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A National Weekly



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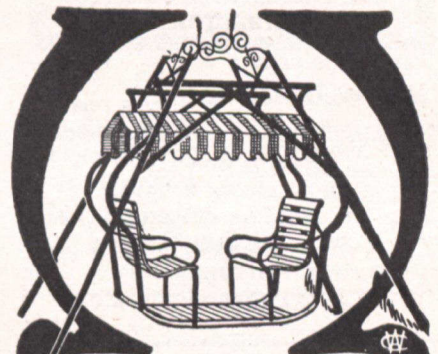
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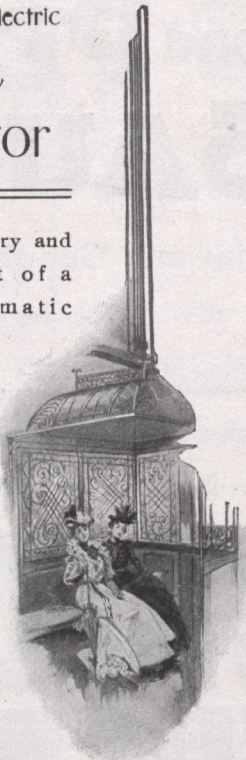
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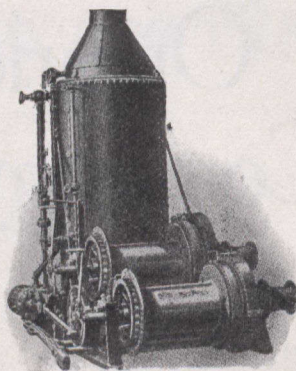
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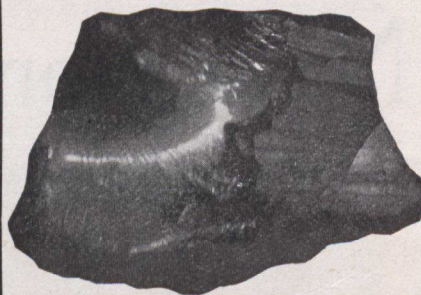
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**Editor's Talk**

CANADA has no weekly paper such as "Punch" or "Life," no comic weekly such as "Puck" or "Judge." THE CANADIAN COURIER does not propose to turn itself into a paper of either of these classes, but it hopes to be able to publish original cartoons from time to time. Arrangements have been made with Mr. J. W. Bengough, the veteran cartoonist of the lamented "Grip," to contribute regularly to this journal. Mr. Bengough has had quite a rest from active work, but at our earnest solicitation he has agreed to help entertain the readers of THE CANADIAN COURIER. This news will, we feel certain, bring pleasure to the host of people who have had previous enjoyment from Mr. Bengough's fun-provoking art.

Our issue of August 3rd will be a "sportsmen's number," and will be specially devoted to shooting, hunting and other out-door sports. Writers who have short fish stories of value should mail them at once. Any person who has a unique "bush" or hunting picture of any kind and will send it to us, will confer a favour. Any subscriber who can make a suggestion for that or any other issue will assist us materially by dropping us a line.

We are not haughty. We are willing to accept hints and assistance from any source. The greatest paper is the one which receives most assistance from its subscribers. A national weekly worthy of the country in which it is published, must have the good-will and the help of many people.

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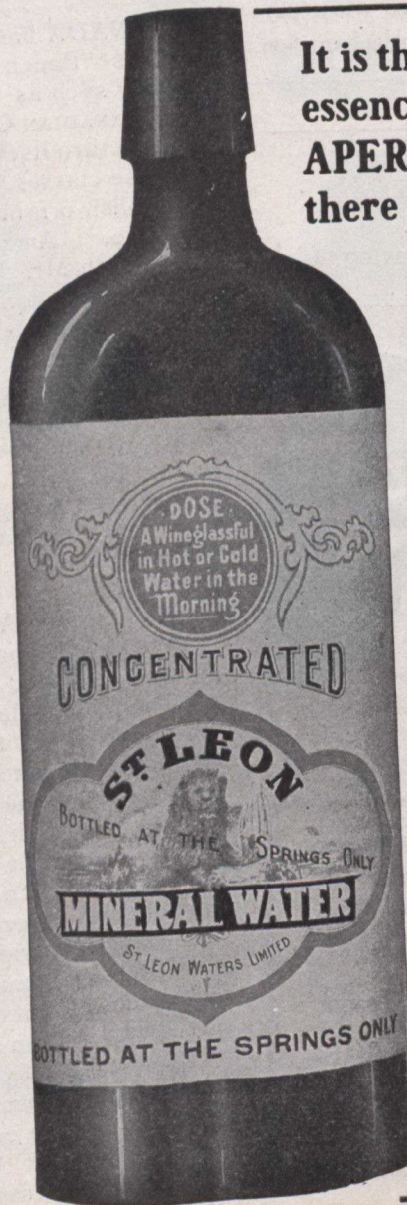
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# The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

Subscription: \$2.50 a Year.

Vol. II

Toronto, July 13th, 1907

No. 7

## Topics of the Day

**S**ENATOR T. O. DAVIS has been talking to the Associated Boards of Trade of Saskatchewan and Alberta which met last week in Prince Albert and his subject was telegraph rates. His aim is to secure an all-Canada rate of twenty-five cents. In other words, he desires that any man in Canada may send a message to any other man in Canada, no matter what the distance, at a uniform rate of twenty-five cents for a standard message. At present a message from Eastern to Western Canada, or the reverse, costs from seventy-five cents to one dollar. The Senator thinks this is excessive. The press rates vary from fifty cents to a dollar for a hundred words, and this too he considers exorbitant.

Like penny postage, this is a desirable reform and if Mr. Davis can point the way to its accomplishment he will have performed a national service of some moment. Probably the only way in which it could be done would be to put all commercial telegraphy in charge of the post-office, as is done in Great Britain. This, however, is a huge undertaking for a country so wide as Canada and is not to be undertaken without very careful consideration.

\* \* \*

At the Berlin Board of Trade banquet last week, Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, Postmaster General; Mr. MacKenzie King, Deputy Minister of Labour, and Mr. W. H. Moore of the Canadian Northern were the guests of honour. Mr. H. J. Sims presided and others at the guest tables were Mayor Bricker; Dr. Lackner, M.P.P.; Judge Chisholm; Mr. L. J. Breithaupt; Mr. Robert Gray, Chatham; Mr. W. J. Weichel, Waterloo; Mr. C. Dolph, Preston; Mr. S. J. Williams and others. Mr. King, who is a native of Berlin, made the principal speech of the evening. There is some talk of his running in this constituency at the next federal election. It is now represented by Mr. Joseph Seagram.

\* \* \*

To have earned and been able to retain the confidence and esteem of men of both parties, after a career of fifty years in public life, a man must indeed possess sterling qualities and have left behind him a record of more than ordinary excellence. Such a man is Sir John Carling, to-day an honoured member of the Senate at Ottawa—than whom no man is worthier of a seat in the Red Chamber.

From his entry into the parliament of Canada in 1857, few men have been harder workers or better administrators of public affairs and none more loyal to their party. Though not known as one of the "Fathers of Confederation," Sir John was in parliament at the time and was an enthusiastic advocate of the project. Indeed, it is interesting to note that he it was who was the means of bringing together on that historic occasion Sir John A. Macdonald and George Brown, until then estranged.

Sir John is remembered by Canadians principally for his services to agriculture, he having held the portfolio

of Minister of Agriculture in the Sandfield Macdonald Ontario Ministry and also in the Federal Government from 1885 to 1896. His principal monuments in this sphere of activity are the experimental farms of the Dominion and the splendid drainage system of Western Ontario.

In connection with these farms an interesting incident is told. While travelling in Manitoba some years ago, Sir John was addressed by name by the car porter, whereupon a gentleman sitting immediately in front of him turned around and said:—"Are you Mr. Carling who has established the experimental farms throughout Canada?"

"Yes" (modestly).

"Well, all I have to say is that you have done more for this Western country than any other man I know of. My business takes me from one end of it to the other every year, and no man is better qualified to speak than I am. I say you have accomplished wonders." And he shook Mr. Carling warmly by the hand.

In his native city of London, Sir John is exceedingly popular, so much so indeed that there are Liberals there who are not ashamed to have been known as "Carling Conservatives" when Sir John was a candidate at the polls.

\* \* \*

The dispute between the Dominion Coal Co. and the Dominion Iron and Steel Co. has led to a struggle for control of the latter company. Mr. James Ross, one of the largest holders of coal stock apparently wants to get control of the Steel Co. also. Mr. Ross has friends and his circle are no doubt in sympathy with him. The present directors, with the exception of Sir Henry Pellatt, are believed to be opposed to Mr. Ross and his desires. This is a purely financial matter, and the ordinary citizen takes little interest. The shareholders' trouble is that they are not sure which side to trust and consequently they are viewing the fight with somewhat uneasy minds.

\* \* \*

The people of Nova Scotia are greatly interested in the transshipment of mails and passengers at North Sydney. This is a great convenience and a matter of pride to all travellers and business men of that province. When the Empress of Ireland came within twenty-five miles of North Sydney on July 4th and then wired that she would not come in on account of the fog, there was a shiver of criticism through the Nova Scotia press.

\* \* \*

Some Canadians are criticising the Canadian authorities for allowing the United States Government to send another training ship up the St. Lawrence into the Great Lakes. This vessel will be located at Detroit for the use of the Michigan Naval Reserve. If the entrance of such a ship is not a violation of the treaty of 1817, Canada has no ground of objection. The State Department of Ottawa takes the view that, as the ship is unarmed, consent for its passage up the St. Lawrence cannot be refused.



Sir John Carling.





REFLECTIONS

IIII BY STAFF WRITERS IIII

**A** Westerner paid a unique tribute the other day to the West, the railways, the Government and Canada's great boom. He is a somewhat droll chap this. He is a lawyer by profession but produces about 15,000 bushels of wheat annually as a pastime. As the strict dis-sectors of words would say, law is his vocation and farming his avocation. He knows all about the efforts of the Canadian Pacific and the Canadian Northern to provide railway facilities in Western Canada. He is quite familiar with the splendid speed shown by the National Transcontinental Railway Commission in building a line from Winnipeg to Superior Junction to connect with the G.T.P. line to Port Arthur. He has heard all about enlarging the spout of the grain hopper. He has seen thousands of newspaper editorials on the subject of wheat transportation. He knows what the West is producing and how much of the last year's crop is still in the hands of the farmers. He has an idea as to the amount of grain to be produced this year. And he sums it all up by saying: "It wouldn't be such a bad thing if the crop were a failure this season, it would give the railways a year to catch up."

**S**AD sight, indeed, this outburst of praise for Mr. MacKenzie King, the Deputy Minister of Labour. He was the right man in the right place, but the unwise and blundering politicians would not leave him alone. Because he was making a reputation for himself, a few men, who would like to see the Laurier Government reconstructed so as to enable it to withstand the test of another general election, have talked of him as a cabinet minister. It would be a sorry state of affairs if all the good men in the civil service were to be turned into political managers and vote-catchers. There should be no connection between these two branches of our governmental system.

If Mr. MacKenzie King desires to leave the civil service and enter politics, he has a perfect right to do so. He is his own master. If he were to do this quietly and of his own volition, every person would wish him well. Many people, including the writer, would be glad to see such a virile, upright man plunge into a political game which at present presents none too pleasant a panorama. As a parliamentarian, and possible cabinet minister, one would expect great things of him. The civil service would lose, public life would gain.

The sadness, however, of the present proceeding is that a political boom is being made for a member of the civil service. It is bad taste. It is unfair to the service and Mr. King. There should be no boom of any civil servant. In Great Britain such a proceeding would not be tolerated for a moment. The newspaper man who started the boom lent himself to a most undesirable proceeding; his appreciation of Mr. King was greater than his judgment. How can Mr. King go on deciding upon matters in dispute between capital and labour between a few votes and many votes, while such a discussion is proceeding? Surely Mr. King must see where his over-enthusiastic friends are leading him. If he has made up his mind to retire and so announces himself, then the boom may properly be continued. Until he does so, he is allowing an improper use to be made of

one of the most valuable reputations ever won by a man of his years.

**G**OVERNMENT returns show that the shipments of British periodicals coming to Canada have already increased about fifty per cent. These British papers are displacing United States publications of a similar character. No doubt, under the new postal regulations, this displacement will continue until the sales of United States periodicals here will be small as compared with the sales of British periodicals. The change will be gradual, of course, and will extend over several years.

Those who view this change in our reading matter with equanimity and even pleasure, have little fault to find with United States periodicals. Many of them are as good as those issued in London. In both the United States and Great Britain, cheap and nasty literature is issued. The only reason why a preference is given to British periodicals by the Canadian Government is that this is a British country and it is more desirable that we should know what the British Empire is doing and thinking than that we should know United States events and thoughts.

Some Canadian subscribers to United States periodicals are objecting to the extra postage they are required to pay on their favourite publications. They have a perfect right to do so. This is exactly what the subscribers to British periodicals have been doing for years. The shoe is now on the other fellow's foot, and he is feeling the pinch. The subscriber to British papers and magazines is smiling because his annual subscription has been reduced very considerably. The smile and the frown have exchanged places.

**H**ON. J. P. WHITNEY, Premier of Ontario, is to be congratulated upon the reduced price of school readers which now obtains in his province. For years when he was leader of an opposition, he maintained that the Government was allowing an alleged "ring" to charge prices out of proportion to the value of the readers supplied for the use of the school children of the province. He promised if he were made a premier, he would give the people cheaper books. He appointed a commission to investigate, and when the old contract expired inaugurated a new era with lower prices. He has fulfilled his promise.

Perhaps Mr. Whitney and his colleagues have not yet accomplished all they hoped for; they may yet have work to do along the same line. It is possible also that at one or two points they made blunders, especially in the method of making the new contract. Be these circumstances as they may, the Ontario Ministry has accomplished something after a strenuous fight. On this they are to be congratulated; for this they must be praised.

They still have much work ahead of them. A new set of readers must be prepared or selected within the next year and a half. This is a task of some magnitude and will require much careful direction on the part of the Cabinet and the Minister of Education. A new contract must be made and this will require careful attention to see that the best books are secured at a reasonable figure. Further, the prices of all other public and high



school books must be revised, including those of the drawing and writing books and other "extras" on the authorised list. In this work, the Ministry must be fair to the authors and publishers, and yet see that the public gets the best value obtainable.

All this is for the benefit of the poorer classes of the community. The poorer a man is, the larger his family as a rule and the greater number of public school books he has to buy. In reducing the price of public school books, the Ontario Ministry is working to help the man with the large family. If the ministry will go so far as to supply the more generally used books at cost or free to rural and village schools, it will be carrying its reform a long distance, but no farther than it has been carried in Manitoba, in the leading Ontario cities, and in about two-thirds of the United States. Judging by the present spirit of the Ministry, it will go as far as the public will justify them—or as they think the public can be induced to justify them.

**C**ANADIAN newspapers have been censured pretty freely of late for devoting so much space to the Haywood trial and the Loving shooting case in the South. This sort of criticism of the newspapers is a matter of regular occurrence, and breaks out whenever anything unusually revolting is given to the public at more than ordinary length. What does it mean? It means, in the last analysis, that the public is condemning, with more or less sincerity, its own depraved taste for the horrible, the barbarous, the bizaree, the sensational, the scandalous, the disreputable, the immoral.

Newspapers, like all other mundane enterprises which depend for their prosperity upon public patronage, are compelled to provide what the public want or cease to exist. In doing this they but reflect the public taste; and to the extent that they do it successfully, they obtain success. There are those who contend that the function of a newspaper should be to lead, as much as possible, in elevating the public taste and not merely to mirror it. With this ethical consideration we are not concerned at the present moment.

If the average man who censures the papers for publishing this class of material is not sincere, and he would probably be the first to complain if he were deprived of his daily grist of grisly details. The fact is, improving the public taste is a matter for individual effort, and each man who criticises will find within himself his severest critic if he faithfully answers the question, "Do you read it yourself?"

