

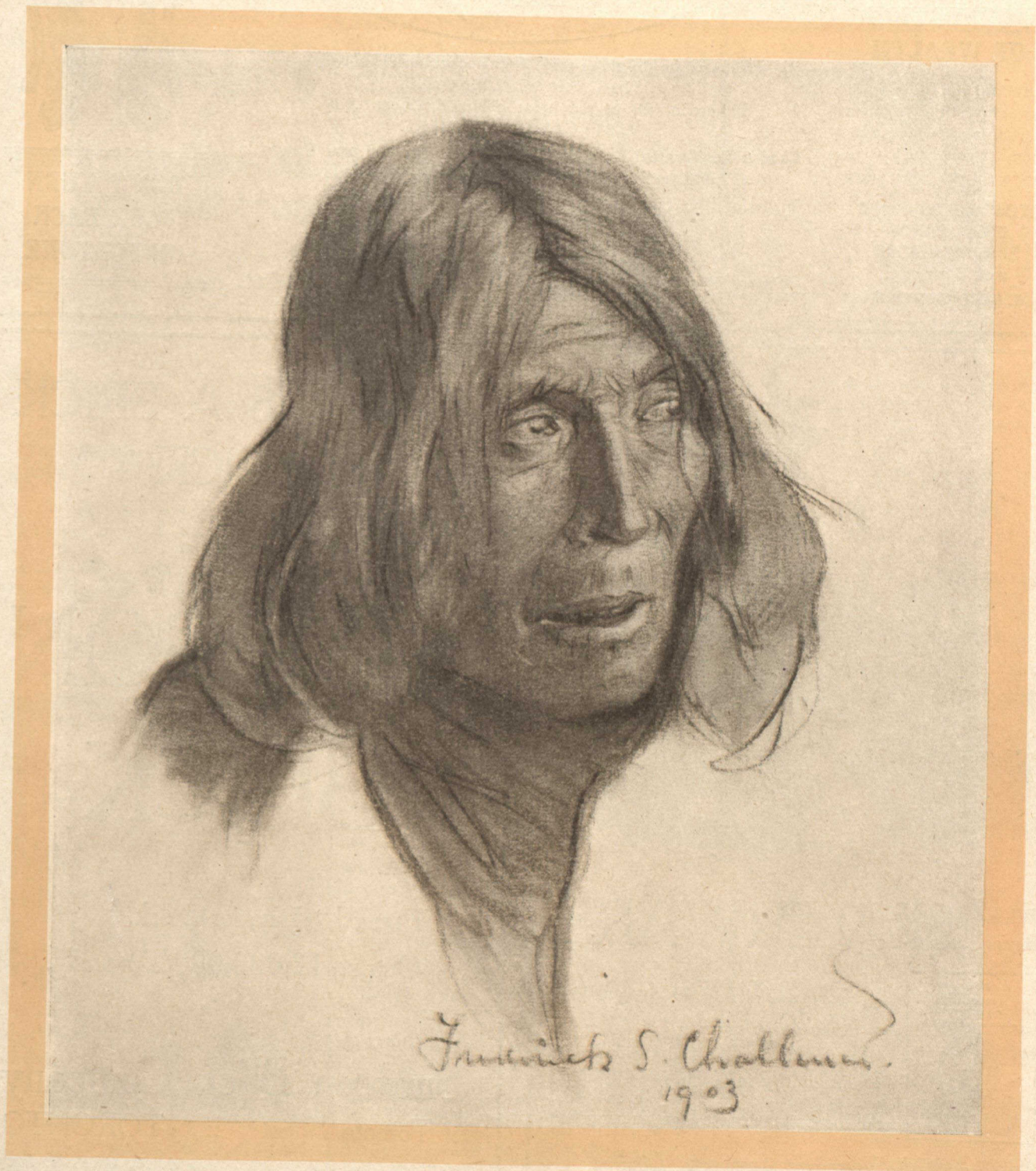
Vol. I. No. 10

February 2nd, 1907

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# The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly



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

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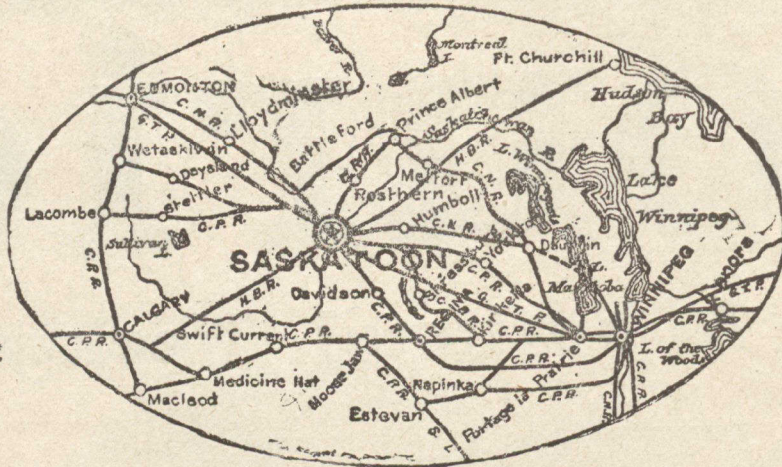
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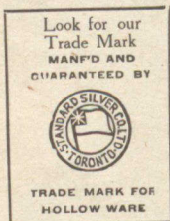
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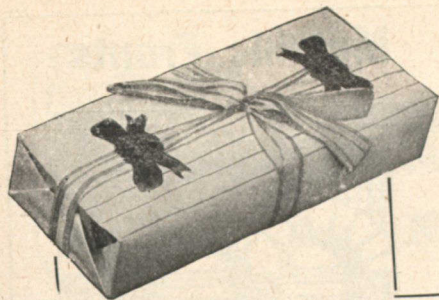
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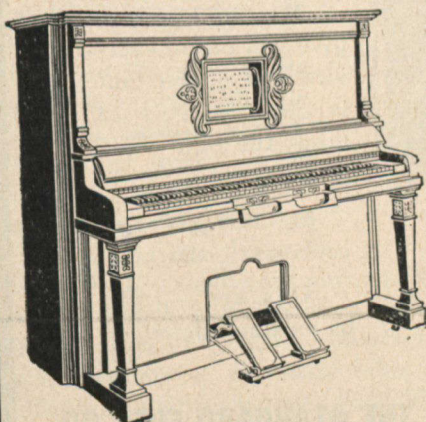
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# The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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### Editorial Talk

This week's issue is made artistically attractive by a double-page coloured cut, "The Disputed Trail," a spirited Western scene such as John Innes knows how to depict. The cover design is by Mr. F. S. Challenger, one of Canada's best colourists in art, who is to give THE COURIER some of his latest and most finished productions. The article on the government of India by Mr. E. J. Kylie supplies interesting information about the land where King Edward is Emperor, while a page of fakir pictures shows the India that is passing away. The lighter side of life has not been forgotten and the mine of Canadian anecdote has been worked with sparkling results. Sport is represented in the gathering of the curling clans at Montreal.

Next week "The Romance of the Yukon," by H. A. Cody, with special illustrations will afford our readers a glimpse of the Real North. The Civil Service Reform discussion will be resumed in an article showing the Massachusetts method of dealing with the problem.

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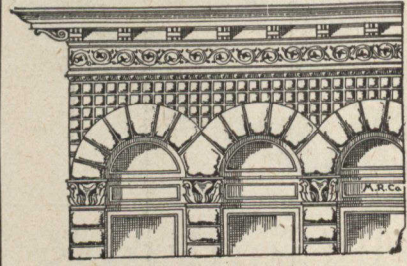
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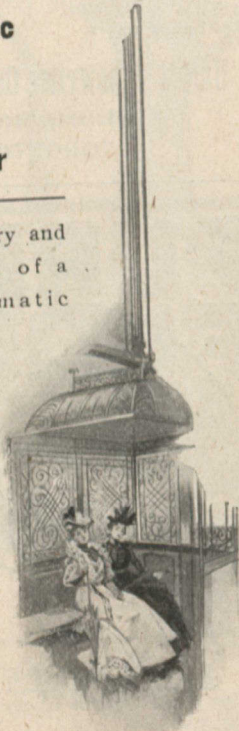
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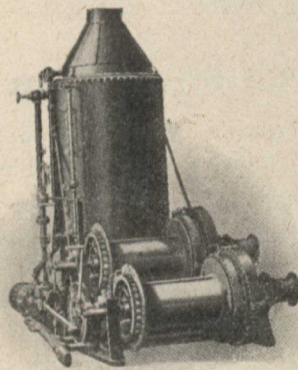
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# The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

NEWS CO. EDITION

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Vol. I

Toronto, February 2nd, 1907

No. 10

## Choosing a New Chief

**W**HEN a tribe of North American Indians met to select a new chief it was a great occasion. When a provincial or federal party meets to select a new political chief it should be equally notable and deliberate. There is nothing in this country which at all equals in splendour, impressiveness or passion the great gatherings every four years in the United States when each party gathers to select a standard-bearer for the Presidential election.

The election of a new leader for the Liberal provincial party, in succession to the Hon. G. W. Ross, was a modest and unexciting event. And yet it was an occasion which meant a change of allegiance on the part of one half the voters of a great province. The King is dead, long live the King! Perhaps it was the disorganised and disheartened state of the party which accounts for the small interest taken in the event. Perhaps the fact that the party seems a long distance from its re-entrance into power was another factor.

To the newly elected leader, Mr. George P. Graham, the occasion must have been one of somewhat personal importance. It is no small thing for a man, no matter what his calibre, no matter what his ambitions, to have conferred upon him the mantle worn by Blake, Mowat, Hardy and Ross. The Province of Ontario is no insignificant part of Canada, and the Liberal

Party is no insignificant part of Ontario. To be chosen leader of such a party, even temporarily, to be given the privilege of blending colours for such a section of such a people is a considerable honour and responsibility. Mr. Graham must have felt that it was a great moment in his life.

Mr. Graham comes into the position, not only with the approval of the stalwarts of provincial Liberalism but with the good-will of the federal Liberal leaders. It is no secret that Ottawa sent word that it would prefer Mr. Graham to any other—to Mr. Harcourt, Mr. Mackay or Mr. Preston. Mr. Graham is well thought of at Ottawa. His organisation work in Eastern Ontario during the last federal campaign has been highly

praised. There is little doubt that if Mr. Graham had desired to go to Ottawa, a place would have been found for him.

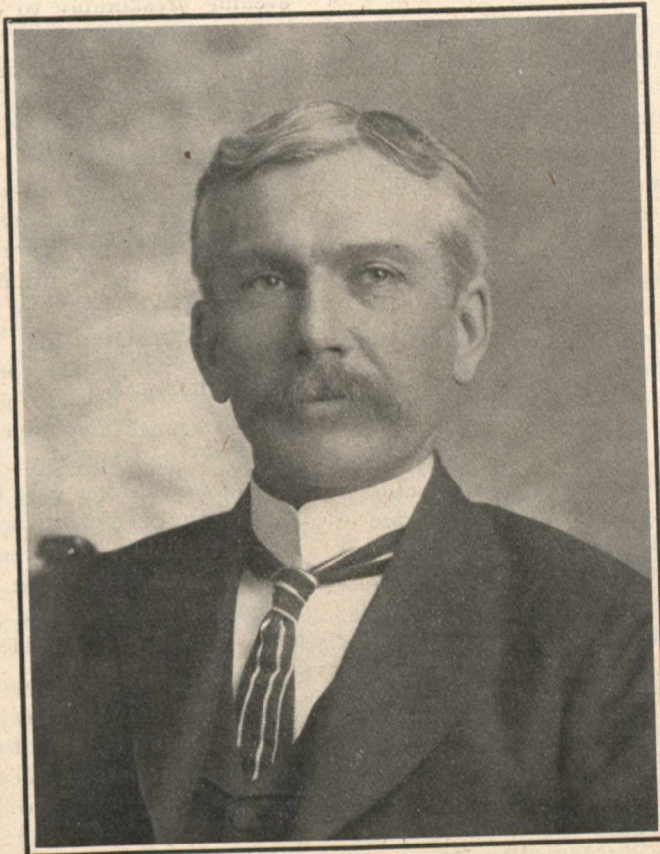
Mr. Graham is a pleasant man to meet. The jest and quip is ever on his lips. When three or four men meet together and Mr. Graham is one of them, there is ever a smile. Consequently he has few if any enemies, either within or without his party. When he speaks in public, his hearers if not impressed are always entertained. His humour savours somewhat of the sidelines, but then Ontario is mainly agricultural. Yet it is always kindly and only mildly sarcastic. The arrow is seldom barbed.

Mr. Graham commenced his journalistic career on the Morrisburg Herald, where for thirteen years he passed a quiet life. From there he went to the Ottawa Free Press and later to the Brockville Recorder, a paper which he still manages. In 1890, he was defeated in Dundas by the present premier of the Province. He did not enter the Legislature until after the election of 1890, since which date he has represented the city of Brockville. He is a Methodist by religious profession and the son of a Methodist clergyman.

Tall, and yet somewhat slight, Mr. Graham is yet not a man to be picked out of a crowd as an intellectual giant. His keen sense of humour obscures his look of intellectual strength. Only in his graver moods, in a personal heart-to-heart talk is it possible to discover the earnestness

which is undoubtedly a characteristic of the man. Then the smile narrows down, and the eyes reveal the spirit which animates him. He is far from being egotistic and consequently seeks constantly to conceal the determination and constancy which he undoubtedly possesses.

A great reform leader, Mr. Graham may never be. A fairly successful leader he is certain to become. What he has gained in life, has not come too easy. He has had to be patient and calculating, and his plan of campaign will be likely to bear the mark of these qualities. Ontario Liberalism needs a strong leader just now and it is likely to make one out of Mr. Graham. It is yet too early to say whether the greatest benefit will come to the party or to the country.



MR. GEORGE PERRY GRAHAM  
The New Ontario Liberal Leader

# REFLECTIONS

BY STAFF WRITERS.

**D**URING the past few weeks, some compliments and some adverse criticism have been showered upon the gentlemen who are responsible for this journal. Some of these will be found on another page. Many of them cannot receive attention.

## COMPLIMENTS AND OTHERS

The other evening Professor Cappon told how, during the fourteen years he has been editing "Queen's Quarterly," he always squared political criticisms. If an article or editorial appeared in one issue bolstering up one set of political opinions, the next issue would contain one giving the other side of the question. It will not be that way with "The Canadian Courier." We do not propose to apologise for anything we say, whether it meets with public approval or disapproval. Any man who has anything to say that is worth while will find the opportunity here, and what the staff writers say may be answered by anyone who thinks they are deserving of attention—but there will be no apologies. Nor will we be found facing both ways.

The Quebec "Telegraph" refers to our "thoroughly national and patriotic tone," and describes the article on the use of the French language as "a telling rebuke to the narrow and hurtful spirit of race prejudice and sectionalism." Perhaps the compliment is undeserved, but we should like to deserve it. The sub-title, "a national weekly" was not put on the paper as a catch-penny device; it was intended to represent our aim. It is our banner and we hope not to disgrace it on any occasion.

Special attention may be directed to the admirable letter from Mr. Rivet, member for Hochelaga. As a prominent French Canadian, his remarks should receive deep consideration.

**T**HE superiority of the Canadian constitution over that of the United States is a favourite theme of publicists in this country. The separation of executive and legislative functions is particularly regarded as disadvantageous to the United States.

