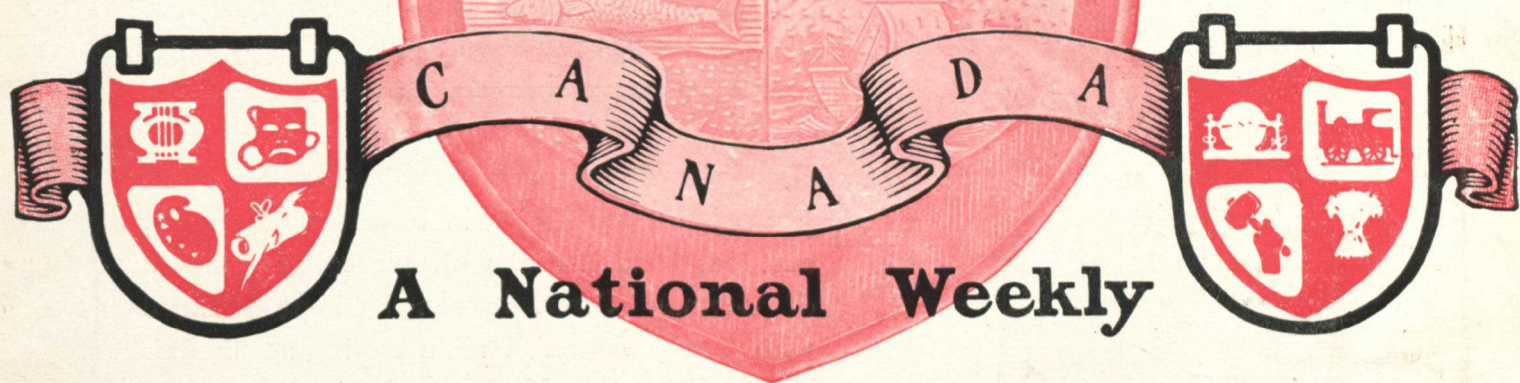


The Canadian Courier



LORD STRATHCONA LEAVING CANADIAN OFFICES, VICTORIA ST., LONDON.

JOHN A. COOPER · Editor
THE COURIER PRESS, Limited, TORONTO

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Editorial Talk

THE subscription list is growing in a most gratifying manner.

The reader might reasonably declare that such a statement is the only one which could be expected. The reader is wrong. If the subscription list were not growing as fast as we think it should, we would prefer to admit it. As it is growing faster than any one anticipated, we are willing to shout it.

The sales through the newsdealers are also satisfactory. A new paper, such as this, must rely on the ordinary channels for early circulation. The newsdealers gave the paper all the opportunity it deserved—perhaps more.

From various points in the United States, letters have arrived asking for sample copies and subscription. One gentleman enclosed a Dollar Bill, and said "Send me a Dollar's worth of COURIER."

These points are not mentioned boastfully. We recognise that we have a long way to go to equal the *Illustrated London News* or any of the fifteen-cent weeklies of Great Britain. But then we have also a long way to go before our price is as high as theirs. Five Cents versus Fifteen. This tiny price of ours is likely to grow, however, if the public demands too large a paper.

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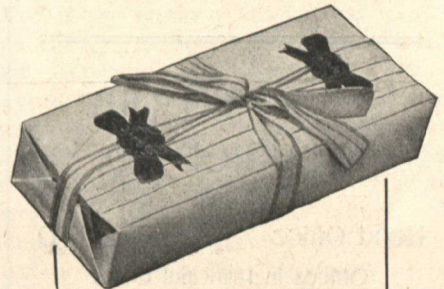
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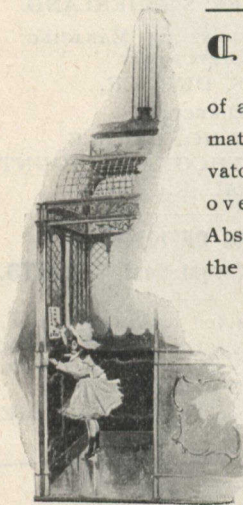
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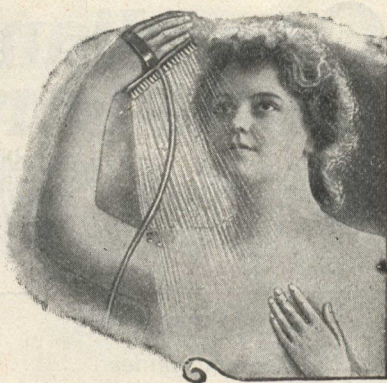


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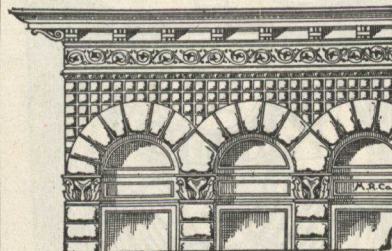
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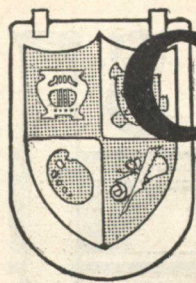
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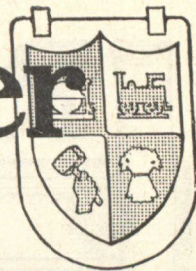
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The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly



NEWS CO. EDITION

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Vol. I

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No. 7

The High Commissioner

THE growing importance of Canada ordained about 1880 that she should have a Commissioner in London who could properly represent her and her government. When Sir John Macdonald returned to power after his period of opposition one of his first acts was to appoint such a representative. He chose for the position the man who seemed best fitted to fill it with credit to himself and his country—the late Sir A. T. Galt. It is a notable appointment because of its historic significance and because it throws some light upon the man who made it. He and Sir Alexander had experienced a coolness in their friendship because of a statement by the latter which Sir John thought improper on the part of a friend. Nevertheless, his private resentment was not allowed to interfere with his choice of a public servant, and Sir John was looking only at the public interest.

Three years later, Sir Alexander was succeeded by Sir Charles Tupper, who had been Minister of Public Works in 1878 and Minister of Railways and Canals in 1879. For twelve years Sir Charles filled the post and did what he could to further Canada's interests.

In 1895, Sir Donald Smith, now Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, succeeded, and on April 24th he will have completed the same period of service as Sir Charles Tupper. Lord Strathcona has come to be regarded as Canada's Grand Old Man—than which no higher compliment could be paid him.

Born nearly eighty-eight years ago in Scotland, young Smith entered the service of the Hudson's Bay Company in 1838. For thirteen years he laboured in Labrador as few men have laboured, enduring privations which put to shame the life of luxury which now falls to the lot of the young Canadian. He rose gradually by promotion to be a Chief Factor. When the first rebellion broke out in the Red River settlement he was appointed by the Dominion Government a special Commissioner to report on the circumstances. He was a member of the first Manitoba Legislature, the first member for what is now the City of Winnipeg. He also represented Selkirk at Ottawa until 1880. In 1887 he again returned to Ottawa, but this time as representative of a Montreal constituency.

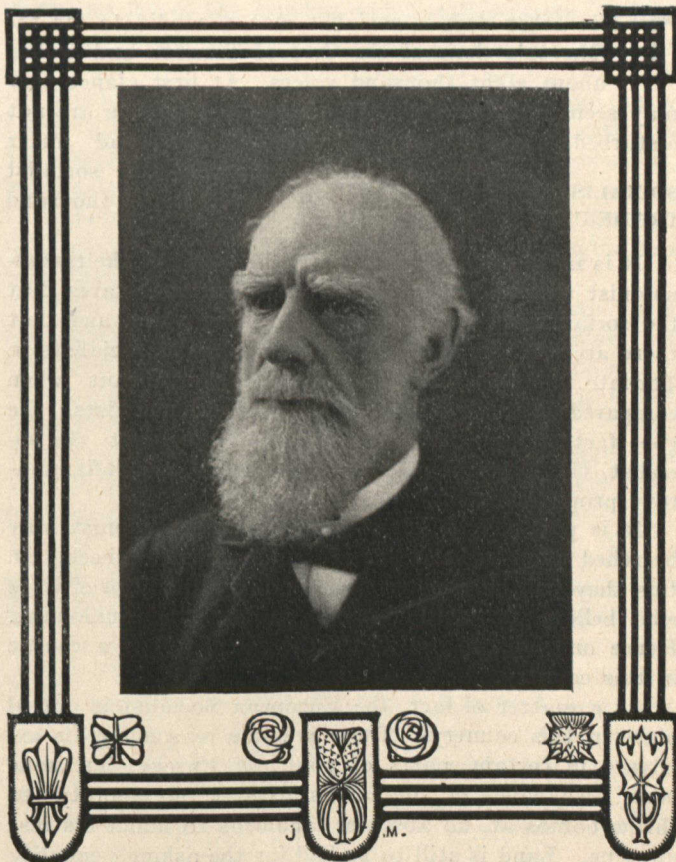
These are the bare bones of his political career. Though his services in connection with the Rebellion and the settlement of the Separate school trouble in 1896 were important, it was his connection with the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway which brought him wealth and honour. He was connected with that railway almost from its inception and took a leading part in the financing and building. With Sir George Stephen (now Lord Mount Stephen), Mr. Duncan McIntyre, Mr. R. B. Angus and Sir William Van Horne he was on the executive during all the trying years of that institution. He shared in the risks and the profits and hence acquired enormous wealth. In 1886, he was made a K.C.M.G., ten years later a G.C.M.G.; and the following year was raised to the Peerage.

Since 1882, he has been a leading spirit on the board of the Bank of Montreal, and was chosen president

in 1887. He has been a governor of McGill and Chancellor. On him devolved the duty of selecting a successor to Sir William Dawson, and to secure such he travelled over the whole of Great Britain. He has also given generously of his wealth for its support.

On the occasion of the Queen's Jubilee in 1887, he and his cousin, Lord Mount Stephen founded the Royal Victoria Hospital in Montreal, their gifts to it amounting in all to about two millions of dollars.

Lord Strathcona's career reads like a romance from a book of fairy tales. The story of Dick Whittington pales before it. Nor is the secret of his success easy to read. Indomitable energy, great physical force, boundless ambition and determination—these at least are qualities which have distinguished him. He had an appetite for work, a great desire to accomplish something, and he spared no effort where his desires lay. Perhaps it was optimism which most assisted him. He saw success ahead where most men would fear failure. He ventured many things and won great prizes. Canada has had few optimists in the past; too many of our leaders have been timid and doubtful. The optimists, however, have reaped rich rewards and high honours. They have led the way to brighter days for all of us. Without these few optimists the continent would not be spanned by great transcontinental railways, Canada would not be a Dominion of nine provinces, and the Union Jack would not be flying over a progressive nation of six million busy people.



THE LORD STRATHCONA AND MOUNT ROYAL
High Commissioner for Canada in London.

REFLECTIONS

BY STAFF WRITERS.

A FRIEND of the writer was in Liverpool one day last summer waiting to sail by one of the Empresses for Canada. He watched one of the crack United States boats clear at four o'clock for New York. A few hours later the Empress with my friend on board cleared for Quebec. He arrived in Toronto early on Saturday morning and talked with a man who was going that day to New York to meet his mother who was coming over on the boat which my friend had seen clear from Liverpool.

This little incident proves in a most direct way that Canada's day in ocean transportation has arrived. It explains why the Empresses have been crowded on almost every trip, why the Allans carried ten per cent. more passengers in 1906 than in 1905, and why the Dominion liners carried fifteen per cent. more. It is becoming fashionable to travel by the Canadian lines, because they have good boats and a shorter route.

Lord Strathcona wants to see faster boats than the Empresses. His wish will be gratified no doubt, because progress is not likely to stop with the building of the Empresses. No doubt both the C.P.R. and the Allans are planning for better boats. In time the other great transportation companies will want to break in as the country grows and this will spell fresh rivalry. The day is fast approaching when New York, Boston and Portland will have to look to their laurels; Halifax, Quebec and Montreal are gaining fast and St. John is making rapid strides. Here's to our Atlantic ports and their success!

THE other day, a socialist was a candidate for the Mayor's chair of the City of Toronto and polled about eight thousand voices. At first glance this may seem ominous and curious, but the citizens are not disturbed. The situation was exceptional, and under ordinary conditions, this socialist could get less than a thousand votes.

**SOCIALIST versus
TRADE-UNIONIST**

It is more curious to notice the attitude of the trades-unionist toward the socialist. The former declares that the socialist is a small man with a big voice, and that there are not one hundred and fifty pledged socialists in Toronto. He declares that this is insignificant when compared with the fifteen thousand trades-unionists. He goes farther and warns trades-unionists against the socialist, the latter being a disloyal citizen and inflammatory propagandist.

It is pleasant to know that the trades-unionist may be relied upon to keep this vicious socialist in check. In this they will be assisted by that larger body of citizens who believe in neither socialism nor trades-unionism. Hence one fails to see where the socialist has a chance in this country.

As a matter of fact, the European Socialist is out of place in this country. There is some reason for his existence in certain parts of poor old Europe, but none here. We have no monarchs to slay, no nobility to throw bombs at, no absentee landlords to inflict distress upon us. Land is still to be had for the asking; equality before the law is a reality not a fiction; and no man may be imprisoned without a fair trial. We need re-

forms of one kind or another, but these can be secured without revolutions.

IT is generally recognised that younger and more vigorous ministers, especially from Ontario, are needed at Ottawa, and that a capable leader without a past must be found for the Liberals in the province. When asked to name the men, however, one finds

**A DEARTH OF
LEADERS** that few, if any, among the members at Ottawa and Toronto can be regarded as eligible for these positions. The fact is that the energetic, independent and intelligent young men of the community are not entering political life. They are offered splendid opportunities to advance themselves in the industrial and commercial life of the Dominion; in consequence they are only too glad to leave the government of the country to those who consider the annual indemnity and the spoils of office a sufficient compensation. This attitude toward public affairs, resulting from material prosperity, has been general all over this continent. It has not been met by any such tradition of public service, as draws Englishmen of ability and means into politics. The United States, however, has outgrown it to a certain extent: both in her Federal Government and in her Civil Service she is probably obtaining at present more unselfish and efficient service than we are. Canada is face to face with all the evils. We have still with us, for example, the party-politician who objects to bribery-investigations and denounces the party-press if it shows any sign of thinking for itself. This individual is very powerful in the country-constituencies and local conventions, where our Scotch and Irish natives best display their constitutional loyalty to old names and traditions. It is too often the safe man with the good party-record and strong local influence who gets the support of the managers and the party gatherings. Hence it is doubtful whether for party-devotion, for a dead level of political intelligence, for the ability to think with their friends and against their opponents our present members in the Dominion and local Houses have ever been surpassed. Our prime need is men, and unless we can present some real political issues to the people and educate the younger generation to sacrifice something for the general good, we shall find all cabinet reconstruction and party-adjustment but fruitless expedients.