The public taste cannot be elevated in communities—from the outside. Good morals or ideals cannot be greatly stimulated by legislation. No amount of preaching or moralising from press or pulpit will accomplish it—unless it causes each man to think over these things for himself. Human nature is responsible for depraved taste in every community, and human nature cannot be improved in blocks, or by concession lines. The real elevation of taste in any community or country is that which begins with the individual and works from the inside outwards.

**M**OST people, if asked what was the greatest asset of the Canadian West would unhesitatingly reply, The wheat crop. But is it? An Ontario man who has lately returned from the West says its greatest asset is that it has no history—and there is a great deal in it. Carping critics may say that a negative asset is no asset at all, but this fine point is aside from the question.

There is such a thing as having too much past. A country, like a man, may have it, and sometimes it is very troublesome. The worst feature about a past is that it is often shady, and then one has to try and live

it down, and that, no doubt, is what Serbia and some others that we could name, are trying to do at present. No past is so good but what it might have been better, therefore no past is better than a past of any kind, no matter how good. For this reason the West is better off than most other places in Canada—unless it be Labrador, Baffin's Island or the Coppermine River district—and ought to be thankful for it.

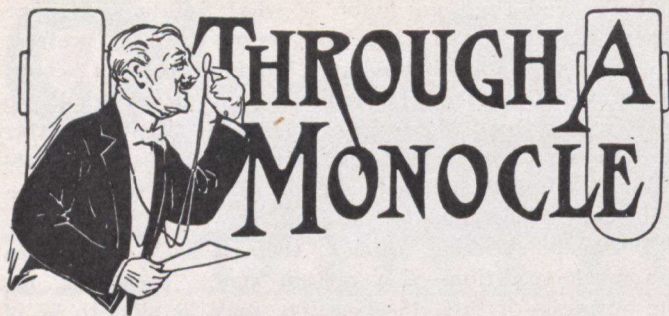
Seriously speaking, though, there is such a thing as too much tradition—of a certain kind. Tradition, for the purposes of this classification, may be said to be of two kinds—the tradition, which inspires by the record of noble accomplishments, and the tradition which weds to the form, and which is ever the enemy to progress. Forms decay, but the spirit of a noble tradition is undying. Canadians have inherited both kinds of traditions, and in the older portions of the country in particular, are too much given to reverencing and perpetuating forms, institutions, ceremonies, conventions—the shell—simply because they have been handed down to us from a misty and musty past. Let us cherish all noble traditions, but let us be sure we do not venerate any tradition whose sole commendation is its great age and antiquated form.

The West is not hampered by a past. Out there they live more in the present than the past, and if they had traditions it is possible they would have to be stood to one side or put in the attic while the people harvested the wheat crop—all of which is a good thing for the West.

**M**AYOR EUGENE E. SCHMITZ of San Francisco, convicted of extortion, was sentenced last Monday to five years in the penitentiary. The nature of public sentiment may be inferred from the fact that, on sentence being pronounced, the crowds in Judge Dunne's courtroom broke into loud cheers. The great city of the Golden Gate met with a disaster in April, 1906, such as stirred the world with compassion and elicited practical aid from all continents. But the worst foes of San Francisco were those of her own household. Earthquake and fire are visitations but the graft and plunder which show themselves in high places are a moral plague much harder to meet. The very man who, above all others, should have stood for order and justice, turned an enemy of most dangerous sort to the community and proved himself a blackmailer and extortionist of degraded type. Schmitz was given the highest office in the gift of the citizens of San Francisco but he used his eminence only for the most sordid personal advantage. Even in the last extremity he had not the grace to be ashamed but interrupted the judge repeatedly to plead that he should not be humiliated unnecessarily. Verily the skin of the grafter is tender. It is to be hoped that no petition signed by a noble army of sentimentalists will be put in circulation, asking that the term of imprisonment be shortened. San Francisco's extremity proved the mayor's opportunity and his punishment is richly deserved.

There has been a growing cynicism in the United States, especially in the West, with regard to legal offenders of high position, who have been alleged immune so far as penal consequences are concerned. But the resentment of an outraged people is almost as dangerous as the rare fury of a patient man, and Schmitz' iniquities have aroused a whole community to the danger of allowing such criminals to remain at large. The meanness of his offences has been especially revolting and the crowd would have been less or more than human had it refrained from cheering when the man who had turned public misfortunes into private gain was finally dismissed to his fitting sphere, "as a message to all the people in the City of San Francisco that law and order are supreme."





ARE we to have the elections this autumn? A lot of people seem to think so, though there is a good deal of initial objection to be got out of the way. This is only the third year of the present Parliament; and four years has been the favourite term in the past. This enables the Government to dally with the hopes and fears of the Opposition as to whether or not the blow is really to fall; and at the same time gives the members a maximum amount of sessional indemnity for a minimum of election expenses. When Parliament lives out its full life of five years, then the Opposition is as wise as the Government over the certainty of elections; and the ministers are cheated out of their legitimate pleasure in keeping the enemy "guessing." But to dissolve Parliament after only three sessions will have to be explained very clearly to "the boys" who could use that other \$2,500 in their business. Some may be depending upon it to "make their elections"—as they say in Quebec—and may otherwise be faced with the necessity of "making them with prayers."

\* \* \*

However, this latter objection can be disposed of by a Government which has good reasons for an early dissolution. There are such things as "campaign funds," though it is always difficult for the courts to discover anybody who knows much about them. Before polling day they are much more easily "located." Men of even very ordinary intelligence are then able to get in touch with them—sometimes with both of them at the same election. Thus members of Parliament who have spent their sessional indemnities as they went along, may not be driven to the hard necessity of depending upon religious exercises for political success. But the Government will not undertake this costly forced march unless there is a reason for it. They are even capable of demanding that the "reason" make up the gaps in the campaign fund. Now is there such a "reason" in sight which would be likely to subscribe a small sum for "promotion expenses" of a "perfectly legitimate character"?

\* \* \*

Have you noticed anything in the papers about an "All Red Line"? I have seen an item or two myself. Connected with it are such names as Lord Strathcona and Clifford Sifton—gentlemen who are generally associated with enterprises that are able to pay car-fare. This enterprise looks as if it might even ride in the Pullman and "tip" the porter. It talks big money. It proposes to levy upon several very rich and very generous Governments for subsidies. But John Bull is looking at it with something resembling a cautious air. Lloyd-George gave it a sort of faint smile of sympathetic interest; and immediately found himself in hot water with some of his followers in the British Commons. They have now appointed a Cabinet Committee over there to examine the whole question; and there is a visible fear on the faces of John Bull's Ministers just now that the pushful Colonies may be trying to pull the old gentleman's leg. Possibly they are asking Sir Wilfrid, and his associates in this magnificent Imperial enterprise, whether they are quite certain that the Canadian people will put up their share of the subsidy.

\* \* \*

Now, if that were so, what could be more "pat" than

that Sir Wilfrid should come sailing home with his splendid scheme for making of Canada the Bridge of the Empire, joining that British lake—the Atlantic—with that Australian sea—the Pacific, and then should ask the Canadian people to declare at the polls by a vote of confidence in himself and his Government that they are willing to put up the Bridge? That would be excuse enough for holding an election this year—a very much more plausible excuse than Sir John Macdonald's in 1891 when he appealed to the people to give him a mandate to go down to Washington to negotiate a reciprocity treaty. What he really meant was to go down to Washington and fail to negotiate such a treaty. Pretexts for elections need not be very convincing. In this case, however, would it be a "pretext"? Is the Government thinking of using the "All Red" scheme as a convenient elevator to another five years' lease of power; or is it the "All Red" scheme which is trying to compel the Government to secure for it the endorsement of the Canadian people at the polls?

\* \* \*

Among the initial objections which must be got out of the way, I quite forgot to mention the rumoured pledge to the Opposition that they would be given another "round" before the Government would call for a "decision." It has always seemed improbable to me that there ever was such a pledge. In fact, a definite guarantee on the part of the Government that they would not dissolve Parliament until after another session of Parliament would approach very near to the unconstitutional. One of the advantages of our system of government is the right of an instantaneous appeal to the people at any crisis; and how could the Premier know on the eve of his departure to attend a great Imperial Conference in London that some question—possibly of Imperial interest—might not arise which would necessitate an immediate consultation of the Canadian people? If he gave such a pledge, the day before an Imperial Conference was an exceedingly bad time to select for the giving of it. But it is far more likely that, if anything were given, it was an intimation and not a pledge; and the intimation was probably well dotted with "ifs." Still "Whip" Calvert talks about a pledge in robust tones. Can it be that he gave the pledge and has a sort of old-fashioned desire to see his personal pledges honoured? At any rate, I shall not believe that there is a definite pledge in the way until Mr. Borden produces it.



Minister (on return from holiday). "Well, Daniel, my good man, and how have things been going in my absence?"  
Daniel. "Deed, Sir, a' things been gaun on brawly. They say that you Meenisters, when ye gang frae hame, aye tak' guid care to send waur men than yersel's to fill the poopit. But ye never dae that, Sir!"—Punch.





BUBBLES OF THE PASSING TIME.

Drawn by J. W. Bengough.

### The Spoils System\*

By PRESIDENT BUTLER of Columbia University

MUCH of the disinclination to engage in active political life that is noticeable among a portion of our people is to be traced, I believe, to the evil effects upon political standards and methods that flow from the debasing and degrading system of treating public offices as a reward for partisan activity, that has gained so strong a hold in the United States. The spoils system is absolutely undemocratic and utterly unworthy of toleration by an intelligent people. Suppose that it ruled the schools, as it rules so many other departments of public administration: then we should expect to see the election of a mayor in Boston, Chicago, New Orleans or San Francisco, followed by hundreds of changes among the public-school teachers, made solely for political reasons. How long would that be permitted to go on without a protest that would be heard and heeded from Maine to Texas? Yet why should we, as good citizens, be more tolerant of such abuses in other departments of the government?

Patriotic men have noted with gratification the progress that is making toward the elimination of this evil. A determined band have kept the issue before the public for nearly a generation, and now they have the satisfaction of seeing the greater portion of the national service wrested from the defiling hand of the spoils hunter. In the state of New York the people themselves put into their present constitution an emphatic declaration on the subject. The full effect of this declaration, splendidly upheld and broadly interpreted by the courts, is just beginning to dawn upon the foes of a reformed and efficient public service. From this advance of sound sentiment and honest policy we may take every encouragement. But much remains to be done. Public sentiment must be first interested, then educated.

Efficient public service is a mark of civilisation. To turn over the care of great public undertakings to the self-seeking camp-followers of some political potentate, is barbaric. Teachers are the first to insist that incompetent and untrained persons shall not be allowed in

the service of the schools. Why, then, should they tolerate the sight of a house-painter, instead of an engineer, supervising the streets and roadways of a city of a hundred thousand inhabitants, or that of an illiterate hanger-on of a party boss presiding over the public wards of a great metropolis? These instances, drawn at random from recent political history, are typical of conditions that will be found widely diffused throughout our public service. These conditions exist because of bad citizenship, low ideals of public service, and wretchedly inadequate moral vision. They will not be remedied until each one of us assumes his share of the task.

### Mr. McBride's Views

HON. RICHARD McBRIDE, the Premier of British Columbia, was in Montreal on Saturday last on his way home from sitting upon the steps of the Throne. He was welcomed back by the Lafontaine Club, a Conservative organisation in the Mountain City. In his reply to the address he made some unusual remarks which are worthy of special attention.

He pointed out that anything wrong in a provincial administration reflected upon the general credit of Canada, which is a fact well worth insisting upon. There are one or two provincial administrators who have apparently overlooked this feature of provincial life. He believed in fairness in political fights and instanced that he had given the Opposition in his province seven weeks' notice of an election, as compared with two weeks given in some other provinces. He believed that a keen and vigorous opposition was a necessity under the party system. Further, Mr. McBride emphasised the necessity for mutual sympathy between the West and the East. A united Canada could only be based on the fullest knowledge and the most perfect accord on all great principles.

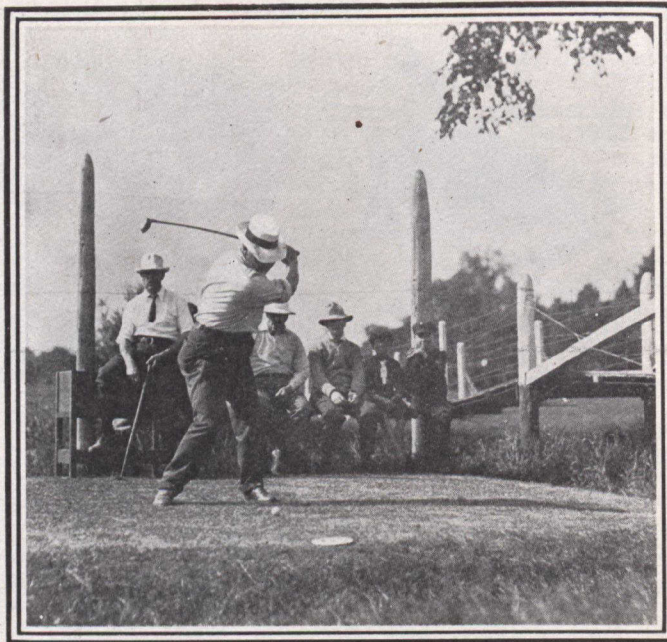
Finally, Mr. McBride made a plea for provincial autonomy or provincial rights. If the Dominion is to be strong and united, the units must be strong in their own strength and each must be untrammelled in its domestic affairs.

\* From "True and False Democracy." (Macmillan).





Mr. Lyon Finishing a Drive.



Mr. Martin Beginning a Drive.



The Gallery at Lambton Golf and Country Club, during the Matches.

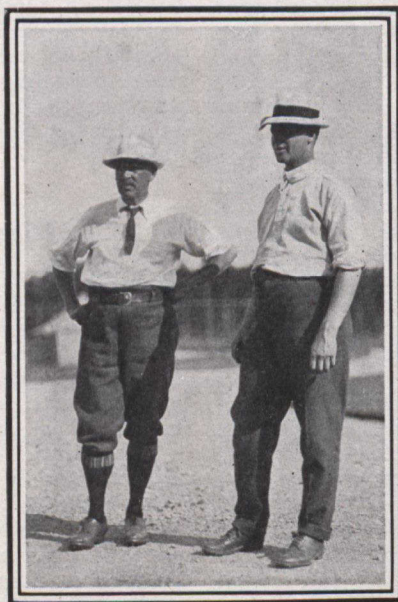
Photographs by Pringle & Booth.

### Championship Golf

LAST week, the annual golf tournament, under the control of the Royal Canadian Golf Association, took place on the links of the Lambton Golf and Country Club, near Toronto. The Aberdeen Cup, which has long been the trophy which went with the title "Amateur Golf Champion of Canada," was won for the third consecutive time by Mr. George S. Lyon, and now becomes his property. The Open Championship was won by Mr. P. Barrett, the pro. of the Lambton Club. J. A. Rowbotham, of the Toronto Golf Club, won the Consolation (amateur).

Mr. Lyon is not playing so remarkable a game as he did last year, although his success in winning the Canadian championship six times proves that he is a remarkable player, that he is lucky, or that there are few good Canadian golf players. Perhaps it would be best to combine all three. When Lyon won at St. Louis against the United States cracks and when last year he got into the finals for the American championship, he disposed finally of the question as to the quality of his golf. Luck does not account for those performances. Nevertheless, there are few native golf players who amount to much in comparison with those of Great Britain. Golf, like cricket, requires much time, and Canadians have not the leisure for these games.

