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A National Weekly



JOHN A. COOPER, Editor

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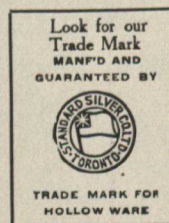


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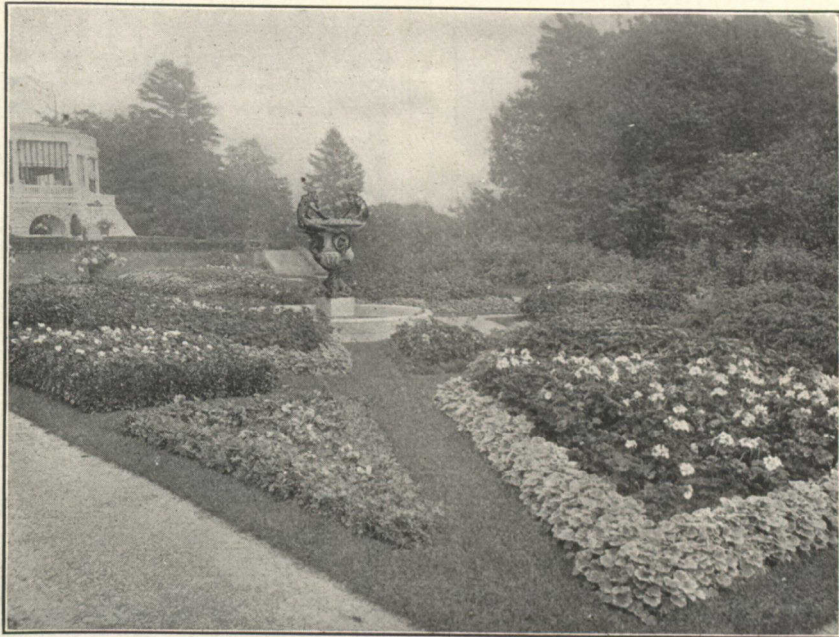
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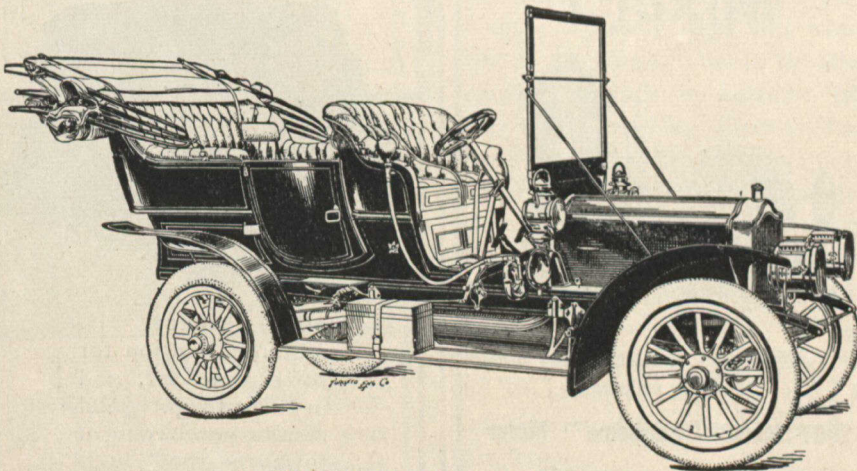
MAKING CHARACTER

What the Y.M.C.A. Stands for—The
Predilections of its General
Secretaries

Thomas Longboat ran at Boston as a member of the Toronto West Young Men's Christian Association. His sensational achievement in breaking the world's record for the distance naturally draws attention to the organization whose colors he bore to victory. Of course, there is no need in dwelling on the general objects of the Y.M.C.A., save to say that athletics are not cultivated more than the intellectual and moral side of the young man. The main desire of the organization is to make young men that will stand the strain, young men with a character rather than a reputation. The general secretaries usually are fond of men of this type, and their fondness often extends to household articles. For example, when the secretary of the Victoria Y.M.C.A. wanted a piano some three years ago he bought a Gourlay. He was looking for character rather than reputation, for then the Gourlay was not well known. Now, however, it has both character and reputation. The instrument has been so thoroughly satisfying that he recommended his board to purchase a Gourlay, when nineteen other instruments were under the notice of the directors. His recommendation was accepted, and recently the firm of Gourlay, Winter & Leeming received the following letter from him: "The piano arrived safely a few days since, and we have just had it set up. It stood the long, cold journey well and is in splendid tune. Our directors are justly proud of it, and think it away ahead of all competitors." That other Y.M.C.A. officials in other localities are also looking for character in a piano is indicated by the following letter from the secretary of the Edmonton branch: "The piano arrived in first-class order. It came through the coldest of the winter and landed here without showing the least sign of an effect from the cold upon either case or action"

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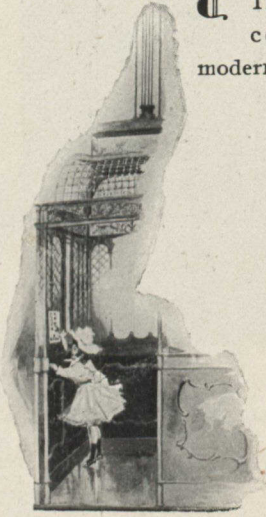
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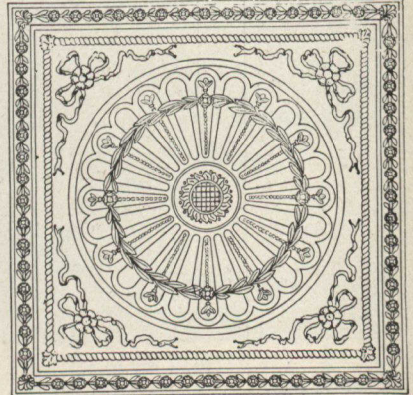
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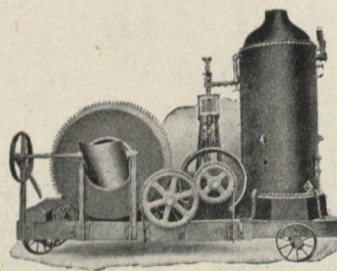
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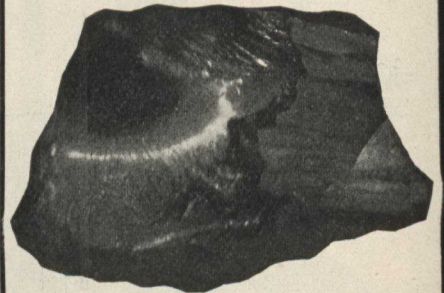
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CONTENTS

Topics of the Day..... 7
 Reflections..... 8
 Through a Monocle..... 10
 Colonial Conference..... 11
 The New University Head..... 12
 The Telephone in Alberta..... 13
 Annexation Again..... 14
 Personalities..... 15
 Montreal and Wheat..... 16
 The Saskatchewan Legislature.. 17
 The Pasha's Prisoner, Story... 18
 Demi-Tasse..... 22
 Sport..... 23
 Talk..... 25
 Music and Drama..... 28
 Children's Column..... 29
 Literary Notes..... 30

Editor's Talk

ROBERT BARR contributes a story to this issue. Mr. Barr still claims to be a Canadian and is a persistent advocate for Canada before the British public. It is now many years since he left the country where he spent his early days and where he taught a village school, to take up journalistic work in London, but he still retains a deep affection for the Growing Giant of the North.

The numerous news photographs this week bring the paper into more like our ideal of what it should be. This standard may not always be maintained, but when we have succeeded in what we are trying to do, the illustrations will be even more numerous and more valuable than in this issue.

Next week, the glories of Ottawa, the attractive capital city, will be the central feature. There will be the usual departments, two or three clever short stories, and other interesting matter. One of the stories is the work of Marjorie Pickthall, one of the most promising of Canada's younger writers.

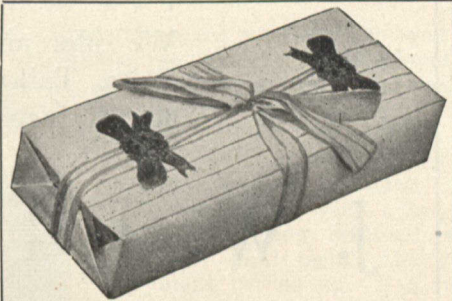
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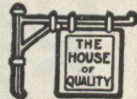
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Vol. I

Toronto, May 4th, 1907

No. 23

Topics of the Day

SENATOR POWER recently raised the question of the rate of interest paid by the Government on savings bank deposits, and suggested that the rate was low. He also indicated that the chartered banks took their cue from the government in this matter. Sir Richard Cartwright, acting premier, replied that the rate must remain as it is. He went farther and stated that on first-class investments banks could obtain only $3\frac{1}{2}$ to 4 per cent.

This latter statement is one which is open to question. It is doubtful if any bank in Canada has any considerable portion of its money loaned at as low a rate as 4 per cent. The average is certainly much higher, otherwise the banks would not be paying such wonderful profits. In spite of what Sir Richard has said, there are many people who believe that the chartered banks are taking undue advantage of their monopoly.

* * *

Hon. R. W. Scott has ventured to give an explanation of the Dominion Government's attitude towards British Columbia. He declared that it is one of the wealthiest places in the world, with high wages and a high standard of living. Men in the mines, for example, are paid six to seven dollars a day. Its wealth has led to extravagance, and hence the Western Province is not satisfied with the extra hundred thousand dollars which it is to receive under the recent provincial settlement.

This explanation is not likely to please the people on the Pacific Coast. They claim that their development is only beginning and that the Federal expenditure there is not equal to the Federal revenue. They maintain that the returns from that Province should be a guide as to the subsidy returned to them. The claim is reasonable on its face, but hardly practicable under our system.

* * *

Hon. Mr. Fielding has given his view of Canada's growing natural expenditures. Ten years ago the revenue was \$36,500,000; last year it was \$80,000,000. In 1896 the foreign trade of the country was \$239,000,000; last year it was approximately \$551,000,000. In the last four years the average increase of public indebtedness has been less than half a million dollars. Mr. Borden's amendment condemning the government's extravagance was defeated by a vote of 91 to 43. It being near the end of the session, the vote was small.

In spite of Mr. Fielding's reassurance and in spite of the expression of confidence given by the Liberal members, the thoughtful citizen is pondering a bit over this increased expenditure. It is right that he should. The expenditures may be justified, but it is quite proper that they should be carefully scanned. The Opposition is acting in the country's interest in keeping the matter before the people, for they must decide in the end as to the wisdom of those in authority.

* * *

As was pointed out last week, Canada is very busy

financing all her great undertakings and the investing of money is proceeding at a terrific pace. The managers of all the railways admit that it is difficult to get engines and cars fast enough to keep step with transportation needs. The Western elevator capacity, according to a Regina correspondent of the Toronto "Globe," has increased only 37 per cent since 1904, while the production of wheat has increased 130 per cent. Elevators, cars and engines were inadequate last season; the prospect for 1907 is that the crop will again increase faster than the transportation facilities. If this occur, and there is every reason to believe that it will, the grain blockade of 1907 will be more serious than in any previous year.

* * *

Eastern wholesalers and Western retailers are loud in their complaints concerning the delivery of merchandise shipped from Toronto, Montreal and other wholesale centres to the West. One Eastern manufacturer tells about a bill of goods shipped to a point in the West for the Canadian Pacific Railway. The goods were reported lost. The order was filled a second time, the goods received, and the bill paid before the first shipment turned up. If a railway cannot keep track of its own goods, what can be expected of it in regard to the goods of other people? The Canadian Northern does not seem to be in any better condition, and the Grand Trunk Pacific is not yet carrying goods.

The winter in the West has been severe and the railways have found it a most expensive season. So have the wholesaler and the retailer. The wholesaler's goods have been held up in yards along the way to their destination, and arrive weeks, sometimes months later than they should. The retailer then finds the goods unseasonable and declines to pay for them until they are sold.

These growing pains are hard to bear; the only solace is that they are growing pains.

* * *

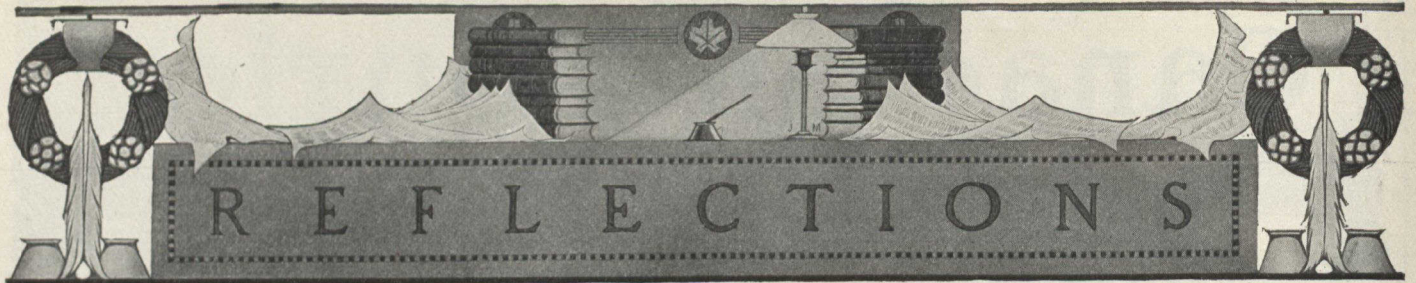
There is a rumour that Monseigneur Sbaretto, the Papal Ablegate, will return to Ottawa by the same boat as

Sir Wilfrid Laurier. There is another that he will not return and that a Canadian cardinal will be created to take over the authority which the Ablegate exercised. Mgr. Sbaretto has undoubtedly done good work for his church during his stay here, but he has not pleased every section of the Catholic people. Moreover, the Canadian Catholics, like every other section of the people, believe in local autonomy and they apparently would prefer to have in authority persons of their own choosing.

The Senior Archbishop of Canada is the Most Rev. Joseph Thomas Duhamel of Ottawa. Although born in the Province of Quebec, he spent his early days in Ottawa and was educated there. On the death of Mgr. Guiges, he succeeded him as the Second Bishop of Ottawa. He has held that office for nearly thirty-three years, with the title of Archbishop for twenty-one years of the period. He is also Chancellor of the University of Ottawa. If a Canadian cardinal is appointed, the honour would likely go to Archbishop Duhamel.



The Most Rev. J. T. Duhamel,
Archbishop of Ottawa, Appointed May, 1886.



REFLECTIONS
BY STAFF WRITERS

THE people of British Columbia object to the new Sunday laws made by the Dominion Parliament. They say that when they want to stop Sunday newspapers they will pass their own legislation. The Attorney-General of the province, according to the despatches, has announced that he will not be a party to any prosecutions. That makes it easy, because he must be a party to ensure success. There is the same situation practically in Quebec. All the other provinces regard the law as defective in details but desirable in principle.

Keeping Sunday was once a family and religious matter, and the Sabbath was fairly well kept. Since the morals and the religion of the people passed into the keeping of self-constituted bodies like the Lord's Day Alliance, ideas as to Sunday observance seem to have broadened. Any attempt to place morality and religion on a scientific or business basis is likely to end in disaster. It is undeniable that the growth of towns and cities seems inevitably to lead to more freedom of conduct, but it is questionable if the Canadian respect for Sunday will be strengthened or weakened by strict legislation.

