

The Canadian

Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



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Provinces

"THE FIRST DOMINION DAY—1867"

Drawn by C. W. Jefferys.

EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER,
COURIER PRESS, Limited, TORONTO.

Let Us Help You Get Your City House and Its Verandahs Ready for Summer

Or if Your Summer Cottage Needs Furnishing Let Us Have a Chance to Tender on the Work

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Editor's Talk

THIS week's cover is a reminder that Dominion Day is at hand and that "The Maple Leaf" is still Canada's Emblem. In spite of many attempts to lessen the popularity of this distinctive Canadian symbol, it bids fair to retain its place in the public mind. Mr. Jeffery has indicated these ideas in a subtle and quite unusual sort of drawing.

THE short story in this week's issue is by a Canadian, resident in Philadelphia, who has already contributed several tales to our fiction department. We hope our readers will appreciate this tale, because Mr. Bond knows the life of the detective by actual experience. Fiction based on experience is the best fiction. We hope to have more of this promising writer's work during the year.

NEXT week's issue, though it will not be a special number, will be a large paper and will contain some rather striking features. The Quinquennial Congress and other important events will be treated pictorially, and there will be several important articles.

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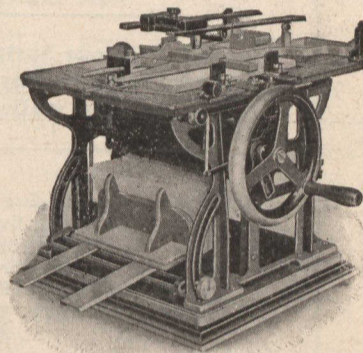
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THE T. EATON CO. LIMITED
TORONTO - CANADA





T H E

Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



VOL. 6

Toronto, June 26th, 1909

No. 4

MEN OF TO-DAY

Two Railway Operators of Note

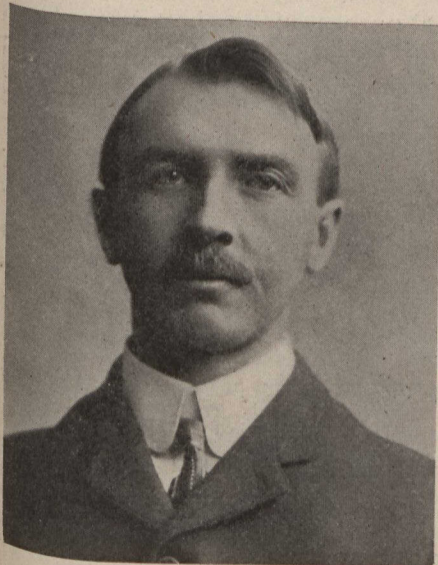
WHEN two or more head officials of competing railways are seen together there is trouble in store for some person. The accompanying picture of Mr. C. M. Hays, first vice-president and general manager of the Grand Trunk, and Mr. D. McNicoll, first vice-president of the Canadian Pacific, was "snapped" as they were leaving the precincts of Toronto's monumental City Hall. It does not need a Sherlock Holmes to decide that there was something important in the air. There was—a viaduct. When these two gentlemen departed it was very much in the air. In spite of the civic demand and in spite of the Railway Commission's order, they refused to build that viaduct which is to allow Toronto vehicular and foot-passenger traffic to pass underneath the railway tracks to Toronto's water-front. The case goes to the Privy Council.

Mr. C. M. Hays has made great progress in late years so far as personal standing is concerned. Especially is this true of his relations with the employees of the Grand Trunk. He is spoken of, behind his back, in tones of deep respect, and is backed up with a loyalty which is unusual even in Canadian railway circles. The public also have learned to appreciate his ability and his courtesy, two qualities which he has in large quantities.

Mr. D. McNicoll is a shrewd, genial Scotchman of the Montreal type, to whom much of the present smooth working of the Canadian Pacific is due. When Sir Thomas Shaughnessy chooses to lay down the reins of office, an event which in the ordinary course is far distant, Mr. McNicoll may be the man. An untiring worker, a prodigious memory personified, a splendid organiser of men and things, he is worthy even of so great a task. He knows the C. P. R. in all its elements and has seen it grow from an ordinary railway to be one of the three or four greatest in the world. The facts and statistics of the system are his A B C.

An Agriculturist

PROF. JAMES H. GRIDDALE is recognised as one of the leading agricultural and live stock experts in Canada. He has had a wide and thorough experience with every aspect and phase of farm industry. He was born on a farm in the Province of Quebec, and has been in constant association with matters agricultural ever since. He was appointed to the position of agriculturist in charge of the field and live stock work at the Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, in January, 1899. His technical and practical knowledge of agriculture and his thorough understanding of the conditions of soil and methods of cultivation in Eastern Ontario made him particularly fitted to perform his duties on the Experimental Farm. He is also well adapted for work in that section of Canada inasmuch as he speaks fluently both the French and English languages. Prof. Grisdale received his early education in public schools in the Province of Quebec and at Vankleek Hill Collegiate Institute. His later training was at Albert College, Belleville, and Toronto University. He took his technical course in agriculture at the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, and at Ames, Iowa. At Guelph he was the fortunate recipient of the general proficiency prize, and at Ames gained still further honour by carrying off the first prize in the Intercollegiate Student Judging Contest held at Omaha in 1898. At Ottawa he has paid special attention to the scientific study of crop rotations and soil cultivation methods. He has also conducted many useful experiments in the management and feeding of every class of live stock; and in



Prof James H. Grisdale
Experimental Farm, Ottawa



Mr. C. M. Hays and Mr. D. McNicoll leaving City Hall, Toronto
PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY THE NEWS

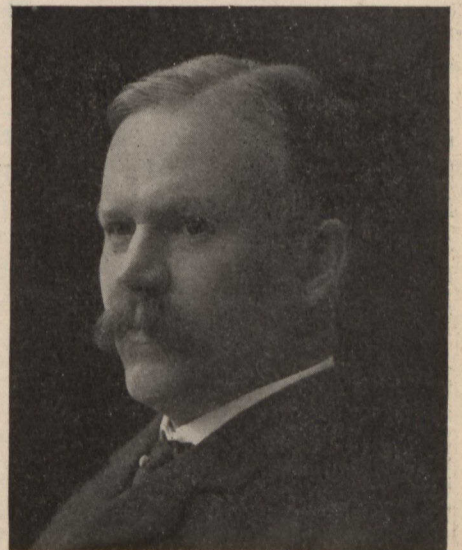
fighting nature. In 1882 he broke away to enter partnership with the Messrs. Blake, Toronto. His connection with that firm has been the means of his being actively associated with some of the largest corporations in Canada, such as the Mackenzie and Mann interests. He has given considerable attention to University of Toronto affairs and was recently given an LL.D. as a recognition of this and of his career.

In an Important Field

THE new general secretary of the Toronto Young Men's Christian Association is from New York—but he is not an American. Mr. George A. Warburton came from Somersetshire, England, thirty years ago. Almost continually since then he has been working among the young men of the great American metropolis. He started as a circuit preacher at nineteen years of age. The Newburgh, New York, Y. M. C. A. recruited him, and he served as secretary there and at Waterdown and at Syracuse. Mr. Warburton's specialty is the railroad branch of the Association work. He first identified himself with it by handing out books to the railroad employees at the Y. M. C. A. reading-room in the basement of the Grand Central Station, New York. He interested Cornelius Vanderbilt in that reading-room. Due to the efforts of both, it has given place to a Y. M. C. A. of 2,500 members located in four large, up-to-date buildings. At Toronto, Mr. Warburton's experience of building will be an asset. Y. M. C. A. expansion has been so great there during the past few years that it is proposed at once to undertake extensive building operations.

Lawyer, Capitalist, Litterateur

MR. ZEBULON AITON LASH, K.C., is a Newfoundlander who has accumulated not a few honours at the Ontario Bar. He won his spurs as a counsel while a member of the firm of Beatty, Chadwick and Lash, Toronto. In 1872, just four years after he became a barrister, Mr. Lash received the appointment of Deputy Minister of Justice of Canada. The peaceful shades of the Ottawa Civil Service, however, did not long appeal to his



Mr. George A. Warburton
Secretary Y.M.C.A., Toronto

REFLECTIONS

CANADIANS should be careful not to misunderstand the attitude of Australia and New Zealand in regard to Naval Defence. Dreadnoughtism has not taken possession of these sister colonies to the extent that a few over-enthusiastic Imperialists would have us believe. Some of the despatches have been most misleading. At times we have been led to believe that the two governments had wired orders to London to lay the keels for Southern Cross *Dreadnoughts*, to be presented to the British Government as soon as completed. The truth is that their attitude is much the same as Canada's. They are willing to help the Empire in every reasonable way; they are willing to co-operate with the British naval authorities in a deliberate and justifiable manner; but they refuse to be stampeded by sudden British notions which are more or less political and more or less ephemeral.



COLONEL FOXTON, Australia's delegate to the Imperial defence conference, has sailed for London. It will probably be found that he will support Canada's contention that the colonial contributions should take the form of colonial defence, colonial naval bases and colonial coaling stations. He will probably support also the idea that these auxiliary colonial fleets shall be constructed and managed on general imperial lines, so as to make imperial co-operation always possible.

New Zealand, because of the great influence exercised by the late Mr. Seddon, is probably more enthusiastic over Imperial Defence, and less inclined to insist on colonial autonomy in this respect than the other colonies. Nevertheless, it will probably be found that all the self-governing colonies are practically unanimous.



ONE Canadian delegate to the Press Conference intimated that Canada had not pursued a self-respecting policy in regard to naval contributions. That delegate may think his statement quite proper, but there are many people who think it decidedly improper. It was spoken by him in a representative capacity at a semi-official public function. It was neither the time nor the place to cast discredit upon his country's conduct and upon the attitude of his own fellow-citizens towards naval contributions.

Somewhere about 1879, Sir John A. Macdonald decided to build the Canadian Pacific Railway from Montreal to Vancouver. That road cost Canada one hundred and fifty million dollars. Supposing, instead of doing that, he had invested that amount of money in battleships and cruisers, would he have done more for the Defence of the Empire? Is not the C. P. R. to-day a greater asset in Imperial Defence than fifteen or twenty battleships and cruisers of the vintage of 1879-1880? Will not the National Transcontinental and Grand Trunk Pacific which will cost Canada in pledged credit and cash nearly two hundred million dollars, be an equally important link in Imperial Defence? These two railways will enable Canada to defend itself more effectively if it is ever called upon to do so. They will enable British troops to be moved across the North American continent if it is ever necessary that they should travel in that direction. They connect the British forces on the Pacific Ocean with the British forces on the Atlantic Ocean. They are truly Imperial contributions.



THIS answer to the charge of niggardliness may be further enlarged by pointing to our military expenditures. Australia and New Zealand being island nations and having no international boundary lines to consider, have paid little attention to their land forces. Their expenditures in this direction have been small, which accounts for their naval reserve establishments and their cash contributions to the British navy. Great Britain never maintained a land force in those countries in the sense that she did in Canada. Therefore the contributions of the colonies differed. Australia and New Zealand contributed by relieving Great Britain of a portion of the naval expense; Canada contributed by relieving Great Britain of a portion of the military expense. British troops at Esquimaux, Quebec and Halifax once cost the British treasury a considerable annual sum; to-day that expense is borne by Canada.

The man who points out how much more Australia has done than Canada is unfamiliar with the facts. If he knew his history, he would

find that Canada has made permanent contributions of exceptional value.



BEFORE 1902, it was thought by Imperialists that the colonies would contribute money and men and Great Britain would do the defending. Canada's attitude at the Colonial Conference of that year proved that this scheme was practically impossible. The self-governing colonies were not willing to be considered dependents looking entirely to Great Britain for direction and protection. They desired to be considered self-sustaining nations in alliance with the Motherland. It was Canada's premier who in 1902 spoke of the British Empire as "a galaxy of independent nations." He did not invent the idea, but he made the phrase. The idea was in the air, and he translated it into words.

The enthusiastic Imperial-Federationists of the day were dismayed. They feared it meant independence or separation. They have, however, gradually learned that it does not necessarily involve either. The affection for the Motherland, the willingness to sacrifice something in the common cause is as great to-day as ever. Colonial nationalism is not incompatible with Imperialism, though it has destroyed the hope of an Imperial Federation with Great Britain as the dominant factor.



IN 1905, there was published a remarkable book, written by an Englishman, a correspondent of the *Morning Post* who spent three years in the colonies studying the question. It was entitled "Studies in Colonial Nationalism," and the writer was Mr. Richard Jebb, a nephew of Sir Richard Jebb. On the opening page he says:

"In Canada, Australia and New Zealand, the national idea is discernible in different degrees of development, depending upon conditions which vary in each case. Generally speaking, the popular attitude towards the mother country is becoming different in kind to that which prevailed a generation ago. Colonial loyalty, rooted in the past, is slowly giving way before colonial patriotism, reaching to the future."

He points out that the confederation of the Canadian provinces, presently followed by the building of railways to connect the territory of the Dominion from the Atlantic to the Pacific, paved the way for the growth of nationalism in Canada. In Australia, confederation came later, and nationalism was also later. After tracing this development, he says: "The conception of imperial alliance has been the natural corollary of Canadian nationalism," because of the presence of a strong and ambitious neighbour beyond an easily-crossed boundary line. Perhaps it would be fairer to say, because of the great admiration which both English and French Canadians have for the British form of government and for those institutions and national characteristics which have made Great Britain easily first among the nations.



MR. JEBB points out that at the Colonial Conference of 1902, the old idea of naval defence by the aid of colonial contributions passed away forever. In this he was a prophet as well as a shrewd observer. He remarks:

"The notion that opportunities for naval service under the British Government would suffice to give Australians or Canadians a sense of personal possession in the British navy is radically wrong. The mere fact that so futile an expedient should have been adopted seriously is a symptom of vital weakness in the theory which prompted it. . . . It appears that the Dominion shares the Australian sentiment, that naval enterprise directed to local purposes is the best method of cultivating the maritime spirit and the sense of national responsibility."

Lord Charles Beresford and other prominent Englishmen have since admitted that the "local squadron" must precede the "imperial squadron." If these younger nations are to follow the dictates of their newly-grown national consciousness they will first build for their own national defence, and later contribute to the common defence. They will satisfy their national obligations before they satisfy their imperial obligations.



IN a few days, Canada will have completed her forty-second year of nation building. The Dominion has not accomplished much, perhaps, but it has been hampered by doubt and pessimism both at home and abroad. If it failed to make an impression on the nineteenth century, it bids fair to lend a little colour to the twentieth. Among the younger nations of the world, none has brighter prospects. If Canadians are true to themselves and to the high ideals

which they have preserved inviolate so far, they will some day play a leading part in the onward march of western civilisation.

THE BATHOS ABOUT BLYTHE

THAT section of the Toronto public which signs petitions and writes to newspapers is in a fair way of becoming hysterical over Walter Blythe, the wife-murderer who has had a second reprieve. This case has brought up once more the question of capital punishment and the desirability of abolishing the present mode of execution. The infliction of the death penalty is a solemn and awful act of justice, but the stress of modern sentiment is entirely against hanging, as a barbarous punishment which should have no place in our modern civilisation. Many of those in favour of its abolition are not, however, in favour of doing away with the death penalty, but consider that electrocution is a more decent method of ending the existence of a man who has forfeited all right to it. France thought the time had come for dispensing with executions and tried a legislative experiment with that end in view. Crimes of violence and brutality increased at such an alarming rate that it became necessary to restore the extreme sentence, as a final resort. Our whole system of penal enactment is becoming more reformatory than punitive in character, while the modern attempt to save boys, rather than punish criminals, is a sign of increasing enlightenment. In spite of all our advancement and progress there are occasional instances of brutal crime which call for severest treatment.

Among those who are interesting themselves in the Blythe case

are some citizens of common-sense and discretion who are merely opposed to capital punishment, but have no overwhelming sympathy with the criminal concerned. There are others, however, who belong to a class, commoner in the State of Michigan than in the Province of Ontario, who are tremendously afflicted by the troubles of the wife-beater and who weep copiously over the vagaries of the violent murderer. This man was in the habit of beating his wife and his final performance of that nature was sickeningly brutal. Any decent man or woman feels that such a criminal is much better out of the world. The facetious remark that the victim may have been of an irritating disposition is surely out of place in the consideration of such a crime. It is in keeping with life's strange ironies that the victim of man's brutality is usually of the meek and yielding *Patient Griselda* type who dares to call neither body nor soul her own. The shrew is seldom murdered.

It is entirely improbable that the original sentence passed on Walter Blythe will ever be executed. Let us, however, refrain from bathos over the suffering he has already endured and admit that all of it was richly deserved. There are decent strugglers all around us whom a few words of sympathy or an act of kindness may revive and encourage, and there is no necessity for exhausting our tears in contemplation of the wife-beater who is almost invariably a coward, as well as a bully. Of course he is frightened. One would expect nervous prostration to afflict the brute who strikes a woman until his blows are mercifully fatal. Let him go to Kingston and keep books or break stones; but for the sake of our robust, manly civilisation, let us abstain from whimpering over his hard lot.

FRITH.

OUR NATIONAL HOLIDAY

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

WHEN the first Dominion Day was celebrated there were three and a half million Canadians in Canada and a few thousands in the United States. At the present time there are more than two million Canadians in the United States who to the best of their ability will help to celebrate the Fourth of July. There are also several hundred thousand United Statesers in Canada who will lend a hand in observing Dominion Day. In some parts of the West there is practically one grand holiday from the morning of the First till the night of the Fourth; which is one way of demonstrating the fact that national holidays are a force in the making of a people.

