proper," together with this motto: "Ut Incepit Fidelis Sic Permanet." This is to be borne for the province on shields, banners, flags, and otherwise, according to the laws of arms. Such a collection of wild beasts makes a curious device for the greatest farming province in the country.

Thomas the Tab

Thomas the Tabb with whiskers long
Went hunting mice when the draught
blew strong;
He sat him down on the bare stone
floor,
And the draught blew under the
kitchen door.

He sat him down by a mouse's hole,
And he watched for three long hours,
poor soul!
The draught blew sharp and the
draught blew chill,
But Thomas the Tabb he sat there
still.

Those three long hours they were
scarcely past
When the mouse peeped out—at last,
at last!

"In another moment you will be
seized,"
Chuckled Thomas the Tabb, and then
he—sneezed!

Thomas the Tabb, as we proceed
To press, is a sorrowful invalid.
And the mouse observes to her young-
sters bold,
"But he did catch something—he
caught a cold!"

—Tiny Tots.

At Forty Six



At forty-six your stomach begins to "talk back" to you—sometimes before you are forty-six—sometimes later. It will not always stand bad treatment without vigorous protest. If you are wise you will heed its warning before it is too late.

Stomach Comfort and Stomach Satisfaction come from eating

SHREDDED WHOLE WHEAT

the steam-cooked wheat, drawn into filmy, porous shreds and twice baked in the cleanest, finest bakery in the world—a food for children and grown-ups, for invalids and athletes, for the toiler with hand or brain. Better than mushy porridges—crisp, nourishing, easily digested.

When you get tired of the same old breakfast every morning, try this for a change: Heat one or more Shredded Wheat Biscuits in the oven to restore crispness; cover with sliced pineapples and serve with milk or cream and sugar. The Biscuit is equally wholesome and nutritious with baked apple, peaches, berries or other fruit. TRISCUIT is the Shredded Wheat wafer eaten as a Toast with butter, cheese or marmalades.

THE ONLY "BREAKFAST CEREAL" MADE IN BISCUIT FORM

The Canadian Shredded Wheat Co., Limited - Niagara Falls, Ont.

TORONTO OFFICE: 49 Wellington St., East

1507

WHAT ENGLAND GIVES HER JUNE BRIDES

There is a beautiful sentiment about importing your gift for the June bride and now is the time to send for our magnificent Free Catalogue containing 7,000 illustrations of the richest gems and articles to choose from.

We sell direct to the purchaser, thus saving you the retailer's profit and offering you a greater variety.

THESE SUGGESTIONS:

No. 6580. Fine Diamond and Pearl Pendant, with platinum chain. Price \$140.00.

No. 2246. All Diamond Pendant; also forms Brooch and Hair Ornament. Price \$61.00.

No. 2265. Best Gold and real Pearl Pendant. Price \$10.25.

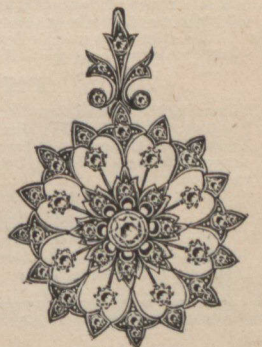
Write at once for beautifully Illustrated 6,000 page Catalogue.



No. 6580.



No. 2265.



No. 2246.

ASSOCIATION OF DIAMOND MERCHANTS

6 GRAND HOTEL BLDG., TRAFALGAR SQUARE, LONDON, E.C., ENG.

1545.

A limited number of these Catalogues can be obtained from Room 107, Mail Bldg., Toronto.

SALESMANSHIP

The Canadian Courier is looking for canvassers of the right sort for a special campaign now being inaugurated in the PROVINCE OF ONTARIO. First-class salesmanship may in these days concern itself with the question, "WHAT SHALL A MAN READ?" Thousands of Canadians await an introduction to the Canadian Courier, the national weekly of Canada, in a sense never before realized. First-class rewards await the men (or women) who are SELLERS of periodicals. You will be interested if you are in this class. Write to Circulation Manager, Canadian Courier, Toronto.

WHAT CANADIAN EDITORS THINK

A WORTHY BISHOP.

(Hamilton Times.)