A CURIOUS situation has developed in the exchange of newspapers between Canada and the United States. The new Convention, which comes into force on Wednesday of next week, compels Canadian papers to pay four cents a pound on all copies sent into the United States.

A CURIOUS SITUATION
In order to evade this high rate, some publishers proposed to send their papers over the border in bulk by express and mail them there at the domestic rate, thus saving three cents a pound. This practice has been followed for years by United States publications coming into Canada by freight and express. The Canadian publishers argued with themselves that there should be reciprocity in such an arrangement and they wrote to Washington for the necessary permission to register. To the chagrin of all concerned, the Canadians were informed that such a practice was in direct opposition to Article 4 of the Postal Convention and that it could not be done.

Then the question arose: If the United States authorities cannot do it, can the Canadian post-office continue the privilege it has been according to United States publications? The answer of the Canadian authorities has not been made public at the time of writing, but the situation is causing some thought and anxiety.

If the United States interpretation is correct, United States publishers must publish in this country to get much benefit out of this market. All booksellers would be obliged to get their supplies from the United States by express, and the price of all publications from that country would advance. The increase in price will vary in proportion to the distance of each town or city from the United States publishing centres. In the West it would be considerable.

This increase in price will, of course, be counter-balanced to a considerable extent by a reduction in the price now paid for British periodicals.

A CURIOUS incident occurred at Regina a few days ago. At a meeting of the city council, the members were asked to approve a by-law for the purpose of creating Regina into a high school district under the new education act of the Province.

CATHOLICS WILL FIGHT
Under the provisions of this law, a tax of a cent an acre is collected on all farm lands for the purposes of secondary and higher education. Two aldermen, Messrs. Kramer and Kusch, objected. They took the ground that as Roman Catholics they could not admit the principle involved, that Roman Catholic ratepayers should contribute any taxes to general educational purposes. They claimed that under the Autonomy legislation of the Dominion Parliament it was expressly provided that Roman Catholics should contribute only to their own schools, and that this new act of the local legislature was contrary to that provision.

If there is any general feeling of this kind, and there must be, we shall probably find the Roman Catholic authorities appealing to Ottawa for a disallowance of the Act passed by the Saskatchewan Legislature. The point raised would be most interesting, being almost wholly constitutional. If the Act is ultra vires it should be disallowed. If it is disallowed, the movement for provincial high schools, model schools and universities in the two new provinces will be seriously hampered. The situation is one which will be watched with keen interest in every part of the Dominion.

The question of separate schools and their bearing upon national life, is one on which there must continue to be discussion for many years to come.

MANITOBA and Saskatchewan farmers are more than five weeks behind in their seeding. Are they downhearted? Not They! Downhearted folk do not live in the West. They have called history and the almanac to their aid, and they find that the SEEDTIME AND HARVEST IN THE WEST later the seeding, the better the chances of a bumper crop. Now, most of us would have thought that with late seeding there would exist a strong probability of autumn frosts injuring or killing the wheat. Not so, say the farmers. The long days of summer will ripen the Number One Hard. The shortness of the germinating season not only does not necessarily operate against a good crop, but as a rule the best crops are obtained when the Spring is not exceptionally early or the seeding done at an early date.

Mr. Golden, the Deputy Minister of Agriculture for Manitoba, has issued a bulletin on the subject, covering conditions for twenty-eight years past. The bulletin seems to show clearly that early seeding does not mean rich fruition. Knowledge and experience have shown that two of the chief factors in the maturing of grain are almost invariably present after a late Spring—sufficient moisture, which in early seeding is often wasted, and the absence of stagnation in the grain's growth. In other words, moisture and a healthy, continuous growth, of which the rapid growth of the hot-house is a parallel, are the important factors in wheat raising in Manitoba and Saskatchewan.

Thus, evidently, the Western farmer is entitled, not

to condolence, but to congratulation. He has less work to do and more money to expect. Thus are the eternal laws of economics once more fractured by the amazing experiences of modern practice and the circumstances surrounding modern conditions.

PROBABLY Armand Lavergne finished the Session as well satisfied as any man on either side of the Speaker. The young gentleman's exuberant belligerency must often give even his bosom friend, Henri Bourassa, cause for anxiety. Mr. Lavergne's mental processes must be strange. Evidently he says whatever comes into his head, and his cleverness is best attested by consideration of the fact that in the last analysis he says few unwise things and many clever ones. But in Lavergne there is no respect for tradition. Neither does he find it possible to convince himself that, because certain gentlemen were in the House of Commons when he was in the cradle, he must defer to these personages. Equally carelessly does he treat the solemn rules of order of the House itself. If he wants to say something disagreeable he says it, well knowing that he will be compelled to withdraw. And withdraw his dart he does, but the barb stays in the wound—as he intended it should. The other day Mr. Lavergne undertook to call a minister a coward. This particular Minister, as many know, is far from lacking courage. Lavergne does not like him, so, evidently he sought for the phrase which would most injure the feelings of the member of the Government.

It is a curious form of political warfare. It is not commendable. It is against all tradition and what most of us call good taste. But, "Inter Armand silent leges."

A FLAG incident of somewhat unusual order is reported from that uncomfortable spot Puerto Cortez. When Ensign McNair of the United States gunboat "Marietta," went ashore at Tela, Honduras, to declare that American marines would protect foreign property, a revolutionist threatened to shoot him. There ensued an animated scene which reads

UNCLE SAM TO THE RESCUE like the choicest comic opera. Finally the revolutionist, Isaulia, was forced to apologise for several misdemeanours among them being the cutting down of a British flag which had been raised by a citizen of the truly Saxon name, William Collins. He had considered the Union Jack some protection, but found that even the meteor flag of England was regarded contemptuously by the red revolutionists. Commander Fulham of the "Marietta" further informed the agitators that he would tolerate no insults to the British flag. This episode serves to show that in time of Central American stress, the United States marine has a friendly regard for the symbol of British order. It is difficult for either the American or the British subject to take the insurrections of the Latin-American seriously. The Honduran-Nicaraguan affair seems to him a tempest in a coffee-pot and it is only when foreign interests are threatened that the United States and Great Britain arouse to the fact that two small states are "shooting up" their capital cities. In spite of the occasional misunderstandings between the British and their trans-Atlantic republican relatives, there is little question as to their attitude when an outsider threatens to become unpleasant. When the Fourth of July blooms again and some excited citizens attempt to do injury to an innocent Union Jack, let Ensign McNair and the "Marietta" be kept in remembrance as a proof of Uncle Sam's sober sentiments.

Has Canada a Swelled Head ?

SITTING around a table in the Canadian Club of Boston, one evening last Autumn, were two or three men from Ontario, and several Boston Canadians. The latter were all men who have lived long in Boston, but who still retain their rights as Canadian citizens. During the conversation one of them remarked that "Canada has a swelled head," and the discussion that followed was rather warm.

A Canadian who has lived much in the United States, and is now visiting in Canada, remarked the other day on Canadian bumptiousness and the constant nagging at the United States. His objection to this display lay in the possible effect on the people of the United States. They are disposed to be friendly, but if constantly abused are likely to lose their present friendly disposition.

There is no doubt a disposition on the part of some Canadians to speak of United States politics, institutions and industrial warfare with a degree of contempt. The other day at Massey Hall, Toronto, during a Camera display, a coloured picture of the "Stars and Stripes" was thrown upon the screen. It was a special occasion for school children, and thousands of the youngsters crowded the hall. When the picture appeared, they quickly and spontaneously hissed it. This was bad manners, and indicates that either the parents or the teachers of Toronto are lacking in that balance and restraint which should be characteristic of a British people. If we hiss the United States Flag in this country, we must expect the Canadian Flag to be hissed in the United States.

Further, it ill becomes Canadian newspapers to sneer at the United States. For years they have persistently and continuously "lifted" stories and other literary matter from the leading United States papers, too often without the slightest credit. To-day the practice is followed to some extent, though it is not as prevalent as it was a few years ago. Still, most of the illustrated features of the Canadian papers originate in the United States. All the pernicious slang and illustrated ribald jokes, which are becoming so noticeable in leading Canadian dailies originate there and are duplicated here at a very low cost. Mr. Hearst supplies several leading dailies with regular pages of somewhat trashy material. The Canadian journals should be consistent and not abuse the United States on account of its "yellow" journalism and other unfortunate characteristics.

It should be possible for Canada to hold its head high without throwing mud at its great neighbour. The United States may have developed some undesirable features in its public life, but it recognises that these are undesirable, and it is trying to eliminate them. It has gone farther in Civil Service Reform than Canada has, for example. Its reformers of various kinds are working more than eight hours a day. Canada has many faults in administration and political management and quite enough backwardness in industry and commerce, to keep her busy for some years to come. We have an inefficient military system, with a defective weapon; we have not even the beginning of a naval militia or a navy. We have not the right to make our own treaties, nor have we a consular system. The country is doing well, but it is too young to get arrogant.

Let us leave the United States alone and attend to our own business. There is plenty for us to do. The body politic has a great many sores on it which require attention.



THIS Monocle of mine is made of Canadian glass. And there is no better in the world. It is as clear as crystal—usually. But, of late, I have begun to distrust it. Some most extraordinary distortions have been appearing through it occasionally; and, even when I take it off and rub it, they will not always disappear—unless I look in some other direction. For instance, I have got so that I simply dare not turn it on that estimable constitutional official, the Governor-General. Now the governor is all right. Everybody knows that. He is deeply interested in us and our domestic movements; for which we are all deeply grateful. In activity for our good, he has only been beaten by Lady Aberdeen; and no mere man could expect to keep up with that splendid woman who had all the prestige of Vice-Royalty and none of its duties. Yet do you know—and I hope you will treat this revelation as confidential—that when this pesky Monocle of mine gets Lord Grey before it, the firmly marked lines of the Constitutional Governor begin to waver. The Constitution—that bulwark of our liberties—that refuge of every perplexed politician—behaves itself like a dissolving view.

* * *

Now this bothers me; for I have hitherto trusted in the Monocle. What can it all mean? Yet—be the cause what it may—I cannot for the life of me always discern the Constitutional outlines of the Gubernatorial office. They will dissolve into mist—say, about the time the Governor-General goes down to New York to make a speech—and all I can see is a very excellent and admirable British nobleman who wears the air of a man serving Imperial interests as he sees them in an outlying corner of His Majesty's dominions. Now, of course, everybody knows that the Governor-General is a constitutional Governor, and has no official opinions except those which are supplied him by his constitutional advisers, the Federal Ministers. He has no business, whatever, for example, to interfere in the settlement of any questions in dispute between this country and the United States. That is entirely the business of his Ministers. He must confine himself to saying what they put in his mouth, and saying it when they tell him to do so. And, of course, that must be what he is doing. My Monocle needs re-grinding.

* * *

Or perhaps it has got out of focus trying to watch the game of "cross tag" which has been going on between Secretary Root and the two most prominent Britishers on this Continent—Earl Grey and Mr. Bryce. They have been enjoying a lively game of it; but I cannot quite get over the apprehension that poor little Canada will be "it" when the game is over. There is no use pretending to ourselves that we are so important that a couple of British representatives—I use the word "British" in the restricted sense of British Islander—and the American Government cannot succeed in jockeying us into a position where we will simply have to lose the race. We were mad clear through, from Laurier to the Canadian Club, when Lord Alverstone gave away a bit of our territory in the West; but what could we do about it? The time for Canada to put a stop to a repetition of that episode is before we get caught in the warm clasp of "the hands across the sea"—not afterward.

* * *

Did you notice how they reached out for Your Uncle Sir William Mulock when they got into real trouble in the coal regions in the West? They had to get a man whom the coal miners would trust; and Sir William proved to be the man. All of which goes to show that Sir William was not wasting his time during those arduous and oft-criticised years when he was establishing a Department of Labour and working in his quiet way for the labouring man. It has always seemed to me to be a thousand pities that Sir William was permitted to retire from the Federal Government. It may have been true that his health would not permit him to go through

all the drudgery entailed in the management of a department; but he certainly has had enough health to play his part as a member of the Government and to exert an influence upon the progressive policy of his party. There are plenty of pretty good departmental men in Parliament who could have taken over the post office; but there was only one Mulock who had the creative mind, the daring optimism and the confidence of the people.

* * *

Moreover, Ontario needs a leader in the Cabinet. No one will pretend that it has one now. Cartwright and Scott are magnificent, but they are too old for war. Aylesworth is learning his trade; but a Parliamentary leader cannot be improvised even from the political section of the bar. Paterson is an excellent Minister of Customs and a good Christian; but he is not a political leader of genius and prestige. Mulock is the one hopeful man we have had since David Mills died; and he has been permitted to retire because he was not equal to the duties of a first-class clerk. The truth is that there is not a strong man in the Liberal Parliamentary Party to-day west of the Ottawa River; and only two East of it—if we put Bourassa in the class of spring sprouts. Now this is no way for a Government party to leave itself. It would be in real danger if the census of strong men in the Opposition party were any larger. But there, my Monocle is playing me false again. I cannot even see that it is as large.

Were Fond of Cats

OF the millions of people who have a kindly propensity toward cats, few probably, have any idea how much might be written about their pets from the side not alone of human association but of distinguished companionship. A French writer who has been devoting himself to this aspect of pussy's history brings together quite an imposing list of great names of both sexes as lovers of the cat tribe. That tabby always falls on her feet, like some careless bipeds, is a proverb, but not many, perhaps, have heard that this enviable faculty is a miraculous privilege bestowed by Mohammed. Richelieu, it seems, kept twenty cats; Tasso had the "fancy," and merely to mention Baudelaire, Chateaubriand, Victor Hugo, Beranger and Maupassant, one almost regrets to learn that Petrarch, after so far departing from the spiritual tone of his sonnets to Laura as to half cherish thoughts of suicide on her death, finally found consolation in the caress of a cat, whose skeleton may still be seen in the museum at Padua.—London Globe.



HOMING!

—Punch.



General Botha and his Daughter landing at Southampton.



General Botha and Miss Botha on their way to the Guildhall.

THE OTHER GREAT FIGURE IN LONDON.—GENERAL BOTHA.

Copyright Photographs by Halftones, Limited.

General Botha in London

General Botha speaks English very well but he has not attempted to address British audiences except through an interpreter. This must seem strange to those who have listened to him, for the "Taal" is a strange language. Miss Botha is described as an "Irish Beauty." She is a native of the Transvaal but her

mother is a grand-niece of the famous Irish patriot, Robert Emmett. The friendship which is said to have sprung up between Sir Wilfrid Laurier and General Botha is easily understood. Botha naturally wants the British Empire to develop along lines of freedom for local action. Each believes thoroughly in colonial autonomy and neither of them is bombastic nor pugnacious. In this, they differ distinctly from the late premier of New Zealand.

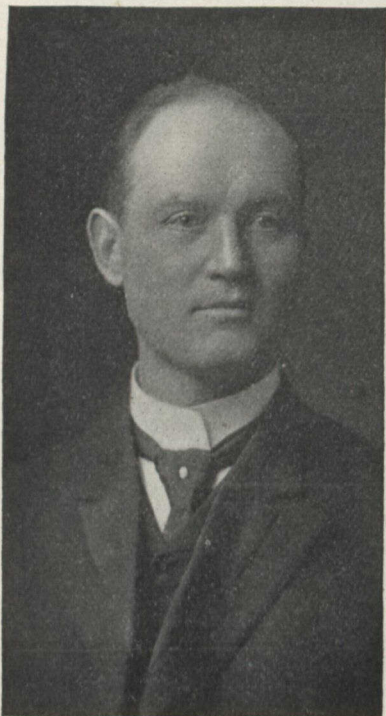


A Dining Room set out to represent the Union Jack.