WE have in Canada two languages—English and French—equally official in the Parliament and courts of the Dominion. Most people think we would be better off with one, but which one? French has a claim by reason of priority of use and English by majority of use. Both are used so extensively that it is a waste of time to talk of one language for all Canada. Two are here and here to stay, at least so far as this generation is concerned. Instead of grumbling let us try to make the best of the situation. The possession of two languages can be made an advantage instead of a drawback to the nation. French literature and French politics have many lessons to teach us and with a knowledge of the language we can better understand these lessons and profit by them.

In Ottawa, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Mr. Brodner and Mr.

Lemieux carry on the work of their departments with equal facility in either language. The English-speaking Cabinet Ministers, as a rule, make no attempt to understand or speak the French language. "Speak English or go next door" is their dictum. For more than one million people of the Dominion, French is the native tongue. Are our public men fair in ignoring the language spoken by so large a portion of the inhabitants of Canada?

English and French speaking Canadians are being constantly associated in big national, industrial and financial undertakings, and we are glad of it. But all negotiations, all proceedings of board meetings must perforce be in the English language for the simple reason that English speaking financiers, many of them High school graduates and some with university degrees speak nothing else. Can our business men, our men of affairs afford to ignore the language of their fellow countrymen and associates? In Germany, men of affairs in public or in business life speak with fluency German, French and English. The same can be said of England and France, although to possibly a less extent.

In the Maritime Provinces, in Ontario and in the West it is a rare exception to find any effort to acquire the French language. Politicians speak vehemently of the iconoclastic utterances of Mr. Tarte in *La Patrie*, Mr. Cote in *La Presse* or Mr. Langlois in *Le Canada*, and few have ever read anything that these gentlemen have written. They depend absolutely upon a garbled account coloured by an interpreter to suit his personal views.

There is a great University in the Province of Quebec with a staff of professors and a list of graduates as learned as those of any seat of learning in Canada. The influence of Laval is however provincial rather than national, its work is comparatively unknown to and unappreciated among English speaking Canadians. There are Canadians in the Province of Quebec of literary, judicial and scientific attainments of the highest order who write exclusively in the French language, and of whose writings Canadians outside of the Province of Quebec, know little or nothing—a loss to the national life that we can ill afford.

These are facts—plain truths—about a somewhat delicate question. The problem is not impossible of solution. Our high schools and colleges are giving a smattering knowledge of Latin, Greek, French and German, and a useful knowledge of none of these languages. If it is impossible to teach all four languages in such a manner that the young men and young women of this country can make use of them upon leaving school, is it not more sensible to confine the efforts of our schoolmasters to the language spoken by a large percentage of the people with whom their pupils on leaving school will carry on business and social intercourse of everyday life? We should like to see this matter taken up by everyone who is interested in the development of Canada as a nation, and who is anxious to assist in a better understanding of the different peoples who go to make up the population of the Dominion of Canada.

THE relation of the capitalisation of public service corporations to the public is attracting increased attention. It is popularly believed that excessive capitalisation must lead to higher rates for the services performed. Another phase of the question is concerned with the defenceless position of the small investor. What is excessive capitalisation is, however, difficult to say. In its days of adversity the Grand Trunk was forced to raise capital by issuing stock at 80 per cent. discount. To limit the company's earning power to dividends on the funds actually received in this case would be to penalise it for its ill fortunes. On the other hand in the formation of the United States Steel Trust, after a liberal padding of the capitalisation, \$300,-

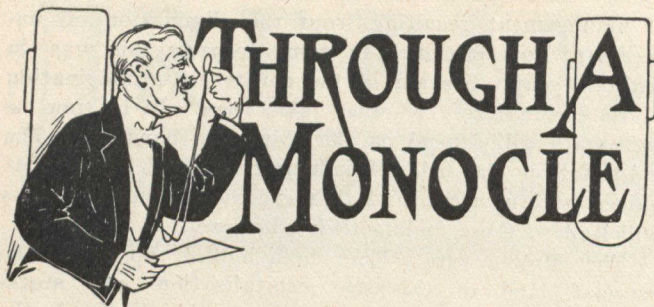
000,000 were added as a capitalisation of the economies of management resulting from the elimination of unnecessary competition. In some respects this was in reality a capitalisation of the constructive imagination of the promoter. Whether this item will in time be legitimate will depend on the volume of business. The old-timer in the field of industrial finance holds that values govern prices, and that excessive issues of stocks will lead to these finding their own level.

The United States has been looked upon as the especial land of excessive capitalisation and stock-watering; but in staid and conservative England the same phenomenon presents itself. In the railways of the United States, as for example in the case of the Southern Pacific, it has been possible to postpone dividends, the earnings in the meantime being used to develop the property. In England, on the other hand, the small stockholder is potent. At the railway meetings in London he is always present, and the smaller his holding of stock the more awkward the questions he asks. He insists on the payment of dividends up to the hilt; and such has been his power in this regard that expenditures which might, in part at least, have been legitimately charged against revenue have been charged against capital. The inordinate increase in capital has brought its penalty in decrease of the dividend rate.

In England, railways have indulged in "splitting" or "duplication" of stocks. The Great Northern was the first to engage in this practice nearly sixty years ago. A given issue of stock was divided into preferred and deferred portions. The preferred was to receive a designated dividend, while the deferred was to have a reversionary interest in the dividend funds in excess of this rate. A speculative feature was thus added to the stock. Such manipulations of the stock have been helped on by the various stock conversion companies. Owing to the fact that various stocks were netting more than the normal rate of interest on the par it was profitable for private companies to acquire blocks of such stock and issue their own stock against such holdings. The profits of such a company come from the difference between the dividend earned on the par and the amount actually paid out by the company. In pursuance of such a policy the Stock Conversion Trust acquired £1,000,000 of the stock of the London and North Western and issued £2,500,000 of its own stock against it. At the same time such a company retains the voting power on the block of railway stock acquired and is constantly pressing for higher rates of dividends. The railways hold that whatever profits attach to such an agreement, legitimately belong to the railway themselves; and so an impetus has been given to stock inflation through duplication. Within the past thirty years the capital has been inflated by approximately £190,000,000.

While in the United States there is dependence upon legislation to lessen inflation and ensure legitimacy of capitalisation, in England the stock market point of view has been accepted. Parliament holds that it is not justified in interfering in the financial affairs of corporations; and it believes that the solidity and stability of corporations is best secured by trusting to the self-interest of the stock-holders themselves.

IF his country has given Lord Strathcona much, if Fortune has smiled upon him, he has given his wealth freely in aid of every public movement which appealed to him. In his old age, when he might, like his cousin Lord Mount Stephen, have enjoyed leisure and ease, he chose to stand in the forefront and serve his country by being a painstaking, laborious and energetic High Commissioner. If he owed anything to this country for the opportunities which it afforded him, he has generously repaid the debt.



IT is all very well to talk about Lord Strathcona resigning, and a Canadian being sent down to assist Ambassador Bryce; but who is to replace His Lordship and who is to go to Washington? Our representatives in London have all been men of mark—Galt, Tupper, Strathcona; and the latter, being a man of wealth, has made it singularly hard for a poor man to succeed him. We did think of Sir William Mulock for the position; but if Sir William's health will not stand the strain of a department, it will hardly do to carry the interests of the growing Dominion in London. Sir Frederick Borden is being spoken of; and we might do worse. But what is really wanted is a man either of Tupperian energy or of the Strathcona wealth plus energy. Fielding would be a better choice; but Fielding has probably not forgotten that another Nova Scotian who stood the heir apparent to the Premiership consented to go to London, with the result that, when the Premiership fell vacant, he was overlooked. Senator Cox would fill the position to a nicety; but the Senator has not got his transcontinental railway built yet and so is hardly ready for the Strathcona act.

As for the Washington position, that has no towering precedent to overshadow ordinary men. The one thing desirable there is a Canadian. Bryce may be trusted to look after Great Britain; and, though we will not want to send a man without the Imperial sense, we will want to send a man who knows Canada, who believes in Canada and who is not ashamed of Canada. If he were not a politician, so much the better. Yet he ought to be a national figure. Our people should know him well enough to trust him. He may have to do some retreating; and he must be a man from whom we will take the word of command to "retire in good order." The late Principal Grant would have served us well. May I say that I think that John Ross Robertson would fill the position admirably? Prof. Weldon of Alberta—as we used to call him—would be an excellent running mate for Prof. Bryce. Chief Justice Fitzpatrick—if he would listen to the proposal—would be almost ideal. We have plenty of men for this position; but we are pretty sure to get the wrong one.

W. W. B. McInnes has come down from the Yukon, taken a look in at Ottawa and then gone to lift British Columbia out of the Conservative column. Young McInnes is a "brash" boy who might easily be taken for the Winston Churchill of Canada. His career in the Commons was short and conspicuous, and he kept himself well in the limelight during his "turn" on the British Columbia local stage. Then his party put him on ice in Dawson City for a while; and now he is back once more with a whoop and a "Here we are again." There is something disquieting in the fact that he found the shortest route from the Yukon to British Columbia to be via Ottawa. He could have resigned his Dawson City job by telegraph; and that would have given him longer in the game on the Pacific Coast. But, in spite of the shortness of the campaign, he decided that it would pay him to journey to Ottawa and back again.

What for? The Canadian people have always distrusted and resented these connections between Federal and Provincial politics. Nothing did more to keep Oliver Mowat in power than the hostility of Sir John Macdonald.

The Monocle will only believe it when he sees it—the introduction of a Government bill by Mr. Aylesworth to establish compulsory voting. Mr. Aylesworth calls himself a Liberal; and the Government at Ottawa wears rather loosely the same title. Now if Liberalism means anything, it means liberty; and to punish a free man for staying away from the polls "in the name of liberty" would be to add the ridiculous to the sublime in the category of crimes committed in that sacred name. All through the centuries, Liberals have fought for the right of the citizen to vote; and now, having secured him that right in this country, they are going to "sicken him of it" by making him vote whether he wants to or not. I should call that "a Tory trick." The Tories, having resisted this universal claim to the vote and having grown heartily tired of the unnecessary clamour for it, might say in their impatience:—"Well, here it is. Tie it around your neck, Rub it in your hair. Put it in your soup. Make yourselves good and sick of it." But the Liberals?—Never! What they have demanded as a measure of freedom, they will hardly turn into a tyranny.

I wonder how many of our public men are properly labelled anyway. There is no better radical in Canada than Tory McLean of the "World." There is no better Conservative in Ontario than G. W. Ross. Sir Wilfrid Laurier was a fighting and courageous Liberal in his early days; but confront him with a new idea now and see him turn Tory. His Liberalism is the Liberalism of the middle of the last century. Sir William Mulock was a Liberal; Mr. Fielding sometimes talks like one, though his hands are the hands of Esau. Mr. Borden is probably rightly labelled, as you will observe if you take notice of him trying to accustom his hands to the use of Radical weapons. He apparently thinks that these weapons might do execution; but he always seems to be in mortal terror of cutting his fingers. Mr. Foster, on the other hand, is naturally a Liberal. James Pliny Whitney would make a capital Liberal; and he and Adam Beck are the best pair of fighting Liberals in this Province. Both Sir John Macdonald and Mowat were excellent Limestone City Tories; while William Ralph Meredith was a Liberal in his day. Sir Richard Cartwright had a Tory manner with Liberal ideas, and Sir Mackenzie Bowell advanced Tory ideas with a Liberal manner. The politicians of Canada need sorting out again.

An Illustrated Phrase



"Taking the Consequences."

— N. Y. Life.



Hon. B. F. Pearson, K.C., M.P.P.
The New Member of the Nova Scotia Executive.

Nova Scotia's New Minister

NOVA SCOTIA does not make many radical changes in her governing body. The Liberals have been in power there for many years and the Conservatives are apparently unable to make an effective opposition. This may be unfortunate theoretically, but the people should know what is best for themselves.

Recently the ministry has received an addition to it in the person of Mr. B. F. Pearson, K.C., M.P.P., one of the leading financiers of the Province. As Nova Scotia derives most of its revenue from coal royalties, and as coal mining and steel making are its chief industries, Mr. Pearson should be a valuable man in the government. He was responsible for the organisation of the Dominion Coal Co., and it is understood was the first to suggest the formation of the Dominion Iron and Steel Co. It is claimed that it was he who interested Mr. Henry M. Whitney of Boston in the idea embodied in the latter institution. The sins of stock boomers in connection with these two companies are not, however, to be charged to Mr. Pearson. Mr. Pearson was born about fifty years ago in Colchester, which he now represents in the Legislature. He has been the owner of the "Morning Chronicle" of Halifax for many years and is said to have a controlling interest in a St. John paper. He has public spirit and zeal for the development of his province. If he can infuse fresh activity into the Nova Scotian government, he will be entitled to the thanks of the Province in which he is a leading citizen.

A Difference of Opinion

A somewhat strenuous incident is recalled in an article on the late Ferdinand Brunetiere. The great French critic first achieved wide notoriety by his attack on Zola whose naturalism was an abomination to the scholarly Brunetiere who preferred the classical ideals of the seventeenth century to the modern manner. He was elected to the Academy, membership of which Zola had sought in vain. The students, who preferred Zolaism to criticism, considered that it was time to make themselves heard and they went to the

Sorbonne, resolved to interrupt and finally rout the lecturer. Bnt M. Brunetiere had also his supporters among the pupils at the Ecole Normale; and these also presented themselves at the lecture.

The students began to create a dissenting clamour when the "normaliens" fell upon them with big sticks and were victorious in the free fight that ensued. It is declared to be an incident characteristic of student life in the Latin Quarter; but it belongs to a wider district still, for it is a poor war of ideas that does not at some time become a more primitive struggle.

In Omar's Country



Persia's New Ruler—Mohammed Ali Murza.

