

The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly



J U N E

EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER.
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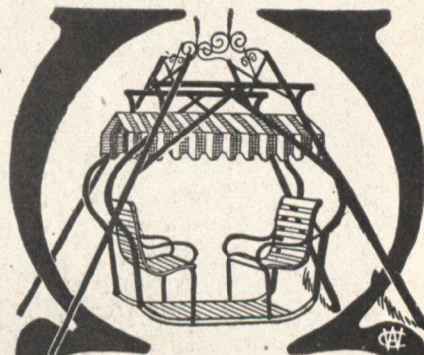
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The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

Subscription: Canada and Great Britain, \$2.50 a Year; United States, \$3.00 a Year.
 81 Victoria Street - TORONTO

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Editor's Talk

NEXT week's issue will be a Dominion Day number, for on July 1st, The Dominion celebrates the fortieth anniversary of her birth. The portraits of the two surviving members of the Confederation Conference of 1864 will be presented, as will those of the leading members of the first Dominion Cabinet of 1867 and the first Governor-General and his wife. The proclamation of 1867 as posted throughout the country will be reproduced.

The reading matter will be complementary to the portraits and there will be a special cover design suitable for the occasion. The covers of The Canadian Courier are being highly praised, and the general verdict is that they mark a new era in publishing development so far as Canada is concerned.

The past week holds the record in the progress of this periodical. Two hundred subscriptions and one hundred and fifty of an increase in dealers and newsboys orders, indicate its growing popularity. In fact subscriptions and orders are coming in as fast as the staff can handle them comfortably. Further, these indicate that Canada's faith in the work of her home publishers is steadily growing. Such a record would not have been possible five years ago. To-day all things are possible because the country is prosperous, hopeful and confident. A successful national weekly has long been a dream and few people dared to hope it would come so soon.

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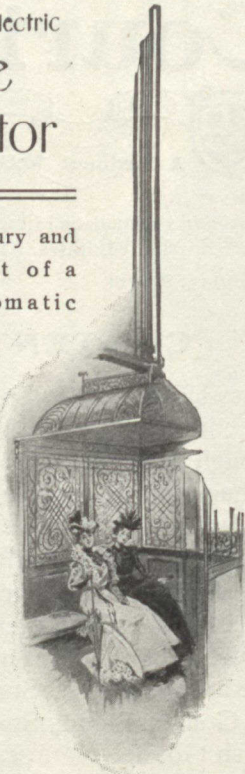
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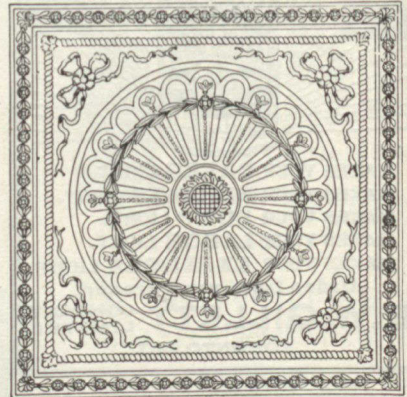
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The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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Subscription: \$2.50 a Year.

Vol. II

Toronto, June 22nd, 1907

No. 4

Topics of the Day

WHEN the University of Toronto, the other day, conferred special degrees on two old high school teachers, it paid a debt which was over-due. All universities in Canada owe much to the high school teachers of past generations. These men took boys by the score from the farms, fired them with ambition to become dentists, doctors, lawyers, or professors of some kind, and sent them along to the university.

One of the gentlemen whom the University honoured is Mr. H. I. Strang, of Goderich, of whom a little story may be told. Mr. Strang may be described as a "Scotch Grit," one of those who fancied that the Hon. G. W. Ross was the greatest minister of education the world ever saw. He and others refused to allow any suggestions for educational improvement, maintaining that a system which was perfect could not be improved. When a series of comments on the manner in which high schools were taking boys from the farm and the workshop and sending them into the professions appeared in "The Canadian Magazine," our friend Mr. Strang wrote letters of protest and cancelled his subscription. Perhaps Mr. Strang has become more broad-minded since and is now prepared to believe it possible that the high schools have deprived agriculture of many good men and sent them across the line to practice medicine and dentistry in a foreign land. Perhaps Mr. Strang is now anxious to see the high school teachers maintain and teach the dignity of manual labour and use more discretion in regard to the boys they forward by express to the universities.

Mr. James L. Hughes, the public school inspector of Toronto, is attending the educational conference in London, England. Mr. Hughes is a very clever man and bonuses the editor of the Toronto "Evening Telegram" to publish a weekly cartoon about him. He has other methods of keeping himself well before the public like his enterprising brother, "Colonel Sam." Because Mr. James L. Hughes is clever he told the people of England and the world in general that in the past, in Canada, the universities were supposed to train men only for the learned professions. He admitted that now it was becoming customary to allow bright minds, desiring to enter upon industrial or commercial careers, to acquire culture at a university. When he added that Canadian universities devoted much time to agriculture, he was not on such safe ground. That the universities have taken up the teaching of agriculture will be news to many people.

Among the other distinguished Canadians now in England, is the Hon. Adam Beck. Mr. Beck has not been attending the educational conference; he was more interested in the great Olympia Horse Show. The horses he took from Canada were shown side by side with the best produced in Europe with fairly satisfactory results. This is probably the first time in the history of the Empire that colonial horses went to England to compete for honours.

Mr. Beck's reputation does not rest alone on the possession of one of the best stables in Canada. He is

known in his own province as the "Minister of Power." He is the gentleman who has been keeping the light and power barons of Niagara Falls, Hamilton, Toronto and other centres from getting too much sleep at nights. He is an advocate of government-supplied light and power from Niagara and other power-producing centres. He is head of a commission which is trying to work out a scheme of this kind, assisted by those in the municipalities who believe in public ownership. The experiment is most interesting, but the success of it is not yet assured.

* * *

The Ottawa "Journal" has an article on the increase in Anglo-Saxon immigration which strikes a hopeful note. It points out that the increase in English immigration during the year ending March 31st last, was 37 per cent. and in Scotch 84 per cent. This is reassuring. Every little while some one arises to tell us that this country will soon be overrun with foreigners who have no reverence or respect for the British flag. Judging from the article in the "Journal," which apparently is inspired by the government, the authorities confidently hope that the number of foreigners coming in will not be sufficiently large to cause serious anxiety.

* * *

The Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux is being showered with honours and more are said to be coming. This week he has been made an honorary LL.D. and a member of the Senate of the University of Ottawa. The man who has succeeded in changing the reading matter of half a continent in face of opposition abroad and indifference at home is deserving of some recognition.

By the way, nothing could be more comical than the efforts of the United States publishers to show how angry their Canadian subscribers are because of the increased postage on United States publications. The "Outlook" of New York keeps up a most "serious" agitation. If the editor of that journal were well informed, he would know that ninety-five per cent. of the Canadian people are delighted to know that they can now buy British periodicals cheaply and hence are quite reconciled to paying a little more for such United States periodicals as they may require or desire.

* * *

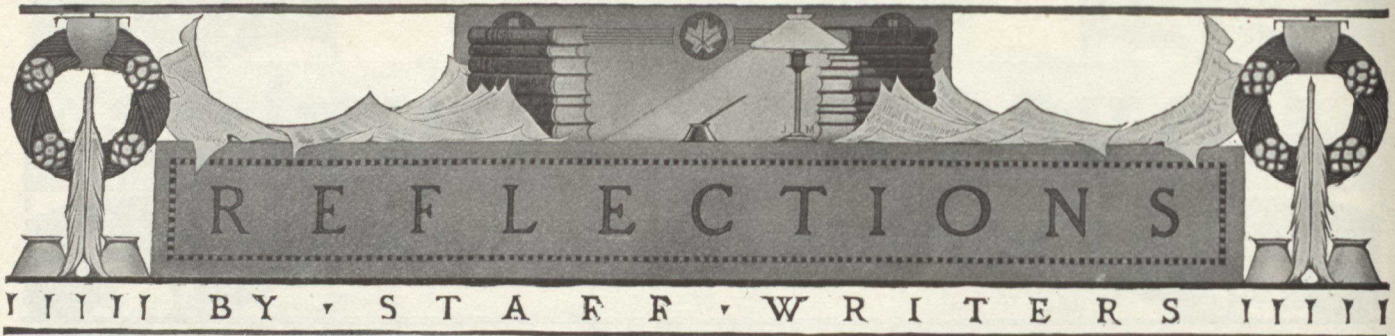
The Canadian writer in the New York "Independent" who represents this Dominion as ruled by the military set and as being an old man's country has created a mild interest in the land which he left, presumably several decades ago. Lord Dundonald discovered that, in Canada, the plough is mightier than the sword. The protest against respect shown to age is the natural result of living where authority and maturity are lightly esteemed.

* * *

If Premier McBride of British Columbia did not get all he expected from his visit to Downing Street, he has at least got the British House of Commons to declare that the recent settlement between the Dominion Government and the provinces is not "final and unalterable." The House struck out that phrase, and if Mr. McBride is really responsible for the change then he has not travelled altogether in vain. Further, the trip from Victoria to London at this particular season must have been very pleasant. In June London is at its best.



Hon. Adam Beck.



REFLECTIONS

IIII BY STAFF WRITERS IIII

THE development of New Quebec and New Ontario is being duplicated on the south shore of Nova Scotia. Only last year a railway to serve this district was opened and for the first time the people who live in that part of the province had the privilege of riding on a railway train. The coming of the iron horse has awakened the sleeping energies of the people and now there is talk of great development. The town of Liverpool, almost unknown except to the children who learn lists of names in the schools, expects to become a centre of industry, as do Lunenburg and several smaller towns. Pulp and paper mills at Milton are worthy of note as indicating one line along which industry will proceed. The expected tourist trade is likely to be another distinguishing feature, and the summer hotel will soon be a common ornament of the landscape. This apple-blossom sea-shore should attract many weary, nerve-racked men and women from the crowded cities of the Atlantic coast.

NOTWITHSTANDING the Monroe Doctrine, the people of this continent are intimately concerned with the relations of the European powers. The New World may not have been called into existence to redress the balance of the old, but the influence of the United States and of Canada (in a lesser degree) upon the affairs of the older world is growing with each decade. For both these reasons, our daily interest in the international kaleidoscope must be ever increasing.

This past week has been especially striking. While Canada was entertaining a Japanese Prince and strengthening the growing bonds of friendship with the inscrutable East, the Second Peace Conference was proceeding at the Hague. In this Canada is not directly represented, but she can take some interest in the work and attitude of Sir Edward Fry and his colleagues, who on this occasion will represent a world-wide Empire. Again, there follows the announcement that France, Britain and Spain have signed an "accord" with regard to the Mediterranean. The contracting nations mutually guarantee their respective possessions and freedom of communication. Germany is not included, which indicates that Emperor William is still filled with ambitions inimical to the world's peace. The International Red Cross Society has been meeting in London, and still further extending those broad-based ideas of which the brotherhood of man is the most general.

The only jarring note of the moment is the abrupt dissolution of the second Duma by His Imperial Majesty, Czar Nicholas. In America, the word Czar is synonymous with autocratic irresponsibility, and this additional evidence of his abruptness will not lessen the impression conveyed by this particular word. It is quite possible that the revolutionary element in the Duma were planning unwise, impolitic and dangerous measures; it is even possible that these representatives planned a coup d'etat which would have startled and shocked the civilised world. If so, there is some measure of justification for the Czar's sudden move. Whatever the circumstances, we are vividly reminded that Russia has not yet learned the secret of constitutional government.

Speaking generally, the accord of Europe seems to be

more nearly perfect than at any time during the past century. Disarmament has not begun but it is in the air.

SOME Conservative members of Parliament are speaking of the "bonused" press, the "bribed" press, the "muzzled" press, meaning thereby the Liberal newspapers which have been receiving job printing and advertising from the Liberal government at Ottawa. These men are claiming that it is only job printing and advertising patronage which keeps these Liberal papers loyal to the Ottawa government, and that if it were not for the loaves and the fishes these papers would not support the "reign of debauchery" which is the pleasant and dignified phrase used to describe the present exercise of authority at the capital.

Does it ever occur to these Conservative orators that previous to 1896 the Conservative papers were in the position in which the Liberal newspapers now find themselves? If the Liberal press is muzzled by subsidies, the Conservative press was muzzled in a similar manner for eighteen years.

Aside from the political phase of this discussion, which, to a great extent we are debarred from treating, there is an underlying evil here which requires elimination. It is unfair, unwise and improper for any government to put its advertising only in party papers. There is no doubt that on both sides of politics, advertising of this kind is handed out for political purposes. It is craft pure and simple. All classes of publications share in this graft. The publisher of a country weekly will accept money for an advertisement run in his paper calling for tenders for public works a thousand miles away, advertising which cannot possibly do the government any service. The daily papers are as bad in spirit, though they have more justification in many cases. The evil applies to both opposition and government press and to even religious and class papers.

The remedy is plainly that every government in Canada should put its advertising on a purely non-political basis and have it distributed by an expert. It is said that to a considerable extent one of the provincial governments has done this, but the writer cannot speak with certainty. This is a reform which, like a non-partisan civil service, must come as the country develops.

CANADIANS will learn with pleasure that a movement is on foot in Vancouver, headed by the Canadian Club of that city, to erect a monument or statue to the memory of Captain Vancouver, which shall be, in every way, worthy of the record of that illustrious and picturesque British naval officer. Though the Canadian Club now has the matter in hand, it is said that credit is due for the suggestion to Mr. L. D. Young, managing director of "The Vancouver World," who voiced the proposition more than a year ago.

Exploits such as those achieved by Captain Vancouver are always seen in better proportion with the lapse of time, and it is not surprising that Vancouverites have now a clearer idea of what Vancouver's discoveries have meant for the Empire in general and for British Columbia in particular.

The suggestion is made that the statue be unveiled on

the twenty-fifth anniversary of the birth of the city — April 6th, 1911—an excellent idea. Another very reasonable suggestion is that the Dominion government might very well contribute to so patriotic an object, as they have done in other matters of the kind, notably towards the monument to be erected to the memory of Champlain in St. John, N.B.

It is movements such as this which mark the progress of the nation in its truest sense and help to strengthen the national sentiment, which should ever accompany material development.

PREMIER ROBLIN, in his speech at Picton last week, expressed the opinion that "it is only a matter of five, certainly not more than ten years . . . when the foreign-born citizens of Western Canada can, if they choose, take all matters of government absolutely into their own hands." Admitting the correctness of this statement, does it follow that the present settlement of the Northwest is making for the disrupting of the ties which now bind us to Great Britain?

WHAT OF THE FUTURE

Those who come to us from European countries, other than Great Britain, are glad to escape the burden of militarism, and to acquiesce in the Canadian system which does not demand some of the best years of life for compulsory military service. Such has been the experience of the United States; such will be ours. Then again, the freedom from a crushing burden of taxation, the opportunity to participate in the affairs of government, common educational facilities—all these tend to make our new settlers part of the existing system. That new problems are being brought up is true. But during the ten years that Mr. Roblin gives us our new settlers will be progressively subject to the influence of the English tongue and of Canadian institutions. When to these are added the opportunities for economic betterment, why should not the dictates of a rational self-interest mean as much as an appeal to more sentimental considerations?

There is no doubt about the desire of the Canadian railway companies to improve their train services: When these fall behind in any particular, every employee concerned exhibits chagrin; when some great improvement is inaugurated, every employee is delighted. Some journalists and some ordinary citizens occasionally talk as if the railway companies were trying to keep their services as inadequate and unsatisfactory as possible. The evidence does not support this contention.

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For example, on Sunday last the Grand Trunk Railway inaugurated new trains which will add 365,000 passenger miles per annum to its service in Ontario alone. There is no evidence to show that any one suggested these new services. A new train is being run daily each way between Toronto and London, passing through Hamilton, Brantford, Paris, Woodstock and London. Not one of these cities demanded it. The officials alone knew of its possibilities and when they were ready they announced it. This train is unique in that it will run irrespective of connections. Nothing is to be allowed to delay it except weather or accident.

Moreover, when one sees the coaches making up such a train as this, one realises what steady improvement is being made in modern rolling stock. In the first place, each coach is gas-lighted, well-ventilated, and furnished in exquisite style. The smoking compartment in each will seat thirteen persons and the door is arranged so as to prevent the smoke getting into the main portion of the coach. The cars have six-wheel trucks and steel platforms. If our grandfathers were to come back and enter such a train as this, they would think they had been born to a peerage.

The "old pioneer line," as Mr. Bell loves to call the

Grand Trunk, is not singular in its efforts to improve its rolling stock and its services. All the railways are vying and competing with each other in these features. The public is getting the benefit. True the railways are not anxious to reduce rates; they prefer to keep up the rates and improve the service. Nor is such a policy likely to meet with much condemnation considering the present density of Canada's population, and the difficulties encountered during the heavier winter months.

IT is not given to all of us to succeed and there are many men who were deeply touched by the picture conjured up in the press despatch which represented Pat Connors, leader of the striking longshoremen of New York, breaking down and weeping when he realised that his cause was lost. The cause was probably bad; possibly the demands of the men were extravagant and greater than the traffic would bear—but what matter? Pat Connors had our sympathy—he had tried and failed. He was so much in earnest and he was so honest in his effort, that when the decision came he wept.

It recalls an undergraduate scene in the history of a Canadian university where there was an annual election fight of no mean proportions. On nomination evening speeches of all kinds were made, with cheers, counter-cheers, hisses and jeers from the enthusiastic audience of several hundred students. The leader of the party which had been beaten the previous year was striving to win back the party laurels. The meeting was going against him. A canard had been sprung. He nerved himself for the trial and spoke three-quarters of an hour or more. At the close of his speech, he sat down on a bench, placed his head behind the burly back of a fellow-student, now a member of the House of Commons, and wept.