At the Banquet given to the Colonial Premiers, at the Royal Albert Hall, London, on April 18th, the tables were set out upon a floor carpeted in such a way as to present the design of the Empire's Flag. The Banquet was tendered by the 1900 Club, which, like the Eighty Club, is a political organisation. Mr. Balfour proposed the toast to the Guests.

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A New University Head



R. A. Falconer, LL.D.,
Principal Presbyterian College, Halifax.

IT is not every day that a University selects a new head, and such an event is usually important and notable. When the University is one of the oldest and largest in the country, there is an added interest in the occasion.

The University of Toronto has had some great men in charge of its affairs, chief among whom were Dr. McCaul and Sir Daniel Wilson. President Loudon was not strong in literary or classical lines and was weak in public speaking. Consequently he failed to impress the public. His lot was cast in troubled times and his passing from office was contemporaneous with, but not the cause of, better opportunity.

The Maritime Provinces have again been called upon to supply "Canada" with an educationist. They have already contributed a president to McGill and two presidents to Queen's University, but this is the first time Toronto has found it necessary to draw upon the culture belt of the Dominion. Sir William Dawson and Principal Gordon were born in Pictou, Nova Scotia. Principal Grant claimed Albion Mines as his birthplace, but went to school in Pictou. Dr. Falconer, the new head of Toronto, must needs be mixed up with Pictou. His father, the Rev. Alex. Falconer, resides there. The son was, however, born in Prince Edward Island. Morgan gives Nova Scotia the credit, but this seems to be a mistake.

Dr. Falconer was educated in the Island of Trinidad,

at Edinburgh and in Germany. He is an LL.D. of Fredericton University and Francis Xavier College. From a West Indian Gilchrist Scholarship, via Edinburgh, Germany and Halifax to the University of Toronto is a far cry and illustrates how tortuous are the paths of glory which men are called upon to tread.

In 1892 he joined the staff of the Presbyterian College, Halifax, in 1895 became professor, and on retirement of Principal Pollock was chosen to succeed him. He has been intimately connected with Dalhousie and if he had not been called to Toronto would probably have been asked to succeed Principal Forrest when that veteran tires of the battle. He has been steadily growing in the estimation of educational circles in Nova Scotia and had attained a certain degree of leadership which looked to be all-conquering. The people of Nova Scotia will be sorry to lose him, but proud to know that he will occupy the highest educational position in the gift of the people of a sister province.

Dr. Falconer recently left for a summer in Greece and South Germany, but is cutting short his trip and returning immediately to give a final consideration to the question of his accepting the position which has somewhat unexpectedly been offered him.

If the reader will pardon the personal feature, we would like to give an extract from a letter written by Dr. Falconer to the editor of The Canadian Courier last November. He said:

"I have been greatly interested at learning that you are undertaking a new weekly paper for Canada. I have long hoped that some one would do for us what the 'Spectator' and 'The Nation' are doing for England and the Eastern States, and I sincerely wish you every success."

This journal has not yet attained to quite the literary excellence of the two journals mentioned by Dr. Falconer, but in time it may rival even these.

To the subject again. Dr. Falconer is a Presbyterian clergyman and it will be a great shock to history for a University founded for the express purpose of taking higher education in the Province of Ontario out of the hands of the church, to again have a cleric at its head. Nor was Dr. Falconer the only clergyman mentioned for the position. Two Church of England priests, it is said, were seriously considered. The whirligig of time brings great changes. There is no outcry against the choice. If there are protests, they are made silently.



An Ice Jam on the Ottawa River, at Britannia, a suburb of Ottawa. The Club House was badly damaged. When the ice breaks up on a river such as the Ottawa or the St. Lawrence, there is much trouble in store for some set of persons, and this year has been no exception.



Hon. W. H. Cushing.

A Man and a Policy

By W. F. ASBURY

FROM the treeless prairies in the south to the wooded plains of the north, from the foothills of the majestic Rockies on the west to the rolling hills in the east, Albertans of all parties unite in their admiration of a Man and a Policy.

The man is William H. Cushing, Minister of Public Works in the Alberta Government, and the policy is that of the Government Ownership of Telephones. The Man is the father of the Policy. The Policy means the undertaking of a Business and it could not be in better hands than those of Mr. Cushing, who has ranked for many years as one of the foremost and soundest business men in the province.

As to the Man. He is a native of the county of Wellington in the province of Ontario. He went west in the early eighties and located at Calgary, then practically an outpost of civilisation. Young Cushing's capital consisted wholly of a good character and plenty of push. He started in business, and, though he passed through the worst of the lean years in Calgary's history, he had strong faith in the future of the Great West and of the city he had decided to make his home. That business grew steadily and to-day Mr. Cushing is at the head of one of the largest manufacturing concerns west of Winnipeg. His firm operates large sash and door factories at Calgary, Regina and Edmonton, lumber yards at Red Deer and Fort Saskatchewan and possesses, as well, extensive timber limits in the interior of British Columbia. From the beginning of his career he had the confidence of the people of Calgary and on several occasions they placed him at the head of their civic government. It was only natural then that Hon. A. C. Rutherford, when called upon to form the first government of the newly created province of Alberta, sought the services of one of the Big Men of the province as a colleague and asked Mr. Cushing to accept the portfolio of Public Works. That gentleman consented and his first task was to try and carry the Calgary seat for the government. It was no easy job. He had as his opponent, R. B. Bennett, leader of the Opposition forces, and one of the most eloquent speakers and best campaigners in the West. It was a hard battle, by all means the most exciting in the province. Mr. Cushing made no pretensions as a public speaker, but he had a strong grip upon the esteem of his fellow citizens, and the honesty and sincerity of his platform declarations, added to his already high reputation as a business man, gained him the support of many men who ordinarily voted the other way. When the ballots were counted on the night of November the ninth, 1905, it was revealed that the new man in political life had been victorious over the young but inexperienced and able Opposition leader. From that day to the present, Mr. Cushing has impressed the people with one striking feature in all his public acts, a real honest desire to serve the public's best interests and to administer his department on purely business principles.

Now as to the Policy. At the very first session of

the first parliament of Alberta, Mr. Cushing announced that the government was going to enter into competition with that great corporation, the Bell Telephone Company. Coming from Mr. Cushing, the public knew the statement wasn't a bluff. So they were not surprised that, in a little over a year's time, one branch of the Government Telephone System, that from Calgary to Banff, had been completed, and the construction of another line, from Coleman, in the Crow's Nest Pass, east to the historic town of Macleod, had been commenced. The Alberta Government Telephone System is already a reality and apart from New Zealand and a couple of the provinces of the Australian Commonwealth, is the only government system in existence amongst the colonies of the British Empire. As for Canada, Alberta has set the pace for the other provinces.

This year practically the entire province will be connected by the wires of the government system. Lines are to be built at once from Edmonton east to Lloydminster, Wetaskiwin east to Camrose, Lacombe east to Stettler and from Edmonton south to Calgary. Next year in all probability, a line will be constructed to Athabasca Landing and it will not be long before we are able to call up Fort Vermillion and Peace River Crossing.

Not only will the lines provide a cheap service for the cities, towns and villages they strike, but the farmers are also to benefit. Every farmer on a branch line can secure telephonic connection. Those not on the direct route can have a subsidiary line built, provided there are enough subscribers to warrant the construction. Then there will be no further necessity for long drives to town to get the doctor, when there is illness in the family, or to ascertain the prices prevailing on the grain and produce market. The Alberta farmer will be more independent than any of his fellows in the Dominion.

The Bell Telephone Company has systems in operation at Calgary and some of the towns between that city and Edmonton. Edmonton has a municipal system and Calgary, by the way, is now considering the establishment of a municipal system. Red Deer possesses a system operated by a private company. The Bell also operates a local exchange at Medicine Hat, but the enterprising council of that city is about to enter upon negotiations for its purchase.

At present the Bell Company has only two long distance lines in the province, one from Calgary to Edmonton and the other from Lethbridge south to Cardston, the capital of the Mormon country. A line is now being built from Calgary south to Macleod.

The government lines already constructed, or about to be constructed, will tap territory that the Bell has delayed in reaching and nearly fifty places that have been without this convenience will now be able to secure it. The government is not keeping out of the territory of the monopoly, however, as the line to be built from Edmonton south to Calgary will be in direct competition with the Bell company. Mr. Cushing has also announced that the government system will be extended into the Lethbridge district, the only other one in sole possession of the Bell Co. at present.

I think it is safe to say that in a very few years the great, and probably the only telephone system of the province, will be that owned and operated by the government.

Our Inferior Arts

"WE are losing many secrets in this shoddy age," an architect said. "If we keep on the time will come when we'll be able to do nothing well. Take, for instance, steel. We claim to make good steel, yet the blades of the Saracens, turned out hundreds of years ago would cut one of our own blades in two like butter. Our modern ink fades in five or ten years to rust colour, yet the ink of mediaeval manuscripts is as black and bright to-day as it was 700 years ago. The beautiful blues and reds and greens of antique Oriental rugs have all been lost, while in Egyptian tombs we find fabrics dyed thousands of years ago that remain to-day brighter and purer in hue than any of our modern fabrics. We can't build as the ancients did. The secret of their mortar and cement is lost to us. Their mortar and cement were actually harder and more durable than the stones they bound together, whereas ours—horrors! We can't even make artificial diamonds now. Old brilliants of French paste were so beautiful that they could hardly be told from real brilliants by experts. But the secret of this French paste, like a hundred other secrets of the days of conscientious work, is irretrievably lost."

Annexation Again

By HAROLD SANDS

STRANGE as it may seem, there are still newspapers published in big cities of the United States which seriously talk of the United States annexing Canada. Two daily papers of Los Angeles, with each a circulation of over 50,000, have recently discussed the subject. One took the matter up in an insolently ignorant way, suggesting that if Uncle Sam felt like it at any time he would simply send a few troops across the border who would hoist the Stars and Stripes, divide the Dominion into a few States and set her going as a suburb of New York. The other paper, *The Times*, dealt with the subject in a seemly, if mistaken way. It was not worth while wasting time in replying to the graceless writing of the first journal, but to the *Times* I considered it desirable to send the following letter which may even have an interest in Canada:

Editor, *The Times*, Los Angeles.

Sir,—While it is a good sign of the times to see so influential a newspaper as the *Los Angeles Times* devoting editorials to Canadian subjects, it seems to me that the *Times* has not read the temper of the people of the Dominion aright when it remarks: "Once free from the ties which bind her (Canada) to the home government, self-interest would immediately suggest annexation to the United States."

The *Times* was moved to make this statement in the course of a discussion on an important and remarkable article by Goldwin Smith in a leading London magazine, which article, as it rightly opines, is bound to create a sensation. But that sensation will be mostly confined to the United States side of the border. Canadians are used to Goldwin Smith. They have heard him declare before, in effect, that a union between Canada and the United States seems bound to occur. But few of them believe him. The voice of Goldwin Smith cannot even be called the voice of one crying in the wilderness; it is simply the voice of the sage of The Grange, Toronto, one of the loveliest spots in Eastern Canada.

Perhaps there is nobody on this continent who admires Goldwin Smith more than I do. He is a grand old man and with some of his views on colonial emancipation I heartily agree, but that Canada will ever become annexed, in the United States meaning of the word, I, with several million residents of the Dominion, look upon as a wildly improbable dream. There was a time when there was a possibility, a slight one to be sure, that Canada might have been won over, but that day has passed as surely as the day of war between the North and South. If Canada ever severs her relations with the home government "her first impulse," as the *Times* says, "will be the erection of an independent republic," but I venture to say the majority of her people will never have the second impulse which the *Times* mentions, namely, annexation. Great Britain, of course, would never go to war with the Dominion to force it to remain a part of the Empire, neither would the United States attempt by force of arms to bring Canada under the Stars and Stripes. There is only one method by which Canada could be annexed, and that is by ballot. Given certain circumstances, the people of Canada might be asked to declare at the polls whether they would like to cast in their lot with the United States, but when the time comes—as it surely will—when the Dominion will desire to set up nation-keeping entirely apart from the mother country, I believe there will be so little a demand for annexation that a popular vote will be neither necessary nor desirable.

Far-seeing Canadian statesmen always have before them the possibility that the day will arrive when Canada will no longer say, in the words of Kipling, "daughter am I in my mother's house." Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Premier, has not said so in actual words but he has, of a surety, pictured to himself Canada as an independent nation as great in all things as the marvellous United States. I recall a speech he made before the Canadian Club at Ottawa in November, 1904, when Goldwin Smith himself was the honoured guest. The latter was in reminiscent but still pessimistic vein. He recalled the intensity of the struggle between the North and the South and after telling of his personal experiences with Grant's army and in camp with General Ben Butler he said:

"Garrison, after his long fight with slavery, stood victorious on the grave of Calhoun. They presented him with a complimentary watch. He looked at it for a time and then said, 'If it were a rotten egg I should

know what to say to it.'" Things had not gone quite as Garrison expected or as they were expected by the too-passionate Abolitionists into whose hands reconstruction fell. The South has been re-annexed; hardly reincorporated. Can it be Democratic? The Plebeians at Rome did not think their struggle with the patricians over till they had won the right of inter-marriage. Inter-marriage between the races in the South is hopeless. But without inter-marriage can there be equality? Without equality can there be a republic?"

Mr. Goldwin Smith went on to point out that if the United States is rid of slavery it is not rid of the race question nor of lynching. He claimed that the horizon in the southern quarter is dark, that the passions of aggrandisement and war, which slumbered for a time, have re-awakened. "Jingoism disdains righteousness and humanity," he continued. "Religious belief is being shaken by science and criticism and the authority of conscience, as it rested on religious belief, seems in danger of being impaired. War is rising between capital and labour. Society is threatened with a tyranny of accumulated wealth. If you mean to take an interest in public affairs, as it is the duty of every citizen of a free commonwealth to do, you will have plenty to occupy your minds. I wish I could look in twenty years hence and see how you are getting on."

Sir Wilfrid Laurier was present when Goldwin Smith delivered that address and he spoke up nobly for the united people of the United States. In the course of his speech, the Premier showed plainly that he did not believe the day would ever come when Canada would be annexed to the United States—he spoke instead of two great nations developing side by side. He said:

"Professor Goldwin Smith seems to fear disruption in the United States. I am not so despondent as my friend appears to be. I think it would be a calamity if such a thing were to take place. It would, in my opinion, be nothing short of a calamity if two nations were to be created where only one exists to-day. For my part I hope the United States shall not be disrupted. I do not object to their extending their dominion to the south, but I do not want to see them extending their dominion to the north. For my part I am an admirer of the American nation. The more I have studied their history, the more I have admired them. Perhaps they are a little too grasping sometimes, perhaps they are not always very friendly in their international relations, but with all their faults I like them, and I do not believe that the citizens of this country should be called upon to hate them. But much as I admire the United States there is a country that I admire and love still more and that is our own country—Canada. Canada may not be as great, but it is the country for which we cherish the deepest love and affection. The Dominion may not be as great now, but I believe it will be just as great in future as the United States."