THE choice of Rev. Dr. Charles Hamilton as Archbishop of Ottawa and Metropolitan of the Ecclesiastical Province of Canada, made yesterday by the Provincial House of Bishops, will give much pleasure to the people of this city, where he so long resided and officiated as Bishop of Niagara. The new Metropolitan is a man who both in his ecclesiastical capacity and as a private gentleman, had a very wide circle of friends in Hamilton, and he enjoyed to a large degree the esteem and respect, not only of the members and adherents of the Anglican Church, but of all those with whom he was brought in contact. His friends here will wish him a happy and successful career in the high office to which he has been elevated.

* * *

THOSE BAD BOOKS.

(Victoria Colonist.)

NOW and then someone writes a clean, fresh, wholesome book that sells; but those who can do this are few in number, while almost anyone, who can put words together, can be nasty in print. The excuse given by some people for reading these "problem" novels is that they wish to get a sight into actual life. There never was a more wretched fallacy than that which claims the truth to lie between the covers of nasty books. As a rule the writers know nothing more about actual life than any of the readers, but they give their imaginations rein and as a result produce pictures, which seem real because they are vivid. Moreover, if they were true, the truth told in them would only relate to a small fraction of society, for it is a fact that most people are decent and live honourable lives.

* * *

THE NAUGHTY P. R.

(Winnipeg Telegram.)

OTHER corporations have to go before parliament when they desire to increase their capital stock. Why should the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, whose stock issues are so vitally related to its freight rates, enjoy special favours in this respect? The C. P. R. shareholders in these last two stock issues have cleaned up in addition to their handsome dividends, something like \$60,000,000. The public will pay interest on that amount in excessive freight rates. Parliament cannot remain indifferent to a condition of affairs in which at unexpected moments, the C. P. R. may engineer these stock issues, imposing as they do such burdens on the public. If there is to be any more melon cutting the responsibility should rest on parliament whose members will be directly answerable to the people.

* * *

MACHINERY THE MAIN THING.

(Winnipeg Telegram.)

TAKE the woollen duties, for instance, which are a never ending source of concern to the government press. The favourite plea is that the Canadian woollen manufacturers are pressing for increased protection and that their claims are supported by the Conservative party. This woollen bugaboo has come to be a familiar figure. At regular intervals it is employed to make the public believe that in resisting the demand for increased woollen duties the government is dealing sledge hammer blows at protection. The Canadian

public is not quite so gullible. Woollen duties are not at present a matter of life or death to the people of Canada. So far as the farmers are concerned, and especially the western farmers, woollen duties do not begin to compare in importance with the duty on agricultural implements. If the Laurier Government with its professed friendship for low tariff, is so solicitous of the interests of the consumer and if as it argues, the tariff imposes a direct tribute on the buyer, why does it not apply the pruning knife to the duty on agricultural implements? There is no industry in Canada that can as well afford to stand the pruning knife as the manufacturers of agricultural implements. There is no industry which has so abused the tariff privileges it enjoys. How is it that the government and its newspaper organs which rant so loudly against the woollen duties, have not a word to say against the duty on agricultural implements? This is a question which the farmer will do well to turn over in his mind. All the fuss and furor about the phantom effort to increase the woollen duties is so much false alarm designed to divert the farmer's attention from protected industries which are more to be feared than the manufacturers of woollen goods.

* * *

WHY NOT SWINBURNE?

(Victoria Times.)

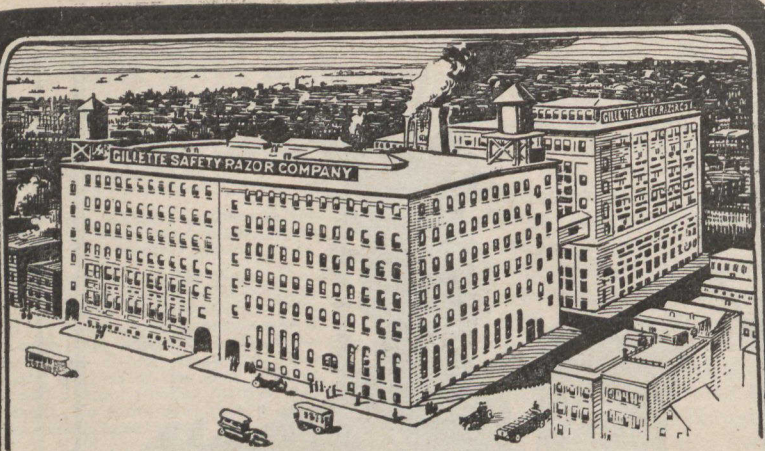
WHY were the remains of the poet Swinburne not honoured with sepulture in Westminster Abbey? The all but universal opinion seems to be that some one blundered in denying to the dust of this gentle singer a resting place in Great Britain's Valhalla. Yet it may be that the fault, if there be any fault, does not lie with the custodians of the Abbey's sacred corner. The wishes of the deceased and their friends have usually to be taken into consideration in such matters. It may be that the departed poet himself left explicit instructions as to the disposition which should be made of his mortal part. He may have expressed a preference for the place in which he sleeps, described as one of the most beautiful, most peaceful and most bewitching corners in England. And it may be well to remember that the remains of a goodly number of Mr. Swinburne's predecessors in Britain's roll of immortals lie crumbling in comparatively obscure churchyards. The myriad-minded Shakespeare is not entombed in the Abbey. Possibly at the time of his departure he was not considered worthy of a place there.