The man who founds a little business, watches it grow and prosper, sees his family of babies grow to be men and women and pass away out of sight, comes into old age occasionally only to find himself deprived of friends and children and wealth. Disaster after disaster comes upon him, and he is left stranded. He looks back over his life and wonders where he went wrong, or why such misfortunes came upon him. He can see no reason for the failure. He can only weep.

Let us have more sympathy for the man who faithfully and courageously attempts something great—and has failed. Let us overlook his weaknesses with the remembrance of our own; let us recall only that if he had been more fortunate he might have had a monument in the temple of fame, and men and women might have called him blessed. If the effort were honest, if the courage were undoubted, if the aim were unselfish, let us forget the result and remember only the intentions. There are many men who are called successful and yet have done little for general progress; there are men marked as unsuccessful who by suggestion and example have done something for the general happiness.

THE details of the increase in manufactured products during the past five years are now available. The manufactures of railway cars are five times as great as they were, showing the needs of our transportation systems. The electrical apparatus produced annually has trebled in value, electric light and power has quadrupled, flour and grist mill products have increased from 31 to 56 millions, log products have doubled and printing has more than doubled. Only the manufacture of woollens has declined, while cottons have a little more than held their own.

Every merchant, every investor, every diligent citizen should examine these figures closely. They are the straws which show what lines of industry are finding most favourable winds. They indicate what investments are most likely to be profitable, and in what direction lies the way to successful production.

THE MAN WHO FAILS

It recalls an undergraduate scene in the history of a Canadian university where there was an annual election fight of no mean proportions. On nomination evening speeches of all kinds were made, with cheers, counter-cheers, hisses and jeers from the enthusiastic audience of several hundred students. The leader of the party which had been beaten the previous year was striving to win back the party laurels. The meeting was going against him. A canard had been sprung. He nerved himself for the trial and spoke three-quarters of an hour or more. At the close of his speech, he sat down on a bench, placed his head behind the burly back of a fellow-student, now a member of the House of Commons, and wept.

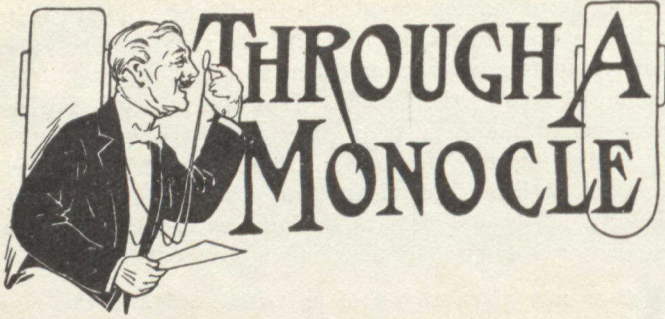
The man who founds a little business, watches it grow and prosper, sees his family of babies grow to be men and women and pass away out of sight, comes into old age occasionally only to find himself deprived of friends and children and wealth. Disaster after disaster comes upon him, and he is left stranded. He looks back over his life and wonders where he went wrong, or why such misfortunes came upon him. He can see no reason for the failure. He can only weep.

Let us have more sympathy for the man who faithfully and courageously attempts something great—and has failed. Let us overlook his weaknesses with the remembrance of our own; let us recall only that if he had been more fortunate he might have had a monument in the temple of fame, and men and women might have called him blessed. If the effort were honest, if the courage were undoubted, if the aim were unselfish, let us forget the result and remember only the intentions. There are many men who are called successful and yet have done little for general progress; there are men marked as unsuccessful who by suggestion and example have done something for the general happiness.

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TWO church courts recently in session have been handling the dynamite of the newer theological thought. The Montreal Conference of the Methodist Church busied itself with the question whether Rev. Dr. Shaw had libelled Rev. Dr. Workman in crediting him with certain unusual theological opinions; while the Presbyterian General Assembly had a flurry over the appointment of a professor to the Montreal Presbyterian College who was said to have written a book in which he referred to Genesis as a mass of myth and legend. It will be noted that both cases occurred in connection with professors in theological colleges. It does not seem to be the regular pastorate which is breaking new ground, but the scholarly experts in the colleges. The Montreal professor was defended by Dr. Scrimger, principal of the Montreal college, and Dr. Patrick, principal of the Winnipeg Presbyterian College. Dr. Patrick, indeed, said that he always taught the theology complained of, and the plea was put up for the young man that a decision against him would send out the message that the Presbyterian Church was mediaeval.

* * *

Now I confess that my mind will not enable me to see the logic of the position of a church which preaches one set of theological opinions in some of its pulpits and teaches quite another set in its colleges. In fact, theological "opinion" seems to me to be a term which almost amounts to a surrender. Is theology a matter of "opinion"? Is it to be a question of debate, for instance, whether certain prophetic statements in the Old Testament are true, and whether the first book in the Bible is literal history or only "a mass of myth and legend"? Doesn't anybody KNOW anything definite about this Christian religion of ours? An Anglican pastor in the United States has recently questioned the virgin birth of Christ. Next some one will doubt His resurrection. One man will tell you that he only believes in the Lord's Prayer and the Sermon on the Mount. But why should he believe in these if he has abandoned the miraculous features of Christ's life which enabled Him to speak "as one having authority and not as the scribes"?

* * *

We hear a great deal about the differences of doctrine between the denominations; but these differences seem almost paltry when contrasted with the differences in belief regarding the facts of the Christian religion within the denominations themselves. It is surely a far less important thing whether or not the modern Presbyterian version of predestination be true or the wider Arminianism of the other churches be right, than whether a whole book in the Bible be true or merely legendary. Then when we come to deal with the facts of Christ's life itself, surely we cannot be in doubt here about the smallest item if a belief in the scriptural story of that life is to be requisite to salvation? Yet is the accuracy of prophecy taught in all our theological colleges? Do they all even teach the literal truth of all the miracles? Now I do not enter into the discussion of these points myself. I am not a theologian. But it does seem to me that a church which preaches one thing to its congregations and teaches another to its young "theologues," should hold an inquest into its "opinions" and find out what it really is presenting to the people as the essential

Gospel of the Living God, without which they will be utterly lost.

* * *

A lot of us are getting into a loose mental attitude toward the Christian Church, taking the position that, as the ethics it teaches are sound and as the moral reform energies it directs are effective, it does not really matter much what it believes doctrinally. Now if the Church itself would accept this view of its mission, our acceptance of it would probably work out all right. But the Church does not accept this view. It insists upon our acceptance of its doctrines on pain of being sent to an uncomfortable place hereafter. This may not matter a great deal with people who defy this sort of moral coercion or even to the careless many who simply ignore it; but the very best people in the country are brought to their knees by it and have their whole life influenced by its insistent teaching. This is the basis of the great revivals of religion that we see, which are not based upon ethics or on moral reform, but on the divine revelation of the one true religion.

* * *

Consequently church doctrine is a matter of importance. It makes a difference to us all what the powerful churches in our midst believe. We are all affected by it, whether we worship with that particular communion or not. To ignore doctrinal difficulties on the ground that Christian ethics are all right, would be as if a Chinese city were to ignore the religious purposes of our Christian missionaries on the ground that their medical advice seemed sound. Now, as we are interested in doctrine, we must surely ask that it be made plain what that doctrine is. That there should be differences between the denominations, we expect. These differences weaken the power of Christianity to make progress among "the heathen"; but we have become accustomed to them. That there should be differences within each denomination is too much, however, for even our hardened capacity to overlook mysteries in the matter of religion. The churches should at least agree, each within itself, upon the basic question whether or not the Bible is the Word of God.

* * *



Splendide Mendicci; or, the Noble Beggars.

Lord Curzon, as Chancellor of Oxford, has appealed for funds for his University, thus following the lead of his rival, the Duke of Devonshire, Chancellor of Cambridge.—Punch.

A Champion of Education



Godfrey Langlois, M.L.A.,
Montreal.

THE struggle for better education in every Province in Canada, is proceeding apace. This year both New Brunswick and Ontario have largely increased their grants to the Public Schools, and the other provinces are effecting similar advances along the lines of educational policy. Without any desire to find fault or belittle the Province of Quebec, it must be admitted that their public schools are not in as good a condition as those of the other provinces.

Quebec, too, is awaking to the need for better things, and one of the men who is contributing much to this awaking is Mr. Godfrey E. Langlois, M.

L. A. for the St. Louis division of Montreal. Having spent seven or eight years in continuously advocating reforms in educational matters, Mr. Langlois is naturally qualified to speak with authority, and it is not surprising that a recent speech of his on the subject should have created considerable comment. Some of the points made were really startling. For instance, teachers in Quebec are receiving less money than they were twenty years ago. It seems incredible but the average salary of 4,700 female teachers was but \$119 as compared with \$348 in Ontario. With salaries like these it is not surprising that there are but thirty-one lay male teachers in the elementary schools.

Another astounding fact is that, while \$465,000 was spent to take care of 3,826 lunatics in the asylums, but \$186,000 was expended on the education of 145,000 children. In other words, the province spends \$122 per head on its unfortunates, but is only able to raise \$1.20 for the education of each child per annum. Is there not something wrong, asks Mr. Langlois, when judges, members of parliament, merchants and laborers are increasing their annual earnings, while the salaries of the teachers remain the same as fifteen years ago? Defects such as these are not to be remedied by shouting patriotism and by telling each other what a great race French-Canadians are.

It seems also that the text books and the school-houses are as unsatisfactory as the system itself. With regard to the former Mr. Langlois insists absolutely on uniformity instead of the variety that now exists, and considers it nothing less than a scandal that text books in Montreal schools should cost the pupil from \$1.11 to \$2.26 annually, compared with twenty-five cents in Toronto. The condition of the school-houses may be judged from the fact that 3,920 have been condemned by the Superintendent of Education as unhygienic, while 1,165 are declared to be in a very bad condition.

For advocating reforms in these matters, Mr. Langlois has been called a demolisher, but every weak or defective system must have a demolisher some time, unless the system crumbles away of its own weakness. Mr. Langlois seems to be well qualified not only to perform the iconoclastic office of demolition but also the higher work of substituting something better than the existing system. He is a young man yet—only 40—and will probably, if he keeps up the fight, see many of his ideas upon the statute books of his native province.

None knows better than Mr. Langlois that the accomplishment of such a task as he has entered upon requires time, energy, patience and an everlasting "hammering at it." It is worth the effort, and if the present generation calls him a demolisher, the next one may call him a patriot.

An American Invader

THE American invasion may be good for the London shop-keeper but it has drawbacks. The story of Mr. George A. Kessler of the U. S. A., who has bought a beautiful Thames residence and renamed it "New York Lodge," reads like Mr. Kipling's famous tale, "An Error in the Fourth Dimension." Mr. Kessler has made his fortune in champagne and is famous for his freak dinners, the most startling of which was the

gondola dinner, given at the Savoy Hotel and costing over two thousand pounds. The guests were as remarkable as the dinner and altogether the affair brought the self-made, or champagne-made, millionaire as much



Prince Fushimi inspecting the Governor-General's Foot Guards on his arrival at the Central Station, Ottawa, June 10th.

notoriety as if he had given away a world of libraries. Mr. Kessler has announced his intention of making his river retreat a "show resort," and to this end has equipped it with an amazing number of electric lights. He has aroused considerable disgust but has also attracted attention and may be said to have gained his heart's desire.

Peace Possibilities

THERE is a certain tremulousness in public utterances on the subject of the Peace Conference at

The Hague. So far, the advocates of gentle peace have not been successful in inspiring the people with confidence in their sincerity. Mr. W. T. Stead is not a consistent figure when he mounts the rostrum and expatiates on restfulness. Mr. Andrew Carnegie is a plutocratic bore who would be much more popular if he would leave his dollars to do the discoursing. Russia has stepped in where pacifiers feared to tread and declared honestly that disarmament is not her policy. Peace is a desirable condition but it is too delicate to be talked about at great length during the warm weather. The commercial advantages of peace are the most effective arguments in its favour, insomuch as the British Empire, the United States and most of their customers are a mighty band of shop-keepers. But there are certain questions which go deeper than trade principles and when they arise it is discovered that John Bull and the rest of them have guns behind the counter.

But there is one good accomplished by the national representatives meeting together and talking about their reluctance to kill one another. The grace of politeness has a rapid growth as each noble delegate steps into the background and urges the others to go forward and lay the army and the navy on the altar of the goddess of peace. There is something delicately chivalrous in the



The New G. T. R. Station at Paris.

manner in which bluff John Bull and aggressive Uncle Sam swiftly retire in order that Italy and Greece, not to mention Morocco, may come to the front as practical disarmers.

The June Bridegroom

WHATEVER may be the grey skies and piercing breezes of this unseasonable June, one cheerful fashion fails not. It is still the bridal month of the year and from frosty morn to chilly eve the white-ribboned carriages are going to and fro, while the station platform and the parlour car are a study in confetti. The feminine page of the daily newspaper hardly has space for garden parties or recipes for waffles, so crammed is every available column with accounts of how "she" came up the aisle on her father's arm and how "her" veil fell in graceful folds over a gown of ivory silk—with flounces of lace or chiffon. Wedding bells are the dominant strain and we are all trying to keep time to the Bridal March.

But amidst all this brave array, is one shrinking creature who seems to desire neither to be seen nor heard. The June bride is written up and down until we know her shower bouquet and white satin slippers by heart. She has columns of advice hurled at her orange-blossomed head and is told if she will only be dainty, thrifty, artistic, economical, vivacious, dignified, reticent, loving, pious and a good cook, the heart of her husband will remain in her possession and the club will know him no more. But who thinks of expending paragraphs of description and advice upon the bridegroom? His grey trousers may be of the latest fashion, his coat may have an admirable fit, his boutonniere may be the white flower of a blameless lapel—but who thinks of mentioning these things or giving a stray adjective to his collar? The bride is called sweet, radiant, spirituelle and several other amiable epithets, not forgetting charming. If she is to wed a clergyman, the word "estimable" is generally brought into play. But who notices and chronicles the blush of the bridegroom, the pensive or soulful nature of his expression?

It must be admitted that the bridegroom does not invite attention. There are moments, indeed, when the word "abject" forces its way into the mind of the beholder. From the moment he enters the church, the bridegroom is bent upon playing an unobtrusive part. As he waits during those ominous seconds before the bride's appearance, he shrinks visibly and appears to need the physical as well as the moral support of his best man. In that memorable tale, "The Story of the Gadsbys," the groomsman whispers fiercely to the bridegroom that he is not to wipe his perspiring brow. Other assisting friends have not been so prompt in their commands and a churchful of guests and acquaintances has sometimes been entertained with the spectacle of a bridegroom wildly mopping his brow and cheeks, until the

malicious have asserted that he is giving way to weeping.

It has often been observed that tall and sturdy bridegrooms turn pale, while the short and plump variety becomes flushed and twitches uneasily at the back of the collar as if the wearer were troubled by a choking sensation. Then the hands seem to be a source of uneasiness. They may be clasped behind the back or sternly clenched at the sides but in any case they appear to be superfluous, until that glad moment when the bride appears, to lay a cool and white-gloved hand in the shaking grasp of her accomplice. Perhaps it is the silence that proves so distressing to the happy man. If an orchestra would play outside, or if even a hurdy-gurdy man would come to the side door of the church and grind forth "The Lost Chord" or "The Rosary," the waiting audience might not affect so distressingly the man who is about to face the music of the Wedding March. Last week a bridegroom forgot his surroundings and began to hum "The Good Old Days," to the horror of his best man, who was obliged to pinch the offender fiercely before he realised the enormity of his absent-mindedness.

Even after the ceremony, the bridegroom is an insignificant feature in the marquee and at the reception. He shakes hands feebly, laughs in a vacant fashion and appears desirous of hiding beneath the grand piano or crouching behind the ugly book-cases that her uncle has sent to the young couple. He is patronised by the bridesmaids who privately wonder what Dorothy can see in him and he is regarded with supercilious gaze by the fairy-like flower girls who consider that he is not nearly good enough for the resplendent figure at his side.

But, after all, it is only fair that the bride should have most of the bouquet and the paragraph. He may attain to all manner of civic distinction in the future. He may become an alderman and have a chance to shake hands with foreign princes and have a pass to the baseball games. He may be appointed to a Royal Commission and know the joy of the muck-raker. He may become a Member of Parliament and experience the bliss of addressing his faithful and honest supporters and being informed by thousands of thirsty throats that he is a jolly good fellow. He may even attain unto the Cabinet and be called upon by seventeen-thousand-and-one seekers after a jail-governorship or a picayune inspectorship. But a woman, unless she live in Finland, is not likely to aspire unto such honours and no mere man should begrudge her those few moments of triumph when she knows that everyone is looking at her gown, listening to her modest but firm "I will," and wondering if that perfectly lovely veil is an heirloom.

J. G.

The Coming of the Buffalo

THE ARRIVAL OF THE FAMOUS HERD AT LAMONT.

