

The Canadian Courier

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



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Drawn by Tom O. Marten.

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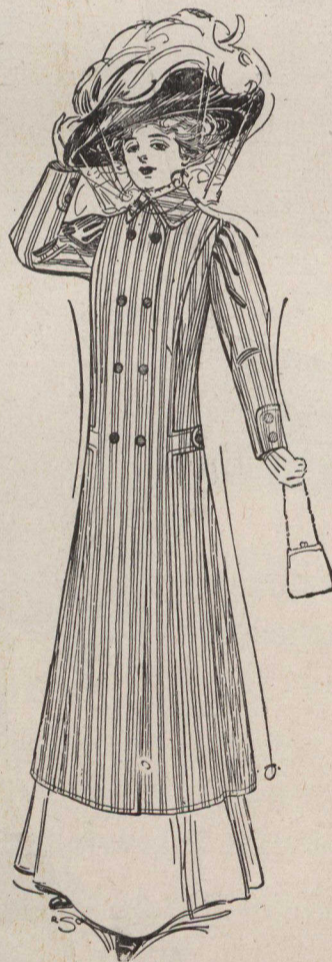
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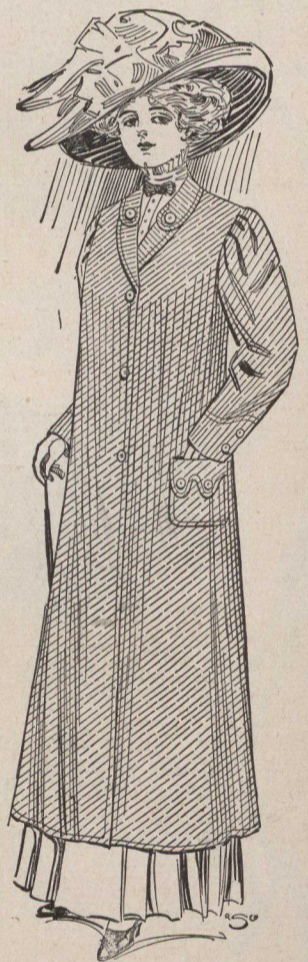
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The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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Editor's Talk

WE had hoped this week to have a further discussion of the Canal Question, but it was found necessary to lay it over until next week. Canada should waken up on this discussion. The contractors and others interested in the building of the Georgian Bay Canal are agitating fiercely at Ottawa. This great and rash expenditure will be under way immediately if no protest is made. Canada is doing well, but to pile a hundred and fifty million dollar canal on top of a two hundred million transcontinental is to cast wisdom to the winds.

MR. HARRY WHITNEY'S articles will run in consecutive issues until finished. There will be one in each of the next three issues—all well illustrated.

Next week there will be an exhaustive review of the British Elections, with a detailed examination of its effect upon imperial policy in its relation to colonial interests.

Another feature will be a further discussion of the naval situation, with special reference to the debate which is expected to take place this week on the second reading of the naval bill.

The Monocle Man, who is now in Spain, will have an interesting letter in next week's issue. This will be followed by other letters from Spain, Morocco, Algiers, Malta, Egypt and Turkey. He expects to spend nearly a year abroad.

Mr. Peter McArthur, one of Canada's most charming and versatile litterateurs, will contribute more or less regularly during the year. Mr. McArthur's department should be one of the most interesting of our regular features.

Looking forward over the year's programme as already arranged, we believe that the Canadian Courier for 1910 will be far ahead of the issues of any previous year.



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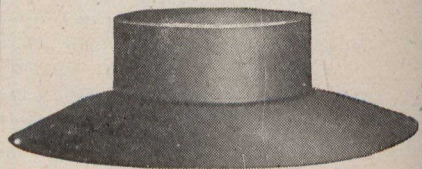
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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

VOL. 7

Toronto, January 29th, 1910

No. 9



REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

APPARENTLY, the Conservative party is about to come out for a further measure of Civil Service Reform. Mr. Foster some time ago gave notice of a motion along this line, and that resolution will be debated in the House before this issue reaches the reader. It is also common gossip around Ottawa that Sir Wilfrid Laurier is bringing pressure to bear on all his colleagues in much the same direction. This is one of the encouraging signs of the times. Without handing out any condemnation of both parties for their record in regard to patronage, every right-minded citizen should do his utmost to help in bringing about this new era.

Mr. Foster's resolution is as follows:

"That in the opinion of this House the prevailing system of party patronage constitutes a menace to honest and efficient government, incites to great waste of resources and extravagance of expenditures, tends inevitably to corrupt and lower the tone of public morals, and should forthwith be eliminated from our federal administration."

Perhaps Mr. Foster intends this motion as a vote of censure on the Government. If so, he is not a broad-minded citizen nor a statesman. It is quite true that there has been an adherence to party patronage under the present administration which is not greatly to its credit. But it is also true that the Hon. Sydney Fisher has given us the only measure of Civil Service Reform which is worthy of the name. It is also true that party patronage is as rampant in Ontario under Conservative rule as in other provinces or in the Dominion. In the Conservative city of Toronto, the patronage committees still perform important functions under the Whitney administration. Only a few days ago, these committees met in solemn conclave to choose sixteen pages to serve in the Legislature during the approaching session.

Party patronage is a national, not a party, sin. Every person has been guilty. Every member of Parliament past or present has condoned and practised a system which was based on the motto that "To the Victor belongs the Spoil." Being a national sin, it can be eliminated only by a keen and well-informed public opinion. No one party can make the reform; it must be the work of both parties at Ottawa and both parties in every provincial legislature.

CONSERVATION of national resources is another national problem. President Roosevelt started the movement in America, but Canada is doing better than the United States. Over there they have got to quarrelling—a state to which we may come if Mr. Sifton is as energetic as his brother millionaire, Mr. Pinchot.

Last week, in the *Canadian Courier*, Dr. Porter pointed out the relations between double-windows and disease. He re-voiced the old complaint that our houses are too warm and badly ventilated. At the Ottawa meeting last week, Dr. Bryce said that to maintain the population in good health is a part of the conservation of national resources. Good health depends not only on climate but on social environment. Dr. Bryce also touched upon the national loss through high infant mortality, typhoid, tuberculosis and industrial accidents.

A strong man or a strong woman is a national asset, while a weak human being is not only a liability but a source of future danger. To keep men and women strong, to keep the loss of life among all ages at a minimum, to breed here in this stern climate a race strong physically and intellectually is a national problem and a national duty. We must first learn that most human disease is due to human apathy and human carelessness. We must cease to look upon our bodily and mental weaknesses as unavoidable and must strain every effort to overcome them.

Railways, canals, banks, mines, wheat fields, productive forests, magnificent laws and administration of justice — what are these if

the people as a whole are not healthy, strong, and virile?

Fresh air and outdoor exercise are needed by the dwellers in the cities; better cooked food and more bathing facilities are needed by those who live in country homes. Both classes need a more perfect knowledge of the rules of health, and an awakened interest in what this means.

PROFESSOR A. P. COLEMAN, professor of geology in the University of Toronto, has spun a fine theory in a recent article in the *Canadian Magazine*. He says that for a long period Ontario and Quebec were covered with glacier ice a mile thick. Just think of it—this fair country buried for thousands of years under a mile of ice! It is enough to make even a resident of White River shiver. Then the ice passed away and almost tropical summers reigned in succession for about 50,000 years. Great trees and great animals there were in abundance, but there are no traces of the human being. There came another gradual cooling of the climate and once more Canada was covered with perpetual ice and snow. There was thus the glacial period, then the inter-glacial, then the second glacial, and finally the present period. The inter-glacial was much like the present, but this time the human is added.

Strangest of all the pieces of this theory, the Professor thinks that some day the ice will again crawl down from the north and cover the land once more. It is nearly 20,000 years since the last glacial period. In another 30,000 there may be another such phase. Happily few of us will live to see it. It should, however, make the parliamentarians and the transcontinental railway magnates humble when they stop to think that all these beautiful creations of theirs will some day be buried in ice a mile deep. Perhaps if the Canadian navy is large enough and in good condition, it will be able to sail away and carry the Mace to a warmer climate—a new and delightful country, covered at present by the ice-fields surrounding the South Pole. But such reflections are enough to make one dizzy.

FOR a time last week it appeared as if the Asquith Government would be dependent upon the Irish Party for its future existence. It was thought by some that the Liberals might not retain office on such an onerous condition, as the Irish Party has been notoriously self-seeking and self-centred. They thought that possibly a coalition government might result with, say, Lord Rosebery as Premier and the moderate men among the Liberals and the Unionists in the leading offices. This would mean the elimination of Lloyd-George and Winston Churchill, who are the extremists on the Liberal side. Others thought the Asquith Government might hold on for a while and enact some temporary legislation, and then make a second appeal to the country.

The attitude of Mr. Redmond may change all that. He takes Home Rule out of the list of pressing propositions and declares for land taxes and a curbing of the veto of the Lords. That was a master stroke. It put the Nationalists in a new light; it made them patriots and statesmen, rather than carping critics and selfish aggrandisers. Moreover, it cleared the air of all doubts as to what is likely to happen immediately. It assured a greater opportunity to Mr. Asquith to work out at least some of the reforms to which he is committed.

TO show how wonderfully different is this action of Mr. Redmond to that of Mr. Parnell in previous situations of a similar character in the past twenty-five years, the leading events in connection with Home Rule must be recalled.

In June, 1885, Mr. Gladstone's second government tottered to a fall. The Nationalists, under Parnell, were against Gladstone because he had decided to "coerce" Ireland then in a somewhat lawless state.

Without the Irish votes, the Conservatives could not have driven Gladstone from office. The actual defeat came on an amendment to the budget condemning the increase in the beer and spirit duties.

Lord Salisbury became Premier but he had no majority except what the Nationalists gave him. He had an understanding with Mr. Parnell, or it was thought he had. In any case, the Irish expected more from Salisbury than from Gladstone. Parnell threw his influence in with the Tories in the elections which ensued in December. As in the present general election, the boroughs, that is the cities and towns, voted with the Government. The counties, however, voted against a possible Home Rule compact and Salisbury was defeated. In other words, Salisbury being then in much the same position as Asquith was in January, 1910, the country people of England defeated him. These same country people, or their descendants, have almost done in January, 1910, what they did in December, 1885.

Then came a peculiar swing to events. When the House met the Liberals had the same number of votes as the Conservatives and Nationalists combined. Lord Salisbury was out and Mr. Gladstone was in, but how could Mr. Gladstone get along without a majority? Apparently his only hope was to detach the 86 Nationalists from Salisbury. It was the hour of triumph for the 86 bellicose Parnellites. They held the balance of power. If Mr. Gladstone was to get support for his government he must swing from coercion to Home Rule. And swing he did.

When the swing came, Mr. Chamberlain, then a member of the Gladstone ministry, and others resigned. Undaunted Mr. Gladstone introduced his Home Rule Bill and a great debate began. The Opposition to the Bill grew. Lord Salisbury was reinforced by Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Hartington, who had refused to take office under Gladstone. The two latter statesmen became the leaders of the "Liberal Unionists," nearly one hundred in number. When the fight was ended the Bill was defeated by a majority of 30, and a general election followed in July, 1886. The result was

Conservatives.....	316	Liberals .. .	191
Liberal-Unionists....	78	Nationalists ..	85
	<u>394</u>		<u>276</u>

Mr. Gladstone resigned and Lord Salisbury formed a government. From 1886 to 1892, the Conservatives, assisted by the Liberal-Unionists, kept Mr. Gladstone out of office. However, once having taken up Home Rule, he persisted in its advocacy and in the general election of 1892 the result was as follows:

Conservatives.....	269	Liberals .. .	274
Liberal-Unionists....	46	Nationalists ..	81
	<u>315</u>		<u>355</u>

Mr. Gladstone became Prime Minister for the fourth time. The Irish Nationalists were again triumphant. It is interesting to note that in this ministry were Rosebery, Asquith, Campbell-Bannerman, Morley and Bryce. A new Home Rule Bill was introduced in February, 1893. Mr. Gladstone argued that the English opposition to Home Rule had declined from 338 to 268. The fight lasted until September and the Bill was carried by a majority of 34. The Lords, however, smashed it with a vote of 419 to 41. Next year Mr. Gladstone gave way to Lord Rosebery.

THIS summary shows that the Irish Nationalists have always forced Home Rule into the very forefront every time they got an opportunity. They allowed nothing to take precedence of it, when their support was necessary to carry on a government. Redmond apparently is a greater man than Parnell. He takes a broader view. He has the opportunity that Parnell had in 1886, but he refuses to demand the pound of flesh. He agrees that there are other questions of more pressing importance than Irish Home Rule and that he and his followers are willing to give the other reforms precedence. Even sympathisers with the Unionists, must admit this is not peanut Parnell politics.

Unless something sinister, such as a deal between Asquith and Redmond can be proven, this attitude marks the latter as a greater man than the Canadian public believed. It might even reconcile some enemies of Home Rule in this country to Irish local self-government.

MONTREAL is having a great fight over early closing of its liquo.-selling houses. Unlike most other Canadian cities, Montreal is known as an "open" town. This does not mean that it is vicious, but it is not prudish. It makes no effort to appear better than it really is. Nevertheless there is a strong movement there to curb the evils of the liquor trade. Those interested in the trade maintain

that the first duty is to get out of the hotels, men who will not observe the laws, who sell bad liquor and who do not exercise reasonable control of their premises. The temperance people are moving to have all bars closed at ten o'clock on five days in the week and at seven o'clock on Saturday. Apparently the matter will not be settled by the present council which goes out of office on Monday next. It will be left over for the newly elected body.

The temperance people might gain more in such cases as this, if they would go directly to the leading wholesalers and brewers and make an arrangement which both can support. Both are interested in keeping the trade respectable and in eliminating its greater evils, hence they should co-operate.

MR. TWIGG ON THE NAVY

By WILLIAM HENRY

ONE of the many delights in returning to Shreveport was the opportunity it gave of again visiting my old friend Mr. Twigg. I found him in the same cane-bottomed arm-chair, sitting close to the kitchen fire. His newspaper was discarded and he was preparing his second pipe of the evening. After exchanging warmer greetings than usual, because of my long absence, and making a few commonplace remarks about my trip, I plunged into the subject of which I was most anxious to obtain information.

"Mr. Twigg," said I, "what is your candid opinion of Canada's naval program?"

"Which one?" he questioned, holding his match over the top of his pipe and pressing the tobacco down firmly with his finger. "There's so many nowadays," he continued without giving me time to reply. "Let's see, there's the Givers, the Lenders, the Doers, and the Do-naughters. Manitoba Roblin," he continued, "is the head of the Givers. Send England money for one, two, three, four or more, Dreadnaughts, he says. Sir C. P. R. Shaughnessy started the Lenders. Have England build a couple of Dreadnaughts on Canada's account and get a few dollars a year rental for them, is his idea. Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Mr. Brodeur—I am sorry to hear Mr. Brodeur is sick just now—are the heads of the Doers. They want Canada to build, man, maintain and fight with her fleet. Mr. Monk heads the Do-naughters. I am not quite sure of Mr. Borden," he continued reflectively, "but it seems to me that he is working a sort of combination program of Number One, Two and Three."

Mr. Twigg stopped, lighted another match and proceeded to make sure this time that his pipe was properly lighted. I waited some minutes for him to continue, but he smoked in silence until I asked which one of the several plans had his approval.

"Well, now, I don't know that I should tell you," the old man replied hesitatingly, "for I'm thinking of sending Sir Wilfrid a state paper on the subject. I have given considerable thought to it and have arrived at the real solution of the problem."

Mr. Twigg spoke slowly, but with the conscious pride of a man who has succeeded in bringing order out of chaos where bright minds had tried and failed.

