

The Canadian

# Courier

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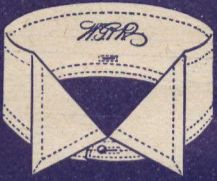
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# Canadian Courier

## THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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Toronto, May 15th, 1909

No. 24



### MEN OF TO-DAY

*The Member for Yale-Cariboo*

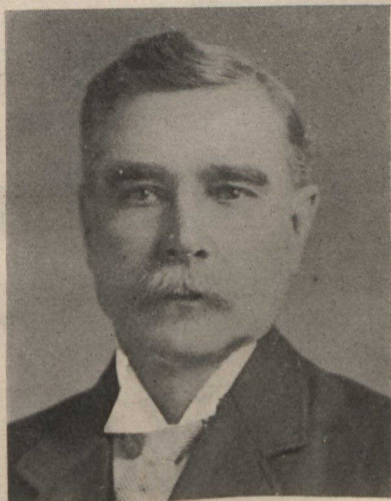
**Y**ALE-CARIBOO is one of the most renowned constituencies in the world. Though it is savagely remote from the haunts of men, its member, Mr. Martin Burrell, is one of the most civilised and agreeable, and altogether humanising men in the whole House of Commons. He is one of its best debaters. He is not a barn-stormer; has none of the "truly western" mannerisms that are commonly associated with a sombrero, mustache and six-shooter. He is an affable, genial man who would rather win than fight his way—though when it comes to fighting he knows how to do that, too. He is not passionately excitable; but he inclines rather to analyze the merits of any case which comes before him in the House.

Mr. Burrell is a fruit rancher and is said to be the best informed man on horticulture and kindred subjects in Ottawa. He learned fruit farming in the Niagara peninsula, where he spent six years before he moved west to Yale-Cariboo. He is not a Canadian by birth; he was born in England—Faringdon, Berkshire, being his birthplace. That was in 1858. He spent seven years in an English bank—County of Gloucester. When he first went to the west he settled at Grand Forks, where in 1899 he began to do fruit-farming. In 1903 he became Mayor of Grand Forks, and the following year ran as Conservative candidate in Yale-Cariboo, being defeated by a narrow majority. Four years he was member of the Board of Horticulture for the province, besides being lecturer and fruit commissioner for the Government of British Columbia in England during the winter of '07-'08. Last general election Mr. Burrell was elected in Yale-Cariboo by a majority of nearly nine hundred, which represents a turn-over of nearly eleven hundred in his favour.

\* \* \*

*Dean of Agriculture*

**N**OW it is the University of Saskatchewan that cries "Back to the land!" There is a real live, practical college of agriculture in process of formation in that new-fledged, and almost new-fangled university which is to rise on the heights of Saskatoon, south branch of the Saskatchewan, where a few years ago the buffaloes chewed their way up the long banks by hundreds of thousands. Of course as a cold matter of fact, there have been farming colleges on the Saskatchewan ever since the Indians settled on the reserves. There was an amiable fiction that the red man who hunted the buffalo and lived in a tepee would be able to acquire agriculture along with the rest of the white man's vices. So on every Indian agency worth while there was appointed a man to teach these wily redskins the art of turning up the soil one year to flop it down the next—but the benevolent experiment never even reached the dimensions of a fad. Here and there the red man does tickle the soil a bit; but he is quite convinced that the white settler has him beaten; and he is quite content to let the University of Saskatchewan set up a college of agriculture. So Prof. W.



Mr. F. P. Brady  
Commissioner I. C. R.



Prof. W. J. Rutherford  
Dean New Agricultural College, Saskatchewan



Mr. Martin Burrell, M.P.  
Yale-Cariboo, B.C.



Mr. E. Tiffin,  
One of the New Commissioners for the I. C. R.

was educated, winding up at the Morrisburg Collegiate Institute. He then taught school—good old-fashioned stepping-stone! But in the year 1900 he went to the Agricultural College at Guelph, which draws young men from the four corners of the earth. In three years he graduated; went to the Iowa Agricultural College at Ames, where he joined the staff of the animal husbandry department. But three years of his native land had not blinded him to the beauties of Canada. In 1906 he went to the Manitoba Agricultural College at Winnipeg. Last June he became deputy commissioner of agriculture in the Saskatchewan Government.

So that Dean Rutherford has been through the agricultural mill quite as much as a man needs to do. He is modern, practical and aggressive; has always been interested in live stock, which is one of the assets of the western farm—and there is no doubt whatever that in the fertile province of Saskatchewan which already grows almost as much wheat as Manitoba, he will succeed in impressing himself on the practical economy of things in an unmistakable way.

\* \* \*

*Western Farm Professor*

**O**NE of the able assistants to Dean Rutherford is to be Professor Bracken, who until recently has been Superintendent of Fairs and Institutes in Saskatchewan. Mr. Bracken was born on a farm; so seldom that a man amounts to much in the way of farming who was not on the farm when he was born. His birthplace was near Seeley's Bay, which is in Leeds County, Ontario. It is just twelve years since he matriculated from the Brockville Collegiate. But though he was a wise young man then with knowledge of roots that never grew on a farm, he went right back to the soil; went back to the old place to manage his father's farm. Of course his father had a well-improved farm and was himself an up-to-date farmer; so that on the Bracken farm there was no such thing as vacant land in fence corners, or hogs five years old that had twice eaten off their own heads before being converted into pork. Mr. Bracken went in to make farming as modern as possible. He read widely; imbibed the scientific principles that distinguish the real from the scratch, haphazard farmer. Then he went to the Agricultural College at Guelph; graduating in fact only two or three years ago—so that if there is anything really ultra-modern in agriculture he has it. After his graduation Mr. Bracken got a position with the seed branch of the Dominion Department of Agriculture, which he left to become Superintendent of Fairs in Saskatchewan.

\* \* \*

*Two Experienced Commissioners*

**B**ESIDES Mr. Butler and Mr. Pottinger, the Intercolonial Commission will contain two experienced railway operators. Mr. E. Tiffin has been general traffic manager of the road for some time. Before that he was with the C. P. R. Born at Hamilton in 1849, he joined the old Great Western staff at fourteen. Subsequently he spent some years in the United States, later returning to Canada to spend five years with the greatest of Canadian railways.

Mr. F. P. Brady served with two or three railways in Vermont and New Hampshire before he went with the Canadian Pacific. He has served in Montreal, Winnipeg and North Bay as trainmaster and superintendent.



## CANADA AND WASHINGTON

APPARENTLY the Washington legislators have decided to make a further commercial attack on Canada. If the proposed new tariff law now before Congress becomes law in its present form, Canada will be punished for making a trade treaty with France and also for giving a preference to Great Britain. The Dingley Bill hit us rather hard; the Payne Bill promises to hit us even harder.

Considering that Canada is the best customer that the United States has, after Great Britain, and that we buy twice as much from the United States as we sell, it is difficult to understand why Washington should be so unfriendly. We have done nothing as a nation to deserve the treatment which Washington sees fit to mete out to us. We have followed her lead in many ways; we have given her freely of our best citizens; we supported her generously in her struggle to abolish slavery; we have bought freely of her natural and artificial products; and yet she makes continuous war upon us.

It is not as if our ideals were lower and our moral, intellectual and economical standards unequal. We have, to the extent of our ability, done as much for Western civilisation and for the development of the North American continent as she has. We have no glaring fault to which she may object, except a preference for the Union Jack as against the Stars and Stripes. Every United States citizen may come freely into this country, hold property, make profits and feel as secure in his holdings as if they were in Washington, D.C.

As for our commercial relations, we cannot go back on the British preference. That die is cast. If the Payne Bill makes us pay a penalty, we shall probably pay it gladly. It will be a form of Imperial contribution which we shall bear with patriotic self-sacrifice. While paying it in this spirit, we shall not, however, feel very kindly toward the Great Republic, even though we may be stimulated to greater effort to achieve economic independence and thorough-going self-sufficiency.



## ANOTHER GREY-HEAD REWARDED

BRITAIN'S system of Old-Age pensions of five shillings a week is not to be compared with Canada's system of rewarding honourable political service. Sir Richard Cartwright's purchasable Old-Age annuities are not to be mentioned in the same breath with the political pensions issued by our provincial and federal governments. These pensions are not so numerous, indeed they are fairly limited in number, but they are wonderfully generous. They range from 80 shillings to 320 shillings a week. And what is a five shilling pension as compared with an eighty shilling pension?

Last week, we related how Sir James Whitney had pensioned the member for North Victoria, a retired farmer, at \$2,200 a year, or 150 shillings a week. This week, we are able to tell how Sir Wilfrid Laurier has pensioned Mr. Archibald Strachan, for thirty years a hardware merchant in Kingston. This gentleman has been made collector of customs in that city at a salary of \$1,800 a year, or 130 shillings a week—and a free house. And by the way, the Liberal executive in Kingston had quite a time deciding as to which of the six applicants should get this pension—but that is politics, and a writer in an independent journal must not write about such happenings.

Those innocent persons who believed that Canada had abandoned the practice of pitch-forking ancient ward-workers into comfortable civil service positions, where their old age and lack of training compel them to leave all the work to subordinates, must get a rude shock every other day. If all the reports emanating from Ottawa are true, some of the cabinet ministers and some of the members are fighting even their own Act of last year which presumably placed the inside civil service in charge of an independent, non-partisan commission.

"To the Victor belongs the Spoil" and "The Political Worker has a right to a generous Old-Age Pension" are principles which die hard. Strangely enough, too, they are dying harder among the English-speaking members and cabinet ministers than among the French-speaking victors.



## CANADA AND AVIATION

THAT Canada as a nation should take any decided interest in aviation and proceed to experiment along practical lines may seem, to many people, quite unnecessary. We are so accustomed in this country to lean on mother's shoulder, and to let the larger and greater nations do our experimenting and thinking for us, that we are surprised when somebody suggests that we do something "off our own bat." It is questionable if we would continue to draw our own breath, if it became unfashionable in New York and London to perform this peculiarly human function. The men of Canada look to these large centres for economic and commercial ideas and fashions, just as much as the women do in the lesser world of dress and amusement.

Germany is now spending \$650,000 annually on military aviation; France \$235,000; Great Britain \$95,000; Austria \$27,500. Each Zeppelin airship costs from \$150,000 to \$250,000. There are in France three societies for the encouragement of aerial navigation, and over \$300,000 in prizes will be open to competition in the course of the year. There have been exhibitions in London and Paris recently; others are being arranged. Should not Canada do something, even if only on a smaller scale?

The other day, Premier Asquith told the House of Commons that the highest scientific talent of Great Britain will be brought to bear on the task of aerial investigation. A special committee with Lord Rayleigh as president is at work, and other prominent physicists are members. Last month, at a meeting of the Aerial League, Sir Hiram Maxim pointed out that a totally new era in warfare was at hand. The flying-machine, in his opinion, would soon do away with the warship. A large aeroplane with a 70 horse-power engine could be built which would remain three hours in the air, and which could fly high enough to be beyond the range of any known gun. A thousand of such machines could be built for less than the price of one *Dreadnought*.

Canada has already some experimenters along these lines. No doubt some of our university physicists would carry on investigations if they were encouraged by the Government to do so. If aviation is as likely to be revolutionary as Sir Hiram Maxim thinks it will be, Canada should know more about this science than she does now. Our interest in the subject is most vital.



## "CONDOR CHARLIE" AT LIVERPOOL

THE degree of LL.D. is, perhaps, the most convenient form of honouring all sorts and conditions of men. Nothing comes amiss to this all-embracing dignity. Mr. Andrew Carnegie, Lord Strathcona or "Mark Twain" will find academic recognition as Doctors of Law, with all their varied attainments, from steel works to epigrams, described in faultless rhetoric by the highest university authorities. It is not surprising then, that Lord Charles Beresford, that admiral of credit and renown, should enter the LL.D. lists at the University of Liverpool, with credit to himself and honour to the conferring institution.

It is traditional that the sailor does not boast. Whether it be the calming effect of familiarity with wide spaces and boundless horizons, may be matter for philosophic speculation; but the fact remains that the man of the navy, from Jack Tar to the Admiral on the bridge, is given to reticence when naval prowess is under discussion. It was quite in keeping with this tradition for Lord Beresford

when returning thanks for the LL.D., to speak warningly of the *Dreadnought* panic which has recently taken possession of the British public. Lord Beresford, himself, has pointed out the naval unreadiness of the country, but he expressed his belief in the willingness of the investigating Cabinet Committee to remedy the state of affairs. In other words, Lord Beresford said "Steady!" to the perturbed public and bade the agitated citizens remember that nervous prostration in the face of danger is not "the British way."

There is a somewhat amusing aspect in the advice offered so opportunely. Lord Beresford is Irish in descent, with all the fervour of the Celtic race, and the spectacle of this impetuous son of Erin telling John Bull to keep cool and not cry for *Dreadnoughts* is one to amuse the Saxon public, if it takes thought for the incongruity of the situation.

There is no doubt that the war scare has reached an unhealthy point, when the respectable British householder is ready to start at every sound and imagine it is the Kaiser. This is contrary to the British temper and decidedly discomfiting to the Empire, and no man can do more towards restoring the public to a merely healthy degree of vigilance than Lord Charles Beresford, now LL.D., who is the wisest sea-dog of them all. The Liverpool speech should go farther towards restoring serenity than a brace of *Dreadnoughts*.

### ★ SPORTING SEASON OF 1909

WITH the baseball season under way, "soccer" football kicking its way to the top, lacrosse teams at practice and semi-clad Marathoners braving the chilly spring breezes on every street, side-road and concession, the sporting season of 1909 may be said to have fairly started. And it gives promise of being a very busy season and to present the usual number of questions to be answered.

One of the principal of these questions is, "Will the Marathon craze stand the competition of legitimate sport?" The Marathoner has during the winter months had the sporting field almost to himself. To be sure, in Canada it has had hockey as a rival. But the prestige it has been given by the American press has helped its dreariness to draw against the attractions of the Canadian national winter sport. It has now to give place to baseball in New York and it remains to be seen whether it can live with baseball, lacrosse and football in Canada. Of course it must be remembered that the Marathon has drawn its support largely from other than the regular followers of sport. The Italians have flocked to the track to cheer for Dorando, the Frenchmen to lift up their voices for St. Yves, the Englishmen to give more power to Shrubbs, and the Canadian who never took any particular interest in sport before has had a certain national pride or prejudice aroused that drew him out to root for Longboat.

Consequently legitimate sports may not have as much influence over the craze as some people expect. It is a rivalry of races rather than a sport and must find its funeral in the death of that rivalry.

As for baseball, it is a popular-priced amusement and will be always with us. So long as a baseball team can buy its equipment for as many cents as it costs dollars to buy a lacrosse outfit, it will remain the sport of the masses of the population.

Lacrosse is like the times, sometimes good and sometimes bad, and working always towards the one extreme or the other. At the present time it has nearly reached the bottom of the down grade and a revival may be looked for. The number of amateur teams playing the game will not be as large this season as last. But the turning point is near. Lacrosse is like the Canadian thistle. Once it takes root in a community it is almost impossible to kill it. It may be blotted out for a time but it will come again.

"Soccer," or association football, has taken a fresh lease of life from the immigration from Britain and now occupies a large place in Canadian summer life and more especially in the cities. It is the sport of the common people in Scotland and England and if it had not of baseball to compete with in Canada, ought to do as well here. As it is here to stay and will become a strong competitor with Rugby for sport spectators in the summer months.

These with track athletics are the strenuous sports of Canada for the coming season. And they promise to keep the young Canuck from that taint of effeminacy that is said to be the first symptom of national weakness.

### THE IDEAL AND THE REAL

THE PUGSLEY CASE AS IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

Ottawa, April 15.—The Hon. Wm. Pugsley, Minister of Public Works, rose in his seat to-day and drew attention to the report of

the New Brunswick Commission which had been investigating the affairs of the New Brunswick Central Railway. He stated that he had not been able to satisfy himself that the report was not more political than otherwise, but as it would take some time to get at the facts and to prepare a reply to the findings, he had decided to temporarily relinquish his position as minister. For this purpose, his resignation had been placed in the hands of the Premier who had been good enough to say that he would not accept it until he (Mr. Pugsley) had the fullest opportunity to make his explanation.

Mr. Pugsley further asked the indulgence of the House, to allow him to retain his seat in the House for a few weeks on the understanding that if his explanations were not forthcoming and were not satisfactory to both sides, he would resign in due course. He admitted that by the Report, he was apparently guilty of considerable carelessness, but he could assure the House that the honourable commissioners had been misled, and that he would do his best to show that personally he was not guilty of any avoidable irregularity or misdemeanour.