Mr. Lyon went over to Cleveland this week where he



Mr. Lyon and Mr. Fritz Martin just before their game to decide the Amateur Championship.

and Mr. Martin did fine playing last Monday in the contest for the Olympic Cup at the National Golf Tournament. Martin, with 155, and Lyon, with 156, for the 36 holes, passed Byers, Travis, the Egans and Herreshoff. Only Jerome Travers and Sawyer surpassed them. Had the other Canadians done as well, the Olympic Cup would belong to Canada.

The competitors at Lambton were not numerous. Mr. Fritz. Martin was the runner-up. The two others in the semi-finals were Mr. B. W. Swarbeck of Ottawa and Mr. H. J. Martin of Lambton. All played fairly good games. In the semi-finals of the Consolation were Messrs. Rowbotham of Toronto, Powell of Ottawa, Hood of Rosedale and Moss of Ottawa. Rowbotham and Hood were in the finals, the former winning.

In the open class, where the pros. competed, there was more competition. Twenty-three men struggled for the honour held for a year by Murray of the Royal Montreal Club. The five leading scores were as follows:—

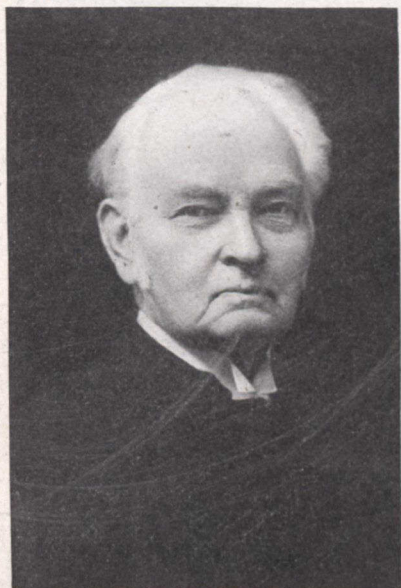
	1st	2nd	3rd	4th	Tot.
P. F. Barrett, Lambton G. C. ....	78	73	75	80	306
Geo. Cumming, Toronto G. C. ....	76	74	79	79	308
C. R. Murray, Royal Montreal G. C.	81	80	81	76	318
D. Black, Ontremont G. C. ....	80	75	80	86	321
Geo. Sargent, Ottawa G. C. ....	74	78	78	83	323

The winner is a modest, careful player, with a good style and a justifiable popularity.

Mr. Lyon is a championship possibility across the line.



Personalities



Rev. George Young, D.D.

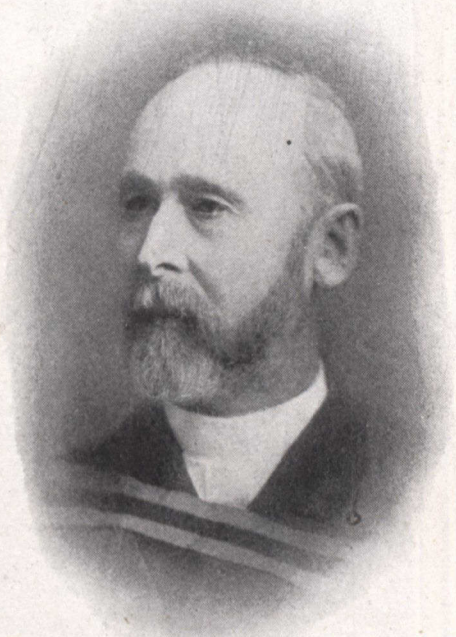
the Irish-Canadian boy who was shot by Riel's orders and whose tortures aroused deep indignation against the brutal halfbreed. Mr. Donald Smith, now known as Lord Strathcona, was sent to Winnipeg as commissioner, and a friendship was formed between him and the pioneer pastor that has continued to the present. Dr. Young is over eighty years of age, but is still clear of eye and keen of brain.

Hon. Thomas Coffey of London was born in Ireland but left that isle of beauty and unrest for Canada at an early age. He entered upon journalism with such successful results that his paper, the "Catholic Record," is recognised as the most widely-circulated journal of its class in the Dominion. For many years Mr. Coffey has been a citizen of London, Ontario, where he is highly esteemed by people of every creed and of both parties, which is much to say in a community which takes its politics

THE foreign mission field is supposed to have more of toil and danger than may be found at home. But the pioneers in the Canadian West could tell a story quite as thrilling as any to be found in the annals of Chinese or Hindoo missions. Among the books which give a bit of Canadian history infused with the warmth of a vigorous personality is "Manitoba Memories," by Dr. George Young, who was a Methodist missionary in Winnipeg in 1868 and who played a manly part in the turbulent days of the first Riel Rebellion. He was with Scott,

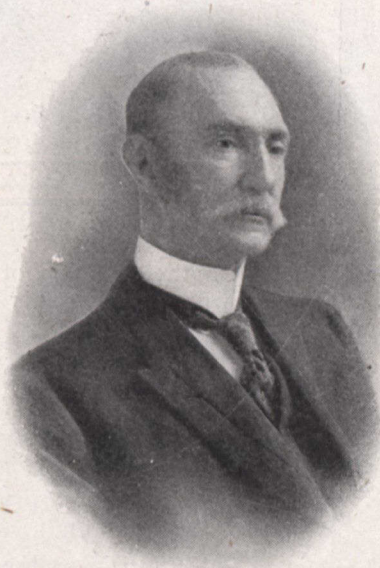
with high honours in mathematics and physics. In 1890 he accepted a position on the McMaster faculty and from 1896 to 1897 was at Cambridge University, England. The McMaster University is under Baptist control and has full university powers. It is one of our most progressive educational institutions and its chancellor is in sympathy with the enthusiasm and aspiration of the modern student.

Dr. G. C. Workman of



Dr. G. C. Workman.

the Wesleyan Theological College, Montreal, was educated at Victoria University in its Cobourg days. He entered the Methodist ministry but discovered that theological study was his congenial work. He was appointed in 1882 to an assistant professorship in Hebrew at his alma mater. Two years later he became professor of Old Testament Exegesis and Literature and to qualify fully in this department he spent five years at Leipsic in post-graduate study. On his publication of a scholarly work, "The Text of Jeremiah," he was given the degree of Ph.D. by the University of Leipsic. In 1890 a volume by Dr. Workman on the subject of "Messianic Prophecy" provoked a long and intense controversy. He severed his connection with Victoria University and for some years devoted himself to further theological research. Recently he has been a professor in the Mont-



Hon. Thomas Coffey.

strenuously. His elevation to the Senate was a recognition of his journalistic attainment and his recent acquisition of the honour of an LL.D. degree from the University of Ottawa evoked general congratulation.

Chancellor A. C. McKay of McMaster University, Toronto, is one of the younger academic leaders, who attained to his important position in June, 1905,

real college already mentioned. Dr. Workman is one of the select band of Canadians to whom "scholarly" may be applied and has vigorous fighting power when his orthodoxy is assailed.

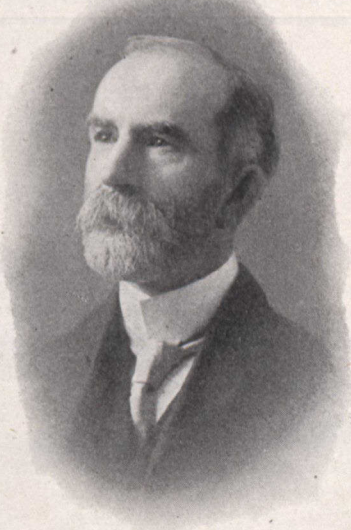
Dr. J. F. White is the head of the Ottawa Normal School, one of Ontario's best-known training institutes for those entering upon the teaching profession. On the death of Dr. McCabe a few years ago, Dr. White's proved ability in connection with the Separate School supervision led to his appointment to his present position of influence and responsibility.

The recent increase of Normal School equipment in Ontario shows how important this pedagogic work has become and how broad were the foundations laid by the educational pioneers.



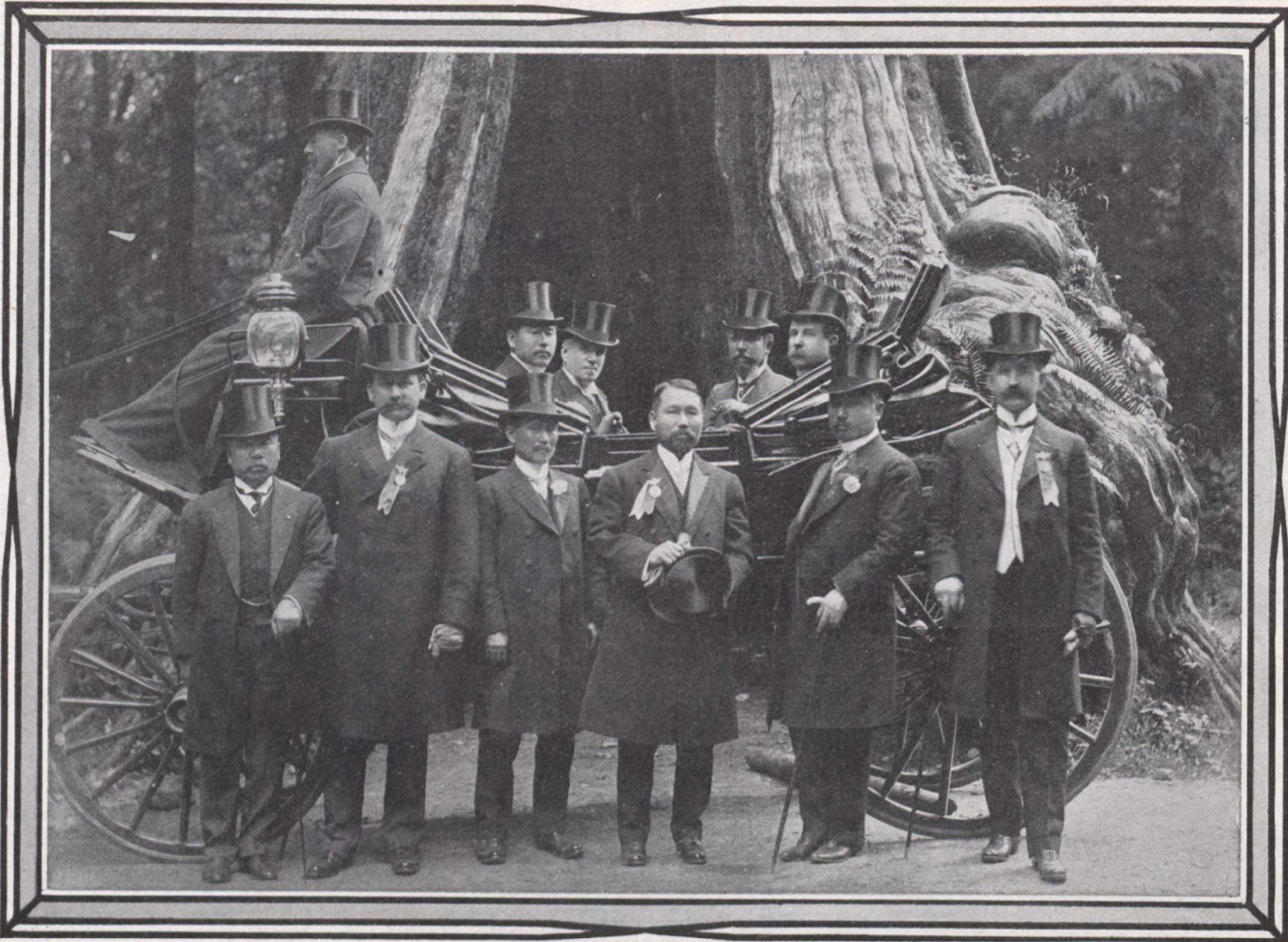
Dr. A. C. McKay.

as successor to Chancellor Wallace. In 1885, the future chancellor graduated from the University of Toronto



Dr. J. F. White.





Prince Fushimi at the Big Tree in Stanley Park, Vancouver, B.C. His Imperial Highness visited the Big Tree on June 22nd, and again the next morning. On the occasion of his second visit he descended from his carriage and carefully inspected the tree. In the carriage are Mayor Bethune (beside the Prince), Mr. Pope, representing the Canadian government, and the Prince's secretary.

## The Atikokan Iron Company

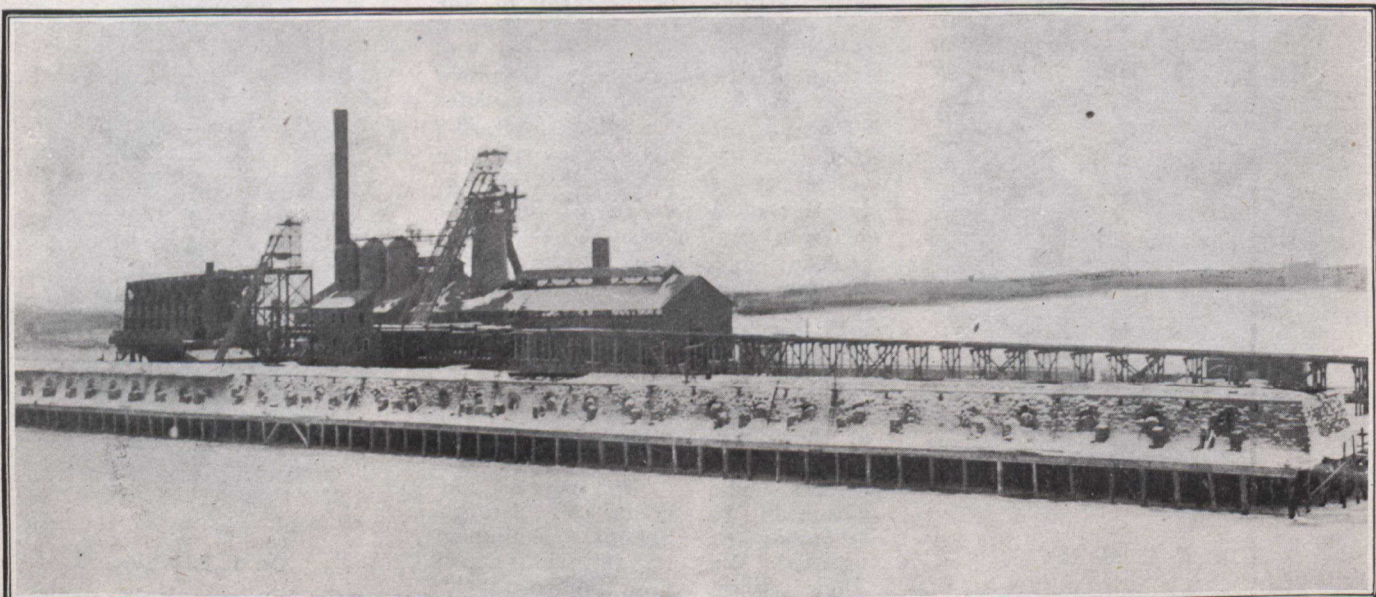
THE PIONEER OPERATING COMPANY IN THE PORT ARTHUR DISTRICT

**T**HE work of the pioneer in any field of industry is always interesting, and for this reason the operations of the Atikokan Iron Company, Limited, at Port Arthur, Ontario, have a special claim upon the attention of the people not only of the province, but of Canada. During recent years a good deal has been written about the extensive deposits of magnetic iron ore to the north and west of Port Arthur, and various plans have been formulated for developing these deposits, but it remained for the Atikokan Iron Company to enter

the field as the first operating company in this industry.