These, the opinions of the first Canadian of French descent to become Prime Minister of Canada, are shared by the majority of Canadians to-day, no matter what their origin. Canada is pressing on steadily to the great career which destiny has so clearly set before her, a career which does not include actual partnership with the United States. It is recognised from Halifax to Vancouver that, as one writer put it, "Under Sir Wilfrid's leadership a strong and virile national sentiment has grown up, in which east rivals west in patriotism and loyalty to the Canadian idea." And that idea absolutely precludes annexation.

HAROLD SANDS.

47 La Verne St., Redlands, Cal.

Lord Kitchener's Lawn

A GOOD story is going round of the inventive genius of Lord Kitchener, says the English "Daily Mail." The distinguished Commander-in-Chief desired, on the occasion of the recent visit of the Amir of Afghanistan to India, to lay out an artistic garden for his gratification. Rare exotics and flowers of great variety of colours, tropical and sub-tropical plants, were brought to make the garden beautiful. One thing was lacking—there was no grass to give a finishing touch of verdure, and the few days available did not permit of procuring it.

Then Lord Kitchener's resourcefulness came into play. The garden was sown with mustard and cress seed, with the result that there was in due time a delightful green-sward effect which astonished all the visitors and not least the Amir himself.

Personalities



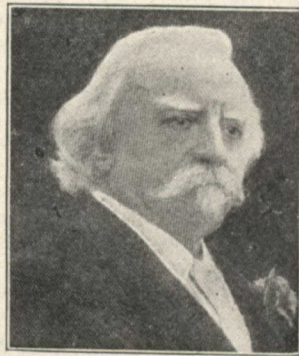
Lady Minto.

LADY MINTO, the wife of the present Viceroy of India, has recently left the East for a prolonged holiday in England. The climate of Hindostan has proved extremely trying and Lady Minto's health has suffered during the last half-year. During the period when her husband was Governor-General of Canada, the Countess of Minto entered so heartily into the social diversions and philanthropic interests of the country that she was warmly admired for her personal charm and graciousness. Lady Minto especially excelled as a skater and devoted much time to perfecting

herself in this Northern sport. Her skating parties at Rideau Hall were always extremely gay and popular. Few of the residents of Government House have entered so thoroughly as she did into the spirit of Canadian outdoor life. While in India, she has shown the same desire to keep up a sportswoman's interest but from Canada she has yielded to the necessity for a rest in the Old Country. The present Governor-General, Earl Grey, is a brother of Lady Minto and thus continues the social relationship between this family and the Dominion.

* * *

To be musical director in these days includes a proud distinction in the artistic world and no mean income by way of financial reward. Even on this continent the life of a director is not devoid of commercial prosperity. Mr. Emil Paur, the conductor of the Pittsburg Orchestra, has lately been promoted to \$12,000 a year in spite of the unpleasant remarks New York critics made concerning his work and ways.



Sir August Manns.

In London, England, there recently died a German musician, Sir August Manns, who was conductor of the Crystal Palace concerts for nearly fifty years. He died at the age of eighty-two and the English press is filled with anecdotes concerning the "dear, delightful old man" who is said to have done more for music in England than any other man of the last century. "Using the Crystal Palace as his base of operations, he called from the vasty depths of the Continent hitherto little-known works of Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann and other masters, and introduced them to the British public at large." According to one authority he "found" Brahms, Sullivan, Strauss and Elgar, and as far back as 1870 introduced a Tschaiowski symphony to a London audience.

* * *

Simultaneously with the announcement that H. R. H. the Prince of Wales has been made a full admiral comes the intimation that Prince Edward of Wales has passed his preliminary examination for entry into the Royal Col-



H.R.H. Prince Edward of Wales.

lege, Osborne. Prince Edward's sole worldly goods at the College will be such as can be conveniently contained in the huge sea-chest of which he becomes, on entry, the happy possessor. He will conform to all rules, even to the extent of rising at 6.30 each morning and proceeding to bathe. His life, like that of the humblest-born cadet in the school, will be mapped out for him on rigid lines. In the classroom, in the workshops, in the gymnasium, on the playing-fields, in rowing and sailing craft, up to the time when he retires to his bunk on the sleeping-deck, his life at Osborne will differ in no degree from that of his less distinguished companions.



Miss Constance Collier.

* * *

Miss Constance Collier is an English actress who has attracted much critical attention by her acting of the part of Cleopatra in the Shakespearean play, in which Mr. Beerbohm Tree takes the part of Antony. For weeks His Majesty's Theatre in London was crowded by such audiences as showed that Mr. Shaw has not annihilated Shakespeare. Miss Collier's performance seemed to introduce a new Sorceress of the Nile to an English audience—more stately and less seductive than the ordinary stage Cleopatra. The more frivolous spectators were deeply interested in the magnificence of Miss Collier's gowns, which were dazzling, even for a character who dispensed cocktails with pearls for the cherry. Wonderful robes of silver and gold made the feminine beholder catch her breath in either awe or envy. Recently Miss Collier has been playing in an old-fashioned melodrama, "The Red Lamp," which attempts to bring Nihilism and Russian high life across the footlights.

* * *

Another English stage favourite is Miss Pauline Chase who is considered one of the most beautiful women in her profession. After three most successful seasons in London as "Peter Pan" Miss Chase and her London company are on tour, including Edinburgh, Dublin, Liverpool and Birmingham in their itinerary. As the distinguished Scottish writer, Mr. James Barrie, is the author of "Peter Pan," the Theatre Royal in the capital of Scotland was crowded at every performance. Miss Chase has made as great a success in this fascinating and poetic part as Miss Adams achieved in New York. In Dublin the fairy charm of the Barrie play ought to appeal to the Celtic imagination. Miss Chase will be appearing in a new play next September.



Miss Pauline Chase.



A Scene in Montreal Harbour—G.T.R. Elevator and Entrance to Canal.

Montreal and Wheat

BOTH the Grand Trunk and Canadian Pacific Railway now have grain elevators at Montreal in addition to those operated by the Harbour Commissioners. This gives that city excellent facilities for the handling of the grain which reaches it by both rail and water. The Government has arranged to advance the Commissioners three million dollars for further improvements rendered necessary by the steady growth of commerce.

The illustration shows the Grand Trunk Railway elevator which received its first grain on April 30th of last year. During the season it handled eleven and a half million bushels, of which about three millions were delivered direct to vessels by use of the outside carriers only. It is a steel structure, two hundred and thirty-eight feet long, and eighty-four feet wide. It is built entirely of non-combustible material. The structure, bins bin-bottoms, and so on are of steel, the roof of tile and the floors of concrete. The windows have metal frames and are glazed with wire glass. A brick wall surrounds the working story of the elevator, and the cupola is covered with galvanised corrugated steel.

The equipment includes ten elevator legs. Five of these legs are used for receiving grain, and all of them may be used for shipping. This gives a total elevating capacity of 100,000 bushels per hour. There are five pairs of power shovels for unloading the cars, a car puller with four drums to pull cars in either direction

on either of two tracks, and two steel cleaning machines, each with a capacity of 4,000 bushels per hour.

Grain is weighed in ten hopper scales, each holding 2,000 bushels. Two 36 in. belt conveyors in the cupola distribute grain longitudinally of the building through the trolley spouts on the distributing floor.

On the side of the elevator next to the Lachine Canal a non-combustible marine tower is built which contains a marine leg capable of elevating 15,000 bushels of grain per hour.

An extensive belt conveyor system has been erected to deliver the grain from the elevator to the vessels lying in the Windmill Point Basin, through a total of nineteen marine loading spouts. These belt conveyors are thirty-six-inch concentrated belts, having a shipping capacity of 15,000 bushels per hour, each, that is, the elevator can deliver to ships, through its conveyors, 30,000 bushels per hour.

The Coal Mining Trouble

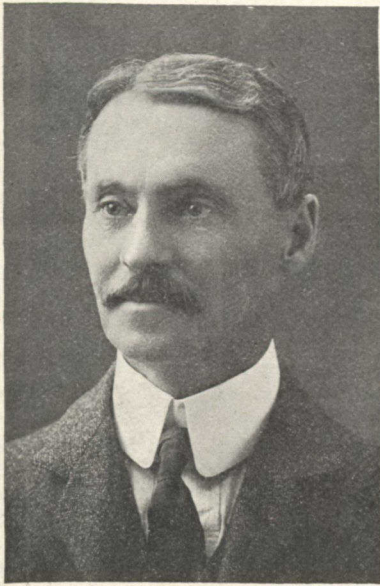
A COMPROMISE has been reached in the mining troubles in the West. The miners have returned to work in Fernie and some other places, but not at Michel. In the latter place, there are 700 miners and by a vote of 111 to 67 they decided to stay out. Those who have gone back have done so only to allow time for the investigation which is necessary under the new Dominion Act relating to industrial disputes.

The Hon. Mr. Cushing of Alberta is said to have pledged his government to pass an eight-hour day act, thus placing the Alberta miners on the same footing as those in British Columbia.

Several of the large cities are giving serious consideration to the matter of cultivating a knowledge of the principles of art, which, together with the history of art "must precede an understanding and enjoyment of works of art." To this end the Boston committee proposes to educate the teachers instead of the children, "which is putting the horse before the cart, where it belongs." The Boston committee is the result of the "co-operation of Harvard University, the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, and Simmons College, for the purpose of inspiring a love of art by competent interpretation of works of art."



Mouth of one of Crow's Nest Coal Company's Coal Creek Mines, showing Electric Haulage Trolleys, Mine Cars, Drivers and Miners.



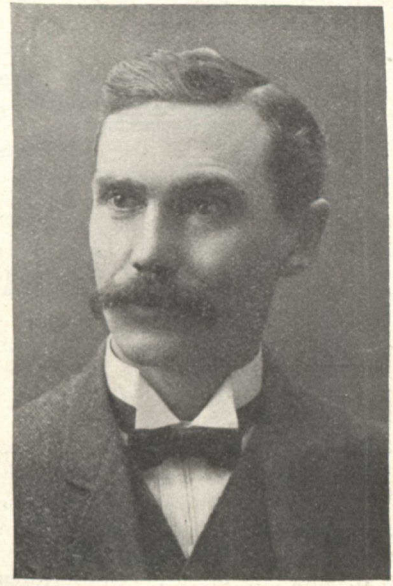
Hon. F. W. G. Haultain,
Leader of Opposition.

The Legislature OF Saskatchewan

AND WHERE IT MEETS

BY

W. M. JOHNSON



Hon. Walter Scott,
Premier of Saskatchewan.

THE second session of the first Legislature of the Province of Saskatchewan was prorogued by Lieutenant-Governor Forget during the first week in April. The "parliament" has been meeting in Regina, in the hall formerly used by the assembly of the North West Territories. This is a small, dark room, with a gloomy appearance, ill-befitting the important and lively debates carried on by the members of the Saskatchewan House. In the middle of the room is a small stove, with stove-pipes radiating in all directions. There is also a stove at the back to keep the spectators warm. This system of heating has many drawbacks, not the least of which is the unfortunate habit which one of the stove-pipes has of slipping out of place. During one of the sittings of the House, when the Speaker, calling for a division, had asked for the "yeas," he was interrupted by the clatter of falling tin. With such a portent the motion was carried unanimously. On this particular afternoon, a monocled visitor from England happened to be present, and we can imagine what he will have to say when he goes back "over 'ome" about the barbarity of our legislative assemblies.

All the accessories, however, to the best appointed legislative chambers are to be found in this Saskatchewan room. There is a dignified sergeant-at-arms, who is by far the most important man in the place, and who imitates his colleagues in the Dominion House by carrying a mace to a plush cushion. Moreover, there is a page (but only one in this case), who is dressed in as good style and who is quite as saucy as his brothers in the best houses of parliament, for example, as the ones in Queen's Park, Toronto. Most important of all the

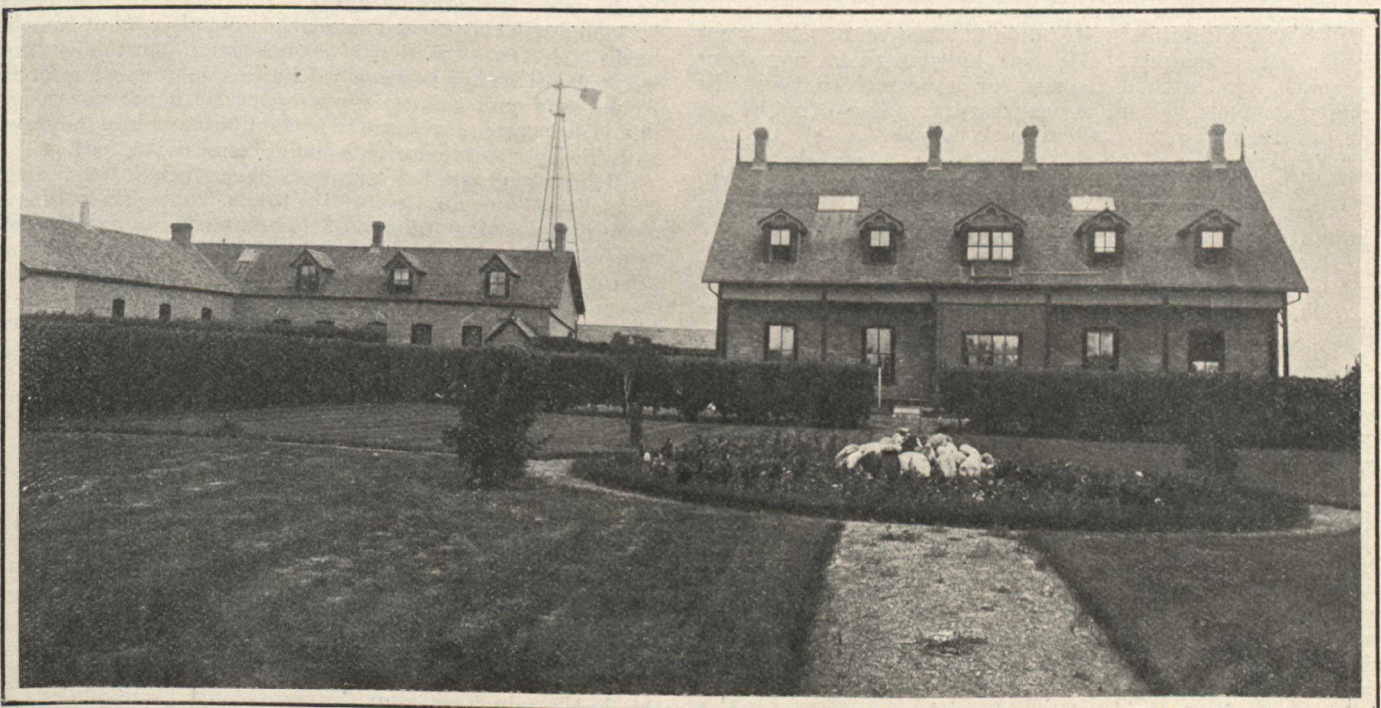
conventional features is a life-size painting of King Edward, and, of course, as long as he is there, what matters it even if the stove pipes are not very steady?

