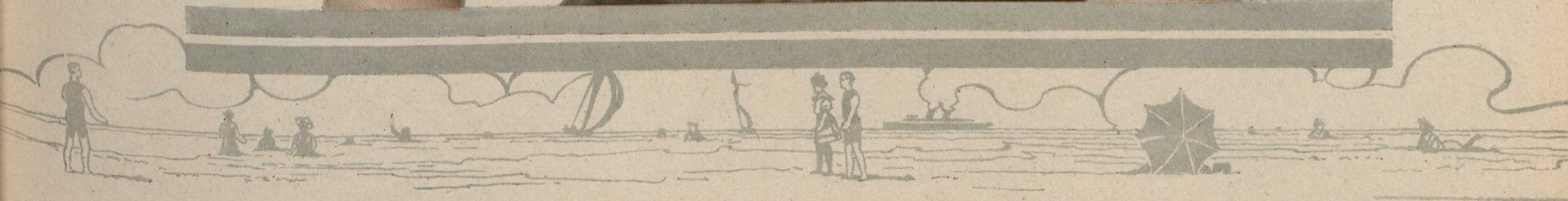


The Canadian **Courier**

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

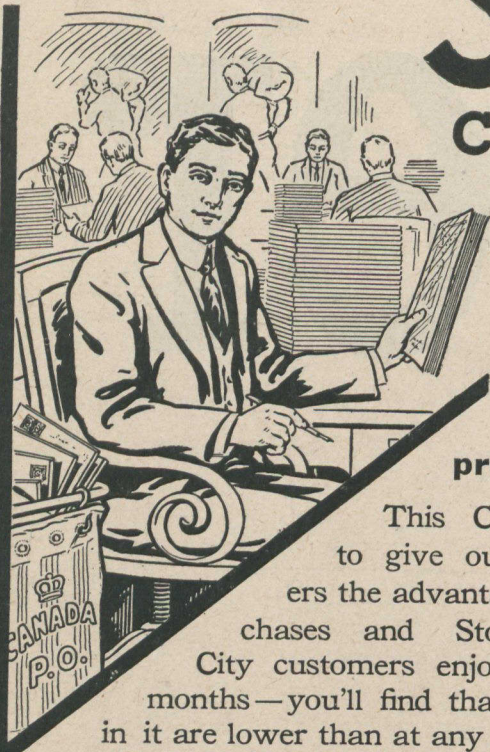


Read in
Nine
Provinces



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

YOUR COPY of the **SIMPSON SUMMER SALE CATALOGUE**



is all ready for you—just waiting for your name and address. A postal request will bring it to you, all charges prepaid.

This Catalogue is published to give our Mail Order customers the advantage of the Special Purchases and Stock-taking Sales that City customers enjoy during the Summer months—you'll find that the prices we quote in it are lower than at any other time of year.

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The **SIMPSON** Company Limited
Robert TORONTO

W. A. Murray & Co. Limited.

A June Sale of Stunning Linen Suits and Beautiful Lingerie Dresses

June will certainly be one of the biggest months in our Mantle Section as we have made many special purchases from the best New York houses of Linen Suits, Coats and Lingerie Dresses. They are all remarkable values at the prices marked. We solicit an inspection of our stock for even if you do not intend to buy, a glance at the new styles will interest you.

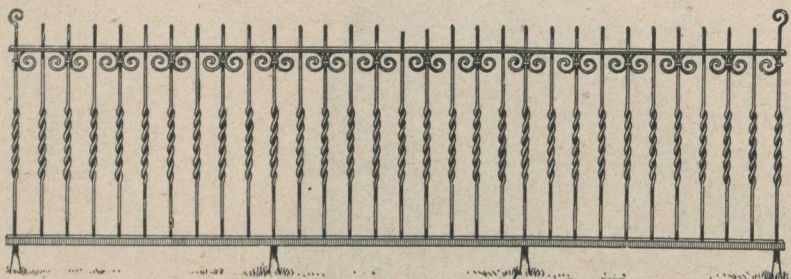
Beautiful Lingerie Dresses made of fine embroidered mulls, overskirt model, in white, sky, pink and heliotrope. June sale price..... **\$22.50**

Charming Lingerie Dresses, made of fine quality mull, with embroidered flounce, dainty lace yokes with 3/4 or full length sleeves. June sale price.... **\$10.50**

A large range of stunning Linen Suits, plain tailor-made and the new embroidered styles, colors of pink, sky, tan, rose, reseda, heliotrope and white. June sale prices..... **\$15.00, \$18.50, \$25.00**

There is a distinctive style type to all Murray's garments, and exclusiveness that is not to be found elsewhere.

There's Quality and Style in Our No. 725 IRON FENCE



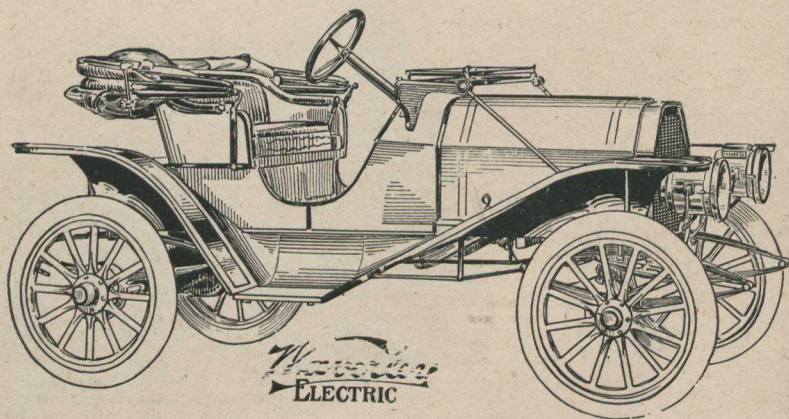
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the original hand cleaner, he can be both a real boy on the playground and a young gentleman at home. Harder on dirt and easier on the hands than soap.

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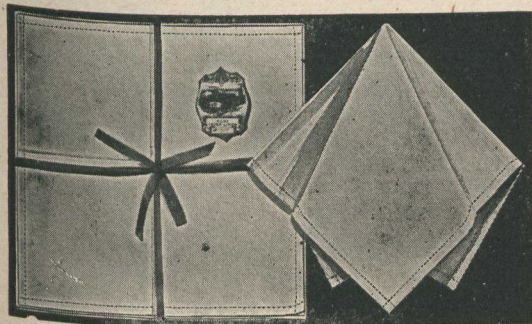
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**JAPANETTE HANDKERCHIEFS
FOR MEN OR WOMEN
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3 FOR 25c B4-600. Japanette, the Popular Handkerchief with Men and Women, soft, and has the appearance of a silk handkerchief, fast colors, much used for making aprons, kimonos, dust caps, work bags, etc. Colored borders of navy and white, sky and white, mauve and white, green and white, and other combinations. Your choice. **3 FOR 25c**

MEN'S PURE IRISH LINEN

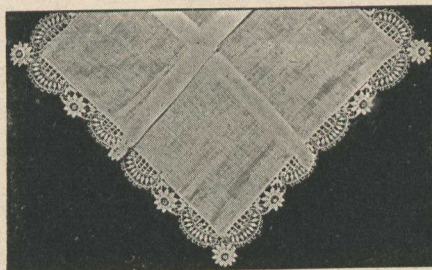


B4-601. Men's Fine Pure Irish Linen Handkerchiefs, with neat hemstitched hem in assorted widths, 18 in. square, at 2 for **25c**

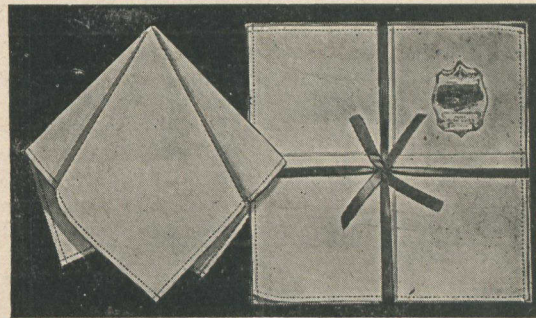
**FANCY LINEN
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3 for 1.00

B4-605. Women's Fancy Handkerchief with linen centre, trimmed with fine guipure lace. **35c** or 3 for **1.00**



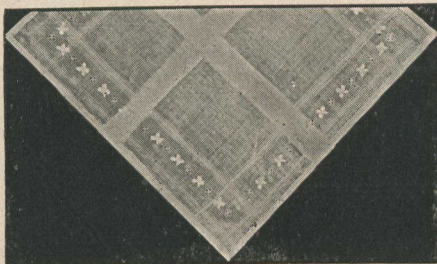
WOMEN'S PURE IRISH LINEN



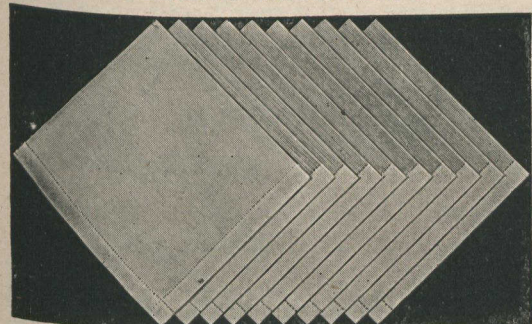
B4-611. Women's Fine Pure Irish Linen Handkerchiefs, finished with 1/8, 1/4 and 1/2 in. hemstitched hems, 13 in. square. Special value 3 for **25c**

**SWISS EMBROIDERED
10c**

B4-606. Women's Fine Swiss Embroidered Handkerchief, with a neat hemstitched hem, each **10c**



WOMEN'S IRISH LAWN

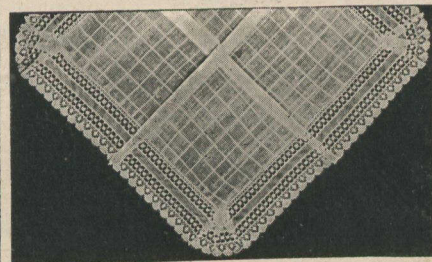


B4-602. Women's Irish Lawn Handkerchiefs, with assorted hemstitched hems, 12 in. square. Extra special value at 10 for **25c**

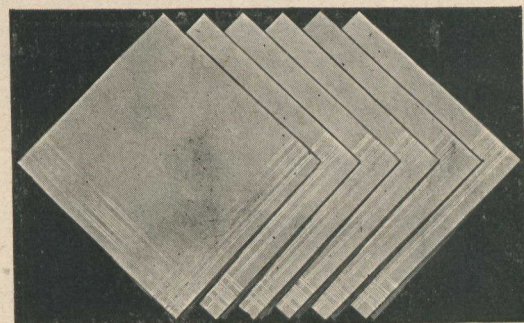
Also better qualities at 6 for **25c** and 8 for **25c**

**LACE TRIMMED
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B4-607. Women's Fine Handkerchief, with cross bar centre, trimmed with fine Val. lace, each **10c**



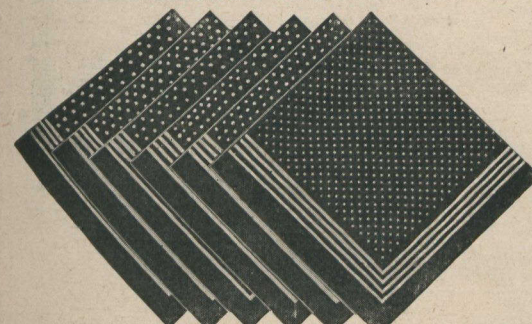
MEN'S FINE CAMBRIC



B4-612. Men's Fine Cambric Handkerchiefs, large size, 21 in. square, finished with a tape border, 6 for **25c**

Smaller sizes at 8 for **25c** and 10 for **25c**

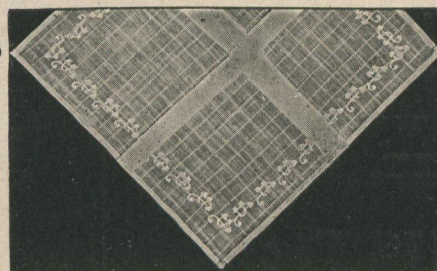
MEN'S COLORED HANDKERCHIEFS



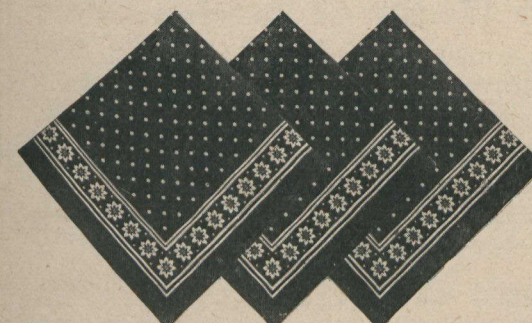
B4-603. Men's Colored Working Handkerchiefs, red and white, blue and white, 18 in. square, fast colors, at 6 for **25c**

**SWISS EMBROIDERED
2 FOR 25c**

B4-608. Women's Fine Swiss Embroidered Handkerchief, with neat cross bars at 2 for **25c**



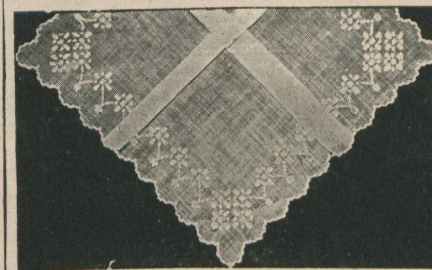
MEN'S EXTRA LARGE COLORED



B4-604. Men's Extra Large Colored Handkerchiefs, blue and white, and red and white, 24 in. square, at 3 for **25c**

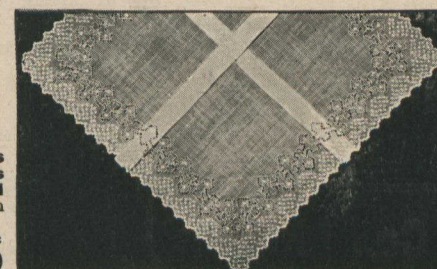
**SCALLOPED EDGE
2 FOR 25c**

B4-609. Women's Fine Swiss Embroidered Handkerchief, with scalloped edge, at 2 for **25c**

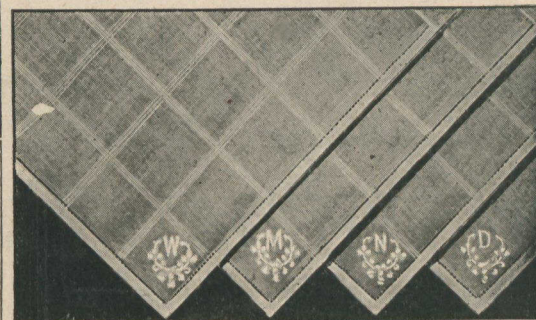


**SCALLOPED EDGE
35c**

B4-610. Women's Extra Fine Swiss Embroidered Handkerchief, with scalloped edge, each **35c** 3 for **1.00**

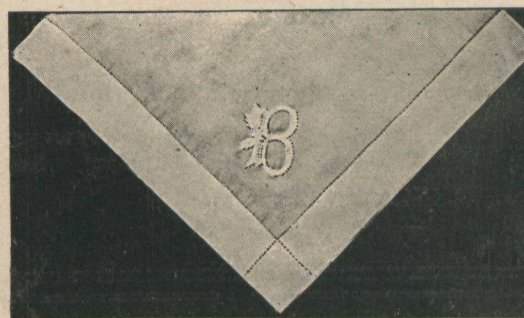


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B4-613. A Stylish Handkerchief for Women, with a neat cross bar, finished with a neat hemstitched hem, has hand embroidered initial and wreath in corner, all initials. Please state initial when ordering. Special value 4 for **25c**

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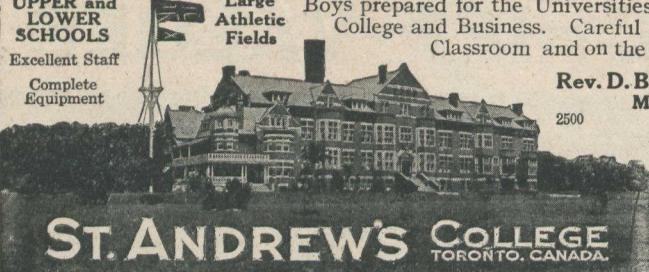
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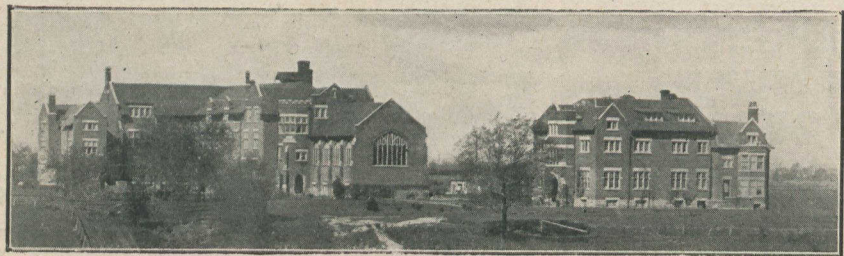
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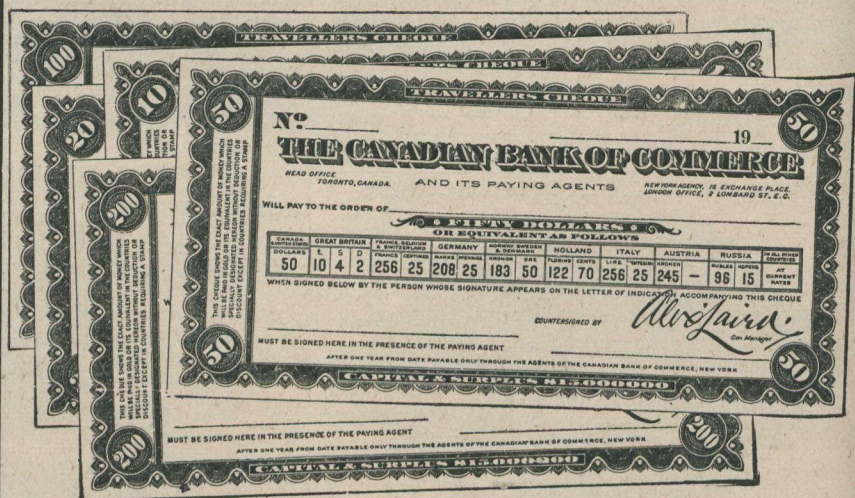
Our free booklet, "Dainty Decorator," tells the story of "Lacqueret"—the home beautifier. A post-card brings it. Interesting and informing. Write for it to-day.

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Royal Warrants have been granted to Messrs. G. H. MUMM & CO. by
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SANDERSON'S Scotch

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POSITIVELY THE FINEST WHISKY IMPORTED

The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

Published at 12 Wellington St. East, by the Courier Press, Limited.
Subscription Per Year: Canada and Great Britain, \$3.00; United States, \$4.00

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Editor's Talk

HOTTER the weather the lighter the reading. This week we present a minimum of letter-press with as many pictures as possible. One department, however, still holds its own in space. Those of our readers who are interested in financial matters will be interested to note the complete information given by "Coupon" in our Money and Magnates column concerning the recent iron and steel consolidation in Canada.



Arthur Heming.

King Edward a few weeks ago created so much interest.

THE varying pastimes of earth, water and sky are well presented in this issue. Next week we shall continue to follow the flight of the flying-men. A leading feature of that issue will be a superb two-page drawing by our special artist, Mr. Arthur Heming, depicting the career of some Canadian citizens who still stick to the old prairie trail in the schooner, not being yet ambitious to fly. There will be an illustrated travel article on old Quebec; a page of pictures concerning the Hague and its illustrious tribunal; and by no means least, but of first interest to the lover of good reading, a splendid appreciation of the late Goldwin Smith, by his friend, Judge Longley, whose article on



A Special Sale

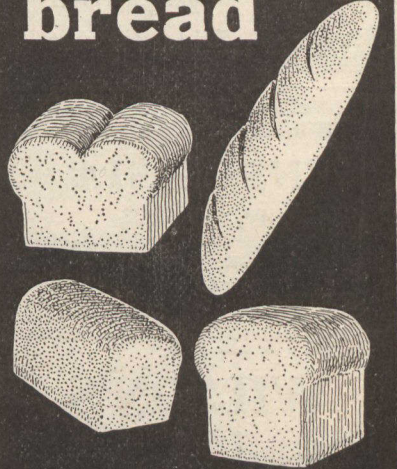
of REAL IRISH HAND WEAVES, and the bargains are real, too, consisting of

Irish Damasks	Irish Bed Linens
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Accommodation for 750 guests. \$1.50 up.
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European Plan. Absolutely Fireproof
RATES
Rooms without bath, \$1.50 up
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Queen's Hotel Calgary, the commercial metropolis of the Last Great West. Rates \$2.00 and \$2.50 per day. Free 'Bus to all trains. H. L. STEPHENS, Prop.

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Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on FRIDAY, the 12th August, 1910, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails on a proposed Contract for four years six times per week each way, between CAMBRAY and LINDSAY from the 1st October next. Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Cambray, Linden Valley and Lindsay and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT

Mail Service Branch.
Ottawa, 24th June, 1910.

G. C. Anderson,
Superintendent.



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(à la Quina du Pérou)

Insomnia is a very frequent accompaniment of exhaustion of the nervous system. Through sleeplessness the intellectual centres show impairment, memory, will, reason all become measurably affected.

Wilson's Invalids' Port, a combination of pure Oporto Wine and Cinchona Bark, is one of the best nerve tonics known to the Medical Profession. Its use will not only cure sleeplessness but allay irritability and all forms of nervous depression.

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61



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SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on FRIDAY, the 22nd JULY, 1910 for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails on a proposed Contract for four years six times per week each way, between ATHA and STOUFFVILLE from the 1st October next.

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

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT

Mail Service Branch.

Ottawa, 8th June, 1910.

G. C. Anderson

Superintendent



Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on FRIDAY, 5th AUGUST, 1910 for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years eighteen times per week each way, between New Toronto and Grand Trunk Railway Station from 1st. October next.

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

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,

Mail Service Branch

Ottawa, 21st June 1910

G. C. Anderson

Superintendent

Manitoba's Boundaries

MANITOBA elections occur this month, nominations on the 4th and elections on the 11th. Premier Roblin and his colleagues are entering the contest with confidence, and there is little doubt that the Government will be returned. The Opposition has been very weak in point of numbers and it will probably return somewhat stronger. The Government relies upon its administrative record and its record of public ownership and control of railways, telephones and internal grain-elevators. The Boundary Question looms large and will be a leading issue. Sir Wilfrid Laurier starts on tour next week, and as he will reach Manitoba before the Elections are due, he will probably be forced to say something on this question.

In his opening speech in the campaign last week, Premier Roblin thus defined the situation on this question: "When the boundaries of the province are settled and defined, when the terms upon which such increased area as we are asking for, and as promised to be given to us, is agreed to, then so far as that is concerned it is a signed book. It is not only a signed but a sealed book; it can only be opened with the consent of the parliament of Canada; and our experience of the past teaches us that the time to make the terms upon which our boundaries are to be enlarged is when the bill is being prepared, when the matter is being adjusted, and not at any subsequent period.