* * *

WOMEN AND WAR

(St. John Globe.)

AN objection very strongly argued by men against giving the franchise to women is that while women have much to do with the making of wars they have not the physical qualities which enable them to do duty in actual warfare. Of course this is a phase of the whole subject upon which much might be said. Perhaps man unconsciously pays woman a tribute when he says this. He does not revolt at the idea of the battlefield for himself. As a natural protector of woman he does not want to see her there. Possibly if the necessities of the nations compelled women to take up arms the system of warfare might be adjusted or modified so as to accommodate itself to woman's capacity. It is likely that very soon, if woman was compelled to the duty of warfare, she would fit herself to discharge that duty. Every man must note with consider-



The Proof of The Demand for The Gillette Safety Razor

Five years ago, the Gillette factory was a single room with a handful of employees.

Since 1904, the Boston factory has been enlarged four times. The buildings shown above have four acres of floor space and house seventeen hundred workers.

The world-wide demand for "The Gillette"

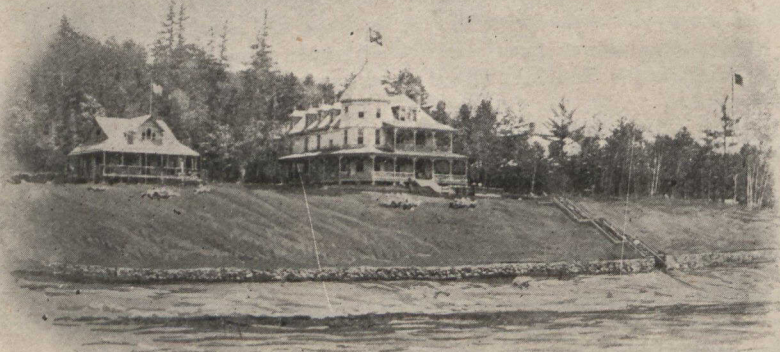


necessitated the establishment of factories in Montreal, London, Paris and Berlin. In Canada, the "GILLETTE" is made in the largest and most

up-to-date plant in the Dominion that is devoted exclusively to the manufacture of safety razors. The world over, "The Gillette" marks the final achievement in razor-making.

Your jeweler, your druggist, your hardware dealer, your favorite departmental store will explain the features of the "Gillette" to you and show you the different styles.

The GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO. of Canada Limited
Office and Factory, 63 St. Alexander St. Montreal. 58



A VACATION IN THE PINE WOODS

Go back to business feeling like a new man. No tired listless feeling like that which generally accompanies a short sojourn at the sea-side. The cool and balsamic atmosphere of the wilds is so rejuvenating, so refreshing.

Just on the edge of civilization, amidst high wooded lands, streams and lakes of purest water abounding in fish. A veritable paradise for the canoe and rod lover among the wooded islands and inlets of beautiful

TEMISKAMING LAKE

A lake of the North Land, in the heart of the Laurentian Hills, brought by the railroad to within a few hours of your city, giving you the same opportunity to enjoy a visit to the picturesque wild lands of Canada as the man with weeks of leisure at his command.

The climate is unexcelled—cool nights for rest and recuperation after the day's outing. Every convenience of a New York Hotel will be found at the

THE BELLEVUE HOTEL

Charmingly situated, amid trees and shrubbery on the shore of the lake. Gasoline Launches; Boating; Lawn Tennis; Bowling on the green and alleys; Billiards and Dancing. Ice cold Laurentian Water piped from springs in the Hills. Hot and cold baths on all floors; sanitary conveniences; electric lighting; modern in every way; an ideal place to spend your summer vacation.