Now the man who would understand in the marrow of his bones what a national holiday feels like has only to cross the boundary and spend the Fourth of July in a United States city; almost any will do—but Chicago and New York for the utterly ultimate outburst of joy which in that case takes the form of noise. In the Declaration of Independence, which was the cradle of the "glorious Fourth," it was conclusively itemised that "all men are born free and equal." Nothing was said of the Noise. That came naturally—from the sentiment.

The fact is that the United States "celebrates" the Fourth of July. Canada "observes" Dominion Day. So far as comfort is concerned we prefer the observance. We are naturally a somewhat quiet people. There is not a great deal of patriotism in a firecracker. The fact that a cannon-cracker makes as much racket as an artillery gun probably suggests war, which in the case of the glorious Fourth was the prime cause of the celebration. But there was no gunning when we got the First of July. It would be a hard matter to explain to the assimilating peoples in our bigger cities and out on the plains and in the mountains of the West just how we did get Dominion Day. Confederation is a pretty nebulous thing to talk about to a man who does not know how to write the name of Canada. It would be so easy to tell the unknown man—that once upon a time Canada rose in her anger and told the king across the water to call off his taxes and his troops. But we had no such spectacle. Calmly and with deliberation the Fathers of Confederation prevailed upon the Imperial Government to pass the British North America Act, granting to the provinces of Canada power to federate, privileges at law and in government, and constituting them the most independent colony in the world with the right to carve out a destiny under the British flag, so forth and so on.

But as a matter of fact the document makes rather dry reading; and if it were translated into the whole forty languages of Winnipeg it is quite likely that nobody would care to listen to it. There was no anger in it; no waving of a new flag; no slogan about all men being born free and equal; nothing for the passion to work upon—but a good deal of food for reflection and for imagination of a higher type.

Nevertheless we used to hatch up a good deal

of enthusiasm about Dominion Day. Twenty years ago when railways in Canada were far between and people travelled less than they do now, every town of any consequence had its celebration on that day. Sawlog hamlets in the newer counties organised events. Those that had celebrated the Twenty-Fourth of May had an appetite for another holiday and they went in with a high zeal for the First. In those days holidays were not numerous. Neither could most of us afford to travel a hundred miles or so when one came. Hitching up the buggy or the democrat and driving twenty miles to town or five miles to the village was the only way we had to observe the day—except by staying on the farm to pitch hay, shock the early wheat or hoe corn.

So whenever and wherever possible we went. Few of us knew the first thing about the British North America Act. In the whole store-stoop parliament there was no man wise enough to enlighten us on the details of that document. In some of the farmhouses the old picture of the Fathers of Confederation had been hanging for a year or two. We could all pick out John A. Macdonald; some of us knew Oliver Mowat; but very few could say which was George Brown or Charles Tupper. Just what that grave assemblage of men did in that large-windowed room in the city of Quebec we had no means of knowing. The school-teacher knew; but he was hazy when he came to tell it and much more concerned in what the boys were going to do when the celebration came round. He and the village doctor joined in with the mill hands and the nightly-gathering farm boys to rehearse the drama.

In this drama there were no spectacles or pageants. If the affair was to be held at the village timothy field back by the cheese factory, the first thing was to see that the brass band was mustered and practised; and if the village had no band somebody must send to the nearest town to get one; or in a pinch the Indian band might do from the Reserve. There were races to run off; trotting races in the sulkies and running races free for all—plough-horses not barred. There was a track in the timothy field sometimes used for a fair ground. On the sawdust of the millyard we saw the village champions do the long jumps and the throwing of sledge-hammers. Here and there, too, a baseball team had been organised.

After the races and the baseball and the running high and long jumps and climbing the greasy pole, there were speeches from preachers and township Reeves, wardens of counties and members of Parliament. They all said much the same thing; but it all sounded big. Then there was a supper as huge as the dinner and after that those that had no time to go home went to the concert in the cheese factory where the boys had fixed up a stage and a load of mill planks for seats.

These simple celebrations were characteristic of an earlier time when Canada was but half discovered. The simple life was still the way of most people. A good many were still clearing the land. A great many others were piling up mortgages.

Prices were low. Crops were poor. Scientific farming had not been discovered in Canada. The National Policy had gone into effect but the forests of tall chimneys had not come. Towns in Ontario and Eastern Canada were dropping off to a nice un-industrial sleep. Young men who went to school by thousands, because there was not much else to do, packed their trunks and bought tickets to the United States to help celebrate the big Noise because there were no spare jobs in Canada. Hence the exodus; the stagnation; the depression; the mere poetic innocence of Canadian life in those days. There was no great rush of railways. The C. P. R. was only just finished and was hardly paying for the axle-grease. Saskatchewan was shrouded in snow and mystery. Edmonton was a fur post; Calgary a cow camp; Winnipeg a conglomeration of log houses and stores at the fork of the trails.

Meanwhile in the big, busy hive to the south of the Great Lakes a number of ardent souls were preaching the doctrine of commercial reciprocity with ultimate ideas of annexation. Protection had not built up. Canada's great moment had not arrived. She was still in the industrial woods. And there were a few thousands in this country then who despite all their celebrations of Dominion Day had a secret hankering after the Stars and Stripes and the Fourth of July.

However, that flurry passed. By the turn of the national wheel and the remodelling of party policies regarding tariffs, and the discovery of the Saskatchewan valley and the areas of No. 1 Hard, accompanied by the building of railways and the moving of populations, the building of new towns in the West and the regeneration of old factory towns in the East, Canada began to look like a country whose identity was worth keeping. Ten years of progress and prosperity have converted all the annexationists. Commercial reciprocity is dead. Protection is rampant. We have begun to talk back to the Dingley Bill and the Aldrich Bill in much the same fashion as the thirteen free and independent states once talked back to George the Third. We have discovered that so far as trade and commerce and agriculture are concerned Canada is one of the biggest national assets in the world and the most powerful factor in the whole fabric of Empire.

Yet now that we have settled the question we have become so shrewdly busy that we have no time for the celebration of our national birthday. This is unfortunate. Victoria Day is all very well. But Dominion Day ought to mean more to a real Canadian. It is the business of Canada to make real Canadians of the millions she is bringing into the unoccupied lands and the towns and cities. There is no surer way to devise a real national holiday. A half-hearted observance is little better than nothing. A huge Noise would be worse. But if Canadian people could revive the old enthusiasm that used to devise celebrations years ago when people had comparatively little to celebrate or to be enthusiastic about—we should not be far wrong.



IN THE MATTER OF THE CLERGY

YOU may have noticed the other day that a young man was commissioned by the New York Presbytery to preach the Gospel who stated that he did not believe—among other things—in the flesh-and-blood resurrection of Christ. Now I have not the remotest intention of discussing with you whether that young man was right or wrong; but it does seem to me that such cases as his give ground for an appeal to the clergy to be honest with the people. The business of preaching is surely an ethical business; and one of the first essentials of good ethics is to tell the truth. Lying, deception, suppression of the truth, deliberately leaving a false impression with one's auditors, is hardly the sort of conduct we have a right to expect from men who take our money on the understanding that they will hold up before us the doctrine of pure righteousness; and who, moreover, profess to have received a commission to preach this righteousness to us in an admonitory way from the Deity. That is, they are the men who are charged by the Deity with the duty of urging us to be truthful and honest and straightforward; and they collect salary on that understanding.

* * *

NOW, that being so, the clergy ought surely to be entirely frank with their congregations as to what they believe and what they do not believe. There ought to be no preaching with the tongue in the cheek, or with a "mental reservation" like a dishonest witness. We want no religion of the sort practised by the pagan priests of old who could not meet each other in the street without grinning. The preachers should get up boldly in the pulpit and say exactly what they think; and if they are afraid to do that for fear they will "lose their jobs," they have no business in the pulpit at all. They are cowards, liars and obtainers of money under false pretences. For such men to profess that they are ethical teachers is an insult to every decent citizen to whom right ethics is not a sham nor a method of making a livelihood. We hear it said occasionally that the theology which passes in the city would not do in the country, for the country people have not been "educated up to it." Are the country people then fed falsehoods, fables and legends because they will not pay for anything else? Is preaching a kind of trade in which customers are sold the sort of goods they will buy, being given "shoddy" when they do not know enough to appreciate better stuff?

* * *

IT may seem unfair to attach all this preachment to the case of the young man in question who was certainly honest and barely escaped punishment for it. But you have already perceived in what

direction the incident has carried my thoughts. You probably know yourselves clergymen who hold a different tone in the "study" where they meet "the elect," whose reading and thinking has been "progressive," than they do in the pulpit within hearing of the whole congregation containing all sorts and conditions of people from those who swallow Jonah to those who prefer to sup up Jackson. Now it is against preachers of this class that I am raising my voice. A three-card-monte man can afford to deceive us if he can, for that is his trade; but a teacher of ethics and a preacher of the Gospel should possess at least the fundamental virtues of truthfulness and honesty.

* * *

TO my mind, the case goes even farther. What is the position of the Church? It cannot have two opinions on such a question as whether Christ rose again or not. It is not like a political party which can compromise anything so long as it assembles a majority of votes. Its only claim upon public confidence and support is that it bears a message from the Most High; and it surely ought to know what that message is. If, for instance, there is any doubt about the Resurrection of Christ, how does it know that there will be a resurrection of anybody—that there is a future life—that man has any relations with God? It seems to me that the removal of the Resurrection is the pulling out of the corner stone. The Church may continue to be a very fine ethical society—though it will have to readjust its ethical system to a one-world measure—but it would become a purely human society of ethical study; and my "guess" would be just as good as that of any Conference or Synod in existence.

* * *

THE Church—all the Churches—are constantly coming to us with the request—and often the demand—that we give them of our money to promote their cause. They take one man's money and another man's son or daughter and send them off to China or India to preach—what? That is something which the man who gives his dollars and the man who gives his children have a right to know. Will these missionaries preach Christ risen, or will they tell the "heathen" that the circumstantial account of that affair given in the Bible is a "fake"? Whichever they propose to preach, they should certainly make no secret of it here where we are doing the paying and the sending. Some of us might be willing to pay for one and some for the other; but it is not likely that any of us would be willing to pay for both. Honest dealing is not too much to ask of the leaders of Christendom. Is the Bible a divine book; or has it only what our American cousins would call "spotted divinity"? Is it all true; or are there things in it calculated to mislead the unlearned in German research? The Church might be right if it took either position; but which does it take? It cannot take both. Our religious leaders ought to realise that they cannot expect the plain citizen to regard them as the Heaven-inspired, God-sent preachers of a divinely revealed religion, which man must accept or be forever damned, when they let one man preach who insists on everything from the Fall of Adam to the Resurrection of Christ and then permit another man to get up beside him who calls Adam a tribe and the Resurrection a parable.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

PAYING ATTENTION TO RIFLE SHOOTING IN PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND



A Front View of the 500 yard Butt.



A View of the Butt from above.



Col. F. S. Moore, D.O.C., President Provincial Rifle Association and Capt. Watts, Sec.-Treas. Charlottetown Rifle Association, on the bank is "Bisley" Jones.

IN JUNE AND JULY THE MILITIA ARE QUITE BUSY



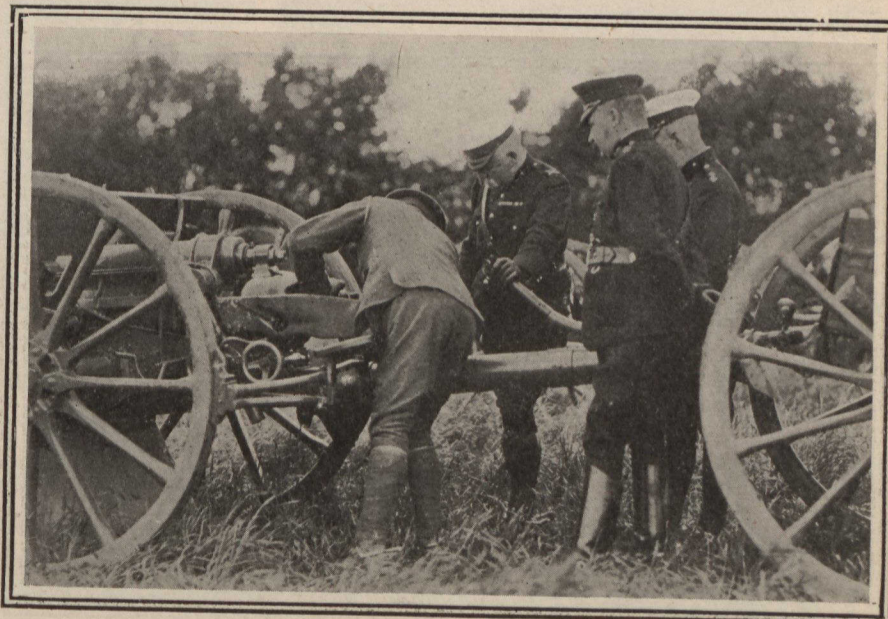
The Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, Postmaster-General, speaking at the Niagara Camp in connection with the opening of the first Military Camp Post-office. On his right is General Cotton, Lieut.-Col. Galloway, Lieut.-Col. James Mason and Lieut.-Col. Langton.



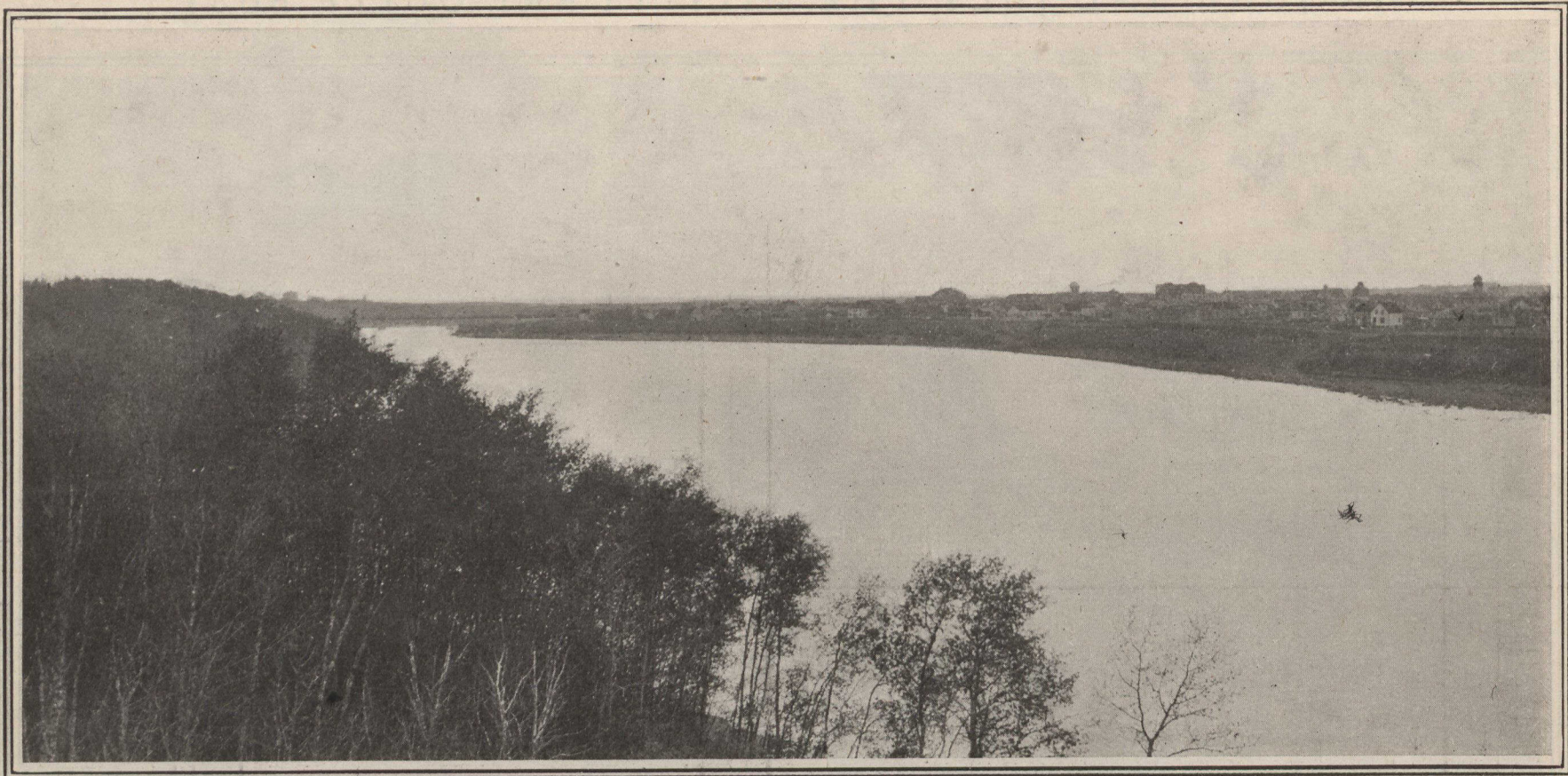
Artillery Camp at Notre Dame de Grace, near Montreal.



The Finish of the Day's Work.



General Buchan Inspecting one of the new 18-pounders.

