

The Canadian  
**Courier**  
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

**Open Hudson's  
Bay**

By ARTHUR HAWKES

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**Full-Page  
Drawing**

By C. W. JEFFERYS

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**The Tunnel  
Runners**

By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS



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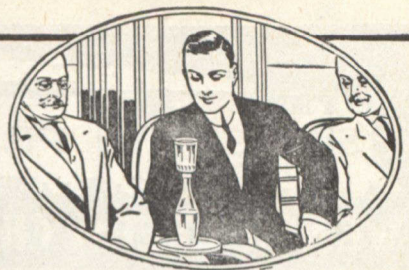
# The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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

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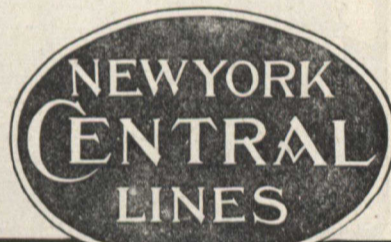
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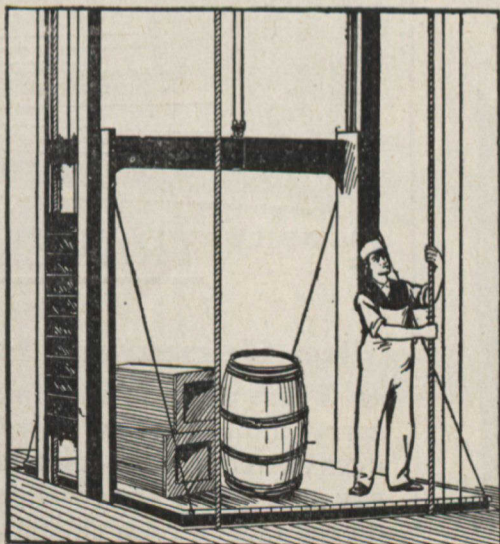
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## A STARTLING STATEMENT!

SOMETHING FOR MOTHERS TO THINK ABOUT

We have been endeavoring to draw your attention to the fact that all jams are not pure, and that the use of Salicylic Acid, a preservative, and Aniline Dye (used to make decomposed fruit look like fresh picked) were very detrimental to health. Read this startling statement by one of England's foremost physicians, which is copied from a despatch in the Free Press, in the issue of May 26.

**SPREAD OF APPENDICITIS**

Is due to use of decomposed foods treated with preservatives.

London, May 26.—A remarkable statement regarding the spread of appendicitis was made yesterday before the Farnham Rural District Council by Dr. F. Tanner, who said: "The increase general all over England, I believe, is greatly due to preservatives in foods. Not that the preservatives themselves do harm, but the presence of decomposed foods which they disguise does. I have attended thirty cases this year held to be due to this cause."

E. D. SMITH JAMS are assured to you by the Government Bulletin on Jams, No. 194, to be free from preservative and dye, which is the reason we use a sealed package. E. D. SMITH'S are not made to please the eye with Aniline dye, they're made to eat without harmful results.

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THE  
**Canadian Courier**  
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Vol. 8

Toronto, August 20, 1910

No. 12



A SHIPPING SCENE THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN FIFTY YEARS AGO

Looking out over an old three-master Cattle Ship at Charlottetown, P.E.I.; quite a different scene from the huge transatlantic cattle-stalls that drift out of Montreal to London and Liverpool. Prince Edward is not a heavy shipper of Cattle. Most of her export Beeves go to Newfoundland in the lazy phantom drift-hulks that dot the Atlantic shore. Thousands of these coastwise sailing craft visit St. John, Halifax and Quebec in a season, doing both short-haul trade along the coast and some outward bound to the West Indies.

# REFLECTIONS

BY THE EDITOR

EVERYBODY is asking why Sir Henry Mill Pellatt is taking the Queen's Own Regiment to England. It is a tremendous undertaking which has occupied much of his time for a year or more. It is an expensive undertaking and will cost him somewhere about a hundred thousand dollars. A financier like Sir Henry doesn't spend a hundred thousand and a year of his life for nothing—then, why is he doing it? Some have answered, "Love of the militia," but few accepted that solution. It wasn't a big enough motive. Some have said, "Desire for a title; wants a step up in rank," but people laugh at that answer, too. It doesn't seem sufficient, for Sir Henry already has his knighthood, though it is of the junior order. The third explanation is that he desires to get even with Sir James Whitney. The Whitney Government, through the Hydro-Electric Commission, was at pains some time ago to hint that Sir Henry and his associates were stock-jobbers, selfish financiers and conscienceless vendors of high-priced electricity. When the vote on the government power scheme was taken in Toronto, the people took the side of Mr. Beck and Sir Henry was turned down. Now, that was not a result which would please a man like Sir Henry, who is quite ambitious, exceedingly tenacious, and a firm believer in his own code of morals. To have himself branded as lacking in public spirit is something he was unlikely to bear with grace. Hence, his desire to do something spectacular, and to beat the Beck crowd with the public. This third explanation seems the more reasonable, but even it may not be correct. If any person can give a better explanation, there are several columns of the Toronto newspapers at his service.

PEOPLE from Great Britain cannot understand the Canadian attitude on national affairs any more easily than people from Canada find an explanation for certain British characteristics. General Sir John French is no exception to the rule if we may accept as accurate the forecasts of his criticism of the Canadian militia. He has fallen into grievous errors made a dozen times in the last half century by British military men.

He finds us unprepared for war and says that this is deplorable. But is it? Why should Canada be prepared for war to-morrow? Why should our forces be ready to take the field forthwith? Canada does not propose to be in the first firing line in any war which the Empire may have in Africa, Europe or Asia. She would be first in the conflict if the war took place in America, but such a contingency is most remote. No country on this continent could possibly have a quarrel with us except the United States, and we smile when war with that country is mentioned. To maintain an army in Canada ready to take the field at a moment's notice would be downright nonsense. We do not live in Europe; we live in America.

AGAIN, he says we should have more effective staffs in command of brigade divisions. What does this mean? For military purposes, Canada is divided into thirteen districts in five commands, each with an Officer Commanding and a staff varying from four to six officers. All these are officers in the permanent militia. Therefore, General French says the "Permanent Force" of Canada is badly officered. Many people will agree with him to a limited extent, but his criticism is probably no better based than a similar criticism of the corresponding officers of the British army. It would be hard to find a set of thirty officers in any army, in which there were not a few "dubs." In Canada, where the appointments are mainly political in the beginning, a few men have got into the service who were failures elsewhere. On the whole, however, the average is fairly high.

Under these commands, there are a large number of brigade commanders most of whom are volunteer officers. That these men are as efficient as similar officers in the regular British army is not to be expected. They are mainly intelligent citizens who have had a long experience as volunteer militiamen, and who have qualified by service and examination to take the rank of brigadier. They get little experience in brigade work, and if Canada keeps her head they never will get very much.

GENERAL FRENCH'S third criticism is that the annual training is inadequate. Quite true. You cannot transform a citizen into a soldier in twelve days per annum. However, twelve days is as much as the average citizen can spare for military training, though he may add a few Saturday afternoons for target practice. The militiaman who puts in twelve days each year for three years may not be a good soldier, but he is a better citizen and in case of national emergency he can be counted upon to furnish the raw material out of which an army might be made.

What General French does not point out is that the weakness

of our militia is that only a small percentage of our citizens ever get three consecutive annual trainings. Here is where reform is needed. Nor does he insist that the time of most Canadian militia officers is spent in getting recruits rather than training them. If we had some system of compulsory recruiting and compulsory training, Canada would get three times the value she now gets for the money spent on annual training.

GENERAL BADEN-POWELL'S visit to Canada is drawing attention to the Boy-Scout movement. Some people look upon this as one of those "imperialist" movements which should be condemned. There seems to be little justification for this view. The basic idea is to teach boys character, and the North American continent needs character as badly as they do in England. The Scouts' creed is as follows: A Scout's honour is to be trusted; a Scout is loyal to king and country, parents and employers; a Scout must try his best to do a good turn to somebody every day; a Scout is courteous; a Scout is a friend to animals; a Scout obeys orders; a Scout must be cheery under all circumstances; a Scout must have a savings bank account.

What better creed could a father devise for his sons? The boy who lives up to it will make a good citizen, bring gladness to his home and general benefit to the community in which he lives. He learns to discipline himself—a wonderful asset. He learns to be unselfish and generous—two grand qualities.

Much depends on the scout-master, of course. But the underlying principles are good, and if no one with perverted ideas interferes there can be little doubt that beneficial results will ensue.

TORONTO is trying to develop a good roads movement which will improve all the thoroughfares radiating from its boundaries. Under the leadership of the Motor League, the Board of Trade, the City Council and the County Council have been working out a co-operative scheme which will make the 111 miles of outside roads a credit to all concerned. The cost will be about \$6,000 a mile, and the money is to be provided by the City, County and Province. There is to be a Commission of three, one from each of the contributing bodies, and this Commission will administer the funds.

The idea is excellent and it is to be hoped that it can be worked into actual practice. It is not fair that the County should bear the whole expense of maintaining the main roads leading to the larger cities. It is also reasonable that the Province should contribute to the up-keep of the leading provincial thoroughfares. In these matters, Ontario is far behind the leading states of the Union, and hence this movement should receive immediate and generous support. Bad roads means a higher cost of living in the cities and a lower rate of profit for those who are sending their produce to these cities. Therefore good roads are essential to the general welfare. Because they are essential to the economic collection and distribution of its products, the country should improve them.

IF all that is being said by British investors is true, the Rt. Hon. Lloyd George is one of Canada's greatest benefactors. By his ingenious and extensive system of taxation, he is driving the investors of Great Britain to send more of their capital abroad, and Canada is to get a large share. The courts have also decided that income from abroad which is re-invested in foreign securities is not taxable. This coupled with the Lloyd George Budgets with their taxes on unearned increment is causing many people to look to Canada as a desirable place for investment. Lord Hindlip, Lord Dunmore, Lord Clinton, Lord Vivian and Lord Brassey are in Canada at present and if their impressions are good, they will probably be the means of sending another hundred millions of British capital this way. Just now most of them are in the West, and will travel as far as Proctor, British Columbia.

What a change is coming over the scene! A few years ago, the average Britisher had little faith in this country and it took extraordinary persuasive powers to induce him to send a small percentage of his money to Canada. Now he is getting keen and shortly Canadians will be hard put to find opportunity for him to invest his capital. Canadian development and the Lloyd George Budgets seem to have reached conjunction, as the astronomers would say.

AMERICAN newspapers are trying hard to stem the northward migration. This is only reasonable. When the movement of population was southward, Canadian journals tried the same tactics. It only goes to show that most journalists have the best interests of their country at heart. However, when American journals, like the New York Times, try to prove that there is a large movement southward of disappointed American farmers, they are simply making themselves ridiculous. This also is quite understandable. Most newspapers make themselves ridiculous by over-zealousness at some time or other. Canada is but getting back from the States the million citizens loaned in the last quarter of the nineteenth century.

## MOST CHEERING

A subscriber at Cochrane, Alta., writes as follows: "I do not wish to lose a single copy of the Courier, as it is easily the best of its class in Canada, and I thank you for continuing the paper after my subscription had run out. Enclosed find P.O. Order for \$3.00, being my renewal from May 15th."

# MEN OF TO-DAY

PASSING GLIMPSES OF PUBLIC MEN AT HOME AND ABROAD

## THE MAN AND THE TOWN

**O**FF-HAND if a member of say the Savage Club in London should be told that the Mayor of Prince Rupert was down in the corridor, he might ejaculate: "My word! What's he dressed in? Buckskin?" Because the most London knows about Prince Rupert is, that it's the town that holds down the end of a transcontinental nowhere up on the northern Pacific. Now there are several kinds of tall talk even in Canada about the western terminus of the Grand Trunk Pacific which was given such a pretty prize name a few years ago. There are boosters from the chinooks who will tell you that Prince Rupert has a population of ten thousand and that all she needs to make her a deadly rival to Vancouver is a race problem and a trunk sewer. Fact of the matter, Prince Rupert has about four thousand people and already a brisk passenger traffic by two lines of steamships; one of the three most remarkable towns in Canada that ever grew up without a railroad. The other two are Edmonton and Dawson. But Edmonton was a fur post a hundred years before the railway came. Dawson has been a gold city for a decade and more. Prince Rupert is a made-to-order metropolis which two years ago had a guild of civic art and just at present is the lying-low place for a large number of people who expect to boom town lots when the railroad strikes the Pacific coast.

The Mayor of Prince Rupert is as natty and well-groomed a man as can be found in Canada. He wears neither buckskin nor celluloid collars. He is a young, modern hustler with a face that entitles him to a fortune and a past that ought to assure him a fine future. He was born in Peel County, Ontario, thirty-nine years ago. When a youth he became a plumber; also a tinsmith—expert at putting tin roofs on barns and eave-troughs on houses; though he was a lad of eighteen when he went west for three years, returning to Ontario for five years, which he spent in a Brantford hardware store; becoming also captain of the Dufferin Rifles.

He married and went west again; this time to the Crow's Nest country, recently railroaded; to Fernie, where he pioneered a hardware and plumbing business. In 1904 he entered the list of first facts in Canada by being elected first mayor of Fernie. Then the trail fever got him and he sold out just a little while before the Fernie holocaust of two years ago. He made the long jump to Prince Rupert, of which he was one of the first settlers, and is now the first citizen with a splendid business record and a reputation as a public man who is fearless in the discharge of his duty. His first official act as Mayor of Prince Rupert was to proclaim a holiday in honour of the memory of King Edward.

Mr. Stork may not be Mayor of Prince Rupert long enough to drive the first spike in the Grand Trunk Pacific terminal when it strikes the Pacific; but he may be remembered in the annals of the town when other chief magistrates are forgotten. He will probably

never need a monument to commemorate his career.

\* \* \*

## ANOTHER VICTIM OF DEGENERACY

**T**HE shooting of Judge Gaynor, mayor of the second greatest city in the world, is one of the stupidest attempts at tragedy that ever got into the public press. Just how far the stupidity will work out into a real public tragedy remains to be seen. Just at present the United States democracy is waiting patiently for the outcome, just as several times before they have waited to see what some fool's bullet would ultimately do for a distinguished victim. In this Canada is almost as much interested as the United States. We have always been deeply affected in this country by public tragedies in the United



Prince Rupert, the nucleus of a great city to be.

Where nifty modern houses are built at the butts of new-sawn forest trees.

States. The shooting of Lincoln is as well remembered by the average Canadian as it is by the average American across the border. Thirty years ago when Guiteau shot President Garfield the event and the long days of suspense were discussed in the corner stores of Canada with as much concern as though the victim had been the Premier of Canada. The shooting of Mayor Carter Harrison of Chicago a few years ago was regarded as a public calamity in Canada. Yet more vivid and regretful to Canadians was the murder of President McKinley by the demented Czolgosz at the Pan-American Exhibition in Buffalo when many Canadians were present in the hall and heard the shot and saw the degenerate with the handkerchief

shake hands with the smiling President. Then also was a long siege of suspense in which Canadians joined with the deepest regard. So it is now; with the attempted tragedy upon Judge Gaynor in whose election to the Mayoralty of New York last year Canadians were keenly interested; just as they have followed since the career of a man who by his high-minded and fearless discharge of his duty as a public man with great responsibilities has made himself respected all over this continent. And as in the other cases there is the element of gross stupidity almost sublimely devoid of a real motive. Gallagher deemed himself the object of the Mayor's injustice. He had lost his job, just as in the exigencies of the civil service millions of other men have lost jobs and in private industry and business millions more. He is said to be a curious psychological study. Most murderers, whether actual or intended—are. Gallagher had no public grievance against Judge Gaynor. He was not the champion of a class; belonged to no secret order whose propaganda is the doing away of public people. He was simply a crazed man with a murderous desire which seems to have been begotten of not even personal animosity against an eminent citizen. That Gallagher was temporarily insane is pathetically suggested by the fact that Mayor

Gaynor wished no criminal proceedings against him, but rather to commit him to an asylum.