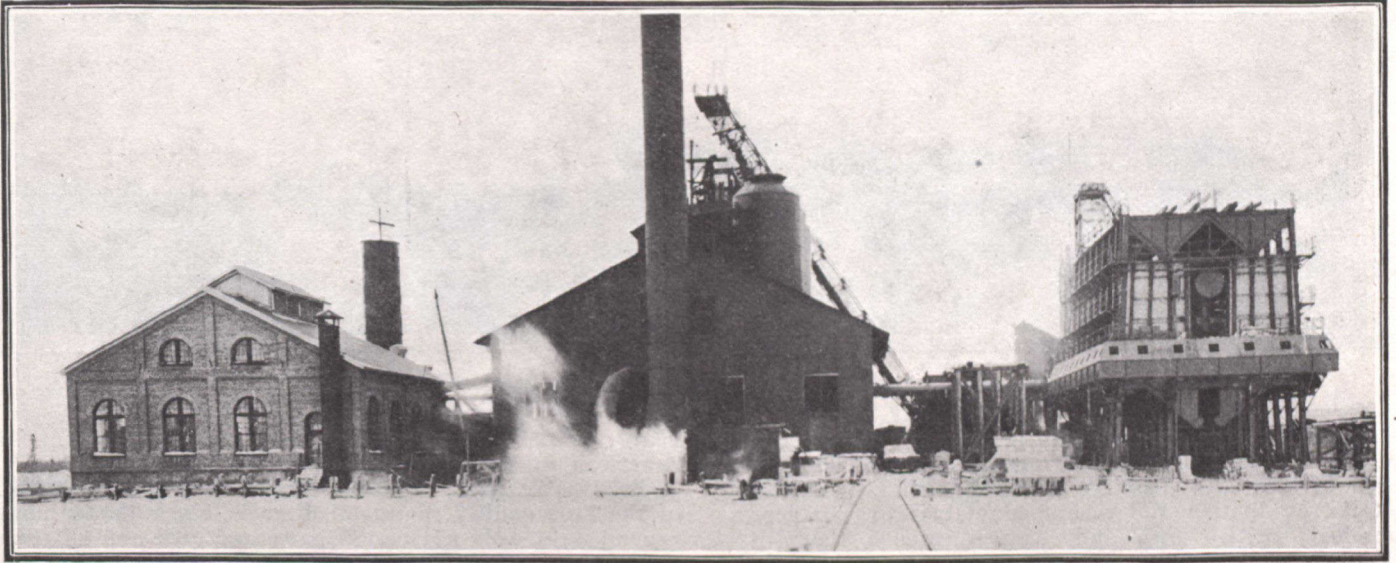
The property owned by the company is situated near Kawene, about 140 miles from Port Arthur, and is estimated to contain five million tons of the metal. The ore is found in a steep, narrow hill through which a tunnel has been driven, showing three separate seams.

The principal interest centres in the operations for extracting the iron from the ore, as conducted at the Company's modern and well equipped plant at Port Arthur, several views of which are shown. The site se-



A General View of the Atikokan Iron Co.'s Plant at Port Arthur.





A closer View of the Plant showing Power House, Blast Furnace and Ore Roaster.

lected was on the water front close to the Great Northern elevators, with a frontage of 1800 feet. To conduct these operations on a proper scale, it was found necessary to construct coal docks, a blast furnace, coke ovens and ore roasting kilns. The coal dock has pockets into which coal is delivered to the works by vessels, and runs alongside of the buildings which constitute the plant.

The buildings are just about completed, and have been designed with a view to operating the plant in the most economical manner. This is an important point in carrying on an industry so far removed from a commercial centre, but it is believed the end has been attained in as satisfactory a manner as possible. The buildings have also been equipped on such a scale as to provide for natural expansion in the industry in course of time.



Buildings at the Mine, 140 Miles from Port Arthur.

The ore roaster is of sufficient capacity to treat all the ore required by the furnace, the advantages of this method of treatment having been demonstrated to the satisfaction of the engineers in charge. The fuel used in the roaster is the waste gas of the furnace.

At present the blast furnace is lined down to a capacity of 100 tons a day, but provision is made for increasing the capacity to 200 tons a day for the second blast.

In view of the expense and other difficulties connected with transportation of coke, a plant of coke ovens was built and owing to local conditions the beehive oven was selected as most suitable. There are 100 of these ovens, each twelve feet three inches in diameter.

Both the furnace and roaster skip hoists shown in the illustrations are operated by steam engines.

## The British in West Africa

By CAPTAIN E. A. C. WILCOX, late Brigade Transport Officer, West African Frontier Force

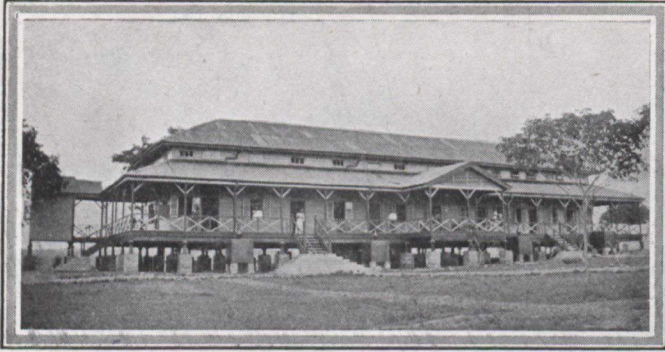
IT is not generally known, or if known, not sufficiently understood, that Great Britain possesses a large Empire in West Africa, composed of the colonies of Sierra Leone, The Gambia, Gold Coast, Northern and Southern Nigeria, each of the three latter being more than three times the size of Great Britain with France and Italy thrown in, and it is the intention of the British Government, as civilisation, in these, its least civilised territories, progresses, to unite all the Colonies and form a large West African Empire.

The first question generally asked by the average man when the subject of West Africa is brought up in conversation, is, Of what use is West Africa to Great Britain? And it is the intention of the writer in this short article, to bring to the notice of its readers a few of the advantages that not only Great Britain but the greater part of the British Empire, especially the manufacturing countries of it, may derive in the near future.

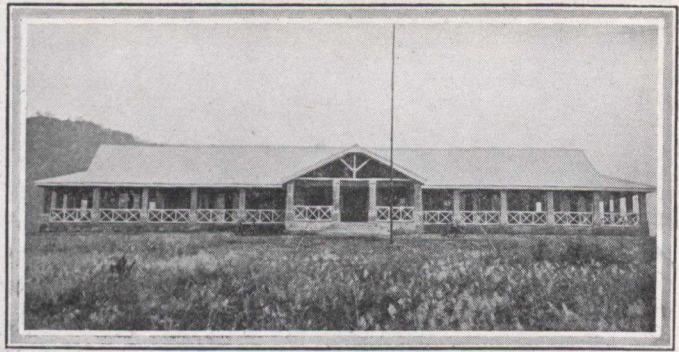
Firstly, the reader must bear in mind that West Africa has for centuries been the hunting ground of slave traders of all nationalities; first the Arabs, then the Dutch, Portuguese, and English made excursions into the countries now known as British Crown Colonies, and

carried away the inhabitants by thousands. The Arabs made excursions from the interior and marched their luckless captives across the Great Desert to Northern Africa, the slave caravans marking their route through those trackless and waterless wastes by the bleached bones of the countless thousands of slaves that succumbed to the privations and hardships of that terrible journey; and if human eyes could penetrate the blue depths of the sea, it would be discovered that the Dutch, Portuguese and English slave dealers of the past have likewise caused a line of human bones to be stretched from the ports of the West African coast to Europe and from there to America and the West India Islands, for untold numbers of West Africa's inhabitants died in the foul holds of the sailing ships that transported them, and their bodies were flung into the sea, at the bottom of which their bones now lie. Yet in spite of these centuries of raids and murders of hundreds of thousands of its inhabitants, British West Africa to-day possesses a population of about one hundred millions, and as slave raids and wholesale murders are now things of the past, the population is increasing and will continue increasing with astonishing rapidity, and with the increase of pop-





The Hospital for Europeans at Lokoja.



Officers' Mess, West Africa Frontier Force at Lokoja.

ulation there are great efforts being made for its civilisation by the British Government. Every colony has been divided into districts where British law is administered by British Judges and Magistrates; God-fearing unselfish British men and women preach the Gospel everywhere, a handful of native soldiers commanded by British officers maintains peace, whilst an excellent native police force, officered by British officers with police experience in other parts of the Empire, assists the local authorities in the administration of justice.

Now with the spread of civilisation comes the demand for the goods and the articles in every-day use with the civilising race. Articles which in the very near past were not even dreamt of as luxuries, are now looked on as necessaries. Every year the demand for these increases and already Germany, France and America have large mercantile firms competing there with British firms. Thousands of British workmen are employed manufacturing cotton goods, blankets, cutlery, hardware, earthenware, brads and glass for the British West African markets only. For West Africa alone there are large shipping companies running small fleets of steamers, and naturally as the population increases so will the demand for the goods already mentioned, as well as for all others in everyday use in every civilised country.

Then, again, it has been recognised lately that the soil is admirably suited for the cultivation of the very best cotton. British associations with large capitals, are already planting immense tracts of land in every part of West Africa with cotton, and the governments of the colonies encourage the natives in its cultivation by giving them free grants of selected seeds and by employing expert British officials to teach them the best methods of cultivation. The people are natural farmers and have taken to cotton growing, as the labour required is not arduous. They are not compelled to leave their villages in order to do it and they realise that the money they will receive for the cotton will enable them to purchase the manufactured goods that they are now commencing to look on as necessaries. In a very few

years British manufacturers will be independent of American grown cotton.

British West Africa also produces quantities of rubber of the best quality, palm oil, kernels, sheer butter nuts, ground nuts, kola nuts, mahogany and gold and all these products find their way to the British manufacturers and provide employment for hundreds of thousands of British subjects. Coffee and cocoa are also being largely cultivated and the rich fertile valleys of the Rivers Niger, Benue, Radoona and Gongola are admirably adapted for cattle rearing; the climate is suitable, no housing or feeding is necessary to keep the beasts in the pink of condition all the year round, the almost limitless valleys providing all they require, and labour is cheap—from sixpence to a shilling a day per man.

Of course the climate is at present unsuitable to the white man, he may not with impunity reside in it for more than twelve months at a time. It is essentially necessary that, at the expiration of each twelve months, he should proceed to Europe to recuperate his health, but each year the medical profession understands more about the remedies for the deadly malaria of the country, and the swamps, the breeding grounds of the Anopholes, the deadly mosquito that carries the malaria, are drained and dried, thus causing the climate to become healthier, and though West Africa may never become a health resort, there is no doubt that in a very few years it will become a habitable spot for the white man, and lastly but by no means the least advantage is that it takes a fast steamer very little more than a fortnight to get from London to the remotest port in Nigeria. Nigeria was only taken over by the British Government in 1896. Already railways are running and steam launches floating on its rivers whilst the clanging of machinery is heard at many spots on the Niger, and numerous factories now stand where half a dozen years ago no white man's foot had trod.

British West Africa, in the very near future, will help to solve the difficulty of the unemployed by giving work to the manufactories of the Empire in abundance.



Part of Lokoja Town—The dull thatched houses are those of the natives. The white roofed houses are those erected for the use of government officers.



# Lord Falconet's Despatch Box



By HEADON HILL

ILLUSTRATED

THE Continental night mail had scarcely pulled out of Charing Cross station when Roger Malcolm began to take an interest in the nice-looking girl who shared the seclusion of his compartment in the first-class corridor. He found himself wondering how it came about that such an attractive personality was travelling alone. In the course of his conjectures he chanced to catch the eye of his fair vis-a-vis, and, while hurriedly averting a gaze which he had no wish to make offensive, he caught the tail-end of a smile.

"I beg your pardon, but did you know that you were sitting on my magazines and newspapers," she said in a musical voice that added to her charm. "I was beginning to wonder whether I should have to go all the way to Dover with nothing to read."

Malcolm was on his feet in an instant, profusely apologising. The allegation was substantially true. In taking his seat he had failed to observe that a modest budget of ephemeral literature was behind him. He handed over the papers, and in the thrust and parry of regrets and forgiveness that followed the cause of these amenities was somehow forgotten, and the two young people were soon in the thick of a pleasant conversation—impersonal in character, but thoroughly sympathetic.

Once or twice, and it happened during a pause in the small talk while the girl was looking into the darkness from the offside window, a man came along the corridor, and in passing cast a keen glance into the compartment. Malcolm, whose face was turned towards the corridor, saw him each time, but the girl, by reason of the pensive abstraction that seemed to sweep down upon her at intervals, did not notice him.

Shortly after the third passing of this fitful apparition, Malcolm, murmuring something about a cigarette, got up and left the compartment. He was a healthily tanned, clean-built young man of about four and twenty, and his companion viewed his departure with a trace of dreamy reproach in her pretty violet eyes. She had been, in fact, turning from the window with a fresh subject for discussion when he made his hurried exit.

She had, however, not long to wait for his return. He had been absent only ten minutes when he re-entered the compartment, by no means the spruce, self-possessed young gentleman he had been when he left it. Every muscle of his face was working with some ill-defined emotion which to the astonished girl seemed very like fear.

"There is a detective on the train—a Scotland Yard man—in the smoking car!" he exclaimed in disjointed little jerks, as he sank down in his old seat.

"I was wondering whether you would help me," he went on in a curiously inconsequent fashion. "It is a preposterous thing to ask of a perfect stranger, but, believe me, that fellow's suspicions of me are quite unjustified. I am as innocent as the babe unborn. If I am arrested, the happiness of a widowed mother will be shattered for ever."

And he went on to pour out an incoherent narrative from the confusion of which one fact alone stood out with cameo-like clearness—that he was not running away from justice, but that it was imperative for him to retain his liberty a little longer in order to put himself in a position to prove his innocence. That end, he avowed, could only be attained by his getting safely to Paris, where there was a man who could furnish him with testimony to confound his scheming enemies.

"Have I convinced you that I am not unworthy of your help?" he said after an appreciable silence.

"I—I do not see how I could help you, if I consented to try," the girl made hesitating answer.

"I can soon show you that," came Roger Malcolm's eager rejoinder. "It is as simple as it is easy. At Dover we might leave the train together, and if this detective—

Inspector Peters is his name—molests me you might say, on my appealing to you, that I cannot be the person he is looking for, because you know that I am quite respectable—in fact you might assure him that I am an attache of the British Embassy in Paris."

The girl gave an imperceptible start, and looked queerly at him. "But I should have to mention your name," she said, continuing to regard him with a shyly increased interest.

A fleeting annoyance, quite self-accusatory, crossed the young man's now brightening countenance. "I had forgotten that," he said. "But it really doesn't matter. There is a chap at the Embassy—I knew him well once—called Roger Malcolm. You might—don't you know—you might—"

"Tell a lie to save you, and say that you are Mr. Malcolm!" the girl interrupted in a blaze of indignation, which the next moment was revealed as not quite the genuine article when, dropping her eyes demurely, she added: "Let me think."

The young man leaned back in his seat, respectfully expectant, but with more or less of an air of achievement. A longish silence ensued, and the train was thundering through Swanley station when the girl raised her head briskly, and pointed to the rack above. "Please get me down that black leather dressing-case and the hand-bag next to it."

Malcolm rose with alacrity, and lifted the two articles of luggage from the rack. He gave them successively to the girl, who placed the dressing-case on the seat beside her, but retained the bag on her lap. Unsnapping the catch, she rummaged among the contents and presently found what she was looking for—a tube of white paint, a small wooden palette, and a camel's-hair brush.

"Now you are on no account to speak to me till I have finished," she insisted. "Or," she added as she drew off her gloves, "so much as look at what I am doing. You would make me nervous, and I need a steady hand."

In spite of the injunction Malcolm could not resist stealing a glance now and then, and he saw that she had half-turned in her seat in such a way as to cover her task, but from the movement of her shoulders and an occasional glimpse of a deftly poised hand, he guessed that she was at work on the dressing-case at her side. For twenty minutes she preserved the same attitude, then taking up the dressing-case and turning the lid towards him she uttered the single word:

"There!"

It was Malcolm's turn to start and look queerly at his companion now. For her recent handiwork was revealed in the legend, neatly painted in bold white lettering on the black leather of the lid:

LORD FALCONET,  
BRITISH EMBASSY,  
PARIS.

Lord Falconet, as all the world, including Roger Malcolm, was aware, was no less a personage than the British Ambassador himself.

"I say! but you have been taking liberties with a very great name," the young man exclaimed, with a look of mingled inquiry and admiration at the eager face opposite. "How is that to help me?"