"Manitoba is held in check by the Dominion authorities as if it were unworthy of a place of equality with the other sisters of confederation. The question naturally arises, why is Manitoba treated in this manner? I am unable to answer that question. I wish that Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the man that stands in the path that leads to a greater province than we have to-day, would be sufficiently frank and honest to tell us why it is that he bars the way, that he handicaps them as he does at the present time; that he declares by his vote in the parliament of Canada that we are not as good as the people of Alberta and Saskatchewan.

"If there is a man in my audience or in this province who thinks that he is not as good as is the man in those other provinces, and that we do not deserve the same consideration, and is willing to admit his inferiority, then it is his duty to support the Opposition and to support Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and thus fasten upon himself, upon his children and upon posterity, so far as Manitoba is concerned, the brand of inferiority in the confederation of Canada.

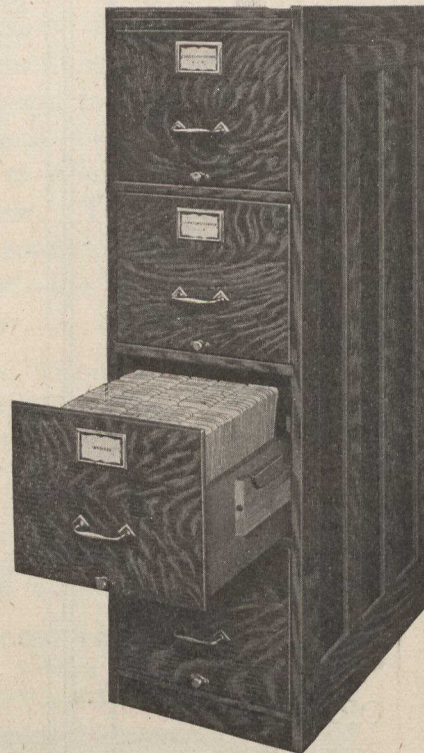
"This is a crisis in the history of Manitoba. If we are beaten Manitoba is crippled, dwarfed for ever, and she shall be an inferior and unimportant province that Sir Wilfrid apparently designs she shall be, because her revenues and resources are taken from her.

"What are the revenues of Alberta and Saskatchewan compared with Manitoba? Let us examine them. Saskatchewan has 250,000 square miles, Alberta has 254,000 square miles in round figures, Manitoba 74,000 in round figures. Alberta and Saskatchewan received in lieu of their lands, beginning when they became a province, \$375,000, and it continues to increase until it becomes \$1,125,000, according to population. Manitoba gets \$100,000, and no increase whatever. Now, tell me, if you can, why the people of Alberta should get \$1,125,000 and we should only get \$100,000?"

Exceptional Value in Filing Cabinets \$21.00

is the price of this "OFFICE SPECIALTY" Solid Oak 4-Drawer Vertical Letter Filing Cabinet. Drawer Fronts are of choice Quarter-Cut Oak. Sides and Top of Cabinet (which are seldom seen) are Solid Oak. The Drawers slide on strong Suspension Arms and each is fitted with a Follower Block and Rod. The Finish is a Rich Golden Shade, and Trimmings are Oxidized Brass. The capacity of each Drawer is about 4,500 letters.

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SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on FRIDAY, 29th JULY, 1910, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years three times per week each way, between MEAFORD and WALTER'S FALLS from the 1st September next.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of Meaford, Walter's Falls and route offices and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
Mail Service Branch

Ottawa, 17th June, 1910.

G. C. Anderson
Superintendent.



Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on FRIDAY, the 29th JULY, 1910, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years six times per week each way between COLDWATER and MOONSTONE from the 1st September next.

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

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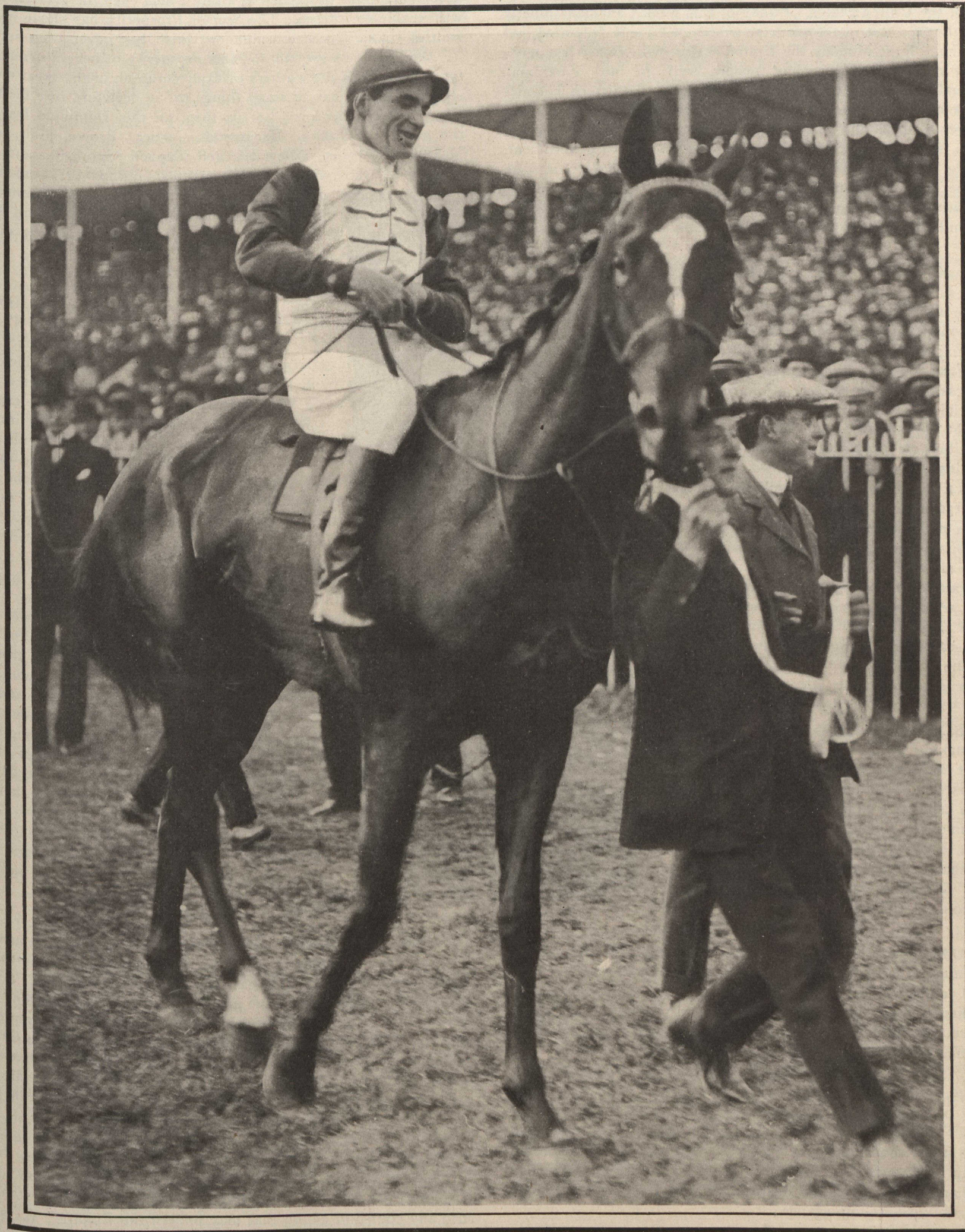
THE
Canadian Courier
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



VOL. 8

Toronto, July 2nd, 1910

No. 5



LEMBERG, WINNER OF THE FASTEST DERBY ON RECORD

The race for the English Derby was a most exciting struggle notwithstanding that the popular favourite, Neil Gow, Lord Rosebery's colt, was never in the running. The race was run in the record time of 2 min. 35 1/5 sec. Despite this fact and that the crowds were perhaps larger than ever, there seemed to lie a shadow over the whole scene; no one could help remembering the unparalleled scene of last year when King Edward led in Minoru.

REFLECTIONS

BY THE EDITOR

UNUSUAL in the story of nations is the mental attitude of Canada on this the forty-fourth time we celebrate Confederation. The year 1867 is as much the natal day of Canada as 1776 is of the United States. Friday of this week Canadians quietly recalled the fact that in 1867 four provinces of Canada federated into a Dominion. Next Monday the United States, with rather less territory and eleven times as many people, will go into a national, polylingual convulsion over the fact that in 1776 thirteen colonies threw George III's tea overboard in Boston Harbour and refused any longer to drink the health of the King over the water—even in tea. Such is the difference of temperament—some say of government.

Uncle Sam will jubilate this year as sonorously as ever, in spite of the fact that he is annually losing about 100,000 of his thriftiest farmer citizens to Canada, with an aggregate yearly gain of about twenty million dollars to this country.

IN Canada—what a contrast! Skimming the cream from Uncle Sam's milkpans; with two hundred millions of his capital invested in Canadian industries; with prospects for a reasonable reconsideration of tariffs; with thousands of well-selected British citizens coming in every year along with carefully hand-picked thousands from central Europe; conspicuous example to the Empire of the greatest self-governing colony; fair into an era of prosperity and commercial expansion unequalled in the story of nation-building; with eight millions of people instead of three and a half millions in 1867; with nine provinces in place of four; with 25,000 miles of railway instead of 2,500; with 101 millions Dominion revenue as against 14 millions; with 800 millions imports and exports in contrast to 130 millions; above all, with the sense of an incipient self-conscious nationalism from coast to coast. In the face of all these tremendous advantages Canada observes Dominion Day with open-air horse shows in the cities, citizens fishing in the country, villages deserted and rural regions either asleep or gathering hay; steamboats crowded with people going away somewhere; not the boom of a gun, or a single national oration; no fetes, no great gatherings of people; scarce even a rag of bunting or a flag; hardly a celebration worthy the name: merely an observance.

Such is temperament coupled with history.

SOMEbody suggested that the Canadian Clubs take up the work of making Dominion Day a real national holiday. The idea is good, but the Canadian Clubs have not responded. The truth is that Canadians cannot be induced to do much flag-waving. The French-Canadian celebrates St. Jean Baptiste day with a fervour not shown on Dominion Day and the British-Canadian has always paid more attention to May 24th than July 1st. To the outsider this might indicate that Canadians are lacking in love of country, but such is not the case. We are of two races and we are peculiar—there is no other explanation. A half century hence it may be different.

CANADA'S greatest problem, undoubtedly, is the assimilation and training of her new citizens. The official homestead returns for April indicate this problem clearly. In that month, there were 7,209 homestead entries in the three western provinces. Of these, 3,530 were Canadians or British, while the rest were foreigners made up as follows: United-Statesers, 2,418; Austria-Hungarians, 338; Russians, 337; Norwegians, 144; Germans, 122; Swedes, 100; others, 320.

Each of these entries represents 2½ people, or a total of 18,778 persons. Two out of four of these people are foreigners, trained in the ideals and circumstances and historical associations of a foreign citizenship. To transform them into Canadians, with a knowledge of Canadian history, Canadian institutions and Canadian ambitions is a task of supreme importance.

AS a stimulus to our national pride, we recognise that the forty-third year of Canada's history has been the greatest in every respect. The influx of new settlers was nearly twice as great as in any other year with one exception. Foreign trade broke all pre-

vious records, the increase in May, for example, being over thirty per cent. Domestic trade was also greater in volume than in any previous year. Savings bank accounts and general bank deposits increased enormously. The railways did an increased business and laid more rails than in any previous year. The increase in wealth must have been tremendous.

Indeed, the year ending June 30th, 1910, may be fairly described as a "boom" year. The pessimists have been utterly routed and development has proceeded at a rate which even the greatest optimist was unable to foresee. The Sun of Prosperity has shone upon this fruitful country with a brilliancy which has never been surpassed.

Amid all this growth and this prosperity, it behooves us to think for a moment of the Fathers of Confederation, of the great men who struggled in the day of small things to lay deep and sure the foundations of a new nation. Let us then, on this Dominion Day, recall the names of Taché, Macdonald, Cartier, Brown, Galt, Mowat, McDougall, McGee, Tilley, Mitchell, Tupper, Archibald and the other great men who, with prophetic minds, framed the Confederation Resolutions. Let us also recall the names of those to whom fell the duty of working out this new constitution and of enlarging the new Dominion until to-day it stretches from Atlantic to Pacific and from the 49th parallel to the Arctic Ocean.

PERHAPS the sanest word one may express on this Dominion Day is that there is a danger in over-expansion. The most careful business men are to-day pursuing a conservative policy. They are beginning to get ready for the period of dull times which comes along so regularly in the history of finance and commerce. They are speculating as to whether this period of tremendous expansion will last another year or another two years before the inevitable readjustment takes place. The consumption of food, other than bread, has almost outrun the supply. Meat, butter, cheese and eggs bring such high prices for domestic consumption that the export trade in them has steadily diminished. The price of real estate in the larger cities and towns has advanced so tremendously that conservative capitalists are investing their money in bonds rather than in real estate mortgages. The rate of interest and the rate of wages have gone up together. Mergers and flotations are numerous. Extravagance is in the air.

Of course, there is no immediate danger. The bubble will be blown much bigger before it bursts. There is a certain amount of justice and reasonableness in the present expansion, and these will be worked much harder before they disappear. But it will not be long before thousands of speculative buyers of town-lots and other properties will begin to wonder if they can get out without a loss. Manufacturers who have discounted the future will be having serious interviews with their bankers. Gentlemen with mortgages on their automobiles will begin to speculate on the price of second-hand machines. Suddenly the banks will call in a percentage of their commercial loans and the storm will be upon us.

This is not to say that Canada will not continue to expand and develop. Canada will go on growing for a century slowly and surely, but every little while there will be a year which will be unhealthy for fools and speculators.

THERE never was a Dominion Day in Canada when so many people were speculating about the future of Canada. With forty-four years of a confederated past and a prosperous present, Canadians of to-day and to-morrow have much to tempt the imagination. Some believe in Canada as a perennial part of the Empire, with representation in an Imperial Parliament. Some believe in ultimate Canadian independence—just when, they do not profess to predict, but as naturally as the ripe fruit falls from the tree. Perhaps there are a few who cling to the idea of absorption with the Pan-American Union. Time will tell. At present the general sentiment of Canada is nothing if not Imperial.

Canada has no need to anticipate history. The forces that determine her destiny can never be purely national, but must come in large measure from without. Canadians will not be easily stampeded into any course of action that may imperil the Empire. We are not a precipitate people. Whatever the future, Canada can never afford to forget the stern but splendid story of her romantic past. It is to be hoped that Canadian history will be more studied by the present generation than it ever was by their ancestors. Every Dominion Day is a step in history.

MEN OF TO-DAY

STORIES OF TWO CANADA-MAKERS WHO HAVE WON TITLES

A FINANCIAL KNIGHTHOOD

MR. BYRON E. WALKER, L.L.D., C.V.O., President of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, has been knighted. Two years ago Mr. Edward Clouston, general manager of the Bank of Montreal, was honoured with a similar title. Sir Edmund Walker and Sir Edward Seaborne Clouston are the only two top-notch Canadian bankers who have been knighted.

Two years ago Sir Edmund Walker first met King George, who was then Prince of Wales. Mr. Walker was a member of the Tercentenary Commission. Prince and bank president shook hands in Quebec. The Prince understood that Mr. Walker had done much for the Tercentenary. He may have been aware that the President of the second Canadian bank was by no means the same kind of Imperialist as Col. George Denison, another member of the Commission. It was expected by some of Mr. Walker's friends that he would have got a knightly title then. He got a C.V.O. Mr. Walker was not worrying about this. He is a modest man. His present title he never sought. He received it modestly. His friends are delighted. Enemies he has few.

Sir Edmund, however, was probably intended by nature for some such distinction. He looks like a man whom a King would delight to honour. In personal appearance he has no facsimile in Canada. Some have likened him to the late Wilkie Collins—somewhat on account of the style of his whiskers. He is a type not often found in high finance. Without his whiskers Sir Edmund would be much less courtly. As a mere financier he would still be a success.

Sir Edmund's career as a master of high finance, however, has not been of the multi-millionaire sort. His interest in money matters is largely intellectual. He is not immensely wealthy. He is above all things a banker who has the ability to express his views on constructive finance in clear literary language—of which he has done much. He rose step by step from discount clerk in the Bank of Commerce in Hamilton in 1868; successively accountant at the head office in Toronto in 1872; third agent at New York; manager of the Windsor, Ont., branch and of the London, Ont., branch; inspector and afterwards joint agent at New York; finally in 1886 general manager; two years ago president. All the way up he remained the shrewd, thrifty, conservative financier who was much less interested in amassing personal wealth than in regulating the bank system and as far as possible the business economy of Canada.

Years ago at the expiry of Canadian banking charters Mr. Walker fought hard against the assimilation of the Canadian banking system into that of the United States. When the bank bill was before the Canadian Parliament he was chief spokesman for the Canadian Bankers' Association. He was chairman of the bankers' section of the Toronto Board of Trade. Always he was the cautious, restraining influence. His annual address to the shareholders of the Bank of Commerce had the austere dignity of a Presidential message to Congress. In piping prosperity he counseled moderation in expenditure and investment. In a time of depression he was always able to say, "I told you so."

Personally Sir Edmund Walker is a most frugal man. Instead of lavish ostentation he chose art and culture. He has been for many years associated with the University of Toronto as trustee, senator and member of the board of governors. Canadian artists he has always encouraged. He buys Canadian pictures—as well as foreign, in which he is a connoisseur. He was the one indispensable link between the artists and the bequest of the late Goldwin Smith's property for an art museum. Of music he is an eminent patron; being for many years honorary president of the Mendelssohn Choir, whom he accompanied to Chicago in 1909. In fact there is so much real practical culture about Sir Edmund Walker that it is rather easy to forgive him for a certain degree of austerity in matters of art. He is sometimes looked upon as a sort of art high priest. Well—if more of our leading financial citizens could be similarly accused, it might be all the better for Canada.

Sir Edmund Walker long ago won his spurs in the respect of sane Canadians who realise that true prosperity in any nation can never be divorced from sound economy whether in private expendi-

ture and investment or in the spending of public money by governments.

SIR GEORGE ROSS

SENATOR GEORGE W. ROSS got his title as a recognition of great talent, most of it employed in the service of Canada and the Empire. Perhaps there was never a member of the Ontario Legislature who had so much real constructive brains as Hon. G. W. Ross without getting a chance to take a seat in the Dominion Cabinet. As a statesman in intellect he is of the very first rank. As Minister of Education for a long term of years in Ontario he demonstrated that he had brainy enthusiasm for education which he began to get when school-teacher and inspector of schools in Lambton county. Born in Middlesex, one of the Gaelic clan about Strathroy, Sir George Ross made that part of Canada famous as a great stamping-ground for election campaigns in which he was an oratorical master. In the art of politics he learned and taught much in Middlesex before he became Minister of Education under Premier Sir Oliver Mowat in 1883. He had the advantage of a course at law, as well as of a term at editorship, being successively editor of the *Strathroy Age*, the *Huron Expositor*, and the *Ontario Teacher*.

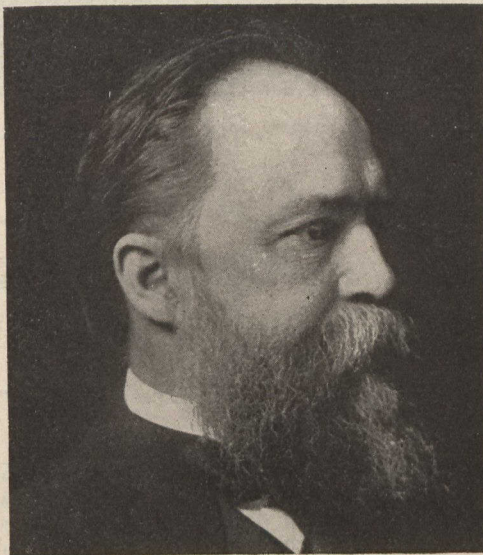
As Minister he will long be remembered by many for the "Ross Bible," which was a compilation from Scriptures intended for general use in public and high schools. But there were few new things in education which Mr. Ross did not exploit. He was a tireless experimenter with a great and a growing pride in the "school system" of Ontario. There were educators who maligned him for his experiments; and many who blessed him for his progressiveness. He was never asleep. A tireless student of history and of constitutions he made a name for himself as an oratorical teacher. His public speaking was of the very first rank. No man in Canada and few men anywhere could so deeply interest a crowd in an abstruse subject by the power of ideas wedded to oratory. He was famous at home and abroad; in the United States and in England. As a compiler of useful information he had few equals; in this respect being a real contributor to historical knowledge; as much at home before a convention of educators as on the stump before the electors; dearly loving a fight; always a staunch upholder of Liberalism in Ontario and in Canada at large.

After the removal of Sir Oliver Mowat to the Dominion cabinet and the death of Premier Hardy, his successor, Mr. Ross became Premier of Ontario. He came in on the fag end of a thirty-two years term of Liberalism, maintained by the remarkable leadership of Sir Oliver Mowat. In 1905 he was defeated by the Opposition under Sir James Whitney—who got his title as Premier two years in advance of the man who had always been looked upon by both Liberals and Conservatives as the brainier man of the two. As leader of the Opposition he put in a couple of precarious years, still holding the admiration of both political friends and foes for his sterling ability. In 1907 he was called to the Senate of which he is one of the most distinguished members.

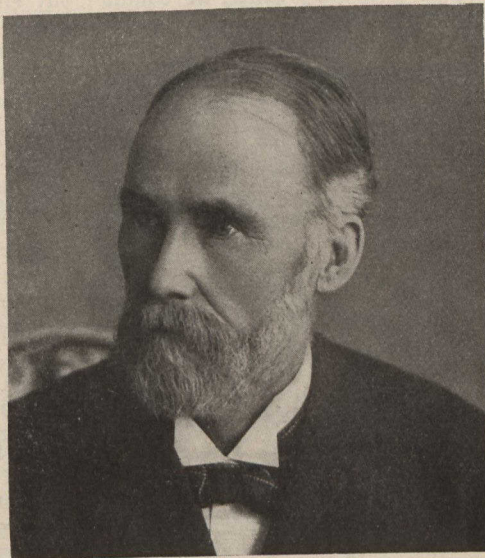
Always Sir George Ross has been an enthusiastic Imperialist. He studied the Empire as few men did. He is still studying it; for Sir George Ross can never cease to be a student—as well as in many respects a great teacher. With the buoyancy of his Keltic temperament he has been able to keep his mind alert and vigorous in spite of bodily weakness. He may yet see many years of knighthood.

ONE OF THE BIRD-MEN

ODD that the grandson of the famous De Lesseps, who engineered the Suez Canal and the first draft of the Panama ditch, should be one of the conquerors of the air. The great French aviator does not believe in gas-bag dirigibles. He says concerning the Zeppelin dirigible vs. the aeroplane: "I have been told of the 300-mile run of the Zeppelin dirigible, Deutschland, and it does not impress me as proving that the dirigible is going to be a successful venture commercially. You see, I am not strong for dirigibles, but they have their good points. But if the Deutschland should be struck by a heavy storm she would be destroyed. An aeroplane is light. The aviator can see the storm coming and can make a swift descent, landing in a sheltered place. The machine is small enough to be hauled into a barn or shed. I can see no great future for the dirigible. I do not see much in this talk about the impending transatlantic airship line. The first flight across the Atlantic is a long way off. At present aviation by aeroplane is merely a sport, and its development for some time will be along the line of a sport. When the time comes when it shall be absolutely safe as a sport, then it will be fitting to consider it from a commercial standpoint."