## CABINET SLAVERY

The visit of Mr. Root, the United States Secretary of State, to Canada serves to remind us that freedom from legislative duties and its consequential political responsibilities is not without its good features. Mr. Roosevelt is free to choose members for his cabinet regardless of their ability to carry the political support of any district with them. Sir Wilfrid Laurier has not the same freedom of choice. His ministers must be political leaders, and unfortunately a good political leader is not always a good cabinet minister, and vice versa. Even if a man be mentally capable of both positions he may not have the proper geographical locations for leadership. The required combination of cabinet and political responsibilities is one reason that our ministers do not travel more freely throughout this country and other countries. When a cabinet minister is freed from attendance at Parliament or the routine of his department, he must go into his district and hob-nob with the local leaders. As a matter of fact they are his first consideration, the foundation of his success. The system is bad, but it is difficult to suggest a way out of the difficulty and at the

same time retain for Parliament a direct control over the administration of the affairs of the country.

**U**NIVERSITY professors and authors seem to be synonymous terms in the eyes of the Canadian Society of Authors. If a man is a University professor—whether of mathematics, physics or mineralogy—he is entitled to be enrolled as a member. This is certainly reducing it to the absurd. It is strange that Mr. B. E. Walker, president of the society, and a man to whom we are accustomed to look for leadership, has not recognised this absurdity.

Now that the University professors have captured the Society of Authors they propose to issue a university quarterly which shall give Canada a true idea of what Canadian literature should be. The McGill Magazine, the Queen's Quarterly and the University Monthly are to disappear and this new literary publication is to take their places. The Society held a banquet the other evening presumably to discuss Canadian Literature, but it was adroitly made the occasion of a boom for the new quarterly. Such tactics are rather cheap. Even the Lieutenant-Governor was taken into camp and made to do service in the advertising game.

No one doubts the quality of our university professors, but they are ill-advised if they intend to ignore the literary publications already in existence. If they desire to raise the literary standard they should seek to improve the contributions to "The Canadian Magazine," "The Westminster" and other publications rather than isolate themselves and issue something which will be good but which the public will never see. Canadian literature will develop best when all classes of the community are working together with a common object.

So far as the writer is aware, no university publication in Canada has ever been able to pay expenses. They have been buttressed with endowments, contributions and advertising, but even then have had deficits. Surely this indicates that the country is yet too small for specialised publications, and that our efforts should not be dissipated over a wide field.

**T**HE great war is on—the struggle for the control of Canadian electrical franchises. What Rockefeller and Carnegie did in other lines in the United States, certain capitalists in Montreal and Toronto are aiming to do with electricity in Ontario and Quebec. Electricity is the coming fuel and must play a most important part in two provinces which have no coal. It will not only light these cities, but it will operate the street-cars and all the machinery of the factories. The men who can control the supply of this necessary commodity will be powerful men.

It does not necessarily follow that if the supply of electricity is controlled by private individuals that the public will not get it as cheaply or more cheaply than if it were controlled by a government of some kind. It all depends upon the individuals. Toronto gets cheap gas from a private company and gets cheap water under municipal management. It is a question of men rather than methods.

The men who are floating these electrical companies

and gathering in these franchises will be entitled to approval only as long as they are moderate and reasonable. If they become mere stock jobbers, or if they seek to make abnormal profits in these transactions, then they may expect the public to revolt. They must avoid mysterious movements, must avoid any semblance of watering stock, must remember that the consumer has rights as well as the producer and that Canada's general welfare is of more importance than that of a few individuals. They would be wise to take the public into their confidence, to court publicity and investigation, and to conduct their business in the light of day as do the banks and insurance companies.

**C**ANADIANS would do well to take some heed of the controversies over education in Great Britain and the other countries of Europe. The schisms in the church and the differences of opinion among religious teachers are forcing religious **CHURCH UNION AND EDUCATION** teaching out of the state schools. State education and state instruction in the elements of Christianity can only be joined together where there is unanimity as to the latter. If the churches will not unite upon the first principles of the Christian religion, how can they expect the state to pay attention to religious teaching?

This is the clear lesson of the recent discussion in Great Britain, and Canada should take heed. The union of the various Protestant Churches here would probably result in the "elements of Christianity" being restored to the curriculum of the public schools. To-day, the public schools of Canada, except the Roman Catholic Schools, have little if any religious teachings. Where the teacher is devout and of good judgment, there is more or less indirect instruction, but in the general argument this is negligible. Nor can there be any change in these schools until the Protestant churches come to some definite agreement.

As for the Roman Catholic Church, it should recognise that the great privilege which it now enjoys in this respect rests ultimately upon the efficiency of its schools. There is need of improvement in some respects and, if the Church is not keenly alive to that need, the Roman Catholic Separate Schools will cease to be held in high respect. Fortunately there are signs that the efficiency of these institutions is likely to be increased.

**A**QUA FORTIS as an ingredient of editorial ink has rather gone out of fashion in this country. "Our esteemed but blackguardly contemporary" has gone the way of hand-set newspapers, and Canadian editors rarely indulge in personalities. The frequent British journalistic visitor, **ARGUMENT OR MUD-SLINGING** however, is by no means loth to tell the members of the profession that we should look to London for all that is good in journalism and journalistic methods. Canadian editors may take the advice by glancing at, not a London newspaper, but at a London review—and reviews, of course, consider themselves several cuts above the daily press. For calm argument and excellent tone and temper please consult the last issue of the National Review, of London, England. The editor, in his own sacred department, has a few kind words to say of Mr. Haldane, the War Minister. How does he present his compliments? Thus: "Mr. Haldane is a gigantic gas-bag!" James Bryce is alluded to—the James Bryce who holds Britain's most important foreign diplomatic post. What of James Bryce has our editor to say? Merely that "Mr. Bryce is a meticulous pedant." Winston Churchill, too, is among those present at the distribution of editorial brickbats. He "has no principles and no enthusiasm except egoism."

Anybody could write such sophomoric trash, and nobody would think of writing it for any newspaper that

occupies a respectable place in Canada. The stuff that seems to be considered smart by the able editor of the National Review would have been admired by Mr. Jefferson Brick and Col. Hannibal Chollop. Luckily, the Jefferson Bricks and the Hannibal Chollops are as dead as Moses, and if the American yellow press be conducted by their successors, it must not be forgotten that the yellow press does not put itself in the same exalted class as the National Review. Invective is not argument: editorial mud does not convince anybody. Of Haldane, Canadians know little. Bryce they admire. Churchill, the poseur, the histrionic little cock-fighter, is disliked by many who are forced to see the bad manners which he thrusts before the world. But, valuable as the three of them may be, it is hard to understand how they can be injured by the National's Billingsgate. In British countries the press is free. The National Monthly shows that it is free to be absurd if it so elects.

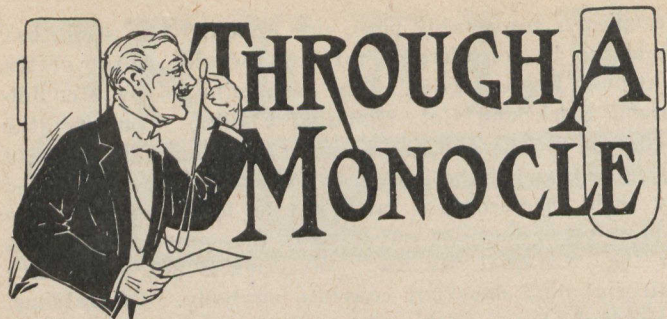
**P**REMIER WHITNEY is determined to keep up the salaries of the rural school teacher. His Act of last session met with some opposition and created a bit of dissatisfaction. He was not dismayed. He has ascertained where the shoe pinched **KEEPING UP THE SALARY** and has brought in amendments to relieve the pressure. The higher salary came mainly out of the farmers' pockets and as usual the farmer objected. Mr. Whitney has met this by a grant of 40 per cent. on the excess of all salaries above \$300 and up to \$600. In addition each section will get an unconditional grant of \$15 and a contribution towards equipment and accommodation.

Under this new arrangement, the grants to rural schools, which were increased last year from \$118,000 to \$178,000, will now be increased to \$380,000. This covers 5,300 rural schools. It is a generous grant and only a province with expanding revenues could make it so liberal.

There are other sections of Canada where the salaries are too low. The demand for good men and bright women in the business world has narrowed the supply of pedagogues. There is only one way out, and Mr. Whitney has shown what it is. Each province must go down into its pocket and support the rural school generously. Such a course is both necessary and vital.

**W**HATEVER may be the population and plutocracy of Pittsburg, the readers of Canadian newspapers are getting fairly tired of the notoriety achieved by citizens of that smoky town. Mr. Andrew Carnegie's loquacity was long ago **THE PITTSBURG NUISANCE** recognised as somewhat tedious; But for the sake of his liberality in libraries, his views on orthography and every other subject are treated with a deference extending over many columns. Like every other bore, he means well and would be quite enjoyable if he would only allow his money to do the talking. Then the alarming and envy-provoking news is telegraphed that there are one hundred millionaires in Pittsburg and the paragraph fairly bristles with dollars and diamond studs.

But worst of all is the Thaw trial, with its vulgar parade of the prisoner's women relatives confronting the reader of Canadian newspapers. The whole affair is absolutely sordid and the world would be well rid of most of those concerned. Why professedly-respectable journals should publish hideous "cuts" and maudlin sentimentalities about the pallid looks and chiffon veils of the women in the case is a mystery to the sane reader. There is no necessity for reading the affair and we may turn to our own political squabbles and civic entanglements by way of healthy relief. But it is deplorable to see publications that usually stand for what is decent, pandering to the lowest element of their constituency by printing lavish accounts of the trial of a degenerate.



**T**ORONTO—the Athens of Canada—the Northern Boston—should take a good square look at itself. It gets M. Bourassa of Quebec to come up and tell it what the new Liberalism wants. It gets the good Deacon Ames of Quebec to come up and tell it how the children of light may use the “devil’s fire” without burning their fingers. It gets Fielding of Nova Scotia to come up and eat a complimentary dinner. It runs into trouble with the railways and it gets Emmerson of New Brunswick to come up and straighten it out. It gets Mr. Foster of New Brunswick to take one of its seats in Parliament and talk for it. It has a Cabinet of its own; but it is led by Mr. Whitney of Morrisburg and is enlivened by Mr. Adam Beck of London. All this shows Toronto to be a broad-minded, liberal and hospitable community. But when it looks about it, it cannot fail to notice that other cities are not doing likewise by the great public men of Toronto. Sir Richard Cartwright is not being dined in Montreal. Halifax is not borrowing a Torontonion to sit for one of its seats in Parliament. Ontario Ministers in the Dominion Cabinet are not in demand elsewhere. Does this mean that the other cities are narrow-minded, illiberal and unhospitable?

\* \* \*

**H**ARDLY. It is more apt to mean that Toronto is not producing the sort of public men who are in demand. Now, who are the Federal members for Toronto? Quick, now! Don’t hesitate! Don’t look up the Year Book. Yet Toronto has some big men. When they get into a snarl over Nova Scotia Iron and Steel, Cox of Toronto goes down to Montreal, and there is no bigger man to be seen in the rotunda of the Windsor. When they talk of the railway builders of Canada, there are no bigger names than Mackenzie and Mann. Toronto has a departmental store that is the marvel of the Continent. The legal profession of Toronto is probably better manned than that of any other city in the Dominion. It certainly was some years ago when it numbered the two Blakes, McCarthy, Osler and Christopher Robinson amongst its members. There is lots of good timber in Toronto; but it does not appear to give itself to the service of the nation. Can it be that Toronto is money-grubbing?

\* \* \*

**T**ORONTO is conspicuous for the production of a school of excellent journalists. This generation only knows John Ross Robertson as a philanthropist, drawing his money from a successful “going concern”; but it was his superb organising ability and instinct for news that made his concern “go.” We have pretty well forgotten Bunting, too; but he made the Mail a great paper. We have not forgotten Martin J. Griffin, however—that master of a caustic pen—for he is still writing, though the readers of the Montreal “Gazette” get the best of him. The brilliant Edward Farrer was, perhaps, more of a bird of passage in Toronto; but, while he was here, he outshone all others. We had to call on Goldwin Smith to get articles of similar calibre. On the new men, the Monocle fears that it may not get quite the right focus. Still, J. E. Atkinson of the “Star” is undoubtedly the most promising of the young publishers; as John S. Willison of the “News” is the best of the present-day writers. Willison is, in fact, able to take his

place with the greatest names of the past. Arthur Wallis of the “Mail” is, perhaps, the best informed political writer in the city; and John Robinson of the “Telegram” is a master of pyrotechnics. His is a “pom-pom”—not a piece of siege artillery; and it is wonderfully effective. John Lewis of the “Star” is easily the most winning of our writers. If he were a party journalist, he would make votes in every issue. The absolute fairness of his mind gives a convincing force to his work. The “Globe” has a fine group of writers who work well together. While J. A. Macdonald’s earnestness may excite a cynical smile at times in the sophisticated city, it arouses enthusiasm amidst the serious “Globe” constituency in the province. John A. Ewan does the most effective political gunnery—probably the most effective in the city—and S. T. Wood approaches the empty questions of current politics with the air of a philosopher which is very attractive to those who give themselves the indulgence of straight thinking. But it is impossible to get around. There surely never was a better special writer than H. F. Gadsby of the “Star,” a man who could make the mysteries of militarism plainer than Capt. Hamilton of the “News,” nor a thinker whose point of view was more truly that of the plain people than Jos. T. Clarke of “Saturday Night.”

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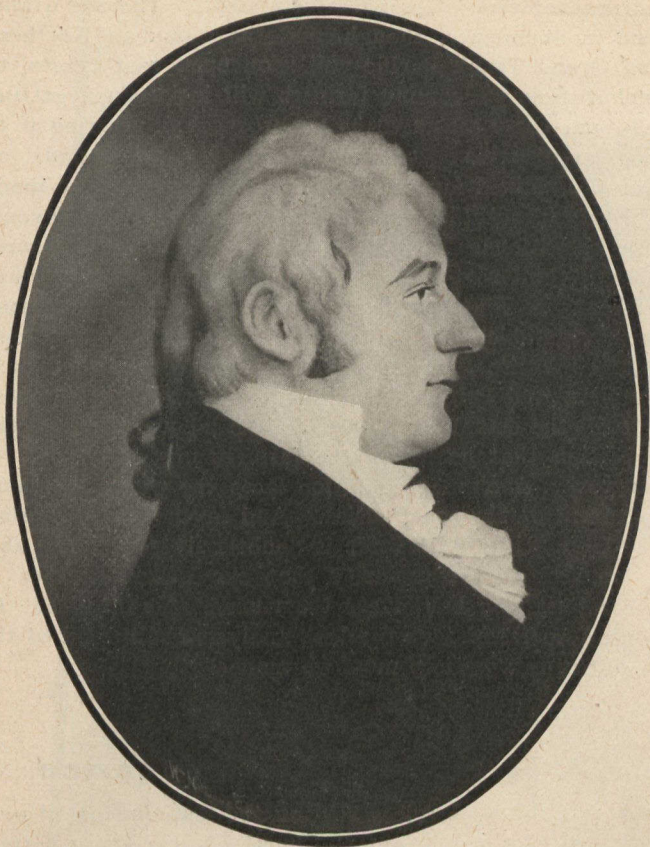
**T**ORONTO is, in short, a prolific mother of great men; but she does not seem at present to be contributing her fair quota to the services of her country. The names most in the public mind at Ottawa are not Toronto names; nor are the leaders in her own Legislature Torontonians. Genial George Graham of Brockville has just been chosen to lead the party opposing the Government of Whitney of Morrisburg. First thing we know they will be calling the Legislature to meet in the Thousand Islands in order to save the big men the trouble of coming so far from home. Toronto has the best Police Magistrate, the best Public School Inspector, the best book publishers and the best Exhibition managers in the Dominion. But its best known politician is imported.