\* \* \*

## AN IDEAL ARBITRATOR

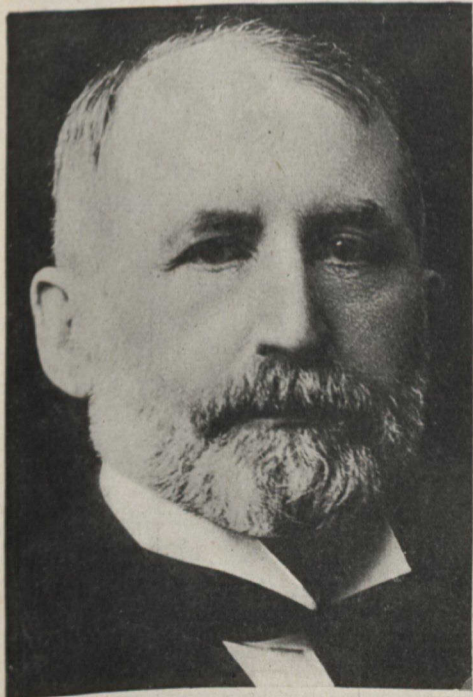
**F**OR the past two weeks Judge Barron of Perth has been doing his best to hand out cheerful copy to the newspapers. Chairman of

the Board of Arbitration appointed to adjudicate between the Toronto Street Railway Company and its men, he has found that while the bench may have its worries the settlement of a dispute between capital and labour is a much more difficult matter. The Judge has all the qualities of a first-class arbitrator. He is above all things painstaking and cheerful. He has a keen interest in public affairs. In Stratford, the county seat of his judiciary where he resides, he has the reputation of being by all odds the most public-spirited citizen. The Judge is deeply interested in four public questions: flower-gardens for the people; tuberculosis; good roads; and the navy. He was born in Toronto; son of a master of Upper Canada College.



The Mayor of Prince Rupert.

Mr. Frank Stork has twice been pioneer Chief Magistrate in the outpost land.



The Mayor of New York.



Judge Barron, of Perth.

## ALL THINGS CONSIDERED

By PETER McARTHUR

I OFTEN used to wonder where all the useful citizens come from, the uncomplaining, serviceable people who do just what they are expected to do on all possible occasions, who allow themselves to be used by everyone who has an axe to grind and who live and die without showing a trace of individuality or self-assertion. They are certainly not the common people to whom Lincoln referred when he said that God must love them or He wouldn't have made so many of them. Nobody loves these people—they just use them. Business men, politicians, reformers, patent medicine fakirs and all who exploit the public for their own ends have the useful citizens tagged, labelled and pigeon-holed and know just how to use them when they need them. Although they help to swell the mass of the common people they must not be confused with them. The common people sometimes show signs of life and thought. It is from their numbers that the ranks of the anarchists and other interesting classes are recruited. Neither must it be supposed that useful citizens are confined to the working classes or even to those who fill minor positions in life. People of this class who have been particularly useful have been known to be rewarded with high offices and even to be elected to parliament—where they still continue to be useful. But wherever they may be found they never presume to call their souls their own. They are simply being useful to some individual or interest and they live their drab lives without giving any real evidence of being alive. They were of those who were described as being neither cold nor hot and only fit to be spewed out of the mouths of men of character. It is to be hoped that God loves them for they get little out of life.

\* \* \*

AT last I believe I have found out where all these useful citizens come from. They are the logical product of our incomparable educational system. When they are nicely able to toddle our children are turned over to this system, body and soul, and left in its grip until it throws them back on us as "useful citizens." As I examine this system I am seized by much the same kind of admiration as filled the shoe-string peddler who slipped past the doorman of the Standard Oil Company's offices on Broadway. He took the elevator to the top storey and began to ply his trade on the way down. The first door he entered was the last. He was promptly hurled out and followed by a man who kicked him down a flight of stairs. At the bottom of the landing he was met by a man who kicked him down another flight, and so on until he was finally shot through the front door and landed in a heap between the car-tracks. As he pulled himself together he looked up at the grey building, threw up his hands and exclaimed fervently, "Mein Gott, vot a system!" The admiring parent who watches his children being rushed through the examinations of our school system cannot help feeling as enraptured as the shoe-string peddler—and as helpless. He may be able to see that the uniformity of development in the students is due less to the development of all their faculties than to the suppression of their stronger faculties, but what can he do about it? They know enough, mathematics, history,

literature, and what not, to be able to make a decent showing but the multitude of their studies and the necessity of devoting most of their energies to those in which they have the least interest makes it impossible for them to be strong on any point. The finished product of our school system is the "useful citizen," the man whose originality and initiative have been destroyed. All he is capable of doing is taking his place in one of the grooves of modern life and being kicked along it until he is worn out. By no possibility can he drop into one of "the ringing grooves of change." He has been educated to be a useful citizen and there is never any lack of people to use him.

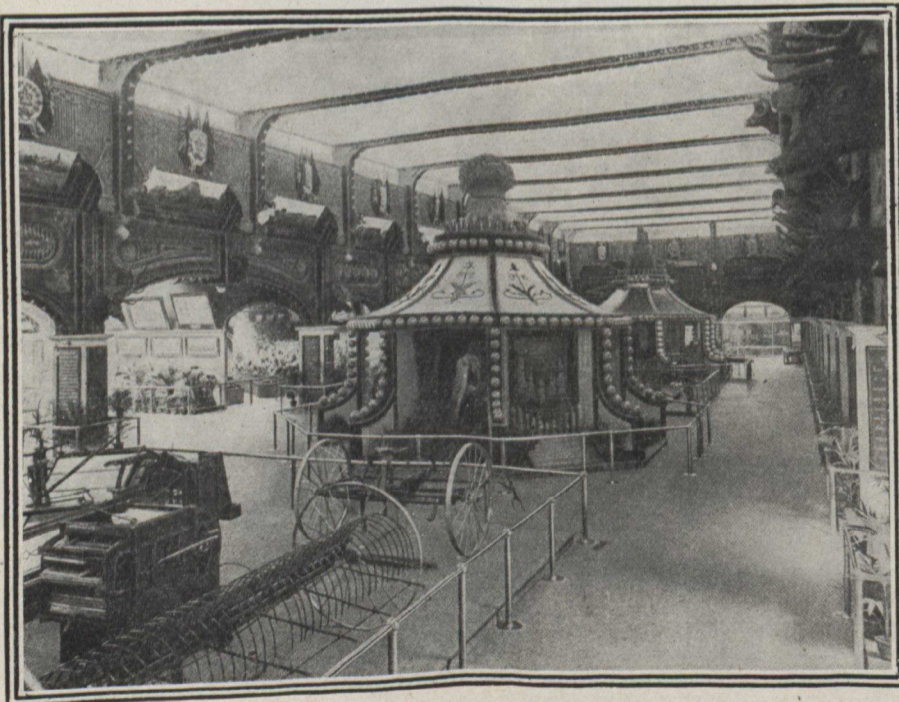
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THERE is no department of human life in which home rule is so imperative as in the schools. When the teacher is without authority to vary from his methods either at the suggestion of parents or through the exercise of his own judgment his usefulness is seriously impaired. It is only when teacher and pupil are free and in sympathy that the best work can be done. Our method of centralisation, however, makes the teacher powerless and the system supreme. Of course, in the larger cities the school boards take advantage of the privilege accorded them by the Government to modify the studies, but in the smaller places and in the country especially the system is all in all. Trustees, teachers, and inspectors are simply parts of the machine for grinding out colourless, innocuous useful citizens. The greatest educationist the world has ever known could do little even if he were Minister of Education because he would have to devote himself to making the system work and if he were a teacher in a public school he could do nothing because the system would not let him. Would it not be possible to have an educational system that would confine itself to encouraging and spurring on the teachers and school boards of the country, instead of one that crushes teachers and pupils alike to a dreary uniformity?

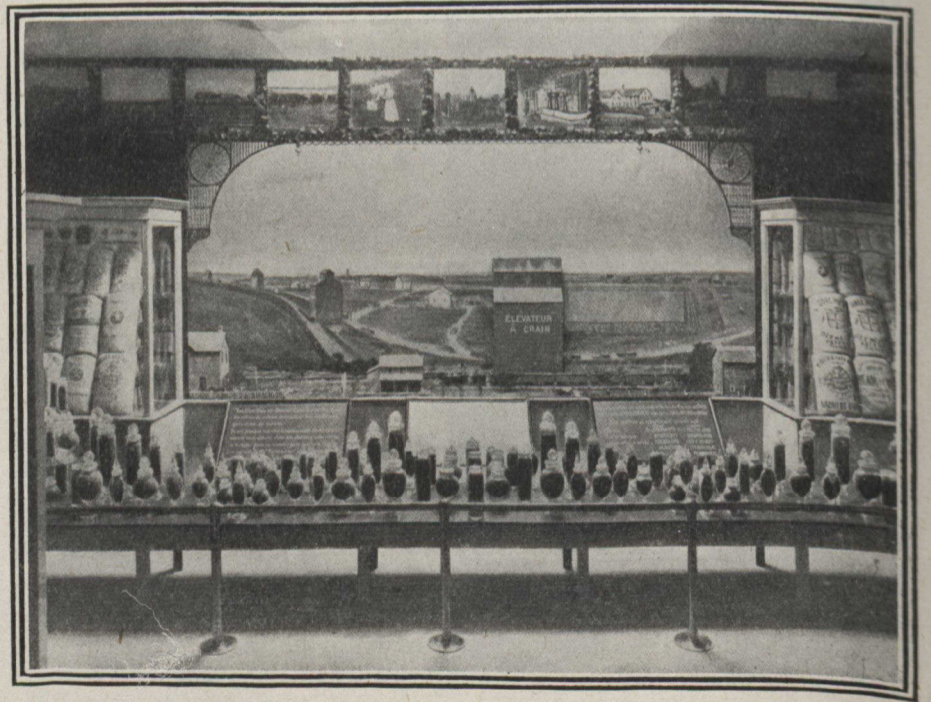
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AS a loyal Canadian and a lover of romance, I try to believe all the stories that come from the West, but there is a limit to my patriotic gullibility. That story about the man who appeared at one of the meetings of the Laurier tour and told Mr. Graham that his father had been led from the darkness of Toryism to the light of Liberalism by one of the Minister's speeches back in Ontario some years ago is a little too much for me. Men have been known to change their political faith but I defy anyone to produce a properly authenticated case of a change that was due to logical arguments or even to surpassing eloquence. They change because someone else got the postmastership or because the member's wife got uppish and snubbed her old neighbours, or other reasons from one dollar up. Once in 1896 I thought I was on the track of a true case of a man changing because of his convictions but on investigation it turned out that the cause was entirely different. I forget the exact details but he either joined the Grit party because Sir Wilfrid kissed his baby or left the Tory party because one of the Tory leaders kissed the child. That sort of thing works both ways, you know, and it all happened so long ago that I forget just how it was. According to this western story Mr. Graham was very much delighted by the incident and well he might be. If it was really true it made him the holder of a new record for political oratory, but I am suspicious that the whole affair was "framed up" by one of the astute managers of the tour. In order to keep Mr. Graham up to his best during the trip they had one of their workers spring the yarn. That may seem overdrawn but they do things just as peculiar as that in politics.

### VIEWS OF THE CANADIAN BUILDING WHICH ESCAPED THE FIRE AT BRUSSELS



Part of the Pavilion devoted to Grain, Minerals and Game.



A striking Pictorial and Object Presentation of Western Canada.



GERMANS AND AUSTRIANS AT ROSTERN



COYOTE PATROL OF BOY SCOUTS AT MELFORT



INDIANS & HALF BREEDS AT DUCK LAKE WHERE THE RIEL REBELLION BEGAN THE FLAG IS A RELIC OF 1885



C. W. JEFFERYS REGINA SASK

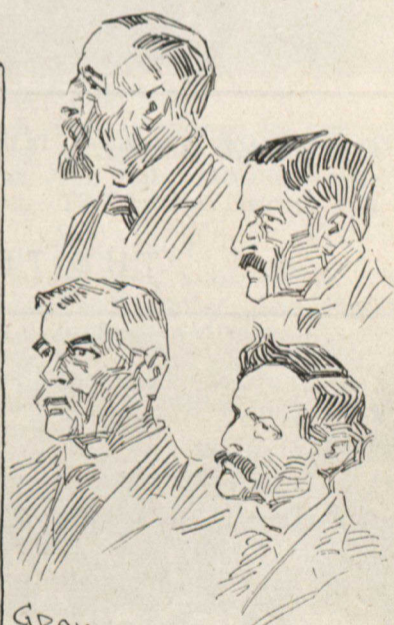
RUTHENIAN PEASANTS IN THEIR PICTURESQUE NATIONAL COSTUMES WHICH THEY RETAIN FOR SOME TIME AFTER THEY ARRIVE IN CANADA



SOME TYPES OF THE WESTERN FARMER



SIR WILFRID LAURIER WITH THE SASKATCHEWAN GRAIN GROWERS ON THE STEPS OF THE CITY HALL REGINA



GRAIN GROWERS WHO WANT THE TARIFF LOWERED

SOME CITIZENS OF WESTERN CANADA—NEW AND OLD. SKETCHES AMONG THE AUDIENCES OF SIR WILFRID LAURIER'S TOUR OF SASKATCHEWAN

Drawn by our Special Travelling Artist Mr. C. W. Jefferys.

# THE QUEEN'S OWN RIFLES LEAVE FOR QUEBEC



The Queen's Own Rifles ready for England This picture was taken on Saturday night, just before the Regiment Marched out of their Armoury to Entrain for Quebec.

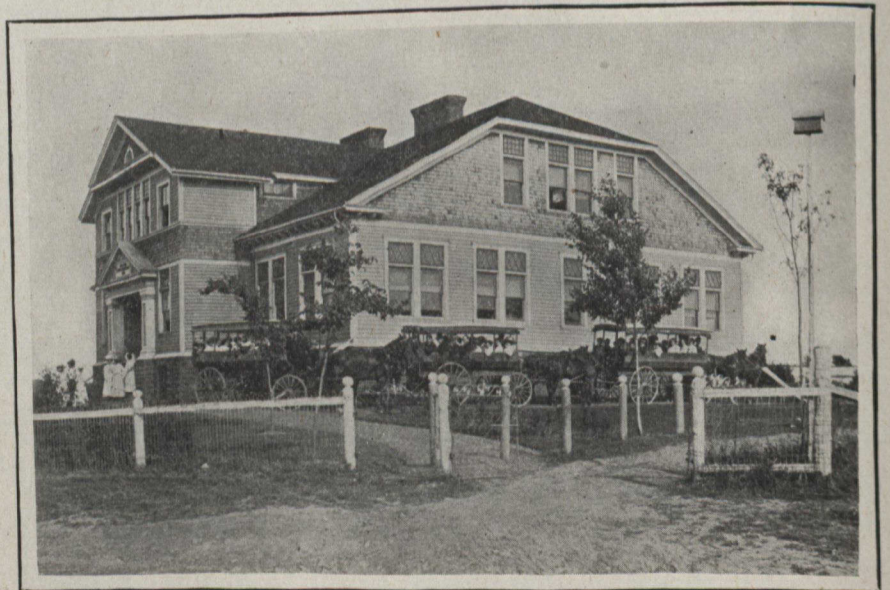


The Queen's Own in Montreal. In the front are Lt.-Col. Roy, Quebec Command, Col. Pellatt, Lt.-Col. Labelle, of the 65th Regiment, which was also on Parade. It will be noted, the Q.O.R. left their equipment and rifles in their two special trains.