The House was quite disturbed by Mr. Pugsley's announcement which, however, was not unexpected. Sir Wilfrid Laurier followed and confirmed Mr. Pugsley's reported resignation. He stated that he was willing to withhold judgment until Mr. Pugsley had time to prepare the fullest explanation and he hoped that the House would do the same.

When Mr. Borden, leader of the Opposition, rose to reply, the excitement was tense. He congratulated Mr. Pugsley upon his action and expressed the hope that he would be able to clear himself of the charges which had been made against him. While the New Brunswick Commission's report did not concern the Dominion Parliament, being a purely local report, he felt that Mr. Pugsley had acted wisely in taking notice of it. He also believed that the country desired that no member, under suspicion of any kind, should continue to hold his seat, much less a portfolio. Every public man should be sensitive of his political honour, and Mr. Pugsley had shown that he was no exception to the rule. On behalf of the Opposition, he promised to withhold judgment until such time as further investigation by Mr. Pugsley would enable him to present a final and adequate explanation to the House. He assured Mr. Pugsley that the Opposition would be pleased if he could clear himself of the imputation which had been made against him.

Mr. Borden's speech was well received by both sides, and there the incident closed for the time being.

### THE PUGSLEY CASE—WHAT ACTUALLY OCCURRED.

Ottawa, May 8th.—This week, the House was the scene of a fierce conflict over the report of the New Brunswick Commission, which was appointed to consider the affairs of the New Brunswick Central Railway Company. Mr. T. W. Crothers, member for West Elgin, brought in a resolution which read as follows:

"That persons occupying high offices of state as constitutional advisors of His Excellency ought to be free from the least reproach and from reasonable suspicion in respect of their public character and reputation. That to this end the said findings in so far as they impugn the public acts or conduct of said Hon. William Pugsley, deserve the consideration of this House and demand such action thereupon as may be necessary to enforce worthy and proper standards of public duty."

He charged that the report of this commission stood as the verdict of a court, and until that verdict was changed Parliament must accept its findings as true.

Mr. Pugsley replied by stating that this was a purely provincial matter, and could not properly engage the attention of the Dominion House. He denied the charges in full, and characterised the report of the Commission as discreditable, partisan and unreliable. This so-called judicial tribunal had been influenced in preparing its report by a partisan counsel. Moreover, nowhere in the report was it charged that he had personally profited to the extent of a single dollar. The Commission had plainly been influenced by a reckless desire to injure him and the Government of which he was a member. He also defended the Hon. Mr. Tweedie for having, while a cabinet minister, taken one per cent. commission on a sale of government-guaranteed bonds, by stating that owing to the low salaries paid ministers in New Brunswick, they all continued their private business while in office.

After several speeches pro and con, much recrimination and much specious defence, a sudden vote was taken and Mr. Crothers' resolution was defeated by a small majority. A number of Liberal members who intended to be present at the vote, but who did not expect it so soon, have since passed a resolution affirming their belief in Mr. Pugsley's innocence, hoping thus to overcome the bad effect of the collapse of the debate and the small majority.

The whole debate was on a low plane. It showed that the Conservatives were anxious only to make political capital out of the situation, and that the Liberals were anxious only to whitewash Mr. Pugsley, New Brunswick's representative in the cabinet. There was little if any generous and patriotic desire on either side to get at the truth or to deal with the situation in a businesslike and statesmanlike manner. Party advantage seems to be of supreme importance to both sides.

## THROUGH A MONOCLE

### IN DEFENCE OF MONTREAL

**M**ONTREAL is getting its civic hair combed by a Royal Commission. Naturally it does not look very pretty while the work is being done; but it is expected to be the better for it by and by. I notice that one Toronto paper takes occasion to refer to Montreal, in anticipation of the work of this Commission, as "the worst governed city in America"—or was it "in the world"? When handing out compliments like this, why spare words? Why not say "in the universe"? Even Mars is not likely to put in a denial during our lifetime. Now Montreal, like most cities on this municipally misgoverned continent, does have civic scandals and might be served by more public-spirited aldermen at times. But to say that it is the worst governed city on the continent, in view of the revelations of San Francisco, the history of New York, the "gang rule" of Chicago, the carnival of corruption in Texas which brought about government by Commission, to mention no other cases, is very, very Torontonian. There are certain elements in Toronto which are thankful every morning that they are not "even as this publican"; and they never seem to read the Scripture they vaunt so constantly, else they might find out what becomes of people in that frame of mind.

\* \* \*

**C**IVIC misgovernment is the result of citizen preoccupation with other things. We have reduced everything to a cash basis on this continent; and when we are plundered by our public trustees—be they town councillors or cabinet ministers—we ask only, "How much did he get away with?" We are not affronted by the betrayal of trust involved. Now, so long as we take this view of the matter, we are not likely to get relief. A city council would have to be a gang of burglars before they could rob a city of enough money to make each citizen feel the loss very keenly in his own pocket. His share of any loss through "grafting" is quite likely to be counted in cents; and, if it goes to dollars, they will not be many. Hence if he is going to sit down and put the loss in money which he would suffer, if he took time from his private business to fight civic corruption, over against the loss he will feel if he just lets it go, he is very apt to decide that it will pay him better to leave the "grafters" alone.

\* \* \*

**I**N other times and other places, men felt unfaithfulness on the part of their public trustees as they now do unfaithfulness in their wives. That was and is the spirit which keeps public life pure. Purity has never yet come, and it never will, on a cash basis. There have been conditions of society in this world when men did not expect their wives to be pure unless they were watched. In the Musee de Cluny in Paris are shown instruments with a lock and key with which men in other days sought to make sure of the fidelity of their wives. Now where men were content to take this view of feminine purity, it was certain to be a rare virtue. But men, thank God, are no longer ready to take so lenient a view of the very basis of family life. To-day men will kill when their wives' purity is menaced; and they would kill again if any one sought to present the matter to them on a cash basis. When something of this spirit enters our view of public life again, we will get public purity. When we would feel it an intolerable insult to even discuss how much a false public trustee "got away with," the only question being the monstrous fact of his faithlessness, then will the basis of public life become steady as is to-day the basis of family life.

\* \* \*

**I**F Toronto is going to be free in its criticisms of Montreal, that last named city might possibly retaliate. Like all big men and things, it is good-natured and it takes a great deal to stir its wrath. A good-humoured tolerance is, indeed, one of its sins in the eyes of the "just so." Montreal does not mistake itself for an enlarged young ladies' boarding school nor does it live in accordance with any neatly printed set of rules. It is something of a cosmopolitan city—that is, something of a real city and not an overgrown village—and its people have learned to bear and forbear. No one section of them expects that all other sections will see life just as they do. Long experience has taught them that they will not. Hence "live and let live" has become one of its working principles; and, as a result, Montreal is

easily the gayest city in Canada. It refuses to take life as seriously or as sadly as some of our communities regard it a duty to do.

\* \* \*

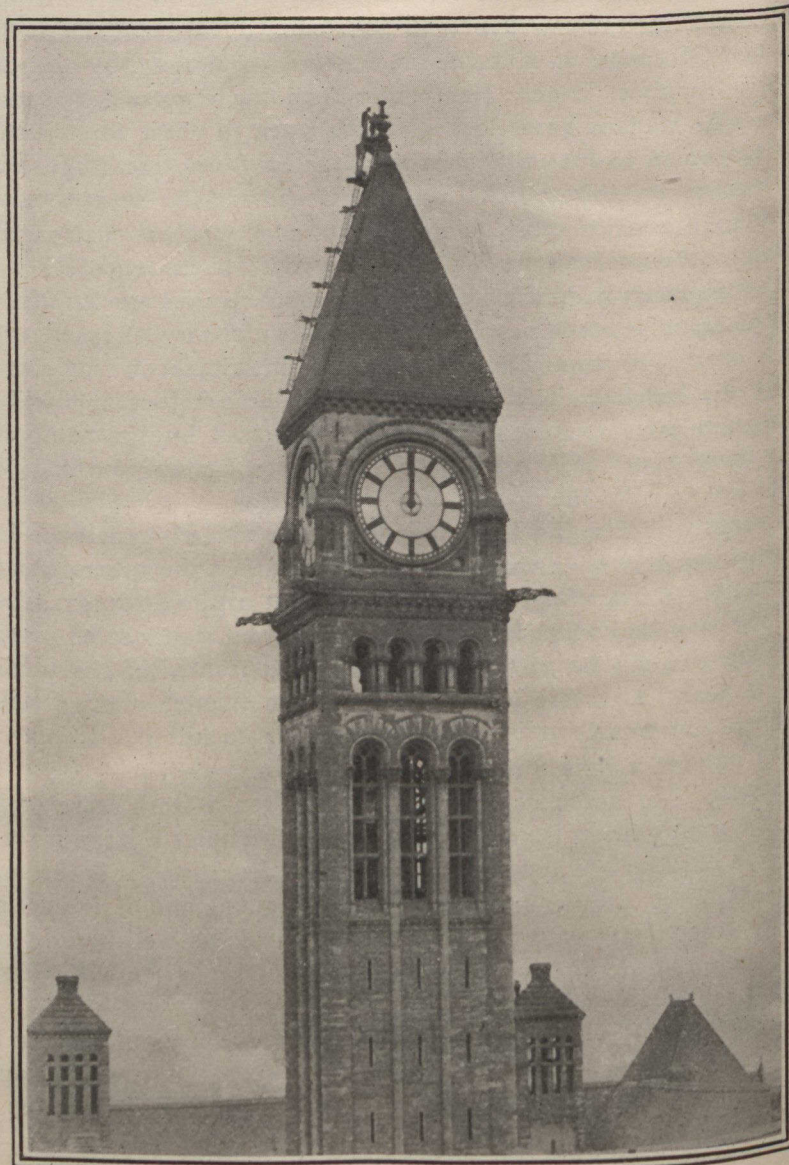
**T**HEN Montreal's division into more or less opinion-tight compartments is a good thing temperamentally. You cannot submerge the whole city with a single wave of strife or gloom. Toronto got all wrought up recently over a Biblical discussion; but such an affair in Montreal would leave most of the city calm. They would hardly know that it was going on. Montreal has its Workman as Toronto has its Jackson; but Montreal, except for a man here and there, is not worrying about it. Montreal, if it were inclined to return Toronto's criticisms, would say that the Queen City is narrow-minded, that it is intolerant of other customs and other manners, that it regards its own opinions as a divine standard set up by which all other peoples are to be judged. But then Montreal would hardly say such things out loud. It is too polite. The gracious manners it has inherited with its French population would forbid anything so bald and wounding. Its only audible complaint of the "narrowness" is an involuntary exclamation when, as it journeys amicably along the Canadian highway with its sister city, an edge of the "narrowness" cuts into its cuticle. As Irishmen love "dear, dirty Dublin," so do Montrealers love dear, dirty, good-natured, fun-making, light-hearted Montreal! It does not carry the weight of the world on its shoulders; but it has room for the breadth of the world in its heart.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

**E**VERY time the British Empire League in Canada holds a meeting, it says something definite. It usually meets once a year, and the resolutions are usually drafted by its energetic president, Lt.-Col. G. T. Denison. This year's "thunder" was moved by Sir James Whitney, as follows:

"The British Empire League in Canada wishes to express its gratification that the Canadian Parliament has unanimously declared it to be the duty of Canada to assist the Empire in naval defence, and hopes that steps will be speedily taken to give effect to such declaration."

### THREE HUNDRED FEET IN THE AIR



During a fierce electric storm a few weeks ago, the Tower of the City Hall, Toronto, was struck by lightning. The ball on the top of the tower seemed to have attracted the fluid. It ripped off a few of the tiles and caused general damage. To effect repairs, a scaffolding had to be erected step by step from the base of the roof. Our picture shows the scaffolding completed and two men at work on the injured pinnacle.





Western Citizens, chiefly Winnipeggers, leave to travel through 2500 miles of country to ascertain what Westerners think of a 1912 World's Fair at Winnipeg.

PHOTOGRAPH BY GIBSON, WINNIPEG

## A Dutch Salad

By S. Rupert Broadfoot, Guelph.

OLD "Jaky" Schmidt used to run the Imperial Hotel in Guelph, Ontario. This genial German was justly famous all over the country for his good "square" meals, but especially for the unconscious drollery of his remarks. Probably his most noted characteristic was an overweening fondness for a game of "schmer," a harmless sort of cross between poker and seven up. "Jaky" would sooner indulge in this mildly exciting form of amusement than eat, which is saying a good deal in his case.

On one occasion he was enjoying his favourite pastime, when the hostler rushed in, and breathlessly announced that the stable was on fire. The old man never took his eyes off his hand.

"Did you git the horse out?" he calmly queried.

"Yes."

"Did you get the buggy out?" still scanning the cards.

"Yes."

"And the harness?"

"Yes."

"Vell," he drawled nonchalantly, "I'll bid two."

When Herr Schmidt had passed the four-score mark, his eye-sight began to fail, and a great unreasoning fear took possession of him that he was going blind. To show him the folly of this, some of his drummer friends played a joke on him one night. They arranged with the clerk to switch off the electric lights at the psychological moment, and late in the evening proposed a game of "schmer," to which "Jaky" quite readily agreed. After a few rounds the player on the old man's right bid "three." Off went the lights. All sat in silence for a minute or two, then his neighbour said:

"Mr. Schmidt, I bid three; what are you going to do?"

"How can I bid when de lights is oud?"

"Oh," cried everyone, "the lights are not out. Go on and bid!"

"By golly!" shrieked mine host, "if der lights aind't oud I'm plind!"

Guelph people will tell you that the consistent manner in which the Grand Trunk Railway Company fails to live up to its time-table is nothing short of proverbial. A traveller once asked our hoary-headed publican what time the afternoon train would leave for Hamilton. The old man's gout was bothering him and he howled querulously:

"How der Dickens do I know?"

"Well," returned the stranger in a subdued tone, "I thought the south train was supposed to leave at two-fifty."

"Oh-h, me poy, that's a fery different t'ing, she's supposed to leave then, but she never does!"

It was for many years the hotelkeeper's dearest boast that no guest who had left an early call at his house had ever missed his train. But he got fooled once. A commercial man left a five o'clock call in order to catch the five-fifty-five express for Toronto. Through some oversight he forgot to enter it in the register. About half-past five next morning Schmidt suddenly remembered that someone had wanted to rise early, but to save his life he could not recollect who it was. So he began a systematic tour of the halls, knocking at every door, and yelling, "Are you der feller what put that five o'clock call in?" From the depths of the coverlets would presently come a muffled "No!" Then he proceeded to the next room. Over forty sleepers had been thus aroused, and had answered negatively in none too angelic tones before his stereotyped question elicited the blithe response: "Yes, sir." "Jaky" took out his watch. It was about seven-thirty! "Ach!" he chuckled, "what's der use, anyway; your train iss gone long ago!"

## BUILDING THE GREATEST CANADIAN WHEAT ELEVATOR



Canada, has now the largest Wheat Elevator in the world, the C.N.R. Elevator at Port Arthur with a capacity of seven million bushels. Here is shown the foundations for the first unit of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Elevator, planned to an ultimate capacity of forty million bushels. This is being built on "The Mission," across the Kaministiquia River from Fort William, the terminus of the Lake Superior Branch of the G.T.P. It was hoped this Elevator would be ready for the shipping season of 1909, but this is doubtful. In the distance, beyond the River, tower some of the present Elevators of Fort William; these are six or seven in number and have a present capacity of twenty million bushels.

PHOTOGRAPH BY FRYER, FORT WILLIAM

# Is Baseball Our National Game?

By W. A. HEWITT

THE smoking compartment of the International Limited was filled to its capacity one day last week on the run from Montreal to Toronto, and the light being somewhat hazy for continuous reading, a conversation took place among the passengers, passing with great rapidity from theoretical solutions of the latest murder mystery to the realm of sport.

Said the bright young man in the brown suit, with due deliberation, denoting the value of his own opinion:

"I tell you fellows, Joe Kelley's got a great pitcher in this man Lundgren, he just bought from Chicago. He'll be a winner in Eastern League company.

"I guess so," said a little wizened-up old chap in the corner. "I follow the Toronto team closely and Kelley knows a ball player when he sees one."

"Sure, Kelley's a good judge," interpolated a Montrealese, "but he hasn't anything on Jimmy Casey."

"Perhaps not," said the Torontonians. Then he added with just a touch of pride in his voice, "Of course Casey got his baseball education in Toronto."

