

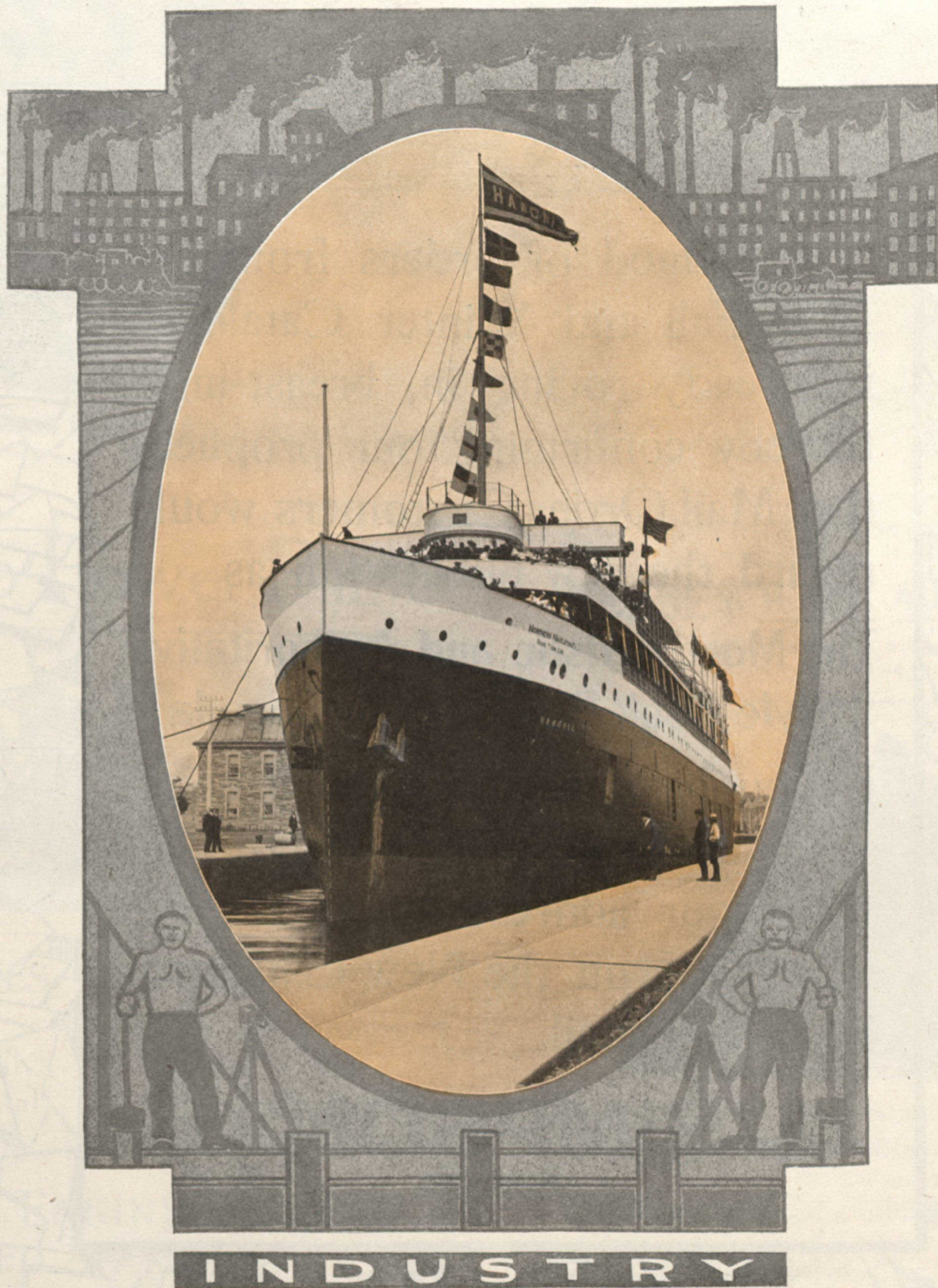
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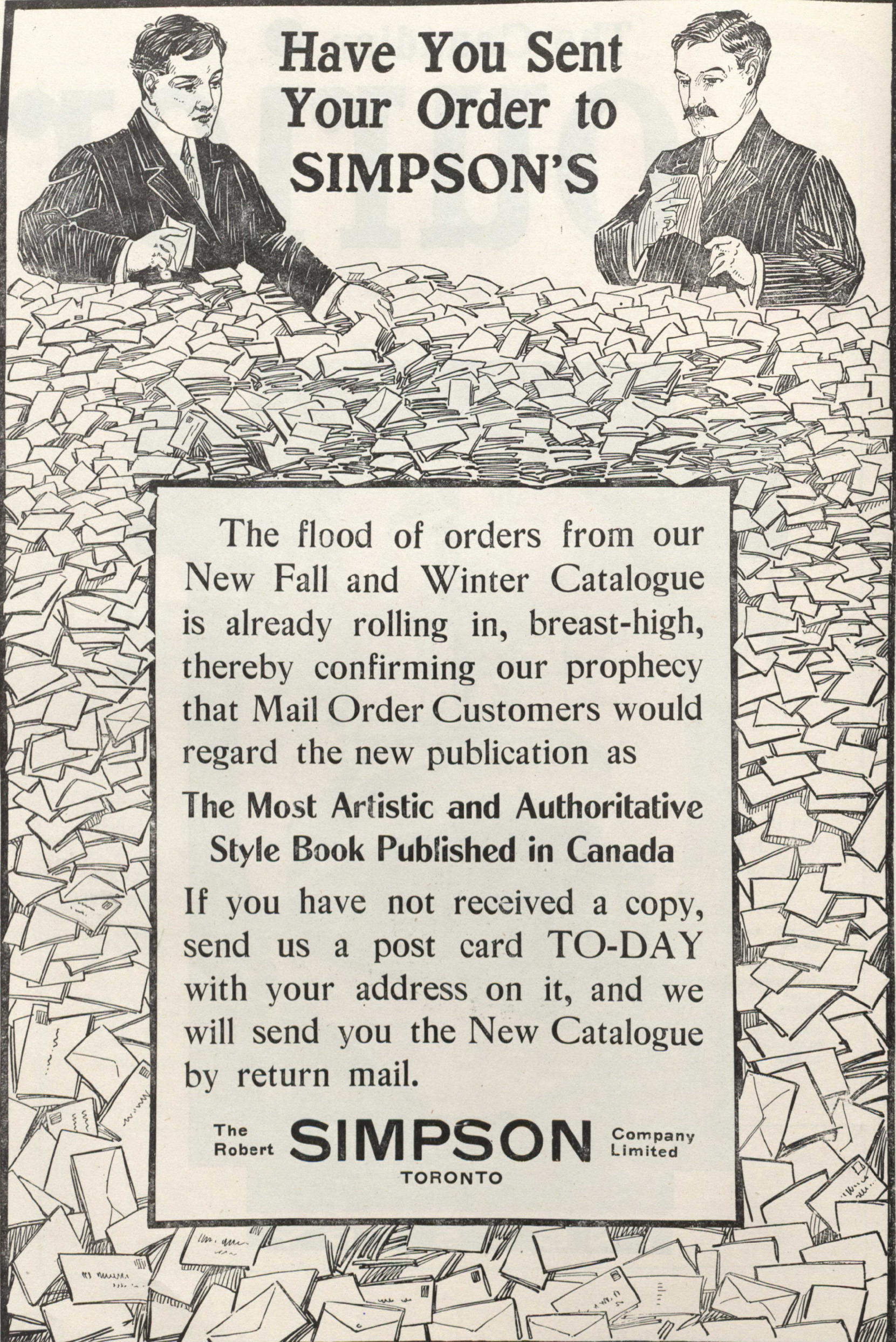
# The Canadian **Courier**

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



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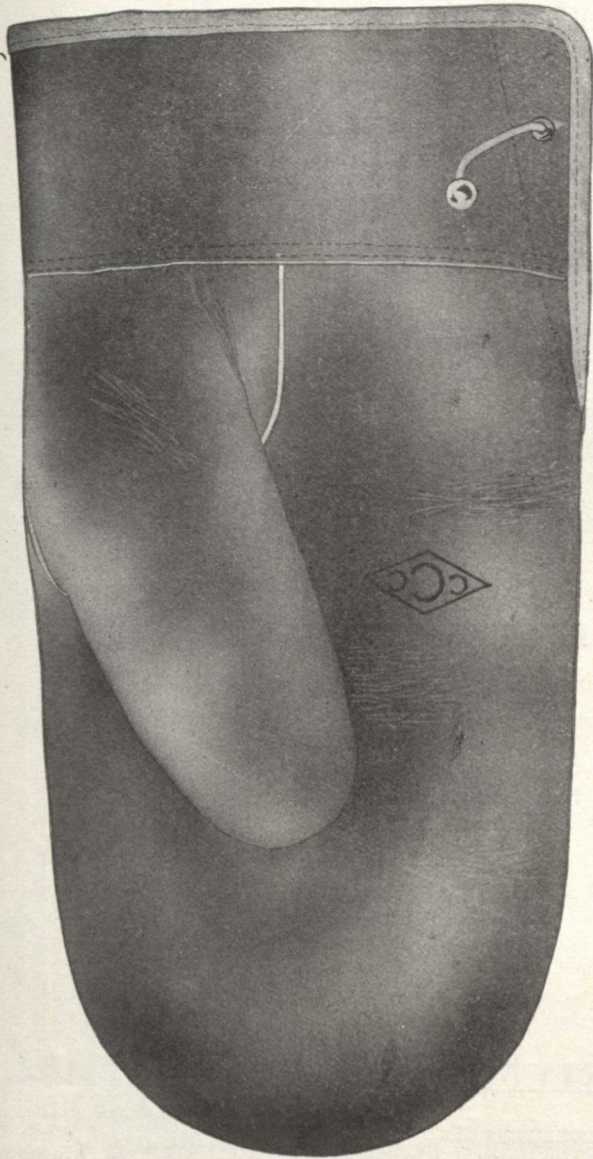
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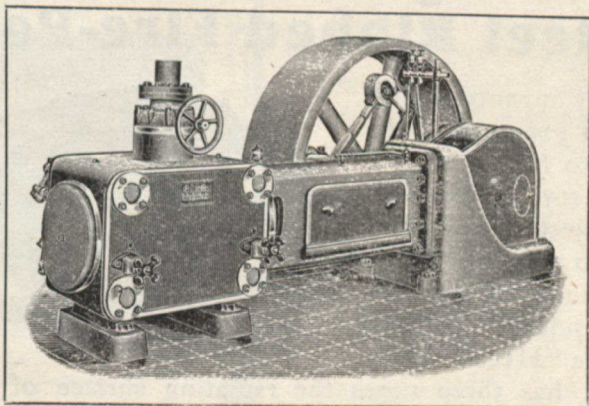
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I am, gentlemen, Yours sincerely,  
(Sd.) H. W. TALLMAN, Sec.-Treas. St. Thomas Board of Education

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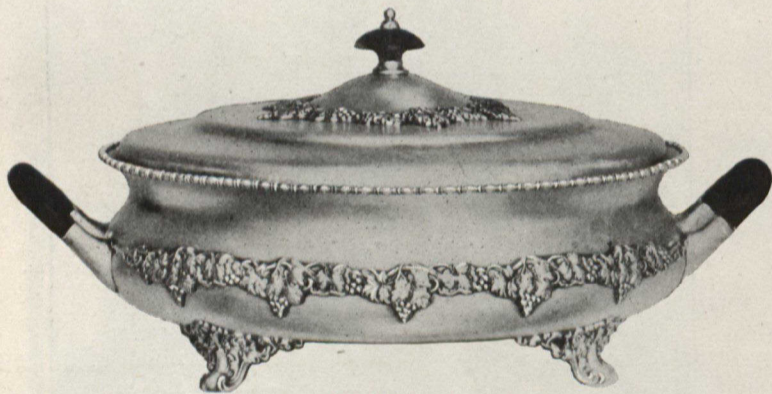
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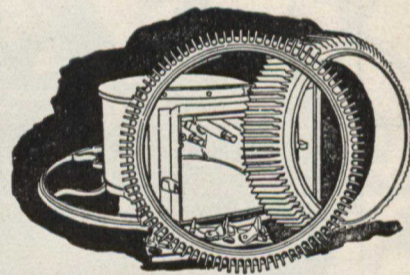
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# The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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## Editor's Talk

A PICTURE of the steamer "Hamonik" has been selected for the centre-piece of the cover design for our Industrial Number because she is the largest boat ever built in Canada. Fuller information about her will be found on page 27. This vessel is the strongest piece of evidence that could be selected to prove that Canada is something more than an agricultural country. The articles in the issue are intended to emphasise this fact. "No. 1 Hard" wheat is not our only national asset. Our growing factories, machine shops, steel mills and ship-yards are an element in Canadian progress of prime importance and far-reaching influence. The Canadian manufacturer is holding his own at home and will soon be discovered in the leading markets of the world, facing all competitors with equal skill and acumen.



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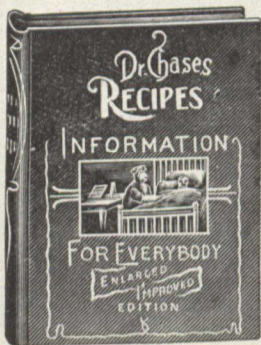


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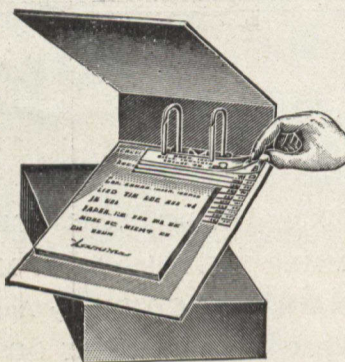


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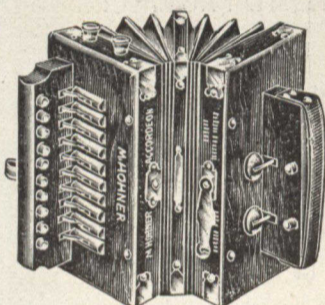
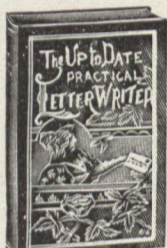
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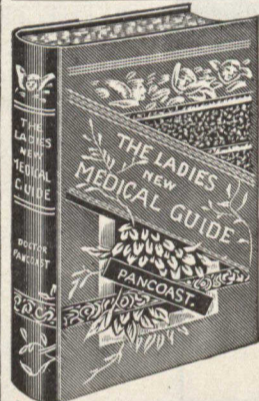
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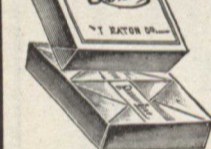
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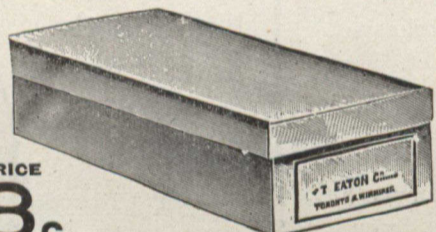
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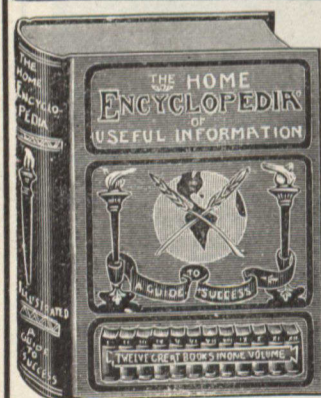


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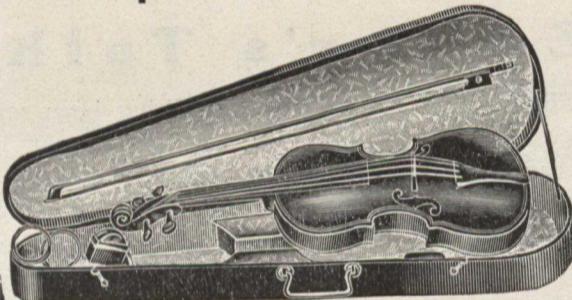
D7-1. Some subjects treated are:— How to succeed at farming. How to grow, profitably, large and small fruits. How to grow vegetables. How to exterminate insects. How to destroy fungus growths. The art of training unmanageable horses, balkers, kickers and runaways. Live stock guide, scientific breeding, prevention, cause and cure of disease, how to doctor cattle, sheep, hogs and poultry. Remedies for health and beauty. 100 ways to make money. Self instruction in book-keeping, short methods of computation, business and social correspondence, spelling, punctuation, points of law and legal forms. A complete school of penmanship and shorthand at home. Has over 700 large pages, nearly 500 pen drawings and 64 full page half-tones. **SALE PRICE 75c**

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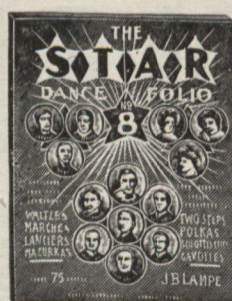


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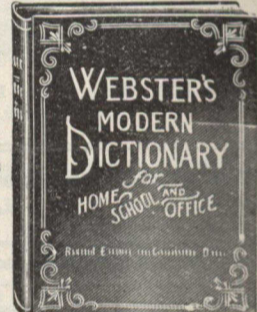
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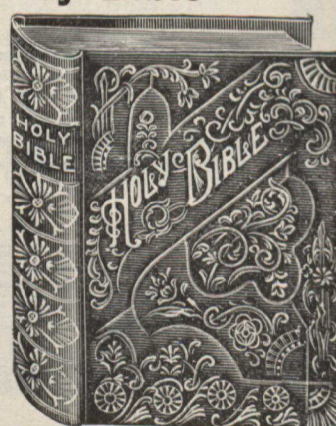


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T H E  
**Canadian Courier**  
**THE NATIONAL WEEKLY**



VOL. 6

Toronto, August 28th, 1909

No. 13

## MEN OF TO-DAY

### The Admiral at the Button

ALL sorts and conditions of men have opened the Canadian National Exhibition from Li Hung Chang to Lord Strathcona; but Lord Charles Beresford is a trifle ahead of the procession. Last year an equally eminent fighting man was scheduled to touch the button. But Lord Roberts had been dined and wined in Canada till he was outgeneraled by the chefs and the society people; he became ill and went back to England without seeing the chief military city of Canada. Lord Beresford, the fighter from the navy, has probably not taken a leaf out of Lord Robert's log book. At any rate he has come to face the most formidable campaign of entertainment ever contrived for the enervation of an eminent Englishman in Canada. If he gets through this campaign without hauling down his flag he will have won the life-long respect of seven millions of people, even though most of them never get a chance to see that great red-faced sailor man who for best part of half a century has been foremost in the ships of the Empire and high up in the councils of State. Lord Beresford is as interesting an Englishman as ever visited Canada. The only other living Englishman except the King who could command equal attention—seeing that we can't get Lord Roberts—would be Lord Rosebery.

But even Rosebery would have to be explained to the average Canadian; whereas Lord Beresford is known of all—to the sailors of St. John and the artisans of Toronto, to the merchants of Montreal and the farmers of Ontario and the land-lubbers growing wheat on the prairie. There will be Beresford postcards and "Condor Charlie" cigars; and the number of people who will crowd the Exhibition to see the Admiral touch the button will probably break all records since the days of Li Hung Chang. The people of Canada are thinking more about a navy now than they did about an army a year ago. We are able to look Lord Beresford calmly in the eye and assure him that no matter what may be the faults and infirmities of the British navy seen by our editors a few months ago, there is nothing

the matter with the Canadian navy which on paper is already established as the model for all colonial navies in the Empire. If he requires to see our ships—we shall be able to muster a grand review of the Toronto harbour fleet from the *Ada Alice* up. And by the time he gets back to England Lord Beresford will have discovered that he ought to be a midshipmite once again in order to grow up in the navy of which this great young country expects to have a part, and for the organisation of which we are now trying to raise the price.



Mr. J. F. Mackay,  
Business Manager, *Toronto Globe*. Chairman  
Educational Committee of the C. M. A.



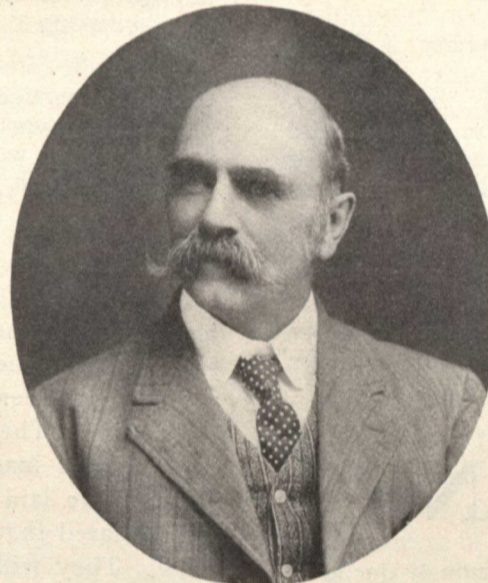
Mr. L. L. Burgess,  
Canadian Instructor in Chemistry at the  
University of Illinois.



Mr. William Walsh,  
A Superintendent of the Dominion  
Express Company.



Lord Charles Beresford.



Mr. Walter R. Nursey,  
Provincial Inspector of Libraries for Ontario.

being perhaps the only dog-driving librarian in the world. Indeed he went to the dogs long ago. He was the son of a clergyman who when very young came to the wilds of Canada, where one of the first things he had to do was drive dogs. He was a volunteer in the Fenian Raid before he struck to the Northwest to raise potatoes on Rainy River. And from Rainy River he began to hit the trails. He learned to trap and hunt and trade in the uncomfortably inspiring region of Lac la Pluie—the lake of rain. And if ever there was a man uncompromisingly happy in the wild places it was Walter R. Nursey. "Given an Ojibway birch bark canoe," said he, "a paddle, a pack-strap and a river that leads no man knows where, but reeking with the fragrance of moss, juniper and balsam; or in winter, snowshoes, a four-dog *tabernac*, the mercury hiding in the bulb and two men threading the white aisles of a sub-Arctic forest—" Then he paused a moment to listen in his mind for the cold silences that were a million times more still than the aisles of any library; the wilderness that has made hundreds of books. He went on to talk of dogs; of which one winter he bossed a brigade of a hundred hauling supplies for the surveyors locating the lines of the C. P. R.

"I have risked my life many a time for a dog," said he, "and had a dog risk his life for me in return. I have shot over dogs and at them; have dressed their wounds and had them lick mine in return; have passed many a night in crisp Keewatin on frozen lake or treeless muskeg, tentless and fireless, saved from freezing solely by the heat from the bodies of my friends, the dogs. I have eaten dog-meat, and liked it very well."