"There are several parties to please in the matter and there are very few statesmen capable of getting to the bottom of the thing—as a matter of fact, it isn't a problem for a statesman at all. It's more in the line of philosophy and that's probably why I have interceded," he added apologetically. "You see there is the Britisher bearing the staggering burden of the naval expense and needing help; then there is the Canadian who wants to build up the shipping industry and is willing to support a navy in order to do it; there is the other Canadian who takes more stock in bread-and-butter than in glory. And you would be surprised to find how many Canadians there are these days of the bread-and-butter type, men who reason that, perhaps, it is not free trade that has caused all the unemployed and unemployable in England, and that fiscal reform will perhaps not be the great panacea for the ills of the United Kingdom. They just can't help thinking perhaps the burden of the gold-braid navy man may have had something to do with the situation. Many of these Canadians are farmers who at some time in their lives have kept a good looking thoroughbred around the farm for the sake of occasionally passing other fellows on the road and of knowing how soon he can eat his head off.

"But I have the solution," said Mr. Twigg, coming back to the subject just as I thought he was wandering far afield. "We'll have a Canadian navy!" he exclaimed, raising his voice and shaking his pipe, which by this time had gone out. "We'll build it in our own shipyards, too. I tell you it's a great scheme, and as I've not yet explained it to the Government I hope you will regard it as strictly confidential. Some one once said 'war is hell.' He had in mind the Civil War in the United States which was fought mainly by land forces. With a navy, both war and peace are hell. The expense of maintenance of a navy is about the same in times of peace and of war. The key of my theory is that England's danger lies not in her possible conquest by Germany, but in national bankruptcy through the growing burden of naval expenditure. That being the case, our duty is obvious. Canada's navy should consist of ships carrying food to the British navy free of cost. Our vessels will have a real commercial value. Our sailors will be trained in the art of peaceful trade. If we present to the United Kingdom several Dreadnaughts we simply add to the burden of its naval expense and hasten the day of her downfall. If we build a navy to carry Canadian cereals, meats and dairy products for the consumption of the Imperial navy we relieve Britain's burden, build up a Canadian mercantile marine and remove the Canadian farmers competitions in the markets of the world."

Mr. Twigg had spoken quickly and with an earnestness that made apparent his sincerity. He paused and looked to me for approval. I must confess that I had not been carried away with his argument.

"I see," he continued, "you haven't grasped my idea fully. Think it over. I did not expect that the ordinary lay mind would appreciate my plan at first but the more you turn it over the better you will like it. Why man, think of the time wasted by the gold braid navy in world-touring the high seas, burning coal, eating food, and wasting ammunition in search of exercise. That sort of navy some people would plan for Canada. Think my plan over and tell me what you think about it later."

MEN OF TO-DAY

THE PRESS AND ITS METHODS

CANADA has been greatly interested in the progress of the British elections, and the returns have been published in the Canadian papers almost as soon as in the British papers. We have five hours the advantage in time, and this enables the newspapers here to publish the news simultaneously. A Canadian correspondent, for example, may go into a newspaper office in London at midnight, get the latest returns, prepare a cable and have it sent so as to reach Canada at nine or ten o'clock by our time. That is, figured by the calendar, the cable reaches Canada two to three hours before it has left London. Similarly, a correspondent in London may get the latest news from the evening papers there, file a cable at five o'clock Greenwich time and have it in Canada at two or three o'clock the same afternoon, in time for use in our evening papers.

This service is performed for Canada by the Canadian Associated Press, which has an office and two men in London. On this particular occasion the work has been well done, much better than ever before. The time was when Canada was dependent of New York for such a service; now we have one of our own. For this boon, the people are mainly indebted to such men as Mr. John Ross Robertson of the *Toronto Telegram*, Mr. J. E. Atkinson of the *Toronto Star*, Mr. James S. Brierley of the *Montreal Herald* and Mr. P. D. Ross of the *Ottawa Journal*. These gentlemen organised the C. A. P. and have managed it gratuitously. The Dominion Government assists with a subvention. Every daily paper in Canada of any size, with the exception of the *Montreal Star*, takes this service.

In addition, on this occasion, three Toronto dailies sent special representatives over the pond to record their impressions. All these men have been sending special cables which supplement or rather lend colour to the C. A. P. despatches. The *Montreal Star* has a special representative in London who has also been sending a daily cable, and the *Star* has shared this service with some other papers.

That even three Canadian papers should feel justified in sending special correspondents to the field of a political battle in Great Britain shows how the newspapers are prospering and how practical, matter-of-fact publishers regard the growing interest in British affairs exhibited in Canada. A general election in the United States would not take a single correspondent over the line; a general election in Britain takes several. This is more than a straw which shows that the wind is blowing empireward.

* * *

MR. JOHN R. ROBINSON

THE *Toronto Telegram* is represented in London on this occasion by Mr. John R. Robinson, its editor. Of all the newspaper men in Canada, men trained in giving publicity to other men, Mr. Robinson is the one who hates publicity most. The writer refrains from anticipating the cutting epigrams which the said John Robinson will use when he discovers this paragraph and the accompanying portrait. Epigrams are his favourite weapon for bumping a friend or crushing an enemy. Where others use oaths, John uses epigrams. When he returns from Lunnon, the editor of this paper will have some "Ups and Downs."

This man Robinson, like his employer and intellectual chief—Mr. John Ross Robertson—is a character. Like him again, he began as a practical printer. Those days are forgotten now, and for twenty years, perhaps longer, he has been wielding a pencil. In the latter years, he has substituted his strong voice and a typist for the pencil, but the result is the same. When he opens the vials of wrath on a man or a movement, let the victim beware.

In private life, he is retiring, modest, likeable. So gentle indeed is he, that a certain clergyman gave him his daughter in matrimony and the lady seems to have enjoyed his society as much as if he were an editor of a modest weekly who never said a harsh word of any man. Among his associates, he is almost bashful and certainly retiring. Occasionally he can be persuaded to make a speech, and he never

delivered one that was unworthy of being printed. His cables each day have been marvellous, exhibiting the industry, the clear-cut views, the unflinching courage and the wisdom of the born journalist.

* * *

MR. JOSEPH T. CLARK

MR. CLARK, who is sending daily summaries to the *Toronto Star*, was also a practical printer. Many of our leading journalists have been printers—for in the old days, setting type was an education. To-day setting type is highly specialised mechanics. Mr. Clark was even a tramp printer—a species which was to the other comps as a poet to an ordinary litterateur. When he settled down to run a country weekly, his fame began to grow. As it happened to be close to Toronto, the big magnet reached out and pulled him in. Mr. W. F. Maclean of the *World* discovered him and put him where nature intended him to be—writing pithy editorials. Mr. E. E. Sheppard got jealous and stole him away and made "Mack" a name to conjure with. Then Mr. J. E. Atkinson invited him over to the *Star* and he has been there for ten years, with a break back to *Saturday Night*. His cables and letters to the *Star* have borne the impress of his personality. They have colour, are well phrased, occasionally illogical, never too deep, always delightful. To sum Joe Clark up in a word—he is bright. Judged by the glow of his countenance, the vivacity of his conversation, or the brilliancy of his writing, Clark is always bright.

* * *

MR. STEWART LYON

A HARNESS-MAKER with an enthusiasm for single-tax, a young Scotchman with the knack of getting on, Stewart Lyon was but a half-dozen years in Canada before he was on the staff of the *Toronto Globe*. For over twenty years he has been there preaching radicalism and practising hard work.

The secrets of his success are sheer industry and enthusiasm for movements. Stewart Lyon is said to have been never discovered without an opinion. Interested in every public movement, he quickly mastered the details of every problem, and early ran it down to a solution satisfactory to himself. He has thus wasted little of his life in making up his mind and has devoted the most of it to preaching doctrines. As a member of one of the best, if not the best newspaper staff in Canada, he had ample opportunities for special work.

What he was called upon to do, he always did well. He is indeed a model newspaperman of undoubted ability.

* * *

MR. J. S. WILLISON

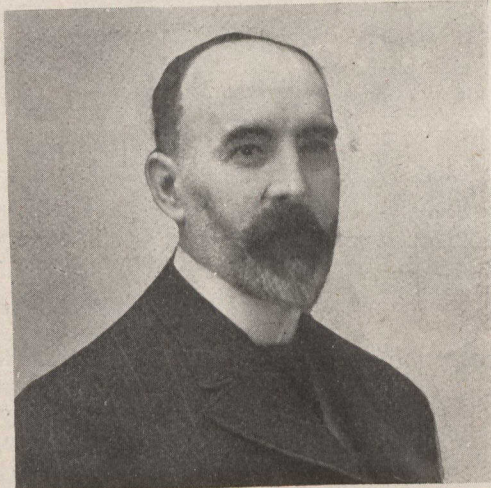
FORTUNATE indeed is the *Toronto News* in the fact that Mr. J. S. Willison, its talented editor, was able to go to England at the time of this campaign and to send back a series of excellent letters. Mr. Willison is one of the most distinguished of Canadian journalists, and the man whom the *London Times* decided to honour by making him its chief correspondent and editorial adviser in Canada. Mr. Willison's history is well known. He came into light on the *Globe* staff and rose to be its managing editor. When he ceased to be quite in line with Liberal tendencies of the day, he went over to the *News* where he has since remained. His "Life of Laurier and History of the Liberal Party" was a notable two-volume work. His papers on railway questions have gone into permanent form. He has been honoured above his fellows, and might have been a Dominion cabinet minister had he so chosen. His ambitions lay elsewhere, and eventually he will probably be found

occupying an editorial chair in a newspaper office in the same old London which he is now visiting.

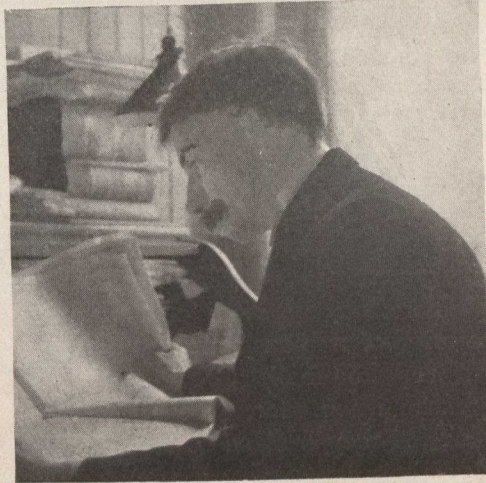
This is not Mr. Willison's first visit to England. On his return from a trip in 1897, he wrote an able series of papers for the *Globe*, under the title "Lessons from the Old World." He knows British problems and British public men fairly well. He has always been a great student of history and of economics, though he missed a university education. That defect he largely remedied by a patient and persistent course of study, taken after he had passed the days of young-manhood. His study shows itself in his writings—he is more of an essayist than a newspaperman. People do not read Willison's writings for amusement; they read them for information. His style is also somewhat scholarly, especially in the later years. He is at his best in an after-dinner speech.



Mr. John R. Robinson
Editor Toronto Telegram



Mr. J. S. Willison,
Editor Toronto News.



Mr. Stewart Lyon,
News Editor Toronto Globe.



Mr. Joseph T. Clark
Editor Toronto Star

ALL THINGS CONSIDERED

By PETER McARTHUR

THE growing pains of British Imperialism are now at an acute stage. Canada is suffering severe twinges on account of its naval programme and the elections at the seat of empire are almost provoking screams. From the symptoms observed it seems evident that this great idea must grow and we must grow with it before it fulfils the promises of its youth. Imperialism must grow to a point where it cannot be used for party advantage in any part of the British possessions or in Great Britain itself before it will amount to much and we must grow to the point where we will value every measure or movement by the effect it will have on all parts of the map that show red. It is not enough to be able to realise when something done by a sister government will affect us and protest against its anti-Imperial character. We must also be able to realise sympathetically what effect our actions may have on others whether in Great Britain or South Africa. At the present time this is largely lost sight of because it is so much easier to know when our own corns are tramped on than to pay attention when we are tramping on someone else's. If Imperialism is to grow to its full stature we must all learn to think Imperially, and that, as Bill Nye says, "Is enough to sprain a man's thinker." Even those who review the most serious activities of their fellowmen with tolerant frivolity find that it is like trying to be playful with the planet.

* * *

Before we weep for Hecuba
We must with clearness see
Just what we are to Hecuba
And Hecuba to we.

—From Ballads for Imperial Voters.

* * *

When Mr. M. J. Butler, Deputy Minister of Railroads, decided to transfer his talents to a sphere of narrower influence but larger pay his action provoked the usual question: "Why is it that men of proven capacity so often leave the government service and devote themselves to private business?" There may be many reasons, but one is satisfactory to the vast majority of a money-making people. "He was offered a bigger salary and would be foolish if he didn't take it." But there may be a further reason when valued men leave the public service at the call of business. If they decided to repulse the alluring offers and continue to serve their country, how would they explain their folly to people placing as high a value as we do on financial success? On grounds of patriotism? Come, come! You know that won't wash! Johnson defines patriotism to the satisfaction of all British people as "the last refuge of a scoundrel." Patriotism, eh? Guess it's about time there was an investigation of his department. The two horns of the dilemma presented to the desirable man are labelled, "More pay, with public approval," and "Patriotism under suspicion." Is it to be wondered at that the former horn looks the kinder of the two? While public opinion continues to be what it is about the only thing that our best public servants can do is to follow Mr. Butler's example and accept more lucrative positions when offered.

* * *

Every public question has two sides and it often happens that both are wrong.

* * *

The naval programme is a subject that apparently must be approached with much tact. Editorial tight-rope walkers of both parties are having much difficulty in crossing this political chasm. They are agile but embarrassed. The fact seems to be that this question of the navy is one that in the threshing out will have much to do with settling Canadian ideals. A large mass of the people are apathetic. Of those who are actively interested some want to see the navy built because of its Imperial significance, others because they think it would mark the development of a spirit of Canadian nationality and still others are opposed to the whole scheme because they think that Canadians have nothing to do with the arts of war. If the navy is to be built, as it probably will be, the most important matter will be the spirit in which the work is done. If it is built with the idea of strengthening the Empire as a whole, it will mark a decided line of development. Canada in that event will be a sister nation rather than a separate nation. If it is built with the idea of being a wholly Canadian enterprise it will indicate a future of

independent nationality. At least it looks that way, but far be it from me to have settled opinions on the subject. Even this analysis may be wrong. Assuredly the subject is one that requires more tact in its discussion than the ordinary man can claim.

* * *

If the navy is built will we have fire-eating admirals as well as fire-eating colonels? That should give us pause.

* * *

Toronto has one prominent citizen who has never been written up—a really important man about whom the public would like to know more. To whet your curiosity and start you guessing, you are informed that if you take any interest in the business and public life of the city you must know his name and may even know him personally, for he has dealings with many. But to the "biography squad" and collectors of portraits for the magazines, illustrated weeklies and illustrated sections of the dailies, he is smiling adamant. This would not protect him entirely but when brought to bay he either convinces those who would thrust publicity upon him that not only is the proposal distasteful to him, but if his wishes are disregarded the placing of important future advertising contracts might be seriously disturbed. This is a threat "of mickle might" when there is nothing at stake more important than paying a man a deserved compliment. It at least shows that he is in deadly earnest although the chief reason he offers for not wishing to be written up is that he "has a sense of humour." He is so busy with his successes that he has no time to take himself seriously. The very arguments he offers are the best evidence that he is just the kind of man about whom the public would like to know more. It is useless to point out to him that a time comes in the life of every public man when we have a right to know about his achievements, capacities and ambitions. He simply will not have it. As most public men treat requests for biographical material and photographs as part of the regular routine of a successful life, this man's attitude is the more surprising. Can it be that he would rather have people asking "Where is Cato?" than saying "There is Cato"? I wish I dared to tell you his name but that would be a serious breach of confidence. Perhaps you can guess it.

Down with the Bill Board

A SUBSCRIBER writes to *The Telegram* a vigorous denunciation of indecent bill boards. His point that these advertising atrocities should be regulated by the city is well taken. Apart from the objectionable matter which may obtrude itself on the public, bill boards disfigure the city, and they are very often a source of danger to pedestrians. The bill board should not only be regulated as to size, location and manner of construction, but it should also be taxed. There is no more reason why a bill board erected on a valuable city lot should be free from taxation than that a house erected on the same lot should be exempt from taxation.