That opened the discussion to large proportions, and the knowledge of the game and of the players displayed by those who took part was a revelation to the writer, whose business it is to know these particular things. They talked of the old stars and the new stars, according to their respective ages. The older men spoke with veneration of Ned Crane, Mike Slattery, Pete Wood, Charlie Maddocks, Shorty Fuller, Doc. Shepherd, Jay Faatz, Fatty Smith, George Stemeyer (the ambidextrous twirler), Chub Collins, Doc. Andrus, and other great lights that have dimmed with age or have gone out altogether. Then the men of the next generation had an innings and extolled the merits of the immortal Buck Freeman, Cooney Snyder, Wally Taylor, Rabbit McHale, Billy Lush, Bill Dineen, George Staley, Pop Williams, Charley Dooley, Jimmy Hannivan and dozens of others, only to give way to the modern critic, who referred to Jack Thoney as "the Bullet," Bill Carrigan as "Buster Bill," Mike Joyce as "Your Uncle Dudley," Jimmy Jones as "the Kentucky Colonel," Dick Rudolph as "the Kid Wonder," Ben Houser as "Smiling Ben," Wm. Mahling as "oh, you Kid," Joe Kelley as "King Kel," and Dr. James Casey (as it appears on the hotel registers) as "Montreal's Pet."

What they did in the days gone by, the mighty formidable deeds of the past, were ranged before the vision of the younger element by wonderful word descriptions, how Fatty Smith caused Jarvis Street residents to petition the city to remove the ball grounds because of his habit of knocking the ball "miles" over the fence and breaking all the windows in the neighbourhood; how Ned Crane hit the ball from King Street to Front Street (approximately) on a line, and shut his opponents out without a hit or a run with his tremendous speed (faster than Rusie ever was, said the narrator); how Mike Slattery used to slide from base to base and finally to the home plate, as if on rollers; how Shorty Fuller used to fool all the umpires with the bluff swing of the arm to touch base-runners, though he missed them by yards; how Pete Wood always had the Indian sign on Toronto, meaning thereby that every time the aforesaid Mr. Wood pitched the Toronto team sniffed defeat before he ever entered the box.

Reminiscences followed each other as naturally as water flows down the Niagara river and allowance was made by all for any exaggeration of speech for it was a communion of souls with a common interest, an involuntary gathering of baseball enthusiasts, as dyed-in-the-wool "fans" as ever took a St. Catherine's car or boarded a ferry for Hanlan's Point.

The experience quoted is not an isolated one by any manner of means. Baseball has undoubtedly taken a strong and fascinating hold on Canada, and threatens to become supreme in the affections of the sport-loving public. Interest in the game is not confined solely to Toronto or Montreal, or London, or Hamilton, or any other particular part of the provinces of Ontario or Quebec, but extends from ocean to ocean, taking in all the great country between. The Maritime provinces have for years been a stronghold of the game, many splendid players having been developed in New Brunswick especially, two present-day notables for example being Fred Mitchell, one of the catchers of the Toronto club and Larry McLean, one of the catchers of the

Cincinnati club, who are graduates of a club at St. John.

Every hamlet and village in Ontario has its baseball team and its league, and in the cities with their hundreds of teams, the interest in the game is even greater than in the country which calls baseball its national game. Quebec is more conservative, but the game is flourishing there in a most surprising manner.

The boundless West has hitched its waggon to a baseball star. From Manitoba to the coast it is all baseball. In isolated spots attention is attracted just at present to lacrosse, by cup-hunting expeditions, but these only happen once in a lifetime and so secure extra space in the newspapers, entirely out of proportion to the merits of the case. Baseball is the game. Even in Regina, which is getting some good advertising by gathering a lacrosse team together from all quarters to play two matches away from home, baseball has the call. They have a pro-

## The Base-Ball Fever

By J. K. MUNRO

BASEBALL is largely an acquired or contracted habit in this Canada of homes. The man you meet at the club does not tell you of what a great game he pitched against Spodunk when he was a boy. He confines his remarks to the game of to-day, perhaps wandering back far enough to raise an argument as to whether Jimmie Casey ever played down over the Don. Or if his hair is getting a little thin and his figure a trifle portly, he may tell you of that great day down Queen Street East when Ned Crane pitched two winning games all in the same afternoon, nosed out Newark and gave Toronto her first international baseball championship.

Then again, you occasionally bump into a veteran who will dilate on the older days when all Hamilton used to come down to Toronto with the Clippers on the *Macassa* and of the stirring times there were then. If the man you meet happens to get behind that, turn ye and flee while there yet is time. He comes from Hamilton or London. If he starts to "reminisce" of the Maple Leafs or Londons it will take all evening to teach you that what you see nowadays is not real baseball at all; that there has not been any since the masks and pads and gloves came into the game to make it as safe as carpet ball and as easy to gather in "flies" as if each player was provided with a net.

What is there about this game, then, that men, seemingly sane, catch late in life and that causes them to act as if they were boys again? Have you not seen them—you who in a cool spot in the stand with a bag of peanuts, a cigar and a newspaper to help along the game, were trying to make a tolerably decent afternoon of it? Have you not seen them, staid business and professional men, educators of the youth and advisers of the grown-ups? Haven't you seen them, I say, yelling and shouting and waving their hands and pounding each other on the back, alternately cheering and groaning and acting generally in such a way as to leave a reasonable doubt as to their sanity? Have you not heard them—soft-hearted philanthropists and hard-headed lawyers—shouting, "Kill the umpire"? Have you not heard these same old chaps whose opinion is worth its weight in gold on most matters, noisily declare that a called "ball" was "right over and a beauty" when said old chaps are not in a position to tell whether the ball went within yards of the plate? Have you not seen them do dozens of other things just as foolish—as a ball game?

That's what you call "getting the fever." And just a word of advice. If you don't want to catch said fever and become a confirmed crank, never, when at a ball game, allow anything above a whisper to escape from your anatomy. If you ever do it's all over with you. That whisper will grow louder and louder till it ends in one of those fierce yells intended to put the nerve of an opposing pitcher to the test. Almost ere you know it every player in your "own" team will be known to you by name. It'll be "Joe" and "Billy" and "Kid" all down the line. And at the same time and place every man on the other team will have become

professional league in that district called the Western Canada League, and only the other day an entire team left Toronto to represent one of the places on that circuit. Winnipeg is the central point for what is known as the Northern League, and smaller organisations abound in the city and the surrounding country, some of the villages that support baseball teams being considered so unimportant as to fail to secure recognition on the map.

British Columbia is turning more than a listening ear to the baseball enthusiast. The whole province is very attentive in fact, Vancouver in particular having gone clean crazy over the game. Vancouver once supported two lacrosse teams, but one of them gave up the ghost recently and the other is trying to secure enough players from the East to make up a team. In New Westminster they breed lacrosse players and keep them at home, by moral suasion, perhaps; but nevertheless they keep them. Still with all the glory of a world's lacrosse championship in the town they can't stop the spread of the baseball microbe. The small boys and the big boys too, have been inoculated and nobody apparently wants to effect a cure.

Looking over the broad Dominion as games flourish one may find a ready answer to the question: "Is baseball Canada's national game?"

your deadly enemy. You will glory in his discomfiture, take a deep and lasting joy in his errors and know what ecstasy really means when he smites the air savagely three distinct and different times and carries his bat and a look of disgust back to the visitors' bench.

And as for the umpire! He will in that awful moment have become the most conglomerate mass of bad judgment and malicious intentions ever left unhung. You will feel it in your heart to do the little job that the hangman has neglected and are only prevented therefrom by the wire screen that comes between you and your intended victim. But at least your lungs are your own and you can tell him all the things you would like to do to him. That's being a fan. Of course you are not one. You can never find out after the game; and during the game—well, what did you pay your money for, to watch the play or listen to what other fellows are saying?

But as I said before, if you would escape all this never emit the first yell. The moment you do the virus enters your being, you have the habit. You are no longer a responsible party from the moment the gong sounds till the last man is out in the ninth.

No antidote nor anti-toxine nor anything else has yet been discovered for this terrible epidemic that has been with us every summer, and hence it has worked considerable havoc. Scarce a town in Canada but has suffered from it. From the Bay of Fundy to Burrard Inlet every city of every size has had its attack of professional ball. Almost everywhere it has left financial wreck behind. But it comes and goes and comes again. If there's one man in Canada who has made a cent out of promoting professional baseball he should be given a place in the new Toronto museum. But still the game goes merrily on and will go merrily on just because to the fools who are said to be born every minute it adds about one every second that a game lasts. And would you stop it? Not for worlds! Did you ever stop to notice that the happiest men you knew were the fools?

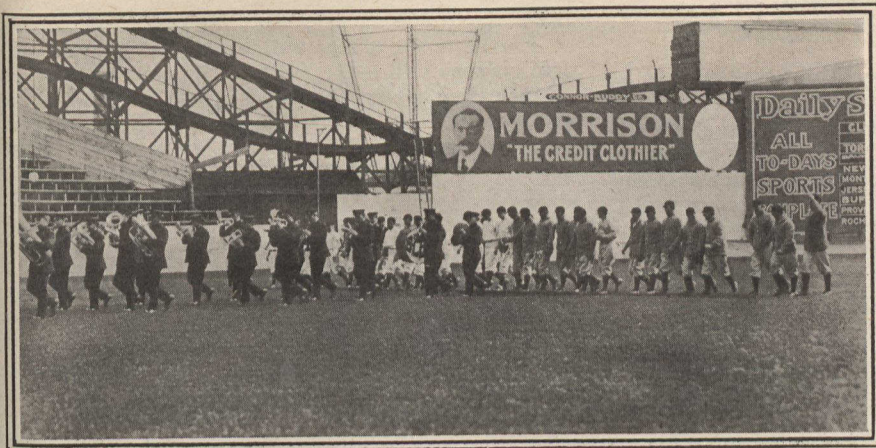
## The Man Behind

By WILLIAM SULLIVAN

Catcher, Chicago Americans

EVERY player, I suppose, thinks his own particular position is the hardest on a ball team. Some do not have as much work as others, but they figure that when the work does come, it is hard and requires especial skill for its rightful carrying out. I am like the rest. I believe that the catcher is the hardest-worked man on a ball team, that his position is the most important and that he of all others must never be found sleeping at the switch. For he is the main-spring of the nine. On him depends the work of the pitcher. He it is who can watch the whole field and keep control of tight situations. He is as the pilot of a ship. If his hand slips, or if he

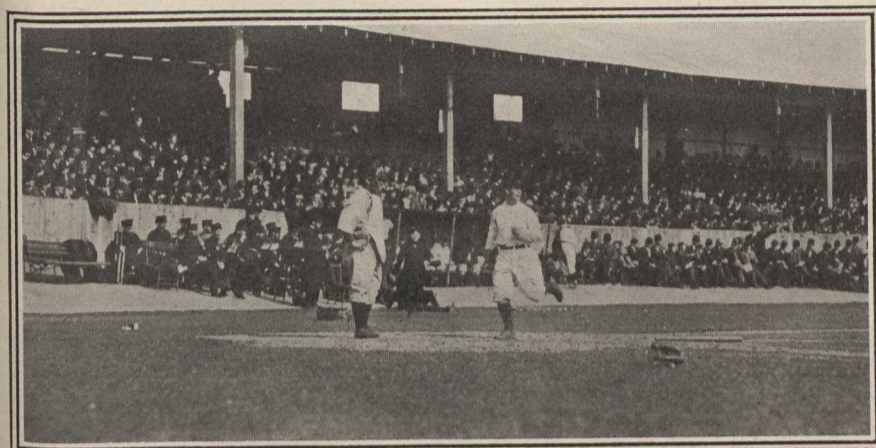
# OPENING THE BASE-BALL SEASON IN TORONTO



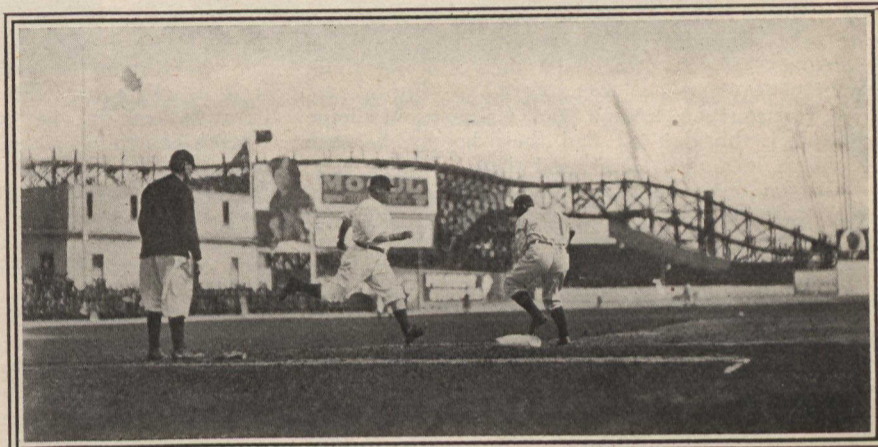
The two teams line up at the far end of the grounds, and escorted by the Band, march up the field, where they are met by the Officials and Guests.



His Honour, the Lieutenant-Governor, makes the Opening Address. The Toronto Team are grouped on the right, Baltimore on the left.



Mahling making first run for Toronto. Toronto won the match with a score of three to one in the presence of nearly 7,000 people.



The runner reaches first too late. In the background are the implements of warfare which makes Hanlon's Point a great "fun" resort.



Mr. J. P. Downey, M.P.P., Honorary President Toronto Baseball Club; Mr. Controller Geary and Lieutenant-Governor Gibson, with Hon. W. J. Hanna and President McCaffrey coming out of the Director's Box to perform the Opening Ceremonies.

forget himself only for a moment the craft is wrecked. He must be ever awake, ever watchful.

In these days of hustle and bustle, when the touch of age sweeps the veteran aside, the catcher is the biggest man on a team. He must take the young twirler under his wing. He must watch him and teach him and encourage him. He is the one who has to revive the light of hope in the heart of the youngster, who is disheartened and downcast because of a defeat. He can never vent his displeasure or his wrath. His must be honeyed words—words of cheer. We will take a youngster just breaking into fast company. He is nervous and worried and fearful of the outcome. This is the chance of a lifetime, he says to himself, and if I don't make good, I'll have to quit. He steps into the box and he faces the batter, a man of reputation, one who has been able to hold his own against the pitchers whose names are by-words to baseball fans. What chance have I against this fellow, he wonders. His nerve is gone and he feels like quitting. But the catcher talks to him, and brings back his courage. He tells him that the man at the bat cannot hit a certain kind of a ball. He gives him confidence in himself. Perhaps the batter makes a hit. Then the man behind has his work to do all over again. He does it. The novice wins his game, becomes a famous twirler, and his name rings through the country. The catcher has made him, but the catcher gets not the praise.

It is not only the young fellows who have to be coached and pulled along. The great pitcher has his off day, and it is the catcher once more who comes to the rescue and wins the day. But the fans will cry out: "He won again; he's the best ever," and the real hero is lost sight of. But the pitchers themselves know, and will admit, that the man behind oftentimes wins the game.

To be a good catcher, a man must have brains and must know how to use them. In some of the other positions a player, who is not any too quick a thinker, may be able to hold his place because of his other good baseball abilities. There have been many players, good fielders and hard hitters, but slow-witted, who have made names for themselves on the diamond. But never so with a catcher. Ask any manager, or expert, the qualifications of a star backstop and his first words will be: "He has a great head." A man who could not think quickly and sum up situations in a flash would be as out of place behind the bat as the proverbial bull is in the china shop. The catcher tells the pitcher what ball he must pitch; he signals the fielders where it is most liable to be hit; he reasons out what will most likely be the move of the opponents, and he takes measures to balk them. In fact, if a physiological examination of a baseball nine as a body was made, the doctor would for a surety mark the catcher cerebellum." — *Baseball Magazine*.

# The Half-Way House of the Prairie

By NORMAN PATTERSON

**A**BOUT half-way between Winnipeg and the Rockies is a railway junction—the Canadian Pacific line running straight west from Winnipeg and the Soo Line running north-west from St. Paul meet there. For many years that railway junction was merely a railway junction, with round-house, machine shops and the mingling odours of black oil and soft coal. Now, within five years, it has become a commercial centre with hopes and ambitions and determinations. The name of the town is Moose Jaw, and please spell it as two words.