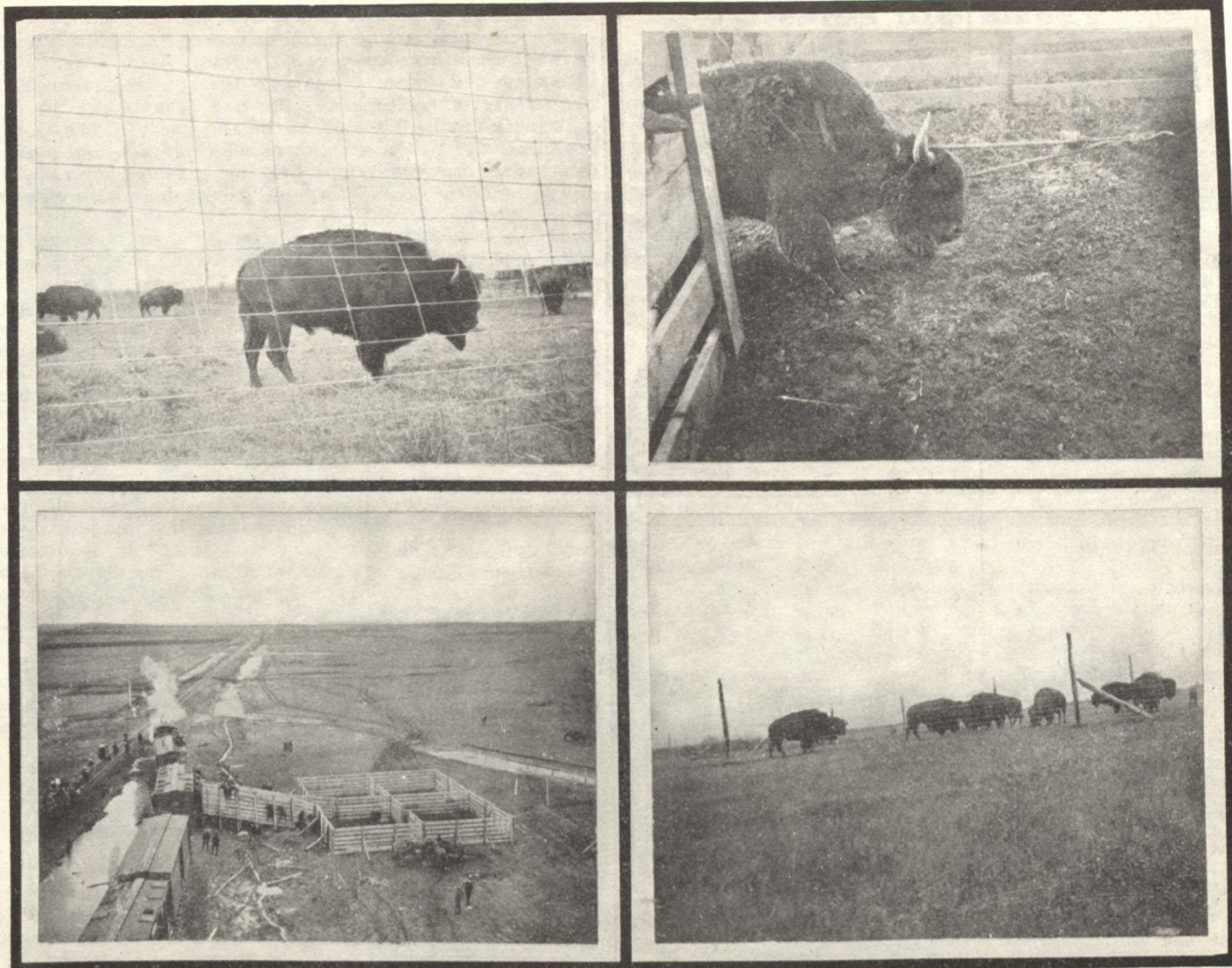
By W. M. JOHNSON

THE village of Lamont, situated thirty-seven miles east of Edmonton, on the main line of the Canadian Northern, passed through a period of excitement on June 1 and 2, which was unprecedented in the history of the village, which, by the way, dates back only one year. Lamont is one of the many villages which have sprung up on the C. N. R., and, although it has not grown to any great size, it has done well for one year. There is no C. N. R. agent there yet, but there is a post-office and an hotel, a church, several stores, and a considerable number of dwelling houses. The reason for such excitement was the fact that it was at this point that the famous herd of buffaloes, which were bought by the Dominion Government, were unloaded and taken to the new government park, Elk Island Park, where they are to be confined. Beside the men who were connected with the shipment there were visitors from all parts of Northern Alberta, who had come to Lamont to see the interesting event.

The complete herd numbers five hundred buffaloes, of which two hundred came in this shipment; the remaining three hundred will be transported in the fall. The owner was Michel Pablo, who, in partnership with Mr.

Allard, who died years ago, has raised them from small beginnings about a quarter of a century ago. They came direct from the famous Flat Head Reserve in Montana, which is historic ground. Fortunately for us, the Canadian government were successful in purchasing them, and this, too, at a low price; in fact, they were bought for less than what the sale of the heads alone would realise. The people of the United States are regretting exceedingly that they have lost them, for they are famous all through the world as the largest herd of bisons in existence. The majority of the best specimens in the zoological gardens of the East come from this herd.

The loading of the buffaloes into the cars took place at Ravalli, Montana, on the line of the Northern Pacific. Before the loading, however, had to come the round-up, which proved to be a big undertaking. The bisons, as mentioned above, had been running wild; they had never tasted hay, and thus it took thirty-five men three weeks to round them all up. The actual loading was also difficult, for each animal had to be pulled into the car with a rope, and placed in a separate compartment. Nine days in all were taken up with the loading. The route followed from Ravalli to Lamont was via the Northern



The New Buffalo Herd on arrival at Lamont, Alberta.

1.—The Wire Fence around the Enclosure. 2.—Dragging a Buffalo from the Car. 3.—The Special Corral for the Unloading.
4.—Some of the Animals in the Enclosure.

Photographs by Mather, Lamont.

Pacific, Great Northern, Canadian Pacific to Strathcona, thence via the C. N. R. to Lamont. The total time consumed in the trip was sixty-six hours. The contract called for Michel Pablo to deliver the herd to Strathcona, where the government took possession. Of the two hundred buffaloes, only four were lost in the shipment, two by Michel Pablo and two by the government. Of these two, one was an old cow, and the other had been wounded in a fight, so that it is considered a creditable achievement to have had such small loss. At Calgary, seven of the bulls were exchanged for seven from Banff National Park.

Immediately upon the arrival of the trainload of seventeen cars at Lamont on Saturday, the work of unloading began. Extensive preparations had been made. A chute had been built from the track to the corrals, from which there were openings to a large enclosure. This connected in turn with a wide "runway," which had been built for the distance of the three miles to the park. Howard Douglas, superintendent of Banff National Park, who has conducted the negotiations for the government, was in charge, and associated with him was Frank Walker, M.L.A., of Fort Saskatchewan, who also has taken a prominent part in the transaction. Michel Pablo himself, the owner, was there, a tall, broad, swarthy Mexican, and also a number of typical Montana cowboys, who looked very wild and terrible in their ranching costumes.

The majority of the animals were driven out with long sticks by men on the roof of the car, but many had to be pulled out with a rope. There was one particularly vicious bull, which caused a great deal of trouble. It took half an hour to get him out. In the compartment next to him was a dead steer, over which he was unwilling to cross. Ropes were attached to him, and twenty-five men pulled for a quarter of an hour without causing him to move! This gives an idea of the strength of a buffalo. Finally, urged on with sticks behind, and by twenty-five men in front, he yielded, and made a wild dash down the chute. He pawed the earth in his rage, so that no one dared to go near the fence,

for, if the bull had tried, he could have broken it like matchwood. His head was of such an enormous size that the sight of it was startling. It was interesting to notice how the animals acted upon regaining their liberty. Some dashed from the chute, through the corral to the enclosure, and around the field. Others, weakened by the long trip, waddled slowly along. The buffalo is an ugly animal at best, but, at this time of year, when he is shedding his fur, he is particularly so.

The greatest sight, however, was the driving of the buffaloes to the park on Sunday afternoon. The gates of the enclosure were opened, and the herd began to move over the plain, driven by half a dozen cowboys. It was a sight which very few of the crowds of spectators, who followed on horseback and in conveyances of all kinds, ever had seen. Two hundred buffaloes tramping, tramping, across the Alberta prairie! For two miles the plain is flat, and a splendid view could be obtained. Before the entrance of the park, however, there is a wooded hill, over the crest of which the buffaloes, one by one, disappeared. The majority were easy to drive, but one was very obstinate (it was the same bull which had given the trouble during the unloading). He would move forward a few yards, and stop. He kept repeating this for a long time. Finally, the cowboys began to drive him hard, but suddenly he turned, dropped his head, and charged the horses. Like a flash the cowboys wheeled round, and spurred their horses to breakneck speed.

The park in which the bisons have been placed is four miles square. Of this area, about one-fourth is open grazing land, but the remainder is wooded. There is one large lake and several smaller ones, in which are situated a number of islands. The park was intended originally for elk, of which a large number will be placed there this fall. The woods in the district are said to be full of them. The presence of both buffaloes and elk will make the park a famous one. In 1898, thirteen buffaloes were placed in Banff Park. To-day there are eighty-eight, of which ten have been given to zoological gardens in the east and elsewhere. At this rate of increase, the new herd will assume large proportions in a short time.

Some Old Folks

THERE is no real and satisfactory definition of old age, for that which some people regard as old in this respect must appear quite juvenile to others. For instance," says M. A. P., "I have been writing about centenarians, and have chosen that term of years because in a general way a man or woman of a hundred is regarded as getting on—not so young as he or she once was. And yet there have been people in modern times who must have felt quite skittish when one hundred. I confine my allusions to what may be called the post-diluvian history of the world, excluding all examination into the age of such people as Adam or Methuselah, because learned critics have contended that what is translated as 900 and more years should be only a little more than ninety. So I avoid that part of the subject, not being anxious to have new and old theologians compassing me around, or higher and lower critics belabouring me. But to come to cases far more recent, and cases which cannot be explained away—what are we to say about that noble lady the Countess of Desmond who not only lived to be 146 years of age, but even then was quite accidentally killed by tumbling off a cherry tree which she had climbed in an excess of exuberant vitality? Who can pretend that the countess felt old when a hundred years of age? It is probable, judging from the fact that she went up the tree, that she did not feel old even when 146. She was, I believe, an Irish lady—at any rate, the title is Irish—and she provides striking confirmation of what has been said about the vitality of the Irish race.

"Then we have all heard of Mr. Thomas Parr, who lived to be 152. Here, again, it is ludicrous to suppose that Thomas felt old, or anything like old, when a hundred. He may have thought that now and then he perceived the insidious approaches of middle age when he scored his century—but he had more than half another century still to score, before he was out. Nor should it be forgotten that Mr. Parr did not sit at home and coddle himself, avoiding draughts, and so forth. Nothing of the sort. Here is the brief but significant account of how the old gentleman died: 'Thomas Parr, aged 152, died after a dinner party at Lord Arundel's.' So he was dining out up to the very end, having a good time, and, no doubt, the life and soul of the noble lord's dinner party. I think I ought to add that no suspicion should attach to Lord Arundel or to his cook in the matter. It is probable that Mr. Parr would have passed away about that time whether he had dined with the noble lord or elsewhere. But here we have a couple of people, in comparatively modern days, one a lady of 146 climbing a tree, and the other a gentleman of 152 dining out in polite society—and I submit that these incidents confirm my suggestion that there is no reason why one should feel old at a hundred."

Not the Proper Wear

NOT long ago one of the staff of the Canadian Courier thoughtfully discussed the question of the treatment accorded newly arrived immigrants by Canadians. In this case reference was had to the people belonging to the working classes. It was shown that there were faults on both sides. With all regard to our national weaknesses—and they are not so very few—it fairly may be asserted that when another class is considered there is little friction.

There was an English newspaper man known as a top-notch. He must have been capable, for he was chosen by his paper to lead its corps of correspondents in South Africa in wartime. Also, he was one of the editors of a monumental history of the war. And a splendid piece of work that history is—say those who have read it. However, acquaintance with literary methods does not imply acquaintance with good manners. Now, this person visited Ottawa. He had letters of introduction—unexceptionable letters. He had the prestige of his great newspaper behind him. And he had his own enviable reputation as a journalist. Consequently, his lines were cast, or should have been cast, in pleasant places. He was put up at the Rideau Club. He bid fair to become a lion, even in a club which numbers in its membership no small band of men who have been pretty nearly everywhere and have achieved success in almost every walk of the educated man's life. Our friend the journalist speedily became highly unpopular. Nothing pleased him. Canada was a country of "bounders." The members of the Canadian Parliament were the objects of his special contempt. He used to sit in the smoking

room by the hour and ridicule our M.P.'s and their attire. The members of the club listened politely, but impatiently. But revenge was coming their way. One afternoon the visitor burst into the smoking room in a huge state of excitement. He had been bidden to dine at Rideau Hall. He was to be the guest of the Governor-General. Not a man there who had not had similar invitations a dozen times, but they affected envy. The journalist came down from his pedestal long enough to ask a question.

"I say," he said, "I'm not quite sure how you do these things here. Now, how does one dress? I want to be quite right, y'know."

An evil gleam came into a few pairs of eyes. "Why," answered the spokesman of the crowd, "you should go in informal dress, of course. Just go down to Sparks Street and buy a suit of hand-me-down flannels. You needn't buy a waistcoat"—the correspondent had been kicking about Canadian tradesmen's prices—"for it's warm weather."

"Right," said the distinguished visitor. And departed.

The next night—the night of the dinner—there was a joyful crowd at the club. Scouts had kept an eye open. At about 11 o'clock the maddest man in Canada arrived.

"You fellows did me a pretty trick!" he spluttered. "Here I went out to Rideau Hall in these flannels"—he had them on—"and I found everybody in uniform or evening dress. A filthy trick, I call it."

"Now, look here," said the same Canadian who had taken him into camp, "you got what you might well deserved. You came here as our guest. You spent your time cursing Canada and Canadians. Now Canadians have had great pleasure in showing other people that you are just what we believe you to be."

And that settled that distinguished visitor.

Risky to be a Canadian

IT requires no courage to-day for a resident of this country to proclaim himself a Canadian—in fact, it is becoming more and more the proper thing to do—but there was a time, not so long ago, when a resident of the country hesitated to call himself a Canadian, but spoke of himself as an Irishman, Scotchman or Englishman or native of whatever country his parents happened to have come from. A concrete example of this was furnished—at the expense of the writer—on the occasion of a visit to Toronto a few years ago by the late Max O'Rell. Max had the fatal facility of being witty at other people's expense and woe betide the unlucky individual who stirred him up. His humour, however, was always of a mild and harmless type, so that nobody was hurt.

On the occasion of his arrival in town he registered at a well known downtown hotel, and the newspapers were informed of his presence and told that an interview might be obtained at a certain hour. About the time named, representatives of the four Toronto morning dailies ("The Empire" was then in existence) were on hand, and were cordially received by the noted humourist. At once he began quizzing them about their nationalities.

"And what is your nationality?" he inquired of one square-jawed individual who has since won Parliamentary honours—and is said, by his friends, to carry ideas, and by his enemies, a knife.

The gentleman in question owned up to being of Scotch descent and was proud of it.

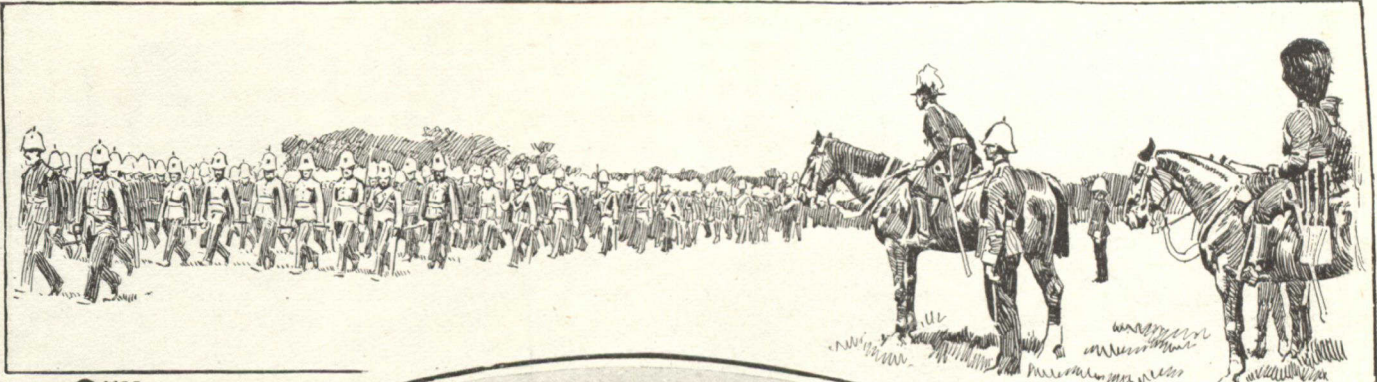
"And where do you come from?" he continued, turning to a burly individual next in order in the group. This individual, who was then representing "The Globe," but who had had extensive experience in London, England, as well as Australia, confessed that he was an Englishman.

"And you?" said Max, addressing the third member of the quartette. But he need scarcely have asked, for the individual addressed was Mackenzie of "The Empire," and a glance might have told him. No sooner had "Mac" opened his mouth than the secret was out, and Scotland was again a winner.

Finally he questioned the writer, who was bold enough or inexperienced enough or foolish enough, or all three together, to acknowledge himself a Canadian.

"Well, that is too bad," retorted the famous lecturer, as quick as a flash, and jumping at the bold declaration like a black bass at a dragon fly. "Don't you know that all Canadians are savages?"

There was quite an explosion of laughter and the newspaper man was supposed to have been discomfited—but he wasn't.



