

"TEN BIG MEN" IN THIS ISSUE

Vol. V, No. 7

January 16th, 1909

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# The Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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M. Buller.

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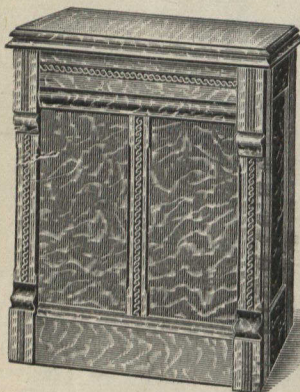
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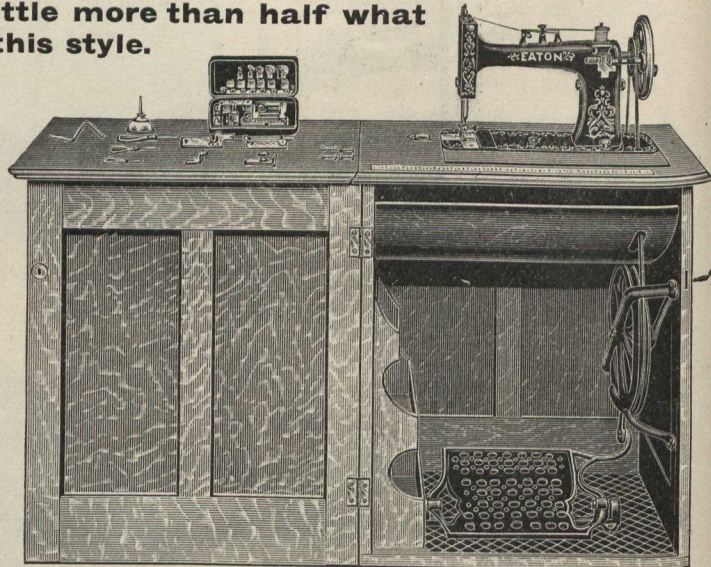
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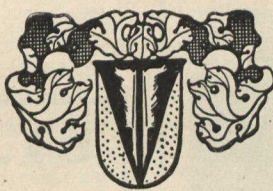
A NATIONAL WEEKLY

Published at 61 Victoria Street, Toronto, by The Courier Press, Limited

Subscription: Canada and Great Britain, \$4.00 a Year; United States, \$5.00 a Year

**CONTENTS**

IN THE PUBLIC VIEW - - - - - 5  
REFLECTIONS - - - - - 6  
THROUGH A MONOCLE - - - - - 8  
CONSECRATION OF BISHOP OF MONTREAL - 9  
THE OIL FIELDS OF WESTERN ONTARIO - 10  
CANADA'S TEN BIGGEST MEN - - - - - 12  
"JO"—THE FLOWER-KILLER - - - - - 14  
MAYORS OF ONTARIO - - - - - 15  
DEMI-TASSE - - - - - 16  
PEOPLE AND PLACES - - - - - 17  
MUSIC AND DRAMA - - - - - 18  
LITERARY NOTES - - - - - 19  
FOR THE CHILDREN - - - - - 20  
WHAT CANADIAN EDITORS THINK - - - - 22



**PUBLISHER'S TALK**

THIS week's issue contains the results of the voting competition. Our next subject for discussion will be "HOW TO IMPROVE TOWN AND VILLAGE LIFE." The cities have their theatres, their skating rinks, their amusement clubs of many kinds, and time does not drag heavy on their hands. In the smaller towns and villages the theatres plays a smaller part, the church is not so fully equipped for social work, the "pastime" is not so highly developed, and too often life is dull and dragged.

A prominent English journalist has said that life in the West is so lonesome that a large percentage of the men and women go crazy. If this is so, something should be done, and done quickly. What is the first move?

Other people say we are not a merry nation, that we take our politics, our religion and our play too seriously. If this be true, let us effect a reform. But where shall we start?

The editor would like to have a thousand letters from the readers of this national weekly describing conditions which are bad, showing how they have been overcome, and offering suggestions. No letter must be more than one thousand words in length, and should be but half that length if possible. But he must have the full thousand—and they must come from Victoria and Nanaimo on the west to Sydney and Charlottetown on the east.

MOREOVER while this is going on among the people, the editor will be getting the experts of the world on social conditions to contribute ideas and suggestions. The movement must be scientific as well as widespread.



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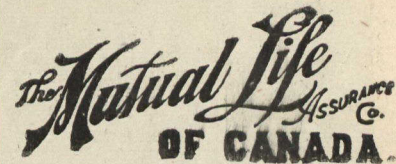
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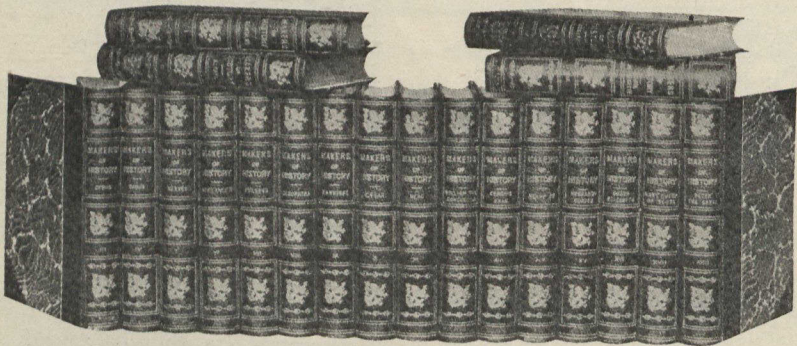
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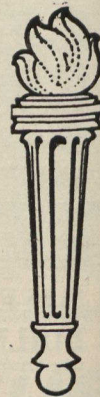
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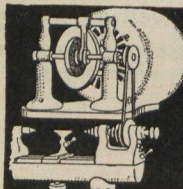
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# The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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Vol. V.

Toronto, January 16th, 1909.

No. 7

## IN THE PUBLIC VIEW



Mr. Andrew Graham,  
The Western Grain Growers' Candidate  
for the Railway Commission.

SINCE the regretted demise of the Hon. Thos. Greenway, a few weeks ago conjecture has been busy as to his successor on the Railway Commission. Westerners generally seem in accord with the idea that the position made vacant by death should again be filled by a man from West of the Great Lakes, but who shall that man be? The greatest and most powerful (if it fully understood that power) interest in Western Canada is the agricultural interest or community. A powerful organisation of farmers, the Grain Growers, has just awakened to the fact that the position is vacant, and therefore now is the time to get a farmer on the Commission to represent the agricultural producers of the country whose output is the largest and most valuable

of all; that they are a bit late daunts them not, they have taken themselves seriously and have nominated Mr. Andrew Graham, a farmer in the prime of life and comfortable circumstances, careful of the bawbees which withal he has wrung from the fertile soil of Manitoba in the last quarter of a century. An active member of the Methodist Church, a strong temperance man, an ardent Liberal, and a successful agriculturist; breeder and exhibitor of pure bred short-horns, Yorkshire and Clydesdales, he is probably as typical a representative of the successful Western farmer as may be found. There are at least three other Western men mentioned, who are either willing to accept or are actively working to secure the prize, they are: Mr. John Crawford, of Neepawa, Man., who served eight years in the Commons, a large farmer and dealer in farm implements, a man highly esteemed, a Presbyterian, Oddfellow, and the Liberal whip for the Manitoba members in the last parliament. Andrew Strang, a wholesale liquor dealer in Winnipeg, who, besides being a lifelong Liberal and a student of transportation, has the backing of the Winnipeg Board of Trade and the Liberal organisation of the city in which he resides. Still another is a lawyer, late of Carberry, Man., Mr. J. D. Hunt, whose candidature so far as is known, is based on his close affiliation with the party in its organisation work; the general impression seems to be that unless a dark horse he need not be considered seriously if the powers that be exhibit equal care to that shown when making previous appointments to the Commission.

\* \* \*

ALSO MR. W. A. GALLIHER, ex-M.P. for the Kootenays, is being heralded by the "Saturday Sunset" of Vancouver, for the vacant position on the Railway Commission. Mr. Galliher was talked of before the recent appointments.

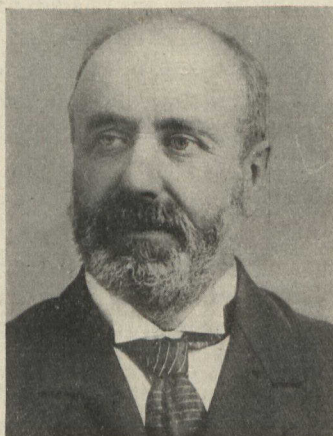
Mr. Galliher is a hugely interesting character. He has had rather an Homeric career. Born in the county of Bruce he became a local hero twenty years ago at the annual Caledonian games at Paisley, Lucknow and Tiverton. Early in his athletic youth, Mr. Galliher went west. But he was not long there till he went to Egypt. He was not an Egyptologist, but one of

Lord Wolseley's voyageurs, the Canadian river-men that piloted the British forces down the Nile. Mr. Charles Lewis Shaw, now on the Winnipeg "Telegram," remembers him well. Galliher was one of the biggest and brainiest Canadians on that expedition. At Wadi-Halfa waiting for the trip down the river, the soldiers of all nations organised a two-days' tourney in athletics. There were contests and feats of prowess and speed that would have been a fine feature at the recent Olympic games. The Canadians entered every event but two. They bet their last dollar on one another and they won—bobs and sixpences and half crowns. When Galliher got into the arena it was for the long jump for which the regulars were reserving Jimmy Corcoran, of the 18th Royal Irish, the champion of India. They offered odds of two to one on Corcoran, against any Canadian "bushwhacker." This was too much for Galliher. Though by no means anxious to advertise, he was now keen to enter against another Irishman. Corcoran made a mighty jump and the regulars rent the welkin declaring that Galliher nor any other Canadian axe-man ever could come near that. Galliher came to the scratch. He remembered Paisley and Lucknow and the Caledonian games. He had not even removed his boots. But he made a break in the desert sand eighteen inches beyond Corcoran; and even Dave Carlin, his British Columbia chum, asked him how he had ever done it. Galliher said: "Didn't you know Davy, that I hold the record for Western Canada, and whoever is best there takes no second place in any other corner of the world—least of all, among mummies."

\* \* \*

LORD PIRRIE, who is the latest Knight of St. Patrick, is not an Irishman, but a Canadian by birth. In the year 1847 he was born in the historic city of Quebec, but, at an early age, he sailed for the home of his Hibernian ancestors. As a lad he obtained employment with the great shipbuilding firm of Harland and Wolff of Belfast, of which he is now the head. A Liberal in politics, he was raised to the peerage of the United Kingdom after the present Government came into power, and he holds a Household appointment in the Administration. He has been twice Lord Mayor of Belfast and has been invited to serve for a third term this year. He is a director of many steamship companies, of the London and South-Western Railway, the London City and Midland Bank and other institutions. It is said that he is represented by a ship on every navigable sea in the world. His London residence is Downshire House, Belgrave Square.

## SOME NEW ONTARIO MAYORS—See also page 15



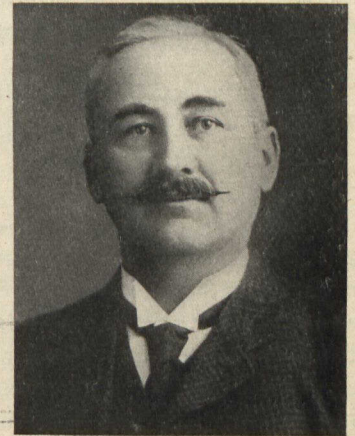
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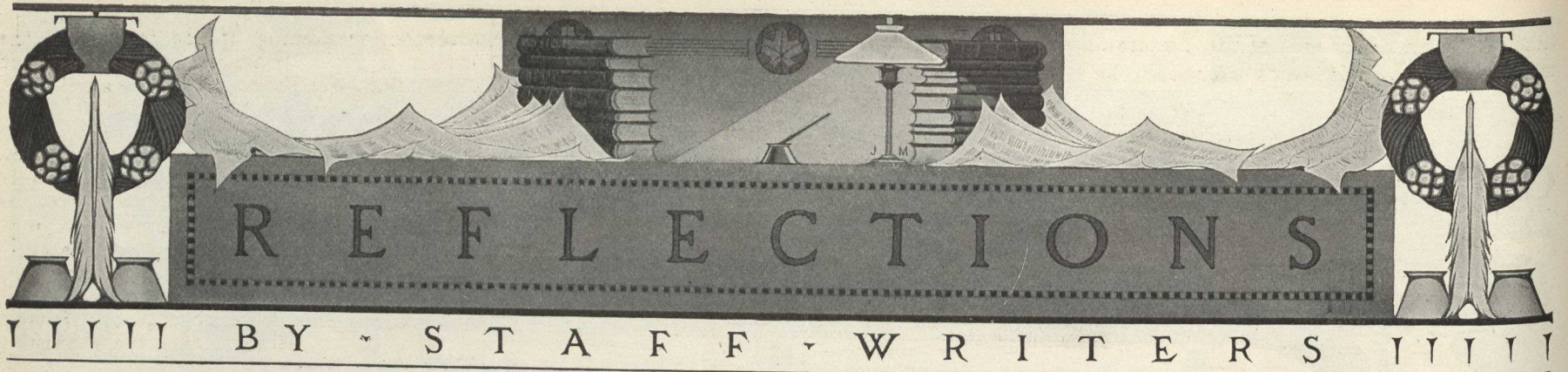
Mr. H. C. Pope,  
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#### THE GREAT NEED OF THE WEST

MR. F. W. HIRST, editor of the London *Economist*, has hit the West a rather hard blow in an article which he has contributed to his paper. If the Englishman goes to one of the three prairie provinces, says Mr. Hirst, he "must be prepared to do without most of the amenities of home life." He must be prepared against the "terrible isolation of the western plains which drives so many men and women crazy, filling the lunatic asylums." He quotes the experiences of a man who set up a young kinsman at Grenfell three years ago. The first year, the crop was small but satisfactory. In 1907, the grain was frozen and in 1908 there was a similar experience. Result: The Englishman will withdraw his kinsman. The "six months' solid winter" is too much for him, considering the possibility of frozen wheat.

In regard to this incident, one can only say that the frost injury of 1908 if it occurred, which one may doubt reasonably, must have been light and quite exceptional. The frost damage of last year was small, the whole country considered. The amount of good wheat harvested was larger than in 1906, a bumper year. Mr. Hirst has done the West a great injustice by quoting an unfortunate, if not misstated, example.

Towards the other provinces, especially Ontario, Mr. Hirst is more kindly. He says: "The English farmer who wants a certain amount of society and home comfort, with reasonable prospects of steady prosperity, will do well to look first at Ontario, British Columbia, Nova Scotia or Quebec." What Mr. Hirst overlooks is the cheapness of land in the West compared with the east. He also forgets that railways are being extended very rapidly in the west, that telegraph and telephone lines are being quickly built, that towns and villages are increasing in number, and that "the amenities of home life" are in sight. Five years from now, most of Saskatchewan and Alberta will be as well served by towns, villages, schools, telephones and railways as most portions of Ontario and Quebec. In ten or fifteen years, the lonesomeness of the west will have been driven north of the north branch of the Saskatchewan River. To the Englishman Mr. Hirst's advice may be good; but to the Canadian and the American farmer who know how fast the frontier has been pushed back on this continent, the problems of the new settler are not so horrible as Mr. Hirst has painted them.

His letter shows one thing clearly. The government at Ottawa and the governments in the West must do their best to ameliorate the settler's life by providing him with roads, railways, post-offices, telephones and schools. These governments must be enterprising and bold. The criticisms, which Mr. Hirst and such as he are making, must be rendered impossible. It can be done rapidly if we but realise the necessity and the wisdom for prompt, generous and comprehensive governmental activity. The prosperity of the whole country depends upon the rapidity of settlement in the West, and the rapidity of settlement depends upon the attention which is given to transportation, marketing and other forms of general public service.

#### CANADA'S NATIONAL WINTER SPORT

WHETHER lacrosse is gaining or losing ground in its native land is open to argument but as to its ice-clad sister there can be only one opinion. Hockey is gaining ground with the speed that is its chief characteristic. To-day it is epidemic throughout the winter-governed portion of the Dominion and from Halifax to Dawson City every Canadian boy seems to be born with a pair of skates on his feet and a hockey stick in his hand. Nor can it be said that hockey, like Rugby football flourishes for lack of competition. Winter sports Canada has in greater number than any other country in the world. Curling has grown and waxed fat on our climate till here it has been reduced more closely to an exact science than even in its native Scot-

land. But curling is the sport largely of men who have left their more strenuous sports behind. Tobogganning has outlived its craze period but is still taken in homoeopathic doses. Snowshoeing furnishes a pleasant afternoon's tramp with the ladies and a good appetite for supper. Skating is simply a pleasant exercise. Ice-boating and ski-ing are practised by the few. But hockey remains to urge the young Canadian to deeds of daring, to develop his muscles and nerve, to teach him to keep his temper under control and to arouse the enthusiasm of hundreds of thousands of his fellow Canucks who have dropped from sport into the whirl of business life.

And surely, no game ever appealed more thoroughly to player and spectator alike. Played on the same lines as lacrosse the difference being that the puck is shot from player to player along the smooth surface of the ice instead of being thrown from a net it requires the same generalship as the national summer sport, and the same spirit of do and dare, while owing to the acceleration furnished by the skates, it attains a speed lacrosse can never even hope to equal. It has all those qualities that appeal to the strong, active fight-hungry Canadian boy and he takes to it as naturally as a duck takes to water.