### Mr. Root’s Disappointment



Sec. Root.—Strange! I cannot find the slightest trace, not even the minutest atom, of the annexation or reciprocity sentiments the press at home say exists here!—Montreal Star.





Thomas Blackwood

First President Montreal Curling Club—100 Years Ago.

## The Montreal Bonspiel

By "Span."

ONE of the greatest curling bonspiels that ever took place was held in Montreal last week.

There were curlers from all over America, and curlers' wives and daughters, and there was even one curler from the land of the heather, Mark Sanderson, one of the intrepid band who came over from Scotland three years ago to represent the Royal Caledonia Curling Club of Scotland.

There never were so many curlers in Montreal before. They must have numbered at least five hundred, although all of them did not play. There were a hundred and sixty-six granites, and there must have been at least twice that number of irons. And there was a special force of men counted off to look after these, and a special chart in the general Committee room made out like a war map, with pins with big glass heads stuck in it to show where these iron and stones were.

During the week there were at least two hundred and fifty-two matches played on fourteen sheets of ice provided by the five city rinks, and even then the final matches for the Centenary Cup and some point competitions had to be played off the following week.

In these competitions five hundred and four rinks took part, or two thousand and sixteen men—if a man be counted every time he played.

As the matches were played without almost any interruptions during morning, afternoon and evening, it may be imagined how the bonspiel must have interfered with business in Montreal, when it is considered that the best professional and business men in the city are either active or passive members of the Montreal Curling Clubs.

There was one fine feature about the great contest, and that was the smoothness with which everything was run off. During the entire week there was only one protest, and that was on account of a minor breach in the rules, and was acted upon not on account of any accusation made by any of the contestants, but upon information supplied by officers of the Bonspiel.

The dinner given in the dining room of the Windsor

Hotel, which has seen so many historic and wonderful festivities, and may soon be a thing of the past, brought together five hundred knights of the broom and the stones, and men from Newfoundland, the Northwest and the United States fraternised and hobnobbed with each other.

There was open house kept for all the players who visited the various rinks, so that they would not be compelled to go home or to their hotels for luncheon or tea, and in the Montreal Rink there was a sort of a continuous catering performance. No matter how many visited the dining room upstairs there was always a supply for the most hungry or even the most thirsty, and it would be most interesting to know how many pounds of oatcakes and how many sandwiches and other eatables were disposed of in the combined rinks during those six days, and how many gallons of beef tea, and some other drinkables, were consumed.

And all this pleasant trouble was indulged in to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of the Montreal Curling Club, a thing which as Mark Sanderson said when he made the presentation of the handsome snuff mull given by the Royal Caledonia Club of Scotland, and made everybody present at the function sneeze like mad, "is rare enough in an ancient country like Scotland, and must be a good deal rarer in a new country like Canada."

## Where Stand English Athletes?

"WE do not consider anything that is of interest to the human race unsuitable to our pages," might be the London Spectator's revised translation of the classic saying. Archaeology, politics, apologetics, defence, literature, with a myriad other topics claim the attention of "Our grandmother the Spectator." Just now, solemnly and impressively the chief of English weeklies is discussing the postulated decadence of English athletes. Last year's triumphs of the New Zealand Rugby footballers and this season's victories of the South African pigskin chasers have furnished the text for dignified editorials and heated letters. Nobody has yet been heard to assert that Englishmen of between eighteen and thirty-five have degenerated into a class of soft-muscled, anaemic triflers, but, when two little communities, one with a population of 800,000; the other with not a quarter of a million of whites to draw upon, send to England football teams that make a show of the pick of the two islands, there must be something wrong somewhere. English sporting papers unite in saying



Trophies Given as Prizes for the Montreal Curling Club Centenary Bonspiel. The Centenary Cup and its Four Replicas at the Top.

that the South Africans—three-fourths of them Boers, by the way—scored their victories largely by going into the game with such snap and speed that they usually played their opponents off their feet before they got started. They never let up. And they kept in strict training all the time. These two causes of success must be taken together, and the greatest of them is the second. It is all very well for superior persons to object to the Colonial system of "playing to win." If a game is worth playing, it is worth winning. Scotland, with three of the South Africans injured, won a noble victory, and Cardiff, in Wales, achieved a like honour. But the losses were only two: the victories thirty-four. New Zealand's record was better, for Wales alone defeated the Antipodeans.

The Australian cricketers, with a population of but four millions or so, meet all England on even terms. Cricketing reporters ceaselessly protest against the way in which English players persist in missing easy catches without number. C. W. Alcock, Secretary of the Surrey County Cricket Club, wrote acridly on the same topic last summer. The professionals alone, as a class, work hard in the fields. And they have to do most of the bowling. Association football is altogether—in so far as the first class article is concerned—in the hands of professionals, and the bookmakers, who are the curse of the poorer districts in the Midlands, have made of the Soccer game a regular betting institution. There is no desire to throw any Canadian stones at English athletes, but it is quite permissible to wonder whether the old glory of field sport has gone the way of rowing and of boxing. Then the "squared circle" was brutal if you like, but brutal manfully and honestly. Sculling is dead across the water; boxing is in the hands of a horde of toughs who are the scum of the United States. Let the hope be that in amateur athletics laxity and refusal to train will not compel the Old Land's stalwarts to become the acknowledged inferiors of their visitors from sister nations. If complacency takes the place of earnestness, that is just what will happen.

### Men Wanted in British Columbia

IF ever a Canadian Premier faced a nightmare of complexities in a campaign, the Hon. Richard McBride is that man. In addition to administrative questions, which furnish fighting ground of the ordinary kind, the First Minister has to satisfy manufacturers and labour men, or, it might be better to say, he has to antagonise both classes as little as may be. The question over which the two factions are warring is that of Chinese labour. Last year the manufacturers, and men who were anxious to become manufacturers, had more than one interview with members of the McBride Government regarding its attitude on this subject. The fruit growers saw thousands of tons of apples and peaches rot on the ground of their ranches because there was not the harmless necessary Chinamen to pick them. Meanwhile from Calgary to Winnipeg these same fruits, brought from Ontario and California, were selling at the highest prices. Had the Chinamen been available the crops would have been saved and, as the fruit ranchers found out, the coast cities would have received a large share of the profit. "Give us more unskilled labour," is the demand of all classes of employers. The reply of the trades-unionist is terse and, the labour men believe, final. It is, "You can't have Chinese. Any government that even modifies the \$500 head tax will be defeated at our hands." But, as the Second Vice-President of one of our great railway lines has pointed out, there is prospect of a coalition against the unionists. The employers in the cities and the farmers and ranchers have identical needs. It is true that in the Pacific province the agri-

cultural interest is comparatively small. There is arable land in abundance, though, and the Canadian Northern and Grand Trunk Pacific will soon open vast tracts to exploitation. Incoming farmers will insist upon getting help and there seems to be no prospect of securing it in any appreciable quantities from Eastern Canada or Europe. Mixed farming and fruit ranching can be made a highly profitable business under anything like favourable conditions. It will be years before the plainsmen east of the Great Divide lose their faith in the cry that "Wheat is King." But they will insist upon getting fresh vegetables and fruits, the latter of which they cannot grow. To British Columbia they will look for their supplies, and British Columbia freely says that she cannot fill the demand without Chinese labour. This is the condition that confronts the farmers of to-day and tomorrow. A similar condition faces the would-be manufacturers of the coast cities. And in the living present the Hon. Richard McBride is doubtlessly glad to be able to remark to the minority that one Wilfrid Laurier is the culprit who has placed them under this infliction. Of course, to Ottawa in the last analysis the appeal of the head-tax removalists must be made.

R. K.

### A Montreal Reminiscence

THE closing services held on the last Sunday of 1906 in old St. Thomas' Church, Notre Dame Street East, Montreal, preparatory to its evacuation, recall some interesting details of a day when church and city were younger than they are now, and the methods of private citizens sometimes achieved results not to be obtained since the family aspect of our large towns has become a thing of the past.

The daily press alludes to the generosity of Mr. Thomas Molson, by whom the church was erected in 1841, but it is perhaps not generally known that in so doing the donator carried out the terms of a vow made by him during a dangerously stormy passage across the Atlantic. This vow was to the effect that if land were safely reached, a church would be erected to commemorate the event. In connection with the construction of the building, which took place soon afterwards, an amusing bit of ostentation which has probably long been forgotten, may be related. In the stone above the entrance was carved the name St. Thomas' Church, and immediately below ran the words, "Erected by Thomas Molson, at his sole expense." This phrase, naturally, did not meet with general approval, and led to a practical joke which caused the speedy erasure of the last four words. Some wicked wags, whose identity remained unknown, under cover of night, painted a large apostrophe and the letter "S" after "sole," while a lower line contained the appropriate conclusion, "He brews XX." Even to those unacquainted with Montreal, these words could scarcely fail to suggest Mr. Molson's occupation as brewer and distiller.

K. L. M.



Modern Highwaymen.

County Officer: Fifty dollars, sir, you were exceeding the speed limit.  
—N. Y. Life.



Harbour Street, looking East. Much damage was done in this section.



Right Wing of Myrtle Bank Hotel, the walls of which fell into the Courtyard.



The remains of a Street Car burned in the street.



A Building wrecked by the Earthquake.



Cor. King and Harbour St., Kingston—The Morning After.

### AS KINGSTON LOOKED THE DAY AFTER THE DISASTER.

The people of Jamaica, after a fortnight of confusion and distress, are beginning to rebuild their capital. Taxes are to be remitted for fifteen months, and an Imperial grant is to be asked for. The above photographs show the damage done in some of the busiest and most important sections.

## That Man Swettenham

**N**O other man has achieved so much reputation in the past few weeks as Sir James Alexander Swettenham, Governor of Jamaica. He has served in the diplomatic service during the main part of a life of sixty-one years. Ceylon, Cyprus, the Straits Settlements and British Guiana have been the scenes of his labour. He set an example of industry and hard work which is almost unequalled in his class. Apparently he is bluff, courageous and democratic. A story of an experience in British Guiana runs as follows:

He was never a respecter of persons. One day a "big gun" went to Government House to argue with him about a certain measure he was engaged in drafting for the consideration of the Local Legislature.

"If you do it that way you will hurt us," he said.

"And who are you that you should not be hurt if the masses of the people are benefited?" thundered the Governor. "Go away, sir, go away; and mark me, I am Governor here, and I govern for the people, not for selfish minorities!"

## Feeding School-Children

**I**N the British House of Commons, there is a member named Dr. McNamara whom people say is a Canadian because he was born here while his father spent some time in this country on military duty. There is some talk of this gentleman being the next Secretary of State for the Colonies. Just now he is interesting himself in the school-children of London. An Act, which came into force on January 1st, empowers local educational authorities to provide for feeding the children if they find it necessary. Where the parents can afford it, they pay the cost price of the meals, but otherwise the cost comes out of the rates.

School canteens have long been a feature of the French primary schools, and have also been introduced into English secondary schools in the form of meals for day pupils. Dr. McNamara thinks the plan should be developed farther. It is good for the children to meet together for a mid-day meal, and good soup and pudding is better than a slice of bread wrapped in a bit of brown paper and munched in a corner of one of the class-rooms. The mothers would find it a great saving of money, time and worry, and they would know that whatever happened the children would be sure of one good meal each day.

The plan, Dr. McNamara maintains, is a logical development of compulsory attendance at school. When that was first introduced in 1870, tens of thousands of children were sent to school who would never have gone otherwise. Free text-books equipped them for study. The free mid-day meal would further fortify the physical child for its mental work.

The plan might be kept in mind by those interested in consolidated schools in Canada. Provision should be made for supplying at least hot tea or warm milk for children who must bring cold luncheon. In every country school to-day there are children eating mid-day lunches without anything to drink but cold water. Some of the indigestion and constipation so prevalent in this continent must be traced to meals which do not comprise either hot soup or warm drink.

## An Apology to Kansas

**A** Washington paper recalls the incident, just about six years old, when King Edward apologised to the democratic folk of Kansas who had sent him a resolution of sympathy on the death of Queen Victoria. The secretary in replying evidently mistook Kansas for British territory inasmuch as he thanked the "loyal" people of that state for their message.

Now Kansas is an excitable community, being the

home of Carrie Nation and other freak reformers. When the reply signed "Knollys" hurtled into that home of liberty, freedom shrieked as she had not done since Kosciusko fell, and international complications threatened in an acute form. But a protest in some shape or other reached Buckingham Palace. Unkind persons declared that Kansas hinted darkly that she would send Carrie Nation over to superintend the side-board decorations of Windsor Castle. Anyway, a formal retraction of "loyal" and another misleading adjective was made, and Kansas settled down once more to the beef industry while Carrie remained on this side of the Atlantic. Thus early in his reign did King Edward show a disposition to secure peace without palaver.

## The Priest's Bon Mot

**O**NE of the editorial staff of The Canadian Courier was in a Toronto street car on the day after the election of Archbishop Sweatman as head of the Anglican Church in Canada. Entered an old friend in the person of the rector of one of the Roman Catholic parishes in the west end of the city. The newspaperman asked after the health of Archbishop O'Connor—the reverend father's diocesan—and then remarked:

"By the way, Father, we have two Archbishops in Toronto now."

The priest's Irish eyes twinkled. "I don't know that we have any," said he. "O'Connor's out of the city."

Verily, the Roman Catholic view of the Apostolic Succession was doing business right there and then.

## Indian Fakirs

**I**NDIA is full of devotees. In every populous district and even in waste places the traveller will find them. The idea is similar to that which in the Middle Ages drove the monks and anchorites into isolation and poverty. The notion that the mortification of the body is meritorious as a means of salvation from sin or impurity rests upon the soul of India like a pall. The space of many pages would not be sufficient to enumerate all the forms of bodily degradation and mutilation which the depraved ingenuity of the devotees has invented wherewith to mortify themselves and prepare for happiness hereafter. One superstitious wretch will sit starving in the dirt or will take only so much food as barely to feed the fire of life. Such emaciation and wretchedness are not to be seen otherwise in the world. Another stands and repeats senseless mutterings out of the sacred books. A third goes about with a living snake drawn through a slit in his tongue. Another hangs a weight to some bodily organ until it is drawn out of all semblance to nature. Another thrusts an arrow or sword through his limbs and still another holds up his hands with nails and spikes driven through them. The distortion of the body into some horrible and repulsive form is thought to be most efficacious. Many devotees take a strange attitude and hold it by force of will until the freedom of the given organs is destroyed. Some will hold up their arms straight above their heads for days and weeks and months until they become wasted away and rigid as bone. Others by contortion twist their muscles out of shape until they are no more able to return to symmetry or perform their office. And so on and on through an endless variety of tortures and torments self-inflicted by a superstition which admits of no limit or palliation. Strange to say, some of these devotees are versed in all the learning of the vedas and the shastras, famous teachers who expounded the Sanskrit texts to thousands of disciples beneath the branches of a wild fig tree, or under the shadow of a great rock.



The Fakirs of India—The man who never stands erect.

“The notion that the mortification of the body is meritorious as a means of salvation from sin or impurity rests upon the soul of India like a pall.”



The man who keeps his arms erect.



The man who never sits down.

“Many devotees take a strange attitude and hold it by force of will, until the freedom of the given organs is destroyed.”



Mortifying the Body as a means of Salvation.

THE DISAPPEARING FAKIRS OF INDIA.

## Public Opinion

To the Editor: Halifax, January 23rd.

Sir,—As a Canadian, born and bred in Ontario, who has made his home in the East, I must enter a protest against the tone and temper of a paragraph in your issue of the 19th inst., headed "The Maids We Lose."

In the first place, it is not true that the Maritime Provinces have "sat back and grumbled for forty years."