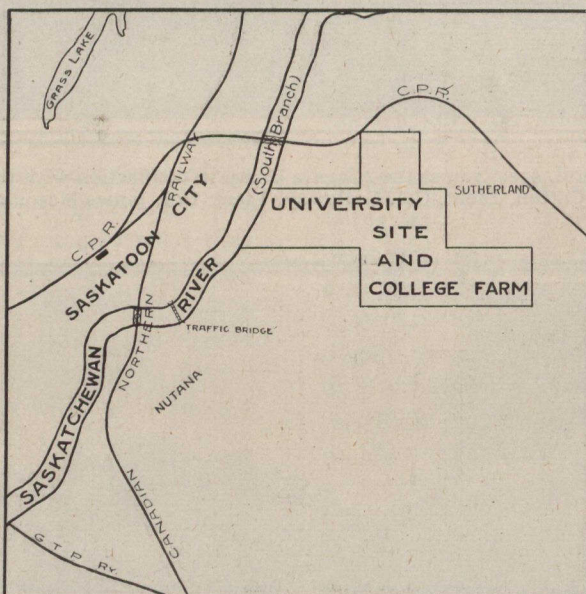


A General View of the Town of Saskatoon, looking from the Site of the New University of Saskatchewan.

Canadian Women's Press Club

IT is a curious circumstance that the great expositions in the United States have a fashion of bringing together Canadians of similar tastes and aims. The National Council of Women for the Dominion began in the days of the World's Fair at Chicago, while the Canadian Women's Press Club was formed during the St. Louis Exposition of 1904. Mr. George Ham is given the credit of originating the plan for such an association and it is just the friendly sort of service he would be likely to perform. During the past week, the annual meeting of the C. W. P. C. has been held in Toronto, while the great meeting of the International Council of Women was in session. In former years the West has been the scene of the annual gathering, but this year's experience of Ontario's hospitality may incline the Western members to try Toronto again. The business meetings were well attended, but the social side of the occasion proved unusually interesting at this Quinquennial season. A luncheon, given by the Toronto branch of the C. W. P. C., a motor ride to beautiful Lambton with its verdant links, and a garden party at St. Margaret's College, given by courtesy of Mr. and Mrs. George Dickson to the authors and journalists attending the Congress made a delightful trio of entertainments.

The officers elected for the ensuing year are: Hon. President, Mrs. Fitzgibbon, Victoria, B.C.; President, Miss Marjory MacMurchy, Toronto; Vice-Presidents, Mrs. R. W. McClung, Manitou, Manitoba, Miss Katherine Hughes, Edmonton, Miss Wallace, Halifax, Miss Jean Graham, Toronto; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. C. P. Walker, Win-



Map showing the position of the site of the new Saskatchewan University at Saskatoon.

nipeg; Recording Secretary, Miss Jane Wells Fraser, Toronto; Treasurer, Miss Florence Lediard, Toronto; Historian, Mrs. Bennett, Regina; Auditor, Mrs. Slipper, Port Arthur.

Among the guests at the luncheon was the first president of the club, Mrs. Coleman (Kit) who was most enthusiastically received, as the most brilliant woman journalist in the Dominion.

A Prairie University

WITH what pride the founders of Dalhousie, McGill, Queen's and Toronto Universities must have watched the laying out of the university site, and planning and erection of the first buildings, and the early development of the new institution of learning! That Canadian pride of the first half of the nineteenth century is now being duplicated in the newer provinces. Manitoba planned badly and her University is distributed in numerous buildings throughout the city of Winnipeg. Saskatchewan and Alberta have profited by the mistake and are making their plans comprehensive enough to cover the next century at least. They have chosen sites which are especially adapted to university work and which are large enough to accommodate the growth that must come with growth of population.

The magnificent Saskatchewan must needs be seen to be appreciated. No picture can do justice to either the North River, on the bank of which will stand the University of Alberta, or the South River, over which the new buildings of the University of Saskatchewan will look towards the growing city of Saskatoon. Although the universities are hundreds of miles apart, they will each be in the Valley of the Saskatchewan, the one at Strathcona on the northern branch, the other at Saskatoon on the southern branch. The two sites are ideal.

The growth of these institutions will be a reflection of the growth of the Prairie population and of Prairie ambition. By 1925, they will probably be exerting an influence almost equal to that of the older universities in the East.

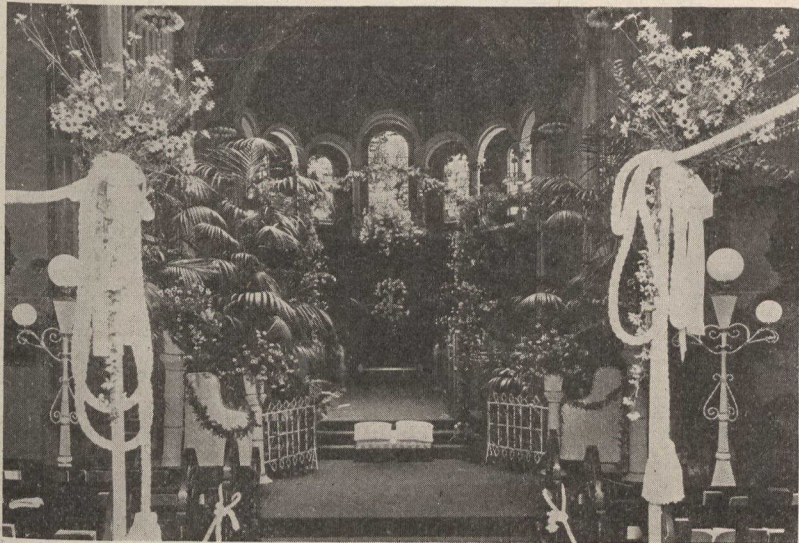
THE WOMEN OF THE PRESS AGAIN ASSERT THEMSELVES



The Canadian Women's Press Club held a Garden Party last week on the grounds of St. Margaret's College, Toronto.

SCENES AT A FASHIONABLE WEDDING

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PRINGLE & BOOTH



The Interior of the Church—A Marguerite Festival



What a time the Policemen had with Anxious Sightseers!



Sir Wilfrid Laurier arrives



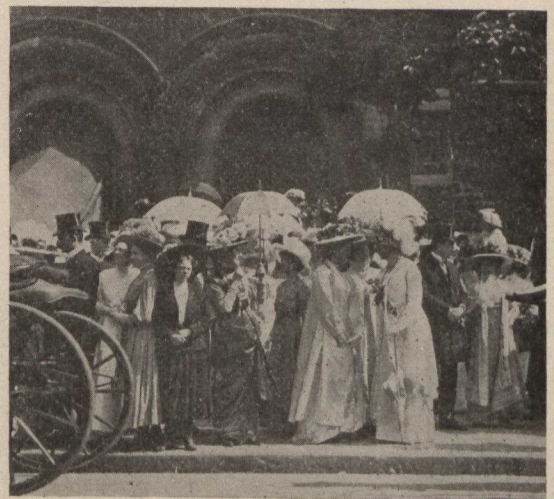
The Entrance to the Church and the Crowds of Interested Women



Guests in Light Summer Array



Could Anything be Sweeter?



Waiting for Carriages after the Wedding

The marriage of Miss Melvin-Jones, daughter of the Hon. Lyman Melvin-Jones, Senator, to the Reverend T. Crawford Brown, at St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Toronto, June 16th.

The Church and the Intellectual Revival

By CHARLES HERBERT HUESTIS

THE Church of to-day has entered upon a sea of troubles. Two things are a source of anxiety to her. One is the worldliness of her people, and the other is the spirit of Modernism in her preachers and teachers. As these two things occur together, the conclusion is that they are connected as effect and cause. The Church is losing spirituality because her leaders are dominated by the spirit of intellectualism. Hence Modernism must be combatted.

Is the conclusion correct? In seeking an answer to this question we turn naturally to the history of the Church in the past. The answer we get is immediate and conclusive; namely, that periods of spiritual revival in the past have sprung out of times that were characterised by intellectual affluence, never out of times of intellectual frugality. This is a fact that was recently pointed out by Professor Peabody. "Protestantism, Methodism, Tractarianism," he says, "were movements of religious revival, but they began within the precincts of universities. It is suicidal to anticipate a revival of religion which shall be dissociated from a revival of theology. The only practical choice is between a theology that gives chains, and a theology that gives wings."

The present age is characterised by a great intellectual revival which has influenced almost every department of human thought; and is now inspiring theology. There are two phases of this revival that concern the Church. One is critical, and is marked by a determination to prove all things and hold fast that which is good. The other is dominated by the principle of development, of which there has never been a better definition than that of Jesus: "First the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear." The former is represented by the historic criticism of the Old and New Testaments; the latter by the "New Theology," as it has been called. The essential difference between this new theology and the old may be stated in this way: the theology of the past thought of religious truth as fixed and unchanging—that an unchanging theology was the only standard of truth. The new theology sees progress in all things, and a movement towards ends that are not yet. According to the old view, when God made the world He made it all at once, when He created man He made him perfect, so that the only possible change in his status must be a fall from his perfect state; when He revealed Himself to man, He confined that revelation to the Bible. The new theology sees the world still in the making, man slowly rising out of the animal and the savage into his divine inheritance, God still

inspiring His children with His thought and leading them out into ways unknown.

It would be impossible within the limits of this article to indicate the greatness of this change, difficult to exaggerate its importance. What concerns us is the attitude of the Church towards this intellectual revival in theology. There are three ways in which she may conduct herself in the presence of modern critical thought in theology. She may put herself in opposition to the movement, and frown upon and crucify her ministers and teachers who espouse the same; or she may treat it with indifference as only a passing phase of intellectual development having nothing to do with the chief business of the Church, which is saving souls; or she may welcome the new thought, and use its forces to stimulate her own spiritual life.

Which of these three courses she is following there is no need for the present writer to point out in view of recent happenings, for he who runs may read. It must be remembered, however, that a Church cannot maintain itself upon the principle that there is no such thing as history; nor can a Church maintain its leadership over the conduct of its people indefinitely upon the principles of moral purpose and the idea of service, important as these things are. There must be added another factor, and that is the *power to think straight*. Anything in the Church which threatens this power is fraught with danger. While it is the duty of the Church to guard jealously the traditions that were delivered to the fathers, in so far as they hold within them divine truth, it is also her duty to sympathise with those within her communion who swing in orbits eccentric to the traditional one. Because the Anglican Church failed to do this she lost John Wesley; for the same reason the Roman Catholic Church lost Luther, and the Wesleyan Church William Booth.

It is the duty of the Church to interpret truth in the language of living men, and give to her youth the best thought of the day upon matters that concern her functions; for only in this way can she preserve them from indifference on the one hand or despair on the other. What is the Church doing to-day to adjust her young people to the mighty changes that have taken place during the past half-century? Only by such adjustment can she rob of its force the sceptical appeal which must come to them sooner or later. If the Church had been wise fifty years ago in her interpretation of the Bible, she would have saved thousands of young men from spiritual distress and loss of faith through the sophistry of Ingersoll. Instead she girded herself in defence of traditional views of the method of

creation, until at last, too late, she found herself beaten, and science holding the field. Professor Gregory of Leipzig says acutely that when God makes nuts the point is not the outer husk, but the kernel. It would be wise for the Church to develop a like divine sense of values.

* Not only for the sake of her youth, but for the sake of her ministry must the Church show a sympathetic attitude towards the new intellectual movements. Recent studies of the subject would indicate that not only are fewer and fewer cultured men entering the ministry, but in many cases where men have entered college with a view to the ministry, they have abandoned the idea during their college course. They do not see how it is possible for them to adjust the new views of the world order they get in college with the theological conceptions they learned in their youth. Is it not the duty of the Church here to assist her young men to attain unto a view of things broad enough to embrace the facts of nature, of man and of God in such harmonious relations as will satisfy the demands of the enquiring intellect and the yearnings of that human heart by which we live?

The writer believes that the Church should deal sympathetically with her young men, especially in view of the work she has to do in Western Canada. He may repeat here what he has said before. What is needed in the West is the Gospel mediated by men of strong intellectual power, who have force of mind and character to apply Christian ideals to the life of the people. This is all the more necessary because there are climatic and other influences at work in the West which favour the growth of an emotional type of religion, and a corresponding shallow type of manhood. This means a people of unstable equilibrium, open to all sorts of social and religious vagaries. This is clear from a study of the religious conditions of the Western States, from which most of these obsessions take their rise. The type of man who mediated Christianity to the pioneers of the Western States was chiefly the emotional. They were men, for the most part, of great zeal and aggressive force, but lacking the power to think straight. If we would guard our West from this type of manhood, and also from that bondage to the common and inferior in tastes and ideals which holds sway in the Western States to-day, we must see to it that religion is represented in the Canadian West by men who will command the respect of the settlers by virtue both by the nobility and spirituality of their lives, and by the strength and liberty of their thinking.

Red Deer, Alberta.

An Easterner in a Western Town

Prince Albert the Picturesque

By JOSEPH P. DOWNEY, M. P. P.

A FEW years ago here in Ontario we took Canada's Last Great West on trust. We believed, with St. Paul, in the evidence of things not seen. Now we extend our vision. Via the palace car route we reach those places which were civilisation's outposts a short time ago. We see for ourselves. We enlarge our ideas. We find cities instead of muskrat houses, twentieth century commerce cheek by jowl with the Indian, awaiting its chance to push him off the map.

"Prince Albert enjoys the distinction of being the oldest settlement in the Province of Saskatchewan"—so reads the opening sentence of a recently published historical review of that picturesque western town. Old, Prince Albert is, as places go in this part of the Dominion. Its citizens may look with justifiable disdain on the mushroom developments of other settlements, remembering that antiquity has a claim to recognition that newness, however striking, can never possibly offset. But when one puts on his eastern spectacles and begins to analyse Prince Albert's plea for the veneration that comes only with years he is impressed, not by its age, but by the budding youth of the place. The records say that the first white settler established himself here as a trader in 1864. Then followed two years later the well known Presbyterian missionary, Rev. James Nisbet. The Mission House in which Dr. Nisbet established himself, on the corner of River Street

and Central Avenue, is now giving place to a modern commercial building, but the work of which he laid the foundation at the cost of so much labour and privation is being zealously continued in the new Presbyterian Church, one of the finest edifices in the province.

But its age is not Prince Albert's only claim to greatness—it has become known through its publicity bureau as "Prince Albert the Picturesque," and it certainly has substantial claims to the title. The northern branch of the Saskatchewan, always muddy, always majestic, makes one of its most graceful sweeps past the front door of the city, retaining on the opposite bank, as far as the eye can see, its natural fringe of poplar and willow. Neapolitan patriot found vent in the words: "See Naples and die." Here the local enthusiast recalls the Indian's tribute to the swiftly flowing river that he loved—"Once drink of the waters of the Saskatchewan and to it you must return."

They tell us, the people of Prince Albert, that the same is true in the present day. People leave this section for the East and for the West, and for the prairies, but back they invariably come to renew their youth on its banks and slake their thirst in the waters of the old Saskatchewan.

The natural beauty of the place has in recent years been intensified by the steady march of expansion. The hill at the back, overlooking the busi-

ness centre of the town and the river beyond, is becoming the residential section and boasts some beautiful homes. On Centre avenue and River street, imposing business structures have been erected. Already building permits aggregating a million dollars have been issued this year. The great railroad and double driveway bridge built by the Canadian Northern Railroad for its branch to North Battleford is one of the sights of the province. It is an eight-span structure with a swing section in the centre for the boats, and is over 1,000 feet in length. Across this bridge on the banks of the river lie hundreds of acres of land owned by the city. This area will in time be converted into a park.

But though the people of Prince Albert love it for its beauty, it is not for that alone. At present prosperous and progressive, it has, they claim, splendid possibilities for future expansion. One of the outposts of civilisation, it is also a gateway to the great country northward, incalculably rich in lumber and with fine mineral prospects. The timber resources at Prince Albert's back door are certainly no dream. Down the river, three miles from the centre of the city, one sawmill is turning out 100,000 feet of lumber per day. In summer they drive the logs for many miles on the Little Red River and other branches of the Saskatchewan. In winter they employ a unique method of transportation. From the city northward to the limits an ice-



A Snow Locomotive which draws Logs to the Sturgeon Lake Lumber Company's Mills, not far from Prince Albert, and draws Lumber from the Mills to Prince Albert. It will draw 100,000 feet at one load.

road is built. Tanks of water at certain distances feed sprinklers that day by day build a solid surface on the roadway. With this foundation to work on, the ice-engine makes its own track. A huge belting with spikes to grip the ice on the under side and cleats to mash the cogs of the drive wheels on the other, passes down in front of the wheels and revolves as the engine moves forward. In front, the engine is supported by a strongly built lumber sled. The cars following are all mounted on sleds. It is astounding the quantity of logs or lumber this engine can move. The round trip of sixty miles is made in one day and as much as 80,000 feet of timber is hauled in a single load.

Reminders are many that Prince Albert was not always a commercial centre. The Indian is plentifully in evidence; also the half-breed. Across the river is the Indians' stamping ground, and there you can see them, a grotesque mixture of the barbarism of old, and the civilisation that has invaded their haunts and mightily influenced their habits and mode of living. Most of them hereabouts are of the Sioux tribe, which had that little trouble with Custer and with Miles in pursuit crossed the line to evade the justice that awaited them in the United States.

When the lumberjacks come down from the woods the Indians gather in force and help to people the streets with a motley crowd. Your lumberjack of the West can scarcely be distinguished from the type that prevailed on the Ottawa in the early days, and is still, no doubt, in evidence there. He is the dude of the wilderness, wears cuffs on his trousers to an exaggerated degree, and faces danger without a tremor.