And that was the sort of life the present Inspector of Libraries led before he became the first Deputy Minister of Agriculture in Manitoba and Provincial Auditor as well; gunner in the Rebellion—at Fish Creek and Batoche; founded the *Winnipeg Herald* and the *Winnipeg Times*; represented Manitoba as special commissioner at the Indian and Colonial Exhibition in London in 1886—and three years later took another shot at journalism when he accompanied Lord Stanley across the continent as special correspondent. Latterly Mr. Nursey has turned his shoepacks away from the dog trails and has been on the trail of the books as assistant Inspector of Libraries in Ontario.

He has written a rattling good book—the "Life of Sir Isaac Brock"—which a young man in Toronto began to read the other night and finished in the early hours of the morning. Mr. Nursey might write even a better book if he should undertake to enrich the libraries of Ontario with the story of his career among the dogs and the Ojibways.

\* \* \*

### A Journalist

WHILE a journalist does not often qualify

as a manufacturer, Mr. J. F. MacKay, business manager of the *Toronto Globe*, has succeeded in becoming useful to the manufacturing interests of Canada in his capacity as chairman of the Education branch of the C. M. A. Mr. MacKay is as good a sample of Scotch Grit as can be found in journalism. Before he became business manager and treasurer of the *Globe* he was editor of the *Chatham Banner-News* and of the *Woodstock Sentinel-Review*, one of the best known

### A Dog-Driving Librarian

"I TOOK to the woods long before I went into literature," said a trail-hard man the other day—recalling the years in the wilderness before he became Inspector of Public Libraries for the Province of Ontario. Mr. Walter R. Nursey is remarkable as

and most influential papers in Canada. He came to the *Globe* from Woodstock. He came at a time when it looked almost as though it might be foolish to put anybody in the shoes of "Charlie" Taylor, who for many years had been the business brains of that paper. Mr. Taylor had become almost an institution in journalism. He was almost as well known as the chief editor of the *Globe* as the Prime Minister of Canada. Mr. MacKay, however, has been as good a wearer of the Taylor mantle as could be found in the world, and in the natural evolution of both personality and the profession he has managed to add a few frills even to that. He is a young man of exceptional capacity for administration and has an unusual share of affability; and if a man can be business manager of a big metropolitan daily and be affable as well he is no uncommon man. Mr. MacKay must be reckoned as one of the best forces at work in Canadian journalism.

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#### A Life-Long Expressman

PROBABLY no man in Canada has been as long at the express business as Mr. Wm. Walsh, lately appointed general superintendent of the Dominion Express Co. east of Port Arthur. It was eight years after Confederation that Mr. Walsh, then a lad of sixteen, entered the Vickers Express Co. at Toronto. There has been nothing spectacular about his career. He was twenty-five years of age when he became chief clerk in Toronto for the Dominion Express Co. A few years later he became Agent in the same office and a decade later became General Agent. Three years afterwards he was made Assistant to the General Manager with full charge of the southern division and headquarters at Toronto. A few weeks ago he was made General Manager for the lines east of Port Arthur. He is a practical man and has made a specialty of practical things; chief among which are the express rigs and horseflesh of the Dominion Express Co., which are what they are largely owing to Mr. Walsh's keen and enthusiastic interest in horses and rigs. He has taken many prizes for express horses exhibited in Canada, and knows as much about that particular kind of horse as Mr. Noel Marshall does about dray horses or Mr. George Pepper about horses that jump.

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#### A Brainy Young Canadian

TEACHING chemistry to the students of the University of Illinois is the business of Mr. L. L. Burgess, who is another of the intellectual sons of Nova Scotia. Mr. Burgess has just been appointed to this honourable post. He deserves it because of a splendid record in educational pursuits. Nothing can keep a real brainy Nova Scotian away from books. Mr. Burgess has been booking almost ever since he was born at Kinsman's Corners, N. S. He was educated largely at home till he learned most of what there was to know in that Province, when he went to the United States with the degree of B. Sc. and was not long getting his A. M. and Ph. D. For several years he has held scholarships and assistantships in lectures, and for three summers past has been Instructor in Chemistry at the summer school of the University of Maine.

## REFLECTIONS

BETWEEN 1885 and 1895, the Conservatives continuously declared that the Liberals were disloyal both to Canadian nationality and to British connection. There were excuses for such charges. Influenced by Professor Goldwin Smith's cold, economic logic, some of the Liberal leaders were inclined to favour commercial union with the United States. Sir Richard Cartwright was the leader and chief advocate of the movement.

During these years, the Conservatives were in power at Ottawa. They held all the offices of importance and controlled all appointments to senatorships, judgeships and other civil service positions. Under the influence of Sir John A. Macdonald they steadily refused to lower the tariff on United States goods or to give up the hope of Canadian nationality under the aegis of the British crown. Their official relations with London were pleasant and sympathetic, although they allowed British newspapers and periodicals to be crowded out of this market and were not prepared to give British manufacturers a tariff preference. Unofficially, the Conservative leaders talked of Imperial Federation and of the day when the Empire should be bound together in some new mysterious fashion. If they took no active steps towards a realisation of these ideals, beyond the calling of the Colonial Conference at Ottawa in 1894, they gave no signs of any weakening of their affection for British connection.



WITH the improvement in trade which began in 1896, and the return of the Liberals to power in the same year, a decided change occurred in the attitude of the Liberal leaders. The Liberals in power thought more of Canadian nationality than the Liberals in

opposition. When they found out how impossible it was to secure fair trade arrangements at Washington, they inaugurated the British preference and began to occupy the pro-British ground on which the Conservatives had stood alone so long. It was no longer possible for the Conservatives to claim a monopoly of pro-British sentiment. Nevertheless, the Liberals never have gone so far in this direction as the Conservatives, and they have remained a "Canada First" party. They have come to admit the importance of maintaining a close connection with Great Britain, while steadily holding to the prime importance of Canadian autonomy and local constitutional freedom. When they found that a British commander-in-chief was unsuitable as the head of the Canadian military forces, they did not hesitate to place a Canadian in that important position. On the other hand when they found that the people were in favour of South African contingents, they did not hesitate to send them. Further, when a demand arose that British periodicals and newspapers should be placed upon an equal footing in this market with United States publications, they went to considerable trouble to effect a reform.



RECENT developments have tended to revive the situation which existed before 1896. The Conservatives are again inclined to accuse the Liberals of being luke-warm toward imperial connection and imperial responsibilities. The chief grievance of the Conservatives is the failure of the Liberal leaders to make a direct contribution to the maintenance of the British navy. In its issue of August 19th, the *Winnipeg Telegram*, the Conservative organ of the middle West, there is a leading editorial entitled "Treachery to Canada." The two closing paragraphs are worth quoting:

"Western Canada has viewed the action of the Canadian government with suspicion and distrust. The outcome it regards with resentment, and a penitential sorrow that it should be involved in an abnegation of Imperial duty and a surrender of national dignity so pusillanimous.

"To the West is left only this savage satisfaction that if the contemptible particularism which has inspired Canadian policy were to have its appropriate fruit in the disruption of the British Empire, the first to suffer would be those who had made Canadian freedom incompatible with Imperial unity.



WHILE this is but a sample of Conservative editorials, there is plenty of evidence to show that the Conservative leaders and journalists are nearly in agreement as to the attitude they shall assume toward the proposed Canadian navy. They are prepared to accept the Government's action as only a partial fulfilment of Canada's duty. They intend to criticise it as being half-hearted, anti-imperial and inadequate. They are already declaring that Canada should have laid its resources at the feet of the British authorities and declared that these were entirely and unreservedly at their disposal. They will probably insist that all who support the Government in its resistance to direct contributions of money and ships to the British naval resources are anti-British and pro-American.



NEVERTHELESS there can be little doubt that the Government have made a forward step in the imperial movement. They may not have done it enthusiastically. They may have been calculating and deliberate. Yet, they have done what the Conservatives failed to do when they had opportunity. The screaming and yelling which will be done by those who believe Britain to be seriously menaced by the naval activity of Germany will fall on ears growing more and more deaf. The German scare is already dying out in Great Britain; it will die out in Canada, unless there are some new and startling developments. The majority of the people will be content to see Canada make a beginning in naval construction and naval training.



THE *London Times* says that "there is no solution of the Imperial problem to be found in the provision for local naval defence." It favours an "Imperial sea-going squadron." This is the view of some of the Canadian Opposition writers, stated in terms of the British imperialist. On the other hand, there are many British writers, statesmen and strategists who believe that local naval fleets are the only reasonable provision in time of peace, and the only constitutional possibility in the present unorganised condition of the Empire. If there were an Imperial purse, administered by an Imperial council, an "Imperial sea-going squadron" might be speedily



realised. Under present conditions, such a provision seems utterly impossible, though the future may bring some such development.



**T**HE wise Canadian is he who refuses to be stampeded by extreme views expressed either at home or in England. It is as unsafe to follow the lead of men who claim that armies and navies are a menace to the peace of the world, as to follow those who desire us to contribute freely towards the expense of an extravagant naval programme. The man who declares that Canada should have neither a soldier nor a cruiser is only a little more foolish than the man who would have this country tie itself up indefinitely and unreservedly with the foolish naval expenditure of European powers.

There is no benefit in crying "Peace, Peace!" when there is no peace, but we are wise when we exert our influence in favour of disarmament and against militarism. By keeping our army that is and our navy that is to be under our own control, we may exercise some influence upon British foreign policy. So long as these martial forces are to be sent to the aid of the Empire, only when that Empire is in danger from unjust aggression, we can be sure that our military and naval strength will not be used in unwarranted aggression. Local control of colonial auxiliary forces may at first blush seem to show a lack of confidence in British statesmanship and British foreign policy, but nevertheless it may be the means some day of preventing a conflict which would be inimical to the world's best interests.



#### CANADA AND THE B. W. I.

**T**HE recent appointment of Lord Balfour of Burleigh, Hon. W. S. Fielding, Hon. William Paterson, Sir Dickson Poynter and Sir Daniel Morris as commissioners to investigate and report upon measures to promote closer trade between Canada and the British West Indies is an outcome of years of discussion and suggestion. Perhaps the disastrous earthquake which turned Kingston, Jamaica, topsy-turvy in the winter of 1907 has hastened the forming of this commission and has increased the desire for closer trade relations between the British West Indies and the rest of British North America. These islands are regarded by most Canadians as a pleasant resort in the winter months, for those of us who have weak lungs and leisure to devote to the contemplation of Bermuda lilies and coffee-plantations, not to mention the bubbling charms of Trinidad's lake of pitch. However, there is a more practical interest for the Canadian merchant or manufacturer in these British possessions of sub-tropical products, and it will be to mutual advantage to study the climatic and industrial characteristics of these islands, in contrast to those of the Dominion.

The Anglo-Saxons living on the British West India Islands are more "English" than we, and are, perhaps, more akin to the Southerners of the United States in temperament and breeding. Increased facilities for travel are making us better acquainted with our cousins in these picturesque islands and the more we know of them in social

and business life, the keener becomes our desire for increased trade and closer political fellowship.

The choice of Hon. W. S. Fielding and Hon. William Paterson as Canadian commissioners will be acceptable in Canada, Great Britain and in the West Indies. There are no Canadians in public life better qualified by experience, knowledge and statesmen-like tact and integrity to bring about closer trade relationships between this country and any other British possessions than the Wizard of the Tariff and "Honest William," who knows Canadian manufacturing life in its connection with the Customs from biscuits to automobiles.

#### FANCY FLIGHTS AT RHEIMS

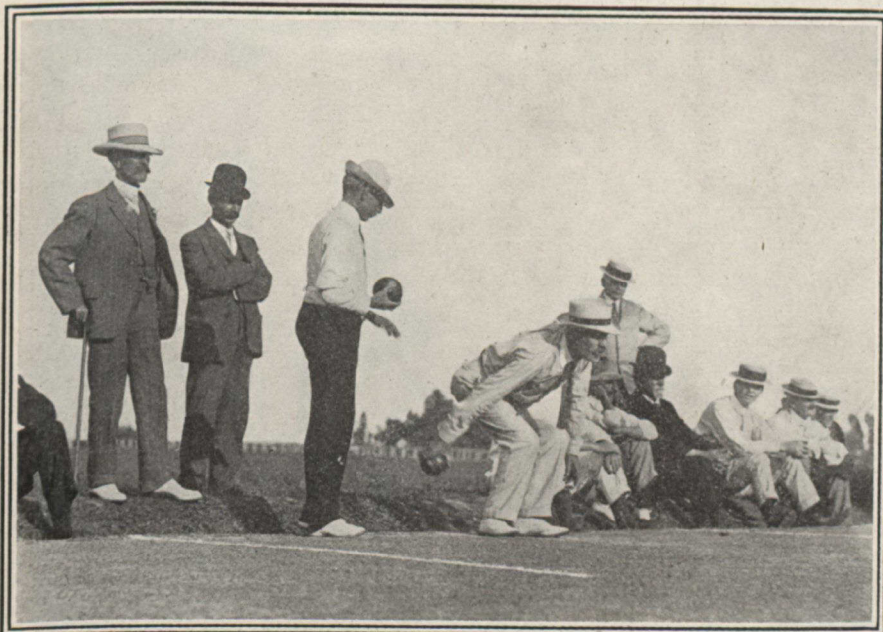
**L**ONG ago, in the green-backed history, we learned that Rheims was the ancient coronation city of France. Thither went the conqueror of the early centuries, to be succeeded by the weaklings who found Edward III. and Henry V. of England too many for them. Then came the inspired peasant girl, who had heard wonderful voices in the forest of her childhood and who was possessed of the desire to lead discrowned Charles to Rheims. The centuries have changed all that and it is many a year since France had a salutation for either king or emperor. Now it is science that is being crowned at Rheims and no one knows whether Bleriot, Tissandier or Lefebre will emerge as monarch of the air. The latter's "fancy flying" in front of the grand stand aroused great enthusiasm as he showed his temporary mastery of the gentle zephyrs. Last Sunday's performances at Rheims, however, appear to confirm the impression that flying is, as yet, nothing but a fair weather performance, and is by no means an advisable undertaking when there is a "north-easter" or a cyclone to be taken into aerial consideration. *Terra firma* is yet the desirable resting-place for the citizen with an eye to security, when the autumn breeze is murmuring in the pines.

Yet the experiments at Rheims mark, in unmistakable records, the flight of time as well as aeroplanes, and one might well imagine the ghosts of discomfited royalties hovering near the scene of former coronation pageants as the new aristocracy of invention and daring makes a dash into the empyrean. We may, however, be doing the dead an injustice and it may be that the spirit of Philip Augustus has taken delight in the bold "figure eights" of Lefebre. The modern adventurous young man should turn his fancies skyward and make an ethereal record. If Alexander the Great were in Macedonia to-day he would not need to weep for new worlds to conquer, but would merely send an order to Baddeck, Cape Breton, for one aeroplane "warranted not to flop."

#### A POINTER FOR MR. FIELDING

**A** RESIDENT of Sulphur, Yukon Territory, writes the Dawson *News* that the salaries of the officials there are too numerous and too generous. He thinks \$300,000 too large a salary account for the governing of 5,000 people. "It is the most expensive government in the world," says he, and Mr. Fielding should make a note of the remark.

### WINNERS AT THE DOMINION BOWLING TOURNAMENT



These two pictures give a slight idea of the picturesque scenes on the Woodbine Lawn, Toronto, last week. The chief Trophy was won by Mr. J. S. Willison of the Canadas, with Mr. Thomas Rennie's Granites as runners-up. In the first picture Mr. Rennie stands with the bowl in his hand, while Mr. Willison is about to deliver his ball.

## THROUGH A MONOCLE

### OUR SUMMER VISITORS

THEY stood at the corner of the street and looked enquiringly about them. Paterfamilias had in his face a shadow of exasperation and his under-jaw suggested a pugnacious temper. "Mother" was simply "tired." She did not care whether they found out where they wanted to go or not; for they were not going where she wanted to go, and that was right home to bed. "Auntie" was more ambitious. She was interested in getting to the somewhere they had in mind; and, moreover, it was plainly her job to keep the party in good humour by well-timed facetious remarks. The daughter stood erect, queenly, with a round regular-featured face very conscious of her up-to-date clothes and also of the fact that she made a refreshing picture as she waited, a lifted skirt revealing a neat shoe and the shine of cobwebby hosiery. They were a party of American tourists trying to discover which car to take to the next "sight" on their list.

\* \* \*

A POLICEMAN came along; and they surrounded him. They went at him precisely as they would have gone at a London "bobby" or a Parisian gendarme or a Cook's man in Naples if they had happened to be touring in Europe instead of Canada. Paterfamilias started to put his question in liquid Americanese when the pretty daughter broke in with an explanatory phrase which the Aunt at once contradicted, and then the Mother wearily begged them to let "Popper" do the talking. At this, "Popper" tried it again with a politeness which his set face constantly disowned; and the policeman gave them rather vague instructions in reply. They crossed the street and waited for their car. When the wrong one came along, they tried hard to board it; but the daughter's shrill voice called them back when she discovered that it carried the wrong sign. Finally they got on the right car—mine also—and took seats well up. During the journey Mother saw nothing but the back of the lady's dress in front; "Popper" gazed straight ahead and glowered; Auntie had put the daughter next the window and now gazed eagerly out past her immobile face which did not look as if the owner knew what was going on. Auntie, it will be observed, was working over-time. The rest of them were not going to bother looking until they came to the thing they had been told to look at.

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THEY were dear, familiar, hard-working, conscientious American tourists, doing their duty by the city in which they happened to find themselves, checking off the catalogued sights in their guide

books and preparing to talk about their "trip" when they got home. How often had I met them in various parts of the habitable earth, the bond slaves of Baedeker, sweet toilers in the galleys of Cook. It is easy to smile superior at them in their simple faith in the guide-book, their faithful treading of the beaten path, and their sublime unconsciousness of all else. But how much better they are than the stay-at-homes. How much more they will know, in spite of the fact that they are learning from the text-books, as do most scholars. They may lack initiative in seeking out things of interest for themselves; but they have ten times the enterprise of those who do not travel at all.

\* \* \*

I LIKE our summer streets the better for them. The young girls among them have something of the "chic" of the French woman and immensely more assurance than the "demoiselle." The matrons have usually the comfortable proportions of a German frau, and a gift of conversation far beyond the capacity of the brain-power behind it. The men alone are disappointing. They look immensely worse than they are, however. That grim, hard-as-nails expression which they habitually wear on their faces, is largely a pose. They do not act that way—at least, not when they meet one on the level of holiday-making. That is probably their business mask; and they become so accustomed to wearing it that they cannot get it loose even when making merry. In Canada, they seldom have that permanently bored expression which distinguishes them in Europe. They can comprehend Canada. It is so much like their own "home city." It is a game of comparison which does not leave them wholly at sea.

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BUT in an Italian city where the street cars are not run either as frequently or as swiftly as they are in Keokuk, Ia., where a street widening ordinance would find lots to do, where the hotels are unheated, lighted with candles and carpetless, where the drainage leaves much to be desired, where, in fact, everything is miles behind the equipment of an "up-to-date Amurrican village," these bored and burdened American men tourists wear a look of perpetual wonder that people will be insane enough to cross the ocean and go into raptures over such delapidated and slowly decaying old failures. Their system of comparison breaks down. By everything they have ever judged a town by, these antiquated European living tombs are not worth a moment's consideration, except to see from what dead-and-alive surroundings the Dago immigrants flee when they set out for glorious America. Their women folk may moon about cathedrals and go "dippy" in art galleries and fall into a hypnotic trance in an old cloister and rave over undecipherable frescoes; but that is the silly way of women who go in for "Culture Clubs" and senseless literature. When these men come to Canada, however, there is little of this—unless they go to Quebec. They can compare Rochester with Toronto and know what they are talking about every trip. They are not bored then, though they may look as if about to close a ten million dollar deal with a "sharper."

THE MONOCLE MAN.

### THE LATEST ROYAL GROUP—AT BARTON MANOR



Prince Edward, Princess of Wales, The Queen, Princess Mary, The Czar, The Czarevitch, Princess Victoria, The King, The Grand Duchess Olga (behind) The Grand Duchess Anastasia (in front), The Czarina, The Grand Duchess Titania, Prince of Wales, The Grand Duchess Marie. (Copyright, Debenham, Cowes)



A Busy Scene in one of the large Iron Works of Toronto.

## THE CANADIAN FACTORY

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

CANADIAN manufacturers take them "by and large" are the equal of any in the world. There are some things of course that Canada is not able to make nearly so well as some other countries. We shall be many millions of population before we make woollens and cutlery as well as England, iron and steel manufactures the equal of Germany's, or milling machinery as fine as one or two concerns in the United States. Neither do we excel in point lace, toys and bric-a-brac.

But there is no country of seven millions of people in the world where so great a variety of useful and needful things are made of such average good quality and under such conditions of general well-being to employees as in Canada. It is interesting to know that the number of factories, large, middle-sized and small in Canada, is in the neighbourhood of twenty-five thousand; that the aggregate of Canadian manufactures in a single year runs well up towards a billion of dollars; that most of the things used in Canada are capable of being made in Canada; and it is of very great importance to both producer and consumer that the goods we make are for the most part well made, and that there is a national pride in the quality of our manufactures.

It is now about seventy-five years since Canada had any factories except a few saw and grist mills run by water and wind. Some of the old wooden windmills may still be seen ponderously and leisurely grinding away and waving wooden arms down in the Province of Quebec. They are just about the last living relic of the industrial régime that made it possible for the first decade of the twentieth century to see nearly a billion dollars worth of goods annually produced from twenty-five thousand factories some of them going to half the countries of the world.

It is doubtful if a similar story of progress has ever been known in the world before. The words of Earl Grey at the Dominion Day dinner in London this year are aptly eloquent along this line. He said: "I am continually amazed as I go through Canada at what a population equivalent to that of Greater London has achieved in a continent the size of Europe. The Canadian Pacific railway, which was only finished a little more than twenty-five years ago, was made out of a contribution of public money amounting to one hundred million dollars. Who is there that can say that that money put into ten Dreadnoughts would have been of equal value to imperial defence? There are two more transcontinental railways under construction, and my hope is that we may see Canada advance in population, in strength, in prosperity, and in spirit."

Of course it is part of a Governor-General's business to put the best complexion on the country he is supposed to govern. But there is mighty little buncombe in Earl Grey's encomium. He alludes of course to all sorts of development; to farm and forest, railway and mine, fishery and factory—but when the census is all taken it will be found that the manufacturers of Canada have made more rapid progress than any of the others, unless it be the builders of railways.