Nova Scotia's great industry—wooden shipbuilding—was killed by the discovery that ships could be built of iron. A second heavy blow to our trade, which was almost exclusively with New England, our next-door neighbour, was the failure to renew the Reciprocity Treaty.

In spite of all this, Nova Scotia has three great and growing concerns—the Dominion Steel, the Dominion Coal and the Nova Scotia Steel Companies. The Dominion Coal Co. is the third largest concern in Canada, the first being the C.P.R. In 1906, the products of Nova Scotia's mines, forests, farms, fisheries and factories amounted to one hundred million dollars. This is not the result of "sitting back and grumbling."

In New Brunswick, too, the people of St. John have been working with the greatest energy to overcome the immense natural disadvantages of their port, and they are succeeding.

Furthermore, the exodus of Canadians to the United States has been felt as much in Ontario and in Quebec as in the Maritime Provinces.

Facile advice in ignorance of the conditions, a lecturing and patronising attitude on the part of "Upper Canada" are amply resented here, and rightly. They inspired one of the most mischievous utterances that ever came from the lips of a Canadian politician, "the shreds and patches of Confederation." When what we need is a united Canada, unbrotherly "Reflections" are not the best means of bringing widely separated provinces into helpful understanding of one another's character and aims, or of establishing a journal truly national. Yours sincerely,

ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN.

To the Editor: Montreal, Jan. 24th.

Dear Sir,—I approve absolutely of the spirit of the article published in the "Canadian Courier" of the 12th of January on the teaching of the French and English languages in Canada. I hope that it has equally met with the approval of all the well thinking citizens who have had the advantage of reading it. You have felt, evidently, that the teaching of the French language, far from proving an obstacle, must become an indispensable factor in your patriotic propaganda. Need I tell you that, in my humble opinion, you are perfectly right.

As has been well expressed in your paper, both languages—French and English—have in this country their rightful home and they are here to stay. Some public opinion holds that neither of the two races—be it the minority or the majority—can ever consent to the sacrifice of its language around which are so entrained its national traditions. Moreover, the enlightened members of both races recognise that no such sacrifice is necessary for the preservation of a Canadian nationhood. If, then, the co-existence of both languages is an unavoidable fact, that must be calculated with, in the formation of a united people, is it not evident that the best means whereby the ideal of harmony may be attained is in the spreading of these two languages, through education, all over the Dominion?

Such is the task that all lovers of the country should set before themselves. The writer has been good enough to assert that on this score the Canadians of French origin set the example for their fellow citizens of Anglo-Saxon descent. I am grateful to him for this testimony in favour of my own fellow-countrymen and I really believe that in this instance they have blazed out the road. As a rule, there are more French-Canadians who learn and who speak English, than there are English-speaking Canadians who learn and speak French.

Is a greater credit due to those French Canadians? They who reply in the negative claim that their position as a minority, with all its inconveniences, necessitates for them a knowledge of the language and literature of the majority.

That the motives which induced our people to study and speak the English language should be purely of a utilitarian character, matters little; the fact remains, that, apart from the material and social advantages

that they derive therefrom, that study has contributed in a large measure to uproot their prejudices regarding their fellow-citizens of Anglo-Saxon origin, and has drawn them closer together. And we are happy to realise such a result and to encourage our people in the Province of Quebec to persevere in that same pathway. A marked progress in that direction has been noted in recent years. The English language is taking every day a larger place in the programmes of our schools and colleges; so that I may venture to assert that at least three fourths of the young generation will be conversant with the language of Shakespeare.

You would gladly be able to say as much for your fellow-countrymen of the English speaking provinces; I am heartily with you in that desire.

Apart from the mere utilitarian aims, which evidently are less a necessity with the majority than with the minority, has not the Anglo-Saxon race other strong reasons for becoming familiar with the language, literature and history of a people with whom they are so frequently in contact and from whom civilisation has received so many boons? Is it not a fact that, in England, the education of the youth is not considered complete without a knowledge often times very deep, of the French language and of French literature? Why should not the English-speaking citizens of Canada emulate the example of the Mother country.

In justice, however, to the English-speaking Canadians I may say that they seem to put forth redoubled efforts in order to familiarise themselves with the French language. In recent years, especially in professional and mercantile circles, the proportion of English people who speak French has considerably increased. This is particularly true, with regard to the Province of Quebec, where a more frequent commercial and social intercourse between the two races has led our English speaking compatriots to study and speak French. If your fellow-citizens of the Province of Ontario were more conversant with the French language and with French literature, if they were better acquainted with the history of the French Canadian people, what an amount of regrettable misunderstandings, what clashings between the two great races of our Dominion would be avoided?

It is for this praiseworthy purpose that you advocate the teaching of the French language, on a more extensive scale, in the higher schools and colleges of Ontario. Your propaganda is truly patriotic and I hope it may produce abundant fruit.

The first duty of public men, of journalists, of all who are called upon to mould public opinion, is to stimulate a closer union between the divers elements that go to make up Canadian nation. You fully understand that duty, and I congratulate you upon it.

In a general way, your review "The Canadian Courier" is doing its share in the formation of a national sentiment in this country. It is with deep interest, and personal benefit, that I peruse its pages. Long life to it, is the wish of

Yours very cordially,

L. A. RIVET, (M.P.)

Canadian Courier: Bienfait, Sask., January 19th.

Sirs,—I am going to raise the issue against the statement you make on page 6—"No absentee landlords to inflict distress upon us. Land may still be had for the asking."

If you'll come out to the West and take your coat off and go to work like I do as a farmer, you'll find that absentee landlords own two-thirds of this country that is worth the developing and they have already raised the price to a point that is prohibitive to the bare handed producer. Men here are compelled to go out 80 miles from the railroad for land while absentee owners have tens of thousands of acres nearer the railroad. This idea that land can be had for the asking is a fake. The asking binds one to three years' residence and taking up the burdens and hardships of the frontier, and the man who adjoins it with a piece of purchased land, not only shuts out settlement, schools, churches, telephone lines and all that civilisation implies, while the man who invests (speculates, gambles) to the extent of a few dollars reaps a proportionate reward with that of the toiler in the advance in the price of land.

Please consider your statement again and revise it in the light of and from the standpoint of us Western frontier people.

Yours,

IRA B. BROWN.

# Tales That Are Told In Canada

## Roblin, the Frenchman

**T**HE HON. R. P. ROBLIN, Premier of Manitoba, who is preparing to submit the record of his administration to Dame Fortune and the electors of the Province, is the lineal descendant of one of George III.'s German-American Loyalists who fought manfully for British connexion at the time of the Revolutionary War. To Mr. Roblin not a word of his great grandfather's language has descended, nor does he speak French. Both Germans and French Canadians are numerous in Manitoba, in fact there are four constituencies which are almost purely French. It was in one of these that a Conservative stumper made a notable hit during the last provincial campaign. The gentleman in question is a French-Canadian himself, and in addressing in French his audience of compatriots he drew on his imagination and made a bullseye with remarks something like this: "Now my friends, you know that two nights hence Monsieur Roblah will be here to speak to you. Most of us know that M. Roblah is of our blood, but it is with sorrow that I tell you that his great grief is that he knows not a word of our beautiful language. But it is not his fault. No! When yet an infant his parents died and he was brought up by relatives—good people, truly, but English. Thus was he deprived of the use of the glorious language of his fathers. You yourselves can see that his surname is as ours, French. And I tell you that his greatest grief is that the accident of his youth and his busy manhood have prevented his learning our language. When he comes, be sympathetic. Remember his sorrow. And likewise remember that M. Roblah is one of us!"

There was wild applause. There was, two nights afterwards, a great reception for the Premier. And on polling day the Roblin candidate secured in that section twice as many votes as ever before had been given any Conservative.

## The Wonderment of Goldwin Smith

**T**HIRTEEN years or so ago "Joe" Haycock, now happy in a Government position, was leader of the Patron "Extreme Left" in the Legislature. Mr. Goldwin Smith read his characteristic speeches, and one day asked "Ned" Farrer to bring the Patron Chief down to the Grange for a talk.

The invitation was accepted, and, seated in the Philosopher's library, Mr. Goldwin Smith remarked that perhaps Mr. Haycock would accept some refreshments. Mr. Haycock would. Mr. Haycock nominated whiskey—and had to drink alone as the other two were abstainers. Three or four times during the hour or so Mr. Haycock would grasp the decanter by the neck, shake it vigorously, and pour out a moderate libation. Finally farewells were said and Farrer and Haycock went back to the Queen's Park.

The next time Goldwin Smith met Farrer he remarked that Haycock was a man of great originality. "But will you tell me," asked the Philosopher, "why he observed that curious rite of violently agitating the decanter before pouring out the whisky?"

Ned Farrer's knowledge of Canada, both rural and urban, is like Sam Weller's knowledge of London—extensive and peculiar. He answered the question at once.

"Why," said he, "you see, Mr. Smith, that in the country districts of Canada the farmer, when he drinks whisky wants something that will burn his throat as it goes down. So the tavern keepers put tansy buds into

the whisky bottles. These buds become saturated in time, and the farmer, to get their full strength, shakes the bottle just as Haycock did."

"How remarkable!" answered Mr. Goldwin Smith. "I wonder how my butler would like to see his beloved old whisky shaken in that way. I suppose I'll have to tell him to get some tansy against Mr. Haycock's next visit!"

## Didn't Think We Woah Them

**L**AST year an English Radical newspaperman who didn't learn others—honoured Canada by visiting it and writing to his London paper letters which have since been published in book form. Upon arriving in Toronto Mr. H. proceeded to a certain newspaper office and presented letters of introduction. Of course, he was cordially received by a very busy editor, who patiently listened while the Englishman denounced Canadians as a set of idiots because they were in the main protectionists and gave a general dissertation upon the whole Canadian question—which he had settled, although he had been in the country but two days. Finally he took his leave and the editor murmured something as he returned to his work.

At five o'clock in the afternoon the English journalist burst cyclonically into the editor's room.

"Wheah can I rent a dress suit?" he demanded.

That particular editor isn't in the habit of borrowing dress suits. He said so.

"Oh, but y'know, I must rent one. Theah must suahly be some place where I can rent one!"

The editor called in the city editor, who happened to remember that just across the street was the sign, "Dress Suits Rented." That fixed things. The Englishman explained his awful want.

"Y'see," he said, "when I got back to my hotel I found an invitation to dinner from Mr. Goldwin Smith. Enquiring, I found that I must wear evening dress. I didn't bring my dress suit out with me, for I didn't think you woah them in this country!"

## "Charley" Tupper as Lucius Junius Brutus

**S**IR CHARLES HIBBERT TUPPER'S protest against what he calls "Conservative ring rule" in British Columbia brings to mind a couple of incidents in the days when he was an M.P. Shortly after he took charge of the Department of Marine and Fisheries he arrived at the office one morning at 10.15. Now, the clerical staff was supposed to be on hand at 10 o'clock and, to make that certain, they each morning signed a book, setting forth the exact time of their arrival. This morning, just as he turned into the corridor, Sir Hibbert saw a clerk sign the register and disappear into his office. The Minister glanced at the open page, and entered his room. Within two minutes his bell rang.

"Send Mr. So-and-so to me," said Sir Hibbert to the messenger.

In a moment the clerk entered.

"Mr. So-and-so, you signed the register this morning?"

"Yes, Sir Hibbert."

"And you signed it as arriving at 9.45?"

"Yes, sir," answered the trembling clerk.

"The true hour was 10.15. You are dismissed from the service. I will have no liars around me."

And out into the cold world the unlucky clerk went.



THE DISPUTED TRAIL  
A PACK TRAIN IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS

Painted by John Innes for The Canadian Courier

The genuine 'Cayuse' or native pony of the West, will live gladly on wormwood and rattle-snakes as a diet; he will work early and late, and refuse to kick anybody he can't reach. But he draws the line sharply at cousin "Ephraim"—the grizzled shuffler of the hills. He alone can fill the Cayuse mind with absolute terror and disgust. When they meet on the narrow mountain trail, it is not the bear that hastens to "hit" the back track. Even should the owner of the pack horses succeed in vanquishing poor "Eph." it will be some time before confidence is again fully restored.



# The Government of India

By E. J. KYLIE

THE Indian National Congress has again raised the whole question of the political future of India. Mr. Naoroji in his presidential address made a demand for representative institutions, quoting Sir Henry Campell-Bannerman to the effect that "good government can never be a substitute for government by the people themselves." A great body of English opinion is represented by the reply of the "Spectator" that for Asiatic races "good government can never be obtained through government by the people themselves." The East understands despotism, so England can only give India good government "in the absolutist and autocratic form." If India undertakes to manage her own affairs, England must retire. This attitude on the part of many Englishmen is due to their knowledge of the intense racial animosities prevailing in India. In fact the Mohammedans have already indicated that in case of any struggle between England and the Hindoos, they will support the stranger because of their fear of the consequences to them of Hindoo domination. Nor does the English civil servant in India form a high opinion of the capacity of the people for devotion to a public object and the management of public affairs. One of them writes concerning Bengal:—"No one here has any idea of suiting his individual interests. In every municipality you will find two parties but they never represent different points of view, such as progressive and conservative. They are not parties, so much as personal factions, each faction being held together by its hatred of the other. At election-times the corruption is appalling, and there are always riots, but these are never the outcome of anything but purely personal feeling, and a programme or a general policy is unknown." The "Spectator" regards a beneficent despotism as the only solution. It justly observes that while sloth and corruption usually characterise autocratic governments, the English government of India is kept up to its work by popular control at home. So it is the artisan in Manchester and the clerk in Clapham who decide that the benefits of a wise and paternal administration must be conferred upon the alien multitudes of India.

This betrays the vital weakness of the "Spectator's" position. It dogmatizes with astonishing confidence about the political capacities of Oriental peoples. With what prescience it must be endowed "to meet with the most absolute and complete denial," the proposition that good government can only be obtained through government by the people themselves "if applied to the Asiatic races, or to races professing Mohammedan faith or any of the native religions of India." England must not pledge herself to the maintenance of an absolutist and autocratic government in India. She must not surrender to any formula. If she meets the needs of the hour, she will be free to consider any just and general demands for representative institutions when they are made. In fact, she should where possible, help the people on the way to self government. She is not called upon now to threaten withdrawal. In the end she may have to remain to see the experiment in popular control fairly made.

Fortunately, Sir William Markby, the great authority on Indian law, has already pointed out to the "Spectator" that the example of Japan may well make us hesitate to dogmatise about the East. He notices, too, that the demands for popular representation are made by the whole native press which must speak for a large constituency, and urges that just as the natives are employed with good results in the judicial branches of the administration, they might be used quite as satisfac-

torily in the other departments. The native States, too, represent a large area of the country under popular control secured by British protection. The present agitation goes on in the provinces where the strength of the government and of Western educational ideas has been most clearly shown.

John Stuart Mill once said that the Indian Civil Service was "a vast system of outdoor relief for the upper classes" in England. It is worth considering, however, whether the Motherland can well stand the perpetual drain upon her human resources. The best products of her universities spend the best years of their lives in a country completely foreign to them, and return home unfitted for vigorous political and intellectual activity. Everyone knows in England that class of young men, grown prematurely old, who have lived out their lives, and secure of their pensions, give their days to leisure, golf and the preparation of their children for the same career. Germany and the United States keep their young men in their universities and workshops. England sends hers forth on an imperial mission, to govern a province which may at any moment slip from her grasp. Perhaps she might well let India go, if only she could keep her sons.