They tell the story of why Moose Jaw remained merely a railway town. On the north of the C. P. R. there were settlements; along the east of the Soo Line there were growing villages; but west of the Soo Line and south of the C. P. R. was a district containing millions of acres which were suited only for horse-ranching. The Dominion Government which owned the land did not think it worth surveying. It was indeed No-Man's Land. As a consequence, Regina and Calgary, Medicine Hat and Lethbridge all had their booms, because settlement developed all around them. Moose Jaw, bounded on one side by a mountainous, unproductive district, was held back in the race. One day, the famous Hugh McKellar, Moose Jaw's most steadfast lover, took a saddle horse and a light camping outfit and proceeded to explore the country which lay beyond the low range of hills which bounded the daily southern view from the railway village. He came back with a story which made the people wonder why they had been such fools. That story was rushed to Ottawa, surveyors were despatched, and five million acres of arable land were thrown open for settlement. The settlers are pouring in, but the real development of the newly found district will not occur until they run a railway line from Weyburn to McLeod, parallel with the International Boundary. Nevertheless Mr. McKellar's discovery made the modern, commercial Moose Jaw a certainty.

## SOME HISTORY.

**T**HE foundations of Moose Jaw's history, prosperity and success were laid in 1882 when the C. P. R. in building across our vast prairies selected Moose Jaw River as a desirable point for a divisional point and machine shops. The Moose Jaw River is the first important stream of water crossed by the railway after leaving Brandon. For many years after the railway had been constructed to Calgary and over the Rocky Mountains to Vancouver the farming district surrounding Moose Jaw was but sparsely settled. Homesteads were partly occupied to Buffalo Lake, some seventeen miles north. Not more than one hundred and fifty farmers were on the whole district tributary to Moose Jaw. Thousands of homesteads were still unoccupied between Winnipeg and Moose Jaw. These had to be occupied before the wave of settlement could reach Moose Jaw. It was generally believed in the outside world that Moose Jaw was and would continue to be the end of all settlement before entering the ranch lands of south-west Saskatchewan and southern Alberta. Farmers, who were here, were prospering and adding quarter section after quarter section to their holdings, for the land was selling at from \$3 to \$5 per acre. During the last ten years many other districts in Saskatchewan and Alberta have rapidly filled up, until Moose Jaw district suddenly came into prominence as having vast areas of homesteads and other lands open for settlement. The amendment to the Dominion Lands Act, allowing a homesteader to pre-empt a quarter section adjacent to his homestead, gave a wonderful impetus to the Moose Jaw district. Some ten thousand settlers have located in the district within the past two years and the rush continues for the Moose Jaw district has still more vacant homesteads than any other land district in Western Canada.

As the land in the immediate vicinity of the city became occupied, the fertility of the soil was demonstrated by many successive crops of wheat—heavy yields and highest quality. To-day the Moose Jaw district, which comprises the lands west and north-west to the Saskatchewan River and north to Outlook as well as south to the Coteau Hills and on the Soo Line down to Yellow Grass is second to no place in Western Canada, as a wheat growing district. For two years in succession the yield of wheat within twenty-five miles of Moose Jaw has exceeded three million bushels. These lands are now valued at from fifteen to thirty dollars an acre.

Moose Jaw became a city in 1903 with a popu-

lation estimated at 2,500; to-day the population is said to be more than 10,000 and growing so rapidly that every year requires extra school accommodation of four rooms. There are now twenty-eight teachers engaged in public school and collegiate institute work. The city has six banks, five hotels and all lines of business well represented. The permanency of the city's business rests upon the rich agricultural background; the distributing centre of trade on branch lines; the C. P. R. employees' monthly pay-roll which now far exceeds the hundred thousand dollar mark; the new flour mills, capacity 1,000 barrels per day, employing fifty men and ensuring the highest price for all wheat raised in the district; and the high standard of education which attracts students from many outside points.

## A DISTRIBUTING CENTRE.

**W**ILL Moose Jaw be a distributing centre equal to Regina, Saskatoon and Calgary? Already, it is nearly equal with Regina, but will this comparative equality be retained? Perhaps so, but Regina has railway competition and Moose Jaw has not. Moose Jaw has only one railway, for the Soo Line is a part of the C. P. R. system. Saskatoon has three great railways entering its borders. Regina has two, and Calgary has one, with a prospect of two more. Still, railways do not always decide.

Moose Jaw must remain a prominent distributing centre, even if her neighbours make greater progress. Between the Junction and Portal on the Boundary Line there are a number of fine towns: Rouleau, Wilcox, Milestone, Yellow Grass, Weyburn, Estevan and one or two others. Northward is the new line running through Tuxford and The Elbow to Outlook. There must be other lines in

the near future, and these will centre in Moose Jaw.

Furthermore, a city with enterprising and confident citizens will make headway in spite of ordinary obstacles. The ten thousand people in Moose Jaw are not likely to allow themselves to be outdone by any other ten thousand on the prairie. Their activity is marvellous—truly western activity.

## A FLOUR TOWN.

**O**NE of the greatest possibilities of Moose Jaw is that it shall become a "flour" town. The miller looking about for a site for a new mill has a choice. He may select a town like Calgary, from which he may ship flour only to the Pacific coast; or he may select a location in Fort William, whence he may ship only to the Atlantic coast; or he may select Moose Jaw from which he may ship in all directions, according to the demand and the other influences of the moment. Wheat and flour from the Prairie are likely to be shipped in four directions in the near future, though now they go mainly in one. The opening up of the north country and the Hudson Bay route, will create a northern movement. In a few years the United States will be crying for our wheat and flour, and a southern movement will be begun. The western movement has already begun, and Vancouver is getting quite excited over the rapid growth of this particular export.

Thinking over these things, a man would not necessarily give proof of insanity if he were to predict that this "Junction City," this Half-way House of the Prairie, would become a great distributing centre for flour and wheat. Some day even the name Moose Jaw may be as famous among flour users as Minneapolis or Keewatin are to-day. If the C.P.R. will but give Moose Jaw a fair deal in coal rates it will become a manufacturing town of some kind. In the meantime it is—like its rivals, north, east and west—making tremendous and regular progress.

# How Canada Could Checkmate Germany

By HIS HONOUR JUDGE BARRON

**M**Y suggestion to the Berlin Canadian Club that Canada could hamper Germany by prohibiting the export of nickel was discussed in a recent issue of the CANADIAN COURIER by one of your staff writers. He sympathises with my aim apparently, but doubts the practicability of my proposition. I am therefore glad of an opportunity to lay my views more fully before the readers of "the national weekly."

Your editorial writer questions whether Canada "has the power to put an export duty on nickel," and then proceeds to state that "there are practical limits to what a government may do." I had thought all ownership was subject to fiscal laws, but may I quote you the statute on the subject? It is R. S. C. Cap. 50, Sec. 3, at p. 889, 1st Vol.:

"The Governor-in-Council may by proclamation published in the *Canada Gazette* impose the export duties hereinafter mentioned upon the following ores and metals:

"(a) On nickel contained in matte, or in the ore, or in any crude or partially manufactured state, and on copper contained in any matte or ore which also contains nickel, when exported from Canada, as to such nickel an export duty not exceeding ten cents per pound, and as to such copper an export duty not exceeding two cents a pound."

Now, Parliament can amend this statute at any time, by increasing or lessening these duties. The tariff laws of Canada have resulted in many United States industries coming to Canada. Why not, then, say to the Canadian Copper Company: "Yes, you may have our nickel, but we want you to place all your industries in Canada. It is our raw material which you are taking, and in addition to the two or three thousand people who now find employment at the mines, we would have the benefit of all the labour now employed in the large industries of a foreign country."

We have evidence of the benefits of such a course, in the increased timber dues placed by the Ontario Government upon logs cut by United States mill owners for export to United States mills. The result was *at once* that the mills came to Canada. Of course the Ontario Government could not adopt a similar course in regard to nickel ore, because it is not subject to royalty or other impost payable to the province which the province could raise or lower at will.

Remember, please, that practically, Canada, with New Caledonia, has a monopoly of this raw material, and all that she benefits by it is in the

employment of a couple of thousand men and the destruction of every living bit of vegetation anywhere in the vicinity of the roast beds. The United States market for the refined product could still be open to the refiners, for the 6c. United States duty (if continued) would still give a preference to the Canadian article, first because it is the best; second because its only competitor is badly handicapped by distance. Then Canada would not be in the humiliating position of having to send to New York to buy back its own product, as the Quebec arsenal has to do to-day for every ounce it wants.

Then, as to the effect on the present much-to-be-regretted race for supremacy in *Dreadnoughts*. Everyone wishes to see this race called off. England has wished it, and has so requested, but Germany says "No." Now there is only one way to stop it, that is to stop the supplies; but you ask, "How stop the supplies?" The answer is, by making the race so frightfully expensive that it has to stop *volens volens*. Canada has the power to do this, by making nickel so decidedly expensive to Germany that in a little while the strain will be too much and more than she can stand, or else drive her back to the old armour-plate for ships and that would end the race then and there. Is it not a serious thing to contemplate that in peace or war, or preparation for war, our nickel—our raw material—(as things now are) can be supplied in the refined state to Germany in spite of us? It can, indeed, be so supplied to Germany by a foreign state, under advantages to Germany not to be enjoyed by Great Britain, and to please the immense German population of the United States, this is exactly what they would do.

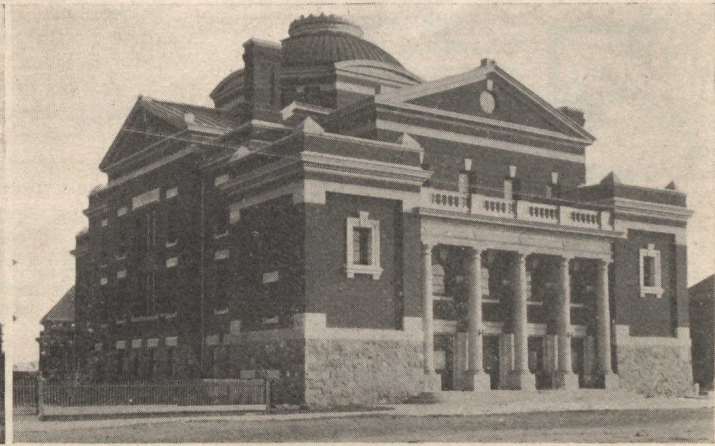
It seems extremely foolish that we should sell our nickel to the United States, which has no nickel, and through her to Germany, which has no nickel, when we might control the trade to our own great advantage, commercially and politically. It seems foolish for Canada and Great Britain to overlook the benefit which control of the nickel output of Canada would confer upon both.

You say that, even if the nickel did go to England by means of some preference, that a "patriotic shipbuilder" would or might sell it to German plate-makers. Of course that is possible; but England might provide against it, and probably would, when she realised what Canada was doing in her behalf. But, even so, Canada would have the comforting feeling that, any rate, she was doing her duty.

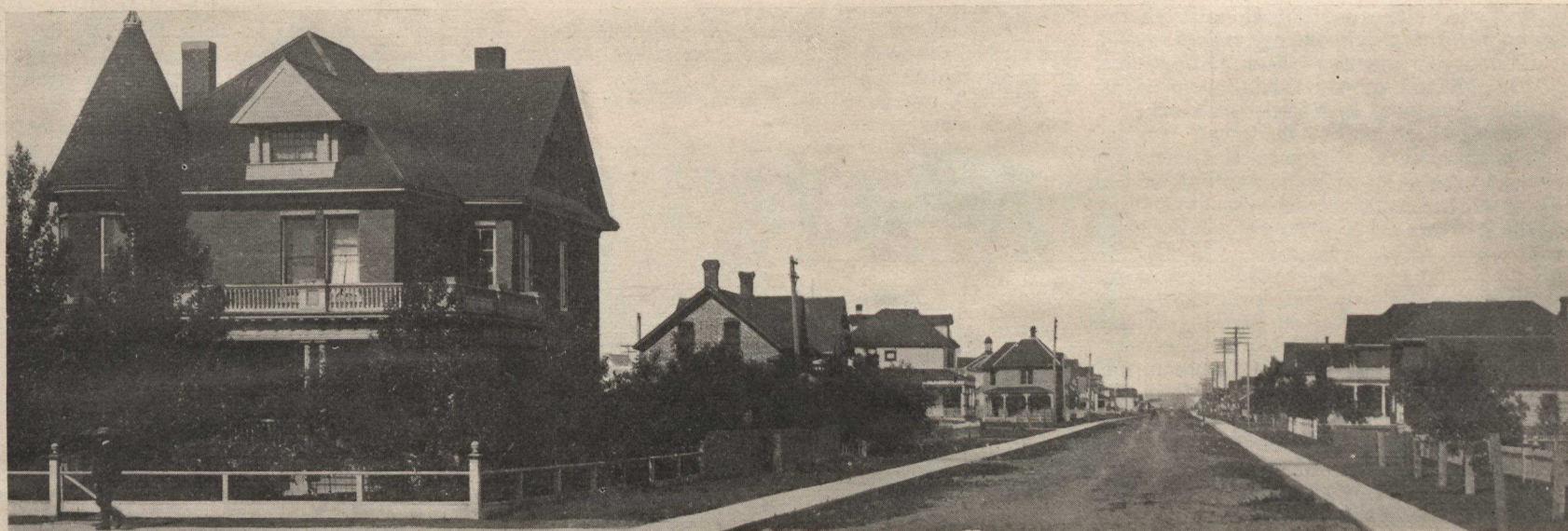
# AN ENTERPRISING WESTERN TOWN



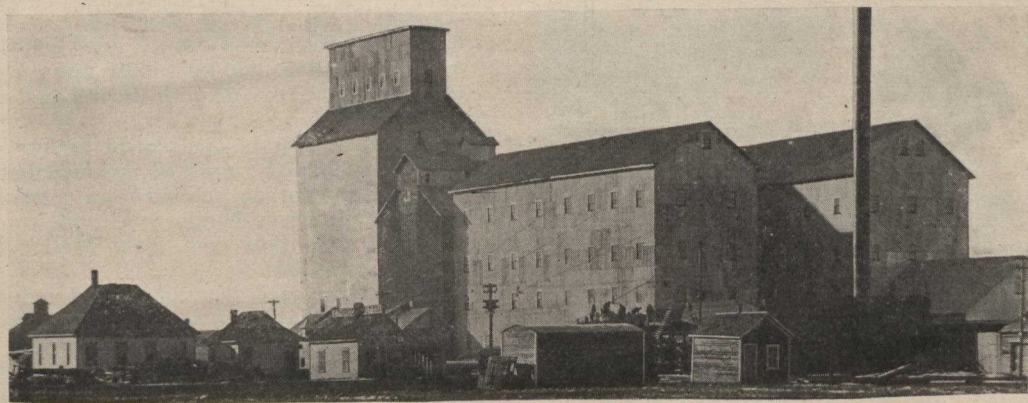
Canadian Pacific Railway Station, Moose Jaw, where the Soo Line and the Main Line meet.



Zion Methodist Church, Moose Jaw, completed last year at a cost of \$80,000



Stadacona Street, Moose Jaw. A typical view in a typical Prairie Town.



Saskatchewan Flour Mills at Moose Jaw. Erected in 1907.



Alexandra School, Moose Jaw.



Main Street, Moose Jaw, looking north from C.P.R. Station.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LEWIS RICE

In 1902, the entire homestead entries in Western Canada amounted to only 14,673; in Moose Jaw alone, in 1908, the entries for homesteads or pre-emp-tions totalled 14,728. The other day Moose Jaw was merely a railway Junction, to-day it has 10,000 people; to-morrow it will have street cars and all the civic worries which properly belong to big cities. Every citizen is a booster.

# LOCH LOMOND

By R. S. BOND



SHOULD you ask an Old Country Scotchman where Loch Lomond was located he would gaze at you in amazement. Even the youngest of his clan could answer that question and he could hardly comprehend a full grown man whose ignorance was so great as to necessitate this inquiry.

But after he had given a reply and turned away in disgust, were you to tap him on the shoulder and whisper in his ear that down in Nova Scotia, far back in the pines and hemlocks lay a glittering Loch Lomond of the New World, he would no doubt lose his equanimity at once. For a Highlander there can be but one Loch Lomond. To name another piece of water after that famed pool would be sacrilege.

Still, far down among those rustling pines Loch Lomond lays. The County map will show it, and for fifty years at least it has borne its honoured name. Probably not a dozen persons in the Province outside of the little villages nestling along its shores and snuggling in the neighbouring valleys, could tell you of its whereabouts. But the dwellers of these little villages know it and honour it as their forefathers honoured its Scottish namesake.

The villagers are all of Scotch descent. Some patriotic grandfather evidently gave the name of Loch Lomond to the sheet of water nestling at the foot of his farm, the same, perhaps, as gave their names to the villages of Cameron and Douglas. But there it lies.