Sir Edmund Walker,
Financier and Critic of Art.



Sir George Ross,
Statesman, Educationist and Orator.



A couple of hundred thousand dollars' worth of Canadian-owned—and some Canadian-built—automobiles in front of Scarborough Beach summer resort in Toronto

THE ROAD-CARS OF CANADA

Short Swift Story of Ten Years and Millions of Dollars

By DONALD B. SINCLAIR

A DOZEN years ago nobody in Canada owned an automobile. Many people had heard of the motor car; they had seen pictures in the Sunday editions and illustrated weeklies of the new-fangled conveyance—tires and wheels and intricate engine; they had listened almost hopefully to rumours that it was likely to drive the bicycle into the scrap heap; hopefully, because they wished it would. For about this time they were becoming a little tired of the bicycle; those hills! But did the average, everyday, Canadian city man, pedalling down to business think seriously of the possibility of lying back in a luxurious tonneau and watch the telephone posts whizz by? Probably he thought the automobile little more within his reach than the aeroplane to-day. As for the farmer—well, he had read of horseless waggons; the Yankees had them. Accounts sometimes appeared in the local paper of these machines over in the States frightening decent people's horses. A new fad evidently—his spanking greys, out there by the barn were still good enough for him.

The Old Cars and the New.

The embryo automobile in Europe and the States grew every month, became a fact in the market, developed into a very live thing indeed. Canadians heard more about the machines Uncle Sam was turning out. His factories began to smoke with the hum of the automobile industry; here and there bank clerks resigned their jobs to learn the coming business. The Dominion all the while was an interested spectator. However, by 1899, the automobile began to dribble into Canada by twos and threes—great lumbering "one lungers" these playthings of the predatory rich. Many people wondered where the fun was driving one of those snorting, malodorous machines which made an noise like a thrashing. Only the owners fully understood. The other day I was talking to an enthusiast who has followed the automobile game from the beginning.

"Do you know," he said with the attitude of a veteran trailsman of the West—he was thirty-five—"I doubt, if the chap who chucks the speed limit over his hood to-day with a forty horse-power, enjoys himself half as much as we did ten years back. Do you see that turnout?" and he pointed to a rakish, red touring car, purring gently past us. It was leaving a fashionable hotel; three or four ladies in the tonneau; on the front seat the chauffeur, an alert young man in brass buttons.

My friend regarded this moving luxury with a quizzical air.

"Humph," he said, "tame; motorists of to-day don't know the sensation it used to be to go en tour when a sensible fellow took his overalls along. There was something you don't experience now—after your batteries had gone to blazes, to stretch yourself on your back in the dust, under the car, prying into the mysteries of a machine which no one really seemed to understand. Then we were

heroes—and this is an age of hero worship." He laughed.

The automobile has hit Canada hard. Its ascendancy in our midst has been mostly a matter of the past five years. The asthmatic car which occasionally puffed up street in 1900 was an expensive enigma. The man had courage who attempted to go any distance in one. There were not a hundred men in the Dominion who understood the mechanism of a gasolene engine. A man might get stalled in a country town; he couldn't buy enough gasolene to carry him a mile. Should there be anything the matter with the engine, well, the knowledge of all the farmers and blacksmiths in the vicinity would not save him; they knew binders down to the ground—but as for the intricacies of spark plugs and magnetos—!

How different conditions in 1910! Manufacturers have got the mechanical equipment down pretty fine—not enough yet—but the car will go. Being a motorist is no longer an exclusive accomplishment. A man learns to drive a car in three days—taught by a smooth agent. Women and girls guide their runabouts through the densest crowds of the down-town streets.

Nowhere is the remarkable appeal of the new mode of transportation better illustrated than in Canada. I have before me a trade dispatch from Washington dated May 30. It is rather startling. It imparts the information that the imports by Canada of American automobiles for the past ten months were valued at \$3,057,456; for the preceding ten months \$1,123,273. Canadians are spending over three millions of dollars a year on automobiles, increasing their expenditure at about the rate of 200 per cent. There are between five and ten thousand users of automobiles in Canada; that many citizens of the Dominion whose incomes can stand a drain of from one to six thousand dollars every couple of years for the satisfaction they get out of motor cars. Are these citizens mortgaging their assets? I put the question to an agent.

"No," he said, "emphatically, 'not much motor-mania of that sort here. The remarks of a certain American publicist as to the situation in the States does not apply here. Canadians have too much Scotch shrewdness.'"

Canadian Cash for Imported Cars.

What is the position of the Canadian buyer of automobiles? He is almost totally dependent on a foreign market for his car—usually the United States. True, there are manufacturers of automobiles in Canada—a full dozen. The other day, was formed an automobile branch of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association. The automobile manufacturers of Canada, with one or two exceptions, are branches of American firms assembling cars; or in other words, importing the parts of well-known makes and putting them together on Canadian soil. These establishments employ 3,500 workmen, the expert mechanic drawing three dollars a day. Ten

million dollars is invested in the business, of which eighty per cent. is Canadian capital; the rest that of the United States.

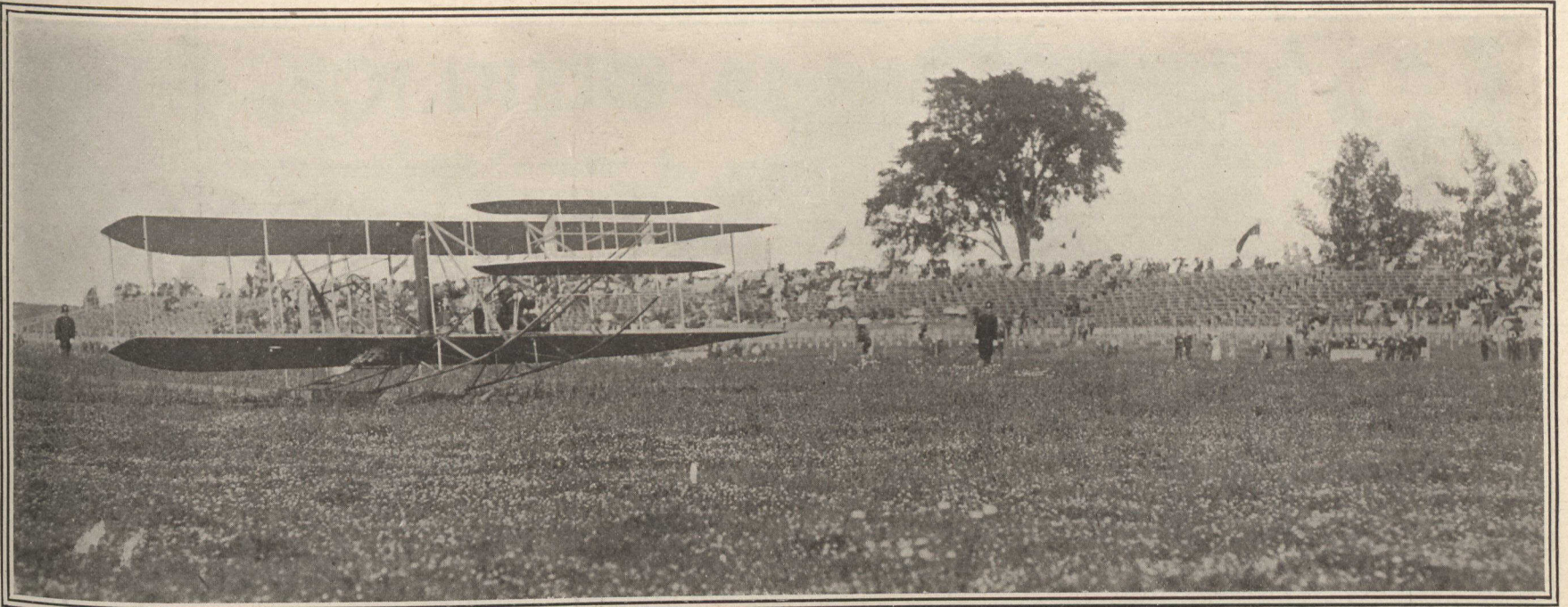
Why is there no national automobile industry? 2,500 cars are disposed of in a year in Canada; this business is divided among twenty firms. To establish a plant to compete with the highly organized ones of the United States would cost \$1,000,000. Such a plant would have to dispose of 4,000 cars a year in Canada to make ends meet. Fate stands before the patriotic Canadian who would manufacture a typical Canadian car. He is compelled to ally himself with an American firm, which furnishes him with the benefit of its splendid organization, an overhead which would be beyond his purse. He assembles the parts of the American car in his factory; acts as the American company's agent. In fact, the automobile business in Canada is largely a matter of Canadian capital hitched to American brains.

Why Not More British Cars?

Just at the present time, it looks as if the Canadian buyer were at the mercy of the American manufacturer. His demand of a few hundred cars a year is not going to influence a market which supplies cars to 350,000 users in his own country. The Canadian has to be content with what is given him—model for Vermont and Manitoba the same. Does the American manufacturer scrimp in his Canadian trade, or load off on the Dominion his over stuff? Rarely; he is alive to the future possibilities of Canada; perhaps he is afraid of England; that John Bull will suddenly wake up and dump cars into Canada.

And if not Canadian cars why not British cars for Canada? Why not the three millions of last year in British pockets? Trade and navigation reports in the last issue covering the ten months ending January, 1910, that 50 British "automobiles and motor vehicles of all kinds" entered Canada under the preferential tariff to the value of \$75,035; in the same period 866 United States cars worth \$1,000,856 were registered. The small boy of the street has the names of a dozen American motor makes on his tongue; he learned them from the magazines; does he know the name of one English make? The same old story: The Britisher does not boost his car over here; does not appear to be aware that the duty on his car is much less than the 35 per cent. charged to Americans; that his car could be laid down in Canada just as cheaply as that of Uncle Sam.

It is a rather chaotic market that the Canadian buyer of automobiles has to face to-day. Internecine warfare exists the competition is so keen. Besides the half-score of manufacturers or assemblers in the country, dozens of agents hang out their shingles. These latter import cars complete paying 35 per cent duty. The Canadian pays a big price for his car. He pays the duty, wondering sometimes for whom it is levied to protect; he bears the expense of freight; often he empties his pocket for extras. For the same car that sells for \$1,500 in Buffalo, the Toronto man, a hundred miles away, pays in the neighbourhood of \$1,900. Perhaps his friend Jones goes to another agent and gets the very car for \$1,800. He himself wonders; it dawns upon him that fixed prices in Canada for automobiles is not the invariable rule.



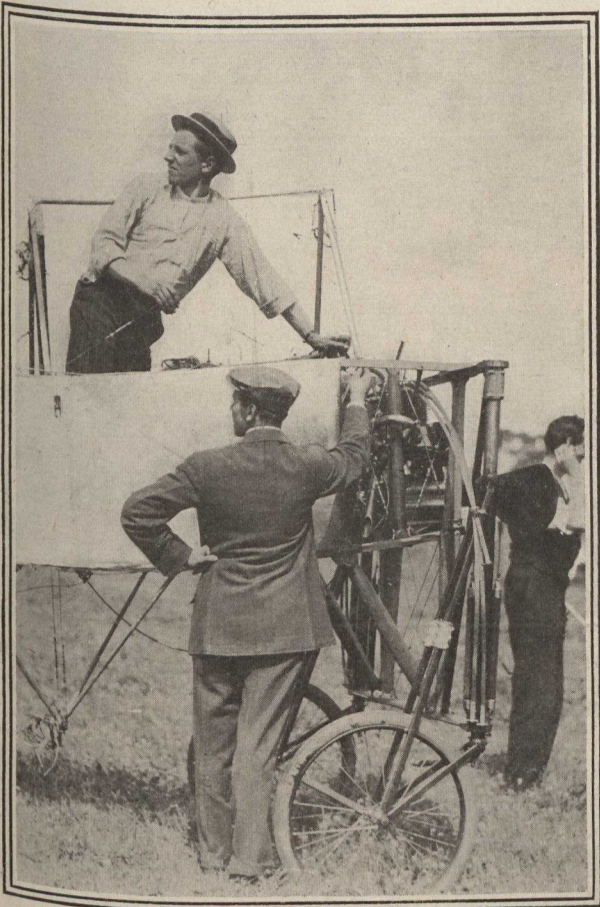
The Wright Machine just Leaving the Ground.

Canada's First Aviation Meet

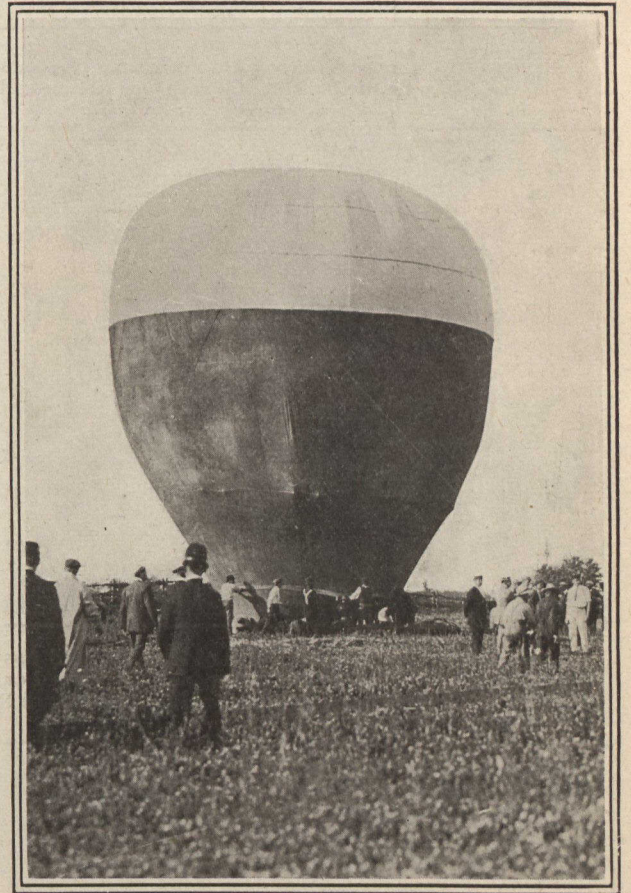
MEN are flying in Montreal. At Lakeside Park last Saturday this strange phenomenon was observed. There seems to have been a migration of these bird-men to Montreal—though strange to say they did not come on wings.

They came from several countries; Canadian, French, English, Yankee — all were there. These bird-men had aviatonal apparatus of various kinds. Of all, Count De Lesseps did the most flying in the first exhibition. His attachment to himself is called a Bleriot monoplane; in which he did some remarkable air-work above the presence of 8,000 people, at one time being in the air for twenty minutes going at the rate of thirty miles an hour, but never more than 200 feet above ground. His performance was much like that of a huge young hawk.

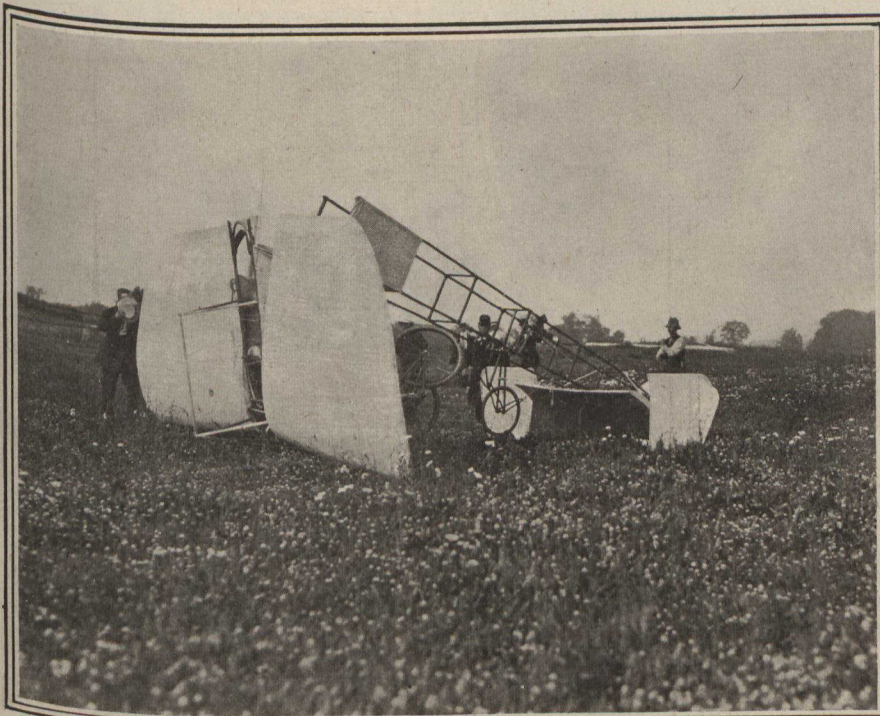
In a similar machine owned by Mr. Wm. Carruthers of Montreal, aviator Miltgen had a fall; but broke nothing except his wings. Brookins, an American bird in a Wright biplane which rose from rails instead of the bare ground, did some creditable flying but was not counted so graceful a bird as De Lesseps with his Bleriot. Then there was young Dixon—sixteen only—in a machine shaped like a sausage, known as a dirigible, being the gas-operated, balloon species, lighter than air. The boy won a deal of applause from the terrestrial spectators. The bird-man convention continued flying at Montreal all this week. They will fly next above Toronto beginning July 9th.



Mr. Timberlake putting together his Bleriot Machine.



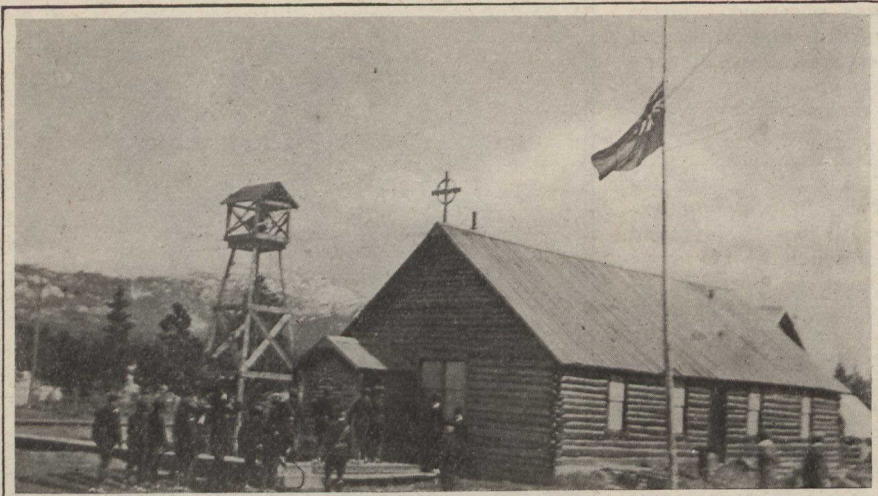
Not a Gas Tank but a Hot Air Balloon.



Mr. Carruthers' Monoplane Bleriot which was smashed on Saturday. Photos by Gleason. Dixon's sausage-shaped Dirigible Balloon and some of the Tents.



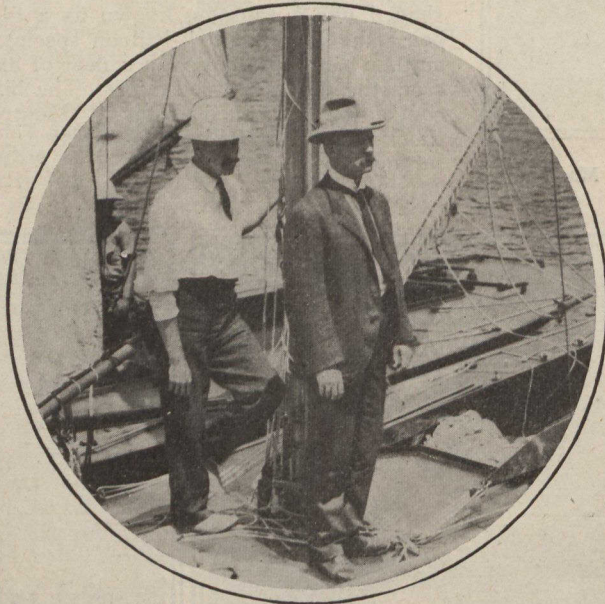
Official Announcement of the Death of Edward VII and the Accession of George V at Bridgetown, Barbadoes, B.W.I. This took place on Trafalgar Square, in front of the Public Buildings. Statue of Nelson and Broad Street seen in distance. The majority of people, Soldiers and Musicians are coloured natives.



A Memorial Service after the Death of King Edward was held at Christ Church, Whitehorse, Yukon, where Bishop Stringer is at present officiating in the absence of a resident Clergyman. Practically the whole population turned out to the service, and many could not get into the Church. Picture No. 1 shows R.N.W.M. Police going into Church. The church flag is at half mast. Picture No. 2—The Congregation coming away from the Church, which can be seen on the left of the picture.



St. Lawrence on her Maiden Trip.—Getting under way.



Mr. Routh and Mr. Duggan aboard the St. Lawrence.

Great Expectations

THE Seawanhaka Cup, at present held by the Worcester Yacht Club, may be back over the border this summer. The boat of great expectations is the St. Lawrence, designed by the famous Duggan—with 625 feet of canvas. A few days ago she butterflyed clean away from Thorella II, hitherto invincible on Lake St. Louis. Mr. Duggan sailed Thorella; Skipper Routh the St. Lawrence, over a six-mile course, which the latter did in 33 minutes, 9 minutes ahead of Thorella.



In front of Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club



SOLDIERS AND HISTORY

Second Oldest Canadian Regiment Celebrates its Fiftieth Birthday

Golden Jubilee of the Queen's Own



Salute of the Queen's Own at the singing of "God Save the King," in front of Convocation Hall, University of Toronto.

WHEN the Champlain Tercentenary was celebrated in the city of Quebec, there was a week of festivities which created a new record in Canadian social life. The events of last week in connection with the semi-centennial of the Queen's Own Rifles of Canada were not as extensive as those of the Champlain celebration, but they were even more remarkable considering the circumstances. The Quebec events were national; the Queen's Own celebration was local. In the former case governments supplied the funds; in the latter, one man gave all the guarantees. The Queen's Own celebration is therefore worthy of the highest commendation.