Prince Albert has not forgotten the rebellion of 1885. A deep impression the incidents of that exciting period must have made upon the minds of the people, for they speak of it now with as much earnestness and thoroughness of detail as if it were of

yesterday. It was not the prospect of a civilised war that terrified the residents of the old trading post, but the terrible uncertainty which their position—completely cut off from the south—imposed, and the ever present danger of a general Indian uprising with all the horrible atrocities that would inevitably follow. Many of the noted characters of the uprising have passed away. All the noted Indian chiefs are gone. Gabriel Dumont died at Duck Lake two years ago. He won fame as a sharpshooter in the early engagements but that fame does not appear to rest on solid ground. The surviving followers of Riel are reticent about the affair. One of them whom I ran across at Duck Lake would talk on any and every subject—the crops, the weather, even politics—but the unpleasantness of 1885 was a closed chapter in the country's history, so far as he was concerned. Not so the whites who lived through those trying times. They recall the first meeting held by Riel in a little hall on River street, in the fall of 1884, and other like gatherings through the northern territory; the outbreak of hostilities at Duck Lake in the following year; the organisation of the Prince Albert Volunteers; the gathering of the women and children into the Presbyterian Church for safety, and the glad news of the arrival of Middleton; the release of the prisoners at Duck Lake and the subsequent defeats and the final dispersal of Riel and his band.

Because "grim-visaged war" threatened its existence at one time, all the more confidently and enthusiastically does Prince Albert now pursue the arts of peace. The Prince Albert citizen points to the eastward and the southward, and proudly asks you to behold the garden of the province—"the best land that lies out of doors," he terms it. The C. P. R. originally intended to run its through line this way, we are told, and its first intention was the wise one. Now the C. N. R. has stepped in and made tributary to its system the finest territory in

the West. Progress marks every section of this old but newly awakened city. Property values have increased enormously. To-day favoured business sites can not be purchased for less than \$250 per foot. Building operations increase year by year. The old frame structures are giving place to imposing stone and brick edifices, modernly equipped. Water and electric light systems operated by the town give the people efficient and cheap service. This summer will see several of the main streets permanently paved.

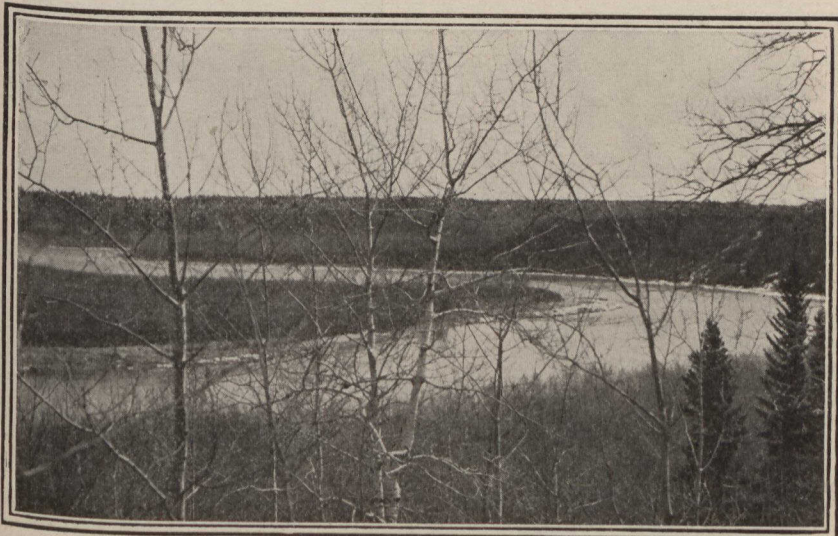
But that is not all. Back of the town is one of the largest areas of spruce and poplar on the continent, raw material in abundance for numberless pulp and paper mills. Why should not Prince Albert employ this splendid natural asset for its own industrial advantage? The answer to that question is to be found in the proposition to develop 10,000 horse-power at Colle Rapids, twenty-five miles down the river, and with this cheap electrical energy encourage the establishment of a large pulp and paper mill. That there will be a market for the product there is no reason to doubt. This western country with its growing cities and rapidly increasing demand for paper—now burdened by heavy freight rates from the East—should readily consume all the output of the proposed industry.

A MONG the patients in the private ward of a Philadelphia hospital there was recently a testy old millionaire of that city, whose case gave his physician considerable difficulty at first.

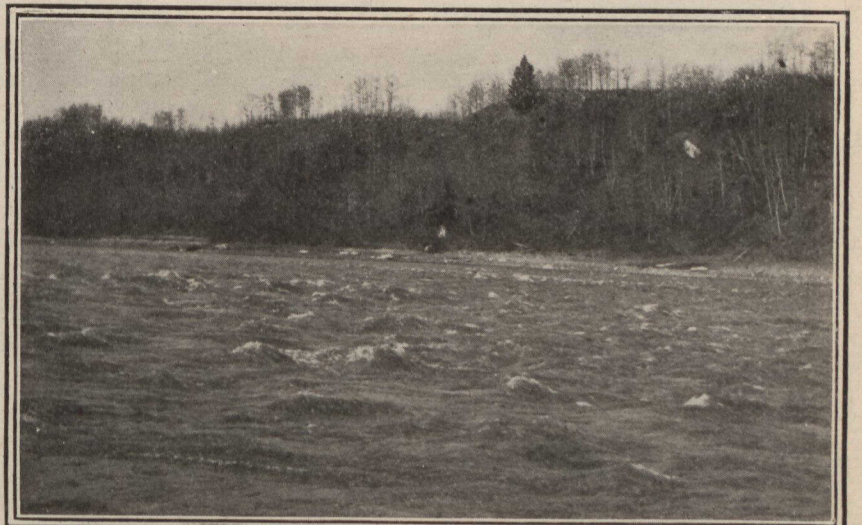
"Well," asked the crusty patient one morning, "how do you find me now, eh?"

"You're getting on fine," responded the doctor, rubbing his hands with an air of satisfaction. "Your legs are still swollen; but that doesn't trouble me."

"Of course it doesn't!" howled the old man. "And let me tell you this: If *your* legs were swollen, it wouldn't trouble me, either!"—*Lippincott's*.



The North Saskatchewan just beyond Prince Albert



Colle Rapids on the same river



Dr. Alice Salomon, Germany



Her Excellency Lady Aberdeen, who has been re-elected President of the International Council of Women and the Quinquennial Congress.



Dr. Louise Martindale, England



Rev. Anna H. Shaw, U.S.A.



Froken Gina Krog, Norway



Mrs. Edwin Gray, Great Britain.

International Council of Women
BY KATHARINE REID

WHEN the delegates and visitors to the International Council of Women first entered the grounds of the University of Toronto, and looked upon their "meeting-houses," they must have felt an inspiration rise from the very fragrance of the newly mown grass. The day was clear, the foliage was full, and the huge gnarled trees with wide spreading branches stood about like giant sentinels guarding the precincts on the world without. The University looked like an architectural jewel set in an expanse of green sward, and against a sky of cobalt the towers and turrets and domes of the several fine buildings were clearly outlined. The scene was exhilarating. No accumulated dust of centuries deepened the shadows on the academic stone, but the freshness and beauty of it all spoke of life and energy, and hope and joy, and of a promising future if not of an historic past. It seemed symbolic of the great Council itself, which has just entered upon the twenty-first year of its existence, and reviews with satisfaction the difficulties of a short and struggling career, while it reaches forward to the accomplishment of its purpose—that of assisting to establish conditions that will secure the supremacy of the golden rule, and hasten the time when all will do unto others as they would wish to be done by.

No sooner had the delegates arrived than the scene became animated. Committee meetings were opened, and the business of the Council was at once launched. University women graduates in caps and gowns acted as ushers, and more than once their knowledge of moderns was called into requisition in directing the strangers through the intricate windings of the building to their destined committee rooms. It was not the tread of students or the words of sedate professors that sounded through the long corridors, but the accent of many a foreign tongue expressed in feminine tones.

The representation includes women of many ranks, conditions and lands. Vice-royalty with its ceremonial attendance, university graduates with enviable arrays of titles, women distinguished in art and science and literature, in the professions of law and medicine, in teaching and nursing and journalism, in horticulture and agriculture, in poultry raising and various other industries, as well as renowned philanthropists, are met together to consult upon the best ways and means of working—not for the promotion of superficial things that perish, but for principles which tend to the uplifting of humanity throughout the world.

Much care has been spent upon the decoration of the buildings, and the arrangements for convenience and comfort. Private offices are adequately equipped for the president, Lady Aberdeen, for the hon. corresponding secretary, Mrs. Ogilvie Gordon, D.Sc., Ph.D., F.L.S., and for the secretary, Mrs. Willoughby Cummings. The rest room is wonderfully inviting, and the writing room cool and quiet. There are cut flowers everywhere on desks and tables, and palms are ensconced in many a recess and corner, and on the platforms. Oriental floor coverings and French-Canadian homespuns fulfil the double duty of beauty and usefulness, and flags of all the nations represented are clustered harmoniously upon the walls above the rich oak paneling. Convocation Hall, beautiful in itself, has a most effective decoration into which the arms and flags of the nations are skilfully woven with the motto of the Council.

"Canada! Itt iss beautiful," one sweet voice affirmed, while the countenance of another was still more expressive than her kind words.

In presenting her address at the opening meeting in Convocation Hall on Wednesday evening, Lady Edgar, on behalf of the National Council of Canada extended a very warm welcome to the president, the Countess of Aberdeen, and to the delegates from the various countries. His Worship, Mayor Oliver, in reading the official address of welcome on behalf of the City of Toronto, referred to the very valuable results that had been attained through the efforts of the Council. Professor Ramsay Wright, in the absence of President



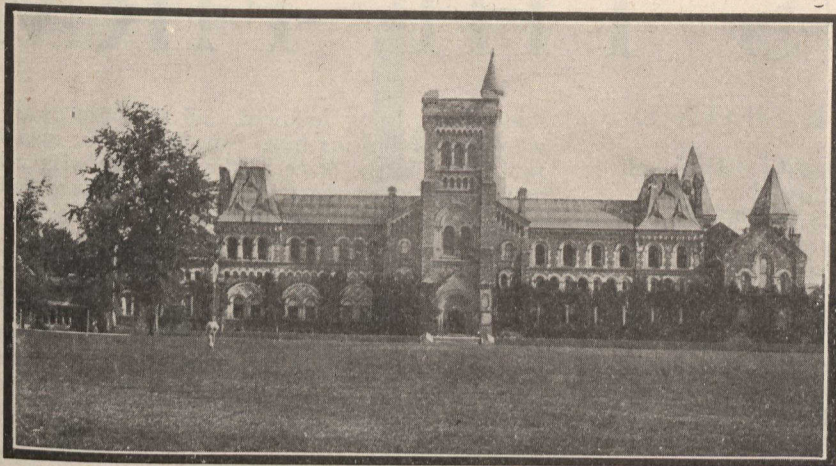
Lady Taylor, Canada.



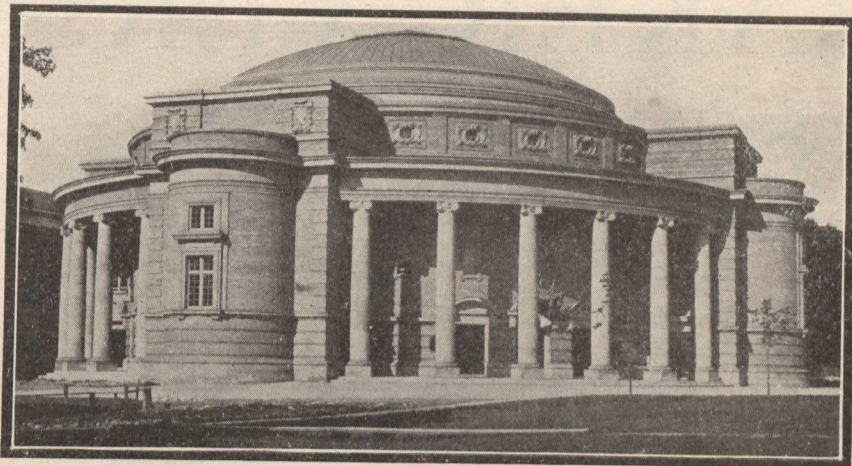
(Mrs.) May Wright Sewall, U.S.A.



Mrs. Henry Dobson, Tasmania.



The Main Building of the University where the business was transacted.



Convocation Hall, where the larger meetings were held.



Mrs. Dobson, Mrs. Nordheimer and Mrs. Dignam.



Sometimes they had their jokes.



A Group in the Main Doorway—Lady Edgar is on the right

Falconer, most cordially welcomed the visitors on behalf of the University, and briefly outlined the rapid growth of that institution in which there were 4,000 students in regular attendance at lectures during the past year, 800 of whom were women, and within the last twenty-four years 800 degrees have been conferred upon women by the university. His Honour, the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, assured Her Excellency of a "national chorus of welcome," and spoke in the most ardent terms of appreciation of the efforts of the Countess of Aberdeen towards stamping out the white plague. "It is sufficient to endear her forever to the whole world."

"Canada has certainly maintained her reputation for open-handed hospitality," smilingly continued Lady Aberdeen in her opening speech, "in the kindnesses that have been received by the delegates, and the series of receptions that have been accorded them since their landing at Quebec by Lord and Lady Grey, the Dominion and provincial parliaments, the municipalities of Quebec, Montreal and Ottawa, and by individual hosts and hostesses—and now, in Toronto, the University had provided such a beautiful meeting-place for them. "I think I may add," she observed pleasantly, "that we shall be peaceable subjects, and hope our stay may bring some good in quickening the forces which make for peace and righteousness."

They were, undoubtedly, a fine assembly of wo-

men, and their high purpose had not dulled their artistic sense of the fitness and beauty of costume. There were no very striking instances of the art of the modiste, but the prevailing colours and styles of the season were in evidence. The degrees, however, varied and were soon forgotten. The personalities proved to be more interesting, and when the visitors forsook their native tongues, and delivered their crisp, witty, earnest addresses in King's English, the effect upon the audience was enlivening, particularly as the broken accent gave a peculiar charm to the words. Reports state that subsequent attempts in English were not always quite so successful, but that in proportion to the break in the accent and the confusion in the idiom, the charm was intensified.

Lady Aberdeen was accompanied by the Lieutenant-Governor and Mayor Oliver, and others on the platform were Lady Edgar; Mrs. May Wright Sewell, Boston; Frau Marie Stritt, Dresden, Germany; Mrs. Ogilvie Gordon, Aberdeen, Scotland; Mrs. Sandford, Hamilton (treasurer); Mdle. Popelin, Belgium; the Marchese Bourbon del Monte, Italy; Fraulein Dr. Alice Salomon, Germany; Froken Anna Buch, Denmark; Frau Heinisch, Austria; Mrs. Edwin Gray, York, England; Froken Kragner, Hungary; Froken Gina Krog, Norway; Miss Baelde, Holland; Mrs. Baker, Australia; Mrs. Gibson, Mrs. Oliver, and Sir William Thompson,

A.D.C. and physician to Lady Aberdeen.

The first regular session of the Council was held on Friday morning in the west hall of the university and the spaces allotted to each delegation were indicated by poles surmounted with a small flag of their nation. The effect was picturesque, especially in connection with fine environment. Lady Aberdeen was in the chair and surrounded by the official ladies. The time was principally given up to business affairs which have monopolised the whole first week, and the real work of the Congress will be carried on during the second week, when all the different phases of the subjects into which the work of the Council has been divided will be discussed at length. A few subjects have already been introduced in a preliminary way, and the question of public health, including tuberculosis, has received a good deal of attention, and a department of health has been opened in the Council.

"There can be no question that the spirit of international amity breathes in every part of our great Council," said Mrs. Ogilvie Gordon, the capable hon. corresponding secretary, in her report, and she urged the importance of preparing an international report dealing with various subjects in the simplest language so that it might be understood by women who possibly had not had the educational

CONCLUDED ON PAGE 21.



Representative Women from twenty-three Countries.



A Garden Party at the Royal Canadian Yacht Club.

BAKER VERSUS THE FIRM



PERHAPS one of the occupations that the average individual knows the least about is that of the private detective. It is true, that this individual, around whom so much glamour hangs, is the hero of innumerable stories and stori-ettes, principally of the dime novel or Sherlock Holmes

variety, both of which are far fetched and far from the reality.

After fifteen years association with one of the largest detective agencies in this country, or any other for a matter of fact, I can truthfully assert that the private detective is an ordinary, wide awake every day man, with perhaps a trifle more power of observance, and a little more stick-to-it-iveness than the rest of us. Sad to say, however, the old and very rarely believed adage of "Set a thief to catch a thief" is more truth than fiction. Perhaps the association with crooks of all descriptions has ultimately a tendency to beget a like crookedness in the crook-catcher; perhaps the continual and easy opportunity of making a rake-off, is too much to be resisted by a common mortal, but be it what it may, it is nevertheless a fact that the private detective who does not stoop to pad expense bills, at least, is a *rarus genus* indeed.