The city council should lose no time in regulating the board nuisance in a manner which will protect the city against the dangers, the unsightliness and the unwholesome influence of Winnipeg bill boards.—*Winnipeg Telegram*.



First Loafer:—"Cheero, Charley, I 'opes the next Guv'ment 'll makes things look up a bit"

Second Loafer:—"They would if I was among 'em. But it's yuman natter you may depend—as soon as they gits inter Parl'ment they fergits they was once men like me and you—and they does nuffint."—*Punch*.



At the entrance to the Land Office was a corral through which each Homeseeker had to pass.



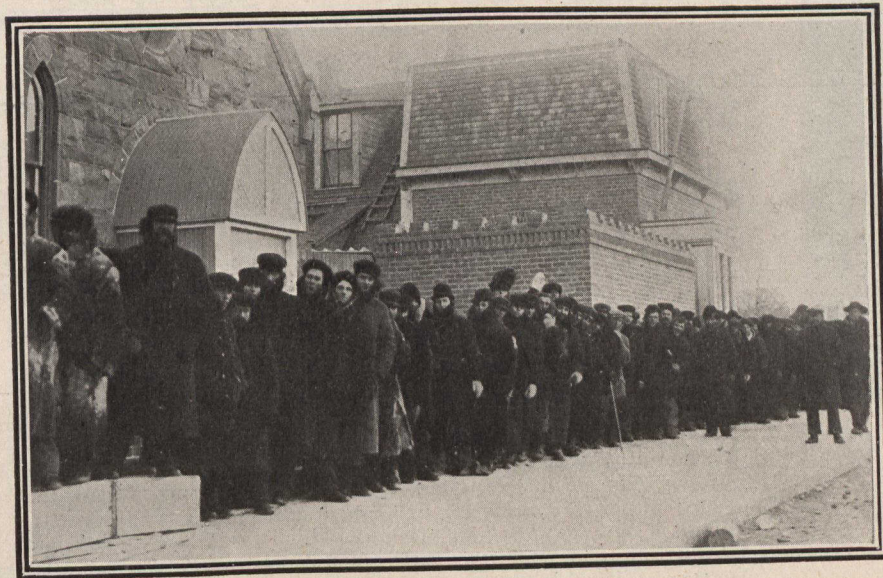
The citizens of Lethbridge watched the opening of the Land Office doors as though it had been a circus.

The Rush for Free Land

On Saturday the crowd began to fall in line—two hundred in number; a stolid and a cheerful lot, well know-

ing that from that hour of the day on into the night and all day Sunday when the church bells should ring,

and all that night again, come storm or snow or wind or what not, they must keep the line or lose the stake. So they stood and sat and joked and slept; and they told stories and waited; and when they were hungry such as had not lunches were fed by the Salvation Army. Past and future made these thousand men unconscious of the present. Somewhere they had left behind a failure or a broken life. Somewhere in Alberta they expected each man to take up the thread once more and to begin all over again under the banner of hope in a new world. And when Monday morning came, after what seemed like a week of waiting, the doors of the land office creaked open as though it had been a jail waiting to let prisoners out. The long line began to shuffle up, following number one, whoever that lucky one might be. All that day the ranks crept up and closed in and the line shortened; and by night faded away—when a thousand men had filed their claims to homestead each a hundred and sixty acres of arable land in the great wheat belt.

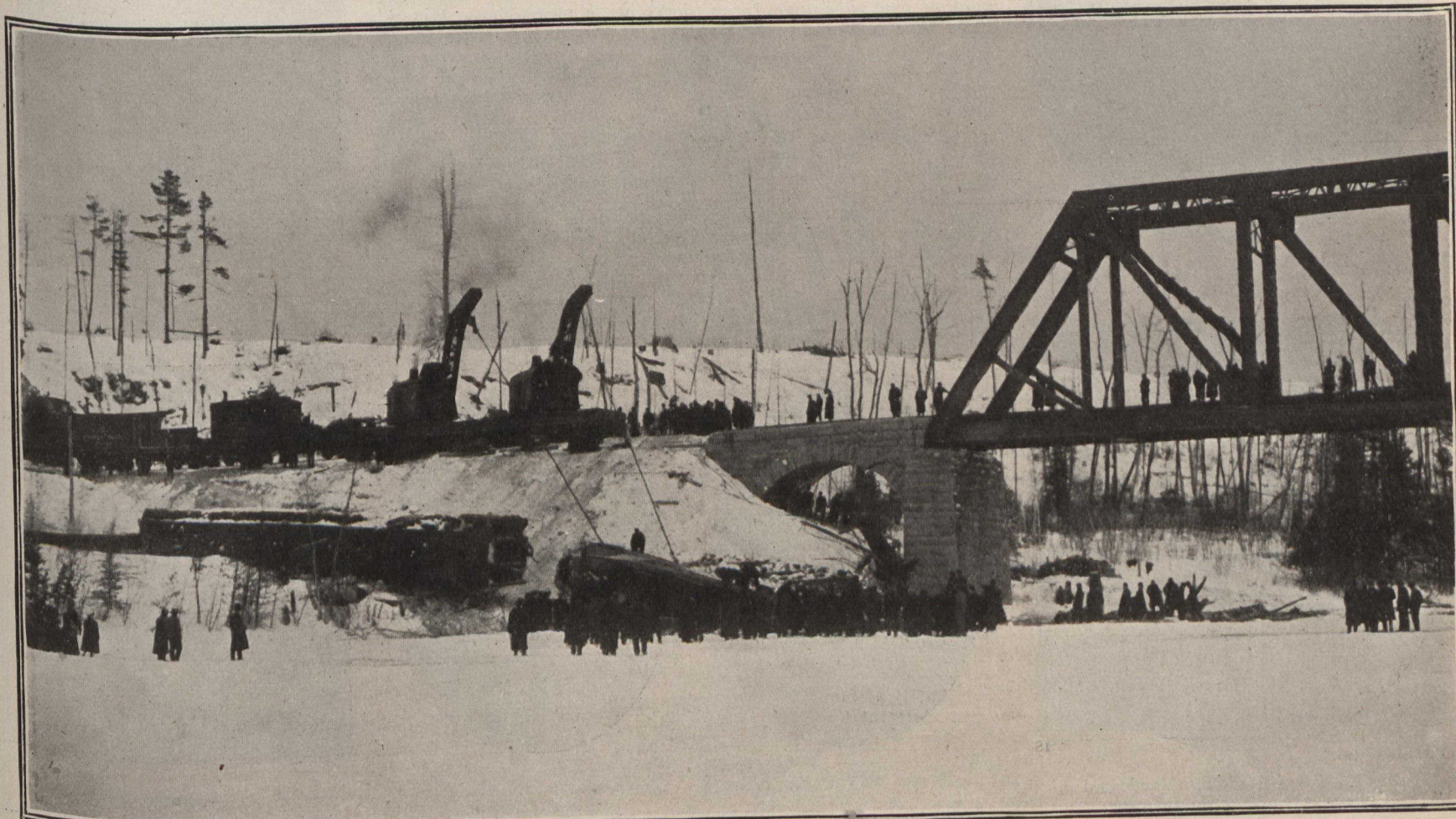


The long line of Homeseekers waiting at the Lethbridge Land Office.

THERE are landless men in England; but the land-hungry hundreds and thousands in the Canadian West just now are of quite different but wholly equal interest. The stampede for western wheat land is beginning early. A few days ago at Lethbridge, Alberta, the first break-out took place.

On that day twenty townships were thrown open for homesteading and over a thousand land-lackers filed applications at the land office. It was a memorable day in Lethbridge. Never was a crowd of first-nighters to see Henry Irving at all equal to the crowd that gathered and grew and finally drifted out in a long, expectant line at the Lethbridge land office. Monday was the day set for filing of claims. On Friday the land-hungerers began to come; by train-loads from the south and the east and the west.

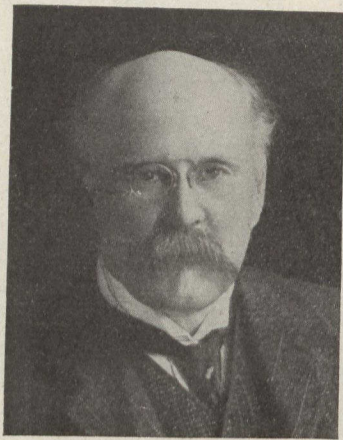
THE SCENE OF A MOST UNFORTUNATE ACCIDENT



Railway accident at Spanish River, on the 21st. One car struck the bridge and was cut in two. Three cars went over the embankment and through the ice. Few were killed, but many were drowned. The total loss of life was over forty.



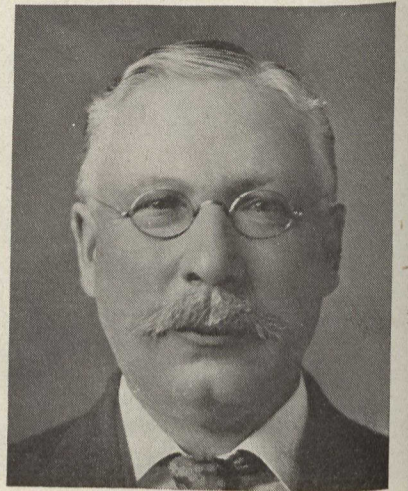
Honourable Clifford Sifton, Chairman of the Commission.



Mr. E. B. Osler, M.P., Director Canadian Pacific.



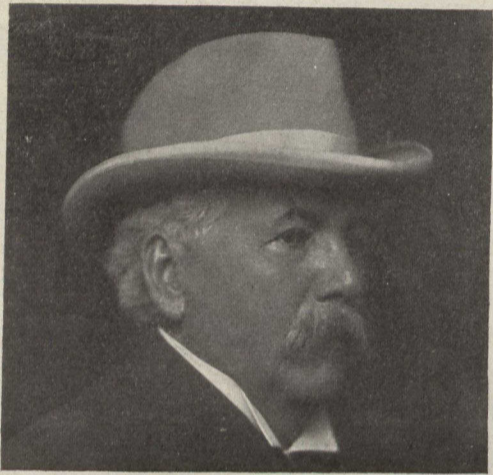
Mr. Frank Davison, Nova Scotia Lumberman.



Honourable A. C. Rutherford, Premier of Alberta.

The Conservation Commission

A body of men almost as distinguished and representative as the House of Lords



Honourable William Templeman, Minister of Mines, Ottawa.

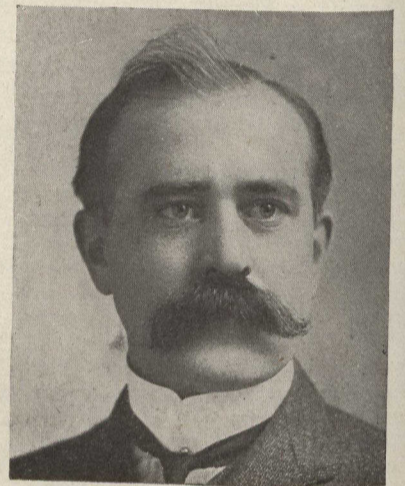
SOME years ago an old farmer who in his middle life had got a few jobs boring for oil and had therefore become impressed with the marvellous potentialities of the earth, said to the writer: "Yes, sir, this earth's gitt'n' bigger every minute." He referred to the stars that were continually falling into the earth, and to the grass that grew up and went back to the land again, and the trees that rotted into the earth's surface; in short to a whole lot of things that looked to him like miracles. That farmer had no idea of merely physical laws. To him the world was an inexhaustible storehouse of eternally replenishable raw materials—and if he had been told that in the first month of 1910 a body of men would have convened in Ottawa for the express purpose of keeping raw material in Canada from going to waste, he would have considered that somebody was crazy.

For some days past this remarkable body of men has been holding conferences in Ottawa. The gathering consists of cabinet ministers, educationists, manufacturers, business men, financiers and agriculturists, mining experts and lumber men. They are the National Conservation Commission, which was appointed last summer following the international conference on natural conservation at Washington.

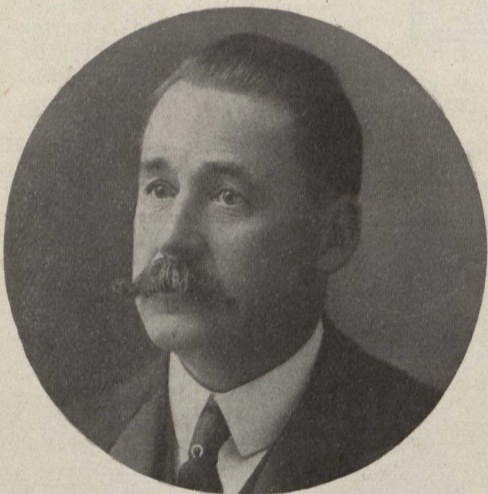
To conserve natural resources has become a popular business nowadays. Once we had illimitable forests. They are going — in many large areas, gone. Coal is wasted by millions of tons every week because of waste in consumption added to wasteful methods of mining. Less than twenty-five per cent. of the heat value in coal is converted into energy at the steam-chest. Minerals have been wasted by bad methods of smelting. Water powers have been running riot; especially since the denudation of the forests, leaving any thaw or heavy rain to flood land and sweep away power machinery; then in a dry time the stream runs so low that there is no power left.

Years ago in Canada we had millions of buffalo. Scarcely one is left. Many years the whole of the Canadian West was practically a sealed book to the average Canadian, because it was still held as a fur preserve. Had we taken hold of the country sooner we might have been producing three hundred millions of wheat in a year from the west instead of a hundred millions.

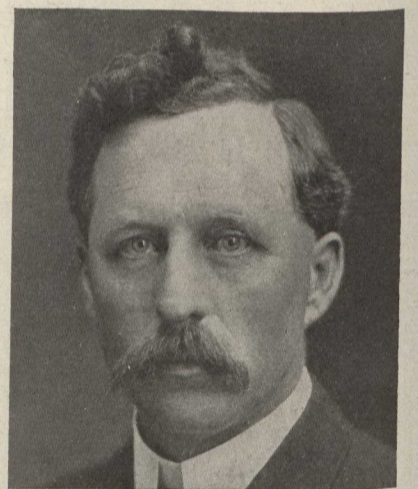
Not so long ago a prominent railway magnate in Canada said: "The best way to conserve natural resources is to develop them." This from a railwayman's point of view is good logic; but it needs comparative analysis. Undoubtedly the best way to get the value of land to the highest point of production is to use



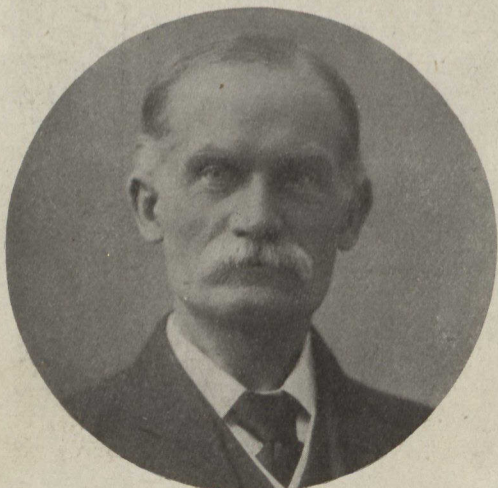
Honourable J. A. Calder, Provincial Treasurer, Saskatchewan.



Honourable W. C. H. Grimmer, Solicitor-General, New Brunswick.



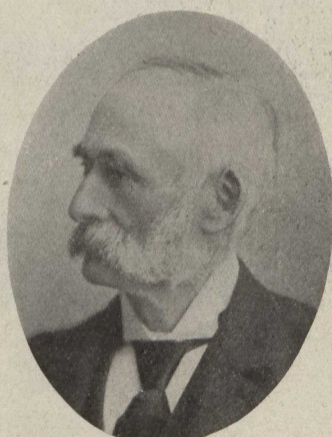
President H. M. Tory, University of Alberta



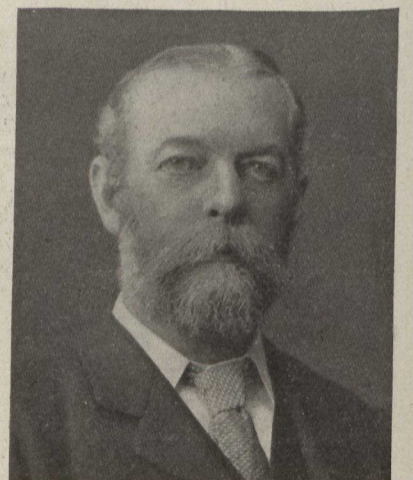
Dr. J. W. Robertson, Macdonald College, Ste. Anne de Bellevue.