How many Canadian boys play the game? you ask. It would take a statistician to even make a guess. Toronto alone has its scores of leagues, its hundreds of clubs and its thousands of players. It is the same in Montreal, Ottawa and Winnipeg. Every town and village in Ontario and Manitoba has its team or teams and every sprouting village on the prairies gathers a hockey team as one of its first influences to bind the inhabitants into a community. Hockey stands to-day one of the strongest sporting influences in Canadian life, and that it is a permanent influence is evidenced by its steady, if rapid growth, and its Canadian-thistle-like quality of sticking wherever it takes root.

#### ENGLISH vs. UNITED STATES SPELLING

CONSIDERABLE excitement has been caused by the proposal to adopt the English spelling in all books hereafter published under the authority of the Department of Education for Ontario. The spelling reformers seem to think that it is a backward step. The main point at issue is who should take the initiative in reform, the Canadian or the British educationists? We venture to suggest that the reform must come from Great Britain, not from Canada, and that until the British scholars have decided upon reform Canadian spelling should be the same as the British.

This may be characterised as old fageyism. Yet it seems reasonable that, having no dictionaries of our own, we should retain the British dictionary. We must adopt some standard. At present there is none. The United States educational authorities have a standard of their own and every person there follows it. This is quite understandable. At present, Canada is in confusion. The Government has officially adopted one form, and the "Canadian Courier" and a few other publications accept it. The daily papers and many school teachers and professors have adopted the American standard, with the consequence that some people use one form and some another. If th "u" is to be omitted from labour, and the "z" is to be used in realise, let us have an official declaration on the subject. So long as there is no new declaration, a person who desires to be right must follow the official spelling as laid down by the Privy Council Minute of 1890.

The "Courier" is not averse to spelling reform and it not unwilling to admit that there are arguments in favour of it. It does maintain, however, that these arguments must be addressed to the scholars and authorities of the Empire to be effective. The university men of Great Britain have set a standard and it is for them, not for a small number of English-speaking Canadians, to make the change. Let the agitation for spelling reform go on, but let us in the mean-

time accept the standards of the Empire of which we claim to be an important part and in which we hope to be a growing influence.

#### FORESTS AND WATER SUPPLY

CANADA is suffering in many directions for lack of water. The streams in Ontario have grown smaller and smaller, and in a season of drouth such as we are now experiencing, the water-supply is inadequate for our needs. The chief cause of the trouble is the denuding the river banks, lake regions and natural reservoirs, of the forests which have hitherto preserved, guarded and maintained a regular supply. In the past, if any person saw a tree, he proceeded to cut it down. That it had an economic value as a guardian of the water supply was something which the settler and lumberman did not recognise.

The Canadian Forestry Association and other bodies have been discussing the problem for years. They have been so far successful that they have induced the governments of the Dominion and Ontario to set aside large areas of the public domain as forest reserves. This is good so far as it goes. That the fountains of all important streams have been so guarded, cannot be maintained. The forest reserves have been made more with an idea of preserving some of the timber and game, than of preserving the great natural fountains. The governments should go farther and make reserves of all forest districts, say a mile wide, on either bank of all important rivers and lakes. This would prevent undue evaporation. What the governments have done in the interest of Canada's future timber supply and of the vanishing wild animal is to be commended. If they will pursue a similar policy in the interests of our natural water reservoirs, they will be deserving of equal commendation.

If all the trees on the North American continent were to be cut down, our lakes and our rivers would in a few decades be materially reduced in size, and the country would lose much of its fertility. Give "Old Sol" the opportunity and he will dry up the continent. A certain area of forest is absolutely necessary to the protection of our soil-fertility.

#### AN ILL-ADVISED ADDRESS

MR. WILLIAM T. STEAD has broken forth in song once more and has addressed his lay to the German people. In plain "journalese" Mr. Stead has written an "Open Letter to the German People," in which he asks twenty-five or thirty difficult and dangerous questions. There is always something doubtful about an "open" letter. It is like the people with a reputation for frankness or candour who go to and fro and up and down upon the earth, saying the things they ought not to say until a merciful Providence strikes them dead or dumb. Mr. Stead's open letter to the German people, asking them what the Kaiser means (just as if they know) and what they are prepared to do, in case their ruler feels that England has offended his honour, is an epistle which might fairly bewilder the honest Teuton, if he were so foolish as to read it.

However, the press of the country which Mr. Stead has so solicitously addressed in his *Review of Reviews* appears to have refused to reply to or notice his friendly communication. The only important organ to take up the matter declares that Mr. Stead's undiplomatic remarks are merely a piece of impertinence and that his own business might profitably occupy that gentleman's attention. In comparison with William whose surname is Stead, the Emperor William appears to be an inoffensive and comparatively reticent gentleman. Unfortunately, there is no Von Buelow for the suppression of indiscreet editors.

#### THE CASE OF THE INTERCOLONIAL

THE newspapers are disposing of the Intercolonial Railway. On the whole, they are doing it very well. The Government has a multitude of counsellors; which, perhaps, is what it wanted. For, since the Minister of Railways first adumbrated a readjustment of Intercolonial management; and especially since a prominent Government organ sent up a kite, there has been much writing on a subject that is every bit as important as it seems.

It is a sign of great health that, even from the Maritime Provinces, there is a consensus of opinion against further use of the Intercolonial as chiefly a local political engine. It is a mistake to suppose that there is any abiding advantage to a political party in the sort of patronage that belongs to the control of a railway. As soon as a job becomes vacant there are a dozen intriguing applicants for it. There are eleven sore politicians as soon as the appointment is made. It is safe to guess that Sir Wilfrid Laurier's selection of a Minister of Railways from outside the Intercolonial sphere of influ-

ence, was made with the idea of weakening, if not destroying, the incubus of the patronage which, while it was a comfortable assistant in the early days of the administration, was bound to become a nuisance, and to provoke disaffection as time went on.

The Intercolonial has never paid interest on its cost. The Maritime Provinces have always regarded it as their consolation for entering Confederation. If it had paid, they might have seen a grievance in the achievement. They have been given very low rates, and the dining facilities on express trains have made the passengers feel quite at home at a moderate price. An increase in rates has not been proposed by any politician,—at least, not by any politician in the Maritime Provinces. The handing over of the railway to a Commission, with instructions to cut out political patronage, would not, of itself, put the Intercolonial on a satisfactory basis; because the governing factor in the situation, which Mr. Graham and the Government recognise in its true perspective, is the competition that will presently denude the Intercolonial of whatever special strength it enjoys as the first land communication between the St. Lawrence and the Atlantic. so long as a railway is in a virtually monopolistic position, it can,—like a street railway—pursue its generous courses with little danger to itself. But when that vital advantage is withdrawn, and its disadvantages are multiplied, it is in rather parlous case.

The Intercolonial was built to secure communication between communities previously separated upon the more telling attributes of political and commercial unity. Government construction of the railway was the only way of securing political considerations for a Dominion that had not yet found itself. Windsor was the effective western limit of Canada. Modern Western Canada was the Great Lone Land. A hundred-million dollar budget was undreamt of. We live in another century; and by comparison, in a different Canada from that of forty years ago.

The political mission of the Intercolonial has been fulfilled. For vital things, Edmonton is nearer than Halifax now than Windsor was forty years ago. The Intercolonial, instead of being the artery by which alone the circulation of the blood of Confederation was maintained, has become one of several competitors for traffic, without hope of gain from the political doctors who are no more necessary to it than a homoeopath is to a telegraph pole. And, regarded as a railway, it cannot keep pace with the times without adapting itself to the changed conditions of the times. It cannot remain as it is.

Why not? The dominating features of modern Canadian development is the West. The Grand Trunk was a great Canadian institution long before the Canadian Pacific carried a passenger along the north shore of Lake Superior. The Grand Trunk had its own lines through rich portions of the United States as well as in the best sections of Canada. But the Canadian Pacific went West; and therefore became powerful in the East; and achieved a position in the railway world that is the admiration of all men. The Grand Trunk, by the same essential impulse that drives inland nations to look for salt water harbours, is expanding westward. The great business houses that have become mighty in Eastern Canada are those which have done most in Western Canada. The West is the East.

Western Canadian trade has put Canadian Pacific steamers on the Atlantic, and enabled them to enjoy an unchallenged eminence for speed. The growth of trade, therefore, compels the extension of transportation machinery, under one control, to salt water and beyond. It accounts for the declared intention of the Grand Trunk to control its own steamers as well as the transcontinental railway. It completely upsets the old-time balance of commerce in the Eastern Provinces. A line from Montreal to Halifax and St. John is all in all to the Intercolonial. But it is only incidental to the railways that have founded their strength upon the illimitable West, and draw revenue, also, from the boundless deep. The advent of the Canadian Pacific Railway to St. John heavily hit the long distance travel over the Intercolonial. Short distance travel is local travel, and not a determining feature of traffic earnings, for a railway through a sparsely populated territory cannot live on its local passenger or freight traffic.

Even if local traffic conditions were predominant in the Maritime Provinces, the case of the Intercolonial would not be comfortable, because the Transcontinental is building to the sea, and the Canadian Northern will build to the sea. The Intercolonial will not get the traffic that originates with, or for, either of these lines, any more than it gets Canadian Pacific traffic. They will divide with it the business it now does, in its vanishing exclusive territory. They will increase in strength on land and sea, but the Intercolonial cannot fail to decrease, because of its inherent limitations. The contrast between the busy freight terminals of the Canadian Pacific Railway at St. John, and the less busy depots of the Intercolonial is an almost perfect illustration of the soundness of this view.

It is all very well to tell the Intercolonial to hustle for freight, and wipe out deficits accordingly. It cannot be done. The Government itself is duplicating the Intercolonial along a most important section of its route. The Canadian Northern has a charter to build from Quebec to the Bay of Fundy, and to the Atlantic shore. Inevitably, the Intercolonial will become isolated, and its latter end will be worse than the beginning. It must have been a recognition of this that impelled some prominent Liberal to send up his now famous kite in the Montreal Herald. A problem of capital business importance has been brought into the arena of public discussion; and public opinion may crystallise in definite propositions before very long.



PARLIAMENT opens next week, and will waste three days at the job. Normally Parliament only wastes two days in getting itself opened; but when it is a new Parliament, it requires three days for the more formidable operation. The first day, the members assemble in the Commons Chamber and the Senators crowd themselves into as much of the Senate Chamber as is not taken up by ladies in evening dress—though it is afternoon—or is it only the next day in the case of a new Parliament that the ladies come? Anyway the members are sworn in and await the dread summons of the Black Rod. A little after three, some one warns the officials of the Commons that the Black Rod is coming, and they hastily close the doors against him. He might walk right in otherwise; and the Constitution would be fatally shattered, As it is, he knocks with ghostly distinctness on the closed doors. The Sergeant-at-Arms looks to see that his sword is in its scabbard, and then cautiously peaks out. Discovering that the stranger who imperiously demands admission is none other than the Black Rod, he as cautiously closes the door again on this impressive personage and tip-toes up to the Clerk's table and reports the matter to him.

\* \* \*

IT is so long since I have seen an opening of Parliament that I may be transferring to the first day ceremonies which only grace the second; but it really does not matter. The upshot of it is that the Commons are summoned to the Senate Chamber to meet the Governor-General and—presumably—to listen to the Speech from the Throne. When they get over there, however, they are told that they have forgotten to elect a Speaker; and, when they come to think of it, they have. Every first session of a Parliament, they always forget in this way. It never seems to occur to the oldest Parliamentarian that, while they are standing around waiting for the Black Rod after being sworn in, they might elect a Speaker and “fool” the Governor-General for once. But they invariably go streaming over to the Senate without having provided themselves with a gentleman to wear a cocked hat and stand up beside the Mace and look dignified. So they are sent back to elect a Speaker and are not allowed to hear the Speech from the Throne until next day.

\* \* \*

WHEN the next day comes, the Black Rod makes another descent on the Commons, and is again forestalled and then admitted by the cautious and armed-to-the-teeth Sergeant-at-Arms. I tell you the country member sings pretty small while these two gentlemen are prying Parliament open. I will not bother you about the six bows—or is it nine—of the Black Rod. They are not what they were when I was a boy; but they are still examples of the poetry of motion. I have never seen anything like them elsewhere except at an African “cake-walk.” This time the Commons goes over with its Speaker at its head, and gets a chance to be unable to hear the reading of the Speech. However, the ladies are all there; and sometimes the Judges of the Supreme Court sit most uncomfortably on a backless divan in the centre of the room. Nor do the members miss the Speech altogether; for the Speaker announces on his return that he has brought away a copy as a souvenir—when no one was looking—and that they may have the benefit of it.

THIS takes up Wednesday and Thursday; for the Commons does not think of even beginning its debate on the Speech that day. The journey to the Senate Chamber has unfitted it for serious business. Friday the debate opens and may end if it is to be purely formal. If there are amendments to be moved and serious discussion to ensue, that is all adjourned until next week. The first week is to be devoted to the overture; and it is unconstitutional for anybody to work except the Black Rod. Saturday night comes the Drawing Room when all and sundry may be presented to Their Excellencies, after which Society is officially aware of the fact that Parliament is open. The week after, the members may escape from the succession of pageants, and take up the business of the nation which they have come to perform. The grey and drab members of the Commons begin to emerge more from the background, as it were; and we can get a glimpse of some people who do not wear gold lace or carry a sword.

\* \* \*

I DARE say that this is all very impressive, and is intended to establish the dignity of Parliament. I hope that it has that effect. But it never seemed to me to raise the dignity of the House of Commons very much to be summoned over to the Senate Chamber like so many school boys, to stand up in a cramped space in the back of the Chamber while Ottawa Society sat at the Senatorial desks and officials in uniform pranced about, there to hear the reading of the Speech which a Committee of Parliament had written and which the House of Commons could “waste paper basket” if it so desired. To see Edward Blake, Dalton McCarthy, Wilfrid Laurier, R. L. Borden, George Foster, William Paterson, F. D. Monk jostling in the lobby below the sacred rail which usually shuts in the Senators, while their “betters”—the Senators they had made—sat in state above them, and uniformed officers shepherded them like farmers at a “side show,” never seemed to me to be particularly edifying. The best men of Canada have been in that throng, while the Governor-General was the only official, not their own creation, who lorded it over them. Personally, I had rather see Parliament opened by the arrival of His Excellency to read his Speech to the Commons, and then have business commence ten minutes afterward.

N'IMPORTE



PRINCE GEORGE, THE SPEECH-MAKER, HEIR-APPARENT TO THE THRONE OF SERVIA.

The Crown Prince of Serbia has done all that in him lies to render the crisis in the Near East as dangerous to the peace of the world as possible. He has made fiery speeches almost by the score, and, according to report, he has announced that, if necessary, he will even take arms against his father, the King. Prince George is the second child of King Peter, and was born on August 27th, (old style), 1887. His brother, Prince Alexander, was born in December of the following year; and his sister, Princess Helene, in October, 1884.

### A Matter of Manners

TORONTO is the second city of the Dominion and is not backward in proclaiming her enlightenment, educational and ecclesiastical. However, if the reports of the meeting of the Toronto Board of Education of January 6th may be credited, the manners and methods of certain members of that body should be amended speedily.

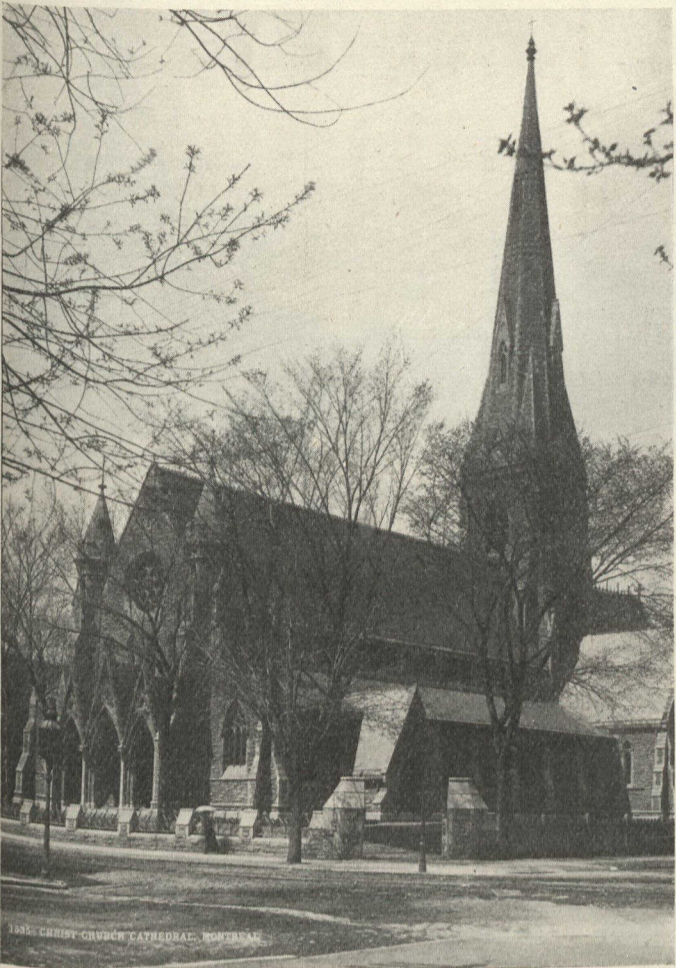
After a motion had been brought in, expressing regret at the “enforced parting” of three trustees, the gentlemen so addressed acknowledged the spirit of the motion in varying terms. One of the departing trio, so far forgot himself and the interests he had represented, as to descend to “sewer rats” and other terms of abuse by way of describing his opponents’ methods. A noisy member, in replying, retaliated in unamiable fashion and the incident furnished the evening papers with a column of sensational epithets.