Most instructive and hopeful of all facts is that most of the building up of Canadian industries has been achieved within the last thirty years. Up till the framing of the National Policy most of Canada's progress had been in the woods and the farms and the fisheries. It is some days and years since there were Free Traders in Canada. They are mostly protectionists now. It was once counted Imperialistic to preach Free Trade. It is now regarded as the best sort of Imperialism in Canada to build up Canadian industries, to increase the capital investment of Canada, to enlarge the markets of Canada and to increase the army of labourers in a country which has so long been regarded as merely a huge forest, fishery and farm, with a fur preserve thrown in—for the supply of raw materials to the manufacturing countries elsewhere. So we are learning that our vast areas of raw material and of power are better utilised upon Canadian soil. We have learned that if Germany and the United States are protectionist countries, we also must be protectionist in order to work out our real development among the nations. We are not yet a nation. Neither are we merely a self-governing colony. We are still dependent upon other countries for some manufactures and a few treaties and a large number of ideas. But the day that Canada becomes a nation will be the day that she has achieved something like industrial autonomy. No country with great storehouses of raw material and power ever became a nation without exploiting its own resources by means of capital from any possible source. There may be those in Canada who expect a "baptism of blood." There are far more who anticipate a battle of tariffs and of markets. Canadians are a busy people. We have the hereditary example of the world's best workers in the bushmen and the farmers who cleared Canadian land and made habitation possible—when on almost every farm could be found a cycle of crude industries turning out home-made things. We have the advantage of a fine admixture of industrial populations from the old world, and the stimulus of a climate that breeds energy from coast to coast. Drones are few in Canada. The number is lessening every year. Industry, whether on the farm, or in the forest, or afloat in the fish-

eries or among the factories, is the keystone of Canadian progress.

Ten years ago the combined product of farm, forests, dairying, mines and fisheries was one hundred millions less than the aggregate from the factories.

Ontario of course stands easily first in manufactures—at the rate of just about 400 million dollars' worth in a year. This is partly due to people; in part to the proximity of Ontario to coal supplies and to railways—latterly to water power from Niagara. Toronto alone is responsible for more output of factories than any other three cities in Ontario put together. But the development of Toronto as an industrial centre has been made possible by the growth of scores of smaller industrial communities in the province.

Toronto has several natural assets that make it the manufacturing centre of Canada—for the present at least. One of the best railway centres in Canada; situated on a fine natural harbour for shipping; convenient to coal and to Niagara; the natural resort of the workingman immigrant and the labour market of the country; capital of the chief province; best of all Toronto has an industrious population imbued with commercial energy, and is headquarters of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, with its membership of between two and three thousand manufacturers spread all over Canadian settlements, besides being the home of the greatest annual fair in the world, the Canadian National Exhibition.

The number of factories in Toronto is upwards of five hundred. The value of the output of these in 1906 was nearly ninety million dollars, and must now be easily one hundred millions, which is almost a quarter of the entire output of the chief industrial province a few years ago. This huge production entails the annual expenditure of upwards of thirty million dollars, employing about seventy thousand hands.

Many of the industries of the Provincial Capital are among the largest in the country. Especially is this true of iron and steel, agricultural implements, stoves and hardware, malted liquors, musical instruments—by far the greater majority of the total Canadian trade—printing and publishing and stationery, pork packing—more than a quarter of the entire Canadian trade—beef and leather, furniture and fixtures, electric cars, drugs and chemicals, clocks and watches, oil, clothing and textiles, boxes and brooms, boilers and engines and iron-work, metallic roofing and paints, office systems, confectionery, knitted goods, leather belting and harness, bearings and motor boats, automobiles and hats, type and engravings—in fact almost everything conceivable except sugar, needles and razors.

Every day several miles of drays line up at the two big freight warehouses of Toronto loaded with goods destined to all parts of Canada. It was in Toronto indeed that the late Sir John Macdonald dreamed out his theory of the N. P. He was

spending a year or so practising law after the turn-down of 1873 and the ascendancy of Liberalism. When he came out of his Toronto shell the "father of Confederation" had the N. P. up his sleeve; though it was very well understood that if he had not become sponsor for the movement George Brown would have made it the main plank of his platform in the election of 1878. Most of the agitation for increase of tariffs has come from Toronto; this from Grits and Tories alike—for the C. M. A. is now as much one party as the other, and the tariff is no longer a Tory machine.

Next in contiguity and importance comes Hamilton, which for the past fifteen years has been going ahead faster than any other city in the Province in the acquisition of new and bigger industries. Hamilton is now acclaimed as the "chief electrical and manufacturing city in Canada." This of course is a good-natured jibe at Toronto—in view of the fact that the present President of the C. M. A., Mr. Thos. Hobson, is head of one of the most modern and important industries there, the Hamilton Iron and Steel Works.

Hamilton has nearly one hundred and fifty factories, making as great a variety of things as can be found in any city in Canada except Toronto. This is a recent development. Twenty years ago Hamilton was never spoken of as an industrial centre. A month ago a publicity expert from the United States gave Hamilton a new phrase—"The City of Opportunity." This is no mere phrase. Hamilton has a favourable situation in its comparative nearness to coal supplies and to Niagara and to other water powers nearer home; also to limestone necessary in blast furnaces. She has the advantage of shipping on one of the great lakes; still better the leverage of a united people and an aggressive Board of Trade. The real emergence of Hamilton began in a big way with the establishment there of some big branches of United States factories, two or three of which made the nucleus of a new industrial city with many thousands of workmen; an epoch of advancement not surpassed by any other city in Canada. The population of Hamilton has nearly doubled within the past fifteen years; and most of the increase has been industrial. It was once a good-natured jibe, in the days when Toronto was the only big town in Ontario, to call Hamilton the "Ambitious City." But there never was a title better justified by progress. Hamilton is very ambitious. If she were not so the story of progress in the factories of that city would have been far other than it is.

In the matter of electrical manufactures Peterborough ranks ahead of either Hamilton or Toronto. Here are the works of the Canadian General Electric Co., which employ nearly two thousand hands and manufacture everything used in the generation, transmission and application of electricity on the biggest possible scale—except the copper wires and the round glass bulbs for incandescent lights. Peterborough is also the home of the American Cereal Co., the largest works of its kind in Canada; a large pork-packing industry, a shovel company, the finest canoes in the world, woollens and other important industries.

London, Ont., ranks next to Hamilton in variety of output—not forgetting that it is the home of Hon. Adam Beck, Minister of Power. Two of the largest biscuit and candy and confectionery works in Canada are in London; the names McCormick and Perrin being known for generations all over Canada. Carling and Labatt are names almost more famous; companies that own two of the finest breweries in America. London also manufactures boilers and engines, agricultural implements, machinery of many kinds, railway cars, breakfast foods, wire fence, electrical appliances, office furniture, hardware, stoves, baking powder, barrels, flour, iron works, organs, shoes and pop.

Brantford comes next; population of something more than twenty thousand—but the busiest twenty thousand people in the country. Here is the home of the Harris Co., absorbed by the Massey Co. several years ago. Waggon and windmills; bicycles and engines; plows and stores; glue and starch; carriages, cordage and cement; binder twine, screens and roofing; and the very best of wine—all are made in Brantford, which, like Hamilton and London, has one of the finest markets in Ontario.

Another rare market town which is a veritable hive of industry is "Busy Berlin" on the Spree. Berlin is a city in all but name. There are more smokestacks in Berlin according to population than in any city in Canada. Some of the largest concerns in the country are located there. From beet sugar to boots is about the range; and there are four or five leather boot and shoe factories, while the beet sugar plant lately acquired and modernised by Mr. D. A. Gordon of Wallaceburg is one of the

best in the land. There are rubber goods and clothing, shirts and store fixtures, gloves and beer,

A few miles distant is Galt, the Glasgow of Ontario, famous for engines and machinery, art metal and malleable iron, knitted goods and saws, grate bars and hats.

In the same belt of industry lies Guelph, which has lately added to its industrial fame the record of the first city in Canada to exploit to the full the possibilities of public ownership of utilities, making the city by reason of lower taxation and comparatively cheap living a very desirable and likely place for the settlement of workingmen. Guelph is noted for flour and beer, carriages, organs and pianos, carpets and clothing, axles and stoves, lawn mowers and radiators, sewing machines and iron manufactures.

Not far away is Stratford, which during the past ten years has forged to the front with factories, the first of which in point of magnitude has long been the repair shops of the Grand Trunk railway, employing more than 1,000 hands. Stratford shares with Berlin the distinction of being one of the furniture centres of the Dominion, having three large factories in that line, besides a large implement works, a big biscuit factory, with already one or two other enterprises nibbling for sites, exemptions and guarantee of bonds. Woodstock is one of the most important furniture cities of Canada, besides being the home of one of the largest organ and piano works in the country. Along with Ingersoll this city is recognised as one of the hubs of the cheese trade. Chatham, which has for generations been celebrated for its market, has developed one of the largest carriage works in the Dominion, an important waggon works, an automobile factory, several lumber companies, foundries, a large fanning-mill industry and several flour mills. Chatham is now metropolis of the Tilbury oil fields, from which she gets natural gas for lighting, heating and power.

Walkerville, on the edge of that peninsula, long ago attained pre-eminence as the home of the greatest distillery in Canada; besides having several branch factories from the United States and being the centre of the tobacco industry. Here are several fence manufactures, a large drug company, an engine works, an automobile factory and a bridge works.

Following along the northward lake line it is easy to find the busy shipyards of Collingwood, most celebrated on the Canadian side of the great lakes, where recently the biggest combination passenger and freight boat on the great lakes was built and launched; the manufacturing towns of Goderich and Clinton and Walkerton—reaching up to the lumber belt, where Parry Sound and Key Harbour and all the ring of lumber towns carries the movement on into the transcontinental belt, of which Sudbury, the nickel centre of the world and the home of copper unlimited, is the chief; up to the iron ore quarries of Moose Mountain at Selwood; then east to North Bay, and we come to the New Ontario cycle of industries which culminate at Sault Ste. Marie, the home of the steel rail and the blast furnace; recently reorganised after Port Arthur and Fort William, which are now the "spout" of the big grain "hopper" and with abundant water-power in the Nipigon region thirty miles above, will soon become a great manufacturing centre, combined with great shipping. The

Kingston, one of the oldest and most historic cities in Canada, has become a hive of industry; locomotives and cereals, brooms and hosiery, pianos and powder. St. Thomas, most noted for its large repair shops of the Michigan Central railway, has also several important local industries. Windsor, which has with the advantage and the disadvantage of being almost in Detroit, managed to corral a large number of industries—salt works, brewing, tobacco manufactures, boilers, steam injectors, rules, paint and varnish;

No story, even the most casual as this must be of Ontario manufactures in the cities, is complete without the industries of Ottawa, whose main business for Canada may be to make laws, but which for many years has been busy developing factories, and has lately entered into an agitation for more factories because of the abundance of water-power.

This quick-sketch list does not include the scores of small towns, each of which has one or more important industries that put it in touch with the

#### MANUFACTURES IN QUEBEC.

NEAREST of all Quebec manufacturing centres to the Capital of Canada is Hull, across the river, which after a great fire, has managed to retain a supremacy for wood manufactures, of which the famous Eddy matches are the chief. But right

at the gateway of the Province is Canada's greatest commercial city and seaport, Montreal, which has more commerce than manufactures and almost as many manufactures as Toronto. Most of the manufactures of the second industrial Province in Canada, recently aggregating \$220,000,000 in a single year, originate in Montreal. A description of the industries that keep hundreds of factories busy in this big busy city would be impossible in an outline article. A close examination of the industries of Montreal would show that they are very similar and closely related to those of Toronto. But there are local conditions of a cosmopolitan character that make Montreal largely distinctive in manufactures. Here are headquartered two transcontinental railways. Any city which is the railway centre of a country with nearly twenty-five thousand miles of railway, carrying in one year 63,000,000 tons of freight, must of necessity be industrial in the last analysis. The works of the C. P. R. and the Grand Trunk alone employ many thousands of hands. The aggregate output of these two huge works exceeds in value that of any two private corporation concerns in the country.

But there is a big cycle of representative industries centred in Montreal which has no parallel in Canada. The cycle involves locomotives, cars, rubber, cotton, sugar, woollens, leather, wholesale clothing and flour-milling. Montreal is the home of the Canadian sugar refinery. This is due directly to the fact that Montreal is a seaport city. Long before the sugar beet was known in Canada the sugar consumed by Canadians was refined in Montreal from raw sugar brought in from the West Indies by shipload without breaking bulk. The output of the sugar refineries of Canada, practically centred at Montreal, aggregate in the neighbourhood of \$15,000,000, with a capitalisation of about the same amount. The establishment of beet sugar factories at Berlin, Wallaceburg and Raymond, Alberta, has not interfered with the refineries, and the grading of even beet sugar is determined by the standard of cane sugar set in Montreal. Rubber has become one of the fundamental articles of consumption, and Montreal is the centre of Canadian rubber as well as of leather belting. Of the tobacco and cigars manufactured in Canada Montreal has the majority in bulk. The largest flour-milling concern in Canada has one of its three largest mills in Montreal. Here also is the centre of the cotton industry, which has had so uphill a fight in Canada to attain dimensions which on a basis of consumption by population compares much more than favourably with Great Britain—even to the extent of large shipments abroad; this in spite of the fact that in cotton manufactures Canada has been sandwiched between the greatest raw cotton producing country in the world to the south and the greatest cotton industries of the world in Lancashire. Montreal has sixty-one wholesale clothing establishments. Here is the centre of the factory-made suit and the workman's overalls and shirts, as well as of whitewear and women's wear and woollen wear of all descriptions. In all these lines the mills and factories of Montreal have contributed largely to the export trade of the country, besides taking care of an abnormally increasing market at home. In fur manufactures also Montreal has the lead in bulk.

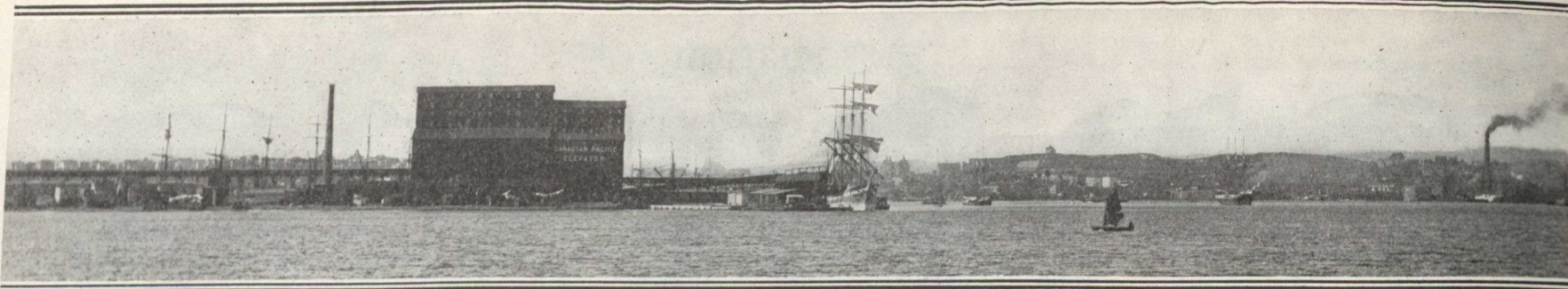
Quebec city has never been quoted as an industrial centre. The ancient city has always been rather content to let these busy hurlyburlies go to Montreal, conscious that for natural scenery and for the glory of history the citadel city has no parallel in Canada. She saw the merchant marine go by—and largely let them go to the place where commerce and business and industry were at the height in Canada; while good old lovely semi-indolent Quebec furnished forth the quaintness and the lore, the hand-made goods of the habitants and the archaic market and the cramped old street, the caleche and the jumper. But even Quebec has begun to edge into the whirlpool of industry. Twenty-five boot and shoe factories alone are to be found there, and twice as many other factories making a great variety of goods second only in quantity and diversity to Montreal. Most of the firm names of these industries are French. Industrially the French are one of the busiest and thriftiest folk in the world. The background of many of Quebec's industries is to be found in the hand-made fabrics and implements of the habitant.

After these two—the small town; busy little hives dotted here and there along the great rivers, some of the loveliest in the world; the Granbys and the Sherbrookes, the Baticans and the St. Meres, the Shawinigans and the Chicoutimis, Coaticook, St. Hyacinthe and Shawinigan Falls, St. Johns, Three River and Valleyfield. Here to find the pulp and the paper mills; the boots and shoes and the cottons; the woollens and the canning factories.

# Some Prominent Members of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association



1. Mr. S. W. Ewing, of S. H. Ewing and Sons, Montreal; Chairman Manufacturing Grocers' Section, C. M. A.
2. Mr. Geo. J. Armstrong, Manager and Vice-President McKinnon Dash and Metal Works Co., St. Catharines, Ont.; Chairman Niagara Peninsula Branch of the C. M. A.
3. Mr. S. R. Hart, of Hart and Riddell, Toronto; Chairman Industrial Canada Section, C. M. A.
4. Mr. John Hendry, of the B. C. Mills, Timber and Trading Co., Vancouver; First Vice-President of the C. M. A.
5. Mr. Frank Rolph, of Rolph and Clark, Limited, Toronto; 1908-09 Chairman Toronto Branch of the C. M. A.
6. Mr. R. Hobson, of the Hamilton Iron and Steel Co.; President of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association.
7. Mr. James McLauchlan, of McLauchlan and Sons, Limited, Owen Sound; Chairman Biscuit and Confectionery Section of the C. M. A.
8. Mr. Joseph R. Henderson, of the Brandram-Henderson Co., Limited, Halifax.
9. Major J. S. Hamilton, President Pelee Island Wine and Vineyards Co.; Chairman Wine-Growers' Branch of the C. M. A.
10. Mr. William Levis, of the Robert Taylor Co., Limited, Halifax; Provincial Vice-President for Nova Scotia.
11. Mr. Geo. A. Baker, Vice-President and Managing-Director of Flett, Lowndes & Co., Toronto; Chairman Reception and Membership Committee of the C. M. A.
12. Mr. L. C. MacIntyre, Paulin Chambers Co., Limited, Winnipeg; Provincial Vice-President for Manitoba.
13. Mr. Chas. McDonald, Managing Director St. John Iron Works, Limited, St. John, N.B.; Provincial Vice-President for New Brunswick.
14. Col. W. M. Gartshore, General Manager McClary Mfg. Co., London, Ont.; Provincial Vice-President for Ontario.
15. Mr. Robert S. Gourlay, of Gourlay, Winter and Leeming Co., Toronto; Chairman Piano and Organ Section of the C. M. A.



The Harbour of St. John, the leading manufacturing centre of New Brunswick.

## The Smokestacks of New Brunswick

By A. M. BELDING

**W**HAT will be the relation of the Province of New Brunswick to the manufacturing industry of Canada, as the Dominion grows in population and develops the great resources of the central and western territory? The province has great timber wealth, from which its largest revenue is derived; it has productive fisheries, it has fine farming lands, well adapted to dairying, sheep raising and fruit culture; it has coal mines, iron deposits and lime quarries. Its natural resources are not only rich, but extremely varied. Its position is on the main line of one of the great mail and trade routes of the empire, and it has all the commercial advantages of a seaboard location with open winter ports.

A partial answer to the question of its future as a manufacturing province may be found in a statement or suggestion of what it is doing now, in the present undeveloped state of vast areas of the Dominion and while yet its own population is relatively small, and the capital invested insignificant in comparison with that of more populous seaboard communities. New Brunswick sends lumber to Europe, Africa and Australia as well as to North and South America, and pulp to the United States and England. It manufactures cotton and woollen goods for shipment throughout Canada.

Boots and shoes made in the province are sold in Montreal, in competition with the product of factories in Quebec Province. Teas blended and packed in St. John are shipped to the Pacific coast. Stoves and ranges are shipped as far west as Alberta. Leather manufactured in New Brunswick is used in Quebec and Ontario factories. Nails made in St. John go as far as Australia. Its brooms and brushes go throughout Canada and the West Indies. Its iron and brass goods have a wide market. Many other illustrations might be given, but these will suffice to show that what a New England state is to the United States, in relation to manufacturing, New Brunswick will be to the Dominion of Canada.

Let us consider some of its advantages, taking the city of St. John as an illustration. A great lumber shipping port, and also the chief winter freight port of Canada, it has unexcelled facilities for assembling raw materials from all parts of the world at lowest rates. It is close to coal, iron and lime deposits, and all kinds of lumber supplies. The province is traversed and St. John will be served by two transcontinental railways (the C.P.R. and G.T.P.) besides the Intercolonial system. The facilities for shipping factory products are as favourable as those for gathering raw material. The climate is such that the maximum of labour can be secured at all seasons of the year. There is no finer climate in the world for textile industries than that of St. John. This is the testimony of men who know. Another advantage is the intelligent class of labour available in the province. The lumber resources alone offer opportunity for numerous small wood industries such as flourish, for example, in the State of Maine.

Manufacturing flourishes in the interior towns as well as at St. John, Fredericton, for example, has a successful shoe factory; Marysville a cotton factory, Sackville large foundries, and in Gloucester County the Drummond Co. are developing a great iron mining industry. There are coal mines in Queens, Sunbury and Kent Counties, valuable counties and mineral resources as yet undeveloped. There is a great field for pulp and paper making. The province has some valuable water powers, and is intersected by large rivers and dotted lakes.

Each year its industries show some further development and extension of markets. Its location, resources, climate and means of transportation make further rapid progress inevitable. St. John, for ex-

ample, so far as freight rates are concerned, is at very trifling disadvantage in competition with Quebec cities in the markets of the far west. As the west fills up, so must the industries of New Brunswick increase in variety and number, returning sure profits for money properly invested in any legitimate enterprise. There is, first of all, a good local market, which will be greatly enlarged within a few years, as a result of efforts being put forth

by the Provincial Government and the Canadian Pacific Railway to bring new settlers from the United Kingdom to develop more of the fertile agricultural areas of the province. Those industrial centres are most successful which are backed by a thriving agricultural community, and New Brunswick towns will always have this advantage.

As an illustration of a growing general interest in the possibilities of New Brunswick, it may be said that the secretary of the St. John Board of Trade is constantly in receipt of enquiries from capitalists and financial brokers in Great Britain, relative to chances for investment in going concerns, mining development or the establishment of new industries.

## Industries of Sam Slick's Province

*Busy Hives down by the Sea.*

**D**OWN by the sea—the story is still of industries.

The Maritime Provinces have had a large share in making history and poetry from Evangeline down; and perhaps we have read so much about the beauty of Acadia that we have inclined to forget what a busy, enterprising land of thrift Acadia is. But the fact and the figure go along with the factory even there. A year or so ago one of the Halifax newspapers took the trouble to estimate how much wealth Nova Scotians have put on the markets during the year. The total was more than a hundred million dollars. The list was as follows:

Coal .....	\$13,875,000
Coke .....	1,925,000
Gold .....	265,000
Gypsum, etc. ....	975,000
Stone and building materials ...	310,000
Pig iron .....	1,385,000
Steel .....	4,100,000
Steel rails, rods, etc.....	8,150,000
Fisheries .....	9,200,000
Manufactures .....	39,800,000
Farm products .....	23,500,000
Forest products .....	3,750,000



Mr. George Henderson, of the Brandram-Henderson Co., Halifax, Chairman of the Nova Scotia Branch of the C. M. A.