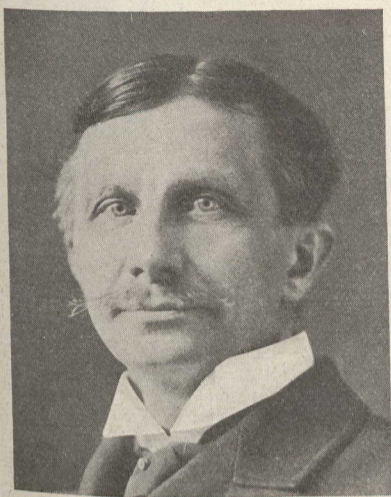
Dr. Henri S. Beland, M.P., Representative from Quebec.



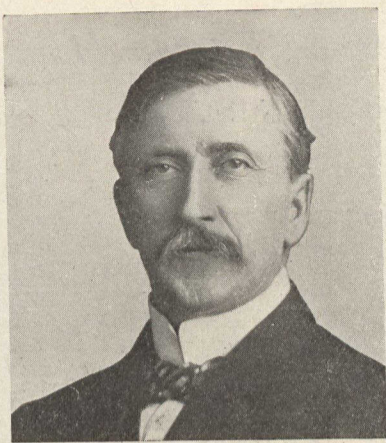
Mr. Benjamin Rogers, Prince Edward Island.



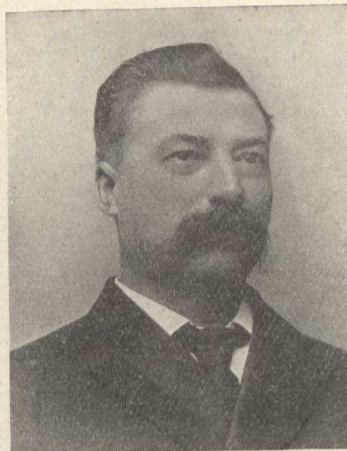
Honourable Sydney Fisher, Minister of Agriculture.



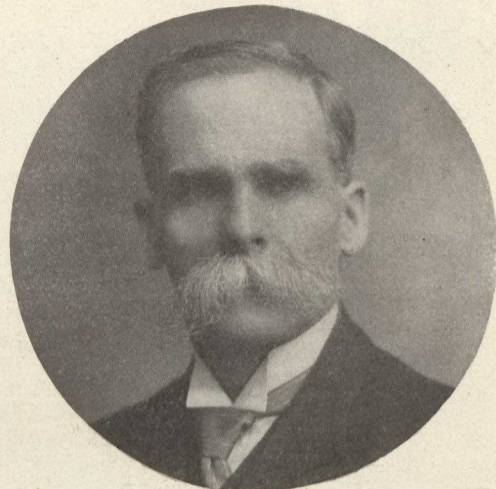
Professor B. E. Fernow, Forester,
University of Toronto.



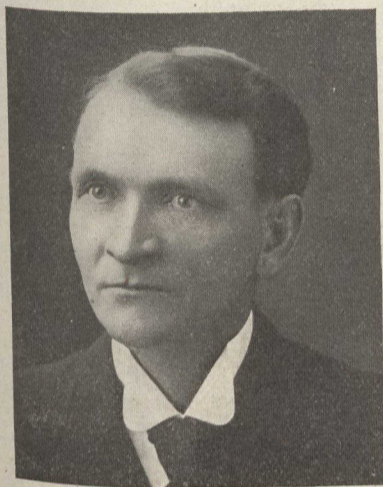
Honourable Frank Cochrane, Min-
ister of Mines, Ontario.



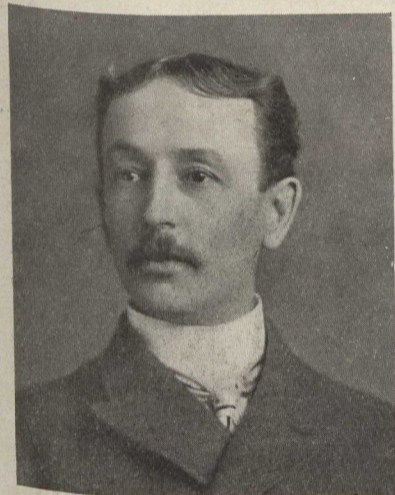
Honourable Jules Allard, Minister
of Lands, Quebec.



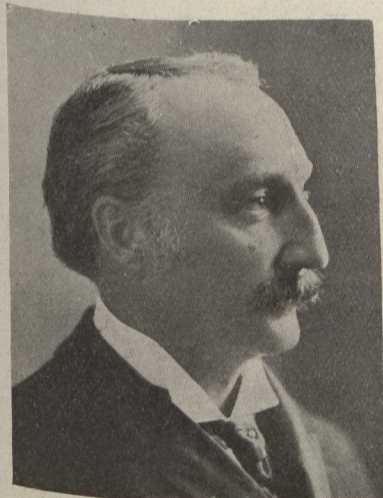
Honourable Frank Oliver, Minister of Interior,
Ottawa.



Dr. W. J. Rutherford, Agriculturist,
Saskatchewan.



Mr. J. F. McKay, Publisher, Toronto.

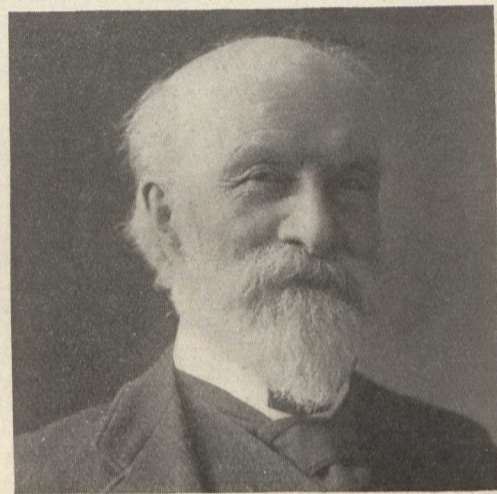


Mr. F. D. Monk, M.P., Barrister,
Montreal.

it. So with water powers. But these are potential energies which may be depended on in the natural course of things to retain their potentialities for all time. Not so with a coal mine, which may last a hundred years or five centuries; but when it's gone it's gone for good. So with any sort of mining commodities. An uncertain but definite amount of iron, copper, nickel and asbestos and silver and gold exists in the mines of the world. The earth is not engaged in making any more of the kind. So far as is known there is at present no process by which these minerals are being produced by natural laws under the earth's surface. When we get the mines exhausted we are done for good. Coal mines in many parts have already been depleted and abandoned; so with silver mines and gold mines and iron mines. There is no way to put back into commercial and industrial use the materials that have once been used in industry and commerce.

The total amount of raw material in the world is getting less and less, in spite of the implicit faith of a few, like the farmer quoted at the beginning of this article. The old earth, so generous of her stores, has been drilled and drained and deforested and made to wave with harvests and belch with the smoke of factories by the hand of man; and she is still yielding the hitherto undiscoverable; every now and then some new corner undreamed of and fabulous in wealth; some Porcupine or other. Canada abounds in great wastes that a few years ago were regarded as prime and sheer desolations but are now giving us iron and copper and steel rails and gold and silver and nickel. Away to the north there are practically inexhaustible stores of copper and of other minerals just beginning to be heard about in civilisation. One of these days generations will arise on those northern reaches that will develop such resources and magnificently waste them just as we are doing and as the inhabitants in the United States have been doing for half a century. At the close of the Civil War the United States was a vast storehouse of raw material close at hand. Now the people in that country are beginning to feel the need of what once they wasted. They thought the supply was inexhaustible and it seemed to be; but it wasn't. We in Canada who are fifty years behind the United States in development have not learned so prodigally how to waste our resources. But we are doing fairly well. We have our people who are half going to waste. There is the waste of disease and of poverty; of drink and of idleness. Our cities and towns are full of people who are going to the bow-wows because they haven't gumption enough to use their powers in even the most common-sense sort of way. Any commission that finds out how to conserve the natural resources of the people in a nation will do more for the country than merely finding out how to husband raw materials. In fact, if the people know how to conserve themselves they will be sure to find a way to conserve raw materials which their own common sense tells them is needed in business.

Someone has asked if, within two hundred years, Canada will be as barren of natural resources as India. And someone has answered, "Who cares?" That is the problem in a nutshell.



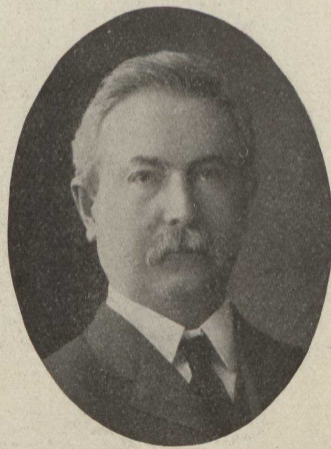
Sir Sandford Fleming, Publicist and Chancellor
Queen's University.



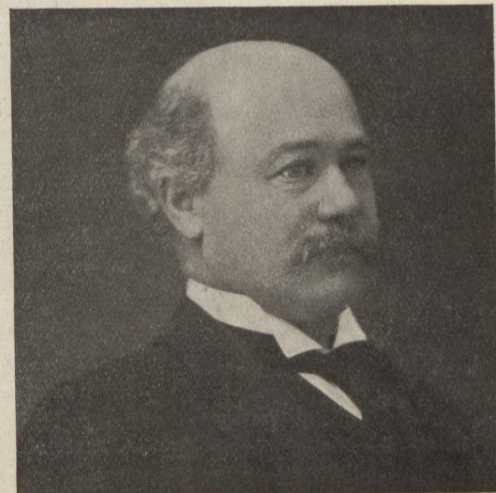
Mr. John Hendry, Lumberman and Manufac-
turer, Vancouver.



Mr. C. C. Jones, Chancellor Uni-
versity of New Brunswick.



Professor Howard Murray, Edu-
cationist, Nova Scotia.



Mr. W. R. Snowball, Lumberman,
Chatham, N. B.



HUNTING IN THE ARCTIC



On the Trail of the Musk Ox in Ellesmere Land

By HARRY WHITNEY,

Illustrated with Photographs by the Author

ARTICLE NUMBER THREE

IN an incredibly short time dogs were harnessed to the *komatiks*. Eiseeyou, one other Eskimo, and myself, with dogs at a run, were dashing toward the larger herd of musk ox, while the four remaining Eskimos and their dogs tore away after the smaller herd. A few minutes earlier, tired and ravenously hungry after our strenuous day's work, luscious steaks and sleeping bags tempted us. Now all weariness and hunger were forgotten in the wild excitement of the chase.

As we neared the herd I could see several lying down. They had not yet discovered their danger, but almost immediately the other party began firing, and in an instant the animals were on their feet and charging up the steep mountain side. It is a trick of the musk ox when pursued always to seek the highest available land. Eiseeyou cut all his dogs loose at once, and we followed as rapidly as we could on foot.

In all my experience I had never encountered a rougher, more difficult country in which to hunt than this in Ellesmere Land. Ordinarily, I should have believed these mountain sides, with walls of smooth rock sheathed with a crust of hard ice and snow, quite unscalable. In places they were almost perpendicular. Rarely did they offer a crevice to serve as foot or hand hold, and jutting points and firm-set boulders were too widely scattered to be of much help.

In this his native land the Eskimo has a decided advantage over the white hunter. His lifetime of experience has taught him to scale these ice-clad heights with a nimbleness and ease that are astounding. He is quite fearless, and even the mountain sheep is not his superior as a climber. As if by magic, and with little apparent effort, the two Eskimos flew up the slippery walls, far outstripping me. How they did it I shall never know. Now and again I was forced to cut steps in the ice or I should inevitably have lost my footing and been hurled downward several hundred feet to the rocks beneath. I was astonished even at my own

progress, and when I paused to glance behind me I felt a momentary panic. But there was no turning back and one look down robbed me of any desire to try it.

I had made but half the ascent, exhausted by the tremendous effort, when Eiseeyou, already at the top, was shouting to me, "*Tieitie! Tieitie!*" (Hurry up! Hurry up!) There was no use, however, in attempting to hurry, and I called to him to try to keep the musk ox rounded up a little longer.

As I struggled toward the summit of the ridge I passed some dead and wounded calves that the dogs had overtaken and attacked. Short of breath, nose bleeding from the effect of unusual exertion and high altitude, I finally turned a point of rock and there, twenty yards away, thirteen noble musk ox were at bay. They stood tails together, heads down, in defensive formation. Whenever a dog approached too closely one of them charged and immediately backed again into his place in the ranks.

While I recovered my breath and composure of muscles, I studied their tactics and movements, and made some camera exposures, before beginning to shoot; but I could not delay long for two of the over-venturesome dogs had already been gored to death, another badly wounded, and all were in great danger from the sharp horns of the musk ox.

The round-up, though near the top of the ridge, was still in so steep a place that as my shots took effect and the animals fell, their bodies rolled down into the valley, hundreds of feet below, gaining terrific impetus before they reached the bottom. Thus seven of them were killed, when suddenly and unexpectedly, as though by prearranged plan, the remaining six sprang from the ledge upon which they had made their stand, and were off at a terrific rush along the glassy hillside. My footing was so insecure that it would have been foolhardy for me to have attempted to run.

I handed my rifle to the excited and anxious Eiseeyou, and nimbly as a hare he was after them, keeping his equilibrium in a most marvelous and inexplicable manner. Three of the dogs joined in

the mad, reckless chase, but to my consternation the remainder of the pack turned down into the valley, and presently, powerless to prevent, I saw them tearing like hungry wolves at my hard-earned trophies which had rolled below.

There was nothing to do but follow Eiseeyou at the best speed I dared. Finally I overtook him with the six musk ox again held at bay by the three faithful dogs. Eiseeyou, who had considerately withheld his fire, at once surrendered the rifle to me, and as rapidly as possible I dispatched the remaining animals. One of them required three shots to drop him.

In this connection I may say that wounded musk ox display absolutely no signs of pain. I noted this remarkable fact on several occasions when I placed a ball near the front shoulder, and no indication was given by the animal that it was hurt until several minutes later it fell dead.

These last animals lodged where they fell, and we set about skinning them immediately. Presently the Eskimos that had followed the smaller herd joined us. Among the six trophies secured on the hill—the last ones—were two fine bulls, remarkable specimens. But after a consultation among the men, Eiseeyou informed me that we had made our killing in so inaccessible a position it would be difficult, if not impossible, to get them out.

This was a keen disappointment and I insisted that in some way we must save the heads at least. Finally it was decided that this might be done if they were cut from the skins close to the body, and the skins abandoned, and to my intense gratification, though I regretted the loss of the fine skins, this was done. The Eskimos, of course, took good care that none of the flesh was wasted. They are extremely economical in this respect.