## THE TECHNICAL EDUCATION COMMISSION ON TOUR



Dr. Robertson addressing an audience at the McDonald Consolidated School.



The party in Busses just leaving the famous School after the meeting.



Fleet of the Royal Kennebecasis Yacht Club, at the Mouth of the St. John, at the end of the Fourteenth Annual Cruise.

## Cruise of the R.K.Y.C.

THE Royal Kennebecasis Yacht Club have just got back from their fourteenth annual summer outing; this time up the St. John River. This is a feature of yacht club life by no means common in Canada. The gatherings at various points along the route resembled camp meetings; most remarkable of all in popular and religious interest being the closing assemblage at Rocky Point on a Sunday when twelve hundred people gathered to join in the singing of hymns led by an orchestra of twenty-six pieces, and to listen to a sermon preached by Rev. Dr. G. M. Campbell. Evidently the club had a remarkably good time on the St. John, judging by the remarks of Commo-



All Ashore in a Woodland Cove up the St. John.

dore Robert Thompson, who said at the close of the service:

"The fourteenth annual cruise of the R. K. Y. C. has drawn to a close and soon will be a thing of memory, in company with those of many happy days gone before. Each year brings many changes in our little company—some new members have joined us, taking the places of those who have been called to their rest.

"The boys who composed the crews on this annual cruise will agree with me that this has been a very enjoyable one. We have had no accidents; certainly there has been no monotony in the weather, thunder storms, rain, sunshine, head winds and fair winds; the river has never looked more lovely and we have been received in a most friendly way by the residents."

## MY FIRST PRAIRIE FIRE

By E. DODSWORTH

THROUGHOUT the day the fire had been imminent, but after all there were many chances in our favour. To begin with, the fire was some miles away, but what are miles to a prairie fire with a wind behind it? But during the afternoon, anxiety was visible upon the faces of the people of Pine Lake, and as the day progressed, their activities justified their thoughts.

"I guess," said one man, as he watched the cloud of smoke in the south-east, "we might as well get those two loads of hay in." And, as the sun went down, the loads were safely stored in the loft.

When I arrived, I saw a man sitting on the steps of the store which stands at the south end of the lake. I was weary, stiff, eager for a meal and an evening of quiet, uneventful peace.

"There will be no sleep for us to-night," he said, filling his pipe again, as if a prairie fire was a thing that belonged to some distant place, and in which he had, or could have, neither part nor lot.

The eagerness of inexperience possessed me. I foresaw an experience. I anticipated a new sensation—and I got it.

"Good," I said.

"Are you coming?" asked the man, slightly apprehensive of a refusal.

"Certainly," I replied. "I wouldn't miss it for worlds."

"You'll have a stomach full before you're through." And he smiled pleasantly at my enthusiasm.

Already a line of fire was visible at the south end of the lake. A long, jumping, flickering stretch of flame. Borne by the wind it advanced rapidly, seeming to bear within itself the very essence of power. There was something impish, semi-devilish, in the greedy way in which it swept onward.

"When it comes to the lake, that will be the end

of it," I said.

The man shook his head.

"Of that part of it, yes. But look there."

The cloud of smoke in the east had changed to a red glare. The dulness of the evening sky gave back the reflection. Two men came galloping down the opposite slope. One was breathless, perturbed, a living mass of trouble. The second, Scotch, and moreover, not an owner of land, preserved a stolid demeanour.

"We shall have to turn out," shouted the first man. "It's sweeping over here for all it's worth—the wind is in its favour—one stack's gone—where's H—?—is B— here? What about A—? I'll go and get L—"

The words poured out in a disconnected mass.

"Right O," answered the philosopher with the pipe. Getting up, he went into the house. A few moments afterwards he came out, looking like a newly cleansed coal-heaver.

"Take those," he said, throwing a pair of overalls at me.

"To wear?" I asked.

"No, to work with."

And we set off up the hill.

On the crest we found a small group of men. To each man tattered garments, to each a pair of overalls, and on the face of each a pained expression of determination.

By this time the darkness was thick. But all around, the lines of fire showed up. In circles, in lines, in broken patches, in isolated flares, in every conceivable shape and form they stood out. A glorious flare and a sudden flash told of the destruction of a haystack.

"That's B's," said somebody.

"Let's get," said the philosopher.

So we got. Some on horses, some running, some

staggering over the uneven, scrub-covered ground. On, over trail and prairie, through brush and blue-joint, through bluff and willow. And the lines and the rings of the fire mocked us. The fierce heat swung down the wind and licked our faces; a faint forecast of what was to come.

We were at it now. The line formed up. The dull sound of beating broke into the crackling, gleeful uproar of the fire.

Bang! Biff! Biff! Flop!

As a patch of fire smouldered and went out, the wind, catching the sparkling embers, threw them into our faces. The thick, suffocating smoke wrapped us round. The choking, insistent heat drove us back.

Flip! Flip! Flop! Flop!

A long line of fresh ashes told of progress. Away in the distance another patch of darkness amid the sea of flame, showed where our comrades were working.

Flip! Flop! Smoke and cinders in our throats, our hair, our eyes, our clothes, and within us a maddening, raging thirst.

"A slough, a slough! My kingdom for a slough!"

A faint shout came down the wind.

"W-a-t-e-r!"

As one man we rushed, ran, scrambled and tumbled through the coarse grass. In a moment, seven men lay flat upon their stomachs, sucking up the slimy water, bathing their faces in it, their hands, their heads, their very selves.

"Beats champagne," gurgled one.

"You bet," said a second man, struggling to his feet.

Then, back again to the hot, crackling mass. Sullenly, silently, doggedly, we worked on. Each man took his appointed place and fought. In even time the thick mass of wet cloth came down. With each fall the fire succumbed. Mile after mile we covered. From point to point we moved on.

Slowly the blackness of the night regained its sway. One by one the zones of fire went out. Mid-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 25.



In the cool of the evening, when there is scarce a ripple of water or a rustle of leaves

# A PASSING CONFIDENCE

*Two Stories of Married Life—with a Difference*

By L. M. MONTGOMERY

IT was not yet late in the day, and the dew was still heavy on the lush grass and on the spiders' webs along the clipped spruce hedges. Pale blue and peach tinted mists lingered over the bay and the sea beyond it, but the headland on which "Ordlea" was built came out clearly and boldly against the pearly background of the sky above the ocean.

The country people, driving to the market town along the green lanes, looked at it admiringly. Ordlea, the magnificent summer home which a millionaire had built in which to spend two months of the year, was a palace in their simple eyes.

The owner and his family were there now. His yacht was anchored off the headland, like a huge, beautiful gull; his dogs and traps and guests were always to be met with in the lanes or along shore; and late into the night lights gleamed from the windows of Ordlea, and echoes of music drifted out over the harbour, where the fishing boats nodded and courtied on the swell.

Some distance back from the main road a woman was walking along a lane that led past the beechwoods. She walked rapidly, now and then striking at a bracken with a switch she carried. Her face was pale and very beautiful; her eyes were dry and bright, with slightly swollen lids. A slender greyhound followed her, but she took no notice of him. Save for her occasional savage blows at the bracken she seemed like a woman walking in her sleep.

At a gate that barred her path into the beechwoods she paused for a moment, and her pale face flushed stormily at some sudden thought.

"I will leave him," she said aloud. "I will not endure this humiliation any longer. And to-day . . . our wedding day . . . and he never thought of it, never spoke of it! Three years ago to-day I was the happiest woman in the world. Now I am the most wretched."

She opened the gate and went through. The great woods were dim and gracious and benedictive, but they had no balm for the heart of this woman, whom the market women passing by had envied. She was glad when she was through them, for their brooding peace seemed to intensify her own passionate unrest.

Below them the main road wound through level meadows that were an odorous tangle of white honeysweet clover. There was a house opposite her, and she suddenly realised that she was warm and tired and thirsty.

She skirted the cloverfield and went up to the house. It was a small white one, set back from the road in a green seclusion of vines and apple trees. The little garden in front of it was a riot of old-fashioned flowers. Honeysuckle climbed over the open front door and heavy pink roses nodded by the doorstep.

In response to Persis Sheraton's knock a little girl of about ten years came through the hall and looked at her shyly. The child wore a faded blue print dress and was barefooted, but she was so pretty that the mistress of Ordlea looked at her wonderingly.

"I am tired. May I come and rest a few minutes? And will you let me have a drink of water?"

"Yes, ma'am," said the child placidly. She open-

ed the door at her right and motioned Persis in. The little, old-fashioned room was very cool and dim. Persis sank into the haircloth rocker with a sigh of mingled satisfaction and weariness.

Presently the child came back again, carefully carrying a tray with a glass and a pitcher of iced water. Her mother walked behind her, watching her, with a baby in her arms.

"You are Mrs. Sheraton from Ordlea?" she said in the same sweet, placid voice with which the child had spoken. "It is a beautiful day, isn't it? Lily has brought you some iced water. Perhaps you would rather have some milk or lemonade?"

"No, thank you. This is delicious," said Persis, as she sipped the water. The woman sat down opposite to her and hushed her baby. She was very beautiful with the beauty of a Madonna. Her face, eyes, and voice expressed perfect peace and deep happiness. Persis Sheraton envied her fiercely.

"You have a dear little baby," she said as she put her glass down. "Will you let me hold it for a few minutes?"

The woman smiled, and, leaning forward, placed the baby in Persis' outstretched arms. The little creature had deep, large eyes, like its mother, and was soft and white and dimpled. Persis gathered it to her hungrily. It cooed and plucked at her face with its tiny hands. She felt the hot tears coming into her eyes and looked up quickly at the mother.

"I'm so unhappy," she said piteously.

The other woman glanced at her little girl.

"Run out and play, Lily," she said. When the child had gone she turned to Persis.

"Yes," she said gently. "I am sorry."

The words were simple but the tone was sympathetic. Persis reached out and caught her hand. "You'll think it so strange that I should tell you this," she said passionately. "But I have no one else. I have neither mother nor sister. And I need help so much. I don't think you'd understand . . . you look too happy. You have never had any trouble like mine. It is about my . . . husband."

She choked over the last word. Her tears had dried and her eyes were hard and bright again. A tone had come into her voice like a note out of tune. The other woman kept her grave, steady gaze on her. She nodded slowly and stroked the slender white hand she held.

"Three years ago to-day we were married," went on Persis. "When I married him he was my ideal of all that was good and noble and true. I believed in him. Well I soon found out that I was a fool. If I could forgive him all the rest I could not forgive him my destroyed faith. You don't know what I've gone through. He drinks and gambles and . . . and . . . oh, I've prayed a hundred times to die. I suppose that is very wicked, but I've grown wicked . . . and hardened and bitter. We quarrel continually. He doesn't love me. This morning . . . the anniversary of our wedding day . . . he swore at me. I despise him . . . and yet I love him still. And that seems to humiliate me more than all the rest."

"Have you tried to help him to be better?" asked the other woman.

"Yes. At first, even in the bitterness of my dis-

illusionment, I thought I could reclaim him. I used to plead with him and try to influence him. He would promise to reform but in a short time things would be as bad as ever. I lost patience after awhile . . . I grew resentful and reproachful. Oh, it is no use going over the miserable story. You can't realise what it is. My heart is breaking."

"I do understand. I went through it once."

"You!" exclaimed Persis incredulously.

"Yes. I am going to tell you all about it, and perhaps it will help you. When I married Jim I thought he was the best man alive . . . and then I found out he wasn't. He took to drinking and all that. Oh, I suffered much pain and humiliation, too. I needn't talk of it. You know it yourself. At times I used to wish I could die. It went on so for years . . . getting worse and worse all the time. Everybody said Jim was going to the dogs altogether."

"And you . . . what did you do?"

"I just kept on loving him and believing in him," said Jim's wife simply. "It was all I could do. There wasn't any use in scolding or reproaching. I found that out. I wouldn't let myself think evil of him. I felt down in my heart that it would all come right sometime if only I was a good, true wife to him. So I tried my best to be that."

Persis' face flushed crimson. She hesitated.

"But . . . but . . . there wasn't any . . . was there . . . any other . . . woman?"

"Oh, I used to be afraid there was . . . but I didn't know for sure . . . I didn't want to know. I never tried to find out. Sometimes folks came to me and tried to tell me things, but I wouldn't listen . . . I told them I didn't want to hear. You see, I knew Jim didn't always keep very good company . . . but I believed that he really loved me still deep down under everything else."

"Persis was crimson again. This time with a deep sense of shame. She had listened to stories about her husband.

"You see," went on Jim's wife, "I was determined that no outsider should come between me and Jim. I don't know if I can explain it but it seemed to me something like this. I felt that the Jim I had supposed him to be was the real Jim . . . and that if it hadn't been possible for him to be that, I would never have believed him to be it. So I thought I must hold fast to that real self of him, and if he didn't live up to it I would. And after a long time it all came right. Oh, such happiness! And it has lasted. That was years ago. There isn't a better man alive than Jim is to-day. And he loves me so much and is so good to me. He never said much—it isn't his way—but just once, after our little boy died, Jim told me that he pulled up because he felt that I trusted him and believed in him, and he wanted to prove that I was right. Oh, just to hear him say that seemed to pay for everything."

There was a long silence, broken only by the baby's joyous little murmurs. Persis looked back over her years of recrimination and bickering.

"I've scorned him and he knows it," she reflected. "It is no wonder he thought there was nothing to live up to."

She rose and put the baby in its mother's arms. The eyes of the two women met.

"Thank you," she said softly. "I mean to try your way. Perhaps it isn't too late yet."

"I'm sure it isn't," said Jim's wife.

Persis went back through the clover fields and the beechwoods and the bracken lane. A change had come into her face. The words, "I just kept

CONTINUED ON PAGE 25.



Four English-Canadians who managed the tour of five hundred fellow-countrymen from Canada to England last month: Mr. George Meech, Mr. Hollins, Mr. Robert Verity and Mr. Richard Meech

## BACK TO THE HOMELAND

*Little Ship Stories of Englishmen who have made Homes in Canada and went back for a Glimpse of Old England*

By J. W. PLEWMAN

OUT on the boundless ocean, far removed from the noise and bustle of the city, one turns his attention on his fellows, and finds them intensely interesting. An Atlantic liner is a splendid place to take a course in human nature, for a ship's company is gathered from all corners of the world, represents every conceivable type of character as well as every station in life, and the missions on which the passengers are bent, indicate the play of all the varied human passions.

Among the party which the Sons of England took across the Atlantic on the Canadian Northern's Royal George in July, was a young woman of refinement who became a widow seven weeks after she went to Toronto to be married. She was on her way to north China, as a missionary under Bishop White, the Canadian, and expected to be twenty-one days on the train crossing Russia and Siberia.

Another of the passengers was a married woman hastening from Saskatchewan to the bedside of a sister dying of an incurable malady. She was a person of means, but left so hurriedly for England that she had no time to secure a berth on the Pullman, which happened to be full, and she had to sleep as she could in the day-coach during the five days on the train to Montreal.

### Diversified Experiences.

Three parsons were on board. One was trying to bolster up his nerves by an ocean voyage; the second hoped to secure assistance in London for the All-People's Mission in Montreal; the third was just having a diversion.

The purpose of the great majority on the ship, however, was to visit the scenes of their earlier life. The excursionists numbered nearly five hundred. Over half that number were from Ontario, but not a Province of Confederation was without a representative. Toronto alone sent two hundred.