JAPAN is not the only Eastern country that within a few years has jumped centuries in adopting modern methods. The passing away of Muzaffer Ed Din, the ruler of Persia has drawn attention to the changes that have occurred during his reign, an English authority asserting that it will be famous through all Persian history as marking the first advance towards constitutional government as understood in the West. His experiment to create a parliament which should help him to reconstruct Persian prosperity out of the chaos left by his spendthrift predecessor coincided with Lord Curzon's visit and the establishment of the new merchant service between Odessa and the Persian Gulf, supported by the Russian Government.



The Late Ruler of Persia.
His Imperial Majesty, Muzaffar-Ed-Din.

A great deal depends on the character of the next shah, for there is no country in the world where personal will is more powerful to construct or to destroy. The strategic importance of Persia to both England and Russia makes the next ruler a person of no mean pretensions in European eyes. Teheran is a city somewhat anxiously regarded.



All that is left of Hotel Quinte, Belleville, Destroyed by Fire, January 4th.

Photograph by Clarke, Belleville.

A Blaze at Belleville

THE Hotel Quinte has enjoyed for many years the reputation of being the handsomest hotel between Toronto and Montreal. Hence its destruction by fire last Friday night means much more than a local calamity. While the proprietor, Mr. J. V. Jenkins, estimates the loss at \$100,000, it is matter for thankfulness that all guests and employees escaped without injury. While the Hotel Quinte was popular with the general travelling public it was especially admired by summer visitors who found the "Quinte corner" one of the most picturesque spots in the city properly named Belleville. The people were proud of its imposing appearance and will cherish the memories of its dinners and dances. But no doubt a new hotel will soon arise, with, let us hope, the name and face of the old.

A "Daniel" from Denver

THOSE who have been at all interested in the ways of dispensing justice must have heard and read much about Judge Lindsey of the Juvenile Court of Denver, variously known as "Ben" and "the kids' judge." That redoubtable exposé of evil-doing, Mr. Lincoln Steffens, has lately turned his attention from the shame of cities to the good that is being accomplished by far-sighted public men. During last autumn there appeared in "McClure's Magazine" a series of articles by Mr. Steffens on the policy adopted by Judge Lindsey and the success with which it has met. The story makes attractive reading but the actual meeting with Judge Lindsey is even more stimulating.

During this week the Denver judge has appeared in Toronto, Ottawa and other Canadian cities and even those who had read of his delicate physique were surprised by the almost fragile appearance of the man who has won the confidence of the "criminal" community. But he does not talk for more than five minutes before we feel that he is a man to hypnotise the most stubborn, a man to whom we could tell anything and from whom we would positively welcome advice.

In spite of the Stevensonian delicacy of Judge Lindsey's form, he is essentially manly in speech and address, possessing dark eyes of remarkable depth and clearness and a voice of gentle sincerity. He tells of his work with no bluster and he refrains from using the "first person singular." He declares that the secrets of such

success as has been attained in Denver lie in personal contact with the accused and continued personal supervision of the erring child. He believes in taking infinite pains to keep a young offender out of jail and, if possible, out of institutions. He first endeavours to gain the boy's confidence, to find out what circumstances disposed to crime and assures the "fellow" that he will be given a square deal.

So admirably has this system of friendly surveillance and confidence worked that boys are sent to the industrial homes with no guards and are expected to buy their own tickets, with the result that the judge's belief in them is fully justified. The probation officers are so well-informed of the doings of their charges that even a day's truancy from school cannot escape notice and report. In fact, the local officers do everything possible to assist the home government, especially in cases where the father is dead, drunken or worthless and the mother is obliged to go outside the home as wage-earner.

It is no Utopia, no city of the supremely blest that Judge Lindsey describes but a community which has been awakened by a few earnest spirits to realise that it is better and cheaper to save a boy than to imprison a man. The system which throws a young and often merely thoughtless offender among hardened criminals is in itself the worst crime of all. The enthusiasm with which Judge Lindsey's efforts have been watched and imitated shows that humanity is by no means callous on the subject. But it needed the stimulating sympathy and imagination of one who is a born leader of men, or rather friend of boys, to show that firmness, not brutality, and discerning kindness, not sentimentality, will make of the average "kid who hasn't had a chance" a citizen that is an asset not a liability to the State. Those who heard the Denver judge would heartily applaud the remark of a Toronto alderman as the visitor concluded his address in the Mayor's Chamber: "I say, the little man's all right."

J. G.

The Canadian Courier

We can boost it if we want to, it is published in Toronto,
It's a patriotic paper, it's Canadian to the bone;
We should watch its progress keenly, and subscribe to
it serenely,

Patronise Canadian effort, let the yellow sheets alone.

—St. Thomas Times.

Back to the Parliamentary Grind

A FORECAST OF THE WORK OF THE SESSION.

By RODEN KINGSMILL

THE wisdom of the new regulation, under which Parliament begins the session in mid-November, has already been amply proved. When the Legislators separated for the Christmas holidays an appreciable inroad had been made on the sessional agenda paper. The tariff, now that the Parliamentarians are once more at work, has to undergo its most crucial trial. In Committee of Ways and Means each item will be carefully scrutinised. It will be held up to inspection and comment from all points of view, and the success or failure of the many interviews which the Finance Minister has granted interested parties will become evident. In this connection it seems fair to remark that the enthusiastic admiration which a section of the Government press has indulged in because the anti-Budget secret interview has been abolished seems hardly warranted. The interviews which have been granted since Mr. Fielding delivered his Budget speech have been numberless. Just as in the Conservative days, they have taken place in camera whenever the visitors so elected. And there is no reason why they should be public. Manifestly unfair it certainly would be for merchants or manufacturers to be compelled publicly to exhibit private matters when endeavouring to impress upon the responsible minister their arguments in favour of tariff adjustment. The final result alone can warrantably be said to concern the Canadian people. Mr. Fielding, who is a fair-minded man and who is, as one of his political opponents has said, "as straight as a string," evidently recognises the necessity for confidential treatment for this class of communications.

WHAT OF THE INSURANCE COMMISSION.

Before Parliament shall have been in session many more weeks, Judge McTavish and his colleagues will present their findings in the Insurance investigation. If Ottawa insurance circles are at all well informed, the Commissioners' recommendations will closely follow the lines of the report of the Armstrong Commission in New York State. The terms of this report are by this time well known and, if our own Commissioners report, *certis paribus*, in similar terms, the public mind will be greatly reassured. In connection with the report of the Commission those "in the know" at Ottawa tell a remarkable tale to the effect that Mr. G. W. Fowler, M.P., has served formal notice upon the Government that, if in his opinion the Commissioners go out of their way to attack him and his proceedings in connection with the Foresters and the subsidiary loan and land companies in which he is interested, he will retaliate by telling Parliament and the country some unpleasant and unsavoury things about the private conduct of certain Ministers. Mr. Fowler, like Alan Breck, is "a bonnie fechter." In the whole House of Commons there is not his superior for coolness and determination. When he made his explosive and indignant defence before the Commission at Toronto he stated what he firmly believes—no matter how greatly he may be misled in so believing—and that is that the Government, through the commission, is endeavouring to damage the reputation of Hon. G. E. Foster, Mr. Fowler, Mr. Lefurgey, Mr. Rufus Pope and their associates. Of course, Mr. Fowler may be totally in error in believing that the gentlemen who compose the Commission would for a moment submit to external influences of any kind, in fact, the probability is all in favour of this view of the situation. But G. W. Fowler is no faintheart, neither is he by any means moderate in his opinions, convictions or line of action

once he has chosen it. If he once begins to fight on the lines spoken of he will pursue his journey of denunciation to the bitter end, sparing neither friend nor enemy. His coolness and audacity will make him a dangerous opponent even to the greatest amongst those who sit on the right of Mr. Speaker.

RECIPROCITY WITHOUT RECIPROCIARIANS.

Of course there is bound to be a full-dress debate on the reciprocity question, no matter how it may arise. Already, it is said, parliamentary negotiations with Washington have been put in train although the change in British Ambassadors has resulted in a temporary dislocation of the arrangements. The President is believed to be a reciprocitarian, but he will have to accept the views of his party leaders, and they are for nothing that will not give to the United States a marked advantage. The solemn truth is that there is no weight of American opinion in favour of better relations with Canada. Sporadic outbreaks of speechmaking in favour of the will-o'-the-wisp occur, but, while now we hear a cry from Minneapolis and again Mr. Eugene W. Foss makes another after-dinner speech in New England, the fact remains that the great mass of the American people care nothing about reciprocity, while the politicians who occasionally mention it have in mind nothing but an obscure desire to score for themselves by scoring off Canada. Conditions are much the same now as they were during Mr. McKinley's first administration, when the president appointed Hon. John W. Kasson, sometime of the late lamented High Joint Commission, to negotiate a number of reciprocity treaties with foreign governments. Mr. Kasson, urbane, thoughtful and well-informed, executed his notable mission with remarkable success. No fewer than thirty-five treaties did he negotiate and, when it is said that they were uniformly acceptable to the ultra-Protectionist President it is certain that they must have favoured the United States. What was the subsequent history of these instruments? They went from Mr. McKinley down to the Senate and the "most distinguished legislative body in the world" slaughtered them *seriatim*. From the moment the reading-clerk of the Senate pronounced the first syllable of each treaty's title its doom was sealed. Treaties must be carried by a two-thirds majority of Senators. Not one of the thirty-five secured a fifty per cent. vote. Mr. Kasson was so indignant that, with a biting message he returned his \$20,000 honorarium to the treasury. Canada may propose to achieve better terms by the intermediate tariff rate, but while the negotiations are in the making, our representatives should take as their motto "Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes."

KEEWATIN AND ITS IMPENDING PARTITION

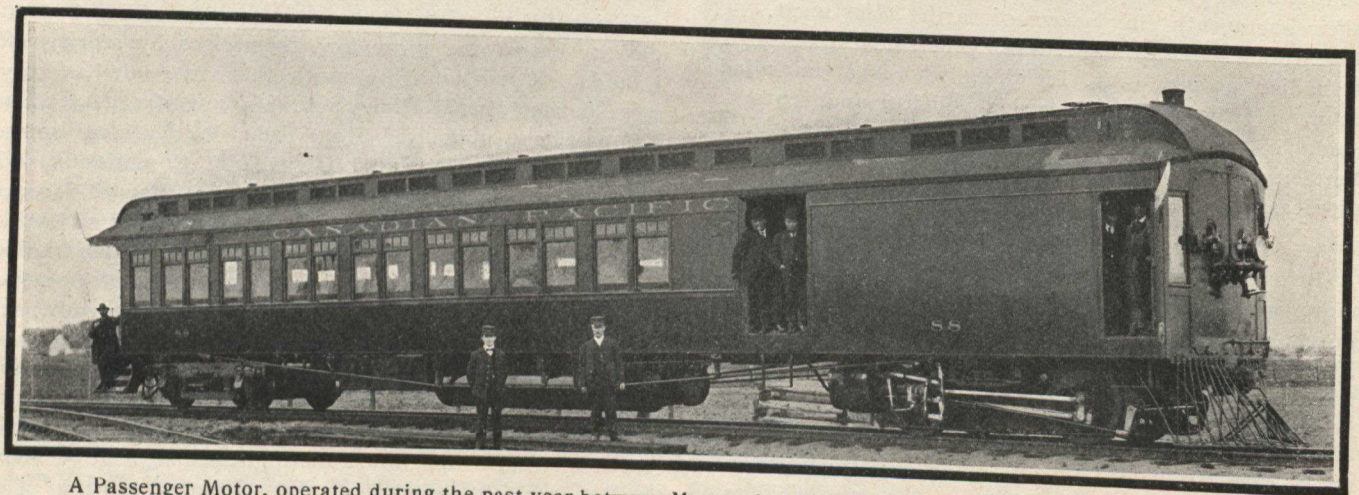
The Roblin Government in Manitoba will not be happy until it gets the whole of Keewatin for its own. In that case its beatitude seems far away, for, in all probability, the Federal Government will give to Saskatchewan and Ontario each a portion of the territory contiguous to the borders of these two Provinces. The whole agitation seems scarcely worth while, although it is undoubtedly good politics for the acute Mr. Roblin and his colleagues. In the House of Commons last session a member who enjoys peculiar facilities for securing information concerning this terra incognita said plumply and plainly that Keewatin had not and never will have a white population of fifty souls. "And," said he, "most of those who are there are fugitives from justice. The

honourable gentleman" (Dr. Sproule) "need not worry about the school system of the territory, for there are not children enough in its whole expanse to fill a room ten feet by fifteen." However, Keewatin may turn out to be a highly metalliferous region. In that case, the lack of population will speedily be repaired. Unless the Government soon executes the almost impossible task of making a partition that will suit all the parties to the dispute, there will have to be a heated and acrimonious debate in either Commons or Senate or both.

MR. BORDEN'S ENDORSATION OF COMPULSORY VOTING.

The new Election Act will be a radical measure in several ways, not the least notable of which will be the provision making voting compulsory. The Conservative leader has endorsed the proposal—endorsed it prematurely and without consideration, some of his followers aver. They are right. Than compulsory voting no more efficacious weapon was ever put into the hands of a Canadian Government. In our country Ministers are turned out by two classes of electors. The first class includes the large percentage of citizens who exercise their franchise only when some great national issue so appeals to them as to bring them to the polls. Such voters were largely in evidence on the days of the Tupper and Ross debacles. The second class of voters are those who, disgusted with their leaders, and unwilling to vote for the enemy, designedly abstain from voting. Under the compulsory voting the former class will be

driven into either camp, and it seems fair to hold, on the principle of the immortal Mr. Pott of Eatenswill, the majority will go to the "crowd that shouts the loudest" i.e., the government of the day. Still more important it seems to me, is the second class—the dissatisfied partisans who, ordinarily supporting the Government in the past, have habitually signified their displeasure by non-participation in the election. To vote for the opposition candidate would be unthinkable to these "hard shells," but they could satisfy their conscience by refusing to cast a ballot for the men in whom they, for the time being only, found much to condemn. Under the new act, these men, forced to the polls under scandalous coercion, will have to choose between their Government which has not satisfied them and the opposition, for which they have never voted and never intend to vote. Clearly, the Government of the day will benefit and benefit largely. As has been said before, and will be said again, compulsory voting is unjust, un-British, subversive of the right of private judgment and idiotically absurd in that it compels the citizen who avows that he has neither information nor preference to act a lie and to say through the ballot box that he has both. Fortunately the Senate is said to regard the new plan with no favourable eye. If it implements this opinion by a judicious amendment or even excision it will be doing much to convince Canadians that it is in truth a revising chamber, and not the obedient servant of the Administration.