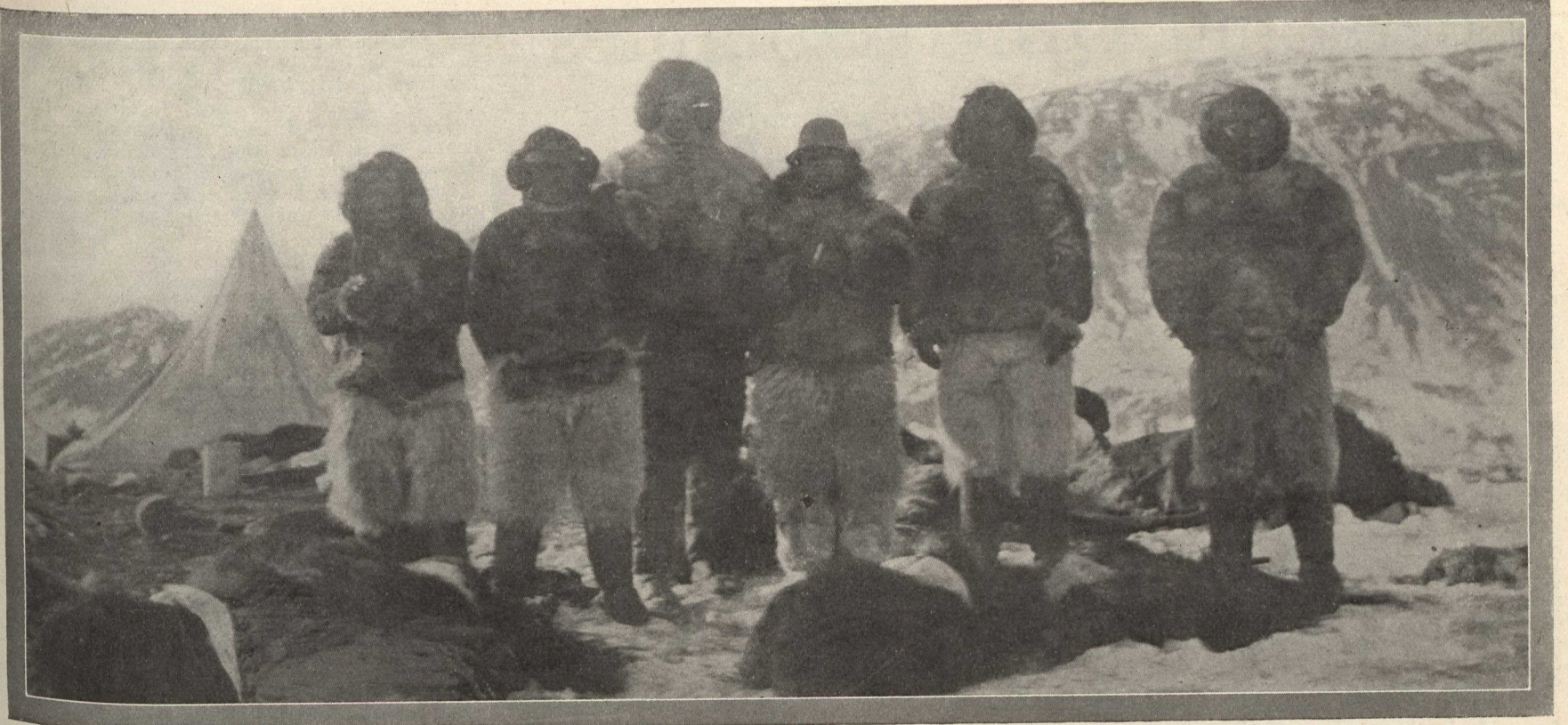
The descent to the valley was even more difficult than the ascent had been. I found it a tedious and dangerous undertaking, and though I finally accomplished it without accident, I was much longer about it than the seemingly reckless Eskimos.

Here to my disappointment I found that nearly all the skins of the first animals killed were ruined.

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The Monarch of the vast Lone Land being dragged to camp; after one of the most exciting and adventurous hunts since the Buffalo days.



The bear-skinned lords of the North Pole marches ; to wit : Antula, Eiseeyou, Tukshu, young Okspuddyshou and his sire, old Okspuddyshou.

In rolling down the mountain side large patches of hair had been torn out on sharp boulders and the dogs had also done considerable destruction. However, I succeeded in saving one fairly good specimen, and, with the other heads secure, felt well paid for my hunt.

Now came the reaction. Early in the chase I had found my *kuletat* (hooded fur coat) an incumbrance, and discarded it upon the hillside. In the descent I had forgotten to recover it. Though the day was very cold the exertion and excitement threw me into a dripping perspiration. A keen north wind was blowing, and I soon began to shiver. To add to my discomfiture, I had in the mountain climbing, severely bruised the soles of my feet on the rocks, and now I realized that they were so tender that walking became extremely painful. However, there was nothing to do but recover the *kuletat*, and exercise was necessary to keep my blood in circulation until I secured its protection, which I finally did.

The experience of the other hunters was similar to ours. They had secured the smaller herd, but the animals were killed on a mountain side, and two rolled to the bottom with more or less injury to the skins.

However, to my great satisfaction, this party captured two calves alive. One of the objects of my adventure was to secure some live calves in the hope that I might eventually succeed in bringing them home as a zoological contribution. With this in view I had taken upon the *komatiks* a good supply of condensed milk as food for them, for I realized that any calves small enough to capture would still be suckling babies.

It was a tedious journey back to camp. For fifteen consecutive hours I had been exerting myself to the limit of my physical endurance, and during this period not a morsel of food had I taken. Let the hunter who has passed through similar experiences picture then the satisfaction and anticipation with which I rested and watched a pot of musk-ox meat boil for supper, sniffing its appetising odour.

Imagine my feeling when Eiseeyou, who was sitting near, sprang to his feet and began talking earnestly and excitedly to the others. He spoke so rapidly that I could make out but one word, "Omingmong!" "Omingmong" means musk ox, and when the men began to reharness the dogs, I knew that more game had been sighted. Eiseeyou endeavoured to point the animals out to me—four musk ox, he said—on the opposite mountain side, though with my naked eye I could see nothing of them. Finally, with the aid of glasses, I was just able to make them out near a point where the ice cap ran down in a glacier to the frozen river bed.

"Will you go after them?" asked Eiseeyou.

I had come to hunt musk ox and

resolved to let no opportunity for securing trophies escape me, so, reluctant as I was to leave the kettle of boiling meat and the inviting sleeping bag, I answered "Yes."

At the foot of the mountain twenty-one dogs were cut loose. They did not see the game and Tukshu, springing forward like a deer, led three of them to the trail above where the animals had turned. Here the three dogs took the scent and instantly the whole pack were behind them.

As on former occasions, the round-up was made at a high elevation. The Eskimos, far ahead of me, were shouting, "Hurry up! Hurry up!" long before I reached them, and urging me on. When I finally gained the mountain top I took a position at close range. One big fellow attracted me and, wishing to photograph him, I, giving my rifle to Tukshu with instructions to kill the animal if it attempted to attack me. I approached very near with my camera. At the instant that I made the exposure, less than a dozen feet away, the infuriated bull broke from the ranks and with lowered head charged me. I had no further business in that immediately vicinity and proceeded to establish a sprinting record in the opposite direction.

While I am not an aspirant for athletic honours, I have always been sorry there was no one present with a stop watch to time that effort. Tukshu held his fire much longer than I thought necessary. Perhaps he was interested in my performance. Presently, however, he did fire and the beast dropped at my heels.

Fortunately its body became wedged between two rocks where it hung until we were able to prop it up. Thus all four of the musk ox were secured

without damage to the skins, though it was with the utmost difficulty that we finally succeeded in getting the trophies into camp.

I was now so tired that even the kettle of meat had lost its attraction, and I ate very little. I was too utterly weary, in fact, to remove my clothing before crawling into my sleeping bag to rest. Once there, I told Eiseeyou that if he sighted any more musk ox he and the others could go for them if they chose, but as for myself, I intended to sleep, whatever else happened.

In the excitement of the chase I had taken off my dark glasses, and now I felt the first pains of snow blindness. Bruised feet, inflamed eyes, completely exhausted, I cannot remember that in all my life I ever experienced greater misery of body than at that moment. But after several hours of slumber, followed by a delicious breakfast of musk-ox tongue and liver—musk ox meat is the most toothsome meat I have ever eaten—I was quite myself again and nearly as fit as ever.

There was much to be done before continuing our hunt westward. Carcasses had to be hauled to camp, trophies cleaned and made ready for transportation, and everything packed snug for our departure. While the Eskimos were busy with these details, I turned my attention to the numerous hare which were to be seen everywhere in the valley in bunches of from twenty to fifty. They were thoroughly tame, doubtless because of the fact that they had never been hunted. Often I killed two with a single shot from my .22 automatic rifle.

My object here was to secure skins for my friends, the Eskimos, at Annotok. In that region hares are wild and difficult to get, and the people were badly in need of skins for socks. The pelts are very light and easily carried, and I felt that I could do no less than take advantage of this opportunity to secure a stock of them to supply the demand at Annotok.

When all the musk ox were finally hauled into camp, where the men could prepare them for transportation, I left two men to complete the work, and with four men and four sledges proceeded westward for a distance of ten miles. Here a halt was made to permit Eiseeyou to climb a high mountain and view the country with my glasses. Upon his return he reported that we were not far from the place where the western coast of Ellesmere Land drops into the Frozen Ocean. No game was in sight, and there was poor outlook in the country beyond for musk ox, though it was believed that a journey of four "sleeps" would carry us into a good hunting region.

Four "sleeps" indicated nothing. It might have meant two hundred miles or it might have meant fifty miles. The Eskimo has many good qualities but he has little or no conception of distance.



After the Musk-Ox Hunt, young Okspuddyshou got snow-blind on the trail and threw a fit. He was found in a general mix up of his dogs.

Peers and Other Notables

Little Cartoons on Some of the Men who have made Interest in the Big Election Struggle

THE House of Lords is the most-discussed body of legislators the world has ever seen. The triumvirate of Rome, the Wicked Ten and the Inquisition all combined have nothing to show for notoriety compared to the illustrious and conglomerate body which for the past two or three months has managed to keep Great Britain in an uproar and the rest of the world looking on. Among the peers there are all sorts and conditions



Lord Chas. Beresford



Lord Lonsdale

of men; chancellors and statesmen, scientists and star-gazers, poets and painters, journalists and philanthropists, educators and literary geniuses—and just plain lords. They are the wisest and most portentous public body in the world. And during the last few days of the general elections they managed to create such a furore in the counties that it seemed as if the old-fashioned feudal system just naturally and suddenly rose up out of the mediæval past and went on the war-path against the Liberals.

Of course there's Beresford; and he's a Unionist; tariff reformer and big gun of the navy; bluff, plain Charlie on the hustings and powerful on deck of a man-of-war; as democratic a lord as any, as popular as any commoner and a great deal more than most. He knows more about Canada than almost any ten other peers of the realm outside of Viscount Morley and Lord Northcliffe. He has



Lord Fisher



Lord Rothschild

been here. He patted us on the back and said we were a fine lot of untired, aggressive people, and naturally we feel tickled that "Charley" got in even though we may not feel quite so sure of his politics—provided we happen to be Free Traders, which perhaps we are not.

Lord Fisher is altogether different; another sort of lord but a peer of the realm; a sea-dog for sure and as grim as a bulldog. He believed one thing about the navy while Beresford believed another; which is the spice of life and the life of politics. He is a doer and a centraliser; a man of action and of some ideas. He is not a mere big-wig; has no patience with powder or flunkeys and will never have the gout. Five years he has been first sea lord of the Admiralty and he has had a deal of rough weather—which he likes. He has carried out a lot of reforms in the navy—which it needed. He has had a lot of critics—whom he does not mind in the least. He will remain a member of the Imperial Defence Committee—which will need him.

Then there's Lord Morley—or Viscount to be more to the point; the only one of his kind in the country; a scholar and a writer of most chaste and elevated English; whose mind swings along on an airship plane above the average man; who hates to be interviewed and loves to wear bizarre clothes—as for instance, black trousers, navy blue coat and red tie. His face is very red and his manner is very politely formidable. He impresses and elevates. He is a thinker and a high-minded man who has had more constructive ideas about that restless part of the Empire known as India than any other man in England. He was in Canada a few years ago, a guest of Goldwin Smith who is an old friend of his. Lord Morley is one of the wisest and sanest and most constructive men who ever took a hand in politics. England and the Empire are the better off with him and would be sorry to lose him.

Different and yet similar is Lord Rosebery, who invented the "ominous hush." Here also is a high-minded and a serene satirical soul; too involved in Rosebery to bother much about elections; a prophet and a sort of poet; never satisfied with either party though he was once a Liberal of the Gladstone school; and once Prime Minister of England. He travels but little; has never seen Canada; enjoys his "lonely furrow" and only now and again leaves it to deliver an oration which is too broad to be partisan and is scarcely bounded even by the Empire



Sir Edward Grey



Lord Rosebery

on which the sun never sets. He is a world figure, is Rosebery, and we should much like to know him.

The Earl of Derby once entertained the King in state at Knowsley Hall, might have been a king himself if the house of Stanley had not, as Disraeli prophesied that they would, preferred Knowsley to the Parthenon, and Lancashire to the Attic plains. They chose to remain Earls of Derby rather than become Kings of Greece. Knowsley is a magnificent place, and the estate is the largest of all those possessed by this famous family.

There is no more popular sportsman in England than the Earl of Lonsdale, who is honoured by the friendship of King Edward, and has frequently entertained the German Emperor at his splendid seat, Lowther Castle. An all-round sportsman, if there is one thing that Lord Lonsdale loves better than another is it to drive a good horse, or a team of



The Duke of Norfolk



The Earl of Derby

them. He is one of the most noted members of the Four-in-Hand Club, and a magnificent whip.

One of the foremost opponents of the Budget has been Lord Rothschild, who, long before the Bill reached the House of Lords, threw into the scale against it the weight of his enormous influence. He denounced it at a meeting of city men, and was one of the advocates for its rejection by the Peers. Mr. Lloyd-George in a much criticised speech declared that the country was suffering from "too much Lord Rothschild."

Then you come along to the Duke of Norfolk, and what a fearsome giant you behold!—the premier duke and earl of England, of whom one has said that if he were caricatured aright he should be "the most monocled, most fatuous and most degenerate of the lot"—which of course he is not and nothing like it. As wealthy as Croesus, with nothing in the world to do but spend his money and go to sleep in the House of Lords when a debate was on, he decided once upon a time to run for the Mayoralty of Sheffield—which he got. Thereafter hungering



Rt Hon. Reginald McKenna

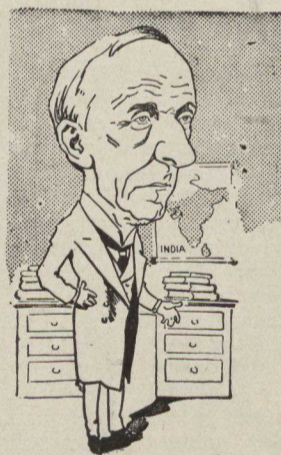


Lord Loreburn

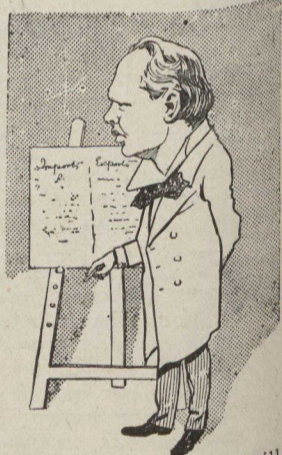
for work, he became Postmaster-General, which meant a deal of labour and he liked it. Then when the Boer War came on the boards the Duke went to the front. He is a Catholic and a great public character and a conscientious man. May his kind live and multiply!

There are many men who find it easier even now to speak of "Bobby Reid" than of Lord Loreburn, though that distinguished lawyer has been a Peer for four years. There was no more popular member of the House of Commons for more than twenty years, and noble lords of every degree confess that no more genial Lord Chancellor ever wore full-bottomed wig. They listen to his speeches with respect, and vote—as they like.

Not to mention Lord Crewe, who has been described as "tall, handsome, self-possessed and representative of a good type of the British noble-



Viscount Morley



Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill

man." He is the Liberal leader in the House of Lords. When Campbell-Bannerman became Premier, the Earl of Crewe was made Lord President of the Council. Afterwards he was made Secretary for the Colonies. He mastered the intricacies of the Birrell Education Bill and of the South African Constitution—which is just by way of variety and eclecticism. He has written poetry—just for the love of it. He was once Lord Lieutenant for Ireland—when thirty-four years of age. His father, the first Baron Houghton, once visited Canada.