The girl eyed him compassionately. "You cannot really have done anything wrong or you would not be so stupid," she said. "You talked just now about it being simple and easy to represent yourself as an attache of the Embassy. This makes it much simpler and easier. If you carry the dressing-case from the train to the boat at Dover, and the detective questions you, I imagine he'll run away with a flea in his ear or a bee in his bonnet or something equally unpleasant when you



show him that. Especially if I back you up by vouching for you as an attache whom I've known for years. Mind, I don't like doing it at all."

"But you will—if the occasion arises?"

"Yes. You quite understand? You are an attache of the Embassy conveying Lord Falconet's despatch-box to Paris. You can give me back the dressing-case when we get on the boat."

"That, at any rate, shows that you trust me," said Malcolm gravely. "For such a service any thanks I could frame would be inadequate; but, believe me, your confidence in my innocence is more precious than the service itself."

"It is a very quick-drying paint," remarked the girl. "See, the first letters are dry already, and they will all be dry by the time we reach Dover. But, to make sure, you had better not let him take the case out of your hand. If you merely show it to him it ought to be enough."

Malcolm recognised the discouragement of the personal note in his last speech, and he tactfully accepted the practical instruction as the last word on the main issue. Leaning back in his seat, he was silent for a while, and then opened up an inconsequent conversation which lasted till the train ran on to the pier at Dover. In the course of it he learned incidentally that "the girl," as he had so far been compelled to individualise her, was on her way to take up a situation as governess in an English family residing in Paris. Also, after some pressing, she informed him that her name was Rhona Beatson.

"Now comes the pinch," he whispered as he helped her to alight. "Don't invite attention by looking about you. I daresay we shall not be called on to play our little drama after all."

Entrusting their other light luggage to a porter, he took the dressing-case and began to escort his fellow-passenger towards the gangway of the steamer. But they had only taken a few steps in that direction when a light touch fell on the young man's shoulder, causing him to stop and wheel sharply round. The detaining hand belonged to the stranger who had looked into their compartment on the train.

"Sorry," he said abruptly. "But I wish a word with you. We have had dealings before, I think. You know that I am Detective-Inspector Peters?"

"Yes, I know you. Fire away," said Malcolm, who seemed more surprised than alarmed.

"May I ask if you know who this—er—young lady is, in whose company you are travelling?" demanded the inspector, his hungry gaze divided between the dressing-case in Malcolm's hand, and the girl's face of profound consternation.

For an instant Malcolm appeared to shrink from the question; then he fenced with it, answering with another—

"Who do you think she is?"

"If she is the party I think she is it would be hard to put a name to her," replied Inspector Peters drily. "She would be known among her pals as Brixton Sal, but more latterly she has been passing as Marie Blanc, while in the service of the Duchess of Scarborough, for the purpose of lifting Her Grace's jewels. That," he added sternly, "is the Duchess of Scarborough's jewel-case."

It was a tense moment, throbbing with infinite possibilities as the three faced each other under a flickering lamp with the impatient steamer's escape-valves roaring close at hand. The tension was snapped by Malcolm's derisive laughter.

"It's my turn to be sorry, Mr. Peters," he said. "Sorry that such a distinguished officer should have gone and put his foot in it. I have known the young lady for years—all my life, in fact. She is not 'Brixton Sal' or Marie Blanc, or anyone else, but Miss Rhona Beatson, whom it is my privilege to be escorting to Paris."

All taken aback, the Inspector reflected. "Then you are both being made catspaws of," he rapped out, "catspaws for transporting the Duchess' jewel-case out of the country. Someone you didn't know very well presumed on your good nature to take it to some address in Paris, letting on it was a dressing-case or something of the sort, maybe?"

"Peters, Peters, you are incorrigible," said Malcolm. "I am not sure if you are not guilty of lese majeste. You would be if you were in Germany. To confound the British Ambassador's despatch-box with a stolen jewel-case, and its trusty convayers with the thieves! Why, I am ashamed of you, Peters! Look at that."

Mr. Peters, with an instinct born of his uniformed days, half raised his hand to his tweed travelling cap in

salute to the great name that met his gaze, and fell back a pace.

"That," Malcolm went on remorselessly, "is Lord Falconet's despatch-box—not Lady Scarborough's jewel-case. I am trying to get it through to him in Paris, and if I don't meet any more duffers like you en route, I have every hope of success."

The detective murmured something like an apology, and disappeared in the crowd. The two young people, speaking never a word, passed on to the boat. A sudden constraint seemed to have fallen on them, and it was not broken down by the studiously polite attentions of the gentleman in finding a sheltered seat for the lady on deck. Considering the ordeal from which they had just emerged with apparent triumph the attentions savoured too much of politeness and too little of cordiality for the lady's liking.

"Funny that we should both be tarred with the same brush," said the girl, when the situation was becoming, to say the least of it, awkward. "When one comes to think of it," she added, glancing quickly up at him, "it did not appear that you were tarred at all—only me."

"I confess that the reversal of the position came as a surprise to me," was the stiff reply.

"Why did you tell all those untruths on the spur of the moment—about having known me all my life, and the rest of it?"

Malcolm had to fumble for words. "Well, you see," he replied haltingly, "you had promised to do as much for me. I should have been a brute not to come to your rescue. I was more or less bound in honour to do so."

"Honour among thieves," murmured the girl softly, as though to herself. And, nestling into the cosy corner he had found for her, she abandoned herself to the delights of a cross-channel passage on a warm July night under a starry sky.

Roger Malcolm, on the other hand, having placed "Lord Falconet's despatch-box" on the seat at her side, paced the deck in no enviable frame of mind. For he was in all truth Roger Malcolm, attache to the British Embassy in Paris, and he was smarting under the self-inflicted lash of having done a foolish thing. On entering the train at Charing Cross he had been attracted by his charming fellow-passenger, and then, when he had recognised Mr. Peters playing Paul Pry into their compartment, having a clear conscience himself, he had suffered qualms that she might not be as good as she looked. To test the question he had quitted the compartment temporarily, and had returned with the sudden announcement that there was a detective on the train in the belief that if she had a sense of guilt she would betray herself. On the contrary, however, she had received the news quite coolly, appearing to assume that he was the object of the officer's attention. To account for having imparted the information to her he had invented the story he had told her.

And now it transpired that the boot was on the other leg, and that "Miss Rhona Beatson" had been the pea under the thimble after all—so far as suspicion went. And if Mr. Peters' suspicion was correct he, Roger Malcolm, had been playing the very deuce. He was helping "Brixton Sal," with a bungling yarn which she had promptly turned to her own advantage, to get away with her plunder. And, anathema of all the maranathas, the august name of his revered chief had been taken in vain for the purpose.

He paced the other side of the deck till they neared Calais, and then, savagely flinging his cigarette into the sea, muttered that he would go and ask her if she really was "Brixton Sal." But when he reached her she greeted him with such winning camaraderie that he forebore.

"How rude of you to leave me all alone," she said. "The responsibility of guarding Lord Falconet's despatches has weighed heavily. I am glad that you have come back to resume it."

"I will secure a porter to carry it to the train for you," said Malcolm, eyeing the receptacle with obvious distaste.

"In the circumstances that would be hardly wise," was the reply uttered with such significance that Malcolm asked uneasily—

"Why?"

"Because you naturally wouldn't entrust the Ambassador's despatches to any hands but your own, and those of the young lady whom it is your privilege to be escorting," the girl smiled up at him.

"But there is no need to keep up that farce here," replied Malcolm quickly. "There can be no trouble with the French police."

"No," said the girl, dropping her voice, "but with Inspector Peters. He crossed with us. He has been watch-



ing me all the time—is watching us now—from the shadow of the funnel."

Malcolm, groaning inwardly, saw the force of her suggestion. To part company with the "despatch-box" under the nose of the detective would be to cast doubt on his statement. More than that, it would be equally perilous to part company with his charming fellow-traveller. There was nothing for it but to go on blindly, trusting to his wits to shake off Inspector Peters when they got to Paris.

"You are quite right," he said grimly. "I had no idea that Peters was on board."

Lifting the dressing-case with a reverence due to its supposed contents, but with secret misgivings as to what those contents really were, he piloted his companion across the gangway, and conducted her to the buffet, where he ordered refreshments at one of the little tables. It did not conduce to his enjoyment of the light repast to see Mr. Peters munching sandwiches and discussing a whisky-and-soda at the counter, but under the demure eyes of Miss Rhona Beatson he controlled his uneasiness, and when it was time to go to the train he had almost worked himself into a reckless mood. He was bound to travel to Paris with the girl anyhow, and if she was "Brixton Sal" she was uncommonly pretty.

He remembered having read a detective story about a "baby-faced" criminal, and he supposed that, if the leather case he was carrying contained the Duchess of Scarborough's jewels, the young lady he was escorting was of that deceptive type.

On the French train the Inspector was less in evidence than he had been on the English one, but Malcolm caught a glimpse of him entering it, and the fleeting vision of that dogged pursuer rather marred his pleasure in once more seating himself opposite the lady who had been so fertile in expedient for getting him out of an imaginary trouble. Peters had talked about catspaws, but Malcolm felt that the use of the plural had been a mistake—that he alone had been made use of as an accessory in a gigantic robbery. He resented it the more that it was entirely his own fault, and not being conversationally inclined, he was not sorry when the girl said:

"I'm so frightfully sleepy. I shall take forty winks if you don't mind."

And, leaning back in the cushioned seat of the coupe, she dropped off into a peaceful slumber. For a while Malcolm watched the gently parted rosebud lips, and then drowsed himself till the increased roar of the train as it passed through the fortifications awoke him, and he knew that in a few minutes they would be in the Gare du Nord. His companion was still fast asleep, but he roused her by touching her hand.

"We are nearly there," he began. "We must concert measures—"

"For giving the detective the slip?" she cut him short. "There is only one way of doing that. I settled it before I went to sleep. You must let me drive with you to the Embassy."

Malcolm regarded her with dismay. "But—but—" he stammered.

"But how are you to get rid of me when we arrive?" she helped him out again. "Well, it will be difficult, I fear. I must try and hit on a plan during the drive."

In despair Malcolm acquiesced with a silent shrug,

and it was forcibly impressed on him when they descended to the platform that a drifting policy was the only one possible. Mr. Peters, making no pretence of concealment now, was hovering near them, and stuck as close as wax till they were seated in a fiacre, when he openly followed in another.

They had traversed half the distance to the Rue du Faubourg St. Honore, when Malcolm jerked out:

"I shall have to take this infernal thing into the Embassy, I suppose. Peters won't interfere with you after such an ocular demonstration as that. You had better retain this cab and drive to—wherever you want to go."

"And abandon my property to you, sir," said the girl with asperity. "No, I thank you. I shall have to come into the Embassy, too, till the detective has thrown up the sponge and gone away."

Malcolm set his teeth and racked his brain for a way out. He could only hope that at six in the morning there would be no one but the night porter in the hall of the Embassy, and that he could furnish him with some excuse for bringing his companion inside for a few minutes. But the agony of it!

"Brixton Sal" and her loot finding sanctuary under the aegis of His Majesty's representative!

The fiacre rattled into the courtyard, and Malcolm found a crumb of comfort on finding that Peters had stopped his vehicle outside. At least he was to be spared the indignity of being openly shadowed to the grand entrance, and of a scene thereat. If the inspector was only going to sneak about till he was satisfied that the "despatch-box" had been taken into the Embassy there might be hope yet that "Brixton Sal" could go on her way rejoicing. It was a pity she was so pretty.

The great door flew open, and Malcolm, with the box under one arm, handed his fellow traveller from the cab. She had an amused little smile on her face as the janitor saluted her escort respectfully, and she tripped into the hall after him, smiling more broadly at the laboured request he was commencing that the young lady should be allowed to wait.

But before he had spoken a dozen words, and these quite unintelligible, a diversion occurred.

A quietly-dressed, middle-aged woman, whom Malcolm recognised as Lady Falconer's confidential maid, came forward from the back of the hall. For a moment he thought that she was about to address him, but with a bow she passed him by.

"You will be Miss Beatson, the new governess?" she said civilly to the inspector's suspect. "It was her ladyship's wish that I should be up early to receive you. If you will come with me, Miss, I will show you to your room."

"You were so funny, though, all the time after Peters came on the scene at Dover, that I think I shall have to forgive you," Rhona said, later in the day.

"There is nothing for you to forgive," protested Roger mendaciously. "Do you imagine that I would have brought you into the Embassy if I had believed you to be that poor detective's lawful prey? The muddle began on a sound basis, and I hope it will end on the same one."

"What basis?" came the innocent question.

"That we both liked the look of each other," Roger returned boldly, and they both laughed.



"How rude of you to leave me all alone," she said. "The responsibility of guarding Lord Falconer's Despatches has weighed heavily."



# 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. He is baffled once more, and Mr. Grinnell increases his deposits to \$35,000,000, and informs Mr. Dawson that Miss Grinnell, his sister, shares the secret of his wealth. The president then warns the plutocrat, Mellen, of the gold calamity. They tell Grinnell of the harm of too rapid increase in gold supply. The latter refuses to become either alarmed or confidential.

**"H**AVE you much more on hand?"

"Quite a chunk of it!"

"How much?" asked Dawson. The richest man was leaning forward again, his eyes fixed on the young man because the young man was not looking at him.

"I don't know. I haven't weighed it," answered Grinnell.

"You are commencing to disturb the money market. People have begun to wonder where the gold is coming from. The newspapers will take it up. You will find the financial reviews already speaking about it. It is lucky a lot of Klondike gold has been coming to New York lately. But unless you let up, there will be glaring headlines, and then—"

"The newspapers must not take it up," said Mellen, almost tenderly. "That must be seen to, Richard. It must be stopped at any cost." The president nodded.

The young man was thinking. He turned a perplexed face to Dawson.

"How long must I stop depositing my gold?"

"It isn't so much a question of stopping as of reducing the amounts deposited."

"I can't reduce them. I must deposit several millions a week or stop altogether. My arrangements are peculiar because—" he paused; then went on quickly, with a smile as if pleased at being able to cease to flounder—"because I don't like half-way measures. But I think I can stop for a month." He thought for a moment. Somehow Mr. Mellen felt as if the young man were speaking of a factory. "Yes," finished Grinnell, "I can stop for a month, Mr. Dawson, out of regard for what you say."

"Thank you. I appreciate it more than I can say."

"Then say nothing. I'll make another deposit in a day or two, and then I'll give you a nice long rest. How does that please you, Mr. Dawson?"

"Very much. Only be sure to do the same by all the other banks." Dawson tried to show gratitude, but the anxiety was uppermost.

"I will."

Mr. Grinnell extended his hand. The president grasped it; his own was very cold—and very dry. Mr. Mellen was gazing intently at the arabesques in the rug at his feet. He did not answer when Grinnell said "Good-morning."

As the door closed, Dawson rose and approached Mellen.

"William?" he said.

Mellen did not look up. Dawson laid his hand on his friend's shoulder and repeated: "William!"

Mellen turned an expressionless face to the president.

"He makes it!" said Dawson.

"He makes it!" repeated the richest man in the world, hypnotically.

"Do you feel certain of it?" Dawson's voice betrayed his eagerness to find comfort in Mellen's assent.

Mellen's mind awoke. "What's that? Certain of what?" But he still looked blankly puzzled. It made the president uncomfortable. He repeated:

"That he is making gold."

"It can't be," said the richest man in the world. "It can't be. Of course not. And yet—" He paused. He clenched his hands; his lips were pressed tightly together. Into his eyes there came a straining look. Gradually the tense lines about his mouth relaxed. He murmured doubtfully: "But he might as well make it. Perhaps he does. He has the gold. He will have more."

"I am sure of that," agreed Dawson, not over-cordial, but still as if that were his firm conviction.

"We must find out more about him. Are we going to take his word for all he says? Even if he made it he must make it out of something. Where does the gold come from? How does it come?"