A Passenger Motor, operated during the past year between Montreal and Vaudreuil—the engine uses crude oil as fuel.

A Passenger Motor Car

THE first passenger motor car to be run on any regular steam railway in Canada has been in operation on the C.P.R. during the past summer between Montreal and Vaudreuil. This is a one-hour run with twelve intermediate stations. The car ran three round trips each day.

This car was built as an experiment and has been quite a success. It is expected that other similar cars will be built during the winter for similar service on other parts of the road. An ordinary local train requires six men to operate it, while this car requires only two. The car was built on the model of those now being exclusively used on the railways of Great Britain for suburban traffic, but it is constructed in accordance with Canadian requirements, and is very much stronger than those used abroad. It is seventy-five feet in length, and seats forty passengers, and a smoking compartment seating sixteen. There is a baggage and express compartment. The engine is placed entirely on the front trucks, and has a two-hundred-horsepower boiler, using crude oil as fuel. The oil is contained in a heavy steel tank under the truck, so as to obviate entirely any possible danger from fire. The use of crude oil has been

decided upon as the safest material known for use in a car of this description.

In the United States the New York Central is experimenting with electricity, but few of the larger roads have followed the British example and experiment with combination cars for short busy runs.

Roosevelt's Victory and Defeat

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has received the Nobel Peace Prize of \$40,000, for his services in bringing about peace between Russia and Japan. This is the first time one of the five annual prizes has come to America, although their founder, Dr. Alfred Bernhard Nobel, a Swedish scientist, left the bequest for their foundation in 1896.

Along with this victory comes the defeat of the President's movement for simplified spelling. The Appropriation Committee of the House of Representatives, in making their allotment for the Public Printer, decided that the old forms of spelling must be observed. The President has acquiesced in the decision. His defeat really came through objection to the change on the part of the general public.



CAMPAIGN FUNDS

By "Old Politician"

A FRANK CONSIDERATION OF AN IMPORTANT PUBLIC QUESTION—BY A MAN WHO HAS BEEN THROUGH MANY PUBLIC CONTESTS, AND HAS BEEN A LEADER IN HIS PARTY.

RECENTLY the public mind has been acutely turned to the question of corrupt practices at Parliamentary elections. This is proper and wholesome. No justification can be made for corruption in popular elections. Under our system of government the people are Sovereign—the last Court of Appeal. To unduly influence the judgment of an elector is to pollute the springs of public virtue and endanger the institutions of the nation. No deadlier blow could be dealt to popular government than the growth of a system of tampering with the purity and independence of the electorate. Therefore, any strong manifestations of public abhorrence are sound and wholesome.

But the odium, so far, has fallen upon public members and candidates. I have some doubt if the whole responsibility should be thus imposed. It is fitting we should understand the exact conditions which exist. As one who was long actively associated with public life and called upon to face many severe election contests, I can speak with some degree of confidence—the more so since I am no longer in the field, nor likely again to be. I am, therefore, strong in my conviction that candidates for Parliament are the most disgusted with electoral corruptness and would be the most eager to have it ruthlessly ended. It is recognised as not only an evil but a burden, and the best of them know not how to escape its hideous thralldom.

Take the case of an ordinary candidate for a seat in Parliament—surely an object of honourable ambition to any able and competent man. He would like, if he could, to devote his attention to the public issues: appeal from the platform to the intelligence and patriotism of the people. This part of an election campaign is elevating and inspiring. It is pleasant, likewise, to visit the homes of the people and make the personal acquaintance of the men and women—especially so in the back districts where the conditions of life are perhaps novel and the incidents interesting. If these were the only necessities of a candidate his task would be agreeable and public life robbed of most of its burdens and revolting features.

WHY MONEY IS SPENT.

But what happens? To-day he enters a district on his canvass and begins to talk to the electors. Are they reflecting upon the public issues? Are they interested in the matters prominently before the country? Some are, but he is bound to meet a percentage, larger or smaller, who are absolutely indifferent to public questions. He begins to hear enquiries. "Is anything going this time?" The meaning is hideously clear. He replies promptly that under the law it is impossible to expend any money corruptly. "Well, the other side has plenty of it," is the response, generally accompanied with a leer. A sense of disgust at once arises, and the candidate feels a disposition—especially after a few such dialogues have occurred—to go home and abandon the contest. But this is not quite easy. He has been appointed the standard-bearer of the cause by a convention of his friends, and the influence of this extends beyond the

limits of the constituency. The party system embraces the whole country from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and the fate of a government is at stake. Party leaders have him in their eye. It may be that he is a Cabinet Minister, and his fate as a public man is at stake. He may be assumed to have dreams and ambitions of a career. Therefore, while it would be noble and heroic to fling the game, it is opposed to the frailties of human nature and the ordinary instincts of mankind.

He goes to the leaders in the polling district—discusses the situation with his chosen adviser. This is the message: "Our fellows generally are in good trim, but the Peat Mountain boys say they won't come to the polls unless they get something." The candidate says, "But, I have no means for any such purpose, and it would be a clear violation of the law." "Well," he replies, "unless we get them the majority here will only be 20 and it ought to be 40. Besides, Jackson, the leader of the other party in the district is playing with them, and he may get them if we do nothing. Is there no fund?" When this condition has been faced in a dozen different sections the candidate sees clearly that something must be done to get the indifferent ones to the polls or defeat is inevitable.

HOW RAISED.

"Is there no fund?" This is a pregnant question. As politics are now run in Canada there is a fund. Both parties have it. How is it obtained? This is easy. Big men having important relations with the government, men who desire to be considered leaders among politicians, men who desire senatorships and other favours and keen partisans who can afford it are ready to contribute handsomely. They do not pay it to the Ministers. There is too much sense abroad for anybody to conceive anything so foolish. But there are "Managers" who, in the quietude of unofficial positions, arrange all this, and the distribution is made with exactitude and wisdom. The safe constituencies are allowed to take chances. Where the party candidate is rich he is left generally to bear his own burdens. But in all the doubtful and well-contested constituencies a suitable sum is assigned. The candidate knows this. His chosen friends know it. Is it human nature that with this knowledge he should allow the "boys from Peat Mountain" to stay at home? He does not have to handle a penny. The local manager, well concealed, can deal with his "leaders" in each polling section, and on election day the "boys from Peat Mountain" are alive and active at the polls.

Does anyone suppose that the average candidate enjoys this? Or that he does not abhor it, and would rejoice to have it abolished?





But how does the practical purist propose to get rid of the difficulty? It is useless to tell the corrupt voter that the other side has no money—even if your statement is true. In his greed he is as cute as you. He will tell you promptly that the “other side” have been “shaking ten dollar bills” all over the place. And a hotly contested election affords no place for deliberation, no field for philosophical experiment. Thirty polling subdivisions at least are under his eye and all these must go right or the game is up. With these hangers on to fortune upon the electoral lists what does the purist propose to do? He may counsel an honest candidate to abandon the field, or stick to his plan of purity. Very good, and let in the other fellow who is quite unscrupulous? What moral principle could be served thus? The problem viewed from the practical everyday side is a serious one, and until some radical change be made in the electoral systems an irresistible temptation to corruption will continue.

Respecting the fund, it may be said that this can only be raised on the government side. This is a natural observation but not true. The opposition have means of raising their fund as well as the government. A change of government opens up vistas of favours and patronage as alluring as those now in the hands of the government. But it will be conceded that the government's position is usually the strongest in this regard, and hence we find the cry of purity almost invariably raised by the opposition and it lasts with vociferous energy until power is obtained, and then the mighty voice deserts the victors and passes with easy steps to the vanquished.

THE ONLY REMEDY.

Some have proposed “compulsory voting” as a remedy. It may be tried, but if a law compelled the “boys from Peat Mountain” to come to the polls, the section bosses would still find it necessary to surround them with soothing influences. A disfranchisement of those proved guilty of corruption is totally ineffective because under our system of “superb secrecy” not one case in a hundred ever is, or ever can be, brought to light. I confess I see no immediate remedy except one, which, if it could be carried into effect, would fairly well meet the case. If the candidates and leaders of both parties in every constituency would enter into a solemn engagement with one another that no money be spent and the “suckers,” “hoodlers” and “louts” be left severely to their own devices, then, indeed, healthy and normal conditions would be restored. Everyone who is familiar with the distrust between the two parties, and the unconquerable temptation which would remain to secretly circumvent the enemy, will have strong misgivings as to the practicability of such a method. But it has been achieved and is the best reform in sight.

I conclude as I began, by simply declaring that the politicians are not wholly blameable for the system now complained of: that it is a nuisance to them which they would gladly escape. The evil is in the low instincts and sordid impulses of a portion of the electorate, and all the religious and moral influences at work seem powerless to reach these. It must not be supposed for a moment that the bribing at elections is done only by the

lower or vicious classes. My experience enables me to say it is largely in the hands of church wardens, elders, class leaders and deacons—few of these excellent “pillars of the Church” deem such work inconsistent with their religious principles. They would not use profane language, nor get drunk, nor even neglect their prayer-meetings, but they will, without scruple, gather in the “boys from Peat Mountain.”

Let our discussion of this burning question be fair and rational. To stamp it out is necessary from every point of view; but we shall not get at the root of the evil by simply abusing the politicians, or by mutual re-primations by the party forces. It is an ethical question and its roots are to be found in a degenerate electorate. It is there we must seek a remedy.

The Maker of Mauve

SIR WILLIAM HENRY PERKIN, the English scientist who has recently been dined and wined in New York, has been described by a variety of phrases, but he was first known as the maker of mauve. The great work of Sir William Perkin is the discovery that wonderful dyeing material is to be extracted from coal tar. It is largely owing to his investigations that throughout the world 120,000 men are employed in manufacturing valuable products from what was once discarded as waste.

Half a century ago, when William Perkin was eighteen years old, he was acting as assistant to Dr. A. W. Hofmann, head of the Royal College of Chemistry in London. During the absence of his chief, young Perkin made experiments with coal-tar aniline, in the hope of obtaining a substitute for quinine. He failed in his original purpose but finally got a black precipitate which, to his surprise, proved to have dyeing qualities, producing a violet-like colour, which was called mauve.

Last spring London went mauve-mad, perhaps in celebration of his semi-centenary, perhaps because Queen Alexandra's well-known fondness for this delicate hue led to a general fashion. Sir William Henry Perkin, who has created one of the most striking revolutions in modern industry, will probably be associated for a generation to come with the colour that has been called “the verge of violet.”

A Fluent Monarch

KING EDWARD can speak German and French as fluently as English, and has a fair knowledge of one or two other languages, but as a linguist he is eclipsed by the Emperor of Austria. It is told of the latter that at one of the great military reviews he addressed four different regiments—German, Hungarian, Bohemian, and Wallachian—each in its own tongue, and Hungarians will never forget how, fifteen years ago, the youthful Archduke Francis Joseph, when installing a certain governor, electrified his audience by addressing it in purest Magyar, a tongue no other archduke had ever taken the trouble to learn. They sprang from their seats, waved their swords in a frenzy of enthusiasm, and almost lifted the roof with tremendous shouts.

He Has The Earth

Some months ago excavations were being made for new tracks on the line of a certain famous railway. At one point a near-by resident obtained permission to remove a quantity of turf to resod his premises, the section boss being instructed to notify the excavating “gang” when the resident should have secured all he desired.

The “Hibernian's” report is as follows: “The man that wanted the earth has got it.”—Harper's Magazine.





TAKING COAL OUT OF THE RIVER BANK, AT EDMONTON

The question of coal supply is one of the most pressing with which the people of Western Canada has to deal. This year the supply has been uneven and inadequate. The Edmonton district should not suffer much, as the coal near there seems inexhaustible and is easily mined. The photograph shows it being loaded into a scow to be pulled into town. Some private consumers do their own mining, it is so easy and so economical.—Photograph by Mather's, Edmonton.

An Ex-Empress

THERE is a general impression that an exiled monarch is also impoverished and is obliged to live in lodgings of cheap prices and corresponding odours. But such is by no means the case as the departing ruler is usually possessed of a private fortune which makes exile at least a bearable matter. For instance, Eugenie, the former Empress of the French, who is commonly represented as a shabby and forlorn old lady, ending her days in misery, is a lady of considerable fortune.

In comparison with the brief splendour of the court that Bismarck and the Prussian army rudely smashed, the life of Eugenie for the last thirty years has been one of obscurity. The loss of her only child in the Zulu War was a calamity, indeed, in which she had the profound sympathy of Queen Victoria, who had always befriended the unhappy empress. But it is a great mistake to suppose that Eugenie has ever been one of the impecunious ex-royalties. She has large holdings in real estate and other investments have been made under advice of the most competent French financiers. Her jewels, no longer worn, represent considerable wealth, the pearls that were famous a generation ago making a fortune in themselves.

As Eugenie is a frail old lady, the question of the inheritor of this fortune is frequently discussed by European society journals. It is generally surmised that Princess Henry of Battenberg and her daughter, Queen Victoria (Princess Ena) of Spain will be the chief beneficiaries, as the youngest daughter of Queen Victoria has

always been a favourite with the woman who once was known as the most beautiful "royalty" in Europe and whose influence was exerted in behalf of King Alfonso when he went a-wooing an English maiden.

A Worthy Guild

THE death of Mrs. Margaret Bottome, who was interested in the foundation of the order known as "King's Daughters," has attracted general attention to a society that has accomplished a great deal for charity with methods of the unostentatious kind. In the United States and Canada these associations of women and girls have done much to relieve distress and make the lot of the working girl less difficult.

In Ottawa last week the members of the guild moved into new quarters amidst general congratulation. A local paper reports that one of the prominent members remarked that while collecting funds and furnishings for the guild, not one brusque word or rebuff was encountered—a state of affairs which shows the public esteem of the order.

But would it have appealed as readily to the sympathy and imagination if it had been called the "Humble Helpers" or something like that? Those who gave it the name of "King's Daughters" had the wisdom to recognise that in the democratic United States nothing succeeds like a high-sounding title. We do not quarrel with the name—which is a good one. But it shows one of human nature's interesting little ways which make the said nature a source of eternal entertainment.



KLA-HOW-YAH
THE BRITISH COLUMBIA COAST INDIAN
Painted by John Innes for The Canadian Courier.