Lately we have heard a good deal about King Coal in Nova Scotia; and for once many Canadians have learned that much of Canada's coal comes from a corner of that province. The Dominion Coal Co. is one of the largest in Canada. Bound up with the coal is the iron. The Dominion Iron and Steel Co. and the Nova Scotia Steel and Coal Co. are responsible for nearly fourteen millions in one year, or nearly the total value of the output of coal in the province. More than forty millions in miscellaneous manufactured goods goes to show that it is some while since Sam Slick's clockmaker tramped the roads of the Bluenose Province. Fisheries aggregating about ten millions; what a world of men go down to the sea in the ships of Halifax and St. John! Besides that eldest of all the land industries, the lumber camp and the mill; for these two provinces are still very wooden in spite of their coal, iron and steel. What wonder that the writer burst forth in language after this fashion:

"The one hundred and seven million dollars added to the national wealth of Nova Scotia last year was fought for in the thick forests; before the fiery furnace; deep in unfathomable mines; or on the cruel sea. Wealth produced in such a stern manner is more to a nation than its value in dollars and cents; it develops character in the making."

Well, your Nova Scotian is a thrifty sort who knows where his wealth comes from. In the Sydneys and the Lunenbergs, the Glace Bays and the Amhersts, the Dartmouths and the Yarmouths, in Halifax and Shelburne and Liverpool, in New Glasgow and Londonderry—there are facts and figures to show that the wheels of Nova Scotia driven by steam and water power are as busy as the wheels of the world; one of the busiest aggregations of small towns and cities in America; singular in one respect that some of the hugest industries are concentrated in the smallest towns. Here for instance are a few of the statements as to output and capital and hands employed by one of these little maritime towns—Amherst; the comparisons though dry are very interesting as showing that not alone in the forest the fishery and the farm is the greatness of the maritime land to be found, but in that other "F"—the factory:

Capital invested in industries, \$2,333,100; annual output, \$5,865,000; annual wage bill, \$1,053,000.

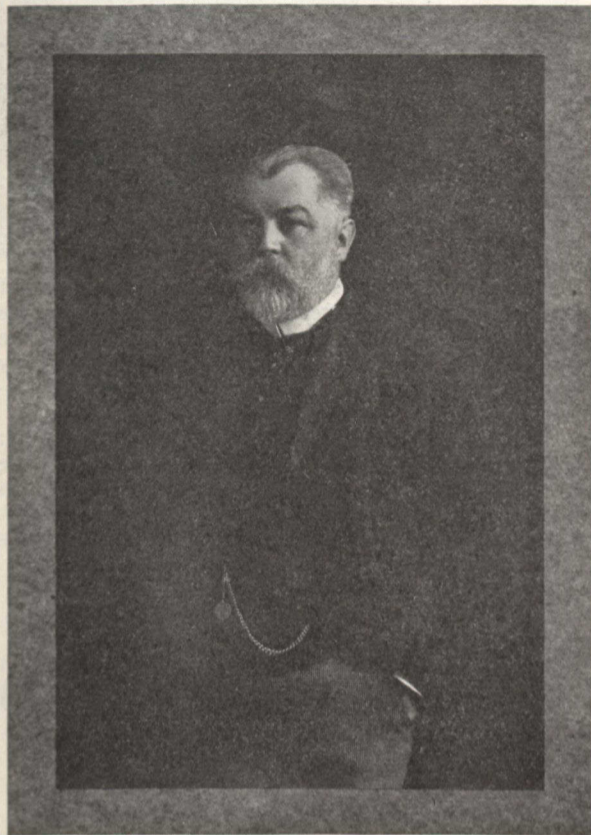
Part of Amherst's little army of workmen is apportioned as follows: Rhodes, Curry & Co., 1,750; Robb Engineering Co., 400; Amherst Boot & Shoe Co., 240; Hewson Woollen Mills, 175; Amherst Foundry Co., 140; Silliker & Co., 100; Christie Bros. & Co., 80.

There are many other large industrial concerns in Nova Scotia, turning out goods that find their way by rail and steamer-hold to many parts of the earth. Halifax, though more celebrated as a commercial and political city than as an industrial centre, has many manufacturing establishments.

# THE TRUTH ABOUT WOOL

*"Produce the Raw Material, its Industries Will Follow."*

By JAMES P. MURRAY



Mr. James P. Murray.

**I**N past years, throughout older Canada, the farms were well supplied with sheep. They yielded wool, hides, mutton and other products. Why have not our governments, who have been establishing model farms, made some effort to encourage sheep raising?

Wool is a scarce commodity in the markets of the world by thousands on thousands of bales. And it is owing to this great scarcity that users of wool have been obliged to turn to rags to help out the supply. Canadians prefer fabrics made from new wool, that is wool which has not been used before. In Canada we have all the modern machinery to operate new wool.

The scarcity of new wool has brought forth machinery for the preparation of rags, and it has been improved upon by the greatest minds in textile machinery building until the most stupendous fraud possible to perpetrate on an innocent people is to-day an accepted regular line of business.

Throughout Canada, particularly in the Maritime Provinces and Alberta, sheep raising could be made a very large and profitable addition to the other many branches of husbandry. But there are no facilities for the wool grower as there are for the grain grower. The latter can get into touch with a railway or a miller anywhere and dispose of his harvest. Not so the wool grower. There are no inspectors, no depots for its reception, sort-

ing, grading, valuing, packing and shipping. No efforts are being made to educate sheep-raisers to keep to standards and to learn that clean wool is worth more than dirty wool.

In freight rates, too, the charge is excessive. Wool may be brought to Toronto from Hamburg, London, or Liverpool for a third the cost of haulage from Calgary. Naturally the cost will be governed by quantity and packing, but no one farmer to-day can sell a carload (20,000 pounds) and there is no farmer who has packing machinery, nor would it pay to have such on a farm.

There should be wool sheds established as they are required, where a clip may be sent, examined, weighed, classed and valued, and a receipt issued, which would be as good as cash from a bank. These sheds would become known as a source for the wools of that district, and if the growers would attend to business they would find a market extending over the world.

It will not be then a question of whether there is a duty on wool entering Canada or not. The wool growers will be independent of Canadian users. No duty is collected on wool coming into Canada to-day, so there is every opportunity for free-trade theorists to show how it is benefiting the wool-grower. Nor is there any being exported worth speaking about.

To-day there are farmers in Alberta who have from 800 to 18,000 pounds of wool, good wool, first-class, long, fine fibre, but who cannot sell except at a losing price. There are several reasons for this. The buyer must go about from farm to farm to find who has wool to sell. He does not know how much he may pick up of any one wool, and so is not encouraged to offer what it may be worth if there was a sure certainty he could get his quantity. The purchases have to be sent to a certain centre, where they are to be examined and sorted out. No buyer would ship loosely packed bales thousands of miles without being sure the wool was all one grade. Packing is very important. Freight on loosely packed wool is double that on a compressed bale; and so farmers should have enough gumption to know that no man wants to pay freight on dirt, rubbish, burrs, etc., galore, found in ill cared for sheep. Clean runs pay.

Now, how should this affect the woollen factories? Would we have flour mills, furniture factories or pulp mills if we had to import the wheat, woods and logs?

At one time we had raw wool in Canada and the woollen mills were prosperous. For want of the paternal care governments are supposed to give to the natural products of our country, sheep raising declined. Causes in other parts of the world also made a shortage in wool production. Then as tariffs in other countries than Great Britain became prohibitive and labour's wage in these countries advanced while in Great Britain they fell off, the very existence of their mills forced skill to find a means of producing a quantity of a marketable fabric which could hold its own, even under a customs tariff, in appearance and selling values, against the more honest domestic fabric.



An Ontario Farmer's Tiny Flock.

For years the woollen question has been treated by governments of Canada as a subject to keep farmer and manufacturer at daggers' ends. Is it not time that as sensible Canadians the whole subject should be considered from the point of its national importance? In no country is wool clothing of more necessity than here in Canada. No country can grow better most of the wools we need for the great middle classes, and they are the backbone of the country.

The brevity of these remarks is in no way indicative of this subject. It is every Canadian's interest to develop his country by what is or can be produced in his country. And the development of sheep-raising, wool-growing and our woollen factories will mean the circulation of many more millions of dollars among our farmers, work people and employers in Canada.

## The Secretary of the C. M. A.

**T**HERE is a post-graduate school of business which takes for its raw material graduates of the University. It is the Secretaryship of the C. M. A. In the past seven years four young University men have been in the Secretary's chair—Messrs. T. A. Russell, John Young, J. F. M. Stewart,

and the present Secretary, Mr. G. M. Murray, who was formerly editor of *Industrial Canada*, the organ of the Association. Mr. Russell is now general manager of one of the largest manufacturing concerns in Ontario—the Canada Cycle and Motor Co. Mr. Young is sales manager for the Canadian Rubber Co., Montreal. Mr. Stewart is Toronto manager of Mr. M. J. Haney's quarrying interests.



Mr. G. M. Murray.  
Secretary Manufacturers' Association.

It is some little while since of any these young men had much to do with mental and moral philosophy. Among them they have seen the C. M. A. grow from uncertain dimensions to a powerful organisation covering Canada from coast to coast with a network of associations. In the five years, during which the two latter secretaries have held office, the increase in membership has been at the rate of about three hundred a year. The Association now numbers about 2,350 members, ranging from Prince Edward Island to British Columbia, with representatives in every province and organisations in all but Alberta, Saskatchewan and Prince Edward Island. The amount of capital represented by these men has never been adequately computed in millions. But the factories of Canada turn out yearly close to a billion dollars' worth of goods and the C. M. A. has its official hold on more than nine-tenths of the capital employed in so doing.

Presidents are an annual affair. Secretaries hold office until other business calls them. The Secretaryship of the C. M. A. is a business; and it takes the brains of a live-wire man to do it. Any young man who is to keep track of the cosmos of opinions and activities represented by the C. M. A. has, in the language of the poets—"His work cut out for him." Mr. Murray is one of the quietest of the quartette in succession, and as young as any. He is a worker. Loafing in office hours would have to be taught to him. He seldom or never has time to gossip. The offices of the C. M. A., high up on the fourteenth floor of the Traders' Bank, are pleasant enough for a picture gallery. But the Secretary spends very little time looking out at the panorama of Toronto. He sees the smoke stacks—and he smiles; though he is somewhat interested in the suppression of smoke. Just at present he is a thousand times more absorbed in getting the affairs of the Association in shape for the annual meeting which comes off in Hamilton next month.

"Yes, we've been growing pretty rapidly for ten years now," he said brusquely. "But of course we can't always grow as fast as we did between ninety-nine and naught six, when we averaged a

net increase of almost three hundred new members a year. At that rate we should soon have all the legitimate industrial firms corraled."

"But you have most of the big firms?"

"Nearly all. In Toronto, for instance, only three or four of the big firms are outside now."

"What keeps them outside?"

He smiled. "Rather a wonder I should say that we should have got the great majority all in. There never was a good movement yet that hadn't a respectable opposition."

"And of course inside the Association you all agree on the same doctrines?"

"Do we? Well I should think not. We have more divergence of opinion in the C. M. A. than you can find in the Parliament of Canada. Difference of opinion is the life of this concern. We thrive on it. Our annual meetings—well, I haven't time to describe one to-day. Come down to Hamilton."

"But of course you agree somewhere?"

"On broad general principles, yes."

"Uh—tariff for instance, eh?"

"Now don't run away with a bogey idea about tariff. That's exactly where the public misunderstand the C. M. A.. Popular notion is —;"

"That you are all in for a Haman's gallows tariff?"

"Which is not the case," he insisted. "The public say thirty-five per cent., for instance, is a big protection which they pay. But the public forgets that often what is one man's finished product is another man's raw material. That's where a lot

of the diversity of opinion comes in. Besides a man who gets thirty-five per cent. protection on finished products and pays twenty-five per cent. on his raw material—well, figure it out for yourself. We're not a close corporation on the common-sense end. We prefer the public to understand just all they have time for. We are a public institution."

"Well—what's your opinion on the Payne—Aldrich spasm?"

"Pshaw! As an association—indifference. Under the Dingley Bill we had ceased to be big salesmen to the United States. If our people can't find a market at home and look after that to the limit—well, what's the use?"

"Do you include Great Britain and the Empire?"

"Ultimately, yes. But first and foremost—Canada for Canadians."

"But you don't object to the establishment of foreign factories here?"

"Do we? Well if so we've been badly bitten of late with two hundred millions or so of United States industrial capital invested on this side of the line."

"Any bad effects on home industries as far as you can see?"

"Very little. One or two isolated instances."

"How about free trade within the Empire?"

"Not on our programme. We believe in each part of the Empire adjusting duties to suit itself."

"As to the Franco-Canadian treaty—what?"

"Not at all enthusiastic. Neither are we disposed to dicker with Germany. Suppose we should suc-

ceed in cultivating more trade with Germany, isn't it partly at the expense of the Mother Country? No—that isn't Imperialism—and I think I can safely say that the C. M. A. is Imperialistic. We believe in patience. Some day Great Britain will relinquish free trade—but gradually. When she does and to what extent she does, Canada is bound to benefit as much as Great Britain. Even a slight tariff on foreign food products would be of immense advantage to Canada."

Even the incisive Secretary of the C. M. A. might have spent hours in this discursive topic, but he cut the discussion short, having delivered his mind enough to convince that part of the public who read this article, that the C. M. A. does not exist merely to boost tariffs. He alluded to the growth of the Association and its specialisation of departments.

"But how does that interest the general public—the consumer?"

"Well, take, for instance, in addition to our tariff and insurance departments, both added during the last five years—the transportation department. Take the new bill of lading, which we fought through by means of Boards of Trade and our own branch associations till we got it on the railways—"

And the Secretary proceeded to show how that by this item alone the manufacturer may hold the railways liable for delay or damage to goods in transit, thereby lowering the margin of cost for depreciation and taking the difference off the price to the wholesaler and the consumer.

## SHORT STORIES OF RAW MATERIALS

### *The Natural Wealth of Canada.*

#### I.—GRAIN OF CANADIAN WHEAT.

THE grain of Canadian wheat has become part of the economic drama of North America. No. 1 Hard is manufactured in Canada alone; and it is almost literally a process of manufacture with the edge of frost for a factor in the operation. The economics of wheat have been studied of late more than any other natural product. Wheat enters into the public imagination. The operations of Patten in the wheat pit were talked of by the common people a hundred times more than any of the sensational exposures of Lawson concerning copper or the financial stamperies of railway kings. When wheat gets to be a dollar a bushel and over, it becomes a matter of public interest. The "dear loaf" becomes a consideration. Other breadstuffs advance. The price of other provisions tends to go up in sympathy. Wheat is the economic king.

Canada last year produced one hundred and thirty million bushels of wheat, of which nearly half came from Manitoba, a third from Saskatchewan, a sixth from Ontario and the balance from four other provinces. The crop this year will probably aggregate one hundred and fifty million bushels. The mere handling of this wheat after it leaves the spout of the threshing machine is a huge industrial operation. There are in the Canadian West more than 1,500 elevators reaching from just beyond Kenora to Edmonton along six thousand miles of railway and landmarking a hundred cities and towns. The total elevatorage capacity of the West interior last season was forty-three million bushels; of the terminals, twenty-three millions. Interior elevators will have a storage capacity of more than fifty million bushels this year, so rapidly is the building of the red wheat castle going on; on almost every line of railway these red and grey hulks, the pyramids of the prairie. In one little town alone you may count six or seven. Scarcely is a town opened up and a roof on the town hall, till the elevator goes up; some enterprising company that makes its profit from handling wheat. On the C. P. R. in Alberta there are one thousand elevators lacking twenty-five. The C. N. R. has four hundred minus four. The G. T. P. has forty-six and there are thirty-eight on the little lines. Total number of elevators used last year in the West—1445. The largest elevator at present in the world is that of the C. N. R. at Port Arthur, which holds nearly eight million bushels. It is rumoured that at Vancouver will be a bigger one when the westward and southward movement of Canadian wheat gets under way. The elevator on the prairie is not only the landmark of the wheat-grower dotting out the lines of settlement; it is also his biggest hope, his factory, his warehouse, and his bank. Merely to elevator the wheat of the prairies and to get it out of the hopper into the



Getting the Grain of Wheat.

spout and into the holds of the lake-carriers takes a small army of operatives. And in ten years with the present rate of acreage increase in the West the number of elevators on the prairies and at terminal points should be three thousand, with a total capacity of a hundred and fifty million bushels.

Then the mills—which are of course the prime industrial end of the grain of wheat. On the C. P. R. there are now one hundred and three mills; on the C. N. R. thirty-four; and the total daily capacity of these mammoth grinders and barrelers is forty-seven thousand barrels. This in the West alone. The total number of mills from coast to coast is not less than three thousand. One company with its three biggest mills has a daily capacity of thirteen thousand barrels. The annual value of the mill output of Canada is well up to a hundred million dollars. In this huge aggregate two great companies play a very large part, known the world over as the equal of any similar companies in the world—even in Minnesota. They are the Ogilvie Milling Co. and the Lake of the Woods Milling Co. What these two companies are doing in the large, others are doing in a smaller way. No industry is more modern than the mill. In Canada the progress of the milling industry within the memory of men now living is something phenomenal. There are old men in Western Ontario who remember the day when they themselves rode forty miles to mill with a grist on horseback, returning in three days. Their fathers of the early years of last century used the hand-made mill—a hollowed stump and stone, copied from the Indians. The old stone mill run by wind or water, as the case might be, came as a very modern evolution. For many years the stone mills, some of them run by steam and some by both steam and water—such as some are to-day—continued to be the last word in milling evolution. But the advent of the new process

roller mill about twenty-five years ago effected a remarkable revolution in the industry, no less than in the quality of bread turned out by the farmer's wife. There are still people who think they prefer the old stone mill flour. But the roller mill has come to grind the world's wheat, and the roller mill is one of the most complicated mechanisms in the world of wheels.

Along with the flour mill have grown up the various cereal mills engaged in the manufacture of oatmeal and cornmeal, breakfast foods of sundry varieties, most of which originated in the United States with branch factories in Canada, but some of the best known being of purely Canadian origin with branch factories in other places.

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#### II.—THE CANADIAN TREE.

THE Canadian tree used to be counted a curse. Not many years ago the chief aim in life of a large number of people in Eastern and Middle Canada used to be to get the tree down that wheat and barley might grow up. What with the slasher-man and the saw-mill, the log-heap and the lumber pile and the raft, they have managed to get enough of the trees of Canada down and out of the way forever, to make it worth while to call conferences on—how in the name of heaven to get trees again!

The saw-mills of Canada have made more economic history in this country than any other kind of mill or factory anywhere. A large number of the mills are gone and the only thing that remains to mark where they once stood is a sleepy little town or a patch of old sawdust. That is in older Canada. But there are still a few saw-mills in the country. Out on the Pacific coast where the Douglas fir grows and makes lumber, there is a mill which cost three hundred thousand dollars. There are several mills in that country which cost up in the hundreds of thousands. At Winnipeg—the wheat city on the prairie—there is a huge saw-mill. Up at Prince Albert there is another. Edmonton has two big ones devoted to the cutting of spruce that floats down the river. Eastward still by a thousand miles or so and we come to another timber belt where the saw-mills of Fort Frances and Kenora and Rainy River make the night look like the eruption of a volcano; these again are the huge modern mill, the price of which would have bought all the saw-mills in Canada fifty years ago. At Biscotasing there is another; and that leads on to the timber belt of Northern Ontario; to Parry Sound and Huntsville and Byng Inlet—all built on the saw-mill; then the Ottawa Valley, which has been for the best part of a century the centre of Canadian lumbering; at Ottawa, the home of the lumber kings—the Booths and the Eddys, and fifty more. Hull—a little world of saws! On down into Quebec still further, where every little town





Drawing Saw Logs from the Bush to water's edge with a Steam Winch.

has its saw-mill, and we reach the other great home of the wood-worker, the timber lands of the Maritime Provinces, where the saw-mill has been and still is as important as the factory.

So from coast to coast there is a line of fortifications in the shape of saw-mills—barring the reach from Winnipeg to the other side of the Rockies along the C. P. R. Lumber is still kicking up a great part of the economic row of Canada. The products of the saw-mill and all its connexional establishments still rank high in the list. Just how many saw-mills there are in Canada no man seems to have tried to count. But they far outnumber the grist-mills, and their total product far exceeds in value that of flour and cereal mills combined.

The progress of saw-milling in Canada has been quite as phenomenal as that of the flour mill. The earliest mills were "whipsaws" run by hand in a "pit." The first machinery mill was run by water. In one of the old water-power mills there was no hurry. One man ran the whole outfit—which consisted of an upright saw. While the saw plodded through a log he sat down and had a smoke. When the board was cut he lugged it away to the pile.

The steam mill changed that somewhat. But even the old saw-mills were primitive affairs and often run with a grist mill in connection. When the saw was not busy on the logs the stones were busy on a grist. Half a dozen men were enough to keep the mill going; one man with a team to haul in the logs to the gangway; two men at the saw and the carriage; one to pile the lumber when it was thrown down; one to run the engine.

But the modern saw-mill is a fearfully wonderful place. The old "log-walloper" of Bruce county and Kent county would be as much at sea in one of the British Columbia mills as a cat in a cotton mill. Most of the big modern mills are located on streams or lakes, by which the logs are floated down many miles from the bush. The old way of hauling logs on trucks and sleighs is reduced to a minimum; although in some of the big mill yards there are teamsters whose business it is to haul great loads for a long distance on sleighs.

The entire staff of a large mill numbers many hands of varied duties. The office staff alone of a big mill nowadays numbers more than the entire outfit of an old mill, whose manager was probably the head-sawyer. Milling is now a business.

### III.—THE LUMP OF IRON ORE.

THE Canadian lump of iron ore is capable of being made in Canadian works into almost anything in the shape of iron and steel except plates for shipbuilding, structural steel for bridges and buildings—and razors. There are several large iron and steel companies in Canada, all of which have been developed within a few years. We had the iron in Canada a good many years before we had even wood; but it required no particular capital to get trees down and sawn up, whereas it takes a great deal to dig iron out of the rocks, smelt it and manufacture it into the hundred things that an age of iron and steel needs in industry. Bounties were the first form of protection accorded to Canadian iron and steel. These have lately disappeared and the industry has become pretty well established.