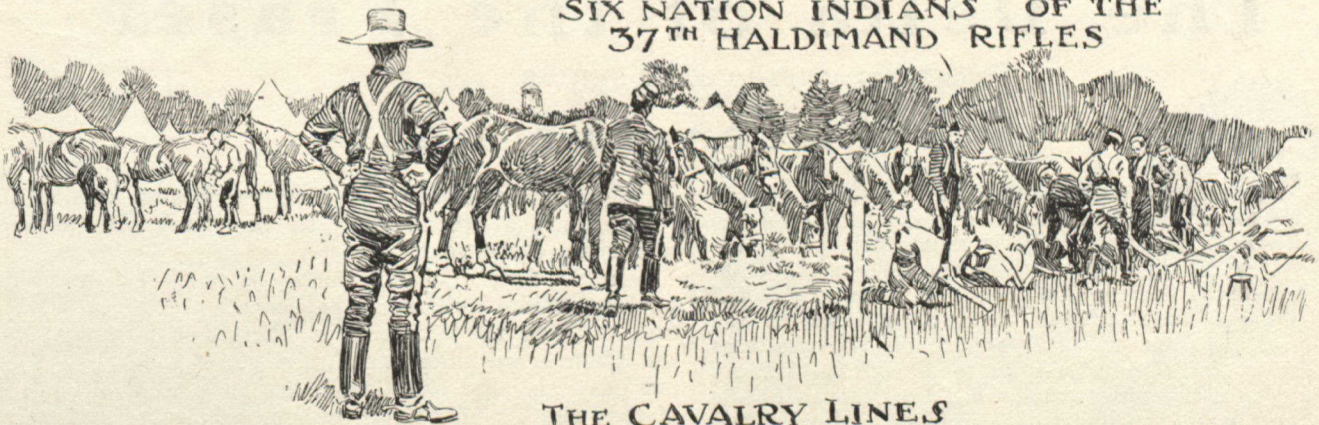
**9TH
MISSISSAUGA
HORSE**
LATE
TORONTO
LIGHT
HORSE

**AT THE
REVIEW**

Photos
&
Drawings
by
C. W. JEFFERYS



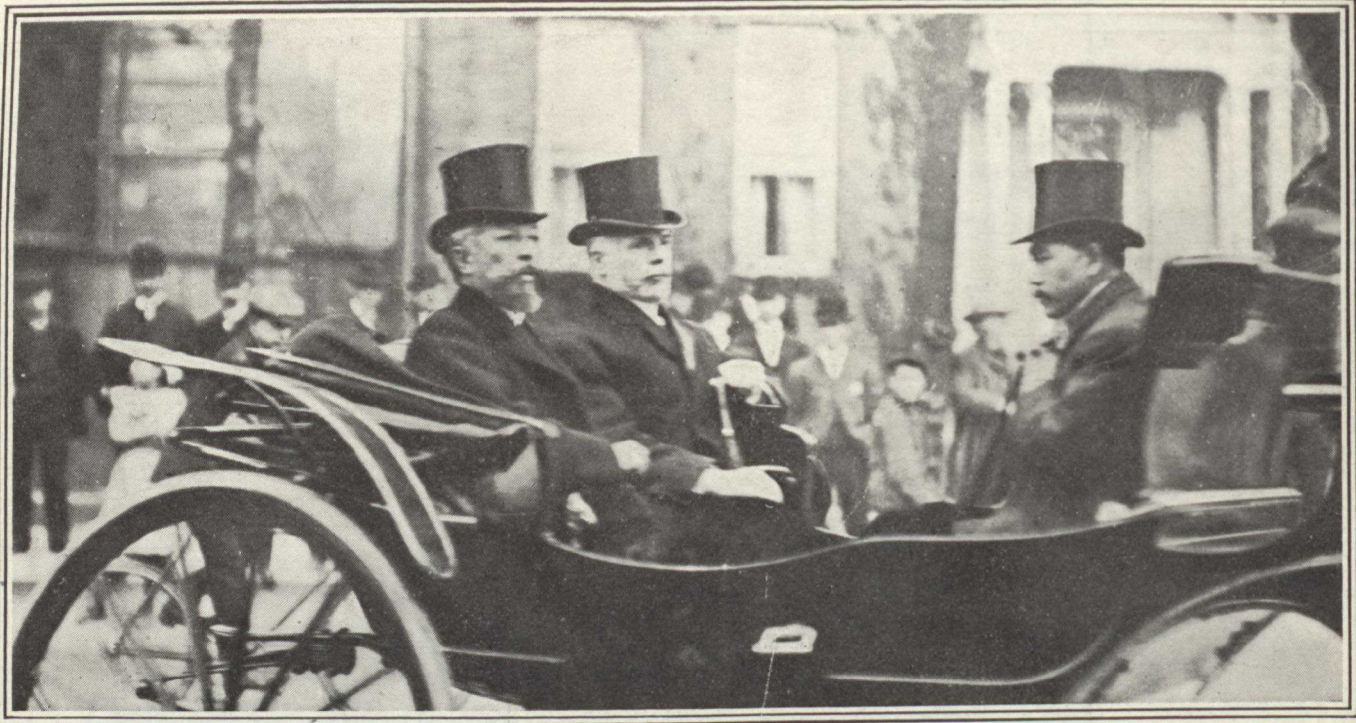
**SIX NATION INDIANS OF THE
37TH HALDIMAND RIFLES**



THE CAVALRY LINES

ANNUAL TRAINING CAMP AT NIAGARA

Photos and Drawings by C. W. Jefferys.



The Prince and Mayor Coatsworth driving in Toronto.

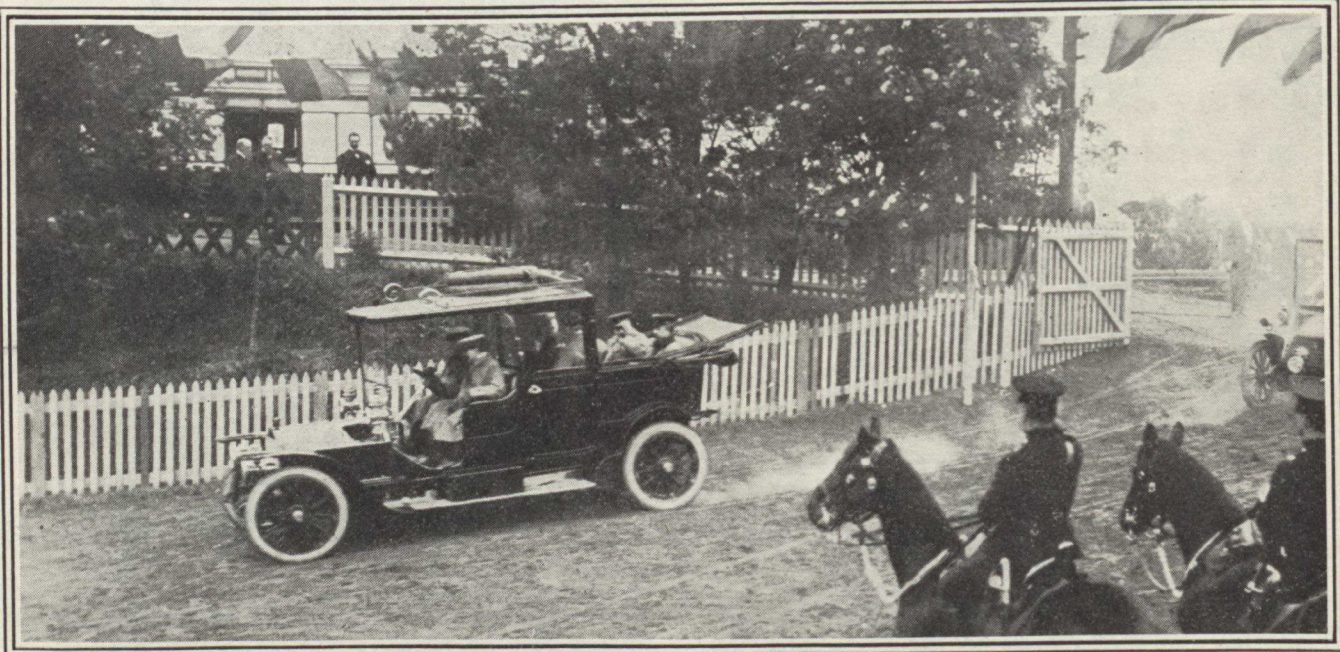
Photograph by Gleason.

There is excellent authority for the theory :

"East is East and West is West and never
the twain shall meet."

But during the last fortnight, His Royal Highness, Prince Fushimi, has found a welcome in our Canadian democracy that indicates Western appreciation for the progressive kingdom over which his cousin, the Mikado,

rules. Montreal, Ottawa and Toronto, each after its own fashion, has said "Banzai" and blossomed in red and white in honour of the distinguished guest. The railways have provided their trains de luxe that the royal guest may see the best of Canadian transportation. Magnificent distances require splendid cars and the Prince found that nothing is too good for the Japanese.



King Edward and Prince Fushimi at Aldershot.

The Delta of the Fraser

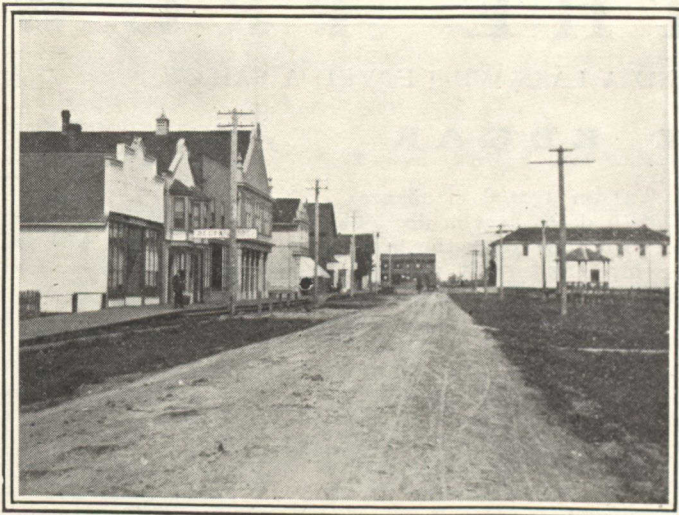
PACIFIC COAST SERIES

By BONNYCASTLE DALE

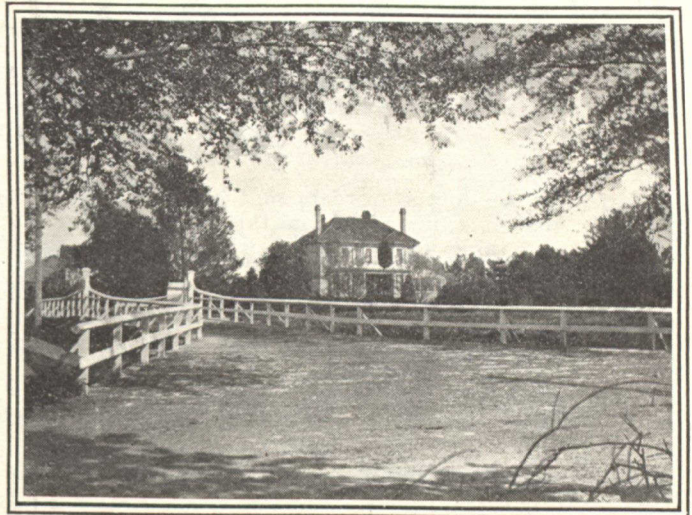
AS our steamer, a flat-bottomed stern-wheeler, rolling over the Gulf of Georgia, approached the mouth of the Fraser, the yellow silt-laden waters could be seen dividing the dark green tide of the Gulf. A heavy tide-rip boiled along; on the east was the muddy flood of this mighty river that rises in the Yellow-head Pass far up the Rockies, on the west the cold green waters coming in from the Pacific Ocean. At the Sand-heads, six miles from the actual mouth of the Fraser, we passed the lightship—a lone sentinel paced its sloping decks. Many buoys mark the devious, shifting channel. Through this passage in the great flood-made sandbanks countless millions of salmon have passed on their way to the spawning grounds of the upper Fraser, the Thompson and its tributaries—or the countless nets

of the Japanese fishermen. Now the Spring salmon are running, a fish second only to the steelhead, both of which run every year.

Ahead, all the dikeland country is marked at its shores by long, white buildings, the canneries. Steveston, the first town on the left bank, is deserted in late May, but the Chinese workmen are arriving. One batch got off our boat, six pig-tailed Celestials. They took off one ton of rice, another ton of oil, opium, fish, curry and weird food in many a strange-shaped box and basket, for the yellow peril lives well. Huge canneries cover all the river front. Here as everywhere huge strong dikes hold back the hungry river. All this land for fifteen miles up the river has been wrested from the waters by never-ending



Ladner—on the Fraser, the Market Town for the District.



A handsome Ranch Home—Jubilee Farm.

work, in fact the only debt these municipalities bear is the cost of erecting these long mud walls.

Ladner, a trim, clean, river town, with its usual Chinese, Japanese, and an additional Austrian quarter, was our destination. This is the market town for all the rich land held back by the lower dikes—the richest farming land in Canada. It readily sells for one to four hundred dollars per acre and returns good interest on the money. Never was prairie so level as this wondrous land. Mile after mile, with never a rise or fall, the green fields extended, all covered with dense crops of hay. On them the cattle feed until June, and even then the crop return is four tons to the acre. Here is a rich field for white farm help. The Chinese are getting thirty a month and asking for thirty-five, and these ranchmen told me they will give the white men the preference every time. Hitherto the lumber camps have drawn the field hands away, Ninety dollars a month is a large temptation.

Potatoes are a favourite crop, twelve tons per acre being a good yield. With a good root house these can be sold in the spring as high as twenty-five to forty a ton. It never gets below zero here, the air is moist and balmy. We watched them ploughing the soil with four horses. Fritz said it looked like plum-pudding they were turning over, and the lad was not far wrong. It was richness indeed. There are twenty thousand acres in this delectable delta and many a handsome ranch house.

To the southwest of the delta is a long, well-wooded point that juts out into the Gulf of Georgia. In days long past, George Vancouver made his camp on this fir-

covered point. He was only a seven-mile row from the mouth of the Fraser, yet he never discovered it. This point, now called Point Roberts, commands the mouth of the Fraser. It is only a short cannon shot away; to the north, the delta—Canadian territory; to the west and south the waters of the Gulf; to the east the shore of Boundary Bay—Canadian territory; but this one wooded point that shoots out like the handle of a frying-pan, is a naval reserve of the United States, right at the mouth of our most valuable river. We sat and looked at the great boundary post. Far to the southeast we could trace the trail cut through the firwoods that marks the international boundary—international blunder to thus give away the key to so rich a territory.

The assessed value of this patch of dikelands is two million dollars. Taxes are low, crops prolific, climate is ideal. Fellow Canadians, we must be proud of this sister province of British Columbia. Day by day as we search its shores and islands, its rivers and mountains for our natural history work, and see its busy cities, its lonely coves and bays, its wooded highlands, we are forced to the conclusion that here is the place for our eastern friends to come and build their homes amid all this wealth of natural beauty.

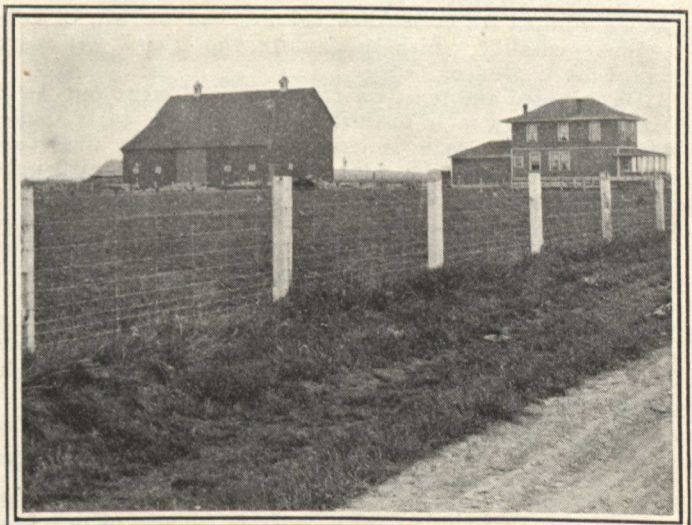
Canadians who live east of Winnipeg have regarded British Columbia as a province of mines and magnificent mountains and may have been in danger of forgetting the wealth of soil in this farthest west. The picturesque properties of British Columbia are so overwhelming at first sight that it takes some time to realise the fertility and agricultural advantages of the largest province.



The Boundary Stone—Fixed by the Treaty of Oregon, June 15th, 1846.



The Lightship at the Sand Heads, six miles from the mouth of the River.



The Level Delta Lands—20,000 acres of the richest farming land in Canada.

LOVE AT THE PROW

A STORY OF A DISGUISED BOATMAN AND A LASS WHO LOVED A SAILOR.

By GEORGE EDGAR

IT was by the doctor's orders that he went to the sea-side, and it came about in this way. The doctor was something of a personal friend, and privileged to speak his mind.

"The fact is," said genial Dr. Staveley, "you take life too seriously. Why don't you take more change?"

"The fact is," repeated the patient, James Willoughby, "I haven't the time."

"Time!" snapped the doctor; "you must make time, or, if you don't, time will make you. Time! If you go on like this you'll have all eternity."

"Come! come! Staveley; it's not so bad as that," Willoughby argued.

Dr. Staveley looked grim.

"It is this bad—you'll have to change your whole life. Fourteen hours at the desk won't do. There must be more play, less work, and, for a beginning, complete rest. You will go away at once."

"What shall I do, away from the city—I have never been away?" asked the patient.

"Just rest—fresh air, sunshine, music, flowers, and the good things, not forgetting a good dinner, billiards on an evening, and a light book."

"Bah!" suggested Willoughby.

"Anything, if you can get your mind off business. And if there are any pretty women about," suggested the doctor, "make love to 'em."

Willoughby shrank in his seat.

"Just fancy me making love to anyone! I have never learnt how."

"Poor boy," said the doctor; "and you are thirty-four. Your everlasting business grind has made you miss all the joy in life. You have gone through life like a blind man in a rose garden, and you have not seen any of its beauty. You must begin to see it at once."

"Come," added the doctor more kindly. "Pack up tomorrow and get away from it. There is much that is serious about your case, but it's simple to set it right; rest, fresh air, sunshine, change, and"—as he pushed Willoughby out of the consulting-room—"don't forget the pretty women."

"Don't forget the pretty women." The phrase was like a red rag to a bull to Willoughby, as he walked to his chambers. Bah! What time had he for pretty women, as if he were a love-sick office boy? There was the company—the great firm to which he had given up the years of his life, the great industry which he had built up by every effort of body and brain. The fool of a doctor! As if he, Willoughby, chairman of the great firm of engineers, had time for pretty women.