"It comes from his furnace. Costello all but saw it. He—"

"Why didn't he see it?" interjected Mellen, glaring at Dawson. "Why don't you put a hundred men at work? Is that all you can learn about this man?"

Dawson had never before seen his financial backer display vehemence, ever so slightly, for the power of fabulous wealth had given an almost pious severity to Mellen. The years of golden invulnerability seemed to have rolled away from the richest man in the world, and left him an impatient youth, crossed in some cherished plan, exasperated, after long and soothing immunity from attack, at being forced into defensiveness. The president said to him, not servilely at all, but nevertheless with more than a suggestion of self-defence:

"We have done all that men could do. Grinnell has been at this work only eight or ten weeks, and he already has fifty millions in cash. If it were not for that you might call him a charlatan, a trickster of some sort. You believed what he said when he spoke of his plans; you did not think he was lying. You know men as well as I do. What impression did he produce on you? The gold comes out of his house. His servants won't talk. I told Costello to offer them any price for information. But he was convinced it could not be done without Grinnell's learning of it, and we don't want him to know; or, how do we know what complications might follow? Costello doesn't think they know anything, anyhow. The house is guarded day and night. Costello himself went into the cellar with a load of coal. There is no doubt that Grinnell takes no gold into the house, and that the gold comes out of the electrical furnace. He has fifty millions now, and he won't rest until he has a billion. That is his minimum. And, in the meantime, if somebody learns his secret—"

"We must find out," shouted the richest man in the world, shaking his fist wildly in the air. "A billion in gold. What will become—" He checked himself as he caught Dawson's half-frightened look. He drew in a deep breath, and began to walk to and fro. At length he stopped by Dawson and said, more composedly: "Richard, I think as you do, yet it doesn't seem right; but I can't tell what is wrong. If he produces gold at will, and we knew how he did it, we'd still have to sell our bonds. It is better to prepare for the worst now. Begin at once. Sell those that are in my box, here. You have the list. Tell Thompson to bring you the list of those in the safety vault at the office."

"Yes," said Dawson, with less relief in his voice than might have been expected. "We'll have to be very careful. The market won't—"

"This is no time to talk of eighths and quarters," said Mellen with decision. "If we are right, of what use are the bonds? If we are making a mistake—" He hesitated. Doubt again showed in his face. Dawson hastened to speak:

"If we could be perfectly sure he's not going to—"

Mellen's doubts and convictions came and went like



irregular pulse-beats—he had been disturbed to his very depths, and his mind did not work with its normal precision. He became calm again, and he spoke with quiet decision: "This young man means well. That is what makes him dangerous. He will flood the world with gold, and think he is doing good. Yes. Sell the bonds."

"Very well," Dawson sighed. It came easier to him to believe the worst; he had seen more of Grinnell. But he knew the bonds would have to be sold at grievous sacrifices.

"It's the only thing we can do," the richest man said, almost consolingly; he knew Dawson's thoughts. "But," he added, "you must keep on trying to find out where he gets the gold. Send Costello to me. And you must buy stocks."

Bonds are payable, principal and interest, in gold coin of the present standard of weight and fineness. If Grinnell's operations made gold as cheap as pig-iron, each \$1,000-bond would be worth fifty ounces of iron, and no more. If some other metal took the place of gold, the corporations would take pains to be paid in the new coin, whatever that might be, and they would pay dividends on their stocks in the same. But the interest on bonds they must pay in gold. Bondholders would be ruined, and stockholders would profit by the others' losses. All this Dawson and Mellen realised on their first interview; it was perfectly obvious.

"Which stocks?" asked Dawson.

The richest man in the world did not answer. He was looking at Dawson, meditatively. At length he said, musingly: "If he dies? And if his sister dies? After us, the deluge!" he said. The danger lies in that man's secret becoming known. Yes. We have no time to lose."

In winning his fabulous fortune, the richest man in the world had gambled stupendously. His stakes had been hundreds of fortunes, thousands of lives. But after the first hundred millions he always had gambled calmly—he had grown to think he was doing his duty, and that Providence, whose confidential servant he was, had dealt cards marked for his benefit. What had unnerved him was the sudden realisation that his financial life hung by a thread. The armour in which thirty years of success had encased him had been broken. It had fallen from him. He had acted as he might have acted at the time when he was not the richest man in the world.

He went to the president's desk and wrote out a long list—all stocks of steam and street railroads, gas companies, and industrial concerns. His writing was very even, and the letters were small, but the figures were very plain.

"It's only a question of time," he told Dawson, as he finished, "when Grinnell's gold process will be known to the world." He rose, and seeing the president's serious look, he said, with an air of conscious jocularity (for he did not jest often, and when he did he had to announce it beforehand, with his face, that there might be no misunderstanding): "Cheer up, Richard. The worst is still to come!"

### PART III.—THE PARADOXICAL PANIC.

Wall Street was suffering from its worst disease—dullness. The public—the only genuine octopus—did not find the menu printed on the ticker-tape at all appetizing. It was hard at work in its office, miles away from the Stock Exchange, out of hearing of the ticker, scanning the financial pages of the newspapers only on the street cars to pass away an irksome half-hour. Months before, the fumes of the wine of gambling had gone to its head; and then the public had been made sober suddenly by the "shrinkage in quoted values," otherwise the shearing. Since then the public had grown a new fleece, though it was not yet itself aware of it.

It was a delicate task, before the president of the Metropolitan National Bank. He was a resourceful stock market manipulator, though he would have resented being called a thief not half so hotly as being called a speculator, because that sounded worse in a bank president. He desired the public to buy bonds; not necessarily at high prices, but at any prices. It was purely philanthropy on the face of it. That is why the task was delicate. You can disarm suspicion if you are bad, in Wall Street. But, if you are good, the hopelessness of it is appalling. Moreover, there was no time for finesse or subtle strategy or ingenious experiments with the elemental psychology of stock gamblers. The occasion called for broadly-painted effects.

The first thing he did was to offer bonds to savings banks and trustees of estates all over New England and New York, at concessions too slight to arouse suspicion, but substantial enough to tempt purchasers. This

through the best bond "drummers" in the land. Then he sought the Stock Exchange.

The bond market, which had slumbered profoundly for months, suddenly awoke. Gilt-edged issues were pressed for sale, not violently at all, but insistently. They came from many sources, the Street thought, not knowing the full contents of the huge strong box of the richest man in the world. The fortunes of the ordinary multi-millionaires grow faster in the newspapers and in club-corners than in reality. This fortune was even greater than the gossip of it. Mellen spent time in making people look at his wealth through a reversed telescope, that it might be diminished in the public's estimate. That is all he had ever done to diminish it, being a practical man.

The bond "specialists" felt faintly alarmed; then they became exultantly busy. It might be unwise to buy stocks the future market career of which was problematical; but everybody knew what Pennsylvania Central first mortgage fives were. Not to buy them under 125 was to sin regrettably. The bonds sold at 122. To abstain from purchasing them at 120 was lunacy. And at 115 passivity became a crime against one's family. Many bought, but not enough; and because the supply was greater than the demand the price shrank further.

The Street held its breath and waited for stocks to follow. But, simultaneously with the sales of the best bonds of the best railways in the United States, came purchases of the stocks of the same railways, and though prices of bonds declined, stocks did not. The Street felt that to "trade" in such a market was like playing rouge-et-noir in an utterly dark room. What was the sense of betting on the black if the bettor could not tell, because of the darkness, whether his chips were on it or on the red?

The newspapers, being puzzled, printed dozens of columns and hundreds of explanations, all of them highly ingenious and uniformly incorrect. In his Monday morning article, Philip King, of The Sun, compared the bond market to the old story of the great psychologist who, dressed as a pedlar, offered on a Broadway sidewalk to sell five-dollar gold pieces, warranted genuine, to the passers-by at \$3.98. Never a fool so foolish, in the passing thousands, as to shake hands with fortune on the psychologist's coin-laden tray. Now they would not buy bonds.

Of the millions of dollars of bonds that were sold, some were registered in the name of William Mellen or Richard Dawson, or of known stool-pigeons—clerks in their offices, etc. This became known in the end, though Dawson delayed the inevitable as long as possible. Then, of course, the mystery was sold: the "Fort Dawson" crowd was selling bonds and buying stocks! The country was prosperous. There was no cloud in the financial sky. Obviously, the greatest capitalists in the United States were engineering a gigantic stock boom!

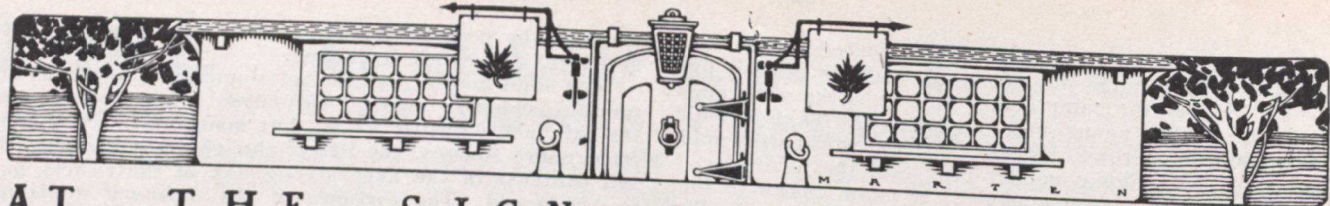
The Evening Scold, the greatest journalistic exponent of the Undoubted Wisdom of the Sneer, promptly filled itself with wrath and editorialised its feelings, as follows:

"The abnormal increase in the cash resources of the New York banks during the past few weeks, was too good an opportunity for certain bank presidents and their pals to neglect. The banks are not in Wall Street to safeguard the interests and the cash of their depositors, but obviously to help the directors and their schemes. In this instance, the overgrown arrogance of the latest stock market millionaires has degenerated into imbecility, induced by protracted success in their despoilment of the public. Fortunately, it should prove the undoing of the financial Condottieri, for the stupid public surely cannot be stupid enough to permit itself to be hypnotized into paying absurd prices for brazenly manipulated insecurities like Transcontinental Air Line or Great Southern Preferred, or into sacrificing gilt-edged bonds. Let the would-be buyer of stocks, and the would-be seller of bonds, beware!"

But, after all, it was only the very wise—Messrs. Dawson and Mellen—who bought stocks. Only a few foolish lambs sold stocks at the high prices and bought bonds at the low! Also some of the alert-eyed men over whose doors were foreign names ending in "stein," and "baum," and "berg," and "mann." The fools in their folly, and the shrewd in their shrewdness, were helping the richest man in the world, and the ablest bank president in the United States, during those stirring days in Wall Street—shivering days when a great crash in the stock market was expected momentarily by so many that it did not come. The expected never happens in Wall Street. It can't afford to.

(TO BE CONTINUED)





## AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

**T**HERE is one impolite fiction regarding women which ought to be dismissed from the column of modern proverbs. That is, the airy saying that no two women can be sincere and loyal friends to one another. Of course, there are feminine creatures who are known among the sisterhood as "perfect cats." They purr profoundly when men are in the neighbourhood; but when the perfect cat is left with none but women for her audience, a velvety paw is stretched out and—scratch! But when we leave out the feline persons, whose name is not Legion, there remains a noble host of women who are equal to the demands of friendship.

School-girl friendships are often made the subject of the masculine sneer. There is a good deal of juvenile gush about the sweet young things who vow to write to each other every blessed week and who indulge in convulsive caresses while the cab is waiting to take them and their diplomas away to the world outside. But even these effusive affairs have been known to stand the strain of time and to bring forth the fruit of kindly thought or service a score of years after the yellowing diploma has been packed away with the French grammar and the graduation essay on "Ideals." How often do you hear a gray-haired woman say, with reference to some especial tenderness from another, "You know we were at school together." The woman who can deny the reality of a bond between those of her own sex has missed one of the best and brightest things in life—a chum.

We are accustomed to think of the women of the East as extremely secluded and more "feminine" in attire than those of the Western Hemisphere. But the description of the garb worn by the chief Consort of the King of Siam reads like a dress reform fad. "The attire," says an English paper, "consists of buckled shoes, black silk stockings, black silk knickerbockers, close-fitting and gartered at the knee, and a tight white tunic of the Eton jacket type with a coloured sash and a single epaulette of lace. The Siamese ladies are naturally graceful, and they look most becoming in this unconventional dress, which they wear in public at Bangkok."

The King of Siam, unaccompanied by his wife, is visiting England at present and is, no doubt, enjoying the country for which he formed an attachment in the year of the Diamond Jubilee. His name, by the way is Chulalongkorn and one cannot help surmising what he is called by those who know him best. Is it possible that His Majesty, one of whose titles is Owner of the Four-and-Twenty Golden Umbrellas, should be addressed in private life as "Kornie"?

A woman reader of the "Canadian Courier" has asked for advice on the subject of a "really good" new novel. She asserts that she doesn't care for trash and would like a book that is not of the hammock variety. There is a new English story which has pleased nearly everyone who has read it, and has called forth the comment, "somewhat like Dickens." To say that a new writer has done anything nearly as good as "The Tale of Two Cities" or "Our Mutual Friend" is to risk all manner of incredulity. But all who have read "Joseph Vance" by William De Morgan have been under a spell akin to that of Dickens, although it would not be true to call it an imitation. There is the same quaint benevolence, the same readiness to recognise the nobility and pathos that lie beneath the surface of the sordid and a degree of that power of caricature which makes the memory of Dickens a smile forever. "Joseph Vance" is

one of the friendly books, to be bought not borrowed, and to be read more than once or twice. The writer accomplishes at least one remarkable feat. He presents to us the heroine of Joey's early days and the woman of his later love, reconciling their friendship, assigning them their respective niches in Joey's heart, without arousing either disappointment or disgust. To those who have found the emotional excess of the problem novel a decided boredom this gentle, winsome story of old London will be a welcome refreshment. "Alice-for-Short," the writer's second novel, is said to be a worthy successor.

\* \* \*

"Are Canadian men polite?" was the subject which recently agitated a happy group at a veranda tea. The debate was decided in the affirmative, the most stirring remarks on the subject being made by a young matron who, with her Canadian husband, has been living for the last four years in an Ohio city.

"It's all nonsense," she said, vigorously, "that American men treat women so chivalrously. I've seen more rudeness to women in Cleveland in one day than you'd see in Toronto in six months. Men who consider themselves well-bred actually smoke their pipes as they walk or drive with women. Their behaviour on the street-car is simply boorish. If you see a man offering a woman a seat you may know that he's a Canadian or from the South. I don't wonder that most rich American girls go abroad and marry foreigners who, at least, have the virtue of politeness."

\* \* \*

A Canadian man, after visiting New York was asked by some of his women friends about the fashions of Gotham and said in a vague, masculine way: "All that I know is that New York is lined with brown." In that respect, the rest of the fashionable creation is like New York, and brown in all shades makes the streets look like an autumn-carpeted forest. Every brown, from cinnamon to seal, has been bought by the skirt length and the costume until there threatens to be a dearth of brown voile. Gloves also have broken out in browns and show a tawny expanse of wrinkles. Why can't there be some variety in the matter? Brown is a pleasant warm hue for those who can wear it, but it is not universally becoming. But if it is the fashion, "miladi" becomes a brown shoes.

CANADIENNE.

### Harvest-Tide

By EDWARD WILBUR MASON

The fields of ripened wheat stretch far and wide,  
Far as the wealth of Egypt's plains of old.  
But oh, the beauty of the poppies' tide  
That runs along the mold!

The corn that crowns the distant hilltops broad  
Flames like an Aztec watch-fire in the air.  
But oh, the glory of the golden-rod  
That lights the valley fair!

The toiling reapers all day gather sheaves,  
All day their sickles in the sunlight swing.  
But oh, the lovers walking in the leaves,  
And sowing dreams of Spring!