The word signifies "Greeting" or "Welcome," and the sojourner on the Pacific side of Canada will soon find himself mumbling "KLA-HOW-YAH" when he passes any natives. The canoes of these people are peculiar. They are hewn and burnt from a single log, the high prow being set onto the main hulk. The head is cut in odd shape, somewhat suggesting that of an animal or bird, and on it is carved and painted a large eye. This latter is there so that the canoe may see any danger ahead, in dark or storm. In their black and red craft, with red sail, its passengers decked out in shawls and shirts of gorgeous hue, these people make a highly picturesque appearance as they toss and plunge, with bellying canvas, over the brilliant waters of the Pacific.



A Group in Crete.

Affairs in Crete.

THERE is no island in the Mediterranean with a more interesting story than that of Crete. At present, it is an autonomous state under the suzerainty of Turkey, with a High Commissioner, appointed by the powers, Great Britain, Russia, France and Italy. On the twentieth of last month, during a debate of the Grecian Chamber of Deputies, Premier Theokotis stated that as a result of steps taken by King George, the Cretan question has reached a solution which must be regarded as a step towards the union of the island with Greece.

This photograph, taken at a garden party given by a Yorkshire regiment visiting the island shows to some extent the motley population of Crete. The first guests seated on the right are two Turkish officials, the venerable clergyman is a bishop of the Greek Church and next to him is the Governor of Crete whose wife is seated beside him. Next to her is an English woman, wife of the Colonel of the regiment. Three Cretan ladies complete the first row. At the left end of the second stands the correspondent of the London "Times" and the next figure is unmistakably that of chaplain of the regiment. The British consul is on his left and the next member of the group is the colonel, while the white-clad figure is Mr. Walter Evans, one of the prominent excavators in Crete and a son of Sir John Evans. Standing behind the bishop is Mr. C. T. Currelly of Toronto, a member of the Egyptian Exploration party, while the fine-looking old gentleman at the end of the row is an English merchant from Smyrna, the father of the British consul.

Prince George of Greece, the High Commissioner, has been popular with all classes.

Our Enemy—The Cabby

WHETHER one is in London or New York or Montreal, one has difficulties with our enemy, the cabbie. "Tit-Bits" tells this story in a recent issue:

"No," remarked a determined lady to an indignant cabman who had received his legal fare, "you cannot cheat me, my man, I haven't ridden in cabs for the last twenty-five years for nothing."

"Haven't you, mum?" replied the cabman, bitterly,

gathering up the reins. "Well, you've done your best!"

I remember once taking a cab from Southampton Row to Baker St. Station and having a similar experience. I handed the cabbie the legal shilling and the usual "tuppence" additional. As I hurried into the station, I could feel his gaze upon me. Just as I was disappearing from view, I turned and there he was holding the money in his hand and gazing after me as if he had lost the power of speech. It was a beautiful piece of acting, and although two years have elapsed, it still has the power of making me feel uncomfortable.

The last time I was in New York, I arrived at the Grand Central about 11 o'clock at night. It was raining and I took a hansom over to my hotel on Broadway—about five minutes drive. I gave the driver fifty cents and he immediately broke out: "That—on a wet night!" I reached into my pocket for some more change, but with a muttered imprecation he was gone.

The cabbies of all cities are never satisfied with a legal fare and unless we pay more than that we are bound to be unpopular.

Modern Witchcraft

THERE has been a trial at Vienna lately, when a woman named Marie Nebily was charged with various witch-like practices. She told the Austrian judge of a Hungarian shepherd, Stephan Stephanovics, ninety years old, who sells charms in which she implicitly believes. Whereupon the Judge made the remark that we are not living in the Middle Ages.

An English critic says: "The Judge is wrong. A great part of mankind is in the Middle Ages, if by that is meant that it believes in witchcraft. White and black witches thrive in many parts of this country and make dupes." And what of Canada? It would be interesting to know just how many dollars are expended in this Dominion every week by those who go to see clairvoyants and come away greatly impressed by the "changes" and the "voyage by sea," not to mention the rainbow wealth of the future.

Witchcraft dies hard and the most practical among us have pet superstitions relating to walking under ladders, setting off on a Friday journey, and spilling the salt. We spend at least ten minutes of the year in the Middle Ages.

The Family Honour

By GUY BOOTHBY

WHOEVER affirmed that a man's happiness is more the result of environment than the outcome of any deliberate action on his own part was not so very far wrong, after all. He would, however, have been nearer the mark, and he might have built up a cheap reputation for himself as a sayer of sharp things, had he affirmed that "Man's happiness is the pin in the Thermometer of Existence, which is raised or depressed by the mercury of Circumstance."

The following story will serve to illustrate my theory.

To begin with you must understand that the township of Barrabong lies near the South Australian border of Queensland. Her population averages a hundred souls, any one of whom will tell you with pride that he lives in the hottest and driest rathole on the face of the continent, and that the Tropic of Capricorn runs down his main street. There is a story of a man who, of his own free will, spent a week in Barrabong, and was found on the seventh day heading for the Great Desert, attired like Adam before the Fall, reciting the perennial psalms, and—but as he has nothing to do with this story, and his relations have done all that is needful to insure his safety, there is no necessity for me to tell you any more about him. Let me, therefore, proceed with my narrative.

One moderately warm forenoon, with the temperature as rigidly fixed at one hundred and twenty degrees in the shade as if it were nailed there, I was sitting in the verandah of the one and only hotel—which was constructed of galvanised iron, by the way—when one of the most dilapidated-looking loafers I have ever seen emerged from the house. He was not more than forty years of age, but was so pulled to pieces by bad liquor and the ramifications of his disease—he was in the last flicker of consumption—that he might very well have been set down as ten years older. Staggering to the stretcher beside me he started a conversation by enquiring what I thought of Barrabong as a place for the eldest son of the Duke of — to die in? I was about to remark that when it came to dying I did not see that it mattered very much whether it was Barrabong or Piccadilly. He stopped me, however, with a scowl and continued—

"I know what you're going to say, and I don't want to hear it. I've come to ask your advice. I should be obliged, therefore, if——" Here he was interrupted by a violent fit of coughing, which lasted for more than a minute. Recovering his breath, he went on—

"Of course, you have observed that I am dying. Believe me, I am quite aware of the fact, and I know also that in this dust-heap I am popularly supposed to be mad, and my title a creation of fancy. I have paid you the compliment, however, of taking you for a rational being, and I should, for my own sake, be sorry if I were deceived."

When I asked him in what way I could be of service to him, he drew from his ragged shirt a greasy, filthy, Southern paper, nearly three months old, and having opened it and folded it at the English cablegrams, handed it to me.

The first item of news referred to the serious illness of the well-known Duke of —, and if I remember aright there was an account of his distinguished career in another column; also a remark that his death would prove a serious loss to the Empire. When I had finished reading, he returned it to his bosom, saying—

"From my appearance at the present moment you may find it difficult to believe that that old scoundrel is my father. It is true, nevertheless, I am his eldest son, and if he dies before me the title is mine. For aught we know to the contrary I may be His Grace of — at the

present moment. I should be glad to feel certain on that point, for my credit in this kennel is exhausted, and without liquor of some description I shall not, in all probability, last another week."

The man talked rationally enough, with the tone of an English public school boy, a trick, which once learnt, is never forgotten. To all intents and purposes he was perfectly sane. While I was wondering as to the truth of his story, a second fit of coughing seized him, and after it had passed I ventured to offer him a small sum as a loan. At first he was tempted to refuse it, but at the critical moment a glass clinked in the bar behind, and his fingers immediately closed upon the coins. At last, after we had waded through oceans of hopeless drivel, he arrived at his reason for honouring me with his company. It appeared that he was desirous of making a will.

This was the second time in my life I had been called upon to assist in such a capacity. I accordingly secured a sheet of notepaper and writing materials and sat down to my task. So great was the heat in the verandah that the very ink was blood warm. When it was completed it was a glorious document, bristling with legal phrases and gorgeous with high-standing titles. The stranger thanked me for my courtesy, pocketed his papers, staggered across the verandah, and disappeared into the bar. All things considered, it was one of the strangest interviews I had ever known, and, until the mosquitoes arrived and distracted my attention it monopolised my thoughts. By that time the Looney Duke, as he was called, was as intoxicated as even he could desire to be.

Next morning I saw nothing of him, so I settled it in my own mind that I had done with him for good and for all; but I was destined to be deceived, however. That afternoon the weekly coach brought to Barrabong a most unusual visitor, in the person of a well-dressed, portly gentleman, perhaps a little on the wrong side of fifty. From unmistakable signs I settled it in my own mind that he had but lately left the Mother Country, and I found that I was not mistaken. He was vastly disappointed with the Bush, and complained bitterly of the heat and the hardships of coach travelling. The mere fact that we shared a bedroom was a bond in common, and before the evening meal—it could not with overstrained courtesy be called dinner—was over, we might have known each other all our lives. During a stroll, later, he told me the reason of his being in the country at all, and of his venturing so far West. The coincidence was certainly a curious one.

He was an English solicitor, practising in a small country town in the Midlands. For many generations his firm had been the confidential advisers of the Dukes of —, and it was business connected with their house that brought him to Australia. The old peer was dead, and the estates were lying fallow until the heir should appear from the unknown to take possession. He did not mention the circumstances under which the young man had left his home, but from his careful avoidance of the point I conjectured that it must have been something serious.

The upshot of our conversation was that my drunken friend proved, after all, to be what he professed, a duke.

It was like the denouement of a French novel. As I was riveting the last links of my companion's chain of evidence, a half-caste boy came out of the darkness and stood before us. He brought a message from my loafer friend, imploring me to come to him at once. He was dying and had something to say to me.

The solicitor accompanying me, we followed the boy down the main street, across the open bit of ground

where the Afghan camel men were camped, and finally approached the creek, where we drew up before a small humpy, constructed of bark, kerosene tins, and old gunny bags. The ducal residence was illuminated by one solitary candle, stuck in an empty whisky bottle, and was filthy dirty. Half-caste children littered the floor, and a murderous-looking black gin was cooking at the fire. The sick man must have heard our approach, for he called to us in a faint voice to enter. We found him lying upon a heap of sheepskins and flour sacks in a corner feebly coughing his life away. After he had welcomed me, he glanced at my companion, and without any surprise, said—

"So, my trusty Denton, you have found me out at last? Well, what do you think of me now that you are here?"

The solicitor's face was a piteous sight. He was trying to recognise, in the disgusting dilapidated scarecrow before him, the happy, bright faced boy he remembered of old. When he did speak, his voice was choked with emotion.

"Your Grace, how can I say—?"

Assuming a new air, that for a moment made one forget the gunny bags and the candle guttering in the bottle, the peer broke in—

"So the unnatural old scoundrel is dead, is he? Bien! Le roi est mort! Vive le roi! But, Denton, it has come too late. It's my cursed luck all over! All through my life I never scored except when it was too late!"

There was a pause, and then he continued with a Satanic sneer—

"But he couldn't touch the entail, Denton, and he couldn't take away the title. I had him there. Ha! Ha! How he must have hated me!"

He laughed as the idea struck him, and then he waved his hand round the room.

"What do you think of this as a place for a duke to die in? What a chance for the Radical press, eh? By the way, Denton, move into the light, that I may look at you. Ah! you haven't changed much since the old days; you're just the same sanctimonious hound as of yore, I'll be bound!"

The old man winced at the insult, but it was impossible to resent it. He moved to the bedside.

"Can I do anything to make your end happier, my lord—?"

"Your Grace, Denton. Don't rob me of that. Yes, you can help me. Where's my will?"

After fumbling among his rags he eventually pulled out the document we had unitedly put together.

"Overhaul that, and see whether it is legally correct."

As he read it, a look of consternation spread over the old man's face.

"Can it be that you are married?" he questioned huskily.

The dying man nodded his head, and called up the loathsome gin and the half-caste boy.

"Let me present you to her Grace the Duchess—, and to my son and heir. As a dying man, Denton, I charge you to do your duty to them. I charge—you—to see—that—that their—interests are—conserved. I charge—"

He could get no further. It was plain that the end was near.

Fully five minutes elapsed before he spoke again, and during all that time—it seemed an eternity—the lawyer stood looking down at him, but never seeing him. Suddenly, raising himself to a sitting posture, the dying man said very slowly—

"Denton—I give you my word I was innocent—innocent. I swear it! Do you believe me? No, curse you! I can see you don't. Curse you! and—them—and—"

When he fell back on his rags we saw that it was all over. What was before us was all that remained of the late Duke of—.

The solicitor took off his hat and bent his head in silent prayer.

* * * * *

The funeral was a very commonplace affair, in spite of the many facetious jests elaborated by the town-folk on the subject of a monument to the memory of the "Looney Duke."

I wonder what they would have said had they known the truth?

* * * * *

The "British Peerage" informs me that the present Duke of — was educated at Eton and Oxford, and is thirty-six years of age—a statement I can hardly reconcile with my knowledge of the facts.

Pipes and Pipe Dreams

As the Arab enriched his walls with many an arabesque, so do we, who are wise, etch against the grey realities of life, a frieze of fancy and imagination.—V.S.

THE "Calumet" has not yet passed into the limbo of forgotten things only because we change the Indian so slowly. In lonely places of the far North and West he smokes his peace pipe with the same gravity and reverence that he did in what Kipling calls "The high and far off times," before an adventurous sailor of Genoa named Columbus sailed the seas.

Hidden in the burial mounds of his people are the old, old pipe bowls carven in porphyry, blue slate, or the velvety red stone of the Coteau des Prairies, that were dear to the hearts of painted warriors long since passed on to the happy hunting grounds.

Pipes of bronze and clay have come to light along with Roman antiquities so often as to lead the wise in such lore to insist that they were commonly used by the ancients for smoking incense, or aromatic herbs of soothing properties—for tobacco they surely did not know. Sometimes far down in the soil of Ireland is unearthed a tiny clay pipe of fashion unknown, and the country folk, being of fanciful nature tinged with many comforting superstitions, call it a "fairy pipe,"—looking

at it with wide eyes, and touching it with gentle fingers: "For sure, an' who could be saying who smoked it last? Or when? Or where?"

The German peasant has his long stemmed pipe with delightfully painted porcelain bowl, and the Turk smokes reflectively with a cherrywood stem and red clay bowl.

What can be more characteristically Japanese than his little dainty pipe with its embossed metallic bowl, and cane stem, or more intensely Persian than the luxurious and elaborate hooka, or water pipe, with its long silken stem and its bottle encased in copper or gold, polished damascened steel, or linked silver pieces set with precious stones.