The favourite remark of our chief was:—"For a grasping, grabbing Shylock, give me one of our men," and it was more truth than fiction. Where it was not exorbitant expense bills rendered, it was demands for increased salary, hard luck stories, or threats to leave in the busy season. Seldom these latter threats were carried out, for it was a "cut off your nose to spite your face" mode of procedure for a man to leave the firm on this account. He could be very sure that he would not be employed by another company in the same line of business if it was known, as it generally was, that he had worked for us, for no firm of detectives, who has a reputation to sustain, will knowingly engage a man who has previously been employed by a rival concern. That policy has proven unproductive long ago, for after employing one or two of these men, who turn out to be simply agents of a rival company, giving away the secrets of the firm who have taken them on, you are naturally on the *qui vive* for others of their species.

There is probably more rivalry in this class of work than in almost any other. Each firm eagerly seeks large corporations as clients, and when they can get a man like Baker, who has worked for another firm—But I am ahead of my story.

The firm with which I was employed, as I said before, was the largest of its kind in America. As it is still in existence and still holding its prominent position, we will have to designate it by "Pembleton's Detective Agency."

Baker was our star. He had worked for us for over ten years and was well up in all branches of the business, in fact had proven so invaluable to us that we were willing to stand far more from him than we generally did from our employees. He was a small, dark, wiry little chap, not yet thirty years of age, full of conceit, and possessed of a superabundance of humour. His expense bills were marvels of construction. Never had we known a man with such a capacity for incidentals, treats and cigars for furtherance of case, and entrees of a like nature. We threatened, pleaded, bulldozed and swore, but Baker was obdurate. He had spent and the money must be refunded; didn't we promise to pay actual expenses? Couldn't we afford it? and like questions were thrown at us until we gave in and reluctantly "OK'ed" the bill, in more cases than one charging a portion of it to the client and entering up the remainder to profit and loss.

"Even a worm will turn," and Baker at last put in a bill that was more than the Chief could stand. Incidentals, treats for furtherance of case, and tips to numerous parties for information, were heavier than ever.

Williams (the Chief) and I called him into the private office. Smiling as ever he strutted in and listened to our comments with the same self-satisfied and righteous air that he had listened to similar comments for years.

"Can't cut them down, sir," said he. "If you want the goods delivered you'll have to pay the price. If my rate is too high get another man who is willing to work for less."

"And that is just what I intend to do," replied the Chief. "You may consider yourself dismissed after to-night. I am of the opinion that your ser-

By R. SLADE BOND.

vices are not altogether invaluable and we will do our best to get along without them."

Baker for once in his life lost his customary coolness. He was totally unprepared for dismissal and the suddenness of it all rendered him for the moment incapable of reply. But only for a moment. His recuperative powers were great, and he was soon the same smiling, self-confident Baker as of yore.

"Chief," he said with a smile, "this is bad policy. Very bad, if you will allow me to give my opinion. Why, sir, you are losing one of your best men, and don't seem to realise what a loss I will be."

"If we judged you in accordance with your own ideas you certainly would be invaluable," sneered Williams, "but as we still have the ability to set a standard for ourselves and render our judgment by it, I think we will get along as without you as with you."

"I'd like to make a wager on that, Mr. Williams," responded Baker. "I'd like to wager that you'd be only too willing to take me back and give me a good sum in addition inside of three months."

"If you're so anxious to throw your money away," said Williams, "I am willing to pick it up. What amount do you wish to give me?"

"Oh, I'm not giving you anything," replied Baker. "But how about your month's salary against Lord Emo? I believe you have wanted to own that horse for some time and here is your chance."

"Done. Before you have time to retract," said Williams.

"All right," replied Baker. "Then the matter rests like this: In three months from to-day, or in other words on the twenty-third of December, if I am not reinstated in Pembleton's employ and am not paid for returning, I am to turn over to you Lord Emo, and if by the twenty-third of December, I am fulfilling the above conditions, you will turn over to me one month's salary for being so kind as to return to your fold."

"That's how we stand, Baker," agreed the Chief. "But really, I feel like a thief to do this. You haven't got a ghost of a show, and this wager removes what little chance you ever had, for you don't suppose I am paying a month's salary out of my own pocket, do you?"

"Not if you could help it you wouldn't," answered Baker as he passed through the door. "Now when you see your business getting slack, your clients leaving one by one, and trouble coming in bunches, just send for me. I am pretty sure I could set matters straight. Adieu, or rather let us say 'Au revoir,'" and Baker passed out of our sight.

"What does he mean, Jim?" said Williams, turning to me.

"I guess he's batty," said I. Nevertheless a feeling came over me that Baker had a card up his sleeve, which might be higher than we expected, and that he would play that card when the time came.

"You must be right, Jim. You must be right," said Williams. "It's a shame, too. He was a good man all right, and I only hope our rivals don't gobble him up."

Our rivals, be it understood, in the literal sense of the term applied to all other detective agencies doing business in New York, but the Chief treated all others with disdain except the firm of Holmes & Boyd, who were the only firm he would look upon as a rival. They were rivals in the true sense of the word. Nothing was too low for them to do in order to add the name of one of our clients to their client book. If we failed in a case we were on pins and needles for fear Holmes & Boyd would learn of it, and canvass the disappointed client for his future business.

It is no wonder, therefore, that Williams said he hoped Baker would not go over to the rivals, for he would be a strong addition to their even now strong force.

For two weeks nothing happened to disturb our peace of mind. The Chief acknowledged to me confidentially that he had at first worried considerably over Baker's indefinite remarks, but had now forgotten all about them except very occasionally, and then he indulged in a smile over his past forebodings.

This was, however, simply the calm preceding the storm. The president of one of the largest banks on our list of clients had given us instructions to have one of his cashiers shadowed. On the third day of the operation our man was "tipped off." That means that the party being shadowed had become aware of the fact through some source or other

that he was being followed, and was also aware of whom was following him. Another of our men was substituted in the place of the first, but with a like result, and when the third, one of our best "shadows," was likewise tipped off and we could offer no satisfactory explanation to the client, the latter indignantly refused to have anything further to do with us and declared openly that Holmes & Boyd could have his patronage in the future.

The Chief and I pondered over this for the good part of the afternoon. The loss of the client meant considerable to the firm, but the mysterious way in which our men had become known was the greatest source of worry to the Chief.

The following day one of our men reported that one of Holmes & Boyd's men was engaged on the operation that we had failed on, and two weeks later we learned that the same man was still shadowing the cashier.

This showed that Holmes & Boyd, at least, did not seem to be falling down on the operation.

'Tis a true saying that one calamity follows another. Hardly had we gotten over the sorrow of losing the patronage of one of our banker clients when a far greater mishap occurred.

"Three of our men, who had been engaged on operations of various kinds in the city, came in almost simultaneously one morning with the information that they also had been tipped off. In each and every instance this meant the loss of a very valuable client, could we not offer some satisfactory explanation for our men becoming known. And this we seemed to be unable to do.

Williams questioned and cross-questioned each man time after time, for the slightest clue he could give to account for this. In each instance their story was the same. They had been engaged on their work, were not acting in a suspicious manner at all, but had been informed by some of the parties from whom they were endeavouring to glean information, that it was known they were private detectives, and probably their absence would be far more appreciated than their presence. As they were of no use when known they had naturally nothing to do but throw up the sponge and report to the office.

While making a final effort to abstract some clue from them, Williams suddenly gave a start, and ejaculated:—

"Boys, have you seen Baker lately?"

"I have," said one of the men.

"So have I," replied one of his partners. "He was talking to me day before yesterday, and that reminds me: He said if I saw the Chief, to tell him that he was only starting. I asked him what he was starting, but he said you would understand if I told you that. I did not take much stock in it as I thought probably it was only a joke."

"Joke nothing," roared Williams. "Riley, I've got a job for you right now. I see plainly enough now how we are losing all our operations. That traitor, Baker, knows every one of you fellows, and there is nothing easier in the world than for him to watch you leave here in the mornings, follow you, see what you are doing, and then put the enemy wise to you. I know his game well enough, but two can play at that business. Just wait until we catch him at it. Riley, I want you to find Baker no matter how long it takes you to do it; shadow him, and bring proof that it is he who is ruining our business. Do that and I will make it worth your while. I am sure he is at the bottom of the whole business but we have to have proof to convict him."

When the others had left the office Williams turned to me. "So that is his game, is it?" said he. "Well, he has reckoned without his host this time. I might have known there was something like that back of these knocks we have been getting lately. Now if Riley can get proof that he is doing it we will make an example of him. I hardly think he will get back with us by using these sort of tactics."

"But what if we can't prove it is him?" I replied. "What if he proves too c'ever for Riley. You know we have not got a man in the company who is equal to Baker, and it will be no easy job for Riley, or any of the rest of them in fact, to catch him doing anything out of the way. Baker is not going into this with his eyes shut, you may be sure, and I would not be surprised if we have a good hard job ahead of us right now."

"Well, we'll get him," answered the Chief, "if we have to put twenty men after him, and when we do we will have our innings."

A few days later while I was in the outer office, Baker himself walked in.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 24



11



“Lots to do” at Caledonia Springs

Golf, tennis, quoits, croquet, riding, driving, motoring, fine walking through a beautiful country over good roads.

Clear, bracing air.

Beautiful grounds, fine scenery. Perfect restfulness or constant activity---as you prefer. And as a substantial and noteworthy background to all this is the

NEW CALEDONIA SPRINGS HOTEL

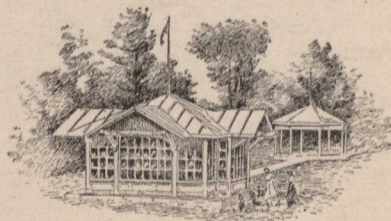
An hotel that is managed with the serious purpose of *really* giving the summer resorter *all* that he pays for in comfort, amplitude and quality of food; service, courtesy and that host of “incidentals” the lack of which looms up so large at the average conventional summer resort hotel.

Then of course you must remember that this is the home---the birth place as it were of delicious, healthful

MAGI WATER

The table beverage that all Canada is drinking. The water that has such high medicinal virtues that Physicians for 70 odd years have prescribed and recommended it for Rheumatism, Gravel, Gout and Kidney troubles of all kinds. *We take no invalids with contagious or “ugly” diseases at Caledonia Springs.*

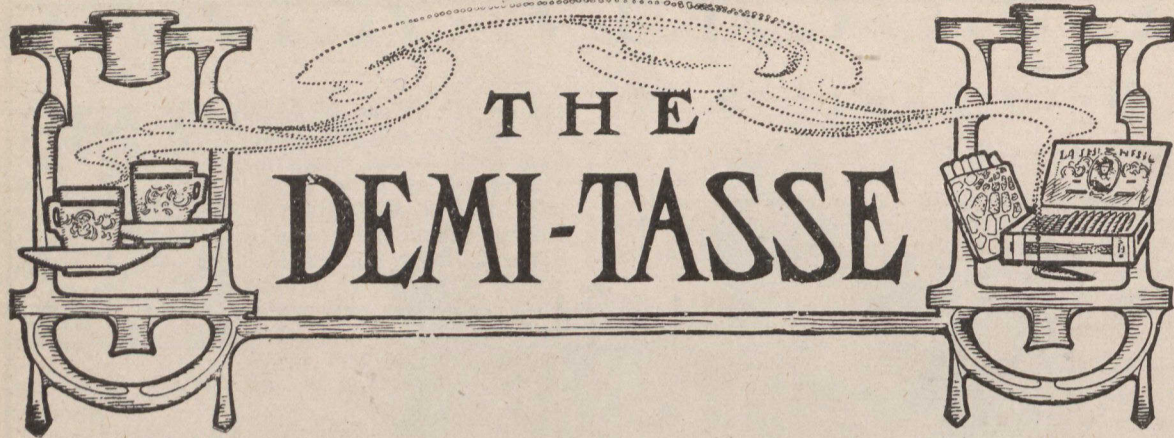
Write for booklet, rates and complete information.
If in a hurry, wire at our expense.



CALEDONIA SPRINGS COMPANY, Limited

C. A. COLE, Manager

Caledonia Springs, Ontario



A QUESTION FOR DEBATE.

HOW many apples did Eve and Adam eat? This question was answered by seven lawyers as follows:

First lawyer—1 of course	total	1
Second lawyer—Eve 8 and Adam 2 ..	"	10
Third lawyer—Eve 8 and Adam 8 ..	"	16
Fourth lawyer—Eve 8 and Adam 82 ..	"	90
Fifth lawyer—Eve 81 and Adam 812 ..	"	893
Sixth lawyer—Eve 814 herself and Adam 8124 himself	"	8,938
Seventh lawyer—Eve 8142 know how it tasted, and Adam 28142 know what it was like	"	36,284
Which was right?		

* * *

THE GREAT QUINQUENNIAL.

Toronto, of conventions large
 And conferences great,
 Is having the most festive spell
 Of feminine debate.
 From many tribes and nations
 From lands across the sea,
 The delegates have come to talk
 From countries twenty-three.

They tell about bacteria
 Within the milk that lurk,
 And show how woman's rights shall thrive
 In lands ruled by the Turk.
 The public health they oft discuss
 In accents mild and bland,
 And tell how hurtful germs are chased
 By millions from the land.

The movements educational,
 The latest subjects out,
 And what the girls are studying
 They tell you all about.
 In fact 'tis lovely woman's chance
 This weary world to show
 Just how the sphere is moving round
 With woman's cause, you know.

The delegates are fair and sweet,
 Their clothes are awfully fit;
 And though they are so very wise
 They are not proud a bit.
 They talk about a thousand ways
 To make the world look bright,
 And when the next Quinquennial comes
 Things will be nearly right.

* * *

HARDLY THE WORD.

AT Montreal, there was a business man who was showing a visitor the equipments of his office and the owner pointed with pride to a certain corner where a pretty young woman with golden hair and a bright pink gown was speedily transforming dictation into a pile of completed correspondence.

"I make use of a visible typewriter," said the owner, by way of explanation.

"Visible!" retorted the friend. "Why, I should consider her positively conspicuous."

* * *

A LAPSE INTO LATIN.

IN the Parliamentary debates of the British House, a Latin quotation is frequently heard, although such a classical outbreak is not so common as it was a century ago. In Canada, such quotations are rarely heard from the honourable gentlemen who represent the political intelligence of the nation. Ottawa seldom has the felicity of hearing a choice bit of Cicero or Virgil. Even such a hackneyed bit of historic exclamation as "Et tu Brute!" might be fatally misunderstood by some one on the other side of the House, who would fail to grasp the fact that Brutus was the personage mentioned, and that no unparliamentary epithet was intended. Hence, Mr. James Conmee keeps to Anglo-Saxon,

even in the heat of debate, and refuses to drop into sonorous Latin.

Last autumn, when the Dominion elections were creating more or less interest, a Conservative from Ontario attended a Liberal meeting in Montreal and was highly interested when an ardent defender of Sir Wilfrid Laurier created enthusiasm by describing Sir Wilfrid as *suaviter in modo, fortiter in re*. The Conservative looked up the phrase and bore it in mind for use on a future occasion, on behalf of one of his own party colour. Some months ago at a political gathering in Toronto he uttered a warm eulogy of Sir James Whitney, concluding his remarks with the sentiment:

"It may truly be said of him—*fortiter in modo, suaviter in re*." A lawyer in the front row smiled broadly, but the majority in the audience burst into hearty and prolonged applause.

* * *

A MAID'S THANKSGIVING.

AN old French maid exulting in the joys of single bliss and deeply convinced of the troubles of married life, thus vented her feelings to her pastor: "Many taem, Fater, I doan tank God I never see a man I no tak a marry."

* * *

THE OLIVER APPLE.

AN old story about the Hon. Frank Oliver and the famous Oliver apple was recently retold in the Toronto Star.

Mr. Oliver, it seems, had watched with pride a little apple tree which was growing in a corner of his garden. Nobody, so far as folks knew, had grown any apples in Alberta. This was the pioneer tree; he awaited anxiously its first fruits.

In due course, blossoms came; a number of them. Mr. Oliver paid more attention to that tree than if it had been a Grit constituent. It rewarded his efforts by producing a number of little apples, and the Oliver orchard was as proud a spot as Holland.

But, alas, the apples sickened and dropped off—all but one, which plumped out and coloured up and grew daily in magnificence. Ewe lambs were common in the West, but apples—

The Mayor of Edmonton was told about the apple. There was to be a celebration, with speeches. With characteristic enterprise, the West was going to advertise itself as a fruit centre. The one apple was to be picked with form and ceremony.

The night before it all happened (which it

didn't) a little boy climbed up to the tempting fruit, strong young fingers plucked it from the stem, firm young teeth bit into it with joy.

And that is what happened to the first apple in Alberta.

* * *

A RANK OUTSIDER.

MRS. CARRIE CHAPMAN CATT, the American suffragist leader, apropos of woman suffrage, said: "Men of that sort—men of that stupid sort—treat us women like little children or pet animals. They make no account of us whatever. They are like old Calhoun White, the negro. Old Calhoun walked down the main street one morning in his best black broadcloth suit, with a white rose in his buttonhole and cotton gloves on his large hands. 'Why, Calhoun, said the barber, 'are you taking a holiday?' 'Dish yere,' said the old man, in a stately voice, 'dish yere am mah golden weddin', sah. Ah'm sallybratin' hit.' 'But your wife,' said the barber, 'is working as usual. I saw her at the tub as I came out. Why isn't she celebrating, too?' 'Her?' said Calhoun angrily. 'She hain't got nuffin' to do with it. She's mah fou'th.'"—Pearson's Weekly.