He took the doctor's advice in so far as it related to the sea, but being a man of ideas he did not carry out the actual programme to the letter. Selecting Havenboro', a tiny fishing village, given over to the needs of visitors in the summer, he came to a quaint and characteristic decision the first afternoon he was there. Walking on the jetty in the afternoon, he noted the fishing-boats lying cheek-by-jowl in the basin. Old Watson's boat, the Saucy Polly, interested him, chiefly because it was spick-and-span and particularly inviting, and also because Watson, a genial giant of a fisherman, with an open face, tanned almost to a leather colour, had an air of contagious geniality which made him the friend of every visitor at a glance.

He engaged the boat on the spot, and went out for a trial run. It was a beautiful afternoon in early June. The sea was a moving mass of blue; the sky blue, too, with ravelled fleeces of white, drifting. The boat laughed to the water as it bumped, nodded, and dipped to the breeze, and Watson hummed a song as he stood at the rudder, with one sturdy hand free for the sail. Something of the peace and serenity of Watson's simple world stole into him.

"I'll tell you what I think, Watson," he said, as the boat dipped and curtseyed back to the shore two hours later; "I feel as if I should like to have been with you all my life."

Watson maintained a judicious silence.

An idea struck Willoughby.

"Look you," he said; "I am here for a month, and I have a whim. I'm very tired of the world and the things of the world, of duty and the things of duty, of society and the claims of society. I'll be a boatman for a week."

Watson agreed in silence.

"I'll dress as you do, look like you do, work like you do. I'll take over the boat for a month. You will ply for hire, and treat me exactly as a sort of mate, and give me just the work a mate should do."

Watson's genial eyes twinkled. "It ain't for me to judge my betters," he said. "It is a queer idea, but, if it pleases you, it's good enough for me. You've a right to do just as you like with my boat, sir. I don't like ordering you around, sir, but if it will please you to be a boatman under me I'm at your service."

So the bargain was struck on those terms, and Willoughby became second mate to Watson. He made a presentable second hand rigged out in Watson's son's best seafaring clothes—a blue jersey, navy-blue pilot pants, heavy boots, and a nondescript kind of sou'wester cap.

Willoughby had been a boatman eight days, full of absorbing interest, and one Monday they had hung about the front without a single prospect of a hire.

He was aroused out of a lounge full of reverie by the brisk tones of a man's voice—a comfortable, prosperous-looking man, with a genial manner that would have disarmed a child. Willoughby started suddenly.

"Are you a reliable boatman?" he asked Willoughby.

The city man, quickly recovering himself, made haste to answer.

"The skipper and myself are considered as reliable a crew as can be found in these parts. Do you want a boat, sir?"

"No," he said, "I do not. Sailing is poison to me. But my daughter is crazy about the sea. You might undertake to take her out daily for the next week or two, and see that she has a good time. I'll pay your usual charges. Just see she gets a good time and sailing to her heart's content."

"Thank goodness," said Willoughby to himself, "he has no suspicion."

Terms were quickly arranged, and for the rest of the day Watson and his mate went about their daily work in great spirits, with the surety of the boatman's ideal for the morrow—a regular fare.

Joy Tressider came the next day promptly at ten o'clock. She came in a business-like tailor-made skirt and blouse, with a trim little Tam o' Shanter, from under which truant curls escaped. Joy was of the city, the daughter of Tressider, a Judge in the Chancery Courts, but her proper place was on the sun-kissed sea. Her face was as open as the sea, her rippling hair was as rebellious as the sea, her eyes were as deep as the sea and full of the same deep magic, her voice sounded as full as the breezes that swept the sea. There are natures that find their affinity in the sea, that have the deep-seated passion of it in the blood, the same smiling openness, the same freshness and honesty, and the same alluring charm. Such a nature had this girl of twenty who came from the captivity of a grim old city to the freedom of a sea-girt coast.

Watson was her slave from the moment she stepped on the boat; Willoughby came under the magic thralldom of her presence at once. They sailed the girl on the smiling waters, and they watched the starved city bud open to the clear call of the magic deep. They spent long days creeping up the coast, with the girl laughing to the breeze. They spent long nights at anchor fishing for the silvery whiting which came wriggling from the water on the baited hooks. Sometimes, when Willoughby took the fish from her hands, his touched hers, and there thrilled through him a note that he had never known. And now and again, as they scudded before the breeze, he had been surprised into talking of the book she read, or the things of the world she had left, and the girl had been compelled into a curiosity that had sent the boatman quickly back into the silence of his station.

One day, as they sat, he baiting the lines with which she fished, something of her curiosity revealed itself.

"I can understand Mr. Watson—he looks like a fisherman. See him now; his home seems on the blue. But you—you puzzle me. Have you always been a fisherman?"

"No, not always," Willoughby answered. "I have been in the city, too—of the city. But I got tired, and I came back to the sea."

"Do you like it?" she asked.

"I am glad I came to the sea, always. I have realised that the things of the great city are not the things of the sea."

"How—how?" asked the girl insistently.

Willoughby paused.

"They are not so open," he said quietly, "nor so honest."

"That is a strange answer for a boatman. Are you content?"

"I have never been quite so content in all my life."

There was a note in his voice that compelled silence, and they spoke no more of the city that day.

A few days later they were talking confidentially together.

"If I were a man," she began, apropos of something they had discussed, "I should go out into the great world and fight."

"Most men do," he answered. "Some fight and win; some fight and lose."

"But even to have fought and lost is better than to have never fought at all."

"May be," he answered, absently.

"Are you satisfied?" She asked the question again, suddenly, as if she had been discussing it with herself.

"Satisfied? Yes, I think I am. There is Watson—good old Watson!—and there is the boat; and look at the coast shining like gold in the sun. And the sky and the bright blue of the dancing water."

A little reserve crept into her manner.

"I thought you were a boatman," she said.

"I am," he replied.

"And sometimes you talk like a man of my world, of the things of my world."

"I was of your world—once," he answered.

"Why are you not now?"

"Does it matter to you?" he asked pointedly.

She blushed, a little blush of embarrassment; then recovered herself quickly.

"To me—no; why should it?" she asked.

"Why," he replied, as he looked to the sky and the sea—"why?"

When she met him next day it was with the disquieting conviction that she had thought too much of the boatman for safety.

So the weeks crept by. The interest of the boatman in the girl grew. The constant comradeship in a common interest drew them nearer together. As the days went by he forgot that he was a boatman, and there were whole hours together in which she failed to remember. And one by one summer days sped, each one bringing health and confidence to Willoughby, each one less of an excuse for further idleness by the sea. Thus it happened that in the middle of one week Willoughby made up his mind that the time had come for his return. It was one Thursday the resolve grew upon him as he breakfasted, and simultaneously another thought grew upon him—Mab.

Later in the day, Queen Mab and her crew of two were pulling into the shore. It was a beautiful day, with a smart breeze freshening everything.

"Just the day for a long walk," Mab suggested.

"I was thinking so, too," Willoughby said. "Would you care to walk to the Wishing Stone at Stare Croft?"

She was swept by a little wave of reserve. During the afternoon she had forgotten this strong-looking man was a boatman. But, after all, if he were man enough to escort her on the sea, why should he not escort her by land?"

"Yes—I'll start at 7.30, immediately after dinner. Papa will be asleep."

It was an eventful dinner for Willoughby. "It is now or never," he kept saying, as he ate his frugal meal. Afterwards, he cast off the fisher clothes and got into a neat suit of tweeds which had distinctly the Bond street manner. He looked what he was—a well-groomed, clear-headed English gentleman.

The girl gave a start when they met outside her hotel.

"I—I—er," she began.

"Don't recognise me in mufti," he said.

She jumped at the suggestion.

"It is a relic of my city days," he explained.

The girl accepted the explanation, and they set off along the coast, talking of their common interest in the sea, boats, and fishing as they went.

Stare Croft lay very close to them after a stiff walk of half-an-hour—a beautiful little village seen in the dark, with its little cottage lights standing out like jewels.

"This is the stone," he said, coming to the object of their walk, a quaint-shaped rock standing out of the cliff.

"They say that if you wish you get what you wish," Mab said. "Do you, and why?"

"I don't know whether you do," he said; "but try it. The reason why is a quaint one. The Lady of the Manor loved a low-born man—a man who went to the sea in fishing-boats."

"Like you," she said, involuntarily, and then blushed.

"Not quite like me," he answered, hesitatingly. "But wait. Her friends used force to alter her inclinations, and they kept them separated. She—the poor lady—came to this rock and watched the sea—watched it tenderly, no doubt, because he sailed on it. And she used to wish that Heaven would give the man she loved to her. One night the man's boat was flung ashore near these rocks, and they found his body the next morning at the foot of the wishing-stone."

"A sad story," Mab said, and shivered slightly. "Let us go."

They started on the way back along the darkening path. Sometimes Mab stumbled, but ever as she slipped a strong hand instinctively shot out to save her.

After a long silence he said:

"I wanted you to come to-night."

Mab did not answer.

"I am going back to the city," he added lamely.

"To the city?" she said. "What! Leave the sea, and the boat, and Watson?"

"Yes; they are all very good, but there is something more, I have learnt."

She was fearful of the remainder.

"What is it?" she asked tremulously.

"A woman," he said. "I am going to the city, to work for her."

"Do you know," she said bravely, "I am glad of that."

"Why are you glad?" he asked eagerly.

"Sometimes in these weeks I have thought you were too good a man to live the life of simple men. I have imagined you achieving things in a larger world."

There was a note of deep sympathy in her voice.

"As I stood at the stone just now," he said tersely, "I wished."

"And what did you wish?" she asked.

"A great achievement," he said; "greater than all the world."

"Was it for the woman?" she dared.

"Yes," he answered, in a whisper; "it was for you."

Why did the world seem full of a holy silence? Why did her heart beat quicker? Why did not the indignant words well from her lips?

"I have dared to look to you," he said hoarsely; "to wish for you."

A long, long silence, broken by the waves murmuring on the shore. They walked slowly down the narrow path, he moodily listening for the answer he scarcely hoped to get.

"I, too, wished," she said at length.

"What did you wish?"

"I wished on the stone to the sea, like the poor lady."

"Yes."

"I wished for a humble lover, such as she had coveted."

"Yes?"

"And I wished that the man who had come into my world would be a man in the greater world, and justify my faith."

"Sweetheart," he said, catching her to him; "it was brave of you—brave of you."

Then very soberly, as they walked towards the lights of Havenboro', he said, in a tone that justified her, "I shall not always be your boatman."

And the night sang wondrous songs, and the magic of the sea stirred two hearts to the truth of its eternal melody.

Tressider was standing looking from the hotel steps, as Willoughby arrived with Mab.

There was a moment of hesitation in Mab's manner, quickly conquered.

"My boatman," she said, subtly accenting "my."

"Willoughby," Tressider said, delightedly; "Willoughby! away from the Electrical Power Syndicate!"

Mab looked puzzled.

"You know my boatman?"

"Know Willoughby!" her father said. "Why, everybody knows Willoughby. Come in, lad, and have some supper."

He started impetuously for the hotel.

Mab pinched Willoughby's arm.

"Impostor," she said.

And still the sea sang.



THE GOLDEN FLOOD

By EDWIN LEFEVRE

Resume: Mr. Richard Dawson, president of the Metropolitan Bank, New York, is visited on a Thursday, by Mr. George Kitchell Grinnell, who wishes to deposit \$100,000, and presents an Assay Office check on the Sub-Treasury. One week from then he deposits \$151,000, a fortnight later, \$250,000, and three weeks later \$500,000. He makes no revelation of his business, and on his desiring to make a deposit of \$1,000,000, the pompous president becomes excited. A deposit of \$2,500,000 follows, then \$5,000,000, and the following Thursday, \$10,000,000. Mr. Dawson employs Costello, a detective, who reports that Mr. Grinnell lives quietly, but has a load of bullion bars taken to the Assay Office every Monday. The flood continues until Mr. Grinnell has nearly thirty millions in the bank. The President in desperation seeks again to discover the source of the fortune.

"I CERTAINLY don't mean any such thing. Supposing new and enormously rich gold-fields were discovered, would that upset the financial equilibrium of the world?" asked Mr. Grinnell.

"It is conceivable that it could easily do so."

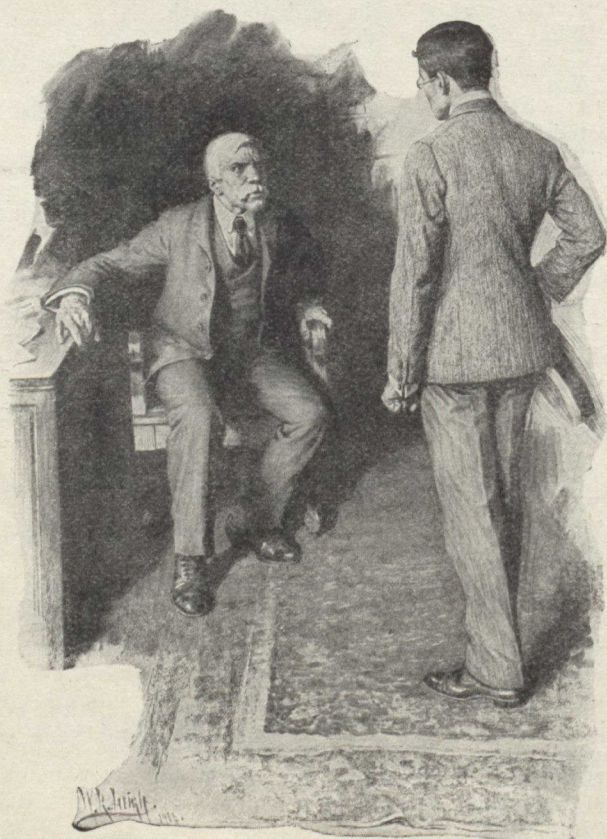
"I think that the world would adjust itself to the new conditions very quickly. Just now, the South African mines are not producing. Suppose that a new source of supply should yield one to two hundred millions a year? Or, five hundred, if it were distributed among all the civilised countries? I'd be the last man to make gold as cheap as pig-iron, I can assure you. But—"

The president's face was livid. Dark rings had appeared, as by a stage trick, suddenly under his eyes. Wrinkles showed about his nostrils, like those seen in invalids after prolonged pain.

"Mr. Dawson, are you ill?" asked Grinnell anxiously.

"No, no," said the president, with a pale smile. "Your views are—er—I mean no offence, Mr. Grinnell, but they show that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing."

"I have been studying this matter for some weeks, Mr. Dawson," Grinnell said, with a complacency that almost made the president shudder. There was no telling what the young man might not do in his ignorance.



"The president's face, was livid."

"Pray proceed," said Mr. Dawson, with an effort.

"As I was saying, I have been depositing gradually—"

"Thirty-seven millions in two months!"

"I have not yet enough money to be classed among the really rich men in this country. But I am young," with a smile that set a-shivering the gold-enwrapped soul of Mr. Richard Dawson. "I am keenly alive, I think, to the obligations of really great wealth, and I trust to do as much good in the world as I can. I mean to be a very rich man, Mr. Dawson. Of course, I could live comfortably on the income of forty or fifty millions; but I am going to do more than live comfortably. Man owes certain duties to his fellow-men which are neglected too often. Why," enthusiastically, "the possession of unlimited wealth in worthy hands would mean the realisation of the beautiful dreams of those unselfish men whom you, doubtless, call Utopians, and Socialists, and visionaries. They are the men who believe that mankind, at heart, is good. They are the men who will revolutionise the world!"

"Revolutions mean disaster," said Mr. Dawson half angrily.

"Possibly disaster to a few individuals at first, but, in the end, happiness to the community," said the young man, with an inspired air.

"It is a question whether the price paid would not be disproportionate to the good obtained." Mr. Dawson spoke as though he would dissuade the young man, but not too strongly, for fear his words might intensify obstinacy. It was, unwittingly, a subtle admission that he thought the young man did not lack the power to make his dream an actual catastrophe.

"Whatever means the greatest good to the greatest number is necessarily good," retorted Grinnell, in a tone that permitted no contradiction. "A revolution, Mr. Dawson, is achieved by three things: By time, which is too slow; by blood, which is revolting; and by gold, Mr. Dawson, BY GOLD!"

The young man was looking sternly at Mr. Dawson, who stared back so fixedly as to be painful. On the president's brow appeared a microscopic dew; you would have said his brain was shedding tears of agony. He had visioned, not the revolution of mankind, but his own ruin!

"Mr. Grinnell," he said, with a curious, little indrawn gasp, "I can only pray you to go slow. Don't let your enthusiasm lead you to precipitate an appalling crisis. You can do all the good you wish if you consider carefully all sides of the question. But, as you value the welfare of humanity, go slow, Mr. Grinnell. In God's name, go slow."

"Oh, yes!" said Grinnell. "I'm in no hurry. We will discuss these matters from time to time. In the meanwhile," he took from his pocket-book another check—the same as he had taken out and replaced at the beginning of the interview—"I'll deposit this additional five and one-half millions, making thirty-five in all, and—"

"Tell me, Mr. Grinnell," interrupted Mr. Dawson, with a calmness unpleasantly suggestive of desperation, "is your secret known to others?"

"Which secret?"

"The source of your gold?" The intensity of Mr. Dawson's gaze had in it something ominous.

"No one knows."

"Ah!" The president drew in his breath sharply. He paused, growing visibly calm, the while.

"If anything happened to you?" he said. He meant his voice to show solicitude. It betrayed merely a strange and not kindly curiosity.

"My sister would know," answered the young man. "I've provided for that, of course. She would continue my plans, with which she is in sympathy, though she does not know the extent of my resources."

"H'm!"