That regiment is fortunate in having as its commanding officer, in its fiftieth year, a millionaire with unlimited energy and a willingness to use his money, energy and influence to honour the corps in which he has passed from private to colonel. Sir Henry Pellatt apparently desired to show that a unique occasion should be uniquely marked, and he succeeded. There are only two regiments of Cana-

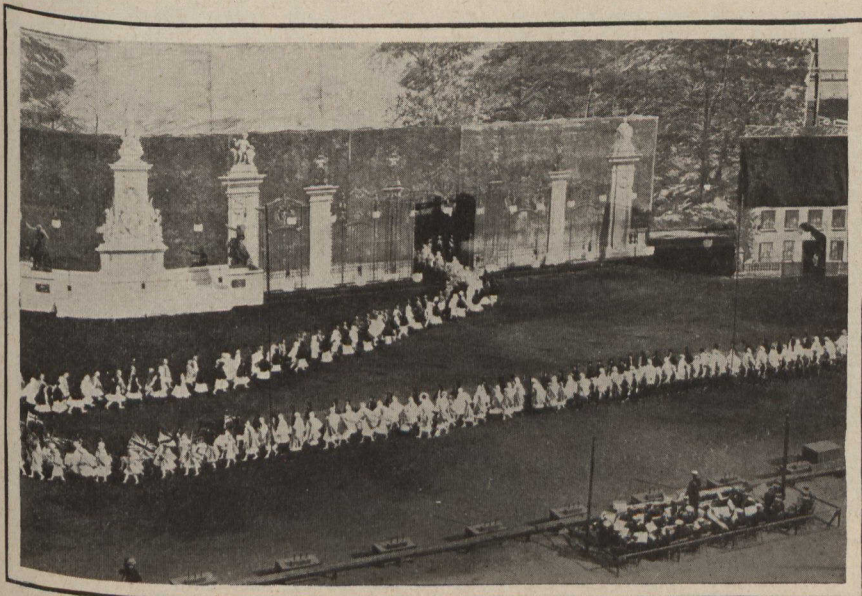


Col. Sir Henry and Lady Pellatt, welcoming beauty and fashion at the Garden Party on the Canadian National Exhibition Grounds.

dian militia which have fifty years behind them, because the Act authorising the creation of a militia was not passed until 1859. The Queen's Own has an added distinction, since it is the strongest regiment in Canada, being one of three which is composed of two battalions and which is entitled to have two lieutenant-colonels and one colonel commandant.

In the course of fifty years, in a shifting population such as that of Ontario, the young men who have served in such a regiment as the Queen's Own become widely scattered. They are to be found in all the large cities and towns of the United States and Canada. They were therefore invited to return home for a week's jollification. About two thousand of them appeared for the Sunday divine service, and probably another thousand would have been present had it not been for the heat. The present strength of the regiment is about 900; so that with members and ex-members, a complete "parade state" should have shown nearly 4,000.

The hot weather, however, in-



Procession of Children at the Pageant of Canadian and British History.



A Squad of young Canadians at the Grand Historic Pageant.



Two Thousand Ex-Queen's-Owners from Coast to Coast and from 1861 to the present day.

creased the success of the four evening performances of the historic pageant at the Canadian National Exhibition grounds. At the final performance nearly 16,000 people sat in the grandstand with a couple of thousand spectators in the paddock. There were over a thousand amateur performers, including 400 school children whose choruses were much appreciated, and 300 members of the city infantry corps who "trooped the colours."

Canada has hardly awakened to the meaning and interest of historical pageants. Those at St. John, N.B., in connection with the Champlain-Du Monts celebration in 1904 and at Quebec in connection with the Champlain Tercentenary in 1908, are the only examples Canada has had until the present occasion. These three pageants, splendid as they all have been, have not been sufficiently talked about to arouse any great enthusiasm. It



Cheering the Boys of 1910 as they paraded to Service on Sunday, June 19th.

was curious, however, how the enthusiasm grew in Toronto and now many people are expressing their regret that they did not appreciate the value and magnificence of the entertainment which was provided. The next historical pageant in Toronto should be a great success.

This pageant was divided into four epochs. The first presented the arrival of the United Empire Loyalists, of Governor-General Haldimand, the visit of Prince William Henry, afterwards William IV, of General Simcoe, the founder of Ontario and Toronto, and of the Scotch, Irish, and other British settlers who came into the country between 1783 and 1800. The second epoch presented the stirring events of the War of 1812 and the Rebellion of 1837. The third epoch dealt with the Riel Rebellion of 1870 and the Northwest Rebellion of 1885. The fourth gave a general review of British



"Where are the Boys of the Old Brigade?" Here they are; veterans of the year before Confederation, lined up to take part in the Sunday parade, two weeks before Dominion Day.

Kings, Queens and notables from the sixteenth to the twentieth century, with general features representing the Canada of to-day. It was an excellent scheme, and the pageant-master deserves great credit for the way in which it was staged and executed. The performers were nearly all members of the local regiments and, though the period of training was short, the work done was exceedingly creditable. The heroine of the pageant, if it is fair to select one character, was undoubtedly Laura Secord, a part which was cleverly presented by Mrs. (Dr.) Winnett, wife of one of the officers of the regiment. The thirty full-blooded braves from the Grand River Indian Reserve took a conspicuous part, representing the original inhabitants as they were in Ontario in 1783, the troops of the brave Tecumseth in 1812-13, and the restless companions of the misguided Riel in 1870 and 1885. The mounted characters were mostly taken by members of the Royal Canadian Dragoons and whether acting as daring riders of the plains or as mounted escorts to the pseudo George V, they performed admirably.

Ridgeway '66.

THE great spectacle did not more vividly recall an epoch in the evolution of the country, than did a little incident of Monday afternoon, June 20th, at University College in which only a few members of the regiment participated. That was the unveiling of the memorial window to those of the University Company, Q.O.R., who fell at Ridgeway in

by the military band. The last chords sobbing out, the Lieutenant-Governor signalled with his hand, and the furls of the silken flags draping the wall, brushed away.

More than forty years ago, a similar ceremony took place at the University. In the old Convocation Hall a window stood to the memory of the Ridgeway heroes; many a student looked to it for inspiration, passing out with his degree into the big world. This window was designed by Mr. Joseph McCausland. It is a coincidence that the present memorial is the work of that artist's son, Mr. Robert McCausland, chiefly noted for his window in the main entrance of the Toronto City Hall. The present window resembles its predecessor only in the matter of the inscription, which was written by Dr. McCaul, one time professor of classics. It conveys the meaning strikingly, with dignity and especially with simplicity. The window is in three parts. The centre figure is Minerva, in her right hand a golden statue of victory, her left hand supporting her shield; her brow is encircled with olive leaves, peace, the end of war. To the left of Minerva is a young Roman student aroused from his books by the call of arms; to her right the student again, this time in full military regalia, ready for defence.

Malcolm Mackenzie, J. H. Mewburn, and William F. Tempest were students of the University, belonged to No. 9 Company, now the famous K Company Q. O. R. Tempest was in medicine. He was a Toronto boy, the son of a doctor, and a graduate of Upper Canada College.



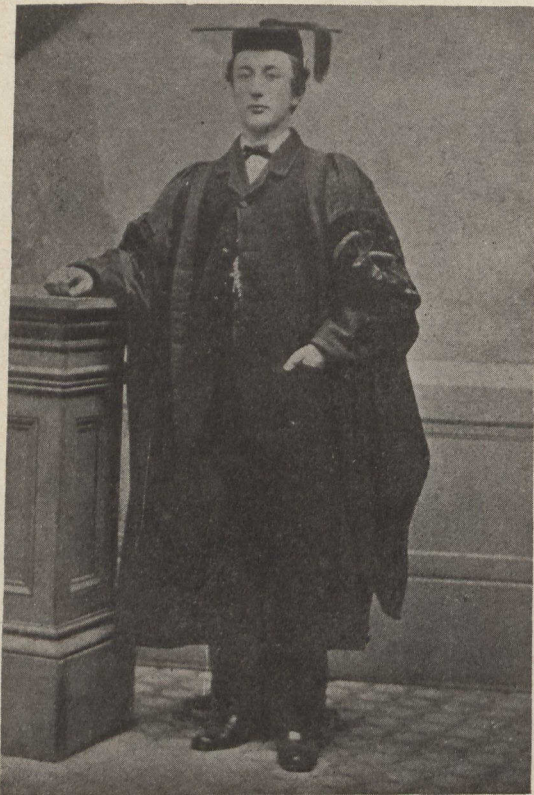
Beautiful Window designed by Robert McCausland, of Toronto, unveiled in East Hall, University of Toronto, in memory of the three members of the University Company, Queen's Own Rifles, who fell at Ridgeway, June, 1866. The central figure is Minerva bearing a Statue of Winged Victory. To her left is a Roman Student aroused from his books by the call of arms. On the right he is seen armed ready for the fray.

So did Mewburn come from Upper Canada College, his native heath being Stamford, near Niagara Falls. He was an honour man in arts within a year of graduation in three courses. The boys liked him because of his musical accomplishments. MacKenzie was older than the other two chaps—twenty-three. His mother was a widow in the town of Woodstock.

1866. The ceremony was impressive in its simplicity. Only those attended who were directly interested. In front of the long East Room was the dais of dignitaries surrounded by the regimental guard of honour; behind them the audience—a half score of veterans, hale old warriors still, these men with the white hair, who almost half a century ago had gone forth from their college, resigning

the pen for the sword; accompanying them their friends, sometimes a small boy in knickers, squirming to find out what all the fuss was about. The

Chancellor delivered his oration, the roll of honour was read; then all stood with bowed heads. The strains of "The Post" rose softly, played



J. H. Mewburn, Ridgeway, '66.



William F. Tempest.

THREE RIDGEWAY HEROES.

In 1812 there were frontier heroes whose grandsons saw service in 1866. In 1885 another generation outposted against red men; in 1900—Paardeberg: all a story of Canadian service.



Malcolm Mackenzie, Ridgeway, '66.

The Story of Laura Secord

UNDoubtedly Laura Secord is the greatest of Canadian heroines. She performed one of the most heroic feats in the annals of history. This was sufficient to make her famous, but the romance which colours the history of herself and her husband adds much to the glamour which has always been associated with her and her name. Further, the deed which she was called upon to perform was the kind which appeals to Canadian men and women. A nineteen-mile tramp by moonlight through an untracked forest and over unbridged streams comprises a journey, the strain of which every Canadian can understand and appreciate.

Laura Ingersoll was the daughter of Thomas Ingersoll a United Empire Loyalist, who came from Massachusetts to Ontario about 1795. He was the founder of the town which goes by that name. His daughter Laura was about twenty years of age when the family came to Canada. Shortly afterwards she married James Secord of St. Davids', who was afterwards a successful merchant in Queenston.

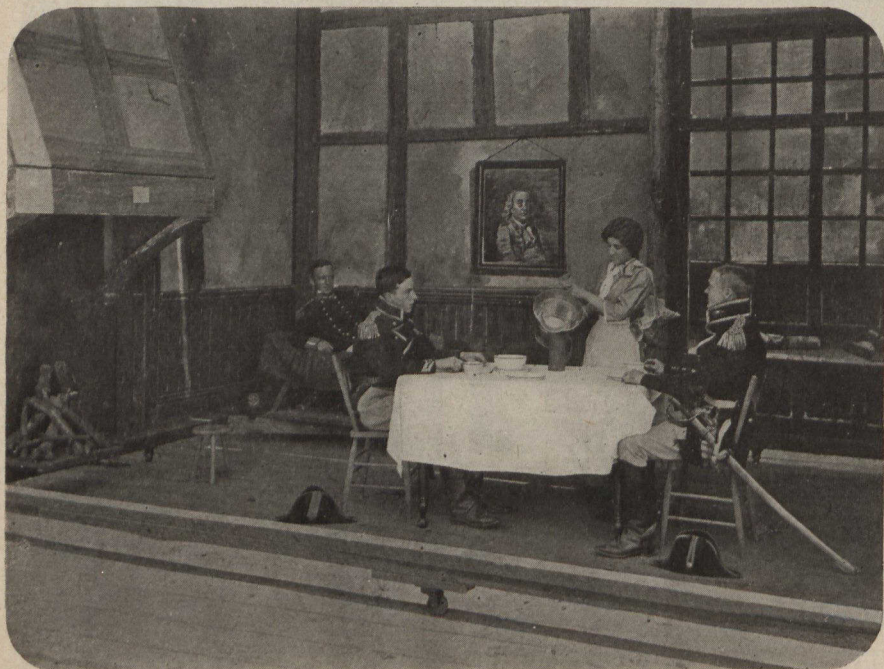
James Secord was a young man who had also shared in the sufferings of the U. E. Loyalists. His mother was one of a party of five women and thirty-one children who had arrived at Fort Niagara in 1776 destitute and starving.

In October, 1812, the American troops crossed the frontier but were defeated at Queenston Heights

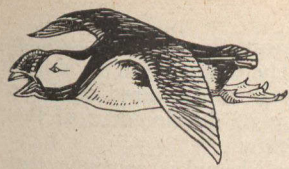


by General Brock. James Secord helped to carry the dying General from the battlefield. In the final assault he himself was wounded and in the dusk of the evening was found and rescued by his wife who had gone to search for him. In June of the following year the Americans had for the first time gained possession of the Niagara Peninsula. The British had outposts at Jordan, Beaver Dams and other points, and the Americans were advancing against them. While entertaining a number of American officers in their home at Queenston, the Secords heard of the enemies' plan to seize the post at Beaver Dams the next day. The husband still suffering from his wounds was unable to make the attempt necessary to warn the troops at this point. His plucky little wife therefore, started off in the middle of the night on her dreadful journey. It was thirteen miles by road but the road was unsafe because of the American sentries and outposts. She must needs tramp through the bush, wade the streams or creep across fallen trees on hands and knees. She must needs also avoid the Indians who though working with the British, were not likely to respect a white woman whom they found wandering in such a fashion. However, the frail and delicate woman accomplished her nineteen-mile journey and tottered into camp in time to enable the garrison to prepare itself for the attack and to win a tremendous victory.

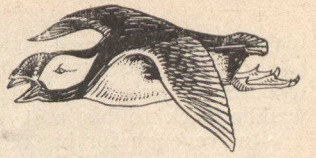
Such an example of womanly heroism ranks among the noblest teachings to any people.



After the Battle of Queenston Heights, two American Officers acting as scouts, were enticed into the rustic home of the Secords, where James Secord lay wounded. During the visit they dropped a parchment containing complete plans of the proposed American attack on Beaver Dams, which was picked up by Laura Secord and read to her husband, preliminary to her historic night tramp from Niagara, to warn the British Troops at Beaver Dams.—As presented at the Q. O. R. Pageant.



THE ISLE OF BIRDS



A Story of Warfare in the Feathered World

By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

FAR out of the track of ships, in the most desolate stretch to be found in the North Atlantic, walled round with the ceaseless thunder of the surf and wailed about continually by innumerable seabirds, the islet thrust up its bleak rocks beneath a pale, unfriendly sky.

It was almost all rock, this little island, grey pinnacles of rock, ledges upon ledges of rock, and one high, sunrise facing cliff of rock, seamed with transverse crevices and shelves. Only on the gentler southward slope was the rock frame of the island a little hidden. Here had gathered a few acres of mean, sandy soil, dotted sparsely with tufts of harsh grass which struggled into greenness at the bidding of a bitter and fog blighted June.

But this remote sterile isle, shunned even by the whalers because of the treachery of its environing reefs and tides, was by no means lifeless. Indeed, it was thronged, packed, clamorous, screaming, with life. It was a very paradise of the nesting seabirds. Every meagre foot of it, rock and sand, was preempted and occupied by the myriad battalions of puffins, skuas, auks, and saddlebacks. The incessant clamour of their voices, harsh and shrill, overrode even the trampling of the surf.

Within the crowded little domain each tribe had its territory. The puffins—or "sea parrots," as some of the sailor folk call them, because of their huge hooked beaks—occupied the sandy slope, where they had their nests in deep burrows for protection against the robber skuas and saddlebacks. The auks had a corner of the cliff face, where along every ledge they sat straight up in prim, close array like so many dwarf penguins, each couple occupied with its precious solitary egg. The rest of the cliff face was monopolised by the screaming hosts of the saddlebacks, those great, marauding, black backed gulls, whose yelps and wild ka-ka-ka-ings made most of the deafening tumult in which the rocks were wrapt.

As for the skuas, or "men o' war," less numerous than the other inhabitants of the island, they occupied the lower ledges and the rock crevices round the base of the puffins' field. These were the situations they preferred. If they had preferred the territory of the puffins or the auks, or even of the big, bullying saddlebacks which were nearly twice their size, they would have taken it. But they neither desired nor knew how to dig burrows like the droll little puffins, and they valued their precious eggs too highly to wish to risk them on the narrow exposed shelves of the cliff face, where there was no room to make a proper nest. They took the places they wanted; but, as these were not places the other tribes wanted, there was no one to feel aggrieved. Saddleback, auk, and puffin, each tribe thought it had the pick of the island territory, and felt altogether satisfied with itself.

NOW, the weakest of these tribes was the tribe of the puffins. But one great strength they had, which fully made up for their deficiency in size and power. They knew how to burrow deep holes for their nests, wherein their eggs and nestlings were safe from the skuas and the saddlebacks. Every available inch of soil on the island was tunneled with these burrows, like a rabbit warren. At the bottom of each burrow was either one big solitary greenish egg or a strange looking youngster with enormous head and beak and an insatiable appetite for fish.

At this season, late June, most of the puffins had hatched out their eggs. At the doorway of almost every burrow, therefore, was to be seen one of the parents on guard, while the other was away fishing to supply the insatiable demands of the chicks. In dense ranks, sitting erect like auks or penguins, the seriously grotesque little birds sentined their homes, maintaining a businesslike quiet in strange contrast to the ear splitting volubility of their neighbours.

At the extreme left of the territory of the puffins, where the rocks broke abruptly, a tiny cleftful of earth made room for just one nest. The pair of puffins who had their burrows here

were comparatively isolated, being some eight or ten feet apart from the crowded ranks of their kin. Their one big egg had been safely hatched. The ridiculous chick, all gaping beak and naked belly, the one object of their passionate solicitude, was thriving and hungry according to the finest traditions of infant puffinhood. The father at this moment was on guard at the mouth of the burrow, sitting solemnly erect on his webbed feet, the backs of his legs, and his stiff short tail; while the mother was away fishing beyond the white turmoil of the surf.

Surely the most curious figure of all the seabirds was his! For the body, it was not so far out of the ordinary, about the size of a big and sturdy cockatoo,—white below and blackish brown above, sides of the face white, and a dingy white collar on the neck, the webbed feet of a duck, the stiff short tail of a penguin, very short strong wings, and a round head; but the beak was like a gaudy caricature. Curved from base to tip like a parrot's, it was as long and high as the head which it seemed to overweigh, and adorned apparently aimlessly with exaggerated horny ridges. Over each eye was a little wartlike horn, and at each corner of the beak, where it joined the skin of the face, a vivid red wrinkled excrescence, in shape a sort of rosette, of skinny flesh. Serviceable, to be sure, this beak was, obviously, whether for burrowing, fighting, or catching fish; but it could be imagined as performing all these offices equally well without its monstrous eccentricities of adornment.

Everywhere in front of the cliff face, over the ledges, above the white shuddering of the surf, and far out over the smooth, leaden grey rollers, the air was full of whirling and beating wings. These were the wings of the giant gulls and the skuas. The puffins did no more flying than was necessary—swift and straight from their nests out to the fishing grounds, and back with their prey to the nests. Above their little domain, therefore, the honeycombed south sloping field, there were no soaring or whirling wings, save for three or four pirate skuas, on the watch for a chance of robbery.

IT was of these marauders that the waiting puffin by his nest door, on the outskirts of the colony, had most dread. He was a wise old bird, of several seasons' experience and many a successful battle, and he knew that the light darting skua, though not much more than half the size of that bully of the cliffs, the saddleback, was much more dangerous than the latter because so much more

courageous, and possessed a more war-like spirit.

An impatient croak from the hungry nestling in the burrow made him poke his big beak inside and utter a low, chuckling admonition. When he withdrew his head and looked up he fluffed the feathers on his neck and opened his beak angrily. A large skua, of a rusty, mottled black all over, with long tail and long, hawk-like wings, was circling above him, staring down at him with savage eyes.

Just a moment or two before this the hen puffin, fishing out at sea, had marked a plump herring about a foot below the surface of a transparent, glassy roller. Diving into the water with a violent splash, she had pursued the fish in its own element, swimming at an altogether miraculous speed. To gain this speed she used not only her strong, webbed feet, but also her short, sturdy wings. Darting through the water in this fashion, just below the surface, she was an amazing figure, some fantastic link, as it were, between bird and fish. The herring was overtaken and clutched securely in the vise of the great parrot beak. Then, with much desperate flapping and splashing, she burst forth and rose into the air, heading homeward, straight as a bullet, with her prize.

Flying close to the surface of the sea, she passed through the high flung spray of the surf. At this moment some premonition of her coming drew her mate's eyes, and he caught sight of her just mounting above the ledges. Following his look, the skua, whirling above his head, caught sight of her also, and marked the prey she carried in her beak. With one magnificent effortless thrust of his long pinions he swooped to intercept her.

The puffin, her great beak and the prize it clutched looking much too big for her swiftly beating wings to upbear, was coming up over the ledges at a humming pace, when she saw the dark robber descending upon her. She swerved, and so escaped the full force of the blow; but she felt herself enveloped in a whirlwind of wings and beaten down almost to the ground. At the same time a long, straight, powerful beak, with the tip hooked like a vulture's, snapped loudly at the side of her head, grasping at the fish she carried. Bewildered and terrified as she was, she was at the same time full of fighting obstinacy. Hanging doggedly to her prize, she recovered her wing balance and rocketed on toward the burrow.

Her mate, meanwhile, had seen the attack. One grotesque little bob of indecision, then he had launched himself down the slope to her succour.

He was not in time to interfere in the first encounter; but as he came slanting down like a well aimed missile the robber was just about to swoop again. The indignant puffin volleyed into him from the rear, turning him almost end over end. For an instant his wings flopped frantically, and he almost came down on the rocks. By the time he had recovered himself his assailant had struck the water and was swimming comfortably on a great grey swell beyond the surf; while the female, with the herring still gripped in her absurd beak, was just diving triumphantly into her burrow to feed the ravenous and complaining chick.

The skua was disgusted. Had he been what he in some ways so much resembled, namely a goshawk or falcon, with a hawk's deadly talons, the encounter would have had a very different result; but his handsome black feet were armed with nothing more formidable than webs for swimming. His only weapons were his hook tipped beak and his long, powerful, buffeting wings. Backed, however, by his pluck and his audacity, which were worthy of a better occupation, these weapons were usually sufficient, and he was not used to being balked as these two serious little householders had balked him.

With a vicious yelp he went swooping low along the sentinel ranks of the puffins, followed by a snapping of indignant beaks which crackled along the lines as he went, a curious, dry sound, audible through the deep roar of the surf and the high pitched clamour of bird cries. Here and there a buffet of



Fate Struck the Gull in the Form of a Skua.

Drawn by Charles Livingstone Bull.

his wing, as it dipped suddenly, would knock over one of the grotesque but dauntless doorkeepers, who would pick himself up, ruffle his feathers, and waddle back to his post with outraged solemnity.

But revenge for his recent discomfiture was not the only or the chief reason for this raid of the pirate skua over the domain of the citizen puffins. What he wanted above all was food, whether fish, or eggs, or nestlings, it was all the same to him. A fairly competent fisherman himself—though not, of course, in the same class with the puffins, because of their power of swimming under water—he nevertheless preferred to make others do his fishing for him and to take toll of their honest gains by force. A hardy and fearless highwayman, there was satisfaction for him in the robbery itself. As he flew thus close, and with the air of set purpose, above the puffin burrows, a few desultory saddlebacks who were circling just above dipped lower to see what was going to happen. In case of a scrimmage of any sort, there was always the possibility of a chance to snatch something.

AS the skua skimmed along, just ahead of him came a puffin, vollying upward from the sea with a particularly fine fish in his beak. The lucky fisherman shot straight to his hole; but, by the finest hairbreadth, the robber got there before him. There was a wild mix-up of wings. The puffin was knocked clean over his back, losing the fish, which fell just before the next burrow. Like a flash the proprietor of that next burrow bobbed his head forward and snatched at the unexpected windfall. He caught it by the tail and turned to plunge into the burrow with it.