On still moonlight evenings the light canoes of the lovers glide gracefully up and down its shores, while ever and anon a larger craft darts by driven forward by muscular arms, while from the stern where sits the piper of Douglas or of Cameron, the swirl of the pipes reechoes and rebeverates from the neighbouring hills. Even the lovers cease their cooings and listen with open mouths and sparkling eyes to the battle tunes of their forefathers.

Why is it that a Scotchman or Scotchwoman, old or young, wherever he or she may be, is magnetised by the shriek and wail of the pipes? To representatives of any other race there is no music in it, nor is there anything to appeal. But the eye of the Scot will sparkle, and his heart throb at the first uncanny howl from the air-filled sacks.

Douglas and Cameron, McPherson's Hill and Roderick Centre, pursued the even tenor of their way, practically unmolested. At times a Cameronite married a Douglasite, or a more adventurous wooer drove a full twenty miles once a week until he had won the heart and hand of a lassie from Roderick Centre. From time to time the news of a birth or of a death was carried from mouth to mouth, and once a commercial traveler, lost in a blinding storm while driving from Antigonish to Manley's store on the Everdale Road, in mistake took the grass-grown road leading between the pines, and four hours later drove down the rambling street of Douglas. Old women shut the doors and peeped from behind cambric curtains with staring eyes. Lassies in their 'teens and early twenties, with courage borne of youth and vigour ran to the fences and gazed rapturously at the modern equipment and the stylish clothing of the stranger, while the youth and strength of the village stood at their ploughs and frowned savagely at Annie's and Ethel's glances at the interloper became in their estimation more admiring than was called for.

It was the first time in the history of the youth of the village that a real city man had visited them. Visitors of any description from outside the valley were few. A logger or two in the winter, a hunter or two in the fall, and twice a year the village storekeeper from Putney were about all. The latter brought a stock of goods fitted to the requirements of the villagers.

The valley had two stores of its own. One at Douglas and one at Roderick Centre, the proprietors of which paid monthly visits to Antigonish and thus kept up their stock. Incidentally they furnished news from the outside world, and on each trip a few newspapers, perhaps not more than a week old, would be brought back.

Not over fifty miles from a thriving town, and not over thirty from a railroad it is hardly possible to imagine a place so antiquated. None but a Scotch settlement could have existed without more common connection with the outside world. But Douglas and Cameron, and Roderick Centre and

McPherson's Hill existed happily and were perfectly satisfied with their lot. What mattered it to them if their children grew up without a knowledge of algebra or geography? From father to son a gradually lessening education had been handed down, embracing enough reading and writing to suit their needs, and enough arithmetic to estimate how much money Willie must take to the store to procure two pounds of tea at 25 cents a pound. That was all they needed and that was all they got.

The day Carl Wagner lost himself in the blizzard was a memorable one for Douglas as well as for himself. He it was who caused the lassies to run to the gates, and the youths to gaze moodily at their favourites' too evident admiration. He it was who held the honour of being the first city bred man who had visited Douglas for a score of years, and he it was who was driven out of that self same quiet little village scarce twelve hours later, despised and feared by all but one of the villagers, and that one, snuggled closely in his arms, the belle of the Loch Lomond region.

Tired and wet Carl entered Douglas, and drawing up before the small general store, asked wearily to be directed to a hotel.

The tall, raw-boned yokel in the doorway looked at him in amazement.

"Hoot mon" he replied. "There's no hotel in Douglas. We live at home here and ta'e our drap o' wuskey at the store in the evenings. But Alex. McLaughlan nae doubt can make room for you. He takes in Jim Boles from the village yonder," and he waved his great hand toward the distant Putney.

"Where does Mr. McLaughlin reside?" queried Carl.

"Where does he what?" gasped the countryman. "Reside."

"He don't reside stranger. He don't do nothing like that. He's a simple farmer like me. Be you a city chap after our wuskey?"

"No," returned Carl more cheerily, as the humour of the situation began to thrust itself upon his tired brain. "I am not a moon-shine inspector. I mean where does he live?"

The countryman breathed more easily. "Oh!" he replied. "He lives over yonder."

He pointed to a white painted cottage larger than its neighbours, with green shutters on its windows, and a broad green lawn studded with flower beds reaching to the road.

"Looks good enough for me" thought Carl as he strode up the path. "Far better than I ever imagined would be in this lost paradise. I wonder where I am, anyway. Never heard of this place in all my travels through the Province."

With true Scotch hospitality Alex. McLaughlin took the traveller into his home.

"You've got here in good time, stranger" he said, when greetings were over. "The young folks of the valley are coming in to-night for a dance."

"Good" ejaculated Carl.

His host looked him over doubtfully. "Tain't possible you could play a mouth organ or help Jennie entertain the crowd, be it?" he inquired. "Our Jennie is a singer" he added proudly "and if you could give us music on a mouth organ we'd cut a real swell to-night. Hughie Cameron'll bring the pipes and so'll Roderick McLeod, but they're too noisy for Jennie's voice."

Carl smiled as he endeavoured to imagine just what Jennie's voice would sound like to his cultured ears. "Raw, rough and riley, I suppose" he muttered, "and Jennie herself is, no doubt, a freckled, muscular gem of the farm."

"Ye ain't answered me about the mouth organ" said the farmer, breaking in on Carl's reverie. "Ha'e ye got one?"

"No, I have none," he replied, "and if I had I'm afraid I would make a poor showing. But I can do a few tricks to help entertain the company," he added as an afterthought.

"Tricks," replied McLaughlin. "That sounds good. What kind?" but just then the call to supper came and with a thankful sigh Carl followed his host into a room where bacon and hot scones filled the air with odours that immediately took away thoughts of mouth organs or tricks of any kind.

Across the table sat Jennie—but not the raw-boned, freckled Jennie he had framed up in his imagination. Tanned she was to be sure, but a healthy red showed through the clear, smooth cheeks, demonstrating the benefits of pure air and a healthy life. The dark, inquisitive, sparkling eyes that looked at Carl from time to time, seemed

brighter far than any he had ever looked into. She smiled and laughed at his witticisms, and he excelled himself in his efforts to have the laugh repeated as frequently as possible.

"She is far above my expectations," he thought, long before the meal was over, and after supper he was delighted at the opportunity offered to help her crack the nuts and do the thousand and one little things necessary before the company came.

"They'll all be here from Douglas, and from Roderick Centre and Cameron too, you know," she confided, as she deftly fixed a centrepiece on the table, "and I've just got to have the best dance of the year."

"And it's going to be my best dance too, if you'll let me have the first waltz," replied Carl. "I can, can't I?" he pleaded, and she laughed as she gave consent.

"It will make Rod Douglas jealous," she said naively, "but we don't get a chance to dance with city men often, and I am going to act just terribly mean and do it. I wish I lived in the city, Mr. Wagner," she added. "What is it like, anyway?"

"It was a broad question and needed a lengthy reply, so that Carl deemed it advisable to seek the open air. And half an hour later the first guest, Rod Douglas by the way, came across them on the lawn, Carl laying at full length on the ground and Jennie listening to his wondrous tales with eager ears, as she sat in the old swing idly swaying to and fro. His eyes flashed fire almost as much as they did an hour later when he saw them lead the first march, but with true hospitality he greeted the intruder and joined the group where he served to throw a damper over the conversation.

It was almost midnight when supper was called, during which time Jennie sang. It was something to which Carl was not accustomed, this singing at meal-time, and it worried him for a moment, devising a plan whereby he could do justice both to the meal and to the entertainment. But when Jennie's throat gave forth the first chords, he forgot the tempting meal before him, forgot everything except that here in this forest primeval lived a songstress such as he had never heard.

He was still in the seventh heaven when his host touched him on the shoulder and told him the meal was over and if he would come in the other room they were ready to see him perform.

"I have told the boys all about your promise," he said, "so you can't back out. I don't know just what tricks you can do but we'll clear away a space big enough for you to jump or turn handsprings if you wish."

Carl looked at him in amazement at first, then broke into a laugh as he grasped the meaning.

"No, no, I am not an acrobat," he remonstrated. "I mean sleight-of-hand—this, you know"—and he deftly plucked a coin from McLaughlin's whisker.

"Hoot, mon," gasped that astonished individual as he backed away a step. "I didna' know I'd money there." He held out his hand for the coin, which he looked at curiously before putting in his pocket. "It'll be some of yon Jennie's capers, I'll warrant," he muttered, but nevertheless he stepped away a little farther from Carl.

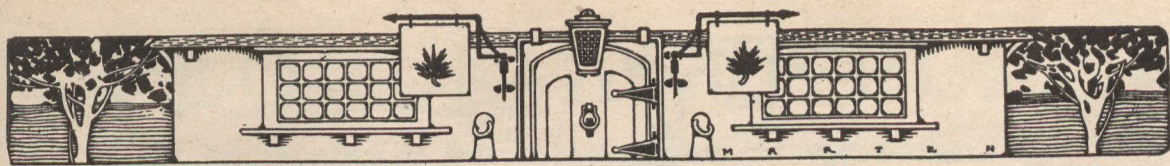
"Mr. Wagner here has some tricks to show us," he said proudly. "I don't know just what they are, but no doubt ye'll like to see them."

Carl had been amazed that McLaughlin was so dubious about keeping near him after his innocent little pass, and it was several minutes before it finally dawned on him that in all probability these farmers had never seen or heard of sleight-of-hand. He did not realise the superstitious natures he had to deal with but laughed gleefully to himself as he thought of how he would wake up the Campbells, and Howards, the McLaughlins and the McLeods.

"I am not a wizard, gentlemen," he began, and wondered at the look of dread that came over the bronzed faces before him at the sound of the word. "I am just a common ordinary traveller," he continued, ignorant of the storm that he was raising, and showing his empty hands he stooped to the floor, gave a few passes, and arose with an egg between his fingers—a thin rubber one, for a matter of fact, whose interior contained a silk flag—but they did not know that.

Half a hundred necks craned forward, and gasps of astonishment came from every part of the room. Some of the women moved behind the men with a smile and even a few of the men furtively edged a little closer to the back of the room.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 21.



## AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

### THE WOMEN'S CANADIAN CLUB.

THE Women's Canadian Club is now an organisation of over six hundred members, and is providing for the women of Toronto a means of hearing the celebrities who from time to time visit Toronto. It is doing more. The growth of the club has been so rapid that it is now in a position to invite speakers from a distance on its own responsibility. Toronto is a Canadian centre honoured by visits from many a person distinguished in science, art and literature, and a few ladies felt that much wheat might be garnered and used here if the women had but an opportunity of hearing these renowned people. Hence a few members from the Local Council of Women, the University Women's Club and the Women's Historical Society met to confer upon the matter, and the result of the conference was the inauguration of the Women's Canadian Club in April, 1908. The club was to be hampered with as little machinery as possible, and provided simply with an equipment by which it could take ready advantage of valuable material at hand. About two days only were needed to gather together the large audience who were so delighted with the address given by the eminent and charming young English scientist, Miss Marie Stopes. The other speakers of the year have been Professor Colby of McGill University, Professor Adam Shortt, formerly of Queen's University but now in the Civil Service at Ottawa, Mr. Harold Gorse, an English scholar, the son of Sir John Gorse, Minister of Education in Great Britain, Professor Watson of Queen's University, and Miss Agnes Deans Cameron. The Club has more than justified its founding, and on May 20th Mr. Hamilton Mabie will deliver a lecture on "Literature as a Personal Resource," in June Miss Deudy of Manchester, Eng., will speak on "Schools in England for the Feeble Minded," and in October Miss Laut is coming.

At the last annual meeting the election of officers took place. Many nice things were said of the retiring president, Lady Moss, who has given such valuable, sincere and much appreciated support to the interests of the Club. Mrs. Falconer, wife of the President of Toronto University, who was appointed her successor, is a lady of much capability and high mental attainment.

The officers of the Women's Canadian Club for the coming year are: Patrons, Mrs. Gibson, wife of the Lieutenant Governor of Ontario, and Lady Whitney; Hon. President, Lady Clarke; President Mrs. Falconer; First Vice-President Miss Constance Boulton; Second Vice-President Mrs. George Dixon; Hon. Corresponding-Secretary, Mrs. George G. Burnett; Hon. Treasurer Mrs. Alton Garratt; Committee, Lady Falconbridge, Miss Coleman, Miss Currie, Mrs. Jacobs.

### THE DAUGHTERS OF THE EMPIRE.

THE Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire is year by year extending its influence throughout the British Dominions. The foundation stone of the Order is loyalty to the British Crown, and its policy is to foster the spirit of Imperialism by disseminating among the British possessions a knowledge of and an acquaintance with one another and with the motherland that will help to make Britain a United Empire.

It would take more than ones allotted space to review the work of the Order in the way of conducting correspondence between children in different parts of the Empire, and bringing schools in touch with one another; of caring for the graves of Canadian soldiers in South Africa; erecting monuments commemorative of heroic deeds and historical events; assisting to equip hospitals and sanatoriums for consumptives; distributing British flags and literature in outlying districts; promoting an interest in the British army and navy; welcoming immigrants and supplying them with fruit and magazines, and doing many other things to hold up each part of the Empire and thus increase the power of the whole.

The annual meeting of the National Chapter of the Order was held in the King Edward Hotel on May 4th, and many delegates from different chapters throughout Canada were present. The morning session was devoted wholly to business, and among the various reports was one on the work done by

the chapters in India, read by Mrs. Hamilton Burns, and one on the South African graves read by Miss Constance Boulton. The officers elected by acclamation were, President Mrs. S. Nordheimer; First Vice-President Mrs. Albert Gooderham; Second Vice-President Mrs. P. O. Crerar; Third Vice-President Mrs. MacKenzie Alexander; Hon. Secretary Mrs. W. K. George; Hon. Treasurer Mrs. John Bruce; Standard Bearer Mrs. James Scott. Miss Constance Boulton resigned her office as Organising Secretary, and Miss Catherine Merritt, of St. Catharines, was elected in her place. The Councillors elected were, Mrs. J. S. Willison, Mrs. James George, Mrs. Alan Sullivan, Mrs. O. MacGillivray, Mrs. Alton Garrett, Mrs. J. I. Davidson, Mrs. W. Mackenzie, Mrs. T. J. Clark, Mrs. G. P. Reid, Mrs. Featherstonhaugh, Mrs. H. Osler, Mrs. John Cawthra, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston, Mrs. MacMahon, Mrs. Hamilton Burns, Mrs. Dignam, Mrs. J. C. Mason, Mrs. Street, Mrs. R. A. Wilson, Miss Hughes, Miss Tremayne.

The afternoon session was opened by the President's annual address, which was an inspiring address



LADY EDGAR,  
President Women's Council for Canada.

peal for the upbuilding of the Order. Following this came an address read by Mrs. John Bruce, expressive of the esteem and appreciation of the whole Order for their President, Mrs. S. Nordheimer, who has devoted years of patient endeavour and earnest support to the interest of the Order, on behalf of which Mrs. Albert Gooderham presented Mrs. Nordheimer with a badge of the Order wrought in platinum with the colours carried out in rubies, diamonds and sapphires, and a platinum chain set with the same jewels. The President replied with difficulty in a few very appreciative words fraught with deep feeling. An interesting item of the Secretary's report was that a National Chapter was being formed by British women in New York, which was to be the headquarters for twenty-three Chapters throughout the United States. The remaining special features of the afternoon were addresses by Mrs. Fox, Australia, who spoke on "Adult Suffrage" in that country; Major Walter Brown, A.S.S., spoke on "Canada's Part in Imperial Land Defence," Mr. J. S. Willison on "Canada's Relation to Naval Defence," and Professor Brett, of Trinity College, on "The Attitude of India Towards Great Britain," all of which added very much to an already delightful day. Before the session closed it was resolved to petition the Government to take immediate steps to procure two "Dreadnoughts," or

to equip a naval college whence Britain might draw assistance in time of need.

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### LADY EDGAR, PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN OF CANADA.

IN these days of thought and action, when women are so prominent in the foreground of movements tending towards artistic, intellectual and material advancement, one's attention naturally turns to the leading exponents in Canada.

As President of the National Council, Lady Edgar occupies a high position among the women of Canada, and one in which she is exercising a wide influence, for the work of the Council is being year by year more visibly stamped upon the life of the nation. Possessing a clear intellect, reliable judgment, broad outlook and untiring devotion to her cause, Lady Edgar is pre-eminently fitted for the different offices that she has filled from time to time. As President and Vice-President of the Women's Canadian Historical Society, and as Vice-President of the United Empire Loyalist Society, she has been able to contribute to the spread of the spirit of national loyalty. For ten years she acted as Secretary of the Infant's Home and Infirmary, and has also extended her help to various other societies.