During the same week, a few riotous youngsters at Jarvis Street Collegiate Institute issued an ill-advised circular regarding recent time regulations and the press proceeded to magnify this foolish manifesto into a general insurrection. The complaint is made in these days that the young people of Canada are not characterised by respect for authority—that they are lacking in that courtesy which goes so far towards lubricating the commercial and social machinery. What may be expected from the pupils in the Toronto public schools in the matter of vocabulary or deportment, when the members at the head of the educational system show such a lamentable lack of restraint? Behind this controversy was an appointment in connection with which the Church of Rome was charged with exerting undue influence. Without pronouncing at all on the merits of the case, one may point out to certain agitated Protestants that they are doing their cause no good by a violence of speech and manner, such as instructors in the church which they attack carefully avoid.

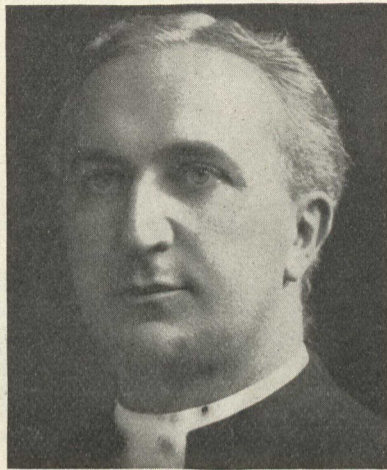
J. G.



## CONSECRATING AND ENTHRONING AN ANGLICAN BISHOP



Christ Church Cathedral where the Enthronement occurred.



Bishop Farthing.

BISHOP FARTHING succeeded a number of well-known and influential officers of the Anglican Church when he became Bishop of Montreal on January 6th. Dr. Fulford (1850-1868) was the first bishop of the diocese and he was also Metropolitan of Canada. Next was Most Rev. Ashton Oxenden (1869-1878) also Metropolitan. The third was Dr. Bond (1878-1906) first archbishop, fifth Metropolitan, and second Primate of all Canada. The fourth bishop was the Rt. Rev. Dr. Carmichael (1902-1906). Bishop Farthing is thus fifth of the line.



The main aisle of Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal.

## FIRST PHOTOGRAPHS IN AMERICA OF ITALIAN EARTHQUAKE



Remains of the Village of Bognaria.



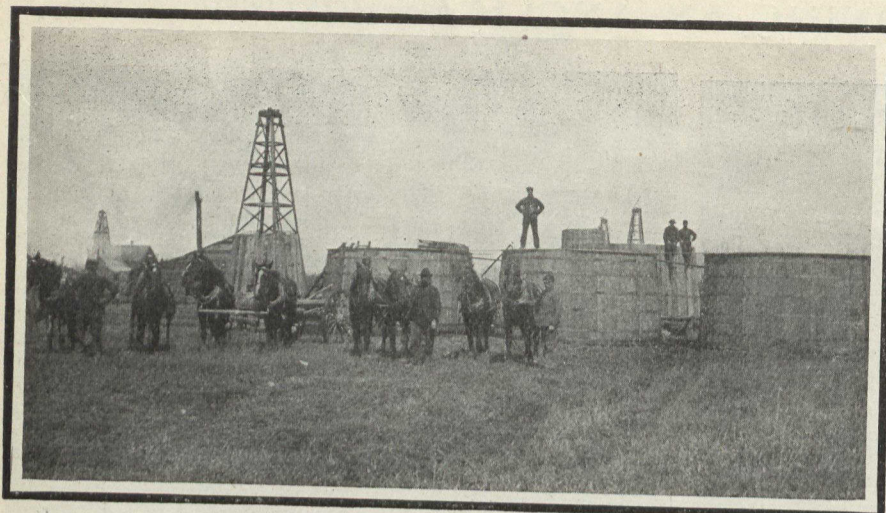
Soldiers searching the Ruins at Palmi in Calabria.



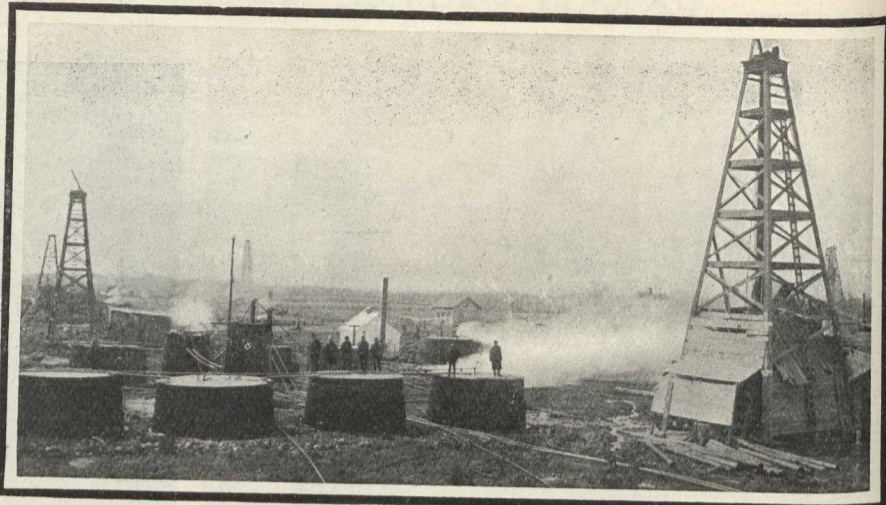
Ruined Houses in Calabria with Soldiers doing salvage work.



Carrying injured and killed inhabitants away from the wreckage.



Tanks filled with Crude Petroleum awaiting shipment, Bothwell Oil Fields.



Group of Wells and Oil-tanks, Romney Field.

# THE OIL FIELDS OF WESTERN ONTARIO

By ARCHIE P. MCKISHNIE.

DEEP, deep in the bowels of the earth, lies an amber-coloured fluid known as crude oil. Its discovery in Canada dates nigh half a century back when, in the year 1862, an American capitalist noting strong indications of oil in the swamp-springs of East Lambton County, sunk a small test-well and found what would seem a vast lake of oil, at a depth of 400 feet. Then commenced Ontario's first great oil boom. From the United States there came a swarm of men rich alike in cash and capital and a knowledge of how to successfully operate for the precious fluid. Then the face of Nature underwent a change. Her swaying woods gave way to tall, ungainly derricks; her peaceful quiet was broken by the "chug-chug" of the drill, driven feverishly day and night, by man, into her treasure house. Oil was the topic. No one had time to talk anything else but "oil." A thriving village sprang to life and was named Oil Springs. Later another town was born some five or six miles north of it. They named this one Petrolia. For a few years the American operators continued to pump fortunes from the earth while their less experienced Canadian cousins watched them—mainly—and learned how. So that when the Fenian Raid occurred in 1866 and the Americans thought it best to cross the border into their own land the Canadian had his innings. Another village

was born and called Oil City. Day and night new wells were being drilled and tall derricks erected, and still the vast reservoir deep in earth sent its thousands of barrels of crude petroleum, upward daily. It looked as if the hidden lake would never diminish. Strong in this belief, drillers sunk more wells, until mile upon mile as far as the eye could see, there was a forest of derricks. To-day they stand, as they did then, many of them grimly silent, some of them pumping feebly, but each of them a memento of the old days of Ontario's first oil boom. There are some 2,000 wells in the Oil Springs field, said to have an average production of 3,000 barrels and comprising some 3,000 acres of land. Six miles north of the Oil Springs field, lies the Petrolia field, one of the most noted oil fields in Canada. It is, in fact, nothing more nor less than a continuation of the Oil Springs field. Its first well was drilled in the year 1865 and proved a gusher. Immediately other wells were sunk and all were good producers. Canadians, mainly, operated the wells, many of whom retired wealthy and gave way to a new generation of operators.

Those old, stirring days of Ontario's first oil boom, are full enough of life incidents, to make a book. Oil—greenish-yellow, pungent crude-oil—was the lode-star that shaped destinies. Fortunes came into Canada, doubled, trebled, quadrupled

themselves, and slipped back across the border again. Later, the bull-dog strain in our own countrymen asserted itself and fortunes were made that stayed in Canada.

In that bygone day of fickle prosperity, men counted money in bunches. Even the medium, that impostor of the modern Stone Age, went about with his pockets bulging and could afford a caddy to carry his crooked stick—the divining rod whereby, assisted by the spirits, he was able to locate the promising spots for the drillers. He charged a fee in accordance with the times. He bought his chewing tobacco by the box. Shrewd men bought prospecting privileges from land-owners less shrewd. They sold them to speculators at a snug advance and bought more. By and by the land-owners themselves woke up and there was action—lots of it. They got in the game and bought too; the game of buy and sell, the game of hunting yellow-green oil—and oily-yellow greenbacks. It was a feverish chase without a single let-up. Lease, lease, re-lease—without release—describes the spirit of the times accurately. And all the time the big field was extending itself until the great derricks stretched farther than the eye could measure distance. Naturally men grew to look upon the great lake of oil 1,500 feet below the earth's surface as inexhaustible. For them, the golden age had come to stay. They

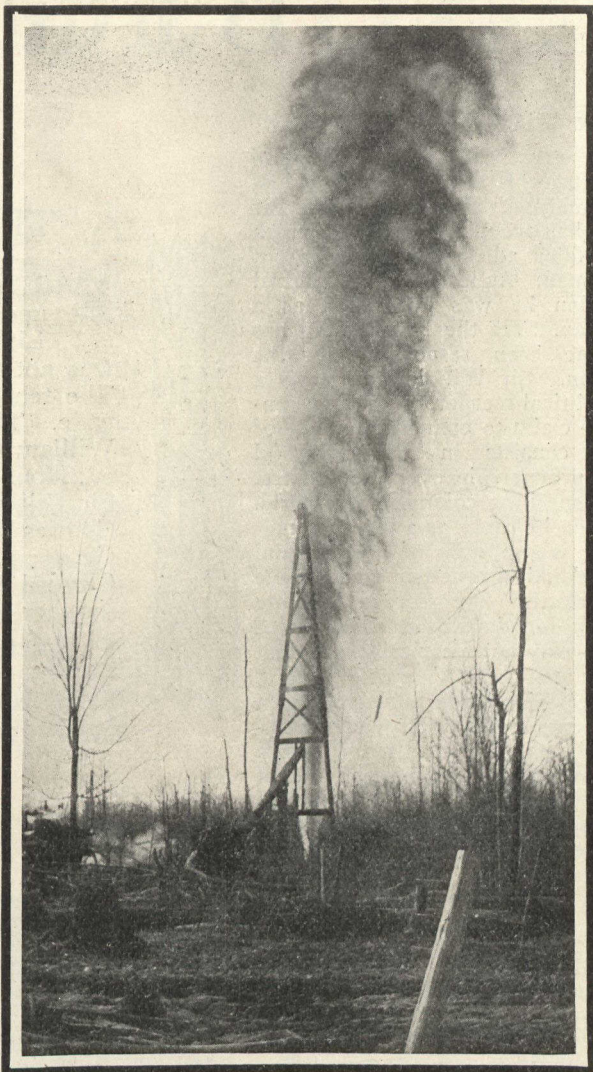


Early operations in the Tilbury Field. Showing Tool-house on the left.

began to dream of great things, greater things even than they were realising. There was no limit to their possibilities. There would be other towns come to birth, of course. Why not, when such inducements were offered merchants. Couldn't they sell their cloth by the bale? Weren't the grocers selling sugar by the barrel and canned goods by the box? Hopeful souls even went so far as to christen three new towns in conception: "Paraffine," "Benzine" and "Nitro Glycerine."

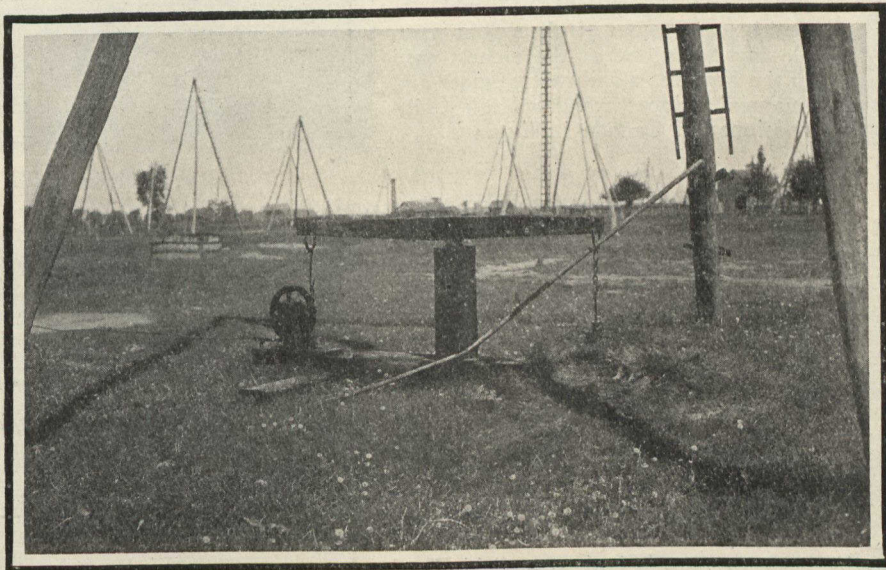
But after all a boom is but a boom and always his its after effects. There came a day when the wells ceased to produce their usual amount of the fluid. In a sense this was a great disappointment, but largely, it should be stated, one without pecuniary loss. The harvest had been more than bountiful, the oil-belt was below and there must always be oil there and in paying quantities. So that we have in Canada's first industrial history of crude oil, the breathing spell that inevitably follows unreasoning pursuance of something half mythical. And in that breathing spell men found themselves and became rational beings. This epoch marked the gauging of the great Petrolia field, according to its possibilities. That field covers an area of over twelve square miles. In the year 1865 its first well was drilled. To-day there are over 12,000 wells in the field. Each year these wells produce 500,000 barrels of crude petroleum. The product sells for about \$1.65 per barrel. The fluid, in its crude state, varies in colour according to its quality. That of the Petrolia fields, and other fields in Ontario, of which we will speak later, is of a dark green colour with a yellowish tinge, with a gravity varying from 32 to 37 degrees. It has a pungent but not displeasing odour. It contains scarcely any waste element. In refining it gives 45 per cent. illuminating oil and 5 per cent. benzine. The remaining parts consist pretty much of paraffine from which is manufactured the finest grades of wax and lubricating oils. The residue obtained in the operation of the latter is rich in carbon and is used as a fuel.

There are no refineries in the Petrolia field. At one time there were no less than seven, but the Imperial Oil Company extended a long arm and gripped them, laid pipes to its own monster refinery at Sarnia and piped the entire product there. A few years ago, local capitalists established a refinery to compete with the Imperial, but it is an uneven battle. The wells of this great field are called "shallow wells," meaning that drillers only have to drill a matter of some 400 feet to strike the oil-vein. In other Ontario fields it is necessary to go much deeper, consequently the cost of sinking a well in the latter territories is much greater. It costs \$500 to complete a well in the Petrolia field. The oil-bearing stratum lies at a depth of between 400 and 500 feet below the earth's surface, and by working night and day operators may complete a well in less than a week. The process of drilling an oil-well is interesting to the onlooker, while that of "shooting" a well is something to be remembered. The work of drilling, for the first hundred feet or more, is comparatively easy going, an auger bit being used and capable of boring five feet through the earth, before being lifted to be emptied. Steam has supplanted the old horse-power system of boring, so that it requires but one day to drill through the clay to bed rock. Here the real work starts; here the novice learns to know why the drilling-expert was born. When the top of the rock is struck, an eight-sided casing of inch pine, eight inches in diameter, is inserted into the hole. This is to prevent caving. When the casing, which is called a conductor, is in place, the "bit" is brought into play. A bar of iron 36 inches long and 3½ inches in diameter, tipped with highly-tempered steel capable of biting its way through rock, is lowered, by means of a rope, pulley and derrick, into the hole. To wear its way through the rock, this sinker-iron, or drill, must be lifted and dropped with the persistency of clock-work. This, of course; is done by steam, the driller's work being to cleverly manipulate the contrivance, attached to the working-beam, so as to give, by a half turn, the drill a boring as well as a wearing effect. When the "bit" attached to the bar gets dull, the heavy drill is raised and a new one is attached. One man, by a forge, is kept busy sharpening bits. When necessary to remove the cuttings from the hole, a hollow tube with a valve opening inwards at the bottom, is lowered into the well, its weight being sufficient to force the cuttings into it. The weight of the cuttings closes the valve,



"Shooting" a Well in Tilbury Oil Field.

after which the tube is hoisted and emptied. When the driller has passed through the top rock of limestone, a thickness usually of between 40 and 50 feet, he encounters a strata of "soap-stone," varying in thickness from 135 to 150 feet; an iron casing five feet eight inches in diameter is inserted to prevent "caving," soap-stone being liable to cave, at times. Below the soap-stone is a layer of limestone some 125 feet in thickness, immediately beneath which is the oil-bearing rock. This is drilled through and beyond to a depth of 10 to 20 feet. The well is now completed, except for the shooting. In



An old Well in the Oldest Ontario Field—Petrolia.

order to allow the oil to flow more freely into the well, it is necessary to shatter the rock at its bottom. This is done by the lowering and exploding of nitroglycerine, and is called "shooting" a well. A cylindrical tube, filled with the deadly explosive, is lowered into the well and by a cap contrivance exploded. The force of the concussion is so terrific that a great area of rock is shattered and a pool of oil is formed at the well's bottom. Frequently, derrick, tool-house and a considerable extent of earth about the well is deluged with the thick green-black fluid, and often—if the well be a gusher—barrels of crude oil are lost before the well can be properly capped.