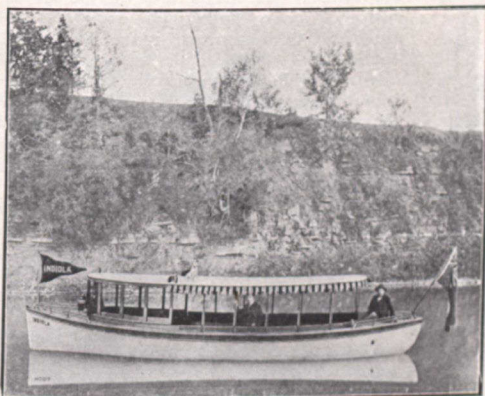
—Smart Set.

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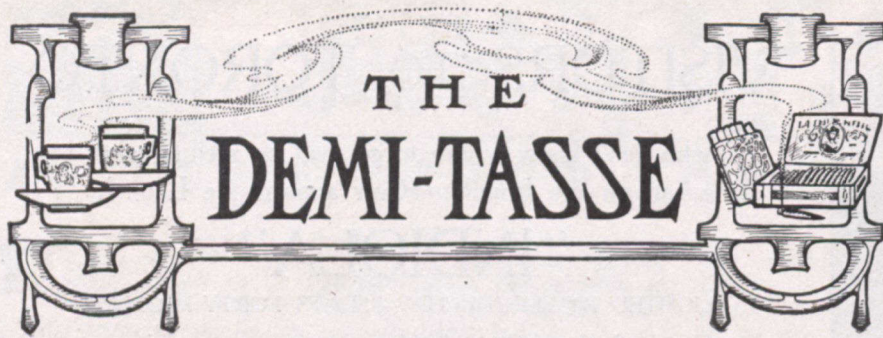
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# THE DEMI-TASSE

## AN INTERRUPTED ORATOR.

**T**HIS is the week when the North-Ireland keeps the "pious, glorious and immortal" memory of William III. It used to be an occasion of much bitterness and recrimination, but the modern Orangeman in Canada is content to observe it rather as a happy combination of history and holidaying than an excuse for reviling the Vatican. Some years ago an Irishman from Ulster who had been indulging in one glass too many of his native whiskey, happened to pass St. Michael's College, Toronto, on the afternoon of the "twelfth." A priest was pacing quietly to and fro on the walk near St. Basil's Church. The sight of the reverend father kindled the spectator's wrath, and he leaned heavily against the fence, while he uttered an impious wish concerning the future life of His Holiness, the Pope.

"Eh?" said the priest, looking up from his book in consternation. The Orangeman repeated his condemnation, and the father's eyes twinkled as he observed the inflamed countenance and the drooping orange lily. But relief was near. Just then a large and vigorous woman bore down upon the ill-wisher and rebuked him in no gentle fashion for having deserted her.

"Come away with me, now," she commanded, sternly, "an' stop callin' foolish names." The lion was transformed into a melancholy lamb, and was summarily taken away towards Yonge Street, while "His Reverence" indulged in a hearty laugh and probably realised the blessedness of clerical celibacy.

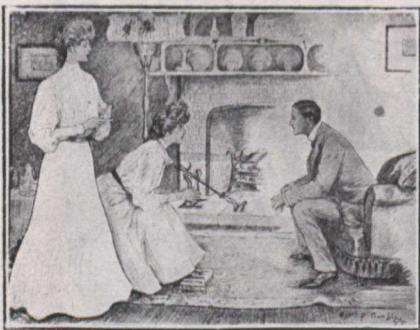
## JULY.

The watermelon days have come,  
The sunniest of the year,  
When aldermen of heated brows  
And snowy vests appear.

## NEEDED A DIP.

A Scotchman who recently took the street car trip on the Gorge Route, the New York side of Niagara River, was much disgusted with the hawkers of views and "Teddy Bears," who make the afternoon hideous and do their best to spoil Nature's grandeur. As he alighted from the car he looked angrily at the shouting vendors and then at the Whirlpool Rapids.

"What's the use of having a big river like that," he asked, "if you don't drown those fellows in it?"



Scarcely Flattering.

"Mother hopes that you will stop and have dinner with us, and just take us as we are, you know." "Thanks very much. And please don't put yourselves out for me. I am pretty well hardened to anything."—Windsor Magazine.

## BUSINESS METHODS.

A clever man uses his brains, but a cleverer man uses the brains of others.

## WHAT THE NEIGHBORS THOUGHT.

There is a small town in Ontario which takes its theology seriously. Not long ago the Methodist minister of the place indulged in an argument with the Presbyterian pastor regarding the damnation of infants, and each clergyman preached two sermons on the subject. An old woman who lives across the road from the Parsonage and next door to the Manse was asked what she thought of the controversy. The boys belonging to the clerical families had been committing small crimes in the matter of robbing her orchard and garden, and the owner was wrathful.

"I don't know whether the ministers believe in damnation of infants or not. But one thing is certain—their neighbours do."



The Big One: "If you'll come with me I'll give you some more candy."  
"I don't want any candy. It'll make me all sticky an' first thing I know, I'll have to be washed."—Life.

## CONCLUSIVE.

Two small boys, one of them from Chicago, the other from Toronto, were quarrelling about the relative areas of their respective countries.

"I know Canada's the biggest," concluded the Toronto chap, "because our birthday comes on the first of July and yours isn't until the fourth."

## LIVELY ELECTIONS.

A man from Montreal was speaking of the manner in which dead men vote at municipal elections in Canada's metropolis.

"I guess that Gabriel's trumpet is the only thing that beats a Montreal election at raising the dead."

## SOLD AGAIN.

Canadians are not likely to forget their last G. O. C., the gallant Lord Dundonald. There is a story told about an ancestor of the hero of Ladysmith which shows that the Cochranes have always liked a dash of political as well as military adventure. When this Dundonald of the old days was Lord Cochrane he stood for Honiton, and took the unusual course of refusing to give any bribes. As his opponent gave five pounds a head, Lord Cochrane suffered defeat. The latter, however, determined to get in next time, so he sent the bellman round the town, announcing that all those who had voted for Lord Cochrane would

receive ten guineas apiece if they called on his agent. In those pre-ballot days, of course, it was known how each man voted, and the happy minority marched off to the agent, each getting his ten guineas. Naturally enough, the majority began to think they had made a mistake, and they resolved to rectify that mistake at the first possible moment. In due course an opportunity came; there was another election. Lord Cochrane stood again, and the voters, remembering his lavish methods, asked him no questions, but returned him with a roaring majority. Then they conveyed a delicate hint to the noble lord, asking what he proposed to give them for this disinterested service.

"Not one farthing!" roared his Lordship. The unhappy men reminded him that he had paid ten guineas a head to the minority at the previous election. A complacent grin brightened the face of the member as he gave this explanation: "The former gift was for their disinterested conduct in not taking the bribe of five pounds from the agents of my opponent. For me now to pay them would be a violation of my own previously expressed principles."

## THE MODERN WAY.

"Well, have you made enough money to retire on?"

"Better yet. I've made enough to stay up all night on."—Cleveland Leader.

## INCONSISTENT.

Bridget—"The way some livin'-out girls change their places is scandalous."

Mistress—"Is that so, Bridget?"  
"Faith, an' it is. Every time I've been in the intelligence office I seen the same bunch sittin' there."—Smart Set.

## NOT THE SOUP'S FAULT.

A man, seated at a table in a restaurant, gazed at his soup with a melancholy air. A waiter was passing, and he spoke to him. "My friend," he began, quietly, "I cannot eat this soup." Without further ado the waiter hastened to replace it. Again the man called him. "My friend, I can't eat this, either."

"Why not, what's the matter with it?" stammered the waiter.

"I cannot eat this soup—because you haven't given me any spoon."—Silhouette.

## PROVERBS FROM "LIFE."

One man's bed is another man's breakfast food.

One man's meat is another man's Upton Sinclair.

## STRIKINGLY GARBED.

An English weekly tells a laughable story about poor Phil May. One morning this artist was standing at the edge of the road, waiting for his horse, and he was dressed in his usual peculiar style—mustard-colored riding suit, vivid waistcoat and bright red tie. A man, who had evidently been revelling, happened to lurch round the corner of the street. He stared at the famous artist for a minute in silence, then he touched his cap and asked in a tone of deep commiseration, "Beg pardon, gov-nor, was you in mournin' for anybody?"

## A MINTO STORY.

According to M. A. P., an amusing incident occurred to Lord and Lady Minto during the time that they held office in Canada. Lady Minto arranged to give a garden party at Government House, Ottawa. The day arrived, and everything seemed in order for the event, the gardens looked their best, and host and hostess waited to receive their guests. But not a soul appeared upon the scene. Time passed, and at length it dawned upon an absent-minded A.D.C. that he had written the invitation cards—but had entirely forgotten to have them posted! History does not relate how this contretemps was received by the Governor-General and Lady Minto.



## Peculiarities

**R**ESIDENTS of a certain block on Slater Street, Ottawa, are exceedingly wrathful on account of the work of a canine chorus which nightly disturbs their rest, and which for volume and discord is said to be far worse than any German band. Perhaps they are rehearsing for the Earl Grey trophy.

A Chinaman in the East had both feet taken off by a trolley, and now goes about wearing cork imitations. The real feet were embalmed and sent back to China to be buried with the remainder of him when he leaves for the golden shore, in accordance with their peculiar religious rites. Wonder what they do when one of them is blown up?

The silence from the direction of Hon. J. I. Tarte these days is ominous. Can it be that he is quietly preparing to throw a bunch of ukases into the Grit camp just when the political peanut crop is about ready to be harvested?

If the Quebec Government ever want a money-making scheme—one that will require the use of coal scuttles to carry the money—let them engage Dr. Sproule and Col. Sam Hughes to tour the fall fairs of the province, inserting their visages through a canvas screen and allowing the crowd to hurl ripe eggs at them. There ought to be enough in it to pay the provincial debt.

The neighbourhood of Walkerton is said to be one of the best places in Ontario for the buggy business on account of the rough roads and the great quantity of stones on the roads. A feeble agitation is being raised to improve the roads, but if the buggy manufacturers are half alive to their business, they will see that it is promptly stamped out. The idea of trying to kill the buggy business that way!

An Ottawa doctor found a burglar in his house the other night, gave him a sound thrashing and let him go. What an opportunity to have performed a little operation in the interests of science, to try and locate the burglar germ.

It's a long lane that has no turning, and the plain looking man is to have an inning at last. The proprietor of a summer resort in the Thousand Islands has decided to dismiss all the good looking college student waiters he has because, he says, they flirt with the girl guests, pour soup down their backs and smash dishes, instead of attending to business. In their places he has engaged a number of plain but useful Swedes, who are guaranteed to be flirt-proof. That sounds all right, but those plain fellows are very crafty and need to be watched, or they'll "yump the yob" with some of the girls yet.

We can almost imagine we hear the Edmonton "Morning Journal" man saying, "What's the use of trimming and folding it up neatly? They'll only use it for wrapping paper anyway."

Have you had it yet? Sprained-pocket-bookitis—the popular summer malady. It generally catches one about the end of the vacation.

For some time past Con Jones, a well-known sport promoter of Vancouver, has been figuring on taking a team of Oriental athletes from that city on a tour of the East. This team consists of Sikhs, Japanese, Chinese and Siwash Indians, and created a sensation on Empire Day by their intensely laughable football games, wrestling and other contests. By all means bring them East, and let them add to their programme that celebrated Oriental specialty of grow-

ing Christmas trees from the asphalt pavement while you wait.

A Western man who has been married once, is in search of a second wife, but specifies that she must be dumb. Perhaps if he was to suddenly present one of the talking ones with a trunk full of new dresses and a ticket for Europe it might strike her so dumb with surprise that his end would be gained.

A couple of M. C. R. officials on a tour of inspection the other night were held up by a large tom cat, whose eyes they mistook for a couple of green signal lights. After that we may expect to hear any day of some great big overgrown firefly flagging their train or turning a switch for them.

A Toronto man, who says he has travelled considerably, but who is afraid to make known his identity, says that in his opinion Regina women are the prettiest in the world—prettier on the average than Toronto women, and more daintily dressed. Now, the question is, What is this man doing in the West? He says he is interested in real estate, but it looks as if his business must be suffering badly from lack of attention.

"Finished crooks" extracted a roll of \$1,000 in bills from the inside pocket of J. J. Miller, an Iowa man, while he was going up two flights in an elevator in a Winnipeg bank building. It's a safe bet that Mr.



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LOS ANGELES, 621 Trust Bldg.  
TORONTO, CANADA, Suite 604-5-6, Traders' Bank Building

Miller will nail all these rolls on the inside of his boots in future.

\* \*

The doctors have been discussing the germs again, but did it ever occur to you that those colonies of bacteria may get together in convention sometime and discuss what they will do to the doctors?

\* \*

Mr. F. T. Congdon, ex-Governor of the Yukon, predicts that within the next few years steamers will be running to summer resorts on the Arctic Ocean, and doing a good business. How nice it would be to get back to the simple life of frisking with the polar bear on his native heath and drinking ice water three times a day—and how it would rest one after toiling hard all year in a big city.

\* \*

A stranger arrived at Port Stanley late the other night from across the lake, and although he hammered and pounded and shouted for admittance at all the hotels, he was unable to get in, and had to walk the streets all night. The fact is those fellows who run village hotels engage in a different kind of sleep from the rest of mankind. Once they turn in for the night, nothing short of the crack of doom or setting the place on fire will budge them till next morning. Try it and see.

\* \*

Some individual who forgot to sign his name has sent Secretary-Treasurer Fraser, of the Ottawa Electric Railway \$91 in bills as conscience money. The same person previously sent \$100 in the same way. A man who can beat a railway company as bad as that has a great future before him, and ought to make a fortune, if his secret is properly handled.

\* \*

A Sydney, N.S.W., despatch says that "athletic enthusiasts who desire to see the perfection of lacrosse as the Canadians play it, may have an opportunity of doing so" on July 21st. How those Vancouver fellows must laugh at that item. Let's see, 17 to 0 was the score, wasn't it? They should fix the game for the 23rd.

\* \*

A couple of bruins have been hanging about the telegraph office of a little town in British Columbia and badly scaring the women and children. Probably they were Teddy bears waiting for the latest news of the President's arrival.

A Haldimand County paper says: "We are here to give you a newspaper. Our ambition is to let no item escape us, so if you see an item getting away from us, please capture it and deliver it at the office, and great shall be your reward." Yes, you will then be allowed to put your feet on the desk when you call on the editor, and cut from his plug with the same knife, and no questions asked.

### INFORMATION WHILE THEY WAITED.

The president of the faculty of a medical college once addressed a graduating class with reference to the necessity of cultivating the quality of patience in their professional as well as in their domestic relations.

The professor said: "Gentlemen, you are about to plunge into the sphere of action. No doubt you will, in some degree, follow the example of those who have preceded you. Among other things, you will doubtless marry. Let me entreat you to be kind to your wives. Be patient with them. Endeavour not to fret yourself under petty domestic trials. If you are going to the theatre, do not permit yourself to become excited if your wife is not downstairs in time. Have a treatise on your specialty always with you. Read it while you are waiting.

"And I assure, gentlemen," the professor concluded, with delicate irony, "you'll be astonished at the vast fund of information you'll accumulate in this way."



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**What are Works of Necessity?**

**J**UST exactly what constitutes "works of necessity," as applied to the sale of food in restaurants on Sunday, is one of the troublesome points on which the courts of the land are discreetly silent. Since 1900 decisions have been given in a few specific instances by judges, the latest being that of Rex vs. Devins, in Toronto, a few weeks ago, in which His Honour Judge Morson held "that a licensed restaurant-keeper could lawfully sell candies and oranges to a customer who carried them away from the premises."

In commenting upon this decision in the course of a very able article, entitled "Sunday Rest and Restaurants," in the last number of "The Canada Law Journal," the writer contends that food purchased in a restaurant should be consumed upon the premises, and that in permitting it to be taken away from the premises the reductio ad absurdissimum has been reached. In the writer's opinion, (1) "the sales of confectionery as a general rule do not on any sound principle, come within the scope of the words, "works of necessity or charity" or "mercy," and (2) there is no justification for Sunday restaurants "to be regarded as storehouses of food, where food or confectionery may be purchased and carried away for consumption."