Pleased to send information and beautiful booklet.

Write "THE MANAGER, TEMISKAMING, P. Q."

Open for season 1909—June 25th.
Boats leave the Hotel Dock daily for the famous Cobalt Silver Belt calling at Haileybury, Liskard and intervening points.

(1502)

An investment in the 6% Dividend paying Stock of the Association, payable January 1st, and July 1st, always insures funds for a holiday trip. You must sow before you can reap. Better begin now. Write for 16th Annual Report.

THE PEOPLES BUILDING & LOAN ASSOCIATION

THE PEOPLES BUILDINGS

LONDON, ONT.

Chartered 1892.

able interest that the prize offered by the Navy League of Canada, for the best essay on the question "Shall Canada Have a Navy of Her Own?" was won by a woman, Mrs. W. Hews Oliphant, of Toronto.

* * *

DIRECT TAXATION HEAVY.

(Ottawa Journal.)

THE new British budget is likely to give a fresh spur in the mother country if any were needed, to the movement for "fair trade," alias more customs duties. Great Britain has practically no customs duties except upon tea and intoxicating liquors. Ninety-two per cent. of the imports into the British Isles are duty-free. So far, when additional revenue has been needed by the Imperial Government, it has usually been sought by increases in taxes on incomes, inheritances and law stamps. A Conservative government departed from this in the Boer war by imposing a slight duty on imported corn since removed. In most countries in the world now—Germany, France, the United States, Canada—government revenue comes chiefly from customs duties. When more revenue is wanted, the usual plan is to look to the customs for it.

* * *

MORE AND MORE LAND.

(Edmonton Journal.)

NOTWITHSTANDING the development that has recently been experienced in Alberta, and the wave of immigration that has flowed into the country, the era of expansion has evidently hardly begun, and even in the surveyed districts millions of acres of valuable land are still available for homesteading. The railway extension that is projected for the immediate future will put these lands into touch with means of transportation, and will vastly accelerate the progress that has everywhere been conspicuous.

* * *

THE UNHYGIENIC FLY.

(Ottawa Journal.)

SOON cometh the fly. The restless, bothersome fly used to be regarded as merely an incident of summer; something to be either philosophically endured, or killed casually as the spirit might move one.

Science has now decided that the fly—the ordinary house fly that is with us in millions, is more than an incident of summer. Science has come to the conclusion after exhaustive research and bacterial tests, that the fly is not merely a nuisance to humanity, but is a daily menace to life. It has come to the conclusion that the fly must not be killed casually when it gets bothersome to a bald pate or disturbs a siesta, but must be deliberately, persistently and scientifically hounded to death.

* * *

THE LONG TURNPIKE.

(Manitoba Free Press.)

THE growth of the ever spreading network of railway extensions does not lessen but increases the need of good roads. What this country will have to have is a main highway running westward from Winnipeg, with radiating roads, maintained for constant traffic. That there will be in time such a highway from Winnipeg to and over the mountains is not to be doubted. For the immediate future it is the problem of good roads in the region immediately surrounding Winnipeg that claims the attention of the people of Winnipeg and the surrounding municipalities. The Provincial Government, in concert with the municipalities, will have to work out a system by which the Province will be divided into groups of municipalities for road, making

SAVED THE BUILDING

Here is another fire picture—it speaks for itself. It is taken from a photograph of the Graham Nail Works on their old site on Dufferin Street, Toronto. Their building was burned to the ground, and the high wind carried the flying red hot embers over to the roof of the adjoining building, where they blazed fiercely.

The roof of this adjoining building was fortunately covered with "Eastlake" steel shingles, and as you will notice, was not even scorched. That's the kind of fire insurance to carry.

Interested, as I have been, in the subject of building for twenty-five years, it's astonishing to me to see the many advantageous uses metallic building materials can be profitably put to. They are not only fire proof, weather proof and lightning-proof but decorative and artistic besides.—*The Philosopher of Metal Town.*

For particulars and figures respecting a roof, new buildings or interior decorations, write

TORONTO The Metallic Roofing Co., Limited WINNIPEG

Will give estimates showing cost of completed jobs and will arrange for contractors 1546

To every out-door hobby, to every delight of nature, to the very Spirit of Spring itself, there is an added charm for those who

KODAK

Not merely for the sake of the moment's pleasure, but even more for the pleasure in the years that follow, the Kodak is worth while. And it's all so simple now that anybody can make good pictures. Kodak, you know, means photography with the bother left out.