## A Black and White Empire

(From the London Outlook)

WHEN the time comes for a scientific consideration of the bases of the British Empire we shall have to think how we may reconcile the claims of an overflowing Asiatic population with the principles of our all-white self-governing colonies. This week we have seen the Canadian Department of the Interior protesting, in firm but friendly terms, against the immigration of British Indians. The South Africans, especially in Natal, have already given harbourage to more Asiatics than they care. Meantime the British Indians are badly wanted in East Africa, where land is offered them on easy terms, though certainly they would not at present be welcomed in the northern regions of Australia. Two things are certain in this perplexing problem: The first is that the Imperial Government cannot take any measures not approved by the self-governing Colonies, and the other is that their opinion can only be matured by more frequent opportunities of Imperial discussion than are afforded by triennial or quadrennial conferences in London.

## In October

(From the University Lawn)

Touched by October's changing frost and heat,  
The ivy flames upon the gray old walls,  
Or, whirled by sudden, fitful breezes, falls  
In little crimson showers at our feet;  
Impetuous Spring and lingering Autumn meet  
On these wide lawns and in the echoing halls,  
For Summer with its golden bounty calls  
To hearts that still with youth and promise beat.

These Norman towers uplifted to the sun  
A nation's hope enshrine, a nation's pride,  
And one can scarcely look unmoved upon  
The nation's youth now gathering to their side,  
So great the future to be lost or won—  
So sweet the siren-songs, so swift the tide!

—Helena Coleman.

# Through Toil and Tribulation

By GUY BOOTHBY, Author of "Dr. Nikola," "The Woman on the Derelict," etc.

I AM deeply desirous of inflicting pain on one person. If Barbara Grant Hinton is above ground, I pray of her to read this story and hate me the more for it. I am perfectly aware that ninety-nine people out of every hundred will call me mad for attempting to hold a girl in England responsible for a lonely grave in the great desert of Australia, yet in spite of their opposition I contend that I am right. Judge therefore between us.

It was a bright, gusty morning in February on which Dr. Godfrey Halkett saw Miss Hinton for the first time, and they met on the stairs of Hooker's Building, Little Primble Street, Birmingham. The one was on professional business, the other district-visiting.

Now Hooker's Building is a common lodging-house of the worst type, and Little Primble Street is unsavoury both in a moral and a sanitary sense. On reaching the sunshine on the third floor Dr. Halkett saw that her eyes were large and gray, and that she had a pathetic trick of lifting them. So he said she was beautiful, and likened her illogically to St. Cecilia. She wore a neat tailor-made frock with a long boa of a soft fur, and as she walked her bangles jingled musically.

Her poor were ungrateful; they could not appreciate frocks and gold bangles in other people; they wanted money and coals and a few more insignificant trifles of that kind.

Halkett's admiration grew, and it was unique in every way. She was comparatively rich, he was desperately poor, and though the future in Harley Street was definitely arranged, in the present he had to content himself with two rooms over a pastry-cook's shop in Bath Row. He was often very miserable, for poor folk are not lucrative patients, and board and lodging accounts have to be paid regularly.

Then he fell in love and forgot all such minor matters.

After they had met half-a-dozen times, Miss Hinton wrote him a delicately-scented little note, inviting him in her mother's name to dinner. He furnished up his threadbare dress suit and went.

During the evening she sang some pathetic German folk-songs, and he listened with his heart in his mouth, for he was passionately fond of music. He said her voice reminded him of his dead mother's, and her kindness completed the conquest her singing has begun.

He walked home with the world in his watch-pocket, and fell asleep with the refrain of her last song running in his ears:—

Just a song at twilight, when the lights are low,  
And the flickering shadows softly come and go.  
Though the heart be weary, sad the way and long,  
Still to us at twilight comes Love's old song.

The week following she arranged a tea-meeting in the parish school-room on behalf of her mother's clothing club, and consulted him religiously on every item of the programme. He could not be expected to understand how dangerous she really was—his eyes warped his judgment.

They were to sing "I would that my love" together, and, after two rehearsals, he began to grasp what heaven really meant.

The tea-meeting and concert were tremendous successes, and when young Dr. Halkett and "our" Miss Barbara finished their duet the applause was deafening.

The doctor made a pretty little speech at the end of the programme, attributing all the success of the entertainment to Miss Hinton.

At the churchyard gate, just as the moon was peeping over the housetops, Godfrey Halkett asked the girl if she would be his wife. She cried on his shoulder and timidly whispered "Yes!"

He asked if she would wait three years for him? She said she would wait a hundred! Next day he spent ten pounds out of his savings on a ring, and she gave him a gold locket, containing her photograph, in exchange.

The first month of their engagement was pure unalloyed bliss; then Halkett announced his intention of going to Australia, where there was more scope for a young man. She cried for two days after his decision was made public, and made him promise over and over

again to be true to her, vowing that whatever happened she would follow him in three years.

He sailed in the "Currajong" from Tilbury, and Barbara and her mother went down to see him off.

It was a thick, drizzly, miserable day in May, and they were very unhappy—his fiancée in particular. She brought all sorts of knick-knacks to hang in his cabin, and cried incessantly as she put them up.

Then the bell sounded for friends to leave the ship, and they said goodbye behind the smoke stack. Halkett watched the tender drop astern with tears streaming down his face.

\* \* \* \* \*

On arrival in Adelaide he set to work. It was an uphill fight, but he was in love, and certain well-thumbed letters helped him to persevere. The gold on the locket round his neck began to tarnish, but little he cared for that—he said it was a sign of constancy.

At the end of the first year he was able to report that his prospects had improved. Because he was so much in love he could not see that his sweetheart's letters had lost something of their old ring.

At the end of the second year, by dint of denying himself every luxury and putting by every half-penny he could scrape together, he was able to purchase a small practice. At the end of the third, and when he was doing well enough to risk matrimony, he received a letter announcing Mrs. Hinton's death. Any other man would have found in this the direct hand of Providence, but he was differently constituted. Cabling his sympathies, he implored Barbara to come to him, and she replied announcing her departure.

No one will ever know how he struggled through the next six weeks. For my own part I believe he was mad. He sang the girl's praises all day long, and bored everyone with her photograph, saying, "That's the woman who waited three years for me. God bless her!"

Because she loved flowers he rented a charming house on North Terrace, overlooking the Botanical Gardens. He was able to afford a nice pair of greys and a victoria, so purchased them with a view to her comfort.

He never thought of himself; everything was for her.

Then the Cuzzo was signalled from Cape Borda, and he asked me to go down with him to meet her. I went against my better judgment.

Towards mid-day she steamed up to the anchorage and we went off. I shall never forget that launch trip if I live to be a hundred. Halkett was thoroughly off his head. He laughed hysterically, he trembled, he did everything but behave like a rational being. When we got alongside he dashed up the gangway without waiting for me, so I let him gang his ain gait and made for the smoking room.

Five minutes later someone clutched me by the arm. It was Halkett; his face was the color of dirty zinc, his lips were bloodless, his eyes glared horribly.

"Good heavens, man!" I cried, "what on earth's the matter?"

"Come away," he answered, "come away from this accursed ship! Oh man, man, take me away before I do something desperate!"

The ship's doctor and myself saw him down the gangway to the launch, and we steamed ashore.

I got him to the Pier Hotel, where he drank brandy enough to kill two men, and then said—

"I suppose your curiosity's at work?"

It was, but I didn't say so. I proposed a game of billiards instead.

"Confound your billiards!" he cried. "She's thrown me over, old man, thrown me over for a titled fop she's met on board. Ha, ha! isn't it funny! Isn't it good? And Jacob served seven years for Rachel and they seemed but a few days—but a few days, mark you, for he loved her. Do you understand me? You, there! For he loved her, ha!—he loved her after working seven years for her—and she didn't jilt him."

\* \* \* \* \*

I quote from the diary of a famous explorer:—Friday, December 29th. Lat.— Long.—

Broke camp at daybreak. The black boy, Rocca, missing. Waited three hours, but no sign; must push on. Our party now reduced to Halkett, Berkley, Wiora and myself. All very hopeless. Still the awful desert,

interminable sand, spinifex and blue sky. Not a vestige of herbage or sign of water. Four days since we filled the leather water-bags, and now there is only one left. Heat at mid-day, 140 degrees. Country very sparsely timbered with myall, casuarinas, and white gums. Always spinifex.

Berkley very weak. Dr. Halkett anxious. The latter's tenderness is more than womanly. Camped at sundown—15 miles done. All very footsore.

Saturday, December 30th. Lat.—. Long.—.

Poor Berkley died an hour before dawn—unconscious for the last two hours—general weakness and failing powers. Another victim of this awful desert. Buried him in a sand-hill. God rest his soul! Broke camp at mid-day; water reduced to four pints, no sign of more. A few crows following us. Wiora knocked up; had to abandon him, poor fellow!

Sunday, December 31st. Lat.—. Long.—.

New Year's Eve. God help us, we are in a piteous plight! Still the same sandy plains on all sides, the burning sun above and red-hot sand beneath. Only two pints of water left, and then—. Halkett still the same kind soul; the man's pluck is nothing short of marvellous. He told me his trouble to-day. What a place for confidences! At midday agreed to separate in search of water. Halkett goes north-west, and I continue on in our present direction. Wonder if we are destined to meet again? A sad, sad New Year's Eve.

Monday, January 1st, 18—. New Year's Day. Lat.—. Long.—.

Water at last. Thank God for all his mercies! The rescue party under the command of Whitmore found me

before nine o'clock. They have been on our tracks since Saturday.

After filling the waterbags we set out to find Halkett. We followed his tracks north-west and at night-fall came upon him lying beside a dry rock-hole and beneath a spreading Leichardt tree—he was unconscious. We did our best to revive him and ultimately succeeded. But he was a dying man and wandered in his talk, imagining himself at home.

Poor fellow!—poor Halkett!—the bravest, the most patient of our party.

Looking up at the stars, with his right hand clasping a locket he always wore, he whispered—

"Poor little Barbara, I wonder if she remembers!"

I tried to comfort him, but it was not needed. He seemed quite resigned, and only asked me to sing a song, a little ballad of which we were both very fond. It is well known, and the refrain runs—

Just a song at twilight, when the lights are low,  
And the flickering shadows softly come and go.  
Though the heart be weary, sad the way and long,  
Still to me at twilight comes Love's old song.

As I finished he said softly—

"It will soon be over now." A few moments later—"God bless you, dear old friend! Good-bye!"

He was silent for nearly five minutes, and then, with a little sigh, he said—

"Though the heart be weary—weary, Barbara; very—very—weary!"

He was dead.

## The Yellow House

By MARGHA

IT was originally a log structure, but, when David Chalmers took unto himself a wife, he built a frame addition and painted it yellow. The neighbours criticised its brightness, one man asking him if he had bought all the ochre in the country to put on his house. The frost, sun and rain, however, tempered the glare of colour, and when the young trees which surrounded the house had grown to be a fruit-bearing orchard, the yellow gleamed artistically through the green leaves of its branches and made a pleasant break in the wide fields of grain and pasture-land which were the possession of the owner of the Yellow House.

David Chalmers was the eldest son of a Scottish immigrant who left the land of mountain and heather and settled near Kingston. His two sons, David and Jonathan, were as unlike as it is possible to conceive any two beings born of the same parentage. Jonathan was a canny boy, the pet and idol of his mother, while David, rugged and plain but honest as the day, was the strength of his father's heart. Jonathan early in life showed a distaste for the farm, and announced his intention to be a doctor. To further his ambition the mother scrimped and saved and his father and David worked as only those did who, with axe and plough, laid the foundation of Canada's future. When Jonathan was at College, David went to school in the winter months and learned Euclid and Latin.

The schoolhouse was built on Vanaylstine's Corner, and was presided over by Daniel O'Neil, an Irishman and a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, who loved his native whiskey "not wisely but too well." After the death of his wife, he came to Canada with his young daughter to try, if possible, to recover himself in a new country.

Archdeacon Stewart, who was his friend, advised him to get a school in some quiet place where temptation would not reach him. To that end he became Master of the school at Vanaylstine's Corners. But, if there was a church not many yards distant from the school, there was also a tavern on the Kingston Road which drew within its reach all the weak and weary members of the community.

Though Daniel O'Neil fought bravely for a time against the seductive allurements of the "Ploughshare," in a dark hour, oppressed by loneliness and discontented with his surroundings, he went one evening to the close, ill-smelling bar and did not leave it till the early hours of morning.

When David Chalmers began to realise the truth—

that the Master's frequent headaches which made him fierce and cruel to the scholars were caused by drink, he wondered how Aileen, the daughter, fared. He seldom saw her, unless he went to the little Anglican church of a Sunday evening. When the service was over he only caught a glimpse of her as she drew her poor cloak around her and walked down the aisle and out of the porch, her sad eyes looking straight before her, as though she saw no one, carrying herself with all her load of care, like a young queen—for Aileen was a lady, as her mother had been, and she had been tenderly reared.

A fire had been kindled in David's Scottish heart, which, though smouldering long, threatened to burst into a mighty flame which many waters would be powerless to quench. He had listened to criticisms of Aileen by the country women who did not understand her, he had heard his mother denounce her as "a saucy wench wi' a drunken lout o' a father to be proud o'," but he hid his thoughts in his heart, until one Sunday night, they broke out into words.

The Master had been drinking hard and the trustees were fighting over his dismissal. David went to church and when Aileen had passed down the steps, he joined her. When they reached the gate, she said "Goodnight," and turned from him.

"I have something to say to you," he said, "I'll come in."

When she had lighted the candle, she stood before him, a questioning look in her eyes which asked, "Why are you here?" He never felt so awkward as at that moment. His mother had often called him a "gawk" and contrasted his ungainliness with his brother's easy grace, but at that moment he seemed to tower like a giant above the slender figure of Aileen.

"You're troubled about your father?" he asked. She tried to look defiant, but her eyes fell and she stood with her hands clasped and her body drooping. Then the fire broke out and David spoke.

"I love ye, Aileen; it breaks my heart to see ye suffer as I know you do. Will ye let me help you in your trouble?"

"What can you do?" she cried, "unless you can help father give up the drink."

"I can't do that," he answered, "but I might help you. What are friends for but to help each other?"

"There's nothing you can do," she said, "but I thank you."

"You do not believe me, Aileen, when I say that I love you. I'll never love another—I'll never wed an-

other. I know I'm only a farmer's son, but don't hearts count for something? If ye'll let me, I'll serve and help you."

"What can you do?" she asked.

He drew a roll of bills from his pocket; he had saved them carefully for a new suit of clothes, to be made by a Kingston tailor, but what did he want with new clothes when her cloak was threadbare? He handed the roll to her, saying:

"That's to get what you need."

"Do you mean to insult me?" she shivered in her anger, but he was not worldly-wise and stared helplessly at her. "If my poor father knew that you had done this he would kill you," she said in a hard voice.

"I only want to help you, but you do not care or you would not turn from my help."

She touched his arm gently. "I have cared, David, for a long time, but your mother does not like me; she will not like me to come into the family. I could not, oh, I could not bear her to look down on me or speak lightly of my father."

The country-side knew that David's wife, whoever she might be, would have to live with his mother. David's face grew stern. "I'll see that my mother respects ye, or we'll make a home elsewhere. Promise me that ye'll be my wife."

"I will, David, only I cannot leave father."

"No," he said, "we'll bide our time, an' now, ye'll take this wee bit o' money to help ye."

"No, no," she put her hands behind her. "Never; Don't you understand people would wonder, father would ask me where I got it and he would be very angry. When I am your wife I will take all you want to give me — but not now."

David walked home that night in the midst of a new earth. All things had come to him. He had been lonely all his life, no tenderness had been given him; but to-night the great thing he had been longing for had come to him. Aileen's grey eyes had looked at him with love in their depths. Aileen's voice had said "I have cared for you for a long time," and, greater than all, Aileen's lips had tremblingly kissed him when she bade him "good-night."