* * *

THE WRONG WORD IN THE WRONG PLACE

IT is astonishing sometimes how unconsciously careless we are of the feelings of the person to whom we are talking. A young guardsman told me the other day that a friend of his went with him to consult his lawyer. The solicitor, a shrewd-looking and kindly old gentleman, was listening to an irate explanation of how his clerk had failed to do something that had been expected of him. "Yes, you are quite right, it was his fault," said the solicitor. "But why are these confounded lawyer's clerks so stupid," asked the angry soldier. "I do not know, my dear sir," rejoined the solicitor kindly, "but would you mind alluding to them as 'lawyer's confounded clerks'?"—M. A. P.

* * *

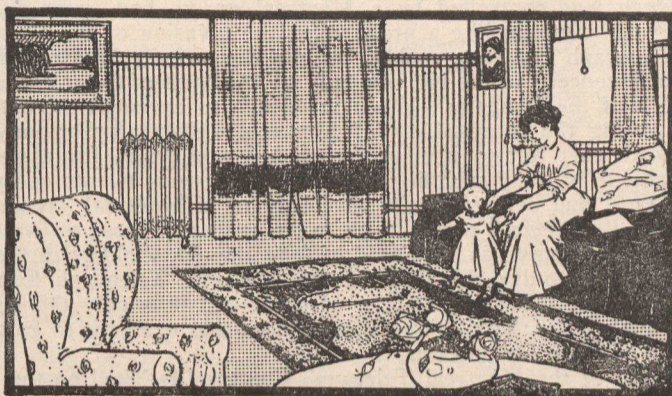
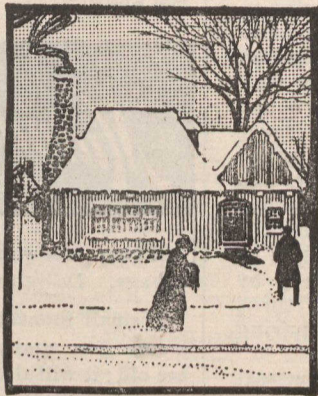
GOLF AS AN ART.

GOLF is more than a game, it is an art, says a writer in the Toronto News. It has a well-defined technique almost as intricate as that of piano-playing, and it gives endless opportunity for temperamental expression. Driving a colt is simplicity itself when compared to driving a golf ball. Then the game has a number of rules and regulations. It is the custom to wear a red coat. The player hunts so much for balls that it was thought advisable to give him a hunter's costume. There is a club specially devised for every eventuality. The what-do-you-call-it gets the ball out of a hole, the thing-majig puts it along the level grass, and the driver slams it into infinity. If the player gets thirsty there is the country club.

The poor man never can become a golfer, because it takes him so long to save enough money for the collection of clubs that he is then too old to learn. The only way to do is to loaf about the course finding balls. When you have a couple of dozen you can trade them to a man who has been beaten in a twosome for his whole outfit. He will use the balls to throw at the head of his caddie. One final rule. Never play in long trousers. Field mice suddenly disturbed will seek any refuge.



Fisherman—"I don't suppose you see the papers much up here, but you've probably heard about the King winning the Derby?" Boatman—"Oo ay, I heerd tell o' that. He maun be a guid rider, him!"—Punch.



Cheerful Home Insurance

In a climate like ours, where six to eight months of the year our buildings require artificial heat, the cheerfulness of the home depends to a large extent on its heating system.

If you would have your home healthfully and evenly warmed, free from draughts and cold corners, no matter how it storms and blows outside—then be sure you install the

Daisy ^{Hot Water} Boiler & King Radiators

The Daisy Hot Water Boiler was placed on the market twenty-three years ago. Many of those first boilers are still giving excellent service, and in no case has one of them, through any fault of the boiler, been replaced by a different make.

In one instance a Daisy Boiler which had been in use for twenty years was replaced by a Daisy of a larger size, to accommodate an addition to the building. The old Daisy was sold again and guaranteed—and it is living up to that guarantee.

One of the strong features of the Daisy Hot Water Boiler is its *exceptional endurance*. Two other points which particularly appeal to the householder are its efficiency in operation and its economy of fuel.

These excellent qualities are, in part, secured by the construction of the fire-pot section. The fire chamber has been made deep enough so that perfect combustion of the gases is accomplished, and the highest temperature obtained on a minimum consumption of fuel. The entire cham-

ber is jacketed with water, so that none of the direct heat generated is radiated into the cellar.

The inside of the fire-pot section is vertically ribbed, permitting air to rise through the coal at the outer edge of the fire, insuring complete combustion, and preventing the accumulation of dead ashes.

The Daisy grate is of the interlocking knife pattern, connected by a bar, so that they rock together. In the morning, after the fire has been banked all night, a slight turn of the handle brings these knife edges up so they cut off the dead ashes, and *the fire responds quickly*.

These are but a few of the features which have made the Daisy the standard of hot water boilers and made it the one in use in seventy per cent. of the hot water systems installed in Canada.

King Radiators are manufactured to make complete the most perfect heating system in the world.

King Radiators are designed to give the greatest radiating surface

and yet be compact and unobtrusive. Their style and ornamentation will blend perfectly with any scheme of decoration.

Each section of the King Radiator is tested to a cold water pressure of one hundred pounds, and any one that shows the slightest sign of weakness or imperfection is thrown aside.

The perfect sections that have passed this severe test are connected by right-and-left screw nipples, making *an absolutely non-leakable joint*.

After the radiator is completed, each one is again subjected to the test of one hundred pounds pressure before it is finally passed. When it is remembered that no radiator, when in use, is under a higher pressure than ten pounds, the amplitude of the King test will be realised.

We want to give you more facts about the Daisy Hot Water Boilers and King Radiators. We have prepared a little booklet, "Comfortable Homes," which goes more fully into the subject. We will be pleased to send you a copy on request.

The King Radiator Company, Limited
TORONTO

Head Office:
St. Helen's Ave.

Salesrooms:
21-27 Lombard St.

\$71,114,368.27

invested in Debentures of Canadian Loan Corporations in 1907 represents an absolutely safe and popular form of investment. The Association issues Debentures in sums of \$100 and upwards, for a term of from one to five years, with interest coupons attached thereto, payable half yearly, at the rate of 4¼% to 4½% according to term

Write for further particulars and 16th Annual Report

The Peoples Building & Loan Association

The Peoples Building - London, Ont.

ASSETS
\$ 8,143,485

CAPITAL (SUBSCRIBED) \$2,500,000
CAPITAL (PAID UP) \$1,500,000
RESERVE FUND \$1,150,000

CENTRAL CANADA

**LOAN & SAVINGS
COMPANY**
TORONTO

DEPOSITS RECEIVED
AND DEBENTURES
ISSUED

SELECTING INVESTMENTS

Every person with surplus money available for investment needs to exercise care when making selections suitable to his individual needs.

We mail monthly a list of Bonds and Stocks yielding from 4 to 6 per cent. from which choice can be made.

A copy will be sent regularly upon request.

A. E. AMES & CO., LIMITED
TORONTO - CANADA

PELLATT & PELLATT

(Members Toronto Stock Exchange)
401 Traders Bank Building, Toronto

BONDS AND STOCKS
also **COBALT STOCKS**
BOUGHT AND SOLD
... ON COMMISSION ...

Private wire connections with
W. H. GOADBY & CO., Members
New York Stock Exchange.

In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier

MONEY AND MAGNATES

Where Shareholders Benefitted by Clever Deal

ONE of the most striking instances of how a good "deal" pulled off by the directors will benefit the shareholders for all time is afforded by the Montreal Telegraph Company. For quite a while the company, which was controlled by a Montreal group, had great difficulty in operating with anything like a profit when the invasion of the Great North-western Telegraph Company enabled the directors of the Montreal Telegraph to lease their concern to the big company on the basis of 8 per cent. per year on the stock of the company. When the deal was executed there was much rejoicing among the shareholders of Montreal Telegraph Company because it was known that left to itself the company would not, for a great many years, be able to pay any such dividend. This was some twenty odd years ago with the result that ever since the shareholders of Montreal Telegraph have regularly received their 8 per cent. per annum till now close to five times the capital of the company has been paid back to the shareholders in the form of dividends. Even to-day the lines of the Montreal Telegraph Company by themselves do not show any margin of profit and it is only the big returns secured elsewhere by the big American concern that enable it to go on paying the rent on the smaller concern.

The stock of the Montreal Telegraph Company is listed on the Montreal Stock Exchange, but, of course, it is very closely held. Some of the insiders seem to be always on the lookout to pick up any stock that may be offering.

* * *

Canadian Industrials Have Wasted Big Money

IT may seem surprising to a great many to know that hardly a single big Canadian industrial concern has been put on its feet without there being quite a few hundred thousand dollars, and in one case, over a million dollars wasted in the initial stages.

Perhaps the most striking instance of doing things wrong at the start was that of the Dominion Iron and Steel Company. The first directorate had for a time a good deal of confidence in Mr. A. J. Moxham, of Boston, the originator and first general manager of the company, with the result that in the early days when the work of construction and installation was being carried out, things were left pretty much in his hands.

After a couple of years, however, when it was found that things were not progressing anything near as favourably as had been intimated by the early prospectus of the company, the directors decided on a new management. The first thing the latter did was to throw out a considerable portion of the machinery that had been placed in the different mills and to practically reconstruct many of them. Before this work was done, according to the estimate made by one of the directors there was a pile of machinery on the scrap heap that represented an original outlay of close to a million dollars, while in addition, practically three years of the company's existence had been thrown away. Now the company is earning at the rate of six per cent. even on its \$20,000,000 of common stock.

Another of the big money makers that had a pretty trying time before it got going right was the Laurentide Paper and Pulp Company at Grand Mere, a few miles above Three Rivers on the St. Maurice River. This company is now earning at the rate of about 20 per cent. per annum on its common stock and yet one of the directors told me one day that fully \$400,000 had been practically thrown away on machinery that was installed and later on thrown right out by a new management. Discussing this feature the director remarked to me that he had been interested in a very great many industrial concerns and that in almost every one the same thing had been experienced. The main reason of this was that it was very difficult to get the right man as manager. In most instances a certain man might be recommended to the Board of Directors and the latter would have to give him a fair trial before deciding whether he would do. During this time most of the installation work would have been completed and the results would show the directors that there was something wrong somewhere. Then a few experts might be brought in and on their reports a good deal of the work that had been done would be undone again. In a great many cases he thought it was this excessive cost of installation that made it necessary for such plants to have the protection they were enjoying.

* * *

Sao Paulo's Eighth Report

SAO PAULO Tramway, Light and Power Company has done better than the original investors could reasonably have anticipated. The gross earnings for 1908 showed an increase of \$175,887 over 1907, and the net earnings \$108,486. This indicates careful management. The total earnings are now over the two and a quarter million mark. During the year, the stock sold brought in a premium of \$161,562, after deducting sundry charges. Mr. William Mackenzie, whose name as president was signed to the report and who is now in London, was absent from the meeting, but there was no change made in the directorate.

* * *

Wealth Hidden in Old Montreal

THAT there must be a great deal of wealth hidden somewhere in old Montreal was proved by the success that attended the efforts of a large number of the business men of the metropolis in raising \$300,000 in fifteen short days for a new Y. M. C. A. building. At the outset the task seemed an impossible one because it meant that Montreal with an English population of less than 150,000 people out of a total of 420,000 would have to beat records of even large English American cities. But right from the start there were a series of surprises and the large donations made indicated that a whole lot of people must have been making a good deal more money than had been generally expected. Montreal is a pretty conservative old place and except on occasions of this kind does not seem to show its wealth nearly as much as the younger Canadian cities. In looking over the list of large subscribers to the fund in Montreal it was remarkable to notice how many people who had recently made a good deal of money on the stock market were contributing a portion of their profits to the good work.

COUPON.

When you are old

who will provide the money to keep you?

Will you be compelled to keep on working the same as some old men you know?



will guarantee you an income in your old age. Do you want it?

A small monthly saving now will secure you against want when you are old; it will also care for your loved ones when death calls you from them.

HEAD OFFICE - WATERLOO, ONT.

HEAD OFFICE FOR CANADA - MONTREAL

WM. MACKAY, Gen. Manager. J. H. LABELLE, Asst. Manager.

The Largest and Strongest Fire Insurance Company in the World.

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Telephones: Main 6000, Residence, North 3571 and M. 978.

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PIG IRON
Foundry, Basic, Malleable
FORGINGS
of every description
High-Grade Bar Iron
Open Hearth Bar Steel

Hamilton - Ontario

Chief Office for Canada: TORONTO
ALFRED WRIGHT, Manager



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Lorsch & Gamey Members Standard Stock and Mining Exchange.
Cobalt Stocks
A Specialty
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TORONTO
LIMITED

In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier

Eighth Annual Report
Sao Paulo Tramway, Light and Power Co.
LIMITED
OF SAO PAULO, BRAZIL

Report of the President and Directors for the Year Ending 31st December, 1908.

Submitted at the Eighth Annual Meeting of the Shareholders, Held on Tuesday, the 15th Day of June, 1909.

Your directors take pleasure in submitting their Eighth Annual Report, with financial statements for the year ended 31st December, 1908.

The Gross Earnings, \$2,287,410.56, show an increase over the previous year of \$175,887.42, or 8.33 per cent., while the Net Earnings, \$1,504,359.78, show an increase of \$108,486.28, or 7.77 per cent.

TRAMWAY DEPARTMENT.

During the year track mileage has been increased 4.75 miles, forming several new lines and extensions to existing lines. The increase in residences of the better class during the past few years has necessitated the building and opening of additional lines, from which it is expected the revenue will be very materially increased within the next year or two.

The Santa Anna Railway, which was acquired last year, has been entirely replaced by an electric line, and was opened for traffic on the 8th day of October last.

LIGHTING DEPARTMENT.

A very gratifying increase in the number of lamps is shown in this department, the records showing an installation at the end of the year of 51,320 Incandescent, as compared with 44,319 the previous year, being an increase of 7001; while the Arc Lamps have increased from 1251 to 1458.

The Lighting customers have increased by 226, there now being on record a total of 4209, a number of which were supplied on a flat rate basis. This basis is now being changed so that customers will be supplied by meter, which will doubtless prevent a great amount of waste and should prove very beneficial to the Company. There are at the present time 1934 meters in service. During the year 764 houses were wired for electric lighting, this being nearly fifty per cent. of the number of new houses constructed during that period.

POWER DEPARTMENT.

The number of our power customers continues to increase, there being on record at the end of this year 361, compared with 310 at the end of the previous year; while the connected load shows an increase of 3553 H. P. Contracts have been entered into whereby about 1350 H. P. will be installed during the early months of this year, and it is expected from present enquiries that contracts for over 1500 H. P. additional will shortly be secured.

All vouchers and accounts for the year have been audited and the Balance sheet duly verified by Messrs. Clarkson & Cross, Chartered Accountants.

Respectfully submitted,
WM. MACKENZIE,
President.

Toronto June 15th, 1909.

Toronto, June 15th, 1909.

COMPARATIVE STATEMENT.
(Earnings and Expenses converted into Canadian Currency at average rate of remittance each year).

	1908	1907	Increase
Gross Earnings	\$2,287,410.56	\$2,111,523.14	\$175,887.42
Operating Expenses and Maintenance Charges	783,050.78	715,649.64	67,401.14
Expenses per cent. of Earnings	34.2	33.9	-.3
Net Earnings	\$1,504,359.78	\$1,395,873.50	\$108,486.28
Net income per cent. of Capital	12.5	12.4	.1
No. Lamps in Use	52,778	45,570	7,208
No. Light Customers	4,209	3,983	226
No. Power Customers	361	310	51
No. Motors Installed	661	506	155
No. H.P. Installed	9,555	6,002	3,553

INCOME ACCOUNT.

Gross Earnings	\$2,287,410.56
Operating Expenses	783,050.78
Interest on Bonds, Taxes, etc.	365,467.95
Surplus Earnings	\$1,138,891.83

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.

Balance from last year	\$ 656,898.62
Surplus Earnings after payment of all expenses, interest, taxes, etc.	1,138,891.83
Dividends paid, three of 2 1/4 p.c. each, one of 2 1/2 p.c.	\$ 836,538.46
Transferred to Contingent Account for Renewals	300,000.00
Balance carried forward	659,251.99
Total	\$1,795,790.45

GENERAL BALANCE SHEET.
December 31st., 1908.

ASSETS.		
Hydraulic Plant, Transmission Lines, Light and Power Systems, Rolling Stock, Real Estate, Buildings, etc.		\$17,049,819.44
Stores in hand		873,640.54
Accounts Receivable	\$160,630.66	
Cash in hand	413,444.78	574,075.44
		\$18,497,535.42

GENERAL BALANCE SHEET.
December 31st., 1908.

LIABILITIES.		
Capital Stock Authorized	\$10,000,000	
Issued and Fully Paid	\$9,700,000.00	
First Mortgage 5 p.c. Bonds	6,000,000.00	
Accounts and Wages Payable	\$151,068.18	
Accrued Interest		25,000.00
Unredeemed Tickets	1,498.06	
Dividend No. 27	242,497.50	420,063.74
Reserves and Provisions:		
General Reserve Fund	\$1,161,562.77	
Provision for Renewals	\$560,000.00	
Less Expended to date	277,968.01	
Insurance Fund for Injuries and Damages	19,092.27	
Exchange suspense Account	255,532.66	1,718,219.69
Profit and Loss		659,251.99
		\$18,497,535.42

Verified—Clarkson & Cross, Auditors.