They were a prosperous lot. They had a dollar for every ha'penny they had brought to Canada. By no means a dressy crowd; mainly hard-working people, who by sheer endeavour had reached a position of comfort, and now at middle-age, while disposed to take life a little easier, had not learned to put a high estimate on fashionable clothes. What is more to the point, several could sign cheques for a cool hundred thousand, and all could afford to take a few weeks off to enjoy spending some of their well-earned savings.

While one fastidious English newspaperman who met them at a public function wrote that "it was curious how plainly dressed the men were," the return of the excursionists to widely-scattered towns and cities in England is certain to encourage thousands of their former associates to try their luck in Canada.

One man whose career illustrates the pluck that will win the day wherever success is to be won, was W. Wellband of Winnipeg. His life's story,

which he is never tired repeating, will do much to advertise the advantages of this country.

"I left Kent forty-five years ago because England was too cramped for me," says this grizzled old pioneer. "I made two fortunes in Manitoba and lost them both, one by the collapse of the boom and the other by the burning of my store and its stock of \$90,000. I went at it again, and now I'm going home with an independent fortune. I made up my mind when I came here that I would not return till I had made my pile."

### Where Pluck Wins.

Two brothers from Bristol also had found prosperity in Toronto where they are engaged in the retail meat business. Once a big competitor demanded that they sell out. They refused, and the big fellow located next door as he threatened to do. But even customers are loyal, and the brothers continue to make money.

A passenger who had found the lot of the average man happier in Canada than in England, had



A Fine Day on Shipboard

been for eighteen years in the shoe business in Nottingham where he had kept three stores. Trade was bad and he had to pay off his creditors and start for Canada with eight children under thirteen years of age, and a sum total of seventy dollars in his pockets. To-day, grey-bearded and venerable, he is as active as a sixteen-year-old and under no necessity to work.

And so it goes. The testimony of the excursionists was that in the new world, but still under the British flag, success may be earned by worth and adaptability. Moreover, as one Yorkshire lady's experiences emphasised, a hearty welcome always awaits the immigrant from England who is willing to fit in with the ways of the country. This lady, after being five years in Saskatchewan, declared money was quickly if not easily made in the West.

"As soon as a lady reaches town," she said, "all the ladies of the church call on her. I made more friends in Saskatchewan in four years than I did all my life in England."

### Helping Hands in a New World.

Illustrating the readiness of the people to help the deserving, and particularly the newcomer, this lady cited the case of a man who was told by the oculist he would become entirely blind unless treated by a specialist in England. The townspeople immediately came to his aid. They raised the funds to send him across the ocean, and supported his wife and child for a whole year. As a result, his eyesight was saved, and the man is a leading merchant, owing his fellows nothing but gratitude.



A Few Games on Deck

The oldest man on the ship and one who did not miss a single meal, came from Oshawa. He was seventy-nine years old, travelling alone, in spite of his great age, went with a party of fifty on a three-weeks arduous tour over the Great Western lines in England and Scotland. Though a Canadian-born, remarks he made best explain why our own Northwest is the magnet that draws people from all nations.

"As much money can be made in five years out West as in twenty-five years in Ontario," he asserted, "I know young fellows, not particularly brilliant, sons of a drunken Englishman, who went west five years ago. They are all doing well. I stayed with one of them two years ago. He had 320 acres, and splendid barns. Finer horses I never saw. If he had stayed in Ontario he would never have succeeded."

It would become monotonous to describe in further detail here the experiences in Canada of the Sons of England excursionists. Their life stories, however, told to the friends whom they left in England years ago, sounds like romance, and being so widely related by the scattered party, are sure to induce many to make a new bid for fortune. For a Canadian seldom proclaims himself as such, while in England, without someone stating he had been thinking of coming to this country.

The Sons of England and the Canadian Northern have every reason to be gratified that they arranged for such an excursion to the homeland. It would be a real benefit to Canada if the excursion becomes an annual event as its promoters promise.

As a counter play to this interesting migration, a party of West-of-England business men, mainly from Bristol, will sail shortly for a visit to Canada. Their main objective point will be the Canadian National Exhibition, the management of which have arranged for a West-of-England day. This event will be marked by many characteristically West-of-England doings and customs, many of them exceedingly quaint and original.



In Craft like this Ojibways Navigated the Northward Rivers Two Centuries Ago.



How Earl Grey is travelling down the Hayes River



Tracking up a Rapids—instead of a Portage



The Ojibway River-Giant's Meditation



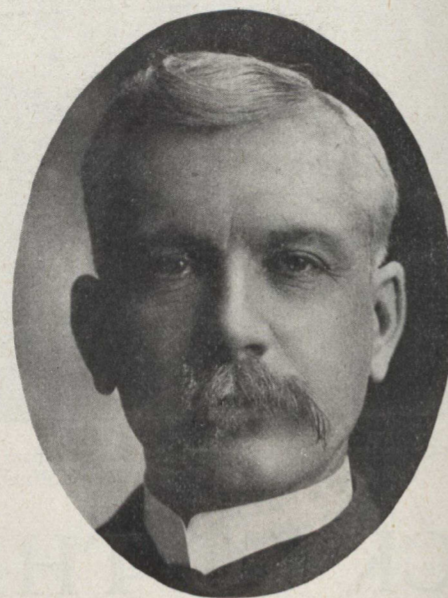
The Old Stockade will soon be crumbling down

**THE FUR-POST REGIME**

History reverts itself—in transportation. Two centuries and more the Hudson's Bay Company voyageurs pulled the York boats up stream from York factory. The Ojibway sewed up his birch bark canoe. With no charter from a government the trade route was established. The route cost nothing. Time was of small value. Most of the heavy goods travelled up stream—goods for the fur posts from the old wooden ships anchored out in Hudson's Bay. The furs went down stream in the York boats and the canoes. But the fur trade is just about dead now. The Ojibway is largely out of a job. He wears civilised clothes. When the last fur goes out of the country and the railway begins to carry out wheat the hinterland Indian will be a museum relic. All he ever was or hoped to be is summed up in the ancient Hudson's Bay motto, "Pelle pro Cutem." He knew little or nothing about horses for he lives where horses are of little use. He is a river man; unlike his cousin of the great wheat plains who, when buffaloes were a thousand times thicker than self-binders are now, rode his pony like a lord and cared not a curse for the river. The building of the Hudson's Bay road will rout one more tribe of red men out of their fastness.

# THE LONG REACH TO THE NORTHERN SEA

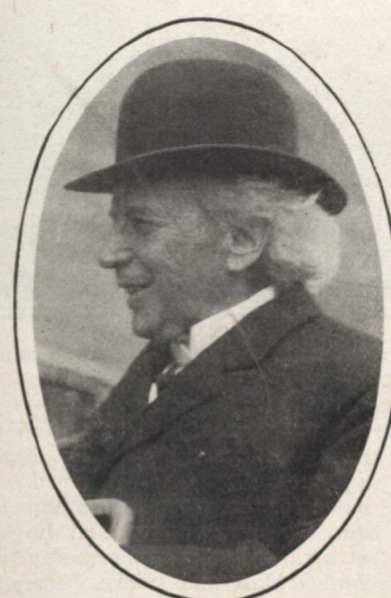
Picture Panorama of Scene from the 17th to the 20th Century



**The Railway Minister.**  
Hon. George P. Graham believes as heartily in the Hudson's Bay railway as any grain-grower in Saskatchewan.



**The Governor.**  
Earl Grey now from Norway House down the York Factory is the General to the Bay.



**The Promising Premier.**  
Sir Wilfrid Laurier wore this smile at Prince Albert when thousands of wheat-growers called for a through line to the sea.

## OPEN THE ROAD TO THE BAY

The Economic of the Question

**T**HE railway to Hudson's Bay, at last, is really imminent. The contract for the bridge across the Saskatchewan at the Pas, half-way between Oxbow and the mouth of the Saskatchewan, has been let. The signs are that, when Parliament meets, the Government will have made up its mind just how the road is to be built and operated. The Governor-General, gratefully describing in England as "the best press agent Canada has ever had," this day travelling from Winnipeg to Churchill, and will shortly give to the Court of Public Opinion his evidence about the country up there, and the way out.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the Minister of Railways have been going through the Prairie Provinces, listening to the most unanimous demands of farmers on the two great economic questions in which they are interested. They want a tariff that would be no tariff at all, especially on agricultural implements. Their cry has given the Free Traders of Great Britain some excuse for saying that Protection in Canada is a losing game; that is, if Canada is chiefly west of the Superior.

The farmers have also called for the Hudson's Bay Railway with an insistence that must be rewarded. Good politics and good economics do not always go together; for the politician is apt to surrender to the glamorous influences of demonstration which are the shadows of redistributions to come, in which the demonstrators will double their voting strength at Ottawa. The Premier has been fairly accommodating, but he has all the time declined to go very much farther than he went before the 1908 election, when he committed the Government to the speedy building of a road to Hudson's Bay.

Some impatient people, who imagine that the construction of a railway can be put in hand as easily as Red Fife can be distributed over the waiting fields, profess disappointment that more has not been done. But really the Government has made good progress. The land surveys have been made; the conditions at Churchill and Nelson, which must be investigated at this moment; the contract for the bridge has been let—fair intimation that the Government is committed to obtaining its initial access to the Bay by using the line that was built a couple of years ago by the Canadian Northern from its Dauphin-Prince Albert branch to the Pas, where a flourishing town has sprung up.

The Grain Growers' Associations in Manitoba and Saskatchewan have persistently requested Government building and ownership of the road to the Bay. There is a distinct Socialistic element in the Grain Growers' Associations which like its counterparts everywhere, is enormously successful in gaining a hearing. It has scarcely been taken seriously. The Government to undertake the whole work of the rough end of a railway, which, however important, must, as a transportation enterprise, be subsidiary to a network of railways that

have been established in accordance with what has been regarded as the settled railway policy of the Government by the country at large, and by outside investors of capital, as essential to Canada as ballot-boxes.

The Government will take the course which on the whole seems best to it. It must respect western opinion in the same degree that it regards eastern views. For, the east has benefited a great deal by the opening up of the west, the impetus and fundamental credit, which have been made the Twentieth Century West possible, were furnished by the east, which has, therefore, a vested interest in the further development of the west.

In this connection the west, judging by some of its newspapers, is unduly nervous. Here and there a growl is heard which, being interpreted, means that the Government is run by the railways and the railways run the west in the interests of the east, and that, even if the road to the Bay should be built and remain in the hands of the railways, eastern control of transportation will be only like a vicious stepmother to the hundred miles of track north of the Saskatchewan, and to the lone terminals on the frigid inland sea.

The first thing for the west to do is to disabuse its mind of the idea that eastern public opinion generally has any hostility to the Hudson's Bay road. In the end, the channels of commerce will flow where they ought to flow. He is a duffer who reads commercial history who imagines that the facilitation of commerce reduces commerce in any place where it has reasonable capacity for prosperity.

There are in the United States a few short-sighted people, some of whom imagine they are statesmen, who really suppose that the expansion of Canada during the last dozen years is a disaster to the republic, because it has drawn a few hundred thousand people to our side of Parallel Forty-Nine. The truth is that the expansion of Canada, both through the employment of American capital in industries, and in the settlement of United States people on western farms, has increased the prosperity of the United States as much as it has developed the resources of Canada, because there have been transferred to Canada, from other countries, capital and people who have created increasing demands for all kinds of United States products. Three hundred million dollars of American money has been invested in Canadian industrial enterprises, which is called the brain of American capital away from its proper home.

But there is on deposit in New York, available for enterprises in the United States, a Canadian dollar for every dollar of American money actually invested in Canada. The money invested in Canada is producing more, for the owners of it in the United States, than the interest earned on call loans in New York is earning for the Canadian lenders of that money. Hudson's Bay situation has a like relation to the development of Eastern Canada.

The evidence, submitted to the Senate Committee a year ago, indicated that the shortening of the grain route to



Farmers at Prince Albert—"The Gateway to the Bay"—show the Premier the need of a Hudson's Bay Road

**THE RAILROAD ERA**

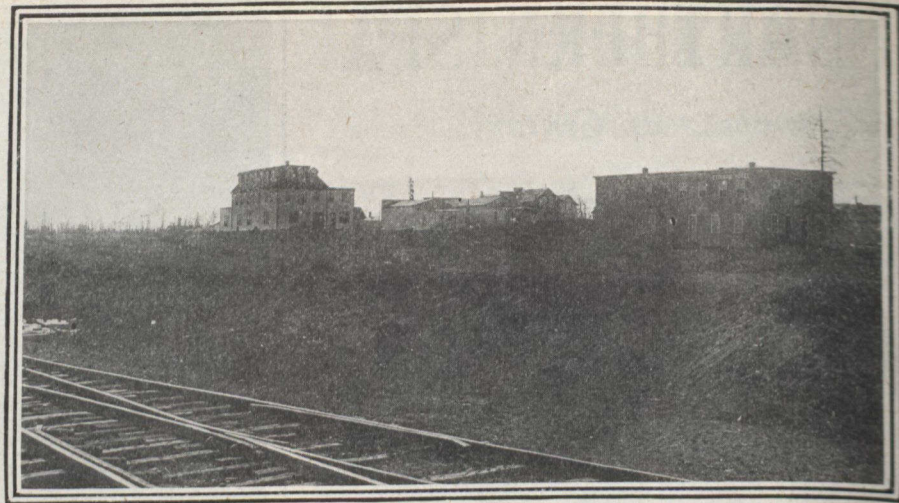
The bard who will write the parody "On the Road to Hudson's Bay," Tune—"On the Road to Mandalay"—will shortly achieve renown. Five hundred and a few odd miles overland from the banks of the Saskatchewan to the edge of the northern sea is just about the river measurement by the tortuous Hayes from Norway House at the head of Lake Winnipeg to York Factory. This voyage will take Earl Grey, now on the way, the best part of twenty days—easy travelling with several portages all of which were marked on the excellent map of the region made by Sir John Franklin long ago. For a long distance north of Prince Albert there is arable land. A picture on the following page shows a field of oats almost man-high growing two hundred miles north of Prince Albert, which will bring the outward fringe of the grain-grower to within three hundred miles or less of the terminus no Hudson's Bay. After that the land is sterile and rocky; almost denuded of game and fur; a vacant, rather desolate land whose chief value to the great middle west will be as an artery for box cars loaded with wheat for Hudson's Bay elevators. "Pelle pro Cutem" has served its day as a motto in that country. The slogan now is—"On to Hudson's Bay."



Minister of Railways tells Prince Albert about the road to the Bay



And it won't be long till the track-laying Hercules drives out the dusky Ojibway river man.



The Hudson's Bay Company Saw Mill may be a link between the old and the new; but scenes like this will soon dot the long reach between the Saskatchewan country and the Northern Sea: then the elevators.

Europe, by way of the Pas and the Bay, should be worth six cents per bushel to the farmers tributary to the Bay. This means, of course, a notable acceleration in the development of the Prairie country.

The Hudson's Bay route to Europe is navigable for less than five months in the year. It will not become a vastly popular passenger route in that time. For the rest of the year, all the European business must travel as it is travelling now. Eastern Canada, even from the railway point of view, is not going to be put out of business by the Hudson's Bay Railway. Its business will increase, even as the trade of manufacturing England increased when the spinning frame and the power loom revolutionised the manufacture of cloth, and the operatives, believing that their living was in jeopardy, wrecked mills and smashed machinery.

The east is not clamouring for the Hudson's Bay line any more than the west would clamour for dockyards to be started at Halifax. As far as Ontario is concerned at least, there is a great gain to be made from the opening of the Bay. We are a long way from a salt water fish supply. The Bay and its coasts swarm with sea food of the first quality. A new aspect will be given to all the commercial possibilities of the Bay as soon as it becomes a highway of business other than the fur trade, and the cruising ground of a few American whalers. Ontario has her only contact with salt water at Hudson's Bay and must therefore welcome the substitution of traffic for solitude in her upper regions.