From Atitokan to New Glasgow is about the present workable range of the iron ore in Canada. The blast furnace at Port Arthur is the last to be put in operation. The latest development in the ore belt—and that in somewhat the same zone as the Atitokan—is the Moose Mountain iron mines north of Sudbury. Moose Mountain has been disemboweled for a little over a year. Last summer a new works was operating there and sending the

ore out to Key Harbour on Georgian Bay, one of the two ore docks in middle Canada.

But down at Midland on the same bay there is a blast furnace and iron works—and that with several others dotted clear from Lake Huron to Londonderry, N. S., is the property of the Drummond and McCall Co., whose head offices are in Montreal. The same company has dotted itself down at Radnor in Quebec and at Drummondville, Quebec; and from the four plants going at full capacity more than a hundred thousand tons a year are capable of being produced and worked up in the shape of iron. The Midland works are the most unique and in some respects most important; situated at a point of easy haulage and low freight rates, with unlimited raw material to the north. At Radnor Forges the company have an industrial village of their own. At Londonderry they have the most important iron holdings in Eastern Canada.

The works at the Soo have been more talked of than any other works in Canada; beginning with wizardry and a search for water power by Clergue and ending in a reorganised company equipped with British capital a year or two ago—when the rather lurid era of speculation and wizardry had passed away. The iron works at the Soo used to be splendid campaign oratory for the Liberal Government in Ontario. They are now effectively engaged in turning out steel rails for Canadian railways; such rails as may be found at Sydney, C. B., where the Dominion Iron and Steel Company has for some years been second only to the Soo works in point of public interest.

The Dominion Iron and Steel Works are the most important in Canada. Here are four blast furnaces on one of the finest harbours in America, and hundreds of miles nearer transatlantic ports than Pittsburgh. The ore comes from Newfoundland; Conception Bay on Belle Island, and near the ancient colony and four hundred miles from Sydney; easy transportation and an unlimited supply—



Canada has as many wonderful Waterfalls as any other Country in the world.

calculated at thirty millions of tons available ore on the island besides that under the sea; laid down at the works at the cost of a dollar a ton.

In Sydney and New Glasgow the Nova Scotia Steel and Coal Co. achieved a single year's output and expenditure in figures that run up into millions many times.

Most southerly of all the blast furnaces of Canada is that of the Hamilton Iron and Steel Co., of which Mr. Robert Hobson, President of the C. M. A., is the manager. Limestone is easily available—west of Hamilton; ore from Lake Superior. Works including—One blast furnace making 75,000 gross tons of pig iron per annum; three basic open hearth furnaces making 45,000 tons of steel per annum; a rolling mill producing 60,000 tons of steel and iron bars per annum.

### IV.—THE CANADIAN WATERFALL.

THIS is not the story of the "Falls of Lodore"—concerning which Robert Barr tells a story of a man who had read the verses about these marvellous cataract, and roamed about trying to find it; finally sat down on a stone and asked a wayfarer—"My friend, where are the Falls of Lodore?"

"Why, man, you're sittin' on 'em!" he said.

The waterfalls of Canada cannot be sat upon. The few people who have tried sitting on Niagara were not able to sit up again. But with all the talk about Niagara it is but a patch on the rest of the falls of Canada. Water in energy is one of the profoundest of raw materials in this country. Somehow in the economic scheme by which Canada was made we got our coal all in a few isolated spots and away from the centres of population. But while we were searching for anthracite and

lignite the falls were tumbling—at Niagara, and Shawinigan, at Eugenia and Nipigon, on the Ottawa and at the Chaudiere, on the Restigouche and the Abitibi—out on the Winnipeg River and away westward on the Bow and out on the mountain streams of the Rockies.

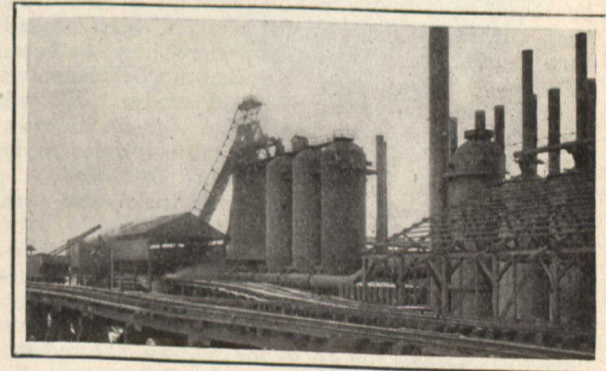
We are said to have four distinct power belts in water; lower St. Lawrence and the Ottawa, etc.; the Hinterland Falls running north; the St. Lawrence from Lake Superior to Montreal; the watersheds of British Columbia. In all these we are computed to have hundreds of millions of horsepower; in lower St. Lawrence and the Ottawa alone forty millions. We shall probably not harness all these horses this century. But the beginning has been made. Niagara has been hitched up in several places. Kakabeka in the Nipigon is being roughly juggled with. Rainy River is dammed. Eugenia is being computed. Shawinigan has been driving wheels for a couple of years. Lac du Bonner near Winnipeg is running street cars. Some day—soon?—a power line is to be built from Niagara to London with branches. Already we have got far enough with the scheme to have two Montreal newspapers attacking the Whitney Government on the Ontario power by-law. Generation and transmission are in the air. Sixty thousand volts are being daily sent over from Niagara to Toronto, whose street cars and electric lights are being furnished by Niagara.

So we have at least made a good practical start, and have got beyond the merely romantic stage. A transmission line no longer causes the farmer to "gawk." He has visions of riding to town by power that he has never seen at Niagara. There is talk of electrifying railways. The C. P. R. talks of it. The C. N. R. have not denied that their new line from Buffalo to Ottawa may be run by Niagara. The T. and N. O. Commission have been scheming to hitch up the Abitibi.

But not only in lighting and transportation. Water-power electricity has been applied to pulp mills, and the pulp areas promise to furnish some of the most valuable developments on this line. Electric smelting has been investigated by a government expert—Dr. Haanel. And for years Canada has been manufacturing electric appliances especially designed for water-power-house equipment. The immense works of the Electrical Development Company at Niagara were equipped with generators from the works of the Canadian General Electric Company in Peterboro.

The spring and summer of 1906 was the time when Niagara was reaching out for equipment. The wheelpits and the tail-races and the tunnels of the Electrical Development Company were getting ready for the turning on of the water from the great cataract. The hundred miles of transmission lines were already up with their thousands of tons of copper wires strung on the steel towers between Toronto and Niagara, each ready to receive 60,000 volts pressure. The largest transformer plant in the world was being erected on Davenport Hill to distribute power to the city of Toronto, and beyond, with the twelve transformers of 2,400-kilowatt capacity.

The castings for the generators were already shipped from the works of the Canada Foundry Company. The copper wires were ready on the reels. The insulating department was ready to go on with the work. But in all the works of the C. G. E. was not a winding machine big enough to wind the tremendous armatures of one of these immense machines. Nowhere in the world, not even in the General Electric Works at Schenectady, was there a winder big enough. Impossible to buy one. It must be made; must be designed and built on the premises of the C. G. E. Orders were sent to the Canada Foundry Company for castings the necessary size. And one day the huge machine was rigged up in the only vacant spot, in the storage building, because there was no room in the machine shop, and to-day these great generators are in daily successful operation at Niagara Falls.



Steel Mills are growing in number and size.

# NATE WILLIAMS: HIRED MAN

*A Study of the Man and the Motive.*

By JEAN BLEWETT, AUTHOR OF "HEART SONGS," ETC.

THE hired man began by reminding Fraser that in all the years he had worked for him he had not once asked a favour.

"It would be a peety tae begin at this late day," remarked the artful Fraser.

"Don't be scared, I'm not after a loan. What I want is a little of your time which ain't got any market value, an' your tongue that's always waggin' free. It's this way"—the hired man grew grave—"if you'll make a plate glass mirror of yourself, so to speak, and show me how I look you will do me a favour. No, I'm not out of my head, nor thinkin' of gettin' into any beauty competition—want to see myself as others see me, that's all."

Fraser's head wagged solemnly. "This comes o' a parcel o' foolish women asking him to be the village blacksmith in a show thing called a tableau. It was the muscles on the hairy arms o' you they were after, Nathan, not the beauty o' your face. I bid ye beware o' vanity, also o' women and tableaux. Hoot mon, to lose your head like this!"

"Hoot yourself, you old fraud!" retorted the hired man. "Give us a candid opinion—if you can give one. You make out to be my friend."

"Easy, man, easy. Hae I no proved my friendship by putting up wi' your habits a' these years?" with keen reproach.

"I've put up with a few things myself," came the crisp response; "your temper, an' your Scotch tongue."

"Ay," admitted the other guardedly, "we've baith had a deal to bear. But what bee hae ye in your bonnet now? And why are you wanting me to picture the homeliness o' ye? A' richt, stand out i' the light o' the setting sun, my man. I don't want to miss any o' your good points."

The two were coming up from the cornfield by way of a stragglin' lane. Thus appealed to, the hired man stopped short in his walk and leaned against the rail fence. Fraser looked him over critically.

"There *may* be waur looking men in this old Prince Edward County," he said at last, "but I doot it. You've a skin like leather, an eye that squints, and a heid o' hair the baldest chap alive wull no' be grudgin' you."

"Right you are!" cried the delighted William. "But about my make-up in general. Isn't there something soft an' gentle about me? You'd know I was of a yieldin' disposition soon as you clapped eyes on me, wouldn't you?"

A gleam of mirth flashed up in Fraser's eyes. "The wayfauring man though a fool wad ken ye for a mule by the chin and the jowl o' ye, Williams."

"Good boy, Fraser!" cried the other, grabbing up his hoe and starting on; "anybody that set out to wind old Nate Williams round his finger would get left. Sure thing. Yieldin' disposition!" A laugh began away down in his throat and grew into a roar. "Yieldin' disposition, indeed!"

Fraser frowned in perplexity. "If I had nae worked wi' ye the day through, I'd say you'd been at the drink again," he said.

The hired man shook his head. "Haven't touched, tasted or handled since last spring."

"Right glad I am you hae seen the error o' your way, Nathan, and—"

"Don't you fool yourself," the other broke in. "I've alway said that gin we got you convinced a thing was wrang your sense o' self-respect—"

"Self-respect be hanged!" roared Nathan; "it's stubbornness, pure bull-dog stubbornness. Hasn't your good woman coaxed an' jawed by turns, an' brought up lurid examples to sort of scare me into keepin' sober? Why, half the females in this neighbourhood have took turns in preachin' at me. I've been chased by temperance lecturers, been prayed for in public an' private. You know how it's been. What good did it all do? Not that much!" snapping a thumb and finger together derisively. "I'll tell you why. Everybody was lookin' for me to turn over a new leaf, an' it's against my principles to do what's expected. I'm too stubborn for that."

"Weel, Nathan, like Saul o' Tarsus you've seen the light at last."

"Don't you go makin' invidious comparisons betwixt him an' me," expostulated Nathan with indignation. "Look here! I stopped drinkin' because I'm the stubbornest fellow on God's earth. Every time folks shoved me up to the fold an' showed me the gap I was expected to enter by, I just naturally kicked up my heels an' gambolled off in another

direction. I'm not the tame kind that does what's bid. No, siree! I quit because Christy McColl said I couldn't. You know Christy."

Fraser nodded. Everybody knew Christy, a homely, faithful creature who had given her girlhood to caring for a worthless father, and the years which lie between girlhood and middle age to waiting for Nathan Williams to reform. Other offers had come to her, for all knew the sweetness and wholesomeness of her nature, but Christy would have none but Nathan, and him she would not have until such time as he would promise to stop drinkin' for good. A pathetic waiting hers had been. Fraser thought of her as girl and woman and nodded again.

"Ever been in Christy's garden along in June? Say, it's a sight with them pinks and phlox an' sweet Williamses spreadin' their colours out an' makin' the place smell as sweet as if summer had uncorked her scent bottles all to once. I noticed this when I sauntered in, noticed it more I s'pose on account of me comin' right from the hotel an' havin' about me another kind of atmosphere."

The hired man seemed warm. He took off his straw hat and let the wind blow through his scant locks. Presently he laughed derisively.

"Who cares, anyway?" he growled. "Well, this night Christy wasn't actin' like herself at all. I wasn't struck on the change. For years when I'd go in she'd look glad to see me. If I'd been drinkin' she'd say: 'Oh, Nate, this breaks my heart!' and mebbe cry a little. I was so used to the programme it worried me to have it changed. This night she didn't lay out to do any wailin', never once put her apron to her eyes. She acted for all the world as if I was just any other neighbour that had dropped in."

A tremble of indignation thrilled through the hired man's voice.

"I didn't think it of her!" cried Fraser, admiringly.

"No more did I. I used to tell myself she took a blamed sight too much interest in my daily walk and talk, but no kick comin' along that line this time. 'You seem put out with someone,' says I by-an'-by. 'Maybe it's me,' says I. 'No,' goin' right on trainin' the scarlet runners 'round the poles, it's not you, Nathan.' 'What you mad at?' I kept on. 'At myself,' says she, 'my own foolishness.'"

"Then we stood there 'mong the flowers starin' at each other till it seemed as if every little nestin' bird had twittered itself to sleep. Finally she resumed the conversation where she'd left off. Said she'd made up her mind not to worry about me, not for another minute, seein' I'd no common sense, an' not enough backbone to speak of."

Fraser's chuckle died away to a sympathetic murmur as the other faced him.

"Yes, she said that—no backbone to speak of—an' I stood there like a stoten-bottle an' took it. I asked her if she wanted to drop acquaintance with me. Gosh! I was mad clean through. No backbone! 'Not acquaintance,' says she cool as a cucumber, 'but as for the old friendship or sweetheartin', whichever you like to call it, that's done for good.' I took that, too—had to take it."

"Even the patient camel—" began Fraser, but the hired man was too full of his own affair to listen.

"I've been a silly woman, Nate," she goes on. "In wastin' your time on me," says I. "That's what I mean," says she, an' I give you my word she looked me over as if I was a mighty cheap piece of property. It took my breath. I'd as soon thought to see Christy start for the North Pole by airship as to show scorn of me. All the while she was sayin' in that polite voice of hers, which wasn't the voice I knew at all: 'A woman ought to have her plans for life made before she's old as I am, but I've made plans I can't use. It's waste of time, sinful waste of time. My plans took you in, they was for years of life together, you helpin' me, me helpin' you. I'm done with plannin', an' she threw her hands out as if castin' me an' the precious plans to the four winds of heaven. An' you can't guess what I was thinkin'.'"

"You was thinkin'," returned the astute Fraser, "that Christy McColl was a better-looking woman nor you'd ever thought her before."

"Well, not just that, but something like it," admitted the other. "But wait till I tell you the rest. I'm kind of tired livin' my lone," says she,

"but I'll live my lone till the end of my days before I'll marry any man to reform him. Whisky has you bound," says she, "an' you'll never be a free man the longest day you live. You couldn't quit if you tried. There's no dependin' on a drunkard, as I know to my sorrow. Even if he promises he can't keep his word—the tavern draws him against his will."

"Not if he has a will," I argued. "But he hasn't, poor weak thing!" says she. I was madder than ever, but thinkin' to work on her feelin's I remarked I was a lone, homeless chap nobody cared a straw for. "So you are," she agrees. She's too blamed agreeable. It isn't natural to have a woman side in with you. "So you are," says she, "an' nobody ought to feel more 'shamed of it than you. But you can count on one friend, Nathan. I'll always have a feelin' of pity for the poor fellow who couldn't, not for his own sake or mine, keep from wastin' his time, his strength an' all the money he earned in the bar-room. You'll never do any better, I know it; you haven't any will of your own, an'—"

"I've a will of my own, I tell you!" says I, an' hit the garden gate with my fist.

"You used to have, maybe, but not since the liquor got hold of you. I'm sorry for you, poor old Nathan! If you had backbone enough to—but you haven't. Goodnight an' goodbye, old friend." She held out her hand, an' when I didn't take it, she picks up the watering-can an' goes on with her work for all the world as if I wasn't there. Yes, sir, that's the way Christy used me."

"Glower if you like, but I canna help laughin'," exclaimed Fraser. "It 'minds me o' something that happened to a neighbour o' mine in the auld days. A daft chap wha had conceived a great fondness for him came behind him in the summer fallow ane morn and brought him a sounding crack wi' a hand-spike. While we worked to bring the neighbour to himself the daft creature hung over him saying, 'I'm thinkin' I surprised ye, my man, oh, ay, I surprised ye!' Weel, I'm thinking Christy surprised ye, Nathan."

"I'll show you, Christy McColl!" says I in a voice that made her jump. "I'll show you an' folks like you whether Nate Williams hasn't will enough—backbone enough—to do anything under heaven he sets out to do. I'll let you know the man you throwed over ain't the poor affair you think him. Yes, I will, an'—an' be darned to you!"

"All the stubbornness of my make-up boiled into bubbles an' ran over. From that hour to this I ain't touched a drop. I won't touch it—I'm done. When a man of my build is told to his face he can't do a thing it's up to him to show folks they don't know it all. No backbone! Say, I'll make her take back them words yet, an' don't you forget it."

"'Tis like you'll break out again," Fraser put in dubiously. "And if so, you're no to feel discouraged. Human nature is—"

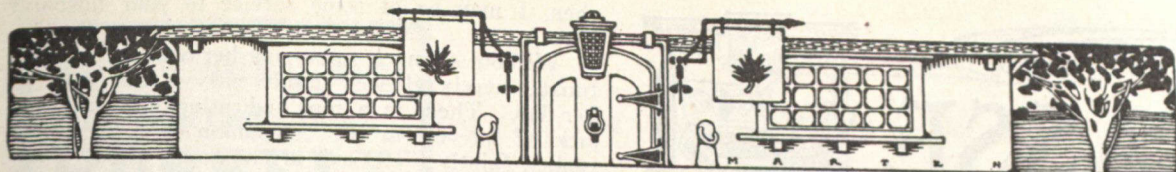
"Break out!" roared the hired man. "Not while I keep my senses. I've got my faults, the Lord knows, but I'm no quitter."

"Christy McColl is no fool," commented Fraser's good wife when he had passed the hired man's confidences on to her. "She knew what she was doing when she spoke her mind that night among the pinks and honeysuckles. Some men can be dragged back from the pit by their good qualities while others haven't any strong enough to stand the strain. You have to try their bad ones. Christy worked hard on Nathan's self-respect and affection, worked all these years on every bit of good she could find—result, failure. Then she saw her mistake, and lettin' go the good, grabbed hold of his conceit and pride and stubbornness, gave one good hard yank and back he came to the path of sobriety and right living."

"'Tis a peety he and Christy fell out," said Fraser. "They'll never make up."

Mrs. Fraser merely remarked: "Christy told him he hadn't a will of his own and he set about convincin' her to the contrary. She told him she'd grow old alone—well, knowing the hired man, do you suppose it will not be his joy and pride to prove her in the wrong?"

"He doesn't pray to be kept," she added gently, "but I'll warrant Christy prays enough for two. Anyway, he is living a sober life to please himself, which is the strongest motive a man can have."



## AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

**M**RS. ANNIE BESANT, President of the Theosophical Society since the death of Col. Olcott, its founder, while in New York, gave many interesting talks on the influence of Theosophy upon the social and spiritual problems that to-day are vexing humanity. She predicts that there will be a new leader born to teach the people a form of idealism that will save society. Mrs. Besant is one of the most remarkable women of the present day; is a profound thinker, eloquent lecturer and writer, and has wonderful administrative ability.



The Hon. Nan Herbert.

Her appearance is described as being of the real British type, square featured, pure white hair, cut short, and as she faces her hearers in a long, flowing gown, looks somewhat like a Bishop. Mrs. Besant has lived many years in India, and she speaks with much animation of the political upheaval there, though she believes the British will ever continue to be the ruling power. Of the several colleges Mrs. Besant has founded in India, perhaps the most important is the Central Hindu College at Benares, where its 800 students receive the best western and scientific education. Before coming to America Mrs. Besant visited England, where theosophy numbers its cult by the thousands, many of whom belong to the wealthiest and most cultured class. Recently the Hon. Nan Herbert, sister of Lord Lucas, bequeathed to Theosophy the old home of her father, the Hon. Auberon Herbert. This Mecca of Theosophy is most characteristically English, and seems an incongruous setting for the home of an Oriental faith. Yet it is at "The Old House," Ringwood,—a conglomerate pile, got together on the instalment plan—that the tenets of the Eastern faith are being taught.

Mrs. Besant has been invited to Montreal, where they have a progressive local society.

\* \* \*

**W**HILE the girls in the east have been revelling in tennis tournaments, and cheering their big brothers to victory at the Henley, western young ladies have been showing themselves adept as "skippers." The other day a dozen of Vancouver's sportiest and pluckiest girls sailed twelve yachts of the Royal Vancouver Yacht Club fleet in the annual race for the Julian Cups. Old yachtsmen say the race was the prettiest and most spectacular ever seen in the west. In spite of the squally breeze the yachts were handled in a way that would be credit to experts at the game. Miss Ollie McLennan sailed the trim sloop "Asthor" and was the first to cross the line, thus landing the cup and racing pennant for the year. Miss Violet Thicke, by smart handling of the sloop, Madeline, gave Miss McLennan a hard chase for the honours. Miss Della Johnstone, in "Aloka," was third.

Being unable to secure a certain lady skipper at the very last moment, a clever practical joke was played which added much to the amusement of the spectators. The story was passed around that a "Miss Teria," who handled her craft most heroically and really came in second, was an "Eastern girl" and owned a yacht of her own. This, of course, added excitement to the race, as it looked for a time as if the cup would come to the east, but with the presentation of prizes came the denouement that "Miss Teria" was a boy and an expert helmsman, but as "she" forced the girls to do their smartest best, and blushing refused the second prize, "she" was forgiven amidst peels of laughter and

much merriment, and retiring left the fair winners in the order given above.

\* \* \*

**T**HE anxiously-looked-for match between Miss Sutton and Mrs. Hannam, the tennis champions, took place last week in Toronto on the beautiful courts of the St. Matthew's Club. The meeting will long be remembered as the leading social and sporting event of the season. Old-time players were out in scores, and never in Toronto has there been seen a gathering of more handsome and beautifully gowned women. The whole scene, indeed, was an enchanting one and aroused the admiration of every one present.