Kodaks, \$5.00 to \$100.00

CANADIAN KODAK CO., Limited
TORONTO, CANADA

1909 Catalogue at your dealer's or by mail

HOLBROOK'S

Adds a delicious zest and piquancy to

SOUPS, FISH, MEATS, SAUCE, POULTRY, GAME.

MADE AND BOTTLED IN ENGLAND—SOLD BY ALL GROCERS

SALESMANSHIP

¶ The Canadian Courier is looking for canvassers of the right sort for a special campaign now being inaugurated in the PROVINCE OF ONTARIO. ¶ First-class salesmanship may in these days concern itself with the question, "WHAT SHALL A MAN READ?" Thousands of Canadians await an introduction to the Canadian Courier, the national weekly of Canada, in a sense never before realized. ¶ First-class rewards await the men (or women) who are SELLERS of periodicals. You will be interested if you are in this class. Write to Circulation Manager, Canadian Courier, Toronto.

Do not be put off,
Insist on

Dewar's

"Special
Liqueur"

97

Hotel York
New York



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

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

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

H. G. WILLIAMS, Manager

O'Keefe's
PILSENER



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

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

The O'Keefe Brewery Co.
of Toronto, Limited

Oshawa Galvanized Steel Shingles
PEDLAR People of Oshawa
Montreal, Toronto, Halifax, St. John, Winnipeg, Vancouver

You can't afford to roof a thing without Oshawa Galvanized Steel Shingles. Good for a hundred years. Send for the free booklet.

purposes; and methods will have to be devised by which that work will be carried on in the most effective way, the cost being duly apportioned and extended over a term of years.

* * *

PUBLIC PAYS THE PIPER.

(Renfrew Mercury.)

WHEAT has gone up in price, and up in sympathy with it goes the price of bread, "the staff of life." A factor contributing to the bull movement is undoubtedly the operations of one James A. Patten, who with some associates at Chicago "cornered" a large amount of the world's visible supply of wheat, one result of which was the clearing by them of some \$4,000,000, the most of it going into the pockets of Patten, the master mind, who is now said to be holidaying in the island of Trinidad. Within a very brief space this money came to these men, and while of course the means employed to win it were all right in law, they are far from being right in morals. By skillful manipulation the commercial value of a commodity is made to soar, and millions of treasure thereby brought to the manipulators, while millions of people, getting no compensating benefits, are obliged to face an increased cost for one of the necessities of life.

* * *

THESE FIGHTING EDITORS.

(Hamilton Times.)

THE editorial dictator of the Toronto Telegram in his desire to glorify militarism quotes from Lowell's Biglow papers:

"Civilisation does go forward, sometimes on a powder cart."

The wording of this is not exact; but let that pass. The Telegram chap declares that it should read, "Always on a powder cart." That was not Lowell's idea; it has never been the idea of any sane, intelligent man. How Lowell regarded the matter may be gathered from his own words:

"Ez fer war, I call it murder—
There you hev it plain an' flat;
I don't want to go no furdur
than my Testymnt fer that;
God has sed so plump an' fairly,
It's ez long ez it is broad,
An' you've got to git up airly
Ef you want to take in God.

Really, there is little to choose between the public journalist who seeks to apotheosise militarism and glorify war as the great civiliser and promoter of Christian fraternity, and Abdul Hamid and his policy and methods. But in any event spare the gentle, peace-loving, Christian-minded Lowell, who appreciated the war spirit and properly held it in abhorrence.

* * *

ENGLISH CLEAR ENOUGH.

(St. John Globe.)

THE dual language question is continually coming to the front in Quebec. Transportation companies and business men are now worried over a measure proposed in the Quebec legislature by Mr. Armand Lavergne, providing that public utility contracts, such as railway tickets, bills of lading, telegraph, and other such contract forms, shall be printed in both French and English. The penalty for non-obedience to this rule is to be a heavy fine. Although the Canadian Pacific, Grand Trunk and Canadian Northern railways claim that such legislation in regard to their lines is ultra vires of the province, and that any such regulation should come under the federal railway act, and although manufacturers and business houses oppose the bill, it has

passed the Legislation Committee. The question is a very delicate one in the province of Quebec, but there is hope that the legislature will reject the measure.