As the daughter of the late Thomas Ridout, Lady Edgar is a member of an old Loyalist family of Upper Canada, and her husband, the late Hon. Sir James David Edgar, K.C.M.G., P.C., was a prominent barrister and for some years Speaker of the House of Commons of Canada.

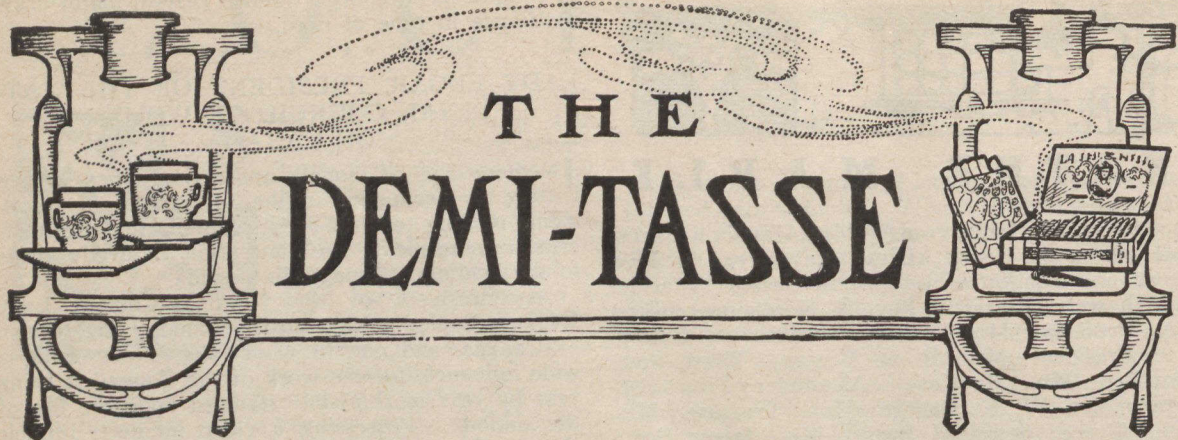
In literature, too, Lady Edgar has found a field of activity, and besides having contributed articles on historical subjects to different magazines and journals she is the author of several books. Her first publication, "Ten Years of Upper Canada in War and Peace" (1805-1815), won the praise of no less a critic than the late Mr. Gladstone, who pronounced it the best book he had ever read on Canada. "The Life of General Brock" followed, and has been very favourably received in both the English and Canadian press, and appears in the "Makers of Canada" series. Lady Edgar is still working on her latest production, the life of James Edgar, Private Secretary to the Chevalier de St. George, which is being completed, by permission of King Edward, from letters and manuscripts in the Royal Library at Windsor.

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### DALMENY AND GROSVENOR.

AN extremely pretty wedding took place in London recently which united two very old and distinguished families. The contracting parties were Lord Dalmeny, Albert Edward Harry Mayer Archibald Primrose, elder son of the Earl of Rosebery, and Miss Dorothy Alice Margaret Augusta Grosvenor, younger daughter of Lord Henry Grosvenor and that handsome and gifted lady, the late Lady Henry Grosvenor, and cousin of the Duke of Westminster—"the richest peer in England."

The bride is very charming, an ideal English girl, not yet nineteen. Lord Dalmeny is twenty-seven, has given up politics and is very fond of sports, in which taste his bride shares. The ceremony was performed in the Church of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. "Inside all was most simple and suitable. There were no palms or elaborate floral decoration to detract from the beauty of the interior of the fine church," but there were many vases of lilies and white tulips, and clusters of arum lilies, St. Joseph lilies, white narcissi and green asparagus fern with some slender trails of smilax. The font was filled with pale yellow tulips, but it was rather a rose and primrose wedding, pink and pale yellow being the Earl of Rosebery's racing colors, and Primrose the bridegroom's family name. The bride wore a lovely gown of old ivory-tinted, rich, soft satin draped with silk muslin, embroidered with silk floss and almost entirely covered with finest point d'Alencon lace which had been made for Marie Antoinette. It was a present to Lady Crewe and was worn by her at her own wedding and was lent by her to her brother's bride. The filmy, age-tinted lace formed a kind of Josephine overdress, opening at the sides and falling over the long train, and a cluster of orange blossoms caught the soft folds of lace on the bodice. Her jewels were pearl earrings and a magnificent necklace of five rows of large, perfectly matched pearls, gifts of Lord Rosebery. The bridesmaids were in pale pink, bouquets of pink and yellow roses tied with primrose-tinted mousseline de soie, the ends prettily caught up with primroses, black crinoline hats with wreaths of pale pink trailing roses. Seldom, if ever, has there been a prettier bridal procession, preceded by the choristers in white surplices over red Easter cassocks.



HIS LIMITATIONS.

MR. GEORGE TAIT BLACKSTOCK is a legal authority of artistic perceptions, who is said to know more than the average Canadian lawyer about pictures and porcelain. Not long before the Kinrade murder broke out, ere the locketed heroine of the inquest appeared in the evening and morning papers, Mr. Blackstock was talking to a friend about a Toronto lawyer whose fondness for a good picture is generally reported.

"Yes," said Mr. Blackstock, "Blank has quite a few things in his collection. If he only had some taste, his library would be positively interesting."

HE COULDN'T SEE WHY.

YEARS ago, in the time of political strife, when Sir Mackenzie Bowell's "Remedial Bill" was convulsing the Conservative party during the winter of 1896, after four members of the Cabinet had resigned in unison there was a "feeling" among the faithful that all was not well. The Conservatives throughout the land began to discuss the perilous situation and it was agreed that something must be done.

In the northern regions of Ontario, the political game is taken strenuously and election fights have a tendency to be long and exhausting. The Tories of that district are likely to be "rabid," while the Liberals are the "Grittiest" known. An agitated supporter of Sir Mackenzie who had more zeal than education, became very anxious about the Bill.

"I don't see what's the matter with the Government," he said angrily. "Why can't a few of the rich Tories get together, put their hands in their pockets and pay that Remmydiddle Bill?"

THE PROPER TITLE.

THERE is a Montreal citizen who tells various and sundry tales of his bright little girl and her witty sayings. This sagacious little Ethel was recently talking of the small princess who "lives in the land where the windmills grow."

"She is a princess, you know, and may be the Queen some day," remarked Ethel's mother.

"I should think when she lives in Holland that they would call her a Dutchess," said the Small Person reflectively.

A NEAT REPLY.

THE word "socialist" is somewhat loosely used in Canada, to indicate almost any sort of social "reformer," from an amiable and garrulous single-taxer to a rampant flaunter of red ties, who hates corporations of all kinds, save the "Amalgamated Sons of Rest." However, Mr. James Simpson of Toronto is generally recognised as a socialist of the better type, whom no one would suspect of throwing bombs at opulent citizens. Not long ago, Mr. Simpson was at a public banquet at which one of the guests told a story, decidedly at the expense of those of socialist belief. When Mr. Simpson's turn came to make a little speech, his rejoinder was confidently anticipated.

"I am glad for many reasons," he said, "to be here to-night, but chiefly because I have met an old friend—a dear old friend—in the form of the Colonel's story." There was prolonged applause.

HEARD ON KING STREET, TORONTO.

First Citizen: "What do you think of the Kin—?"

Second Citizen (wearily): "Oh, go to H—amilton."

PROUD ONTARIO.

ONTARIO has been honoured recently with a crest which has aroused the curiosity of many, and the envy of such provinces as cannot claim "a bear passant sable and supporters, on the dexter side a moose and on the sinister side a Canadian

deer, both proper." Some loyal citizens of the premier province are afraid that the studies of the animal kingdom will prove misleading to the English public, who persist in identifying Toronto with bears and Hamilton with wolves, the COURIER bard, in the meantime, has broken forth in song, after the manner of "Locksley Hall":

"In the spring a fuller crimson comes upon the robin's breast;  
In the spring our fair Ontario gets herself another crest."

THE SINNER'S PROGRESS.

IN narrating a story of a naughty girl and an English magistrate in his recent book, "Old and Odd Memories," the Hon. Lionel A. Tollemache supplements it with that famous example of anti-climax, the rebuke of a head master to youthful Etonians for unpunctuality at chapel: "Your conduct is an insult to the Almighty and keeps the canons waiting."

The young girl mentioned was had up before the magistrate by a farmer for killing one of his ducks with a stone. The case against her was quite clear, but it was thought worth while to call witnesses to prove that she was very naughty indeed, and in the habit of using bad language.

Then, in solemn accents, the magistrate addressed her:

"Little girl, you have heard the evidence against you, and you see how one thing leads to another. You began by cursing and swearing and blaspheming your Maker, and you have ended by throwing a stone at a duck."—*Youth's Companion*.

THE WRONG CLUB.

The Poet: "Is there a literary club in this vicinity?"

The Editor (reaching behind the desk): "There is. Are you literary?"—*Cleveland Leader*.

HIS CAUTION WAS JUSTIFIED.

TO justify his repeated use of the same witticism, as noted in three of his plays, J. M. Barrie says: "We Scots abhor waste. Did you never hear of the aged Saunders Carlyle, who always drank off his whisky to the last drop the

instant it was poured out for him? 'Why do you drink down your liquor in that quick, greedy way?' a stranger sad to Saunders in a reproachful tone. 'I once had one knocked over,' the old man explained."—*Argonaut*.

THE BITTER JIBE.

Mistress: "Here, Bridget, are a pair of trousers for you."

Scrubwoman: "Thank ye, kindly, mum. Do ye happen to have a pair of corsets for me husband?"—*Life*.

REAL COLD.

AN American and a Scotsman were discussing the cold experienced in winter in the north of Scotland.

"Why, it's nothing at all compared to the cold weather we have in the States," said the American. "I can recollect one winter when a sheep, jumping from a hillock into a field, became suddenly frozen on the way and stuck in the air like a mass of ice."

"But, man," exclaimed the Scotsman, "the law of gravity wouldn't allow that!"

"I know that," replied the tale pitcher, "but the law of gravity was frozen, too!"—*Tit-Bits*.

A HANDY PRINCE.

APROPOS of Prince Louis of Battenberg's completion of twenty-one years in the navy, a correspondent sends me an amusing story of a visit Prince Louis paid to Halifax, Nova Scotia, some two or three years ago. It was soon after Lord Dufferin had been sworn in as Governor-General, and the officers of the *Royal Alfred* proposed to give a ball in his honour. On the morning of the ball, however, the alarming discovery was made that no dance programmes had been provided. Whereupon, one of the junior officers was sent off immediately to get the programmes printed, but to his horror he found all the printing offices closed the day being a general holiday. After scouting through the town, however, the officer alighted upon a newspaper office, the editor of which was working hard at a leader for the next day's issue. After being told the nature of his mission, the editor was sympathetic, but regretted that the mysteries of printing were beyond him. The young officer replied that that was of slight consequence, and declared himself to be quite capable of managing the business himself. Taking off his coat and rolling up his sleeves, he proceeded to "set" the type for all he was worth. A hand-press used for "pulling proof" was utilised for printing the programmes, and Prince Louis of Battenberg—for that was the printer's name—hurried off on board the flagship with his precious parcel.—*M. A. P.*

TONSORIAL NOTE.

"Your hair wants cutting badly, sir," said a barber to a customer.

"No, it doesn't," replied the man in the chair; "it wants cutting nicely. You cut it badly last time."—*Democratic Telegram*.



Joan—"I'm awful frightened at the lightnin'. I wish there was a man here."  
Mistress—"What good would that do?"  
Joan—"He'd tell me not to be such a fool"—*Punch*.



# PEOPLE AND PLACES

Little Stories by Land and Sea, concerning the folk who move hither and thither across the face of a Big Land.

## ABDUL'S NOVA SCOTIAN ADMIRAL.

THERE was a man born in Nova Scotia who is credited with having twice saved the life of Abdul Hamid, the red-handed. He may not be proud of the distinction. At any rate he is a sailor; an admiral, and his name is Rainsford Buckman, commanding the Turkish imperial navy. He is also master of construction, has command of the red-handed Abdul's flagship, or the imperial yacht or something of that sort, and is besides naval adviser and aide-de-camp to the great high-murderer of the Orient. Admiral Buckman was a mere gaffer when he left his Nova Scotian home and went to sea; going first to the American mercantile marine; captain of a Standard Oil steamer at the age of twenty-one. He is claimed by the Philadelphia press as a smart Yankee. Well, he is smart enough; still under forty; plenty of time to take the pale-faced murdering mummy of the Bosphorus out on the waters of the Black Sea and drop him gently overboard, with one of the Sultan's five hundred pianos chained to his feet.

\* \* \*

## IMPROVING THE ZOO.

RED deer for Vancouver Island is one of the latest innovations. A while ago it was lobsters for the Pacific. More recently it has been rats in Winnipeg. Now it is the red deer for the island. There is a scarcity of big game on the island. The Wapiti are the biggest left. Red deer have been imported into New Zealand, which now has thousands of these beautiful animals.

Vancouver Island is considered quite as indigenous for red deer as New Zealand. Indeed to the average man it would seem to be a great deal more so. It is surprising that Vancouver Island has no red deer. The idea seems to be to import the stock from Scotland; and the experiment may be tried this summer.

\* \* \*

## THE TREK OF THE FUR-BRIGADE.

EDMONTON is now getting lively with the fur traders. Most of the surveyors have hit the trail. The fur men follow soon. Every spring there is a round-up of old-timers who remember when the fur trade was the only thing that gave Edmonton an excuse for staying on the map. Now the annual gathering of the fur men is but an episode in a big, busy place that is more hugely concerned over the C. P. R. high level bridge than about all the hides and pelts in the whole north land. But the fur trader is as ardent as ever. He is besides an historic figure. One of these days the fur entrepot will be no longer at Edmonton, but somewhere north of Athabasca Landing.

\* \* \*

## NO-MAN'S LAND IN ELGIN.

THERE is a no-man's land in Ontario, and it is not on the Abitibi. There is a plot of thirty-five acres to which no man has an effective title, and it is one of the finest, pleasantest and most popular bits of landscape in the world, visited annually by hundreds of thousands of people; yet nobody seems to own it and people wonder why. The place is the picnic grounds at Port Stanley down on Lake Erie at the foot of Elgin County. In the public imagination this land has always belonged to the city of London. But it turns out that when it comes to a case of London being sued for damages on that party, etc., London is not actionable for London does not own the land. An aged resident of that city, Mr. Wm. Bowman, hardware merchant, is the nominal owner. He got identified with the land about sixty years ago. In 1856 the railway from London to Port Stanley was built, and Mr. Bowman was president of the company that did it. As such he got the deed of the picnic grounds on behalf of the company. But the road got into the hands of the city and from that was footballed to one company and another—till now the Pere Marquette owns the road and the picnic grounds that made it worth while nomi-

nally belong to Mr. Bowman, but really to nobody.

\* \* \*

## PRINTING IN GOW GANDA.

GOW GANDA has a newspaper; the first legitimate second cousin to the Cobalt *Nugget*. It is called the *Gow Ganda Tribune*—which is a poor sample of a name. If the paper were as poor as the name, it might as well go out of circulation. The first word is a beauty. What a name for a book! Say—"The Road to Gow Ganda," or something like that. The road to Gow Ganda is surely a marvel. The editor and publisher of the *Gow Ganda* oracle says he counted eight hundred teams on that road not long ago. As an interesting item of economic news, he says that a teamster on that road to Gow Ganda makes on an average fourteen dollars a day. For eight hundred teams this would be nearly twelve thousand dollars a day—which of itself would be sufficient to build a mile of railway every day. However, that is not his arithmetic. His business is to get out a paper and he is doing it very well. The miners will have a chance to read something every week—written and set up, proof-read and run off on the press, folded and pretty nearly delivered at the door by the same man. It is an interesting sheet; almost original in spots; but not the name.

\* \* \*

## DOWN WITH THE HAT.

TWO cities in Canada have declared against the new feminine headpiece. Guelph has spoken through the Ministerial Association. The preachers object to preach-

ing at the new hats. They complain that the gospel has a hard row to hoe among these new-fangled contrivances of millinery. They recommend that the hats be removed or else that moderate-sized hats be worn. Out at Edmonton also the abomination has become big enough for newspaper notoriety. A writer in the *Edmonton Journal* looks at the hat question from the viewpoint of the man in the congrega-

tion who wants to see the preacher but cannot because of the hats. He waxes witty and eloquent; almost vying with St. Paul in his denunciation of the new headgear. For example:

"Are women such devotees of fashion that they must needs haul these unseemly, outlandish constructions to church with them to make the devout groan and the undevout almost swear? Those of us connected with church work realise that it is hard enough to get men to attend church these days, and we don't want anything to discourage them or make it more difficult for their minister."