The national pride is involved in the opening of the Bay. There is an imperial aspect to the scheme which militates against the possibility of eastern jealousy of a greater expansion of the west. One of the most vital questions that affect defence is the protection of the food routes of the United Kingdom. The Northern route will be the safest from depredation. Even though it can only be open for about half the year, it will be a strong factor in all the calculations of attack and defence that condition wars and dangers of wars.



An Oat Field two hundred miles north of Prince Albert.

The east, jealous of the opening of the Bay? No, indeed. Some interests are, perhaps, but they do not govern the situation. There is a way by which they can scarcely affect it. It is by inducing an interest in exploiting the Bay as strong as the supposed interest of those who might like to render the northern route impossible.

## FOREST FIRES AND HEROES

*Flashlights from the Fire belt in the Rockies.*

By EDGAR W. DYNES

ONE of the most serious forest fires in recent years visited the Slocan district in British Columbia several weeks ago. The towns of McGuigan and Whitewater were wiped out, the buildings at the Lucky Jim and the Rambler mines were burnt, and the lives of five brave men were lost.

A party of mining men were making an inspection of the Lucky Jim with a view to erecting a concentrator. It was known that there was a fire not very far away but it was considered that it could not reach the mine before twenty-four hours. They were in number five tunnel when the alarm was sounded, "The mine is on fire; run for your lives."

The race with death commenced. All got out safely but some had close calls and were almost exhausted. One of the party, Charles Norman, the foreman, went up to the upper bunkhouse to warn the men at the mine. It is difficult to know just what followed. Norman's body was found in the glory hole above number three tunnel, face down. He had made a terrific fight for his life.

Some of the workmen reached the railway track in safety. Four of them went into number two tunnel. Eight men, a woman and her little boy, reached the safety point in number four. Coming from above, the fire had taken the miners unawares. The flames had come two miles over the gulch in



The Burning of "Lucky Jim" Mine

about twenty minutes; a record for fire speed! When the alarm was sounded the mine was engulfed in flames.

The space for the group in the tunnel was small. Three men, Chesley, Pierson and Logan, tried to get better air. After passing the turnsheet came the deadly hot blast and smoke. They dropped to the tunnel floor, groping for the water ditch. When they were found, Chesley and Pierson were dead, and Logan was going fast.

Their rescue was heroic. There was a relief party at Bear Lake. Strictly against orders, as it was believed to be suicidal, a man named Pinchney, and the assistant compressor engineer, with lanterns and stimulants, stole away from their party. They tramped over the burning embers—a veritable lake of hell, and climbed the hill to number four tunnel, saving the lives of those who had hidden there. Patterson was found dead in the safety tunnel but Edward Lucas was missing.

The entire stretch of country from McGuigan to Sproule's is a scene of desolation. At the Rambler nothing was saved but the concentrator and a few small buildings. The bunk-houses, cook-house, ore-shed, powder magazines, warehouse and the compressor building were destroyed. At the Whitewater the mine buildings were burnt, and of the town itself, not a vestige remains. At this point the heat was so intense that the ground caught fire and large granite boulders crumbled to dust. The heavy rails of the Kaslo and Slocan railroad were twisted into serpentine shape.

The fire at Lucky Jim occurred on Saturday and on Monday Edward Lucas was reported still missing. A party of three men started in search of him, determined to find him, dead or alive.

On reaching the mine they searched the tunnels without avail. Then they scoured the hillsides about the portals and finally returned to inspect the stopes. The body was found at the bottom of a stope in number three tunnel.

The story of how they brought the body back to Kaslo reminds one of the time when Father Pat hauled the body of a dead railway man on a hand-sleigh, dodging slides, and sleeping in snowsheds between times. It was no small task to get the body out of the mine but this was nothing compared with the trouble they encountered when they finally secured a push-car and started down the railway track. Every bridge was gone and the crooked rails rung in mid-air. The push-car had to be taken apart at each place, and by walking on the rails the bearers managed to get their dead burden across.

## The Automobile in Canada

What is the outlook of the automobile in Canada? As yet pleasure is the chief motive for buying. We have not yet got satiated with the poetry of motion. But the commercial car is coming into prominence. Professional men have helped to popularise it. Livery people have taken it up. Several towns in the Dominion have taxicabs—one of the "sights." Tradesmen are experimenting with cars for delivery purposes. The commercial car saves in accommodation, and is found quite efficient. The main difficulties in the way of its universal adoption are, the great outlay necessary to install it, and the winters against which it has not been known it can successfully prevail. Among farmers the automobile has won a certain vogue in this country. They have found it useful to cut down the long miles to town. Western wheat-growers especially are following the motor car. Thirty farmers in one district last winter imported a shipment of cars worth \$100,000 for their own use.

# THE TUNNEL RUNNERS

*Underground Comedies and Tragedies of the Down-Trodden Folk*

By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

Drawings by Charles Livingston Bull.

THE deep copper-red channel of the little tidal river wound inland through the wide yellowish levels of the salt marsh. Along each side of the channel, between the waving fringes of the grass and the line of usual high tide, ran a margin of pale yellowish brown mud flats, baked and seamed with sun cracks, scurfed with wavy deposits of salt, and spotted with meagre tufts of sea green samphire, goose-tongue, and sea rosemary. Just at the edge of the grass fringe an old post, weather beaten and time eaten, stood up, a solitary sentinel over the waste, reminder of a time when this point of the river had been a little haven for fishing boats—a haven long since filled up by the caprice of the inexorable silt.

Some forty or fifty paces straight back from the moldering post, a low spur of upland, darkly wooded with spruce and fir, jutted out into the yellow-green sea of grass. Off to the left some hundred yards or so away ran a line of round topped dike, with a few stiff mullen stalks fringing its crest. Beyond the dike, and long ago reclaimed by it from the sea, lay basking in the sun the vast expanses of sweet-grass meadow, blue-green with timothy, clover, and vetch, and hummed over by innumerable golden belted bumble-bees. Through this sweet meadow wound the slow curves of a placid and brimming fresh water stream, joining itself at last to the parent river through a sluiceway in the dike, whose sunken valves protected it completely from the fluctuations of the tides.

The dividing line between the tall, waving, yellow salt grass and the naked mud flat was as sharp as if cut by a dike's spade, and it was fringed by a close brown tangle of grass roots which seemed to feel outward over the baked mud and then curl back upon themselves in apprehension.

Close to the foot of the moldering post, where this fringe half-encircled it, appeared suddenly a pointed brownish head, with tiny ears and a pair of little, bright, beadlike eyes set very close together. The head was thrust cautiously forth from the mouth of a narrow tunnel under the grass roots. The sharp overhung muzzle, with nostrils dilating and quivering, interrogated the perilous outer air; the head eyes searched the sky, the grass fringe, the baking open of the flat. There was no danger in sight; but just in front, some five or six feet distant, a gaudy caterpillar on some bold venture bent was making his slow way across the scurfed mud, from one goose-tongue tuft to another.

The pointed head shot swiftly forth from the tunnel, followed by a ruddy brown body. Straight out across the bright naked space, and back again, like a darting shuttle, into the hole—and the too rashly adventuring caterpillar had disappeared.

A little way back from the edge of the flats a mottled brown marsh hawk was flying hither and thither. His wings were shorter and broader than those of most members of his swift, marauding race, and he flew flapping almost like a crow, instead of gliding, skimming, and soaring after the manner of his more aristocratic kindred. He flew close above the swaying grass tops, his head thrust downward and his hard, unwinking eyes peering fiercely down between the ranked coarse stems of the "broad leaf" grass. He quartered the meadow section by section, closely and methodically as a well handled setter. Once he dropped straight downward into the grass, abruptly as if he had been shot; and when, an instant later, he rose again, with a great buffeting of grass tops, he was clutching some tiny grey object in his talons. Had one been near enough to see, it would have proved, probably, to be a young shrew. Whatever it was, it was too small to be worth carrying off to his high perch on the dead pine tree beyond the ridge of the uplands. He flew with it to the open crest of the dike close by, where he tore it and swallowed it in savage gulps. Then, having wiped his beak on the sod, he resumed his assiduous quartering of the salt grass.

ABOUT this time the little brown pointed head with the bead eyes reappeared in the mouth of the tunnel by the foot of the post. Everything seemed safe. The samphire and the goose-tongue tufts, palely glimmering in the sun, were full of salt loving, heat loving insects. Warily the ruddy brown body behind the pointed head slipped forth from the tunnel and darted to the nearest tuft where it began



The Murderous Crow Stabbed This Way and That.

nosing sharply and snapping up the small game.

The marsh mouse was a sturdy little figure, about six inches in length, with a dull chestnut-brown back sprinkled with black hairs, shading downward through warm grey to a delicate fawn-coloured belly. Its shoulders and short fore legs were heavily molded, showing the digger of tunnels, and its fore paws moved with the swift precise facility of hands. The tiny ears were set flat and tight to the head, and the broad based skull over the triangular muzzle gave an impression of pugnacious courage, very unlike that of the wood mouse or the house mouse. This expression was more than justified by the fact; for the marsh mouse, confident in his punishing little jaws and distrustful of his agility, had a dangerous propensity to stay and fight when he ought to be running away. It was a propensity that, owing to the abundance of his enemies, would have led speedily to the extermination of his race, but for the amazing and unremitting fecundity that dwelt in his blood.

For all his courage, however, there were some foes that he had no inclination to meet and face—even he, one of the biggest and strongest of his kind. As he glanced aside from his nosing in the samphire tufts, he caught sight of a broad black splotch of shadow, sweeping up the baked surface of the flat at terrific speed.

He did not look up. He had no need to. Only too well he knew what was casting that sinister shadow. Though agility was not supposed to be his strong point, his movement as he shot across the open from the samphire tuft to the mouth of his tunnel was almost too quick to follow. He gained the root fringed door just in time. As his frantic, cringing hind quarters disappeared into the hole, the great talons of the pouncing hawk plunged into the root fringe, closing and clutching so savagely that the mouth of the tunnel was obliterated. Grass roots, however, were not what those rending talons wanted, and the great hawk, rising angrily, flapped off to the other side of the dike.

WITHIN the tunnel the brown mouse ran on desperately, as if he felt those fatal talons still reaching after him. The tunnel was not quite in darkness; for here and there a gleam of light came filtering through the roots that formed its roof, and here and there a round opening gave access to the yellow-green world among the big stiff grass stalks. The floor was smooth from the feet and teeth of countless other marsh mice, water voles, and mole shrews. To right and left went branching off innumerable side tunnels and galleries, an apparently inextricable maze. But the brown mouse raced straight on, back from the water side, deep into the heart of the marsh, anxious only to put himself as far as possible from the scene of his horrid adventure.

Running thus suddenly, he bumped hard into a little wayfarer who was journeying in the opposite direction. The tunnel was so narrow that only by the use of a certain circumspection and consideration could two travellers pass each other comfortably. Now, the stranger was a mole shrew, much smaller than the brown mouse, but of a temper as unpleasant as that of an angry buffalo. That the mouse should come butting into him in that rude fashion was an indignity not to be tolerated. Gnashing his long chisel-like teeth, he grappled blindly, and rent the brown mouse's ear to ribbons. But this was a mistake on his part, a distinct error of judgment. The brown mouse was no slim timorous barn mouse or field mouse, no slow and clumsy mole. He was a fighter, and with strength to back his pugnacity. He caught the angry shrew by the neck, bit him mercilessly, shook him limp, trod him under foot, and raced on. Not until he reached his snug nest in the burrow at the foot of the dike did he quite regain his equanimity.

Just about this time there came a succession of heavy southwest gales, which piled up the water into the funnel-like head of the bay, dammed back the rivers, and brought a series of high tides. Tides so high were quite unseasonable, and caught the swarming little tunnel runners of the salt marsh unprepared. As the first flood came lapping up over the sun baked flats, covering the samphire tufts, setting all awash the root fringes of the grass, and sliding noiselessly into the tunnels, there was a wild scurrying, and a faint, elusive clamour of squeaks came murmuring thinly through the grass. Myriads of brown and orange grasshoppers, beetles black and green and blue and red, with here and there a sleek grub, here and there a furry caterpillar, began to climb the long stiff grass stalks. The battalions of mice and voles and shrews, popping up indignantly through the skylights of the tunnels, swept unanimously toward the barrier of the dike. Everyone of them knew quite well that to the sweet meadows beyond the dike the peril of the tide could not pursue them.

The big brown marsh mouse, as it chanced, was asleep at the bottom of his burrow. Stealing up between the grass stems, a chill douche slipped in upon him. Startled and choking, he darted up the steep slope of his gallery and out into the wet turmoil. He was an expert swimmer; but he liked to choose his own time for the exercise of his skill. This was not one of those times. For a second he sat upon his sturdy little haunches, squeaking angrily and surveying the excitement. Then, shaking his fur free of the few drops of water that clung to it in tiny globules, he joined the scurrying migrant throngs swarming over the dike.

Along the dike top the migrants were running the gauntlet with death. With the first invasion of the tide across the flats all the marsh hawks of the neighbourhood, some four or five, had gathered to the hunt, knowing well just what the flood would do for them. Also many crows had come. At intervals along the crest of the dike stood the hawks, with wings half spread, screaming excitedly, clutching at their victims, and devouring them with unlordly haste. Two already gorged, were flapping away heavily toward the forest clad inland ridges, carrying limp trophies in their talons. As for the crows, there were perhaps two score of them, all cawing noisily, flying low along the crest of the dike, alighting delicately from time to time to stab right and left with their dagger-like beaks.

THE big brown marsh mouse, wise with experience and many escapes, took this all in as he mounted the slope of the dike. Marking a hawk just above him, he doubled nimbly back, jumping over half a dozen blindly blundering fugitives. Some ten feet farther along he again ascended. As he came over the crest, in a mob of shrews and smaller mice, he saw a crow just dropping on him. The eyes of the crow, impish and malevolent, were fixed not on him, but on a small shrew close at his side. Imagining himself, however, the object of attack, the brown mouse fell into a rage. Darting upward, he fixed his long teeth in the black marauder's thigh, just above the leg joint, and pulled him down into the scurrying stream of rodents. With a squeak of rage and alarm, the crow struck out savagely. His murderous beak stabbed this way and that in the crowd,



laying out more than one soft bodied victim; while his strong black wings beat others into confusion and panic.

But in the throng swarming over the dike at that point were many more of the marsh mice and the shrews, all savage in temper. They leaped upon the crow, ran over and bore down the buffeting wings, and tore vengefully at the hard iridescent armour of close laid feathers that shielded their foe from any fatal wounds. In spite of this advantage, they were wearing him out by sheer fury and weight of numbers, when the other crows came darkly to his assistance. In a moment he was liberated, and the dike top strewn with gashed, fury bodies. Bleeding and bedraggled, his eyes blazing with wrath, he sprang into the air and flapped away to the uplands to recover his composure in the seclusion of some dense pine top.

The brown marsh mouse, the cause of his discomfiture, darted out from under his wing as he rose, and slipped over the edge of the dike with no worse injury than a red gash across the haunches. Having scored such a triumph over so redoubtable an enemy as the crow, he was not troubled by his wound; but discretion led him to plunge instantly into the deep green shelter of the grass.