The following were re-elected directors: William Mackenzie, Toronto; Frederic Nicholls, Toronto; Alexander Mackenzie, Sao Paulo, Brazil; Hon. Geo. A. Cox, Toronto; Sir H. M. Pellatt, Toronto; Z. A. Lash, K.C., Toronto; E. R. Wood, Toronto; F. S. Pearson, Dr. Sc., New York, N.Y.; R. M. Horne-Payne, London, Eng.; J. H. Plummer, Toronto; Dr. Alfredo Maia, Sao Paulo, Brazil.

International Council of Women

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 13.

advantages the delegates had enjoyed. "We do not wish to rouse a spirit of revolution, indignation or resentment, but to instruct them and make perfectly clear the high calling they have as women, what they do, not only for the comfort of the home, but for the elevation of the nation." With regard to children, from the very first the idea of their responsibility to the state and the family ought to be brought to their minds.

While the International Council strongly advocates the extending of the suffrage to women, it imposes the support of this movement on no country averse to it, and in all movements the motto of the Council indicates that the keynote of success lies in being more than in doing. Dr. Anna Shaw is the enthusiastic convener of the suffrage committee, and says that the movement is not only one of the most popular but one of the most fashionable, and among the leaders in the United States are Mrs. Oliver P. Belmont, Mrs. Ivins, the wife of one of the greatest constitutional lawyers in New York, and many other leaders of fashion.

The International Council is the outcome of the National Council of the United States which was formed in Washington, D.C., in 1888. At the close of the Women's Congress held during the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893, Mrs. May Wright Sewell outlined a scheme which if carried into effect would draw together the women of all nations. This aimed at the formation in each of the thirty-three countries represented of a "National Council of Women" which was to be composed of a federation of women's societies of all sorts to work together for the furtherance of the Golden Rule. As these National Councils were formed they in turn were to federate, and so form the "International Council of Women." In eloquent words Mrs. Sewell spoke of the good that such an organisation might accomplish, and described the work that had already been done by the first National Council, that of the United States.

Before the meeting adjourned those present had agreed to work for the formation of National Councils in the various countries. How well this resolution has been carried out may be judged by the fact that Councils have been formed in twenty-three different countries, and movements are on foot for the formation of others in Russia, Turkey and Egypt, and Quinquennial Congresses have since been held in London and Berlin, and now one is being held in Toronto. The influence of the International Council of Women now encircles the world, and how great it will be upon future generations only time can reveal. Its work is in no way limited but deals with everything that tends to the uplifting of the home, and the state and humanity, and its constitution is based upon the Golden Rule—"Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you."

In Tommy's school it was the custom to issue printed reports of the progress made by the pupils along scholastic lines. Proudly bearing a copy of this home one day Tommy handed it over to his parents for inspection.

"But," said his father, "I fail to see any record of deportment here."

For a moment Tommy looked blank, revolving the significance of the unknown term, then his face cleared. "Oh," he said, "we don't have that in our room."

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TRADE MARK
CREAM CHEESE
"Spreads Like Butter."
Sold only in 15c and 25c blocks
For sale by all Grocers.
Manufactured by
The Ingersoll Packing Co., Ltd.
Ingersoll, Ontario, Canada.

ARTISTIC WATER-PROOF WALLS FOR THE BATHROOM

Splash as much as you like—you can't harm a metallic wall.

METALLIC

is the ideal wall covering for the bathroom. It is not only waterproof but sanitary—presents no opportunities for the collection of dirt or germs. A little soap and water will keep it fresh and clean. Metallic can be had in many artistic ceiling and wall designs suitable for the bath-room.

Send measurements of your bath-room. Let us give you estimates of cost.



THE INSURANCE MAN says: "Every sheet of Metallic laid increases protection from fire, and helps to lower your insurance rate."

THE PHILOSOPHER OF METAL TOWN 1669
MANUFACTURERS

The Metallic Roofing Co.
Limited
TORONTO & WINNIPEG

Broderick's Business Suits \$22.50
Worn from Coast to Coast

ORDERS FROM THE OLD WORLD.
London, England, May 14, 1909.
Messrs. Frank Broderick & Co., Toronto
Dear Sirs: Herein I send you draft on Thos. Cook & Sons for \$45.00 in settlement for the two suits of clothes you made for me. I wish to congratulate you on the style, fit and workmanship, especially as your cutter had no opportunity to measure me or try the suits on. Yours very truly, WM. BIRKETT.

Write for Samples & Measurement Chart
FRANK BRODERICK & CO
DEPT. C - TORONTO - CANADA

3 IN 1 GUNS FOR THE ONLY GUN OIL
3 in One
lubricates the mechanism, prevents rust on the metal parts and cleans and polishes the stock. For cleaning out the residue of burnt powder, especially smokeless powder, it is unequalled.

3 IN ONE OIL COMPANY
57 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N.Y.

National Trust Company
18-22 King Street East, Toronto. LIMITED.

CAPITAL AND RESERVE, \$1,550,000.

Offers its clients the advantages of Branch Offices in the following places:
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THE LAND OF THE BLUES

A Story for Children

By EDWIN A. BURNS

LITTLE TUMBLE, who lived with his two old aunts, was one of those boys who are never happy. The more that was done for him, the more discontented and unhappy he seemed to grow; even in spite of the fact that he was surrounded by the nicest people and dearest aunts that one would ever wish to know. As this fault continued to grow on Tumble, the poor old ladies became more and more alarmed, until finally Aunt "Know-it-all" said, "Really, I think our Tumble must be ill." And Aunt "Safe-Side" agreed and said, "I will call in Dr. 'On-all-accounts-to-be-received' right away." So word was sent over, and the doctor said he would come.

On-all-accounts-to-be-received was a strange old fellow, and unpopular among most folks, because of his ugly grandmother, with whom he lived, and who it was said indulged in witchcraft. Nevertheless, when anything very serious occurred in the town, this doctor was always called out.

Amid a great deal of struggling and many objections, Tumble was put to bed. And hardly had this been accomplished when the doctor's quick little step was heard on the stairs outside, and a moment later he appeared, breathless, at the bedroom door. His face was round and chubby, and his little eyes, behind his round, red nose, twinkled merrily. Indeed it almost made one laugh to look at him. He squeezed Tumble, pinched him, punched him, rubbed him, jarred him, tickled him, slapped him and examined him through a number of queer glasses. Then, with a smile of extreme satisfaction, he gave the boy a pill that made him feel very sleepy. "He has a bad dose of the 'blues'," Tumble heard him tell Aunt Safe-Side; and then he thought he caught the words "send my grandmother" and "single night." And the doctor was gone.

You may well imagine Tumble's terror at the thought of the doctor's ugly grandmother coming to stay with him. It was only due to the pill that he fell asleep before he could make any really serious objections. He was not to sleep long though. Before

he as much as opened his eyes he knew the old woman was sitting by his bedside, he knew she was watching him, and he knew exactly what she looked like. So, when he opened his eyes, he was not the least bit surprised or frightened to see the old dame grinning at him.

There is little to describe about this queer grandmother. She was a tall, slim figure, wrapped from head to foot in a dusty, grey cloak, wore a large pointed hat, and her wrinkled face and hooked nose were almost completely hid from sight. Her staff was in her hand. Tumble found himself talking to her almost before he knew it, for the venerable old female could be really quite nice when she chose.

"I must first explain," she was saying in a harsh voice, "that when a boy comes into this world, if he laughs first, he is in the fairies' charge for the rest of his life. But woe, if he cries first, he is cast under the spell of the 'blues,' who take his first footstep, and from that on direct all his others for the rest of his life! But there is one chance for you. You must come with me to the Land of the Blues, and there we must recapture from the king your first footstep, which I will set in the right direction, and the others will follow." This seemed sensible to Tumble, if not very simple, so he promised to follow directions.

"Weaugh! Weaugh!" immediately screamed the witch, throwing her arms in the air. At once Tumble found himself with the witch walking along a rubbery, blue path, with nothing to be seen on either side of them but blue mist. "This is a 'blue streak'," the witch explained. "It leads to the Land of the Blues." It suddenly occurred to the boy that he had often heard people speak of a blue streak, but he certainly had never before known what they meant.

After walking a considerable distance along the blue streak, the witch sniffed the air and said they were near Indigo City. "Before you can enter," she said to Tumble, "you must have some 'blue blood' in your veins." She produced a powder which she dissolved and told the boy to drink.

"It may have an odd effect on you," she told him, "but you will come around all right." And hardly had the poor boy swallowed the liquid than he was thrown into the most violent coughing and choking. Nothing worse followed though, and he was soon all right. The witch said that he had had a "blue fit," and Tumble remembered having heard people speak of blue fits too, and he resolved that like most complaints with long and strange names, there was really nothing to it.

But Tumble now had blue blood in his veins, so he was ready to enter the huge Indigo gates which he found confronting him.

As they stepped inside, the mist cleared and they beheld themselves in a magnificent blue city. Everything was blue—from the funny round houses to the flowers and grass. Even the cows were blue.

Now was his chance to see one, had not the old woman at that moment snapped him under her grey cloak, telling him, if he was seen by the Blues they would surely be cast out.

As the chances of seeing a country from behind a grey cloud were not very good, the lad contented himself with following where the woman pulled him. What funny voices and noises he heard; everything was strange. Finally, he felt himself going up steps, and then he heard a bell ring. There was a moment's silence, and then he heard the witch ask if "His Majesty" was in. To this a very squeaky voice replied that His Majesty had just gone for a ride on his "Royal Blue Bottled Horse Fly."

"I am the woman the King sent for, to dust his footsteps," said the sorceress. "Step this way," said the squeaking voice again. And after many turnings and twists, a door slammed and the witch removed Tumble from his place of concealment.

They were now in a huge room, all blue, and around them were many safes. Each one was labelled with a different year. Cautiously, the witch opened the naught-one safe. It was full of all the footsteps the King had captured in that year—and a goodly number there were.

With little trouble she picked out one marked "Tumble—P—14—S—Special" in large letters. This she waved over the boy's head three times. Then, snatching him up and placing him under her arm, she ran, just as fast and perhaps faster than it is proper for any respectable dame of her age to run. Through passages, corridors, down stairs and through doors she went, and finally into the main entrance. By this time there were a great number of pursuers, but none to match the pace of the old witch.

"Call out the King's 'Blue Devils,'" shouted the same squeaky voice, as they bounded down the palace steps. At this strange cry Tumble looked around and beheld such a comical sight that he at once burst into peals of laughter. "Done," screamed the old hag; and Tumble, for an instant looking up, beheld that her wrinkled face was bright, like that of a beautiful child. Then, still heartily laughing, he opened his big eyes to see his two aunts and the doctor beaming over him.

"That's wonderful," chuckled the doctor, rubbing his hands, as he passed out of the room, and both aunts agreed it was.

I don't know anybody who thinks Tumble blue now. Some people think he was cured by the doctor and his pill. Perhaps others, who don't believe in fairies, have a different opinion. However, we must all agree that the correct method is to place the first footstep right. For, after all, life is what we make it.

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WHAT CANADIAN EDITORS THINK

WATERWAYS OF THE WEST.

(Winnipeg Saturday Post)

THE arrival of the steamboat *Grand Forks* from the city of Grand Forks, was an event of more importance than might seem at first thought. As an historical event it was of no inconsiderable interest—the *Grand Forks* being the first boat from the United States to land at Winnipeg during the past twenty-eight years. But apart from its historical interest, the successful making of this trip has caused an arousing of curiosity concerning the possibility of making more extensive use of the waterways of this country for the purpose of freight transportation. Of course, a good deal of rot has been talked about the practicability of running a line of freight boats between Grand Forks and Winnipeg. The mere fact that there is but very little freight traffic between Grand Forks and Winnipeg—that is to say, traffic that originates at either point—renders it highly improbable that for many years to come river transportation could to any considerable degree compete with the railways between these two points. Still, there is the greater problem to consider—a problem that has been discussed of late, but that has not received the attention that it deserves. That is the problem of arranging water connection between the Red and the Mississippi Rivers, which, if successfully carried out, would give this city continuous waterway connection with the Gulf of Mexico and the Atlantic Ocean. The comparative cheapness of water transportation is such as would justify almost any expense incurred in canal building that would result in establishing such a great waterway transportation system.

THE RACE FOR TAXES.

(Lethbridge Herald)

MOOSE JAW considers that it is the foremost city in Saskatchewan, at least its chest has been swollen ever since the census showed that it had the largest population of the cities of Saskatchewan. It will be an awful shock to that city to learn that Lethbridge is beating it out, as well as Regina, the provincial capital, as far as building permits are concerned—and building permits tell of the growth of a city as well as anything we know of. Up to the end of May the total number of permits issued in Moose Jaw numbered 64, and their value totalled \$252,400. In Lethbridge the total value of the permits for the year up to the end of May was \$573,000. The permits issued in May alone numbered 84 and were valued at more than those of Moose Jaw for the year up till May 31. These figures ought to convince the chesty young cities of the west that Lethbridge is "some pumpkins" in the growing business.

CELEBRATE THE FIRST.

(Winnipeg Free Press)

MORE should be done to give the celebration of the natal day of our Dominion more of a patriotic character. What does Confederation mean to the foreigners among us? This term "foreigners" is one commonly accepted as designating European peoples that come to this country to make themselves a new home. When it was decided by the first Parliament of Canada to celebrate annually the anniversary of Confederation on July 1, that decision was made with the view to fostering patriotic sentiments by keeping alive in the public mind the historic event of the creation of the Dominion and the

laying of the foundations of a great nation. Instead of being citizens of the several Provinces the Canadian people then became citizens of a Dominion constituted of united Provinces. The great work of bringing these previously separate Colonies together should ever be green in the memory of Canadian citizens; and the new citizens of Canada and their children be taught the meaning of that great event in Canadian history. Why should not all public bodies and institutions take a keener interest in devoting Dominion Day to the purpose for which it was instituted? Every citizen of Canada, whether native or adopted, should know that July 1 is Canada's national birthday.

MILESTONES OF PROGRESS.

(Edmonton Journal)

THOSE who seek tangible evidence of the growth and progress of the West have only to look to the tall buildings that are everywhere arising as monuments to the substantial character of the development that is to be found from one end to the other of the Province of Alberta. Nowhere are these evidences of advancement more ample than in Edmonton, but it is not, by any means, in Edmonton alone that the signs of amazing development are to be discerned. Calgary has every reason for gratification with the signs of growing importance that are daily making themselves evident. A new million bushel elevator, handsome business blocks, spacious and comfortable residences, enlarged bank clearings, a street car service and real estate transfers in a week of over half a million dollars are among the indications of progress that make the future of Calgary look bright indeed. From every other city or town, down to the latest located hamlet, come tales of similar expansion, differing only in degree. Alberta is unmistakably forging ahead, and at a pace that is surprising, even in a land where rapid development is taken as a matter of course.

MILITARY TRAINING.

(Montreal Star)

THE abortive effort to cast cold water upon military training in the schools which was made at the recent meeting of the Ontario Educational Association, has attracted attention in Britain. But they need not worry over it. It means nothing. The anti-military feeling in Canada is scattered and unimportant, and would make no stand against the enthusiastic loyalty of the rest of the people if they once became convinced that an occasion had come for active participation in the defence of the Empire. The real enemy of military preparation here is not opposition but indifference. Our people are not yet convinced that there is any pressure of duty upon them to prepare to defend themselves. They go upon the easy theory that Canada herself is safe and that Britain does not really want such assistance as she can give. What is needed is an educational campaign which will convince them that their safety is bound up with the prestige of British power, and that on the day when the world is convinced that Britain can be flouted with impunity—even if she cannot be invaded—the independence of Canada will be endangered. Our national entity will be kept or lost in the North Sea or on the borders of India or wherever a battle may rage which will cripple British power and send out the message that Britain can no longer defend her own.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.

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VAN CLEVE, DENTON AND PETE

"Hello, Jim! How's business?" he cheerfully cried.

"Fairly brisk," I answered, at the same time thinking that no person but Baker would ever have the nerve to come in after what had transpired.

"I thought it must be," laughed he. "Got a new case, too, since I left, haven't you? I see Riley is on a shadow job now. Quite a come down for one of our best men, isn't it. You know Riley has been following me for two or three days. We've been having a lovely time, he and I. I felt just like a walk this morning, so I started off good and early. Riley came along like a nice little boy, and we had the loveliest walk imaginable. Of course Riley might tell you different. I noticed him once or twice over my shoulder and he seemed to be perspiring quite freely. By the way, isn't it a beast of a hot day? Why I am almost warm myself; and poor old Riley: he is so terribly fat! He must be making a noise like a pot of boiling water by now."

"Where is Riley now?" I asked, when I could get a chance to put in a couple of words.

"Why, he's outside waiting until I come out. I'm going to take him off somewhere and lose him when I go out, for it gets on my nerves to have a guardian all the time. I just dropped in, you know, to thank you for putting a protector over me. So very very kind of you, to be sure! Just tell Williams that Riley and I will have a lovely time this afternoon, and not to blame him to-morrow morning when he tells how he lost me. Good-bye, Jim. See you later." And off he went, smiling as ever, and apparently not in the least put out on account of Riley.

I told Williams about Baker's re-appearance later, and his remarks were far too lurid to be put in print.

However, Baker's visit had the effect of making us awaken to the fact that we would have to use more tact in future, and the following day, a new man, whom Baker had never met, was put on his track. We had strong hopes that this coup would be successful, and the man was told to use the strongest precaution to avoid becoming observed. He did, or at least he swore later that he did, but it was not long before Baker again paid us a visit.