When he entered the farm-house, his face shone with the great joy that filled his heart. His mother was reading the Bible and looking up at him as he entered the room, took alarm.

"Where hae ye been the nicht?" she asked.

"Over to church, at the corner."

"What for are ye gangin' to the mock-papist church, can ye nae be fed at the Kirk?"

"Yes, mother, but I went home wi' Aileen O'Neil, an' —she's promised to be my wife when I'm ready to marry."

She laid the Bible on the table and rose from the chair, her light blue eyes glittering like steel. "Ach!" she shrieked, "is that what ye hae been gangin' there for—an' she has promised—did ye say?"

"Aye, mother."

"Ye'll nae bring her here—the shiftless Irish thing."

David's eyes gleamed fiercely. "Stop," he said, "ye can pelt me wi' stones till you're tired, an' I'll say nought, but ye'll speak wi' respect o' her that's to be my wife."

"You're a fule, Davvid—you that might hae the reechest lassie in the countrie ef ye but say the word—to stoop to Dan O'Neil's girl, an' she that prood ye'd think she owned the toon. Ye'll nae bring her here, I'll nae bide her in ma sicht. D'ye hear?"

He did not answer, but lighted a candle and went slowly up the stairs to his room under the roof. Not all his mother's words could dim the vision of coming happiness, when his life and heart would be filled by Aileen's sweet presence.

The next day he told his father what he had done and what his mother had said. John Chalmers lifted his head from the work he was doing and looked away across the fields. "Ay, bōy—it'll be better not to bring the girl here, yer mither'd never bide her near. I've heard o' a gude farm for sale in Hastings. Gang an' see it, an' ef ye're minded to buy I'll gie ye enough to mak one payment—ye'll hae to do the rest yersel."

"Ye've always been good to me, father," said David in the fullness of his heart.

"Ye've been a gude son to me, an' ye hae my blessing. I doubt the girl makin' a farmer's wife, but that's yer ain beesness. Ye're mither's a bit set in her way an' it'll be better tae pit mony miles atween the twa weemen."

\* \* \* \* \*

Daniel O'Neil did not live long to worry any one, for,

that winter, returning late from the "Ploughshare," he fell on the road and was found several hours later by another belated traveller, who brought him home, half-frozen and unconscious. He lived two weeks and died leaving Aileen desolate. Her grief was so deep that the Archdeacon, who had come to bury his unfortunate friend, carried her away. Under the loving care of his wife and the comforting influence of a happy home, she became herself again.

When the harvest of the next summer had been gathered in and David had set his house in order, he came for his bride. They were quietly married by the Archdeacon and started for their new home, followed by many good wishes.

As the sun was sinking behind the hill that skirted the farm land David and Aileen stopped at the gate of the Yellow House. He lifted her from the high buggy and led her up the path between the hollyhocks and sun-flowers. He took her hand and together they entered the door.

"Welcome to your home, Aileen, my wife." He stooped from his six feet and kissed her, and she clung to him and laughed for joy.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Yellow House became a centre for the whole country-side. Those in sorrow came to Aileen for comfort, those in trouble came to David for help. The voice of joy and gladness was often heard within its walls and a "visit" with David Chalmers and his wife was esteemed a social privilege.

Aileen became a famous housewife, her recipes being in great repute, and though she bore sons and daughters her eyes never lost their sweetness, nor her form its grace. Hope went always before them, while Faith was as an anchor to their souls, and Love sat crowned in their hearts.

When the children were growing into manhood and womanhood there was some purpose to tear down the Yellow House and build a greater one. David and Aileen went into the pretty old parlour to talk it over, but when they seated themselves on the great sofa his wife burst into tears.

"Oh, David," she cried, "how can I see this house torn down? It will break my heart, we have been so happy here."

"Don't you want a new house?" he asked in surprise.

"No, in a few years the children will be gone and we will find ourselves lost in a great—big—house. David, dear, let us live here till we die."

"Let it be so," he answered. "We'll get some new furniture and put some new paint on it and after it's fixed up, if the children don't like it, why they'll just have to get houses of their own."

"And David, you'll not put green, nor red, nor white on it—just the same colour it was when I came to it."

"Ay, it'll be as you say."

So it was settled that the Yellow House was to be their home until they went to their Mansion in the Better Country.

## Disappointed

THE clock ticked on. It hitched and struck, but they did not hear it. In the grate, the fire burned low, and she shivered slightly. Once she raised her eyes to his face, and as swiftly averted them, burying her head in her hands.

He stood, leaning against the mantel, staring into the glowing embers. They had been married only two months. Only two months! It seemed almost an eternity! Two months ago, ah! What expectations then of that golden voice of love that was to sing to them the even song, as, after the toil of the day they would sit, hand in hand, watching the long shadows creep through the room. And now—now that golden voice of which they had dreamed, they would hear it in their dreams alone.

"Are you sure you've made no mistake?"

His voice sounded hard and unfeeling, but she did not protest in words. Instead she rose to her feet with a long, graceful movement, that had always seemed to him the embodiment of grace, and from the cosy corner she brought something and laid it in his hands without a word.

He held the cage up to the light, and there sure enough was the little egg that Dicky had produced that morning.

"No doubt about it," he remarked, trying to be brave for her sake, "It's a hen bird all right. We've been stung!"

McAree.

# 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 Hammer, 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. The Galtons become vulgarly jealous of Esther's popularity. The "Pleiades" reaches Gibraltar at sun-rise and some of the passengers are on deck for the sight. At last they arrive at Malta, and Esther looks forward to meeting her father. Her father's household is uncongenial, but Esther makes a friend of her youngest step-brother, "Hadji Baba."

A CLAMOROUS gong woke the echoes in the hall at that moment and Esther went downstairs hand in hand with the child. The dining-room was dark and untidy, and since the greater part of the furniture consisted of packing-cases, for which Mrs. Beresford had no time to make covers, the effect was very strange and unfinished. No single article of furniture matched the other, and Esther found herself sitting on a scarlet-painted rustic chair, while Hadji Baba climbed on to a music stool on which he perched uneasily. The astonishment that fell on the party assembled round the table at the sight of the youngest member of the family in his new clothes, expressed itself in various ways. Flora giggled, and her mother lifted her hands helplessly.

"My gracious, Esther! Why, what have you done to Baba? He looks different, somehow. And, my dear, what pretty clothes. But just fancy the washing-bill!"

"He is different because he is clean!" said Major Beresford, caustically, as he rapped upon the table with his knife for grace. "And, my dear Esther, if you can undertake to turn the four others into respectable members of society, you will deserve the Victoria Cross!"

"You are always so cavilling, Norman!" said Mrs. Beresford, fretfully; "the only thing that ails the poor children is want of money to make them smart!"

"Very well, my dear, we will see!" said Major Beresford, as he began to carve the mutton. "I suppose you will give Esther carte blanche in the house?"

"Esther may do anything she likes!" sighed Mrs. Beresford; "and if she can reduce to order this hateful establishment of ignorant servants, I shall bless her for ever!"

"I will do my best," murmured Esther, faintly. The appearance of the table shocked and horrified her, with its dirty cloth, and its dull silver. The mutton was so tough that she could hardly chew it, while Carmela's idea of a pudding was exceedingly elementary. They were waited on by Major Beresford's soldier servant, Delaney, whose face wore the same vacant, hopeless air as the rest of the household, but Esther felt that he looked more capable of reform than did Carmela, and she mentally planned a change from Khaki uniform to a striped "Jean" coat and scarlet silk cummerbund, as she had seen the waiters dressed on board ship. He made various dashes for the plates and knives, and it was his hand that saved Charlie from a serious choking fit by a timely slap on the back, and that cut up Hadji Baba's meat into careful dice.

"Don't I look nice, Delaney?" said Baba, conversationally; "if Esther gets new clothes for us all, I'll ask her to get you some too!" And Delaney's crimson face and appealing glance at Esther averted a reproof from the head of the house.

Major Beresford sat with his head on his hand for the greater part of the meal, and the remarks that he vouchsafed did not tend to add to the harmony of the feast.

"Goat again, Monica; we shall have to change the butcher!" or "Did you return Mrs. Henderson's call, Monica? The Colonel was thoroughly snaggy to me today, and I don't think I have done anything to offend him!"

Esther's heart sank with every hour of her new life, for it would take both thought and tact to adjust domestic affairs successfully, although she was longing to

begin her task. She found, however, that it was Mrs. Beresford's daily plan to spend the early part of the afternoon in sleeping, and she therefore sent the children out for a walk with the ayah, and started to clean the drawing-room, having given orders that no one was to be admitted. The hopelessness of the untidy, dingy room was soon changed by the arrangement of a few Indian hangings that she had discovered in a cupboard full of rubbish. A brilliant Moorish saddle-cloth hung over the screen to hide the hole that the children's fingers had worn in the silk, and the sofa was draped with a striped rug, and the cushions concealed as if by magic with some muslin covers that Esther had intended for her own room. There were one or two handsome pieces of Italian inlaid furniture that Esther dragged into sight, and she rejoiced in burnishing some brass bowls, and filling them from the garden outside. She was arranging branches of rosy oleander in an Oriental jar, and surveying the complete metamorphosis of the dingy room into a bower of beauty, when she was aware of an apologetic cough in the doorway, and turned back red and dusty to see Delaney's appealing face as he ushered Mrs. Galton and Sybil into the room.

"Beg pardon, Miss; it's the mistress' sister!" he said, and made a noisy exit over Mrs. Galton's trailing skirt.

"My dear girl!" cried Sybil, with a shrill titter; "you look as though you had been coaling, and as for your hair!"

"So your work has begun, as I prophesied, Esther," said Mrs. Galton, surveying the room critically through her long glasses; "and I expect that you will agree with me, that you will have very little time for amusement."

"I will go and tell Mrs. Beresford that you are here," Esther said quietly; but at the same moment the door opened, and Monica herself, still in her tea-gown, sailed into the room.

"I saw you coming up the path, Eleanor; glad to see you," she said; then turned her eyes upon the room.

"Why, Esther, you delightful girl!" she cried. "The room is fifty times prettier than Mrs. Henderson's; and I shall give a party next week. Why, you are really a treasure!"

"New brooms always sweep clean!" said Mrs. Galton, tartly; "and Esther had plenty of laziness on board ship. It does girls good to work, otherwise they get into mischief."

"Esther has conveyed plenty of dirt on to herself," cried Sybil, anxious to be friendly, and to avert trouble from a useful friend; "and I really think she has made the room quite nice, even if she is a new broom."

Mrs. Beresford sat down forcibly. She and her sister were never on good terms, for she resented the patronage which Mrs. Galton was always ready to bestow. "Esther is a perfect treasure," she said; "and I never did see anything so nice as this room. Run away, Essie, now, and brush your frock, and take off your apron for fear anyone should call!"

And Esther departed.

"Mark my words, Monica; you will have trouble with that girl!" said Mrs. Galton, darkly.

"What sort of trouble, Eleanor? I am sure she is pretty and nice enough for anyone; and I should think that even you could find nothing to blame in her!"

For once Mrs. Beresford was aroused from her usual languid condition of indifference, for something in the girl's attitude had touched her, appealing to her motherly heart in a manner that was quite foreign to her nature.

Mrs. Galton sniffed. "I watched her on board ship," she said; "and I can assure you that she had half the men after her, and seemed to enjoy it!"

"You forget that Esther is a pretty girl," said Mrs. Beresford, looking hard at the ceiling; "and, of course, pretty girls cannot be judged by the ordinary rules of behaviour of the plain ones!"

Mrs. Galton looked at her sister, uncertain, for a moment, if she had heard aright; for this was a new Monica, with an opinion of her own.

"What upon earth has made you take Esther's part so strongly?" she said, acidly; "she is no real relation to you."

"Because I like her," said Monica Beresford, wearily; "and because she is taking a heavy burden on her shoul-

ders very cheerfully, and will be a great help to me."

"You will find yourself on the shelf," said Eleanor Galton, emphatically. "Mark my words, Monica, you will be sorry for the day that made you give way to your laziness, and have the girl out here. I have studied her on board ship for ten days, and I know what I am saying. She has great ideas of all her fine friends and connections, and you will find that she will have all the invitations, and be gadding about all day, and that you will be left in the lurch!"

Mrs. Beresford settled herself more comfortably among her cushions. "My dear Eleanor," she said, "you must be singularly unobservant of my character if you have not learnt long ago that the shelf is the place for me—the only place in which I have no trouble and no responsibility. If Esther does her duty to us most of the day, I do not see why she should not enjoy herself all she can."

"She has not some absurd idea that the Staniers are going to take her up!" said Mrs. Galton, uneasily.

Monica Beresford looked across at her sister, and her tired eyes brightened a little. "I had a most kind note from Lady Adela yesterday," she said, "sympathising with me on my lack of good health—and—and Esther dines at the Palace to-morrow night—a little private dinner—a party of friendship—not at all a formal affair."

The conversation flagged a little after this, and Mrs. Beresford relapsed into her usual condition of torpidity. But when Mrs. Galton had departed, with many protestations of sympathy and friendship, and Monica was on her way back to sofa and siesta, she turned towards Esther's room and knocked at the door. Esther opened it, and her stepmother stood looking into the neatness and whiteness beyond with a sudden sense of discomfort. The charming face and figure of the girl, compared with her own unshapely untidiness, struck her with a sense of personal loss.

"Esther," she said, "did you do anything on board ship to offend my sister?"

The girl looked up, penitence and doubt struggling for mastery in her face. "I cannot remember anything," she said, gently; "but I do not think Mrs. Galton likes me."

"She's jealous!" said Monica Beresford, with a sudden laugh; "and I declare I feel glad to possess something at last in life to make Eleanor jealous!" and, with a little hysterical laugh, she went back to her own room.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

##### The beginning of great things.

"Dear me, Alwyne," said the Governor of Malta as he entered the drawing-room, followed by his two A. D. C.'s, "pray, who is that extremely pretty young woman standing by Lady Adela?"

Lord Francis Alwyne slowly directed his gaze towards the corner of the room where Lady Adela stood resplendent in black velvet and diamonds, and saw Esther, shy and sweet in her white gown, with her grandmother's pearls about her slender throat.

"That, sir, is Miss Beresford," he said, slowly removing his eye-glass. "Her grandmother, Mme. de la Perouse, is in some way connected with Lady Adela's family."

"Dear, dear; yes, yes, of course. Why, I adored her when she was Mme. la Duchesse and I was a subaltern with a fluffy moustache before the days of the debacle. Pray introduce me, Alwyne. The girl is like her grandmother—wonderfully like her."

There was always a certain amount of state kept up in the Governor's establishment, and Esther felt herself blushing warmly as she was led up to a grey-haired, elderly gentleman with a waxed moustache and eye-glasses, whose breast was covered with decorations, and she was conscious that her bow was a very tremulous one, and would have shocked Miss Jenkins could she have been aware of its mediocrity.

"Glad to see you; glad to see you," said the Governor, patting her hand in a stately fashion; "and now pray tell me about Mme. la Duchesse de la Perouse; it is many years since we met."

When Esther had recovered sufficiently from her bewilderment to realise that it was her grandmother about whom such kindly questions were being asked, she answered so eagerly that Sir Ambrose kept her talking for some time, enchanted by her brilliance.

Lady Adela had planned a very kindly dinner party for Esther's benefit. Nell Clare-Smythe, sparkling in pink silk and opal ornaments, and her handsome, quiet husband in his naval uniform; M. de Brinvilliers and a good-looking girl in grey, whose name was Rosamund Morley, with the two A.D.C.'s, Lord Francis Alwyne and

Major Montresor, completed the whole company, who presently went in to dinner together.