\* \* \*

## "NOTRE AMBITIEUSE RIVALE."

IT has now come about that Montreal and Toronto are in something of a real race for a big census. An idea seems to have got credence that the bigger a city can be made by annexing suburbs the better for all parties concerned. So Toronto has been annexing west and north and east—not being able to go south. Montreal has also a number of suburbs, some of which are not yet annexed. "Greater Montreal" has become a slogan. A writer in *La Presse* shows that by the most recent census Montreal had 61,000 more population than Toronto; but that since the annexation of all those suburban towns—what? He hints at Montreal of half a million souls; says in part: "Par le dernier recensement, Toronto avait 61,000 ames de moins que Montreal. La cite-soeur s'en est depuis annexe plus de 70,000. Il n'y aurait aucune excuse de laisser abaisser le prestige de notre cite en ne prenant pas les precautions voulues pour contrecarrer les efforts de notre ambitieuse rivale."

"Notre ambitieuse rivale" is the real sting in the tail. It is difficult to understand just why Montreal should fear the growth of Toronto, or vice versa. The success of the one city must eventually be of benefit to the other. The success of both is the success of Canada.

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We offer \$500.00 cash in prizes. First, a prize of \$300.00 to the Farmer or Stock Breeder who will send in the best suggestion for a name for our new *Farm Weekly*; then, as a consolation, 20 cash prizes of \$5.00 each, and 50 cash prizes of \$2.00 each to the 20 and 50 persons sending in the next best suggestions, making *seventy-one prizes in all*.

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Mr. J. H. S. Johnstone, editor of the paper.

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## MONEY AND MAGNATES

### New Million Dollar Home of Bank of Commerce

THE Canadian Bank of Commerce will shortly take possession of their new million dollar home on St. James Street, Montreal, emphasising the keen rivalry, if not jealousy, that exists between the two biggest Canadian Banking institutions, the Bank of Montreal and Bank of Commerce. This rivalry seems the natural outgrowth of the rivalry that has always existed between Montreal and Toronto.

The erection of such a magnificent building as would cost \$1,000,000 often led to the report that the Bank of Commerce intended moving its head office to Montreal, a thing that had never even entered the minds of the directors so strongly entrenched do they consider their bank in Toronto and throughout Ontario.

A little incident of the rivalry between the Bank of Montreal and Bank of Commerce occurred at the time the Bank of Montreal stepped in and took over all the affairs of the Ontario Bank. The latter being a purely Toronto and Ontario concern, bankers felt that the Bank of Commerce would have stepped in and have taken over its affairs, but when it failed to do so and the Bank of Montreal saved the situation one of the cartoonists of a Montreal paper drew quite a good cartoon representing Miss Toronto calling on the Old Lady of St. James Street (as the Bank of Montreal is called) for financial assistance in the hour of need. The Bank of Montreal crowd were so tickled over the cartoon that the general manager purchased the original and for a long time it hung on the wall of his private office, where it might be seen by the officials of the Bank of Commerce when they went down to attend the meetings of the Bankers' Association.

\* \* \*

### A Bunch that was Landed with a Prospect

A WHOLE army of the small fry of traders of Montreal seem to have been landed with a hole in the ground up in the Cobalt district, which the promoters have been pleased to designate as "Floyd" prospect. On the mining exchange in Montreal it is called the French-Canadian stock because hundreds of French-Canadians, unable to buy the higher priced stocks, were attracted by this one selling around the ten cent level, and began putting \$25, \$50 or \$100 in it. Then again some of the directors of Floyd had also been in Crown Reserve and should have had a pretty good idea of the chances the new concern might have of making good. Hardly had development work started on the prospect when some of the directors became enthusiastic regarding the prospects for the stock, telling all their friends to get aboard because it would surely sell across \$1 a share before the end of 1908. And what is more to be wondered at, they did get aboard although one of the local Montreal papers had gone as far as to point out that the Floyd prospect was fully five miles away from what is known as the Cobalt silver belt, and there was hardly a chance in a thousand of the company finding even low grade silver ore. When the boom was on in the Cobalt stocks the insiders manipulated Floyd from around 10 cents a share up to about 19 cents a share and then the bottom fell out of the market and the stock fell right back to 13 cents a share. From this level it has steadily worked lower, every little while some tired holder deciding to get out even at a loss, till now the market quotation is around 5 cents a share.

What makes the touch a particularly sore one is that most of the shareholders can ill afford to lose even the few dollars they put in stock. As some of the directors have made quite a little money in other Cobalt companies it would be a nice thing for them to donate a shipping property to the Floyd concern in order to enable the unfortunate shareholders to get a little of their money back.

\* \* \*

### Where Scotia Directors Fooled Themselves

WITH the recent difficulties experienced by the directors of the Nova Scotia Steel and Coal Company in putting through a plan for the financial re-organisation of the Company, the news has leaked out that the directors once had a chance to sell out their properties on very favourable terms to the interests in control of the Dominion Iron and Steel Company, and that the only reason the deal fell through was that the Nova Scotia directors got too greedy and fooled themselves. Of course the negotiations were carried on very quietly but my informant is one of the very highest interests in the Dominion Iron and Steel Company, who was more largely interested in the offer made to the Nova Scotia Steel people than probably anybody else.

The offer was made previous to the time that the Scotia directors started dividend repayments on their common stock and when they made it 5 per cent. instead of 4 per cent. as had been generally expected. This dividend has again been suspended after being paid for only a short while and it was the rapid suspension of dividends that showed what had led the directors to declare such a high rate instead of the one that had been expected.

It was at the time that the Scotia directors were considering starting dividends that the overtures were made by the Dominion Iron and Steel interests, mainly because of the valuable coal areas it was known the Scotia company possessed. As Scotia common stock was not receiving any dividend the Dominion Iron interests had figured they could purchase the controlling interest in it from the directors somewhere between \$50 and \$60 a share, a price that would be justified even if a 4 per cent. dividend were paid. Then some of the Scotia directors got it into their heads that if the Dominion Iron crowd were after the stock they could be made pay a good deal more for it. With this end in view they decided to declare a 5 per cent. dividend instead of a 4 per cent. one, as had been intended, figuring that with the higher rate of dividend the common stock should sell somewhere about \$90 a share.

But the stock market did not take this view of it and while the stock, previous to a declaration of the 5 per cent. dividend, did cross 70, from the day the announcement was made it began to sag off. The Dominion Iron interests felt they knew just how much it was worth and were not tempted by the higher dividend. The Scotia directors by their move had spoiled the deal and it was not long before they were obliged to suspend the 5 per cent. dividend they had declared with a view of pulling off their coup, and with the dividend gone, Nova Scotia stock slumped down below 50. Even at that it was the closest the different leading interests ever came to merging the two big steel concerns of the lower provinces.

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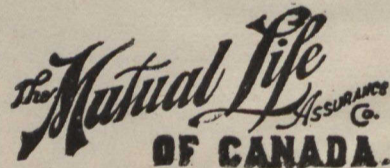
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# FOR THE CHILDREN



## GRANDPAPA'S LIONS

By LUCILE LOVELL.

ALL the way along the winding drive which leads to Grandpapa Minot's house in the wood, Bob and Betty sat on the very edge of the carriage seat. It was nearly dark. There was nothing to see except the brown road which ran on and on, and finally went out of sight in a little point far ahead. Yet there they sat; peering out, straining their round and eager eyes for the first glimpse of Grandpapa's lions. Once, Grandpapa, who was driving, had to caution them.

"Not quite so far," he said. "Grandpapa doesn't want to spill his Bob and Betty out."  
"They're not used to carriages," said Mama.  
"It isn't that—" Betty began, but Bob nudged her and she stopped short.

"Don't you know you mustn't?" he whispered. "Didn't Carroll make us promise not to say a single word about Grandpapa's lions till we saw them?"

"Oh, yes," Betty whispered back. "What else did Carroll say, Bobby? I've most forgotten."

"He said that they were bigger, oh, ever so much bigger, than Tommy Theodore's big St. Bernard dog; and that just as soon as the carriage makes the last turn there they'll be—standing right there, looking at us!"

Betty drew in her breath in a long o-oh. "Do you suppose they'll growl at us?"

"Lions don't growl—they roar," corrected Bob. "Carroll said these didn't, for I asked him, but he said I'd better not try any nonsense, such as pulling their tails or tickling their noses."

"Oh, I'm so afraid they'll growl!" And Betty sat very close indeed, to Bob.

"I'm pretty sure they would if we were by ourselves, for they wouldn't know we belonged to Grandpapa any more than Carroll did, only this is the first time we've ever been on from the West. But you needn't stop your ears, Betty. They won't roar when Grandpapa brings company to his house; they're too well-trained for that. Besides, I'm here!"

Just at that very moment, while they were whispering, Grandpapa Minot pulled up the horses, and called out in his big, cheery voice:

"Here we are!"

Betty caught her breath and shut her eyes. And in spite of his brave words Bob couldn't help hoping that those lions would stay where they belonged, and not follow on behind the aunts and uncles who were now pouring down the steps, eager to welcome Mama. Not that he was afraid. He had seen lions before, at the circus. But Betty hadn't, and he thought she might be frightened.

"Don't lions bite sometimes?" whispered Betty, her teeth chattering.

"Only in the countries where they live," Bob said.

"These live here," said Betty, quickly.

"I meant only where they're born," Bob hastened to say.

"Weren't they born here?" Betty questioned. "Mama was—and all the aunts and uncles. Can you see them? Or hear them?"

"No; it's almost too dark," Bob said; "and there are so many people, all talking at once."

"Bless me!" Grandpapa suddenly cried. "I quite forgot those children!"

Uncle John caught them, one in each arm, with a "Hello, kids!" and swung them to the ground. Then everybody seemed to forget them again in bearing Mama off along the garden walk. Bob grasped Betty's hand and they kept close to the grown-ups' heels till they came to the stone steps

which led to the front door. As he put his foot on the first step Bob swallowed hard.

"Come along," he said, manfully; "I won't let them hurt you."

Betty shut her eyes again and stumbled up the steps, clinging to Bob's hand. When they got to the top the door was open and the big lamps in the hall shone out brightly and made it as light as day.

"I see them!" Bob cried, in a voice that did not sound a bit frightened. "And they're only just door-step lions!"

Betty opened her eyes. "Why," she exclaimed, "they're made of stone!"

"Grandpapa's lions are just another of Carroll's jokes on us," said Bob.—*St. Nicholas.*

\* \* \*

## HOW JACKY LEARNED OBEDIENCE

ONCE upon a time there was a mother pig who had several little pigs. They lived in a pig-pen. All were good but Jacky—and I will tell you how he learned obedience.

One day his mother went away from home, and told the little ones that they must stay at home. But, after his mother had gone, naughty Jacky

thought he would take a walk. His brothers begged him not to go, but he crawled under the gate in the pig-pen yard and ran along the road until he came to a great mud puddle. He ran in-

to it and got his pink-and-white coat all dirty and had a big mud spot on the end of his pink nose.

He lay down in the water and played that he was a fish. Very soon a big dog came running down the road and Jacky was so frightened that he squealed,

"Please don't hurt me!" The dog laughed and said he would not hurt him, but told him that he ought to run home to his mother.

Still Jacky would not obey, but when he came out of the water he crawled under a fence and ate green leaves. Suddenly something came "bang!"

right on his poor little back. It was a stone. Jacky saw a cross-looking woman running toward him, calling "Get out of my garden, you bad pig!"

He squealed again, crawled under the fence, and ran off down the road as fast as his short legs would carry him.

Just then along came a big bear, who picked Jacky up and put him in his bag and started off down the road with him. But just then along came the dog

who had seen Jacky in the puddle. He was afraid of the bear, but as he heard Jacky squealing he wanted to help him. So he ran along behind the bear, where the bear could not see him.

When the bear came near a stream of water he laid the bag down and ran to the stream for a drink. This was the dog's chance. He came up quickly and quietly, bit a hole in the bag, and helped Jacky out. He told him to climb on his back, and ran off with him so fast that the bear could not catch them. The dog carried the little pig right home to his parents, who had been very anxious about him. Jacky was so glad to get back home that he never ran away again.—*The Circle.*

\* \* \*

## MARVELOUS MOTHER

A prancing pony gay  
Comes galloping my way;  
And with a playful slap  
I take him in my lap!

I scorn the tiger's wrath,  
And put him in his bath!  
And kiss the bear good-night  
Without a qualm of fright!

\* \* \*

—*Woman's Home Companion.*



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"Spreads Like Butter."  
Sold only in 15c and 25c blocks  
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after the work and worry of the day, to have an evening of music. Amusements may pall; books may lose their charm; but music brings rest and relaxation to mind and body.

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brings music to you, instead of sending you to seek the music outside of your home.

You can play this instrument yourself—whenever you like—and whatever music you like.

With the New Scale Williams Player Piano, you have the world's masterpieces—the rousing marches—the seductive waltzes—the "old songs" and the new—literally everything worth hearing and playing.

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**Oshawa Metal Ceilings** Fit for the finest building. Cost little enough. Reduce fire-risks. Two thousand designs for stores, halls, warehouses, churches, residences, etc. Write for handsomely illustrated book showing exclusive Pedlar designs.

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**"BABY'S BEST FRIEND"**  
and Mamma's greatest comfort. Mennen's relieves and prevents Prickly Heat, Chafing and Sunburn. For your protection the genuine is put up in non-refillable boxes—the "Box that Lax" with Mennen's face on top. Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30, 1906, Serial No. 1542. Sold everywhere or by mail 25 cents—Sample free. Try Mennen's Violet (Borated) Talcum Toilet Powder—it has the scent of Fresh-cut Parma Violets—Sample free. Mennen's Borated Skin Soap (blue wrapper). Specially prepared for the nursery. Mennen's Sen Yang Toilet Powder, Oriental odor. No samples. Sold only at stores.  
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Your physician will tell you that you should not wear cotton underwear at any time of the year in this climate—always a danger of serious colds.  
You can discard your uncomfortable winter underwear to-day without danger if you buy "CREETEE" light and medium weight Pure Wool Underclothing.  
Made in Silk and Wool Cashmere. Australian Merino Wool and fine India gauze in medium and light weight wools. Ask your dealer about the advantages of wearing "CREETEE" wollen underclothing.  
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Write for samples and measurement chart  
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You can't afford to roof a thing without Oshawa Galvanized Steel Shingles. Good for a hundred years. Send for the free booklet.  
**PEDLAR People of Oshawa**  
Montreal, Toronto, Halifax, St. John, Winnipeg, Vancouver

## The British Sailor

(Vancouver World.)

THE British sailor is no longer the free and easy individual who goes rollicking through life without chart or compass. He has become quite a conventional sort of person. He has bowed to the demands of industrialism and has joined a union. In the annual report of the Merchant Service Guild—a trade union for captains and officers of the service—the secretary asserts that "letters have at times been received from members of the Guild (written abroad) who have felt that their ships were sailing in an extremely dangerous condition, mainly through the new overloading regulations. These communications have simply been sent," he adds, significantly, "with the view of the ships never arriving home."

## Civic Good Looks

(Saturday Sunset.)

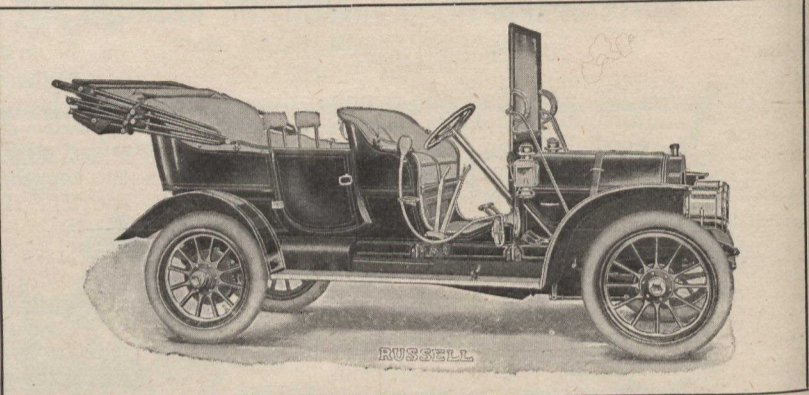
NOTHING succeeds like success and the appearance of prosperity begets it. When a man goes down town with a new suit and a nobby hat his friends may not remark the fact that he has new clothes, but they will be impressed by his appearance of prosperity. The same thing applies to cities. If a city has broken sidewalks, bad pavements, unkempt lawns and shabby houses it will be hard to impress strangers that it is prosperous, no matter how high the prices of real estate may rule. And it is surprising how a few neglected houses on one street will give a bad impression of the whole. It is just like the man with good clothes and soiled linen. Here and there in Vancouver—on some of the best streets, too—may be found houses which would be the better of a coat of paint, where lawns are ragged and run down, where boulevards are unkempt and uncared for. A very little expenditure of money and effort in many cases would result in a great improvement. Portland is a city of roses and one of the most beautiful in America. Vancouver in the future may be as beautiful but meantime let all our citizens clean up and paint up. This year it is especially important to do so.