But in that same instant the long beak of the skua caught it by the head. For a second or so the two tugged savagely at the prize, with a vast flapping and squawking. Then the outraged owner, recovering himself, floundered up, fixed his beak in the exposed belly of the fish, and began to pull and jerk like an angry terrier.

Feathers and sand flew into the air as the triangular tug of war went on. But frantic as was the turmoil of scuffling and flapping, the nearby ranks of puffins paid no attention to it whatever, except to turn their great beaks, all at the same angle, and stare solemnly, like so many fantastic

maskers. The gulls overhead, however, gathered down with excited cries, seeking a chance to take part in the scuffle.

But before they could get their greedy beaks into it, it had come to an end. The fish was torn apart. The puffin who had grabbed the tail fell backward with it, ruffled but triumphant, into his burrow. The original owner was left with just so much as his beak could hold, fortunately no mean mouthful; while the too successful marauder, bearing off by far the largest share of the prize, beat vigorously aloft through the screaming gulls, who would have tried to rob him had they dared. Rising strongly above them, he headed for the flat ledge, a little inland, where he and his dusky mate had made their nest.

MEANWHILE, on the neighbouring cliff face had just occurred one of those incidents which were forever stirring up excitement among the colonies of the auks and the saddlebacks. It began in the usual way. Each pair of auks, it must be remembered, has but one egg, which is laid, with no pretense of a nest, on the bare narrow ledge. As these eggs lie side by side along the rock, just far enough apart for the parents to brood them, and as they look amazingly alike, sometimes the owners themselves get mixed up as to the identity of their speckled property. In this instance two mothers, on a crowded shelf some forty feet above the sea, claimed the same egg, and both insisted on brooding it at the same time. With curious, strident grumbings, deep in their throats, they struggled over it. Their mates, chancing both to return from their fishing at this moment, joined vigorously in the discussion.

The egg was promptly rolled off the ledge and smashed on the rocks below. But in the excitement its absence was not noticed. Meanwhile, the combatants were making things most uncomfortable for their nearest neighbours; so these were presently dragged into the fight. The unfortunate eggs began dropping over the ledge.

Instantly the great saddlebacks, from the noisy colony higher up the cliff, swept down to gather in the juicy harvest. They loved eggs, whether fresh or half brooded. Screaming joyously, they thronged the air just below the scene of the quarrel,

which still went on with zest. Some of the tumbling eggs were stabbed cleverly and sucked in mid-air as they fell, while others were devoured or sucked contents, on the rocks below.

So, long did the foolish auks continue their quarrel, so unusual was the rain of eggs, so wild was the screaming of the delighted banqueters below the ledge, that presently a number of the brooding saddlebacks—those who should have stayed by their charges to guard them, whatever their consorts might be doing—were seduced from their too tame responsibilities. Standing up in their dizzy nests, most of which held either two or three muddy coloured eggs, scrawled with markings of dull maroon, they stretched their fierce yellow beaks over the brink and peered down with pre-daceous eyes. For many of them the temptation was not to be resisted. With hoarse cries they launched themselves downward and joined deliriously in the scramble.

ABOUT level with the crest of the cliff some half dozen of the dusky skuas were sailing leisurely. They saw their chance. There was nothing in the world more to their taste than eggs, and particularly the big rich eggs of the great saddleback gulls. Down they swooped on the unguarded nests, and in a moment, plunging their long beaks through the shells, they were feasting greedily. All around them sat the other gulls, by the hundred, faithful ones who had resisted temptation and stuck to their nests. These screamed angrily; but made no attempt to interfere. "Let each look out for his own," was frankly their policy. Before any of the delinquent brooders came back the skuas had cleared out every unguarded nest and sailed off with derisive cries.

And so it came about that an unwonted number of saddlebacks, freed from domestic ties until they should be ready to lay new batches of eggs, but very savage and vindictive for all their release, now came flapping inland over the island, on the lookout for any possible chance to avenge themselves.

At this moment the great skua who had robbed the puffin of its fish came in sight of his nest. At

CONCLUDED ON PAGE 30.

A SECRET OF THE SKY

A Stirring Story of Airship Adventure

By STEPHEN H. AGNEW

THE little sleek man loomed suddenly out of the blackness and blinding rain—so suddenly that Walter Peggely could not repress a start. Strangers were rare at St. Kellen, saving those that drifted in, stark and cold, in the clutch of the tide.

And it was as tempestuous a night as had ever lashed the weather-worn coast of Cornwall, which made the coming of the little sleek man all the more notable. He staggered blindly out of the mist and spray, head down, hands in pockets, the red muffler round his neck streaming out behind like a pair of beseeching arms.

"You had best be careful down by the groyne, sir," Walter shouted as he passed, in tones trained by long usage to pierce the thunder of the storm. "The wind is blowing great guns—enough to hurl you into the sea."

The stranger gasped, stopped, and peered through the flying spindrift as the warning reached his ears. His face was long and narrow, shaped like a wedge, with a pair of ferret eyes at the broad end. For a few moments he seemed unable to discover the young fisherman from the pervading darkness. Then he caught the flash of glistening oilskins, and reeled closer with a laugh.

"Thanks for the warning, my man," he responded, speaking with the finical precision of one using a foreign tongue. "But I am accustomed to St. Kellen. I go not astray, I thank you."

Walter sent another quick glance at his unfamiliar features, startled by the miracle of meeting a man he did not know, and yet who claimed to be familiar with the village. Before he could frame a reply the man spoke again. This time his voice held a new quality, acute, eager, even anxious.

"Are you of the coastguard, my friend?" he shouted.

Walter shook his head.

"I am a fisherman," he answered, with a curtness impelled by the storm. "I am on watch in case the lifeboat's wanted."

The stranger swayed another step in the speak-

er's direction, coming so close that his breath fanned warmly against the young fisherman's cheek. "Tell me," he sibilated, bending forward, "have you heard any sound to-night—a humming sound? Or seen anything?"

"I think I've heard pretty nigh every sound you could mention to-night," Walter returned with a laugh. "It would take a powerful humming to pierce this storm, master."

The answer seemed to satisfy the little man. He nodded, and then vanished as swiftly as he had come. One moment his lean figure was painted against the black canvas of the night, with the red muffler tapping and shivering in the wind; the next, and Walter was alone, with no sound in his ears but the thunder of the breakers, and nothing on the dim field of his vision but glistening spray and driving rain.

He shook himself, as if to make sure that he had not been dreaming, and then staggered on again. Finally he made his way down the shining stretch of the jetty, coming to a halt in the lee of the penthouse, where he was greeted by a lad of his own age, also encased in oilskins and sou'wester.

"Hullo, Wally!" the latter exclaimed, as Walter leaned against the wall, breathing deeply after his tussle with the storm. "I s'pose you haven't seen anything of a thin, foreign-looking chap—"

"Haven't I, though!" interrupted Walter with a laugh. "He just stopped me not fifty yards back, and wanted to know if I had heard a humming noise."

The other lad, whose name was Norman, pursed up his lips and whistled.

"That's a rum go," he ejaculated. "He asked me exactly the same thing. He's a stranger about these parts, surely."

"Never seen him in St. Kellen before. He must have blown out of some lunatic asylum by the cut of him."

"P'raps his sweetheart sailed away sixty years ago, and he's still watching for her on the beach, like they do in the love stories," said Norman, grinning. "Hullo! What's that?"

"What's that?" Walter had emitted the cry almost simultaneously, and then they both stood motionless, eyeing each other while they strained their ears to listen to a strange sound that pierced and rode the storm with ever-increasing power. It was a humming, vibrating noise, and reminded the lads of the buzz of a swarm of angry bees. Gradually it dominated the shriek of the wind, drowned the booming of the breakers on the rocky shore. The whole air seemed to be quivering and humming like a plucked violin string.

THEN suddenly a gigantic shape loomed spectre-like out of the sky above their heads. In the midst of an intense yellow glow they beheld two great spreading wings, a spidery mass of stays and spars, and the tiny figures of two men silhouetted blackly behind a whirling propeller of enormous size.

"An aeroplane!" shouted Norman explosively.

An instant later the airship was poised above their heads, dappling their upturned faces with the fierce glow of the engine. The air shook to the roar of the propellers, and they could feel the turmoil of displaced air even where they stood. For a second only the machine was in range; ere a watch could have ticked twice it was receding rapidly, fading into the clouds until only a dim glow of light remained to mark its passage.

Not until the last faint hum had entirely died did Walter draw a deep breath and speak.

"That was what that foreign chap was after," he ejaculated. "I remember now that he kept glancing skyward. What does it mean?"

"It means that somebody has discovered the secret of flight in a gale," returned Norman in a voice hoarse with emotion. "Think of it! That thing rode the storm with two men on board as steadily as a seagull. There is no known airship which could do it."

"And the hum of the engine; it was like two hundred motors put together," added the other, shading his eyes from the sleet and peering eastward. "And the light it gave! I believe we have stumbled on a great secret to—"

He ceased speaking abruptly and swerved as a hand clutched his shoulder.

He found the little sleek man at his elbow, quivering with excitement. Every nerve in his body seemed tense and strained. His teeth chattered audibly as he spoke, and his ferret eyes burned with a hot, dry light.

"You saw it—you saw it?" he shrilled. "I knew it would come, by heavens! And I require one of you—one of you brave lads—to help me give chase. Quickly—there is no time to be lost!"

CHAPTER II.

THE STOLEN AIRSHIP.

HOW and when he yielded to persuasion Walter never knew, but ten minutes later he found himself divested of his oilskins, and crouching in the back of a big automobile that seemed veritably to hurl itself into the night. Either the little sleek man was a paragon of recklessness, or he was intimately familiar with the precipitous road which led through the bleak, lone country road beyond St. Kellen. He drove at a speed that would have been dangerous on a race-track, heeding neither the raging wind nor the rain that rendered the screen as opaque as a sheet of ice.

After the first few minutes Walter's nerves grew steady and he was able to think with some coherence.

The first thing he realised was that, for some inscrutable reason they were in chase of the mysterious airship. His eyes rose to the eastern sky, ranging from side to side and from earth to zenith with hawk-like keenness. Presently a mutter of satisfaction rose to his lips as he saw a glow in the heavens, irradiating the ragged edges of the clouds as by fitful lightning. They were not far behind; it was evident that the little man had some knowledge of the plans of those who were guiding the airship.

At that moment the roar of the motor sank to a rhythmic hum, and as the car slackened speed the driver turned. He had donned a pair of goggles, and the lenses gleamed weirdly in the refracted glare of the lamps as he fastened his eyes on Walter's face.

"My name is Corri — Eugene Corri," he shouted in a series of gusts. He waved one hand vaguely as he spoke, seeking to elucidate by means of motions an elusive vocabulary. "I am the inventor of that airship. It was purloined by a French scoundrel. I could not discover him in France, but I followed his compatriot to England. He takes the empty chateau twenty miles from St. Kellen. It has spacious grounds, and I guess that the monoplane is to be flown over."

Zip! He turned abruptly as the straight run of road ended in a sharp turn, and the outer wheels ripped the corner. For a second the car joggled like a tortured mustang, but as it settled to a steady sing-song again, his head came round, and his piping voice rose.

"I guess they come on dark and tempestuous night. The engines fly through anything, and they not desire to risk being seen on bright night. I watch closely, and here we are. Voilà!"

His voice broke on a reedy note of shrill triumph, his hand flourished again. Despite the excitement that was mastering him, Walter could not restrain a smile. Corri's mouth mirrored the grin under his goggles, and he called with a gleam on his white teeth:

"There is what you call heated work before us. I am not a mean man, and a thousand francs shall be yours for the work of this night. Oh, yes! it will be worth it."

The words were carried helter-skelter away by the wind as he bent hurriedly to his driving again. For a time they whirled on at a dangerous pace—it seemed to Walter that they were carrying the roar and flurry of the storm with them. At last, however, the racing engines sank their note to a low purring, then died with a sound like a human sob as Corri throttled down, and the motor was at a standstill.

Leaping out, Walter found that the gale was passing swiftly. The wind still boomed in his ears, but the rain had thinned, and a silver strip of moon was lighting the tattered, flying clouds.

Glancing around, he caught a glance of a signpost to the right, and recognised that they were on Phillack Common—some twenty-two miles from St. Kellen. He was passably familiar with the district, and guessed that their destination was an ancient building, part house and part castle, known as the Manor House. It had been vacant ever since the death of the old squire—the last of his line—twenty-two years, owing chiefly to the high rental and lonely situation.

Corri did not waste any time in speech. Having extinguished the head lamps, he bestowed his goggles in his pocket. Then he handed the young man a short-muzzled revolver, and with a nod set off along the winding track that led over the common.

Walter was accustomed to braving death in battles with the elements, but this was a new kind of adventure, and his blood was tingling with excitement as he strode alongside his diminutive leader. He was also conscious of a rising feeling of partnership—a savage desire to get the better of the unscrupulous plotters who had stolen a secret which was, without a doubt, priceless.

PRESENTLY the Manor House merged out of the gloom, a black mass with far-flung turrets and towers like a great blot of ink splashed on the sky. Under the wall Corri halted for a few seconds while he listened intently. No sound rose above the rush of the wind, and he turned to Walter with quickened breath and flashing eyes.

"The monoplane is in there, my friend!" he hissed in tones betwixt exultation and foreboding. "There is no other ground of sufficient breadth

the whereabouts of the stolen airship.

Walter's seafaring vision discovered it first, however. He caught a glint of moonlight on the thin aluminum rods of the framework, and as he gave the news in a tense whisper, he could discern the outline of the broad, lateral planes.

"It is as I thought," Corri responded triumphantly. "They are exhausted by the flight, and have gone in to get the brandy, or what not. When they return—Poof! we shall be gone."

Abandoning all pretence of caution in his eagerness, he ran stumbling forward, hailing the vision of the great machine with rapturous cries. At close quarters it appeared a veritable monster. To Walter it gave an uncanny impression of being endowed with life, like some giant thing of the air crouching there with wings extended.

Gripping his revolver tightly, he stood on guard while the Frenchman made a hurried examination of the petrol supply. Apparently it was satisfactory, for when he straightened up there was a smile twitching on his thin lips.

"We must be off," he exclaimed. "They made a detour to lead me astray, but we will fly across country and over the Channel to France. Oh, fear not that we shall do it, mon ami! All things are—"

He cut the sentence short with a growl as the sound of footsteps smote sharply on the breeze.

Next moment he was in the steering-seat, perched high up amongst the framework, and beckoning wildly to his companion to follow.

Walter did not hesitate.

With a bound he reached the other seat, which was situated directly behind Corri, and before he had settled himself he heard the engines break out into a roar that seemed to shake earth and air alike. Above it rose the Frenchman's voice, faint and yet shrill.

"You have the rudder control," he shouted. "Pull to your right or to your left as I direct, and it will shift the elevating tips."

The young man nodded—his tongue was too dry for speech, and he forgot that his companion could not see the action. Corri, however, had not waited for a response. As the last word left his lips he had tugged at a lever, and with a deafening whir the immense four-bladed propeller leapt into action.

Walter was conscious of a series of shouts punctuated by pistol-shots, of spinning wheels and straining stays. Then they were in the air, rising with inconceivable swiftness, until the pressure of wind screamed like a thousand sirens. Finally the machine settled to a steady beat, purring ahead with the velocity of a sky-rocket.

WALTER was seated within arm's length of Corri, and he was amazed at the change that had come over the man. He seemed to have been metamorphosed by his success. His lips were drawn back in a wicked grin, and his eyes glowed like twin fires; the whole visage was rather that of a gloating fiend than of a sane man. He was controlling the machine, nevertheless, with a skill which seemed almost diabolical, nursing the engines, raising or

lowering the elevators, or making quick movements of the levers which controlled the balancing planes. Occasionally he would stoop to examine the dial of an instrument set close to his left elbow, and by which he seemed to be setting his course. Once or twice he shouted directions to the young man, which were always obeyed instantly.

Some twenty minutes had elapsed, however, before he turned and spoke with an unpleasant grin curling his mouth.

"You would make an admirable assistant," he sibilated, "if you were not so big a fool. Do you know that you have helped to steal a secret which every government spy in the world has been after?"

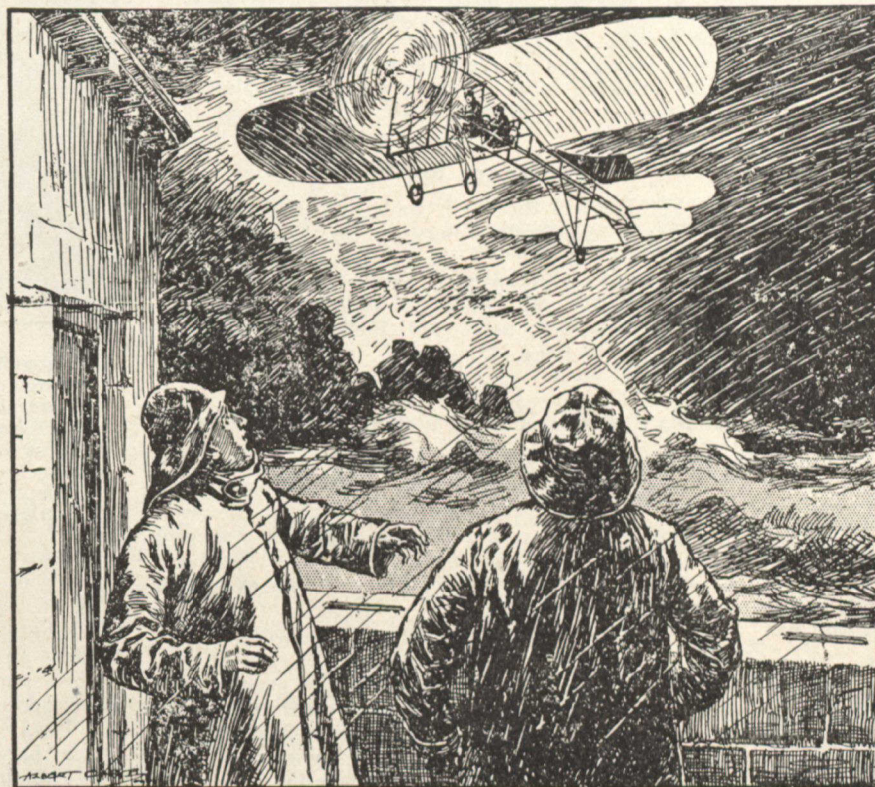
Walter stared, his eyes widened, a dim suspicion gathering shape in his brain.

"We will be in Russia shortly," the man continued. "Yonder poor fools—the inventors of this craft—will never see their work again, unless it be when Russia makes aerial warfare on the world! Ah! you begin to see—"

"Scoundrel!" shouted Walter, as the truth broke upon him with stunning force. "Do you mean to say that I have helped you to steal this flying machine from the inventors?"

A loud laugh rose above the vibration of the motor.

"Just that," was the mocking reply. "Keep still, CONCLUDED ON PAGE 30.



Suddenly a gigantic shape loomed spectre-like out of the sky above their heads. In the midst of an intense yellow glow they beheld two great spreading wings, a spidery mass of stays and spars, and the tiny figures of two men silhouetted blackly behind a whirling propeller of enormous size.

unless they have sunk to the common, which they would not do."

"What are you going to do?" asked Walter sharply.

"Steal a march on them, as you would say." His arms flourished expressively, he pointed skyward. "If they are there, we make the abrupt rush and stun them. Then we rise. If they are absent in the house, then we fly away before they have time to collect our cards of visit."

"Do you mean that I am to go with you?" the young man rapped out, almost breathless, an odd thrill at his heart.

"Voilà! Why not? The ship sails not without the two to balance. It is imperative that you go with me, and for that I give you the thousand francs, is it not so?"

Walter made no answer, but his eyes were flaming with excitement, as he followed the little man to the wall.

CHAPTER III.

A DIVE TO DEATH.

EUGENE CORRI reached the top of the stone wall with a little bound, and crouched there for a minute before he dropped, with his young companion close on his heels. Then he drew himself up and stole noiselessly across the meadow, his eyes straining in every direction to discover



AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

In Old Montreal.

By "SERANUS."

MEMORIES of our Canadian cities are precious. It has always been one of the firmest convictions of the writer that the existence of French, old French, ideals, symbols and monuments in our country is, if we only recognised the fact in its proper application, a veritable education in itself. One remembers, for instance, the Montreal of the late seventies as a wondrous place of grey stone and glittering icicles, or of scarlet and yellow wooded mountainside, or of chattering, good-natured Sunday crowds after service in the J^{ésu} or Notre Dame; visions, too, come into the mind of the theatrical way the sun used to rise behind the great Victoria Bridge on late February mornings, and who is there who can forget the strange and haunting *carillon* that saluted the visitors at the downtown historic St. Lawrence Hall, most comfortable of old-fashioned hotels? The Montreal of those days, seen under the best auspices, was a place where aristocratic traditions and stately habits of life and manners were uppermost. One remembers the lofty, crimson-hung drawing-rooms of Sherbrooke Street, Upper Peel Street, of Durocher Street, and if you had the *entrée*, of houses on St. Denis Street. It was almost overwhelming even to ascend the front steps, always of stone, high and broad, and culminating in a massive front door frequently waited upon by men-servants. The houses themselves, ranging in lofty terraces or occasionally detached with spacious gardens behind, ran parallel with the mountain or in streets sloping gently up to its leafy height as Upper Drummond Street or Union Avenue. They were all handsomely if heavily furnished to suit the exacting climate, hot in summer, glacial in winter. The modern custom of "high tea," or what some people call "supper," did not prevail in any of those houses; evening dinner, and that sumptuously appointed, was the rule, with evening dress to correspond. The merchant princes of Montreal, mostly Scotch, by the way, knew how to live. The names of Ferrier, Torrance, Allan, Ogilvie, Redpath, bring back to the memory the splendid entertainments that were almost regal in execution and design. Amusements were the regulation ones of an earlier *régime* than the one we live under. Dancing, and the national, or rather local winter sports were warmly supported and theatricals were popular. A wonderful house was

"Rosemount," on the side of the mountain, where Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Ogilvie dispensed a magnificent hospitality and where Prince Arthur of Connaught stayed at one time. Rosemount contained a fine collection of Oriental carvings and curios brought together by the Hon. Wm. Ogilvie. The residences of Sir Hugh and Mr. Andrew Allan were also superb in their construction and finish. Etiquette and convention prevailed in many of these homes and one does not remember seeing the family sitting on the steps of a spring night or dispensing with top hat and kid gloves in torrid July. By that time, of course, every one was out of town and the great crimson and gold drawing-rooms were shrouded in brown holland.

How is it now with those princely homes? Has a measure of modern ease and carelessness crept in, borrowed from the rival cities of Ontario and from the cities of the Republic? Perhaps the scions of those aristocratic families go a-motoring now like other folk, and occasionally sell off portions of their long back gardens. The villa has come in, and the average man owns his home and spends his evenings watering the estate, while the big family mansion makes a capital boarding-house. One of the most beautiful houses in Montreal was that occupied by Sir John Abbott and family on Sherbrooke Street, decorated by William Morris & Co., with the interesting innovation of an upstairs drawing-room, hung in lapis lazuli blue, and a conservatory midway on the first landing.