Here in the sweet meadow, where the timothy and clover stood much closer than did the coarse stalks of the broad-leaf grass in the salt meadow, the runways of the mice were not, as a rule, underground. They were made by gnawing off the stems close to the firm surface of the sod. The stems on each side, tending to be pressed together, formed a perfect roof to the narrow tunnels, which pierced the grass in every direction and formed a seemingly impassable labyrinth. The brown mouse, however, knew his way very well through the soft green light, flecked with specks and streaks of pollen-dusty sunshine. The tunnels were swarming with travellers; but, beyond nipping them on the haunches now and then to make them get out of his way or move faster, he paid no attention to them. At last he came to the edge of the stream, and to a burrow beneath the roots of a wild rose thicket which fringed the water.

This burrow the brown mouse had once inhabited. He felt it was his. Just now it was occupied by an irritable little mole shrew. But the brown mouse, strong in the sense of previous ownership, proceeded to take possession. The outraged shrew put up a bitter fight, but in vain. With squeaks and blood the eviction was accomplished, and the brown mouse settled himself complacently in the burrow.

**A**FTER a few days the southwest gales blew themselves out, the tides drew back within their ordinary summer bounds, and most of the refugees returned to their old haunts among the broad leaf. But the brown mouse elected to remain in his burrow beside the rose thicket. His taste had turned to the clover and timothy stalks, and the meadow was alive with brown crickets and toothsome big green grasshoppers. Moreover, in the heat of late July, he loved to swim in the bland waters of the stream, keeping close along shore, under the shadow of the long grass and the overhanging roses, and avoiding the dense patches of weed which might give shelter to some darting pike. His burrow was roomy, and gave accommodation to a silken furred brown mate, who set herself without delay to the duty of replenishing the diminished population of the marsh mice.

In spite of foraging hawks, foxes, weasels, and minks, in spite of calamities, swift and frequent, overtaking this, that, and another of their innumerable kindred, the summer hours passed benignly over the burrow by the rose thicket that housed the brown mouse and his mate.

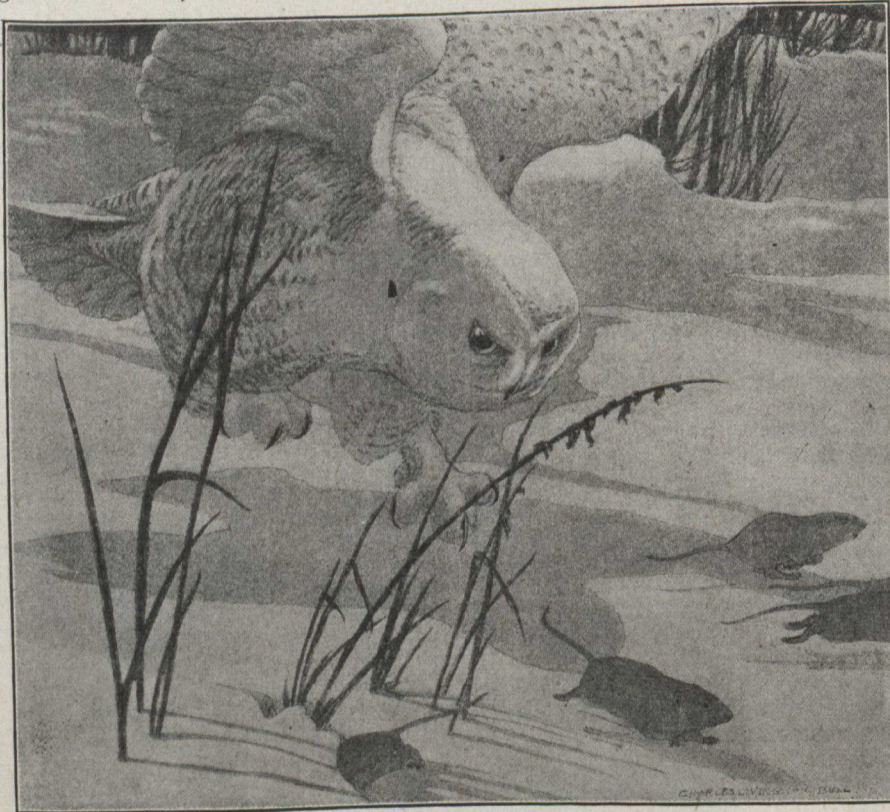
**T**HEN, one sultry scented morning, there came a change. The deep quiet of the meadow went to pieces in blatant clamour. Loud voiced men and snorting, trampling, clanking horses came to the edge of the grass, and with them two strange scarlet machines which clattered as they moved. One of these scarlet monsters, dragged by horses, swerved off toward the farther side of the meadow. The other started straight down through the deep grass along the edge of the stream. Into the grass, belly deep, the big horses plunged, breasting it like the sea. Instantly the scarlet machine, which was ridden by a man, set up a new cry. It was a harsh,

strident, terrifying cry, as if a million twangling locusts had found one voice. Before it, to the amazed horror of all the furry, scurrying grass dwellers, the grass went down flat, in long ranks. The peril of the floods was as nothing to this loud, uncomprehended peril. Marsh mice, water voles, shrews, with here and there a foraging muskrat, here and there a murderous and ravaging weasel, all fled frantically before it. A few, a very few, fled too late. These never knew what happened to them; for great darting knives, dancing unseen through the grass, caught them and slew them.

The high cry of the deadly scarlet, thing, however, gave warning fair and sufficient. As the big brown marsh mouse heard it approaching, he dived straight to the bottom of his burrow and lay there trembling. His companion, on the other hand, holding different views as to the proper place of safety, darted from the burrow, wriggled through the thorny stems of the rose thicket and plunged into the water where she hid herself close under the opposite bank. The noise and the darting knives glided almost over the mouth of the burrow, and the thumping heart of the brown mouse almost burst itself with terror. But they passed. Slowly they passed on.

And when they had grown comparatively faint, far down at the foot of the meadow, the brown mouse, recovering himself, dared to peep forth. He was astonished to see a long breath of grass lying prostrate, with bewildered bumble-bees and grasshoppers striving to extricate themselves from the ruin. Having a valiant heart and a quick eye for opportunity, he sprang out of his hole and began pouncing on the confused and helpless insects. This, for a few minutes, was a profitable game, and a safe one too; for the cry of the machine, with the presence of the men and horses, had driven hawks and crows to a discreet distance. But presently the cry of the scarlet thing, which had turned at the dike and was moving straight up the middle of the meadow, began to grow loud again, and the brown mouse whisked back into his burrow.

All through the time of the haying the meadow folk lived in a turmoil of alarm and change. At first, under the heavy, prostrate ranks of the slain grass, they ran bewildered but secure; for their foes could not easily detect them. For another day they were comparatively safe under the long scented lines of the drying windrows, full of grasshoppers and wilted clover heads. When the windrows were tossed together into innumerable pointed hay cocks, they crowded beneath the ephemeral shelter—to be rudely bared, next day, to the blinding sun as the cocks were pitched into the rumbling hay carts.



The Giant Snowy Owls Were the Worst Peril by Far.

It was a day of horrors, this, for the meadow kindreds; for a yellow Irish terrier, following the haymakers, would run with wild yelpings under the lifted cocks and slay the little people by the hundred. But, as for the brown mouse, all this time he and his temporary mate dwelt secure, keeping to their burrow and to the tunnels they had driven amid the roots of the rose thicket.

When the hay was gone, the meadow dwellers had fallen on evil times. The naked meadows

—all bare, close stubble open to the eyes of hawk and crow by day and of the still more deadly owl by night—had become their worst foe. Some drew back to the fringes of the uplands. Some colonised along the winding edges of the stream. Some returned across the dike to the salt meadow, where the broad-leaf grass was not yet ripe for mowing, while the remnant huddled precariously under the bases of the stacks, an easy prey for every foraging weasel. In a little while, however, the short thick herbage of the aftermath thrust its heads above the stubble. Then new tunnels were run, and life for the scurrying and squeaking of the meadow folk once more began to offer its normal attractions. It was now more perilously insecure, however; for the herds of cattle turned to pasture on the aftermath kept it eaten down, and the shrewd crows learned that their beaks could pierce the fragile and too open roofs of the tunnels.

**A**T last winter came, enemy to almost all other kindred of the wild, but friendly to mouse folk. The snow, some two feet deep all over the meadows, over the dikes, and to the eating edges of the tides, gave them a perfect shelter, and was exactly suited to the driving of their tunnels. Food was abundant, because they could subsist very well on the nutritious root stalks of the grass. And none of their enemies could get at them except when they chose to seek the upper air. At night they would slip forth and play about the firm surface of the snow. It was then that they suffered; for, though the hawks were gone, and the crows asleep, the icy winter night was alive with owls, and foxes, easels, and minks would come prowling hungrily down from the uplands. The owls were the worst peril by far—marsh owls, barn owls, the darting little Acadian owls, swift as the sparrowhawk—and now and then the terror of the winter wilds, the giant snowy owl of the North, driven down from his bleak Arctic wastes.

Through all these things, however, the brown marsh mouse went his way secure. He kept every exit of his tunnels perfectly hidden among the thorny tops of the wild rose bushes, which stood up some five or six inches above the surface of the snow. The successive families which were born and grew up in his safe burrow passed out into the maze to be merged in the precarious and passing legions. His first mate disappeared mysteriously—and as he had no facilities for pressing an inquiry among the hawks or weasels, he never knew the details of her disappearance. Her place was speedily filled.

It was along toward the end of the winter when the brown mouse met with his most dangerous adventure. Shunning, as he did so craftily, the games on the open snow, he was wont to amuse himself, and incidentally seek variations in his diet, beneath the ice of his threshold stream. An expert swimmer and diver, almost as swift as his cousin the muskrat or his hereditary enemy the mink, he would swim long distances under the water, finding fresh bits of lilyroot, tiny clams, water snails, half torpid beetles, and many kinds of larvæ. As the stream had been high at the time of freezing, and had afterward shrunk in its channel, letting the ice down with it, there were many air chambers along the brink, between ice roof and water surface, and slanting downward to the nearest of these he had dug himself a tunnel from the roots of his thicket.

Even here, to be sure, there were perils for him. There was one big mink which loved to hunt along these secret and dim lit air chambers, taking long swims beneath the ice; but he was an autocrat, and kept all rival minks away from his range; so the wise brown mouse knew that, as long as he kept a sharp enough lookout against that foe, he was secure in the air chambers. Then in the stream itself there was always the peril of the great pike, which had its lair at the bottom of the deep pool down by the sluiceway. The brown mouse had seen him only once—a long, straight, grey-green, shadowy shape in the distance—but that one sight gave him counsels of caution. He never forgot, when in the water, to keep watch for that great darting shadow.

One day when the brown mouse had swum far down stream and was hurrying back home, he was alarmed by loud sounds on the surface of the ice,

# THE DEMI-TASSE

**Newslets.**

**N**ICARAGUA is having a revolution. Even in the hot weather, these Latin republics insist on keeping up the national sport.

King Alfonso is finding that uneasy lies the head which wears a crown. "After all, there are compensations in being a plain knight," murmurs Sir George Ross.

Hon. Dr. Pugsley has been making promises in Hamilton for a large expenditure for a revetment wall. Promises are a hardy perennial in the political garden.

The Mayor of New York has been shot on a liner. Imagine Toronto's woe if any assassin had approached "its own Reginald!"

The Duke of Abruzzi will get the fair Virginian. Cupid takes the trick once more.

Five Cleveland men marooned on a lonely Lake Erie island, spent the night in killing snakes. They might have stayed at home and accomplished just as much.

Four hundred delegates to the General Conference of the Methodist Church left the East for Victoria last week. The betting is even on Carman and Jackson.

\* \* \*

**On Parade.**

Conductors on the G. T. R.  
Are feeling quite distressed,  
For orders have been just sent out  
They must be "gladly" dressed.  
In fact, the changes painful seem  
And now they have a "holler,"  
Because they must at last discard  
The celluloid, white collar.

\* \* \*

**His Reverence and Pat.**

**O**NE day Past was passing the church when Father Murphy came out with an opera glass in his hand.  
"What 'ud ye be wantin' wid, a opery glass in church," says Pat.  
"What do you think," says his Reverence.  
"Oi suppose ye naded thim to diskiver yer congregation," replied Pat, with a twinkle in his eye.  
"Wrong fur you, this toime," says his Reverence.  
"That's not what Oi got thim fur at all, at all. Oi just brought thim out to see if Oi could diskiver a chaky Oirishman, an' foind Oi don't nade thim."—D. A. F.

\* \* \*



The Abstract and the Concrete.—London Bystander.

\* \* \*

**Barnyard Worries.**

**I** CHANCED into a barnyard large and clean,  
And said, "Here in this sunny, sheltered spot  
Contentment reigns." But each inhabitant  
I found was discontented with his lot.  
"You geese," I said, "are sad because we give  
Your name to fools." They answered, "Not at all;  
We harbour thoughts of suicide because  
We're not the geese that saved the capitol."  
"We criticised your milk, sad cow," I said  
She cried, "That's not what puts life out of tune;  
I couldn't clear a three-bar fence, and yet  
They say that once a cow jumped o'er the moon."

"Fat pig, your reputation bothers you?"  
"Not that you'd notice it," was his reply.  
"Soon airships will be thick as weeds, but you  
Know what the chances are that pigs will fly."

"Poor horse," I said, "the auto takes your place,  
And that is why you sorrow so, of course?"  
He cried, "Oh, where was I when some one called,  
'A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse?'"

"No setting hen grows fat, you know," I said  
To one thin hen that wandered off alone.  
"I've not been setting," answered she. "I'm sad  
Because I cannot lay a corner stone."  
W. A. Clarke.

\* \* \*

**When Sir Wilfrid Was Jarred.**

Conservatives are saddened  
As news comes from afar  
Of how the Premier's party  
Are tossed about the car.  
They talk of shocking carelessness  
Which really should be checked,  
To think of dear Sir Wilfrid  
So nearly being wrecked!

\* \* \*

**Officious Play Censor.**

**A** COMEDY company once struck a New Brunswick town where the only public hall was owned by one of the churches.  
After many assurances of the innocent character of the performance, the minister in charge consented to rent the hall on condition that a member of the church attended the entertainment with instructions to put out the lights if anything objectionable was said. The show proved harmless enough, but the member was anxious to show his authority.  
Accordingly when one of the actors asked: "Where do the wicked go?" the censor saw a chance to interfere, and shouted: "The first man who says 'hell,' out go the lights."—M. L. H.

\* \* \*

**Summer Resort Remarks.**

**A** CURATE in the hand is worth a bishop in the bush.  
In a multitude of engagements there is much safety.  
There's nothing half so sure in life as the "extras" in the hotel bill.  
The rocking-chair brigade on the verandah is a devastating host.

\* \* \*

**Staff Humour.**

**O**VER five hundred people from Detroit hit Chatham on a Sunday afternoon and couldn't get anything to eat. Why in the name of all that's appetising didn't they go to Sandwich?  
America has a hog shortage, but, alas, the end seat hog shows no falling off.  
And just to think that while the rest of us are sticking close to our steady jobs the statesmen at The Hague are spending the summer talking fishing.  
These be tough days for your Uncle Sam. Jim Jeffries wanted to come back but couldn't, and the United States settlers in Canada could "come back" but don't want to.  
Los Angeles is to have women policemen, and so great will be the desire to be arrested that the old town will soon be full of lost angels.  
John D. Rockefeller was summoned on a charge of speeding in a motor car. They say that John was going like Standard-oiled lighting.  
A London hair specialist says that big hats may send women bald. But the dear creatures would never show it.  
Perhaps it's because of the Premier's habit of standing out on railway car platforms to address Western Canadians, but at any rate the Maharajah of Mourbhany, the Indian Prince of Canada, says that Sir Wilfrid is the Empire's most outstanding statesman.  
Commander Peary's ship, the Roosevelt, caught fire, and yet some otherwise sane individuals will still go along asking, "What's in a name?"  
Britain has just launched the largest, fastest cruiser, the Lion, and the question is as to whether

the U. S. eagle will attempt to twist the Lion's rudder.