* * *

TRIO OF TROUBLES.

(Victoria Times.)

THREE terrible blows have fallen upon the musical world. Paderewski is afflicted with muscular rheumatism in his working parts, the arms; Caruso is suffering from an affliction of the throat, and his musical organs are therefore out of tune; Tetrizzini has gripe, and her whole physical organism is out of harmony. The great artistic trio have gone to Europe for treatment. It may be that America will hear some of them nevermore. New York is said to be in mourning, refusing to be comforted even by the thought of the opening of the baseball season.

* * *

DOMESTICS ARE NEEDED.

(Toronto Mail and Empire.)

THOUGH immigration keeps up, it affords little relief to Canada's overworked housewives. Among the newcomers the women are possibly as numerous as the men, but such of the former as are not to have the care of homes of their own seem generally to have preferences or qualifications for other than domestic work. Factories and restaurants and like places of employment have an increasing volume of women labour to draw upon, and even in business offices vacancies are being competed for to an increasing extent by young women and girls from abroad. The thousands of Ontario homes where good places and liberal wages await women competent to do housework remain unfilled. Yet the need for such help is literally a crying one. Go where you will in this province, you will hear the lament that capable domestic help is not to be had at any price. This yawning want is one of which surely there is little knowledge among British women and girls trained to serve as cooks, housemaids, and maids of all work. Of the few we get who have really been brought up to these callings the majority come from British cities, and have little fitness for the domestic duties of an Ontario farm house. Were the need and opportunities here for women who are prepared to turn their hands to anything in the economy of rural house-keeping made known in the right circles of the United Kingdom, many more of such women than we are now getting would be induced to try their fortune in Ontario.

A CLOCK MADE OF BICYCLES.

A CLEVER Frenchman named Alphonse Duhamel has constructed a timepiece twelve feet high, composed entirely of bicycles or their component parts. The framework is a huge bicycle wheel, round which are arranged twelve ordinary sized wheels, all fitted with pneumatic tires. A rim within the large wheel bears the figures for the hours, the figures themselves being constructed of crank rods. The hands are made of steel tubing, which is used for the framework of bicycles. The minute strokes on the dial are small nickel plated pieces. The top of the clock is an arrangement of twelve handlebars. The clock strikes the hours and the quarters, bicycle bells, of course, making the chimes. The pendulum is made of various parts of a bicycle frame. It is said that the clock, besides being a curiosity, is an excellent timepiece. It now adorns one of the public buildings of Paris.

A New Illustrated Farm Paper

Thoroughly Up-to-Date

Will shortly be issued
from the Courier Press.

☑ Only original matter will be used.

☑ It will give all the agricultural news of the week.

☑ Articles by the best writers on live stock husbandry for the professional breeder, feeder and dairyman will be a leading feature.

☑ All Farm Topics will be discussed in season. Questions submitted in connection with all phases of farming will be answered free of charge to subscribers by the best recognized authorities in North America.

☑ A special crop and live stock market reporting service is being organized for the exclusive benefit of subscribers.

☑ Orcharding, gardening, tile drainage, economical construction of farm buildings and concrete work will receive special attention by experts.

☑ This newspaper will be under the Editorial Management of J. H. S. JOHNSTONE, for 10 years Associate Editor of "The Breeder's Gazette," Chicago, author of "The Horse Book," etc.

☑ A Popular Subscription Price will be charged. Full details will be presented later.

Further particulars may be obtained from

THE COURIER PRESS LIMITED

59-61 Victoria Street, TORONTO

CANADIAN HOTEL DIRECTORY

The New Russell

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

La Corona Hotel

(The Home of the Epicure)
European Plan, \$1.50 up. Montreal

TORONTO HOTELS

King Edward Hotel

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

Palmer House

200 Rooms. \$2.00 up.
American and European.

CALGARY, ALBERTA, CAN.

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

In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier

Where will You go this Summer?



Beaverton
Lake Couchiching
Sparrow Lake
THE MUSKOKA LAKES
Georgian Bay
The Maganetawan
or French River

There are plenty of choices along the line of the Canadian Northern Ontario Railway and it is easy to decide which will suit you best.