There is one piece of furniture, however, in this room, which is of great historical interest. This is the clerk's table, which is the one used by the "Fathers of Confederation" during their deliberations concerning the union in 1867. The mace is also worthy of notice since it was made especially for the Saskatchewan House by a well-known Toronto firm, and is one of the most handsome in Canada.

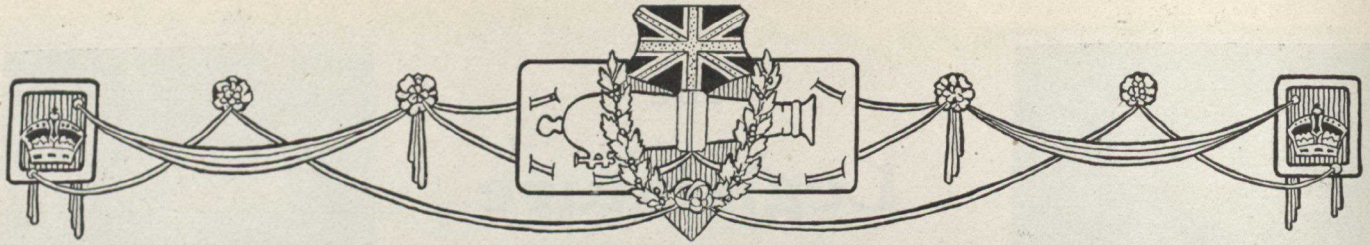
This gloomy hall will not be used for many more sessions, because, in a few years, there will be erected splendid new parliament buildings. The site has already been secured just outside the southern limits of the city and adjoining Wascana Lake, the body of water of which the citizens of Regina are so proud.

The session just closed has brought forth some strong constructive legislation, chief of which are the Acts instituting a provincial university and giving greatly increased support to primary and secondary education, and that establishing a new judicial system for the province, which will simplify the machinery of law to a considerable extent.

Premier Scott has been prevented attending the session on account of his continued ill-health, and the government has been led by Hon. J. H. Lamont, who has proved himself a good leader, and a clever law maker. The opposition has been led by Hon. F. W. G. Haultain, who, by his clear thinking and logical arguments, has assisted materially in framing the important Acts.



Old Legislative Buildings, Regina. Legislature met in far wing of building to the left.



The Pasha's Prisoner

A STORY OF MODERN TURKEY

By ROBERT BARR

FEW objects on this earth are more beautiful than a consular kawass. His wages may be small, but that is more than compensated for by the gorgeousness of his clothes. His outer garment unites the merits of an Inverness coat, a lady's cloak, an Arab aba, and an ulster. Sometimes it is short and comes only to his waist; often it is long, reaching down to his heels. It is wonderfully embroidered with threads of silver and gold, and also threads of silk coloured green, crimson, yellow, blue, and purple. There are wings attached to this garment at the shoulders, which give the kawass the appearance of a huge bird of tropical climes as he hurries down a Turkish street. And as if this were not enough glory, there is worked on his back the coat-of-arms of the country he represents. The emblems of some countries suit the back of a kawass better than the devices of others. There is Austria, for instance, whose double-headed black eagle stands out strongly in contrast with the rainbow splendour of the coat, and an eagle's head standing out on each shoulder blade makes the balance perfect.

When the consul drives abroad in his carriage, the kawass mounts upon the seat with the coachman, and has his hands crossed over the hilt of a broad semi-circular scimitar—that new-moon-shaped sword which we see the executioner in Eastern pictures wiping on the tail of his coat after he has rolled off a few heads on the pavement. As the kawass usually has great, sweeping black moustaches, the addition of the sword gives him an appearance of great bloodthirstiness, which is most impressive. As a matter of fact, however, he is a harmless individual who runs errands for the consul and conducts tourists to mosques and places of that sort, accepting with thankfulness a small gift in recognition of his services.

Mr. Turner's kawass knocked at the door of the consular room, and, on being told to enter, displayed to the consul a face labouring under some powerful agitation.

"Well, what is it?" asked Consul Turner.

"Excellency, the man who disappeared has come back."

"What man who disappeared, Selim?"

"The cold-water man, Excellency."

"Oh, McSimmins. He didn't disappear; he went home, you remember. He sent his papers to me about a month ago, with a request for a permit to leave the country, which was quite unnecessary. You brought me the papers, and I gave them back to you."

"Yes, Excellency," said the kawass, nervously.

"So he has returned, has he? What does he want?"

"Yes, Excellency, and he demands to see you; but I thought it better not to let him in."

"Why, Selim?"

"I think he is insane, Excellency."

"Oh, that is nothing new; I thought it from the first."

"He is here, Excellency, in a Turkish pasha's uniform, and he will not go away. Then he acted very strangely, and it may not be safe to let him in."

"Oh, nonsense. Let him come in. McSimmins wouldn't hurt anybody."

The kawass departed with evident reluctance, and shortly after, an extraordinary figure presented itself to the consul's view. He wore the costume of a Turkish pasha, and had stuck on his head a red fez with a long silken tassel. He came in stepping with caution, as if walking on thin ice. He held his open hand tremblingly before him, as if anticipating a fall, and his head bobbed about in an erratic manner that threatened to dislodge the fez, and kept the silken tassel swaying to and fro.

"I—I—I—I'm afraid," he said, with a stammer, "that you don't recognise me, Mr. Turner."

"Oh, yes, I do," replied the consul; "you are Mr. McSimmins, who came over here to convert the Turk by means of a daily bath, quite ignoring my suggestion that the Turk already performed his ablutions five times a day."

"Ah, yes, Consul, quite true, quite true; but only his hands and feet; and I still hold that if you submerged the Turk once a day he would prove a different man."

"Well," said the consul, "I have often thought that if the whole country were submerged for twenty minutes, it would be, on the whole, an improvement; still, that is an opinion that must not be mentioned outside the consular residence. But, as I suggested to you before, if cleanliness were your object, the Turkish bath is not altogether unknown even in our own country, and is supposed to be reasonably efficient."

"It is warm and enervating," said McSimmins, speaking with stuttering hesitation, which seemed to show that his theory was not perfectly grounded. "I advocate cold water, you know."

"Yes, I remember you did," began the consul; but he was interrupted by McSimmins suddenly precipitating himself on the floor and clutching wildly at the carpet. The consul sprang to his feet with an exclamation of dismay.

"It's all right," cried McSimmins; "don't be alarmed. The room is spinning round, but it will steady down in a minute; then I'll get up. Just wait till things come to a standstill again."

Presently the grovelling man rose to his knees, and then tremulously to his feet. "You will excuse me if I sit down?" he asked.

"Certainly," said the consul, also seating himself. "What is the trouble; Saint Vitus's dance or anything of that kind?"

"Something of that kind," echoed the visitor. "I don't really know what the trouble is, but I'll tell you what it feels like. It feels as if my brain had become loosened from the inside of my skull, like a ripened kernel in a nut; then, if I walk hurriedly, it turns over, and the whole world turns with it, and I have to get down on my hands and knees and shake my head till my brain gets right side up again. Do I make myself clear?"

"Oh, perfectly clear," said the consul, edging his chair back a little. "Will you excuse me, Mr. McSimmins, while I call in my kawass? I have some business for him to do, and you can tell your story with perfect freedom in his presence, for I make a confidant of him anyhow," and the consul reached his hand toward the bell.

McSimmins smiled grimly. You needn't be afraid, Consul; I am not going to touch you. Of course no man makes a confidant of his kawass, and you think now that I am crazy. I don't blame you at all; and if you are really afraid of me, draw your chair near the door, and I'll stay over in the remotest corner of the room. But I should like you to listen to what I have to say; officially, that is what you are here for, you know."

"Oh, I am not afraid at all," replied the consul, thinking it, however, worth while to add, "I never think myself in danger, because I keep my loaded revolver in the drawer here before me." Saying which, he took the weapon out, and placed it on his table.

"A most sensible precaution," rejoined McSimmins, nodding his head. The nodding seemed to be unfortunate, for he paused breathlessly, put his two open palms up to the side of his face, gave his head a few jerks this way and that, and then murmured, with a sigh of contentment, "That's all right."

The consul thought it well to ignore the re-turning of the brain which was evidently taking place under McSimmins's manipulation, and so he said, as if nothing ex-

traordinary had happened: "When did you return, Mr. McSimmins?"

"Return; from where?"

"You sailed for home about a month ago."

"Oh, no, I didn't," corrected the visitor.

"Well, you sent your papers here, and asked for a permit to leave the country, and I wrote a note to you saying that a permit was not necessary, and not hearing from you again, I took it for granted that you had sailed."

"Ah, I see," mused McSimmins, about to nod again, which motion he suddenly stopped by putting his hand to his forehead. "I have never left Turkey; in truth, I have been the guest of Zimri Pasha for the last month."

"Really," said the consul. "Well, the pasha is a most excellent man, and I wish there were more officials like him. He told me he took a great interest in your cold-water scheme and was doing his best to help you, and seemed surprised to hear that I didn't take much interest in it myself."

"Yes, I think I converted him," said McSimmins; "but only this afternoon. About a month ago he sent a messenger to me asking me to bring my papers to him, and added that he would be glad to learn something further of the scheme I had in hand, as he was inclined to believe in it and wished for more information."

"That's what he told me," remarked the consul, "and he expressed his regret at your early departure."

"Very well. I called on him at the hour named, which was after dark. You know the pasha's house, perhaps, Consul?"

"Yes; I have visited him somewhat frequently. He is, as I have said, the most intelligent Turkish official I have yet met, and seems to have a sincere desire to elevate the people."

"That describes him exactly," agreed McSimmins. "He delights in the elevation of the people, and is very successful at it too."

"I shouldn't go so far as to say that," demurred the consul. "I have never observed any practical results from his endeavours in that line."

"Ah, there you do him wrong," pleaded McSimmins earnestly. "You see I know the pasha better than you do, for I have been his guest for a month. But to go on with my story. On entering I was led past the semi-public room in which the pasha transacts his business, taken across the first court, in which the palm trees grow, into a smaller room beyond, a room along the three sides of which were divans covered with rich Oriental rugs, and here, asking me to be seated, the attendant disappeared between the heavy curtains which hung over the doorway. Presently that obsequious secretary of the pasha came in, followed by a servant bearing a tray on which were two tiny cups of coffee. The secretary saluted me with that grovelling deference of which he is the cringing master, and asked me to be good enough to give him all my papers, so that the pasha might scrutinise them. The pasha, he added, would have pleasure in meeting me socially after the business was transacted. I had my passport and other papers in a blue envelope, reposing in my inside pocket, and this envelope I handed to the secretary. He then bade me, in his master's name, regale myself with the coffee, which I did. I imagine the coffee was drugged, for shortly after taking it I became sleepy, and remembered no more until I found myself securely pinioned in the Court of the Great Fountain. Have you seen the Court of the Great Fountain?"

"No," replied the consul, "I have never been admitted further into the residence of the pasha than the Court of the Palms."

"The pasha's house is an enormous conglomeration of buildings, somewhat resembling a stone-walled city. Beautiful as the Court of Palms is, it does not compare with the magnificence of the Court of the Great Fountain. The pavement is a mosaic of various coloured marbles, all the rest is of the purest white. Arabic arches are supported by slender glistening pillars, which seemed to me to be made of onyx, or some rare white stone. The arches themselves are of marble, looking like carved virgin snow; these form a broad, cool veranda that completely surrounds the court. The floor of the veranda is elevated perhaps six inches above the tessellated pavement, and is almost covered with rich Persian rugs. But the striking feature of the court is the fountain. The water, I imagine, is obtained from some stream or lake in the neighbouring mountains, and the fountain consists of one huge jet as thick as a man's thigh, which shoots straight up into the air like a liquid palm tree. It falls back musically into a deep, broad

pond, which is bordered by a heavy coping of marble. The convolutions of this coping form a margin to this pond that is amazingly irregular, and which, the pasha told me, spells out in Arabic his favourite text from the Koran."

"What an excellent idea," interrupted the consul.

"Isn't it?" agreed his visitor. "Perhaps I didn't appreciate it at the moment as much as I should have done, for I found myself in a most cramped and uncomfortable position. A stout stick had been thrust under my knees, and my arms had been drawn under the projecting ends of this stick until my knees struck against my breast. My wrists were strapped together, and the straps fastened in some way behind my back. My ankles were united in fetters, and I lay thus in a helpless heap like a trussed fowl. The pasha sat cross-legged on a pile of rugs and pillows under the veranda, peacefully smoking a water-pipe, of which the hubble-bubble was drowned by the musical plashing of the great fountain. He sipped now and then some coffee from a little cup on a table by his side, and regarded me placidly with that serene, contemplative gaze which you may have noticed in his dreamy eyes when he is inclined to converse on philosophic subjects. Standing near him were four stalwart Nubians, black as ebony, whose tongues the pasha afterward informed me he had been compelled to order removed, as irresponsible gossip among his menials was irksome to him.

"After a time the pasha was good enough to address me. He expressed in a choice phrase his pleasure at seeing me a guest under his humble roof, although at the moment the roof above me was the sky, besprinkled with brilliant stars. He added that he had been much interested in my cold-water scheme, and would be pleased to learn from my own lips how I was getting on since I had honoured his district with my presence.

"I replied, with a glance at my bonds, that just at the moment I was not getting on with any degree of rapidity. The pasha was condescending enough to smile at this and bow toward me. Then, after a few whiffs at his pipe and a sip of coffee, he proceeded with the utmost suavity: 'I have been giving some attention of late to the cold-water problem, and have determined to make some practical experiments that will test its value. The marble coping round the fountain at your back was constructed by a Greek slave whom I once possessed, and who, although he had most artistic hands, laboured under the affliction of a flighty head, which I was compelled to remove. Under my directions he did his work well, and the coping spells in Arabic the phrase, "If you meet a friend in the desert who lacks for water, give him of your store plenteously. I now propose to vivify this motto by following its counsel on your behalf."

"Indeed, pasha," said I, "there is sufficiency of water about me already, and my clothes are even now wet through."

"My Nubians," returned the pasha calmly, "were reluctantly compelled to dip you in the fountain, so that you might return to the full enjoyment of your senses, which had seemingly departed from you. This submersion has happily had the desired result, and thus I have the privilege of holding converse with you. But my bounty does not stop so meagrely. The adage says plentifully, and upon that adage I purpose to act."

"I beg to call your attention, Pasha, to the fact that I am a citizen of a country at peace with the government of the Sultan. With the utmost respect toward your authority, I hereby protest against my present treatment, and warn you that if you contemplate further indignity, you will carry it out at your peril."

"The pasha stroked his beard, and acknowledged my remark with a courteous bow. "That introduces the elements of an international discussion into our conversation," he said with a reproachful tinge in his tone, "and in social intercourse I think anything of a political nature is apt to prove a disturbing subject. Let us confine ourselves to your cold-water theories."