\* \* \*

**"Authoress" Worried Scott.**

**S**IR WALTER SCOTT must, on one occasion at least, have heartily cursed the postal rates of his day. The story is told by Mr. R. H. Hutton.  
"A mighty package came by post from the United States, for which Scott had to pay five pounds Sterling. It contained a MS. play called 'The Cherokee Lovers,' by a young lady of New York, who begged Scott to read and correct it, write a prologue and epilogue, get it put on the stage at Drury Lane, and negotiate with Constable or Murray for the copyright. In about a fortnight another packet not less formidable arrived, charged with a similar postage, which Scott not grown cautious through experience, recklessly opened; out jumped a duplicate copy of 'The Cherokee Lovers,' with a second letter from the authoress, stating that as the weather had been stormy, and she feared that something might have happened to her former MS. she had thought it prudent to send him a duplicate."

\* \* \*



The Day of the Short Man.—Punch.

\* \* \*

**Pie as Social Index.**

**M**RS. DOBBS was trying to find out the likes and dislikes of her new boarder, and all she learned increased her satisfaction. "Do you want pie for breakfast?" she asked.  
"No, I thank you," said the new boarder, with a smile. "Pie for breakfast seems a little too much."  
"That's just the way I look at it," said Mrs. Dobbs, heartily. "I say pie for dinner is a necessity, and pie for supper gives a kind o' finishing touch to the day; but pie for breakfast is what I call putting on airs."—Youth's Companion.

\* \* \*

**A Salute to Strathcona.**

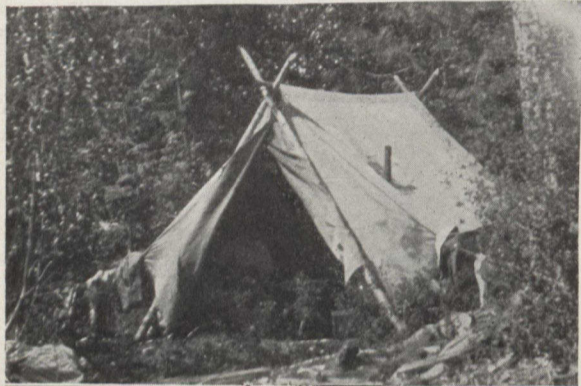
(Lord Strathcona recently celebrated his ninetieth birthday.)  
**H**ERE'S to a hale Canadian  
Who's weathered many a breeze,  
Who's braved the roughest fortunes  
And sailed the stormiest seas!  
He started out near Hudson's Bay  
As plain young Donald Smith,  
Who proved the Scotch traditions  
No idle, foolish myth.  
He found the factor's lonely life  
A perfect "furry tale,"  
And when the C. P. R. was "stuck"  
His courage did not fail.  
He does not care to advertise  
Nor talk of foolish luck;  
But rather shows in time of stress  
The talisman of pluck.  
He's founded hospitals and schools  
And helped the kids to college,  
Where, thanks to grave professors,  
They gather useful knowledge.  
He's ready for his country's need,  
Though peace or war may call.  
Then here's to bold Strathcona  
First citizen of all!

# PEOPLE AND PLACES

## Connaught, the Canadian.

MISS E. PAULINE JOHNSON, the well known Indian poet, has been taking a deep interest in the proposed appointment of the Duke of Connaught as the successor at Rideau Hall of Earl Grey. She writes: "How many Canadians are aware that should the Duke of Connaught, the only surviving son of

several college boys with him, mostly School of Practical Science men, for he is an old S. P. S. man himself. Dozens of college boys hike from the examination hall to the bush in the spring. A few months of paddling and portaging and hardtack, whips them into shape for football in the fall; but what is more important—they see the country. It makes Canadians out of them. The fellows you see around the table digging into breakfast are 3,000 miles away from their college halls. The writer commented on this fact the other day, in showing the picture to an Englishman who for the past year has been tutoring at the University of Toronto.



Summer Camp of T. Plunkett, Land Surveyor, near Notch Hill, B.C.

Queen Victoria, be appointed to represent King George in Canada, they will at least have, what many wish for, a "native" Canadian, bearing an ancient Canadian title, as Governor-General of the Dominion."

It seems that in 1869, when as Prince Arthur, the Duke was visiting this country for the first time, he received an invitation from his royal mother's Indian children, out on the Grand River reserve, Brant County, to visit the reserve. He did so on October 1st of that year; and in the old Mohawk Church, supported by Onwanosyshow, head chief of the Mohawks, Prince Arthur was consecrated chief of the Six Nations of Indians.

\* \* \*

## Blazing the Trails.

THE pictures on this page show a surveyor's camp tucked away in the mountains of British Columbia. Just at this time, there are hundreds of such camps throughout the Dominion. From Moncton to Prince Rupert construction gangs are blazing the trails for the rails of transportation. Then there are the land surveyors, the chaps who are mapping out the fat farms and roadways and townships of the future. This particular camp is a land survey bossed by Engineer T. Plunkett, who, with his gang, has been on the job since April. Engineer Plunkett has

me a letter, saying he was sailing for Canada. He was going right through to Winnipeg; wouldn't have time to stop off and see me at Toronto; but couldn't I drop into Winnipeg for the week end!"

\* \* \*

## Halifax is Proud.

NO great personage has ever come to Canada without visiting Halifax. King Edward did so, when as Prince of Wales, he paid his only visit to this country. King George did so on one or two of his visits. In connection with his visit of 1901, a Halifax paper has the following:—"Chatting with City Clerk Monaghan at the City Hall yesterday a Chronicle reporter asked him what souvenir the city had of King George V. Mr. Monaghan prides himself upon his system of keeping public documents and immediately produced the address signed personally by the King and which was read by His Majesty to the citizens of Halifax, October 19th, 1901, upon his visit here as Duke of Cornwall and York. In view of the establishment of a Canadian navy it is interesting to note the words of the King: 'Your capital, which stands unrivalled among the naval ports of the world.' This expression of His Majesty might be used to advantage in connection with the proposed celebration of the arrival of the Niobe."



Embryo Engineers eating breakfast 3,000 miles away from their College Halls

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## The Little Things OF LIFE

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Blue and White Cans. 31

# SNAP

# THE OUT-OF-DOORS

*Varying Phases of Field and Trail*

E. B. ARCHIBALD, of Toronto, is one of the greatest pole-vaulters in the world. At the elimination trials two years ago, he vaulted the extraordinary height of 12 feet 5 inches, and last winter, at Buffalo, succeeded in clearing 12 feet indoors, a distance never before accomplished, and hence a world's record. He is, as can well be imagined, very skilful, and the way he manages to throw his 190 lbs.



Clearing 12 ft., 5 inches

of avoirdupois over such a dizzy height, has always been the surprise of the spectators, as well as the dismay of his opponents. He fully expects to do 13 feet before the season closes, and those who have watched him in his work consider the performance well within his powers.

\* \* \*

## A Little Known Sport.

By C. A. BRAMBLE

ANY time during the early part of the summer, should you wander to the lake or river-side—where the current is slack and the surface mirror like, the time being eventide, you shall possibly see the rings of rising fish. The fluttering, soft, little grey moths and shad flies are abroad by the million, living their brief lives, and such as touch the water disappear as if by magic, sucked down in the middle of one of the rings which bespeak a feeding fish. These are whitefish, and they afford most excellent sport to the crafty angler.

From six o'clock until dark is the time for the best fishing. You should take your light fly rod, a cast of the finest gut, drawn gut for preference, and an assortment of the smallest white millers, and May flies, you have in your book, certainly not larger than No. 12; some gentles, or shreds of white kid, and a landing net having a handle of full length. With this outfit, and the use of a canoe, or better yet, a dinghy, you may anticipate sport.

Selecting the centre of a gentle current, where the rises seem thickest, you throw out the killock or anchor, and make ready for business. The fishing is extremely simple; you have to let out some fifteen or twenty yards of line and cast down stream, sometimes to one side and sometimes to the other, letting the flies—you may use a dropper as well as a tail fly—sweep around until they trail dead aft. A swaying motion should then be given to the rod tip, and if nothing takes, the cast is repeated.

A whitefish rises very quietly, there is no dash about his methods, and sucks in the fly so gently that the first intimation the angler gets is the slight pluck which tells of a hooked fish. Up to this point the fishing has been, as I have said, simple, but if you would basket your fish you must handle him with skill, for he has a mouth so tender that it resembles wet blotting-paper in texture. It is quite an art, this working a heavy whitefish up to the net against even a moderate current. Your hand can hardly be too light, and the least excess of force, or failure to yield line when the fish makes his first few rushes, will spell disaster.

The warmer the evening the better the sport, and often the fish are put down suddenly, by a fall in temperature, or a slight mist. While feeding they are all near the surface, contrary to their usual habits, for they are bottom feeders; it is only during these few warm evenings of early summer that the whitefish becomes "game"; therefore, it behooves the angler to avail himself of the brief but happy season.

Sometimes the fly will yield a fair basket; at other times the fish rise short and merely nibble the end of the wing, and at such times a gentle on the point of the hook, or a shred of an old white kid glove, is indicated. This additional attraction generally proves irresistible.

\* \* \*

## History of the Queen's Own.

THE Queen's Own, now camped at Quebec on their way to Aldershot, dates back to April, 1860, when an order was issued uniting a rifle company at Barrie, another at Whitby and four in Toronto into one battalion. During the stirring days of the Trent affair, the outside companies were dropped, and the organisation became a purely city regiment of ten companies. Its first active service was in 1864; its second, in 1866, when it took part in the battle of Limeridge in the Niagara Peninsula. Some of its members served in the composite regiment under Colonel (now Lord) Wolseley with the Red River Expedition of 1870. It also was present, under Colonel Otter, in the Western trouble of 1885, notably at Cut Knife Creek. It has also been called upon for active service in connection with several provincial industrial disturbances. Lord Roberts is its honorary colonel, and General Otter was once its commanding officer. Many of the past and present officers of the militia have graduated from its ranks.

One of the most unique features of the regiment is the fact that every officer, past or present, has risen from the ranks. Every private is therefore a potential colonel, and it has often occurred that a private in the ranks had in civilian life a higher social status than his captain or other superior officer. This explains why so many prominent officers of the militia saw their first service in this unique corps. It also explains why the regiment is able to take expensive trips abroad without assistance from the government. One trip to New York, lasting three or four days, cost the regiment over ten thousand dollars. The expenses of the present trip to Aldershot, which will require seven weeks, will be borne mainly by Sir Henry Pellatt himself.

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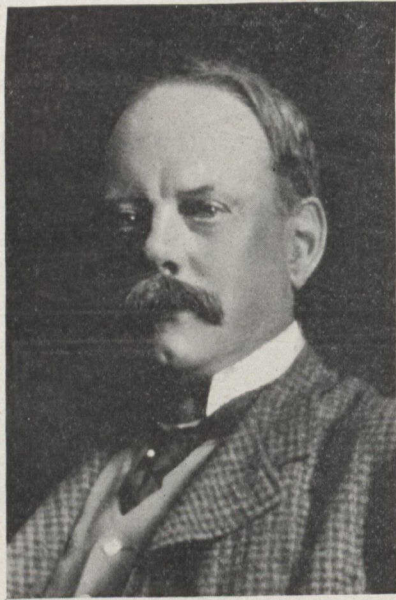
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## MONEY AND MAGNATES

Another Interesting Episode in the Steel Situation of Canada.

THE steel situation in Canada has certainly been undergoing a lot of changes during the past year. Still another episode, the full import of which may not be known for some months, occurred the other day when Mr. Kenneth W. Blackwell, the president of the Montreal Steel Company, and Mr. James Reid Wilson, the vice-president of the same company, were elected to the board of directors of the Nova Scotia Steel & Coal Company.



Mr. K. W. Blackwell.

Immediately on the appointments becoming known, the thought that occurred to most people was that here was one of the first steps in the possible consolidation of the Nova Scotia Steel & Coal Company and the Montreal Steel Company.

Some months ago, when the preliminary negotiations were on tending towards the organisation of the Steel Company of Canada, to include the larger steel-finishing plants of the country, it was thought that the Montreal Steel Company would have been included in that consolidation, but evidently it was not found possible to reach a basis on which it could be taken in, and so the leading interests in the Nova Scotia Steel & Coal Co. have now made a clever move on the other steel companies of the country, by getting the leading interests of the Montreal Steel Company to go on their own board.

It may be that no great significance was intended by President Harris of the Scotia Company when he invited the Montreal Steel interests to go on his board, but this has been a year of consolidations and no one could be blamed for jumping at such a conclusion when the news first came out. Viewed from a closer standpoint, it rather seems as though the appointment had been made by Mr. Harris simply with a view of making his board just as strong as possible. From a practical point of view, it was fortunate that the Scotia Company was able to get two such experienced steel men who are so closely in touch with the general financial situation as are both Mr. Blackwell and Mr. Wilson.

Mr. Blackwell has always been a steel man, and even while serving as president of the Montreal Steel Company he was to be found almost day after day out in the shops solving some new problem with which the company had been confronted.

Mr. Wilson is also a steel man by training, although of late years he may not have been just as closely identified with the making of the article as has Mr. Blackwell. However, as head of the Thomas Robertson Co., he has all the time been a seller of iron and steel products. In addition, Mr. James Ross, the former president of the Dominion Coal and Dominion Iron & Steel Companies once remarked that in his opinion—and he ought to know pretty well—Mr. Wilson was one of the shrewdest business men in Canada, and knowing this, he acted on it very quickly by appointing him a director and a member of the executive committee of the Dominion Coal Company.

And so now, when the Nova Scotia Steel & Coal Company is shaping itself for bigger things than it has ever achieved in the past, it should be able to benefit to a marked degree by the experience of the two new directors.

\* \* \*

Interesting Little Incident in One of the Interviews Dr. Pearson Had With President Diaz of Mexico.

ONE of the interesting little incidents that happened in connection with the organisation and development of the Mexican Light & Power Co. by Dr. F. S. Pearson, who has recently been receiving so much attention, occurred when he was once interviewing President Diaz of the Republic of Mexico in company with Mr. James Ross, who was then President of the Mexican Light & Power Company. President Diaz at all times took the greatest interest in the action of Canadian financiers in going into Mexico and installing the electrical development on the Necaxa River that would result in sufficient power being delivered into the city of Mexico to make it an industrial centre and in the early days of the undertaking had frequent chats with Mr. Ross and Mr. Pearson, and more particularly with Mr. C. H. Cahan, the resident director for the company in Mexico, who secured for the company its many very valuable franchises. On the occasion in question, Mr. Pearson and Mr. Ross were talking over with President Diaz the work on the first installation when the President put the question to Dr. Pearson as to the date on which the company expected to be able to deliver their first power into the city of Mexico. The prospectus that had been put out had stated that it might be looked for about the 1st of May of the following year, and Dr. Pearson was just about to remark in a somewhat guarded way that it would likely be about the first of the following July when Mr. Ross, pushing his foot under the table, touched Dr. Pearson. President Diaz noticed the movement and immediately glanced at Mr. Ross who was quick to remark that in such large electrical developments it was always difficult even for the engineers themselves to tell just when the work would be advanced to a point when it would be safe to turn the power on permanently, adding that the company was simply going head just as fast as they possibly could, and that there would not be a day lost before the city of Mexico would be receiving the desired amount of power. Dr. Pearson immediately coincided with Mr. Ross, adding that what he had intended telling the President was what the engineers were hoping to achieve, and not what the company was undertaking to do. That Mr. Ross was right in stopping Dr. Pearson up was shown by the later developments, for Dr. Pearson's date was over six months ahead of that on which the power was first delivered into the capital of Mexico.