The new book "THE LAKE SHORE LINE" is full of holiday suggestions and will introduce you to the finest summering country in Ontario.

Copies of "The Lake Shore Line" may be had for the asking from the ticket offices at the corner of King and Toronto streets or from the Information Bureau, Canadian Northern Railway System, Toronto.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

The Only Double Track Route

— between —

Toronto, Montreal and Chicago

Solid vestibule trains, operated daily, carrying beautiful coaches, Pullman Sleepers, Buffet Library, Parlor or Parlor Library, Cafe Cars.

Handsome booklet "Trains 3 and 4" on application to

J. D. McDonald, D.P.A.
Toronto

J. Quinlan, D.P.A.
Montreal

G. W. Vaux, G.P.A.
Montreal

G. T. Bell, Asst. Pass. Traffic Mgr.
Montreal

W. E. Davis, Pass. Traffic Mgr.
Montreal

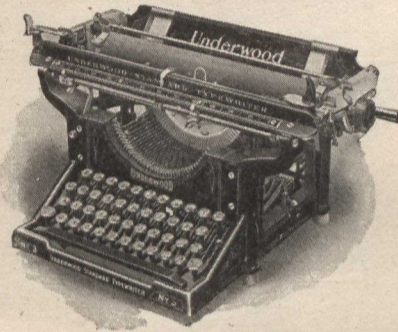
DROP A LINE to the General Passenger Dept.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

MONCTON N. B.



and you will be told where THESE WERE CAUGHT and where YOU CAN CATCH MORE.



Do you use an Underwood, or one of the imitations?

The Underwood originated the modern style of typewriter; introduced the first radical change in writing machines that had taken place in 25 years. It has had a score of imitators. The success of the Underwood has resulted in all the other leading makers using it as a model. Do you prefer the copy or the original?

UNITED TYPEWRITER CO. Ltd.

TORONTO

Offices in all Canadian Cities



DO IT YOURSELF!

Brighten up your Home with

LACQUERET
HOUSEHOLD LACQUER

If your Furniture, Woodwork or Floors are old, faded, soiled or scratched

A CAN OF **LACQUERET** WILL WORK A TRANSFORMATION FOR SALE BY

Most Paint and Hardware Dealers Everywhere

Ask for Color Card and Dainty Decorator

Eight beautiful shades, also clear. Sold in sealed cans, 1/4 pint to 1 gallon

Full Imperial Measure

—Manufactured by—

International Varnish Co. Limited
TORONTO

Branch of Standard Varnish Works
NEW YORK, CHICAGO, LONDON
BERLIN, BRUSSELS

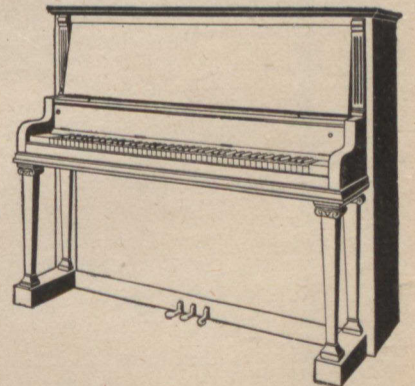
THE "DOMINION"

A PIANO OF QUALITY

WE are extending our recent widely appreciated offer and have placed six more Dominion Boudoir Upright Grand Pianos on sale on easy terms at only