"With this he made a sign to his Nubians and two of them, springing forward, picked me up as if I had been a bale of goods, and swaying me backward and forward, suddenly heaved me into the up-spring of the fountain. The tremendous jet of water struck me on the back as if it were a battering ram, and I felt myself projected into the air like a shot from a cannon's mouth. Unfortunately, I have not at my command the language to depict the horror of that moment. I was whirled round and round with dizzying rapidity, and when I tried to scream, the water dashed into my open mouth with choking force. My agony was mental rather than physical, for, except when I turned over and lay mouth downward to the jet, I cannot say there was much bodily inconvenience. Once when I remained for a few moments

in a sitting posture, I saw that I was high in the air above the tops of the tallest palms, popping up and down like a pea on a hot griddle. In spite of the motion, I could easily recognise the deserted city lying calm in the moonlight, and so, remembering the hard marble pavement far below, I feared that I would tumble helplessly over and be smashed into fragments on the stone. Such a catastrophe, however, did not happen, and by and by I realised that it was quite impossible to escape from the influence of the water jet. The great danger was of being smothered in the spray—drowned in mid-air. I had the peculiar sensation of sinking into a watery cushion from which the rebound dandled me as if I were a baby. Sometimes when the powerful fountain gave me an extra fling aloft, I turned over and came head downward with sickening swiftness into what seemed to be a hollow tube of water. Then I came near to suffocation; but at once the heavy column would reassert its power and toss me aloft again, when I could breathe once more. Now and then I caught a glimpse of the full moon in the cloudless blue sky, and it appeared to be dancing a hilarious jig with me. In spite of the noise of the water, I could hear the pasha clap his hands and express approval of the spectacle. 'Excellent, excellent,' he cried; 'the gifted McSimmins dances with gratifying ability.'

"My torture ended for that night with a moment of most intense fear. I imagine that the pasha gave a sign, and a slave, with a lever, suddenly turned off the water. I seemed left for an instant suspended in the sky; then I dropped like a falling star. The concentrated anguish of that infinitesimal portion of time I shall never forget. It was in my mind that the pasha intended to impale me on the stand-pipe from which the jet issued, but such was not the case. The water was turned on again before I reached the level of the veranda, and such was the terrific force of the impact, it rising and I falling, that I became instantly insensible; and when I woke to consciousness I found myself stretched on some rugs under the veranda, my wet garments removed. But perhaps I weary you with this lengthened recital?"

"On the contrary," said the consul, "I was never more interested in my life."

The visitor nodded, and having disturbed his brain by doing so, readjusted it by manipulating his head with his hands.

"I was taken to a cell in which there was no light and very little air, and there I lay all night unable to sleep, sprawling round on the floor, which seemed to be heaving under me. Next evening I was taken out again, and once more flung into the fountain. All the while I anticipated that dreadful drop again; but the pasha, fearing probably that he would kill me outright, amused himself by modifying the torture. The slaves gave periodical jerks at the lever, cutting off a little water at a time, and lowering it a few feet, so that I descended by stages until almost on a level with the veranda; then I would be shot up into mid-air again. Night after night of this gave me that loosening sensation in the brain of which I complained to you, and the result of which you saw when I fell on the carpet. I sometimes got a little sleep in my cell during the day; but my rest was always broken, for the moment I began to dream I was tossing in the fountain again. At last I saw that insanity was bound to intervene, so I resolved on suicide. One evening, being more loosely bound than usual, I turned, by a great effort, a kind of somersault, and flung myself free of the column of water. I hoped to strike the marble pavement, but I fell instead into the pond, and was instantly fished out by the Nubians. I told the pasha I was determined to kill myself, and so for several nights I was not brought out from my cell. Sometimes I thought that he had relented; but when I reviewed the situation carefully, I saw that he dared not let me go, for if I could get my government to believe the extraordinary tale I had to tell, it would be bound to bring him to book for his conduct. When again I was dragged into the Court of the Great Fountain, I found that in the interval he had built a sort of basket around the stand-pipe. This was made of springy steel or iron, and it opened like a huge flower, upward, something like a metal calla lily, if you understand what I mean.

"I should be delighted, Mr. McSimmins," said the pasha most blandly, "if you would favour me again with your vault from the top of the column."

"I favoured him, and fell into the network of the basket, and was hurled instantly into the jet, and aloft again almost before I realised that I had dropped. This amused the pasha very much, and he was loud in his

praise of the feat. Wishing to test still further the efficiency of the basket, he had the fountain gradually shut off, and let me come down into the receptacle; then the Nubians took me out, undid my bonds, and set my limbs free. When this was done, at a sign from the pasha, they flung me sprawling into the basket. I clasped the network and shrieked, while they pushed me farther in, until at last the water caught me, and once more, breathless with its force, I found myself aloft; but this time with arms and legs loose, sprawling like the wings of a windmill gone mad. I was amazed to find after a time that, because of this freedom of the limbs, I could somewhat balance myself, and before the night had passed I was able to stand upright and tread water, as it were, keeping my position for some time by the exercise of great care. Of course every now and then all my calculations were upset by the sudden ceasing of the fountain, which, removing my support and instantly undermining my confidence, left me floundering helplessly in the basket, until the stream resumed its play.

"After the basket had been constructed, the pasha, apparently selfishly, wished to enjoy the spectacle alone, and accordingly sent the slaves away, and they remained absent until the clapping of his hands brought them into the court again, when I was lowered and taken to my cell. And now, Consul Turner, you see how I have been treated. I have no complaint to make, and do not intend to give you any trouble in this matter at all, but I am fatigued with talking, and if you will charitably allow me a bed in your house to-night, I will be deeply grateful to you."

"Certainly, Mr. McSimmins, certainly. But how did you escape?"

"If you will permit me, Consul, after the manner of the Arabian Nights, to leave the remainder of the story until to-morrow morning, it will be a great kindness to me in my present state of fatigue."

"But it won't take you long, Mr. McSimmins, to give me the climax. Do you mean to say that this treatment of you lasted the whole of the past month?"

"Up to this very evening, Consul. I have my own reasons for wishing to postpone the culmination of my narrative until to-morrow morning, if you will be so good as to indulge me. You see that I am in a shattered condition, my nerves are wrecked, and although I do not know that I can sleep, I should like very much to go to bed."

"You are perfectly safe here," said the consul, "and need have no further anxiety. I will make my kawass sleep outside your door to protect you."

"No, no, Consul. I don't want a Turk near me, and I distrust your kawass and all the rest of them. Would you mind to-night, if you have a double-bedded room, being in the same room with me?"

"I can do better than that," said the consul. "There is a room opening off mine, and I will have a bed put in it; then no one can come near you without passing through my room."

"That will do excellently," said McSimmins, seemingly much relieved.

"The difficulty in obtaining redress," continued the consul, "will be in proving what you say; but somehow I find myself believing your story, incredible as it seems, and I also believe that the pasha's secretary gave your papers to my kawass, which, in a way is direct proof. I shall call the pasha to account to-morrow morning."

"No," said McSimmins, "I do not wish redress, nor do I ask you to take the slightest trouble on my account."

"But such treatment of a free citizen of a friendly country is intolerable, and we must at least attempt to obtain justice, although I am not confident that you will get any satisfaction."

"Well, if you don't mind, we will discuss that to-morrow morning. I really feel unable to cope with even the simplest problem to-night. Remember, I spent the fore part of this evening at the top of that fountain."

The consul, without more ado, led McSimmins to his chamber, and several times that night heard him thumping round the room on the floor. Early next morning, when he entered his guest's room, he found him lying awake. "I am afraid," he said, "that you did not have much rest last night."

"Oh, indeed, I feel quite refreshed, thank you; although I precipitated myself on the floor several times during the night. I hope I did not disturb you."

"Not at all," replied the consul. "And now will you excuse my curiosity and tell me how you escaped?"

"That was after all a very simple matter. I don't

know whether I told you that latterly, to save themselves trouble, they got into the habit of flinging me into the fountain stark naked; but, as I think I mentioned, I became quite expert at balancing myself on the top of the jet. Last night, when the slaves had departed, I put my hands over my head and projected myself into the air, endeavouring to fall clear of the basket, which I did. In a moment I scrambled over the marble coping, and I think the pasha was dozing, for he made no motion either to stop me or to call his slaves. I was afraid my brain would play me a trick, and so I acted with intense celerity. In a moment I was at his throat and had him pinioned and helpless on his back. Gripping his windpipe with my left hand, I undid his scarf with my right, and soon had it bowstrung round his neck—"

"You surely did not strangle him?" cried the consul horrified.

"Oh, no, I shouldn't think of doing such a thing. I have great respect for the position of pasha. I gagged him so that he could not cry out, and tied his hands so that he could not clap them together. Then, with some difficulty, I stripped him, and dressed myself in his clothes. He seemed stunned very much by the suddenness of my onslaught; and seeing that he was too panic-stricken to cry out, I ungagged him, and unbound his hands. Then picking him up—all the time I was struggling with him, remember, I saw three pashas, my brain wobbling about like loose nails in a rolling barrel; but I steadily concentrated my attention on the middle pasha, and resolved to attend to the other two afterwards if they should still be there—picking him up, then, as I say, I flung him, back downward, into the basket, and before you could snap your fingers, he was dancing on the waterspout high above the palm trees. The other two pashas had gone up with him; and so folding his robes around me, I walked calmly down the passage, through the monkey Court, along the other passage, through the Court of Palms, and so out into the street, unimpeded, the watchman opening the gate for me and

closing it behind me without a word. That is the beauty of having well-trained servants, unaccustomed to question any act a man does. From there I came directly to your residence, and here I remain until you can get me on shipboard."

"But McSimmins, you don't mean to say you left the pasha there all night?"

"I have but followed his own Arabic text, which you will find engraved around his fountain. I have given him water, and plenty of it. It was not for me to interfere further. I did not tell you last night, fearing you might consider it your duty to intervene. If the pasha likes his position at the top of the fountain, he has doubtless remained there; and I can assure him from experience, that it will take him several days to learn to make the dive I made."

"Oh, but this is most serious, McSimmins, taking the law into your own hands in that way and endangering the person of the pasha."

"I took the pasha into my own hands, but there is no law in his caravansary, and I didn't like to trouble my government over a small personal matter like this, knowing they would talk a good deal and do nothing. And, after all, one cannot pay a greater compliment to his host than to follow his example."

"I must send down at once and see what is the outcome of this."

"Certainly," returned McSimmins; "it would only be a neighbourly thing to do."

But at that moment the gorgeous kawass rapped at the consul's door. "Excellency," he said, a thrill of fear in his quivering voice, "news has come that the Pasha Zimri has been found drowned in his own fountain. Mysterious are the ways of Allah, the good pasha is gone."

"Ah," said McSimmins grimly, "every situation has its compensations. If he has had too much water in this world, it is not likely that he will have to complain of an over-supply in the next."

The Agony of Learning Golf

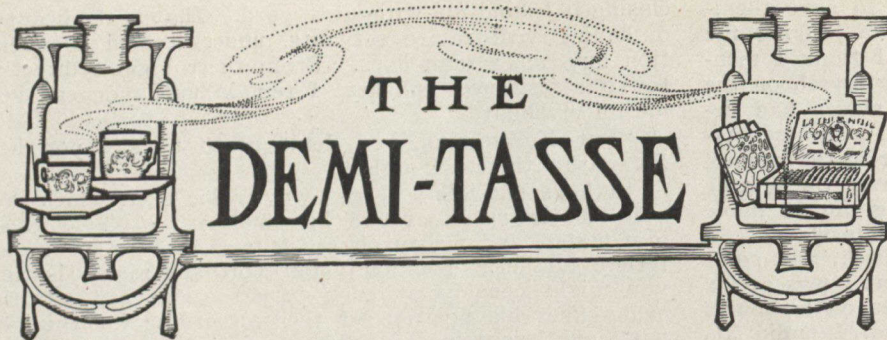
THE other day Mr. Balfour declared, says M.A.P., that golf is not a game for old gentlemen. "It is," he said, "a game for young people, and unless you begin it when young you will never enjoy the full glory of it when you are old." I used to be a golfofobe. I despised golf. I sneered at my golfophil friends. To me golf and senility were synonymous. But last summer a young Irishman converted me. His exuberant eulogy of the game excited my curiosity and I bought a bagful of strange weapons with strange names. Instantly the devil of golf entered into my soul and took possession of me. No longer was I master of myself. The things which formerly engrossed me became stale and flat. For nearly a year I have grieved over my wasted youth. The past is past, but I bitterly repent the hours squandered on idle work and unprofitable play. I sorrow over the memory of holidays squandered wantonly. Fiercely I think of weeks and weeks and weeks that were utterly null and void, although before my unseeing eyes stretched the reproaching links. Yes, I have even walked ignorantly over undisclosed paradises in all parts of the world. I have vacuously gazed at golfers year after empty year, and in my besotted folly failed to grasp the skirts of happy chance. For all my other sins I can forgive myself, but for this sin, never. Reader, there is only one kind of remorse that is intolerable. It is the remorse of the golfer who has not teed a ball in his teens. Other omissions may be buried in oblivion. We can forget the kiss that was not taken in the moonlight, the word that was not uttered in the conservatory, all the women we have not married, the bargain that was not bought, the sight that was not seen. But we can never forget the years that might have been and were not consecrated to golf.

There is, however, one grain of sugar in your cup of gall. The basis of golf is suffering, and the young golfer suffers more than the mature golfer. Youth plays the game with levity, but manhood plays it with the passionate solemnity of a minor prophet. The fun of golf is due to the torture of mental conflict with perverse matter. Youth misses the awful joy of misdirected toil. It learns golf too easily to taste the true ecstasy of torment. The man who has achieved success in other forms of activity such as trade, politics, painting, literature, or football, finds to his horror when he faces the teebbox that all his knowledge is a vain thing. Even a king

(like Alfonso) becomes a poor creature. Even a Prime Minister (like Mr. Balfour) is a bungler. Feverishly the successful merchant grasps his driver and embarks upon the sea of unfathomable failure. No cunning avails. No wisdom profiteth. For he who would conquer the imp of golf must become a little child. He must abase his pride in the dust. He must expose his folly to the world. He must make a public laughing-stock of his grey hairs. It is said that Lord Chancellor Campbell took dancing lessons at the age of thirty-four, but he took them, like Nicodemus, in stealthy private under an assumed name. The eminent man who condemns golf cannot hope to learn the dreadful sport in secret. He must perform his grotesque contortions in public. He must endure the furtive grin of the caddie and the simulated gravity of the club verandah. He must not only make an ass of himself, but he must also feel an ass and be an ass for months and even years. There is no other game which manufactures the habitually and contentedly incompetent. Many men delight in golf who know that they are living monuments of incapacity. Indeed, the worse you play the game, the more you enjoy it.

It is generally believed that Ananias was an angler. I don't believe it. He was a golfer. No other game places so severe a strain on the moral nature. An incompetent angler is a conscious liar. An incompetent golfer is an unconscious liar. In the early agonies of golf two and three make four. It is too much to ask the most upright man to count accurately the blows he deals at a ball in a bunker. Before we idolise George Washington, we ought to reflect that he never played golf. After three blind swipes in a bunker, you feel that man was not made for arithmetic, but that arithmetic was made for man. How can you count when you cannot see? How can you add up when you are a runaway windmill in a sandstorm?

It has recently been stated that to find an English-speaking people among whom poetry is an incident of everyday life, one must go to Australia and New Zealand. In Australia, it is said, they want to read poetry. In New Zealand they want to write it. But is it strange that in a land which Mr. Kipling has called "last, loneliest, loveliest, exquisite, apart," the inhabitants should turn to gentle thoughts of rhythmic expression?



A FIT PHRASE.