"If I died suddenly, either from natural causes or as

the result of some accident or violence, she would devote her life to carrying out my plans. She is really a remarkable woman. If she too should die suddenly, Mr. Dawson," looking unflinchingly at the bank president, "my secret and my history would be given to the world. It would make interesting reading; particularly to financiers, Mr. Dawson. I have written full instructions. The average man could not be trusted with such an opportunity to become enormously wealthy, but I have a friend who is above the temptation of sudden riches, who would be my literary executor—with a faint smile, as at the hidden humour of the phrase—"He is a real socialist. He'd give you trouble, Mr. Dawson. And if he dies, there are three others who would then know the means by which I came to be one of your depositors."

"And your deposits?"

"If I died before I carried out my plans, what need to worry about this gold? If my sister died, she wouldn't care what became of it either. I fear, Mr. Dawson," he finished, very slowly, "that the gold we left behind us would do neither good nor harm to the world."

The president sat down.

"Yours is a remarkable story, Mr. Grinnell, which I am compelled to believe. I must see you again."

"Next Thursday?" with a smile.

"Very well. I thank you for your confidence. I beg that you will not speak of your affairs to any one."

"I'm not likely to. I didn't expect, when I came here, to tell you as much as I have. Good morning, Mr. Dawson," and he walked briskly out of the office.

The president gulped, as though swallowing a dry and obdurate morsel.

"We are undone!" he muttered.

He rose and stood by his desk, supporting himself as though the office floor were unstable and staring unseeingly at a painting on the wall—the portrait of his predecessor. He nodded toward the portrait and muttered drunkenly: "Absolutely at the mercy of one man!"

He nodded again. Then he said to the portrait: "I must see Mellen!"

He blinked his eyes as at a strong light. Of a sudden he pulled himself together, put on his hat, and hastily left the room.

He walked quickly up Wall Street to Broadway, turned southward, and entered the huge home of the International Distributing Syndicate.

"Eighth floor!" he said to the elevator man. The sound of his own voice, husky almost to inaudibility, startled him.

"Eighth floor," he repeated, very distinctly.

Walking straight to the door at the end of the hall, marked "Private," he entered. The burly man at the gate of a railing said: "Good morning, Mr. Dawson," and obsequiously opened the gate. But Mr. Dawson made no reply; whereat the burly man wondered, for Mr. Dawson was a polite man.

The president passed, unchallenged, through two rooms, in which clerks worked at desks, and finally confronted the head of the syndicate, who sat at a flat desk. Before him was a sheet on which he had been making calculations with a lead pencil.

"How do you do, Richard?" said the richest man in the world. He was a middle-aged man, quiet-spoken, brown-eyed; a face quietly alert rather than over-shrewd. His head was curiously shapen, broad above the ears and tapering slightly, though noticeably, at the top. Phrenologists spoke delightedly of the abnormal development of his bump of acquisitiveness, because they knew who he was; and of the absence of the other bumps, for the same irrefutable reason.

"William," said the president of the Metropolitan National Bank, "we are confronted by the greatest crisis in the history of the world!"

Consternation appeared on the face of the richest man in the world, as though it had been flashed upon it by a stereopticon. It was not pleasant to see. His photograph, taken at that moment, would have impressed a stranger as being that of an amateur actor, inartistically expressing dismay—it was so exaggeratedly frightened.

"What has happened, Richard?" he asked, tremulously, rising from his chair.

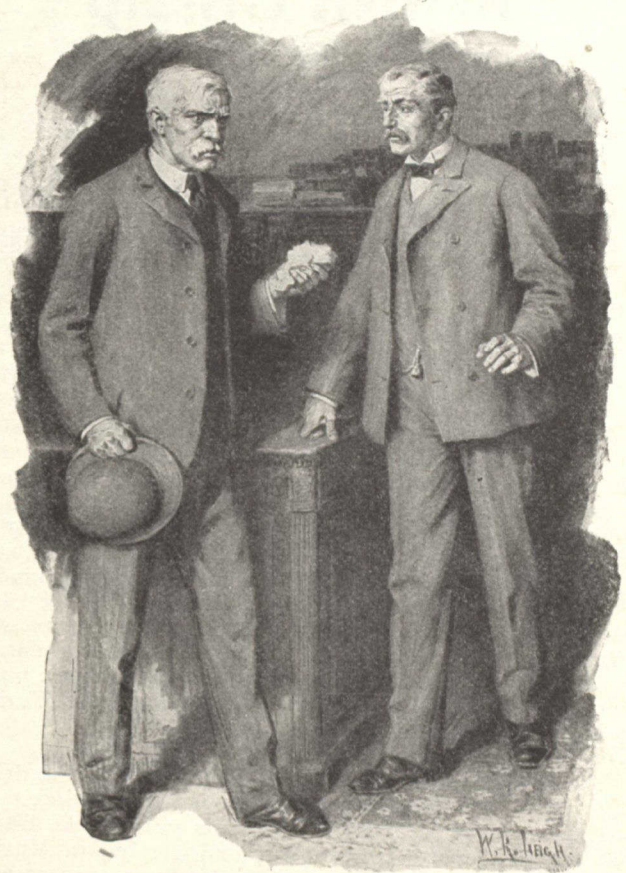
"William," answered Mr. Dawson, as though he expected unbelief, "listen calmly. Ruin stares us in the face—you, and me, and everybody!"

"What have you done?" cried the richest man in the world.

"Listen. Calm yourself."

"Are you—ill?"

"Oh, I'm not crazy! If I were, I'd tell you that a



"Ruin stares us in the face—you, and me, and everybody."

man is manufacturing gold at this very minute. And yet, that is what I think."

"What is the matter, Richard?" There was merely impatience now, in Mr. Mellen's voice.

"There is a man who has discovered an inexhaustible supply of gold. He will not stop until he has a billion dollars. He is a Socialist—"

"What are you saying?"

"William, the man already has on deposit at the bank thirty-five millions, and he's been only two months at it. He has at least seven millions on deposit at other banks in this city. We must do something," and Mr. Richard Dawson told his friend and associate the entire story of Mr. George K. Grinnell. The richest man in the world listened with his very soul. There was danger of his being no longer the richest man in the world.

"And now," finished Dawson, "we must think, William. What are we to do?"

"It can't be true!" frowned Mellen. Then into his eyes came a frightened look. It passed and he said: "Absurd! It can't be true."

"It is true. The gold comes from his house, his laboratory."

"It's some trick, a plot." The richest man in the world had imagination, and was partial to schemes. "We must prevent him from going too far," as though that were the first thing to do before satisfying a merely personal curiosity.

"How?" The president was growing calm. If he was ruined, so was the rest of the world. He did not care for the rest of the world, but the thought braced him.

"Some legal action—"

"Out of the question. There is no ground. Besides, the less publicity the better, William, we are in his power. But nobody knows it, not even he. Therein lies our safety. In the meanwhile we must—" He paused.

"What?"

"It is, obviously, the only step we can take." There was no one else in the room, but Mr. Dawson drew near and whispered into his friend's ear. His friend nodded from time to time.

"That," said Mellen quietly, with a sort of convictionless acquiescence as Dawson concluded, "we must not do until we are certain that he can swamp the world with gold!" He picked up the sheet full of lead-pencilled figures and began to tear it into small bits.

"Confound him!" said the president angrily.

"Yes, Richard," agreed Mellen, with an air that had a suggestion of conscious guilt. He never swore. It was a sin. He was the richest man in the world.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

British Gossip

LORD CURZON is appealing to past and present members of Oxford for two hundred and fifty thousand pounds. The money is needed to provide for the adequate teaching of physical science and the modern languages, without any exclusion of the old "Humanities," which must always form part of a liberal education. It is the belief in some quarters that Oxford has largely neglected the new departments of scientific study. But a closer acquaintance with the facts shows that in recent years Oxford names have stood high in scientific investigation, as well as in classics and history. But the demand for the new work is growing every year and special provision must be made for this extra demand. As an "Outlook" writer says: "If, then, the Humanities are to be preserved in their recognised home, they must be relieved from the duty of subsidising modern science." The great Bodley library at Oxford needs both room and money and no further aid is to be gained from the University. Parliamentary assistance would not be desirable and Oxford will have to rely on the loyal liberality of her own sons in the present need.

Last month, for the first time in nearly two hundred years a new Chancellor of the University of Oxford, in the person of Lord Curzon, was installed in his office within the university itself. The ceremony took place in the Sheldonian Theatre. The last time the historic public formalities were observed was 1715, when the Earl of Arran was installed.

* * *

The King spent the last week-end of May at Sandringham where a highly interesting review took place. As most British subjects are aware, this year is the fiftieth anniversary of the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny. His Majesty, with characteristic kindness, expressed a desire to see the survivors of those famous campaigns who are natives of the county of Norfolk. Forty-five old soldiers were found, sufficiently strong and sturdy to undertake the journey to see the King. The veterans made a gallant show as they formed up in line on the lawn at Sandringham, the youngest being seventy, the oldest eighty-eight and nearly all able to spring to "attention" at the word of command. As the presentation to the King was made, His Majesty shook each man cordially by the hand, displaying especial interest in Sergeant Thomas Mann of the 57th Foot, who saw service under William IV. The last of the line wore a Mutiny medal.

"Ah, Lucknow, I see," said the King.

"Yes, Your Majesty, the Northumberland Fusiliers," was the reply.

"Well done, the Fighting Fifth, eh? I remember them." Then, with a final handshake, "So you have been in some hot places."

* * *

The Ruwenzori Mountains, otherwise known as the

Mountains of the Moon, are receiving more than their share of attention. The Duke of Abruzzi lectured in England, some months ago, concerning his operations in those regions, and told of his discovery and naming of the two peaks, Margherita and Alexandra. The latest traveller to return from this district, with tales of strange tribes, is Dr. Wollaston of the British Museum expedition, who passed through the volcanic region to the south of Lake Albert Edward, a waterless stretch where no Britisher had been before. Most of the volcanoes, he declares, are extinct and are covered near the top with dense bamboo, supposed to be inhabited by a fierce race of pigmies who live by raiding the villages on the lower slopes. These small people are said to be quite different from the Congo forest pigmies and the report of Dr. Wollaston's discovery has already created much interest. Several Englishmen will no doubt be led to visit the lively people of the bamboo residences and eventually the extinct volcanoes will blossom as another imperial settlement with the Union Jack to mark the "most interior" British colony in Africa.

* * *

Prince Arthur of Connaught has lately been happily described by M. A. P. as a royal "Handy-Man." The young prince, who is the only son of the Duke of Connaught, lately represented King Edward at the christening of the Prince of the Asturias and had the honour of being chosen to reply at the State banquet for all the foreign princes assembled in Madrid. It must be remembered that Prince Fushimi has just been returning the visit of Prince Arthur to Japan to invest the Mikado with the Order of the Garter. Eligible bachelors are rare and a royal bachelor is naturally the object of much feminine solicitude. Last year it was said that the Prince was to make Lady Marjorie Manners his bride. But present gossip has turned towards Russia and is engaged with a princess from that troubled land, who may become the Duke of Connaught's daughter-in-law. The young prince is only twenty-four years of age but already he has represented King Edward at a remarkable number of State ceremonies, such as royal christenings and funerals, which cannot be exhilarating occasions for a youth of his age and athletic tastes.

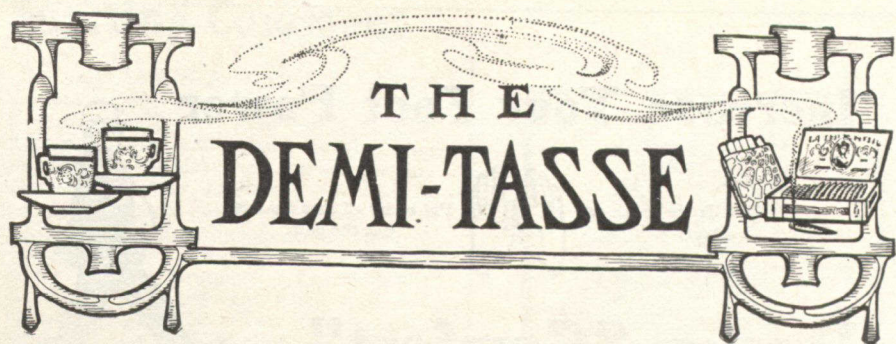
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The fashionable theft this year has been the robbery of artistic treasures. Pictures, snuff-boxes and antique gems have disappeared in a mysterious fashion. Some unusually clever Raffles with a highly-cultivated taste has been at work and so far no Sherlock Holmes has been equal to the task of discovering the chief criminal. The latest enterprise of this nature was on an extensive scale, the thief carrying off fifty-six water colours, of which the artist had intended to give a private view. Part of the plunder from Mr. Wertheimer's art treasures has been recovered, the gold and enamel snuff-boxes and miniatures having been found in possession of a Sicilian antique dealer.



A New Sport in Great Britain.

Great Britain is learning something from the Colonies. She got lacrosse from Canada, and she is getting boomerang throwing from Australia. This is an excellent and inexpensive form of exercise, and with very little practice one may become proficient in the art. These pictures show a well-known cricketer and his wife practising in Regent's Park, London. (Photographs by Halftones, Limited.)



THE DEMI-TASSE

A TEST.

THE story is told about one of Toronto's "new rich" hostesses that in commendation of a man with whom she had been conversing, she uttered the emphatic verdict: "I knew he was a gentleman, because, when I riz he riz."

THE REASON.

The Knocker—"I never have any sort of luck. Some fellows are always falling on their feet."

His Sister—"That's because they have ideas in their head."

FEMININE WISDOM.

"It's curious," said the Elderly Aunt, "that men don't seem to dislike clever women, as they used to."

The latest girl graduate smiled knowingly. "That's because a really clever woman is the one who never lets a man think that she is."

HIGHLY ACQUAINTED.

In a recent chapter of his "autobiography" Mark Twain tells of his dinner in Berlin with the Emperor of Germany. He had but recently arrived in the city, and had begun housekeeping in a furnished apartment, when one morning at breakfast the invitation to dinner was delivered. The family was very much impressed, particularly the younger members. He says:

"During several months I had encountered socially, on the Continent, men bearing lofty titles; and all this while Jean was becoming more and more impressed and awed and subdued by these imposing events, for she had not been abroad before, and they were new to her—wonders out of dreamland turned into realities. The imperial card was passed from hand to hand, around the table, and examined with interest; when it reached Jean she exhibited excitement and emotion, but for a time was quite speechless; then she said:

"Why, papa, if it keeps going on like this, pretty soon there won't be anybody left for you to get acquainted with, but God."

"It was not complimentary to think that I was not acquainted in that quarter, but she was young, and the young jump to conclusions without reflection."

THE WRONG NAME.

A prosperous young Canadian farmer was deeply disgusted some time ago with a girl from the city, who gushed in an irritating fashion over everything she saw. She called the pigs "the cutest things," and his favourite colt "a perfect dear," but almost brought on a brainstorm when she regarded a field of barley and exclaimed with enthusiasm: "It must be lovely to have so much fancy grass!"

NOT AFFECTED.

A kind old gentleman, seeing a small boy who was carrying a lot of newspapers under his arm, said: "Don't all those papers make you tired, my boy?"

"Naw, I don't read 'em," replied the lad.

A CANDID PETITION.

A story is told of the late W. S. Caine, an English M.P., to the effect that he was about to preach at some little out-of-the-way place, when the senior deacon lifted up his voice and prayed for him before

they quitted the vestry: "Lord, bless Thy servant who has come among us to-day. Give him unction, give him gumption, for Thou knowest how much he has need of both!"

A GENIUS FOR FINANCE.

"High finance is not confined entirely to Wall Street," said John E. Wilkie, chief of the Secret service. "I saw an example of it the other day that made me dizzy."

"One of the clerks in the Treasury wanted to go to the ball game. He had but twenty-five cents, his exact admission, and nothing for car fare."

He announced he would raffle his twenty-five cents for two cents a share. Eighteen clerks took chances. One won the quarter for two cents, but the thrifty promoter had twenty-five cents for his ticket, ten cents for car fare and a cent over for an afternoon paper.—Saturday Evening Post.

A STRENUOUS SIGN.

The proprietor of a large business house bought a number of signs reading "Do It Now," and had them hung around the office, hoping to inspire his people with promptness and energy in their work. In his private office one day soon afterwards a friend asked him how the scheme affected the staff.

"Well, not just the way I thought it would," answered the proprietor. "The cashier skipped with three thousand pounds, the bookkeeper eloped with the private secretary, three clerks asked for an increase of salary, and the office boy went off to become a highwayman."

BEWILDERING.

"Tompkins is having an awful time with his new auto."

"In what way?"

"Every time he repairs it he has a lot of parts left over that he can't find a place for."

A CANNY PIPER.

Lord John Russell, when on a visit to Queen Victoria at Balmoral, asked Her Majesty's own piper to have some one play in his presence.

"What kind o' a piper do you want?" asked the man.

"Just such another as yourself," said the English statesman.

Drawing himself up, the musician said, grandly: "There's plenty o' lords like yourself, but very few pipers like me."

A CAREFUL RUNAWAY.

The Owner—"What's the matter?"

The Chauffeur—"Something's gone wrong, sir, and I can't stop her."

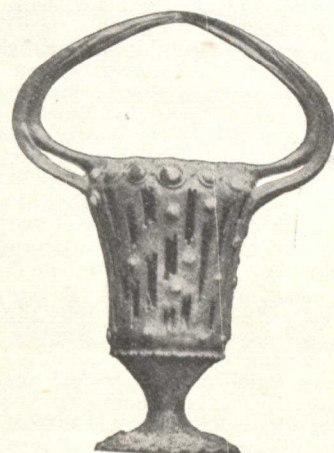
"Then for heaven's sake run into something cheap."—The Sketch.

A FAMOUS CAREER.