\$247

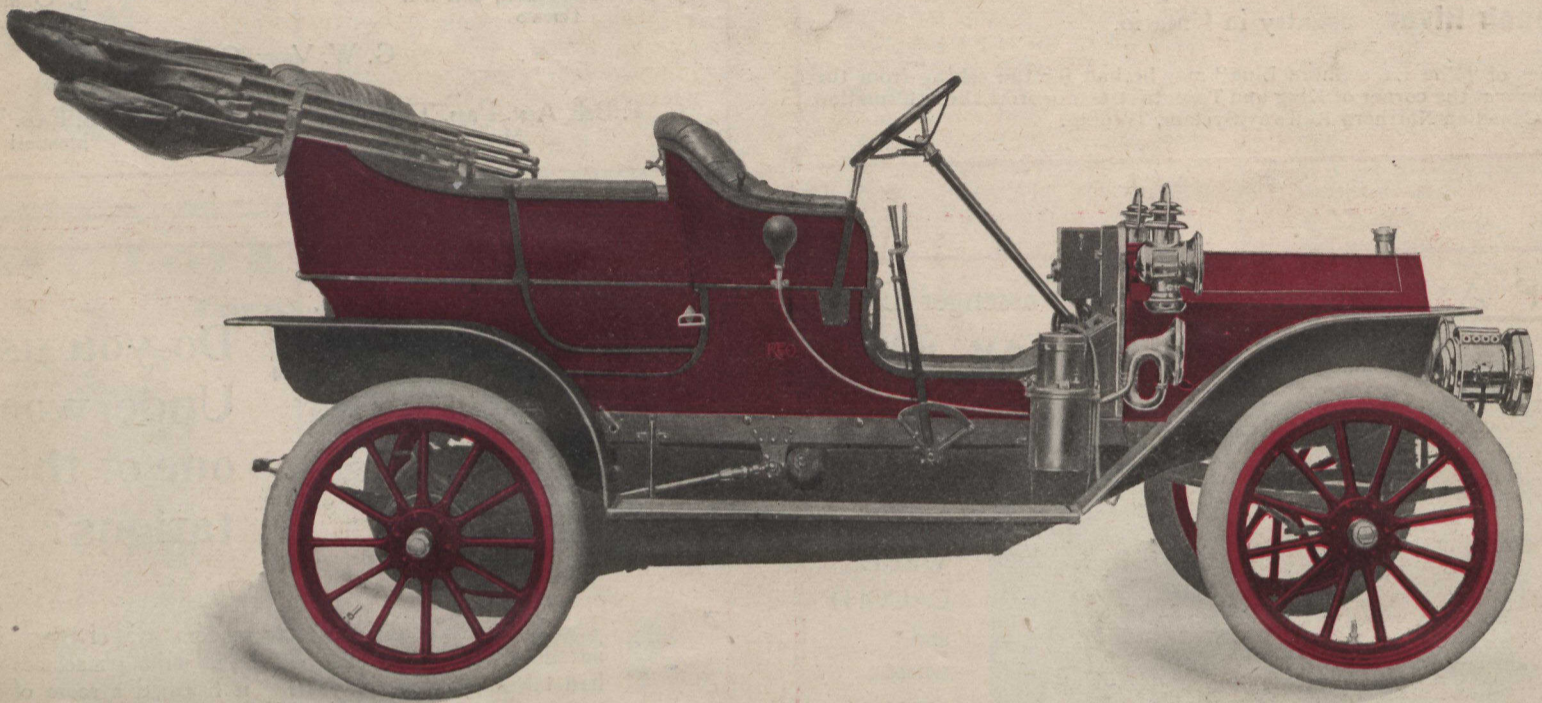
The Dominion is a Piano of singularly sweet tone, and solid elegance of exterior. It embodies materials and workmanship that guarantee durability and that have made the "old Dominion" a favorite Piano for forty years. If you missed the former offer do not fail to call and see this remarkable showing—it is your opportunity to secure a Piano of unusual merit at an unusually low price.



The Mason & Risch Piano Co. Limited
32 King Street West • • TORONTO

"The Car That Gets You There and Back"

The "REO" is every bit as good as it looks. It looks just as good one hundred miles from home, as it does nearby — because you know it will get you home, and that counts.



Don't Let The Low Price of The "Reo" Bias Your Judgment

The Fact that the "REO" Touring Car sells for \$1,250, does not mean that it is in any sense a "cheap" car.

Do not confuse the "REO" with other medium-priced cars. Most medium-priced cars are built with high-priced cars as a model, the price reduction being effected simply by using cheaper material and rougher workmanship. That is the **wrong** way to make a low-priced car.

The "REO" on the other hand, makes no attempt to imitate this or that \$4,000 or \$5,000 car, but is built upon lines of its own; the result of years of experience and expert knowledge of motor car construction.

By simple, practical methods, we have produced a car to sell at \$1,250, that will do all the average Canadian Tourist wants.

Agents are rapidly being appointed throughout Canada, but, if you have not an agent in YOUR town, write us for particulars. Even if you are not ready to buy, you will find interesting reading in our little book "Two Weeks—A Shocking Tale."

Reo Motor Car Company of Canada, Limited
ST. CATHARINES - ONTARIO