Though Parliament has been so much occupied during this Session with financial business, relations with foreign Powers have, as usual, given the Secretary for Foreign Affairs a full year of work. Sir Edward Grey learned his business under another famous foreign Minister—he was Lord Rosebery's Under-Secretary in the last Liberal Government. There is an air of mystery about him, the House regards him with awe, and his position is the stronger for it.



RESUME.

Peter Rutherford, a wealthy young Montrealer, visits an aunt in a small Ontario town. A business communication takes him to the post office on a night when a blizzard sweeps the town and, confused by the violence of the storm, he turns by mistake into the home of Margaret Manners, whose acquaintance he has an opportunity of improving before her brother arrives to show him on his way. By chance circumstance, Peter decides not to mail a letter of proposal written to a girl in Montreal, and later drops it in the Manners home, where it comes into Margaret's hands. Next day, when he calls, Margaret returns the letter to him, and he is intensely relieved to find it has not been sent upon its way. A sleighing party is being arranged and Peter is persuaded to prolong his visit to take part in the event. By mutual consent he becomes Margaret's escort in the drive and by so doing incurs the enmity of a man from whom the girl has been accepting some small attentions and who has taken for granted the acceptability of his suit. Margaret confides to Peter Rutherford her fear of this man and the unpleasantness of his attention in spite of which it is her brother's wish that she should marry him. Peter has a faint and disagreeable recollection of having seen Klein before but cannot recall the exact circumstances.

REALLY? Still one never knows, you know. About to be engaged, you say. I was glad to see you with him, Margaret, because I think him much nicer than—some others."

"If you mean Mr. Klein, I agree with you," said Margaret calmly.

"Really? Well dear, don't think me interfering, but I can't help hoping—"

But just here the good-natured hostess was called away and Margaret never learned what it was that she couldn't help hoping.

Meanwhile the object of their conversation, cheerfully chatting with Klein, was becoming exasperated. Do what he would he could not succeed in surprising his adversary off his guard and the memory he sought still eluded him. Of one thing only he felt certain—he had never heard the man talk before. His low, pleasant voice struck no answering cord, awakened no haunting recollection. It was the eyes that seemed familiar and the straight nose and the rugged, obstinate chin. The mouth? Ah, he couldn't see the mouth. Could it be possible that it was the mustache which prevented full recognition? For an instant Rutherford held the thread of memory in his grasp, then Klein spoke and it was lost again.

The evening wore on in the usual way, with a little dancing, a little flirting and a great deal of laughter and youthful nonsense. Peter, rather to his surprise, found that he was enjoying himself very much. To be sure he couldn't always dance with Margaret, nor could he always sit in some convenient nook and talk to her, but the knowledge that she was there, that his turn for a dance and a talk would come was more than sufficient and if the other young ladies with whom he danced and talked were to him little more than necessary puppets, it is certain that nobody knew it but himself. Indeed, had he realised it, he was scoring a very pronounced social success, eclipsing even the well-known brilliancy of Mr. Klein, lately the standard of gentlemanly excellence in Banbridge society.

Margaret watched his enjoyment with puzzled wonder. Not knowing the cause, the effect was perplexing and when she heard his boyish laugh respond to some inanity from the stupidest girl in the room she marvelled greatly. As a matter of fact Rutherford was in the mood to laugh at anything or nothing.

Society in Banbridge is somewhat primitive and not given to unseemly hours, so at what seemed to Rutherford an absurdly early hour the dancing became desultory and finally stopped altogether and the self-appointed helpers began to dispense coffee and angel-cake before starting on the return drive.

Peter, who by dint of clever skirmishing, had succeeded in establishing himself close to Margaret's corner, declined, in spite of blandishments, to help wait and in excuse told a story of a former experience which was so funny that Margaret's merry laugh rang out and Klein, who was dispensing

coffee, was unfortunate enough to spill a little over Mrs. Matheson's black silk dress.

His apologies were prompt and graceful and the next moment he handed Margaret and Rutherford their cups with a smile and an enquiry as to what they were finding so amusing.

Margaret watched him doubtfully as he moved away.

"He doesn't seem to care a bit," she said to Peter with a high of undoubted relief.

"Perhaps," said Peter hopefully, "he is more of a gentleman than we have been giving him credit for. At least he has sense enough to conceal his feelings."

"I'd rather believe that he has no feelings to conceal. I don't like the idea of concealed feelings. In Mr. Klein's case I am sure they would be dangerous."

Peter sipped his coffee tranquilly.

"I think," he decided, "that we have been allowing our imagination to run away with us. You remember what you said about the probability of his trying to do me out of my homeward ride? I hope you won't feel neglected but he really has not mentioned the subject."

"I suppose my pride ought to be hurt," she said, "but somehow I don't mind it a bit. Don't you think you had better go and see about the horses?"

Rutherford rose instantly and as he did so a slight feeling of dizziness made him cling to the back of his chair.

"Mr. Rutherford's coffee must have been too strong," laughed one of the pretty waitresses as she hurried by.

"Is anything the matter?" asked Margaret, looking up.

"No. I felt dizzy for a moment, too much excitement for one so young, I suppose. Will you get ready, Miss Manners? I'll have the horses around in a quarter of an hour."

But though he succeeded in concealing his indisposition from Margaret, Peter was really feeling inexplicably ill. He made his way across the room and touched one of the young men, whom he knew, upon the arm.

"Say, Clarke," he said, "take me off somewhere will you? I'm feeling seedy."

Eddie Clarke, fortunately, was a sensible young man and seeing from Peter's white face that he was quite in earnest he steered him quickly and quietly from the room.

"Sit down here," he said, placing him on a sofa in a deserted room. "I'd better get Mrs. Matheson. She'll know what to do and she never makes a fuss."

Rutherford roused himself a little.

"Don't say anything—don't let anyone know, I've reasons—promise."

"Sure," said Clarke, wonderingly, and hurried away.

When a few minutes later he returned with their hostess they found Rutherford lying in a dead faint upon the floor.

Mrs. Matheson was not a woman to wonder first and act afterward.

"Run to the room at the top of the stair, Eddie," she said briefly, "and fetch me the water pitcher and the glass-stoppered bottle from the dressing-table."

At the foot of the stair Clarke almost ran over Klein, who was returning to the kitchen with a trap of empty coffee cups.

"What's the matter?" asked Klein quickly, "anyone sick?"

"Sick!" said Eddie laughingly. "Do you think this is a hospital? Look out, you'll smash those cups if you hold them like that!"

On the return journey he looked to see if the hall were clear before he descended, for though he did not know Rutherford's reasons for desiring secrecy, it had been quite evident from his tone that they were weighty ones.

IT was not long before Peter began to revive under the judicious treatment of Mrs. Matheson, but his senses came back slowly. When at last he did realise where he was and what had happened, his first question was:

"How long have I been here?"
"I should think about ten minutes," said Mrs. Matheson.

Rutherford forced himself into a sitting posture. He felt very weak and tired and his head had a peculiar sensation of not belonging to his body, but the dizziness was passing. Mrs. Matheson, who was genuinely concerned, pressed him not to attempt to stand.

"You must not think of moving, Mr. Rutherford," said she in her kindly way. "Is there anything I can get for you? I presume you are subject to spells like this."

"Never fainted in my life," said Rutherford truthfully. "I can't imagine what went wrong. If it hadn't been for Clarke there I would have made a nice show of myself. Say, Clarke, will you do me another favour and get out the horses?"

"Sure," said Clarke cheerfully, with an understanding grin. "But I guess some one will have to drive you home."

"Undoubtedly," declared Mrs. Matheson, "that is, if he is well enough to go home at all. Miss Manners will have to go in some one else's sleigh; there were a few gentlemen without partners—but I think the best thing would be for Mr. Rutherford to stay here until the morning."

As she spoke a sentence of Margaret's wandered through Rutherford's steadying brain.

"Be sure you are not beguiled into changing partners for the drive home."

In a flash he saw, or thought he saw, something which steadied his hand and sent the blood rushing through his strengthening frame. He managed to laugh quite naturally.

"Why, Mrs. Matheson," he said, "you surely don't intend to punish me for the trouble I have caused by making me lose my moonlight ride, do you? As a matter of fact I am perfectly well and quite capable of managing my own horses. Do go along and get them, Clarke. I told Miss Manners I'd be ready in a quarter of an hour."

Eddie Clarke went off laughing, but Mrs. Matheson lingered.

"Do you really think you can?" she asked concernedly.

"I know that I must," answered Peter gravely.

Mrs. Matheson sat down on the sofa by his side.

"I'll get you a glass of wine," she said. "It's home-made but it will do you good. And remember, if the horses prove too much for you Margaret is a good driver."

Then with a motherly pat of understanding she hurried off to get the wine.

CHAPTER IX.

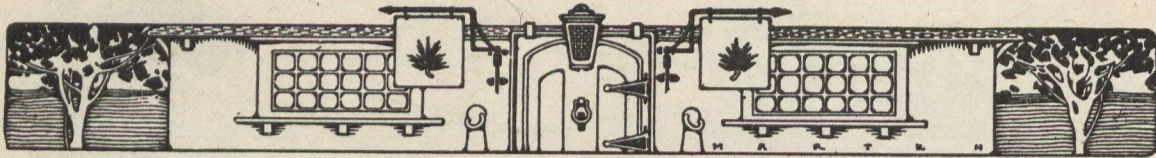
MARGARET TAKES THE LINES.

When Rutherford had left the room, presumably to bring the horses, Margaret, with a little sigh of relief that the evening was over, slipped away upstairs. As she searched for her coat and furs in the crowded cloak-room she felt quite ready to laugh at her anxieties of the afternoon. In retrospect, the look of rage on Klein's face might easily have been but the transitory anger of a hot-tempered man who finds himself in a humiliating position. To fear an attempt at reprisal seemed little less than ridiculous. She smiled at herself in the mirror with a new feeling of confidence in her own powers. She wondered how she could have been so foolish as to have been afraid of Klein, or of any other man. She was free, had always been free, and in her present mood even the delusion of servitude seemed incomprehensible.

It took some time to find and adjust her wraps and when at last she reappeared the stipulated fifteen minutes were well over. Expecting to find Rutherford waiting, Margaret prepared a merry excuse for her tardiness as she ran downstairs. But there was no sign of her escort either in the hallway or in the parlours.

Instead, Mr. Klein, smiling his shallow smile, came up and offered her a chair. Margaret took it laughingly, declaring that she was prepared to wait five minutes but no longer.

CONCLUDED ON PAGE 21.



AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

A Monarch of the Winter World.

By ADELINE TESKEY.

"O! PINE tree tall, O! pine tree tall,
How faithful are thy branches,
Not green alone in summer time,
But green 'mid winter's snow and rime,
O! pine tree tall, O! pine tree tall,
With faithful leaves and branches."



"Great tree-trunks rising like Cathedral columns"

Purple-green against the blue-grey of a winter sky stands the pine tree in our northern clime, almost, one could imagine, with an air of defiance toward the fiercest winds and keenest frosts the season can bring forth. Not a leaf will it drop because of the wind and chill; the most it will do is fold them for the winter's rest. If the stark, bare, tragic-looking form of a leafless pine confronts the eye as it sweeps the horizon, be sure that the tree is dead.

The conifers, or cone-bearing trees are distinguished for giving us the cheer of green all through the winter months. There

are other trees, such as the live oak, and the red-berryed holly, that retain their green in winter, but they never can be confused with the conifers. "All needle-leaved, tapering trees," clothed in green when the snow is on the ground, are cone-bearers.

There are a number of conifers, and even people accustomed to looking at them daily are often confused as to their species. The hemlock, the spruce, the fir, the cedar, the pine are all winter greens—how are we to distinguish them? If we were to acknowledge that we could not distinguish a pine tree from other evergreens we would probably amuse very many people who have been reared among the aromatic trees; but we believe there are some who are labouring under this difficulty.

There are eighty members of the genus *Pinus*, and all are distinguished from other conifers by the fact that their leaves or needles are attached in clusters to the twigs. All other native conifers have their leaves set singly upon the twigs. This one thing of groups distinguish the pine. Pine needles are also much longer than those of any other conifer, ranging from one to twelve inches, according to species. The leaves of other conifers are short. The number of needles is constant to a certain species of pine tree; sometimes there are five or seven, but more often two or three.

The pines are divided into two distinct groups, the pitch pine, and the soft pine. The early settlers of this country, when clearing their land of the primeval forest, made very picturesque and enduring fences out of pine stumps, and the knots of the pitch pine made the fires, of which we read with regret that they are a thing of the past, in the old-time fireplaces. Across the whole end of the settler's cabin those fireplaces were often built, and a log twelve feet long, and whole pine stumps could be burned in them. Those great fires provided for the family both heat and light.

Surely a picture worthy of an artist's brush is that old-time fireplace, the pioneer sitting in front of it fashioning an axe-handle, his wife knitting or carding the wool, while the children crack butter-nuts on the great hearthstone, the fire throwing its glory over the entire group.

The soft pine is light-coloured and fine-grained, containing little resin. It is used largely by the carpenter, and it is considered quite an acquisition to have one's den or study wainscotted or ceiled with white, or what dealers in the north call "Georgia pine." Five needles in a cluster is what is usually found on a soft pine.

The pitch pine is hard, coarse-grained, heavy, and saturated with pitch or pine gum. The thick, resinous substance of a dark brown, or black colour, which we call tar, is made by burning the wood of

pitch pine and firs with a close, smothering heat.

We are not surprised to learn that the great tree made an impression on the spirits of men, and that some primitive peoples regarded it as having supernatural qualities. Finding it in the snowy Himalaya Mountains, the Hindoo called it the "tree of gods."

The Douglas pine reaches a height of three hundred feet, and grows so straight that it is used for masts of ships. One writing of them says: "So great is their height that it seems as if a man standing on the topmost bough might with his outstretched hand pluck the stars from their places."

Anyone who has had the privilege of walking through a pine forest knows the feeling of awe and reverence which it inspires; the great tree-trunks rising like cathedral columns; the soft carpet of fallen pine needles, grown brown with age, on which a foot-fall can scarcely be heard. One feels like treading lightly and speaking softly. The light is dim. The stillness is intense, for the fragrant gum of those trees is so bitter that no insects trouble them. Indeed, the pine has been called the most inhospitable of trees, because of the fact that it does not invite or entertain the insect world. Then there is the pungent odour, which is said to be laden with health-giving virtues, and the over-arching branches forming such a close roof that snow or rain can scarcely reach the silent temple underneath.

The song of the pine has been immortalised by more than one poet:

"Many voices there are in Nature's choir,
And none but were good to hear
Had we mastered the laws of their music well,
And could read their meanings clear.
But we who can feel at Nature's touch,
Cannot think as yet with her thought;
And I only know that the sigh of the pine
With a spell of its own is fraught."

The pine tree has not the power of reproducing itself possessed by other trees; as soon as the top is cut down the root dies, there exists no power of sending out shoots from the roots or stump. The cones are the seed-holders of the pine, the seeds being located at the base of the scales, and the young pines grow from the seeds alone. Owing to this, and the very large demands made for the timber of the pine, naturalists say that the tree is doomed to extinction as a forest tree, and in the near future shall be seen only where it is preserved in parks and gardens.

There are many legends connected with the pine tree, of which the following is an example:

"An Indian once went to the Great Spirit to ask a favour. He had a desire to be very tall, taller than any other Indian in the land. This displeased the Great Spirit, and in his anger he changed the Indian into the tall tree which we call the pine; and his tuft of feathers is now seen on the crown of that great monarch."

* * *

Household Service in England and Canada.

AN Englishwoman, who recently visited Canada, has expressed in the *Queen* newspaper some innocent wonder at many of our ways. Our liking for uncooked fruit, our lack of bells, our knowledge of housework and our contrivances to save trouble, all appear to her to be worthy of remark.