Because not every man can "shoot" a well successfully, and, perhaps, because not every man would care to, if he could, the oil-fields have their expert "shooters" as well as their expert tool-dressers and drillers.

East of Petrolia field lies the Bothwell oil-field. Never, at any time, a great producer, for years this field has added its quota to the crude oil output of our province. Thirty-five years ago, much was expected of this field. A boom, short-lived though lively while it lasted, struck the place and the little town swelled from a few hundred to 4,000 people. Oil had been discovered in paying quantities, south of the town. Oil kings poured in to discover that but little oil was pouring out. There was a reaction, of course, and Bothwell went to sleep again. In the year 1896 oil was again located some three miles west of the village, at a depth of 380 feet. There are some eighty wells pumping night and day where this well was discovered. Altogether there are several hundred wells in the Bothwell field that are paying propositions. Other wells are being drilled. The approximate production of the field is 5,000 barrels a month.

A few years ago, indications of gas along the brooks in Tilbury township, Kent County, led oil-speculators to investigate and as a result we have the already famous Tilbury gas and oil field. Its discovery has been marked by no feverish activity on the part of its promoters, marred by no rainbow-tinted boom, but rather has the bringing to light of the field's vast possibilities been marked by the cheerful persistence of men who had confidence.

The wells of the Tilbury field are "deep" wells. In many instances they are over 2,000 feet deep. The regulation depth is 1,400 feet. The average output of the wells is twenty barrels per day, a conservative estimate. In this field are a number of natural gas wells with a pressure of 600 pounds to the inch. The city of Chatham now uses the product of one of these wells for heating and lighting purposes, and arrangements are now being completed to supply the other towns in Western Kent. The gas is purified before it enters the city and gives a soft, clear light, equal, if not superior, to artificial gas, and is much more economical.

The Romney oil field, a continuance of the Tilbury field, lies south-west of the latter, and promises, at no distant day, to rival her sister as a producer. The field possesses some excellent wells already and is rapidly extending. To-day, Ontario furnishes practically the total Canadian oil production, and her fields are largely new fields.

### The Old Canoe

My seams gape wide so I'm tossed aside  
To rot on a lonely shore

While the leaves and mold like a  
shroud enfold

For the last of my trails are o'er;  
But I float in dreams on Northland  
streams

That never again I'll see,  
As I lie on the marge of the old  
portage

With grief for company.

\* \* \* \*

Do the cow-moose call on the Mont-  
real

When the first frost bites the air,  
And the mists unfold from the red  
and gold

That the autumn ridges wear?  
When the white falls roar as they  
did of yore

On the Lady Evelyn,  
Do the square-tail leap from the  
black pools deep

Where the pictured rocks begin?

Oh! the fur-fleets sing on Timis-  
kaming

As the ashen paddles bend, [House  
And the crews carouse at Rupert  
At the sullen winter's end;

But my days are done where the lean wolves run,  
And I ripple no more the path  
Where the gray geese race 'cross the red moon's face  
From the white wind's Arctic wrath.

Though the death'fraught way from the Saguenay  
To the storied Nipigon

Once knew me well, now a crumbling shell

I watch the years roll on,

While in memory's haze I live the days

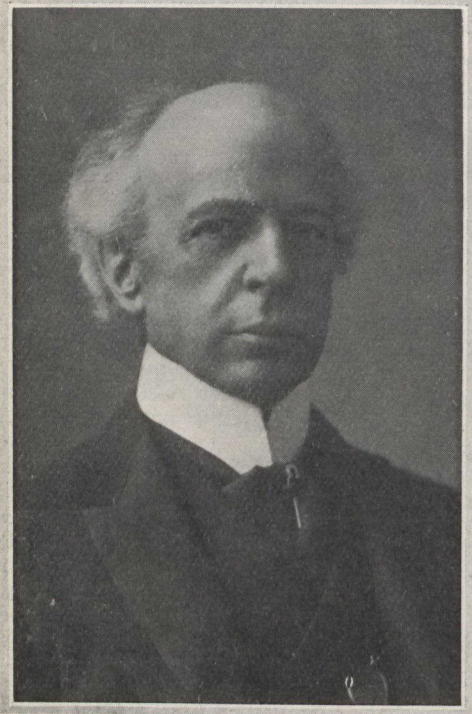
That forever are gone from me,

As I rot on the marge of the old portage

With grief for company.

—GEORGE T. MARSH, in *Scribner's Magazine*.

# THE TEN BIGGEST MEN OF THE DOMINION



Sir Wilfrid Laurier

## SIR WILFRID LAURIER.

THE greatness of Sir Wilfrid Laurier is something of an historical analysis. For twelve years Sir Wilfrid has occupied a position which can be filled adequately by none but a great man. As leader of the Liberal Opposition he was not taken as a great man. Yet the Premiership has not alone been responsible for the ascription. Sir Wilfrid Laurier is a great political merger, if not a fusionist. His claim to eminence outside of Canada consists in his successful French premierships over the greatest English-speaking colony in the world. In Canada he ranks as a big personality; one whose gifts of oratory and of individual magnetism have made him a worthy successor to the late Sir John Macdonald as a leader of men. It may be historically true that no other man could have held the first citizenship of Canada during the past twelve years and won an election entitling him to five years more. Once a profound student of history and of international law and of politics in the abstract, the Canadian Premier has become an astute student of men and events

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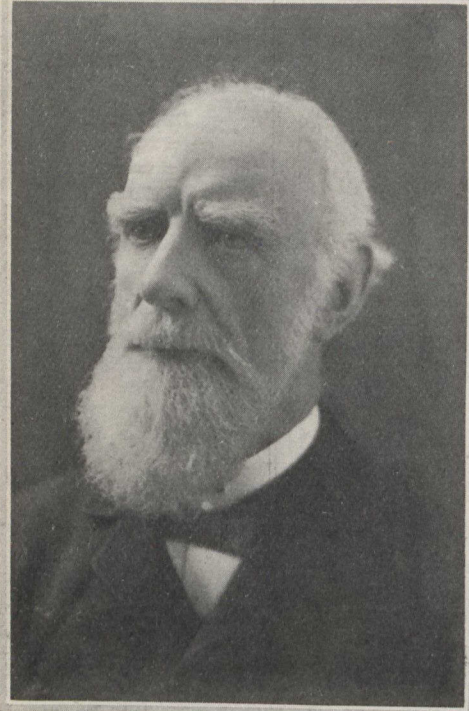
## LORD STRATHCONA.

THERE is an element of mystery about Lord Strathcona. To the imagination he stands out as some Viking of commerce. His fifty years in the wilds of the Hudson's Bay Company gave him a character that few men could have worn long without quitting things altogether. But Donald A. Smith was somewhat unkillable. Like his fellow-countryman, Carlyle, he had a wonderful toughness of fibre; and when the north winds howled down the pack trail he shoved his dogs ahead into the storm because he had got the north in his blood; the north which at first he hated and did his best to leave, but which later he came to love with all the ardour of a man who had made history and life in that great half continent and empire of trade. When he left the Great Company, Donald A. Smith was comparatively a poor man. To-day he is one of the richest men in the Empire; a railway magnate and financial prince; worthy High Commissioner of Canada in England.

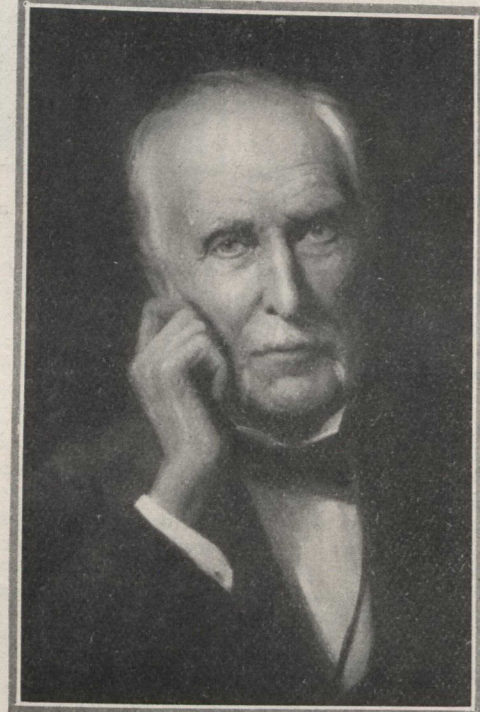
\* \* \*

## SIR WILLIAM VAN HORNE.

IN the days when it was necessary to import Canadian industrial leaders from the United States, William Van Horne came from the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway to be general manager of the Canadian Pacific, which was then merely a band of steel across a small part of a continent. Much of what the C. P. R. is now—and in a word it is the greatest railway system in the world—must be attributed to Sir William Van Horne, who when he came to Canada had seen all kinds of service on some of the greatest railway systems in the United States. Sir William was the first to seize the idea that the C. P. R. was not merely a cross-continent band of steel tying together the provinces, but that it must develop into a world-carrier with steamship lines both east and west, as well as branch lines north and south in Canada. Himself a Yankee, he got the Imperial conception of the great railway; and it is that empire-building function of the C. P. R. which he has developed into a system. No doubt he owed much to men like Lord Mount-Stephen and Lord Strathcona, who made the C. P. R. financially possible.



Lord Strathcona



Dr. Goldwin Smith

## The Result of the Voting Competition

EARLY in November, the "Courier" asked its readers to vote upon the question "Who are Canada's Ten Biggest Living Men?" The ten receiving the largest number of votes are found upon the next page. The next sixteen are as follows:—Dr. William O'Shea; William C. Macdonald; Sir James Whitney; Mr. Byron E. ... Hon. Edward Blake; Professor Graham Bell; Mr. D. D. ... Sir Gilbert Parker; Rev. Charles Gordon ("Ralph Connor"); Charles Fitzpatrick; Sir Hugh Graham; Sir William Mullock; George A. Cox; Hon. A. B. Aylesworth; President Falconer; Clifford Sifton. The three latter gentlemen received the ...

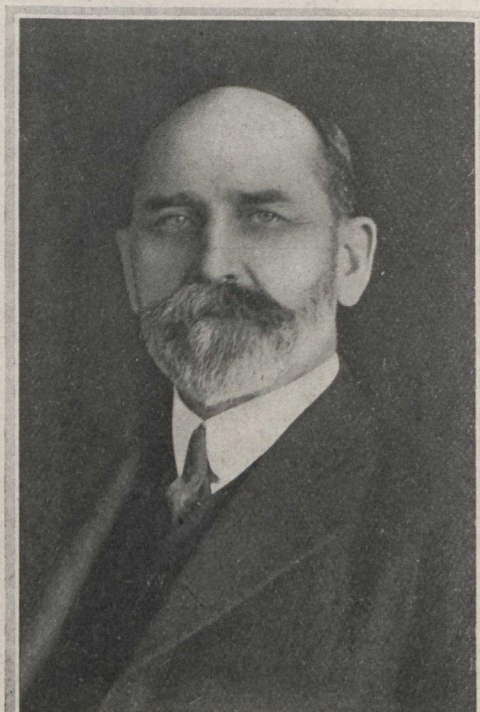
Of the first ten, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Mr. R. L. Borden, Charles Tupper and Hon. W. S. Fielding are statesmen; Sir William Van Horne, Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, and Mr. ... Mackenzie are railway presidents; Sir Sandford Fleming is a ...

## MR. GOLDWIN SMITH.

FOR the best part of half a century one pure intellect has contributed to the ultimate dignity of nations in Canada. Professor Goldwin Smith is the peer of any intellect in the world; and perhaps has been superior in the Victorian era. He helped to draft the case of Herbert Spencer, the American university thought; he was complete without Goldwin Smith, and Anglo-Saxon history has in him and of the United Kingdom and of Canada. When he was forty years ago Goldwin Smith was already eminent scholar and writer. At the age of thirty-four he was Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford, and eighty-six, lacking a few months, is writing on topics of the week for the Weekly Sun, and for New York papers, and most every month something appears in the current magazines the Atlantic Monthly, and the nightly Review. Many books have been written besides histories; most of them critical and philosophical.

## MR. WILLIAM MACKENZIE.

THE chief characteristics of William Mackenzie are tenacity, resourcefulness, a broad grasp of commercial operations, present loyalty to friends and a spinning attitude towards the public. His tenacity has been exhibited in the office with which he has nursed and developed the various undertakings which he has been interested in, never admitting the sibility of defeat. His broad grasp of commercial activities is proven in his interest in lumber and coal in British Columbia, the trade in Alberta, street railways in Winnipeg, Toronto, Monterey, Sao Paulo, hydro-electric power in Ontario and Manitoba, steam railroads in nearly every province of the Dominion. His prescience was shown in his acquiring franchises when more doubtful public scarce recognized their value, and in spreading investments over almost every commercial enterprise. With partner, Mr. D. D. Mann, he has been the role of a railway operator to that of a railway ...



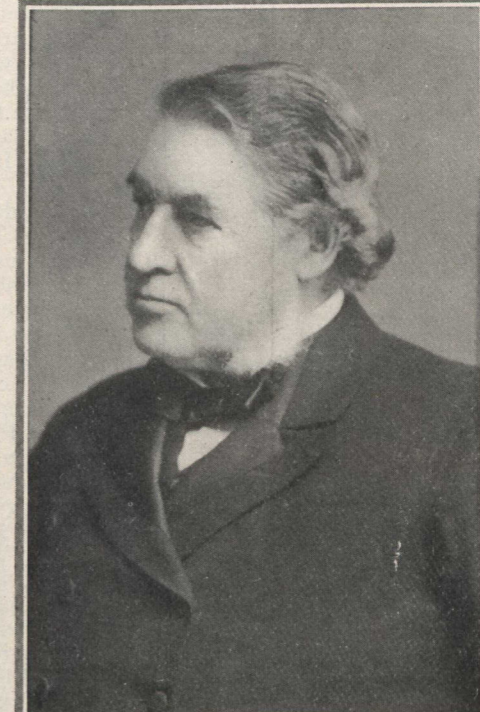
Mr. William Mackenzie

...icist and scientist; while Professor Goldwin Smith represents literature. These ten may or may not be the ten greatest men in Canada to-day, but the people undoubtedly think they are. No serious fault may be found with the decision. These ten gentlemen would pass anywhere in the world as big men, and of every one of them Canada should be proud.

The object of the competition was to focus the minds of our leaders upon the fact that Canada had great men as other countries have great men, and that these leaders are entitled to our consideration and a due meed of praise. Canadians are not overly envious, but they are too prone to believe that the great men of the United States and Great Britain are bigger than those who do the same work in Canada. The "Courier" believes that these ten Canadians have done just as great things in their country as any other ten men in the world and that they rank with the ten men whom the United States or Great Britain has produced. Their reputations in most cases, are international as well as national. Those who live abroad but who know anything about Canada and Canadian affairs, are familiar with these ten grand and representative men.

## SIR CHARLES TUPPER.

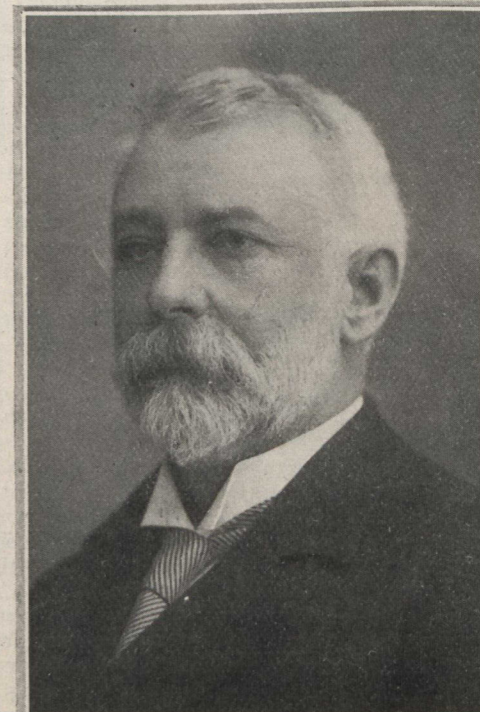
SIR CHARLES TUPPER was a great man in Nova Scotia before Confederation. It is scarcely too much to say, that without him Confederation would have been impossible—so far as the Maritime Provinces are concerned. He helped to draft the Resolutions and the British North America Act; but he was greatest when he stepped aside and allowed the Hon. Joseph Howe to take his place in the first Canadian Ministry under Sir John Macdonald, and of Canada. When he was forty years ago Goldwin Smith was already eminent scholar and writer. At the age of thirty-four he was Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford, and eighty-six, lacking a few months, is writing on topics of the week for the Weekly Sun, and for New York papers, and most every month something appears in the current magazines the Atlantic Monthly, and the nightly Review. Many books have been written besides histories; most of them critical and philosophical.



Sir Charles Tupper

## HON. W. S. FIELDING.

THE Minister of Finance is the apostle of one idea and of hard work. Mr. W. S. Fielding has fought into the front rank of Canadian life by the sheer power of determination. He is not a brilliant man. He was once an office boy who became an editor. He plodded, and studied, and practised writing till he became capable of editorials. Twenty years he stuck to the Halifax Recorder, in whose business office he learned the application of figures to business. He did not dream of becoming a finance minister. But he was fond of politics and had an appetite for it. Twelve years now he has been Minister of Finance, the only standing relic of the Cabinet of Ministers besides Sir Wilfrid Laurier. He has made and tinkered more tariffs in Canada than any other man who ever lived. He has concentrated upon the tariff. His industry has been commercial enterprise. He has never been lured aside by poetry or fiction, thinking and talking only of tariffs and finance.