Surely he who lingers over such a pipe on a moonlight night near by the rose gardens of the world must indeed see visions, and dream dreams. And then there are the every day pipes of the every day man—dearest of all the unassuming one so typical of him who smokes it—the plain pipe made of the roots of sweet briarwood grown on the Maremma hills. And it is a far cry from the aristocratic meerschaum—whose bowl is of that creamy "sea-foamy" mineral dug from the plains of "Eski-shehr," and whose mouth piece is of amber that

never chills—to the democratic clay pipe short of stem, and redolent of much dark hued tobacco, or the "corn cob" that the old tired Southern "uncles" used to smoke by the cabin doors after the heat and burden of the day. And there are other pipes in out-of-the-way corners of the world—freak pipes, as it were, made of horn, bone, ivory and even glass—uninteresting, characterless, the experiments of the dissatisfied. They hang unbought, unused, things that time may wear out, but no rosy gleam will ever light or burn away.

In tents of the desert, in camps where soldiers bivouac, in old and ruined cities of the East on the mountain-rimmed plains of the West, the perfume of the plant Sir Walter Raleigh gave to England, still rises in the air.

In deep walled silent prisons, those whom the law has taken, sigh restlessly or long passionately for the blue smoke and the scent of it. Many a one, indeed, about to pay the last penalty for crime, has by that grace of mercy which sometimes tempers justice, been permitted to light his last pipe in the hours before the breaking of the day, and he too for a while has smoked, and dreamt his dreams. Even so did Sir Walter himself upon a long past sorrowful morning in London town, for we are told by the old chronicler that "he tooke a pipe of tobacco a little space before he went to the scaffold."

That the beloved weed has a tendency to lure men along the primrose path o' dreams, there is no gain-saying. The delicate clean perfume of it, the faint violet haze that follows where it burns, the curling eddies of smoke, the will o' the wisp red gleam, the intangible fascination of the whole combination, possesses a power to still the wheels of life, and to drift the immaterial man out into the world of immaterial things.

A pipe belongs to the tranquil hour, the few minutes of rest. It is part of the drowsy golden noontime and the quiet purple twilight. It goes with the cheery lamplight, the friendly book, the chair that is shabbiest

because most popular, and the coat of much comfort whose first youth belongs to a period of mere conjecture.

While it has been oftentimes the sole companion of a lonely man, a pipe is the very symbol of goodfellowship. In wild discussions, amid fierce and angry mobs, or on the field of battle, its fires go out, and they are not relighted until peace unfurls her white flag.

Yet more than all it is the great magician of dreams. And the path of dreams is a good way to follow now and again in this age of much hurry. A tiresome age, when four and twenty hours make too short a day, and men's nerves are jangled by the ringing of many bells and racked by the endless vibration of labour-saving inventions.

It is a little flower-starred by-path that leads far from the glaring, crowded thoroughfares, where mortals with weapons not good to contemplate ceaselessly hunt the nimble and elusive dollar to its lair. It takes one straightway to the green gloom of the summer woods, or back to well-loved rivers running to the sea between blossoming banks. It dips down to low-lying marshes, grey and gold in the sunset, and bird haunted from dawn to dark, or it threads its way among the stars. Along its many twists and turns come the jingle of dear nonsensical rhymes, snatches of song and verse, measures of undying melody, broken bits of stately poems, pages of stories well remembered.

Upon that dream road we build the airy castles that no man may covet, and whose opalescent doors swing noiselessly behind us. And also on that dream road we sometimes find the things we thought had slipped forever from our grasp—the ideals we have lost—the illusions—sweet and gracious, that faded as we touched them, the iris-hued bubbles that we blew only to have the wind carry them away—and the roses—Ah! the red roses and the white, that blossomed in the summer of youth.

V.S.



Revising the Church Hymn Books

The Church of England in Canada is to have a revised Hymnal. Early in 1905, Mr. J. Edmund Jones, of Toronto, brought the matter before the authorities, and in September the General Synod decided in favour of it. Seven distinct and different hymnals were in use, and the adoption of one in all parishes would be in the interest of national and unified service. A general committee, representing all shades of opinion in the church, was appointed. This committee has been meeting in Toronto from January 2nd to 10th, advancing the work. It then adjourned to meet again in the summer. The above photograph shows the committee at work in St. James Schoolhouse, Toronto. The persons in the group are The Bishop of Huron, Jas. Edmund Jones, (Convener), Rev. Prof. Clark, Ven. Archdeacon Fortin, (Winnipeg), Rev. Dyson Hague, (London), Rev. Dean Crawford, (Halifax), E. G. Henderson, (Windsor, Ont.); Rev. Canon Welch, F. E. Hodgins, K. C., Charles Jenkins, (Petrolea), Rev. A. G. H. Dicker, (Toronto), Rev. F. G. Plummer, W. B. Carroll, (Gananoque), J. L. Jennison, (New Glasgow, N.S.)

A Prisoner of Hope*

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

By MRS. WEIGALL

Resume : Esther Beresford is a beautiful and charming girl, who has lived in England with her French grandmother, Madame de la Perouse, and has taught music in a girls' school. Her step-mother's sister, Mrs. Galton, appears on the scene and it is arranged that Esther is to go out to Malta to join her father and step-mother. But before her departure, Geoffrey Hanmer, an old friend, declares his love for Esther who promises a future reply to his proposal. She embarks with Mrs. Galton and her two exceedingly disagreeable daughters. Captain Hethcote and Lord Alwyne, two fellow-passengers admire Esther extremely, and Mrs. Clare-Smythe, a cousin of the latter also seeks her friendship.

A few white, unhappy-looking people presently appeared from below, struggling into the open air as the wind moderated, and from the corner of the deck came Esther's merry voice, "Here we go round the Mulberry bush," and the swing of little feet following her lead.

"Great powers! Look at Hethcote, standing on one leg to black an imaginary boot!" murmured Alwyne. But the next moment so joyous did the party appear, that he felt inclined to join them. He was sorry later that he had not yielded to his impulse when the whole merry crew of children sat down to listen to a fairy story from Esther's lips. The story was the "Three Bears," and Hethcote imitated the growling and the roaring of the Big Bear so admirably that the youngest member of the party had to be comforted and held against Esther's breast.

The day fled by so fast for the girl that it seemed no time before the Devenish family were tucked safely up in bed, and she was sitting down to dinner between Mrs. Clare-Smythe and M. de Brinvilliers, with a pleasant sense of fatigue, and a keen enjoyment of the present moment. Mrs. Galton and her daughters were so much better that they had determined to struggle on deck next day, and Esther's mind was relieved of a burden of invalids. She was looking very pretty in her fresh white gown, and there was an unwonted colour in her cheeks that became her.

"Fair as an English rose!" said the old Frenchman gallantly. "And now you will have to tell me, Miss Beresford, how it is that you talk French like a Parisienne!"

"My grandmother, Madame de la Perouse, taught me," said the girl simply. "She is partly herself a Frenchwoman."

"Ah! cried the old man, with a sudden enthusiasm. "Was she M'selle Antoinette Howard, whose father was at the Embassy in Paris? An English father—but a mother of the ducal house of Menilmontant—and did she marry the Duc de la Perouse?"

Esther nodded.

"Why, she was my great friend as a girl—a child—and as a married woman, my ideal. I might have known you were her granddaughter, for you resemble her greatly, Mlle.; and are you going abroad?"

"I am going to my father in Malta."

"Then we shall perhaps meet there; for I spend a week or two with Lady Stanier on my way back to Egypt, and it will be a pleasure, M'selle. You and Adela Stanier are related, is it not through the Menilmontant family?"

Esther was conscious that the eyes of Mrs. Clare-Smythe were upon her curiously, and she blushed as she answered:

"Yes, Monsieur; Lady Stanier and my grandmother are friends."

"Good gracious, Miss Beresford, how nice for you!" cried Mrs. Clare-Smythe, vivaciously. "I tell you, Adela Stanier is a splendid friend, and she will give you a lovely time!"

Then she turned her shoulder on the girl, and took a bonbon from the dish in front of her cousin.

"I knew I was right, Frank," she said. "The girl is thoroughbred. She ought to go about labelled with her birth certificate if she is much in the society of those awful people who are chaperoning her!"

"Sometimes I really think you are silly, Nell," said Lord Francis, immovably. "If you care to be bothered with the friendship of a young woman, what does it matter what her friends are like? I thought that was your great point."

"Thinking men are a nuisance!" returned Mrs. Clare-Smythe, turning a petulant shoulder upon him; "and you were always a didactic, argumentative person in your nursery, Frank. M. de Brinvilliers is far more amusing!"

Esther slept soundly all that night, and her dreams of the delightful evening she had spent made her sleep refreshing, so that when she awoke to an irritable cross-examination on the part of Sybil Galton as to how she had spent the previous day, she felt suddenly rubbed up the wrong way.

"I expect you made a lot of stupid friends yesterday without mother there to look after you!" she said. "I expect you don't know a paymaster's wife from a colonel's, or a fleet-engineer's from a—"

"I don't think I am really as stupid as you think, Sybil," said Esther, gently. "I met some old friends of my grandmother's on board!"

"Gracious!"

Sybil was looking at her yellow face in the glass, and congratulating herself on the fact that the "Pleiades" was moving along upon an even keel.

"I don't think that your grandmother's friends can be very exciting or youthful in any way!" Sybil said, with a sneer. "Do they all wear caps and spectacles? And what on earth are they going abroad for?"

Esther tried to keep the annoyance out of her voice as she answered, for very often her grandmother had said to her: "You would never be angry if you were to count twenty before you spoke." But though she tried to count twice twenty now, her voice was not very steady, for the contempt had hurt her. "One of them is Mrs. Clare-Smythe, and the others are M. de Brinvilliers and Lord Francis Alwyne."

Sybil was silent for an instant in shocked amazement, for she had never regarded Esther as a possible link with good society, and she knew Mrs. Clare-Smythe and her cousin by report as most desirable people.

"Still, I don't think that mother will be at all pleased by your making friends all alone," she said tartly. "And see if Jeanne is coming to help me to dress."

Esther Beresford stood looking down at the ill-tempered girl in the berth. "Sybil," she said, with sudden dignity, "I want you to understand, please, that I must make my own friends on board ship, if they happen to be friends of my own relations. These people have been very kind to me, and I certainly do not intend to avoid their company."

Her firm voice impressed Sybil with the strength of a character that would be certainly worth consideration; and she looked slowly up at Esther, realising dully how pretty and charming she was. Her mind was slow to take in new impressions, but of this she was convinced: that Esther was likely, with such friends, to have a good time in Malta, and it might be worth while to be friends with her.

"Look here, Esther," she said, eagerly. "I like you, you know, and I am sorry for you, because mamma will be fearfully angry when she comes on deck and finds out about your friends. But I shall stick to you because Carrie is always horrid to me, and does not like me making any new acquaintances who are not going to be friends of hers as well. So I shall be on your side, and Carry and mamma may stick together."

"Sybil!" cried Esther; "surely your sister is not horrid to you! I cannot believe it!"

"Oh! yes she is—jolly horrid; and just because I am smarter and prettier than she is, and more quick with my tongue. Now be an angel and help me into my clothes, for I mean to get up; and Jeanne will have her hands quite full with Mamma and Carrie; and I intend to have a good time as well as you!"

So that when Esther Beresford came on deck it was with Sybil as her companion, and, in spite of a wry face on the part of Mrs. Clare-Smythe, Miss Galton was absorbed, to her great delight, into the select little 'coterie,' and carefully bestowed upon Captain Hethcote.

"My dear Frank, I can stand one of these young women, if I can't have Miss Beresford without her," she said, in a resigned aside to her cousin.

"And you can decline her acquaintance at Malta, if

you wish to. As for her mother; why, your inimitable manner will keep her off, I'll be bound!" And Lord Francis, shrugging his shoulders, resigned himself to the infliction.

And so it came to pass that Mrs. Galton and her eldest daughter, assisted on deck by two stewardesses, had the unexpected sight of Sybil, with shrill voice and flushed face, seated in the very centre of the most select circle on board.

"I understand her!" cried Carrie, tartly. "These people want to know Esther, and think they can't do it without being civil to one of us; and they have chosen Sybil because she was dressed first!"

But since there are moments in life when it is more discreet to be deaf, Mrs. Galton said nothing; but, closing her eyes, murmured that she felt inclined for a nap since the sun was so bright upon the sea.

CHAPTER VI.

"Why stay we on this earth except to grow?"

MRS. GALTON spent the better part of two days in trying to make friends with Mrs. Clare-Smythe, but since any attempt at intimacy was received with the frigidity of an iceberg, she pleaded an attack of neuralgia, and confined herself to the opposite corner of the deck to the one occupied by that lady and her suite. Since Sybil had attained to the dignity of an acquaintance with Mrs. Clare-Smythe, it was plain that Mrs. Galton could not pretend to disapprove of that desirable, if flighty little woman, and the situation was a difficult one, until Carry struck up a friendship with an Indian judge and his wife, who, through the successful visit of a royal duke to their province had attained to a K.C.S.I., and for the remainder of the voyage dear Sir Solomon and Lady Brown were never very far away.

"Do look at Mrs. Galton with that funny old 'Sol Brownwig,' as we used to call him!" said Mrs. Clare-Smythe one night as she walked the deck with Esther; "look how close her head is to his deaf ear—I expect she is screaming inquiries into it as to his gout, and he is retorting by asking after her temper!"

Esther said nothing, and she felt the arm she held stiffen unconsciously.

"Oh, dear, I forgot!" she said penitently; "how stupid I am—they are not your relations, and yet you don't like hearing them abused."

"No—please not," said Esther.

But why on earth, my dear? Now I have the most absurdly tiresome mother-in-law—a ridiculous woman—who looks at both sides of a half-penny before she spends it, and I love to abuse her when she can't hear!"

"My grandmother always taught me to try not to say anything spiteful about anyone," said Esther in a low voice; "just always to look for their good side, because they were sure to have one, and if you could not say anything nice about them, at least to say nothing nasty."

There was a band playing somewhere on the second-class deck of the 'Pleiades,' and the sound of the music, rough enough and partly untrained, was wafted to their ears, softened into harmony by the exquisite night. The ripple of the water against the sides of the ship, the creak of the engines, and the sigh of the light breeze in the awnings, lent a pleasant air of peace to the whole scene. The deck was almost deserted save for the two women, for there was a concert going on down below, and arrangements being made between newly established friends for going on shore at Gibraltar the following day.