The Canadian woman, when, in her turn she crosses the Atlantic, finds no less food for thought in the habits and customs of the comfortable classes in England. To one used to a house managed with the minimum of domestic help, much of

the service rendered by the deft, black-robed maids of a well-ordered English household seems superfluous. It is well enough, she feels, to be roused on a dark winter's morning from the too seductive comfort of a warm and luxurious bed by a soft-voiced girl instead of a jingling alarm-clock, but the accompanying drawing up of blinds or lighting of gases seems to the sleepy guest a thought unnecessary, not to say intrusive; and throughout the day it is the same with other ministrations.

Many Canadians, however, find it easy to acquire even in a few months' time, a taste for these luxurious observances, and on returning home, this often makes the scarcity of servants seem doubly hard.

But there is another side to the question. Perhaps the insistence of the "servant problem" in Canada and the fact that Canadian girls do not shape readily into maids and shop-girls as deferential as those of England is not wholly to be regretted, for though in itself the work is useful and honourable it is often done under conditions quite unfair to the worker, and the comparative ease of the solution of this problem in England forces one to think of the grim background of the squalour and misery of thousands behind the pleasant luxuries of the well-to-do.

* * *

A Good Fairy.

MARIE MONTESSORI, a lecturer in the University at Rome, is said to be the most intellectual woman in Europe. She is an eloquent and convincing public speaker, and has gained a wide reputation for her ideas in the teaching of children. She advocates the carrying of instruction to the mind of the child by means of toys. She also has built a "model house" for the poor, and in it has a room set apart and specially equipped for the children. In it are toys of her own invention designed to teach the little ones to read and write. Her ideas have found such an appeal to the practical mind she has been invited to build a house exclusively for children in Milan.

* * *

Why He Was Excluded.

A FRIEND of Mr. James Whitcomb Riley tells of an occasion when the humorist was induced to attend a "literary" dinner in Indianapolis given in honour of one of the novelists who live there. Mr. Riley had been told to take in to dinner a sister of the host, an excellent woman, but not literary. The conversation touching upon the beauties of Chaucer, about whom a certain set of the city was then cultivating a fad, a spirited discussion ensued, during which the bewildered sister caught from time to time only the name "Chaucer." At last she whispered to Riley:

"Who is this Mr. Chaucer they're talking so much about? Is he very popular in society?"

"Madam," solemnly responded Riley, "that man did something that forever shuts him out of society."

"Mercy!" exclaimed the worthy woman. "What was it?"

"He died several hundred years ago," said Riley.

THE OLDE ENGLISH INN.



The "Spread Eagle" Inn at Midhurst, one of the best preserved specimens of the old timbered style of English Architecture. It was recently visited by the King who stopped on his way to Dene Park, (the residence of Mr. William James), to inspect the quaint structure.

FOR THE CHILDREN

Blackie's Trick.

By J. D. Cowles.

GLADYS sat holding Gray-Paws, one of her kitties, in her lap. But presently her thoughts were recalled by a soft rubbing against her arm. She looked round, and there was Blackie, Gray-Paws' brother, evidently trying his best to attract attention. He rubbed against her, and put his nose under her arm. But somehow Gladys seemed to think that her lap was full enough just then, although she was often known to hold five kittens at once, as Blackie was well aware. At last Blackie seemed to conclude that there was no room for him at present, and he was perhaps jealous of Gray-Paws. It really seems as if he must have thought the matter over carefully and made deliberate plans, for this is what he did.

Blackie suddenly sprang down beside the dish used for food and began to eat, or pretend to, with the greatest relish, occasionally looking at Gray-Paws, as if afraid he would come and take part of the feast. This, of course, was too much for Gray-Paws to resist, and in a moment he had jumped from Gladys's lap and run to the side of the dish.

Quick as a thought Blackie turned away, ran up the steps and jumped into Gladys's lap, where he curled down in a ball and began to purr. There was not one thing in the dish! "You naughty, funny little cat!" exclaimed Gladys, and she could not help cuddling the little rogue nor laughing at his trick, while Gray-Paws walked slowly away.

—New Idea Magazine.

The Sitting-Room Lamp.

By Alice Turner Curtis.

AUNT ETHEL took off the shade from the lamp on the sitting-room table, struck a match carefully on the little iron Chinaman's back, and in a moment there was a pleasant light in the room.

"Aunt Ethel, what makes the lamp burn?" asked Constance.

"Kerosene," replied Aunt Ethel, who was busy with her knitting.

"Would the lamp burn if there was water in it?" asked the little girl.

Aunt Ethel shook her head, smilingly. "Of course not, Constance," she said.

"The oil feeds the cotton wick in the lamp, and the wick feeds the flame."

"What does ker-o-sene mean?" questioned Mary, forgetting the shadows in the corners and coming close to the table, where she could watch the flame.

"Dear me," replied Aunt Ethel, "I shall have to find that out. I don't know myself," and she laid down the knitting and brought a big book from the book-shelves and began turning the leaves.

"Here it is," she said. "Well, it is a made-up name, partly Greek. It means fuel—that is, something that will burn—and it means light."

Both the little girls repeated the word over as if not quite satisfied.

"It is really an oil," went on Aunt Ethel, "that is found in the ground, and it is of more value to all the people of the earth than all the minerals, such as silver, gold and copper. But its real name is petroleum."

"Kerosene is made of petroleum."

"Does everybody have it?" asked Mary.

"Who found out that it could be burned in lamps?" asked Constance, before Aunt Ethel could answer Mary's question.

"Well, Constance, I will answer your question first, because it says right on this very page that no one knows who first used petroleum, as a thousand years before the Bible was written the Japanese were using it, and called it 'burning water,' because it came from the ground. And they dug wells where the oil was found to secure a supply. And in Egypt there were wells of oil, and the people used it for light, very much as we do now."

"I guess everybody knows about it," said Mary, for her aunt had answered both questions.

"There are oil-wells in this very state, New York," went on Aunt Ethel, "and in Ohio, where Aunt Mary lives, and in Texas, and in California. And away off in Russia, on the western shore of the Caspian Sea are many wells of oil that supply many people."

"Wait, I'll get the big atlas, and you can show us on the maps just where the oil-wells are," said Mary, eagerly; and in a few minutes the big book with its coloured maps was spread out on the table, and Mary and Constance found the places in China, in Japan, in Burma and in Russia where petroleum is found. Then Aunt Ethel told them over again the list of states, and these they found very easily.

"My! I never thought before about what made the sitting-room lamp burn!" exclaimed Mary, as they put away the big atlas.—*Youth's Companion*.

Angels.

By Helena Sharpsteen.

THEY tell me how the angels sing
Up above the skies,
And that they're very, very good,
Beautiful, and wise.

I know just how those angels look
Up above the skies;—
They look like my mama at night
Singing lullabies.

—New Idea Magazine.

Warning Royalty.

IN many ways England is quite as real a democracy as the United States. A story about the young prince, Edward, told in the *Atlanta Constitution*, illustrates well this point. He was sent to school at Osborne. He had just arrived, and was wandering about the grounds, when he was accosted by another small boy, who had already been a term at Osborne.

"Hello!" said the other boy, who was the son of a captain in the navy. "You're a new boy. What's your name?"

"Edward," the little prince replied. "Edward what, stupid?" said the other boy. "You must have another name."

"Edward of Wales," said the prince.

"Oh, so you're that chap," was his comment, as he walked away. "I hope you won't put on too much side."

Puzzles for the Winter Fireside

Solutions to Last Week's Puzzles.

THE HANDCUFF PUZZLE

The gentleman must pass the slack portion of his own cord under that portion of the other cord encircling one or other of the lady's wrists;

pass the loop thus made over her hand, and draw it back again, when the pair will be freed from their entanglement.

PUZZLES WITH COUNTERS.

Nos. 1 and 2.—The diagrams next

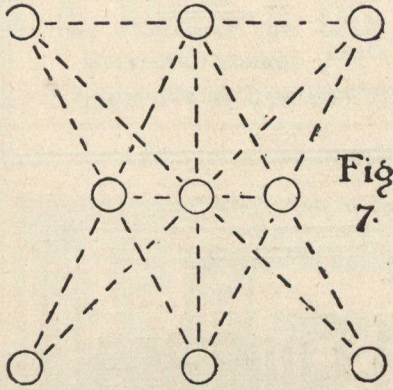


Fig. 7.

following (Figs. 7 and 8) show the

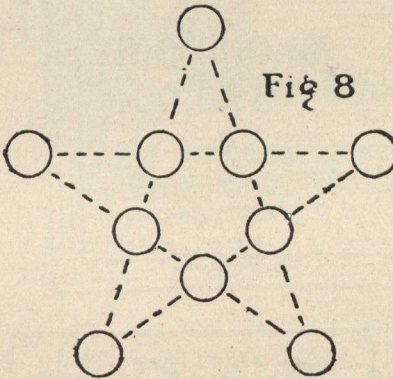
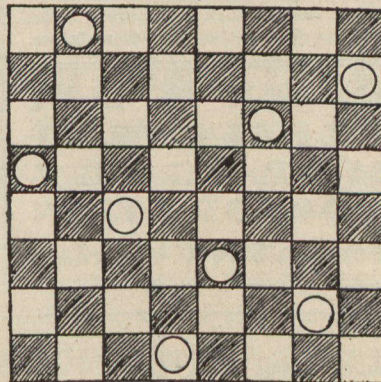


Fig. 8.

proper arrangement of the counters in these two cases.

No. 3.—It is obvious that if you were permitted to go straight on from point to point, leaving a counter upon each as you reach it, there would be no difficulty. The secret lies in reversing this process, and each time covering the angle from which the hand last travelled.

Fig. 9.



No. 4.—We will suppose the counters, according to the square which for the time being each occupies, to be numbered as under:

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10.

Place 4 on 1, 6 on 9, 8 on 3, 2 on 5, and 10 on 7, and the deed is done.

No. 5.—Transfer the counters, in pairs, as follows:

- From spaces 2 and 3 to 9 and 10.
- From spaces 5 and 6 to 2 and 3.
- From spaces 8 and 9 to 5 and 6.
- From spaces 1 and 2 to 8 and 9.

The counters are worked back again by reversing the process.

No. 6.—This puzzle admits of two or three solutions. One of them is shown in Fig. 9.

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MONEY AND MAGNATES

Canadian Financiers Have a Watchful Eye on London Market.

WHILE very few corporations are making any issue of stock in Canada at the present time, it being recognised that the Canadian public got pretty near as much as they could handle during the latter months of 1909, Canadian financiers are paying considerable attention to the London market, and it is expected that there will be a number of Canadian bond issues in that market just as soon as the unsettlement caused by the British elections has subsided.

One of the first issues to be placed on the market at that centre immediately after the elections, will be that of the Amalgamated Asbestos Corporation. The issue will be of the first mortgage bonds, this being the form of security that always proved particularly attractive to the British investor.

In addition to this, there is a likelihood of a sale of 1,000 shares of Molsons Bank stock being arranged through the firm of Sperling & Co. at a price of \$200 per share, amounting to an investment of \$2,000,000.

Then again the same interests who were successful in placing a very large block of the common stock of the Dominion Textile Co. in London, will likely arrange to place a substantial portion of the common stock of the Penmans, Limited, among the same clientele in the not distant future.

The Penman concern is controlled by the same interests as the Dominion Textile Co., and this would greatly facilitate the arrangements being concluded for such an issue.

The Canadian Northern and Grand Trunk Pacific will also arrange for the financing of new branch lines, while other Canadian industrial concerns will take advantage of the first opportunity they have of raising additional capital for extensions and developments.

The recent action of the Bank of England in reducing its rate of discount to 3½ per cent. will have the effect of placing the English market in a very much better position than it has been for sometime past, and this of course will naturally contribute to the success of the various Canadian flotation.

* * *

Many Canadian Investors Like Foreign Investments.

WHILE a good deal outside capital is coming into Canada, there seems to be a disposition on the part of Canadian investors not to confine their investments to Canada alone, but to spread out more and more to foreign enterprises that are handled and controlled by Canadian interests.

Another indication of the fondness for such a policy is afforded with the announcement that a group of Montreal and Toronto capitalists have arranged for the purchase of a large block of preferred stock of the Monterey Railway, Light and Power Co. A great deal of Canadian money has already gone into Mexico in order to promote such enterprises as the Mexico Light and Power Co., the Mexico Northern Power Co., and many of the same people are also interested in the South American propositions, such as the Rio de Janeiro Traction Light and Power Co., the Sao Paulo Tramway Light and Power Co., and it is very likely that it is due to the large amount of money that they have made in these enterprises that they have been quick to seize the opportunity afforded them to take such a substantial interest in the Monterey Railway Light and Power Co.

The Monterey Company, which may now be regarded as another of the successful enterprises of the MacKenzie and Mann Group, controls not only the Street Railway and Lighting systems of the City of Monterey, but the entire waterworks and sewage systems as well.

While some people have rather taken exception to the action of capitalists in a young country like Canada, using their money outside of the country rather than in developing enterprises in their own country, there has always been a good reply to this objection as far as Mexico is concerned, inasmuch as the interests who have put their money there have all made such a large return, and in such a short period, that it gives them a good deal more money than they would otherwise have had, to afterwards place in Canadian enterprises if they so desired.

In all the deals that have recently been carried through, there seems to have been a distinct disposition on the part of both Toronto and Montreal interests to club together and take an equal interest in the various concerns, the same as they have done in the case of the Monterey Company.

* * *

Railway Stocks no Longer Affected by Wrecks on System.

IT is somewhat difficult to understand just how it is, but somehow railway stocks are no longer affected by any big wreck that may occur on their particular lines. A few years ago such was far from being the case, and following the announcement of any serious wreck, a stock like the C. P. R. or the Union Pacific would drop 4 or 5 points at least.

It is largely a matter of sentiment, as such accidents usually occasion a loss of several hundred thousand dollars to the companies, and traders generally regarded such an accident as a set back for the company, and though it was only natural that there should be a light set back in the stock.

Now, however, traders take an absolutely different view of the situation, and generally after a wreck the stock of the particular company concerned is stronger than it was before the accident happened.

A very striking instance of this was afforded at the time of the recent wreck on the C. P. R. at Sudbury, which was regarded as the biggest railway accident that had ever taken place in Canada, the stock selling the day after the wreck over a point higher than it had touched the previous day, indicating that the market was absolutely unaffected by the accident.

True, the company would suffer a loss of several hundred thousand dollars before the claims had been settled, but traders have got to the point where they recognise that the company always has a special fund providing for just such accidents, and it usually turns out that such accidents have no material effect on the earnings of the company at the end of the regular fiscal year.

Likewise the Wall Street market pays absolutely no attention to railway wrecks of any kind, indicating that the aspect of trading has been developed to the point where sentiment plays very little part in the fluctuation of a stock.

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

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Newslets.

WINNIPEG manufacturers complain that the smoke by-law is causing a lot of unnecessary trouble. This sounds funny to a Toronto man. There is a smoke by-law in the fair capital of Ontario but it has never had any effect upon the dense pall of soft-coal smoke which hangs over the city. No sympathy here.

The Honourable Clifford Sifton has now entered the Strathcona-Carnegie-Rockefeller class. He has tired of the business of making a fortune and he will spend the remainder of his days teaching the public how to conserve the nation's assets for posterity. Lucky posterity!

Premier Hazen gave a little shout about a contribution being better than a Canadian navy and a Canadian ship-yard. Then he went down to St. John, a city on the Bay of Fundy—and has not been heard of since. The finder will be rewarded suitably—apply Hon. Robert Rogers, Winnipeg.

A picture of Mr. J. S. Willison, sitting in a red-leathered chair in the London Times office, weeping over the political situation in Great Britain is to be painted by John Smith, A.R.A., F.W.C.S., and hung in the reception room at the Toronto Club.

Mr. John Ross Robertson of the Toronto Telegram has finally decided that he would prefer to see on his tombstone "Founder of the Canadian Associated Press" than "Builder of the Want-Ad. Business."

An official paper has been issued to the effect that Sir Wilfrid Laurier is not bonusing Monk and Bourassa to stomp Quebec against the Canadian navy in order to beat the cash-contributionists in the other provinces. But if he isn't back of these revolters, he is at least smiling over their good work.

* * *

His One Request.