Hon. W. S. Fielding

## SIR THOMAS SHAUGHNESSY.

BORN of Irish parents in a United States city Sir Thomas Shaughnessy has become a distinguished British subject and a Knight of the Realm. When Mr. Van Horne (now Sir William) came over to Canada in 1882, he brought his successor to the presidency of the Canadian Pacific Railway with him. Sir William was then barely forty and Sir Thomas barely thirty. They came to the Land of Promise to do things, to accomplish something great, and no doubt they have both exceeded their expectations. Like others in the railroad field, Sir Thomas has succeeded mainly because of his ability to work hard. Of course he had ambition, prescience, the modern outlook, and some constructive ability. If he has created nothing great, he has at least made much greater the magnificent institution which has been entrusted to his care. A number of men have made the Canadian Pacific Railway and Steamship company what it is, but of that number this bluff, straightforward, hard-hitting Irishman is not the least

\* \* \*

## SIR SANDFORD FLEMING.

YOUNG Canadians, not versed in history, may wonder why Sir Sandford Fleming is among the ten great Canadians. In his eighty-second year, a man may expect this from the younger generations. The older citizens will recall his work in mapping out the route of the Intercolonial and his engineering trips from "Ocean to Ocean" which resulted in the C. P. R. route. He was the greatest engineer of that day, and his accomplishments have been surpassed by no other member of his profession. In recent years he has devoted himself to science and literature. For twenty years he was the chief advocate of the Canadian-Australian cable, and the real author of the "All-Red" idea. He has been a president of the Royal Society of Canada, and for nearly thirty years Chancellor of Queen's University. Perhaps his greatest claim to undying fame is his imperialism. No Scotsman has been more enthusiastic, persevering and self-sacrificing in behalf of the British Empire and its world-wide interests than Sir Sandford.

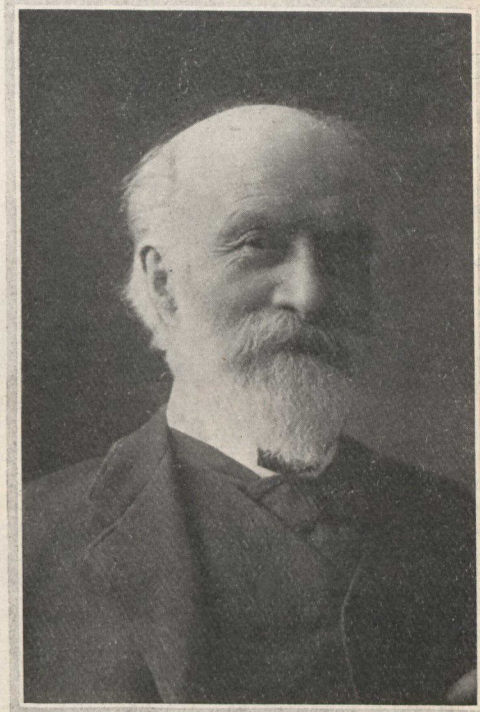
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## MR. R. L. BORDEN.

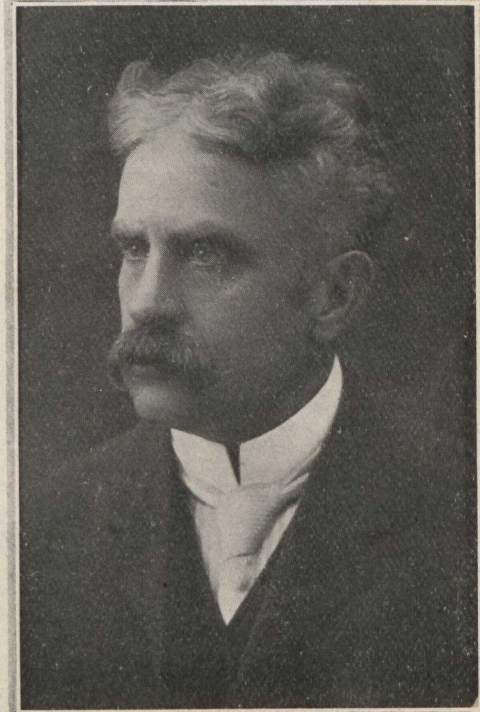
MR. R. L. BORDEN will have more opportunity to increase his reputation than any other one of the ten. Granted the ordinary span of life and no untoward accidents, he will some day be Premier of Canada. Today he is leader of the Liberal-Conservative party in the Dominion and head of His Majesty's Opposition in Parliament. He won the position on his merits—a legal training, a well-balanced mind, an excellent grasp of the principles of constitutional government, a clear and quite lofty conception of political duty, excellent control of his temper, and gentlemanly conduct and bearing. His admirers believe that he has already had a profound influence upon his party in bringing it to support and advocate higher political ideals than it had heretofore acknowledged. His tendency to theorise is at once his weakness and his strength. To be a great political leader, a man must have both imagination and practical shrewdness. The former is required to enthuse the voting public, the latter to gain the support of business men and practical politicians.



Sir Thomas Shaughnessy



Sir Sandford Fleming



Mr. R. L. Borden, M.P.

# JO—THE FLOWER KILLER



**B**IG MAC found the boy wandering about the lodges of a deserted camp in the Cree country. An epidemic of diphtheria had broken out among the Indians some time before, and Big Mac was returning to the fort after two months of heroic service. So he brought the young Indian back with him, and they called him "Jo." By the time the pneumonia struck Big Mac's name off the roll-call that long, severe winter, Jo was the particular pride of Division "E."

For in all the Great Lone Land, even from the Sweet Grass Hills to the far country of Sleeping Waters; in the lodges of the plain-tribes and the great hill-land towards the setting sun, were not many scouts like Jo. The boy was born to it. The wild blood of his warlike ancestors ran in his veins, and from the broad, free sweep of the prairies voices talked to him and silenced his moccasins. And to them he listened always as they crouched in the wild plain-grasses where the spirits of the cloud-children raced in the yellow sunshine.

More than that, had his mother not been the proudest in all the lodges of the Blackfeet because of his skill with bow and arrow? Had not that skill earned him a place among the braves in the big war-party that had gone away on the foray into the country of the hostile Crees? Only twelve summers he could tell when he had fallen into the hands of the victorious Crees, and he could sever the prairie flowers from their stems with unerring accuracy; since then he had learned to use the white man's gun with equal skill.

They thought a lot of Jo at the fort. More than once had the superintendent's report to the commissioner made mention of the young Indian-tracker; for on more than one occasion he had lent valuable service to the force, and such service counted for much in those days, when the Royal North-West Mounted Police were fewer in numbers, and the mighty respect for the intrepidity of these men who wore the Big White Woman's red coats was in the making, and not all the Indian chiefs had signed the Great Treaty.

And Jo? He had plenty of tobacco always and hot brown tea-liquor to drink, and what these men said they would do or would not do, that they did or did not do—always was it so. Their medicine was good medicine. They were not like the other white men who sold the fire-water; these white men helped the red men if the red men obeyed the laws of the Big White Mother. That was all they asked. And the Big White Mother's laws were good laws—always was it so.

Thus Jo smoked good tobacco and Jo drank good tea and Jo's muscles played like wires beneath the dark of his skin as he grew. And if, as he grew, strange new voices began to call to him faintly from the broad, free sweep of the prairies, and if at times the spirits of the dead, that ever whisper at night-time beneath the quiet stars, began to speak vague mysteries from out of the illimitable, it, too, was only a part of his growing, though it was a part which was hard to understand. He became restless; for as long as two moons there had been nothing to call him away to the far trails.

Then one day a distant patrol sent word to the fort that "Running Wolf," a notoriously bad Indian even for a Blackfoot, had escaped from the custody of the Mounted Police at Nine-Mile-Lake, and had shot three times at an officer, wounding him in the arm. He had been arrested in the first place for horse-stealing, and was known to the police as one of the worst characters with whom they had to deal.

"The ould divil!" growled Sergeant O'Leary, familiarly known as "Irish." "The ould divil!" Sergeant O'Leary had pursued and tracked his man for nearly a week before he got him the last time, and had by no means forgotten the chase. "The ould divil!" He yanked at his boots and went out to saddle his horse.

Jo's wiry little cayuse was already standing just outside the barracks, patiently waiting where the braided horse-hair halter-rein hung to the ground in front of his nose. Jo himself was squatting not far away, smoking stolidly and gazing off westward where the long twilight was waning in the sky behind the swell of the plain. If he was eager to be off there was nothing to indicate it; he was ready if he were wanted, that was all.

"Arrah! Joey, darlint, but it's the foine Injun ye be!" chuckled Sergeant O'Leary as he swung by on his way to the stables, "If they was on'y all loike

By HOPKINS MOOREHOUSE

you, Joey, faith there'd be more o' hivin an' less o' hell on the perairies, beloike. The ould divil!"

They rode away from the fort, a little later, into the gathering dusk, with the chuk-will-widows calling and a nighthawk crying overhead and the darkness settling silently down on the reaches of the plain.

On the morning of the second day they struck the trail of Running Wolf. It was at least forty-eight hours old, and they rode hard for a day and a half before the signs began to freshen. It was evident the fugitive had a companion, a young squaw he had probably persuaded to elope with him, O'Leary concluded. They pressed on without delay till a few hours before sundown. The chase had led them into a broken country and they were following cautiously along a wooded river-bottom when a gun went off unexpectedly not a hundred yards away.

Putting spurs to his horse, O'Leary dashed off in the direction from which the shot came with Jo close at his heels. Up the bank on the right and swish into the bushes, and they drew rein sharply at the edge of a little glade. Running Wolf was standing in the centre of it, rifle in one hand, a newly-killed prairie chicken in the other. Behind him a few paces a young squaw crouched in fear.

For just an instant the four stood there eyeing each other. The fugitive's evil features were twisted with anger and hate. He raised one hand threateningly and waved them away. O'Leary laughed.

"The ould divil!" he chuckled. "Faith, Joey, just be after tellin' him he moight as well be comin' along without wan worrud, back to the Nine-Mile."

The young scout had scarcely got the words out of his mouth before the outlaw replied:

"Tell him if he moves one step I will kill him."

Instantly the younger Indian's gun was at his shoulder.

Sergeant O'Leary laughed again, and motioned to Jo to lower the weapon; they were there to arrest their man, not to kill him. O'Leary was still sitting there jauntily on his horse at the edge of the bushes; he had not so much as undone the holster of his revolver. It was the bold way of the Mounted Police in the face of danger such as this; the very rashness of their daring in executing their duty had often been the means of bringing them out of many a tight hole.

The sergeant's command followed sharp, with a new note of sternness.

"Tell him to lay down his rifle," he said.

Even as he spoke, he rode deliberately forward upon the aimed muzzle of the Blackfoot's weapon. For no Mounted Policeman had ever yet desisted from the execution of his duty at the bidding of an armed Indian—or any other man, and O'Leary, the three-bared chevron on his sleeve, had no intention of breaking that splendid tradition of the force.

Really bad Indian as he was, Running Wolf hesitated for an instant to take the life of such a fearless man. The officer was within three paces of him before he mustered the courage to fire. But the aim was deadly.

While the sergeant was yet rolling from his horse the outlaw whirled like lightning, throwing the lever of his repeater, the gun still at his shoulder. Then he slowly lowered it.

"Gy-yah!" he grunted.

Most inexplicable was the thing that had happened. The young Indian, Jo, had vanished.

The moon was late on the rise that night. The whip-poor-will that haunted the edge of the water-course had long been crying before the lop-sided bit of silver was high enough to filter through the leafage of the lonesome glade into broken patches of white light. They lay in mottles along the sward, and in the place of deepest shadow a single ray gleamed brightly against something in the grass. Now and then the leaves stirred uneasily in the vagrant airs that penetrated there, and the ghostly shadows moved to and fro along the grass. And always far away somewhere, clear though faint, the whip-poor-will was calling—calling mournfully.

It was thus when the bushes parted cautiously and wary eyes looked into the little glade. It was some time before the dark shadow behind them slunk into the open and the moonlight played upon the sinewy limbs of a young Indian. His crouching body lent itself to the movements of an unspeakable fear, and in his eyes was the glitter of it. This haunted, shrinking creature looked not like he in whose veins ran the wild blood of warlike ancestors, and who

listened to the voices that crouched in the wild plain-grasses—the young scout that was called Jo. Yet it was Jo.

Once in the open space, he lost no time in what he was about, but glided over to the place of deepest shadow where the single ray gleamed brightly against the object in the grass. The Indian paused for one brief instant; the next he was moving swiftly into the cover of the leaves, and behind him dragged the long, dark thing he sought. The moonlight followed after, glinting on its spurs. Then they were gone, and only the white patches mottled the little glade where the ghostly shadows moved so restlessly to and fro along the grass.

Jo's horse was down in the river-bottom. He lifted the body of Sergeant O'Leary across the pony's back and set out swiftly into the night. A night and a day, and yet another night he travelled, pushing on without a halt till the first level rays of the second day's sun shone white on the buildings of the fort, clustering in the distance. Thus they came back.

Silently, swiftly, without explanation, he led his horse through the gate, hitched him outside the bunk-house, and sought the superintendent. Behind closed doors he told him, and the superintendent listened, his weather-browned face drawn, his jaw set tight. He was very close to his men, this officer with the indomitable chin and the steel in his eye, and things like this always hurt him. It was the hazard to which they were all exposed; the men accepted it as such, and knew their duty without reckoning costs. But it came hard to lose a man like Sergeant O'Leary by the hand of a renegade Redskin, and there was small satisfaction even in the knowledge that the outlaw had immediately paid the forfeit of his life for the crime—What!

"The heap big afraid, heem jump into Jo's feet," explained the young Indian, simply. "Jo go get heem now."

He turned and glided to the door.

"Eh? What's that? The—the—"

"Jo go get heem now."

"Jo!" thundered the superintendent.

But the room was empty.

Outside, Jo made swift preparations for departure. The news had spread like wildfire through the fort, and the men crowded together in angry groups and swore deep and long. Hither and thither Jo moved quietly. He had no word to say.

"Hey, men!" called Corporal Haines, waving a hand high over his head. "What d'you think! Jo, here, let the beggar git clean away! Darn your red hide —"

"Shut up, Haines!" growled the gruff voice of old Jerry Davis.

He had seen the quick flash that had leapt for a brief instant into the Indian's eyes where he stood by the cayuse. Davis had been trapper and scout for many years, and he knew many things. He went over and spoke to Jo.

Not half an hour elapsed from the time the Indian had ridden into the fort until he was riding away from it with face turned resolutely to the never-ending stretch of plain. And even as the wiry little pony was dipping out of sight beyond the nearest swell, the bugler of E Division back at the fort was sounding "boots-and-saddles."

Three weeks went by—three weeks in which O'Leary's comrades, disregarding sleepless nights and inclement weather, thoroughly patrolled the country. But the renegade, Running Wolf, was still at large. The affair had happened at a very bad season, as the Indians on the reserves in the vicinity had just scattered out for their autumn hunt over a large extent of broken country. Besides that, many of the Indians were more or less related to the outlaw, and their sympathies rendered any information they might give of a very doubtful character.

Two detachments, outfitted for several months, were placed out on either side of the hunting-grounds, and throughout the length and breadth of the great North-West the red-coated comrades of Sergeant O'Leary rode and drove and watched untiringly. Officers, non-commissioned officers, and men alike were determined not to be balked in their efforts; but the weeks began to lengthen into months and still did the fugitive roam at liberty.

But there was no talk of abandoning the hunt. Not only had the law been flagrantly outraged, but the prestige of the force was at stake; and though neither Indians nor half-breeds seemed to know anything of Running Wolf or his whereabouts, the men who sought him continued to seek him, their muscles tense beneath the tan of their cheeks, and a light in their eyes that boded ill.

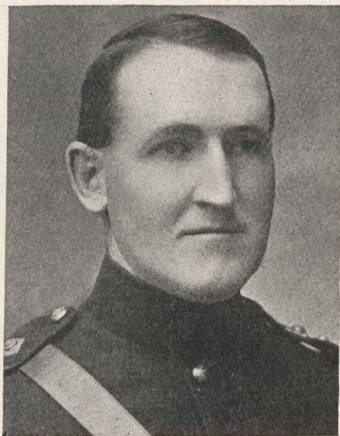
(Continued on page 21)

# Some Newly Elected Mayors of Ontario Towns

A study in occupations and physiognomy, from which the reader may gather some ideas as to the class and character of the men who are devoting themselves to the service of their fellow-citizens in municipal work. Lord Rosebery has said that "in the practical work which you do in municipal life you get a more immediate return for it than you do in Parliament. What you are able to effect, you see achieved at once."



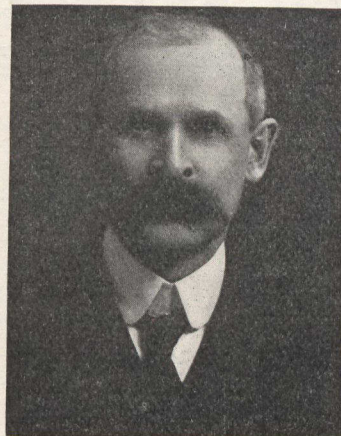
Mr. Samuel Stevely,  
Manufacturer, London.



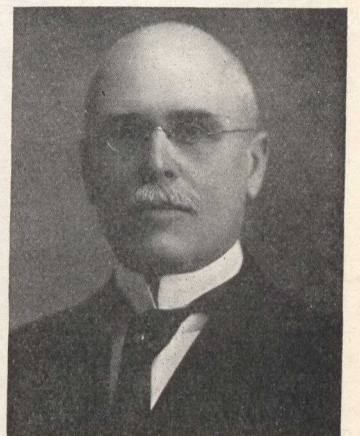
Capt. F. W. Hall,  
Barrister, Perth.