## Free Trade Wanted

(Kingston Standard.)

WITH a population of eighty millions the United States does not purchase half as much from Canada as Canadians with a population of seven millions purchase from the United States. This is a direct result of the high American tariff. But what is the remedy? We have tried to bring about reciprocity, but unsuccessfully. There is a party in the United States also advocating reciprocity but hitherto without avail. What the result of the attempt now being made to revise the United States tariff may be, it is difficult to foretell. A reduction in duties has been promised but it may not materialise. The manufacturing interests are very powerful in the adjoining republic and it goes without saying that the majority of them will oppose either reciprocity or reduction. The farmers are equally opposed to lowering the duties on farm products so that it does not look promising for freer trade relations between the two countries—more's the pity, because freer trade would in many cases mean cheaper goods for the consumers.

## See Canada from a Russell and enjoy the finest summer you ever had



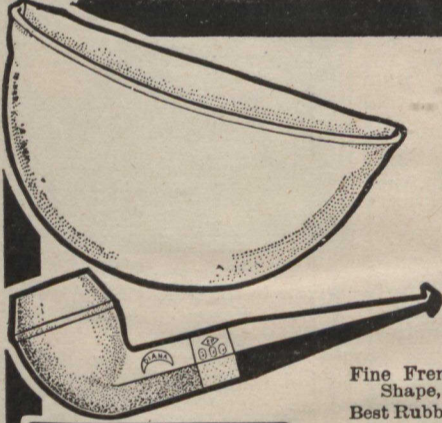
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With a car like that under you and with the knowledge that everywhere you go you will find a Russell agent or branch capable of giving the car the best of attention, you will know what a REAL VACATION is.

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will find that customers are better pleased where they are able to select their purchase in a well-lighted store. By use of Electric Light it is possible to show goods and materials in their true colorings, and the public know and appreciate dealing in a store where there can be no deception and dark, pokey corners.

**TORONTO ELECTRIC LIGHT COMPANY, Limited**

## Loch Lomand

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

Carl chuckled. "And now," he continued, as he rolled the egg back and forth on his open palms, "let us be patriotic." He swayed back and forth as he muttered wild incantations to Hebro, and Melut, and any other magic deities that he could think of. Then, when he felt the punctured rubber roll in a little ball in his hand, he shouted with glee and triumphantly waved a large Union Jack over the terror-stricken heads of his audience.

"He's the devil, that man!" shouted the piper of Cameron. "Put him out."

But his hearers were huddled against the wall. Not one was brave enough to lead the attack and the piper himself would have been against the wall with them had there been room.

Luckily Carl had another egg in his pocket and after demonstrating how the trick had been performed, he saw his audience gradually regain their courage and sidle into their chairs with blushes of chagrin.

But when coins began to mysteriously appear and disappear; to drop from the air and tinkle into a hat, and to come in handfuls from the legs of chairs; while handkerchiefs turned from red to blue, and swallowed articles came mysteriously into existence in the most remote places, the Scotchmen's fear came back with redoubled force.

Even Jennie looked with terror-stricken, inquisitive eyes at the magician as if in doubt whether he really were what she had so fondly imagined, or if as the others avowed he was in league with the Evil One.

A chair thrown savagely by a venturesome youth was Carl's signal for flight. Heedless of the wind and rain that had been raging for over an hour, he backed through the door into the open. Dodging flying missiles which every moment grew more plentiful, he ran into a clump of trees, turned sharply to the left, then to the right, and at last, tired and wet, threw himself behind a massive oak panting with exhaustion. He did not see the figure with terror-stricken eyes and wet, clinging garments that followed him wherever he went, and that rushed frantically away as he threw himself exhausted upon the ground. He knew nothing of this until fully ten minutes later when this same figure tiptoed softly up to him and touched him on the arm. Motioning him to be silent, it led the way down a narrow lane at the foot of which he saw his horse and rig standing tied to a convenient elm. Then the figure turned.

"Jennie," he gasped, "you're wet. What did you do this for?"

"You must go," she panted, "or they'll kill you if they find you. They are sure you are the devil in disguise or you could not do such things. Follow this road to the clearing, then turn to your left and follow the grass-grown road to Putney. They will direct you to Antigonish from there. Go quick," she pleaded, "go quick."

Carl gazed at her curiously. "Do you think I'm Satan?" he asked softly.

She looked at him half in alarm. What she saw in his eyes brought a vivid tinge of scarlet to her cheeks.

"I don't know," she replied. "I don't know. But I don't care either. If you are I'm not afraid. Didn't I walk with you? You didn't harm me then, and devil or not, I'm not afraid now."

She threw her head back recklessly. "You're going to leave us now," she said, "and I'm sorry. Yes, I will tell you to your face, I am sorry. I am tired of being caged up between the hills and never seeing

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Send for our beautiful Free Catalogue containing 7,000 illustrations of the most suitable articles for June Wedding Gifts.

We sell direct to the purchaser, thus saving you the retailer's profit and giving you a greater variety of choice than can be obtained in the ordinary way. These few suggestions of design and price:

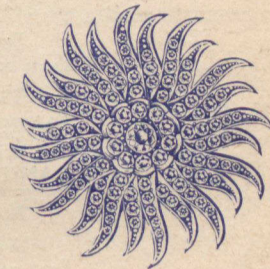
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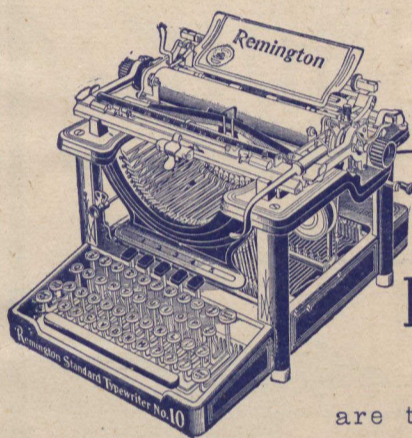


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The 1900 Motor Washers are now at work in thousands of homes. They are doing the work formerly done by women, at a cost of 2 cents a week for power! Saving thousands upon thousands of dollars in wash bills. Saving worlds of wash-day troubles. Leaving the women free to do other work while the machines are doing the washing.

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The outfit consists of the famous 1900 Washer with either Electric Motor or Water Motor. You turn on the power as easily as you turn on the light, and back and forth goes the tub, washing the clothes for dear life. And its all so simple and easy that overseeing its work is mere child's play.

### Free with Every Washer A Self-Working Wringer

1900 Electric Motor Washer Can be connected with any ordinary Electric Light Fixture.

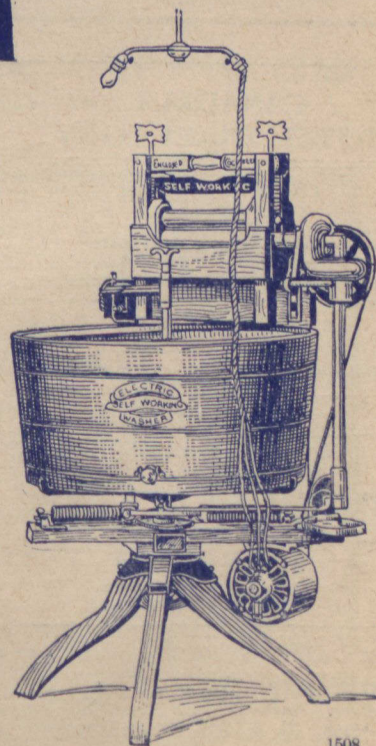
The Motor runs Washer and Wringer. We guarantee the perfect working of both. No extra charge for Wringer, which is one of the finest made.

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Don't doubt! Don't say it can't be done! The free book proves that it can. But we do not ask you to take our word for it. We offer to send a 1900 Motor Washer on absolute Free Trial for an entire month to any responsible person. Not a cent of security—nor a promise to buy. Just your word that you will give it a test. We even agree to pay the freight, and will take it back if it fails to do all we claim for it. A postal card with your name and address sent

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to us to-day will bring you the book free by return mail. Address C. C. U. BACH, Manager. The 1900 Washer Co., 357 Yonge Street, Toronto. The above offer is not good in Toronto or suburbs—special arrangements are made for this district.



1508



## Put Yourself in the Baby's Place!

When you reach home to-night, creep on your hands and knees with your open mouth six inches from the floor and breathe sharply.

Between coughs think of the adult shoes that have passed over that floor—and of where those adult shoes had been before they came into the house, and of what you are breathing.

Then remember that what you are doing for five minutes under protest your baby may do tomorrow for hours at a time, in ignorance.

When you've finished your experiment, you won't need any further argument for SANITARY floors.

Now one thought more—

A carpeted floor cannot be cleaned perfectly without taking the carpet up. A waxed floor cannot be cleaned perfectly without taking the wax off. An oiled floor cannot be cleaned perfectly without scraping the surface bare. An ELASTICA floor can be cleaned perfectly—in one minute with only a damp cloth as a tool and as easily as you would clean the hard, smooth surface of a plate glass mirror.

Ask your dealer or write us for booklet "THE RIGHT AND WRONG FINISH FOR FLOORS." Tells about

### ELASTICA FLOOR FINISH

## International Varnish Company, Limited

MAKERS OF FINE VARNISHES  
TORONTO



anything. I wish I was like you, going away to the cities where men and women really live. Oh, why am I not a man? If I were I would go with you."

Carl stepped closer and laid his hand on her shoulder. "Do you have to be a man to be able to go with me?" he asked.

"Won't you go with me as a woman?" he pleaded. "I will take good care of my Scottish maiden. Come, let me be your Lochinvar. Here is the horse, and yonder come the pursuers."

They listened intently. Far up the path the excited voices of men came to them borne by the wind, while only a short distance away the yelp of a dog on the trail was rapidly drawing nearer.

Carl untied the horse and led him to where the girl stood gazing fearfully up the path.

"They will be here in a minute" he said calmly. "Don't you think you can trust yourself with me? The lot of a traveller's wife is not a great inducement to offer you, I know, but I want you more than I've ever wanted anything in my life."

She looked into his eyes. "And you love me?" she whispered. "Me, a little country girl?"

The bushes parted to let the yelping canine through and he bit savagely at the heels of his quarry. Carl kicked him away mechanically.

"Yes," he replied, "I love you—you, a little country girl. Will you come?"

She held out her hand and he snatched his betrothal kiss as he lifted her into the waggon.

A smart cut with the whip and they were in the middle of the road, down which they tore, while round about the storm whipped and tore through the trees. One arm of the fugitive was around the girl, and, heedless of rain or wind, of thunder or lightning, he told once more the old sweet story of love.

"I'm glad you're not a wizard," she sighed contentedly after a while.

"But I am, little one," he replied. "I have spirited away the dearest little woman in the world."

"Then I am glad you are a wizard," she laughed as she snuggled closer in his protecting arm.

When the Douglasites and Cameronites reached the road naught was to be seen but a limping, whimpering dog licking with the healing tongue his wounded leg. No waggon tracks were discernible in the brook-like road down which a miniature mountain torrent was pouring, and not a sound of the distant wheels could be heard above the howlings of the storm.

They stood huddled together like sheep, gazing fearfully into each other's faces.

"I'm no' afraid o' man or beast" said the piper of Cameron with chattering teeth, "and I'm no afraid o' the elements, but I'll no chase you illusive devil further. No doubt he's gone to his own by some o' his deal'ish tricks. And I'll no mix in witchcraft further. There'll be a curse on me an' mine if I do."

The others nodded assent, and with many a backward glance hastened to the village.

Even yet in Douglas, and in Cameron; in Roderick Centre and in McPherson's Hill they will tell you with shivering teeth of the time the Evil One came to them and spirited away the belle of the valley. And even yet the villager, who of necessity is obliged to take the path through the woods near nightfall, will quicken his steps, and glance furtively around, if he heard the forerunner of the storm-wind sigh through the pines and hemlocks, or sees the occasional, ever-brightening flash of light, dart from the billowing cloud in the west.

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**PIG IRON**  
Foundry, Basic, Malleable  
**FORGINGS**  
of every description  
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metropolis of the Last  
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in the wild lands of Picturesque Canada—just a few hours journey from your home—away from the heat, grime and dust of the city or the crowding and many discomforts of the seashore, and enjoy the cool and rejuvenating atmosphere peculiar to the high wooded lands surrounding

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Charmingly situated, amid trees and shrubbery on the shore of the lake. Bowling on the green and alleys; Billiards; Dancing; Gasoline Launches for trips on the lakes; Ice cold Laurentian water piped from springs in the hills; hot and cold water on all floors; sanitary conveniences; electric lighting; modern in every way; just the place to spend a delightful vacation. Pleased to send full information and booklet.

WRITE "THE MANAGER" TEMISKAMING P. O., QUE.

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**Beaverton**  
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**Georgian Bay**  
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**or French River**

There are plenty of choices along the line of the Canadian Northern Ontario Railway and it is easy to decide which will suit you best.

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Copies of "The Lake Shore Line" may be had for the asking from the Ticket offices at the corner of King and Toronto streets or from the Information Bureau, Canadian Northern Railway System, Toronto.



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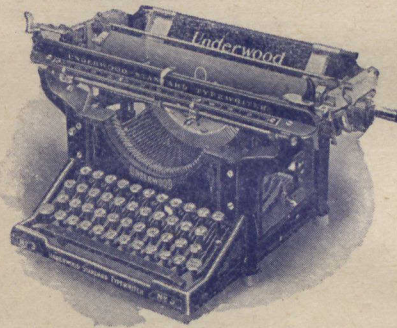
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## Moose Jaw

The railway centre of the C.P.R. in South Saskatchewan.  
 The rush for land continues this year as follows: January 643 entries, February 464 entries, March 1125 entries. Since April 1st, there have been over 100 entries a day. MOOSE JAW is reaping a harvest from the in-rush of settlers.  
 City buildings and improvements in sight this year: Collegiate Institute \$125,000; Fire Hall \$30,000; Anglican Church \$30,000; Y.M.C.A. to be completed \$80,000; 5 Business Blocks each \$25,000; 50 private residences each from \$3,000 to \$10,000; extension of C.P.R. yards estimated expenditure this year \$200,000; water and sewer extensions \$38,000; other city improvements \$70,000.  
 A street railway with two or three radial lines to rural points is being considered.  
 Resources are lying idle, simply for the lack of more men and more money for development.  
 In such a growing city there are always openings for investment.

For information write to  
 Hugh McKellar, Commissioner Board of Trade, Moose Jaw, Sask.



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**UNITED TYPEWRITER COMPANY, Limited**  
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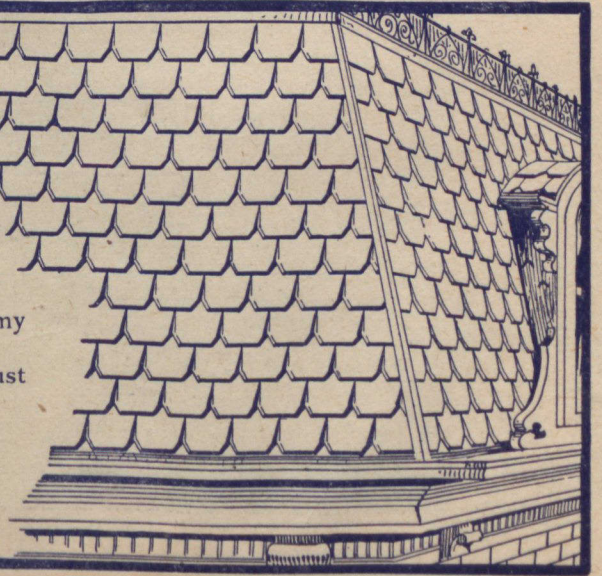
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because it contains all the material for building sturdy, robust bodies. The crispness of the shreds promotes mastication, which means sound teeth and good digestion. A food to study on, to play on—for children and grown-ups.

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¶ Two Shredded Wheat Biscuits (heated in the oven to restore crispness) eaten with a little hot milk or cream and a little salt to suit the taste, will supply all the energy needed for a half day's work. A little fruit adds to their wholesomeness and their nutritive value. ¶ Our new illustrated cook book is sent free for the asking.

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