Esther's toilette had been an excitement to the whole family. She had dressed to a chorus of admiring voices and suggestions that had been difficult to withstand. Mrs. Beresford had wished to lend her several showy pink topaz ornaments, and Hadji Baba had brought in a branch of oleander which Flora had offered to make into a spray for her bodice, and it was Major Beresford himself who had decided that she should be as white as a Madonna lily from head to foot, with no touch of colour to mar the effect. He was to take her to the Palace gate and fetch her back again, spending the intervening time at the club, and it was only Esther who regretted the fancied slight to her father in leaving him out of the invitation. She was amused and touched to find that her entry into society under the wing of Lady Adela Stanier was an occasion of great triumph for the Beresfords, and that there was not the faintest feeling of jealousy on the part of Monica, who, from the depths of a cane chair and a dressing gown, admired the satin of her gown and gave her a farewell kiss. Major Beresford fastened his daughter's cloak about her shoulders, touching the soft ermine and cloth daintily.

The Palace at Valetta is a stately building, cool and shady with its stone walls and floors, and the corridors were lined with suits of armour that had belonged to the old knights of St. John, and hung with wonderful portraits of the men who had worn the armour.

Esther, as she passed along, her small white slippered feet tapping on the marquetric floor, her hand resting on Alwyne's arm with its A.D.C.'s black sleeve cuffed with pale blue, wondered if it was possible that she could be the same girl who less than three weeks ago had been eating modest school suppers—thick bread-and-butter and sweet cocoa in an ink-stained schoolroom, and at the thought she gave a sudden little ripple of laughter.

"What is amusing you?" said Alwyne, suddenly interrupting a heartrending history of the Knights of St. Elmo; and because he looked kind and sympathetic, Esther told him.

"It is not often that Lady Adela has anyone so fresh and unspoiled at her dinner parties," he answered, smiling; and Esther saw that he was very careful, after her innocent confidences, to see that she was not in any way puzzled by the arrangements of the table or the rarity of the dishes that she was called upon to eat.

Lady Adela kept her at her side for some time after dinner, asking her kindly questions, and recalling old incidents of her friendship with Mme. de la Perouse, and Esther found that she had accepted an invitation to the opera, and to a polo match, and also to a picnic, before the end of the evening, with a promise of various dances to come. At Lady Adela's request she sang several songs, and Sir Ambrose applauded vehemently.

"Why, she has the voice of a lark!" he said. "Adela, my dear, we must have musical evenings through the winter; we must, indeed."

Alwyne watched her from a distant corner of the room as she stood by the piano. Her slender white figure, the sheen of her bright hair, and the glory of her voice, all enwrapped his senses like a snare. He forgot that she was no woman of the world to help on his ambitions, that she could bring him no dowry that would go towards paying his numerous debts; he only remembered that she was very lovely and very charming, and that for such a face men have often thought the world well lost.

"I shall marry her," he said, impulsively, "and mould her myself," and insensibly his manner took on a far more intimate tone of possession that made Lady Adela Stanier glance across at Mrs. Clare-Smythe.

"Does he mean anything?" she said, under her breath. "Surely Francis is not going to lose himself for love alone?"

"My dear Lady Adela," said Nell, with a pretty lift of her eyebrows, "Francis will not do anything without stopping to count the cost, you may be sure, but he certainly looks dangerous to-night."

Esther had chosen for her second song the pathetic ballad of "Farewell," that she had sung at Aborfield to Geoffrey Hanmer, and her mind was suddenly swept backwards to the happy places of her childhood.

The old-fashioned drawing-room at the Hall with its scent of pot-pourri and lavender, and Geoffrey's kind face with the fidelity of his sad eyes as he bade her good-bye took her heart by storm, and her last note was almost a sob. She turned aside and busied herself with some loose music to hide her emotion, and Major Montresor began to play a lively Hungarian air.

TO BE CONTINUED

# THE TALK

**T**HE Anglo-American cable between Prince Edward Island and the mainland is broken and cannot be repaired until spring. In the meantime, wireless telegraph will likely be used if the Ottawa authorities so decide. There is considerable agitation in Prince Edward Island over the lack of better winter accommodation. The people want a bridge, or tunnel or some sure means of communication. While asking for this, they maintain their tax on commercial travellers from the rest of Canada.

Another Canadian Club! This time it is in St. John, N.B. There are only a few more cities to be heard from and then the chain will be complete. Mr. W. E. Earle is the organiser of this latest addition to the list.

The Lethbridge "Herald" wants the Alberta Government to pass an eight-hour law for miners. In 1899, the Territorial Assembly passed such a law, but it was repealed in 1900. Under these circumstances it is hardly likely the Alberta Legislature will rush boldly into the passing of a new law. The eight-hour day is, however, the rule in all Alberta mines, except those in Lethbridge.

The Alberta Farmers' Association,

in meeting at Calgary, passed a resolution in favour of placing the proposed government telephone line in the hands of "an independent and competent commission." They also passed a resolution against bonusing of railways, corporations and industries by cities, towns and municipalities.

The Alberta Legislature began its work on January 24th. The Saskatchewan Legislature will not meet until Premier Scott has a chance to recover his health.

Rev. Edwin Smith, of Cardigan, leaves shortly for the United States to deliver a series of lectures on Prince Edward Island as a tourist resort. He will be a travelling agent for the Tourist Association of that province. But what about that summer hotel on Charlottetown Harbour or Hillsborough Bay? Sleepy Hollow! Sleepy Hollow!!

The old burying ground in the centre of the city of St. John is still being allowed to fall into decay. The Tourist Association discussed its preservation the other day and the president's address expressed regret that the city council had not moved in the matter. It is certainly a disgrace. The old graves date back to 1784, the date of the founding of the city.

Nanaimo, B. C., is feeling the beneficial effects of the cold weather. Coal is in demand—such demand that the price at the mines advanced 50 cents a ton on January 21st. At the same time the wages of the employees

of the Western Fuel Co and those at Ladysmith were advanced. The former company is paying its help a bonus of five per cent. off its gross earnings for January and ten per cent. for February. It's an ill wind that blows nobody good.

The Lethbridge Collieries Co. was organised at Winnipeg recently. Hon. C. H. Campbell, Attorney-General of Manitoba, is a vice-president. The Prince Rupert Timber & Lumber Co. has been incorporated, and Hon. J. H. Lamont, Attorney-General of Saskatchewan, is a director. These are not the only cabinet ministers in Canada who lend their honourable names to joint stock companies. In Toronto the Judges still do so in spite of a federal law to the contrary.

Victoria, B. C., sportsmen have started a fund to raise money to buy grain which is to be sent to different parts of the island to succour pheasants that are at present suffering intensely from the cold weather.

At the annual bonspiel of the Saskatchewan Branch of the Royal Caledonian Curling Club, held at Regina, Ira Patridge of Sintaluta won the two premier events—the Grand Challenge and the Saskatchewan.

On January 24th, 160 members of the disbanded Manchester Regiment arrived at Halifax from England. These men have joined the Royal Canadian Regiment whose strength at present is low. Later, 200 men will be brought out to strengthen the artillery. Canadian recruits cannot be secured.

Sir James Lemoine celebrated his eighty-second birthday on the 24th of last month. The veteran historian is enjoying fair health for a man of his years. May Spencer Grange, Quebec, long be his home.

Mr. Edwin Brown, leader of the Manitoba Liberals, is to be banquetted in Winnipeg on the 12th.

The other day a tidal wave engulfed an island in the Indian ocean—the Island of Simalu—and 1,500 persons lost their lives. This was a greater loss than in Kingston or San Francisco, but very little was said about it. Not a newspaper published a picture to illustrate it. Perhaps the island was inhabited only by those blacks to whom we send missionaries but whom we do not regard as equals.

A broad, practical and progressive forestry policy, abolition of contract labour in the Central Prison, fair play to legitimate investments, but not one cent for watered stocks, rational capitalisation and limitation of the powers of such corporations as the Standard Oil, absolute and unassailable titles guaranteed by the Government, free school books as part of the Public and Separate School equipment and absolute municipal control of streets and every encouragement to municipal ownership were among Leader Graham's substantial "planks," as laid down in the Ontario Legislature this week.



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## Coffee and Careers

**M**R. THOMAS BARNARD had been told that he was to go to the club for dinner inasmuch as three of his wife's old friends whom she had not seen for "years and years" were going to gather around the new dining-room mahogany that evening.

"Glad you warned me, Frances," was her husband's parting comment, after a hasty peck at her right cheek; "if there's anything that makes me tired it's a crowd of women talking about old times. I suppose you'll have pink candle-shades and smilax and nothing fit to eat."

But in spite of masculine scorn of salads and pink shades, the four women had managed to make the dinner a two-hours of hilarity, for it was fifteen years since the heavy gates of the Northway Ladies' College had clanged behind them, and no conversation is quite so interesting to the initiated as a series of "Do you remember," and "Will you ever forget?"

"This is a trifle better than the old grate fires at the college," said Alice Macdonald, as she surveyed the gas logs and shivered daintily at the sound of the wind outside. "Just to think, Frances, that we're having coffee in your drawing-room and you always said that you were going to have a career."

"I'm having it," said Mrs. Barnard confidently. "I manage to keep Tom in good humour and have had this servant for two years. Besides, I am decorating china. Those cups are my very own. Tom says they are hideous but I've noticed that he tells about his wife's fondness for art."

"Managing a husband, painting coffee cups and jollyng a maid! What a career for a woman who used to talk about the over-soul and the isolation of the spirit!" sighed Mrs. Willie Leslie, who had been away in the West for ten long years.

"You're just as bad," retorted the hostess. "You spent nearly half an hour telling about your little Howard's bright remarks and I remember the time when you used to declare that you were going on the stage and would be satisfied with nothing less than the part of Lady Macbeth."

"What a goose I was!" laughed Mrs. Willie. "I went home from Northway, fully determined to startle both the home circle and the public. Dad and the boys simply chuckled when I announced my intentions but I kept up my studies in voice culture and that sort of thing for six months. Then I went away to visit Aunt Grace and met Willie Leslie who sympathised with my Lady Macbeth aspirations and read poetry to me every evening. Dear me! You can't get him to read anything but stocks and politics now. Finally Willie persuaded me that Juliet was my proper role and, behold, my greatest pride is that I know food values and make the best omelette east of the Rockies, if I do have to say it for myself."

"Perhaps your bright boy Howard will take to the stage."

"It doesn't look like it," said Mrs. Willie gloomily. "He won't recite Eugene Field's lovely little poems but says he wants to own a revolver and drive four horses along the Cariboo Road. But what about the other careers? Mary, do you keep up your music?"

A demure little lady in brown hesi-

tated for a moment and then admitted: "Every once in a while I make a resolution to practice two hours a day but the resolution goes the way of other paving material. You see, George can't stand Bach, says it makes his head ache, and I simply have to drag him to a concert. You remember our old teacher, Professor Maxwell. He would have a fit if he could hear me playing 'The Good Old Summertime' and 'Dearie.' But it's the only kind of thing that George likes and so I have descended to rag-time."

The only unmarried member of the quartette laughed long and merrily. "It's all very well for you to make fun of us, Alice Macdonald," said the little lady in brown severely. "But let me tell you that matrimony is the most exacting career in the world. Here we all set out with the most extravagant ideas of what we were going to do and of how the world was going to stand still to listen to us. Frances was going to write fiction with a moral philosophy fastened in somewhere, Mabel intended to make Ellen Terry clutch her laurels in alarm, and I was absolutely devoted to Chopin and hoped some day to go to Leipsic. Now we're all comfortably settled in life with no aspirations beyond having three meals a day served in a style that won't arouse a husband's profanity. My own trouble is the carving-knife. It's never sharp enough for George. We've all ended in the domestic round except you, Alice, and you were the only one of the crowd at Northway's who had a bona fide engagement ring."

"It was a pretty ring, too," said the former owner regretfully: "I hated to send it back. You see I quarrelled with Hugh Morrison because he said I would have to give up skating and dancing when I became a minister's wife. I wouldn't have him using 'must' in that high-and-mighty fashion. Well, he married that Katherine Grant, perhaps you remember her—red hair and a perfectly dreadful temper. She quarrels with the congregation wherever they go and he daren't call his soul or his sermons his own."

"I believe you're glad," said Mrs. Willie Leslie reproachfully.

"Well, I'm not sorry," chuckled Miss Macdonald. "Hugh needed to be taken down and she snubs him beautifully."

"This is a queer old world," was Mrs. Barnard's original remark. "You think you know all about people, how they are going to turn out and whom they are going to marry. And they upset all your calculations and pop out of the pigeon-holes in which they've been placed. Now you remember Flossie Manners, don't you?"

"The girl who lisped and who had a loose cloud of fair hair?" said Mrs. Willie.

"Yes. She seemed so dreadfully empty-headed and at one time I was so afraid that my brother Henry had taken a fancy to her. Well, Flossie is a medical missionary out in China, wears blue spectacles and has hardly any hair left."

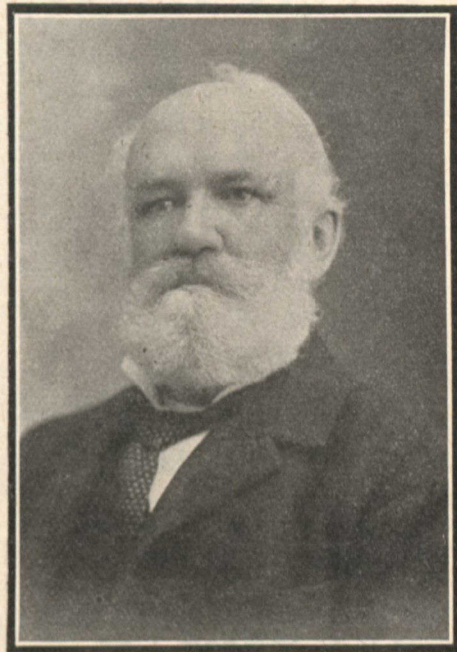
"I wonder what Trixie Blake has done," said Mrs. Willie, "she was the jolliest little creature that ever set a school upside down. I can see her yet with her dark hair in a tangle and her eyes glowing! And don't you remember the scarlet tam-o'-shanter

that was always perched above her left ear. I lost track of her when we went out West ten years ago. But I always intended to hunt her up."

"Haven't you heard?" said Mrs. Barnard softly. Her friend looked up and asked nothing further. Then Alice Macdonald took a photograph from the cabinet and looked lovingly at the picture of a bride's bright face.

"This is dear old Trix. She was married to Ted Matthews. Don't you remember the boy who used to throw notes over the high back fence and who was caught by the lady principal? Trix and Teddie were drowned—together—two years ago in a Channel accident."

The four friends looked tenderly for a moment at the pretty piquant face and the gown of silk and lace, and when they turned again to the fire there was a mist between them and the glow.



The Late Mr. Blair

**B**USY with a reorganisation of the telephone companies of New Brunswick, the Hon. Mr. Blair visited Fredericton a few days ago and stayed at the residence of his sisters-in-law, the Misses Thompson. He was suffering from a cold, but otherwise seemed in good health. Lying on a sofa, chatting with one of the ladies, he suddenly gasped and passed away. It seemed strange that his great career should be ended in the city of his birth, because his home has been elsewhere for some years.

Mr. Blair was, up to 1896, a New Brunswick politician of considerable experience and success. He was then premier of that province, but was called to Ottawa to take the portfolio of Minister of Railways in Sir Wilfrid Laurier's new cabinet. His subsequent career, his revolt over the new Transcontinental railway, and his resignation are recent matters.