"The skidway to destruction"
Is a gentle little phrase—
It means where we are going
If we do not mend our ways.

'Twas thus that G. T. Blackstock
Addressed the worthy chaps
Who form the Club Canadian
And like to get such raps.

"I wish that I had thought of it,"
George Graham regretful said;
"I would have hurled those lovely words
At J. P. Whitney's head."

"How nice it sounds," said Colonel Sam,
"Twill do for me to use
The next time that I feel impelled
Dear Henri to abuse."

* *

SUFFICIENT CAUSE.

He—"What a sad expression Mrs. Willie-
boy wears! I wonder why?"
She—"Didn't you know? She married a
jolly good fellow."

* *

A CHANCE FOR ALL.

There was once a sporting parson at
Eastington, a place on the English coast,
which was a favourite landing place for
woodcocks at the time of their immigra-
tion to England. When the birds arrived,
exhausted by their long flight, everybody
in the parish, including the parson, at once
turned out to join in the sport of knocking
them down with sticks. One Sunday the
people were in church and the parson in the
pulpit, when the church door was cautiously
opened and a head appeared, also a beckon-
ing finger.

"Well, what is it?" asked the parson.
"Cocks is coom!"

The parson hurriedly shut up his ser-
mon case. "Shut the door and lock it!" he
cried to the clerk. "Keep the people in
church till I've got my surplice off. Let's
all have a fair chance."



A Cold Bottle and a Small Bird. Result: A
Cold Bird and a Small Bottle.—N.Y. Life.

A PREDICAMENT.

A story was told recently at a St. Pat-
rick's Day dinner of an Irishman who was
talking about the case of Mr. S. Baring
Gould, whose obituary was recently printed
by mistake, Mr. Gould still being without
the land o' the leal.

"So," said the Irishman, "they've printed
the funeral notice av a man that ain't dead
yet, have they? Faith, an' it's a nice fix
he'd be in now if he was wan o' thim people
that belaves iverything they see in the
papers."

* *

ENGLAND AND THE COLONIAL
PREMIERS.

(After Lewis Carroll.)

"You are old, Mother England," the Pre-
miers said—
"Yet you stick to Free Trade very tight,
"And will not consent by your sons to be
led—
"Do you really consider that right?"
"I am old, I admit," Mother England re-
plied—
"But I once was as youthful as you;
"That's why, though I like you to state
your own side,
"I prefer to consider mine too."
—The Bystander.

* *

THE USUAL ADJECTIVE.

A distinguished Canadian recently gave
an address in one of the great cities of the
United States. The speaker naturally dwelt
on the many qualities shared by his native
land and the American Republic, emphasising
their common faith, common language
and common aspirations.

"That is just what is the matter," said
a cynical listener; "we're desperately com-
mon."

* *

WITHDRAWN.

Toronto has its troubles;
But now a smile doth spread
Across the city's worried brow,
For thus the news hath sped:

"I cannot come to talk to you,"
The famous lecturer said;
"I've got so many scraps on hand"—
He cometh not—dear Stead!

* *

CAUSE FOR ENVY.

A lady, visiting in a clergyman's family,
where the parents were very strict with re-
gard to the children's Sunday department,
was confidentially informed by one of the
little girls that she would like to be a
clergyman.

"Why?" inquired the visitor, rather
puzzled to know what had given the child
so sudden an admiration for the calling.

She was quickly enlightened by the reply,
"So I could holler on Sunday."

* *

EXPLAINED.

In a rural district of England during the
performance of a duet at a concert, a yokel
said to his son: "D'ye see, Tom, now it's
getting late, they're singing two at a time,
so as to get done sooner."

* *

EFFECTIVE ADVERTISING.

The United States is supposed to be the
country in which the gentle art of adver-
tising is brought nearly to perfection. But
the publishers of a German novel have
scored a hit in the matter of advertising.

They have inserted in most of the papers a
notice stating that a certain nobleman of
means, anxious to obtain a wife, desired one
who resembled the heroine in the novel
named. Of course, every marriageable wo-
man who saw this announcement bought
the novel to see how closely she resembled
the imaginary beauty referred to.

* *

A LOUD CALL.

When Prince Bismarck first went as the
representative of Prussia to the Federal
Diet at Frankfort, Prussia was of very
small account compared with Austria, and
Bismarck found that he was treated with
indifference at his hotel. He was given a
room which had not even a bell, and when
he complained he was told that what was
good enough for other travellers was good
enough for the Prussian delegate. Bismarck
said no more, but early the next
morning the hotel was startled by a tremen-
dous explosion. The landlord came
rushing into Bismarck's room to know what
was the matter, and was told that as there
was no bell, the Prussian delegate had ar-
ranged with his valet to fire a pistol when-
ever he required his services. Bismarck
got his bell without delay.

* *

CLEOPATRA.

When Marcus attempted to Caesar,
By her smile she showed it would please;
When he swore by his honour
He doted upon her,
She coyly allowed him to squaeasar.

—Life.

* *



"We carry a full line."

Drawn for Canadian Courier.

* *

THE REASON.

The coach-dog's face was sad,
The coach-dog's sides were thin;
He looked as though some doctor had
Appendixated him.

"Poor dog," said I, "why smile
In that despondent way?
Why sit dejected while
The other doglets play?"

He turned his sunken eyes
On me and shook his head;
"Do you see any flies
On me, kind sir?" he said.

"I'm waiting now to chase
My mistress' coach all day;
That's why I'm sad of face,
That's why I cannot play."

"And that's the reason why
I look so sad and thin;
The Lenten season's by,
The bonnet season's in."

Archie P. McKishnie.

* *

A REASON FOR REFRAINING.

The Persians possess a sense of humour
with which they are not always credited.
Almost modern is the anecdote of the man
whose disagreeable voice in reciting his
prayers in the mosque was annoying to
every one. One day some one asked him
how much he was paid for reciting.

"Paid!" he replied. "I'm not paid. I re-
cite for the sake of Allah."

"Then," replied the other, "for Allah's
sake don't."—The Argonaut.

Sporting Comment

TOM LONGBOAT'S victories on the road are to bring him an education. That he will appreciate this great blessing is evidenced by his remark, "Won't have to work any more; only go to school." But while Tom's legs are undoubtedly of excellent quality, there is evidence to the effect that his intellect is that of the average Indian. And it is still a much troubled question whether education is a blessing or a curse to the average Red-skin. However, Toronto City Council, who are the originators of the education idea, are to be congratulated on their efforts to elevate the race. If the Queen City should produce a champion pugilist they would probably keep right on with their good work and give him a course in music or painting.

* *

Eddie Durnan has again challenged George Towns to row in England for the championship of the world, but the challenge does little except create remarks as to how professional rowing has deteriorated in the past twenty years. The Sportsman says England can boast but one professional oarsman worthy of the name and that even he is of doubtful quality. America has only Eddie Durnan and even his best friends do not claim that he classes with such giants of old as Hanlan, O'Connor, Gaudaur, Teemer and half-a-dozen others. Australia has Towns, who acted as chief assistant to old age in wresting the championship from Jake Gaudaur. Crookedness is the reason given by The Sportsman for the decadence of this sport. But is it not rather that great men in any line of sport, like great statesmen, come in bunches and that the interest they generate is responsible for the boom that always follows?

* *

The wild rush of associations and clubs to get under the sheltering wing of the Canadian Amateur Athletic Union would almost lead one to believe that all athletic Canada had come to look on the almighty dollar as a curse and that the millennium of sport is at hand. But it is well to remember that even in games "he who thinks must govern those who toil." It is not the active athlete who would draw the salary who is hustling for cover; it is the sensible management who would have to pay those salaries. The fact still remains that the great majority of athletes in Canada, though they are fond of glory do not hate money and there are a goodly number who would rather have the money than the medal.

* *

And as a matter of fact Canada is not peculiarly adapted to the strictest interpretation of amateur rules. In England the mechanic, or any one who has ever engaged in a menial occupation, is not eligible to compete in purely amateur competitions. Long experience has taught Englishmen that amateurism is too much of a luxury for the poor—that men whose living has to be earned by a daily grind had better make an extra dollar out of any special quality with which they have been endowed by nature.

* *

And to a great extent they are right. Take Longboat as an example. Down in Caledonia they will tell you that three square meals per day were a novelty to him till he started running. To-day he is a star of the first magnitude. He is fattening on flattery and about to be gilt-framed with education. Five or ten years from to-day where will he be? Ten chances to one he'll be back on the reservation with just enough education and taste for high life to make him dissatisfied. Forgotten by the public, he will probably have nothing to remind him of his glorious past but a photograph or two that won't pawn and memories that for his own peace would much better be forgotten.

* *

Of course all amateur authorities will

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BOYS

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tell you that they respect an open professional but abhor an athlete who pretends to be amateur and still reaches forth for coin of the realm. Why, then, do they seek to make amateurism so prevalent that an open professional has no chance to live? Why do they mark him as unclean, as one whose very touch would soil the spotless robes of their own anointed? "No amateur shall compete with or against a professional for a prize or where gate money is taken," they decree. And in making that decree they know that they are not stamping out professionalism but encouraging hypocrisy. The Ontario Hockey Association has been more vigilant than any other athletic body in Canada. Yet it is known that an almost purely professional team has held its intermediate championship and that only last winter when its senior champions were suspended for a slight irregularity they jumped almost bodily and without the slightest hesitation into the professional ranks. That is a fair sample of how things are in the purely amateur ranks.

* *

And while the C. A. A. U. is gathering sporting Canada under its wing, what is it doing to keep sport clean in its own ranks? Boxing is one of the sports that come under the direct jurisdiction of the C.A.A.U. When they held their annual championships this spring they were told that some of the entries were not above suspicion. They promised to investigate and in the meantime the boys were allowed to compete. When Toronto city championships came on last week these boys were again allowed to compete. The investigation had not been completed, though an hour's active work on the part of those in authority would have proven that some of those boys were out and out professionals. What was it some one said about a stream that was polluted at its source?

* *

Lacrosse is booming this year from Winnipeg to Montreal and the pleasing part of it all is that the boom is in the direction of getting young players into the game. Winnipeg has a school league of twenty-four teams and they were playing the game while the mercury was still making morning calls on zero. And as you journey eastward you notice that Toronto city leagues are growing—one of them boasts twenty-five teams, and there are others; Hamilton is taking up the game and in addition to a brand new C. L. A. senior team, has a city league in sight; the National Intermediate, Ottawa Valley and Rideau leagues show splendid growth and another league threatens to sprout with Brockville as its centre. All this taken with the fact that the big bodies, the Canadian Lacrosse Association and the National Lacrosse Union, are flourishing, means that probably ten thousand young Canadians will handle the gutted stick this year. Lacrosse is a very lively corpse yet despite the fact that in nearly every part of Canada it allows professionals and amateurs to play side by side in its senior ranks and winks at infraction of the amateur rules in its junior and intermediate series.

* *

It is pleasing to note that there will probably be a Dominion Bowling Tournament this year in Toronto despite the fact that the big lawns at the Woodbine race track will hardly be ready in time for holding it there. For the Dominion is really the most representative gathering of bowlers Canada can boast. The Western Bowling Association has a big tournament at London every year but the rinks are almost altogether drawn from Western Ontario clubs. The O. C. A. tournament at Niagara-on-the-Lake is one of the pleasantest outings of the season, but the rural clubs fight shy of it for various reasons. But the Dominion gathers rinks from the Detroit river to Montreal and provides some of the best bowling of the season. Last year there was no Dominion. It will be glad news to bowlers all over the country that the relapse was only temporary.

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XXX PORTER

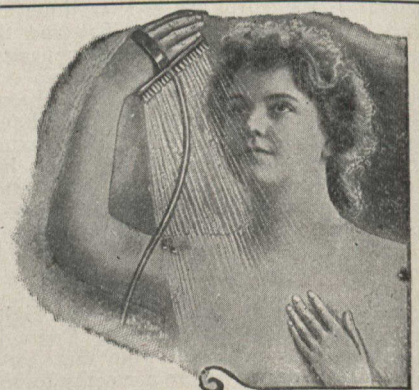


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Toronto Canadian Club

THE Canadian Club of Toronto has a peculiar method of choosing its officers. A few weeks before the annual meeting, which occurs at the close of the season, a nominating committee is appointed. This consists of all the past-presidents of the club and an equal number of other members. This committee selects the Executive for the ensuing year. Its only limitation is that it cannot promote the first vice-president to the chief office. This restriction is a convention, not a written part, of the constitution.

Its annual meeting was held last Monday evening. The secretary's report showed a paid-up membership of 1210, that 21 meetings had been held during the year, and that the average attendance at these was over three hundred. The treasurer's report showed receipts of about three thousand dollars.

The club is in a more prosperous condition than it has ever been, and the retiring president, Mr. Mark H. Irish, was congratulated upon the way in which he had conducted its affairs during his term of office. The new president, Mr. John Turn-



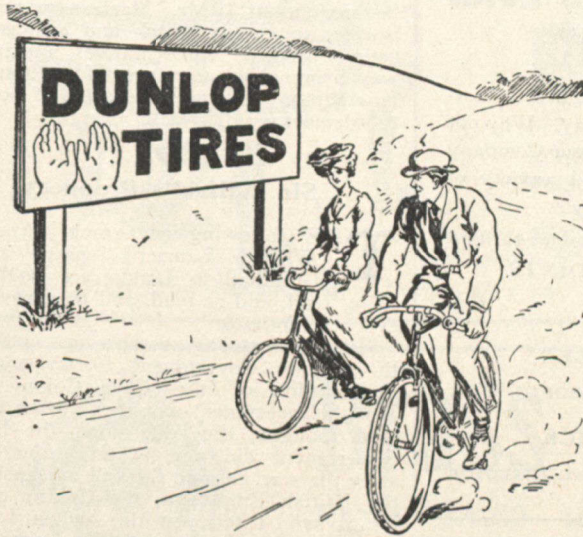
Mr. John Turnbull,
This week elected President of the Canadian Club, of Toronto.

bull, is a Scotchman by birth and a Canadian by adoption. He is a business man, being manager of the Nasmith Co. The secretary, Mr. A. E. Huestis, was re-elected for the eighth time.

Orillia Canadian Club

ON Monday evening last Mr. W. F. Maclean addressed the Canadian Club of Orillia on "Parliament and the People." He said Canadians might well study the history of the United States in relation to many of the problems that are facing and will face Canada. He briefly reviewed American history, and showed that the democracy of wealth and the democracy of political power of a century and a quarter ago had degenerated into a plutocracy of wealth and the contest for political power by the great corporations. There was a great conspiracy constantly going on, by which railway and other corporations sought legislation in their own interests rather than in the interest of the whole people. There was a new movement at work in the United States, a movement in the interests of the people as against the corporations, a movement little countenanced by the great newspapers but led by the magazines. President Roosevelt, Governor Hughes of New York and William Jennings Bryan were men of the new movement, boldly standing out against party tradition and influence in favor of the rights of the whole people. The duty of a Government was to try and increase the

It's Time to Think of Bicycle Riding



Nothing ever happened the bicycle. Nothing ever came along to fill its place. Nothing ever turned up to make the bicycle less useful than it always has been. Nothing in the final outcome of the wide and general use of the bicycle ever tended to show that it is not a most handy vehicle for speedy and direct locomotion, as well as for healthy, pleasant exercise.