Although it was a doubles match an opportunity was afforded for comparison, opinions being fairly divided. Miss Sutton was suffering somewhat from the effects of a stormy passage over from Niagara, but nevertheless she played with a dash and vigour that was a surprise to the spectators. In Mrs. Hannam the wildest expectations of her admirers were realised. Her good judgment and marvellous control of the ball and ability to send it wherever there was an opening aroused the greatest enthusiasm. Miss Steever, from Chicago, who played with Miss Sutton, was consistent and steady as a rock, her net play and capacity to win a stroke at critical moments were the dominant features in the success of her side. Miss Summerhayes, who played with Mrs. Hannam, as the weakest of the four players, had, as was anticipated, to bear the brunt of the attack, and return half again as many more balls as her accomplished partner. In spite of this she acquitted herself to the admiration of her friends, and it was the consensus of opinion that never in her lengthy and distinguished tennis career had she made a better showing. The accuracy of play all around is shown by the fact that in a match of ninety minutes only two double faults were served. The driving of all four players was of the severest kind, the placing was splendid and in every particular it was the finest ladies' doubles ever played in Toronto. At Niagara-on-the-Lake society is in the greatest state of excitement over the coming international singles, next Saturday between Miss Sutton and Mrs. Hannam, when the battle royal will be fought to a finish. In the meantime speculation as to who will be the winner is animating the tennis world.

\* \* \*

**C**OBOURG'S Summer Horse Show was the most popular attraction last week at that fashionable summer resort, when a record attendance and keen competition in all classes marked the event throughout. It is interesting to note that many of the prizes were carried off by Mrs. Lilly A. Livingston, of the Pontiac Stock Farm. Mrs. Livingston made twenty-two entries in all and her success and enterprise elicited much praise from the judges.

\* \* \*

**J**UDGE AND MRS. LAMONT, formerly of Toronto, now of Regina, are spending the summer in Vancouver and are occupying the residence of Mr. H. A. Stone. The Judge and Mrs. Lamont are meeting many old Toronto friends who are visiting in the city.

\* \* \*

**A**RT lovers in Victoria have been delighted for some weeks past by the splendid art exhibit by Mr. J. Carrier, the eminent English artist, who is camping at Oak Bay. The exhibit was held at the home of Mrs. Croft, where hundreds of canvases were shown depicting the beauties of the western coast, while many beautiful views of Toronto's picturesque suburbs pleased those recognised in their familiar landmarks. Amongst the many interesting subjects, one which attracted much attention, was called "Music in the Backwoods"—a young man seated in his lonely cabin playing a mandolin, his dog crouching at his feet, while through a half-open door a bear is seen standing upright in the snow. Another magnificent canvas of an entirely different type, is a splendid conception of Moses, when from the mountain top, just before his death, he, in the presence of the Angel of the Lord, is shown the beauties of the Promised Land, which he is never allowed to enter. The "Road Over the Hill," a local scene just beyond the golf links, received much favourable comment and was purchased by Mrs. Croft. Mr. Carrier

is a most versatile artist, sympathetic in his treatment and wonderfully true in his color schemes.

\* \* \*

**T**HE number of people who find their way to Toronto to spend the summer months is really quite remarkable. The scene at the fashionable hotels during the past few weeks has been almost as brilliant as at anytime during the social season, warm as the weather has been. The large number of people lunching, dining and entertaining is quite unprecedented, and indeed the assemblies are quite cosmopolitan, which testifies to Toronto's world-wide popularity as a summer resort.

\* \* \*

**A**MONGST the many distinguished guests who stopped off at Toronto for a few days en route to the coast were the Earl and Countess of Mansfield, and the Earl and Countess Macclesfield.

\* \* \*

**O**NE of the most sensible books recently written on the question of the eternal feminine, is the novel, "Elizabeth Davenay," by Mme. Claire de Pratz. Every phase of the woman's movement is presented, and le feminisme is defended most vehemently. Woman in society and in the home, woman in her old position of servitude and in her present position of independence, woman in every state and condition, tells us her thoughts and her aspirations. Mme. Pratz has great skill in character painting, her style is smooth and beautiful and she handles her subject with intelligence and power. We first see the motherless Elizabeth in her young girlhood living in Paris, surrounded by friends of refinement and education, but she longs for the broader and freer life of London, where, later, she is allowed to go, and of course in that hive of woman's suffrage she soon gets "ideas," which greatly shock her father and his friends upon her return to Paris. Many interesting glimpses are given of Elizabeth's bachelor life; she has obtained her professorship at the Lycee and is able to present her cause in the most convincing manner. She refuses many offers of marriage, is proud of her freedom and objects to man's dominance. She has vowed against marriage, love and all such nonsense, her strongest argument being that woman should allow reason and not emotion to govern her.

They were alone in her study, the soft perfume-laden air of summer was wafted through the window. . . . . and side by side they gazed silently into the starlit night. . . . . and Elizabeth, woman-like, is in love. The book is wholesome throughout and abounds in splendid types of Parisian life, wherein lies its greatest charm. Not so with Miss Hamilton in her "Marriage as a Trade," where woman is given a most unnatural character.

\* \* \*

**M**ADAME BIVERT, whose portrait we reproduce, and who for some time past has been a popular teacher of French at Havergal Ladies' College, has opened a French Salon at her home in Carlton Street, where she will receive pupils.

Mme. Bivert was born in Paris, where she was educated, graduating from the Paris University. She has excellent pronunciation and purity of accent as well as a splendid command of English and is at present arranging a French grammar. She is well versed in French classics and excels in dramatic recitation, her Causeries being patronised by Toronto's ultra cultured.



Madame Bivert

Her presentation of that exquisite scene from "Precieuses Ridicules" at a meeting of the Alliance Francaise some months ago, was most warmly appreciated and efforts are being made to induce her to give an early repetition of the scene. Mme. Bivert is a skilful etcher, has a fine soprano voice and is a most entertaining conversationalist; her presence at any social gathering always adding a flavour of intellectuality.



## BELITTLING HIS FEAT.

HON. W. J. HANNA, Ontario's Provincial Secretary, who has just returned from a trip across the Atlantic, has had the time of his life in the Old Country. A Toronto gentleman who met Mr. Hanna and party in the Highlands relates the following incident:—

A guide was showing the visitors the pass where the Highlanders under Dundee worsted the Lowlanders. Pointing to the spot, she said: "Across there the only Lowlander in that section of the fight that made his escape, jumped."

It is 14 feet clear and to miss the other bank would mean death. Mr. Hanna looked the situation over and then calmly observed: "I cannot say that I see anything wonderful about it. With the run he had and a bunch of Highland Claymores reaching out for me I think I could jump it myself."

J. P. D.

## HOW HAVE THE MIGHTY FALLEN.

PROPOS of the recent flag tiffs which have been troubling loyal Canadian hearts—especially those of Toronto—comes a story from New York. Mr. Harold Jarvis, of the Queen City, stands in the limelight, the hero of this tale. Most people in this country have heard of Mr. Jarvis; he has sung his way into the hearts of thousands. Over in New York they are glad to get him sometimes when Caruso is on the wane. On Fifth avenue, there is an old Wheat King who is very fond of him. The way Mr. Jarvis sings the old songs touches the chords of other days. Mr. Jarvis sings frequently at his house.

Now, the old gentleman has a son who is not a chip of the old block. He is somewhat diminutive, parts his hair in the middle, has a "sissy" voice with a faint lisp—when he remembers how it is done. Recently, Reggie got his sheepskin from "Hawvawd," and on his arrival back under the paternal roof there was a little "evening" in his honour, at which Mr. Jarvis was present.

Reggie, knowing he was cast for the lion, determined to roar as loudly as possible. He exerted himself to the utmost. He told the most pointless stories and giggled at them himself. Everybody was politely proud of him.

Some way the word "Canada" drifted into the conversation. Reggie caught the magical word.

"Canada, O Canada," he mused. "Would you believe it, girls, I was once up in the woolly north



Tramp (soliloquising): So that's what it is! I thought it was a beehive in the distance.—*The Tatler*.

in a place called Hamilton, and do you know here's the way they sing "God Save the King" in England's colony.

Reggie stood up, wagged his head from side to side, and piped the most ridiculous mockery of the National Anthem. Reggie's father was worth five million! The assembled clapped and voted him a dear—all but one man.

He sprang to his feet and everybody saw that his face was flushed and that his eyes flashed. There was just a note of gentle reproof in his voice as he interrupted the "lion."

"Excuse me, sir, but I cannot agree with your rendering of 'God Save the King.' This is the way we sing it in Canada!"

Mr. Harold Jarvis opened forth and the chandeliers trembled.

When he had finished, there was a tense pause. Then came the soft click of a door closing. Mr. Reggie had gone out to smoke a cigarette—and the girls did not miss him.

## A TENNYSON ANECDOTE.

IT is often vastly amusing to note the celerity with which some of the greatest minds have balked when called upon to deviate ever so slightly from their own peculiar channels of thought.

Take, for example, the case of Tennyson and Babbage. These two celebrities were the closest of friends while at college; and when the time came for each to take up his life's work Tennyson remained in England, while the other chose a foreign field.

Time passed away. Babbage had almost forgotten his boyhood friend; when one day he was in receipt of a manuscript, accompanied by a request for criticism, that manuscript being no other than the then unpublished "Vision of Sin."

The request was complied with; and the manuscript returned to its author, with the following note:—

"MY DEAR TENNYSON:—

I have given your MS. a thorough reading; and am more than delighted to inform you that I consider it a masterful work of art.

It contains, however, one and only one flaw, which, with your permission, I will endeavour to point out. You say:

"Every moment, dies a man;  
Every moment, one is born."

Now, as authentic records lead us to believe that the world's birth-rate exceeds that of the death by, approximately, one-sixteenth, to the individual, I would advise that before the MS. passes into the hands of the publishers you alter that particular passage to read thus:

"Every moment, dies a man;  
Every moment, one and one-sixteenth is born."

Babbage, while recognised as the greatest mathematician of his time, had evidently a woefully vague conception of meter and poet's license.

E. E. K.

## AT THE COMMENCEMENT GAME.

She—"Oh, isn't the man that throws the ball, on your side, just splendid! He sends it so they hit it every time."—*Life*.

## EVEN HER CURIOSITY WAS GONE.

A WIDELY known clergyman was one afternoon pacing the deck of a steamship that was bringing him back to this country when he chanced to observe a pair of individuals more than usually seasick. One, the woman, reclining in her steamer chair, exhibited that pallor of *mal de mer* that betrays utter despair and indifference to whatever may come; and the other, a man, just as ill as the lady, was crouched at her feet with his head in her lap, looking for all the world like a poor friendless dog that had sought comfort of the nearest living being. So deeply touched by this unhappy spectacle was the good divine that he approached the wretched couple and inquired of the woman in his most sympathetic tones whether there was any assistance he could render. The woman shook her head sadly, murmuring: "There is none, thanks." Then, after a moment's pause, the clergyman suggested: "Perhaps,

then, I may be of some service to your husband here."

Without so much as moving her head, the unfortunate merely glanced indifferently at the head in her lap. Then, in a tone indicating her complete lack of interest in her companion in misery, she replied faintly: "He isn't my husband. I—I—don't know who he is."—*Argonaut*.

## MERELY NERVOUS.

HE was speaking at a meeting of school teachers. "My friends," he began, "the warkhouse is the schoolbul—" A thousand eyes were fixed upon him in mute protest. He began again.

"The schoolbul is the housewark—" An audible point of interrogation stopped him. Once more:

"My friends, the schoolwark is the housebul—" Shuffling of feet gave him pause.

"The scousehul is—" he roared, but the superintendent nudged him in the ribs. Then he gathered.

"Ah, my friends," he continued, "the schoolhouse is the bulwark of modern civilisation," and then he won out by the length of a city block.

Little Muriel flew into the house, flushed and breathless.

"Oh, mother," she cried, "don't scold me for being late for tea, for I've had such a disappointment! A horse fell down and they said that they were going to send for a horse doctor, so of course I had to stay. And after I'd waited and waited, he came, and oh, mother, what do you think? It wasn't a horse doctor at all. It was only a man!"—*Everybody's*.



## HOOT AWA!

"Ah'm tellin' ye, mon, Mactosh is a bonnier-r piper-r than Macsnuffly! Macsnuffly canna even keepit t' the tune!"

"Fich, mon, what has the tune to dae wi' it? Look at his eendoor-r-rance!"—*Life*

## TROUBLE IN THE ROYAL PALACE.

THE Shakespeare Club of New Orleans used to give amateur theatrical performances that were distinguished for the local prominence of the actors. Once a social celebrity, with a gorgeous costume, as one of the lords in waiting, had only four words to say: "The queen has swooned." As he stepped forward, his friends applauded vociferously. Bowing his thanks, he faced the king and said, in a very high-pitched voice, "The swoon has quened."

There was a roar of laughter; but he waited patiently, and made another attempt:

"The sween has cooned."

Again the walls trembled and the stage manager said, in a voice which could be heard all over the house, "Come off, you doggoned fool!"

But the ambitious amateur refused to surrender, and in a rasping-falsetto, as he was assisted off the stage, he screamed: "The coon has sweened."—*Success*.

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**THE LANDGRABBER**

*A Touching Story of the Irish Land War*

By CAHIR HEALY

**B**ERNARD KIERAN was a man. Greater praise I cannot give him.

And yet, in the memory of the oldest resident in Knocknaree, there never was one more unpopular than he. In truth, at this particular time he was utterly detested by the entire populace. Afterwards—

When he entered the church of God one Sunday the congregation rose in a body and left. It was uncharitable and un-Christian, as the priest told them, but they paid no heed to his admonitions. At this particular period they were not disposed to hold matters in a nice balance; it was in the days of the Land League, when an untamed, unarmed democracy, small in numbers, matched itself against the power and the bayonets of an Empire, and won the day.

I am not blaming the people so far as Bernard was concerned. It is true they might have acted a little differently, but in the main they were right. Bernard Kieran had become a renegade to the cause, a traitor. Nothing could excuse that. If they boycotted him, if every hand was turned against him, that was only because he had first turned his hand against everybody. He had taken the farm from which a neighbouring family had been evicted, because they had chosen to follow the mandate of the leaders in the Land War campaign. A meaner act he could scarcely have performed. In that moment he had turned his back upon the people, and the people at once boycotted him. They left him to himself. They would not speak to him on the road; even his own relatives turned away their heads whenever they met him. He was an outcast from that hour forth, a blackleg. Nobody offered him bodily hurt, but, then, nobody offered him anything else. If a shopkeeper were known to supply him with a pennyworth of bread that shop would be shunned from that hour.

One need not rush to a censure of the people. There was no other way out of the difficulty. If Bernard's example had been followed by other tenants, the campaign would have been foredoomed to failure. It was only by leaving the empty farms derelict that the landlords would be brought to reason.

The people could not understand what it was which prompted Bernard to do a thing like that. He was living with his father and mother and his elder brother on the home farm; he had everything he needed. Neither wife nor child was dependent upon him, and his own folks had quite enough. The people just reckoned that it was the land hunger—an unholy greed which drove him into the shameful transaction. He was not the kind of man whom one would have expected to fall in such a way, for Bernard had considerable strength of character. Of a somewhat shy, retiring disposition, he never associated much with boys of his own age. He was fond of reading, and the money which the others spent in drink and sport, Bernard devoted to the purchase of books. He had an indefinite air of refinement about him; it was manifest mostly in his voice, which was low and sweet, and partly in his love of flowers and animals. He recoiled from cruelty in every shape. Some of his comrades would remark,

cuttingly, that Bernard ought to have been a woman.

The only one in Knocknaree with whom he had anything in common was Sheila Braine. He met her sometimes. Old Braine did not favour the notion of his girl keeping company with one of Bernard's class. Even if he had never been a landgrabber, Braine would have had objections to him. For the Braine family were very proud. They had been landlords themselves once, and much looked up to in the days before one of the name had squandered his patrimony upon the English turf. Thereafter, they were very poor, in a relative sense, but as proud as ever. They carried their heads high, remembering their past. Their pedigree, however, could not pay the rent, and the landlord was not inclined to sentiment. He meted out equal treatment to all. Thus it came to pass that they found themselves homeless, like many humbler folks.

The family now consisted of Sheila and her father, the latter aged and in failing health. Notwithstanding their circumstances, Braine never made any pretence of allying himself with the other evicted people. The old pride forbade him, and the Tenants' League offered no assistance; indeed, he could not have brought himself to accept relief of any kind even if it had been offered. They rented a cottage in the neighbouring village and lived all by themselves. Nobody could guess how they managed to exist. They had no means. The families who had been friends of theirs in other days had long since forgotten them.

Sheila was a pretty girl; very refined and intelligent; her father had attended to her education. "If you be as poor as the poorest," he used to say, "you shall be as rich as the richest—intellectually." And so it proved. Sheila became exceptionally able and gifted.

It was their common interests in books, in poetry, which first brought Bernard Kieran and Sheila Braine into contact. It was the most natural thing in the world. He was the only man in Knocknaree, outside the clergy, who read books, and she was the only woman. Maybe there were other things between them as well (they were both young), but nobody knew about that for certain. They were inclined to keep their minds a good deal to themselves, these two.

This was the girl, then, with whom people linked the name of Bernard Kieran—Bernard, the landgrabber. In sarcasm they did it now, knowing how "touchy" old Braine could be in such a matter. "Bernard the grabber and Sheila Braine"—they always laughed when they coupled the two names.

No man is esteemed meaner in Ireland than a grabber. One may commit many crimes, and only evoke pity (the murderer is sometimes shielded from the law), but for the grabber there is nothing but contempt.

Even Braine, who had no respect for the "agitators" of the Land League, could not conceal his disgust for Bernard. "Do not ask the fellow here any more," he said to Sheila one evening.

She tried to frame some apology for him, but he stopped her peremptorily. "Leave him to himself," he added in an admonishing tone, "for

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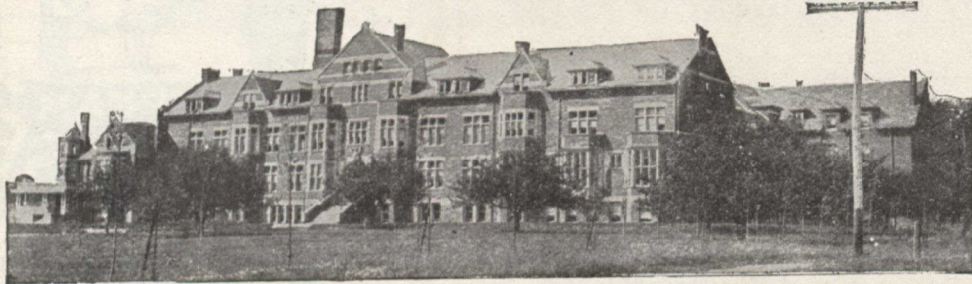


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a man who could grab a neighbour's farm is one to be shunned."

It was hard for her, in the circumstances, to preserve faith in Bernard. For, unlike her father, she believed in the principles of the Land League. On the first opportunity she spoke to him. "Why did you do such a thing?"

"I—just wanted to," he said, shame-facedly.

"Wanted to!" she exclaimed. "I could never have imagined your falling to such a depth." Partly she said this in a tone of pity, partly in anger.

He was silent. With bent head he stood in front of her, as if afraid to look into her eyes.

"Give up this farm," she went on after a pause; "give it up now—even at this hour."

"I cannot."

She put her hand upon his arm. "Bernard," she said again, and this time her voice had grown tender, "I pity you from my heart. I expected a great deal from you. I am pained and disillusioned."

"I am sorry," he put it meekly, "but it cannot be otherwise now. I understand that I am making my name one to be abhorred in all Knocknaree; it may be that I am putting my life's happiness aside for ever, but—"

He hesitated. "Ah!" she exclaimed suddenly, her face brightening up, "I think I begin to see. You are doing this for some secret reason. It is not as they all suppose, a greed for land. Some friend—"

He cut her short. "It is for no friend. It is for myself only, because I want to do it."

"You will not tell me then; you will not trust me?"

"Do not ask me," for the first time his eyes met hers, and there was a mute appeal in them. "I cannot explain at present; it may be that I shall never be able to explain."

She felt hurt by his want of confidence, and held out her hand. "Good-bye—and—father feels annoyed about this thing, too, and (the words came slowly) meantime—"

"Meantime," he added, "I shall not call."

Their fingers merely touched in the parting.

\* \* \* \* \*

Extra police were drafted into Knocknaree to preserve the peace. Matters had reached a crisis. The landlord proceeded to evict a new batch of tenants, but the latter resisted, and free fights ensued. Many were wounded, and the country was in a disturbed condition.

Bernard Kieran held to his farm all the time. Night and morning he was about his work. He allowed himself no rest. He put in more crops than any of his neighbours. No servant in all the barony would engage with him, but he journeyed to Doire and hired strangers. The Land Leaguers went the length of offering him terms, if only he would evacuate the place, but he promptly rejected all such overtures.

And then the boycott of him began in real earnest.

Seeing that he was prepared to defy them, they made matters as uncomfortable as possible for him. First the servants were "got at," and the care of the whole place was thrown upon his hands. Next the local shops refused to supply him with goods. It is true he might have demanded the assistance of the civil police at any time, but he had no desire to do so; he was prepared to fight his own battle unaided.

The landlord, hearing of his resistance, sent him a sum of money by the agent, to mark his appreciation. But Bernard threw it in the gutter at the agent's feet.

"Take it away," he yelled, "I do



## A Feast in Itself MAC LAREN'S IMPERIAL CHEESE

**A**S SOLID food it possesses sufficient nutritive value to be a meal in itself, while its piquant taste and delicate flavor make it a delicious dainty. And the form in which it is prepared lends itself to so many different ways of serving that a jar of MacLaren's Imperial Cheese provides a whole feast of delightful tid-bits. You can't know what a real delicacy cheese is until you've tried MacLaren's Imperial.

Sold in opal jars at all grocers; prices from 10 cents up. It never becomes hard or dry.

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## Lacquer it with Lacqueret



(Household Lacquer)

Ask your dealer for color card and free sample.

International Varnish Co.  
TORONTO Limited  
Makers of Fine Varnishes

not accept brides. Tell your master that, low as I have descended, I have not yet come so low as that."

Both agent and landlord were amazed at this. If Bernard Kieran despised himself for the part he was playing, why should he stick to the farm?

If ever there was an outcast, it was he. People ran from him, even the children hid behind the ditches until he passed; for they were now in terror of the man whom everybody hated. His own brother refused to speak with him on the highway. And yet he kept on. In truth, the iron had entered into his soul. The persecution had awakened the dormant manhood in him, and the thought that he was fighting in a losing cause and a hopeless one but added zest to the struggle. One evening, when a drumming party passed, he stood on the edge of the fence and faced them unflinchingly.

"There is the dirtiest fella in Ireland," one of the boys said as he went by.