Mr. Blair was married on Oct. 31, 1866, to Miss Thompson, daughter of Mr. Geo. Thompson, Fredericton, and he is survived by his wife and five daughters and two sons. The daughters are Mrs. R. F. Randolph, Fredericton; Mrs. Walter C. Clarke, Halifax; Mrs. Brewin, England, and Mrs. McCarthy, Ottawa, and Miss Marjorie, Ottawa. The sons are A. G. Blair and Donald Blair, Ottawa.



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IT is no hyperbole to say that musicians throughout the country will have their eyes and ears turned towards Toronto next week on the occasion of that cycle of concerts forming what is properly called "Mendelssohn week." February 4th, 5th, 6th and 9th are the dates chosen for events which have no equal in the musical life of the country. On Monday evening, February 11th, the Mendelssohn Choir will appear in Buffalo and on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings in Carnegie Hall, New York City. The Pittsburg Symphony Orchestra, under Mr. Emil Paur will, of course, be associated with the Choir, the musical partnership between these two organisations having become a matter of course. The expedition to New York is the most ambitious enterprise ever undertaken by a Canadian chorus, but there is every warrant for believing that this organisation, the product of the Director's infinite capacity for taking pains, will gratify not only Canadian New Yorkers but the genuine Gothamites, whose critical spirit will have no qualifying patriotic feeling.

This week at Ottawa is gay indeed, the many social events planned by the local committee relaxing the strain felt by those taking part in the Governor-General's Musical and Dramatic Competition. The Hotel Victoria at Aylmer, Que., is affording accommodation for the two hundred and fifty competing guests and the reception committee has proved itself nobly equal to the task of greeting the various "companies." The Church Lads' Band of St. John's, Nfld., and the Winnipeg Dramatic Club were the first to reach Ottawa, a rather significant simultaneous arrival from East and West. Aside from the stimulating effect which this competition must have on amateur musical and dramatic circles, its social benefit in creating friendships among representatives from the widely-scattered territory of British North America is readily manifest. The Dramatic Club of the Margaret Eaton School of Literature and Expression gave an interesting local performance, under Mrs. Scott Raff's direction, last Friday night, when "She Stoops to Conquer" was played before His Honour, the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario and several hundred guests.

"The Little Michus," Messenger's musical comedy, proved far ahead of most productions of that class in its melodious merits. The "fun" as provided by Mr. Graves was of the excruciating sort and sent the audience away in a highly satisfactory state of good humour.

It is almost to be regretted that Miss Viola Allen and her company will present "Cymbeline" during the week of the four great concerts; but, in spite of the counter musical attractions, the theatre will probably be well-filled for Miss Allen's performances. Her last appearance in "The



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TENDERS will be received by the undersigned, up to and including the eighth day of March next, for the right to cut the Pulpwood on a certain area, in the District of Nipissing, north of the Townships of Holmes, Bart, Eby, Otto, Boston, etc., and immediately west of the interprovincial boundary line.

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For particulars as to description of territory, capital required to be invested, etc., apply to the undersigned.

F. COCHRANE,

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TORONTO, December 29th, 1906.

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Toast of the Town," was not happy and spoiled the impression created by her exquisite and spirited "Viola." As melodramatic "Betty Singleton" dying in a lime-lighted garret she was a decided burlesque on her former poetic self and almost reminded the spectator of the historic "little Eva" making him regret the arrival of "Betty's" repentant spouse.

Mr. George Ade has made a greater fortune by his comedies than that which accrued from "Modern Fables." Last year "The Country Chairman" and "The College Widow" were abroad in the Dominion and won more than a fair share of applause. Mr. Ade is always both obvious and cheerful and many of us find his stage stuff more entertaining than his excessively slangy stories. There was a highly amusing article issued some time ago in which Mr. Andrew Lang described with painstaking gravity his endeavour to grasp the meaning of Adesque narratives. But to the Canadian these tales are comparatively transparent, while such vigorous modernisms as "butt in" and "up against it" make intelligent if not edifying entertainment. Taking it altogether, "The Country Chairman," as Mr. Macklyn Arbuckle presents it, is the most natural and pleasing of the Ade comedies and might apply to the working of Canada's political machine as well as to the slow grinding of the New England arrangement for elections. This comedy really gives the humorous side of the conditions which Mr. Winston Churchill (of U.S. A.) has discussed so seriously in his best novel, "Coniston." "The Country Chairman" has lately been enlivening Western Canada with its satire on rural social and political affairs. In connection with this comedy, it is told that when it was presented in Boston, a "widow's night" was held. All the widows of the city were invited and many accepted the invitation, while the enthusiastic press agent declared that the theatre was crowded with the fairest audience that ever assembled in a Boston playhouse.

The striking production of Shakespeare's "Antony and Cleopatra" at His Majesty's Theatre, London, England, excites a wide variety of comment. Mr. Eric Clement Scott does not agree with those who consider the manner of mounting too magnificent. He is inclined to be thankful for a succession of "pictures so beautiful as to keep us entranced during the passage of a play which is too disjointed to hold the interest for any length of time. As the scenes pass in succession before us, nothing occurs to bring up the senses with a jolt to the realisation of canvas, papier-mache and paint." According to all accounts, Mr. Beerbohm Tree has made of this eventful history a picture rather than a play, in which the Oriental atmosphere is most alluring.

The welcome announcement is made that Madame Melba is to appear in a concert programme at Massey Hall on March 14th. She has made such a sensation at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York this season that expectation of her concert triumphs is higher than ever before. She is to be assisted here by an excellent company and will doubtless be greeted by a packed house.

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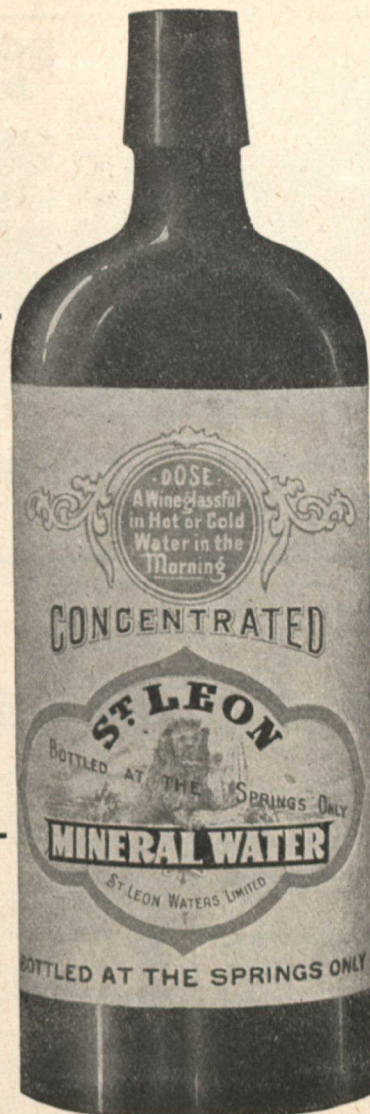
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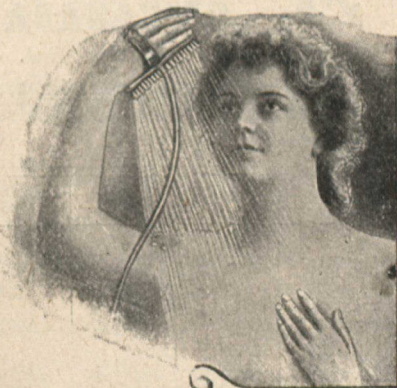
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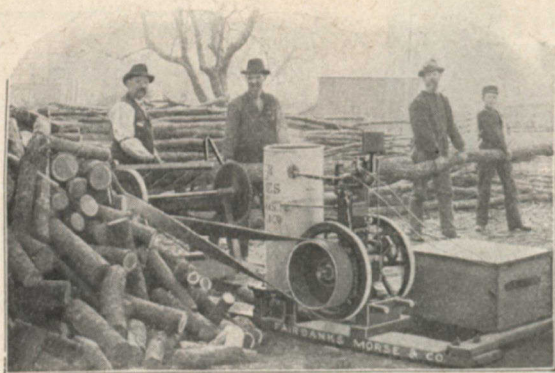
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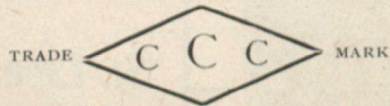
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*By the Business Manager*

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(With apologies to the Irish Melodies)

Rich and rare were the gems she wore,  
 But her eyes were red and her nose was sore.  
 As a beam o'er the face of the waters glows  
 So o'er her countenance shone her nose.  
 This thought in the midst of enjoyment will stay—  
 "If she wipes any more she will wipe it away."  
 The beams of the warm sun play round it in vain;  
 "Geel! it's frozen!" she says, and she wipes it again.  
 She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,  
 But that ain't the reason she snuffles and weeps.  
 This life is all chequered with pleasures and woes  
 That chase one another like waves on her nose,  
 And as fast as the rain-drop of Pity is shed  
 She's down with another darned cold in her head.

—M.L.C.P.

\* \*

**His First Wedding**

It is a nervous moment for a young clergyman when he first confronts a bride and bridegroom. A story is being told in England of a young parson who has been recently appointed to a northern parish. It was his first wedding and he was terribly nervous. Matters got serious when the clergyman, turning to the smiling bridegroom, asked:

"Wilt thou have this woman as thy wedded husband?"

The bride giggled and the minister with a very red face, tried again:

"Wilt thou have this man to thy wedded wife?"

There was a look of fierce determination in the minister's eye as he loosened his collar and proceeded:

"Wilt thou have this husband—ahem!—Wilt thou have this wedding—Wilt thou—"

At this the bridegroom interfered. "Aw don't know wot yer wants me to hev," he remarked, "but Aw coom here for her," bringing his horny hand down on the bride's shoulder, "An' Aw'll hev her or nowt."

\* \*

**The Lesser Kitchener**

Among the many well-known soldiers in India whose period of command expires during this year is General Walter Kitchener, at present commanding the troops at Lahore. He is the younger brother of "K. of K." and he is generally known throughout his command, says "M. A.P.," as Kitchener the Lesser. He owes little or nothing to his relationship to the Commander-in-Chief in India, and indeed this has stood him in rather bad stead on the occasion when he was recommended for an important Staff billet in South Africa which Lord Kitchener refused to sanction, on the ground that he would be accused of favouritism if he did. The name, too, has led to some remarkable confusion.

One of the most amusing of these instances occurred in South Africa

The Business of



Head Office: Waterloo, Ont.

for 1906 shows substantial increases over the previous year, as may be seen from the following figures:

Items	1905	1906	Gains over 1905
Assets	\$ 9,296,092	\$10,385,539	\$ 1,089,447
Income	1,956,518	2,072,423	115,905
Surplus*	952,001	1,208,578	249,377
Insurance in Force †	44,197,954	46,912,407	2,712,453
Expense ratio to Income	17.8%	16.34%	1.46%

\*Company's Standard.  
 † All Canadian Business.

when General W. Kitchener had occasion to reprove a young Colonial for some offence.

"Look here, who are you, anyhow?" indignantly demanded the Colonial.

"My name is Kitchener," replied the general.

"Chuck it!" cried the man. "I may be from the backwoods, but if you think I don't know Kitchener's face when I see it you are quite mistaken. Why, we had him pasted up in our hen roost for years and you ain't a bit like him! Don't talk rot."

The general then explained the situation, but, possibly because of the "picture in the hen roost" let him off.

\* \*

**Vocal Vengeance**

A rather brutal thing was said un-awares at an evening party. Shortly after midnight a gentleman was pressed to sing. Very thoughtfully he put forward the excuse that at the late hour the next-door neighbours might object.

"Oh, never mind the neighbours," cried the young lady of the house. "They poisoned our dog last week."

\* \*

**A Sea Song**

Said Davis unto Swettenham,  
"Your place is such a sight:  
My men have landed in the town,  
We'll fix you up all right.

"You'll need some help in hospital,  
Likewise to guard the street;  
We know just how to do it all,  
And clean you up so neat."

Said Swettenham to Davis bold:  
"You're really very kind,  
And yet this earthquake is our own,  
I'd have you bear in mind.

"Your lads in blue are very smart  
In their own place, no doubt;  
But really you would much oblige  
If you would just get out."

\* \*

**A Hero's Sketch**

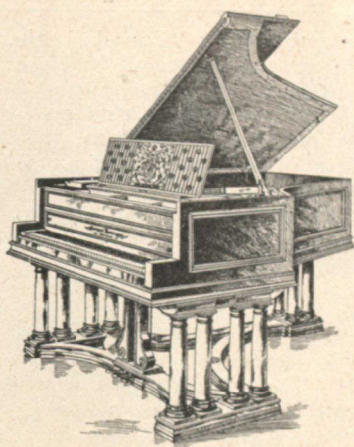
An English raconteur says: "The other day I met Baden-Powell, who told me that he and Kipling had come over from South Africa together. Baden-Powell, as is well-known, thinks himself something of an artist. He is an assiduous member of the London Sketch Club, and to see him there struggling with pencil and water-colours, you would think he cared more for artistic than military renown.

"Well, what do you think?" said he, "I am the recipient of a great honour. Kipling has written a poem on one of my pictures."

"Splendid," I said: "I congratulate you! It is certainly a great honour for a picture of yours to have stirred the muse of Rudyard Kipling. Where can one see the poem?"

"I have got it here," said Baden-Powell, and he took from his pocket a paper on which two matchless verses were written. One of them read as follows; I don't remember the other one.

"This is the ocean bright and blue  
With the Dunedin Castle ploughing  
through;  
But if you turn it upside down  
It is the veldt so bright and brown."



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IN the publication "Canada" there have appeared recently, suggestive articles on "The Future of Canadian Literature," written by various Canadians already known to the readers of newspapers and magazines. Miss Alice Jones of Halifax contributes to the discussion a well-written page on the romance of Nova Scotia.

There is no lack of material so far as fiction is concerned. But here we are confronted with the question: how far is romance concerned with material? The difference between the genius and the rest of us has seldom been better expressed than in the lines:—

"What seest thou at yonder dim cross roads  
Beside that shuttered inn?  
Untravelled Possibility  
The Inn of Splendid Mystery.  
What seest thou?  
I see the dim cross-roads  
Beside a shuttered inn."

The poet has written a pathetic line about the "mute inglorious Milton," but a modern critic has said that no true Milton could or would remain mute and inglorious. He is evidently of the opinion that poetry like murder will "out." One of the most sensible remarks concerning Canadian efforts in self-expression was made by Professor Alexander at the opening of the Margaret Eaton School of Literature and Expression when he urged the necessity for more honesty of individual opinion. "If you find Shakespeare dull," said the speaker; "say so. Not that he is dull but that you find him so." It was a stimulating bit of advice but one wondered what would happen if it were followed. For years a certain earnest reader of English poetry cherished a secret dislike for Wordsworth, but did not dare to say so until he found a great man who was quite frank concerning his inability to read "The Excursion." But one is likely to get into serious trouble by not pretending. A Scotch professor has never forgiven one of his students for saying that she detests Robert Burns and thinks "A Man's a Man for a' That" a tiresome bit of platitudinous democracy. The curious feature about this independence is that it is an excellent thing for the other man. It is all very well to find Shakespeare dull but you must be prepared to fall down and worship at the sign of the "Doll's House."

A reader of this column has asked for the publication of a poem by Miss Wetherald, "Winter Gifts." Probably the poem "The White Gifts" is referred to and this is quoted below.

"These are thy gifts, O Life;  
A white frost on the hair  
And a wintry whiteness on the cheek  
That once was young and fair.

These are thy gifts, O Love:  
A white frost on the veins,  
And a deep-snow silence on the soul  
Where once were fiery pains.

And thy great gifts, O Death,  
Are in the frost-bound frame,  
The ice-locked lips, the white, white  
peace  
That is too deep for name."

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