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HEAD OFFICE - WATERLOO, ONT.

In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier

“THE BURNT OFFERING.”

(By Mrs. Cotes)

MARJORY MACMURCHY

TO her readers in Canada—which is still home to the author of “The Burnt Offering”—Mrs. Cotes’ East Indian types stand out against the moving show of multitudinous human life in India with the distinctness of figures which cross a plain and are outlined against the sky. Mrs. Cotes seems no longer inclined to write a novel which has no political significance. Like “The Imperialist” for Canada, and “Set in Authority” for India, “The Burnt Offering” is an eager venture to find out the meaning of current history. What is it that the people dream in reality, for if the dream belongs to all the people it will certainly come true. Something like this must have been the question which Mrs. Cotes meant to answer. “The Burnt Offering,” as far as can be judged at this distance from India, is an unusually well-informed presentation of the present meaning of British rule in India. It is equally a fair and well-informed showing of nationalist aspirations on the part of one section of native life. To show the various outstanding native types, with their thought of India, and to deal with types of British people, and what they mean to do, is a great subject for one novel. Possibly the story is too exact and precise in its outline to stir the imagination with the immensity of the field to be covered. But it is a clever, workmanlike novel, far above the average in current fiction, and touched here and there with the light which is given to an author when she sees life beautiful and has been able to make that beauty shine in her book. One passage at least, when the Swami speaks to Janaki and her father, Sir Kristodas Mukerji, is, perhaps, the clearest and most touching interpretation of India that a Westerner can understand which has yet been written in a novel. This must have been at least part of what Mrs. Cotes meant to do when she began her book. It is a deserved compliment to say that anyone in this country who wants to know India better than he does at present ought to read “The Burnt Offering.”

Plot of the Story.

Vulcan Mills, member for Further Angus in the Imperial Parliament and leader of the Socialist wing of the Labour Party, visits India. He is accompanied by his daughter, Joan, who has been at Girton and as a Suffragette has been honoured twice with imprisonment. They mean to save India from her oppressors, but consider themselves unprejudiced, naturally, since the Mills’ temperament is of this description. Joan at once encounters Bepin Behari Dey, who is being oppressed by two young Britishers. They object to his presence in the same railway carriage with themselves, and Joan invites Bepin to share the section occupied by her father and herself. It is Joan’s introduction to India. The author of “The Burnt Offering” is by no means on the side of the British rulers.

She writes one incisive sentence, brief but sufficiently pointed to the effect that possibly the ruling people have been so absorbed in their own virtues as to be oblivious of virtues belonging to anyone else. On the other hand, Joan and her father see no virtues in the English. Bepin Behari Dey, Ganendra Thakore, Jotindra Pal, and the other members of the little group of plotting nationalists, are to them wholly admirable, heroic and advanced, almost as far advanced as the Mills themselves.

Joan is guided entirely by theory. She has cured herself of ordinary affection. She is above being influenced by her Girton friend, Mrs. Michael Foley, who is married and living in Calcutta. When John Game falls in love with her, the circumstances is of no consequence. Her father has given her to India and she is more than willing to be given. She can give herself best apparently by marrying a Hindoo, and so she becomes engaged to Bepin Behari. But at least John Game is able to prevent her marriage with Bepin. Ganendra Thakore, who is the leader of the nationalist party, is exiled as a dangerous agitator. Bepin throws the bomb which was to make such a change in India politics. Bepin is killed, and John Game, slightly wounded dies later from blood poisoning. Vulcan Mills had been sent home somewhat peremptorily by the Indian Government and Joan is sent after him, since Bepin’s womenkind consider that they will be safer and more comfortable with the young woman out of the way.

Some of the Characters.

The most interesting and beautiful characters in the book are Janaki, widowed daughter of Sir Kristodas, who has been sent to England to be educated and who loves John Game, and the Swami Yadavi, spiritual adviser to her father’s house. With Sir Kristodas, these two make the soul of India stand present and everlasting like a luminous shadow which may be so perceived by the Western readers of their story. From the lips of the Swami the author gives her clearest thought of India and India’s destiny.

“When the fruit is ripe,” he said, watching them booth, “It drops to the ground. The British in India are ripe. Perhaps the climate,” he added, with a smile, “has forced them a little. But violence is folly—violence is folly.”

The Judge shook his head affirmatively, and Janaki lowered her eyes with an air of humility. The priest looked gravely at her.

“God has the emancipation of India in His hand,” he said, and it cannot be taken from Him by force, or by fraud, or in any evil way.”

“What excellent words,” murmured Sir Kristodas in Bengali; but Janaki kept her retreat in silence.

“The emancipation we call it, perhaps the Supreme calls it the punishment,” went on the priest nimbly. “He holds it in His hand and turns it and looks at it both ways. And perhaps He laughs.”

Father and daughter waited with submission. Yadavi’s glance, free as a bird’s, fell on a ray of sunlight that came through the shuttered window, and he smiled at it as if it spoke to him and brought him another thought.

“God is the old friend of India. The English are friends of two hundred years, but God came with the dawn. The English by their administration have given her justice, railways, political ideas. God, by my ancestors gave her a soul. The English will leave their gifts and go, but the God of India and the soul of India”—he paused—“will remain with her. We have that for our comfort.”

This does not mean that the Swami is planning for the English to leave India within the next few hundred years. He thinks that the Viceroy will become a president. But his detachment from the temporary has been exquisitely expressed by the author in her book.



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REV. J. J. HARE, Ph.D. Whitby, Ont.

## The Tunnel Runners CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 17.

a little below his back door. Some one with an ax was chopping a hole in the ice. The brown mouse swam away down stream again as fast as he could. Hiding himself in a remote air chamber, he waited for the noises to cease. Then, with trepidation, he swam up stream again.

As he neared home, he saw a round beam of light pouring downward to the stream's bed through a hole in the ice. In the midst of this light there hung, moving softly to the slow current, a big lump of fat pork. The brown mouse did not know it was pork; but he knew at once it was something very good to eat. Very cautiously he swam up to investigate it. In fact, he was just going to nibble it, when, just a few feet farther up stream, those terrifying sounds began again. The brown mouse took them as a warning and fled down stream again in a panic.

In a few minutes the noise stopped. The courage of the brown mouse returned. As he swam once more homeward, firmly resolved that he would taste that delectable mystery on his way, a chill in his spine made him remember the great pike and look back.

There was the great pike, a long, dreadful shadow, gliding up behind him!

The brown mouse, as we have said, was a wonderful swimmer. He swam now as he had never swum before; but, with all his speed, the great pike swam faster and was slowly overtaking him. Just as he passed that strange, dangling lump of pork, he realised that this was a race he could not win. The entrance to his burrow was still too far distant. But he remembered a tiny air chamber under the bank close by.

Even as he turned, however, the sense of doom descended on him. Was he not already too late? The long, awful shape of the great fish was close upon him. With a convulsive effort that almost burst his heart he gained the air chamber, scrambled halfway out of the water, and then, in that cramped space, turned at bay, game to the last gasp.

TO his amazement the great pike was not at his tail. Instead, he was still some three or four feet away, out there just in the descending beam of light from the hole in the ice. The mysterious lump of pork had disappeared; but the gasping brown mouse did not notice that. His attention was engrossed in the amazing and terrifying performances of the great pike. The long, grey-green body was darting this way and that, in and out of the beam of light; but never any great space out of it. The great jaws shook savagely from side to side—and then the mouse saw that from between them a slender gleaming cord extended upward through the hole. A moment more, and the pike sprang straight upward, with a great swirl of the water, and vanished above the ice.

It was incomprehensible, and there was something altogether appalling about it. The brown mouse shivered. For several minutes he crouched there quite still, more utterly panic-stricken than he had ever been before in all his precarious little life. At last, with hesitation, he worked his way up along the bank beneath the ice to his own tunnel. Then he scurried in all haste to hide himself in the deepest corner of his burrow. And never thereafter could he comprehend why nothing more was seen, or heard, or rumoured, of the great pike.

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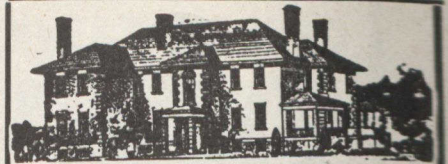
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M. BEETHAM & SON - - - CHELTENHAM, Eng.

## My First Prairie Fire

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 11.

night came and went. The cold, fierce wind blew in our faces. Far away in the east a dull glare told us of distant trouble. Weariness took hold of us, and dropping like dead men, we rested in the thick grass, motionless, inanimate, exhausted.

Silence encircled us. The quick, high pitched shriek of the wind and the crash of a stable falling into ashes. These were the only sounds.

"I guess we are through," said the philosopher.

"Yep!"

A weary, grateful chorus. Once more we stretched on the sod, conscious of good work well done.

"By the holy smoke!"

"By —!"

Stirred by the flow of oaths we half raised ourselves on our elbows.

One man sprang up.

"Come on, boys," he shouted, "it has started up again." A tiny patch, half-extinguished, had done the business. The leaping, jumping, crackling devil rushed towards us once more, laughing, exulting, rejoicing as it came. Once more the attack, once more the rhythmic beat, once more the dull, dead, destroying sound. Foot by foot, yard by yard, we conquered the fire. Grudgingly, reluctantly, the flames changed to embers, the embers became ashes. The moon appeared. Faint, sickly, cold, ashen, but for us full of hope. No longer we fought in the darkness, and as the dawn came, we realised the fruition of our work, we reaped the harvest of our labours. And—the wind went down. And as the first glimpse of the dawn broke into the half-light, we plodded home to fall into our beds, black, hungry, scorched, filthy beyond conception, infinitely tired.

As the last head touched the pillow, a few flakes of snow tapped at the window.

The philosopher spoke.

"That will fix it," he said.

"Y-e-p."

And seven men snored as one.

## A Passing Confidence

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.

on loving and believing in him," repeated themselves over and over in her memory. She had not done that . . . ah, no. She had cast belief and trust to the winds long ago. She had thought the worst of him. She had even been ashamed of loving him.

Just as she reached the main road a dog-cart came whirling around the curve under the maples. The driver pulled quickly at sight of her and asked her if she would get in, asked it doubtfully, for he had flung himself out of her presence that morning with an oath, and he did not know how she might receive this shame-faced advance. Persis smiled and came over to him. He helped her in. As they drove along under the maples she slipped her hand into his. "Jack," she said gently, "do you remember what day this is?"

He looked surprised at her tone.

"Yes. I went in this morning to speak of it to you, and I had a present for you . . . that big opal you fancied so much. But you were so hard on a fellow you didn't leave much room for sentiment."

"I was too hard. I'm sorry, Jack. I thought you had forgotten all about it. I'm so glad you didn't."

"A fellow doesn't forget his happy days," he said, with a rather constrained smile. Persis put her arm

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The "Hecla" has four exclusive features that have brought it steadily to the front as the perfect warm air furnace.

These improvements are so vital—they mean so much in comfort and health and economy—that every man who is going to put in a furnace this year, should study them in detail.

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are the only permanent joints between castiron and steel. By means of these joints, we prevent gas and smoke from getting in the Air-chamber and from there into the house.

Fused Joints are absolutely and permanently tight, and insure the warm air being fresh, pure and untainted by gas, smoke and dust.

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has three times the radiating surface of any other.

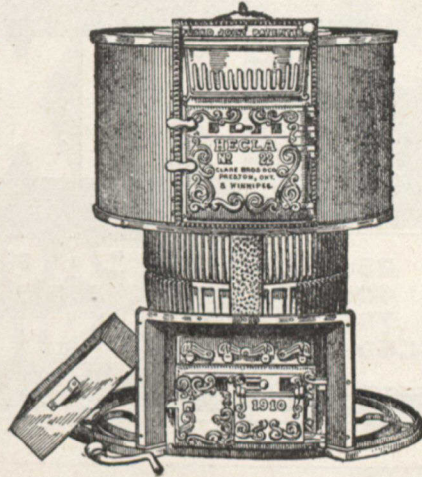
It never becomes red-hot—will not burn out—and will save  $\frac{1}{8}$  of your coal bill by actual test.

fire. So we perfected the Castiron Combustion Chamber, which has proved its wonderful strength, service and durability.

Our little book "Hecla Heated Homes" tells you a lot of things you ought to know about a furnace, besides the exclusive features mentioned above. Let us send you a copy. It's free. Write.

Send us rough plan of your house—and we will submit estimate of the cost of installing the proper size "Hecla" in your home.

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No clinkers to clog the grate as is the case when bars are fastened together.

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NOTE.—Drop us a postcard to-day for our little book of recipes showing how to make over sixty delightful cold drinks, frozen desserts, pies, cakes, etc. Free while they last.

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

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25c. a Box at your druggist's.  
will make life comfortable for you again.  
They relieve the worst headache in 30 minutes or less.  
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about his neck and drew his face to hers.  
"Oh, Jack, I love you . . . I love you."  
"I thought you'd left off doing that long ago," he said bitterly. But there was a note under the bitterness that made Persis' heart beat.  
"No, I never left off," she said, "and I never will. I'll always love you, dear."  
"I'm glad," he said, very tenderly.

### Growing Pains at Athabasca

A LIVE Board of Trade is that of Athabasca Landing. Its last message has just arrived by mail at this office, radiating optimism in telling of the industries at the far port of the north. From all accounts the Landing is developing into a whacking big place, taking on a national aspect since the railways began to project into the wilds. The story of Athabasca starts with the fur; with the bear, the fox and the coyote—and the pelt-hunters dropping into town. Then come the settler trekking up from Southern Alberta, where he had put Parliament Buildings into the fur post at Edmonton, turning it into a capital of a large province. Peace River became known as a farming district. Cattle and horses roamed on the Arctic plains all winter, fanned by the chinook winds. Oats, barley and wheat sprouted; this year the acreage sown bettered last year 100 per cent. Lumbering has of late come into Class A with farming as a "leading industry." If you paddle up the Athabasca from above the town for 100 miles you will see nothing but timber berths, spruce, pine and poplar. Two mills saw wood at Athabasca and there is a portable mill in addition for the chaps who pull their own logs out of the stream. Fishing is good. White fish in Lesser Slave and Lake La Biche have put dollars into the pockets of frontiersmen; nor are they all yet jerked out. Indeed the fisheries of Athabasca have only been tapped. Owing to the lack of rapid transportation, fishermen have had to confine their operations to a short period in the winter. No wail about transportation now. Boats and railroads are the talk of the town for they do say the Landing is to be the Montreal of the north. As yet express trains are not shrieking into Athabasca, but you can almost hear the shouts of the construction gangs from the east and south. Boats are a fact at Athabasca, have been more or less for 25 years. Seventy-five brand new flat boats are annually turned out by the citizens. Lately, with the advent of the Northern Transportation Company have come three liners, the biggest chugging on the Athabasca River, 120 feet long. Building steam boats has been attempted on a small scale. Last year the Northern Navigation Company's engineers built a whole steamboat, 40-horse-power boiler, everything except the engines.

#### One Good Feature.

Athabasca Landing has one great lack. We quote the Board of Trade: "There is an excellent opening here for a brickyard. The nearest brickyard to Athabasca Landing is 100 miles distant, and as next year promises to be a big building year for Athabasca Landing there will be a heavy demand for bricks, and a local company could without difficulty compete with any outside yards."  
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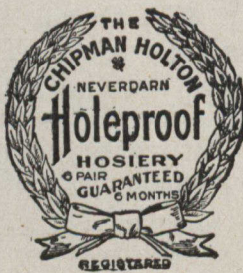
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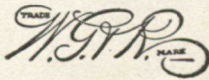
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