IN Chatham, Ontario, where the negro population is somewhat extensive, there is an old darky, Mose Jackson by name, whose constant fall from grace has made him a well-known figure in police court circles. Mose's weakness "fo' chick'n," and his utter disregard as to the manner in which the said fowl be obtained, had once more brought him before the presiding judge.

"Here again I see, Mose," remark-



MORE MISSING LINKS

He: I am waiting for an interesting woman of thirty.
She: Then you will have a long time to wait. All the women here under sixty are not over twenty-four.

—Windsor Magazine.

ed His Honour, in tones of cold exasperation. "Do you realise that this is the fourth time in three weeks? I honestly declare I don't know what to do with you."

"Well, Judge," replied the prisoner with an air of injured dignity, "all ah has to say is, ah hope you'se ain't gwine t' hold me 'sponsible' for yo' ign'rance."

* * *

The Weather Bore.

By S. RUPERT BROADFOOT.

THE hoary farmer from the rack Gets down an olden almanac That tells of storms some ten years back—

Or perhaps twenty. He describes them all from A to Z, His imagination wanders free, And you can bank that there will be Statistics plenty.

He thinks, does this old weather bore, That he's a Solomon in gale-ic lore; So he talks of winters gone before, Far worse than this'n.

Of fences and houses buried in snow, The mercury freezing at forty below. He jabbers on with endless flow If you will listen.

On the sun's new spots he lays the blame That the climate's rigours aren't the same, As when to this fair land he came—

Long years ago. But you rise in ire and tell him that He's talking through his blooming hat,

For last week's storm had 'em all knocked flat For cold and snow.

* * *

Bonar Law's Retort.

PROBABLY more good stories are told of Mr. Bonar Law than of any of the politicians of first rank on either side of the House of Commons.

At the time of the last General Election, Mr. Bonar Law was speaking in Glasgow and happened to refer to the attitude Mr. Balfour then took on the fiscal question. He pointed out that the "English people love compromise," and instanced the course taken by Henry VIII. at the time of the Reformation.

Whereupon the following question was handed up to be answered: "Is the candidate aware that Mr. Balfour is a bachelor and that Henry VIII. was much the reverse?"

"Yes," replied the candidate, "but possibly Mr. Balfour might not be a bachelor if he could be sure of getting rid of his wives as easily as Henry VIII!"

* * *

Stories of "Dr. Mac."

ONE of the smartest foes of the heckler is Dr. Macnamara, whose witty replies to questioners have often turned the laugh on his side.

"Are you in favour of the repeal of the blasphemy laws?" asked an excited old lady at one of his meetings. "Madam," replied "Dr. Mac." gravely, "I am a golfer."

On one occasion, Dr. Macnamara told an amusing story of why he gave up playing truant at school.

"One afternoon," he said, "I played truant. It was the first time. That afternoon my mother called at the school to ask if I could come out early as she wanted to take me to a tea-party! After that, I argued that it was silly to play truant with the chance of missing a tea-party."

So he went to school every day in the hope of being called for again; but whether his hopes were realised or not, the doctor did not say.

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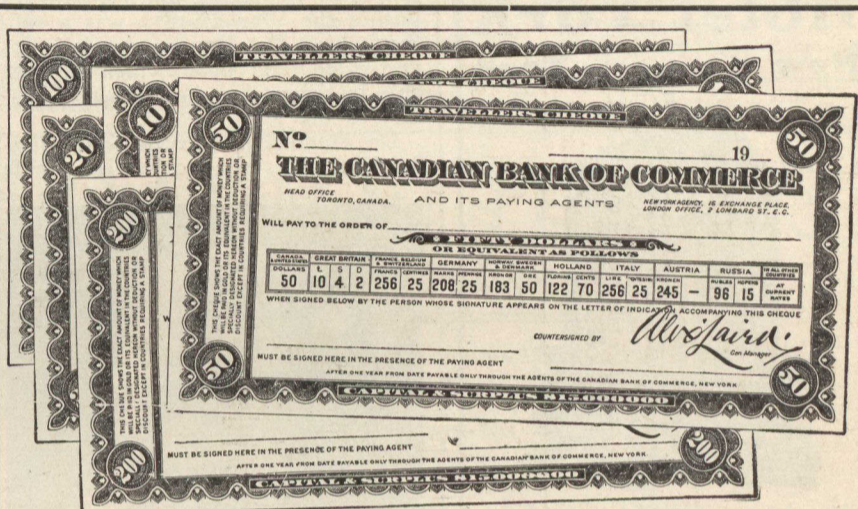
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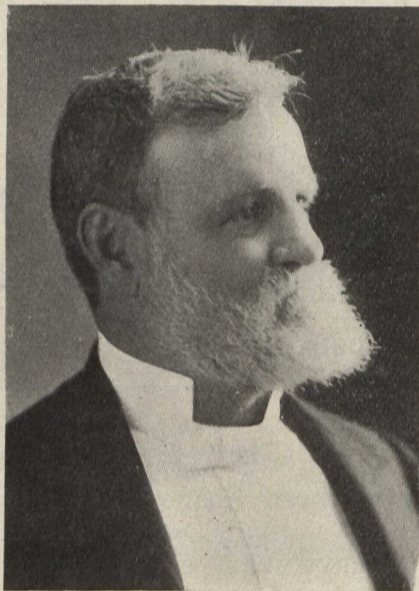
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Literary Notes

The Passing of Dr. Hannay.

BY the death of Dr. James Hannay at St. John last week, Canada loses an eminent litterateur and the Province of New Brunswick one of her leading citizens. Dr. Hannay had great talent and versatility as a writer. During his long career, he had merited national recognition as an historian, an editor and a poet. Probably posterity will incline more readily to his historical work. He did much to clarify and enliven the story of the Maritime Provinces. Dr. Hannay's "History of Acadia" opened a new field of speculation with regard to the principle involved in that celebrated incident known as the "Expulsion of the Acadians." The part played by the people down by the sea during the War of 1812 was a subject which Dr. Hannay specially investigated, and upon which he was able to throw new light in his "History of the War of 1812."

Dr. Hannay had exceptional qualifications for his work. His wide



The late Dr. Hannay,
Author of "The War of 1812."

journalistic connection brought him into intimate contact with the public men of the Dominion and gave him access to sources for original material. He combined with his opportunities a good memory, a genius for the organisation of facts, a fluency of diction and patient industry.

Most of his life Dr. Hannay resided in St. John. He came there from his country home at Richibucto, Kent County, N.B., where he was born in 1842. After he had served some time at the law and in business, the muses claimed him, and he became the "Saladin" who wrote pretty verses for the St. John Courier. He early evidenced an aptitude for history, and began the writing of sketches dealing with historical episodes for the press. It was in 1875 that his first book appeared, "The Captivity of John Gyles." Then followed in rapid succession a long row of publications of which the most notable are: "History of Acadia," "Story of the Queen's Rangers," "A History of the War of 1812," "The Life and Times of Sir Leonard Tilley," "Ballads of Acadia," and this year, his long awaited "History of New Brunswick."

* * *

"Utopian Snapshots," by A. J. Kappele. Evans & Hastings, Vancouver. The author has arranged a series of platitudes in the form of prophetic sayings on every subject under the sun from "Honesty" and "Woman" to "Liquor" and "Politicians." Here is a "snapshot" found on page 38: "No woman was ever yet so good that she could not be better."

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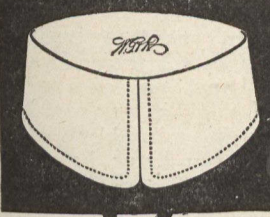
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W.S.P. 109

THIN ICE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

"In that case," suggested Klein politely, "perhaps I had better go and hurry Rutherford up?"

"Perhaps you had," she assented indifferently. In her heart she felt both annoyed and uneasy; under the cold fire of Klein's steel blue eyes her new-found sense of freedom withered and the suggestion of patronage in his tone brought the angry blood to her face. She wished she had stayed upstairs until Mr. Rutherford had come in, but she had already learned to depend on his word and he had certainly said a quarter of an hour. The magnanimous attitude of Klein ceased to be a source of comfort, for, once in the man's presence, she felt instinctively that her former opinion of him had been the right one and the instant she tried to quiet her fears by assuring herself that she misjudged a well-meaning man, a thousand memories rose to negative the conclusion.

She waited, outwardly calm, inwardly anxious, until Klein came back. He hurried up to her at once, an expression of sympathetic concern upon his face.

"I am afraid that we have been blaming Rutherford unjustly," he said. "It appears that he has been taken suddenly ill, a fainting spell, I believe. Of course he will be quite unable to return to-night."

Margaret, looking into the man's mask-like face, felt her own face begin to whiten. She had tasted freedom, then, only to be shown more clearly the reality of her servitude.

"I shall be most pleased to drive you home," continued Klein's even voice.

Margaret felt that he had won. How could she refuse his most natural offer without at once making an enemy of him and exposing herself to the wondering comments of her friends? Yet she dreaded inexpressibly the idea of the drive alone with him. She glanced about the room in despair, but there was no one there whom she could with propriety place before Klein. If she refused she must give a reason and her reason was one that she could not give.

"I—" she faltered—and then, looking up she saw Rutherford standing in the doorway.

Klein saw him, too. His ready-made smile died out, but Margaret, glancing quickly at his face, saw nothing there save a natural surprise. His other feelings, if he had any, were evidently under good control. Without turning down the collar of his coat, which was high enough to almost hide his face, Rutherford came across to them.

"Sorry to have kept you waiting," he said to Margaret. "I was detained by a slight accident."

"Yes?" Her tone was enquiring. Klein, too, seemed to wait for the answer.

"The harness was mislaid. If you are ready now, Miss Manners—"

She rose immediately. "I felt," she said lightly, "like the French king who was almost obliged to wait—only much more so. It was inconsiderate of the harness to lose itself."

They left Klein standing by the empty chair, and, making their adieux, passed out. Peter, shouting a merry good-night, gathered up the lines and the released horses sprang away. For the first few moments neither spoke, but as the horses dashed through the gates and narrowly missed an upset at the turning, Margaret leaned forward and quietly took the lines from Rutherford's hands.

"Thanks," said Peter, leaning back,

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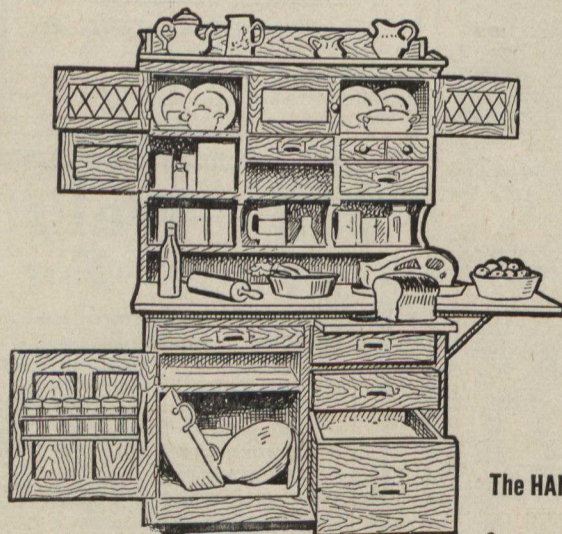
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"Mrs. Matheson told me you could drive."

Margaret said nothing.

"But I think," reflectively, "I would have risked it anyway."

Margaret was still silent.

"You see," he continued, "we couldn't come to grief very seriously in all this snow and the cold air was bound to fix me up before long. Besides—"

"You don't need to justify yourself." Margaret's voice was softer than usual and her face was turned away. "I think it was nice of you."

"Do you know," said Peter after a pause, "do you know how you feel when you lose something valuable, that cannot be replaced?"

"Yes."

"Well, I have had a narrow escape of feeling just like that. If I had lost this drive I would have wanted to spoil the face of the universe."

Margaret laughed. She had succeeded, by dint of firm and trained handling, in stopping the rush of the horses, who had now settled into a swift and even running.

"Aren't we going awfully fast?" inquired Peter innocently.

"As you have been ill," said Margaret, "we must get you home as quickly as possible."

"Oh, yes—but don't you think the bumping will have a bad effect on my head?"

"I don't think so."

"Oh, but it isn't *your* head. I ought to know. Please, please go slower."

Peter closed his eyes with an expression of acute distress. Margaret pulled up the horses.

"Mr. Rutherford," said she soberly, "tell me what was the matter."

"Why, nothing very much, a temporary cessation of mental activity."

"You don't look," she said thoughtfully, "like a person subject to fainting fits."

"Appearances," said Rutherford, "are deceitful."

"Not often," calmly. "Did you ever faint before?"

"Well, I—I had convulsions once."

"What caused the convulsions?"

"Well, they *said* it was teeth, but I don't distinctly remember."

"Then you never fainted in your life before?"

"Oh, come now, you don't expect me to own up to a thing like that, Miss Manners? It's my turn to question, anyway. How did you know that I had been ill? I told that idiot Clarke not to tell."

"I did not hear it from Mr. Clarke. Mr. Klein told me."

Rutherford stifled an impolite exclamation.

"And," continued Margaret, "if you told Mr. Clarke not to tell I am quite sure that he did not tell Mr. Klein. Query, how did Mr. Klein know?"

"It doesn't make much difference, does it?"

"You know it does," angrily. "Do you think I'm a child? I *know* he made you ill so that he might drive me home. And if he did that—what wouldn't he do?"

"My dear Miss Manners, your imagination—"

"Don't!" interrupted Margaret, sharply.

"Well, I won't. I see it's no use. But really, speaking quite seriously—what could he possibly have done?"

"I don't know. There was the coffee."

"But everyone had coffee."

"He handed you your cup and he brought it in himself from the kitchen. I remember seeing him."

"He brought your coffee too."

"Well, he didn't want to make me ill."

TO BE CONTINUED.



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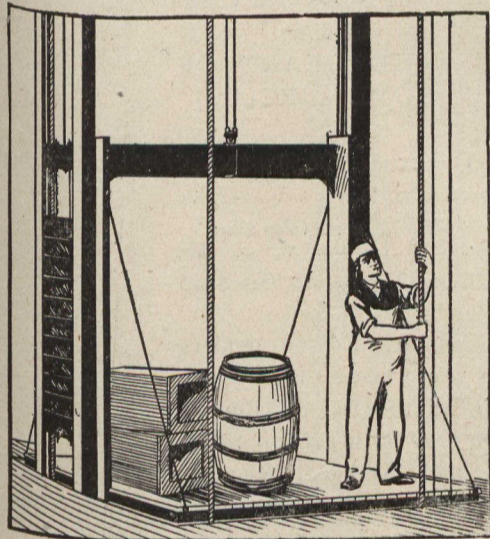
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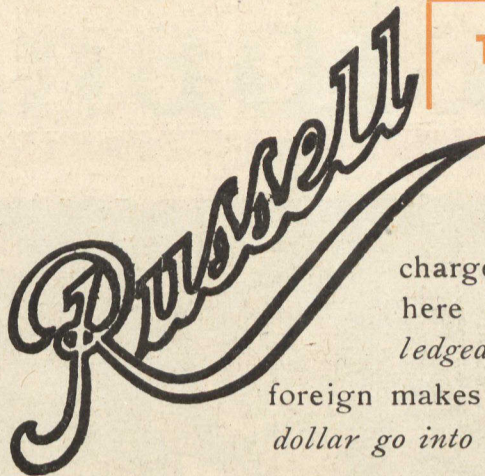
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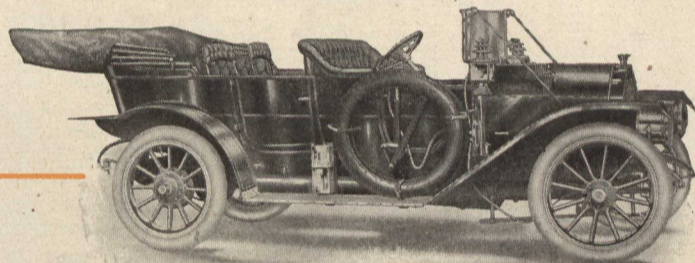
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