* * *

A Theatre for Women.

A WOMAN'S theatre is to be opened in London soon. Gertrude Kingston, the actress, is to manage it. There are to be spacious wardrobes and lockers for wraps and hats. Also a tea room and a supper room. Plays by women, for women—as most plays are—and acted chiefly by women, are to have precedence.

* * *

Mme. Melba's Australasian Adventures.

ONE can scarcely travel almost continuously from one town to another for nine months on end without meeting some mild adventures by the way. Madame Melba's recent tour in New Zealand and Australia was full of incident, and she has been kind enough to tell some of her experiences, which are related in *M. A. P.*

"When I arrived in Melbourne," she says, "I was simply mobbed, and had, practically, to be arrested and locked up by the police. A great reception had been prepared for me at the railway station. A choir of fifteen hundred women was to greet me, and I was to be presented with addresses.

"When the train ran into the station, however, the crush was so dense that I could not get anywhere near the choir, nor could the choir get near me. My party was simply swamped by the crowd, and I was finally rescued by the police, who escorted me to the nearest refuge—the telephone room of an adjacent hotel, where they locked me up. Here there was nothing to do but to sit down and wait patiently for the crowd to disperse.

A TRAGIC TALE.

"IT was all very amusing but even while we were laughing over it, sounds of woe broke in upon us. We heard a child wailing miserably somewhere near, and one of the officials went to find out what was wrong. In a few minutes he returned, bringing with him a little girl in a dishevelled muslin frock. We did what we could to comfort her, and then between, her sobs, she told us a most tragic tale.

"It appears that she was to represent the authorities of the Colac Hospital, part of the deputation that was to have received me, and she had sallied forth in splendid array, which had got woefully transformed in the crush. She had had, too, a beautiful bouquet that she was to have given me. All remained of this was a melancholy bunch of stalks, with which she duly presented me, holding it out in a forlorn fashion that was really pathetic and yet ludicrous. One could not possibly laugh at the poor child, however; she was so utterly broken-hearted over the disaster.

"Even before my arrival I received so many letters asking for charitable contributions that, as it was quite impossible for me to investigate each case,

I decided to distribute a certain sum of money through official channels in the various towns. But, even after this had been publicly announced letters continued to pour in. The following is a rather ingenuous epistle from a boys' football club: 'Dear Madame,—I have been instructed to write and inform you that, at the general meeting of the above team, you were unanimously (sic) elected Patron. Hoping to receive your Patronage (sic), I am, Madam, yours truly, —'

PRETTILY PUT.

ONE Australian boy I hold in particularly grateful remembrance, for he paid me one of the prettiest compliments I have ever received.



Madame Melba, the Australian Nightingale, who after an absence of two years spent in her native land, has returned to England with her voice restored to well-nigh its pristine freshness and beauty. As an actress she may not be great, but as a singer she has few if any real rivals. Her return to Covent Garden recently as Mimi in "La Bohème" was the signal for another triumph.

"I was singing in one of the inland towns, Mount Morgan, and before going on the platform I noticed that one of the windows was open. I asked an attendant to have it shut, and when he came back he told me that two little boys had climbed up and were sitting on the ledge.

"I sent a message asking them to come in and sit at the back of the orchestra. They gravely asked the attendant whether he thought I should want them to join in the chorus, and after he had reassured them that they were not necessary to the programme, they decided to accept my invitation. When the concert was finished, I said to them very solemnly:

"Now, you know, each of you owes me a guinea."

"The elder of the two saluted.

"We owe you much more than that, madame," he replied. I think it was very ready of him and very charming."

HE WANTED MORE.

I RECALLED the well-remembered gallantry of the Belfast newsboy, at which madame smiled and said:

"Ah! yes, that was splendid, too." Then she added: "I must tell you another story. I do not believe in long concerts, preferring to make them short and good, and in connection with this I overheard a very amusing little conversation between a lady who had evidently just returned from one of my concerts and her husband who had stayed in the hotel. I was passing through the hall of the hotel when I heard him hail his wife in tones of great surprise.

"Hullo! I thought you were going to hear Melba to-night."

"His wife nodded. 'So I did,' she said. 'But why are you back so soon?' he asked. He was evidently a believer in quantity rather than quality; for when she explained that the concert was over, he jerked up his head in an amused sort of way.

"Huh!" he exclaimed. 'She's had you!'



Mlle. Chenal, famous as the most beautiful woman on the French Operatic Stage, who has just created the principal role of Camille in Pi^{er}ne's Opera, "On ne Badine pas avec l'Amour," at the Opera Comique. Mlle. Chenal is a great favourite at Monte Carlo, where last season she sang with Chaliapine in "Mephistophele."

THE DEMI-TASSE

Newslets.

Ontario's barbers may be granted licenses in future and required to pass an examination. Polite and desultory conversation on politics, prize fights and the higher theology will probably be one of the tests. But what will the graduates in the tonorial course receive as degree? Probably B. L.—which would stand for Bachelor of Lather.

There are only 20,000 Jews in Scotland. Those poor Hebrews must be at the point of starvation, too. Could we not induce the unfortunate band to come to Canada, where they'll have a chance to put by a few promises?

"What are the wild waves saying?" was the query of the old song. But that is nothing to what Mayor Geary will say when he gets home to Toronto and finds out the "doings" of the Board of Control.

Mr. Borden's last stop in his tour is Finch in the County of Stormont. We have never heard of Finch before, but it must be a bird of a place.

"Many are called but few get up" was written about the Toronto aldermen.

Hon. Sydney Fisher, Minister of Agriculture, is now engaged in a crusade against the house fly. Times have changed, indeed, since the days when Hon. Mr. Fisher went after the scalp of a noble Earl. From Dundonald to the plain, common house fly is a terrible falling off. Still, it isn't always easy to get an Earl—and the Honourable Sydney is an "active cuss."

When College Closes.

The sweet girl graduate doth now
In silvery accents tell
Of how to be a heroine
And serve your country well.
She reads the gentle essay
About ideals and things,
And in her snowy gown doth seem
An angel without wings.

THE city of New York spends a million and a half dollars on beverages when there comes a warm

THE DIRECT ROUTE



She: Shall I have your lunch brought up to you, dear?
He (feebly): No, love; have it thrown straight overboard. It will save time—and trouble.—*The Tatler*

day. When Theodore arrived, nearly a million went up in fireworks and several times that amount went down in drinks. The fruits of the cherry tree which George Washington cut down are preserved in the cocktails of his admiring countrymen.

A Pageant in Toronto.

We sigh no more for Coventry,
We envy not Quebec,
For with the "Queen's Own" colours
bright
Our highways we bedeck.
We have some glory of our own,
Brimful of history's lore,
The pageant's struck Toronto,
We've queens and knights galore.

Four of the large natural gas companies in southwestern Ontario may be merged. Think of the blow-out there will be!

Hamilton constables ask an increase of twenty-five cents a day. My, but Hamilton is getting to be the busy town!

A Trifle Warm.

The days are getting "sultry some,"
We seek the cooling shade;
We clamour for iced buttermilk,
And call for lemonade.
We dream of restful hammocks
And fish in northern bays; ;
Then, suddenly, we pack our kit—
'Tis time for holidays!

Aquatic Sports.

Now comes the festive season
Of the fool who rocks the boat,
And likewise of the launch "expert"
Who cannot keep afloat.
The youth who cannot paddle
Now hires a frail canoe,
And asks a maiden to embark.
Alas! Them foolish two.

Teddy unt Me unt Gott.

(A Revision.)

Der Kaiser of 'dis Vaterlandt
Unt Gott on high all dings commandt—
Eggsept, of course, you understandt
Dere's Teddy.

It used to be dot me unt Gott
Could run der vorldt as vell as not,
But now of help ve get a lot
From Teddy.

Who told us two unt two makes four
Unt neffer either less or more
Unt all about our ancient lore?
Vy, Teddy.

Who sait to me, "I like you, Bill"?
Who helped me not to keep right still
Unt talk of animals to kill?
Dot Teddy.

Who told me vat mein army needs
Unt how vords doesn't count mit deeds?
Who walks unt talks der vile he reads?
Dot Teddy.

Who told me dings I neffer knew?
Who told me vat I ought to do
Unt how to say "Dee-lighded!" too?
Dot Teddy.

Dare iss no bleak unt lonesome spot
Vich ve don't cheer—I tell you dot!

Der vorldt iss bossed by me unt
Gott—
Unt Teddy.
—Jefferson Toombs, in *Harper's Weekly*.

A Difference.

"What do you call your mule, uncle?"
"You means whut's his name, boss; or whut Ah calls him?"

The Difficulty.

"THE constable seems wonderfully certain about the details of my case," said the defendant, with a sneer; "but how is it he doesn't call his fellow-officer to corroborate what he says?"

"There's only one constable stationed in the village, sir," exclaimed the policeman.

"But I saw two last night," indignantly asserted the defendant.

"Exactly," the policeman rejoined, smiling broadly. "That's just the charge against you."—*Stray Stories*.

Signal Success.

A PRETTY story is told concerning the unconventional manner in which Lord Kelvin "popped the question," and in the doing so won his wife. The question of simplifying the method of signalling at sea was then occupying his attention. His plan seemed simple to him, but to ordinary folk it was rather puzzling. He was staying with friends in Madeira at the time, and one day the subject was under discussion at the dinner-table, but the only person that seemed able to grasp it was his host's daughter, a lady he greatly admired. "I quite understand, Sir William," she said.

"Are you sure?" he questioned, half doubtfully. "If I sent you a signal from my yacht, do you think you could read it, and answer me?"

"I believe I should succeed in making it out," was the reply. The signal was sent, and the lady did succeed in making it out, and transmitting the reply. The question was: "Will you marry me?" and the answer was: "Yes."

Getting Even.

WHEN Governor Tweedie was a member of the New Brunswick Legislature, an act was passed regarding the revision of the voters' lists which was strongly opposed by the Opposition on the ground that it gave an undue advantage to the party in power.

Hon. Mr. Tweedie made light of these objections, and pointed out that even if the majority of the revisors in certain parishes happened to be supporters of the Government, in other parishes matters might be reversed, so on the whole everything would work out satisfactorily as in the case of the Irishman's picture.

A visitor, he said, once went into a house in Ireland, where he noticed a large picture of the Pope on one wall, and a picture of King William on the other.

"I suppose you think it strange," said the woman of the house, "but my husband is an Orangeman and I am a Catholic, so when he hung King William on the wall I got a picture of the Pope to put forninst him."

"Do you ever have any trouble over the matter?" inquired the visitor.

"None," was the reply, "barring the twelfth of July when John comes home full and jumps on the Pope. Then I get up early in the morning and take King William down street and trade him for a brand new Pope, which I hang up in his place before John gets around. When John gets up he thinks he must have jumped on King William by mistake so he goes off and buys a new one and that is the end of the matter."

W. L. H.

A True Sport.

AN Irish policeman who was also something of a sportsman had been posted on a road near Dublin to catch the scorching motorist. Presently one came along at twenty miles an hour, and the policeman saw it pass without a sign. Next came a large motor travelling at forty miles an hour, and the eyes of the guardian of the public brightened. And then one passed at the rate of a mile a minute. "Begorra," said Pat, slapping his thigh, "that's the best of the lot."



"In the adversity of our best friends there is often something which does not displease us."—*Life*.

The Housewife and the Fly.

"Don't come into my parlour," said the Housewife to the Fly;
"There's a screen at every window,
and your entrance I defy.
There are microbes in your footsteps
and a crust upon your head,
Which if not so microscopic, would
fill our hearts with dread.

"You carry germs of typhoid and spread consumption's bane,
And our sanitary teachers paint your crimes in language plain.
Don't come into my parlour, and for safety I would pray
If you walked into my dining room upon some sunny day.

"There are seeds of vile distempers hidden in your tiny wings,
And your many feet have travelled over nameless filthy things.
You're a menace to our safety, you are powerful though small,
And the mischief you accomplish would the bravest heart appall.

"If you enter, I have poison all prepared for you to eat,
And paper spread to tangle your germ laden wings and feet.
I will poison, trap or smash you if you do not leave my door;
For our modern sanitation will endure your calls no more."

—*Good Housekeeping*.



For The Children



Here in this corner you'll always find
Stories and Rhymes of the Children's kind.

Listen to the Rain.

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY.

LISTEN to the Rain!

Hear the merry sounds it makes
As it falls and slides and shakes
From the eaves into the street,
Where its million tiny feet
Hurry, hurry past the door,
Followed by a million more!

Listen to the Rain!

How it gurgles with delight,
Hurling from its dizzy height,
Falling straight and falling true,
Faster now and louder too—
See! The tardy drops and small
Cannot keep the pace at all!

Listen to the Rain!

Ah! It's angry now—I fear
'T is a scolding voice you hear!
How it scolds the drooping trees,
How it scolds the languid breeze,
How it scolds the birds, poor things,
For the dust upon their wings!

Listen to the Rain!

If you listen hard you'll hear
How the skies grow cool and clear,
How the primrose lifts her head,
How the mountain brooks are fed,
How the earth grows sweet again
With the coming of the Rain!

—St. Nicholas.

* * *

A Queer Pony-Cart.

DAISY and Dorothy live on a big farm. One day they received a baby pig as a gift, and they immediately began his education. Piggy learned almost as fast as he grew, and his owners planned to surprise Papa on his birthday. When the morning arrived, they slipped away to Bouncer's pen before the rest of the family had finished breakfast, and when Papa finally appeared on the porch, the pig—a big fellow now—came trotting around the corner harnessed to an old perambulator with a queer-looking arrangement of rope and twine, the handiwork of his small mistresses, helped, of course, by a big, kind brother and the gardener. Then he was put through several other tricks, and Papa was so pleased that he got up a surprise of his own soon afterward, and presented the delighted twins with a real leather harness and comfortable little cart. —
St. Nicholas.

Mr. Rooster bought
a hat, and put it
on his head,

And every chick that saw it shrieked,
and flew off home to bed.

* * *

Little Jewellers.

BY EMMA C. DOWD.

THEY were playing jewellery store, Edith and Corinne, when Mrs. Barr called from the back door. Edith ran up at once.

"Hadn't you better invite Mrs.

Mills' granddaughter over to play with you?" mama asked.

Edith scowled. "We don't either of us know her," she objected.

"It won't take long to get acquainted. She looks lonesome."

"Well," yielded Edith, but she did not say it cheerfully.

The two little girls talked together in whispers for a minute; then Edith slowly crawled through the place in

back into her grandmother's garden.

"I don't think that's very polite—to go off first thing!" fretted Edith, as the visitor did not return.

"Let's tell her she can have a store by herself," suggested Corinne. "Probably she won't make anything nice."

So Edith called through the fence: "If you want to you can have your things on your side!"

"All right!" came back to them from behind the flower-beds; but it did not have a joyful sound.

For a long time the three worked quietly. Finally Edith and Corinne were ready for customers. "We'll have to go and tell her," whispered Edith.

Together they approached the fence.

"Oh, what a lot!" gasped Corinne. "Why, it's just like a real jewellery store!" cried Edith.

"Aren't they pretty?" said Laura, smiling.

There was a large wooden box close by the "gate," and upon it, in small paper boxes, lying on white and pink cotton, were the articles she had made. The blossoms of scarlet sage strung together looked almost like a coral necklace, red rose hips made a pretty bracelet, yellow baby roses, put together with wire, answered for pins and belt buckles, while fuchsias were pretty earrings.

"Nobody will want to buy ours after seeing yours," mourned Corinne.

"Oh, I think they will!" returned Laura. "But why not put them all together? I'd rather."

"Would you, really?" asked Corinne, her face growing hot, as she remembered that she had been the one to suggest separate "stores."

So more shallow boxes were obtained, and the whole stock was soon in readiness for the real play to begin. Business was brisk, and Laura soon had to leave her place behind the counter in order to fashion more jewellery.

By dinner-time all the children were wearing the pretty ornaments, and both Corinne and Edith thought there could not be a pleasanter playmate than Laura Mills. — *Youth's Companion.*

* * *

The Big Jar of Water.

A LITTLE Japanese boy named Kwang, who was very clever because he always paid attention to his lessons and tried to understand everything that came in

his way, was playing with some other children, when one of them fell into a large earthenware jar full of water. The vessel was a tall one, and none of the children could reach their comrade. Kwang took up a large stone lying on the ground and throwing it at the earthenware jar with all his might, broke the vessel. The water at once ran out, and the little boy was saved.



Looking for a Breeze.

the fence where the pickets were off, and walked toward the little girl in the big, old-fashioned garden.

"Would you like to come and play with us?" she asked. "We're going to have a jewellery store; we're making the jewellery now."

"Oh, thank you! I'd love to!" cried the other. "I'll run right and ask grandma. You will have to teach me how to play it; I never did," she said, as she walked along by Edith's side.

"Oh, we're stringing snowberries



Launching the new Skiff.

for pearl necklaces and making pins out of asters, and doing things like that. When we get enough we'll ask the other children to come and buy."

"It must be fun!" and Laura Mills' face glowed with pleasure.

The bench, which was now a counter for the display of jewellery, showed several necklaces.

"How pretty!" cried Laura. "Oh, I know what I'll make!" and she ran

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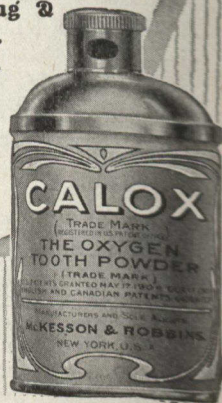
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PEOPLE AND PLACES

Epoch-Making Saskatoon.

QUITE recently there was some voting in Saskatoon. Thirteen by-laws made a big programme and large excitement. With twelve of the by-laws the citizens agreed; especially one which has taken them two years to smoothe out the wrinkles. This proposition was to allow a corporation called the Saskatchewan Power Company the right of harnessing the river near Saskatoon, handing over to them the job of turning the factory wheels of the town. The power plant will go up—cost one million dollars; guaranteed to sell the juice at the rate of between thirty and thirty-five dollars. Altogether, this power scheme is quite the most metropolitan feature which has developed in Saskatoon during its history. Which is saying a great deal. Seven years ago, Saskatoon was a hundred people in shacks connected with the outside by a very shaky and erratic stub railroad. In 1908, there were seven thousand people in the town—double what there were in 1906. In three years the assessment jumped from \$750,000 to seven million.

* * *

Exit, the Redman.

THERE was a day when the town of West Selkirk, pitched out in the fertile valley of the Red River, was the pioneer West in epitome—shacks, traders, saloons, and Indians. Its picturesqueness has gone out with the wheat. There are still a few shacks—more stores and banks; traders there are, calling themselves business men, not bartering, but selling for cash; the whiskey is still there in tall gleaming bottles sold at long bars by white-aproned drawers. The last vestige of raw Selkirk went out recently when the redmen, Crees and Soto, moved their camp.

The passing of these Indians of Selkirk is the same story as that of the Songhees in Victoria, who have got orders to leave their happy hunting grounds because the simple life they exemplify in the middle of the jumping British Columbia town does not agree with the live ethics of the city fathers. The benevolent white gentlemen of Selkirk have come to the same conclusion. They have discovered that their whiskey and other vicious traits are bad for primitive natures; so twelve hundred remnants of warriors have been told to close up their whitewashed cabins, pack up their tepees at St. Peter's, from which reserve for many moons they have seen Fate whistling close by on the shrieking railway, and beat their way to Fisher River, a stream far off on Lake Winnipeg. The young chieftains have set their faces toward Canaan. But the wrinkled, royal bloods of the Crees live with the memories of the tomahawk—the freebooting days. The mighty grandson of Apechancon, friend of Pontiac and Tecumseth, sorrows in his wigwam and drones: "The Indian knew no reserve, no confines then." The venerable Thomas Bunyan, patting his Victorian medal, is alive with anecdote, tale-telling to the wondering youths around his campfire, of the Battle of Seven Oaks and the prodigies of valour performed therein, and the butchery of Governor Semple—ninety-four years ago. Readily recalls William Ashum; second chief of the reserve, the bullets singing in the Black Hills, the massacres in Minnesota, and Senator Sutherland's son

shot by sneaking marksmen on the Kildonan trail sent out by the half-breed Riel.

* * *

Castles in Spain.

A FEW weeks ago, on this page was chronicled the claims of one Mrs. C. A. Campbell, who calmly informed Canadians that the Ottawa authorities owed her a billion dollars' worth of land—the Plains of Abraham among other slices. Now we have a little national reciprocation to record. C. W. Heise, a twenty-five year old Toronto chap, clerking in the G. T. R. freight department for a living, says that one hundred and thirty million dollars' worth of Philadelphia legally belongs to him, his cousin Edward Quance, and eleven other heirs. One hundred and two years ago, these gentlemen's grandfather, Colonel Baker, possessed an estate as large as an Ontario farm right in the heart of the town. An enterprising man was the Colonel, possibly liking his native Hamburg better than America. And so he leased his acres for ninety-nine years; happy in his ignorance that boulevards and street-cars sometimes boost real estate values as high as diamonds. The lease expired three years ago. Messrs. Heise and Quance were on the job at once. They have been knocking the evidence into shape. Lawyers have helped them scale the colonel's genealogical tree. They have traced the warrior back to the hour that he set sail on the billows from Hamburg for the New World. Their castles in Spain for some time have looked bright. But a little maddening "if" has cropped up.

* * *

A Dangerous Job.

WHAT is the most hazardous job in Canada? A rather interesting question. Mining has its dangers, railroad accidents are numerous every year, but neither of these occupations are attended with so much peril as lumbering, according to the view of a British Columbia newspaper. The British Columbia man who has done the investigating says that more lumberjacks are killed every year in his province than men in any of the so-called "extra-hazardous trades." This fact is not generally known because obituaries of these victims appear but seldom in the newspapers. News from the logging camps buried in the bush does not filter out regularly. When a big tree knocks a man out, there is no reporter on the scene; sometimes it is weeks before word of the accident is received.

* * *

A Consul for Regina.

EVEN the city states in German Europe have diplomatic corps—gentlemen with Vandyke beards and monocles, whose main function is to dance and dine and, on the side, keep the ice to the heated brows of rambunctious nationalists. Regina has gone in for a consulate—quite a new sign of progressiveness indeed. Dr. Jones, American Consul-General for Canada, has told Washington to dispatch a diplomat instantly to Saskatchewan's capital. As yet, the name of this diplomat of the plains has not been announced. He will have at least one distinction—he will be first in the business west of Winnipeg.



The right Collar adds pleasure to summer outings—

When canoeing, playing tennis, or enjoying outing trips, the ORDINARY collar is a ceaseless cause of annoyance. The snappy, trim appearance soon disappears—a few minutes' exercise with a paddle or a tennis racquet on a warm day finishes them. Not so with

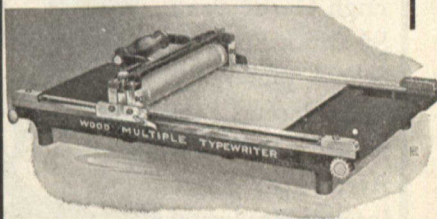
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H. G. WILLIAMS, Manager



Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on FRIDAY, 29th JULY, 1910, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years six times per week each way, between CARRVILLE and MAPLE RAILWAY STATION (G.T.) from the 1st October next.