"Esther," said Nell Clare-Smythe suddenly, "on a night like this, and in your companionship, I want to be good—you make the path of righteousness seem a beautiful flower-gemmed road, and I have always been brought up to consider it a way of thorns. I want to do my duty to Budge and my husband now, and yet I know that to-morrow I shall feel just as I always do, that a child is all very well when it is in its best clothes and perfectly adorable, but that it is an unendurable affliction for more than half-an-hour at a time, and that one's own pleasure comes far before one's husband and his comfort always."

She spoke with such swift passion that Esther hardly recognised her brilliant acquaintance of dinner time, whose glittering costume of black jet with its "frou-frou" of silk skirts and grey cloak, was the simplest and yet the handsomest dress on board, in this woman of the pale face and earnest eyes.

"Dear Mrs. Clare-Smythe," she stammered, "I am sure you are very, very good—I wish that you would not talk like that."

Nell's beautiful jewelled hand caught her own fingers in a tight clasp. "That is just what I am not," she said. "I am a vain, frivolous, pleasure-loving creature, for whom the gay life in Malta is the very worst existence possible—but will you help me, Esther—will you be my friend always?"

"Why, yes, of course," cried Esther, moved out of herself at the sight of the other's emotion; "only you will not have time for just an ordinary girl like me. Why I dare say you will forget my existence, or, at least, that is what Mrs. Galton prophesied about Malta for me."

Nell Clare-Smythe forgot her own emotion, and gripped her new friend by the shoulder. "Oh, you double-distilled little goose!" she said, "are you always going to be as blind as a bat? Don't you know that a girl with your face will have Malta, and all the young men in it, at her feet, and all the women blue with jealousy?"

Esther's charming laugh rang out, and Mrs. Clare-Smythe watched her in unbelieving curiosity. "Oh, dear me! If I only believed half the things you tell me, what a very conceited person I should be!" she cried.

Nell turned at the sound of a quick step on the deck behind them.

"Oh, there you are, Frank. Come here—you are just in time to help me to convince this obstinate child that if her face alone were her fortune it would make her a millionaire!"

Esther drew herself up unconsciously, for the jesting was not to her taste, and Alwyne saw it.

"My dear cousin, I did not come here to make personal remarks, but to suggest that you should turn in now so that you might be up in time to see the sun rise upon the rock of Gib."

"What!" scoffed Nell; "do you imagine I am going to forsake my bed for an old rock? We may have played together in the nursery, Frank, but you have forgotten my force of character if you imagine that I am prepared to go so far for scenery."

Lord Francis turned imperturbably to Esther.

"Shall you risk the early rising, Miss Beresford?" he said. "I can assure you that it will be worth it."

"Yes, I shall certainly come on deck," returned Esther, with a soft wave of colour in her face.

"Gracious! How young you are!" cried Nell. "To risk your complexion and your appetite! Now for patience sake, don't tire yourself for your excursion on shore, when I want you to look your very best for lunch with the 'Westshires.'"

"Good-night," said Esther, with a quiet smile; "I shall be very careful."

"Frank," said Mrs. Clare-Smythe, when they were left alone, "you have the heart of a frog, I believe! You always preserve the same glacial demeanour towards Miss Beresford; why can't you fall in love with her like a wholesome young man—like Captain Hethcote, for instance—and forget you are an A.D.C.?"

"My dear Nell, very few people have retained their youthful ideals as long as you have. Now if I were to fall in love with every pretty girl I meet I should have more scalps attached to my sword-belt than Bluebeard himself!"

"Out upon you! Fie upon you, bold-faced jig!" cried his cousin sharply, and left him with a nod and a provoking smile.

Left alone, Lord Francis Alwyne leaned his elbow on the rail and looked down into the dark blue mirror of the sea, flashing where the keel of the "Pleiades" cut the water with phosphorescent light. But it was not the night or the sea that was attracting his attention, but from the clear mirror of the water the lovely face of Esther Beresford looked back at him.

"I don't know how or why it is," said Alwyne, shaking himself together slowly, "but I believe—I believe—I am beginning to care for that girl. Of course it would never do—never at all—but she is dangerously attractive—and I have no time for that sort of thing!"

He experienced some annoyance that a young man of such social value as himself should be subject to the weakness of fluttered feelings, and determined to be more wary in his intercourse with so charming a girl as Esther Beresford. But there was little thought of care in his mind next morning when he came up on deck to find her there before him in her quiet corner. She was looking as fresh as the day itself in her blue serge gown, with her soft hair ruffled about her face, under her jaunty little cap, and before he had realised what he was doing, he had drifted across the ship to her side.

TO BE CONTINUED

A Canadian Bear-Trainer



Mr. Apdale's two Russian Bears, Bedelia and Dooley.

THE lively little town of Deseronto in Ontario has produced the greatest bear-trainer of the day. His name is Apdale and his headquarters are now in New York. Just how he learned his trade is too long a story for this occasion.

Mr. Apdale prides himself on the training of his animals by humane methods. He never beats an animal. A little patting and numerous lumps of sugar are the only incentives he uses. His sun bear, Jessie, comes from Himalaya where the natives worship these animals. She was six months old when Mr. Apdale secured her and she required three hours teaching each day for a year and a half before she learned all her tricks.

He has two Russian bears, Bedelia and Dooley, which were also quick to

learn, though not quite so intelligent as Jessie. Bedelia is quicker than Dooley, but they work well together. These Mr. Apdale secured when they were three months old, and for the next three months he raised them on the bottle.

A captive bear will live about twenty years, barring accidents. The constant moving about the country, with the consequent change of climate and water is hard on them, but Mr. Apdale has lost only one bear in six years.

Jessie was the first bear to walk on her hands, the first to ride a bicycle unassisted and at the same time play a banjo. She will lie on her back and juggle a ball with a dog on top of it. The accompanying photographs show some of these clever tricks.

A Careful Correspondent

MISS BEATRICE HARRADEN is the recipient of many curious letters from unknown correspondents, a large proportion of whom are men. Shortly after the appearance of the German edition of "Ships that Pass in the Night" she received a letter from a German officer thanking her for the pleasure and stimulus he had derived from reading the book and assuring her that he "prayed for her every night." He further stated that he was forty-six years of age and belonged to a Prussian cavalry regiment. It then appears to have occurred to the gentleman that he was writing to a single lady with whom he had no personal acquaintance, and, seized by the spirit of caution, he added the postscript—"This is not an offer of marriage."

Another Triumph for a Canadian

WORD comes from a great London hospital of a remarkable surgical operation performed by a gentleman bearing a name well known in Ontario. Dr. George Badgerow, whose forebears fought bravely on the right side—you may take your choice—in 1837, has recently succeeded in re-

moving a considerable section of the stomach of a patient suffering from organic disease in that useful member, and the subject is well and will be better. It is gratifying—especially at this time of the year—to know that henceforth, the organ of which we are incessant stokers, eating to live and living to eat, can be abridged, amended or partially excised if it breaks down in the performance of its onerous duties. Since the triumph of Dr. Badgerow those of us who are the victims of a vexed pylorus or are taxed by a tortured duodenum can speedily have the source of trouble expelled from what the late Mr. Montague so neatly called "our corporeal republic." Irresistibly the thought occurs with this simile that if the body is a republic, the operation should be surgically known as "deportment"—a process much in vogue with undesirables in the greatest republic of all.

The Power Vote

THE latest returns from Hamilton and Brantford serve but to emphasize the strength of the cheap power agitation. In Hamilton the figures were: For, 2,496; against, 1,114; majority for, 1,382. In Brantford: For, 2,184; against, 722; majority for, 1,462. Taking the Niagara power district as a whole, therefore, the vote cast by qualified property owners was:—

For the By-Law	15,388
Against	3,991

Majority for 11,397

In addition to this remarkable endorsement, the people of Ottawa by a vote of 7,262 to 1,732 decided to ask the Hydro-Electric Commission to supply 15,000 horse-power for civic purposes from the proposed development on the Ottawa River.

These figures must be held to settle absolutely the public attitude toward the principle of Government supervision of the distribution of electric power throughout Ontario. All that remains to be done is to make careful working plans and prepare contracts for submission to the various municipalities.—Toronto Globe.



The Sun-Bear, Jessie, in one of her star acts



Jessie, the Sun-Bear, from the Himalayas, who can ride a tricycle and play the banjo at the same time.

THE TALK

CANADA has 109,204 Indians, an increase of 1757 in a year. However, the greater part of this is accounted for by tribes not before counted, leaving a natural increase of but 182, enough, however, to show that the noble red man is getting so accustomed to civilised ways that they do not necessarily prove fatal.

Five distinct parties have candidates in the field in British Columbia and as a consequence the issues at stake are somewhat clouded. In addition to the Conservatives, headed by Premier McBride and the Liberals, led by J. A. McDonald, K.C. and W. B. McInnes, there are Socialists, Labourites and Martin Independents. The McBride government is making a straight party fight of it notwithstanding the fact that they had only one of majority in the past three sessions and held power through an alliance with the Labour-Socialists.

Opponents of the government in Manitoba fear that Premier Roblin will prepare for the coming elections by a gerrymander. And this is so unusual you know.

They're still pumping water into the Hul colliery at Glace Bay, N.S. Experienced miners say the pit will not be recovered inside of a year.

The prairies are buried under an avalanche of snow. Never since the days of Fort Garry has so much of the beautiful been lying about loose. It is adding terrors to the fuel famine, piling up the expense of operating railroads. It is estimated that the last storm cost the C.P.R. \$250,000. However, the optimistic Westerners are comforting themselves with the reflection that heavy snows bring big crops.

Prince of Wales College, of Charlottetown, P.E.I., are discussing terms of affiliation with McGill University. The latter proposes by a slight extension in Prince of Wales' first year work to accept it as matriculation and by a further extension to have Prince of Wales cover McGill's first and second year in arts.

Manitoba, so sayeth the Speech from the Throne will erect a thousand miles of long distance telephone lines next summer, "which is a guarantee of greatly reduced rates for that very important service." From which it would appear that Mr. Roblin intends to make talk cheaper.

Woodstock, Ont., is a city, and as such is to have a city regiment of its own. Mr. John White is to be commanding officer of the new corps and organisation work is already under way.

And now it is estimated that the total grain crop of the three prairie provinces during the past year was 201,020,148 bushels. And in addition

to all this \$4,029,639 has been paid to ranchers for cattle. Now you know where the coonskin coats come from.

It is said that Ralph Smith, the B.C. Labour M.P. and leader can have the governorship of the Yukon if he wants it. For there never was a government so mean that it couldn't find a job for the poor labor leader.

Lumbering conditions in the Upper St. John River, N.B., are excellent this year and it is estimated that Upper St. John River Driving Corporation will be called on to handle about one hundred and sixty million feet.

Cobalt has its silver, the West has its wheat and now Manitoulin Island looms up as an oil field. It is said that 100 wells have been sunk and the discoverers believe they have a greater oil ground than Pennsylvania had in her palmiest days. Next!

During the deer shooting season, Nov. 1st to Nov. 15th, it is estimated that 5,000 hunters were in the different Ontario districts and that they bagged 10,000 deer. However, as the



Miss Eva Gauthier,
One of our prominent Canadian singers.

deer are said to be increasing in numbers year by year these estimates may be built on the fish story system.

At least seventy-five thousand Americans are expected to cross the boundary and take up farms in the Canadian Northwest next year. But they're not coming to Americanise Canada. They're coming to get cheap land that will grow the most expensive grade of wheat. And they'll become Canadians too. There's nothing like prosperity to make a man proud of the flag that floats over him.

Sandwich, Ont., is excited over a report that the United States Steel Company will establish a mammoth steel plant there. It is claimed that a site of one thousand acres has been bought and that ore docks and coal storage facilities will be built, the whole to give employment to five thousand men.

According to Mr. Frederick Nicholls Toronto is receiving 6,000 horse power daily from Niagara Falls, and in the very near future this will be increased to 20,000 horse power. About 400,000 horse power is being developed altogether and as the Ontario Government restricts the export to fifty per cent., 200,000 horse power is available for use in Canada. And now the Dominion Government will place an export duty on the energy. That should further encourage its use at home.

Building against time for a \$66,000 prize, the St. Maurice Valley Railway Co. finished their work on December 30 and took down the money. The line covers the 22 miles between Three Rivers and Shawinigan Falls and the Government promised an additional subsidy of \$3,000 per mile on condition that it was in running order by Dec. 31st, 1906.

Nova Scotia mines produced five million tons of coal last year, an increase of half a million tons over the previous year. Business failures of the year totalled only 25 per cent. of the one that went before. No wonder the Bluenoses are satisfied with the government.

The heavy rains in North Saskatchewan this winter threaten to change the geography of the country somewhat. The South Saskatchewan River promises to break through its banks and follow the Wilton Creek into the Qu'Appelle. Should this happen the whole course of the South Saskatchewan would be changed and towns and villages in the Qu'Appelle Valley submerged. There is a tradition to the effect that a hundred years ago or thereabouts the Saskatchewan followed this route.

The burning Coal Arch, sixty miles west of Edmonton, is the outcroppings of famous undeveloped beds owned by a syndicate, of which the C.P.R. are the largest shareholders. The coal is said to be in unlimited quantity and of splendid quality. One seam which is on fire exposes twenty feet of solid coal. And all this heat is going to waste in the land of the fuel famine. Can't somebody invent canned heat?

The best New Year's gift the people of Stoughton, Sask., could ask came to them in the shape of a special train of coal. The fuel famine promised them a cold day, but the government found the coal, the C. P. R. furnished the "special" and Stoughton had a Happy New Year.

They're still building the Trent Canal. An engineer's party has recently made a survey of the Holland River which empties into Lake Simcoe. In the sweet bye and bye it is to become part of that great canal which comes nearer to being perpetual work than anything yet discovered is to perpetual motion.

Market prices of stock call on Cobalt to give returns on an estimated aggregate of \$250,000,000. And yet Montreal is wondering where it can get an unlimited supply of pure water.

The Bay of Quinte Railway Company

Connecting with the Grand Trunk Railway System at Napanee and Kingston.

Connecting with the Canadian Pacific Railway at Tweed.

Connecting with the Central Ontario Railway at Bannockburn.

Connecting with the Kingston & Pembroke Railway at Harrowsmith.

Connecting at Deseronto with steamers operating on the Bay of Quinte and Lake Ontario.

Trains leave Napanee for the north at 7.50 a.m., 12.10 p.m., 1.25 p.m., and 4.25 p.m.