The close of a famous career extending over five reigns came last month, when Lord Young died in London. Lord Young was born in 1819. He was twice Solicitor-General for Scotland, and was judge of the Court of Session, Scotland, from 1874 to 1905, when he retired. He sat in Parliament from 1865 to 1874.

As a boy Lord Young often got "cups of tea, bread and jam, and kind words" from the widow of Robert Burns. He first met Carlyle in his father's house. It was

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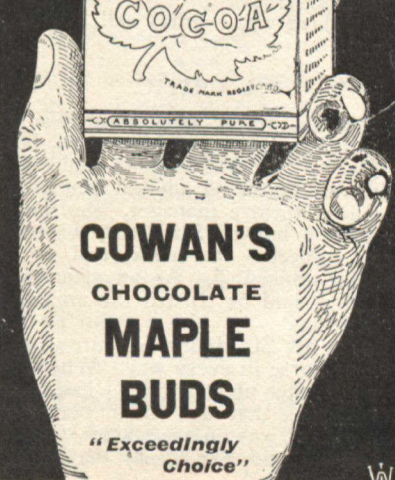
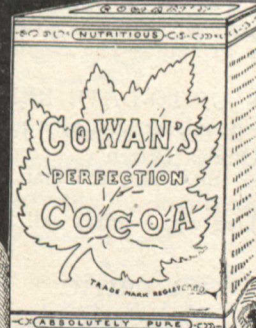
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Young who divided liars into three classes: liars, —liars, and expert witnesses. When he heard of Mr. Baird's contribution of a quarter of a million to the funds of the Church of Scotland, he remarked that it was "the heaviest fire insurance on record." —Daily Mail.

* *

THE WORTH OF THE MONEY.

Frederick Burton, the actor, hails from Gosport, Indiana. He got his start on the stage after making a hit in a Knights of Pythias benefit in Gosport. After three years' absence from home, his company played in Terre Haute, and Burton invited his father to come over and see him act. The old man took in the show, and after the last curtain went back on the stage to see his son. Presently the treasurer appeared at the dressing-room door and handed Burton his weekly pay envelope. Burton senior saw the figures on the outside, and his eyes sparkled.

"You don't mean to tell me you get that much every week, do you?" exclaimed the old gentleman.

"That's right," Burton replied, modestly.

"Well, what other chores do you have to do besides actin'?" the old man asked.—Harper's Weekly.

* *

DESERVEDLY SO.

Grant—"Why is Fraider so unpopular?"

Dunlop—"He has a copy of the eighth commandment painted inside of his umbrella."—Lippincott's.

* *



Of Course!

"What are you two children doin' with yer hats on in the house?"
 "We're goin' to the shop to buy sweets."
 "Where's yer penny?"
 "It's—it's in yer pocket!" —Windsor Magazine.

* *

RECIPROCAL COMPLIMENTS.

At luncheon with President Roosevelt the other day were Ambassador Bryce and Ben Daniel, the latter an old Western friend, now United States Marshal of Arizona. The President said:

"Mr. Ambassador, allow me to present to you my friend, Ben Daniel, of whom I am genuinely proud."

Ben is reported to have said, as he thereupon grasped the Ambassador's hand, "The President ain't no prouder of me than I am of him."—The Argonaut.

* *

AN UP-TO-DATE REPLY.

"What is the fashionable June wear?" said an Ottawa citizen.

"A libel suit," said the man from New Brunswick.

Then there was a hurry call for the ambulance.

* *

A CRITIC.

Sir Henry Irving once wanted a white horse to use in one of his scenes, but no white horse that was suitable could he get. At last a stage hand advised him to apply to another theatre manager, who, he said, had such a horse. Sir Henry visited the owner, inspected the horse, and the bargain was concluded. As an afterthought, Sir Henry said he trusted the animal was not fractious.

"Not at all, Sir Henry, I assure you. An excellent horse in every way. Why, I rode him night after night and all I had to complain of was that he would occasionally yawn when I was on the stage."

"Indeed," said Sir Henry, "a bit of a critic, evidently."

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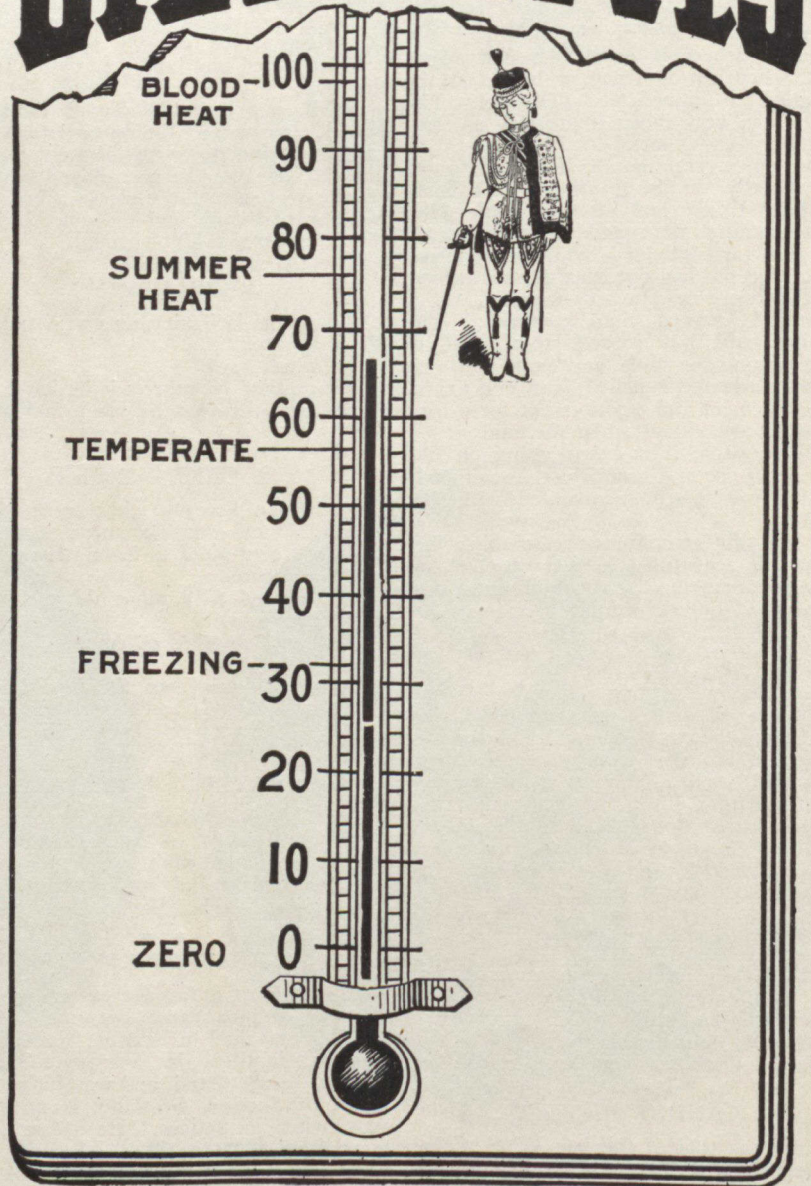


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SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES



Warmer weather has prevailed throughout the Dominion during the week past, the average thermometer reading being 68, as indicated by the sword point of the famous SWEET CAPORAL girl.

Sporting Comment

J. C. MILLER'S All-Canadian lacrosse team would have been wise in their generation if they had left out their games in British Columbia. Getting the team together the day they started on this long tour, there was no chance for them to learn each other's ways or those little tricks of combination that go so far towards winning. Neither does railroad travel fit men for playing strenuous. Consequently it was to be expected that when they met a first-class team like New Westminster they would get beaten—and well beaten. But a score of seventeen to nothing against them was too much. When the returns were all in, did Mr. Miller take a vote of the team to decide whether they would go ahead or turn back home?

* *

The two stars of the recent C. A. A. U. meet at Toronto Island were W. R. Knox, of the Central Y. M. C. A., and Tom Longboat, of the West End Y. M. C. A. Knox was disqualified a few days later for professionalism, and threatened with prosecution on a charge of perjury, while the great Indian found a police cell inside the week for disturbing the quiet of peaceful Hamilton. However, the West End Y. M. C. A. made a couple of thousand dollars out of the meet, and the good old cause of amateur sport was none the worse for it.

* *

So it became necessary to once more inform Mr. Titus, the famous Yankee amateur oarsman, that he really wasn't wanted at Henley. Let's see, isn't this three times the same glad tidings have been gently broken to the same gentleman? And a man who is thrice told should take a telling.

* *

Those Toronto golfers who were beaten at the Lower Lakes League Tournament at Detroit, represented the Toronto Club, and not Toronto as a whole. At that they gave Detroit a close run, while, as usual, Geo. S. Lyon won the singles. It is rather disappointing that there is little prospect of an international game this year, as some of the best authorities on golf think that a Canadian team could be selected that would make a good showing against the best that could be found south of the boundary line.

* *

The lacrosse so far played in the N. L. U. series seems to show Shamrocks, Tecumsehs and Torontos the strongest teams. The English trip seems to have been detrimental to the champion Capitals, but a defeat on their own grounds by Cornwall has wakened them up a bit, and a few weeks' practice will again make them contenders in the race for the Minto Cup. Montrealers, too, will likely be heard from before the season grows much older. In fact, the series seems just as strong and well balanced as it was a year ago, when Capitals, Tecumsehs, Torontos and Cornwall tried for the championship.

* *

The racing game has moved on to Buffalo and Windsor. Toronto had the most successful meet in the history of the Woodbine. Hamilton sends in a similar report, and though the attendance at Blue Bonnets, the new Montreal track, was a trifle small at times, there is every reason to believe that only patience is required to make a new racing centre in the East. Of course, mistakes were made this year, and one of them was having dates to conflict with Hamilton. But experience teaches, and those mistakes won't occur again.

* *

And the attendance question will work itself out all right, too. A city has to be educated up to a racing standard. It takes time to let the social end see its facilities for exhibiting clothes, and the other end those unequalled facilities for losing money. When this is accomplished the fight is over, and Montreal Jockey Club stock will be more valuable than Yukon nuggets.



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Cupid Flags the Train

IN the columns of that reliable journal, the London "Advertiser," is told a story good enough to be true. There is a Detroit young man who has occasion to visit Buffalo frequently and who has a sweetheart at one of the intervening stations in Canada. This youth has a scheme whereby he can see and kiss the fair lady without losing any time. The particular station at which the young lady in the case resides is a flag station between St. Thomas and Buffalo, and only when there are passengers to get on or off there do the fast express trains on the Wabash stop. Passengers for that station are few and far between, and the young man has many times had to be satisfied to get a glimpse of his sweetheart as the train hustled past.

He worked the scheme for the first time recently, to the great amusement of the train crew and other passengers. He first notifies the girl what day and on what train he expects to pass through, and then instead of buying a through ticket, he buys a ticket for the station at which he knows his sweetheart will be waiting for him. Having a ticket for that station, the conductor must stop to let him off. He has just a long enough wait to enable him to imprint two or three kisses on the girl's rosy cheek, and jump aboard the train again and proceed on his way to his destination. When the train pulls out from the flag station everybody is happy but the engineer and conductor, who do not like the idea of stopping their train just to allow a couple of lovers to do a little cooing on the station platform.

In the Golden East

THERE is no part of picturesque Canada more attractive to the sportsman or the tourist than the scenes in the East. The followers of Izaak Walton's gentle sport find in the rivers, lakes and bays of the Maritime Provinces an unsurpassed opportunity for proving their proficiency in the finest of the summer arts. For those more strenuously inclined, game is plentiful, the moose and caribou tales of New Brunswick being told in many lands. Every season, in these happy hunting grounds, brings its peculiar joy to those who believe in liberal doses of "God's own outdoors."

Canada has been called "the land of lakes." In these provinces of the sea the traveller discovers that while he is always near the salt breezes, he is also within easy distance of exquisite bits of inland scenery, in which a dark setting of spruce or pine only renders more brilliant the gem-like lakes that mirror as clear a sky as ever made glad the heart of a holiday-maker. To the artist these regions are a veritable land of unspoiled loveliness waiting to be interpreted. The historian and the poet long ago discovered the romance of these eastern shores and fields. Grand Pre is known wherever Longfellow's verse is read—and who that has read Bliss Carman's songs can forget the scarlet maple or the warm blue heart of the hills?

Those who are in the plight of the "man from Missouri" and want to be shown, must learn from the Intercolonial Railway, in such a seasonable library as "Tours to Summer Haunts," "A Week in the Canaan Woods," and "The Hunting Grounds of the Micmacs," just how to reach these delectable districts. It may also be necessary to obtain the booklet on the game laws of the different provinces, for complications resulting from the innocent fracture of these enactments are to be avoided. There is plenty of information about where to find fish and game, and all that is left for the sportsman is to pack his rod and gun and pray for favouring skies and breezes.

A Strange Story

If we hadn't seen it in a Canadian paper, we would not have believed it. This is the way it reads: "The Ontario Government has given the name of Vogt to one of the new townships in Northern Ontario, naming it after the great musician, Dr. A. S. Vogt, of Chicago."



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WRITE FOR BOOKLET "K."

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CAPITAL \$100,000.00 BILLINGS, MONT.

Peculiarities

PRINCE FUSHIMI has been scattering Orders of the Rising Sun right and left on his tour across Canada. The first thing we know we will have an association of Old Boys of the Rising Sun—and if they only keep the seances going late enough, no doubt they will live up to their title.

* *

The political picnic season has been inaugurated, and a monster Liberal demonstration has been arranged to take place at Sarnia on the 25th. If anyone hears a loud and prolonged rumble like thunder, on the afternoon of that date, there is no occasion to be alarmed. It will only be the Hon. "Billy" Paterson getting under way.

* *

The ladies of Lord Elgin Chapter, Daughters of the Empire, at London, have issued a dainty cook-book, which all June brides are urged to possess. If it tells how to make nice, crisp, light-weight buns, guaranteed not to sink a new husband who goes swimming after eating a few of them, the brides cannot get them too soon.

* *

Just to show that there is no bad feeling, the Minister of Justice ought to promote that Ottawa policeman who handled him roughly at the Fushimi reception the other day, not knowing who he was. Besides, that's the way they always reward faithful performance to duty in the story books, and in Royal circles everywhere.

* *

The annual recital at the church conferences of financial hardships endured by preachers and missionaries all over the country, reminds one of that profound saying: "Be good, and you will—seldom see the 'ghost' walk."

* *

Dr. Tucker, organising secretary of the Missionary Society of the Church in Canada, laments the fact that men can be found in Ontario who will sell their vote for \$10. If the Doctor could not make better terms with them than that, he would be a pretty expensive man to have rushing the "barrel" along the side lines.

* *

The brown-tail moth will be careful how it tackles Nova Scotia again. The offer of a bounty of three cents a nest, which the Government made early in May, proved so effective that it was withdrawn on June 1st, when over one thousand nests were destroyed. Of this number, one little girl collected 169 nests. Moreover, the people are now familiar with the enemy, and, it is thought, will squash them in future without any further inducement.

* *

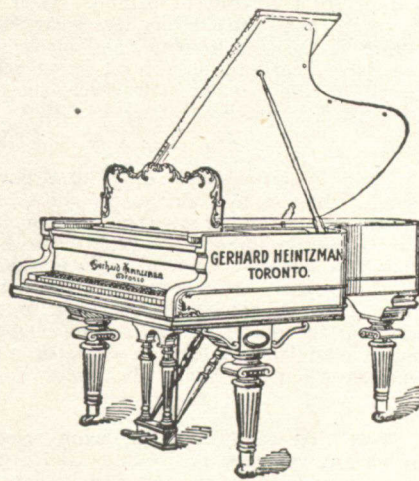
It is dangerous to challenge a man to enter into a contest without knowing his specialty. In a Galiano, B.C., lumber camp the other day, a logger challenged a stranger to a pie-eating contest. Before the challenger had got fairly under way he was astounded to see his opponent polishing off his second pie. Later on, the stranger produced newspaper clippings to show that he had won prizes all over the United States in pie-eating contests.

* *

A Woodstock lad has been successfully operated upon to relieve an abnormal mental condition resulting from a kick on the head by a horse. Now what the doctors have their saws and knives out, wouldn't it be fine if they could relieve the mental condition of the end-seat hog, who is once more beginning to blossom out all over the country.

* *

"The Charlottetown Examiner" has embarked on the stormy career of trying to reform women's dress. Why, it asks, have women reversed the style of wearing their hats this season? Last summer, says the editor, the hats projected in front; now they project behind; whereat he growls fiercely. Then he wants to know what the women would think if men reversed the style of wearing their coat tails and pinned them



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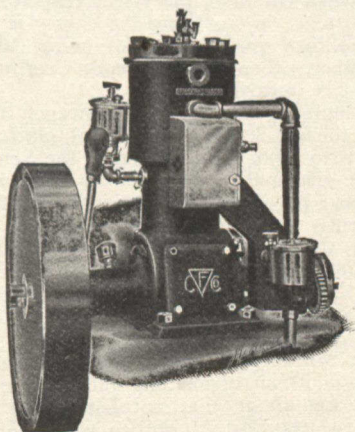
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You will sleep sounder and rest better when you take

Wilson's Invalids' Port

(A la quina du Pérou)

All Druggists—everywhere.

on in front instead of behind. Well, it's hard to say. The Highlanders wear something of the sort in front, and up to date we have heard of no protest being registered by the women. However, there is nothing like making a trial.

* *

James A. Cruikshank, of "The Brooklyn Eagle," has started on a trip across the continent, beginning at Cape Breton. In the Bras d'Or Lakes he is reported to have caught a twenty-six-pound pollock, said to be the largest fish ever taken there with a fly. If he can catch a fish as large as that right at the outset of his trip, he ought to be able to land at least a whale or a sea serpent when he reaches the Pacific.