The taunt hurt Bernard. "I may be the dirtiest," he called back, "but I am not a coward, like the pack of you. You expect to drive me to the wall, but you'll never do that. I'll fight the lot of you to the end."

He was not afraid of physical hurt, and if the police kept a close watch upon him, it was not at his request or desire. He knew the boys much better than the authorities did. Perhaps if the boycotters could have glanced into Bernard's home sometimes in the hours after dark, they might have judged him a trifle less harshly. At such moments he would cover his face in his hands and sit there by the window—the very figure of sorrow and abandonment. Deep down in his heart he loathed himself far more than any of his friends ever could.

He no longer met Sheila Braine. The rupture between them was complete. He had a notion that she despised him.

In the meantime Mr. Braine had been taken seriously unwell. The trouble and worry of the eviction bore heavily upon his weak constitution. The mental trouble was as bad, perhaps. They had been almost penniless. But for the generosity of an anonymous friend, who sent them considerable donations of money, they would have been in absolute want. It was a singular incident. The money was remitted from a distant town in bank notes. The first sum was accompanied by an unsigned letter to the effect that the writer was under a deep debt to Mr. Braine, which he desired to pay. Then, as month succeeded month, and donation succeeded donation, no further letter came to say who this anonymous friend was, or to give any particulars of the debt. Had they been in circumstances a little more hopeful, both might have demurred to accepting the money, but as they were in straits Sheila prevailed upon the old man to keep it. It came at a providential moment, enabling her to purchase many little luxuries for her father.

Yet, if the truth were known, the money occasioned Sheila a good deal of worry. Many a time she asked herself the question: Who was their benefactor? Were his motives pity or the repayment of a genuine debt? To neither of the questions was any answer forthcoming.

The truth was, however, revealed to her at length by an accident. Fate plays pranks with all our lives now and then, and assuredly it did so in this instance. It occurred in the closing days of her father's life. As she unfolded one of the two bank notes in the letter, she saw fastened slightly to the back a newspaper cut-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 26.

# Gillette Safety Razor

NO STROPPING NO SHAVING



## That Fits in Your Vest Pocket

A great welcome has been given our New Pocket Edition. Men everywhere are talking about it.

Hundreds are buying it. Live dealers everywhere are showing it. It is *convenience*, that counts most with men who use the "Gillette"—they regard it as a remarkable invention. It meets a world-old necessity in a new and better way.

The pocket case is heavily plated in gold, silver or gun metal. Plain polished or richly figured. Handle and blade-box either triple silver plated or 14K gold plated—the blades are fine. Prices, \$5 to \$7.50. You will see Gillette signs in every store where the razors are sold—

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You'll choose "GALTFLEECE" Eiderdown Garments when you see them, in preference to all others for negligee and around-the-house wear. They are soft, cozy and comfortable, and yet

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are stylish and perfect fitting. They alone possess the neat and trim appearance that you have been looking for in house gowns.

See them at your dealer's. Write for our booklet showing you some of the styles — we'll send it free, along with a sample of "GALTFLEECE" material.

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ISSUE OF \$1,000,000 OF 6 PER CENT. GOLD BONDS OF

# The Black Lake Consolidated Asbestos Co., Limited

[Incorporated under the Laws of the Dominion of Canada]

## Capitalization—First Mortgage 30-Year 6 Per Cent. Sinking Fund Gold Bonds

Subject, as to entire issue, to call on any interest date prior to 1914 at 105 and accrued interest, and at any time thereafter at 110 and accrued interest.

**THE NATIONAL TRUST COMPANY, MONTREAL, CANADA, TRUSTEE. DENOMINATIONS OF \$5.00 AND \$1,000**

Principal and semi-annual interest payable at the National Trust Co., Montreal

Bonds:		
Authorized.....	.....	\$1,500,000
Reserved for future requirements .....	.....	500,000
To be issued now .....	.....	\$1,000,000
Stock, Preferred.....	.....	1,000,000
entitled to non-cumulative dividends at the rate of 7% per annum. This stock takes precedence over all other classes of stock.		
Stock, Common.....	.....	\$3,000,000

### DIRECTORS

The following gentlemen have consented to serve as Directors:

**J. N. GREENSHIELDS, K.C.**, Director of the Shawinigan Water and Power Co. and the Quebec Railway Light and Power Co.  
**WILLIAM FARWELL**, President of the Eastern Townships Bank.  
**S. H. EWING**, President of the Montreal Cotton Company, and Vice President of the Molsons Bank.  
**RODOLPHE FORGET, M.P.** President of the Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company, Second Vice-President of the Montreal Light, Heat and Power Company, and a Director of the Toronto Railway Company.  
**HON. CHARLES J. DOHERTY, M.P.**, Director of the Montreal City & District Savings Bank.  
**S. M. BROOKFIELD**, Halifax, President of the Eastern Canada Savings and Loan Company.  
**HON. ROBERT ROGERS**, Winnipeg, Provincial Treasurer of Manitoba.

#### TRANSFER AGENTS

The National Trust Co., Montreal

#### REGISTRAR

The Montreal Trust Co., Limited

#### BANKERS

The Molsons Bank

The first payment to the sinking fund must be made during the month of September, 1915, which payment shall not be less than the sum of Twenty Thousand (\$20,000) dollars. In the month of January of each succeeding year a similar payment of Twenty Thousand (\$20,000) dollars must be paid.

The sinking fund must be invested in bonds of The Black Lake Consolidated Asbestos Co., Limited, purchased in the open market at lowest price obtainable, but not higher than a price to return 5% per annum on the investment.

A charter has been granted to The Black Lake Consolidated Asbestos Company under the laws of the Dominion of Canada, which will acquire, control and operate various asbestos producing properties situated on the line of the Quebec Central Railway, in the Province of Quebec, and about 160 miles from Montreal, which are as follows:

The Union Asbestos Mines .....	about 110 acres
The Southwark or Bells Mines .....	" 117 "
The Imperial Asbestos Co. ....	" 158 "
(The controlling interest in)	
The Black Lake Chrome & Asbestos .....	" 5000 "
Total .....	5385 acres

These properties are in the serpentine belt in the Black Lake and Thetford Mines district, in which the most important asbestos mines in the world are located. They have an area of about 5,385 acres and partially surround some of the most profitable companies in the district.

The properties included in the merger have been carefully examined and reported upon by the following engineers:

The Union Mines by H. C. Riehle, M.E., and T. H. Crabtree;  
 The Southwark Mines by H. C. Riehle, M.E.; Professor John A. Dresser, M.A., F.G.S.A., Dept. of Geology, McGill University, and John J. Penhale, M.E.  
 The Imperial Asbestos Mines by Mr. Fritz Cirkel, M.E. (Dipl. Engineer of the Royal Technical High School, Aachen, Germany. Author of the Monograph "Asbestos, its Occurrence, Mining, Refining and Uses," issued by the Dominion of Canada).  
 The Black Lake Chrome & Asbestos Company by H. C. Riehle, M.E.  
 Full copies of these reports can be obtained on application.

The Union Asbestos Mines are among the oldest and best known in the district, adjoining the British Canadian of the Amalgamated Asbestos Corporation, and the rich Black Lake properties of the Johnson's Company.

The Union Company, in addition to its mine buildings and equipment, owns the entire village of Calmon, which is lighted by electricity and has a complete high pressure water system. The property is well developed. Eight pits have been opened up, several of which are of large dimensions, and all of which show asbestos of the same character as that found on the adjoining properties. The mines of the company have been worked for a number of years for crude asbestos, and are equipped with a small mill, which is out of date and entirely inadequate. Consequently, in accordance with the recommendation of the engineers, a modern mill of large capacity will be immediately erected, which Mr. Riehle estimates will earn, when completed, \$125,000 net per annum.

Mr. Riehle, in speaking of the quality of asbestos in this property, says:—"It is of the best that Canada produces," and that "the area of practically undeveloped ground would alone form reserves for several generations to come."

The Southwark Mine adjoins the Union and Johnson's. It was worked some years ago for crude asbestos only, at a time when the milling of short fibre had not reached its present stage of development, and some 600 and 700 tons of crude are said to have been shipped from the property, of which 50 per cent. was No. 1 grade. Mr. John J. Penhale, in his report, says:—"With the amount of development done on this property it is easy to see that, with a well equipped mill of good tonnage capacity, this property could soon be made a good paying producer, and the quality of the product would equal that of any mine in the district."

Mr. Riehle, in his report, estimates that net profits from this mine, when equipped with a 500-ton mill, will be \$143,000 per annum, or, deducting administration and depreciation charges, \$130,000.

Inasmuch, however, as the Union and Southwark adjoin each other, he recommends, instead of the construction of a mill on each property, the erection of a large mill centrally located, to operate both, thus reducing the cost of construction and operation and increasing the profits.

The Imperial Asbestos Mines, the controlling interest in which has been acquired by this company, will be worked independently under the management of the Black Lake Company. Mr. Fritz Cirkel has made an extensive report on this property, and, in conclusion, states—"I have no hesitation in saying that amongst the many properties which I have examined all through the asbestos region, this one appears to me as having the best surface showings I ever came across." He estimates that this property, when equipped with a 500-ton mill, will earn \$146,000 net per annum.

The Black Lake Chrome and Asbestos Company. Owing to the vast area of this property, over 5,000 acres, and the inability of Mr. Riehle on account of the limited time at his disposal, to examine the whole of it at the present time, attention is called to the fact that his report is limited to certain areas, which, however, demonstrate the great possibilities of this property. Speaking of these he says:—

"These workings all show veins of asbestos of good value, quite evenly distributed through the rock. Owing to the contour of the land here, it would be an easy matter to feed a 500-ton mill in a very short time, as the working faces will almost immediately become so extensive that the cost of mining will be extremely low." In conclusion, he says:—"The value of this property is very great, and, in the writer's opinion, it should by all means be developed on a large scale immediately, as, considering the many outcroppings of asbestos, the workings, which have produced good asbestos, and also the general trend of the asbestiferous formation through the property, you cannot help but develop a very large mine. It would then be only a question whether to build one large centrally located mill or operate several smaller mills of say 300 tons capacity each.

The policy of the company will be aggressive. In accordance with the recommendations of Messrs. Cirkel and Riehle, two mills will be erected immediately, the revenue from which as estimated by them, after deducting administration and maintenance charges should be .....

To be applied as follows:—

Interest on \$1,000,000 Bonds to be presently issued .....	\$60,000
Interest on outstanding Imperial Bonds .....	6,000
Dividend on \$1,000,000 Preferred Stock .....	70,000 136,000

Surplus .....

at the rate of over 3½ per cent. on \$3,000,000 Common Stock.

The erection of a third mill, after making allowance for depreciation and contingencies, should add to the surplus available for dividends on common stock, about .....

130,000

Making a surplus of .....

at the rate of about 8 per cent. on \$3,000,000 Common Stock.

The Black Lake Chrome & Asbestos Company will in due course be equipped with one large mill or several smaller ones, in accordance with the recommendation of Mr. Riehle, the earnings of which, together with the profits from the chromic iron mill, which is fully equipped, will materially increase the revenue.

The Black Lake Consolidated Asbestos Company, when the full amount of the present bond issue is paid in, will have all of its properties paid for and more than \$500,000 available for their equipment and development, etc.

The following figures illustrate the remarkable growth of the asbestos industry in Canada.

In 1901 the production was 24,000 tons and in 1908 68,000 tons.

In 1901 the prices of raw material was as follows:—

Crude No. 1—\$125.00. Crude No. 2—\$80.00. No. 1 Fibre—\$50.00. No. 2 Fibre—30.00.

No. 3 Fibre—\$16.00.

In 1908 they were:—

Crude No. 1—\$275.00. Crude No. 2—\$175.00. No. 1 Fibre—\$110.00. No. 2 Fibre—\$55.00.

No. 3 Fibre—\$30.00.

It will be seen, therefore, while the output nearly trebled in eight years, the price more than doubled, proving that the demand has been greater than the supply.

The advance in the price of asbestos, in spite of the increased production, makes it evident that the demand is constantly increasing and that there should be a ready market for the Company's output.

Power is furnished in the form of electricity from the Shawinigan Power Company and the St. Francis Power Company, both of which have transmission lines to the Black Lake district.

It is intended that application will be made to list all securities of the Company on the Stock Exchanges of Montreal and Toronto.

We offer for each \$1,000 subscribed—

\$1,000 par value First Mortgage Bonds

250 " " preferred stock

500 " " common stock

payable 5 per cent. on subscription, 15 per cent. on allotment, 10 per cent. on the first day of October next, and 10 per cent. on the first day of each and every month thereafter until fully paid, as per Subscription Agreement. All payments carry interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum from date of payment.

Additional information can be obtained from or subscriptions made through—

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**MONEY AND MAGNATES**

**BIG ASBESTOS MERGER IN BLACK LAKE DISTRICT.**

ONE of the most important mergers that has yet taken place of the companies operating in the rich Black Lake district of the Province of Québec is that of the Black Lake Consolidated Asbestos Company. The new company has secured the Union asbestos mines, the Southwark or Bell mines, the Black Lake Chrome and Asbestos Company, and the controlling interest in the Imperial Asbestos Company. These different concerns give the new big company control of over 5300 acres. Among the directors of the new company will be Mr. J. N. Greenshields, director of the Shawinigan Water and Power Company; William Farwell, president of the Eastern Townships Bank; S. H. Ewing, president of the Montreal Cotton Company; Rudolphe Forget, M. P., president Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company; Hon. Chas. J. Doherty, director of the Montreal City and District Savings Bank; S. M. Brookfield, president of the Eastern Canada Savings and Loan Company; Hon. Robert Rogers, Provincial Treasurer of Manitoba.

**MONEY RATES TO GO HIGHER.**

IT is getting very near the point where the regular and even the casual market trailer will have to be on his guard all the time. Unless all the regular indications are wrong this time, the Canadian banks are getting ready to stiffen up the rates on all current call loans. Money has been so cheap for some little time now that many of them have found it difficult to make as much money as they would like, and there is no use trying to deny it they will put the rates up just as fast as they possibly can. With the stiffening of money rates the stock market will likely go off quite a few points, as many traders will find it difficult to carry along their fairly large loans at the higher rates.

A banker discussing the money situation with me the other day said it rather looked as though the Canadian Banks would very soon get a chance to put quite a little money out on call in Wall Street and would naturally take advantage of this situation to put the rates up in Canada.

**MERGERS BOBBING UP ALL THE TIME.**

IF it keeps on it will soon be difficult to turn around without encountering a "merger." A few weeks ago it was the big asbestos merger, then it was the cement merger; along came another cement merger; and now negotiations are being completed for a merger of a number of Canadian carriage manufacturing concerns. And strange to say in not a single instance was it anyone identified with the trade itself who first proposed the merger. It was always some of the shrewd brokers who knew of some plan that had been successfully carried out either in the States or elsewhere and decided it could also be made to apply to a number of Canadian concerns. And even before the merger of the carriage companies has been completed plans are under way for a merger of a number of lumber companies, while in Montreal alone different interests have plans laid to carry out five more mergers, if only the men in control of different plants will meet the views of the brokers, who want the mergers put through just as soon as possible.

**WHERE TEXTILE INTERESTS SHOWED MARKED RESPECT.**

WHEN the fight for the control of the Montreal Cotton Company was on between the interests in control of the Dominion Textile Company and some of the interests in control of the Montreal Cotton Company, Mr. S. H. Ewing, the president of the Montreal Cotton, went on record as saying that as long as he lived and was at the head of the company there would not be any absorption of the company by the Dominion Textile Company.

But the Dominion Textile interests were not to be denied as far as securing control of the Montreal Cotton Company was concerned, for they kept right on buying all the stock they could secure until such time as they were sure they had the majority of the stock.

But the Textile interests, after talking the matter over among themselves, decided that Mr. Ewing should be allowed to stand by his statement that there should not be any absorption and besides requested him to retain the presidency. This Mr. Ewing has done and besides is given a pretty free hand in deciding on the policy the company should follow. At the same time the Textile Company have five of their own directors out of a total of nine on the Montreal Cotton Board. Of course it is only a matter of time when the Montreal Cotton will be taken into the Textile merger, but the Textile crowd have shown Mr. Ewing such marked courtesy that it is not likely that such action will be taken as long as Mr. Ewing is able to attend to his regular duties.

**WHERE A PRESIDENT AND COMMON SHAREHOLDERS CLASH.**

IT is rather a peculiar situation to see a president of a corporation who is none too enthusiastic over the common stock of his own company, yet such is the situation in the Lake of the Woods Milling Company.

For the past couple of years the holders of the common stock of the Lake of the Woods have been making strong representations for higher dividends on their stock, or at least a bonus, but President Meighen would not hear of any such move and even claimed that the company would have to redeem its outstanding bonds before there could be any higher dividends for the common. The reason for this peculiar situation is that the common stock was saddled on the company by Mr. David Russell and his associates when they secured the controlling interest from Mr. Robert Meighen and his friends. It was not long before Mr. Russell found the deal a little too big to swing with the result that Mr. Meighen again took back the control. He had, however, refused even to take any of the common stock, when it was offered him by Mr. Russell, and ever since has adhered to his policy that he would not buy a single share of it.

In the reorganisation of the capital of the company by Mr. Russell, this common issue was just what is called in financial circles "watered stock," the insiders simply dividing so much of it among themselves without paying anything for it. It was undoubtedly on this account that Mr. Meighen has always maintained that the holders of the common stock were getting all that was coming to them in the six per cent. dividend that was declared on the stock before the controlling interest in the company passed back to him.

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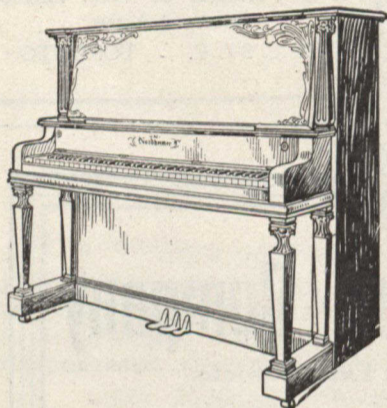
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To-day a piano is essential to the complete equipment of every home worthy the name.

If you are not ready to purchase a piano you should

# Rent A PIANO



and you might just as well have the best; for a NORDHEIMER Piano can be rented for the same amount that is charged for many inferior makes.

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**Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits, - 4,400,000**  
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## The Landgrabber

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23.

ting. Some stamp paper had been pasted there, and this had served to attach the cutting. As Sheila looked at the letter, a look of first surprise, then amazement, came upon her face, and she let both the paper and notes flutter to the floor. Little wonder. The extract was a poem with her own initials in her own handwriting upon it. She had given it to Bernard Keiran in the first days of their friendship!

"So this is his secret," she said under her breath; "he has been ruining himself for us—for me. Had I—" she hesitated, and her cheeks became redder at the remembrance of their last meeting. "I treated him shamefully," she went on; "and—" she buried her face in her hands and wept.

She was recalled to herself after sometime by her father's voice in the adjoining room. The end was near.

That evening, when the struggle was over, and her father had entered at last into an inheritance from which there was no dispossessing him, Sheila folded away the two notes and the newspaper cutting. "I shall make it right for Bernard," she said; "I shall tell the people the reason why he chose to become a landgrabber.

\* \* \* \* \*

A brief note came to him a few mornings after the burial of Mr. Braine. It was from Sheila. She thanked him for what he had done, and continued: "I accept the money as a loan, to be repaid as soon as possible. I feel that I can hardly ask any forgiveness for so misjudging you. I treated you badly. In the meantime, however, I am telling the truth to the Knocknaree president of the Land League." There was not a word in the letter as to how she had discovered his secret, and Bernard felt that he could never guess. He only knew that all his plans had gone wrong, that his fine dreams were never to be anything but dreams. It was a sad awakening for the young enthusiast.

"I shall throw up the farm and clear out at once," he said. He had no desire to have apologies offered him, as he felt sure he should have from the Leaguers.

But the Land Leaguers were too quick for him in that respect. They came to the house that evening in the dusk, a small deputation of them. Bernard would have escaped by the back door, but that he was busily engaged in packing up his things, and did not observe them. They took him unaware.

"We came up to tell you that we are heart sorry for the slight we put upon you."

"I grabbed the farm—I am a black-leg," Bernard interrupted.

"You are a man," the president said, with some emotion. "We did not understand."

"I am giving up the place, anyhow," the other put in; "if you had waited an hour longer you would not have caught me."

The deputation then withdrew, and the story of Bernard Kieran spread over the Knocknaree country before nightfall. Everybody stood aghast.

It came to all of them like a swift dagger-thrust of remorse. They had belied and misjudged and slandered him all the while he was making this strange secret sacrifice.

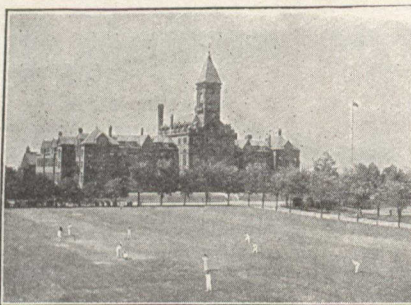
\* \* \* \* \*

Sheila Braine and Bernard met some evenings later. On Bernard's part, anyhow, the meeting was purely accidental. He began by offering his condolences, and for some time they talked of the dead man. Then she turned to him and said: "I have

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MANUFACTURERS



1719

some news. This morning I heard that a relative had died abroad, leaving all his property to father."

He said nothing, guessing what was coming next.

"I shall be enabled to repay your loan," she went on, "although I can never hope to discharge my indebtedness to you; it is too deep."

His eyes were fixed upon the ground; this new intelligence raised up a final barrier against all his hopes.

"You don't seem glad."

"No," he replied, his eyes meeting hers, "I don't think I am. You see, you deprive me of a great joy."

"But can I do otherwise?" she protested, noting the pained look which crept into his face. It hurt her to cause him pain.

"I think so. You can repay that trifle tenfold by leaving to me this one joy. I had a hope that one day I might come to you; but now—"

He looked away from her. She came nearer and her hand touched his. "If this thing hurts you, well—perhaps it may lie."

Something in her voice smote him, and, half unconsciously, his arms gathered her in. "Sheila," he said passionately, "I must tell you something before we part. I love you."

"I guessed that a long while ago," she said.

Then both of them came to understand that there was no need for any parting. They loved each other and nothing else mattered.

And when, some months later, he led her to the altar, the Knocknaree folks gave them a reception worthy of a prince. He had been prepared to make himself an outcast for another, when fate stepped in and revealed the man he was.