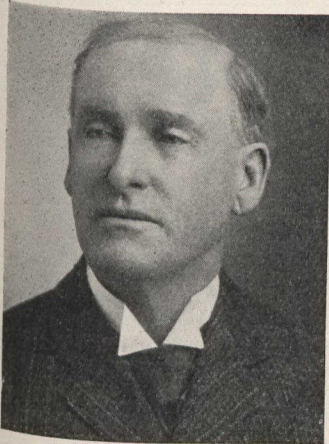
Mr. Charles Hopewell,  
Merchant, Ottawa.



Mr. John J. Mason,  
Clothier, Bowmanville.



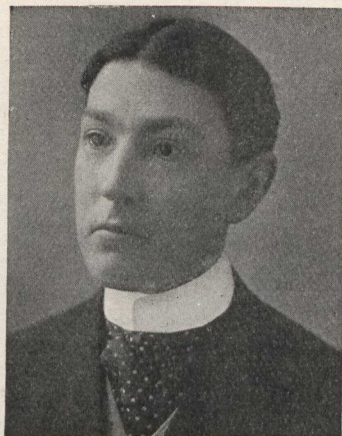
Mr. W. S. Dingman,  
Publisher, Stratford.



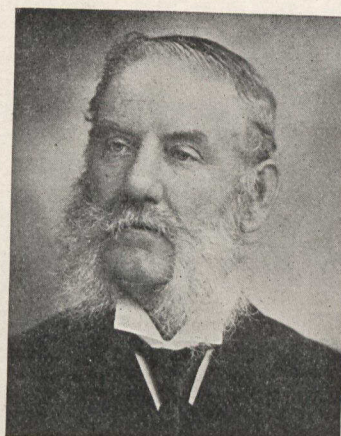
Dr. J. S. McCallum,  
Smith's Falls.



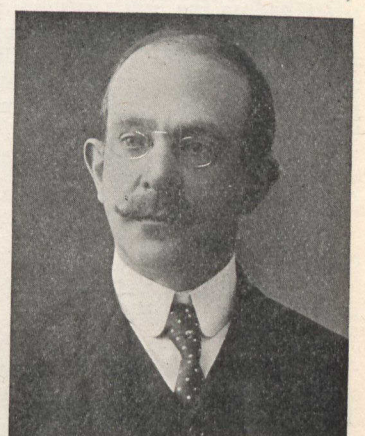
Mr. James S. Fraser,  
Merchant, Pembroke.



Mr. Chas. C. Hahn,  
Merchant, Berlin.



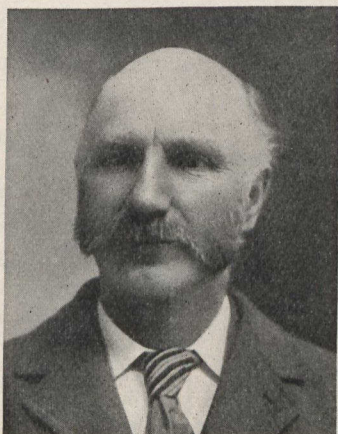
Dr. Newton,  
Fifth Term, Deseronto.



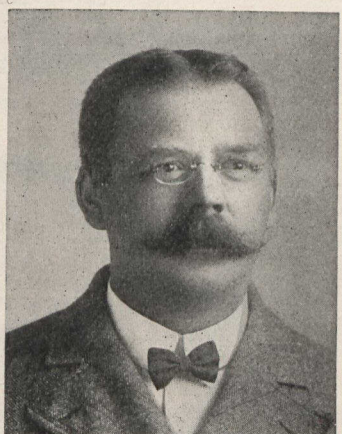
Mr. Edward E. Grant,  
Oil Producer, Petrolia.



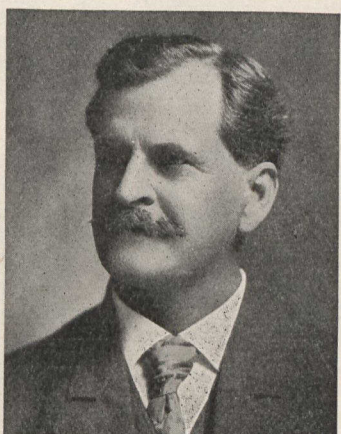
Mr. W. H. Westman,  
Merchant, Chatham.



Mr. James Donevan,  
Gananoque.



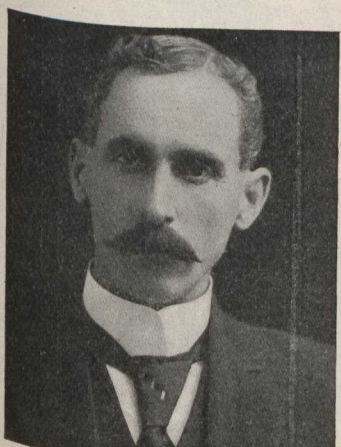
Mr. A. Weidenhammer,  
Publisher, Waterloo.



Mr. William E. Stevens,  
Barrister, Aylmer.



Captain J. I. McLaren,  
Hamilton.



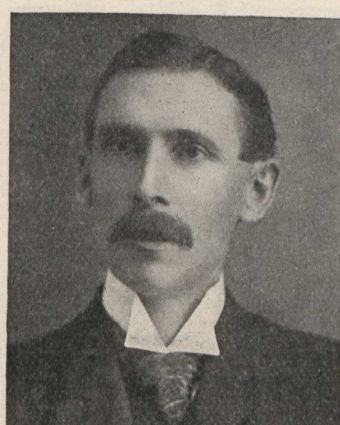
Mr. J. J. Vincent,  
Merchant, Bothwell.



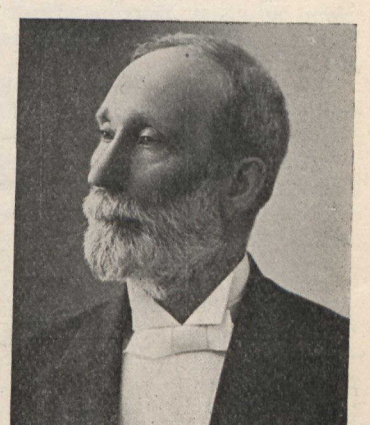
Mr. Geo. Geddes,  
Insurance, St. Thomas.



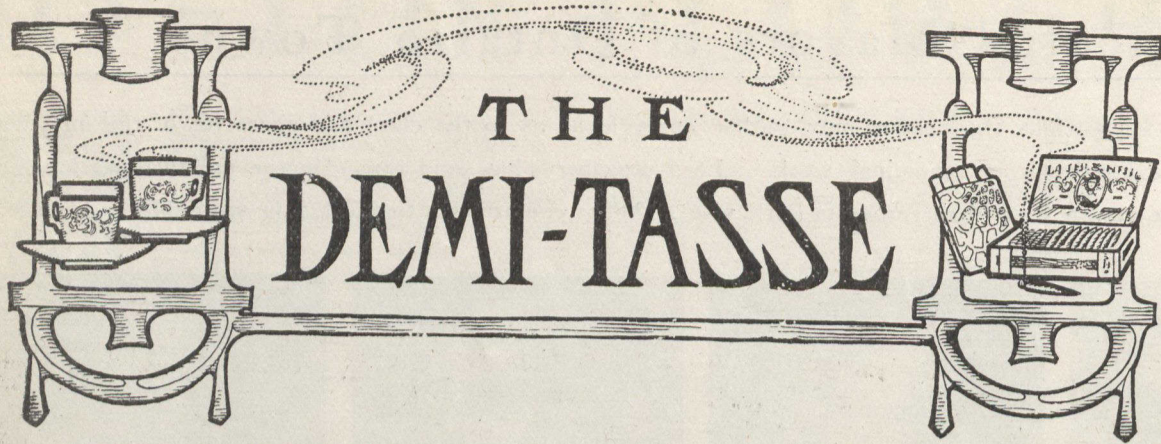
Mr. W. Crawford Goffatt,  
Fur Trader, Orillia.



Mr. Wm. H. Kyle,  
Merchant, Brockville.



Mr. Henry Rush,  
Insurance, Peterborough.



## CONCERNING HOSPITALITY.

A PROMINENT Canadian statesman who had been visiting the Old Country during last month was speaking with heartfelt enthusiasm of the way in which John Bull feeds his friends. "There were dinners—such long and elaborate dinners—luncheons, which were dinners in all but name, and breakfasts—early breakfasts, which sent a man on his way rejoicing. Ah! it was a wonderful experience but when I returned to Ottawa I was aware of a liver."

"But what were the meals at your London hotel like?" asked an inquisitive friend.

"Meals!" echoed the distinguished politician in disgust. "Haven't I been telling you about them? All I had at the hotel was tea and Turkish baths."

A Montreal "magician" recently visited Toronto and on his return to the province on the St. Lawrence was asked about the treatment he had received from his Toronto hosts. He waxed eloquent over his experiences in Ontario and concluded by praising especially the hospitable virtues of "Bobbie" Smith, who had taken particular pains to show him around the city of churches.

"Ah! That man is a prince!" he remarked with enthusiasm approaching the tearful. "When I hear his name, I just shut my eyes and see millions—millions of champagne!"

\* \* \*

## WHEN BROWN WAS TRUMPS.

MR. HENRY HIGHFLYER recently went into the white regions of Cobalt in quest of silver and "sich." In the course of his wandering and speculation, he made friends with Mr. Joshua Brown and proceeded to write to business acquaintances in Mr. Brown's home city, asking what manner of man Joshua had been. The details were quite satisfactory and Mr. Highflyer sent a further communication saying that he had decided to take the new friend into partnership. His correspondents then wrote in a hurry to say that Mr. Joshua Brown, although an excellent man, was possessed of neither money nor mining experience and that he would hardly make a suitable partner for a Cobalt magnate. The cheerful answer came with an assurance which showed the writer's knowledge of the public's little ways.

"I don't care about his money or what he knows about mines. What I want is a name that looks solid and respectable on the company's stationery and I guess 'Joshua Brown' is good enough for anything."

\* \* \*

## NEWSLETS.

Hon. A. G. MacKay is to have a temperance plank in his platform. Now, just watch Alec play teeter on that board.

Mr. James A. Haverson says that forty is his unlucky number.

Trustee Levee will not be invited to the Vatican when he visits Yurrup. Such a shame for His Holiness not to catch a glimpse of the Chesterfield of Canada!

Mr. Joseph Martin and Mr. Henri Bourassa have applied for the secretaryship of the Canadian Peace and Arbitration Society.

The letter "u" has triumphed in the Province of Ontario and the *Canadian Magazine*, to say nothing of the *Canadian Courier*, may now say to the *Globe* and the *Tiser*: "I told U so."

\* \* \*

## REFORMED SPELLING.

THE *Toronto Star* remarks: "With a name spelled like Colquhoun is, the Deputy Minister of Education had better preserve a discreet silence in the matter of spelling reform. Scrutiny of the new spelling books may result in finding airship spelled balquhoun."

This reminds one of the colonel who declared

that Celtic ways of orthography were "simply infolonel."

\* \* \*

## A NEW YEAR'S STORY.

A Resolution, grim and bold,  
Was born in January's cold.  
It lived a day and when it died,  
Not e'en its maker sat and cried.

\* \* \*

## AT THE POLICE STATION.

Excited Lady: "Can you help me find my husband? He walks with a limp, has light hair, blue eyes—and a decided Roman nose."

Officer: "No, use, lady. A nose of that kind never turns up." G. N.

\* \* \*

## SIR WILFRID'S RETORT.

SIR WILFRID LAURIER, whose twelve years of continuous power in Canada have now received a further extension, is generally considered, says *Tit-Bits*, to be the thinnest of prime ministers. And yet a big, burly Conservative M. P. was once maladroit enough to charge him with "fattening at the expense of the poor deluded people of this country."

Sir Wilfrid genially retorted: "I ask the House to look at the honourable gentleman opposite and then look at me and say which of us is most exposed to the charge of getting fat."

The contrast between the aldermanic proportions of the assailant and the slim figure of the assailed was too much for the gravity of the House, and there was a general and genial roar.

\* \* \*

## A PLAIN CASE.

THE Judge: "What reason have you to believe from the evidence, that this man didn't visit his home some time during the day?"

Foreman of Jury: "Because, your Honour, it was

disclosed by the evidence that on that day his wife was giving a bridge party."—*Life*.

\* \* \*

## LOCAL OPTION.

"You say that local option has been of great benefit to this section of the country?"

"Yes, sir," answered Colonel Stillwell. "As soon as a lot of us citizens realised how far anybody would have to go for a drink we organised a good roads movement."—*Washington Star*.

\* \* \*

## COULDN'T STAND THE TEST.

"Porter."

Thus the passenger for London hailed a railway servant at a small Scottish station.

"Yessir?" The man instinctively held out his hand.

"Do you think this parcel well enough tied to trust going in the van?"

"Weel, I'll see," answered the porter, dropping the parcel with a bang. "She'll get that here, an' she'll get that at the junction"—giving it another drop—"and she'll get *that* at Perth!"—banging it so lustily that all the contents scattered over the pavement. "Weel, sir, if she be goin' farther than Perth, she'll nae do whatever!"—*Illustrated Mail*.

\* \* \*

## AN INDEFINITE ORDER.

THE landlord of a small country inn was sitting listlessly before the fire in the bar parlour when the door opened and a loud-voiced young fellow exclaimed:

"Hello, grandad! Get your frame in circulation. Don't sit around here like an old woman! I want accommodation for man and beast."

"Where's the man?" asked the old landlord in a flash.

\* \* \*

## SAM'S JUDGMENT.

AUGUSTUS THOMAS, the playwright, told in a recent speech of a hunting trip he had taken in the South. They were after coons and possums, but the only trail the dogs struck was one which made them put their tails between their legs and turn for home.

"Just what does a polecat look like?" Mr. Thomas asked one of his negro guides.

"A polecat, boss? Why, a polecat's somefin' like a kitten, only prettier. Yes, a polecat's a heap prettier 'n a kitten, ain't it, Sam?" he said, turning to another negro for corroboration. Sam did not seem so sure. He hesitated a moment.

"Well," he replied, scratching his wool, "it's always been mah contention dat handsome is as handsome does."



Macdougall (to his new fourth wife). "The meenister doesna approve o' my marryin' again, an' sae young a wife too. But, as I tell't him, I canna be aye buryin', buryin'."—Punch.

# PEOPLE AND PLACES

**GAYLORD WILSHIRE**—he is remembered as the Canadian who became too much of a Socialist to stay in Canada—has been acting up in a New York theatre. Seated in a box Wilshire listened to an anti-socialist play in which the actor Lackaye was the star. The magazine publisher was not thinking of the old days down in Elgin when he ran as Socialist candidate for the Ontario Legislature. He was waiting for a chance to rise in his box and administer a swipe to the anti-Socialist. So at a convenient point in the play when the psychological moment seemed to have arrived, the author rose and challenged the actor to a debate on Socialism. There were cries of "Get the hook," followed by a desultory jamming of words between the actor and the author; but the debate did not come off and the actor had the last word in a speech before the curtain.

\* \* \*

**GALICIANS** are some of the most remarkable people that ever came to Canada. Ten years ago they were "Sifton's sheepskins," as unpromising a lot of immigrants as ever landed out of colonist cars. The other day a Galician named Krikewosky ran as candidate for the office of school trustee in the city of Edmonton and he polled a respectable vote. A few years ago Krikewosky wore a sheepskin coat and had his troubles with the English language. To-day he is doing fine and becoming a citizen just about as fast as the law allows. So this is what a writer in the *Saturday News* has to say about the Galicians:

"The showing that Mr. Krikewosky made is quite sufficient to indicate that our fellow-citizens of Ruthenian birth will before long be a factor in the city government. At one of the meetings of the recent campaign, a speaker protested against the disposition to look down upon them, declaring that they were doing everything in their power to be good Canadians and were deserving of the most considerate treatment. The protest was a very timely one. The term 'Galician,' as applied to them, is no more correct than if all Canadians in New York were called Ontarians, because the majority of Canadians who live in that city come from Ontario. They are part of a race which has a high reputation for industry and frugality and which has produced many men of great ability. They are adapting themselves to the conditions of their new home very rapidly and when a few more of them are numbered among the landed proprietors of Edmonton, we shall see a change in the feeling that they now so justly resent."

\* \* \*

**BUT** in the Canadian West just now some thousands of people are talking reminiscently about the marvellous gardens they had last summer; gardens in which everything vegetable grew inside of a wire fence that shut off the illimitable prairie. There are great gardens in that land, both of flowers and vegetables; and those English folk who are so fearful of being lonesome in the West should learn that even an English garden might look poor and wretched beside some of those swaggering gardens on the prairie.

\* \* \*

**THE** case of Donjour Jouti in British Columbia is one of the strangest stories that have ever affected both the old world and the new. Jouti, as he called himself, lived a life that would have delighted Dumas. He was a French absconder; his real name was Theodore Tijou, and in Chemille, France, up till 1896 he was a notary; was at one time a wealthy man; managed estates for rich relatives—respected and prosperous, but like many other trustees of large wealth he began to get into mysterious debts; debts for which he could not account—and they drove him out of France. So he went to British Columbia, which was about as far from France and those debts as he could get; and he reckoned that no Parisian Javert would be likely to follow him there among the mountains. In Vancouver Jouti became a teacher of French; suave and affable and innocent. He had jewellery marked with his own and his wife's name and papers that might have betrayed him. He entered the office of the French consulate—a daring thing to do. Still he was not traced by the French police. He was entrusted with diplomatic business; travelled at the expense of the French Government whose minions of law he should have been fearing. And after years

of this citizenship, respected and smooth and prosperous in the new land even more than he had been in the old, Jouti alias Tijou died—on a train! The Consulate began to dig into his past; they found a career—the double strange career of Theodore Tijou.