It is a good guess to say that the falling off in the once surprising enthusiasm for the bicycle was owing to its having reached a fixed standard of construction and equipment. Every year used to bring around a new feature of improvement for the bicycle. When invention along this line ceased the buying of bicycles lost its novelty.

Once all bicycles were hard tired. If invention had stayed there the bicycle fever would have cooled off in 1888. But in that year Dunlop Pneumatic Tires were introduced and interest in the bicycle took a fresh new start.

And in this season of 1907 Dunlops once more put out a new style of tire as an improvement to the bicycle. In general features it is the same "these are the only tools you need" tire, but it is made by the Doughty Process—a valuable patent controlled exclusively by the Dunlop Company.

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conveniences and comforts of the whole people, to make life a little more livable. When it does not do this a Government has failed. Mr. Maclean said we had to look to Great Britain for progressive government and public ownership. The representative of the people, whether he be a municipal officer or a member of Parliament, owed his whole duty to the people who elected him. Their interests should be paramount. Mr. Maclean urged his hearers to closely watch and criticise the actions of their representatives, and in this way bring about a return of the true democracy of political power, and if possible the democracy of wealth as well.

Sir Wilfrid's Prophecy

THE following paragraph from Sir Wilfrid Laurier's speech at the Guildhall in London is worthy of being read, and re-read, and then pasted in every scrap-book:

"In 1902 a strong pressure was put upon the British Government to suspend the Constitution of the Cape Colony. The British Government would not listen to any such thought; they did more—the British Government did not hesitate, four years after the war, to give the full citizenship of the British Empire to the Colony of the Transvaal. I tell you this—when I think upon matters of this kind, I, coming from French Canada, can express an opinion. There was only one nation in the world who could have dared to do what Britain has done, and that nation is England. Now, the wisdom of this policy has been fully vindicated. It had been vindicated many years before, when the British Government did not hesitate to give to Canada—to French Canada—the same power, the same privileges, which have been given in South Africa; and, if anything could justify the wisdom of such a policy, it was the words that I was proud to hear yesterday from my friend Dr. Jameson—words which filled my heart—to the effect that possibly at the next Conference we may have a united South Africa represented here. It is possible that at the next Conference we may have another Confederation within the British Empire composed of the Cape, of Natal, of the Orange Colony, of the Transvaal, of Rhodesia, and of other domains yet to be added as time goes on. This is truly Imperial policy, and, so long as the British Empire is maintained upon these lines, I venture to assert that it rests upon foundations firmer than the rock and as enduring as the ages."

A Big Fortune

(Vancouver World.)

IT is rumored that Mr. J. C. Keith of this city, who is now abroad, has, through the death of his cousin, "Silent Smith," fallen heir to a very large fortune. Mr. Keith was at one time the favourite nephew of his Chicago uncle whose millions were left to "Silent" Smith. But Mr. Keith came west and dropped out of his uncle's mind, while the young man who succeeded to the estate and whose body is on the way from Japan to this port for transmission to Illinois, where it will be buried, remained at home, and was rewarded by a legacy of \$50,000,000 which was afterwards increased by wise investments to \$75,000,000.

Spring Late in West

THE backwardness of the spring season leads the Regina "Standard" to publish the following, under the title "Ten Years Ago":

"The spring of 1897 was pretty much the same as that now being experienced in the West, and yet the crop that year was one of the best so far as quality is concerned ever harvested. W. M. Williamson, an old timer of the city, told the 'Standard' to-day that on May 6, 1897, there was a storm that covered the ground 15 inches deep with snow. The skating rink at that time was located on the corner of Eleventh avenue

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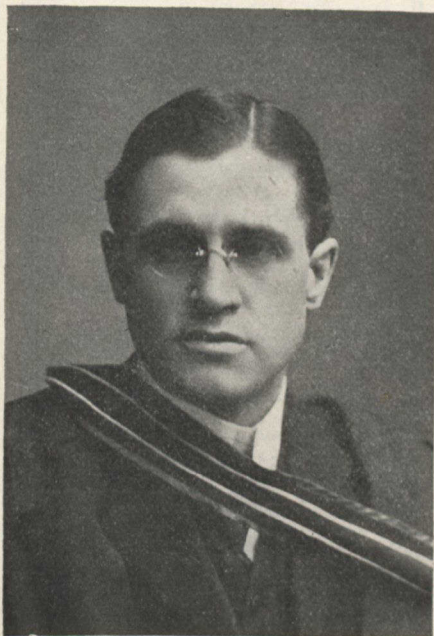
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and Cornwall street, and on May 6 the roof was blown off. On May 22, 1897, Matthew Eyoy, whose farm is located about four miles northeast of the city, sowed his crop. The wheat was harvested safely and J. D. Sibbald, at that time of the Western Milling Company here, shipped two bags of the product to Winnipeg where it was shown at the exhibition. The wheat sown on Regina plain on May 22 won first prize against all other grain on exhibition."

A Western Professor

THOUGH born in Ontario, Professor Osborne of Wesley College, Winnipeg, has undoubted western characteristics. He speaks fluently and forcibly. He carries his opinions with the air of proprietorship. He is fearless, confident and aggressive.

He did not like the Manitoba Government and he went "on the stump" during the recent campaign in order to say so with emphasis. In fact, it was rumoured that if Mr. Brown and the Liberals had won, the Professor would soon have been Minister of Education for Manitoba. As it is, the Professor is still professor. All this he did, despite the fact that Premier Roblin is "big chief" among the governors of Wesley College which pays the Professor his salary. What may happen when these



Professor Osborne, Wesley College, Winnipeg.

same governors meet it is difficult to say. It all depends on whether Mr. Roblin's anger holds.

Professor Osborne once wanted some practice in writing. He took a summer vacation in the office of the Boston Transcript, one of the best papers on the continent, and toiled with the rest of the staff, thus showing his determination to know the "how" and the "why." This is enterprise which the college man does not often exhibit.

Promotion for Kingsmill

(Montreal Star Cable.)

London, April 29.—Canadian satisfaction is expressed over the official announcement that Captain Kingsmill, former captain of the battleship Dominion, has been appointed to the command of the special service division of the home fleet at Devonport. The appointment indicates, as Star messages forecasted, that the Admiralty did not intend the calamity to the Dominion to impede Capt. Kingsmill's promotion. He will become Rear Admiral next year, and then be available for a further step upward.

It will be recalled that the Dominion was injured during her visit to Canada, owing to a mistake in recognising lights along a river shore. She went to the West Indies for repairs.

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MUSIC & THE DRAMA

THE engagement of the San Carlo Opera Company at Massey Hall, Toronto, was the most enjoyable event of the kind that the city has known for many months, and the patronage shown the evening concerts showed that the public was not slow to appreciate the opportunity of hearing such artists as Nordica and Constantino. "La Boheme" was an exquisite production and Miss Nielsen's "Mimi" had an individual charm which made the part of unusual dramatic quality. The matinee performance on Saturday afternoon included Donizetti's "Don Pasquale" and "Cavalleria Rusticana" and should have attracted a larger audience. The former composition is comparatively unfamiliar to a Canadian audience and its piquant, melodious humour was thoroughly enjoyed, Miss Nielsen again scoring a triumph. "Cavalleria Rusticana" was somewhat handicapped in stage arrangements but proved a much more effective production than on its last appearance, the popular "Intermezzo" being rendered with rare delicacy and restrained sentiment.

* *

The Montreal people have recently shown their appreciation of the Canadian prima donna, Donalda, at a complimentary concert to her, given in the Monument National. Donalda returned to New York after the event and sails for Europe, to be gone for several years.

* *

Although the Pittsburg Symphony Orchestra and the Mendelssohn Choir will be heard no more in musical companionship, the organisation of which Mr. Paur is conductor is to return to Toronto next season. Mr. H. M. Fletcher, conductor of the Schubert Choir and the People's Choral Union, has engaged the Pittsburg Orchestra for his concerts.

* *

When doctors disagree! Sometime ago, says a New York authority, Alan Dale, the dramatic critic, wrote an article called "The Worst Living Actor." It was devoted to flaying Richard Mansfield alive. Now John Corbin, of the New York Sun, contributes to Appleton's Magazine an article on "The Greatest English Actor." It is devoted to this same Mansfield. And yet some people wonder why actors and playwrights do not model their work upon the suggestions of critics. Which critic, for instance, is Mr. Mansfield to accept as oracle? Perhaps, in this case, the choice is easier than usual.


* *

The news of the decease of Dr. J. Perse Smith, who died recently in Illinois, was received with deep regret by his many friends in this country. The late Dr. Smith came to Toronto from Dublin, where he had been for many years conductor of the Dublin Musical Union, and where he had received the degree of Doctor of Music. He was organist and choirmaster of St. Thomas Church, Toronto, and teacher of singing, organ and piano at the Conservatory of Music and left Canada just a few weeks ago to take a position as head of the musical department of Jacksonville, Illinois.

* *

In the new lyrical plays of England the decline of skirt-dancing and the return to dancing that can be heard as well as seen have been noticed by many observers, to whom the change is welcome. Mr. Warde, one of the best authorities in London on dancing, asserts that the public wants to hear the beat of the dancer's feet.

"These islands," says Mr. Warde, "have many original dances. America has none that it has not taken from the negro. Our English hornpipe, Lancashire clog dances, the Scottish reel and the Irish jig are not imitations of anything and the public welcomes them back."



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The Dustman rides on the engine's back;
He lives in the big Sand Dome;
He walks through the aisles of the cars at night
And croons the songs of Home.

He gently scatters the dust that soothes,
Like talcum powder sweet;
Then, when all are asleep, he takes a peep
For something nice to eat.

"All aboard for the Land of Nod!
This way, please, for the Sleepers.
Supper is served in the Buffet Car;
Eat hearty, and close your Peepers."
—Lippincott's.

* *

JAMIE'S MAPLE.

Jamie stood looking on with great interest while his older brothers tenderly lifted the young maple into the cart in which it was to make its journey from the woods to the schoolroom yard. Nestled at its root was a seedling maple about ten inches high.

"Oh!" cried Jamie. "The dear little baby tree. Oh, please may I have it for my own?"

"I guess so," said good-natured Bob, carefully pulling it out. "Perhaps it will grow, Jamie." He laid the baby tree in Jamie's arms.

Proudly the little fellow bore his precious burden almost home, and then he suddenly remembered that mama had complained of there being too many trees about the house.

"I will take it to Miss Mary," he said to himself; and soon afterward he appeared at that lady's door, and informed her that he was going to celebrate Arbor day by planting a maple tree in her yard.

"Where would you like me to put it?" he asked politely.

Miss Mary threw her apron over her head and came out to consider the subject. "I think," she said, at last, "that it would be very nice to have it in front of my sitting-room window, don't you?"

Jamie agreed with her, and getting a spade from the wood-shed, they planted the wilted "treeling."

"What makes it droop so?" asked Jamie. "I think we ought to put an umbeerella over it."

"There!" cried Miss Mary, when the umbrella was fixed to their mutual satisfaction. "In ten years it will give nice shade."

"Ten years!" cried Jamie, in dismay.

"That's only a short time, my dear. I am only seventy-three now, and I expect to live until I am ninety, and it will be so delightful when I am an old lady to come out here and knit under this beautiful tree."

"And I'll come, too!" cried Jamie.

"Yes, indeed," said Miss Mary, kissing him.

"Perhaps there'll be a bird's nest!"

"Yes, indeed, there will, and we will listen to the birdies singing."

"Perhaps 'twill be a golden robin."

"I shouldn't wonder."

Jamie called to his father, who was passing, "O papa, come and see, but don't step on the bird's nest!"

"Where is it?" asked papa, stepping back quickly.

"It's going to be in the maple tree."

"What maple tree?"

Jamie looked reproachfully at his father. "Hush, papa! It's under the umbeerella—fast asleep!"—Youth's Companion.

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Leave Napanee at 2.20 a.m., 3.30 a.m., 6.30 a.m., 6.35 p.m., 7.55 a.m., 10.30 a.m., 12.05 p.m., 1.20 p.m., 11.00 a.m., 4.30 p.m., 6.50 p.m., 8.15 p.m.

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Literary Notes

THE seventh transaction of the Women's Canadian Historical Society of Toronto has recently been published, consisting of an epitome of the Life and Letters of the Right Honourable Charles Poulett Thomson, G.C.B., Baron Sydenham of Sydenham, Kent and Toronto, Canada, and also extracts from an original MS. Memoir of Captain Freer, A.D.C. to H.R.H. the Duke of Kent, and Military Secretary during the War of 1812. The compilation of the first part of the transaction is effectively done by Mrs. Gordon Mackenzie, the niece of Lord Sydenham. The letters have a genuine piquant interest, as may be judged from this extract from a letter from Toronto, dated December 3rd, 1839:

"I opened my Parliament to-day and really the matter was very creditably conducted. The Toronto Dragoons (Governor-General's Body Guard) are not quite equal to the Life Guards, and Arthur's coach (for I did not bring my equipages up here) not quite as smart as Her Majesty's, but I flatter myself that I looked very regal on the throne with my cocked hat on, and the hall of the Legislative Council beats the House of Lords hollow. We had all the Toronto ladies and heaps of fair Americans who came over for the sight; and the Commons made as much noise and looked as dirty as they do in Westminster. So upon the whole I think my Provincial Parliament quite as good as the old one. The worst part of the thing to me individually is the ceremonial. The bore of this is unspeakable. Fancy having to stand for an hour and a half bowing, and then to sit with one's cocked hat on to receive addresses. Poor Royalty! I learn to feel for it. Then the misery of always being on parade."

* *

"At the Sign of the Beaver" is the very patriotic title of a collection of "Northland Stories and Stanzas" by Samuel Mathewson Baylis, whose first volume was entitled "Camp and Lamp." Both stories and poems have an original, vigorous note which makes the volume of more than passing interest. There is more of the picturesque than most modern fiction affords us in the prospect over which the "Cure" glanced as his gaze swept "Back again up the South Shore, from Rougemont's peak to the crest of St. Hilaire in the middle distance, past the mountain tops that cut the horizon in the far South, over the forest of green that divides the waters of the Great River." The author is as unconventional as the tumbling rapids in the background of his stories and the reader is correspondingly curious and grateful. "The Honour of His Company" is a stirring poem of the North, which ends with the spirited lines:

"Still White and Red in Lodge and Fort,
clasping a brother-hand,
Vow fealty to the olden pact and pledge
"The Company."

The sonnets, especially the "cipher" numbers, are not so individual in style as the other features of the book and lack in spontaneity. The volume is attractive in cover design and type. (Toronto: William Briggs.)

* *

Canadian stories for boys are sadly needed. The Briggs publishing house will bring out at an early date a book for boys which should be worth a dollar or more. Mr. Archie P. McKishnie has written a story, "Gaff Linkum," which tells the adventures of an Ontario boy who lived on Lake Erie, a district where ducks abound and make the autumn a joy to young sportsmen.

* *

Mr. Frank Yeigh has compiled a unique booklet entitled "Five Thousand Facts About Canada," which deals with everything Canadian, from "area" to "Yukon." It is, indeed, a revelation of the prosperity and prospects of the Dominion. The statistical information is up to date and the "facts" are attractively and conveniently arranged.

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