* *

Now that candidates are being selected in various parts of the country and organisers are getting busy in preparation for the next political contest, why not make arrangements to organise the large graveyard vote that is always polled? These silent, but industrious, fellows always turn out in large numbers, and it seems to us that a few nights spent in the cemeteries looking after them would help things along considerably.

* *

"The Prophetess Marguerite," who used to run a pork pie shop in Vancouver, has sent a telegram to Mayor Bethune of that city from Seattle, where she now resides, warning him that the city is soon to be destroyed by a tidal wave. Now, why should she try to put the whole city on the pork like that, just because the people would not eat her pies?

The "Conversion" of Senator McMullen

THAT venerable and angular Scot of forbidding aspect, Senator McMullen, is making a tour of the great West, and recently addressed the Canadian Club of Edmonton on national ideals. The Senator is a notable figure in the distinguished company of the Red Chamber. For many years, until his defeat in 1900, he represented North Wellington in the House of Commons, and was at all times a stern and formidable critic of government extravagance.

As a critic he was a great success—in fact, he seemed built for the role. His tall, lean figure, grim visage and harsh, rasping voice, all indicated trouble for the Conservatives whenever he got the floor—and the indications were not disappointing. As a questioner and digger up of political incidents that the government would fain have forgotten, he was without a rival. It was a rare day when he did not appear on the order paper for at least one question or series of questions, raking up the expenses allowed some government official or commission, or other "scandal," and calculated to throw dismay and confusion into the government camp.

Always the questions ended in the same interrogatory way: "And if not, why not?" so much so that there was always a hearty laugh when the final query was rasped out. If persistence in worrying the enemy is the chief political qualification for being called up higher, then the Senator certainly earned his reward.

The amusing part of it is, however, that of all the planks in the Liberal platform previous to 1896, the abolition of the Senate was the principal one, and of all those who demanded its abolition, none insisted more vehemently upon it in season and out of season, than Mr. McMullen. Indeed, in those days one could not think of McMullen without thinking in the same breath that the days of the Senate were numbered.

Such wonders, however, does the transformation of an opposition into a government bring about, that not long after his defeat in 1900 Mr. McMullen was himself translated, without a protest, into his much-despised Red Parlour, there to meditate quietly on the youthful folly of hasty and wholesale denunciations of sacred and venerable institutions.

Are you "up to the Mark" ?

Are Stomach, Liver and Bowels in the best possible condition for winter?

Surely you know what will make those vital organs healthily active—and build up the whole system. It is the "Salt of Salts"—

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No matter whether it was

Cosgrave's Pale Ale
Half and Half
or
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that you have been trying, you found each of them up to the mark, didn't you?

That's because they are brewed right, matured properly, and wholesome.

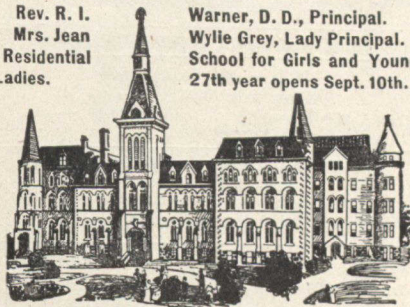
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School for Girls and Young
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The life of the student is made as much as possible like life in a well-regulated family; a few simple rules govern. During the year, lectures and talks on current events and the best contemporary literature are given, and musical, literary and social entertainments held at the college.

The school is opened every morning by appropriate religious exercises; attendance at church on Sundays is required of all students, the selection of the church being left to the parents.

Collegiate and Preparatory Studies, Music, Fine Art, Elocution, Business, Domestic Science, Moral and Aesthetic advantages.

Write for Catalogue to Principal Warner, St. Thomas, Ont.

For the Children

WILLIE'S REASON.

WILLIE was a regular mother's boy, a writer in the Chicago Tribune declares. He was so devoted to her that he could not bear to have anyone else do things for him, not even his indulgent father.

One night he called his father to his bedside.

"Papa," he said, "will you please to bring me a glass of water?"

His father went for the water, glowing with pride at the unusual summons, and when Willie had taken his drink, the parent's curiosity got the better of him.

"Why," he asked, "did you call me to-night, instead of your mother?"

"Oh, there's been a dressmaker here to-day, and I was afraid there might be some pins or needles on the floor to get into mamma's feet," replied Willie, innocently.

* *

The visitor found little Bessie crying as though her heart would break.

"What is the trouble, little girl?" asked the visitor, sympathetically.

"Boo-hoo!" sobbed Bessie. "B-Bobby wants to be a surgeon when he gets big."

"And does that worry you, my dear?"

"Y-yes; he has cut all the sawdust out of my dolly to see if she has appendicitis."

* *

Mothers, Listen!

Do not spend your nights walking the floor with Baby, but put your child in one of our **LITTLE BEAUTY HAMMOCK COTS**, where children never cry. Swings itself to and fro, up and down, with every movement.



Cot shipped to you at our expense on 30 days' trial. If not satisfactory in every particular return to us.

Write a postcard for Booklet B, containing testimonial letter from satisfied parents.

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Not Pleasant to Think About.

DOLLY (reflectively watching her cat and her canary): Mummy, if I become an angel and have wings when I go to heaven, will the cats take me for a bird?—Windsor Magazine.

NAUGHTY ROUGHIE.

Just see my lovely nice new doll,
With such a rosy face!
What shall I call her—May, or Moll?
Or Ethel, Maud, or Grace?
Now, Roughie, don't be jealous, dear;
Don't sit alone and wail;
I'll prize you, too, oh! never fear,
My dog with curly tail.

Come close and see my precious child;
I love her, oh, so much!
Just with one paw so kind and mild
Quite gently you may touch.

Now, Roughie, leave her dress alone,
Leave off, you spiteful thing!
Oh, dolly dear, my sweet, my own!
Your mother tight will cling.

Don't cry, don't fret—I'll conquer yet—
I'll make him let you go.
Oh, naughty Rough! he's got my pet—
How can he treat her so?

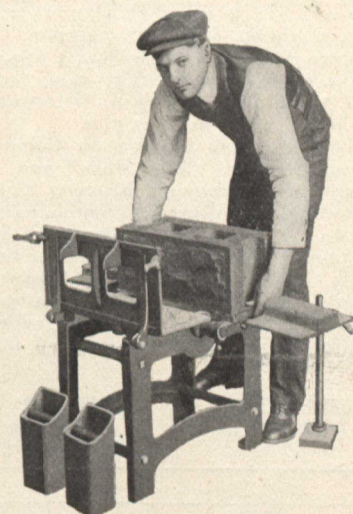
Oh, Phil, oh, Jack! do coax him back—
Dear Roughie, if you'll stop,
We'll let you share our biscuits, there,
And half an acid-drop.

* *

Lady—"What is it, little boy?"
Little Jim (carrying a cat)—"I came to claim the reward you offered for the return of your canary."

Lady—"But that is a cat."
Jim—"Yes; but the canary is inside the cat."

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Connecting with the Grand Trunk Rail-
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Railway at Tweed.Connecting with the Central Ontario
Railway at Bannockburn.Connecting with the Kingston & Pem-
broke Railway at Harrowsmith.Connecting at Deseronto with steamers
operating on the Bay of Quinte and Lake
Ontario.Trains leave Napanee for the north
at 7.50 a.m., 12.10 p.m., 1.25 p.m., and
4.25 p.m.Trains leave Tweed for the south at
7.00 a.m., 7.20 a.m., and 2.55 p.m., and
for the north leaving Tweed at 11.30 a.m.
and 4.50 p.m.Trains run between Deseronto and
Napanee as follows:—Leave Deseronto at 1.00 a.m., 1.40
a.m., 5.55 a.m., 7.00 a.m., 7.20 a.m.,
9.50 a.m., 11.30 a.m., 12.40 p.m., 12.55
p.m., 3.45 p.m., 6.10 p.m., 7.40 p.m.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.The Deseronto Navigation Company
operate the str. "Ella Ross" and str.
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Deseronto, Belleville and Trenton, as also
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ous 50-mile ramble from Gananoque to all
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Literary Notes

THOSE who think that Canadian his-
tory holds little of romance have not
gone deeply into the records of the
country. Among the most stirring chap-
ters in Canadian annals is the story of the
dispersion, the decimation, or the downfall
of the Hurons, and this narrative is care-
fully and graphically told in a pamphlet,
"The Downfall of the Huron Nation," by
Mr. C. C. James, which is the publication
of a lecture delivered in May, 1906, before
the Royal Society of Canada.

The writer, after briefly referring to the
Quebec village of Lorette, certain districts
near the Detroit River and the Indian Ter-
ritory, where groups of the Hurons may be
found to-day, devotes himself to presenting
in popular form the story of their tragic
scattering, stating that the sources of the
account are threefold—the traditions of the
Indians themselves, the letters of the
Jesuit Fathers, and modern archaeological
researches and ethnological investigations.

"The story of the Hurons takes us back,"
says the writer, "two hundred and sixty
years and more to the very earliest chap-
ters in the history of the inhabitants of
Ontario. . . . According to Connelly,
the traditional home of tribal origin was
in Northern Quebec, or in the region be-
tween James Bay and Labrador, where the
Wyandotts, or Hurons, were near neigh-
bors to the Eskimo. . . . The Hurons
were so called by the French, because they
wore part of their hair standing straight
up, like the bristles on a wild boar. Their
own name was Ouendat, or Wyandott."

The story of the settlements in Simcoe,
of the establishment of French missions
and the savage onslaught of the Iroquois
is told with a happy mingling of historical
exactitude and literary grace. Too often
a narrative of dramatic development has
been spoiled by the dry-as-dust telling. But
the present chronicler does not fall into the
error of prosiness. The "strange, eventful
history" concludes:

"Two hundred and fifty years and more
ago, a strong, haughty nation was en-
trenched upon the shores of Georgian Bay.
To-day one remnant lives far east, near
neighbours to the French-Canadians of old
Quebec; another remnant lives a thousand
miles away to the south, beyond the Mis-
sissippi and Missouri; and traces may be
discovered along the banks of the Detroit
River. Some of the descendants of their
old enemies and destroyers have shared
with them their lands in the Indian Terri-
tory, while others till the fields and raise
their crops of corn along the Grand River
and on the Bay of Quinte.

"The story that I have tried to tell you
forms part of the greater history of the
struggle of the people of Europe for the
control of the trade of this continent and
the ownership of the land. It forms a part
also of the story of the early efforts to
convert the savages of this continent to
Christianity. Apart from these two rela-
tionships it is a story that in itself is full
of interest, a story that should appeal to
our Canadian singers, a story that should
be known to every one who calls himself
a Canadian." (Toronto: The Copp-Clark
Company.)

A book which should make good reading
in the hot weather—if there is to be any—
is J. W. Tyrrell's third edition of "Across
the Sub-Arctics," also from the press of
William Briggs. This edition includes two
new chapters, one giving some of the auth-
or's experiences hunting the musk-ox in
the Barren Lands, and the other dealing
with Hudson's Bay, particularly from the
commercial standpoint. Mr. Tyrrell is a
firm believer in the Hudson's Bay route as
a highway to Europe, and is, perhaps, bet-
ter informed upon the subject than any
other man in Canada.

A new publication, "Musical Canada,"
edited by Mr. E. R. Parkhurst, of Toronto,
is an interesting monthly journal of musi-
cal news, comment and gossip for profes-
sionals and amateurs. The departments
are well-sustained, and there is a variety
in the articles contributed which renders
the publication unusually attractive.

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453-465 Guy Street. 125 Rooms
\$1.00 up. European.

The Place Viger (C.P.Ry.)
American Plan, - \$3.50 up.
Accommodation for 200 Guests.

St. Lawrence Hall
European Plan.
300 Rooms. \$1.00 per day upwards.

QUEBEC HOTELS

The Chateau Frontenac (C.P.Ry.)
American Plan, - \$3.00 up.
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The Royal Alexandra (C.P.Ry.)
WINNIPEG, MAN.
European, \$2.00. American, \$4.00.
Accommodation for 600 Guests.

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- (2) Because its plans of insurance are up-to-date and just what the insuring public requires.
- (3) Because its policyholders are eminently well satisfied with the results realized under their policies.
- (4) Because the general public is beginning to find out the good things the Company has in store for its policyholders, and
- (5) Because, being purely mutual, its policyholders are more than customers—they are co-partners in the Company—sharing equitably in all its benefits.

Head Office - Waterloo, Ont.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

Trains to Muskoka

Start Saturday, June 22nd
"LAKELAND LIMITED"

Fast express, daily except Sunday. Leaves Toronto at 11.30 a. m., arriving at Bala 3.00 p. m. Parlor cars, dining car and coaches.

Connects at Bala with Muskoka Navigation Co.'s steamers for all points on Muskoka Lakes.

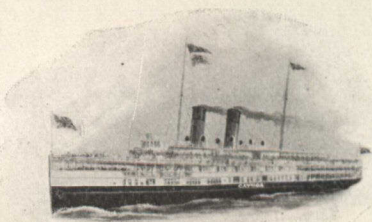
LOCAL EXPRESS leaves Toronto at 9.00 a. m., daily except Sunday, arrives Bala 1.17 p. m.

LOCAL EXPRESS leaves Toronto 4.50 p. m., daily except Sunday, arrives Bala 9.10 p. m.

Starting June 29, the "Sunrise Express" will also run, leaving Toronto 2.30 a. m., daily except Monday (passengers can board sleeper at 10.00 p. m.) arriving Bala 6.10 a. m. Through sleepers Pittsburg, Buffalo and Toronto to Bala. EQUALLY GOOD SERVICE SOUTHBOUND.

C. B. FOSTER, District Passenger Agent, C.P.R., TORONTO

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The ideal Summer Resort region of America, including the following fascinating districts:

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- LAKE OF BAYS
- MAGANETAWAN RIVER
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- 30,000 ISLANDS GEORGIAN BAY
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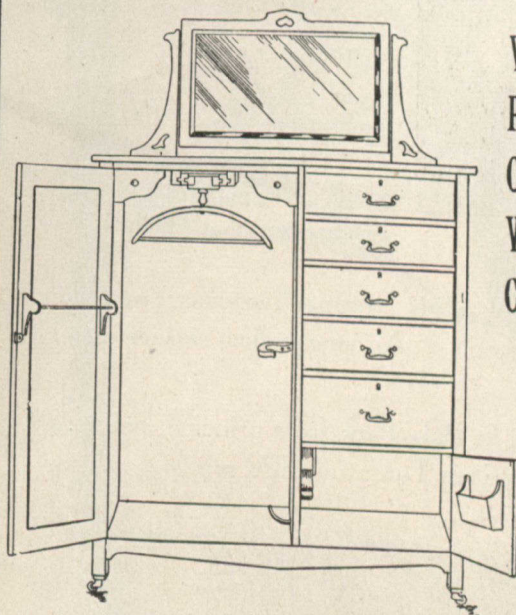
40,000 SQUARE MILES of lake, river and island scenery.

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Patent
Chiffonier
Wardrobe
Combination

Fitted With
Extension
Slide and
Suit
Hangers

Showing Interior of Wardrobe Combination No. 135

Price in Birch Mahogany Finish or Surface

Oak \$35.00, with Wooden Panel in Door.

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Electrical Heating Devices FOR THE HOUSEHOLD

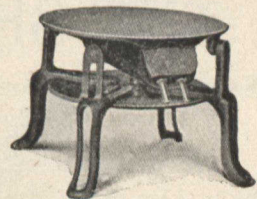
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3-pound Flat Iron for Sewing Room or Nursery

The heating and cooking appliances designed and manufactured by the Canadian General Electric Company mark a new epoch in domestic science in that they employ electricity to generate heat with absolute reliability and (when properly used) with excellent economy. They are SAFE even in the hands of the unskillful, and are practically INDESTRUCTIBLE.

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6-inch Stove

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FAST SERVICE TO

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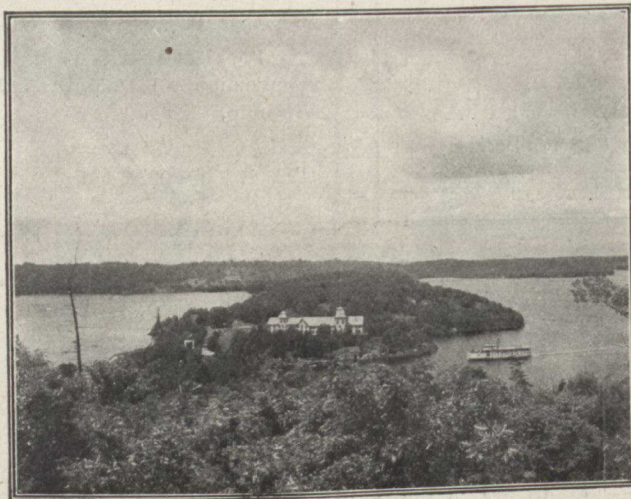
Commencing June 22nd, 1907

THE LAKE SHORE EXPRESS

LEAVING TORONTO 10.00 A.M.

Arriving:

Lake Joseph, 2.15 p.m.
Port Cockburn, 3.00 p.m.
Port Sandfield, 3.30 p.m.
Clevelands, 4.00 p.m.
Royal Muskoka, 4.30 p.m.



PORT SANDFIELD

Arriving:

Bala Park, 1.30 p.m.
Beaumaris, 2.15 p.m.
Port Carling, 3.15 p.m.
Windermere, 4.50 p.m.
Rosseau, 6.00 p.m.

Connecting with Muskoka Navigation Company at Bala Park with Steamer Kenosha; at Lake Joseph with the New Palatial Steamer "Sagamo," capacity 800 people. An unequalled service to all parts of the Lakes.

SUNDAY NIGHT SPECIAL commencing July 7th—connecting at Bala Park from principal points. Leaves Lake Joseph 6.35 p.m., Bala Park 7.30 p.m.; Arrives Toronto 11.00 p.m.

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