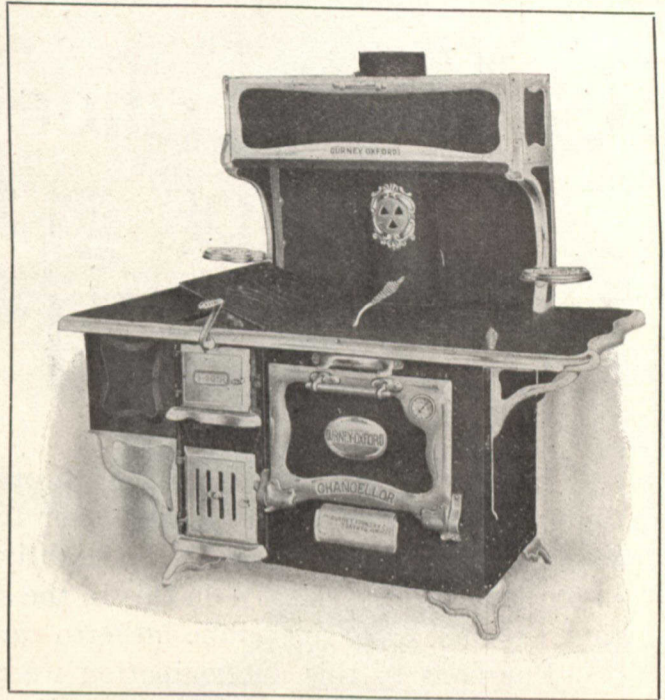
### A Canadian Industrial Epic

ONE of the finest examples of "Made in Canada" is the steamer *Hamonie*, a picture of which appears on the front cover of this issue of the Canadian Courier. Practically everything in this, the finest passenger and freight vessel on the great lakes, was made in Canada except the steel plates and angles, for the rolling of which no machinery has yet been installed in this country. Otherwise from keel to pennant and from jib to screw the *Hamonie* is Canadian in the best industrial use of the term. Following is the itemised schedule of parts in this, one of the most comprehensive and complicated of all Canadian productions, embodying as it does, nearly every process and raw material in wood, iron, paint, fittings and furniture:—

The steel plates and angles for the ship were rolled by the Lackawanna Steel Company, of Buffalo, N.Y., and the Carnegie Steel Company, of Pittsburg, Pa.; the boiler plates by the Carnegie Steel Company, of Pittsburg, Pa. The working up of all this material was done in the shops of the Collingwood Shipbuilding Company. The boilers were built by the Collingwood Shipbuilding Company, also the engines. Over ninety per cent. of the machinery on the ship was built by the Collingwood Shipbuilding Company, the balance in the United States. All of the steel structural material was furnished in the rough by the United States Mills; all of the pine lumber by the Charlton Sawmill Company, Collingwood, Ont., oak lumber by Canadian dealers, the mahogany and highly finished woods were furnished and set in place by the Globe Furniture Company, of Walkerville, Ont. Over 95 per cent. of the labour in building and completing the ship was performed by Canadian workmen.

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gives, and it is, therefore, the duty, and should be the pleasure of

### "The Man in the Case"

to whom she has a right to look for protection, to insure his life while yet in good health for her benefit when his strong arm and active brain shall have been stilled in death.

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Pursuant to this determination we publish below a list comprising only a few of the many pianos we have on hand. These pianos have been put in first-class condition, and **ARE GUARANTEED SO BY US.**

Call, or write at once, and make a first, second, and even third choice, as these bargains are sure to be picked up quickly.

To purchasers residing outside of the city we will ship, carefully packed, free on board cars at Toronto, and will cheerfully pay return freight if piano is not satisfactory. A fine new stool accompanies every instrument.

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Pianos over \$300—\$10.00 down and \$7.00 per month.

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A liberal discount allowed for cash settlement.

<b>STUBINGER, NEW YORK</b> —Upright, rosewood case, colonial design, two pedals, seven and one-third octaves, full over-strung scale. Makers' price \$475.00; our clearing price. . . . .	ivory and ebony keys, Boston fall board, full width swinging music desk. Makers' price \$500.00; our clearing price . . . . .
<b>SUCKLING &amp; SON</b> —Cabinet grand, rosewood case, panelled design, carved trusses, two pedals, seven and one-third octaves, ivory and ebony keys, full over-strung scale. Makers' price \$450.00; our clearing price . . . . .	<b>ERNEST GABLER &amp; BRO., NEW YORK</b> —Medium size upright, handsome walnut case, carved panel design, three pedals, full width swinging music desk, ivory and ebony keys, full iron plate and over-strung scale. Makers' price \$475.00; our clearing price . . . . .
<b>NEWCOMBE</b> —Cabinet grand, dark rosewood case, panelled colonial design, seven and one-third octaves, full over-strung scale, two pedals, like new. Makers' price \$450.00; our clearing price . . . . .	<b>MARTIN-ORME</b> —Cabinet grand, burl walnut case, plain design, full width swinging music desk and Boston fall board, seven and one-third octaves, three pedals, full iron plate and over-strung scale, has been rented for a few months, but guaranteed as new. Makers' price \$400.00; our clearing price . . . . .
<b>HEINTZMAN &amp; CO.</b> —Cabinet grand, dark case of panelled design, seven and one-third octaves, two pedals, over-strung scale. Makers' price \$450.00; our clearing price. \$218.00	<b>DOMINION</b> —Upright grand, handsome burl walnut case, panelled design, handsomely carved trusses, also middle upper panel, three pedals, ivory and ebony keys, full iron plate and over-strung scale, just like new. Makers' price \$500.00; our clearing price . . . . .
<b>R. S. WILLIAMS &amp; SON</b> —Cabinet grand, pretty burl walnut case, panelled design, handsomely carved, seven and one-third octaves, ivory and ebony keys, two pedals, full over-strung scale. Makers' price \$500.00; our clearing price . . . . .	<b>MASON &amp; RISCH</b> —Upright grand, burl walnut case, seven and one-third octaves, full over-strung scale, three pedals, cannot be told from new. Makers' price \$550.00; our clearing price . . . . .
<b>GOURLAY</b> —Cabinet grand, walnut case, seven and one-third octaves, three pedals, over-strung scale, used only a few months. Makers' price \$475.00; our clearing price. . . . .	<b>GERHARD HEINTZMAN</b> —Upright, medium size, handsome walnut case, seven and one-third octaves, full iron plate and over-strung scale, with all Gerhard Heintzman patents and improvements, full width swinging music desk, has been used for concert purposes for one season only, and guaranteed as new, beautiful tone. Regular price \$425.00; our clearing price . . . . .
<b>BERLIN UPRIGHT GRAND</b> —Burl walnut case, handsomely carved panelled design, seven and one-third octaves, three pedals, full iron plate and over-strung scale, ivory and ebony keys, cannot be told from new. Makers' price \$500.00; our clearing price . . . . .	<b>GERHARD HEINTZMAN</b> —Cabinet grand, handsome mahogany case, Louis XV. design, full width swinging music desk, full iron plate and over-strung scale, ivory and ebony keys, three pedals and all Gerhard Heintzman patents and improvements, has been used for concert purposes for a short time, but guaranteed as new. Regular price \$500.00; our clearing price . . . . .
<b>HEINTZMAN &amp; CO.</b> —Cabinet grand, handsome burl walnut case, panelled design, colonial trusses, two pedals, ivory and ebony keys, full iron plate and over-strung scale. Makers' price \$450.00; our clearing price . . . . .	
<b>WHALEY-ROYCE</b> —Upright grand, handsome English oak case, colonial design, full iron plate and over-strung scale, three pedals, seven and one-third octaves,	

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### Literary Notes

"FORE! The Call of the Golf Links," by W. Hastings Webling. H. M. Caldwell Co., New York and Boston.

The game of golf has of late years quite captivated gentlemen of leisure in this country. An Ontario "putter," Mr. W. Hastings Webling, has received poetic inspiration by his experiences of the game. His volume, just issued from the press, contains some thirty-nine effusions, of which the dedication, "To Golfers All," appears to be the most worthy.

"When Anglo-Saxon golfers meet on top of God's Creation,  
It matters not what flag we fly, or what may be our nation;  
One mutual link unites us all, and grips above all others—  
A bond most true, that binds anew, and brands each golfer brothers!"

\* \* \*

"BALLADS OF A CHEECHAKO"

By R. W. Service—Wm. Briggs.

When Mr. Robert W. Service was a very young man of but seven years, he once shocked his grandfather, and the old gentleman's guests at table by saying a very impromptu grace:

"Lord, bless the meat and bless the pepper,

Bless wee Harry when he writes a letter;

Bless us all here, that is us five  
And keep the rest downstairs alive."

That example of his youthful precocity was in its way prophetic. Just as Service, the youngster, in this instance brazenly evidenced his disapproval of the ways of custom, as a man he was to continue to assert his belief in originality by departing widely from the beaten paths of his fellow-worshippers of the muse of poesy. Mr. Robert W. Service is the first Canadian poet. Not that we have not had men who versified in this country before; we have. We have had not a few good songsters who have written effusions about love and April and the forest domes of this great heritage of ours. But Mr. Service is the first to realise the possibilities of this country in verse. His works differ from his contemporaries in that the virile spirit of it is typical. The stamp of "Canada" is all over it.

The public have appreciated the spirit which has inspired Mr. Service. Of his first volume, "Songs of a Sourdough," they read 40,000 copies. Of Mr. Service's new volume, "Ballads of a Cheechako," an edition of 15,000 was sold before the publishers had even seen the proofs from the printer. It is to be hoped that this encouragement which Mr. Service has received will convince him that in his case poetry is a more profitable avocation than banking, and then probably we shall often be thrilled with work like the Ballads of a Cheechako.

Of the new "Ballads" much need not be said. They are of the same calibre as the "Songs," revealing the strenuous life of the cold, hard north. The same rugged, dramatic power, the same old vigour and vividness of description; the same healthy swing to every line ringing true is again characteristic of Mr. Service's work. It may be noticed that he has gained somewhat in artistic conception. He is more particular in regard to detail—more facile and happy in his choice of words, and his verse is distinguished by its polish and finish. Probably, of the range of poems, "Men of the High North," "The Ballad of the Northern Lights," and "The Trail of Ninety-eight"—the last a powerful recital of the great trek to the Klondike of eleven years ago, afford the most worthy examples of the new work of Mr. Service.

## Earl Grey on the Trail.

(Ottawa Journal.)

A GENTLEMAN of a wide diversity of activities is this Governor-General of ours. He is now on a jaunt to the Yukon, the farthest north of British cities, and the warm-hearted Yukoners are reported to be preparing for him a mighty welcome. On his return to British Columbia he will go into camp on one Toby Creek. There he will be joined by his family. The history of this camp is interesting. It is set out in a letter written by His Excellency to Hon. Richard McBride, Premier of British Columbia, and this letter was thought by the British Columbia Government to be of such importance that it was issued as a state paper. It will be remembered that last year Earl Grey paid a visit to British Columbia. From his letter to Mr. McBride it appears that he had an experience of actual roughing it in the wilds, forced to abandon his horses, packing his blankets and food, helping himself to another man's grub-stake—the other man, of course, on his return to camp being heartily glad to welcome the unexpected guest—and having the time that the rest of us have when we strike the wilds.

## Maritime Advantages.

(St. John Sun.)

AT present there is comparatively little outside capital invested in the Maritime Provinces. Could the potential wealth of their fields, their forests, their mines, and their fisheries be brought to the owners, more particularly of Old Country capital, it is difficult to believe that they would not promptly avail themselves of the opportunities for profitable investment so freely available. But capital can be created within the country with even more beneficial results than would accrue from its direct importation. All that is necessary is an adequate working population. The facilities for their operation are ready to hand. The climate of England is more equable than that of the Maritime Provinces, or any of them, but it compares most unfavourably in the matter of moisture and in the annual proportion of sunshine. The climate of Scotland does not compare favourably in any respect with that of any of the Maritime Provinces.

## "Full Many a Flower—"

(Edmonton Journal.)

CALGARY has been holding a flower show which reports say has been a thorough success. The display of cultivated flowers and fruits has been excellent, the exhibits of wild flowers most interesting, and public interest has been shown by a numerous attendance.

Why not a flower show for Edmonton? For a satisfactory horticultural show the exhibition is too early, and a fall fair too late. A flower show can hardly be united to any other function, but it would be well worth inaugurating a special event for the display of the flowers and fruits that the Edmonton district is so well adapted to produce.

A flower show would attract much public interest and would prove a very pleasant episode of midsummer. It would not be without tangible benefit to the city. It would foster a love for flowers and for horticultural pursuits that would be reflected in the increased beauty and attractiveness of gardens and, consequently, of the city itself. It would be a splendid advertisement of the fertility of the soil and of the geniality of the climate, and it would stimulate, especially in the youth of the city, a love for nature and for beauty, that would not be without its beneficial effect upon the characters of the children.



# MURAD TURKISH CIGARETTES

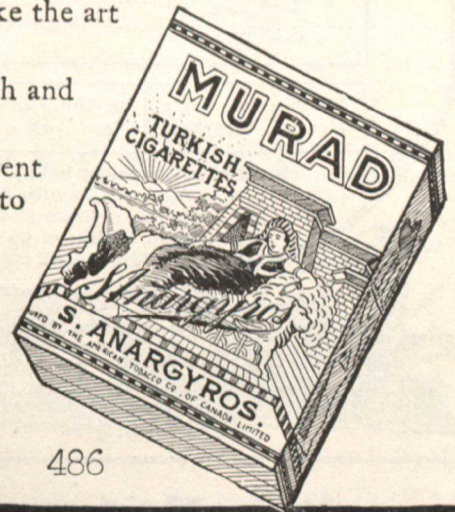
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The delightful flavor of MURAD Cigarettes is entirely due to the blending of the tobaccos.

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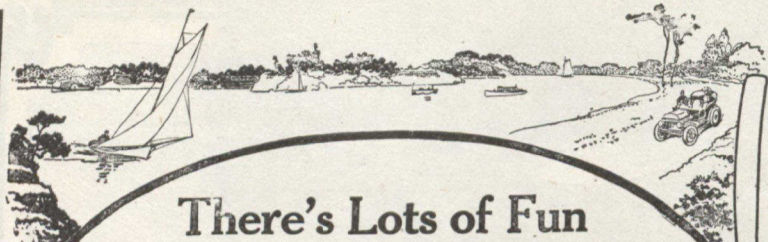
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## Long Island Seacoast

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CANADIAN PACIFIC NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES	
Lv. Toronto	Ar. New York
9.30 a.m. - Except Sunday	10.08 p.m.
3.45 p.m. - " "	7.26 a.m.
5.20 p.m. - Daily	7.50 a.m.
7.10 p.m. - Except Sunday	9.03 a.m.

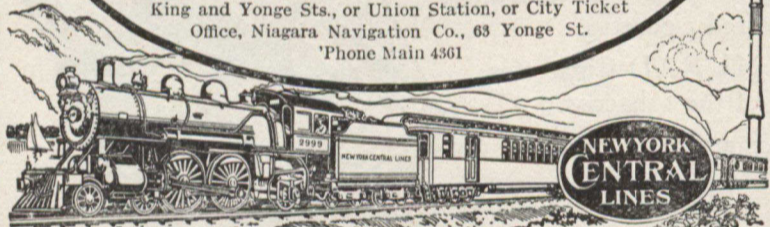
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All tickets are good on the Hudson River Steamers between Albany and New York without extra charge.

For tickets and information apply to City Ticket Offices, New York Central Lines, 80 Yonge St.; Canadian Pacific Ry., S. E. corner King and Yonge Sts., or Union Station, or City Ticket Office, Niagara Navigation Co., 63 Yonge St.  
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## Canadian National Exhibition Toronto

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Acres of Inside Exhibits—Scores of Special Attractions—Immense Military Display and Model Military Camp—Double Bill of Fireworks

### FEATURES OF THE ART EXHIBIT

1. Magnificent assemblage of the pictures of the year from the leading galleries of Europe, personally selected by A. G. Temple, Esq., Director Guild Hall Art Gallery, London, England.
2. Exhibit of Art Photography from the best art photographers of England, Germany, France and Italy.
3. Display of Architectural Drawings by leading architects of Ontario and Quebec.
4. Collections of British Art Pottery and China by leading firms of Great Britain.
5. Collection of Drawings by all the Professional Graphic Art men of Canada.
6. Drawings by the Leading Illustrators of New York.

For all information write Dr. J. O. Orr, Mgr., City Hall, Toronto

## WHAT CANADIAN EDITORS THINK

### THE MAN KITCHENER.

(Victoria Colonist)

THE proposed appointment of Lord Kitchener to the position of Inspector General of the Forces in the Mediterranean, is very significant. We suppose it may be said with truth that "the man on the street" does not know just what the army needs, but is quite sure that Lord Kitchener is the man to supply it. The proposal possesses the greater interest because the Duke of Connaught recently resigned the post because of "the ineffective nature of the work and the useless expenditure involved therein." As it is inconceivable that a man in the very prime of his usefulness would be appointed to or would accept an expensive sinecure, we may take it for granted that there is to be more power vested in the office than the title suggests. The London papers seem to be of the opinion that in the proposed appointment is concealed a project to place all the forces of the Empire under the command of the distinguished soldier, so that it may be organised as a unit. The statement that Lord Kitchener is to visit Canada, Australia, and New Zealand, and consult with the several governments, suggests that his duties are to be much wider than those which the Duke of Connaught found ineffective. If there is a man living who can devise a plan whereby the British army, the Indian army, and the armed land forces of the overseas Dominions can be welded into a great and efficient military agency, that man is Lord Kitchener. His advice will be of supreme value to the several governments, who will realise that the prestige of his name carries weight with it everywhere. What Lord Kitchener shall recommend the British people everywhere will be ready to do.

\* \* \*

### ROAST THE SCORCHER.

(Victoria Times.)

AGREED that all scorchers on wheels should be prosecuted. At the same time the bicycle fiend has had his wings clipped. He is quite tame and docile. He is not killing more people than railway trains. He has found his level and is content. Such cannot be said of the more recent twentieth century invention, the motor car. It is a problem yet to be dealt with, and dealt with decisively. The machine is a most useful one, even in the present stage of its development. It will become more useful as it increases in reliability and cheapness. Every one knows it is not an easy matter to catch scorchers, and a still more difficult matter to convict them after they are caught. But it is the duty of the authorities to keep on trying in the face of many discouragements. That which has been accomplished already has had a good effect. The machines which operate between the city and the race track have moderated their pace considerably, for which concession to "popular prejudice" we have but one constable to thank. If there were one or two such fearless and determined men on the police force, a few officers not afraid to do their duty, there would not be so many complaints about reckless driving.

\* \* \*

### NO VAN DIEMN'S HERE.

(Kingston Standard.)

AND we are really compelled by "patriotism" to shut our eyes to the fact that vicious people some times come even from England? We have vice within our own confines, there

is vice also in other countries. Surely, then, it is no reflection upon England to recognise that in that country with its crowded millions there also may vice be found, and from there also may come vicious people. Happily, as we have said, the vicious are in a decided minority, and it would manifestly be folly for us to judge of the whole by a part. Nevertheless we know from our own experience in Canada that we have not always got the best immigrants that England could give us if she would—a fact which is clearly borne out by the coolly-expressed desire of the London Post to turn the colonies into a dumping ground for England's degenerate and pervert children. Clearly, also, Western Australia must have had much the same experience, else would the Premier of that country not have spoken in such vigorous terms.

\* \* \*

### BRITISH IMMIGRANTS WANTED.

(Montreal Star.)

OF course we want all the American immigrants we can get. It would be supreme folly to think of ceasing to encourage their arrival. They are the next best material to the true blue British. In a generation or two we hope to make them as enthusiastically British as most of them are now optimistically Canadian. But surely it is plain that we should make special efforts to leaven the lump with a vigorous stream of British immigration. And it is, if anything, plainer that the men "at home" who can influence the direction of British immigration should do their utmost to direct it to this country, where its effect on the future of the Empire may be so decisive. If the British Isles are to lose their people in any event—if it is merely a question of where they will go—then British statesmanship, if it can bend its attention to so small a matter as the future home of a poor man and his family, might well exert all the ingenuity it can command to induce this man and his usually by no means small family to settle where they will not be lost to the British Empire.

\* \* \*

### DEFENCE OF THE EMPIRE.

(Saint John Globe.)

NATURALLY there will be differences of opinion among members of the Imperial Defence Commission as to what relation Colonial forces should bear to the Imperial army. The expression "Colonial" is sometimes objected to, but it has not yet lost all of its meaning. The geographical situation of a Dominion, Commonwealth, or whatever it may be, will affect the views of both of individuals and of their organisations. And the same may be said for the United Kingdom. It may be difficult for an Englishman to think that Canada is the British Empire; and it may not be easy for a Canadian to so think of New Zealand. Perhaps public opinion is progressing in that direction, and that, in due time, there will be such unanimity of sentiment as will enable perfect harmony to exist in regard to the defence of the Empire. Canada is a part of the American continent, and that is a fact which must influence her in all considerations of a military or a naval future. Australia is not so affected. Her difficulty is in another direction, and she cannot get away from it. Naturally, her thoughts concentrate upon a sea power. In the meantime, speeches like that of Sir Frederick Borden—referred to in another place—keep thought upon the whole subject in active motion.

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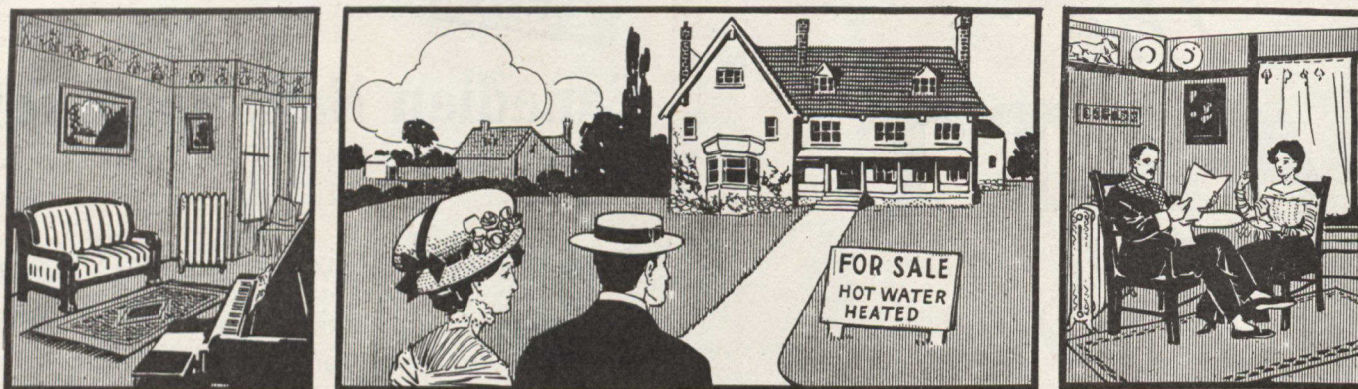
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