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

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
Mail Service Branch
Ottawa, 7th June, 1910.

G. C. Anderson,
Superintendent.

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MONEY AND MAGNATES

Big Steel Consolidation for Central Canada.

NOW Central Canada is to have a great big steel corporation of its own. The expansion and development of the country require it and it is to be a consolidation of five of the largest iron and steel concerns now operating in the central part of Canada, two of them having their headquarters at Montreal and the other three at different points in the Province of Ontario.

A peculiar development in connection with the consolidation is that each of the five companies included in it in itself represents a consolidation of other companies.

The new company will be known as the Steel Company of Canada, Limited. It represents a consolidation of the Montreal Rolling Mills, in which are included the Montreal Rolling Mills, the Pillow Hersey Company and the Hodgson Pipe Works; the Hamilton Steel and Iron Company, in which are included the Ontario Rolling Mills and the Hamilton Blast Furnace Co.; the Canada Screw Company, which represents a consolidation of the Canada Screw and Ontario Tack; the Canada Bolt and Nut Company, a company formed at the beginning of the present year to take over the Gananoque Bolt and Nut Company, the Belleville Rolling Mills, the Toronto Bolt and Forging Co., and the Brantford Screw Company; and the Dominion Wire Manufacturing Company, now controlled by William H. Farrell and other interests formerly identified with some of the subsidiary companies of the United States Steel Corporation and taken over a few years ago from the Cooper-Fairman people, who played such a prominent part in the early development of the wire business of Canada.

The consolidation has been discussed on and off for the last two or three years and the men who always took it up were the practical men who seemed to feel that great advantages would accrue to the individual concerns by the elimination of needless competition and the standardising of the manufactures of the individual plants. For instance, whenever Mr. Hobson, the general manager of the Hamilton Iron and Steel Company, went down to Montreal he generally spent part of his time, at least in a social way, with Mr. William McMaster, the general manager of the Dominion Rolling Mills, and the possibility of the consolidation of their concerns and some other ones which secured most of their supplies from them always came in for a good deal of consideration.

So it was only natural that a few months ago the practical interests behind the different companies that have now been brought together should have discussed the matter among themselves and decided that it would be to the distinct advantage of all the companies, as well as to the industry itself, if it could be possible to find a basis on which all the concerns could come together. It was in this way that Mr. C. S. Wilcox and Mr. Hobson of the Hamilton Steel and Iron, Mr. W. M. Aitken, representing the people in control of the Montreal Rolling Mills, Mr. Cyrus A. Birge of the Canada Screw Company, and Mr. Lloyd Harris, M.P., of the Canada Bolt and Nut Company, got together and stayed with their task until such time as they found a basis that should be satisfactory alike to all companies.

From the outset the proposition seems to have been handled in a thoroughly businesslike way; for instance, it was decided that the assets of the various concerns should be appraised and the books audited by competent appraisal and audit companies and that their reports should form the basis on which the different companies should go into the consolidation. With a further idea of conservatism it was also decided that the different concerns entering the consolidation should agree to accept the bonds of the Steel Company of Canada for two-thirds of the appraised value of the property, that the total issue of preferred stock should represent the remaining one-third of the appraised value which might be termed as the equity plus the liquid assets of the companies, while the common stock should in its turn represent the earning capacity, as demonstrated by the statements of past years. A further indication of the conservative manner in which the whole thing seems to have been arranged is that there is a provision in the charter of the new company which prevents it from paying dividends on its common stock until such time as a sufficient amount of money has been placed in the treasury of the company from earnings to provide for the 7 per cent. cumulative preferred dividend being paid for one full year in advance.

On these reports being completed the actual amount of the authorised and issued capital were decided on as follows for the Steel Company of Canada, Limited:

	Authorised.	To be issued.
Common stock	\$15,000,000	\$11,500,000
Preferred stock, 7 per cent. cum.	10,000,000	6,500,000
Total stock	\$25,000,000	\$18,000,000
Bonds, 6 per cent., 30-year	10,000,000	6,850,000

As has been the case with companies included in most of the consolidations that have been effected during the past year, most of the companies that will now be included in the Steel Company of Canada have grown from very small beginnings and have gradually risen to their present large proportions through an endeavour to keep pace with the tremendous development that was occurring throughout the country.

The Hamilton Steel and Iron Company, for instance, on its formation, about 1899, to take over the two companies now included in it, only had one blast furnace and rolling mill, while to-day it has two large blast furnaces with a daily capacity of 550 tons of pig iron a day, four open hearth furnaces with a production of 100,000 tons a year, complete rolling mills and other smaller plants.

The Montreal Rolling Mills was established away back in 1868 and now has three large manufacturing plants in Montreal.

The Canada Screw Company was established at Hamilton in 1866 and has always played a very prominent part in the development of the steel industry of the country.

The Dominion Wire Manufacturing Company was established at Lachine,

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AUTHORIZED										ISSUED
\$1,500,000										\$700,000
\$1,500,000										\$700,000

The Bonds are dated July 1st, 1910, and are due July 1st, 1940.
Interest payable at par at any branch of the Eastern Townships Bank.
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Bonds may be registered.
The Balance of \$800,000 Consolidated First Mortgage Bonds and Ordinary Shares will remain in the Treasury, and will be available for future requirements.
Of the \$700,000 Consolidated First Mortgage Bonds now being issued, \$100,000 are held in escrow to retire the outstanding issue of \$100,000 Sherbrooke Street Railway Bonds, due 30th June, 1927.

The Bonds are redeemable as a whole at 105 and interest on any interest date after 1st July, 1916, or annually for sinking fund drawings.
Messrs. McCuaig Bros. & Co., Montreal, are prepared to receive subscriptions for the above \$600,000 of 5 p.c. Consolidated First Mortgage Sinking Fund Gold Bonds at the price of 95 p.c. of par with a bonus of common stock equal in par value to 40 p.c. of the par value of the Bonds allotted to be delivered on payment of subscription in full, on the following terms:—

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15 " " JULY 2ND.
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The right is reserved to allot only such subscriptions and for such amounts as may be approved, and to close the subscription books without notice.
Payments can be made in full on allotment or on any instalment date.
Application will be made for the listing of the securities of the Company on the Montreal Stock Exchange.
Firm subscriptions have already been received for \$135,000 of the above Bonds, and the allotment of them has been guaranteed.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

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Security and Earning Power

The bonds of the Company are secured by a deed of trust in favor of the Montreal Trust Co., which is an absolute First Mortgage upon the hydraulic development and transmission lines, upon all street railway extensions, present and future, and upon all new rolling stock of the Company, and which is a mortgage on the rights, powers, franchises and existing lines, subject only to the outstanding \$100,000 Sherbrooke Street Railway Bonds.

Messrs. Ross & Holgate, Consulting Engineers, of Montreal, who have examined and reported upon the position of the Company, estimate that its earnings for the first year after the work is completed should be as follows:

Street Railway—	
Gross Revenue	\$68,250
Operating Costs	40,950
Net Revenue	\$27,300
POWER Department—	
Gross Revenue	\$52,000
Operating Costs	13,000
Net Revenue	\$39,000
Rentals	3,000
Total	\$69,300
Bond Interest	35,000
Surplus	\$34,300

RAILWAY EARNINGS—As the gross earnings of the old system for 1909 amounted to \$31,222, with the largely increased mileage, reaching the residential portions of the city, the above estimate should be conservative.

POWER EARNINGS—As applications have already been received for the greater part of the available power, there is every reason to believe that on the completion of the development in November the whole will be contracted for.

Business for Traction System and Market for Total Production of Power

The city of Sherbrooke and surrounding country offer a very attractive field for both the Traction and Power Departments of the Company.

The growth of the population of Sherbrooke has been of a very steady and permanent character. In 1871 it had a population of 4,332, which has increased to about 17,000 at the present time. It is estimated that, including the town of Lennoxville, where Bishop's College is situated, the Street Railway serves a population of 20,000.

Although the population of the city has increased over fifty per cent. in the fifteen years since it commenced operations, the present street railway system has never been extended. It is now proposed to more than double the existing mileage.

Sherbrooke is the commercial centre of the Eastern Townships, which results in it having at nearly all times of the year a fairly large transient population.

It is also an important railway and industrial centre. It is a divisional point of the Canadian Pacific Railway; the Canadian terminus of the Boston & Maine system, the headquarters of the Quebec Central Railway Co., and is on the main line of the Grand Trunk Railway.

Its importance as an industrial centre may be judged from the fact that it is the headquarters of such well-known concerns as the Jenckes Machine Company and Rand Drill Company, which supply a large part of the mining machinery used in Canada; the Paton Manufacturing Company, the largest woollen company in the Dominion; the Fairbanks Scale Company (Canadian Branch), the Webster Cigar Company, the Silver Springs Breweries, the Sherbrooke Iron and Foundry Company, and the Paper Machinery Manufacturing Company.

In addition to the above, several important interests are considering at the present time locating in Sherbrooke, the conditions pertaining to labor, transportation and cheap power being favorable for the operation of industrial plants. The surrounding district, besides being rich in timber and minerals, comprises the greatest asbestos deposits in the world.

Strong Franchise Position

The Sherbrooke Railway and Power Company is right from its inception a going concern.

As a Street Railway concern the new Company has a 40-year franchise from the city of Sherbrooke which gives the exclusive right to build and operate a street railway within the limits of the city during this period, with exemption from all taxation for the first twenty years. At the end of twenty years the municipality has the right to purchase the street railway as a going concern.

For its power department the company has purchased certain water powers on the Magog River within the precincts of the city of Sherbrooke. These will be developed at one site, and will have sufficient capacity not only to provide for the increased requirements of the extended street railway, but also to leave 2,600 H.P. available for sale outside to the numerous industries in and about Sherbrooke.

These figures are based upon the minimum flow of the Magog River. Under its charter the Company has the right to sell hydro-electric power not only in the city of Sherbrooke, but as well throughout the District of St. Francis. This district takes in the counties of Sherbrooke, Stanstead, Wolfe, Compton, Richmond and Megantic, and comprises a total population of about 150,000 people.

Outlook for City

Sherbrooke, by its situation as an industrial centre, is destined to keep pace with the tremendous development that is taking place in Montreal, and in the future an increasing number of industries will find it advantageous from a point of view of labor and power to locate within its limits.

As the centre of one of the richest farming districts in Eastern Canada, it will gain additional importance as a retail and distributing centre.

The Sherbrooke Railway and Power Company will share in both its departments the growth and development of the city and its surrounding districts.

Prospectus and forms of application may be obtained at any branch of the Royal Bank of Canada or the Eastern Township Bank, or from McCuaig Bros. & Co., Montreal, or Brouse, Mitchell & Co., Toronto.

APPLICATIONS FOR BONDS SHOULD BE MADE UPON THE FORM ACCOMPANYING THE PROSPECTUS, AND ACCOMPANIED BY CHEQUE OR DRAFT PAYABLE AT PAR IN MONTREAL FOR 10% OF THE AMOUNT OF BONDS APPLIED FOR, AND SENT TO ANY BRANCH OF

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA,

MCCUAIG BROS. & CO.

MEMBERS MONTREAL STOCK EXCHANGE

175 St. James St., MONTREAL. 22 Metcalf St., OTTAWA.

THE EASTERN TOWNSHIPS BANK,

BROUSE, MITCHELL & CO.

MEMBERS TORONTO STOCK EXCHANGE

19 Colborne Street, TORONTO.

The Subscription List will open on Thursday, June 23rd, and will close on or before Monday, July 4th, 1910, at 4 o'clock

The Toronto General Trusts Corporation Offer

ON BEHALF OF DYMENT, CASSELS & CO.

AT \$100 PER SHARE

\$1,500,000 7% Cumulative Preferred Stock with a Bonus of 20% of Common Stock of

MURRAY-KAY LIMITED

(Incorporated under the Laws of the Dominion of Canada)

A Consolidation of the W. A. Murray Co., Limited, Established 1853, and the John Kay Co., Limited, Established 1843

CAPITALIZATION

Preferred Stock, 7% Cumulative	\$1,500,000
Common Stock	1,500,000

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

W. PARKYN MURRAY, Esq., *President*
(President W. A. Murray Co., Limited
Director Home Bank of Canada.)

JOHN B. KAY, Esq., *Vice-President*
W. T. BRADSHAW, Esq., *General Manager*
(President John Kay Co., Limited)

W. GRANT MORDEN, Esq., Montreal
(Director Canada Securities Corporation, Limited, etc.)

A. E. DYMENT, Esq., Toronto
(Director Canadian General Electric Co., Limited.
President Dymont Loan & Savings Co., etc.)

TREASURER

WILSON FENTON, Esq.
(Director and Sec.-Treas. John Kay Co., Limited)

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JOHN W. DRYNAN, Esq.
(Director W. A. Murray Company, Limited)

MAJOR J. A. MURRAY
(Vice-President W. A. Murray Company, Limited)

SECRETARY

J. E. FEATHERSTONHAUGH, Esq.
(Director and Sec.-Treas. W. A. Murray Co., Limited)

BANKERS

BANK OF TORONTO

HOME BANK OF TORONTO

SOLICITORS

BRISTOL & ARMOUR, Toronto, C. A. BARNARD, K.C., Montreal

J. P. LANGLEY, F.C.A.

AUDITORS

CLARKSON & CROSS, F.C.A.

The departure that is being made in offering securities of this character to the public has been decided on because it is believed to be in the interests of the public as well as to the advantage of the business of the new company to secure as wide a distribution as possible for its preferred and common stock.
The \$1,500,000 of the above preferred stock is now offered for sale at par, carrying with it a bonus of common stock equal to 20 per cent. of the preferred stock.
Of this \$1,500,000 subscriptions have already been received for \$1,000,000 and accepted, leaving for public subscription the sum of \$500,000.
The preferred stock is preferred both as to dividends and as to assets. Payments may be made as follow:—

PLAN "A"
10 per cent. on application, and
90 per cent. on allotment—

or

PLAN "B" In instalments as follows:
10 per cent. on application
15 per cent. on allotment
35 per cent. on 15th July, 1910
40 per cent. on 15th August, 1910

100 per cent.

100 per cent.

When payments are made in instalments, according to Plan "B," interest at the rate of 7 per cent. per annum from date of allotment will be charged. The preferred stock carries dividends at 7 per cent. from June 16th, 1910.

The right is reserved to allot only such subscriptions and for such amounts as may be approved, and to close the subscription books without notice.
Where no allotment is made the deposit will be returned in full, and where the number of shares allotted is less than the number applied for, the balance of the deposit will be applied toward the remaining payments.

Applications will be made to have both the preferred and common stock of the company listed on the Toronto Stock Exchange.

ASSETS AND EARNING POWER.

The Company will own the undertaking as a going concern of the W. A. Murray Co., Limited, and John Kay Co., Limited.

Messrs. Clarkson and Cross and Mr. James P. Langley, accountants, in their certificate of earnings report as follows:

"We have examined the books and accounts of the W. A. Murray Co., Limited, and of the John Kay Co., Limited, for the three years ending 31st January, 1910. Eliminating interest, making a reasonable deduction for depreciation of building, store fixtures and furnishings, and allowing the sum of \$25,000 each year for directors' fees and salaries of executive officers, we find the combined net profits for the three years to have been \$589,375.65."

These earnings are at the rate of \$196,485.55 per annum, an amount equal to over 13 per cent. on the preferred stock of the new company, which would leave, after the payment of the dividend on the preferred, earnings equal to over 6 per cent. on the common stock. Considering that in this period occurred the panic year of 1907-8, and consequent curtailment of business, and taking into account the economy to be effected under this consolidation and the impetus that will be given to the business of the new company by reason of the additional cash working capital now being provided, it is confidently expected that the future earnings will be very much in excess of the foregoing figures:—

THE COMBINED PROFIT AND LOSS STATEMENT OF THE AUDITORS
FOR THE THREE YEARS ENDING JANUARY 31ST, 1910,
IS AS FOLLOWS:—

	1907-08	1908-09	1909-10
Gross Profit	\$526,998 44	\$482,068 40	\$522,575 07
Cash Discounts	28,967 16	25,596 96	28,362 37
	\$555,965 60	\$507,665 36	\$550,937 44
General charges, including allowance for bad debts, executive salaries, and directors' fees, depreciation on Fixtures and Building	\$347,993 94	\$329,542 77	\$347,746 04
Net profits	208,061 66	178,122 59	203,191 40
	\$555,965 60	\$507,665 36	\$550,937 44

Average net profits per annum \$196,485.55, or over 13 per cent. on the preferred stock of the new company.

The businesses are taken over as of the 31st January, 1910, with accrued profits from that date.

GENERAL INFORMATION.

The companies taken over are two of the oldest and most important mercantile businesses in Canada.

The men who for a great many years past have helped to make the businesses pre-eminently successful will, in addition to being largely financially interested in the company, be actively identified with its management and direction.

The large amount of new working capital which will be placed in the treasury of the company will permit of important extensions and improvements, and will enable the company to keep pace with the tremendous development that is taking place, not only in the City of Toronto, but throughout Canada.

The prominent part these two businesses have played in helping to make Toronto the important retail centre that it is may be gathered from the fact that the John B. Kay Company dates back to 1843, while the W. A. Murray Company started business on its present site as early as 1853.

The John Kay Company, Limited, has long had the reputation of being by far the largest and most successful house-furnishing business of its kind in the country. With the rapid increase in wealth, not only in the principal towns and cities, but throughout the rural districts of Canada, the market for the various lines either manufactured or sold by it is certain to increase very much more rapidly during the next five or ten years than it has in any like period in the past. The position of the new company will be made stronger by the fact that Mr. John B. Kay, who had retired from participation in the Kay business a few years ago, will, in addition to filling the position of Vice-President of the new company, be actively identified with its management.

The W. A. Murray Company, Limited, started business in a very small way in a store that occupied a very limited portion of the present site, and has gradually expanded till it stands to-day one of the largest high-class dry goods businesses in Canada. The company has always made a particular feature of endeavoring to provide for its patrons the best, and on this account has always made a specialty of carrying the highest grades of merchandise. In every city it is a recognized fact that this class of business is the most profitable that can be done.

The businesses of the two companies, though different in character, will mutually assist each other in attracting new business, and will result in the creation of the largest high-class house in Canada. To preserve and ensure continuity of good management it is to be noted that the Board of Directors includes Mr. Parkyn Murray, the President of the W. A. Murray Company, Limited; Major J. A. Murray, Vice-President W. A. Murray Co., Limited; Mr. John Drynan, of the W. A. Murray Company, Limited; Mr. John B. Kay, formerly head of the Kay Company; Mr. W. T. Bradshaw, President John Kay Company, Limited, and Mr. D. K. Ridout, Vice-President John Kay Company, Limited.

CONTRACTS—Pursuant to the provisions of Section 43 of Companies Act, Chapter 79, Revised Statutes of Canada, 1906, the following contract is noted, namely, an agreement between the Murray-Kay, Limited, and C. A. Barnard, dated 16th June, 1910.

Prospectuses and forms of application may be obtained from Dymont, Cassels and Co., and from members of the Toronto Stock Exchange.

Applications may be made on the form accompanying the prospectus and forwarded, with the instalment due on application, to the head office or any branch of

Bank of Toronto, Home Bank of Canada, Canadian Debentures Corporation, Limited, Toronto, Toronto General Trusts Corporation, and to

DYMENT, CASSELS & COMPANY

MEMBERS TORONTO STOCK EXCHANGE, TORONTO

MONEY AND MAGNATES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24.

outside of Montreal, in 1883, and was taken over by the group now in control somewhat like three years ago.

The Canada Bolt and Nut Company, formed earlier in the year to include four different concerns operating in the Province of Ontario, brings into the consolidation plants that secure a very large amount of their raw material from the other companies included in it.

The men who have been at the head of the different companies for some years past will all be identified with the new company, it being announced that Mr. C. S. Wilcox, for a number of years past the president of the Hamilton Steel and Iron Company, will be the first president of the new company, while Mr. Robert Hobson, formerly general manager of the Hamilton Steel and Iron Company, will act in a similar capacity for the new company. The first board of directors will also include Mr. Cyrus A. Birge, for a great many years head of the Canada Screw Company, Mr. Lloyd Harris, the president of the Canada Bolt and Nut Company, while the other members of the board will be as follows: Senator William Gibson, president of the Bank of Hamilton; E. B. Osler, M.P., president of Dominion Bank and director of the C. P. R.; William Southam, director, Hamilton Steel and Iron; H. S. Holt, president of the Royal Bank of Canada; Charles Alexander, Providence, R.I., president, American Screw Co.; I. H. Benn, M.P., London, England; John Milne, director of the Hamilton Steel and Iron Co.

Mr. C. S. Wilcox, the president of the new company, when asked what results might be looked for, said: "Reduction in cost of administration; economies in the purchase of supplies and material; reduction of selling, distributing and transportation charges; increased efficiency by specialising the manufactures of the individual plants."

* * *

Murray-Kay Consolidation Marks Very Interesting Departure.

THE departure that is being made by Toronto capitalists in offering a portion of the securities of the new Murray-Kay Consolidation to the investing public of Canada is an interesting one.

The consolidation means the bringing together of two of the largest businesses in their own particular line in Canada, and seeing that thousands of Canadians make a daily practice of doing business in the stores of both companies, it seems only natural that it should be advantageous both to the business of the new company and to the customers in general that there should be some kind of partnership established as between the stores and the buying public. In London and other commercial centres similar enterprises have been particularly successful and have shown that the custom of allowing the buying public to come in and become shareholders has resulted in a larger volume of trade being done in the stores.

Another important development in connection with the consolidation of two such large businesses as that of the John Kay Company, Limited, established away back in 1843, and the W. A. Murray Company, Limited, which started business in 1853, is that it gives the public what it has long desired to have, and that is an idea of just what profits these larger stores find it possible to make. The statement of the combined earnings of the two companies as prepared by the accountants shows that for the last three years their profits amounted to \$589,375.65, being at the rate of \$196,485.55 per annum. These earnings would be equal to over 13 per cent. on the entire issue of \$1,500,000 of preferred stock which is being made by the new company and after the payment of the 7 per cent. cumulative dividend on this stock would show surplus earnings of over 6 per cent. on the \$1,500,000 of common stock. An interesting announcement in connection with the consolidation is that all the men who during the past few years have helped to make the businesses of the two companies very successful will, in addition to retaining a very large financial interest in the new company, be actively identified with its management and direction. Mr. John B. Kay will, in addition to being vice-president, give the company the benefit of his experience.