Again I happened to be alone in the office.

"Oh, say, Jim," he gasped, as he beamed at me over the railing. "That new man you have following me is a regular dandy. Why, I didn't notice him yesterday until nearly ten o'clock. He sure is all to the good. You just hang on to him and when I come back in a few weeks I will make one of the best men you have got out of him. But tell him to try some other work for a start and not to follow me, for he will get himself disliked if he don't stop it, and you know I never like to fall out with the boys. Well, good-bye, Jim. Better luck next time! By the way, I was to a palmist's last night and she told me that my old firm was going to have an awful hard run of luck and that it was going to get worse and worse if I didn't go back. I told her that I could not think of it, and the poor old dame nearly cried. She said these failures were such terrible things and turned so many good men out of employment, and almost begged me to go back. Isn't it funny how true these people are sometimes, Jim?"

"Get out, you old croaker!" I shouted. "This firm isn't going to have any failure yet awhile, and when we want you we know where to get you."

"All right, Jim," he said. "You

know my old address. It will still catch me."

We did not see anything more of Baker for several days but we were continually kept in remembrance of him. Client after client called us up either over the phone or came into the office with an expression of disapproval on their faces, and almost invariably they would have some protest to make about the way in which we were handling some operation.

"What is the matter with you, anyway, Williams?" said one of the oldest clients we had, "Your men don't seem to be able to keep under cover at all of late. I can't get a decent piece of work out of you, nor have I been able to do so for some time. You will certainly have to do better or I will be compelled, much as I dislike to, to go back to our old friend Baker. You know, I suppose, that he is working for Holmes and Boyd now."

"No. I didn't know that," Williams said craftily, "How do you know?"

"Well," he replied, "I don't suppose I should tell, but a friend of mine wanted some work done in your line, and as he had always patronized Holmes and Boyd, he sent to them for a man. I happened to be in the office and in came no one else than Baker, and the same old Baker as of yore."

"When was this?" asked Williams. "Only yesterday," was the reply.

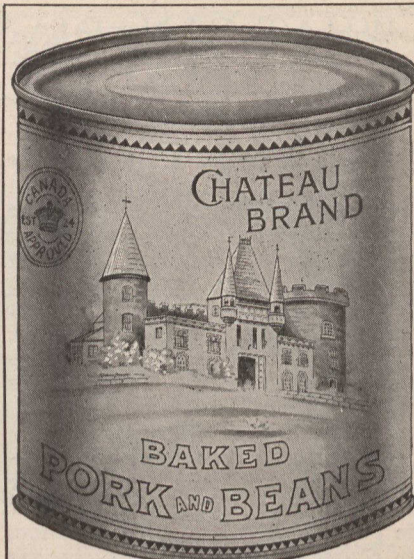
When we were again alone, Williams turned to me and said "Why didn't our man report that Baker was with Holmes and Boyd? What kind of a crowd have we got anyway?"

"I guess," I answered, "that our men did not know he was employed anywhere. They don't seem to be able to keep track of him at all lately. He comes out every morning and they do well if they keep track of him until noon. It is my candid opinion that he knows who is following him every day and simply gives them the slip whenever he wants to."

"And that is where he is getting his money to do all this devilment, I suppose," replied Williams. "Holmes and Boyd! Yes, I guess they would be willing to give him employment if he turns over all the business we lose to them. That firm would do anything underhand for the sake of doing us out of a client. I have been wondering lately where Baker was getting money enough to loaf around and tip off our men, and now that is explained, all right."

"Mr. Williams," I said, "Why don't you take him back? He has the upper hand, and although we may be able to catch him in time, we can't do so before we have lost half of our clients. Why we have lost over a dozen already and it is getting worse all the time. His yarn about the old palmist was certainly no dream. It's coming far too true. The clerks are having a fine time now with nothing to do, but they seem to be about all who are enjoying themselves in this office. I know it will be a bitter pill to swallow to take him back, but what's the use of bucking against a man like that. We haven't got his equal, and he knows nearly every one of the men. We might be able to get new men, but we can't run our business without men of experience. Come on, give in! Baker would never turn us down if we get him back, and I don't know but what he might be able to bring back some of the clients we have lost."

It was a wonder the Chief had listened this long. Without giving



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me a chance to plead for Baker any further, he roared, "Not on your life. I am not giving in to any ex-employee yet. Why he's worse than a strike. No! we'll beat him and catch him at his dirty work if we have to use every man to watch him. How many men are idle now?"

"I guess we have about seven or eight," said I.

"Then turn them loose tomorrow morning and tell them to keep Baker in sight all day or lose their jobs. We have to take drastic measures, and if the seven of them can't keep a man in sight for one day, they need not do anything more for us."

I left Williams in a towering rage and next morning put all our available men on Baker's track. Two or three were at his residence, three or four others around Holmes and Boyd's door, and the rest scattered around where Baker usually spent his leisure time.

All went well throughout the morning but in the afternoon, of all times, we had a rush order for ten men. At any other time we could have filled it, but this time we were totally unprepared.

"How long will the work last?" shouted Williams over the phone.

"Two or three weeks, at least," came the reply. "But we must have the men here inside of an hour."

"I can have them there in three or four hours," replied the Chief. "But that is the best I can do. Most of my men are on work that I can call them off of in an hour or so, but it will take three or four hours at least to have them report to you."

"Sorry, but they must be here in less time than that. Never mind this time," replied the voice.

"All through Baker again," muttered Williams, and a note laid on his desk the next morning did not tend to make him become more cheerful.

The note was very small, was written in Baker's neat, legible hand, and read as follows:—

"So sorry you could not furnish those men yesterday. I was just able to get the right number. I think I could have done it for you had I been there. Lord Emo is well. I would not part with him for anything.

Your friend,
BAKER."

Williams was in far from an enviable frame of mind that morning. He flew in a towering rage at the slightest provocation, and the simple ring of the telephone seemed to cause a spasm of terror to cross his face.

"I always expect to hear of another lost case," he explained to me, when I mildly questioned him about his nervousness.

At night the men who had been detailed to shadow Baker, reported they had been unable to find him anywhere all day. He had not left his house nor had he been seen in any of his favourite haunts.

We left the office in suspense, which if possible was harder to endure than the knowledge of our lost clients the previous days.

"I wonder where he has been and where he will strike next," said Williams as we stood at the corner.

"If I was in your place," replied I, "I would not give him a chance to do any more striking at all. I'd get him back, and that as soon as possible."

"I'll think about it. By George I will," he muttered, as I left him.

For two days nothing happened to mar our work. Our men as yet had seen no trace of Baker. The waiting seemed to be telling on Williams. He looked years older than he had a few weeks ago. At the end of the two days I was called into his office. He sat there, with his head resting on his hands, and an open letter in front

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If you attempted to smoke cigarettes made from one particular kind of Turkish tobacco, the result would be disappointing.

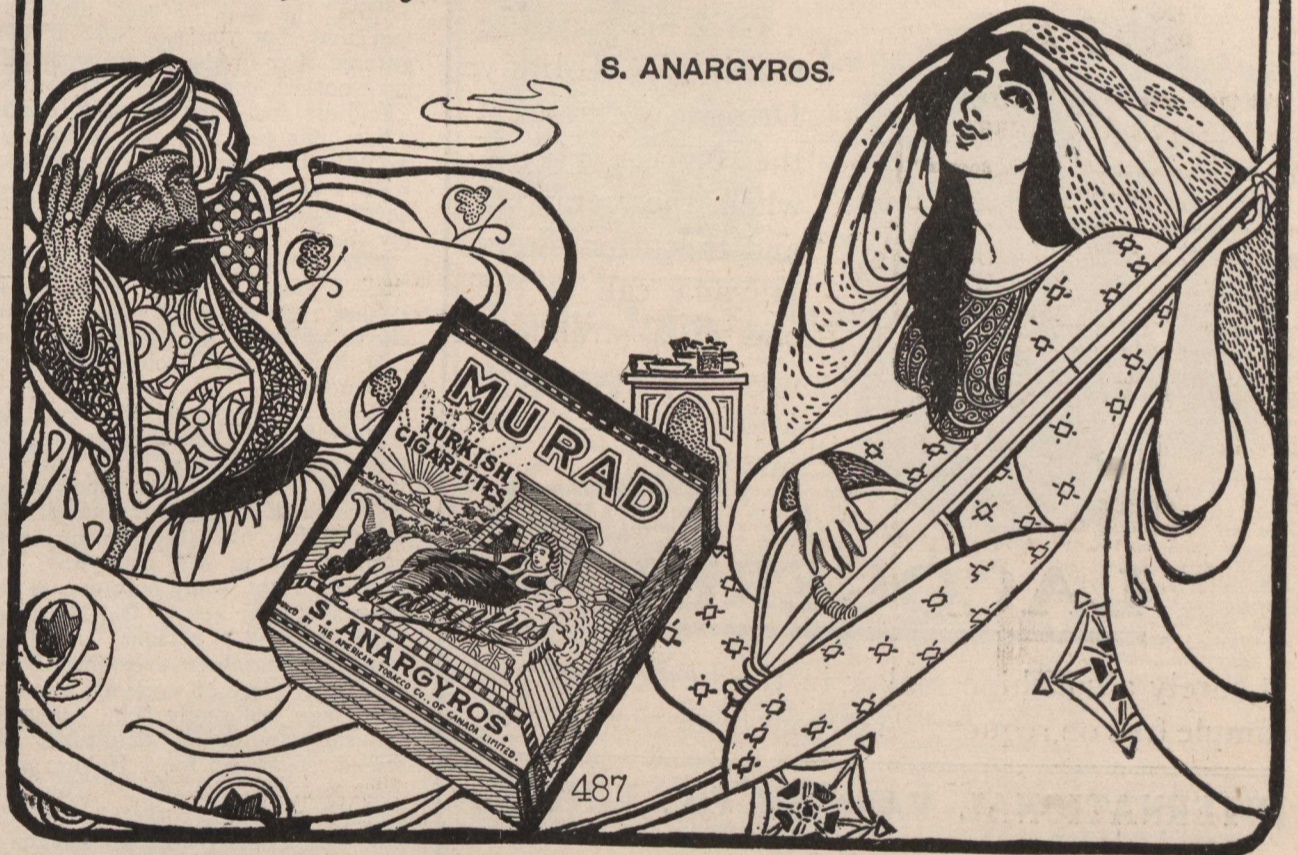
The cigarette would either be too strong, too mild, or absolutely tasteless.

The flavor of a cigarette depends upon the blending of different kinds of tobaccos in the right proportion.

The ability to do this successfully is an art possessed by few.

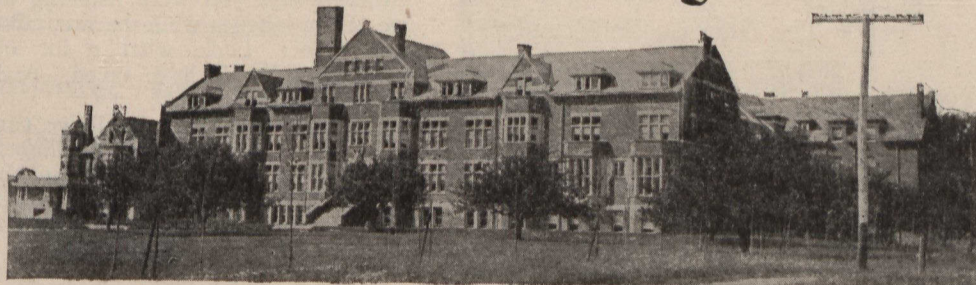
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They cost 15c. a box of 10.



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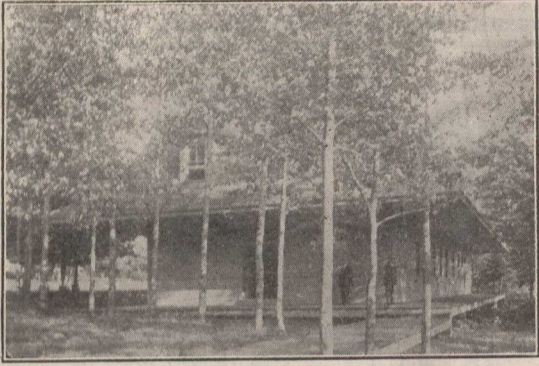
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The New Castle Brand
RUSSELL

3 for 50 Cents



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Berlin by

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At 2 for 25c. you can buy
this shape in Elk Brand
named "NELSON" 102

of him. One glance, and I knew it was from Baker.

"It's all up, Jim," he said. "I'm going to give in. Look at this."

I picked up the letter. It was short but to the point.

"DEAR CHIEF,—Until Friday noon I rest. Then—you know. BAKER."

No more, no less. But that was enough.

"This is Wednesday night, Jim," muttered Williams. "I'm down and out. Write and tell him to report at the office to-morrow."

"Yes, sir," I meekly replied. In his present mood I did not want to have needless conversation.

I was in the office prompt on time in the morning. So was Baker. He did not seem the least perturbed. Williams and he were closeted for over an hour in the private office, and what transpired there, I never fully learned. Still, when Baker came out with a slip of paper in his hand and a smile on his face, I knew he had come out on top.

I read the slip of paper which Baker had smilingly turned over to the cashier. It read:—

"November 3rd.—Pay R. Baker a sum equal to my month's salary, and charge to my account. Also reinstate him in his old position, his salary starting from this date. S. WILLIAMS."

I looked up and observed Baker inspecting me with a look of amusement on his face.

"Jim," he said, "I beat the Boss that time, but you can take it for granted that in the future you will have no kick coming about my work. The Boss and I parted good friends a few minutes ago, and perhaps it would not be good policy to tell him what I am going to tell you, but—I never worked for Holmes & Boyd in my life."

"Never worked for them in your life," I gasped. "Well, then, how is it that they have so many of our clients going to them now, and how is it that you were around their office so much?"

"Jim, you poor old innocent," he replied. "Some of the boys are too good friends of mine to go back on me, and you should have known that well enough to suspect some of the reports they have been turning into you. I had to win some way, old man, and that is my only excuse for the way I have acted. Old Mr. Henshaw, who is a personal friend of mine, and has been ever since I did that lucky piece of work for him two years ago, obligingly leant colour to the story by saying that when his friend telephoned for a Holmes man, I walked into the office. You will remember, perhaps, that he did not say that I was the Holmes man, so please don't censure him. Oh, Jim! You were very unsuspecting. Then, when I sent that order in for ten men, for rush work, why didn't you stop a minute and think that the voice over the 'phone sounded like mine. Williams says you were listening at one of the 'phones while he was talking to me. Look what a lot of trouble you would have saved. And then—"

"I guess that is about all we can stand to-day, Baker," said Williams, and as Baker and I glanced quickly around, we saw him standing in the centre of the room with an indescribable look on his face.

"I—I—I didn't know you were there, sir," faltered Baker, totally losing his self-control.

"It's all right, old man. We're quits," was the reply. "I am willing to take your promise of future efforts in repay for the worry you have caused us in the past. Come in the office. I have a case I want to detail you on. Get any blanks you might need and come in and talk it over."

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- Manson, Campbell Co., of Chatham, Ont., Agricultural Implements, has opened for business.
- Mitchell, Hembroff, Maybee, Limited, has completed warehouse for wholesale Rubber Goods.
- The C.P.R. has commenced extensive freight yards in the western part of the city; estimated expenditure this year, \$200,000.
- Business blocks and private residences new buildings, total half a million dollars.
- City Municipal Works in sight aggregate \$250,000. Last issue of Debentures \$40,000; 4 1/2% payable in 40 years, were sold for \$40,408.
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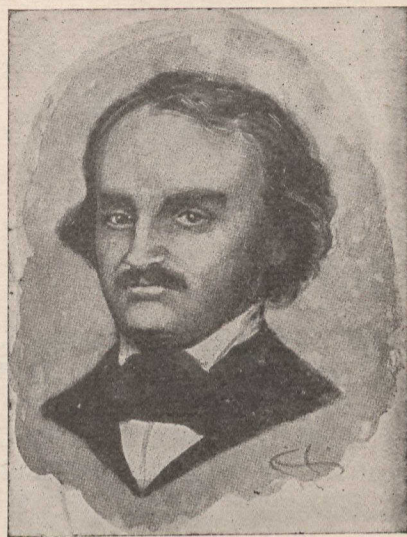
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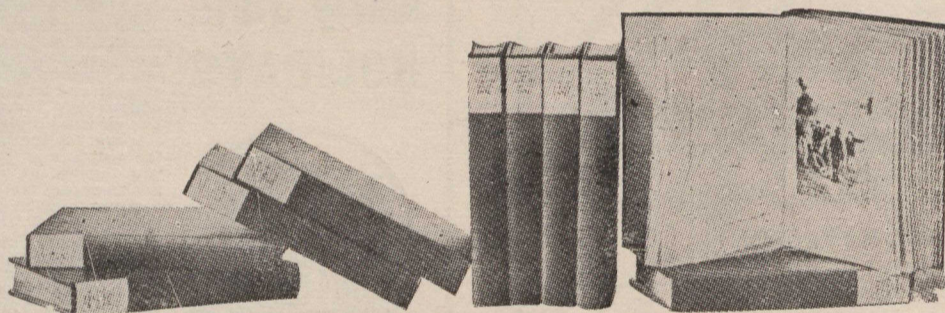
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