Trains leave Tweed for the south at 7.00 a.m., 7.20 a.m., and 2.55 p.m., and for the north leaving Tweed at 11.30 a.m. and 4.50 p.m.

Trains run between Deseronto and Napanee as follows:—

Leave Deseronto at 1.00 a.m., 1.40 a.m., 5.55 a.m., 7.00 a.m., 7.20 a.m., 9.50 a.m., 11.30 a.m., 12.40 p.m., 12.55 p.m., 3.45 p.m., 6.10 p.m., 7.40 p.m.

Leave Napanee at 2.20 a.m., 3.30 a.m., 6.30 a.m., 6.35 p.m., 7.55 a.m., 10.30 a.m., 12.05 p.m., 1.20 p.m., 11.00 a.m., 4.30 p.m., 6.50 p.m., 8.15 p.m.

The Deseronto Navigation Company operate the str. "Ella Ross" and str. "Jessie Bain" running between Picton, Deseronto, Belleville and Trenton, as also the str. "Where Now" making the famous 50-mile ramble from Gananoque to all points in and around the Thousand Islands, connecting with all trains at Gananoque, as well as making the railway transfer between Gananoque and Clayton, N.Y.

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THE farewells of Patti have become proverbial, but this time it really looks as if she had said or sung "good-bye" to the London concert hall. The London press yields to the spirit of this commercial age and dwells with enthusiasm upon the fortune of the Diva, reminding the public that Adelina Patti is the only woman of the age who has earned three quarters of a million sterling by singing and acting.

A vivacious journalist who writes of a day with Patti at Craig-y-nos, discourses of the pretty little woman, with gold-brown hair, white teeth and sparkling eyes, who, nevertheless is sixty-four years old. She reminded the visiting scribe that King Edward was the first Englishman to hear her sing in opera a year and more before she came to England. It was in Philadelphia at a gala performance in his honour when he visited that city as the boyish Prince of Wales.

Madame Patti declared that the most novel tribute ever paid her was at the close of the opera in Madrid when there fluttered towards her no fewer than two hundred canaries. She made no final statement as to retirement but said in reminiscence that for forty-five years she had not missed singing, a single London season.

* *

A pathetic story comes from the West to the effect that forty vaudeville artists from various parts of America are stranded hundreds of miles away from home and friends. These artists were sent out to play one night stands in a number of towns between Winnipeg and the Pacific coast. The first company reached the Rockies, another arrived at Regina and the third went to pieces at Brandon. The pitiful plight of these performers is told in moving terms, the "Queen of American Song," whoever that may be, having been reduced to serving hash in a ten-cent restaurant. It is to be hoped that more vaudeville "artists" will find their way to the West, where industry and pluck are sure of an ultimate reward.

* *

In Victoria, B.C., Harry Short as "Abijah Booze" in "The Yankee Consul" has been providing holiday entertainment of an acceptable order, although no one can be expected to equal Raymond Hitchcock in the role of the cocktail devotee who won the heart of the Signora of Castilian blood. "Kerry Gow" has also been enlivening the coast cities.

* *

"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" was one of the best-selling novels about four years ago. Its dramatisation was consequently as inevitable as death or taxes. Since it was more a collection of episodes than a coherent work of fiction, it suffered less in the process of being put on the stage than if it had been a more artistic production. "Lovey Mary," a later work by the same author en-

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- WINNIPEG, MAN., Union Bank of Canada Bldg.
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PUBLIC ACCOUNTANTS AND AUDITORS

ters into the composition of the drama called by the title of the first book. Miss Madge Carr Cook, in the title role succeeds admirably in presenting the sympathetic, droll and vivacious character which made the fortune of its creator. The play is full of the topsy-turvy philosophy which makes "Mrs. Wiggs" a creature of unexpectedness and a joy forever.

* *

In Winnipeg, Miss Helen Byron and Miss Adelaide Thurston have been highly popular in the performances of "Sergeant Kitty" and "The Girl from out Yonder." The new Walker Theatre has been crowded ever since the opening night, for the Winnipeg people are ready to patronise whatever affords genuine amusement. But the "problem play" is hardly appreciated in the bracing atmosphere of a fast-growing city.

* *

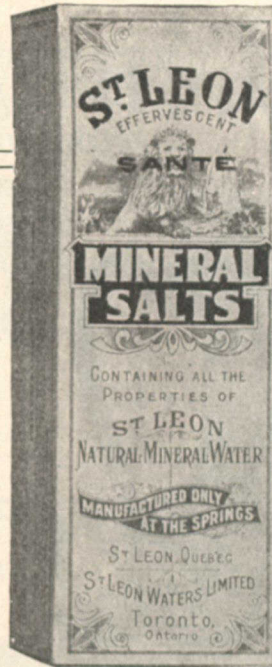
Mr. Arnold Daly's appearance in the Bernard Shaw comedy, "How He Lied to her Husband," somewhat surprised the patrons of vaudeville who are not accustomed to such caviare sandwiches as Bernard Shaw usually provides. But the innovation has been appreciated and voted decidedly "funny" by those who applauded the Bollers also, the cycling sensationalists who "defy all the laws of gravitation." The juxtaposition, after all, was not incongruous and Mr. Daly alone gave the audience the worth of their money.

* *

After Christmas, the great consideration in our musical world is chorus work and the members of the various choral and philharmonic organisations are working overtime. The enthusiasm shown by the individual members is the best evidence of the thoroughness and attractive quality of the work. The concerts of the National Chorus under the direction of Dr. Albert Ham and the New York Symphony Orchestra, Walter Damrosch, conductor, to be given next Monday and Tuesday in Massey Hall bid fair to attract larger audiences than ever before, judging by the sale of seats which began last Thursday. This choral body has steadily progressed in artistic interpretation and local esteem and its concerts are among the eagerly-anticipated events of the season. The chief choral work at the first concert will be Frederick Cliffe's setting of "Ode to the North-East Wind." The New York Symphony Orchestra created such a favourable impression in the city on its former appearance that its extensive patronage is assured.

* *

The subscription list for the Mendelssohn Choir concerts closed last Tuesday after an unprecedented manifestation of public interest in the coming cycle. The visit of the Mendelssohn Choir to New York during the second week of February is an event of more than local importance, inasmuch as this choir is not by any means regarded as "merely Torontonians." Few of the members were born in the capital of Ontario and the indefatigable conductor is a native of the German district of the province. Every Canadian, keen for the finer development of his country, takes a pride in the home triumphs of such an organisation and looks forward to their winning metropolitan approval.



DIRECTIONS

As a cooling and refreshing beverage, one teaspoonful in a glass of tepid water. As a laxative, from one to four teaspoonsful according to action required.

The solution should be taken just as the effervescence has nearly disappeared.

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	Grains
Chlor. Sodium	377.4782
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Chlor. Lithium	1.5147
Chlor. Strontium	.5070
Chlor. Calcium	3.338
Chlor. Magnesium	59.0089
Iodine of Sodium	.4479
Bromide of Sodium	.8108
Sulphate of Lime	.0894
Phosphate of Soda	1.690
Bicarb. of Lime	29.4400
Bicarb. of Magnesia	82.1280
Bicarb. of Iron	.6856
Alumina	.5890
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DEMI - TASSE

The Inspector Abroad

Inspector Hughes has been away A-calling on the President, Who treated him with courtes-ee And to his spelling views gave vent.

"When next I come," said Mr. Hughes, "I'll bring some fair Canadian girls." "Dee-lighted," was the warm reply—"I'll give them some phonetic pearls."

"Now come real soon," said Theodore, "Right pleased with you, I really am." "I thank you Sir," then said James L., "You should just see my brother Sam."

With Portfolio

An Ontario teacher was recently instructing the young persons in her charge in the manner of provincial government and succeeded in getting the names of the members of the cabinet from the youngsters. One small boy suddenly said after raising a petitioning hand:

"Please, Miss B—, there's another man in the cabinet."

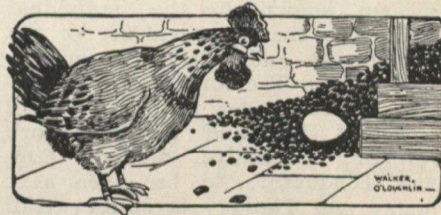
"Who is it?"

"Mr. Beck. He's the Minister of Electricity."

Non-Committal

There was a Commissioner gray Who sailed for a very brief stay.

When they sent him a "wireless," Strathcona the Tireless Replied: "It's a very nice day."



Laying in the Winter's Coal.

—N. Y. Life.

A Royal Reward

In England a story is being told concerning King Edward and a game of bridge. An aide-de-camp who was the King's partner, having been dealt a wretched assortment hesitated about declaring spades, which was the proper course. But something or other in the atmosphere made him pause.

"I leave it to you, sir," he said at length.

"No trumps," burst forth His Majesty, who had four aces and four kings in his hand, "and the Victorian Order for you, sir!"

The First Chamberlain Orchid

Twenty-five years ago, according to the causeries of the "Grand Club," Chamberlain and the late Powell-Williams, walking together one afternoon, stopped to look in at a florist's shop in the vicinity of Hanover Square. The proprietor had some pink orchids exhibited for which he had not found a customer.

"I bought them at the Crystal Palace Flower Show," he explained, "but they're too much of a novelty yet."

"Why not cut the blossoms and

make them for button-holes?" Mr. Chamberlain asked.

"Oh, they're too expensive for that sir, and, besides, my customers wouldn't care to set a new fashion like that."

Nothing more was said. Lord Beaconsfield had just died, and mention was generally made of his partiality for primroses. Sir George Birdwood wrote a letter to the "Times," suggesting a Primrose Day. Two or three days afterwards, the young assistant received an order from a gentleman for all the orchids in the shop-window—not to be removed.

"I will call and you can give me a fresh flower when I want it. I will take one now. Perhaps you will pin it on. Thank you. Good morning." The gentleman was Joseph Chamberlain, M.P. Before the Easter prorogation of Parliament some orchids sent to Highbury, Birmingham, laid the foundations of his orchid-growing career. The girl in the florist's shop is now a successful London actress.

The Ways of Blair

There once was a statesman called Blair,

Who often went up in the air.

He shunted and switched,

As if quite bewitched,

But now he's a Liberal for fair.

A Tribute to Canada

A great deal has been written lately about the attitude of the average English immigrant towards the land of his adoption. Recently an Englishman who has lived in Ontario for two years was praising his new home so highly that a friend asked in curiosity:

"What is it about Canada that you like so much?"

"There's not much to be said for the climate," said the Englishman promptly, "But what I like about Canada is that a chap can look after his own furnace and still be considered a gentleman."

Gentle Gertrude

The London "Times" has lost its breath,

In fact, it's shocked almost to death;

For Mrs. Gertrude Atherton

Who many slushy books has "done,"

Just told the Editor—ah, well!

No wonder that her stories sell.

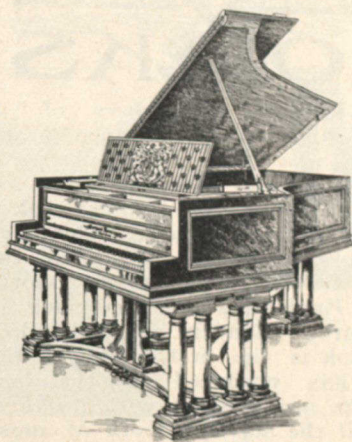
Exam. Humour

Only those who have read the answers which school-children pen are aware of how much absurdity is set down for sober fact. A recent article on "howlers" shows that many English youngsters are ingenious blunders. One of them, answering the question: "What is the origin of the word cabal?" stated:

"The word cabal was invented as a short name for the English Prime Minister, because his name is so long. 'Ca' is short for Campbell, 'Ba' is short for Bannerman, and the last letter L was added to show that he was the leader of the Liberal party."

The reply to the question, "Who is Tolstoy?" showed a valiant desire to show an acquaintance with current events.

"The leader of the Passive Resisters; he had his goods sold at auction sooner than be vaccinated."



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EVER since the days of "A Gentleman of France" and "Under the Red Robe," a novel by Stanley Weyman gives assurance of more than ordinary pleasure. His latest work, "Chippinge Borough," is a fine picture of the strife in the thirties when the Reform Bill set England aflame, as much as that sturdy island is ever enkindled. This book is the best material the author has produced in the last five years and rebukes with its careful detail the slovenly work of most modern "historical romancers." The old-fashioned boarding school, the lumbering coach and the Westminster walks are brought into modern days with the vividness of portraiture. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.)

* *

Rev. R. Walter Wright, the author of "The Dream of Columbus," has published a new volume of verse, "Among the Immortals," which contains much that is to be admired, but no one poem of the quality of his first work. Mr. Wright has genuine poetic feeling but the fault of diffuseness occasionally mars his work. The sonnets on great Hebrew characters are marked by depth of reflection and a dramatic power to appreciate their magnitude. The modern world listens more readily to such lines as these on the "Joy of Living," which is a song for the New Year :

"And I drink full draughts of fresh-flowing wine
From the rich, ripe clusters of being."

* *

The sixtieth issue of the Canadian Almanac (Toronto: the Copp, Clark Co.) is to hand. It contains the new customs tariff as well as all the general information which the public has grown accustomed to find in its well-packed pages. There is a special review of the last sixty years by Professor Wrong. The regular historical diary is brought up to November 26th.

* *

English reviewers are not in the habit of dealing any too tenderly with American poetry and a recent article in the London "Times" is vaguely distrustful of the pessimistic tone of much of the verse written on this continent. The writer of the criticism expresses himself in approving terms on the subject of Bliss Carman's quality of "youthful gaiety and bravery" which he declares "due, perhaps, to his Canadian birth." We do not know on what facts the reviewer bases his surmises, as Canada has never been considered a nation of lively spirits. In fact, humour languishes in our publications which usually buy syndicated jokes from the republic which has produced Mark Twain and which suffers from George Ade. So seriously are Canadians usually regarded that when one of them relapses into playfulness he is tragically misunderstood. Witness the solemnity with which the United States' press regarded the Canadian physician's pleasantry regarding anaesthetics for sexagenarians and upwards. Uneasy lies the Canadian who makes a joke.

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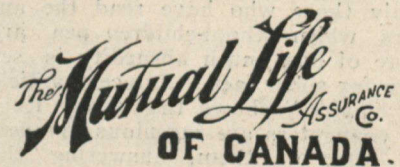
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