\* \* \*

**MEANWHILE**, following the benevolent message of President Roosevelt in regard to the conservation of natural resources in Canada and the United States, the logging nabobs down in Maine are ingeniously busy on a scheme that will prevent New Brunswick from getting one log more down its rivers than she is entitled to by law. Logs have a habit of following rivers once they get into the current. Logs cut in Maine and dropped into a river that ignores a national boundary and runs through a part of New Brunswick are liable to land up in New Brunswick and get sold there or manufactured there. And this is not good economy for those smart Yankees; neither was it contemplated in the Ashburton Treaty. The scheme of log protection is set forth in a Bangor paper which in addition to a lot of other economic talk says this:

"A vast expanse of northern Maine is drained by the river St. John and its tributaries, which waters until recently formed the only means of log transportation. The ocean outlet is at the city of St. John on the Bay of Fundy. Since the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad reached the region of the Aroostook and Fish rivers, tributaries of the St. John, the lumber commerce of those streams has been diverted to home channels, but for the vast and immensely rich timber country of western Aroostook



A TOMATO PATCH AT SASKATOON

This photograph is sent us by an amateur gardener from Saskatoon. A few weeks ago a picture of a tomato patch at Haileybury, 335 miles north of Toronto was published. This patch is 600 miles north of the Toronto line. In both 1906 and 1908, Mr. Belyea succeeded in ripening tomatoes in open air at Saskatoon. The plants were set out on May 24th, and ripe tomatoes were picked during the whole of August. Mr. Belyea believes that tomatoes may be grown without artificial protection even farther north.

in what is known as the Allagash region, the river route to the Bay of Fundy is still the only outlet, and that way every year go many millions of Maine logs, on a slow and expensive journey to New Brunswick mills. The resourceful Yankees of Maine are hopeful that the year 1909 will see a long stride made toward overcoming the adverse circumstances of the northern rivers flowing east to the Bay of Fundy instead of south to the Penobscot. This plan involves the building of a railroad from the northern boundary of the state, through the forests of western Aroostook and northern Piscataquis to a connection with the main line of the Bangor & Aroostook, thence to the sea."

\* \* \*

**THE** Smithsonian Institute is getting anxious about some new species of caribou recently discovered on Graham Island, British Columbia. There seem to be a good many species of caribou in Canada and the latest investigations of Curator Kermode of the Provincial Museum in Victoria establish it beyond a doubt that this Graham Island sort is something quite out of the ordinary. Mr. Seton-Thompson became busy on this specimen some time ago and after a deal of goggling and drawing he concluded that the new variety ought to be called Rangifer Dawsoni out of respect to the eminent geologist Dawson. But the wise-acres in British Columbia do not agree with Seton. They have expert evidence to show that this novelty is an original sort of caribou of which no man knows anything. Meanwhile the Smithsonian Institute, which has been wiring for a sample of the new craze in caribous, will have to wait, for an Order-in-Council has been passed prohibiting these interesting animals from wandering away from Graham Island, or anybody from shooting the same.

**ONE** more link of empire has been forged in Ottawa. That is the Canadian and Imperial Service Association, which is a body of men organized among the militia for the following purposes: To assist those who have rendered service to their country; to visit them when they are ill; to render pecuniary assistance to them if necessary, and last but not least to extend to them proper burial, rather than that they be placed in a pauper's grave. These benefits are to be extended to any in need, throughout Canada. Another aim of the organization is the establishment of a home in Canada wherein its members in their old age may find a place of rest and comfort. Officers of the Association are: President, J. W. Thompson; Vice-President, J. R. Thompson; Secretary, R. C. Hull; Financial Secretary, A. W. Sturgess; Treasurer, T. W. King; Executive Council, F. W. Fregin, A. T. Shore, J. W. Boville and W. Marsh.

\* \* \*

**A** WRITER in the January *Philistine* has made the discovery that there is a good deal of benevolence on at least one Canadian railway. He probably means the Grand Trunk, for the story he tells concerns a touching little episode which he encountered at London, Ontario, and which he describes in detail. This man must have had his eyes wide open, for most of us have been travelling on the Grand Trunk for a large number of years without observing any extraordinary examples of benevolence. He saw on the train a family of five German children who were travelling all alone from the home land to some place in Illinois; unable to speak a word of English and knowing nothing about the big, wide country through which they were going with so many more people who seemed to know exactly where they belonged, and who owned the railway, and what train was to be taken next, and when they should arrive and all the rest of it. And because these little Germans were in a great big fog the conductor seems to have taken time from his punching of tickets and looking daggers at the rest of the passengers to give the youngsters a real good time. Anyway, this was what the observant traveller saw as recounted by himself—on that Grand Trunk train; or perhaps it was a Wabash?

"At London, Ontario, our train waited an hour for Toronto and Montreal connections. Just before we reached London, I saw the conductor take the three smallest little passengers to the wash room at the end of the car, roll up their sleeves, turn their collars in, and duly wash their hands and faces. Then he combed their hair. They accepted the situation as if they belonged to the conductor's family, as of course they did, for the time being. It was a domestic scene that caused the whole car to smile, and made everybody know everybody else. The children had a bushel basket full of eatables, but at London, that conductor took the whole brood over to the dining hall for supper, and I saw two fat men scrap as to who should have the privilege of paying for the kiddies' suppers. The children munched and smiled and said little things to each other in Teutonic whispers. After our train left London, and the conductor had taken up his tickets, he came back, turned over two seats and placed the cushions lengthwise. One of the train men borrowed a couple of blankets from the sleeping cars, and with the help of three volunteered overcoats, the babies were all put to bed, and duly tucked in."

\* \* \*

**NOW** they are agitating for a million club down in Nova Scotia; the object being to secure for that province population of a million, which is no more than so beautiful and wealthy a province ought to have, since in these days of civilisation by statistics the number of folks you have in a place seems to determine how good a place it may be. No more deserted villages for Nova Scotia. Enough of pastoral peace and untenanted valleys; sufficiency of Wordsworth and of Ruskin—for them the smoke-stack and the crowd and the scurrying street-car loaded to the doors. It's the Winnipeg idea that has got loose. It has struck Nova Scotia hard. The arguments in favour of the million are hard to disprove and are explicitly set forth in a recent issue of the *Halifax Herald*.



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# WHEAT

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**The ELECTROPHONE**—A new, scientific and practical invention for those who are deaf or partially deaf—may now be **Tested in Your Own Home.** Deaf or partially deaf people may now make a month's trial of the Electrophone on payment of a small deposit. This is unusually important news for the deaf, for by this plan the final selection of the one completely satisfactory hearing aid is made easy and inexpensive for everyone.

This new invention renders unnecessary such clumsy, unsightly and frequently harmful devices, as trumpets, horns, tubes, ear-drums, fans, etc. It is a tiny electric telephone that fits on the ear, and which, the instant it is applied magnifies the sound waves in such a manner as to cause an astonishing increase in the clearness of all sounds. It overcomes the buzzing and roaring ear noises, and also so constantly and electrically exercises the vital parts of the ear that usually the natural unaided hearing itself is gradually restored.



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## MUSIC AND DRAMA

MISS MARGARET ANGLIN is not to act on this continent during the present year. She ended her tour of Australia at Sydney just before Christmas and is spending a holiday in Egypt before going on to London, where, it is rumoured, she may have a theatrical engagement in April. This best-known of Canadian actresses has had a successful tour in the Pacific Commonwealth and her many friends in her native land hope that she may achieve a triumph in the capital of the Empire.

\* \* \*

MISS HATTIE WILLIAMS, who made such a favourable impression on New Yorkers last year in that airy play, "Fluffy Ruffles," comes to the Princess Theatre, Toronto, on the 21st of this month. The theatrical creation in which she appears is called a musical melange, which is as good a phrase as may be coined for the modern production which pleases amusement-seekers. Mr. Charles Frohman has spared no expense in making "Fluffy Ruffles" the dainty and delicate affair which the name would imply. Certainly Miss Williams succeeded last autumn in creating a veritable sensation in her part and has associated with her an unusually bright and attractive group of comediennees.

\* \* \*

THE most important musical events of next week will be the concerts, given by the National Chorus under Dr. Ham in Massey Music Hall, Toronto, on January 18th and 19th. The chorus will be assisted, as in former years, by the New York Symphony Orchestra under Mr. Walter Damrosch. Miss Margaret Keyes is the chief soloist engaged and her reception at the Caruso concert last May was so enthusiastic that there is little doubt of her attractive quality for the present engagement. Miss Keyes' rise to popular favour has been sudden but her place seems already assured as an artist whom the continent will delight to honour. The announcement of the British composers' night and the following programme has already been made in this department and there remains but to express best wishes for the success of the chorus and their enterprising conductor.

\* \* \*

THERE has been some criticism regarding the prices charged at Massey Hall, Toronto, for the Harry Lauder concerts. Certainly this Scotch comedian seems to have come high, but the management of Massey Hall may not be to blame for the absurd prices nor for the weird performances of the "speculators." It seems that Mr. Lauder has a wonderfully "thawing" effect upon the pockets of his fellow-countrymen. Anyone who would pay the sum of one-dollar-and-a-half to hear this Caledonian humorist must be very foolish—or very Scotch. To those of us who are not from the Land o' Cakes the saddest feature of the Lauder visit is the inheritance of "heathery" songs he has left. Every newsboy and boot-black is echoing strains in praise of "A bonnie Hielan' lassie." In fact, the very air is filled with laddies and lassies and "lilies in the dell." However, this epidemic of "Hoot mon" lyrics and jokes will probably vanish with the frost.

\* \* \*

THE Royal Alexandra Theatre, Toronto, is to be congratulated on the class of attractions it has secured since the opening of the year. "The Warrens of Virginia," the play

of this week, is a production of romantic and picturesque order, entirely interesting to all lovers of such drama whether in Virginia or Ontario.

Last week, the Princess Theatre, Toronto, saw the production of "Paid in Full," the drama by Mr. Eugene Walter which has made such a comfortable fortune for that lucky playwright. It may be of interest to Toronto theatre-goers to learn that Miss Charlotte Walker, who plays the part of *Agatha Warren* at the Royal Alexandra this week, is the wife of Mr. Walter. Their marriage took place two months ago and, among theatrical alliances, divided interest with that of Mlle. Fritzi Scheff to Mr. John Fox, the novelist.

\* \* \*

THE Schubert Choir concerts, to be given in Massey Hall, Toronto, on February twenty-second and twenty-third, are likely to prove as popular as last year's events, for that cheerful and indefatigable conductor, Mr. H. M. Fletcher, has been expending much energy on the new features of his programme, notably Mozart's "King Thamos." The Pittsburg Orchestra, under that artistic and enthusiastic master, Mr. Emil Paur, will be associated with the Toronto organization, much to the satisfaction of all patrons of Toronto's musical undertakings.

Reports from Cleveland and Buffalo show that the concerts in those cities by the Pittsburg Orchestra have been eminently acceptable to the public and that their enthusiastic reception is having an inspiring effect upon the musicians themselves. As the first Toronto concert of this season will be given on Washington's Birthday, it would be a graceful compliment to the orchestra if there were a display of the United States flag with the Union Jack. The extravagant and unmeaning use of the Stars and Stripes in Canadian theatres is to be discouraged but the visit of the popular Pittsburg organisation on such an occasion would make an international courtesy of this nature appropriate. When the Mendelssohn Choir goes to Buffalo the citizens of that flourishing town invariably display the Union Jack in convention Hall, and a recognition of this kind is sure to promote good fellowship.

\* \* \*

THE Shaftesbury Theatre, a West End playhouse in London, England, is about to be pulled down, after a checkered career of twenty years. In spite of its many misfortunes, the Shaftesbury has had some notable triumphs. A year after it was built the production of Henry Arthur Jones's play, "The Middleman," resulted in a triumph for E. S. Willard, as well as for its author. Two years later the first performance in England of Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana" was given, while the triumph of "The Belle of New York" packed the theatre for over eighteen months.

\* \* \*

MISS Edith Miller, the well-known Canadian contralto singer, sang the music of *Delilah* in the London (England) Choral Society's production of Saint-Saens' "Samson and Delilah" last month at the Queen's Hall. Miss Miller's rendering of the part, says *Canada*, was excellent, her beautiful voice suiting the part to perfection. Another Canadian lady who has made a hit in London musical circles is Miss Katherine Ruth Heyman who gave a pianoforte recital at Steinway Hall recently. Miss Heyman, who is much appreciated in Canada and the States, deserves to be better known in England.

LITERARY NOTES

CAMPBELL'S DRAMAS.

NO one may safely deny that the Canadian interest in poetry is on the wane. It may be quite true that the smaller poets find it just as difficult to sell their little volumes today as they did fifteen years ago. Nevertheless, there are more volumes published annually and the total annual sales are three or four times what they were at that remote period. The kindly reception given to Lampman's volume, to Campbell's collection of poems, to Dr. Drummond's different publications and to Service's rugged jingles, affords sufficient proof that Canadians are not blind to the pleasure to be derived from the reading and recitation of native verse.

In the field of drama the appeal is to a high intellectual taste. Not every one who appreciates the pathetic tinge of Drummond's Habitant poems, or the robust colour of Service's ringing verse, can appreciate the finer beauties of Heavvsee's

nor popularity, but each has followed his own endowment with patience, sincerity, and altogether for the sake of poetry. Mr. Campbell stands with the most sincere among Canadian poets. He occupies a place peculiarly his own as one who ponders the questions of existence deeply. These are the predominant qualities in the four tragedies which appear in the present volume.

\* \* \*

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

TURNING to the January number of the *Canadian Magazine*, we find Mr. Goldwin Smith's name again as the writer of the leading article, "The Crisis in India." While the writer concludes that the end must come, since a race cannot rule forever in a land in which it cannot rear its children, he shows the doubtfulness of any effective "rising" at present. "Native princes have armies more numerous than efficient, but none of them have shown any disposition to

A Good Opening for the Right Man

How often these words hold out an illusion to the man seeking a place. But one man wanted and so many who think they are "right." Now its different with the proposition we have, for there is positively work for every man who is right. The "opening" referred to exists in every city, town, village and country-side where men and women are interested in good, wholesome literature. By literature we mean "Courier" and what it stands for. Your particular community may not know the Courier, but intelligent people can be interested in our aim to establish a weekly illustrated paper of such scope in news and opinions, such originality in aim, and clean and commanding purpose in its tone that everywhere it shall become the national voice, speaking in our politics and social life. Pretty large ideal that? Yes, but what else is worth while.

The Canadian Courier

has entered every place of considerable importance in the Dominion. From ocean to ocean it has played its part for two years. The people and the politicians have become accustomed to its voice and its purpose. Its circulation has grown rapidly. It now surpasses that of any Canadian periodical. It must still grow; there is room for almost infinite expansion. *It is here the reader comes in.* The Courier has secured a lot of first-class canvassing ability which is now at work, but still there is room for more. Every community no matter what its size, has persons who are acquainted with our ideals and who have leisure and opportunity to give them practical, business effect. Perhaps you are one of such. If so the Courier wants you; you are the right man.

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Mr. Wilfred Campbell.

"Saul" or Mair's "Tecumseh," two of the most noted dramas ever issued in this country. Yet both have had many admirers. It must have required considerable courage on the part of a publishing house to issue a volume of dramas by Mr. William Wilfred Campbell, even though Campbell may be considered one of the most carefully read poets of the day. It will be interesting to note how the public receive it.

Professor Horning, writing in the *Globe* says: "Campbell's work is very interesting, 'Mordred' especially being a capital production. The author is entitled to the greatest credit for his attempts in the field of lofty tragedy, and we as Canadians may justly be proud of him and wish him success in any further efforts."

Miss MacMurphy in the *Toronto News* is even more enthusiastic and writes as follows: "All the qualities of these dramas are on the side of making great a national literature. Mr. Campbell's work in dramatic poetry has power and dignity. He deals seriously with great issues. It is fortunate for Canada that Canadian poets have not put money first

revolt or apparently have as much to gain as they have to lose by revolution." Mr. Thurlow Fraser gives a fearsome account of "The Head-Hunters of Formosa." Sir Charles Tupper shows no sign of age or enervation in his vigorous reply to Senator Miller, regarding a certain interesting "Incident of Confederation" and Mr. H. J. P. Good contributes a highly instructive article, "The Modern Olympia." Indeed, the last-named feature contains a paragraph of criticism on the conduct of certain members of the "American" colony attending London's Olympiad of 1908 which makes piquant reading. "They made insulting remarks, so we are told," (the women of the United States colony) "while some of their companions made use of language both blasphemous and obscene. And these rowdies were received and honoured by the President, the first man of their country. It is to the credit of the best English papers that they took the more dignified course and declined to comment on or even to report such abominable behaviour." Verily, the Olympiad of 1908 does

(Continued on page 20)

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## FOR THE CHILDREN

### THE LITTLE PATH.

By E. W. F.

ONE morning, a few weeks after Mr. Milliken had moved his family to the farm he had bought for a summer home, he was walking slowly up to the house from the front gate when he saw for the first time a funny little path.

Instead of running along beside the driveway, it ran right across it, and then up across the lawn; and as Mr. Milliken looked at it he wondered why any one should want to go back and forth there so often as to make a path through the grass.

When he reached the house, he spoke to Harold and Jessie about it. “You mustn't get into the habit of going back and forth across the lawn that way, my dears,” he said. “It wears away the grass and doesn't look well.”

“Why, papa,” cried Jessie, “we haven't been across the lawn at all in any one place!”

And Harold, too, said, “We haven't, papa, really.”