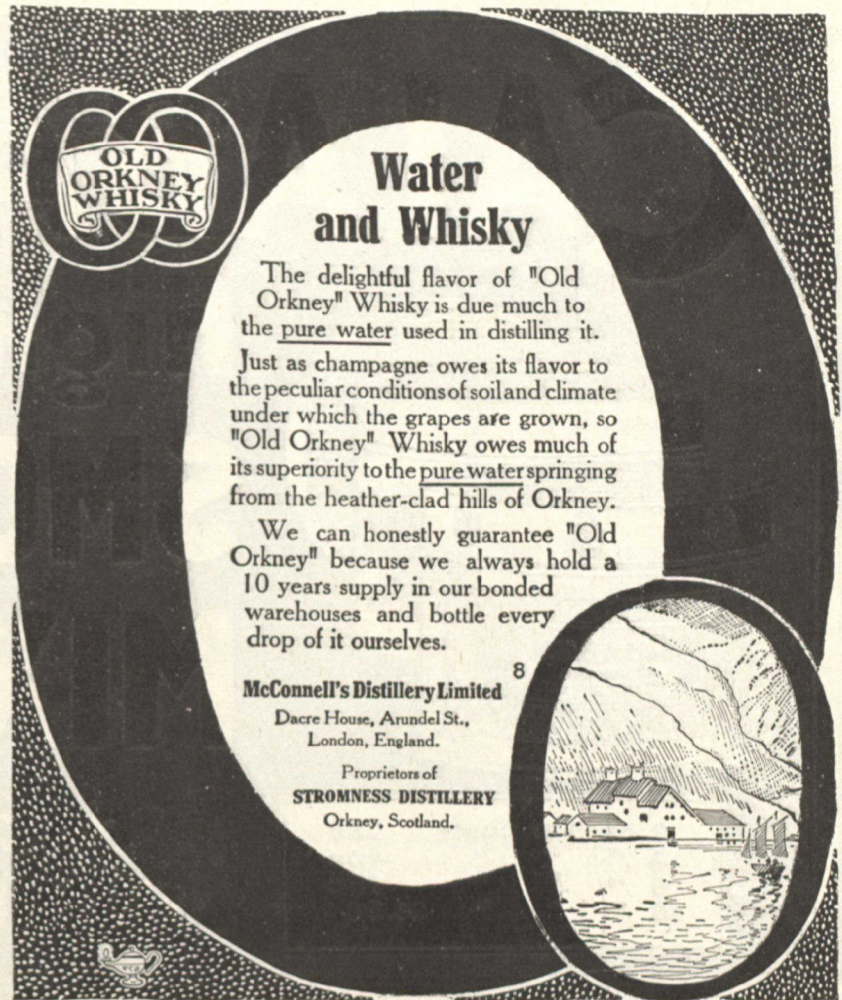
* * *

Canadian Investments Popular With Canadian Investors.

THE general belief that prevails that the twentieth century is Canada's century has resulted in Canadian investors holding the opinion that investments in Canadian enterprises should at all times be considered before investments in any outside country. The large amount of capital that has been coming into Canada during the past couple of years, not only from England but as well from France and other European countries, has also had the effect of Canadians forming a higher opinion of the investments in their own country. Such a condition undoubtedly explains the general interest that has been taken in the public offering of \$600,000 of 5 per cent. consolidated sinking fund gold bonds carrying with them a 40 per cent. stock bonus of the Sherbrooke Railway and Power Co., which is being made just at the present time by McCuaig Bros. & Co., the well known Montreal firm.

Anybody who is in touch with the rapid manner in which the entire Eastern Townships of the Province of Quebec is developing knows that the city of Sherbrooke as the chief commercial centre of the entire district will make very rapid headway during the next two years, both as a retail and industrial centre. The large amount of additional capital that is being placed in the treasury of the Sherbrooke Railway and Power Company will enable the company to keep pace with this development, while the larger amount of electrical power which it will have for sale to outside concerns will make it particularly advantageous for new industries to locate either in the city or surrounding country. The terms on which \$600,000 of 5 per cent. bonds are being offered are especially attractive because of the very large bonus of common stock that is being given along with them. The bonds are being sold at 95 and accrued interest and they carry with them a stock bonus of 40 per cent., meaning that for every five bonds allotted to a subscriber he will receive as a bonus two full shares of common stock. The return on the bond is a very high one while the common stock received as a bonus should enhance very rapidly in value during the next few years. The company's new power plant now in course of erection will be completed in November while it is intended to go ahead immediately with the doubling of the mileage of and the reconstruction of the present system of the street railway department.

COUPON.



OLD ORKNEY WHISKY

Water and Whisky

The delightful flavor of "Old Orkney" Whisky is due much to the pure water used in distilling it.

Just as champagne owes its flavor to the peculiar conditions of soil and climate under which the grapes are grown, so "Old Orkney" Whisky owes much of its superiority to the pure water springing from the heather-clad hills of Orkney.

We can honestly guarantee "Old Orkney" because we always hold a 10 years supply in our bonded warehouses and bottle every drop of it ourselves.

McConnell's Distillery Limited
Dacre House, Arundel St.,
London, England.

Proprietors of
STROMNESS DISTILLERY
Orkney, Scotland.

Cosgraves Half & Half

is as mild as the lightest lager yet it does not have that lifeless taste that causes many to tire of lager quickly. The life and body of the pure malt and hops are there. It stimulates during the hot weather without leaving any drowsy after effects. Keep a few bottles in your refrigerator to be served at meal times, the whole family will be the better for it.

At all Hotels and Dealers.

The Cosgrave Brewery Co. of Toronto Ltd.



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

SHREDDED

A meat diet is too heating

Shredded Wheat is the natural summer food. Cooling, yet full of rich nourishment. All the strength-giving elements of the whole wheat. A biscuit covered with fresh fruit is enjoyable. Serve with cream and sugar.

Sold by all grocers, 13c. a carton, two for 25c. 2225

WHEAT

CALABASH



High Grade SMOKING MIXTURE

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

**PACKED IN
HUMIDOR TINS**

The Fruits of Repentance

By MARVIN LESLIE

ARTHUR BALCOM sat in his luxurious private office in Halifax with a weary and dissatisfied expression on his alert and determined face.

He certainly had no reason to be displeased with himself. A self-made man of the stereotyped variety, he had left the little village of Duketown in the Queen Anne Valley for the city of Halifax, wearing the proverbial suit of homespun with the proverbial one dollar in the pockets thereof; and now, in less than seven years, he was the secretary and coming president of the great New Caledonia Corporation. Just the day before he had closed up a troublesome and long-standing claim against Senator Bellview, and the morning mail had brought to his desk the Senator's check for half a million dollars in full settlement of the same.

Another letter, however, lay before him, postmarked at Duketown, and written by the village sweetheart of his early days who still treasured up his perfunctory letters and looked forward to the day when he would return to the sleepy town to take her with him back into the great world of life and activity.

As he glanced over it wearily, he realised instantly that it was different from her other letters. She realised from the careless tone of his recent letters, so it ran, that he no longer cared for her, and probably had met someone that he really loved; that she was unfitted to be his wife and would release him from his promise. Then there was the wistful little postscript saying that if she had misunderstood his real feelings, or if he should ever care for her again he would find that she at least had not changed since the old Duketown days.

Arthur indulged in no day-dreams over this letter; it called up no fond pictures of youthful scenes. Instead he wheeled around to the typewriter and clicked off a reply almost brutal in its hurried briefness. He agreed with her that it was best to break off their engagement, thanked her for her thoughtfulness, and wished her a happy future.

Having addressed this letter to "Miss Annie Harrison, Duketown, N.S.," he placed it with the outgoing mail, picked up the carbon copy, which from force of habit, he had made when typing his letter, and placed it with hers.

"I might as well file them, I suppose," he mused, as he turned to his private letter file.

Running down the letters he came to "Harmon"; the next was "Hayden."

"Harrison" comes in here," he muttered, and marked the place with a loose slip of paper. Then he turned to the desk, took up the two letters and filed them away between the "Harmon" and "Hayden" correspondence and in a few minutes was absorbed in the work of the day.

The next day an air of suppressed agitation pervaded the offices of the New Caledonia Corporation, recalling the old days when the Montreal "freebooters" waged an almost successful battle for control.

The Bellview check had disappeared, and an exhaustive search of every inch of Balcom's office convinced all concerned that it was unfindable. Worse still, the Senator had been taken seriously ill with no hope of recovery; his death would stop payment of the check; and his heirs,

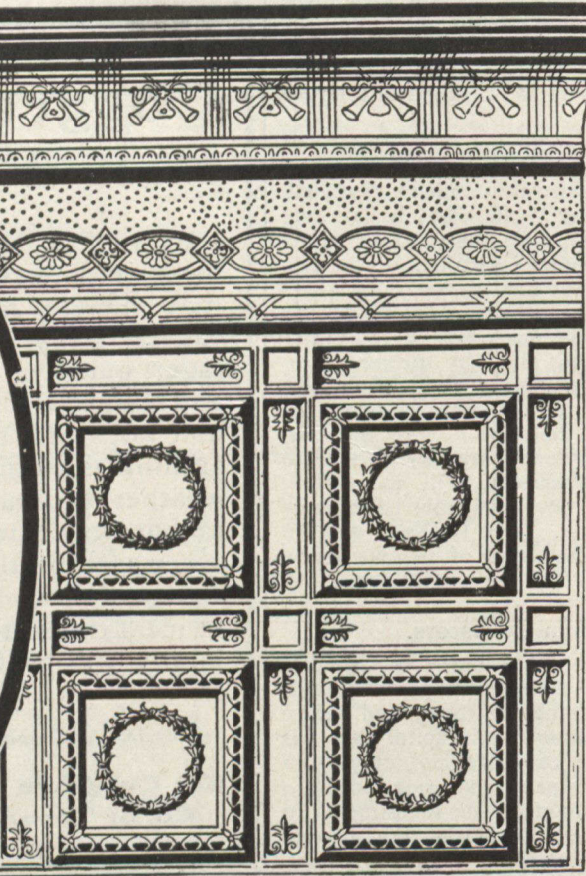
THE SANITARY REASONS

Plaster ceilings absorb odors and germs, which makes them very unsanitary. But PRESTON Ceilings have a hard, non-absorbent STEEL surface. Its difficult for dirt or dust to cling to them. PRESTON Ceilings are hard to soil, yet easy to clean—just wipe them off with a damp cloth. They cannot fall down, crack or warp. They will last as long as the building stands. Send for booklet "Interior Decoration." It gives other ceiling facts you ought to know.

METAL SHINGLE AND SIDING
CO., LIMITED, PRESTON, ONT.

Branch Office and Factory,
Montreal, Quebec

16



Preston Ceilings Steel

For sale by G. P. BRECKON & CO.

Rear, 210 Victoria Street

Advertising and Profits

SEVEN DAYS
VS.
SEVEN HOURS

CANADIAN COURIER
Toronto

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

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

who did not understand the true inwardness of the Senator's deals, would certainly resist and successfully resist payment of the original claim. "I am afraid," announced the president to the white-faced group in his inner office, "that we cannot afford a secretary who loses five hundred thousand dollar checks."

Balcom went back to his own office and faced the situation, and strangely enough his mind went back to his early days in the peaceful Queen Anne Valley and his boyhood sweetheart whom he just rejected.

Finally he took up his pen and began a letter to her in marked contrast to the one of the preceding day. He told her of his dismal mistake about the Senator's check, and the certainty of his dismissal, and announced his intention of starting life anew if she would overlook his heartless conduct in the past.

Calling the office boy he gave him the letter to mail and returned to his desk.

"Poor little girl," he muttered, pulling out the letter file, "I suppose she has my other letter by this time. I am almost ashamed to look at the copy."

Running down the file he located the "Harmon" and "Hayden" letters and took from between them the two "Harrison" letters and with them the slip of paper he had used to mark the place when filing them there the day before.

He placed the letters on the table and glanced at the slip of paper before throwing it into the wastebasket.

It was the Bellview check.

Via Wireless over the Ranges

ON the second floor of the Alberta Hotel, Edmonton, two New Yorkers for the last few days have had a room. They have roused considerable speculation, these New Yorkers, among the guests—among some, because they can whistle the very latest airs off Broadway; but principally they have attracted attention on account of a little instrument which they keep in their room, a metal affair, which buzzes and splutters when set in operation. With this little instrument, the citizens of Uncle Sam expect to revolutionise communication on the prairies. Messrs. J. J. Horsfal and C. Marshall are representatives of the De Forrest Wireless system. Their proposition is not wireless telegraphy—something more up to date; they are elucidating the virtues of a telephone which does not cage a town up with cables; in short, the New Yorkers at the Alberta plan nothing less than a wireless telephone system for the province. They have been sight-seeing at Calgary, on the side trying to secure rights to the Hull Building, a tall structure in the little town, for the first wireless telephone station in Canada. They want an Edmonton site, too. If Calgary and Edmonton people find that they can stretch their voices over the miles which separate them, Lethbridge will go in for the long talking also. It looks as if these three towns, before the snow begins to flit, may yet class themselves with New York and Chicago, which call central according to the direction of the American Wireless Corporation. Even up in remote Peace River District, the wireless telephone "down Edmonton way" is raising the expectations of some; one wealthy farmer is said to have offered three thousand dollars for wireless connection with Edmonton. But perhaps he has political aspirations.

INGERSOLL CREAM CHEESE
Spreads Like Butter
 You can buy twice the quantity of Ingersoll Cream Cheese in blocks for the same money as you would receive in jar cheese, besides, there is just as much difference in the quality in favor of Ingersoll Cream Cheese as there is in the price.
 Never becomes hard. Every particle can be consumed.
 Sold only in 15c and 25c blocks. For sale by all grocers.
 Manufactured by
THE INGERSOLL PACKING CO. Limited
 Ingersoll, Ontario
 Canada

VICHY CELESTINS
 Natural Alkaline Water
A delightful table water with highly medicinal qualities
 Ask your Physician
 Owned by and bottled under the direct control of the French Government
Not Genuine without the word CELESTINS
 Bolvin, Wilson & Co., Agents

Rural School LIBRARIES

The Canadian Farm has made arrangements whereby rural schools all over the Dominion are able to secure through it, well selected libraries of standard authors. Teachers and others interested are requested to write for particulars. Address

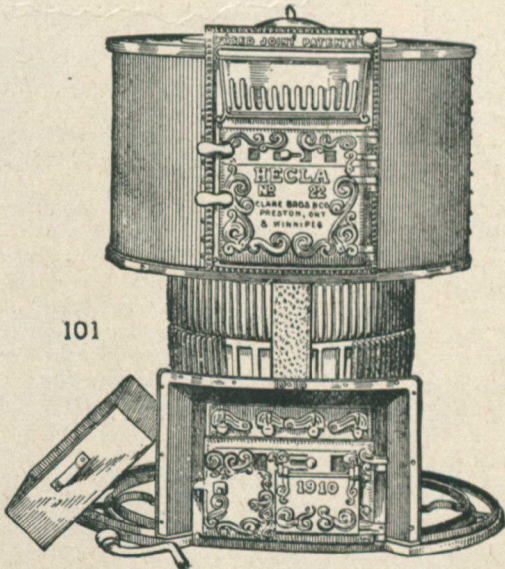
THE CANADIAN FARM, 12 Wellington St. E., Toronto, Ont.

HECLA FURNACE

—And The Feature That Made Them Famous

The discovery of FUSED JOINTS made possible the perfect system of warm air heating.

When we first began to build furnaces, some thirty years ago, the various parts of the radiators were bolted and cemented together. No matter how tightly the iron and steel were fastened, the difference in the expansion and contraction of the two metals eventually pulled the bolts loose, ground out the cement and left openings through which gas, dust and smoke escaped into the house.



About 20 years ago, we discovered and patented FUSED JOINTS.

Instead of bolting and cementing steel and iron together, we fused the materials at a white heat.

The joints thus formed are permanent and indestructible.

Twenty years use has proved the value of Fused Joints. They will not leak—they are absolutely gas, smoke and dust tight—

and will always remain so as long as the furnace is in use.

Fused Joints insure "Hecla" heated homes being always supplied with an abundance of fresh, warmed air, untainted by gas or dust.

"Hecla" Furnace is the only furnace with Fused Joints.

Fused Joints are only one of the patented features of "Hecla" Furnace that mean so much to every man who is going to put in a new furnace this season. Our furnace book describes and illustrates them all. Write for free copy.

Send us rough diagram of your home, and we will plan the heating arrangement and give estimate of the cost of installing the right "Hecla" Furnace—free.

Clare Bros. & Co. Limited, Preston, Ont.



The Secret of Good Pies

PIE CRUST, more than any other delicacy of the oven, ought to be tempting and appealing to the taste.

You do not eat pie as a nerve tonic or to strengthen your appetite. You eat it for *pleasure* mostly.

You want it, of course, to taste good, at the same time you want the crust to be light, flaky, wholesome. Now, pie crust properly made from

Royal Household Flour

is *always* good food, the absolute uniformity of this best of all flours eliminates failure entirely. You get the same delightful results every time and your pies are more healthful and nourishing than if made from ordinary flour.

The reason is that "ROYAL HOUSEHOLD" having a larger percentage of high quality gluten, assimilates more readily,

is more satisfying than ordinary flour, comes out of the oven flakier, more tender and more digestible.

Be sure to try "ROYAL HOUSEHOLD" when next you make pies. It is the finest flour in the world not only for Pastry but for Bread and *all* family baking.

"Ogilvie's Book For A Cook" containing 125 pages of tried and tested recipes will be sent free to any user of Royal Household Flour who asks for it.



THE OGILVIE FLOUR MILLS CO. LIMITED.



is the most you can buy. will make a cup fragrant, nutritious

economical that Half a teaspoonful of cocoa — rich, —with the delicious flavor that is characteristic of Cowan's.

THE COWAN CO. LIMITED, TORONTO. 132

HOLBROOK'S WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE

The Sauce that makes the whole world hungry.

Made and Bottled in England 1889

SAUCE

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

THE ISLE OF BIRDS

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 18

the puffin of his fish came in sight of his nest. At his approach the female, who had grown impatient, rose from her handsome, greenish brown, mottled eggs, sprang into the air, and sailed off toward the sea. For just about ten or a dozen seconds the precious eggs were exposed, while the male swept down on them.

But in those brief seconds Fate struck. With an exultant yelp a huge saddleback dropped out of the sky, directly upon the nest, and plunged its beak into one of the eggs. The eggs were not far from hatching. He dragged forth the naked chick and swallowed it ravenously. Before he could turn to another egg the skua had fallen upon him.

Now the great gull, fully two feet and a half in length, from the tip of his punishing yellow beak to the tip of his tail, was not far from twice the size of his fearless and furious assailant. Moreover, having just had his own nest destroyed, he was in fighting mood. Ordinarily, being a thorough bully, he would have cowered and fled before, the skua's swift rage. But now he turned and struck back savagely. More nimble than he, the skua evaded the blow and caught him by the neck.

It was close beside the nest that the struggle went on; but meanwhile the two remaining eggs were lying uncovered to the eyes of prowlers. They did not lie there long. Two more big saddlebacks straightway pounced upon them, crushing them flat in the scuffle. Engrossed though he was, the skua saw them. He was only a shameless robber; but his mettle was of a temper of the finest, and he knew not fear. Tearing himself free from his heavy foe, he

pounced frantically upon these new assailants of his home. Startled, they hesitated whether to fight or flee. Then, seeing the odds so far in their favour, they turned to fight. The first saddleback joining them, they presently succeeded in pulling the skua down. Then, against their great weight and overpowering wings, his courage availed him little. Smothered, beaten, trodden upon, he disappeared from sight beneath the yelping turmoil. The odds had been too great for him. In half a minute the battle was over, and his dark body, with the throat completely torn out, lay unresisting beneath the webbed feet of his conquerors.

SUDDENLY, as if at a signal, all three saddlebacks lifted their heads and stared about them. They marked their victim's mate winging upward toward them from the sea, swiftly, as if a prescience of evil had summoned her. They saw two other skuas sailing down from the cliff top as if to demand their business in skua territory. They had no stomach to face that demand. They had no heart for a fight on anything approaching fair terms. Flapping heavily into the air, they flew off in haste, to lose themselves in the myriads of their screaming fellows.

The female skua, returning, hovered low; but she did not alight. In silence, her head thrust downward, she circled and circled endlessly on dark wings above the scattered ruins of her nest, the bedraggled and tattered body of her slain mate. And the stiff ranks of the puffins, like fantastic toy birds carved in wood and painted, stared down on her solemnly from the slopes nearby.

A SECRET OF THE SKY

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mon ami, unless you want to be hurled to instant death. My assistant was disabled this morning and it was on what you call the spur of the moment that I picked you up. You Englishmen are so delightfully thick-headed and brave, you are useful to men of brains."

He paused and laughed again as he saw the lad writhing beneath his contemptuous words.

"They will know how to silence you in Russia," he added. "It is a land of beautiful silence, Russia!"

"You forget that I have you in my power," Walter answered with a coolness he was far from feeling. "If I choose I can plunge this machine to instant destruction."

"Death for us both!" shouted Corri hoarsely. "You would not be such a mad fool."

"I would rather die than aid in a piece of fiendish treachery that may plunge the world into war and end in Britain's destruction!" the lad roared in reply, and he drew from his pocket the revolver that Corri had given him. "Down we go!" he yelled, levelling the bull-nosed weapon at the man's head. "Down, or I fire!"

Corri sent a glance of horror shooting below.

"We are already over the English Channel!" he screamed. "We shall be drowned—the machine—"

"Down!" "I will not! Curse you for a mad Brit—"

Crash!

WITH a swift motion Walter had sent the revolver spinning into the motor, where the seven-cylinder engine whirled with blinding speed. A sickening scrunch shook

the airship from elevators to rudder. Then came a sudden silence, nerve-racking and awful after the turmoil that had gone before.

It was broken by a shriek from Corri as the monoplane reeled, careened, and dropped like a shot bird. For a few moments he worked madly with the levers, the sweat of fear bedabbling his brow, but without any appreciable effect.

With ever-increasing violence the heavy machine shot downwards. Walter, gripping his seat and glancing over the edge, saw the sea leaping swiftly to meet them—a boiling smother of green and froth-capped waves.

He rose in his seat as the airship veered and sped, propeller first, into the sea, stood balancing for a moment, and then leapt with all the strength of his limbs.

Of what followed he had but a dim recollection. A lurch of the planes added velocity to his leap, and he struck the water twenty yards away, just as the monoplane sank with a crash like thunder. A towering fountain of foam rose from the explosion of the engines, and he thought he heard a human scream mingled with the roar and hiss of the steam. But two seconds later he was alone on the wide expanse of sea, with nothing in sight save the propeller, to which he was clinging. It was formed of super-imposed wood, and rode the waves as easily as a raft.

And soon as the dawn broke he found himself drifting in towards the east coast of Cornwall, while behind him the waves frothed and frolicked over the spot where, twenty fathoms deep, a traitor sat tangled amid the ruins of the greatest airship the world had ever seen.

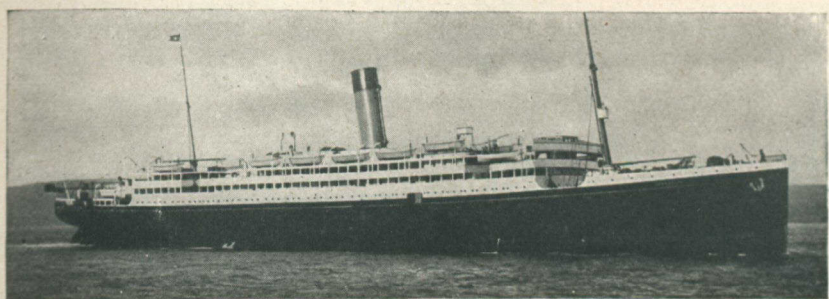


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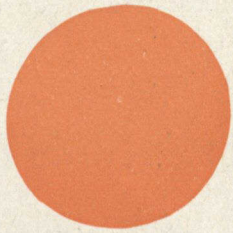
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