**Oysters Cross a Continent**

**T**RANSPLANTING three and a half million oysters 3,500 miles across a continent from Prince Edward Island to Vancouver Island, is the very unusual undertaking which Col. Markham, of Victoria, B.C., is now bringing to a conclusion—successful, it is to be hoped, after the courage and enterprise he has displayed. The Colonel spent a week at the P. E. I. oyster beds, and finally obtained a car of the bivalves for his new venture at Esquimalt.

He found that owing to the rapid depletion of the Prince Edward Island oyster beds, the Government had extended the close season, prohibiting fishing from April 1st to October 1st, instead of from May 1st to September 1st, as formerly. On this account there will be very few oysters shipped from the island this year. Previous to April 1st nothing could be done because of the presence of ice; after October 1st, the weather will be too stormy for any extensive work. Col. Markham met several of the larger shippers, had conversations with Mr. Kemp, the Government expert, and enjoyed the trip immensely.

In the island he came across some curios. One was a bar of iron about a yard long covered with oysters, another a ladies' shoe, in which two of the bivalves had found resting places, and a third a piece of metal heavily encrusted.


**Car Shortage in the West**

**C**AR shortage in the West and the renewed demands for reciprocal demurrage, are discussed in an admirably calm and impartial manner in a late number of "The Market Record," Winnipeg. The key to this attitude is disclosed in a concluding sentence: "The interests of the shippers and of the railways are so intermingled that it would be a strange condition of affairs where either endeavoured to antagonise the other."

The opinion which generally prevailed last winter, that the railways should have been better prepared to handle the grain crop, has changed, says the writer of this article, and people now believe that the railways did their best. "But railways, like individuals," he points out, "must live by experience, and the grain growers will look to the transportation companies for improvements and complete preparation for any kind of weather in the future."

"It is obviously to the interests of the various railroads to see that such improvements are carried out, but upon this assumption a good many are not willing to place all confidence. Hence the demand for reciprocal demurrage."

"But while Canadians are taking their time in duly considering the arguments for



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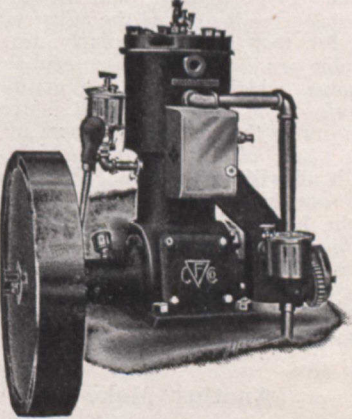
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and against reciprocal demurrage, there is no reason why the railways and the shippers cannot get together on a conference basis and help each other solve the problems that great and rapid growth is bringing in its train. There is an evident desire upon the part of the railways both in this country and on the other side of the line to understand and to be better understood by the shipping interests; and the grain growers of Western Canada are wise in being awake to this fact, as they seem to have been by their invitation to the railways to send delegates to the convention which was held in Winnipeg last week. The people are on a reasoning basis now, and it is to be hoped that all whose interests lie in the development of Canadian railways and the improvement of facilities, will continue to work harmoniously together with an aim of evolving the very best laws and regulations, as well as assisting in the individual progress of all concerned."

**The K was Silent**

**R**USSIANS are famous for their linguistic abilities, but here is a story of one who was nearly wrecked on the rocks with which the English language abounds.

"You have so many superfluous letters," he said, "that when I began to think I was becoming a master of your language I succeeded in having myself laughed at a dozen times a day. I began to learn English in Boston, its American fortress. One day while walking with a friend I saw a street sign. 'Oh,' I said, 'what a funny name for a street! Kneeland Street!' I pronounced the K. 'You're wrong,' said my friend. 'You pronounce it "Neeland" Street. The K is silent.' I took the lesson to heart.

"The next day I went into a restaurant. I looked over the bill of fare. 'Give me some "idneys,"' I said. The servitor looked at me aghast. Finally in desperation I pointed to the record of what I wanted. 'Oh! kidneys,' he said. 'Excuse me,' I rejoined, haughtily, 'the K is silent.'"

**A Prize Essay**


About forty years ago the adjudicators of the Arnold historical essay prize at Oxford University were wearily ploughing through the usual lot of commonplace compositions, when they suddenly lighted on one which was not commonplace. The subject was "The Holy Roman Empire," and it is not too much to say that these cynical dons were electrified to enthusiasm. Hastily awarding it the prize, they opened the sealed envelope and found that it was the work of one James Bryce, aged 25, who is now British Minister to the United States. His essay has been reproduced in several languages, and to this day is a standard on the subject.

**A Useful Compilation**

If Mr. W. A. Littlejohn were not such an admirable City Clerk, he should be engaged in compiling handbooks. His Municipal Handbook of the City of Toronto for 1907 is a particularly neat and creditable production, and as useful as it is handsome, which is saying a good deal. Not only is it interesting and instructive to visitors to the city and students of civic affairs, but old-timers who think they know it all will probably find that they can learn something new within its covers. Not the least valuable feature of it is a carefully compiled index, which will greatly facilitate the searcher for information. The book contains 107 pages, is bound in leather and is of convenient size for carrying in the vest pocket.

**Another Make**

"Have you seen the new Psyche that Mr. Gottalot brought home from Europe?" asked Mrs. Oldcastle.  
 "No," replied her hostess, "I thought he was goin' to have an American-built machine this year."—Chicago Record-Herald.



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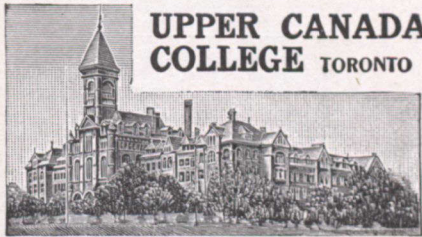


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**For the Children**

THE ALMOND TREE.

There is a charming story about the almond tree in Grecian history. A young Greek, called Demophoon, was on his way home from the siege of Troy; but as the ship passed the shores of Thrace there was a great storm, and he was shipwrecked.

Now, the King of Thrace had a beautiful daughter, named Phyllis, who received Demophoon with kindness, and he fell in love with her, and she promised to marry him.

Before the wedding, Demophoon said he must go to his country to get his palace ready for his beautiful princess.

Away he went in another ship, and the princess was quite happy at first, as Demophoon had promised to return very soon; but time went on and he never came. The princess watched and waited, but in vain, and in course of time, as Demophoon never returned, she became very thin and ill, and at last she died.

Then, because she had been so faithful and constant to the unworthy Demophoon the fairies changed her into a beautiful almond tree.—Flower Legends for Children.

\* \*



Natural History.

"Oh! Willie, what's this queer lookin' thing with about a million legs?"

That's a millenium. It's something like a centennial, only it has more legs."—Life.

\* \*

THE LAND OF COUNTERPANE.

When I was sick and lay a-bed,  
I had two pillows at my head,  
And all my toys beside me lay  
To keep me happy all the day.

And sometimes for an hour or so  
I watched my leaden soldiers go,  
With different uniforms and drills,  
Among the bed-clothes, through the hills;

And sometimes sent my ships in fleets  
All up and down among the sheets;  
Or brought my trees and houses out,  
And planted cities all about.

I was the giant great and still  
That sits upon the pillow-hill,  
And sees before him, dale and plain,  
The pleasant land of counterpane.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

\* \*

FIVE LITTLE FOXES.

Among my tender vines I spy  
A little fox named—By and Bye.

Then set upon him quick, I say,  
The swift young hunter—Right Away.

Around each tender vine I plant,  
I find the little fox—I Can't.

Then, fast as ever hunter ran,  
Chase him with bold and brave—I Can.

No Use in Trying—lags and whines  
This fox among my tender vines.

Then drive him low, and drive him high,  
With this good hunter, named—I'll Try.

Among the vines in my small lot  
Creeps in the young fox—I Forgot.

Then hunt him out and to his pen  
With—I Will Not Forget Again.

A little fox is hidden there  
Among my vines, named—I Don't Care.

Then let I'm Sorry—hunter true—  
Chase him afar from vines and you.

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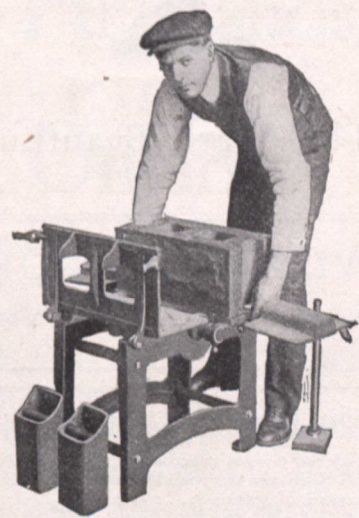


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## Literary Notes

THE conferring of the C.M.G. distinction upon Mr. Martin J. Griffin, the Parliamentary Librarian at Ottawa, is a recognition by the Sovereign of literary talent, and will be acknowledged by those Canadians who know Mr. Griffin's writings as a deserved honour gracefully bestowed. Mr. Griffin began his career in the newspaper world, but his taste for literary research induced him to enter a broader field of effort, and he became known as an authority in matters pertaining to history and literature. His appointment to the direction of the Library at Ottawa was made in a happy moment, and he has since given his valuable services to this department, contributing an occasional article of criticism or comment to the Saturday issues of Montreal and Toronto papers. A personality of pronounced vigour and keen discernment is felt in Mr. Griffin's judgment of books and events.

\* \*

A reviewer writing in New York "Life" has discovered, he believes, the secret of Ralph Connor's popularity, and asserts that all told his six tales have found purchasers for 1,500,000 copies, representing several times that number of readers. Lucky Ralph! He has made the foothills blossom like the rose and yield royalties that Corelli might covet, while the stern and rugged County of Glengarry has proved a gold mine to its fortunate exploiter. But to return to "Life." The discoverer of the secret declares:

"We see in Ralph Connor our Luther Burbank of literature. To the Dead Sea fruit of fiction he has grafted the early-blooming persimmon of the timely tract, and the product thereof, though a trifle pulpy and suggesting the propinquity of the pumpkin patch, is wholesome and filling and digestible. That it is marketable goes without saying. The Kansas City journalist gets near the truth when he says: 'People who would scarcely sit through a sermon read them (the Connor novels) as do those strictly religious folk who do not yet accept fiction as quite a legitimate form of literature.'"

\* \*

Ralph Connor does not believe in the good young man who dies or who sings, "I want to be an angel." He believes in the good young man who fights to a finish, and who, however he may fail as a lover, is no "dastard in war." It has been pointed out that the women depicted in these novels are a colourless community. But so are the women in the fiction of some really great writers. Hence that little circumstance need not worry the popular Winnipeg pastor.

\* \*

Mrs. Isabel Ecclestone Mackay, an Ontario writer, is doing excellent work for several New York magazines, both in verse and short story. She is also contributing to periodicals and the press in her own land. She recently won the prize of one hundred dollars offered by the Toronto "Globe" for the best poem on a historical theme.

\* \*

"The Church Choir" has suddenly bloomed as a practically new publication, the first issue of the third volume being a highly creditable number in paper, matter and literary form. Not only the choir, but the organ, the orchestra, the individual voice and general musical matters are discussed in this attractive journal, which is thoroughly modern in its practical and bright tone of treatment. Not the least pleasing feature is the introduction of the words and music of "Even Song," by Peter C. Kennedy. Toronto: James Acton Publishing Co.

\* \*

A new weekly set out from Vancouver on June 15th with the title, "B.C. Saturday Sunset." Mr. J. P. McConnell, well-known in Toronto and Montreal newspaper circles, is the editor of this Western weekly, and introduces himself to his readers in frank and original fashion. Finance, sport and society are brightly treated in this attractive journal.

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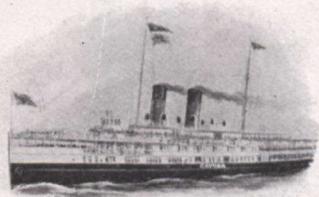
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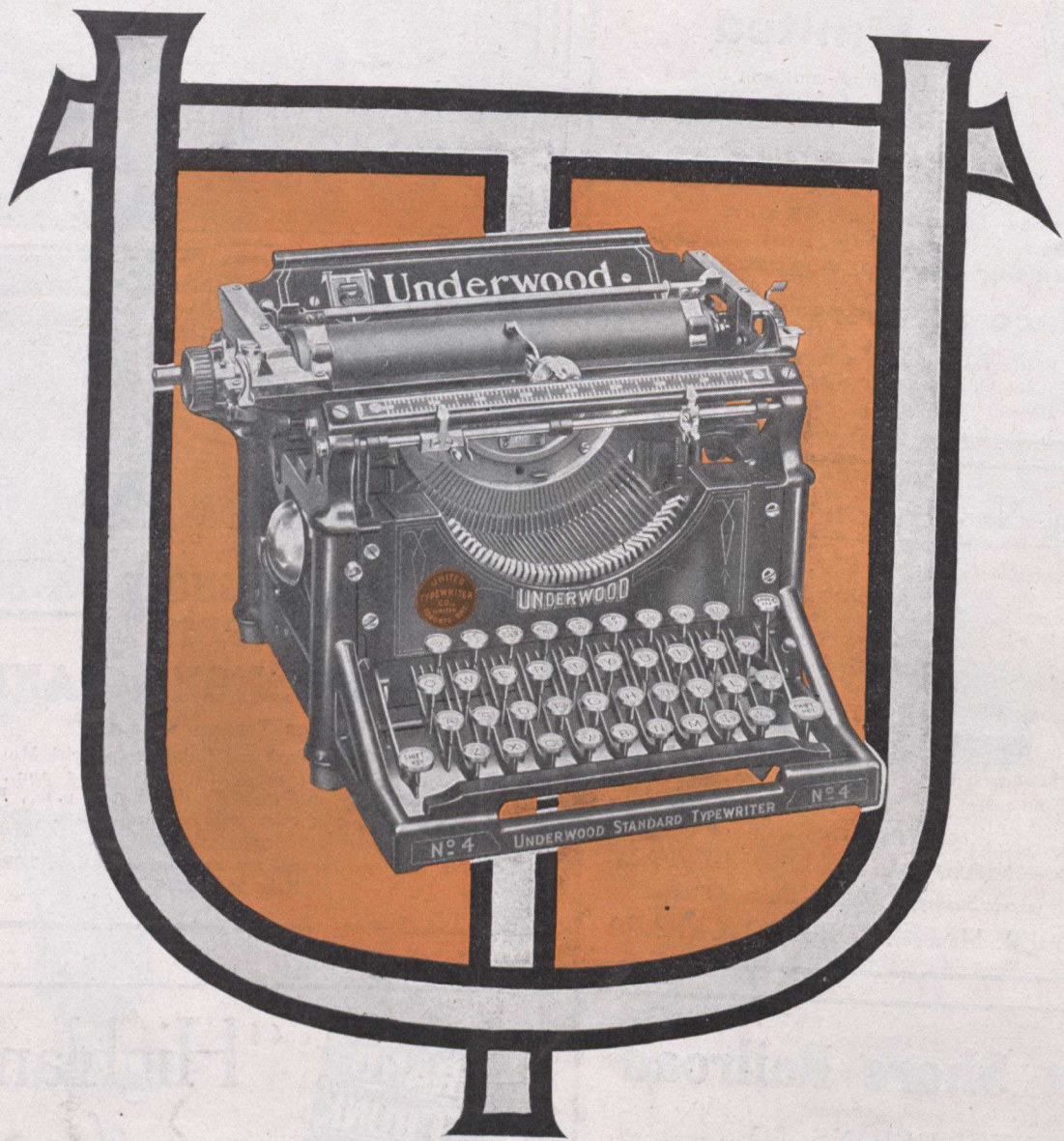
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