Mr. Milliken thought this was strange, but he said no more until a few days later, when he happened to pass that way again and noticed that the little path showed more plainly than ever. It looked deeper and was worn smoother. So he said again, “Children, are you sure you are not making that path across the lawn? Isn't there some game that you play there which you may have forgotten about?”

No, they were sure they had not played there at all, and they knew nothing about the little path. But after their father had spoken to them the second time they went out to see what it was that he meant.

They found a curious little track, or trail, about as wide as Harold's two hands, running right up across the lawn and disappearing in the orchard beyond. They could follow it easily until they got up among the apple-trees, but there they lost it.

“Let's see if there is any other end to it,” said Jessie. And so they followed the path back until they reached the driveway. Here, of course, the hard gravel showed no signs except the marks of the wheels, but Harold suddenly gave a little shout of delight, and pointed to the bank on the other side of the driveway. There the little path began again, and showed even more plainly. It went right up over one side of the bank and down the other, and the children, following it, found that it led down to the edge of the brook and ended there.

The more they thought about it the stranger it seemed. Who could have made the path, and who could be using it now? For it was easy to see that whoever or whatever had made it was still passing back and forth over it every day.

They talked it over with their father and mother, but neither could give them any help. Then they went out to the stable and told Eben, the hired man, about it. When he had finished oiling the harness, he went with the children and looked the little path over carefully. Then he said, quite seriously, “I think I know the fellow that made this path—or rather the fellows, for there must be several of them. How would you like to watch for them to-night?”

“O lovely!” cried the children, and they could hardly wait until darkness fell and Eben was ready to take them out.

Before they started Eben made them promise to keep perfectly still while they watched, and neither to

move nor to speak so much as a single word, even in a whisper. Then he took down the big lantern with a reflector, which was always placed by the stable door, to light the driveway. This he placed in a large wooden box, over which he threw a blanket. He wrapped Jessie and Harold in two other blankets, and then they all went out and lay down in the edge of the orchard, some distance from the little path, and prepared for a long wait.

It was very dark and very still. The katydids in the maples overhead kept answering back and forth, and now and then a frog croaked by the brook, but for the most part it was so quiet that Harold could hear his own heart beat.

Suddenly, when it seemed as if they had been there for hours, Jessie thought she saw a shadow slipping along the little path. She watched it closely and was sure it was something alive and moving. It would go along a little way and then stop, and then go a little way farther and stop again.

Then Eben pinched her arm gently and touched Harold on the shoulder, and both children could see him point at the moving shadow; but they remembered their promise not to move or speak, and kept perfectly still. They watched and seemed to scarcely breathe.

Not until the shadow had disappeared in the deeper shade of the orchard trees did Eben make any



Who are you?—The Girl's Realm.

move. Then all at once he drew the blanket from the front of the box, and a wide space under the early sweet-apple tree was lighted by the rays of the big lantern with its brilliant reflector. And in this space, sitting up like a little educated dog, or a squirrel, sat a big grey muskrat, holding a yellow apple in his forepaws, and gnawing away at it.

The light of the lantern came so suddenly and was so bright that for a moment the muskrat was dazed and too much surprised to move; but then, dropping his apple as if he had suddenly decided that he did not like apples, anyway, he made a dash down the little path, and plop! they heard him go head first into the brook.

“That is the little fellow that made the path—he and his family,” said Eben. “I thought so. Muskrats are very fond of sweet apples.” — *The Youths' Companion*.

\* \* \*

### PRETENDING.

By MAY TURNER.

When I must play alone, because there's only one of me, Pretending there's another child is lots of fun, you see.

I call her Chloe Amabel—they're both such pretty names!

We play at hide-and-seek, and tag, and many other games.

Sometimes I'm having grown folks call, and sit all in a row.

While they tell pleasant things about how fast the children grow.

My grandma's real, you know, and so they never speak to her— Though once she sat down on the chair that held the minister!

It helps the most, pretending, when I wake up in the night— I s'pose I'm rather frightened, though I'm brave when there's a light; So I pretend there's something in the dark that's warm and kind, And I pat the shadows softly—after that I do not mind!

—*The Youths' Companion*.

## LITERARY NOTES

(Continued from page 19)

not seem to have helped in the “hands-across-the-sea” movement.

Mrs. Blewett's article, “The Lovellie Lady of Holyrood,” is a sympathetic sketch of the historic old palace and its fairest and most ill-fated queen, while Mr. Frank Yeigh's “Five Famous Empty Chairs” gives us glimpses of literary shrines from “Sunnyside” to Stratford. The poetry of this issue is quite up to the standard which the *Canadian Magazine* has set. Mrs. MacKay's “Tir Nan Og” is a mystical snatch of Celtic song and Mr. Haverson's “Another Year” is a villanelle of musical charm.

Among the short stories, “The Romance of the Merry-Go-Round” by Lilian Leveridge is a delightfully amusing tale—and a good humorous yarn is about as rare as earthquakes in Ontario. The author of this rural romance ought to give the world more of such naive and mirth-provoking narratives.

\* \* \*

### AN UNUSUAL NUMBER.

THE *University Monthly* is practically a new publication, *Varsity* having become merely a students' bi-weekly for the University of Toronto. The December number is a credit to the new editorial board, the first article being an especial contribution from Mr. Anthony Hope, “Can Novel-Writing be Taught?” The deliverance of the author of “The Prisoner of Zenda” on this subject is naturally of interest. Mr. Hope comes early to the conclusion: “The true novelist has an instinct and a faculty. The instinct is curiosity about human nature. It is conceivable that teaching might develop this instinct, it is not very likely that it could create it.” The Editor of *Collier's Weekly* has already commented on the adulation of the Arthurs which is evident in this publication. Mr. Bliss Carman was declared a bankrupt some time ago. This fact gives Mr. Arthur Stringer inspiration for a poem, “To Bliss in Bankruptcy,” at the conclusion of which he hints darkly that when Mr. Carnegie's mansion is in ruins, some echo of Bliss Carman's Pan-like songs may haunt the fallen arches and vindicate the poet's fame. This is all very well but Bliss cannot hand the iceman an ode or pacify the laundry expert with a Song from Vagabondia. Then Mr. Arthur E. McFarlane writes an article in praise of Mr. Stringer, forming a duet of laudation which is a “golden miracle” in these mercenary days. How these Arthurs love one another! Mr. Wilfred Campbell has a vigorous utterance concerning Matthew Arnold and the thought of the Nineteenth Century, a poem with a prose introduction. Mr. Campbell always has the courage of his convictions and his convictions are those of a strong-hearted Scot. In the course of his introduction he actually leaves the beaten path to throw pebbles at Meredith and Browning. This is exhilarating.

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Jo—The Flower Killer.

(Continued from page 14)

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And all this time the young Indian, Jo, was doggedly following an elusive trail that had led him over many weary miles of rough country only to double back toward the Minnichinas Hills. And when at last here was doubt no longer as to where the fugitive was making for, Jo sent back word by a half-breed hunter, with whom he had fallen in by the way, and went on alone as before. At the end of two days more he knew by the signs he was closing in on the quarry he sought.

Sundown found him dismounting in a place of grassy slopes with a brook zig-zagging through. It was an ideal spot to camp for the night, and Jo had soon turned the faithful little cayuse loose to browse while he set about getting a snack for himself. He had to content himself with cold tea, for a fire would have been an open breach of caution. When he had eaten, he filled his pipe, leaned back against a stump, stretching his cramped legs straight out in front of him, and smoked.

Then as it had been every night, so it was now that the inexplicable thing came back to haunt him. Why had he run away? Why had he not stayed and shot down the slayer of the big, good-natured pale-face as he was justified in doing? It was a thing beyond his understanding; something that was a part of his growing which he could not analyse. The strange new voices had spoken to him out of the Illimitable, and the fear had jumped into his feet. Was it that he was afraid, then? Was he not hunting this man now, and would he not now avenge the killing of his friend, the white man? As it had been every night, so it was now that he could not understand.

Jo took his pipe out of his mouth. He placed his hand over the bowl of it and quietly sniffed. Again he cautiously sniffed the air, and his eyes began to glitter, his nostrils to dilate. The rifle was lying in the grass not a foot away from the fringe of his right legging. He put the stem of the pipe once more between his teeth and placidly went on smoking; but his right hand began to edge slowly nearer the weapon—so slowly that the movement was imperceptible.

He felt his fingers in contact with the stock; they crept along till they closed upon the cold metal of the lock. It was lightning, that next movement—a movement that left him kneeling behind the stump, the gun resting on the top of it, the hammer at full cock, and one long brown finger on the trigger.

But the Running Wolf was unperturbed. He was squatting not ten feet away—was squatting against another stump, his rifle lying carelessly across his knees, a long reed pipe held to his mouth. He smoked as if there were no such thing as an enemy in the whole wide world, and as if the thing which was pointing straight at him across the top of the neighbouring stump was a harmless stick instead of a deadly "shooting-iron." Only the glint in his eyes was there to betray him—eyes that not for one second wavered from the eyes beyond the gleaming barrel of the gun.

For fully two minutes thus they looked at each other. Then spoke the Running Wolf in the tongue of the Blackfeet:

"Why you no shoot?" he scoffed.

The younger Indian's tense muscles suddenly relaxed. He raised his head, his eyes still fastened unwaveringly upon the swarthy ugliness of the face before him. The glittering

beads that were the eyes seemed to hold a strange fascination which it puzzled him to fathom; they drew him with the influence of an overpowering will that was other than his own. For the second time he could not shoot; but he knew that he would not run away.

"Waugh!" grunted the Running Wolf. "Why does the spy of the pale-face dogs no shoot? His arm is not the arm of a woman; his blood runs not cold like the blood of the little mouse when the owl cries in the night. Here am I! You see me here, why you no shoot?"

The other was still silent. Still he knelt there, searching the face of the renegade. The latter manner changed abruptly.

"Waugh!" he grunted again. "The spirits have spoken many things to my young brother, the Killer-of-Flowers. He is of the lodges of the Blackfeet, and he has not forgotten the totem of his fathers. And his brothers, the Blackfeet braves, have not forgotten. My brother has grown great on the trails; he knows how to shoot the thunder-sticks of the white men; the winds and the grass and the stars speak to him in one tongue; he has smoked the pipes of the white men, and he has been their friend. It was the will of the Great Spirit.

"But now the spirits of his fathers have called to him and told him many things, and he is the white man's friend no longer, but the mighty man of the Blackfeet. His brothers will soon dig up the hatchet and go once more upon the warpath as did their fathers before them and their fathers' fathers. Running Wolf is not a fool. The palefaces are fools! Running Wolf has killed one and he will kill many more. He will not be killed, for it is not the will of the Great Spirit that he should die. He will kill a few more of the Big White Woman's warriors, and his brothers, the Blackfeet, and the braves from the lodges of the Piegiens and the lodges of the Bloods will come with him upon the warpath and drive out the dogs who have robbed them of the land of their fathers. And my brother, the Killer-of-Flowers, will join them. The Great Spirit has willed it; the medicine-men have so declared. I have spoken."

The long twilight faded slowly out in the sky and the air grew chill with the coming of the darkness. They sat there, talked a little and smoked much—talked always of one thing while the bright-starred night wheeled slowly away into the country of the setting sun. When morning came, they ate together; after that they rode away together. And their way lay farther into the Minnichinas Hills.

Another day's sun was going down before the fight began. Corporal Haines' reining in his wiry troop-horse with a sharp exclamation, had caught sight of three Indians scampering into a small bluff off to the right, and he had immediately whirled about and galloped back to the detachment. The men had then been hastily disposed to prevent escape from the bluff, and the fight was on.

After some desultory firing, Corporal Haines and two constables, together with a civilian who had joined them at the Nine-Mile, made a gallant attempt to rush the position; but the results were disastrous. Corporal Haines came back alone, his left arm dangling useless at his side. Five men at once went after the bodies, but secured only one of them, being driven back by the Indians, who had meanwhile excavated a rifle-pit.

The thing began to assume proportions, and the police fell back to

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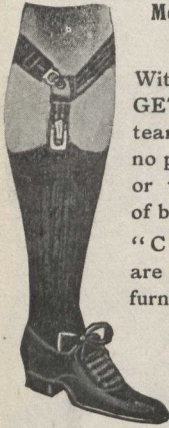
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In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier

hold a council of war. Some of the men were so eager in their impatience to get at the enemy that they could think of nothing but a concerted charge through the bluff; but it was felt that there was no use in risking life unnecessarily. The Redskins had the advantage of the cover and the task of dislodging them was going to be no easy one. So it was decided to wait till the inspector arrived with reinforcements and a nine-pounder gun which was on the way.

The outlaw and his companions kept up a continuous chorus of taunting "coyotes," as sentries were being posted on all sides, and the night crept down dark and cold. The long hours passed with desultory firing at intervals from the bluff, but beyond an occasional response, the sentries hugged their posts silently until the coming of the dawn.

Just before the first streaks of the new day were showing in the East there came a loud "Hullo!" from the bluff, and the renegade, Running Wolf, called out in the language of the Blackfeet:

"Brothers, we've had a good fight. We've worked hard and are hungry. You have plenty of food; send us some, and we will finish the fight."

A strange scene was that on which the sun came up. During the night a large number of Indians and half-breeds had put in an appearance, and daylight found them encamped in a great circle of interested spectators, entirely surrounding the scene where the drama of authority and defiance was being played. Among them was the old mother of the Running Wolf.

She sat upon the ground, rocking to and fro, and ever as she rocked rose the weird incantation—the death-song that recounted the mighty deeds of her son.

So the second day came. The nine-pounder gun had arrived, and the police lost no time in preparing to put an end to what was beginning to seem too much like a farce. The men surrounding the bluff at close range were withdrawn and a wider circle of mounted men took their places. Then the shelling began.

The sun crept high into the sky and blazed brightly at mid-day upon the foliage of the hills and sparkled on the vagrant rivulets. Still the firing went on. The hours crept by, and the long shadows on the wolf willow began to steal along the grass. Still the great circle of spectators waited patiently for the ending of the fight. And ever through it all arose the weird chant—the *Wah-ho-no-min* that was sung by the mother of the Running Wolf.

It lacked an hour or more of sundown when the inspector ordered the firing to cease and himself led a rush through the bluff. But the fight was already over. Running Wolf, the renegade, and one of his companions lay in the rifle-pit where they had been slain by shell-splinters. A little way off from there to the right lay the body of the third Indian.

He was a young Indian, and the muscles had once played like wires beneath the dark of his skin—the young Indian that was called "Jo," the Killer-of-Flowers that was of the lodges of the Blackfeet.

## What Canadian Editors Think

### HISTORY IN LETTERS.

(London Advertiser.)

THE references to Canadian affairs in the "Letters of Queen Victoria," during the critical ten years between the insurrection of 1837 and the triumph of responsible Government, show afresh the failure of the Imperial authorities of that day to grasp the situation in this country. One pitiable evidence was the treatment of Lord Durham upon his return to England with the materials for the report which was to be the Magna Charta of Canadian liberties. This great and generous man saw things as they were, and promulgated principles which to-day govern the relations of the Mother Country and the daughter nations; yet he was overwhelmed with contumely by British statesmen, Whig and Tory, because of errors of judgment which were nothing by contrast with the splendid and enduring service he rendered the British Empire. His proud spirit was broken and his early death hastened by the injustice and ingratitude of his country.

\* \* \*

### CANADA'S FUTURE NO WORRY

(Victoria Colonist.)

THERE are a good many people who are unnecessarily exercising themselves nowadays about the future of Canada as a part of the Empire. For ourselves, we do not profess to be able to see any further ahead than any one else, but we do make a practice of looking backwards occasionally, and we endeavour to form some idea of what the future will be from what the past has been. These frequent retrospects lead us to regard the future with confidence, and cause us to cherish the belief that in some way, that is no more clear to us than the ways of the past

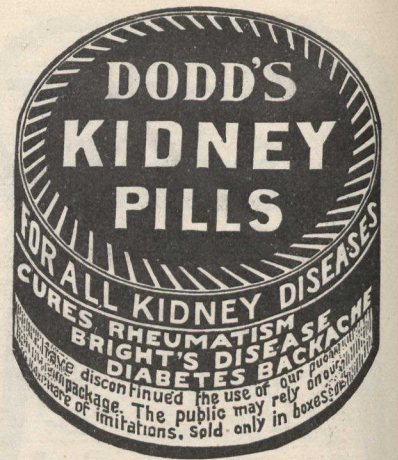
were to our fathers, the problems of Empire will be solved as they arise in a manner which will promote its welfare, and preserve it to be, what it unquestionably is, a nation in which human liberty finds its best expression.

\* \* \*

### ENGLISHMEN IN CANADA.

(Montreal Gazette.)

THE alleged unpopularity of the Englishman in Canada, about which something has been said in Canadian newspapers, has started a discussion in English newspapers, with the result that some curious efforts are being made to account for what would be a serious state of affairs, if it existed. The unpopularity, however, does not exist. There are Englishmen who make themselves personally disliked. It is possible, also, that men of this class have increased in number with the increase in the volume of immigration which the Government and Parliament have done much to encourage during the past twelve years. These temperamental undesirables, however, can no more bring into disrepute the English people, and especially the English people who have made their homes in Canada, than can the bumptious ill-informed Canadian degrade the intelligence of all of his people when out of his ignorance he thinks to cast a slur on the land which, next to France, has sent most men to work at the making of Canada. There is no department of activity in which Englishmen have not played a useful and honourable part. They have figured, and do figure, largely in public life. They have done credit to themselves in the professions. They are notable among the merchants and manufacturers. The English artisan is generally a master of his craft.



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